

THE HAWK

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THE LATE COL R. J. STEPHEN, MBE

The Regiment, very sadly, lost another great personality by the death last August, of Col Bobby Stephen, MBE.

A Memorial Service was held for Col Stephen at the beautiful Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, on November 24.

The Reverend Father John Gaskell conducted the service, the Reverend Col H. A. R. Tilney, OBE, led Prayers of Thanksgiving and Capt Roderick Rose, Col Stephen's stepson, read the Lesson. Trumpeters from the Regiment sounded the Regimental Call followed by Reveille.

The congregation included a very large Regimental attendance and representatives from the 43rd Gurkha Lorried Brigade Association, The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, The 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles and the Cavalry Club.

There is an obituary on page 71.

EDITOR: Major M. A. Urban-Smith, MC (Rtd)

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The late Col Bob Stephen, MBE. Commanding Officer 1945-46 and 1948-51. Colonel of the Regiment 1957-66

Foreword

by Lt Col W. J. Stockton

The year 1975 is most difficult to sum up. It has been an unusual year of many changes and a certain number of frustrations. It has been dominated by two events—the need to provide soldiers for Cyprus and our forthcoming move to Bovington, Lulworth and Warminster.

At the beginning of the year the whole Regiment was under orders to serve an unaccompanied six-month Emergency Tour in Cyprus during the latter half of the year and for the first few months of 1976. I think I might have been entitled to dream therefore when the time came for me to draft the foreword for this year's edition of *THE HAWK*, I might have been sitting in the sun on a Mediterranean beach? If I had done that, I would, of course, have been very wide of the mark!

In the event only two squadrons have seen service in Cyprus. 'A' Sqn went to the Sovereign Base Area in June where they remained until November, and 'C' Squadron went to Nicosia, as part of the UN Force, in September, where they will remain until March. Once again therefore the Regiment has been split up and we will remain so until we have completed our tour as the RAC Centre Regiment in November 1977.

In the earlier part of the year, we had our Gunnery Camp at Hohne in January and were involved in a number of Command Post Exercises. In April the RAC Arms Plot was announced and we learnt that our next role was to be that of the RAC Centre Regiment in April/May 1976. This would mean that 'A' Sqn would have to be at Warminster by the end of March 1976, with the remainder of us arriving at Bovington and Lulworth in May. It is the first time that an Armoured Reconnaissance Regiment has been earmarked for this role, and therefore we have had the additional task of conversion. So, with the Regiment stretched between Germany and Cyprus, together with our conversion, the move has required very careful and detailed planning.

It was not until June that the revised Cyprus plot was issued. As it did not include an operational role for the Regiment, there was no requirement for RHQ to go and it was doubtful whether 'B' Sqn would be needed or not. As it happened they did not go, but this

was not finally confirmed until September.

We have therefore achieved virtually no Regimental training this year and precious little track mileage has been used up. But we have been provided with a marvellous opportunity of getting a large number of soldiers to Cyprus which has meant a great change and challenge for us all. We have been able to change over a number of soldiers whilst others have been withdrawn for conversion training. Since September, 'B' Sqn have been running cadres to convert themselves and 'C' Sqn. 'A' Sqn's conversion has been conducted mainly at the RAC Centre, concentrated into December and January. In the Autumn we provided the Umpire organisation for the HQ RAC Exercise 'Lance Point'.

In June we were honoured with a short but most enjoyable visit by our Colonel-in-Chief and her husband, Capt Mark Phillips. They arrived in the morning and visited various departments of the Regiment, meeting a large number of soldiers and their wives. After lunch in the Officers' Mess they left for RAF Gutersloh on their way to England.

In spite of our overstretch this year, we have managed to compete in most sports as usual. Our team once more did well at Bisley and on the polo field we triumphed in the Captains and Subalterns beating the same team from 13/18H who had earlier defeated us in the Inter-Regimental. Capt Rory Mann and Mr David Woodd managed to get to Kenya as members of the BAOR visiting polo team. Unexpectedly also we were able to produce a Regimental Ski-ing Team—Mr Anthony Woodd flew in from Cyprus—and they acquitted themselves honourably. Boxing has been revived and we have had many entries for the Novices Boxing Competition. We were unable to retain the RAC Rugger Cup but we went out fighting in a very spirited and exciting game against 2 RTR.

Sadly, the death of Col Bobby Stephen occurred in August. He was a much loved and respected senior member of the Regiment. He will be greatly missed and I extend to his wife Joy, our deepest sympathy. His obituary appears on page 71.

I think that most of us are much looking forward to serving in England, and we will all be very happy once our complicated move

and conversion have been completed. A tour of 18 months in England will provide us with a welcome break from the BAOR environment and freshen us up for our forthcoming

tour, as an Armoured Regiment, in Hohne in November 1977. Morale has remained high throughout a testing year and we face up to the future with confidence.

Main Events of 1975

January

27-31 AFV Firing at Hohne

February

8-12 Ex-Master Mind II
19 Fit for Role Inspection by Brig J. M. Palmer, CRAC
22 Visit of Commander John Bingham, HMS *Amazon*
24 Guard of Honour for Secretary of State for Defence
24-14 Higher Formation Command Post
March Exercise (CPX)

March

3-6 Visit of RAC Work Study Team
10 Visit of Maj Gen J. G. R. Allen

April

1 Visit of Cheshire Army Cadet Force
1-4 Conversion and Upgrading Gunnery Camp
7 'A' Sqn Saladin Conversion Firing
8 Regimental Guided Weapons Firing
9 Parliamentary Visit
19 Waterloo Ride
23 Visit of Maj Gen R. L. C. Dixon, MC, Director Army Aviation
22-25 Exercise Fresh Breeze
26 Regimental Dance (Officers' Mess)

May

3 Regimental Reunion—London
4 Cavalry Memorial Parade
5-9 Exercise Sword Point CPX
12-15 Exercise Bronze Prince
17 14th/20th Horse Show, Moosdorf
30 Bielefeld Massed Bands Display
30-5 Exercise New Key I
June

June

2 'A' Sqn to Cyprus
5 Rhine Army Horse Show
6 Exercise Royal Flush

8 Inter-Regimental Polo Final
9 Visit by Colonel-in-Chief, HRH The Princess Anne
11-5 KAPE Team and Band in UK
July
24-27 Exercise New Key II
28-3 Exercise Summer Sales
July

July

2-12 Bisley
12-20 Milton Abbey CCF Visit
15-18 Nijmegen March
20 Final Captains and Subalterns Polo Tournament
20 RAC Regatta, Kiel
26 QRIH Hunter Trials/Triathlon

August

2-9 Pony Club Camp

September

8 'C' Sqn to Cyprus
9 Visit of GOC 4 Div
11-18 Visit of NW District Recruiters
12 Visit of Sir Herman Bondi (Chief Scientist MOD)
22-29 Exercise Lance Point

October

6-17 Exercise Autumn Trials

November

3 Visit by Premier Regiment de Spahis (French Army)
4 Visit by Gen G. H. Page, OBE, MC (DPS)
9 Remembrance Service
22 'A' Sqn return from Cyprus
29 Ramadi Dance

December

6 Ramnuggur Dance
16 All Ranks Dance

H.Q. Squadron

A less eventful, but more frustrating year for 'HQ' Sqn. The Cyprus commitment for 'A' and 'C' Sqns meant that we did not get quite so involved in the BAOR training cycle. We did, however, find ourselves stretched on occasions because normal Regimental duties continued in Herford and additional departmental assistance was given to the detached Squadrons.

As usual, at the time of writing we find ourselves in the throes of preparing for our annual inspections with depleted departments and with the added responsibility of preparing for our Regimental move to the UK. This does mean, however, that we will be able to see many of our Old Comrades and we look forward to your visits with enthusiasm.

FORWARD COMMAND TROOP

It is now two years since our Troop Notes were seen in print. In that time there have been a great number of changes. Capt Hamilton, not content with this Troop and the Officers' Mess, left us to check the cash held by Barclays Bank International. Sgt Taylor has been promoted and has moved to ATDU after a spell with 'C' Sqn. Sgt Best left and is now at Junior Leaders Regt. Capt Mann, Sgt Rushton and Sgt Plummer have taken over their various vacant positions.

During one exercise Macnally taught himself to canoe in the River Aller and got everyone else wet in the process. Last winter, Roe joined the Regimental Langlauf Team for a tour of Norway and Austria.

Over Christmas 1974 the Troop appeared on stage as the 'Tintwistle Workingman's Club'. The ventriloquist (Macnally) and dummy (Drummond) act was constantly interrupted by the Sweeper (Winstanley) much to everyone's amusement.

Recently, someone thought of 'Wide Horizon' which enormously increased our knowledge of the North German Plain by a seemingly endless series of exercises. The tension was sometimes relieved by watching RSS hopping about pretending he has not got gout. When we return to Germany we must invent an invisible light so that the staff of 9 Whiskey and the crews of the CVs can relax in peace. We have now run the full cycle from dripping pine forests to smelly



RHQ Troop's answer to the fuel shortage

farmyards and back again. One familiar phrase which floats out of a steamed-up Land-Rover is 'Why should this RSM go on exercise when the last one didn't?'

This year Cpls Little and Winstanley have been very busy teaching the Regiment how to talk to each other and how to drive and maintain our armoured vehicles. Sgt Plummer persuaded various members of the Troop to join him on his international marches. His team even won a prize for turnout! Lcpl Knight and Tpr Roe did a great deal of work in rebuilding the Moosdorf Hunter Trial Course, while the rest of the Troop were heavily involved in producing enough radios and vehicles for all the fence judges to talk to each other.

The Intelligence Section, who work in close concert with Forward Command, have seen a number of well-known personalities: Cpl Andrews handed over to Cpl Jackson; WO2 Midgley to WO2 Howard and on to WO2 Butcher; Mr Grey to that intrepid explorer Mr Bowes-Lyon. They tell us that the 'Int' war is non-stop so we wish them luck in their cell at the end of the passage.

The Troop and 'Int' will disband on leaving BAOR to remain dormant until our return to Germany.

ORDERLY ROOM

The past 12 months have been rather hectic, beginning with the changeover of Chief Clerks in January. WO2 Holland is enjoying his stay in Tehran whilst WO2 Topping is now firmly entrenched (literally) behind his desk muttering 'Who keeps filling up the In tray?' There is a distinct echo from the ORC, Sgt Weaver, about his name appearing on every piece of paper—or so it seems.

To combat this, Sgt Weaver posted himself to 'A' Sqn (whilst the Chief Clerk was on leave again!) for a short tour of three months in Cyprus to get a sun tan—a straw hat was purchased especially for the occasion. Cpl Burrill took over this onerous duty for the remainder of 'A' Sqn's sojourn.

The rest of the clerks thought 'If they can, we can' and all managed a week's holiday in Cyprus. All clerks in the Orderly Room would like to thank 'A' Sqn for being such fine hosts—The wine was marvellous!

Sgt Whelan is at present looking after 'C' Sqn as their Chief Clerk whilst they carry out their duties with the UN Force in Cyprus.



Sgt Nick Weaver and Cpl Jeff Briggs (then both 'A' Sqn) outside their office in Salamanca Barracks, Episkopi, Cyprus, July 1975



Let's start again. WO2 Topping

During the past year we have lost Tpr Pearson to civvy street and Tprs Wood and Pollitt to the Tank Park—they couldn't stand the pace! Lcpl Watson has gone to the Tech Stores, Sgt Cooper and Tpr McKen to 'A' Sqn (ready for Warminster). Lcpl Lunney also leaves us in March 1976 on local release here in Germany. We wish him and his family the best of luck.

We welcome to the fold Cpl Briggs—from 'A'—who has the enviable job of moving the Regiment back to UK—so if you have any problems you know who to 'tick' to.

Lcpl Chapman continues with his marches—he even completed 85 miles in less than 24 hours. Well done, even if your feet are getting a bit too big (like you head!) It seems as though it's catching as Cpls Briggs and Burrill and Tpr Uttley are following in his footsteps (excuse the pun) with the marching team.

One must not forget our budding Kung Fu expert, Tpr Laurie, who can be seen practising his 'kicks' at all and sundry. In fact the author of these notes couldn't forget him as he has been the bane of his life for the past two years or more.



The Adjutant on parade

By the time you read this, we should be just putting the final touches to the move of the Regiment, packing the Orderly Room as we now know it and preparing for our specialist job at Bovington. It should make a pleasant change from the hurly-burly of an Orderly Room in Germany, but from the cries of 'What am I going to do without my LOA' resounding around the office, one would think we were being sent to purgatory!

The following now comprise the Orderly Room:

WO2 T. Topping—Chief Clerk. Sgt N. D. D. Weaver—ORC. Sgt D. Whelan—ORC (Designate). Cpl Briggs—Movements. Cpl Burrill—I/C Docus/P20 Section. Lcpl Chapman—Docus Clerk. Lcpl Meehan—P20 Clerk. Lcpl Wood—Postings/Release. Lcpl Lunney—Courses. Tpr Laurie—Courses. Tpr Taylor (T)—Despatch. Tpr Uttley (T)—Filing. Lcpl Clarkson—Jack of all Trades. (T)—Apprentice?



'And they moan about pads'

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

The Quartermaster, Maj E. Sheen can be seen most days—by appointment only—and usually heard trying to talk the DOE into demolishing the new BFES school in Enger and trying to interest them in a six-year contract to build an 18-hole golf course.

RQMS Kerr left us to go to an Air Squadron in Thirsk, Yorkshire, and RQMS Stocker arrived in his place. RQMS Stocker comes from Cornwall and some members of the Department will not let him forget that we Lancashire lads are somewhat better than the Cornish. He's a very understanding person, however, and does a sterling job.

In the Ammo Department everyone wants a different type of ammo at the same time on the same day. Sgt Nelson can be seen from time to time sinking into the nearest corner where he commences to pull out handfuls of grey hair. Cpl Graham has seen so many MFO boxes, cartons and crates that he is thinking of writing to Pickfords with reference to a takeover bid. Graham's Do-a-Bunk Removals sounds a good title for the firm!

'New brushes for old!' is the cry heard on most days from Cpl Gallagher as he tramps up and down the corridors while Lcpl Prescott—15 years service and only a Lcpl (hasn't he done well?) has just received his second, but would be happier still if he were paid for it!

Tpr Coundley seems to think that all other members of the Department do little, if any, work compared to him. He's busy collecting cleaning materials from the NAAFI and doing a spot of gardening in the Ammo compound. Our three wise monkeys—Cpl Rowe—speak no evil, Lcpl Barlow—see no evil, and Cpl George—hear no evil, try their best to keep the boys marching on their stomachs. Wish they could see eye to eye occasionally.

Our German tailors are doing a great job and their English is improving although members of the Regiment can be heard muttering something about a stitch in time.

Ssgt Baker and Cpl Masters keep on top of the housing problems, but no one seems to know how. Houses, flats and garages are mentioned more times in one day than any other words in the dictionary. At three in the afternoon Ssgt Baker can be seen praying to the East and muttering something about Enger (Jampot City) going up in flames. Heaven help us if he gets his wish—half of our families live there!

Sgt Mulholland and Tpr Lockwood do their best to keep the Regiment supplied with all shapes and sizes of crates and wooden boxes and, of course, they do supply a small amount of firewood to ignite the most stubborn boilers.

Mrs McCourt, Mrs Randford and Mrs Eley take care of the clerical and civil labour department with barracks, houses, oil, gas, water and electricity. Mrs Eley supplies us with an endless quantity of her delicious coffee without which this magnificent epic could not have been written.

TECHNICAL (RUGBY) TROOP

Despite the fact that it appears to have been a static year for Tech with very few exercises, it has turned out to be quite an exciting one.

The year started with a change over of RQMS's and finished with a change of QM's—both with their attendant booze-up's. Very little can be said about the first party, 'cause it's not right to talk about the RSM like that (not to mention the extra duties which could descend upon the author). Suffice to say that everyone, or nearly everyone, enjoyed themselves and we were very sorry to see RSM Morris leave the department.

The QM's going-away party was just as enjoyable and Capt Williams will be missed very much. We wish him all luck on the other side.

Although our 'desirable' residence with all mod cons, situated in pleasant tree strewn surroundings with access to NAAFI, cook-house, WRVS and Wives Club, is very comfortable, we do take the opportunity to get out as much as possible. If we hear a rumbling of vehicles towards the main gate we always manage to attach a small parasitic section of Tech to whoever is on the move. In this way we showed the flag at most CPXs, attended a two-week Gunnery Camp and even had five members of the Troop scrounge a six-month holiday in Cyprus.

In one particularly quiet period we even organised our own exercise 'Kelpiecrat', which entailed launching two assault boats full of booze and Tech Storeman onto the River Weser at Hoxton and telling the 3-tonner to meet us 110km down river at Petershagen three days later. At the end of the trip we were all experts (X=Unknown Factor, Spurt=A Drip under Pressure) on Watermanship, 40hp Johnson Outboard Motors and alcoholism. Fred Bellamy, our converted



Technical Troop's contribution to the Regimental Open Day

Pay Clerk, being our instructor in the latter. 'Kelpiecrat' incidents are too numerous to mention here, but they included nearly going over a weir; feeling pretty foolish sitting in our tiny assault boat in the ship lock at Hameln—being lowered down a level with the lock Chief looking at us in amazement and disbelief, and even being chased off Baron Von Something's land (we only wanted to spend the night in his cornfield) by the dreaded Baron himself waving his shotgun.

It is perhaps worthwhile taking the opportunity to dispel the filthy rumours circulating about members of the Troop trying to defect to the ACC. When we talk about writing a Kukri book or taking Kukri lessons, we are just referring to the case in which, when writing a demand, a mistake in one of the part number digits can result in hundreds of Kukris being delivered to us instead of the items we really wanted.

I will conclude with the advice to would-be Tech Storemen. When you arrive and see the notice above the door saying, 'You don't have to be mad to work here, but it helps' you will probably give the usual polite laugh. It's only when they start showing you their certificates to prove that they are sane that you begin to wonder . . .

PAY OFFICE

This is our last article from Herford and the last one from the present Pay Team, namely Capt Lee, Ssgt Glover, Sgts Butler and Bonwick, Cpls Wanless and Botting. It is unfortunate that such an efficient Pay Team is unable to return to Bovington en-masse. No comments please. However, rest assured that the inevitable pay queries will continue to be dealt with under the hawk-eye of yours truly and Ssgt Glover, whilst the rest of team continue to draw LOA, petrol and duty free's with the Queen's Own Hussars in Detmold.

It has been a fairly uneventful year apart from Cpl Botting's injuries which he suffered as a result of a fall—from his platform soled shoes! Dave Bowie, look out! He is now convalescing with 'C' Sqn in Cyprus.

Sgt (The Boot) Chris Butler continues to captain the Regimental Rugby Team and in between matches manages to put in brief appearances in the office.

Sgt Dick Bonwick has recently returned from Cyprus looking as though he needs a good scrub. He says it's sunburn! During his tour there he was asked to take on the role of Squadron Photographer. It is regretted that no photographs can appear in this issue as they were seized by the Vice Squad on his entry into the UK.

The RSM has convinced Ssgt Keith Glover that he is not long for this world, which

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explains his frequent visits to the Medical Centre. We are left trying to re-assure him that all is OK and that he will live to see another day.

Cpl Nigel Wanless (our regulation maniac) seems to be such an expert on regulations these days that we are having frequent visits for authorities. We still don't know where he found the authority for sport exemption.

These notes would not be complete without a word of thanks to Mrs Stafford (wife of Lcpl Stafford) for another year of loyal service.

LIGHT AID DETACHMENT REME 'HQ' SQUADRON

Hello once again from 'HQ' Sqn LAD of the 14th/20th King's Hussars. Since our last article there has been a terrific turnover in manpower that we've even considered asking Tony Hatch along to host our new faces.

Before we rush into details about the poor souls who have been posted in to join us we would like to give our congratulations and best wishes to those who have managed to escape.

First and foremost in all our hearts is WO2 John Cummins who left us for SEE Aborfield last August. He was replaced by Ssgt George Brutnell who arrived here in fourth gear from the RA at Larkhill, but was soon ticking over in neutral with the rest of us. We also lost WO2 Holtum, our Guns Tiffy, who left us in November for pastures new (12 Mech Bde) and we send him our regards. Sorrow really overcame us when 'super clerk jnr', Cfn David 'roughy-toughie' Holmes left us in August for the shores of Blighty, and to 50 Independent COD Engr Sqn Wksp. We send our deepest sympathies. Last but not least, we said goodbye to 'super clerk snr', Cpl John (Rabbi) Robson, who was renowned for his disappearing act when it was his round for the beers. We heard that he passed the field training part of his MTC 1 using the same tactics.

Meanwhile the remainder of the 'old firm' is as follows: in our illustrious mobile MT section we have Sgt Pat Parry and his band of merry men who consist of Lcpl Taff (Evel Knevel) Sharrat, Cfn Ronnie (Sas) Simpson and Cfn Pete Hodgson. Taff Sharratt will be leaving us shortly for 4 Fd Wksp and will be a sad loss here.

In the welding bay we still have Lcpl Paddy Farrell, who still carries the name of the

'Ripper' especially on the football field. Working beside him is Cfn Jock Innes, a founder member of the SNP.

In our G1098 store we say Hello to Sgt Tony Morgan and Lcpl Bob Swan who is noted for getting his colleagues drunk on Friday lunchtimes.

Going over to the Tels Shop—or coffee shop—we see Sgt Rick Lieb, Sgt John Costello, Lcpl Geordie Mullen and Lcpl Ken Slater arguing about their super tax and was God a Spaceman.

In the Armourers shop we find Sgt John Underwood who has been with the Regiment for quite some time as they have found it hard to find another gunsmith of his 'calibre'. He never gets 'bored' with himself and he can set a 'target' and work at his own 'velocity' to achieve it.

Now we meet the true workers of the LAD; yes—that's right! The VMs under the direction of Sgt John Night. Following behind him we have Cpl Pete (Limpalong) Crossley, Lcpl Colin (Chelsea for the Cup) Archer, Cfn Terry Cook (of the 18/9 Elephant Brigade), Cfn (Polly) Pollard and Cfn Jock O'Hara who recently returned from vacation in Cyprus.

A fanfare of trumpets as we visit the brain cell of the LAD which is situated at the far end of the building pointing towards Mecca. The OIC of this vast complex (approximately 10 square yards) is the EME, Capt Heathcote, who can be seen administering authority from his golden throne. Our ASM, WO1 Laverton is situated in an office below the EME's and is at present converting it into a squash court. He must be working hard because he's causing quite a racket—Oooh!

Lcpls Mullen and Slater

King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers
(Sister Agnes)
Beaumont House, Beaumont Street,
London W1N 2AA.

The hospital is for serving and retired officers of the Armed Forces. Full information can be obtained from the Appeals Secretary, 6 Buckingham Place, London SW1 (01-828 4454) who will also be pleased to receive donations.

Applications for admission should be made to the Matron (01-486 4411) through the patient's doctor.

THE BAND

'When will they bring back Magic Roundabout on the UK telly?' Florence was not asking a question, it was an indignant statement, registration of a protest that culture was suffering a severe setback.

'Don't worry too much' said Dougal, 'Our Regimental Carousel is still functioning well and has survived another defence cut'.

'We cannot afford to be too complacent' said Zebedee. 'Think of the Government's enemy recognition chart: if it lives and works—kick it to death. If it lives but does not work—support it. If it is lifeless and has no useful purpose—it is a politician who will inherit the earth'.

'What absolute nonsense that is', said Florence. 'According to their chart, the regimental bus would be recognised as a politician.'

'The bus wouldn't be so bad if they fed it occasionally', suggested Dougal. 'Do you remember when the engine was so hungry it jumped off its mountings and started nibbling at the brake servo unit, leaving us high and dry outside Krefeld?'

'I remember it well', said Florence sarcastically. 'It was quite a spectacular arrival in Neuss with an ambulance, a police van and two trucks, and 13 taxis needed to get to lunch and back in time for the afternoon procession.'

'Transport seems to be a problem', said a former Band President who has since risen to a position of greater responsibility. With this one masterful observation he had shown his

ability to analyse a tactical situation and report accurately and concisely.

It might surprise some members of the public to know that bands do not fall over each other in their anxiety to volunteer as eager participants in the Royal Tournament. Although the Tournament attracts large audiences and raises enormous sums for service charities, it involves the performer in three weeks of rather boring repetition of the same show and offers unattractive accommodation (compact period town residence conveniently located adjacent to Earls Court Underground Station). The organisers did their best to make things as comfortable as possible, and those who were not satisfied were able to seek after-hours consolation in one of the many clubs in the district.

There are few units able to afford any time to devote to drill, and we are all aware that a parade these days is but a shadow of its former self. Consider the following detail as an exercise in brevity:

1445 hours—Band plays incidental music for spectators.

1500 hours—Soldiers arrive by bus and fall in.

1510 hours—Burgermeister inspects the unit—band plays.

1525 hours—Soldiers fall out and return to barracks by bus.

Note that at no time does anyone march anywhere. This quaint ceremony was cancelled because of wet weather.

'What about the trip to Cyprus and the six weeks tour of the Mediterranean at five days notice?' asked Florence.



The Band at Herford—1975



The Regimental Dance Band

'Pity we couldn't do either of them', said Dougal. He wasn't worried about the short notice as he knew the form and always had his suitcase packed and a three month supply of haversack rations ready for musical mobilisation.

'Don't bother to unpack,' said Zebedee 'there will definitely be a KAPE tour in 1976'.

'Same time, same places?' asked Dougal. He was already anticipating the pleasure of cowheel and chips in that nice little cafe in Bolton.

'A' Squadron

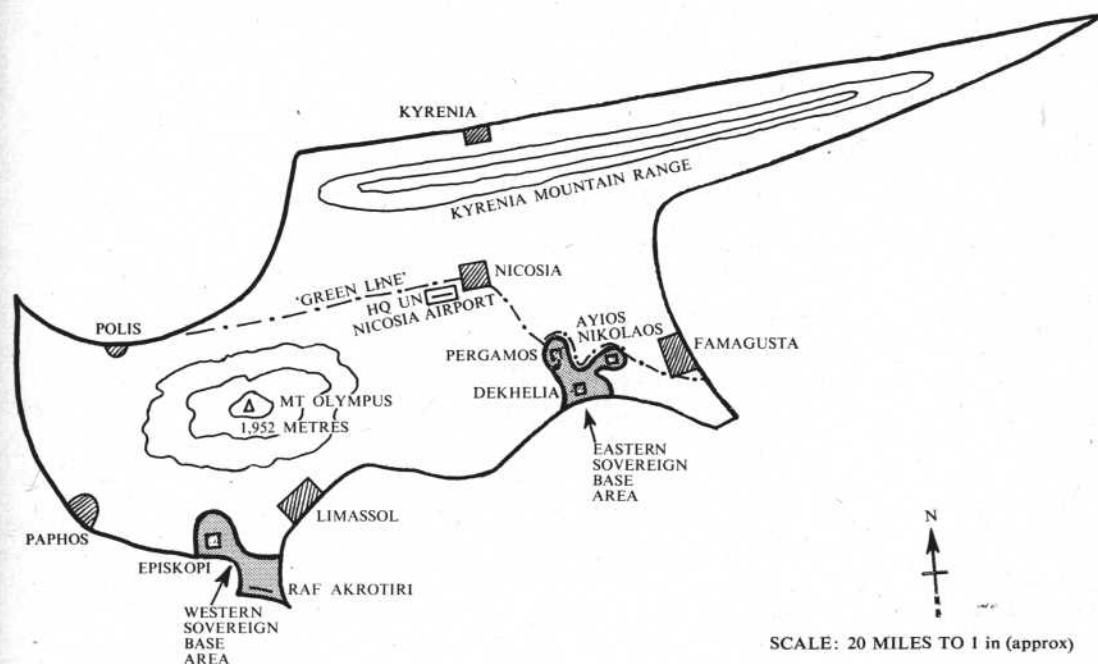
This instalment of 'A' Sqn's continuing saga starts in March, as usual, with the business of trade training. Winter in BAOR is traditionally the time for such matters as cadres and Exercise 'Snow Queen' (that well known 'jolly' in the Bavarian Alps), and in all these activities the Squadron was seen to be doing its best for Queen, Country and Taxpayer.

In April we visited the blasted heath of Hohne for a week's gunnery to make sure our conversion from Scorpion back to Saladin was complete. We had been warned for a six-month unaccompanied tour of duty in Cyprus, and the somewhat retrograde step of a change to old equipment had to be taken.

As the Advance Party was to depart at the beginning of June, the month of May was spent on leave, for all except the new Squadron Leader, Maj Clifton-Bligh, who had stepped

smartly into the shoes (ugh!) of the previous Leader, Maj Pemberton, in March. Having returned to the Regiment after two years in Washington, the new Leader set off immediately to do a quick reconnaissance of Cyprus. No sooner had he come back than it became necessary for him to go again! It appears that 'They' had substituted Plan B for Plan A. Thus we began our tour in the way we meant to carry on!

The Advance Party left Herford on June 2, and travelled for four hours by coach to RAF Wildenrath to catch the plane. For some strange reason Gutersloh, only 45 minutes drive away, had failed to attract the selector's eye. On arrival in Cyprus, the Advance Party had to start moving camp immediately from Pergamos to Episkopi, a distance of some 70 miles. This entailed physically manhandling some 40 tons of stores on and off



trucks in very hot weather—a feat that many of us won't forget. The Main Party arrived on June 13 and we all quickly settled to the new routine of work in a new country and a marvellously hot Mediterranean climate.

