



# 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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# *Frontispiece*

## A.R.A. TROPHIES WON BY THE REGIMENT 1955



King George V Cup.

Queen Victoria Trophy.

First Army Cup.

Young Soldiers' Cup.

The Squadron Shield.

Royal Irish Cup.

Duke of Connaught Cup.



## FOREWORD

**By Lt.-Col. R. P. D. F. ALLEN, M.B.E.**

SINCE the last edition of *The Hawk* was published, the Regimental theme has been 'Pack and Move', not forgetting the important business of handing and taking over as well.

Our departure from North Africa marked the end of a chapter in the Regimental annals; an extremely pleasant one of uninterrupted freedom to get on with our own business.

We mostly lacked the comradeship and competition of other regiments: on the other hand we had reasonable barracks, magnificent bathing and limitless desert in which to train, providing we could get our tanks up the not inconsiderable escarpment guarding it.

This we did last Spring—frightening ourselves somewhat in the process. Once on top we motored as far as possible, took a thorough soaking, collected countless scorpions and snakes, had a lot of fun, and finally descended considerably more experienced than when we started.

The subsequent write-up of this venture in *Soldier* and some of the daily newspapers was no doubt well intentioned, but was in fact incorrect in almost every particular!

The remainder of our time in Sabratha was spent on education, shooting, locust hunting and, last but not least, preparing tanks and wheeled vehicles for handover and inspection: no light task after the hammering they had taken in the Gebel.

The shooting was attended with considerable success. We not unexpectedly won the Connaught Cup, but also the Queen Victoria Trophy and all the component matches of which it forms the aggregate: a feat not often achieved by a Cavalry Regiment, and only once previously in our own history, in Cologne in 1924.

The credit for this achievement goes to the hard core of experienced shots in the Sergeants' Mess, who not only performed brilliantly in the Royal Irish Cup, but by patient coaching in all weathers passed on much of their own skill and confidence to the many comparative novices in the other teams. Their fine

contribution towards the Regiment's success has been recognised by the well-deserved award to each of them of the Regimental Medal.

When we came to depart from Sabratha, our efforts to hand over our vehicles in good condition and to leave everything in order were amply rewarded by the kind remarks of the Bays who relieved us. At the same time, we were flattered to receive the following message from the C. in C. : —

'For Lt.-Col. Allen and all ranks of the 14th/20th King's Hussars from C. in C. Goodbye and Good Luck. You have done a grand job of work out here and can be justly proud of it. I wish you a good voyage home. A pleasant leave and a successful tour in B.A.O.R.'

To which we replied : —

'Many thanks for your kind remarks and good wishes which are greatly appreciated by all ranks. Although ready for home, we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in M.E.L.F. Au revoir and our best wishes to Lady Keightley and yourself.'

We eventually sailed on a glorious October afternoon after saying farewell to a number of friends, and in particular to Father Polycarpo, whose rotund figure will occupy an affectionate place in the Regiment's memory for many years to come.

Thence via Southampton on a frosty morning to Piddlehinton Camp, cold weather and much coming and going, including the arrival of 180 recruits. Among the latter we were particularly glad to see a number of young men selected by the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry from firms and business houses in Lancashire. We wish them all a warm welcome and successful service with the Regiment.

Whilst we have been here, we have had the pleasure of several visits from our Colonel, General Sir Richard L. McCreery, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., who happily lives nearby.

Now our move to Germany after an absence of nine years opens a new chapter: one of highly organised life in an armoured formation, of brisk military activity and keen competition with other units.

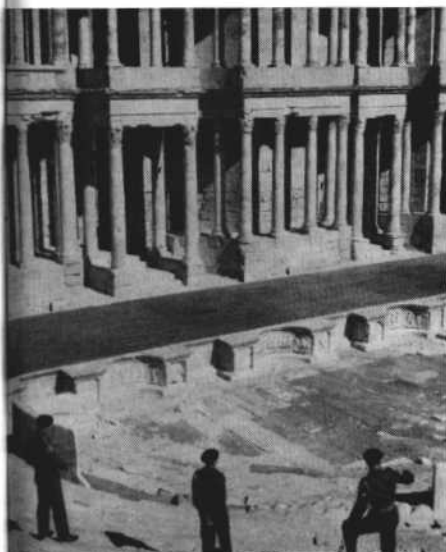
A sharp change from Sabratha: in fact a change from the extreme left flank into the centre of the front rank. It rests with us to re-adapt ourselves as fast as possible to keep our place there and to give a proper account of ourselves during the coming year.



Regimental Group  
arriving at Southampton.



Father Polycarpo.



Sabratha Theatre.

**REGIMENTAL DIARY OF EVENTS—1955**

- 10th January*—The Regiment starts to move South to begin six weeks of Exercises in the Gebel.
- 25th January*—‘A’ Squadron take part in an Exercise with the Libyan Army. All high Libyan officials, including the Prime Minister, attend and are duly impressed.
- 14th February*—Major-General T. Brodie, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C., 1st Infantry Division and Brigadier A. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C., visit the Regiment and watch an Exercise.
- 19th February*—The Regiment moves back to camp and enjoys a bath.
- 6th March*—The first of four weekly race meetings is held at Busetta Race-course.
- 22nd March*—Major-General D. C. T. Swan, C.B., C.B.E., visits the Regiment and lunches in the Officers’ Mess.
- 13th April*—The Regiment wins four weights in the 25th Arm’d. Bde. Dist. Boxing Championships.
- 20th April*—*The Hawk* Dramatic Society’s second production, ‘See How They Run’.
- 27th April*—The A.R.A. competition (overseas) was shot on Zavia Range.
- 13th May*—The polo team is knocked out of the King of Spain Cup in the first round in Malta.
- 28th May*—General Sir G. Templar, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., the C.I.G.S. designate, accompanied by General Sir C. F. Keightley, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., C-in-C. M.E.L.F., visits the Regiment.
- 3rd June*—A party commanded by Major B. C. L. Tayleur go south to fight locusts.
- 23rd July*—The U.M.I. team arrive. The Regiment obtains an overall grading of ‘Good’.
- 1st September*—Annual Administrative Inspection. The Parade is taken by Brigadier A. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C. The Advance Party leaves for Piddlehinton, Dorset and the Advance Party of the Queen’s Bays arrives.
- 22nd September*—Major-General J. R. N. Moore, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C., 1st Infantry Division visits the Regiment.
- 11th October*—The Regiment embarks from Tripoli Harbour on H.M.T. *Empire Ken*.
- 18th October*—The Regiment disembarks at Southampton and moves to Dorchester, where a march past is held through the town.
- 20th October*—Most members of the Regiment go on leave.



*Back Row:* 2/Lt. R. J. M. Musker, 2/Lt. G. T. Vernon, 2/Lt. J. S. Stark, R.E.M.E., 2/Lt. E. J. N. Hicks, 2/Lt. R. E. Cawthorn, 2/Lt. T. F. Villiers-Smith, 2/Lt. R. S. Baxter, Lt. G. R. N. Cleveland, 2/Lt. C. A. Pemberton, 2/Lt. S. H. Peden.

*Centre Row:* Lt. C. C. G. Ross, Capt. A. F. Giblett, R.E.M.E., Capt. D. E. Wreford, The Rev. C. King, Capt. J. M. Palmer, Capt. R. W. English, Capt. P. L. J. Groves, Capt. J. Biggins, R.A.M.C., Lt. A. H. I. Bridges.

*Front Row:* Major G. L. Scott-Dickins, Major P. H. Marnham, Major B. C. L. Tayleur, Major P. F. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. R. P. D. E. Allen, M.B.E., Major A. R. Sturt, Major D. P. R. Scarr, Major D. E. R. Scarr, Capt. M. A. Urban-Smith, M.C.

## 14th/20th KING'S HUSSARS IN THE GEBEL

By D.E.R.S.

The Gebel is a range of mountainous country in Tripolitania which runs parallel to the coastline and about 50 to 100 miles from it. Between the coast and the Gebel lies a flat cultivated plain. It was on this plain that all previous military training had been carried out. The Gebel was known to contain better training areas, but it had long been regarded as inaccessible to tanks as it rises sheer and impenetrable from the plain below.

In November 1954, however, 'A' Squadron under Major B. C. L. Tayleur managed to scale the heights and disappeared from view and human ken. They not only got up but down as well, although emulating the Gadarene swine a little too well for comfort.

Based on this creditable reconnaissance, Colonel Allen resolved to take the whole Regiment up for six weeks in early 1955. He also decided to invite as many other Nations, Services, units, police, mobile laundries etc., as cared to accompany the Regiment. The response was extremely gratifying and the following eventually took part:—

H.M.S. *Centaur* and H.M.S. *Albion*, Royal Navy.

803, 806, 810, 813 and 898 Squadrons, Royal Naval Air Service.

Detachment, 45 Commando, Royal Marines.

'J' (Sidi Rezegh) Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.

Sec 1908 Air OP Flight, R.A.

22 Field Engineer Regiment, R.E.

Detachment, 25 Armoured Brigade Signals Squadron.

'B' Company, The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment).

Transporter Platoon, R.A.S.C.

1st Regiment, Libyan Army.

In addition the Regiment was visited by the Divisional Commander, Major-General T. Brodie, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and its last exercise was directed by the District Commander, Brigadier A. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C.

### THE MOVE OUT

The move out to the Gebel began on 10th January and was led by 'C' Squadron (Major A. R. Sturt). The main operation at this stage was to climb the 1,500 ft. escarpment. This climb of about 8 miles was carried out in two stages: first a reasonable approach to a half-way mark, and then a steep climb to the top. The American Ambassador, Mr. Tappin, travelled in 'C' Squadron's leading tank—a very pleasant piece of Anglo-American co-operation arranged a few days earlier at a party.

Despite the load of responsibility, 'C' Squadron's leading Centurion, driven by Tpr. V. Smith, reached the top in safety. En route, it had met various Wyvern aircraft of 813 Squadron R.N.A.S., commanded by Lt.-Cdr. Mike Crossley, D.S.C., which appeared to make almost as much use of the mountain tracks as the tanks themselves. Cough lozenges and other mementoes and messages were dropped by the Naval pilots, all of which were gratefully received.

The route followed was that which had been pioneered by 'A' Squadron, and by now it had been improved through the efforts of 17 Field Squadron R.E. under Major D. R. Carroll, R.E., and the Plant Troop of 6 Field Park Squadron. Despite this, however, the climb was still fairly hazardous and drama very soon took a hand. The third tank of 'C' Squadron, when it was a few yards from the top, suddenly ran backwards down the slope. Eye-witnesses



stood rooted to the ground as the tank bounded backwards striking sparks off boulders in its descent. It seemed that nothing could prevent it from falling into a deep ravine, but to everyone's relief, it came to a halt on the edge of a further drop—its mono-trailer having buckled under it and acted as a brake. This was far from amusing, and thereafter, all tanks were watched with anxious eyes. But there were no further mishaps and by the end of the week, 'A' Squadron (Major B. C. L. Tayleur) and 'B' Squadron (Major D. P. R. Scarr) were at the top, and the Regiment were assembled for the start of their first fortnight's training.

### **SQUADRON TRAINING**

The fortnight from 17th to 30th January was spent in squadron training. R.H.Q. and the Echelon were based on a tented camp near a cross tracks known as 'Marble Arch'. The camp resembled a Corps Maintenance Area, but a casual observer might well have taken it for Bertram Mills' Circus. Daily entertainment was provided by Captain Colquhoun in his Auster, especially for those who like to have their hair parted by an aircraft.

Squadrons and attached units trained in their own areas nearby with a view to preparing themselves for Regimental Group Training in the last fortnight. The training areas were good; the weather fine; and much was learnt by crews and commanders. Highlights of this period were EXERCISE NASR ONE, a defence Exercise between 'B' and 'C' Squadrons, with 17 Field Squadron R.E. and Libyan Officer Cadets taking part; and a more public



Anglo-Libyan Manoeuvres, 27th January, 1955.

The Prime Minister of Libya, Sayed Mustafa Ben Halim, inspects the 14th/20th King's Hussars after the manoeuvres.

*Front Row, Left to right:* Major D. R. Carroll, R.E., Major B. C. L. Tayleur, O.C. 'A' Squadron 14th/20th King's Hussars, the Prime Minister Sayed Mustafa Ben Halim, Brigadier S. el Janaby, Commander of the Libyan Army.

occasion, on 27th January, EXERCISE NASR TWO. In NASR TWO, 'A' Squadron, 17 Field Squadron and the Libyan Army carried out an attack which was watched by practically every leading citizen in Tripolitania, including the Libyan Prime Minister and numerous military attachés.

It is possibly worth describing this event in a little more detail as its impact on Libyan military and perhaps political thought was considerable. It was the first time that the newly created Libyan Army had trained with tanks. But with the aid of battle simulation provided by the Sappers, a most impressive tank and infantry attack was carried out, which showed that the Libyan soldier could adapt himself to the more deliberate and cold-blooded methods of modern war.

After that attack, the Libyan Prime Minister, Sayed Mustafa Ben Halim, inspected the Libyan Troops; 'A' Squadron and elements of 'C' Squadron taking part. Libyan notables climbed on to the Centurions and posed for photographs and soon after the whole Libyan Cabinet was to be found in the Regimental Tent taking lemonade and other forms of refreshment. The day was rounded off by a kus-kus feast in which the local dignitaries of Garian acted as hosts. Altogether a very successful Anglo-Libyan day.

The final event of the first fortnight was the first Regimental Exercise, HAWK ONE. The aim of this 36-hour Exercise was to practice deployment drill in a defence setting. It brought out a number of lessons and, among other things, proved that when R.H.Q. hides itself no one, let alone the enemy, has a hope of finding them.

Thus ended the first fortnight in which men and machines had stood up well to the test. Drivers and signallers were becoming expert, and everyone had learnt something. The M.O. had been kept busy bottling snakes and scorpions, and had remained quite unperturbed when sick parade included a skeleton from a nearby Roman mausoleum.

A break of a week followed. This got off to a good start with a very welcome visit from the pilots of 813 Squadron Fleet Air Arm, who had already spent much of their time flying over us. They were now introduced to the Centurion, which they handled with great skill and apparent enjoyment despite the clouds of dust which permanently enveloped them. The sand was later removed from their throats, and spam and bully further restored their faith in the Army.

## **REINFORCEMENTS**

During the break, 'B' Company Royal Scots (Major J. Bruce, M.C.) arrived by air from the Canal Zone. This was a most welcome addition to our numbers as infantry were essential to our future Exercises. 23 Field Squadron R.E. (Captain R. Sfakianos) relieved 17 Field Squadron R.E. and we were also joined by 'J' (Sidi Rezegh) Battery R.H.A. (Major P. T. Tower, D.S.O., M.B.E.), a detachment of Commandos and a platoon of tank transporters. The latter, commanded by Lt. P. Boxhall, had undoubtedly caught the spirit of the occasion, and by bringing tractors and trailers up the hairpin bends of the Garian Pass they achieved what had hitherto been regarded the impossible. This platoon was of the greatest value in the Gebel, both for tank recovery and the lifting of heavy loads.

## **THE FLOOD**

On Monday, 7th February, all troops were assembled ready for the start of Regimental Group Training which was due to begin that day with EXERCISE HAWK TWO. During the move to the assembly areas that evening, the weather, which hitherto had been exemplary, broke. Clouds gathered, and during the night, the wind rose and the heavens opened. For several hours the rain cascaded down. Tents and bivouacs collapsed; bedding and clothing were



soaked; vehicles sank axle-deep in mud and water. R.H.Q. found a small river coursing through their position and few escaped a ducking in extricating vehicles. R.S.M. Moore appeared to revel in the conditions, and the Scammell, performing like a polo pony in the hands of Cpl. Wallon and Cfn. W. Harrison, achieved miraculous feats of unbogging.

Soon after First Light, it was clear that the Exercise would have to be called off. No vehicles other than tanks could move without bogging. 'A' Squadron were passing over the air indents for web-feet and deep sea divers' equipment. No one could remember a wetter occasion, except Major Browne who said something as bad or worse had hit the Regiment in Syria, or was it Persia? The Chief Umpire compared it to the storm which had stopped the Eighth Army catching Rommel after Alamein!

So the Exercise was cancelled and the Regiment winched and towed itself slowly back to the base camp at Marble Arch. As the weather showed no signs of improvement, the majority of the Regiment went to Garian, 20 miles away, to dry off in the barracks. Fresh blankets were issued and the next day, the weather having improved, the Regiment re-assembled at Marble Arch.

### **THE ADMINISTRATIVE BATTLE**

The following day, 10th February, the Regiment moved off to the concentration area for the next Exercise, HAWK THREE.

The climax of the training period was now approaching. The next two Exercises would take all forces 100 miles further South and then back again over a wide variety of rough and, in parts, trackless desert. The army was at this stage already 100 miles from its nearest second line support in Tripoli and the administrative problems were formidable. There was no R.A.S.C. transport apart from the tank transporters, and therefore large quantities of petrol had to be lifted on improvised regimental transport and placed in dumps at strategic points to the South. The setting up of these dumps was largely carried out by Sgt. Tasker and the crews of the Matador trucks, who worked round the clock for many days. A short account of one of their efforts is worth relating.

One of their tasks was to transport on Matadors and trailers a large tonnage of petrol to a temporary camp over 100 miles to the South. The journey involved crossing two sand seas through which it had been hoped the Matadors would be able to pull the loaded trailers. On arrival at the first sand sea beyond Mizda, however, it was found that one Matador was not enough to pull a trailer through. Sgt. Tasker therefore uncoupled the other two Matadors and tried a pull with three Matadors line ahead. This proved equally unsuccessful and the whole project, on which so much depended, was threatened with failure; whereupon, nothing daunted, Sgt. Tasker and his five men unloaded each trailer and lifted about 1,000 jerricans bodily across 100 yards of sand sea. Thus the petrol was kept moving South. But there was more sand ahead, and, as if once was not enough, the whole operation had to be repeated once again before the petrol was duly delivered.

Equally impressive work was done by the Regimental R.E.M.E. fitters and the Regimental Technical staffs. Because of the large force to be supported and the mileages over rough country done by all vehicles, the L.A.D. promoted itself into an Armoured Workshop. This was done by ferrying out a mass of extra spares and by every fitter doing the work of two men. For HAWK THREE and HAWK FOUR, a separate workshop was set up 100 miles from the base camp and repair and recovery were most efficiently carried out over a vast area of 400 square miles.

It was in this way and in this spirit that the administrative problems were solved by the Q.M.'s and Technical Adjutant's staffs, thus ensuring that the Regiment achieved all it set out to do.

### **HAWK THREE**

EXERCISE HAWK THREE, which followed, was a fighting advance down the Garian-Mizda Road. The enemy force comprised 'B' Squadron with detachments of commandos and sappers in support. Advancing against them were the Regiment less 'B' Squadron, with 'J' Battery R.H.A., 23 Field Squadron and 'B' Company Royal Scots in support. The axis of advance went through a defile which varied in width from four miles to fifty yards. Thus it was ideal country for conducting a withdrawal, yet it offered the attackers some scope for outflanking movements.

