

THE IRON DUKE



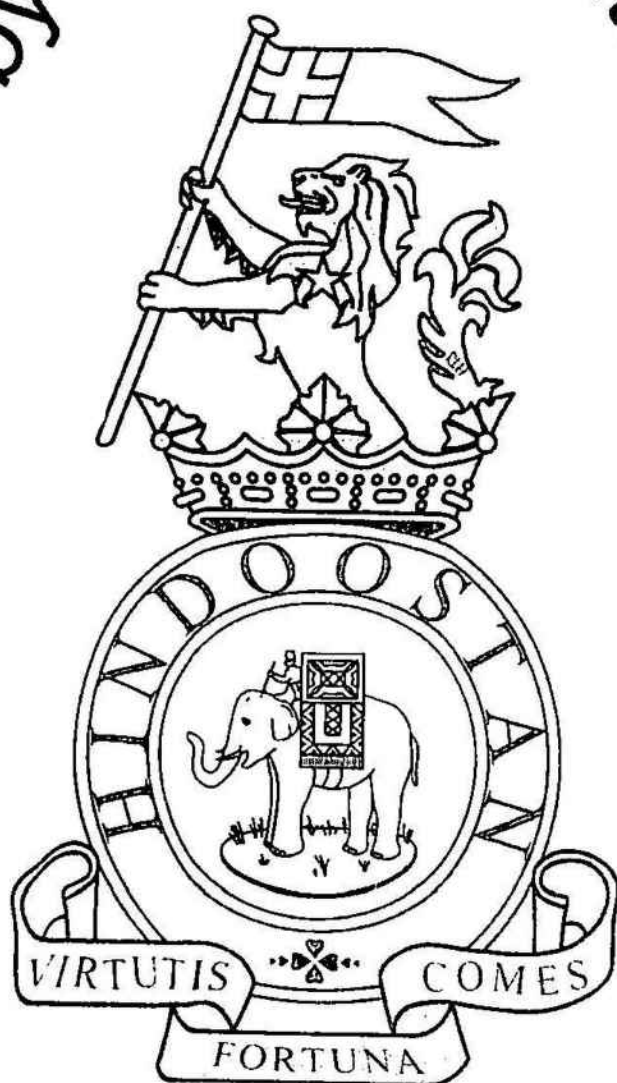
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"General Sir Charles Huxtable KCB CBE DL -1931 to 2018,"

Digitised by The Regimental Archives





“Major John Hogg and Standard Bearers representing the Duke of Wellington’s Regiment, the Ulster Defence Regiment, the Yorkshire Regiment and the Royal Irish Regiment parade in the Nave of York Minster prior to General Sir Charles Huxtable’s Memorial Service. Story inside”.

THE IRON DUKE

The Regimental Journal of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

(WEST RIDING)

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



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

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BUSINESS NOTES

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Acknowledgement

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Editorial

Hello 'Dukes', welcome to the Spring Edition of the Iron Duke magazine and my first edition as your editor. Whilst it is a great honour to be asked to take over the role it is also a great responsibility and one that I am undertaking with not a little trepidation. However, of one thing I am confident and that is if that if I get it wrong then in true 'Dukes' tradition you will not be slow in telling me!

Before going further, I am sure that you will join with me in thanking my predecessor, Tim Nicholson, for his quite outstanding period as editor. Under his stewardship he has brought to the magazine not only a welcome warmth and humour but also a very high standard of historical scholarship. His articles chronicling the exploits of the Regiment through the centenary of the Great War were a tour de force, the result of well-planned and detailed research, much of it carried out over the actual ground on which the various battles and engagements took place. He has set the bar very high!

As those of you who served will recall an essential element of taking over a new post is to be absolutely certain of what it is that one is trying to achieve. What is the aim? What is the mission? Well, although my days of mission analysis are long behind me I do think it is important to take a moment and consider what the 'Iron Duke's' mission is now that the regiment whose deeds and exploits it recorded is no more.

Does it, as a printed journal, still have a role in this modern world? After all there are so many other ways to communicate with the 'Dukes' community such as the website and the plethora of 'Dukes' inspired social media sites that have sprung up on increasingly available digital platforms.

In my view I think it does. I believe that, along with the website, it still has an important function in keeping the 'Dukes' community informed as to what is going on. Not everyone is online and despite the tsunami of digital media that has engulfed us sales of printed books and magazines are still staying afloat. As well as keeping us all informed and connected I also believe that the 'Iron Duke' has a subsidiary, but still important aim, which is to be the showcase for research and discussion on all aspects of the 304 years of history of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Having decided what the 'Iron Duke's' role is, the next question – to borrow a modern phrase – is it fit for purpose? I believe that currently it is, but I am acutely

aware that situation may change. As time goes on and more of the readership is online the not inconsequential costs of printing and distributing the magazine may force us to consider a purely online publication. We may also need to review the current policy of publishing two issues a year.

No doubt you will have your own views, please share them with me because when all is said and done this is your magazine. If you do not like it or there are things you want to change about it then let me know; my contact details are at the front of the magazine.

One thing I am keen to do is to both acknowledge and exploit the opportunities social media now provides for spreading news and information. As part of the news roundup that I have entitled DukesRep will be a section I have called www.Wellingtons.World.Wide.www which is a curation of those sites I have been able to find online. Anyone who know of others that are worth harvesting, again, please let me know. However, let me make one thing very clear: politics, sex, gender or whatever other weird and wonderful wacky obsessions you may have will be left firmly on the cutting room floor. The only Troll that is going to be operating on this site is me!

It is a sad but inevitable situation that because no new 'Dukes' are going to be badged over the coming years the number of those who served is going to dwindle. That is a fact of life – or death – but despite it, as editor, I am determined that the magazine is not going to dwindle with them. It is not going to be a journal of decline but one that I firmly believe can have a significant future.

The Regiment may have gone but in my view the 'Dukes' community will go on forever because as far as I am concerned the term 'Duke' is not confined to someone who wore the cap bade as a regular, territorial or cadet but also to their families.

As such that community will expand and spread across the globe and as your editor I will do all I can to ensure that the 'Iron Duke' will be there to chronicle the old and the new Dukes' extraordinary doings and deeds. I can't wait!

Obituaries

Whilst I am determined that the 'Iron Duke' will be there to report on the living a very important part of its job to provide a proper and respectful rendition of the lives and service of 'Dukes' as they eventually succumb to the inevitable.

This issue, in particular, carries the sad news of the passing of a number of much revered 'Dukes'. Making sure that I do them all justice is the one responsibility that causes me the most concern.

My experiences in my other incarnation as a private client lawyer has taught me how sensitive one has to be in dealing with the death of a much loved and cherished family member. I therefore pledge that I will do the best I can to ensure that a proper obituary is published in the next edition following the death of a 'Duke'.

However, please understand that I cannot do that if I do not know of the persons death and have no details of their life and service. Remember there is no longer a publicly funded regimental headquarters. The office in Bankfield is manned by a number of dedicated volunteers and the archive they look after is extensive but not exhaustive so the message is if you want us to publish an obituary please try and give us as much information on the deceased as you can.

Subscriptions

I referred above to the costs of producing and distributing the magazine. This well exceeds the income from subscriptions. Happily, the trustees of the regimental funds are prepared to subsidise the costs but it would be good if we could increase the subscription income.

Let me hasten to say that I am NOT suggesting the subscription be raised but that more of the community subscribe. A number of people I have talked to have complained that for reasons unknown they have stopped receiving the magazine.

Apparently this is due to a loss of data when the old Regimental Headquarters closed. Therefore can I ask that if you know of someone who is no longer in receipt of the magazine that you encourage them to either log on to the website and renew their subscription or ring John Hogg at Bankfield.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes

President's Call



Brigadier Andrew Meek CBE

I write this shortly after the memorial service for General Sir Charles Huxtable held in the magnificent setting of York Minster. The eulogy, given by Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, is reproduced in this edition so I shall not repeat any of it here other than to say that the service was a most fitting celebration of the life and achievements of one of our most senior officers. The breadth and variety of organisations and individuals present in the Choir of the Minster was testament to all that General Charles achieved and meant that the day was something of an impromptu reunion. Naturally the service and reception was tinged with sadness and for me the fact that the 'Father of the Regiment' will not be present at the unveiling of our Memorial in May will be keenly felt by many.

As far as the Association is concerned I am delighted to report that all seems to be in good order. The office in Bankfield continues to be the centre of activity and it is from there that John Hogg ensures that everything is coordinated. Naturally the fact that the Association relies on a team of volunteers to keep everything going means that at times we cannot be as quick off the mark as some would like and I ask for everyone's understanding. I am

always amazed at the amount the team in Bankfield does achieve on behalf of us all.

The main effort at present remains the Memorial and plans for the unveiling on 17 May are now taking shape. Full details will be published in the Regimental website and sent out to our email list but the day promises to be a major Regimental gathering in the heart of our home town. I am particularly delighted that The Duke of Wellington will be unveiling the Memorial but as someone said to me recently 'who else could possibly do it?' Again our lack of resources means that there is a very small team planning what will be a fairly complicated day with four separate elements but I am quietly confident that all will be go extremely well. For those of you intending to be in Halifax on the day, please be aware that the area around the Memorial (on the junction of Market Street and The Woolshops) is small and thus there will be competition for the best spots! However once it has been unveiled the Memorial will easily viewed from a very close distance.

Over the past four years the country has reflected on the First World War in all manner of ways but this does not mean to say that examination of our past has ceased. Far from it and already the country is gearing up to mark various anniversaries of the Second World War including

the 75th anniversary of D Day which will be a major national event. Although The Regiment did not participate in the landings on or shortly after D Day, the 1/6th and 1/7th Battalions took part in the breakout battle later that month. The experience of the 1/6th Battalion is one that should be widely known and it is not by chance that it was used as a case study at Staff College for a number of years. Perhaps this will form a future article for this magazine? Later this year a group of us will be travelling to Italy to mark the 45th anniversary the battle of Monte Ceco and it was during this engagement that Private R Burton won the first Regimental Victoria Cross of the war for his outstanding bravery in eliminating three spandau machine gun posts. Thus there is much for us to consider and reflect on in the coming years much of which I am sure will be covered in the pages of future editions of the Iron Duke.

And mention of the magazine reminds me to formally welcome Simon Morgan as our new editor. Doubtless many readers will have ripped open their copy of the Iron Duke in keen anticipation of seeing what the new editor is up to. I am in no doubt that none of us will be disappointed! In the meantime I look forward to seeing many of you on 17 May in Halifax.

Virtutis Fortuna Comes.

Dukes Rep

A round up of news to include at www.WellingtonsWorldWide.www, a selection of items taken from social media.

London Poppy Day - 1st November 2018



Left to right Jim Cameron, Andy McNeilis, Andy Ewans (Ex REME), and Paul Tetlow assemble, collection buckets at the ready, to fleece the Fenchurch Street Station commuters on London Poppy Day 1st November 2018

London Poppy Day, now in its 12th year, is the flagship fundraising event of the Royal British Legion's annual Poppy Appeal and is the largest one- day street collection in the United Kingdom.

It was founded by a small group of ex-military friends back in 2006, who decided to do an ad-hoc collection with only a couple of buckets and their charm as resources! This spirit of fundraising through comradeship has endured and developed over subsequent London Poppy Days, taking us to a record breaking £1.25 million in 2014, and £795,000 last year, 2017.

London Poppy Day now enjoys substantial operational support from a number of key corporate stakeholders, as well as corporate backing which stretches from London Heathrow Airport, to the square mile and Canary Wharf. It provides the opportunity for the public to interact with serving military and ex-military, the very individuals they are supporting through their donations to the Royal British Legion but its importance goes beyond fundraising. It creates and strengthens positive associations between the armed forces community and the public.

Able and enthusiastically coordinated by Malcolm Norman a number of Dukes regularly support the event by selling Poppies at Fenchurch Street Station raising £24,400 for the appeal which across the City of London raised £840,000.

Unveiling of the refurbished memorial at Huddersfield Drill Hall – 4th November 2018



Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter KCVO OBE DL speaks at the unveiling of the refurbished Memorial in the Huddersfield Drill Hall.

The 5th Battalion War Memorial in Huddersfield Drill was first unveiled by Field-Marshal the Lord Plumer, GCB GCMG GCVO in 1924 and by 2017, almost 100 years later, some of the names were hardly legible, as the gilding had become covered in soot from years of exhaust fumes and cigarette smoke.

At a Drill Hall Trustees Meeting in early 2018 it was agreed to have the memorial refurbished and the work was completed in time for the centenary of the 1918 Armistice and the simple but impressive unveiling ceremony took place on the 4th November.

Major (Ret'd) Steven Armitage TD, the Chairman of the Trustees, opened the proceedings and Lieutenant Colonel Sean Robertshaw, Reserve Army Chaplain for 1st Division and Honorary Chaplain for the Huddersfield and District Army Veterans Association, conducted the

very apt service of commemoration. Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter, who had been the final Colonel of the Regiment up to the amalgamation of 'The Dukes', spoke of the sacrifice of those who were named on the War Memorial, as well as their comrades from other Drill Halls who did not return from the Great War.

As well as the Deputy Mayor of Huddersfield and other civic dignitaries the Trustees were particularly pleased to welcome a number of relatives of those named on the Boards who had been traced and were able to attend.

Field of Remembrance – 8th November 2018

This impressive and moving annual ceremony takes place in the Westminster Abbey Gardens the Thursday prior to the Remembrance Day parade at the Cenotaph. We are grateful to Major Rob Palfrey who has taken on the role of coordinating 'The Dukes' involvement. Each regiment has a plot in which crosses are set out commemorating their fallen and Prince Harry has taken over the role of leading the minute's silence from his Grandfather, The Duke of Edinburgh and then visiting the plots and talking to the attendees.

To anyone who has not been assured it is an event well worth attending. It combines deep reverence for the memories of the fallen with an opportunity to meet old comrades and the Prince in a safe and friendly environment. Tickets for this year's event will be available from Rob or RHQ.

The most recent ceremony took place on Thursday 8 November 2018 and the excellent weather set off what was once again a most colourful and stirring scene.



The Dukes Plot



**Major Rob Palfrey and Brigadier Nigel Hall
beside the Regimental Plot at the Field of
Remembrance, 8th November 2018**

The Cenotaph Parade – 10 November 2018

Rob Douglas attended this event and gives us the following report:

"Instead of joining the local event at Wimbledon's war memorial as usual, I felt compelled to join the Veterans March at the Cenotaph. I had only ever watched the television footage of that parade before so didn't really know what to expect. Unsurprisingly it was an emotional occasion, but also an uplifting one.

Major Pat Ralph had arranged tickets for all those representing DWR HQ and there was a good turnout that formed up at Horseguards Parade alongside former soldiers representing the Yorks battalions. After the heavens had opened for the previous 24 hours, we were blessed to be on show in glorious sunshine alongside 2,000 other vets who had decided to pay their respects.

Apart from the natural camaraderie between all present and the comically bad drill (some things never change!), there were a few highlights. Seeing the Chelsea Pensioners proudly at attention, and an elderly Duke being pushed along on his wheelchair as well as Princess Anne taking the salute as we marched past spring to mind.

It was a very special, poignant occasion that we were privileged to be a part of. Hearing the stories of everyone's military experiences and comparing notes on what we had been doing since leaving the Forces was great craic. Above all, it was fantastic to see the DWR cap badge on display again after old berets had been dusted off and re-shaped.

Oh and naturally, the post-parade routine included a few ales!"



**Rob Douglas and the Yorks contingent fall in on
Horseguards.**

General Sir Charles Huxtable's Memorial Service – 1 March 2019



**York Minster's great West Window illuminates
General Sir Charles Huxtable's Memorial Service.**

We were all deeply saddened by the news of General Charles' death on 26 November 2018. To most of us he was the Father of the Regiment and the most distinguished 'Duke' of his and subsequent generations.

At his wife, Mary's request his funeral, which took place in their local parish church in Leyburn on 10th December 2018, was confined to his family and close friends and an obituary appears in the appropriate section

later in this magazine.

However, his memorial service, which took place on 1st March 2019 in the magnificent and imposing setting of York Minster, was where the Nation could fulfil its obligation to say farewell to one of its most distinguished soldiers of modern times. The service took place in the Quire, beneath the renowned stained glass masterpiece of the West Window and adjacent to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment's Regimental chapel.

Conducted by the Reverend Canon David Wilkes CB OBE, former Chaplain General to the land forces, it was a fitting tribute to the General's significant contribution to his country. Efficiently organised by Lieutenant Colonel David O'Kelly and the Yorkshire Regiment it was not only a 'Dukes' occasion but also one for the Royal Irish Regiment and the impressive array of standard bearers displaying a multiplicity of cap badges was testament to the breadth of the General's contribution to the Army. The congregation was also considerably leavened with many of those who had served with the General in the many units and commands he had been associated with.

A distinguished attendance list included representatives of Her Majesty the Queen and the Sultan of Oman.

The principal tribute was given by Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter KCV OBE DL, the last Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, an edited version of which is reproduced here.

"In 2002 during the Tercentenary of our regiment, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 'The Dukes', General Sir Charles was asked to write a piece about the regiment for publication: This is part of what he wrote:

"We are not a smart regiment. We do not seek to be ever in the headlines. We do not pretend to have some special expertise. Indeed, perhaps what makes us special is that we do not seek to be any of these things. We are ordinary, straight forward folk who stick together....."

I feel that in composing this piece he was unwittingly also describing himself. Charles, was as so many people have observed since he died, straightforward, generous of thought, meticulously well mannered and of unimpeachable integrity. As one of his personal staff said *"he was straight as an arrow"*.

