

THE HAWK

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COLONEL-IN-CHIEF:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ANNE

AFFILIATIONS
Royal Navy, H.M.S. *AMAZON*

6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles
Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

ALLIED REGIMENTS
Australian Military Forces
2nd/14th Queensland Mounted Infantry
8th/13th Victorian Mounted Rifles

New Zealand Military Forces
Queen Alexandra's Squadron R.N.Z.A.C.

Zambian Armed Forces
Zambia Armoured Car Regiment

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION
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EDITORIAL

My thanks are due to all those who contributed to this journal with interesting articles, good photos and cartoons. I am indebted to

"Prophet", the Editor of "Groundhawk" for the use of some of his original material including the brilliant cartoons by Major William Edge. I feel it is right to give some of the "Groundhawk" cartoons and photos another airing particularly for the benefit of many of our external readers, in UK and elsewhere who have not seen them. To them I should explain that three issues of that publication were produced in Belfast and were an outstanding success.

Most contributors must have worked under conditions of difficulty and sometimes discomfort and I hope you will think the result is worthy of your efforts. I am particularly grateful to the hard working Assistant Editors, Capt Jonathan Cameron-Hayes and Lt Christopher Jarrett for all their help and to the latter also for dealing with the German advertisements so efficiently.

M.A.U.S.
1st March 1979.

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

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Captain J. C. Cameron-Hayes
Lieutenant C. T. Jarrett

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The Colonel of the Regiment salutes the Guidon as he inspects the Regiment, parading in icy conditions after returning from Belfast. (Photo PR 1 Armd Div.)

(Photo Cpl Warren)

(Photo PR 1 Armd Div)

Foreword

by Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Pharo-Tomlin

At the beginning of last year, the Regiment had only recently arrived in Germany, from England, we were still in the throes of limbering up for the great BAOR race, and there was snow on the ground. Now at the start of 1979, we have again only recently returned to Germany, this time from Northern Ireland, and are preparing for some leave and there is considerably more snow on the ground than last year!

There is little doubt that few people in the Regiment had time to get bored in 1978, and most of us found it a rewarding time. We had two main tasks during the year. The first was to become effective as one of only eight armoured regiments in Rhine Army after a prolonged period in the Armoured Reconnaissance and Training roles, and the second task was to become effective as infantrymen so that we could carry out an operational tour in West Belfast in October.

We went twice to the Soltau and Luneberg Training Area, and between these periods fired our Chieftain tanks on the Hohne Ranges which will be well known to many.

From July to October, we had three months consolidated training for Op Banner. We received superb assistance during this, both from the 3rd Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and the Northern Ireland Training Advisory Team at Sennelager. During the early part of this training we were honoured with a visit by our Colonel-in-Chief Princess Anne who in a comparatively short time managed to meet a large number of soldiers and their families.

Despite the military pressures we still managed to take part in a number of sporting activities. Many officers and soldiers went skiing to the Regimental Ski Hut at Oberammergau in Bavaria. The Rugger Team reached the Semi Finals of the RAC Cup in Germany, only to be narrowly defeated by the Queen's Dragoon Guards, and they also reached the Quarter Finals of the Army Cup in Northern Ireland before Christmas but were unable to go further because of the snow!

At Bisley we won the Cambridge Shield, RTR and Lindley Cups, and came 23rd in the Major Units Championship. If this was nowhere near our achievement of 1972, it was an

improvement on last year and we did at least beat many infantry battalions.

Our most spectacular success of the year was, however, the winning of the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup when we beat the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars 6—2 in the Final in an exceptionally good match. The last time we had won this Cup was in 1907 when the 20th Hussars had their victory, and it was made all the more satisfying in that we beat the Blues & Royals in the Final of the United Services Cup two weeks later.

We also maintained our show business existence by entertaining a vast number of visitors both in Germany and Northern Ireland ranging from the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Army to a contingent of Cadets from St Annes ACF. Who all our visitors were, and where they came from, can be seen in the Diary of Events further on.

In early October the Regiment, with our Close Reconnaissance Troop from the Queen's Dragoon Guards, flew by Hercules to Northern Ireland for a four month tour in the infantry role. Although many people in the Regiment had been to Ulster before, they had only done this in Armoured Reconnaissance Squadrons. This was however our first Regimental tour and it was a great challenge for us all. We operated in the areas of Anderstown, Lenadoon, Suffolk and Twinbrook which are predominantly Roman Catholic housing estates of West Belfast. We made a major effort to gain the confidence of the people so that they would support us in our fight against law breakers and I believe we were quite successful. The principle threats to us were bombs and snipers, and inevitably we spent a lot of time dealing with bomb hoaxes. We did have several good arms, ammunition and explosives finds and some very satisfactory arrests. It was most encouraging when we left to see how much more friendly the local population had become and it was good to notice the professionalism of all ranks in their unfamiliar role. But, most of all, it was a tremendous relief that we returned without casualties.

As we left, the General Officer Commanding Northern Ireland was kind enough to send the Regiment the following Signal:



The Regiment marches past the Colonel of the Regiment, on their return to Hohne from Belfast

"I send all of you my warmest congratulations and thanks for your hard work during a most successful tour. Well done and good luck in the future."

1979 will be as demanding a year as 1978 but in different ways. We systematically work up for a visit by three Squadrons to Suffield in Canada. 'A' Squadron join 1 QUEENS, whom we took over from in Belfast, in September, and the Regiment consisting of RHQ, 'C' and 'D' Squadrons with a Company of 1 COLDSTREAM GUARDS, follow in October. We also look forward to a longer visit by Princess Anne in June, over which period we hope Old

Comrades and Families may be able to come out here as well.

In July, I hand over Command to Colonel Dan de Beaujeu, who will return after a year away at the National Defence College. In welcoming him and Wendy back, I do so in the hope that he will find his 2½ years as rewarding and enjoyable as I have found mine.

In conclusion, it has been said by some that life in the Army has become dull and stereotyped. If this is true elsewhere, it certainly has not applied to the 14th/20th King's Hussars in recent years and, as far as I can see, it shows no sign of doing so in the future!

Main Events of 1978 until the Return from Op Banner in 1979

January

- 3-13 Recruit and Conversion Firing on Hohne Ranges.
4 Lt M. A. J. Harman 6 GR starts attachment for 6 months.
6-25 Capt B. R. Hamilton Reserve Service Attachment.
13 Visit of Brig J. P. Maxwell, OBE—BRAC.
23-30 'A' Squadron Site Guard.
24 Regimental Operational Briefing Day.
30-6 Feb 'B' Squadron Site Guard.

February

- 1 WOI Stocker appointed RSM.
12 Regimental Church Sunday.
15-18 'C' Squadron Border Patrol.
17 Task Force 'B' Study Day.
14-10 Mar Troop Training on Soltau and Luneberg Training Area.

March

- 15 Visit of Joint Services Job Evaluation Team.
17 Visit of Lt Gen Sir Richard Worsley, KCB, OBE—Comd 1 (BR) Corps.
17-22 Exercise Morning Glory.
30-31 'B' Squadron Border Patrol.

April

- 10-11 Regimental Rifle Meeting.
14-20 'C' Squadron Training with 1 PWO Battlegroup.
16 Regimental Church Sunday for Medicina.
17 Officers' Medicina Dinner for Warrant Officers in Schloss Bredebeck.
21-28 'D' Squadron training with 1 COLDM GDS Battlegroup.
22 Regimental Hunter Trials.
25-26 Visit of Maj Gen P. D. Reid—DRAC.

May

- 1-4 'D' Squadron Border Patrol.
Handover of Quartermaster Major D. A. J. Williams to Major E. Sheen.
6 Old Comrades Reunion—London.
7 Cavalry Memorial Parade.
8-19 Annual Firing on Hohne Ranges.
10 Visit of Viscount Slim.
12 Visit of "Nationwide" TV to 'A' Squadron.

- 17 Visit of Maj Gen R. G. Lawson, DSO, OBE—GOC 1 Armd Div.
Visit of Brig G. H. Watkins, OBE—Comd Hohne Garrison/Task Force 'B'.
Visit of Brig J. P. Maxwell, OBE—BRAC.
18 Visit of French Officers from Cavalry School at Saumur.
24-25 1 Armd Division Rifle Meeting.
26-9 Jun Squadron and Regimental Training on Soltau and Luneburg Training Area.
26-2 Jun Visit of St Anne's ACF.
30 Visit of General Sir Patrick Howard—Dobson KCB—QMG,

June

- 1 Bisley Team to UK.
1 Visit of General Sir Frank King, GCB, MBE—C-in-C BAOR.
2 Visit of Mr Robert Brown, MP—Under Secretary of State for the Army.
6-8 Exercise Morning Gallop.
8 Queen's Birthday Parade at Hohne.
8-9 Task Force 'B' Deployment Exercise.
9-11 Rhine Army Summer Show.
16-23 Exercise Hurst Park.
23-25 Hohne Polo Tournament.
26-7 Jul Pre "Op Banner" Training Leave.

July

- 10-29 Sep 'Op Banner' Training.
10-12 Presentation by Northern Ireland Training Advisory Team.
11-24 Visit of Colonel R. P. D. F. Allen, MBE.
14 Royal Armoured Corps Farewell Dinner for the Corps Commander in Schloss Bredebeck.
15-24 Visit of Harrow CCF.
18-21 Pre Recce to Northern Ireland.
18-21 Visit of Lt Col J. R. P. Cumberlege—CO 7 UDR.
26 Visit of HRH Princess Anne—Colonel-in-Chief.
Visit of Maj Gen P. B. Cavendish, OBE—Colonel of the Regiment.

August

- 6 Final of Inter Regimental Polo.
19 Regimental Fete.



Some of the more important people at the Regimental Reception at Lancaster House, Manchester on 4 November.

Left to right: Cdt Rawlinson, WO1 Burgess, Cdt Cooper, Maj Gen Cavendish, Cdt Hooley, Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Cdt Southern, J/Tpr Blythe (JLR) and Cdt Brooks.

Photo Salford City Reporter.

- 20 Final of United Services Polo.
- 22-25 Main Recce to Northern Ireland.
- 25-28 Visit of Brig J. M. Palmer.
- 26-15 KAPE Tour in Lancashire.

September

- 3 Final of Captains and Subalterns Polo.
- 3-15 Regimental Training with NITAT at Sennelager.
- 7 Visit of Brig G. H. Watkins, OBE—Comd Hohne Garrison.
- 12 Visit of Lt Gen Sir Peter Leng, KCB, MBE, MC—Comd 1 (BR) Corps.
- 18 Visit of Lt Col P. M. Walker—CREME, for LAD Annual Inspection.
- 20 Regimental Officers' Dinner at Guards and Cavalry Club.
- 25 Wives Club Dinner.
- 26-27 Pre "Op Banner" Inter Brick Competition.
- 27-29 Visit of Maj P. C. Clarke, CVO—Deputy Colonel of the Regiment.

October

- 1 Regimental Church Sunday.
- 3 Advance Party to Northern Ireland.
- 10 Main Party to Northern Ireland.
- 11 Visit of Col D. Hancock, MBE—Deputy Comd 39 Inf Bde.
- 14 Visit of Brig J. R. A. Macmillan, OBE—Comd 39 Inf Bde.

November

- 4 Regimental Reception at Home HQ.
- Northern Old Comrades Reunion.
- 24-28 Visit of RHG/D Main Recce Party.
- 27 Visit of Maj Gen G. L. C. Cooper, MC—DASD.
- 28-30 RAC Conference.

December

- 4-7 Visit of Maj M. A. Urban-Smith, MC—Regt Secretary.
- 5 Visit of Lt Gen Sir Timothy Creasey—GOC Northern Ireland.
- 7 Visit of Lt Col W. E. Wall—CREME Northern Ireland.

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|-------|---|----|--|
| 7-9 | Visit of Maj W. D. Garbutt. | 24 | Visit of Brig B. C. Gordon-Lennox—
Comd Detmold Garrison. |
| 8-9 | Visit of Brig G. H. Watkins, OBE—
Comd Hohne Garrison. | 25 | Visit of Maj Gen R. B. Trant—Com-
mander Land Forces Northern Ireland. |
| 13 | Visit of Brig D. J. Ramsbotham, OBE
—Comd 39 Inf Bde. | 30 | Farewell Visits of Lt Gen Sir Timothy
Creasey—GOC, and Brigadier D. J.
Ramsbotham—Comd 39 Inf Bde. |
| 13 | Visit of the Rt Rev Butler—Bishop
of Conor and Down. | | |
| 21-22 | Visit of Maj Gen P. B. Cavendish,
OBE—Colonel of the Regiment. | | |
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|---------------------|--|-----------------|---|
| January 1979 | | February | |
| 6 | Visit of Col M. J. Evans—Deputy
Comd 39 Inf Bde. | 2/3 | Main Party to Hohne. |
| 18 | Visit of Maj Gen H. E. M. L. Garrett,
CBE—Director Army Security. | 5-8 | Visit of Maj Gen P. B. Cavendish,
OBE—Colonel of the Regiment. |
| 20 | Visit of the Venerable Archdeacon
P. Mallett, QHC—Chaplain General. | 5-6 | Visit of The Reverend R. Roe, MC—
ACG BAOR. |
| 23 | Visit of Colonel E. Jones—MOD
(MO4). | 6 | Regimental Parade and Thanksgiving
Service. |
| | Advance Party to Hohne. | | All Ranks Lunches. |
| | | 7 | Ramnuggur Ball. |
| | | 9-12 Mar | Post "Op Banner" Block Leave. |



Manchester trio on Ex "Collective Canter" WOI Eadsforth (Burnage), Cpl Wild (Salford) and Tpr Plover (Tyldesley).

Squadron Notes

HQ Squadron

RHQ TROOP

Much happened and we all learned a lot during the six months in which the troop was together before being put into suspension for the Op Banner Tour.

Cpl Tyson was drafted in to look after the tank park and Cpl Murphy to run the CVs and the radio store. They certainly managed to do that and both departments were looking in good order when we left Hohne. Hopefully Cpl Horrocks has been polishing everything up during our absence.

Miraculously the sun came out and the snow, having been long on the ground melted as we took to the road for Soltau for Troop Training in early February. For two weeks we learned who should do what, when and why. We designed and re-designed the organisation and layout of RHQ in the field a dozen times and returned to camp still in the dark. However Cpl Lowe sustained us all well with his excellent cooking.

Numerous trips to the North German Coast then ensued where we played at Divisional CPXs. Still we played around—no firm answer.

We wrapped up our BAOR Commitments in June and then dispersed in all directions for the Op Banner orbat. Lcpl Geraghty and Bond have become super sleuths with Tac Int. Cpl McNally has been driving the Commanding Officer with the odd bump.

We left behind SSgt Gorry (to contemplate his future married existence in the USA), Sgt Tyson, who will now be one of those "behind-the-gun" instructors and Lcpl Crosby to mind our metal ware.

Cpl Dukes delighted with his new title of Assistant RSO has cared for the Monagh Radio Room with the able assistance of Cpls Taylor and Hewitt (now Lcpl!).

Cpl Livesey has run the Commcen, which contains one of those marvellous machines whereby you can send messages all round the world. Cpl Ellison, Tpr Woodruff and Signalmen Austin and Walter (on loan from 1 Div HQ and Sig Regt) have been in close attendance. Sig Austin married a local girl and has applied to return for a long tour.

We return shortly to BAOR scene, probably with a different team, but I think we will get it right this time.

Orderly Room

The year has been extremely busy for the overworked and under paid members of the Regiment. SSgt Derek Whelan has settled down in the hot seat and between Ireland Training and spending half of a tour in Belfast has managed to keep the ball rolling. Sgt Les Burrill exchanged seats with him for the latter half of the tour in Belfast and has "greyed" considerably since. Sgt Jeff Briggs leaves us shortly for a tour with the MOD and then civvy street and we wish him well. There is also a rumour that he may be getting spliced!

Cpl Billy Clarkson has managed the movements side of the Regiment including our trip to and from Northern Ireland, however, there is no truth in the rumour that he is buying yet another car with the profits he has received from certain airlines! Cpl Dave Wood (or Woof for short) started the year as part time documents clerk, part time photographer and TV star, then left our clutches to become a Schhhh . . . you don't know who with Int in Northern Ireland. Lcpl Garry Uttley (the star of Chelsea fame) and our most recent promotion within the Troop, has taken over the Part 2 order side of life and succeeds in baffling everyone including the new computer at Records. Never mind, Garry, one day, one day maybe you will get it right. Which leads me onto the stalwart of the Orderly Room a person without whom we would never be complete, our very own Tpr Steve Laurie. He never completes any work but is a great cartoonist and keeps us all smiling (a difficult job at the best of times). Next in line is that famous comedy duo Tpr Ian (Babyface) Rowan and Tpr Budge (Buy me a Pig Chief) Bingham. There is a rumour that they are going to take over when Morecambe and Wise leave off. Tpr Paul Cotton, our very own Cornish Tin Miner is at present employed by Int. That's the department whose stock answer to all questions is "Sorry that's on a need to know basis and you don't need to know". Which is very handy for Tpr Cotton as he doesn't know anything anyway! Now a word of welcome for the new member of the Troop, Tpr Garry Hurst whose efforts to become a clerk have turned the Chief Clerk completely grey. Never mind though its always

good to see a new face. And finally a farewell to Lcpl Stanley Simmons who has been the the Regiment for many years and has now decided to leave for 6 months with the DLOY and then a new career in civilian life. We wish him, his wife and children all the best for the future.

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

Those who can do—those who can't join the Int Section.

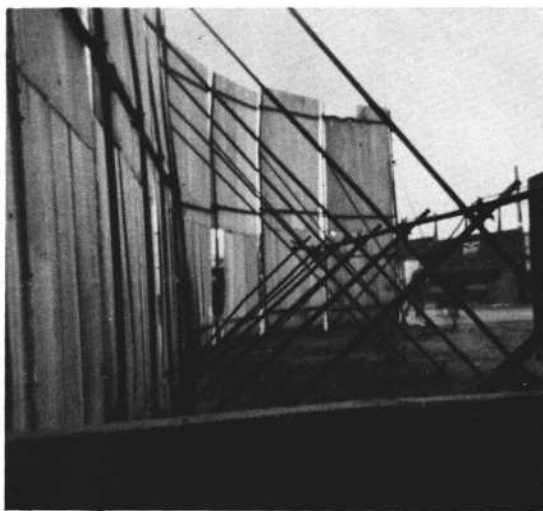
Was it really last summer that we started our Northern Ireland training? Those early morning runs and the hours spent trying to distinguish one end of a rifle from the other are just a bad memory. I am glad I am a cavalry man, all that running was not my cup of tea.

In those far off days, the Intelligence Section had a parade state of just two men; WO2 Brian Draper, who did the thinking and Tpr Paul Cotton made the coffee and went on leave. Noble fellows that they are, it was decided that they needed one or two extra bods to help them out. Notice boards around camp suddenly blossomed with advertisements and the hierarchy sat back and waited for the torrent of volunteers. The only man brave enough to sign on the dotted line was Capt Ian Tennent. Considering his previous experience with pistols, 9mm, Browning, officers, for the use of, he was obviously a natural for the job of Intelligence Officer.

The other twenty-odd vacancies were proving more difficult to fill. What was the solution? Where would the guinea pigs come from? It was at this juncture that the Section began to prove its worth. Those who believe that the Royal Navy is the only service to use the press gang had better think again. Various inducements were offered and revised terms of employment were published. It was amazing to see how many came forward when they found they could sprout beards, wear their "lived in" civvies and face the poor unsuspecting world as long haired layabouts.

Within a matter of days we had a full complement of twenty-five. The next problem was to decide who did what job. That was easily solved. Army logic showed its true colours. Old Bean, the Section's tame clerk, went on a photographic course and ended up as Office Manager. We worked on the principle that if we did not know what we were doing, what chance would the IRA have of knowing?

By September we had metamorphosed from cavalry men into intelligence operatives



Modern Art—or the view from Major Edge's bedroom window—Fort Monagh (Home HQ photo)

B3. Photographers and video tapers, collators and those whom we shall call interviewers were ready to put their training to the test. Flight tickets were issued, tearful farewells were said to the Corporals Mess and, courtesy of Hercules Airways, we embarked on our mission. When we arrived in the halcyon days of an Indian summer the sun shone and life was peaceful. The sun was still shining a few days later but the aura of peacefulness had been shattered. Everyone was playing at new brooms—a game devised by our taskmaster DRAC. It is rather a delightful game for any number of players. All you need are a few gallons (sorry litres) of paint, bass brooms, mops and any other instrument of torture you care to name. The rules are very simple; if it moves chuck it away, if it don't—paint it! We lost four blokes that way. George Kirk still insists that if we had not painted his head he would have more hair.

Thus we spent our days until the Queens moved out and the Hawk flew over Fort Monagh. Our training began to show its worth and we moved into operation with all the smoothness of an oil slick. Being in intelligence meant that our visits to the outside world had to be clandestine, but even so, we made an impact on the local community. Lt Peter Lynch, our erstwhile Assistant Intelligence Officer, scooped the world's press when he made page three of the "Republican News", not in the style of page three of that popular tabloid but in the guise of Defence Correspondent. His notoriety was rather short lived, but since that

fateful day he now reads a dictionary at breakfast instead of the sauce bottle label. Another gentleman who was the subject of several column inches was Lcpl Jimmy Bond (what a marvellous name for a man in the Intelligence Section!). His paternal instincts came to the fore when a lady who decided to pop in for a cosy chat with George Smith, left her baby in Jimmy's waiting arms. Thereafter every time babies were mentioned he beat a hasty retreat.

These minor diversions apart, most of us were finding the routine of the office to our liking, especially as DRAC showed his inherent dislike of the paper war by shredding every piece of flotsam that he could find. I swear that my coupon with eight draws disappeared that way. Old Bean fought a losing battle trying to instill in DRAC that letters do require a signature block and that all copies should be dated and signed. The only place that was safe from these periodic bursts of activity was the office of the Intelligence Data Base Management Team. I still don't know what it means, and I suspect that IDBMT, whose code names were Alan Wainwright and Trevor Batchelder don't know either. Suffice to say that their

office had the best electric heater and they kept us informed of the exploits of those brave English lads who were walloping the Aussies in the Test Matches. Not that any of us were surprised—who ever heard of an Australian who could play cricket?

Continuing on a sporting vein, our physical welfare was placed in the hands of Muscles Bassett. It did seem rather suspicious to us when Pete was drafted into the Section. However, our fears were allayed when he discovered that his time could be better spent re-stringing squash rackets. He can't quite retire on the proceeds, but he reckons that two more tours should get him a new car.

Existing almost as a separate entity was Hawk Interview Techniques Ltd. Operating from 5am to 9am and 6pm to 10pm this select band of dropouts led very strange lives. George Smith dressed with his usual sartorial elegance in Everton blue used to plan his work according to the soccer results. The week Everton beat Liverpool he smiled at everyone and even had a shave. Dave Winstanley, a Liverpool man, wisely went on R & R. Brian Duffy justified his existence by doubling as duty video operator.



He was getting very proficient towards the end of the tour, you could see how confident he was—he used to take George Kirk as his assistant!

The three who had the sooper dooper secret jobs, Messrs Flowers, Little and Smith, found out that their job was so secret that no one would tell them what to do. They did come in useful on several occasions though. Tony Smith had a good side line in supplying tights to those of us who wanted them. I ought to rephrase that—those of us who wanted tights for our wives, galloping inflation not yet having reached this part of the world. Dave Little and Ron Flowers divided their time between the TV in the Sgts Mess and copies of "Mayfair" vintage 1975. I've said it before and I'll say it again—sinecures.

Like all military installations the work is done by those gentlemen who sport a chevron two bar on their wrist. Parky Taylor and Steve Beavers have been our collators in chief and by and large they and the boys have produced the goods on time. Each collator has had his own project and by the end of the tour they all reached fruition. With three days to do Grahame Tinnion completed his 167th letter, which is the United Kingdom All Comers record, while Mick Geraghty, when not evading the barber, used to calculate his time to do in hours and minutes.

Thankfully we have escaped any injury to the boys although Paul Cotton complains of brain ache whenever he sees the INTSUM. Ian Ashwell pulled a smart bit of wool when he managed to have a week's sick leave after his recent operation. However, he is fully recovered now and was back in the fold to hand over his ulcer to the Blues and Royals.

The photographic Section have been working to deadlines which would have frightened the professionals. They were frightened as well and so far they have only ruined one film. That was the only one they managed to take. In fact Spike and his boys received the compliment of being asked to do other units' photographs—praise indeed. It is a pity that cameras are not issued with tanks. Spike is going to feel lost without his Nikon.

Well, back to normal soldiering. In retrospect we enjoyed ourselves and relished the opportunity to practice our skills not often used in BAOR. But one thing is certain, if we have to go again do not bother to advertise—we will all volunteer.

QM Department

We were promised an interesting and eventful year in 1978, but why should we

worry? Many of the Department were old hands to the BAOR scene, stalwarts like Bernie Crossland, Scottie, Mousey Rowe, Lamps Barlow and the chippy Jack Lockwood, veterans, with a team like this nothing could be too difficult.

Gunnery, Regimental and Squadron Training during the first part of the year gave us a few problems, but as I said earlier with a team like this nothing is too difficult.

Everything went well and we even managed a change of QM's without too much difficulty. Bill Williams disappeared to MVEE and Eddie Sheen returned to a chair that he seems to have occupied for the best part of his life.

July, we were fully committed with and supporting the Regiment for its forthcoming OP Banner Tour in Northern Ireland, part of the training was to be done at the Sennelager Training Centre where we were to take over a German Camp, "Staumuhle". This was "Hell" and turned the QM and Bernie Crossland grey haired over night, had it not been for the able assistance given by half of the Tech Dept whom we had recruited to assist in Northern Ireland the original team would have gone to pieces. As it was RQMS Bill Butcher, Sgt Lacey, and company held the line and we pulled through.

Training completed we were given a weeks leave and on 2 October we left Hohne for that Green and Emerald Isle.

The handover from 1 Queen's proceeded along the usual lines. RQMS Butcher with shouts of "It's good ere, init?" took things in his stride and wishes it to be made known that he is the greatest living expert on Internal Security Packs and all equipment used in Northern Ireland. Needless to say everyone soon settled down to the routine supplemented by Escorts, Security Guards at Musgrave Park Hospital and Sangar Duties. Cpl Crossland in addition to running the Moss Bros Dept also ran the Off Licence. Sgt (Emergency Which Service Please) Lacey took on the Ammo & Works Services. Sgt Andrews ran the Single Account and must have found the most comfortable bed in the camp because that is where he spent most of his day.

A change of RQMS half way through the tour seemed like a good idea, although I am not sure that RQMS Midgley agreed with our sentiment. Needless to say it happened and RQMS Butcher returned to keep the books straight in Hohne. He was quickly followed by Sgt Andrews who had some picture framing to do before Ramnuggur and had conveniently

left his kit in peacetime location. His duties in Northern Ireland were taken on by Sgt Lacey who then realised why he is paid the X Factor.

On the Technical Stores side Messrs Hall & Davenport (The Two Ronnies) appeared to keep everyone happy and posed the minimum amount of problems. They have no yearning for anything but the simple pleasures of life spent in one another's company.

Lcpl Gee when he could be recognised managed to fit in the local purchase of items required by the Department. However, most of his time seemed to be taken up evading either the SSM or the barber.

Cpl Crossland, on return to Hohne, leaves the Department and moves to the Officers' Mess (no, not on commissioning), where he will ensure the comforts of the QM and many QM's yet to come. We wish him well in his new job.



Living quarters at Fort Monagh (Home HQ photo)

In the field of minor Works Services Cpl Bellamy reigned supreme. If he could not get the PSA to fix them, he could always call upon the services of Cpl (The Hammer) Lockwood who would do a good bodge up. If the job was beyond his capabilities he had a hole somewhere in which he hid until the heat was off.

In conclusion, congratulations to Lcpl Naylor on his well deserved promotion. Someone recently remarked that anyone who can work with Lamps Barlow should be a "Bloody General". Keep up the good work, Naylor. You're on your way.

