

THE HAWK

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



REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

206 Brompton Road,
London, S.W.3

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2nd Bn., 6th Q.E.O. Gurkha Rifles
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The Colonel of the Regiment

Colonel R. J. Stephen, M.B.E., who, in April last year, was re-appointed Colonel for a second tour

Foreword

By Lieut.-Colonel G. A. L. C. Talbot

Since writing the foreword for the last HAWK a very great deal has happened. We have changed our location, taken in sufficient young soldiers to get ourselves over strength and, perhaps the most important, we have converted from an armoured regiment equipped with tanks into an armoured reconnaissance regiment equipped with armoured cars and scout cars. So let me take these points in turn and, first, our change of location.

After having spent just over six months with an armoured brigade in Germany we left Hohne in July, 1962. We had great fun—and a deal of hard work—in handing over to the 11th Hussars (P.A.O.) who relieved us. I think from both Regiments' points of view there is every reason to believe that the hand-over was a success. Nowadays, of course, all moves are done by air and, because most of us were going on leave, those who wanted to, wore civilian clothes. I shall always remember an officer having a short "O" Group before the departure of his bus dressed in a suit and trilby hat! During our two months in England the Regiment was "stationed" at Tidworth. There we received a number of recruits from Catterick but apart from them and the small nucleus of permanent staff we had to maintain there to keep the place open and plan our onward air move to Libya, the remainder of the Regiment saw little of our Barracks which, I am told, was called Bhurtpore Barracks. We then embarked on the somewhat tricky operation of collecting the Regiment together by aircraft loads and sending them out to Benghazi and Tripoli. However, everyone played their part nobly and, as far as I know, everything went reasonably smoothly. I would especially mention the complete Orderly Room and both Quartermasters' Staffs who worked very hard to make sure there were no hitches. That they succeeded is a measure of the success of their efforts. And so, here we are again in sunny Libya with "B" Squadron in Tripoli for the moment, and the rest of us in Benghazi, having returned only seven years after leaving Sabratha in 1955. But please don't run away

with the idea that it is always sunny and warm here. We have had a good deal of rain this winter and some high and cold winds. Benghazi itself is smaller than Tripoli and its amenities are less. Wavell Barracks where R.H.Q. "H.Q." Squadron, "A" and "C" Squadrons live, is basically composed of Twynham Huts which are not too bad. The site of the Barracks is a strip of desert some six miles out of Benghazi. There is very little growing there in the way of flowers and trees and so we have launched a plan to brighten the place up. The snag is that to plant a tree a hole of 1 cubic yard has to be dug and, because of the rocky ground, we have to use pneumatic drills—so it's quite a job. Anyway, those concerned are working valiantly and before long I hope the Barracks will look a bit more cheerful. A new cinema has just been opened in the Barracks, the N.A.A.F.I. canteen is being drastically altered, the cookhouse is also being extensively changed and some huge hangers are being built to house our "A" and "B" vehicles. Things, at this very minute, are therefore rather uncomfortable but in a few months time all the rebuilding should be finished and we will then get quite straight.

"B" Squadron are well dug in in Tripoli. They live in Medenine Barracks with the Infantry Battalion—at present the Royal Scots but soon to be the Green Howards. There is no need to describe Tripoli—it is much the same as when we were last there. The Barracks are Italian built and quite pleasant to the eye. However, in spite of this, the Squadron and Barrack Room accommodation is not so good as the Benghazi Twynhams—but Tripoli has other compensations. There is plenty of sport in both places; the water sports—including underwater fishing, sailing and water ski-ing—being outstanding in the summer. Otherwise football, rugby, hockey, polo and riding are the main sports we go for.

Now, my second point: Recruiting. I see that in the Foreword of the 1962 HAWK, I said: "... let us hope that 1962 will see us reach our target figure of 535." In fact our

cap badge strength on December 31, 1962, was 556, and so we are now over strength. I think it will be of interest that in 1962, according to official figures the Regiment took in 181 recruits. This exceeds any other Cavalry and Royal Tank Regiment. Further, the average intelligence of those who came to the Regiment is above the average for the Royal Armoured Corps, which, in itself, is above the average for the Army as a whole. That's what comes of recruiting in Lancashire! Seriously, I must pay tribute to our recruiting team at home and to our two special recruiters in Manchester and Preston. I also want to thank those other Army Information offices who look after our interests and who have produced soldiers for us. Finally, as a result of our recruiting figures I have now been told that between January 1, 1963, and March 31, 1964, I may only take in 15 recruits i.e. one per month. The War Office have even suggested we should form a Waiting List!

And, finally, our new role. As I say, we are now an Armoured Reconnaissance Regiment. The difference between our

organisation and that of an Armoured Car Regiment is that whereas the latter has three sabre squadrons of armoured cars, we have two armoured car squadrons and one air-portable squadron, at present "C" Squadron, consisting of Ferret scout cars backed by a Land Rover echelon. And so we have now changed to our fourth—and best—role in under two years. "C" Squadron has already flown down from Benghazi to El Adem (Tobruk) on an air-portable exercise and all three squadrons have been making full use of their new found freedom by pushing off on exercises into the desert.

By the time this is published we will have finished our individual training cadres and our Squadron gunnery camps. We will have just about completed our vehicle and equipment inspections and will again be ready to go off on exercises. We intend to troop our Guidon in Benghazi on the Queen's Birthday, and "B" Squadron will be taking part in the Tripoli parade. Thereafter comes the hot weather and, apart from various exercises at the end of the year, planning doesn't go much beyond that.

REGIMENTAL DISPLAY—MANCHESTER



Part of Display with Left, Tpr. Everett and Right, Sgt. Barber. Absent: Tpr. Taylor on course

Headquarter Squadron

The Squadron has had a very busy year. There was the preparation for handover to the 11th Hussars, the move to England, then on to Benghazi, and finally, the reorganisation of the Squadron to deal with our new role of an Armoured Recce Regiment.

February and March of 1962 saw us at Soltau on a "Cold Comforts Exercise" where various members of the Squadron, led by Major Goodhart, were seen chewing iced Carlsburg lollies. S.S.M. Cundy was actually seen getting dressed to go to bed and using a cap comforter as a nightcap—very chic! During this time, Mr. Boulter, S.Q.M.S. Sharrock and Sgt. (now S.Q.M.S.) Taylor organised rallies for M.T. Troop which resulted in many of us wondering if our rations and petrol would ever arrive.

Captain Park took over from Major Goodhart in late March and was immediately precipitated into a Border Patrol, ably helped by Sgt. "Sparks" Marshall. We gather that many strong friendships were made in a particular pub on the border!

We then prepared for the handover to the 11th Hussars which resulted in much paint being splashed about, to the consternation of the Squadron Leader, S.S.M. and S.Q.M.S. However, it proved to be a great success and the 11th Hussars were delighted with the handover.

On returning to England the Squadron went on mass leave and the Advance party arrived in Benghazi on September 4. They found a wide expanse of desolation. However, trees are now sprouting in all directions and in ten years time we should have quite an orchard of orange trees outside the Squadron Office—thanks to Tpr. Wilkins!

Intercom Troop have been out into the desert many times with Mr. Chappell, who has aspirations to becoming a second Rommel! Some of M.T. Troop have also been out, with a few spending more time in the desert than they really wanted. Tpr. Mellor is now a great authority on desert navigation. Swimming played a great part in the Squadron activities until December, but, at the time of going to press, it is too chilly to swim. However, we look forward to March when we can resume our activities, including water ski-ing and aqua lung diving, on which Cpl. Bingham will gladly expound at any time.

In the other fields of sport we acquitted ourselves quite well. We came second in the D'Arcy Hall competition by $1\frac{1}{2}$ points behind "C" Squadron. Our .22 shooting team, led by the Regimental Bank Manager, assisted by S.Q.M.S. Cundy (not wearing his cap comforter this time) and S.Q.M.S. Sharrock, won the competition. We also won the football competition and the team



Vehicle park, Benghazi, and L.A.D. shelters

HEADQUARTER SQUADRON

L/Cpl. Payne (Royal Signals) winning the 100 metres at Regimental Sports, Hohne



Sgt. Campbell tinkering with an old-fashioned wireless set

played extremely well under Cpl. Green—helped by L/Cpl. Welch, L/Cpl. Burnip, Tprs. Ashton and Farrell. We came second in cross-country, cricket, athletics and hockey competitions.

This year we are in the throes of an area football league and an area hockey league. The hockey team are worth a mention here as so far they have played six matches and won six. A very fine record, and all credit goes to Mr. Vale who has instilled strong, or rather great, spirit into the team.

S/Sgt. Escott and Cfn. Hines have been the mainstays of the team, ably assisted by Captains Park and de Beaujeu, Major Wreford and W.O.2 Exley. The following have also represented the Squadron during the season: Cpls. Green, Weaver, Dowdeswell, Bingham, Barnshaw; Tprs. Huggins, Whitehead and Ratcliffe; Captain Grant, Cfn. Wheeler and Cfn. Clough. The football team has not done so well and stands in fifth place in the league.

During 1962 we lost the following: Major Goodheart to "B" Squadron; Captain Moore to Kenya; S.Q.M.S. Taylor to "B" Squadron (he has just returned as S.Q.M.S.); Sgt. Harris to "A" Squadron; the Chief Clerk Mr. Justin, and R.S.M. Sheen to a commission. Captain Park has joined us and Mr. Vale is now Tech. Q.M. Others joining are, S.Q.M.S. Baker from Bovington, Sgt. Marshall (805), and Sgt. Rumble (R.E.M.E.) from "C" Squadron. We also lost our last National Servicemen, who all transferred to the 11th Hussars before we left Hohne.

S/Sgt. Mace (A.C.C.), joined us at Hohne and has got stuck into our cookhouse here and made it a little more comfortable than it was before. We now have only Regimental cooks, with five A.C.C. members. The cooks are taking part in various sporting activities: Tpr. Hughes running a basketball team and shortly going on a ski-ing course in Cyprus; Tpr. O'Malley entering the area novices boxing competition, and L/Cpl. Hitchen working hard as the Squadron Goalkeeper.

In the Signal Department there have also been changes of people. S/Sgt. Timson, Sgmn. Horton and Sgmn. Richardson joined us just before we left Germany. They, and Cpl. Bone, our technician, are in Benghazi. L/Cpl. Payne and Sgmn. Dine are with "B" Squadron in Tripoli.

Sgt. Campbell still blows into his "mike" before operating on the air and Sgt. Marshall who has been a Signal (sorry Radio) specialist for many years, has left for the menial task of Troop Sergeant in "A" Squadron. Before leaving, he carried out, almost single handed, the change over to the new wireless sets.

Since his course at Bovington, Captain de Beaujeu has been going into ecstasies on the merits of "Wet String" as a skywave aerial when he can get anyone to listen.

Signal cadres are now in full swing. We hope soon to get out to find the remains of the great 8th Army battles. We also hope, to link up with Germany and Bovington on a Skywave exercise.



The L.A.D. recovering the bogged aircraft (see L.A.D. notes)

L.A.D. (R.E.M.E.)

The change of role of the Regiment has been accompanied by marked changes in the L.A.D., and R.E.M.E. Records have been kept very busy posting tradesmen in and out. Since the total numerical strength, even including the North African increment of 15, is now a dozen less than it was in Hohne, we obviously lost on the deal. Many hard-working members have left us including A.Q.M.S. Hamblen, who after much time and effort finally managed to get on a conversion course at the A.A.C.C. But the new team is shaping very well in the short time it has been formed.

We started life in the great outdoors at the beginning of February for a short but some what cold spell on exercise "Winter Trot". It was the last exercise for Captain Fettis before he departed to the warmth and comfort of a workshop and a rather rude awakening for Captain Grant who had just come from one. This exercise will long be remembered by Cpl. Smith who put his new toy, a Conqueror A.R.V., to very good use and maybe remembered by "A" Squadron who were at the receiving end of this assistance.

In March, we were all on Soltau for troop training and almost the only thing that can be said about this episode was that it was very cold. Mr. "Sticks" Rush joined the crew of the big pull and did some very good work and also gained some useful experience.

In April, part of the L.A.D. went on Exercise "Ground Zero"; a paper exercise in the hilly Paderborn area which provided a pleasant change of scenery after the rather flat countryside around Hohne. Part of this exercise was to ask for forward repair for imaginary casualties located in the most unlikely places; either at the top of a bare hill or in the middle of a wood. The reason for this was apparently to ensure that wireless contact was possible. But it is doubtful if any Squadron Leader, even in his wildest dreams, would have adopted some of them.

The last thing before the handover was the C.I.V. and in the weeks just prior to this the tank park was a hive of activity. All went fairly well except that a certain champ was put off the road by the inspecting team, much to the dismay of both the E.M.E. and his driver, Cpl. Bennett. In July, the buildings, tools



L.A.D. Exercise (Tripoli)
S/Sgt. Plumb on target

and vehicles were handed over to our successors in Hohne and a period of leave varying in length was enjoyed by all.

The nerve centre took up residence in North Africa at the beginning of September in the tin shack shown in the centre of our photograph. On the left of this rather smart office, built, incidentally, by the L.A.D. of the 2 R.T.R., is one of the four Aldershot shelters which are used as the repair bays. It is hoped that this will not be for very much longer as the new hangars are almost finished. We are all keeping our fingers crossed that no last minute snags delay things any further.

Nothing unusual has occurred since we have been here, with the exception of a rather large recovery task. A "Comet" succeeded in getting itself bogged at the local airport and we, in conjunction with Station Workshops, recovered it. Sgt. Rumble who was in charge of this unique recovery task took some photographs during the operation and one of these appears in this journal.

The Band

After the general winding up process in Hohne, the band left B.A.O.R. at the end of May 1962 to take part in the Regimental Recruiting Drive in Lancashire. Despite some typical Lancashire weather, and, one or two noisy locations, we managed to make ourselves heard and to attract quite a few "customers." At Rochdale, in particular, we performed with such enthusiasm, that an urgent request was made by the magistrate conducting the local assizes, that we take a rest. That honoured person could not hear the evidence given, due to the strains of a Sousa march which were drifting through his courtroom window.

It was whilst we were in Lancashire that our first major change took place. Mr. Mott the Bandmaster, decided that his talents would be better employed along literary channels, and retired from the service to enter the publishing business. We managed to find time to accord Mr. Mott a real "Hussar" farewell, much to his delight and to the consternation of several Manchester publicans. Fortunately, we were never without a musical helmsman, as Mr. Thomas,

our new Bandmaster, arrived prior to Mr. Mott's departure, and for a short period we were virtually "a ship with two captains."

The end of September saw us involved in a frenzy of packing our instruments in readiness for our second major change: the move to North Africa, and a general dispersal in various directions for a short leave.

In the short time we have been here in Benghazi, we have performed on numerous occasions, and made a lot of friends. The weeks prior to Christmas saw the band once again filling the role of "pit orchestra" for the Area pantomime; a production which was quite a success. The Bandmaster managed to expend a lot of time and electricity on the musical arrangements; a fact verified by his monthly electricity bill for December, which resembled Charles Clore's expense account.

The dance band has been in great demand since our arrival, and continues to give a very good account of itself. We look forward to many more performances in Cyrenaica in the future, and, who knows, maybe a nice cruise or two?

