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JOURNAL

CATTERICK 1955





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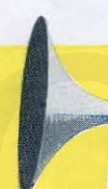
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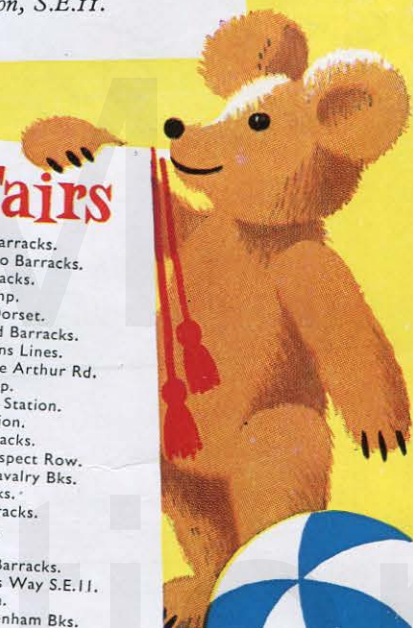
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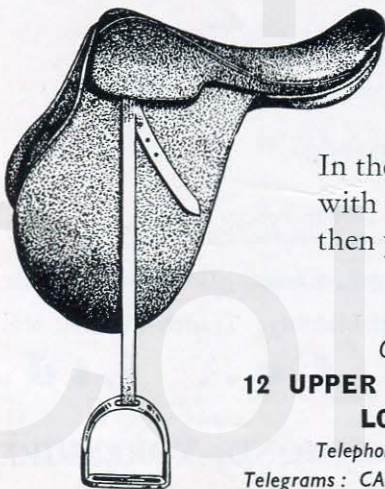
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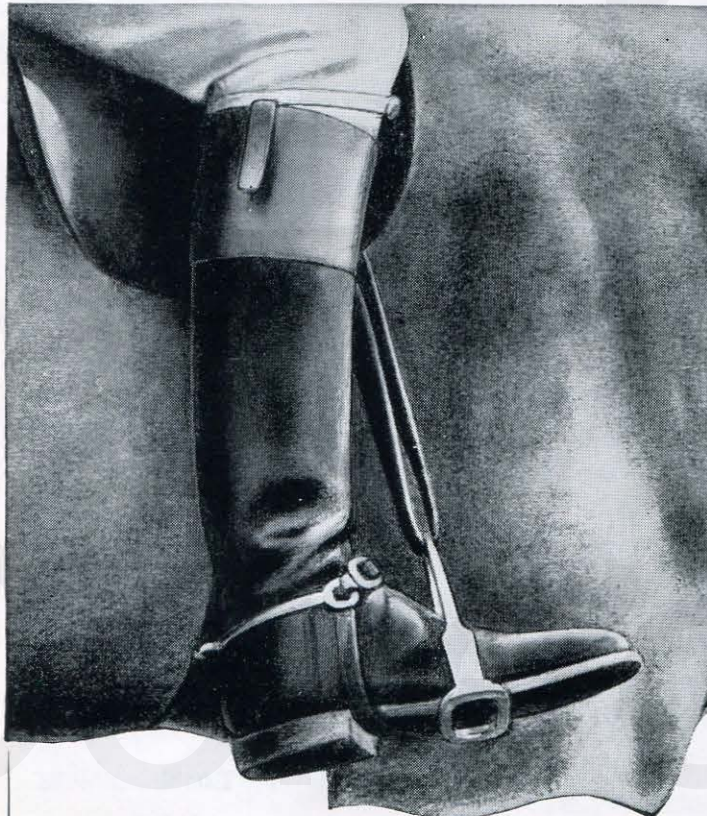
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[Photo: Daily Express

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. de C. VIGORS, D.S.O.

Editorial

THE winter of 1955 sees the Regiment more than half-way through its time as a Training Regiment. It is now no longer a question of learning a new technique but of improving and perfecting one already acquired; the novelty has worn off and what in another context has been called the "long haul" has begun.

Compared with its immediate predecessors, 1955 has been an unspectacular year. There have been no moves, no great sporting triumphs and no occasion comparable with the Balaclava Centenary. It has been a steady, settled year, but none the worse for that; indeed, after the alarms and excursions of its predecessors, it has probably been just what the Regiment needed. It has on the whole been a happy year, and to this the pleasant and cheerful atmosphere of the Training Brigade and the helpfulness of the Catterick Garrison Staff have in no small measure contributed.

Every role has its disadvantages, and as an ABTU our main enemy is of course monotony. This enemy we have done our best to fight. Our main weapon in this battle is a determination to improve our standard of instruction and administration by all means in our power, so that each new squad, each new class, becomes a challenge. We feel a real sense of responsibility towards the regiments whom we serve, who depend upon

us and who, we hope, have confidence in us. With this sense of purpose, and with energy in the organization of a variety of different sports and diversions, no one has the right to be bored.

1955, we hoped, was to have been "Freedom year," but for unavoidable reasons the ceremony in Enniskillen, to which we so greatly look forward, was postponed till 1956. An unexpected but very welcome invitation was, however, received in September to send a detachment of two officers and seventy men, including the Band, to Namur for the unveiling of the statue of King Albert by King Baudouin. This excursion appears to have been an unqualified success, and Captain Findlay, the commander of the detachment, was received in audience by our Colonel-in-Chief, who expressed great interest in the Regiment's doings. We also had great pleasure in welcoming the Colonel and Lady Keightley here in August, a visit which was blessed by lovely weather and which we all greatly enjoyed.

No year goes by without its losses, and 1955 saw the passing of a great Regimental figure in Colonel Winwood. To say that he will be sadly missed is to understate the position he occupied, which was unique; no Regimental function will be the same without him, and he is greatly mourned.

THE DEPARTURE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. de C. VIGORS, DSO

Nautical metaphors are not very appropriate to a Cavalry Regiment, but when Lieut-Colonel Dick Vigors relinquished command of the Regiment last April, he left the bridge of a ship which he had steered through many storms into comparatively calm water. Few Commanding Officers can have crammed so many roles, so many theatres, so many moves and so many "headaches" into a span of three years. Korea, Egypt, Catterick—hot war, cold war and ABTU, all words which roll off the pen so easily and with so little indication of the innumerable problems faced and the countless decisions

taken.

Future Regimental historians will, I trust, pay tribute to the wise and firm way in which the Regiment was handled during this turbulent and difficult period. Those who served under him will remember him for his sagacity, his understanding, his dislike of the second-rate and for an imperturbable readiness to look unpleasant facts in the face. Good luck to him, wherever he may go. As the Americans say, he did a great job.

C. H. B.

Regimental and Squadron Notes

"A" SQUADRON

GMT? We soon settled down into the swing of being a GMT Squadron with all the fuss and bother that is entailed when the greater part of the Squadron consists of untrained recruits.

The need of a Carpenters' and Plumbers' Shop was soon felt, so that we could quickly do all odd jobs from window glazing to the repair of wash basins. SSM Fitton (then SQMS) and L/Cpl. Wright pooled their tools and formed a first-class shop. As everyone knows, Catterick billets are not of the finest quality, so we gave our buildings a "new look," every building being subjected to a thorough overhaul.

Throughout the bleak Catterick winter, the spring and the summer, the training of recruits has carried on like a never-ending stream; and although a few tempers have been lost and the odd instructor has started to walk around with glazed eyes and a fixed expression, nothing has gone seriously wrong. The hours of work are admittedly long and dreary—no hope of a forty-hour week in this Squadron—but the results have been good and that is the meat of the matter. Competition has been keen among the squad NCOs for the coveted prize of winning squad of the intake. We have had special boards made out in the dining hall to record this and other details of the intakes. The odd recruit does pick up the wrong end of the stick, as for example the trainee on leave who told us he had sent a letter to the Officer IC Impact for his pay.

Some social life has been brought about in the Squadron. Tombola evenings are arranged every so often in the dining hall. The Regimental Dance Band comes along to help cheer us up with its renderings of all the best "hot" numbers. We must here record our thanks to the band for some first-class shows during the year; we have noticed that they seem to enjoy it as much as we do—a great favourite being Sgt. "Eddie" Clifford. The tombola evenings are such a success that even the wives are coming along, and we were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Fitton at our last "Monday Night at Eight." A great hush accompanies the last game of the evening when the kitty of up to £4 is the prize—at our last evening, the organizer, Captain Hobart, was the winner. Beer and sandwiches are had during the evening to complete the party, and at the end we disperse maybe a little lighter in pocket but assuredly a great deal better in spirit.

The Squadron permanent staff now possess a television set which will help to shorten the long winter evenings. A trip to Blackpool was successfully arranged by L/Cpl. Hutchins. So well was Cpl. Cherry enjoying himself that he decided to extend his visit and walk back!

Now we pass on to the sporting life of the Squadron. Here we won both the Inter-Squadron Boxing Cup and the Cricket Cup. In the Boxing competition prominent winners were Captain J. H. Hobart, L/Cpl. Snell, and Messrs. Gann, Gee, Collins, Firth, McBride and Donaldson. In fact the Squadron won twenty-two of the twenty-six fights. A slap-up party was arranged for the team afterwards, and to celebrate Major C. P. Martel filled

the cup with "Haggis Brew." A photograph of our boxing team appears elsewhere.

Throughout the summer we have kept our miniature football pitch well employed with five-a-side leagues, the Permanent Staff being the usual favourites.

Congratulations to:—

SSM Fitton on representing the Regiment at Bisley.

L/Cpl. Wilson and Tpr. Latham on being selected for Catterick Services cricket team.

Tpr. Wenley on being picked for the Army Swimming Finals at Aldershot.

The Queen's Birthday Parade went off with "flying colours": during rehearsals it was a common sight to see SSMs with rulers instead of pace sticks.

The following have served on the Commanding Officer's Guard: Sgt. D'Arcy, Cpl. Cherry, L/Cpl. Page, L/Cpl. Berry, L/Cpl. Hutchins, Tpr. Fritchley.

Promotions have been many in the Squadron during the year; marking the top of the promotion hill are Sgts. Bright, Mullin and D'Arcy. One step behind are Cpls. Berry, Cherry, Corry, Denton, Webster and Warner. New additions to the Corporals' Mess are L/Cpls. Hutchins, Farrington, Madden, Nichols, Price, Smith, Dunhill, Hancock, Stringer and Wilson. We should like to offer our heartiest congratulations to them all.

With very many regrets we have said good-bye to SSM Charlie Gower—long a stalwart member of "A" Squadron—and we should like to wish him the best of luck in his new job at the Royal Mews. Amongst others who have left are SQMS Bengé to the Cheshire Yeomanry; Sgts. Bowen, Irvine, Love and O'Neil, Cpls. Notley and Phillips to "Civvy Street," although Sgt. Love has returned to us, fed up already with the bright lights. Sgt. Pollock has left us for the BAOR.

Sgts. Upright, Taylor and Sedgewick have joined us during the year. Shortly the big change-over will take place and we shall be very sorry to lose SSM Fitton, who is leaving the Squadron to take up an appointment in the "Nut-House" (HQ Squadron).

We end our story by wishing all old comrades of the Squadron the best of luck and we look forward to meeting again at the reunions, and we add a hope that the best of trainees that have passed through our hands have not found life at "A" Squadron as bad as some people make out.

"B" SQUADRON

SINCE the publication of the last JOURNAL, there has been little change in the make-up of the Squadron, despite the accommodation change-over with "C" Squadron, which has resulted in our being situated in the Euphrates area instead of the Megiddo area.

Eight of the Squadron have left for the hazards of civilian life, and we wish Sgt. Batty, Cpl. Gateson, Cpl. Churches, Cpl. Whittaker, Tpr. Lewis, Tpr. Jodrell, Tpr. Harding and Tpr. Orme the very best of luck in their new careers. We are only regretful that Catterick had not more to offer! However, we welcome Sgt. Napper, L/Cpl. Mantle, L/Cpl. Hart, L/Cpl. Watts, L/Cpl. Stark, L/Cpl. Thomas, Tpr. Preston, Tpr. Ridge, Tpr. MacDonald and Tpr. Phillips, who seems to run the Squadron stores!



"C" SQUADRON, AUGUST, 1954

[Photo: A. J. Glover, Richmond]

Back Row—Tpr. King, Cpl. Hurst, Tpr. Bennett, Tpr. Perry, Tpr. Smith 362, Tpr. Hunter, Tpr. Robinson, Cpl. Brown, L./Cpl. Cresswell, Tpr. Elden, Cpl. Applegate, Cpl. Hilliard, Tpr. Rouse, Tpr. Hipshaw, Cpl. Fuller.

Fifth Row—Cpl. Moreton, L./Cpl. Stewart, L./Cpl. Bowkett, Cpl. Briggs 027, Tpr. Thorpe, Cpl. Muir, Cpl. Watson, Cpl. Liles, Tpr. Fenton, Tpr. Evans, L./Cpl. Khan, L./Cpl. Canning, Cpl. Chester, Tpr. Hutchinson, L./Cpl. Walsh, L./Cpl. Smith, Tpr. O'Hara, Tpr. Squire, Cpl. Roberts, Cpl. Murkett, Cpl. Barter, Cpl. O'Leary, Tpr. Northcott.

Fourth Row—L./Cpl. MacIntyre, L./Cpl. Tilley, L./Cpl. Rose, Sigmn. Tattershall, L./Cpl. Goodall, Tpr. Guylar, Tpr. Kerr, Tpr. Campbell 373, Tpr. Armitage, L./Cpl. Gliksten, Tpr. Batty, Cpl. Carter, Tpr. Acreman, Tpr. Pagdin, Cpl. Knight, L./Cpl. Hughes, Cpl. Saggerson, Cpl. Wilson, Cpl. Willett, Tpr. Howson, Cpl. Leech, Tpr. Leader, Tpr. Bavoillott, Cpl. Hindle, Cpl. Christer.

Third Row—Tpr. Lloyd, Tpr. Tooby, Tpr. Withorn, Cpl. Street, Tpr. Bradley, Tpr. Gray, Tpr. Brown, L./Cpl. Wilkin, Tpr. Logan, Tpr. Blades, L./Cpl. Griffiths, Tpr. Croxon, Tpr. Cooper, Tpr. Saunders, L./Cpl. Mould, Tpr. Maltby, Tpr. Tinker, L./Cpl. Madell, Tpr. Netherwood, Tpr. Layton, Tpr. Fereday, Tpr. Smith 764, Tpr. Newey,, Tpr. Rushton, Cpl. Homes.

Second Row—Cpl. Jenkins, Cpl. Hazel, L./Cpl. Rolls, Tpr. Spendlove, Cpl. Glen, L./Cpl. Wilson, L./Cpl. Middleton, L./Cpl. Foxall, Sgt. Phillips, Sgt. Sutton, Sgt. Johnstone, Sgt. Hallmark, Sgt. Thompson, Cpl. Edmenson, L./Cpl. Taylor, Tpr. Butcher, L./Cpl. Hardcastle, Tpr. Worley, Tpr. Hiscock, Cpl. Sawyer, Tpr. Reid, L./Cpl. Scott, Cpl. Whenman.

Front Row—Sgt. Voisey, Sgt. Garraghan, Sgt. Zack, S./Sgt. Hencher, SQMS Bryant, 2/Lt. Hopper, 2/Lt. Colthorpe, Capt. Phelps, Capt. Fisher, Capt. Manning, Major Ward-Harrison, SSM Musk, Capt. Lambert, Capt. Fane, Lt. Johnson-Ferguson, Lt. Keightley, S./Sgt. Andrews, Sgt. Peacocke, Sgt. Rafferty, Sgt. Agar, Sgt. Clipston, Sgt. Mucha, Sgt. Drew.

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Collection

In the sporting world we have had a mixed year with an outstanding success in the Inter-Squadron Shooting Competition, which we won quite comfortably. This was entirely due to the Squadron Leader's insistence on continual range practice, and come rain, come snow, the team would be shooting it out at Bellerby, where visibility would sometimes be down to twenty yards.

We were beaten by "A" Squadron in the first round of the Inter-Squadron Cricket Cup by four wickets. Unfortunately our game was based on village green standards, which after all is the best way to play the game, and as they had four members of the Regimental team to our one, we were, to use an Army phrase, "a bit pushed."

In the Inter-Squadron Athletics Competition we acquitted ourselves well considering the opposition, and came a good third. L/Cpl. Hyams ran a very good race to win the half mile and Tpr. Orr ran very well indeed to come second in the three miles. In the discus Lieut. Pepper and Tpr. Cook came first, but except for the very fine mile run by Tpr. Chandler we did not receive a medal.

In the Inter-Squadron Boxing Competition we were not very successful, but were exhilarated by the performance of Tpr. Broadhead of Mons Intake, who after his Army service intends to be a professional boxer.

Twelve intakes have entered "B" Squadron since last September, and the last, Oudenarde, is at the time of writing in its second week of training. Oudenarde is the last intake coming to the Squadron for GMT, for with effect from the 26th September we shall be the Wireless and Gunnery Training Squadron. The list of intakes since September is shown below, with winning squad instructors and winning troopers.

Last May, just before the series of Test matches against the South African touring team, a television set was installed in the Squadron rest room for the use of the Permanent Staff. This has proved a great success, for not only does it provide a continual source of amusement during the evenings, but also saves people spending too much money in the NAAFI!

At the end of the month Sgt. Cooke, who has been with the Squadron since we came to Catterick, will be leaving the Army to try his vocal powers in the Canadian Army. He has been a tower of strength on the square, which, it is understood, he attributes to his favourite breakfast—milk, bacon and *beans*. We wish him the best of luck, and we hope that he will not forget to take an insurance policy out for his moustache, for you never know, some trapper might fancy it, thinking it to be a new type of fur.

Also leaving at the same time are Cpl. Hall, L/Cpl. Rowbotham and Tpr. Cook. Cpl. Hall has been in the Squadron stores since we came back to England, and has assisted the SQMS through the past two years with great skill in the many jobs to which he has put his hand. L/Cpl. Rowbotham has been Squadron Chief Clerk for the last year, and has proved a great asset, despite the great quantity of orange juice he manages to consume. Tpr. Cook has also been in the stores since we came back from the Middle East and has succeeded in growing his hair to a respectable length in the fastness of the clothing store. We wish them the best of luck in civilian life.

In conclusion, it can be said that the Squadron is still

very much alive, and that if at any time any old comrade would like to visit us, he can be sure of a very warm welcome.

"C" SQUADRON

DURING the past year the Squadron, almost without exception, has realized that life in Catterick is not so dull and empty as those who have gone before wish us to believe. Memories of the rigorous winter have been almost blotted out by a grand summer when everyone has taken advantage of the long sunny spell, indulging in every type of outdoor sport and activity.

Squadron pride has come to the fore in athletic contests, and Troop spirit has been more than evident on those Wednesday afternoon football and cricket matches—even the "lame and lazy" played the latter. To our credit we achieved one major success in the Inter-Squadron Athletics, where for once we were able to field our full strength. Such useful athletes as L/Cpl. Taylor, Tprs. Bennett, Flint and Vincent were performing for us, and it was interesting to note that marriage seems to have increased rather than reduced Captain Millen's speed. We were beaten at swimming despite the great efforts of 2/Lt. Colthorpe, L/Cpl. Leech and L/Cpl. MacIntyre. Unfortunately, our human torpedo—Captain Fane—was away at the time. In the Inter-Squadron Boxing we gained only a few individual successes, but a word of praise to Tpr. Rouse for an excellent fight and to 2/Lt. Colthorpe for being such a game "loser."

The very evident wave of apprehension which swept through the Squadron when details of the Week-end Camp became known proved to be unfounded and everyone enjoyed themselves. Those in "A" Echelon were taught convoy driving interspersed with cooling bathes in the rivers, those on Tank Tactics laughed at as well as learned by others' mistakes, while to say we were all amused and "educated" at the smoker is a gross understatement.

Perhaps one of the biggest "nightmares" in the Squadron Office is keeping the nominal roll up to date, because almost every day we say good-bye to someone leaving and hello to a new member in his place. This state of affairs, producing the new phrase "Temporary Permanent Staff," makes it almost impossible to mention everyone individually, so to those who have left we wish all good fortune and those who have joined us we hope will enjoy their stay. No one, however, will criticize if we make one special mention and say *au revoir* to Major Chapman—some of us were privileged to hear an excellent rendering of "Fare thee well, Inniskilling" on his last night. Equally warm is our welcome to Major Ward-Harrison, MC, under whom the Squadron has continued to find time to see the lighter side of Army life despite its irksome task of training recruits.

The Squadron has also been active during the summer moving from the bleak, brick huts on the highest part of the camp down to the comfortable central-heated rooms in Megiddo. At present with the aid of REs and "Self Help" we are preparing our winter quarters, bearing in mind the motto, "Any fool can be uncomfortable."

Now, for the accounts of Squadron Week-end Camps and Troop Gossip we hand you over to the voices of the Troops themselves.

ADMINISTRATIVE TROOP

A variety of tasks, including Squadron moves, Week-

end Camps, Inspections and sport, have made this year pass quickly and yet with interest.

Both in the Office and the Stores we survived the annual Part II Inspection without serious complaints, and even the Medical Officer's monthly hygiene inspection always produced satisfactory reports—once the phrase "Their toilets are a pleasure to enter" appeared.

Frequently the clerks have been deluged with material to type on a wide range of military and non-military subjects, but it is completely untrue that Squadron Messing Meeting Notes once appeared with the sentence, "They are getting too much hay and insufficient bruised oats."

While on the subject of denials, we might add that we have the SSM's backing in denying the rumour that we are allowing L/Cpl. Tilley to "fiddle" an extra 72-hour pass for all his pals to celebrate his "demob" in November. Talking about "Civvy Street," we wish Cpl. Way every success, also L/Cpl. Dawson, Tprs. Atkinson, Bonner and Goman, and welcome in their places L/Cpl. Canning, Tprs. Armitage, Layton, Kerr and Richardson, who have already settled down in the Troop.

Congratulations are due to L/Cpl. Hurst, who has gained his second stripe as Chief Clerk in the Squadron; also to L/Cpl. Tilley, who among other things helped both the Regimental football and crickets teams in their successes during the respective seasons.

We take this opportunity of apologizing to all "Married and Living Out Personnel" if Squadron Daily Orders have on occasions been published a minute or so after 1630 hrs, and hope their wives have not been too harsh on them for being late. On this cheerful note we say farewell until next year.

WIRELESS WING

During the past year in the Wireless Wing a diversity of jobs have come our way and we have struggled to carry on training through the thick and the thin of horse trials, children's sports and various Sergeants', Corporals' or Other Ranks' Dances. Captain Fane has remained at the helm through these troubled times, with Lieut. Johnson-Ferguson as what is technically known as his "side kick." S/Sgt. Fitzsimmons has left and his place is now filled by S/Sgt. Andrews, who returned from our Wing Mecca, Bovington, during the wind-swept month of March.

Sgt. Peacocke is still a leading figure round the Wing, and so is Sgt. Agar, whose sole interest in life seems to have turned to Three-Day Event horse trials. Sgt. Preston's raky-looking Riley still haunts the Wing, and there was a whisper among the recruits that Captain Fane had only bought a new Jaguar so that he could take over the "old" one.

Marriage, a predominant word at Catterick this year, has left us hard hit, and there are now only comparatively few left unaffected, but we do offer our best wishes for the future to the ones who have joined the ranks of the "Married Pads."

The Royal Signals "attached" still keep us on our feet, and they work, like the rest of us, to maintain the wing, the tanks, and the various sporting events around the countryside. They are rapidly becoming personalities of note at neighbouring Hunter Trials. Participation in sport has been keen and we have a budding soccer team, gallantly led by Tpr. Flint, who during the summer

months seems to disappear with the Wing clerk, Bennett, on the same excuse, "Regimental athletics, sir."

Lastly we must welcome our various newcomers and bid farewell to the large number of leavers, and congratulate any people we have omitted in this short article on any prowess or good fortune that has been theirs during the last year.

WHEELS TROOP

Wheels Troop this year seems to have been an ever-changing scene. Several of the familiar faces have gone and newcomers are now there to replace them. Some have been transferred to the Wireless Wing, while one or two have been demobilized or found a niche elsewhere in the Regiment; notably L/Cpl. Canning, who is now a great help in the SQMS's Stores.

The organization of the Troop has been altered during the past year as well. It is now the policy to give trucks to D & M Instructors without a driver, and make D & M Classes responsible for them. This frees drivers from long and uninteresting journeys in the backs of their trucks for interesting duties like moor fires and guards. Also it enables the vehicles not actually out driving to have much better service as there are more drivers available to look after them.

The main excitements were naturally the Part II Inspection in February and the Central Inspectorate in June. Both of these were dealt with satisfactorily in spite of a few nasty moments. This meant a fair amount of work by "A" Squadron, as practically the whole of the Troop was away at Newcastle and Edinburgh driving trucks to help in the railway strike. However, the recruits proved themselves remarkably good at cleaning things, so all was well. Incidentally, the drivers' work during the strike certainly deserves a mention as they were reported to have done very well, although we were informed that Leader's truck was seen motoring through the night with "Please pass quietly, driver asleep" written on the back.

In the sports world, Hutchinson played football regularly for the Regiment and Cpl. Dewhurst represented us at Bisley, where he had some success. Also at a slightly lower level the Troop football team, under Munns' able management, showed the Tank Park that weight of numbers is not everything.

So on the whole this has been a pleasant year. The only hope for the future is that a more permanent nucleus of Regular soldiers can be obtained as drivers when present engagements expire.

D & M WING

During the year under review there has been a slight increase in the numbers of recruits passing through the Wing, as well as a considerable improvement in the trade test results. It is remarkable how very few of the recruits have any ambitions to be tank drivers; for the most part they are content to reach the level of a wheeled vehicle driver, and are in no way excited by the prospect of becoming an AFV Crew member.

A visit was arranged to the Royal Ordnance Factory in Leeds so that instructors might see Centurions being made, but this had to be cancelled at the last moment on account of the railway strike and the extra duties that came with it. We hope to make another attempt soon.

There has been the usual crops of recruit "howlers" during the year. A few examples are given below:

"The cylinder head is to prevent the pistons coming up through the bonnet and obscuring the driver's view."

"A dry sump lubrication system uses powdered rather than liquid oil."

"The ammeter is a gauge to check the thinning out of petrol before starting up."

Notwithstanding these impressions, the recruits do leave the Wing with a reasonable knowledge of the Centurion and how to drive it.

A regular and very popular feature of the programme during the summer months has been a long drive to the coast, followed by a night's camp and a half-day spent bathing.

There have been a few changes in the instructors' staff during the year. Sgt. Holland has changed places with Sgt. Stringer at the RAC Centre, Bovington, and Cpl. Chester is now looking after the tanks of the gunnery wing. Sgts. Zack and Jenkins and Cpl. Davies have joined the Wing from other employments, and Sgt. Love has rejoined the Army after a very short stay in civilian life, where he found only disillusionment. Promotions during the year included Sgt. Hencher, who is now a Staff Sergeant and the senior NCO in the Wing. L/Cpls. Liles, Edmenson, Barter and Hazel now carry the additional responsibilities of two stripes, whilst Tprs. Hughes and Griffiths are now lance-corporals.

There seems to have been a rush of marriages and we congratulate Captain Millen, Sgt. Thompson, Cpls. Clarke, Christer, and Wilson, and wish them every happiness. It is rumoured that one sergeant of the Wing was "booked" by a blonde policewoman for a parking offence in Darlington, an incident which can justly be described as a "fair cop."

GUNNERY WING

Since the last edition of the JOURNAL the Gunnery Wing has had the usual change of personalities. We have seen the departure of Captain Barnes to the centre of "Regimental Intrigue" as Training Adjutant, and barely a day goes past without some directive bearing his signature being received, so we know that if absent in body he is still present in spirit. Sgt. "Pop" Williams has now returned to South Africa, where he is again at his old job; we wish him all the luck in the world and miss his cheerful presence. By the time this JOURNAL is published many more familiar faces will be missing. Our other Sgt. Williams, Sgt. Drew, Cpls. Briggs and Watson, our excellent storeman Cpl. Homes, and of course L/Cpl. Rose have all found the lure of "Civvy Street" too strong. We extend to them our very best wishes for the future. Sgt. Sedgwick has also left us, but only to go as far as "A" Squadron.