The Squadron was deployed as follows: Squadron Headquarters with three Sabre Troops, Admin Troop and the LAD were based in the Western Sovereign Base Area (WSBA) whilst a detachment of three Sabre Troops with elements of SHQ and the LAD was based in the Eastern Sovereign Base Area (ESBA). In theory, the Squadron and its detachment each came under the operational control of an infantry battalion, there being one battalion in each SBA. These battalions came and went very quickly, however, and we dealt with no less than five during our tour: 2 RIR, 1 D & D, 1 DWR, 1 DERR and 1 WG. Each in turn was uncertain at first how to handle us, and by the time they perceived the truth, it was too late. In the case of our detachment, it sometimes seemed that we had control of the Infantry and we were careful to do nothing to dispel this illusion. On the contrary, by changing our Sabre troops around every three weeks, we were able to keep each battalion mystified until it could be replaced. Of course, the real reason for these changes was to keep our own soldiers as happy as

possible by varying their day-to-day routine. From the sketch map it will be seen that the ESBA has a common border with the Turkish front line. 'Johnny Turk' was our daily companion and sometimes he was quite friendly—ask Lt Fellows. He'll show his smart Turkish web-belt exchanged with their SQMS for a high mileage 15-year-old Ferret Scout Car (or was it a dirty mag?—I can't remember). Our equally constant companions were the many Greek refugees who live with the ESBA. Life in the WSBA was not so active on the operational front, but more so on the sports field. Regular early morning PT and an Inter-Troop sports competition did much to help everyone keep fit and healthy, so when Maj Gen Purdon, on his first visit to the Squadron, prodded a rather rotund figure Cpl Bernie Crossland was able to reply, 'But General, I've already lost a stone!' Life was not all a game, however, and as always there were a number of trials and tribulations. Aged Saladins and Ferrets which kept breaking down under the strain of very heavy use, a chronic lack of spares, and very cramped accommodation were amongst the things that tried us. But the Squadron remained as flexible as ever—it had to.

During the tour, a programme of leave was arranged and all troops and departments

managed once a fortnight to let one man go. Many thanks must go to the Canadian national contingent for their help and co-operation allowing us to use their Service flights. Each Wednesday morning a Boeing 707 would leave Lahr in Southern Germany for Cairo and then return via RAF Akrotiri, picking up Canadian Servicemen en route. By paying £C1 (sterling £1.25) our people could obtain a seat if one was obtainable—and it usually was. Approximately 70% of the Squadron managed to get their two weeks leave back home by using these Cancon flights. Thanks must also go to the Squadron Sergeant Major WO2 Phil Midgley, for running Midgleytravel so smoothly.

In administrative matters we were largely spared complications because we shared barracks with the resident Infantry battalions. Nevertheless, there was always a lot to

do. Administration was dealt with by Capt Gordon Mitchell, helped by his three heavies—SQMS Alf Ogden, Sgt Bob Roadnight and Cpl Bernie Crossland. Lcp Warren and Tpr Hutchinson were included in that team. 'Hutchy' is staying temporarily in Cyprus with 'C' Sqn because he fancies the Hotel Miramare for his holidays. Pay matters were looked after by Sgt Bonwick, RAPC from the Regimental Pay Team, who also did our PR photography—a sideline he learned from the NEARELF Public Relations branch. The Cooks Troop comprised Cpl Churchill, Lcpl LeClerq, Ptes Robertshaw and Bradley. We hope they have gained recognition for their excellent kebabs! Tpr Paddy Breslin is not sure about their potatoes.

With the Squadron split between Episkopi and Dekhelia, a two-hour drive apart (local trucks and suicidal taxi drivers permitting),



Paramali Village, Episkopi

'Either my map's wrong or the signpost is!'
Lcpl Horrocks—commander. Tpr Hilton—driver



Sgt Gorry in Paramali Village
'Yes, it's the signpost that's wrong!'

MT Troop did much happy (?) motoring. An admin truck to the ESBA went almost every day and the work put in by the gallant few, Cpl Horsfall, Lcpls Barber and Wyre, Tprs Aspinall, Tickle and Gleadhill, was much appreciated. But what about the real workers? Well, SHQ led a very dynamic life. Sgt Alan Wainwright tried riding, but is still not sure if he has a good 'seat', and Sgt Bill Woodcock spent most of his spare time underwater trying to find a shark big enough to scare him.

Congratulations go to First Troop. Cpl Singh got married to a lovely lady from Limassol, and Tpr Connelly re-enlisted. Second Troop have claimed fame for being the fittest troop in the Squadron—well,

that's what their Troop Leader, Mr Jarrett, reckoned! Fourth Troop amazed everyone. No one will ever know how they won the Inter-Troop competition, not even Mr Tilney or Sgt Webb. Fifth Troop adopted an extremely low profile in Cyprus and nothing much was heard of them until Lcpl 'the mole' Horrocks got mistaken for a Turk—then everyone heard about Fifth Troop! Sixth Troop was, needless to say, as flash and as fast as the rest of them. Congratulations must go to the LAD for all their efforts and particularly to Cpl Curnow for swimming so well, not only in the Squadron swimming team, but also in the Army Team (Cyprus).

Lcpl Catton and Tpr 'Wishbone' Taylor



An 'A' Sqn Saladin passing through a Turkish-Cypriot village
 'That's a big cornet. I wonder if they make their wafers that big?'
 Cpl Smith (441), Lcpl Patterson and Tpr Leach

did sterling work in the Officers' Mess, as did Tprs Moors and 'Lizzard' Lawless in the Sergeants' Mess. Special mention too must be made of Cpl Platt and Tprs Constantine and Donellan who put in some very long hours looking after the horses at the Episkopi Services Saddle Club. The Squadron Leader's enthusiasm helped to transform this 'pony' club into an active polo playing club once again. Episkopi Garrison is lucky enough to have its own polo field, but following the 1974 Turkish invasion, polo had slowly died and the field was briefly used for a tented refugee camp. It is hoped that the polo players still in Cyprus and especially 'C' Sqn can now keep polo going. A last note on the happy side of life in Cyprus was to the Squadron Swimming Team's performance under the guidance of

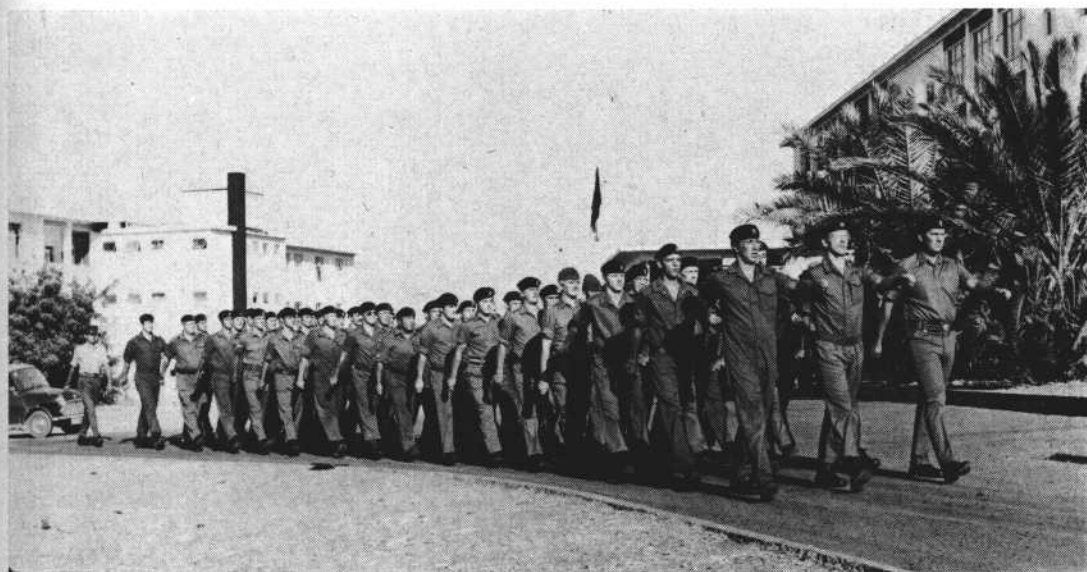
their trainer, Sgt Alf Angel. They finished second in the Cyprus minor units swimming competition—no mean feat when some of the other minor units competing were 250 strong and contained Army swimmers.

Mention of Sgt Angel brings us to Third Troop who have so far escaped notice. They had as much fun and worked as well as any, but for them, perhaps, the dark side of the Cyprus tour will be longest remembered. Just as they were hitting their best form, their Troop Leader, Mr Wetherell-Pepper, died as a result of a traffic accident. His loss, a great tragedy for all who knew him, fell most heavily on his troop. It is to their great credit that they were able to maintain the high standards he had set.

Now we are back in Germany and it is all



'On Watch'. Cpl Smith (441) (left) and Lcpl Patterson



'A' Squadron Steps Out

'Makes a change from morning PT doesn't it, Sergeant Major?'

Leading three, left to right: Tpr Connolly, Tpr Jones (043) and Cpl Curnow (REME)



The Commanding Officer visits 6th Troop 'A' Sqn in Cyprus
Colonel—Cpl Metcalfe (talking)—Sgt Wagstaff (listening)—Capt Moger (hiding)

systems go for Warminster next March, where we are to be the Demonstration Squadron at the School of Infantry for 18 months. Seventon Scorpions have to be exchanged for 52-ton Chieftains, so the emphasis now is on individual training once more. In February we return yet again to Hohne and then to Soltau for troop training. In March we pack our bags and leave Germany, re-assembling in Warminster by the end of the month. It will be good to get back to Blighty for an 18-month break from BAOR. Afterwards we rejoin the Regiment as it returns to Hohne as a BAOR Chieftain regiment. All this will be a far cry from Scorpions in Herford or Saladins in Cyprus, and it looks as though our 2IC's normal posture in the sun may have to be altered somewhat to suit Salisbury Plain.

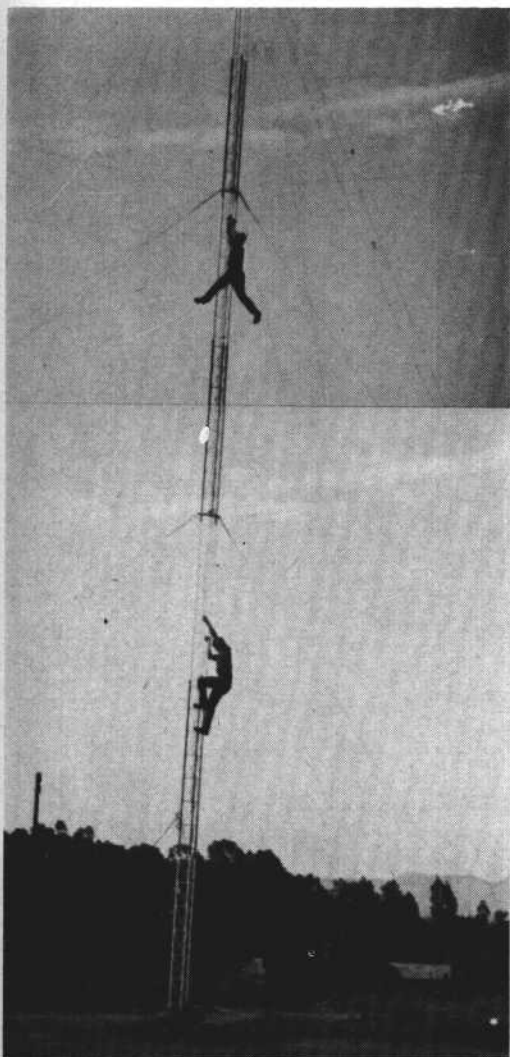
'A' SQUADRON LAD

The last year has seen the Squadron complete a six-month tour as resident Armoured Car Squadron in Cyprus.

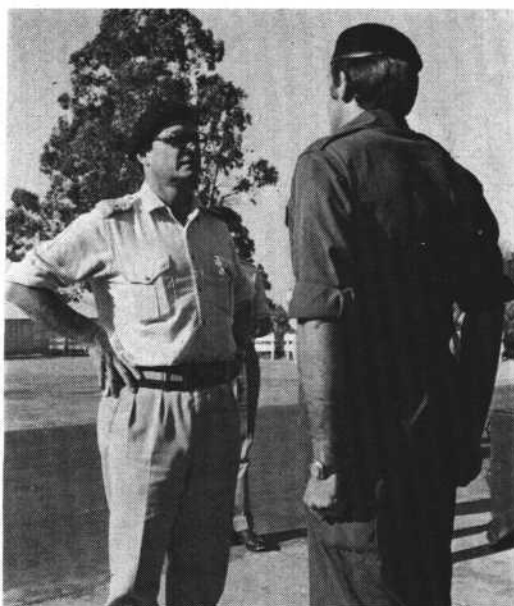
During the early part of our tour, many casualties were gained by fighting the sun on the beaches, although Cpl Bruce Soutar and Cfn Bertie Wooster were well concealed under two large masses of hair. Ssgt John Lonsdale gave us a good demonstration of how to fly model aircraft. Unfortunately, after one minute, the model gave a brilliant demonstration of a nose dive, straight behind some buildings. Sgt Tom Cruwys was reputed to have gone mad when heard talking to himself in his bunk—now we know he was just recording his voice! Cpl Ross Curnow was rumoured to have gone on a water ski course and when last seen he was heading out to sea on a pair of water skis—we think it was water

skis because he was two feet under water at the time.

Lcpl Bob Saunders ended up as a duty pool attendant in Dhekelia—he still takes his life jacket everywhere. Lcpl Brian Padgett wanted a job in the WRAC block but was turned down because he's a man (?). Cfn Andy Duff is quite a nice fellow and to prove it he donated his wallet, watch and lighter to the locals after sampling the dreaded Ouzo. The LAD wonders if it will be safe to cremate him when he dies. As for me—well, I hardly saw my Leyland wrecker. At least it knew what a workshop looks like on the inside, even if the LAD didn't.



Cpl Smith in difficulties—Rescuer Cpl Smith



Colonel: 'Mmm—Henderson, don't you think you would feel more comfortable with shorter hair?'

Henderson: 'Oh no, Colonel, it's my pet sparrow you see. He would feel lost without his nest!'

UNION JACK CLUB

The new Union Jack Club is situated in Sandell Street, London, opposite Waterloo Station. Serving non-commissioned ranks in the Army and their families are automatically members.

The Club has a limited capacity for ex-service membership for those who have served for more than three years. Membership can be either permanent or 'Temporary Honorary Membership'.

An example of charges for permanent members as at December 1975 (plus VAT) is:

Single room £3.24. Double room £6.48.

The annual subscription for ex-servicemen is £2.00.

Since accommodation for ex-servicemen is limited, ex-members of the Regiment should apply for membership without delay if considering joining. Application for membership forms should be made to:

The Comptroller,
The Union Jack Club,
Sandell Street,
London SE1 8UJ Tel: 01-928 6401.

Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

'B' Squadron

In the beginning of the year the Squadron settled down to a lot of activity. This was in preparation for a regimental move to our Annual Gunnery Camp. It was very foggy and cold. Cpls Long, Hartshorne and Benson made frequent appearances on the Range with their 'Hohne Stew'. Before returning, the usual ammo clearance checks were carried out on our vehicles. On return to barracks our Range Officer was unable to believe his eyes at seeing Sgt Navin nonchalantly walking across the vehicle park carrying a 76mm round on his shoulder, claiming that he had won it in the last Regimental draw! In February Lcpls Wheeler and Binns left us to join our friends in HMS *Amazon* at Keil for a spin round the Baltic which lasted 10 days.

In April the Squadron returned once again to Hohne for the Annual Gunnery cadres. A new Troop Leader—a 'Varsity Fellow'—was given the task of getting the Squadron there. The route card read something like this:

'... follow E3 for approx 7km—on approaching right hand bend, there is a road leading off to the left—ignore that and continue on the E3 ...' The LAD, who quite rightly set off last—arrived first!

No sooner had the word got around that 'B' Sqn was off to Cyprus in the Autumn than old members of the Squadron began to slip back from their various ERE corners. Fresh from forming a new squadron at JLR and richer by both acquiring a wife and four months jungle experience in Zaire, came Maj Bowles to command. After two years of adding a little colour to the REME Apprentices College—including a repeat performance of the Normandy Landings at the head of a host of junior soldiers—Capt Valdes-Scott returned to become 2IC; and so the list went on.

Once we were together again there followed intensive preparation and training to get ready for the Squadron's new Cyprus role.



Princess Anne visiting "B" Squadron Tank Park with Major Bowles



Princess Anne meeting 2/Lt Ashbrooke. Right: Maj Bowles

At first the idea of Cavalry acting in a dismounted role met with a certain amount of derision. However, once Mr Lang's troop with Tpr Lythgoe at his side had convincingly demonstrated the ease with which Ferrets are bogged, the need to prepare for an Infantry role was no longer questioned. This period of training was punctuated with inter-troop skirmishes, stealthy attacks by night and cunningly conceived ambushes. These were practised continuously together with every other type of underhand tactic, until not even a chap's breakfast was sacred—as one luckless troop discovered.

Cyprus, however, is not just a hotbed of intrigue and vigilance. Clearly troops going there must practise every sort of activity. Hence the Squadron's recreational training was treated with almost the same degree of enthusiasm as its military training. So seriously was the former side of the training, that not even the daunting wire fences surrounding the local nudist camp were secure from assault. On another occasion Mr

Singer—alias 'The Vicar'—was able to sample at first hand the wrath of a local innkeeper over some minor dispute concerning a small bill. He was able to show just the right degree of United Nations tact with a touch of firmness in extricating himself from a potentially embarrassing predicament with the words, 'How dare you attack a British Officer! Unhand me immediately or I shall set my dogs upon you!' With peacekeeping ability such as that, who could doubt 'B' Sqn's success in Cyprus?

Our doctor, Tpr Richards, gave us all lectures in First Aid which taught us how not to run around in the woods. Sgt Brierley's dog, Paddy, was his first casualty. While the Squadron was asked to go out and play at Cowboys and Indians, Lcpl Nutter stayed behind to do his very convincing impressions of the Squadron Leader. On the Squadron Leader's return Lcpl Nutter was asked to remove his motorcycle from the Squadron Leader's parking space.

Cpl O'Meara, our expert in all things

nuclear, kept us happy in and out of Noddy Suits until we could don them in record time with our eyes closed.

It was as final preparations were being made prior to departing on block leave, that we learned that the Squadron would not after all be going to Cyprus to try out its new-found skills. Whatever the reason or explanations, the result was the same—a measure of disappointment coupled with a determination to make the most of the new situation. Block leave went ahead as planned!

Wives from the Regiment who are Kung Fu fanatics turned out in droves to watch demonstrations put on at the Wives Club by Lcpls Nutter, Binns, Whitelock and Tprs Lea, Bond (13) and Smith (147). We would also like to thank Lcpl Lunney and Lcpl Smalley of 'HQ' Sqn for their invaluable assistance. Luckily there were no casualties because the demonstration had been totally unrehearsed, but Lcpl Binns nearly swore the air blue after making a painful mistake with the 'Nunchaku's' (two clubs attached by a chain).

Before ending we must congratulate Lcpls Bradbury and Nutter for obtaining a Gold Medal in the 30km International March held on the outskirts of Bonn.

Since returning to duty the emphasis has been on conversion back to Chieftain in preparation for our move to Bovington this year. After three years in Germany, a spell at home in England should prove a refreshing change.

'B' SQUADRON LAD

Since our last article the section has seen many changes. We have said goodbye to Pete Weekes who has gone to RHA at Devizes; Sgt Tom Dunn has gone to SEME and 'AB' ranch where he hopes to get his BEM (Bordon Endurance Medal). Sgt John Walker, our Recce Mech left for 4 Fd Wksps. We would also like to say goodbye to Cpls Vic Scourfield and Bill Norris who have joined the happy band of unemployed in civvy street.

We would like to welcome Sgt Dave Keller and Cpl Phil Jackson. Cpl Dick Payne is our new Recce Mech/Storeman. Shortly after we had welcomed Ssgt Rick Antenbring as our new Tiffy we moved out of camp on a Squadron exercise where he quickly got the nickname of Omar Shariff. Cpl Payne bogged his Leyland whilst giving the locals a demonstration in Cross Country Driving. Sgt Dave Keller and Lcpl Steve Wood became first

class crewmen as they spent most of their time on the Scorpions with the troops, while Lcpl Jerry Doherty spent most of his time driving from unit to unit trying to locate spares that we required. All this time our Fitter, Cpl Jerry Turton, spent his time back in camp!

On return to camp we were told we would have to supply a Leyland crew for exercise 'Lance Point', which we did. The section offers its congratulations to Cfn Steve Moore on rolling the Leyland and beating the existing record set up by Lcpl Sharratt of 'HQ' Squadron.

In the meantime, Lcpl Mick Mann returned triumphant from his II-I upgrader course at Bordon. The only other member of the section not mentioned is Cfn Ian Nicholson who left us for a III-II upgrader—for an operation on his head. When the surgeon found out he was a vehicle mechanic he fitted his skull with rawlplugs! Nevertheless, it's nice to have him back in one piece.

To conclude, we would like to take this chance to say goodbye to everyone who will be leaving when 1 RTR take over and the LAD 14th/20th King's Hussars disbands.

'C' SQUADRON—STOP PRESS

The Squadron, including deployed troops, were visited by the DRAC before our departure and the Force Commander, travelling in a Ferret accompanied 5th Troop on patrol.

During Christmas and New Year the Squadron operated south of Varasha to prevent both sides firing at each other.

The Squadron paraded mounted for the UNO Medal Parade.

History repeated itself when we handed over—with all 'A' vehicles fit—to 'A' Sqn Life Guards. The previous occasion (to 'A' LG) being in January 1964, before the UN Force was established.

The Squadron was 5th in the UN Forces skiing and forced march, beating all other British teams. We won all events in the British contingent shooting competition and gained the highest individual scores in SRL and Pistol.

We returned to BAOR on March 16 after a successful and enjoyable tour.

'C' Squadron



Patrolling in Cyprus

Left to right: Tpr Donbavand, Cpl Murphy, Sgt Washington, Tpr Stobbart and Lcpl White

The year started off with great preparations for another Gunnery Camp. Again the Squadron shot extremely well. Particular success was gained on the Urgent Hard Target Battle Run where Cpl Francis Taylor and Lcpl Willy Wilson, with their respective gunners, startled the critical IGs to such a degree that they could only be congratulated on being excellent shots. Consequently we were keyed up to prove ourselves on the Battle Run Competition, only to be fogged off by fog! So back to Herford despondent, to face numerous site guards, CPXs, the odd gunnery camp, troop training and fatigues. A nightmare for the Squadron Sergeant Major to produce enough men.

At the beginning of April we said goodbye to our old friends SSM and Mrs Brian Stocker; he's going on to greater things in Boots and Socks, and welcomed SSM and Mrs Brian Bradbury to the Squadron. In the

same month Maj Colquhoun came out for 'Gobbly Wobbly' (GW) Firing and Cpl Robert Christieson did very well as our IG before going off to join the British Aircraft Corporation in the Middle East.

The Squadron later went out on troop training during which time the Scorpion, which Ssgt Ian Rumble, REME, had fixed nine months previously with black Bostic, eventually decided it had had enough!

In May and June CPXs galore! Sgt John Taylor and Cpl Frank Smith enjoyed their days of power especially with the opportunity of keeping Mr Garbutt under their thumbs.

At the beginning of June, the Squadron was informed of our posting to Cyprus as United Nations Force Reserve based on Nicosia. This awoke memories in the Squadron Leader who consequently peppered briefings with cries of 'When I was there in Sixty-Five...'

HRH The Princess Anne came out on June 9, 1975, and the Squadron Leader and Second-in-Command tried in vain to divert her to the stables.

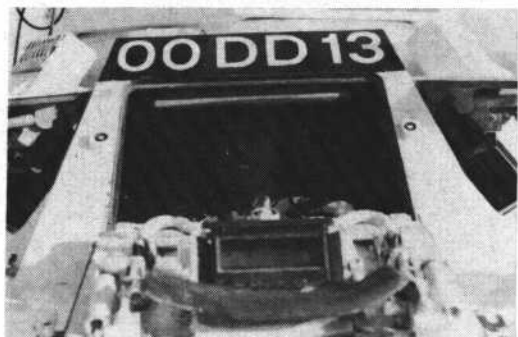
Conversion Cadres, weapon training and vehicle maintenance kept us very busy in July which culminated in arsonist activities on the 303 ranges at Sennelager. New gunnery cries were heard, 'Gun firing alright. Gun stops. Take off beret, put out beret, put face in sand, put out eyebrows. Put out first 100 metres range, gun firing alright'. 'Adds realism' someone remarked, and it seemed to add aggression with smoke everywhere including the firing point.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Ssgt Dave Tunnicliffe and Sgts Jim Thomas, Jack Balmer, Jack Kelly and Chris Elsdon in the middle of the year, and wish them all the best to their new jobs. We welcomed Sgts



At the Danish observation post

Left to right (clothed): Lcpl McGahey, Tpr Ellison and Tpr Harper



The leader reminiscing in one of our old Ferrets



6 Troop on the Pegasus Patrol

George Washington and Keith Glover from RAC Training Regt, Catterick, to the Squadron.

On September 8, 1975, the Advance Party left for Cyprus in an RAF Hercules. One can imagine the state of everyone on landing because smoking was not allowed on the aircraft and the Para seats did nothing to help the circulation of one's rear end. However, when a delightful WRAF Corporal came on board a miraculous recovery was made by all.

Having taken over from 'A' Sqn 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, the Squadron Leader and Second-in-Command put their heads together and sure enough, within three days of our arrival holes appeared in walls and we found doorways in strange places. A week later the Main Party arrived on three engines and a prayer. An experience which did Lcpl Jim Broom no good at all.

As Force Reserve (Rent-a-Troop!) we found ourselves working with Austrians, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Canadians and even the odd British. Other tasks included the supply of Sanitary Supervisors (malaria spraying), agricultural advisers (escorting farmers and shepherds) and being on standby at 15 minutes notice, which every troop has managed to achieve so far. At 0615 hours the still morning air is rent by the joyous cries of the Squadron performing Battle Physical Training. Under Sgt Dougy Redmond, ably assisted by Lcpl John Binns and Tpr Mick Fogg. Every other morning limbs are exercised by drill and minds enlightened by briefs, which inform us of the current situation in Cyprus.



Logistics on the move

Left to right: Sgt Botting, Cpl Higgins, Cpl Wilson



PR photo for visit of 'Bolton Evening News' and 'Salford City Reporter'

Left to right: Tpr Price (6 Troop), Tpr Woods (MT), Tpr Plant (SHQ), Lcpl McGahey (6 Troop), Lcpl Bamby (2 Troop), Sgt Smith (SHQ)

Our first experience of front line activity involved 6 Tp under Mr Kennerley, when the Turks tried to occupy the factory. Cpl Jim Higgins, in an attempt to repel boarders, positioned a fire extinguisher on wheels by the main door thinking it might fool the Turks. Meanwhile, 3 Tp had their first experience of Greek hospitality having been detained for a couple of hours.

At the beginning of October, the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant came out to see us and on a visit to 1 Tp, were invited by Lcpl Brian Craddock and Tpr Johnny Grimshaw to have a dip in their home made swimming pool. The old saying 'There's no smoke without Brocket' was justified several times. On one particular occasion, having removed a Turkish barrier, the Troop found themselves being entertained by three Armoured Personnel Carriers and a platoon of Turkish soldiers waving guns in all directions.

Sgt Chris Tottman had a hard time explaining to Tpr Les Critchlow (recently married) that the funny shaped loo in the ladies was not a drinking fountain; Tpr Phil Smith, being a man of the world, declared he knew what a bidet was and now has the cleanest feet in the Troop to prove it.

During a meal at Dancon, Tpr Bill Stobbart was heard to exclaim, 'What an extraordinary custom to put blackcurrant jam on boiled eggs'. This new definition of caviare will certainly not find itself on an Officers' Mess menu. Lcpl Mac McGehey's ID Card, which closely resembles a Joker, seemed to satisfy the Turks at check points.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Ssgt John Roadnight, our local ironmonger, assisted by Tpr Frank 'It's on demand' Davenport, kept LAD supplied with Lucas spare parts for their Russian truck claimed as war booty from the RAF and in their spare time managed to keep all our Ferrets on the road, some of which were with the Squadron in Benghazi in 1962!

SQMS Bob Taylor left Logistics (that's what they call it now) in the capable hands of SQMS John Taylor to go to ATDU. Cpl Willy Wilson, his mercantile instinct aroused, can often be seen wearing a Jewish skull cap. His 'Duty Free' sales make 'Woolies' look like a corner shop. The Admin Officer, Mr Colborne and SQMS Taylor in the meantime vie for the 'Percy Thrower Gardening Competition'.

Tpr Glenn Sweeney fitted in well with Squadron Headquarters (there's no better place for someone who says 'over' on the telephone) and on December 2, 1975, SHQ tried to contact Herford, but the CII was too weak, the frequencies too low, so only a faint signal was heard.

Various members of the Squadron have had the opportunity of becoming aspiring 'Jacques Cousteaus' under the professional guidance of Andreas at Larnanca, and on the surface certain bodies were seen engaged in aquatic acrobatics while learning to water ski.

We have managed to achieve a certain amount of sporting success, notably swimming, football and shooting. In the latter we were congratulated for upholding the British contingent's reputation by the Chief of Staff.

Since September we have had many change-overs within the Squadron. Unfortunately, since there are 50 people involved it is impossible to mention all their names. We welcome Mr Suchanek, Sgts Barney McVay and Derek Ingham and sadly miss Sgts Keith Glover and Frank Smith. We wish them all the best of luck with 'A' Sqn.



Patrolling in Cyprus

Left to right: Lcpl Filio, Cpl Dukes, Cpl Taylor, Tpr Ellison, Tpr Price



With Canadian Soldiers at Lourijina
Mr A. R. B. Woodd, Lcpl Hunt, Sgt Glover and Cpl Wells

'C' SQUADRON LAD

Our Tiffy, Ssgt Brian Shepherd, by using various unprintable forms of terrorism, has forced me to write this article. At least I should get 'made up'—after all, I've been here since last November.

When I joined the Regiment in November, I knew nothing about Scorpion, but the work came in at a steady rate and by the end of January I had got to grips with it, and all vehicles were ready for gunnery camp, which thankfully went off with hardly a hitch, apart from the Rover 'dying' one day and getting an engine transplant.