Sergeants' Mess

Our goodbye to Hohne took the form of a cocktail party from 7 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. but 11 p.m. saw most of our guests still there; a sign that people were enjoying themselves. We are pretty sure that they will remember the party for a long time.

With the Mess property and silver packed and shipped we moved to Tidworth and opened a temporary Mess for those few members on duty there. Needless to say, life in Tidworth was very quiet and we were pleased when we boarded the aircraft for Libya.

Our arrival in Benghazi left us about seven weeks to get ready for Ramnuggur but we did fit in a Sunday lunch-time band concert in the Mess and, as in Sabratha days, it was much enjoyed.

Our Ramnuggur Ball was held on November 24, and was a resounding success due to the enormous amount of hard work by the P.M.C. and his committee plus a goodly number of volunteers. The British Consul-General honoured us by attending and Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. L. Tayleur and Mrs.

Tayleur flew up from Aden to be with us. Our "Old Tyme" dancing session proved to be one of the high spots of the evening, but the biggest surprise of all came at the end. As many of you know, it is our custom to serve breakfast when the ball is over and this usually means any number up to about 30 or 40. This time we served a total of about 115 breakfasts which we think is the record so far; luckily we had enough supplies in stock.

We rounded off the year with a grand Christmas draw which was attended by the officers, and finally a somewhat quieter but still enjoyable, New Year's Eve Ball which was mainly a "family" affair.

We look forward to 1963 with heads full of ideas for improving the Mess. Some work has already begun, and by midsummer, things should be ship-shape.

Finally, we welcome our new Bandmaster, Mr. Thomas, and reluctantly say goodbye to Mr. Justin who has been posted to Catterick after a long and pleasant term as Chief Clerk.

“A” Squadron

It was very cold at the beginning of 1962. So cold that even brass monkeys were dropping clangers. So cold that someone decided that it was just the weather for a weekend exercise on the ranges. They called it “Winter Trot” and on it we learnt that a 105 mm. gun can fire an empty beer can 100 yards and that it is a very cold job putting tracks back on Squadron Leaders’ tanks.

Nevertheless, the exercise was deemed to have been a success and so there was no excuse for postponing troop training until the weather improved. March, therefore, found us once more in the eternal triangle of Diemern, Bispingen, Sneverdingen. It continued to freeze and everybody tried to think of ways of stopping themselves freezing. The Squadron Leader and Tpr. Metcalf hit on the best method; they set fire to their tank, and very warm it was too. No. 3 Troop tried to follow their example but the Conquerors just didn’t seem to burn so well. We had some very exciting troop battles amongst the familiar undulations of Areas 2 and 3 and some memorable night marches. The London Paladium should try presenting tanks on ice as their winter attraction.

On return to barracks, we started the painstaking task of preparing for C.I.V. and also for the handover to the 11th Hussars. Tanks were pulled to bits, cleaned, painted and put together again. Major Harris finally became bored with this and left us for Manchester and the Yeomen. Everyone was sorry to see him go. He had been looking forward very much to taking the Squadron out to Libya.

Captain Pemberton arrived from England to continue the good work and celebrated his return by appearing in the tank park in denims which were “somewhat on the large size.” To break up the monotony of preparations, initiative tests were run to distant parts of Germany, although Tpr. McGee decided to make his an international effort.

C.I.V. and handover came and went. The excellent results we got on the former and the praise and sincere thanks on the latter, give only some indication of the hard work everyone had done during preceding months.

So the Squadron left Germany at the end of July, and headed by various means for the beer, crumpet, and the other attractions of England. At the beginning of September,

Captain Whittington, the S.Q.M.S. and about 20 men set off in the advance party to Benghazi. At the same time a very high-powered group assembled at Ashton-under-Lyne to form part of the Regimental K.A.P.E. team. This was fun. Sgt. Colborne, who is not a great lover of Lancashire, found a Lancastrian who told him that we were the smartest soldiers he had ever seen, and bought him a drink on the strength of it. Sgt. Colborne’s opinion of the county moved up one. Tpr. Eadsforth ran a most efficient round-Manchester taxi service in his Saracen, although we are more likely to see his recruits in the W.R.A.C. than the Regiment. L/Cpl. Hatzer and Tpr. Leeming featured in the Bolton *Evening News*, and everyone spent long days lifting children on and off armoured cars and listening to accounts of the first time tanks went into action.

By October most of the Squadron had re-assembled at Tidworth and flown out to Benghazi. We found a few dusty armoured cars standing in a bit of desert. We were soon climbing over them trying to find out how they worked, which in some cases was hard, as they didn’t.

Desert training began with troop exercises to Tolemaide and Appolonia where Mr. Cornish and Cpl. Kirkham found some



Tpr. Benns mounted ready for action but Cpl. Staitte prefers mechanical vehicles

rocks and were therefore happy. Mr. Roddam took 2nd Troop to an oil well, where Tpr. Bostock being well lubricated, made a verbal take-over bid for the Regiment.

Enjoyable as these outings were, they gave nobody any real taste of the desert. This came in late November when the Squadron moved out to El Charruba for troop training. This presented a considerable challenge as we had new vehicles, new tactics, new country and many new men. We made our little mistakes, had our little triumphs, learnt our lessons, became reasonably proficient and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

We navigated by the sun during the day and by the stars at night. Troops managed to find their way to night leaguers reasonably well, but there was one night when everyone waited a long time for the Squadron Leader to arrive. Several hours and several Verey lights later he appeared, not actually lost, but a little unsure of where he was.

Throughout this period Sgt. Preece's wireless was not working well which was very pleasant for everyone else. Tpr. Fine became too ambitious, took on too big a wadi, and turned his Ferret over; while in the absence of Mr. Gordon, Captain Whittington commanded 3rd Troop. He obviously considered himself rather an old hand at this, so presumably to make everything fair, he spent his time motoring around on five wheels. As time went on Sgt. East became bored with being a Troop Sergeant, so took most of the troop off on their own. Unfortunately he forgot where he was going, so Mr. Cornish and Tpr. Crossley had to spend the next day looking for them, but without success. Later the whole Squadron joined us in the search, and, after three days, found them sitting on top of a hill drinking raidator water.

When all had re-assembled, the Squadron did a rapid advance on Fort Msus, swung right, and so back to Benghazi. There we found things a bit unsettled and so had to stay ready for any emergencies.

All this came to an end without anything exciting actually happening, and people began thinking of Christmas. We "took over" the backstage arrangements for the Area Pantomime where Mr. Roddam, Mr. Cornish, Tprs. Wooley, Hetherington and Cfn. Payne worked very hard putting things to rights. Christmas came and floated by. After it had gone, but rather before the hang-over had, we found ourselves on yet another "flap"; this time to Benina, to show the Area

Commander what we looked like. Everyone moved remarkably well, but none so well as a certain Field Dressing which preceded the Inspecting Officer round the Squadron.

When at last everyone was satisfied, we returned to camp and settled down to the annual upgrading cadres, and at the time of writing we are preparing to go on the ranges.

On the sporting side, our efforts have met with some but not total success. L/Cpl. Mason has done excellent work with the football teams, and should make a good Secretary-General to the United Nations one day. Hockey started well with us winning the Area six-a-side competition, but the full team have not quite lived up to the lead. After having been runners-up in the boxing last year we are hoping for even better results this time.

Since arriving in Libya, the Squadron has had a string of recruits, but amongst them there have been one or two old faces. We are very pleased to welcome Sgts. Marshall and Harris back to the fold, and also Sgt. Holland on joining us from Tripoli. S.S.M. Hurd has just left for Bolton and his place has been taken by S.S.M. Sharrock. We were sorry to say goodbye to Sgt. Booth (R.E.M.E.) when we left Germany. He had been with the Squadron at Detmold and Hohne, and it is a pity he could not have added Benghazi to the list. Mr. Keith has just joined and has been lucky enough to take over 1st Troop as the present "Sunray 11," who is unable to take the bullying of his crew any longer, is leaving to try his luck as a pilot at Middle Wallop.

At the moment, the Squadron, in common with all in Benghazi, is deep in mud. But by next summer we hope to be out again in the desert showing Rommel's ghost how it ought to be done.

The Hawk

'The Hawk' is published once a year and comes out in April.

Contributions, including photographs, are always welcome, particularly from Old Comrades and members of the Regiment extra-regimentally employed. Copy and photographs should reach the Editor by 15th January.



2nd Troop having a discussion about the price of eggs. (Left to right) Tpr. Bewley, Mr. Holderness-Roddam, Sgt. Colborne (voluble), the Donkey (all ears), the Arab (protesting), Tpr. Bostock, Cpl. Thompson



"A" Squadron Football Team

Back row (left to right): L/Cpl. Mason, Cpl. Lowden, Tprs. Leeming, Platt, Mathews, Morris
 Front row: Tprs. Kelly, Tomlinson, Brocklehurst, Field, L/Cpl. Palethorpe



"A" Squadron Assault Troop
Standing: Tprs. Lucas, Birch, Bancks, Mathews, Taylor, Cpl. Smith
Sitting: Tprs. Faulkner, Platt, Price, Cpl. Gibson, Tpr. Field



4th Troop at "Dingo"
Tprs. Bennis, George, Pitts and Bell, L/Cpl. Dewhurst, Tpr. Freer, Cpl. Staite, Sgts. Preece and Letts

Tripoli Ten Years Later

I first arrived in Tripoli in September, 1952, and remained there for nearly two years. Ten years later I find myself back in Tripoli having arrived in August, 1962. I think that some of my impressions would be of interest to readers of *THE HAWK*.

Tripoli as a town is very largely unchanged. There are, however, many improvements that have taken place in the last ten years. There are now a lot of traffic lights in the town and a number of one-way streets which were unknown ten years ago. There are many more cars and these are beginning to create quite a parking problem.

What most strikes one when walking around the town is that the streets and gutters are very much cleaner and one is now able to sit at the pavement cafes without the constant pestering of small Arab boys who wish to sell you everything from carpets to a pair of scissors. This has been largely brought about by the introduction of a Hawking Licence which costs about £30. The penalty for hawking without a licence is three months in the local jail.

The Garry is fast disappearing and is being replaced by the modern taxi, but where the change is most noticeable is the new suburb of

Giorgimpopili. This has sprung up on the other side of the North West Road opposite the Old Beach Club. This is a magnificent new Villa asset mainly designed for the oil executives.

There are still all the old cafes such as the La Lanterna, Romonais and the Pierre de Mon Taisi. Julien has unfortunately left the Tois Chefts.

The Officers' Club has now left the Bath Club which has now been taken over by the Libyan Police Officers' Club, and a new British Officer's Club had been built on the beach close to the old Beach Club.

This new club, known as Piccola Capri, produces excellent facilities and is right on the sea front; one-half catering for the officers and the other half for other ranks.

Both the author and S.Q.M.S. Tasker have visited Sabratha but unfortunately, both have failed to be allowed into our old camp. What they did see from the gate was a sad and dismal sight.

The dome on the King's Palace, and the ruins at Sabratha and Leptis Magna, are still as lovely as we all remember them.

M.H.G.

"B" Squadron

Germany vanished in a flurry of polish, paint and perspiration as the Squadron went smoothly through successive stages of C.I.V., handover and departure. Some people went to Tidworth; a lot of people went on leave, but at the end of September the Squadron regrouped at Tripoli to face its new role of an Independent Armoured Recce Squadron.

We had heard many things about Tripoli, some were right, others wrong, but whatever individual impressions might have been the Squadron has settled down to the task in hand.

"B" Squadron are enjoying Tripoli; for, even though it may fall short of the fairytale paradise which certain people in Benghazi apparently imagine it to be, there is plenty to do, provided people are prepared to look for it.

There are various clubs and activities running smoothly, including Squadron tom-bola every Thursday night which is run by Sgt. Hughes and Cpl. Medhurst. Dancing classes and judo classes are in full swing, and some people even attend both, which is rather a charming thought. The Batchelors' Club holds its fortnightly meetings under the chairmanship of Tpr. Holland, to propagate bachelorhood. It is rumoured that Captain Tubbs will NOT be applying for membership.

The Squadron beer bar had its grand opening night in December, and continues to do well. This bar was built entirely by Squadron self help, the chief architects being Sgts. Hughes and Wallace, with their able assistants, Messrs. Thompson, Tunncliffe and Heard.



Major Goodhart Demonstrates the Sun Compass to 6th Troop
(Left to right) Tpr. Moors, Sgt. Taylor, the Major, L/Cpl. Darbyshire, Tpr. Mullaney, Cpl. Long



Grand Opening of "B" Squadron Beer Bar
(Left to right—standing) Tpr. Ingham, visitor, Cfn. Tromans, Tpr. Nelson, visitor
(Sitting) Tprs. Bennett, Meyhew, Crossland, Hernon, Pomfret

On the field of sport the Squadron has been doing well. In the Tripolitania Area Football League the Squadron is in fourth position, and is also through to the quarter-final of the Area Knock-out Cup. A number of friendly matches have been played against local Italian and Arab sides. In these matches the Squadron has been able to call on the services of Billy Elliot, the former Burnley, Sunderland and England forward, and Arthur Fitzsimmons, former Middlesbrough and Ireland player. Members of the Regiment who were previously in North Africa will no doubt remember our third international player—Mafud Turki of Ittihad and Libya. With these three coaching and playing with the Squadron team the standard of football within the Squadron has vastly improved. It is believed that "B" Squadron can now boast of being the only Squadron in the Regiment to have three international footballers playing for it at any one time.

On the refereeing side, Sgt. Douch has been elected secretary of the Tripolitania Referees' Committee by the Army F.A. Tpr. Holland, in spite of language difficulties, has been refereeing local league matches.

Table tennis is played regularly in a local league; the organisation of the team being mostly carried out by Tpr. Williams. Our greatest win so far has been over the Americans at Wheelus Base. Basketball is controlled by Cpl. Passam, who managed to get his team through to the semi-final of the Area Cup, only to be beaten by a very strong R.A.F. Idris side.

The Squadron hockey team has played friendly matches in addition to its league commitments, and has, so far, managed to beat all the teams in the area. Outstanding hockey players are Mr. Lang, Cpl. Kerr and L/Cpl. Hatton.

Two of the Squadron rugby players, Tpr. McKenzie and Cfn. Walker, are on the short list for the Area side to tour Malta. Though there are not sufficient players to field a Squadron team, we have been combining with 219 Signal Squadron to make a team, and to date they are unbeaten.

Polo is played regularly by officers of the Squadron. The Squadron would have taken on the Regimental side with confidence, but are now a little worried with the return to the Regiment of Major Palmer.

The Squadron dance, which was held at the Piccola Capri in January, was generally considered to be the most successful unit dance held in Tripoli for some time; this being largely due to the hard work put in by S.S.M. Jones, S.Q.M.S. Tasker and Cpl. Morley.

We have also done some military training. During the autumn we had an exercise with the Royal Marines, in the Zlieten area. Squadron H.Q. had an interesting time keeping in wireless touch with H.M.S. *Albion*, H.M.S. *Surprise* and also marines on land. After getting over the difficulties of "combined" wireless procedure the communications worked well. Captain Tubbs enjoyed himself using the helicopter of the Flag Officer Flying Training who operated from one of "B" Squadron's saracens.