On the credit side we welcome S/Sgt. Fitzsimmons, Sgt. Phillips of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, who never lets us forget that he is one of Sir Winston's boys, and Sgt. Hallmark and Sgt. Andrews, who would have us believe that they are founder members of the Royal Tank Regiment.

Our sporting activities have been considerably curtailed due to pressure of work, but we feel that at least one result should be recorded: At cricket, "Gunnery Wing all out 64; Wireless Wing all out 1 (a bye)."

We have had the usual number of howlers, from the recruits; the best in our opinion being that of a recruit

who, when asked to write down the weight of the 20-pdr., produced the following "gem"—£2,000—700—91.

In closing we extend our welcome to all the newcomers and our congratulations to all those who have fallen from the straight and narrow path of bachelorhood. Also it is only right that we should express our thanks for the help and guidance we have received from the I.G., Major Hayward, and from the staff at the ranges at Warcop.

TANK PARK TROOP

The face of the Troop has changed a lot since the last Regimental JOURNAL was published, and many of the old familiar oil-stained faces have left, but the newcomers have settled down quickly. The year has been a busy one and has been enlivened by the usual attractions, such as inspections, and also the Squadron week-end camp. This camp was very much enjoyed and the only tank to develop any serious trouble was the one which the Troop Leader, after addressing various drivers on the impossibility of getting a tank bogged in such good weather and conditions, sank catwalk deep in a stream a few days before the camp.

A Troop outing was arranged to Blackpool in July. Everybody enjoyed themselves very much, the weather was excellent, the beer plentiful, and a good time was had by all concerned.

The Troop's football team had a good season, and Sgt. Teague continues to be Mr. Green's invaluable aid in running the Regimental football team. Our boxers, too, made up a large part of the Squadron boxing team.

The Tank Park is at the moment a hive of industry as the second part of the inspection is due a few days after this is being written. Fortunately the arrival of some new tanks has enabled us to dispose of some of the mobile wrecks which caused the Squadron Leader to turn the colour of the Officers' Mess walls. The resurfacing of the Tank Park has also been carried out this year, but, due to the combined efforts of all the drivers, it has already been rumoured that the contractor's guarantee of six months will be too long.

HQ SQUADRON

During the past year the Squadron has carried on with the thousand and one tasks which are the basis of its existence. These notes can only outline the high-lights of our life, and in reading them we would ask everyone to remember that, all the time, the routine duties of administration go on. People sometimes ask what HQ Squadron does? Perhaps the best way of answering this question is to just imagine what would happen if HQ Squadron suddenly ceased to exist and its members were spirited away overnight. No rations, coal, clothing, equipment or technical stores would be issued. No meals would be cooked, no haversack rations would be cut, no salvage would be cleared, no pay would be issued, and none of the essential paper-work which enables us to be promoted or discharged would take place. No education would take place, no broken-down vehicles would be repaired and no transport would be available.

This point is emphasized since much of what we do is dull routine, essential but humdrum tasks, which have none of the variety that is allegedly the spice of life. It is much to the credit of all ranks that they have never become downhearted in the face of difficulties and

repetitive work. However, HQ Squadron has not been behindhand in its sporting activities, though it is frequently difficult to keep our daily work going, as well as supplying sportsmen to represent the Regiment at all manner of games. For HQ supplies the backbone of every Regimental team.

In October, 1954, HQ Squadron won the Inter-Squadron Boxing Competition from "A" Squadron by a very narrow margin. After the Christmas break we came back to a severe and prolonged winter. All through January, February and March the snow lay thick throughout the camp, and life in our huts became a struggle for survival against winter's harshest rigours. March itself was a hectic month of preparation for the Part II Inspection. On this occasion HQ Squadron earned great praise from the Brigade Commander on the high standard of turn-out and the smartness of our parade in best kit for his inspection. The QM(Tech) Troop were also inspected standing to their beds and produced a very creditable result.

In April of this year we exchanged our living quarters with "B" Squadron and moved into the two "spiders" we now occupy. Since the spring weather came at this time, and we found ourselves in much more comfortable quarters, life became more cheerful. A big attempt was made to improve our new rooms by a large-scale repainting programme. This made good progress until our stocks of paint were exhausted and the redecoration of the spider was placed in the hands of contractors who have so far failed to make any progress. As a result no more paint could be procured—even by the well-known skill of the Quartermaster—and we have only succeeded in redoing the rooms which the LAD and Squadron Employed Troop live in. Linoleum has also been obtained and laid in many rooms, which has helped to make our quarters more attractive.

The HQ Squadron team won the Inter-Squadron Swimming Competition held at the beginning of July. This was a splendid result of training and preparation. In July and August two Squadron Week-end Camps were held, both of which were successful. On these camps the Squadron has concentrated primarily on rifle shooting at the ranges, in order to carry out the annual range classification practices. Other subjects covered were map reading and judging distances, and route marches were carried out at both camps. Beer and other refreshments were consumed round the camp fire in the evening, and quite a lot of unsuspected talent at singing or leading choruses was displayed by various members of the Squadron.

Everyone was very impressed at both camps by the efforts of SQMS Searle and his Administrative Groups who laid out the site and erected the camp; and of Sgt. Jackson, who produced such excellent meals, both large in quantity and beautifully cooked. Needless to say, everyone was ravenous and did more than justice to the fare provided. Another result of these camps is that out of approximately 240 all ranks who attended the camps, 152 have qualified as rifle shots and of these four are now marksmen. In addition, a great deal of excellent enthusiasm for shooting has been generated. If it be remembered that the Battle of Agincourt was won by practised archers who shot their bows by law every Sunday on the village green; that Waterloo was won by the

accurate volleys of the British infantry drawn up in squares; and that at the Battle of Mons the rapid and accurate fire of the British Army was mistaken for machine guns by the enemy, it will be realized that enthusiasm for shooting must always be encouraged as much as possible. This we have tried to do.

In August the Colonel of the Regiment, during his visit, toured some of our barrack rooms and expressed himself well pleased with what he saw. On the same day in the afternoon HQ Squadron just lost to "C" Squadron by one point in the Inter-Squadron Athletics Competition after a fierce struggle. The slight disappointment of this result is more than redeemed by the enthusiasm and hard work put in by those members of the Squadron who gave up all their energies with such vigour during the events. In particular L/Cpl. Dibb's great effort in the three-mile race will long be remembered.

Other high-lights of our life have affected minorities of the Squadron rather than the majority. During the railway strike at the beginning of June over 20 NCOs and men of the Squadron were scattered round the country acting as drivers or co-drivers manning the emergency truck convoys which kept military communications open. These men worked long hours under difficult conditions, and contributed greatly to the success of operation "Hotfoot." In spite of the fact that we are chronically short of Permanent Staff to keep the Administration of the Regiment going, we have managed to fulfil the persistent demands for help made to us. Over two-thirds of our cooks have been detached, at one period or another, to help provide meals at Territorial Army or Combined Cadet Force summer camps. Countless are the garrison fatigues done by NCOs and men as well as drivers of MT Troop, while even the SSM has been surprised by the frequency with which his name has come to the top of the roster for Garrison Orderly Warrant Officer. Sgt. Jackson and his cooks came second in the Northumbrian District Cookery Competition, which was a very fine achievement.

Lastly, many of our PT Staff have done considerable periods of attachment as Instructors to Territorial Army and Cadet Force Camps during the summer; they have all sustained the Regiment's good name by getting good reports on their work. It is appropriate here to record the valiant work done by two small organizations who contribute a great deal to our welfare and comfort. The coal team, day in day out, week in week out, deliver coal throughout the Regimental Lines and to one hundred and seventy-three married quarters in the camp area. In rain, snow or sun, this gallant section are out every day doing yeoman service. The salvage team, who clear rubbish, and clean grease traps, also deserve a word of praise for their unfailing efforts, amid shortage of transport and other difficulties, to keep the lines clean and hygienic.

And now we are faced with changes which are in part the result of reorganization. Captain Woods leaves in October to go to the Staff College and we welcome most warmly Major Garnett, who takes over. SSM Gilliland, after eighteen months of very successful "coping" with HQ and its many problems, goes to "B" Squadron, and SSM Fitton comes over from "A" Squadron to take his place. During the past year 2/Lt. Lang completed his national service and left the Army. Lieut.

Critchley-Waring came to us from "A" Squadron and took over the reins of the MT Troop. He and the MT Troop achieved distinction by obtaining a "Very Good" report on the Annual Vehicle Inspection. Lieut. (QM) Wallace, 10th Hussars, joined us to act as assistant to the Quartermaster and has presided most successfully over the activities of the Squadron shooting team and the boxing team. Many others have left us on discharge or at the end of full-time national service, and we extend to them most sincerely our thanks for the hard work and loyalty they have shown. So many new faces have appeared that both the Squadron Leader and the SSM have found it difficult to recognize them or remember their names until they have been with us for a few weeks instead of days. To all those who have recently come to the Squadron we extend a hearty welcome and the hope that they will not only maintain the high standards set in the past but also enhance them.

The Quartermaster and his "empire" have earned the thanks of all ranks for their unremitting labours throughout the last year. The Clothing Storemen have slaved to clothe and equip each intake of recruits as they arrive. The carpenters, plumbers and equipment repairers have all helped to make our quarters habitable, keep our pipes, taps and drains functioning, and done a thousand and one chores for all who asked.

In conclusion, we would like to thank the Band and the REME, who have not been mentioned in detail, since they have their own notes in this JOURNAL, for all the hard work, co-operation and help they have given to make HQ Squadron a really successful concern. Looking back on the year that is past, we can claim to have triumphed over our difficulties, won new successes in the field of sport, and done many dull but arduous tasks with efficiency and enthusiasm.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND

OUR notes commence with a brief mention of the York Military Sunday held in York Minister on May 1st. At the start of the parade the heavens opened and down came the rain. Consequently a very bedraggled Band sat in the choir stalls, wet to the skin, and it must be admitted that the singing was extremely weak and watery too.

Our next duty was for the Regimental Old Comrades' Reunion and the combined Cavalry Memorial Parade in Hyde Park on Sunday, May 4th. Fortunately the weather was very good this year and we were able to finish the parade with dry uniforms. It was a very pleasant weekend, meeting scores of old friends, both Old Comrades and some still serving in other bands, whom we bump into from time to time.

Having returned from London, our next care was to get ourselves into shape for an inspection by Lieut.-Colonel D. McBain, A.R.C.M., p.s.m., the Director of Music, the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. This would have been our first inspection by the Director of Music since 1948, but unfortunately it was postponed owing to the railway strike. We now learn that Lieut.-Colonel D. McBain will visit us in November, so it will be jackets off and hard work again to achieve the results desired.

The Queen's Birthday Parade next claimed our attention and for this we massed with the Alamein Staff Band

of the Royal Tank Regiment and the Band of the 1st Bn. Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

After the Queen's Birthday Parade we had a welcome break of ten days' leave prior to travelling to Woolwich on June 29th, where we were accommodated for the duration of the White City Tattoo. A notable feature this year was that we supplied four mounted trumpeters in addition to our full instrumentation for the Massed Bands event.

We returned to Catterick on July 11th and departed again on the 14th to York for the Northern Command Tattoo. The next few days were spent in numerous rehearsals, and we soon found out that our designation of "static" band was a misnomer; we were far from static. With our friends of the Alamein Staff Band under their Director of Music, Captain W. J. Lemon, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., p.s.m., and the 1st Bn. The South Lancashire Regiment, Bandmaster Mr. D. Pooke, A.R.C.M., we supplied the bulk of the music for the Tattoo, including the Community Singing before the show started, the display by the RAOC Boys and the Musical Ride of the Household Cavalry, which was conducted by our own Bandmaster.

In spite of these feverish rehearsals, we still managed to turn out our Dance Band for the Royal Signals Association Dance held in the Assembly Rooms. This was a huge success, and notwithstanding a heavy day, Sgt. Clifford and the Dance Band were in great form. The Northern Command Tattoo was financially a big success, we believe; however, the general feeling was a sigh of relief when it was over.

We returned to Catterick on August 2nd and 0500 hours on the morning of the 4th saw us once more on the road, this time to Bakewell. This Bakewell show is the largest one-day Agricultural Show in the country, and we felt rather pleased in being able to perform there as in previous years they have had bands from the Foot Guards.

Our travels were by no means finished. Arriving from Bakewell at 2200 hours in the evening, we boarded transport the following morning for Newcastle, where the Depot of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers were to be our hosts for the South Shields Tattoo. Our own Bandmaster, Mr. H. W. Vince, A.R.C.M., was Musical Director for this event, and after only one morning rehearsal, with the most willing co-operation from the other bands taking part—viz., 1st Bn. RNF, 1st and 2nd Bns. DLI, and the 1st Bn. Black Watch—all the problems of music and movement were ironed out.

The Tattoo was an enormous success, and here we feel a special word of praise is due to the mounted trumpeters, who were without doubt a great attraction. 2/Lt. T. S. K. Goschen was equitation officer with the mounted trumpeters and quickly earned the highest admiration and respect from all ranks of our little community for his zeal and co-operation and for his understanding and help in the many problems which beset a band on tour. On the opening night of the Tattoo Bdsn. L. Walton was suddenly taken to South Shields Hospital with appendicitis. The care and attention given to him was very much appreciated by us all, and in order to say "thank you" to the Matron and her wonderful staff it was arranged that the mounted trumpeters and the band, all in full dress, would visit the Hospital grounds and let the sick children see and hear some small part

of the Tattoo. This was done accordingly and we hope that we have been responsible in a small way for cheering up the children with a little of the colour and pageantry so sadly lacking these days.

Again returning to Catterick after this very well organized and successful Tattoo, the Dance Band found their services in great demand. A return visit to York for a dance for the Royal Signals Association on the 27th repeated the previous success. On the last day of August four trumpeters were sent to York to open a recruiting campaign.

September opened with a fresh burst of activity. On the 2nd and 3rd we were at Harewood for the Horse Trials; the mounted trumpeters were again in evidence. On the evening of the 3rd we had one of the tightest moves of all. We were due to play at Folkestone the following day; this meant a coach trip all night down to the south coast. All the spare kit not required at Folkestone was quickly loaded for Catterick and the Band made a quick change, had a meal and were on the road again at 1930 hours, arriving at Shornecliffe the following morning at 0630 hours. 1500 hours the same afternoon found us on the Leascliff Bandstand playing our opening piece to a very large and appreciative audience. During our fortnight at Folkestone we were very happy to renew our acquaintance with members of the Folkestone Cavalry Old Comrades' Association, who organized a dance in our honour. So after our programme one evening we went along to the dance, and spent a very pleasant time. We were pleased to reciprocate by providing two trumpeters for their annual parade service on Sunday, the 11th. Other welcome visitors to us at Folkestone were ex-SSM and Mrs. Gower, who told us that he is now at the Royal Mews and likes his new job. Good luck, Charles. We were all looking forward to a spot of leave after we had finished at Folkestone, but news came through that leave must wait as we are to go to Belgium. We are preparing for this as these notes are being written.

Our best wishes for future happiness go to L/Cpl. Roy Watts and Bdsn. Michael Durrant, who are to be married shortly in spite of all the warnings and advice (mostly unwanted) from our other married men. We have said good-bye to L/Cpl. James, Bdsn. Meek, Dean, Gomm, Ward, Whitehouse, Sinclair and Shimmin, who have all returned to civilian life this year. We wish them well and every success and thank them for their services to the Band.

We welcome to the Band the new faces of Bdsn. Mitchell, Smith, Clough, Parkes and May and hope that we will be able to fit them out with uniforms. On this subject, it has been suggested that by starving some and giving the rations to others we may eventually be able to make the body fit the clothes. We hope so.

Finally, to all our many kind friends everywhere our best wishes, and a warm welcome is assured to them should they care to visit us.

THE LIGHT AID DETACHMENT (REME)

DURING the past year the inevitable changes have occurred, for whereas the detachment were almost 100 per cent. Regular soldiers at the time the last notes were written, the percentage is now less than 40 and the survivors from Egypt and Korea are few indeed. Cpls. Lewis and Brownlee and L/Cpls. Malkin, Ellis and

Harris have all left us for the delights of civil life. Captain Todd has gone to try to train young officers at Bordon, and we wish him every success in his new sphere. Captain Wells arrived to take over in May; modesty forbids the writer from saying too much about this undoubtedly brilliant, athletic figure which now adorns the Regiment!

The LAD has once again been well represented in all forms of sport within, and outside, the Regiment. Cfn. Bates represented the Regiment in the Northern Command Athletics and at soccer, L/Cpl. Page at swimming and L/Cpl. Tandy at boxing; in addition, Cfn. McCoig-Lees and Cfn. Aird assisted HQ Squadron in the inter-squadron athletics meeting; while, last but not least, Sgt. Millard as armourer, adviser and member of the Bisley shooting team did much to uphold the honour of the detachment.

Since the last notes were published the following were granted increased rates of pay (marriage allowance): Sgt. Cresswell, Cpl. McDowell, L/Cpl. Page and Cfn. Allenby. It is understood that the disease is catching and that there are more victims to follow.

We are now the proud possessors of a baby daughter, born to Sgt. and Mrs. Millard; she is the cause of many sleepless nights and our sympathies go out to Sgt. Millard, but no doubt there are compensations.

The LAD have now become long-haired (!) intellectuals since our last member obtained his third class; rude comments about the EME having to get his to make it 100 per cent. are to be ignored. (Incidentally, who is the officer who thinks "Higher Calculus" is a dirty book?)

THE WARRANT OFFICERS' AND SERGEANTS' MESS

IT is felt that under no circumstances can these notes be compiled without reference to the Balaclava Ball which was held on October 23rd, 1954. We were most glad to welcome the Old Comrades of the Regiment and their wives and to know that they enjoyed themselves. It should be noted that one Old Comrade of the Inniskillings arrived to find his son suffering from the hospitality showered upon him by other Old Comrades who resided at the King's Head Hotel in Richmond, but in all fairness to the Mess member it must be admitted that he survived to the bitter end.

The following day those who had enjoyed themselves well but not wisely arose like wrecks from their beds, like the Phoenix from the ashes, and then staggered through the parade, only to be more demoralized by the fitness of the Old Comrades. On the Sunday evening a social was held in the Mess and once again the weaknesses of the younger generation were emphasized. Is this weakness anything to do with the infiltration from the Grenadiers with their cream cakes? However, when the Old Comrades did eventually depart, something in the Mess departed with them, and a week-end such as that has not been seen since in Catterick.

During the winter months the Mess took part in the Garrison Darts and Snooker League, which on one or two nights developed into rugby matches. We are sorry to say that in the Darts League we were only runners-up, but this is possibly due to the infiltration into the darts team of ex-RAF personnel. The Christmas period was spent exceptionally quietly. This was due to the fact

that a large proportion of the Mess members are married and live out, and the majority of the dining-in members took a well-earned block leave and a chance to thaw out. The Christmas Draw was the last main gathering of the year, although a small number of the members saw the New Year in and seemed to have had quite an enjoyable time.

The New Year started very badly for the dining-in members when two fell by the wayside into the well-known trap, and it was rumoured that the Mess would soon close and the "hard-worked" caterer would be unemployed. However, we are glad to say that with the new arrivals we are still holding our own. On January 8th, Sgt. Raymond was caught in the net, as the Richmond Police will verify, followed a week later by Sgt. Cook. In both cases both Mess members and the Black Lion suffered losses. Wedding bells truly rang in the bridal suite of Sgt. Cook and his wife. To both of these happily married couples we offer our congratulations.

By the kind permission of certain people, February was a quiet month, but there is no truth in the story that the picture of Captain Oates of the Antarctic was removed from the hallway of the Mess to the bar for preservation. Neither is it true that the following remark was attached to the frame, "Baby, it's cold outside." As usual on Paddy's Day, the normal life of the Regiment officially continued, and on the following Saturday the Mess held a dining-in night for members and their wives. It was with great pleasure that on this occasion we saw TQMS Irvine as an Old Comrade, and it is with deepest regret that we inform you that he has since passed away. We must also record the death of Sgt. Jones, who joined us when we arrived in Catterick. To Mrs. Irvine and Lexy, and to Mrs. Jones and her family, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Also during March hordes of civilians streamed through the Mess entrance quite unexpectedly on a Saturday evening, having mistaken the Castle of Inniskilling for the Mercury of the Signals. However, true to Mess tradition, these unexpected guests were made truly welcome. Shortly after this invasion we entertained Joe Cook, an Old Comrade and mine host of the Hart's Horn in Knaresborough, and his regulars, and on this night a rather enjoyable time was had by all. Nothing of great interest happened in April in the way of social functions, but about this time we had a social visit from the Secretary of the OCA (Tom Williams), who took up his appointment as coach to the Mess members in preparation and training for the Regimental Reunion.

May brought us to the Regimental Reunion and this was a memorable week-end. It is not yet known who organized the buffet for the train—the saboteur has not owned up yet—and it is with great regret that we have to announce that certain senior ranks of a famous Cavalry Regiment had to drink lemonade on the way to London. However, this was rectified on arrival, when we were met at the station by Tom Williams and the members of the OCA, and it has still not been disclosed how or whether certain people reached their destinations. It is noted for future history that certain members recuperated in the Windmill Theatre during Saturday afternoon in preparation for the evening, making names as hurdlers for themselves, although we are sorry to say they did not keep up their training and did not appear in the Regimental Sports.

The next morning the Old Comrades again showed the younger generation the way home, including the way to the Packstone Head, and thence to Knightsbridge Barracks. The majority of the party caught the train back to Catterick on time, but there are those amongst us who, mystified by the fact that British Railways ran to time for once, *somehow* managed to miss the train. We would like to express our thanks to the OCA for the arrangements they made to accommodate us and for the welcome we were given on arrival in London.

To compensate themselves for the commotion and the loss of a shovel, it is noted that shortly after the Regimental Reunion British Railways staged a strike in anticipation of a further episode and forced us to cancel the Waterloo Ball.

On July 9th the Mess held a Dinner Night to mark the entry of Charlie Gower and his wife into the barren wastes of civilian life. We were all sorry to see the departure of the oldest "Skin" in the Mess, but are glad to hear that he is back to his pre-mechanization days in the Royal Mews and that he is quite happy and has settled down in civilian life.

We would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to the PMC and members of the Corporals' Mess for the way they entertained us on the completion of the inter-Mess Pentathlon, and we are looking forward to next year's games in which we hope to retain the shield. Furthermore we extend our thanks for the invitations and the enjoyable evening spent at the Corporals' Mess Dance. During August we paid a return visit to Joe Cook's hotel at Knaresborough, and it is with regret that we cannot publish the result of the games, but it is agreed that although the games were not finished an enjoyable night was had.

During the period covered by these notes the following have left us: "Paddy" Mahoney to guard WD Stores in the Police; Wally Turner, "Busty" Irving and John Batty to civilian life; "Jock" Pollock has returned to the 8th Hussars, and the Mess has not been the same since the "Ropey Soldier" left us; "Taffy" Wright to NAG Ranges; "Jerry" Baldry to the REME at Ashford; "Pop" Williams on DOMCOL Leave to Transvaal, and it would appear he has joined the other 99,999 never to return; Johnny Love has again tried civilian life for the second time, but on looking round decided that it did not suit him and has now returned to do his third stretch in the Regiment; "Ginger" Notley on his return to "Civvy Street"; Dave Holland to the sunny south of England to RAC Centre.

Congratulations to Joe Precious on his appointment to RQMS. Congratulations to the following on their promotions to the Mess; Dereck Raymond, "Lofty" Bright, Les D'Arcy, "Bull" Mullen, "Ginger" Notley, John Batty, Chas. Blinkhorne, Len Cotterill, "Titch" Penberthy, Dave Thompson, Brian Clipston, "Darkie" Williams, "Mucha" Minnie, Eric Cresswell (REME attached), Ron Ives, Mike Doyle.

We commiserate with the following who have had the wool pulled over their eyes: Sgts. Jack Agar, Brian Clipstone, Colin Peacocks, Ted Chapman, Dave Thompson, Eric Cresswell, plus the two previously mentioned who started the rot in the bachelor gang, and extend our sympathy to their wives.

We welcome the following into the Mess and trust their stay will be a happy one: WOI Gibson, RE; WOII

Cannon; Sgts. Casson, Brownbrige, Wright; S/Sgts. Davies, RAEC; Joe Riley, APTC; Sgt. Andrews, 5 R Tks; S/Sgt. Andrews from hibernation in the Cheshire Yeomanry, together with Dick Bleach; Jim Cowling from BAOR; Farouk Harris, the Caterer, from NAG Ranges; Sgt. Jenkins, Bays.

It was with great pleasure that just prior to the closing of these notes we were honoured with an informal visit to the Mess by the Colonel of the Regiment.

Our final visitor after many years of absence was Sgt. Eric Roodhouse, who is now organizing the Army's Branch of Nuclear Warfare, under the ever-watchful eye of our old friend ex-AQMS, now Lieut. ("Bogey") Webb. To such a couple Einstein's theory must be child's play.

The next Mess function will be a dining-in night on September 10th, to which the subalterns of the Regiment have been invited, to be followed by an indoor games evening against the Officers' Mess members. A report on this evening will be published in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Things the Private Eye would like to know:

- (a) Who invited the female company from Darlington on Paddy's night?
- (b) Who was the Mess member proceeding on leave via London who twice woke up in Newcastle?
- (c) Who cornered the beer on the trip to the Regimental Reunion?
- (d) Who stayed to breakfast after Charlie Gower's Farewell Dinner Night?
- (e) Who will eventually marry "Our Dad"?
- (f) How long will the sole bachelor remain single on the Wireless Wing?
- (g) How much can a married man eat for two bob?
- (h) Just how much did Antonio make on the ice-cream?
- (j) Who told three RSMs *not* to use the Mess as a convenience?
- (k) How much mileage must a Caterer do to become a Knight of the Road?
- (l) What happens to the entertainments committee on Saturday nights?
- (m) When will a certain SQMS again take up stock car racing?

(n) Just who *is* on the Guard Roll and when will Education finish?

THE CORPORALS' MESS

THIS year the Corporals' Mess was more firmly established than last year and a few more activities were possible. Some of them were even successful.

St. Patrick's Day offered the first good excuse for a social and was very successful. Special thanks go to Cpl. Lomas and a detachment of REME who were almost entirely responsible for its organization.

Attempts were made to secure the services of the Regimental Band for a Salamanca Ball, but the Band was not available when the Club required it and nothing came of the idea.

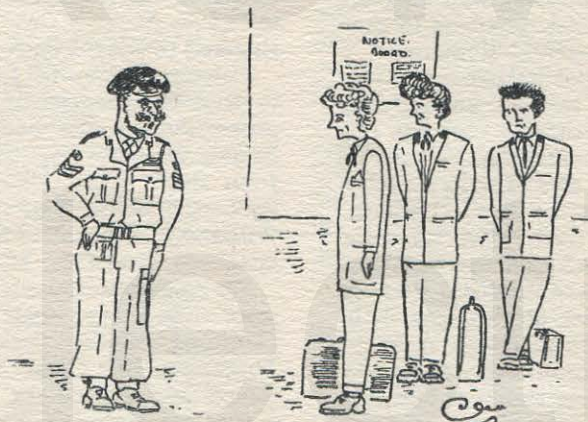
Since the Sergeants won the Inter-Mess Pentathlon Competition, the Corporals entertained them to a games evening. This was held in the Sergeants' Mess as it was considered more convenient for all concerned. Everyone enjoyed themselves and felt that the buffet supplied by Sgt. Harris and his staff was excellent.

The high-light of the year's activities was the Grand Ball which, from the first "What'll you have?" to the last "Hic" was a success, to say the least. Even some of the quieter members were seen there and appeared to be "enjoying" themselves. Members of the Club would like to express their gratitude to the Colonel and officers, warrant officers and sergeants for coming along, as this did much to ensure the success of the evening.

In the field of sport several of our members achieved successes, notably in the Inter-Squadron Boxing Competition and on the athletics field. In spite of this, however, we failed to secure the Inter-Mess Pentathlon Trophy.

