



# THE HAWK

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*Regimental Journal of the 14th/20th King's Hussars*

**REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION**

92 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1

**AFFILIATED REGIMENT**

*The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry*

**ALLIED REGIMENTS**

**The Canadian Army**

*14th Canadian Light Horse*

**AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES**

*2nd/14th Queensland Mounted Infantry*

*8th/13th Victorian Mounted Rifles*

**NEW ZEALAND MILITARY FORCES**

*2nd Armoured Regiment (Divisional Regiment)*

*Royal New Zealand Armoured Corps*

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THE COMMANDING OFFICER  
Lieutenant Colonel E. G. W. T. Walsh.

## FOREWORD

by Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. W. T. Walsh

Before mentioning Regimental activities since the last Hawk was published I must pay tribute to my predecessor, Colonel 'Bodge' Browne, who gave up command on 31 January. In his 27 years service he only had three years away from the Regiment, and his knowledge of Regimental affairs and traditions will be sadly missed. We wish him every success in whatever he takes up in civilian life and hope that his 'gilt edged bowler' is a comfortable one. One other departure from the Regiment which should be mentioned here is that of Lieutenant Colonel B. C. L. Tayleur to command The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry. Our loss of his drive, enthusiasm and initiative is their gain, and we wish him the very best of luck.

At the time of writing we are half way through our tour as an APC Regiment, and the profits and losses of the role can be seen more clearly. There has, at least, been no move of station during the last 12 months. RHQ is still at Hohne and still one jump ahead in the battle with Squadrons who hanker after complete independence. Major Garbutt has thankfully laid down his pen and picked up his sword again as 'C' Squadron Leader, his place as adjutant being taken by Captain Ross.

'A' Squadron under Major James are still at Detmold, and as their notes show, have had a most successful year carrying the Royal Hampshire Regiment. 'B' Squadron under Major Scarr continue to show the Regimental flag to very good effect in Berlin and in particular must be congratulated on their running of the Ramnuggur celebrations. 'C' Squadron, still at Celle, had a five month gap with no Infantry battalion to carry; they made the most of their opportunity on exercises, appearing variously as armoured cars, 'recce', and on one occasion as Fantasian Amphibious tanks. They now have a most happy liaison with the Gordon Highlanders who arrived in Celle in the Autumn.

With administrative inspections occurring at different times it has once again been possible for each Squadron to parade in 'blues'. The standard of turnout has been as high as ever and the respective Brigade Commanders were kind enough to compliment Squadrons on their standard of drill.

With the end of National Service in sight — our last National Serviceman will have joined us before we reform as a Regiment next year — I draw attention to the article on page 4 on regular recruiting by WO II Prescott; in particular to his remark 'the only successful method is personal recommendation' and to his final paragraph. In this connection it may be news to some Old Comrades that Cavalry Regiments now recruit on a regional basis, as Infantry Regiments have always done. Our recruiting area in which we have full recruiting 'rights' is that covered by the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry ie, Lancashire. This does not mean that we cannot take recruits from elsewhere — we accept regular recruits from wherever we can find them providing they are up to the standard we require — but we are not allowed to advertise or run a recruiting tour outside Lancashire.

By the time the next number of the Hawk appears I hope that we will know what our next role is to be, and where we are to reform. Meanwhile I wish the APC Squadrons another successful season's 'carrying', and not too many war clouds over 'B' Squadron's head this year.



## ANNUAL ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION



'A' SQUADRON



'B' SQUADRON

## A REGIMENTAL DIARY OF 1958

26th January — 6th February	Major Tayleur returned from HQ RAC 1 Corps and assumed the appointment of 2 I/C vice Major Walsh to Bde Major 7 Armd Bde.
27th January	First Squadron Leaders conference since deployment.
30th January	RHQ changes location. Third time since Oct 1957.
17th February	The first axeings were announced.
18th February	'B' Squadron Administrative Inspection at Berlin.
4th March	Major Gen Foote VC DRAC visited RHQ.
6th March	Lt. Col. Browne, and the Regimental Band broadcast from Berlin.
18th March	Band Administrative Inspection at Berlin.
27th March	The 'Whistler Committee' sat at RHQ.
16th April	Medicina, 'A' Squadron visits U.S. Army.
30th April	Old Comrades re-union, and Church Parade in London.
30th May	Captain Harris gazetted as being awarded the MC.
10th June	Her Majesty the Queen's birthday parade held in Berlin. Col. Stephen in attendance. 'B' Squadron fired the Royal Salute.
14th June	Col. Stephen visited 'A' Squadron accommodation at Detmold, and then proceeded to the Haltern Trg area in Westphalia where 'A' Squadron were on exercise.
19th June	Regimental Dinner, London.
23rd June	'A' Squadron Athletics Meeting.
8th to 12th July	Bad Lippspringe Horse Show.
22nd July	Allied Officers day — Berlin.
2nd to 23rd August	'A' Squadron — Soltau.
29th September to 3rd October	'A' and 'C' Squadrons, Ex 'Golden Fleece'.
4th to 11th October	Army Hunter Trials.
28th October	'A' Squadron Administrative Inspection at Detmold.
6th November	RHQ due for Administrative Inspection. Later cancelled.
21st November	Regimental Rifle meeting in Berlin. Final order of merit:- 'B' Sqn — RHQ — 'A' Sqn — 'C' Sqn.
22nd November	Ramnuggur celebrations in Berlin.
2nd December	Captain Harris invested with the MC by Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace.
11th December	'B' Squadron Administrative Inspection in Berlin. (See 18th February.)
18th December	'C' Squadron Administrative Inspection at Celle.
25th December	Christmas day.
31st January	New Year's Eve.

## **SOME THOUGHTS ON RECRUITING**

by **WO II Prescott**

(Recruiting Sergeant Major, Acton London. Ex D.L.O.Y.)

By 1960 we have been promised an end to National Service.

The young N.S. men have been and indeed still, for the moment, are the backbone of the British Army. But compulsory service in Her Majesties Forces is alien to our character, therefore an Army career must be made comparable with our national way of life.

Now an Army Recruiter is in a position to speak both from civilian and military points of view. His work brings him into close contact with civilian employers and employees.

Generally, recruiting men into the Army does not differ a great deal from recruiting men into civilian organisations. EXCEPT! The Army has more to offer and requires a higher standard of men. Many may query this statement, especially civilians, but I would like to go further and explain before any brickbats, or bouquets are thrown.

The Regular Army today rejects as many as 50 per cent of all applicants who apply for enlistment. These rejections are mainly due to one of three reasons:- Character, Medical, and educational recruiting test. Therefore we know our present day volunteer is still of the highest order.

One point of view is put by a Private writing in the 'Soldier Magazine', who said:- "When I find the civilian firm who will give me a house and clothes along with 30 days leave plus £ 10 a week, then I will leave the Army". You have to be a big wheel to command more in the civilian world! There are many other advantages which come to mind but there is not sufficient space to set them all down.

There has been in the past a great deal of discussion in the Army as to the best methods of recruiting, and it is realized that the only successful method is personal recommendation. The person who says, "I am (I was) in the Army and I really enjoy it", is the best recruiter money can buy. So it's up to us all, from the Commanding Officer to the latest joined recruit. Let us show that being a regular soldier is something of which to be proud.

Up to this point little has been said of the work of an Army Recruiter, but all regular soldiers have met him. We come into the picture when a man has contacted the Army Information Office, by letter, phone, coupon, or an actual visit.

This shows an interest in Army life, now it's the job of the recruiter to prove to him that he is doing the right thing in making the Army his career.

Doing this is fairly simple with Trade/training schemes, higher pay and other inducements, but its not so simple if parents are against us, or if he has been listening to a lot of twaddle from disgruntled so called old soldiers.

We do a great deal of visiting to people's homes, T.A. Centres, Youth Employment Centres, Labour Exchanges, also attending exhibitions, displays, and accompanying Army Apprentices Trailer Caravans to schools. Organisations who greatly assist us in our work are The British Legion and Old Comrades Associations.

The Press, Television and Military displays, are all a great help in putting the Army before the public. But when it's all boiled down we still feel it's Dad's, Mum's, Uncle Harry's, or brother Jim's influence that determines young Fred's decision to become a soldier, and especially so if they have a military background.

I will finish on this note. If every regular soldier in the Regiment did his utmost when next on leave to put one good prospective recruit in touch with his local Army Information Centre, the 14th/20th King's Hussars would once again have the distinction of being an all volunteer Regiment.

Another Cavalry Regiment is within an ace of this target. The 14th/20th should be second to none.

"THERE IS NO MORE HONOURABLE PROFESSION THAN THAT OF A SOLDIER."

## EDITORIAL

Once again we hope that the Journal will provide an interesting account of the life of the Regiment during the past year. We have opened, as will be seen, a 'Correspondence Column' through the medium of which we hope that many ex members will keep in touch with us and other old comrades.

In an attempt to lighten the tone this year, a poem writing competition has been organised. Against the various entries, throughout the Journal, are shown the prizes won.

Amongst the great amount of goods advertised, all of which are commended to your notice, is one which has been in the past overlooked — very attractive Regimental cuff links, that are supplied by Messrs Munday.

If any reader has suggestions for the management of the Journal the Editor will be only too pleased too receive them.

## THE WHISTLER COMMITTEE



(Photo: Cpl Davis)

General Sir Lashmer Whistler leaves RHQ with Lt Col Browne. Orderlies Tpr Geddes and L/Cpl Stone, in background R. S. M. Prevett

## 'A' SQUADRON NOTES



After short stays at Hohne and Celle the Squadron finally slid down the Autobahn to Detmold in February to take up its independent role of carrying the Royal Hampshire Regiment. The drive down was somewhat of an adventure. It was our first long run and no one quite knew the capabilities of these unfamiliar machines. Little did we know how quickly drivers, commanders, and the local population were going to find out — often to their cost. Cfn Savage in his prehistoric Mercedes 'deserted' en route via the wrong side of the Autobahn, carrying the red pennant of 'A' Squadron practically into the Soviet Zone! Immediately, we got down to the business of getting to know our counterparts in the Royal Hampshire Regiment. Various difficulties were encountered, not least of which was the question of where our "Foxhounds" were going to carry their bedding, great-coats, small packs, large packs, kit bags, shovels, rocket launchers, tents, suitcases, and other comforts. There was baggage everywhere, in fact in 3rd Troop it was even strapped to one of the exhaust pipes! After that our LAD fitted us up with racks, and there were no more difficulties.

In early March we went on our first Troop/Company training at Borkenberge. We picked the ten coldest days of the year. During this period MT Troop was kept busy ferrying Captain Baxter to Munster, (for baths?) and collecting supplies for Sgt. Oakes' excellent canteen. Not to mention the LAD ferry service for broken-down Saracens between Borkenberge and the YMCA 'Windmill'. It must have been pure coincidence for S/Sgt. Markey and Cfn Ozwell that it had the only enclosed toilet facilities in the area.

Major Tayleur, our new Squadron Leader, who had come down to recuperate from the arduous duties of Second-in-Command of the Regiment, organized a very interesting night march. The troops set off at ten minute intervals to find their way across Borkenberge's maze of tank tracks. Sgt. Williams had an exciting moment when he was nearly liquidated by a burning runaway tank of the Carabiniers. Mr. Pemberton, leading 3rd Troop, arrived three hours overdue. He attributed this to his misleading map! One lasting memory remains, of the agonized faces of Tpr Whalley, Tpr Kennedy and Tpr (now L/Cpl) Barclay as they tried to keep warm! On our return we were sorry to say goodbye to Major Marnham, who had commanded the Squadron for the past two years.

Back in camp, we discovered to our delight that our new Squadron Leader had arranged a visit to our American counterparts at Friedberg — 2nd Armored Rifle Battalion, 52 U.S. Infantry (the Divisions Best) — for Medicina Holiday.

We netted our wireless sets at 3.30 am. on a cold mid-April morning, and by four o'clock we were mobile. The Sabre troops did a wireless scheme on the way down, while MT Troop led by Tpr Dewar, threatening to overtake Captain Baxter's 2.4 Jaguar, made a straight run for it. On their arrival, watched by our hosts, who were amazed that lorries of such vintage still motored, they staged an excellent impromptu demonstration of the useful art of being able to back one 3-tonner into another — without looking!

For the next three days the Squadron was most hospitably entertained by Colonel J. J. Mullen and his Battalion. Almost without exception this was the first time any of the Squadron had visited an American Army Base, and we all found it a most enjoyable experience! Our memories of exactly what happened during those few days, are somewhat hazy! We do, however, remember one particular evening when the officers were guests at the weekly "Beer Call", Captain Ross was presented by Colonel Mullen with "the Order of the Rusty Bayonet". This is an award made to the officer who has dropped the biggest brick of the week. He had the honour, on the way down, not only to lose his Squadron Leader but to very nearly end his life at the bottom of a precipice!



## THE ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION



(Photo: P. R.)

### BRIGADIER d'AVIGDOR GOLDSMID INSPECTS THE LAD GUARD

1. to r. Capt Fenwick, The Brigadier, Cpl Smith, S/Sgt Markey, Cfn Edwards, Bain, Marsh, and L/Cpl Davidson.



(Photo: P. R.)

### VEHICLE PARK INSPECTION

1. to r. L/Cpl Suttie, Tpr McLaren, Cpl Nicholls, Tprs Morton & Price, L/Cpl Medhurst, Tprs Barton & Little, The Brigadier, Mr Hazell, Major James, SSM Cripps, Lt. Col. Browne and Sgt Tasker.

A very "hung-over" Squadron crept back early on Monday morning without Sgt. Marshall's pyjamas. Half way back it appeared that an American soldier had decided to come with us, however, on a closer examination it turned out that it was none other than Tpr Wilson with some of his week-end 'swaps'.

It took us most of May to recover from Freidberg and apart from the odd Troop schemes the Squadron was fairly quiet.

(The LAD still insist that it is entirely Major B.C.L. Tayleur's fault that the Squadron has never had two command vehicles on the road since.)

In June the Squadron, with the Royal Hampshire Regiment, massed once again for a fortnight's training at Borkenberge. The weather was perfect, even Cpl Bonfield, his eyes shining like a pair of Beck's signs, was encouraged to break into song at the sight of the local 'talent' enjoying the sun. However, excitement was always round the corner and this time it was L/Cpl Fuller and L/Cpl Tyson who provided it. L/Cpl Tyson, dreaming no doubt of his ambitions as a Stock-car driver, succeeded in skidding into a ditch and turning his Saracen over. L/Cpl Fuller, the commander, was very worried about his glasses. Sgt. Booth and Sgts Wallace and Bingham, had more success at the sport, proving that a fitters half-track is much more robust than a Steam Roller! (However many bushes it hides behind.)

The highlight of the fortnight was the visit of Colonel R. J. Stephen, MBE. Colonel of the Regiment. The Squadron was very pleased to welcome him. He was entertained one evening in the Sergeants and Corporals Mess's by the Sergeant Major and Cpl (now Sgt.) Perry in the traditional style. Later that evening, with the very kind help of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, the officers of the Squadron had a dinner party in his honour. We were glad to see his old prowess at poker had not deserted him!

Next morning Colonel Stephen inspected the whole Squadron. This was followed by a very dusty drive-past, during which a somewhat bleary eyed officer was heard to say 'keep the d --- d thing on the l --- level Cpl L-Lack!' This was a very fitting end to a most enjoyable stay at Borkenberge.

A large part of July was devoted to helping to run the Bad Lippspringe Horse Show. Our main contribution to this was providing wireless communications from the jumps to the recorders tent, involving some twenty wireless out-stations.

The Squadron moved to the polo ground two days before the Horse Show began, and camped in a wood at the edge of the course. During the first morning and afternoon we rehearsed the part we were to play. The Saracens moved to their jumps and judges from various Regiments sent trial messages over the air. Fortunately communications worked well and apart from Mr Blease taking his Saracen across a plantation of young trees, no 'blacks' were scored.

The next day was Bull Day. In the morning the Saracens were cleaned and afterwards the Squadron Sergeant Major organised a 'Scrum Ball' match. The highlight of this was when the Squadron suddenly decided to use the Squadron Sergeant Major as the ball! In the afternoon as the Squadron watched polo or sunbathed among the flies, Sgt Tasker arrived in the camp on the Squadron's most valuable polo pony. Sgt Williams would insist on 'having a cabby', and we hear he had some difficulty finding reverse gear.

Next day we started work in earnest. The recording team, consisting of Capt Ross, SQMS Cundy, Cpl Brooke, and Tpr Crossley, assisted by Mr Stoddart whenever his nose stopped bleeding, went off in the command Saracen, driven by Tprs Lester and Algar and commanded by Sgt Marshall, to the start of the cross-country event. Once again communications were good and apart from reports that the odd 'driver' had fallen off at one of the jumps, everything worked smoothly. Mr Pemberton kept the recorders well supplied with beer. The sun shone and the colourful 'sacks and trapeze lines' added lustre to the occasion. No one even asked for a 'short tuning and netting call!'

For the next two days the course was rather more difficult and falls were plentiful. The Squadron wireless operators were kept busy sending in details of casualties and damage reports and in fact recorders marquee looked and sounded like a busy American bookies office. At one particularly busy period a plaintive voice was heard over the air, 'this is





(Photo: Cfn Ozwell)

**SQUADRON SMOKER**  
Sgt Williams as the Sqn Leader.



**LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MORTARS!**

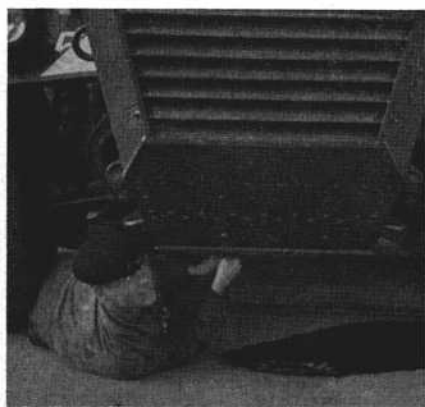


**RECOVERY? —**



**— RECOVERED**

Cfn Stones, Cpl Stanley, Cfn Perrin.



**CALL THAT AN OIL CHANGE?**  
Tpr Price at work!



(Photo: P. R. Berlin)

**ADM AGAIN**

Sgt Williams, Major Garbutt, SSM Cripps, Capt Fenwick, Lt. Col. Browne, Tprs James & White.  
Sgt Colborne, Tpr Brown, the Brigadier,  
Tpr Goodwin, L/Cpl Dacey.