Before Christmas the Squadron was again operating in the same area. Some people had difficulty both in finding north and in getting back to camp. After Christmas the Squadron was out again trying to find a "phantom coach." It is thought that this was either a nocturnal mirage or wishful thinking on the part of Mr. Hodson, that he had found the night harbour.



Tpr. Street in action



" B " Squadron Football Team

**(Left to right—back row) Tpr. Spencer, Cpl. Medhurst, Tpr. Angel, Cpl. Passam, Tpr. Knowles, L/Cpl. Tunncliffe, Cfn. Dunn
(Front row) Sgt. Morris, Cpl. Kendall, Mr. A. Fitzsimmons, Mafud Turki, Tpr. Crossland**

A Latin Occasion

BY TPR. M. HOLLAND, "B" SQUADRON

I was sitting behind my desk minding my own business, when Sgt. Douch informed me of my latest refereeing fixture. He had nominated me for a local Italian League match.

Sgt. Douch of course, taking his usual interest in football, had been selected as Hon. Sec. to the local Army F.A. Sub-Committee, only a matter of days after arriving in Tripoli (I never could understand that chap's limitless capacity) so, thinking that at last his interest had gone a bit too far, I set forth on a mission that will long be remembered by myself and any respectable English fan who saw the match.

I was highly elated at being the first referee in this area to officiate in the Italian League, and wasn't at all bothered by the fact that I did not know who was playing who. That is to say, I wasn't bothered until, on arrival at the ground, I found to my horror that the teams lay first and second in the league table and that they were similarly related as one might say Everton and Liverpool.

I managed to start the match (ten minutes late) and the first sign of the hostile, Latin-blooded, temperamental Italian became evident about 20 seconds later, when the inside left's advance into his opponents' penalty area was rudely interrupted by an oncoming defender's foot.

Of course, being extremely conscientious in my capacity as referee, I did the right thing and awarded a penalty. Five minutes later, as I was still pushing the three or four hundred crowd from the pitch, I had my doubts. With my prestige reduced, I persevered and tried again.

Half-time came. I willingly let ten minutes slip by instead of the regulation five. After re-starting the game I had to award a free kick for a very noticeable deliberate foul and was busy with my notebook and pencil taking the offender's name. (Language difficulties had been overcome by both teams presenting me with a team sheet prior to the start of the game.) Needless to say, the numbers on the team sheet did not correspond with the numbers on the player's jerseys. This, I did not know until this fateful moment when I had to wade through reams of paper. Fool though I was, I was told by the impatient offender I

was looking on the wrong team sheet!

Meanwhile, in the middle of this zoo-like performance, I had been approached by an irate Italian gentleman, who, I can assure you, was not overflowing with goodwill, and who told me that I was a very bad referee (plus many more things in Italian.) Thanking him for his compliments, I returned him abruptly to his side of the thin white line and re-started the match.

So it went on, each side seeing who could trip up their opponents the most times.

Every free kick I awarded was direct except for one, and this very simple, poor little indirect free kick nearly resulted in a riot. I pointed to the spot just outside the six yards area and placed the ball with meticulous care. Immediately, pandemonium broke loose among the spectators and they all, for a reason known only to themselves, rushed on to the pitch. Half of them were booing, jeering and sneering at me while the remaining half, clapped and patted me on the back; the sort of thing that a perfectly normal English fan wouldn't dream of doing.

I was beginning to enjoy this now and with a calm manner cleared the pitch once again.

Mentally I calculated the extra time that would have to be played and added on the utterly ridiculous total of ten minutes.

The end of the match was drawing near and I was already thinking of the best possible escape route to take. So absorbed was I with my own safety that I completely missed one of those inevitable "trips." This bought more jeers from one half of the crowd, but these I haughtily ignored.

Time was up, and I blew the final whistle and wondered what to do next. Should I run? "No," I thought, there are more of them than me, and they would soon cut me off from my transport.

I stood rooted to the spot, until a kindly old gent came up to me and said in broken English, "The crowd they lika you, if no lika da referee-ee, throw stones and . . ."

I swallowed or smiled, I can't remember which: I think it must have been both at the time. I followed him from the ground, feeling pleased, that I, the "Primma Donna" of soccer had managed to uphold the name of English refereeing in the eyes of the Italians.



"Now this is how I want it done"
(Left to right) Cpl. Long, Sgt. Taylor, Major Goodhart



"B" Squadron Table Tennis Team v. R.A.F. Idris
(Front row—left to right) Trprs. Hernon, Williams, L/Cpl. Hatton Trprs. Street, Knowles, Furlong

"C" Squadron

Spring training included the usual exercises in the Hohne-Soltau area. Of these, the most memorable was our two weeks of "Arctic" training in March when our eggs froze, and our tank tracks were found to be frozen to the ground when we braved the icy blasts in the early morning.

A marquee or tent is not the best place to live under these conditions—unless you happen to run the Squadron canteen. For Cpl. Scott was warm throughout the training period, hibernating in his cosy restaurant—surrounded by stores, beer and groceries. Once settled there, he didn't appear again in public—except to collect his pay—until the day when, much to his regret, the camp was struck.

On our return to our luxurious and well-heated barracks we acted as hosts to a party of A.C.F. Cadets who were introduced to some of the mysteries of armoured warfare, and to some of the more respectable sights in Hamburg. Mr. Chappel, assisted by Sgt. Jones, acted as their guide and mentor and in spite of nearly writing off their officer, succeeded in giving them an interesting time.

We went to a great deal of trouble over preparing our vehicles for the annual inspection, particularly so, since the 11th Hussars were to take them over from us. During this period, all that could be seen of the Squadron Leader was his boots—sticking up in the air as he explored, with vigilant eye, the insides of our vehicles, assisted by S/Sgt. Ottoway and his team of experts.

The Squadron was rewarded with a good report, and the 11th Hussars were delighted both with the vehicles and with the gleaming barrack blocks—also the result of much labour.

Since becoming an Air-Portable Squadron in Benghazi, equipped with Ferrets and landrovers, we have had some interesting exercises. The first one lasted for seven days. Mr. Patrick and his troop got lost. L/Cpl. Amor and Tpr. Foxcroft in their broken-down Ferret caused some anxiety when they couldn't be found. However, the S.Q.M.S. and his flying supply column sorted out both in the end, and S/Sgt. Ottoway and his men

were in their element rescuing "lame ducks" and getting them back to barracks.

All our readers who have served in the Middle East, and others who know the desert, will be interested to know that it is still miles and miles of f-f-fairly flat sand.

In December, Captain Eyre joined us from 4th R.H.A. Mr. Hope, Sgt. Jones and 1st Troop, together with Cpls. Amor and Stark, went to Cyprus in an L.S.T. to do an exercise with Sandhurst Cadets. Later, the Squadron less 1st Troop went by air to El Adem and back by land to Benghazi—a distance of about 350 miles.

There is a great deal of work involved in moving vehicles by air and the paper work, handled by Tprs. Keegan-Boyd and Gregson, is considerable.

The move to El Adem was spread over three days. The aircraft were a Beverley and a Hastings. Sgt. Rumble—on loan from "H.Q." Squadron—and L/Cpl. Birtley, guided and drove the landrovers and trailers on to the Hastings and S/Sgt. Ottoway and his team then lashed them down. Mr. Harman and the S.S.M. loaded the Ferrets on to the Beverley. At the end of three days loading in the pouring rain—the loading teams had become quite efficient. Each aircraft did two flights a day. It was of interest that neither "the rabbit" or "the pelican" were put in quarantine when they reached El Adem.

The route back to Benghazi was along the coast road, through Derna. Near Barce we headed south to Fort Msus—not quite our idea of what a fort should be. Through Antelat—one white house on the top of a hill—then on to the Benghazi-Tripoli road 80 miles south of Benghazi, and so back to camp.

During the journey there was a good deal of speculation about the exact location of a well named Be'da Fomm. Many were the bearings taken, sun compasses set and distances carefully measured. In the end, the S.Q.M.S. dragged an Arab from the bosom of his bints so that he could show the exact spot. So the map was wrong again after all.

In sporting activities the Squadron has again done well and we won the D'Arcy Hall competition by half a point. At the moment we are top of the area Football League and second in the hockey.

"C" SQUADRON



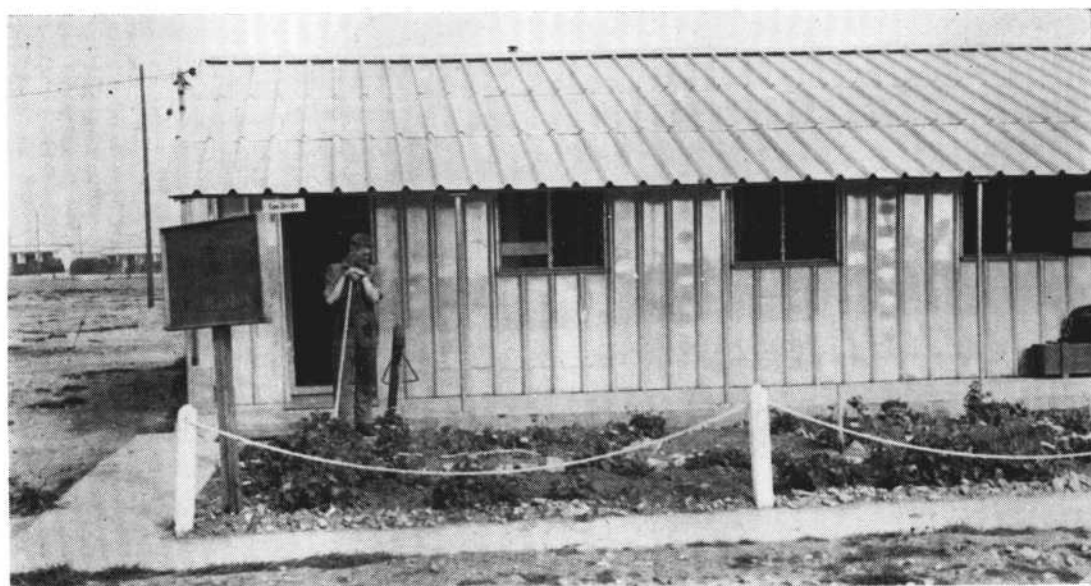
Ferrets waiting for loading on to a Beverley aircraft



Tpr. Watson driving his Ferret into a Beverley aircraft

"C" SQUADRON

Loading a landrover into a Hastings aircraft



Tpr. Cotton pauses briefly while cultivating the Squadron garden. Squadron Office behind

The Mouse Trap

(This story is ninety per cent true.)

The Barrack Room occupied by Tpr. Mick Craven and his pals was typical of those known to all British soldiers who have served in Germany. This particular one held eight in reasonable comfort and there was a smaller room for two next to it. I said the room was typical but this really only applied to its architecture and amenities. In one way it was not at all typical: mice were its co-tenants—as was evidenced by the two holes in the wainscoting.

The intrusion by the mouse family into the privacy of the Barrack Room had been duly reported. Traps had been set to no avail. The Squadron 2IC had asked the Rodent Control experts to intervene, but they were either on leave or too busy controlling someone else's rodents to attend to ours. The result was that the mice flourished and the inhabitants of the Barrack Room became impatient. It was then that Mick hit on his idea for solving the problem.

"Tell you what Jock," he said one evening to the occupant of the next bed, "I know how to finish these little perishers. Let's get some of Nobby's puff powder that he got from the last scheme and smoke 'em out."

"How do you mean 'smoke 'em out'?" asked Jock "and anyway, isn't it a bit dangerous monkeying about with puff powder in a Barrack Room? We're not supposed to have it, you know."

"Oh that'll be alright," said Mick reassuringly. "No one will know. I'll put some of the stuff down this hole and set fire to it; there'll be a puff of smoke and you knock the mice on the head with a machete as they run out of the other."

They discussed the plan a bit more and it seemed a good one. At least worth a try. So Nobby was persuaded to part with his tin of powder; Mick poured a little into the mouse hole and lit it while Jock crouched opposite the exit with machete raised.

But nothing happened. The puff powder gave off smoke alright—the self-appointed mousers even tried the experiment two or three times—but no mice appeared to be hammered by the expectant Jock. Doubtless they left by an alternative exit into the passage or perhaps even remained where they were to admire what, to them, must have been a free

firework display provided by their thoughtful friends in the Barrack Room.

It did not take long for Mick and Jock to realise that their efforts had failed and frustrated, they retired to lie on their beds, have a smoke and read letters from home. Absent-mindedly, and still reading one of his letters, Mick groped for the ashtray to stub out his cigarette. As he rammed the butt into the tin of compressed puff powder there was a flash and a roar. Mick was flung from his bed and the thin wall between the two Barrack Rooms collapsed in a pile of rubble. Gradually the dust settled.

"Coo," said Mick—or he might have used two entirely different words.

* * *

I was sitting in the Mess when I was told that my Squadron Sergeant-Major wanted to see me urgently outside.

"Good evening, Sergeant-Major," I said. "What's up?"

"Sir, I'm afraid there's been a nasty accident in the Squadron Block. An explosion."

"An explosion?" I repeated, disbelievingly. "How did it happen? Is anyone hurt?"

"Jackson appears to have slightly injured his ankle, Sir, but as far as I can discover no one else is hurt except that Craven is a bit dazed and shocked and seems to have burnt his hand. And, incidentally, a Barrack Room wall has collapsed," he added as an after-thought.

This last remark really steamed me up. "Good Lord, I'll come at once, Sergeant-Major," I managed to get out in a horror-struck voice.

The scene that greeted me when I went into the Barrack Room was, at first sight, dramatic—to put it mildly. Dust covered everything. Some of the furniture had been overturned and where a seemingly staunch wall had once stood there was nothing but a pile of broken bricks. The wall had fallen completely into the small room next door which, at the time, had been occupied by its two owners, Tprs. Jackson and Watkins.

"Are you sure that there's no one under that pile of stuff, Sergeant-Major?" I asked.

"Quite sure, Sir. Jackson's been taken off to the M.I. Room with Craven, and Watkins here, who was in the room at the time, says there was no one else with them."

"That's quite true, Sir," confirmed a somewhat pale and dischevelled looking Watkins. "Me and Jackson were the only ones in our room."

"Well, thank Heavens for that," I said greatly relieved. "Watkins, you had better salvage as much of yours and Jackson's kit as you can and, Sergeant-Major, I want to arrange somewhere else for the occupants of both rooms to sleep for the time being. Both these rooms are to be locked up until we get to the bottom of this. Now, is there anyone here who knows what happened?"

"Right, Sir. I'll make the necessary arrangements," said the Sergeant-Major. "Cfn. Hendrick here seems to know something about what happened."

Reluctantly a white-faced Hendrick came forward and told me what had happened. Was he pulling my leg? On reflection, I thought not. The whole affair had shaken him—as it had me—and, besides, Hendrick was one of those sensible people who realise that there can be little future in trying to put one over on his Squadron Leader.

That night I reported what I knew of the incident to the Adjutant.

Next morning I was in my office when the telephone rang.

"Good morning, Gillie"—it was the Colonel: a little out of sorts, I thought—"What's all this I hear about "C" Squadron blowing down a wall trying to catch mice? Going a bit far, isn't it?"

"Well yes, Colonel," I had to agree. "But they weren't actually trying to catch mice at the time the wall was blown down. That was caused by Craven stubbing out his cigarette in a tin of puff powder."