The Club welcomes back Cpl. Arundel as Senior Corporal and PMC, taking over from Cpl. Doyle, whom we would like to congratulate on his promotion. In our congratulations we would like to include Cpl. Ives, who until his promotion served the Club as Treasurer.

In rounding off, we would like to extend a welcome to all new members and only hope that they will be useful to the Club and, what is more important, to the Regiment.



"And until I see your birth certificates I can't choose to think anything else."

Cheshire (Earl of Chester's) Yeomanry

THIS year the Regiment was due to do a Gunnery Camp at Lulworth, but the railway strike intervened and camp was cancelled at short notice. Thus we were not permitted to put to test the long hours and hard work that had gone into the training of our National Service men. The fact that employers could not be expected at short notice to arrange for their men to miss a fortnight's work later in the year prevented us getting the whole Regiment together. However, a series of courses was arranged to make up for what we had missed.

At this moment most of the volunteers in the Regiment are preparing for this alternative training. Nine officers and thirty senior NCOs depart to Germany for a week on manoeuvres with the three armoured brigades. Another thirty all ranks are attending various courses at Bovington and Lulworth, and our affiliated regiment, the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, have nobly helped us out by arranging courses at Catterick at this time, and previously whenever we have asked for them.

Since our last notes, command of the Regiment and of the squadrons has remained unaltered. In February, however, Colonel G. H. Grosvenor, DSO, was appointed Honorary Colonel of the Regiment on the retirement of Colonel G. Egerton Warburton, DSO, TD, DL. Colonel Grosvenor has now come to live in Cheshire and we are glad to have an honorary Colonel whose family has such long connections with the Yeomanry and who also fully appreciates our problems, having commanded the 9th Lancers in the war.

We welcome the following new officers who have joined from Regular regiments: Lieut. C. J. Robinson (Royals), Lieut. J. J. K. Moon (Cheshire), Lieut. R. A. E. Tremlett (10 H), Lieut. P. B. Warrington (14/20 H); and we are sorry to say good-bye to Lieut. A. W. Forsythe, who has transferred to the Reserve.

Many changes have taken place in the permanent staff since the JOURNAL last went to press: Major M. L. E. Heathcote is now fully established as Training Officer and Captain G. M. G. Swindells as Adjutant, Captain G. L. Wathen having returned to Regimental duty at Catterick.

SSM Precious, SQMS Wilson, Sgts. Bleach and Drake, Cpls. Arundel and Dowan and Tprs. Fenton and Gerken have returned to the Regiment (congratulations to SSM Precious on his appointment as RQMS). Cpl. Goodwin, L/Cpls. Mustchin and Needle, Tprs. Morgan, Brown, Smith, Foster and Taylor have returned to civilian life, and we wish them every success. We have welcomed SSM Bengé, Sgts. Causton and Raymond, L/Cpls. Dye, Oxborough and Goodwin, and Tprs. Lowis, Holbrook, Floyd, Redfearn, Sharples and Blackhurst from the Regiment. Cpl. Crawford and Tpr. Gilligan have joined us from the Royals and Greys respectively, and we hope they enjoy their tour. SSM Bengé is an old hand at the game, having been PSI of "C" Squadron in 1947. He has, however, found that things have changed a little since then.

May we take this opportunity of congratulating Captain G. M. G. Swindells on his recent marriage, Major M. L. E. Heathcote and Mrs. Heathcote on the birth of

a son, and Lieut. (QM) R. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson on the birth of a daughter. We congratulate SQMS Walker, Sgt Benton, L/Cpls. Oxborough, Dye and Goodwin on their promotion.

Our training year started last October with squadrons concentrating on gunnery training in the classrooms and on our two new 20-pdr. CIMs. Christmas brought the children's party and social, to which the married members of the permanent staff were invited. In February an Old Comrades' Hot-pot Supper was held which was attended by over 200 Cheshire Yeomen, past and present.

We reached the semi-final of the Brigade Football Competition, but unfortunately our Everton players, Tprs. Birch and Tomlinson, were not able to turn out and we were beaten by the Liverpool Scottish.

In April intensive training started and each sabre squadron spent a week-end on the Cannock Chase training area. This meant a great deal of work for the permanent staff, who left to set up camp on the Thursday and were not home till very late on the Sunday night.

On April 24th Lieuts. Orme, Orr and Sparrow spent an entertaining and instructive week at Catterick with somewhat damaging effects to Lieut. Orr's motor-car. A large party from the Regiment visited Warcop on the week-end and all the gunners fired their range practices. Liaison between Skins and Yeomen was a feature of this week-end, when Colonel Blacker and several Inniskillings joined the Yeomanry officers for dinner at Appleby and at the same time members of the Yeomanry Sergeants' Mess visited the Mess of the Skins. This was rather a special occasion as it was the first time in history that both Messes have been able to get together, and it also enabled our younger members to see what the inside of a Regular Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess looks like. A good time was had by all and we thank RSM Green and all his Mess members for an excellent evening. We are looking forward to our next meeting. Sgt. Jones (who found himself in an empty coach in the middle of "No Man's Land" next morning) has now taken up hiking; it is a long walk from Richmond to Warcop.

All ranks were looking forward to going to Lulworth, and arrangements had just been completed for moving the Regiment down by bus when we received a telegram stating that camp was definitely cancelled. The Quartermaster had just finished a week's work with the permanent staff taking over the camp when he heard the news!

During the time we should have been at camp the lists of volunteers for courses were compiled, and now as we return to work after our annual closed period this programme is commencing.

"B" Squadron has now completed its move to a far better site in Stockport and we are expanding the Sale Troop. Discouraging news is that we, in company with the rest of the Brigade, are to lose our Centurions and revert to Comet tanks, but our senior NCOs know the Comet and we can cope with this change.

All who know him will be extremely sorry to hear of the resignation from the Cheshire Yeomanry, of SSM

Lancaster on grounds of ill health. This has become necessary as a result of his accident at Tilshead Lodge Camp last year. It is good to know, however, that his every-day activities are not seriously curtailed and he has really made a very remarkable recovery. It should be particularly noted that he is still able to deal with a pint in the traditional manner, and indeed hopes to meet some of his friends from the Skins in the near future

with a view to co-operating in this direction.

The Band have had a successful year and received their new Blues in time to play at the Cholmondely Horse Show. They are shortly going *en masse* to Catterick for a week on the square.

We hope for better things next summer and end these notes with thanks to the Regiment for all the assistance we have been given.

News from Down Under

3/9 SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED RIFLES,
THOMAS STREET,
UNLEY, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR SKINS,

Since you last heard from us we have been busy in our own inimitable way—what with annual camp, a RAAC Competition, visits by VIPs, and bidding farewell to a few of the Regimental Officers who have transferred to the Reserve of Officers, and the Adjutant still swanning off on courses.

Firstly, the annual camp held at Lincoln Park again—200 miles north of Adelaide—on March 12th to 25th, 1955. We were a little more fortunate this year, as the Engineers had spent a considerable time in constructing a very comfortable camp. Again, it took us two days by road to move up. At first light of the second day the RAAF shot us up . . . but that's another story—only dummy runs, but they were most impressive.

The LAD, now under command of Lieut. Shipp (Captain L. C. Campbell was promoted to Major, and is now OC 107 Infantry Workshops), again had an enjoyable run—repair and recovery results were most encouraging. Encouraging, in that the standard of driving and maintenance of those concerned was a marked improvement over last year. Also, this year we arrived at the camp site a little earlier than last.

During camp, RHQ and HQ Squadron and LAD were static with the three squadrons out in the "mulga." A point of interest was the exceptional distances over which contact was maintained with the 19 sets—due perhaps to the terrain more than the operators. On several occasions during the day "loud and clear" transmissions were heard from 25 miles with two or three aerial sections.

The Regiment were honoured by the visit of the Citizen Military Forces Member to the Military Board—Major-General I. Dougherty, CB, DSO, who spent the greater part of the day watching squadron training and the competition for the Lord Forster Cup—the rest of the day was spent in and out of heavy mud, the result of rains.

The competition for the Lord Forster Cup, a competition of deployment and shooting at moving targets between tank troops of divisional regiments, was held under somewhat adverse conditions; the annual rainfall in the Lincoln Park area seemed to fall on the day prior to and during the competition. Major D. A. Daniels, 6

RTR (on exchange duties in this fair land), was one of the judges. The troop representing the Regiment was 3 Troop of "C" Squadron (Lieut. M. B. Spurling). After receiving their orders for the occupation of a defensive position, the vehicles moved off. Within ten minutes the three Staghound armoured cars were bogged. However, a bulldozer from the bulldozer troop rendered magnificent service in de-bogging the vehicles. It rained incessantly so the judges called off "the occupation." After ordering a RV for the troop a somewhat "shagged" troop lined up for the inspection of dress and weapons. Needless to say, the well-pressed uniforms were saturated, and the morale of the troops somewhat dampened.

By now the rain eased up, and it was time for the shooting at moving targets. Briefly, two sledges, one a side-on tank, the other a side-on vehicle, were towed by 600 yards of cable behind a Staghound; the whole controlled by wireless from the firing point.

The VIP party arrived at the firing point, and then the shooting got away. One belt of machine gun for the soft-skinned target, and ten rounds of AP for the side-on tank per vehicle. First was the side-on tank—excellent results in that 26 hits were scored. By now the morale was considerably higher; and even the sun decided to shine. The machine-gun shooting was just as good, as 460 hits were registered out of 600 rounds fired. The results of the competition are not yet at hand—but here's hoping.

The Regular Cadre Staff are all busy in assisting the squadrons. However, several are now to be reposted as their tour with the CMF has expired.

The members of the Officers' Mess were very pleased to receive a magnificent framed picture of the charge of the 5th Dragoon Guards at Balaclava, per Major Gavin Murray (5 DG) on behalf of the officers of 5 DG. Needless to say, we covet the picture, and it now hangs in the Mess.

Captain Lemercier, our Adjutant, finally completed the Light Aircraft Pilot's Course and was awarded his Army Flying Badge on March 30th, 1955. But the latest is this—he finally took the plunge and was married on June 30th. Then the next shock came—he is to be posted as GSO3 (Int) at HQ, FARELF—so any of you who may be going East—watch out.

Till next time, the Commanding Officer and all ranks of this Regiment extend the best of the forthcoming season's greetings to the Commanding Officer and all ranks of our affiliated sister Regiment.

3rd/9th SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED RIFLES



Waterlogged

"Munga Hour"



Dusty Road



[Photo: Graphic Photos, Watford]

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. BLACKER RIDING "MONTY" AT
THE ALDERSHOT SHOW



[Copyright by "Monty", Birmingham]

CAPTAIN G. L. WATHEN RIDING "KANDAHAR" AT THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW,
HARRINGAY

Regimental Sport

EQUITATION has played its traditional and therefore prominent part in the life of the Regiment during the past year. The stables have had a busy year with hunting, riding school, ceremonial parades and tattoos.

The winter months provided opportunities of hunting with the Bedale and Zetland, and both packs showed excellent sport. Fourteen officers and some other ranks managed to get out. Other ranks' attendance at the "chase" caused something of a stir in certain sections of the national Press. However, all publicity was reasonably creditable and paid an unsought dividend in the form of gifts of saddlery and clothing from readers. It is of interest to note that the Regiment's hunting activities were published not only at home but also in the *New York Times*.

During the year the Standard has again appeared mounted on a number of ceremonial occasions. Also for the first time for many years we have managed to mount the Regimental Drums and Trumpeters. They have made several successful public appearances, notably at the White City and South Shields Tattoos and at the Harewood Horse Trials.

Riding school has been fitted in as and when possible. Great keenness is being shown by senior members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, who not only ride when possible but who also have bought a "Sergeants' Mess" horse. Finance has been the restricting factor and it is sad that there are far more interested in equitation in the Regiment than we can afford to mount.

In the competitive field our representatives have had an unlucky year. Lieut-Colonel Blacker, after crowning his long list of successes as an amateur steeplechase rider by winning the Grand Military Gold Cup with his "Pointsman" last year, has, we hope, finally decided to rest on his laurels in that sphere. We congratulate him, however, on becoming a member of the National Hunt Committee. We have still been represented over the fences by Captain Manning and 2/Lt. Crossman, who rode in numerous point-to-points.

In show jumping, Lieut-Colonel Blacker started his season with Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn's veteran international jumper "Monty," whom he rode at the Horse of the Year Show at Haringay last year, and on a very promising young horse, "Hobgoblin." "Monty," in spite of his age—it must be remembered that he jumped for Great Britain in the Olympic Games in 1948 when ridden by Colonel Carr—was placed three times in jumping events at the European Horse Trials at Windsor, was second in the Area International Trial at Durham, and had many successes in the local shows.

In Combined Training it was hoped that the Regiment would again be represented by Captain Wathen and "Strathcona," but the latter has unfortunately been out of work for the season. He has, however, acquired a new horse, "Kandahar," who showed promise in horse trials in the autumn, and he also won the Novice class at the Wellesbourne Horse Trials on Mrs. Brian Marshall's "Knight of the Wold."

Our thanks are due to Sgt. Clarke, our stud groom, and all his able staff of volunteers for the hard work and long hours they have put in to keep the horses sound and looking well. A word of thanks must also be offered to Lord Barnard, Captain MacAndrew and Major Fife for their kindness towards all ranks during the hunting season. Also to Mrs. Farrar, who lent us that pillar of our ceremonial ride, "Warbler," the drum horse.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THIS was the first season since the Regiment left Germany in 1951. The normal number of teething troubles were encountered, aggravated by consistently bad weather. Before Christmas many matches had to be cancelled, due either to frost or to flooded pitches, and after Christmas the snow came down and all rugby came to a halt. We had a hard core of players who represented the Regiment throughout the season.

Captain Fane played outstandingly at full back, Cpl. Ellis at "hooker" was probably the best the Regiment has had for some years; unfortunately he leaves the Army soon and will not be with us this season. Captain Millen, Cpl. Lewis, Cpl. Sawyer, L/Cpl. Jones, L/Cpl. Griffiths, Sgt. Upright and Tpr. Townsend all performed in the pack with great effect. SQMS Ryan proved himself invaluable in a number of different capacities.

Unfortunately we had to depend for our three-quarters on recruits passing through the Regiment, and the backs lacked cohesion and practice together. This was most marked in the attack. In all our matches the defence proved good and we got more than our share of the ball, but the backs could never make the opening to score.

We are deliberately refraining from giving a match analysis; enough to say that we won one, drew three, and lost the remainder.

The outlook for this coming season is much brighter. We shall be able to field a side consisting entirely of permanent staff which should pay dividends, especially amongst the three-quarters. We can only hope that the weather will be kinder and that in the next number of this JOURNAL we shall be able to report a more successful season. In closing we would like to thank all those who played for the side, especially those who came in at the last moment and whom we have not had the opportunity of mentioning by name.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

It was with keen anticipation that the Regiment looked forward to the 1954-55 football season—our first under normal conditions since 1950-51.

We started the season with eleven old stalwarts, all except one of whom have since left us, and acquired five good players from our predecessors at Catterick, 66th Training Regiment, RAC. After holding trial matches, which started in June, 1954, we "discovered" three league professionals in our midst and nine other players.

In order to get as much match practice as possible we entered a team in the local civilian league, the

Swaledale League, in which we had a most successful season, winning the League Championship, the Medal Competition, the Zetland Cup, and being runners-up in the Arylon Cup. The Zetland Cup is one of the oldest amateur cups in the country, and the Regiment won it exactly fifty years after its presentation by the Marquess of Zetland. We were also the first Army team to win this cup since 1910.

In the Northumbrian League we found ourselves matched against teams who had been long established in Catterick, with all the resulting advantages, but we managed to finish fourth out of nine teams entered.

The 68th Training Regiment, RAC, beat us 3—2 in the Army Cup after a keen game, and after reaching the second round of the Northumbrian Cup we were beaten by the RAF Middleton St. George.

In the Tritton Bowl, competed for by the four regiments of the RAC Training Brigade, we were beaten in the final by the 7th Royal Tank Regiment after a replay. In one of the best games seen on the Command ground last season, we were beaten 2—4 after leading 2—0 at half-time.

Once again we were drawn against the 10th Hussars in the first round of the Cavalry Cup, this time away from home. It was a very exciting game, but after playing on the heavy Catterick pitches, we were beaten 3—1 on the hard and fast Tidworth ground. Our hosts looked after us well—perhaps too well—and we look forward to meeting them again.

Our hopes for the forthcoming season are high, our main objective being the Cavalry Cup. With S/Sgt. Riley, APTC, an ex-Bishop Auckland and Army player, as trainer, assisted by Sgt. Teague, we should be both fit and well coached.

Those who played regularly last season included: Cpls. McDowall, Wilson, Cherry, Lewis and Harris; L/Cpls. Connell, Lee, Tilley, Muir, Watts and Hislop; Tprs. Hutchinson, Cooper, Oliver and Cfn. Seal. All these trained hard and often gave up their leave during the season in order to play for the Regiment.

We cannot end without a word of thanks to Mrs. Teague, who kindly laundered and darned the team's stockings—a noble undertaking which we hope she will carry on this season.

CRICKET

This season has shown a considerable improvement in Regimental cricket. Both the standard of play and the extent of the keenness has been far higher. In the two knock-out competitions we reached the second round of the Northern Command Competition, and were runners-up for the Northumbrian District Cup, which promises well for next season as most of our good players will be still here then, and all have gained valuable experience this year. Let us hope that the weather is as kind, because this was one of the main causes of a most enjoyable summer's cricket.

Although the standard of play is much higher than last year there is still room for improvement. The indoor net at the Officers' Training Wing, Royal Signals, proved very useful at the beginning of the season when any form of outdoor practising was limited because of rain and the shortage of good nets. So for some three or four weeks we went down regularly about four times

a week, which helped the batsmen to get their feet moving and made the bowlers find some sort of a length. However, the ball never rose or turned, so after a certain stage its value was obviously ended. Next season the outdoor nets should be in better condition and some more will be put up, so the training can go on further than was possible last spring. When one realizes that the Regiment has no young professionals or people on their county lists it must be admitted that the team did well against those regiments who have got such people. This was largely due to the great keenness shown by everyone in both practice and play whenever possible.

In the two competitions a combination of luck and skill brought us quite a measure of successes and so we acquitted ourselves fairly well. In the Northern Command Knock-out Competition we were drawn against the Officers' Training Wing, Royal Signals, who have a very good side on paper, but Captain Barnes scored an extremely valuable 84 which gave us 133 in our 30 overs. Then, thanks to some steady bowling by Gillery and Tattershall, we got them out for 109. The second match in this competition was not such a success, as the Durham Light Infantry scored 171 in 30 overs and then dismissed us for 75; the only interesting fact here being that three of our batsmen were run out, which indicates sheer carelessness on their part, so we were eliminated from this competition.

In the other one we had considerably more success, and we were given a bye in the first round, which was a help. In the second round we played District HQ, who had two good players in Major Reeve Tucker and Major Dunholme. However, their first two batsmen were very slow and they scored only 70 in their 30 overs, which we managed to get for the loss of four wickets in 20 overs. The third match was against the Loyals at Barnard Castle, who only scored 65, thanks to Sgt. Blinkhorne and Cooper, who took five and three wickets respectively. We managed to score the runs easily for the loss of six wickets.

This put us in the semi-final *versus* 3rd Training Regiment, Royal Signals, on the Central Ground. They had a good side, including two renowned opening bowlers in Wilkins and Smith, but Tilly scored a very good undefeated 34 and Captain Barnes 29, making our total 128 all out. Then Wilson and Gillery really made the Signals think as we had three of their wickets down for 9 and six for 24, an excellent performance. Finally they were all out for 70, Sgt. Blinkhorne dealing with the last two in one over.

In the final *versus* Officers Training Wing we again batted first, and with a very good 50 by Cooper and 26 from Gillery we managed to make 143 all out. However, we had our fears that OTW would not be quite such easy meat as they had been in the last game, and this was in fact so. Gillery dismissed four of them and Cooper had one, but they then had 94, and after that we could not remove any more of them, so they won with five wickets in hand. However, we have now got the runners-up bat in the Sergeants' Mess.

Now to review Regimental cricket as a whole. "A" Squadron have played a great deal on the pitch behind their cookhouse, and Gunnery Wing have been challenging various troops in "C" Squadron. Also several

members of "B" and HQ Squadron have been seen breaking windows in and around odd corners of the camp, which is very encouraging. In the Inter-Squadron Knock-out "A" beat "C" fairly easily—L/Cpl. Wilson making short work of all the "Old Sweats" from the Instructional Staff of the Gunnery, Wireless and D & M Wings.

Thanks are due to the large number of people who gave so much of their time to help with actual organization of the games. Sgt. Sedgewick was always very willing to assist, Sgt. Nunn umpired untiringly whenever called upon, and Cpl. Whenman was a very capable scorer.

So this has been a most enjoyable and valuable season's cricket and hopes are very high for next year.

REGIMENTAL CRICKET

RESULTS					
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
15	7	6	2		
BATTING AVERAGES					
	Runs	Innings	Times not out	Average	
Captain J. D. K. Barnes ...	149	4	1	49.7	
Tpr. D. R. Cooper ...	255	12	1	23.2	
L/Cpl. R. Wilson ...	93	7	-	18.6	
2/Lt. D. L. Colthorpe ...	82	5	-	16.4	
Tpr. D. Gillery ...	95	7	1	15.8	
2/Lt. R. C. Keightley ...	85	6	-	14.2	
L/Cpl. D. Tilley ...	102	10	2	12.7	
Sgt. T. H. Sedgewick ...	40	9	4	8	
Sgt. C. Blinkhorne ...	58	9	-	6.4	
Tpr. D. Schofield ...	59	11	-	5.4	

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	Maid-			Wick-Analy-	
	Overs	ens	Runs	ets	sis
Signm. J. Tattershall ...	25	5	58	7	8.3
Tpr. D. Gillery ...	81	25	215	23	9.3
Tpr. R. D. Cooper ...	31	6	145	14	10.3
L/Cpl. R. Wilson ...	78	19	222	21	10.5
Sgt. C. Blinkhorne ...	27.5	3	170	11	15.5
Tpr. T. Latham ...	40	3	87	5	17.4

ATHLETICS

Even if the athletics team have not had the successes that we had hoped for, a great deal of enjoyment has been had throughout the summer, and there is no doubt that we had a stronger team this year than at any time since leaving Germany in 1951.

The season opened with a small Inter-Squadron Meeting on March 28th, 29th and 30th. The object of this meeting was to form the Regimental team; it is interesting to note that there was only one point in the final placing between "C" and HQ Squadrons. This was to be repeated in the Inter-Squadron Meeting five months later, when "C" Squadron won the championship from HQ Squadron by one point; but more about this later in these notes.

Our first goal was the Northumbrian District Meeting on June 16th. Four teams were to go forward to the Northern Command Meeting on July 6th. Prizes were to be given to the first two teams only, and we were to be beaten into third place by only one point, a great disappointment. However, this result spurred the team on to an even greater determination to get into the first two places in the Northern Command Meeting, so that we should be able to go forward to the Army Finals at Aldershot. Unfortunately this was not to be, and we could do no better than get fifth

place: this concluded the Inter-Unit Meetings.

A new and most successful venture was embarked upon this year. The Regiment became affiliated to the North Yorkshire and South Durham Harriers League. Meetings are held once a fortnight in the evenings and we have taken a team to compete at Darlington, Stockton, Billingham, Middlesbrough, West Hartlepool and Bishop Auckland. The competitions are of a high standard, and we seldom shone at these meetings; however, they have proved to be of great value to training, and most enjoyable, and certainly have been a popular evening out for the team.

We are glad to say the Regimental bus, usually driven by Sgt. Ranford, never failed to get us to our destination and back, and we are grateful to him for giving up so many of his evenings to drive us.

The Inter-Squadron Meeting was postponed from its normal place early in the season because of the rail strike. As it turned out, we were once again to have the Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Keightley present. Lady Keightley very kindly gave the prizes away at the conclusion of the meeting, this being the sixth time she has performed this duty for us, in various parts of the world. "C" Squadron succeeded in defeating HQ Squadron by one point after an exciting finish. "A" Squadron were third and "B" fourth.

The following have represented the Regiment at various times throughout the season, and to those who will not be with us next year we would like to take this opportunity of wishing them the best of luck in future activities in the athletics world.

"A" Squadron.—Sgt. Upright, Sgt. Bright, Cpl. Webster, L/Cpl. Cook, Tpr. Phillips, Tpr. Gathercole.

"B" Squadron.—Lieut. Pepper, L/Cpl. Hyams, L/Cpl. Burns, Tpr. Chandler.

"C" Squadron.—Capt. Fisher, Capt. Millen, Capt. Phelps, Capt. Fane, 2/Lt. Hopper, L/Cpl. Taylor, L/Cpl. Andrews, L/Cpl. Taylor, L/Cpl. Wilkin, Tpr. Bennett, Tpr. Flint, Tpr. Vincent.

HQ Squadron.—Lieut.-Colonel Blacker, T/M Herbert, S/Sgt. Riley, Cpl. Feakes, L/Cpl. Graham, L/Cpl. Dibb, L/Cpl. Harris, L/Cpl. Reid, Tpr. Cameron, Tpr. Butt, Tpr. Timms, Cfn. Bates, Cfn. Clarke.

FENCING

On the whole the year under review has been a fairly successful one for the Regimental fencing team.

In March we won the Northern Command competition and went on to win the Eastern v. Western Command inter-unit team contest. We thus qualified for the Army Inter-unit Team Fencing Championships, held at Aldershot last April. We finished third, being beaten by the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment and the RASC Training Battalion.

We have every hope of better results next year and the team have been training hard. We have also arranged several fixtures with local civilian clubs which will give us the practice we need.

Captain P. A. Duckworth is to be particularly congratulated on having represented the Army at Epee earlier this year.

The following have been the main supporters of the team:

Foil.—2/Lt. M. Hutton.

Epee.—Captain P. A. Duckworth, Sgt. Bright, T/M Herbert.

Sabre.—Major C. P. Martel, Captain H. G. Woods, Sgt. Cook.

BOXING

WITH SOME HINTS FOR NOVICES

The Regiment commenced this boxing season with a competition held in July, after being without a team for the past three seasons due to our various moves. The competition was run on an individual winner and runner-up basis, the squadron getting the most number of victories being also winners of the Squadron Boxing Cup. The standard this year was much higher than last year, and some first-class contests were on show. "A" Squadron were the eventual winners of the Squadron Cup, and the winners of the varying weights were as follows:

Bantam-weight Final.—Tpr. Donaldson ("A") won a very keen and close contest by his better style and cleaner punching. Tpr. Airey (HQ) was runner-up.

Feather-weight Final.—Tpr. Collins won this weight and was one of the outstanding boxers on show. He had a walk-over in the final, but in his previous contests showed his boxing ability.

Light-weight Final.—This was a very good contest between Tpr. Firth ("A") and Tpr. McNeil (HQ). Firth showed that he had some natural boxing ability and was using it to good advantage. Tpr. McNeil, however, showed that he knew something about boxing as well, and a good, clean, hard-hitting contest followed, Firth being the victor. For his good performance and guts McNeil was awarded the best loser's prize for the evening.

1st String Light Welter-weight Final.—Tpr. Gann ("A") and L/Cpl. Bailkoski (HQ). This contest was too one-sided as it was most obvious from the commencement of the competition that Tpr. Gann would go a long way. He is a very good boxer with a lot of ring experience, consequently Bailkoski had not much chance, although he put up a very plucky performance against a hard-hitting and clever opponent. The Regiment unfortunately loses the services of Tpr. Gann as he is being posted on completion of his training.

2nd String Light Welter-weight Final.—This was more of a "novice" contest than the previous fights, though both boxers tried hard. L/Cpl. Shell ("A") beat Cpl. Davies (HQ) on points.

2nd String Welter-weight Final.—Cpl. Clarke ("C") received a walk-over from Tpr. Love ("B"), who was unable to box due to an injury.

1st String Light Middle-weight Final.—It was hoped that a good contest would be staged in this final, but unfortunately L/Cpl. Tandy (HQ) was unable to fight Tpr. Broadhead ("B") as he had a fractured nose from his previous contest. Tpr. Broadhead is a boxer of high class and should get Army Representative honours this season.