Our next sortie into the wilds was a Squadron Exercise in April where gearboxes seemed to be the biggest problem. The old Rover managed to expire once again and this time it was the turn of the clutch. The 'Indomitable Duo' Lcpl Geordie Lynd (that's me) and Tony Hickman were left behind to

fix it. We did fix it—and consumed all of Tiffy's beer which he had forgotten and left in the back of the Rover—foolish man.

Because of the impending Cyprus tour the Squadron vehicles were prepared for preservation and this, combined with Cyprus Training, brought us up to August. After block leave Sgt Ken Mason and Lcpl Geordie Lynd formed the LAD Advance Party and travelled out to Cyprus in a de-luxe RAF Hercules. The rest followed a week later except for Lcpl Tony Hickman. (Never mind, Tony. All this sun, sea and beer would have given you a nervous breakdown.) So here we all are as LAD Force Reserve Sqn on a six-month unaccompanied tour with the UN.

On reaching this lovely (?) island we were told our 'B' Vehicles would give us the most trouble, and so far this has been true although the Ferrets have performed reasonably well. With our base in Nicosia and three out of six

troops out at any one time, we see a lot of the island and get a good variation of work. Out with the troops it's mainly running repairs and the same in Nicosia with a few assemblies thrown in for good measure. Sgt Brian Shepherd, Sgt Ken Mason and Cpl Colin Briscoe are the main LAD and Sgt Robin Wilgaus (we found him here) performs any electrical wizardry that's needed.

Cpl Steve Thompson, Lcpl Charlie Ward, Cfn's Taff Basset, Brent Boughey, Shaun Flanigan (he's from Cardiff(?)) and myself are the Troop Fitters. We also have Cpl Turton who is a sort of Recce Mech cum anything and Lcpl Ernie Drooge who looks after guns and things. These two have proved invaluable at 'acquiring' things and building bits on to our present working area which used to be a roof on poles and an old box body. With four months still to go, who knows . . . ?

Congratulations to Brent and Sally Boughey on the birth of their daughter, Sara, and also to Shaun Flanigan and his newly-wed wife,



Light Aid Detachment war booty—Cpl Turton

Wendy. Goodbye and all the best to Sgt Dave Whittaker (Belfast via Dover), Cpl Willie Armstrong (civvy street) and Lcpl Ron Black (Hong Kong).

Footnote: Now do I get my second?

Air Squadron

Sadly, this is the last time that Air Sqn will be able to contribute news to the pages of THE HAWK, as the Regiment loses its air support in May on returning to Bovington. No longer will lunch be interrupted by the reverberating buzz of one of 'Scott's Heroes' working, as usual, into the depths of lunch hour.

1975 has proved to be a fruitful but slightly frustrating year; fruitful in that we achieved over 80% of our flying target and passed through two inspections with 'flying' colours, during which the only thing that came to light was the fact that one of the observers had omitted to have his log book signed each month since 1973; frustrating in that the Squadron has had little chance to fly with the Regiment on exercise, mainly because of the Cyprus tour.

Maj Poett handed over command in January to Maj Scott and it was with great delight that we learned in February of the former's engagement to be married. Capt Reed-Felstead arrived in January fresh from

his flying course, full of Wallop doctrine from which it took a few weeks to cure him. With the hierarchy sorted out we looked forward to conversion to Gazelle in May and a year without the rigours of Northern Ireland. However, this was soon to change. Our conversion was put back for a year or more and we were asked to provide one pilot, an observer, a REME technician and two aircraft for duty in Northern Ireland for eight months until March 1976. It was decided to spread the load so that each pilot plus his observer would do a two-month tour. This was not always the case with the REME as Sgt Dyson found something near Long Kesh that interested him so much that he actually volunteered to go back for a second crack at the whip. However, the strain was too much for him and he has since joined an Army Air Corps Squadron for a permanent rest cure.

Unfortunately, apart from one notable exception, we have not been out on a prolonged exercise as a complete squadron since the Spring. This has been so primarily

because of our Ulster commitment, but we have made up for it by providing small detachments, all too numerous to mention, in support of other formations including 6 Armd Bde, 7 Artillery Bde and our own Covering Force HQ. These exercises, interspersed with frequent trips to Soltau in order to practice our pure and tactical flying, have combined to keep us extremely busy throughout the year. Maj Scott, and a carefully vetted team of three expert gum chewers, even found time to travel to the American Air Base at Hanau to add a little colour to their air show in May.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the year was our Summer Camp which consisted of a week spent near the village of Boppard, a few miles south west of the Moselle/Rhine junction. We all enjoyed some superb flying over the two river valleys and survived on a mixture of Compo rations and local produce ably cooked by Tpr Salt. The local produce was particularly noticeable in our stew one day, when a cheeky cockerel was found paddling in the pot. Tpr Salt remained unperturbed, added some pepper from Capt Beamish's

personal 12-in pepper grinder to bring out the extra flavour, and served it all up for dinner. During our time there, some of the more senior members of the Squadron acquired the habit of picking apples—not to eat, but to hurl at unsuspecting passers-by—like AQMS Cooke, who has just left us on promotion to be backloaded (BLR) to Belgium in order to recover from his two years with the Regiment. We shall all miss him a great deal. However, apple picking was not our only recreation and we got some good water skiing before the boat's engine gave out. This breakdown was unfortunate because Sgt Kelly had promised to show us all how to water-ski using only a pair of Wellington boots!

One of our main activities during the year has been Forward Air Controlling and, under the guidance of 'Flighty' Adams, we have had many successful outings. Ssgt Lay is our current 'Ace' with 35 strikes under his belt since February. Sgt Griffiths (alias 'The Mighty Maggot') completed his FAC course at Brawdy in October only to be sent straight out to Northern Ireland where he will be doing everything except FAC. Sgt Ward



The Colonel-in-Chief visits Air Squadron

Left to right: Capt Mark Phillips, the Commanding Officer, Princess Anne, Maj Scott, AQMS Cooke and Ssgt Lay

(nicknamed 'Fingers' because of his ability to use objects that fall off the back of lorries), has also scored highly on his many FAC trips.

The Squadron has competed bravely in the Regimental sporting scene but because of lack of numbers—not spirit—has only succeeded in winning the inter-troop Cross Country running competition, in which we took part as a large troop. We also have a very keen band of footballers headed by Sgt Munro, Cpl Annis and Cpl Howarth, all of whom represent the Regiment at the sport and are never to be found in the hangar on a Wednesday afternoon.

Our thanks this year must go to Ssgt Holland who filled in as SQMS while Sgt Kelly was running Regimental conversion courses. He did an admirable job and succeeded in losing his limp during his time with us. Congratulations go to Lcpl Davies and Tpr Brown, both of whom got married during 1975. Our award for the prime user of the Squadron during the year goes to Maj Pemberton who has undoubtedly flown many miles and will be sorry to see the last of his personal transport in May 1976.

The future beyond May is uncertain. What is known is that Air Squadron 14th/20th King's Hussars assumes the title of 'B' Flight 654 Sqn AAC and continues to fly for an unspecified length of time from Harewood Barracks. Of the many rumours that we have

heard, there is only truth behind the fact that the Army Air Corps is short of pilots and is advertising widely for potential flyers. Given time, they say one can teach a monkey to fly—any offers?



AIR SQUADRON LAD

The last time we wrote a report (for 'Craftsman') at the beginning of the year, we were recovering from an Op Banner tour. Some people are still suffering! Since June we have had two Sioux at Long Kesh. We have also provided a Technician, Observer and Pilot who alternate every eight weeks. Perhaps that's the penalty for being one of the last Sioux Squadrons in BAOR who provide 100% serviceability month after month.

In April we should have taken stock of the new Gazelle, but unfortunately this was not so, due to defence cuts and running down of RAC Air Squadrons and delays in the production programme. Still, we are hoping we might have them in the future.

In June we were honoured by a visit from HRH The Princess Anne who was most impressed with the Regiment.

There have been several changes of faces in the Squadron. Ssgt Pete Hargrave has arrived to replace AQMS Tony Cooke who was posted to 60 Stn Wksp Antwerp—he was also promoted to ASM. Sgt John Wynn arrived in June to replace Sgt Bob Webster who has returned to the Air Techs graveyard at Middle Wallop, prior to leaving the Army. Lcpl Dave Doel arrived straight out of the packing case from AETW in September. His eyes certainly opened on his first Aviator's Exercise the following week! The next to leave will be Sgt Cliff Dyson who is serving *another* voluntary tour in Northern Ireland! Congratulations to Sgt Jeff Baker on passing his NDT course and good luck to Cpl Bill Berry on his II-I upgrading course at Middle Wallop.

This will probably be our last article as Air Squadron 14th/20th King's Hussars. In April the Regiment return to UK and are succeeded by the 1st Tanks.

We would like to take this opportunity to wish all our friends world wide a very happy and prosperous New Year.



Reed-Felstead night flying from Bessbrook, Northern Ireland, in July

Marching Team

The bulk of the team were introduced to the 'joys' of marching by Lcpls Chapman and Bellamy. The occasion was the Rheindahlen Allied Marches which were a mere 45km. Unfortunately because of Sgt Hunt's somewhat Spartan training methods, we received not only medals but lots and lots of blisters. Since this faux pas we have progressed to a very pleasant boots and booze routine where every cold swallow is earned by a hot foot.

I think our most enjoyable march was the Marche Val du Marne which took us to Paris on a 45km jaunt. A small disappointment was not being able to take part in the main parade with the people who had opted for 35km. However, not one of us felt left out or at a loss when we followed a Junior ATC Band playing 'Sussex by the Sea' with Lcpl Whitfield leading us with the flag. Lcpl Winder, who could not get into his best shoes owing to blisters, preceded us in a minibus! We were presented with a cup and medals for 'Dress and Behaviour'.

The most gruelling march was the Deuxieme Marche de l'Empire which took place at Gerpinne in Belgium and consisted of a 100km march in 24 hours, over 'questionable' terrain. All started well with everyone in good form. At the 50km mark about 250 members had dropped out but we went on. At the end only Sgt Plummer completed the



Rheindahlen Allied Services Marche

Left to right: Lcpl Whitfield, Sgt Hunt (PT man), Cpls Chapman and Bellamy and Sgt Plummer

march but Lcpls Chapman, Bellamy and Whitfield all received medals for a very good effort.

I would like to thank all marchers for their support, and look forward to our continued success.

Musketry

As a result of last year's success with the SMG, the Regiment presented the Army Rifle Association with a cup to be presented to the winner of the SMG Team Match.

Unfortunately we did not win it again this year, but we had the consolation of seeing it go to 2 Queen's, a team we know well and trained with prior to the Bisley meeting. We did, however, emerge quite easily by far the best RAC team at the meeting. We retained the RTR Cup and the Lindley Cup, and we at last won back the magnificent Cambridge

Shield which has been in the hands of 3 RTR for the past three years.

Our rifle shooting was much better this year and we were highly delighted when we managed to have an excellent shoot in the Britannia Trophy in front of our Colonel, Col Allen, who came along to see us perform. We took 7th place out of 63 teams in this event.

The following represented the Regiment: Maj Macgregor (non-firing Captain), Capt Williams, Sgt Underwood, Lcpls Smethurst, Holden, Drodge, Wood, Bradbury and Tpr France.

Keeping the Army in the Public Eye ***(‘KAPE’)*** ***1975***

The Regimental KAPE team departed from Herford for Lancashire on June 22 with two Landrovers and three, four-ton Bedford trucks. Two Ferrets were precariously balanced on two of the trucks and the Band equipment and instruments on the other one—the driver was Ssgt Connell.

The Team was commanded by Lt Lang, ably assisted by Sgt Batchelder. The other members were Lcpls Taylor and Wheeler, Tprs Bradley, Blakey, Gerraghty, Gleadhill, Crosby, Bond, McCormack, and Cfn Doherty from the LAD.

The first engagement was at the Heaton Park Show in Manchester. The Scorpion which had been picked up only minutes earlier from Blackburn railway sidings was a marvellous ‘crowd puller’, and soon there were many children clambering over all the vehicles.

The Team also paid a visit to the Wigan Cadets where they provided driving and gunning for potential recruits for the Regiment. They all admitted to enjoying themselves—almost as much as the KAPE team!

Let’s hope that some of the Cadets join us in a few years.

The Team spent many hours on the sea fronts at Blackpool and Morecambe where they were able to ‘spot the local talent’. The Band assisted by providing music up and down the Esplanade. It was at these static displays that we were overwhelmed by future recruits who seemed genuinely interested in the Regiment as a career.

Many evenings were spent displaying our vehicles to the DLOY at Wigan and Blackpool. These evenings were extremely enjoyable and it is hoped that we were successful in portraying all the aspects of regimental life.

After many static sites and engagements every day at schools, carnivals or air displays, the KAPE team returned to Herford on July 9, having had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Many belated thanks to all the people who made the tour go as smoothly as it did, especially Maj M. A. Urban-Smith, the Regimental Secretary—and Messrs Patmore and Mortimer of the Wigan ACF.

ARMY CHESS ASSOCIATION

This is a thriving organisation of chess players of varying skill. The subscription is 50p per year which provides for:

- The opportunity to play in tournaments.
- Postal chess competitions.
- Use of books in the chess library.
- A magazine six times per year.

For further details contact:

Maj Brian Anthony,
 RAPC Computer Centre,
 Worthy Down,
 Winchester, Hants.

DISPLAYS AND SHOWS IN LANCASHIRE AND GREATER MANCHESTER—1976

- Warrington Army Display—May 21–23.
- Manchester Show (Platts Field)—July 22–24.
- Blackpool Services Display—August 27–29.
- Bury Army Display—September 4–5.

The Regiment, and/or the Band, will be represented at all the above.

The RAC Mobile Display Team will be manned by the Regiment this and next year. It will be appearing at Warrington, Manchester and Bury on the above dates.

A Regimental KAPE tour, including the Band, is provisionally planned for August 15–September 7.

SPORTING ACTIVITIES

Rugby

We finished last season by reaching the BAOR seven-a-side semi-final, where we came fourth. We also lost 10—0 to 2 RTR in the semi-final of the RAC Cup. However, it was good to see that the spirit of the team did not flag and everyone enjoyed their rugby. We were very sorry to see our skipper and coach, Sgt Smith depart for Catterick, but we were very fortunate in having Sgt Butler posted in who has been a tower of strength at fly-half and took over as skipper from Mr Cameron-Hayes when he left for Cyprus.

We started off this season with a small squad, losing some of our other players to Cyprus. But as usual we have managed to field a team on most Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. We reached the Divisional Semi-Final of the Major Units Cup losing to 7 Sig Regt 18—4 in what must surely be the most exciting match of the season. Our results so far are—played 17, Won 8, Lost 7.

The names of those who have contributed to the Regimental Team are too numerous to mention, but congratulations are in order to the following on being awarded their Regimental Colours for Rugby: Lt Garbutt, Cpl Gardner, Lcpl Drummond, Tprs Beaumont, Lee, Leslie, Geraghty and Cfn Bassett.

We also congratulate the following for several reasons:

Cpl Mayall—as Team Coach and Master Singer (Goodbye Ladies, Goodbye).

RSM Morris—Pack Leader and Trouble Shooter.

Sgt Butler—Skipper and Chief Social Member.

Cpl Dixon—Medic Extraordinary.

We look forward to the remainder of the season and hope that we shall grace the fields of Dorset and perhaps Lancashire with our presence next season.



The Regimental Rugger Team 'The Animals'

Back row. Left to right: Cpl Dixon, Sgt Butler, Tpr Beaumont, Cpl Young, Ssgt Antenkring, Cpl Lowery, Lcpl Lowe, Cpl Mayall, Tpr Lee, Cpl Gardner, Capt Williams

Front row. Left to right: Cpl Smith, Lcpl Drummond, RSM Morris, Lcpl McNally, Tpr Bradley, Tpr Geraghty, Tpr Lesley

Cricket

On being asked to provide the Cricket article for *THE HAWK* some five months after the end of the season, I find the only consolation is that the matches are documented, depending on the scorer, more or less faithfully, with cryptic comments in the margins, such as 'Ted got another duck' filling in some of the memory gaps.

The season's tally was: Played 15, won 10. Our Cup run was short-lived when we met 35 Engineer Regt at Hameln on their postage-stamp size pitch with a pressed felt strip. Having batted first and settled for a comfortable 120 for 8, we were set upon by a one-man team in the person of Maj Guthrie, who had a one metre wide bat and a pair of shoulders to match. Maj Guthrie put on 82 runs in just 12 overs when he was out to Dean, leaving only 20 runs required by the remainder of the team, with 18 overs with which to get them.

The Officers v Sergeants Mess produced the usual crop of surprises, including the result. The Officers Mess wicket-keeper was redesignated 'Wicket Kicker', the RSM actually made double figures and Sgt Whelan retired from the field after bowling the Colonel, claiming a 'touch of sunstroke'. The fashion commentator drolled over the sar-

torial elegance displayed both on and off the field. The distinction of the day going to Mr Wood (Jenks). The final result was a win for the Officers Mess by 41 lucky runs, with Mr Bowes-Lyon making a creditable 53 and Mr David Woodd, 42.

The end of the season was played out in style with a return match against 7 Signal Regt who, earlier in the season, had convincingly beaten the Regiment by 8 wickets. Mr David Woodd just failed to make his half-century against some very spirited pace bowling, but nevertheless provided a useful foundation on which to build a target of 104 runs which had been set by 7 Signals. The final result was a win for the Regiment by 3 wickets. A very good performance against a very experienced and talented side.

Regularly representing the Regiment throughout the season were:

Capt Heathcote, Capt Lee, Lt D. Woodd, Lt A. Woodd, Lt Bowes-Lyon, RSM Morris, ASM Laverton, AQMS Weekes, AQMS Cummings, SSM Leeming, Ssgt Rushton, Sgt Whelan, Sgt Batchelder, Sgt Long, Sgt Costello, Sgt Walker, Lcpl Dean, Tpr Clayton, Tpr Ellison, Cfn Hodgson.

Regimental Colours were awarded to Sgt Walker.

Sailing

Our quest for gold in the sailing world was left to those of us detached from the Regiment. Fortunately a strong contingent of 'heavies' were serving in the South of England near to that haven of yachtsmen, the Solent.

Cpts Hoare, Davis and Hill beat the rest of the RAC to win the RACYC Gold Cup at Seaview, Isle of Wight. We had a strong back-up team consisting of Maj Colquhoun and his harem aboard his 'champagne palace' Ornsay, providing the immediate necessities of life for the intrepid sailors. Regrettably this is probably the last season we shall have such agreeable accommodation afloat, which was the envy of all the opposition.

The year 1975 was an Admiral's Cup year in the ocean racing world. Capt Hoare was

selected as one of the crew of Noryema X, a member of the UK team. A hand injury resulted in him only completing the first three races of the series, missing the classic Fastnet Race. However, the UK team won the series with Noryema X winning the most points, thus becoming yacht of the year.

Our posting to UK should enable a number of crews to become qualified in offshore sailing at the Joint Services Sailing Centre which should bode well for our return to BAOR. It will also give members of the Regiment the opportunity to explore the fleshpots of the Brittany coast and bring back the necessary stock of duty-free goods to stave off the shock of having to pay £4 for a bottle of gin in UK.

P.A.H.



The Regimental Sailing Team
Capts Hill, Hoare and Davis

Boxing

'Who? Me!' 'Never!' 'Box . . . Why??!' And so it went on while the Regiment's PT Staff went on a recruiting drive to try to find willing, able bodies to box, and thus revive a sport which had been long forgotten within the Regiment.

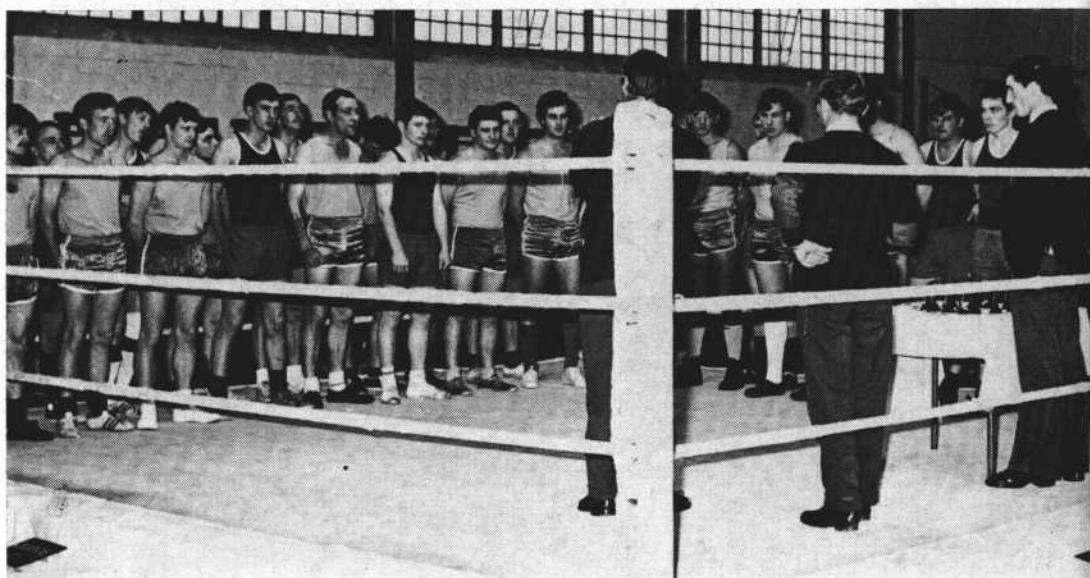
After many weeks of recruiting there were 40 names to choose from. After matching them up in the various weights, we had enough for 13 bouts which was well above our expectations, considering half the Regiment was in Cyprus.

It was now down to the hard training and with a few grunts and groans, we were ready to have our first competition. Although this wasn't to be an Inter-Squadron competition, we did our best to match up the competitors so that they came from different squadrons. The competition was held on October 30, 1975, at 1400 hours, to a packed gymnasium, which included many of the Regiment's wives.

During the afternoon we saw many good hard fights. Although boxing skills weren't being used, this was countered by courage and determination by all boxers, in the hope of winning.

One bout stood out from the others—that was between Sgt Munro and Lcpl Drummond. Munro had more skill and the height over Drummond, but this didn't stop Drummond from coming forward for the three rounds and trying to get inside which was the only way he had a chance of beating Munro. Good combination punching and full use of the ring by Munro kept Drummond where he wanted him. The judges gave the bout to Munro on a unanimous decision. Lcpl Drummond's aggression and determination paid off because he was awarded the 'Best Losers' Prize'.

To further the interest in boxing the Regiment entered the 4th Div Novice Boxing



Boxing at Herford. Prize giving

Competition, which has seven different weight classes: Feather, Light-weight, Light-welter, Welter, Light Middle, Middle and Light Heavyweight. Eight regiments in all entered and were split into two zones—Central and Northern. 14th/20th were put into the Northern zone with 28 Amphibious Engineer Regt, 4 Div and Signal Regt and 2 Light Infantry.

Our first round was against 28 Amphibious Engr Regt which was held at home on December 9, 1975. It wasn't long before the Regiment made its mark on 28. Tpr Lea ('B' Sqn) in the first bout of the evening, proved too strong for his opponent and the bout was stopped in the first round. By the interval the Regiment had four successes and by the end of the evening we had a further bout to our credit which made the Regiment victors by five bouts to two.

The next round against 4 Div and Signal

Regt proved to be harder than the previous round. After winning the first three bouts, all inside the distance, we were not able to score any more successes. The Regiment lost four bouts to three. The best bout of the evening was that of Tpr Lea and Sig Atherby. Atherby being a lot taller than Lea, proved to be an awkward task for him to score and try as he may, Lea couldn't get inside him. Lea was warned in the second round for dangerous use of the head, which proved to be fatal, because it was this one point that lost him the bout. Both boxers were congratulated on a hard-fought contest by the referee.

The overall competition is decided on points gained from all rounds. At the present stage in the competition 14th/20thH have 22 points; 4 Div and Signal Regt have 21 points; 2 Light Infantry have 24 points and 28 Amphibious have 17 points.

Ski-ing—Freestyle

Having discovered, to his chargin, that no-one in the Regiment who had skied with the team before, was available for this year's ski meeting, David Woodd—our Captain—set about discovering whether or not anyone else thought they knew how to ski. They didn't—

but David Bowes-Lyon, Jonathan Baines, David Reed-Felstead and Jeremy Palmer thought they might have a go anyway.

A quick check on the most expensive resort in the Alps threw up Verbier; so David booked a chalet there and departed for

Kenya, leaving Jonathan just to tie up the loose ends. Very little really—the chalet fell through, the Landrover fell apart, the skis weren't ready and the Insurance wouldn't give cover. No problems . . . Bowsie slipped back to England, thumped the agent's table, and another chalet was miraculously produced.

Hélène Baines and Caroline Mann, the cooks, bought six months provisions to last us the four weeks, and with the Landrover sitting hard on its tail David and Jonathan set off at the crack of dawn (about mid-day) December 6, after the former's birthday party.

David, Jonathan and Hélène set about preparing Verbier for the rest which included a night exercise on skis, a grassy walk over the Grand St. Bernard, and an introduction to hot-dogging, which, Bowsie will tell you, is all about Swiss sausages. Ssgt and Mrs Rushton kindly drove David Bowes-Lyon down and we remain forever in their debt for spreading the right rumours when they got back.

Rory and Caroline Mann, Dickin Pownall-Gray (trainer), Jeremy Palmer and Jonathan Baines soon arrived to fill the beds; and David and Melanie Reed-Felstead just made

it in time for Christmas and to restock the wine cellar. Dickin's arrival somewhat changed our outlook on ski-ing and, snow permitting, we soon introduced him to our version of the involuntary somersault and backwards slalom.

Christmas arrived on the 24th for some (funny habits in Europe) but Santa and Rudolph (sorry, Rory) came crashing through the balcony door right on schedule and filled our stockings with delightful goodies. Needless to say the two David's presented themselves with a few secret presents. (The 14th/20th apologises for the world shortage of caviare), and for Christmas dinner we managed to demolish a 24lb turkey in one go.

After Christmas the snow in Verbier became so poor that the skiers ventured to the other side of the valley to learn how to do what Downhill skiers call a pre-jump, and what you and I call committing suicide. Really a variety show put on by the rest to amuse David and Dickin. Most unfortunately, David Reed-Felstead cracked a rib at this stage and temporarily withdrew, but Bowsie spirited two female friends from England to fill the gap. A telephone call from



Turkey. Le Maitre d'Hotel just checking
Caroline Mann, David Bowes-Lyon and Hélène Baines purring over the Christmas dinner

'Some bar—not quite sure where I am...' also informed us that Mike Hill had fallen on Verbier, and Bowsie was to be seen setting about the ski-slopes and doing 'hill' climbs in the Landrover for the next week. On one memorable occasion the only possible way of recovering the Landrover after an evening out was either by helicopter or earth-moving plant—we settled for the latter. New Year arrived and stayed for about three days. Bowsie failed by a throw to become Verbier's Backgammon king, and Jonathan Baines managed to test the solidity of his head against a rock.

In the New Year we were lucky enough, while training, to make friends with a Swedish team skier which gave us the advantage of having no-one but two experts to watch, and having already persuaded the ski-school to let us use a roped off section of piste, the ski team began at last to make quite marked progress, although obviously rather hampered by the lack of snow. It was probably quite a good thing too, because after just another week, the time came to pack up and drive for



Winter Olympics 1976

David Reed-Felstead wondering whether or not he is going the right way in the 15km

eight hours across the Apls to Ischgl. Rory Mann unfortunately, had to return to Herford at this juncture, but as he generously left his wife behind we could forgive him anything.

On arrival at Ischgl we were rather pleased to find ourselves booked into *the* luxury hotel, and it was in truth, most comfortable. But few hotels could have matched Caroline and Hélène's superb cooking in Verbier, and The Post was decidedly one that could not. Still, it was good news for all when Anthony Woodd came out from Cyprus to strengthen our team, and also when, two days later, Col Bill and Caroline Stockton came to support/check-up on (delete whichever does not apply) us for the first two races. After the Giant Slalom we felt fairly proud of ourselves. Dickin—not eligible—won first prize, David Woodd came fourth, and the overall team result was 4th out of 18.

Our next task was the 15km cross-country—necessary to earn our grants. Langlauf skis were hastily hired and tested the night before the race and most of us quickly discovered that we had no aptitude at all, and anyway the skis picked up so much snow that it became more a test of one's stilt-walking capability. We soon discovered that wax had a part to play, and the 9th/12th Lancers promised to wax our skis for us in the morning. 169 started in the race, in the most appalling conditions and we were told that the winner would take about 40 minutes. When he had still not appeared after well over an hour, one began to wonder if the thing was even possible. However, we all finished successfully, our lowest placing being 114, and David Reed-Felstead led us home by coming 70th... then promptly retired to bed with exposure. David Bowes-Lyon was most sad to have to make his regrets to the committee and pull out because of 'flu.

Unfortunately, we couldn't maintain the pace. In the Slalom the only two not to fall were Anthony and David Bowes-Lyon, 18 and 29 respectively out of 79; team result—8th. In the Downhill we again only had two to count when David Woodd tried an uncharted course and Bowsie was disqualified. Jeremy finished 19th and Jonathan 28th out of 70 entries. To repair the dent in our pride in thus losing the cup, that we had won last year, Dickin managed, as an individual, to take first place. It was a pity that Anthony Woodd had already by this time, had to go back to Cyprus.



You want a Model?

Left to right: Jonathan Baines, Dickin Pownall-Grey, David Woodd, Jeremy Palmer, David Bowes-Lyon and Anthony Woodd

We should also record that Brig Mike Palmer and Jeremy raced for the Regiment in the Ski-bob, finishing 4th, and that Hélène and Caroline both competed in the Ladies Race. Caroline was, in fact, hot favourite, so we all felt rather hard done by when, three gates from home, she found herself baulked by one a little less fast and was unable to go on. As she had been in strict

training one feels she must have won. Hélène finished 6th out of 12!