"What," roared the Colonel, "are you all quite crazy? What on earth's going on in your Squadron?"

"Colonel, it's all a bit complicated," I stammered "I think I had better come and see you about it."

"I think you had," he said ominously and rang off.

But explaining matters to the Colonel was probably the least of my worries. The explosion had attracted such a throng that my Squadron seemed to have doubled its strength almost overnight. The D.C.R.E. came to assess the damage. He was an old friend and I knew he would be on our side.

But there was a mysterious couple who were explosives experts from Hanover. And then the Special Investigation Branch descended in force. Photographs were taken of the now famous pile and statements extorted from everyone from the Sergeant-Major downwards. "A good 25 pages here, Sir," the S.I.B. Sergeant told me delightedly "and you should see the photographs." All this, quite apart from an irritating and ever-increasing crowd of rubber necks.

Later there was an Official Inquiry, in which, to my mind, there were two outstanding points. The first was the photographs. The S.I.B. Sergeant was right. From the angle they were taken it looked as though the whole building must have come down. There was almost a wartime atmosphere about them. And then there was a passage in one of the witnesses' statements which sticks in my mind. It was made by Tpr. Wrigley who lived in a room some few yards down the passage. "I heard," he said (and here I have not altered the statement) "a low rumble in the passage. I went out to investigate and found Sgt. Rumble at the door of one of the Barrack Rooms. "There's been an explosion," he said, "send Cpl. Bangers for the M.I. Orderly." I have often wondered what Higher Authority made of those names in connection with an explosion indirectly caused by an attempt to catch mice.

And so, apart from a somewhat distressing and official meeting between the Colonel and certain members of my Squadron, there the matter ended. And it really did end, too. For, whether it was the noise and commotion or some other reason, never again was that Barrack Room bothered by mice. At least, that was what Tpr. Craven and his pals always assured me.

ANON.

Home HQ of the Regiment is situated in the same building as RHQ Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry. The address is:—

Lancaster House,
Norton Street,
MANCHESTER 16,

Telephone:—Moss Side 1238

WAVELL BARRACKS, BENGHAZI



Top: R.H.Q. (designated) on right. The new cinema and new hangars, left
Centre: Part of "C" Squadron
Foot: Part of O.R. married quarters

Regimental Sports News

FOOTBALL

We were beaten in the second round of the Cavalry Cup by the Life Guards, 3—1. The pitch was waterlogged at Hohne and rather spoiled the match. However, the Life Guards went on to win the cup and we acquitted ourselves quite well.

We also went into the Army Cup but were beaten in the second round, 4—2, by the 13th/18th Hussars at Fallingbosten, having beaten the 1st Tanks, 3—1 in the first round.

We also played in the local league at Hohne but did not shine. Due to the change from 11 Brigade to 7 Armoured Brigade, we were unable to partake in any Brigade leagues.

The following people represented the Regimental team during the season: Cpl. Green, Tpr. Medhurst, Tpr. Essery, Pte. Osborne, Tpr. White, Tpr. Ashton, L/Cpl. Welsh, Tpr. Carter, Tpr. Tomlinson, Sgt. Sumner, and Mr. Greep (R.E.M.E.). The following also played: Tpr. Street and Cfn. Taylor.

Here in Benghazi we are playing a lot of football and "C" Squadron team is at the moment, top of the league. The Regiment played Area H.Q. in the quarter-finals of the Command Cup and won 6—1. A splendid performance as they had not played together before in Benghazi. We are about to play the Royal Scots in the semi-finals and then, who knows, perhaps Malta in the finals.

The following have represented the Regiment here in Benghazi: Cfn. Williams, Tpr. Medhurst, Tpr. Essery, Tpr. Jones, Tpr. Street, Cpl. Green, Tpr. Watson, Tpr. Tomlinson, Tpr. Carter, Tpr. Tickle, L/Cpl. Welsh, Tpr. Crossland, Cfn. Small, L/Cpl. Vasey.

At the time of going to press, the Area league table is as follows:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
1st "C" Squadron	11	10	1	0	69	4	21
4th H.Q. "A" ..	11	6	1	4	39	15	13
7th H.Q. "B" ..	10	3	2	5	30	34	7
9th "A" Squadron	10	2	0	8	14	42	4

BOXING

The Area novices and open boxing competition was held at Wavell Barracks on January 31 and February 1, 1963, in the new vehicle hangars.

It was very gratifying to see a large number of entries from the Regiment which entered three teams and several individuals. Other entries came from B.M.H. and Royal Signals.

There were a few open entries, all in different weights, who, having won their weights by "Walk Overs," volunteered to fight each other in exhibition bouts.

The novice standard was high. Especially notable was the exhibition of guts and determination, and the standard of boxing was above average for a novices competition.

On the first night preliminary and semi-finals were fought:

L/Cpls. Harper and Dootson gave a good exhibition of boxing, L/Cpl. Dootson winning on points. Pte. Critchley of the B.M.H. showed ability and coolness in his hard-fought fights which gave him the win in the welter-weight competition.

The middle-weight contest produced some good boxing. Tpr. Nelson versus Tpr. Tickle was a good hard fight, Nelson winning on points. Messiah versus Watson showed that Messiah not only had boxing ability, but a hard punch; he won by a knockout.

In the heavy-weight competition, Tpr. Morris had the advantage of reach over Sgmn. McCulloch. Sgmn. McCulloch made a determined effort against a superior boxer.

In the open contest L/Cpl. Welch versus L/Cpl. Mason was a good clean exhibition of open boxing; L/Cpl. Mason winning on points.

In the open heavy-weight class, Tpr. Price fought Pte. Dixon of the B.M.H., who weighed in in the light heavy-weight class. Dixon volunteered to box knowing he was giving over a stone away in weight. Price proved to be a fast mover and a hard hitter. The contest was stopped with a win for Price.

The result of the team contest was a good win for "A" Squadron who won the inter-Squadron boxing cup and the Area boxing cup.

One of the hardest fought fights of the contest was between L/Cpl. Dootson and Tpr. Sherlock; this ended in a win by points for L/Cpl. Dootson. Tpr. Sherlock was presented with the "best losers" cup.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Since the last edition of the Journal we have played in two continents. The final few games played in Germany were enjoyable and we began to hold our own. One of our teams reached the final of an open seven-a-side competition in March. Unfortunately we lost some good players on our departure from Germany, perhaps the most notable being Cpl. Naylor (R.E.M.E.), who had captained the team on numerous occasions and was one of our finest players.

We arrived in Benghazi to find there was no rugger pitch; this was very soon rectified, but regrettably the posts were not produced until late December which delayed the start of the season. On the credit side, unlike Hohne, Benghazi abounds with qualified referees who are only too delighted to keep in practice. The opposition is limited, but we have played the R.A.F. from El Adem, a B.P. XV and combinations from the rest of Cyrenaica Area.

The standard of playing has undoubtedly improved since Germany. At least part of the credit for this belongs to W.O.1 Best (A.C.C.), who has helped greatly to train the teams and who is a constant source of advice and encouragement. The improved standard has been reflected in the increase of supporters.

Tpr. Smith of "C" Squadron has been the outstanding player of the year. He was extremely sound in Germany and has really shone in Benghazi scoring 35 out of 52 points. At the time of writing the team has played five games in North Africa: drawn one and won four.

GO-KARTING

Go-karting was started in the Regiment by "B" Squadron in Berlin and "C" Squadron in Celle. In early 1962 it was decided to do it Regimentally, at Hohne, where the Tank Park proved to be a suitable track. Much of the initial enthusiasm came from Major Harris and members of "A" Squadron; also Sgt. McCrea (R.E.M.E.), who owned his own Kart, and had already competed in several meetings.

The P.R.I. bought each Squadron a kart, "A" Squadron bought some second-hand ones, and several members of the Regiment, including the Payne brothers, bought their own. These enthusiasts, garbed in suitable raiment, and taking their own karts, attended several meetings in various parts of Germany



Tpr. Riley in a Go-kart at Hohne
(This photo appeared in the Oldham Chronicle)

and achieved some success. Two meetings were held in the Tank Park in Hohne to which enthusiasts from all over B.A.O.R. came. These meetings were highly professional affairs, well organised, watched by large crowds—including our Dutch friends, and with provision made for the refreshment and lubrication of competitors and spectators.

With accidents mercifully few, there was some spirited racing and widespread enthusiasm in the Regiment as a whole. Amongst others who took a keen interest in the sport were: Mr. Gordon, Mr. Lang, S/Sgt. Markey, Sgt. Rumble, Sgt. East, Cpl. Boyle and Cpl. Powell.

The L.A.D. took a sympathetic interest in the maintenance of the karts and spent long hours of their free time keeping them on the road.

Karting in Benghazi is to start as soon as the N.A.A.F.I. has produced some engines, and the builders have completed the hangars where the new track is to be. There are several local units interested in this sport.

STOP PRESS

FOOTBALL

The Regiment won the Malta and Libya Cup by defeating the Royal Malta Artillery Depot 2—0 in the final.

Equitation and Polo

EQUITATION

On our arrival in Benghazi we found the stables to be situated alongside the Officers' Mess. Already there were 30 ponies belonging to the Area Saddle Club which had been a going concern for some time. The horses were run-down after the hot weather but we started "Stick and Ball" and slow chukkas with the polo-played ponies soon after our arrival.

Our aim is that every officer has at least one polo pony, and that those who have only one should play other chukkas on club ponies. We have received help in buying new ponies from Mr. Jackson, the Consul-General and from Mr. Batley, the Animal Welfare Officer of the Cyrenaica Police.

The search for new ponies was not easy. After much travelling and haggling Messrs. Garbutt, Pemberton and Harman got ten ponies for private ownership priced from £35 to £50; a price which had recently increased because of the rains.

The training of the new ponies was interesting and easier than expected. The seven to ten year-olds play polo after a short period of riding school followed by "stick and ball" and later slow chukkas. Shortly afterwards, it is possible to play medium pace polo which we do now. Younger ponies

are more likely to have faults and they are more difficult to stop and turn.

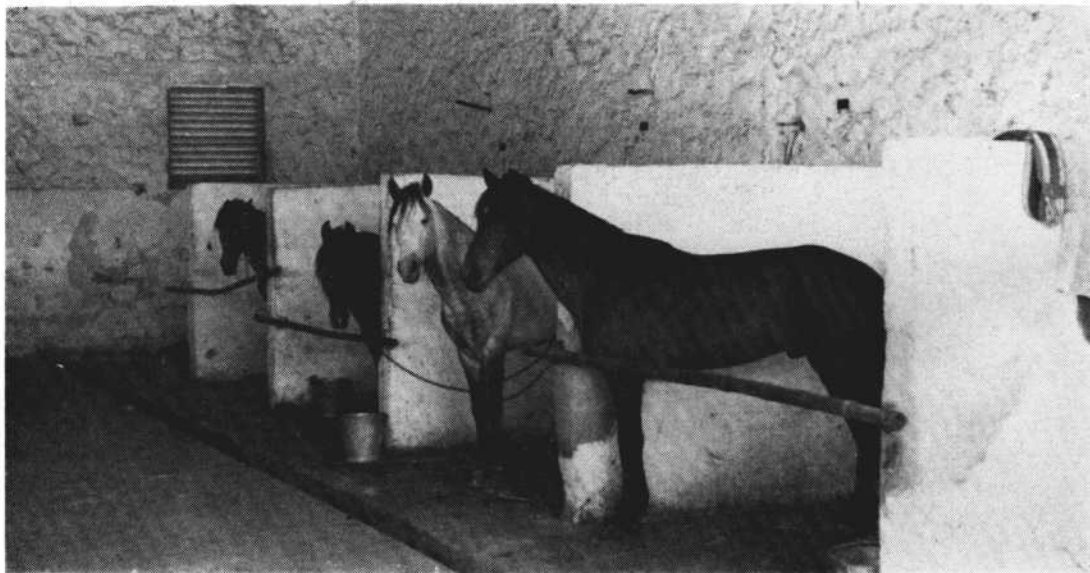
On Boxing Day we held a paper chase which was a failure because there was already much paper on the route. It was therefore impossible to follow the trail, but we did have a good gallop, with the Regimental wives well in the lead.

While cantering through a flooded salt-flat on the return journey, Mr. Holderness-Roddam disappeared beneath the waters, but quickly emerged blowing clouds of bacteria into the air. A stiff dose of whiskey soon made him immune.

A new idea for a chase—of German origin—introduced by Major Heath, is to give the "fox" some 500 yards start and keep him within view. The "fox" has a puttee pinned to the back of his coat. In order to catch the fox, he must be caught up with and the puttee removed from his coat. Our experiment on these lines proved to be interesting, but it requires further study.

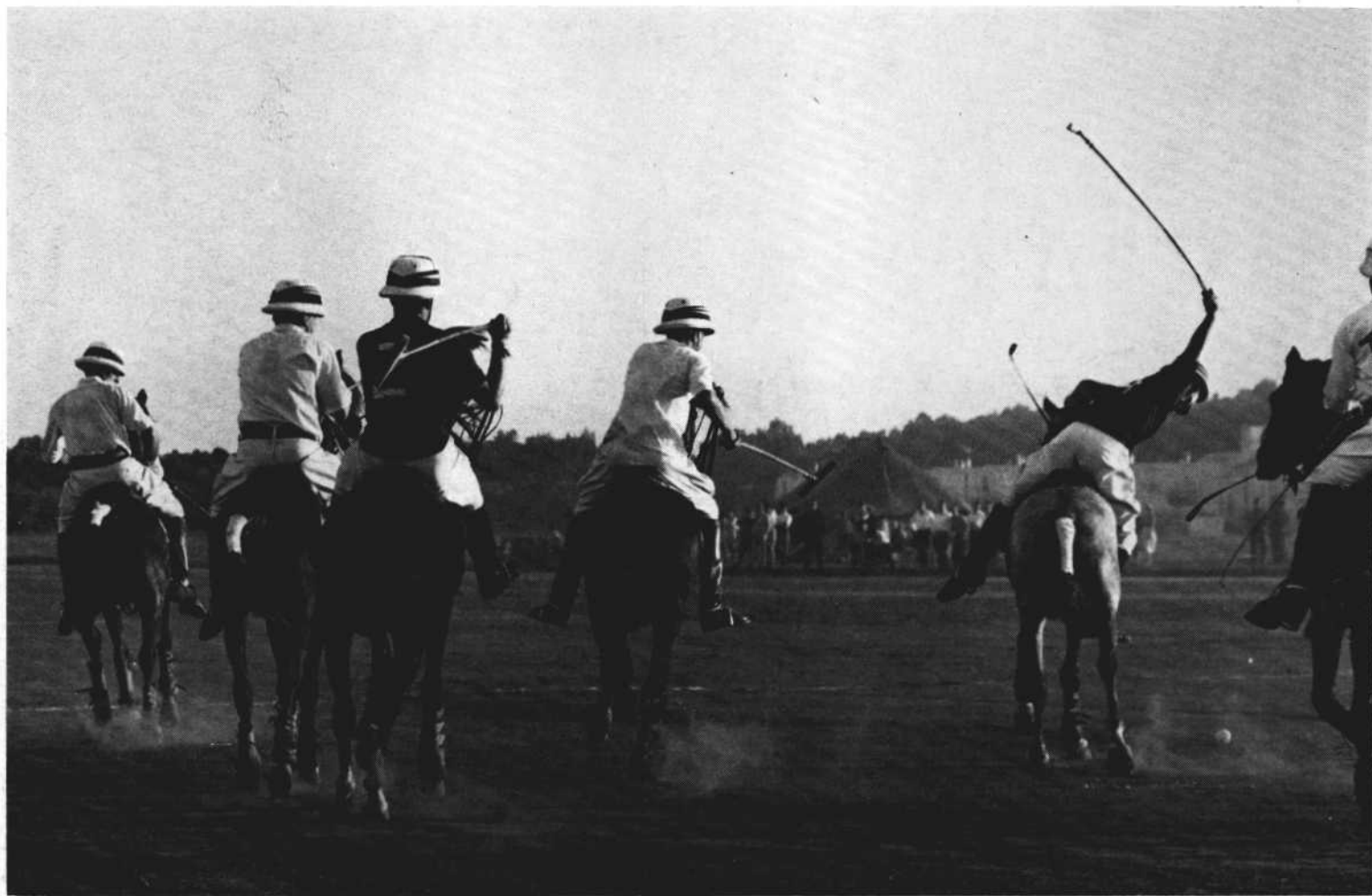
Amongst other activities aimed at improving the standard of riding, a midnight steeplechase was recently planned by the Captains and Subalterns. This had to be cancelled because of bad weather and perhaps it was just as well.

