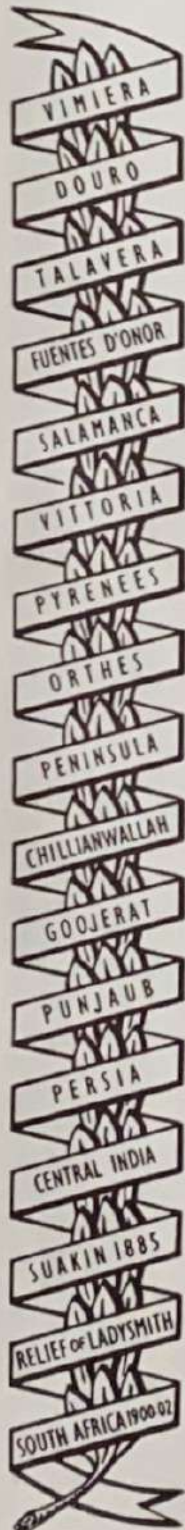


THE HAWK

Volume 7

APRIL 1974

Number 2



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



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
Home H.Q., Lancaster House,
Manchester Road,
CLIFTON,
Manchester M27 2PU

Foreword

By Lt.-Col. T. G. Williams, M.B.E.

In the foreword to last year's *HAWK* I ended by saying that it was time for the squadrons to come together again for the emphasis to be placed on working as a regiment. At the time this seemed a reasonable proposition, yet as I write these notes "B" Squadron are in Northern Ireland and "A" Squadron are preparing to relieve them in February. Over four years of separation will end in June when "A" Squadron return.

Events in Ireland have therefore continued to dominate our affairs as they have done throughout my tour of command. Since these will be the last notes which I shall write, I wanted particularly to express my admiration of the way in which everyone in the Regiment, and especially the families, have coped with this difficult period. There are many words which I could use, but I believe professionalism, courage and cheerfulness are the three which describe the situation best. My final hope is that if we are required to serve in Ireland again it will be as a regiment. At least this will save everyone the problem of dealing with a frustrated Commanding Officer who is not allowed to go!

The early part of 1973 was devoted to training for our B.A.O.R. role, to packing up and to cleaning, and to conversion to Scorpion, the Army's new reconnaissance vehicle. We left Tidworth with a small bill, except for the Officers' Mess, which as usual seemed to have lost everything, and arrived in Harewood Barracks in Herford to an excellent handover from the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. Our new barracks are small and compact but they are our own little empire and as such we are lucky.

The B.A.O.R. scene has changed little since the Regiment left Paderborn. We must count ourselves very lucky to have a demanding and interesting role and a new and exciting vehicle to operate. Inevitably we had a lot to learn, yet in our first training season we have acquitted ourselves well.

Our move came at almost the worst possible time in relation to Bisley. We sent a team, but only after much soul-searching. They had little time to train and we were unable to release some key men, yet the

team still managed to finish eighth in the Army. We failed to retain a number of trophies which we have come to look upon as almost our own property. In 1974 we intend to rectify this omission.

One factor is going to be of increasing concern to us, and this is recruiting. The Army as a whole is finding great difficulty in persuading young men to enlist and we are no exception to this trend. I hope I may persuade all of you who read this to act as our recruiters. We can, I believe, offer a young man a quality of life which in present conditions is difficult to find elsewhere. In particular we offer security and a challenging task. There is little or no monotony and for the single or married man there is comfortable and good accommodation. If you do know of any likely young man, please let the Regimental Secretary know and he will arrange the necessary interviews.

My final observation concerns the future. The Regiment, in common with almost every institution which exists in our country, faces difficult and complex problems. Society is changing rapidly and as it does so will our officers and soldiers change. Hopefully they will be better and more broadly educated. They will almost certainly be more critical of our ways and more concerned with the material things of life. The regimental system, I am convinced, offers the modern young man much of what he is seeking. We are flexible in our ways and prepared to change as long as it is for the better. We can offer security and a challenging and interesting life and, I believe, an adequate degree of material advantage. We have, therefore, a good and productive institution which we must be prepared firstly to defend and secondly to sell to others. If we do this, then a successful future is assured.

It only remains for me to say how much my wife and I have enjoyed our period of command. To everyone who has helped us we offer our grateful thanks. To Bill and Caroline Stockton, who are to succeed us, we offer our congratulations as they take on the best job in the Army.



Hussar Officer—Silver Statuette
Presented to Her Royal Highness The Princess Anne, Colonel-in-Chief 14th/20th King's Hussars, by Col.
R. P. D. F. Allen and All Ranks of her Regiment, past and present on the occasion of her marriage,
November 14, 1973

The Royal Wedding

The wedding of our Colonel-in-Chief was the greatest State occasion of the year and as such was widely covered in the Press. The Regiment's contribution was the provision of 10 officer ushers in Westminster Abbey and a lining party of 12 senior ranks at the west door.

Two presents were given. The first was from all the members of the Regiment, past and present, and took the form of a silver Hussar officer on a plinth. As you will see from the photograph, this is a fine and delicately worked piece of silver. The second present was a silver salver given by the serving officers and inscribed with their signatures. Again this was a beautifully executed piece of work.

Both presents were made by craftsmen of James Walker Ltd, whose chairman and managing director is Capt. Gerald Sanders, an ex-officer of the Regiment. Without his advice and guidance it would have been impossible to produce such finely worked pieces and we are grateful for this opportunity to express our thanks to him and his staff.

* * *

The following officers acted as ushers:

Major J. P. Rawlins, Capts. M. Heyer-Lyford, C. M. J. O'Brien, P. R. G. Vickery, P. R. H. Clifford, P. A. Hoare and J. N. Symons, Lts. R. J. Mann and M. J. H. Vickery and 2/Lt. D. J. Bowes-Lyon.

Guests from the Regiment were: Col. and Mrs. Forty Allen, Col. and Mrs. Basil Woodd, Col. and Mrs. Michael Palmer, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Tom Williams, Major and Mrs. Chris Ross, Major and Mrs. Dan de Beaujeu, Mrs. Peter Hoare, Mrs. Michael Vickery, RSM and Mrs. Colborne and RQMS and Mrs. Kerr.

The following were in the lining party:

W.O.2 B. A. Bradbury, S.Q.M.S.s F. J. Baker, J. C. Hatton, J. M. Kelly, G/Sgts. S. J. K. Powell, R. Taylor, R. Harrison, W. G. M. Robertson and Sgts. S. Ward, W. J. Keegan-Boyd, J. Eadsforth and J. Rushton.

On the Royal Wedding day, November 14, the Colonel of the Regiment sent a telegram to our Colonel-in-Chief as follows:

"Our very best wishes to you both on this extremely happy occasion—All ranks of your Regiment serving in West Germany and Northern Ireland".

H.R.H. replied as follows: "We were delighted to receive your message. Thank you most warmly—Anne".

* * *

Text of letter received from Buckingham Palace dated November 6, 1973:

Dear Colonel Allen,

I would like to thank All Ranks past and present of the 14th/20th King's Hussars most warmly for the silver figure of a Hussar which I have been given as a wedding present.

It is a truly lovely present which I shall always treasure and which will give me much pleasure in my new home.

I am most touched that so many people have contributed towards my present.

I am deeply grateful to you all for your great kindness and generosity and much touched that you should give me such a beautiful present.

Yours sincerely,

ANNE.

* * *

Included in the celebrations of the Royal Wedding by the Regiment at Herford was the ceremonial planting of a tree in the barracks. The tree was planted by Col. J. A. J. Budd of Headquarters 4th Division. It is a Japanese cherry tree (*Prunus serrulata hisakuru*).

* * *

We are delighted to hear that The Princess Anne, accompanied by Capt. Mark Phillips, will be honouring us with her presence at the Regimental Reunion in London on May 4.



The Princess Anne and Capt. Mark Phillips leaving Westminster Abbey. Right: Some of the Regiment's lining party

*The Times*

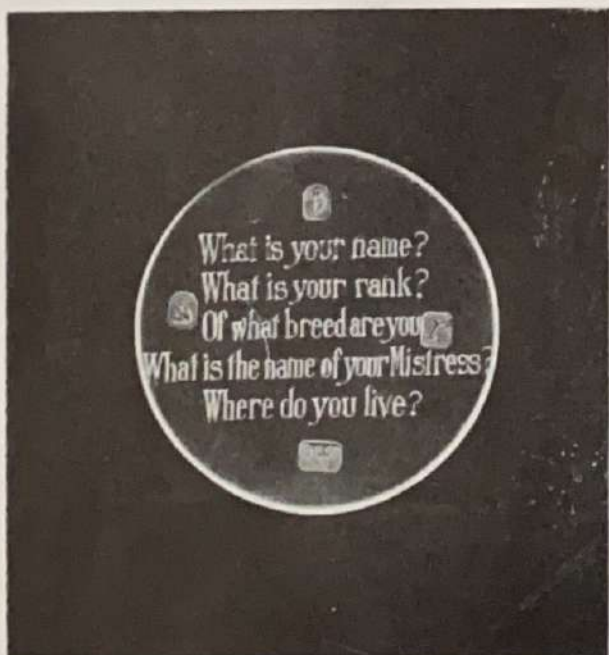
The Royal Family and Major and Mrs. Phillips, parents of the bridegroom about to leave the Abbey

*The Times*

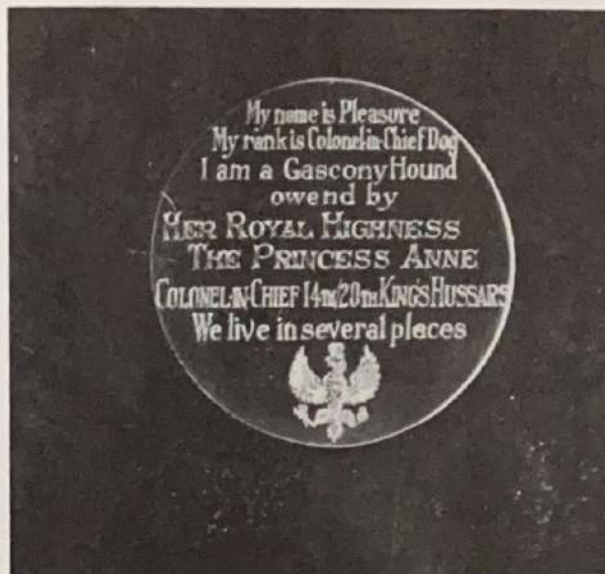
Distinguished guests leaving the Abbey. Members of the lining party in rear (left).
 Left to right: Sgt. Ward, Sgt. Keegan-Boyd, S.S.M. Bradbury, G/Sgt. Taylor, G/Sgt. Powell, B.E.M., S.Q.M.S. Kelly



Our Colonel-in-Chief's wedding present from the officers of her Regiment. The salver appears to be oval because it is tilted to avoid reflection. It is, in fact, round



The Dog Tag. A birthday present from the Regiment for our Colonel-in-Chief last year



It is of a type which was fashionable amongst dogs of quality in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Alexander Pope was probably thinking of such a dog tag when he wrote: "I am His Highness's dog at Kew. Please tell me, Sir, Whose dog are you?"



Helping to plant a tree in barracks commemorating the wedding of our Colonel-in-Chief to Capt. Mark Phillips.
Left: Tpr Ian Brown, and right: the late Tpr. John Tyson



Her Majesty's Ship *Amazon*

This fine looking ship is a new class of frigate, the first of a new generation of ships powered entirely by gas turbines. It was the first British warship launched by H.R.H. The Princess Anne. This is an excellent reason for a "liaison" between the Regiment and the ship which has been agreed to. It is to be commissioned at Southampton Docks on May 11, 1974. The Princess Anne will attend the ceremony. Our band will play.

Diary of Events—1973

The Regiment moved from Tidworth to Herford (B.A.O.R.) between April 24–30 and were joined by "B" Squadron from Hong Kong on August 1.

January

- 3–5 Guided Weapons Firing—Lulworth.
- 15 Visit of Chief of Defence Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Peter Hill-Norton ("B" Squadron).

February

- 12–16 Officers and Sergeants Training Week.

March

- 2 Fit for Role Inspection (Brigadier C. P. M. C. Wheeler).

April

- 2 Periodic R.E.M.E. Inspection.
- 12 Recruiting Troop to Lancashire (2/Lt. G. H. R. Tilney).
- 15 Medicina—Regimental Holiday.
- 24–30 Move to B.A.O.R.

May

- 5–6 Regimental Reunion—Victoria, London.
- 14–18 Exercise "Fresh Breeze"—R.H.Q. and S.H.Q.s.
- 30 Visit of C.R.A.C. 1 (Br.) Corps—Brigadier M. H. Sinnatt.

June

- 1 Regimental Arrival Cocktail Party.
- 8–10 Rhine Army Summer Show.
- 17 Polo, Inter - Regimental (lost to Q.O.H.).
- 20 "B" Squadron leave Hong Kong.
- 25–6 Exercise "Summer Sales".

July

- 27–7 Bisley—Regimental Team 8th out of July 59 Major Units.

July

- 9–23 Conversion (Scorpion) and Annual Firing—Hohne.
- 11 Visit of General Sir Harry Tuzo, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., C.-in-C. B.A.O.R.
- 16–19 Nijmegen Marches. Leader: Lt. M. Emslie, Royal Signals (attached 14/20H).
- 27–10 Regimental Exercise and Training—Aug. Soltau.

August

- 1 "B" Squadron arrive in B.A.O.R. Squadron - Leader Major J. D. Coombes.
- 5 Regiment won Captains and Subalterns Polo. (U.K.)
- 16 Visit of Garrison Commander, Brigadier E. A. Burgess, O.B.E.
- 16–21 Visit of Col. B. B. N. Woodd.
- 28 Regiment won Archie David Polo Cup (Berlin).
- 28–1 Visit of Colonel of the Regiment Sept. with Mrs. Allen and Regimental Secretary.
- 30 Completion of D'Arcy Hall Summer Competition. Winners, "A" Squadron.
- 31 Officers Mess Ball.

September

- 4 Visit of Corps Commander, Lt.-Gen. Sir Rowland Gibbs, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.
- 7–22 Exercise "Glory Hawk", Mosel Valley.
- 13 Visit of D.R.A.C., Major-General R. M. Brockbank, C.B.E., M.C.
- 24 "Emperor's Chambermaids" published, the story of the 14th/20th King's Hussars.

October

- 4 "B" Squadron leave for four-month tour in Northern Ireland.
- 20 Regimental Reunion—Manchester.

November

- 14 The Wedding of H.R.H. The Princess Anne, Colonel-in-Chief.
- 14–16 Visit of C.O. to Home H.Q.
- 21 Regimental Council Meeting and Officers' Dinner, Cavalry Club.

December

- 7 Ramnugger Ball. Visit by Col. and Mrs. Allen.
- 21 Officers and Ladies Guest Night.

Apart from those mentioned above, the Regiment had a large number of visitors, mainly in July, August and September. These included representatives of the Church, the Press, foreign and Commonwealth armies, the Combined Cadet Force, serving officers of the Regiment (including those at universities and T.A.V.R.) and potential officers.

HQ Squadron

H.Q. Squadron is so accustomed to being decimated in order to reinforce Sabre squadrons which are swanning off to establish some private empire here or there that it felt quite odd when "B" Squadron returned from Hong Kong and the entire Regiment was together in one place. This state of affairs lasted for just a few weeks, for "B" Squadron were soon off on their travels again, taking some 30 men of H.Q. Squadron with them to Gosford Castle. Some of them are employed in their specialist trades, but others are carrying rifles about, so the Irish had better watch out!

Some more men are about to go to Northern Ireland with "A" Squadron before "B" Squadron get back, so those who remain in Herford are kept busy keeping the show on the road.

Personalities arrive and depart almost daily, which keeps S.S.M. Bradbury on his toes as he compiles his ration roll. It never ceases to astonish him that the 234 men on the books are all so busy, it appears, that scarcely one of them is available to peel a spud or run an errand. Major Pemberton was unable to find anyone to buy so much as a leg of any of his racehorses, so he departed to command "A" Squadron, taking his *Sporting Life* magazine with him.

Major Hodson took over the Squadron in April and provided *Guns Review* and *The Shooting Times* but no one seems to be prepared to buy *Playboy*. S.Q.M.S. Butcher continues to make us sign on the dotted line and convinces us that we don't really need a tent in this climate, or that if we do we only need one per department. L/Cpl. Green has given up typing for a while to go and try his hand at storing things for the Quartermaster. Cpl. Whittaker has moved to S.H.Q. from the Tech Stores and types so fast that he has to be restrained from publishing Squadron Orders by NAAFI break.

We got up awfully early at gunnery camp and also tried to be, and supply, all things to all men on a number of exercises. For details read of the exploits of the various departments. Our Squadron H.Q.s poet published his daily commentary on the walls of the nerve centre throughout the training season.

ORDERLY ROOM TROOP

The move to Germany was hailed by the Chief Clerk thus: "We either get there or we don't" (which was a good each-way bet really). His biggest problem was convincing the sergeant-majors that there was nothing to worry about. However, we did arrive, thanks to the hard work of the movements cell and the serviceability rate of the R.A.F.

The move coincided with the posting of the Adjutant. No longer can we type "By Appointment to His Majesty The King of all Ireland" on the Adjutant's signature block and "Gentleman Jim" will be missed. After 20 years in the same job wouldn't you be missed? We wish them luck in their postings, the latter who will now be known as the Cat of Iran.

In their places we welcome Capt. Hope as Adjutant—"Hope springs eternal" (and the occasional fast one) is now our motto—and Mr. Moger as his able assistant. "Modge" can be seen at anytime by previous appointment, under instruction.

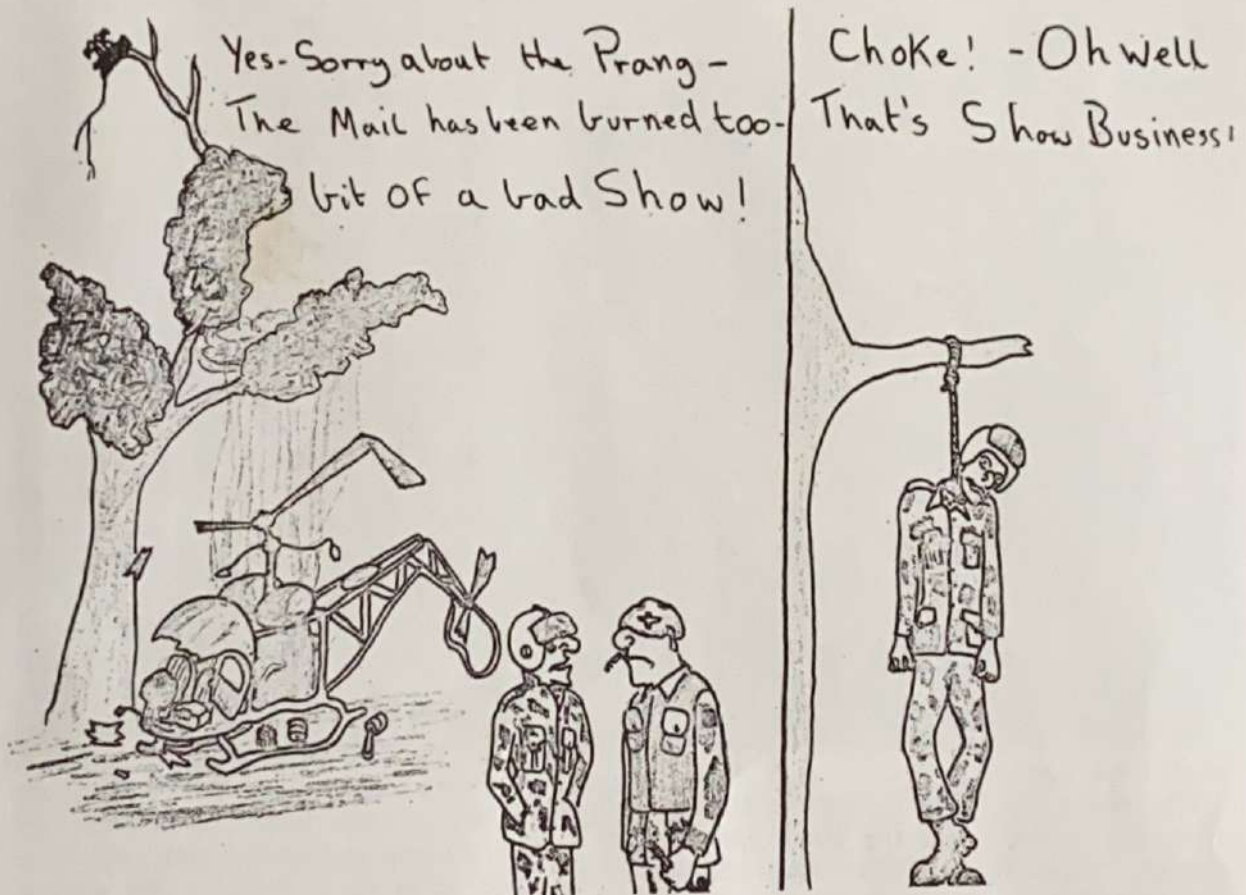
We also lost Major Goodhart in July (or was it June?) who managed to hop across the Atlantic to Norfolk. Norfolk, of course, not to be confused with broads and turkeys, but the Virginian variety. Major Stockton came to see it for himself after lambasting R.H.Q. from the safe distance of Hong Kong. He now blames "B" Squadron for it.

Handed over to us by Scots D.G. was Fl.-Lt. Barnes, R.A.F., who carries the title of P.F.A.C. after his name and his handing-over certificate in his breast pocket.

The staff have also changed over at an amazing rate of knots. Sgt. Joe Keegan-Boyd (K.B. to his friends and creditors) deserves a special mention. After eight years in the Orderly Room without a break he is at last going. Where to, he hasn't actually made up his mind, but he's making an effort; and by the time these notes are read we will have welcomed back Nick and Sue Weaver, complete with old bald head and new baby.

We found our new offices luxurious compared to Tidworth but in summer they are too hot and in winter they are too cold.

Having to find clerks for Operation "Banner", technical storemen and assault troopers



Para Humour—Northern Ireland

has been a trial, but by pretending there was no problem (it's all in the mind) we managed, although the strains of "Where have all the clerks gone" can still be hauntingly heard every Friday at 1630 hrs. when the work is just coming in.

Congratulations are due to: L/Cpl. Watson on his new baby. Sgt. Cooper on his promotion; Tpr. Clarkson on his operation; Sgt. Cooper on his new baby; Tpr. Clayton on losing his "what's it"; Tpr. Wood on finding his glasses; Cpl. Burrill on his new wife; Cpl. Briggs on his new car, and Sgt. Keegan-Boyd on his second car.

Finally, these notes would be incomplete without a mention of Jean, our poor typist, who has rattled her fingers across the keys like a good 'un and who offers constructive criticism on ways to improve our array of "pin-ups". (Is this an expert eye or jealousy?)

FORWARD COMMAND TROOP

The training period started well for the troop with a Command Post exercise, 'Swan Lake', at Thetford. The Regimental

Signals Sergeant was often to be seen walking around the cells waving a remote handset and muttering "Who needs radios?" There is no truth in the rumour that he has since applied for a patent for the handset. On completion of "Swan Lake" R.H.Q. was very quickly left on its own to await the arrival of the Regiment, which was to carry out troop training yet again at Thetford.

On return to Tidworth we quickly settled in to prepare for the Regimental hand-over to the 16th/5th Lancers which appeared to take place without any last-minute problems—thus the move to Germany.

Forward Command Troop settled into the new role on arrival in B.A.O.R. We were soon to be out on the seemingly never-ending run of Command Post exercises—"Fresh Breeze" being the first. Along with this exercise came the first of the many breakdowns that were to plague the troop in times to come. Immediately after the first exercise came "Sword Point", taking the troop to the Hartz mountain ranges with 1 BR Corps. This exercise was quite successful, even though the Adjutant's dressing

gown requires just a little more "Cam".

The first exercise of major importance for R.H.Q. was the Command Post exercise "Summer Sales". This lasted for two very long weeks. L/Cpl. Collins has become quite expert on the subject of 27ft. masts. "Whose mast is 5 degrees out? Not mine, thank you Royal Signals!"

On return from Summer Sales we were quickly off the summer Gunnery Camp with R.H.Q. in the field. "Number please. Sorry, line engaged—will call you back". The A.C.C. did us well. Salmon fish cakes not to your liking? Then try our cottage pie—salmon filled.

Following Gunnery Camp came the night march to Soltau. It was during the two weeks that Cpl. Jones bid farewell to the Troop with three bottles of Bacardi in as many hours.

On return to camp we bid farewell to Henry "Roger so far" Sgt. Gorry, along with the comment from G/Sgt. Taylor "We won't all be in the same shade of khaki now Henry".

The second, and by far the most important, event for R.H.Q. and the Regiment was exercise "Glory Hawk". This was to be the first time that the Regiment practised in its covering force role. It was considered quite successful with one exception. L/Cpl. Little has since become a little more familiar with the slidex and promises not to request 32 thunderflashes in lieu of 32 cans of POL. It was also during "Glory Hawk" that Tpr. Tabener began to mourn the loss of Sgt. Gorry. Fresh buns, yogurt and Mars bars were in very short supply.

Finally, we welcome into the troop Major W. J. Stockton, Captain J. Hope, Lt. Moger and Lt. Grey, also the working members of the Troop: W.O.2 Midgeley, Cpl. Best, L/Cpls. Annett and Winstanley, Tprs. Crichlow, Drummond, Eyeles, Kearns and McNally.

Finally, we request the return of gas mask and tin helmet to G/Sgt. Taylor. Anything for peace and quiet.

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

This is the time of the year when we reveal all our secrets. So, all you aspiring acorns get your cypher books, invisible ink and false beards ready.

First of all, how many of you really know where the Intelligence Office is? In H.Q.

Squadron there is a sign outside a door saying Intelligence Office. You step through the door . . . what do you find? The barber's shop! No doubt the barber has been confronted with a demand for maps and has given a few hopeless troopers a short back and sides for their trouble. Contrary to popular opinion the Intelligence Office does not receive 10% of the barber's profits!

However, if you managed to escape unshorn and continued down the corridor, past the false door which doesn't lead anywhere, you would eventually come to the Intelligence Section. The first person you would see is G/Sgt. Taylor. By no stretch of the imagination could he be a member of the Intelligence Section! However, he does have his uses; cigarettes, matches, and, of course, as a decoy.

By now you would think your problems are over. You have arrived with some hair left, turned down G/Sgt. Taylor's offer of a B.I. radio cadre and have penetrated the inner sanctum of Regimental Intelligence. Not so. Very often you see W.O.2 Midgley's (hereinafter referred to as Acorn?) hat and stick on his desk and, quite rightly, you think he must be in as he can't go out without them. Gentlemen, that is the first basic lesson of successful intelligence. Never let them know where you are. How many hats do you think Warrant Officers have? I have known that hat and stick be on Acorn's? desk for three days while he has been at such diverse places as Sennelager, the Sgts. Mess bar and drinking tea with S.Q.M.S. Butcher in his store.

In fact the only time you will find any acorns in when the door is locked and you can't get in. The correct procedure is to knock three times, slip a DM100 note under the door and ask for Charlie. Hurry, all codes change at 0115932 October and with galloping inflation it will probably cost DM500 soon.

One small point: how many of you on seeing a pile of B.A.O.R. road maps in a quiet, acorn-less office, pinched one? Gentlemen, you have been done. If you look closely at the bottom left-hand corner you will find they are out of date. That was operation "Light Finger" working on the principle that as we couldn't give old maps away, you would pinch 'em. The result was that 120 maps "disappeared" in three days.

Before I give too much away, I hope you've signed the Official Secrets Act before you



"Scorpiobatics"

started reading this. I suppose I ought to justify our existence by describing our brilliant record, with all due modesty, on the exercises this year. Rumours have circulated, no doubt put out by those less understanding members of Forward Command Troop, that as we only came out for the last fortnight of the Hohne-Soltau exercise we need not have bothered coming out at all. Now is the time for the truth. I'm sure that you can remember the scarecrow that was in the field behind the tents. That was me in disguise! There is no reason to say that it wasn't a disguise. WO2 Midgeley was that pile of old newspaper which used to blow through camp every now and again. If it, or should I say he, was blown towards the bar remember that he was at the mercy of the wind.

I like to think that we acquitted ourselves reasonably well. All the congratulatory telegrams and letters from Squadrons and departments have been noted but such praise, although gratifying, is not really necessary. We derive our satisfaction from knowing that we do our job well. Do I hear shrill cries of discontent from our more garrulous

readers? I would remind you that the Intelligence Section are map makers by appointment to Lt.-Col. Williams, M.B.E. One of the reasons why the jaunt down the Mosel was so successful is now on permanent exhibition in the Intelligence Office; the double-sided, Fablon-covered, indestructable mapboard which gave the Colonel all the information he needed instantaneously. Orders are now being taken for the 1974/75 exercise season.

Map making is only one facet of our versatility. One day at Soltau the O.C. even took over the regimental net, and that was with an oil leak, half a harness, a twice-read *Penthouse* and jerry cans dropping through the roof with devastating regularity.

Thus you can see that the Intelligence Section is alive and working. It is not as you see on the telly; flash cars and smart birds throwing themselves at our feet and being "up to the neck" in the flash parts of the world. However, we acorns can take it. I'll leave you with this though:

7509/MADQ/K3/04TY
RU BB I SH



Preparing the Christmas Pudding
R.Q.M.S. Kerr, Pte. Malcolmson, A.C.C., and Major Sheen

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

The pattern of life in B.A.O.R. begins to emerge. Exercises in the field, firing at Hohne and an endless paper war to which the problems of having 300 regimental families, responsibility for the new NAAFI Families' Shop—built at a cost of DM2,750,000—and a brand-new junior school, have all been added. You can quite understand why someone remarked: "If B.A.O.R. be heaven, where the dickens is hell"?

Nevertheless, we start our first full year's training in Germany with an almost brand-new staff. R.Q.M.S. Kerr feels that at long last he is earning every penny of his pay. S/Sgt. Baker, the families N.C.O.—who thought that he had seen it all before—is now prepared to face each day with an open mind. Faced with the responsibility of 300 families, someone, somewhere, has a problem for him.

Our Single Account N.C.O., Cpl. Gallagher, and clothing N.C.O. Cpl. Veness, are both old stalwarts, whom many readers will remember from Cripps' Commandos in

Paderborn. The ammunition N.C.O., L/Cpl. Prescott, who is unapproachable at this present time having been told by the Command Auditor that he had a very well-kept Ammunition Account, considers that this should be worth another stripe.

In passing, I would like to say that during our exercises, etc., this past year, we have been pleasantly surprised to meet a couple of old Hawks. Geordie Thompson, whom you will remember as an A.S.M., served with the Regiment from Catterick days until his final departure in Hohne, was caught red-handed watching the firing at Hohne. Jack Rogers, who on his release, was S.Q.M.S. "A" Squadron, now lives and works in Munster and no doubt we shall see a lot more of him and Lilo during our tour.

Sgt. Mullholland, the Regimental Carpenter, has just entered the matrimonial stakes. We wish him and his wife all that they wish themselves for the future. L/Cpl. Prescott, Tpr. Rodowitz and Tpr. Ryding have all added to the problems of the world population crisis, and almost everyone—

less the Q.M.—has volunteered to participate in the forthcoming "Show Queen" (ski-ing) exercise.

R.Q.M.S. Kerr will no doubt demand to go on his annual sailing spree, and promises this year to put "pen to paper" to keep us all in the picture.

As for myself, I am waiting with swinging club for the return from Northern Ireland of John Macgregor. We can then sample the joys of a round of golf on the Sennelager golf course. I feel that this is part of our right. After all, we did help to build it when we were in Paderborn.

This is also an opportune time to say "Cheerio" to the Campbells who, after many years loyal service have left the Regiment for civilian life. They are to take up an appointment as NAAFI manager and manageress somewhere in B.A.O.R. We wish them every success.

In conclusion, may I say that 1974 promises to bring a fair amount of interesting news which we will include in the 1975 copy of the HAWK.

TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT

Since our last notes there have been quite a few changes in the department, both in men and equipment. We have lost Capt. Bentley, R.Q.M.S. Nicholls and Cpl. Whit-



"What shall we do with the corpse?"
Removing unwanted "stores" during the handover by S.M. Nicholls (left) to S.M. Morris. Accessory to the act, is, right, G/Sgt. Robertson



Eddy Sheen with his daughter Glynnis

taker and gained Capt. Williams and R.Q.M.S. Morris, who have both been given their BIII Tech. Storeman trades. We also welcomed L/Cpl. Chapman, Tprs. Breame and Bellamy and Cpl. Roadnight from Hong Kong.