In Korea he commanded a platoon in Corunna Company and he and his platoon sergeant Sid Kirk were a formidable team. Johnny Sergeant was one of the section commanders. He was later made Assistant Signals Officer where he found Walter Robins as his

platoon sergeant. In that role he was involved in the Battle of the Hook and keeping communications going during the battle was a challenge he rose to. The experience reinforced Charles's view of the importance of the regimental system but he also learnt one of the golden mantras of leadership; to trust those to whom one has delegated.

Northern Ireland played a key part in Sir Charles's life. Sir Charles was Commanding Officer for two demanding tours there in the early days of 1971/72 when things were pretty rough. Those under his command observed he was calm, astute and confident but showed a steely determination when it was needed. The first tour was during the time of "internment" and the battalion were required to enforce it. Sir Charles's view was that it was counterproductive and alienated the republican faction once and for all. For this tour Sir Charles was awarded the OBE for gallantry, denoted by a crossed leaves on his ribbon, and were it not for political considerations precluding combat decorations at the time he would surely have received the DSO.

Not so many years later Mary and he returned to Northern Ireland, this time to Lisburn but both threw themselves into the military and civilian worlds which enabled them to refresh their family links. Sir Charles loved the job of Commander Land Forces and so was very disappointed to be hoicked out early to be Director of Army Staff Duties back in the Ministry of Defence. His legacy in Northern Ireland remains and in due course he became Colonel of the Ulster Defence Regiment. He oversaw the amalgamation with the Royal Irish Rangers and became the Colonel of the new regiment, which although controversial he handled with aplomb.

A few years earlier he had commanded the Dhofar Brigade at the very end of the war in Oman and it is clear from what he wrote that it was perhaps the most rewarding period of his career. It was a large command, about twice the size of a British brigade and the job to be done was both political and military. But although the job was demanding Sir Charles loved the appointment. Wherever he was, he always liked soldiers, whether from Yorkshire or Arabia, he enjoyed their sense of humour and these feelings were entirely reciprocated. He understood them and they him.

Sir Charles held many senior appointments culminating in Commander in Chief United Kingdom Land Forces. His personal staff in these appointments were invariably from outside the Dukes family but all held him in high esteem, and commented that he was unfailingly courteous and kind and universally liked. He was no push over and held high standards but as one put it *"he was someone you didn't mind getting a rocket*

from". So he demonstrates what he himself felt: that character and personality are more important than the appointments you hold. What Sir Charles managed to do was to bring the former to the latter.

On two occasions Charles cheated death, once was in Cyprus when a frustrated and very angry Turkish policemen pressed the trigger on his sten gun but mercifully it jammed as they frequently did and the other occasion was in Dhofar when he was on his way by helicopter to inspect a Baluch battalion. The tail rotor sheered off and the pilot was faced with a fatal crash but managed to maintain a forward speed and land more or less intact. Whilst the pilot was white faced and speechless the General was calm and his usual unflappable self.

In later years he took up fly fishing and particularly enjoyed doing so in Kashmir but his abiding recreation was to spend time on holiday with his family and it was always a priority in his life. Travel became a large part of retired life and he and Mary spent many happy holidays in all parts of the world.

Charities played their part in both their lives with Charles becoming President of the Ex Servicemen's Mental Welfare Society. At an AGM an angry beneficiary complained that the title of the charity sent the wrong message. Charles grasped the point, apologised and immediately instructed Toby Elliott the Chief Executive to work on an alternative and so the charity became Combat Stress.

We mourn a man of great stature who was much loved by all of us here but our thoughts must go to Mary, who supported Charles in all that he did and achieved; they were a great team."

However, the event was not all pomp and circumstance. The sombre and reflective mood was lightened and enriched by a moving recital of Elizabeth Craven's beautiful poem 'I Thank Thee God, that I Have Lived' by the General's granddaughter Olivia Hill together with a family eulogy from his daughter and other readings by his family.

The reflective mood continued with the recitation of the Collects of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and The Royal Irish Regiment to be followed by the poignant strains of The Royal Irish Regiment's march, 'Killaloe', played by a solitary piper.

Once silence settled once more on the Quire the standards were marched out and the congregation departed for a reception in the Gothic elegance of the Chapter House to the stirring notes of 'The Wellesley' - a memorable day indeed."

Duke of Wellington's Regiment Memorial Appeal Fund Raising Dinner – 8th March 2019.

As this piece is being written we are all looking forward to the unveiling of the Dukes Memorial Statue in Halifax on Friday 17th May. This has been a most exciting project and could not have happened without a lot of hard work and innovation in finding the funds needed to complete the sculpture and prepare it for what is hoped to be a long and cherished existence in the heart of Dukes country.

One of the most spectacular and successful fund raising events took place on Friday 8th March in the Arches, part of the historic, and now refurbished, Dean Clough Mills in Halifax. 240 people assembled, resplendent in evening dress, to enjoy what promised to be a most enjoyable evening - a promise it did not disappoint.

Events commenced with a champagne reception, then on to dinner where the Appeal chairman, Brigadier Andrew Meek CBE, introduced the sculptor Andrew Sinclair. As the evening progressed, guests were treated to a spellbinding performance by Britain's Got Talent winning magician, Lance Corporal of Horse (LCoH) Richard Jones. This was followed by a recital of Rudyard Kipling's evocative poem "Tommy" by Captain John Hogg accompanied by a display of Victory drumming by the Corps of Drums from the Yorkshire Volunteers. At the end of the evening there was a live auction conducted by 'Flog It' regular Adam Partridge and a raffle.

The event was the third of its kind in aid of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment Memorial Appeal and the £18,400.00 raised did a lot to help close the gap on the final target of £240,000.



John Hogg delivers a stirring rendition of Kipling's 'Tommy' at the Memorial Fundraising Dinner in the Arches.



The Yorkshire Volunteer's Corps of Drums get the blood coursing with their Victory beats



Well known TV auctioneer Adam Partridge almost manages to get the Editor to part with some cash!

Wellington College CCF

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment may have passed into history but the cap badge that we all proudly wore has not completely disappeared. It still graces the head gear of the Army Section of the Combined Cadet Force of Wellington College in Berkshire.

The Alma Mater of many notable Dukes including General Sir Charles Huxtable and Brigadier Michael Bray, it boasts four sections (Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Army and Royal Air Force) complimented by a Cavalry Section and has its own Corps of Drums.

The Contingent is led by Lieutenant Commander Ian Frayne who commands a small headquarters consisting of the Adjutant, Major Tony Hart, a retired Army Officer and the School Staff Instructor Chief Petty Officer Kevin Clarke who is a retired Chief Fire Officer. It remains one of the largest and most active cadet contingents in the country and is supported directly by 11 Infantry Brigade.

The Contingent has several historical links throughout the military but the most significant is its relationship with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. It is very

proud that it is the only unit still to wear the 'Dukes' cap badge. The Army section has a current strength of 160 cadets and 8 cadet force officers and remains very proud of its heritage and its links to The Duke of Wellington's Regimental Association.



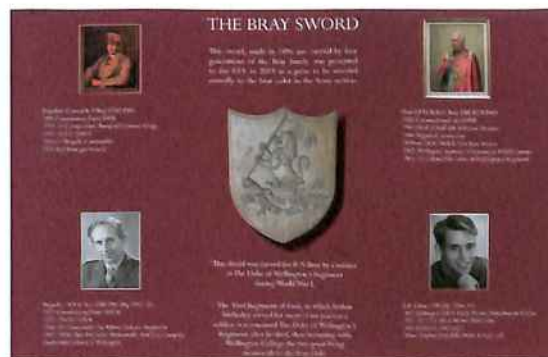
Wellington College CCF Colour Party on parade prior to inspection by GOC London District – 20th March 2019.

Wellington College CCF - Bray Sword Presentation Dinner – 25th March 2019

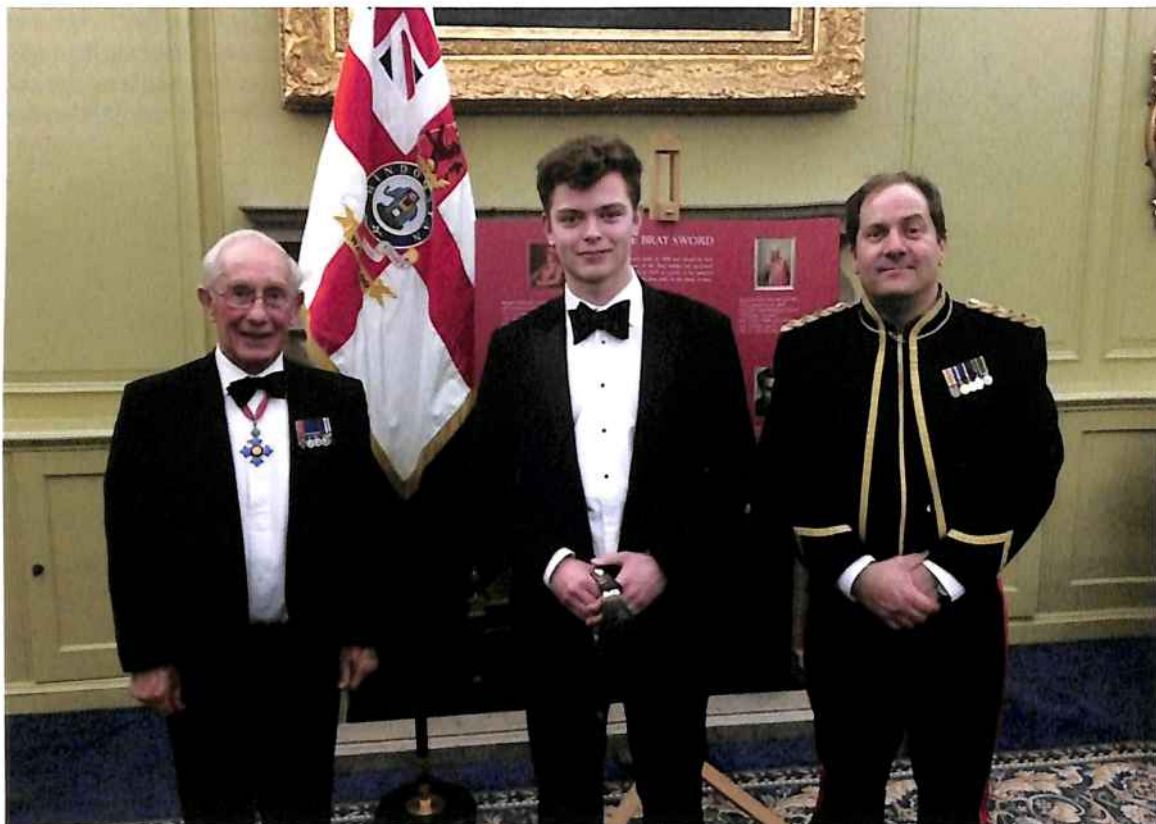
As stated above ex Dukes Commanding Officer Brigadier Michael Bray CBE is an Old Wellingtonian and at a dinner held at the College on 25th March 2019 he presented his sword to the Army Section.

No ordinary sword, the Bray Sword has been carried by four generations of the Bray family spanning three centuries and is a symbol of the Bray family's service to their country and to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Brigadier Michael presented the sword to Cadet WO2 Josh Perry, the Senior Army Cadet, who accepted it on behalf of the Army Section. The sword will now be displayed in the CCF Armoury in a bespoke case and presented annually on Speech Day to the most worthy cadet within the Army Section.



The Bray Sword's Presentation Board detailing its distinguished history.



Brigadier Michael Bray, senior cadet Josh Perry with the sword, Major Sam Gutteridge OIC Army Section

The DLG – Dukes London Group.



Dan Brennan, the new Convenor of the DLG.

Like Doctor Who the Convenor of the DLG ‘transitions’ every few years and in January 2019 Rob Douglas, the then incumbent, suffered his inevitable fate and morphed into Dan Brennan. On behalf of the entire membership Dan would like to thank him for all his efforts

over recent years to ensure the DLG remains a fixture in the social calendar as well as a relevant resource for those leaving the military.

Dan is delighted to follow in the footsteps of the previous convenors and to be the first ‘non-Duke’ holder of the post. He identifies as his key challenge over the coming years to maintain the identity, or ‘golden thread’

of the DLG whilst making the group relevant to officers and soldiers who are leaving the Yorkshire Regiment but who didn’t serve in the Dukes or 3 YORKS.

Current memberships is very healthy, around 200, and there are plenty of people reaching out for post-military career guidance. However, the number of members who are actively engaged and regularly attend the meetings is beginning to decline which is a shame.

Dan will be conducting a review of all members’ contact and professional details to ensure they are up to date. This will be key not only for making members aware of the latest news and events but it will also enable the DLG to direct service leavers to the most relevant people for career advice.

Look out for news of forthcoming events.

www.Wellingtons.World.Wide.www

A selection of items taken from various online sources. The Editor is available on Facebook and by email so if you want to send us some news or even just a selfie it is only a mouse click away.

First up is a piece taken from the Oldie Magazine email update:



Happy 250th birthday to the Duke of Wellington

The Duke of Wellington was born 250 years ago, on May 1, 1769. He owes his success to a stern mother and a bad marriage, says his descendant Jane Wellesley.

By the time he died in 1852 at the age of 83, Arthur Wellesley, the 1st Duke of Wellington, was the most famous man in the land. His death prompted Queen Victoria to dub him 'The greatest man this country has produced.'

This pre-eminence at the end of his life was in stark contrast to the relative obscurity of his upbringing and birth. There is even some confusion about the actual date on which he was born, though his family always said (and we continue to say) it was 1st May, 1769, in Dublin.

* * * *

Next the wide diaspora of Dukes world wide is quite extraordinary. Here are two reports from far flung foreign parts, the first from Major Alan Westcob who now resides in the United States. He sends us a picture of a street sign he recently saw in North Carolina. Clearly the City fathers are aware of the connection!



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The second from the Sutcliffes who have been out in Australia but now on their way home after what was clearly an enjoyable sojourn.



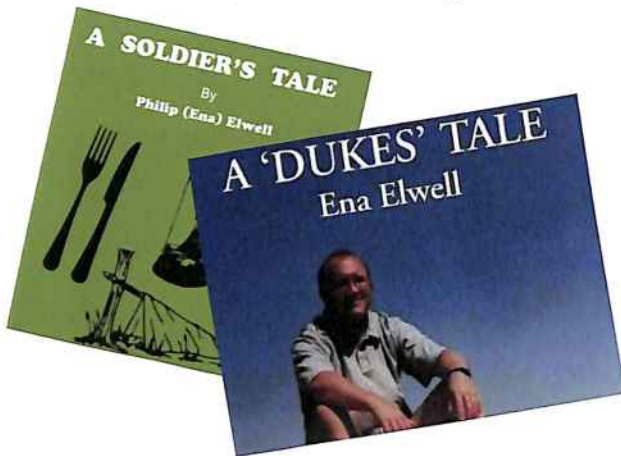
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We are indebted to General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter for this next picture sent to him via Google Pictures from Bob Duncan showing him laying a wreath at the Remembrance Service held in Changmai, Thailand in November 2018



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It has been noted that a number of Dukes have turned their hand to literary pursuits. Here are two books penned by Phillip 'Ena' Elwell: A 'Dukes' Tale and a Soldier's Tale, by all accounts a damn good read.



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Ena is not the only Duke in print. Terence Butterworth has produced two books, a concise history of the Regiment and a look at service in Afghanistan. He has now, along with Scott Flaving and website editor Richard Harvey produced a new work timed to coincide with the unveiling of the Dukes Memorial on 17 May

after which copies will be available from the museum or archive office at Bankfield.

* * * *

Any online search for Dukes soon brings up a pretty remarkable man, Andy Reid.

For those who may not know Andy Reid was blown up in 2009, whilst on patrol with 3rd Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment in Afghanistan, Andy lost his right leg below the knee, left leg above the knee, and right arm. Since then, however, his recovery has been little short of miraculous.

He is now a regular and much in demand motivational speaker, a charity fund raiser for a number of military charities and a brand ambassador for international names like the Morson Group.

In between this hectic schedule he has still found time to raise a family and now has two children. We wish them all the very best for the future.



Dukes display not only literary talents but entrepreneurial skills. Here is a picture taken from Facebook of some of Max Atherton's Dukes themed leisure wear. The Editor himself has a couple of his polo shirts and very smart they are too. Orders direct to Max.



Another talented businessman is James Allott who served from 1984 to 1990 and now is a very gifted wood carver. See above an example of his work. He can be reached at www.MJWoodCreations.com.



An appeal for contributions for this section elicited a response from Peter Foxton who served in the Regimental Band, joining in Catterick in 1971 until he left from Bulford in 1993 having attained the rank of Corporal.

He is now semi-retired having formerly worked as a Civil Servant during which time he gained a good Degree in Social Policy and a Diploma in Criminology. He now works part time at Sheffield University.

Here he is with Harry Mears another Duke and ex bandsman. They would like to publicise a forthcoming Band reunion to take place on the 14 September 2019 at Becketts Bank, 28-30 Park Row Leeds LS1 2HJ. (A Wetherspoons Pub) Start from 12:00hrs.

* * * *

Many of you who were with the 1st Battalion in Catterick in the early 1980s will remember Sergeant 'Tom' Dooley who was the Royal Signals rear link detachment commander. He has been in touch to say that he is very happily retired and living in Chipping Sodbury, South Gloucestershire. He still has fond memories of his time with 'The Dukes'.



David 'SAS' Tooley has emailed with a major blast from the past.

This map shows the route taken in 1983 by an epic and arduous expedition into the heart of darkest Morocco mounted from Gibraltar by members of Hook Company under the leadership of that now little known but in his day, somewhat controversial explorer, one Captain Simon Morgan. The annals of London's Royal Geographic Society and the Explorers' Club of New York are, apparently, silent on the details of this heroic adventure so any readers who can provide details please get in touch!