2nd String Light Middle-weight Final.—This contest between Tpr. Huggins ("A") and Tpr. Cameron (HQ) was too one-sided, as Cameron was far too experienced for Huggins, and won by a knock-out.

1st String Middle-weight Final.—This was a hard "novice" contest between two boxers who were keen and fit but had not a great deal of boxing knowledge.

Tpr. Gee ("A") beat Tpr. Cooke (HQ) on points.

2nd String Middle-weight Final.—A contest between two fit men was seen here between L/Cpl. Cherry ("A") and Cpl. Wilson ("C"). The latter appeared to have more experience than Cherry, who was extremely game throughout the three rounds. Cpl. Wilson won on points.

Light Heavy-weight Final.—Tpr. Davies (HQ) and Tpr. King ("A") put on a hard scrap here for two men who did not appear to have any previous experience. Tpr. Davies was very tough and won on points.

Heavy-weight Final.—Captain Hobart ("A") was far too experienced for Tpr. Hiscock ("C"), whom he knocked out in a very workmanlike manner in the first round.

1st String Welter-weight Final.—Tpr. McBride ("A") was unable to fight in this final and Cpl. Richardson (HQ) received a walk-over, McBride having fractured his hand in his previous fight.

It is worth noting some of the excellent fights before the finals, which were as follows:

1. The contest between L/Cpl. Tandy and Tpr. Rouse ("C"), who put up a terrific scrap, so much so that the damage to L/Cpl. Tandy prevented him from appearing in the finals against Tpr. Broadhead ("B"). L/Cpl. Tandy, who is a boxer of some experience, had a very hard task to just win on points. Tpr. Rouse has everything in his make-up to make a very good boxer.

2. 2/Lt. Colthorpe ("C") and Cpl. Richardson (HQ) put on one of the best fights seen in the Regiment for years. Both boxers hit hard and fought in a scientific manner and also at a very fast pace. Cpl. Richardson was stronger and eventually won on points after a very close contest. Mr. Colthorpe put up a great show of guts and determination; he took heavy punishment at times and gave back as good as he received. He was awarded the best loser's prize in the afternoon session of the competition.

3. Another fight worth mentioning was the one between Cpl. Clarke ("C") and Tpr. Pearce (HQ). These two boxers fought hard throughout and Pearce took heavy punishment without a sign of accepting defeat. He well deserved the best loser's prize for the evening session of this competition before the finals.

In summing up this competition after presenting the prizes, the Colonel spoke of the excellent spirit shown and of the high standard of some of the performers.

It is proposed to enter a team for the forthcoming District Competitions.

Some main points which all boxers must remember when either of open standard or novice class are:

1. The only scoring punches are those *delivered on the target*—i.e., on the front and sides of head and body above the belt.

2. The punches must be delivered with the *clenched fist*.

(a) Curl the fingers up and grip them with the thumb across the middle of first and second fingers.

(b) To score a point, a blow must be delivered with the front of the knuckles, with the clenched fist, and land on the target with reasonable force.

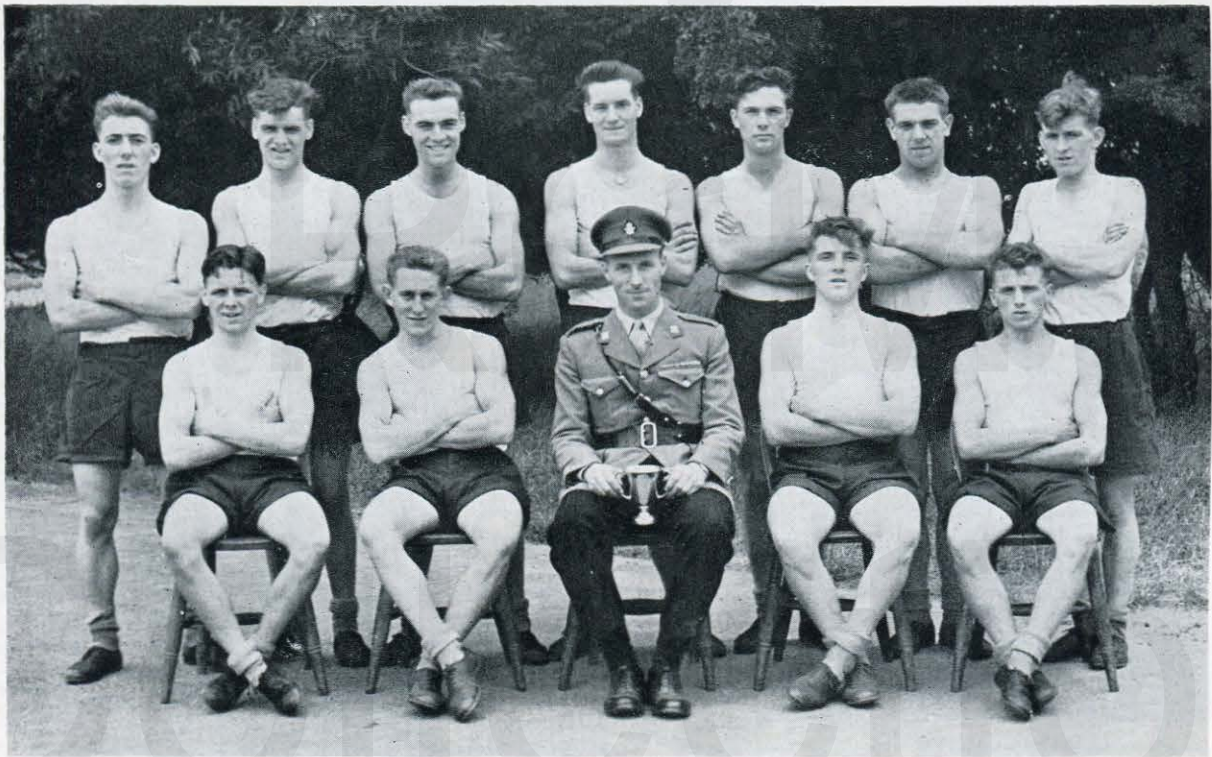
(c) There are three types of punches—straights, hooks and uppercuts. All varieties of punches come under the above three headings.



THE REGIMENTAL CRICKET TEAM, 1955

[Photo: A. J. Glover, Richmond, Yorks

Standing—L./Cpl. Wilson (A), Tpr. Schofield (H.Q.), L./Cpl. Tilly (C), Sgt. Blinkhorne (B), Tpr. Lasham (A), Tpr. Gillery (H.Q.), Tpr. Cooper (H.Q.)
 Sitting—2/Lieut. D. S. Hopper, Capt. J. D. K. Barnes, Lieut. R. C. Keightley, Lieut. H. A. Pepper, Sgt. Sedgewick.



"A" SQUADRON BOXING TEAM

Winners of the Inter-Squadron Competition, 1955

[Photo: A. J. Glover, Richmond, Yorks

Standing—L./Cpl. Snell, Tpr. McBride, Tpr. Hayer, Tpr. Huggins, Cpl. Cherry, Tpr. Gee, Tpr. Firth.
 Sitting—Tpr. Collins, Tpr. Gann, Captain J. H. Hobart, Tpr. Booth, Tpr. Donaldson.



Captain Fane

BISLEY, 1955



Cpl. Cartwright, L./Cpl. Freeman,
SSM Boardman, SSM Gilliland,
B.E.M.



SSM Gilliland, B.E.M.
and Cpl. Mason



Sgt. Millard



Sgt. Thomson

3. Ring tactics are a *major* aspect in boxing. This is a complete subject in itself, and can only be mastered by practice and experience. It is a most important aspect in boxing, and yet so few boxers bother to study and exploit it. Knowing the rules and the practical side of boxing is essential, but to reach the top flight of boxers one must have the correct approach and the knowledge of the psychological angle to the game. Here then are a few tactics that may be studied, practised and employed when opportunities avail themselves.

(i) First of all, always be smart and spotlessly turned out, being confident but not overbearing.

(ii) Endeavour to be the first to land a telling blow, which has a good psychological effect. (Remember attack is a good form of defence.)

(iii) Keep to the centre of the ring. This conserves energy, and affords a more advantageous and commanding position.

(iv) Make full use of any advantage in height and reach by keeping your opponent at long range.

(v) If handicapped by height and reach, make every endeavour to get in at close quarters, or alternatively counter-punch.

(vi) If knocked down, hurt or dazed, take full advantage of the count.

(vii) Always concentrate on any weak points in your opponent's make-up.

(viii) If possible, never show by facial expression if one is hurt.

(ix) Quickly follow up an advantage gained—i.e., if your opponent is hurt give no respite.

(x) Movement in the ring should not be stereotyped, but be free, easy and varied, keeping away from the opponent's stronger hand.

(xi) When attacking, the most direct movement should be employed, by stepping straight in and out of range quickly. This ensures that the body weight is behind the blow in attack, and minimizes the chance of being caught by a counter-punch when stepping out.

(xii) On encountering a southpaw, it is a good policy to use your right hand frequently to head and body in attack, preceded always by a movement of the left.

(xiii) As a golden rule, the use of the right hand in attack should invariably follow a preparatory movement of the left. When used as a counter-punch, however, no preparatory movement is necessary.

Note.—The writer of these boxing notes is Captain (QM) F. Birchall, who represented the Army as a feather-weight and as a bantam-weight from 1932 to 1937.—Editor.

Pentathlon

Early in August the Regimental team went into training for the Pentathlon Championships at Aldershot at the end of September. Captain Duckworth had been appointed trainer and manager to the British team, and so we also had members of this team in training at Catterick. At various times during the day, from early morning till late in the evening, practice was fitted in on the pistol range, in the fencing salon, in the swimming bath, on the course of obstacles built for the riding event, and on long cross-country runs.

At Aldershot, our team consisted of Captain Duckworth, T/M Herbert and Sgt. Bright, with 2/Lt.

Hutton as reserve. Captain Duckworth, who was fifth in the shooting and seventh in the fencing, was tenth in the individual placing; Sgt. Bright (third in the fencing and fourth in the running) was seventeenth; and T/M Herbert, who had missed much of the training due to band commitments, was thirty-sixth. With a total of 76 starters, therefore, all our team finished in the first half, giving us fifth place in the team event, out of 21 teams that started.

Subsequently Captain Duckworth took the British team to the European Championships at Berne in Switzerland. With a trainer of his experience available in the Regiment, it is hoped that we shall be able to build up a team next year which will regain the Championship which the Regiment has won on several occasions since the war.

RIFLE SHOOTING

A start has been made this year in re-introducing competition shooting into the Regiment as a major Regimental activity. The last record which can be found of the Regiment winning a major trophy in the shooting world was in 1910, when the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons won the Victoria Trophy in India. It was felt that this was rather too long ago to be of much interest to the modern generation, and as the Regiment had not been represented at the Army Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley for seventeen years a start was made in getting back into the running.

The Inter-Squadron Shooting Competition was held at Bellerby ranges on March 11th, and after a number of close results the cup was won by "B" Squadron, represented by Major Garnett, Captain Phelps, SSM Boardman, Sgt. Thomson, Cpl. Mason, Cpl. Hully, Cpl. Churches and Cpl. Murrie.

The next event on the calendar was a meeting at Strensall ranges run by the Yorkshire Twenty S.R. Club under N.R.A. conditions, which took place in perfect weather on Sunday, May 22nd. This was our first meeting as a Regimental team against some very high-class opposition, and we were pleased, and not a little surprised, to collect a total of eight prizes.

The Northumbrian District Meeting, which took place two days later at Bellerby, was our first introduction to purely military competition shooting under A.R.A. conditions. A number of teams were entered for the various events, and the corporals' team did extremely well to come a good second, firing one man short in the rapid practice.

The most exciting event of the day was the falling plate match, in which the Regimental "B" team got into the semi-finals, only to be beaten by a very fast team from 67th Training Regiment, RAC.

After the District meeting eyes were focused on Bisley at the end of June, and a good deal of training was carried out with this important occasion in view.

The weather, however, was against us!

On one of our only three range days in June we were hoping to fire at 600 yards, but what with visibility of only 150 yards, driving snow and a howling gale we had to give up in disgust.

We arrived at Bisley in weather rather more reminiscent of Catterick than was entirely pleasant, but the following morning it cleared up and remained fine during our whole fortnight. The orderly lines of tents

which we found made a not unpleasant change from the brick huts and tumble-down tin ones at our home station, and the gaily-painted club houses with their chalet-type construction and colourful flower-beds made a pleasant scene to boost our morale in what was a new experience for all except two of the team.

The first three days were devoted to intensive practice, mainly on Siberia range, which lived up to its name so far as distance from civilization was concerned. The Bren gunners found that it was a long and tedious trek out and back each morning, but no one apparently suffered any ill effects. We suffered two setbacks before we started firing in the competition which were unfortunate and unavoidable. The first was that Lieut. (QM) Wallace, 10 H, one of our steadiest shots, was deemed not to be filling a vacancy in the establishment and was therefore not allowed to shoot for us; the second was that Sgt. Millard, our REME armourer, was unable to get to Bisley in time for the first match, in which he was expected to have done well.

Everyone fired in the Roupell Cup, an individual match, and we just scraped into the prize money, Major Garnett getting the princely sum of 10s. SSM Gilliland won the same amount in the first stage of the Henry Whitehead Cup with a very good deliberate score, and Cpl. Cartwright got our best aggregate in that competition.

There were no outstanding scores in the Roberts, a competition which it appears is designed as a form of torture-cum-athletics, involving as it does a run of several hundred yards and a rapid practice at 500 yards. And as a result we failed to get anyone into the Army Hundred, the second stage of the Army Championship. The Bren gun teams were placed third in the Royal Cambridge Shield and second in the Eastern Command Cup; but it would be perhaps only fair to add that there were not a vast number of teams competing in these events.

Though we did not produce any great results we all enjoyed ourselves, and above all we learned a tremendous amount which should stand us in good stead for next and subsequent years. It is said that it is unheard of for a team to win any event at Bisley their first year there, and having experienced the standard of competition that is quite understandable. A word of thanks is due to the 10th Royal Hussars team and their able captain, Captain Willis, for their very valuable help and advice to us during our stay at Bisley. Some day we hope to have the pleasure of shooting against them again, and we hope that with our growth of experience we may reverse this year's results.

Members of the Regimental team who went to Bisley are as follows:

Major Garnett, "B" Squadron; Captain Fane, "C" Squadron; SSM Boardman, "B" Squadron; SSM Gilliland, HQ Squadron; SSM Fitton, "A" Squadron; Sgt. Millard, REME, HQ Squadron; Sgt. Thomson, "B" Squadron; Sgt. Agar, "C" Squadron; Cpl. Lomas, HQ Squadron; Cpl. Mason, "B" Squadron; Cpl. Cartwright, "B" Squadron; Cpl. Dewhurst, "C" Squadron; Cpl. Board, "C" Squadron; L/Cpl. Freeman, "B" Squadron; L/Cpl. Hughes, HQ Squadron; Tpr. Saunders, "C" Squadron; Tpr. Trimble, "C" Squadron.

Sporting Miscellany

We could continue our chronicle of the Regiment's sporting activities almost indefinitely, for we have been represented in most sports and games that are played in England today.

Our golfers, for example, distinguished themselves in the Northern Command Championships at Strensall, where L/Cpl. Clutterbuck won the Oliphant Cup for the second year running, and with Captain Fane won the Inter-Unit event. Lieut. Pepper also represented the Regiment in the Northern Command and District events.

In a summer such as the past, swimming has been a popular sport. Our team came third in the Northumbrian District Championships at Catterick and fourth in the Northern Command meeting at Darlington, while L/Cpl. Leach ("C"), L/Cpl. Page (HQ) and Tpr. Wenley ("A") all swam in the Army Championship at Aldershot.

There was always keen competition for the tennis courts at the Officers' Club, and several other ranks represented the Regiment in the tournament held there towards the end of the summer.

We have probably better opportunities for sport and games at our present station than we have had at any time since the war, and we wish all our representatives the best of luck in the coming year. As we go to press we note the recent success of our boxing team and we hope that this augurs well for the future.

Ski-ing Saga or He Who Laughs First Falls Last

PREPARATIONS

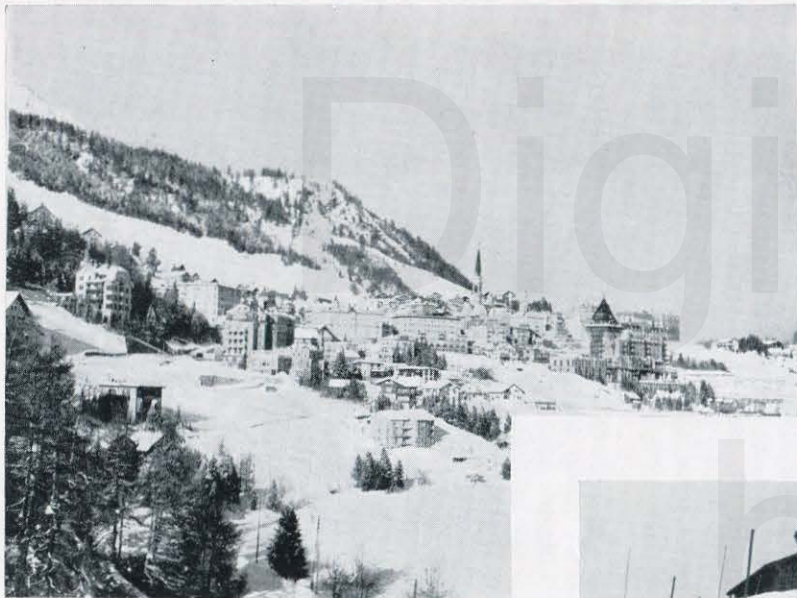
IN the autumn of 1954 various members of the Regiment, encouraged by premature glimpses of the forthcoming winter at Catterick, began to picture themselves sliding smoothly down the snow-clad slopes of St. Moritz. Between the thought and the deed, however, lay much preparation.

Eventually it was decided to enter a Regimental team for the Army Ski Championships at Bad Gastein in February, and to preface this by a training period at St. Moritz. The team was to consist of Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Blacker, MC, Captains G. L. Wathen, I. C. S. Fisher, M. F. Fane, Lieut. A. Critchley-Waring, L/Cpls. Feaks and Holt and two POs, Fildes and Walker. In ski-ing experience we ranged from Lieut. Critchley-Waring, who had been chosen to train with the British Ski Team, to the two lance-corporals, who had virtually no experience but who as PT instructors might be expected to have the stamina and fitness necessary for cross-country ski-ing.

December in reflection recalls a series of telephone calls—to the travel agency, to the Combined Services Winter Sports Association and to the Army Ski Association; the collection of ski clothing and equipment, of travellers' cheques and travel documents. It recalls also the sight of five determined figures striding across the moors—Colonel Blacker in the lead—as part of their fitness training.

By mid-January all preparations had been completed. A few white-smocked figures seen outside the Chief Instructor's office had even given birth to the rumour of the Regiment's impending move to the

WINTER SPORTS



St. Moritz



St. Moritz



Captain M. F. Fane



St. Moritz



Cpl. Feaks



Tpr. Fyldes



Captain Fisher



Bad Gastein

Digitized

by

RCM

Collection

Arctic regions. Critchley-Waring, Fisher and Fane had already started training in Switzerland, and on January 17th the remainder of the party travelled by air, land and sea to St. Moritz.

ST. MORITZ

Our approach to St. Moritz by train had been depressing. There had been considerably more snow at Waitwith Camp than there seemed to be in Switzerland. But the last part of the train journey involves a climb up to 6,000 feet where the snow was good and plentiful. We arrived to find the sun shining brightly on the village that has become the winter playground of the *élite*, *ex-élite* and *would-be-élite* of Western Europe. The term "village" is misleading, but somehow the word "town" seems inappropriate.

The village, then, as we shall call it, is perched on the lower slopes of a mountain which rises from the north shore of a lake which in the summer is sapphire blue, but which in the winter is frozen and is used as an airstrip and race-course (of which more anon). The shores of the lake are dominated by the great hotels—the Palace, the Kulm and many others—and by St. Moritz's own leaning tower which appears on all the picture postcards. As a shopping-place for those with bottomless pockets, or for those who can be content with window shopping only, St. Moritz has few equals. The best that Paris can offer can be bought next door to the shop that specializes in the beautiful wood carvings and musical boxes of the local Swiss craftsmen. Watches of bewildering complexity and astronomical price gaze at you temptingly from plush and gilt window displays.

For those who wish to see or be seen, no resort in the world harbours so comprehensive a cross-section of society on holiday. Reigning sovereigns are not unknown; ex-monarchs jostle for positions at the Casino; millionaire shipping magnates with improbable Greek-sounding names vie with each other for the best tables at the fabulous Palace Bar.

There are, however, those who come to ski. For these the mountain railway ascends from the centre of the village to Corviglia, whence they can take the ski-lift still higher, or the "bubble" to the summit of the Piz Nair. The ski runs, though comparatively short, are many, and range in difficulty from the race-course specially prepared for the Olympic Games of 1948, to open rolling slopes devoid of trees, where the skier can leave the piste at will and leave the signature of his skis on the virgin snow. For those who crave for sheer speed, there are the Cresta run and the bob run.

Amidst all this luxury, the Combined Services Winter Sports Association have inveigled themselves into some of the less plush but very adequate hotels, and have obtained such generous terms from the ski-school and on the funiculars and ski-lifts that now soldiers, sailors and airmen of all ranks, with their families and friends, can spend a fortnight at St. Moritz at prices within their means. Thus it is that amidst the mink and the priceless creations of the Paris couturier which promenade the main street, one can catch sight of the camouflaged smock or the white ski patrol uniform of the British soldier.

On the first day we suffered a severe set-back when we heard that Lieut. Critchley-Waring would not be able to join us owing to illness. As we set off to reconnoitre the slopes it was snowing hard, visibility was practically nil and we spent much time in digging ourselves out of snow-drifts. On the second day all the Combined Services members were lined up at the top of a slope and invited to give a solo demonstration of their prowess as skiers, as a result of which they were allotted to classes in the ski school. More by good luck than anything else we managed to keep all our downhill skiers in the first class under Herr Max Robbi.

Our fortnight at St. Moritz was blessed by brilliant sunshine and almost perfect snow conditions. We were instructed as a class by Max for two hours daily in the mornings for the first week and in the afternoons for the second. Before the morning class we would do perhaps "a couple of quick Opels," "a standard or two," or if feeling particularly dashing, "a slow Olympic." (Anyone who can ski slowly down this course is an artist in control; anyone who can ski fast down it deserves a medal.) In the afternoons we would perhaps cross to the slopes above the Suvretta or practice slalom on the nursery slopes.

As Max had the top class he had of course to demonstrate its superiority over the others. He would stand at the top saying, "We go slow—huh?" and we would follow at a respectable pace and decent intervals. But on seeing another class spreadeagled across the slopes his skies somehow put themselves closer together and sought out the steepest *schuss*, drawing exclamations of admiration from all who saw him. The mob which followed, however, clearly lacking in control, caution, and even, some claimed, in discipline, drew forth less virtuous exclamations.

But for sheer devilment there was nothing to compare with "the five o'clock *schuss*." As the day's skiing drew to its close, we would be standing at the top of the nursery slopes gazing nonchalantly down towards where the lower slopes funnelled their skiers on to the narrow path through the woods to the village.

"I think we'd better go slowly today," says Fisher.

"Yes," says Fane, trying to look as though he meant it.

The Colonel looks away in the direction of Piz Palu, obviously wishing that his officers were not all wearing the green sweaters which label us so clearly.

We do indeed start slowly, but there is something quite irresistible about seeing that wobbly female who looks like a Dutch bargee collapse weakly as you hurtle past within inches of her ski-tips; and what better for slalom practice than a nicely spaced class of jelly-kneed beginners stemming uncertainly towards their tea?

Our patrol and langlauf team, led by the Colonel and assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Legard, had been training hard, gradually working up to cross-country runs of up to twenty kilometres in a day. We admired but did not envy them. When one is really fit and has acquired the technique, a cross-country tour on skis on a sunny day amidst the lovely mountain scenery can be delightful. But to race across country on skis which want to slide back two paces for every one you take forward when

going uphill, and which are so narrow as to lose all stability on the rare downhill stretches, probably involves more sheer physical effort and calls for more "guts" than any other similar sport. Add a service rifle and ammunition, webbing equipment and a loaded pack, all of which are carried in the patrol race, and the pleasure is apt to disappear!

We have many memories of our fortnight at St. Moritz; of picnic lunches sitting in the sun, of sticky cakes and hot chocolate, of trying to make a glass of beer last an evening at the Palace Bar, of the hordes of Italians who flocked to St. Moritz at week-ends, jamming the trains, all shouting at once at the tops of their voices, crowding the ski runs and making week-end ski-ing definitely hazardous. We also left our marks on the slopes—notably at those particular features which came to be known as Blacker's Bottom and Guy's Gulley. There is one further incident worthy of mention—the crossing of the Cresta.

We had decided to watch the bob races, but in ski-ing down to the bob run we found the Cresta run between us and our objective. The Cresta is a specially built luge run made of packed snow and ice. It is about five or six feet wide and about two feet six inches deep. Crossing it, besides being illegal, presents a problem not unlike those presented to potential officers at War Office Selection Boards. One member who said "Give me the end of your ski stick" and stepped bodily on to the ice found his legs departing rapidly towards Cresta, and himself being played on the end of the ski stick like a rather tired salmon. We eventually negotiated the crossing without loss and without being bisected by a luge.

Another of the attractions of St. Moritz is horse racing on the frozen surface of the lake. The course, complete with rails and stands, is prepared by teams of horse-drawn harrows for days before the meeting. The saddling enclosure is built with walls of snow. On the Sunday there were hurdle and flat races, a trotting race and a ski-joring race. The stakes were quite valuable and runners came from France, Germany and Italy as well as from Switzerland. The "going" is very good, but the horses kick up a tremendous amount of snow dust and great clods of packed snow, so that all the jockeys have to wear goggles. Owing to the height, the horses have to come up to St. Moritz some days before the race in order to get acclimatized.

In the race for ski-jorers, the horses are "driven" by the skier who holds on to a harness with one hand and a pair of long reins with the other. The harness has a sheet which prevents the snow from being kicked up into the skier's face and is long enough to allow the skier to be just out of range of the horse's heels; only just, as was demonstrated when one horse started kicking in the paddock.

The race itself was full of incident. At the start one of the horse's reins broke and he veered straight across the rest of the field and then set off down the course out of control. All went well until at the end of the straight the horse suddenly slowed and the skier found himself in front! Horse and skier then parted company, and the horse, driven wild by the flapping sheet, jumped the rails into the spectators and galloped, kicking madly, into the car park where, after plunging and rearing, he fell.

Apart from this incident, there was a good afternoon's racing, although, as might be imagined, it was somewhat cold underfoot.

We cannot leave St. Moritz without a word of thanks to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Legard, whose Volkswagen van, painted in Regimental colours, plied back and forth supplying not only lifts but also liquid refreshment for the weary skier. Colonel Legard, who has probably taken part in more Olympic Games than any other athlete, assisted with the training of the langlauf and patrol team, and was often to be seen adding a touch of originality to the ski slopes with his snow bicycle.

BAD GASTEIN

Our journey to Bad Gastein is chronicled elsewhere. Bad Gastein's fame lies in the healing qualities of its waters, and its claim to the steepest race-course in Europe. As we surveyed the rather tired looking snow and the tree-clad slopes through the drizzle which greeted us, we thought back to the brilliant sun and open rolling slopes of St. Moritz.

The journey to the top of the downhill course involves half an hour's ride on a chair lift which takes you up through the trees in two stages. By the time you reach the top you are numb with cold and, after half an hour alone with your thoughts, full of misgivings. The course starts with a steep but rolling open field, then plunges down over some bumps on to a steep and bumpy wood path which leads to the Devil's Elbow. This consists of a very steep and narrow pathway which can only be taken straight, at the bottom of which is a hairpin bend to the right, followed by a sharp turn left over a precipice which flattens out sharply at the bottom. As was so ably demonstrated by Fane and Fisher, lack of control can lead either to a head-on collision with a three, or to one's skis leaving the path altogether and depositing their owner in an inextricable attitude amidst the birds' nests. The course continues through a series of bumpy fields to the finish.