On arrival in B.A.O.R. we received our new Scorpions and had a great time burning the midnight oil trying to sort out kit which we had never seen before. We finally managed to convince the squadrons that they had actually got the correct tools, etc., and received the necessary signatures (extract the ladders).

As soon as the signatures were locked away the T.Q.M. decided that he had done enough and went off to shoot at Bisley. The remainder went to Hohne for gunnery, where R.Q.M.S. Nicholls had a wonderful time doing the Milk Run two or three times every day and night. The regimental training period at Soltau followed and it was there that we learnt that a Mercedes fan belt fits a Scorpion fan perfectly.

September saw exercise "Glory Hawk" and Cpl. Barnes and L/Cpl. Vickers have many a tale to tell of how they managed driving the binnies and trailer round hair-pin bends and Cpl. Woodward with the Q.M.'s bed vehicle managed to stay with us throughout (this vehicle was first registered in 1948). Other than keeping the spares supplied, we also managed to get half the Troop to a local wine festival in the Mosel Valley. Sgt. Molloy, L/Cpls. Lacey and Vickers and Tpr. Hall took part in a drinking contest to see who could finish a 4,000-litre barrel of wine first and by the look of them the next day they must have nearly succeeded.

M.T. TROOP

With the end of the pheasant season drawing near, we were able to spend a little more time in preparing the vehicles for handover to the 16th/5th Lancers. Our sincere thanks go to Cpl. Crank and his crew for the very hard work that was put into preparing the vehicles for handover.

Our stay at Tidworth was a pleasant one, but it was nearing time for us to leave all those dear things behind—namely fags, booze and crumpet, and head for the pleasant surroundings of Herford.

Shortly after our arrival, Herford was declared a disaster area with overloaded dustbins and bulk rubbish. Our task of removing it resulted from much planning and control by G/Sgt. Powell who has much experience in this field. As the result of our enthusiasm the Burgomeister complained that local dustmen were under-employed and forced to adopt a two-day week!

Since our arrival at Herford faces have changed within the Troop. George Bissell decided to leave us for civvy street and we do believe that he has taken a bank manager's appointment with Lloyds. The M.T.O. confirms that after looking at his last bank statement he must be working at the Tidworth branch! We also say farewell to Fred Baker who has taken up an appointment in the Social Security Department. Barry Pickford has now left for the dole queues of civvy street. We wish everyone the very best and do hope that their stay was a pleasant one.

We have to give a special reluctant farewell to Tpr. H. Brown who did so much to lighten our burden and generally entertain us during the past months. This was a time which will long be remembered by those concerned.

The year 1973 was hectic for us and we look forward to 1974 when we shall be more settled.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY**One Day's Pay Scheme**

The 14th Regiment of Light Dragoons arrived here from Leicester. The Regiment subscribed one day's pay to widows and orphans of those who fell in Admiral Duncan's victory off the Dutch coast.

From: *Ipswich Journal*, Oct. 14, 1797

PAY OFFICE

(R.A.P.C. Motto: "Faith and Confidence")

"Sergeant-Major, get the notes written for the HAWK by the 1st January 1974; I'm too busy writing mine for rugby".

"O.K. Who heard of a Geordie writing, anyway, and on New Year's Eve! So it's the 10th. Hope I'm on time".

What a year! Sunderland out of the Cup, England out of the World Cup, baby due to be born next month (must get that maternity claim filled in). Got to order my white scarf—already got flat cap and brown boots for the mystic north-east. Civvy street after forty-five thousand years with the Colours. And it's only January 10.

Me—"who's me?"—W.O.2 Ron Mowforth, Royal Army Pay Corps, lucky enough to manage a swop from the Military Hospital with Brian Clucas before the Regiment left Tidworth.

Having found a copy of last year's HAWK hidden beneath forty-five thousand signals, dozens of football coupons, rugby fixture list, and one thousand photographs of Mathias in Nijmegen, I note that there have been a lot of changes within the smallest department of the Regiment.

Our skipper picked up his third pip as he came off the rugby pitch. Capt. D. McCarthy continues to control us, chase us, and swear in fine Welsh tones. Do you know he can sing?! I understand he is trying to persuade the Colonel to close all the accounts and do away with the laughable task of educating Hussars in accounting. I must say that the proposal that we all get a horse appeals to everyone, far better than trying to balance. Anyway, with most folks being paid by the banks, it's about time we got out from amongst the dirty tea cups and potted plants.

Another Welshman. Yes, he is still here, Cpl. Ivor Mathias. The champion of four Nijmegen marches, dozens of other foreign marches, disappeared for a week to Paris. Not content with taking Cpl. Jock Forsyth, he took most of R.H.Q. (the Chief was doing the Mess garden at the time). They returned with a cup—for marching. Is Paris marching? As a stage whisper may I take the opportunity of telling the Regiment that our Taff was the only Pay Corps member to fail his 10-mile march and P.E. test! Obviously requires female company and a brass band before he can march. Note: Marching Cup—



Pay Corps plus one

Left to right: Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Mathias, Sgt. Mathias, Mrs. Mowforth, W.O.2 Mowforth, and a Cavalryman—Sgt. Aindow

Association des Marcheurs De Val du Marne.

The Big Bear is still around. Sgt. Larry Wynne, last seen trying to get into an aeroplane bound for Northern Ireland. He's put on so much weight that "B" Squadron are hiring an elephant from a Pakistani sandwich boy of Belfast to bring him back. We are not yet certain whether Larry is going to accept a very well-earned promotion or take the tempting offer of civvy street. We all await his decision, side bets accepted.

Sgt. Johnny ("Charlie Chaplin") Rule joined us from a tour of Ireland and is quickly settling in, complete with a monumental collection of football books and jokes. The trouble is he supports some weird team down south. Young Forsyth departed for service in York Minster, or is it R.P.O. York? Nothing has been heard from him; I have my doubts if, in fact, he got through Hamburg and Soho.

The last member of our very motley crew is Pte. Pete Hazzard, newly joined the Corps from the Royal Navy. With the strange world of Pay Corps to get used to and

suddenly thrust amongst the "Can I have a sub?" Hussars, he hasn't had chance to do very much. He can't understand why Billy Butcher (S.Q.M.S.) keeps giving him more and more kit. After all, he's only here for five minutes. I believe he wants to go back to the Navy—"Jack".

Despite all the comings and goings, the team continues to laugh at all the pay queries and hopes everyone continues to be patient. All the paper must eventually produce some results—surely? To Tom, Dick and Harry: You'll get your L.O.A. before the tour is ended. If you don't, the German for "May I have a bank loan" is: . . .

Footnote

To be typed by our latest recruit. A charming typist named Sandra Stafford. We managed to bluff everybody and have finally got our very own "Girl Friday". The trouble is she does tend to nag and only makes coffee for the Skipper. Must be the charm of the Welsh, or is it threats of overtime and no pay, no pay, no pay, NO PAY???

L.A.D.

First of all we welcome the newcomers to the L.A.D. who joined us on our arrival here in Herford: W.O.1 (A.S.M.) Pete Mitchell, S/Sgts. Pete Weeks and John Lonsdale, Sgts. John Night and Pat Parry, Cpls. Wellie Armstrong, Frank Prince, Chris Langford and Dave Ryall, L/Cpls. Eddie Brown, Fred Hart, Bob Saunders, Brian Lazenby and Pete Crossley, Cfn. "Buster" Minto, Ron Pilkington, Davy O'Connell, Tony Hickman, Homar Campbell, "Taff" Bassett, Eddie Davison, Brent Boughey, Steve Moore and Jock Cunningham. We wish them all good luck whilst they are with us.

The German air (or beer) must have some kind of side-effect as scribe Cfn. Neil Coupland is now trying his hand at marriage, whilst Cfn. Rick Lock, S/Sgt. Lonsdale, L/Cpl. Fred Hart and Cfn. Ian Campkin, also Cpl. Dave Ryall and L/Cpl. Dave Joseph, have had additions to their families. Rick Leib and Rick Martin have been promoted into the Sergeants Mess. Congratulations to one and all.

The squadron sections have now got a funny-looking vehicle to contend with called Scorpion. Besides having "teething" problems with them, they have found that they

throw tracks while crossing the Weser and, best of all, the vehicle loves to roll down the side of mountains in the Mosel.

In sport the L.A.D. did reasonably well before leaving Tidworth. In the regimental shooting competition, besides near enough wiping the board, we finished up with eight out of the 12 finalists in the S.L.R. and finished by taking the first three places. Well done, the shooting team. We went out of the Craftsman's Cup competition after being narrowly beaten by 4 Fd. Workshop. The Craftsman's Cup football wasn't quite as close. We went out to R.E.M.E. Wildenrath 10, or was it 11-1?

In December we lost our E.M.E., Capt. D. E. King, and his wife. A farewell social was held, where the A.S.M. presented Capt. and Mrs. King with a farewell gift. We wish him the best of luck in his new posting. We welcomed our new E.M.E., Capt. R. G. Heathcote.

Happenings in the time we have been here have included A.S.M. Pete Mitchell actually donning overalls (still neatly creased and pressed); all the L.A.D. arriving in Herford (eventually); the clerks realising in October that they were still working from a 1972 calendar, and Capt. King's "down in one" at the L.A.D. social.

Wives Club - Birdhawks

The "Birdhawks", as we have called our club in Herford, has been meeting monthly and has a thriving and happy wives club.

On our arrival here we were greatly helped by the Quartermaster who, we later learned, when our demands became too great, was seen to hide when word came that we were on our way to see him. We were given the R.S.D.G.'s kirk for our wives' club room, and we were allowed to keep the chairs (very handy for handbags), and the blue carpet. Cupboards, armchairs, tables, a notice board and a blackboard appeared from thin air and for the first time in a long while we had our very own room. Since then we have had new lino laid and a stainless steel sink put in. The latter caused consternation when it was first used. No one had told us that the waste pipe was not connected and

before long we were all paddling!

Squadrons, the Band and the R.E.M.E., have been taking it in turns to run the monthly meetings and we have had varied and amusing evenings. Our most profitable was the jumble sale and fish 'n chips supper. Our most amusing was probably the Christmas Carol evening which deteriorated into a "Knees up Mother Brown" exhibition by Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Osborne. We have had cookery demonstrations, Japanese flower arrangement, a film, wine tasting, N.A.A.F.I. discussions and a folk singer. In October we had a dinner which we all enjoyed, with over 100 wives attending. The Corporals allowed us to use their Mess and the Sergeants lent us their silver. The Bandmaster and one of his boys very kindly played for us the whole evening which greatly added to our

enjoyment.

During November the wives helped to run a stall for the Guild of St. Helena Bazaar. In December we helped at the party the Regiment gave for the children from the German orphanage and also at our own Christmas parties for the children.

Life has not been easy with the exercises and Squadrons going to Ireland, but we hope that the constant attendance at the wives' club shows that we are fulfilling a useful purpose in Germany.

HINTS TO WIVES ON THEIR HUSBAND'S RETURN FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

By D. Ryding—Welfare

At first he may seem strange. Try not to bang any object near him or he will probably start screaming and running around the the house.

If near meal times, he queues up in the kitchen with knife, fork and spoon in hand, pretend that you are serving 60 people. He will accept this and probably start a conversation with the man next to him—try to imagine there is someone with him.

You will notice his sleeping habits may have changed. If after an hour in bed he gets up and walks to the kitchen, picks up a brush handle and stands guard outside the bedroom door, ignore him. He'll get back into bed after two hours.



Major Stockton and the R.S.M. at the German Orphanage Children's Christmas Party

When you serve his meal and he throws it away in the rubbish bin without eating a bite, again ignore him and make him an egg butty.

If you find him in the middle of the road stopping cars with a stick, do not ignore him. Take pencil and paper and join him and start taking down registration numbers.

You will find he cannot sit down for more than five minutes before searching drawers and turning chairs and beds upside down. Don't be alarmed; he thinks he's on a house search.

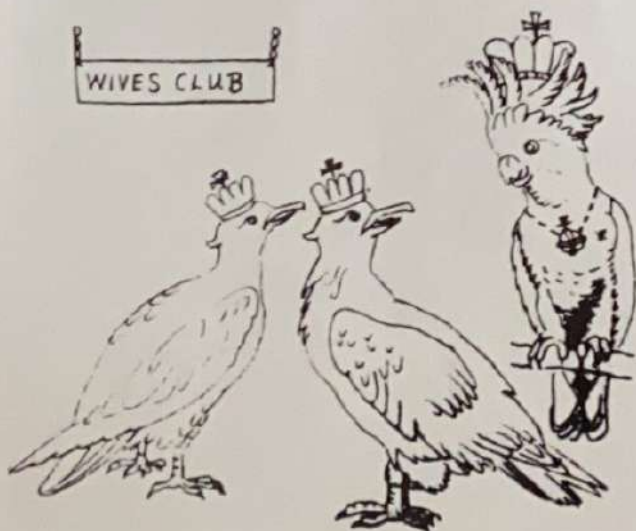
Finally, never buy sweets that contain marzipan. This would be highly dangerous. If he smells it he will probably grab you by the throat.

On the whole, try to be patient and understanding for at least three weeks. His life in Gosford has been "likened unto another world".



Wives are young men's mistresses;
companions for middle age; and old men's
nurses.

Francis Bacon
1561 — 1626



"Just look what's flown in mebed!"

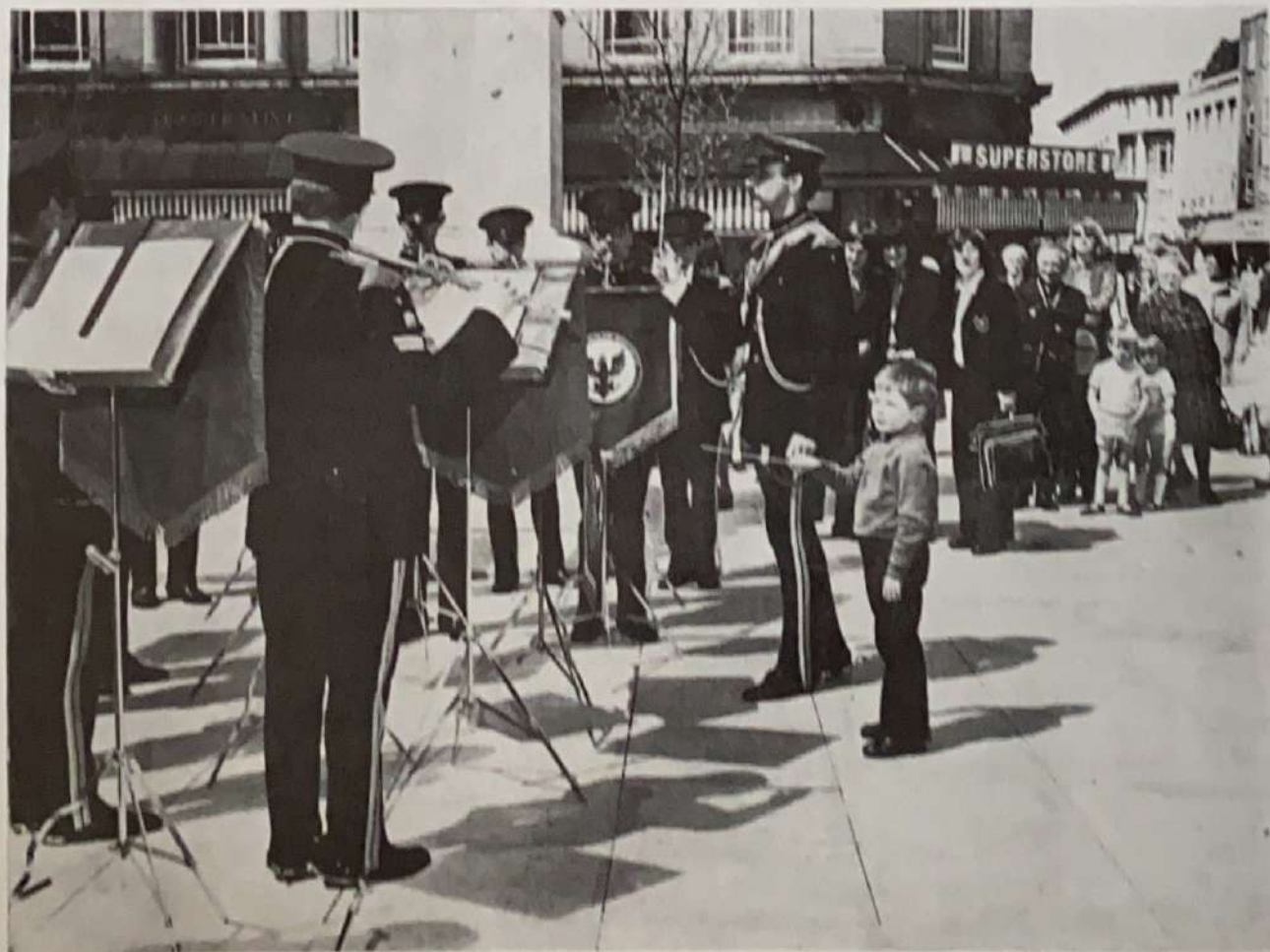
The Band

Here we are again in healthy Germany. What is it that is so invigorating about B.A.O.R.? Does a concert in a Spa town have as therapeutic an effect on the Band as it is supposed to have on the audience? Since we arrived here in August there have been no Monday morning sick notes stating: "Gastro-enteritis, Bloggs is unable to attend work for scribble days"—which proves, if nothing else, that the A.C.C. boys at Herford can beat home cooking.

Perhaps the annual 10-mile physical efficiency test—"Chalkie's Revenge"—is good for us after all. We will make controlled comparisons in June when we will again be marching round Lancashire pursued by a group of doctors, emaciated by the Regiment's absence, waving the last crumpled

sick notes in one hand and an empty cash box in the other. We will not be needing them any more as we should all be trained medical assistants by the end of March and will be signing our own birth certificates and offering cut-price brain surgery in our spare time.

The policy of K.A.P.E. tours is usually to follow the same course as the previous tour with improvements where possible. Last year, for example, we placed more emphasis on school visits, as it was felt that such concerts left a more lasting impression than an appearance on Blackpool Promenade where one has to compete in the memory with many other forms of entertainment. Our trip to the Isle of Man was condensed into one whirlwind week instead of two separate periods as in 1972. The only disappointing



The Band performing in Bolton town centre in June
The guest conductor is Master Stephen Green of Redvales, Bury

(Bolton Evening News photo)

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REGIMENTAL SHIRTMAKERS

to

THE 14th/20th KING'S HUSSARS

aspect of K.A.P.E. 73 was our inability to fill the Preston Guild Hall which is quite awe-inspiring in size and design. The name did not draw the crowds, but we will be working on it.

We welcome to the Band Ron Proudman—drums—known affectionately, but not very flatteringly, as Walter, also Christopher Lewis—clarinet—who has gone naked to Kneller Hall. (We still have the suitcase he left on the bandstand after his last engagement.)

Donald Bateman, Mick Thomas, Howard Cain and Paul Macready have all left us in such rapid succession that farewell parties, adulatory speeches and choice of expensive-looking cheap gifts became rather tedious. In spite of all that has been said in the past about their fingernails, sideburns or hair, we wish them well and hope that their new life will be devoid of such ulcer-provoking pressures. Incidentally, it is lucky that we did not have to hold a farewell party in the church for Alan MacTaggart who, acting as duty driver on the supertime fish and chip run from Kirkham to Weeton, collided with a cow. We were able to collect the fish and chips from the garage a couple of days later.

Those who like to keep in touch with old friends may note that Don Bateman was last heard of negotiating a place in a pantomime at Blackpool.

"So that's what the last 22 years have been leading up to", said Dougal.

"That has nothing to do with anything", protested Florence. "Roundabouts don't lead anywhere; they keep going past the place they started from on the way to where they were". "Quite true", said Zebedee, remembering that the location of some engagements had been difficult to find.

"It's because our work is of a very secret nature", said Dougal pompously. "There are very few in the Regiment who know what we do".

"Except 'C' Squadron", Florence corrected. She knew that an unsuspecting Squadron Leader had fallen off his chair as a result of a dynamically executed *fortissimo* from the Band Practice Room.

They all tip-toed off to bed as an echo of the tender melodic strains of "Mam We'er all Crazee Now" wafted languorously down the corridor towards "C" Squadron office.



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Officers' Mess

Monday

"Sergeant Major, we must cut out the cheese at lunch; it's far too expensive".
"Right, sir".

Wednesday

"Why are we still having cheese at lunch, Sergeant Major?"

"I'm just running out the stock that we had, sir".

Thursday

"Where's the cheese?"

What, no cheese?"

"No cheese, Sergeant Major?"

This is usually followed by a certain subaltern marching into the kitchen swearing that we must have some cheese somewhere.

Despite events like this, the Mess staff manage to remain cheerful, no doubt helped by the fact that the German female staff have usually got something to celebrate and

invite the staff down to their rest room for a "quickie".

With one-third of the staff in Northern Ireland and those on cadres, life has been rather difficult over the past few months with, at times, one waiter trying to do the work of three.

Cpl. Mick Elgie has remained the anchor man and can usually be found hiding behind a mountain of crates or with his nose in the stock books, with eyes looking more like a couple of bottle tops every day.

The kitchen has managed to turn out some delicious "nosh", due mainly to the flair and originality of L/Cpl. Dave Lowe, to whom we extend our congratulations on his recent marriage.

A welcome is extended to Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Whipp, who have brought a little charm and beauty into the Mess.



Ramnuggur 1973

The Colonel of the Regiment, Bill Stockton, Lt.-Col. Tom Williams, Andrew Pemberton, John Rawlins, Brian Poett (Air Squadron Leader—seconded from 5DG), Kerry Hodson, Bill Williams and Eddy Sheen

Officers Mess Activities

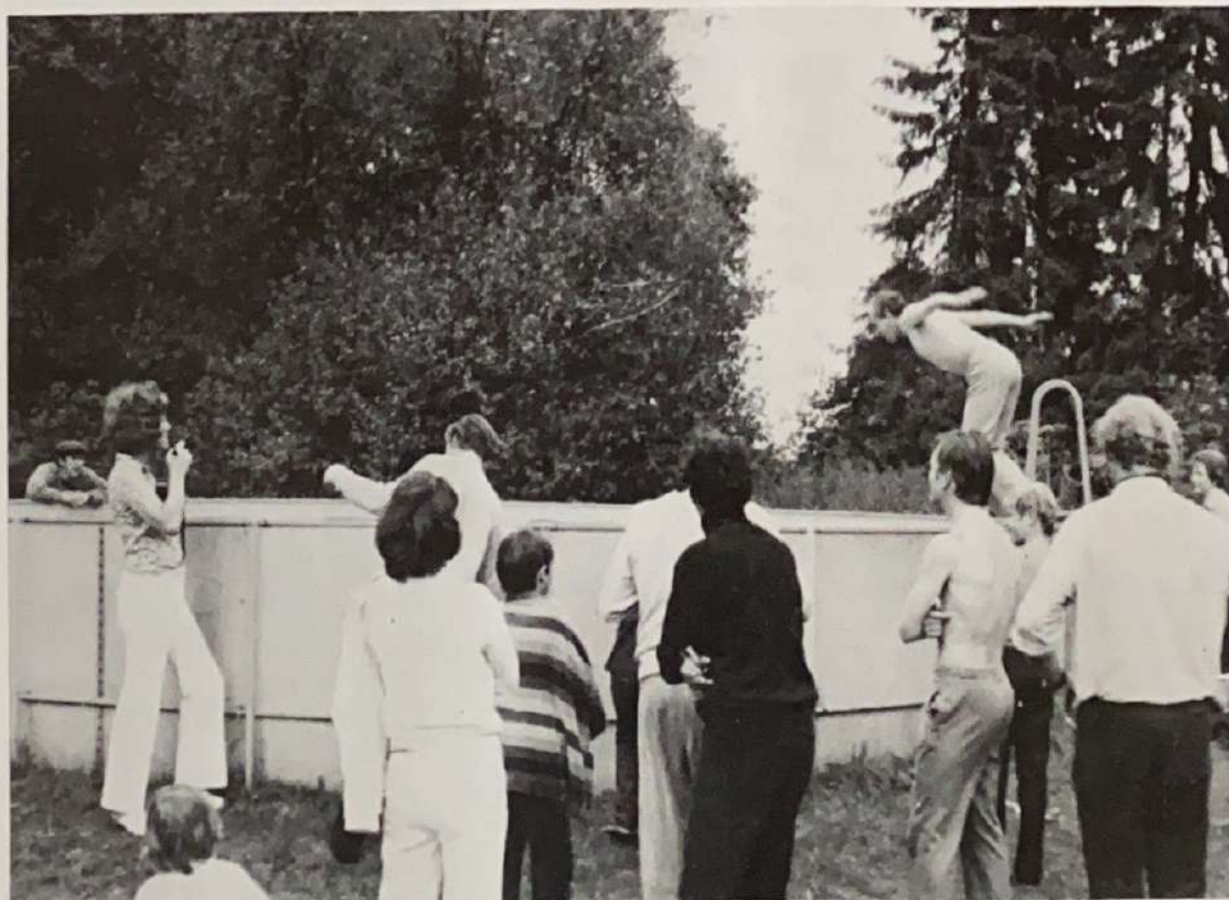


Scene outside the Officers Mess tent at Hohne. Mr. Tennent: "You're quite right, Colonel. There *is* no engine!" Players: Left to right, Cpl. Shields, Mr. Tennent, L/Cpl. Pritchard, and the Colonel



A tranquil scene as the officers and families have lunch in the garden of our kind hosts, Bollo and Angela Von Lengerke

Centre: Mrs. Allen. Slightly more athletic activities were to follow



Capt. Hope's Bathing Party

The Commanding Officer giving instruction in diving. The lady watching with rapt attention on the left is Mrs. Williams. The lady with the fair crinkly hair on the right is Sir Richard Dashwood

Sergeants' Mess



The R.S.M.—Mr. Colborne—and the Adjutant (Capt. Jeremy Hope) at the Ramnuggur Ball

The move into our new Mess was heralded by the ripping down of everything of Scottish influence; like tartan wallpaper and getting everything ship-shape and Lancashire fashion.

“Dutch” Mullholland did a good job of hard work by building a new jazzed-up bar.

Despite military commitments, we have managed to keep up the social life. A garden party was held in the summer which gradually turned into an “It’s a Knockout” competition, Peggy and Harry Taylor just pipping Sue and Jim Thomas in a grand finale.

The single and living-in members entertained the living-in officers to a lavish dinner. Mr. Russell lost his shirt sleeves, Mick Holland his ribs and Synge Powell his last chance to be excused Christmas duties. Mr. Tennent is a dab hand at billiards and Mr. Woodd a ham hand at card tricks.

Various generals and brigadiers have looked in for lunch-time quick ones and Col. Allen paid two welcome visits.

An open house cocktail party was held on our arrival and all the garrison came to see if we were worth “keeping in” with. They must have thought it worthwhile as most came back for Ramnuggur.

Ramnuggur was held late because of our military commitments but it was just as successful. Mick Burgess disappointed everybody by not entertaining us, as he so splendidly did last year. It was nice to have Col. Allen and Col. Palmer present, the latter

being very near at hand at 4 Division.

Faces gone and faces new are plenty and are too many to mention individually, but to you all—good luck in your new jobs. Ben Layhe deserves a mention, though; his monument still stands in the garden as a reminder to all and a lesson on tomato growing!

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING

by S.S.M. B. A. Bradbury

Those taking part were: S.S.M. Bradbury, S.Q.M.S.s Kelly and Hatton, G/Sgts. Taylor, Powell and Baker, S/Sgts. Robertson and Harrison and Sgts. Keegan-Boyd, Ward, Rushton and Eadsforth.

After days of sorting out what dress was to be worn and suffering the rumours of



G/Sgt. Powell and Sgt. Rushton after the Royal Wedding

drill parades on the regimental square of the Coldstream Guards, we all made our different ways to Chelsea Barracks in London.

On arrival we found that all 12 of us had to live in an eight-man barrack room. We almost succeeded, but Bob Taylor, being the last man in (believe it or not) found a room in an empty Sergeants Mess.

Life wasn't too uncomfortable in the barrack room except that guardsmen do not know the meaning of "normal speech" or the wearing of boots D.M.S. and for some odd reason a lot of guardsmen are walking around nameless, having had their names taken off them for committing an offence sometime or other. The Guards never appear to be short of buglers either, but only those living in the barracks can appreciate that.

The most amusing moment was when an infantryman walked into the room, to be confronted by Powell lying on his bed in a most disgusting manner, and said, "Ave you got any comics to swop, mate?" The answer to that cannot be printed. The second amusing moment was when we were asked to do a block job—swabbing out the washrooms.

However, we were very much relieved to find that we had no drill parades, just three easy rehearsals. The remainder of the time was spent trotting round London, not forgetting the booze, of course. "Singe" Powell and a few others could give a week's talk on the subject.

Basically a good time was had by all and we can look back with a smile.

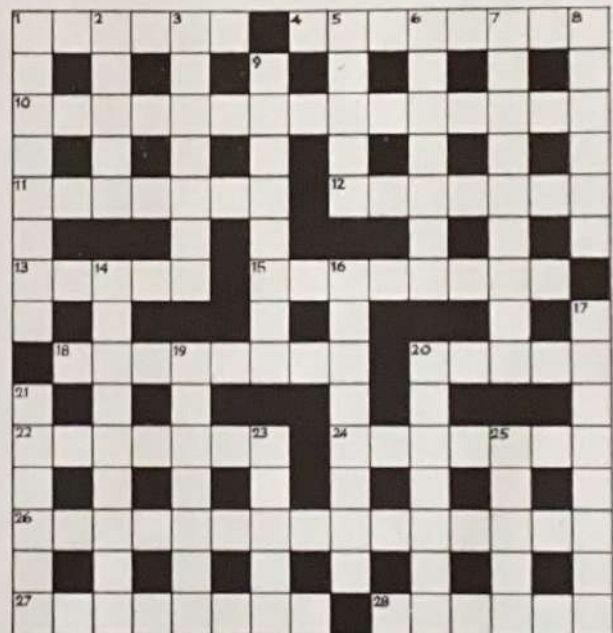
Of course, our main reason for going to London was to form part of the lining party on the great west door of Westminster Abbey. The worst rehearsal for this was at 0500 hrs on the Friday. On the following Monday we were at it all day. The Q.D.G.s still can't get over Jim Hatton's sense of humour. But rest assured, apart from a lot of waiting about, it was not unpleasant.

The actual march-on for the Royal Family went very well. Even Singe tried his best, and I had my doubts about that at times during rehearsals. To top everything off, the normal sultry weather of England turned out to be a beautiful day of sunshine.

A few were nervous—ask Jim Eadsforth; he can tell you!

Unfortunately, very few photographs were taken on this great occasion, but we did have excellent coverage on U.K. television.

The lining party was formed by: Queen's Dragoon Guards, 14th/20th King's Hussars, 1st The Worcestershire and Sherwood Foresters Regiment and the 8th Canadian Hussars, assembling from Hohne, Herford, Berlin and Canada.



Submitted by G/Sgt. R. Harrison

ACROSS

1. Move out if you hear these at 4.15 (6).
- 4 & 15. Our home in Germany (8, 8).
10. Skirt miss coffee, in a mix-up (8, 4, 3).
11. Many of our lads are from here (7).
12. An earlier posting (7).
13. Seen in Loch Ree (5).
15. See 4 across.
18. Offer expected here, soon (3, 3, 2)
20. Traveller on the way (5).
22. Led race for clean sweep (7).
24. Floating home for a polar bear (7).
26. Ramnuggur Ball? (9, 4, 2).
- 27 & 25. Worn on our hats (8, 5).
28. They measure, but not in feet (6).

DOWN

1. Tank with a sting (8).
2. Flier goes round for a weapon (5).
3. Worn between head and shoulders (7).
5. Allow in to confess (5).
6. What Joy Adamson eventually said about her lioness (4, 2, 1, 4, 3).
7. Stout wardrobe (3, 6).
8. Made out by squadrons every working day (6).
9. French ski resort (8).
14. Brewed on the German heath (5, 4).
16. Finished before the second (3, 5).
17. See 19 down.
- 19 & 17. Our original name.
21. It happens to a windscreen on a winter's night (4, 2).
23. Ma taken from a lady for a girl (5).
25. See 27 across.

'A' Squadron



Sir Richard Dashwood, Bt.!
How to parade in the event of a gas attack

Each year seems to bring many changes; 1973 has maintained the familiar pattern and, apart from the expected change in people, has found the Squadron in a new job, with new equipment, in a new place.

Major Eyre has left the Army and has handed over to Major Pemberton. Our new Squadron Leader's tactical genius, gained in earlier years with "C" Squadron and in the "bush" of East Africa, has already confounded our enemies on the exercise areas of West Germany. The entire Squadron, however, was very sad to lose Major Eyre who had done such a lot for us and the Regiment. The tragic death of Sgt. John Cleverly in a car accident shortly before moving to Herford is another loss we can ill afford.