Finally, I leave you with this question, who sent Super Smooth Jackson a bottle of Grecian 1999 for Christmas? Whoever knows the answer could go far in 1979. (Suggest Hong Kong for starters.)

Technical Troop

The writer of last year's tech notes for the Hawk must have been a joker to have written: "We are just about seeing the light at the end of the tunnel." However, a sense of humour is always appreciated.

1978 started with the QM, Captain Escott having to return to the UK as he had been right poorly since he came to Germany. We trust he is now fully recovered, as the present QM(T) reckons it takes about a year to get the tech troop's coffee out of the system.

We managed to keep the Regiment moving on its tracks and wheels through Squadron and Regimental training in partnership with our REME brothers. We gave them the spares and they did the dirty work which just goes to prove white collar workers can get on with shop floor types. Normal training over by June the troop was divided between those who would go to Ireland and those who would stay in BAOR. RQMS Butcher, Sgt Lacey and Cpls Bellamy, Woodward, Jones, Davenport, Gee, and Cpl Hall as a late starter going to Ireland. Whilst the rest stayed to try and teach the QM that parts have numbers and there's no need to know what a spare part is called or used for.

One of the highlights of the year was the presentation by HRH Princess Anne of LS & GS medals to RQMS Butcher and Cpl Furlong. Ssgt Roadnight unfortunately being on compassionate leave just missed HRH presenting his. For all avid followers of our contribution to the Hawk our Gee and Kim have got married. Kim made sure of her man by getting married in Hohne Garrison church. We made sure he was there and said all the right things cos we like a party now and again. We are saving Entwistle for later, and Davenport we will put on special offer if ever we get real desperate for an excuse for a party.

The Band

"—thrown into the battle in desperation as a general might mobilize his sappers, cooks, bandsmen and clerks." — Robert Elegant.

Zebedee was furious at seeing Dougal in an absurd state of mixed dress. "I don't know what I'm supposed to be," said Dougal. "Am I a musician, combat medic, warehouseman, actor or riot policeman?"

"Tell us which, tell us," cried the boys.

Zebedee, who was also in the dark, could only reply that perhaps they could probably be told maybe tomorrow what they should have been doing approximately yesterday.

"That's a popular tune this year," commented Florence. "Let's hope it doesn't become an evergreen."

After the initial shock of arrival in Hohne, the year began with interesting engagements in Belgium, Denmark and Holland as well as

local work. The familiar routine was soon interrupted when we were required with the LAD to act as civilian population for Northern Ireland training. With what malevolence was the Bandmaster cast as a Member of Parliament? Most of the band were bewildered by the inadequate explanation of crowd behaviour appropriate for the incidents staged, but, in retrospect, perhaps walking around aimlessly kicking beer cans was a fair representation of some parts of Belfast. The next interruption was a medical exercise where the band was split into two sections. The ambulance drivers were worn to skeletons delivering notional casualties—stretchers bearing pieces of paper describing wildly improbable injuries. The dressing station endured alternating periods of intense activity and pregnant pauses. The need to rehearse the days of inactivity was not fully understood. Nevertheless, some enjoyed their camping holiday in the sun. Our visit to Ulster started well with several public performances to enthusiastic audiences. After the musical duties the band was divided and posted to Squadrons where those at Glasmullin and Woodburn had the busiest time.

Generally, though, we returned to Hohne suffering from atrophy of the brain.

This year we lost two stalwarts. Firstly, WO2 John Swales who, scarcely completing the first year of his cultural revolution, was attracted by the challenges offered as Band Sergeant Major at JLR Band School. Cpl Paul Krywyszyn decided to seek employment in Paderborn. His departure is also a loss to the band, but RHQ clerks who might prefer everyone to have easier names like Smith or Brown are probably relieved.

News Flash: Mr Callaghan has warned the miners that, unless they return to normal working, the Hallé Orchestra would be called in.

"Don't harp on it," reproached Dougal.

"Which uniform shall we wear today?" the boys were still asking.

Zebedee was taking his frock coat off.

"Goodbye," said the boys politely.

"Hello, Mr Sands," said Florence, her loyalty to the job transcending mere personnel turnover.

Beethoven turned over and the show went on.



Is you is or is you aint my baby?

'A' Squadron

"It doesn't seem as if we've ever been away," said the Sergeant Major, dismissing Tidworth, Ireland, Hong Kong, Singapore, Cyprus, Herford, Bovington, Warminster and nine years of Regimental history in a breath. Indeed, Soltau Training area is almost unchanged. A little more restricted perhaps, and, to a high proportion of 'A' Squadron a novelty, but still the same mixture of mud and pine trees.

Troop training in February and March was the start of a busy and demanding year. We had some advantages from having been Demonstration Squadron at Warminster, but drills at low level were still poor and Troop Leaders were glad of the chance to teach (and learn) some of the basic tank skills. The weather, after threatening snow, turned warm (and wet!). Troops were left very much to themselves, with the Squadron Leader bringing them together for the odd night march, and, of course for troop tests. In these the troops showed they had not wasted their

fortnight, and Second Troop under Mr Tilney and Sgt Webb were the winners.

Our next development was for Annual Firing in May, a gap of two months. Two very busy months. Some—the lucky ones—managed to go skiing on Exercise "Snow Queen", others were on courses, but for the majority it was the grind of working in the tank park, and at all the other chores BAOR seems to find for its regiments. During the period the Squadron managed to win the Regimental Rifle meeting, »which boded well for Bisley and Northern Ireland.

Annual Firing itself was something of a relief, in spite of the early rising which custom, if not necessity, demands. The standard of shooting improved progressively throughout the exercise, and culminated in a good battle run by all troops. We practised a night replenishment with live ammunition, and it was interesting to see how shooting was affected by lack of sleep; considerably for the worse!



The successful 'A' Squadron Shooting Team

The most amusing incident occurred in a SHQ tank, Cpl Mather commanding, Sgt Kirk in the gunner's seat.

Cpl M: "Fire!"

Sgt K: "Hang on, we've not gone to action yet."

Cpl M: "Fire, Fire!"

Sgt K: (with great patience) "Give us a chance, I haven't got a round up!"

Cpl M: "You ***** *****, the tank's on fire!"

our training for Northern Ireland. After the initial shock of being on our feet, and carrying rifles, we enjoyed it. It was a training in skills which we knew would be applied in an important job in the near future, and every man sensed the importance of his role. We all put our backs into it, and it paid off on the streets of Belfast.

The new job meant a change in organization too, and we had a draft of some 20 men from 'C' Squadron, who were quickly absorbed into



Mr Phillips, Lcpl Baggaley and Tprs Holt and Black enjoy exercise "haute cuisine"

Exit both at speed!

Squadron Training, again on Soltau, took place shortly afterwards, though the Squadron Leader was absent, spending a fortnight in hospital with a piece kicked out of his leg during a polo match. It was never decided whether the fact that he wasn't missed was to his credit or not, but Captain Vickery enjoyed his first taste of real power.

In July, after a week of leave, we put the tanks away for eight months, put on boots and puttees, picked up a rifle apiece, and started

our ranks. We also said goodbye, temporarily, I hope, to a few of our own, including Sgt Kirk and Cpl Little, who joined Regimental Intelligence, wore civilian clothes, and grew beards.

After our fortnight of sharpening up by NITAT (Northern Ireland Training and Advisory Team) at Sennelager, which included a gruelling three day period, we were deemed fit for service, and left for Belfast.

Our camp was Woodburn, the remnants of a hotel bombed out some years ago. Surrounded by corrugated iron and barbed wire, with a

Sangar (bullet proof sentry box) at each corner, and crammed with huts, this charming spot was our home (and 'B' Squadron's) for four months. The best that you can say about the place was that it is better than some other accommodation we've had before, and we weren't paying for it!

There's no doubt, that the brunt of the work in Belfast is done by the Troop Leaders and their men. They do the patrolling, they spend hours at immediate readiness or on guard, and they make the decisions on the spot that can affect the whole outcome. 'A' Squadron went all out to win the respect, and, if possible, the affection of the occupants of the Lenadoon, and it is a mark of our success that after our first two weeks there were no marches or riots in our area. We also found two rifles, a pistol, and a quantity of ammunition. In addition we arrested a man wanted for murder and bombing who was spotted by alert sentries. Well done Tpr Kelly and Cfn Jones.

Mercifully, no one was shot at, and we have returned as many as we went. A successful tour.

1978, for 'A' Squadron, has been a busy and varied one, with bouts of hard, almost frantic work. In spite of the frustrations caused by lack of men and a shortage of spares, we can look back with pleasure and some pride, and forward with excitement.

We must say some goodbyes. During the year we have lost: Captain Vickery to 'B' Squadron, Mr Phillips to Shrivenham, and shortly Mr Herrtage goes to make his fortune in London. SQMSs' have changed, with Ssgt Wagstaff going to the DLOY, and handing over to Ssgt Ingham. Sgt Elsdon leaves the service, Sgt Riley has gone to be a recruiter in Preston. Several more have decided to give civilian life a chance. Cpls Bentley and Mather, Lcpls Connelly, Roache and Dimitrov (best shot in



"Plug" Hodgkiss track-bashing his way!

the Squadron) and Tprs Phelps, Richards and Sherratt all are trying their luck on the employment market.

Finally, the Squadron Leader, Major Smales leaves us after two years to take up a job in Suffield, Canada. No doubt he will be producing some hair-raising exercises for us when we go there to train in September.



CSE Show at Woodburn. Major Smales and Mr Shirreff in the front-line



Some of 3rd Troop in the cookhouse in Woodburn

'B' Squadron

1978 has been a year of reorganisations and changing faces. We started the year with three sabre troops, reorganised in May to form four troops and again in July to form a small "Infantry Squadron" with two "Rifle Troops". Amongst the Senior Ranks who started the year as 'B' Squadron men all but three are now elsewhere. None of my brother officers now serving with the Squadron was here at the beginning of the year, as they were all quick to point out to me when I was looking for someone to write these notes . . .

The period from January to June followed the usual hectic BAOR pattern, starting with tank firing at Hohne in January to convert our crews to Chieftain. We took this in our stride and the first week of February found us tramping about in the snow, guarding a site near Sennelager, nonchalantly stripping (and reassembling, furthermore), the totally unfamiliar Bren guns, apparently to the satisfaction of the somewhat earnest American Officer who came to inspect us.

Back at Hohne it was bitterly cold, so we worked on our tanks with freezing fingers and trained for arctic survival. Mercifully the thaw set in just as we were setting off for troop training at Soltau. There was no snow there but plenty of mud! On return from Soltau individual training started immediately, indeed cadres were running full-blast at every possible moment throughout the training year. Everyone who was not on a cadre was deeply involved in some other activity; Lt Woodd (A.) built an excellent course for the Regimental Hunter Trials with a working party consisting mainly of 'B' Squadron volunteers, who worked throughout the Easter holiday. Altogether twenty-two members of the Squadron each spent a fortnight skiing at Oberammergau and Garmisch-Partenkirchen on Exercise "Snow Queen" and nine went on adventure training sailing courses in the Baltic Sea aboard boats belonging to British Kiel Yacht Club. We won the D'Arcy Hall Association Football and the cross-country meeting. We had hoped to beat Headquarters Squadron in the final of the Rugby Football but the end of the season overtook us and every set of goalposts vanished before the match could be played. Lack of space precludes the mention of all our gladiators but 2Lt Wicks, Cpls Drummond, Mayall and Murphy, Lcpls Bradley and Leslie and Tprs Kelly (808) and



The Corps Commander, Lt Gen Sir Richard Worsley, visiting 'B' Squadron Tank Park with Major Hodson

Lee played Rugby for the Regiment. The Regimental Association Football team included Sgt Bunn, Cpl Whitelock, Lcpls Duxbury, Green, Lythgoe, and Watson and Tprs Billington, Greenwood and McGuiness.

Tpr Lee came in second and Cpl Bradbury 6th in the D'Arcy Hall Cross-Country run. Lcpl Blakey won the open slalom at the 1st Divisional canoeing championships and Cpl Rodowicz (586) came second in the whitewater race. Several members of the Squadron had a go at canoeing, others tried their hand at gliding and Major Hodson flew solo for the first time in eighteen years. Cpls Bradbury and Holden and Tpr Foster shot for the Regiment at Bisley, Cpl Bradbury reaching the "Army 100", whilst SSgt Glover, having taken up fencing when already the wrong side of 30, competed with distinction in the Divisional, BAOR and Army Championships. Captains Vickery and Woodd (A.) were in the Regimental Polo team,



SSM Ogden receiving his LSGC medal from Princess Anne during her visit in July

TRAINING FOR NORTHERN IRELAND

by A. R. D. Shirreff

The realities of Northern Ireland training and the infantry role were embraced by the 14th/20th with all the fervour of a religious maniac turning to Catholicism or the gusto of a poacher turning gamekeeper. Everywhere people changed their appearance. In the easy elegance of Schloss Bredebeck soft cream coloured shirts and Bedford cord gave way to hairy KF shirts and olive-green lightweights. While ancient unused DMS boots and puttees appeared instead of New & Lingwood shoes. In camp the familiar (and to some not so familiar) roar and clank of tanks became strangely muted, and denims soaked in gallons of OMD 75 became overnight, as rare as the Self Loading Rifle in an easier, more innocent age. In Squadron Offices and blocks odd places called "Ops Rooms" and "Int Cells" sprang up and unfamiliar names like "Andersonstown", "Twinbrook", and "Lenadoon" were bandied about with increasing familiarity. The fact was that a great upheaval and trauma was taking place. We had not long settled in to the routine of BAOR before being asked to prepare for Northern Ireland, and as befits such an important and dramatic change in the life of a Cavalry Regiment, training for the new infantry role began with no whimper—but something of a bang.

The first three days hit us hard. PT and a sharp run every morning reminded us how soft tank park muscles had become; while the realities of life in a hard republican area of Belfast were gradually unfolded in a three day presentation by the Northern Ireland Training Advisory Team or NITAT as it is known. Impressions were immediately registered and still remain. While the endless and complicated array of equipment—some real and some fictional, were revealed to us by a boyish-looking Sapper Captain. And when it had all ended the music of that song . . . "Remember, you're a Womble" blared out, blotting out all the stirring rebel songs with the realization that that was precisely what we were going to be in Belfast.

And so to the real meat of training. Learning to move as a brick. The basic four-man patrol from which a multiple is made. Green-clad figures in bulky flak jackets earnestly walking past RHQ scanning upstairs windows for concealed gunmen, or perhaps the more immediate hazards of the Adjutant and RSM. Vehicle check points (known simply as a VCP)

Vickery just managing to squeeze in a tour of the USA as a member of the Combined Services team between Op Banner training and our arrival in Belfast. See his expurgated report.

Against this background of activity we struggled to prepare our tanks and ourselves for annual tank firing (Hohne, May) and squadron training (Soltau, June) and then cleaned and lubricated the tanks, handed them over to the rear party and thankfully went on fourteen days leave.

'B' (Infantry) Squadron started training for Northern Ireland on 10th July. This interesting period is described by Lt Shirreff elsewhere in this issue. At the time we were particularly sorry to lose Captain (now Major) Dean and Captains Hews, Suchanek and Woodd (A.); also Sgts Smith (278) and Curtis and a number of junior ranks to various appointments. Captains Vickery and Pearse (EME) joined us on loan at the same time, Captain Pearse eventually handing over to Captain Moger in December.

and car searches—continuously practised to get the sequence right. And above it all the discovery that we really were not very good at telling people to stop their cars and answer our questions, and that “P” checking a man to establish his identity and movements was a rather embarrassing business. The first patrolling was done on an orienteering basis. Each brick was given a set of tasks to perform around “ballyhoana” and was extensively de-briefed by the Squadron Intelligence Cell on its return. Gradually as familiarity within bricks increased and soldiers understood the techniques of covering each other forward and behind, moving unpredictably, and the difference between “hard-targeting” and normal overt routine patrolling, multiple patrols were sent out. Again the emphasis was layed on intelligence gathering, no brick was ever sent out as part of a multiple patrol without a specific task to perform. Problems were encountered. It would have helped enormously to have had proper pocket radios such as we have had in the province. Instead we had to make do with hopelessly cumbersome A41s—and we discovered to our costs that “hard-targeting” with an A41 requires a high degree of physical fitness allied with a certain acrobatic skill.

Performing patrol tasks became gradually more complicated as Squadron Headquarters took the opportunity to turn civilian. Bombings and shootings were manufactured, and we learnt quickly how much practice we needed to deal with them.

There was much more to it than patrolling, lectures and films, first aid and Aikido for Princess Anne. A search team went away from the troop to Sennelager to be trained where to look, what to use, and what not to touch. We spent hours on the ranges, getting up at appallingly early hours to travel to Munsterlager or Verden, and we have shot too at Sennelager and Horsten, training soldiers for the infantry annual personal weapons test. Again much was learnt, weapon handling improved and many people were soon achieving remarkably good scores—others still had a long way to go.

We spent a lot of time looking at maps of the Twinbrook estate as well as air photographs, getting to know the names of streets. We began to find out about suspected terrorists in the area, and their names, faces and accomplices soon became all too familiar. Knowledge and experience increased, but it was a strange feeling nevertheless to be sent on active service to places with names like “Magnolia



Tpr Foster fraternising with the locals and showing off his left-hand-drive landrover!

Park”, “Cherry Court” and “Laburnam Heights”—and particularly strange for soldiers who may well have been brought up on similar estates on the outskirts of big cities.

Northern Ireland training was not all smooth-running. Frequently there were infuriating delays and frustrations. We sat through blistering de-briefs during the three-day exercise at Sennelager and at times wondered whether it was worth going out at all. The experience of working together and creating a team to do a specific task has been a worthwhile and rewarding experience in itself. Everybody has learned to work hard and to participate—and think for themselves, whilst a much greater burden of practical leadership has been laid on the shoulders of brick commanders who have responded very well. Individual soldiers have matured considerably too; specialist knowledge within the troop has been tapped, and at the same time we have learned many specialist skills.

Most people, despite enjoying the training, would admit that Northern Ireland is, in the short term at least, a nuisance. The normal course of armoured training is broken up, Cadres and Courses interrupted and tank expertise lost. In the long run, however, it can do nothing but good. Expertise is gained in a different sphere and each soldier has had to a greater resourcefulness and sense of initiative which can only make him a better soldier—whether armoured or on foot.

'B' SQUADRON IN BELFAST

by Lt A. R. D. Shirreff

Arriving in Belfast at the beginning of October for our tour in Northern Ireland was, in some ways, like arriving at the end of a party which had promised much but now offered little but left-overs, the odd burst of forced enthusiasm, and a crowd of people exhausted by the events of the last few hours. The final weeks of training at Sennelager and Hohne had primed us to a state of finely-tuned readiness. We strutted around in our newly acquired Urban patrol boots, fresh and keen to take on whatever was offered. Bomb and bullet held no terror for us, we knew the drills backwards and reckoned we could set up ICPs, find firing points and slap on a cordon with a gusto hitherto unheard of on the streets of Belfast. Yet we arrived in a city tired by ten years of disastrous conflict, a city where the sight of soldiers padding around a housing estate with flak jacket and automatic rifle was as commonplace as a Traffic Warden in London and Manchester. In Belfast people went about

their lives with a semblance of normality and no matter what one is told before coming out, the first-timer at least, finds it hard to believe that normality can exist in such a place. For a new boy the feeling was of having missed out on the main stream of events. Veterans of Albert Street Mill talked nonchalantly of crawling along the floor in the SQMS's store to avoid the shooting from Divis Flats. They held us entranced with casual references to speculative fire down rows of houses in Broadway, and in some cases took us sightseeing round old haunts. Shooting occurred regularly in areas to our North, and we had our share of bombs in our own. Violence is declining but the soldier's work is still vital, if at times boring. What we found had changed was the emphasis; our job out in Belfast for four months was to encourage the people to beat the terrorist by exclusion, as much as for us to defeat them militarily. It was to this noble and far-sighted end that the men of 'B' Squadron took to the streets of Twinbrook and with this in mind that we resolutely greeted people we did not know, as well as those who by accident



The Squadron Leader and the Brigadier surprised by natives



'B' Squadron didn't always meet bricks and bottles from the children . . .



The Lancaster Mafia with Christine Webber of BFBS Television

or design had become our friends as well as enemies; and, during the heating strike, went out on the Ops Officer's "Geriatric Patrols" when we made sure that old people were not being overcome by the cold. Local reaction varied. Twinbrook is populated almost exclusively by families from the older Catholic Ghettos of Belfast, places like Ardoyne, Lower Falls and Clonard and these inevitably include a fair number of what the local Protestants call "Apaches". Reaction from these people is utterly predictable. A cheerful greeting is followed by total blankness or a torrent of articulate abuse. Reaction from the uncommitted varied. Many were quite prepared to chat easily in the privacy of their homes. However local intimidation usually meant that normally friendly people were afraid to be seen talking to people on the streets. Gradually as the tour progressed people became openly friendlier, particularly children, who saw the snow in January as an ideal opportunity to bombard the Army. We returned their gesture with snowball patrols and often running street battles of a more relaxed nature developed. Many of the goodies from the Officers' Mess Christmas crackers found their way into the greedy hands of a particularly persistent, but utterly charming crowd of little girls.

All this was easy enough, there is no problem when you can clearly identify your friends and enemies. What is more difficult is when those you know to be terrorists and therefore the enemy, prove as friendly and as willing to exchange easy-going banter as anyone else.

Once arrived we quickly got into the swing of things. Our "trade test" took place on our third day in control when a fairly well built signal box in Dunmurry went up with a satisfying crump followed by a mad morning spent chasing around, putting up cordons and listening out for controlled explosions. After this life settled down into a routine of 48 hours on guard and 48 on patrol. We lifted people from their beds in the early hours of the morning, patrolled the estate, searched houses and wandered in and out of the "Hitching Post" our local pub. The two squadron search teams each had a good find; Cpl Mayall and his team found a quantity of bomb-making equipment and ammunition in someone's kitchen, while Cpl Whitelock's men clinched

the end of the tour with a pair of American bolt-action rifles complete with ammunition. Nobody was shot at, but some of the less friendly locals left a potentially nasty bundle of petrol and explosive at the corner of a street for us. Fortunately they forgot the detonator so we had it cleared away first. Generally speaking though our incident rate was down enormously on what had been experienced in the area by earlier units.

Our tour finished quietly and without any serious injury. Flying bricks and bottles near St. Colm's School nearly caused a few headaches, and a couple of children burned a bus to celebrate our departure, but there was nothing to mar our hand-over to the Blues and Royals—our luck held out till the end. In terms of concrete achievements it is hard to assess the tour, we had some convictions and arms and explosives were found; these are minimal though and replacements can easily be found. All we can hope is that we made some contribution no matter how small, to persuading the local people to sort their own problem out and if that has been done and there is less likelihood of 'B' Squadron and the Regiment going back again, then something has been achieved, and our months spent training and in Belfast were not wasted.



"...I SAY AGAIN— GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH..."

'C' Squadron



Twin smudgers Tprs George and Brian Smith whose home is in Denton, Manchester, seen on an exercise in Germany. They are in fact in different Troops in the Squadron

Writing the Hawk notes in the grip of an Arctic Winter seems a far cry from the similar conditions we experienced at the beginning of 1978 in Hohne. In fact one almost fondly remembers the early morning starts on range 5A, unfreezing our Chieftains prior to conversion firing, and the Active Edge practise when we very gingerly manoeuvred our way on the sheet ice of the Range Road during a blizzard. Conditions thankfully improved as we drove to the Soltau training area for Troop Training. The movement order, however, had not bargained with Mr Jarrett's enthusiasm. With the frequent exhortation of "Let's keep this ***** show moving" to his driver and the rest of the Squadron we arrived on the training area in record time! Captain Dashwood joined SHQ from the City and soon got into his stride "gripping" the Squadron net. Sgt Beveridge impressed us all with his knowledge of NBC warfare and his incredible night vision! Third

Troop's uncanny ability to disappear from the face of the earth and the eyes of the Squadron Leader was capped only by First Troop's need for frequent halts for "essential maintenance".

Back in Hohne Capt Fellowes and the Squadron shooting team did well at the Regimental Rifle meeting. After an excellent start they only lost the overall match in the final shoot out.

The D'Arcy Hall winter sports were dogged with delays, but in the Football the Squadron team played well only to be beaten in the final by a strong 'B' Squadron team. The Rugger was lost also to 'B' Squadron in an excellent match that could have gone either way. A name that frequently appeared in all squadron teams was that of Mr Harman of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles and our Second Troop Leader. Mr Harman made many friends in the Regiment and especially in 'C' Squadron.

In April the Squadron deployed on its own



Capt Roger Fellowes, C.O.T. Leader

for a weeks training with the 1 PWO Battle Group. This was an excellent opportunity to polish up our skills and proved to be enjoyable. Between exercises during this week the Squadron spent a day being filmed for an episode of the *SPEARHEAD* series for Southern Television.

The careful maintenance and preparation for Annual Firing paid off and the Squadron maintained a high standard that will prove invaluable in Canada this year. The night firing proved to be a fitting finale with excellent shooting by all crews.

The D'Arcy Hall swimming competition once again proved to be a 'C' Squadron benefit in which we lost only one event.

As the Squadron had had the extra training with 1 PWO we formed the enemy for Regimental training in June. This gave us the opportunity to inject a touch of "Light Cavalry" panache to our tactics and movement. We succeeded in giving the remainder of the Regimental Battle Group a suitably hard time out-manoeuvring our opposition at every possible opportunity. This final exercise ending on a high note was, however, a sad moment for 'C' Squadron. For a variety of good reasons the Squadron had to reduce to the size of a strong troop for the eight month period of the Northern Ireland training and tour. The

Close Observation Troop carried out extra training for its task and became the Commanding Officer's immediate reserve.

The Squadron reforms after Northern Ireland block leave in March in virtually the same form with the only changes resulting from postings and promotions.

Close Observation Troop

When the Regiment started planning for our Belfast tour, a rather mysterious set of initials were seen but definitely not understood. Heads were put together to fathom out what COT meant and in the end Captain Fellowes was summoned and told to go on a course in England and find out.

He set off across the channel only to return six weeks later looking bewildered, but full of enthusiasm for the new venture. During his absence Mr Harman 6GR and Sgt Davies had organised the troop, made up entirely of 'C' Sqn soldiers with the exception of Cpl Murphy from RHQ Troop. During the following days we were given a thoroughly horrible time by Messers Harman and Davies, doubling everywhere, bulling our boots and being subjected to some extremely arduous physical training. However, having initially hated the idea it soon became apparent that the troop was going to be something out of the ordinary. Morale was very high and we were already being regarded with curiosity and respect by the remainder of the Regiment. Mr Harman unfortunately then left us to return to his Battalion. His Ulster experience and early training had given us an excellent start that was going to prove invaluable. Captain Fellowes, Sgt Davies and most of the NCO's then moved to Sennelager to do two weeks training, organised by NITAT. The first week was taken up with instruction in photography and tactics, and techniques of the job to come. The remainder of the troop arrived at Sennelager just in time for a full week in "the city". This week was probably the hardest period of training. We were expected to supply our own civilian population, immediate standby crews, ordinary patrols, observation posts and Troop Headquarters to monitor and control everything happening. We were extremely stretched but managed to improve dramatically in all respects during that week, despite the normal NITAT cry of "Wrong, start again"! You never can get it right at Sennelager. One of the most common sightings from the OPs was our instructor, Captain "Duff" Burrell of the Royal Hussars, "The

Ratcatcher," waging a private but determined war against the rat population of "the city".

We had by now learnt the basic bread and butter of our job and next we needed to learn how to spread the butter evenly during the following month at Hohne. In addition to this we needed to train in observation and memory techniques and a few hours were spent in improving our car and terrorist recognition, and in remembering passages from newspaper cuttings and other literature.