Capt . . . has anybody seen my wife?' Sgt Marshall, never at a loss for words, replied that as far as he knew no horse of that name was competing that afternoon!

During the 'show we were extremely sorry to see Major Tayleur return to his job of Second-in-Command at Hohn. We were, however, very pleased to welcome Major M. A. James, MC. as our new Squadron Leader.

At the end of July we drove up to the Dummer See area to act as enemy for the Royal Hampshire Regiment, who were having their annual patrol competitions. For most of us, this involved sitting for two days and nights, camouflaged up, in the pouring rain. Mortar Troop, led by Mr Lambert, was conspicuous by its absence. The whole Troop, including Cpl Stanley and his team on the Scammell, was firmly bogged down across a treacherous peat track. It took four days, two workshops with bulldozers and Scammells, as well as our own LAD to free them! The LAD even built their own version of the Kwai Bridge to drive them away over. The same day Sgt Bingham and Tpr Martin put their Saracen through a cess-pool, and a certain Squadron Leader's champ was balanced on a rock in the thick of the battle. Then to add to our troubles Sgt Fordham, with his giant 'igri' endangered the local farmer's brand-new barn, to the anxiety of the Burgomeister and the local police.

Finally, on the last night, an extremely ably led, desperate, but exhausted patrol, caught the Squadron guard on the hop, and kidnapped a sleeping Sgt Colborne — much to the disgust of Mr de Beaujeu and Sgt Williams.

In August all the Sabre Troops went up to Soltau to train with their respective Armoured Regiments for the first time. Apart from pouring rain, exhausted Saracens, bogged Saracens, lost Saracens, temperamental wireless sets, shortage of rations, sleepless nights in wet sleeping bags, frayed tempers, and rockets from Armoured Regimental Commanders, all went well. Nothing however, seemed to daunt the spirit of the LAD, who worked wonders with the Saracens.

One dark night on Soltau, Sgt Wallace 'lost contact' with his tanks and suddenly found himself on top of the enemy position. At great speed, in the true cavalry style he led his section over a collapsed bridge (which had been navigated earlier with extreme caution), through the dumb-struck enemy and on beyond through the fields and hedges to safety.

2nd Troop made up for a lost Bank Holiday by going off to spend a few restful days beside the Edersee. After one Saracen had burst into flames, and the more important parts of a 3-tonner had fallen off it, they pitched camp in what turned out to be an interesting village. Cpl Wilton, now goes down there regularly at week-ends in his car but is generally beaten to it by L/Cpl Davies on his motorbike.

The Divisional exercise at Brilon in September went well from the start and it was a thoroughly enjoyable scheme. For the first two days the Sabre Troops trained with their Infantry Companies and Armoured Regiments, and on the third day we all massed for a Divisional Exercise. 'C' Squadron joined Command group on that day to take up a *reccé* role commanded by Lt. Col. A. H. T. Hogge ('Hogge Force'). The commander on one of his many exciting escapades, was eventually captured (though later escaped) and we understand that Major James, acting as his Second-in-Command, had a very frustrating and unsuccessful time trying to persuade the remains of his force over the air that he was now in command. Nobody would believe him!

Memories of the Brilon scheme are on the whole happy ones, but refueling is still a sore point for 2nd Troop. Deprived of what little sleep they might have had, they drove in complete darkness down a treacherous lane, which a broken-down tank had almost succeeded in blocking, towards their leaguer. Tpr Little very nearly succeeded in turning over a Saracen by driving up the side of the bank. Late at night the POL point was finally found, but the return journey had still to be negotiated and by now the lane was really blocked. Eventually they returned to their Infantry, knowing that the day when there is something made that will bring POL up instead of having to go back to get it, will be a happy one.

In October the Squadron did an exercise with 12th Infantry Brigade carrying the 'Borders'. After the exercise a convoy of Border and 'A' Squadron vehicles proceeded to Reinsehlen. The SSM covered nearly 200 miles looking for Tpr Smith and Cfn White and their trucks who got lost in Verden and carried on via Bremen.

# VISIT OF THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT — BORKENBERG 1958



## BEFORE

Sgts Preece, Colborne and Watton, Cpl Rawson,  
L/Cpl Brown, Tpr Biggs, Cln Fryer.



(Photo: Cln Fryer)

## HE'S COMING

Major Tayleur, Colonel Stephen, RSM Prevelt,  
Lt. Col. Browne.



(Photo: Cln Fryer)

## THE INSPECTION

Sgt Bingham, Tpr Mulholland,  
Sgt Fordham, Colonel Stephen.



(Photo: Cln Fryer)

## MOUNT

3rd Troop.



(Photo: Cln Fryer)

## TAKING THE SALUTE

Lt. Col. Browne, Major Tayleur, Colonel Stephen.



(Photo: Cln Fryer)

## MIND THAT RUT!

Captain Alexander drives past.

On our return to camp, we got down immediately to our preparations for Administrative Inspection. Many 'plots were hatched' and many conferences were held. Somehow, from the chaos of the last eight months, order emerged and even the faces of Captain (G. 1098) Charlton and TQMS Rodgers (with the assistance of Tpr Crossley's typing) relaxed into smiles.

The Brigade Commander, Brigadier J. A. d'Avigdor Goldsmid OBE, MC, was met on his arrival by an excellent turned-out Quarter Guard, commanded by S/Sgt. Markey, and including L/Cpls. Kingston and Davidson, Cfn Ozwell, Edwards, Brown, Strangwood, Morley, Bain, Marsh and Harris. In the meantime our other Cfn Harris took copious photographs, none of which turned out! The Squadron paraded in Blues. Tpr "Banjo" May when asked by the Brigadier whether he preferred driving tanks or Saracens, was heard to reply, "It's buckshee to me sir!" For the vehicle inspection the Squadron was drawn up in a square in the Saracen park. Various drivers were invited by the Brigadier to perform reversing and braking tests, which they did commendably well. By this time Sgt. Urquhart had satisfied himself that you could not find the engine dipstick by removing the radiator cap!

We are now in the middle of a very full winters cadreing and sporting programme and in particular the soccer team, ably captained by L/Cpl Booker, has given the Squadron good reason for it's present "football hysteria" — in spite of the comic whose cartoons appear regularly on the notice board.

We feel we must pay tribute to our nerve centre, the Squadron office. Although run in a way some may consider unorthodox, by SQMS Cundy, Sgt Hurd, L/Cpl Brown and L/Cpl White, they have always risen to the occasion. We are happy to welcome Sgt. Escott who has come to us from the Queen's Own Hussars, and is now firmly in the chair.

The LAD have taken a man's share in the sporting life of the Squadron. Cpl. Stanley and Cfn Hindkley being regular members of the soccer team, Cfn Trayford in the cross-country team, and Cfn Holmes in the hockey team, also Cpl Wilton and L/Cpl Kingston in the basketball team.

(May we diffidently look back to the Squadron athletic meeting when all 1st and 2nd prizes but one, were won by members of the LAD?)

We are fortunate in having as our AQMS, WO 11 Thompson, who is ever a stalwart member of the Regiment, and as our senior armourer, Sgt Agate who, while claiming to be the oldest sergeant in the British Army, has transformed a dismal den of a cellar into the resemblance of a well tended public "powder room".

What wizard waved his wand over the REME Regimental flag, unfurled for the Admin, and turned it into Sgt Sherrington's dress cap atop the flagpole? Answers to the E.M.E. please.

The Squadron started off the football season in great heart and with the determination to make a name for themselves.

This, they have done, and are well known around Detmold area as a team to be feared, but a team of good sportsmen. Naturally we had to do some team building and in the process challenged major units in the area. At first we were not very successful being beaten 6 — 0 by the 9th Lancers, but once the team settled down they gave a good account of themselves, beating the 2nd XI The Royal Hampshire Regiment by 4 goals to 2, and drawing 2 each with the 5th D.Gs.

The Squadron entered the BAOR major units Challenge Cup, representing the Regiment, and were drawn against the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment. After a very hard game we lost 5 goals to 1, the Squadron by no means disgraced by this score. In the BAOR minor units Challenge Cup, the Squadron were drawn against 43 Field Park Squadron R.E. and after a most excellent game, were winners by 4 goals to 1. In the next round we are drawn against 2 Div HQ Squadron.

In the 20 Armd Bde Gp league, the Squadron have been in second place to 4th Armoured Workshops. Due to cup matches we are a few games behind the other teams in the league, but we have great hopes, if not winning the league, of finishing very near the top.

In conclusion we would all of us like to pay tribute to our "non-paying fares", the Royal Hampshire Regiment. We have very much enjoyed working with them and we look forward to our next training season together.

## AN 'A' SQUADRON LAMENT

THE CALAMITIES OF THIRD TROOP 2ND PRIZE, £ 4.

Good Lord, cried the Major, they've done it again,  
Is there anyone in Third Troop, that is'nt insane?  
March them out Sergeant Major, it's making me sick,  
Give them 28 days, — to repent in the nick;  
Tprs Tyson and Fuller, you sons of a bitch,  
I won't have my Saracens, upside down in a ditch.

What can be done, asked the beings of power,  
Both Commanders and Drivers, in Third Troop are a shower.  
Let's write down the crews, and things they've done,  
The havoc they've caused, with their cars of 10 ton.  
The public's demanding, they have a siren that wails,  
Or the tyres removed and the wheels run on rails.

With the name of Oakes, and Prunty it starts,  
Who terrorise farmers, and smash up their carts.  
Then comes Sgt Bingham, and Martin's ambition,  
To lay road-side posts, in a horizontal position.  
Cpl Thompson and Third, — who's as blind as a bat,  
Specialize only, in knocking Telegraph-Poles flat.

Tpr Sims is demobbed, Cpl Brock's toed the line,  
But with six years to do, he's got plenty of time.  
Lance Corporal Berriman, and Lance Corporal Clark,  
Shatterers of trees, collectors of bark.  
The car of Cpl Wilson, — well it could'nt look newer,  
Till Mulholland backs it up, to a heap of manure.

Two smashed Volks-Wagens, the score of Jock Marr,  
Tpr Pymm tried a trailer, but did'nt get far,  
Tpr Rossal and Toon, and Hunt are the same,  
No crashes to credit, — they won't play the game.  
Stocker and Evans, — new lads in the Troop,  
Should'nt be long before they're in the soup.

That is the list, of crimes to the present,  
The Major's not happy, it's not very pleasant.  
He rants and he raves, he sure blows his top,  
These damn silly tricks they've just got to stop.  
Oh Major! Oh Major! Oh Sir if you please,  
I've just run my car, over poor Mr Blease!

A. BROCK

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## OVERHEARD IN 'A' SQUADRON OFFICE

Clerk. Oi! Oi! This man you've got on Bathing Piquet can't swim!

Chief Clerk. That's alright. There's no water in the Swimming Pool!



## THE ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION



'B' SQUADRON MARCHES PAST.

(Photo: P. R. Berlin)



BRIGADIER HAMILTON INSPECTS THE TANK PARK.

1. to r. Tprs Helm, Knight, Hay, the Brigadier, and Major Scarr.

(Photo: P. R. Berlin)

## 'B' SQUADRON NOTES



The Squadron has now been in Berlin for over a year, and during this time we have done our best to uphold the Regiment's good name socially, militarily and on the sports field. No inference is intended to be drawn from the order of priorities!

Those of us who were lucky enough to go home for Christmas were shaken out of any preconceived illusions about city life by the dulcet tones of SSM Le Maitre, warming up for the Administrative Inspection. All his efforts were worth while, the Squadron achieving a very good report for it's drill, turnout and administration.

Soon after this came the Brigade 'marching and shooting' competition over a course of ten miles. In training for this Mr Whittington and Sgt Osborne led our team for many a weary mile. A large number of blisters were of no avail to their owners in their attempt to avoid selection for the team, and in the event the Cavalry showed a clean pair of heels to all but the Sappers, with whom we tied for first place in record time. The football season was now in full swing and the SSM's valiant efforts produced a first class team which finished top of the minor-units league.

Most of May was occupied with rehearsals for the Queen's Birthday Parade, at which the Squadron had the honour of firing the 21-gun salute. At this time Colonel Stephen came to visit us. The Squadron Leader held a smoker to welcome him, and also to say farewell to our Squadron Leader Major Heath. Maybe he thought Berlin too hot for him once he was married, so he retired to the safety of Gibraltar! The smoker ended with a truly remarkable rendering of 'Three Blind Mice' by Colonel Stephen, Colonel Browne and Major Heath.

Major Desmond Scarr arrived to take over the Squadron, and we went almost immediately to Hohne to fire our annual range course. This went very well and the Squadron achieved a good report. Next year Cpl. Wood is determined to get a shoot and has vowed to take two spare tanks. Sgt. Burkey is having windscreen wipers and demisters fitted to his glasses.

On our return Captain Bain was snatched away to RHQ and Captain Palmer arrived as our Second-in-Command. The continuity and technical 'know-how' remained in the excellent hands of Captain Goodhart. The departure for the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry of SSM Le Maitre was a sad loss to us all. He had given the Regiment extremely loyal service and was not only a first class Squadron sergeant-major but a true friend of all ranks. We wish him and his wife a happy time with the Yeomanry and welcome SSM and Mrs Black in their place.

At the beginning of September we once more loaded the tanks on a train, and the Squadron moved to the Soltau training area for five weeks. The tank train journey was enlivened by L/Cpl Mahoney setting fire to himself, but otherwise the move was uneventful.

The first week was taken up with troop training during the day and 'Gast-housing', during the night. During the second week the Squadron fought a small party of cutthroats from RHQ. During an approach march by night, ditches had an amazing fascination for the command half-tracks, and in spite of Tpr Ozanne's efforts he managed to hole out twice in quick succession! One spot is now known as 'Ozanne's Hole'. Sgt Baker also had trouble and got through a box of matches trying to find out which ditch his tank was in. The next three weeks were taken up by schemes with three Battalions of our Brigade. Many instances, some amusing and some definitely not, stand out in our memory. Tpr Harvey gave himself a mud-bath par excellence when he drove his tank into a bottomless pit. Mr Forgan and Tpr Townsend were manhandled by some rough Scotsman one dark night. However, Tpr Dobson more than made up for this with the aid of a pick-helve!



## DO YOU ENJOY EXERCISES?



(Photo: Tpr Weatherley)

## YOU'RE HAVING AN IDLE TIME

Tprs Holland 73, Wilson &amp; Holland 50



(Photo: L/Cpl McLean)

## THEN YOU HAVE TO WORK

Tpr Helm, Mr Park, Cpl Wood, &amp; Tpr Stocker.



(Photo: Tpr Weatherley)

## FIRST RAIN AND MUD

Cpl Brock and Tpr Holland 73.



## HOORAH THE SUN

Tprs Clarke, Elliott, Dobson and L/Cpl Moors.



(Photo: L/Cpl Georgeson)

## BUT NOT FOR LONG

Tpr Dobson, L/Cpl Morris, Mr Whittington,  
Tprs Letts and Townsend.

(Photo: Tpr Holland 773)

## AHI BEER AT LAST

Cpl (now Sgt) Burkey, Cpls. Passam, Morley Martin  
and Townsend.

## VISIT OF GENERAL SIR DUDLEY WARD



(Photo: P. R. Berlin)

### THE GUARD

Major Scarr, The C-in-C, Cpl Jones, Sgt Bury, Tprs Gibbs, Kendall, Berry, Murray, Courtier, Cpl Brock & Tpr Wilson.



(Photo: P. R. Berlin)

### VISITING THE TANK PARK

Brigadier Hamilton, General Sir Dudley Ward, Major Scarr, SSM Black.



(Photo: Tpr Holland)

## THE BRASS

Col Stephen, Major Heath, Lt Col. Browne, background — Cpls. Jones, Passam & L/Cpl Harding.  
 'B' Squadron Smoker — Berlin.



(Photo: P. R. Berlin)

## WE'LL WIN NEXT YEAR

'B' Sqn 'shooting and marching' team led by Mr Whittington and Sgt Osborne, watched by Capt Goodhart & Major Heath.

Our month in the open was made much more comfortable than it might otherwise have been by SQMS Clark's administration, Cpl Morley and Pte Smith's cooking and Cpl Townsend's unfailing energy in looking after the officers. Sgt Coles also found life healthy at Soltau and varied his diet with solids, including mutton scotch style. Last, but by no means least, it was a great tribute to S/Sgt Shadbolt, Sgt Duggan and the LAD that we finished the training season with all our tanks still operational, if somewhat bent. If anybody wants to know how to bend a tank ask Tpr Shepherd.

Sgt Duggan driving the ARV with remarkable precision onto the train flat at Reinsehlen, with only 4th gear working, was a sight worth seeing!

To round off the year under review, the Squadron ran the Regimental Rifle Meeting and had a large share in running the Ramnuggur Ball. For these occasions we were happy hosts of most of the officers and sergeants and many other ranks from the rest of the Regiment. Against all the odds the Squadron covered itself in glory by sweeping the board at the Rifle Meeting in a swirling mist, L/Cpl McLean particularly distinguishing himself with the rifle. The sergeant's Mess Ball was a great success, thanks largely to the untiring efforts of SSM Black and his helpers. The guests departed on the Sunday and Monday, rather short of sleep but, we hope, with pleasant memories of their week-end in Berlin. It was a great disappointment that the Colonel was not well enough to attend.

The Squadron was visited by Brigadier G.J. Hamilton, CBE, DSO, on 30 October 1958 and by General Sir Dudley Ward KCB, KBE, DSO, C-in-C British Army of the Rhine, on 28th November 1958.

In addition to those already mentioned we were sorry to lose during the year Mr Evans, Mr Park, and Mr Chetwynd. SQMS Clarke left at the end of the year for 'A' Squadron. We congratulate Sgt Jones on his promotion to SQMS in his place.

In conclusion we now find ourselves up against another Administrative Inspection, but Christmas lies beyond, and if Mr Kruschew's knavish tricks can be confounded, which we do not doubt, we look forward to a Happy New Year.

## THE GUNNERY CADRE

by the Gunnery Cadre £ 1

Who are these daring clued up soldiers  
That our lives lie heavy on their shoulders  
As hard as steel or even harder  
That reluctant group the GUNNERY CADRE.

No one is there, no one is near  
To watch them in their hour of fear  
As on them that voice descends upon  
TRAVERSE RIGHT! STEADY! ON!

The gunner is ready  
He quiver's with fright  
As he switches on the range scale light  
He traverses quickly, but to his dismay  
The gun creeps round the opposite way.

He knows at once he's made a blunder  
And he hears a noise like the rumble of thunder  
The voice is angry, he shakes with fright  
As it bellows down ARMY RIGHT!