It would be impossible to list all the other changes that have taken place but we must congratulate S.M. Leeming and Holland on their promotion and to bid farewell to Sir Richard Dashwood who stayed with 2nd

Troop "A" Squadron for his entire Army career.

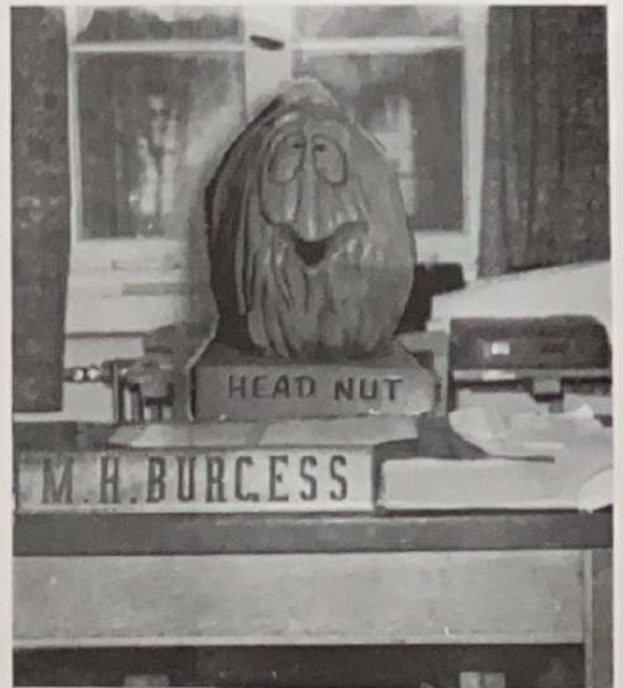
The squadron has now settled down to the life and pace of B.A.O.R. The Squadron Block is very similar to those at Barker Barracks when we were last in Germany. The Squadron Club has been established and through the hard work of the S.S.M. and L/Cpls. Hammond and Morrow, is flourishing.

Our new "sports model" Scorpions have been a great success and are very popular with their crews. In time the drivers have learned to curb their *Grande Prix* ideas, and with the assistance of their bruised commanders' D.M.S. boots, now drive tactically.

The bulk of the Squadron had arrived in Herford by the end of April with their families. The newly-marrieds in some cases found themselves in private accommodation, but by the end of the year had moved to official quarters.

As always in B.A.O.R., the year has been very busy. Exercises, Border Patrols, Guards of Honour, Gunnery, Site Guards, Cadres (and in our case operation "Banner Training"), have all fully occupied our time.

Gunnery Camp in the field was a new



"The Squadron needs you"



Border Patrol

Left to right: L/Cpl. Harrison, Cpl. Bewley, Tpr. Hunt, L/Cpl. Whitehead, L/Cpl. Healey, Tpr. Wheeler, L/Cpl. Saunders

experience for some but the site was very familiar to old hands. S.M. Burgess enjoyed himself counting brass cases while S.Q.M.S. Hatton tried to check stocks and give us the benefit of his gunnery experience. Cpl. Crossland found the horse-flies still liked the taste of his blood and spent much of the time blind.

L/Cpl. Davey and his fellow wild life enthusiasts met with great success but one feels that they would not have been popular in some circles. Tpr. Wheeler succeeded in injuring himself on many occasions culminating in a dose of hatch rash!

The Squadron managed to spend two days at Putlos between firing and all came back tanned and fit. The Casino at Travemunde enticed some but they unfortunately returned pale and somewhat poorer.

There was no doubt that the Squadron learned a great deal at its first Gunnery Camp with Scorpion. By the end of it the Squadron Leader had not, however, made a great deal of progress in Anglo/Irish relations!

The move to Soltau to do Troop Training coincided with a break in the good weather and we tasted more mud than dust in the following weeks. The Squadron adopted a friendly pub nearby and, much to the publican's delight, drank it dry on a few occasions! Teething troubles with the vehicles were sorted out and the Schwindebeck was eventually conquered by L/Cpl. Platt. Much to the newly-weds' delight and especially L/Cpl. Whitehead, training was eventually completed and we returned to Herford for a few weeks.

The D'Arcy Hall competition saw "A" Squadron achieve outstanding success with outright wins at hockey, athletics and cricket. Even L/Cpl. Morrow could not assist us to win in the swimming but we were the overall winners and the cup was presented to us after that competition.

The fact that we won the cup was all the more pleasant because so many members of the Squadron took part and helped to win it. One remembers especially Tpr. Tyson



"A" Squadron Tug of War with "A" Squadron spectators. D'Arcy Hall Cup

and L/Cpl. Davies on the hockey field. The batting of Mr. Cameron-Hayes and the S.S.M., followed by the lethal bowling of S.M. Leeming, Cpl. Beattie's wicket-keeping, proved decisive. Tpr. Lowe's distance running and the tug-of-war teams were high spots of the athletics. The tug-of-war team with Tpr. Horrocks at the front grimacing and Sgt. (A.R.V.) Armstrong at the back were positively frightening.

Sgt. Redmond and a team from Assault Troop entered for the Nijmegen marches and did extremely well to win in their class.

Cpl. Beveridge made another trip to the United States, this time in his capacity as a missile expert. As before, he seems to have made lots of friends in high places!

Exercise "Glory Hawk" in September took the Squadron to the wine-growing area of the Mosel. Everybody benefited by training in this beautiful but tactically strange part of Germany. Troop Leaders found their ingenuity and tactical knowledge tested and on occasion had to extricate their troops from very alarming situations. Tpr. Timothy

survived being rolled on by a Saracen and must be one of the luckier members of the Squadron. We spent a great deal of time putting out bush fires which started with irritating ease.

The mountainous countryside made communications difficult at times and gave Sir Richard Dashwood a great excuse to give the Sabre Troops regular reminders that they "must" listen out!

At the half-way point of the exercise there was time for relaxation. S.H.Q. Troop found a Wein Fest and Tprs. Pitt and Harding found the local brew much to their taste. Capt. Cullinan took a party on a boat trip down the Rhine which gave Tpr. Puckle a chance to try out his German on the unsuspecting locals.

When the time came to load the Scorpions on to the flats for the return journey, it was with a certain amount of pleasure that we found we were the only Squadron, from both Regiments, to be 100% fit, and able to load under our own steam. Our crews obviously learned well from Soltau and S.M. Lonsdale's

"Bluebell" team continued to give us excellent service.

The pace after "Glory Hawk" did not slacken, rather the opposite. Cadres took place, Scorpions were prepared for inspection and put into preservation and, eventually, in November we started training for our Northern Ireland tour. We received great help from S.M. Flemming and his team from the 1st Battalion Scots Guards who really put everybody through their paces and prepared us for our rather difficult role in Ireland. 3rd Battalion The Royal Anglians then kindly continued the training by which time we felt we wanted to put it all into practice! In fact Mr. Bowes-Lyon was so keen that during riot drill practice he got in the way of a brick and was knocked out.

At the time of writing, the Squadron prepares for more intensive training at Sennelager followed by block leave and then on to Gosford Castle. We hear it is positively comfortable nowadays and, strengthened with the volunteers from "C" and H.Q. Squadrons, we look forward to relieving "B" Squadron in early 1974.

Obituary

Corporal M. F. Herbert

We regret to announce the death of Corporal Michael Herbert who was accidentally killed on duty in Northern Ireland on 20 March 1974.

Since August 1973 he had been SHQ Troop Sergeant in "A" Squadron and Admin Sergeant in 1st Troop.

He was an extremely efficient soldier and was much respected by all. Our sympathy goes to his widow and family.

Corporal M. J. Cotton

We regret to announce the death of Corporal Michael Cotton of "A" Squadron who was accidentally killed on duty in Northern Ireland on 20 March 1974.

He had served with the Regiment for eighteen years. At the time of his death he was Squadron M.T. NCO a role which he enjoyed and filled with ability.

Our sympathy goes to his widow and family.



Exercise "Glory Hawk" (Mosel)
Mr. Wood bashfully covers himself. Right: Tpr. McNulty tasting the morning tea

'B' Squadron

It is difficult to revisualise our last six months in Hong Kong when we now write from a land of bombs, bogs, bullets, grey clouds and dripping trees.

The advert of 1973 found us having survived an alarming Christmas luncheon during which very little food was eaten, and participants did their best to dismantle the Sek Kong cookhouse.

Our military year commenced with much assistance to the Training Centre of the Brigade of Gurkhas, playing the role of enemy and cannon fodder to recruits fresh from the hills of Nepal. Messrs. Woodd and Grey and their troops will not forget the experience. In early January we entertained Herr Wolfgang Kenper and his family, who unexpectedly turned up for a two-week polo holiday in Hong Kong. This was a particular pleasure, since being the mainstay of the Dusseldorf Polo Club Herr Kenper had lavished so much hospitality upon us in the past.

On January 10 Capt. Martin Davis gave up his very temporary appointment as Squadron Leader when Major Bill Stockton arrived to take over, accompanied by Lt. Tony Coker on loan from 13th/18th Hussars, and B2 Hill from a D. & M. Course. The Squadron Leader immediately set about arming himself with a secondhand English motor car that would "do". However, having broken down 58 times, irreparably snapped a half shaft, lost its brakes on Route Twisk and capsized with a perplexed Mrs. Stockton upside down, the said machine was allowed to be amalgamated with an even more disreputable twin belonging to Messrs. Lang and Coker, formerly Edge, and a Japanese model was acquired in its place.

In late January Sgt. Woodcock and "Merry" 4th Troop were exercising with the Gurkhas once more on the lush hills of snake-ridden Lantau. Never far in heart from the sea, the Squadron secured the Army yacht *White Dragon* to give a degree of sailing experience to compelled volunteers. Sgt. Bingham found that despite his size he can become airborne and take a photograph at the same time in rough seas. (Nice one, Cyril.) Cpl. Young and Cpl. McMahon have decided that there is such a thing as sea-sickness!

About this time we heard that, apart from the U.S.S. *Constellation*, we were top of the blood letting league. We are still unsure as to whether the attraction stemmed from one of overt masochism or amazingly short skirts worn by "Young Vampires".

In early February Chinese community ditch digging was inaugurated with parties working for a month co-ordinated by the S.S.M. The Chinese were so grateful that they refused to supply water to our human ditching machines.

Chinese New Year was soon upon us, as were the fire crackers that lit night skies and rattled ear drums. However, it meant a few days off and time for Sgt. Pennicott to prepare his warriors for the hockey final. Despite all odds, and as a Minor Unit, a formidable team had been built up over two years, including Army players, Baillie, Cotton Pennicott and Parker. The Squadron team, which also included Messrs. Grey and Lang, S.S.M. Morris, Dransfield, Mattinson, L/Cpl. Field, Cpl. Long and many others part time, carried off all championships bar one and then only narrowly lost to the Gurkha Engineers, a Major Unit team, for the Ben Line Trophy. A very commendable effort, but a sadness that most of the best players have since departed the Squadron. Apart from giving myriad Chinese children rides around Sek Kong, we struck the sporting headlines once more, this time competing in the khud race in late February. Sgt. Brady and his athletes did extremely well to become the first British home and the winning British teams respectively in a race that is better suited to mountain goats and Gurkhas.

Capt. Davis then suddenly found himself despatched, followed by Cpl. Smith (78) later on in April, to Bangkok to co-ordinate the training of Thais on recently acquired Saracens. The sunken eyes of those returning betrayed what must have been extreme pressure of work! Meanwhile we were honoured to receive a visit from the Chief of the Defence Staff.

March and the eyes of the Orient began to search towards the Irish horizon. Pre-Ireland training, Hong Kong fashion, had begun. The first day of films with moving experiences of veterans such as S.Q.M.S. Holland soon expanded by the end of March



"One solution to the petrol shortage"

into a three-day exercise of happenings, having converted a major part of the New Territories into an instant South Armagh, but realising that yellow faces make poor substitutes even for Irishmen. We were helped enormously by the "large" doctor and "mad" dentist who, amongst others, rendered invaluable service as models. Our conscience, too, renders apologies to an unfortunate Chinese night watchman of a normally deserted Jodwell Ridge Camp, who took to his heels in a paroxysm of fright because Brigade had forgotten to inform him that an Irish riot was being staged there. Our thanks also went to the Field Ambulance for decorating supposed casualties so effectively, as can be vouched for by S.H.Q., whose normal stout eating habits were precluded by the appearance of S.S.M. Ted Morris green from gun shot wounds.

We then busied ourselves with sending Mr. Hill off to Sandhurst for his educational course to make him a more erudite officer, and to make Saladins look pretty for Fanling Club displays. Sgts. Woolford and Navin meanwhile offered their valuable instruc-

tional services to the Gurkha Engineers and Hong Kong Volunteers, whilst S.H.Q., embarked upon their last CPX, managing to annoy the Brigade Major, who thought it unfair that we should bog in 50 tons of metaphorical tank trying to cross paddy fields. Sport once more took the upper hand with soccer enthusiasts, who, inspired by their skipper, the S.S.M., proceeded to all but win the Major Unit Championship. The Minor Unit Championship was no trouble. At this juncture a special thank you should go to Mrs. Long, who missed not a single match, whether hockey or football, during our stay.

Young Bradbury did very well to win the Junior Land Forces Canoe Championship and, together with a Squadron team, became overall 48 Brigade champions, Bradbury taking the junior title and Capt. Davis the senior.

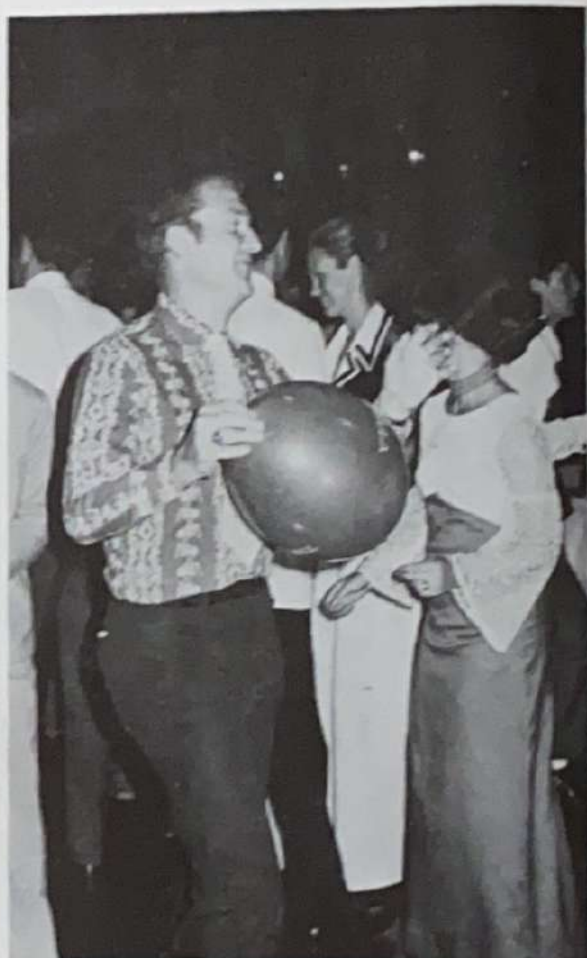
The end of March saw us perched like rock apes on a promontory in the east, which someone in a moment of merriment had told us was an "A" vehicle gunnery range. The one we normally used at Ha

Tsuen was out of bounds because Messrs. Grey and Woodd and henchmen had blown up a Chinaman's shack there the previous autumn. Anyway, there we were at Port Shelter, ironically being blown to pieces by fierce lee shore winds, wondering which breaker, rock, junk or floating can we should shoot at, feeling rather like Communist gunners at the Yangtse incident. Having been allowed by irritating fishing junks to fire a quantity of machine gun ammunition, it became apparent on the firing of main armaments that Chairman Mao's junks were not appreciative of their selection as targets, and so the gunnery camp closed prematurely.

Apart from impending F.F.R.s and providing pretty boys to stand in cinema foyers for the "Young Winston" film premiere (the Chinese promotor could not be persuaded that W.S.C. had not actually served in our Regiment), Her Majesty the Queen decided to have her Hong Kong birthday on April 16. Mr. Simon Lang and warriors of 1st Troop, dressed in cross-belts and glittering white, took their Saladins over to Hong Kong island to fire a 21-gun salute on behalf of the Artillery, who couldn't quite "crack it". Despite the 22-gun salute in rehearsal, a million misfires with television cameras watching, frenzied crowds lobbing shells between cars and Chinese spectators at the gas works end having nervous breakdowns, it was all considered a success. Those of us who were less attractive had to make do with the 48 Brigade flag march through the town of Tseun Wan, past a gentleman attired like a Kipling novel. We nevertheless had the honour to crew the last Centurion tanks in Her Majesty's Service.



"Hey Boss—Der's a lill' ole lady outside wid a violin case who sez she wants to see ya . . ."



S.S.M. "Flower Power" Morris

Our links with H.M.S. *Tamar* and *Monkton* were made stronger when we entertained sailors at Sek Kong and were likewise entertained in the form of Able Seamen Coker, Rigg and McMahon stowing away for a prolonged cruise via Brunei to Singapore and back again. Our intrepid explorer, Capt. Micklem, had managed meanwhile to steal some leave to go to India—"pig-sticking". It was unsettling to hear that no one had told him what was involved until he had agreed to go. It was a relief to see the colour flow back to his ashen cheeks when told that the "pig-sticking" was off, "dear".

After a brief colony I.S. exercise, in which we spent the entire time in Sek Long, maintenance teams were formed for hand-over, a drudge lightened somewhat by the visit in late May of C.R.A.C. Brigadier Guy Wheeler. Meanwhile, Capt. Davis entertained crowds at the Lo Wu two-day event on a horse that wouldn't jump! The achievement of 1,684 penalty points by the start of the second day was deemed a record.

Apart from F.F.R.s, which we would rather forget, we remember with pleasure an excellent hand-over with "C" Squadron 16th/5th Lancers, and more especially our final Squadron social. This was a lavish affair conducted in the stately rooms of the Peninsula Hotel. S.S.M. Ted Morris won the "flower power" prize and the rest of the Squadron won senior hang-overs, which boded ill for the following day. Alas, after all fiendish preparation for the Dragon Boat Race, tuned muscles, very pretty "one off" shirts commissioned for the event, and thoughts of how we so nearly "won" last year, we were defeated by our own sailings! True, we started in the pouring rain with paddling ache, but oh, dear, halfway down the course the end of puff had come. However we all agreed that it had been fun.

It was with sadness that we said goodbye to all our friends in the lavish surroundings of the Hong Kong Club and later, in our

various ways, to the faithful few at Kai Tak. Who will forget three years of humidity, the sport, girlie bars, the Nin, the tailors and char wallahs? Those singular exercises with Gurkhas and, indeed, the Hawk inscribed rock that still, we hope, gazes out over the Sek Kong Plain from the dizzy heights of Nameless?

It was again with great sadness that we said goodbye also to Major Bill and Mrs. Caroline Stockton, Lt. Jeremy Grey and S.S.M. Ted Morris. We know that they would have liked to be in Ireland with us, but their invaluable services were needed elsewhere, Mr. Grey's in matrimony. On reassembling in Herford we welcomed David Coombes as the new leader, Peter Elliott-Lockhart in place of Mr. Grey and Ian Leeming as S.S.M., not forgetting that intrepid aviator, Capt. Edge, who was returned to us after his icavian experiences, much mended. In our short month in B.A.O.R. who will forget our pre-Ireland training in Sennelager, the close-quarter battle range and the fiends who operated it, or Tin Town, the home of petrol bombs? Apart from a one-day exercise and the defeat of the rest of the Regiment at rugby and football in the same afternoon, we soon found ourselves emplaned for Gosford Castle, Northern Ireland.

The senior airline did do its best, but made a mess of the advance party and, worse still, in leaving the main party straggled



Members of "B" Squadron at Gosford Castle, N. Ireland, polish off the remainder of the Royal Wedding cake. Left to right: Tpr. Trigg, L/Cpl. Field, Tpr. Mitchell, Tpr. Lomas, Tpr. Rowley and Cpl. Beavers, "B" Squadron is now back with the Regiment at Herford having been replaced by "A" Squadron in February



Part of the Assault Troop and 3rd Troop at Newtown Hamilton. Left: Mr. D. J. B. Woodd

over half the British Isles. However, the takeover from "C" Squadron 17th/21st Lancers was smooth enough and troops soon deployed. Three of our troops were now armed with two Land-Rovers and two Ferrets apiece. Two troops retained their normal quota of Saladins, whilst Support Troop was unhorsed and sent to Newtown to terrify the terrorists. Troops are now spread from Berry to Newry and it seems a pity that the Ops Room at Gosford should be so little used. We spent six weeks under command of 1st Battalion Light Infantry and have now switched to the Welsh Guards. Apart from attempted bombing on Gosford Castle by a hijacked Forestry Commission truck and the supposed forthcoming air blitz by Seamus Towmey's "air force", which has been taken so seriously by our neighbours, 2 R.T.R., we now mount good old ack-ack on the castle roof, send out everyone from the Castle at 4 a.m. in the morning to listen for aeroplanes and have N.B.C. suits on order just in case they use gas. Newtown Hamilton, however, has not had it so easy.

Cpl. Brown had bad luck with a radio and was thankfully found by a night-run helicopter. Capt. Edge in his role of Acorn did his best to depart this world after an explosion which wrecked a shop and severely

injured two others. Despite an instant Catholic priest, he managed to survive. Newtown Hamilton was once a rather pretty market town but is now beginning to show signs of strain. The two car bombs which followed shortly after wrecked two streets and the latest, which did its best to demolish the police station before Christmas, has now turned the place into a ghost town. As if not enough had happened, a Royal Signaller, loosely attached—Cpl. Aikman—was cowardly gunned down in the market-place. Both front and back sangars have been fired at and Cooke, in return, managed to change the geography of headstones in the graveyard behind the back sangar. Since this time the Short Range Bog Group has been formed, which consists of two stripped Land-Rovers mounting a .30 Browning apiece.

A 300lb. culvert bomb was found south of the town and despatched by the A.T.O. Capt. Davis, while watching, was wounded by a Land-Rover door slamming in his face as a result of the blast. S/Sgt. Draper now has the name of Kaiser, donated by the inhabitants of Newtown Hamilton.

Meanwhile, on other fronts Mr. Lang and 1st Troop have distinguished themselves by catching a subversive whose car was full of literature and had him marched off to



"That's what it says, 'Knife rests, caltrops, red lamps, warning boards, dannert wire, pickets, ladder, torches, screw-drivers, mirror, camera, tape, medical bag, wanted lists, clearance chits, tent, shovel, sledge hammer, whistle, loud hailer, white sleeves, traffic wands'"



Newtown Hamilton. Several bombs in this building exploded shortly after photo was taken. Capt. Edge and three firemen were injured by the blast



"Apache country". Tprs. Gee and Patton with Cpl. Smith

jail. 2nd Troop under Mr. Hill have been shot at from the Derry Beg Estate in Newry and have had the pleasure of using their weapons! 4th Troops under Mr. Coker have been told by an Irish woman that even if she did have man in the house, she wouldn't

keep him under her bed! Sgt. Woodcock's 5th Troop continues to eat mushrooms.

Now we look forward to our return, valuable though this experience has been and despite the overwhelming generosity of so many Irish people.

'C' Squadron

After emergency tours in Northern Ireland in 1970, 1971 and 1972, the Squadron had looked forward to 1973 as a year of peace and prosperity. Prosperity was achieved, culminating in the purchase of a Squadron mini-bus, but peace never came our way. In one year we have changed our theatre, our role, our equipment and our Squadron Leader.

It all began in the spring, on that cloth of gold, Salisbury Plain, where the first week of troop training took place and where the L.A.D. sought the assistance of a fire engine in burning off some of their excess equipment! S/Sgt. Rumble assured us it was to lighten the load for speedier movement! We were, indeed, then an airportable squadron.

We then moved to Thetford for the second week and troop tests. 5th Troop did extremely well, commanded by Sgt. Webb, and came out top in the Regiment. 1st Troop, commanded by The Lord Brocket, at a faked road accident, passed by on the other side until the screaming M.O. forced them to take action, the first of which was to administer a notional dose of cough mixture to the M.O., for by that time he had lost his voice. Mr. Cavendish arrived to spend six months in 2nd Troop, which included taking them sailing for 10 days on the Mohn Zee. We hope to see him again after university.

In March Mr. Emslie packed the Squadron in boxes ready for the move to Herford. In the stores Tpr. Knowles doubled his rations to keep pace with our expanding S.Q.M.S., and Major Rawlins, the Squadron Leader, began his spring diet for the racing season. Capt. Williams left us after two years as 2IC to become Technical Quartermaster. Having contributed a great deal to the Squadron, he will be greatly missed, but it is as well to have an ally as Tech Q.M. Capt.

Dean became 2IC in his place.

On arrival in B.A.O.R. a newly formed Assault Troop joined us from "A" Squadron headed by Mr. Hews and assisted by Sgt. Tunnicliffe. It is good to have an Assault Troop on our side again in regimental exercises. Having never beaten us, they had the sense to join us.

It didn't take them long to get cracking. In April they ran round in circles at 6 o'clock in the morning, to the dismay of the more sedate and slumbering Sabre trooper. In May they spent 10 days training on the beaches (!) with the Dutch Marines at Texel in Holland. In June Mr. Hews led a team free-fall parachuting at Bad Lipspringe.

Once at Herford the L.A.D., still led by S/Sgt. Rumble and assisted by Sgts. Marsh and Martin, were increased by the arrival of Cpl. Langford, L/Cpl. Gunn and Cfn. Gilbert, Bassett and Turton. Also on arrival, S.Q.M.S. Kelly, himself a Scot, moved his store into the luxury apartment that had been occupied by the R.S.D.G. Band. His office, in pale tapioca and lace curtains, was thrice the size of the Quartermaster's. So it was that with "amazing grace" he moved into the attic.

In July the Squadron revisited Hohne ranges, but for the first time in Scorpions. The results were promising, if not perfect, considering that it amounted to conversion firing rather than the annual shoot. Sgt. Wainwright, Cpl. Brodie and L/Cpl. Cullen worked hard as Squadron I.G.s. Owing to a defect in the Scorpion wading screens we had to fire backwards. This may sound back to front, but so it was. Stunning results are expected this year if we get the chance to fire forwards.

Mr. Mann joined the Squadron as Second Captain, having gained a degree at R.M.C.S.,



Tightening the tracks (Scorpion)
Cpl. Terence Skelly working up a thirst during the autumn exercise in the Mosel Valley



The rear-link team, Capt. Dean and Cpl. Smith on the Mosel



Nuremburg Race Track
Scorpion race between—left: 17th/21st Lancers and right: 14th/20th (S.M. Boyle, Cpl. Christieson, Tpr. Joyce). The Scorpion is capable of over 60 m.p.h.



Sgt. James Thomas (left) and L/Cpl. George Platt, whose homes are in Atherton and Bolton, "enjoying a breather" (in fact posing for the P.R. photographer) in front of their Scorpion



Assault Troopers preparing for a free-fall jump
Left to right: Cpl. Komorowski, Tprs. McGahey, Greenwood, McNulty and Sibbett, Mr. Hews

Shrivenham. Full of hot bratwurst prepared by Cpl. Whelan's mobile bratwurst stalls we night marched to Soltau for two weeks troop, squadron and regimental training. During troop demonstrations it was interesting to note that 4th Troop Scorpions refused to bog themselves as intended in the swinderbeck. Capt. Dean, the D. & M. officer, explained that the ground pressure of Scorpion was 5lb. per square inch—less than that of a man's foot. The "Dean principle" that a man treading on Scorpion would hurt it more than a Scorpion treading on a man was, however, proven false when he bruised his foot attempting to prove it. The driver admittedly executed a neutral in doing so!

3rd Troop, commanded by Mr. Emslie, our attached Royal Signals officer, was formed as a five Ferret vigilant guided weapons troop as an experiment. Known as the "Gobly Wobly" Troop, they have spent an interesting year, culminating in December with live firing, in which Tpr. Cain did particularly well. Cpl. Christieson spent a month in America on guided weapons trials, returning suntanned and singed. We have today welcomed Sgt. Wareing into "B"

Squadron, having done extremely well on a guided weapons instructor's course. Lord Brocket took 1st Troop to revisit Medicina in Italy in August and this is reported on elsewhere in the Journal. Also in August, 2nd, 4th and 5th Troops spent a week sailing and canoeing on the Mohne Zee, noting that the cracks in the Mohne Dam are still there.

On September 7 the Squadron departed by train for the area north of the River Mosel to take part in the covering force exercise "Glory Hawk". Despite frantic efforts no one managed to get stuck in a vineyard, but most members of the Squadron got stuck into the wine festivals in the Ahr and Mosel valleys. Mr. Hews chased a vineyard owner's daughter, whilst Major Rawlins set out to sample every wine, on each bank, and of every valley.

S/Sgt. Rumble, who should, after 19 years' unbroken service with "C" Squadron, L.A.D., know how to follow the battles with his L.A.D. did so as well as ever. Our L.A.D. earned considerable admiration in the Squadron for their flexibility and speedy recovery operations. There were the odd moments of frustration for some, notably S.S.M. Stocker,



Social Activities

Relaxing with their Coca-Cola, left to right: Mrs. Rushton, Sir Richard Dashwood, Sgt. Rushton, S.M. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle.



At the end of "C" Squadron tank park
Tpr. Pagett (in track suit): "Well, Sergeant, I turned on the radio and it just slid over the side"



The "Greater Pickled Hawk" visits "C" Squadron party

who, with Tpr. Makinson's assistance, off-loaded and reloaded 150 cans of petrol from a Stalwart four times a day before sorting out the engine. Other frustrations included the consistently delayed arrival of Major Rawlins's copy of *Sporting Life* and Tpr. Jackson's homesickness for his typewriter.

S.H.Q. had a particularly successful exercise. Sgt. Rushton kept a firm grip on the radio net, won a magnum of champagne from the Adjutant and commanded the entire covering force from time to time. Cpl. D. McGlynn's navigation never failed us and Cpl. Smith went to bed with his earphones on.

In October Capt. Dean took half the Squadron on exercise with the Belgians near Hildesheim. Whilst 4th Troop, headed by Mr. Tennent, destroyed an enemy threat of 15 Leopard tanks and 12 lorries from the front, 3rd Troop destroyed them from the rear. The enemy didn't play the game, however, and, despite 15yd of fencing dragged unintentionally across their path by the L.A.D., caught the adjacent Belgians in the backside. Mr. Mann, who remained with the Belgians as liaison officer for the whole exercise, was luckily available at the time to assure them that the British were holding firm!

In November several members of the Squadron had the honour to be present at our Colonel-in-Chief's wedding, whilst the unlucky ones left behind had a holiday. Sgt. Tottman ("Snowman") found his "Snow Queen" and has been honeymooning in Bavaria for the past three months as exercise "Snow Queen" admin N.C.O. It is hoped that by the end of the exercise 40 soldiers from "C" Squadron will have tasted the Bavarian snow.

In January we welcomed Major Harman on his second tour as Squadron Leader, Mr. Couldrey from "B" Squadron and Mr. Garbutt from Sandhurst. Mr. Garbutt is Major Garbutt's son, whose command of "C" Squadron is still well remembered. We wish Major and Mrs. Rawlins the best of luck in their new posting to R.M.A., Sandhurst, and thank Mrs. Rawlins for her help with our families. S/Sgt. Boyle is shortly due to leave us, having commanded 2nd Troop for much of the past two years, and Sgt. Marsh, R.E.M.E., who has contributed much to the Squadron on the sporting field, also sadly goes.

We look forward to May, when our 30 soldiers attached to "A" Squadron in Northern Ireland return and we can get on with the exercise season.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

The Duke of York writing to his mistress, Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, from Sandgate, August 24, 1804, informed her that "Yesterday I reviewed the camp here, and afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons who are certainly in very fine order".

Air Squadron

A gallant band of men set sail across the narrow watered straits to carve their names with pride above the fields of Germany. Strange sounds akin to revelry exude from the Rear Passenger Panoramic Rest Room (upper lounge) on the British Railways' oldest ferry as it plods its weary way yet again over the same short route it has covered a dozen times that day. Behind its shabby exterior we find our happy crew off to Germany for a spell as the Regiment moves from Tidworth to Herford, and the Squadron swops its offices at Netheravon for Herford South Tank Park.

At last we found ourselves back with the Regiment, making life and general administration a great deal easier and vastly more enjoyable. No longer that commuter feeling as you stagger out of the Mess at Tidworth, cast a cursory glance at the sky and climb into the car before driving like a "bat out of hell" to make first parade several miles away.