Being the smallest organisation in the Regiment it was often easy to acquire extra range periods far and wide over the North of Germany. We felt that with all the time spent travelling to and fro we were wasting time especially in fitness training, and it was therefore a great surprise to the troop when travelling back from the ranges one day, that the bus stopped and everybody got out, the bus drove on and we had to walk back to Hohne from Winsen Aller. Until then, Cpl Tait had been strangely quiet but got back to his normal form and led an excellent ticking session! As every day started with some sort of PT until NAAFI break this march caused no problems. We practised OPs and drills and soon everything started to fit into place and confidence was gained.

During the Regimental package with NITAT we carried out normal training and were delighted to find that our shooting was well above average. We moved to Sennelager as an extra troop with 'B' Sqn having the advantage of knowing the area intimately. Soon we started picking up weapons to boost the 'B' Sqn total. After a short rest we returned to the City to observe the very realistic population from selected positions in the buildings. Some were compromised by their own mistakes, and the ones that were not got the full treatment from the civilians as the NITAT staff gave the game away.

We felt that we had done enough by this time and the week of leave that came at the end of NITAT was an extremely welcome break. The time to move to Ireland was approaching rapidly, and with this thought in mind we decided to leave our normal method of operations for a while. We took part in the Regimental brick competition. This competition had a total of over 50 entrants and was organised to involve as many different problems and activities as possible over a two day period. We were pleased to get all our bricks into high positions including first and third places. The move to Ireland went well and after



Close Observation Troop photos of youths stoning at Lenadoon



a brief takeover from 1 Queens we became operational initially giving two patrols to each Squadron to familiarise. The troop was based at Woodburn but owing to accommodation problems we were moved to Glassmullin which turned out to be a much more comfortable place to live. We generally helped out in patrolling, particularly for 'D' Squadron. On Christmas day we stood in for 'A' and 'B' Squadrons and managed to give them time off for a decent lunch. We then had a good time for the remainder of the day. Our other full-time commitment was to guard Dunmurry RUC station which was a fairly boring task but always guaranteed two days with a break. We also kept our shooting up to scratch by going to Ballykinlar and made good use of the large quantities of ammunition we were given. In retrospect it has been a fascinating troop to be in. It has had its ups and downs and a fair amount of sitting around waiting for something

to happen. But the specialised training has taught all of us a lot about ourselves and our capabilities and limitations. The outstanding lesson that we have all learnt is the importance of attention to detail.

We all remain together when we return to Germany, but unfortunately some of the old 'C' Sqn will be going elsewhere to other postings. In particular I know that all 'C' Squadron would like to thank Major Cullinan for being so approachable and understanding during his tour as Squadron Leader which has been the greatest fun. We say goodbye and good luck also to SSM Taylor, and thank him for his hard work for the Squadron especially over the difficult time of the move to Germany and the problems of settling into the new accommodation.

In their places we welcome Major Dean and SSM Yankey and look forward to a busy year.

'D' Squadron

Since the Spring of 1978 which was when the almost virgin 'D' Sqn was first accounted for in this editorial, the Squadron has completed two Gunnery Camps with good results due to hard work by Sgt Taberner and Sgt Cullen.

We have also undergone two periods of Soltau training, also a successful week or so working with the Coldstream Guards.

Recreational pastimes this year have gone by the board due to such a tight programme. But there were several sailing trips up into the Danish Archipelago, arranged by Capt Davis, who I might add has now left the Squadron to go to the Signals School at Bovington. These trips were either beset by the sort of weather that one normally sees when Tyrone Power goes around Cape Horn in the "Return of the Bounty", or the weather reminiscent of a hot day on one of the small reservoirs outside Billerickay with largish white fish, languidly floating belly up in the oily dock water. These trips were excellent fun where one either leapt about the rigging like the "bona fide" "Jolly Jack Tar" yelling "Yo ho, land ahoy, me hearties" or one had bicycle races around the hills of Aerostobling and drank bottles of aqua-vitt and champagne with some dissolute German actors, who wanted to feel they were not the only fools around.

Canoeing was also attempted when we were back in Hohne, but the weather last summer didn't really give us a lot of time to go sunning ourselves. But the 'D' Sqn canoeing contingent did come back with marvellous tales of naked maidens on far off islands just begging to be saved. As this was only on the River Aller, I did have my doubts about who went where and what they did when they were there. It turned out there was a nudist camp on the Aller which led to the downfall of the 'D' Sqn canoeing team and hence the downfall of Cpl McGahey's hopes of shooting the Colorado Rapids.

The D'Arcy Hall Competition came and went with 'D' Squadron coming first in the Hockey led by Captain Simon Lang, Tpr Whittle taking the swimming team to a close third. At one point 'D' Sqn had three men in the Regimental Football Team, the captain being Cpl Annis from 2nd Troop. In the Shooting we came second in every event with a subsequent second place at the end. Cpl France captained the team and also went on to Bisley with Tpr Lowe. In the Gym Cpl Hutchinson, from Mr Garbutt's Troop, had been training vigorously so he can perhaps join the Physical Training Corps. He has been a great help in arranging sport for the Squadron.



4th Troop "drinking all our beer before the SSM found us"
(Photo Cpl Warren)



4th Troop banquet: Goulash à la compo, rich cake and chateau Cokta

The takeover from 'B' Company 1 Queens was informative and smooth and we soon found ourselves cordoning "Andytown" (on quite familiar terms by now) Police Station. The reason we were cordoning it was because a bomb had been reported in a bus which was parked alongside the gates. Felix defused the device and the flush of success swept through 'D' Squadron. But this was only the first of 24 similar incidents all of which have been dealt with in a cool and admirable fashion by the Cordon and ICP Commanders.

Throughout the tour everyone has had the opportunity to visit Belfast City Centre and do various things like shopping over Christmas. This was especially important. Also for those of us who hadn't seen the strife-torn Falls and Divis area it was fun to journey through and have a look.

Over Christmas we had a good party with as many people as could be taking part and before Christmas there was a CSE show that everyone enjoyed as it was nicely off the cuff and caused a great deal of amusement.

The tour overall has gone well with several terrorists being locked away and, hopefully, the community relations, which everyone has found difficult has reached the stage where we are accepted as trying to carry out our tasks in a fair way. But we must realise it is merely a drop in the ocean and with luck, the Blues and Royals who are taking over from us will find useful the work that everyone in 'D' Squadron has put in over the four months in Andersonstown.

Looking back on our four months we really do not seem to have stopped from the time we arrived. The bomb in the bus on 10 October seems very recent. This was followed by many IED's, robberies at post offices, patrols, fires in breweries, and thousands of hours in Sangars. However, to all the sabre troops with their tales of glory let's not forget Kestrel and the watchkeepers, Cpl Morris and the operators, Cpl Lancaster and the Humbers, and perhaps most important of all Cpl Beavis and the Cooks, without whom none of us would be able to have completed the tour.

Finally, a word to 2nd Troop, 'A' Squadron, 1st The Queens Dragoon Guards. They joined us from the South end of Hohne Camp on 19 July and have been with us for eight months. They have put up with us, worked hard, played hard and apart from that dismal Saturday in December when Wales were beaten by the All Blacks, have retained their infectious sense of humour throughout the tour. We, in 'D' Squadron, thank you for all you have contri-

buted and hope to see you again in Hohne. Those of us with connections in the principality will keep our fingers crossed for the triple crown.

2nd Troop

BAOR

The year effectively started with Sqn Gunnery in which the Troop acquitted themselves fairly well under the watchful eye of our resident gunnery expert (?) Cpl Stowell. This was followed by a bout of Tp Trg which started off on a white footing. Due to the snow the Sqn Ldr decided that the tanks should be painted white. This so bemused Cpl Annis he decided not to go. As the exercise got under way we had to cover the tanks in mud as the thaw started early. All this culminated in a fair imitation of a night march on foot which wore out the Troop Leader Mk 1 (Mr Lynch) and the patience of everyone else.

Back at home most of the Troop disappeared on various courses, from which Duxbury and Todd returned as licensed Tank Aimers. In between courses the tanks were given odd road runs, on one of which Billy Whittle managed to make major adjustments to the tank gate.

After a period of comparative peace the main exercise season started. We did a week with the Coldstream Guards and wiped the board at the St. George's Day celebrations. Ringers Rowson waltzed off with the prize of "Miss Soltau" and Joe Handley stunned them as "Berlington Bertie" in the New Faces competition. While not showing the Guards round the tanks, Sgt (Boss 1) Smith could be seen either with a felling axe or a sledgehammer in his hand making minor mods. It was during this period that Mr Athill (Tp Ldr Mk II) joined the band. He was greeted by a rather sneaky impersonation of 'A' Comp Commander (Lcpl Travolta) and his obedient but surly batman (Maj Casanova). "Cosmo" came out of this with flying colours and was accepted with good cheer.

And so on to Regt Gunnery. In this the Troop started to really get it together. Skell Barry became a star once he'd smacked his head once or twice, and we're grateful to Bernie Filio for loading 42A, and all the drivers we "borrowed" for the battle runs.

Regt Training brought the usual bad weather and change of crews. "Sticky" Stowell left for a course giving Mr Athill his first command. Although "Mac" McNulty was there to make sure he didn't disappear into any large holes. "Quazzy" joined 42B as Operator and ended up having to sweat it out with Dave



Mr Athill thinking



Cpl Wood thinking



All sorts of people thinking

Annis and Skell putting an obstinate track back on. Des Hawkins and Mac McMullen thought this very amusing until they threw one in a rather large puddle.

After this the Troop was made up for Ireland Training, acquiring Tp Ldr Mk III (Mr Dixon) and many others.

2nd Troop "Over the Water"

Northern Ireland life started abruptly for the Troop with a proxy bomb (double decker bus) at RUC Andersonstown on Mr Dixon's first patrol. Fortunately it didn't go off, but it set the pace for much of the next four months. However, Cpl Williams and his brick, Tpr Gardner, Smith and Rowson were at the Police Station when another did explode—alarming for the brick since they could not find the keys to get out the back way!

Indeed this Police Station featured greatly in the Troop's life—Cpl Stowell, Lcpl Turpin, Tprs McMullen and Woods set a new Northern Ireland record for car checks in one day, some 4905. Over a thousand more than the previous record; and Hawkins received a commendation from the Chief Inspector for his actions after another incident.

The Troop search teams were very unlucky—even working on a little girl's statement that "Daddy has two bigger guns than the soldiers". He did, but they were only plastic replicas—the search teams, Cpls Annis and Filio, Tprs Whittle, Duxbury and Woods and Cfns Dyas and Seddon, were not amused since their next search only produced plastic guns as well. The Troop Block soon looked like a toyshop, although they did find a crossbow and various pieces of illegal literature.

Sgt Smith cannot go without mention as he controlled search operations. Tp Leader and Troop at the same time. His search operations resulted in two rifles, a pistol, and some bomb-making equipment amongst the lesser finds.

In the final weeks we have had a good mixture of Troops, Bandsmen, REME and Blues and Royals all working together remarkably well—and all except the latter with the constant thought that there are only a few days and an early breakfast to go before joining wives and girl friends.

All in all the Troop had a successful and enjoyable tour—despite the Irish interruptions.

4th Troop — BAOR

Because Cpl France left for Bisley training, we were joined by Cpl (Rotten Ron) Warren from SHQ Troop and Cpl John (Odo) Wood, back from AYT. It may have been fitting that

the two oldest members of the Troop were on the oldest tank.

April found us on Soltau politely declining to line our tanks up in Regimental order with No. 4 Coy, Coldstream Guards. The day after our arrival, our new Troop Leader, Mr (Bargut) Garbutt arrived and much to his dismay found his tank undergoing a pack change.

We celebrated St. George's Day with the Guards, and who could ever forget the sight of Sgt (Paddy) Cullen playing football in 15 inches of Soltau dust.

May found us on Annual Firing and after a hesitant start we did quite well. Tpr Andy Bevis proved himself a very able loader after he realised the bag charge went in the chamber and not his arms.

As soon as we finished Gunnery we found ourselves on Soltau again where Sgt Cullen created a new song, Cpl Wood found tank commanding not what it is cracked up to be, and Cpl Warren found a new meaning for dawn patrol. Tprs Geoff Sherratt and Andy Bevis (Mutt and Jeff) prepared an excellent banquet one evening. On the menu: Goulash a la Compo, rich cake and of course, chateau coka.

4th Troop provided the Sqn with some fine musical entertainment most evenings, although it wasn't appreciated by all. In fact, sometimes we were a bit pushed to drink all our beer before SSM Rushton found us.

We were all chosen to lead the Sqn back to Hohne on a night march which went off quite well, although Mr Garbutt refused to believe he'd led the Sqn through a cornfield until we were on the washdown pulling sheaves of corn out of the suspension.

I think it safe to say that the whole troop enjoyed our schemes together (it certainly brought people out of their shells) and we look forward to more schemes in North Germany.

Northern Ireland

4th Troop 'D' Sqn was formed on 7 July 1978 for our Northern Ireland commitment and, unfortunately will be disbanded on our return to Hohne, with all those concerned returning to their respective Sqns.

The Troop led by Mr Garbutt and Sgt "Al" Beveridge entered the training period with plenty of enthusiasm. Physical and military training followed for three months before the tour. Daily PT took its toll. Cpl "Rotten Ron" Warren, who was always found at the back of the running squad, making sure there was nobody "lagging" behind suffered an ankle

injury and found himself king of the Ops Room in Glassmullin. Cpl (PM) Wood was seconded to be Glassmullin MTO, and Lcpl Tait (REME) decided to dive headfirst off a log run on the assault course and, as a result, occupied a bed for many weeks in BMH Hannover.

After the training was finished a short spell of local leave followed and then by 10 October the Troop found itself in Glassmullin Camp, Andersonstown, for four months.

To make sure nobody is forgotten it is perhaps best to mention individuals, while not forgetting to highlight their specialities. The Troop consisted of 6 x 4-man Bricks. C/S 44 was led by Mr Garbutt, who managed to fit in more social activities than patrols. The other members were Tpr Joe 90 (Veteran) McCormack, Tpr (Sorry for Living) Bradley and Tpr Wiffin (Boy) who latter decided whilst driving a landrover on patrol, that his Rover and a harmless telegraph pole should meet, and they did—head on!

C/S 44A was lead by Sgt Al (Rubber Dick Victim Extraordinaire) Beveridge with Tpr Mel (Bag-on) Beaver, Lcpl Smith 85 (Andy or Audrey) and Tpr Foxy Foxcroft, who to this day cannot explain how he passed his driving test.

44B was commanded by Cpl Baz France, who had to keep asking for help from the other members of his Brick to clear puddles or climb up onto pavements. He was assisted by "Manny" Cohen, Lcpl Smith 31, who eventually commanded his own Brick, and Cfn Lombard.

Cpl "Mac" McGahey commanded 44C Brick, and was never at a loss for words. His voice procedure left something to be desired. He was once heard issuing an order to another Brick on patrol, "We will have one more scrennet (look) around the area and then kick it in the head" (don't cry, Bovington).

Tpr (On Probation) Ewen and Tpr (I like Policemen and short R & R's) Sherratt were his team. Tpr "Amnar" Riley joined his Brick a month after the tour started and since then has been accused of shuffling up to people, in his slippers and trying to stab them in the back.

Cpl Hutchinson, Lcpl Brennan, Tprs Hamilton and Watson were the lads of 44D. Otherwise known as "Mac", "Fair One", "Ham" and "Dirty Baz". This was the Troop's search team, who, during November, had a successful find of two rifles, magazines and bullets in a house on our patch. Three villains were accommodated in Crumlin Road jail as a result.

Last, but not least, was 44E, commanded by Lcpl "Taff" Rees, with Tprs (I'm not a Spic) Robertson, "Hunchback" Bevis, and "Wooly" Woolston. The Brick had the uncanny knack of attracting proxy bombs, grenades, flying bullets, and other numerous incidents, whenever they were on duty at Andersonstown RUC Station.

On a more serious note, however, the tour has almost finished. Everybody has worked hard and has been involved in various incidents, and without exception, have shown their professionalism in dealing with them. Everybody will leave Ulster in a few days, with thoughts of a happy but hard working tour behind them.

Mr Garbutt left a fortnight early to start his Officers' Gunnery Course at sunny Lulworth, and will return a better informed and educated (in the Gunnery World) man.

Congratulations should go to Cpl Hutchinson on gaining his second stripe, and Lcpls Brennan and Smith (85) on gaining their first.

If you require more startling and frank revelations of 4th Troop folk, then read their Guard Stag manuals.

D SQN RETURN FROM THE HOLLOW.



Rear Party

Why pretend we had anything but a cushy winter back in Hohne? If we claim otherwise you will not believe us and in any case we had a jolly good time improved immeasurably by the thought that you, the rest of the Regiment, were out on patrol, probably soaking wet dodging the bottles and bullets.

At the time of writing you have yet to return and if we could postpone it we would (insert chorus) "For we are having a jolly good time back here". We fear the editor may choose to lose our article so as to ensure space for the very last of your war stories, as a sports magazine may choose to ignore an article on cricket at the height of the Rugby season. And speaking of Rugby we gather you have been doing little else out there! In case the editor allows us space perhaps with a view to maintaining a degree of equilibrium in his magazine we will risk the effort and tell you our story.

It all began in September before the Regiment left for Belfast. Eighty men of the Rear Party formed the Civilian Population (CIVPOP) in the Urban Training Area known as "Tin City". All very confusing but the aim was simply to make the streets, houses, the garage, shops and the pub "come alive" to create greater realism for the Regiment's internal security training. Inevitably certain members of CIVPOP were required to act as enemy. It was surprising, nay worrying, to find how many slipped so easily into the job. Drawn from the Band, REME, Squadron Rear Parties and the Royal Irish Rangers there was plenty of talent to choose from. Sgts Wells, Machon, Berkeley and Ssgt Crompton and Lcpl Baggallay will long remain on the wanted list in the minds of the Regiment. Lts Cameron and Astley-Birtwistle too. Then there were the natural actors: Cpl Corry ("Watch your back"), Sgt Blower as the garage owner, the Bandmaster as the MP and although not so natural the two faced Father Hunter alias OC CIVPOP/OC Rear. They say that Tpr Black has applied for a job with the GPO! Little did the Band know, as they threw their beer cans at the "Bricks" during the final riot, that they too were to face the music on the streets of Belfast.

Of course the highlight of the Rear Party's reign at Hohne was that glorious day; the 10th October, when the last of you departed for Belfast. Peace at last! But we judged by the piles of last minute memos you left behind of

"things to do while we are away" we had enough to keep ourselves busy. So what have we been up to since you left?

The Rear Party Tank Troop were given the unenviable task of preparing 66 Chieftains 7 x 432s and several Ferrets for the periodic REME Examination (PRE). The first problem was trying to keep the Chieftains and the Tank Troop together for it seems that as soon as BAOR discover a Regiment has gone to N. Ireland they try and borrow all their kit! We endeavoured to strike a balance of helpfulness and the result was as follows: Four Tanks and their drivers spent a week with the Royal Corps of Transport who wished to practise moving tanks around Germany at high speed. Cpl Mather took one tank and crew to Celle for a week where he gave the newly arrived Royal Anglian Regiment a quick introduction to the machine. Lcpl Wheeler and Tpr Faux had their tank transported to Munsterlager where they showed it off to German "Old Comrades" on their Memorial Day Parade. One tank was lent to the RAC Gunnery Wing and as we write there is a tank, complete with dozer, clearing the Roundhouse NAAFI car park of two feet of solid ice. The weather in January did its best to disrupt the PRE programme which gradually slipped further and further back. It took a whole day with two Chieftain dozers to clear the Tank Park of five foot snow drifts on 2nd January. Temperatures fell to -24°C for almost a week and the hangar heating, a very temporary arrangement, could not cope. The result was fascinating when the temperature eventually rose for whilst the hulls unfroze the thicker steel of the turrets did not. The extraordinary result was 66 green hulls carrying 66 glistening white turrets! Luckily the late autumn was mild so that the bulk of the hard labour could be carried out then. Fourteen major assemblies were changed and no less than 640 feet of track! The Tank Troop crewing hardly remained the same for a fortnight with postings in and out and the steady trickle of reinforcements sent to join the Regiment. Sgt Griffiths led the troop assisted by Cpl Hartshorne for the first two months until the former left on a course. A sudden influx of Senior NCOs, then upgunned the hierarchy. Ssgt Cornes arrived and finding it quite impossible to cope with laundering oily denims any more, promptly got married. Cpl Cullen and Sgt Bryson joined the Troop from Canada



Some of the tanks cared for by the hard working Rear Party

and N. Ireland respectively. We were further reinforced by Troopers arriving from the Junior Leaders Regiment and Catterick who were, unfortunately for them, under 18 years old and therefore not permitted to serve in N. Ireland. We doubt if you will believe us but the Tank Troop has worked extremely hard. (Was it 'A' Squadron in the last issue of *Hawk* who said that if you did not blow your own trumpet when separated from the rest of the Regiment then no one else would?) Having said that a few have managed to escape to ski in Bavaria on Exercise Snow Queen and the Troop, as a whole, leave for a day in the Harz Mountains tomorrow.

The Rear Party MT Troop had their share of lending vehicles. Two Landrovers and five 4 tonners took part in the 1st Armoured Division Exercise "Aintree Task" and judging by their state on return were put through their paces. Ssgt Taylor ran the Troop and Lcpl Jones, of the 'B' Squadron Rear Party, manned the co-ordination desk. Cpl Blocke was eventually ousted from the stables to run the servicing bay with Lcpl Corness. Transport, for a change, was always available—if you could provide a driver! The schedules the Troop organised to carry the wives hither and thither would put the Ulster Bus Company into the background. We won't mention the fun we've had with the Stalwarts except to say that we are leaving part of the fun to Mr Stocker, our next MTO. Rear Party Headquarters were quick to ease

into the luxury of RHQ to await the first signal from Belfast. The signal arrived before we had even had time to organise our coffee production system and its message sounded ominous. "Send reinforcements we want to . . ." What was to be our reply? "Where from?"—a little cheeky. "Will send him soonest"—more to the point. "Which sex?"—would only invite a reply of "We are not amused", or even worse: "I am not amused". And so it was that Reinforcement Troop was born but more about that later. Rear Party Headquarters consisted of Major Dean as OC Rear, a title he tried in vain to change; Captain Baines as RP Adj; WO2 Taylor as RP RSM; Sgt Burrill as RP CC until half way when SSgt Whelan returned from Belfast to change with him; Cpl Chapman, Lcpl Simmons, Tpr Laurie and Tpr Hurst. There has rarely been a dull day, indeed life became so hectic that Major Dean wrangled a trip to Belfast for a few days claiming it to be his R and R. Captain Baines has been kept busy with the usual mountain of paperwork and his efforts to get the new style Hohne Polo Club off the ground. Cpl Chapman has circumnavigated Lower Saxony countless times—on his feet! Whilst Tpr Hurst prefers the night spots of Bergen. WO2 Taylor has been living in isolated splendour at Schloss Bredebeck keeping it warm and guarded.

Reinforcement Troop was formed under the leadership of Sgt Taberner and the administration of Sgt (Paddy) O'Meara. The logic of



WO1 Midgley, RQMS Butcher, Sgts O'Meara and McGoldrick receiving their LSGC medals from Princess Anne during her visit in July

this selection was that whilst Sgt Taberner was already an expert on training for N. Ireland Sgt O'Meara knew what the reinforcement was going to! Twenty-four soldiers of the Regiment and in addition the entire Regimental Band carried out training with Reinforcement Troop. The Band chose the first three days of snow to fire their rifles, some for the first time with the SLR, on Horsten ranges.

The REME Rear Party numbering nearly fifty strong have played a very full part in our story and we would like to mention a few of their exploits within this article. The team has been led by the ASM: WO1 Saunders, until now, mid January, when the EME: Captain Pearse returned from N. Ireland, and leave, to takeover. The team has of course been heavily involved with the PRE but in addition has helped a tremendous amount in assisting to look after the wives back in Hohne. They have turned out day and night to "recover" wives in broken down cars. How they ever find them we don't know. One wife telephoned to say she was broken down by "the big tree on the right" but could give no further directions. They "recovered" her by showing her how the handbrake could be let off!!! SSgt Machon and others have, on occasions taken on a holocaust of screaming children in the Station Gym to lose some of their energy normally meated out to fathers. For these and the many other times they have assisted we are most grateful.

It was of course essential that with the activity on the Tank Park our Technical Troop should be strong and luckily for us it was. Capt Mitchell returned in mid November from a Quartermasters' course and soon had the Troop's Staff Duties in good order. Ssgt Roadnight (when was there ever a Technical Troop without a Roadnight?) had held the fort until then. The Troop has played a big part in preparing the Regiment for the new range of Clansman Radios and by the sound of it raising the popularity of the Regiment by lending most of the current Larkspur Radios to the hard pressed Division.

The Quartermaster's department has been relatively thin on the ground and answerable, in the main, direct to Major Sheen in Belfast and who are we to interrupt the Empire of the mighty Quartermaster? RQMS Midgley led the department until December when he crossed to Belfast for a rest being replaced by RQMS Butcher "fresh" from the front. Sgt Mulholland seems to have spent most of his time counting ammunition. (He lost his calcu-

lator in the defence cuts!) Cpl Johnson ran the Regimental Restaurant and managed to retain his permanent smile despite the Sunday invasion of hundreds of wives and children.

Perhaps the most important task allotted to the Rear Party was the care of 188 separated wives and indirectly their children numbering over 200 (we lost count). An article appears elsewhere in the Hawk written by the team whose immediate concern it was but there are a few points best mentioned here. Lt Jarrett returned from Belfast after 6 weeks of the tour supposedly to run the Tank Troop. On arrival at Hohne however he was promptly made Families Officer and, in the knowledge that all the wives will agree with us, we can safely say that he did a superb job. Again with the same confidence we have to admit that the key personality (although she will be horrified that we have mentioned her) was Mrs Pharo-Tomlin. We could not have hoped for so smooth a passage without her tireless efforts to organise Wives Club events, visit those in need and perhaps above all her knowledge of and friendship with so many other wives. Nor in her turn could Mrs Pharo-Tomlin have coped to the extent that she was able to without the wonderful support and hard work of Mrs Stocker, and many others. Indeed we want to thank all the wives for coping so very well leaving their husbands free to do their duty in Belfast.

Families Staff and Wives Club Events

The Families Staff during the Op Banner Tour consisted of Sergeant Meajor Aindow (Families NCO, Quarters and Housing) assisted by Cpl Mattinson, Sergeant McGoldrick (Wives Club Support) assisted by Cpl Morrow, and Mr Jarrett who joined the Rear Party as Families Officer half way through the tour. Suffice to say that the Families Staff were extremely busy throughout the tour. Tremendous work was done by Mrs Pharo-Tomlin, Mrs Stocker, the Squadron Leaders' and Senior Ranks' wives and countless others for the Wives Club and the families welfare generally. The Regiment owes a great deal to the efforts of these ladies. Our thanks also are extended to Cpl Craddock and Lcpl Coleman who kept the post running efficiently, and to Sergeant Major Taylor and his staff at MT. A final mention must be made of Sergeant Major Aindow and Corporal Morrow who worked so hard at perfecting the video machine—and neither of them had even done the course!

The Wives Club organised so many events that there is not space to include them all here, but we shall mention some. There were two trips to Hamburg Zoo and a stay in Berlin at Edinburgh House. Two days were spent at Schloss Bredebeck. A/RSM Taylor organised a splendid Christmas Party for the children. Dave Raven did a live broadcast from the Corporals' Mess for BFBS, and graced a Wine and Cheese Party. Steve Withers visited and helped organise an informal children's party. Dave Wolfe and other artists gave us a hilarious night of Christmas Cabaret. The NAAFI organised a four-course lunch which

had a character all its own. We had numerous film shows and coffee mornings. We have been to the Harz several times and listened to Lt Col R. H. Hardie's fascinating account of the Ascent of Everest. There have been dinner nights in restaurants, early morning swims, and visits by BBC journalists. Our Tupperware Parties are better than the film *Grease*! Finally, we must thank Corporal Johnson of the Regimental Restaurant who looked after the wives and families so well throughout the tour. After his roasts Sundays just will not be the same again.