## 'C' SQUADRON NOTES



The spring found us fully converted to the new role. The re-training had been achieved in spite of a modified administrative inspection, 'flap' schemes, winter road conditions and the normal administrative 'cloggage' which seems to be so much a part of modern army life. Undoubtedly the credit goes to the instructors who bore the brunt of the very hard work and who produced high standards at the end of the winters training. Foremost among them were Sgts Black (who unfortunately left us for 'B' Squadron), Sansom, Marcelle, Julian, Campbell, and Blake. They

have earned the gratitude of everyone by their efforts, and much of the success on exercises during the season had been due to this hard work. Among the seasons exercises, 'Velvet Glove' was undoubtedly the most interesting and the most testing. The Squadron operated as an armoured car Squadron; this gave great scope to car commanders. (We discovered, for instance, that Cpl Smith 085 really can map read.) The exercise was a great success and provided good training for the future.

So far as we know R. E. M. E. have never been officially responsible for demolitions. However, the Squadron fitters succeeded in demolishing a barrack room wall during operations against mice. Apparently the chief culprit placed a box of black powder by his bed and lay down to smoke a cigarette after making some minor bangs in the mouse holes; he forgot his left from his right and ended up across the room. The mice held a protest meeting but remain in situ. Perhaps a mess tin propped up on a pencil and baited with compo cheese is a surer method after all.

We were very sorry to see the 1st Battalion The Devonshire Regiment leave us in May for their amalgamation with the Dorset Regiment. The new Regiment has now moved to Cyprus and we wish them the best of good fortune.

We then had four months on our own with a very large barracks to look after. This did not prevent us getting out and Sabre Troops made good use of the opportunity to 'swan'. All troops had successful outings except the LAD, whose trip to a nearby lake resulted in a major de-bogging operation. However, we are glad to write that 'Staff Vickers has now been promoted — he is now Q Vickers, and according to BFN has joined the Regiment.

The Gordon Highlanders arrived in August and impressed the local population, and us, by marching into the barracks with their pipe band. We were very glad to welcome them; their Regiment had fought alongside the 14th Hussars at the battle Fuentes d'Onor and Vittoria in the Peninsular War and at the relief of Ladysmith during the Second Boer War. They are sometimes difficult to understand on the wireless but Tpr White proves an adequate interpreter for SHQ; Sabre Troop leaders find it essential to have a North Britisher in their Command vehicle.

Among our varied activities during the year — which included running the whole barracks for 3 months — we were asked to provide the communications for the Dorfmark Horse Trials. There is nothing like this sort of thing for jacking-up wireless operating and the operators excelled themselves.

There have been several moves of personalities; Sgt Taylor has gone off to his 'warm beer and chips' in Manchester, he has been very much a 'C' Squadron member and we wish him luck. Sgt Jude joined us from the D. L. O. Y. and is now SQMS. Captain Moore has moved his throne of empire from Hohne to Celle and imperialism has set-in in a big way. We now enjoy the luxury (in fact a real necessity) of a chief clerk in the form of S/Sgt Laverack — bumph marches on once more.

Recently, Brigadier Holden visited us for the administrative inspection. The band played 'With a little bit of luck' and 'Get me to the church on time', and all went well. We narrowly missed an 'excellent' on the CIV inspection — the result of very hard work by all troops and the LAD.





(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### MEDITERANEAN PLAYBOY?

Tpr Starke ready for anything.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### HAVE WE GOT THE RATIONS?

The last minute hitch.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### NOT IRISH STEW AGAIN!

L/Cpl O'Hara, Stocktakes.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### HOLIDAY CAMP

Tprs Mackin and Lomas, Cpl Smith, Tpr Starke.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### SMOKE BREAK

L/Cpl O'Hara, Cpl Smith, Tpr Goode, Tprs Lohore, Ledley, Essery, L/Cpl Rhodes and Tpr Dix.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### CREWS FRONT

1st Troop starts for the Baltic.



(Photo: Tpr Harris)

### MOVING OFF

Leaving Celle for exercises.



### WHAT ARE WE STOPPING FOR NOW?

L/Cpl Rhodes and Tpr Harris.



## **'C' SQUADRON SNIPPITS**

Extract from Squadron Standing Orders for camp in the Soltau training area: —  
8. T r e e s. Severe disciplinary action will be taken against any personnel found chopping down trees or chopping up trees already down."

The Brigadier was interested to hear that Tpr Bain regards himself as one of the fittings on the Squadrons Leader's Champ.

Tpr Dowdeswell is seriously considering transfer to the Royal Marines and becoming a 'Bootneck', after constant neck kicking by a 'plastered' Troop Leader.

L/Cpl Drew is now 'dubbed' Fangio, much to the delight of Sgt Harper. His wheels now touch on average, three times per mile.

Tpr Hoskins is to be congratulated on being able to make a dent in the head of a Guard CSM.

It is recommended that L/Cpl Powell learns to tell the difference between 2300 hrs and 0300 hrs.

3rd Troop now realize that an RL travels better on four wheels than on one super-structure.

Sgt Flowers' tender advice to 3rd Troop is that Russian Salad and Peaches mixed should not be eaten for breakfast after the 'night before'.

A Neustadt soccer XI were sadly shaken to the tune of 4—2 by 'Matt Tubbs' and his 3rd Troop 'Babes'.

Evendorf will remember L/Cpl Kerr who hit a power cable and blacked the place out. So will Verden remember Tpr Goode who mowed down a row of dust-bins there.

Tpr Essery has now given up poaching for ski-ing.

Tpr Dunning excelled himself as an Infantryman, taking part in a night patrol with 'A' Company I Gordons and earned himself a mention in their magazine as the Troop comedian.

It was proved by Tps Laird and Welsh that it takes a Scot to understand a Scot on the w/s. Do trees walk at night? Tpr Gibbins says 'Yes, one jumped at me'.

## **LAD REME**

Now one of the small empires that go to make up the Regiment, we as an LAD have done our utmost to keep the Regimental spirit that was always the proud boast of all REME personnel attached to the Regiment and our only aim is to please. The past year has been rather trying for the original members of 'C' Squadron SRO Troop. Many, many times has the cry sounded out 'I wish we still had the old centurions'.

From October 57 until the present time has been taken up with special courses in order to find out first hand how the temperamental Saracens tick. Needless to say, Troop and Squadron schemes supplied first hand information and experience at the most inconvenient times and places. It is really amazing how many trees managed to uproot themselves and walk into the paths of learner drivers (ask any driver the price of a smoke discharger!)

The LAD can now boast amongst other things, five of the only vehicles that the Army can provide for REME Flying Fitters, to wit, Half-tracks, but even so, we do find them indispensable



(Photo: Cpl Rumble)

### STRONG MAN ACT

Cfn Watson and Molfatt.



### REAR MOUNTED J13

Cpl Rumble, Cfn Watson and Molfatt.



(Photo: Cpl Rumble)

### SELF RECOVERY

Cfn Molfatt, Masters, and Webb wait for a rocket.



(Photo: Cpl Rumble)

### MUD, MUD, GLORIOUS MUD

See poem 'Steinhuder Meer Song'.

as they have really proved themselves worthy in recovery of bogged Saracens though possibly a little heavy on winch ropes. (Refer to Cpl Rumble if you are interested in wire rope splicing.) Flying Fitters in the Squadron have now found themselves in a slightly different role than previously experienced in as much as we have a REME Sgt and a Half-track crew with each Troop which is not so luxuriant as it first of all sounds as each Troop consists of 13 Saracens.

Sgt's Clark, Kelly and Lamont will find that life is not altogether a bowl of cherries during training periods, and the midnight oil has to burn on many occasions. A word must be said for the unfortunate outsider that is thrust upon all Armoured Regiments in the form of 'B' vehicles. It is known that several of the QLs are older than their drivers and in more than one case age is beginning to tell. With the minimum amount of assistance from the drivers of MT Troop the number of vehicles have been whittled down by sending quite a few QLs to a happy resting place with BLR emblazoned on their windscreens; who is it that said 'one of our fitters is helping them on their way quicker by his repairs'? The inevitable cycle of events has taken place this year as in previous years. We spend the entire summer on training, driving the vehicles slowly but surely into the ground. Then immediately the cold period starts some pessimist has to bring up the ill fated words CIV which always manages to strike a certain amount of alarm in even the stoutest hearts. The so-called fun is over and graft starts in earnest, 857 after 857, checking and re-checking A and B jobs, cleaning, polishing and the inevitable coat of paint. Fortunately this year Cfn Phillips came to the rescue with his conversion of OF 24 oil cans into very effective spray guns that were in great demand. Enough said about CIV etc let us just say that apart from a periscope or two we came out of most of it very well.

One or two odd incidents occurred during the past year that cannot be connected with Army routine in any form whatsoever. One occasion that stands out from the many, is when certain members of the LAD embarked on the great mouse catching safari which ended in a complete wall in the block being demolished. On questioning Cfn Stephens passed the classic remark 'When I looked up at the ceiling and saw three lights instead of the usual two, I thought something must have happened' — the greatest understatement of the entire enquiry. Sgts Lamont and Elgar added to the list of LAD trophies by presenting us with a slightly bent and crumpled Ford Taunus who's date of manufacture had always caused a lot of comment and doubt. Just passing through the past years events I feel sure that Cpl Rumble is worthy of a mention for presenting us with the 'Steinhuder Meer' Folies' which turned out to be an object lesson on how not to combine business with pleasure. It started in good faith as a map reading scheme, and week-end camp with just a little spot of swimming thrown in, but it finished with the map reading leading the poor old RL into one of the dirtiest bogs in the area. The swimming: well just let us say that mud is supposed to be good for the complexion. As for the week-end camp, it turned out to be a major operation lasting seven days, and one of the biggest recovery jobs in the area for quite a long time involving the debogging of a Matador, a Scammell and two D 8 tractors! It all turned out right in the end at least at this stage let us say that all vehicles were recovered.

Later in June a rather splendid 'Beach Recovery' jaunt took the LAD as far as Flensburg on the Danish border. Many members went into Denmark on a social recce which was most enlightening. Cpl Rumble and Scouse Watson excelled in improving relations with the fair sex and altogether a very friendly atmosphere was cultivated.

The past year has seen a lot of changes of personnel in our LAD far too numerous to list by name but we would like to take this opportunity to wish the best of luck to those that have left us for 'Civvy street' and perhaps to ask Cpl Rumble jnr the price of a Sunday joint. As far as the new arrivals are concerned just let us say 'wait and see what the summer training season holds for us'.

## THE STEINHUDER MEER SONG

(Any similarity to the Hippopotamus Song is purely intentional)

1st PRIZE. £ 5

A threetonimus to the Steinhuder Meer,  
On a bright and clear Summers day,  
Took soldiers who wanted to bask in the sun  
And in Steinhuder's waters to play.  
The track looked so lovely, the grass looked so green,  
And the Craftsmen just purred with delight  
At thoughts of a swim and some food and some sleep  
'Neath the stars as they shone clear and bright.

Mud, mud, they thought not of mud.  
They thought not of mud, nor of cooling the blood.  
They drove down the hollow crying: 'Follow, come follow  
'Cos there they would wallow in Steinhuders flood.

But to their dismay they soon found the way  
To the Meer did'nt lie straight ahead.  
Their lorry's wheels sank, with a sickening squelsh,  
Down as far as the tops of the treads  
And so did a Matador, coming to help,  
Find the Craftsmen and lorry fast stuck,  
And the Matador seeing the three tonners plight  
Then along this green track tried his luck.

Mud, mud, it thought not of mud.  
It thought not of mud though it really have should.  
It drove down the hollow crying 'Hullo there, Hullo,  
You'll soon no more wallow in Steinhuder mud'.

The Matador sank with a splash and a plop,  
And so did a Scammel which came  
To give some assistance as quick as it could  
To the lorries fast sinking with shame.  
Then came The DeeEightimus, Slashers that was,  
To pull Scammel once more on firm ground.  
And then the threetonimus, sad to relate,  
Sank the Steamer with gurgling sound.

Mud, mud, blankety mud.  
There's nothing quite like it for warming the blood  
When great D 8's follow, into the hollow  
Of lorries that wallow in blankety mud.

And so went good soldiers, well over three score,  
And one hundred and fifty five logs,  
Another DeeEightimus, Padre and Spies,  
All to rescue the lorries in bogs.  
At last came the day when they all were pulled out,  
And the convoy to safety was led.

And many's the heart that is sad and forlorn  
As the words of this ditty are read.

Mud, mud, blankety mud.  
We'll do the next blighter who raises our blood  
By trying to follow the road to the hollow  
In Trucks that will wallow in blankety mud.  
(By kind permission of the 'Pinewood Piper'.)

## THE NORTH IRISH HORSE

by R. W. E.

(For the last two years Major R. W. English has been Training Major of the North Irish Horse Editor)

The editor's brief for this article was, and I quote, "Something amusing and with a Military flavour". Last year I excused myself on the grounds of security. This year I had not reckoned on the vigilance of the Chief Clerk.

Life in Ireland which ever way you look at it is amusing, and life with the North Irish Horse certainly has a very military flavour.

The North Irish Horse are the largest Yeomanry Regiment in the British Army. Until the establishment was changed to an Armoured Car Regiment on 1st September, 1958, their numbers were only 27 short of their establishment. At the end of this year the figures will have topped the 470 mark. The Regiment is spread out over the whole of Northern Ireland, and has five centres at which training takes place every weekend and two nights a week and as the training attendance figures are very high there is a considerable amount of work to be done by the Permanent Staff. In addition to training, during the period January 57 to April 58 the Regiment guarded its own centres by day and night. This called for a nightly volunteer guard of 4 Officers and 50 Other Ranks, every night of the week for 15 months. During this period there were several "alarms" but apart from Mrs O'Neills tomato the centres remained unsullied. It is sad to relate that Mrs O'Neills cat died in the attempt, from fright.

Annual Camp is of course the highlight of the training year. The Regiment has always enjoyed the thrill of going "across the water". There is considerable excitement however in getting them there. Movement is always at the height of the tourist season, and the Regiment take a Machiavellian delight in selecting an unlucky cross channel mail boat as its transport. This means of course that the Adjutant must endeavour to book every berth on the boat out of his own pocket and then try and sell them to the North Irish Horse either before the boat sails, or when the bar closes at 11 p.m. This method, although it usually results in considerable financial loss to the Adjutant, does manage to ensure (nearly) a peaceful night for the citizens who are unlucky enough to be travelling with us. The days of the ships corridors echoing to the cries of "It's my berth he has and him not entitle to it", are almost over. However, getting there is only part of the fun. It is only on arrival that the serious business of cramming into 12 days what normal people would take 6 months to do takes place, this applies both to work and to play. Probably the nicest thing about camp is the stunned condition with which you battle through it. At the end of it all even the Regiment are too exhausted to tell you what went wrong, and it is only rude notes from higher commands two months later that re-adjust memories. Then you have to find out why an Armoured Car was left in Scotland when you were certain that the exercise took place in the Midlands.

There are only two real limits to Regimental exercise areas and they are either:—

(a) The size of the United Kingdom.

(b) The amount of petrol you can lay your hands on.

On arrival back in Ireland one goes to bed for a fortnight.

Living in Ireland does of course take a little getting used to. Everyone is kind and eager to help. Where possible everything will be done as soon as they can get round to it. "To be sure" he says to I he says "I'll have it fixed for you in a couple of days". That was in August 1957 and the article in question was the broken lock of my front door. He took it away for fixing of course. I am handing the house back to its owner on 1st November, 58 and I cannot

think what I am going to do about the front door lock. The trouble is he forgot to give his name and address, or perhaps I did not ask him for it.

Ireland is famous for its splendid fishing. Fishing a well known Lough near the border is really a three day affair. The border runs through the centre of the Lough in question, and it costs 10/- more to fish "their" side of the Lough where the fish are said to be bigger and easier to catch. We decided however to paddle in our own side. The first day was blank, conditions were excellent but the boatman said there was thunder in the air, probably over England. The second day the thunder came nearer. The third day I was nearly thrown overboard by the boatman for suggesting the Salmon had probably moved to another Lough. However towards the end of the third day we got a 1/2 lb trout which was very pretty. That night coming into the bar I overheard the following conversation by the boatman to a newly arrived fisherman, "T'was awful bad luck they had these three days, he had on the biggest salmon I ever saw in these waters, played him for three parts of an hour only to lose the beauty . . . and the one that nearly jumped into the boat now". I went away realizing that it must have been a splendid three days I had after all.

The shooting is great fun. Most farmers are only too pleased for you to shoot and no one ever worries you at all. We were walking a bog one day when my companion suddenly "froze" to the ground. "Hould yore whisst", he said "Sure there's a polisman behind that bush, get down". Being very slow and also certain that both snipe and duck were still in season I remained standing. "Get down" he said, "or have you got a licence?" "I've a driving licence, I said. "That might of been of use in the past but not nowadays, come we'll move to the top of the bog where he can't follow us". Unfortunately we had to return eventually to the car and there we found the polisman waiting for us. "Good evening gentlemen" he says, "is it good luck you've had", "This luck he's talking about" said my companion.

Well there is a lot to be said for possessing a current driving licence after all.

There are many stories, military and non-military, and some of the best cannot be printed. In all it has been a most enjoyable experience and my advice to anyone who is offered the chance to soldier in Northern Ireland — — — Take it!



(Photo by courtesy of Cecil Studio, Belfast)

#### JUBILEE PARADE 10th MAY 1958

Two Squadrons of the NORTH IRISH HORSE lead the Parade past H. M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother





(Photo: Craine, Roche)

OLD COMRADES  
RE-UNION 1958

Mr L. E. Powell and Party



## THE OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION

Once again 1958 showed a very good O. C. A. Re-union, held at the Carlton Rooms, home of the Television Dancing Club.

Quite a large number attended but the accomodation being such, THERE IS STILL PLENTY OF ROOM FOR MORE TO ATTEND.

The Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel R. J. Stephen, M. B. E. was there, as was the Commanding Officer Lieutenant Colonel P. F. W. Browne, D. S. O. M. C. who flew over from Germany with a party of officers and other ranks. Others who attended were:-

Brigadier J. B. Norton. Lt. Col. B. B. N. Woodd. Lt. Col. E. B. Studd. Majors. J. J. Mann. J. P. S. Pearson. P. T. Drew. A. R. Sturt. W. D. Garbutt. Captains. G. S. Sanders. J. M. Palmer. D. E. Wreford. R. M. Roberts. J. A. Pharo-Tomlin. L. R. Charlton. A. W. Pickford. T. Grant (RAEC). Messrs. E. J. Clayton. R. P. Smith. D. J. Lewin. E. Scott. H. Simpson. A. Campbell. N. J. Docking. D. Maggs. H. G. Haley. R. E. Luck. L. Berriman. H. V. Nalty. C. F. Bishop. R. G. Hickmott. E. L. Collins. R. G. Woodward. D. F. Marks. C. V. Turner. L. J. Dean. S. Burr. B. F. Birtchnell. S. Stonehouse. C. J. Pilborough. J. F. Pearl. M. P. Evans. H. E. Freeman. J. Emslie. J. W. Dixon. W. Brown. J. Brown. R. Seth. B. J. Dearsey. R. Singer. H. M. Brodie. T. W. Corbett. E. Kirby. J. Shepherd. J. W. Spooner. H. Parr. T. Bell. S. A. Nicholls. W. I. Williams. H. Wise. P. Challis. L. W. H. Stock. B. Haven. R. A. Evans. F. Blackwell. R. Jones. T. Weston. A. Freeman. R. W. Nutley. S. Dolan. H. St. Pierre. J. H. Taylor. D. Glastonbury. P. J. Byrne. J. W. Dawson. D. J. Bishop. C. G. Smith. H. D. Wakeman. T. G. Henley. C. Rolf. F. F. Lander. D. L. Yates. L. G. Powell. J. Hall. T. Kitson. A. Swales. Ex-Sgt A. E. Gillard (Chelsea Pensioner) RSM T. Vale. S/Sgt J. Justin. Sgt K. G. Preece. Sgt V. Coles.

Also quite a number obtained tickets at the door and their names therefore are not recorded.

On Sunday, the day following, H. M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother took the salute at a parade of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades and laid a wreath on the Cavalry Memorial, in Hyde Park. The Regimental wreath in Regimental colours was also laid on the Memorial.

We were very fortunate indeed that the parade took place on one of the very few fine days of the year. Her Majesty, dressed in beautiful powder blue, and with some lovely flowers be-decking her saluting base, gave a wonderful colouring to the whole surrounding. A day that over 7,000, a record attendance, past and present Cavalrymen will long remember.

On Saturday 25th October, Her Majesty The Queen unveiled the Brookwood Memorial. This is the only Memorial to the dead of the Land Forces of the Commonwealth who have no known grave, to be built in the United Kingdom. A British Legion Poppy wreath was laid on the Memorial on behalf of the Regimental Old Comrades.

For the Remembrance Week, in November, Remembrance Cross Surrounds for both the Regiment and the 20th Hussars were planted in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster. Inserted in each Surround was a Badge Cross and Wreath Cross. A Badge Cross was also planted in the Surround of the 43rd Gurkha Lorried Brigade.

## THE SLIM BROS

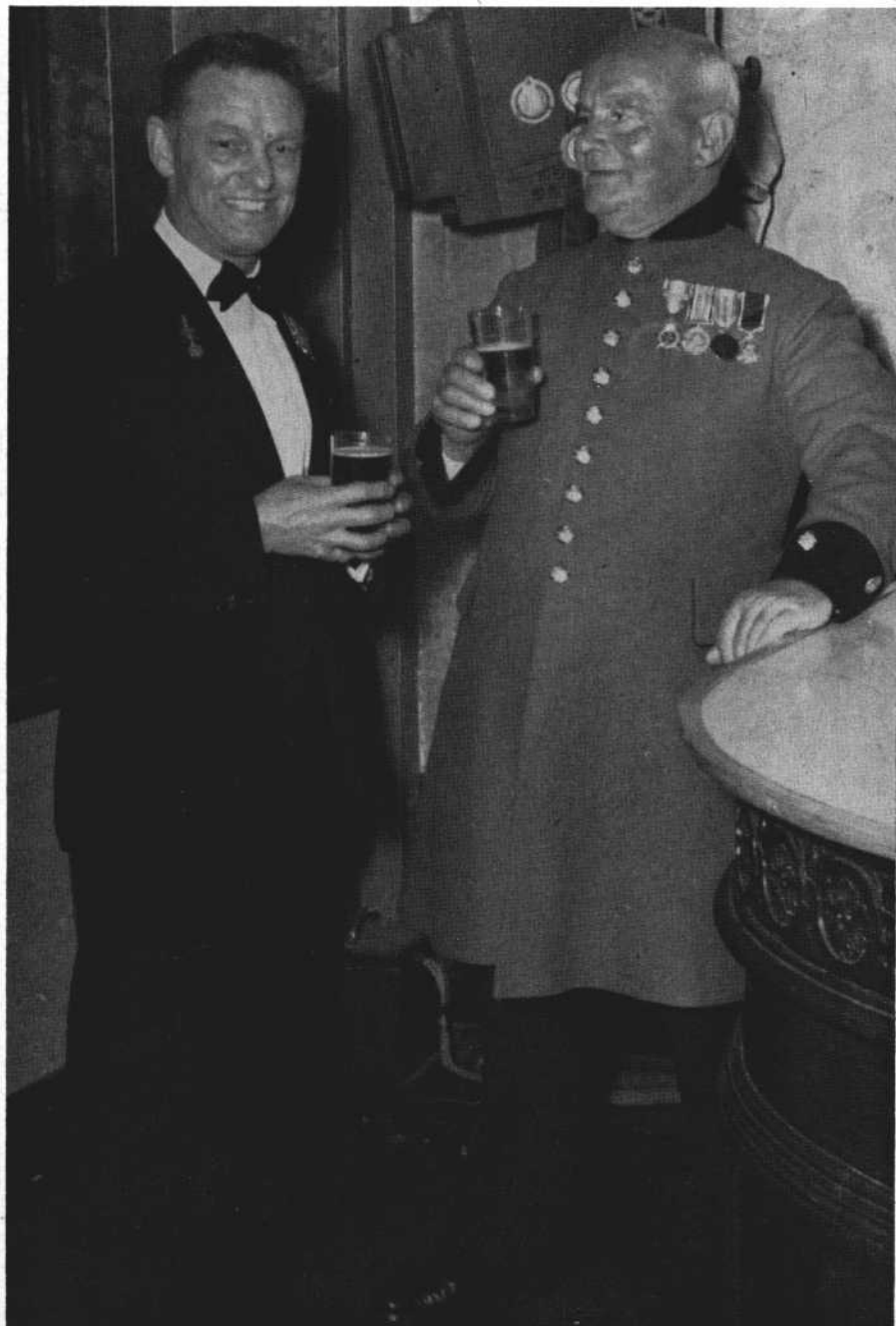
Another family claiming a line of succession of holders of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal is the Slim family.

Two brothers who were awarded it, served in the Band of the Regiment in the 1920s — 30s, both being most proficient on the drums. They later transferred to the RAOC.

Their father was awarded his while serving with the Royal Artillery and their grandfather with the Royal Engineers.

One of the brothers, E. G. Slim, now has two sons serving on 22 year engagements. All six of the family enlisted as boys!

OLD COMRADES RE-UNION 1958



(Photo: Craine, Rodhe)

MAJOR G. H. SWALLOW, THE SECRETARY, WITH EX SGT A. E. GILLARD.

## **SAM FLATFOOT APPRECIATES THE SITUATION**

by P. V. B.

I had'nt seen Sam Flatfoot since we shared the same cell in the Guardroom at Sandhurst, and there he was, shooting one hell of a line across the bar of the 'Phingah Inne' with a large whisky in one hand and the barmaid in the other. (I expect you know the 'Phingah Inne' at Warminster.)

"Why, bless my soul", said Sam, who always was addicted to strong language, putting down his whisky and slapping me on the shoulder with his disengaged hand. "What are you doing here?" "I've just flown in for a spot of leave", I replied. "I could do with a winner or two." "Don't talk to me about horses", wailed Sam, putting down the barmaid and picking up his drink with both hands before downing it. "Two more whiskies please, Dolores darling", he continued, "one with some soda and mine with Chanel No.5 again." Sam always was an Infantry officer of the 'Old School', and I was glad to see he had not changed. He turned to me again.

"I've been soldiering frightfully seriously for weeks now, trying to organize tomorrow's high-powered demonstration. But damn it — I'd have been out of the Army by now if Harry the Silverman had'nt squirted a hyperdermic full of Rose's Lime Juice instead of the 'right stuff' into a moke at Lingfield Park a month ago." And Sam allowed two large tears roll down his cheeks and splash into his whisky and Chanel.

"That damned Harry always was unreliable", I said sympathetically. "I remember the time Shanghai Charlie had him fixed to throw a cat onto the track at Harringay if Shanghai's dog looked like getting beaten, and the fool let go a great ginger Tom when the dog was four lengths clear and unbeatable at the last bend. Harry had his dark glasses on in case the big cop he divved on the track five years back recognized him, and he said he was so frightened that they misted up and he mistook the dog.

We went on talking over old crimes until it was chucking out time and Dolores had to take Sam home. As he got into her Rover 90 he passes me a ticket. "If you're round here tomorrow come along to the demonstration and see an 'Infantry Battalion in Defence'. It's time some of you bally Cavalrymen learnt how wars are won.

Being a keen officer and always ready to learn how the other half lives I duly rolled up to see how Sam's demonstration would go off. My 'Admit One' ticket got me past a belligerent looking R. M. P. Sergeant who asked me if I was an officer. He seemed to doubt my answer, which annoyed me intensely as I was immaculately turned out in my new velvet drape coat, 'Slim Jim' string tie and Elephant-treads. Next, the programme of the afternoon's entertainment proved to me that Sam still only told the truth by mistake and he was not running the show by himself but was acting as Commentator. There were still a few minutes before the off, so I had a quick look round at my neighbours. In the front row of the stalls were the politicians and Generals, the former as excited as small children at their first pantomime and the latter looking very male, moustachied and military. A mixed bag of officers and press reporters filled the remaining seats, and I found next to me the War Correspondent of the 'Tolpuddle Tribune and Piddlehinton Parishoner'. I had once baled hay with him on the fertile and sunny slopes of Dorset, and under the 'wing of friendship' he shared his cold cod roe and vinegar sandwiches, and a bottle of Bass with me.

Behind, seated not upon chairs but more suitably upon a species of their national emblem, were a crowd of very disconsolate Jocks. They could see nothing of the demonstration, which did not seem to worry them for those who were not reading the Pools Forecast were asleep.

Suddenly the loudspeaker erupted. "Well, good afternoon, gentlemen, and welcome to . . . crackle . . . crash . . . crackle . . . what the crackle's happened to this crackling microphone, Sergeant — crack — Snodgrass . . .?"

Poor old Sam, I thought, as I saw the red — ribboned hats converge into whispered criticism. "So sorry gentlemen", he continued in a sugary voice, once his apparatus had been coerced into co-operation, "just a slight technical hitch, ha ha!" Realizing that he was unlikely to be held up by a round of fervent applause, he carried on. "Now just to put you in the picture for today's demonstration of the Infantry Battalion in Defence, I will point out a few salient reference features in the area. The derelict farmhouse to your immediate front will be known as 'Farmhouse with thatched roof, five chimneys and all mod con now obsolete'. To your right you will see in the distance a conical shaped hill covered with gorse, ragwort and foxgloves a spotlight on top it. This will be known as 'Tit! . . .' and so on, till every blade of grass in the area had a name or number.

Having foxed the lot of us, Sam drew a deep breath and in a voice charged with drama pointed out the intrepid Northlanders advancing upon the fearless Southlanders, who were well dug into their positions which had been steadily prepared for the last two months. An angry chatter of small arms fire sent the fat Company Commander of the leading Northlander troops sprawling on the ground, a lead which his Company soon followed. Two more companies of Northlanders then appeared to perform a fruitless attack and were sent packing by the defending forces.

"Gentlemen", said Sam, "I feel that we can expect the Northlanders to pull the stops right out to take this feature. No doubt they will call on their supporting arms . . ." Cr-r-r-ump! Well done, Sam! For the Gunners came clean with a load of HE which landed uncomfortably near the High Brass and sent dust and chalk fragments over the forward elements of the spectators. A couple of Jocks woke up, scratched and went to sleep again, the politicians lit cigarettes and the Generals flicked dust from their uniforms.

"A bit close, what?" "But we can learn an important lesson from that", warbled Sam, hoping to cover up for the slap-happy Gunner apparently bent on murder, "for no demonstration rings true without realism. And here from the Direction of 'Tit' comes the Northland armour to support the infantry onto the objective. Let us see if Southland can maintain this position in the face of terrific odds".

Of course, Sam knew that we knew that since this was a Defence Demonstration the defending troops would hold on till the cows come home, and no power on earth would shift them.

The tanks rolled like drunken caterpillars towards the defence position with the infantry spread out around them.

"Well, it certainly looks as if the Southlanders are going to have their work cut out to stop this lot!" Shouted Sam, trying to whip up some enthusiasm in those of us who did not know that a green very light would halt the attackers, while two reds would send them back to 'Tit'. "Yes this attack certainly looks like being the g — goods", wailed our commentator, the confidence draining from his voice as the very lights failed to materialise.

"N-n-notice how the defending troops hold their fire till the last minute", he stumbled on. Interest was now fully aroused, for it appeared to the onlookers that unless someone hooked up the tanks pretty soon the defenders were either going to engage them with their teeth or become strawberry jam. Suddenly a little creature leapt out of a slit trench in front of the leading tank and went off like a 'long dog', soon he was followed by a host of others.

"Stop! stop! For God's sake STOP!" Roared Sam over the loudspeakers. "FIRE YOUR B . . . PISTOL!" Too late, for the very pistol had jammed and chaos reigned. Shouts of "Six to four the field" and loud view-holloas rose from the excited crowd in the cheap seats.

As the last of the pursuers hurtled over the horizon with bayonet fixed after the prey, Sam's voice came over loud, clear and confident once more. It was his finest hour. "Well, Gentlemen, that probably surprised you all" — a Jock behind me growled "Ye wouldna' nob it", — "but this demonstration goes to show that no matter how thoroughly a defensive position is prepared, or how determined are the troops that hold it, it may be overcome by dashing handled armour in support of courageously led infantry. Thank you, gentlemen, that ends our demonstration for this afternoon. Other ranks will find tea laid out in the NAAFI tent by the car park, and there is also tea for the officers in the Mess which you will find down wind of the latrines".

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### SPRING GUNS OF THE 20th HUSSARS

Dear Editor,

Your journal just to hand; this is the first copy I have seen and it is nicely got up indeed; in my time military journals were few and far between. I am sending you a description of a Spring Gun invented by our Captain Jeffries, to whom I would like this to be a tribute, during the bitter trench warfare 1914—15 and used solely by the 20th Hussars in all static operations. Captain Jeffries was fated to be killed by his own spring guns, in that he was in the habit of personally exploring No-Man's-Land at night even when the trenches were a mere 100 yards apart. One night the Germans blew a crater in front of our position and the Captain, being in its vicinity, was killed by the deluge of Mills' hand grenades from his spring guns.

Staff officers visited the gun pits but it was not adopted for general use by our arms. This spring gun has been described by myself and published in the *Old Contemptibles Magazine*. On a steel tripod was fixed a lever at the head of which was a receptacle into which fitted a Mills grenade, the safety pin withdrawn. This lever was compressed by most powerful springs mechanically, and on release catapulted the grenade into enemy fortifications. The safety lever automatically discarding itself as it left the receptacle. Range could be varied by the amount of pressure the operator applied to the springs.

Regarding your competition to stimulate recruiting. (The Hawk 1958.) Here again the *Old Contemptibles Magazine* favoured me with an insertion some 6 years ago, when Major Cribbes was Editor. I regard this question as purely a psychological one. The army must be kept in view of our young men as much as possible. Regimental uniforms must be returned. There is little attraction in the present Blue No 1. The cloth is shoddy. I examined a bugler when a band played in the hospital grounds here. My contention is that if soldiers were compelled always to wear Regimental uniforms, as we were, when on leave or furlough, the army would be continuously 'on view' as it were and brought to the national mind. For it was seeing these uniforms as a school-boy that my mentality trended towards the army, and seeing my school chum's brother in the uniform of the R. H. A. decided me for a Hussar.

There is much more in uniform psychology than the War Office imagines.

Stone House Hospital  
Nr Dartford

A. E. Douglas. 20H,  
1913—17.

### BEATING A RETREAT

To The Editor.

Dear Sir,

In November 1944 I was on the 'Stirling Castle' bound for Suez, and besides the 4,000 troops we were carrying, we had the 'Merry Widow Opera Company', composed of Dennis Noble, and quite a party of very glamorous looking females. During the day, I used to take the officers on P. T. and for those who liked a few rounds of the noble art I used to oblige, often doing twenty or more rounds a day.

A section of the boat deck, was kept clear for an hour daily so that the glamour pussies could do their exercises, high kicking etc., and what an audience of goggle-eyed subalterns they had.

About eight or nine days out when it began to get fairly warm, I was in my cabin one evening when there was a knock on the door and it was the mistress of the troupe of girls, but she was no glamour puss more like the 'Baggage Madam'. She said that as I took PT and boxing I must know something about massage. To this I answered 'Yes, but only a little'.



She said that one or two of the girls had got stiff with overdoing their exercises, would I be kind enough to take a look at them. Trying not to sound too eager I said that I would. I accompanied her to their cabin which was one of the large ones, pre-war first class, where six or seven shared a cabin. I was really hit for six as they were all draped on their bunks in the briefest of briefs, I just goggled, then gulped, tried to murmur an apology, dived for the door, and back to my cabin.

R. Jones (Warhorse)  
(What would you have done chums?  
R. J.)

### AN OLD 14th

To the Editor

Dear Sir,

I was much interested in reading the 'Comrades Reunion' in the News of the World of April 13th 1958. At the meeting, you may have members who will remember Private Dobson (Dobbie) 3343 of the 14th (Kings's) Hussars, who enlisted in March 1894 and was discharged 1903. During the South African War he sounded reveille every early morn on an occorina. The tune was always the same 'There is a Happy Land, Far Far Away'! One could here the cheers round the camp.

The occorina was confiscated at General Smuts' Farm near the Blood River. In conclusion I may state for obvious reasons I changed my name from Dobson to Edge. I am now eighty-six, and in perfect health, and residing at this address which is a home for O. A. P.s Everything is as desired.

With my very best wishes to all members.

Shotwick House  
Saughall  
Nr Chester

Samuel Edge

(P. S. I served under Generals Gough, English, and Hamilton.)