We found that flying over North Germany was a little monotonous by comparison with England; one "dorf" or "stadt" usually running into the next with very little variety beyond flat strip farming and conifer-covered ridges. In fact, only taking the



Tpr. Avis—Air Squadron. Refuelling a helicopter on the launch pad (Regimental Square)



Tpr. Sutherland with his father (an old "Hawk") who was being shown round the barracks. Sgt. Eadsforth trying to sell him a Scorpion

opportunity of noting the good bits of road surface on the autobahns made up for the inability of "going via Reading" so as to fly low over Acacia Villas and wave "Hallo" to Auntie Mabel! It could be argued that Herford is one of the few places where you can drive round the barracks and, on turning a corner, find yourself confronted by a "Lollipop man" standing in the middle of the road so as to allow the helicopters to cross behind him.

Looking back over the year, our achievements have not always made the headlines. But perhaps this is more due to the mass of material available from other departments and Squadrons such as those tied up with Ulster and other sensational topics rather than to any slowing down or slide in quality of such achievements on our front. After all, we did manage to field our full complement of 25 live bodies and such ancillary pieces of equipment as flying machines and trucks when the Regiment took to the field in June. And what about our exemplary record while on Gunnery Camp on the Hohne Ranges? Not once did we collide with each other in the air. After all, we did have to share our airspace with everything

from buzzards to Honest John Rockets—the latter at frequent and irregular intervals flying unscheduled low-level between-the-trees type sorties, usually coinciding with breakfast or dinner. Then there's our superb performance in the D'Arcy Hall Cup. I don't recollect our winning anything outright just at the moment, but I do remember that we put up a mighty impressive show in the Inter-Squadron Athletic Trials practice sometime during the summer—then we were all on leave for the real thing. It remains as one of the great "may have been's". However, we did do exceptionally well during the shooting competitions in the spring and there are one or two pieces of

silver knocking about to prove it.

On the whole we have had a successful and, more important, enjoyable year. Charles Trevelyan has spent most of it in Cyprus; Sgt. Warren has left us to go and fly in Nigeria. A.Q.M.S. Calder has moved back to promotion and a less harassing job in England. Terence Scott has visited the rest of the world between exercises. Sgt. Townsend, whom we first met in British Honduras last year, has brought his smart car to join us. Most of the R.E.M.E. back-up in the Squadron have been promoted to Sergeant and A.Q.M.S. Cooke has arrived and quickly learned his way round that nut-and-boltless rival to his trade—the horse.

Musketry – 1973

The task confronting the team this year was not an easy one. Having done so well last year many people throughout the Army were keeping a watchful eye on us when we arrived at Bisley.

Since 1972 a number of the team had left the Army or had been posted E.R.E. and so could not compete for the regimental team. Our first task was to build a nucleus of would-be good and keen shots. It is the hope of all team managers to be able to begin practice some eight weeks in advance. However, because of our move from Tidworth to Germany and all the involvements, this was not to be. It was only three weeks prior to Bisley that those who had been selected to form the nucleus were able to get together and start shooting.

The team spent the first week on the Sennelager Ranges and then flew to England to practice at Bulford and Perham Down based on the 16th/5th Lancers. At this point our thanks go to the 16th/5th Lancers, who put us up and assisted greatly in our administration.

After much erratic shooting, particularly by one or two of the newer members of the team, the final selection was made. The line-up was: Capt. ("The War Lord") Bill Williams, Mr. Moger, Sgt. Ingham, Sgt. Underwood (who also shot for the Nishan team), Cpl. Farrell, L/Cpl. Wood, Cpl.

Holden and Tpr. Nettleship. Sgt. Marsh (R.E.M.E.) acted as team manager/admin back-up and Cpl. Skelly as his assistant and driver, both of whose presence was invaluable, enabling the team to concentrate on the shooting properly.

To go to Bisley expecting to do as well as last year's team would have been folly, but with considerable hope, plenty of "pinging them in" and a little of "whanging them out" the team arrived to give of their best.

Our main aim this year was to concentrate on defending our title as Army champions, a formidable task in everybody's eyes. With an all out effort to this end we failed to notice the threat from 3 R.T.R. They shot extremely well and thoroughly deserved their achievements of winning the Cambridge Shield and R.T.R. Cup, which we have held for the last five years. We hope they will keep both trophies well cleaned for our collection next year. Our final placing in the Army Championship was eighth out of 59 major units.

To conclude, special mention must go to those who did particularly well for both the Regiment and Army this year. Sgt. Underwood was selected and shot for the Army in the Nishan Cup, held this year in Turkey. Cpl. Farrell, after some excellent shooting for the regimental team, was



Training for Bisley 1974

selected as first reserve to the Army S.M.G. team. Finally, for the six members that are selected to shoot for the R.A.C. team the Regiment produced four: Capt. Williams, Sgt. Underwood, Cpl. Farrell and L/Cpl. Holden. Our congratulations to them on their considerable achievements.

Sgt. Underwood, R.E.M.E., attached 14/20 H.
 Cpl. Farrell, 14/20 H.
 L/Cpl. Holden, 14/20 H.

S.M.G. XXX
 Cpl. Farrell.

Pistol XXX
 Sgt. Underwood, R.E.M.E., attached 14/20 H.

Regimental Rifle Meeting

Team matches
 Champion Team 1973 .. L.A.D.
 Chain of Command Race Air Squadron
 Inter-Squadron Rifle Cup L.A.D.
 Inter-Squadron L.M.G. Cup "C" Squadron
 Inter-Squadron S.M.G. Cup L.A.D.

<i>Competition</i>	<i>No. of Entries</i>	<i>Position</i>
Major Unit Championship ..	59	8
Rifle Team Match, Cambridge Shield (10 Riflemen) ..	59	12
S.M.G. Match, R.T.R. Cup (8 S.M.G.)	62	17
L.M.G. Match, Worcester and Lindley Cups (2 L.M.G. pairs)	237	16
Section Match (1 x L.M.G. pair, eight riflemen) ..	59	13
Team Snap Shooting, Britannia Trophy	64	5
<i>Army 100</i>		
Capt. Williams, 14/20 H.		

We are, unfortunately, out of the Army Cup (B.A.O.R.), having been beaten 4-1 by 8 Regiment R.C.T. at Munster.

We have had two players selected for the B.A.O.R. squad this season, L/Cpl. Ray Scott and L/Cpl. Dave Sykes, and that in itself is quite an achievement and augurs well for the future.

We are all looking forward to next season, when, for the first time in many years, the Regiment will be together and we will be able to select a balanced and settled team. Then we hope to make a big impression on B.A.O.R. football.

The following have formed the teams throughout the season: Capt. Heathcote, Sgts. Thomas and Tunnicliffe, Cpls. Langford, Howarth and Burrill, L/Cpls. Annis, Scott and Sykes, Trps. Ellison 002, Craddock, Sweeney, Shepherd, Harding, Clayton, Jackson, Simmons, Stafford and Webster.

SWIMMING

As with many other sporting activities, swimming during the '73 summer season had to take a back seat to allow the more important task of settling in to our new role to take priority. This is not to say that no swimming was done.

Unfortunately, by the time everyone had settled in and the handover had been completed, the Divisional Swimming and Water Polo Gala had already been held. As most of us will remember, the summer was good and, although our own camp "swimming pool" only featured for a few weeks towards



Prizegiving at athletic sports (D'Arcy Hall Cup).
Left to right: Mrs. Williams, Sir Richard Dashwood,
Mr. Wetherall-Pepper



Sir Richard Dashwood winning the 100 metres

the latter end of the warm weather, many of us made full use of the spacious outdoor heated pool by the stadium in Herford when time permitted. So with luck the swimmers of the Regiment—of which there are a number—were able to keep their hands in.

As I have already said, our own camp pool was filled, and the booking of the local public baths are at the moment a closed shop except after 8 p.m. It was in this pool that the D'Arcy Hall Gala was held, adapted to suit the pool! It seemed better to have some sort of competition even if only for the fun and also to keep swimming on the annual sporting calendar. The winners were "A" Squadron with H.Q. Squadron coming a very close second, just one point behind.

Despite missing the Divisional swimming, which is the qualifying round for the B.A.O.R. finals, Mr. Moger did manage to submit a qualifying time to attend the B.A.O.R. finals as an individual. Although without success in his own event, he did gain a place in the B.A.O.R. water polo team for this year.

Next year, regimental commitments permitting, should see swimming back as a major summer activity and I look forward to the challenge of sharing some—if not all—the silver that the Q.D.G.'s now sport from this year. Perhaps Capt. Critien of the Q.D.G.'s will take up the challenge?

J.M.D.M.

RUGBY

Our final games played whilst the Regiment was at Tidworth produced some scintillating ruggar. The quality of our ruggar was often commented on by our opposition. The season ended with the Regiment losing only one game between December '72 and March '73.

The return of the Regiment to B.A.O.R. was more than welcomed from a ruggar point of view. For the first time in many years we have a full fixture list with two games each week, and we have already made our "mark" known on the B.A.O.R. scene. Our record to date is:

Played: 12, won: 9, lost: 3, points for: 234, points against: 97.

Our sojourn in the Army Cup was short-lived, but to reach the second round afforded good experience to a fairly young team. We eventually succumbed to the Royal Irish Rangers 21-4 having dominated the play in the forwards for 95% of the game.

We are looking forward to the B.A.O.R. R.A.C. Cup commencing in March and hope to give a better account of ourselves in this competition. Hopefully we will be considerably strengthened at many positions on the field with the return of "B" Squadron from Operation Banner.

There have been notable performances by many individuals this season—far too many to mention within these notes. However, Sgt. Marsh, is team captain, and is due to leave us at the end of this season, reverting to civilian life in South Wales. He has skippered the side for the last two seasons and has done so with exceptional ability. He has done an enormous amount of work for the ruggar side both on and off the field. He will be sorely missed, but we wish him well and offer him sound advice: "Run straight, side step off the correct foot".

Representative honours gained to date are as follows:

S/Sgt. Parkinson ..	R.E.M.E. B.A.O.R.
Sgt. Marsh ..	R.E.M.E. B.A.O.R. and 4th Division
Cpl. Kirk ..	4th Division

SKI-ING

One of the delights of B.A.O.R. is that the ski slopes are so much more accessible. With our commitments in Northern Ireland, ski-ing has been confined to "Snow Queen"

this year. "Snow Queen" is the one Army exercise one really cannot afford to miss. It is probably best described as an adventurous training Alpine ski holiday.

This year we were fortunate in acquiring a palatial ski hut, Gasthaus Edelweiss, in the Bavarian Alps. The hut is in the village of Hinang which lies conveniently between the ski centres of Immenstadt and Oberjoch, so we were able to pick the best ski-ing conditions.

Our admin. detachment set forth to the slopes in early December led by Sgt. Tottman—that well-known expert on Bavarian beers. Tpr. Timothy provided our means of transport and fast became an enthusiastic skier. We were always concerned whether we might have to walk back from the slopes, but he has shown us that he breaks skis, not legs. Each two-week course was led by an assortment of officers including "light blue job" and "Emelet", the season being from December to March.

At the time of writing the snow conditions have been quite good. Just as the snow was becoming a little scarce in January, we had a good fall of 6ft. which stopped us ski-ing for a day and made ski-ing difficult for the next. Mention must be made of Tpr. Hilton who was just about to claim the downhill record for the Idealhang before he broke his leg. We hope it hasn't dampened his enthusiasm!

But what of the *après-ski*? Our Gasthaus owner, Werner, provided some very interesting entertainment with his slides of local Bavarian festivals and countryside. A number



"Formation Ski-ing". Tpr. Sibbett and Cpl. Smith



Exercise "Snow Queen". Learning to Ski



Gasthaus Edelweiss

of enthusiasts ventured up to the Fairy Tale Castle, Neuschwanstein. We were also fortunate in meeting Heinze from the mountain rescue team who gave us a slide lecture on his work. For those who really couldn't get enough exercise there was the ice rink and discotheque in Sonthofen. The Christmas skiers became very friendly with the locals of Hinang and sang carols on Christmas Eve, much assisted by Hirsche beer.

We are still waiting to see if we have any stars from the ski slopes, but perhaps it is too early to make an assessment.

Gasthaus Edelweiss now displays the Regimental plaque as a constant reminder that we will be back next year at the first sign of snow.

SOME USEFUL DATES—1974

Regimental Reunion—London	May 4
Combined Cavalry Parade and Memorial Service (Hyde Park)	May 5
Officers' Dinner—Cavalry Club	June 6

Rhine Army Horse Show	June 7-9
Final Inter Regimental Polo	June 9
Bisley	July 3-27

Equestrian Activities

POLO

The Regiment moved from Tidworth to Herford during June and the polo players became separated. In B.A.O.R. Col. Mike Palmer helped the enthusiastic team, comprising John Rawlins, John Symons, Rory Mann and the Woodd brothers, who owned their own ponies. Robert Dean and Martin Davis plated too. They entered several tournaments as "The Hawks", notably winning the Q.D.G. Cup at Bad Lippspringe and the Archie David Cup in Berlin at the end of the season. They beat the Grenadier Guards in the B.A.O.R. Captains and Subalterns Tournament at Munster, but subsequently lost to the Q.R.I.H. when they ran out of ponies.

At Tidworth Rollo Clifford and the Vickery brothers kept the regimental flag flying in England. We won the important Q.R.I.H. Cup at Tidworth while arming up for the Inter-Regimental Tournament, in which we were beaten by Q.O.H.

We always played together as "The Hawks" incorporating a player to make up the team. We went on to win the Frost Cup and during Tidworth polo week the R.A. Harrier Cup.

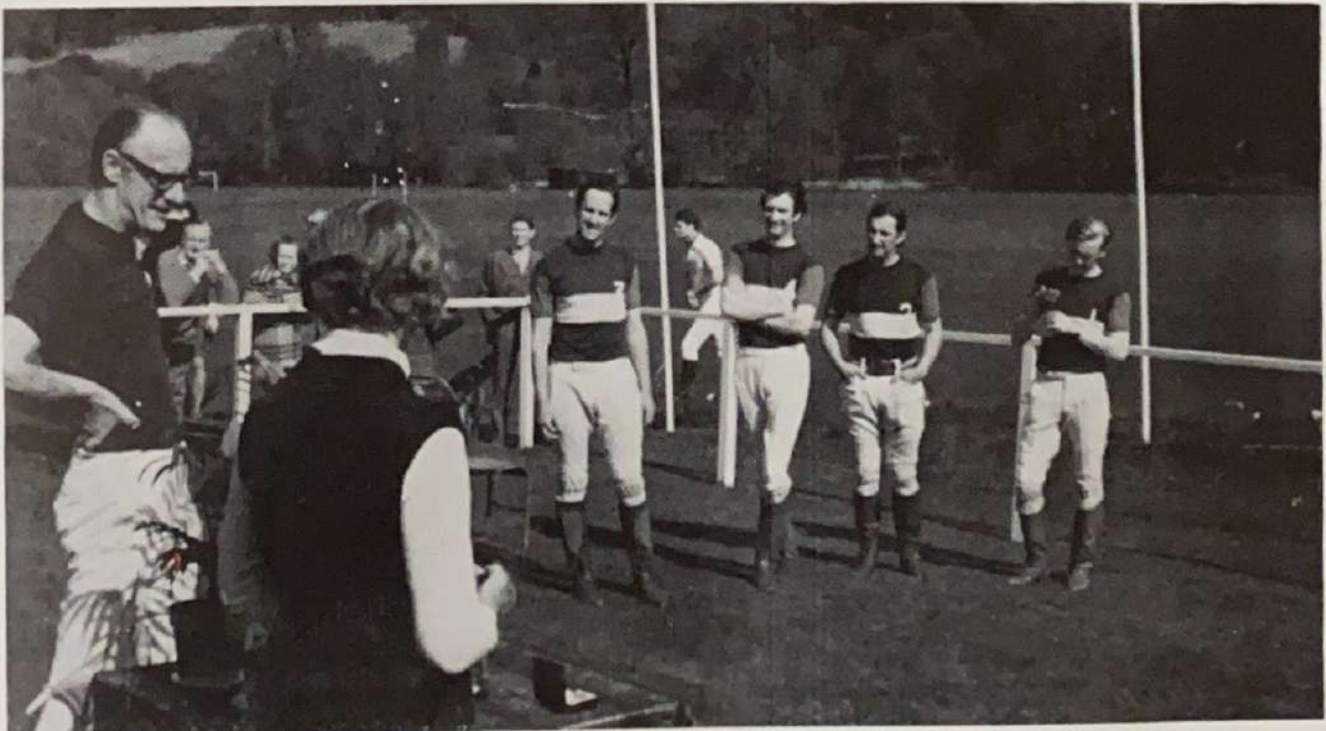
Martin Davis returned from Hong Kong

in time to play in the Captains and Subalterns team entered in England, which fought its way through to the final for the sixth successive year.

The final was played at Tidworth in August in torrential rain. The Welsh Guards opened the scoring with two quick goals. However, this exciting first chukka saw Martin Davis gallop through with two goals to equalise. In the next chukka Watt scored for the Guards and Mike Vickery hit the equalising goal from 60 yards to make the score 3-3 at half-time. The third chukka was the key to the match. Watt scored first but then "The Hawks" put the pressure on and scored three goals, one a fine under the neck shot from Clifford. We were all now soaking wet and held on to our advantage in the last chukka to win the Captains and Subalterns Cup for the fourth year running.

We split up and played at Taunton in two teams, winning the Aden Sheiks Cup and the Royal Visit Cup to round off a most enjoyable and successful year.

We look forward to the return of "A" Squadron from Northern Ireland to make our team complete once more before starting on an exciting season in B.A.O.R.



Winners of the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars Cup at Tidworth 1973.
P. Vickery, Rawlins, M. Vickery, Clifford

RACING

At a recent Polo meeting in Germany two senior Cavalry officers stated with bland smiles and full glasses that "racing was not very character building". The odd three-mile gallop over fences at racing pace would have saved these officers' ponies from carting 13 stone plus between goalposts. The rigours of riding out, schooling and training the race-horse require more dedication and self-sacrifice than the antics of the enthusiastic polo player who is normally seen playing his last chukka on an unlit dance floor in those same early hours. It is a sorry reflection on the state of equitation in the Army when racing is looked upon as a poor relation to polo. History is full of the feats of soldier jockeys, whereas statistics record the results of long-forgotten polo matches.

The Regiment's point-to-point season got off to a good start at the United Services meeting at Larkhill. Proper Corker, ridden

by Michael Vickery, was an easy winner of the Earl Haig Cup and Capt. Clifford's Spartacus finished clear of the field in the maiden race.

Proper Corker's next outing was at Tweseldown when he finished third in the capable hands of Annie Vickery, proving that he went as well for Beauty as the Beast. Peter Vickery then won the New Forest Hunt race on him at Larkhill. At the Wilton the opposition proved too strong, and he finished in the ruck but was placed in four of his five remaining races. The last being in the hands of Richard Russell who had recently bought him. He was a remarkably tough and able servant to the Vickery brothers and gave them many memorable rides and victories.

Merry Medium again carried Major Harman's colours with distinction. He ran really well to win the Open Moderate at the Cotley beating the useful Waterboy by one length.



Merry Medium owned by Peter Harman and ridden by John Rawlins (left) winning the Open Moderate race at the Cotley Point-to-Point



Michael Vickery winning the Earl Haig Cup on Proper Corker at Larkhill

Next time out he finished a creditable second behind Attacker in the Adjacent Hunts race at the Wilton. Training problems then set in and he only ran in two other races, falling at Larkhill and being pulled up at the Taunton Vale. He was ridden in all his races by Major Rawlins who was lucky enough to get the rides while the owner was nursing a bad back.

We were represented at the Grand Military Meeting by Capt. Clifford who ran Blank Check in the Gold Cup, and Limetra in the Hunters Chase. Unfortunately, neither ran up to their best form and their jockey was probably not feeling at his as he rode with a broken ankle. In fact, both these horses had rather disappointing seasons; Limetra never got the soft going he needs and Blank Check never ran up to his previous season's form. But as both have undoubted ability it will be no surprise if they are seen in the winners' enclosure next season.

Major Rawlins ran both Charles James and

Solar Sultan but they either met with accidents or better horses. Capt. Clifford's Spartacus ran in three other races and finished second in the Berkeley Members Race. He also rode Major Haworth-Booth's (LG) High Honour to win the Restricted Open at Tweseldown which was a commendable performance as the mare's previous riders will vouch for. This happy partnership was cemented when Capt. Clifford bought High Honour as a brood mare. Unfortunately she was barren this year so she may prove as erratic with life's other great thrill as she was jumping at racing pace.

All in all it was a good season to end our tour of duty in Tidworth. Seven horses owned by regimental officers competed in 29 races winning four and being placed on seven occasions.

In Germany the interest in the racing world for once survived the move and it was decided to form a syndicate and buy a couple



Anne Vickery on Proper Corker being led out by Michael Vickery at Tweseldown



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of horses to race here. In June Major Rawlins went to Ascot Sales and came back with Strolling Player, a modestly priced horse of impeccable breeding and indifferent ability. To begin with he was trained by Capt. Hanbury (QRH) at Sennelager who was a great help and instrumental in getting the venture off the ground. Once Major Rawlins had been granted his licence the horse returned to Herford. Although he has yet to win he has ably proved his potential and versatility by being placed second and third in hurdle races, third in a chase and third and fourth in flat races. We were lucky enough to get the services of Jeff Williams as our professional and Major David Shaw (RH) as our amateur jockey, and a large share of our small success is due to them.

The second half of the syndicate's string took the form of Bargain Street who was bought for us by Major Johnnie Lewis of the BBA. He has useful form on the flat in England but has so far only run once in Germany. He cast and cut himself shortly after his arrival but is now fit and ready for the new season.

The only other runner was Mr. Bowes-Lyons's Temerwing who has now competed in all branches of equitation except polo. Her jumping ability is second to none but so far she has only demonstrated this from the rear of the field. Unfortunately she has had to run above her class out here and it has yet to be discovered if the standard in Germany is able to accommodate her.

Racing here has at least got off the ground and the results have been encouraging enough to look forward to next season. It is true that the weights are so low that only the few can ride in races but the fun it gives justifies the righteous indignation felt when the uninformed write it off as merely "uncharacter building". Unfortunately there are many who regard an afternoon spent on a German racecourse as only slightly less decadent than an evening spent in Hamburg.

These notes are never complete without a well-deserved vote of thanks to the grooms who have been involved with the racehorses. In England Cpls. Steele and Blocke, Tprs. Alecock and Hall were often seen at what the Army calls "unsocial hours" looking after their charges. In Germany Cpl. Addison, Tpr. Morton and, in particular, Tpr. Hall have put in many extra hours' hard work. Tpr. Corness, without map or compass, has nearly always arrived in the horsebox on the same day as the meeting.



United Services Point-to-Point, February 1974, Larkhill.

"Spartacus" winning the Llewlyn-Palmer Cup—thus losing his maiden certificate at the ripe old age of 14.
Rider: Captain R. R. H. Clifford

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NEWS FROM THE OUTPOSTS

Gurkha Newsletter

from 6th Q.E.O. Gurkha Rifles



At the close of 1972 our major effort in training was being devoted to shooting, since the Hong Kong Land Forces laurels were the ticket which, we hoped, would bring us to Bisley. An intermediate hurdle was the 51 Brigade Meeting, which we won without much difficulty, but our

hopes were dashed when we lost to the 48 Brigade champions, 2/2 G.R., in the finals.

A good fitness for role inspection report consoled us, as did the compliments we received after sending companies to act as "enemy" on exercises in Hong Kong in May and West Malaysia in September.

The F.F.R. had its usual quota of amusing incidents, perhaps the funniest being when the Brigadier, after watching a demonstration of river crossing, suddenly announced that he wanted to see what was on the far bank. He immediately dived into the river, at this point some 75yd. wide, and proceeded to swim across. Momentarily taken aback, the C.O. had perforce to follow, and the two raced each other across while the men cheered them on. The Gurkha Major decided that cheer-leading was preferable to swimming.

The disappointment over the shooting was largely forgotten when our football team returned triumphant from Hong Kong, having won the Nepal Cup for the second year running. The cup is competed for by the Training Centre and all regiments and corps of the Brigade of Gurkhas, and the friendly rivalry between the units of the Brigade is particularly keen in January and February, when the competition takes place. Our team have now left for Hong Kong and, having won every game played in Brunei during our tour here, have high hopes of achieving the hat-trick. In August we repeated a notable Brigade of Gurkhas "first" of 1971 by again winning both the



This happened during the "dry" season. The vehicle was stuck for nearly a month!

Brigade and Land Forces Swimming Championships. Gurkhas not being renowned for prowess in aquatic sports, we were particularly pleased with this, especially as the team included only two British officers. Winning every event except the medley relays, we beat our nearest challengers, 1 B.W., by 13 points in the 51 Brigade competition and by 18 points in the Land Forces Championships.

By the time this newsletter appears in print we shall have returned to Hong Kong, the end of our tour here having been brought forward to January. Feelings are mixed: some, like the M.T.O., whose routine is enlivened by problems such as that illustrated in the accompanying photograph (this hap-

pened during the "dry" season—the vehicle was stuck for nearly a month!), are doubtless glad to be returning to Hong Kong; others, mainly those of us who spent some time in the colony before coming to Brunei, have unpleasant memories of Force guards, community relations projects, tattoos and other annoyances and would prefer to remain with the devil we do not perhaps fully know rather than return to the one with which we are only too well acquainted.

Our official farewell to Brunei took the form of a combined beating Retreat with the bands of the Royal Brunei Police Force and the Royal Brunei Malay Regiment,

followed by a cocktail party. An observant spectator knowing our customs as regards pipe banners would have noticed that the 14th/20th banner was being carried and looked round to see which member of the Regiment was in the audience. He would have found no one, the reason, of course, being that it was carried because the Director of Music of R.B.M.R., Barry Thomas, was on parade. He and John Micklem, who spent a few days with us in August, are the only 14th/20th officers we have seen during the last year.

In conclusion, we offer our best wishes for 1974 to all 14th/20th King's Hussars.

Junior Leaders Regiment R.A.C.

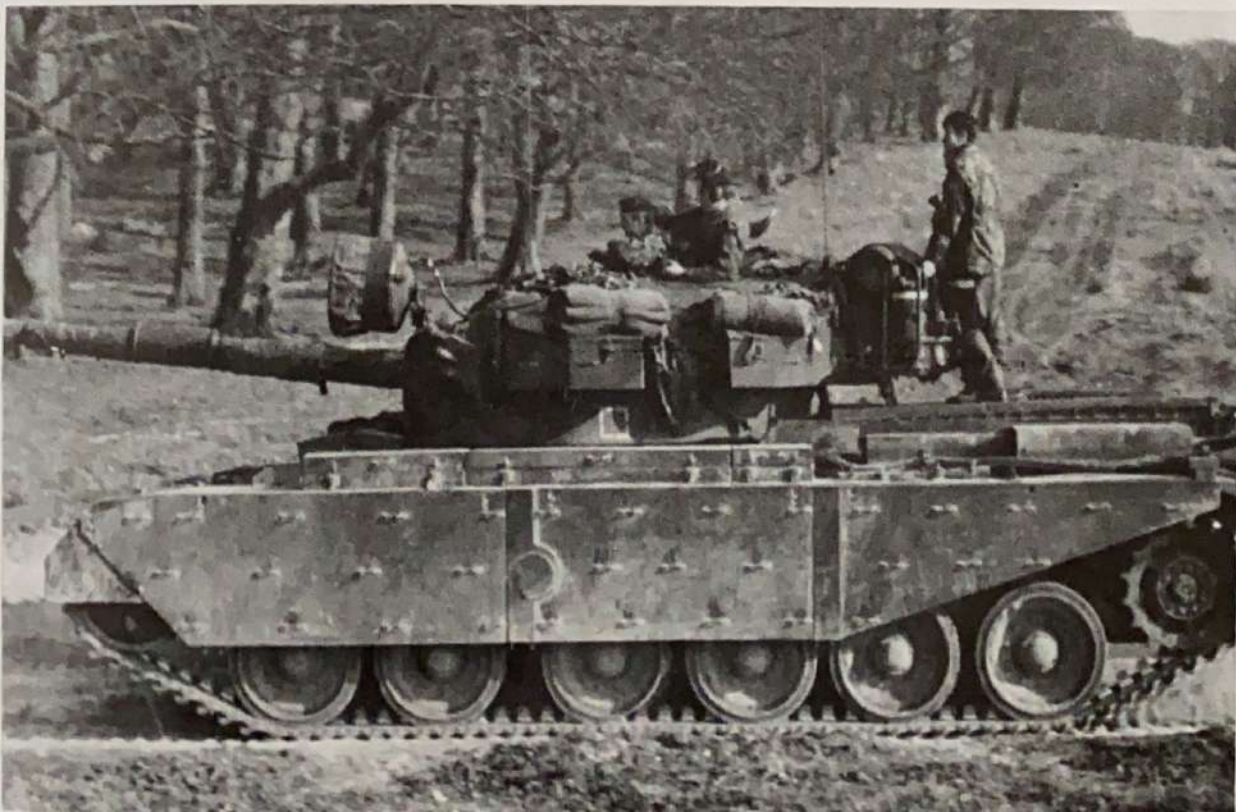
The Junior Leaders Regiment is now undergoing a considerable change. This has been due to the raising of the school-leaving age, the change in A.F.V. trades and an increase in the amount of basic infantry and A.F.V. training.

The new system is based on a course of four terms. The training cycle now consists of basic recruit training (first term), radio

training (second term), gunnery training (third term) and basic crewman skills (fourth term).

During the first three terms the Regiment also spends considerable time on adventure training, leadership training and sports, clubs and hobbies.

The 14/20th are represented in the trade training and final training but are at present



Junior Leaders Pre-Pass Off exercise on A.F.V.s



"The Winsome" which Major (Admiral) Bill Bowles took part in the Southern Ocean racing events including visits to Florida and Venice



"Admiral" Bowles at sea. His activities last year included a cruise to the Bahamas and visits to the Everglades and Disneyland. He was first of the U.K. boats in the "Prospect of Whitby" in the Fastnet race. His season ended with Christmas in Australia (Sidney) and the New Year in Tasmania. An excellent year of 4,000 miles happy sailing

not involved in the junior intakes. This, unfortunately, will mean that J.L.R. entrants will be greatly reduced in the future, although it would appear that Sgt. Tottman (who has just left), has arranged for the whole of his Troop to follow him.

Recruiting J.L.R. entrants to Regiments does very much depend on two factors, the first being the J.L.R. "buzz" amongst the boys as to which is a good or bad Regiment and, secondly, on the example set by the P.S. Troop Leaders and Troop Sergeants in the first two terms.

Major Bowles and Sgt. Eadsworth are both in "C" Squadron whilst Sgt. Ingham runs weapon training and Sgt. Plummer teaches trade training. Sgt. Andrews continues to live down in Devon and runs the adventure training camp as Admin. N.C.O. and Sgt. Swales continues with the band.

63 Army Youth Team

What does a Youth Team do?

The answer to this question must be of interest to a lot of HAWK readers, particularly those who think the Army Youth Team in another of those ERE postings which might be worth volunteering for before the next N. Ireland tour.

The fact that both our single men will be "Hackey Pads" by May 4 would suggest that we might be a marriage bureau. Not so—the basic aim of our existence would appear to be helping schools and youth organisations to take part in adventurous activities and, in doing so, passing on the message that soldiers enjoy being soldiers and get paid as well.

On our first visit to a school, Cpl. Greenwood was asked by a cracking young school miss: "Who are you?" "We are running a

map reading course for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Expedition", he replied. "Yes, I know that, but who are you?" "We're in the Army". "The Army", she said, "but you look quite like normal people".

Cpl. Greenwood spent the rest of the coffee break convincing her that we are slightly strange by passing her notes saying such things as: "Meet me outside at sicks o'clock" and "I luv yoo cos yoo are bewtiful". Because of this incident I realised that a new dimension had to be added to our aim. Now, on our first visit to a school, I explain that soldiers really are quite normal people who have normal wives and normal families and live in normal houses!

Our normal working week begins on Tuesday, Monday being a day off. During the day time we work mainly in schools



63 (14/20H) Army Youth Team, based on Manchester

"Get your hands out of your pockets; and you two in the middle—get a haircut!"

Team members, left to right: Cpl. Greenwood, L/Cpl. Mather, Sgt. Elsdon, Cpl. Edwards, S.S.M. Howard.

Photographer: L/Cpl. Murphy.