Musketry



During the past year, much of the Regiment's time has been spent settling into the BAOR way of life and establishing local contacts. As a result, the small arms shooting has been restricted to the Regimental tradition of working hard with preparations for Bisley, and the firing of two competitions using .22 rifles within an indoor range. The Bisley notes are covered in a separate article, so I will only reiterate that we improved on last year's position by coming 23rd in the Major Unit Championship. Cups, Shields and Medals were won by the team, and we all work towards a further improvement in our placing at Bisley 79.

Due to our inopportune arrival in Hohne in November 1977, we were hard pressed to fire off all our cards in the 1 Div target rifle competition. Although we possess 4 Auslutz target rifles, these were not available as the sights had been mislaid between Bovington and Hohne. Consequently, we used issued No. 8 rifles, and entered more for the experience of firing a competition and drawing interested persons forward. Our hopes of winning were no more than passing. Having fired off the

cards over a period of six weeks, the standard could clearly be seen to be slowly rising. 1 Div and Sig Regt emerged as the clear winners, but we achieved the respectable average of 91 out of 100. With proper target rifles and good sights, which we now have, our chances and hopes for this year are greater.

The second competition entered was the Rhine Army Smallbore Competition, fired with No. 8 rifles again, and in this we thought that we had a fighting chance of winning in qualifying for the final. Eight people were required to shoot and train regularly for it, and largely speaking this was achieved with the adequate facilities available. A good start was made, but the problem of holding the team together around other commitments overtook us, and inexperienced shots were brought in to fire subsequent cards. Sgt Berkley shot consistently well throughout, narrowly missing the individual selection to the final. The other mainstays who shot well were Capt Tilney, Cfn Hardman, Lcpl Glen, Cpl France and several others at various intervals.

In retrospect, although not a winning year, much of the basic groundwork had been consolidated. Our thanks to the QDG's and 49 Field Regiment for the constant use of their indoor ranges—we'll be back scrounging bookings again this year. We are still short of basic equipment, but we now have four good target rifles, good competition ammunition and look mainly for new, talented shots. Anybody, including any wives, will be most welcome to come and "have a go".



Seen on the Ranges were the Commanding Officer, Mr Tim 'Jenks' Wood, and Capt Roger Fellowes with Tpr Walton and Sgt Hammett



Bisley

As pointed out in last year's Hawk the objective of the Shooting Team in 1977 had been to re-establish itself at Bisley, and provide a cornerstone for reconstruction.

In 1978 this process continued, and on 10 and 11 April the Regiment held its own Skill at Arms Meeting on Horsten Range to discover talent. Furthermore, and a great boost, the Commanding Officer decreed that henceforth the results of the Inter-Squadron Shoots should count towards the D'Arcy Hall Competition. 'A' Squadron, with the majority of the known shots, and their recent experience with the infantry, were determined to lead the way and in the event they just emerged victorious. Tpr Dimitrov won the Individual Championship, Lt Fellowes the Roupell Cup, and Tpr Smith ('C' Sqn) the Association. In the SMG Match Tpr Lowe ('D' Sqn) set a score early on that no one could better, and Cpl Martin (REME) achieved a notable success by winning the Roberts Match.

Hereafter the training of a group of twenty began in earnest with the immediate aim of cleaning up at the Divisional Championship which is now the qualification hurdle for Bisley. Indeed those of you who remember the days when competing at Bisley was simply a matter of turning up, might be surprised to learn that out of 12 major units in 1 Armoured Division only 3 were allocated places.

As anticipated the team had little trouble. Although appallingly hampered by lack of ranges they won the SMG match outright, with Cpl Bradbury, admirably coached by Ssgt Ingham, becoming 1 Div SMG Champion, and the team came second in the rifle only after a count-out. However, by dint of some dexterity in the points system, the Regiment was just pipped for the Divisional Championship, despite qualifying top for Bisley selection. This year, with a bit more pistol training, we hope to make no mistakes, but the arrival of our old friends 1 R. Anglian is bound to provide tough competition.

On 31 May, with the team now narrowed down to twelve, we left Hohne for our old stamping grounds at Warminster where range space is considerably more abundant. With only 3½ weeks left before Bisley time was by now short and the shooters had to put in long hours six days a week. The older shots, particularly Ssgt Ingham and Cpl Holden, have much to be thanked for, but the continuing



The RAC Methuen team on the firing point waiting for the "OFF", Lcpl Dimitrov, Ssgt Ingham and Capt Tilney ready to go—with Cpl Holden behind ready to do the spotting

heartache for the Team Captain was the final selection. In the event six of the eight selected had shot at Bisley before; but nevertheless the team was a young one, with more young shots than the rules required, so there is hope that it may indeed provide a nucleus for the future.

For the actual meeting we stayed at Church Crookham with 6 GR, which was a great opportunity to renew old friendships, and a chance for the younger members to meet the little men whose kukris we wear on our uniform, and of whom we always tell quite implausible stories. Now they know all the stories are true and that Baht makes you shoot better.

Having come 31st in 1977 it was hoped that a steady improvement might be possible and obviously we had our eyes on something special for the Major Units SMG Championship—the 14/20H Cup. The end of the first week saw us lying about 12th out of 65 major units which was extremely exciting and the team had achieved a very good score indeed in the 14/20H Cup which brought them in 8th. The second week at Bisley, however, consists of the various team shoots and now the lack of range space in Germany began to tell. In the end we finished a very creditable 23rd overall, and 4th in Rhine Army (an indication of the handicap BAOR units suffer).

We again won the Cambridge Shield (best RAC Regiment), the RTR Cup (SMG), and Lcpl Dimitrov and Cpl Martin REME won back the Lindley Cup for the Regiment in the GPMG Match. The other particularly successful efforts were those of Cpl Bradbury who again shot well and achieved the considerable distinction of a place in the Army 100, the only cavalryman to achieve it, and Tpr Mannion who won a medal in the Moving Target Match.

One other achievement the team would dearly love to record is that the RAC team in the Inter-Corps Match was found entirely from 14/20H, an unprecedented event.

In short the Regiment continues to rebuild and it is with great hope that Capt Baines hands over the Team Captaincy to Capt Moger who has returned from Sandhurst.

Lcpl Dimitrov and Tpr Mannion receiving the Cambridge Shield from General Sir Roland Gibbs, CGS



Officers' Mess



Peter Garbutt adding a difference to the Mess surrounds

Sitting in the delicately pre-fabricated Fort Monagh Mess gazing at our newly-acquired painting of Schloss Bredebeck brings back memories probably rather similar in terms of grandeur to that of an old Indian Army Officer recounting his life style in the days of the Raj.

Those vast parties where the Mess throbbed from sunset to daybreak to the tones of the Gay Hussar (yes, David Woodd and Peter Garbutt are still allowed to perform in Germany). That lunch party in May when 300 came—poor old cooks had been told 80 to 90. However, good old Redmond and the staff knew how to handle that. And do you remember that lunch party in June when we all had to jump up and down in between the courses? I hope HRH didn't mind Lcpl Price spilling soup into her handbag.

The knack that Peter Garbutt developed of producing such exquisite food on the big occasion—Lcpl Wilson's cheese souffles even gained the admiration of the Corps Commander when being dined out by the BRAC and all the RAC Commanding Officers in BAOR. What an occasion that was! Just as well we didn't have jousting after dinner, as seems



FAREWELL DINNER FOR THE CORPS COMMANDER AT SCHLOSS BREDBECK ON FRIDAY, 14th JULY, 1978

Left to Right

Front Row:

Lt Col Wells, CO 15/19H, Capt Shuttleworth, 13/18H ADC, Brig Dalzell-Payne Chief of Staff, Brig Maxwell BRAC, Lt Gen Worsley, Maj Collings RTR SIG, Maj Radford, 16/5L, Lt Col Bentley, CO 2 RTR, Maj Smales, Maj Cullinan

Second Row:

Maj Wilkinson, RH, Maj de Beaujeu, Lt Col Lewis, CO 1 RTR, Lt Col Ansell, CO 5 INNIS DG, Lt Col Webster, CO QRIH, Lt Col Pocock, CO QDG, Lt Col Vivian, CO 16/5L, Maj Coombes, Berlin Sqn Ldr SCOTS DG, Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Capt Pearson, 17/21L

Back Row:

Maj Lemon, RH, Capt Cameron-Hayes, Col Allen, Maj Rix RTR OC 2 ADS, Lt Col Hugh Smith, CO RHG/D, Maj Villiers, 15/19H, Lt Col Cousins RTR BLO German Armour School



The Colonel-in-Chief, Colonel and Commanding Officer with the Officers



John Smales being carefully supervised by Dan de Beaujeu on a Mess fatigue party

to have become the favourite after-dinner sport. (However, the Colonel of 33 Panzer Battalion showed enormous courage on the back of Michael Vickery.)

Then there was the tremendous rush of parties at the end of August when, with thoughts of four months' confinement looming, the bachelors gave a large lunch party for all our own marrieds and others, in particular QDG couples who have entertained the inhabitants of Bredebeck so well through the year. We had another great night, believe it or not. Dan and Wendy de Beaujeu gave a farewell drinks party. Now who gave the drinks party for Mark Harman? Half way through the party the rumour spread that the Mess was paying, but everyone accepted the invitation initially on the understanding that it was Mark who was giving it. Anyway by the end it didn't matter—we all believed he had given it!

No more the harsh clatter of the polo ponies going out to exercise in the early morning—or

was it really that early? And where is the gentle swish of Smales' casting his line into that lake so carefully stocked by him and Roger Fellowes. How many did they recover?

John Symons organised a frightfully smart skiing party at Easter time. In true military fashion, he even put a movement order out (the MOD must have heard and have since "Symonsed" him). Martin Davis went sailing with Richard Hews, Mark Harman and Willy Athill. Apparently the ship's log no longer has references to conditions of weather etc., but more to the condition of the crew in the early hours of the morning.

Ah well, life here in Ireland hasn't been too bad really. We have been split up between four Messes and occasionally visited one another and sometimes congregated at Musgrave Park for a cocktail party or dinner party in aid of maintaining relations with the local people who have helped us. Perhaps it has all been rather a good break for us?

WO's & Sgt's Mess



SSgt Redmond receiving his LSGC Medal from Princess Anne during her visit in July

This year has been one full of comings and goings too numerous to list without the danger of omissions, so to all our newcomers, Welcome, and to all the departures a fond farewell with every success in your new field.

Perhaps worthy of note has been the rapid departure of many of our "Cuckoos". The bar is a far lonelier place since Alf O, Bob T, Henry G, Gordon C, Ted W, Charles C, who all decided a home is not a home without a wife and full LOA.

The alterations, put in hand on takeover, are just about completed, Sgt Andy Andrews having done a very professional job of restoring and remounting many of our long forgotten pictures and medals.

Although a very busy year professionally we have managed to entertain the mess wives at two hen dinner nights, which leaves the men folk one in credit.

Ramnuggur was celebrated very late, because of Op Banner, but with no less

enthusiasm than on previous years. A very well done to RQMS Billy Butcher and all the members of the rear party, 90% consisting of our staunch LAD, who managed to fit everybody in within the confines of the Mess and carry out the wonderful transformation of the cellars.

Both of our hierarchy are on the move. RSM Stocker has got the "Pips" and moves to the Schloss, whereas Bandmaster Petheram departs for a quick six months with the J.L.R., Bovington, before civvy street. Their replacements being WO1 Midgley to RSM, WO1 Sands to Bandmaster, but we are not quite sure who will have responsibility for The Magic Roundabout.

Lastly our heartfelt thanks to our hard-pressed, sometimes press ganged staff who have managed to maintain their normal efficiency and cheerfulness when having to run not one but four messes including three in Northern Ireland; and to Cpl Manny Clugh confirmation that the DD Book of Records is looking into your claim of nine Ramnuggurs on the trot, not out.



SSM Ogden—"Super Alf"



Sgt Kirk, SSM Tunnicliffe and SSM Leeming with Lt Gen Sir Timothy Creasy (GOC N. Ireland) after receiving their LSGC medals

THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL

The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, is a modern boarding school for the sons of officers and soldiers, serving or retired, who have served at least four years in the Regular Army.

Selection of boys is based on a competitive examination and fathers' or mothers' service. From September 1980 it will not be necessary for parents to have served in the ranks.

A boy must have attained his 11th birthday and be under the age of 12 years on 1 September of the year of entry. Candidates may be registered on attaining their 8th birthday and must be registered before 1 November of the year preceding entry in the following September.

There are no school fees as such but parents are expected to make a contribution of about £400 per year which is excellent value for money. The Army Boarding School Allowance can not be claimed.

The School has well equipped buildings and spacious grounds and sporting facilities. About 15% of the boys subsequently enter the fighting services and some go on to university.

For a copy of the prospectus or to make an appointment to visit the school please contact: The Headmaster, The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, Kent CT15 5EQ. (Tel.: Dover 203012, ext. 25).



SSgt Gorry explaining the Scorpion to the Clifton Troop, ACF during KAPE

Sporting Activities

Polo

The Inter-Regimental

At last the Regiment has won the much coveted Inter-Regimental. It was clear at the beginning of the season that we would almost certainly meet the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars in the finals. Both Regiments were veterans of finals of the Inter Regimental and neither have won it since their amalgamations. On handicap they were the stronger side and after the first four tournaments the QRIH were the acknowledged favourites.

On Monday 10 July Col Forty Allen and Vonnice arrived from England. Col Forty had very kindly agreed to come out for two weeks to train the team and to coach the other polo players in the Regiment. The next fortnight was vital to the team's success and saw a marked change in their performance. After much thought and an initial practice game against Hamburg it was decided that Rory Mann would play at back, David Wodd at 3, Mike Vickery at 2 and Anthony Woodd at 1. All the ponies were then pooled and regardless of ownership were allocated to the individual players.

Schooling sessions under the eagle eye of Col Forty took place before breakfast each morning, followed by "stick and ball" in the afternoon. On Saturday the team travelled to Hamburg to play an 8 goal Hamburg team and although beaten again there was considerable improvement. On Sunday we were back playing chukkas in Hohne and had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's Polo with Col Forty playing on Oliver Larminie's (QDG) ponies.

Anthony Woodd was away in England for the next and last week-end of Col Forty's visit. After a lot of thought we had entered a 6 goal team in the Munich Polo Tournament because there was no opposition left to play elsewhere in Germany. Much to Col Forty's horror Arthur Denaro, an Irish Hussar +2 goal player was in our team at No. 1. We took 9 ponies down on the Wednesday and by Thursday night all the players had congregated in the four Seasons Hotel in Munich. Rated as one of the best hotels in Europe, we were fortunately staying there by courtesy of the Munich Polo Club. It was a fine experience even if the extras did add up to more than a normal hotel bill.

The Friday match was sadly rained off but Saturday and Sunday saw two hard fast matches against Hamburg and Munich. Hamburg beat us yet again but on Sunday things suddenly began to click and we had a very satisfying game against Munich beating them convincingly. At this stage Col Forty and Vonnice set off for England and we returned to Hohne leaving our ponies at Munich for the next weekend.

Thursday night and we were once again heading South. The weather was glorious, the three matches saw more improvement and we did at last beat Hamburg. Later Arthur Denaro confessed that it was at this stage that he began to feel less confident.

During the next week all the ponies were moved to Schloss Neuhaus, and on Thursday evening Col Forty flew out to support us. Although we won we did not play brilliantly and after the second match between the Irish Hussars and an Hors Concours team we were all worried men. Mains and Denaro were clearly a formidable combination with Lowther very steady at the back. There was an atmosphere of distinct tension at the QRIH barbecue which had been specially and very kindly laid on for us that night. However, between them, Col Forty and Caroline Mann not only kept the team off the bottle but got them to bed at a reasonable hour. Geoff and Cheryl Widdows (15/19H) who were putting up the whole team in their house stayed behind and ensured that the Irish did not get to bed too early.

An early morning schooling session followed by a final check of the ponies, tackle and equipment and we felt that we were as ready as we ever would be. Finally the appointed hour arrived and after some last words from Col Forty telling us to enjoy the game we formed up on the field.

Although only three proper Regimental teams had entered, the final by all opinions turned out to be one of the best games that has been played at Bad Lippespringe for some time.

Some long hitting by both sides opened up the game. Our ponies and team play soon proved themselves superior and although there were anxious moments the Irish never led the score. Someone had to win and it was our greatest dread that the losing side, whichever



After the Inter-Regimental
Left to right: Vickery, Mann, Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Colonel Allen and the Woodd brothers



United Services Polo against Blues and Royals



The 14th/20th and Blues and Royals United Services Polo teams, Left to Right:—Mann, Woodd A., Vickery, Woodd D., Lt Col Lockhart, Parker-Bowles, Livingstone-Learmonth, Darley

it might be, would play badly and thereby make it a bad final. Gratifyingly this was not the case and the Irish Hussars, having played extremely well were most honourable losers.

Although we went on to win the United Services Cup against the Blues and Royals, the Inter-Regimental victory was the historic moment for the Regiment. There is no doubt that Col Forty must take much of the credit for our victory but credit and thanks must also go to those who gave us the time off military duties; to those who stood in to do the work we had forsaken; to those who, unselfishly lent us ponies; to Hamburg who provided challenging opposition for us in Hohne and Hamburg, and

last, but by no means least, to our grooms who, for once, won their bets.

14th/20th King's Hussars

1. Captain A. R. B. Woodd	+1
2. Captain M. J. H. Vickery	+2
3. Captain D. J. B. Woodd	+2
4. Captain R. J. Mann	0

Total +5

Queen's Royal Irish Hussars

1. Captain M. D. Pilleau	0
2. Captain A. G. Denaro	+2
3. Captain J. A. Mains	+2
4. Major C. D. Lowther	+2

Total +6

D.J.B.W.

Stables

1978 was a busy year in the stables at Schloss Bredebeck. In early February the polo ponies began to arrive to join the hunters who had spent the early part of the winter living in luxury by themselves. Numbers quickly grew until the stables were bulging full with 20 assorted horses.

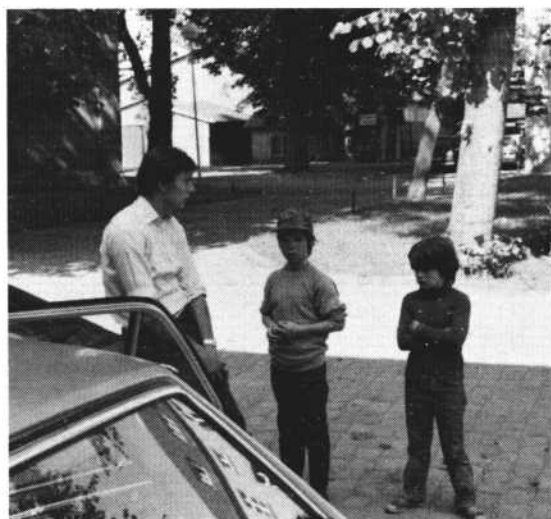
The stables staff, too, was strengthened to look after this influx. The old faithfuls, Cpl Blocke, Tprs Ryan, Abbas and Beaumont were joined by Tprs Franks and Hutchinson and finally in late summer by Tpr Constantine who has been trying to get back to the stables since we left Tidworth. Cpl "Henry" Hall left after many years hard work in the stables; hard work which has been appreciated by horse-owners and Stables Accountants alike. He is to be seen driving Stalwarts for 'A' Squadron these days.

The stables themselves are picturesque old beamed and tiled buildings behind Schloss Bredebeck. They suffer from all the disadvantages of old agricultural buildings, too. They have no running water; buckets are filled in the nearby stream. They are also very much in need of a major repair job, which could be very expensive. The old and highly dangerous pig-stys have been demolished at last, and plans for a new building to house 8—10 horses are in hand.

This year seems to have flown past. The first exercising and getting fit of the polo ponies was nobly carried out by the wives. Michael Vickery held a wives' tea-party at Bredebeck in order to co-ordinate exercising of ponies during Troop Training in late February, early March. After a certain amount of hard bargaining, responsibilities were worked out and the ponies were all most efficiently looked after. Indeed, one day all the grooms were stood

down while all the girls did the stable work for the day. The only mishap was when Nicky Tennent came back from the stream with fewer buckets than she took. We found the bucket in late July when clearing the stream two hundred yards further down.

We can look forward to another busy year in 1979. Officers and grooms are going to attend riding courses, thus generating a continuing interest in equitation. Cpl Blocke will be taking an apprentice farrier course, ensuring continuity in home-grown farriery. It looks as if there will be more ponies and horses in the stables than last year. Stables Troop is growing to accommodate all these additions, and we look forward to another good year of equitation.



Anthony Woodd discussing polo tactics with his two new grooms

Rugby

Let's just slip our boots in our kit bags—never know, Paddy probably plays (that is an understatement). Anyway what about all those Welshmen we're taking—must impress them. Jones, I said a pair of boots not masking tape moulded to your feet.

I hear Garbutt is pulling some weights in Glassmullin and Kelly is converting anything he can lay his hands on at Woodburn—better get on with the first round of the Army Cup. Never had so many volunteers to play before!

Well that was a comfortable win against 2 LI (20—8). Next lot another infantry push—Kings Own Border, Army Champions a few years back. This time 6—0, a bit close. Thank goodness Drummond and Leslie reckoned it was time they put a try together.

Well, well, semi-finals against 13/18H. Better get down to this one. Right, a bit of training—um, three players on R+R; Mr Shirreff is beginning to think that the RSO has got something against him, always taking 'B' Sqn players. Well, let's forget the training.

Must beat 39 Bde—Minor Unit Champions (to be). Who's this little player Greenwood? Time he sold his soccer boots with a performance like that—30 points win. Good heavens, telephone calls from civilian clubs challenging us—has our reputation spread?

Haven't spent Boxing Day like that before—a good thumping from the Civil Service fielding an Ex-Ireland International Centre and two Ulster players (some tout leaked we were in the finals of the Army Cup). No wonder we went down 30 points. However, got the difference back in the bar—good choral arrangement by Mayall.

Well, they have asked us to come back and play again—also suggested a bit of training first!

The big freeze seems to have blown our chances—we have now had to withdraw from the competition. Somehow feel the boys would be reluctant to stay for their leave. Never mind, Cavalry Cup in March.



Regimental Rugger team 1978/79 Woodburn Camp, Belfast, with 'Miss Hawk' prior to a match at Lisburn

Football

Hohne Garrison International Soccer Competition

This competition was played over a week with more than twenty teams entered. The Regiment played some very good, constructive and exciting football in the early stages but this left us on the final day and we finished third in the competition after a nailbiting match decided on penalties.

Army Cup Competition

The Regiment was very unlucky to draw 7 Armd Workshops REME in the first round of the Army Cup before the majority of their team left for N.I. We fought very hard against superior opposition and eventually lost—in an exceedingly entertaining and sporting game. We should do a lot better next season with a full team entered.

1 Division Minor Units League

As at 15-12-78, Played 7, Won 4, Drawn 0, Lost 3, Points 15, Goals For 20, Against 20. Due to the Regiment's N.I. tour we were entered in the Minor as opposed to the Major Units League. The season's early matches were cancelled due to Sennelager training with the first match being played during the pre N.I. block leave period. Although the majority of our "stars" were sent to pound the streets,

those of sound limb left behind—not that many—were drafted in as replacements, those turning up on the day with "boots playing".

Even with these problems you can see from the results that determination and the will to enjoy one's football tempered with a small amount of skill can produce good and effective football.

Games of note to date are against the Teachers' XI in which we played a fairly defensive game, not by choice, but scored two really good goals to come away winners.

Against 1 Coldstream Guards we were placed under a physical bombardment but once again cool and constructive football won the day—the opponent's goalkeeper leaving before the end.

Against 1 ADOC Soltau where the pitch played as much in our downfall as our opponents—snooker would have been a more appropriate game.

Representative Football

The following members of the Regiment (all being REME again) have played representative football as shown:

Ssgt Middleton J.	REME Corps and 1 Div.
Cpl Robinson B.	— REME Corps and 1 Div.
Ltcl Green G.	— REME Corps and 1 Div.

Swimming

The Regimental Swimming Competition was held on the 13/14 June and the results went toward the D'Arcy Hall Competition. The weather was extremely bad on both days and this led to poor patronage for the meat and chips stand, the soft drinks stand and the surprise bananas stand. It is to be hoped that this year these extra-curricular activities will be better supported!

Because of Northern Ireland training, block leave and Squadron reorganisations for the Tour it was not possible to train properly for the competition. The effect of this could clearly be seen with 'A' Squadron; in 1977 they came a close second after extensive training, but in 1978 their performance was disappointing. However, there was some excellent swimming in 1978 with 'C' Squadron winning the competition by a large margin. 'C' Squadron was especially strong in the team events. Again, because of Northern Ireland the Regiment was not able to produce a team for the BAOR Championships. Our aim in 1979 must be to get to Berlin!



Lt Harman, 6GR, who was seconded last year made many friends in the Regiment, especially in 'C' Squadron



SWIMMING SPORTS

Mrs Pharo-Tomlin gives Lt Col Price his prize. Left: The Commanding Officer, and right: Mr Jarrett

6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles

Colonel: Brigadier Sir Noel Short, MBE, MC.
Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel C. J. D. Bullock, MC.

We ended our 1977 news saying that it had been a year to remember, and awaiting the next surprise task to come our way. 1978 proved to be even more eventful than 1977 and, sure enough, we had our surprise task! We started the year continuing our tasks of fire-fighting and Public Duties. The former finished in January, and the latter in February after which we gratefully grabbed three weeks block leave. It was a very welcome break, and much needed before we threw ourselves into the rest of the year.

The role and tasks of the Battalion in UK make it extremely difficult to concentrate for any worthwhile training. For two weeks in March, however, we moved every available man from Church Crookham to Kent for a Battalion Skill at Arms Camp. Based at Howe

Barracks in Canterbury we commuted daily to the ranges at Hythe and Lydd where, despite cold, wet and windy weather and unfamiliarity with the electric target ranges, every man passed his annual personal weapon test and alternative weapon assessment with 87% qualifying as marksmen. This was followed by an introduction to the really excellent urban ranges where the men had their first taste of urban counter insurgency village patrolling, marksmanship under fire, and left shoulder and moving target shooting by day and night. It was invaluable and interesting training marred only by the fact that the Sandhurst Demonstration Company and Brecon Platoon could not be included.

No sooner had we drawn breath on our return from Hythe and cleaned our kit than it was time for us to start preparing in earnest for the Queen's Visit which was to take place on 5 May. Our unit press officer, Patrick Gouldsbury, had had a fair amount to do with

the Media previously, and by various machinations (he refuses to say how) he persuaded BBC South to produce a half-hour documentary on the Battalion in particular, and the Brigade of Gurkhas in general, called "Ayo Gurkhali". It was screened on 28 April, a week before the Royal Visit, and was very well received by all who saw it. Other appearances on television by the Battalion have included "Jim'll Fix It", where we gave a small boy a Gurka curry; "It Ain't Half Hot, Mum" as the concert party audience; the national news on the day of the Royal Visit; and a short piece on BBC South about our 46 sets of brothers who were serving members of the Regiment at the time. Each programme resulted in a flurry of letters and telephone calls to the Battalion asking dozens of questions!

Undoubtedly the outstanding event of 1978 was the visit of Her Majesty The Queen to the Regiment on 5 May. We welcomed Her Majesty with a Guard of Honour, showed her various forms of training including a jungle camp, gave her drinks in the WOs' and Sgts' Mess and presented her with a silver piper

figurine to commemorate the visit. Lunch in the Officers' Mess was a Gurkha Curry which Her Majesty obviously enjoyed, and in the afternoon she watched more training and a programme of traditional Nepalese dancing. When the time came for her to leave, she was garlanded and driven through the Lines in the open Range Rover whilst the men lined the route, cast flowers and then followed behind cheering in the traditional Gurkha farewell. The only sad thing about the day was we could not have had worse weather, with almost incessant drizzle. Despite that, it was a tremendous success which none of those present will ever forget.