Sadly after just a week the Divisional Meeting ended and we all had to leave for various places. It was a little annoying that the snow arrived in quantity three days before our departure, but then, two days of powder ski-ing are better than none.

J.F.T.B.

STAFF COLLEGE EXAM 1861

Present day Staff Officers and Staff College candidates might be interested to know what the form was in 1861.

- 1st day—Military Drawing. Hindustani
- 2nd day—Fortification (2 papers)
- 3rd day—Mathematics (2 papers)
- 4th day—Mathematics. Military History
- 5th day—Military History. Military Geography

6th day—French. Chemistry

7th day—German. Geology.

(All papers lasted 3 hours).

Extract from General Order No 779 included in the Army list book for 1861. It is signed by Gen James Scarlett, the Adjutant General (who had incidentally commanded the Heavy Bde at Balaklava).

Equestrian Activities

Polo

Throughout the 1975 season the players, Peter Vickery, Rory Mann, David and Anthony Woodd and Jim Couldrey, kept 11 polo ponies. By lending and sharing a team competed in most of the tournaments. Munster at Whitsun, and Dusseldorf tournament the following weekend proved valuable practices for the Inter-Regimental where we drew against the Royal Hussars in the first round. The team was Anthony Woodd, Couldrey, Vickery and at the back, David Woodd. After a great match we emerged the winners and played 13th/18th Hussars the next weekend. Sadly our involvement on exercises kept the players out in the field until an hour before the match which we lost, being

unable to stop the strong attack of Rome and Ward.

The Woodd brothers and Couldrey played with Mains (QRIH) at Dusseldorf and did well to win through to the final against strong opposition.

At this stage plans were laid for the Captains and Subalterns Cup and the ponies were moved into a tented camp in the woods near Bad Lippspringe. Daily the team practised and by living together in caravans, talking nothing but polo, we consolidated our tactics. In the first round we decisively beat the QRIH and went on to play the Royal Hussars. A friendly but needle match where ponies were stretched and we were tactically



Polo camp at Lippspringe prior to Inter-Regimental
Couldrey and Hewitt



Berlin Tournament

David Woodd, Peter Vickery and Anthony Woodd playing for the 'Hawks'

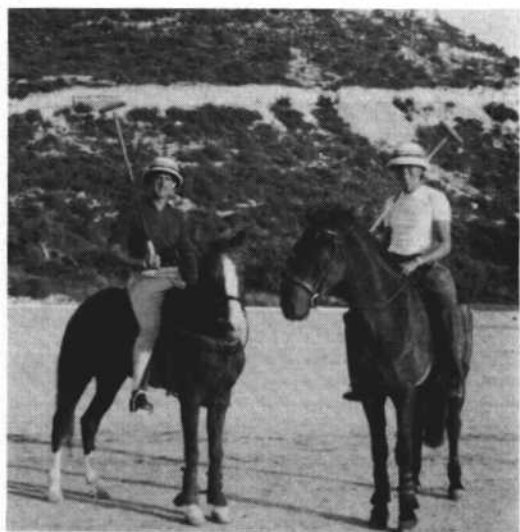
running out of ideas when in the final minute a fast solo run by Vickery put the deciding goal through.

The final against our old rivals the 13th/18th Hussars was no less exciting. The same teams lined up as in the Inter-Regimental two months before but Rory Mann played for the team instead of Couldrey. Somehow the game went our way from the beginning and long shots from David Woodd gave the forwards every opportunity to score. At half time it was 2-0 and we were determined to keep up the pressure and finally ran out winners 5-1. Mrs Palmer presented the Captains and Subalterns Cup to the team.

Polo waned a little at this stage with plans under way to go to Cyprus. However, Vickery played for BAOR in the Aldershot Cup v The Army in Britain and we took part in the Lippspringe and Berlin weekends.

In November, David Woodd and Rory Mann went to Kenya with the Army Team, taking part in two tournaments. Col Brian Tayleur, who is Secretary of the Kenya Polo Association, organised a tour of the country for the visitors. They met Ted Kelsall who left the Regiment at the time of mechanisation. He is a keen amateur radio operator and sent a message to the Regiment via Home HQ to say that Mann and Woodd had arrived.

At present 'C' Sqn is in Nicosia and Harman, Vickery and Anthony Woodd play regularly at Episkopi which is tremendous fun. Harman has played on Caroussel and Bandit—ponies he bought originally in Tripoli in 1963 and left behind in Cyprus when 'A' Sqn left in 1966.



Peter Vickery and Anthony Woodd on the Happy Valley Polo ground at Episkopi

Racing

Because of the Regimental move, the Racing Syndicate has gone into liquidation. All our horses, whether sound or not, were sold to the wealthy wife of a German Strip Club owner.

Although we have no great claims to fame, everybody thoroughly enjoyed the picnics, racing, and after-race recriminations, particularly non-members who were always quick with free advice.

Eskimo Boy was our great hope for summer of 1975, as our other two stars were in various stages of repair throughout. Training started in the early Spring and found two bad tempered animals being led around the riding school daily by two equally bad tempered officers. Eskimo Boy was looking well and we all had great expectations. He started off well and with a couple of good placings had the syndicate out of the red. He was reaching his peak when the going got very hard and had to be rested. However, he returned to the race course and gave us a very exciting race at Hannover. The Hon Trainer was clearly

visualising himself receiving a generous prize, but towards the end of the race, the horse stumbled and deposited his jockey neatly over his head. Very disappointing.

The Syndicate fulfilled its aim admirably. Firstly, it kept 14/20H colours on the race course. Second, it gave officers who could not afford Polo, a chance to partake in a horse sport at reasonable costs; lastly it gave its members endless enjoyment. We have learnt a lot and hope the Syndicate will start again on our return to Hohne.

We must thank the two Hon Trainers, John Rawlins and Peter Harman. Both suffered a great deal of trouble, much frustration and many disappointments, but always produced the horses looking fit and well. Our two grooms, Lcpl Hall and Tpr Morton worked long and difficult hours tending to the well-being of our thoroughbreds, keeping them calm and well mannered. (Pity they could not have the same effect on some of the members!) We are all very grateful. Plans are afoot to go 'to the Dogs' in England.

The Waterloo Ride

The Dutch Cavalry Association invited the Regiment to the celebrations of the Battle of Waterloo in April. We arranged to take 10 polo ponies to Brussels in the horsebox and put them up in the Gendarmerie Stables near the centre of the city. The following made up the party: Vickery, the Woodd brothers, Bowes-Lyon, Beamish, Wood, Clifton-Bligh, Micklem, Couldrey and Brocket.

We were very well looked after by the secretary, Brig Baleerts von Blockland, a retired Dutch cavalry officer who arranged a very interesting programme. On the first day we visited the Dutch Ambassador for a reception and then drove to Waterloo for lunch and to look round the museum there. We also saw the panoramic mock up of the battlefield nearby.

That evening the Association gave a tremendous dinner at the Club des Guides in

Brussels. There were cavalry officers and their ladies from Holland, Belgium, Poland, Germany, Sweden and, of course, ourselves all in evening mess dress. It was a most colourful and splendid occasion.

The following morning we met at the stables at 7 o'clock and started the long ride to Waterloo at a steady pace. 160 years before the officers of Wellington's Army had galloped the same course through beechwoods in an hour, after the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, but we took four hours and then rode round the battlefield where the Brigadier pointed out the historical landmarks. We dismounted for an excellent lunch on the battlefield and then sadly said goodbye to many friends that we had made over the weekend and returned—feeling a bit stiff—to Herford.



The Waterloo Ride

Left to right: Belgian Gendarmerie Officer, Maj John Clifton-Bligh, Mr Jim Couldrey, Mr David Bowes-Lyon, Capt Mike Hill, Capt Peter Vickery, Mr Anthony Woodd. (Obscured—hats just visible): Capt John Micklem, Mr David Woodd



Bowes-Lyon with a friend

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Stables

Yet again the grooms have covered a considerable variety of equitation during the year. There were times when the stables were full of horses being used for riding school, show jumping, eventing/hunter trials, polo and racing. The same horse was not used for all six sports!

At times Sgt Redmond was trying to be in about five different places at once, let alone organise and manage the various different feeds.

During the year we ran a riding school mainly for the younger generation of Herford Garrison. Cpl Addison worked hard and successfully to improve the standard of riding of our pupils. His hard work was well rewarded at small shows when various of his pupils came well up in the results. He himself had great success on his horse 'Temewing' gaining 1st prize in 1st RHA Open Hunter Trials; a second in Rhine Army Summer Show Dressage and Show Jumping Combination, and Hohne Open Hunter Trials. Mrs Addison also gained a 5th place in a Rhine Army Summer novice show jumping competition.

The stables' roof was finally rebuilt to our great relief. Not content with just the roof, the DOE kindly repainted the stables, tarmacadamed the floor of the loft and piped water into each loosebox. We are very grateful for their help. Now that the stables are in a good state of repair they are being

handed over to the new Herford Garrison Saddle Club as we gradually depart for England.

One of the main notable activities during the year was our representation at the Waterloo Ride which is the subject of a separate article.

Yet again we have been involved in the building of two hunter trial courses and a one-day event course on Sennelager training area—the main builders being Peter Harman and Rory Mann—ably assisted by a host of officers and their wives who were only too keen to slave away day after day. Many soldiers from the Regiment were also involved. Cpl McGlynn with a small party, built many of the fences for the Spring Competition. In the Autumn Mrs Mann put 'Charo', the Regimental polo pony, through an intense jumping course to gain a creditable fifth at the November hunter trials. This was followed by 'Charo' gaining fourth place at the QDG Hunter Trials under Mrs Moger's skilful direction.

We were all sorry to see Tpr Turpin depart, for he has driven the horse box so well during the past few years. We wish him and his family the very best of luck in the future.

One notable new arrival was 'Perkins' a colt foal from Mrs Murray's 'Polly'. This is the first foal born in Regimental stables for several years; he is doing well.

Triathlon

The British Field Sports Society Triathlon event drew 14 teams from Rhine Army at the Summer Show in July. We entered two teams: Vickery, David Woodd and Valdes-Scott in one, and Anthony Woodd, Brocket and Couldrey in the other. The simple handy hunter type course was tremendous fun and a challenge for Charles Brocket who

rode for the first time in his life, obtaining the best time of the day. The clay pigeon event was difficult but good scores were obtained by the Woodd brothers and Vickery. Valdes-Scott was very accurate at flyfishing. Overall our teams came first and second at the end of a really well run competition.



The Winning Triathlon Team

Seated: Valdes-Scott, P. Vickery and D. J. B. Woodd. Standing: The Runners-up: Couldrey, A. R. B. Woodd and Bocket

Officers Mess

After much encouragement from the Second-in-Command the author is finally writing these notes from the winter quarters of the Mess in Verbier; whilst back in Herford the Mess is preparing to close down over Christmas, thus earning the Mess Staff a well earned rest.

The year began with a Regimental Dance in April which entailed a lot of hard work—particularly in the cellars. However, thanks to a lot of female help and everyone suddenly sporting the day before, the party was a tremendous success. Matters had not been made easier by the fact that David Coombes handed over as PMC to Terence Scott, and Peter Elliott-Lockhart as Mess Secretary to David Woodd, who finally reappeared having decided he could not afford to stay in England any longer.

Under the careful supervision of Mess Sergeant Majors' Harrison, Eadsforth and now, Holland; Guest Nights, Dining-in

Nights and Lunches have all passed without major calamities. HRH The Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips, Brigadier Peter Cavendish, General Gow, Colonel Forty and Vonnice Allen and numerous children of various ages and behaviour all enjoyed Charles Bocket's menus—we hope. A small number of living-in members entertained the marrieds' which proved quite popular and it was strongly suggested that this should happen on a regular basis. Fortunately, as yet there has not been a Mess meeting to pass this resolution.

Comings and goings within the Mess have been frequent. Marriage has been a main contributor, taking away Billy Bowles, Anthony Byrde, Jonathan Baines, Jonathan Cameron-Hayes, Godfrey Tilney and Simon Lang. With two Squadrons in Cyprus the Mess has been very empty, although it has been bolstered considerably at various stages by married men. Bill Williams, having sent



A triumphant Officers Mess cricket side
Standing: Heathcote, Mann, Vickery, Lee
Seated: Macgregor, Woodd, D., Woodd, A., Stockton, Baines
Front: Bowes-Lyon and Wood

everything including his wife home, found he had nowhere to live in Germany and therefore moved into the Mess. Jim Escott appeared simultaneously and between them they showed the bachelors how to live. They did, however, have to admit defeat on the billiard table where David Bowes-Lyon reigns as champion with comparative ease, although he has had to try once or twice, normally because of a bad partner. Tony Valdes-Scott also spent a short time in the Mess before he found out that he was not going to Cyprus, after which a wife and children appeared with amazing speed.

Jim Couldrey, having completed his three years, has moved to London permanently where he hopes to become a purveyor of luxury food. Trevor St John Lyle, having spent many hours developing his all over tan, has moved on to further education. Chris Lewis has returned to REME and Auberon Ashbrooke, Peter Kennerley and Mike Lewis have all left after their six months to go to various universities.

Other officers have moved with some flexibility. David Bowes-Lyon and Nick Beamish could have been seen water-skiing to an audience of starters, drinking champagne

in the Carlton at Monte Carlo. Unfortunately, a fall by the latter did not help the image. Rory and Caroline Mann and David Woodd spent three weeks in Kenya with an Army Polo team and they claim to have played polo and even to have won. Amsterdam and the Hague has been the playground for nearly all the bachelors and even some of the marrieds at some stage or other.

Tim Wood's colourful Mess garden has been the venue for many photographs of the vain members of triumphant polo and triathlon teams and even for pre-skiing pictures of a PR-hungry ski team.

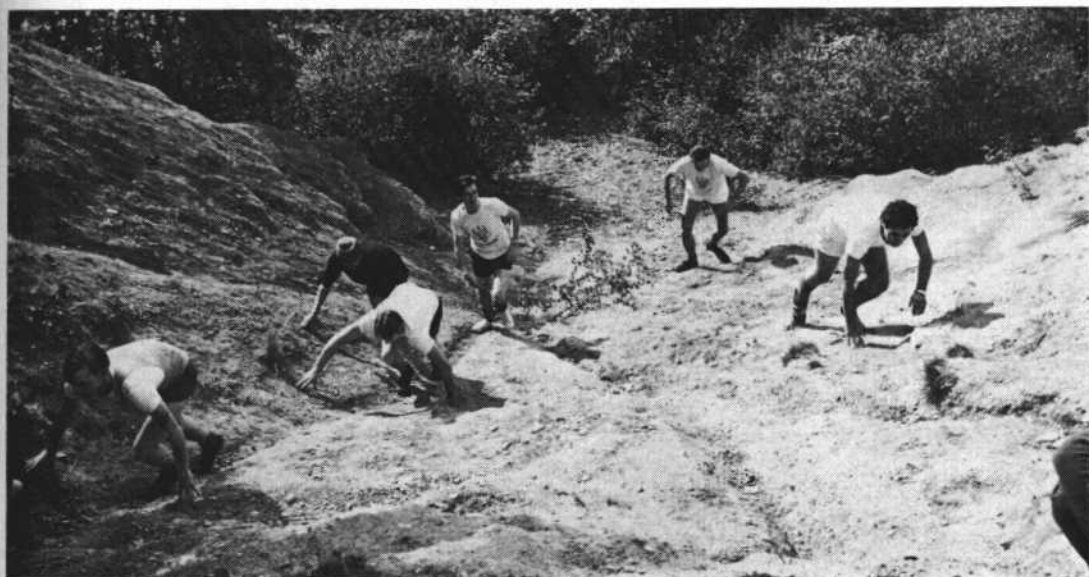
The Racing Syndicate sadly, has folded up temporarily, thus ending a long line of delicious and memorable picnics. However, it is hoped that the Syndicate may reform with a couple of dogs.

On the more commercial side of things the Mess has commissioned unlimited numbers of bronze statuettes of an officer of the 14th King's Hussars in full dress, which are proving very popular. It is hoped to produce a Dormer's Dragoon, c. 1715, as a pair.

It will, in the very near future, be time to start to pack up the Mess ready for our move to England. We are very lucky to pack for the first time Leslie Groves' medals presented earlier this year by his son, Peter Groves. Also Col Bobby Stephen very generously left a collection of pictures and regimental regalia to the Mess for which we are most grateful.



'Deep thought'. The Commanding Officer



The Officers bringing up the rear in the Regimental Cross-country run
Woodd, Singer and Baines

Sergeants' Mess

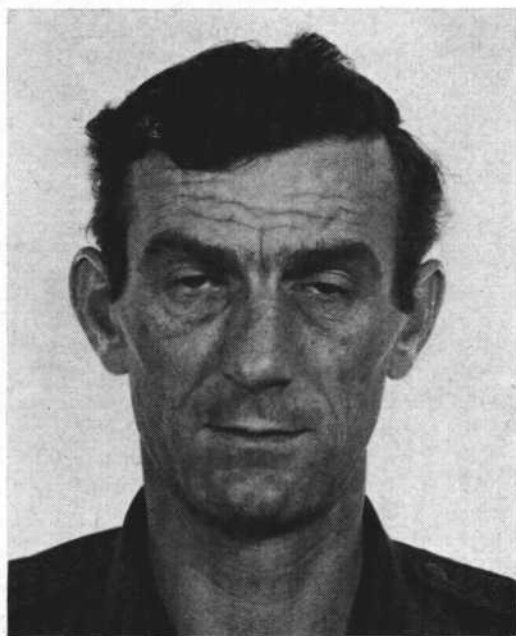
The Sergeants' Mess has undergone a year of change with the changeover of RSMs and both RQMSs. We have also welcomed into the Mess several new members to whom we extend a warm welcome. Despite having two Squadrons away the bar has continued to do well, and with Ssgt Keith Glover keeping an eagle eye on 'Manny' our profit has increased. On second thoughts perhaps 'Manny' keeps an eye on Glover.

The visit of the Colonel-in-Chief provided us with a hectic but thoroughly enjoyable time and now we look forward to Ramnuggur. With Midgeley and friends back from 'A' Sqn it should be a good night. Immediately after that we swing into the Christmas period and almost immediately after that we begin to reform for our move to Bovington and other places. 'C' Sqn don't return until March and with very little time to sample the delights of Herford before moving off again.

One sad note will be the fact that 'St John' will no longer be with us—leaving to become a BIA. The mind boggles at the thought of a handover, but he will leave a gap in the Mess that will be hard to fill. We wish him all the best in his new job and thank him for his loyalty and companionship over the years.

Having had the Mess split up for some time it would have been nice if we were to be

united at Bovington. But this is not to be and we can only look forward to being together again when the Bovington tour is over.



Guess who?
Passport photo of the wide-awake Sergeant-Major
Midgeley

NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS



Force Guard Hong Kong, March 1975 — The long and the short of it

6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles



Although 1975 has been a very busy year for us, our historical diary makes very unexciting reading. Four tours of border duty have occupied the major part of our time, and have stretched our manpower resources as the commitment was expanded at the end of 1974, entailing a considerable increase in patrols and ambushes. Under the present system of duties we pro-

vide Force Guards, which include the Government House Guard, at the same time as we do border duty. Having been relieved by the Grenadier Guards, our version of 'the long and the short of it' accompanies this newsletter. The Gurkhas are the shortest men in Support Company, while the Guardsmen are among the tallest of the Grenadiers.

The arrival of the Clara Maersk with 4,000 Vietnamese refugees in early May interrupted the otherwise quiet tenor of life, and although our only direct commitment was

the provision of guards and picquets at the refugee camps, the repercussions of the event effected us almost as much as they did those who were tasked, at 24 hours notice, with setting up the camps.

Many of the refugees had little but what they stood up in, and an appeal was made for clothing and shoes, and toys for the children. Several of our British wives worked from dawn to dusk for some days sorting and distributing four-ton load after four-ton load of articles received in response to the appeal, and the men on duty at the camps, both British and Gurkha, were often to be seen putting their hands in their pockets to give the mothers money with which to buy extras for the children.

A lucky few have managed to escape from Hong Kong for brief spells: among these have been 'A' Coy who went to Brunei in February on an exercise, and 'D' Coy who at the time of writing have just left—also to go to Brunei. Their exercise replaces one scheduled to take place in Australia and then cancelled, much to our disappointment.

In April the Colonel of the Regiment, Brig David Powell-Jones, came on his first visit after assuming the appointment. A guest night gave him the opportunity of presenting, on your behalf, a plaque commemorating the Battle of Medicina, which we were most pleased to receive. It also gave him the opportunity of introducing us to a form

of after-dinner recreation in which the participants take it in turn to orbit at speed round a plate on the floor, maintaining contact by means of a forefinger placed in the centre, the object of the exercise being to see who can complete the greatest number of orbits. It is not recommended for anyone who suffers from mal-de-mer.

The highlight of the year in Hong Kong was the visit of Her Majesty the Queen in May for which we provided a Guard of Honour. Prince Philip was able to visit his own Regiment—7th Gurkhas, but to our great disappointment the very full programme did not allow time for the Queen to visit us.

In sport, the year started badly when we were knocked out in the first round of the Nepal Cup. We were then runners-up in the Khud Race and Land Forces Athletics and Basketball competitions, being beaten by 2 Grenadier Guards in the latter events. In the 48 Brigade and Land Forces Swimming Championships, however, we took all the laurels, winning every event except one—The victory in the Land Forces Competition—making this the fifth time in six years that we have captured the trophy.

For the future we are now beginning to plan for our move to UK in early 1977, and already the families are beginning to return to Nepal. We very much look forward to the tour, and particularly to meeting old friends and making new ones in the 14th/20th.

Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

Si vis pacem, para bellum

(If you seek peace, be ready for war)

This year of 1975 has been remarkable for two things:

Firstly, the number of changes in personalities in the Regiment, and secondly, this was the year of the major UKLF Mobilisation Exercise 'Inside Right' the build up to which governed most of our activities.

The changes began with a welcome to our new Commanding Officer, Lt Col David Claxton, who from the beginning of the year stamped his personality (and his headgear) upon us. We also welcomed Jeremy Hope as our Training Major, and were subsequently very saddened by the news that his illness would prevent him from completing his tour of duty.

By mid-summer we had said goodbye to

our senior and very long serving Yeoman, RQMS Thistlethwaite, and we wish him every success in his new 'career' with the Army Cadet Force.

At the same time we wished good luck to our departing RSM, RSM Lovell, QOH, who has left the Army and is now Office Manager, with a commercial enterprise in Manchester where we wish him every success. In his place has come RSM Riordan who has joined us from 4 RTR.

July found the Regiment well into preparations for 'Inside Right' which promised to be the most exciting exercise in which we had taken part. The Adjutant was constantly muttering about 'mob docs' which fortunately no one else understood, whilst the Quartermaster, as usual, shouted at everyone and everything.

In the event the exercise was something of a disappointment especially as it meant camping on our doorstep at Altcar. However, we learned much of mobilisation procedures and later of the workings of a successful Command Post. The more exciting part of the exercise included the lifting, by helicopter, of two Squadrons in order to reinforce a third Squadron 50 miles away at Holcombe Moor. Later in the exercise the Squadron Leaders and one or two lucky members of RHQ were given a bird's eye view of Spadeadam and the Scottish border.

If camp and the major exercise lacked the usual thrills we made up for this in other ways. We were well represented at the Cavalry Memorial Parade and once again the Officers and their wives much enjoyed the hospitality of the 14th/20th King's Hussars at the Inns of Court Mess.

We failed to emulate the 14/20H successes at Bisley but are already hopeful for 1976, particularly as help has been offered by Capt Bill Williams in the training of our teams from June 5-19, when the Regiment will be camping at Tilshead.

Socially we have maintained our usual

pace including a lunch given for Mrs Mary Studd whose late husband was the first officer from 14/20H to command the DLOY—from 1949-52. Mrs Studd very kindly presented a painting of 'Topped Up' the hunter on which Col Eddy Studd won the John Peel Steeplechase at the now disused Manchester Race Course during the years of his command. Mrs Studd also loaned a matching picture of 'Time Call' another of Col Studd's fine hunters.

As the year comes to an end we continue our series of farewells, firstly to our Second-in-Command, John Ferguson, who has joined District Headquarters as a TAVR Staff Officer, and secondly to Maj Robert Heaton who is joining two brothers in South Africa. Both have given long and distinguished service to the Regiment and we offer them both our best wishes.

Lastly, we shall say goodbye in the New Year to Maj Jeremy Cadge, Coldstream Guards, who joined us from 'gardening leave' at short notice to take up the cudgels of Training Major and who has done so much to make 1975 an enjoyable year.



UK Home Defence Exercise 'Inside Right'. 'A' Sqn DLOY being landed at Holcombe Brook by a Puma helicopter

**THE DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN
YEOMANRY
STAFF LIST**

Commanding Officer	..	Lt Col D. J. Claxton, TD
Second-in-Command	..	Maj F. E. Hewitt, TD
Training Major	..	Maj M. J. Murray, 9/12L
Adjutant	..	Maj B. F. Gaskin, TD
Quartermaster	..	Maj T. H. F. Jones, MBE
Surgeon	..	Maj D. W. J. O'Neill, TD
Padre	..	Maj P. S. G. Cameron
Comd/Admin Tp and RSO		Capt D. J. Turner
RSM	..	WO1 G. V. I. Riordan
		4 RTR
RQMS	..	WO2 J. Steven

'A' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	..	Maj J. Swift
SSM	..	WO2 L. Williams
PSI	..	Ssgt J. Dandy 16/5L

'B' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	..	Maj R. A. Ferguson, TD
SSM	..	WO2 R. Gorton
PSI	..	Ssgt L. H. Yankey, 14/20H

'D' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	..	Capt G. D. Thompson
SSM	..	WO2 J. Deakin
PSI	..	Ssgt D. Tunnicliffe, 14/20H

ERE

Brevet Lt Col J. A. Ferguson	G2 (Trg) TAVR HQ North West District
Maj J. Stuart-Mills	.. All Arms Watchkeeper and Liaison Officer Pool (V)



Annual Camp. Ssgt Lewis Yankey at Hightown Station,
waiting for the 'Playboy' girl of the month
(Man A-Lone)

63 Army Youth Team

('Can we have a day off Sir?')

An extremely busy year by any standards for the Youth Team; we were having visions of canoeing with rucksacks, climbing boots and ropes slung over our shoulders at one stage. This has really come about through our increasing popularity and the public's awareness of how an Army organisation can help the youth of today.

Over the past years, the impression left by teams has not always been a good one because some team members were not the right type to be able to mix with all types of boys, girls and adults from varying backgrounds.

Things have now changed, however, and to help special adventure courses are arranged

to qualify and give more confidence to young soldiers when out in the hills, canoeing, climbing and generally showing organisations what adventure (with safety) is all about.

Because of this, and to make 63 AYT flexible, we had to send people on more courses. Sgt Aindow went away and became a fully qualified canoe instructor—one of only two who passed this course out of 20 entrants. Cpl Kirk, being the latest member of the team, went away twice and in good 14/20H style passed both his canoeing and rock climbing with 'falling' colours. The last person to go away and 'better' himself was SSM Burgess. He attended a four-week crash course organised by Glasgow Corporation during the Dustmen's strike. The Sergeant

Major was seen driving a 10-ton AEC full of rubbish around the streets of Glasgow muttering, 'Powell should never have signed my HGV slip'. When he returned to Manchester the team sent him to the bath first as everyone seemed to stand clear until the smell had worn off.

Meanwhile, the rest of the team went to Butlins for a week to entertain 1,500 kids. (We are not sure who had the best job—us or the Sergeant Major!) From then on we spent very little time in Manchester; we were mostly commuting between the Lake District, Peak National Park and Cheshire.

For the whole of July the team went to the Isle of Man with the CCF showing them how the Cavalry deal with beach landings. We were equipped with two Assault Boats and two Johnson '40hp engines. Most of the time the engines failed and we practised each contingent in 'Zulu Warrior'—paddles. At times the locals thought the Vikings had arrived. The 'off duty' hours were spent fishing and tasting the delights of 'Okells Ales'—worse than Keo. Our master fisherman (the Sergeant Major) caught a cold while the rest of us caught fish, including Cpl Morrow.

We all came back to sunny Manchester to find we were off for another three weeks with the Greater Manchester ACF. This time the location was 'Costa Del Cullybraggen' Training Camp in Perthshire, Scotland. Our task

was canoe training on Loch Erne. Punishment seemed to be press-ups organised by our budding PTI Cpl Edwards. The usual number being 20 for 14/20H cadets and double for others.

As winter drawers on—pardon the expression—the camps become less frequent and evening sessions take over with .22 shooting, film shows and canoeing in heated swimming pools! Occasionally we have an overnight camp in the Peaks (which is on a par with Soltau in February), but no rum ration.

By the time THE HAWK goes to press we will have wished a bon voyage to Cpls Edwards and Morrow. Cpl Edwards is leaving for civilian life in Droylsden, hoping to work with Securicor and Cpl Morrow is returning to regimental life, complete with khaki track suit! We would like to thank them both very much for their hard work, loyal support and all the best in the future. In their places we welcome Lcpl McGahey and Tpr Blackey and wish them a happy tour.

For those in the Regiment who fancy joining the team in the future, remember—get on some courses first, then apply in the normal manner. In 1976 we are off to Butlins, Lake District, Scotland, Germany, Cornwall and, best of all, no guards or duties!

Before we close we would like to send our best wishes to the Regiment and all our friends in their new posting. M.H.B.



Sgt Aindow and Cpl Kirk on a canoe course in Scotland



Cpl Morrow and SSM Burgess leaving Ramsey Harbour for a beach landing with some Manchester Cadets



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Photos sent to us by Capt John Symons who is seconded to the Sultan's Armed Forces in Oman



Saladin Armoured Car on Patrol



'Operation ends'

HAWK HUMOUR

WOMEN'S LIB—1857

At the beginning of the Indian Mutiny, when it was clear that the 14th Light Dragoons would be heavily involved, it was decided that all the married families would be sent back to England, but the wives refused to leave their husbands and declared that they would not go!