The two girls—university students—attached themselves to the team as "secret agents" during a Cadet exercise on the Isle of Man. Right: Some of the team's canoes



Cpl. Edwards and L. Cpl. Mather and a Cadet (right) abseiling on the Isle of Man

where we give lectures, teach pupils to read a map and all aspects of camp craft. We show them how to build canoes and take them abseiling, rock climbing, canoeing and fell walking. But by far the greatest demand is for our seven-week, one morning a week course, designed to raise pupils to a standard which will allow them to carry out the expedition, in rough country, to qualify them for their Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

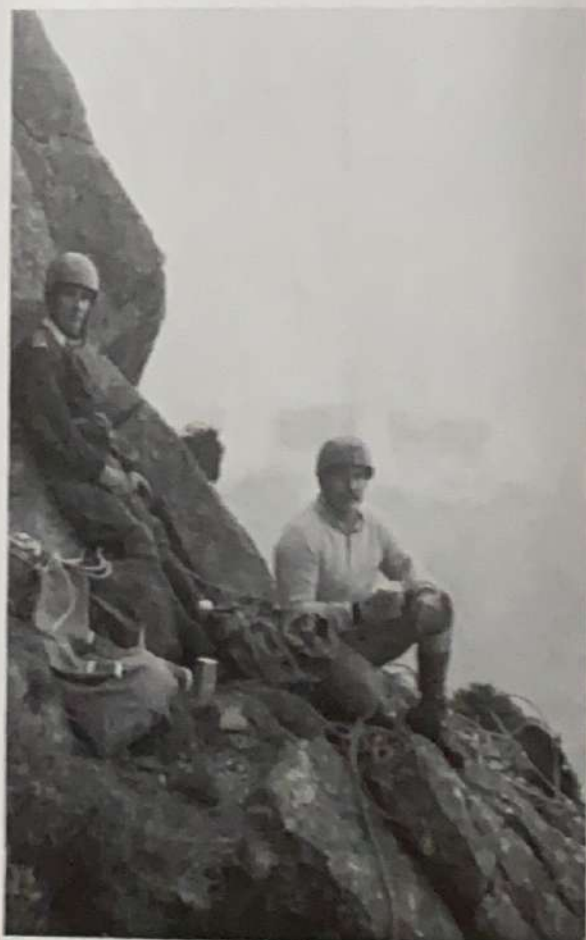
In the evenings we work with youth organisations, including Scouts and ACF. Two nights a week we run a .22 shooting in our range at Ardwick. On two other nights we operate a canoe course at the local swimming baths and on one night we have a map reading class in the Drill Hall.

Most weekends we take youth clubs away to camp; sometimes under canvas and sometimes to military hatted weekend training camps. During the weekend we instruct boys and girls in abseiling, rock climbing, canoeing and fell walking, and in the winter, ski-ing. We have also been involved, in the last year,

in many other activities. We ran a gliding course, took a party to march in the Nijmegen Marches, and had six weeks in the Isle of Man playing about with assault boats with the ACF. Next year we are even going, officially, to Butlins for two weeks.

On the odd few days we are free we build canoes and sort out other administration problems. The team put in a lot of hours and the top of Snowdon is colder, windier and wetter than ever Soltau was, but, all in all, it is a pleasant life with lots of variety.

It is to be hoped that with the fairly quick turn-round of the Junior ranks between the Regiment and the Army Youth Team, some of the enthusiasm for adventurous sports, generated in the team, will be transmitted back to regimental life. Before any of the Squadron bar pundits start groaning and saying "What's that crank on about?" let me say that L/Cpl. Murphy had hardly seen a canoe before he came here. He is now regarded by many youth organisations in Manchester as an expert on the subject of building them. Cpl. Edwards thought that a



Cpls. Greenwood and Edwards up in the clouds in Snowdonia

climbing rope was something used in the Indian rope trick, but is now an able abseiling instructor and quite a fair rock climber. So, until you have tried it, don't knock it!

Let me conclude with some advice to

prospective Army Youth Team members. Get yourself fit and get a course, and if possible, an Instructor's Certificate in rock climbing, abseiling or canoeing under your belt before coming here.



"Al'right you 'orrid little urchin 'oo gave Sir the live one then?"



The Recruiting Troop at Morecambe
Commander: The Hon. J. F. A. Grey who replaced
Mr. G. H. R. Tilney for the last two weeks. Left:
Sgt. Steele, Recruiter at Blackpool

COME AND JOIN US
1974

PRESTON ARMY DISPLAY
(Moor Park)
May 31—June 2

Including R.A.C. Mobile Display Team

BOLTON ARMY DISPLAY
(Leverhulme Park)
June 22-23

14th/20th KAPE Team and Band on both occasions with other bands, Red Devils, etc.

Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

By Lt.-Col. J. D. Bastick M.B.E.

"If all else is forgotten
Remember me by this"
—Anonymous

This year has been one of losing weight and shooting straight in line with the Regiment's role and encouragement from above. The winter evenings reverberated to the crack of .22 bullets winging their way down miniature ranges, the District Skill-at-Arms Meeting saw the Regiment take three out of four competitions and at Bisley we were placed in both the individual rifle and pistol. Yeomen who did particularly well were Sgt. Mullen, Cpl. Frodsham, Cpl. Lucas and Cpl. Wilding.

Fining down to wafer slimness was achieved by a series of cross-country events, the fitness-for-role inspection being based upon a cross-country and obstacle course patrol competition for the entire Regiment, and camp at Stanford, where we discovered that to propel an assault craft after a 100-metre overland sprint start around a course which included two mud bound locks is subsequently as flattering to the figure as a seven-mile bash or sauna and massage in a

Tokyo or Mayfair parlour.

Ceremonial has been observed both at annual camp, where Col. Michael Birtwistle, the Honorary Colonel, presented two of the departing Permanent Staff Instructors, S/Sgt. Burkey of the 14th/20th King's Hussars and S/Sgt. Harris of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment, with Long Service and Good Conduct Medals, and at the Cavalry Memorial Parade, where the Regiment marched as an independent contingent. We would like to record our gratitude to the 14th/20th Squadron in Hong Kong who so kindly undertook to have our Old Comrades banner made for us in time for the parade and to say how nice it was to see a former Commanding Officer of the D.L.O.Y. in the shape of Col. Brian Tayleur on the same occasion.

The number of ex-D.L.O.Y. who visited camp were swelled by Capt. Mannering of "Dad's Army", who served prior to the World War II, and by Miss Kathleen



The Regiment during water obstacle training at Stanford, Norfolk, in May 1973

Winstanley, Miss United Kingdom, who lives in Wigan and was therefore a guest of "A" Squadron and welcomed by all with some little enthusiasm.

The Permanent Staff has seen a complete turnover with W.O.1 Lovell, Q.O.H., replacing R.S.M. Morrow, 9th/12th Lancers, and S/Sgts. Standish and Lowden, replacing S/Sgts. Midgley and Burkey. S/Sgt. Harris's place has been taken within the organisation by S/Sgt. Dandy, 16th/5th Lancers.

As we go to press the Regiment is preparing to act as enemy force control during the

G.O.C.'s exercise taking place across the whole of the north of England with elements of the D.L.O.Y., Parachute Regiment and Liverpool Scottish under command. It will be interesting to see what transpires for both sides, quite apart from the function of control and controlled.

In conclusion, we would congratulate those 14th/20th King's Hussars officers who strove for the Regiment in the past either as training majors or adjutants and who have appeared in the last two Lieutenant-Colonel's promotion lists. It is clearly a beneficial exercise to serve the Yeomen!

Regimental Association

This year we held a reunion buffet dance at the Medway Restaurant in Victoria Station. Although the numbers attending were disappointing we had a most enjoyable evening with an excellent buffet and good bar service. The restaurant has plenty of space for more of our members who it is hoped will manage to come in 1974. One advantage of meeting at Victoria Station was that no one complained about getting lost on the way there.

The following attended, with their wives, in most cases:

Col. Allen, Col. Woodd, Col. Tilney, Col. Talbot, Col. Tayleur, Brigadier Cavenish, Col. Palmer, Major Mann, Major Sturt, Major Swallow, Major Urban-Smith, Major Ross, Major Clayton, Major Wreford, Major Colquhoun, Major Pharo-Tomlin, Capt. Clifford, Capt. Edge, Messrs. Lambert, R. J. Mann, Byrde, D. J. B. Woodd, A. R. B. Woodd.

Messrs. W. H. Wanstall, R. E. Luck, F. G. Coath, M. Hughes, R. A. Crossan, T. W. G. Docking, L. Berriman, G. T. Jones, W. Taylor, J. W. Walters, Sgt. Gillard, Miss Gillard, B. F. Birtchnell, W. Hailey, D. W. Clarke, H. M. Brodie, F. Alvin, C. G. Smith, J. W. Dixon, T. W. Corbett, J. W. Dawson, H. J. Bruce, E. A. Fryer, J. W. Spooner, R. F. Hutton, C. G. Elliott, J. C. Dormer, J. R. Burnett, R. Jones, S. Nicholls, D. V. Glaze, A. E. Cundy, G. Stillwell, S. Osborne, C. B. Rothwell, Mrs. Justin and Mrs. Kay.

The Combined Cavalry Parade and Service in Hyde Park on the Sunday took its usual course and was quite well attended. The weather behaved itself.

We were particularly glad to have Col. and Mrs. Tayleur at the weekend. They were on holiday from Kenya where Col. Tayleur was serving with the British High Commission. He has now retired from the Army and administers a solicitor's firm in Nairobi where they have a house and a full stable.

The 1974 reunion will again be at the Medway Restaurant, Victoria, on Saturday, May 4, with the Combined Cavalry Service in Hyde Park on the 5th.

On October 20 the Northern Branch Reunion was held at the Fallowfield Hotel, Manchester. Once again we were well looked after. Much of the success of the evening must be attributed to the Band, and in particular, the Band Leader, who acted as MC and saw to it that people disported themselves on the floor instead of propping up the bar!

The following attended, in most cases with their wives, girl friends, etc.: Col. Allen, Col. Talbot, Major Moore, Major Urban-Smith, Capt. Thomas, Capt. Reed (P.G.), Messrs. J. W. Spooner, H. H. Hall, J. W. Dixon, T. Charles, A. Sandham, H. J. Randall, F. Blackwell, D. V. Glaze, G. T. Jones, G. S. Robinson, R. Easto, W. Hailey, C. G. Smith, H. Parr, D. Burrows, L. W. Wright, E. A. M. Holdaway,

W. Taylor, W. Volley, P. J. Stuffins, E. Hamblin, H. J. Bruce, J. Sharp, E. A. Fryer, D. Bateman, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Navin, Mrs. Justin and Mrs. Kay. Serving members were: W.O.2 Howard, G/Sgts. Lowden, and Standish and Sgt. McVay and Sgt. Wagstaff. Guests were: Col. M. A. A. Birtwistle, and Lt.-Col. J. D. Bastick, Col. and Commanding Officer of the D.L.O.Y. Other serving and ex-members of the D.L.O.Y. were: Lt.-Col. J. N. B. Cardwell, Capt. J. J. Condon, Rev. P. S. G. Cameron, Sgt. C. Gillham, A.C.F. members: Major Pickering, Capt. Fleming and Capt. Heap.

News of Members

Lt.-Col. "Darkie" Pope has moved house and now lives at: Comfort Hill, Bowleaze Coveaway, Weymouth.

Lt.-Col. Jimmy James is now administrator to a medical foundation in Dublin where Shiela is able to visit her numerous Irish relations.

Major Robin Harris is doing well in the quarrying industry at Flushing, near Falmouth. He is now "in command of" five quarries and is a local director. He ships most of the stone to London, North Germany, Northern France and Gibraltar where they can't get local stone as the Spanish frontier is closed. He and Diana have two children and, according to the last report, a third is on the way.



Old Comrades—London
Mr. J. C. Dormer, Mr. D. W. Clarke, Capt. P. R. H. Clifford and Mr. R. J. Mann



Nicholas Justin, son of Mrs. Justin and the late WO1 J. V. Justin at the Duke of York's Royal Military School. He is wearing a 14th/20th badge on his belt

C. D. C. (Chris) Willy is in Teheran working for an oil company. He has met some of our Army people there who help to keep the Shah's army equipped with modern tanks. They belong to the Commissioning and Advisory Team which has Capt. Jim Escott as one of its members. He and Rita live in great luxury in Teheran.

Major Douglas Scarr is general sales manager to a liquor company at Kloof, Natal. He says he has three sales managers who do most of the work. He and Juliet hope to visit England in May this year.

The Rev. Ben Howarth is still soldiering with the District HQ at Shrewsbury. He is now a Colonel in the Chaplain's department.

J. A. W. (Cherub) Hyde (Assistant Adjutant, Crookham) is now Lieutenant-Colonel in The Queen's Regiment stationed at the School of Infantry, Warminster.

David Sumner was "re-discovered" by Brigadier Peter Cavendish—he lives at Ilminster, Somerset, and is "self-employed". We hope to see more of him. One of his sons is mining copper in Zambia, the other



Some of our readers may remember this occasion. Officers and Sergeants Football Match. Boxing Day, Lucknow 1936. Included are thought to be: Brown, Walsh, Trueman, ?, Drew, Roberts, ?, Caddell, Rough, Englefield, Nicholson, Silvertop, Browne, Hukin, Congrieve, Jones, Norton, Pope, Clifford. On the ground: Scott



3rd Troop "B" Squadron 26th Hussars 1943

An interesting photo of the 26th which was formed and staffed by the 14th/20th in India in World War II
Front row left to right: Cpl. Seddon, S.S.M. Clowney, Capt. Lord Eliot, Lt. Fellows, Major George Loraine-Smith
14/20 H, (Sqn. Ldr.) Sgt. Allcock, Cpl. Bayne and Cpl. Giles who kindly sent us the photograph



Reconnaissance Troop—Chiavari 1945
 Photo sent by Ex-Tpr. James Young of 7 Polworth Grove, Edinburgh
 Identity of officer not certain—Peter Moffat?

is joining the Paratroops.

Mark Lambert and Robert Long have also reopened communications and have promised to visit Home H.Q. at Manchester when they come up from London on business.

Robin Keith is now back from Singapore. He and his wife have bought a house in London.

Peter Moffat is now regional sales manager for British Steel Corporation at Kilmarnock, in Scotland. He is in touch with Jim (Jock) Fraser (1946).

Ron (Warhorse) Jones has now moved to Catterick (village) in Yorkshire where he has bought a bungalow. He has continued his good work as a blood donor (200 pints!).

A. W. Loring would be glad to hear from any of the young lads of "A" Squadron 14th Hussars who served in Silesia in 1921. His address is: 7 Musticoff Place, Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambridge. He was the youngest trooper in the Squadron at that time and is now 72.

L. E. Moore, who lives in Devon, was a farrier in "C" Squadron 1919-29. Enclosing a donation for Princess Anne's wedding present he said: "We are, of course, O.A.P.s

but quite happily contented and very fit for our age".

Bert Gent who was a D. & M. expert at Catterick (c. 1949) now has a clerical job with R.H.Q. of the Royal Tank Regiment in London.

S. G. Oakes (Signals Sergeant 1951) lives near Yeovil and works for the Yeovil District Hospital. He is the "Married Families WO" and his work is obtaining housing.

Col. Allen has heard from M. Fowles who was his groom at Sabratha and who now does the same job for Brigadier Llewellyn-Palmer in Wiltshire. He has also heard from Major A. S. Hare, living near Malton in Yorkshire. He was Col. Allen's Orderly Room Sergeant when the Colonel was Adjutant in the thirties. He is chairman of his U.D.C.

Ken Giles, who kindly sent us the photo on page 65, has written about his service in World War II. He was a Tank Commander in the 26th Hussars. When his Regiment disbanded the soldiers were split between the 25th Dragoons and 45th Recce Regiment. Giles went to the latter and was Signal N.C.O. in Brigadier Bernard Ferguson's

Brigade for the Second Chindit Expedition. He was later downgraded with bad feet, which is not surprising since they marched about 1,000 miles! Giles, who finished his

service as a Sergeant, said: "My five-and-a-half years Army life was something I would not have missed—even Burma!" He has now joined the Legion of Frontiersmen.

Obituaries

Major W. J. Smith, M.M.

The death occurred at Melrose, Scotland, on November 21 of Major W. J. ("Jock") Smith at the age of 87 after a long illness.

"Jock" Smith enlisted in 1904 and was posted to the 14th King's Hussars in Bangalore in 1906. He quickly won promotion and became chief instructor in gymnastics and fencing. He went with the Regiment to Mesopotamia in 1915, where he was awarded the M.M. for gallantry in the field and was mentioned in despatches. He was S.Q.M.S. of "C" Squadron when it moved into Persia in March 1918 in support of Dunsterforce.

Capt. (now Col.) Pope, who was Squadron Leader, reports that their stores consisted only of tea and sugar, and one tent to house them in, all carried on mules. It was largely thanks to "Jock" Smith's energy and resourcefulness that men and horses were kept in provisions. At Manjil in Persia the Squadron encountered a convoy of Russian ladies which had broken down on its way to the Caspian; it seems that "Jock" Smith had a lot of trouble keeping the party out of his one tent.

After "C" Squadron rejoined the Regiment in Mesopotamia he became S.S.M. and was promoted to R.S.M. after the Regiment returned to England. He was commissioned as Quartermaster in 1926, and served with the Regiment in Egypt and India until it left once again for Iraq (Mesopotamia) in 1941. Sadly, he could not accompany the Regiment this time on account of his age and soldiered on in India and Burma, where he was twice more mentioned in despatches, until his retirement in 1944.

"Jock" was a formidable and unique figure to whom the Regiment meant everything. Always immaculately turned out and supremely efficient at his job, he stood no nonsense from anyone, high or low. He had a nice dry sense of humour, but his Scots personality made him disinclined to waste laughter without good reason. Col. Tilney, who joined "C" Squadron when he was

S.S.M., writes of him: "He certainly was a fine disciplinarian and young officers as well as young soldiers took no liberties with him! . . . He was (later) admirable in the appointment of R.S.M. as by then there were some young sergeants without first war service who needed supressing!"

Major George Swallow writes: "He was a very strict disciplinarian and I think all of us young soldiers did our best to keep clear of him. He was a grand chap, though, and the more one got to know him the more one liked him".

He was a splendid Quartermaster who was helpful to everyone and got on particularly well with the Services. He kept his stores in exemplary manner and could always conjure up any item of kit which happened to be required in an emergency. If ever anyone was in difficulties, he was invariably a stalwart,



Major W. J. (Jock) Smith, M.M.

reliable and cheerful friend.

It is great regimental personalities such as "Jock" Smith who have helped to forge the Regiment's character. Long may they be remembered!

Unfortunately the citation for "Jock" Smith's award of the M.M. cannot be traced. If any Old Comrade knows the details of the event, could they kindly send an account of it to the Regimental Secretary.

OBITUARY NOTICES

We regret to announce the following deaths and offer our sympathy to their families:

Farrier S/Sgt. Frederick Evans at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, Chelsea, on December 11, 1973, aged 89. His early service was with the 8th Hussars and the Machine Gun Corps, in France in World War I. He served with the 14th and 14th/20th from 1919-25, and became an In-Pensioner at Chelsea in 1968.

C. F. Bishop, at Ickenham, Middlesex, on January 19, 1973, aged 84. His early service with the 14th was before World War I. He became Band Sergeant after the war.

Sgt. J. H. Taylor, in 1971, aged 87. Served in South African War and World War I. For several years after World War II he carried the O.C.A. Standard at the Combined Cavalry parades.

Tpr. H. Walker, 14th Hussars, died at Wolverhampton in November 1973, aged 93. He served in South African War.

F. R. Cook, at Hathersage, Yorkshire, on April 9, 1973, after a long illness. He served with the 14th Hussars in World War I in Mesopotamia and Persia (with Dunsterforce). He was an active member of the Royal British Legion and was always proud of having served in the 14th.

Ernest William Hughes, on September 16, 1973, at the Royal Hospital, Richmond, aged 63. He started his service as a Band

Boy, left the Army in 1935 and re-enlisted in the 14th/20th in 1941. In 1954, having become Trumpet Major in the Regiment, he went to the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall for four years. He had recently suffered much from ill-health. We were glad to see him at the 1973 reunion in London though he was looking far from well. Our sympathy goes to his widow who has also had serious health problems in recent years.

T. Feaver, M.M., has written of Tom Kitson and Moe Baggott (HAWK 1973):

"These two boys were at the Cavalry Depot, Scarborough, in 1910-11 with me under the command of Major H. J. Tilney (whose son commanded the Regiment and whose grandson is now serving). After service in the 20th Hussars at The Curragh, we all joined the 14th at Mhow and went to Mesopotamia in 1915 and to Persia with Dunsterforce in 1917".

S.S.M. Trevor Sharrock, at Wolverhampton Hospital on April 14, 1973. He joined the Regiment at Catterick in 1948 and finished his regimental service as S.S.M. of "A" Squadron in 1966 following the Cyprus tour. He then went to the D. & M. School at Bovington as W.O.2. He was a specialist at driving and maintenance and became a very experienced instructor. He was a loyal and dependable member of the Regiment and the Sergeants Mess.

G/Sgt. R. (Paddy) Wallace. At Guildford Hospital on May 25, 1973, aged 49. He served with the North Irish Horse during the war and joined the Regiment shortly afterwards. Originally a vehicle mechanic, much of his service as an N.C.O. was with the Recce Troop and "B" Squadron. He left the Army in 1953 and missed the Regiment so much he returned whilst the Regiment was at Munster—later serving in Berlin. He finally left the Army in 1967 as a Staff-Sergeant.

Keen on all things mechanical, he became a civilian tank driver with the F.V.R.D.E. after his retirement. He was a hard worker and possessed a keen sense of humour; above all, he was a great character.

V. C. ("Nifty") Coles

Died on February 1, 1974. Sgt. Coles served for 38 years with the Regiment from 1923-62 (with a short break during World

War II). He was a well-known character as HQ Squadron storeman in post-World War II years and later as an enthusiastic member of the Sergeants Mess; most of his latter service being as a pillar of the HQ Squadron establishment. He was twice awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and in 1952 received the Regimental Medal for long and loyal service to the Regiment.

He spent the last nine years of his life in his old job of storeman working for the barrack offices in Colchester where his work was much praised. He went to work in the normal way on January 31, but died in his sleep that night.

He was a keen hockey player and played left-back for the regimental team at Catterick and Crookham.

Regimental Aid Fund

(Old Soldiers' Association)

1973

Income	£	Expenditure (excluding A.B.F.)	£
Subscriptions: Officers past and present	347 (266)	Grants	724 (1007)
One Day's Pay Scheme, Soldiers	1881 (1847)	Army Benevolent Fund (donation)	600 (500)
Donations/Bequests	50	Other Charities	67 (102)
Investment Dividends:		Audit and Working Expenses ..	231 (277)
General Fund	284		
Trust Funds	635		
	919 (805)		
Income Tax recovered (Covenants and Investments) ..	563 (483)		
	£3760		£1622

These figures have been taken from the ledger and have not yet been audited.

In addition to the above figures, £1,714 was received for the sale of investments.

Grants and Allowances

The actual amount spent on grants and allowances was approximately the same as in 1972. But because some of the grants required larger sums, the A.B.F. paid more and our own funds less.

Otherwise the pattern of aid to serving and ex-members of the Regiment remained substantially the same with aid for rent, urgent debts, clothing, comforts for the elderly and funeral expenses. A grant of £50 was made to S.S.A.F.A. (Manchester and Salford). We paid the expenses of an elderly couple to go to the Tidworth Tatoo during the summer. Our Band was taking part and the husband—who had served at Tidworth many years ago—was glad to visit his old h^qunts.

A grant of £459 was made to the Journal making a total expenditure of £2,081.

In addition to the above figures, £3,474 was paid out for the purchase of investments.

Just before Christmas we sent a cheque and Christmas Card to those of our old folk we consider to be most in need—particularly at this time. We received some nice letters of thanks. One said: "Many thanks for the cheque. My wife and I are most grateful to you. Thanks to you we were able to afford turkey and Christmas extras which looked impossible just a week or so before. Please convey our thanks to everybody concerned. The Christmas card was excellent, especially coming from my old Regiment. Thanking you once again".

With the situation in the country as it is now (in January) it looks as if many of our old people may need help with their problems in 1974. If so, we are ready.

M.A.U.-S.

Army Benevolent Fund

The Army Benevolent Fund helped us to the extent of £529 with Supplementary Allowances and also with cases where larger grants were required. In addition, they made an interest-free loan of £700 to help an N.C.O. with resettlement in civilian life (home furnishings).

The A.B.F. also paid on our behalf subscriptions to National Service charities. These include S.S.A.F.A., which does invaluable work for serving and retired members of the Regiment who have various problems. We are extremely grateful to the A.B.F. for the sympathetic attitude they take to our calls for help.

MORE NEWS FROM OLD COMRADES

Major G. H. Swallow has sent us news of the Shepherd family. Farrier S/Sgt. John Shepherd served in the Regiment from about 1928-38. He came from the 11th Hussars who were being mechanised, and left the 14th/20th when they were starting to do the same thing! He and his wife were popular members of the Regiment. In the New Year's Honours List she received the B.E.M. for services to the elderly over a long period and this was presented by the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton House. The whole of the Shepherd family and grandchildren attended the occasion.

Their home is at 71 Carlton Road, Gloucester.

EMPLOYMENT EX-REGULARS

The Regular Forces Employment Association has found jobs for 10 ex-members of the Regiment during 1973. They were placed in jobs in the following areas:

Manager, Salisbury; G.P.O. technician, London; manager, Northampton; G.P.O. Nottingham; G.P.O., Cardiff; lathe turner, Sheffield; H.G.V. driver, Manchester; mechanic, Preston; fireman, Preston; formulator with a chemical firm, Preston.

MASCOTS:**THE REGIMENTAL ELEPHANT**

Mr. A. J. Slim, 1920-34, kindly sent us this extract:

In the pursuit after the capture of Kalpee (1858) the elephants belonging to the mutineers were captured. Sir Hugh Rose presented one of these elephants to the 14th Light Dragoons. "The elephant used to march at the head of the Regiment. The men subscribed for its maintenance, and that of its keeper, who used to be gorgeously dressed, and sit in state on the elephant's back on such occasions. The elephant knew every man, woman and child of the Regiment, and would throw up his trunk and salute any of us with a trumpeting sound; but, strange to say, he would never notice the men of the 6th Inniskillings, who tried to make his acquaintance. On one occasion he killed a horse belonging to the 6th, by crushing him to death against the wall of his stable. When we were leaving India it was found impossible to take him with us, and he was sold, to our great regret, as we had all grown to like Kooglia, and he would have caused quite a sensation at marching at the head of our Regiment".

("Scraps from my Sabretache",

by G. C. Stent.)

OBITUARY—CONTINUED

Major S. Dolan, M.B.E.

A very old member of the Regiment. He died on December 10, 1971, aged 83 years. He enlisted in 1905 and served with the 14th before and during World War I. In World War II he was commissioned and was D.A.Q.M.G. in Bombay. He was appointed a member of the Order of the British Empire for his services.

We regret to announce the death on March 11, 1974, of ex-Squadron Sergeant-Major M. T. Hurd, aged 52.

He joined the Regiment in 1948 and finished his service as S.S.M. of 'A' Squadron. Later he became S.S.M. with the D.L.O.Y. to which Regiment he gave outstanding service.

He was a reliable soldier; good disciplinarian and an excellent instructor, particularly in Gunnery.

We regret to announce the death of Astrid—wife of Major V. J. Tubbs, in Germany on February 14, 1974.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Emperor's Chambermaids", the story of the 14th/20th King's Hussars by Lt.-Col. L. B. Oatts, D.S.O. Published by Ward Lock, 1973. £6.75.

Extracts from book reviews

Daily Telegraph (Peterborough)

The book, written by Lt.-Col. L. B. Oatts, and with a foreword by the distinguished military historian M. R. D. Foot, is a lavish production priced at £6.75 and is published at a propitious time, a month or so before the marriage of the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief, Princess Anne.

Country Life

With the help of lavish illustrations and plenty of maps and diagrams, most regimental histories published today are at once more attractive and less esoteric to the outsider than they used to be. L. B. Oatts' "Emperor's Chambermaids" lacks nothing in this respect and is produced in good bold print with the date at the top of each of its 500 pages of narrative.

Lancashire Life

Although the 14th were raised in the southern counties to meet the threat of a Scottish invasion, their first engagement—as befits a regiment now dependent upon Lancashire for its recruiting—was at Preston in 1715, attacking and capturing Jacobites who had occupied the town. Another Lancashire link came in 1894, when a squadron of the 14th provided the Sovereign's Escort when Queen Victoria opened the Manchester Ship Canal.

Their story is told lucidly and with humour.

Manchester Evening News (Mr. Manchester's Diary)

The splendidly illustrated and well-arranged book is published at a propitious time, just a month before the marriage of Princess Anne, the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief.

Lancashire Evening Post (Preston)

The history of the Regiment in fascinating story form takes the nickname as its title and is told by Lt.-Col. L. B. Oatts. It spans from the first, the battle of Preston in 1715.



Mesopotamia—1915

"Draw swords—form line—right Squadron to the front—gallop!"

Sketch by Pte. M. Baggott (14th King's Hussars)

(This sketch does not appear in "Emperor's Chambermaids", but five of Baggott's sketches do)



"Emperor's Chambermaids"
The illustration (in colour) on the jacket

Bolton Evening News

This is a splendid book in which the excellence of Col. Oatts's prose is matched by a profusion of illustrations and a de luxe presentation.

Jersey Evening Post

The author writes in a style guaranteed to keep even the non-military enthusiast

entertained, and he brings in the political climate of the time to show why the Regiment was at any given place.

Soldier Magazine

This impressively composed volume has many fine illustrations and coloured maps. The author has produced a book which is a pleasure to read.

The British Army Review

Lt.-Col. L. B. Oatts, D.S.O., has written more than a history of the Regiment. He has written history from a regimental point of view, a very different thing. He has fitted the Regiment into contemporary events with a nice and understanding judgment which puts the loss of Capt. Brotherton's trousers, Col. "Freckles" Tilney's brilliant capture of Medicina and the success of the Regiment winning the Derby with Sanfoin against the background of history. Any officer of the R.A.C. would do worse than buy this book. Only one criticism: on page 416 the author laments the disappearance

of horses from the battlefield. How wrong he is. He can never have seen shells bursting in horse lines.

Journal of the Royal United Services Institute for Defence Studies

Of the history under review one need only say that it is clearly and attractively written, lavishly illustrated and contains some excellent appendices and useful maps. It should attract a readership far wider than the confines of the 14th/20th King's Hussars, particularly by historians who are engaged in researching the less publicised areas of our military achievements.

"Trumpet Call", by Lt.-Col. J. D. Bastick, M.B.E. The History of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.

This is a short but interesting and well-written account of how the Regiment developed from individual troops in Lancashire to the County's Yeomanry Cavalry Regiment. The Peterloo riots, South African War and both World Wars are well described and supported by photographs and excellently drawn campaign maps. The Regiment underwent many changes in role: horsed cavalry, infantry, gunners, armoured, and now, infantry again. It was good at all of them.

The author, Lt.-Col. J. D. Bastick, who is the present Commanding Officer, is to be congratulated for the way he overcame the problems of research and also for the short time—six months—which he took to complete the work, get it printed and distributed.

"Trumpet Call" should be of particular interest to serving and ex-members of the 14th/20th who have served with the D.L.O.Y. since our joint affiliation in 1947.

The price is £1.75 and copies can be ordered through R.H.Q. D.L.O.Y. or Home H.Q. at Lancaster House, Clifton.

MILITARY MAXIMS

1. Never do other peoples' work unless you are driven to it. If you do, you will get an evil reputation for liking it.
2. Always ask for leave at all times and in all places. In the end you will acquire a kind of right to it.
3. Remember that there is a time to work and a time to play. The time to work is when you are being watched.

4. Study the fads of your superiors. If the General is looking on, be assiduously practising his little hobby.

The above is extracted from "The Young Officers' Guide to Knowledge" by a senior major. Paperbacked and obtainable from The Bourne Press, Spring Road, Bournemouth (30p including postage).

The book was written before our times but most of it is still relevant in showing the lighter side of Army life. In the section dealing with "Written Appreciations" we read:

"Topography: Hills, dales, woods meadows, farms and villages abound. Only a Wordsworth could do justice to it. (Here a little quotation might be appropriate.)"

"An assemblage of Indian Army Soldiers and Uniforms", by Michael Glover. Perpetua Press Ltd. £4.75.

This book, which has a foreword by Anthony Brett-James, consists of a fine collection of water colours of soldiers and uniforms of the old Indian Army. Alongside each coloured plate is a brief history of the Regiment in question and some comments about the uniform—nearly all of which are Cavalry and Infantry. The water colour plates are by Paul Chater, a hitherto unknown but very talented artist.

As a background, the book includes a more detailed survey at the beginning of each section, and the story of the Indian Army from its small beginnings.