Immediately after The Queen's Visit, and without pausing for breath, we hosted two parties of Norwegians who had come to England on an exchange visit, whilst we sent a composite company across to Norway. The training across there proved to be interesting, although the men found Norwegian cuisine not much to their liking, and night training difficult with only two hours of darkness each day.

The beginning of June saw the Battalion



A cheerful scene as HM The Queen takes leave of the Battalion after spending the day with them at Crookham on 5 May 1978. Notice the Prussian Eagle badge on the Gurkhas' sleeves

girding up its loins to run Bisley again, and work on the preparatory side was in full swing when we were told that in fact the name of the place was Belize and we were to move at the beginning of July. Rumours about our going there had been rife for months, and we were delighted with the news when it finally came. Our obvious delight was the equally obvious distress of the Irish Rangers who were due to go, and instead had to take over the running of Bisley. However, Gordon Corrigan as OC Bisley Milforce conducted a smooth handover and proved the thoroughness of our preparations by getting out without any dramas.

This then was 1978's surprise event! Suffice it to say that whereas a unit is normally given six months notice for a Belize tour, we went at three weeks warning, handing over Bisley on 2 July, despatching the Advance Party on 4th and moving the Main Body on 7 and 8 July. Our strength was to be 330 all ranks made up of two rifle companies, elements of Support Company, an echelon and Battalion Tac HQ. Meanwhile we continued to provide 150 men as the Demonstration Company at the RMA Sandhurst and the balance (not many!) formed the Rear Party at Church Crookham. Belize is divided militarily into two sectors known as Battle Groups North and South. We were to take over the latter from 1st Battalion Royal Highland Fusiliers with the task of patrolling our area of responsibility (some 1,800 square miles) so as to identify and counter any aggression by Guatemala. After a 12 hour flight from Brize Norton via Gander, Newfoundland and a night stop at Airport Camp (home of HQ British Forces Belize) we were shuttled to Toledo District by Puma helicopter. There we took over three camps. Rideau, about 3 miles inland from the coastal town of Punta Gorda, is a Nissen hutted camp that was to house our Tac HQ, Echelon, and one rifle company group. A mile north of Punta Gorda is Cattle Landing, a tented camp by the sea, where Support Company was to be located, and twenty miles inland towards Guatemala is Salamanca camp located on a hillside in the jungle which housed our second rifle company group. Having settled in we started to relearn all our jungle skills and within a month we were ready to tackle anything. Resupply has been a challenge, relying as it does on a mixture of RPL, Puma and chartered Islander delivery, supplemented by road convoys to Airport Camp which take 8 to 10 hours to cover the 210 miles of largely unsurfaced road in each direction. Add 170 inches of annual rainfall, most of

it during the wet season from June to January, and it amounts to a logistician's nightmare! The Belize tour has however been great fun and has given us the chance to do a lot of valuable training.

Just before the Advance Party moved to Belize, we managed to hold a small parade for Long Service and Good Conduct medal recipients and the GOC South East District made the presentations to 45 members of the Battalion. We are assured by the Army Medal Office this is a record. Doubtless it will not remain so for long as the length of undetected crime has dropped from 18 to 15 years, which explains why we had so many at one time!

In order to qualify for the Regular Army Meeting at Bisley we had to compete in the South East District Skill at Arms Meeting in May and our results could not have been better. We won every team prize except one, and the prize-giving announcements were notable for the almost monotonous repetition of "Winners of . . . , 6th Gurkha Rifles". General Farrar-Hockley, the GOC South East District, was obviously impressed as he called on all those present to give the Battalion three cheers! The team therefore went on to Bisley with great hopes of beating 2nd/2nd Gurkhas for first place, but well aware that the pressures and standards in the Major Unit Championship are very high. In the event we finished third for the second year in succession and it was unfortunate that the two matches we won, the falling plate and SUIT (sight unit infantry (Trilux)) trial match did not count towards the Championship! Our results included 2nd equal in the GPMG/LMG Match and 2nd in the Section Match. The Battalion team went straight from Bisley to Canada to represent the British Army in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Meeting, where they did extremely well. It was nice to be able to host the 14th/20th Regimental Shooting Team again for Bisley, and particularly pleasing to see them do so well in the Major Units' Championship. We were sorry they could not stay for our End of Bisley Party!

We said goodbye to three key figures in the Regiment last year. Brigadier David Powell-Jones as Colonel, Mike Wardroper as CO, and the ageless Henry Hayward-Surry who was the last of our "old and bold" serving in the Battalion. On the arrival side, we welcomed two important members—Brigadier Sir Noel Short who returns to the Regiment as our Colonel, and Christopher Bullock from the 2nd Gurkhas as our Commanding Officer. We

also welcomed back Mark Harman after his very enjoyable spell as a cavalryman, and plan to send Nick Gordon-Creed as his successor for an attachment starting in March.

1978 ended the way it started—doing Public Duties! However, this time with so few men in England, we were only required to do one guard from 24—26 December. The RMAS Demonstration Company under command of Major Gopalbahadur had to give up part of their leave to do it, and we were fortunate enough to secure the services of the band of

the 1st Battalion Light Infantry as our Pipes and Drums were busy being a rifle platoon in Belize.

1979 promises to be as full as 1978 as we face the moves from Belize to UK in February and UK to Hong Kong in May, followed by preparation for Border Duties, Internal Security and everything else the Colony has in store for us. The UK tour has been memorable, but it will be nice to return to a Gurkha environment and be together as a battalion in one camp again.

The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

Re-reading our notes for the last year's "Hawk" it is difficult to find anything to write about to equal the glamour of Gibraltar and the Silver Jubilee. But life goes on in the North West and DLOY continues to flourish, and cherish our close links with 14th/20th King's Hussars.

Lt Col Cable-Alexander and WO1 Woodall, both Scots DG, are now fully in their respective chairs and enjoying their first experiences of the TAVR and the North West, although still trying to grapple with the over complicated intricacies of the infantry employment structure and related skills. Major M. J. Murray, 9/12 L, has finally left after 2½ years extremely hard and productive work as Training Major, and in his place we were delighted to receive Capt Simon Lang, 14/20 H. There have also been changes amongst the PSIs, Ssgt Woodcock replacing Ssgt Cornes with 'B' Sqn at Chorley, and Ssgt Wagstaff replacing Ssgt Angel with 'D' Sqn at Preston. We are most grateful for all the hard work, enthusiasm and energy put in by Ssgts Angel and Cornes. We look forward very much to getting Sgt Smith 077 as RHQ/HQ Sqn PSI, a new post, in March.

Amongst the TAVR officers there have also been changes. 'A' Sqn is now commanded by Major Dick Ferguson who took over from Major John Swift a year ago, and Major Barry Greenwood has replaced Major Ferguson in 'B' Sqn. Major Robert Heaton, a third generation DLOY Heaton, has resigned and his place is being taken by Lt Terry Lovell, an ex-QOH who was RSM of DLOY until his retirement in 1975. Sadly, also, we are having to say good-bye to our Padre, The Rev Peter Cameron, who is being "posted" as vicar of Waterbeach, near Cambridge. However, on the bright side we were particularly pleased that four members of the regiment have been singled out for honours this year. WO2 (RQMS) J

Steven was awarded the MBE in the Birthday Honours and Ssgt W. Lorimer, Trumpeter Major R. Gorton and Sgt A. Dickens have been awarded Lord Lieutenant's Certificates. Finally, on the personalities side, we have been delighted to play host at RHQ to some Hawks for their last six months service—Lt C. P. Astley-Birtwistle, Cpl A. Wilde and Cpl D. J. Wild. All three have worked hard for us, and will leave for civilian life in the New Year, if nothing else, fitter from daily badminton in the Drill Hall. Also doing his last six months with us, but with 'D' Sqn, is Cpl J. Benson. We look forward to receiving many more Hawks



RQMS D. Steven with his wife and daughters outside Buckingham Palace after receiving the cross of MBE from HM The Queen



Cpl Wheeler, one of our keenest Yeomen, enjoying the obstacle course at Camp

who wish to spend their last six months with us: they can contribute a lot to DLOY and we value their experience. In our turn we can help them with the transition to civilian life. Some may even wish to enlist into the TAVR!

Our year has been conventional by TAVR standards. The spring was spent primarily on Skill at Arms in preparation for our own Skill at Arms Meeting and the North West District Skill at Arms Meeting. Sgt Kershaw, 'D' Sqn, came out as the SLR Individual Champion Shot at the District Meeting and Lcpl Schofield, 'B' Sqn, was runner-up. Lcpl Priestly, WRAC, HQ Sqn, won the WRAC Pistol with Pte Meacock, 'A' Sqn, as runner-up.

Annual Camp was held at St Martin's Plain, Folkestone, during the first fortnight in June. About 150 all ranks attended camp. We were on the whole, very lucky with the weather and only on one night exercise did everybody get wet. The camp programme was divided into three periods. The first four days were spent on exercise in the very lovely countryside behind Folkestone in the Lyminge, Hawkinge area culminating in a cordon and search operation

along a near vertically sloped hill. Some almost too realistic battles took place between the enemy, played with great energy by the PSIs and HQ Sqn including some WRAC, and the rest of the regiment. The next five days were spent on the excellent ranges at Hythe during which all ranks carried out Annual Personal Weapon Tests. Three Marksman badges were awarded. The final days were spent in clearing up and on two competitions. The first was a 13-mile patrol competition which tested stamina as much as map reading. It was won by a 'D' Sqn team led by Lcpl Walton. The second competition, Orienteering, was also won by a 'D' Sqn team led by Tpr Bowker. A Triangular Trap Shooting Match, Officers, Sergeants, Corporals, was won by the Sergeants' Mess Team. Both the Officers and Sergeants' Messes held very successful Guest Nights.

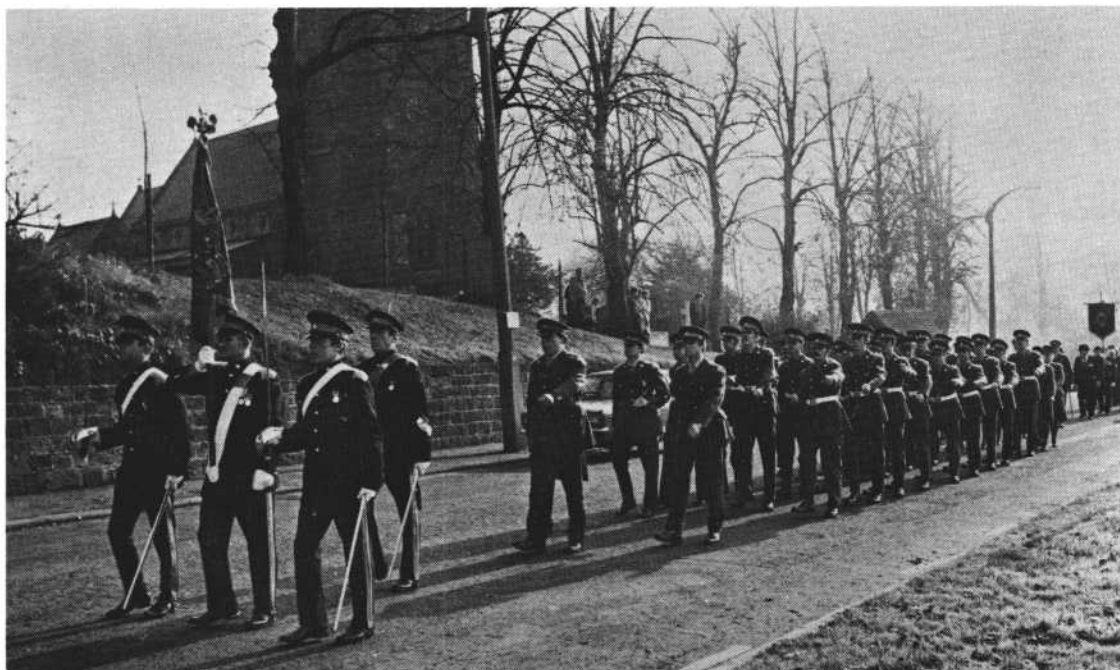
Since camp the main events have been The Derby Trophy, an inter battalion section competition where we fared less well than we should have done, a Regimental Armistice weekend, and an Escape and Evasion exercise in appallingly wintry conditions over the countryside between Macclesfield and Leek. The Armistice weekend was a great success. It started with a Service at St Mark's Church, Worsley, our Padre's church, and was followed by a short march past along the road from the Church to St Mark's C of E Primary School, and then lunch at the school. Over 300 people attended, and we were particularly pleased to see over 70 Old Comrades take part in the March Past. In the evening there was a most successful Old Comrades Association supper in Lancaster House. On Armistice Sunday the squadrons took part in their local civic ceremonies, and drill halls were open to the public.

Our Honorary Colonel, Colonel M. A. A. Birtwistle, TD, DL, is High Sherriff of Lancashire this year, and we have been particularly pleased to provide him with an orderly and escort in Full Dress for his ceremonial duties. Colonel Michael hands over as Honorary Colonel in February after 40 years commissioned service with the Territorial Army, 32 of these with DLOY. His successor will be Colonel Simon Towneley, Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire.

Since the last "Hawk" a DLOY Regimental Association has been formed under the Presidency of Colonel Roger Hesketh, TD, DL, with a view to bringing together the various elements of the regiment, past and present.



Colonel Michael Birtwistle, Colonel of the Regiment, laying the wreath at the Regimental Remembrance Service at Worsley on 11 November—Left to Right rear:—Padre Peter Cameron, Lt Col Patrick Cable-Alexander, Col John Ferguson, Capt Simon Lang and Colonel Roger Hesketh



The Regiment and Old Comrades after leaving Worsley Church marching towards the Saluting base on 11 November

Initial reactions have been very favourable. We are also trying to collect up as many items of regimental historical interest as we can in order to create a DLOY display in a museum. We hope to be allowed space for a display adjacent to the 14/20 H museum in the Queens Park Gallery, Manchester. Lack of finances has been hampering our attempts to acquire items from the open market but we have been able to buy a splendid Lancashire Hussar sabretache, ceremonial pouch, and a Boer war mess kit. Other smaller items have been coming in from Old Comrades in response to a plea for items of historical interest.

So, life in DLOY continues to be varied and busy. Cavalrymen trying to teach infantry

skills is never easy, any more than it would be for an infantryman to teach cavalry skills. We do our best and achieve some remarkably high standards, but we do lack the final expertise that only a professional can impart. But we do enjoy ourselves, and pride ourselves on maintaining plenty of traditional cavalry élan and spirit. Our prime problem is a shortage of volunteers, both officers and yeomen. It will take a long time to build up to our full strength particularly as the overall trend for the TAVR is downwards. At least we have a sound basis on which to build with our evergrowing experience at the junior officer and NCO level, but we could do with an influx of Regular Army experience. What about it, Hawks?

Letters to the Editor

From a Soldier's Parent:

Mr Stagg's son, Trooper Stagg, is serving with the RAC Junior Leaders Regiment and will then be joining us—Editor.

2 St John's Hill,
Woodbridge,
Suffolk.

Dear Major Urban-Smith,

It was very kind of you to respond to my letter in such a positive manner—in amidst the January gloom and snow, your letter was most uplifting. I received the plaque and the literature by the next post and I have sent off the copies of the magazines to my son (currently on outdoor pursuits on Dartmoor). The plaque is for his birthday which coincides with his half-term leave in March.

I found your address in the "Hawk" magazine, as I told you. In fact it was the 1976 edition—I was very interested to read therein, an article by Major Don Lane, RAVC. It dealt with life in India pre-war and the fact that some former cavalry men were recruited into the Veterinary Corps. For me it was a related link with the 14th/20th as I served as a junior NCO in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps from 1954-57, mostly in BAOR at the Army Guard Dog Unit in Sennelager. I know one or two men named in Major Lane's article*—I am a committee member of the RAVC Association and have not missed our annual dinner since 1962. Our family has interests in several regiments—my father and elder brother were both Gunners.

I would very much like to purchase a copy of

the Regimental History of the 14th/20th. Regimental histories are fascinating reading, particularly if there is some direct personal link. I feel that, before long, I shall be as familiar with the history of the Regiment as is my son. Regrettably my age precludes any attempt at enlisting into the Regiment!

I was pleased to know that you visit this county. It is a most attractive part of England; my work involves conservation activities along the Suffolk Heritage Coast for Suffolk CC.

Once again, my sincere thanks for both your kindness and your help. I am sure that my son will be happy to serve in the Regiment—I look forward to him being a fully-fledged King's Hussar.

Yours Sincerely,

Michael Stagg.

*Another article by Major Lane is included this year.

Atherton Troop (14th/20th King's Hussars)
Greater Manchester Army Cadet Force.

To The Editor, The Hawk,

Dear Sir,

I would like to tell you of the visit by the KAPE team to our detachment on 6 September last and the events leading up to it.

The staff of our unit consists of a Ssgt Chester, two Sgts, Scollick and myself (my name is Bowden) and a Civilian Instructor and Shooting Coach, Phil Unsworth. We had decided to do the team proud when they came to visit us.



Atherton Troop ACF (14/20H)-KAPE visit

The planning for this highly technical operation was done in the Sergeants' Mess come Tap Room of the local "boozers". This just happens to be directly across from the unit, so after parade one wet Wednesday evening, we sauntered across to the pub, accompanied by the redoubtable Mrs Bolton who whilst going in the guise of civilian instructor runs the canteen and cleans for us.

On entering the "Mess" we were met by a gruff "Awreet" from Bill, the Landlord. I would like to point out that this is the nearest thing to an ecstatic welcome that anyone can expect from Bill, "Goo in 't little room, are yer?" he asked as he put the drinks on the bar. "Thar'll be ninety eight pence, please." Reluctantly Scollick paid for the drinks and we slid into the little room amidst sympathetic shakes of the heads and condescending looks of the regulars.

Once firmly entrenched in our corner we started to decide on what to give the team to eat and drink, and what started as a couple of sandwiches and a drink of tea quickly grew into a full scale buffet and licensed bar with invitations sent out to the Mayor and Mayoress of Wigan Metropolitan Borough Council, along with others to our own Colonel and Major and a smattering of other Officers and NCO's from Bolton TA unit.

Two days prior to the visit Mrs Bolton commandeered her daughter and friend and practically lived at the unit, cleaning and polishing the place to perfection. The day of the visit arrived, and the bar was set up, tables

and chairs moved into position and our trophies and silver—total value about £3.50—put on display. The buffet was laid out on the table and we all waited for the team to arrive.

For many of our cadets, this was the first time that they had seen any armour and they were in a high state of excitement. This was evident by the number of visits to the toilets. We had also told the boys that only genuine cadets could look at the armour. This was promptly kicked into touch by their own "counter intelligence" by telling their mates to "Cum an tell um tha wants join—Thi waint seh nowt". Result—We had about twenty new recruits that evening but this great insurge of super soldiers was to be reduced by about fifteen by the next parade.

Anyway, there we all were waiting when a shout of "Hey lads, they're ere" rang out in a broad Lancashire dialect. This was followed by much ranting and raving and shouts of "Wot's up?" as the team went sailing straight past. After managing to clear a way through a horde of milling cadets, Phil, our coach, chased and caught up with the team in his car, returning with them, much to the relief of the boys who by this time had started making rebellious noises.

Needless to say, when the team were positioned, the boys enjoyed the visit tremendously. This was proven by the way that some of the crafty little blighters kept trying to latch on to the end of the queue for a second and third look round the armour.

The Mayor also sat at the controls of the

Scorpion although it was a rather tight fit.

Our guests relished the informal atmosphere and relaxed as one does with friends. As the team had a schedule to adhere to, they were the first to leave after having taken their fill from the refreshment table. It was not without a little sorrow and a lot of pride that we said goodbye. We vowed afterwards that if we ever got the opportunity to visit our own regiment in Germany we would do so.

As the evening drew to a close several senior cadets, who had "volunteered" to assist with the cleaning up, were given leave to help themselves to the food that was left. No food in the world had any chance of survival against such a ferocious onslaught by such adetermined bunch of intrepid heroes. One incident in particular raised a few laughs.

I was walking across the parade ground when I saw one of these cadets emerge from the hut containing the remaining food, and in the semi-darkness I saw what appeared to be a dead porcupine in his hand. I halted him and

went to investigate. "The Porcupine" turned out to be a huge handful of cocktail sausages on sticks, which he intended to devour. He succeeded. Shortly afterwards we said our own goodbyes and went to our respective homes content in the knowledge that we had all had "a reet good do".

Please convey our most heartfelt thanks to the team for their patience and tolerance and for making the evening an outstanding success.

Yours most gratefully,

A. Chester SSI

J. Bowden SI

M Scollick SI

P Unsworth CI

Parting Shot:

From: The Amateurs

To: The Professionals

Gentlemen, although you mould and shape the man, WE supply the best ingredients.



Wigan Troop ACF (14/20H) with shooting and Sports trophies won during the previous year. Left to Right ("Grown ups") Sgt Baines, SMI Thistlethwaite, Capt Harman, Sgt Cunniff

ACF & CCF



Sgt Ward with Cadets of Clifton Troop, ACF



The visit of the KAPE team to Stoneyhurst College. Boys investigate the Scorpion. Left: Capt Lang, Col Shaw (OC CCF) and Major Urban-Smith

Regimental Association

The Regimental Reunion on 6 May was again held at the Devonshire Restaurant in the City. Our numbers included a good cross-section of the Association and we were glad to welcome serving members of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. The Disco appeared to be popular and played quiet and soothing music during the meal!

On Sunday 7 in Hyde Park the salute was taken by HRH Princess Alexandra who laid the combined Cavalry wreath on the memorial. The service was, as usual, a moving occasion and we were blessed with fine weather. Afterwards, the officers lunched at the "In and Out" Club and the Household Cavalry again arranged lunch in their barracks for members of all the Cavalry Associations.

The Regimental Council Meeting was held in London on 20 September under the chairmanship of the Colonel of the Regiment and the Officers' Dinner was held in the evening at the Cavalry Club. After Dinner Major Peter Clarke was presented with the Regimental Medal awarded for his outstanding work on officer recruiting. Captain Rory Mann, who had just completed a most successful tour as



Lt Col Christopher Ross who has now retired and is Finance Officer and Deputy Diocesan Secretary for Salisbury Diocese. The photo was taken at East Wretham Camp, Nr Thetford in 1952 when he owned a dashing sports car

Adjutant was also to have received his medal on this occasion. He was, however, unable to attend the Dinner owing to the sudden death of his father, Major Jock Mann.

In Manchester, on 4 November we held a drinks party—with some good solid refreshment also—for "local dignitaries" and friends of the Regiment in the North West. Our guests included Mr Nicholas Winterton—MP for Macclesfield—and his wife. This was their first visit to a Regimental function since he served with us as a National Service Officer in 1957. We are grateful to Lt Fred Jones and the Clifton Troop of the ACF for helping us to run this function and for their smart turnout.

We had a good reunion at the "Gay Willows" on the Saturday evening. These functions were originally designed to cater for those living in Lancashire and the North West and it is therefore most encouraging that old comrades now come from all parts of the country with Scotland represented by Mr Hainey from Glasgow. Major General and Mrs Cavendish came from Brussels to be with us and we were glad to see Lt Col John Pharo-Tomlin hotfoot from Belfast, accompanied by the Quartermaster, Major Eddie Sheen.

The following attended (or planned to attend) the reunion at the "Gay Willows", in most cases accompanied by their wives:



Lt Col Leslie Groves and Capt (later Col) Basil Woodd enjoying themselves on one of the newly arrived tanks in India shortly before World War II. It is one of the Mark VI B Vickers Light tanks which were nick-named "Salmon tins" by the soldiers



Hyde Park before the Combined Cavalry Parade. Left to Right: Mrs Christina Roberts, Lt Col Ron Roberts, Mr Rupert Easto and Mr Cyril Smith

Major General Cavendish, Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin, Lt Col Talbot, Lt Col Trueman, Lt Col Roberts, Majors Clarke, Garbutt, Wreford, Urban-Smith, de Beaujeu, Sheen, Williams, Captains Reed and Lang, Lt Col Phillips (late DLOY). Messrs Easton, S. C. Morris, Randall, Bennett, H. Jones, D. J. Hill, Hibbet, Spring, Thurgood, F. Smith, Lander, McCarthy, Bateman, Clarke, Easto, Brodie, Bingham, Rumble, Parr, Dawson, Wright, Steele, C. G. Smith, Charles, Riley, Peckham, Capt Potts, Blackwell, W. Taylor, Terrey, Hainey, Flowers, Gates, Nicholls, S. Hall, WO2 Midgley, Ssgt Wagstaff, Ssgt Brierley, Cpls Wilde, Wild and Shuttleworth and some members of the ACF.

News of Old Comrades

Changes of address:

Mrs P. T. Drew, 15, Wilton Place, Southsea, Portsmouth.

Major R. E. D. Harris, Eden Croft, Wetheral, Carlisle.

Lt Col M. A. James, Desmond Cottage, Odstock, Salisbury.

Capt R. W. Oliver, The White House, Main Street, Alne, N. Yorks.

Major C. A. Park, 16, Musgrave Crescent, SW6.

Major A. R. Sturt, 52, Coodern Drive, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Major R. F. Tyers, PO Box 79 Naivasha, Kenya.
N. R. Winterton Esq., MP, Whitehall Farm, Newbold Astbury, Congleton, Cheshire.

J. M. Kelly Esq. (Ex SQMS), c/o British High Commission, Box MS521, Maseru, Lesotho, Africa.

A. F. Navin Esq. (Ex Sgt), The Dog & Gun Inn, Netheravon, Wilts.

R. Y. Holland Esq. (Ex ORQMS), 7, Greenhill, Damory Down, Blandford, Dorset (an open house for Hawks passing through!).

2



Part of Wessex Yeomanry Ski team with 'Camp Followers', Army Ski Championships, Ischgl. Rollo Clifford, Clive Ross, Juliet Heywood and Janie Clifford



The Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park seen after the annual service. Regimental wreaths on the right behind Mr Easto, ours on the left. The large wreath is that of the Combined Cavalry Association which is so heavy it requires four men to carry it



Regimental Benevolent Fund



Regimental Benevolent Fund Balance Sheet 1978

Receipts		
Subs Officers past and present	(349)	357
1 Days Pay Scheme—soldiers	(2725)	2828
Misc Income	13	—
Tax Recovery	(516)	853
Investment Dividends	(1397)	1203
	<u>(5000)</u>	<u>5241</u>
Payments		
Grants	(1154)	1245
Donations to Charities:		
ABF	(800)	800
Others	(230)	127
Journal Subsidy	(1507)	1296
Audit, Working Expenses and Sundries	(610)	568
	<u>(4301)</u>	<u>4036</u>

(The above figures have been taken from the cash book as the account has not yet been audited. Figures in brackets refer to 1977. Amounts shown are to nearest pound.)

The Benevolent Fund has had quite a good year. We have made grants and Christmas gifts to forty ex-members of the Regiment. We have, as usual, had excellent support from the Army Benevolent Fund. They have made three interest free loans each of £1000 to serving members to help with furnishing their dwellings on leaving the army. They provided us with £364 for small pensions for five of our old members, a grant of £100, and also paid for holidays at the seaside for young widows and their children.

Included in the "other charities" in the balance sheet we made donations to "The Great Soldiers Fund" (St Paul's Cathedral), Sandhurst Chapel, SSAFA, and the RAC War Memorial Benevolent Fund. Also at the turn of the year we started an annual donation to the

Marie Curie Memorial Foundation which does wonderful work to help Cancer sufferers.

Included in "Working expenses and Sundries" were: Wreaths and flowers, Christmas Cards, Reunion subsidies for old age pensioners, travel expenses, combined Cavalry parade expenses (Hyde Park), stationery and an advertisement in the newspaper for a new typist/clerk at Home HQ!