'Col Doherty—the CO—had all the married men of the Regiment paraded and told them that it was their duty to make their wives obey orders, and that they must go back to England. The men, of course, listened in silence and then went to the cantonment and told their wives. One or two wives were appointed to speak for the rest, and they interviewed the Colonel. They told him that they knew trouble was brewing and if they went back to

England they would not see their husbands for six or seven years, and they set him at defiance.

'In despair the poor distracted Colonel telegraphed the Commander-in-Chief and asked for instructions. In reply he received authority for the wives to remain—and so we won the day.'

From the recollections of Mrs Rose Summerell, wife of RSM Thomas Summerell, 14th Light Dragoons.

The Editor is grateful to Mrs Anne Smith for this interesting item of Regimental history. Mrs Summerell, who was a child with the Regiment at the time of the battle of Ramnuggur, last came to the Ramnuggur Ball in 1925. She was still as proud of the Regiment as she was in 1857.



The fool that willingly provokes a woman, has made himself another evil angel and a new hell, to which all other torments are but mere pastime'

James Fletcher—'Cupid's Revenge': Act 3

THE MOUSE SAGA

One of the Quartermaster's many responsibilities is the logistic support of Enger School, near Herford.

Maj E. Sheen (QM) January 6, 1976

On returning to school after the Christmas period the school was found to be infested with mice in all teaching blocks and particularly in the kitchen.

The kitchen equipment and stores were covered with mice droppings. Packaged foods were gnawed into and contaminated so that considerable quantities of flour, rice, macaroni and milk had to be thrown away. They have gnawed through ceiling tiles and appear to be nesting in the roof.

Ten mouse traps are set every night and the weekly catch averages 15 plus, but reinforcements far outnumber casualties.

Request is made for stringent measures to be taken to repel boarders.

Headmaster.

Headmaster,
Fleming School

January 7, 1976

You are obviously aware that I am the BAOR representative for the league for the Defence of Warm Blooded Creatures and to this end I abhor all killing and blood sports.

Your admission to the killing by strangulation of approximately 15 small defenceless warm blooded creatures weekly, places you in the same category as Master of Hounds and Rat Man of Hameln. Whilst we are unable to assist in your sadistic pastime, we have taken the liberty of submitting on your behalf, a request to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries that you be issued with a licence to keep pets on MOD property.

On receipt of the licence the mice may be considered to be in the same category as small dogs and cats and should be able to be house trained which would resolve the problem in a way acceptable to all concerned.

In the meantime investigations will be carried out by a member of my staff sometime during the next week to ascertain the amount of brutality being used within your mouse sanctuary.

E. Sheen, Maj
Quartermaster.

Maj E. Sheen

January 13, 1976

(Representative for the League for the Defence of Warm Blooded Animals)

I happen to be a keen ornithologist and spend my days studying the many beautiful birds at Enger. My particular interest is in the species *Academicus Spectacularis*, more commonly known as the Teacher Bird. Although always noted for their beauty, their gorgeous plumage changes with the seasons, being snowy-breasted in winter, and golden-breasted in summer.

Although not of a timid nature where homo-sapiens is concerned, they have a particular aversion to your small warm blooded furry friends—mice. In fact, whenever mice appear in their natural habitat they take off uttering shrill cries of alarm. If something is not done soon, there will be no Teacher birds left, and I shall be left with nothing but four men, 473 children and innumerable ineducable mice.

Until the licence is received from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries I shall continue to charge said inhabitants at the non-entitled rate for school meals, although payment is not foreseen.

Meanwhile, the member of your staff is eagerly awaited when the said residents will be encouraged to move on, pass on, pass over, pass out, pass away, or just plain die.

PS.—This was typed by a rarer species seen at Enger—a Secretary Bird.

Headmaster.

**FIT-FOR-ROLE INSPECTION**

Here's the Brigadier

What have we to fear?

The barracks are scrubbed, tanks repainted
With Standing Orders all acquainted.

Sound the trumpets. Smite the drum.

Quickly to attention come.

But—what's amiss?

Only this,

All my buttons are undone.

Copy of letter to General Food Corporation,
Houston, Texas.

Dear Mr Lykes,

We quote you verbatim letter received from
our client, Hans Grupper, Wilhelmstrasse
136, Hamburg:

'Der last two schipments of rice we got
from you on der Lykes schip was mit mice
schidt mixt. Der rice vas gutt enuff but der
mice durds schoils der trade. Ve did not see
der mice schidt in der sample vitch you sent
us.

It takes too much time to pick der mice
dirds from der rice. Ve order kleen rice und
you schip schidt mit der rices.

Ve like you to schip us der rice ine vun sack
und der mice durds in anoder sack und den
ve mix to soot our customers. Please write if
ve schoold schip back der schit und keep der
rice, or keep der schit und schip back der
rice, or schip back der whole schitten verks.

Ve vant to do ride in diss matter, budt ve
do nott like diss mice schit bisness.

Mitt much respect,
HANS GRUPPER.

To Headmaster,
Enger School.
Paddy,

January 26, 1976

You are the only chap with the two
ingredients, i.e. mice and rice. Could you
please say if we have uncovered a black
market in Army rations?

Eddie.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE BRITISH PRAYER

Our Father which art in Downing Street,
Harold be thy name.

United Kingdom gone,

We shall be done on Earth, and probably
in Heaven.

Give us each our dearer bread,
and forgive us our devaluations,

As we forgive them that speculate against us.

Lead us not into the Common Market,

but deliver us to the Unions,

For this is the Kingdom, no Power, No Tony,

For ever and ever, Amen

TODAY'S PSALM

The Union is my Shepherd. I shall not work,

It maketh me lie down on the job,

It leadeth me beside the still factories,

It restoreth my Insurance Benefit.

Yea, though I walk through the shadow of
decreased productivity,

I will feel no recriminations, for the Union
is with me.

Its restrictive practices and Shop Stewards
comfort me.

It prepareth a Works Committee for me, in
the presence of my Employers.

It anointeth my hands with pay rises, my
Bank balance runneth over.

Surely hire purchase payments and Union
dues shall follow me all the days of my life

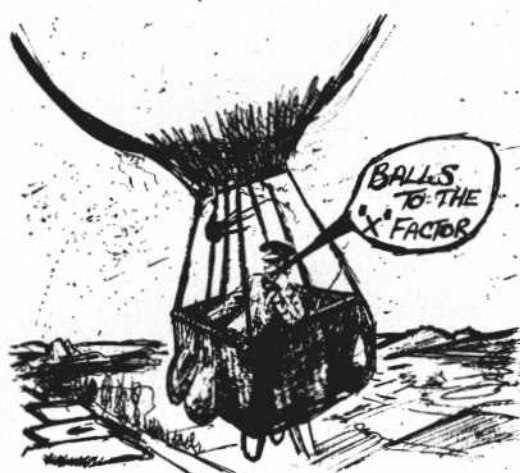
And I shall dwell in a Council House for
ever.

☆ ☆ ☆



(From the photo album of the late Lt Col O. J. F. Fooks)

HOW NOT TO JUMP. An officer—not British—at
the Belgian Army Horse Show at Aix-la-Chapelle, in
1922 during the Allied Occupation of the Rhineland



"This is Moonshot One calling Dublin Control"

The Second-in-Command goes ballooning!

LET IT BE KNOWN

The Colonel

Leaps tall buildings at a single bounce
Is more powerful than a locomotive
Is faster than a speeding bullet
Walks on water
Gives policy to God.

2IC

Leaps buildings in a single bounce
Is more powerful than a bulldozer
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet
Walks on water
If the sea is calm.

An Adjutant

Leaps short buildings with a running start and is almost as powerful as a bulldozer (favourable winds)
Is faster than a speeding .22 slug
Walks on water in indoor swimming pools
Talks with God if special request is approved.

A Squadron Leader

Barely clears Nissen Huts
Loses tug-of-war with locomotive
Can fire a speeding bullet
Swims well
Is occasionally addressed by God.

A Captain

Makes high scratch marks when trying to leap buildings
Is run over by a locomotive

Can sometimes handle a gun, without inflicting self injury
Dog paddles
Talks to animals.

A Lieutenant

Runs into buildings
Recognises locomotives two out of three times
Is not issued with ammunition
Can stay afloat with proper instructions on a Mae West
Talks to walls.

A Second Lieutenant

Falls over doorsteps when trying to enter buildings
Says 'Look at the Choo-Choo'
Is not issued with a gun
Plays in puddles
Mumbles to himself.

An NCO

Lifts buildings and walks under them
Kicks locomotives off tracks
Catches speeding bullets between his teeth and eats them
Freezes water with a single glance.
He is God.

Private Soldier

Sweeps under buildings
Puts locomotives back on tracks
Picks up spent cartridges after bullet has been eaten
Carries the water to be frozen
He is the Son of God.



SIX MUNCE AGO, I COULDN'EVEN SPELL ELICOPTER PILOT
AN NOW I ARE ONE !



Right mate, just add, "They were a credit to their uniform and their Commanding Officer", sign it, an' we won't bash yer 'ead in'

HOW TO GET AN EXTRA 48 HOURS LEAVE!!

Oldham, January 3, 1976.

To the Commanding Officer

14th/20th King's Hussars.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to commend to you one of your men, 24256527 Tpr Woods, 'B' Sqn, and a few of his friends who accompanied him on a 48 hour pass this weekend.

This will not be the only letter you will receive I am sure but nevertheless I will set out a few of the facts. On January 2, Tpr Woods and friends caught the 17.25 train from Euston, London to Manchester, Piccadilly. I was another passenger. Owing to the high winds and general British Rail inefficiency the train did not arrive in Manchester until 12.30pm today!

The numerous delays, stops at wrong stations, etc, included a stop at Bletchley of some 10 hours. During this time there was no lighting, heating, refreshments or water. As you can imagine no one was particularly happy about this! Tpr Woods and friends during this time were marvellous.

Being on their way home after Christmas they had a few bottles of spirits and cartons of cigarettes and during the whole time they were moving along the entire length of the

train giving drinks (for purely medical purposes of course!) and packs of cigarettes away to passengers, including myself, who had not got the amount of provisions that they had. Their generosity was such that on arrival in Manchester, while some of the passengers were agitating for refunds and compensation, I offered Tpr Woods one of the cigarettes he had given me (the whole packet) and he accepted saying that he had none left himself.

Apart from his material generosity, Tpr Woods in particular was very efficient in keeping up everyone's spirits including young children and a group of rather elderly ladies and gentlemen.

I cannot commend Tpr Woods and his comrades (he will certainly supply the other names himself if you ask) too highly for their behaviour during the whole trip and I would ask you to reward them in some way—thinking particularly of an extra 48 hours leave (they having lost more than 18 hours of this one) if you can do it.

They were a credit to their uniform and their Commanding Officer, Sir.

Yours faithfully,
Frank Ebron.

Comment by member of RHQ: 'Probably written by Tpr Woods!!'

CHILDREN'S CORNER

(Mainly for Teenagers)

by

'Uncle Mike'

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess in a far off land, near the Caspian Sea. She lived with her widowed father—the Sultan—in the palace situated in the capital city of Bokhara.

Rebecca, for that was the Princess's name, had just had her fourteenth birthday, and in accordance with national custom at that time, she was now of marriageable age. Her father and the Grand Vizier decided that in view of the strained relations between his country and the neighbouring state of Persia, a marriage between members of the two royal families would be a diplomatic move. Rebecca strongly objected to this proposal as she only wanted to marry for love and she had received bad reports about Sabur, the Shah of Persia's son. These indicated that he was fat, lazy, extremely ugly and had a squint in his right eye.

There lived in Bokhara a blacksmith's son named Cassim who was young, handsome and strong. He had seen the Princess on public occasions and the veil which she wore by no means concealed her beauty. Her sweet nature was well known to the local citizens and she was also believed to be a good cook! Although Cassim was only a member of a simple peasant family, he was determined to get to know her better.

One night Cassim climbed over the high wall of the palace grounds using grappling irons made in his father's blacksmith shop. He could not have timed his visit better for Princess Rebecca was strolling in the garden.

On seeing the young man she was immediately struck by his handsome appearance and manly strength. They fast became good friends and arranged to meet regularly—but, of course, in secret—sitting together concealed in some large shrubs, holding hands and whispering 'sweet nothings' to each other. Alas, disaster struck. One night they were discovered by the palace guards and arrested. Rebecca was locked up in her room with a diet of bread and water and Cassim was put in a cell in the guard house.

The Captain of the guard told Cassim that he was almost certain to be executed for his serious offence of consorting with a member of the royal family. He was to be interrogated by the Sultan in person the next day.

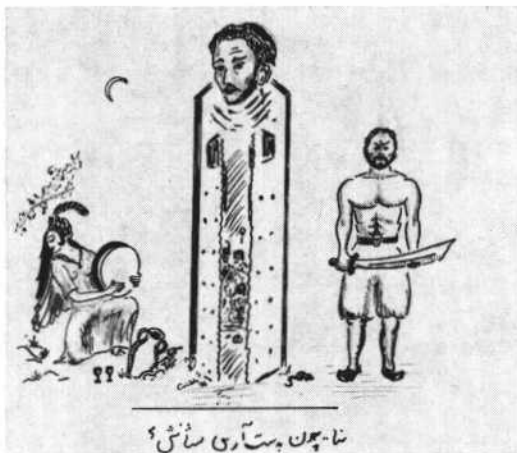
On the following day the Sultan, accompanied by the Grand Vizier, came to Cassim's cell. With them were two other prisoners. The Sultan said, 'You have committed a very serious offence and normally you would have been executed straight away. However, I like the look of you; you seem to be a young man of spirit and my daughter has told me how fond she is of you. She even wants to become your wife. I will therefore give you one chance to save yourself by the sharpness of your wit. You will see that there are two doors leading out of this cell. Outside one is my daughter and outside the other is the public executioner. You see these two prisoners who stand here? One of them always tells lies and the other always tells the truth. I will, of course, not tell you which is which! You may ask either prisoner one question and if the answer leads you to the door where my daughter is, you may marry her and I hope, live together happily ever after. However, should the answer lead you to the other door, my executioner will take you to the market square outside the mosque and behead you'.

We will call the two prisoners Mustapha and Ali Baba. Assume that you are Cassim!

Question:

- In order to reach the Princess, to whom would you address the one question which you are allowed?
- What question would you ask?

If you or other members of your family cannot think of the answer, turn to page 78.



Regimental Association

On May 3 we had our usual reunion—this year at Bucklersbury House. We are grateful to Lt Col Bill Stockton, the Commanding Officer, for giving us an account of the Regiment's activities and plans. He ended his speech with one of those funny stories about an Englishman, Scotsman and an Irishman.

The following attended the reunion, in many cases with their wives: Col Allen, Lt Col Stockton, Brig Palmer, Lt Col Talbot, Lt Col Ross, Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Maj Scarr, Maj Mann, Maj Donovan, Maj Urban-Smith, Maj Tubbs, Maj Hodson, Maj de Beaujeu, Maj Charlton, Maj Vale, Maj Swallow, Maj Scott-Dickens, Maj Heyer-Lyford, Maj Hope, Maj Wreford, Maj Eyre, Capt McClure, Capt Cornish, Capt Davis, Capt Edge, Sir Richard Dashwood, Mr Lambert, Mr Singer, Mr Palmer, Messrs Sargeant, Wanstall, Connolly (26H), Bean (26H), Knowles, Davies, Harding J. Thompson, Feaver, B. Smith, C. G. Smith, Woodward, Sibley, Crossan, Randall, Paveley Giles (26H), Docking, Mrs Adams, Dawson, Birtchnell, Hutton, McCarthy, Gates, Clarke, Hainey, S. G. Smith, Peckham, Brodie, Hobson (26H), Ryan (26H), Spooner,



The Commanding Officer and Colonel of the Regiment enjoying the London reunion



Regimental Reunion, London

Left to right: Williams, Brodie, Dawson, Brig Palmer, Terrey and Peckham



The Regimental Contingent approaching the saluting base before the Combined Cavalry Remembrance Service on May 4. The salute was taken by HRH The Duke of Kent.





Dormer, Glaze, Clements, Jones, Douch, Whitehead, Stillwell, Syms, J. W. Walters, Brock, Terrey, Cundy, Bateman, Hill, Townsend, Corbett, Vinson, Mrs Williams (Home HQ) and members of our Army Youth Team. We were sorry not to have Sgt Gillard with us, he was in the Infirmary of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, but has since been discharged.

On Sunday, May 4, we had a good parade and service in Hyde Park. Cpl Morrow and Cpl Edwards, of our Army Youth Team in Manchester, acted as wreath bearers for the main Cavalry Association wreath which heads the parade. They looked very smart and were a credit to the Regiment. After the service, we were glad to be able to entertain officers and wives of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles and the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.

Those members of the Association who went to the Hyde Park Barracks after the parade were well looked after by the Household Cavalry who had arranged an excellent meal at a most reasonable cost. They also had their stables open for inspection by their

guests. We are most grateful to them for the trouble they took to lay on a really good show for the benefit of Cavalry Regimental Associations.

The London reunion this year will be on May 1-2. The reunion will be at the Inns of Court Drill Hall at Lincoln's Inn.

On October 25, we had an excellent buffet at the 'Gay Willows' pub in Clifton near Manchester. We also had a disco which, mercifully, was not too loud and played music to suit all tastes. We are most grateful to the Anderson family and their staff, including Elaine, the attractive barmaid, for giving us such a good evening. The next Manchester Reunion—again at the 'Gay Willows'—will be on November 6, this year.

The following attended the reunion—in most cases, with their wives.

Col Allen, Lt Col Talbot, Lt Col Roberts, Majs Wreford, Harris and Moore. Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Capt P. G. Reed, Maj Urban-Smith, Lt Col Claxton (DLOY), Mr Tom Bergin—Editor of Salford City Reporter, Capt Condon (ex-DLOY). Wigan Coy Army Cadet Force: Capt Kay, Messrs Patmore,



Salford City Reporter

Manchester Reunion—Clifton. Gay Willows Hotel, near Manchester

Left to right: Lt Col and Mrs Pharo-Tomlin, Lt Col R. M. Roberts, Mrs Claxton, Col and Mrs Allen, Mr Bergin—Editor of 'Salford City Reporter' (just returned from visiting our Squadrons in Cyprus) and the Regimental Secretary



14th King's Light Dragoons c. 1835

*Oil painting 12½" by 10½"
by J. Mathews (c. 1890)*

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Mortimer, WO2 Thistlethwaite, Messrs Millward, Hall, Hibbett, Spooner, Wootton, Clarke, Robinson, Hainey, Charles, Randall, Coath, Volley, Holdaway, Eames, Barber, Sharp, Mrs Jude and son, W. Taylor, Burkey, Webster, Riley, Mrs Navin, C. Smith,

McCarthy, Bonfield, Bateman. Serving Soldiers: WO2 Burgess, Sgt Aindow, Cpl Morrow, Cpl Kirk, Ssgt Tunnicliffe, Ssgt Yankey, Ssgt Harrison, Sgt Bennett, Mrs Standish and Mrs Williams (Home HQ).



Regimental Secretary's notes

PRESENTATION BY WELLINGTON

After the Napoleonic War the Duke of Wellington presented a silver-plated trumpet to the 14th Light Dragoons. It is inscribed: 'To his faithful bodyguard 14 LD's—Wellington'. How the trumpet became separated from the Regiment is not known, but it came up for auction at Sotheby's in 1975 and was purchased by the Regiment. It is obviously a most important acquisition and will be greatly valued by us all. The trumpet was made by Charles Pace of Westminster—sometime between 1834 and 1849.

We are not sure why Wellington presented the trumpet to his 'bodyguard'. However, he was unpopular in England in 1832—particularly with the London mob—over his opposition to the Reform Bill. He was attacked in the streets and the windows of his London home—Apsley House—were smashed.

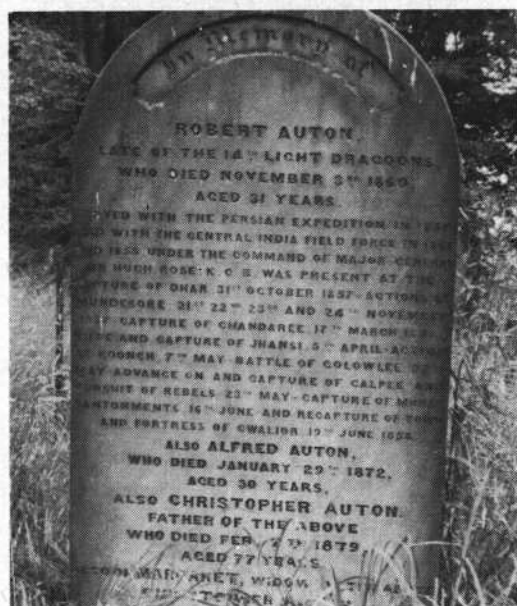
As some of the 14th were in London (Knightsbridge) at the time it is possible that they provided a bodyguard for him.

Canterbury Cathedral Appeal

In 1975 the Regiment made a donation for the restoration of Canterbury Cathedral. General Sir Richard Craddock, the Army representative on the appeal committee, wrote to Col Allen: 'I am absolutely thrilled with your Regiment's most generous contribution towards the appeal and so are the Cathedral authorities. The Army's total (so far) is over £1,000. My very grateful thanks.' The Regiment subscribed £50.



W. A. Bradley ('A' Sqn pre-World War II) as Inspector of Police—Nairobi in 1961. Bradley and his wife visited this country from their home in South Africa last year, and also visited the Regiment at Herford



Gravestone of Robert Auton (14 LD) who took part in all the engagements in the Indian Mutiny and died in York in 1860 aged 31. (Photo kindly sent by Mr Douglas 'Tiny' Hill)

The wearing of the Crossed Kukris was officially approved in 1951 and the Prussian Eagle in 1964.'

In a letter of thanks for the presentation from Brigadier D. L. Powell-Jones, Colonel of the 6th Gurkhas, to Colonel Allen—the Brigadier said:

'One of the particular pleasures during my visit to my Regiment in Hong Kong the other day, was the handing over of your plaque. It was done at a Guest Night and, I think appropriately received by the regimental officers as another valued token of what has become a very real and meaningful as well as historically proud association between our two Regiments.'



Gurkha Plaque

Plaques were presented by the Regiment to the 43rd Gurkha Lorried Brigade Association and the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles in 1974. The plaques are of simple construction and were not meant as a valuable or elaborate gift, but as a visible record of our association with the Gurkhas. A Plaque is also being kept by the Regiment.

The text on the plaque reads:

'The Crossed Kukris, the sign of the 43rd Gurkha Lorried Brigade, which the 14th/20th King's Hussars were invited to wear as an arm badge to commemorate their service with the Brigade in Italy, in 1945.

The Prussian Eagle, the badge of the 14th/20th King's Hussars, which the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles were invited to wear as an arm badge to commemorate the co-operation of the two Regiments at the Battle of Medicina in 1945.

Museum

We are grateful to the Army Museums Ogilby Trust for paying half the cost of the Dew Medals which were purchased from Spinks last year. The medals are the India General Service Medal 1854, and the Indian Mutiny Medal with bars for Persia and Central India.

The owner of the medals, Lt Dew, served in the 14th Light Dragoons from 1854-60. He greatly distinguished himself at Mundesor during the mutiny and was recommended for the Victoria Cross. The application for the VC was, however, unsuccessful.

We also received as a gift the South African and World War I medals and 20th Hussar uniform tunic of SQMS George Hall who also served in the 14th. We are grateful to his daughter, Miss R. Hall of Colchester, for this gift.

The Curator, Mr Peter Russell-Jones, is carrying out some reorganisation in the Museum in order to get on display some of our recent acquisitions. There are now two more show cases to be seen.



The Gurkha plaque

A PRAYER FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED

There have been a number of requests for copies of this prayer which Col Basil Woodd used to carry in his wallet, and which was read out by Col Tilney during the address which he gave at his Memorial Service in March last year.

It may be one of the reasons why Basil Woodd had such an enormous number of friends.

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will one day be old.

Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject on every occasion. Release me from the craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from recitals of endless details. Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of pains of others, but help me to endure them with patience.

Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint, some of them are so hard to live with, but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the Devil.

Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people and, O Lord, give me the grace to tell them so. Amen.

Reputedly written by a Nun.



REGIMENTAL AID FUND

We have, as usual, received excellent support from the various organisations which work with us. Of the total of £1,082 from the Army Benevolent Fund, one grant was for £400. This was to help the widow of a soldier who died whilst serving and was for furnishing her new council house in Lancashire.

It is nice when we receive letters of thanks for the help which we give on behalf of the Regiment. From a widow aged 89, whose husband served with the 14th Hussars in 1915:

'To all concerned I wish sincerely to thank you for helping me with your contribution to spend a fortnight at the Royal British Legion Convalescent Home at Western Super Mare. It really did make such a difference to me now that I am getting on in years. Keep up the good work and God bless you all.'

From a widower, aged 80, who enlisted at the age of 15 in 1911 and served with the 20th Hussars and later the 14th in Mesopotamia:

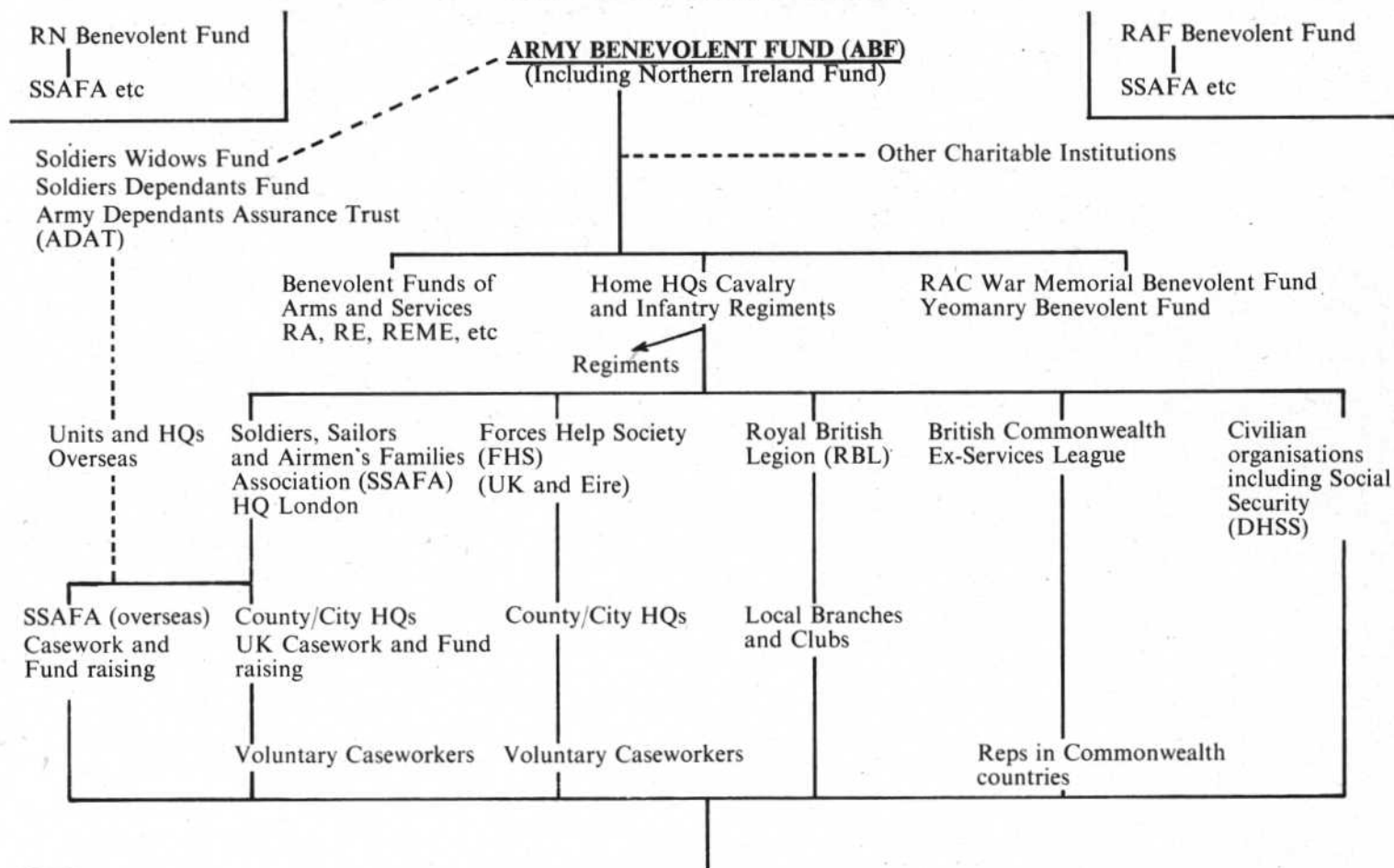
'I thank you and all concerned for the great help you have given me during the year. I have been in hospital a great deal during the year, and am awaiting another minor operation as soon as the dispute with the doctors and surgeons is settled.

'I greatly appreciate the help you have so kindly continued to send for this year, which will be spent wisely, and will help me regain better health.'

M.A.U.S.

ARMED SERVICES AID ORGANISATION

(As seen from a Cavalry Home HQ)



NOTES:

PEOPLE NEEDING HELP

1. Information on people's problems comes from the bottom of the chart and the resulting action—usually financial—from the top downwards.
2. The ABF and Corps/Regimental Funds work in partnership financially—but the ABF deals with major operations requiring larger sums of money.
3. SSAFA deals with family problems, the FHS those of single people and the RBL the problems of their members and families.
4. The Northern Ireland Fund was started by the ABF to deal specifically with suffering resulting from operations in that province.
5. SSAFA also provides welfare and nursing advice to service families overseas and an escort service for school children in transit between the UK and overseas.