Talking of blasts from the past the following popped into the Editor's 'inbox' recently:

* * * *



The publishing blurb reads as follows:

"In 1969, at the height of China's Cultural Revolution, a yacht sails out of Hong Kong and disappears. The world's press takes up the story of the crew who are presumed lost at sea. But Gill and her friends are very much alive, held captive in a Chinese fishing village by Communist militia. As she faces questioning by the

People's Liberation Army, there's a lot that Gill would rather not tell - that her crew-mates are British soldiers."

Sounds like a real page turner! Who were the British soldiers? We need to know!

* * * *



Finally, here is Michael 'Dit Dat' Denton putting a brave face on Huddersfield Town's relegation!

Features

It is hoped over coming editions to bring you a good selection of interesting articles and essays on Duke's related themes. Anecdotes either amusing or thought provoking are particularly welcome.

The first item particularly touched many 'Duke's'.

Private Richard Howard's Violin



Sam Sweeney playing the Wellesley over Richard Howard's grave.

Viewers watching the episode of the BBC's Sunday evening favourite Antiques Roadshow that was broadcast on 4th November 2018 could not help but be moved by the final item which was recorded in the war cemetery at Ypres on 6 June 2017.

It concerned a violin that had been bought by folk

musician Sam Sweeney in 2009. When he purchased it, he noticed inside a note stuck to the carcass that read 'Richard S Howard 1915'. He and his father started to research the name and found that Richard Spencer Howard was a violin maker and music hall performer who was called up in 1915 at the age of 35 and posted to the 10th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

He had begun making the violin just before he left for war and obviously intended to finish it on his return. Sadly, this was not to be as Richard was killed on 7 June 2017, the first day of the Battle of Messines.

Sam and his father were touched at the poignancy of this link between their violin and its dead maker and went on to locate his grave and this lead further and, most remarkably, to his grandfather.

She and other members of Richard's surviving family joined Sam at the graveside on the evening prior to the centenary of Richard's death as he told the story of the violin to the Roadshow presenter.

Then Sam closed the show by playing the 'Dukes' regimental march, the Wellesley, on Richard's violin. Not a dry eye in the house.

*JB Priestley*

Regimental Reunions – then and now.

‘Dukes’ love reunions and the Editor was delighted to be made very welcome at one organised by Chad Chapman and ‘Tracker’ Oakley at the Barum Top pub in Halifax on Saturday 6th April 2019.

These twice yearly events take place on the first Saturdays of April and October and are well attended with ‘Dukes’ travelling in from all corners of the globe. Stories and anecdotes are swapped, many heavily embellished; jokes are told, legs are pulled and, of course, the ‘Dukes’ song heartily sung by all. It was a simple but heart warming occasion. Old comrades who had possibly not seen each other in years started chatting and reminiscing as if they had been meeting regularly.

As I surveyed the scene I was reminded of something I had read many years ago. Some of you will, no doubt, be aware that the celebrated author and playwright J B Priestley was a ‘Duke’. Coincidentally, in view of the previous piece, he also served with the 10th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington’s Regiment during the Great War and was badly wounded in June 1916, when he was buried alive by a trench-mortar bomb.

In his book *An English Journey*, published in 1934, Priestley recounts his travels around England the previous year during which he attended a regimental

reunion in Bradford. Part of his recollections are set out here.

“The dinner, which had brought me here when I ought to have been continuing my journey elsewhere, was held at a tavern on Saturday night. The battalion was The 10th Duke of Wellington’s, of the 23rd Division, which did good work in France and then in the later stage of the war did equally good work on the Italian Front. I did not expect to see many there who had belonged to the old original lot, because I knew only too well that a large number of them, some of them my friends, had been killed. But the thought of meeting again the few I would remember, the men who had shared with me those training camps in 1914 and the first half of 1915 and those trenches in the autumn and winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916, was very exciting.

Never have I seen a tavern stairs or a tavern upstairs so crowded, so tremendously alive with roaring masculinity, as I did that night. Most of the faces were strange to me, but here and there, miraculously, was a face that was not only instantly familiar but that at once succeeded in recalling a whole vanished epoch, as if I had spent long years with its owner in some earlier incarnation. We sat down, jammed together, in a dining-room that can never have held more people in all its existence. It was not full, it was bursting.

We could hardly lift the roast beef and apple tart to our mouths.

Under the coloured-paper decorations, we sweated like bulls. The ale went down sizzling. But we were happy, no doubt about that. We roared at one another across the narrow tables. The waiters, squeezing past these lines of feasting warriors, looked terrified and about half life-size. The very bunting steamed, I was between two majors, one of whom was the chairman and (no cool man at any time, except no doubt at a crisis in the front line) now quite red-hot. With him I exchanged reminiscences that seemed almost antediluvian, so far away were those training camps and the figures that roared commands in them.

The toast in memory of the dead, which we drank at the end of the dinner, would have been very moving only unfortunately when we were all standing up, raising our glasses and silent, there came from a very tinny piano in the far corner of the room what sounded to me like a polka very badly played. I tried to think, solemnly, tenderly, about my dead comrades, but this atrocious polka was terribly in the way. I sat down, bewildered. "Damn fool played it all wrong," growled the major, our chairman, in my ear. "Should have been much slower. Regimental march, y'know." That little episode was just like life. You stand up to toast your dead comrades; the moment is solemn and grand; and then the pianist must turn the regimental march into something idiotically frivolous, and ruin the occasion.

Now more men came in; the temperature rose another fifteen degrees; the waiters shrank another six inches; and there were songs and speeches. I had arranged to meet, in a little ante-room, the survivors of my original platoon, and as soon as I decently could I escaped from the press of warriors in the big room, to revisit my own past. There were about eight of us present, and we ordered in some drinks and settled down to remember aloud.

I had not seen any of these fellows for seventeen years. I knew them all, of course, and they seemed little older.

As figure after figure, comic and tragic, came looming up through the fog of years, as place after place we had been in caught the light again, our talk became more and more eager and louder, until we shouted and laughed in triumph, as one always does when time seems to be suffering a temporary defeat. Frensham, Aldershot, Folkestone, Maidstone, Bully Grenay, Neuve Chapelle, Souchez — how they returned to us!

Once again the water was rising round our gum boots.

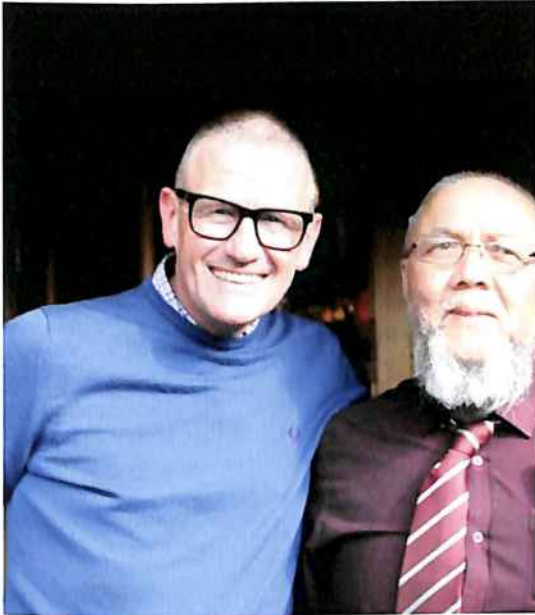
We remembered the fantastic places:

that trench which ran in front of a graveyard, where the machine-gun bullets used to ricochet off the tombstones; that first sight of Vimy Ridge in the snow, like a mountain of despair. We recalled to one another the strange coincidences and dark premonitions: poor melancholy B. who muttered, "I'll be lying out there to-night," and was, a deadman that very night; grim Sergeant W. who said to the draft, "This is where you can expect to have your head blown off," and had his own head shattered by a rifle-grenade within three hours. And little Paddy O., who had always seemed such a wisp of a chap, with everything about him drooping, who looked the same as ever, ready to drop at any moment, though he never had dropped and the Central Powers must have spent hundreds of thousands of marks trying to kill him, little Paddy, I say, came close to me, finished his beer, and asked me, stammeringly as ever, if I remembered sending him from the front line for some water for the platoon, on a summer morning in 1916. "Nay " he stammered, "I wasn't gone more than t-ten minutes, and when I c-come back, where you'd been, Jack lad, there was n-nobbut a bloody big hole and I n-never set eyes on you again till to-night." And it was true. I had sent him away on a ten minutes' errand; immediately afterwards a giant trench mortar had exploded in the very entrance to the little dug-out where I was dividing up the platoon rations; I had been rushed away, and was gone before he returned; and it had taken us more than seventeen years to find one another again."

This fascinating reminiscence tells of an event that took place over 80 years ago yet anyone who attended the event at the Barum Top back at the beginning of April would have found much that is familiar and common to both. Although I would not go so far to describe the Barum Top as being "alive with roaring masculinity", indeed there was a pleasant and obviously welcome leavening of ladies, the sense of camaraderie, of a commonality of experience as expressed by Priestley was just the same.

Happily, the singing of 'The Dukes are coming up the Hill' was much more successful than the hapless Bradford pianist's attempt at playing 'The Wellesley'!

On the next page is a selection of photographs taken at the occasion.

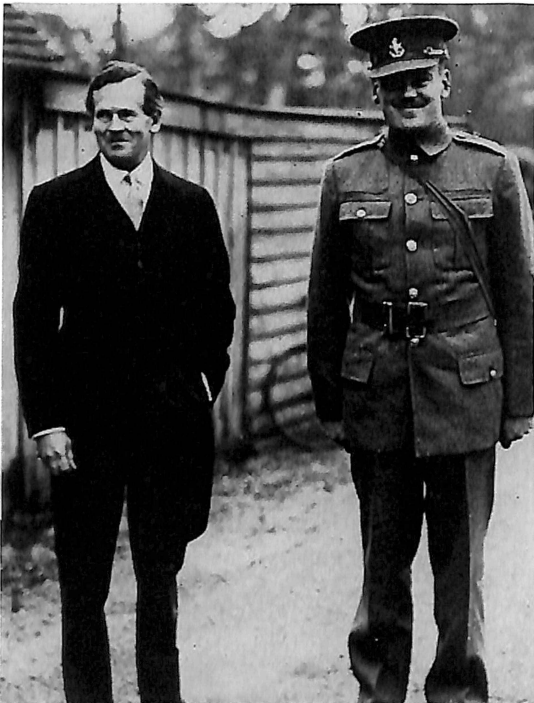


A selection of pictures from the April reunion in Halifax

Another 'Duke'

We are very grateful to Major General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter for this interesting article.

I don't expect many people know that there was another Duke of the Realm that served in 'The Dukes'. We are familiar with the Dukes of Wellington but I was surprised to find that the 7th Duke of Leinster had served in the Regiment. In fact at the time he was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a subaltern in the 8th Battalion during the 1st World War.



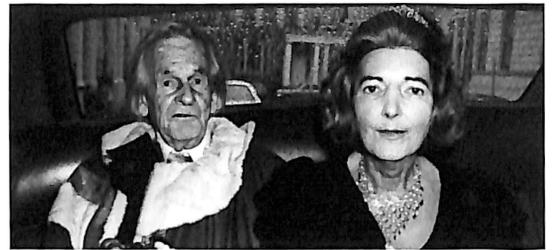
Lord Edward Fitzgerald

His life story is not a happy one. In the first instance he was an illegitimate son of Hugo Charteris, 11th Earl of Wemyss, who had had a well publicised affair with his mother, wife of the 5th Duke. Lord Edward was commissioned into the Irish Guards in 1909 but sadly was a liability spending as little time on his duties as possible. For example whilst on Guard at the Tower of London he would spend his duty hours gambling in London clubs or in the infamous Cavendish Hotel. In those days it was easy to say "Serjeant O'Flaherty, lead on I will see you in the morning". As he later wrote himself "The world was as rosy as the pink champagne I drank at the Cavendish Hotel".

In 1913 he married and instead of finding an heiress to fund his lifestyle his eye fell on May Etheridge, a chorus girl otherwise known as "the pink pajama girl". She was indeed beautiful and they duly married at Wandsworth Registry Office; hardly a good start for a marriage which was, not surprisingly, frowned on by his family. In consequence he was required to resign his

commission in the Irish Guards. In 1914 he was declared bankrupt for the first time and thereabouts he pensioned off May (with what is not clear) and spent much time and money trying to prise the son they had out of her hands. The son in due course became the 8th Duke.

Lord Edward, whilst barred from the Foot Guards and wishing to do his bit covertly obtained a commission in the West Riding Regiment and joined the 8th Battalion which sailed for Gallipoli on 22nd July 1915. He was wounded in the arm at Suvla Bay in Gallipoli on 8th August 1915 and was honourably discharged in March 1917 his wounds having led to more serious effects. Thereafter he divorced the "pink pajama girl" and married three further times to ladies who were far from heiresses. In 1922 he inherited the Dukedom from his elder brother. Sadly the story gets no better; in 1973 he died by his own hand in a bedsit in Pimlico. It was a tragic decline of one of the great Irish families which after two world wars was a common occurrence.



The Duke of Leinster in later life.

The Regimental Collect

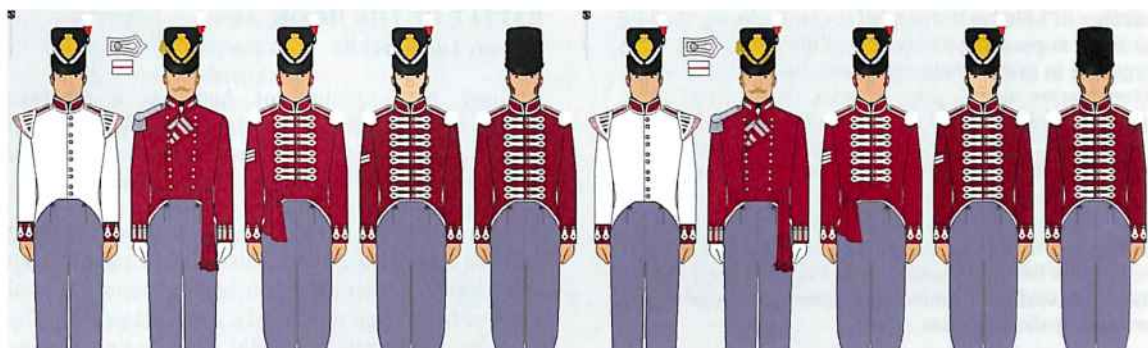
What is a Collect? Well it is a short general prayer of a particular structure used in Christian liturgy and comes from the Latin word 'Collecta' meaning the gathering of people together.

The Regimental Collect was usually recited at religious services conducted by members of the Regiment and it ran as follows:

"O Lord of Hosts who did thrice bid the Leader of thine ancient people to be strong and of good courage, and did promise him good success, grant that The Duke of Wellington's Regiment may ever prosper in obedience to Thy law and in Thee alone do valiantly, so that we may tread down the enemies of our souls, for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake."

Now that the Regiment is no more it has been decided that the Collect shall be amended slightly so that it reads:

"O Lord of Hosts who did thrice bid the Leader of thine ancient people to be strong and of good courage, and did promise him good success, grant that the members of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment may ever prosper in obedience to Thy law and in Thee alone do valiantly, so that we may tread down the enemies of our souls, for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake."



History Section

It is hoped to make 'The Iron Duke' a wellspring of historical research and discussion on the Regiment and its important and extensive contribution to the Army and the Nation.

In this issue we are delighted to publish two vividly written pieces on the Battle of the Hook discovered by our own Archivist Scott Flaving. The first from the memoirs of the late Lieutenant Tony Uloth, a Troop Commander in 1 RTR.

In it a number of Dukes who have now passed into legend are brought vividly to life. The second is a different perspective of the Battle taken from Brigadier Brian Parritt's book 'Chinese Hordes and Human Waves'.

Then our very own David Starkey, otherwise known as Tim Nicholson gives us a fascinating piece about the Battle of Paaderburg.

But first we finish off Ensign Short's account of the Battle of Waterloo contained in a letter to his mother that commenced in the last edition.

Ensign Short's letter from Waterloo.

To refresh your memory Ensign Short of the Coldstream Guards was present at the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo and this letter to his mother is believed to be the first notification of the victory at Waterloo received in this country.

"Soon after daylight the commissary sent up with the greatest difficulties some Gin and we found an old cask full of wet Rye loaves which we breakfasted upon. Everybody was in high spirits. We broke up the cask and got some dry wood and made some fine fires, got some straw and I went to sleep for a couple of hours.

About ten we were formed, finding the French were advancing to the attack in very large columns. We opened some artillery and checked them a little by shells, soon after the Light Troopers commenced the attack on the wood in which our Light Infantry were posted and the firing commenced in prime style. Some Belgium light troops were in the wood and when one man was wounded at least half a dozen would carry him out so that the chief of the work was left for our men.

The French were too strong for us and after about a couple of hours they succeeded in driving us back to a large farmhouse in the wood (Hougoumont) and the rest of our Battalion moved on to support the Light Infantry when the two rear companies were ordered to remain with the Colours. General Byng, thinking that the Battalion would be too much cut to pieces as the firing was so very rapid.

The 7th and 8th Companies stopped with the Colours and two companies of each battalion of our Division - (I believe I told you in my last of being recently appointed to the 7th Company) - were ordered to lie down in the road, the musket shots flying over us like peas. An officer next to me was hit on the cap, but not hurt as it went through, and another next to him was also hit in the plate of the cap, but it went through also without hurting him. Two sergeants lay near me were hit in the knapsacks and were not hurt, besides several other shots passing as near as possible. I never such luck as we had

The Brigade Major was wounded by a cannon ball which killed his horse and broke his arm and General Byng was wounded slightly whilst standing opposite to me about five paces. General Byng did not leave the field. Lord Wellington with his Ball dress was very active indeed, as well as Lord Uxbridge and the Prince of Orange both severely wounded, the former having lost his leg and the latter being hit in the body. General Cooke commanding our Division lost his arm.