Regular Forces Employment Association

During 1978 the RFEA placed 2,465 ex-members of the army in civil employment, of these eight were 14th/20th. They were as follows:

Public Transport, Dundee; Heavy plant driver, Dundee; Production Worker, Northampton; Mechanic, Acton; Driver, Middlesborough; Postman, Preston; Admin Manager, Manchester; and Office Manager, Newcastle. In the last case mentioned the person is doing the same job as he did in the Regiment!

M.A.U.S.

From HAWK 1961

Obituary



Lt Col Dick Woodhouse

Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. G. Woodhouse

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Anthony Gordon Woodhouse, who died at his home in Dorset on 10 April last year at the age of 84, was the last surviving officer to be commissioned directly into the 14th Hussars.

Educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst, he joined the Regiment in which his brother was already serving, in India in 1913, and saw much hard fighting with it against the Turks in Mesopotamia from 1915 to 1918, including the Battle of Ramadi.

After the war he served with the Regiment in Germany, the UK, Egypt and India, where he was appointed Second-in-Command. Being on leave in the UK at the start of the Second World War, he was seconded to the RAF Regiment to protect vital airfields in expectation of imminent airborne invasion. He later served as Officer Commanding Troops on convoys to North Africa and across the Atlantic. He retired at the end of the war, finally settling at Mappowder in Dorset.

With a deep interest in country pursuits and field sports, Dick Woodhouse was ideally suited to life in the Regiment in an age when the emphasis was on mounted training in the field and horsemanship was a prime military requisite. A very experienced, amusing and well-liked regimental officer, staff employment was not for him, and except for a short spell as ADC in Mesopotamia he served continuously with the Regiment from 1913 to 1939.

He was an accomplished horseman, and between the wars won many trophies racing, show jumping, for skill at arms, and for polo. He won the Prince of Wales' Cup for Officers Jumping at the Royal Tournament in 1931, and was a member of the polo team which won the Inter-Regimental in Egypt in 1933, defeating the 12th Lancers in a memorable final. He was a skilful fisherman and an extremely good shot. He was still fishing and shooting until a few weeks before his death.

He married Cicely Troyte-Bullock, a member of a well-known Wiltshire family, who shared his love of field sports and was herself an accomplished horsewoman. They had the pleasure of seeing their daughter marry into the Regiment.

A fine sportsman who did much to add lustre to the name of the Regiment, Dick Woodhouse will be sadly missed by those Old Comrades who knew him and served with him.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs Woodhouse and to his son and daughter.



Colonel Woodhouse once told the following amusing story about himself:

When he left Sandhurst he had to await the next boat bound for India. During this time he was posted on the strength of the 20th Hussars then stationed at Colchester. He shared the Mess with the only other occupant, a senior bachelor Major who owned a Labrador.

The Major would seem to have resented the younger man's intrusion into his domain and never spoke to him. In consequence Colonel Dick, having no-one to talk to, made much of the dog. When his time came to leave, manners dictated he should say good-bye. For the first time during his stay The Times was lowered briefly and the Major asked in a clipped voice: "Do you like dogs? Hm!—which was followed by: "Well, get your bloody own!"

Brigadier J. B. Norton

Brigadier John Barker Norton, who died in Jersey on 9 June 1978 at the age of 77, was one of the last surviving officers to be commissioned directly into the 20th Hussars, which he joined from Sandhurst in 1920 and with whom he saw active service in Asia Minor, then in a state of turmoil after the defeat of the Turks in the First World War. On the disbandment of the 20th in 1921 he transferred to the 18th Hussars until transferring again to the 14th/20th on their formation in 1922.

Apart from a tour of duty as Adjutant of the Notts Yeomanry, he served with the Regiment in the UK, Egypt and India, until in 1941 he was appointed to command the 26th Hussars, a wartime regiment then being formed in Meerut with a cadre of 14th/20th personnel. In 1943 the 26th Hussars were disbanded, no longer being required for the war against Japan, and John Norton thereafter served in various administrative appointments in India, being promoted to Brigadier in 1945. He returned to the UK in 1946 and retired to live in Jersey in 1948.

A large kindly man, who was affectionately known as "The Professor" owing to his occasionally rather theoretical approach to everyday matters, he had the ability to get the best out of people, a quality which was very apparent when he raised and commanded the 26th Hussars, with whom he was a popular figure. He took an active part in regimental life and owned some useful horses on which he competed in point-to-points and show jumping competitions until increasing weight became a handicap.



Brigadier John Norton

He always maintained a keen interest in the Regiment, and for a number of years after retirement was chairman of the Old Comrades Association. He will be remembered with affection by those who served with him, particularly in 'B' Squadron and later the 26th Hussars.

His first wife died after a long period of ill health resulting from a hunting accident. He later married Miss Betty Toynbee who survives him. We offer our sincere sympathy to her and to their son and daughter.

Major J. J. Mann

The many past and present members of the Regiment of all ranks and ages who knew him will have been deeply saddened by the death of Major Jock Mann on 19 September last at the age of 63 as the result of a fall while out hunting. Through his death a notable, well-loved and much respected personality has been lost to the Regimental Old Comrades, to the farming and fox-hunting community in South West England, and to an even wider circle of friends elsewhere.

Educated at Marlborough and Cambridge, and joining the Regiment in India in 1936 when it was still fully horsed, Jock Mann commanded 'B' Squadron from 1941 onwards until his retirement in 1947. As a Squadron Leader Jock was a tower of strength to the Commanding Officers under whom he served, both during the weary years in the Middle East awaiting action and later in battle against the Germans in Italy. Rock steady, always helpful to others, and with a countryman's eye for ground, he had an instinct for doing the right thing whatever the circumstances, and was greatly liked and respected by his squadron. His services were recognised by the award of a Mention in Despatches.

In 1946 he married Miss Margaret Doran, and in 1947 he left the Army to farm in Gloucestershire where they established a wonderfully welcoming and attractive home at Oxleaze Farm. Farming gave Jock the opportunity to pursue the sport which interested him above all others, that of fox-hunting.



Major Jock Mann

Others have written elsewhere of his fame as Master of the VWH Hounds: of the esteem in which he was held: of his knowledge of everything connected with hunting, and of his great help to children of all ages. Suffice it to say that he was not only immensely popular with those who rode to hounds or followed on foot, but even with many who were opposed to hunting. In the demanding and time consuming appointment of Master of Hounds he had tremendous help and support from Mrs Mann, who whole-heartedly identified herself with her husband's way of life.

Although his service with the Regiment covered a comparatively short span of 11 years, Jock remained a supremely loyal and dedicated 14th/20th Hussar all his life, and had the great satisfaction of seeing both his sons serve in the Regiment, Captain Rory Mann being Adjutant at the time of his death.

Jock Mann was blessed with many qualities, but the ones which he will probably best be remembered for, and which so much endeared him to his enormous circle of friends, were his supreme integrity, his unassuming modesty, his quiet strength of purpose, and his tremendous warmth and kindness. He will be very greatly missed.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs Mann and to his sons and daughter.

Colonel D. S. Frazer, DSO

Donald Stewart Frazer, late Indian Cavalry, The Regiment, and the 15th/19th died in his sleep in his Devonshire home on 9 November 1978.

During the whole of the First World War he commanded a Squadron of the 18th King George's Own Lancers, Indian Cavalry. The Squadron was fighting in France from 1914-1916 and then under General Allenby in Palestine until 1918. Subsequently he was ADC to the Viceroy of India, and in 1925, relinquishing a rank he joined the 14th/20th at Tidworth by exchange-transfer. He was destined to serve with us for only about eight years and then he received accelerated promotion to Major in the 15th/19th. He was commanding that Regiment in operations in France and Belgium in 1939/40 until he was taken prisoner of war in May 1940. Subsequently he received the award of the DSO for his services in Command of his Regiment.

Donald was serious minded yet had a light touch, a great sense of humour and a charming personality. Seldom did he say an unkind word.

He conveyed a sense of grace and ease and inspired confidence. He was great fun out hunting when the Regiment was in York and was a keen polo player. He was an admirable companion with whom to share a day's fishing, shooting or golf or just to be with.

He was awarded the Regimental Medal for his outstanding Services to the Regiment in Revolver and Rifle shooting and training.

Donald was an accomplished pianist and a Christian. In his later years he undertook the duties of Organist and Choirmaster in his Church and without doubt he must have been a tower of strength to his Parson!

In 1922 he married Miss Marjorie Moorsom who died early in 1978. There were two sons of the marriage of whom the elder, Lt Colonel Simon Frazer, late 15th/19th Hussars, Commanded the Regiment (14th/20th) from 1964-1966. To him and his family and to his brother, those of us rather antique Old Comrades who will never forget Donald, express our gratitude for his life and service among us, and extend our sincere sympathy.

H.A.R.T.

Major D. E. Wreford

The death occurred at Stalbridge, Dorset, on 1 January 1979 of Major Douglas Esmond Wreford, aged 54.

Educated at Marlborough, Dougie was originally commissioned in 1943 into the 19th King George V own Lancers Indian Army. After Partition he returned to England and in 1948 transferred to the Regiment, then stationed at Catterick as a Training Regiment.

During his service with the Regiment Dougie was Technical Adjutant and later Training Major of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, and it was during this period that HM The Queen presented a new Guidon to that Regiment at a magnificent parade in Manchester in 1961.

Apart from his time with various Squadrons, including 2ic of 'C' Squadron when detached at Celle much of his letter service was in technical appointments following a course at the School of Tank Technology. These included staff appointments, for which he was well qualified, at establishments concerned with the development and trials of Armoured Fighting vehicles and also technical research.

He retired from the army to live in Dorset in 1968.

In later years Dougie maintained close touch with the Regiment and constant interest



Major Douglas Wreford

in its affairs. He was a loyal 14th/20th King's Hussar and the Regiment meant a great deal to him. He was a most generous benefactor to the Officers' Mess and Regimental and Association funds and he was also a generous and thoughtful host.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his sister.

Sgt A. E. Gillard

Sgt A. E. Gillard died on 27 April 1978, aged 92.

Enlisting in 1903 his service included the fighting on the Western front in World War I and he retired in 1924.

He was in the Regimental Revolver Team and in 1923 won the Army Revolver Cup—a great achievement. He was also a Drill and Riding School Instructor after the war. He became an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital Chelsea in 1957. He was a very loyal 14th/20th Hussar and hardly ever missed a London reunion where he became a familiar and friendly figure to young and old alike. He kept himself fully occupied while at the Royal Hospital and was frequently to be found running one of the beer bars on special occasions or showing round "recruits" when they arrived as new Pensioners. Sgt Gillard was a "character" and is missed by the Regiment and the Royal Hospital.

Our sympathy goes with his daughter, Miss Loraine Gillard who looked after him so well during his time as a Pensioner.



The late Mr H. E. Freeman holding the Old Comrades Standard (old type) at a Regimental and OCA Parade—Service at Aldershot in 1950. Older readers will recognise some familiar faces on parade. They include, standing Left:—Lt Col Fooks, Lt Col Groves, Major Swallow, Mr Fradgley, Major Mann, Lt Col H. D. T. Miller, Mr Fooks, Lt Col J. A. T. Miller, Mr Freeman, Maj Loraine-Smith, Mr Spooner Maj Drew, Capt Urban-Smith, Capt Heath, Lt Col Studd (wearing Regimental Medal)

Ex Band Sgt "Tich" Sherwood died on 27 December 1978.

He served in the Regiment 1912-37. He remained constantly in touch with us after World War II and visited the Band playing at the Tidworth Tattoo on a number of occasions. He suffered much from ill health in recent years. We express our sympathy to his widow.

Ex Band Sgt C. G. Chub died on 7 August 1978.

He enlisted as a Boy in 1917 and served with the Band until he left the army in 1938. He was a good and popular soldier and a keen member of the Association.

H. E. Freeman died on 3 May 1978 aged 80.

He served with the 14th in Mesopotamia in World War I and later in the mounted branch of the Metropolitan Police until his retirement in 1947. He was a staunch supporter of the Association and attended reunions regularly. After the second World War he carried the Hawk banner on the combined Cavalry parades in Hyde Park until being forced to give up—to his great regret—by ill health and increasing immobility. Our sympathy goes to his widow and family.

Captain "Charlie" Chaplin died on 1 July 1978.

He was SQMS of HQ Squadron and was later commissioned into the Indian Army. He retired in 1948.

T. G. Henley died on 20 December 1978 aged sixty-six.

He served from 1943-46 and was wounded at Medicina. A very keen Hawk, he loved the Regiment and kept in regular contact with the Association after his retirement. He was for twenty-one years Treasurer of the Rotherham Rifle Club which brought him much enjoyment until his health failed. Our sympathy goes to his widow.

R. J. (Jim) Bonfield died on 9 October 1978.

Cpl Bonfield served from 1950-1971 and was a popular figure in the Regiment. He was a D & M Instructor and was for a time MT Cpl in 'A' Squadron. After retirement he became a Security Officer with a wine firm in Chelsea and the last reunion he attended was at Bovington in 1977. His widow, to whom we offer our sympathy wrote to say how proud he was of the Regiment, also that their son, Richard—now aged sixteen—hopes to join us.

Lionel Eric Moore died on 21 April 1978.

He served with the Regiment 1919-29 and was a good soldier. Until recent years he attended our London reunions with Mrs Moore and their friends. We offer our sympathy to Mrs Moore and her three sons.

Mrs Charlotte Hainey

We regret to announce the death of Mrs Charlotte Hainey on 22 May 1978. We offer our sympathy to Mr Hainey.

Obituary continued on page 87.

Articles

Cavalryman

by Major D. H. Lane

Having been incapacitated all through the foul winter that has finally ended, and despite my ailments, I have had plenty of time to indulge in memories equestrian.

My initial introduction to the horse was made in 1934 and I still maintain an affection for him. Admittedly it is now confined to his appearance in NH and Flat events on the box on Saturday afternoons, when my modest investments on these occasions are usually whittled away by PU's and Fallers.

My home was in Cowes, Isle of Wight and I donned my first uniform at the age of twelve in 1928 when I became a naval cadet at Osborne House. It was here that I picked up a great deal of knowledge about naval life and its history. I became a fairly good gymnast, being small in stature and light in weight. I learned to pass messages with semaphore flags, mastered cutlass drill and blew a bugle in the unit band. After three years in naval uniform and at the age of fifteen I decided on a change of service and became a Sapper in the Hampshire Royal Engineers.

Our base was a Drill Hall by the river at East Cowes. Here I learnt to shoot and became a marksman. I was given instruction in and drove

a lorry carrying a searchlight and learned to operate the searchlight. I was also taught how to drink (shandies), play brag, darts and snooker. I smoked "Clubs" which cost tuppence for a packet of five together with coupons. The coupons were swopped for flat caps. The highlights of this period were weekend camps at searchlight stations around the island and an occasional canvas camp on the mainland.

During these years my knowledge of military life was increasing and despite the fact that I was also an apprenticed blacksmith I decided to move out into the big time and in August 1934 I became a regular soldier with a salary of two shillings per day. I can still remember my recruiting officer insisting that I became a cavalryman. He said, wherever you go you can ride, only bloody fools walk. So with little to lose and everything to gain I set off for Aldershot not without some misgivings I must admit. I had enlisted into the Queen's Bays.

On my arrival at Aldershot my first view of the sentry at the main gate of Willhems Barracks, carrying both sword and rifle caused me to be somewhat overawed. However, I soon lost any nervous feelings I had when I



A Regimantal Activity Ride in India in 1934

was shown round the stables and the horses seemed to tower above me. The only horses I had come into contact with prior to this were those pulling coal carts and milk floats.

I quickly settled down to the recruit life as a cavalryman, with a grim determination to become a good soldier. Here let me add that today Forces pay has become quite an issue, and in my opinion rightly so. But then, the situation regarding forces pay had changed little since my early days.

Two bob a day was hardly a princely sum. After compulsory stoppages the five shillings or so with which we were rewarded on weekly paydays didn't exactly permit one to adopt a life of riotous living.

I took to square bashing, sword and rifle drill and kit cleaning like a duck to water. I was transferred to 'A' Squadron to continue my training, this time with horses.

No. 3 Troop became my home for two years with the accommodation being shared, the horses lived below and we lived above. The first character I became acquainted with was a twenty-six-year-old horse named "Old Bill" who wore a string of medal ribbons round his brow band, and a crafty old devil he was too.

After my first few months in the riding school where I picked myself up off the peat on many occasions, I soon became a proficient rider with a good knowledge of the use of the sword, lance and revolver. Our days were very long, mucking out at six in the morning. We worked up to fourteen hours each day and most of the time was spent in cleaning often followed by a night on stable duty.

On completion of my recruit training, which covered a period of twelve months, I was selected to join the Riding Staff of The Bays with the appointment of Lance Corporal (unpaid). I had my foot on the first rung of the ladder and was on my way.

At this point I was grateful to Cpl Harry Brightwell, the "Schooly" who tutored me towards my second class certificate of education, which I still have in my possession. It was signed by General F. Gathorne-Hardy, GOC-in-C Aldershot Command in March 1935 certifying that I had passed in the following subjects, English, Army & Empire, Map Reading and Mathematics. I was then free to concentrate most of my time on mounted activities.

Major George Fanshawe was the officer in charge of the Riding School and staff. He was a good officer and took a great deal of interest in the riding careers of the younger members of the staff. He was an excellent rider himself and

a good polo player. His brother "Buck" was in command of the Regiment.

Topper Brown was the SSM in charge of us with Paddy Dunn, a wild Irishman and Pongo Waring, both Sergeants, the corporals were named, Banner, Gilby, Green, Pollard and Polandri. Tony Polandri was an excellent rider and instructor and as far as I could I patterned myself on his riding ability. He was later to become the best all round cavalryman in the army and went off to become Chief Instructor at the Cavalry Riding School at Weedon. Some ten years later I was to meet him again in Scotland where he was a Colonel commanding Pack Transport at Balater.

One aspect of this period which I thoroughly enjoyed was breaking in saddles for use at Hurlingham, on the backs of fast little polo ponies. I remember riding as many as seven a day. Although fatiguing, it was great fun.

We had little time for romance at Aldershot, but for a short while I had a girl friend and we met about twice a week. She was a red haired singer with a local dance band and lived in a village some distance from Aldershot. The amusing sequel to this romance happened some years later in India. My girl gave me a photograph of herself prior to my departure for India and after I had been in Lucknow for some time I saw the very same photograph on a bedside locker in one of the other squadrons. A little later still whilst attending a PT course in the hills the same photograph was displayed on a locker belonging to an Artilleryman. She obviously had them developed by the dozen.

During my days with the riding staff I teamed up with Lofty Banner to compete in sword, lance and revolver competitions throughout the Cavalry Brigade in Southern Command, and very successful we were too. Rough Riding, Trick Riding and mounted displays at local shows were some of our more enjoyable pursuits. Our uniform for the mounted displays was similar to that worn by the Household Cavalry of today, rather warm and heavy in wet weather and the white blanco ran into the red tunics and blue breeches.

At the beginning of 1936 I was selected, together with two other young soldiers, to compete as a team at Olympia, in the finals of the young soldiers dummy thrusting competition, since we had won the command semi-finals. Our opponents came from the Greys and Skins. I recall that one of the lads from the Greys was "Cocky" Easton, whom I was to meet much later in the 14th/20th in India.

The Bays had a very successful year at mounted events, the teams were photographed

and the photograph used as a subject for the 1936 Christmas Card. I received a copy in India.

At this time drafts were being formed in Southern Command from the Bays, Greys and 4th Hussars to proceed to India to join the 14th/20th King's Hussars. I remember clearly that my SSM, Topper Brown, sent for me one day and offered me the choice of going to the Cavalry School at Weedon to become a riding instructor or joining the draft for India. I chose the latter.

Finally August passed and just over two years from joining I was packing my kit en-route for Lucknow, still a two-bob-a-day man.

Little did I realise at that time that I should spend the next seven years trekking all over India, Iraq and Iran, but that's another story.

During our stay in Lucknow—about two years—a lot of our time was taken up with mounted competitions, exercises and manoeuvres in preparation for war. Then the regiment moved down to Trimulgherry prior to the outbreak of war. In September of 1939 if I remember correctly, we were the last remaining horsed unit of the British Cavalry left in India. In fact I am sure we were fifty per cent mechanised and fifty per cent horsed. Finally, and rather regretfully for some, the horse disappeared altogether and a lot of fun went out of service life.

I returned home, leaving the 14th/20th in Iraq at the latter end of 1943 and landed up at

Catterick together with hundreds of ex-cavalrymen. It was at Catterick that I transferred to the RAVC to continue my association with horses.

I continued to ride and take part in mounted competition in England at Melton Mowbray, Egypt at Moascar and Germany at Sennelager and at one stage spent a few years as Secretary to the Quorn Hunt Point to Point.

Although I have not entirely severed my connection with the service I recently handed over my last commitment as treasurer of the local branch of the RAVC Association. Looking back on my past career it seems as though I have had connection with the service for a period spanning fifty years. It is only in later life that one realises how quickly time has flown.

In the last few years, Tom Jones, who soldiered with me, and I have made contact with many of our old acquaintances from the 14th/20th. We have had visits and correspondence with Jock McNeil, Curly Jones and Cocky Easton from Doncaster, Tiny Hill, Tim Charles, Danny McCarthy, Monty Munro, Slim Hibbert, Lou Davies, Walter Volley, Wally Whitchurch to name but a few.

We had a lot in common being all ex-cavalry men with an Esprit de Corps that was built up in the 14th/20th King's Hussars and continues on into the autumn of our lives. It is difficult to realise that they must now all be in their early sixties, but I prefer to remember them, each and every one as a CAVALRYMAN.

The Chronicles of Hussar

by SQMS H. W. Rutter, Late 14th/20th King's Hussars

CHAPTER 1

And it came to pass that the children of the fourteenth son of Hussar, and the children of the twentieth son of Hussar disported themselves in the land of India.

And the word of the Warlord came unto Groves, father of the tribe, saying unto him, "Behold the day of vengeance is at hand. The Hitlerites have arisen seeking to smite the earth. Therefore take thee and thy sons, and thine iron steeds, old though they be, and prepare to battle with the enemy. Sharpen thy swords, beeze up thy guns and get thee hence out unto the land of Edom and there smite the Hitlerite." Thus spake the Warlord.

Then did Groves the father call unto him Stephen his right hand man, and the four

elders of the tribe and said unto them,

"Get thy fingers from behind thee. The day of vengeance is at hand. Gather together the strongest of thy young men, each with his sword and steed of steel. Burnish thy weapons till they gleam as the mid-day sun, blanco thy belts and polish thy boots. Thus shalt thou seek and slay the enemy."

And the tribe went forth and did pitch their tents in the land of Edom.

And the sun waxed hot, and the Quarterbloke waxed rich, taking unto himself a daily portion of his children's shekels for they bought their own knana and brewed their own char. For the manna which the Lord of War gave unto them they could not eat.

And on the seventh day of the third month



The land of Edom

the elders sent out spies to spy out the land and seek the Hitlerites.

And on the fourth day of their sojourn did they return. And they shook the dust of the wilderness from off their feet and the sand of the desert from out their hair and entered into the dwelling of Groves and flung him up a Beefer.

And they made their report saying, "Blessed father of Hussars, greetings. We have done thy bidding and spied out the land and the hosts of the enemy are gathered round the pass which is called Pai Tak in the land of the Persians, Sir!"

So they journeyed northwards to the land of the Persians and smote and defeated the Hitlerite and took the land unto themselves.

And after many days sojourn in the land they journeyed to the city of Shaiba.

And they pitched their tents without the city and took unto themselves the most beautiful of the maidens of Achhur, and some weren't so fussy.



Look unto thy steeds of steel



They shall fly hither and thither across the wilderness

And it came to pass that Groves, father of the tribe, did leave his throne.

And Har Tilney, a man wise in the wisdom of God and full of love for the children of Hussar, sat thereon.

And the tribe rejoiced.

Now there rose from the ranks of the tribe a man, small of stature but diligent in the use of his hands and full of cunning.

And he said unto Har Tinley, "Wisest of the wise, blessed father of Hussars, look unto thy steeds of steel, and thy chariots and thy wagons. Behold, they shine as jewels in Edom, and the signs of the tribe are delicately engraved thereon and are pleasing to the eye. But alas, they will not budge! Give them into my charge I pray thee, and ere the passing of the moon they shall fly hither and thither across the wilderness with the ease and grace of a young gazelle, and shall be unto thee a blessing."

And Har Tilney was satisfied. And he said unto the man, "Tom, it is well. Thou shalt be a Captain of the hosts from this day forward. Get thee hence and do thy stuff."

And in the fullness of time the steeds of steel and the wagons did puff and chug, and the tribe were ready and awaited the word of the Warlord.

But the Warlord spake not.

And they tarried in the land of Edom and were consumed by the desert sun and stricken with many fevers. And they ate soya links. And they gazed with heavy hearts over the emptiness of the wilderness murmuring amongst themselves.

And great were their tribulations so that they lifted their heads to heaven and cried with one accord, "Let me out!"

And Har Tilney heard the cry of his children and was moved.

And he gathered unto him the elders and prayed daily unto the Lord of War saying, "Lord of War, Mightiest of Warriors, thou who smokest thy cigars in Whitehall, harken, we pray thee to our cry. Listen with mercy to our pleadings and take us from this barren land, for verily are we browned off."

And the Lord of War heard the cry, and with great clouds of smoke, spake thus,

"Har Tilney, thou shalt leave this dunheap, thou and thy children. Gird up thy loins and get thee unto the land of Egypt, which is a land flowing with milk and honey. And thou shalt seek out the place which is called Burg el Arab (Grid Ref: 135271) and there pitch thy tents."

And it was so.

Thus did the children of Hussar strike their tents. And with their steels of steel, their swords and their guns, their small packs and big packs made their way rejoicing.

It is hoped to include the remaining chapters in subsequent Journals.—Editor.



A land flowing with milk and honey

Princess Anne's Visit 26 July 78

A final royal wave and the Andover taxied slowly onto the runway at Celle Air Base.

The Hillman was a far cry from the luxurious interior of the Daimler but there was a very definite atmosphere of well-being and relief and for once the cramped back seat of "the worst car ever produced" (according to a "Which" review and most Commanding Officers) seemed remarkably welcoming. As the car headed back towards Hohne on the now familiar route the Commanding Officer reviewed the day in contented silence:

'Thank goodness for the weather; amazing to think it was so wet and cold in London. I gather Celia, the lady in waiting, had to remove a vest on the aeroplane when she saw the sun shining. Be glad to get rid of this Sam Browne and Service Dress jacket although I know I was right to insist on Number 2 dress for all officers in spite of the heat and the Colonel of the Regiment. There would have

been every variation and Harman would have worn some special Cyprus concoction. Must say, he did start the day off well with that brief in RHQ and think that Symons was quite flattered, if surprised, to be introduced as John Rawlins.

Never seen so many LS & GC medals being presented in one go. General Peter looked pretty surprised to see one or two faces there; some fairly interesting salutes too. Must do something about the standard of drill in the Regiment.

Needed that drink in the Sergeants' Mess after that wretched car crash that Jeremy Grey had laid on: Very impressive though and what a relief the injuries were a little less gruesome than on the rehearsal—those bones sticking out and all that blood pumping out. Could have been a disaster and just proves that rehearsals do pay off even if they are a bore for everyone. Old Smales—much younger than he looks in



Lt Col Pharo-Tomlin greeting Princess Anne at Celle Airfield



WIVES CLUB VISIT

Left to right: Mrs Collins, Mrs Licsey, Mrs Stocker, Mrs Clough, Mrs Knowles and Princess Anne

fact—quite paternal towards his boys. Oh well, I expect he'll have some of his own someday!

Have seldom seen so many officers before—fifty of them. Pity they aren't around all the time. Glad we had a photograph and will be interesting to look at it in 40 years time and see who is doing what!—a few more Generals, perhaps!

Mess Staff did well again: Really getting fairly professional at these big lunches. Not quite 300 like the last time but twice as complicated with that musical chairs system. Anyway it all seemed to work pretty well, thanks mainly to the wives who, for once, were concentrating. Poor Fiona Dean—babies obviously aren't a favourite topic of conversation.