The withdrawal was skilfully carried out by 'B' Squadron. By late afternoon on 11th February, their covering troops had withdrawn behind their main position and the advancing forces had come against the minefield which covered it. During the night, the minefield was cleared by the sappers and the infantry secured the far end of it. Meanwhile 'A' Squadron had moved under cover of darkness round the left flank. At First Light, whilst 'C' Squadron advanced up the main axis with the Royal Scots, 'A' Squadron rapidly completed their flanking movement and cut the road well to the South. This movement cut off over half the enemy, whose remnants fell back into a narrow gorge which guarded the exit to the Mizda plain. Some time was spent mopping up the encircled enemy and in bringing up the infantry to clear the last defile. By midday, this phase was complete and the Exercise was over. Many very useful lessons in minor tactics and crew work were learnt on HAWK THREE. The Fleet Air Arm played a very active part, and the sappers and commandos made several very satisfactory bangs; and despite the energetic marching of the Royal Scots, the tempo of the Exercise had been deliberate and therefore extremely realistic.

### **HAWK FOUR**

On 13th February, the tanks were filled by bowser and the whole force moved 40 miles further South. This involved climbing a steep escarpment 17 miles South of Mizda, which was achieved without mishap. The new Regimental concentration area was 30 miles South of Mizda and the enemy ('J' Battery and 'C' Squadron) were concentrated at Bir Dereder, 10 miles to the North-West.

At this stage, the troops were about 200 miles from Sabratha and, during the last three days, they had taken their tanks and trucks through some very rough but impressive country. This achievement had inspired them with considerable confidence in themselves and their equipment, and morale was high.

HAWK FOUR was a pursuit battle. The enemy represented a force which was trying to escape 120 miles North with an atomic fuse lorry. They had the choice of three routes i.e. via Beni Ulid, via Mizda, or up the centre via Bir Tarsin. They were to be given 12 hours start, but there were restrictions on the speed of the fuse lorry. Both sides had considerable air support as two aircraft carriers, H.M.S. *Albion* and H.M.S. *Centaur*, each with a number of squadrons of the Fleet Air Arm aboard, took part in the Exercise. Control of air support was exercised through an Air Contact Team which moved with the ground forces.

The enemy elected to escape via Mizda with a small force of 'C' Squadron moving on the centre route to protect their flank. This flank guard was to halt at Bir Tarsin and hold there whilst the rest of the force withdrew as fast as possible on the Mizda route.

The pursuit began at First Light on 15th February, 'A' Squadron Group moving on the West Route via Mizda and 'B' Squadron Group up the centre towards Bir Tarsin. 'A' Squadron, supported by 'B' Company Royal Scots and a troop of 'J' Battery fought their way North against the major opposition and by Last Light had covered about 45 miles. They were considerably harassed

from the air, but they managed by skilful use of ground to keep themselves and the enemy on the move throughout the day.

'B' Squadron following a less well defined route through wadi country, but meeting no opposition, made extremely good progress up the centre. That night they should have met the enemy screen at Bir Tarsin but, owing to a mistake in a signal, the commander of this screen withdrew to the key track junction at Marble Arch 24 hours earlier than intended. In pursuit two tanks of 'B' Squadron, commanded by 2/Lts. Hicks and Burnand and driven respectively by Tpr. J. H. Hughes and L./Cpl. G. Archer, drove throughout the night and reached Marble Arch at 0200 hours, 16th February. In less than 24 hours, moving day and night through rough country, they had covered no less than 108 miles, which reflects great credit on the Centurions and on the crews concerned, not less on the endurance of the platoon of Royal Scots which they carried on their backs. The arrival of this force at Marble Arch in the early hours considerably disturbed 'C' Squadron, who were leaguered there. The latter did a sharp night move and, having re-formed, put in a counter attack at First Light. This counter attack was supported by an air strike and the position was retaken.

Meanwhile, the rest of 'B' Squadron, forced to move tactically in daylight, were closing up to Marble Arch, and 'A' Squadron, leaving a troop and the infantry to deal with a nest of enemy on the main road, were coming up fast from the West. By late afternoon that day, a net had been thrown round the enemy at Marble Arch and their commander put up a spirited last ditch stand. The atomic lorry, however, had managed to slip through, and so, at the Cease Fire, honours were even.

## CONCLUSION

By the end of HAWK FOUR, the tanks of the Regiment had covered over 450 miles, for the greater part moving tactically. The echelons had covered a far greater mileage, and accidents and breakdowns had been reasonably few. The Regiment had carried out troop, squadron and regimental training in company with the other arms of the Service with which they would have to fight in war. Air co-operation had been practised throughout and joint manoeuvres had been carried out with the Libyan Army.

It was with no small sense of achievement therefore that the Regiment prepared itself for the return to Sabratha. On 21st February, 29 of our 30 tanks came down the escarpment and, within a few days, the whole Regiment was back in barracks, tired, but ready, if required, to do it again.

## OUR STEEL NERVES!

The following article appeared in a London evening paper on the 1st June:—

### ROMMEL SAID 'IT'S IMPOSSIBLE'—BUT . . .

British tanks have done something that Rommel said was impossible. They have climbed the narrow, steep and twisting road to the top of the 2,200 ft. Garian Gebel plateau in Tripolitania.

The two-mile road is edged on one side by the rising rock, on the other by a sheer drop.

*On the hairpin bends each tank driver has to go forward a few inches and then reverse. Often part of a tank was suspended over a sheer drop.*

It needed only a slight misjudgement for a tank and its crew to plunge to the rocks below.

This operation, one of the most difficult ever carried out by tanks of the peacetime Army, was undertaken by men of the 14/20 Hussars in Centurions.

An officer said afterwards: "You might ask why did we climb that road. The answer is the same as that given by the men who climbed Everest—because it is there.

"But there is more to it than that. It provided wonderful training for our drivers.

"It showed that men of the regiment have steel nerves. It showed what the Centurion tank can do.

*"Just because a German general says something can't be done is no excuse for the British Army not to do it.*

"The most immediate result of the exercise is that regimental morale is very high."

The regiment was stationed in Cyrenaica and travelled nearly 700 miles to undertake the feat.

In fact, anyone could have motored a tank up the road—provided of course that they were willing to recompense the Libyan Government to the tune of about £100,000 for damage done.

The fun was finding a way up other than by the road: in fact, it was quite exciting as the crew of Corporal Julian's tank, which tried to emulate the Gadarene swine, will probably agree. And curiously enough, we climbed the Gebel because we wanted to train in the desert on the top!

## A SCANDINAVIAN TOUR

By W.A.L.R.

Don't think Scandinavia is just blue-eyed blondes and the midnight sun. It's that mostly, but it also calls for a capacity to consume firewater by the bottle—no heel-taps; to fall down mountains gracefully; to carry out the most courageous feats of exercise, winter or summer (to keep up with the blue-eyed); and to be able always to answer 'skol' to the last rays of a never-setting sun.

Honestly, and Colonel Basil can back me up, I wanted to go and be an honest soldier in Korea, back in 1952. The War Office said, "No", and "why should any bloody fool want to go there, when one can go and fight just as handily amongst the paper of N.A.T.O.; and in Norway too, if it's a tough life you're after". I agreed with the Staff Officer Mark I, and I bade the Regiment farewell. As it turned out, I never did get back again, which is a sincere regret for me—particularly as I had developed in my E.R.E. some reasonable ideas for training subalterns in winter warfare.

I arrived in Oslo in mid-winter—and froze. Man! it *was* cold. I never did see a monkey of any kind all that year. I was greeted by my new boss, a delightful American who wore ear-muffs and a Bodge moustache, and who had a Cadillac. I was very impressed and decided to take my stand then and there for Anglo-American solidarity. As it turned out, he was a wonderful person to work for. He was a brilliant staff officer, a rugged individualist, a Doctor of Philosophy and, because of the resources and methods of our allies, he was a native-born Norwegian. He was also a good man on a party. Cold or not, I found I was off to a pretty good start.

And if you think it was all fun, let me say that it took me at least ten days to find an oak-furnished bachelor apartment for about £10 a month; it took just as long to get my first duty-free drink (the N.A.A.F.I. only sold it in crates) and it must have been all of 24 hours before I got my first invitation to a dinner party. I must mention these as they occurred with some regularity for two tiring years.

A Norwegian (or Scandinavian) dinner party is something of a marathon. One arrives on the dot—no waiting around for the Scandinavian—armed with a bouquet and a black tie. There is a short period of bowing and chit-chat, including a few quick aperitifs, and then one escorts one's nominated partner to the table. And away we go. As far as I ever was concerned, the thing to be achieved, for the honour of the Union Jack so to speak, was survival to the end of the meal, when one could go and take a breather for a few seconds before the heavy imbibing of the small hours. As far as my hosts ever were concerned; this was some obscure form of Saxon degeneracy, to be fought by wine and aquavit to the last drop. So one would be fixed by a meaningful stare from the right across the table, and its owner, having gained recognition, would raise his glass and nod. Mesmerised, one had to do likewise. A simultaneous gulp and another nod would allow one to lower the glass to the table, only to be transfixed by a similar look from another quarter. And then one would skol the ladies . . . I learned the form eventually—always to go home by taxi-cab.

Norway has a lot of mountain, and a few people. These latter are rugged individualists who love to get up in said mountains and breathe great breaths of bracing air. They also fight extremely well, as the Germans found, when they can operate from their beloved hills and in small groups. They are not 'army minded' in the accepted sense, and their country aids this brigade-level outlook for the simple reason that it is hard to find areas where it is really feasible to play proper soldiers. So the Norwegian soldier, prior to N.A.T.O., had few worries about logistics, communication zones and the like. Now it's all been changed, and he has lots of worries. Perhaps the basic one is that, whilst the officer corps is first-class, if small, no self-respecting young Norwegian would ever dream of taking the King's kroner. So without conscription there would be no private soldiers at all. Thus conscription and increased conscription periods are vital political matters in Norway, especially because the whole economy of the country is straining to adjust itself to the vast military budget of recent years. Which is all a long, sad story, and very tricky for an outsider to continue. But as you can see, they have problems.

They also have Sweden next door. The average Norwegian doesn't like the Swedes because they didn't fight in the war; are very fat and prosperous; and just aren't Norwegians. I went forth from Norway to examine these foreigners early in my stay, and I must admit I went back many times. She was not fat; and if any of the younger fry want educating in the ways of Scandinavian ravishing beauties, I still have her and her young sister's 'phone number in Goteborg.

Then there was Denmark; jolly, eat, drink and be merry Denmark, with the lovely and enchanting Copenhagen in the lead. I used to manage a trip to that fabulous land about once a month, and it was a joy to go and a joy to come home again to recuperate in the Norwegian hills. Denmark has her problems too—soldiering is unpopular to these happy extroverts, and there is an awful lot of flat country from the Kiel Canal to the North tip of Jutland. Even remembering the occupation, the thinking Dane must be somewhat relieved to note that there is, once again, a German Army to the South.

And then there was the periodic trip to Supreme Headquarters in Paris. This was a real chore.

During the rest of the time, I helped write Exercises for the edification of the National and International Services. The most memorable was 'Main Brace', an epic which brought the might of the N.A.T.O. Atlantic Fleets to the aid of Scandinavia. It is one of the joys of living for me to remember how a very, very senior naval officer came shooting out of his quarters, trousers half-mast, to attend to a peremptory signal sent from round the corner by your humble servant. But there was much of real value to be gained by these



Exercises and similar efforts being used as the means of welding a creaky, somewhat unwieldy, tri-service, multi-national force into a whole. And the startling and pleasant thing to record is that one could actually see the progress from month to month. There was always an air of pioneer achievement. It was good to be part of it all.

And if all this seems disjointed, there are good reasons. First, it is disjointed. Second, today is Wednesday, 22nd December, 1955, and the writer is doing his damndest to remember the past and to cope with the prospect of venturing forth into a Canadian blizzard at 30 below, all at the same time. It's his own fault, because he lost the first, and I think (now that it will never come to life), reasonable presentation of his period as a N.A.T.O. staff officer, and now he is away behind the deadline. But, as they say out here in the film business, "Next week it will be routine again".

May the Regiment always serve where it is warm. May it also, once a decade, give a junior Captain the high-sign North. If he survives and ever returns, there will be incredible tales of daring and fortitude to be retailed, and the man will be able to hold his liquor.

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## LIBYA LOCUSTS ROUTED

On the evening of 31st May, 1955, a Squadron Leader lay snoozing in his bath idly wondering whether his sun tan would ever reach last year's satisfactory standard. His lazy thoughts were rudely shattered by a bang on the bathroom door and the Adjutant's face—careworn and worried—appeared round the side of the door. In his hand was a familiar harbinger of quick moves and bad news—a sheet of message pad long.

"Brian, can you help me? The Colonel's away and I can't find Bodge. Look at this Signal!" The Signal was heavily purple stamped OPS IMMEDIATE and ordered all troops in Tripolitania to stand by at once to hunt locusts and that representatives would attend a conference at Brigade H.Q. on the following morning.

The Squadron Leader groaned, "All right, Mike, I'll go but why the hell did you have to bring the thing to me?"

Thus began a month of locust hunting during which men and vehicles covered many hundreds of miles over rock, sand and gravel in search of locusts. At the beginning of this month none of us knew anything about locusts and cared even less. One or two 'funny' men were airing their biblical knowledge by making cracks about wild honey . . . .

A party of about six officers and a hundred men with some 25 vehicles left Sabratha on 3rd June for a small town in the Gebel called Giado. The Regiment had been given an area to de-locust between the Tunisian border and the town of Jefren—a distance of about 180 miles. Some of the area lay in the hot flat Gaffara plain and the remainder on top of the 2,000 ft. Gebel. Giado was in the centre of this territory on top of the Gebel looking down on to the plain.

It was decided to base the H.Q. of the Regimental locust group on the Libyan police post because there was a police radio link with Tripoli and to Nalut on the Tunisian frontier. The high-pitched voice of 'Screaming Sam', the police radio operator, was heard from dawn till midnight as he passed vitriolic messages from Major Tayleur to H.Q. Locust Control in Tripoli about such matters as the failure of poisoned bait to arrive on time. Everyone was so accustomed to Sam's scream being a permanent background to life in Giado police post that they woke up when he stopped.



Locust Campaign—June, 1955.  
Phalanx of Locusts.

The locust hunters were organised into sections commanded by subalterns or sergeants and each section was equipped with a Landrover, a one-ton truck or half-track and a 3-tonner. Initially there were five of these sections.

All ranks had to be taught about locusts and their habits and how to kill them. It would be dreary to describe the evolution of the locust here but suffice to say that the insect hatches from an egg laid in the ground, and the young locust, after hatching, can only hop his first 40 to 50 days of life. The young hopper moves in swarms and eats everything green in front of him. However he has a marked preference for bran and would rather gorge himself on that than anything else. Therefore the method used to destroy hoppers was to spread gammaxine—a mixture of bran and some D.D.T.-type poison—in front of feeding locusts. This bait would kill a large hopper in ten hours or less.

Locusts march in columns as they feed and the locust

hunter's technique was to find the head of the column without frightening the swarm and lay a sprinkled line of bait across the line of advance. Most of the baiting was done from Landrovers at the crack of dawn and in the evening as the insects will not move or feed during midday heat.

The life of a locust hunter was really quite fun. It was something new; it required skill to find and kill the bugs efficiently; and everyone enjoyed being away from barracks. Sleep was a luxury because of the ghastly dawn starts and the late end of the day's work.

Some of the sections lived at Giado if their areas were within an hour's drive. Others lived in small police posts around the country in places with odd names like Giosch (pronounced Josh) and Nalut.

Each night the lorries would arrive from Tripoli carrying fresh supplies of bait. These would normally arrive at any time from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. and they had to be unloaded at once and the sacks of bran re-loaded into our Regimental trucks for delivery at dawn to our outlying sections and to local Libyan authorities. Each morning before daylight A.E.C. Matadors and 3-tonners would roll away from Giado on the 'bait run'. These trucks would cover as much as 190 miles a day on vile desert tracks and would take up to 12 hours to complete their trips. The drivers and N.C.O.s on the bait run did a magnificent job and were permanently short of sleep but never failed to deliver the goods.

The distribution of bait in the Western area was a military responsibility and some 300-450 sacks had to go out daily—not only to our own sections but

also to the local Khaimakhams (District Commissioners) and Mudirs (Tribal chiefs). The battle against the locust was child's play compared with the battle against the local Libyan authorities. Firstly, each Mudir thought that his own village was more important than anyone else's; secondly, no amount of instruction, demonstration, threatening or pleading would make the native use the bait correctly; and thirdly, it was almost impossible to defeat the Arab laziness and instil any thought of urgency into his thick head.

At the end of two weeks and after many hours of motoring, the Libyans in the Regimental Zone were reasonably organised and carrying out their anti-locust duties passably.

To achieve this, it had been necessary to arrest an Arab bait delivery driver for sleeping in his truck; to deprive a police corporal of his stripes; and to arrest one Mudir for failing to use his bait and for being caught idling in his house by one of our officers.

The locals at Giado were pro-British and genuinely grateful for the work which we were doing. The Khaimakham was a splendid old man who had a firm grip on his district and the police officer, Salem Effendi, was quite a ball of fire in spite of his youth. They both used to visit our H.Q. each evening and would stay for hours, the former drinking bottled lemonade and the policeman lowering beer with almost an English thirst.

Beer and cigarettes, in fact, were the life blood of locust hunters and both were available in unlimited quantities. S.Q.M.S. Collins, with his usual skill, ran a well stocked canteen from the first evening we arrived and, in spite of the shortage of transport and the long haul back to the N.A.A.F.I. at Sabratha, never ran out of anything while he was at Giado. This canteen was only one of the many tasks which he undertook. He ran our messing, our transport details, our spare parts demands, the guard roster and the loading and unloading of all bait.

It was the unloading of bait which proved his downfall on nights when the U.S. Army brought the bran from Tripoli. The American drivers of these trucks were young light-hearted lads who always seemed to be thirsty and, when they drew into Giado in the small hours, Q. Collins dispensed normal regimental hospitality, and large quantities of beer, gin and vermouth were consumed. This would have been amusing occasionally but, as a nightly performance on top of little or no sleep, it began to get our Q. down. One early morning he was found lying on the ground out cold. He was picked up and laid on his canteen counter to catch up on his sleep. He said next morning that he would have been all right if he'd kept moving but he had been silly enough to sit down for a smoke!

Locust hunting gave us a good many laughs.

There was a civic lunch given at Nalut by the Khaimakham to which a troop from 'B' Squadron was invited and sat down to an Arab feast with Members of Parliament, High Court judges and the like. 'B' Squadron's



Visit of the Emir of Kano.



impression was that their table manners compared more than favourably with those of their hosts.

The Air OP pilot, Hugh Colquhoun, would land or take off in almost any type of country much to the intense fright of his passengers. But the 'aerodrome' at Cabao defeated the 'Flying Fool' when his wheel and wing fell off while taxi-ing.

It is hoped that Trooper Atkins will in future remember to carry enough petrol next time he goes to El Cherba. He will no doubt recall 48 hours sitting in his three-tonner at the halt and also what was said to him when the search party finally found him.

Mr. Pharo Tomlin and his 'C' Squadron troop will always carry rubber dinghies when motoring in the desert. One evening after an afternoon's rain they found the water over their laps as they forded a wadi. One wonders if the Landrover driver ever got his pay book back from the roaring spate.