REGIMENTAL AID—BALANCE SHEET

1975

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
	£		£
Subscriptions:		Grants and donations (41) ..	1,010
Officers, past and present ..	375	Donation to ABF ..	800
One Day's Pay Scheme:		Donations to other charities ..	156
Soldiers	1,937	Journal	820
Tax recovery	372	Audit, working expenses and	
Investment dividends	1,072	sundries	506
	<u>£3,756</u>		<u>£3,292</u>

In addition we received £1,082 from the Army Benevolent Fund in grants and Supplementary Allowances. The sum of £2,600,

mainly income from the sale of Investments, was transferred to our Deposit account pending arrangements being made for its disposal.

Obituaries

COLONEL R. J. STEPHEN, MBE

The Regiment, sadly, lost another great personality last year by the death in a London Hospital on August 14, after a short illness, of Col Robert James Stephen, MBE, at the age of 67.

Bob Stephen, who was educated at Eton and Cambridge, was the son of the late Brig Gen R. C. Stephen, CB, who was himself a 14th Hussar and commanded the Regiment from 1911–15. Following in his father's footsteps, Bob was commissioned into the Regiment at Aldershot in 1929, and served with it continuously for the next 17 years, in the UK, Egypt and India, during the war in Persia/Iraq, the Middle East and Italy; and after the war in Germany, before proceeding on his one and only tour of extra-regimental duty in 1946.

Bob was appointed second in command in India in 1940 at a very early age, and held the appointment under Lt Col Groves and Lt Col Tilney for most of the war. However, he succeeded to command the Regiment during the final stages of the campaign in Italy, when Col Tilney had to hand over owing to ill health after the highly successful battle of Medicina. He remained in command



The late Col Bob Stephen, MBE

until Col Tilney's return to duty in Germany in 1946. Bob was then selected to attend the Staff College, and after a short spell as a Brigade Major he again succeeded Col Tilney at Catterick in 1948, this time in substantive command.

In 1951, when his tenure of command expired, he had 22 years service of which more than 20 years had been spent with the Regiment.

Bob possessed a cool head, a quick brain and calm shrewdness, and could have risen to higher rank had he so wished. But he was essentially a regimental soldier. He was born into the Regiment, he had grown up with the intention of serving in it, and he knew and cared a tremendous amount about it. He thus preferred to retire and live in Jersey when his service with the Regiment came to an end.

In 1957 he was invited to succeed General Sir Richard McCreery as Colonel of the Regiment. He was ideally suited to the appointment and held it for nine years, before handing over to Col Woodd in 1966.

A large, somewhat Falstaffian figure with a high complexion, Bob, as Commanding Officer, was superficially the archetype of the peppery Colonel who consumed subalterns and chutney at breakfast. He could indeed be highly explosive as various unwary junior officers discovered, including one young gentleman who on a famous occasion ill-advisedly parked his shiny new sports car outside the great man's office window. But outward appearances were deceptive. Bob frequently had his tongue in his cheek, and beneath the surface he was an enormously warm and kind personality, with a tremendous fund of humanity and a sympathetic but shrewd understanding of his fellow men.

He was a marvellous raconteur and his quick wit, enjoyment of life and enormous capacity for friendship made him a splendid companion.

Bob's service covered two crucial periods in the Regiment's recent history. Between 1941 and 1944, while other regiments were nobly playing their part in the various theatres of war, it was the Regiment's misfortune to remain side-tracked in Persia/Iraq and the Middle East, constantly preparing for action which never came. Although he could easily have found more exciting employment elsewhere, and no doubt promotion as well, Bob chose to soldier on as second in command throughout these weary years. His steadfastness was whole-heartedly supported by other

long serving officers and NCOs, and was of incalculable value to his two Commanding Officers in maintaining a high state of morale and training. The reward came in full measure when the Regiment at last saw action in Italy, and acquitted itself with an assurance and dash worthy of the most battle experienced veterans.

In a wider context Bob's service spanned the tremendous change from the horsed cavalry role, in which the Regiment had been employed for the previous 223 years, to a fully armoured one. With his deep regimental roots and 10 years experience of mounted soldiering, the Regiment was indeed fortunate to have him serving almost continuously as second in command, Commanding Officer and Colonel during the vital years. There was none better fitted to preserve the old cavalry spirit and traditions and to adapt to a new age.

He was twice married, first to Mrs Allison Rose, who died in 1960, and subsequently to Mrs Joy Bissell-Thomas who survives him. To her, to Mrs Barbara Ross, his sister, and to his step-sons and step-daughters, we offer our deep sympathy.

He will long be remembered with gratitude and affection by the Regiment he loved and served so well!

LT COL J. H. GOODHART, MC

Col Joseph Henry Goodhart died on December 31, 1975.

Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, he joined the 20th Hussars in 1913. At the age of 19 he went on active service in France with the Regiment which formed part of the 5th Cavalry Bde. His troop is believed to have fired the first shot by the British Army in World War I.

Col Goodhart was wounded during the heavy fighting near Ypres, was later awarded the Military Cross and was Mentioned in Despatches. On his return to the Regiment he was appointed Adjutant in succession to Col D'Arcy Hall.

In 1920 Col Goodhart transferred to the 14th Hussars with the rank of Captain. He later served with the Cavalry Bde Staff at York before being appointed Adjutant of the Yorkshire Hussars. He retired from the Regular Army in 1933, but was granted a TA Commission as a Major in the Yorkshire

Hussars which he later commanded during World War II in England and the Middle East. He also served in the campaign in North West Europe 1944-45.

In 1934, Col Goodhart married Miss Bridget Beaumont, the daughter of Henry Beaumont of Whitely Beaumont and the following year they went to live at Keldholme Priory.

Between the wars he played polo for the Toulston and York club and was a keen point-to-point rider. He only rode his own mounts, the best being the well known Gay Lad on which he won the Regimental Steeplechase Cup outright. He hunted with the Middleton, York and Ainsty and Sinnington hunts and was a keen shot.

His son served with the Regiment as a National Service officer in 1951 and his nephew is still serving.

He will be remembered for his love of people, animals and Yorkshire. He continued to take a close interest in the Regiment and was always able to give wise council and advice when needed.

Our sympathy goes to his widow, children and grandchildren.

Capt K. T. Brailey

We regret to announce the death of Capt Ken Brailey.

Ken was a South African who was seconded to the Regiment from the South African forces during World War II and was in 'A' Sqn, commanded by Maj (later Lt Col) Eddy Studd.

He was awarded the Military Cross for his part in the capture of Medicina and he joined up with Maj (later Lt Col) 'Bodge' Browne in Medicina after the latter had been severely wounded. Their next meeting was in 1971 at the home of Capt 'Piccolo' Reed near Stockport, during a tour of England and Northern Ireland which Ken and his wife made mainly to visit the members of his wartime troop.

Ken was a popular and efficient officer and has been described by an officer of the Regiment as 'the best type of South African'. His widow wrote to say what happy memories he had of his time with the Regiment and the friendships he had made. Although the family home is in Cape Town, he continued



The late Lt Col Joe Goodhart, MC

to keep in touch with the Regiment during the post-war years.

Our sympathy goes to his wife Betty and their daughters.

Capt R. Boulter

Ray Boulter died suddenly of a heart attack on January 9.

He will always be remembered for his hard work and efficiency as TQMS, Technical Quartermaster and Quartermaster. He rose rapidly in rank on the Technical side and at a comparatively early age, it became clear that he would join the ranks of the many excellent Quartermasters for whom the Regiment has become known. His efforts in this field resulted in our receiving such good administrative inspection reports.

He was recommended to be commissioned in 1957 but had to wait as he had insufficient service in the ranks. He was eventually commissioned in 1958 and served with the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry where he further enhanced his reputation as a 'Jack of all trades' which is so essential to the Permanent Staff in the Yeomanry.

He returned to the Regiment in Hohn as Technical Quartermaster during a difficult period with the Regiment converting from the APC role back to an Armoured Regiment. Before leaving Germany in 1962, he became Quartermaster and helped to ensure the best possible handovers and takeovers during our move via Tidworth to the Middle East.

In Benghazi, he inherited a large waiting list for soldiers, married accommodation and was told by the local hierarchy that private accommodation was not easily obtainable. He went to much trouble to change this situation and as a result there were few soldiers without their families.

Towards the end of our Benghazi tour he was posted to Castlemartin. While there, he was unexpectedly and unwillingly made redundant. He therefore left the Regular Army and became Administrative Officer with the Royal Gloucester Hussars. On the axeing of large parts of the TAVR he assumed an Executive Appointment with the Kent County Council where he remained until his sudden death.

We extend our deep sympathy to his family and many Regimental friends.

J.A.P-T.

A. H. Swales

Albert Henry Swales, on February 12, 1975, at Pately Bridge near Harrogate. He served in the 14th from 1916-19 in the machine gun Squadron. After World War I he kept up his

wartime friendships and loved the memory and exploits of his old Regiment.

W. H. Berriman

William Berriman died on June 6, 1974. He served as a National Service Trooper in 'B' Sqn in Sabratha 1953-54 and was in the troop commanded by Lt Nicholas Hicks. He was a keen member of the Association and frequently attended our Reunions in London.

Saddler/RQMS C. Smith

Saddler/RQMS C. Smith died at his home in New Donnington, Salop, on February 17, 1975, after a very short illness of about five days.

Charlie Smith joined the Regiment as S/SQMS with his wife, Lottie, on the troopship at Port Suez, whilst the Regiment was en route to India from Egypt 1933-34. After spending the greater part of his service in a Dragoon Regiment, Charlie soon fitted in very well.

He was great fun with his stories and songs on Mess occasions. However, about 1938, when we lost our horses and mechanisation began to rear its ugly head, there was no room for Saddlers so Charlie and family left for the UK where, I understand, he obtained quite a good job at the Woolwich Arsenal. Here he stayed until his move to Shropshire. He and Lottie attended Reunions in the early days after the war but have always kept in touch with several families of the Regiment ever since.

G.H.S.

REGIMENTAL REUNIONS—1976

Old Comrades, London—May 1-2.

43rd Gurkha Bde Officers Dinner—
October 30.

Old Comrades, Manchester—
November 6.

Officers Regimental Dinner
(Cavalry Club)—November 11.

For details, contact:

HOME HEADQUARTERS,
14th/20th King's Hussars,
Lancaster House, Manchester Road,
Clifton, Manchester M27 2PU
Tel: 061-794 2898

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These items may be obtained from the PRI Shop, 14th/20th King's Hussars, RAC Centre, Bovington Camp, Nr Wareham, Dorset.

ARTICLES

INVASION OF PERSIA 1941 (Part 1)

by Col B. C. L. TAYLEUR, OBE

Extracts from the personal diary of Col B. C. L. Tayleur, OBE, who was a Lieutenant and Regimental Intelligence Officer at that time.

Part I takes as up to the crossing of the frontier. Part II will appear in THE HAWK 1977—Editor.

August 10, 41 Khaniqin Iraq

The Regiment is in camp on the bank of the River Qirr-i-Piki, near the Alwand Oil Refinery, Khaniqin, a few miles from the Iraqi-Persian frontier. My troop (RHQ Troop) arrived this morning by train from Kirkuk and we have spent the day settling in and digging slit trenches, hard work in rocky ground. As we may go into Persia from here we are not attempting to make this a permanent camp. Of course, if we are to stay here any length of time we will improve the camp later.

After tea I had to instruct all subalterns in the use of Stencil cypher and this took so long that I scarcely had time for a swim in the river before dark and I missed my evening walk. Dawn and dark are the only moments to walk with pleasure. The Qirr-i-Piki river is narrow and flows so fast that I was swept down stream as I attempted to swim across.

There is no sign of the Persian Army from here but the Colonel (Groves) and Crutch (Parry Crook) have gone off on a discreet recce.

August 14, 41 Khaniqin

A routine quiet camp day. After tea Dick Talbot and I went to Brigade HQ to mark up our maps and then on to the Alwand



Kasr-i-Shirin—1941

Club in the Oil Refinery where we had a swim in the small pool and drinks. The mosquitoes are bloody well carnivorous here and never give us a moment's peace. The camp is also alive with scorpions.

August 15, 41 Khaniqin

Today caught a native mooching around



Iraqi Police

the camp and found Persian money on him. Suspected him of spying out the ground for the Persians and so tied him up in the sun all afternoon. Then handed him over to Brigade HQ who finally passed him on to the Iraqi Police who will no doubt have thumped him well.

August 18, Khaniqin

Sunday—a morning of peace and idleness. What a blessing not to have to get up at 5am!

After dinner the Colonel summoned the Squadron Leaders and I, and told us that orders had arrived for an attack and entry into Persia. At last it seems we shall get some action. I was up till late playing around with routes and maps. Intelligence reports show that the Persians are on their toes and are expecting us. They have Wop or Hun instructors with every battalion.

August 19, 41 Khaniqin

To Brigade HQ this morning to arrange for reces of the Persian frontier. At 3pm met Capt Jeacock, Intelligence Corps, and we did a recce up the frontier near Hosh Kuri.

August 20, 41 Khaniqin

7.30am met Jeacock with Assyrian guide. Motored to various places along the frontier and had a quiet squint at tracks leading into Persia. Shot some fish (full of bones) with .303—an unusual but simple way of fishing which would make my grandfather turn in his grave. Visited the oil plant at Chia Sukh and

spent a pleasant hour cooling off in the Guest House. After lunch climbed a very high ridge to look down at the Persian frontier town of Qasr-i-Shirin. It was too far away to see clearly. Qasr-i-Shirin is the place which we will attack when the invasion begins.

On the way home we picked up a native who turned out to be an informer for the Iraqi Army. He had just spent five days in Persia and was able to give us a lot of useful information about roads and troop locations. Arrived back in camp 8.30pm very weary. Gave Jeacock dinner in mess.

August 21, 41 Khaniqin

Sam met Jeacock and spent day examining further tracks in the hope of finding one leading over the frontier to Qasr-i-Shirin—in vain, however. There is a main road leading across the frontier from Khaniqin to Qasr-i-Shirin up which a Gurkha battalion supported by two of our troops will advance. What I am searching for is a track which crosses the frontier further North, so that the rest of the Regiment can get behind Qasr-i-Shirin before the Gurkha attack and cut off the Persian garrison. Did not return to camp until 8.30pm but had a good meal off gazelle which Jeacock had shot.

August 22, 41 Khaniqin

Normal working day in camp for a change. This evening 'HQ' Sqn was out on a night scheme. I was busy laying out the night harbour when Jock Mann came rushing along and told us to report back to camp at once. Of course, everyone was excited as we thought that the entry into Persia was on. However, on reaching camp all I found was a note to say I was to go on a recce in the morning with a Wing Commander Coates. RV at 4.30am.

August 23, 41 Khaniqin

My bloody servant didn't call me till after 4am and consequently I was late arriving at Brigade HQ to meet Coates. However, we drove off to an Iraqi police post some 20 miles north of Khaniqin and there collected two police guides. The party consisted of Coates, a Gurkha Officer, the two guides and myself. We were all provided with police ponies and moved off disguised as a police frontier patrol. Christ! Nobody had warned me that we were to ride horses and I was wearing shorts, stockings and short puttees.

After a while I wrapped my puttees over my knees and the lower edge of my shorts and this made riding a bit better. The country was exceedingly hilly and covered in loose rock and shale. Where the boulders were large and numerous we moved at a walk otherwise we went at a split arse gallop. After an exhausting hour-and-a-half we reached a high peak (Pt 1939) and were able to look right down on top of Qasr-i-Shirin at a distance of some five miles. We dismounted and stayed for about an hour making notes and sketches of the routes to the town. On the return journey one of my stirrup leathers broke and this did not help my already raw knees. Saw a good many gazelle at which Coates had a shot but missed. Reached the police post again at about 10.30am and had a belated haversack breakfast. Coates spoke fluent Arabic and carried on long conversations with all and sundry. He insists on wearing an Arab head-cloth and a black robe. I think he fancies himself as another Lawrence.

August 24, 41 Khaniqin

A quiet and peaceful night. It seemed odd that we were about to shatter the peacefulness by attacking Qasr-i-Shirin. At 8.45pm as the twilight was fading the Regiment left Khaniqin in single file and followed me to the police post at Hosh Kuri, a distance of some 20 miles north of our camp. The use of side lights was permitted as far as the police post.



Unditching during convoy march to Khaniqin—1941



Lcpl Kitchener—Lt Tayleur's driver

As I looked back from the head of the column the long line of lights stretching across the desert was a wonderful sight. I felt a bit 'windy' at the responsibility of leading the Regiment in the dark on its first trip into action in this war. No-one else in the Regiment had seen the ground and so if I made a balls of my navigation we would be properly in the soup. However, we reached Hosh Kuri with no trouble at 12.45am.

August 25, 41 Hosh Kuri

After a short pause at the police post we struck off due East along an ill-defined track through some mountains towards Qasr-i-Shirin, a distance of five to six miles to go. The night had become so dark and as no lights were permitted now we proceeded at walking pace in single file. I walked ahead of the leading vehicle with a pistol in my hand. I must admit that I was scared as there was a Persian post at the frontier quite close to the track. However, we crossed the frontier at 3.15am and shortly found the track almost impossible to negotiate in the hills and wadis. I soon got over my fright in my anxiety to find the way through to Qasr-i-Shirin. Dawn was just coming up and we were still short of the town. However, Eddie's (Maj Studd) Squadron ('A' Sqn) and I hurried on in the improving light and got behind the town on the north-west side.

TEHRAN 1975

by WO2 M. R. Holland

(who is with the British Army Commissioning and Advisory Team)

Tehran, the capital of Iran, is a sprawling metropolis whose northern suburbs nestle in the foothills of the Alburse mountains. It is a truly international city, fascinating and friendly. It is of interest that in Tehran the Russian Embassy is situated in Churchill Avenue, directly overlooking the British Embassy!

Fitzgerald translated Omar Khayam as saying:

A loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse and thou
singing in the wilderness; and wilderness
is Paradise enow.

I know Fitzgerald was right about the bread as I have seen the very loaf he was talking about. As the year here is only 1354 you can see that the bit about the wilderness is right too, although I personally think the 'Paradise' bit was a mistranslation on Fitz's part. I have no idea, of course, to which bough he was referring and some glutton has guzzled the wine, but I know where the bottle is—along with three dozen more, in my cellar on 'march in'! Still, there's 20 rials on a returnable bottle here!

There was a requirement for a wooden spoon—gravy stirring type. The only one available and now on display in my kitchen, weighs a ton, is hand hewn and is more suited to Ye Olde Iranian Handicrafts Shoppe. Complementary to it is my rake handle which possibly came from Omar's bough. It is about to sprout growth at any moment and is so huge I can rake my neighbour's garden from the shallow end of my swimming pool. That's the end pointing to Istanbul—my neighbour's garden being on the road to Rawalpindi.

To turn from the domestic side of life to the military, the Shahanshah (King of King's) is pledged to have the best equipped and trained army in the Middle East. Certainly his very large purchase of British armoured equipments is a most significant step in this direction.

A large number of Chieftains and Scorpions have already been shipped to Iran and the

British tank designers at MVEE are presently working on an improved Chieftain for the Iranian Armoured Corps.

It is the responsibility of the British Army Commissioning and Advisory Team (CAAT) to commission into service and give advice generally on the equipments shipped to Iran. To carry out their task CAAT is split into three locations. The Headquarters is co-located with the Iranian Army HQ at Tehran. There is a small advisory team at Shiraz with the Iranian Armour Centre and the largest element in Ahwaz—where the bulk of the work is carried out.

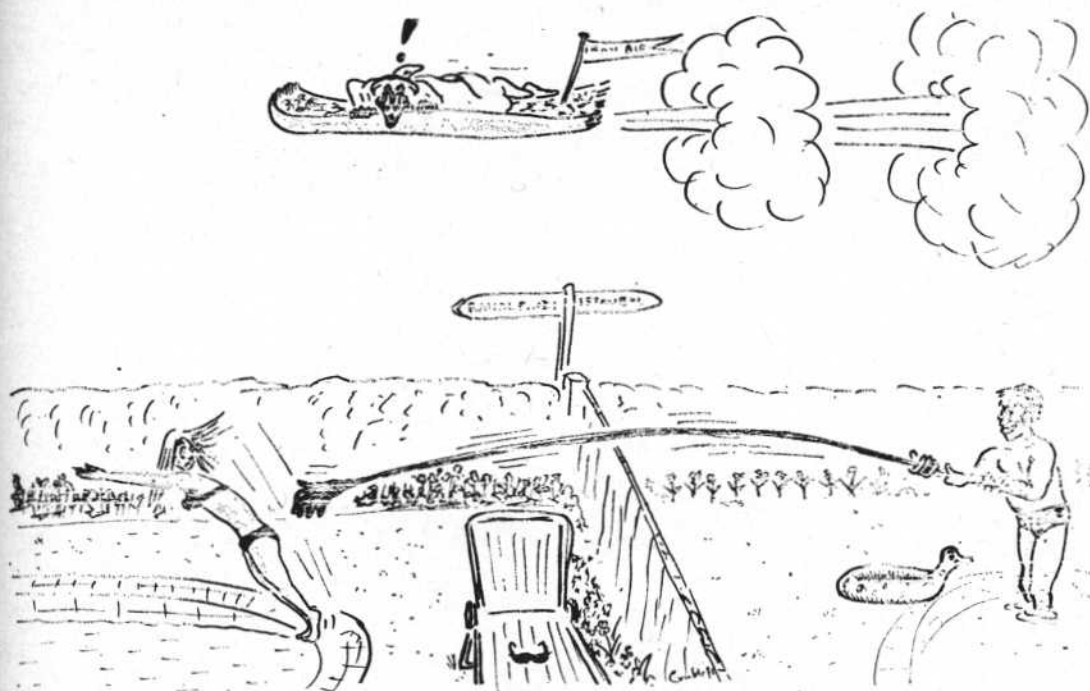
The tanks come in by ship to Bandar Shahpur where a small party of Ahwaz check them over, supervise unloading and see them on their way to Ahwaz by rail. At Ahwaz, RAOC vehicle specialists and REME technicians thoroughly check them over and prepare them for handover to the IIGF (Imperial Iranian Ground Forces).

Conditions in Ahwaz, where temperatures get up to a very humid 120 degrees, are the most demanding on British personnel. Tremendous steps are being made in the expansion and modernisation of the Iranian facilities, but power cuts are still frequent and the loss of air cooling when it is most needed is a loss indeed.



Answer to Children's Corner problem (p. 62)

- (a) It matters not to whom you address the question, so let us assume that you ask Ali Baba. You would say 'Oh Ali Baba, which door would Mustapha tell me to go through in order to reach the Princess?'
- (b) His answer doesn't matter either. Whatever it is, you go through the opposite door!



'It's so huge that I can rake my neighbour's garden from the shallow end of my swimming pool'

UNDER A RAINCLOUD

by Simon Cavendish

Simon Cavendish served in the Regiment on a Short Service Limited Commission in 1973. He is now at Cardiff University.

* * *

It has been well over two years since I departed from the Regiment and ever since I have been striving to find my metier in something as equally exciting and demanding. A chance offer of a temporary summer job at a lead smelter in East Canada seemed to be the impetus to put me on the tracks of adventure.

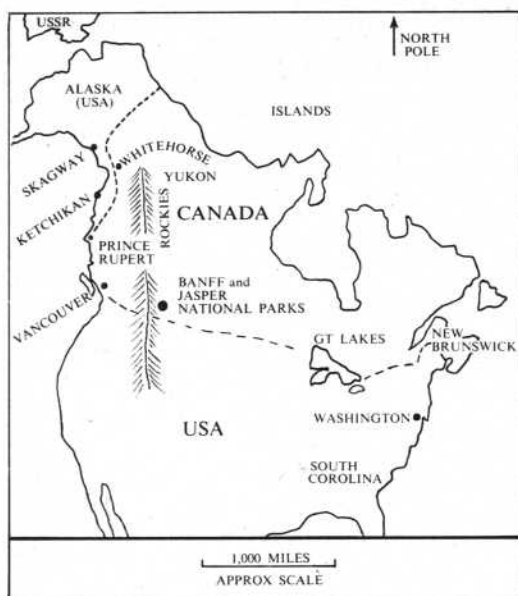
The job, which could only be described as a working holiday, was marvellous. All the more so for the happy, easy-going cultural mixture of French, Acadians and English Canadians. The region of New Brunswick was described as depressed by Canadian standards although the pay packets wouldn't suggest it and it was a joy to pile into a car

each weekend to go to visit the simple family, farming and fishing life available in the area.

After six weeks the desire to be going 'out West' was becoming intolerable so, selling the car, I set out with a two-storey pack on my back and hitch-hiked across Canada.

I shall always maintain that, given the time, hitch-hiking is the way to travel whether it is by car, boat, plane or train, and all are very possible. After all, not only can you go where you want, it is the easiest way to meet people, learn about their interests, aspirations and lives. Surely that is what a travelling holiday is all about!

In four-and-a-half days I had reached the Rockies with little outstanding to note, except that I had been mistaken for a murderer on the run, attended a strange wedding, and slept in extraordinary places such as ditches, under cars, under picnic tables and



even in peoples' homes. A week long stay in the awe inspiringly beautiful Banff and Jasper National Parks then a quick dash up to Prince Rupert, just south of Alaska. The rain had arrived in force but did little to dampen my spirits as I settled into a campsite with three student salmon fishermen, to await the Alaskan ferry.

It transpired that the fishermen had no means of returning to their boats in Ketchikan Alaska, so one whole day was spent touring the dockside to ask on board the tugboats, halibut boats, pleasure cruisers and seaplanes for 'rides' to Alaska. No luck, and soon despondence was prevalent until we met a young couple from Seattle who were researching the Society, Culture, and above all, the Art forms of the North Coast Indians. Around a fire they described the fascinating folk lore behind each animal caracature as represented on totem poles, food bones, masks and the like, until we were completely captivated.

The ferry appeared through the mist and rain. Its dishevelled and depressing appearance was a good reflection of the 36-hour voyage. Fortunately, tedious, dreary and boring times only heighten those that are so memorable. Consequently it was with much relief that the small town of Skagway, my final destination, appeared at the end of a long ford. The town is an important cargo boat and rail terminus which may seem surprising

with a population of 750, but the towering mountains make it completely inaccessible by road and impose major difficulties for railway construction.

After disembarkation, I went in search of one of the fishermen's brother. Enquiries took me to a small hut and, on knocking, I was confronted by a bewildered looking student railway engineer. I used an adage which became well used during further travels: 'I don't know you and you certainly don't know me, but we do have a mutual friend'. He was delighted to have been discovered in the back of beyond by 'one of those from over there' across the seas. Shortly we were trundling down the middle of Skagway's main street in his quaint Model A Ford doing a handsome 15mph over the bumpy cobbles. Our destination was quite naturally the 'Saviour of the North'—a bar. That night I met everyone of interest from the local fishermen to the backwoodsmen.

The following morning I was definitely feeling the worse for wear and a rain-soaked trip into the bay to put down crab pots, did nothing to ease the discomfiture. By mid-afternoon we were forced to seek shelter from the 'daily gale' as it was funnelled between the steep sides of the pine forested mountains. No sooner had we tied the boat than we were invited to go on board one of the single-handed purse-reiners to share in a delectable King crab. In the cramped, but relaxed conditions we talked of the prospects for salmon, about their gold mines (for everyone owned one) and the availability of bear and moose for hunting.

After a few more days among these fine, hospitable but lonely people, I bade them farewell and took the White Pass train towards the Yukon. The train left twice a day on the 100-mile journey to Whitehorse and, depending upon the load, it was pulled by between two and five powerful engines to reach the summit of the 3,000ft pass. I was in the rear coach with an outside balcony above the coupling. The view was terrifyingly impressive for apart from the thousands of feet vertical drop from the trackside, the glacier topped mountains rose above into the clouds. The ascent over 20 miles followed the trail of '98 and all along there was evidence of the catastrophies that befell the sourdough gold seekers.

As we reached the pass, two weeks of rain disappeared behind us and for the remaining three weeks of my travels not a drop fell from

the sky. In the time that followed I went down into the States, across to South Carolina and up the coast to Washington DC. In the capital city, as I waited for the RAF to indulge me homewards, I reflected that

although I had done over 12,000 miles of hitch hiking, I was still eager to continue. I concluded that all good things must come to an end and, after all, even University students have to do some work!

UNO IN CYPRUS

(This is an extract from an article written by Lord Brocket for the Officer Magazine.)

United Nations. I don't know what is so amusing about those two words, but they seem to spark off derisive smiles or sympathetic nodding of heads. Unfortunately, the UN has a rough ride with the media. It is the usual old story of the pig in the middle and in this case, an under nourished one.

Peoples' ideas of this organisation run from 'a bunch of muddle-headed shopkeepers playing at soldiers,' to 'poorly equipped policemen whose gun barrels are permanently blocked by politicians' fingers'. Most people

do not know much about the UN, with its National Service troops working alongside professional armies. It may not be the perfect instrument of war prevention, but it does prevent or at least delay hostilities. It therefore has a valuable part to play in the world of today.

The organisation on the island of Cyprus is the same as in most UN administered areas. The men are divided equally between the various national contingents. The island is cut in two by a line running from west to



1st Troop



Troop bathing pool

Tom Bergin ('Salford City Reporter') and Graham Gibbon ('Bolton Evening News') watching the new Squadron signwriter—Lord Brocket—in action

east—the northern half being occupied by the Turks and the southern by Greek Cypriots. The contingents are therefore spread along the dividing line to keep the two factions apart. We find from west to east the Danes, British, Finns, Canadians, Austrians and Swedes.