Our first reconnaissance was depressing. The upper half of the course was sheet ice; on the lower slopes the snow was like marzipan and rocks and grass protruded everywhere. Consequently it was decided to hold the race on the upper half only.

After a few days of rather unpleasant ski-ing, there was a new fall of snow which converted the area into something nearer the ski-ing paradise which is claimed to be. The race-course was for a few days slower and easier, enabling one to build up confidence, gradually taking a straighter and steeper line. We had, too, some good runs down to Angertal, some miles down the valley, and one afternoon of heavenly ski-ing on steep slopes in new snow.

Meanwhile our langlauf and patrol team had been training hard for their very arduous programme which included the Individual Patrol Race of seventeen kilometres, the Inter-Unit and Inter-Corps Ski Patrol Championships, and the British and Army Langlauf Championships of eighteen kilometres. In the two patrol races, skiers had to carry a loaded pack and equipment and a service rifle with which they had to shoot at red and yellow balloons on completing the course. This is not as simple as it sounds. After eighteen kilometres it

is quite difficult enough to hit a haystack, let alone a small balloon bobbing in the breeze. It is putting off, too, as you throw yourself down in the snow with gay abandon, to find that your foresight is covered in snow, your muzzle blocked, or your backsight frozen.

Considering our lack of previous experience and in spite of set-backs such as broken bindings, and the discovery that one member of the team was colour-blind and could not see a yellow balloon against the snow, the team did well against the formidable opposition, many of whom had been training in Austria and Germany for a considerable time. The best performances were those of Colonel Blacker, who beat many of little more than half his age, and Walker. The latter was seventh in the Best All-Rounders Championship for the downhill and cross-country events.

By the end of the day before the downhill race we were feeling fairly confident that we could put up reasonable performances. Without Lieut. Critchley-Waring we had no stars and it was obvious that the Scots Guards and other teams from Germany or Austria were very good indeed. The course was in perfect condition, if perhaps a trifle slow for the expert racers.

The night before the race, however, there was a heavy fall of snow which continued up to and during the race. For the experienced racers going first it would present little difficulty but would prevent fast times. For us coming later it would set quite a problem. For it would be suicide to leave the narrow track made by previous racers, and yet to stay in it might mean going too fast for control.

The journey up in the chair lift is cold and unpleasant. The tiny hut at the top is overcrowded with racers putting on numbers, tightening boots, waxing skis, and cracking jokes in order to conceal their anxiety. Your number is called and out you go from the stuffy heat of the hut into the blizzard. You put on your skis, adjust your goggles and go to the start. The skier in front of you disappears into the whirling snow, and you have a minute to go. Thirty seconds: you perch on the little knife-edge with the front of your skis sticking

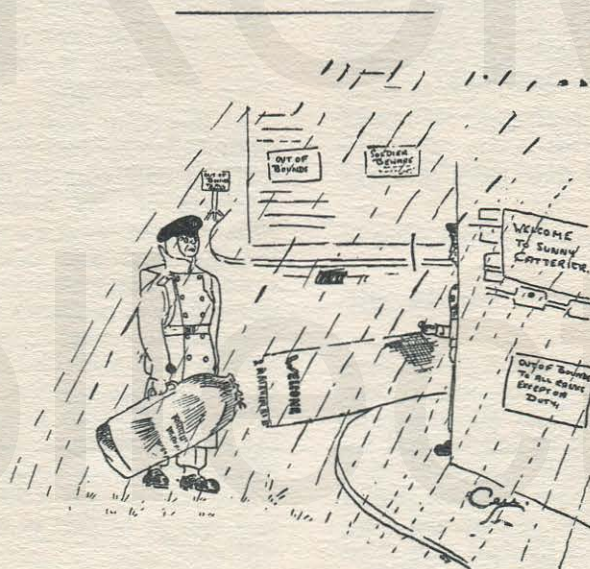
out into space. Ten seconds . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . and a shove in the small of the back sends you over the edge.

The first of our team to go was Wathen. He completed the open top section in good time—too good a time, for just above the entrance to the wood path he failed to hold the piste and disappeared base over apex into deep snow, losing his goggles in the process. Without them he was quite unable to see the piste in the driving snow and in his next fall he lost a ski stick and consequently all means of retaining balance.

Fisher also started well, but he too deviated from the piste at high speed. In his fall some snow must have wedged under the clip of his binding, for when he fell again he lost a ski! Fane's progress was swift but punctuated by a series of monumental jerks. Fildes, our most experienced skier, also fell heavily but achieved our best time; but our best performance was perhaps that of Walker, who had also been competing in the langlauf and patrol races.

At the end of the downhill race the Scots Guards led, our team being eighth out of twelve teams which started. On the following day the slalom was held on the lower slopes in what was, for the experts, slow snow. Here we produced no startling times, but managed to improve our team position by being fourth, so that in the combined placing for the Champion Unit (covering all events) we were fifth. It is also worthy of mention that we won comfortably the competition for the turn-out of teams before the patrol race.

So ended our first Army Ski Championships. We did not cover ourselves with glory, but we learned much that should be of value next year. For the langlauf and patrol races, real physical fitness coupled with toughness are the two essentials; for the downhill and slalom, far more race practice is required than we were able to have this year. One can be a good skier and can achieve good times in practice down a course; but in the race itself "race nerves" and the increased speed can play havoc with the inexperienced racer. As in most sports, there is no substitute for "match practice."



Mad Mathematics

BY CAPTAIN H. G. WOODS, MC

THOSE of us who faced the school books of our youth with trepidation will remember the absurd problems which so often utterly confused our brains. If I recollect one of them rightly, it had something to do with a dozen herrings, each of which cost a penny half-penny. And the problem posed was to arrive at the total amount of money to be handed over to the fishmonger. Apart from the lesson of elementary multiplication, perhaps this kind of problem aimed at other educational objectives. Would such a problem teach the young to budget accurately for household expenses, or preserve them from being cheated by the butcher, the grocer or the candlestick-maker?

Perhaps after all it was a genuine, if misguided, attempt to foreshadow the sort of mathematics we so often meet in the Army. But we would maintain that the Army's way of doing things makes the problems far harder to solve. So often we find ourselves, while trying to arrange the details of pay parade once a week, mentally constructing a schoolboy question which might run something like this:—

1. Twenty soldiers are to be paid £2 5s. each. The Squadron Leader has decreed a stoppage for barrack damages of 6d. from each man. The Pay Office can only provide one pound notes, ten shilling notes and florins. Without going to the PRI or the NAAFI for small change, state:

- (a) How much cash you would draw from the Pay Office.
- (b) In what denominations you would draw the cash, i.e., 100 x £1, etc.
- (c) How much each man would actually receive.

Since we know that solving this one is very difficult we will leave our more clever readers to work it out and go on to other problems equally absorbing. How often, whilst having our clothing and equipment inspected by the prying eyes of the Troop Sergeant, with his unerring accuracy for mistakes in layout or holes in socks, have we not thought, "How perfect for the maths book!" What about a question on these lines?

2. A soldier on joining has four pairs of socks issued to him. Each one costs 3s. 7d.

- (a) What is the total value of four pairs of socks after eight weeks' wear?
- (b) If one pair is holed but badly repaired what is its net value?

Note: Departmental Expenses can be disregarded.

This, we venture to say, is a problem on classic lines to those well acquainted with the schoolbook variety. In fact, for the classicist, the final note about departmental expenses is a pure gem. It is just as well we are told to disregard this factor, for it is apparent that the author had no idea how much these expenses should be. Was it 10 per cent. or 25 per cent. of cost, and if so, cost to whom? To some of us the thought may now

occur to ask what *are* departmental expenses? But in view of the note, this inquiry is so irrelevant as to be quickly dismissed. We don't even want to know the answer, however much *you* may wish to tell us.

But there are other people in the Army who have curious jobs to do, and in their fields of work are many examples of just the sort of material which we need for our new "maths book." It is probably well known that the Army issues rations on a variety of scales. Lives there the ration storeman with a soul so dead, who never, in a nightmare, to himself hath said:

3. You are trying to calculate the amounts of rations available to a camp of 200 men on a Tuesday. Each man is entitled to 1/7th of an ounce of pepper per day. The local supply depot only issues pepper on Fridays. State, in ounces and fractions of an ounce, how much pepper will be available for lunch on Tuesday. Damp congealed pepper—i.e., left-over stock in dining-hall pots—can be disregarded.

We often thought in our youth that all maths masters were the devil incarnate. As age draws on, time mellows our judgment and we, who were once convinced, are now plagued by doubt. Perhaps some of them are brands to be snatched from the burning after all. But among the more fiendish ones, surely one of them will soon light upon a problem based on ration accounting:

4. The O.C. Unit (i.e., Mysterious Godhead) receives, in respect of every soldier on his ration strength, a ration cash allowance of 6¼d. per man per day, this sum to be expended on extra messing. In a Unit of 200 men state:

- (a) The total value of the RCA for a period of 5½ days, assuming that all the soldiers go on week-end leave after Saturday lunch-time.
- (b) The total value of the RCA if—
 - (i) 3¾d. per man per day is deducted because the Unit grows its own vegetables.
 - (ii) 1¼d. per man per day is added for extra milk in respect of six band boys on the strength.

At this point even our more clever readers should be reeling slightly. Just to complicate matters, we will say that the only clue to the answers is to read the page numbers of any edition of "Alice in Wonderland" *upside down*. And so we will conclude by noting that the thousand and one petty details of the Army's system of administration should provide an inexhaustible supply of problems for the schoolbook of the future. Consider, too, what an excellent preparation for National Service such a revised mathematics textbook would be. In imagination we can already see a classroom of the future, bright with summer sunlight, and already hear the droning voice of the pedant intoning, "Now, Smith Minor, turn your incorrigibly lazy eyes to Problem 5, which tells us that if 90 rounds of 20-pounder ammunition can be carried in a truck 3-ton, how many trucks will . . ."

The Dawn Breaks

A FORTY-EIGHT hour pass is not a long time, and for the home-loving London boy it seems a mere nothing. However, true to his type, he always endeavours to make the best of it. Travelling between Catterick and London takes about six hours, making a total of 12 hours for the journey each way. The first six are spent in thinking what one can do in London and the other six in looking back on what was actually done. Somehow everyone manages to get to London, but the return journey is far more hazardous. Far too many temptations are laid in the path of the unwary soldier.

Leaving home is the first drag; bed seems so tempting. Then, of course, those fortunates—perhaps unfortunates is the best description—who have girl friends or fiancées have to disentangle themselves from passionate embraces and stagger aboard the "Catterick Flyer." The "Catterick Flyer" is the name which has been given to the eleven fifty-five train from King's Cross to Catterick. The gathering of the khaki clans takes place in honour of this train. From all the corners of London come the hapless soldiers, tall ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones and even unblanched ones. Occasionally a demobilized one arrives, but he is usually alone, and always seems to be enjoying some private joke.

When the minute hand of the station clock has moved down the dial to eleven-thirty post meridiem, and is waiting to start its upward journey, then an air of expectancy hangs over the waiting crowd. Heads are turned, necks are stretched, for at any moment now the "Catterick Flyer" will make its appearance. Then through the mass of signal lights and shining rails it threads its ponderous way, hissing, steaming and then groaning as the brakes halt its progress. But even before it stops the khaki mob have engulfed it. Morgan's pirates could not have boarded it more quickly or more ruthlessly. A door is torn open and the first body hurtles in and claims his booty only just before the second, third and numberless others follow. Within the space of seconds the entire train is taken, and the victors sit triumphant in their seats. Their luggage, which was left on the platform, is reclaimed and tossed on the rack. Then, reclining in the luxury that British Railways offer—for the price of thirty-six shillings and eight-pence—they gloat over the vanquished who are to be seen scowling through the dewy compartment windows.

Settling in means something different to each person. The carriage seat offers a challenge which no self-respecting person can refuse. That perpendicular hard

back, the dust-laden seat and those arms which always seem too high or too low. However, the British soldier is not lacking initiative and soon cushions the hard surface with his coat. His state of dress then undergoes certain changes; that battledress jacket, which made breathing difficult and movement impractical, is cast on to the rack, his boots or shoes are loosened, and his webbing belt gets lost. Berets are, of course, used as eye shades although the odds are on the lights soon being switched or taken out. Food, if any, is passed round and placed near to hand. Cigarettes are lit up and a little gossip is exchanged. Then the train pulls out and London is lost in its cloak of familiar smog.

Conversation increases as leave stories are exchanged. Tall stories, funny stories and the other types are reeled out. Then the regular soldier casually mentions how long he has been in, and the National Service man mentions how long he has to do. The new recruit asks questions and the regular "shoots him a line." By this time the need for sleep has taken one or two members of the compartment out of the conversation. The light is switched out and the rest doze off to sleep. For those who stay awake only the dark scene outside the window remains to hold their attention, and even that is distorted by the condensation on the glass. Then gradually the monotonous clackety-clack of the train lulls these odd few off to sleep.

Grantham and Peterborough have slipped by unnoticed in the night. The long curved platform of York is seen by the few light sleepers who are wakened by the unaccustomed flood of yellow light. An hour's journey to Darlington. The Flyer presses on and Darlington is reached. A number of noisy passengers are added to the laden train before it backs out to the Catterick branch line.

The journey from Darlington to Catterick might be and probably is quite pleasant under any other conditions. But to a soldier at five or six in the morning it is most depressing. The countryside is misty, the wooden fences are dark and wet and the woods appear forbidding. The soldier himself is either hot and sweaty or frozen. His hair is dishevelled, his face unshaven, his clothes crumpled and creased, and a dirty sooty odour hangs in the air. It is perhaps because of this that the dawn does not receive the complimentary remarks that it deserves. After all, it's the same dawn in London, but maybe it looks better from there.

M.J.-F.

The First "406"

BY CRAFTSMAN FRANKL

I STAGGERED into the "B" vehicle workshop with my tool-box, which seemed to weigh a ton. I dropped it with a crash that brought startled faces out from under lorries and out of doors to find out what had happened.

Very soon after my arrival a buff-coloured form was pushed into my rather unwilling hands. This form on

closer scrutiny revealed itself to be A.F. 406; somewhere in my memory a little bell rang. This must be the thing that the sergeant back at training camp had been telling us about. I thought there had also been three letters connected with it; S for serviceable, A for driver's jobs, and B for the things I was expected to do.

Armed with this great knowledge, a pencil and my

406 form, I went in search of the lorry. I found it standing over a pit with its driver beside it; as soon as he saw me he retired to a position from where he could keep an eye on me.

Trying to look confident, I pulled out the inspection sheet and looked at it. The first little square had "speedometer reading" written on it; that was easy. I climbed into the cab and took down the mileage. Next came just one word, "Engine"; that was not so good. I started the engine, lifted the bonnet and looked inside. Then a horrible thought struck me: what on earth was I looking for? The driver now sauntered over to see what was going on. I was obviously expected to do something, so with a look of deep concentration on my face I "revved" the engine. It sounded all right; or did it? Could I hear a strange rattle? The driver didn't seem to hear anything unusual so I was probably imagining it. I carefully put an S in the square for the engine.

The next few squares just stated bluntly suspension,

transmission, brakes and other such things. I began to get hot under the collar. After I had walked around the truck about a dozen times, perspiring freely and getting my 406 sheet dirty, I climbed down into the pit to look at the transmission. However, once down there out of sight I had a chance to gather my thoughts together, and strangely enough down in the pit everything seemed to fall into place. I remembered the things to do, and the little squares suddenly began to fill up as I found the different parts and checked the oil levels and the tyre pressures and even adjusted the brakes.

At last all the little compartments on the form, which was by now nearer a black than a buff colour, were filled in, in what I hoped was the correct way. Then I signed it with a flourish and went proudly in search of the sergeant. I gave it in. It was received with a nod and a glance and I went away feeling very pleased with myself, but hoping that the lorry would not blow up or do something unpleasant for at least a week.

My First Five Weeks

BY TROOPER R. W. ROCHESTER

TO the civilian stumbling upon the Army for the first time military life comes inevitably as a shock. For the student the transition from civilian to soldier is in a way more difficult than for anyone else. The life of the student is usually one of complete freedom. He is not subject to the same external discipline as the office worker or the factory hand. His time is his own, his discipline is individual, exerted upon himself by himself. Not surprisingly, after being treated as an equal by a scientist or historian of world-wide reputation, he finds it irksome to be chased around all day by an adolescent lance-corporal who cannot spell and who reads the *Beano* from preference and not from necessity.

This was my own background and the change to a new life was somewhat painful. My experience of the Army was nil; my military ancestry consisted of a shadowy grandfather who was a RSM before the 1914-18 war, and two legendary great-uncles who got hanged after Culloden. Most of my knowledge of the Army had been derived from literary sources, and those perhaps not the best from the Army's point of view. Of these, perhaps J. P. Marquand's novel, though American, was the most valuable, for it brought out very clearly the division of outlook between soldier and civilian, which personal experience in the next few weeks was to confirm and which provided the chief problem to settling down in the Army.

Apart from this most of my military reading had been on irregular warfare. The student may dabble in Clausewitz or Foch, but it is the irregular fighter who steals his heart, for he appeals to the spirit of undisciplined enterprise and light-hearted revolt which is inherent in the student. Such then were my military heroes, men like T. E. Lawrence and Spencer Chapman, men who were almost military rebels; odd yardsticks

for one about to join a regiment of cavalry of the line.

On first arrival it seemed almost as if I was going to find an irregular force. The NCOs welcomed us with smiles. Our civilian status was recognized, orders were made as non-military as possible. We were told to stand still, not to halt, to turn to face this way and that, and not to right and left turn. Was it just possible, I asked myself, that for our national service we were to be treated as a civilian militia? The answer was not long in coming. By the end of the second week, while doing a ten-minute "bender" under the blazing sun, it became clear that the "Skins" were going to do their best to turn us into regular soldiers in all but name. There was to be no militia nonsense here. The question then arose as to how far one could go along with them. Would it be possible to bridge the dichotomy between military and civilian life and become temporarily a full soldier without impairing one's civilian status? Fortunately for myself the question never came to a head. After four years of being studiously blasé I became infected with enthusiasm.

Much of this was due to our drill instructor, who aroused in his squad a schoolboy-like hero worship. The whole of GMT was not unlike a return to school and had a rejuvenating effect. I cared for the inter-squad competition more than for any house event at school. Under this drug-like influence all of us began to turn into soldiers. We began to lose our sense of individuality; even in our letters now we associated ourselves with the rest of the squad. By the time we marched first off the square on the pass-off parade, having won the inter-squad competition, most of us had pocketed our civilian individuality "for the duration." There was none of us by the end of those first five weeks who could earn that dreaded phrase of abuse "You individual."

Gratitude

BY CORPORAL B. CORRY, "A" SQUADRON

In the trench a soldier lying,
By his side his mate lay dying;
What could he say, what could he do,
To ensure his pal a life anew?

He lifted up his heavy eyes,
Lifted them up to the blackened skies,
And there, amongst the smoke and dust,
He found Someone in Whom to trust.

He crossed his hand across his breast
And asked his God Jim's soul to rest.
Jim's toil-worn face looked up at him,
And just two words he heard him say,
But they made him glad—yes, they made his day:
For all he said was just, "Thanks, mate!"
Then he marched on by the open gate!

A Sonnet

In festered pit of loneliness I dwell,
Away from charms remembered through a cloud,
Away from all bewitched by her fair spell,
The Muse of sonnets bids me toast her shroud.
Her head oft held aloft was wonderous fair,
Her straight slim neck had grace of silver birch,
The shades of light that ran among her hair
Still help my mind when I for memories search.
She moved with grace of leopard from a tree,
Her courage once was keen as tempered steel,
Yet still I loved her who was dear to me,
The pain she caused me still my heart doth feel.
The redworm made me put her down last year,
And for my horse I shed this one last tear.

M. J.-F.

Leadership

BY TROOPER A. R. TURL

"Oh, to be in the PO Wing," during GMT we sigh,
As we wish that the longed-for pass-out would more
rapidly draw nigh.
And when it comes we go on leave, the Army to forget;
But far too soon it draws us back once more into its net.
Back to the old PO Wing, from Troglan far away,
But bulling, sweat and brain power are required from
us each day,
And dusting is an item which we just cannot ignore.
We dust all round our little room—it is a frightful bore.
We sleep in the passage on mattresses or under a truck
on the moors,
Spending the evenings bulling kit and cleaning the baths
and the floors;
So all our time is taken in sweating to pass the course,
And often during the fortnight we think with some
remorse:
Why they invented the Army is a thing we'll never know,
As off into the blanco room room to clean our belts we
go.
And leadership courses especially are things we could
do without;
We'd like to have gone to WOSB as soon as we had
passed out.
But do it we must, determined we'll certainly do it well,
But whether or not we'll pass is a thing we cannot tell
Until the Saturday morning when we're told what is to
be:
Either we go to Troglan, or we're told we can take
WOSB.
And then the course is over, for better or for worse,
And we can say we've enjoyed it and our bad mistakes
can curse.
No more for us the mobility and instructing of PT,
No more the schemes and night ops. and defending a
bushy-topped tree,
Or losing our feet in a minefield, or being mown down
by our Bren;
No more ironing our underclothes, eight and a half by
ten.
"Oh Troglan, our Troglan, how I'd hate to return to
you;
But it seems that this will be the thing that most of us
will do."



The Reflections of an Undergraduate

BY CADET A. J. HOLCOMBE

Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps

HE had just arrived after a tiring journey by train. A lorry had met him at Richmond Station; his luggage was dumped without ceremony in the back, and so was he.

Brown, as we will call our imaginary but none the less typical Cambridge (or Oxford) undergraduate, had volunteered to join the T.A. He had been persuaded that it was of great benefit to do so; no doubt it will be, he thought, as he was rushed along to Catterick Camp. But things did not turn out as pleasantly as he blithely imagined.

Now after a long journey, one would expect hospitality and refreshment from one's host. But Brown had to collect armfuls of stores and put them in his room before he could even have a drink of water. On seeing his room in the PO Wing, he was pleased. How fine, he thought, to have a room to himself; a luxury in the Army.

Now, after ten days, Brown is rather different. Gone are the calm and peace of Cambridge; he has a haggard look. His long wavy hair is now neither long nor wavy. In fact, it is hardly visible. Brown has discovered that having a room to himself can at times be a grave disadvantage. His bed was not to be slept on but to be made square and in every way unbedlike. For the essen-

tial thing about a bed is its comfort: and how can there be comfort when a metal slab covers the entire bed?

So he laid it out in the correct way and decided to sleep on the floor. But even that he had to do carefully. And so it was with everything. He had thought of uniform as rather smart and satisfying to wear. But Brown will not be over-anxious to wear it again; for he has just been marking time on it because it was not pressed properly.

Brown had eagerly awaited his thirty-six hours on the moors. But the evils of the assault course overtook him before he had recovered from being killed many times by Potential Officers of great enthusiasm. He fell into every pit, fell off the ropes, had a knack of getting to an obstacle at the same time as countless thunderflashes and canisters of gaily-coloured smoke.

By the end of his course, Brown has changed completely. He cleans everything in sight. He cleans things even that are out of sight.

However, he thought to himself as he journeyed home, a sadder and wiser man, perhaps life in the Foreign Legion is tolerable; perhaps, after all, the sergeant was right when he said Brown ought to go back to Cambridge and — well stay there.

Paradise

BY TROOPER POLLOCK

"QUITE Arcadian," thought John, as he staggered under the weight of dung-coloured blankets. True, the lambs could be cleaner, the blossom on the bough heavier, and he would have preferred shepherd pipes to Signor Lanza's love-lorn wail which filled the air. But, on the whole, it didn't look at all bad. Pity it was a little *brown* hut, though. Had it been a white hut, with a few roses over the door, one might have fancied it had strayed from suburbia. But as it was brown and uncompromising, nobody could have the slightest doubt that this gem of domestic architecture was a military creation.

He had been led to believe that the inside of the hut was, to say the least of it, palatial. He therefore felt faintly insulted by the wealth of brown varnish and row of leering fire buckets which greeted him. No chandelier, no butler, not even a small patch of red plush—he really thought the Army might have managed something a little better for its up and coming leaders. But he had no energy to reflect upon this lamentable state of affairs. The blankets were getting heavy. He wandered hopefully about the maze of corridors. "Worse than the Ritz," he thought to himself. There were little typewritten cards on all the doors. He found his room at last, noticing with distaste that his name had been misspelt. He decided one of his own cards would look better, preferably one

of those with Napoleonic trimmings. That would be most suited to the occasion.

With a sigh of relief, he deposited his blanket on the bed and wondered how he would sleep. It had been most annoying to have been refused sheets. But he supposed that rough blankets, like hair shirts, were good for the soul. It wasn't a very big room, smaller in fact than his dressing room at home. Perhaps he had made a mistake, perhaps this was where his batman slept. He made a short tour of the building and was just coming to the disappointing conclusion that this was his room, when he noticed another building on the other side of the road. Happily he bounded through the half-open door, to find himself in a gloomy entrance hall, every inch of which was painted public lavatory green. With a cry of horror he retreated. Nothing would bring him to live in anything that had the slightest resemblance to a public lavatory.

Back in the sanctuary of his room, he lay on his bed and began mentally to convert his cell into something habitable. Perhaps a contemporary wallpaper with a creeper over the ceiling. He found the brown varnish rather depressing and the bed most uncomfortable. Still, he was tired and sleep was strong. He closed his eyes and dreamt of all that the PO Wing might be.

The Day of Rest

BY TROOPER MCGUFFIE

TWO recumbent figures lie snoring in bed. About them, on the floor chiefly, but also on the chairs, lockers, walls and even on the beds themselves, writhes a twisted heap of civilian clothes, Army clothes, boots and shoes, and a long wireless flex. The time is 10 a.m., the day Sunday, the place the PO Wing.

The ritual begins, with its own inimitable language. The peaceful scene is broken by a sleepy voice, "Twenty more minutes." This is all. Only one of the *élite* can translate this; it means: "Twenty minutes more until it is twelve o'clock and time for Family Favourites." There is no other movement until twelve o'clock, when an arm gropes its way towards the wireless and, having switched it on, returns to the depths of the bed. The two figures do not appear to be aware that the wireless is on. The only indication that they are even alive is an occasional groan or yawn. The same voice says: "Quarter of an hour." This means: "It is one o'clock and when Family Favourites ends at one fifteen, we will get up."

Even the Light Programme plays its part in the ritual; at one eighteen a horrible voice shouts: "Wakey wakey!" and the figures roll out of bed.

No word is uttered until the two occupants of the room have washed and shaved and have begun slowly to dress themselves. The ritual continues. "Got any money? I'm completely broke!" "No, nor have I!" This means: "When we have lunched at the NAAFI Club, we will go to Darlington to a cinema, and having done that we will return to the Scotch Corner Hotel for dinner and, of course, a little drink and will come rolling into the old Wing at about twelve thirty!"

Now to reach this status, of a fully-fledged PO, one must graduate in two steps.

Firstly, there is the very new arrival at the Wing, who has just finished his GMT. He, in a stupor of mad devilment, remains in his bed until the daring hour of eight o'clock. Then, with his conscience pricking him, he will leap from his bed, make up his bed roll, and, having washed, will sweep and dust his room. Suddenly his eyes will narrow with cunning; here is a chance for him to display his drive, initiative, leadership and keenness! He will wake the rest of the Wing!

Broom in hand, he patrols the corridors, informing the inmates that he wishes to have them. Seeing that there is no response he enters the first room, shouting. Soon the shouts become half-hearted and faint and finally cease altogether. The inhabitants of that room do not apparently wish to be "had." After five minutes, during which two different voices are heard, he creeps out, a neurotic wreck, a broken reed.

The next phase takes longer and is less violent than its predecessor. This phase contains the POs who feel that they should, even if not attending breakfast, at least put in an appearance on behalf of the PO Wing, when they rise at a quarter to ten and stroll to "Bash time." This is the time at which POs of this grade eat a light breakfast at the Salvation Army Canteen.

But they will learn. After a few weeks they will become aware that the number of orders for papers and food has become outrageously large, and that they are buying not only literature but also breakfast for the whole Wing. Here they become fully-fledged POs.