It is usually possible to get two or three officers on riding courses in England each



The Stables, Benghazi

POLO AGAINST R.H.F.



(Left to right—in white) Captain Whittington, Major Garbutt, Mr. C. C. Cornish, Captain Pemberton

year. Mr. Harman has just returned from an advanced course at Melton Mowbray and other officers and grooms are to go on courses soon. Our aim is for an officer to have done two courses by the time he is aged 30.

Horse activities are going well. The Colonel is Chairman of the Saddle Club and Captain Eyre, Secretary. The Colonel and Mr. Harman take children's riding school.

But there are problems, and the running of the Saddle Club is no easy task. The fact of horses leaving the stables at all times of the day and the presence of women and children in the stables is new to us. However, the situation is being coped with by Mr. Harman, Cpl. Lilley, and L/Cpl. Woodcock assisted by four grooms.

The administration of the club is a constant worry, but we hope to enlarge it, and replace some of the old ponies with younger ones.

We hope to hold a race meeting in the spring.

POLO

On arrival in Benghazi the Regiment once again turned its mind to playing Polo. The pitch is hard and flat but on occasions we have to share it with the local Arab football team and speeding Arab taxis.

The majority of players are new to the game but are keen and learning very fast. The first priority was given to buying new horses. So far we have bought eight new ponies, all from Arabs and these are all making very well, so there are good prospects of having enjoyable chukkas in the future. At the moment we are only able to play twice a week, since to make up numbers, we have to call on the Saddle Club ponies which are also wanted for other purposes.

To date we have played two matches; the first against a Company team of the R.H.F., which in fact was also their Regimental team, stationed in Benghazi. This was an enjoyable game to watch and we won 7-3. The second match was against General Nelson's team passing en route for Kenya. He brought with him two other players, so the Regiment lent him Andrew Patrick to make up the team. The weather had been beastly but the ground was just playable and rather a scrappy but enjoyable match took place, the Regiment being beaten 7-3.

We have several provisional matches arranged and are looking forward to playing "B" Squadron in early April.



Old Comrades, Manchester
(Left to right) Captain Thomas, S.S.M. Flowers,
Captain P. G. Reed, Mrs. Flowers



Bandmaster R. Mott

Affiliated Regiments

2nd Bn. 6th (Q.E.O.) Gurkha Rifles

The Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. T. Horsford, M.B.E., M.C., is still in Northern Territories, Hong Kong. It has recently moved to Gallipoli Barracks where the whole Battalion is living together in what has been described as the best barracks in the Far East.

The Battalion has had two catastrophies to deal with during the year. Firstly, the vast and sudden influx of refugees from Red China in May, and four months later, typhoon Wanda which hit the island causing much damage and loss of life.

In June, the Commanding Officer, Gurkha Major, Pipe Major, and a representative party of W.O.s and men flew to England for the Pipe Banner ceremony.

At Buckingham Palace the Queen presented her banner to the 2/6th and to the 1st

Battalion, which, being stationed at Tidworth, was on parade in strength. After an impressive ceremony, serving members of the Battalions and members of the Regimental Association were presented to Her Majesty who had a few words for everyone.

Major A. S. Harvey, M.C., C.O. designate of the 2/6th, is at present doing a staff tour in Manchester. He has been over to Lancaster House to visit the D.L.O.Y. 14/20th on several occasions. He finds life quite bearable though he is looking forward to getting his feet on the ground again with his Battalion.

Major Harvey's office window looks out on to the Belle Vue Zoo which sometimes reminds him of his days in the Malayan Jungle!



H.M. The Queen presents her Pipe Banner to 2nd/6th Q.E.O. Gurkha Rifles at Buckingham Palace

Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

The past year has been a busy one for The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.

The Regiment has been re-deployed. R.H.Q. and "H.Q." Squadron have moved from the old Lancaster House in Whalley Range to a more modern and warmer T.A. Centre in Norton Street, Old Trafford. "A.C." Squadron has moved to a drill hall in Urmston, while "B" Squadron has moved from Bolton to the Clifton T.A. Centre in Swinton and Pendlebury. "D" Squadron has remained firmly established in its drill halls in Preston and Blackpool.

This year we travelled north of the border to Barry Buddon, near Carnoustie, at the mouth of the Tay, for our camp. The weather was kind to us and we had an enjoyable fortnight exploring remote parts of the Eastern Highlands. Despite much very useful advice from S.M.s Black and Macgregor, we failed to fathom out the ins and outs of Scottish licensing laws; however, we managed to get our whisky when we wanted it.

We were delighted to welcome so many members of the Regiment up here during the year. Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot has visited us on several occasions and even spent one night sleeping on the floor of our drill hall—because of the fog! Major Heath has called on us and we got to know Captain Whittington extremely well when he accompanied us to camp. We were pleased to have the band

with us for a large part of the summer and enjoyed the invasion of Lancashire by the regimental K.A.P.E. team. We still get the occasional young lady, aged about 15, calling at our drill halls to ask when the K.A.P.E. team is returning. A certain L/Cpl. Hatzer and a Tpr. Eadsforth are in particular demand.

We now have even closer ties with the Regiment, with the setting up of the 14th/20th Home Headquarters, as lodgers with us at our R.H.Q. Major Urban-Smith has brought a breath of fresh air into the building, both by following his usual habit of throwing open all the windows and by deciding to employ a glamorous female typist in what has always been very much a male domain. Her education is being rapidly broadened.

We must congratulate the 14th/20th on reaching their recruiting target. The biggest drain of our strength of late has been the loss of Yeomen on transfer to the 14th/20th. Now we might be allowed to build up our own strength.

Lastly, we will be delighted to see any member of the Regiment at our drill halls, when they are home on leave. Call in and give us the latest news from the "sharp end." Who knows? Someone might even believe your "desert tales." Anyway, we stock the cheapest and best beer in Lancashire!



Major Chartres de-briefs his Squadron after an exercise in Scotland

WITH THE OLD COMRADES AT TIDWORTH AND MANCHESTER



Old Comrades Tidworth

(Left to right—sitting) S.Q.M.S. Crossley, Mrs. Crossley, Tpr. Crossley, Sgt. and Mrs. Thistlewaite, Mrs. and Sgt. Richardson (Standing) Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, Sgt. Harper, Mr. Bleaze, all of the D.L.O.Y.



Old Comrades Manchester

Sgt. Stocker, Sgt. Bradshaw, Sgt. Mitchell and friends. On the left is Miss Clegg of Home H.Q. Her chief hobby is judo

Pen and Sword

BY MAJOR JOHN CHARTRES,

O.C., A.C. Squadron D.L.O.Y. and (occasionally) *Daily Mail* Staff Reporter

In strictly confidential circles they called it the Heath-Chartes Public Relations Fiddle. I perhaps prefer it to be called the Heath-Chartres P.R. Operation. But whatever the terminology, that 10-day visit to the Regiment in October was a sheer delight from beginning to end.

It all started with one of those (to me) distressingly frequent arguments about the wickedness of my profession towards the Army. Douglas Heath and I were discussing the press treatment of what is now known as the Poison Dwarf episode, during one of his visits to the D.L.O.Y. in Manchester.

In traditional Royal Armoured Corps style the Regiment reacted quickly when I put foot on Libyan soil again for the first time in 20 years.

Within less than 24 hours I found myself clamped between a pair of 19 set earpieces (who made it work then?) in the turret of a Ferret bumping over the track towards Charruba.

During the next two days I found there were only two fundamental differences between desert life in 1962 and 1942. (A) Nobody shot at us. (B) I had no need to get thirsty. Well not very. I felt I had one rather important lesson from an old hand to teach Donald Chappell when he sent a Ferret back to Wavell with a whole case of beer aboard.

Apart from that the calendar went right back. Same sand, same scrub, same dust in the nostrils, same itches in the awkward places, same tenderness of the spine, same urgent feeling when you see a slit trench looming up and you know your driver *can't* see it and you can't find your mike, same food, same sort of vehicles, (though much better) same jokes, same curses.

When we got back to the civilisation of Benghazi after a run to Mechili (what was all the fuss about over *that* dump they asked me?) I did find the social life had advanced a bit.

I had never really thought the first time I passed through the place, and celebrated the fact with Eyetic gin out of a battered mug, that one day I would be there again arrayed like a playboy of the Middle Eastern World, dancing in the moonlight with the wife of a

rich oil man.

However, the event that immediately followed the Beach Club party had a ring of familiarity about it. Being woken at first light after exactly one hours sleep by someone saying: "Get up, we're motoring to Tripoli now".

I drew some comfort from the fact that I was in slightly better state than my waker, Peter Whittington, who was still wearing his dinner jacket.

Our sense of humour returned somewhere around Agedabia *after* we had changed a trailer wheel and cleared a petrol stoppage.

That 670 miles of road didn't seem to have changed much either. True there were no "Mines in Verges," no craters, no temporary hold-ups while bits of the Afrika Corps were removed. Otherwise just the same—even the main peril of oil company lorries screaming east at 50 knots was rather akin to the behaviour of the tank transporters and empty macks on the down-route.

One of the moments that will stick around in a memory groove for a long time was when I found myself lying in bed, drinking beer and motoring towards Tripoli at 60 in the moonlight. All at once.

Tripoli has improved. The march of progress was brought home to me when a taxi-driver guided us through the city centre streets and put us on the right road for Medenine Barracks at 2 a.m. and then refused a tip.

My next moment of admiration for the quick and correct reactions of the 14th/20th King's Hussars came when we woke Mark Goodhart out of an obviously deep sleep at 3 a.m. His greeting—after nearly two years was crisp, to the point, and absolutely right. "Good morning John," he said as his head left the damp pillow. "Have a drink."

Manchester in an October fog a few days later was not attractive.

However, pictures of A.C. Squadron Leader looking like a real soldier now adorn the club room at Urmston. People even seem to take a little more notice when I am trying to claim I know something about armoured recce.

Oh—and we got the articles in the *Daily Mail* too. Three of them. It was a good P.R. fiddle, wrong, operation.



Armoured vehicles of the Regiment advancing across the desert

Old Comrades Association

This has been an eventful year for the Old Comrades. In May we had the usual meeting at the Carlton Rooms followed on the Sunday by the Parade Service in Hyde Park, at which we arrived after a long march which was probably very good for our livers.

In July the Regiment organised a very enjoyable officers dance at Quaglinos. This was a gay occasion and the management provided a large meal in addition to the one we had earlier in the evening. The band was splendid and some of the younger Old Comrades were still twisting as, outside the doors the busy Londoners were starting their days toil.

We were all very pleased that Field Marshal Sir Gerald and Lady Templer were able to come.

In September, the Regiment, being temporarily at Tidworth, ran another Old Comrades reunion which was a farewell party prior to their departure for Libya. Although many of the Regiment were away a lot of Old Comrades came including some from the Midlands and the North. We were particularly pleased to see a strong contingent from the D.L.O.Y. who had come down from Manchester. We are grateful to the Regiment for arranging this reunion and for putting up some of us afterwards. The last days before a move overseas is not the easiest time for such a function.

In September we had a small Northern Branch dance at Lancaster House in Manchester. Just over 30 came, including serving members. A large number of D.L.O.Y. officers and sergeants also came and their band played during the evening.

After nearly 17 years as secretary of the Association, Major George Swallow has retired. Getting the organisation started up again after the war can not have been easy, but George made a good job of it and, aided by his wife, has kept things going ever since. We are all grateful for his hard work and for the trouble he has taken in keeping in touch with so many of the "Old and Bold." We hope George will enjoy his "retirement."

Lastly we announce that we have a new Chelsea Pensioner. He is Sgt. Alfred Craig, aged 75, who served in the 14th from 1906-1919.

M.A.U.-S.



Major George Swallow

Deaths

C. CHARD: Died March 23, 1962: Cpl. Clifford Chard of 75 Spendlow Gardens, Eyres Monsell, Leicester. He was aged 48 and was accidentally killed while working on the railway.

He was in "A" Squadron.

W. JONES: Died April 29, 1962: William Jones of 29 Clarke Street, Rishton, aged 80. He was a great friend of Mr. W. Wardell and the two used to meet frequently to talk over old times.

A. DIXON: Died May 14, 1961. A. Dixon of Felton, Northumberland.

MRS. DIMMOND: The following has been received from Mr. Dimmond of Herne Bay, Kent:

"My wife died on April 3, 1962, after being married over 56 years. She was in bed for 12 years with arthritis and died of pneumonia. We were neighbours of the late Mrs. Gardener in Bangalore. I married in 1905.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE REGIMENTAL ARCHIVES



Officers' Mess Silver, Catterick, 1950



Old Comrades—Aldershot, 1952

Correspondence

April 22, 1962

SIR,

I noticed in the *News of the World* that you were holding your Reunion Dinner on May 5. I have the great pleasure of being an Old Comrade of the 14th and 20th Hussars from 1911 until 1920. I joined the 14th Hussars in India in 1912 and served in Mesopotamia during the war. Therefore, Sir, I should have been delighted to be present at the dinner, as no doubt, there is someone attending who would remember me, as I do them. Owing to my disability, and finance, I cannot be there, as I am only drawing my old age pension and unable to do even light work. My age is 73 years, therefore, Sir, I should be pleased if anyone of my vintage is present at the dinner, to be remembered to them. I send my very best wishes to the 14th and 20th Hussars and good fortune to all. Thanking you Sir.

28 Park Street,
Easton Road,
Bristol 5.

I remain,
Yours truly,
Cpl. Tanner (5889),
Late 14th Hussars.

SIR,

I feel I would like to send my best wishes to all present at the reunion dinner, also to others of my old Regiment. I am 76 years of age, an invalid, and I joined the 20th 56 years ago this very month. I had the honour to serve under the undermentioned officers:
1905—Colonel Beauchamp, in Brighton.
1906—Captain Joicey was my Adjutant.
1908/9/10—Colonel Browne-Syngé-Hutchinson, v.c., 14th King's Hussars, in India.
1908/9/10—Major Stephen (father of Colonel R. J. Stephen).
1908/9/10—Captain Applin—my Squadron Leader.
1914 War—Colonel Edwards.