Mr. Burnand's report on the well at El Habilia astounded Locust H.Q. when they read the words, 'The police post has an excellent well which can be filled from a water cart'. The same troop was responsible for an urgent garbled message over the police radio from Giosch reporting that a 'bloke' (nationality, colour, sex unspecified) was badly injured and bleeding to death. On receipt of this message, Major Tayleur and S.Q.M.S. Collins took off from Giado in a Landrover equipped with enough medical stores and gadgets to perform a major operation. After a hair-raising 25 miles drive, they reached Giosch to find the 'bloke'. This craftsman had a small gash in his knee but he most needed an item of medical stores which had not been brought—Alka Seltzer! Somewhat naturally, the atmosphere at Giosch became a bit chilly but the Squadron Leader calmed down a bit, on the way back to Giado, when one of the Mudirs gave him a live goat for his lunch.

At various times, civilian Locust Control officers were attached to the regimental group but for some reason or another they all departed in a hurry. The first was an excellent chap, Robbie Robinson, who normally worked for the State Tobacco Monopoly. He slouched round like a big blond gorilla but was the only man who could galvanise the Arabs into action at any time of night or day. He employed rough treatment and a splendid fluency of Arabic swear words. It was not long before Robbie hurt the feelings of one of the District Commissioners and had to be recalled to Tripoli urgently.

His successor was an unattractive local spiv by the name of Ahmed Snezzi who turned up in the middle of the night while Corporal Cochrane was supervising the loading of bait. Springing from his Landrover, this Ahmed ran over to Cochrane and shouted "Stop! Stop loading. I am in charge here!" Cochrane's reply was unprintable. Loading of bait continued. Ahmed departed later for good.

The next assistant who arrived to support us was a Libyan of character by the name of Suleiman Hadiazzi who served us well and knew his stuff. He was an imposing plump figure surmounted by a very battered topee with a large gilt locust badge on the front. Had he worn a beard he would have made a splendid partner for the Emperor of Ethiopia.

By the end of a month, a weather-beaten party returned to Sabratha having motored many thousands of miles, scattered hundreds of tons of bait by hand and destroyed literally millions of locusts. There is no doubt that the locust hunters did a terrific job and, without military aid, the Libyans could never have beaten the locust plague.

On his return to barracks, the Squadron Leader lost no time in returning to the bath where this story began and, as he sat washing off the dust and bait, he smiled with pleasure at the standard of sun tan—far better than last year's.

## BON MARCHÉ

By P.F.W.B.

At the preliminary conference on this Exercise one of the French officers of the planning team from the Centre D'Instruction des Operations Amphibies, enquired why the Exercise was so called. To this, the Royal Marine officer, who was entertaining him, replied:—"Oh—we are expecting to have a good brisk march ashore!" A puzzled silence ensued . . . !

Things then got moving. We got the loan of S./Sgt. Phillips, R.E.M.E., an instructor in amphibious matters, who was invaluable throughout the Exercise. With his aid, we improvised an amphibious jeep and after some difficulties made it fairly watertight. In fact, after a 48 hours trial, the only time the 'Lutine Bell' rang was when Cpl. Duggan ran aground on a hitherto uncharted reef near the old Families beach.

Waterproofing stores actually only arrived three days before the 'take off'. Too late for much in the way of testing and practice in the last few days of April.

We were collected at the Karamanli Mole by H.M. L.S.T. *Striker* (Commander Ogilvie, R.N.) and we sailed for Malta. The weather grew gradually worse as the Tripoli shore receded and there were few who did not suffer qualms (and worse) of sea sickness.

Down on the Tank Deck, the tank securing chains groaned and lorries swayed and, all in all, it was quite an alarming experience when passing between the vehicles. Actually two tanks, in spite of being pedestalled on blocks, propelled by the seventh of all seventh waves, leapt towards one another like 'Scylla' and 'Charybdis' severely mauling an R.H.A. jeep between them. We then heaved to and rode out the storm, being some 8 hours late in Grand Harbour.

Unloading of the L.S.T. and tactical re-stowing in L.C.T.'s then took place throughout the night. We were met at the Marset Hard by Brigadier Riches, D.S.O., Commander of 3 Commando Brigade, R.M., and Captain Franks, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Captain A/W Squadron under whose command we were to be for the exercise. We were most impressed by the way the Captain A/W risked his blue naval uniform in mastering the details of Centurion tanks. He turned out later to be one of the ace gunners amongst 'guest artists' at La Macta.

After a 48 hour stay in Malta, the convoy put to sea and better weather accompanied us along past Lampedusa, Tunis, Bône and Algiers to Arzew, our destination.

There was a not unamusing message passed when the M.L., which was among the convoy, returned from Bône after refuelling, to the envy of the other ships which would have liked to have had a break there too:—Message (tauntingly) 'Was there any "meat" on the Bône?' Answer (smugly) from M.L. —'Very Tasty!'

The Algerian coast, as we passed along, was delightful and Arzew itself a pleasant and busy little port, the H.Q. of the French Marine C.I.O.A.

After a short break we commenced practice and rehearsals, with little difficulty with tanks but varying success with the 'B' vehicles. The first real Exercise was 'BON MARCHÉ' I.

The day previously, the French naval squadron from Toulon had assembled in the Bay of Arzew. Captain R. W. English who was present as a spectator, from Cap Carbon described the 'Armada' putting out to sea as 'most impressive' and certainly from 'wave level' it was a fine sight. (It was notable that

Mrs. English, who accompanied him, was detained on one occasion in the Guard Room of the C.I.O.A. by an impressionable French Marine Guard, whilst on a visit to the 'Fleet' with her husband, who took her for an E. Phillips-Oppenheim-ish lady spy. The fact that Captain English had taken his shiny scarlet Austin 'Atlantic' added to the illusion.)

All that afternoon we steamed out to sea and naval evolutions were carried out including an attack by submarines of the Toulon Squadron.

As night fell, the formation turned and closed towards Maldonado Beach, our landing area. By the time the turn of the L.C.T.'s (on which we were) came to beach, the obstructions had been cleared by French naval commandos and our beach-head secured by our own 45 Commando, R.M. The L.C.T.'s crept in silently in the darkness, dropped their ramps, and tanks and guns moved out. The beach was very soft and the 'beach roadway' somewhat too short, a combination of circumstances which was fatal to the 'B' vehicles.

From '4001' I took off, as first 'B' vehicle, in my jeep and despite a bold attempt by Tpr. Allden, my driver, it ended by 'bogging down' in the soft sand and the ultimate 'drowning' of the vehicle within 12 feet of the tide line. Thereafter for wheels it was fatal. It was not, however, without credit to our drivers and fitters and the beach Troop fitters (R.M.) that, by First Light, all 'wheels' were ashore with 95% ready to 'go' had they been required to do so. The abundance of grain crops and vineyards unfortunately precluded much tactical reality in the Exercise ashore, and we virtually 'peace marched' to the objective at 'La Macta' escorted by two smart efficient French traffic policemen. Their manner was a trifle stiff when I attempted to engage them in conversation, but they thawed out when I enquired of the senior if he had been at Verdun. "Non malheureusement . . . !" said he. But had I? (Jam veniet senectus curva silente pede). After that they were our most faithful allies!

From a position on a cliff looking over La Macta swamp, we carried out firing demonstrations. On the completion of this, a number of French and British officers of all services were able to fire the guns. Of our 'guest artists' the Captain A/W and Colonel Marey, Commanding the 2nd Zouaves, were the best performers with Captain Roger Mermoz, also of the 2nd Zouaves, a hot second.

On our return journey, our good name with French police had got around and two 'gardes champêtres' (much the same as our country 'Bobbies') attached themselves to 'les chars' and rode back to Port aux Poules on 2/Lt. Hicks' tank with the 'concentrated pride of all the Caesars'. At the beach head, the tanks were inspected by Admiral Barjot, of the French Navy, the Force Commander.

There followed in Arzew celebrations of the Fête Nationale, originally designed to cover V.E. Day. It was perhaps unfortunate that it was also the Fête of St. Joan of Arc (although the Burgundians should take at least half shares for the latter episode). Dancing in the Town square was the main attraction of the evening and considerable international good fellowship and bonhomie was the result!

Two further Exercises set by 45 Commando for the British Forces at 'La Plage des Chasseurs' followed and took us over one of the nicest training areas I have yet experienced. Hilly, ravine intersected country, covered with wild lavender and overlooking the sea, in perfect Mediterranean sunshine. It was easy to imagine that if, in the field firing which took place, a misdirected shot had hit one, the next stop would have been 'Valhalla'. All was well, however, in spite of difficulties on the first day caused by a heavy swell which stopped L.C.T.'s beaching until their contents were too late to be of much use.

On the second day, all proceeded like clockwork and the final retirement and re-embarkation were carried out with a 'slickness' which was testimonial to the 'lessons learnt' over the period.

As we steamed out of Arzew port, played away by one of the smallest military bands I have ever seen (who none the less gave us the musical honours with the same 'verve' as any band of three times their strength) from the quarter deck of the cruiser *Duquesne*, I for one left with much regret. And so finally, via Malta, back to Tripoli and the Regiment after an uneventful but very pleasant trip in H.M. L.S.T. *Reggio*.

It had been a useful training period and militarily nearly a unique occasion for members of the Regiment. I think I am right in saying that the last occasion for us of this nature was during the ill-starred raid on New Orleans in 1815.

Through this Journal we would like to express our thanks to Brigadier J. H. Riches, D.S.O., and the Brigade Staff of 3 Commando Brigade; to Lieut.-Colonel N. H. Tailyour, D.S.O. and 45 Commando; and to the Captain Amphibious Warfare Squadron, R.N. and his Captains who so nobly bore with us in spite of our lack of 'sea worthiness'. Also especially to the Beach Troop (Captain Williams and R.S.M. Townsend, R.M. and the 'skin diver') whose assistance and advice was always forthcoming when in need. In Arzew, Captain Barreton and his officers and men of the C.I.O.A. (*Duquesne*) had shown us great kindness for which we are most grateful. Our thanks too go to Colonel Marey and his 2nd Zouaves for their hospitality and a most impressive military display. (Colonel Marey's personal prowess with the 20 pounder would make him a most eligible tank gunner should he ever wish to transfer to this arm of the service.)

It will not be long, if I get the chance, that I, at least, will be heading back for Algeria! The only thing that grieves me is that, with the Med. at one's doorstep, these outings are so rare!

"Up Ramp! I am retracting now".

## RACING AT BUSETTA

While the Regiment was training in the Gebel during February, 1955, our ponies were idle and on half feeds in Sabratha. On our return in late February, we found that the new civilian Race Course Company (known for short as 'Societa Incremento Razze Equine Sports Ippici') was running race meetings, one a week for two months.

The secretary of this race course was an Italian, Colonello Diaz, subsequently better known for his rush of gold teeth to the mouth rather than his running of race meetings. After several interviews with this gentleman, Major Tayleur and Captain Palmer finally arranged, in a mixture of schoolboy French and Italian, that the Regiment would run their horses in four meetings with effect from 6th March. This gave us one month in which to get the ponies fit. We decided that this racing was to be a money-making business for the benefit of the Horse Fund, and that all winning owners would give half their Stake money to the Fund.

In each Meeting, there was one Regimental race and an Open race for which our ponies were eligible. Colonel Allen's *Fileur* and Captain Palmer's *Joul Joul* were known from past experience to be in a class by themselves and were consequently banned from Regimental races. Also, any pony which won



Start of the Tripolitania Cup.

Capt. Palmer's *Joul-Joul* (Tpr. Jenner), two Arab-owned horses, Col. Allen's *Fileur* (Lt. Fenwick), Mr. Burnand's *Iraq* (Maj. Tayleur).

the weekly Regimental race was not allowed to enter again except in an Open race. This ensured a fair distribution of the 'loot' as time went on.

In the majority of races, the Stake money was £30 split between the first three. We were therefore assured of collecting a minimum of £30 a week on the Regimental race alone. It cost only 18 piastres to enter a pony. The enterprise was not therefore dear.

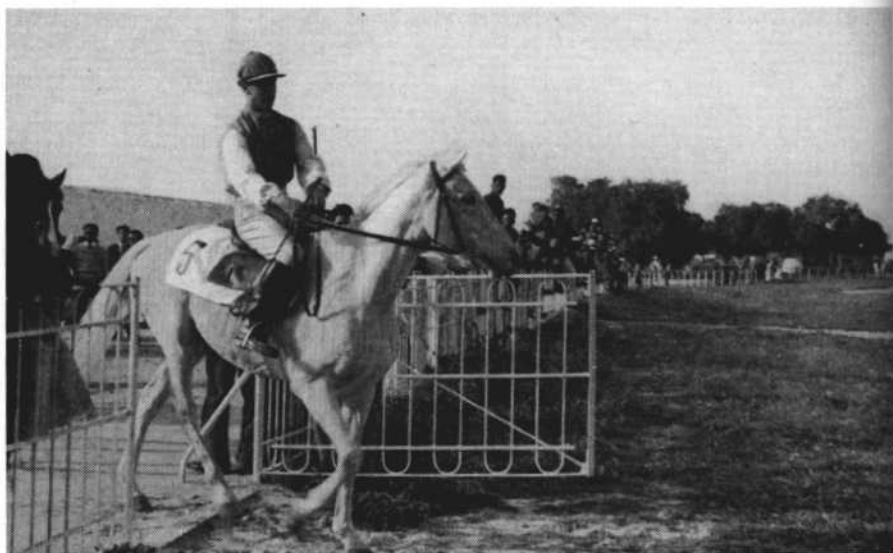
Having put the ponies on large barley feeds; begun getting them fit, and persuaded the jockeys to sit still, we were faced with the problem of getting the horses to Busetta Race Course and back over four week-ends. The problem was solved but the Command Secretary expressed astonishment at our military enthusiasm for training learner drivers on Sundays!

The names of successful horses and jockeys are shown in tabulated form at the end of this article. In all, the Regiment collected £282 in Stake money—half of which swelled the Horse Fund.

In the open races, such as the Premio Citta di Tripoli and Premio della Tripolitania for which high Stake money was offered, the battle for first place was always between Colonel Allen's *Fileur* and Hag Mohammed ben Ftis's *Keria*. The owner of *Keria* was a wealthy Arab from the border town of Zuara and reputed to be the town's leading smuggler. *Keria* had originally been offered as a gift from Tunisia to the Governor of Tripolitania but he had refused it. It was a big strong mare for whom Hag Mahommed could find no adequate jockey. On several occasions he asked the Regiment to provide a jockey but we refused as we did not wish to ride against our own horses. If he had found a reasonable jockey, it is highly likely that *Keria* might have beaten *Fileur*.

Although we considered that our four race meetings were a financial success, a number of good ponies were lamed. Mr. Baxter's *Fernie* and Major Desmond Scarr's *Island* were both unsound for nearly two months after racing and were unable to go to Malta in late April with the polo team—a great loss.





Busetta—1955.  
Lt. Fenwick on Col. Allen's *Fileur*.

Mr. Fenwick, as a novice jockey, showed great promise. He rode *Fileur* well on all occasions and always kept his head. He has nice judgement as to when to ask the final effort from a horse, and above all, he sat still. If he continues his interest in racing, he should have a future on our return to the U.K.

During this month's racing, everyone who owned a pony had at least one race and a great deal of fun even if they were not placed. Racing colours were invented and the local tailors and dressmakers did a sharp business in making silks. One wonders how 'B' Squadron will account for their fluorescent vermillion ground-to-air recognition sauce when the Queen's Bays take over from us.

#### REGIMENTAL RESULTS AT BUSETTA RACES, MARCH, 1955

##### 6th March:

*Premio Sahel*—Open Race over 1,400 metres. Nine Runners.

First	Second	Third
Capt. Palmer's <i>Joul Joul</i> . Ridden by Owner.		Mr. Baxter's <i>Fernie</i> . Ridden by Owner.

*Premio Jefara*—Open Race over 1,200 metres. Twelve runners.

First	Second	Third
Colonel Allen's <i>Fileur</i> . Ridden by Owner.		

*Regimental Race* over 1,200 metres. Seven Runners.

First	Second	Third
Major Douglas Scarr's <i>Ladid</i> . Ridden by Owner.	Mr. Joynson's <i>Garth</i> . Ridden by Owner.	Major Desmond Scarr's <i>Island</i> . Ridden by Owner.

**13th March:***Premio Bir Jhnm*—Open Race over 1,400 metres. Seven Runners.*First**Second**Third*Colonel Allen's *Fileur*.  
Ridden by Mr. Fenwick.*Regimental Race* over 1,200 metres. Eight Runners.*First**Second**Third*Mr. Burnand's *Iraq*.  
Ridden by Major  
Tayleur.Mr. Villiers Smith's  
*Mahdid*, Ridden by  
Mr. Cawthorn.Mr. Pharo-Tomlin's  
*Saad*. Ridden by  
Owner.**20th March:***Premio Citta di Tripoli*—Open Race over 1,400 metres. Nine Runners.*First**Second**Third*Colonel Allen's *Fileur*.  
Ridden by Mr. Fenwick.Capt. Palmers' *Joul*  
*Joul*. Ridden by Tpr.  
Jenner.*Regimental Race* over 1,400 metres. Seven Runners.*First**Second**Third*Mr. Villiers Smith's  
*Mahdid*. Ridden by  
Owner.Mr. Fenwick's *Stardust*.  
Ridden by Owner.Col. Allen's *Cottismore*.  
Ridden by Major  
Desmond Scarr.**27th March:***Premio della Tripolitania*—Open Race over 1,400 metres. Seven Runners.*First**Second**Third*Colonel Allen's *Fileur*.  
Ridden by Mr. Fenwick.Capt. Palmer's *Joul*  
*Joul*. Ridden by Tpr.  
Jenner.*Regimental Race* over 1,400 metres. Eight Runners.*First**Second**Third*Mr. Pharo-Tomlin's  
*Saad*. Ridden by Owner.Major Sturt's *Ghat*.  
Ridden by Major  
Tayleur.Major Tayleur's *Pike*.  
Ridden by Major  
Desmond Scarr.

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**CORSE ALLA BU-SETTA**

By P.U.B.

'The "Premio Sabratha"—a race worth £18 to the winner; for professional jockeys and G.R.s'.

This information is written in three languages on the race card—a piece of pink paper circulated at two piastres a time by numerous dirty Arabs.

Further inspection shows that each horse is to carry about eleven stone and that the distance is seven furlongs. Being owner, trainer and jockey rolled into one, we must change and weigh out (twelve pounds over-weight!) in good time and attend to the preparation of our horse, now in the hands of a soldier groom.

On the way to the stables, one can witness the popular method of saddling-up a hot 4-year-old filly. The correct technique appears to be to gather a large crowd of yelling Arabs and then arm two men with large sticks, who set about the horse's head. The man with the saddle approaches, but on being met by some very hostile hind quarters, he drops the saddle; takes off the girth, and uses it as a flail in the flagellation campaign.

Our own horse, a 9-year-old Barb entire, appears to be covered by a shroud, but on closer inspection this proves to be his number cloth. In contrast to every Arab-owned horse, he is very quiet although he looks very fit. After a quick look over him, it is time to parade.

"Get him into the ring first and don't let anybody else come near him".

The paddock is minute and is soon full of flailing hooves as two wild Arab entries arrive, both of which get exactly the same ideas about the filly who now arrives plus saddle.

While this circus is in full swing, the jockeys appear. All are professionals except for another officer—the eventual winner—and myself. The conventional equipment appears to be a head-dress resembling a ski-cap, a dirty silk jacket, baggy breeches and ill-fitting boots, finished off with spurs like harpoons and whips at least three feet long.