The battle kept up all day in the wood where our Brigade was stationed. The farmhouse was set on fire by shells however we kept possession of it and several wounded men were actually roasted alive. The Cavalry came on about 5 o'clock and attacked the rest of the line when the Horse Guards and the other regiments (except a few) behaved most gallantly.

The French charged our hollow squares and were repulsed several times. The Imperial Guard with Napoleon at their head charged the 1st Guards and the

number of killed and wounded is extraordinary, they lie as thick as possible, one on top of the other. They were repulsed in every attack and about 7 o'clock the whole French army made a general attack for their last effort and we should have had very hard work to have repulsed them when 25,000 Prussians came on and we soon drove them like chaff before the wind, 20,000 getting in the midst of them played the very devil with them and they took to flight in the greatest possible hurry. The baggage of Bonaparte was taken by the Prussians and the last report that has been heard of the French says that they have repassed the frontiers and gone by Charleroi hard pressed by the Prussians.

The French say this battle beats Leipzig hollow in the number of killed and wounded. Our Division suffered exceedingly. We are to follow on Thursday. Today we bivouacked near Nivelles. Lord Wellington has thanked our Division through General Byng and says that he never saw such gallant conduct in his life.

The 7th Hussars behaved very badly on Saturday, they were ordered to charge the Polish Lancers, and when they got to them (the Lancers remaining steady) they turned about and away they went, the Lancers then charged them and the Horse Guards and the Blues charging the Lancers overthrew them and cut them nearly to pieces. The Horse Guards and Blues have behaved famously.

Lord Uxbridge would have been taken only for our Infantry, in consequence of some of the Cavalry running away, and he rode up to the Company and said he owed his life to them and that the French were beyond the frontier before 12 o'clock. There never was such a glorious day. Everybody agrees. Send me the Gazette. It will tell you more than I can. You must excuse the mistakes I've made. I am in such a hurry. I will give you a fuller account of some little things relative to myself, the narrow escapes we had and so on when I have time. I had my horse killed. It was very beautiful to see the engagement though horrid afterwards. The French killed a great number of our wounded soldiers. We have taken 120 pieces of cannon. The Prussians are coming up every hour and cheer us as they pass. I have a great deal more to say but I have not time as I must be back in the Camp by 8 o'clock. All the baggage was sent to Antwerp in case we should have been defeated yesterday. The number of prisoners is immense.

I must conclude. God grant that I may live to see you again. We have only two officers killed but several severely wounded. My love to you. I have heard nothing of Major Hodge.

I remain your dutiful and affectionate son"

(Editor's note: The reference to Lord Wellington's Ball dress is not a shock revelation of the Iron Duke's hitherto suppressed penchant for cross dressing. He had departed for Waterloo directly from the Duchess of Richmond's Ball and had evidently had not had time to change out of his 'glad rags'!)

BATTLE OF THE HOOK

Lt Tony Uloth (RTR)

"Since the beginning of April, as a subaltern commanding a troop of four Centurion tanks of the First Royal Tank Regiment, I had been supporting the Black Watch – the battalion responsible for the Hook.

There were many obvious signs that an attack was being prepared – increased artillery activity by the enemy, much of it clearly registering targets, and ominously special attention being paid to the tanks, increased patrolling by the enemy in strength and, finally, if that was not enough, a deserter – disillusioned former Chinese nationalist soldier – had slipped through the wire to reveal that a specially trained brigade had been brought in from the north with the express mission of taking the Hook. For some weeks the question had simply been when will the attack come? Each evening when the enemy artillery barrage began, which was regularly at around 6pm, we told ourselves tonight must be the night. For this reason it seemed sensible to keep in the line my troop whose crews by now knew the Hook and its surroundings, the approach routes and all the possible targets that we could see.

Finally my Squadron commander, Major 'Sully' Sullivan, decided the relief of my troop, now more than two weeks overdue, should be delayed no longer and early on the 6th May I handed over the four tanks to another troop leader, George Forty, and his four tank crews.

I said goodbye to George and with mixed feelings got into the jeep to follow, but not too closely as part of the road was visible to the enemy, the three ton truck with the tank crews back to the Squadron Headquarters position tucked away in a little valley, seven or eight miles behind the front line. Here the countryside was not unlike Exmoor with deep coombes, although the steep sided hills were much bigger. The vegetation was mostly a sort of heather and scrubby little stunted oak trees. At the front line all this had been blasted away, leaving the hillsides bare and pock marked with shell holes.

The very next day there was what seemed to have been a probing attack on the Hook, in some strength, which was successfully repulsed and, on the 13th May, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment relieved the Black Watch. The company on the Hook was now 'The Dukes' B Company, commanded by Major Tony Firth, who set about the task of repairing and building up the defences of the position for the expected assault.

On the 26th May, the commander of 29 Brigade, Brigadier Joe Kendrew, decided that B Company had done enough. It had carried out constant arduous patrols, endured many days of heavy bombardment while working on the defences and should be changed with a fresh

company and take over the position on its left, Point 121. This meant that B Company, with whom George Forty had been working, was ordered to swap over with the company on Point 121, D Company, commanded by Major Emmet, which would occupy the Hook.

On the afternoon of the following day, the 27th May, I was the only officer back in our Squadron's small reserve camp. Of the Squadron's officers, 'Sully' had taken to spending most of his time at the Headquarters of The Duke of Wellington's where, alongside the 'Dukes' commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Ramsay Bunbury, he felt he could best co-ordinate the tank support on our squadron radio net; George Forty was on the Hook and the remaining troop leaders, Sibert Lewis was behind Point 146 with 4 Troop, supporting V Company (a combined company of 'Dukes' and Black Watch, known as the 'Black Dukes') and Tom Welsh commanding 5 Troop, was supporting the King's Regiment, the third battalion of the Brigade, from a feature behind the Hook called Yongdong, which overlooked the Samichon Valley; the one remaining officer in the Squadron, Desmond Bastick, was away at Headquarters.

George Forty had been badly wounded, fortunately only in the legs. He had been on his way to D Company command post and it was those mortars that got him. A US helicopter had taken him out to the nearest MASH. I was to go back and take over his troop.

By the time I got back to my old, familiar tank much of the day had gone. The four tanks were deployed with one on the right of the Hook and three on the left. Mine was the centre one of these three. I had to see the other three tank commanders. It was unusual but all were sergeants. All good men, two of whom were later awarded the Military Medal. I moved round rapidly to each tank, running most of the way. To get to Sergeant Woods, the extreme left hand tank behind Point 121, I had to pass a Turkish weapon pit occupied by three fierce looking Turkish soldiers. The tank crews greeted me cheerily. I began to feel confident that they knew very well what they were doing.

The role of the Centurion tank in these operations was that of an armoured pill box with a highly accurate 83.4mm gun, known as the 20 pounder, which fired both high explosive and armour piercing shells, and a machine gun firing 7.92mm bullets at a rate of about 425 rounds a minute, some of them tracer rounds, and known as the Besa. Some tanks, mine was one of them, were also fitted with a powerful searchlight. All three of these weapons were an integral part of the tank turret.

On my return from Sergeant Macfarlane's tank we took our places and I directed the driver into our fire position; he carefully manoeuvred us to line up with our marker

pegs. As I was doing so the shelling started. I closed the hatch quickly and looked at my watch, it was 6 o'clock. Throughout the night the customary crackle of the radio with orders from the 'Dukes' for fire support, the smell of then oily tank, mixed with cordite fumes, and the constant noise of the generator made it seem as if I had never been away.

At day break next day, the 28th May, I made a thorough search of the old familiar ground in front of me using the tank's times-ten gun sight. There were three spurs that led off the Hook into the valley between it and the Chinese front line. They resembled the foot of a bird of prey of which each talon had a name. From left to right, these were Ronson, Green Finger and Long Finger. From our fire positions Sergeant Wallace, in the tank on the left of the Hook and nearest to it, and I could see the whole of one side of Ronson and bits of the top of Green Finger. Long Finger was hidden. I was surprised to see on Ronson what appeared to be a newly dug trench leading along the slope towards the Hook. I called up Sergeant Wallace and he had seen it too.

That day we had much to do. My first duty was to go and see Major Emmet in his command post with its long vertical slit of an entrance dug into the back of the Hook where I found a tall, spare man with a black moustache and a fruity voice, always known, for reasons I have never discovered, as 'the Baron'. I told him about the new trench and that we had registered it. We also discussed other new targets. From there I made my way once more to the other three tanks before returning to my own where ammunition replenishment was in progress. It was late afternoon before we were ready to manoeuvre the tank back into its night time fire position while we left two spare men in the bunker. We had not long lined up on our pegs when the enemy artillery started. I looked at my watch, it was 5.30 pm. The fire coming down was heavy and half an hour earlier than usual. This, and the trench on Ronson, left me on doubt it would be tonight.

Shortly afterwards 'Sully' came up on the radio net and I was able to tell him that we were all in position and that the enemy artillery barrage had begun early. I also had several messages from the Baron on the second radio, instructing me to fire on a number of targets. At about 6.30 pm the shelling seemed to intensify and then, as if being struck by a very large sledge hammer, the tank was hit by a high explosive shell somewhere in front and to the left of where the driver was sitting. I didn't need to ask after the driver as a string of expletives on the intercom and a roar from the main engine as he pressed his foot hard on the accelerator told me he was unharmed.

A shower of sparks had come in through the Besa mounting and the loader who was re-loading it at the time

told me in an awed voice that the whole machine gun had shifted back several inches in its mounting. I felt anxious. This gun was now going to be needed as never before. Suppose it had been damaged and won't fire! I imagined part of the barrel that protruded from the turret looking like a peeled banana. The firing system allowed the gunner to select which weapon acted on his master trigger by turning a switch but for some reason I thought I had better test the Besa myself. I scrambled round the breech of the big gun and, grasping it tightly, pulled the trigger. It rattled away perfectly. I clambered back to my seat behind the gunner.

'The Baron' continued to call for machine gun fire on Green Finger. I knew he had several standing patrols out in front of his Company and I thought how desperate the situation must be. The only comfort was that they know where our rounds would land. For these targets, only my tank and that of Sergeant Wallace could be employed. Sergeant Macfarlane, in the right hand tank, was virtually behind the Hook. His tank was perched on a saddle of ground, called Sausage, overlooking the Samichon Valley and joining the Hook Company and the next Company of the 'Dukes' on Point 146. I had occupied this position some weeks back and, although Sausage was very steep and unlikely to be used as an enemy approach route, the tank itself was not in the perimeter of either Company and somewhat isolated.

The fourth tank, commanded by Sergeant Woods, on the extreme left behind me in the lee of Point 121, now occupied by Major Firth's Company, like mine, also had a search-light. We had learnt some time back that the best 'lamping' technique was for the search-light tank to operate beside but not too close to the tank which would fire. Firing the weapons of the search-light tank created so much smoke and dust as to render the light useless. Both my role and that of Sergeants Woods' was to come forward at the appropriate moment and produce a sudden shaft of light to illuminate targets for Sergeant Wallace.

I began to become concerned at the rate we were getting through the Besa ammunition. I knew there was a whole store of boxes in the bunker. The next time there was a lull I determined to go and fetch some with the help of the spare crewmen. I cautiously raised the hatch. Our artillery was making a tremendous racket but the enemy seemed to be quiet. This seemed as good a moment as any. I clambered out of the turret, jumped off the tank and ran back to the bunker. The two men in there were sitting closely together in the furthest corner from the opening but stirred themselves when I told them that we needed more Besa cases.

We went to the pile of boxes brought in that morning and loaded ourselves with two cases under each arm like hotel porters. I took my place in the doorway of the bunker and said over my shoulder, "Run behind me and put these on the back of the tank. Oh! And in the next lull you can bring us

all some sandwiches." "Right, Sir," came the cheerful reply. "Now!" I shouted and started forward but at that moment there was a loud explosion uncomfortably close and a brilliant flash, I think probably from an air burst. I hesitated for perhaps a few seconds then dashed forward, threw my boxes on to the tank and scrambled up after them. Looking back, I could see that I was alone. I shrugged mentally as I handed my boxes to the loader and soon followed him back into the turret and closed the lid. None too soon. Shortly afterwards a message came from the Baron, "Enemy attack imminent – stand fast!" It was 7.45 pm.

I learnt later that this was the time when the Chinese had reached the forward trenches of the Hook and, having run through their own barrage, were now engaged in attacking the defenders' tunnels with satchel charges. The Baron was calling me again. I couldn't believe what he was asking me to do, which was to fire high explosives onto his own forward trenches. I asked him to repeat what he had said before I uttered the time honoured word, "Wilco." (Will comply). We hadn't registered these as targets but it was not difficult to work out from the map the switch necessary from the targets on Ronson to hit the forward trenches. Both Sergeant Wallace and I soon had steams of Besa mixed with the apparently leisurely trace of 20 pounder high explosive shells impacting on front of the Hook.

About this time the tank received two more hits but, apart from being momentarily deafened, we appeared to suffer no damage. What was happening on the Hook was that after some desperate hand to hand fighting all the surviving 'Dukes' in the forward trenches had been withdrawn into their tunnels where they continued to fight until most of them were closed off by the Chinese using satchel charges. In one of these a Major Kershaw, known, I believe, as 'Yum Yum' for his skill in cooking and pleasure in eating very hot curries, was entombed with a number of soldiers. He was, in fact, the commander of Support Company, and what he was doing in a leading trench of the Hook Company, I never discovered, but was told later that he had been extremely gallant throwing grenades at the attacking Chinese and rallying survivors throughout the night until they were dug out next morning. He later suffered amputation of his foot as a result of his wounds. He was awarded the DSO.

Every available artillery piece, including our own tank guns, was now being brought to bear on the position. At about half past midnight (it was now 29th May), and while this was going on, the Chinese mounted two other attacks. First – from Betty Grable, heralded by the detonation of some trip flares in the valley, but this movement petered out in the face of withering fire directed from Point 121, in which Sergeant Wallace could take part as he could see the enemy trying to cross the wire only a few yards in front of him. I couldn't see this, but was able to fire where he was by following the fall of his tracer. Second – towards the

back of the Hook in the area of Sergeant Macfarlane.

He was the first to see the enemy forming up on Long Finger and, together with fire from Point 146 and from the Troop of tanks commanded by Tom Welsh on Yongdong, a weight of fire was brought down which inflicted enough casualties to make the Chinese turn back. Sibert Lewis, on Point 146, had reported several times the flash of a tank gun in front of his position, followed by the sound of a projectile passing close above his turret. A 37 millimetre Russian type armour piercing round was subsequently found behind his tank, which implied the presence of a T34 tank. These two Troops had used so much ammunition that, in addition to the spare crews, mechanics and cooks were brought in to re-supply their tanks.

It seemed a good moment to bring in Sergeant Woods and I called him forward to do his 'lamping' for Sergeant Wallace. Unfortunately, by the time he had got into position his search-light had received a direct hit and failed to work but he was able to join in the general fire fight in front of Sergeant Wallace. In regard to light, the scene was constantly being illuminated by flares from our artillery and dropped by aircraft. They did little to penetrate the dense pall of smoke and dust lying in the valley.

At this point the Baron came up to tell me that he could no longer get through to the 'Dukes' Battalion Headquarters and, for the next hour or so, I acted as his link via 'Sully' – made easier by the fact that throughout the night, in spite of the pressures of the situation, the Baron continued to speak in clear, measured tones. The 'Dukes' counter-attack to recapture the forward trenches had already started just before midnight, which involved the reserve platoons laboriously clearing the old trench system yard by yard. At 3.30 in the morning of the 29th, the Baron reported that the Hook was back in the hands of the 'Dukes'.

The sun began to get up, the enemy shelling started to dwindle to the odd mortar. In my tank we peered at each other and saw how tired, dirty but relieved we looked. There was a tapping on the side, we always left a hammer there for this purpose, I opened the hatch to see one of the spare crew from the bunker looking down at me. "Your sandwiches, Sir," he said, and handed me a pile of thick 'doorstops', liberally spotted with oily fingerprints. It marked the end of a long night.

Apart from the time when we were taking on supplies of ammunition, we had been in the tank for nearly ten hours. The whole Squadron had fired 504 rounds of main armament and 22,500 of Besa. I don't remember what our share of this was but it all had to be recorded somewhere to log the life of the gun. The damage to our tank was no more than the turret bins had been blown off but, as most of the contents were in the bunker, nothing vital had been lost. I was thankful that the wireless aerials had not gone

the same way. The search-light had been badly knocked about. It, too, would have to be replaced.

These experiences enhanced the great faith we already had in our Centurion tanks. The neighbouring Canadian Brigade was supported by a Squadron from Lord Strathcona's Horse, equipped with Sherman tanks. We knew there had been a number of incidents of the turrets of their Shermans being split open by enemy artillery fire. The capability of the Centurion to withstand direct hits gave us great confidence. I remember wondering what our wartime tank crews, always equipped with inferior tanks to the Germans, would have given for this first class fighting vehicle which, although in service in 1945, arrived too late to take part in operations in World War Two.

I was full of admiration for the 'Dukes'. At this time their rank and file, recruited from Yorkshire, were eighty percent conscripts, as were several of the young second lieutenants commanding platoons, one of whom was killed on the Hook. They were a fine rugby playing regiment and had three officers who were rugby internationals taking part in the battle. Their total casualties were 149, of whom 28 were killed and 16 taken prisoner, some of whom were badly wounded. Chinese casualties were estimated at 250 dead and 800 wounded. The Chinese took extraordinary pains to recover their bodies, accepting more casualties in the process. The elaborate fortifications on the front of the Hook had been totally pulverised. All the trenches, some more than eight feet deep, had disappeared. Enormous efforts on the part of the incoming battalion the following day, the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers, together with the sappers were made to restore the defences and this was completed in some sort of way very quickly. I too went back to my own troop in the little valley the next day, the 30th May. It was my twenty fourth birthday.