Sad the stables aren't a bit smarter as the Princess really does love her horses. Never mind, most of the ponies were in Munich and 'B' and 'D' Squadrons were a reasonably sweaty substitute after lunch. Was very impressed with the Princess's knowledge of matters military. Some fairly leading questions too.

Vickery looked a bit bemused—always off playing polo. Never mind, if we win the Inter-Regimental it will all be worth it.

Glad I wasn't doing that awful pokey drill or arm strengthening exercises with rifles as David Coombes thought we had better call it, and felt a bit sorry for Garbutt's troop. He really was giving them a hard time.

A pity the Princess couldn't visit the stores and HQ Squadron but there just wasn't time for everything. The Wives Club looked super and well done Eddie Sheen getting it decorated and the wives making it look so nice.

Well I hope the Princess enjoyed herself. She certainly seemed to and was marvellous with all the boys and photographers as well. Wonder what we can do to improve it next year and make it all more fun. My word—that will be my finale before I go. Back to Hopp Street, but no crowd this time.'

D.J.B.W.

Polo in America

If I hadn't been sheltering from heavy rain at Hohne Polo Tournament I wouldn't have heard about the proposed Combined Services Polo Tour of Washington Polo Clubs. However, as it was, I caught a passing mutter between Bobby Faulkner and David Woodd. Following up the scent I managed to bribe the information out of David by offering him the pick of my famous well-stocked clothes cupboard. He took back the shirts and jacket I'd been borrowing, missed the polo sticks and whip, fortunately, and then explained that there was indeed a polo trip, but that I probably wouldn't be interested as he couldn't go himself. A lightning trip round the people (important) for permission for Tpr Constantine to look after my ponies and Caroline Mann to see whether the last red card she showed me was for permanent or temporary suspension from polo and parties—and then I was set for the less nerve-racking business of asking Kerry Hodson and Colonel John for their endorsement of my plans. The formalities over, I was able to relax and start pawning off other people's cufflinks and making insurance claims to raise the cash to go to America.

Shy as I am, I kept the news from 'B' Squadron for as long as I could. I told them on First Parade the next morning, and was heard whistling "I want to be in America" through my teeth during the more trying times in Tin City.

The team for America consisted of Brigadier Arthur Douglas-Nugent, Sean Mahoney and Hugh Humfrey of Scots DG, a Royal Marine called Mike Irwin, and myself. Problems began at Brize Norton where the RAF complained that we were overweight. We said that we would leave our ponies behind, but they still complained about the sticks. We explained that we had to take them; it would be like turning up to a darts match expecting to borrow the arrows from the opposition. They understood and we went, sticks and all. When we were well on our way in Mid Atlantic, the Chief Steward in a show of strength said that they wouldn't have taken our horses anyway, so there. We said "oh" and went back to playing polo with coins.

Arriving at Washington's airport was amazing. A huge automated luggage digestion and regurgitating machine spits out high velocity suitcases at negro porters whose stock phrase is, "Hey like, er, cool it man why don't



you?" as another suitcase scatters its colourful filling all over the crowded floor. In my case all my polo sticks so lovingly wrapped in binder twine by Supermum when I left home had come apart and polo sticks, whips and binder twine reduced the automatic machine to a state resembling the first Great Knitting Machine Disaster. But the airport had its better points. I was greeted by a very pretty girl who kissed me on the cheek, said "Welcome to Washington" and pinned a carnation in my buttonhole. About this stage of the game we discovered that I was not the British representative of the Great Britain Blow-Up Dolls corporation she was supposed to be meeting, and I was rejected like one of her firm's products with a puncture. We were finally introduced to the front part of the amazing car we were lent for our trip. None of us were in the mood for a mile long hike, so we all piled in the same side of the car and set off for our respective destinations. The time was about 7 p.m. their time, or midnight as far as we were concerned.

At about 9.30 p.m. we were hauled off to play arena polo. This was the first time most of us had played this exciting game. It's played in an oval arena, 3-a-side with a paddock polo ball. It was great fun to play, and we acquitted ourselves quite well, considering that as far as our internal clocks were concerned, we were playing at about 2 o'clock in the morning.

We stayed in the Potomac area for the first

week, playing polo in and around Washington. The ground in Washington is nearly egg-shaped, narrowing to quite a point at one end, and fully boarded. The ponies we were lent were mainly quarter horses and some small thoroughbreds, and of a very variable quality. The hospitality was invariably excellent and great fun was had by all at the many parties.

Tourism was not ignored, and some of us some fascinating places in Washington, lunching at the Capitol, and seeing the White House on a trip inside it. While we were queueing to get into one of the halls, there was a great stir and excitement in the crowd; necks were craned and incantations repeated. We all felt extremely honoured when it was revealed that a woman about twenty in front of us in the queue had almost seen President Carter's helicopter taking-off.

After these excitements we went North to Pennsylvania for two matches, and more wonderful hospitality. David Woodd's memory lingers here; apparently he injured himself most painfully on his visit. They couldn't give me any details, because it seems that David had not explained the nature of his injuries, but they gathered that they were South of the navel and North of the knee-caps.

One of the high spots of this part of the tour was a toga party. All guests wear only one sheet and one safety pin and a worried look. Some people cheated—but then again some didn't. Memories of the party are confused . . .

It was on our way back from here that I had a brush with the law. Powering down a highway in a beautiful powder blue Buick, I irritably

waved out of the way a driver in front who was being boring and keeping to the standard 50 mph speed limit. I overtook, only to see flashing red lights and hear sirens behind me. I had eased past a cop, who waved me into the side of the road. Mike Irwin and Hugh Humfrey sniggered while the cop, Stetson on head, and revolver checked for looseness in holster, said, "Hey, why doncha get outta that car?" I obliged, looking surprised and pained, fingering my Regimental tie and came up with that original line, "Oh—what seems to be the trouble, officer?" in my best British accent. "What in the hell was you doing going so fast, buddy boy?" he asked me. I mumbled in the approved fashion and he wanted to know why I had waved him out of the way. I told him I didn't think he was going fast enough, and he replied "When you waved me on over, you just blew past, buddy boy". Fortunately he let me off with a caution!

We had a fascinating trip to Lexington, Virginia, and found ourselves well in to confederate country and Southern accents and lots of civil war reminders, like the Washington and Lee University. We played polo on the grass parade ground of the Virginia Military Academy and were roundly beaten, but it was fun.

A third week was spent in and around Washington again. We all behaved impeccably that week, so there is little to say about it! We returned to our various jobs after three weeks of great fun and I look forward to seeing the Americans in England and Germany this summer to renew acquaintances.

M.H.V.

Dutch Courage

by Sgt C. H. A. Plaistow, RAPC, attached 14th/20th King's Hussars

"Anyone fancy a 65km march?" I asked with trepidation. After all we had completed 60km only the week before. The pay team centenary effort was to collect as much cash as possible for the Tom Hughes Children's Home in Nepal. A target was set at DM500 which was considered to be ambitious back in March. We had collected half of this sum by the end of May and decided that the only way to boost the fund would be to enter a sponsored team in the 5th International Langemannshof 65km march, organised by 43 Tankbataljon, our Dutch neighbours.

A quick competition ensued to see who could collect the most sponsors and the response

from members of the Regiment was magnificent. A letter was sent to all pay offices in the 1 Armd Div area and quite soon we had collected pledges totalling some DM1200, a tin of plasters, a pair of crutches and two walking sticks!

14 June saw us assembling at Langemannshof Kaserne on the Bergen-Hohne Ranges sporting our Centenary T-shirts (specially airlifted from UK courtesy of Pay Services 1 Armd Div) and all ready for a 0400 hrs start. It was just like a Grand National start, with 800 entrants, from five nations, jockeying for position apparently undaunted by the prospect of marching 65km along unyielding concrete

range roads. We realised, however, that 65km is a long way and that this would be a tactical exercise!

We decided to make the first few hours a forced march knowing that when the sun was up we would find the going harder. The first 25km seemed to fly by and after a quick break for refreshments at the Bergen check point, we continued the pace unabated arriving at Ostenholz check point (35km) at 0845 hrs. By this time the pace was beginning to tell a little and Cpl Steve (Shortie) Rhoden was having to take six paces to keep up with Pte Paul (Lanky) Cooper's two!

It was during the third stage that our initial restraint began to pay dividends as we passed those who had fallen by the wayside, and spurred on by Lcpl Keith (I can take it) Pinney's lead in a few well known marching songs we arrived at Fallingbostal (45km) feeling a little foot sore. A quick change of socks and a drink and then back on the road with the long uphill climb to Soltau facing us. Our outlook was fast becoming somewhat mercenary as the "fun" aspect of the march was wearing very thin! Our feelings as we approached the final checkpoint would be hard to describe—relief, that there was only 10km to go, and despair because our legs and feet were saying they had gone far enough.

The pace, as we started this final stretch, was slowed considerably by aching limbs and

blistered feet. Our back-up man Ssgt Nick Bayes was now in constant attendance—encouraging, taunting and at times threatening. A slight burst of speed ensued after Sgt Charles (Grit your teeth) Plaistow promised to buy the beers (an unusual offer). The clouds were gathering ominously as we rounded the final bend and Langemannshof came into view. All thoughts of weariness vanished. We braced ourselves and as the strains of a military band reached our ears, marched in the last 100m singing, to receive an enthusiastic welcome from a large crowd of spectators.

It was a very tired and sore team that at 1445 hrs climbed a long flight of steps to receive their medals from the Commanding Officer 43 Tank Bataljon, and as he asked if we would be back in 1979 I reflected that was indeed "Dutch Courage"!

'After a welcome beer supplied by our back-up man and sipped to the tune of "Imperial Echoes" played by the Regimental Band, we headed home, happy with our achievement and knowing that we will be able to send a large donation to the Tom Hughes Children's Home.

We would like to thank all members of 14/20H and 1 Armd Div who gave their generous support to our project.

Stop Press . . .

The total amount collected was DM1800 and a cheque for £450 was sent to Tom Hughes in December.

The Ramnuggur Boys

A Personal Reminiscence of the 78/79 Belfast Tour

by Capt J. N. Symons

I'd enjoyed an excellent lunch in the club washed down with some rather good Burgundy and moved downstairs for my customary glass of Port.

The year is 1989. The war has been over for nearly four years and the papers are now filled with the very different threat of the Chinese invasion onto the British Crown Island of Hong Kong.

I'd limped into Hatchards earlier in the morning to pick up my copy of the "Ramnuggur Boys"—the 2nd Edition of the Regiment's history. The "Emperors Chambermaids" finished in 1969 after the first visit of the Princess Royal to the Regiment and the "Ramnuggur Boys" took up the story. It

covered the next twenty years and ended after the Regiment's celebrated counter-attack over the Teutoburger Wald and the re-equipping with the new missile hover tanks.

I settled comfortably into a chair in the quiet of the reading room and started to browse through the expensive, leather-bound edition.

Not much was made of the halcyon days before the war. There were some amusing stories and details of the Far East and the pleasant but somewhat constipated routine of peacetime soldiering in BAOR. (The pre 1984 name given to BF(E).)

As the steward brought me another glass of Port I progressed through the Squadron tours of N. Ireland and then surprising I saw only a

short paragraph covering the tour of 1978/79. It read:

"In October 1978 the Regiment relieved 1 QUEENS in West Belfast for a four months emergency tour in the infantry role—The first non-infantry Regiment to take over responsibility for a hard "green" area. The Regiment had considerable success in supporting the RUC at a time when their supremacy was undergoing a challenge with an increase in violence."

In the warm and somnolent atmosphere, attempting to ignore the call of the office, my head slumped and the book dropped from my hand. As I dozed, I dreamt of that tour dismissed so casually by a paragraph of history.

We'd known before we left Bovington in '77 that we were scheduled for a tour in Belfast the following year. In the first few months of '78 RHQ started to work on the plans for training and re-organising the Regiment.

We were to go to the hard Catholic area of Andersonstown with Tactical HQ at Fort Monagh which was the most mortared camp in Belfast. It would be a challenge as it was to be the first time the Regiment had been dismounted and gone to Ireland complete. Only three Squadrons were to deploy. The specialist Close Observation Troop would be formed from 'C' Squadron and the remainder would re-inforce the other Squadrons. Mike Cullinan, the Squadron Leader, would be appointed to run Public and Community Relations. Gradually other appointments were filled. Several officers and NCOs were required to go away on courses to learn fresh skills. Whilst all this was going on we were still required to fulfil our BAOR role with exercises and gunnery camp.

In July, however, we went into baulk and a troop of QDGs under Charlie Middleton, who were our Battle Group Close Recce Troop, came under command for the duration of the tour. The Northern Ireland Training and Advisory Team (NITAT) gave an invaluable package of lectures and presentations to the whole Regiment which started the training on 10 July.

The NITAT team soon made us realise how the scope of the conflict had changed, and with it the modus operandi of the enemy and the security forces (SF). The days of the pitched street battle were over. The intensity of operations was lower than had been the case in the early part of the decade. Nevertheless the scope for long term success was being slowly increased. Community Relations, a term previously unheard was constantly mentioned.



Our task was to support the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) in maintaining a normal life in the Province and outlaw the terrorists.

The terrorist and his weapons were now highly sophisticated. The SF had developed drills for almost every incident. Statistics showed that there were only five seconds to cock the weapon and return fire if a gunman was seen. We learnt that the trigger mechanisms for bombs were remote and sophisticated. We saw colour pictures of soldiers mutilated by bombs. We started to train in earnest with shooting, First Aid and physical fitness as the priorities.

The first recce of the Tactical Area of Responsibility (TAOR) was undertaken. Belfast was different. The overt hostility of the majority had turned to muted apathy and sophisticated terrorism by the minority. No longer did the patrols walk the streets relentlessly for the sake of a presence on the ground. Multiple sections of four-man "bricks" satted around each other providing depth. Arrests and searches were carefully planned and executed purposefully after clearance by the RUC. The RUC patrolled with the troops. The soldiers said "Please" and "Would you mind helping us". Some of the locals would

exchange courtesies. There were magic pocket radios which permitted instant reaction without the hinderance of weight. There were agencies to help the soldier. Pointer, the RMP team who were the local experts on the ground and often the first people at an incident with expert advice. They ensured that the evidence gathered which could incriminate a terrorist would not be mishandled by enthusiastic soldiers unaware of the legal requirements.

Felix, the bravest of the brave, was still there gambling his life against the terrorist bomb but now he too had more sophisticated equipment.

There was a civilian representative of the administration working in Battalion HQ and his job was to assist the soldier on the ground in implementing community relations tasks and liaison with the appropriate government authorities to cut through beaurocracy. The intelligence agencies had grown. They now had computers to help them,

The "Patch" was split into three Squadron TAORs with an echelon at MPH. On the surface the hardest area would be David Coombes' Glassmullin Squadron which encompassed Andersonstown and the area of Milltown where many of the "Heroes" were interned in the cemetery. Both 'A' and 'B' Squadrons would cram into the Woodburn Hotel on the Stewartson Road but operate in different areas. John Smales' Squadron would cover Lenadoon and Ladybrook and the Protestant/Catholic Suffolk interface. Kerry Hodson would take on the rapidly expanding Twinbrook where a large number of the enemy were taking up new residences.

We learnt much on the recce and returned to BAOR to train the Regiment accordingly.

Mountains of paperwork flooded into RHQ; operational instructions, training directives and admin orders. The amendments came for the amendments. Could we get more ranges? Why did all the local ranges have to undergo maintenance just when we wanted to use them? How could we best train on terrorist recognition? How many search teams and snipers would we need? What sort of CPX could we run for the operations room staffs? What would Task Force HQ do to help? Would BAOR paperwork ever dry up?

Princess Anne came to visit and enjoyed the sight of her unfit soldiers undergoing the tortures of the physical training. Gradually, after much hard work the Regiment became transformed. Shooting improved; snap and

standing shooting with flak jackets from alternate shoulders was incorporated. Patrolling around the barracks improved with physical fitness, reactions, and observation sharpened.

The first two weeks of September were hot and we were at Sennelager testing our skills under the supervision of NITAT. We shot day and night on the ranges and in a close quarter battle environment. Each Squadron underwent an intensive 36-hour period of exercises. No potential N. Ireland incident was left unpractised. De-briefs were ruthless but fair. It was in Hohne that we learnt our new job but it was at Sennelager that lives were saved which could otherwise have been lost in action.

On 10 October Col John Pharo-Tomlin assumed command of our TAOR. Our first week was hectic. The PIRA laid on a series of test exercises in order to assess their newest "aggressors". 'D' Squadron had the first of many proxy bombs on the inter-Battalion boundary with the Light Infantry. There were Catholic marches protesting about internment, rights and status of internees in the H block of the Maze prison. There were Protestant marches objecting to a proposed Catholic housing estate in Poleglass. In spite of the stoning the RUC took the initiative with our support. We withdrew when by so doing the situation was eased unless a point of law was to be enforced. We had hoaxes and we reacted to false alarms. Blatant terrorist propaganda was encountered when the republican Andersonstown news reported and showed photographs of a youth purporting to have had his throat cut by soldiers of the Regiment. Mysterious shots were reported, and a man was found with bullet-shattered kneecaps—a victim of an IRA punishment squad.

Gradually as the tour developed the character of the different patches became more apparent. "Andytown" was hard; no smiles and little reward for trying but at least we knew it was hard. Ladybrook and Lenadoon were better fringe targets for "hearts and minds" and there was scope for some rural patrolling to the West of Black Mountain.

Twinbrook was the most difficult threat to assess. There were many new houses but little hard intelligence on their owners. The house of the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion PIRA was known and marked. The soldiers made sure that he knew that they knew him, and as with all other known terrorists, they'd try to make him think that his every movement could be monitored. There were factories



Good morning. As a member of HM Forces I have come to search your house

including the much heralded Delorean car works which might ease the local unemployment. The confidence of the uncommitted had to be won.

The tour progressed with hard weather and national strikes. Rifles and ammunition were found; bombs exploded; a fireman was killed dealing with an incendiary bomb. Vehicle check points were constantly snapped on to the roads prior to the terrorists' Christmas bombing target of the city centre. Ringed by three units the terrorist found it difficult to reach his goal.

More and more terrorists were reaching the courts as a result of the good work done by our predecessors. An alert sentry identified a wanted man and the quick reaction force arrested him within seconds. When an incident took place the RUC and our Intelligence gathered information to identify and tabulate the evidence.

The soldiers helped, listened, and sympathised. It was their war. Confidence was gained. An anonymous phone call lead to an arms find or the disruption of a planned sniping at a patrol.

Suddenly the tour ended. Reports were written and carefully, to avoid a wasted tour, a handover was made. Almost to a man the

soldiers slept on the uncomfortable flight home looking forward to a month's well earned leave. Although unlike the intense daily strain of the early tours the men were tired. They'd been bored and occasionally frightened, and they suffered the dreary routine of guards, duties and fatigues.

As I returned to consciousness and picked up the book which had fallen from my hand the recollection remained vivid. Altogether from the planning stage to the return from leave N. Ireland had occupied over a year of an Armoured Regiment's time. The tour had been undramatic; The value had not been immediately apparent.

As I walked home through the park I reflected on the war that had obscured the issue of N. Ireland and provided a temporary lull in the campaign. Perhaps it was partly because of Northern Ireland that we'd been so unprepared for those bitter weeks of fighting. Almost all the worst fears of the prophets had been realised. The shortfall on defence expenditure, meaningless restructuring, lack of NATO standardisation had all helped the enemy without a shot being fired. The pundits who'd said we'd stay in barracks and let the Americans negotiate the conflict had been Job's comforters.

Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, Paris 1978

I have often been asked how on earth I managed to get a job in Paris. Well, ages ago now the telephone rang one day and MS were on the line. "There's a job for you in the Persian Gulf" (let's get the boulder as far away as possible). "No thank you," I said, "I'd rather not." Some time later—"Something has come up in Nigeria. It should suit you well." "No thank you." A week later, "Surely we can tempt you with this job in Bangladesh?" "No, really, no thank you."

It should be mentioned that by this time MS were becoming somewhat exasperated and I was a very worried officer, when, again the telephone rang. A rather bemused officer asked warily if I would go to Paris. And so it was that I arrived there in June 1978.

It was Louis XV who created the Ecole Militaire in 1750. He wanted to further educate his officers because he believed the defence of his Kingdom rested in a strong Army. He commissioned his premier architect Gabriel and in 1751 work began on the buildings; in 1756 the first course started. Further building and the courses continued more or less regularly until 1788; the young Bonaparte himself was a student in 1784/85. Shortly after the Revolution the School was sacked by the Paris mob and for the greater part of the 19th century the Establishment was used as a barracks for the Guard, be it Consular, Imperial or Royal. The Champ-de-Mars, which belonged to the school and which stretches out in front of it down towards the river to where the Eiffel Tower now stands, was used for important military parades and festivals. On 1 June 1815 Napoleon presented standards to his Regiments there for the last time.

After the defeat of 1870 the French Government decided it was time to re-create the Officers school at the Ecole Militaire. In 1876 the first "Promotion" of the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre assembled itself and has run each year since with the exception of the two World Wars. And so in June 1978 I joined the 92nd "Promotion" for 5 weeks as a student on their "illitre's" course, after that becoming a fully fledged "Qualified" Liaison Officer. This included being able to run through the Champ-de-Mars around the Eiffel Tower and back again. We set off at a brisk pace, the younger ones leading the way and doing leap frogs under the Tower. The Tunisian Colonel, the Senegalese Major and the British Liaison



Officer had no trouble at all in bringing up the rear. However, we consoled ourselves that we were, after all, above the average age.

The Ecole Militaire complex is vast. It houses not only the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, but also the equivalent of RCDS, the Naval and Air Staff Colleges, NDC, RMCS, the Reserve Officers School, the Centre for Foreign Languages and the Intendance School (RAOC/RAPC) to mention but a few. A student here will do two years. The course starts in September and the first year runs through to July. In the second year, from September to January inclusive he attends the NDC equivalent together with students from the Naval and Air Colleges. Then he returns to the ESG in February until he graduates in June. He therefore gains psc and idc. There are about 90 French students and about 20 foreigners. At present there is a British student on each of the two courses concurrently running.

Also at the Ecole are two other Liaison Officers—the American and the German. We are commonly referred to as the Three Musketeers, and much of our work is done in combination. The first taste of a French audience is experienced towards the end of September, when we perform a small skit—Stetson, Lederhosen and Bowler Hat are essential ingredients—which breaks the ice prior to our first presentations a week later on

our National Defence Policy, and the Army. I wondered to myself what my French mistress in Weymouth would have thought of my performance to an audience of 130, when exactly one year previously I had laboriously read a chapter of the RAEC production (colloquial standard) of "Bill et Tommy en France" and she had had to correct my every word!

The first hazard on arrival is to find accommodation. We looked at 14 various houses, flats and apartments and were feeling a bit depressed. However, at the 15th we scored a

bull's eye and now live in a "Grande maison" at St. Germain-en-Laye to the west of Paris. The house belongs, appropriately, to a French Cavalry Officer and the children go to a French school just opposite. Very soon they will be correcting my French. So we are well set up to enjoy to the full this most excellent posting which I have been lucky enough to pick up. It was, after all, worth my while to gain a grading of Group 3 French whilst at Sandhurst. I didn't (and still don't) quite know what it meant.

W.J.S.

Regimental Gazette

Honours and Awards

We congratulate the following:

MBE

Major (QM) D. A. J. Williams.

Regimental Medal

Lt Col J. A. Pharo-Tomlin.

Major P. C. Clarke, CVO.

Captain R. J. Mann.

SQMS J. Schofield.



Major Bill Williams with Desmond, Sheila and Malcolm after receiving his MBE cross from HM The Queen



SSM Rushton receiving his LSGC Medal from Princess Anne during her visit in July

Marriages

We congratulate the following:

- Tpr D. Leslie to Miss Catherine Janet Parkinson on 29 October 77.
 Tpr W. Stobbs to Miss Jacqueline Tozey on 12 November 1977.
 Bdsm P. Krywyszyn to Miss Kim Denise Parker on 13 December 1977.
 Lcpl F. Bailey to Miss Christine Jeanette Baatz on 20 December 1977.
 Cpl W. Wyper to Miss Jennifer Jones on 19 December 1977.
 Bdsm Hamilton to Miss Jayne Ann Coombs on 31 December 1977.
 Tpr G. Kelly to Miss Kathleen Ann Travis on 3 March 1978.
 Tpr J. Woodruff to Miss Karen Lesley Newton on 18 March 1978.
 Lcpl M. Geraghty to Miss Katrina Allison Unwin on 27 March 1978.
 Ssgt H. Gorry to Miss Anna Rose Siekerca on 7 April 1978.
 Tpr K. Meakin to Miss Anne Frances White on 8 April 1978.
 Tpr B. Webb to Miss Daryl Lee on 4 May 1978.
 Tpr D. Crompton, to Miss Diane Elizabeth Stockley on 6 May 1978.
 Cpl P. Nutter to Lcpl Lynne Drury, WRAC on 25 May 1978.
 Lcpl J. Binns to Miss Diana Jacqueline Willoughby on 10 June 1978.
 Tpr A. Honeyman to Miss Janice Linda Smith on 17 June 1978.
 Tpr G. Hatfield to Miss Deborah Ruth Pinkey on 1 July 1978.
 Tpr M. Brown to Miss Sharon Avril Sparkson on 1 July 1978.
 Cpl S. Rodowicz to Miss Lynette Macfadaiene Kukle on 12 August 1978.
 Bdsm I. Rigby to Miss Maxine Margaret Whittaker on 12 August 1978.
 Tpr J. Nicholson to Miss Rita Renate Annaleise Sulberstein on 30 August 1978.
 Lcpl P. Price to Miss June Hicking on 23 September 1978.
 Lcpl S. Gee to Miss Kim Elaine Howard on 29 September 1978.
 Major T. P. Scott to Miss Angela Kennard on 16 December 1978.

Births

We congratulate the following:

- Cpl and Mrs S. Rodowicz a daughter (Kathryn Amanda) on 22 February 1973. Belated entry.
 Lcpl and Mrs P. Howard a son (Simon James Davies) on 2 October 1974. Belated entry.
 Tpr and Mrs J. Woodruff a son (Stephen Leslie) on 8 November 1976. Belated entry.
 Tpr and Mrs P. Holmes a daughter (Teresa Margaret) on 17 December 1977.
 Tpr and Mrs P. Finnigan a daughter (Carly) on 24 December 1977.
 Maj and Mrs J. D. Coombes a son (Nicholas George) on 29 December 1977.
 Lcpl and Mrs D. Blackburn a daughter (Nicola Claire) on 30 January 1978.
 Tpr and Mrs L. Lake a daughter (Melanie Jane) on 7 February 1978.
 Tpr and Mrs M. Fogg a daughter (Beatrice) on 12 February 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs J. Turpin a son (Peter Joseph) on 19 February 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs J. Grimshaw a son (Simon John) on 20 February 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs P. Roe a daughter (Kim Diane) on 6 March 1978.
 Cfn and Mrs P. J. Rudd a daughter on 9 February 1978.
 Tpr and Mrs R. Faux a daughter (Patricia Margaret Kit) on 8 March 1978.
 Sgt and Mrs D. Aindow a daughter (Amaica) on 10 March 1978.
 Cpl and Mrs J. Wood a daughter (Kerenza) on 25 March 1978.
 Sgt and Mrs L. Burrill a son (Michael) on 1 May 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs J. Ellis a daughter (Hayley) on 21 May 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs A. Hutchinson a daughter (Helen Clare) on 24 May 1978.
 Cpl and Mrs G. P. Green a daughter on 24 May 1978.
 Capt and Mrs G. H. R. Tilney a son (Angus Myles Arthur) on 26 May 1978.
 Cpl and Mrs S. Redhead a son (Nicholas Peter) on 1 June 1978.
 Cpl and Mrs I. Whitehead a daughter (Kerrie Eileen) on 17 June 1978.
 Tpr and Mrs G. Mather a daughter (Lisa Michelle) on 26 June 1978.
 Lcpl and Mrs G. Sweeney a daughter (Kerry Jane) on 1 July 1978.