### SERIOUS MISTAKE IN LAST YEAR'S HAWK

To the Editor

Dear Sir,

Owing to some delay I received my copy of the Hawk only this week. I must protest in the alterations you have made in my story of Sgt Jock Duncan (The Hawk, page 48) and his Trooper namesake the former ticket collector. What I wrote was, 'It is typical of the spirit of the Old Regular Army that they were none the worse friends for it'. What you have printed, try to explain it how you will, implies the opposite. And it would appear it is what I wrote. I know this will be resented by all 14th Hussars of my generation and I am sure by no more than Mr, later Major Montgomerie (later in the Life Guards), for Jock was a fine old N. C. O. whom I personally respected very much. Will you please publish this giving it the same prominence you gave the former misrepresentation.

c/o Miss Cleverley  
23 Park Avenue,  
Worthing.

W. Moore

(The Editor wishes to apologise most humbly for this serious mistake.)

### THE REASON FOR THIS COLUMN

To the Editor

Dear Sir,

I am very pleased that in spite of the continuous moves the Regiment makes you are able to publish the magazine. For many of us it is the only link we have with the Regiment. Might I suggest a correspondence column for ex-members of the Regiment. I am sure there must be many members who would contribute to such a column. It would provide a link between old 'buddies', who don't get the opportunity of attending the re-unions. Ex-Sergeant Frank Lindlay of 'C' Squadron was a first-rate cartoonist, and I am sure many of us would like to see some of his work in future editions of 'The Hawk'.

91, Oaklands Grove,  
Shepherds Bush,  
London. W. 12.

P. Powell

### THE CHAYTOR TROPHY

The Chaytor memorial trophy presented in memory of Captain Gerald Chaytor has been brought into use. The trophy has been in the possession of the officer's mess for some years and the purpose for which it was originally awarded cannot be traced.

The Commanding Officer has therefore decided that this trophy will be brought into use once more as an annual award at Ramnuggur time to the young officer who has made the greatest personal contribution to any form of equitation in the Regiment during the preceeding twelve months.

Officers who qualify for this award must be bona fide 14th/20th King's Hussars not above the rank of Substantive Captain. The fact that they are serving ERE will not disqualify them from the award. No officer may be awarded the trophy more than once.

The object of awarding this trophy is to promote all forms of equitation among the young officers of the Regiment.

The award will be made for the amount of personal effort and time devoted to equitation rather than for startling successes on the race course or in the show ring, but, of course, those factors must be taken into account.

The trophy will be engraved with the officer's name and the type of equitation for which it was awarded — i. e. racing or polo or show jumping. The trophy shall remain in the officer's mess.

The committee to award this trophy will be: —

The Commanding Officer.

The Second-in-Command.

Two other field officers of the Regiment.

The first award was made to Captain P. T. Fenwick at the Ramnuggur celebrations 1958, for racing.

## DUKE OF LANCASTERS OWN YEOMANRY

1958, the Jubilee year of the Territorial Army has been a very busy one, and at times most frustrating, however the Regiment has still continued to maintain the high standard achieved over the years.

The volunteer strength of the Regiment now; 30 Officers and 320 Other Ranks, not only is this greater than the target figure set us by the TA Association, but surpasses the strength of other units in our area. Recruiting Drives at Preston and Blackpool have swelled our strength by some 30 recruits.

The year started well!!!, our newly commissioned Quartermaster, Lt. Ray Boulter, found himself trying to ascertain the cause of an outbreak of fire in the Regimental Clothing store!!! (the event needless to say quite unintentional) this resulted in a number of varied comments from members of the Regiment.

April proved a most hectic month, the annual Administrative Inspection, Unit Vehicle Inspection, together with Arms, Instruments, WIs and Line, thrown in took place April 1—5 inclusive and the results of all were most satisfying, the grading excellent on the Vehicle Inspection being missed by only 2%. April 12th found the Regiment with a tent loaded with champagne at Holcombe "Point to Point", the remains of the champagne plus some 400 more bottles were moved to Hoghton Tower for the Officer's Ball on April 18th. Equally, liquid flowed at the W. Os and Sgts Mess dinner held at Lancaster House on April 26th: a dull and dismal drill hall was transformed into a Palatial Emporium for this occasion under the able direction of Mr. Vale. It was on this occasion that the Regiment bid farewell to Major A. T. Fisher (3 H) who had been Trg Major for some 12 months, and to welcome Major N. H. D. Pratt also of the 3rd Hussars.

Annual camp was in June at Fylingdales near Scarborough, and was a great success although marred by continual rain; the Colonel and the Doctor were constantly being called upon to sign Rum certificates. Whitby Maud, a personality well known to tank park personnel of Catterick days had apparently moved to Scarborough. It was also noted at camp that the Regimental Band found it difficult to play when marching uphill, it is not known who solved the situation, the Adjutant, Capt. Michael Palmer or the R. S. M., however, at the conclusion of the camp we said good-bye to Capt. Palmer and his charming family and sincerely hope that they have now settled down to the hardships one would expect in Berlin!!!

Following camp, a party consisting of 3 Officers and 18 Other Ranks left for London to take part in the review of the Territorial Army by Her Majesty the Queen. This was closely followed by local mounted parades in Manchester, Bolton, and Preston. The annual Memorial Parade was held at Lancaster House on October 5th/58, the Regiment on this occasion being inspected by the Hon Col, . . . Colonel R. F. Hesketh, TD. DL. MP.

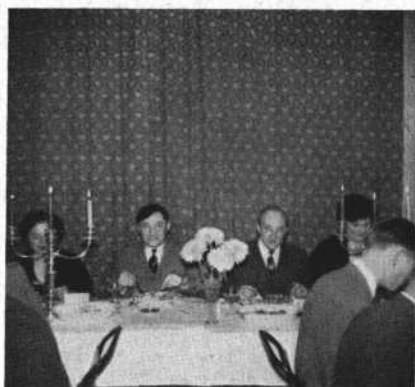
Numerous changes have taken place during the year. Sgt. Taylor arrived in April and has settled down on his diet of "warm beer and fish and chips", SSM LeMaitre arrived in September after his overland trip and not only has things "buttoned up" but occasionally demonstrates his "soft shoe shuffle". We welcome Mr. Sheen who arrived in October, however, he was disappointed that he did not distinguish himself in the Press as his predecessor did; after all he did ring the Manchester Evening News on numerous occasions informing them of his arrival. Later in October Mr. Vale and his family left for the Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington, his energy and sense of humour will be greatly missed by all, and we wish him the best of luck in his new appointment. Three members of the Permanent Staff, Sgt. Spray, Cpl. Molloy and Cpl. Clarke, all 3rd Hussars decided to transfer to the Regiment and are now wearing the Hawk with pride. Sgt. Spray and Cpl. Clarke will be joining the Regiment early in the New Year and I feel they will never regret this transfer.

Early in November the Quartermaster and the RSM decided not to let Ramnuggur go by without some form of celebration and as it was only a few days away it was decided

## D. L. O. Y. RAMNUGGUR DINNER — 1958



St. Pierre, Ex WOII Winstanley, Major Roberts.  
Ex Sgt Bruce, SQMS West, SSM Hardwick, Ex SSM



THE HIGH TABLE



A GENERAL VIEW —



— AND ANOTHER



NO COMMENT (By Tpr Embleton from a sketch by 3. C. L. T.)



THE DUKE OF  
LANCASTER'S OWN  
YEOMANRY



to have a dinner at Lancaster House. Express letters were despatched to known serving members and old comrades in the area this finally resulted in a wonderful party. The services of Mr. and Mrs. Easto were called upon and they produced a wonderful meal. The following attended: — Major and Mrs. Roberts, Lieut. and Mrs. Boulter, RSM and Mrs. Sheen, Ex WO 11 and Mrs. Winstanley, WO 11 and Mrs. LeMaitre, WO 11 and Mr. Hardwidge, Ex WO 11 and (Yank) Mrs. St. Pierre, SQMS Bert West, Ex Sgt. and Mrs. Bruce, Sgt. Volley, Sgt. and Mrs. Taylor, Sgt. and Mrs. Spray, Sgt. Cove, Sgt. and Mrs. Denny: It is hoped that a similar function will be held in future years.

Finally, as always said in previous years we continue to be grateful to the 14th/20th King's Hussars for their help and support.

## OLD SOLDIERS ASSOCIATION

We feel it might be of great interest to your readers, to hear of the continued excellent work being done by Mrs. M. L. Bernard, the Secretary of the 14th/20th Hussars, Old Soldiers Association.

It is good to know that old members of the Regiments who have served so loyally in the past are being helped when they fall on hard times, and that jobs are being found for them by the National Association for the Employment of ex Regulars in conjunction with the Old Soldiers Association.

We are sure that readers would like to hear how the small funds are being spent. Although at first sight they appeared to be large, the income from investments and private subscriptions is hardly sufficient to cover the most urgent needs. (The Balance Sheet is to be found elsewhere in this Journal.) A grand total of £ 456 has been paid out in grants to ex members of the Regiment or their dependents, during 1957.

Grants were given to 31 people who were assisted in paying for clothing, coal, rent, Hire Purchase arrears, small debts incurred through sickness or unemployment, and for extra nourishment for the old.

It is a terrible thought that at times some ex members of the Regiments may have to go without, due to shortage in our funds. We are very grateful to all subscribers for their assistance and hope that many more will join them.

## REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL

Due to the re-deployment of this Regiment, very little Regimental football was possible. We did however, enter into the Cavalry Cup competition. The Regiment had a bye in the first round, and were drawn against the 9th Lancers in the second round. The game was played at Hohné, and the ground was covered by about 2" of snow. The Regiment played an extremely good game and were very unlucky not to win, having had most of the game. Not having played together as a team before, and against a team who had already played in the Army Cup, the final score was 14th/20th — 2, 9th Lancers — 4. No more Regimental football will be played until the Army Cup and Cavalry Cup next season.

The following represented the Regiment in the Cavalry Cup in this season: —

		Howard (C)		
		Robertson (A)	Booker (A)	
	Laird (C)	Fisher (RHQ)	Gray (C)	
Kelly (C)	Rossall (A)	Hepple (RHQ)	Ford (B)	Brampton (C)



(Photo: Schafft, Hannover)

#### GRAND MILITARY MEETING — HANNOVER

*Mr Stoddart on Marlane Lily being led in by Tpr Gill after winning the hurdle race.*



(Photo: Schafft, Hannover)

#### HANNOVER

*Irridescent, Mr Stoddart up, leads over the water.*

## EQUITATION

### RACING

As anticipated in last year's edition, 1958 brought to the Regiment's few racing enthusiasts a small measure of success, a tremendous amount of enjoyment, and enough Deutsche Marks to pay most of the expenses.

The Regiment is greatly indebted to the 9th Queens Royal Lancers, who very kindly allowed us to keep our three horses in their stable, and there can be no doubt that the advantages afforded by an efficiently run stable contributed enormously to our success. It would be hard to find a better 'head-lad' in the Army than Sgt. Brown.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the year's racing was the improvement shown by our two jockeys. Capt. Fenwick in particular made tremendous progress and the presentation to him in November of the Chaytor Trophy was thoroughly deserved. Towards the end of the season, his services as a lightweight amateur were in considerable demand. When in November a nasty fall off his own horse, *Iridescent*, prematurely ended his riding for the year, he had competed in 32 races, most of them over obstacles, and had scored twice on the flat, once for the 9th Lancers, and once for the Queens Royal Irish Hussars. Tpr Gill transferred from the Polo to the Racing Stables in July and rode regularly for Mr. Stoddart for the rest of the season. He performed very competently on several different horses and only needs the confidence and encouragement, which a winner or two will bring, to become an accomplished jockey.

Owing to weight difficulties Mr Stoddart was only able to ride on four occasions, and must have driven his friends to the verge of insanity by his frequent but unavailing cursing from the stands.

Of our three horses *Marlane Lily* showed the best form. She dumbfounded her critics and more than justified Mr Stoddart's confidence in her by winning two small hurdle races and by being only "out of the money" on 4 occasions in a total of 17 races. Tremendously game, she never ran a bad race but was handicapped by the extreme scarcity of long distance hurdle races. Perhaps the most pleasing single performance of the year was her win over hurdles at the Grand Military Meeting at Hannover. Ridden by Mr Stoddart she scored most impressively under top weight.

*Iridescent*, whom Capt. Fenwick bought back from the 17th/21th Lancers early in the year, showed very clearly that he was in no way inclined to over exert himself and that he considered anything approaching a struggle in the closing stages of a race definitely "not on". With more resolution he could have won on at least two occasions, and although he earned a reasonable amount in place money and was placed second five times, no one was sorry when he was sold to a German Riding School.

The German-bred mare *Herba*, proved an expensive failure. On three occasions in the Spring she displayed a surprising amount of temperament and excitability and a marked reluctance to leave the starting gate at all. At the Derby Meeting at Hamburg, however, she ran well to finish fourth in a good-class steeplechase. In July *Herba* sustained a serious injury to a hoof which did sufficient damage to ensure that she would never race again. To be nearer her owner, she was moved to the 9th Lancers from the Queens Royal Irish Hussars' stable in September, but when two operations and extensive veterinary treatment brought no sign of improvement, she was reluctantly put down.

The prospects for racing next year appear at the moment to be far from bright. Capt Fenwick has deserted us for a life of Board Meetings, and high finance, and it is doubtful whether Mr Stoddart will be with us for another full season. We sincerely trust that others will step forward to take their place and keep racing in the Regiment alive.

Horses.	Races Run.	Won.	2nd.	3rd.	Stake money.
<i>Marlane Lily</i>	18	2	3	1	3825 DM
<i>Iridescent</i> .	16	—	4	—	1750 DM
<i>Herba</i> .	6	—	—	1	750 DM



(Photo by courtesy of G. J. Essinger)

#### FRANKFURT

Tpr Gill on Marlane Lily.



(Photo by courtesy of G. J. Essinger)

#### A BRITISH VICTORY

Captain Fenwick, winner on the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, Colway.

## POLO IN HAMBURG

For sometime negotiations between Herr Reinke and Col. Tony Sanger went on to try and arrange a Polo match in Hamburg for the benefit of young German riders who would be interested to learn the game. Whether the spectators enjoyed or benefited from our weekend of Polo is still open to discussion, but as far as the players were concerned every minute of the weekend was thoroughly enjoyed as all were entertained and looked after in true 'Polo-style'.

The teams consisted of one 'youngish' and one 'oldish' side to play against each other.

Colts		Centaur	
Lt Ritson 3 H	1	Major Tayleur 14/20 H	1
Lt Walford 17/21 L	2	Major Nelson 8 H	2
Capt Baxter 14/20 H	2	Lt-Col Sanger	2
Capt Keightley 5 DG	1	Lt-Col Coker 17/21 L	2

On the Saturday, we had a very enjoyable match, it developed after the second chukker into a good, open, fast game, with everyone playing up to their handicaps; whether it was the champagne provided between chukkers or the fact that the name of no Regiment was at stake whoever lost one could not tell, but there is no doubt that the match showed the spectators a good deal of the excitement of Polo, though not always at skill. The Colts beat the Centaur by fair margin!

After the game we dined with Herr von Oswald who lives in a charming house on the banks of the Elbe. Here we met a crowd of interesting and delightful people and polo was discussed until players of all ages were ready to enjoy the famous night life of Hamburg, with a trip round their favourite haunts. This doubtless will cause many old players to go red in the face but it must be remembered that there was no real honour at stake, and curiously enough both teams were represented in the 'night fliers' about evenly.

On the Sunday we again played in the afternoon. Col Tony Sanger had to go to Berlin to play cricket, but he was replaced by Lt-Col Noble who commands the H. L. I. This match also proved to be the greatest fun and provided the spectators with an open fast game.

The ground that we played on was the old Hamburg Polo Club ground. This club folded up in 1938 and since the war the ground has only been used by British Army units as a sports ground.

A few months ago it was handed back to the Germans and this was the first game of Polo for twenty years. Despite the conversions that the ground had suffered it played remarkably well and we all hope that thousands every year will play on it and that we might be invited again.

## ADEN

by M. A. U.-S.

(A continuation from 'The Hawk' 1958.)

The second half of the tour in Aden was eventful, sometime frustrating but always interesting.

In May last year, Yemen Troops aided by local dissidents, penetrated the frontier near Dhala and seized a high plateau which overlooked our base camp and airstrip. This plateau is guarded by a three thousand foot escarpment with occasional rough goat tracks as the only means of ascent by land. An action was therefore fought to remove the opposition.



The events chiefly concerned the relief of a fort where Mr David Somerset and some government guards were besieged. This was fully reported by the British Press, the operation being covered by a number of Press correspondents headed by Mr Randolph Churchill.

Somerset, a man of great ability, had recently arrived from Political Service in West Africa. He had not yet learned to speak Arabic and he found himself in one of the most inaccessible places in the Protectorate, in a most insanitary fort surrounded by some extremely unpleasant individuals, who had evidently undergone some form of marksmanship training.

The Troops mainly involved in the relief of the fort were a company of the Levies, a company of the Buffs, and the best part of a very fine Battalion of the K. S. L. I. which had been flown in from Kenya. Our armoured cars and those of the 13th/18th Hussars were mainly concerned with diversionary operations and the protection of convoys bringing reinforcements and supplies from Aden — a distance of one hundred miles — much of the route being a wadi bed.

The assault on the escarpment lead by a Levy company — clambering up in single file under fire was a magnificent effort considering that the physical difficulties alone were formidable.

When a small and precarious bridgehead had been gained at the top, the Buffs started up. Their progress was slow because of the steep climb and because Levy casualties were being evacuated down same route — for the bridgehead was not then large enough to receive helicopters.

As the Buffs reached the top, Bill Boucher — Myers — who subsequently received the DSO, lead his Levies to Assiria (Fort Somerset) where they were met by the delighted garrison lead by Somerset, whose only contact with the outside world for several days had been by Pye set to supporting aircraft.

The RAF delivered determined attacks on the opposition with low diving Venoms, under cover of which Velleltas dropped supplies including blankets (for it was cold at eight thousand feet) Wireless equipment, mortars, and a magnum of champagne for Sunray.

The Levies sustained about twenty casualties during the day but their achievement, — the first of its kind in their short history — did much to boost morale in the Force as a whole, and particularly, in the company concerned.

Of particular interest to the Military student, were the administrative arrangements with all the complications of mountain warfare and airborne supply. Major Jock Balharrie (Greys) who was DAA and QMG was responsible for these. The relief operation was followed up by mopping up operations which took several weeks — after which the Political officer — with military backing, — was able to influence affairs in the right direction once more.