The Baron was awarded the MC. I met him a number of times afterwards as I travelled back to the Canal Zone on the same troopship, the 'Asturias', with the 'Dukes' but we never talked about the battle. I did discuss it with the officer commanding on Point 146, Major Barry Kavanagh. He was an experienced officer with a reassuringly avuncular manner who had seen action, being awarded an MC, all the way through the North West Europe campaign.

His Company and Major Tony Firth's Company on Point 121, had endured the same intense shelling as that directed at the Hook, and it was Major Firth's platoons that had carried out the counter-attack. Major Kavanagh told me that he had been able to follow the whole affair, as it were, from the wings and that it was discovered the day after the battle that two Chinese soldiers had been shot dead within yards of the Baron's command post. He also said the barrage from both sides was heavier than anything he had experienced in World War Two."

And now a Gunner's view of the battle

An extract from 'Chinese Hordes and Human Waves'

by Brigadier Brian Parritt

Every night now Chinese shelling increased and, on the night of 20/21 May over 4,000 rounds landed, mainly on The Hook position. Many senior officers, including the divisional commander, General Cassels, who had commanded the famous 51st Highland Division in the European Campaign, stated that this weight of enemy artillery fire had never been experienced in the Second World War on any front. Brigadier Kendrew decided, therefore, to readjust his forces; The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was put back on The Hook, with the Black Watch just behind, sited for immediate counter-attack on either The Hook Left Sector or The Hook Right Sector and the King's Regiment was deployed on the right. It was interesting that among the captured Chinese weapons were British Bren guns manufactured in 1942 and ammunition, dated 1943, which had almost certainly been carried by the transport planes which flew that hazardous, and often fatal, journey over 'The Hump' to supply the Nationalist Army of Chiang Kai Shek.

In this period of waiting, the Brigadier decided to mount a diversionary attack to the right of The Hook using B Company of 1 King's. The Company moved out on the night 24/25 May down to the Samichon River. A firm base was established just beyond our defensive minefield and one platoon, heavily armed with additional Bren guns, moved down the river to form an advanced base. A second platoon, led by Captain John Caws, was lightly armed with Sten guns and grenades and crossed the river to attack the Chinese positions and try to capture a prisoner. Baker Troop was firing continuously on targets just above the attacking platoon. Unfortunately, John Caws ran into an unmarked minefield and the noise attracted Chinese fire. Out of his 16 men, 10 were injured, four of whom were stretcher casualties. Captain Caws was amongst the wounded and, three weeks later, we were in adjoining hospital beds.

Then, one morning an unprecedented event occurred. Colonel Brennan arrived at the battery position and summoned all ranks to gather round him. He stood next to Baker One [25 *pdr* gun howitzer] and said that there was positive intelligence that a Chinese attack on the Hook was imminent. He said it would be a hard battle and that we should be prepared, but he was confident we could defeat the attack. It was a good speech and left everyone with a sense of determination, although a little apprehensive. The intelligence that convinced the colonel that the attack was imminent came from that most reliable of sources, a man who knew the facts. As in Northern Ireland, although photographic intelligence, forensic intelligence, card

indexes and reports from units all help guess future operations, nothing beats a human source who has access to those who are actually planning and going to implement operations. This is why source handling became so important and remains so today. In this case, a Chinese private soldier called Private Hua Hong, who had previously fought for Chiang Kai Shek and had then been conscripted into the People's Revolutionary Army, walked into our front line and surrendered. He confirmed that an attack was being planned and that he had taken part in a specific rehearsal in a hill similar to The Hook ten miles back from the front. The attacking force would consist of five assault companies from the 397th, 398th and 399th Regiments carrying satchel charges to cut the wire, destroy our gun pits and command posts and were to be followed by three other fighting companies from the 399th Regiment. Just as the area of The Hook meant that only one company could be used to defend the position, so the Chinese were limited to the number of men they could use in the initial attack. Their aim was to kill the defenders, seize the ground and then bring up reserves. Hua Hong knew a great deal but did not know the exact date for the attack.

His unexpected arrival in the Black Watch lines caused a flurry of excitement. The Commonwealth Division policy was to give a bottle of whisky and five day's leave in Japan for any soldier who captured a prisoner. This followed a tradition established in World War One. When Hong was pulled to the ground and made prisoner, his captors naturally expected the promised rewards. Sadly, the fact that he had been a voluntary prisoner, but more especially because this was not a good time to let two soldiers disappear to Tokyo, meant the rewards were not forthcoming. Another incident which failed to bring a reward was when a soldier discovered and arrested a Chinese soldier on the flank of one of his company positions, only to be told he had successfully captured one of the Korean labourers who, on the Battalion's behalf, was digging a communication trench.

Signals intelligence, which by 1953 had been refined and properly targeted, was working well and also indicated a an imminent attack. An attack was coming – but when? The answer came at 1935 hrs exactly on 28th May; with all four companies of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on The Hook, and a further company of the King's in reserve, the battle started. It was still daylight and the fighting opened with a tremendous artillery barrage falling on The Hook and surrounding positions. The Chinese, who had been lying concealed in caves close to our forward platoons, advanced aggressively behind their artillery barrage led by their assault engineers carrying satchel charges to clear a path through our barbed wire. They quickly crossed the protective minefields and wire obstacles and within minutes were attacking the forward weapon pits.

On the afternoon of 28 May, Major Mackay, commanding 45 Battery, had decided to increase the

number of OPs in support of Captain John Gordon, the gunner OP officer with the 'Dukes' forward company, and asked Lieutenant Roddy Scott, the OP officer with C Company 1 DWR on the feature to the right, known as the 'The Sausage', to send two of his gunners over to The Hook to man an additional observation post. Roddy sent Bombardier H J Hudson and Gunner M L Caws who, on arrival on The Hook, moved to an OP with the forward company, in 10 Platoon area, and, during the period of intense shelling before the assault of the Chinese, began to relay fire orders to Captain Gordon using their 31 set. After the Chinese assault succeeded in crossing the wire and ran screaming down the trenches carrying satchel charges and using their burp guns and hand grenades, the two men carried on reporting the enemy movements for eight minutes and, according to Captain Gordon, 'behaved with coolness and determination.' Surrounded by the enemy, 10 Platoon commander ordered VT artillery fire down on his own position but was then killed. Gunner Caws came on the air and reported that the Chinese were all round him, but his transmission suddenly ceased and his body, together with that of Bombardier Hudson, was found next day beside the wrecked radio. They had been killed by a satchel charge thrown into the back of their OP. They had died with their infantry comrades doing their gunner duty. Four other gunners from 45 Battery with the 'Dukes' were also wounded that night.

In December, 1953, Major R E Austin, who had been a King's officer in the Second World War, and was then a company commander with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, was asked to write an official account of the battle for the *Journal of the King's Regiment*:

"Within a matter of minutes, the platoon commander was killed in hand to hand fighting and the Chinese overran the platoon, leaving behind them small pockets of resistance and many of our men buried in the debris. While this fighting was taking place, three additional waves of enemy, each of approximately platoon strength, swept forward. They were practically annihilated by our artillery fire and few were able to join those already precariously holding on to the top of The Hook. These, however, reorganised and attempted an encircling movement the right arm of which was caught in the wire on top of The Hook and was wiped out by artillery and small arms fire. The time was now close to 2030 hrs when the Chinese artillery fire lifted to the road behind The Hook along the road that reinforcements would have to travel.

On top of The Hook there was an uneasy lull which was broken at 2045 hrs when a fresh Chinese attack came in. Although this attack was savaged by artillery, tank and LMG [light machine gun] fire, the enemy succeeded in linking up with their force, which had penetrated our right hand platoon and fierce hand-to-hand fighting broke out. Greater penetration was achieved until most of our platoon area was in enemy hands. The platoon was reinforced and the penetration was held. Subsequently a planned counter-attack restored the situation.

At 2305 hrs the CO ordered heavy artillery, tank and MMG [medium machine gun] fire to be brought down on what looked like a forming-up place for an attack and no attack materialised. It was later confirmed that this enemy force was of battalion strength and was caught by artillery in the open and suffered enormous casualties – so much so that it advanced but a short distance from its start line and was then forced to clear the battlefield of dead and wounded.

The final attack came in at 0030 hrs, this time directed at The Hook. It was of company strength and was heavily engaged by the tanks and MMGs of the King's and 'Dukes' with artillery and mortar support. Slowly and methodically the area was cleared and by 0330 hrs The Hook was reported completely in our hands.

The scene of devastation that was unfolded in the grey light of dawn that followed was indescribable. Bunkers were smashed to matchwood, communication trenches that the night before had been six to eight feet deep were now scarcely knee high. Shredded sandbags and smashed pieces of barbed wire littered the area and the dead Chinese, many in fragments from the murderous effects of our artillery fire, rounded off a scene that rivalled the most gruesome illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*."

Captain Tony Harris, now commanding Baker Troop, relieved Captain Gordon and was forced to use an open trench for observation as the OP had been destroyed. On the next day I went up to The Hook which was now occupied by 1st battalion Royal Fusiliers. My first impression was that everyone was dazed. Soldiers were scrambling along the blown in trenches and trying to dig out the weapon pits and command posts. It was rather like the scene after an earthquake where everyone is trying to regain normality. It had been a terrifying night, one that would have been very familiar to infantrymen in the First World War. Screaming enemy getting through the defensive minefield; crossing the barbed wire and then jumping into the zigzag communication trenches behind the weapon pits. It became a personal battle of Sten gun, revolver, grenade and bayonet versus Chinese stick grenades and 'Burp' guns, all against the overpowering backdrop noise of Chinese mortars and artillery and the British machine guns, tank and artillery fire. The Chinese had desperately wanted to capture the hill and the 'Dukes' prevented it happening. As I walked through the position my feelings can be summed up in two words, 'admiration' and 'respect'. This was the feeling I had at the time and on subsequent analysis, this feeling of admiration and respect has increased. The officers, warrant officers, the NCOs and, above all, the young National Servicemen, were put to the ultimate test and by determination and bravery were successful. Sixteen infantry battalions served in Korea during the war and, as is traditional, every battalion finds it easy to highlight the failings of other battalions. I never met any soldier who knew the facts, who would not agree that the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, supported by the 1st Battalion King's Regiment, justifiably

deserved the praise and decorations they received for their actions on the night of 28 May 1953. For those who do not know the facts the book by A J Barker, *Fortune favours the Brave* is a wonderful account of this most dramatic battle.

Major Austin in his factual report continually mentions the effect on the battle by the artillery and mortar fire that supplemented the fire from the troop of 1 RTR located on The Hook itself. The fact that so much artillery fire was able to be concentrated on such a small area at the right time was the result of a well-planned and professional artillery plan. Major Bill MacKay and Captain Gordon had prepared a Defensive Fire Plan and had registered targets covering the area leading up to The Hook, targets immediately in front of the barbed wire, targets actually on the forward platoons and targets inside the Battalion perimeter. Not surprisingly, Captain Gordon was awarded an 'immediate MC' for his actions during the battle and his citation reads: 'Throughout the night his cool and balanced situation reports and his efficient calls for fire were of the utmost value in helping first to stop the enemy and then to defeat and drive him from the position. There is no doubt that the correct deployment of the guns had a major effect on the outcome of the Battle. Captain Gordon's contribution to this was notable. In the words of the company commander, he was a tower of strength.'

Throughout the battle, Major MacKay, the battery commander, sat next to the 'Dukes' battalion commander, Colonel Bunbury, relaying requests for fire back to Colonel Brennan. Colonel Brennan was given the authority to coordinate the fire from the guns of 1 Regiment Royal Canadian Artillery, 16 Field Regiment Royal New Zealand Artillery and the mortars of 61 Light Regiment. Brigadier Gregson, the Commander Royal Artillery at Divisional Headquarters, coordinated the guns of 74 (Battle Axe Company) RA and all the medium and heavy guns from the flank divisions that were in range. A total of 25,743 rounds were fired that night, mainly on The Hook position and Baker Troop played its part.

Starting around 1700 hrs Baker Troop was called into action firing on targets where the Chinese might be forming up and then, as the tempo of battle developed, gradually increased their firing rate. Given the desperate situation of the 'Dukes' there is some guilt in reporting that the feeling in the Troop was one of exultation. Members of the gun teams had to stand around for long periods in all types of weather and often they did not fire, if they did it was generally, at most, three rounds' gunfire. On the night of 28 May, the orders came and came, 'Five round Gunfire! Five rounds Gunfire!', then the most unusual order, 'Repeat' and again 'Repeat'. There was an air of feverish activity as rounds were thrust into the breech, rammed home and the gun fired. Every soldier of the Troop, signallers, mechanics, cooks and batmen, clustered round the gun pits helping carry the shells, empty the ammunition boxes and remove the spent cartridge cases. We fired every type of shell we possessed, variable time (VT), High Explosive,

Smoke and shells that were designed to carry propaganda leaflets.

At one stage a convoy of lorries arrived driven by RASC drivers, commanded by Lieutenant David Lawrence who had been in the same intake at Sandhurst. He and the drivers unloaded their wagons and carried ammunition directly to the guns. Given the rate of fire, the muzzle of Baker Four was glowing red in the darkness and Lieutenant Lawrence ran back to his wagon, took out his towel, soaked it in cold water and threw it over the barrel where it burst into flames. At daylight, when the battle on The Hook was drawing to an end, the Chinese made a fresh attack on the Turkish Brigade to our left and the Troop was again called into action. This fire was successfully coordinated – in spite of the language problems – by Second Lieutenant W J Bromley, who was the survey officer of 20th Field Regt, but who had been attached as liaison officer to the Turkish Brigade for this purpose.

During the night 20th Field Regiment fired 13,609 rounds and Baker Troop fired nearly 2,000. Looking down from the command post next morning, the piles of empty ammunition boxes were an unforgettable sight. That morning more ammunition arrived and we felt a warm sense of gratitude to all those in the RAOC who had made the supreme effort to move such large quantities of ammunition forward, and to the RASC drivers who had got it to our guns including, we were told, the enthusiastic but rather bewildered driver of the mobile bath and laundry truck. When Lieutenant Lawrence visited us later we made him an Honorary Member of Baker Troop and presented him with a bottle of sherry and a new towel.

At 1700 hrs on 28 May, 248 Battery 61 Light Regiment RA, who were supporting 28 Brigade on the right flank of the Division, were suddenly ordered to move to the other end of the Divisional area and give support to the 'Dukes'. As the battle had already started, they deployed off the line of march and immediately started engaging targets. They continued until their mortar barrels glowed red with heat. At one stage, Second Lieutenant Peter Duffield, the troop commander of G Troop, was given the order, 'Gunfire 10 Seconds' which meant he should fire one round of mortar bombs every ten seconds. When he queried how many rounds, he was told by his OP officer to continue firing until told to stop, a most unusual order. He also remembers that throughout the night more bombs were delivered in wagons driven by the Transport Company of the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps. On 28 May, the three mortar troops fired an amazing total of 8,000 bombs. Usually the mortar DFs were about 500 yards from our front line but, in The Hook battle, this was reduced to 200 yards. The gunner mortars had earned the gratitude of the infantry, but were also treated with apprehension as the Number 9 tail fin of the bomb had a tendency to fracture and come off which caused the bomb to fall only 40 yards in front of the mortar. Second Lieutenant Duffield can remember this happening and watching a gunner run forward and, to the amazement

of the infantry, pick up the bomb and run back with it under his arm to his gun pit. Sometimes the infantry reference to the gunners as 'Drop Shorts' was justified. On 14 July, 1953, 61 Light Regiment celebrated firing its 250,000th bomb, having been in front line action more than any other gunner regiment.

The tanks of 1 RTR also played an important part in the battle. In the days preceding 28 May, Captain George Forty, in consultation with the company commanders of the 'Dukes', had pre-selected a large number of targets, given them a number and registered the angle of traverse and elevation. Unfortunately, just before the battle, Captain Forty was badly wounded by a mortar bomb as he got out of his tank to initiate a direct fire shoot. In his place, Lieutenant Tony Uloth moved his four tanks up to their peg markers and, with their hatches closed, awaited the enemy attack. At about 1830 hrs a high explosive shell hit his tank with a sound like a very large sledge hammer and a shower of sparks came through the machine gun mounting. Twice more during the night his tank was hit but, although this was very alarming, he was able to continue firing both his 20-pounder and machine gun. At 1945 hrs he received a message from the company commander, 'enemy attack imminent' and then a call for fire on his own position. This was a target that had been previously taken into account by Colonel David Rose, commanding officer of the Black Watch who, when taking over from the US Marines, had made an urgent request for a troop of sappers and one hundred Korean labourers to dig very deep gun pits, command posts and communication trenches, some over eight feet in depth. He had anticipated that, in the event of the Chinese infantry getting through the wire and onto his forward position, his soldiers could go into their deep holes and leave the Chinese exposed on the roofs. This very dangerous artillery fire plan had the appropriate codename 'Tin Hat'. For the tanks it was a target that had not been registered but, working from his map, Lieutenant Uloth was able to adjust his fire to the forward edge of The Hook, which he then swept through the night with continuous machine gun fire and explosive shells.

As an aid to accurate shooting, tanks were fitted with high-powered searchlights. The problem was that when a tank fired, it created so much smoke and dust that the light was of little value. The answer was to move a second tank with a searchlight close to the firing tank which gave the firing tank light and better vision. This tactic was used in the battle but, perhaps not surprisingly, the searchlight was soon hit and put out of action. Other troops of the Regiment sited on the flanks were also able to provide direct fire on the attacking Chinese and, by the morning, the Squadron had fired 504 rounds of high explosive and 22,500 machine gun rounds. The only damage to Lieutenant Uloth's tank was that all the turret bins had been blown away and the searchlight badly damaged. The Centurion tank had proved itself in battle and, thereafter, there was no complaint from the soldiers about the noise of the tanks.