Soon the field of ten is at the post—only one falls by the wayside on the way down, since he seems to have no effective method of communicating his desire to stop his horse, and is last seen heading for the high ground in the distance. An immaculate Italian calls the roll in a respectful undertone to the G.R.s and in a frantic scream to the 'pro's'.

With a great deal of whip-cracking and jibbing, a rather crooked line materialises, when suddenly another Italian, fifty yards up the course, drops his white flag and scuttles under the rails. We're off!

Flat out for the first corner go the leaders, and immediately both English-owned horses are in the rear. The leader fails to negotiate the bend; jumps the rails and makes for the sea. It is the last we see of him, but the horse he nearly carried out with him is soon back in the lead again and under pressure.

The method of cornering most popular with the Arab jockeys appears to be to hit one's horse on the left of its head when turning right, and vice versa when turning left. A most effective technique.

After four furlongs, half the field is in distress but still very much under pressure. Clearly we must make up on the leaders if we are not to be flayed to death by those in the rear. We are still going easily approaching the final bend, which is a very long, right-handed one. Three horses are in front of us—two Arabs in the lead, two lengths in front of the other Englishman—who is now moving up to them.

We must delay our run for as long as possible since we are giving away so much weight, but we cannot afford to leave it too late. Both Arabs are riding like madmen now as they are passed by the Englishman who is still sitting quite still. The one nearest the rails rolls away from them, as he has succeeded in unbalancing his horse by his windmill-like antics. We try to come through.

Our horse answers immediately as we ask him to go along. But the gentleman who rolled away from the rails senses danger; and as we move up to him, his great long scythe-like whip curls round our horse's nose. However, now that our horse has quite understandably lost interest in the proceedings, we are able



to witness the inspiring sight of two Arabs wrestling for second prize money—£8!

Both trying to go faster than their horses, throwing the reins at them and flashing their whips with blood-curdling screams, the two embryo Douglas Smiths succeed simultaneously in unbalancing their mounts and reducing their speed by a considerable margin.

A hundred yards past the post, they stop riding; wheel about and then gallop flat out back to the paddock to be received by their cheering supporters. No one pays any attention to the winner except the English community.

As for the 3rd prize, we wonder, as we ride slowly back to the stables to dismount, whether it is really worth raising an objection—for £2.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

The past year has been a pretty full one as far as Mess life goes. We were anticipating the Christmas festivities as we closed last year's Notes. It is sufficient to say that the Pantomime will long be remembered, as also will be the explosive liquor with which we were plied at the Officers' Mess on Christmas Eve. Even R.Q.M.S. Norris displayed his tap dancing ability on the Sgts' Mess bar top afterwards!

We had hardly settled down to normal drinking when the Regiment was on the move up to the Gebel. This disrupted Mess life, the Squadrons being anything up to 10 miles apart. We did, however, have Squadron Messes wherever and whenever possible. On visiting R.H.Q. at 'Marble Arch Camp' the 'sharp end soldiers' were always given a warm welcome at the main Mess. It would appear that the 'base wallahs' lived pretty well, and even had waiter service. This grand life, however, was brought to a drastic end when the well-known floods caused the tent to collapse—making the Mess much wetter than usual! ! y the way, how much does an EPIP cost?

On August Bank Holiday the Regiment held a very successful Swimming la on the local beach. Naturally we set up Mess, and not quite so naturally even had some beer this time (shades of the Zuara effort). The Riviera such was most pleasant, and enjoyed by all.

So many inspections then took place that the Mess became over-run with new faces. On seeing another new arrival one would hear the whisper "What's he inspecting this time". One, namely A.Q. Pearce, caused more sweat than any ghibli! !



Sgt. Tasker, Sgt. Blake, S.Q.M.S. Winstanley,  
S.S.M. Le Maitre, R.S.M. Prevett.

A Farewell Dance and Ball was held on 6th August. With the usual gusto we went ahead on the preparation, and the evening was a roaring success. Messrs. Geany, Prevett, and Collins produced some wonderful greenery, which incidentally was never seen. It was more by luck than judgement that they themselves took their places at Dinner. Has anyone ever tried the rum at the 22nd Field Engineer Regiment??



Sgt. Coles.

At this point we paused to say farewell to R.S.M. Moore, and to congratulate him on his promotion to Lt. Quartermaster. A presentation of a clock was made to him at the Farewell Ball. It was with pleasure that we welcomed S.S.M. Prevett as his successor. To R.S.M. Prevett we offer our congratulations on his promotion, and hope that his tour of duty will be a happy and lengthy one.

We are now seriously thinking of the trip home. The Bays' advance party descended upon us taking over everything that they could lay their hands upon. Had there been more time we could have presented them with a microscope and a far better implement for sounding glasses and crockery!!

As a farewell gesture, the brewers threw a 'buckshee' party for us in Tripoli. Just a little rebate for the gallons of their beer which went down the hatch over a three-year period. Oh for a Hopper right now! (Or a Blue Label.)

Embarkation day arrived at last, and off we motored to Tripoli to 'catch' the *Empire Ken*. We left behind us many friends, both civil and military whom we hope will always remember us. At the dockside we were met somewhat unexpectedly by R.S.M. Stewart of the 22nd Field Engineer Regiment who had laid on a free bar for us. An excellent meal had been laid on by the District Catering Officer, but very few Mess members were to be seen actually eating. It was an excellent send off and very much appreciated. Even the 'Bishop of Sabratha' was there complete with cigar and glass of port, and also W.O.I Geany, and W.O.II (now W.O.I) Goldsmith, the Clerk of Works, who had done their best to satisfy our fantastic demands for repairs and improvements to our Mess.

The journey was most uneventful. A calm sea went with us all the way. We did, however, beat the Officers in a balloon shooting competition from the stern of the ship. They might be the holders of the King George the Vth Cup, but we still beat 'em. (Perhaps the fact that we hold the Royal Irish Cup will explain our superiority.) Mr. Prevett organised two Whist Drive evenings which went down very well, especially with the ladies. To the amazement of all who travelled out on the *Lancashire*, we hit Southampton 'smack on', even though there was a fog!!

On disembarking, we were greeted by a great number of old friends and typical English weather. The Band, which we had written off as lost, was there playing with great gusto. Yes, Pop was there too!! Eventually, after the rigmarole of going through the Customs we arrived at Dorchester. Things at the Camp were so well organised that everyone was despatched on leave two days early! Over the Christmas period only six members were left in Mess. This fact did not prevent the brewer having to make a special delivery of liquor on Christmas Eve.

The Ramnuggur Ball, which took place on 19th November, was our next occasion. So many of our members were on leave and so far away that only about 120 people were present. It went off very well but was marred by the intense cold. The gymnasium will long be remembered as the 'ice box', and the occasion as 'the coldest Ball on record'.

To close this year's notes we must congratulate the following Mess members on their award of the Regimental Medal. The Medals were presented by the Colonel of the Regiment at the conclusion of a very fine evening's boxing on 3rd February to R.S.M. Prevett, S.S.M. Le Maitre, A.Q.M.S. Thompson, S.S.M. Reynolds, Sgt. Tasker, Sgt. Shakespeare, Sgt. Williams, Sgt. MacGregor and S.Q.M.S. Cundy.



Sgt. Overy receiving the Ramnuggur Cup from the R.S.M.

## CORPORALS' CLUB NOTES

One finds that the writing up of this year's notes is quite a pleasant task, Piddlehinton being far away from those little black jets that made life in Sabratha just that little more difficult. In addition, there is always that thought that next week-end we can go and see the folks.

During the past year, faces have changed so much in our ranks that we now have virtually a new Mess. Space does not permit the recording of the numerous comings and goings. It can be said, however, that amongst our new members we have some excellent blood, but we have also lost some good stock.

Our social life has been definitely on the 'up'. The highlight of the year being our 'Farewell Ball' held on 24th September. The Officers and Sergeants were there in full force with their ladies, and without exception everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The majority of our members were even to be seen on the dance floor. (Quite a strange sight, even though it was the Corporals' Ball.)

Our weekly Whist Drive, open to all senior ranks, became quite an event, and was very much looked forward to by all the 'regulars'. The strains of 'Eyes down, look in' during the Whist interval was another new innovation which went down very well. Towards the end we were having to cope with 14 tables at whist. (Can anyone remember who it was that mixed two sets of numbers together during Tombola, and nearly caused a riot!??) Press on!—regardless.

We would at this juncture like to congratulate our new President, Mr. Prevett, on his promotion to R.S.M. His assistance and leading of the Committees is appreciated by us all.

The following members have left us for the 'Other Place'. Our congratulations and best wishes go with them: Sgts. Overy, Marshall and Jackson. Our congratulations, too, to Cpl. Sherrington who was married on 30th July. He was the only one of our happy band to take this brave step during our tour in Sabratha. Good Luck Cpl. and Mrs. 'Sherry'.

At Piddlehinton we have no Corporals' Club owing to accommodation difficulties, coupled with the short duration of our stay here. We were glad to board that long awaited boat for 'Blighty', but looking back, life in Sabratha was much better (and warmer) than we used to think, wasn't it??—now be honest! However, now for Munster, where between bouts of very hard work we hope to be able to relax in our own Club once more and to re-open our social activities.

To those of our members who have left us for civilian life we say, "Good luck, it was nice to have had you with us".

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## 'A' SQUADRON NOTES

In the last *Hawk* we were looking forward to Christmas. This time our Squadron Smoker was slightly different, being run under the direction of troop representatives. Colonel and Mrs. Allen were invited; 'A' Squadron wives had to come for they gave a very inviting tableful of beautifully iced Christmas cakes. We used Adm. barrack room and Jig Taylor was invited to assist the decoration by drawing lush females. There was a tremendous Christmas tree—shall we say 'produced' by M.T. Troop; a stage; Ali Baba's bar; coloured lights; a piano; the buffet; and last but not least lashings of 'A' Squadron lemonade, and we were off.



The Gebel Exercise.

A hot rum punch and a couple of 'free houses' from bottles given by the Officers greeted everyone. With the aid of the piano we managed to have a few carols. Each troop had a short play to put on: these were carefully vetted and the better ones put on up to the interval. Prizes for the Christmas Draw were presented by Mrs. Allen, and then Buffet. We had very diplomatically to invite the ladies to leave. It then warmed up. We couldn't even get the plays finished, though we didn't fail on the

beer: it was the wee hours before peace descended over 'A'.

The party almost resumed round the Collins house where, for some unknown reason, the Squadron formed up *en bloc*. They almost had to be marched out to be in time for Christmas Dinner.

The festivities were soon left behind in the hustle to get ready for the Gebel Jaunt. The S.Q.M.S. dodged a lot of the preparation by going off to Malta playing for Tripoli Combined Services Hockey but was back in time to issue rations.

The Squadron moved out by troops according to the available transporters, and once again climbed the Gebel having previously pioneered the route last year. It was a week before the move was completed and we were at our Squadron area. Our H.Q. was at the Mausoleum and we proved it by finding two 'bodies', one of which was put on a Special Sick Report. We were disappointed to learn that they were ten years old and not two thousand. The Squadron learned quite a lot about Horned Vipers and kept a steady stream of live ones going to the Doc. for pickling.

The 'Flying Fool' paid a flying visit. Many had a trip round, friend Griffiths getting 'rock all' as requested. The operators got strange interferences just about the time that the Auster was going under their aerial.

Squadron training completed, we moved in to Marble Arch and started the week's—ahem—"rest!" That was soon over and we were off on the start of Regimental training—almost. A storm blew a spanner in the works, and my God, what a storm. The whole area was under inches of water overnight. All 'B' vehicles were stranded and had to be towed back by tanks. A never-to-be-forgotten sight was Mr. Villiers-Smith, hatless in a tank suit with 'u/s' zips, bedraggled and soaked. It took three days and a 'write off' to get over that.

It soon passed: but it took slightly longer to get back to Sabratha, collecting tanks from here and there. Then started the recuperation, cleaning and repairing of tanks, guns and wirelasses. There were P1954s flying everywhere, not to mention belated requests for 'write offs'. Things were slowly getting sorted out.

Operation Locust came on us in June. The Major was in charge of a composite group which went to Giado back in the Gebel. That trip is dealt with under a separate heading so 'nuff said'.

Our time for leaving was getting rather close and to bring things to an orderly close the U.M.I., Admin. Inspection, Inst. Inspection and Armament





"I don't care if it IS the way mother used to do it . . . !"

Inspection all came to make sure that we didn't slack off. Night shifts got confused with night schemes.

However, 'A' Squadron 'Farewell' smoker brought a pleasant break; this time it was held in the Desert Rose Courtyard. Each troop put on side shows in the form of a Fair, there were a couple of stage shows, and of course 'A' Squadron lemonade was plentiful. The Colonel accepted our invite and so did 'A' Squadron wives. It went down very well.

Unfortunately we have now lost our S.S.M., but we must congratulate Mr. Prevett on his promotion to R.S.M.

The Advance Party under Major Tayleur moved off, leaving the hand-over as next on the list, and then 'The Day'. The *Empire Ken* docked in Tripoli and the Regiment embarked. There was a large crowd on the quayside to see us off, including the Bishop of Sabratha.

The voyage was really a week's rest for most people. The Captain found Southampton without trouble and there were our long lost Band and many old faces to greet us. I don't think anyone has seen such a collection of ex-Colonels. Among those of interest to 'A' Squadron were Major Tayleur, Capts. Garbutt and Goodhart, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Hart, Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Villiers-Smith. It was a pleasant home-coming.

By the time we'd finished writing the leave passes they had gone: very quietly, which IS unusual. Major B. C. L. Tayleur slid out from under—but—farewell, we'll be seeing you. Major Marnham took command of a rather deserted Squadron but sufficient to say, "Welcome".

Welcome also to Major Heath, M.C., Mr. de S. MacCallum and to all senior ranks and draftees who have joined us. Farewell to Sgts. MacGregor and Williams: Willie requires congrats on his wedding.

We will close whilst waiting once more for the boat.

## 'B' SQUADRON NOTES

Since the publication of the last *Hawk* no less than 52 members have left us, most of them on release and a few postings. A further 10 are due to leave during the course of the next two months, which will mean that, within a year, over two-thirds of the Squadron will have moved on to other spheres. It is hoped that the announcement of increased pay will do much to reduce the rate of turnover.

One of the big losses was the departure in May of S.S.M. Vale, who went to the Duke of Lancasters Own Yeomanry as R.S.M. The Squadron owed much to him for his efficiency both at his work and in organising games and smokers, where his ready wit was always an asset. We congratulate him on his promotion and are fortunate in having S.S.M. LeMaitre, with his 26 years in the Regiment, as such a worthy successor.

After numerous farewell parties Cpl. Formby somehow finally managed to catch his demob plane, but rumour hath it that he finds 'civvy street' lacks something, and we hope he may be back with us soon. Any other ex-members of the Squadron who feel this lack of comradeship are assured of a warm welcome should they return to the fold. Zoot suits or any Teddy Boy habits that may have been acquired since leaving the Regiment should be left at home. Pretty Pin-ups are still permitted however, and in fact do much to distract the Squadron Leaders and S.S.M. on barrack room inspections.

After recovering slowly from the Christmas and New Year's Eve festivities, final preparations were made for our six weeks training in the Gebel.

In late January, the Squadron moved to the Gebel mountains for training with the rest of the Regimental groups. After a long approach march, we clattered up the escarpment without mishap and within twenty-four hours the Squadron Flag was flying over a well organised camp about six miles from R.H.Q.

The first few weeks were spent in troop and Squadron training—based on the static camp in which we lived in great comfort. As each day went by, heralded by Tpr. Scott's Squadron net, our armoured might was launched into the wilderness penetrating mountain and plain, previously unexplored by man.

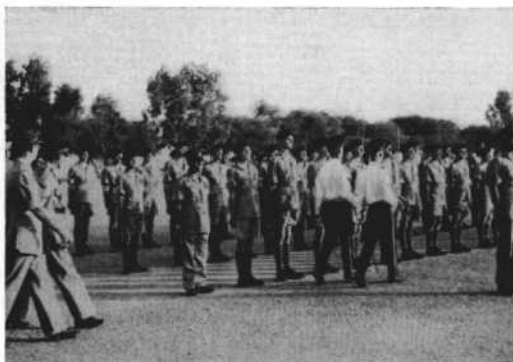
When the Squadron was really organised, we went on Exercise HAWK ONE. In this famous battle, aided by the Sappers acting as Infantry, plus some rather excited Libyans, we frustrated the desires of 'C' Squadron who attacked us across the desert.

The battle started at night with many alarms and excursions and ended in the usual way next day, with both sides quite convinced that they had won.



'B' Sqn. at Camp.

On HAWK TWO we all got wet because Libyan rain descended on us in a Wadi at rather an inconvenient time of day. The Squadron Leader 'Admiral Scarr', managed to evacuate the Squadron without loss, although Tpr. Jones was nearly drowned by baling out of his 1 tonner into a flood. Sgt. Jones had his leg run over by



Annual Administrative Inspection, 1955.

'B' Sqn. being inspected by Brigadier A. W. Browne, D.S.O., M.C.

his own 3 tonner. Luckily, thanks to the soft mud, he suffered from no ill effect. After this we went to Garian to dry out, but on arrival found 'The Lady of Garian' was the only comfort to be had. Fortunately the sun shone brightly and all got dry.

On HAWK THREE we withdrew to Mizda chased by the rest of the Regiment. Our wireless sets worked quite well and in spite of our Signallers trying to burn down S.H.Q., we were able to keep the enemy at bay. The manoeuvre ended with a helter-skelter pursuit over an almost virgin route.

Messrs. Hicks and Burnand, driven respectively by Tpr. Hughes and Cpl. Archer, led the advance and, although they ended the battle 'in the bag', their advance of one hundred and seventeen miles in twenty-four hours must take an honourable place in our annals. The country was not easy and navigation was a headache judged by European standards. Let us give them our Salute.

After five weeks in the Gebel, we withdrew to Sabratha with as much dignity as could be combined with needs of speed. Our driving, operating, and navigation had improved. We had learned to look after ourselves in the field and how to keep cheerful in wet and cold. It is unfortunate that so many key men of Gebel days have left the Squadron. All the troop leaders have gone, except 2/Lt. Burnand who now masquerades as a Super Civil Servant in R.H.Q.

Looking back to these eventful days one cannot forget the cold winter morning when the Squadron Leader and his ever dormant 2 I/C were lying in their beds at about 0500 hours when suddenly a North Country accent said at the tent entrance "Are you the cooks?"

"Are we B - - - -" said the Major and turned over in his dust-covered bed, to return to his dreams of the delights of Tripoli.

In the Sporting realm, the Squadron had another successful season, although there was considerably less time for sport than there had been in previous years. The introduction of the Inter-Troop football league gave every player a chance to show his worth and at the same time made everyone very fit. Admin. Troop were top of the league by 3 points when it had to be abandoned owing to the depletion of troops caused by the departure of the advance party and releases, and the need to work long hours on the tanks to get them ready for the annual Unit Maintenance Inspection.

The Squadron XI, after being top of the Tripoli District League halfway through the season, finished fifth, largely due to being unable to play fixtures through the training commitments. In the D'Arcy Hall Inter-Squadron Competition, we were beaten by H.Q.'s Squadron in the finals. Cpl. Wood, Cpl. Scott, Cpl. Bird, Tprs. Atkins, Graham, Hackett, Cfn. Dodds all played football for the Regiment.