This battle caused quite a stir in Aden. Hitherto, although operations had taken place from time to time, we were still on peace time accounting. In the hot season, we frequently "knocked off" work at lunch time. It can therefore be appreciated that one or two people had to do some pretty quick thinking to make the necessary moves and arrangements in time.

The operation was successful because of good planning, bold execution and effective co-operation between the Army and the RAF.

The other principle excitement occurred in August in the state of Lahez. This state — while lying adjacent to the Colony and the Yemen, is the largest and both political and economically, the most important in the Protectorate.

In accordance with the Anglo-Lahez (Circa 1900) this state, while claiming British protection, is not permitted to have political relations with other foreign powers.

Between May and July (58) our relations with the young Sultan gradually worsened and in May we had to remove by force, one of the principle politicians, who was dumped on an island in the Indian Ocean where he now lives in a tent surrounded by barbed wire.

It soon became clear that the Sultan was in touch with Cairo and was planning to join the United Arab Republic.

Matters came to a head when most of the Lahez Army (about a Brigade) departed to the Yemen, taking with them the contents of the national treasury and the Arms stores. This did not go down well with the British Government who forbade the Sultan — then on holiday in England — to return to his state. He was replaced by a nominee of HM Government temporarily, until more permanent arrangements could be made.

Meanwhile, the APL, setting out at a disgustingly early hour of the morning, occupied the key points in Lahez state, including the main crossing place from the Yemen. The whole operation went off extremely well and turned out to be more like an exercise than an operation — except for the absence of umpires.

Not a shot was fired and the Political officers were soon able to go to work "buttering up" the people and sorting out the political situation.

This all proved an anti-climax for us — for we were donning our armour and preparing for a fight.

Lahez has since been quiet — except on the wireless where Egyptian propaganda continues with monotonous regularity. The ex Sultan is now presumably a guest of Colonel Nasser in Cairo.

Having written about two military operations it might be profitable to say a word about political and economic matters. For although we can easily hold Aden and its Protectorate militarily, the real struggle is for the hearts of men.

From 1839, when we originally landed at the port, until 1927, when Aden became a Crown Colony, the whole area suffered from the most disgraceful neglect. This was mainly the fault of the Indian and Bombay governments which controlled Aden at that time.

In the last few years great advances have been made in education, agriculture and the medical service. A start has even been made in building roads including one up a four thousand foot escarpment near Mukeiras. Steps are also being taken to improve our propaganda in opposition to Cairo broadcasts.

Long term policy is aimed at nursing the Arabs into running their own country with our assistance and plans are being discussed for federating the various states into one political and economic whole.

This would presumably lead to the formation of a Federation Army commanded by an Arab officer. The main difficulties will be finding suitable Arab officers for the senior posts — trying to inculcate a military tradition and finally training all in administration.

The outlay of British taxpayers money will pay dividends and Aden remain a great Bunkering port and trading centre surrounded by friendly people provided that the period of transition is not too short.

There is yet much work to be done in training the people in democratic government and building up a tradition of responsibility, honest dealing and modern techniques.

## **BERLIN SOLDIER**

by D. E. R. S.

There is a school of thought which regards Berlin soldiering as no more than a test of night clubbing stamina. This is because visitors to Berlin, as to most capitals, crave the bright lights with a zest that come from abstinence. Those who live among the bright lights do not feel the same urge and when they do launch out as often as not it is to show some visitor the sights. A visitor goes home with mild hangover and on returning there says, "It must be hell to live in Berlin all the time, nothing but staying up all night". On the contrary, as will I hope be shown, Berlin is one place where it is easy to live a balanced and reasonably healthy life, neglecting neither Mars nor Bacchus.

Apart from taking part in ceremonial occasions there is the enthusiastic G Staff to be appeased; not one of G Staff, mind you, but two. First there is the Brigade Staff with three

battalions to train. Each of these battalions must have its quota of the ground. Then there is the Allied Staff, intent on exercising the three allies in united action. These latter are good value and it is instructive to see at close quarters, the U. S. approach with lots of new ideas blending with the practical realism of the French and middle of the road line of the average Briton.

Needless to say our contact with other nationalities is not confined to military discussions! To complete the business picture the Squadron carried out seven weeks' shooting and training in Western Germany during the summer and at the end of the year therefore our military education was reasonably complete. At least it did not feel unnourished.

Work done, Berlin can offer most if not all of the civilized amenities of a capital city: opera, ballet, concerts, theatres, cinemas, shops, pubs, horse shows, circuses, motor racing and so on. There is also the opportunity to visit the East Sector and observe the Communist way of life at reasonably close quarters. Bored soldiers are few and far between in Berlin.

In the athletic line Berlin offers the soldier all the normal games on superb playing fields. In addition riding, sailing, tennis and golf are easy to enjoy. A few devotees claim to get shooting and fishing as well but even they admit that there is not much to show for a day's sport. When Berlin has finished its artificial hill we shall get ski-ing of a sort! Failing that, ski-ing in the Zone is only three hours away.

Berlin has one tremendous advantage over soldiering in most parts of the world (England included). This is simply that wherever one goes one is made welcome by the local people. This is noticeable from every aspect, be it in the shops, from the helpful and friendly attitude of the police, or the excellent relations (occasional brawl apart!), between soldiers and civilians. To feel wanted has always been good for morale!

Do we feel cut off? Some do, and too vivid an imagination could lead to many fanciful visions of Siberia! Luckily evidence of our restricted setting does not intrude into our daily lives and in this we are helped by the fact that the boundaries of the city include a remarkable amount of open land. It is in fact possible to bury oneself in the country without leaving the allied sector. Furthermore the Germans are lovers of trees and almost every street bears evidence of this love. Add to this the smog free air, and the urge to escape hits very few. Mr Kruschew has his own views on this, of course.

To conclude, for a balanced life we recommend Berlin. The purpose of our existence here is clear to all. Here there is soldiering enough and with it comes close contact with allies and the culture of a civilized European capital. For all ranks this is a good place to be.

## **THE RAMNUGGUR BALL 1958**

The Ramnuggur Ball was held on Saturday 22 Nov at Berlin. Who ever thought way back in the early 1940's that Berlin would provide the setting for such an occasion. However, RHQ, 'A' and 'C' Squadron officers and sergeants literally fought their way through to Berlin to attend.

One or two brisk encounters with the enemy (RMP, and Movement Control) necessitated orderly withdrawal in many cases, and big guns being brought to bear in others. It was proved beyond all doubt that the pen, and rubber stamp are indeed mightier than the sword. However, about 18 officers, and 35 mess members ended up in Berlin for the final night assault on the main objective.

The order of battle was as follows: — The 14th/20th King's Hussars, well supported by detachments of 'Skins' — Fusiliers — RE's — Army Chaplains Dept — friendly groups of RMP, and the United States Tank Troops. General Rome, and Brigadier Hamilton were present to see that the rules of War were observed. Unfortunately the 14th/20th were not commanded by their usual commander — Lt Col Browne DSO MC, as he had suffered 'bed down' injuries in a battle with the weather conditions a few days previously.

Our War correspondent gives a detailed and vivid account of the manner in which the assault was prepared, and made.

About ten days before the planned date of the assault, patrols from 'B' Squadron were sent out to thoroughly reconnoitre the gymnasium of Smuts Barracks. These reports were favourable. The gymnasium was un-occupied, and appeared to be an ideal area for the assault. L of C Sigs, and telephone cables became heated with the numerous calls that were made from Berlin to the sharp end (Hohne) passing this information to the RSM. It was decided to move a small party to the gymnasium to dig in, camouflage, and hold the position. This was done, and nightly contact was made. Bunting, pins plated, and drawing, and cash figured high on the nightly returns. RE Services assistance was requested to bridge a few gaps, and this came 100 % efficiency, and goodwill. After much graft the stage was set, and a short time before the appointed hour all personnel were withdrawn to allow the dust to settle, and lull the enemy into a false sense of security. An immediate 'mention in Hawk' was awarded to SSM Black, and Sgt Osborne for their leadership, slave driving qualities and skill in camouflaging the assembly area so efficiently.

At about 2200 hours the RSM made his way to the RV — covered by fire from the flare path — with the intention of meeting all detachments as they arrived with a glass of grog. His mission accomplished, the Regimental trumpeters sounded the 'off'.

By this time our own troops numbered nearly 300, but the assault upon the arena in the middle of the area lacked strength. After a few more well determined assaults upon 'Nifty' Coles, who commanded the B A R detachment (Berlin Anti Riot) the morale of the company reached a high level, the centre of the area received reinforcements, and everyone put their backs into the main objective — to make a success of the occasion.

During these minor skirmishes, Sgt Perry, escorted by Sgts Barber, and Julian captured the Ramnuggur Cup from its proud position prior to filling it, and taking it round to our own Troops for the traditional ceremony. Sgt Perry received an 'RSM' commendation for finishing off the remains of the Cup so neatly. (A charge of disgraceful conduct for failing to finish it off all in one go was considered, but not proceeded with.)

Our commander then gave permission for all our own Troops to stand down. The freedom of the gymnasium was offered, and gratefully accepted by the whole company.

During the ensuing jollifications Mrs Rome presented the Chaytor Trophy to Capt Fenwick, both persons receiving hearty cheers after the award.

Major Wreford deserves a worthy mention, not only for making a special journey by air from the UK to attend the Ball, but also for being the last to leave it.

## 2nd/6th GURKHA RIFLES NOTES

Our operational results during the last six months have been affected by the great improvement in the Malayan Emergency situation. Large areas of the country are now graded as 'white', and in the areas where the terrorists still lurk their attitude has for the most part become defensive, making them hard to contact. The dreadful incidents that for so many years cast their daily shadow over Malaya have almost ceased to take place, and in much of the country life is almost normal again.

The Sungei Siput area just north of Ipoh has always been of the main centres of terrorist activity, and it was here, conveniently close to our comfortable base in Suvla Lines, that we found ourselves operating after our retraining at the beginning of the year. Whereas previously the control of this area had been the task of one battalion, the situation had improved so much elsewhere that there was now over a brigade's strength to deal with it. The result of this was that the Battalion often found itself confined in an area that would once have been considered small for a company.

This was obviously an effective way to destroy the terrorists, but from our own point of view it became at times a little tedious and frustrating. Neighbouring units got kills in reasonable numbers, and although we felt pretty certain that there were few if any terrorists living in our restricted coverts, we had to keep up the pressure of patrolling and searching in case anyone should move in from an adjacent preserve.

In these circumstances we patrolled and ambushed and ambushed and patrolled from February to the end of June before we got a kill. The fortunate Company was D, and they shot Ah Seong, commander of the Sungei Buloh Armed Work Force, and one of his henchmen. The action took place in an area that had only been added in to the Battalion boundary that day, and did much to raise morale; not only was Ah Seong the corner stone of the local terrorist organisation, but he was also the Battalion's long awaited 200th kill.

By September the situation had eased so much west of Sungei Siput due to both surrenders and kills that the weight of effort locally was shifted to the hills and deep jungle north-east of Ipoh, which is where we are now operating. Our present area is right in the middle of the main mountain range just north of the Cameron Highlands and includes Gunung Korbu, which at 7162 feet is the second highest mountain in the country. The hills are precipitous and many of the streams form impressive waterfalls in their narrow gorges, which makes movement a bit difficult, but also may give terrorists in the area a feeling of false security. Our chief target in the area is the so-called Perak State Secretariat, the GHQ of the Communists in Perak. C Company bumped them at the beginning of November, killing one but unfortunately losing one of their own men in the engagement. We are now hoping to catch them again before they too move into somebody else's area. If we can eliminate this party we can confidently say that the end of the Emergency will be in sight in Central Perak.

The improvement in the terrorist situation has enabled us to have one company withdrawn from ops and engaged on training for normal open warfare, at which many of us find ourselves a bit rusty. Each company in turn does an eight week period, and it has proved a popular break from the jungle as well as being of value if we are not to appear too much like country bumpkins when we eventually move to Hong Kong.

We have managed to collect a certain amount of water crossing equipment, and the highlight of each company's open warfare training is a few days in camp at a most beautiful bay on Pangkor Island, which is about seventy miles from Ipoh on the west coast. Here instruction in the use of assault boats and river crossing expedients is combined with bathing and fishing, and is greatly enjoyed.

During May we took part in the annual 17 Division & Commonwealth Forces Rifle Meeting. Our team did not quite sweep the board, but the results were nevertheless satisfactory and reflect credit on Major Morrison and Gurkha Captain Jumparsad Gurung who were responsible for the training.



Placing of the Battalion in the various competitions was as under: —

Selangor Trophy (Overall Unit Championship)	2nd.
Jungle Shooting Team Championship	1st.
FN Rifle Team Championship	3rd.
Machine Carbine Team Championship	3rd.
Individual Rifle Championship	1st, 3rd, 5th & 8th.

In the Nepal Cup Football competition we were unlucky in meeting Gurkha Signals, the eventual winners, in the first round. They were the better team and beat us 5—1 in an away match played at Seremban. Unfortunately operations and the long distance prevented us from sending many spectators to the game.

The formation of two Motor Transport companies of Gurkha Army Service Corps is leading to quite a lot of quick promotion in the Battalion as we are having to supply a number of NCOs as well as riflemen. Most of us feel that we would rather have our own establishment increased and do without the auxiliaries, but the GASC is now approved by the War Office and the idea is by no means unpopular with the men.

We have had a double change in our higher command during the middle of the year. The first change was of course General Jim Robertson, who we welcomed back in his new appointments as GOC 17 Gurkha Division and Major General Brigade of Gurkhas. The second was the arrival in July of Brigadier John Mogg as commander of 28 Commonwealth Brigade. Brigadier Mogg's old Regiment is the Oxf and Bucks, so we look on him as a Greenjacket.

Within the Battalion we have been sorry to see the departure on pension of RSM Tulbahadur Pun VC. We think that we were the only Battalion in the British Army to have a serving VC as RSM, and we shall miss him. He was given a big send-off both by the Battalion and the Malayan press.

At the time of writing Colonel Peter Winstanley is in Nepal, where he is doing his long awaited trek through the western recruiting areas. His companion on the trip is Colonel Freddie Shaw.

The British officer situation has undergone its usual changes, and we have lost Morrie Morrison to be DRO at Lehra. Peter and Ann O'Bree are now at the Depot in Sungei Patani, where Peter is OC Adm Company. John Knights in June went as G III to 63 Gurkha Infantry Brigade in Johore. John Bromet and Andrew Osmond have left us to take up civilian careers, while Richard Beacham and Roderick Rawlings have joined us to do their National Service.

## OBITUARY

### JAMES WARD

Mr James Ward died at his home in Stirling Road, Fallin, near Stirling, on 3 February 1958, aged 75 years.

He was a veteran of the Boer War joining the 14th Hussars at the age of 18 on 19 December 1899. He served in South Africa from 1900 until the end of the war. He was transferred to the reserves in 1904 and was discharged in 1911 with first class Certificates of Merit and Good Conduct.

Mr Ward rejoined at the start of 1914—1918 war and served with the Expeditionary Force in France, later serving as a cook in the Regiment until the end of the war.

At the beginning of the Second World War, Mr Ward again joined up this time in the Home Guard, once again serving his country.

May we join in offering our sympathy to his children in their loss.

## WOLVERHAMPTON

Most people connect Wolverhampton with it's football team, the Wanderers, or Wolves for short; but many will still think of Troop Sergeant Major John Stratford who lived there for many years, up to his death on 16th January 1932.

John Stratford was born in 1829 joining the 14th Light Dragoons in 1846. He served with the Regiment in the Punjab Campaign of 1848/49, taking part in the Charge at Ramnuggur. He also fought in Persia and throughout the 'mutiny'.

On his hundredth birthday a mounted troop of 14th/20th, who were taking part in a nearby pageant rode to his house and saluted him on his celebration.

On his death in 1932 Troop Sergeant Major Stratford was the oldest soldier in the British Empire.

Any person visiting St Peter's Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton will see the Memorial Brass in memory of a grand old 14th.



TROOP SERGEANT MAJOR STRATFORD



THE MEMORIAL

## SGT. V. C. COLES



'I was born in the Regiment, and will fade away in it if they will let me.' The first part of Sgt Coles' statement was certainly true, and one would like to think that the second part will also be. Unfortunately the powers that be may not appreciate, as we do, the value of retaining a few 'old' soldiers to leaven with wisdom and experience what is now a comparatively young Army. Sgt Coles was born in 1908 at Shorncliffe. His father, known as Busby Coles because he always needed a haircut, was a famous character in the 20th Hussars. He died, to quote his son 'of heat and whisky' at Basra in 1921 whilst serving with the Naafi. Twenty years later Sgt Coles found himself twenty miles away from his father's grave but was not able to visit it.

Sgt Coles spent his childhood at Shorncliffe and Colchester with the 20th Hussars, where the family remained during the Great War. He joined his father's Regiment, by then amalgamated, in November 1923 at Tidworth after it had returned from the Rhine. At this time the Regiment was short of men, and young Coles, aged 15, did stable guard for a week in civilian clothes! He went into the Band and became a Tuba player. He remained in this capacity until the Regiment arrived at Hounslow in 1930, via York and Aldershot. It is interesting to note that promotion in those days was slow, especially in the Band, where the total NCO establishment allowed for only one trumpet major, one sergeant, one corporal, and three L/corporals. As a Bandsman, Coles was paid the princely sum of 4/- a day. In 1931 in fact, this was considered far too generous and was reduced by 4d a day!

In 1931 the Regiment went to Egypt in HMT Somersetshire. The only incident which Coles can remember as relieving a somewhat tedious voyage was when a Tpr Brown of 'C' Squadron fell overboard off the coast of Spain and the ship had to turn round to pick him up again.

After two years in Egypt, the Regiment moved to India where they stayed until 1941. During this period Coles, still a Bandsman, lead the normal life of any pre-war regular Cavalry man. Various incidents stand out in his memory, among them a football match at Risalpur which he was refereeing. At the same time 'Crookers Light Horse', as 'C' Squadron were then known, were swimming their horses, which got out of control and invaded the football pitch. The game was ruined, and unfortunately several horses killed themselves by falling down wells.

During his stay in India, Coles built up a reputation as a games player, particularly hockey, and his nickname of 'Nifty' derives from his agility on the sports field.

In April 1938 he had his first leave in England after 6½ years service abroad. When he arrived back in India in September he found the Regiment pulling down the stables to make garages and in 1939 he took part in the first mechanised parade for the King's birthday.