'The Dukes' in Africa - The Battle of Paardenburg by Tim Nicholson

We do not hear very much about the Regiment's activities in Africa although of course, it being such a vast continent, it has our imprint on it from battles and campaigns over the years. It might just about be possible that a very long serving officer or soldier of the Regiment went to Abyssinia in 1867, Matabeleland in 1893, Mashonaland in 1896, and maybe even got to South Africa for the start of the second Boer War in 1899. Certainly a good number of the men of 2 DWR deploying from Dublin to Mons in 1914 wore the medals of that last campaign, and we got our first VCs at the first named, at Magdala in 1868.

It will be the 119th anniversary of the Battle of Paardeburg in February this year. 119 is not a very round number it has to be admitted, but whilst looking at some old photographs I came across one of the Repulse Bay Hotel as it was during our Hong Kong deployment 1968 – 1970, the venue for what must surely have been the Paardeburg Ball to end all Paardeburg Balls. Readers will perhaps assist my failing memory, but I think the Paardeburg Ball was mostly the preserve of the WOs and Sgts Mess but on that occasion perhaps it was a joint affair. If not I don't know how the Officers' Mess could have afforded such a lavish party, nor, if the officers were all guests – we were all there - how the WOs and Sgts on their own could. The prawns!



"Repulse bay Hotel in the 1960s"..

Be that as it may, the anniversary should not pass without some comment, the first being that the men who fought in that difficult battle, having been run rings round by the Boers for much of their time in country, would surely be glad that we remember their suffering and courage by having a celebratory event on a regular basis. Well, we did, but presumably no longer. All the more reason for us to take note of it now.

Some background

Without rehearsing all the events and actions leading up to the Boer wars, we need to remind ourselves of some background, and not least perhaps that the Boers themselves, Dutch and some former Huguenot settlers who wanted land of their own and no interference from anyone, were difficult people to deal with. The Orange Free State and especially the Transvaal, both autonomous states, absorbed many thousands of British and other nations' citizens who were attracted by the growing opportunities created by discovery of gold and diamonds, until the incomers ("uitlanders") outnumbered the Boers in some areas.



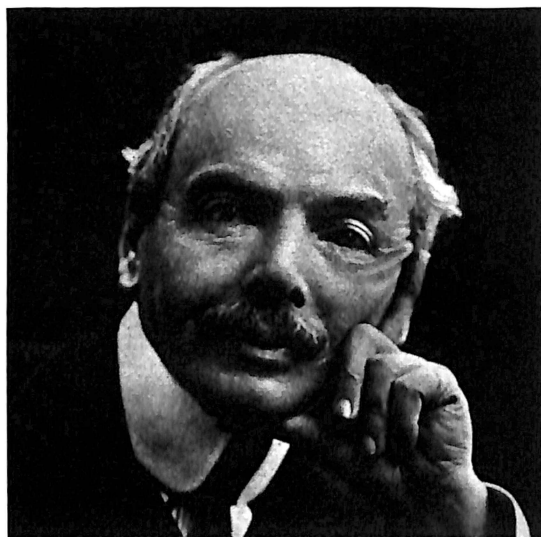
Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal

The new settlers were denied any form of voice in the governance of the States, and were subject to penal levies and taxes. President Kruger said "...this is our country and if you come here to seek wealth it must be on our terms. They are that you shall have no votes and rights, and we shall tax you, both directly on the mine profits and indirectly by enormous duties on imported mine-requisites, that a large part of what you get will pass to us". Transvaal became wealthy, enabling it to buy large quantities of arms, and engage expert staff from outside to prosecute these harsh policies and whip up support, especially in Germany and Holland, for this small autonomous state facing the might of the British Empire. The Boers were ready to fight.

It did not help that Britain, with its powerful fleet and empirical ways, was extremely unpopular with most

European countries and with the USA, and baiting the Lion was a good way to gain popular support with electors at home. President Cleveland of the USA forced an argument about the frontier between British Guiana and Venezuela as he approached his mid-term elections. European leaders looked on with satisfaction as Britain's problems in southern Africa worsened.

Petrol was poured onto the glowing coals of discord by Cecil Rhodes sending Dr Leander Starr Jameson, who had given up his medical practice to work with Cecil Rhodes and his British South Africa Company in what was, in practice, the conquest of the land it wished to acquire for its minerals and trading opportunities, on a raid. The Jameson raid in 1879, 470 mounted policemen with three guns and eight machine guns, into Boer territory was not only a complete failure, but was unknown to the British Government until after the event, and put Britain on the back foot, to be seen as the aggressor, when in fact the Government had trodden softly in its dealings with the Transvaal up to then.



Sir (Dr) Leander Starr Jameson.

The Boers

The Boers themselves, also known as Afrikaners, were farmers for the most part, hardy men and women who knew how to look after themselves in a tough environment. It had not been easy for them to trek away from the detested liberal rules of the British Empire on the Cape. They had had to overcome every kind of threat and hardship, in a harsh environment and opposition from fierce tribes and clans that lived along their path. Given that these included the numerous and powerful Ndebele, Zulu and Mfecane tribes, it was not going to be easy. Claims that the land was unoccupied were false; it

was taken by force of arms with a loss of – depending on the viewpoint of the historian – up to one million African warriors being killed, and many more effectively enslaved. Our own history denies us the high moral ground here.

The first Boer War, starting in 1880, was initiated by an attempt by the British to enforce a confederation of Boer and Empire southern African states, rather along the lines of the Canadian model. It also annexed Basutoland against Boer objections, manifested by the creation of commandos, whose tactics and fighting ability far outstripped that of the small British forces. An uneasy truce was reached in August 1881, and the full independence of Transvaal was confirmed in 1884. It was the discovery of gold and diamonds in the area around Kimberly, in the Transvaal, that attracted many new settlers, giving rise to the problems mentioned earlier.

After a number of years of listening to, and ignoring, the pleas of disenfranchised non-Boers in the Transvaal, and pressure from other governments of Europe, North America (they still did not like us but managed to be outraged that we were not adequately protecting their citizens) and the Colonies who also had large numbers of their citizens complaining to them about their treatment by the Boers, the British Government sent a wholly inadequate army to enforce some restraint on the Afrikaner parts of southern Africa.

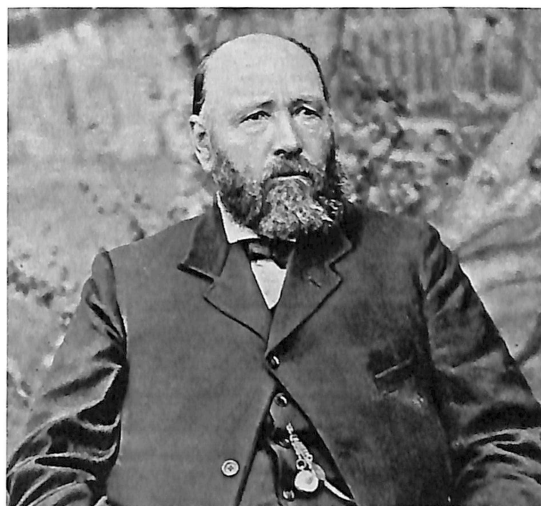


Members of a Boer Commando at the ready

The 1st Battalion, 1013 strong, arrived at Cape Town on 20 January 1900 and joined 13 Brigade of 6 Infantry Division, by which time the British had already suffered several humiliating defeats. Our 3rd (Militia) Battalion arrived a little later, in March. We also combined with other regiments (Buffs, Gloucesters, and Oxford LI) to provide a company each to form 1st Mounted Infantry Battalion. There were some 1600 Dukes' soldiers in the war.

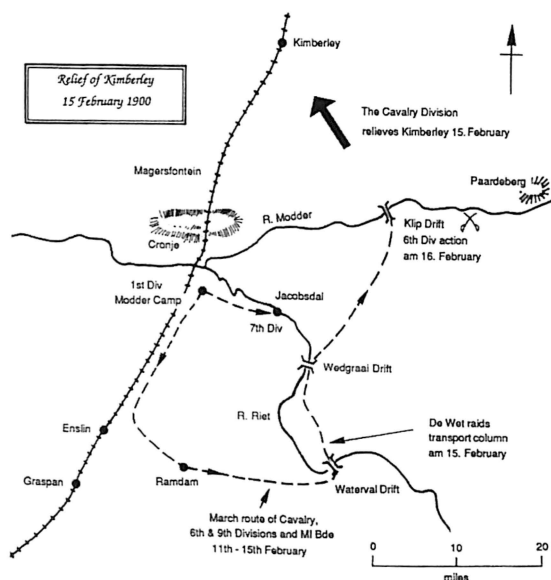
The Battle of Paardeburg, 15-27 February 1900

The British Government had sent General "Bobs" Roberts, with Kitchener as his Chief of Staff, to take over command from an underperforming set of generals, and some progress was at last being made to take back land and towns occupied by the Afrikaners. In February Roberts assembled 37000 men – four infantry divisions, one cavalry and a brigade of mounted infantry – on the Modder River, to drive into Cronje's forces. Two divisions, including the 6th with 1st Dukes in 13 Brigade, set off towards Bloemfontein, which was besieged by Boer commander Piet Cronje's troops, whilst two infantry and the cavalry divisions were tasked to relieve Kimberley.



Piet Cronje, Boer General

Both advances were eventually successful, up to a point. Moving roughly parallel to the south side of the Modder 6 Division reached Klip Drift, threatening to outflank Cronje's main force, so he moved with 5000 men to a position just east of Paardeburg, occupying high ground. With Roberts laid low with fever, Kitchener adopted an aggressive stance and ordered an assault. It was not well planned. 1 DWR took heavy casualties from Boers' rifle fire on the other side of the river, as well as from overshoots from their own artillery. Second Lieutenant French wrote "That was a terrible few minutes as in addition to the rifle fire, shrapnel began bursting between us and the river, ploughing up the sand like a hailstorm..... I came across the Colonel and the Adjutant (who) told me to collect as many of our men as I could and, leading us, he worked along the river bank to see if there was any place we could cross, but with the Boers hidden on the opposite bank it was impossible... ..Colonel Lloyd bore a charmed life, his 6'2" made him a good target but he continually walked about calmly in the open throughout and was never hit."



These unsuccessful attacks left the Boers with the initiative and de Wet, with 500 men, attacked and captured "Kitchener's Kopje", leaving 6 Division in an unenviable position. However de Wet realised that he had no chance of joining up with Cronje's force, and withdrew three days later. Cronje was trapped as the British edged forward to complete the encirclement. On 23rd February white flags were seen and Boers came out to surrender. The Battle of Paardeburg was over. The Dukes lost 23 killed and 106 wounded.



Lieutenant Colonel G E Lloyd CB, DSO.
Commanded the 1st Battalion, 1896-1900

Despite chaotic planning, disagreement between commanders (in Robert's enforced absence) and the Boers determined defence, the battle was won by superior numbers and the steadfastness of the British units under trying circumstances. Kimberley and Ladysmith were soon relieved, and Mafeking followed in May. Meanwhile in Cape Colony on 24 February Sergeant James Firth of our Mounted Infantry Company won the Victoria Cross, rescuing first Lance Corporal Blackman, and in a separate incident later in the day, Second Lieutenant Wilson, both wounded and under fire. It would take another two years of bitter guerrilla fighting to completely defeat the Boers. Colonel Lloyd was killed by a rifle shot leading an assault on Rhenister Kop on 29 November. His luck had run out when he stood still to look at the enemy position through a pair of binoculars during the advance. A full account of his death written by General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter was in Number 280 of this Journal, Spring 2016, on page 26.

The Boer War was not a good chapter in our country's, nor particularly our Regiment's, history. The Boer's effective guerrilla tactics kept the fires burning for another two years, a final surrender of the last of the fighting Boers not coming until May 1902. Our scorched earth policies and concentration camps were seen as shocking by the watching world, not without cause. This war cost more and lasted longer than Crimea, although disease in the latter pushed the casualty rates for that conflict higher. The British Army moved away from advancing in column and volley fire, which had been good enough to overcome native armies over the last fifty years, and instead learned to fight with mobility and the use of ground, how to use cavalry to dominate, exploit success and outflank the enemy. Lessons that, sadly, turned out to be of little or no use twelve years later.

Note: Iron Duke No 265 recounted the experiences of Brevet Major Owen Harris, a mounted infantryman who went out to South Africa with the 1st battalion in 1900, but transferred to MI. He was wounded the first time in February, then again, more seriously, in November, when mounted troops were at a premium, due to the fluid nature of the Boers guerrilla campaign. His CO, Lieutenant Colonel HK Umfraville, then as contemporary in the same mounted company, wrote a splendid account of that last action in the Iron Duke of 1932, reproduced in part in the above. Weakened by his wounds, Harris died near the writer's home in Kent in 1901.

Book Review

**The Napoleonic Wars – as illustrated by J.J. Jenkins.
Reviewer, Tim Nicholson**

Pen and Sword ISBN 978 1 52671 789 4, published 2018, £25.00

This book was originally published as “Martial Achievements of Great Britain and her Allies from 1799 to 1815”. Now republished by Pen and Sword Books Limited, it consists of 54 colour plates, each commemorating a person, event, campaign or battle during the Napoleonic Wars. Every plate is accompanied by a page or two of text, written contemporarily with the artwork, explaining the import of the picture, and in some cases listing casualties’ names. Thus we start with a portrait of the Wellington Arms, and then one of the great man himself, to whom it was dedicated “To the most puissant, and most noble Arthur, Duke, Marquis and Earl



of Wellington”, a very tanned figure, opposite a fourteen line paragraph naming all of his titles and senior appointments, the former not least from Spain, Portugal, Austria, Russia, Prussia (“Knight of the Grand Order of the Black Eagle”) and Sweden.

I do not know if the Duke was vulnerable to flattery, but the 1815 publishers must have thought so: “...”Other illustrious Commanders were content to conquer by their arms alone, but Your Grace, not satisfied with having bowed down yourself and your gallant compeers under a weight of laurels of never fading glory, have by your exploits in the field, and by your virtue and forbearance in victory, raised the character of the British soldier in

the scale of humanity, and shewn to the world a sublime example of clemency and bravery, thus exhorting from surrounding nations a double meed of applause”. It is entertaining and informative well before we get to the meat of the matter.

To your reviewer’s shame he has not heard of several of the smaller engagements mentioned in the work (Storming of Monte Video, Battles of Grigo and Busaço?), but the pictures are uniformly colourful, full of action, and excellent in every way. Of course we have all heard of Corunna, Badajos, Quatre-Bras and Waterloo and other main engagements from 20 years of war against the tyrant, and all these too are pictured and described. I am fairly certain that none of Wellington’s own actions, from Seringapatam to Waterloo, is missing. I liked the picture of Boney being hauled along through snow on a horse drawn sledge on his escape from Moscow, in disguise and with the corpses of his army by the wayside. It is, of course, a work entirely designed to appeal to the British public who like its soldiers gallant, its officers well forward, all storming bravely on through shot and shell to annihilate the enemy. Which they did of course, although maybe not necessarily as shown here. We can assume that the author has given himself ample licence to imagine the scenes that he portrays and describes, and done so with spirit as well as an eye to sales, but how – and indeed why – else could such a work be created?

This book is a high value production and will be much enjoyed by all who have an interest in those troubled years. The text with each picture, taken occasionally with a pinch of patriotic salt, offers a good explanation of the action, containing information of real value.



REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

President: Brigadier AD Meek CBE.

General Secretary: Major J Hogg, Bankfield Museum, Boothtown Road, Halifax HX3 6HG.
Telephone 01422 356795.

BRANCHES

Halifax/Bradford: 7.00 for 7.30pm second Tuesday of each month in the Saville Room, North Bridge Leisure Centre, Halifax. Secretary: Mr P. R. Taylor, 7 Amy Street, Ovenden, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5QB.

Keighley: Details of Branch meetings can be obtained from the Branch Secretary, Mr Dave Connor, 07258 672114.

Sheffield: 8.00pm second Tuesday of each month at WOs' & Sergeants' Mess, 38 Signals Regiment, Manor Top, Sheffield. Secretary: Mr C. Withers, 18 Wheel Lane, Grenoside, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S35 8RN.

Halifax Branch Notes

The Halifax Branch of the Regimental Association meets regularly at the Percy Shaw Bar in the Broad Street Plaza on the second Tuesday of each month. Proceedings usually begin at 1430 hours.

Since the last notes the Branch has been very busy attending various events. There were memorials to three Victoria Cross winners: Private Poulter, Lieutenant Huffam and Private Tandy, which were organised by John Hogg and our Chairman Dave Woolley and attended by the Branch standard bearers. The Branch was also present at General Sir Charles Huxtable's funeral.

Sadly, we recently lost our Branch President, Lieutenant Colonel Walter Robins. He will be sorely missed. He attended all our branch meetings and supported everything we did and we were so pleased to have him as our President. We will miss the great stories he used to tell. We have also lost two of our stalwart members: Mr Michael 'Mick' Whelan passed away on 25 January 2019, peacefully at home. The loving husband of Yvonne, father of Mark and Grant, a dear father-in-law to Linda and proud grandad to Millie and Rosie. Mick did his



Michael Whelan

Skipton: Details of Branch meetings can be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs Mary Bell, telephone 01756 790155, email m_bell2@talk21.com

York: 8.00pm first Monday of each month at the Post Office Social Club, Marygate, York. Grenoside, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S35 8RN.

training at Wellesley Barracks and was posted to Gibraltar as he was too young to go to Korea. He therefore met up with all his pals when they stopped in Gibraltar on their way back from the war. He was our chairman in the 1990s when we met in the Halifax Drill Hall until he became ill. Many thanks to him for all his devoted service. Members and standards were on parade at his funeral.