In the A.R.A. Championships, the Squadron team consisting of Cpls. Horstead, Forster and Bird, Tprs. McQuaid, and Cfns. Goodge, Chisholm and Rickards, are to be congratulated on winning the Squadron Shield.



A very enjoyable Regimental Swimming Gala was held on August Bank Holiday. Lunch and refreshments were served on the beach, where coloured sunshades and tents offered welcome protection from the scorching sun. Pleasant though it is to be home, there are times when some would no doubt gladly change a cold and damp English day for a day in the hot sun on a sandy Mediterranean beach. However to revert to the swimming Gala, the Squadron did well to come second in the Inter-Squadron Relays, and to produce in Tpr. McAllister an easy winner in the Marathon.

After a pleasantly calm voyage from Tripoli in October and a long spell of leave, we have returned to Piddlehinton, fatter if not fitter, and are now training new drafts and preparing ourselves for further ventures.

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### **'C' SQUADRON NOTES**

1954 ended with the busy preparation for the Gebel Scheme. Some people were lucky enough to be away on Christmas leave and so missed the chaos that reigned in each individual troop.

The Squadron were the first to ascend the Gebel led by the Squadron Leader and the American Ambassador, whom we had the honour to meet.

Cpl. Julian with Tpr. Smith as driver, Tpr. Boorman as gunner and Tpr. Ramsay as operator went through slight discomfort when their tank rolled back a hundred feet from the summit, with the possibility of a vertical drop of seventy feet. Luckily twenty yards from the edge, the mono-trailer buckled up and stopped the tank, which by this time was travelling at some considerable speed.

During Squadron training, 1st Troop Leader disgraced himself and had his eye wiped by Mr. Vernon, commanding 3rd Troop. In an attack against 'B' Squadron, a squadron of the 22nd Field Regiment, Royal Engineers and a Libyan Regiment, he failed to arrive at the objective, having gone off at a tangent and was last seen motoring into the dim distance. This took a lot of living down and 1st Troop prestige was not regained until the last Regimental Exercise when they motored thirty miles through appalling country and arrived at 'Marble Arch' intact with no breakdowns.

Earlier in this Exercise, Mr. Johnson and Sgt. Shakespeare and the rest of Admin. Troop did a raiding party on foot against the Libyan defended area. With faces darkened with cocoa, they set off thinking an easy time was ahead. The outcome was disastrous. Mr. Johnson and his party were captured and Sgt. Shakespeare's party disappeared being chased by Libyans with fixed bayonets who did not appreciate that it was just an Exercise.

The Squadron S.R.O. Troop has seen some changes in the past year. We welcome Cfn. Coles and Cummings who arrived in time for the Christmas activities. Also the arrival of Sgt. Clarke and Cpl. Hobley from Trials Troop (deceased) and Cfn. Roberts and Bransom from leave, and last but not least, the new gun fitter (needless to say Ack-Ack) Cfn. Holdsworth.

The scheme has been mentioned previously, but to say the S.R.O. had enough to keep them occupied is the biggest under-statement of the year. On the return from the Gebel they were flung into the upheaval of the U.M.I., and anything but trade union working hours existed as the midnight oil was burning on more than one occasion. At last the cry of "It wasn't so bad after all" was heard throughout the Squadron.

The only other major operation that happened was the Locust Scheme, and that proved to be more energetic than any of us anticipated, as the best time to catch these creatures is in the early morning or at dusk. By the time it was all over, everyone had seen enough of locusts and bottles of 'Hop-leaf'. Great



L./Cpl. Clarke, Tpr. Clerk, 2/Lt. Johnson,  
Cfn. Gregory, Cpl. Bogg, L./Cpl. Huson, Cfn.  
Swann, Walsler, Ramadan, Grainger.

credit should go to the vehicles which stood up to the hammering exceedingly well.

Mr. Vernon, Cpl. Marrin and Sgt. Shakespeare represented the Regiment in the Connaught Cup which the Regiment won. Mr. Vernon had an exceptional shoot.

In the young soldiers, L./Cpl. Duff, L./Cpl. Clarke and Cfn. Grainger represented the Regiment and this also was won.

Sgt. Shakespeare also shot in the Royal Irish Cup which the Regiment won. In the Regimental Rifle Meeting, Sgt. Shakespeare and S.Q.M.S. Reynolds tied for first place in the Individual Rifles.

In the Boxing, congratulations go to Cpl. McGinley for retaining his title of District

Welterweight Champion. In the Inter-Squadron Boxing, Tpr. Diggle had a walk-over; Cpl. McGinley beat Tpr. Jones (H.Q.) and a special word for L./Cpl. Duff who put up an exceptionally good fight against Cpl. Lumley of 'A' Squadron.

In the Athletics Meeting, Tpr. Herbert gained second place in the mile and three mile race. L./Cpl. Tomlin was second in the javelin.

The Squadron excelled themselves in Cricket by winning the Inter-Squadron League. Major Scarr made a lot of useful runs and Tpr. Borne, who, unfortunately was demobbed three quarters of the way through the season, proved to be a very promising bat. Cfn. Holdsworth, Tprs. Couchman and Pink bowled very well throughout the season. The cricket ended with a match—'C' Squadron v. The Rest, which the Squadron won by seven runs, Major Scarr scoring 60 and Tpr. Pink 33.

The Regiment returned to England, some of us came by road. Sgt. Shakespeare's car just made it and he had more than a little trouble with the Customs who came out in force to inspect the highly suspicious conveyance. Every time they touched something, the owner yelled, "Don't touch that!", being frightened the car might fall to bits. This made the Customs even more suspicious, so everything was turned upside down and a small crowd gathered thinking that a couple of smugglers had been caught. There was great disappointment when after two hours they found nothing.

We are now at Piddlehinton waiting to go to Germany. There are many who have left us and a lot of new faces have arrived. We hope they will soon settle down and produce the same spirit as their predecessors.

We are more than sorry to say 'goodbye' to Major Sturt who has left us to command H.Q. Squadron and we wish him the best of luck in the future. We welcome back Major Walsh who has returned from the Staff to command us again. We say farewell to Mr. Vernon and Mr. Johnson and wish them luck in civilian life. Sgt. Jude has left us to go to the D.L.O.Y., Sgt. Baker to Catterick. We hope to see them again in the future. A special word of thanks to L./Cpl. Wimbush who carried out his duties as Squadron Clerk so efficiently.

## **'H.Q.' SQUADRON NOTES**

In January, 1955, with annual range classification, P.E. Tests and the like behind us, we were ready for a taste of desert training. In preparation for the Regiment's move to the Gebel, the job of the echelon was one of building up supplies for the eventual battles to come. In fact, a Div. maintenance area was established on a small scale. The round journey back to Tripoli for mail, rations and P.O.L. was approximately 150 miles, 60 of which were over rough tracks. A certain amount of assistance was given by the R.A.S.C. and also by vehicles of the Libyan Army. These latter had a minimum speed of 60 m.p.h. and became known as the 'Flying Patrol Libya'. The Libyan drivers still don't know what it was all about.

With an eye on the vagaries of desert climate, a 'wet weather camp' was established on high ground. The site was windswept and enclosed in a permanent sand storm. However, it was considered proof against rain. On their arrival in the Admin. area, R.H.Q. at first objected to the wind and sand but agreed to the need for wet weather siting. After the first night's rain, the comments of R.H.Q. on returning to what had become a floating base were interesting but unprintable.

Before the main Exercise, a pre-planned dumping programme was organised to prevent the unrealistic situation arising from the Admin. area being in enemy territory. As a result, a fair measure of realism was achieved. It proved an excellent time and space problem for the staff, there being lots of space but no time. Many amusing incidents occurred, too numerous and some perhaps too libellous to relate. It was however a fairly successful and enjoyable training period.

With the Squadron up in the Gebel, the poor Squadron Leader was left behind in Sabratha to command the rear party, with a harem of wives, children, school teachers, ponies, dogs and cats to keep an eye on. He made one or two gallant efforts to get out to the Regiment and just survived the privations of training—but only just.



T.Q.M.S. Boulter, Sgts. Justin, Bruniges, Cpl. Gates,  
S.S.M. Reynolds.

After return to Sabratha, everyone worked furiously putting together broken tanks and vehicles ready for the U.M.I. inspection and eventual hand-over to the Bays.

2/Lt. Peden from 'B' Squadron was given the unenviable task of welding a composite team and he was seen many a morning looking worried with his nominal roll trying to account for absentees who were inadvertently allocated to other duties by the zealous Squadron Sgt. Majors. His task was to offer vehicles for U.M.I. inspection at a time and date laid down in the weekly programme. As with any troop working very hard in a confined area, the personality and idiosyncrasy of each member became very much apparent, and so allowances were made and virtues extolled to get the best out of each individual. Sgt. Tasker had this very knack, and by either using his bludgeon or encouragement, each member gave his best.

Tprs. Foster and Goodier were appointed as the operators of the temperamental and leaking paint sprayer. One was never sure whether it was by design or accident that they had a better coat of paint on their bodies than on the vehicle.

Tpr. Allden found himself in charge of the four jeeps which were used on Bon Marché. Since these had been waterproofed and driven about in the sea, he had practically to strip them all down for cleaning and repaint.

Tpr. Lewthwaite, who had always basked in the glory of being Major Browne's driver, lost a certain amount of kudos when he drove Capt. Biggins, R.A.M.C., into the ditch outside Zavia. Fortunately neither of them were badly hurt. The doctor gave himself bed down for a couple of days, and on the third day hurriedly departed to the nurses quarters, Wheelus Field, on urgent business!!

Cpls. Fryer and Wren wrestled day in and day out on the vehicle documents and eventually squared up every entry. There was a strong rumour around that the troop had been reduced to gibbering wrecks and were practically insane.

Tpr. Pidcock presented his vehicle for the inspection in very good order and then he and his vehicle, amongst others, were loaned to the R.A.S.C. Company in Tripoli for garrison duties. He returned several days later slightly embarrassed, without his vehicle, and told a very long story of how it had been destroyed by fire, which no one could quite understand.

Cpl. Sibbons whose job it was to detail duty transport could never understand how it was that he failed to meet the daily requirements of both the Q.M. and the T.Q.M.S. by the narrow margin of one lorry.

Cpl. Jones with his team, in the meantime, were employed outside the very gates of the vehicle park. Their task was to make last minute adjustments, or to give a quick lick of paint to our surplus vehicles for disposal. And how surprisingly proficient they became in satisfying the whims of the inspector!

As the weeks passed, so did the number of vehicles for inspection diminish but unfortunately the pressure did not ease, in fact it increased since the troop lost a number of men on the advance party and on release. The last week was the most active of them all. To maintain the high standard already achieved, the troop went on to shifts and worked almost round the clock. Finally the last vehicle was inspected and the complete report could be laid before the Commanding Officer without fearing recriminations.

Cpl. Hurst, the R.E.M.E. Inspector, deserved praise in his impartial and thorough inspections but the narrative would not be complete without thanking A.Q.M.S. Thompson, S./Sgt. Shadbolt, Sgt. Freeman, Cpl. Parker and

Duggan and members of the L.A.D. who gave their best and shared our anxieties on this marathon.

Superimposed on all this were many other activities, including education. The Regiment had been told in no uncertain terms that every man must be highly educated—a somewhat difficult task under normal circumstances. A tremendous organisation was necessary and so 'Sabratha University' was founded.

Headed by Captain English, W.O.II Metcalfe and Corporal Hector, the Regiment entered education with a bang, if not with a will. As a result, one or two achieved the art of writing their names, and Sgt. Walters attained a Second Class Certificate of Education.



H.Q. Sqn. feeding on embarkation.

In sport, we did particularly well winning the D'Arcy Hall Cup for the second year running. This year, swimming was included as one of the sports to count and a swimming cup was instituted. This we won, Cpls. Watton and Duggan, and Sgt. Marshall being outstanding.

The Squadron boxers are to be congratulated on their extremely plucky bouts in Regimental boxing, the old sweats, Cpl. Tumelty and L./Cpl. Walmsley being unbeaten. Some very good shows were put up by Tpr. Rendall, L./Cpl. Oakley and Cpl. Haynes. The last named unfortunately had to go to hospital with a damaged hand.

Again we have had many changes, and were very sorry to say goodbye to S.S.M. LeMaitre who goes to 'B' Squadron. Sgt. Blake, R.A.P.C., a very popular member of the Sergeants' Mess and a great loss to us all, left us for the Pay Office at Reading. S.S.M. Reynolds stepped into the shoes of S.S.M. LeMaitre with a flourish, and we were all glad to welcome S.Q.M.S. Sheen back from the Officers' Mess.

And so to Piddlehinton, a far cry from the days of heat and flies when these notes began.



## BAND NOTES

' Bandsmen come and Bandsmen go  
Alas! that farewell note.  
But like the Navy (bless 'em all)  
We'll darned well keep afloat'.

And so, this past year has once again been a series of comings and goings, not only for individuals, but for the band as a whole. A close audit through the pages of events during the past year would reveal many amusing and interesting entries, but as space will permit only reflections, let us go back now to 1955.



Band at the Queen's Birthday Parade, Cyprus.

The opening of the year was marked by the arrival of the new Bandmaster in January. We wish Mr. R. Mott every success in his new job and many happy years with his regiment. Members may be glad to know that the previous bandmaster, Mr. Hurst, has settled down very comfortably in his new job at Bromsgrove.

The bandmaster arrived to find the band split roughly into three parts. One third of the band were on guard, the other third were on holiday in the Jebel, and the remainder were performing brass quartets to the delight of themselves. This situation was soon remedied however, by taking the remainder of the band to the Jebel. The last nightfall there in camp proved to be a great success. The bandmaster was delighted to see his band once more united.

After a short period of normal activities, including the N.A.A.F.I. concerts, and various officers' mess guests nights in Tripoli, the band were once more invited to become the guests of the Royal Navy. Thus began what was for most of the band their second Mediterranean cruise. This time, despite many rumours, the previous host to the band—H.M.S. *Forth*, was not among the fleet on this cruise, and the name of H.M.S. *Duchess* took on a special meaning to us. Before the actual cruise started, some two weeks were spent in Malta preparing a beating of retreat ceremony to be held in Istanbul. The band was massed with that of the Royal Marines and proved themselves equal to all demands made upon them. The cruise proper then commenced.

The first visit was to Istanbul. Here the notable feature was the 'Retreat' ceremony, where the days of rehearsal in sunny Malta were put to the test. The



band came through with flying colours and thousands watched the performance. Istanbul will be remembered by all as the city of high prices and low cabarets. A tennis ball costs the equivalent of 15s. 6d. sterling.

The minarets and memories were soon left behind, and the Fleet set sail for the Island of Cyprus. Here trouble had only just started brewing, and our stay there was most pleasant. The band paid a visit to the Royal Engineers ashore, and played both military and dance band music at an all ranks guest night. Here also, the band headed the Queen's birthday parade, and the narrow streets of Cyprus resounded to the crash of bass drum and cymbals.

All too soon, Cyprus fell behind us, and we turned towards Alexandria. There was some considerable concern shown by the authorities about this, as no British troops had been to Alexandria in uniform since 1945. However, it was agreed that should we be questioned whilst ashore, we were to say we were Marines. This decision met with a certain amount of indignation from the Hussars, but in the end we compromised, and became 'Horse Marines'. Thus armed, we set out jauntily for our first evening ashore in Alexandria. Our disguise however was quite unnecessary, as the natives were most friendly. The beating of retreat, however, was not allowed in uniform, and so we left Alexandria with a feeling of a mission uncompleted, and with cabaret managers counting our piastres.

The bows of H.M.S. *Duchess* now pointed back towards Turkey, this time to a large bay known as Marmourice. Here was to be held the Fleet Regatta, in which various races between ships, with a tote for all, marked the end of the cruise. These races were performed in the ships' whalers, and consisted of all departments on board producing a crew of six, and racing against their counterparts in the remaining ships. Apart from an odd Sunday afternoon on the *Serpentine*, none of the band crew had ever handled oars before, but we decided to enter against the marines whom we understood lived for this moment. Came the moment, the mile course lay before us and the flag came down. The tolerant smiles from the various decks soon changed to mad cheering as the band crew, held their own, and then started slowly but surely leaving the crew of H.M.S. *Jamaica* wallowing in their wake. At the end of the mile, sirens and hooters were sounding, and the weary crew were greeted by the Captain with a large beer apiece, having turned what started as a joke, into a victorious reality.

Steaming slowly out of the very tricky bay at Marmourice, the Fleet set sail for Malta, where the remainder of our baggage lay waiting to be loaded for the final journey home. Somehow, it always appeared to be Sunday whenever



The Dance Band in Action at Bovington.

we had to load or unload baggage and many hours were spent floating about on a large ridiculous looking raft affair, looking for a crane or a tug and never

quite managing to find both together. Farewell was said to Malta, and we began the journey to Portsmouth, stopping only at Gibraltar where the wise non-cabaret going types loaded themselves with loot in an effort to prove one could get past the customs—perhaps!

It was of course raining at Portsmouth, but the trumpeters proudly mounted their turret, and together with the band, played H.M.S. *Duchess* into Portsmouth Harbour. We left many good friends behind on parting with *Duchess*, and can only say 'Thank You' for a memorable ten weeks of experience and memories.

The R.A.C. Depot at Bovington became our new host, and we once more picked up the threads of life at home. L./Cpl. Cobbin made an excellent television appearance in 'In Town Tonight' describing details of the cruise, finishing up with a song from his repertoire. We have a recording of this occasion, which can be heard by anyone wishing to do so. This was followed by a day at Brighton on the pier bandstand, a place we hope to see again some time this year. Remembrance Day for us was marked by a Drumhead Service in the morning at Bournemouth, followed by a band concert in the Winter Gardens in the evening. The concert was very well applauded. This, from a Bournemouth audience, was something of which we can indeed be proud.

The dance band has been doing very well and Bournemouth Town Hall was, up till Christmas, almost a regular job. This has been intermingled with other odd dance band jobs.

Some mention should be made here of our entry into the second-hand car business. Against the advice of those better qualified than ourselves, two or three of the band decided it was quicker by road, and various shaky pre-some-war vehicles made their appearance. Needless to say, all have found a watery grave and all that remains is the evidence i.e., pieces of engine scattered along the Bournemouth road, a decrepit looking van adorning a local garage minus some vital parts, and a further relic, now crankshaftless, taking up much needed space somewhere. We agree with the experts—it's quicker by rail.

Finally in our diary, comes the day of meeting the regiment at Southampton, and our move with them to Piddlehinton, taking up residence ourselves about a week beforehand. It was indeed a happy day for us after nearly six months away from the regiment, and one we had been looking forward to for a long time.

On the debit side this year, we have said goodbye to Stewart H., Stewart T., Cpl. Trego, Bdmn. Woodcraft, and Bdmn. Buckle. Special mention goes to Bdmn. T. Stewart, who just before his departure made a television appearance on the Wilfred Pickles programme 'Ask Pickles'. This was a great success, and we take this opportunity of wishing all those that have left, the best of luck in their future careers.