In my knowledge, only one Potential Officer has ever attained greater heights of perfection and immortality, never rising before 4 p.m. in time for tea. But to reach this dizzy height, a long and concentrated course of Troop Duties must be undergone!



"Hello, One! Are you sure you gave me the right grid reference? Over".

The Parable of the PO

BY TROOPER FERNIE

AND it came to pass that, after his Basic Training, a certain man called Peter came to the Wing to take a course in leadership. He arrived with sundry baggage, which the sergeant said was too much; so Peter set to work to sort out those articles which he did not need, and sent them home. And the sergeant was well pleased and said so. This Peter then set to work to iron out his kit and to clean his brasses and webbing, which he found beyond his means, and was tired and was overcome. And it came to pass that on a certain inspection, the officer said unto Peter, "Peter, this kit is far from good."

And Peter said "I know this thing, O Sir."

The officer said unto him, "It must be done again."

So Peter worked on his kit until it was the best in the Wing. And the officer was well pleased and Peter rejoiced and was exceeding glad.

And it came to pass, one gloomy day on the moors, that the officer said unto Peter, "Peter, thou art in command of this section. Thou shalt lead them by night to

this place; and thou shalt see if the enemy be there or no." So Peter girded up his loins and took his men at eventide, even at the going down of the sun, to this place. And the men were exceeding tired, and said so. And he said unto them, "O men, hearken unto my voice. We shall see if there be enemy here and, if there be, we shall fight." And so Peter blew thrice on an instrument of silver which men call a whistle; and the men did run forward at this sound and did take many prisoners. And, so that they did not escape, they removed the prisoners' boots and socks from off their feet, for that place was covered in thistles and nettles. And Peter threatened the prisoners that, if they escaped, he would kill them; and this he did.

And it came to pass that, on the morrow, thick fog did cover the pace where the men lay. So Peter did set his compass and lead them home. And there was much rejoicing in that place. And they did kill the fatted calf and make merry.

Thus Peter did think he had passed his leadership course.

The PO Wing in Reality

BY CAPTAIN I. G. MANNING

THE reader may find in this JOURNAL various comments on life in the Potential Officers' Wing. The articles in question have been included purely for their entertainment value, but in case they should give too false a picture, I should like to offer a few comments on the Wing in reality.

One should first understand the system of selection of a potential National Service officer.

Very shortly after his arrival at Catterick, the recruit is interviewed by the Personnel Selection Officer. If he has certain academic, military or other qualifications, he is selected as a potential officer. During the early weeks of his training, he is interviewed by his troop leader, his squadron leader, the Commanding Officer and a Regimental Selection Board. After five weeks, he attends a leadership course in the PO Wing. If recommended by the Commanding Officer he is then sent to the War Office Selection Board. If successful, he goes on to Mons Officer Cadet School at Aldershot, from where he is commissioned in the Royal Armoured Corps.

The shortest possible time in which this can be achieved is about six months, four of which are spent at Mons. The schedule is subject to such matters as the number of candidates, security checks on documents and the incidence of rail strikes. Indeed they are few who find the road so smooth. At every stage of his training, the candidate may voluntarily or involuntarily cease to be a potential officer. He may be allowed time to develop; he may be given experience as an NCO. If he is finally successful, there may be no vacancy in the Royal Armoured Corps. Other arms, such as the Infantry or RASC, are open to him.

The object of the PO Wing is to discover whether each individual is fit to be an officer, to help him to become one, and to order his future if he should fail. Some aspects of the training and assessing may not imme-

diately be seen to bear on their aim. Popular misconceptions appear to be:

1. That potential officers sleep either on the floor or on the open hillside (except Saturday night and Sunday morning).

2. That everything is made as difficult as possible (why should kit be folded to a size of eight and a half inches by ten?)

3. That we control the weather to our own ends, so that every alternate Tuesday, when the outdoor exercise commences, sees heavy rain, sleet or snow, and a high wind.

4. That the PO Wing is a club, subscription to which includes use of the Information Room, wherein is located the television set.

We are not concerned with repudiating these beliefs.

When (and if) you read this, the glorious summer will be gone and Catterick winter will enfold us. The charms of High Waitgate (1,275 feet above sea level) will be less. However, there are lighter moments. On one night exercise Corporal Applegate and Lance-Corporal Worthington lay in ambush at a road and track junction on the training area. A civilian car drew up and two persons, male and female, climbed into the back seat. After a time the military situation demanded the explosion of two thunderflashes. The rear seat of the car was soon vacated; the front doors opened and closed; the car moved on.

All this happened very quickly.

Finally, here is philosophic reaction to failure, expressed in a telegram from a trooper to the PO Wing, which might serve as a model of brevity, clarity and directness:

"Failed WOSB send instructions draft leave."

What more can be said?

TRAVEL TALES

By Sail to Finland

By MAJOR J. M. WEINER

I WAS very lucky this year to be signed on, for "galley and bilge duties only," to join *Release*, a 6½-ton Bermudan-rigged sloop, for a trip from Kiel to Finland. The skipper was Gerry Barron, of 1 RHA, and the other crew member Brigadier Peter Gregson, a well-known friend of the Regiment. On the way up we also carried a piece of human ballast in the plum-pudding shape of an eighteen-year-old Finn, who mostly lay or sat cross-legged on deck waiting expectantly for his meals or, with even greater anticipation, for his "viskee." Various known as Nurmi, Molotov, Uncle Vanya or just plain Private Mannerheim, he was possessed of an uncanny sense both of avoiding work and of getting in the way.

We left Kiel on August 8th and returned exactly a month later, having covered just over 1,500 miles. The trip had been wonderfully conceived, for instead of using the Baltic in both directions we crossed Sweden from west to east on the way out. This, together with utterly glorious weather, was the high-light of our trip.

The first leg of two and a half days took us north from Kiel through the Danish islands and the Kattegat to a charming yachting harbour below Goteberg. There we were royally entertained by some friends of Gerry's and introduced to the Scandinavian routine of alternating schnapps and saunas. There too we were wined by Sweden's Aly Khan, had our first sight of an apparently inexhaustible supply of Swedish beauties, and suffered the local customs officials to lock up and seal one of our drink lockers whilst they drank liberally of the other.

The following day we sailed to Goteberg, and the next day there began a fairy journey across Sweden—some 250 miles of it—of river and canal and lakes and locks, sixty-five of them and all but seven worked by hand—our hands.

Seen as we saw this country, beneath all the beauty of a perfect sky, it is difficult to desist from ecstasies of rapture. It was certainly at its best when we crossed the lakes which, large and small, are fringed by rocky, weeded shores and studded with islands of every shape and size and colour. Chalk-white church towers with pitch-black spires rise above the trees. Lovely houses overlook the water. There are reedy banks and fields of golden corn.

Occasionally in a small inlet one sees little groups of happy people bathing in the sun, startlingly fair and bronzed and healthy. A fisherman spreads his nets and suddenly, as a crowning feature, a family of swans cruises past regally and serenely.

We had little time ashore and were usually on our way at dawn and never tied up before dusk. But at Vadstena on Lake Vättern we had time to visit a superlative fourteenth-century Abbey church in massive granite, large and spacious, and a magnificent moated Renaissance castle, also perfectly preserved. Then one afternoon we went to a fine modern house and spent the hours sitting on a stone terrace, overlooking a beautiful

bay, beneath a wild cherry tree, in warmest sunshine, which streamed from the gentlest of skies.

On August 20th we started our crossing from Sweden to Turku, on the south-west tip of Finland. We arrived there after another two and a half days and nights at sea, which included a fine twenty-four-hour spinnaker run and a lovely sail through the vast archipelago of the Aaland islands. One night we dropped anchor off an island genuinely named Stork Klub, but the only "life" we saw was a mass of plankton and the only "wolves" were jelly-fish gobbling them up.

Due to engine trouble in Sweden, we were slightly behind schedule and our stay in Finland only lasted just over three days. Gerry Barron and the Brig went off to visit some wealthy friends farther north, who did them quite royally on crayfish, lampreys, sea trout, saunas and schnapps. I, for my part, went off to Helsinki, providentially by bus as, unbeknown to me, the trains go through the Russian-held base of Porkkala, west of Helsinki.

Helsinki, to put it briefly, was very impressive, mostly for the work of modern town planning and designing which is feverishly in progress now. Besides, I happened to be there to see the athletics between Finland and Germany, the latter winning by only 111—106. It was a creditable performance for this tiny nation of four million, and there was a certain thrill to watch it all in their fine Olympic Stadium, together with 50,000 others, one-tenth of all Helsinki itself.

The three of us met up again at Turku on August 25th and, having shed Private Mannerheim, left Turku Yacht Club, situated on delightful Pikku Pukki. Our helm was set, very early the next morning, for Visby on the island of Gotland, 240 miles south in the middle of the Baltic. But, though the weather was perfect, the wind was against us and we averaged less than four knots an hour for most of the way. Somewhat tired and bored, we "motored" into Visby two and a half days later, to find a charming old town with splendid ancient walls and ruins and a most fascinating mediæval past, abruptly cut short by invasion, fire, famine and disease as long ago as 1462.

One day there and we were off again to Ystad; past Bornholm, on the southern tip of Sweden; and for another 250-mile leg, most of it splendid sailing under the spinnaker—our best run of the trip. Then after a very pleasant day at Ystad, tasting the final delights of Sweden, we walked straight into a sixty-hour Force 6-7 south-west gale.

As the glorious month went by we had always suspected that Providence would not dismiss us without some telling gesture. But within 160 miles of our goal we had almost forgotten our suspicions. Within a few hours of setting forth we were storm-bound, tossed about in the narrow waters between the Danish "puttey" and Russian-controlled East Germany, within sight of both, beating hard into the wind, buffeted and pounded by huge waves, and tacking across the very busy shipping lane from the Baltic to the Kiel Canal.

This is not the place to describe it all. Suffice it to say

that the cabin floor finally contained a mess of porridge mixed with engine oil together with crushed tomatoes and condensed milk to taste. Nevertheless we quickly recovered from our tribulations and our last meal, before entering Kiel, almost the first for four days, culminated in a glorious "Riz au Rhum," according to the Brig's own recipe.

Thus ended a wonderful trip, spent in a wonderful way. Though happier below decks than above, and puzzled still by all the curious calls; though ever foxed by such minor matters as the direction of the wind, the set of the compass and those interminable knots and self-entangling bits of rope, I have no doubt that there is no finer way of seeing countries such as Sweden or places such as, perhaps in future, the golden isles of Greece.

Tempestuous Journey

BY CAPTAIN G. L. WATHEN

"OUI, M'sieur," said the travel agent, with all the assurance of one who is certain of his facts. "There are only two minutes for the connection, but your train always connects with the Arlberg Express."

I must have looked doubtful, for he assumed a slightly hurt look which changed to one of annoyance as I demanded to see the evidence for myself. His interpretation of the hieroglyphics of the continental railway timetable appeared correct, and the aspersions which I cast upon the efficiency of the Schweizischer Bundesbahn by suggesting that our train might perhaps be late produced a look that quelled further interrogation.

Thus it was that at 5.15 on the morning of January 31st, 1955, our party of four officers and four other ranks assembled on St. Moritz station with twelve pairs of skis and fourteen other pieces of baggage to start our journey to Bad Gastein, in Austria. Our train, a two-coach affair obviously unused to such patronage, drew in, and we piled ourselves and our kit on board and settled down to make the best of a journey scheduled to last thirteen hours.

"Settling down" on the unsympathetic wooden benches of the third class compartment was hardly achieved before we arrived at Samedan, our first change. Portage on the Continent is expensive, and had we paid the stipulated tariff for our twenty-six pieces of luggage at every change of train we should have exhausted what a fortnight at St. Moritz had left of our travel allowance long before arriving in Austria. We therefore commandeered a couple of trolleys and unloaded, moved and reloaded all our baggage ourselves. At first the local porters protested, but we found it convenient, and not too difficult, to misunderstand them, and eventually they would give up with a shrug of the shoulders which said unmistakably, "Les fous anglais!"

At Chur there took place a delightful little scene which one could not picture happening on British Railways. Having trundled our loaded trolleys from the rear to the front of the train in order to cross the line to the next platform, we found the way blocked by the enormous engine. We asked the driver, way up above us in his cab, if he would mind reversing a yard or two.

To our amazement, and to the consternation of the porters unloading milk churns on to a trolley at the rear of the train, he duly selected reverse gear and obliged us.

After another change or two we approached Sarganz, where we were due to connect with the Arlberg Express. With but two minutes available we had our move well planned. Two to hold up the express, two to fetch trolleys, and the rest to heave our kit out through the windows. As we drew in, there she was, clearly labelled—Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-lits et de Grands Express Europeens—or something like that. We began to put our plan into operation, but as the first suitcases sailed through the open windows of our compartment the Grand Express began to move slowly forward.

At the booking office we were informed that after a wait of two hours we could resume our journey on a series of slow trains which would each deposit us on lonely country stations to wait for hours for the next one. At this juncture we were joined by a Hungarian gentleman whose desire to be helpful exceeded his command of English. But at his suggestion we ordered two vast taxis to carry us by road to Buchs—or was it Feldkirch?—where we might catch the express. Promised "immediately," the taxis arrived too late to be of use, so we repaired to the station restaurant for a late breakfast. Meanwhile our Hungarian discoursed at length on advantages of our having a "leedle booss." We accepted with alacrity, but he was apparently referring, not to alcoholic stimulant but to one of those little Volkswagen buses which may well be the answer to trans-continental travel.

Shortly before our train was due, another appeared and halted between us and our departure platform. Intimating that I had seen too much of Sarganz to risk being left there, I trudged several hundred yards down to the rear of the train in order to cross the line before ours arrived. As I reached the end, the train gave a contemptuous toot and moved off, leaving me with a rather pointless trudge back to rejoin the rest of the party, who had walked straight across the line.

On one of our many short periods actually spent in trains between prolonged waits, one of our party found that he had left everything vital, including ski boots and travel documents, on a train destined eventually for some other corner of Europe. It speaks well of continental railways that as a result of telephoning at the next stop, the missing bag arrived at Bad Gastein only a few hours after us.

We eventually reached Innsbruck at about six o'clock. We commandeered our trolleys as usual, but on reaching the luggage van, found a small army of porters unloading our kit. We thanked them politely but said we could manage ourselves. This helpful suggestion was ignored. Our baggage apparently had to be taken to the baggage hall at the far end of the station—at our expense—there to be redeemed by further payments, and finally moved by porters (more expense) back to our departure platform, which was next to the one at which we had arrived. The porters were, however, backed up by ugly-looking policemen for whose pistols our ski sticks would obviously be no match, so we conceded that point.

When our next train arrived we dumped mountains of kit at either end of our carriage—crossed skis make an admirable basis for an effective barrier—and settled comfortably in the second class compartment in the middle. When the ticket inspector arrived, splendid in his braided uniform, he was of course puce in the face and perspiring freely after negotiating our obstacle course. His countenance became truly alarming when he also discovered that we had but third class tickets. We then were given cause to wonder why it is that foreigners think that comprehension of their language can be achieved by increasing its volume. Finally, purple in the face, the brass buttons of his uniform straining alarmingly, he departed noisily.

The dignity of his exit was spoiled by our obstacles, but shortly afterwards he returned with a policeman to do the assault course again. We became models of polite if misguided tourists. "Of course, all a misunderstanding . . . only too happy to move into the third class . . . absolutely no idea of inconveniencing anyone at all."

It was shortly after this that we chanced to meet two of our friends who had left St. Moritz some six hours later than us! It was annoying, but they took us into their (second class) compartment to console us from their flasks, and the look on the face of our friend of the

assault course when he saw where we were made up for much. He once again made off, muttering "Polizei, Polizei!" but by the time he returned with the law we were of course sitting innocently back in our third class compartment.

We reached Schwarzach St. Veit shortly before midnight. Here we had arranged transport to take us by road on the last stage of our journey rather than wait another two hours for the next train. Continental railway waiting rooms and restaurants are palatial compared to those of British Railways, but the novelty had worn off by now. The transport consisted of one enormous saloon of vast age, and we ask our readers to believe that into it we piled all eight of us (plus the driver). Our skis travelled on the front wings, and the rest of our luggage on the roof and rear luggage grid. Little of the car remained visible, inside or out.

And so after eighteen hours' travelling we arrived at Bad Gastein. It was raining, and what snow there was looked very tired, but we had arrived. We staggered into the hall of our hotel. Our Commanding Officer let slip from his grasp the book which he had been reading with such determination throughout the last eighteen hours. I looked at the title. It was called "Tempestuous Journey."

TIT-BITS

Smith and Jones were returning rather late from Darlington by car. Gradually the speedometer crept up—40, 50, 60 and at length 70 miles an hour. Jones began to feel a trifle nervous.

"Not drivin' a bi' fast, are we, ol' man?" he asked.

"Ish no fault o' mine, ish it?" replied Smith. "Ish not me tha'sh driving'."

The Regimental Association

Notes from the Hon. Secretary

THE year under review has been a very busy one and the outstanding event was of course the Balaclava celebrations at Catterick in October, 1954. The hospitality extended to us by the Regiment was in accordance with tradition and will long be remembered by those members who accepted the Regiment's kind invitation.

The usual parades have been held during the past year. One innovation was an Oates Memorial Service held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, by kind permission of the Governor, and it is hoped that this will be an annual event at the Hospital. The Regiment loaned us the services of two trumpeters, who carried out their duties with the usual efficiency and were a great asset to the parade.

Our Annual Reunion was held at the Wood Lane Drill Hall. The Committee have discussed certain possible causes for the disappointing attendance and are endeavouring to introduce several changes for 1956. Those serving members who attended as our guests were in happy mood and certainly enjoyed the evening. The following morning we paraded 192 strong at Hyde Park for the Combined Cavalry Memorial Service, and were very proud to march behind our own band.

On June 5th I had the honour to represent the Association at the unveiling of the Bayeux Memorial by HRH The Duke of Gloucester, and laid a wreath on behalf of the Regiment and the Association.

On June 9th a number of our members, headed by Brigadier H. O. Wiley, M.C., had the sad duty of saying farewell to the late Mr. W. G. Robinson, MBE, who passed to his rest after a long illness. The Regiment was represented by Major H. C. Walker, MBE, MC.

It is with regret that we also record the death of the following: Brigadier E. D. S. Martin, DSO, OBE, MC.; Colonel W. Q. Winwood, CMG, DSO, OBE; Lieut. Colonel L. R. Kettle; Mr. Harold de Pass; QMS (T) R. Irvine; Mr. H. S. Chessel; Mr. C. Landgraffe.

Colonel Winwood was a staunch member of the Regimental Association who attended every parade and meeting without thought of any inconvenience to himself, and although he has now passed to his eternal rest he will always live in our memory. "Jock" Irvine's death was a blow to all those who knew him and his kind and jovial spirit will long be remembered.

Famous Old Comrades—IV

SERGEANT BARTON

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS

Les Barton joined the Army as a boy, and after service in the King's Dragoon Guards joined the 5th Dragoon Guards at Bloemfontein during the South African War, where he first saw active service.

It is as a sportsman that Barton is chiefly remembered in the Regiment. His home was at Bisley, and so not unnaturally he became a crack shot, winning many trophies at Bisley and elsewhere. He recalls how, when the Regiment was classifying on the ranges at The Curragh in 1912, they achieved such outstanding results that the War Office did not accept their shooting as genuine, and ordered "A" Squadron, with over eighty marksmen, to re-shoot. With an officer on each target and a general officer in the butts to see fair play, "A" Squadron bettered their previous score. Later, at Messines in the First World War, some German prisoners captured by the Regiment thought that the whole Regiment was equipped with machine guns—in fact, they had one.

After the war, Barton, turned to boxing (he had incidentally won the Army Weight-lifting Championship in Ireland before the war), and his first success was in winning his Divisional Championship in Germany. At Colchester in 1920 he won the Southern Command Championship, and he was Inter-Services Champion for

Egypt and Palestine in 1922 and 1923. Finally in India, with twenty-one years' service in the Army, he knocked out Gunner McAvoy in the first round and was subsequently runner-up in the Heavyweight Championship of India.

Les Barton, who now lives at Putney, is a great sportsman; but he is also a distinguished Old Comrade, for amongst his proudest memories is the day in 1915 when he went with Colonel Winwood to be decorated by the King of the Belgians.

TROOPER I. G. ELLENA

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS

Tpr. Ellena joined the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1912 at The Curragh. After a period with remounts he became an officer's servant and as such went to France with the Regiment in 1914. In 1916 he moved to HQ, XVII Corps, returning to the Regiment after the war. Amongst other interesting experiences he recalls the occasion on which he had to go some four miles down a communication trench under shell fire to fetch his officer's air pillow, which he had left behind in their rest billets, and how he was rewarded on his return with a double whisky! On another occasion, when Ellena was serving soup at dinner at the Corps HQ mess, a certain general gesticulated at the wrong moment, causing him to pour

FAMOUS OLD COMRADES—IV



Cpl. S. S. Tinworth
6th Inniskilling Dragoons



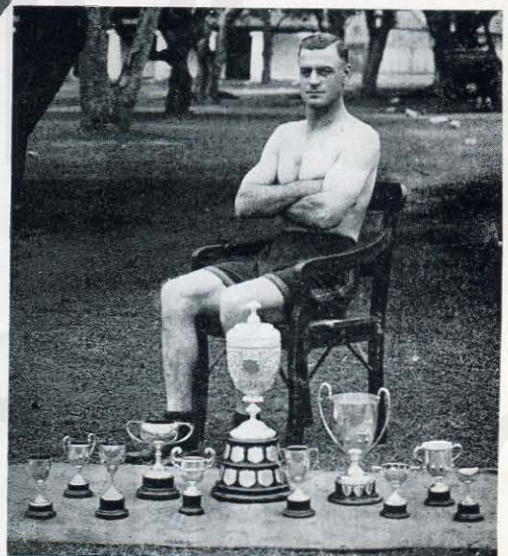
Tpr. Ellena
5th Dragoon Guards



Captain H. S. Gunner
formerly 6th Inniskilling Dragoons



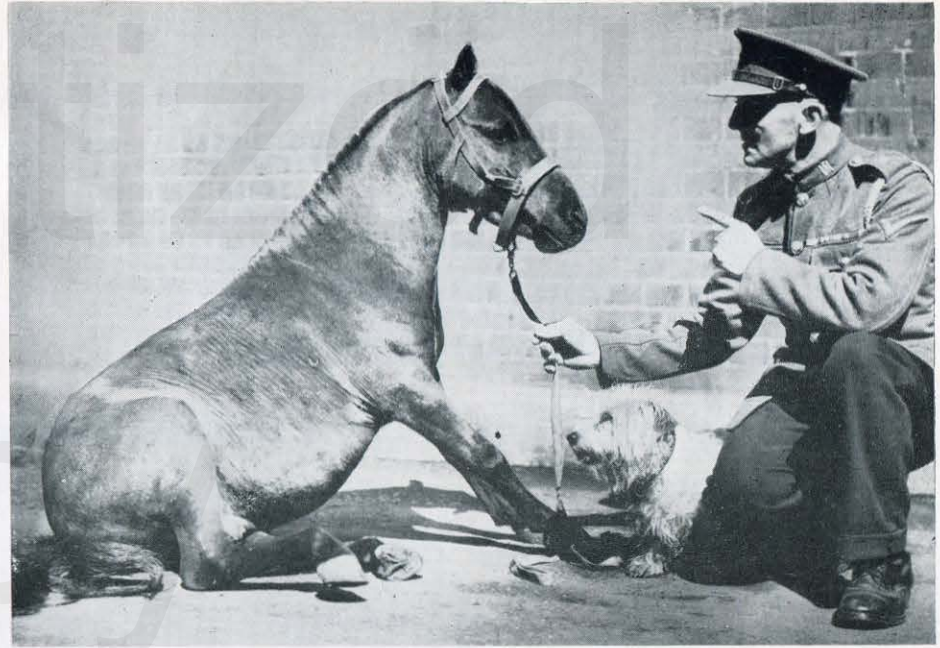
SSM C. Gower



Sgt. L. Barton
5th Dragoon Guards



Cavalry Memorial: A wreath laid by the Combined Cavalry
Old Comrades



[Fox Photos, Ltd.]

Cpl. Samuel, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards



The Regimental Wreath



The Oates Memorial Service at Chelsea Hospital, March, 1955
Mrs. Luxton, Mrs. Millington, Miss Cassell, Mrs. Millington, Mrs. Williams

the soup all over this high-ranking officer. He later met the same general when he became Governor-General of New Zealand, where Ellena now lives.

CORPORAL S. S. TINWORTH

6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS

Number 4004 Cpl. S. S. Tinworth enlisted in the Inniskillings in 1898 and joined the Regiment at Dundalk, where he was in the troop commanded by 2/Lt. L. E. G. Oates. In 1899 they moved to The Curragh and later South Africa, but "Tineye," as he was known in the Regiment, was unable to go with them owing to having contracted pneumonia. He left the Army in 1903, and on recall from the Reserve in 1914 served with the Queen's Bays, being finally demobilized in 1919.

CAPTAIN H. S. GUNNER

QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT

(formerly No. 2282 Sgt. Gunner, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons)

Gunner enlisted into the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons in 1908 and served with the Regiment in India. He went with the Regiment to France in 1914, and in 1917,

having reached the rank of sergeant, he was commissioned into the Queen's Royal Regiment. He served with the Queen's in Mesopotamia and Ireland until 1922, when he retired with the rank of Captain. He now lives at Croydon and works for the Ministry of Supply. His son, Tpr. H. S. Gunner, is now serving in Headquarters Squadron of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

CORPORAL SAMUEL

6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS AND 5TH INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS

Alfred Bevis Samuel joined the Inniskillings in 1912 at Muttra. In 1915 he went to France with the Regiment and served throughout the war. He was in Egypt when the Inniskillings and the 5th Dragoon Guards were amalgamated in 1922, and when the Regiment was at Aldershot in the early 'thirties he was a member of the trick ride. In 1939 he joined Lieut.-Colonel Dudgeon, of the Greys, who formed a Pack Transport Unit, and thus remained with horses until failing eyesight brought about his discharge in 1944 after thirty-two years' service. He now lives in Manchester.

Regimental News and Gazette

VISITORS TO THE REGIMENT

The following have visited the Regiment during the past year:

Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Charles F. Keightley, GCB, KBE, DSO, ADC.

General Sir Cameron G. G. Nicholson, KCB, KBE, DSO, MC, Adjutant-General to the Forces.

Major-General J. Y. Whitfield, CB, DSO, OBE, Inspector of Recruiting.

Major-General F. M. Hext, CB, OBE, Inspector, REME.

Major-General W. A. Lord, CB, OBE, DME, The War Office.

The Bishop of Croydon.

Brigadier G. E. Thurbron, DSO, OBE, DDMT, The War Office.

Brigadier G. A. E. Peyton, OBE, Commander, Training Brigade, RAC.

Brigadier Nail Mahinud, Iraqi Army.

Colonel J. G. S. Compton, DSO, Officer i/c RAC Records.

Colonel K. A. L. Hinde, Commandant, Army Method of Instruction Centre.

Lieut.-Colonel P. H. V. de Clermont, 8th Hussars.

Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Morley, MBE, 10th Hussars, MT 5, The War Office.

Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Gibbon, 6th Royal Tank Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel D. Grant, RA, GSO I, C 8, The War Office.

Major W. J. Hotblack, Royal Tank Regiment, DAAG, AG 17(O), The War Office.

Major J. E. G. Wormald, 12th Lancers, DAAG, AG 17, The War Office.

Major A. Nesbitt, RA, C 8, The War Office.

Mr. Irvine, Army Operational Research Group.

Major D. Manfredini, Italian Army.

Commandant de Tremandon, French Army.

Visit to Namur

BY CAPTAIN W. F. A. FINDLAY

IT was a great excitement when the Regiment was told to send a party out to Namur in Belgium, to attend the unveiling ceremony of the Memorial to our late Colonel-in-Chief, King Albert of the Belgians. Time was short and drill parades were held night and morning until the day before we were due to go. Endless scares took place; somebody said we had to be re-vaccinated, issued with passports and have our fingerprints taken. All nonsense, and we set off as if we were away for a day at Brighton. No formalities and a remarkable absence of red-tape.