We have also recently lost Kenneth Brown who passed away on 13 February 2019. Beloved husband of the late Hazel, devoted dad of Craig and Lisa, grandad of Isadora, Maisie Harvey Leon and Theodore and much loved partner of May. Ken did his training at Strensall and was originally



badged into the East Yorks until he was posted into the Dukes to go to Korea. He was a staunch member of our branch right up until his death.

("Editors' note: Kenneth Brown left behind a number of interesting photographs and it is hoped to give these a more detailed treatment in a future issue".)



Kenneth Brown

Obituaries

It is my sad and solemn duty to record the deaths of these great Dukes and on behalf of the Regimental Association offer our sincere condolences to those bereaved.

General Sir Charles Huxtable KCB CBE DL -1931 to 2018.



General Sir Charles Huxtable died on the 26th November 2018. The funeral was held on 10th December at the Huxtable's local Holy Trinity Church, Wensley where they had worshiped for nearly thirty years. The Bearer Party was found by soldiers of the Yorkshire and Royal Irish Regiments and was accompanied by the Last Post and Regimental Marches, The Wellesley and Kilaloe.

The family contributed with readings and prayers by Charlie Hill (Grandson), Lucy Hill (Daughter), Abigail Hill (Granddaughter) and Amanda Tanner (Daughter). The Huxtable family were supported by close relations, local friends and Regimental representatives. The Tribute was given by Lieutenant Colonel Peter Mellor and is reproduced here in full.

"It is a very great honour and privilege to be asked to say a few words in this church where Charles and Mary worshipped for nearly 30 years, and on behalf of the Regiment as they were both son and daughter of former officers of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Many of you will remember the Huxtables in their retirement years living in this lovely part of North Yorkshire. Others will have memories of Sir Charles in the high offices of the Army. Many more will have heard him making speeches or met him and Mary whilst visiting various other regiments and units. A very significant number will have been to their various homes and enjoyed their wonderful hospitality.

However, I will cover an earlier part of his life with which you may be less familiar. Charles was born in 1931 in London and was briefly evacuated to Devon during the war. He went to Wellington College in 1945 where he had a very successful school career becoming Head of House and

School Prefect. He took part in many sports; including rugby and cricket which he played for his house, and also gained his hockey colours and represented Wellington as Captain Boxing. Perhaps, not surprisingly, given his future career, he became RSM of the College CCF. Other OWs speak of his formidable reputation which was much talked about even after he had left Wellington.

After Sandhurst he joined The Dukes in 1952 as a Platoon Commander in the latter stages of the Korean War. We are not sure that he owned up to his boxing skills as Peter Hoppe, a brother officer, who was to become his Best Man, was one of the Army's finest officer boxers and not one to challenge!

He became Senior Subaltern and responsible for young officers' behaviour and I am told they were rather in awe. Perhaps the School Prefect emerging again! Other postings followed including one at our old Depot in Halifax. However, it was as Adjutant when in Hollywood, Northern Ireland, that he met and married Mary in March 1959.

Perhaps his first serious test in operations was as a Company Commander in Cyprus during an Emergency Peacekeeping Tour with the United Nations in 1967. He handled a particularly violent and dangerous situation at Ayios Theodoros. Several thousand rounds of small arms fire were exchanged between the Greeks and Turks.

This culminated in a nasty confrontation between him and a local Turkish warlord who threatened to kill Charles the next time he saw him!

It was whilst at the Staff College, a few years later, that as a member of the Directing Staff, he wrote to me while I was in Hong Kong asking if I would be his Adjutant, as he was about to take command. What a shock I had on receiving this invitation as we had never met. He didn't know what a risk he was taking on! The Huxtable family arrived in Hong Kong in the summer of 1970, soon acclimatising to the hot sticky summer. Later that year we arrived back to a freezing Catterick and many families were unhappy with the huge drop in temperature. After Christmas leave, the Battalion did six weeks of Public Duties in London where some of our young Yorkshire soldiers discovered The Duke of Wellington pub in Chelsea and decided that various items of Wellington memorabilia should be relocated back to Chelsea Barracks! The following day, we were visited by the publican and a gentleman from the Met and community relations were soon restored!

This was followed by the first of two tours in Belfast and South Armagh where sadly we took some casualties. Colonel Charles led the Battalion impeccably in the summer of 1971 during the Internment operation and subsequent rising of terrorist activity. He never wavered in his presence on the streets, whatever was happening day or night. It was during our Ireland tours that Mary took her husband into the Yorkshire Dales for his four days of R and R, and both fell in love with this part of Yorkshire. It is hardly surprising that they set up a delightful home at Long Bank House.

Back in barracks in Catterick, he applied his formidable mind when he needed to write a paper on some army topic. I would be told – "...I want no interruptions this afternoon". By 4.30 pm he would call for the Chief Clerk and hand over pages for typing of beautifully written manuscript without any crossings-out or alterations. A remarkable gift. Although I did notice that his ashtray was very full! It was over these two years that the family were separated for ten months by operational tours, amphibious training in the West Indies and London ceremonial duties. Mary and the Families Officer, David Miller, set out to sustain the spirits of the soldier's young families.

Charles handed over command in November 1972 and took on the MOD's Northern Ireland desk, bringing a wealth of experience to that appointment.

In 1977, he took command of the Dhofar Brigade in Oman during the transition from war fighting in the Jebel to a more peaceful time for the Sultanate. Charles and Mary were noted for their parties, being great entertainers, the fruits of which young officers enjoyed after a spell in the Jebel. On one occasion, a rather wild and intoxicated young man managed to damage the Brigadier's glasses. There being no optician in Oman that day and nor for the next six weeks, the young officer received a severe dressing-down. The Brigadier was always approachable but someone one did not mind getting the odd rocket from – I got plenty too!!

There was one occasion when his career might have been cut short. When flying by helicopter to inspect an Arab Baluch battalion, the drive to the tail rotor sheered. Luckily the RAF pilot kept up its flying speed until finally bumping along a wadi bottom. Although the pilot was white-faced, eye-witnesses in the back said their Brigadier was his usual calm and unflappable self. After a further tour in London as Secretary to the Army Promotions Board, he then began the climb through five Generals' appointments in 1980, reaching C in C in 1998 where yet another home was created in Bulford Manor, the C-in-C's residence in Wiltshire. Our then Regimental Secretary, Walter Robbins in Halifax, recalls that when submitting regimental business to the C-in-C's Outer office in Wilton, Charles himself would reply immediately and as Colonel of the Regiment he and Mary never failed to visit Yorkshire for meetings and reunions.

After retirement from the Army in 1990, he continued to take on further appointments. Colonel of the newly formed Royal Irish Regiment, President Combat Stress, the British Limbless Ex Servicemen's Association (BLESMA) and the Prime Minister's Advisory Committee on Business Appointments. I am not sure how he managed to fit in time to go fishing with Mary or pursue his painting hobby!

Sir Charles was a man who set high standards, was straight-forward, cared passionately about his soldiers, extremely fair, was fun to know and at ease with all-comers. A brave officer and a very well-respected Gentleman. He was not an extrovert, more a man of substance than shout, but from the start of his career it was clear that he was destined to do well and so it was to be, both as a staff officer, Commander and Colonel of his Regiments. Indeed, he was a role model for aspiring younger officers.

He was supported by a wonderfully happy marriage and family; a thoroughly nice and decent person. I am sure that as Vice Patron of our Regimental Memorial Appeal, he would have wished to have been in Halifax next May for the Memorial's unveiling. He will be sorely missed on that occasion and indeed now by all those who knew, respected and loved him."

The following is an edited version of the eulogy delivered by Major Peter Mellor and the General's funeral last December. Much of the General's remarkable military career has already been described in the report on his memorial. This touches much more on the man himself.

"It is a very great honour and privilege to be asked to say a few words in this church where Charles and Mary worshipped for nearly 30 years, and on behalf of the Regiment as they were both son and daughter of former officers of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

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Major Charles N StP Bunbury MBE 1941 to 2018



We are indebted to Major Michael Robjohn for allowing us to use part of his moving eulogy delivered at Charles Bunbury's funeral in December.

"We are all here today to say farewell to Charles Bunbury. Husband, father, friend, soldier, sportsman, gardener, animal (dog) lover- the list goes on and on. Charles spent his life in the Army in The Duke of

Wellington's Regiment and because of his very distinctive appearance I always imagined that he was a direct descendant of the Duke himself. You have only have to look at the myriad of paintings and portraits throughout the land to see that there is an unmistakable resemblance, a distinct likeness even. Charles had an impeccable pedigree. His father Ramsey was a legend in the Regiment and, commanded 'The Dukes' at the Battle of the Hook in the Korean War and then commanded a Brigade in Cyprus during the EOKA emergency in the 50s.

Charles was born in February 1941. He went to prep school in Derbyshire which apparently he enjoyed mainly because of the sport and thereafter he went to Rugby. I don't suppose he was the greatest scholar ever-his greatest forte was sport and in particular cricket where he was a famous leg break bowler. Cricket and sport remained an all-important part of his life for ever.

On leaving school I don't know if he ever considered anything else but he went into the army. He was commissioned in December 1961 and joined The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He left the 1st Battalion in 1965 to become the ADC to General Sir Robert Bray, a 'Duke', in Norway, he must have been a logical selection because his future employer must have been a near contemporary of Charles's father. He then became Adjutant of the 1st Battalion in Hong Kong before becoming an instructor at Sandhurst. By then he had acquired a dog, Benjamin the Beagle.

Later 'The Dukes' were scheduled to go to Ballykelly up near Londonderry but Charles, once he had finished at Sandhurst, was not sent to the battalion but was posted to the Brigade Headquarters just up the road in Londonderry. Along with his dog he took up a staff job, a sort of liaison officer to the disaffected part of the population that lived the other side of the bridge over the Foyle. Day and night and frighteningly by night, and remember this was during the height of bombings and shootings, he crossed the bridge with his dog to go and talk to the various communities and associations who were of course linked to the terrorists to see what he could achieve to ease matters. And they welcomed him, an easy-going friendly, listening, relaxed person, he probably had a pint or two with them and introduced his dog, smoked a few cigarettes, was in no way threatening and then came back and put across what he had learnt, not on an intelligence basis but on a community relations aspect. It was quite simply amazing and very courageous. I was in Londonderry with him for the complete tour and I marvelled at him. No wonder he was honoured. His immediate boss in Londonderry during those days has written to say that "Charles was the epitome of what I respect most in a proper infantry officer". As a result he was awarded a well deserved MBE.

After Londonderry, a new phase had entered Charles life. During this time I had met and married my wife but whose great friend was a young lady called Veronica Fanshawe. It was all very convenient. Veronica had a house in Wimbledon, Charles had a house in Wimbledon, Veronica's parents lived in Wimbledon and so they got married in December 1977 and a whole new chapter opened up in their lives. There were of course soon two children- Victoria and William. But then in 1980 came a great adventure. They all went to Barbados. Charles went as an advisor and trainer to the Barbadian Defence Force.

During this time if you remember that the United States suddenly invaded Grenada without telling the Brits. But before the Americans invaded, the US naval attaché in the American Embassy in Barbados asked Charles for his opinions on the plans to invade. Charles passed this on to the British authorities at the time but was ignored and again he reiterated it at the end of his time there. Apparently Maggie Thatcher was absolutely furious with the Americans but Charles insisted that he had warned her.

Another Northern Irish tour with 6UDR in Omagh followed by Germany and then in 1988 came Berlin. Charles worked in the Olympic Stadium as an organiser and background manager for so many of the important Allied Events in Berlin. He was a legend there, with his highly organised gang of hitmen and fixers who sorted out all the problems and made sure that everything worked for the prestigious British events and ceremonies. You get no thanks for these sorts of things, just taken for granted. But it is people like Charles who make those wheels go round.

After Berlin the time had come to look ahead to his twilight years in uniform. They acquired a house in Creeting St Mary and Charles got a job at the military prison or rather

the military corrective training Centre in Colchester. Here he built an unusual little empire. It wasn't his day-to-day administrative and management duties, it was the ancillaries that occupied him. He ran the printing shop and the farm. Charles here showed an unusual talent. He was very proud of his pigs!! He said himself that he started off his career as the company runner and finished as the only Commander of pigs in the Armed Forces!

I've said enough, we have all lost a remarkable man, and Veronica has lost a wonderful husband and the children a great father. He will leave a great vacuum for us all which will be impossible to fill."

Brigadier Michael Bray's Eulogy:

Lieutenant Colonel Walter Robins OBE – 1929 to 2019



Lieutenant Colonel Robins – "Robbie" – died on 3rd April 2019 and his funeral took place in Halifax Minster with full military honours on Wednesday 17th April, with a very substantial congregation of family, 'Dukes' and local friends present. Brigadier Michael Bray spoke on behalf of the Regiment. The service was

followed by a reception at the Piece Hall.

Robbie served as a Regular for 37 years and then as a further 10 as our Regimental Secretary. This obituary contains a summary of his service, followed by Michael Bray's eulogy at his funeral.

The family eulogy was delivered by his Chief Constable John Robins, who spoke most movingly and was justly applauded and part of his tribute is also reproduced below..

Robbie came from a Derbyshire family but his father served in the Dukes for 7 years in the 1920s and his brother briefly also. He married Reta, a lovely woman in every way, in 1959 in Northern Ireland, who sadly died in 1995. They had 3 children, Susan, Gillian and John; and 7 grandchildren.

Principal Army appointments:

1947 joined Dukes
1949-51 sergeant instructor at RMA Sandhurst
1951-54 platoon sergeant and signal sergeant, UK, Germany, Korean War (Mentioned in Despatches), Gibraltar
1954-55 CQMS, A coy, Sig pl, B coy, Gibraltar, UK
1955-58 CSM B coy UK, Malta, Cyprus, N Ireland
1958-61 RQMS, N Ireland, UK
1961-64 RSM, W Riding Bn the 1 DWR, UK, Osnabruck
1964-72 QM 1 DWR, UK, Osnabruck, Cyprus, Hong Kong (LSGS, MBE)
1972-74 Staff Captain 44 Para Bde (V) London

1974-77 Garrison QM York
1977-78 QM Int and Security Group N Ireland
1978-84 Lt Col QM RMA Sandhurst (OBE)
1984-94 Regimental Secretary (RO2)

"It is a privilege to be asked to say a few words in tribute to Walter Robins on behalf of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, but since there may be a few of you will not be familiar with the Regiment, I want to begin with a short introduction to it.

The 33rd of Foot, all regiments had numbers not names originally, was raised in 1702 and was the regiment in which Arthur Wellesley did most of his active soldiering. Hence, when he died, Queen Victoria ordered that the 33rd was to be renamed The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in his memory. And so it remained until 2006 when sadly it was amalgamated and the name, and much else, was lost. This was deeply felt by many of us, and no one more than Robbie, who like many others joined to follow a family tradition in a close-knit tribe. The Regiment was known as 'The Dukes', and so were its members. I would not like you to think that we were all members of the House of Lords.

For most of its existence, it has been associated with the West Riding and particularly with Halifax.

Robbie served the Regiment for 47 years and it would be too lengthy to list all the places he went and jobs he did. I will pick out a few highlights.

Robbie joined at 17 ½ and at the surprisingly young age of 20 was the youngest instructor at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. No one gets through Sandhurst without being charged; not even Robbie. It is a practise beloved of the Guards, whose culture dominated the place and I hope still does, because it is all part of generating that essential lubricant of soldiering, a sense of humour. Robbie's crime was to refer to a company quartermaster sergeant as a CQMS, common practise throughout the Army, but he was promptly charged with referring to a company quartermaster sergeant "in an idle manner." 1984-94 Regimental Secretary

(RO2)

He served in the Korean War as a sergeant and was awarded a Mention in Despatches, which is an operational gallantry award. In 1965 in Germany, as Quartermaster of the Battalion, a slightly misleading title because he looked after not just the buildings but all the stores, equipment and logistics, Robbie was awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. I was Adjutant at the time and when the news came through, the CO, Barry Kavanagh, said, let's go and wind up Robbie. We went to his office and the CO said, "Robbie, the Battalion is to move to Kenya next week," not such a far-fetched idea because it had happened twice in the preceding five years, Robbie said, "no problem Colonel; we'll start packing today." "And that is why", said the CO, "you deserve your LSGC".

After 6 years as our QM, he was awarded an MBE, a considerable honour. He finished his active service in the top QM's job in the Army, Quartermaster of Sandhurst, where everyone expected the buildings to be maintained to the highest standard with ever diminishing funds. For outstanding work there, in anything but "an idle manner," he was awarded the OBE. I like to think that The Duke was standing beside Her Majesty, quietly saying, "not you again."

Robbie was then our Regimental Secretary here in Halifax for 10 years; no one could have been more suitable or done it better.

So, what of the man who did so much for us. When I joined B Company of the Battalion in Belfast, Robbie was the Company Sergeant Major; highly efficient, always cheerful and an inspiration to us all. It was a quiet time, although I remember one excitement:

One night the siren in the clocktower in our barracks went off in the middle of the night and by 0200 we were all on the square ready to go. But no one could establish where or why, so we went back to bed. The same thing happened two nights later. A close inspection was made of the tower and it was discovered that the Regiment, for the first time in its history, had been paraded by a mouse that had chewed through some wires and caused the alarm. We never discovered whether the mouse was Protestant or Catholic. I think it was called Napoleon.

Shades of Sandhurst again; Robbie told me that our RSM, an ex-Guardsman, was short sighted and at a range of 75 yards, he put a dustbin on a charge for failing to salute a passing officer.

It was at this time that Robbie met Reta, a most lovely person in every respect. At the annual Sergeants Mess ball, the young officers of B Company hatched a plan to dance in turn with Reta and try to exclude the Sergeant Major. Our success was short-lived. At the same ball 7 years later, to which my very young Danish girl friend came with some trepidation, Reta was the first person who took Anne under

her wing and looked after her with an easy charm, which we still talk about today. The great sadness of her early death was the one major setback in Robbie's long life.