On the incoming side, we welcome Bdmn. Hamilton, Hutton, Girdlestone, and Boy Sluman. We hope their stay with us will be a long and happy one. Also with us at the moment are three attached Bdmn. from the Queen's Bays, Bdmn. Sanders and Rigby, and the 15/19th Bdmn. Fagan. We hope while they are with us, they will feel part of the band and enjoy their stay.

We welcome back, after two years away from the band, T/M Duffy, who rejoined us from Catterick. He has now settled down with the band once more, and is making a good job of keeping our guard roll up to strength.

Congratulations on promotion go to Cpls. Burnett and Moores, and L./Cpls. Moore, Millward, Smith.

We look forward to our move to B.A.O.R., and will do our utmost to get under the continental skins of our hosts-to-be. Achtung Munster! Die Huzzaren Kapelle Kommt.

## ROYAL SIGNALS TROOP NOTES

The highlights of the last year have been the manoeuvres in the Gebel, the Locust Operation and the various inspections which preceded our move to England.

The Gebel provided operators with opportunities for long range working with rod and skywave aeriels. The Radio Mechanics were fully occupied with dust-filled sets, faults which resulted from rough going and, on one occasion, wet weather. Unfortunately, some of our valuable stores and documents (the latter all up to date, no doubt) went up in flames during the somewhat rushed evacuation of the Gebel.

The troop provided daily communications with Brigade H.Q. at Tripoli—some forty-five miles away, and in May, established a link with Major Tayleur's private army which was chasing locusts in the desert.

On the sporting side, Sgmn. Gallacher distinguished himself in the swimming sports and won the Diving Competition in the District Sports.

Sgt. Crowe has left to become a S.Q.M.S. in Cyprus where we hope his fatherly and placid manner will cast oil on troubled waters.

Sgt. Watton, now a Substantive Sergeant (not bad at twenty-one) is Troop Sergeant, Chief Radio Mechanic and Potential Operator and Instructor, or, in other words, a 'Tri-technician'.

This account would not be complete without mention of the Telephone Exchange staff. Both in the heat of Sabratha and the cold of Piddlehinton, they have won high praise for their tact, patience and courtesy.

We look forward to Germany with enthusiasm and hope, knowing, that though our labours may be hard, the rewards will be great. By trying hard, we shall, like the runners of Ancient Greece, always get through in the end.

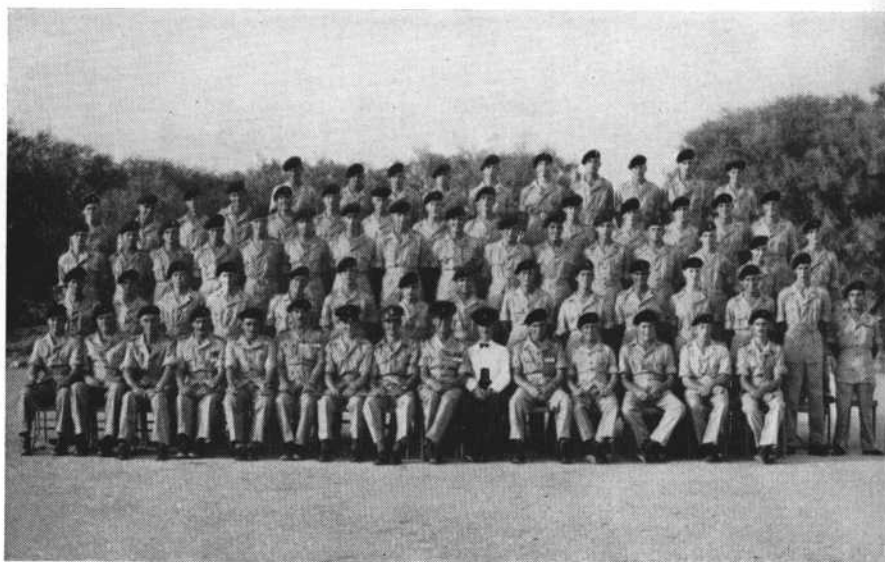
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## L.A.D. NOTES

This year opened with the prospect of a sojourn in the wilderness lasting six weeks. The priority was the construction of make-shift beds that could be hidden from the eyes of authority—camp beds being at a premium. Most of the people concerned relished the thought of getting out of camp for a bit—the main opposition coming from the female sex.

The move up to the Gebel proved fairly uneventful, although the carriers seemed a trifle shy, and soon we had established our home-from-home, 'Marble Arch'. Other than the occasional fly and the odd gust of wind disturbing a grain or so of sand, it proved an excellent jumping-off point. Wadis may be good harbouring areas to aid camouflage but HAWK TWO laid down that the weather should be fine at the time. For the final Exercises, the L.A.D. formed a firm base south of Mizda, although due to lack of transporters and A.R.V.s, repairs on centurions had to be carried out *in situ*.

The next Exercise in which the L.A.D. participated in part was 'BON MARCHÉ'. A lot of experience in water-proofing and amphibious landings



L.A.D., R.E.M.E.

was gained, to say nothing of Mediterranean night life. This was followed by 'Locust Hunting', although there turned out to be so many of them that they were very easy to find and unfortunately did not need a pack of hounds—landrovers proving excellent mounts.

Finally reality caught up with us, and that blessing of peace-time soldiering, 'Unit Vehicle Maintenance Inspection', was upon us. Documents were found or destroyed; many coats of paint were supplied; gallons of oil; tons of grease and an unlimited supply of nuts and bolts used. The mere thought of ever driving the tanks again horrified the cleaning teams and a road test was 'just not the thing'. As the final tank underwent the eagle eye of A.Q.M.S. Pearce and the last empty beer bottle disappeared from the tank hangers, the sublime state of 'Boat Happiness' reigned supreme.

The voyage home was a very pleasant affair, and as R.E.M.E. were not called in to 'fix' anything, the boat docked as scheduled on the 18th October. Leave was then the order of the day, and in some cases adding machines had to be used to total the accumulated amounts.

Congratulations are extended to Cpls. Burrows, Collingwood, Tumelty, Booth, Brown, Duggan, Parker, Horsted, Thomas, Turner and Dodds on their promotion during the year, and to Lieut. Stark, Sgt. Marshall, Cpl. Wallis, Cfn. Meahan, Landar and Wentworth on their success in the Inter-Troop Rifle Competition.

In closing these notes, we would like to wish the best of luck to Lieut. Stark on his Course at the Royal Military College of Science and to those we left behind in Tripoli; namely, Sgt. and Mrs. Furley, Cpl. Wallis, Cfn. and Mrs. Attard. Also to those too numerous to mention who have left for 'civvy street' during the past year. No doubt the L.A.D. will see many new faces in the near future whom we shall welcome to the fold and whom, we are sure, will continue the good work.

company, were due to be lifted-out by the same means the next day. Unfortunately the rain, which poured solidly throughout the night, continued for twenty-four steaming hours and the Major-General and the C.O. had to walk out. On reaching the Transport R.V. some muddy hours later the Major-General was heard to say, "Well at least I can say I am a Sepoy General now". Undeterred, he later visited 'C' Company in an aborigine clearing, and was duly impressed by Major Morrison's demonstrations with a blow-pipe at 40 yards.

Possibly the biggest change in the Battalion has been the departure of Gurkha Major Hiralal Gurung, who left us recently full of honour (later crowned in the Birthday List by an M.B.E.), after five years of sterling service as such. He was given a quite unprecedented send-off, but isn't disappearing from our ken for good as he has taken over from Kharaksing on the L. of C. in India. The mantle has now fallen on Dhanbar Gurung, from whom we expect much.

Dashera this year was of the 'bigger and better' variety, both in scope and in variety and quality of entertainment. A large number of guests were invited and at one stage there were some who doubted the capacity of our fine new Dashera hall. However all went very well and a most propitious Mar followed the next day, to Dhanbar's great relief.

There has been considerable movement of officers during the past twelve months. At the beginning of the year the O'Brees returned from leave, whilst Taggart, Houston, Morrison, Anderson, the Winstanleys and the Neaths went home at various times during it. Houston has already rejoined and the Winstanleys and Morrison are expected in January, whilst Taggart has returned to the duties of B.M. Brigade of Gurkhas. Major Winstanley is to be congratulated on his appointment as successor to Lt.-Colonel Powell-Jones whose tour ends in March, 1956.

During the year, the following officers have joined the Battalion—Peters (Short Service), Dunlop (National Service), Willson (Ex R.M.A.) and Smith (National Service). In January we are expecting another officer, by the name of Brommet, who is a nephew of Brigadier Jim Robertson.

As this letter goes to press, 1955 has just passed into history. It will be interesting to see what the New Year brings for us in Malaya; whatever happens, may it be a prosperous and auspicious one for all our readers.

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## D.L.O.Y. NOTES

The past year has been quite the most difficult and frustrating of any that I can remember during my service as a T.A. officer, and the fact that the Regiment is still on its toes is certainly no thanks to those who are set in authority over us. It sometimes seems to me that a deliberate attempt is being made to see just how much punishment the Volunteer spirit of this country can endure without collapsing and, as far as T.A. is concerned, it is being tried pretty high at the moment.

The year started well. Our Annual Camp was to be on the Plain in June. We were to work with the 151 Infantry Brigade T.A. and we were all looking forward to our first opportunity of carrying out Infantry/Tank co-operation at all levels. The first six months of the year, therefore, saw a great deal of preparatory training and organisation, and by the time the advance party left on the 6th June, we were at the top of our form. It was therefore a shattering blow when the whole thing was called off owing to the rail strike.

The next three months were spent in organising an alternative Camp on an entirely voluntary basis and we were surprised how difficult it was to arrange. The idea was definitely not popular with Higher Authority but, through the good offices of our own G.O.C. and Divisional Staff we were able to make use of the divisional W.E.T.C. at Altcar, when about 100 of all ranks foregathered for a most successful and cheerful week at the end of September.

Very soon after that came the announcement of the re-organisation of the T.A. We first heard this news in the middle of October and since that date we have been left to wonder what our fate is to be. As I write these notes in the middle of January, we still know no more than has been in the press and we are told that no further information is likely to be available until March.

Turning to more cheerful subjects, we have again made new friends who have to come to us from 14/20 H. Major Heath spent all too short a time as our Training Major from February, 1955 to 14th December, 1955 and Captain Garbutt came to take on the duties of Adjutant on 15th April, 1955. He is now staying with us for a further tour of duty as Training Major and a new arrival is Captain Palmer, with whom we renewed acquaintance first made when he spent Annual Camp with us in 1953. R.S.M. Vale arrived in May and distinguished himself by getting his photo and the story of his overland trip from Tripoli in the *Manchester Evening News*. In the meanwhile, we have said good-bye to Captain Groves who completed his tour of duty as Adjutant and who has returned to the Regiment with our thanks and good wishes. Finally, I must make special mention of the retirement during the year of R.S.M. Easto, after nearly 8 years loyal and devoted service. I am happy to say that we do not have to say farewell to him because he and Mrs. Easto have now moved into Lancaster House as caretakers and both continue to devote their time to the service of the Regiment in most generous and capable fashion.

Many other members of the permanent staff have come and gone during the past year and at present, the following are serving with us:—

## 296 W.O.I Vale, T.

460 S.S.M. Reynolds, K. A.	273 Tpr. Brown, R. H.
182 S.S.M. Hardwidge, W. T.	861 Tpr. Cocking, C.
849 Sgt. Jude, S.	995 Tpr. Giles, D. A.
161 Sgt. Wilson, J.	711 Tpr. Herd, W.
082 Cpl. Bonfield, J.	034 Tpr. Horton, T. F.
442 A./Cpl. Burkey, R.	675 Tpr. Ross, G. M.
301 L./Cpl. Pugh.	082 Tpr. Goodier, J. W.
170 Sgt. Sharrock, W. T.	317 L./Cpl. Banks.



We were happy to see the move of the 14th/20th from Tripoli to this country and, although you will be soon going to Europe, there should be a better chance of closer personal contact than has been possible for the last few years. We have already had a chance of entertaining Colonel Allen when he paid a flying visit to Manchester a few weeks ago and we hope that further meetings will be possible in the near future.

One final point of interest is the recruiting scheme which we are now running in the Lancashire area. Briefly, the idea is that we should select suitable young men before they start their National Service and make arrangements for them to be directed to the 14th/20th when their call-up takes place. So far we have interviewed and accepted candidates and the first few should have joined you by now. Eventually, we hope to provide the majority of your National Servicemen and we hope that this will lead to even closer ties between our two Regiments.

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### OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was again quite a good gathering at the Re-union and Lt.-Col. B. B. N. Woodd, who had recently returned from spending a holiday with the Regiment, was there to tell us all the latest news on what had been going on throughout the year, ranging from the Regiment's successful attempt to climb the Gebel with their tanks to again winning the Connaught Cup.

It is with regret that, unless for any unforeseen happenings, 1955 saw the last of our Re-unions held at the Bush House. Owing to a change of proprietorship, the management of the Bush House Restaurant no longer cater for the Buffet Dance type of entertainment such as we desire.

Since our second Post-war Re-union in 1948, we have enjoyed the arrangements made for us at the Bush House with its ideal and very fine accommodation and service and above all, its very reasonable charge.

The Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Memorial Service and Parade held in Hyde Park on the following morning was one to be long remembered by those of the Regiment who attended. Firstly, the Salute was taken by General Sir Richard L. McCreery who is the Colonel of the Regiment. The Parade was commanded by Lt.-General Keightley whose 'Second in Command' was our Hon. Secretary taking the place of the Chairman C.C.O.C. who unfortunately was taken sick, and finally, the Service was conducted by the Reverend Colonel H. A. R. Tilney who commanded the Regiment during and after the war. This Service was said to be the best we have ever had for this occasion, and it is hoped by all C.C.O.C. that Colonel Tilney will be available for future Services.

A wreath in Regimental colours was placed on the Cavalry Memorial prior to the Service being held. A fine day prevailed which attracted a very large number both on the parade and spectators.

For the first time on record the occasion was televised.

The following attended the Re-union :—

General Sir Richard L. McCreery, Brigadier J. B. Norton, Rev. Col. H. A. R. Tilney, Lt.-Col. E. B. Studd, Lt.-Col. B. B. N. Woodd, Majors J. J. Mann, J. P. S. Pearson, D. A. Heath, P. T. Drew, Captains P. Groves, H. B. Hewitt, P. H. Moffat, G. S. Sanders, P. Mosse, R. M. McClure, L. R. Charlton, Messrs. P. Melitus, M. J. Cooper, M. O. Fookes, M. J. Simmons, Robin Harris, E. Clark, J. Hinde, J. McDermott, W. Williams,

H. M. Brodie, B. Birtchnell, C. Pilborough, A. Freeman, H. G. Haley, H. St. Pierre, R. A. Smith, R. E. Luck, F. G. Coath, H. V. Nalty, A. R. Wheeler, S. Scott, R. W. Jones, D. P. Wright, A. Dixon, H. V. Smith, J. W. Dixon, C. F. Bishop, H. Parr, S. Follows, D. A. Walters, F. Blackwell, J. A. Duffield, G. Knowles, A. Fenton, J. P. Murray, C. G. Smith, W. E. Shenton, R. F. Hutton, F. H. Cross, R. G. Woodward, D. Hales, R. Singer, W. S. J. Evans, C. Harris, W. Brown, S. Stonehouse, J. M. Pentland, J. Morris, W. J. Adams, R. Jones, T. W. Corbett, J. W. Spooner, R. Hurst, B. Tomlinson, H. Wise, W. J. Bradley, J. W. Dawson, A. Hall, C. H. Trowell, H. Freeman, J. H. Taylor, C. H. Harris, P. W. Challis, J. Mayhew, B. C. Young, W. Stewart, J. H. Tissington, G. Brooksbank, J. Eccleston, R. McCormack, W. A. Boucher, T. C. L. Aston, R. Easte, C. Rolf, P. J. Byrn, J. R. Burnett, J. P. Pearl, T. Vale, L. E. Russell, A. J. Bunce, S. B. Osborne, V. Spring, L. E. Powell, E. L. Collins, L. J. Adams.



Sgt. Walklett, R.Q.M.S. Condon, T.Q.M.S. Prunty.

H. White, late of the Band, Egypt and India of the 1930s, now trading under the name of P. V. Rhodes, M.Ch.S. and runs a flourishing business as a Chiropodist at Arcade Chambers, Bognor Regis. If walking that way and feeling footsore, call in for a check up.

A. W. (Tich) Read, 4th Tp., 'A' Squadron of World War I, writes from Melbourne, Australia and wishes to be remembered to old friends. He read of our Re-union in the *News of the World* down under. He has been written to and given the addresses of a few old friends mentioned.

Ex Mech. Sgt. L. H. Stock, now mine host at 'The Coach & Horses', Tenby, went motoring in Northern Italy during October and made a special visit to Medicina and to Faenza where those who were killed in the battle are buried.

Stock says that all the graves are very well cared for. The grasses all neatly cut and trimmed, and well cared for rose bushes and trees at each graveside.

Each grave has a beautiful marble headstone on which the Regimental Badge and all information of the grave are engraved.

The Hon. Secretary wishes to take this opportunity in thanking all those members who so generously make some donation to the O.C.A. Many, each year, ask for their change from the cost of the Re-union Ticket to be donated to the Funds and this is very much appreciated.

For the Remembrance Week, 6th-12th November, Badge and Wreath crosses were again planted in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster.

## REGIMENTAL SHOOTING

The Shooting Notes that we published in our last issue of *The Hawk* were in no way discouraging, but now we have pleasure in recording that for the season ending April, 1955, in the A.R.A. Matches for regiments and units abroad, we again won the 'Duke of Connaught Cup' and also the 'Queen Victoria Trophy'.

All those who took part in any way are to be warmly congratulated. The Trophy is awarded to the unit scoring the greatest number of points in the King George V Cup, Royal Irish Cup, The Young Soldiers Cup, The Squadron Shield and the First Army Cup added together. In fact, the question of the scores being added together does not come into it because we won each of these competitions outright, a feat that can hardly be improved upon.

This time in preparation for the matches, we set up a camp on Zavlia Range and within a day of the tents being pitched they were nearly washed away. However things soon dried up and we practised hard for three weeks.

This year we were without Captain Mossé but due to his past training and to the presence on the firing point of R.S.M. Prevett, S.S.M. Reynolds, S.Q.M.S. Cundy, Sgts. Williams, Tasker, Shakespeare, Macgregor and Munro, much of the credit for our successes must be given.

Immediately after we had fired the 1954-1955 Competition, we fired the 1955-1956 Competition, but it impossible to give any comparison because the method of scoring has completely changed, and in the case of the First Army Cup, the Sten Competition practices, which were fired at Piddlehinton, have changed considerably; however we will publish the results in our next issue.

In ending, I would like to mention that we have a first class Calypso on shooting which is now well known in the Sgts'. Mess. It has also been suggested that Sgt. McGregor, who can tell you about any shot ever fired on Zavlia Range, should become a 'Memory Man'; and we hope that all members of our shooting team when they think of Zavlia Range, will remember our two range wardens, Abdul and Mahomed, for their kindness and understanding shown to us every time the Regiment went to the range.

Finally, I do hope the Tech. Adj. will one day forgive us if we did give our Landrover a very hard passage!