Cpl and Mrs R. Ager a daughter (Emma Louise) on 7 July 1978.

Sgt and Mrs P. Clark a son on 1 July 1978.

Cpl and Mrs I Burkinshaw a son on 7 July 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs R. M. C. Panter a daughter on 24 July 1978.

Cpl and Mrs J. Loines a son (Neil John) on 28 July 1978.

Cpl and Mrs D. Parkinson a daughter (Claire Louise) on 10 August 1978.

Bdsm and Mrs R. Millington a son (Andrew Kenneth) on 15 August 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs W. Harding a daughter (Kelly Marie) on 16 August 1978.

Cfn and Mrs C. J. Lombard a son on 16 August 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs C. Meehan a daughter (Vanessa Ann) on 18 August 1978.

Tpr and Mrs J. Parry a son (John Matthew) on 20 August 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs Heyes a son (Karl Dylan) on 27 August 1978.

Tpr and Mrs M. Gleadhill a son (Philip Charles Joseph) on 1 September 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs G. Gleadhill a son (Paul) on 9 September 1978.

Cpl and Mrs S. Leeworthy a son (Jason Michael) on 17 September 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs J. Coleman a daughter (Rachel Louise) on 30 September 1978.

Tpr and Mrs D. Leslie a son (David Paul) on 10 October 1978.

Sgt and Mrs D. Winstanley a daughter (Fiona Claire) on 21 October 1978.

Capt and Mrs P. N. Elliott Lockhart a daughter (Sophie Hendrika) on 2 November 1978.

Tpr and Mrs F. Hewitt a daughter (Michelle) on 9 November 1978.

Cpl and Mrs G. Clough a son (Thomas Geoffrey) on 23 November 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs R. W. Scott a son (Robert Whyte) on 21 December 1978.

Tpr and Mrs R. A. Fenty a daughter (Louise Yvonne) on 14 November 1978.

Lcpl and Mrs J. S. Gibbons a daughter (Claire Ann Marie) on 11 January 1979.

Cpl and Mrs J. Mallalieu a daughter (Kirsty) on 15 January 1979.

Obituary; continued from page 70.

Sergeant Henry Charles Simmons died on 5 March 1979 at the Royal Hospital Chelsea, aged 74. He had been an In-Pensioner since 1975 and had suffered much from ill health. He served from 1921-1946 twelve years of which was with the Regiment. He will be missed by those who knew him including his friends at the Royal Hospital.

DATES TO REMEMBER, 1979

Regimental Reunion London 5 May

Combined Cavalry Parade 6 May

Visit to Regiment by The Princess Anne and OCA Reunion (Hohne) 25-27 June

Officers Dinner (Cavalry & Guards Club) 22 November

Manchester Reunion 24 November

QUARTERMASTER'S NOTICE

Notice found on the clothing store door

IT IS VITAL YOU READ THIS

The Clothing Storemen do not know the location of the following:—

Noddy, Genghis Khan, The 2 IC of the Dagenham Girls' Pipe Band, the work ticket and keys to the 45 Regt. RA Minibus, the NAAFI Manager's dog, Pte Dilks' Motor Cycle, Cpl Morrow, the Chelsea Football Team, the date of the next Election, the phone number of Berlin (Chalothenburg Bahnhof).

If you must know answers to questions ask an RMP, not the Clothing Storemen.

The Regiment — January 1979

THE OFFICERS

Colonel-in-Chief	HRH The Princess Anne, Mrs Mark Phillips, GCVO
Colonel of the Regiment	Major General P. B. Cavendish, OBE
Deputy Colonel	Major P. C. Clarke, CVO
Regimental Secretary	Major M. A. Urban-Smith, MC

TACHQ

Commanding Officer	Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Pharo-Tomlin
Second in Command	Major P. Harman
Operations Officer	Major W. R. T. Edge
PRO & CRO	Major M. A. Cullinan
Padre	Major P. T. Craig, RChD
OC Tac HQ	Captain J. N. Symons
Adjutant	Captain D. J. B. Woodd
Intelligence Officer	Captain C. M. I. Tennent
Signals Officer	Captain J. C. Cameron-Hayes
Unit Emplanement Officer	Captain A. W. Byrde
Medical Officer	Captain C. Lynn, RAMC
Assistant Intelligence Officer	Lieutenant P. G. Lynch

ECHELON

QM/OC Echelon	Major E. Sheen
Paymaster	Major N. A. Mackereth, RAPC
Military Transport Officer	Lieutenant J. P. Howard
OC RCT	2nd Lieutenant M. J. Melaugh, RCT

'A' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major J. R. Smales
Second in Command	Captain The Hon J. F. A. Grey
Operations Officer	Captain G. H. R. Tilney
Troop Leader	Lieutenant J. C. P. Herrtage
Troop Leader	Lieutenant R. T. F. Wood
Troop Leader	2nd Lieutenant N. M. Murray

'B' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major K. M. Hodson
Second in Command	Captain J. M. D. Moger
Operations Officer	Captain M. J. H. Vickery
Troop Leader	Lieutenant A. R. D. Shirreff
Troop Leader	Lieutenant T. C. Tayler
Troop Leader	2nd Lieutenant H. A. O. Wicks

CLOSE OBSERVATION TROOP

Captain R. J. L. Fellowes

'D' SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major J. D. Coombes
Second in Command	Captain R. J. Mann
Operations Officer	Captain S. W. G. Suchanek
Troop Leader	Lieutenant H. M. Dixon
Troop Leader	Lieutenant P. D. W. Garbutt
Troop Leader	Lieutenant C. Middleton, QDG
Troop Leader	2nd Lieutenant W. R. C. Athill

REAR PARTY

Officer Commanding	Major C. R. K. Dean
Second in Command	Captain J. F. T. Baines
QM Tech.....	Captain G. J. Mitchell
Families Officer.....	Lieutenant C. T. Jarrett

TAVR POOL OF OFFICERS

Captain R. G. Russell
Captain Sir R. Dashwood, Bt
Captain B. R. Hamilton
Lieutenant H. D. Pownall-Gray

OFFICERS SERVING OUTSIDE THE REGIMENT

Maj Gen P. B. Cavendish, OBE	IMS HQ NATO
Maj Gen J. M. Palmer	DRAC
Col T. G. Williams, OBE	IMS HQ NATO
Lt Col C. C. G. Ross	GSO 1 HQ DRAC
Lt Col W. J. Stockton, OBE	GSO 1 E.S. de G. Paris
Lt Col M. H. Goodhart	HQ 23 Liaison HQ 1 (NL) Corps
Maj D. L. de Beaujeu	NDC Latimer
Maj W. D. Garbutt	Housing Comdt York
Maj D. H. Bird	4 Comms Unit Cheltenham
Maj H. C. W. G. Joynson	MOD (ADP Co-ord)
Maj C. A. Pemberton	AMSG (Work Study) Hong Kong
Maj J. R. Clifton-Bligh	RSA Larkhill
Maj M. Heyer-Lyford	Army School of Recruiting
Maj J. P. Rawlins	WRAC College
Maj W. G. C. Bowles	ATDU Bovington
Maj M. G. S. Davis	RAC Signal School Bovington
Maj T. P. Scott	Staff College Camberley
Maj W. H. Bentley, MBE.....	Range Officer Castlemartin
Maj J. C. W. MacGregor	1 Div HQ & Sig Regt
Maj P. A. Hoare	MVEE (K)
Maj D. A. J. Williams, MBE	MVEE Aldershot
Maj E. J. Micklem.....	SOLF
Maj. J. F. A. Valdes-Scott	AYSC (S) Deepcut
Capt S. E. L. Lang	DLOY
Capt J. J. Escott	HQ DRAC
Capt P. N. Elliott-Lockhart	HQ UKLF
Capt R. G. Hews	HQ N. Ireland
Capt M. N. Hill	D&M School Bovington
Capt V. L. Colborne	TD&PW Bovington
Lt C. P. Astley-Birtwistle	DLOY
Lt A. R. E. Singer	659 Sqn AAC
Lt C. V. Clarke	Oxford University
Lt A. F. B. Ashbrooke	Cambridge University
2Lt R. H. Wise	Cambridge University
2Lt M. P. Hammick	Reading University
2Lt M. W. E. Wade	Exeter University
2Lt A. C. S. McFarlane.....	RAC Centre

SOLDIERS SERVING OUTSIDE THE REGIMENT**RAC Training Regiment**

Sgt Crank
Sgt McVay
Sgt Metcalfe
Cpl Joyce

ATDU/RAC Sales Team

Sgt Curtis
Lcpl Winch

D & M School

Ssgt Tottman

DLOY

Ssgt Woodcock
Ssgt Wagstaff

Recruiters

Sgt Riley
Sgt Smith (077)

RMA Sandhurst

Lcpl Avis
Lcpl Arstall

Army Air Corps

Sgt Neilson

Junior Leaders Regiment

Sgt Atkin
Sgt Jackson
Sgt Smith (809)

Gunnery School Lulworth

WO1 Burgess
Ssgt Washington
Tpr Moors

Signal School

Cpl Vickers

MVEE

Ssgt Hatton
Ssgt Brierley
Tpr Pemberton
Tpr Potheary
Tpr Taylor (720)
Tpr Whittaker

Miscellaneous

Ssgt Weaver, BAOR Docus Team, BFPO 40
Sgt Cooper, RAC Ranges, Castlemartin
Sgt Dixon, 2 ADS, BFPO 103
Cpl Barnes, 2 ADS, BFPO 103
Cpl Wilson, RY, Elverton Street, London
Cpl Wood (956), RSC, Sutton Coldfield
Cpl Diver, HQ DRAC, Bovington
Lcpl Whitehead, 1 Armd Div HQ&SigRegt.
Lcpl Plant, ADU, Northern Ireland

RAC Centre H/S

Ssgt Holland
Sgt Elsdon (518)
Lcpl Spencer
Tpr Lipscombe

Nominal Roll January 1979**TACHO**

WO1 B. G. Stocker
WO2 B. Draper
WO2 I. K. Leeming
WO2 E. G. Lowden
Ssgt D. Redmond
Ssgt G. W. M. Robertson
Ssgt G. F. Smith
Ssgt A. W. Wainwright
Sgt T. J. Batchelder
Sgt J. W. Briggs
Sgt L. Burrill
Sgt D. C. Flowers
Sgt G. V. Kirk
Sgt D. A. Little
Sgt J. A. Smith
Sgt D. J. Winstanley
Sgt J. R. H. Young
Cpl S. M. S. Beavers
Cpl W. Clarkson
Cpl D. M. Dukes
Cpl G. Ellison
Cpl T. Livesey

Cpl A. J. McNally
Cpl F. A. P. Taylor
Cpl A. J. Taylor
Cpl A. J. Taylor
Cpl J. Whittaker
Cpl D. N. S. Wood
Lcpl D. J. Bache
Lcpl D. Barber
Lcpl J. T. J. Bond
Lcpl M. D. Geraghty
Lcpl F. Hewitt
Lcpl P. Howard
Lcpl P. M. Price
Lcpl P. J. Richards
Lcpl G. J. Sweeney
Lcpl G. B. Uttley
Lcpl D. Winterburn
Tpr P. Adams
Tpr D. Ashton
Tpr I. D. Ashwell
Tpr A. T. Barnes
Tpr T. Bingham
Tpr P. S. E. Cotton

Tpr T. P. Ford
Tpr J. Hutchinson
Tpr G. Patterson
Tpr I. L. Plover
Tpr I. M. Rowen
Tpr G. D. A. Tinnion
Tpr T. W. Turnbull
Tpr G. Whitfield
Tpr S. J. Wilkinson
Tpr J. D. Woodruff

'A' SQUADRON

WO2 D. Tunnicliffe
Ssgt D. S. Ingham
Ssgt M. G. Plummer
Ssgt B. E. Woolford
Sgt P. Elsdon
Sgt R. C. Renshaw
Sgt P. B. Webb
Cpl J. Broom
Cpl K. S. Borthwick
Cpl S. Buccilli

Cpl J. A. Harrison
Cpl P. A. R. Hunt
Cpl P. T. Kennedy
Cpl L. Leach
Cpl J. Pitt
Cpl S. Rowlett
Cpl W. F. Wyper
Lcpl C. R. Baggallay
Lcpl L. A. Critchlow
Lcpl J. T. Donbavand
Lcpl P. L. Edwards
Lcpl A. J. Foster
Lcpl I. A. Flannery
Lcpl Hallam
Lcpl S. S. Heyes
Lcpl T. A. Jones
Lcpl J. Manderson
Lcpl R. T. J. McKeen
Lcpl R. A. Shepherd
Lcpl A. J. Tobin
Lcpl S. M. Wheeler
Lcpl A. D. Williams
Lcpl W. Wilson

Lcpl M. J. Woods
 Lcpl W. S. Worfolk
 Tpr J. R. Adams
 Tpr J. S. Adamson
 Tpr P. D. Annett
 Tpr J. Ashton
 Tpr M. Beaumont
 Tpr B. J. Birtwistle
 Tpr J. F. Booth
 Tpr P. Briercliffe
 Tpr J. Burke
 Tpr I. Chadwick
 Tpr P. S. Collier
 Tpr D. B. Crompton
 Tpr P. Cunliffe
 Tpr D. A. Dewhurst
 Tpr M. L. Dunne
 Tpr N. L. Duffy
 Tpr K. C. Fletcher
 Tpr M. D. Frankle
 Tpr A. M. Glover
 Tpr R. Greenwood
 Tpr M. V. Grundy
 Tpr Highton
 Tpr D. Hodgkiss
 Tpr R. Holt
 Tpr P. Kay
 Tpr K. L. Kearton
 Tpr J. J. Kelly
 Tpr M. Kenna
 Tpr J. Maiden
 Tpr S. Molloy
 Tpr D. G. Mulvaney
 Tpr I. J. Nicholson
 Tpr P. P. O'Connor
 Tpr W. R. Rodger
 Tpr F. Ryan
 Tpr A. B. Sherwood
 Tpr A. Todd
 Tpr M. Thompson
 Tpr S. Vasey
 Tpr R. Wilde

'B' SQUADRON

WO2 (SSM) A. Ogden
 Ssgt K. Glover
 Ssgt (SQMS) J. Schofield
 Sgt J. Cornish
 Sgt H. Best
 Sgt M. Greenwood (CSE UK)
 Cpl R. Ager
 Cpl F. Bradbury
 Cpl D. Drummond
 Cpl B. Collins
 Cpl T. Gill
 Cpl A. Mayall
 Cpl R. Murphy
 Cpl S. Rodowicz (CSE UK)
 Cpl K. Whitelock
 Cpl G. Holden
 Cpl D. Sloan
 Lcpl F. Bailey
 Lcpl A. Binns
 Lcpl M. Blakey
 Lcpl D. Blackburn
 Lcpl K. Bradley
 Cpl T. Burnett
 Lcpl G. Duxbury

Lcpl S. Gibbons
 Cpl S. Harrison
 Lcpl B. Lythgoe
 Lcpl F. Woods
 Tpr B. Abbott
 Tpr R. Ainscow
 Tpr E. Eyles
 Tpr K. Bracewell
 Tpr C. Bradbury
 Tpr J. M. Brown
 Tpr M. Brown
 Tpr D. Billington
 Tpr D. Camilleri-Agus
 Tpr L. Coundley
 Tpr R. Delaney
 Tpr D. Franks
 Tpr P. Finnigan
 Tpr R. Ford
 Tpr J. Hoey
 Tpr G. Holroyd
 Tpr E. Greenwood
 Lcpl S. Houghton
 Tpr J. Kelly
 Tpr G. Kelly
 Tpr D. Lee
 Tpr D. Milner
 Tpr A. Nowicki
 Tpr G. Ralphs
 Lcpl D. Leslie
 Tpr R. Slater
 Tpr C. Sawdon
 Tpr B. Springall
 Tpr M. Taylor
 Tpr K. Webb
 Tpr S. Wild
 Tpr A. Woods
 Tpr L. Storey
 Tpr N. McGuinness
 Tpr A. Foster
 Tpr M. Roe

CLOSE OBSERVATION TROOP

Sgt K. Davies
 Cpl C. Bamby
 Cpl J. Mallalieu
 Cpl P. Murphy
 Cpl T. P. Murphy
 Cpl S. Rodowicz
 Cpl W. K. Tait
 Cpl K. Watkinson
 Lcpl T. D. Bowman
 Lcpl S. Chappell
 Lcpl C. P. Clayton
 Lcpl S. Garner
 Lcpl H. P. J. Rae
 Lcpl R. W. Scott
 Lcpl W. Stobart
 Tpr A. Beaver
 Tpr M. Fogg
 Tpr S. Hadfield
 Tpr I. Happer
 Tpr K. Henderson
 Tpr M. A. Kneale
 Tpr D. P. Lavelle
 Tpr G. Mather
 Tpr D. Moss
 Tpr M. Peck
 Tpr B. E. Smith
 Tpr J. C. Walton
 Tpr C. Ward

'D' SQUADRON

WO2 J. F. Rushton
 Ssgt A. Angel
 Sgt A. B. Beveridge
 Sgt G. Hutchinson
 Sgt A. Smith
 Cpl D. W. Annis
 Cpl B. Filio
 Cpl B. W. France
 Cpl M. D. Harding
 Cpl A. G. Hutchinson
 Cpl A. Knowles
 Cpl D. Lee
 Cpl M. McGahey
 Cpl J. Moris
 Cpl S. Redhead
 Cpl M. J. Stowell
 Cpl R. F. Warren
 Cpl D. Williams
 Cpl J. N. Wood
 Lcpl P. A. Baldwin
 Lcpl N. Brennan
 Lcpl D. Dean
 Lcpl A. L. Halliday
 Lcpl M. Harrison
 Lcpl K. R. Hughes
 Lcpl P. R. McNulty
 Lcpl C. M. Meehan
 Lcpl P. G. Smith
 Lcpl L. Salkeld
 Lcpl P. C. Smith
 Lcpl B. A. Webb
 Tpr P. Atkins
 Tpr S. Barry
 Tpe M. Beaver
 Tpr S. Bertrand
 Tpr A. Bevis
 Tpr J. Boydell
 Tpr R. Bradley
 Tpr D. B. Cohen
 Tpr S. Duxbury
 Tpr G. Ewen
 Tpr D. Foxcroft
 Tpr R. C. T. Gardener
 Tpr W. Grant
 Tpr J. Gregory
 Tpr M. Hamilton
 Tpr I. Hardbattle
 Tpr D. Hawkins
 Tpr J. Ingham
 Tpr J. F. Knight
 Tpr J. McCormack
 Tpr R. McMullen
 Tpr P. Mitchell
 Tpr K. P. O'Connor
 Tpr J. Parry
 Tpr P. Richards
 Tpr K. Riley
 Tpr M. A. Robertson
 Tpr A. Rowson
 Tpr K. Sherratt
 Tpr C. Simper
 Tpr C. Slatford
 Tpr P. Smith
 Tpr G. Smith
 Tpr V. Stone
 Tpr B. Watson
 Tpr W. Whittle
 Tpr J. Wiffin
 Tpr R. W. Wood
 Tpr A. B. Woods
 Tpr P. Woolston
 Tpr M. T. Wyre

ECHELON

WO2 P. Midgley
 WO2 L. H. Yankey
 Sgt W. J. Lacey
 Sgt T. E. M. Skelly
 Cpl M. R. G. Barlow
 Cpl D. J. Bellamy
 Cpl B. S. Crossland
 Cpl L. Evenett
 Cpl G. W. Hall
 Cpl J. Lockwood
 Cpl L. Lea
 Cpl S. Lowery
 Cpl D. Martin
 Cpl P. J. Nutter
 Cpl Pritchard
 Cpl J. P. Stafford
 Cpl J. Woodward
 Lcpl T. F. Davenport
 Lcpl C. Doodson
 Lcpl S. P. Gee
 Lcpl G. A. Gleadhill
 Lcpl M. Gleadhill
 Lcpl B. L. Whitfield
 Lcpl A. W. Wilson
 Tpr G. P. Foyle
 Tpr G. Hatfield
 Tpr B. Jackson
 Tpr P. K. Holmes
 Tpr K. Loines
 Tpr N. Marshall
 Tpr K. R. Meakin
 Tpr D. B. Naylor
 Tpr P. T. Reynolds
 Tpr D. G. Pearson
 Tpr N. Smith
 Tpr J. Wareham
 Tpr Whitehead
 Tpr V. Woodall

THE BAND

WO1 C. J. Petheram
 WO2 R. S. Brittain
 Ssgt G. A. Crompton
 Sgt G. L. Thomas
 T/M D. Rogers
 Sgt B. M. Lydiard
 Sgt S. Havron
 Cpl A. J. McKindland
 Cpl D. Parkinson
 Lcpl G. Knowles
 Lcpl C. W. Yates
 Lcpl J. Turpin
 Lcpl A. G. K. MacTaggart
 Bdsm R. A. Millington
 Bdsm S. Hobbs
 Bdsm I. H. Hamilton
 Bdsm P. L. Krywyszyn
 Bdsm I. Rigby
 Bdsm K. Crick
 Bdsm M. Ratcliffe
 Bdsm N. S. Bowman
 Bdsm W. A. Laville
 Bdsm R. C. Davies
 Bdsm P. R. Smith
 Bdsm P. Dodgson
 Bdsm S. P. Dunford

REAR PARTY

WO2 W. M. Butcher
 WO2 G. R. Taylor
 Ssgt D. B. Aindow
 Ssgt A. F. Cornes
 Ssgt J. R. K. Roadnight
 Ssgt J. P. Taylor
 Ssgt D. H. Whelan
 Sgt W. R. Griffiths
 Sgt J. Mulholland
 Sgt M. J. O'Meara
 Sgt M. T. McGoldrick
 Sgt H. Taberner
 Cpl L. Annett
 Cpl P. A. Chapman
 Cpl G. K. Clough
 Cpl D. H. Coleman
 Cpl B. T. Craddock
 Cpl M. J. Cullen
 Cpl R. H. Furlong
 Cpl B. H. Hall
 Cpl P. Hartshorne
 Cpl A. Horrocks
 Cpl J. E. Horsfall
 Cpl S. Leeworthy
 Cpl R. J. Morrow
 Cpl J. S. Loines
 Cpl J. A. Rowe
 Cpl R. Tyson
 Cpl D. Blocke
 Cpl P. Bowman
 Cpl C. Mattinson
 Cpl I. Whitehead
 Lcpl A. J. Abbey
 Lcpl J. P. Corness
 Lcpl T. Entwistle
 Lcpl P. J. Roe
 Lcpl S. Ellis
 Lcpl J. E. Gannon
 Lcpl B. G. Hansell
 Lcpl D. Horsfall
 Lcpl S. Jones
 Lcpl S. R. Simmons
 Lcpl C. Sutcliffe
 Lcpl S. Wheeler
 Lcpl F. W. Jones
 Lcpl C. Charman
 Lcpl W. Harding
 Lcpl A. N. T. Pattle
 Lcpl J. Scott
 Lcpl J. Coleman
 Lcpl J. C. Grimshaw
 Tpr V. A. Abbas

Tpr J. Agar
 Tpr M. Black
 Tpr D. Bradwell
 Tpr H. W. Burke
 Tpr B. Constantine
 Tpr R. J. Crosby
 Tpr S. R. Briggs
 Tpr M. Curran
 Tpr B. V. Coase
 Tpr E. C. Faux
 Tpr R. A. Fenty
 Tpr P. Bowles
 Tpr M. Hallam
 Tpr R. A. Holt
 Tpr G. Hurst
 Tpr A. K. Isted
 Tpr L. G. Lake
 Tpr J. Lowe
 Tpr R. McClarence
 Tpr P. A. Keller
 Tpr M. Naylor
 Tpr J. Pollitt
 Tpr B. R. Springall
 Tpr T. Turnbull
 Tpr E. P. P. J. Mattinson
 Tpr C. Short
 Tpr E. Porter
 Tpr S. W. Laurie
 Tpr G. W. Smith
 Tpr J. H. McMullen
 Tpr R. Davies

ACC

WO2 N. K. Ford
 Sgt R. N. Rogers
 Cpl T. J. Beavis
 Cpl A. Jenkinson
 Cpl P. A. Johnson
 Cpl L. Lea
 Lcpl P. A. Haughey
 Lcpl A. K. Palmer
 Lcpl M. J. Woods
 Pte G. K. Cox
 Pte B. A. Dilks
 Pte B. J. Goode
 Pte A. D. Lewis
 Pte P. Riley
 Pte P. J. Trout
 Pte R. A. Whitaker
 Pte A. W. Wilson
 Pte S. Woodrow

RAPC

Ssgt N. Bayes
 Sgt C. U. A. Plaistow
 Cpl L. Evenett
 Cpl K. Pinney
 Cpl S. D. Rhodes
 Lcpl E. P. Cooper

APTC

Sgt P. G. Bassett

LAD REME

Capt M. J. Pearce
 WO1 D. L. Saunders
 WO2 C. B. Simmonds
 WO2 J. Hartley
 Ssgt L. J. Adamson
 Ssgt D. C. Kill
 Ssgt P. B. Shephard
 Ssgt B. G. Brant
 Ssgt G. R. Jackson
 Ssgt C. J. Reynolds
 Ssgt G. Machon
 Ssgt D. V. Jones
 Ssgt A. P. Berkeley
 Sgt A. J. Fallowfield
 Sgt J. Cameron
 Sgt T. P. Hill
 Sgt T. Westgate
 Sgt P. Higgins
 Sgt T. J. E. Getley
 Sgt P. Clark
 Sgt S. M. McAllister
 Sgt D. W. Kite
 Sgt G. D. Bunn
 Sgt R. D. Barnes
 Sgt M. Whyte
 Sgt F. J. Sullivan
 Sgt M. Ware-Lane
 Sgt L. Marshall
 Sgt R. A. Hadlow
 Cpl T. H. R. Storey
 Cpl K. A. Blackburn
 Cpl B. M. Robinson
 Cpl J. W. Carr
 Cpl J. L. Eagles
 Cpl G. P. Green
 Cpl C. F. Brown
 Cpl R. C. Lock
 Cpl R. A. Glen
 Cpl J. Corry
 Cpl T. P. McCartney
 Cpl J. Atkinson

Cpl R. H. G. Martin
 Cpl M. D. Harding
 Cpl I. Burkinshaw
 Cpl K. S. Borthwick
 Cpl A. M. Chudziak
 Cpl R. W. Tait
 Cpl G. Wilkie
 Cpl N. R. Everitt
 Lcpl R. M. C. Panter
 Lcpl J. M. Christie
 Lcpl C. W. Grainger
 Lcpl J. M. Moss
 Lcpl P. D. Astley
 Lcpl G. W. Watson
 Lcpl N. A. Rea
 Lcpl G. J. Patey
 Lcpl C. J. Barratt
 Lcpl T. A. Rees
 Lcpl J. Manderson
 Lcpl S. J. Mason
 Lcpl K. Riddolls
 Lcpl S. T. Tull
 Lcpl D. J. Slade
 Lcpl C. Randall
 Lcpl C. D. Grayston
 Lcpl A. A. Bacon
 Cfn G. T. Gallagher
 Cfn P. G. Jones
 Cfn D. Parsons
 Cfn I. A. Gray
 Cfn T. W. G. Carlyle
 Cfn D. J. P. Elson
 Cfn P. J. Rudd
 Cfn B. P. Dyas
 Cfn R. J. Carrington
 Cfn N. R. Perrett
 Cfn I. A. Seddon
 Cfn M. T. Thomas
 Cfn P. Bex
 Cfn M. D. Schusler
 Cfn C. B. Middleton
 Cfn P. Stones
 Cfn S. P. Johnson
 Cfn I. M. G. Hooper
 Cfn D. Hardman
 Cfn W. G. Low
 Cfn C. J. Lombard
 Cfn McHardy
 Cfn J. W. Muir
 Cfn A. Gill
 Cfn P. G. Crane
 Cfn L. S. L. Guest