Much later in life when General Evelyn Webb-Carter used to run most enjoyable battlefield tours for the Regiment, I always tried to sit next to Robbie on the bus, because he could tell funny stories about Regimental life, all day without repeating himself, and they were never crude; except perhaps for the one about the QM's dog which is not Minster material.

General Evelyn is in Pakistan; otherwise he would be here. He sends his apologies. Although his father was a 'Duke', Evelyn was a Grenadier, joining The Dukes when he became our Colonel. The first time he and Robbie met was at a funeral when Robbie mistook him for the rep of the Todmorden Brewery and seated him accordingly, in the front row. I can imagine General Evelyn driving the fastest dray cart in the west, but not humping beer barrels. They laughed about it for ever after.

Robbie was everything a soldier might be: intelligent, efficient, always so positive and cheerful, lovely sense of humour, impeccable manners, full of common sense and a man who always got the job done. I believe he was the best soldier produced by 'The Dukes' since WW11.

I said this when we were both at the funeral nine months ago of our old company commander of B Company, Hugh le Messurier. Robbie came up to me afterwards and said, "you should not have said that. All my friends are giving me a hard time." Well, I meant it then and I mean it now.

Whenever I came to Halifax. I used to seek him out and we often talked on the telephone. It was in one such conversation, while we were planning to create a memorial statue to the Dukes, at the National Memorial Arboretum, that Robbie said to me, "you should be putting it in Halifax, not at the National Memorial Arboretum." He was exactly right; still having the best ideas at the age of 87. In one month's time, when the statue is unveiled right in the middle of Halifax, it is of Robbie that I will be thinking. His seat was already booked and he will be there in spirit, indomitable as always."

Part of Chief Constable John Robin's Eulogy

"Walter Robins.....Robbiewas a good man who led a good life.

He was a good husband, father and grandfather. He was a good son, bother and Uncle. He was a good father-in-law and after Reta died, even a good son-in-law.

He was a good friend, neighbour, colleague and associate.

I believe from what people have told me, he was a good soldier and a good officer.

At the end, he was even a good patient.

He was essentially a family man and a military man and we are proud of him for both of those. When you joined his family or his regiment, no matter who you were, you became a Robins or a 'Duke' and came under his wing.

He was caring, compassionate and loving. He was loyal, honest and decent. He was hard working, professional and dedicated. He was fair, helpful and supportive. He had integrity. He was a good man.

It did not matter if you were a soldier or an officer, a daughter or a daughter-in-law, a cleaner or a consultant, a friend or a neighbour, a gardener or a company director... he will have been decent to you, polite to you, trusting of you, respectful to you... he treated everyone with respect, decency, fairness and courteously. He was charming, but not a charmer... he was a gentleman.

I believe he got these values from three places - his early life in Derbyshire, his marriage to our mother Reta and from the Armyhis beloved Duke of Wellington's Regiment. They were his Robbie's values, his principles, his way of life, his standards..... I am proud that many of them live on today in his grandchildren.

Robbie was born in Mansfield in 1929, to Sid and Fanny. They lived in Buxton in Derbyshire and so started my father's affinity with his hometown. I always got the impression that Fanny and Sid were a strong, resilient couple and had strong family values. Robbie had an older brother Arthur, he told me they used to fight as children, but I know he respected his values and principles. He has a younger brother Jack, who later joined 'The Dukes' too on national service who again Robbie respected and loved. After Robbie had joined the army, Sylvia was born and Robbie had a little sister - his Derbyshire Duck, who he loved dearly and Sylvia - we are so proud and pleased that you came across to see my father in hospital; that meant the world to him.

I will not touch on him joining the Army, other than my father always said it was the physical making of him - good food, nutrients, exercise and discipline meant he did fill out. In fact I think he grew to be a strong, fine upright figure - brave and courageous. He saw active service in Korea, Cyprus and Northern Ireland. He loved the army and he loved 'The Dukes'.

It was in Belfast that he met our mother Reta. She was a beautiful woman, a lovely woman, a good woman and so their courtship began. They were soon married and so what I believe to be two incredibly principled, decent and good people came together. My mother never had a bad word to say of anyone. He was hard working, more formal and often serious especially at work. Reta was joyful, full of love and laughter and so they made a great couple. They began to

travel the world together, with the Regiment.

Our childhood was genuinely full good things and happy times. We went on camping trips for our summer holidays... but you had to go everywhere in this country before you could go to Europe. Our family life was full of love and laughter with our mother and practical advice and guidance from our father.

In the latter part of my father's Army career we had a great life living in Catterick, London, York and then Sandhurst - where he considered he had the best Quartermasters job in the Army. On his retirement, he then got the best retirement job he could imagine - The Regimental Secretary of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in Halifax.

This meant he was still central to his beloved 'Dukes' and also that he was involved in selecting and interviewing the Dukes officers of the future, leaving his legacy. Every interview concluded with a trip to The Brown Horse pub, for a giant Yorkshire pudding with meat and gravy in it and a pint. I think he was testing those prospective officers in a social environment to see if they had natural communications skills, decency and humility to become a 'Duke'.

Walter Robins, Robbie.....was a good man."

Rather poignantly Robbie had himself contacted The Iron Duke earlier in the year to ask us to publish the following obituary:

Robert Brook

Robert Brook, also known by some in civil life as Jerry, died in Hampton House Nursing Home, Harrogate on the 24th April 2018, aged 89. He joined the army in early 1947 as a National Serviceman, initially as a member of the West Yorkshire Regiment and carried out his initial training at the 30th Junior Leaders Training Battalion in Elgin Morayshire. In July of that year he and a small group of others were posted to the Yorkshire and Northumberland Brigade Training Centre in Catterick where recruits who had completed primary training elsewhere, carried out infantry training. After completing an NCOs Cadre he was promoted to Lance Corporal and joined the West Yorks earning promotion to Corporal later that year. In early 1948 he was posted to 1DWR at Strensall where the battalion had taken over the role of training all recruits for the Y&N Bde. Robert became a staunch 'Duke' thereafter.

On leaving the army in 1949 he qualified as an accountant and began a career in the field of public transport, starting with the West Yorkshire Bus Company, moving later to the North Western Bus Company and many others before becoming the Chief Executive Officer and later Chairman of the National Bus Company. He was awarded the CBE, for service to public transport in 1986.

Robert's youngest son Tim also served in 'The Dukes'

from 1977 to 1983 joining Corunna Company after initial training at Strensall. On leaving the regular army he served for nine years with The Yorkshire Volunteers in Harrogate rising to the rank of Sergeant.

Prior to the tercentenary year Robert and his wife Joan attended a fund raising dinner in Apsley House after which he made a generous donation to regimental funds. In 2012 Robert had a stroke and thereafter became dependent on the care of his wife. When Joan died in May 2016 he was obliged to move into residential care.

The funeral service at Stainforth Cemetery, Harrogate on the 14th of May 2018 was attended by his two sons, Jon and Tim, their wives and families, daughter Samantha, her husband and family, supported by many friends along with representatives from the National Bus Company and other transport organisations. Captain John Hogg represented the Regiment.

Fred Greenwood – Hubberton, Sowerby Bridge

It is with great regret that we must report on the death of another Korean veteran, Fred Greenwood, who served in Korea at the Hook and later in Gibraltar.

Fred, born on 13 January 1934 joined 'The Dukes' as a National Serviceman. After being 'demobbed' Fred settled in Hubberton and made many friends in the local community. Fred's wife died 12 years ago and since then he has relied on

his friends and family greatly until he needed go into a specialist care home in his later years. Following the enduring effects of a stroke Fred died on the 19th of October 2018 leaving two sons, Steven and Christopher. The funeral was held at St Peter's Church, Sowerby Bridge on the 7th of November 2018.

Geoff Earnshaw – 1950 to 2019



We apologise for not carrying news of the sad passing of Geoff Earnshaw in the last edition. Geoff died on the 6th July 2018 and will be sorely missed by his family and friends.

He joined The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1968 and his first posting was to Hong Kong. He became pen friends with his future wife Ann while out there, and on his return to the UK they married, and went on to have two children, Geraldine and Stephen.

Geoff went on to serve in Catterick, Aldershot, Germany, York, Gibraltar, Bulford, Belfast and Tern Hill where he ended his service in the rank of Sergeant. He then settled with Ann in Stockport and was never happier than when regaling his grandchildren with stories of his many adventures.

Letters to the Editor

In the last edition we published an obituary of Major Chuck Ivey. This generated some pointed correspondence!

From ex Staff Sergeant LW Rusby

Dear Sir

I write with reference to the brief and incorrect obituary of Chuck Ivey. He must have been commissioned in late 1956 or early 1957 as he joined Support Company in Cyprus and took over my machine gun platoon and over the next 18 months we got to know each other very well.

So well, in fact, he told me how he had bluffed his way to a commission! He joined the Guards Brigade as a private soldier (Irish Guards, I believe) and managed to get himself put on a potential officer's course by claiming to have a university degree.

The powers that be kept asking him for university credentials and he kept putting them off until he got his pip by telling them his parents had sent them to his grandparents, then his grandparents had been in the wild hunting for a month or so and have never received them, then the Canadian postal service had set up a search for them which took enough time to pass out as a second lieutenant and he never was asked again about his credentials.

I read an article in The Iron Duke a few years ago about him and it stated that he was in a high-powered job for the MoD in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and I do believe he later became a Brigadier.

I hope this sheds a bit more light on his life.

From ex Corporal E Ramsbotham

Dear Sir

Chuck Ivey was my platoon commander in B Company, 1 DWR. Chuck was a 'hands on' junior officer, easy to approach for the men under his command.

I believe Chuck was Canadian by birth. He had very dark hair and a swarthy complexion he was very friendly with Lieutenant Danny Marcy, a good rugby player, and Major David Gilbert Smith.

Years later I met a soldier who had been with the Salou Scouts in what was then Rhodesia who told me that he had met a Duke called Chuck Ivey.

From Michael Ralph

Dear Sir

The reach of the noble Duke! How far can that reach extend? Well quite some way if these photographs tell the story. The pub, The Hero of Waterloo, first pictured here in 2000 is to be found on the Rocks adjacent to the Sydney Harbour Bridge, once home to footpads delinquents and vagabonds generally it is now much gentrified but remains some 10,550 miles from Halifax.

But come to 2019 and a new fame for the noble Duke, this time in the unlikely location on the Canary Isles in Tenerife. Adeje is also a gentrified area and the area Duke proudly proclaims a new prestigious development 912 miles from home.

To see the Duke's image so splendidly displayed here is most gratifying since he is the only British hero to be seen here. Lord Nelson, who lost an arm in the Battle of Tenerife has not been so favoured.

(Editors' note: Nelson not only lost an arm he lost the battle and had to withdraw, somewhat ignominiously, under a truce. The Canary islanders have been singing about it like – well Canaries – ever since.)

From Lieutenant Colonel Tim Nicholson

Dear Sir,

In-Pensioner Fred Richardson, our man at the Royal Hospital, has sent me the programme for the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst for Friday 4th interest to someone. It is. Three Dukes officers DP Monteith and FD Murray. The CBE, late the Gordon Highlanders and, I think, Belfast tour (the Brigade Commander was a passing out.

As 1989 was 25 years after my own passing Rehearsal on the 50th anniversary of that event, midpoint between those two dates. The first my day) companies on parade, three had new company I gathered from the text. I must have Amiens Company, the Sovereign's Company retained.

Representing Her Majesty was the Supreme Galvin, US Army, quite a coup to get him over, overseas cadets from 17 countries, from Belize name going to a young man from Brunei – Wangsa Haji Mohammed Salleh.

I expect nowadays cadets have videos of their passing out parade, but the only photograph I have of mine in 1964 is of me on the edge of the Old College Parade Ground with my Godmother, she leaning across me to ensure she was in shot, and even with her hat on reaching only to my middle jacket button, whilst beside her towers this lanky and rather sheepish looking youth, still clutching his rifle. It was a great day, though.



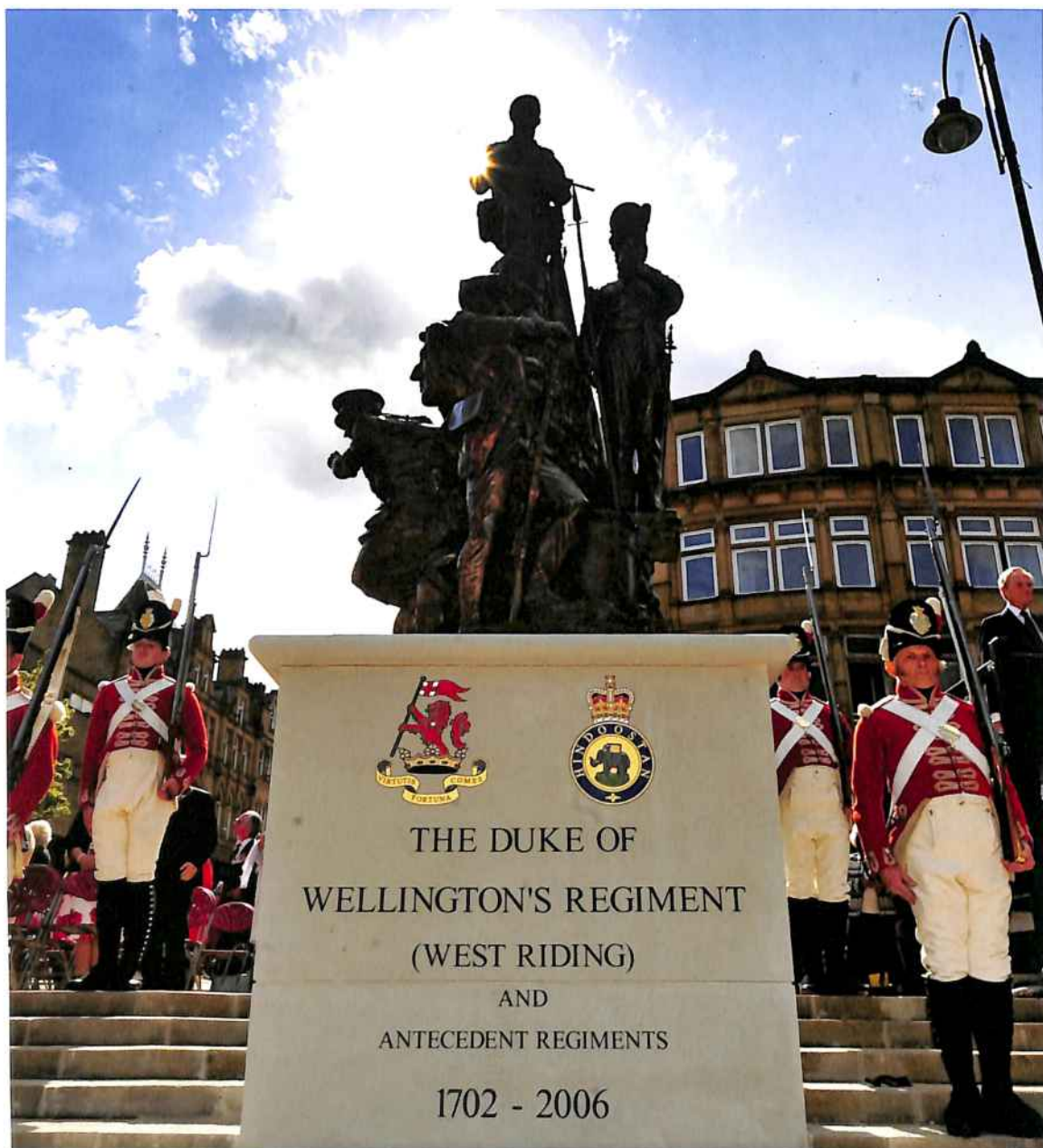
<u>The Light Infantry</u>		
J H Bowden	M W Morris	A S L Nash
J H F Wastham		
<u>The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire</u>		
P McWhinches		
<u>The Green Howards (Alexandria, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment)</u>		
B S Colthup	J R Wright	
<u>The Cheshire Regiment</u>		
G P Buckley	C J Leydon	A A Watts
<u>The Royal Welch Fusiliers</u>		
B J Clark		
<u>The Royal Regiment of Wales (22nd/42nd Foot)</u>		
A L Gaman	B S James	J A Rowley
<u>The King's Own Scottish Borderers</u>		
W W Anderson		
<u>The Royal Irish Rangers (27th (Inniskilling) Bdr and Bn)</u>		
R H Anderson	A J Bishop	B H Byrne
R H Bucknell	J J Holliday	R A Marshall
R H Murphy	B J O'Donoghue	A Sains
R J Thomson		
<u>The Gloucestershire And Sherwood Foresters Regiment (28th/45th Foot)</u>		
D P Wilford		
<u>The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)</u>		
A D S Welby	D P Monteith	F D Murray
<u>The Royal Anglian Regiment</u>		
T J Andrews	D P Churches	F C Gomme
C S Holmes		
<u>The Staffordshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's)</u>		
D W South		
<u>The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment)</u>		
P S Wynn		
<u>The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Yorkshire and Wiltshire)</u>		
R D Llewellyn-Jones		

out and I had attended a Commandant's it was interesting to see what was what at the thing to note was that of the eight (twelve in names – Salerno and Edinburgh (the women's missed that campaign; were we there?) – and at the time. I was pleased that Burma had been

Allied Commander Europe, General John R He might have been surprised to find 23 to Zimbabwe, with the prize for the longest Hidayati Bte Pehin Orang Kaya Seri Laila



17th May 2019 - The Service in the Halifax Minster prior to the unveiling of the Dukes Memorial.



17th May 2019 -The Dukes Memorial that now proudly stands in the very heart of their home town.