Catterick to London, London to Dover, Dover to Ostend—all went smoothly and with a welcome lack of fuss. Had we come on the wrong day? "Welcome to Belgium, in the name of the Belgian Navy." We all spun round. An officer of the Belgian Navy was there to meet us. His charming greeting struck awe into the passengers on the ship, and we were almost cheered as we went ashore. We then were taken off to tea in the naval barracks at Ostend and looked after wonderfully well.

Then on through Brussels to Namur. This time an enormous deputation of very important-looking officials on the station, two thousand inhabitants cheering and a French band in the station yard. Off we then went to a Belgian barracks and slept the night. On the Sunday morning, while the contingent practised their part in the unveiling ceremony, Captain Findlay had the honour

of being received by the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, ex-King Leopold of the Belgians, who showed great interest in all our doings, and was very grateful to us for coming over to attend this memorial service to his father.

On the Sunday afternoon the parade took place. A catastrophe nearly happened as Captain Findlay and Lieutenant Keightley were staying at an hotel nearly two miles from the barracks, and their transport to take them to join the parade in barracks failed to materialize. However, they leapt into a taxi, made an attempt at "Drive like blazes" in French, and arrived just in time. The parade was very simple and merely involved marching through the streets to the assembly area, and then marching past the King of the Belgians. This was well within our scope, as we had practised almost every move in the drill book, just in case. The saluting base was unfortunately at the apex of a hairpin bend. However, all went well, and the photographs were quite gratifying.

After the parade was over we were all given tea (it came in pint glasses and tasted of beer, but it was five-o'clock and they *did* say come to tea, so they ought to know. N.B.—Perhaps the Belgian for beer is *thé*.) Then Mr. Vince and his band gave a concert in a band-stand set up in the main square of Namur. How they had any breath left after marching round Namur is a mystery; perhaps the *thé* helped. They ended up with the French, British and Belgian national anthems and this clinched a very popular concert.

After this everyone was given the evening off. Most of the stories of the activities of the Regiment were highly interesting, if unprintable. We were royally treated by everyone in Namur and had a wonderful evening; the most amazing part of the whole evening being that we still had seventy men the next morning. The RSM's pocket is believed to have suffered and he was heard to be ordering *thé* all round at his expense, and Mr. Vince was definitely mistaken for Field-Marshal Montgomery's right-hand man in 1945 (who said it was a mistake?). Mr. Keightley cheated and always managed to sit next to the only Belgian in the room who spoke English, but otherwise all was well.

On the Monday we came home again, having made many friends in a short space of time. Those of us who were not in Korea or Egypt now always preface our remarks by "When I was in Belgium . . ." The kindness and hospitality shown to us by everyone we met was overwhelming and we all spent a very enjoyable and interesting time.

SERVING OFFICERS (ERE)

SEPTEMBER, 1955

The Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Charles F. Keightley, GCB, KBE, DSO, ADC, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces.

Major-General R. P. Harding, C.B., DSO, General Officer Commanding, East Anglian District.

Major-General J. D'A. Anderson, CBE, DSO, General Officer Commanding, 11th Armoured Division.

Brigadier F. J. S. Whetstone, OBE, Commander, 9th Independent Armoured Brigade (TA).

Brigadier A. Carr, OBE, Commander, 7th Armoured Brigade.

Lieut-Colonel R. de C. Vigors, DSO, Officer Commanding, RAC Tactical Wing, Bovington, Dorset.

Lieut-Colonel G. W. R. Monckton, MC, MO Branch, The War Office.

Major E. G. B. Oates, GSO2, Arab Legion.

Major H. S. Long, Experimental Staff Officer, FVDRE, Chobham.

Major H. K. Chapman, Attached New Zealand Army.

Major G. T. Blundell-Brown, MBE, Brigade Major, 23rd Independent Armoured Brigade (TA). (Returning to Regiment 1956.)

Major J. M. Weiner, GSO2 (Int), HQ, Northern Army Group.

Major C. G. B. Du C. Snell, Ministry of Supply, Cheshire.

Major G. S. Murray, MC, Australia (returning to Regiment later this year).

Captain A. W. Moore, Staff College.

Captain J. C. Cupper, FVDRE, Chobham.

Captain C. E. Taylor, MC, ADC to Major-General J. D'A. Anderson, CBE, DSO.

Captain G. M. G. Swindells, Adjutant, Cheshire Yeomanry.

Captain C. C. Clifford, ADC to the Colonel of the Regiment.

We congratulate the following on his promotion:

Brigadier J. D'A. Anderson to Major-General.

Colonel A. Carr to Brigadier.

THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

<i>Commanding Officer</i> Lieut-Colonel C. H. Blacker, MC.
<i>Second-in-Command and Chief Instructor</i> Major J. M. H. R. Tomkin, MC.
<i>Adjutant</i> Captain D. P. Rowat.
<i>Training Adjutant</i> Captain J. D. K. Barnes.
<i>Assistant Adjutant</i> 2/Lt. E. P. Williams.

HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON

<i>Squadron Leader</i> Major W. F. Garnett.
<i>Transport Officer</i> Lieut. A. C. B. Critchley-Waring.
<i>Administration Officer</i> 2/Lt. T. S. K. Goschen.
<i>Quartermaster</i> Captain (QM) F. Birchall.
<i>Assistant Quartermaster</i> Lieut. (QM) J. Wallace.

"A" SQUADRON

(GENERAL MILITARY TRAINING)

<i>Squadron Leader</i> Major C. P. Martel.
<i>Second-in-Command</i> Captain J. H. Hobart.
<i>Training Officer</i> Captain W. F. A. Findlay.
<i>Troop Officer</i> 2/Lt. T. O. Upton.
<i>Troop Officer</i> 2/Lt. G. H. Battle.
<i>Troop Officer</i> 2/Lt. M. E. J. Hutton.
<i>Troop Officer</i> 2/Lt. R. E. Arculus.
<i>Troop Officer</i> 2/Lt. W. D. Bouch.

"B" SQUADRON

(GUNNERY AND WIRELESS)

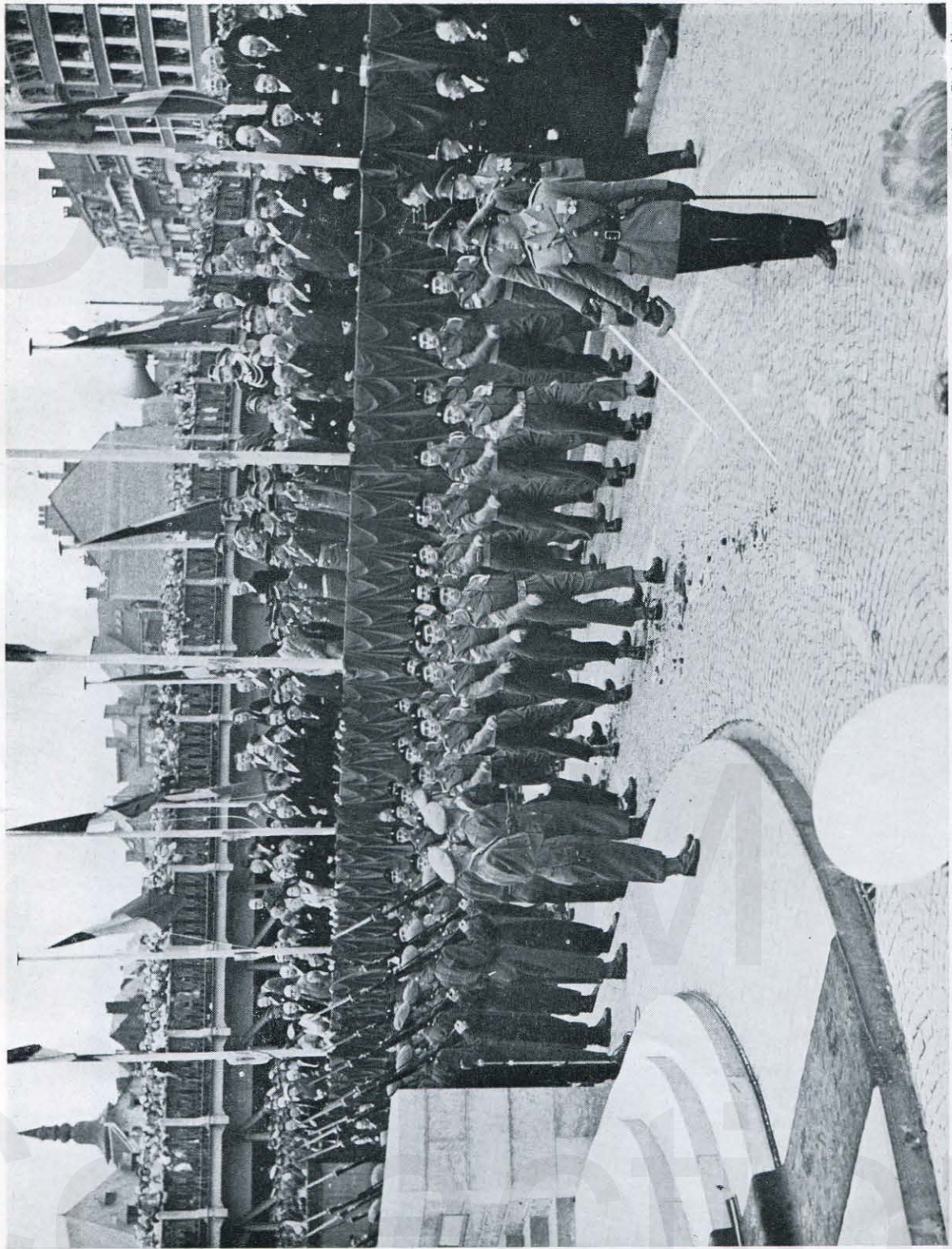
<i>Squadron Leader</i> Major H. C. Walker, MBE, MC.
<i>Second-in-Command</i> Captain G. L. Wathen.
<i>Second Captain</i> Captain M. J. C. Anstice, MC.
<i>OC Wireless Wing</i> Captain T. P. Lambert.
<i>OC Gunnery Wing</i> Captain J. D. V. L. Phelps.
<i>Troop Leader</i> Lieut. W. A. Pepper.
<i>Wireless Officer</i> 2/Lt. C. A. R. Dobrzynski.
<i>Gunnery Officer</i> 2/Lt. D. S. Hopper.



[Photo: Cinear, Namur

NAMUR, 25th OCTOBER, 1955

The Memorial to the late King Albert of the Belgians, formerly Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, which was unveiled at Namur on 25th October, 1955, by His Majesty King Baudouin I



[Photo: Cinciar, Namur

NAMUR, 25th OCTOBER, 1955
The Regimental Detachment Marching Past



The Colonel-in-Chief, His Majesty King Leopold III, K.G., G.C.V.O., talking to the Commander of the Regimental Detachment, Captain W. F. A. Findlay

[Photo: Anvers-Presse

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"C" SQUADRON

(DRIVING AND MAINTENANCE)

<i>Squadron Leader</i>	Major J. M. D. Ward-Harrison, MC.
<i>Second-in-Command</i>	Captain P. A. Duckworth.
<i>OC Potential Officers' Wing</i>	Captain I. G. Manning.
<i>Technical Adjutant</i>	Captain I. C. S. Fisher.
<i>OC Driving and Maintenance</i>	
<i>Wing</i>	Captain A. T. P. Millen.
<i>Troop Leader</i>	Lieut. R. C. Keightley.
<i>Troop Leader</i>	Lieut. J. Crookshank.
<i>Troop Leader</i>	2/Lt. D. L. Colthorpe.
<i>2 i/c Potential Officers' Wing</i>	2/Lt. C. S. Hall.

ATTACHED

<i>Medical Officer</i>	Captain D. B. Fox, RAMC.
<i>Electrical and Mechanical</i>	
<i>Engineer</i>	Captain W. Wells, REME.
<i>Personnel Selection Officer</i> ...	Captain R. M. Eley, R. Tks.
<i>Messing Officer</i>	Lieut. P. D. France, ACC.

GMT PASS-OFF COMPETITIONS

<i>Date of Pass-off</i>	<i>Intake</i>	<i>Squadron</i>	<i>Winning Instructor</i>	<i>Selected Trooper</i>
1954				
Sept.				
23	Peninsula, 54.16	"B"	Cpl. Batty	Walker
Oct.				
7	St. Quentin, 54.17	"A"	Cpl. Mullin	Andrews
21	Ramillies, 54.18	"B"	Sgt. Blinkhorne	France
Nov.				
9	Salamanca, 54.19	"A"	Sgt. Love	Spedding
25	Toulouse, 54.20	"B"	Cpl. Stott	Bowen
Dec.				
7	Utrecht, 54.21	"A"	Sgt. Mullin	Harris
22	Vittoria, 54.22	"B"	Sgt. Blinkhorne	Aird
1955				
Jan.				
20	Warburg, 54.23	"A"	Sgt. D'Arcy	Wild
Feb.				
10	Aisne, 55.01	"B"	Sgt. Blinkhorne	Brown
24	Balaclava, 55.02	"A"	Sgt. Bowers	Neal
Mar.				
10	Cambrai, 55.03	"B"	Cpl. Stott	Yeaman
24	Dettingen, 55.04	"A"	Sgt. Bright	Witworth
April				
21	Escaut, 55.05	"B"	Sgt. Blinkhorne	Markham
May				
5	Flanders, 55.06	"A"	Sgt. Bright	Colmer
19	Ghent, 55.07	"B"	Cpl. Stott	Bobs
June				
2	Hindenburg, 55.08	"A"	Sgt. Upright	Porrit
16	Imjin, 55.09	"B"	Sgt. Penberthy	Stewart
July				
7	Juno, 55.10	"A"	Sgt. D'Arcy	Waddington-Shaw
28	Korea, 55.12	"B"	Cpl. Stott	Moran
Aug.				
11	Ladysmith, 55.13	"A"	Cpl. Cherry	Gubbins
25	Mons, 55.14	"B"	Cpl. Mason	Ockelford
Sep.				
8	Normandy, 55.15	"A"	Cpl. Corry	Hatton
22	Oudenarde, 55.16	"B"	Cpl. Mitchell	Wagstaff

SSM C. GOWER

After twenty-three years' service in the Regiment, SSM C. Gower left us in August this year to join the staff of the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace.

Details of his service are listed below, but they by no means tell the whole story. Charlie, as he was affectionately known throughout the Regiment, has been a friend and a guide to officers, NCOs and men alike. There are still those serving who suffered under him in the riding school at Aldershot in the "thirties"; many a junior subaltern has had cause to be grateful for his

advice, and hundreds of recruits are the better for having passed through his hands.

Always a keen and competent horseman, Gower is once more back in the saddle and we wish him the best of luck in the Royal Mews.

August, 1932	Joined the Regiment at Aldershot.
May, 1933	"B" Squadron.
August, 1933	"A" Squadron, Remount Staff.
July, 1935	Promoted Lance-Corporal.
March, 1938	Promoted Corporal.
December, 1938	Promoted Sergeant.
February, 1939	"C" Squadron, Troop Sergeant.
December, 1943	"C" Squadron, SQMS.
August, 1944	"B" Squadron, SSM.
February, 1947	Cheshire Yeomanry, RSM.
February, 1948	"C" Squadron, SSM.
March, 1949	"A" Squadron, SSM.
April, 1950	HQ Squadron, SSM.
June, 1953	"A" Squadron, SSM.

RQMS D. MAHONEY

During the past year we have said good-bye to RQMS D. Mahoney. Originally in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, he came to this Regiment as a SSM in 1947. In 1951 he joined the permanent staff of the Cheshire Yeomanry, and returned to the Regiment as RQMS for the last two of his twenty-four years' service. He will always be remembered in the Regiment as a keen games player, and we wish him the best of luck in his new job in the War Department Constabulary at the CAD, Bramley.

1931	Joined 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
1932	Appointed Lance-Corporal.
1938	Promoted Corporal and Lance-Sergeant.
1939	Promoted Sergeant.
1939	Mechanized Cavalry Depot, D & M Instructor.
1941	Westminster Dragoons.
1942	Promoted SQMS and SSM.
1945	Lothian and Border Horse.
1945	15 Vehicle Company, RAOC.
1947	5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, SSM.
1951	Cheshire Yeomanry, SSM.
1953	5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, RQMS.

BIRTHS

WILLIAMS. —On June 17th, 1954, at 31 Alexander Road, Desborough, to the wife of Cpl. Williams—a son (David Andrew).
ACTON. —On August 10th, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Bdsmn. Acton—a daughter (Valerie).
GILBERT. —On August 28th, 1954, at the Nursing Home, Scarborough, to the wife of Tpr. Gilbert—a daughter (Joan Elizabeth).
RANFORD. —On September 9th, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Sgt. Ranford—a daughter (Janet Ann).
HERBERT. —On October 18th, 1954, at 5 Menin Lines, Catterick Camp, to the wife of T/M Herbert—a son (Colin Edward).
CAUSTON. —On October 31st, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Sgt. Causton—a son (Jeffrey).
DOWNING. —On October 31st, 1954, at St. Mary's Hospital, Scarborough, to the wife of L/Cpl. Downing—a son (Michael Rodney).
NUNN. —On November 21st, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Sgt. Nunn—a daughter (Kathleen Rose).
ADAM. —On November 24th, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Sgt. Adam—a daughter (Dorothy Elizabeth).
RUMBLE. —On November 27th, 1954, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Cpl. Rumble—a son (Alan James).

BOARDMAN.—On January 1st, 1955, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of SSM Boardman—a son (Bernard Michael).

BROWN.—On March 12th, 1955, at Bankhill Maternity Hospital, to the wife of L/Cpl. Brown—a daughter (Linda Christine).

UPTON.—On March 15th, 1955, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Cpl. Upton—a daughter (Carol Patricia).

MUCHA.—On May 4th, 1955, at Catterick Military Hospital, to the wife of Sgt. Mucha—a son (Marcus Jan).

LOScombe.—On May 15th, 1955, at 28 Victoria Street, Hattenle-Hole, Co. Durham, to the wife of L/Cpl. Loscombe—a daughter (Margaret).

MONCKTON.—On August 15th, 1955, to the wife of Lieut-Colonel G. W. R. Monckton, MC—twin sons (Timothy David Robert and Jonathan St. Quentin Riversdale).

WATHEN.—On October 12th, 1955, at Catterick Military Hospital, to Jean, wife of Captain G. L. Wathen—a second son (Nigel Charles James).

WOODS.—On August 18th, 1955, at Coniscliffe Nursing Home, Darlington, to the wife of Captain H. G. Woods, MC—a daughter (Imogen Sarah Bradley).

MARRIAGES

CRAWFORD—EVELYN.—On February 24th, 1954, at the Doncaster Registry Office, Tpr. Crawford to Elsie Evelyn.

BAKER—HICKMAN.—On June 1st, 1954, at Registry Office, Romford, Essex, Tpr. Baker to Avis Jill Hickman.

HALL—WHITTINGTON.—On July 24th, 1954, at St. Brialer's Church, Tpr. Hall to Cyrilla Whittington.

FUSCO—BURNSIDE.—On August 13th, 1954, at the Registry Office, Richmond, Tpr. Fusco to Shiela Burnside.

JONES—WALKER.—On August 21st, 1954, at the Stoke-on-Trent Registry Office, Tpr. Jones to Pauline Walker.

BROOKE—BURGOYNE.—On September 11th, 1954, at Headingley Parish of Leeds, L/Cpl. Brooke to Yvonne Burgoyne.

MARSHALL—CARRINGTON.—On September 18th, 1954, at St. Mark's Church, Morborough, Tpr. Marshall to Betty Carrington.

AGAR—PARSONS.—On September 22nd, 1954, at Leeds Registry Office, Sgt. Agar to Ellen Joan Parsons.

MUNNS—KEMPTON.—On September 25th, 1954, at the Methodist Church, St. Paul's Road, Smethwick, Staffordshire, Tpr. Munns to Clarrissa Mary Kempton.

STOCKHILL—WALLACE.—On October 2nd, 1954, at Darlington Registry Office, Co. Durham, Tpr. Stockhill to Violet Wallace.

CHAPMAN—COPMAN.—On October 16th, 1954, at St. Oswald's Church, Catterick Camp, Sgt. Chapman to Margaret Evelyn Copman.

HONEY—HUTCHINS.—On November 20th, 1954, at St. Mary's Church, Kingsclere, Southampton, Tpr. Honey to Joyce Winifred Ann Hutchins.

MILLEN—FEATHERSTON-JOHNSON.—On November 24th, 1954, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Crook, Co. Durham, Captain A. T. P. Millen to Mary Alice Featherston-Johnson.

WYSS—SARDLE.—On December 4th, 1954, at St. Peter's Church, Upton Cross, Essex, L/Cpl. Wyss to Margaret Rose Sardle.

DAWSON—LANDSBOROUGH.—On December 11th, 1954, at St. Paul's Church, Hounslow, West Middlesex, Tpr. Dawson to Marjorie Landsborough.

BEVERIDGE—POWELL.—On December 18th, 1954, at Parish Church, Christchurch, West Dean, Gloucester, Cpl. Beveridge to Pamela Joyce Powell.

APPLETON—GATES.—On December 18th, 1954, at Spen Valley Registry Office, Yorks., Tpr. Appleton to Barbara Gates.

HARTLEY—GRIMWOOD.—On December 18th, 1954, at Registry Office, Knaresborough, Yorks, Cpl. Hartley to Muriel Grimwood.

MCINTYRE—HIGH.—On December 18th, 1954, at Crossgates Methodist Church, Leeds, Tpr. McIntyre to Phyllis High.

MASON—MCCURK.—On December 18th, 1954, at St. Thomas' Catholic Church, Darlington, Co. Durham, Cpl. Mason to Jean McCurk.

CHRISTER—SMITH.—On December 23rd, 1954, at Richmond Registry Office, Cpl. Christer to Ann Smith.

CLARKE—CRAM.—On December 27th, 1954, at St. George's Parish Church, Deal, Cpl. Clarke to Eileen Cram.

MCCULLOCH—PRATT.—On December 27th, 1954, at High

Church, Lossiemouth, Morayshire, Tpr. McCulloch to Ella Pratt.

RAYMOND—BAIKIE.—On January 8th, 1955, at St. Aiden's Presbyterian Church, Catterick, Sgt. Raymond to Jessie Mary Margaret Baikie.

COOK—TAYLOR.—On January 15th, 1955, at Richmond Registry Office, Sgt. Cook to Flora Taylor.

BASHFORD—HODGSON.—On January 22nd, 1955, at Parish Church, Richmond, Bdsmn. Bashford to Freda Hodgson.

HILLIARD—BOYCE.—On February 5th, 1955, at Brompton Parish Church, Cpl. Hilliard to June Boyce.

HUNTER—COLLINS.—On February 19th, 1955, at Richmond Registry Office, Tpr. Hunter to Nancy Collins.

LIDDELL—TOWERS.—On February 27th, 1955, at Chesterfield Registry Office, L/Cpl. Liddell to Edna Towers.

WYSS—BARWOOD.—On March 4th, at Richmond Registry Office, Cpl. Wyss to Joyce Barwood.

BOWLER—REAP.—On March 12th, 1955, at St. John's Church, London, L/Cpl. Bowler to Lilian Reap.

CORIN—BURFORD.—On March 26th, 1955, at St. George's Church, Kidderminster, Tpr. Corin to Cynthia Joan Burford.

FIDOE—CORRIS.—On March 26th, 1955, at Whitehaven Registry Office, Tpr. Fidoe to Mary Elizabeth Corris.

WILSON—SMITH.—On April 2nd, 1955, at Richmond Registry Office, Cpl. Wilson to Florence Mary Smith.

PEACOCK—RICE.—On April 7th, 1955, at Middlesex South Registry Office, Middlesex, Sgt. Peacock to Teresa Rice.

CLIPSTON—BELL.—On April 9th, 1955, at St. Andrew's Church of England, Brigstock, Northants, Sgt. Clipston to Barbara Mary Bell.

DANIELS—EYRES.—On April 12th, 1955, at St. Mary's Church, Great Sankey, Lancaster, Tpr. Daniels to June Eyres.

ROSE—MOORE.—On May 28th, 1955, at Richmond Registry Office, L/Cpl. Rose to June Vera Moore.

THOMPSON—BLAKEMORE.—On June 17th, 1955, at Richmond Registry Office, Sgt. Thompson to Audry Blakemore.

COOPER—SMITH.—On July 9th, 1955, at Halston Road Methodist Church, Sgt. Cooper to Muriel Alice Smith.

SPEERS—BOYD.—On July 9th, 1955, at University Road Moravian Church, Belfast, Tpr. Speers to Annie Boyd.

HOGGETT—WAFER.—On July 30th, 1955, at St. Joseph's Church, Liverpool, Tpr. Hoggett to Joan Wafer.

BARNES—PINCKNEY.—On September 23rd, 1955, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, London, Captain J. D. K. Barnes to Julie Pinckney.

Obituary

COLONEL W. Q. WINWOOD, CMG, DSO, OBE

Colonel Winwood joined the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1893, won the DSO in South Africa, and commanded the Regiment from September, 1914 to 1918. Better known as "Winnie" to all his many friends both in and outside the Regiment, Colonel Winwood stood out as one of the best types of Cavalry officer. A fine example in battle to all those under him, a great sportsman and fond of a party right up to his old age, he was held in great affection by all who knew him. He was an ardent supporter of all things Regimental and attended a committee meeting of the Old Comrades' Association a few weeks before his death. He is sadly missed by the Regiment both old and young and also by all his friends in the Army.

TQMS R. D. IRVINE

The death occurred on May 15th, 1954, of TQMS R. D. Irvine, at the early age of 45, in Bishop Auckland General Hospital, after a very short illness. For me, the humble writer and close friend of "Uncle Jock," or "The Memory Man," as he was affectionately called, to give him his full justice would take far more space than I am allotted.

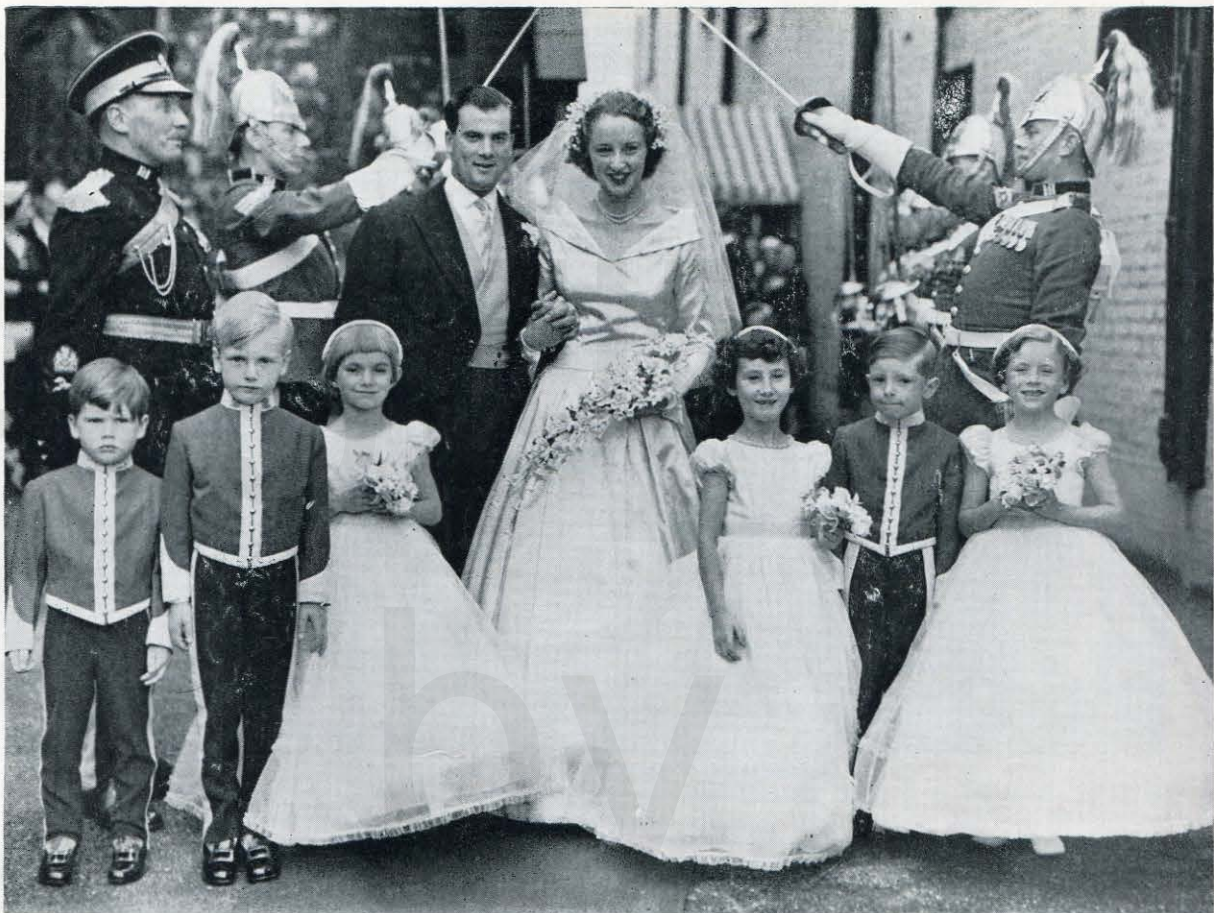


CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. T. P. MILLER

[Belgrave Press Bureau



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. M. G. SWINDELLS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. D. K. BARNES

[Kensington Press Agency Ltd.]