In April 1941 the Band was hurriedly recalled from the hills and turned into the Mortar Troop under Lt A. R. Sturt. Mortars were not much in Coles' line and he became Batman to Colonel Groves. At the end of May 1941 the Regiment left India after being there for 10 years. Coles spent the next year battling for the Colonel up and down Iraq and Persia. He remembers Sgt Doran and Cpl Hadden being killed in the fighting there. On the brighter side, five glorious days leave in Teheran stand out in his memory.

On the 12th August 1942 Coles was repatriated and joined the 22nd Dragoons which was stationed at Helmsley. On the voyage home the 'Orcades' was torpedoed off the Cape, and Coles found himself in an open boat with Sgts Ireland and St. Pierre, Cpl. Oliver and Bds. Kirby. However, fortunately a Polish cargo vessel picked them up the same night, and they

spent ten unexpected days leave in Capetown. On arrival in England, he was delighted to find that his Squadron Leader was Major Haggie and his sergeant-major was SSM Saville. Amongst other old friends he found SSM Moore, Cpl Bilby and Tpr Schofield. Coles landed in north west Europe soon after D Day and he spent the rest of the war driving a stores truck, ending up near Bremerhaven. In December 1945 the 22nd Dragoons were disbanded, and as the Regiment was still abroad he was posted to the Scots Greys where he found Sgt Urquhart. Owing to his prowess on the hockey field, Coles found it difficult to get away but on New Years Eve 1946 he and Sgt Urquhart rejoined the Regiment at Wuppertal and he became a Squadron storeman. He came back to Catterick with the Regiment in 1947. One of the trainees nearly gave him a fit when he walked into his stores and asked him what National Service group he was in!

On the 6th November 1947 Coles was offered his first stripe which he says he accepted on condition that he would get paid for it immediately! Having taken 24 years to achieve one, his next two stripes came somewhat quicker, in 1948 and 1952. Whilst at Catterick, the ORQMS asked L/Cpl Coles for a new battle dress. Coles replied that he could certainly have one in exchange for an L. S. & G. C. medal for which he had qualified in 1942. This swap was duly carried out privately in the Orderly Room! In 1952 Coles received the Regimental Medal, on a slightly more formal parade from General McCreery at Crookham.

Sgt Coles, now 51, is serving with 'B' Squadron in Berlin where he says he is a happy as he has ever been. He states that his ambition is to serve as long as possible and then to retire to a job where he can work from nine to twelve and two to four.

## **KING'S HUSSARS VISIT 52d INF; OBSERVE U. S. ARMY METHODS**

FREIDBERG — CCC had some British visitors recently when almost 150 members of the 20th King's Hussars spent four days in Ray Barracks as guests of the 52d Infantry.

Home station of the Englishmen is Dewmold, Germany. Eight officers visited the CCC unit with ten NCOs and 130 enlisted men, all members of squadron A of the 14th Battalion of the Hussars Unit. Squadron commander Major Brian Taylor accompanied the group.

On their way to Freidberg center the English tankers engaged in a practice road march. And while at CCC they have spent their time observing US Army methods and materials.

Lt. Col. J. Mullen, of CCC, was the officer in charge of escorting and hosting the Tommies while they stayed at the CCC kaserne.

(Extract from a US Army magazine)

## **ADMIN 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!

ANON

## REGIMENTAL GAZETTE

### HONOURS AND AWARDS

We congratulate the following:—

#### MILITARY CROSS

Captain R. E. D. Harris.

H. M. The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the following award in recognition of gallant and distinguished services:—

The award is for gallantry and leadership during operations whilst serving with the Levies as Troop Commander with an Armoured Car Squadron working with the 1st Battalion, Aden Protectorate Levies.

He has taken part in every action and reconnaissance undertaken since October 1957.

His fearless conduct and devotion to duty have earned for him the high regard and affection of his men and of the local rulers and tribesmen.

During an engagement with a heavily armed fort near Merta on January 10th 1958, he kept his cars in action for long periods of time, enabling effective and successful fire to be brought on the fort. In spite of heavy fire from light and heavy machine guns, he was last to withdraw at the end of the engagement.

During the withdrawal fresh fire was opened, but Captain Harris effectively engaged the enemy in their new positions and thereby enabled the operation to be completed without loss. His conduct was an inspiration to all ranks.

#### REGIMENTAL MEDAL

Major W. D. Garbutt - R. S. M. T. Vale - S/Sgt. J. V. Justin

## BIRTHS

We congratulate the following:—

DANIELS	To Mrs. Daniels, the wife of Bdsm Daniels, a son Paul Anthony born BMH Hannover on 9 January 1958.
HOAD	To Mrs. Hoad, the wife of Sgt. Hoad, a daughter Pamela Margaret, at BMH Hannover on 18 January 1958.
ELLIOTT	To Mrs. Elliott, the wife of Sgt. Elliott, a daughter Jennifer Rosemary, at Newmarket Nursing Home, Suffolk, on 3 March 1958.
BURKEY	To Mrs. Burkey, the wife of Sgt. Burkey, a daughter, Lynn at BMH Berlin on 6 March 1958.
GROVES	To Mrs. Groves, the wife of Capt. P. L. J. Groves, a daughter, Carol Susan Mary, at 27 Welbeck Street, London, on 8 March 1958.
CRICKMORE	To Mrs. Crickmore, the wife of Sgt. Crickmore, a son Christopher David at BMH Hannover, on 12 March 1958.
BAKER	To Mrs. Baker, the wife of Sgt. P. Baker, a son Peter Spencer, at BMH Berlin, on 13 April 1958.
AHLERS	To Mrs. Ahlers, the wife of AQMS Ahlers, a daughter Linda Jane, at BMH Hannover on 21 April 1958.
SCARR	To Mrs. Scarr, the wife of Major D. E. R. Scarr, a son Edward at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford on 28 April 1958.
PODESTA	To Mrs. Podesta, the wife of Cpl. Podesta, a son Stephen at BMH Hannover on 17 May 1958.



DIGNAN	To Mrs. Dignan, the wife of Cfn Dignan, a daughter Michele Isabella at Kirkcaldy Maternity Hospital on 25 May 1958.
MARSHALL	To Mrs. Marshall, the wife of Sgt. Marshall, a son Lee at BMH Rinteln on 1 June 1958.
MARKEY	To Mrs. Markey, the wife of S/Sgt. Markey, a daughter Debora Ann at BMH Rinteln on 5 June 1958.
WILLIAMS	To Mrs. Williams, the wife of Sgt. Williams, a son Desmond John at BMH Rinteln on 12 June 1958.
CALLAWAY	To Mrs. Callaway, the wife of Tpr Callaway, a daughter Gail Anne at St. Wooles Hospital, Newport on 13 June 1958.
GOODIER	To Mrs. Goodier, the wife of L/Cpl Goodier, a daughter Carol at Crumpsall Hospital, Manchester on 23 June 1958.
HORTON	To Mrs. Horton, the wife of L/Cpl Horton, a daughter Karen at Greenbank Hospital, Darlington on 3 July 1958.
BLACK	To Mrs. Black, the wife of SSM Black, a daughter Seonaid Elizabeth at BMH Berlin on 31 July 1958.
GARBUTT	To Mrs. Garbutt, the wife of Major W. D. Garbutt, a daughter, Sarah Francis at BMH Hannover on 9 August 1958.
BATEMAN	To Mrs. Bateman, the wife of BdsM Bateman, a daughter Sandra in Malta on 27 August 1958.
HARDING	To Mrs. Harding, the wife of Cpl. Harding, a son Ronald Kevin at BMH Hannover on 7 September 1958.
SANSOM	To Mrs. Sansom, the wife of Sgt. Sansom, a son Daniel Hugh at BMH Hannover on 26 September 1958.
JONES	To Mrs. Jones, the wife of L/Cpl Jones, a son Neil David at BMH Hannover on 27 September 1958.
TOWNSEND	To Mrs. Townsend, the wife of Cpl. Tonwsend, a son Gordon Fredrick at BMH Berlin on 25 October 1958.
POWELL	To Mrs. Powell, the wife of L/Cpl Powell, a daughter Astrid at BMH Hannover on 4 December 1958.
BEART	To Mrs. Beart, the wife of Capt. G. R. D. Beart, a son Simon at BMH Hannover on 30 December 1956.

## MARRIAGES

POWELL — TANK	We congratulate the following:— At Celle on 29 March 1958, Tpr S. Powell to Miss E. Tank.
BELL — DOBBIE	At Parish Church, Ladybank on 10 May 1958, Tpr R. Bell to Miss B. S. F. Dobbie.
GRIEVE — HALL	At Kirkcaldy Fifeshire on 7 June 1958, Tpr J. Grieve to Miss M. B. Hall.
COPESTAKE — HERLICZEK	At Berlin on 21 June 1958, L/Cpl N. Copestake to Miss I. Herliczek.
HEATH — COLE	At St. Mary's Church, Westwell, Ashford Kent, on 21 June 1958, Major D. A. Heath, MC. to Miss Diana Cole.
FARRELL — HOWARD	At Methodist Church, Cudworth, on 12 July 1958, Tpr V. Farrell to Miss M. R. Howard.
DENFORD — BEUMER	At Tiewsley, Middlesex on 12 July 1958, BdsM W. Denford to Miss A. A. Beumer.
BROCK — FISCHER	At Berlin-Charlottenburg on 26 July 1958, Cpl A Brock to Miss R. K. A. Fischer.

BLAKE — WEICHBRODT	At Celle on 29 August 1958, Sgt R. Blake to Miss B. C. Weichbrodt.
TYSON — LAWRENCE	At St. Francis Church, Mackworth Estate Derby, on 27 September 1958, L/Cpl B. Tyson to Miss E. E. Lawrence.
SHARP — DIGGLE	At Ilkeston, Derby on 18 October 1958, Sgt. B. Sharp to Miss C. M. Diggle.
JONES — WILLCOX	At Wesley House, Berlin-Spandau, on 8 November 1958 Cpl K. Jones to Mrs. M. Willcox.
FRANKS — HALL	At St. Mathews, Lambeth, on 25 January 1958, Cfn E. Franks to Miss B. J. Hall.
BENNETT — BEARDMAN	At St. James', Bootle, Lancashire, on 5 April 1958, L/Cpl A. Bennett to Miss B. Beardman.
ROSSALL — TEBBITT	At Blackpool on 14 May 1958, Cfn J. Rossall to Miss A. G. Tebbitt.
OZWELL — WILSON	At All Saints, Allesley, Coventry on 6 September 1958 Cfn J. Ozwell to Miss P. Wilson.
DICKINSON — HILL	At St. Thomas' Church, Sheffield on 27 September 1958 Tpr Dickinson to Miss B. Hill.
COTTON — WALTERS	At Nottingham on 11 October 1958, Tpr Cotton to Miss M. A. Walters.
BRADBURY — MANNECKE	At Kettering on 25 October 1958, L/Cpl Bradbury to Miss G. E. Mannecke.

## DEATHS

It is with regret that we have to announce the deaths of the following Old Comrades:—

BARRETT	H. J. Barrett, 20th Hussars. Died 1956.
GREGORY	G. H. Gregory, 14th/20th Hussars. Died suddenly at his home in Cester, 27 January 1958.
HARRIS	H. C. Harris, 14th Hussars. Died 25 September 1958. Harry Harris was very well known with the Regiment in India, pre World War I for his brilliant boxing abilities and achievements. Until his death he was 'mine host' at 'the Royal Standard', Depford, S. E. London.
HOPKINS	A. Hopkins. Died September 1958, aged 78 years.
JOHNSON	Captain R. M. Johnson. Joined and served with the Regiment during the Second World War. Killed in an air crash in Pakistan, July 1957.
SCOTT	SSM Sydney Scott. Served with 20th Hussars, First World War. Joined 14th Hussars 1919 on the Regiment's return from Mesopotamia. Retired 1931. Died 2 August 1958.
WALKER	Major J. B. Walker, 14th Hussars, Died 23 March 1958.
WARD	James Ward. An obituary appears elsewhere in this Journal.
WOODHOUSE	Major The Rev J. D. F. Woodhouse D. S. O. 14th Hussars. Retired 1919 after gaining the D. S. O. in World War I. Died 19 January 1958.
WRIGHT	Ex SSM J. T. Wright, DCM, MM, 14th Hussars. Died in hospital December 11th 1958. Mr. Wright was a regular subscriber to the Old Comrades Association and to 'The Hawk'. His wife Mrs. M. A. Wright still resides at 'Oakworth' 1717, Pooltown-Road, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.

## THE REGIMENT

As at 31st December 1958

### Regimental Headquarters

Lt Col P. F. W. Browne DSO, MC  
 Major W. D. Garbutt  
 Major G. A. L. C. Talbot (& OC 'C' Sqn)  
 Capt N. E. Bain  
 WO I A. F. Prevett  
 WO II P. V. Witney  
 S/Sgt J. V. Justin  
 Sgt E. Holdaway  
 Sgt J. McGregor  
 Sgt A. Plunket  
 Cpl D. Davis  
 Cpl D. Horton  
 L/Cpl B. Corrigan  
 L/Cpl T. Horton  
 L/Cpl G. Jarvis  
 L/Cpl J. Peacock (REME)  
 Tpr R. Bell  
 Cfn R. Blackwell (REME)  
 Tpr G. Bruce  
 Pte B. Burge (RAPC)  
 Tpr M. Cain  
 Tpr E. Clack  
 Tpr J. Clark  
 Tpr C. Drake  
 Tpr V. Essery  
 Tpr R. Geddes  
 Tpr J. Grant  
 Tpr J. Grieve  
 Tpr B. Harvey  
 Tpr K. Lammas  
 Tpr R. Little  
 Tpr D. Ozanne  
 Tpr R. Ramshaw  
 Tpr J. Scott  
 Tpr R. Simms  
 Tpr R. Tidy

### 'A' SQUADRON

#### SHQ & MORTARS

Major M. A. James, MC  
 Capt C. C. G. Ross  
 SSM T. R. Cripps  
 Sgt B. Marshall  
 Sgt K. Preece  
 L/Cpl J. Algar  
 Tpr J. Ashfield

Tpr J. Cowin  
 Tpr R. Ellis  
 Tpr D. Embleton  
 Tpr D. Griffiths  
 Tpr W. Lester  
 Tpr B. Walton

### ADMIN TROOP

Capt (QM) L. R. Charlton  
 Lt C. A. Pemberton  
 TQMS J. Rodgers  
 SQMS E. G. Clarke  
 Sgt J. Escott (QOH)  
 Sgt A. Hoad  
 Sgt T. Hurd  
 Sgt P. Watten (R. Sigs)  
 Cpl R. Brooke (RAPC)  
 Cpl J. Owen  
 L/Cpl B. Blower  
 L/Cpl W. Brown  
 L/Cpl D. Flynn  
 L/Cpl A. Spencer  
 L/Cpl A. Turnbull  
 L/Cpl B. Walton  
 L/Cpl B. White  
 L/Cpl J. Wilson  
 Pte R. Bayliss (ACC)  
 Pte J. Burns (ACC)  
 Tpr J. Chapman  
 Tpr H. Crossley  
 Tpr H. Daggers  
 Pte L. Davies (ACC)  
 Tpr J. Diver  
 Tpr J. Dunbar  
 Tpr R. Ellens  
 Sgm W. Gavin (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr K. Gill  
 Sgm A. Gooden (R. Sigs)  
 Sgm K. Harrold (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr R. Heppingstall  
 Tpr C. Humphries  
 Tpr R. Johnston  
 Pte G. King (ACC)  
 Tpr B. Mason  
 Tpr P. Medhurst  
 Pte B. Miller (ACC)  
 Tpr J. Moore  
 Tpr R. Toon  
 Tpr B. Whalley

**MT TROOP**

Lt D. R. Stoddart  
 Sgt G. Urquhart  
 Cpl J. Bonfield  
 L/Cpl J. Barclay  
 Tpr W. Allison  
 Tpr G. Arthurs  
 Tpr D. Bailey  
 Tpr R. Flux  
 Tpr A. Holberry  
 Tpr C. Lucas  
 Tpr J. McDonald  
 Tpr J. Moore  
 Tpr C. Smith  
 Tpr T. Wilson

**IST TROOP**

2/Lt D L. deBeaujeu  
 Sgt V. Colborne  
 Sgt R. Sherrington  
 Sgt D. Williams  
 L/Cpl T. Booker  
 L/Cpl C. Challenor  
 L/Cpl B. Dacey  
 L/Cpl R. Nutter  
 Tpr J. Beveridge  
 Tpr J. Brown  
 Tpr J. Cavilla  
 Tpr D. Davies  
 Tpr N. Goodwin  
 Tpr E. Hodge  
 Tpr A. James  
 Tpr J. McMillan  
 Tpr J. Robertson  
 Tpr B. White  
 Tpr W. Williamson

**2ND TROOP**

2/Lt C. J. S. Hazell  
 Sgt B. Sharp  
 Sgt G. Tasker  
 Sgt R. Wallace  
 Cpl G. Nicholls  
 L/Cpl R. Davies  
 L/Cpl M. Medhurst  
 L/Cpl B. Skeels  
 L/Cpl R. Suttie  
 L/Cpl P. Wilde  
 Tpr R. Barton  
 Tpr A. Craig  
 Tpr L. Hansell  
 Tpr L. Hunt  
 Tpr A. Hurn  
 Tpr D. Little

Tpr D. McLaren  
 Tpr H. Morton  
 Tpr A. Price  
 Tpr E. Wilson

**3RD TROOP**

2/Lt C. J. T. Blease  
 Sgt S. Oakes  
 Sgt D. Perry  
 Cpl J. Thompson  
 L/Cpl D. Fuller  
 L/Cpl J. Law  
 L/Cpl B. Tyson  
 Tpr J. Carlin  
 Tpr T. Evans  
 Tpr G. Hunt 04  
 Tpr L. Jessop  
 Tpr R. Martin  
 Tpr J. Mulholland  
 Tpr D. Prunty  
 Tpr N. Pymm  
 Tpr S. Rossal  
 Tpr B. Stocker  
 Tpr N. Tattersall  
 Tpr J. Third

**LAD REME**

Capt R. J. Alexander  
 AQMS J. Thompson  
 S/Sgt P. Markey  
 Sgt C. Agate  
 Sgt R. Booth  
 Sgt S. Fordham  
 Cpl M. Stanley  
 Cpl P. Wilton  
 L/Capt G. Davidson  
 L/Cpl J. Kingston  
 Cfn R. Bain  
 Cfn P. Booker  
 Cfn A. Brown  
 Csn M. Dignan  
 Cfn L. Edwards  
 Cfn J. Harris  
 Cfn J. Harris 84  
 Cfn G. Hewitt  
 Cfn P. Hindkley  
 Cfn M. Holmes  
 Cfn R. Hunt  
 Cfn R. Marsh  
 Cfn J. Ozwell  
 Cfn J. Rossall  
 Cfn I. Sadler  
 Cfn N. Strangwood  
 Cfn D. Trayford  
 Cfn A. White  
 Cfn B. Whitehouse