I often wonder if the boys of today are as carefree as my old comrades (1s. a day). I feel they are!

The Government has not been over-generous to we of the old Brigade. I, like many other old sweats, am jogging along on my old age pension. But we can still sing

with gusto—Old Soldiers Never Die.

My best wishes to one and all.

God save Her Gracious Majesty!

I remain,

11 Napier Road,
Chorlton-c-Hardy,

Yours respectfully,
ex-Tpr. J. W. Smith.
(3071)

March 10, 1962

DEAR SIR,

My husband has asked me to send his subscription and I know he will look forward to receiving his copy of *THE HAWK*.

Unfortunately he has been very ill and this week has had his left leg removed. He has come through very bravely, so far, but there is a long way to go before I have him home again.

I was also asked to report that Harry Workman had died last year.

With best wishes for the Old Comrades' Association 14th/20th King's Hussars.

Yours truly,

Abnalls,
Lichfield,
Staffordshire.

Priscilla E. Smith
(Wife of H. V. Smith).



Cavalry Memorial, Hyde Park, 1962

Obituaries

SQUADRON LEADER J. W. W. HURNDALL,
D.F.C.

Older members of the Regiment will be sad to have learnt of the death in hospital at Taunton of Squadron Leader J. W. W. Hurndall, D.F.C. We extend our sincere sympathy to Brigadier and Mrs. Hurndall.

Peter Hurndall, son of Brigadier F. B. Hurndall, M.C., who commanded the Regiment from 1925 to 1929 and was the Colonel of the Regiment from 1937 to 1947, was educated at Charterhouse and joined the Regiment from Sandhurst in 1933.

He rapidly established a reputation for untidiness, independence of thought, and a high degree of enthusiasm and courage in various sports. A strong rather than polished horseman, he showed great promise as a polo player, as might have been expected from the son of a former international.

He played extremely well in the Regimental side as back in 1936 and was handicapped at 2. He was a bold pigsticker and on one occasion speared a panther. He also became an amateur pilot of no little skill.

In 1938, however, his career with the Regiment was cut short through his being invalided home with a tropical illness, and he was seconded to the Royal Air Force, where he qualified as a very fine pilot in an Army Co-operation Squadron.

At the time of the German breakthrough in 1940, he was flying Lysanders on photographic missions over the battle area, an extremely hazardous duty. In the words of one of his contemporary pilots, "anyone who takes on five Messerschmitts in a Lysander is mad, even though he did shoot down two of them before he was downed himself!" In this crash he suffered severe head injuries from which he never really recovered, but for his achievements in this theatre he was awarded the D.F.C.

His story is one of a long, gallant but gradually losing struggle against these injuries, causing him embarrassment and acute frustration. Yet he never gave up the struggle, never complained, and never let his cheerfulness and sense of humour fail him.

A most gallant and unusual officer whom the Regiment can be proud to have had wearing its badges.

LT.-COL. C. G. DARLEY, D.S.O.
14TH (KING'S) HUSSARS AND 14TH/20TH
HUSSARS

We regret to announce the death of Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Darley, in Monaco, in April 1962, aged 77.

Geoffrey Darley, Squire of Aldby Park, near York, joined the Regiment from the Yorkshire Hussars in 1907. He commanded "D" Squadron in Mesopotamia and led it with distinction in all its actions. His charger was shot dead under him during the withdrawal from Kut-al-Amara. He was awarded the D.S.O. and mentioned in despatches for his distinguished service.

After a period as A.D.C. to the famous Gen. Gorringe, he rejoined the Regiment in Persia, returning to England in 1919 to help re-form the Regiment.

In Germany, he was one of the Squadron Leaders with the Regiment at Dusseldorf when it was commanded by Lt.-Col. Gilbert Browne. On his return to England in 1923 Geoffrey Darley had the pleasure of seeing his beloved Aldby, wonderfully kept by the great "Peach" Borwick: notable cavalryman and horseman, and master of the Middleton Hounds.

He commanded the 14th/20th Hussars from 1929-1932 and, having got married, handed over the Darley Estates to a nephew and went to live in the South of France.

Geoffrey Darley was a fair, strikingly good-looking man. He was a sound soldier and a good heavyweight horseman. He played polo, excelled at mounted sports, whipped-in to the Mhow Hounds and hunted big game. He had many interests: horticulture, agriculture and forestry. He was well read and well informed and liked to talk seriously of the topics of the day. His men admired him and trusted his leadership. He was outstandingly honest and fearless.

His many friends sympathise with his wife, and share her loss.

NOTE.—This obituary could not be produced in time for insertion in the 1962 edition of the journal.

THANK YOU

The Editor thanks those who have contributed the excellent articles and photos in this year's Journal.

Do You Remember – Lucknow 1936-7?

There was once an officer who joined our Regiment and early in his career he bought a polo pony called "Wenway". Now "Wenway" was a good beginners pony, strong, sound and well-looking, but he did "pull". The years went by and the proud owner's performance at polo prospered.

As his handicap increased he passed out of the class of playing that was served by a good old "steady" like "Wenway". He therefore decided to sell him and buy something young with more scope.

When the notices of sale had gone out to other Regiments ("for favour of posting please"), the first customer was the very gallant Colonel of a neighbouring Battalion of the Garrison. Much subterfuge was resorted to, to conceal "Wenway's" "pulling" propensities, for the Colonel, though a perfectly adequate horseman, had been badly wounded in the knee in W.W.I. which affected somewhat his strength in the saddle. It was really not absolutely necessary in the long run to disguise this weakness of "Wenway's", for the Colonel dearly loved him and besides he would never admit that he was not in absolute control when riding him. Moreover, he paid a good price for him.

So it was that "Wenway", in addition to his polo, three days a week, became an officers' charger in the full sense of the word. It was customary then for officers of Cavalry Regiments who were entitled to a forage ration for two chargers, to carry two of their polo ponies on strength. These, however, never appeared by any chance on parade, on which occasions the officer concerned rode a horse from his troop. In the Infantry it was different, and so it was that "Wenway" took his place at the head of the "Bufs".

It was in 1936 or 37, during manoeuvres along the Rae-Bareilly road, from Lucknow, that the "home" side was held up by the enemy consisting of the old Cawnpore Armd. Car Company R.T.R., huddled along a line of sand-dunes and firing across a wide level maidan. Our Regiment, acting as Divisional Cavalry, having contacted this position were diverted from the main axis to find their flanks and rear. Since these were found to be secured by Canals and flooded, a full-dress frontal attack by the "Bufs" was decided on, across the bullet-swept ground.

The sight was magnificent. The "Bufs" crossed the start line in beautiful order. Their rifles and bayonets flashed in the early morning Indian sun. Blank crackled away, and the smoke and flash of the umpires' fireworks, simulating heavier weapons, completed the scene. At the head of the Battalion came the Colonel and "Wenway". His rider, who was lamer than usual that morning, had decided to ride into the attack. "Wenway" was magnificent with his head down and the bit between his teeth, determined to close with the opposition. His rider was able to impose his will to the extent of limiting his mount to the conventional dignified speed of a Battalion attack, but change of direction or a "bogging down" of the attack were out of the question.

From their concealment in the enemy position galloped the umpires, in their white jackets and helmet covers, straight towards the Colonel. "Colonel", they gasped, on reaching him, "this is impossible! Your Battalion is being shot to ribbons! You must call off the attack and withdraw! You cannot come on in this way or we shall have to put you all out of action!"

It was "Wenway's" finest hour!

"The 'Bufs' will attack to the last man", declared the Colonel, and his Battalion gave one good British cheer and pressed forward to their task.

"Wenway's" former owner was supporting the "Bufs" attack from a short distance away to the flank with his machine guns.

Misty-eyed with vicarious pride at the sight of this martial epic, he murmured, "I really am too generous, I ought to have put another 20 gns. on that pony's price!"

P.F.W.B.

(A junior umpire on that day.)

Cavalry Corps Signals O.C.A.

Old members of the Regiment who served with Cavalry Corps, Divisional or Brigade Signals in France (1914-1919) may like to know that a thriving O.C.A. is in being and meets for dinner annually in November.

Anyone interested should write for particulars to:—

Lt.-Col. L. W. Diggle, Orchard Grange, Old Warden, Biggleswade, Beds.



1



2



3



4



5

WINTER SCENES, B.A.O.R.

March 1962

1. "A" Sqn. fitters having bogged the Sqn. Leader's champ, recover it
2. Tpr. Booth poses for a Press picture
3. Cpl. Green keeps abreast with the news
4. Post-mortem. The Colonel speaks to "A" Squadron
5. Reece Troop patrol

The Tookey Letters

In 1849 the 14th Light Dragoons were serving in India and taking part in the operations against the fierce and warlike Sikhs. In November of the previous year the famous battle of Ramnuggur had taken place.

On January 13, 1849 the British Army fought an indecisive battle against the Sikhs at Chillianwalla; the 14th lost 19 men and one of the slain was Pte. George Tookey.

George Tookey's family were farmers in Warwickshire. After a good schooling, George helped his father on the farm. He was very keen on horses but he evidently did not get much opportunity to ride; he therefore decided to join a cavalry Regiment.

At the age of 20 he joined the 14th Light Dragoons, then stationed in India but having a depot at Maidstone. From then, June 1846, until his death two and a half years later, he wrote regularly to his family and these letters are preserved for us through the kindness of his great niece, Miss Mary Ashmore who lives near Coventry.

The Regimental Secretary went over to visit Miss Ashmore last October. She gave him the Tookey letters and showed him several documents and old newspaper cuttings. She also gave him a picture of the Charge at Ramnuggur which had been in her families' possession for some years.

The letters throw much light on the conditions of service at that time. The day to day details of a Private soldier's happy but hard life in a Cavalry Regiment in India emerge as a connected tale of great interest to the historian and especial interest to members of this Regiment.

The Colonel of the Regiment has read these letters and he thinks that we may well be able to get them published when they have been edited. In the meantime we include several extracts to wet the appetite of our readers.

The story in outline is that Tookey left England in June 1846, and arrived at Calcutta over five months later after a somewhat rugged voyage in what he calls "the good ship *Duke of Bedford*." The "good ship" was, however, hardly seaworthy and it nearly foundered on the way. It sank with all hands on its return journey to England.

From Calcutta to Umballa, where the 14th were stationed, was over a 1,000 miles,

much of the route along rough tracks and through jungle. There were several casualties en-route from wild animals' attacks and numerous deaths from sickness. This part of the journey took over three months, marching on foot.

The Regiment was in barracks when Tookey arrived. After much delay and speculation the 14th took the field with Gough's Army and the first fight was at Ramnuggur. Tookey missed this as he was sick in hospital at the time. He was with his troop at the Battle of Chillianwalla. It is thought that he was severely wounded during the day and that he was slain by Sikh patrol that night as he lay in "no mans land."

The news of his death probably took the best part of a year to reach his home. His parents had a mural tablet placed in Burton Hastings church, Warwickshire, in remembrance of their son. The tablet can be seen today.

* * *

Maidstone, June 5, 1846

"Dear Mother,

I take my pen in hand to inform you how I am getting on and in the first place I must tell you that I entered H.M. Service this morning as a full private in the 14th or King's Light Dragoons and I expect I shall like it very well by what I have seen of it. I have met with some county men since being here, already a young Riley who was at school with me at Bilton but he enlisted about four years ago into the 15th Hussars and is now a sergeant but I think pretty well if I am a corporal in that time as he was the best scholar in the school. I must now bid you goodbye as there is a youth from Rugby in the 3rd Dragoons waiting to take me to see a young Johnson, an apprentice to a draper in this town whom you may recollect coming to spend a day or two at the Grange five years ago. I hope this will find you all in good health and happiness as it leaves me at this time, so with love to all I remain

Your affectionate son,

GEORGE TOOKEY.

P.S. There is to be a draft for India in about a fortnight. I do not know whether I shall be included. Address to me: 14th Light Dragoons, Maidstone, Kent."

To his Mother.

At sea on "The Duke of Bedford"—
July 27, 1846.

... "There is a ship in sight and the Captain is getting a boat ready to go on board with our letters. We have had a pleasant voyage so far and are within a day or two of the Line. We caught two sharks this morning each about eight feet long and very formidable looking animals they are. They were cut up and I am going to have a piece of one for my tea.

We have not lost a man through sickness though we are crowded between decks and are obliged to walk in a stooping position, having a space of 15 inches to swing our hammocks. To remedy this, one third of us keep watch on deck each night to make room for the rest. I have had a piece of fresh meat, mutton, today the first since I came on board. It was beautiful.

By the time you receive this you will be in the middle of harvest. I hope you will have a plentiful one...

P.S. I have enclosed a bit of sharks' skin."

(This letter took two months to reach Tookey's home).

Editors note. Later on the voyage life became more eventful. The ship went aground and but for the Captain's skill all would have been lost. When they neared the Cape—"it became cold and stormy and for three weeks we were beating about in the most object misery, the water washing over our deck by tons, wetting our bedding and washing us from one side of the vessel to another. For a week we could cook nothing and had to live on dry biscuits."

★ ★ ★

To his Mother.

Calcutta, December 17, 1846.

... "We are leading a very easy life here. We take no drill and the blacks clean our boots and spurs; in short we are gentlemen. We have just received each a rupee (2s. English), the first pay since leaving England. It is like a little fortune to us as we get three eggs for a halfpenny, fowls threepence each ready cooked and everything proportionately cheap.

We are not allowed to walk in the sun till towards night for fear of spoiling our complexions."

★ ★ ★

To his Mother.

With the 14th—Umballa, April 13, 1847.

... "I have been served out with a sword and carbine and not with a horse as we learn foot drill first. I like soldiering very well but I would not persuade anyone else to follow my example as where one likes it two does not. Our forage caps are white with a red band; when on guard we wear turbans.

We were inspected last night by Major-General Gilbert. He is a fine looking old man with hair as white as milk and a most capacious stomach."

Grand Old Soldier

The following appeared in a Nottinghamshire newspaper recently:

"I am 72. I joined the Army in 1911 and was demobbed in 1922 with the M.M. and Croix de Guerre. I was a sergeant in the 20th Hussars.

"A few weeks ago I went to an Army Depot, near Nottingham, for a job as officer's batman, as I had heard they were in need of someone.

"I had to sign and fill in forms—just as I did 51 years ago. I had to pass a medical.

"I got the job and am doing 42 hours a week."

MR. J. W. TIMMONS, M.M., C.DE.G.

THE EDITOR THANKS...

Mr. D. Levy, of Messrs. F. J. Parsons Ltd., for his help in the production of this Journal.

Recruiting

THE year has been an active one for those involved in recruiting. The Regimental Display Team did several tours during the summer and autumn. Of these, "K.A.P.E." (Keep the Army in the Public Eye) in September was the most important. K.A.P.E. is an Army function. It goes on all over the country in summer and autumn, sometimes in conjunction with the display teams of the various arms of the service. In September we had, apart from our own resident team, two officers and 20 soldiers from the Regiment, the Band, and some armoured vehicles borrowed from other Regiments. We covered the Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Oldham and Bolton areas and finished up with an "at home" for cadets at Lancaster House.