## A.R.A. CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES—CONFIRMED RESULTS

*King George Cup—13 Entries*

1st	14th/20th King's Hussars	613
2nd	1st Loyals	585
3rd	26 King's African Rifles	571
4th	1 Beds. and Herts.	569

*Team Scores*

2/Lt. I. S. Stark	116
Captain R. M. Roberts	114
Captain J. M. Palmer	109
2/Lt. R. E. Cawthorn	100
Lt. A. H. I. Bridges	90
2/Lt. G. T. Vernon	84

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 Total 613
 

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*The Royal Irish Cup—13 Entries*

1st	14th/20th King's Hussars	716
2nd	1 Beds. and Herts.	602
3rd	1st Queens	530
4th	1st Royal Norfolk	515

*Team Scores*

Sgt. W. Shakespeare	139
Sgt. D. A. Williams	126
W.O.II A. Prevett	121
Sgt. G. E. Tasker	120
Sgt. J. McGregor	107
S.Q.M.S. A. Cundy	103

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 Total 716
 

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*The First Army Cup—31 Entries*

1st	'A' Sqn. 14th/20th K. H.	559
2nd	'S' Sqn. 1st N'am'nshire	540
3rd	'B' Sqn. 1st Beds. & H'ts.	540
4th	'D' Sqn. 1st Beds. & H'ts.	538

*Team Scores*

Sgt. G. E. Tasker	151
S.Q.M.S. A. Cundy	136
Sgt. D. A. Williams	136
Sgt. J. McGregor	136

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 Total 559
 

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*The Young Soldier Cup—12 Entries*

1st	14th/20th King's Hussars	741
2nd	'D'/Bde. of Gurkhas	680
3rd	2/7 Gurkha Rifles	660
4th	1st Welsh	644

*Team Scores*

Tpr. B. Deasey	74
Tpr. R. Reeves	70
Tpr. D. Duff	69
Tpr. M. Docking	69
Cfn. R. Granger	68
Tpr. G. Nichols	67
Tpr. J. Tovey	65
2/Lt. R. E. Cawthorn	63
Tpr. M. McQuaid	62
Cfn. A. Chisholm	47
L./Cpl. F. Marrin	45
Tpr. L. Edwards	42

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 Total 741
 

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*The Squadron Shield—2 Entries*

1st	'B' Sqn. 14th/20th K. H.	579
2nd	'A' Sqn. 14th/20th K. H.	476

*Team Scores*

Cpl. C. Forster	84
Tpr. L. Edwards	80
Cpl. G. Bird	78
Tpr. M. McQuaid	76
Cpl. F. Horsted	69
Cfn. Goudge	69
Cfn. A. Chisholm	66
Cfn. S. Rickards	57

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 Total 579
 

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Royal Irish Team.

Sgt. Williams, Sgt. Shakespeare, Sgt. Tasker,  
S.S.M. Prevett, The Colonel, Lt. Bridges, Sgt. McGregor.

*The Duke of Connaught Cup—  
6 Entries*

		<i>Team Scores</i>	
1st 'A' Team 14th/20th K. H.	497	S.Q.M.S. J. Reynolds	90
2nd 1st Beds. and Herts.	420	S.Q.M.S. A. Cundy	87
3rd 1st Essex	413	2/Lt. G. T. Vernon	84
4th 1st Northamptonshire	400	Lt.-Col. R. P. D. F. Allen, M.B.E.	80
		L./Cpl. P. Marrin	78
		Sgt. G. E. Tasker	78
		Total	497

*The Revolver Cup—32 Entries*

4th Lt.-Col. R. P. D. F. Allen	86	5th 2/Lt. G. T. Vernon	86
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**THE QUEEN VICTORIA TROPHY**

*5 Entries*

1st 14th/20th King's Hussars	3684
2nd 2/7 Gurkha Rifles	3224
3rd 1st Queens	3188
4th 1st Welsh	2720

**HUSSARS SHOOT TO THE TOP**

The Army thinks the clear air of Tripoli, North Africa, must be good for shooting. The 14th/20th Hussars, stationed there, have become champions in competitions for troops stationed outside Britain.

The officers won a cup, the sergeants a second, the troops a third—all for rifle shooting. The regiment collected another by winning a Sten gun competition and a fifth cup for the aggregate.

(With acknowledgements to Dixie Dean and our distinguished contemporary the *News Chronicle*.)

## POLO NOTES

This edition of *The Hawk* covers a very short polo season, the main features of which were a visit to Malta last April, and the subsequent disposal of twenty-three or four ponies in our stable before going home in the autumn.

The Malta trip, although great fun and excellent experience, was somewhat unlucky and wholly unsuccessful.

Our ponies, of which we shipped over a dozen, were dogged by lameness which, as is always the case, afflicted the better ones. Those we played were, in general, outmatched in both speed and handiness by the opposition.

In addition, they suddenly developed a disturbing and Tishy-like penchant for crossing their legs at the gallop, which put Brian Tayleur and the Colonel into hospital with falls, thus thoroughly disrupting the regimental team.

In the first match the Regiment, lining up Tayleur (Malta hcp. 3) back, the Colonel (hcp. 4) 3, Palmer (hcp. 1) 2, Baxter (hcp. 0) 1, played 36 Hy. A.A. Regt., ably led by Lt.-Col. Barry Wilson, in a challenge match. We were steadily losing a hard fought game when in the third chukka Tayleur fell and was rolled on. He was carried away rather bent with what transpired to be a couple of fractured ribs, and the rest of the game was called off.

This was a considerable disaster, as Tayleur was one of the two members of the side with pre-war polo experience and was instrumental in keeping it together.

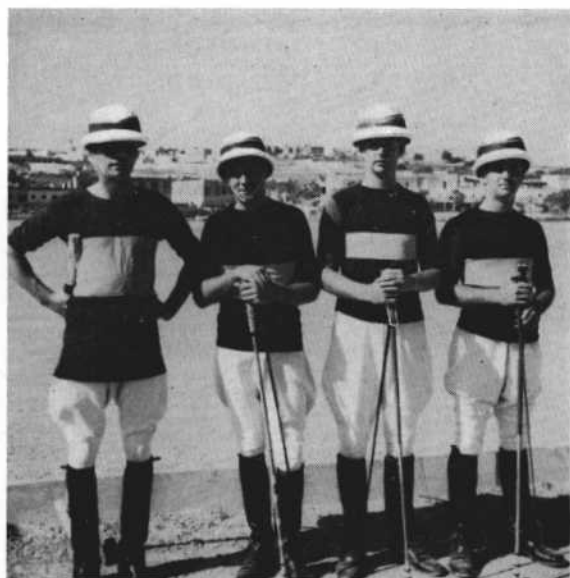
The team was then reorganised with Baxter back, the Colonel 3, Palmer 2, and Desmond Scarr (hcp. 0) 1, and met a basically Naval team, who conceded us one goal start on handicap in the first round of the King of Spain Cup.

This proved an extremely even game, although again interrupted by falls, the Colonel taking two and Scarr one! At the end of the last chukka, in which the Colonel missed a 40 yard penalty(!), the score was 4 goals all and the game was continued with widened goals. It ended with Gueterbock, the

Naval 3, scoring with a magnificent cut shot from nearly mid-field.

That in all senses of the word finished the regimental team, half of which was by now in hospital; and the subalterns next took the field against the subalterns of 36 Hy. A.A. Regt., lining up Burnand (hcp. 0) back, Baxter 3, Fenwick (hcp. 0) 2, Pharo Tomlin (hcp. 0) 1. The Gunners were a much more experienced side and won comfortably.

Thus ended our visit, which was great fun if nothing else, and we are most grateful to the Malta Polo Club for accepting our entry; and to General and Mrs. Daunt, Lt.-Colonel Jim



Polo Team.

Lt.-Col. Allen, Maj. Tayleur, Capt. Palmer,  
Lt. Baxter.





The Grooms on the Marsa.

Butler, Lt. Colonel Barry Wilson and his Regiment, Alec Renton and many others for all the kindness and hospitality we received while we were there.

On return we were faced with the sad business of winding up our stable. We did consider sending a few ponies to Munster, via sea to Naples and thence onwards by rail.

However the complications of making arrangements at long range in foreign languages and currencies proved so appalling that we reluctantly abandoned the idea and sold all the ponies locally instead.

A few unfortunately got into what transpired later to be bad hands. Happily the Bays now have them and we hope the ponies will do them well.

We are now looking forward to trying our hand in Germany, if only we can lay hands on some more ponies.

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## CRICKET NOTES OR MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

It needs much Yorkshire fanaticism to pretend that cricket on an asphalt Square under an African sun is worth while. But a surprising number of the more junior members of the Regiment did so pretend. There were no Regimental matches, but all Squadrons entered teams in the Brigade League. 'C' Squadron did very well to finish second out of a dozen teams, winning eleven out of fourteen matches during the summer.

To crown their season, they beat the rest of the Regiment by seven runs. Mainstays of the team were:—Tpr. Pink, Cfn. Holdsworth, and Cfn. Coles, all of whom batted and bowled with equal skill and success. Also notable were Cpl. Walsh and Tpr. Fenwick—two wicket-keeper batsmen whose fanaticism in placing body between ball and boundary was a marvel to behold. 'C' Squadron were led by Major Desmond Scarr who occasionally removed his dark glasses and managed to average over 50 with the bat.

Team Secretary was Tpr. (later L./Cpl.) Wimbush who brought off some miraculous catches close to the bat. Cfn. Swann and Tpr. Springthorpe also played well on many occasions.

Lest it should be said that these notes have a 'C' Squadron bias, it must be recorded that the following other cricketers played with distinction:—Lieut. Ian Stark of the L.A.D. made a century once and played for the District on its Malta tour; S.S.M. Reynolds bowled with great cunning for 'H.Q.' Squadron but should realise that bodyline went out with Larwood; Tpr. Williams ('B') as a wicket-keeper, Tpr. Kent ('A') and Tpr. Taylor ('H.Q.') as bowlers, and lastly L./Cpl. Grant ('B') as an all-rounder: all proved themselves well up to Regimental standard with some excellent performances.

Captain English turned out once and surprised himself and his friends with a good all-round performance which left him stiff for a week. No one quite managed to master the art of stopping a cricket ball as it sizzled along the tarmac, but one or two people used their hands quite effectively to everyone's surprise.

We now look forward to the cooler and greener fields of Europe where we hope some of our older players may be tempted out of retirement by the temperate climate. But after all, perhaps we shall miss our African sunshine.

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## 'HAWK' DRAMATIC SOCIETY

In April, we were presented with the second production of the Dramatic Society—"See How They Run". Once again, the Society is to be congratulated on producing a good evening's entertainment which was very well received by the Regiment and, on a second occasion, equally well by a distinguished outside audience at the Uaddan Hobel Theatre, Tripoli.

The play by Philip King is well known and provides a series of fast moving incidents in a vicarage. The tempo of the production was such that the french windows and front door of the vicarage opened and shut at machine gun rates of fire. The fleetness of foot of those characters who were not, for the time being, in the cupboard stunned by violence or drink, was phenomenal.

In spite of all the movement, the various characters were very well portrayed, one or two outstandingly so. In the latter class came Mrs. Sturt as the village gossip; Miss Skillon and Lieut. Fenwick as the Reverend Arthur Humphrey. Both gave excellent performances—Lieut. Fenwick in particular produced much subtle humour in his characterisation of the timid male.

2nd Lieut. Cawthorn gave a strong performance as the Lance Corporal hero whose innocent visit to see the vicar's wife led to much misunderstanding. The ex-show-girl vicar's wife was played by Miss Cocks who brought out well the conflict between her wifely duty and the suppressed licentiousness of her stagey past. As her husband, Cpl. Julian was a model vicar, eager to understand but not really doing so. S.Q.M.S. Winstanley was once again admirably cast, this time as a Bishop. His was the best gaitered leg of the evening and his sentences carried the full authority of the Church.

Cpl. Johnston, as the intruder, made the most of a monosyllabic part; Miss Ash was the country maid par excellence, and last but not least, Sgt. Bruce made the rafters ring to his fruity tones. Cpl. Hooper, needless to say, was the successful producer, and behind the scenes Messrs. Steele, Virley, Evans and Watton worked most efficiently. Messrs. Boggan, Crossley and Liddel are to be congratulated on their first class decor and settings.

We look forward to the Hawk Dramatic Society's next production which will need new blood and the full support of all members of the Regiment.

## OBITUARY

### **Brigadier 'Gus' Carr-White, O.B.E.**

The Regiment learns with profound regret of the death of Brigadier 'Gus' Carr-White, O.B.E. As a Regiment we first became acquainted with Brigadier Carr-White when he was Commanding the P.A.V.O. Cavalry while we were stationed at Trimulgherry. He was later our Commander in 252 Indian Armoured Brigade, 1942-44. A noted polo player, he was one of a fine team which carried his Regiment to victory so often in tournaments in the years between the wars. He will always be remembered by those who served under him as a genial and hospitable Commander and a fine sportsman. We offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Carr-White and his family in their great loss.

### **'Paddy' Hallard**

It was during last summer in Sabratha that the Regiment heard with profound regret of the death of Sergeant 'Paddy' Hallard, D.C.M. Possessed of indomitable courage and unfailing energy, he won this coveted honour when serving in Persia in 1918. In later years, his geniality and ready wit made him known and loved by a far wider range of friends, as he endeared himself to a new generation by his regular attendance at all Old Comrade functions.

It was therefore proper that as the H.M.T. *Empire Ken* nosed its way alongside Southampton Docks, in the presence of a grand company of Old Members of the 14th/20th King's Hussars, that the Regimental Flag was lowered on its halyard to half-mast to honour an old and much beloved comrade who we knew, had things been otherwise, would have assuredly been there to welcome his old Regiment back home.

He died in St. George's Hospital, London, and was buried on the 29th July, 1955, in Honor Oak Crematorium.

**W. Jenns**—20th Hussars. Died 1952.

**R. Hill**—14th and 20th Hussars. Late of Victoria Drive, Eastbourne. Died.

**E. Young, T. Young**—Brothers of Edinburgh. Died during the year. Both of the 14th Hussars.

**W. Grant**—Of Edinburgh. Died during the year. 14th Hussars.

**R. W. O. Jones**—14th Hussars. South African War veteran. Died 29th July, 1955. Mr. Jones attended the Re-union regularly each year, and used to travel up from his home in Shrewsbury for the occasion.

## BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

### **BIRTHS**

Congratulations to:—Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Studd (a son); Major and Mrs. W. D. Carbutt (a daughter); Captain and Mrs. R. W. English (a daughter); Trooper and Mrs. Coe (a daughter).

### **MARRIAGES**

We congratulate and offer our best wishes to the following on the occasion of their marriages:—Captain and Mrs. G. R. D. Beart; Sergeant and Mrs. Williams; Corporal and Mrs. Booth; Corporal and Mrs. Lumley; Corporal and Mrs. Sherrington; Corporal and Mrs. Walker; Trooper and Mrs. Mason; Trooper and Mrs. Thompson; Craftsman and Mrs. Bridgewood.

## OFFICERS' MESS THANKS

The officers would very much like to thank the following Retired Officers who have kindly presented uniforms and accoutrements, saddlery, etc.:—

Brigadier J. G. Browne.  
 Lt.-Colonel O. J. F. Fooks.  
 Lt.-Colonel J. A. T. Miller.  
 Lt.-Colonel J. H. Goodhart.  
 Lt.-Colonel The Lord Joicey.  
 Lt.-Colonel L. H. S. Groves.  
 Lt.-Colonel J. B. Pemberton.  
 Lt.-Colonel R. A. G. Woodhouse.  
 Major G. L. Sullivan.  
 Major J. J. Mann.  
 Captain G. S. Poole.

The officers would also like to thank Miss Susan Manton who has presented three silver cups that her father won whilst serving in the 20th Hussars.

Finally, if any officers have any full dress uniforms, overalls, mess wellingtons, cross belts, sword belts, swords, or any horse furniture that they would like to give or sell to the Regiment, they would be very gratefully received.

## CONGRATULATORY

It is with much pleasure that we learn from the list of the Queen's Birthday Honours, 1955, of the award to Brigadier I. T. Murdoch of the C.B.E. He will be well remembered by some serving members of the Regiment and by many Old Comrades who knew him during his attachment from the Australian Staff Corps and XX Light Horse (now Victorian Mounted Rifles, our Allied Regiment). We wish him all the best in his new job of Brigadier General Staff in Singapore.

## OFFICERS SERVING WITH THE REGIMENT ON 31st DECEMBER, 1955

### Regimental Headquarters

C.O., Lt.-Col. R. P. D. F. Allen, M.B.E.  
 2 i/c, Major P. F. W. Browne, D.S.O., M.C.  
 Adj., Captain P. L. J. Groves.  
 A./Adj., 2/Lieut. P. V. Burnand.  
 Recce. Tp. Ldr., Lieut. P. T. Fenwick.

### Headquarters Squadron

O.C., Major A. R. Sturt.  
 2 i/c, Captain M. A. Urban-Smith, M.C.  
 Tech. Adj., Major G. L. Scott-Dickins.  
 Q.M., Captain (Q.M.) R. M. Roberts.  
 M.T.O., 2/Lieut. R. J. M. Musker.  
 O.C. L.A.D., Captain G. White, R.E.M.E.

### 'A' Squadron

O.C., Major P. H. Marnham.  
 2 i/c, Major D. A. Heath, M.C.

### 'A' Squadron—continued

Tp. Ldrs., 2/Lieut. T. W. Hart.  
 2/Lieut. A. de S. McCallum.

### 'B' Squadron

O.C., Major D. P. R. Scarr.  
 2 i/c, Captain R. W. English.  
 Tp. Ldrs., Lieut. C. C. G. Ross.  
 2/Lieut. C. A. Pemberton.  
 2/Lieut. N. A. P. Evans.  
 2/Lieut. V. B. Hill.

### 'C' Squadron

O.C., Major E. G. W. T. Walsh.  
 2 i/c, Captain G. R. D. Beart.  
 Tp. Ldrs., Lieut. R. D. Baxter.  
 2/Lieut. J. A. Pharo-Tomlin.

**OFFICERS DETACHED AT 31st DECEMBER, 1955**

Lt.-Col. B. B. N. Woodd, Ministry of Supply.  
 Major P. T. Drew, M.B.E., R.A.C. Depot.  
 Major B. C. L. Tayleur, D.A.Q.M.G., Armoured Brigade, B.A.O.R.  
 Major R. J. Fletcher, Malayan Regt.  
 Major G. A. L. C. Talbot, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.  
 Major D. E. R. Scarr, Canadian Army, H.Q.  
 Major S. F. Beaumont, M.C., G.L.O. in T.A.F., B.A.O.R.  
 Major W. D. Garbutt, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.  
 Major M. A. James, M.C., Bde. Major, Armoured Brigade, U.K.

Captain S. R. Thomas, G.H.Q., M.E.L.F.  
 Captain D. E. Wreford, School of Tank Technology.  
 Captain S. D. Gowlett, Malayan Armoured Car Regt.  
 Captain R. E. D. Harris, 65th Training Regt. R.A.C.  
 Captain S. M. Palmer, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.  
 Captain A. H. I. Bridges, 'H.Q.' Sqn., Armoured Brigade, B.A.O.R.  
 Lieut. M. J. Simmons, 65th Training Regt., R.A.C.  
 2/Lieut. S. H. Peden, 65th Training Regt., R.A.C.

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**'A' SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL AS AT  
31st DECEMBER, 1955**

S.Q.M.S. B. Collins.

Sgt. T. Baker.

" H. Bruce.