'C' Sqn has the task of being 'Force Reserve' based on Nicosia, the HQ of the UN. It is not a 'Dad's Army' as the name may imply but a force of six Ferret Scout Car troops, ready at short notice round the clock to move to any part of the island where trouble has arisen. As we are almost the only armour in the force on this island we are often needed, if only to give moral support. However, we do not spend our time sitting on our bottoms in Nicosia. We have a troop attached to each contingent for two weeks at the end of which we rotate to the next contingent. Although in some places we would love to stay on much longer, the rotation creates more interest, keeps all the soldiers in touch with the general situation on the island and makes drivers and commanders familiar with the whole cease-fire line. This means that after a full rotation a troop can be 'crashed out' to any part of the island with intimate knowledge of the ground. The Troop Leader and Troop Sergeant can build up a picture of the situation so that on arrival they can instantly put into operation one of several possible plans, depending on



The swimming pool in use

the situation. This is of the utmost importance, for a quick and efficient reaction confuses and unnerves the aggressor more than anything else.

My troop is 1st Troop and, on arrival we moved straight to Larnaca, a seaside town, where we are told we will take up residence in a villa only 200 yards from the sea—an order we find difficult to disobey! Regrettably though the beach is not for our private use alone. We spend our free time, of which there is ample, swimming, waterskiing, sailing and sub-aqua diving, the latter being our favourite sport. It is September and warm enough to be studying the back of one's eyelids and soaking up the sun at 5am, so people often sleep outside. Larnaca is in the Austrian sector and we carry out a long patrol every day with the Austrians over a rough hilly area along the ceasefire line. The only trouble we have in this sector is the occasional mad sallies from the Turkish lines to say 'Boo' to the local Greek Cypriot farmers who oblige and evaporate. Our very presence will normally solve this problem.

We now move to Famagusta on the east coast which is in the Swedish sector. We live here in a cardboard carton factory, the inside of which has been rearranged somewhat by the invading force. We live comfortably enough, however, and occupy the air conditioned offices. On arrival we quickly make up beds, using wood from crates and rubber

belts from machinery for springing. At night one often hears the cry 'Time for bed, said Zebedee' followed by a massive 'boing' then splintering of wood as the frame disintegrates. Zebedee did not say what followed. The patrolling is mostly along the border of the Sovereign Base Area and Turkish occupied zone, and is less interesting than in other sectors. Evidently a Turkish sentry thought so as well for he was found asleep at his post by his commanding officer and suffered an instant attack of lead poisoning, from which he never recovered.

We have our daily conferences to thrash out any problems before they get to a higher level otherwise one might find the loss of sheep being discussed in New York. In fact we have an interesting time trying to trace some 30 sheep which the Turkish Company Commander claims do not exist, which the Second in Command says might exist and which the Third in Command says may have been eaten. The bodyguard grins when the shepherd himself is mentioned.

As the temperature is still well up in the 90s we clean out a large static tank, fill it, and with the help of a Ferret and forklift truck, build a diving and sunbathing tower alongside it. This produces interesting reactions from our friends on the other side of the line. Binoculars appear from molehills and there is much activity in their observation posts. Apparently we are building a new OP and thus



Transport provided for us by UN



Ha! Fooled ya. Didn't think I was aiming at you, did you?! Cairo

violating all rules. This again has to be cleared up. On the whole though, all is quiet. One night, however, the Swedes discover the pitter-patter of little feet crossing the line to empty a wardrobe of clothes in the abandoned house of the director of our factory. Now mine-laying is something both sides are very good at, when they find the piece of paper telling them how to do it. When they lose the piece of paper indicating where they put the mines, things become somewhat confused. For the UN to dabble in this dangerous game is simply not on. Therefore one night a Swedish mine-laying party goes out and lays an imaginary minefield round the director's house and places wires across all the doors and windows. Protests fly around throughout the next morning and are soon dismissed; but the bulbous eyes and little gremlins of the night have seen all and the director's house is definitely now a nasty place. Verbal abuse flows over the wire for the next week.

Famagusta itself has to be seen to be believed. Occupied by the Turks, it is fringed by bombed-out factories. However, the 'new town' which remains intact, resembles a Moscow rush hour—very few private cars

about. In fact it is completely void of actual inhabitants. They fled on the approach of the Turkish Army. Shops, offices and hotels are all still fully equipped and stocked though most of it is finding its way to the mainland. I cannot help grinning when I see a big shop that boasts a sign over it 'Self Service'. This is taken quite literally by the soldiers.

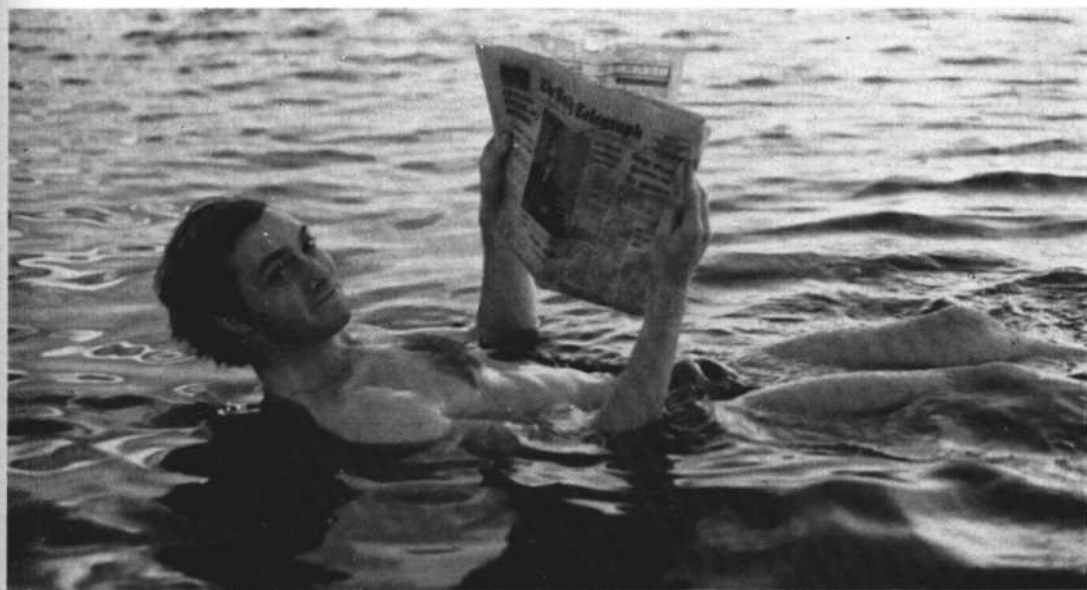
Our next stop is Pano Zodia. Our home is an orange box factory and we make our rooms out of orange boxes—making ourselves quite comfortable. This is the Danish sector and is where most of the incidents occur—farmer collecting and streaking across the line amongst the orange groves being the main occupation of the Turks. The land is very fertile and thick with orange, lemon and grape fruit trees. Sadly, many of the groves near the ceasefire line have died through lack of care or water. Unfortunately for the Turks they may have oranges but the orange box factory is on the Greek Cypriot side. There was one attempt to capture it, but it just resulted in a lot of heavy oranges. Our patrol route is along the line running through the groves. One day I see a gun trench being dug well forward of the Turkish line, but directly in

front of one of their towers. We calculate it will take a minimum of seven minutes for troops to crash out and reach that position. So early one morning the whole of my troop assembles armed to the teeth with shovels, dashes forward in a cloud of dust, dig like maniacs—and in five minutes the hole has gone! One of the disadvantages of our being diplomats is that through normal channels it would probably take three weeks for that hole to be filled in. There is a reaction, but too late and so that particular move is obviously satisfactorily countered. In any theatre of operation one little move may, in itself, be insignificant; however, many little moves constitute large scale overall action.

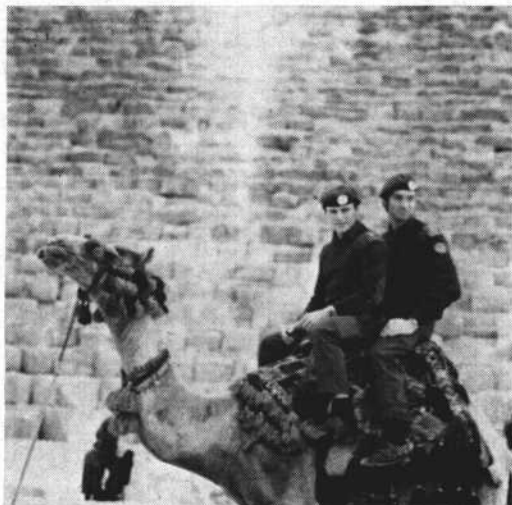
Another day we are patrolling the line and I think I hear voices in 'no man's land' where there ought not to be voices. We wait but no one appears. The answer is to flush out these voices. Suddenly a very large grapefruit fairly and squarely hits my Troop Corporal. The reply to this is in kind followed by bedlam in which much marmalade is made. However, the riot has the right effect and curiosity being too much for the owners of the voices, they show their faces. Their position is reported and they are sent back. These two incidents are typical of what continually occurs and is usually easily solved.

They may seem trivial but to the locals they directly affect their lives and are therefore of utmost importance. However, it must always be remembered that over-reaction on our part can have disastrous consequences.

After a week in this area some barriers are erected on our patrol route. Early one morning I assemble my troop and one section moves in for demolition, whilst the other waits nearby. An hour later we return only to be stopped by a section of Turkish infantry. Time for diplomacy, I ask for their officer: 'Out of the question, the officer is having breakfast' comes the reply. So to make our point, I indicate that I'm quite happy to spend all day playing vehicular tiddlywinks to keep the track clear, and this we do, making full use of our right of way. After 45 minutes or so, from the end of the 800 metre clearing to our front comes a crashing noise. Yes, the officer is coming with a complete company for good measure. There are M113s in front with platoons of infantry behind and they come straight for us! Rapidly my flanking Ferrets move and find positions in the undergrowth and we hope this character is joking. In spite of my driver's surprise at my sudden arrival on the floor plate beside him, I am sure it is a good idea, as it needs no genius to realise that if an M113 rolls a Ferret, then the



'Trying to find out why, in the "Telegraph", people always die in alphabetical order'
Brocket in the Dead Sea



'Peter, I think she's only running on one....' MT provide a service anywhere. Peter Garbutt and Charles Brockett

latter's turret comes off. A few seconds later our friend is busy modifying our bodywork and pinching our optional extras. For obvious reasons I cannot recount details of events that followed, but one of the more lighthearted exchanges over the air was as follows:

'Hello 31 this is 31C... gulp... I'm surrounded by five bazookas'.

'31, Roger, five ? over'.

'31C Yes, over'.

'31 Roger, at what range are they? over'.

'31C gulp... 3 to 5 yards, over'.

'31 Roger, don't worry, if they fire the explosion will kill them, out'.

'31C Help'.

This event, however, is a classic example of the type of situation that requires its own tactics. My orders—indeed, The orders—to my troop are to shoot if they are shot at or if I give the order to do so. After the arrival of our friends though, I have to amend this. No one is to shoot at all, even if shot at, without my express orders or, in the event of my vehicle being knocked out, those of my Troop Sergeant. If one bullet is fired, 'C' Sqn will clearly have one troop less.

Our next stop is Scouriotissa, still with the Danish contingent. This is a peaceful area in the foothills of the Troodos mountains. The tracks are steep and slippery and what the drivers haven't learnt about driving yet they, soon pick up here. My Troop Corporal and I,

however, have an interesting time when we are captured by the Turks and held for two hours, during which time a Turkish guard is shot for letting us through the barrier. The Danes, like the Swedes, entertain us very well. Unfortunately we are not quite accustomed to their Scandinavian brews and the big white telephones are frequently having words spoken down them.

Our turn eventually arrives to do the four-week stint in Nicosia. This is not popular because the work is less interesting and because troops always like to be independent. However, it gives me time to buy my shirts and suits, both of which are remarkably cheap. The only patrolling we carry out is with the Finnish contingent and that is to patrol the airport area. This is still littered with bullet-ridden Tridents and, to the eternal credit of British engineering, a pilot climbs aboard one and, after one year of sitting outside in the rain and intense heat, it starts first time. Another duty we occasionally do is escorting the Greek Cypriot malaria spraying team. The patrol route takes us up to the Turkish line. At 7 o'clock one morning we reach the Turkish line. After about 10 minutes all hell breaks loose and they dash around like devils possessed thinking re-incarnation is just around the corner. We have woken them up! Besides these two duties our other commitment is to remain on permanent stand-by to reinforce another troop if necessary.

This then is our way of operating and our life out here. The important aspect of serving with the UN is that one can never rely on military actions alone in solving a problem. If one has to, it will only be a temporary solution as the repercussions will be an even greater problem. One must always ask oneself what the reason is for some occurrence and understand it from each party's point of view in the light of what one knows about their own particular way of life. Then, and only then, is one somewhere near being able to provide an answer and a solution. One may take the attitude that this sort of problem is dealt with higher up, but it is often the initial action that determines whether it is really a problem at all, and hopefully enables it to be dealt with at a low level.

Cyprus, of course, offers immense sporting and adventure training facilities. My troop were trained in sub-aqua diving in Berlin so we have few problems in this sport, but it is easy to learn and great fun with all the wrecks that exist around the island. Our villa at

Larnaca is next to a world renowned diver, who not only lends us all the kit, but also gives us very good 'lunches' aboard his boat. Water-skiing is there as long as the sea is calm, i.e. 5am, whilst ski-ing up in the Troodos mountains is possible in the winter. Team games are a little more difficult as we are so split up as a Squadron. Apart from the sights

to see on the island, the UN diplomatic plane will take one to see many sights off the island. Using this plane I went to Beirut, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Ismailia and Cairo, all in the space of a week, the most interesting aspect of which was the battlefields around the Suez Canal. That, however, is another story . . .

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

'You'll have no trouble', said the Vet, 'just give the dogs these pills and they'll be as good as gold'. Pills for humans would have helped more. Having decided to put Rollo into quarantine in November, I found myself being conned into taking—in my tiny car—Cpl Vickers' collie 'Lassie', Sgt Brierley's labrador 'Paddy' and Mr Fellowes' spaniel 'Kelpie'. Cpl Vickers agreed to accompany me to help handle the dogs, and humans.

The journey to Zeebrugge was—thanks to the pills—almost uneventful. Lassie did manage to take a chunk out of my hand, but I felt that was a small price to pay for four dogs, all strangers to each other, lying peacefully together in the back of a car for a six-hour journey. Having successfully negotiated the four dogs and two humans through the Belgian emigration, I turned to Cpl Vickers and, with a smirk, remarked that I seemed to have organised the trip pretty well. Silence is golden.

'If it is your intention to bring those bloody animals on my boat, think again!' said the hood at the bottom of the ramp.

'Now just a minute' I said, 'I've paid for our tickets'.

'It would not worry me if you owned the boat'.

Kelpie then answered to the call of nature, in the middle of the loading ramp.

'I've got one kennel on this ferry and that's got an Alsatian in it. You can take your four !!***!! mongrels and B . . . off.'

'Now just you listen here', I cried, 'I demand to see the Captain and no less'.

After a lot of discussion an efficient looking sailor, the First Officer, was produced. Lassie, meanwhile having watched Kelpie perform,

followed suit. This all happened on the narrow ramp over which cars were now pouring to fill up the ship's hold.

'Can I help you, Sir?' said the First Officer.

'Can you help me? Just tell this moron to let me get these four dogs on the boat.'

As he didn't hit me, I thought I'd press home my advantage. 'If you do not then I shall write to your company, my MP, the Prime Minister and the *Daily Mirror*, in that order.'

By now, Rollo and Paddy, realising that we had a common foe, started growling at the FO. 'I've got my ticket for this boat', I shouted, 'and that constitutes a contract. I'll sue you; I'll get the RSPCA on you; I'll . . .'

'If you'll calm down, Sir', said the FO, 'I'll see what I can do'. After a long 10 minutes the owner of the alsatian had been bribed to take his dog into his car. Our four were now able to share the one kennel. Sighs of relief. Round one to us—the boat sailed.

We were due to dock in Dover at 1000 hrs but were 45 minutes late. I, having reported to the Purser's Office, was met by a carrier. However, he informed me that he was only there to collect an alsatian. I now felt slightly uneasy.

By 11 o'clock, a little worried, I asked the First Officer how long I had before the boat sailed again. 'Half an hour, Sir,' he smirked. Eleven fifteen, still no sign of our carrier and now becoming frantic. At eleven twenty I approached the FO who had that 'you'll be sorry for all those things you said to me at the beginning of the voyage' expression on his face.

'Sir, what happens', I smarmed, 'if our carrier doesn't arrive before you sail?'

'You'll just have to come right back to Belgium,' said he.

'And who pays?' says I. 'You do I'm afraid' he grinned.

'Well, I won't pay, I'll sit here in Dover until you do the round trip.'

'In that case, we'll just put your dogs ashore at Zeebrugge.' And with that he wandered away leaving me with my mouth open.

At this stage a policeman appeared asking for Mr Howard. 'Your carrier has been in an accident and will be 20 minutes late', he explained.

'Twenty minutes'. I exploded, 'He is already an hour and a half late!' Calming myself once again I explained the problem to him including the fact that the ship was due to sail in about five minutes. He rocked on his heels, pushed his cap back, thought for an endless minute and said in a deep voice, 'Nowt I can do about it. You'd best come to the telephone and speak to my Sergeant'. 'Sorry Sir', said Sarge, 'I'd love to help you out but I can't. We have used our vans to keep dogs on occasions like this, but one of our policemen was bitten and almost caught rabies.' (To the English Dock Police every dog coming from abroad has definitely got rabies). 'Afraid there's nothing we can do.'

By this time I was flapping. I just couldn't imagine four dogs lasting another 12 hours in that tiny kennel without tearing each other to pieces. In desperation I turned to the man who seemed to be dressed in the most senior uniform in the crowd that had gathered, and appealed to him. He happened to be just an inquisitive Customs Officer who suggested that I might telephone the Dock Police Inspector. The policeman reluctantly agreed to phone the Inspector, saying that this might mean the end of his career. The Inspector turned out to be helpful and constructive. He advised: 'Get a fork lift truck to lift the kennel on to the quay, give my policeman the keys to the kennel and wait there until your carrier arrives.' By now it was 11.45 and the ship was the usual 15 minutes overdue for sailing. I tore back onto the ship, grabbed the FO and shouted 'It's alright, it's alright!' I explained what the Inspector had said pointing out that as soon as he moved the kennel with a fork lift, we would be out of his hair. 'Fork lift truck?' he said, 'and from where do you think I'm going to get a fork lift truck?' 'Oh' I said.

I turned dejectedly, gazed upon a building

site and saw a fork lift truck. 'Get it now!' I commanded Cpl Vickers.

Meanwhile the boat, now half-an-hour overdue for sailing, was almost full of cars and the crew were loading on large trailers and mobile homes. Almost frantic I saw Cpl Vickers returning with a decrepid electric lift truck. 'Hurry it up' I screamed. 'Officer, Officer, we've got the truck!'

'Oh my gawd!' The sight of our funny little truck trundling towards the ship almost brought tears to his eyes. He was plainly thinking 'the bastards have beaten me'. Having decided that discretion was the better part of valour, he ordered the crew to reverse the trailers and mobile homes back up the ramp in order that we might bring off the kennel. With a sigh of relief, I saw the kennel on the quay with the 'Bobby' pacing up and down in front, firmly clasping the keys. A minute later the carrier arrived and I kissed him. Having loaded the dogs, I turned to reboard the ship.

By a superhuman effort the First Officer had managed to reload the ship, close the ramp and cast off a good ten seconds before we got rid of the dogs. The ship sailed, hooting her horn, leaving Cpl Vickers and I standing on the quayside. Our last impression was of the First Officer by the rail of the departing ship blowing us a farewell kiss.

Silence is again golden. The return journey started with us befriending a mother with two ghastly children. It continued with me losing my passport, ID card, and both cheque books; Cpl Vickers having improper suggestions made to him that night by the mother, being interned by the Belgian authorities; and finally being conned by some beautiful German bird to take her to Essen—many miles off my route. I still dream.

J. P. H.

FROM THE DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

When a dog bites a man that is not news,
but when a man bites a dog that is news.

('What is news?') *New York Sun* 1882

CHADAU BIS - FORTY YEARS ON

In the beginning it was either Cloggy Taylor or Darkie Jones who said to me, 'Show this young man how to clean his equipment'. The young man in question was Gerald Thomas Jones and, being a good soldier, I complied. This was my first encounter with Tom in a barrack room over the stables of The Queen's Bays at Aldershot during the summer of 1934. The meeting—although I was not to know it then—was to affect the rest of my life.

Our object in life was foot drill, rifle drill, sword drill, PT and the everlasting cleaning. Riding school, ranges, saddle cleaning, church parades and stable cleaning. Coal fatigues and barrack room cleaning, char and wads and beer at fourpence a pint. Sword, lance and revolver and the dizzy heights of Lance Corporal.

Cavalrymen all, shaking off the dust of Aldershot, Edinburgh, Shorncliffe and Folkestone, etc., the drafts from the Queen's Bays, 5 DGs, 4th Hussars and the Royal Scots

Greys met and mingled together for the first time on the lower decks of the *Nevassa* in the autumn of 1936, to commence their storm tossed voyage to India, with its accompanying long periods of sea sickness, boat drills, 'housey-housey' and deck sports. I'll gloss over the voyage and only remember the sea sickness.

Blanket and dhurri issue amid the new and unpleasant smells of Bombay. The three-day 'cattle truck' conditions on the train journey to Lucknow and our new home with the 14th/20th King's Hussars. Although the memory fades the smells of Bombay will never be forgotten.

Lucknow, with its airy, pleasant bungalows, our dispersal to 'A', 'B' and 'C' Sqns and a few off to 'HQ'. Swimming baths in the lines, the Miadan with its vast expanse on which to gallop. Sunday morning church parades duly followed by the constant purchase of new pith helmets.

Monsoons, married pads and military



Officers and Sergeants Football Match. Meerut 1940

The following faces can be recognised. Back row: Swallow, Volley, King, Bailey, Longstaff, Talbot, Charlton, Roberts, Gooding, Easto, Groves. Kneeling: Bankes, Stephen, Johnston. Sitting or lying: Browne, Stanton, McAllen, Allen, Parry-Crooke

funerals. The local gaff and Agabegs, with Monty Munro—the local bibi's answer to a maiden's prayer—stacks of beer and card schools. The 4am reveille, mounted exercise and Chukker Kennedy, the cook, with his big pans of burgoo ready for our return. Cocky Easton and the other Jones' the football team with Charlton in goal and McNeil on the wing. The boxing team—Gabbitas, Hailey, Walter Volley, Danny McCarthy, Lakri Woods, Lou Davies, Fred Bessnet and Tiny Hill. The PT and Signals courses, cinema and other physical pursuits, char wallahs, pani wallahs, dhobi wallahs, mochi and kitab, kitab 'till payday. Sammy Crocker and Bodge Browne.

The Bolarum. Trimulgherry, the Nizam of Hyderabad and the stinking, but often sought after Charminahs. Sitting round a bath of Bangalore beer waiting for an important announcement which was to effect us all and hearing that we were at war.

Two squadrons mechanised and two squadrons horsed and the war has started. Funny little Mk VB tanks with tracks pins all over the place. Sword, lance and horses gone; Chevs, light tanks and B Transport come in.

Off to Meerut and still more courses. Where once were riding schools, large vehicle garages appear. Week end card schools—we won't let Mailer play, he's too good. Main Guards—wonder who'll get the stick tonight? 'B' Sqn has the best kit. The same four sets of equipment appearing on guard night after night. Shite hawks whipping the food off the plates on the way back from the dining hall, and weekend holiday camps by the river where you could do as you like, drunk as a lord and no one to bother. Bodies off to the D & M school, some to the 26th Hussars, some to who knows where. Pack up again and punch up on boat drill.

The dirt-hole of the world—Basra. Sand and flies everywhere—talk about 'It ain't'alf hot Mum'. What little canvas we have stretches down from the tanks with an odd tent dotted here and there. Just one visit to the RAF station with its swimming pools and luxury living, the occasional swim in the Euphrates. We ride up and down that bloody sand month after month. Baghdad and the delights of River Street, steam baths and sherbert and dates hanging over you while you sleep under the trees.

Mosul—its minarets and oil wells and then

the news that we'll all start paying income tax for the first time in our lives. Fishing and swimming in the Tigris, drinking at the Hotel Maude. Getting ready to pop over the border and up that damn awful Pai Tak Pass. The Persians are not very friendly, trying all the time to shoot our heads off and other things.

Kirkuk and its valuable oil installations; oil tankers laying roads for us all over the sand. Kermanshah and our dugouts underground. Aussie beer and our first decent smoke for many a long month. Card parties and Ginger Jarvis with his two records—one of Vera Lynn singing the 'White Cliffs of Dover' and Davie with his 'got a fag, Mac?' at two o'clock in the morning. Shanker King and Ginger Senior swapping jokes round the camp fire. Over a hundred rials to the pound, the odd fight with pistols at the hip and Charlie Cranston off to the Recce unit.

Hamadan and thick snow and living in smokey little holes underground. Soon be pushing up to Tehran and beyond. The Russian tanks are supposed to be in Tabriz. Thousands of little Mongol men astride ponies smelling like hell. Suddenly many of the more stable types want to become paratroopers and a number are selected to return to the UK and earn red berets.

Back down that Pai Tak Pass again, unopposed this time, but still a nerve wracking experience particularly when you're steering a three-ton truck. The weather is now better and suddenly the summer of 1943 is almost over. Replacements arriving from UK and a shock in store for us. No prior warning—pack your kit, you're going home.

So it's the *Mauritania* round the Cape and on to Catterick. Everyone split up and sent to every unit in the UK for retraining. The RAVC recruiting team at Catterick on the lookout for ex-cavalrymen, took a fair number of us under its wing and Doncaster saw us for the first time—they were far from impressed.

Finally, some of us soldiered on until we were too old to continue, but a few of us meet from time to time. Jock McNeil from Doncaster, Monty Munro from Tranmere, Tom Jones and myself at the home of the RAVC in Melton Mowbray. Our conversation always turns to the Chaudau Bis and the activities of our youth. . . .

Don Lane
(Major)

SEPTEMBER 1941

Maj G. H. Swallow has written to the Editor recalling one of his experiences in World War II in 1941.

The fighting with the Persians was over and officer patrols were sent out from Hamadan to discover 'the form' in the direction of Kazvin. Maj (then Captain) Swallow and his party—Tpr Prevett, Lcpl Boreham and Tpr Ramsay—were travelling in a three-ton lorry.

The Russians had occupied Northern Persia and near Kazvin Maj Swallow's party made contact with them—possibly the first contact between British and Russian troops in World War II.

The Russians appeared to be friendly, but on their guard and as Maj Swallow spoke a little German, some communication with one of them was possible.

A Russian Officer insisted on Maj Swallow accompanying him to his HQ at Takistan and, in view of his threatening manner, he went with him and an escort, leaving his soldiers behind with orders to stay put.

Takistan was full of Russian troops including a mounted cavalry unit. There was an armoured and motorised unit on parade. The lorries were of different makes and all shapes and sizes; they had multiple machine guns mounted. The tanks were much bigger and

more powerful than the Mark VI B Vickers with which the Regiment was equipped.

He was taken before the Russian Commander for interrogation. He was clearly suspicious—like most Russians—but he was eventually satisfied as to Maj Swallow's credentials after he had produced his identity card and explained its purpose.

On returning to his crew, Maj Swallow found that his men and the Russians had established cordial relations and were swapping cigarettes. A Russian gave Lcpl Boreham a book of Byron's works in English which had presumably been looted.

Three members of this patrol later achieved distinction in various fields. Lcpl Boreham was later commissioned into the RTR and was awarded the MC in the Western Desert. Tpr Prevett became RSM of the Regiment and is now a Major (QM) at the Pay Office at Brighton.

Maj George Swallow—himself an ex-RSM—ended his service in command of HQ Sqn after the War. On leaving the army he restarted the Old Comrades Association as its Secretary and organised its affairs with great ability, much helped by his wife Phyllis. They are still loyal and active members of the Association.

Regimental Gazette

Marriages

We congratulate the following:

Cpl D. Annis to Miss Valerie Joan Weller on December 14, 1974.

Tpr D. J. Wheeler to Miss Pauline Heussi on December 23, 1974.

Tpr R. Davies to Miss Davina Karin East on January 6, 1975.

Bdsm A. G. K. McTaggart to Miss Susan Mary Deakin on January 11, 1975.

Tpr A. Hilton to Miss Nichola Jean Carol White on January 18, 1975.

Cpl N. Wanless to Miss Angelika Maria Hartmann on January 24, 1975.

Lcpl J. P. Downing to Miss Marita Margaret Richard on January 25, 1975.

Lt J. C. Cameron-Hayes to Miss Sally Anne McKie on February 15, 1975.

Lcpl G. Holden to Miss Antounette Marie Juliette Payne on March 8, 1975.

Tpr P. J. Drummond to Miss Mary Soul on March 15, 1975.

Cpl B. J. Padgett to Miss Diane Voug on March 29, 1975.

Cpl C. Elsdon to Miss Susan Aspinall on April 5, 1975.

Tpr D. H. Coleman to Miss Susan Tattersall on April 5, 1975.

Tpr N. L. Duffy to Miss Jacqueline Sandra Wilson on April 12, 1975.

Tpr J. F. Morris to Miss Jean A. Brooks on April 12, 1975.

Lt A. W. Byrde to Miss Janet Rouse on May 3, 1975.

Tpr K. Marshall to Miss G. R. Brooksbank on May 7, 1975.

Lt S. E. L. Lang to Miss Victoria C. W. Lodge on May 10, 1975.

Tpr S. Leeworthy to Miss Jean A. Phillips on May 10, 1975.

Tpr C. K. Mann to Miss A. Heilig on May 20, 1975.

Lt G. H. R. Tilney to Miss Deborah Joan Lovie on May 24, 1975.

Cfn S. Flanigan to Miss Wendy Sturgess on May 24, 1975.

Lt J. F. T. Baines to Miss Helene Pauline Alvensleben on June 14, 1975.

Tpr F. J. Smith to Miss Jane Ellen Heasysman on July 26, 1975.

Lcpl V. A. Cain to Miss Denise Snape on August 9, 1975.