It was a great help having the Band with the team. Apart from attracting the multitude, they kept up everyone's morale with their sprightly tunes. On one occasion, in the market square at Ashton, they played one of the more catchy twist tunes, and very soon the whole crowd—except the more exalted military gentlemen present—were twisting with gay abandon!

We have come to the conclusion that display in public places will not, necessarily, at the time, produce applicants for enlistment. It does, however, keep the Regiment and the Army in the public eye and it may, in the long run, help to influence youth into thinking about joining up. If the potential recruit is with his friends, he is probably too shy to do anything about it at the time.

We have not only enlisted large numbers but they have been of high quality. Even so, now that we are restricted to fewer numbers we can afford to pick and choose, and we intend to do so.

Our "ration" during 1963 is likely to be only one recruit per month. This figure can be adjusted if the anticipated wastage rate alters as the result of retirements for medical or other reasons, or re-engagements. In addition to this ration, there will be boys maturing and joining us from the Junior Leaders Regiment and men who have family or other special reasons for joining us. Further, it has been decided that if a man says he will join the Army only if he can be a 14th/20th King's Hussar, he will also be

accepted if he is of a sufficiently high standard.

We have ceased taking married men, and prospective recruits are now given a more careful scrutiny than hitherto. We are also trying to get men who are really keen to serve for long periods overseas, and we make it clear that they may have to "rough it" in some of the undeveloped countries where the British Army serves. We are also discouraging candidates who appear likely, for various reasons, to have welfare problems in the future.

It might be argued that, now we are up to strength, we can dismantle the recruiting machinery which has taken so much trouble to erect. We are already losing our special recruiter from Preston, Sgt. Marcelle, who returns to the Regiment in June, without replacement. There may be more reductions, and certainly economies. But we think that unless we maintain the same attitude of mind as in 1962, and keep as much of our organisation as possible intact, and working, we shall have trouble in getting it started again.

Our aim is, therefore, to continue to keep the Regiment in the public eye in Lancashire; to keep in touch with the very helpful local Press; to help the D.L.O.Y. with its recruiting and to try to interest local youth organisations, including the D.L.O.Y. cadets, in the Army in general and our Regiment in particular. We also hope to be instrumental in getting more candidates for the Junior Leaders Regiment, particularly boys of the very high standard now required. We will also, of course, recruit as many good men as the limit allows.

Although the various recruiters in Lancashire play an important part in the recruiting battle they are not the only people who influence events. All the members of the Regiment in Libya also play their part, for the best recruiter is really the soldier himself, and if he is happy and contented he will communicate his enthusiasm to his relations and friends outside the Army and more young people will want to join. Some men have recently joined for this reason, so let us hope that this will continue and also that men who are doing well in their careers will want to sign on for longer periods.

Regimental Gazette

Marriages

We congratulate the following:

Captain D. L. de Beaujeu to Miss Wendy Margaret Brewer, at St. Mary's Church, Dartington, on August 17, 1962.

Tpr. J. Richardson to Miss Winifred Sheila Hughes, at St. Richard's Church, Atherton, on January 6, 1962.

Tpr. D. Robertson to Miss Dorothy Spears, at the Birmingham Registrar Office, on January 6, 1962.

Cpl. B. Smith to Miss Anneliese Waskow, at Standesamt Spandau, Berlin, on January 20, 1962.

Tpr. M. Gregory to Miss Joan Mary Murphy, at St. John the Baptist Church, Atherton, on January 13, 1962.

Cpl. M. Burgess to Miss Marian Jean Archer, at St. Clement's Church, Bournemouth, on February 17, 1962.

Tpr. G. Lawrenson to Miss Brenda Joyce Stout, at Warrington Registrar Office, on February 3, 1962.

Tpr. G. Fox to Miss Hannelore Klara Lehmann, at Standesamt, Berlin, Charlottenburg, on February 28, 1962.

Bdsm. J. Swales to Miss Frances Ann Kirby, at the Parish Church of Lancaster, on March 17, 1962.

Sgt. B. Stocker to Miss Fri Sigrud Klewinghaus, at Bodmin Parish Church, Cornwall, on March 23, 1962.

Sgt. M. Young to Miss Ann Croft, at Mill Road Methodist Church, Cleethorpes, on April 21, 1962.

Cpl. D. Williams to Miss Lydia Sokolinski, at Standesamt, Bergen Kreis, Celle, on April 12 1962.

Cpl. K. Robinson to Miss Shelia Evans, at Blackpool Registrar Office, on April 7, 1962.

L/Cpl. H. Taberner to Miss Rosetta Alice Quarrell, at St. George's Church, Altrincham, on May 26, 1962.

Tpr. S. Huggins to Mrs. Phylis Mary Stables, at the Registrar Office, Lancaster, on August 28, 1962.

L/Cpl. W. Ash to Miss Winifred Ann Blythe, at the Church of Ascension, Preston, on July 28, 1962.

Tpr. D. Redmond to Miss Yvonne Fawcett, at Liverpool, on September 3, 1962.

L/Cpl. R. Heeley to Miss Susan Ann Brown, at the Registrar Office, Baseford, Notts., on August 15, 1962.

Tpr. J. Godfrey to Miss Joan Guest, at All Saints' Church, Chorley, on October 1, 1962.

Tpr. B. Archer to Miss Irene Brewer, at All Saints' Registrar Office, Manchester, on August 11, 1962.

Tpr. H. Henaghan to Miss Edna McColl, at the Registrar Office, Liverpool, on December 20, 1962.

L/Cpl. G. Taylor to Miss Marilyn Betty King, at the Garrison Church of Christ the King, Tripoli, on January 10, 1963.

L/Cpl. M. Trotter to Miss Kathleen Jamieson Flynn, at Hawich Roman Catholic Church, on February 10, 1962.

L/Cpl. W. Yare to Miss Joyce Fraser, at Christ Church, Jarrow Grange, Co. Durham, on September 1, 1962.

Cfn. J. Gordon to Miss Margaret Turnbull Smith, at Old Kirk of Edinburgh, Pennywell Road, Edinburgh, on August 4, 1962.

Tpr. R. Birtley to Miss Eileen Collins, at the Registrar Office, Liverpool South, on August 11, 1962.

Cfn. A. Gooding to Miss Gail Elaine Riches, at St. John's Church, Meopham, Kent, on August 4, 1962.

Births

We congratulate the following:

To Captain and Mrs. C. A. Pemberton, a son Charles Edward, at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, on April 9, 1962.

To 2/Lt. and Mrs. D. B. M. Gordon, a son James Bruce Mackenzie, at London, on March 19, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. T. Taylor, a daughter Susan, at B.M.H. Hannover, on December 31, 1961.

To Cpl. and Mrs. F. Mullen, a daughter Valerie Ann, at B.M.H. Hannover, on February 5, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. A. Millward, a son Mark Anthony, at South Hemsworth Maternity Home, on August 11, 1961.

To Sgt. and Mrs. B. Marshall, a son Howard, at B.M.H. Hannover, on April 13, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. E. Lowden, a daughter Wendy Dawn, at B.M.H. Hannover, on April 12, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Nelis, a son Paul Martin, at Woodfield Maternity Home, Oldham, on February 6, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. G. Fox, a daughter Gabriele Manuela, at Frauenklinik Pulsstrasse, Berlin, Charlottenburg, on April 7, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Forman, a daughter, Julie, at B.M.H. Hannover, on May 20, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. D. Perry, a son James, at B.M.H. Hannover, on May 28, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. W. Callaway, a daughter, Dawn Angela, at B.M.H. Hannover, on June 16, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. R. Fraser, a daughter, Bernice June, at Woking Maternity Hospital on August 23, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. D. Williams, a son Malcolm Robert, at Northlands Maternity Home, Emsworth, Hants, on September 4, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. D. Bateman, a son Michael Andrew, at Blackpool, on August 25, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. W. Purnell, a daughter Trudy, at Widnes, Lancs., on September 18, 1962.

To Sgt. and Mrs. F. Baker, a son David Charles, at Bredbury, Cheshire, on September 20, 1962.

To Bds. and Mrs. D. Chittock, a son Kevin Andrew, at Rochford, Essex, on September 28, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. M. Elgie, a daughter Sylvia, at Lonacre Maternity Home, East Runton, nr. Cromer, Norfolk, on September 14, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. J. Birch, a daughter Julie, at Widnes, Lancs., on July 16, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. B. McVay, a daughter Susan, at Farnworth, Lancs., on February 11, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. N. Copestake, a daughter Deborah Carol, at 32 Frederick Road, Stretchford, Birmingham 33, on December 1, 1962.

To Bds. and Mrs. A. Ripley, a son Nicholas, at Ashton-under-Lyne General Hospital, on October 22, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. K. Bates, a daughter Julie, at Preston Royal Infirmary, on July 26, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. D. Townsend, a son Terence John, at B.M.H. Benghazi, on December 16, 1962.

To Tpr. and Mrs. B. Wood, a daughter Mandy, on December 18, 1962, at 20 Church Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

To Bds. and Mrs. P. Howell, a daughter Theresa, at Marlborough, Wilts., on April 5, 1962.

To Cfn. and Mrs. J. Angus, a daughter Jill, at Rotherham, Yorks, on January 25, 1962.

To Cfn. and Mrs. A. Pearce, a son Garry Alan, at South Shields, Co. Durham, on October 16, 1962.

To Cfn. and Mrs. B. Goldsmith, a daughter Cherlye Hope, at B.M.H. Benghazi, on October 15, 1962.

To Cfn. and Mrs. C. Gatt, a son Emmanuel, at B.M.H. Malta, on April 15, 1962.

To Cpl. and Mrs. J. White, a daughter Lynda Julie, at Military Hospital, Tidworth, on August 29, 1962.

To Cfn. and Mrs. T. Dunn, a daughter Karen, at B.M.H. Hannover, on June 13, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. H. Rooke, a daughter Anita Yvonne Scholl, at B.M.H. Hannover, on April 3, 1962.

To Sgt. and Mrs. I. Rumble, a son Brian David, at B.M.H. Hannover, on January 9, 1962.

To L/Cpl. and Mrs. N. Jennings, a daughter Kathrin Elizabeth, at Swindon, Wilts., on September 10, 1962.

Adoptions

Cpl. and Mrs. R. Veness, adopted a daughter Christine, on August 24, 1962.

Tpr. and Mrs. S. Huggins, adopted a daughter Susan Edwina, and a son Ian Stanley, on August 28, 1962.

Our Advertisers

The Commanding Officer wishes to thank all those who have taken advertising space in this Edition. It is hoped that all readers of the Journal will keep the advertisers in mind and will mention the Journal when writing to them.

== The Officers ==

With the Regiment, January 1962³

C.O... .. Lt.-Colonel G. A. L. C. Talbot

2IC Major D. A. Heath, M.C.

2IC Designate Major S. R. M. Frazer

P.R.I. .. Major D. E. Wreford

Adjutant .. Captain J. A. Pharo-Tomlin
(R.M.A. Designate, May, 1963)

A/Adjutant .. Lt. D. V. F. Chappell

"H.Q." Squadron

Sqn. Leader.. Captain C. A. Park (Adjt.
Designate, May, 1963)

Radio Officer Captain D. L. de Beaujeu

Q.M. .. Captain R. Boulter

Q.M. (Tech.) Lt. T. Vale

Attached

R.E.M.E. .. Captain W. D. Grant

R.A.P.C. .. Major J. J. Langdon-Mudge

R.A.Ch.D. .. The Revd. K. E. Jackson

"A" Squadron

Captain. C. A. Pemberton

Captain P. J. Whittington

Lt. C. C. Cornish (A.A.C. Pilot's course,
Spring, 1963)

2/Lt. T. D. Holderness-Roddam

2/Lt. D. B. M. Gordon

2/Lt. J. R. G. Keith

"B" Squadron (Tripoli)

Major M. H. Goodhart

Captain J. V. Tubbs

Lt. K. M. Hodson

2/Lt. T. G. Lang

2/Lt. J. R. Clifton-Bligh

"C" Squadron

Major W. D. Garbutt

Captain J. V. Eyre

Lt. P. Harman

2/Lt. R. A. Patrick

2/Lt. M. L. A. Hope

2/Lt. R. F. Cornish

ERE List—1963

Lt.-Col. B. C. L. Tayleur H.Q., Mid-East
(Aden).

Lt.-Col. D. P. R. Scarr .. R.M.C.S., Shri-
venham.

Major P. H. Marnham .. Mons O.C.S.

Major M. A. James, M.C. A.H.Q., Canada

Major P. C. Clarke .. A.P.S. to Princess
Marina, Duchess
of Kent.

Major G. R. D. Beart .. Nigerian Recce.
Squadron.

Major J. M. Palmer .. R.T.U. exG.H.Q.
Singapore, Mar.
1963.

Major R. E. D. Harris, M.C. D.L.O.Y. (T.A.).

Major D. H. Bird .. H.Q., B.A.O.R.

Major R. M. Roberts .. Staff College,
Camberley.

Major L. R. Charlton .. D. & M. School,
R.A.C. Centre.

Captain C. C. G. Ross .. R.A.C. Records
Office (Regt. May
1963).

Captain B. E. Moore .. H.Q., Nairobi
Garrison.

Lt. A. F. Prevett .. School of Re-
cruiting Wool-
wich.

Lt. E. Sheen .. D.L.O.Y. (T.A.).

2/Lt. G. Dangar .. R.A.C. Ranges,
Castlemartin.