"B" SQUADRON SHOOTING TEAM

Winners of the Inter-Squadron Competition, 1955

Standing.—Cpl. Murrie, Cpl. Churches, Sgt. Thomson, Cpl. Hall, Cpl. Mason.
Sitting.—SSM Boardman, Major W. F. Garnett, Captain J. D. V. L. Phelps.

[Photo: A. J. Glover, Richmond, Yorks]

Jock Irvine joined the Royal Tank Corps in 1928 at Bovington Camp, and after the usual spell of recruits' training, he did a tour of duty as a physical training instructor and was then posted to the 4th Bn. Royal Tank Corps at our present location in Catterick as a technical storeman. He gained quite a reputation as a footballer, at putting the shot, and at throwing the hammer for the 4th, and narrowly missed full Army honours.

On mechanization he joined the Regiment as TQMS at Colchester in 1938, and remained in that capacity until the Regiment left BAOR for Korea in August, 1951. He himself was posted to HQ, 33rd Armoured Brigade, where he relieved another "old Skin," our present TQMS, "Nobby" Clarke.

In November, 1952, he left BAOR for posting to the 68th Training Regiment, RAC, here in Catterick, so that on our arrival here from Egypt we were able to

see him again. He was finally demobilized in March, 1955, only a few weeks before his untimely death.

I am sure everyone will agree that the loss of Jock Irvine is the loss of a personal friend, as loyal an Inniskilling as we could ever hope to meet. Wherever we went Jock Irvine was known and often that fact alone was enough to ensure the good company of our hosts.

For those who had the pleasure of working with him, it was an education in itself. His Scots humour, and his indefatigable thirst for work, coupled with an outstanding memory, made him a personality irreplaceable, and all I need add is that his one aim was "service to others," with his undying loyalty to the Regiment, whose cap badge he was proud to wear.

Jock will be sadly missed, but I am sure never forgotten, and our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife, Olive Irvine, and his charming daughter, Lexie.

RSM L. W. GREEN, MBE.

Our Linked Regiments

WE publish below some notes on our linked regiments, to whom we send recruits on completion of their training with us at Catterick. Most of them are old friends. The Bays and 4th Hussars we knew in BAOR. The 8th Hussars, whom we succeeded, and the 1st Royal Tank Regiment, to whom we handed over, in Korea, are old friends of 7th Armoured Brigade, as are the 5th Tanks. The 8th Tanks succeeded us at Paderborn in 1951.

Last year was the centenary of Balaclava, and we published some detailed accounts of that great cavalry battle. In the notes which follow more emphasis is given to the early tank battles of the First World War. The description from the 8th Royal Tank Regiment of conditions in one of the early tanks is particularly interesting to the crewman of today.

We are very grateful to the regiments concerned for supplying us with these notes.

THE QUEEN'S BAYS (2nd DRAGOON GUARDS)

The Queen's Bays, like many of our cavalry regiments, were raised as a Regiment of Horse in 1685 by King James II in order to deal with the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. In these early days their loyalty must have been severely tried, for in 1688 they were sent to oppose Prince William of Orange who, having landed at Torbay, was marching on London. Armed resistance to the invader soon faded, but it is to the honour of the Regiment that they did not abandon King James' cause until he had actually fled the country. Two years later the Regiment received their "baptism of fire" at the battle of the Boyne where, under the command of King William III, they fought against ex-King James, who had landed in Ireland to raise an army in an attempt to regain his lost throne.

The Regiment took part in the campaigns in Flanders (1694) and in the Wars of the Spanish Succession. At this time the troopers were armed with a sword, a carbine and two pistols each. In 1746, however, they were converted to Dragoon Guards, carbines being replaced by muskets and bayonets. In 1756 the Regiment won their first battle honour at Warburg, where, after a five-

mile cross-country ride, they charged, routed the French Cavalry and played havoc in the rear of the French Infantry.

It was in 1766, in England, that it was decided that in future the Regiment would be mounted entirely on bay horses, and they became popularly known as the Queen's Bays, a title which was officially recognized in 1870.

The Regiment fought at Willems in 1793 and went on the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren. In 1815 at the end of the Napoleonic Wars they spent three years in Paris as part of the Army of Occupation. There followed forty uneventful years in England, until they went to help suppress the Indian Mutiny. Here in 1857 two Victoria Crosses were won. A third was won by a member of the Regiment who was serving with Lord Kitchener at the battle of Omdurman in 1898. In the South African War the Regiment played a notable part in the fighting against the Boers.

In 1914 the Bays crossed to France and distinguished themselves during the Retreat from Mons, not only saving the guns of a battery of the RHA from capture, but also preventing the Germans from manhandling their own guns out of action. Between then and 1918 they found themselves carrying out many roles unfamiliar to a cavalry regiment in the static trench warfare. At last, in August, 1918, the Bays, as advance guard to the 1st Cavalry Division, took part in the brilliant cavalry charge at Harbonnieres, hurling the Germans headlong before them.

Between the two world wars the Regiment served in Germany, Syria, Palestine and India, returning to England in 1927. In 1921 the designation became "The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)" as it is today.

In 1935, the 250th Anniversary of the Regiment, the Bays began to say farewell to their horses, and in the next year the first light tanks were issued. In 1940, before going to Normandy the Regiment were inspected by Their Majesties The King and Queen at separate parades on the same day, probably a unique event. When the disastrous campaign in France ended, the Regiment were evacuated through Brest. In 1941 they moved to Libya and went into action in the withdrawal to the Gazala Line.

When the German offensive opened in May, 1942, the Bays were in action for nineteen consecutive days without relief, and were among the last troops to withdraw to the Alamein Line. The Regiment was in the Eighth Army's great offensive at Alamein, and in the pursuit to Tobruk which followed.

After a period of re-equipping, it returned to the front in time for Mareth and the subsequent fall of Tunis.

In June, 1944, the Bays embarked at Algiers and sailed for Italy, landing at Naples and going into action again in the Battle of the Gothic Line on the Rimini front. From then on they took part in the long and arduous slogging match up Italy, when a gain of a few muddy fields constituted a major advance. In the final offensive, the Bays played a conspicuous part in the capture of the key position of Argenta, subsequently holding open the "Argenta Gap" while the Eighth Army reserve poured through.

Since 1945 the Bays have served in the Suez Canal Zone, at Chester and in BAOR. In the winter of 1954 they moved to Aqaba, on the frontiers of Israel, Egypt and Jordan.

4th QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS

When the 4th Queen's Own Hussars were raised in 1685 their official title was Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment of Dragoons, after James II's daughter, who married Prince George of Denmark and who later became Queen Anne of England. It was more usual at that time to name regiments after their colonels, and so eventually we became known as Berkley's Dragoons after Lord John Berkley, the first colonel. In 1751 the Regiment was re-designated the 4th Dragoons. It was not until 1861 that the Regiment became Hussars, and it was as recently as 1920 that it received its present-day title.

The Regiment first saw service in the Low Countries and then during the Napoleonic Wars it served under Wellington right through the Peninsular Campaign, gaining many battle honours, amongst which were "Talavera," "Albuhera" and "Salamanca." The cutlery which is used in the Officers' Mess today came from silver which was captured in a French supply column at Salamanca.

In the middle of the last century the 4th Light Dragoons were sent to the Crimea where, at the battle of Balaclava, they took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade. The anniversary of Balaclava is now celebrated annually on October 25th. 1954 was the centenary celebration.

In the First World War the Regiment gained no less than twenty-one battle honours. During the last war it played a very prominent part in the Desert and Italian campaigns.

The Regiment has recently spent three and a half years on active service in Malaya. It was the first cavalry regiment ever to serve in that country. On returning to England the Regiment was converted from an armoured car to an armoured regiment and was then sent to Germany in September, 1953, to join the 7th Armoured Division (the famous Desert Rats). We have, in the last few months, received the first Conqueror tanks to be issued to the Army.

Since arriving in Germany we have been stationed in Hohne, which is midway between Hamburg and Hanover on the edge of the Soltau training area. Most of the summer months are spent out on the training area and on the ranges.

There are, however, long periods when full use can be made of the swimming baths, tennis courts and playing fields.

8th KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS

Founded in 1693 from the survivors of the siege of Londonderry, "Conyngham's Dragoons," as the Regiment was then named, first fought in Spain in the War of the Spanish Succession, where in 1719 they earned their nickname, "The Crossbelts," by equipping themselves with the accoutrements of the defeated Spanish Cavalry. In the Napoleonic War the Regiment fought as Light Dragoons in the ill-fated Flanders Expedition of 1794-5, and later in India.

In the Crimea in 1854 the 8th took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and it was their Commanding Officer, Colonel Shewell, who was instrumental in breaking up a counter-charge of the Russian Cossacks. The spirit of the Regiment at the time is exemplified by the incident in which a sergeant and a trooper were caught smoking by the Colonel just as the Regiment was forming up for the charge. Although deprived of their arms and placed under arrest, these two men charged with their comrades and failed to return.

In the Indian Mutiny no fewer than five Victoria Crosses were won by members of the Regiment, which also took part in the second Afghan War and in the Boer War in South Africa.

From 1914 to 1918 the Regiment served on the Western Front, taking part in its last mounted charge in 1917. In 1935, now in Egypt, the 8th lost their horses and were equipped with Ford V8 "Pick Ups." In 1939 they found themselves in 7th Armoured Division, equipped with tanks, and thereafter fought with this Division in all the desert campaigns up to and including El Alamein. After a period with armoured cars in Cyprus, they rejoined the 7th Armoured Division for the assault in Normandy and so fought their way across Europe to the end of the war.

In October, 1950, the 8th Hussars sailed with their Centurions for Korea, where, in April, 1951, they played a prominent part in the battle of the River Imjin in the area of Gloucester Hill. Here and later in the year, when advancing north again in support of 28th and 29th Infantry Brigades, they proved that the Centurion tank could not only manoeuvre in country hitherto considered "untankable," but was also the best tank yet seen in action.

Now stationed at Luneburg in Germany, the Regiment has the distinction of having as its Colonel-in-Chief a sailor, in the person of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, and as its Colonel an airman, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, who served in the Regiment until joining the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War. When closer co-operation between the three fighting services is a much-discussed topic perhaps the 8th Hussars, with their two hundred and sixty years of tradition behind them, are giving us a lead for the future.

1st ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

The 1st Royal Tank Regiment came into being in May, 1916, as "A" Company, Heavy Section, Machine Gun Corps, and went to France in October of the same year. In November, 1916, its name was changed to "A" Battalion, Heavy Branch, Machine Gun Corps; in July, 1917, to "A" Battalion, Tank Corps; and in March, 1918, to 1st Battalion, Tank Corps. The Battalion fought in all major tank actions, including the battle of Cambrai, until the end of the Great War. In 1923 the prefix "Royal" was given by HM King George V.

Equipped with light tanks, the Regiment, then known as 1st (Light) Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, moved to Egypt in 1936 following the Abyssinian crisis. It returned to England the following year, but was sent out again in 1938. They became part of the 7th Armoured Division (the Desert Rats) and fought throughout the Desert and Italian campaigns until withdrawn to England with the remainder of 7th Armoured Division.

Landing in Europe on D plus one, the Regiment took part in the North-West European operations culminating in the crossing of the Rhine and the advance across Germany. On August 30th the Regiment entered Berlin, moved to Schleswig-Holstein and later to Detmold, where it remained for six years.

In December, 1952, the Regiment relieved the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards in Korea, and played a decisive part in defeating powerful attacks on the Hook salient.

By January, 1954, the 1st had disembarked at Port Said for service in the Middle East. The present Regimental location is at Geneifa, five miles inland from the Suez Canal. Infantry Tank Exercises take place throughout the year, and the Land-rovers of Reconnaissance Troop are used in an internal security role.

In September the main body of the Regiment moves to Mooltan Barracks, Tidworth, leaving one Squadron in the Canal Zone until March, 1956, when it will rejoin the Regiment. "B" Squadron is destined to go to the School of Infantry at Warminster as the RAC Demonstration Squadron.

5th ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

The 5th Royal Tank Regiment traces its origin back to "E" Company of the Heavy Section, Machine Gun Corps, which was raised in 1916. Subsequently becoming "E" Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, it went to France in June, 1917, and its first major engagement was in the third battle of Ypres at the end of July.

Owing to the appalling conditions of weather and terrain, very heavy casualties were suffered and the full value of the tanks could not be appreciated. In order that the far-sighted could prove their contention that the use of tanks, properly handled over suitable ground, would be decisive, it was necessary for a tank battle to be planned by the Tank Corps itself in a suitable location, and this resulted in the battle of Cambrai on November 20th, 1917, in the overwhelming success of which "E" Battalion played its part.

In March, 1918, the Battalion, now designated the 5th, was on foot equipped with Lewis guns, the German offensive having taken heavy toll of tanks. It was soon re-equipped with the new Mark V tank, however, and took part in all the major battles until the end of the

war. The Mark V with which the Battalion ended the war was powered by a 150 h.p. Ricardo engine which gave it a speed of 5 m.p.h. and a radius of action of twenty-five miles. It mounted two 6-pdr. guns and three Hotchkiss machine guns, and had a crew of eight, though it could be driven by one man—the first tank in which this was possible.

In April, 1920, "B" Company, went to Germany to join the occupation forces, first in Upper Silesia and then in Cologne and remained there until November, 1923. Meanwhile the rest of the Battalion stood by in June, 1920, to go to Ireland to combat the Sinn Fein trouble, but in fact ended the year by sending a number of detachments to a number of towns in the North of England to help keep order in the threatened coal strike. The tanks were not used and the crews remained on the best of terms with other troops and the local civilians.

In 1939 the Regiment adopted its present title, and after embarking for France in May, 1940, was withdrawn through Brest after "B" Squadron had fought the Regiment's only action at Abbeville. The 5th then saw much fighting with both the Eighth and First Armies in North Africa, and subsequently in Italy. In December, 1943, they returned home and in 1944 took part in the Normandy landings, the long advance to the Rhine, the difficult winter fighting in the Rhineland, and the final drive across Germany to Hamburg.

After eight years in Germany, during which time the 5th received the first Centurion tanks issued to a unit, the Regiment joined the 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea. Hostilities had ended, but after a busy year spent in improving the Kansas line defences, they moved to Barce, their present station in North Africa.

Barce is an old Italian Army Hospital and the buildings are quite comfortable and cool. The weather corresponds to the English cycle, but is much hotter in summer. There is plenty of riding, games and swimming.

6th ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

The 6th Royal Tank Regiment was formed in 1933 from the 3rd and 5th Armoured Car Companies in Cairo and was equipped with old medium Mark II's and a few light tanks. In 1939 the 1st and 6th RTR formed part of the Heavy Armoured Brigade under command of the Mobile Division. When war broke out the Division was at Mersa Matruh. In October, 1939, the Regiment received its first A9's, a cruiser tank. As it seemed that the Italians were not taking part in the war, the whole Mobile Division returned to Cairo. The Regiment was in Cairo only a few months, when in May, 1940, it moved out to the Western Desert. During the next two years, as well as taking part in the various offensives and withdrawals which led up to the Battle of El Alamein, squadrons saw service in the Sudan and in Malta.

In December, 1942, the whole Regiment moved off to Baghdad, a journey of 1,300 miles. The journey was made in unit transport, taking eight days. Three months were spent in Iraq, at the end of which the Regiment handed in its tanks and moved to Damascus in Syria. Again it was but a short stay and in September, 1943, the unit moved back to Egypt, where, after receiving American Shermans and Stuarts, extensive manœuvres took place in the area east of Port Suez. Early in April, 1944, the Regiment embarked for Italy. The history of

the Regiment in Italy is difficult to relate as more often than not the squadrons were separated. It suffices to say that it is the story of the Allied advance through Italy. Progress was slow for the tanks, due to the enemy's thoroughness in demolition and the mountainous terrain. But the advance continued until the enemy forces in Italy surrendered unconditionally on May 2nd, 1945.

The next few months were spent in rounding up Nazi elements and returning Russian deserters to their lines, and in reconnaissance of the area in general. The Regiment remained in Northern Italy until June, 1947, when it embarked for Egypt, the Regiment staying on in Egypt until December, 1947, when it returned to England. It remained there until the end of 1951, when it moved to its present location in Germany.

8th ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

By the end of 1915 the Great War had reached stalemate. The battlefield was ruled by the machine gun and men died by thousands in the Flanders mud.

To break this deadlock, massed artillery and gas were tried—more lives were lost, little ground was gained. In England the idea of the landship or tank was born. After great efforts by a group of determined men (aided by a Mr. W. S. Churchill), a small unit of the Machine Gun Corps were equipped with tanks. The Heavy Section, Machine Gun Corps, as it was called, was sent to France in August, 1916, with 150 tanks.

On September 15th the tanks were in action at Flérs (the place is now marked by the Tank Corps Memorial), and throughout that autumn they were continuously in the battle. Used without proper reconnaissance and in small numbers, they were not completely successful. Nevertheless their surprise and moral effect was great, and individual tanks did great execution, at the same time protecting our own infantry from the German machine guns.

As a result 1,000 tanks were ordered, and in the midst of this expansion "H" Battalion was born ("H" being the eighth letter of the alphabet). The Battalion was formed by Lieut-Colonel The Hon. Claude Willoughby, Coldstream Guards, in November, 1916. This connection with the Brigade of Guards was one of the origins of the red and blue "flash" worn by the Regiment today.

The Battalion, equipped with Mark IV tanks, went to France on August 21st, 1917, during the third battle of Ypres. On November 20th, 1917, the Battalion was in action for the first time, at the battle of Cambrai. From this battle the tank emerged as a vital battle-winning weapon of modern war. The diehards and sceptics were at last presented with irrefutable evidence as to the tank's potency. The anniversary of this great day is celebrated on November 20th every year by the entire Royal Tank Regiment.

At Cambrai the tank was used for the first time in maximum numbers over ground chosen and reconnoitred by its commanders. Most important was the fact that there was no artillery preparation. In this way surprise was achieved, and mobility was improved because tanks were able to cross relatively unspoilt ground. (It is of interest to note that the "ash plants" carried by all officers were once used to test the ground in front of tanks.)

It was from "Hilda," one of "H" Battalion's tanks, that Major-General Sir Hughes Elles, commanding the newly-named Tank Corps, flew the Corps colours and led the 486 tanks into the battle. Around him moved the tanks of "H" Battalion in the centre of the line. Since that day "Hilda" has been by tradition the Commanding Officer's tank.

In these days of stabilizers and immersion heaters it is hard to imagine what it was like to fight in a World War I tank. The Mark IV tank, in which the Battalion fought at Cambrai, consisted of a rectangular box some 26 feet long slung between the lozenge-shaped tracks 27 feet in length. Outside the tracks on either side were mounted sponsons containing the guns. The crew of eight consisted of commander, driver, two gearsmen and four gunners. The 105 h.p. Daimler engine in the after end of the main compartment moved the tank at 3.7 m.p.h. on roads, but across country even slower. On that November morning the Battalion moved inexorably to the attack, the tanks crawling across the mud, crushing the wire and straddling the trenches of the German positions. Inside each tank the engines rattled and strained and the exhausts discharged with a shattering bellow, filling the compartment with fumes. The crews sweated at their tasks, the gunners serving their Hotchkiss 6-pdrs., or Lewis guns, in the sponsons, the remainder of the crew struggling to steer the recalcitrant steel brutes. Because of the noise the gearsmen had to work to hand signals, changing up and down on the two gearboxes at a signal from the driver. The commander assisted, and was also responsible for maintaining direction and firing the bow Lewis gun. The concussion of the Hotchkiss guns was mingled with the sound of enemy bullets striking the hull, causing flakes of white-hot metal to splash the crew.

In this way the Battalion fought on and twelve tanks reached Fontaine-Notre-Dame, six miles distant. Unfortunately, although the tank attack was a complete success, this success was not exploited and the Germans counter-attacked heavily on November 30th. The Regiment bore a full share in beating off this attack and caused heavy casualties amongst the enemy.

During the second battle of the Somme in March, 1918, the Battalion took part in a very successful action at Bapaume and afterwards covered the withdrawal of 2nd Division, losing many tanks due to artillery fire.

The Battalion was withdrawn and re-equipped with the Mark V tank and on July 1st, 1918, fought in co-operation with the Australians at the highly successful battle of Hamel. From then until it fought its last action of the war at Lormisette on October 3rd, the Battalion was almost continuously in action. In just under two years of existence the Battalion had won 8 DSOs, 30 MCs, 9 DCMs and 39 MMs.

On May 17th, 1938, the 8th Battalion Royal Tank Corps, soon to become the 8th Royal Tank Regiment, was re-formed, and after training in England left for the Middle East in 1941. The Regiment fought almost continuously until June, 1942, and during this period captured a large Nazi flag which the Germans had intended to fly in Alexandria. After taking part in the heavy fighting at El Alamein, the Regiment was withdrawn to the Delta and Palestine until in 1944 it was landed in Italy. Much hard fighting ensued, and the Regiment

entered the war in Europe in support of the Polish Corps. Destined next for the Far East, the Regiment went instead to Trieste, when the atom bombs brought the war finally to an end.

Then came a rather trying period in Palestine, followed by a move to the Suez Canal Zone, and thence to England in 1947. Here the 8th spent three years at Catterick in the training role, before reorganizing as an armoured regiment and moving to Paderborn in 1951.

The town of Paderborn, which is near the Sennelager Training Centre, is on the edge of the Egge-Gebirge hills, which are one of the main features of Western Germany. The surrounding country is mainly farmland and some parts are very lovely. Paderborn is a quiet country town of about 47,000 people and contains a university and a large cathedral. The town, almost totally destroyed in the last weeks of the war, is now entirely rebuilt.

5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards Association

5th ROYAL INNISKILLING Dragoon Guards ASSN.

President.—General Sir Charles F. Keightley, GCB, KBE, DSO, ADC.

Vice-Presidents.—All Past Commanding Officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards, the Inniskilling Dragoons and the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

Chairman.—Brigadier H. O. Wiley, MC.

Vice-Chairmen.—Major H. C. Soundy, MBE, MC, TD, Lieut-Colonel M. P. Ansell, CBE, DSO,

Lieut-Colonel W. H. Buckley.

Hon. Treasurer.—Major F. E. Gillett.

Hon. Secretary.—Mr. T. Williams.

Bankers.—Midland Bank Ltd., 66 St. James's Street, S.W.1.

OBJECTS

The objects of the Association are:

- (i) To maintain and promote fellowship and association between all past and present members of all ranks of the:
 - 5th Dragoon Guards.
 - 6th Dragoons.
 - 5th/6th Dragoons.
 - 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.
- (ii) To promote the welfare of discharged members of the Regiment by helping to establish them in civil life.
- (iii) To assist members of the Association and their families and dependants and the families and dependants of deceased members who are in need.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership of the Association is restricted to past and present members of the Regiment and such other persons as may be elected by the Committee of the Association, e.g., Members of Royal Signals, REME, RAMC, Chaplains' Branch, etc., who have served with the Regiment, may be elected to Honorary Membership.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The subscription rate for officers, past and present, is £1 1s. per annum; for all other ranks, a minimum of 2s. 6d. per annum.

BENEVOLENT FUND

(a) The application of the income from this fund is for charitable purposes, namely, to assist or benefit any such persons serving or having at any time served in the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, or being dependants, wives, widows (whether or not re-married) or issue of persons (whether living or dead) serving or having at any time served in the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards as may, for the time being, be in need of assistance or benefit. Assistance or benefit is granted within very wide limitations. (Para. 1 (ii) (iii) refer.)

(b) This fund will be built up by surplus sums transferred to it from the Association's General Purposes Fund, and any gift or bequest made to it from time to time. All such sums will be invested in the name of the United Services Trustee and the income derived therefrom will be applied for the purposes mentioned above.

GENERAL PURPOSES FUND

(a) Members' subscriptions and any moneys given for the general purposes of the Association are paid into this fund.

(b) The working and overhead expenses, which are kept as low as possible, are met out of this fund.

(c) Any moneys in this fund which the Committee considers surplus to requirements are paid, as a gift, into the Association's Benevolent Fund. It has been resolved that 50 per cent. of the annual subscriptions be paid into this fund.

REUNION AND CEREMONIAL PARADES

A reunion of past and present members, families and friends is usually arranged to take place in London, yearly, on Cup Final Day in April. On the Sunday immediately following Cup Final Saturday, the Combined Cavalry Memorial Service is always held in Hyde Park at 11 a.m.

The ceremony of laying a wreath by the Association on the Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park takes place on the Sunday nearest Balaclava Day (October 25th) at 11 a.m.

Notices

Royal Armoured Corps War Memorial Benevolent Fund

ASSISTANCE FOR EDUCATION

The Committee of the Royal Armoured Corps Benevolent Fund feel that information about the help that can be given towards the education of children of deceased or badly disabled members of the Corps, whether officers or other ranks, is not yet sufficiently widely known.

The best, and in many cases the only, way of spreading this knowledge is by personal contact with widows, many of whom have lost contact with their husbands' regiments and are unaware of the existence of this fund.

The Committee appeals to any who know of such a case to inform the widow and advise her to apply to the Secretary, Royal Armoured Corps Memorial Benevolent Fund, HQ, RAC Centre, Bovington Camp, Dorset.

Military Essay Competitions 1956

IN spite of publicity given in ACIs and other documents, it is not generally known that there are three essay competitions held annually for which excellent prizes are offered. Details of these essays are given below, and further information may be obtained from the ACIs quoted. It will be noted that entries for two of these essays have closed for 1955, but details are included, and entrants for these competitions for 1956 should watch for details in ACIs.

DETAILS OF ESSAYS

1. BERTRAM STEWART Prize Essay Competition, 1955.

Subject—"There has of recent years been increasing difficulty in finding men of the right quality

who are prepared to take up a career in the Regular forces, including candidates for commissions. It is moreover doubtful whether improved emoluments and conditions of service will of themselves overcome this difficulty."

Prize—£80.

General conditions for the essay are contained in ACI 661/54.

2. GEORGE KNIGHT CLOWES Memorial Prize Essay, 1956.

Prizes—First Prize £35; Second Prize £15.

Closing date—January 8th, 1956.

Subject—"What are your views on the form of the land campaign of the future and how should the British Army be organized to meet the conditions of future war—bearing in mind its possible varying commitments."

General conditions will be the same as for the 1955 competition and are contained in ACI 479/54.

3. GOLD MEDAL and TRENCH GASCOIGNE Prize Essay Competition, 1955.

Prize—Thirty Guineas and Gold Medal.

Closing date—November 15th, 1955.

Subject—"(i) Air Power is indivisible (Field-Marshal Montgomery, October, 1954). Discuss this statement.

"(ii) The use of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons in war suggests that a future war will be one of survival. Bearing in mind the vulnerability of the British Isles to air attack, what practical measures do you consider should and could be taken now."

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