Tpr S. T. J. Bond to Miss Hilary Enid Dawson on August 23, 1975.

Tpr C. Constantine to Miss Diane Yates on August 23, 1975.

Lcpl K. Slater to Miss Vivienne Gill Pratt on August 30, 1975.

Tpr M. E. Brown to Miss Margaret Slack on October 18, 1975.

Cpl P. Singh to Miss Paraskeveou Anastasia Luannou on October 27, 1975.

Cpl S. P. Frampton to Miss Erika Borstorf on October 31, 1975.

Tpr L. A. Critchlow to Miss Carol Goodram on November 15, 1975.

Cfn B. Dibell to Miss Elizabeth Ann Kimber on December 18, 1975.

Major W. G. C. Bowles to Miss Dinah Isabel Armstrong on March 1, 1975.

Births

We congratulate the following:

Tpr and Mrs D. Whipp, a son (David Joseph) on December 28, 1974.

Cpl and Mrs J. F. Atkin, a son (James Phillip) on January 2, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs D. Blackburn, a daughter (Emma Jane) on January 4, 1975.

Cfn and Mrs S. Moore, a son (Martin Michael) on January 17, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs A. W. Taberner, a daughter (Sonya) on January 25, 1975.

Capt and Mrs P. R. G. Vickery, a son (Henry Rupert Grant) on February 5, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs J. Lowe, a son (Jason Darren) on February 11, 1975.

Bdsm and Mrs C. W. Yates, a son (Arlo Damion) on February 22, 1975.

Sgt and Mrs R. F. Leib, a son (Martin) on February 22, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs R. C. Wren, a son (Paul Michael) on February 24, 1975.

Sgt and Mrs R. W. K. Roadnight, a son (Adrian Kennett) on March 9, 1975.

Sgt and Mrs P. M. D. Hunt, a daughter (Nadine) on March 21, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs L. G. Lake, a daughter (Elizabeth Catherine) on April 15, 1975.

Cfn and Mrs B. Boughy, a daughter (Sara Nicola) on April 24, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs C. R. Brown, a son (Neil Richard) on April 24, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs R. Davies, a daughter (Bianca Tammy) on April 26, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs B. Hall, a daughter (Lisa Michelle) on May 5, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs D. H. Brown, a son (David William) on May 10, 1975.

Capt and Mrs P. N. Elliott-Lockhart, a son (Neil William) on February 16, 1976.

Tpr and Mrs K. Burns, a daughter (Theresa Elaine) on June 18, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs J. Benson, a daughter (Samantha Lea) on July 16, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs. D. McGlynn, a daughter (Mandy Louise) on July 20, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs W. Clarkson, a son (William Nigel) on July 21, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs K. Watkinson, a daughter (Donna Louise) on July 26, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs C. Archer, a daughter (Louise Amanda) on July 28, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs J. Thompson, a daughter (Christine) on July 31, 1975.

Sgt and Mrs F. L. Brierley, a daughter (Debra Elizabeth) on August 6, 1975.

Sgt and Mrs B. Draper, a daughter (Natalie Marie) on August 13, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs G. Mather, a son (Jamie) on September 5, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs K. Whitehead, a daughter (Samantha Paula) on September 6, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs B. Soutar, a daughter (Lisa) on September 20, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs B. E. Morton, a son (Christopher Barry) on September 20, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs P. L. M. Pritchard, a son (Leon Daniel) on October 23, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs L. Leach, a daughter (Deborah) on October 29, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs D. J. Bache, a daughter (Joanne Marie) on November 3, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs M. Stowell, a son (Nicholas John) on November 4, 1975.

Tpr and Mrs C. P. Clayton, a son (Michael) on November 10, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs Hickman, a daughter (Stephanie) on November 30, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs A. Mayall, a daughter (Kelsy Marie) on December 7, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs W. Wyper, a daughter (Catherine Ann) on December 18, 1975.

Ssgt and Mrs G. E. Brutnall, a daughter (Suzanne Clare) on December 28, 1975.

Cpl and Mrs C. Jose, a son (Stephen David Francis) on December 30, 1975.

Lcpl and Mrs P. Lunney, a daughter (Jennifer Melanie) on December 31, 1975.

Obituaries

C. D. WETHERELL-PEPPER

February 16, 1953—July 22, 1975

On July 22, 1975, during 'A' Sqn's tour of duty in Cyprus, Colin Wetherell-Pepper died tragically as a result of a road traffic accident.

Colin joined the Regiment in Tidworth in March 1973 and became Troop Leader of Third Troop in 'A' Sqn. He moved to Herford with us in mid-1973, and in February 1974, still with 'A' Sqn, he went to Northern Ireland. As a result of his leadership and gallantry during the capture of some bomb-planting terrorists, he was Mentioned in Despatches. Approximately a year after returning from Ulster, he accompanied the Squadron to Cyprus.

Colin's outwardly quiet manner cloaked a keen and proficient soldier. He was an extremely good all-round sportsman—a Regimental skier, a good canoeist and an excellent athlete. He was Regimental Musketry Officer and an Athletics Coach as well.

But above all Colin was a good Troop Leader who earned and kept the affection and respect of all his men. He is sadly missed and 'Pepper' will always be remembered by those who knew him.

Deepest sympathies are extended to his family.

TROOPER ERNEST PAGETT

Tpr Ernie Pagett was tragically killed in a car accident on November 25, 1975, at Herford, West Germany.

He joined the Regiment in 1968 at Paderborn, having enlisted at Blackpool. He showed a great interest in First Aid and he was well known to be a first class Regimental Medical Orderly.

Our sympathy goes to his widow Anne and her two children.

OLD COMRADES INFORMATION

Vacancies for Chelsea Pensioners

A number of vacancies for In-Pensioners exist at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

To be eligible for admission an applicant must be in receipt of a service or disability pension awarded in respect of military service and be at least 65 or unable to earn a living though generally able to look after himself.

If unable to earn a living an applicant should be not less than 55 unless in receipt of a pension for an Army disability, and in each of the foregoing cases be free from liability of supporting a wife or children.

In exceptional cases the Commissioners may admit a man younger than 55.

Further information may be obtained from The Secretary, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, London SW3 4SL.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

We congratulate the following:

Bar to Regimental Medal: Col R. P. D. F. Allen, MBE.

Regimental Medal: Maj P. Harman. WO2 (RQMS) J. P. Howard. Sgt A. E. Angel.

The Regiment - January 1976

THE OFFICERS

Colonel-in-Chief	HRH The Princess Anne
Colonel of the Regiment	Col R. P. D. F. Allen, MBE

RHQ

Commanding Officer	Lt Col W. J. Stockton
Second in Command	Maj C. A. Pemberton
Adjutant	Capt J. M. D. Moger
Assistant Adjutant	Lt R. J. L. Fellowes
RSO	Capt R. J. Mann
IO	Lt D. J. Bowes-Lyon
PFAC	Flt Lt R. C. Adams, RAF

'HQ' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Maj J. P. Rawlins
Second in Command	Capt P. A. Hoare
Officers' Mess Secretary	Lt D. J. B. Woodd
Quartermaster	Maj (QM) E. Sheen
Quartermaster (Tech)	Capt D. A. J. Williams
QM (Tech) Designate	Capt J. J. Escott
EME	Capt R. G. Heathcote, REME
Paymaster	Capt T. W. R. Lee, RAPC

'A' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Maj J. R. Clifton Bligh
Second in Command	Capt P. N. Elliott-Lockhart
Second Captain	Capt G. J. Mitchell
Troop Leaders	Lt J. C. Cameron-Hayes
	Lt G. H. R. Tilney
	Lt A. R. E. Singer
	2/Lt C. J. Jarrett

'B' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Maj W. G. C. Bowles
Second in Command	Capt F. J. A. Valdes-Scott
Troop Leaders	Lt J. F. T. Baines
	Lt S. E. L. Lang

'C' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Maj P. Harman
Second in Command	Capt P. R. G. Vickery
Administration Officer	Lt V. L. Colborne
Troop Leaders	Lt The Lord Brocket
	Lt P. D. W. Garbutt
	Lt R. T. F. Wood
	Lt A. R. B. Woodd
	Lt C. V. Clarke
	Lt G. S. Suchanek

AIR SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Maj T. P. Scott
Second in Command	Capt D. M. Reed-Felstead, RHG/D
Pilot	Capt N. P. Beamish, 9/12L

Since joined	2/Lt J. C. P. Herrtage
	2/Lt C. P. A. Astley-Birtwistle

TAVR POOL OF OFFICERS

Lt Sir Richard Dashwood	Lt B. R. Hamilton
Capt R. G. Russell	Capt G. E. Pike

HOME HEADQUARTERS

Regimental Secretary	Maj M. A. Urban-Smith, MC (Rtd)
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OFFICERS SERVING OUTSIDE THE REGIMENT

Brig P. B. Cavendish, OBE	Secretary International Defence Staff, NATO
Brig J. M. Palmer	CRAC 1(BR) Corps, BFPO 39
Lt Col C. C. G. Ross	UKLF, Wilton, Wiltshire
Lt Col M. H. Goodhart	Tactics School, Lulworth
Lt Col T. G. Williams, MBE	HQ AFNORTH, BFPO 50
Lt Col J. A. Pharo-Tomlin	MOD DORS 3A, Whitehall, London
Maj W. D. Garbutt	2 Army Delivery Sqn BFPI 103
Maj D. H. Bird	BLO SOXMIS, BFPO 42
Maj D. L. de Beaujeu	JDSC, School of Infantry, Warminster
Maj M. Heyer-Lyford	MOD (DAR) Lansdowne House, London
Maj J. D. Coombes	AMA, Tehran
Maj K. M. Hodson	ATDU, Bovington Camp, Dorset
Maj J. C. W. G. Joynson	RARDE, Fort Halstead, Sevenoaks
Maj W. H. Bentley	Gunnery School, Lulworth
Maj A. F. Prevett	RPO Brighton
Maj J. R. Smales	Staff College, Camberley
Maj J. C. W. Macgregor	1 Div HQ & Sig Regt
Capt J. F. A. Hope	RAC Centre Regt
Capt M. A. Cullinan	HQ 1 (BR) Corps, BFPO 39 (RD April 1976)
Capt M. G. S. Davis	MVEE Chobham
Capt C. R. K. Dean	HQ RAC 1 (BR) Corps, BFPO 39
Capt W. R. T. Edge	HQ Wales, Brecon
Capt M. N. Hill	D & M School, Bovington
Capt E. J. Micklem	RAC Para Sqn (HQ 3 Div—March 1976)
Capt M. J. H. Vickery	Gunnery School (GW Wing) Lulworth
Capt J. N. Symons	Sultan's Armed Forces, BFPO 66
Lt A. W. Byrde	Armour School, RAC Centre, Bovington
Lt The Hon J. F. A. Grey	JLR, RAC Bovington
Lt R. G. Hews	RAC Para Sqn (RD March 1976)
Lt C. M. I. Tennent	JLR, RAC Bovington
2/Lt J. D. F. Palmer	Oxford University
2/Lt A. F. B. Ashbrooke	Cambridge University

SOLDIERS SERVING OUTSIDE THE REGIMENT*RAC Training Regiment*

Sgt Gibson
Sgt Smith 342
Sgt Thomas
Cpl Hutton

RAC Centre, Bovington

Ssgt Boyle
Sgt Bennett
Sgt Curtis
Cpl Parker
Lcpl Field
Tpr Howard

Junior Leaders Regiment

Sgt Best
Sgt Schofield
Sgt Woolford
Cpl Jones 223
Lcpl Smith 054

RAC Sales Team

Cpl Woodward
Lcpl Holden

DLOY

Ssgt Tunnicliffe
Ssgt Yankey
Sgt Balmer
Lcpl Holmes
Tpr Hall

Recruiters

Ssgt Harrison (Bolton)
Sgt Renshaw (Manchester)
Sgt Steele (Blackpool)

63 Army Youth Team

WO2 Burgess
Sgt Aindow
Cpl Edwards (ROD March 1976)
Cpl Kirk
Cpl Morrow
Lcpl McGahey (February 1976)

RMA Sandhurst

Lcpl Fleming
Lcpl Claxton
Tpr Murphy

Army Air Corps

WO2 Kerr (Thirsk)
Lcpl Kendall (Topcliffe)
Lcpl Horsfall (Netheravon)
Lcpl Palmer (Netheravon)
Tpr Marshall (BFPO 106)
Tpr Shepherd (BFPO 106)

Gunnery School, Lulworth

Ssgt Hatton
Ssgt Robertson
Sgt Smith 222
Sgt Taberner (GW Wing)

MVEE

Lcpl Wood (Chertsey)
Tpr Eyles (Kirkcudbright)
Tpr Rowlett (Chertsey)
Tpr Whittaker (Chertsey)

Home Headquarters

Mrs K. M. Williams

Overseas

WO1 Bingham (HQ Bielefeld Garrison, BFPO 39)
WO2 Holland (CAAT Iran, British Embassy Tehran)
Cpl Bewley (HQ I Div & Sig Regt BFPO 32)
Cpl Duffy (HQ II Armd Bde BFPO 29)
Lcpl Morris (HQ Rheindahlen Garrison, BFPO 40)

Miscellaneous

WO2 Nicholls (ATDU Bovington)
Sgt Hutchinson (Signals School, Bovington)
Cpl Brown (APS Group, Sutton Coldfield)
Cpl Jones 332 (Y List RAC M&RO)
Lcpl Wilson (Royal Yeomanry, London)
Lcpl Bentley (RAC Para Squadron)
Tpr Steele (RAC Para Squadron)
Tpr Brown 493 (HQ RAC 3 Div Tidworth)
Tpr Burnett (Att King's Own Border Regt, Lancaster)
Tpr Inskip (RMCS, Shrivenham)
Tpr Jones (Att 15/19H, Northern Ireland)
Tpr McCormack (Att 15/19H, Northern Ireland)
Tpr Winterburn (Army Dog Unit RAVC, Northern Ireland)
Tpr Smith 047 (National Hospital, London)
Tpr Morris (Awaiting Medical Board)
Tpr Avis (Royal Herbert Hospital)

Nominal Roll, January 1976

H.Q. SQUADRON

WO1 E. J. Morris	Cpl J. Harrison	Lcpl L. Lake	Tpr N. Duffy
WO2 W. M. Butcher	Cpl J. Horsfall	Lcpl P. Lunney	Tpr E. Gee
WO2 J. Howard	Cpl J. Jackson	Lcpl P. R. McNulty	Tpr A. Gleadhill
WO2 B. Stocker	Cpl C. Jose	Lcpl C. Meehan	Tpr A. Halliday
WO2 T. Topping	Cpl W. Lacey	Lcpl S. R. Simmons	Tpr R. Highton
WO2 M. H. Young	Cpl D. Little	Lcpl D. Smalley	Tpr I. Howard
SQMS F. J. Baker	Cpl J. E. Masters	Lcpl D. Smethurst	Tpr A. Hurst
SQMS E. G. Lowden	Cpl J. Mather	Lcpl A. P. Spencer	Tpr R. Hyland
Ssgt J. Eadsforth	Cpl M. McGoldrick	Lcpl J. Stafford	Tpr R. Hynes
Ssgt R. Holland	Cpl B. F. Nadin	Lcpl M. Taylor	Tpr B. Jackson
Ssgt St J. K. Powell, BEM	Cpl J. Prescott	Lcpl K. Wilkinson	Tpr S. Laurie
Ssgt R. W. Roadnight	Cpl S. Rodowicz	Lcpl E. Watson	Tpr S. Leeworthy
Ssgt J. Rushton	Cpl A. Rowe	Lcpl D. Wheeler	Tpr J. Lockwood
Sgt J. Bingham	Cpl D. Vickers	Lcpl D. Whelan	Tpr K. Loines
Sgt R. N. Crank	Cpl J. Waite	Lcpl B. Whitfield	Tpr C. Mann
Sgt R. Flowers	Cpl D. Winstanley	Lcpl W. Whittle	Tpr R. McKeen
Sgt E. Long	Lcpl L. A. Annett	Lcpl A. Winder	Tpr I. McMullen
Sgt J. Mulholland	Lcpl M. Barlow	Lcpl E. Winterbotham	Tpr A. Moors
Sgt D. Nelson	Lcpl D. Blackburn	Lcpl D. Wood	Tpr J. Morris
Sgt M. Plummer	Lcpl R. Bond	Tpr E. Birkin	Tpr A. Morton
Sgt H. W. F. Rooke	Lcpl M. Catton	Tpr M. Black	Tpr D. G. Pearson
Sgt N. D. D. Weaver	Lcpl P. Chapman	Tpr P. Bowles	Tpr P. Richards
Cpl J. Barnes	Lcpl W. Clarkson	Tpr A. Breslin	Tpr C. Roache
Cpl D. Blocke	Lcpl E. Clough	Tpr S. R. Briggs	Tpr P. Roe
Cpl J. Briggs	Lcpl J. Corness	Tpr J. Bryan	Tpr D. G. Ryding
Cpl L. Burrill	Lcpl D. Dean	Tpr K. Burns	Tpr P. C. Sharples
Cpl W. Callaway	Lcpl L. Diver	Tpr S. Chappell	Tpr F. Smith
Cpl W. Dixon	Lcpl L. S. Doherty	Tpr C. Charman	Tpr A. Snowdon
Cpl M. Elgie	Lcpl D. A. Drummond	Tpr D. Coleman	Tpr D. A. Spencer
Cpl M. Gallagher	Lcpl I. Gibson	Tpr B. Constantine	Tpr D. Taylor
Cpl R. George	Lcpl D. Green	Tpr C. Constantine	Tpr M. Taylor
Cpl J. Graham	Lcpl A. E. Green	Tpr L. K. Coundley	Tpr A. Taylor
Cpl A. Gregory	Lcpl B. Hansell	Tpr T. Davenport	Tpr J. Thomson
Cpl B. Grubb	Lcpl B. A. Knight	Tpr P. Drummond	Tpr P. Wilson

THE BAND

WO1 C. J. Petherham	Cpl B. Lydiard	Lcpl A. McKindland	Bdsm A. G. K. McTaggart
WO2 E. L. Osborne	Cpl R. Gunner	Lcpl D. Parkinson	Bdsm R. A. Millington
Ssgt P. Connell	Cpl D. Rogers	Bdsm I. R. Hamilton	Bdsm I. Rigby
Sgt R. S. Brittain	Cpl G. Thomas	Bdsm S. M. Hobbs	Bdsm J. Turpin
Sgt E. Crompton	Lcpl R. Finlay	Bdsm E. Knowles	Bdsm N. Winkley
Sgt J. N. Swales	Lcpl S. Havron	Bdsm P. L. Krywyzyn	Bdsm C. Yates
	Lcpl P. M. Krywyzyn	Bdsm S. J. McKindland	

REME

WO1 J. Laverton, ASM	Sgt P. Parry	Lcpl T. Mullen	Cfn P. Innis
Ssgt G. Brutnall	Sgt J. Underwood	Lcpl K. Slater	Cfn S. Mews
Ssgt A. Hornby	Cpl P. Crossley	Lcpl J. Sneddon	Cfn C. Mills
Sgt J. Costello	Cpl D. Hutton	Cfn T. Cook	Cfn R. Nelson
Sgt A. Hadlow	Cpl T. Smith	Cfn S. Davey	Cfn J. O'Hara
Sgt J. Knight	Lcpl C. Archer	Cfn B. Dibble	Cfn C. Pollard
Sgt R. Lieb	Lcpl P. Farrell	Cfn E. Ferguson	Cfn R. Simpson
Sgt A. Morgan	Lcpl A. Hickman	Cfn P. Hodgson	

ACC

WO2 N. Ford
Cpl D. Churchill
Cpl P. Johnson
Cpl J. Shields
Lcpl J. Billington
Lcpl J. Frampton
Lcpl D. Lowe
Lcpl M. Povey

Pte P. Bradley
Pte D. Critchley
Pte J. C. Edwards
Pte J. Greenhalgh
Pte M. Robertson

ROYAL SIGNALS

Cpl D. Clarke

APTC

Sgt P. M. Hunt

RAPC

Sgt K. Glover
Sgt R. Bonwick
Sgt M. Botting
Sgt C. Butler
Cpl N. Wanless

PERSONNEL

ATTACHED
FROM 'C' SQUADRON
Lcpl J. Broom
Tpr J. Grimshaw
Tpr M. Myzylowsky

'A' SQUADRON

WO2 P. Midgley
SQMS A. Ogden
Sgt A. E. Angel
Sgt P. W. Cooper
Sgt S. duRose
Sgt K. Glover
Sgt H. A. Gorry
Sgt A. A. Metcalfe
Sgt A. F. Navin
Sgt R. W. Roadnight
Sgt F. M. Smith
Sgt A. G. Wagstaff
Sgt P. B. Webb, MM
Sgt W. R. Woodcock
Cpl A. F. Bryson
Cpl B. S. Crossland
Cpl M. Cullen
Cpl K. Davies
Cpl J. Harrison
Cpl S. Lowery
Cpl M. J. O'Meara
Cpl G. J. Platt

Cpl P. Pritchard
Cpl P. Singh
Cpl T. E. M. Skelly
Cpl J. Smith
Cpl R. F. Tyson
Lcpl P. Barber
Lcpl D. J. Bellamy
Lcpl P. G. Bowman
Lcpl D. J. Dixon
Lcpl A. Horrocks
Lcpl P. T. Kennedy
Lcpl A. J. McNally
Lcpl P. Murphy
Lcpl G. Patterson
Lcpl J. Pitt
Lcpl S. Redhead
Lcpl S. J. Reynolds
Lcpl W. Sutherland
Lcpl W. K. Tait
Lcpl C. Tucker
Lcpl R. C. Warren
Lcpl I. A. Webster

Lcpl I. Whitehead
Lcpl J. Whittaker
Lcpl W. F. Wyper
Lcpl M. T. Wyre
Tpr A. Abbas
Tpr P. D. Annett
Tpr C. R. Baggallay
Tpr E. Barker
Tpr P. Briercliffe
Tpr R. A. Broe
Tpr J. M. M. Brown
Tpr B. Connelly
Tpr W. Daniels
Tpr A. Donnellan
Tpr P. L. Edwards
Tpr S. Ellis
Tpr F. Fenton
Tpr I. Flannery
Tpr A. J. Foster
Tpr J. E. Gannon
Tpr M. Gleadhill
Tpr D. Gray

Tpr M. V. Grundy
Tpr N. R. Henderson
Tpr A. A. Hilton
Tpr P. K. Holmes
Tpr F. W. Jones
Tpr E. Lawless
Tpr L. Leach
Tpr D. Leslie
Tpr J. Lowe
Tpr M. J. Mannion
Tpr I. McKehnie
Tpr S. C. Morris
Tpr A. N. T. Pattle
Tpr D. Pitt
Tpr A. B. Sherwood
Tpr D. J. Smith
Tpr M. W. Thompson
Tpr L. J. Tickle
Tpr A. J. Tobin
Tpr J. Walsh
Tpr A. D. Williams
Tpr W. S. Worfolk

REME

Ssgt J. B. Lonsdale
Sgt T. H. Cruwys

Cpl R. Curnow
Cpl B. Soutar

Lcpl B. J. Padgett
Lcpl R. J. Saunders

Cfn P. Anderson
Cfn A. S. Duff
Cfn B. C. Wooster

'B' SQUADRON

WO2 I. K. Leeming
SQMS R. Standish
Sgt A. B. Beveridge
Sgt F. L. Brierley
Sgt J. A. Diver
Sgt B. J. M. Draper
Sgt C. Elsdon
Sgt J. A. Smith
Cpl R. Addison
Cpl B. P. Andrews
Cpl B. Collins
Cpl J. C. Cornish
Cpl D. M. Dukes
Cpl R. H. Furlong
Cpl T. A. Gardner
Cpl P. Hartshorne
Cpl P. Lomas
Cpl A. Mayall
Cpl A. B. Smith
Cpl A. J. Taberner
Cpl D. J. Wild

Cpl J. R. Young
Lcpl J. Benson
Lcpl F. R. Bradbury
Lcpl J. Campbell
Lcpl P. Dransfield
Lcpl B. Filio
Lcpl B. W. France
Lcpl C. Mattinson
Lcpl P. J. Nutter
Lcpl M. J. Stowell
Lcpl A. J. Taylor
Lcpl S. Wheeler
Lcpl K. Whitelock
Lcpl D. Williams
Tpr P. Adams
Tpr D. J. Bache
Tpr F. Bailey
Tpr P. A. Baldwin
Tpr M. Beaumont
Tpr M. C. Blakey

Tpr S. T. J. Bond
Tpr K. D. Bradley
Tpr M. Byrne
Tpr R. J. Crosby
Tpr R. T. Delaney
Tpr G. Duxbury
Tpr M. D. Geraghty
Tpr G. A. Gleadhill
Tpr N. R. Hall
Tpr K. Holroyd
Tpr P. Howard
Tpr Hughes
Tpr S. Jones
Tpr J. Kelly
Tpr P. Latchford
Tpr A. P. Lea
Tpr D. Lee
Tpr J. F. Lyall
Tpr B. Lythgoe
Tpr B. Matthews

Tpr N. D. McNulty
Tpr R. B. Naylor
Tpr N. D. Nowicki
Tpr A. D. Owens
Tpr K. Pemberton
Tpr D. W. Phelps
Tpr G. J. Ralphs
Tpr N. Rawlinson
Tpr C. P. Sawdon
Tpr B. Shuttleworth
Tpr D. Sloan
Tpr A. P. Smith
Tpr S. W. Smith
Tpr C. Sutcliffe
Tpr B. Webb
Tpr S. Wild
Tpr P. L. Wilson
Tpr R. Wood
Tpr A. B. Woods
Tpr F. H. Woods

REME

Ssgt V. T. Antenbring
Sgt G. Keller
Cpl Jackson
Cpl R. J. Payne
Cpl G. Turton

Lcpl M. Mann
Lcpl J. Doherty
Lcpl S. J. Wood
Cfn S. P. Moore
Cfn I. Nicholson

CYPRUS DETACHED PERSONNEL

Lcpl J. H. Binns
Tpr H. L. Haines
Tpr S. Houghton

'C' SQUADRON

WO2 B. A. Bradbury
SQMS J. P. Taylor
Sgt J. F. Atkin
Sgt T. J. Batchelder
Sgt R. E. Brodie
Sgt A. F. Cornes
Sgt P. Elsdon
Sgt D. S. Ingham
Sgt B. McVay
Sgt D. L. Redmond
Sgt C. C. Tottman
Sgt R. Washington
Cpl M. T. Greenwood
Cpl A. Gregory
Cpl J. M. Higgins
Cpl G. Joyce
Cpl T. J. Livesey
Cpl G. Mather
Cpl D. McGlynn
Cpl T. P. Murphy
Cpl F. A. P. Taylor
Cpl J. Wells
Cpl H. W. Wilson
Lcpl R. S. Ager

Lcpl C. Bamby
Lcpl J. Broom
Lcpl A. V. Cain
Lcpl B. T. Craddock
Lcpl G. Ellison
Lcpl R. L. Hayward
Lcpl P. A. R. Hunt
Lcpl A. Knowles
Lcpl J. S. Loines
Lcpl J. Makinson
Lcpl J. Mallalieu
Lcpl M. C. M. McGahey
Lcpl S. Rodowicz
Lcpl A. R. White
Lcpl E. Wood
Tpr A. Abbey
Tpr J. Ager
Tpr D. Arstall
Tpr T. D. Bowman
Tpr N. Brennan
Tpr D. H. Brown
Tpr S. Chappell
Tpr C. Clayton
Tpr J. Coleman

Tpr L. A. Critchlow
Tpr J. Cross
Tpr J. T. Donbavand
Tpr C. Doodson
Tpr J. Ellison
Tpr R. A. Fenty
Tpr K. C. Fletcher
Tpr M. Fogg
Tpr S. P. Garner
Tpr J. C. Grimshaw
Tpr P. R. Hanson
Tpr I. W. Happer
Tpr K. Happer
Tpr M. Harrison
Tpr F. A. Hewitt
Tpr C. Hill
Tpr A. G. B. Honeyman
Tpr J. Hutchinson
Tpr J. W. T. Jones
Tpr M. A. Kneale
Tpr N. Marshall
Tpr K. R. Meakin
Tpr P. Mitchell
Tpr J. F. Morris

Tpr M. Myzylowskyj
Tpr M. Peck
Tpr P. Plant
Tpr G. Pollit
Tpr G. S. Price
Tpr J. K. Ramm
Tpr G. Scott
Tpr C. Short
Tpr P. C. Smith
Tpr P. G. Smith
Tpr W. Stobbart
Tpr G. J. Sweeney
Tpr R. M. Taylor
Tpr T. Turnbull
Tpr B. Warburton
Tpr C. Ward
Tpr J. Wareham
Tpr K. Whitehead
Tpr B. K. Whittaker
Tpr R. Wilde
Tpr G. Wilkinson
Tpr R. P. Winch
Tpr R. Woods

REME

Ssgt B. Shepherd
Sgt K. Mason

Cpl C. Briscoe
Cpl J. B. Turton

Lcpl D. Lynd
Lcpl C. Ward

Cfn G. D. Bassett
Cfn B. Boughey
Cfn S. Flanigan

AIR SQUADRON

Sgt P. A. Farrell
Sgt W. R. Griffiths
Sgt J. M. Kelly

Cpl D. W. Annis
Cpl S. I. Ponting
Lcpl B. H. Hall

Lcpl R. Davies
Lcpl A. Wild
Tpr K. F. Bates

Tpr M. E. Brown
Tpr P. Horsfall
Tpr D. Salt

AAC

Ssgt J. D. Lay
Sgt S. J. Ward

Ssgt P. E. Hargrave
Sgt R. J. Baker
Sgt B. L. Munro
Sgt F. M. Webb
Sgt W. R. C. J. Wynn

REME

Cpl W. T. Berry
Cpl J. Dougal
Cpl J. G. Howarth
Lcpl D. W. H. Doel