Addresses

The addresses of the Regiment are
now as follows:—

Benghazi

"A", "C" and HQ Squadrons,
14th/20th King's Hussars,
BFPO 55

Tripoli

"B" Squadron,
14th/20th King's Hussars,
BFPO 57

Nominal Roll, January 1963

"H.Q." SQUADRON

R.S.M. Witney	Cpl. Townsend	Tpr. Callaway	Tpr. McSpirit
T.Q.M.S. Bentley	Cpl. Veness	Tpr. Challenor	Tpr. Morrow
R.Q.M.S. Cripps	Cpl. Weaver	Tpr. Crossland	Tpr. Mulholland
S.S.M. Cundy	L/Cpl. Bek	Tpr. Dickinson	Tpr. Nelson
S.Q.M.S. Baker	L/Cpl. Birkett	Tpr. Downey	Tpr. O'Malley
S.Q.M.S. Sharrock	L/Cpl. Butcher	Tpr. Doyle	Tpr. Pape
S/Sgt. Escott	L/Cpl. Cavilla	Tpr. Dunne	Tpr. Parkinson
Sgt. Alvin	L/Cpl. Daubney	Tpr. Duplock	Tpr. Prescott
Sgt. Bingham	L/Cpl. Denford	Tpr. Farrell	Tpr. Pye
Sgt. Bruniges	L/Cpl. Dootson	Tpr. Flint	Tpr. Ratcliffe
Sgt. Bury	L/Cpl. Fox	Tpr. Freer	Tpr. Redmond
Sgt. Campbell	L/Cpl. Godfrey	Tpr. Gallagher	Tpr. Riches
Sgt. Clarke	L/Cpl. Goodier	Tpr. Glancy	Tpr. Riley
Sgt. Marshall	L/Cpl. Hitchin	Tpr. Gregory	Tpr. Roadnight
Sgt. Sharp	L/Cpl. Lloyd	Tpr. Gregson	Tpr. Smith
Sgt. Shakespeare	L/Cpl. Nadin	Tpr. Hamblin	Tpr. Squires (575)
Cpl. Bingham	L/Cpl. Nelis	Tpr. Hardie	Tpr. Squires (307)
Cpl. Clarke	L/Cpl. Parkinson	Tpr. Horspool	Tpr. Steele
Cpl. Davies	L/Cpl. Swainston	Tpr. Huggins	Tpr. Stephenson
Cpl. Flux	L/Cpl. Welch	Tpr. Hughes	Tpr. Stott
Cpl. Fraser (801)	Tpr. Ashton	Tpr. Jackson	Tpr. Taylor
Cpl. Fraser (459)	Tpr. Aucott	Tpr. Kennedy	Tpr. Tonks
Cpl. Garner	Tpr. Barham	Tpr. Keogh	Tpr. Tottman
Cpl. Green	Tpr. Barnes	Tpr. Lawrenson	Tpr. Traskowski
Cpl. Greenwood	Tpr. Bate	Tpr. Leach	Tpr. Vickers
Cpl. Ingham	Tpr. Bates	Tpr. Lee (137)	Tpr. Went
Cpl. Leather	Tpr. Benson	Tpr. Lee (355)	Tpr. Whitehead
Cpl. Owen	Tpr. Boshier	Tpr. Maunder	Tpr. Wild
Cpl. Podesta	Tpr. Boyd	Tpr. Mellor	Tpr. Wilkins
Cpl. Smith	Tpr. Brennen	Tpr. McGowen	Tpr. Woolford

REGIMENTAL BAND

Bandmaster Thomas	L/Cpl. Connell (U.K.)	Bdsm. Finley	Bdsm. Meynell
S/Sgt. Wainright	L/Cpl. Jennings	Bdsm. Gallagher	Bdsm. Morris
Sgt. Jones	L/Cpl. Masters	Bdsm. Grierson	Bdsm. Nolan
Sgt. Lenton	L/Cpl. O'Driscoll	Bdsm. Hotston	Bdsm. Poyser
L/Sgt. Harding	Bdsm. Agars	Bdsm. Howell	Bdsm. Ryding
L/Sgt. Millward	Bdsm. Altham	Bdsm. Lane	Bdsm. Ripley
Cpl. Bateman	Bdsm. Chatburn	Bdsm. Love	Bdsm. Stone
Cpl. Osborne	Bdsm. Chittock	Bdsm. Mathews	Bdsm. Swales

R.E.M.E.

A.S.M. Thompson	L/Cpl. Hallett	Cfn. Clough	Cfn. Pearce
S/Sgt. Barnes	L/Cpl. Joy	Cfn. Cusk	Cfn. Ridsdale
Sgt. Heath	L/Cpl. Lunny	Cfn. Eaves	Cfn. Roberts
Sgt. Rumble	L/Cpl. Pegg	Cfn. Gatt	Cfn. Rosier
Cpl. Pepper	L/Cpl. Williams	Cfn. Gordon	Cfn. Small
Cpl. Smith	Cfn. Angus	Cfn. Halmshaw	Cfn. Tasker
Cpl. Watt	Cfn. Bates	Cfn. Hines	Cfn. Wheeler
L/Cpl. Burnipp	Cfn. Burgoyne	Cfn. Payne	Cfn. Wild

A.C.C.

S/Sgt. Mace	Cpl. Drake	L/Cpl. Trotter	L/Cpl. Yare
Cpl. Davies	Cpl. Hamer		

R.A.P.C.

Q.M.S. Exley	Cpl. Dowdeswell	L/Cpl. Barnshaw	Pte. Burrows
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A.P.T.C.

S.S.I. Smith

ROYAL SIGNALS

S/Sgt. Timson	L/Cpl. Hayes	Sgmn. Horton	Sgmn. Richardson
Cpl. Bone			

"A" SQUADRON**1st Troop**

Sgt. East	Tpr. Hetherington	Tpr. Clements	Tpr. Ryan
Cpl. Robinson	Tpr. Woolley	Tpr. Sloan	Tpr. Crossley
Tpr. Bradley	Tpr. Fenton		

2nd Troop

Sgt. Colborne	Tpr. Leeming	Tpr. Singleton	Tpr. Smethurst
Cpl. Thompson	Tpr. Taylor (107)	Tpr. Bostock	Tpr. Kelly
L/Cpl. Hatzer			

3rd Troop

Sgt. Letts	Tpr. Townson	Tpr. Blocke	Tpr. Jones (544)
Cpl. Binns	Tpr. Davis	Tpr. Webster	Tpr. Hanaghan
L/Cpl. Palethorpe			

4th Troop

Sgt. Preece	L/Cpl. Dewhurst	Tpr. Benns	Tpr. Bell
Cpl. Staite	Tpr. Lucas	Tpr. Massiah	Tpr. George
Cpl. Barclay	Tpr. Pitts		

5th Troop

Sgt. Harris	L/Cpl. Fawcett	Tpr. Midgley	Tpr. Carmody
Cpl. Lowden	Tpr. Smith (441)	Tpr. Lightbrown	Tpr. Boardman
Cpl. Yankey	Tpr. Escott		

6th Troop

Sgt. Marshall	Tpr. Fine	Tpr. Travis	Tpr. Morris (672)
Sgt. Holland	Tpr. Taylor (131)	Tpr. Godfrey	Tpr. Bewley
Cpl. Kirkham	Tpr. Jones (076)	Tpr. Smith (894)	

S.H.Q. Troop

S.S.M. Sharrock	L/Cpl. Ballantyne	Tpr. Archer	Tpr. Rowley
Sgt. Zbierajewski	Tpr. Medcalfe	Tpr. Eadsforth	Tpr. Morris
Cpl. Cunliffe			

Assault Troop

Cpl. Smith (191)	Tpr. Kirby	Tpr. Platt	Tpr. Broadhurst
Cpl. Gibson	Tpr. Spencer	Tpr. Taylor (729)	Tpr. Birch
Tpr. Smith (450)	Tpr. Kenna	Tpr. Mathews	Tpr. Warburton
Tpr. Bancks	Tpr. Elson	Tpr. Sherlock	Tpr. Field
Tpr. Mackenzie	Tpr. Faulkner	Tpr. Bolton	

M.T. Troop

Cpl. Bonfield	Tpr. Tomlinson	Tpr. Wood	Tpr. Kinloch
L/Cpl. Mason	Tpr. Jones (611)	Tpr. Crank	Tpr. Eltman
Tpr. Clitheroe			

Admin. Troop

S.Q.M.S. Osborne	Tpr. Cutler	Tpr. Brocklehurst	Tpr. Mills
Cpl. Nelson	Tpr. Molloy	Tpr. Price	Tpr. Steele
L/Cpl. Smith (325)	Tpr. Ozanne	Tpr. Rushton	Tpr. McGee
L/Cpl. Woodcock	Tpr. Hartshorne	Tpr. Rothwell	Tpr. McGrath

R.E.M.E.

A.Q.M.S. Markey	L/Cpl. Rolt	Cfn. Strangwood	Cfn. Goldsmith
Cpl. Cooley	Cfn. Williams	Cfn. Smith	Cfn. Davies
L/Cpl. Gooding	Cfn. Payne (006)	Cfn. Moverly	Cfn. Payne (037)

"B" SQUADRON**1st Troop**

Cpl. Perry
Cpl. Williams
L/Cpl. Ash
Tpr. Cornes

2nd Troop

Sgt. Baker
L/Cpl. Hatton
Tpr. Brierly
Tpr. Doran

3rd Troop

Sgt. Hughes
Cpl. Mullen
* L/Cpl. Thompson
Tpr. Buckley

4th Troop

Sgt. Burkey
Cpl. Holland
Cpl. Kendall
L/Cpl. Tunnicliffe

"B" Squadron—contd.**1st Troop**

Tpr. McLeod
Tpr. Ogden
Tpr. Semple
Tpr. Smith (35)
Tpr. Spencer

5th Troop

Sgt. Wallace
Cpl. Passam
L/Cpl. Masters
Tpr. Cairns
Tpr. Grayshon
Tpr. Griffiths
Tpr. Henshaw
Tpr. Lomas
Tpr. Price
Tpr. Wood

Admin. Troop

S.Q.M.S. Tasker
Sgt. Douch
Sgt. Gates
Cpl. Brock
Cpl. Medhurst
Cpl. Molloy
L/Cpl. Salt
L/Cpl. Webb
Tpr. Bell
Tpr. Bradley
Tpr. Crossley
Tpr. Daniels
Tpr. Holland
Tpr. Ingham
Tpr. Jackson (99)
Tpr. Mullen
Tpr. Siddall
Tpr. Spence

2nd Troop

Tpr. Forrester
Tpr. Gordon
Tpr. Potter
Tpr. Smith (24)
Tpr. Williams

6th Troop

Cpl. Long
L/Cpl. Darbyshire
L/Cpl. Rattray
Tpr. Ball
Tpr. Burn
Tpr. Furlong
Tpr. Jackson (82)
Tpr. Mullaney
Tpr. Street

3rd Troop

Tpr. Binns
Tpr. Bunn
Tpr. Foster
Tpr. Gardner
Tpr. Shepherd

S.H.Q. Troop

W.O.2 Jones
Sgt. Morris
Cpl. Bradbury
L/Cpl. Taylor
Tpr. Butler
Tpr. Gibson
Tpr. Jones (69)
Tpr. McKenzie
Tpr. Pomfret
Tpr. Webster

4th Troop

Tpr. Hinchcliffe
Tpr. Knowles
Tpr. Jackson (26)
Tpr. Moors
Tpr. Murrell
Tpr. O'Meara

Assault Troop

Sgt. Wood
L/Cpl. Elgie
Tpr. Angel
Tpr. Barker
Tpr. Booth
Tpr. Bridges
Tpr. Carroll
Tpr. Copestake
Tpr. Heard
Tpr. Miller
Tpr. Miller
Tpr. O'Malley
Tpr. Spilling
Tpr. Shuttleworth

M.T. Troop

Sgt. Elliott
L/Cpl. Doherty
Tpr. Bennett
Tpr. Brogden
Tpr. Crossland
Tpr. Dolman
Tpr. Fox
Tpr. HERNON
Tpr. Mayhew
Tpr. Nelson
Tpr. Rhodes

Royal Signals

L/Cpl. Payne
Sgmn. Dine

A.C.C.

Cpl. Morley

"C" SQUADRON**1st Troop**

Sgt. Jones
L/Cpl. Sefton

Tpr. Medhurst
Tpr. Nield

Tpr. Floyd
Tpr. Barratt

Tpr. Wareing

2nd Troop

Sgt. Young
L/Cpl. Harper

Tpr. Marland
Tpr. Standish

Tpr. Brown
Tpr. Wardle

Tpr. Fleming
Tpr. Plummer

3rd Troop

Cpl. Boyle
Cpl. Amor

L/Cpl. Foreman
Tpr. Smith

Tpr. Bestwick
Tpr. Foxcroft

Tpr. Gawthorpe

4th Troop

Sgt. Jackson (846)
Cpl. Stark

Cpl. Farrell
Tpr. Cotton

Tpr. Morris
Tpr. Quinn

Tpr. Carter

5th Troop

Cpl. Powell
Cpl. Burgess

L/Cpl. Aspden
Tpr. Watson

Tpr. Balmer
Tpr. Jones

Tpr. Allen
Tpr. Holden

S.H.Q. Troop

S.S.M. Plunkett
Sgt. Sherrington

Cpl. Howard
Cpl. Taylor

L/Cpl. Vasey
Tpr. Harrison (892)

Tpr. McVay

"C" Squadron—contd.

S.Q.M.S. Williams
Sgt. Jackson (454)
Cpl. Scott
Cpl. Lilley
Cpl. Purnell

Cpl. Dow
L/Cpl. Taberner
L/Cpl. Birtley
L/Cpl. Vinson
Tpr. Gregson
Tpr. Burns

Admin. Troop

Tpr. Keegan-Boyd
Tpr. Alcock
Tpr. Price
Tpr. Spencer
Tpr. Jose
Tpr. Bilsborough

Tpr. Williams
Tpr. Essery
Tpr. Tickle
Tpr. Harrison (178)
Tpr. Grant
Tpr. Durose

S/Sgt. Ottaway
Cpl. Kinnaird
L/Cpl. Haynes

Cfn. Allen
Cfn. Reynolds
Cfn. Moonie

R.E.M.E.

Cfn. Williams
Cfn. Oakley

Cfn. Brehaut
Cfn. Swatton

E.R.E. List—1963**R.A.C. CENTRE,
BOVINGTON
D. & M. School**

Sgt. Spray
Sgt. Blake (Regt. Feb. 63)
Tpr. Methieson
Tpr. Whelan
Tpr. Price
Tpr. Essery
Tpr. Lamb
Tpr. Mullen

**A.A. JUNIOR
LEADERS' REGIMENT,
TONFANAU**

Cpl. Springthorpe

R.A.C. DEPOT

L/Cpl. Rees

**GUNNERY SCHOOL,
LULWORTH**

Sgt. Nicholls
Tpr. Gallagher
Tpr. Heard
Tpr. Kelly
Tpr. Preston
Tpr. Prisley

**JUNIOR LEADERS'
REGIMENT**

W.O.2 Black
Sgt. Burnett
Sgt. Garner
Sgt. Fuller
L/Cpl. Grubb
L/Cpl. Cooper

**3rd ROYAL TANK
REGIMENT,
CATTERICK**

Sgt. Baker
Cpl. Sharp
Cpl. Smith

D.L.O.Y.

W.O.1 Jude
W.O.2 Macgregor
W.O.2 Hurd
Sgt. Harper
Sgt. Mitchell
Sgt. Bradshaw
Sgt. Stocker
Cpl. Roadnight
Tpr. Morton

F.V.R.D.E.

Tpr. Garwell
Lpr. Lewis

**REGIMENTAL
RECRUITING TEAM**

Sgt. Barber
Tpr. Taylor
Tpr. Everett

**REGIMENTAL
RECRUITERS**

W.O.2 Flowers
W.O.2 Marcelle

CAMP STAFF, TRIPOLI

L/Cpl. Lomas
L/Cpl. Webb
L/Cpl. Heeley

MISCELLANEOUS

Sgt. McGregor	..	R.A.C. Equipment Wing	Tpr. Harris	Equipment Trials Wing
Sgt. Hill	..	H.Q., Cyrenaica Area	Tpr. Hunter	Army M.T. School
Cpl. Horton	..	A.A.S., Harrogate	Tpr. Wilding	H.Q., 130 Division (T.A.)
Cpl. Diver	..	Rheindahlen Garrison	Tpr. Wright	Special Recce Squadron
Tpr. Boulter	..	Arab Amirates	Tpr. Watson	464 G.L. Sec., B.A.O.R.

NEW OLD COMRADE

A well-known personality who became an Old Comrade last year is Major Desmond Scarr. The Major is now a business man in London.

During his service Major Scarr was an outstanding athlete. He played cricket for the R.A.C. and the Army, and rugger for York-

shire. He captained the Regimental rugger and cricket teams for several years and he was prominent in the athletics field. He commanded "B" Squadron in Berlin and was later 2IC of the Regiment for a short time. He held several staff appointments including one with Army H.Q. in Canada.