" E. Bruniges.

" J. Macgregor.

" N. Overy.

" D. Williams.

Cpl. R. Bonfield.

" M. Layton.

" D. Lumley.

" G. Nicholls.

" B. Walker.

L./Cpl. B. Cogan.

" J. Cooney.

" S. Cox.

" P. Kent.

" T. Little.

" L. Noble.

" J. Sharrock.

" F. Tennant.

" P. Walton.

Tpr. J. Armer.

" A. Armstrong.

" R. Abbot.

" G. Bishop.

" J. Brookes.

" G. Bingham.

" R. Beddows.

" P. Bloomfield.

" S. Bate.

" B. Bewley.

" D. Barlow.

" K. Barkworth.

" L. Berriman.

Tpr. L. Claxton.

" J. Cook.

" K. Cook.

" A. Dorr.

" M. Docking.

" E. Ellis.

" G. Fletcher.

" J. Foley.

" P. Fitzsimons.

" R. Fovargue.

" D. Gell.

" D. Gunton.

" D. Gray.

" B. Gough.

" G. Hoe.

" L. Hempenstall.

" H. Hubbard.

" T. Hoole.

" J. Howard.

" B. Hylton.

" D. Johnson.

" I. Jones.

" H. Lawson.

" W. McGahey.

" G. Muddell.

" G. McIntosh.

" G. Marr.

" F. Niblett.

" R. North.

" B. O'Reilly.

" J. Pickin.

" D. Pippen.

" B. Pemberton.

" R. Reeves.

Tpr. A. Robinson.

" J. Roscoe.

" A. Smith.

" D. Seddon.

" V. Steeden.

" T. Saint.

" C. Shacklady.

" N. Suddall.

" D. Taylor.

" D. E. Taylor.

" L. Tovey.

" A. Troup.

" A. Williams.

" P. Ward.

" A. Warren.

**Attached Personnel**

S./Sgt. W. Shadbolt.

" W. Walker.

Cpl. R. Booth.

" J. Brown.

" H. Hughes.

" G. Thomas.

" D. Turner.

Cfn. D. Bridgewood.

" G. Coombes.

" B. Easton.

" A. Elliott.

" P. Gibson.

" D. Gaskin.

" B. Hart.

" D. Lomas.

## ‘B’ SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1955

Cpl. Ashpole (R.E.M.E.)	Tpr. Edwards 748.	L./Cpl. Osborne.
„ Allsopp.	„ Falconer.	Tpr. Ozanne.
Tpr. Alcock.	„ Fardell.	„ Oakley.
S./Sgt. Bailey (R.E.M.E.).	„ Fullelove.	Cpl. Perry.
Tpr. Barker.	„ Farthing.	„ Press.
Sgt. Bingham.	„ Finan.	Cfn. Prosser.
L./Cpl. Broster.	„ Frost.	Tpr. Pearse.
Tpr. Birch.	Cpl. Gardner.	„ Percevel-Maxwell.
Cpl. Burrows (R.E.M.E.).	Tpr. Glover.	„ Roberts.
Tpr. Bryan.	L./Cpl. Grant.	„ Reekie.
Cpl. Bramwell (R.E.M.E.).	„ Gairns.	Cpl. Sharp.
Tpr. Buck 673.	Tpr. Graney.	„ Scott.
„ Buck 580.	„ Gillott.	Tpr. Simms.
„ Baldwin.	Sgt. Hurd.	„ Salter.
„ Brown.	Tpr. Henderson.	„ Simmons.
L./Cpl. Baker.	„ Hackett.	„ Smith 425.
Tpr. Barton.	L./Cpl. Holmes.	„ Smith 235.
„ Birtley.	Tpr. Hargreaves.	„ Wakefield.
„ Bayliss.	„ Hughes.	L./Cpl. Thornton.
„ Burrows.	„ Kempster.	„ Thompson 321.
„ Barber.	„ Lupton.	„ Thompson 547.
„ Cox.	S.S.M. Le Maitre.	Cpl. Wood.
S.Q.M.S. Cundy.	Tpr. Lee.	L./Cpl. Williams 186.
L./Cpl. Chisholm.	Sgt. McGregor.	Cfn. Williams.
Cfn. Chadwick.	Cpl. Moran.	Tpr. Williams 084.
Tpr. Churchill.	L./Cpl. Murray.	„ Williams 289.
„ Copestake.	Cfn. Morrison.	„ Webb.
„ Dixon.	Tpr. McQuaid.	„ White.
L./Cpl. Deasey.	„ Mason.	„ Wroe.
Tpr. Doddsworth.	„ McAllister.	„ Wallace.
„ Dewar.	„ Moon.	Cpl. Zbierajewski.
„ Deverall.	„ McLean.	
L./Cpl. Davies.	„ Mohan.	

## ‘C’ SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1955

S.S.M. Witney.	L./Cpl. Smith.	Tpr. Redpath.
S.Q.M.S. Cripps.	„ Wimbush.	„ Roberts.
Sgt. Shakespeare.	„ Veness.	„ Redfern.
„ Sanson.	Tpr. Brooks.	„ Stafford 90.
„ Taylor.	„ Broadhurst.	„ Smith 27.
„ Jackson.	„ Boorman.	„ Springthorpe.
„ Jude.	„ Brown.	„ Stafford 02.
„ Elliott.	„ Blogg.	„ Sanderson.
„ Baker.	„ Clay.	„ Tolhurst.
Cpl. Harrison.	„ Corr.	„ Thomas 01.
„ Marrin.	„ Cooper.	„ Thomas 97.
„ Mitchell.	„ Conroy.	„ Tempest.
„ Herbert.	„ Cunliffe.	„ Wilkins 47.
„ Clarke.	„ Fenwick.	„ Walmsley.
„ Powell.	„ Field.	„ Whitford.
„ Harper.	„ Giles.	„ Warner.
„ Sprosen.	„ Goddard.	
„ Huson.	„ Grubb.	
„ Duff.	„ Greaves.	
L./Cpl. Aldridge.	„ Goodchild.	
„ Hayes.	„ Hobbs.	
„ Campbell.	„ Hollins.	
„ Hardy.	„ Harris.	
„ Ramsay.	„ Lumber.	
„ Cotton.	„ Lister.	
„ Scott.	„ McCallum.	
„ Diggle.	„ Meikle.	
„ Elliott.	„ Pink.	
„ Niblett.	„ Osborne.	
L./Cpl. Skuse.	„ Procter.	

### R.E.M.E. Attachments

Staff/Sgt. Vickers.  
Sgt. Clark.  
Cpl. Rumble.  
L./Cpl. Wallser.  
Cfn. Cummings.  
„ Gregory.  
„ Grainger.  
„ Holdsworth.  
„ Rumble.  
„ Swann.



## ‘H.Q.’ SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1955

W.O.I Prevelt.  
T.Q.M.S. Boulter.  
R.Q.M.S. Norris.  
S.S.M. Reynolds.  
S.Q.M.S. Clarke.  
" Sheen.  
" Winstanley.

Sgt. Alvin.  
" Bury.  
" Coles.  
" Davis.  
" Gates.  
" Hoad.  
" Justin.  
" Marshall.  
" Oakes.  
" Pemberton.  
" Plunkett.  
" Ramsay.  
" Sherrington.  
" Tasker.  
" Urquhart.  
" Volley.  
" Walters.  
Cpl. Barber.  
" Blackhall.  
" Fryer.  
" Grant.  
" Jackson.  
" Jones 542.  
" Hooper.  
" Marshall.  
" Oakley.  
" Smith 032.  
" Virley.

L./Cpl. Bowater.  
" Evans.  
" Everex.  
" Lamb.  
" Marquer.  
" Newman.  
" Palmer.  
" Price.  
" Potter.  
" Sakalauskas.  
" Shenton.  
" Wallace.

Tpr. Allden.  
" Anderson.  
" Bate.  
" Berkeley.  
" Blake.  
" Blazey.  
" Bratt.  
" Brock.  
" Chalk.  
" Clarkson.  
" Coffey.  
" Craib.  
" Cuttill.  
" Davies.  
" Deards.  
" Duff.  
" Dunshee.  
" Fisher.

Tpr. Foster.  
" Fray.  
" Furber.  
" Gamble.  
" Garwell.  
" Goodier.  
" Graham.  
" Greener.  
" Griffiths.  
" Hallett.  
" Hepworth.  
" Herbert.  
" Hardman.  
" Hodgson.  
" Hutton.  
" Jones 038.  
" Knight.  
" Lee.  
" Lees.  
" Longmate.  
" Marriott.  
" Medhurst 708.  
" Medhurst 352.  
" Morgan.  
" McKerney.  
" Nutley.  
" Partridge.  
" Porter.  
" Potter.  
" Rendall.  
" Roadnight.  
" Robinson 490.  
" Robinson 182.  
" Rowan.  
" Sands.  
" Shepherd.  
" Silby.  
" Shaw.  
" Staples.  
" Steadman.  
" Strong.  
" Summers.  
" Summersgill.  
" Taylor 606.  
" Taylor 735.  
" Thompson 559.  
" Till.  
" Towse.  
" Welch.  
" Williams.  
" Williamson.  
" Wood.  
" Yates.

### BAND

W.O.I Mott.  
T./M. Duffy.  
Sgt. Kinsman.  
" Wainwright.  
Cpl. Burnett.  
" Lunt.  
" Moores.  
L./Cpl. Cobbin.

L./Cpl. Millward.  
" Moore.  
" Poulter.  
" Smith.  
Bds. Allport.  
" Bennett.  
" Boswell.  
" Cooney.  
" Dickinson.  
" Emilius.  
" Fagan.  
" Furner.  
" Girdlestone.  
" Green.  
" Hamilton.  
" Hutton.  
" Harding.  
" Lenton.  
" Ling.  
" Millward.  
" McComb.  
" O'Driscoll.  
" Osbourne.  
" Rigby.  
" Sanders.  
" Seymour.

### R.E.M.E.

A.Q.M.S. Thompson.  
Sgt. Denton.  
" Marshall 961.  
" Munro.  
Cpl. Collingwood.  
" Duggan.  
" Nicholson.  
" Tumelty.  
" Parker.  
L./Cpl. Richardson.  
" Darby.  
Cfn. Baker.  
" Ball.  
" Beckett.  
" Bond.  
" Cakebread.  
" Dyer.  
" Galsworthy.  
" Felton.  
" Leach.  
" O'Brien.  
" Topliss.  
" Wentworth.  
" Westwood.

### ROYAL SIGNALS

Sgt. Watton.  
L./Cpl. Morley.  
Dvr. Burrell.  
Sgm. Caddick.  
" Corser.  
" Cope.  
" Edmondson.  
" Ewart.  
" Gallagher.

## ‘H.Q.’ SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1955—continued

Sgm. Heard.  
Dvr. Moffatt.  
„ Moore.  
Sgm. Manning.  
„ Ross.  
„ Taylor.  
Dvr. Thornton.

### A.C.C.

Sgt. Gregory.  
Cpl. Gower.  
Pte. Alderton.  
„ Brightley.

Pte. Bull.  
„ Clayton.  
„ Hickson.  
„ Howard.  
„ Kirkup.  
„ Jones 886.  
„ Jones 964.  
„ Mayo.  
„ Price.  
„ Purdom.  
„ Purdom.  
„ Shaw.  
„ Smart.  
„ Sproat.

Pte. Tidball.  
„ Waterhouse.  
„ Woolsey.

### R.A.P.C.

Sgt. Ashton.  
Pte. Appleton.  
„ Crompton.  
„ Fellows.  
„ Richards.

### R.A.E.C.

Sgt. Jenkins.

## SAVINGS IN THE ARMY

There has been an organisation for promoting savings in the Army since 1916, when the War Office gave permission for an approach to be made to Army personnel to advise them of the value of National Savings. Lectures on National Savings were given and the response was excellent the total sum of over £6,000,000 was invested in War Savings from 1916 to the end of demobilisation in 1919.

In 1930 a new and simplified scheme was introduced and authorised by an Army Order. At the same time the Army Savings Association was set up. The new Scheme entailed less clerical work, and enabled the soldier to invest money by deduction from his pay into a Post Office Savings Bank Account (Army Series). He could also invest in National Savings Certificates. During the last war, practically every unit joined the Army Savings Association and persuaded their personnel to save. In consequence, many men, on demobilisation were thankful that during their Service careers they had saved a useful sum of money which was, of course, of great assistance to them on their return to Civil life.

Today there are still sound and convincing reasons why the Service man should save as by doing so he not only acquires a greater sense of security, but he also has the knowledge that he will be able to meet a sudden emergency if it should arise. He also knows that, at the end of his Army service, he will have a sum of money put by which will help him in many ways, such as buying new clothes, a kit of tools, etc. In the case of Regular soldiers, accumulated Army Savings can help towards finding the deposit on purchasing a house.

The most popular form of Army saving is by deductions from pay into a Post Office Savings Bank Account (Army Series) as, when the soldier has completed the necessary forms, there are no further formalities to bother him—unless he wishes either to increase, reduce or cancel his Savings allotment. Incidentally it should be emphasised that it is better for a soldier to start saving with a sum which he can afford, rather than for him to start saving with a daily amount which eventually forces him to cancel his allotment because it imposes too big a strain on his finances. By far the best way is for him to begin in a small way, and then as each pay increase is received, to allot some proportion of the increase in savings. This method is the ideal one for continuous saving.

There are also other Army Savings Schemes, as many Units have their own Savings Group through which National Savings Stamps or National Savings Certificates can be purchased.

Among Army personnel the percentage of savers is very good—varying, of course, from unit to unit. The percentage of savers who save through the Post Office Savings Bank Account Scheme has risen from 9.5% in 1948, to 28.3% in 1956. Taking into account the various Savings schemes, the percentage has risen from 18.5% in 1948, to 35.0% in 1956—which means that more than a third of the total of the men in the Army save in one way or another through Army Savings. In addition many men saved 'under their own steam'.

A new Savings Scheme has recently been introduced to help Regular soldiers. This scheme is called the 'House Purchase Savings Scheme', and as its title implies, has been introduced to enable Regulars to save sufficient money during their term of service to put down a deposit on a house, when they leave the Service. In view of the existing housing problems, regular soldiers will be well advised to consider the facilities offered by this Scheme through which they can have money transferred regularly from their Post Office Savings Bank Accounts (Army Series) into National Savings Certificates. National Savings Certificates yield over 3% interest and this interest is free of United Kingdom income tax. It will be a source of satisfaction to those who do take up this House Purchase Savings Scheme to know that when they leave the Army, the problem of finding a house will be to a great extent simplified.

H.M. Forces Savings Committee (with which is incorporated the Army Savings Association)—the body responsible for organising savings in H.M. Forces, publishes two simple informative leaflets on the Savings Schemes mentioned in this article. The first is called '20 Questions about Army Savings' (H.M.F.L. 7) and gives particulars of the Post Office Savings Bank and National Savings Certificate Schemes. The second gives information regarding the Housing Scheme and is called 'Somewhere to live when you leave' (Leaflet H.M.F.L. 16).

Either or both leaflets should be normally obtainable from the Unit Savings Officer, from the Unit Pay Office, or they can be obtained from H.M. Forces Savings Committee, 1 Princes' Gate, London, S.W.7, who will be glad to send the leaflets and give information on Army Savings Schemes.

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## **2nd BATTALION 6th GURKHA RIFLES**

We have now been in Seremban for almost a year. During most of this time we have been lucky enough to have had only one company 'out based'—at Kuala Klawang—until comparatively recently when a second Rifle Company moved out to Simpang Pertang, 35 miles away. Incidentally, as some of you may have seen reported in the Home newspapers, this latter base was the scene of much activity recently when a large operation was mounted in that area. Troops or detachments of two British units and of the Singapore Regiment R.A. as well as of three Gurkha battalions, a Malay battalion, a battalion of Rhodesians and a squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment, not to mention various Police auxiliaries, were based there to the fury of Desmond Houston, the landlord. As all of these were at one time or another under command, wags began calling us the Gurkha Commonwealth Battalion, but we are now back to normal once again.

On arrival here in Seremban at the beginning of the year we began retraining almost at once, and after a busy two months of brushing up basic training

and introducing the men to such unaccustomed tasks as digging atomic-bomb-proof shelters, we rounded-off our 'rest and recuperation' by killing six-out-of-six terrorists with two platoons of Support Company (Tony Fisher in command) whilst the Battalion cocktail party was in progress.

Apart from operations as intensive—even at the height of the Amnesty—as anyone can remember, the Battalion has been busy helping to train the Home Guard and trying to make friends with neighbouring New Villages. One Lance Corporal ran an excellent W.T. Course in Malay for the former, and is now reputed also to speak passable Cantonese. We have also discovered that the local Chinese, though very adept at basket ball, do not quite follow the rules to which our men play, so we change referees at half-time and everyone is happy.

In the field of sport, we have had a good if not spectacular year. Mention must be made of the final of the Nepal Cup, which was played in Seremban late in July before about 4,000 spectators. After a very good and hotly contested match the Battalion team lost to 1/7 G.R., three goals to nil. As always, the day was the occasion for the meeting of many old friends. The Battalion Cross Country team came second to 1/10 G.R. in the Brigade Championship, but in the Divisional Championships only third. However, there were only 16 points between 1st and 3rd teams and, operational and other circumstances being considered, we were by no means displeased with our showing.

Although we were also not amongst the 'firsts' this year at the Malaya Rifle Meeting we were pleased to see the Brigade well and truly represented by our 1st Battalion. And third among all the dozens of units in Malaya in the Open Rifle Competition is not at all too bad. But our real pride is in our 'kills-to-contacts' rate in operational shooting, which we understand is again one of the very highest in Malaya.

During April, Major-General L. E. C. M. Perowne, C.B., C.B.E., paid us a farewell visit. He had had many late nights during his final tour of his Division and so we varied the routine somewhat. After a last 'present' at the Quarter Guard, the Gurkha Major and others took the General snipe shooting not far from the lines. This was followed by a short *jhaunre* outside the Q.G.O.'s Mess, at which supper was served. Finally the Gurkha Major presented the General with a silver-chased *pujai*. This the General manfully filled with *raksi* and called on every officer present, British or Gurkha, to plight friendship in the traditional way. The whole business might justifiably be described as a staggering success.

Amongst many other distinguished visitors during the year we were honoured during February to receive Sir Anthony Eden, K.G., who was brought to see us by our Colonel on their way back from the S.E.A.T.O. conference at Bangkok. We were also very pleased to be visited by the Nepalese delegation to the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandoeng in Indonesia. Major-General Sovang Jung Thapa, the acting Defence Minister, who was at their head, was accompanied by Colonel Padan Khattri, an old friend from the time he was the Brigade Liaison Officer from Kathmandu, and three Nepalese educational experts who were particularly interested in our Children's School. Finally, late in October, we were visited by General Sir Kiran Shamsher Jung Bahadur Rana, C.-in-C. Nepalese Army. After inspecting the Quarter Guard, he visited 'C' Company by helicopter where he appeared particularly impressed by our tommy cooks and compo rations.

We welcomed our new Major-General, Major-General R. N. Anderson, C.B.E., D.S.O., to a Regimental Guest Night shortly after his arrival in May. Not content with this, the Major-General, accompanied by the C.O., then visited 'A' Company who at the time were operating fairly deep in primary jungle. They were helicoptered in and, having spent the night 'inside' with the