## **'B' SQUADRON SHQ TROOP**

Major D. E. R. Scarr  
Capt M. H. Goodhart  
Capt J. M. Palmer  
SSM G. Black  
Cpl C. Passam  
L/Cpl B. Bradbury  
L/Cpl I. Springthorpe  
Tpr B. Gibbs  
Tpr F. Russell

## **1ST TROOP**

2/Lt M. de G. Lambert  
2/Lt P. J. Whittington  
Sgt R. Burkey  
Cpl H. Hughes  
L/Cpl W. Georgeson  
Tpr A. Birkett  
Tpr J. Courtier  
Tpr J. Harvey  
Tpr J. Kirkham  
Tpr A. Letts  
Tpr T. Thorpe  
Tpr D. Tierney  
Tpr J. Townsend

## **2ND TROOP**

2/Lt N. R. Winterton  
Sgt P. Baker  
Cpl T. Wood  
L/Cpl R. McLean  
Tpr R. Bentley  
Tpr R. Crush  
Tpr W. Hadden  
Tpr W. Hay  
Tpr K. Helm  
Tpr J. Knight  
Tpr V. Mason  
Tpr G. Masters  
Tpr J. Murray

## **3RD TROOP**

2/Lt C. D. Forgan  
Sgt C. Osborne  
Cpl A. Brock  
Cpl E. Morris  
L/Cpl D. Mahoney  
Tpr F. Butler  
Tpr P. Hindmarsh  
Tpr P. Holland  
Tpr R. Holland  
Tpr K. Kendall  
Tpr A. Salt

Tpr J. Shepherd  
Tpr P. Weatherley  
Tpr J. Wilson

## **ADMIN TROOP**

SQMS E. Jones  
Sgt F. Alvin  
Sgt J. Bury  
Sgt V. Coles  
Cpl E. Hill  
Cpl R. Huson  
Cpl J. Morley (ACC)  
Cpl P. Taylor (RAPC)  
Cpl D. Townsend  
L/Cpl J. Goodier  
L/Cpl J. Long  
L/Cpl A. Roadnight  
Tpr J. Berry  
Tpr R. Birtley  
Tpr W. Callaway  
Tpr R. Davis  
Tpr A. Fallon  
Tpr D. Fisher  
Tpr A. Lamb  
Tpr D. McGinley  
Tpr T. Rees  
Tpr A. Roughton  
Pte T. Smith (ACC)

## **LAD REME**

S/Sgt W. Shadbolt  
Sgt D. Duggan  
L/Cpl C. Elsey  
L/Cpl A. Neal  
L/Cpl W. O'Shea  
L/Cpl D. Roberts  
L/Cpl E. Rogers  
Cfn G. Almond  
Cfn R. Boswell  
Cfn E. Franks  
Cfn D. Grindley  
Cfn J. Harte  
Cfn D. Hudson  
Cfn C. Hurt  
Cfn H. Justice  
Cfn D. Phillips  
Cfn F. Ward

## **'C' SQUADRON SHQ TROOP**

Major G. A. L. C. Talbot (& 2 i/c Regt)  
Capt P. L. J. Groves  
Capt G. R. D. Beart  
SSM W. Bentley  
Sgt R. Campbell



Cpl D. Randall  
 Tpr B. Garner  
 Tpr M. Gibbins  
 Tpr J. Wheat

### 1ST TROOP

Lieut T.W. Hart  
 Sgt E. Sansom  
 Sgt W. Zbierajewski  
 Cpl B. Smith  
 L/Cpl C. O'Hara  
 L/Cpl K. Rhodes  
 Tpr M. Cotton  
 Tpr C. Douglas  
 Tpr W. Essery  
 Tpr A. Goode  
 Tpr R. Harris  
 Tpr W. Hinton  
 Tpr J. Horspool  
 Tpr P. Kerr  
 Tpr P. Ledley  
 Tpr J. Lochore  
 Tpr P. Lomas  
 Tpr F. Macklin  
 Tpr K. Pilkington  
 Tpr P. Starke

### 2ND TROOP

2/Lt G. A. Broadbent  
 Sgt R. Blake  
 Sgt J. Marcelle  
 Cpl E. Podesta  
 L/Cpl H. Bradshaw  
 L/Cpl B. Still  
 L/Cpl M. Young  
 Tpr M. Dunning  
 Tpr M. Elgie  
 Tpr V. Farrell  
 Tpr R. Hutchinson  
 Tpr A. Moors  
 Tpr A. Platt  
 Tpr C. Sibson  
 Tpr P. Sibson  
 Tpr D. Thorn  
 Tpr J. Watson  
 Tpr A. Welsh  
 Tpr A. Withill  
 Tpr M. Wood

### 3RD TROOP

Lieut V. J. Tubbs  
 Sgt D. Flowers  
 Sgt D. Harper  
 Sgt C. Jackson  
 Cpl G. Mitchell

L/Cpl J. Boyle  
 L/Cpl C. Drew  
 L/Cpl J. Powell  
 Tpr D. Bendall  
 Tpr A. Cork  
 Tpr P. Dowdeswell  
 Tpr A. Fletcher  
 Tpr P. Hodgkins  
 Tpr I. Kerley  
 Tpr P. Irvine  
 Tpr E. Lowden  
 Tpr R. McFarlane  
 Tpr T. Passam  
 Tpr C. Shanks  
 Tpr R. Swainston  
 Tpr J. Watson  
 Tpr L. Weilding  
 Tpr N. Young

### MORTAR TROOP

2/Lt N. F. d'E. Burch  
 Sgt P. Julian  
 L/Cpl W. Phillips  
 Tpr P. Cunningham  
 Tpr J. Henderson  
 Tpr M. Herring  
 Tpr A. Kelly  
 Tpr J. Tranter

### MT TROOP

2/Lt D. J. Vaughan  
 Sgt C. Barber  
 Cpl A. Fraser  
 Tpr H. Bain  
 Tpr G. Bingham  
 Tpr R. Dewison  
 Tpr J. Emmerson  
 Tpr A. Kindon  
 Tpr R. Langston  
 Tpr K. Rushworth  
 Tpr B. Sunderland  
 Tpr J. Tovee

### ADMIN TROOP

Capt B. E. Moore  
 SQMS S. Jude  
 SQMS R. Ramsay  
 S/Sgt P. Laverick (RTR)  
 Sgt R. Cox (R. Sigs)  
 Sgt M. Gates  
 Cpl A. Adams (ACC)  
 Cpl J. Dew (R. Sigs)  
 Cpl F. Harding  
 Cpl F. Marsh (R. Sigs)

Cpl C. Marshall  
 L/Cpl P. Alderton (ACC)  
 L/Cpl A. Butler (R. Sigs)  
 L/Cpl E. Dickinson  
 L/Cpl P. Sands  
 L/Cpl S. Stevens  
 L/Cpl D. Williams (ACC)  
 Tpr E. Alcock  
 Tpr R. Anderson  
 Tpr C. Astle  
 Sgm M. Baker (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr R. Baxter  
 Tpr W. Bradley  
 Tpr J. Cameron  
 Pte P. Chapman (RAPC)  
 Sgm C. Cowin (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr R. Fraser  
 Tpr B. Gill  
 Sgm J. Hall (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr K. Mallinson  
 Tpr J. Reilly  
 Tpr K. Roadnight  
 Pte A. Saunders (ACC)  
 Pte P. Scott (ACC)  
 Tpr A. Spraggett  
 Sgm K. Wakinshaw (R. Sigs)  
 Sgm J. Walker (R. Sigs)  
 Tpr N. White

## REME TROOP

Capt R. Mealer  
 AQMS J. Vickers  
 Sgt A. Clark  
 Sgt D. Elgar  
 Sgt G. Kelly  
 Sgt A. Lamont  
 Cpl I. Beaumont  
 Cpl A. Bennett  
 Cpl I. Rumble  
 LCpl A. Barratt  
 L/Cpl K. Ellis  
 L/Cpl J. Francis  
 L/Cpl A. Masters  
 Cfn W. Clark  
 Cfn D. Comley  
 Cfn P. Davis  
 Cfn J. Douglas  
 Cfn J. Glenovese  
 Cfn D. Goodeliffe  
 Cfn D. Jennings  
 Cfn A. Lush  
 Cfn J. Marnoch  
 Cfn B. Phillips  
 Cfn J. Urquhart  
 Cfn N. Watson  
 Cfn C. Williams

## THE BAND

WO I R. Mott  
 S/Sgt V. Kinsman  
 T/M J. Burnett  
 Sgt A. Lenton  
 Sgt J. Wainwright  
 Cpl K. Jones  
 Cpl G. Moore  
 L/Cpl P. Harding  
 L/Cpl E. Millward  
 L/Cpl E. Osborne  
 L/Cpl V. Smith  
 Bdsm B. Altham  
 Bdsm D. Bateman  
 Bdsm J. Cairney  
 Bdsm J. Chadwick  
 Bdsm P. Connell  
 Bdsm J. Daniels  
 Bdsm R. Darnborough  
 Bdsm W. Dunford

Bdsm F. Duplock  
 Bdsm J. Furner  
 Bdsm E. Girdlestone  
 Bdsm W. Gooderich  
 Bdsm P. Howell  
 Bdsm V. Jennings  
 Bdsm J. Masters  
 Bdsm B. McCassey  
 Bdsm A. Millward  
 Bdsm J. Niattoh  
 Bdsm J. Noble  
 Bdsm W. O'Driscoll  
 Bdsm R. Richardson  
 Bdsm A. Ripley  
 Bdsm K. Sargent  
 Bdsm D. Stone  
 Bdsm C. Whitfield  
 Boy F. Mills

**OFFICERS DETACHED**

Major E. G. W. T. Walsh  
Major B. C. L. Tayleur

Major R. J. Fletcher  
Major P. H. Marnham  
Major D. P. R. Scarr  
Major D. A. Heath, MC  
Major M. A. Urban-Smith, MC  
Major D. E. Wreford  
Major R. W. English  
Major R. M. Roberts  
Capt J. D. Gowlett  
Capt R. E. D. Harris, MC  
Capt A. H. I. Bridges  
Capt M. H. Goodhart

Capt R. D. Baxter  
Capt J. A. Pharo-Tomlin  
Capt P. V. Burnand  
Lieut C. A. Park  
Lieut R. Boulter

CO Designate  
CO Designate, Duke of Lancaster's Own  
Yeomanry  
REME Depot  
RAC Centre  
HQ UKSL South Africa  
GSO II Gibraltar  
Aden Protectorate Armd Car Sqn  
FVRDE  
Training Major, North Irish Horse  
RAC Ranges Castlemartin  
Aden Protectorate Armd Car Sqn  
Aden Protectorate Armd Car Sqn  
School of Tank Technology  
Adjutant Designate, Duke of Lancaster's  
Own Yeomanry  
HQ 20th Armd Bde Gp  
Gunnery School, RAC Centre  
Trucial Oman Levies  
Cambridge University  
Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

**WARRANT OFFICERS AND NCOs DETACHED**

WO I E. Sheen  
WO I T. Vale  
WO II Cox  
WO II Ellis  
WO II Hardwidge  
WO II LeMaitre  
WO II Moore  
SQMS Cundy  
SQMS Dalby, BEM  
SQMS Robinson  
SQMS West  
Sgt Baker  
Sgt Bingham  
Sgt Bruniges  
Sgt Cove  
Sgt East  
Sgt Elliott  
Sgt Fryer  
Sgt Grant  
Sgt Gray  
Sgt Harris  
Sgt Harris  
Sgt Jackson  
Sgt McGregor  
Sgt Moran  
Sgt Overy  
Sgt Raine  
Sgt Robertshaw

Sgt Shakespear  
Sgt Sharp  
Sgt Sharrock  
Sgt Spray  
Sgt Taylor  
Sgt Volley  
Cpl Ball  
Cpl Baker  
Cpl Banks  
Cpl Clarke  
Cpl Goodard  
Cpl Hughes  
Cpl Lloyd  
Cpl Murphy  
Cpl Staite  
Cpl Todd  
Cpl Turner  
L/Cpl Adams  
L/Cpl Brock  
L/Cpl Day  
L/Cpl English  
L/Cpl Griffiths  
L/Cpl Jones  
L/Cpl Jones  
L/Cpl Molloy  
L/Cpl Scott  
L/Cpl Varey

## OFFICERS OF THE REGULAR ARMY RESERVE

Col R. J. Stephen, MBE  
Lt Col R. P. D. F. Allen, MBE  
Lt Col H. D. T. Miller, MBE  
Lt Col E. B. Studd  
Major P. E. S. Clifford  
Major W. R. Congreve  
Major J. H. Dennistoun, MBE  
Major C. F. Johnston  
Major G. N. Lorraine-Smith  
Major J. J. Mann  
Major J. P. S. Pearson  
Major G. L. Scott-Dickins  
Major A. R. Sturt  
Major G. L. Sullivan, MBE, MC  
Capt J. F. Beaumont, MC  
Capt E. J. Cox  
Capt J. W. Fraser  
Capt O. M. H. Jackson  
Capt C. C. Longstaff, TD  
Capt P. H. Melitus  
Capt P. H. H. Moffat

Capt P. S. Mosse  
Capt M. D. Mylchreest  
Capt R. A. McClure  
Capt W. A. L. Reid, MC  
Capt G. S. Sanders  
Capt J. R. Thomas  
Lt F. A. Andrew  
Lt R. C. J. Cornes  
Lt J. M. Dromgoole  
Lt M. O. J. Fooks  
Lt P. F. Fuller  
Lt S. G. St. A. Guiseppi  
Lt R. McL. Hardy  
Lt J. A. Henderson  
Lt L. K. Lewis  
Lt G. W. M. Loveitt  
Lt P. L. Pollen  
Lt M. J. Simmons  
Lt A. E. J. Stratton  
Lt C. D. C. Willy

## POSTSCRIPT

### THE EFFECTS OF AMERICAN HOSPITALITY

'A' Squadron on leaving Freidberg at 0445 hours.

Sqn Ldr. "Sgt — — — —, have you seen my Saracen?"

Sgt (Hanging on like grim death). "I've got my — — — —! you find your own!"

## 14th/20th KING'S HUSSARS OLD SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION

## BALANCE SHEET

1956			
37	SUNDRY CREDITORS		28.15.10
	ACCUMULATED FUNDS		
	As per last Balance Sheet	2,099.17. 8	
	Add Premium on Conversion of Defence Bonds	2. 0. 0	
	Excess of Income over Expenditure		
2,100	for the year to date	<u>128. 3. 0</u>	2,230. 0. 8
	14th/20th HUSSARS TRUST FUND		
	On Account of Capital	5,577. 2. 1	
5,577	Add Income Re-invested	<u>2.10. 7</u>	5,579.12. 8
17	On Account of Income		1. 9. 9
	26th HUSSARS TRUST FUND		
	On Account of Capital	2,062. 3. 9	
2,062	Add Income Re-invested	<u>11. 6. 3</u>	2,073.10. 0
656	On Account of Income		729.17. 3
	20th HUSSARS TRUST FUND		
	On Account of Capital	2,690. 8.10	
2,690	Add Income Re-invested	<u>4. 4. 6</u>	2,694.13. 4
1,291	On Account of Income		1,199. 5. 7

We have examined the foregoing Accounts with the Books and Vouchers of the Association and certify the same to be correct in accordance therewith.

Finsbury Court,  
Finsbury Pavement,  
LONDON, E. C. 2.

20th February, 1958

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

£ 14,430

£ 14,537. 5. 1

(The reports and accounts are submitted in May each year. As the Journal is published



## 14th/20th KING'S HUSSARS OLD SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION

31st December, 1957

1956			
	CASH		
	403 At Bank on Current Account	97.13. 9	
	389 Post Office Savings Bank Account	398. 9. 0	
1,210	418 At Bank on Deposit Account	417.17. 2	913.19.11
	SUNDRY DEBTORS		
	Income Tax Recoverable on Covenanted		
38	Subscriptions	— — —	
183	Loans to Men	183. 0. 0	183. 0. 0
	GENERAL FUND INVESTMENTS (at Cost)		
	£ 200. 0. 0d. 4½ % Defence Bonds	200. 0. 0	
	£ 3,188.17. 9d. 3 % Savings Bonds 1960/70	2,474. 9. 2	
	£ 420.10. 7d. New Zealand 5¼ % Stock		
2,670	1978/82 (26th Hussars)	418. 0. 0	3,092. 9. 2
	14th/20th HUSSARS TRUST FUND INVESTMENTS (at Cost)		
	£ 1,039. 4. 2d. Australia 3 % Stock 1965/67	1,000. 0. 0	
	£ 2,711. 7. 2d. 3 % Savings Bonds 1960/70	2,194.15. 6	
	£ 813. 3. 9d. Australia 3½ % Stock 1961/66	805. 1. 2	
	£ 1,080. 0. 0d. 4½ % Defence Bonds	1,080. 0. 0	
	£ 499. 7. 9d. British Electricity 3 %		
5,577	Guaranteed Stock 1968/73	499.16. 0	5,579.12. 8
	(NOTE: The Market Value of the above Trust Fund Stock on 31st December, 1957 was £ 4,952.10. 2d.)		
	26th HUSSARS TRUST FUND INVESTMENTS (at Cost)		
2,062	£ 2,321. 8. 9d. 3 % Savings Bonds 1960/70		2,073.10. 0
	(NOTE: The Market Value of the above Trust Fund Stock on 31st December, 1957 was £ 1,752.13. 9d.)		
	20th HUSSARS TRUST FUND INVESTMENTS		
	£ 2,867.16. 3d. 3 % Savings Bonds 1960/70	2,239.13. 4	
2,690	£ 455. 0. 0d. 4½ % Defence Bonds	455. 0. 0	2,694.13. 4
	(NOTE: The Market Value of the Trust Fund Investments on 31st December, 1957 was £ 2,620. 4. 0d.)		
	(NOTE: There is in addition to the above Investments, £ 1,700 3 % London County Stock, the capital of the Commanding Officer's Fund)		
	<u>£ 14,430</u>		<u>£ 14,537. 5. 1</u>

in April it is regretted that the balance sheet cannot refer to the previous year. EDITOR)