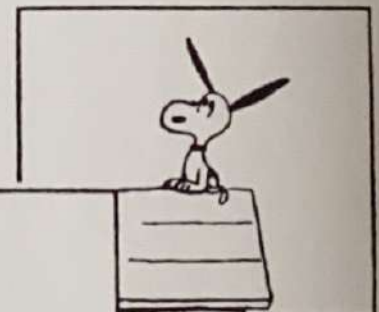
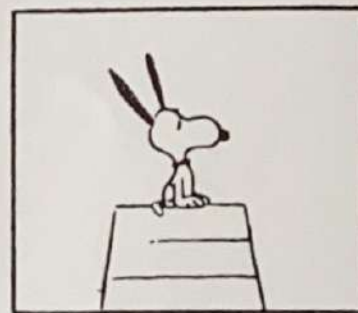
This magnificent book should be of interest to all readers of military history and also those who served alongside or in Indian Army Regiments before partition.

ARTICLES

Glory Hawk—The R.S.O.'s Radio Watch

by Barry Hamilton

- 0300 "Morning Sir, your turn on Stag".
 0330 Covering Force wants to know whether "C" Squadron has moved. Look at map; pin has dropped out. Take an inspired guess, return to year-old copy of *Penthouse* found in drawer marked C.O.
 0430 "A" Squadron wake up and give a Radio Check.
 0500 Covering Force, feeling lonely, ask you for a Radio Check.
 0530 Second cup of coffee—you wonder if a little whisky would do it good.
 0545 "Exercise War" breaks out simultaneously on all radios, the map, and in the woods around you.
 You strangle yourself on microphone lead as you take the operator's lead from him and try to give him yours. You successfully give orders to the Squadrons on the Covering Force net.
 You send hasty Intelligence summary to C.F.H.Q. using your best authoritative radio voice. Brigadier on the other end asks you authoritative questions—you pray there will be a radio problem at his end.
 0630 Brigadier arrives at your location.
 0635 Colonel comes in to C.V.
 0640 Second-in-Command comes into C.V.
 0645 Adjutant comes into C.V.
 0650 Intelligence Officer comes into C.V.
 0655 Regimental Signals Sergeant gets up complaining he can't sleep because of all the racket going on in the C.V.
 0700 Brigadier leaves for the Front Line and to wake up call sign 32.
 0705 Col. 2I.C., Adjutant, I.O. all speak on same radio set at the same time.



Radio
Cadre

- 0710 Colonel goes for breakfast.
 0715 2I.C. goes for breakfast.
 0720 Adjutant goes for breakfast.
 0725 I.O. goes for breakfast.
 0730 Third cup of coffee. Operator falls asleep and war continues.
 0745 R.S.S. says he will look after everything. You spend 30 minutes on breakfast and associated morning pleasures.
 0800 War has still broken out. R.S.S. is shouting. Int. W.O. is trying to remember his voice procedure. The operator has been woken up.
 0830 General arrives to look at the state of the exercise "War".
 0840 "C" Squadron think "War" is getting fairly close. Look at "A" Squadron contacts which seem to be behind our position.
- 0845 Colonel says we can't move as we have got another General arriving at this location at 1000 hrs.
 0850 R.H.Q. Tac. moves to safer ground leaving Colonel and Adjutant to deal with enemy and visiting General.
 1000 General arrives.
 1002 R.H.Q. Main moves. Lord Brocket saves C.O. from capture. Lord Brocket loses off blank round—C.O. wishes he had been captured.
 1100 Some order restored—R.H.Q. Tac. on high ground; R.H.Q. Main still avoiding capture.
 1110 Ask Colonel on radio if he is coming to our location to command orderly withdrawal. Reply: "Is call sign 9 Whiskey with you?". "No". "In that case, No".
 1115 Colonel and call sign 9 Whiskey find Hull Down location.

Nijmegen Marches 1973

The Nijmegen marches take place in July and are organised annually by the Dutch Health and Physical Fitness Department. Their aim is to support physical fitness in Holland through the medium of marching. The marches last four days and a total of 100 miles are covered. This may not seem much to a fit man but it takes place on asphalt roads for the whole course and "hard" feet are a prime requisite.

We started to get a team together as early as March 1973, before coming to Germany, and one memorable training march took place from Aliwal Barracks to "The Bustard", which is 15 miles north-west from Larkhill. Sgt. Plummer accompanied us on this march but did not accompany us to Germany because of his posting to Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington.

In Germany, under the guidance of Sgt. Redmond (who volunteered "A" Squadron Assault Troop), training became more intense and by late June the team was finalised as:

Lt. Emslie	Tpr. Whittaker ("Tojo")
Sgt. Redmond	Tpr. Thackwell
Cpl. Mathias	Tpr. Donnellan
Cpl. Gregory	Tpr. Redhead

L/Cpl. Tyson	Tpr. Murphy (56)
Tpr. Hansell	Tpr. Kennedy

Out of this team one man had to do bicycle orderly, which entailed cycling ahead of the team and preparing for halts, keeping a supply of milk and water to hand and generally assisting the team as much as possible short of actually carrying them. Cpl. Gregory performed this task admirably.

On Friday, July 13, the team returned from Hohne to Herford, where we had been on gunnery camp. Final preparation took place and we left by coach for Nijmegen town on Monday, July 16.

For the military contingents from many nations a tented camp of gigantic proportions had been erected by the Dutch Army at Heumen Soord—a training area 5km. south of Nijmegen itself. We booked in and duly made ourselves comfortable.

Our first's day's march started at 0500 hrs. on Tuesday morning and we began to see what the marches were all about. Behind and ahead of us military and civilian parties marched singing songs, cheering at the locals and letting everyone know that Nijmegen '73 had started. People peeped sleepily from



Nijmegen Marches

Right: The Bicycle Orderly. "Cpl. Gregory performed this task admirably" (until the bicycle broke down)

their bedrooms at the never-ending column passing beneath them. Danes, Canadians, Swedes, Americans, Phillipinos, British, Germans, Dutch and Belgians. Each contingent had their own banner and song.

So the marches continued. The four days seemed to merge into a constant never-ending road, cheering crowds, small children giving flowers and feet feeling like red-hot bricks. Each evening we would march back into the camp before 5 o'clock, have a shower, bathe and bind any blisters, change into civvies or service dress and catch one of the free buses into Nijmegen.

The town itself had the atmosphere of a war film set. Soldiers of all nations strolled around or danced in the town square with the hundreds of Dutch girls who flooded in every night. After the town it was back to bed for another 0330 hrs. wake up by the camp staff, a cold breakfast at 0430 hrs. and back on the road by 0515 hrs. Tpr. Kennedy successfully completed his four days without ever sleeping in the camp—if at all—arriving back at camp just in time to change and march out again!

During the four days we became very familiar with the local area and villages such as Hatert, Groesbeek, Grave (very



Nijmegen Marches. Tpr. Stephen Thackwell—the one in the centre—making friends with two Danes, Erling Norgaard and his girl-friend. They all covered 100 miles in four days

aptly named as it was halfway round on the final day's march), Molenhoek, Beers (stopped at many times) and Cuyk.

The third day was called "the day of ups and downs" and although the hills were not very steep in our state at that stage they were like huge mountains, but the only thing that cracked was our bicycle. Cpl. Gregory had to endure an afternoon of laughter as he carried the wreckage back to camp.

On the last day we were fired with fresh energy at the thought of riding around on

wheels for the rest of the year and never again setting a delicate D.M.S. boot to the burning asphalt. All we had to do was complete the final 25 miles!

We made it and were complete as a team as we marched past the saluting dais at the Wedren, in the centre of Nijmegen. Major Bill Stockton was there to see us march past and go to collect our team and individual medals.

Nijmegen '73 for the 14th/20th King's Hussars was over—that is, until next year!

Exercise Medicina Revival

by The Lord Brocket

Adventure training for 1st Troop, "C" Squadron, took place this year in Italy. The object was to visit the old battlefield of Medicina, having followed the route taken by the Regiment in 1945 that led to the town.

Expeditions of this sort take much organisation and this was no exception. Absolute musts are complete self-control, the ability to recognise the sun by day and a bottle of whisky. Other desirable ingredients are some form of transport, which is asking for miracles, preferably of the type fitted with permanently revolving wheels, some fuel and crews to go in them. I was lucky enough to be equipped with the following: Sgt. Thomas (IC hooligans), Cpl. Wheelan (international relations), Cpl. Gregory ("If you don't like it, cook it yourself"), Cpl. Langford (mechanical genius and "Oooh, what lovely legs"), Tpr. Craddock ("Speedy Gonzales") and Tprs. Winterbotham, Lea, Patton, George, the late Tpr. Owen, Morris and Sweeney as "rent-a-crowd". Add to all this a troop leader of the usual impeccable calibre and you have a mobile human disaster area.

It is therefore some three and a half months after the first forms have been filled in, in quintuplicate, that a somewhat apprehensive-looking Brocket with this small task force rolls out of the main gate on a hot August morning. Now looking for vehicles for adventure training in B.A.O.R. is as big a waste of time as a pickpocket in a nudist

camp. It is, therefore, with some surprise that people look upon our smart little packet, which consists of a spanking new four-tonner and an even newer Land-Rover that the Colonel, in one of his more lighthearted moments, had lent to us. This, however, was a decision which he was already beginning to regret and the thought of possible attempts at using his Rover to give the leaning tower of Pisa a suspended tow was doing nothing to improve his ulcers or his ingrowing toe nail.

So, with the sun in the right quarter and our maps upside-down, we set off down the Autobahn, following, of course, the Hawk on the bonnet. It is not long, however, before a vehicle of similar type pulls abreast of us and the obviously excited arm waving and grimaces from within tells us that we should pull into the side. We obey. Tpr. Craddock tells me it's the Army, and those red hats tell me it's the Police. "Ello, we've got a right lot of joker's 'ere, Mick", one says whilst Mick is apparently enquiring about my new turquoise and white uniform and is also pointing out that Craddock's (my driver) uniform is more akin to an explosion in a paint factory. I am about to suggest that colour blindness be at the root of their problems when, having noticed the B.F.G. plates on both vehicles, Mick shrugs his shoulders and goes back to his Rover holding his head in his hands and they drive off.

By the evening we are nearing Basle and



Ablutions and breakfast, on the St. Gottard Pass

we camp on a village green, settling down to a good night's sleep before crossing the border the next morning. This is wishful thinking, however, as an abortive attempt by George and Lea to produce a brew in the early hours of the morning results in a blazing jerry-can. When at last the possible implications of this are fully realised it is pounced upon and disaster narrowly averted. Having one's windows opened by hand first thing in the morning is bad enough, but somehow I don't think the locals would have appreciated the finer points of all their windows around the green being blown open by a thunderous explosion.

Mid-morning sees us approaching the Customs post on the autobahn. A large sign tells us that cars must go in the left lane and lorries in the right lane. I look at my Land-Rover, then at the four-tonner behind, and back at my Land-Rover. Shall we be lorries or cars? My hesitation doesn't go unnoticed. "Tuesday's, Sir!" somebody chirps up. "Always lorries on Tuesday's". So we are. So lorries we were, and it is somewhat to our surprise that we find ourselves halted

outside the Swiss Customs post as the lorry lane completely by-passes the German Customs post. I present all our documents to the Customs man, who returns in a few minutes, hands them back to me and tells me with a big grin that we can't go through as we only have Military papers and no passports. He half turns, then adds, with a grin the size of a hangar door, "And what's more you can't go back through the German Customs as some of you do not have official ID cards. So you're stuck between the two. Good-day!" With that he clicks his heels and marches off. Realising what was to come, I turned round to see a kind of pantomime going on. The German officials are angrily ejecting the Land-Rover from their area, which had been sent there by the Swiss, and the Swiss officials are angrily ejecting the four-tonner from their area to the German half. As the two posts are only 200 yards apart the officials are unable to see the funny side at all and the drivers, Cpls. Langford and Craddock, are rapidly losing their sense of humour. All this, however, is more or less expected and as we

now seem to be stateless people with nothing better to do than play vehicular tiddlywinks it is obviously time to rectify the situation. I go into the Customs office, sit down and reach for the phone. Almost all the officials gather round with considerable amusement waiting for the show to begin. I wondered which corner the lion was going to be let out of. I thought of ringing "Any Questions", but rang on second thoughts a contact in Switzerland. "Oh, er, Brocket here, seem to be in a bit of a spot". "No trouble", he says. "Just wait there". I put the phone down and look up. I smile weakly but that just changes their minds to a dozen lions. Phone rings again. "Brocket, that you? No problems, go on through". I repeat this to the inspector. His eyes light up. "You British, you are ridiculous. You think you still have the empire" and, with a wave in the air, "You think you can just walk through a country. Well you stay here". With that the phone rings again, the Inspector triumphantly picks it up, but his smile becomes somewhat fixed. He goes from red to varying shades of purple. Some of his minions look for things to hide under, whilst others are pretending to be bookcases, paperweights and cupboards or anything that has absolutely nothing to do with anything at all. He begins to shake and I don't have to be told when I'm not wanted. I slink out of the door followed by a few minions, lucky few. We mount up and drive through, with the boys giving a quick rendering of the dirtiest and loudest song that comes to mind. I presume the Inspector had been told to let us through by non-empire officials. If this was the start to our adventure training, one thing was certain; the boys wanted more! However, as international relations might suffer after a second showing, I suggest sand castles as an alternative.

The very hot weather is still with us and in fact lasts for the whole two weeks, except for the return journey through Switzerland. This makes the mountainous areas of Switzerland look that much more beautiful. We drive through Lucerne to a small village, where we stop for lunch. However, I do not realise that the sun has had such an effect on everyone, for the sight of an ice-cold water trough, supplied by an underground stream, has an electric effect upon us. Having stocked it with our beer bottles, we thus set about throwing each other into it, providing considerable amusement to the local inhabitants. Must remember to tell the

Colonel how to cure boredom. By 8 o'clock that evening we reach the St. Gottard pass. The road here gets quite steep and the bends are very sharp. It is here that Cpl. Langford, our man with the responsibility of keeping all wheels going round, starts his body-building course at the wheel of the four-tonner. When the valleys are not echoing to the sounds of "Old Macdonald" or "We are the 14th/20th", then loud "ooohs" and "aaahs" can be heard from seasick passengers as the vehicles go round built-up corners on stilts where only air and the birds are beneath us for hundreds of feet. By 9 o'clock we reach the top of the pass and stay in the only building there is, which is a sort of *Gasthaus* for homeless rhinos spiced with the landlord's new air-freshner, "Essence of Elephant". Anyway, it is warm and the next day we continue on down the mountains, prepared for the inevitable at the border. However, they are so surprised as to how 17 men have got into the country without passports that in despair they shrug their shoulders and let us through as if giving up all hope of the system ever working.

Our relief was short-lived, though, as we are pulled to one side 500 yards further on at the Italian Customs post. I am summoned to the office of a man who wouldn't have looked out of place standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square at Christmas. Judging by the gold braid and those lovely tassels, he is obviously a very high-ranking official. And now for something completely different. Another customs official, I say to myself, and I am sat down at his desk and my interrogation begins. No, I haven't just landed from the moon and, no, I haven't got the Jimmy Young recipe for a P bomb (whatever that is). But his interest seems to be elsewhere. He just asks me endless questions about where we have come from and what we are doing. Finally he pauses. "Dees a truck, ees a very good truck, si?" I presume he is referring to the four-tonner. I tell him it works, so far. "Ees a very forte, si?" Another pause. "I a geeve you 40,000 lire for dees a camione". To say that this startled me is putting it mildly. However, the thought of the Colonel finding a telegram on his desk the next morning saying "Having a lovely time, pushed for funds, so sold four-tonner", signed Brocket, makes it almost worth it. However, valuing my head I have to turn down the Christmas tree's offer. He shrugs his vast shoulders and with a pat on the back that nearly breaks every bone

in my body and propels me back to Basle wishes me a good journey and we continue.

It isn't long before we reach Milan. Here Cpl. Langford has his biceps further enlarged navigating through the narrow city streets. Our progress, much to the amusement of all in the back of the four-tonner, is frequently followed by a stream of words that I am unable to find in my dictionary, as Italians vainly struggle to regain control of their bicycles in the ensuing whirlwind, whilst Lea's camera shutter just can't open and shut fast enough. By this time the four-tonner is running precariously low on diesel. Our N.A.T.O. coupons, we know, as they were the only ones available, are seven days out of date, so we will clearly have to use our wits. We find upon entering a garage forecourt that the proprietor is immediately convulsed with some strange form of St. Vitus dance and with all 10 arms waving in the air rushes to inspect our coupons. This happens quite a few times, which somewhat frustrates Sgt. Thomas, commander of said vehicle, who fails to see what all the excitement is for. We form a plan. The next garage we stop at I leap from the vehicle and am also convulsed with St. Vitus dance and rush up to the proprietor, whom we later learn is called Emmanuel, and ask him the way to Rimini. Meanwhile Cpl. Langford, camouflaged by Tprs. George, Sweeney, Craddock, Patton, Owen, Winterbotham, Morris and Cpl. Wheelan debussing and all suddenly wanting to go to the loo, grabs the petrol hose and starts to fill the tank hoping that once in the tank the coupons would be accepted. Possessing one of the qualities unique to a troop leader I am awfully stupid and completely unable to understand the foreigner's ridiculous directions. I notice that the tank is now full and I immediately understand. Emmanuel notices, too, and is again convulsed with St. Vitus dance, sees our coupons and starts banging his forehead. Not having a priest or a doctor with us, I suggest he back dates the coupons. He won't have it. Can't we pay? Soldiers on exercise never carry money. Brothers's wife arrives, but more convulsions and I look even dumber, shrugging my shoulders. He says he's calling the police. So we await the floor show to begin. The police arrive, all one of them, the fattest I have ever seen in the smallest car I have ever seen, and when the two have been prised apart, with some difficulty and with Emmanuel's help, he is told the whole story. By this time a small crowd a

little larger than the police force that has just arrived has gathered. To our great delight the policeman tells Emmanuel to stop being silly and to back-date the coupons. I can see front seats are going to be at a premium. Another more violent bout of St. Vitus dance and Emmanuel dispatches Luije to summon all their friends. The crowd grows on the pavement now attracted by the convulsions and shake their fists and shout at the police force. This is all too much. All of a sudden Emmanuel is absolutely right and those mad Englishmen must give the diesel back. So the diesel is siphoned. But we haven't lost yet. We had seven jerry-cans worth. After three have been siphoned back the lads all "oooh", "aaah" and "woe", so that after five have been taken out he stops, not remembering how much we had anyway. So I shake hands with Emmanuel and the police force, smiles all round, and we depart an hour and a half later and nine gallons up, enough to get us to Rimini. Only thing is I'm sure there must be easier ways of getting fuel.

By nightfall we reach Rimini on the Adriatic coast and set up camp on the beach. We stay here for two days and, oh, dear, two nights. The largest family I have ever seen comes and sits around our beach fire. Wine is apparently unlimited and, as Patton says, it tastes like apple juice. They all drink it out of exercise mugs. It isn't long, of course, before the inevitable happens and we too are afflicted by this strange Italian disease of flinging every limb in the air in a most uncontrollable fashion. Why all the local hotels welcome us with open arms and include us in their parties I cannot understand. One manager, though, draws the line at Cpl. Gregory and Tpr. Patton wading along his *bellissimo* swimming pool in their boots and underpants thinking they are crossing the Imjin River.

Having by now recovered from our long and arduous journey we set about the object of our exercise. Our starting point on the route is Cesena, and having read to everyone an account of occurrences that led up to the capture of Medicina we change into our immaculate uniforms, mount up and drive north-west through Forli to Faenza. The German defensive line, called the Genghis Khan line, ran from the southern shores of Lake Comachio through Medicina to Vergato in the west. From Faenza the only cover available is the old small farms with their scattered vineyards and it is easy to see how



At the petrol station

Left to right: The Police Force (a policeman). Tprs. Owen, George, Craddock, Morris, Sgt. Thomas, Cpl. Langford (in cab). Emanuel (with hose), Broeket. Sgt. Thomas: "These package tours are getting worse and worse"

the land to our front could be easily dominated by the enemy. When we reach the Santerno River we see the countryside is dissected by many more ditches and the vineyards become thicker. Almost any river crossing here could be dominated from the Ghengis Khan line. It is therefore easy to see why our Shermans and Kangaroos had such a difficult time crossing these three rivers, which are on average only 20 to 30 feet wide. Having crossed the Sillaro River, in a slightly more orthodox fashion than Major Browne, the vineyards suddenly open up and, indeed, almost become non-existent to reveal about 800 metres of open, flat ground with the towers of Medicina rising up at the end of it. In Brigadier Barker's words, the only way to overcome this obstacle is to "get your whips out and go like hell". So we did and thundered into the town in a cloud of dust.

When it had settled it revealed lots of little bewildered children standing round the vehicles, not knowing whether to laugh or

cry. Having all been shown the picture that hangs in the Officers' Mess of Major Browne leading "C" Squadron into the town, we split up into groups to find the street in the picture. After about an hour I am convinced that there are about 18 of these streets, as everyone thinks they have found it. The streets do, in fact, look very much the same and there is precious little evidence of structural alterations since the beginning of the century. Most of it is much older. However, I think I have found *the* street and show a copy of the picture in my edition of "The Emperor's Chambermaids" to an old woman who lives in the street. She explains that the small fat tower in the picture has been demolished and the building with it. There was indeed a new building there. Satisfied, I get everyone together and we move the vehicles into position; little children flee in terror thinking the end is nigh. As the street is so small we are unable to put the Colonel's Rover where the German 88mm is pictured but we are able to place



Medicina. The Street

The small tower on the left of the original painting and the building underneath have been demolished since 1945. (Perhaps they were structurally unsound!) One of the "88s" is thought to have been approximately where the Land-Rover is parked.

Left to right: Cpl. Gregory, the late Tpr. Owen, Tpr. George, Tpr. Sweeny, Tpr. Morris, Sgt. Thomas, Tpr Winterbottom. In the Land-Rover: Tpr. Patton and Tpr. Craddock

the four-tonner where Major Browne's tank was. When the men are all looking their toughest and as butch as they can my camera shutter clicks and something taps my left shoulder. I turn round. Oh, no, not again. Yes, something completely different—the police. He waggles his finger at me and I know he's not just saying gutchy, gutchy, so I follow him to the police station, where I am sat down in front of yet another Christmas tree. They do have Christmas at a funny time of the year, these people. He asks me many questions about my private army and makes the occasional notes. Finally he gets up and tells me to follow. He takes me to a cafe bar which is owned by his brother Pietro. Who else could own it? I think I'm beginning to understand these people now. He pours me drink after drink and then bids me farewell. I return to my "street", ordering my gunner to open up. We all have lunch, then set off southwards to Florence.



Pisa. The Leaning Tower and "elements" of 1st Troop, "C" Squadron (on the right)

The autostrada to Florence from Bologna winds its way in and out and through a very dry and mountainous area. Unfortunately we travel down this at midday and the blasts of hot air that hit us are quite staggering, so much so that every time we stop everyone leaps off the vehicles and dives for any available shade. Trouble is it tends to make people stop their cars and dive out too. Must be some fighting in the area. Navigating through Florence, for those who don't know this city, proves much more exciting than Milan, as it's quite possible to move a goodie stall (of which there are an abundance) 200 yards down an alley and leave it in the middle of a set of traffic lights. This evokes fresh bouts of St. Vitus dance. However, we park in a small square (if you want to confuse an Italian ask him how long a square is) and our B.I. art course starts. In fact, everyone is extremely interested in all that Florence has to offer (not Zebedee's friend). Only the occasional comment like Tpr. Sweeney saying "Cor, have you seen those dirty statues in the main square, sir?" make me wonder if it is being appreciated in the right way. Having bought the usual goodies we mount up and camp that night near Livouno, on the Mediterranean coast.

The next morning we set about Pisa with a vengeance, spending all day looking round it and buying yet more goodies. Although we don't use the Colonel's Rover to give the tower a suspended tow, I can't help thinking that 1st Troop balancing on the top has done nothing to improve its lean. By the end of the day we are again getting low on fuel, so we call on our American friends near Pisa. We receive some rather astonished looks at the gate and as we drive on one of the MPs is heard to say, "Gee, you mean that's a *real* army?". However, we are given a damn good shower, meal and refuel. When we draw alongside, the pump specialist, Brown, says, "Say, you guys having a party? I always sell ma benz down town an have maself a real ball". When he refuelled us he adds, "You bin truckin long? I bin truckin the other day. Took wrong turning, landed up in France. Confiscated ma truck, but I got back OK. Funny those French". Funny these Americans, funny these Italians, funny those Swiss. I'm beginning to think that perhaps there's something funny about us too.

We find a nice spot on the coast north of Pisa and settle down for two good days. Our aim is helped by an American couple

called Joe and, yes, you've guessed, Marylou. They really are extremely nice except they have this habit of pouring spirits down us non-stop that come from the fridge in their wagon. If any of us even so much as dropped our grins Joe just said, "Gee, why don't you just fresh'n up with another drink?" So freshen up we did. Food here is very cheap, the water is beautiful and a paddle boat crewed by Tprs. Craddock and Sweeney is reported to have broken the sound barrier and its bow wave has washed up hundreds of little Italian children on to the main road. Unfortunately all good things come to an end and we realise that we must set off on our return journey. We head north along the coast to Milan to pick up some documents. On the way we stop at Genoa, but it is not looking exactly beautiful so we don't stay long. Finally our luck runs out north of Milan and the sky clouds over. By the time we reach the Mt. Blanc Pass it is raining and this stays with us all the way to Paderborn. It is, therefore, two weeks and some 3½ thousand miles later that 17 beautiful bronzed bodies roll back into camp without so much as a hint of disaster hanging over them.



Over a
Thousand
Toys for
ALL ages

HERFORD
Lübberstrasse
(Walking Street)

Seconded Service

by Capt. J. R. Smales

"Two years bushwhacking will be a good holiday for you", said the Colonel, "after all that time as Adjutant." So when I landed one night in Abu Dhabi, on the Persian Gulf, in February 1972 my frame of mind was correspondingly casual. I was to be a squadron leader in the armoured car regiment of the local defence force, which was about the strength of a brigade group of all arms, with air support, and a few patrol craft in its sea wing.

Abu Dhabi is one of the United Arab Emirates, once known as the Trucial States, the biggest of them and, because of its oil, the richest. It is the size of Wales, but mainly sand and salt flats, and is about as crowded as the tank park on a Sunday morning, the population living either a nomadic life with their herds in the desert or concentrated in the two large towns, El Ain and Abu Dhabi. From the latter the country takes its name, and it is a remarkable town. Though it has been the capital for some time, 10 years ago it was little more than a fishing village. Now it is a thriving city with banks, shops, a harbour, an international airport and several hotels, including a Hilton.

I did not have a chance to appreciate all these for some time, as within 48 hours of arriving I was flown out to take over my squadron in a tented camp 165 miles from R.H.Q. There I became responsible for 15 Saladins and Ferrets, a selection of trucks and Land-Rovers, 22 tents, and 92 men. The counting of tent poles, tyres, mattresses, etc, being completed, Andrew Baber, 4/7 DG, departed and I was left leading my first squadron.

To say that I grasped the reins of command with the easy confidence that should come naturally to one of my training and antecedents would not be true. I was hampered by two things. First, I was the only British officer in the squadron and as such the only person who could read or write, apart from a Zanzibari clerk; and, second, neither men nor officers spoke English and I could not speak Arabic. I had done a course in Aden in 1967—mainly for the £120 it earned—but I had never had cause to use it, so could not remember much.

After a difficult few weeks I was able to make my wishes known, both face to face and

on the air, so took the squadron out for some training.

The majority of soldiers in the force only serve for three years, with the option of signing on again at the end of that time, and all were keen to learn. The officers themselves were inexperienced, but they had very few preconceived ideas of how things should be done; given their enthusiasm, great steps could be made. This attitude, and with the great sweep of the desert, in which scope was only limited by the capabilities of the vehicles, made training the best of all the exciting and satisfying aspects of seconded service.

About three months after I joined, the squadron was moved back into the capital to take its turn under the eye of R.H.Q. There I enjoyed a rather different pattern of life. I had two rooms in a very comfortable Mess, there was some social life, some water skiing and, most important of all, polo. A troop of 22 Pakistani ponies complete with grooms, farrier, veterinary assistant and trainers were attached to the Regiment, and three afternoons a week would see stick-and-ball or chukkas being played on the flat and dusty piece of salt flat that served as a pitch.

Life was really getting quite gay and in spite of the heat, almost home-like, but it was too good to last. Over on the east coast two tribes had allowed their annual quarrel to develop into a shooting war and the A.D.D.F. were deployed to keep the peace.

Two squadrons were called in shortly after it began and soon we were moving in single file down the narrow stony wadis past Masafi, towards Khawrfakhan, a lovely old-fashioned Arab town by the sea, which will one day be a major tourist attraction, but which was at that time the hottest and most humid place I had ever been to.

There followed the usual business of peace keeping, with some excitement and a lot of hard work, which will be all too familiar to most readers. Angus Hay, of the Scots Greys, joined me here as second-in-command and I was very glad to have him. A multitude of new and interesting experiences but only space to remember some of them: the crests of the hills lined with armed tribesmen who, with their cartridge belts, knives and flowing robes, could have stepped out of *Beau Geste*; sitting on the rocks with a bottle of champagne,



Major Smales with his troop leaders

knocking off and swallowing the oysters; the whole squadron getting up spontaneously at 4 a.m. because it was simply too hot to sleep; being stopped at a road block manned by Arabs armed with nothing but swords.

This continued, on and off, for about three months and then the squadron was withdrawn to Sharjah, where we lived in the old British barracks. Here we had an opportunity to sort out our vehicles, which were in a thoroughly bad state, and I took some leave. During the rest of my tour the squadron moved twice: back to Abu Dhabi and out into the desert again. And so I left, so to speak, where I came in. But if I did my soldiers there any good—and I hope I did—I know that I at least was changed. I lost two stone for a start and was certainly a good deal more flexible in mind and more self-reliant than when I went out.

If you were to ask me whether I would advise a secondment to an Arab army, I would say, without hesitation, yes, but not for too long. They can be the most charming people in the world, loyal, and, contrary to popular belief, very hard working. But they

are, too both excitable and proud and this pride can lead to the most frustrating stubbornness on their part. Because of a fear of seeming foolish or inferior they are often reluctant to act on their own initiative, which makes it hard to instil that “armoured car sparkle” which is so essential. But these are small considerations compared with the challenge and thrill of the job.

“A great Regiment is like a stately oak, gathering strength and dignity with years. It is embodied tradition. Its past inspires reverence and respect; its present, admiration and courage; its future, confidence and hope. Firmly planted in its native soil, it survives the changes and stress of fretting years. Its memory is imperishable and its heroic deeds are amongst the most treasured possessions of a nation”.

T. R. THRELFALL,

Quoted in *The Cavalry Journal*,
1928.

Three Weeks in Brunei

by Capt. E. J. Micklem

As soon as "B" Squadron's F.F.R. inspection was finished and nearly all the hard work which had gone into the preparation for our hand-over to "C" Squadron 16th/5th Lancers was over, I climbed aboard a Cathay Pacific jet and flew off to spend three weeks with 1st Battalion the 6th Gurkha Rifles. They were to be a memorable three weeks.

In May 1972 I had been trekking in Nepal with Major Gordon Corrigna of the 6th Gurkhas. I had been particularly impressed by the spectacular beauty of the country and the outstanding kindness and hospitality of the people and was therefore especially keen to see the battalion.

Brunei is hot but not quite so humid as Hong Kong in summer and it is certainly a far more green and pleasant land. Possibly my first impression was that instead of one's nostrils being assaulted by the powerful smell of garbage and old fish, the air was clear and sweet, though usually embellished by the fragrant smell of mimosa. During the 60-mile journey from the airport along the coast road to Seria there was ample opportunity to observe the countryside, the people and their houses. Nearly all the country is covered in jungle, which comes

right up to the road. Attractive-looking Malay houses were dotted along the side of the route. They are made of wood built on stilts and usually seem to have chickens running around underneath them. Brightly coloured sarongs could be seen either adorning the women who were moving about the houses or hanging out of the glassless windows to dry.

The Malays, who form the large majority of the population, are generally more easy going than the Chinese and seem a very attractive race even if a somewhat lazy one. As in Malaya, there is a large minority population of Chinese. Being hard-working and ambitious, they tend to be the businessmen and shopkeepers of the country and are consequently wealthier than the average Malay. This, allied to the fact that immigrant Chinese rarely integrate themselves fully with the indigenous population, leads to the age-old problem of antagonism between the races. The Chinese in Brunei can in many ways be compared to the Indians in Africa.

After an interesting but uneventful drive, during which I had tried hard to communicate with my Gurkha driver who spoke no English, we arrived in Seria. Any dreams I might have had of an unspoiled tropical paradise were rudely shattered by the sight of storage tanks, miles of piping, nodding "donkeys" and crimson flames leaping into the sky from the end of long stalk-like jets. This was one of Shell Oil's complexes. Oil is the reason why a small country like Brunei is so wealthy and so interesting to other countries. Though the reserves of oil near the shore are running low, there is still some out to sea and enormous amounts of natural gas are collected, frozen into liquid form and transported by special tankers to Japan.

The Officers Mess is about four miles from Seria itself and is within 150 yards of the sea. It was built as a country palace for the Sultan, but he has lent it to the resident Gurkha battalion. As one might expect, it is a magnificent place in which to live. Outside the front door a large and imposing fan palm leaves the visitor in no doubt that he is not in Aldershot and inside the rooms are large and airy. When this is combined with excellent food, efficient ser-



6th Gurkhas Officers Mess near Seria



Micklem with the Gurkhas—shooting pig in the jungle

vice plus an orderly who will serve drinks at any time of day or night, it is easy to see one of the reasons why I enjoyed my stay.

On the evening on which I arrived Lt.-Col. Jim Kelly, who was coming to the end of his tour as commanding officer, was being dined out in the Officers Mess, so my stay got off to a cracking start and continued in much the same vein for the next three weeks. The level of social activity increased still more when Lt.-Col. Colin Scott arrived to take over command. I had discovered a year before that Gurkha hospitality is quite overwhelming and my initial impressions were not altered in Seria. What size is a tot in Nepal? Even learning to say "enough" and "only a little" in Gurkhali did not usually seem to have the desired effect.

I thought a few days in the jungle would be like taking the cure, but I had not reckoned on the hospitality of the Q.G.O.s of "B" Company. The night before I arrived one of the company had shot a large wild pig, so that evening I found myself sitting down to a gargantuan pig *bhat* washed down with liberal amounts of rum. When it was time to go to sleep for the night, my first ever in the jungle, I found that any fears I might have held of unpleasant things that creep about sucking blood, biting or stinging, were completely dissipated partly by a now accustomed feeling of well-being and partly by a most magnificent bivouac made for me by the soldiers. I have slept in less comfortable beds. In case anyone might be

misled into thinking that my time in the jungle was entirely devoted to gourmandising, it must be pointed out that plenty of military activities were carried on during the day, not to mention a night shoot on the ranges. Here my only real contribution to the evening's proceedings was to run over a large yellow and black poisonous snake with a Land-Rover.

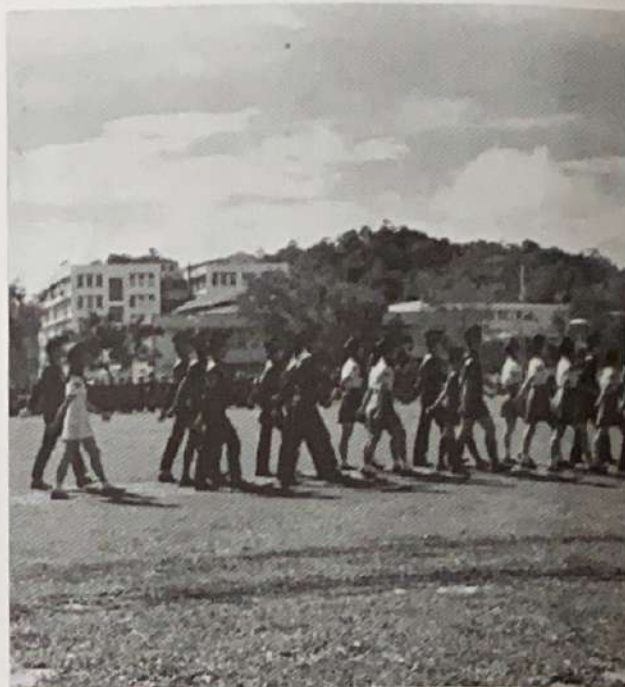
I have never normally considered Queen's Birthday Parades particularly exciting or excessively amusing. Rather like a blue movie: when you have seen one you have seen them all. However, the Queen's Birthday Parade in Brunei, in which both the 6th Gurkhas, the Royal Brunei and Malay Regiment and the local services took part, had much more to offer than any parade one might see in England. For the final practice, though, the military units naturally wore uniform, some of the civilian services did not. Thus, there was now room for a certain amount of self-expression on the parade ground, a rare opportunity which was not wasted on some of the younger generation on parade. A very attractive Malay girl



Micklem trying to look "Jungly"

in the mixed boys and girls brigade was wearing a T-shirt with the words "Love thy neighbour if you can get near enough" emblazoned across her ample bosom. For the practice march past Capt. Brian O'Bree, the Adjutant of 6th G.R., was taking the salute. He was seen to be somewhat embarrassed by the behaviour of a well-built European girl in charge of the Red Cross section. Instead of performing an "eyes right" in the accustomed military fashion she just gave him a sexy grin and what looked like a wink!

However, everything was all right on the day. The weather was fine, though rather too hot, the setting in the middle of Brunei City was very picturesque and the uniforms were dazzling. With the exception of the 6th Gurkhas, the basic colour of the uniforms was white, but always heavily decorated with pinks, blues, mauves or yellows. The Prison Service marching by, all dressed up in gorgeous colours, looked rather like a squad of heavyweight boxers going to a fancy dress ball. Anyone interested in medals would have found the occasion most interesting. The Sultan is extremely generous towards his forces in every way and extends his generosity to a copious issue of medals to those under his command. It is unusual in the British Army these days to see a young officer with a good row of medals, but those officers attached to the Royal Brunei and Malay Regiment have plenty. As for the senior dignitaries of the Government, they probably need a counter-weight built into



Queen's Birthday Parade
Boys and buxom wenches of the Red Cross marching past

the right side of their colourful costumes in order to stand up straight.

It goes without saying that the drill of the 6th Gurkhas, the only British regiment in Brunei, was of a very high standard, but so was that of the R.B.M.R. and the police, particularly the latter. There is great rivalry between the Police and Army bands, but as Capt. Thomas had recently arrived to fill the post of Director of Music to the R.B.M.R. no doubt the Army will gain the ascendancy.



Queen's Birthday Parade
Some of the Royal Brunei and Malay Regiment marching past



Capt. Thomas (late Bandmaster of the 14th/20th) in Brunei City. He is now Director of Music, Royal Brunei and Malay Regiment

Capt. Thomas will be remembered by many as the Regimental Bandmaster prior to Mr. Petherham. He and his wife kindly took me out to a meal and I went back to their magnificent quarter. Even the *amah* (servant) has three rooms in her own little house, which is supplied.

During my three weeks' stay the problem was not of what to do next, but how to cram everything in. However, I did manage a two-day trip to Singapore free on the Sultan's private jet, but failed to get to Manila as well because that was a V.I.P. flight and my unimportance rating was not high enough. A trip to Murudi in Sarawak was both interesting and worthwhile. The journey was by Sioux helicopter over miles of uninviting jungle. Though I failed to see one of the cockfights which frequently take place there, I did manage to purchase a vicious-looking native knife and 7-foot blowpipe with plenty of darts. The worthwhile part of the trip occurred on the return journey when, in response to an emergency call on the radio, the pilot was able to pick up a soldier in the King's Regiment who was unconscious and suffering from heatstroke. As the man had been in that state for about

two hours, he may owe his life to the skill of the pilot in managing to land and take off in a tiny gap in the towering jungle trees.

I was also lucky enough to attend a regimental nautch. This consisted of plenty to drink and a series of traditional dances put on by the soldiers and interspersed with some "jokers" to supply the comic relief. Some of the younger riflemen are dressed up as women (*marunis*) for the purpose of the dancing and look remarkably convincing. For someone unaccustomed to life in a Gurkha battalion it was rather surprising to see during one of the "jokers", a rifleman dressed as an Indian tart, doing a sexy dance to the great delight of the audience. It was an equally hilarious experience to find oneself with the other officers dancing round the stage hand in hand with the *marunis*.

I was very sorry to leave Seria after my three weeks had flown past. My "duty liaison farewell visit to affiliated regiment", which was, I believe, the official reason for the visit, had been the part of duty I should like to be given more often.

Sitting in Gosford Castle in the middle of an Irish winter has done nothing to dispel that, though. Those three weeks last summer seem now like a marvellous dream from which one wakes and finds reality.



S/Sgt. Collins (Army Air Corps) strapping in a soldier of the King's Regiment for evacuation from a small jungle clearing to hospital. He was suffering from heatstroke

Kurdish Capers

OR

(Anything can happen to the Recce Troop)

by Col. B. C. L. Tayleur, O.B.E.

Editorial note

In the spring of 1942 the Regiment, having taken part in the invasion of Persia during the previous summer, was camped at Mosul in Iraq.

Col. (then Capt.) Brian Tayleur was one day discussing with Sgt. Haley, his troop sergeant, ways and means of organising a good "swan" in the desert. "How about somewhere different this time, sir, a place where we have never been and where we can get plenty of gazelle and some fishing? What about Tel Kotcheck, sir? There's a bar in the station there and Sgt. Ramsay won't get lost with the railway line to guide him".

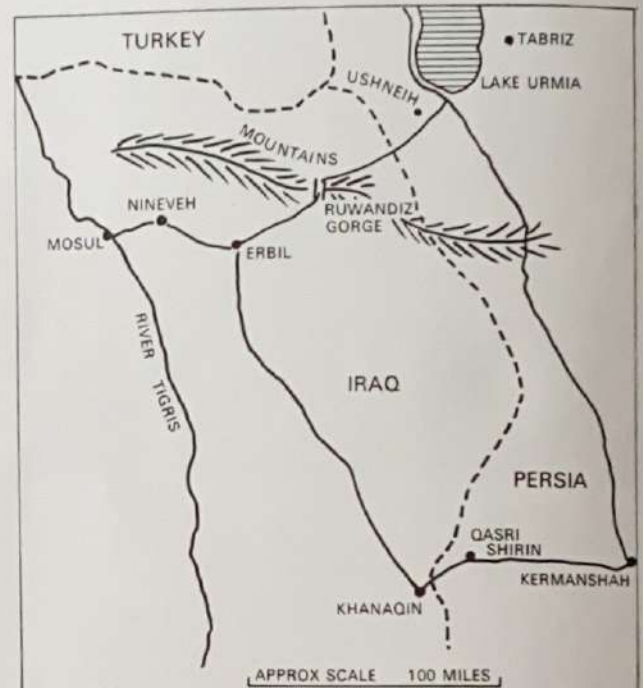
This conversation must have been overheard by Recce Troop's guardian angel, for shortly afterwards the Sappers were ordered to carry out a recce into Persia and Capt. Tayleur (with his troop) was placed in charge of their escort, a total force of about 100 men and 40 vehicles. The route would take the party a total of some 700 miles over country up to 8,000ft. above sea-level and the furthest point would be Lake Urmia in North Persia (Kurdistan).

After the "liberation" of Persia, British and Indian troops occupied the south of the country and our Russian allies the north, including Kurdistan. Several members of the Regiment had adventurous meetings with the Russians and this article describes one of them.

The photos with this article were not taken during the patrol but are of the same general area and period of the war—Editor.

* * *

While the column was halted for a "brew" an Assyrian interpreter attached to the Sappers came up and said, "Next village much trouble. Peoples having guns and shooting us". This was surprising, as so far all the Kurdish people had been most friendly, and so I pressed the Assyrian for an explanation, which he was unable to give partly because his English was so bad and partly, I fancy because he did not



really know what he was talking about. From where I was standing I could see the village about a mile away and it looked peaceful enough. Oh, well, I thought, what's the good of having a private army if you don't use it, and so, having warned the column to load their weapons and to put on steel helmets, we drove on.

We swept through the village which had turned out in force to wave and smile. Most peculiar. I made up my mind to give the Assyrian a thick ear at the next halt for worrying me. Then it happened. We motored round a corner crossing a bridge over a small river. What on earth was that funny chap waving a tommy gun at me for? Good heavens, a Russian sentry! What is he doing here? I wonder if he is trigger happy? All these things shot through my mind in a flash. I ordered my driver to halt and I dismounted in the road waving on the column as I did so. Half a dozen Mongolian-looking soldiers with "burp guns" surrounded me, peering from under their pudding basin steel helmets and yelling. As I only grinned and failed to reply I had a couple of guns poked in my ribs. This soon took

the smile off my face. My wireless operator, Dyson, saw what was happening and swung the bren round to cover the Russians. I could see no future in that because whoever pressed the trigger I was "pig in the middle". "Dyson, for God's sake put the b— bren away and come and offer these baskets a cigarette". He did so and the tension eased a bit, but the Russian N.C.O. with this small bridge guard was obviously not happy at the seemingly endless column of vehicles crossing his bridge and was beginning to look sour.

The truck carrying a captain in the Baluch Regiment stopped near me and joined me. I had forgotten his existence since he joined us at Mosul. He said quietly, "I am an interpreter in Russian but I suggest that we don't let these chaps know if we can find someone else to talk to them. I rather fancy that Assyrian can speak a bit of Russian". I sent for the Assyrian who had a smattering of Russian. We told him to ask the Russian N.C.O. what he was doing. The Baluchi officer stood around and listened.

It appeared that we bumped a standing patrol from a Russian cavalry squadron whose duty it was to stop and search anyone crossing the bridge and to hold anyone unusual for interrogation at the squadron H.Q. at a place named Ushneih, about 10 miles away.

A long argument followed with waving of guns and pointing at the bridge. At last the Assyrian said that the N.C.O. had ordered us all back across the river until he had received clearance from his squadron H.Q. My column by this time was all across the bridge and halted several hundred yards away. I could see little point in arguing with a Russian N.C.O. who had only half a dozen men to back him up and I told the Assyrian to tell the Russian that I was going on to Lake Urmia and would put the bren gun troop on the road to see that he did not interfere. With that I got back into my scout car and ordered "Snaffles" Woodleigh by wireless to deploy his troops to cover the Russians while we moved off. While the troops were taking up their positions, the Baluchi captain said, "You are the boss of this party and it's up to you to do whatever you think fit, but I know the Russians and consider it my duty to tell you that if you motor on and ignore this patrol the Russian squadron commander will probably shoot the N.C.O. in charge of the patrol for failing to stop you. The wret-

ched chap is in a hell of a fix. If he tries to stop you, he'll probably be killed; and if he doesn't, he'll expect to be shot".

I must admit that I felt a bit sorry for the Russian and after a few moments thought I decided to harbour the column where they were and to go the Russian squadron H.Q. myself with the N.C.O., the Baluchi and the Assyrian.

I ordered the column into a close harbour and told "Snaffles" that if I was not back in four hours he was to come to Ushneih with the whole force and get me; in the meantime I would be on the wireless to him and hoped that I would not get out of range.

We piled two Russians and my two interpreters on to the back of the scout car and off we went along a primitive track to Ushneih. After an hour's slow drive we reached a small Kurdish village attractively set in some trees. On the edge of the village stood a mud fort which might have come straight from the pages of "Beau Geste". This was an old Persian army post which was now the Russians' squadron H.Q. At a gesture from our Russian N.C.O., who was almost friendly by now, I halted the vehicle some 400yds. from the fort and we walked uneasily forward leaving the driver and Dyson with the car. In through the arched gateway of the fort



Brian Tayleur (centre) with, left, John Groundes-Peace, and right, the doctor, Harold Hewitt. They are on the top of Mount Elvend (11,000ft) near Hamadan—1941

we strode, looking brave, I hope, and were confronted by a mass of plunging horses and men in nearly white overalls with syringes in their hands. After staring at this mad-house scene for a moment or two we realised that the white-coated figures were vets and were trying to inoculate the horses in the neck. Our N.C.O. did not leave us to gape for long and soon had us in a small room in which were two beds. This was apparently the squadron office. We sat on a bed in the dreary little room staring at the inevitable tommy gun hanging from a nail in the wall or looking through the dirty window at the short, stocky Mongolian troopers in the courtyard of the fort. They were all dressed in small fur caps, khaki smocks of denim material and baggy breeches tucked into badly-fitting jackboots. We were told later that these soldiers had a long overcoat to wear over their uniform and in which to sleep. They were not issued with blankets. However, the rough shaggy Siberian troop horses had a rug each!

After a few minutes in came two officers one plump and stocky with a round face, and the other tall, slim and dark, rather Italian in appearance. They shook hands and were all smiles. Waving us to sit down on the bed again, the stocky one, who was a captain, and the squadron commander produced a bottle of vodka and some thimble-sized glasses from a cupboard and we all had a couple of good snifters. Conversation was somewhat limited but we all grinned like mad at each other and went through the usual pantomime of examining each other's uniforms and weapons.

We could not sit there all day on vodka and grins and so, through the Assyrian interpreter, I explained my purpose, which was briefly to motor on to Lake Urmia and then to bear away southwards. To my surprise the squadron commander smiled blandly and indicated that he had no objection whatsoever, but would we have a glass of vodka while he just let his regimental H.Q. know the form on the wireless. He was sure there would be no bother at all. Two bottles of vodka later a Russian soldier entered and had a lengthy muttered conversation with the two officers, but they took care not to let the Assyrian hear. Luckily my Baluchi officer could overhear them and told me quietly that the soldier was the wireless operator and he reported that he could not get through to R.H.Q. because his batteries were flat and the charging engine would not start.

With a smile the squadron commander informed us that all was well and that after lunch no doubt orders would be through for us to proceed. He then left us alone in the room, saying that he was going to arrange a meal. While we were discussing the turn of events the door burst open, revealing a large man who was clearly a Russian officer and not over-friendly at that. He came over and shook hands rather grudgingly and then proceeded to gabble his head off at such a pace that the Assyrian could not understand him. He was at last persuaded to start again more slowly. He was the political commissar attached to the squadron and he was laying down the law about the presence of British troops in Russian-occupied Kurdistan. He invited us to get out at once. He was peeved. I replied that I had my orders and my route and, although I was sorry that our presence annoyed him, I was going ahead with my column. This upset him even more and scarlet in the face he stamped out.

We were then bidden to lunch. A table had been set up in the open outside the fort and on it half a dozen bottles—vodka again. I excused myself from the party and walked back to my scout car, where I was relieved to find that Dyson was still in touch with the column. I told him to pass a message ordering the platoon of infantry and the bren troop to join me at the fort in two hours and to arrive looking ready for anything.

I rejoined the lunch party, which had downed about half a dozen toasts in my absence. Another flurry of toasts came up and for half an hour there were cries of "Prosit—Stalin", "Prosit—Churchill" as the vodka glasses were filled and refilled. Luckily two soldiers approached carrying rather grubby enamel bowls in which was a yellowish leathery egg concoction. A spoon was given to each of us and we dug into these communal bowls. The food was foul but it provided much needed blotting paper. While we sat around smoking my cigarettes a mounted troop under the command of the Italian-looking officer, whom we discovered was a Tartar, came from the fort and lined up about a hundred yards away. The officer then galloped straight at the lunch party and intended, I thought, to jump the table. He somehow managed to drag his horse to a standstill and with an elaborate sabre salute reported to his squadron commander. I was told that there would be a display of riding and swordsmanship by the troop led by the squadron commander.



Reconnaissance Troop—Middle East 1941

These "tinny" vehicles were manufactured in India and were a temporary expedient made necessary by the great shortage of armoured vehicles at that time.

(Imperial War Museum photograph)

A grey was led forward by an orderly and with a belch the commander lurched to his feet and staggered to his horse. With some difficulty he got his foot in the stirrup and heaved himself in the saddle and smartly on to his head on the far side. He was picked up, dusted down and lifted back on to his horse. He then took post at the head of the troop.

The object of this military display was for each trooper to gallop in and out of a line of posts into the top of which a thin willow branch had been stuck and as he passed the posts the soldier was to cut the willow with his sabre on alternate sides. The Squadron Commander led off and with a flourish drew his sabre. Unfortunately he could not control sabre, horse and vodka and he disappeared into the trees in the distance clinging to his horse's neck. The remainder of the troop then performed, but put up a very poor show. I had thought that they would ride with the panache and skill of Don Cossacks and would handle their sabres with precision. They rode badly and were clumsy with their weapons. I declined the offer to have a go myself, which may have

been unsporting, but I reckoned that a strange mount and a strange weapon would not produce a result that would enhance British prestige.

By now the afternoon was well advanced and nothing was to be gained by remaining at Ushnieh. The Russian radio was unserviceable, the officers were stupefied with vodka and time was running out. So I collected my party, shook hands all round and walked smartly to the scout car, hoping that no one would try to prevent us leaving.

As we moved off the Russian commissar ran up and asked politely for a lift to the bridge. I agreed and piling him on the back we drove off. Shortly we encountered "Snaffles" and his troop hurrying to rescue us and I believe he was disappointed to find that we had got away under our own steam.

"Turn about, 'Snaffles', I've decided to camp the night near the bridge and to move on at first light whether the Russians agree or not. When we get back pass the word that I'll have an 'O' group at 1830". I dropped a seemingly grateful Commissar at the bridge and joined my harboured column. At the "O" group I gave the officers and



Group of men in military uniforms standing in a line outdoors.



Some of the Reconnaissance Troop in North Iraq. The officer on the right is Lt. Tony Andrews

senior N.C.O.s the form and said that we would move at dawn and that one troop would deploy its brens to cover our departure in case the bridge guard attempted to interfere. The night sentries were mounted and we all turned in early.

I had hardly fallen asleep when I was awoken by shouting. As I scrambled out of my sleeping bag the guard commander appeared escorting our old friend the commissar, who was in a truculent mood and, I suspect, full of vodka. Through the Assyrian interpreter he demanded a vehicle to take him at once to the Russian regimental H.Q. at Tabriz on the shores of Lake Urmia, some 15 miles away. He also went into a tirade about British troops trespassing on Russian territory. I was soon bored with his ranting, and anyway I was suffering from my afternoon vodka storm, and so I told the guard commander to bundle him out of the harbour area, double the sentries and shoot the commissar if he came back! This was quickly done and it was the first time I have ever known British soldiers to volunteer to go on guard.

At dawn we were ready to move—all engines were running and the bren gun troop was deployed to cover our departure. I signalled the advance to the leading scout

car section and followed in my own scout car. As we drew on to the dirt track which served as a road an open Russian staff car shot from the area of the Russian bridge guard and tore up the track obviously in the hope of getting ahead of my column and giving warning of our approach. We spotted this move in time and I managed to get my car on the track ahead of the staff car and on looking round I saw the grim-faced commissar in the back. The sides of the track were ditched and so by weaving in the centre of the road I was able to keep the car in baulk behind me for about two miles. The track then widened and the staff car tore past me, but the section ahead of me adopted the same tactics and it took all of eight miles of hair-raising driving before the staff car finally got into the lead. We put on speed and tore across Kurdistan in the wake of the Russians.

My route was to take me to the southern tip of Lake Urmia, where I could turn south towards Kermanshah in Persia. I reckoned if the map was accurate I should reach the lake within two miles. To my relief the lake soon came into view and I saw a small hamlet and a raised pole barrier at the road junction. As we swept into the hamlet we saw the Russian car standing outside a guard

room and a half a dozen armed soldiers came doubling out with the commissar. Too late, because the head of the column was through the barrier and had taken the south-bound road. Just in case of trouble I halted my own car and covered the bewildered "Ivans" with the Bren, but all was well and the whole column of grinning, jeering British and Indian troops swept through the checkpoint. With a Churchillian gesture we saluted the commissar and followed the column south.

The remaining part of the journey to Kermanshah was peaceful and pleasant. In due course an Army order was published in Baghdad which laid down that "under no circumstances would British officers ever force their way past a post held by a Russian sentry". I also heard that the British Consul in Tabriz, on the shores of Lake Urmia, got the sack for not letting the Russians know that we were coming into Kurdistan.

William Hanley

Troop Sergeant Major, 14th Light Dragoons

Amongst the many enquiries for information of all kinds we received at Home H.Q. last year was one regarding the life of Cpl. William Hanley, 14th Light Dragoons. Knowing little about the man himself we approached the Public Record Office in London, who provided a copy of Hanley's record of service. This adds something to the bare bones of the story of his famous patrol in 1812, during the Peninsular War.

Volume I of the 14th King's Hussars Historical Record tells us that on July 26, just after the British victory at Salamanca, Hanley was engaged in a reconnaissance patrol. He had under his command three Dragoons of the 14th and four German Hussars. Advancing through the village of Blasco Sancho, the patrol met and took prisoner three French Dragoons who had been foraging and who were returning to a house which was their "harbour area". By cleverly deceiving the enemy in the house as to the patrol's strength, Hanley, after a brief fight, disarmed and took prisoner one officer and 26 Frenchmen and, of course, their valuable horses as well.

After leaving the house the prisoners and escort saw other French troops some way off and a French colonel rode up to them. Seeing so many Frenchmen and only a few of the enemy the Colonel presumably thought that the British were the prisoners, for he made some jocular remark to Hanley, who promptly whipped out the colonel's sword from his scabbard and made him prisoner too! The whole party then returned to the Regiment without further incident.

As a result of this remarkable achievement the officers of the Regiment presented Hanley with a silver medal at a ceremonial parade. The medal has on it: obverse (within a wreath), "Fortitudine Blasco Sancho 26 July 1812. Peninsula"; reverse (within a wreath), "William Hanley, Corporal, 14th Light Dragoons". The other members of the patrol were not forgotten: they all received congratulations and a sum of money from the Duke of Wellington.

An interesting point arises from the story of this patrol.

Why did it include German Hussars? These men would have been members of the King's German Legion (K.G.L.). Their homes were in Hanover-Celle area of Germany, not far from where the Regiment is now stationed. When Napoleon occupied North Germany many of their young men escaped to England in British ships and became—until 1816—an integral part of the British Army. They formed infantry brigades and mixed brigades with our cavalry, so there was usually a German Regiment in the same brigade as the 14th. It seems that small patrols were also mixed, as Cpl. Hanley's was. This may have been because the Germans were better linguists. Certainly one of Hanley's Germans spoke French. According to the 14th Historical Record, Major Brotherton (a squadron leader) had a German trumpeter at one time, though not, it appears, a very good one. The Hanoverian troops were, however, of high quality, especially their cavalry. King George III of Great Britain was also King of Hanover

and he gave strong backing to the setting up of the Legion in England and their subsequent employment with the British Army overseas.*

Had Hanley been a corporal in modern times he would probably have received the Distinguished Conduct Medal. At the time of the Napoleonic War there was no provision for awards for gallantry or distinguished service to the men in the ranks or indeed to junior officers. Regiments had therefore to award their own regimental medals in war-time. The 14th had such medals in use at this time, but Hanley's was a special medal awarded for a special occasion. He would also have been eligible for the Military General Service Medal (1793-1814) with 11 bars (the maximum number for a 14th Light Dragoon). This was the first war medal ever issued to British troops or the next of kin of the slain. Through an unfortunate oversight they were not actually issued until 1848—thirty-four years later—but Hanley presumably received his, as he is believed to have been still alive in that year. (Col. Havelock, who was killed commanding the 14th at Ramnuggur in 1848, had not received his M.G.S.M. at the time of his death. It is now in our museum.)

Judging from his record, Hanley seems to have been an excellent N.C.O. in most respects. He was, however, reduced to the ranks four times during his 33 years' service: twice from trumpeter, once from sergeant and once from corporal. This may not have been as bad as it sounds, for this punishment was extremely common in those days. Drink—when they could get it—was one of the few comforts for soldiers taking part in a hard campaign and, although we can't be sure, this may have accounted for some of the offences Hanley committed.

Born in 1793, Hanley, a native of Carlow in Ireland, joined the 14th Light Dragoons—stationed at Dorchester—through a London recruiting office—probably a pub—in 1806. He was recorded as being a tailor by trade, though he may in fact have been a tailor's apprentice, for he was only 14 when he joined. The fact that he was four years under the regulation age for enlistment would not have bothered the recruiting sergeant provided that the recruit *looked* old enough. We may assume that Hanley did. By the time he was 16 he was serving as a trumpeter with the 14th in Portugal and Spain. He served throughout



14th King's Light Dragoons—Guidon—1830
This was one of the Guidons trooped at Catterick in 1950 on the anniversary of Cpl. Hanley's patrol. Carrying it is the late G/Sgt. Kenneth Preece

the campaign—five and a half years—until the last battle at Toulouse in 1814. He was also with the 14th in America, taking part in the New Orleans operations in late 1814 and early 1815.

It is of interest that Hanley was promoted from private to corporal the day before his patrol, so he lost no time in showing his worth as an N.C.O. He was promoted sergeant one month later at the age of 20 and after several ups and downs became troop sergeant-major 17 years later in 1829, a rank which he held until his retirement.

The last years of Hanley's service with the Regiment—again at Dorchester—were dogged by ill health. He was employed only on light duties and was in charge of his troop's pay. (An up to strength Troop was then about 70 all ranks). According to his medical report he suffered from "Constitutional infirmity accelerated by the exigencies of the service". It was added that his infirmity was not due to neglect, vice or misconduct.

In May 1840, at the age of 47, he was finally discharged medically from Chatham Hospital, declaring his intention of living in London with his wife and large family.

Postscript

In July 1950, when the Regiment was stationed at Catterick Camp as a training regiment, a ceremonial parade was held during which the old 14th and 20th Guidons (c. 1800-34) were trooped. The parade was taken by General Sir Richard McCreery, Colonel of the Regiment. The parade was held to commemorate two events which occurred on July 26. In 1798 the assumption by the 14th of the title 14th (or Duchess of York's Own) Regiment of Light Dragoons in honour of H.R.H. The Princess Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, who became Royal patroness of the Regiment; and in 1812 Cpl. Hanley's gallant patrol at Blasco Sancho. The Regimental Bandmaster, Mr. Hurst, specially composed, and at the beginning of the parade played, a trumpet fanfare bearing the name "Blasco Sancho".

M.A.U.-S.

*Some of the old King's German Legion uniforms can be seen in the military section of the museum at Celle, north of Hanover. They are almost identical to British Army uniforms but have KGL stamped on the uniform buttons.

"CA IRA!"

Beaten backward in the press
Reeled the old Fourteenth,
And in triumph shrill arose
The yell of the triumphant foes,
As, where the British Lion flew,
Flaunting White and Red and Blue
Full well the fiery Frenchmen knew
The fame of the Fourteenth.

From "CA IRA!" 1810
("We shall Succeed")
An old 14th song of Peninsula days.

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Regimental Gazette

Obituary

Sgt. John Cleverly

(This obituary was written by Sgt. Aindow, a very close personal friend.)

John Cleverly joined the Regiment in Benghazi in 1965. He soon settled down to Regimental life and became very popular with everyone he met. His pastimes then were playing drums in a beat group within the Regiment and, in quieter moments, drawing designs of houses and buildings that he dreamt one day to build. John moved quickly through the ranks and was promoted to Sergeant in 1973. He was an excellent tradesman and took a great interest in radio and guided weapons.

During 1970, John went with "A" Squadron to Singapore and when he returned to England he went to R.H.Q. Troop and did a tour of Northern Ireland. On his promotion to Sergeant he again moved to "A" Squadron and to 1st Troop.

In the early part of 1970, whilst Admin. N.C.O., in the Regiment's "Snow Queen" hut, he met his "bride to be", a beautiful Bavarian girl called Anne-Marie; they were married in 1971 in Winchester. They were expecting their first child when John was tragically killed in a road traffic accident, when they were on leave at his parents-in-law's home in Bavaria. He will be sadly missed by those who knew him and were close to him. Our deepest sympathy goes to his wife, Anne-Marie, and his son, John, also to his parents and brothers and sisters in Scarborough.

Tpr. K. J. Owen

Trooper "Taff" Owen died on November 14, in Herford. He passed out from the Junior Leaders Regiment in March 1972 and joined the Regiment at Tidworth. He was posted to "C" Squadron.

He was a man of great vivacity and enthu-

siasm and a most popular member of his Squadron. He became an excellent crewman and was a very effective and useful member of his Troop. His death was a great shock to us all; he will be sadly missed. To his parents, in their great loss, we send our deepest sympathy.

Tpr. James Yule

Tpr. J. M. Yule died on August 17, 1973, at Herford. He transferred to the Regiment in May 1971 from the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, having previously passed out successfully from the Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington.

Tpr. Yule had a simple, cheerful and refreshing outlook on life. He was a keen sportsman participating in cross-country, ski-ing and free-fall parachuting. He will be greatly missed by his many friends in "C" Squadron, and by the Regiment.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his family.

Tpr. John Tyson

Tpr. John Tyson joined the Regiment in February 1968. He has been a member of "A" Squadron ever since.

John had an enthusiastic outlook towards life and his willingness to help others made him many friends and a valuable member of his Regiment.

In his sad death on February 28, 1974, the Regiment lost a loyal member.

We give our deepest sympathy to all his family.

Honours and Awards

We congratulate L/Cpl. B. G. Hansell on being mentioned in Despatches in Ulster for bravery in action.

Marriages

We congratulate the following:

- Tpr. D. Brown to Miss Bernadette Murtagh on November 18, 1972.
Tpr. A. Kendall to Miss Sally Anne Vaughan on December 8, 1972.
Tpr. S. Redhead to Miss Pamela Rose Cork on December 9, 1972.
Tpr. J. Corness to Miss Dorothy Sutton on December 16, 1972.
L/Cpl. R. Warren to Miss Judith Margedd Walters on December 22, 1972.
Tpr. M. Gleadhill to Miss Lynn Steele on December 30, 1972.
Tpr. F. A. Taylor to Miss Sylvia Joy Wild on January 16, 1973.
L/Cpl. D. Killen to Miss Dorothy Patricia Hammond on January 20, 1973.
Tpr. J. Campbell to Miss Ying Chan on January 26, 1973.
Tpr. C. E. Chappell to Miss Patricia Mooney on January 27, 1973.
Pte. C. le Clerq to Miss Christine Anne Grant on February 3, 1973.
Tpr. R. J. Bond to Miss Yu Lai Ka on February 9, 1973.
Tpr. D. Vickers to Miss Marjorie Lesley Conway on February 10, 1973.
Tpr. D. Winstanley to Miss Christina Glyn on February 17, 1973.
Tpr. I. Whitehead to Miss Eleanor Harrison on March 24, 1973.
Tpr. D. Bache to Miss Joyce Elizabeth Prescott on March 24, 1973.
Cpl. D. Whelan to Miss Margaret Angela Priestley on March 28, 1973.
L/Cpl. K. Davies to Miss Elizabeth Ann McConkey on March 31, 1973.
Tpr. R. Atkinson to Miss Mary Tierney on March 31, 1973.
Cpl. P. Johnson to Miss Linda Maggs on April 7, 1973.
Tpr. D. Wood to Miss Elizabeth Anne White on April 12, 1973.
Tpr. L. Coundley to Miss Olwyn Davies on April 14, 1973.
Tpr. R. Tyson to Miss Winifred Clara Coulton on April 17, 1973.
Tpr. P. McNulty to Miss Mary Greer Welsh on April 21, 1973.
Tpr. W. Sutherland to Miss Janice Mary Holden on April 21, 1973.
Bdsm. R. Finlay to Miss Veronica Elaine Small on April 25, 1973.
Tpr. B. Hill to Miss Sharon Walmsley on June 2, 1973.

Lt. M. J. M. Emslie to Miss Gail Cartwright on June 9, 1973.

L/Cpl. A. Todd to Miss Pamela Clarke on June 17, 1973.

Tpr. B. Whittaker to Miss Denise Ann Melia on June 30, 1973.

L/Cpl. C. Brown to Miss Gloria Lynn Flaherty on July 7, 1973.

L/Cpl. J. Woodward to Miss Carol Anne Mathews on July 14, 1973.

Cpl. K. Whittaker to Miss Anne Barnard on July 14, 1973.

Cfn. N. Coupland to Miss Anne Irene Keeling on July 28, 1973.

Cpl. R. Brodie to Miss Roma Linda Janice Hanson on August 18, 1973.

Cpl. G. Hutchinson to Miss Lorraine Frances Hargreaves on August 25, 1973.

Tpr. D. Spencer to Miss Elaine Peever on September 22, 1973.

Tpr. B. Hall to Miss Sheree Winifred Schooler on October 6, 1973.

L/Cpl. J. Broome to Miss Deborah Evelyn Llewellyn on October 6, 1973.

L/Cpl. R. Heeley to Miss Barbara Evans on October 20, 1973.

Cpl. L. Burrill to Miss Janet Rigby on October 27, 1973.

L/Cpl. J. Bamby to Miss Margaret Jackson on October 27, 1973.

L/Cpl. L. A. Annett to Miss Irene Ann Drewett on November 13, 1973.

L/Cpl. D. Lower to Miss Josephine Mary Kelbrick on November 23, 1973.

L/Cpl. A. R. White to Miss Carmel Philomena Tuite on December 18, 1973.

Sgt. J. Mulholland to Miss Lena Jaynes on December 20, 1973.

L/Cpl. L. J. Davey to Miss Susan Billett on December 22, 1973.

Cpl. M. J. Cotton to Miss Jenifer May Wilson on January 4, 1974.

Births

We congratulate the following:

Tpr. and Mrs. A. Radford, a son (John) on October 10, 1972.

Tpr. and Mrs. B. Hansell, a daughter (Teresa Louise) on November 4, 1972.

Tpr. and Mrs. F. Jones, a daughter (Sonje Rachael) on November 22, 1972.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Prescott, a daughter (Claire Margaret) on November 23, 1972.

Tpr. and Mrs. A. Green, a daughter (Angela Kathleen) on December 23, 1972.

Tpr. and Mrs. L. Broadhurst, a son (Steven Paul) on January 4, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Rowe, a daughter (Louise Michelle) on January 6, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. M. F. Herbert, a son (Mark) on January 17, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. R. Mitchell, a son (James George) on January 25, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. P. Sharples, a son (Richard) on January 29, 1973.

Cfn. and Mrs. J. Turton, a son (David John) on February 28, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. B. Craddock, a son (Simon Brian) on March 7, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. H. Best, a son (Stuart Harry) on March 14, 1973.

Cfn. and Mrs. I. Campkin, a daughter (Joanne Elizabeth) on March 24, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. J. Smith, a daughter (Tracy Ann) on March 26, 1973.

Sgt. and Mrs. A. Wainwright, a son (Russell William) on March 27, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Prescott, a daughter (Emma Louise) on April 11, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. J. Edwards, a daughter (Dawn Claudette) on April 18, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. K. Watkinson, a son (Nicholas) on April 27, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. G. Kirk, a son (Stephen Daren) on May 4, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. E. Pagett, a son (John Anthony) on May 7, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. S. Simmons, a son (Anthony) on May 10, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. G. Crompton, a son (Scott Anthony) on May 11, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. B. Munro, a son (Scott Brian) on May 15, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. W. Lacey, a daughter (Amanda Jane) on May 24, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Wood, a daughter (Lisa Catherine) on May 30, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. M. T. McGoldrick, a son (Darren James) on June 3, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. G. Smith, a son (Colin) on June 12, 1973.

Sgt. and Mrs. N. Weaver, a son (Daniel George) on June 13, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. D. Dean, a daughter (Kimberley Lorraine) on June 14, 1973.

Sgt. and Mrs. J. Gent, a son (Peter John) on June 23, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. P. Cooper, a son (Peter James) on July 10, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. H. Wilson, a daughter (Linda Tracey) on July 11, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Wells, a daughter (Amanda Jane) on July 12, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. F. Hart, a daughter (Lorraine Karen) on July 24, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. G. Watson, a son (Thomas) on July 26, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. T. Watson, a son (John Morrison) on July 26, 1973.

Cfn. and Mrs. R. Lock, a son (Rickard James) on July 29, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. T. Gardner, a daughter (Martina Sharon) on August 7, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. A. Kendall, a daughter (Karen) on August 10, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. S. Rodowicz, a son (Stefan Josef) on August 10, 1973.

S/Sgt. and Mrs. J. Lonsdale, a daughter (Susan Anne) on August 10, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. D. Ryall, a son (Barry John) on August 11, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. A. Spencer, a daughter (Marie Suzanne) on August 11, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. G. Curtis, a daughter (Davina Mary) on August 14, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. P. Johnson, a son (Marc Alexander) on August 18, 1973.

Sgt. and Mrs. A. White, a son (Mark Arthur) on August 28, 1973.

Cfn. and Mrs. B. Boughey, a son (Karl Terrence) on September 3, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Joseph, a son (Matthew Neil) on September 4, 1973.

Cfn. and Mrs. T. Cunningham, a son (Steven) on September 13, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. L. A. Annett, a son (Steven John) on September 26, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. M. Cullen, a son (Patrick Connor James) on October 9, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. W. Morris, a son (Simon Richard) on October 13, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Dixon, a daughter (Zoe Victoria) on October 18, 1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. K. Jones, a daughter (Kerry Ann) on November 3, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Prescott, a son (Ian James) on November 9, 1973.

Major and Mrs. W. J. Stockton, a son (James) on November 17, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. D. Ryding, a son (Martin Parul) on November 26, 1973.

L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Williams, a daughter (Susan Edith) on November 29, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. D. Bache, a daughter (Louise Elizabeth) on December 16, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. M. Myzylowskyj, a son (Andrew) on December 18, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. W. A. Sutherland, a daughter (Emma Grace) on December 21, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. W. Whittle, a daughter

Continued on page 102

The Regiment – January 1974

THE OFFICERS

Colonel-in-Chief	H.R.H. The Princess Anne
Colonel of the Regiment	Col. R. P. D. F. Allen, M.B.E.

R.H.Q.

Commanding Officer	Lt.-Col. T. G. Williams, M.B.E.
Second-in-Command	Major W. J. Stockton (C.O. designate) July 1974
Adjutant	Capt. J. F. A. Hope
Assistant Adjutant	Lt. J. M. D. Moger
R.S.O.	Capt. B. R. Hamilton
P.F.A.C.	Flt.-Lt. J. M. Barnes, R.A.F.
I.O.	2/Lt. The Hon. J. F. A. Grey

H.Q. SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major K. M. Hodson
Quartermaster	Major (Q.M.) E. Sheen
Quartermaster (Tech.)	Capt. D. A. J. Williams
M.T.O.	Lt. G. J. Mitchell
E.M.E.	Capt. R. G. Heathcote, R.E.M.E.

"A" SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major C. A. Pemberton
Second-in-Command	Capt. M. Heyer-Lyford
Second Captain	Capt. M. A. Cullinan
Troop Leaders	2/Lt. D. J. Bowes-Lyon 2/Lt. G. H. R. Tilney 2/Lt. A. R. B. Woodd 2/Lt. C. D. Wetherall-Pepper 2/Lt. R. T. F. Wood 2/Lt. R. T. F. Fellowes

"B" SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major J. D. Coombes, R.T.R. (seconded)
Second-in-Command	Capt. W. R. T. Edge
Second Captain	Capt. P. R. G. Vickery
Squadron H.Q. Officers	Capt. M. G. S. Davis Capt. E. J. Micklem Capt. J. C. W. Macgregor
Troop Leaders	Lt. P. N. Elliott-Lockhart Lt. M. N. Hill Lt. D. J. B. Woodd 2/Lt. A. D. Coker, 13/18 H. 2/Lt. S. E. L. Lang

"C" SQUADRON

Squadron Leader	Major P. Harman
Second-in-Command	Capt. C. R. K. Dean
Second Captain	Lt. R. J. Mann
Troop Leaders	Lt. M. J. M. Emslie, R. Sigs. (seconded) 2/Lt. R. G. Hews 2/Lt. C. M. I. Tennent 2/Lt. The Lord Brocket

"C" SQUADRON—continued

2/Lt. P. D. W. Garbutt
2/Lt. C. F. Couldrey

AIR SQUADRON

Squadron Leader Major B. H. Poett, 5 Innis D.G.
Pilots Capt. T. P. Scott, 14/20 H.
Capt. A. C. Trevelyan, Scots D.G.

HOME HEADQUARTERS

Regimental Secretary Major M. A. Urban-Smith, M.C. (Rtd.)

OFFICERS SERVING OUTSIDE THE REGIMENT

Brigadier P. B. Cavendish, O.B.E. ... Commander R.A.C. Centre, Student
Canadian I.D.C., May 1974
Col. J. M. Palmer Col. G. S., H.Q. 4 Division
Lt.-Col. C. C. G. Ross G.S.O.1 Trg. H.Q., U.K. Land Forces
Lt.-Col. M. H. Goodhart G.S.O.1, U.S. Army Centre, Fort Knox,
U.S.A.
Major D. H. Bird 9 Signal Regiment
Major W. D. Garbutt 2 Army Delivery Squadron, B.A.O.R.
Major J. A. Pharo-Tomlin B.M., 11 Armoured Brigade
Major H. C. W. G. Joynson G.S.O.2 Int. Attached H.Q. 1 (Br.) Corps
Major D. L. de Beaujeu Belgian Staff College
Major J. R. Clifton-Bligh British Military Mission, Washington
Major W. G. C. Bowles Junior Leaders Regiment, R.A.C.
Major T. A. Colquhoun Guided Weapons Wing, Lulworth
Major (Q.M.) A. F. Prevett H.Q. 1 Division
Capt. J. P. Rawlins G.S.O.3, R.M.A., Sandhurst
Capt. J. R. Smales H.Q. 7 Armoured Brigade
Capt. C. M. J. O'Brien H.Q. 51 Brigade, Hong Kong
Capt. J. J. Escott Military Staff, Teheran
Capt. P. A. Hoare Instr., D. & M. School, Bovington
Capt. F. J. A. Valdes-Scott Army Apprentice School, Arborfield
Capt. J. N. Symons H.Q. 1 (Br.) Corps
Capt. W. H. Bentley R.A.C. Ranges, Lulworth
Lt. A. W. Byrde Lampeter University
Lt. J. F. T. Baines London University
2/Lt. J. C. Cameron-Hayes York University
Lt. M. J. H. Vickery Returning to Regt. from Armd. School,
February 1974

TERRITORIAL AND ARMY VOLUNTEER RESERVE

Capt. P. J. Whittington Capt. A. J. C. Evans
Capt. T. D. Holderness-Roddam Lt. R. G. Russell
Capt. G. E. Pike Lt. C. P. Ross

Births—continued

(Victoria Sarah) on December 23, 1973.

Tpr. and Mrs. A. Taberner, a daughter
(Moyra Linda Pamela) on December 25,
1973.

Cpl. and Mrs. R. J. Baker, a son (Roger
Graham) on January 6, 1974.

The Editor regrets that the following
announcement was not included in the
Journal at the appropriate time.

BIRTHS: To Major and Mrs. W. J.
Stockton a daughter (Emma) on December
21, 1971.

Nominal Roll, January 1974

HQ SQUADRON

W.O.1 Colborne	Cpl. George	L/Cpl. Pritchard	Tpr. Jenkins
W.O.2 Bradbury	Cpl. Graham	L/Cpl. Rowe	Tpr. Jones
W.O.2 Holland	Cpl. Grubb	L/Cpl. Scott	Tpr. Kearns
W.O.2. Kerr	Cpl. Jones 332	L/Cpl. Vickers	Tpr. Langner
W.O.2. Midgley	Cpl. Nadin	L/Cpl. Watson	Tpr. Loines
W.O.2 Morris	Cpl. Mayall	L/Cpl. Whitefield	Tpr. Mather
W.O.2 Nicholls	Cpl. Rooke	L/Cpl. Wilson	Tdr. McNally
S.Q.M.S. Butcher	Cpl. Smith 441	L/Cpl. Winterburn	Tpr. Meehan
G/Sgt. Baker	Cpl. Veness	Tpr. Bellamy	Tpr. Myzlowskyj
G/Sgt. Harrison	Cpl. Whelan	Tpr. Breame	Tpr. Osborne
G/Sgt. Powell	Cpl. Whittaker	Tpr. Clarkson	Tpr. Pearson
G/Sgt. Taylor	Cpl. Woodward	Tpr. Clayton	Tpr. Radford
Sgt. Bennett	L/Cpl. Annett	Tpr. Clough	Tpr. Roache
Sgt. Diver	L/Cpl. Blackburn	Tpr. Coleman	Tpr. Radowicz
Sgt. Keegan-Boyd	L/Cpl. Bryan	Tpr. Constantine	Tpr. Ryding
Sgt. Morris	L/Cpl. Chapman	Tpr. Corness	Tpr. Smith 047
Sgt. Mulholland	L/Cpl. Collins	Tpr. Coundley	Tpr. Spencer
Sgt. Nelson	L/Cpl. Doherty	Tpr. Dean	Tpr. Taberner
Sgt. Weaver	L/Cpl. Edwards	Tpr. Elliott	Tpr. Taylor
Cpl. Barnes	L/Cpl. Gannon	Tpr. Eyles	Tpr. Timothy
Cpl. Best	L/Cpl. Green 856	Tpr. Gibson	Tpr. Varey
Cpl. Burill	L/Cpl. Heeley	Tpr. Green 272	Tpr. Warburton
Cpl. Crank	L/Cpl. Lacey	Tpr. Griffiths	Tpr. Whipp
Cpl. Dixon	L/Cpl. Little	Tpr. Hall	Tpr. Winder
Cpl. Elgie	L/Cpl. Prescott	Tpr. Hyland	Tpr. Wood
Cpl. Gallagher			

BAND TROOP

W.O.1 Petherham	Cpl. Gunner	L/Cpl. Lewis	Bdsm. McTaggart
S/Sgt. Jones 018	Cpl. Lydiard	L/Cpl. Oakley	Bdsm. Parkinson
S/Sgt. Osborne	Cpl. Rogers	Bdsm. Harrison	Bdsm. Proudman
Sgt. Brittain	Cpl. Thomas	Bdsm. Hobbs	Bdsm. Winkley
Sgt. Connell	L/Cpl. Downing	Bdsm. Kryzwyzyn	Bdsm. Yates
Sgt. Crompton	L/Cpl. Havron	Bdsm. McKindland	

R.E.M.E.

W.O.1 Mitchell	Sgt. Seed	Cpl. Prince	Cfn. Doherty
W.O.2 Cummins	Sgt. Underwood	Cpl. Slade	Cfn. Hickman
S/Sgt. Parkinson	Cpl. Armstrong	L/Cpl. Black	Cfn. Minto
Sgt. Armstrong	Cpl. Costello	L/Cpl. Joseph	Cfn. O'Connell
Sgt. Knight	Cpl. Landreth	Cfn. Coupland	Cfn. Pagett
Sgt. Parry	Cpl. McCarroll	Cfn. Cunningham	Cfn. Pallent

A.C.C. TROOP

W.O.2 Wrest	Cpl. Johnson	L/Cpl. Churchill	L/Cpl. Lowe
	L/Cpl. Burrows	L/Cpl. Holmes	Pte. Robertshaw

ROYAL SIGNALS

Cpl. Orr

A.P.T.C.

Sgt. White

"A" SQUADRON

W.O.2 Burgess	L/Cpl. Tait	Tpr. Gleadhill 069	Tpr. Murphy 656
S.Q.M.S. Hatton	L/Cpl. Tyson	Tpr. Gray	Tpr. Myzylowskyj 67
Sgt. Aindow	L/Cpl. Warren	Tpr. Greenwood	Tpr. O'Brien
Sgt. Cornes	L/Cpl. Whitehead	Tpr. Gregory	Tpr. Pagett
Sgt. du Rose	L/Cpl. Wood	Tpr. Grimshaw	Tpr. Pattle
Sgt. Ogden	L/Cpl. Wyper	Tpr. Hanson	Tpr. Pearson
Sgt. Redmond	Tpr. Ashton	Tpr. Hayton	Tpr. Pitt 157
Cpl. Barnes	Tpr. Aspinall	Tpr. Hewitt	Tpr. Pitt 507
Cpl. Batchelder	Tpr. Bamby	Tpr. Highton	Tpr. Platt
Cpl. Beveridge	Tpr. Barber	Tpr. Hill	Tpr. Pae
Cpl. Briggs	Tpr. Bardi	Tpr. Hilton	Tpr. Redhead
Cpl. Cotton	Tpr. Barker	Tpr. Horrocks	Tpr. Reed
Cpl. Crossland	Tpr. Beresford	Tpr. Howard	Tpr. Reynolds
Cpl. Herbert	Tpr. Blake	Tpr. Hughes	Tpr. Rowlett
Cpl. Hutchinson	Tpr. Bowman	Tpr. Hutchinson	Tpr. Smalley
Cpl. Jackson	Tpr. Breslin	Tpr. Hynes	Tpr. Smethurst
Cpl. McGlynn	Tpr. Broe	Tpr. Jones 342	Tpr. Snowdon
Cpl. Metcalfe	Tpr. Brown 493	Tpr. Jones 043	Tpr. Timothy
Cpl. Renshaw	Tpr. Budge	Tpr. Kennedy	Tpr. Tucker
Cpl. Roberts	Tpr. Cain	Tpr. Lawless	Tpr. Tyson
Cpl. Singh	Tpr. Coleman	Tpr. Leach	Tpr. Walsh
L/Cpl. Askins	Tpr. Critchlow	Tpr. Lockwood	Tpr. Watkinson
L/Cpl. Broom	Tpr. Donellan	Tpr. Lowe	Tpr. Webster
L/Cpl. Davey	Tpr. Dryden	Tpr. Mallalieu	Tpr. Wheeler
L/Cpl. Dixon	Tpr. Duffy	Tpr. Mann	Tpr. Whittaker 798
L/Cpl. Hammond	Tpr. Ellison	Tpr. McGahey	Tpr. Whittaker 069
L/Cpl. Harrison	Tpr. Fenton	Tpr. McNulty	Tpr. Whittaker 884
L/Cpl. Loines	Tpr. Fogg	Tpr. Middlehurst	Tpr. Wilde
L/Cpl. Morrow	Tpr. Ford	Tpr. Morris	Tpr. Woodall
L/Cpl. Patterson	Tpr. George	Tpr. Murphy 635	Tpr. Wrench
L/Cpl. Platt	Tpr. Gleadhill 502	Tpr. Murphy 998	Tpr. Wyre

R.E.M.E.

S/Sgt. Lonsdale	Cpl. Beattie	L/Cpl. Gilbert	Cfn. Campbell
Sgt. Armstrong	Cpl. Boyd	L/Cpl. Partridge	Cfn. Campkin
Sgt. Leib	Cpl. Eckett	L/Cpl. Saunders	Cfn. Lock
			Cfn. Sharratt

A.C.C.

Cpl Haigh	L/Cpl. Frampton	L/Cpl. Povey	Pte. Hughes
			Pte. Le Clerq

"B" SQUADRON

W.O.2 Leeming	Cpl. Smith 222	L/Cpl. Tokarz	Tpr. Gregson
S.Q.M.S. Holland	Cpl. Smith 809	L/Cpl. Wilde	Tpr. Haines
G/Sgt. Draper	Cpl. Taberner	L/Cpl. Williams	Tpr. Halliday
G/Sgt. Taylor	Cpl. Travis	Tpr. Bache	Tpr. Hayes 857
Sgt. Schofield	Cpl. Waites	Tpr. Baldwin	Tpr. Hayes 873
Sgt. Smith	Cpl. Wells	Tpr. Black	Tpr. Helgeson
Sgt. Taylor 131	Cpl. Young	Tpr. Bond 213	Tpr. Hobson
Sgt. Taylor 110	L/Cpl. Binns	Tpr. Bond 142	Tpr. Howard
Sgt. Woodcock	L/Cpl. Dukes	Tpr. Bowes	Tpr. Hughes
Sgt. Woodford	L/Cpl. Field	Tpr. Bradbury	Tpr. Jones 788
Cpl. Beavers	L/Cpl. Forrest	Tpr. Burnett	Tpr. Kazimierzak
Cpl. Brown 829	L/Cpl. Foster	Tpr. Burns	Tpr. Lake
Cpl. Duffy	L/Cpl. Gartshore	Tpr. Chilton	Tpr. Lee
Cpl. Gardner	L/Cpl. Jackson	Tpr. Cull	Tpr. Levene
Cpl. Jones 223	L/Cpl. Lomas	Tpr. Dransfield	Tpr. Lloyd
Cpl. Long	L/Cpl. McMullen	Tpr. Filio	Tpr. Lomas
Cpl. McGoldrick	L/Cpl. McQuade	Tpr. France	Tpr. Lupton
Cpl. Parker	L/Cpl. Smith 054	Tpr. Gee 015	Tpr. Mattison
Cpl. Peers	L/Cpl. Swanick	Tpr. Gee 567	Tpr. McCormack

Tpr. McMahon
Tpr. Mitchell
Tpr. Nutter
Tpr. O'Keefe
Tpr. Osborne
Tpr. Patton

Tpr. Pemberton
Tpr. Richards
Tpr. Rigg
Tpr. Roe
Tpr. Rowley
Tpr. Sharples

Tpr. Shuttleworth
Tpr. Sloan
Tpr. Smith 892
Tpr. Spencer
Tpr. Stowell
Tpr. Taylor 860
Tpr. Taylor 714

Tpr. Threlfall
Tpr. Trigg
Tpr. Wheeler
Tpr. Whitelock
Tpr. Whittle
Tpr. Wilkinson 231
Tpr. Wilkinson 002

"C" SQUADRON

S.S.M. Stocker
S.Q.M.S. Kelly
S/Sgt. Boyle
Sgt. Balmer
Sgt. Rushton
Sgt. Thomas
Sgt. Tottman
Sgt. Tunnicliffe
Sgt. Wainwright
Sgt. Wareing
Sgt. Webb, M.M.
Cpl. Brodie
Cpl. Christieson
Cpl. Curtis
Cpl. Elsdon
Cpl. Gregory
Cpl. Kirk

Cpl. Skelly
Cpl. Smith 077
L/Cpl. Ager
L/Cpl. Bamby
L/Cpl. Cullen
L/Cpl. Holden
L/Cpl. Jones 491
L/Cpl. Kendall
L/Cpl. Lengden
L/Cpl. Sykes
L/Cpl. Taylor 105
L/Cpl. Taylor 650
L/Cpl. Todd
L/Cpl. White
L/Cpl. Wilson
Tpr. Abbey
Tpr. Adams

Tpr. Bowman
Tpr. Broadhurst
Tpr. Brown 698
Tpr. Catton
Tpr. Chappell
Tpr. Claxton
Tpr. Coleman
Tpr. Craddock
Tpr. Donbavand
Tpr. Dodson
Tpr. Ellison
Tpr. Garner
Tpr. Hayward
Tpr. Hilton
Tpr. Hunt
Tpr. Jackson
Tpr. Joyce

Tpr. Knowles
Tpr. Lea
Tpr. Leeworthy
Tpr. Livesey
Tpr. Makinson
Tpr. Parkinson
Tpr. Peck
Tpr. Shepherd
Tpr. Sibbit
Tpr. Smith 937
Tpr. Smith 531
Tpr. Stafford
Tpr. Sweeney
Tpr. Taylor
Tpr. Whitehead
Tpr. Wight
Tpr. Winch
Tpr. Winterbotham

Attached from "A" Squadron

L/Cpl. Hansell
L/Cpl. Lowery
Tpr. Birkin
Tpr. Harding
Tpr. Jackson
L/Cpl. Hart (R.E.M.E.)

Attached from "B" Squadron

Tpr. Lee
Tpr. Lythegoe
Tpr. Plant

Stables Troop

Cpl. Addison
Cpl. Blocke
Cpl. Steele
Tpr. Barker
Tpr. Beamont
Tpr. Constantine
Tpr. Hall
Tpr. Morton
Tpr. Turpin

R.E.M.E.

S/Sgt. Rumble, B.E.M.
Sgt. Marsh
Sgt. Martin
Cpl. Langford
L/Cpl. Turton
Cfn. Bassett
Cfn. Boughey
Cfn. Moore

AIR SQUADRON

W.O.2 Cooke
Sgt. Baldwin
Sgt. Eadsforth
Sgt. Gater-Smith
Sgt. Gent
Sgt. Lay

Sgt. Munro
Sgt. Townsend
Sgt. Ward
Sgt. Webster
Cpl. Baker
Cpl. Dyson

Cpl. Farrell
Cpl. Furlong
Cpl. Horsfall
Cpl. Howarth
Cpl. Lucas
L/Cpl. Annis
L/Cpl. Nichols

L/Cpl. Ponting
Tpr. Avis
Tpr. Brown 316
Tpr. Horsfall
Tpr. Salt
Tpr. Simmons
Tpr. Sutherland

H.Q.

Attached Personal (Northern Ireland)

Sgt. Cooper
Sgt. Molloy
Cpl. Holmes
Cpl. Masters
Cpl. Meaney
Cpl. Roadnight

L/Cpl. Calloway
L/Cpl. Holmes
L/Cpl. Winstanley
L/Cpl. Wilson
Tpr. Atkinson
Tpr. Barlow

Tpr. Bishop
Tpr. Bevan
Tpr. Davenport
Tpr. Drummond
Tpr. Henwood
Tpr. Lacey

Tpr. Lunney
Tpr. Laurie
Tpr. Marshall
Tpr. Moors
Tpr. Prescott

R.E.M.E.

S/Sgt. Weeks
Sgt. Dunn
Cpl. Andrew

Cpl. Francis
Cpl. Ryall
Cpl. Walker

L/Cpl. Brown
L/Cpl. Crossley
L/Cpl. Lazenby
L/Cpl. Mann

L/Cpl. Morris
L/Cpl. Scurfield
Cfn. Hodgson
Cfn. Pilkington

A.C.C.

Cpl. Shields
L/Cpl. Heaven
Pte. Billington
Pte. Malcolmson

R.A.P.C.

Sgt. Wynne

Permanently Attached

Pte. Davies, 1 W.S.F.

Soldiers Serving Outside the Regiment

as at December 20, 1973

R.A.C. Training Regiment

Sgt. Washington
Sgt. Gibson
Sgt. Glover
Cpl. Smith 278

D. & M. School

W.O.2 Hughes
S/Sgt. Yankey

Junior Leaders Regiment

Sgt. Eadsforth
Sgt. Plummer
Sgt. Ingham
Sgt. Swales
Cpl. Andrews

D.L.O.Y.

S/Sgt. Lowden
S/Sgt. Standish

R.A.C. Sales Team

Sgt. Brierley
L/Cpl. Harrison

Recruiters

Sgt. Wagstaff (Manchester)
Sgt. McVay (Bolton)
Sgt. Steele (Blackpool)

M.V.E.E.

Cpl. Atkin (Aldershot)
Tpr. Wilson (Aldershot)
Tpr. Sutcliffe (Aldershot)
Tpr. Campbell (Kirkcudbright)

39 A.C.F. Training Team

W.O.2 Jones

Home Headquarters

Mrs. K. M. Kay

63 A.Y.T. Manchester

W.O.2 Howard
Sgt. Elsdon
Cpl. Greenwood
Cpl. Edwards 450
L/Cpl. Mather
L/Cpl. Murphy

Army Air Corps

W.O.2 Young
Cpl. Wild
Cpl. Abbott
L/Cpl. Knight
L/Cpl. Benson
Tpr. Gates
Tpr. Palmer
Tpr. Horsfall 737
Tpr. Lamb
Tpr. Cleal
Tpr. Marshall

Overseas

W.O.2 Sherrington (Hong Kong Regt.)
Sgt. Bingham (7 Armd. Bde. & Sig Sqn.)
Cpl. Higgins (H.Q. 1 Div. & Sig. Regt.)
Cpl. Bryson (11 Armd. Bde. H.Q. & Sig. Sqn.)
Cpl. O'Meara (H.Q. 11 Armd. Bde.)
Cpl. Kelly (O.B.C., Norway)
L/Cpl. Morris (H.Q. Rheindahlen Garrison)

Miscellaneous

W.O.1 Bingham (H.Q. 39 Bde.)
 W.O.2 Douch (Castlemartin)
 W.O.2 Topping (Q.O.Y., Stranraer)
 Sgt. Angel (A.A.C. Harrogate)
 Sgt. Weaver (A.A.C. Harrogate)
 Cpl. Flowers (R.S.C., Sutton Coldfield)
 Cpl. Jose (H.Q. Northern Ireland)
 Cpl. Rodowicz (H.Q. Northern Ireland)
 L/Cpl. Fleming (R.M.A. Sandhurst)
 L/Cpl. Smith 054 (J.L.R., R.A.C.)
 L/Cpl. Parkinson (R.A.C. Para. Sqn.)
 Tpr. McCullough (H.Q. R.A.C., 3 Div.)
 Tpr. Inskip (R.M.C. of Science)
 Tpr. Crawford (Clansman Trials, Blandford)
 Tpr. Pennick (H.Q. R.A.C. Centre)
 Tpr. Polke (R.M.A. Sandhurst)
 Tpr. Bentley (R.A.C. Para. Sqn.)
 Tpr. Steele (R.A.C. Para. Sqn.)
 Tpr. Fleming (R.A.C. Para. Sqn.)
 Tpr. Killen (R.A.C. Para. Sqn.)

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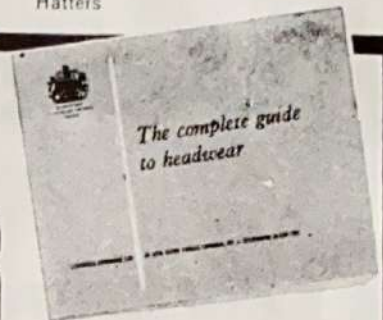
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