

Castle

The Journal of The Royal Anglian Regiment



OCTOBER, 1968



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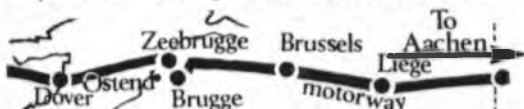
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Regimental Headquarters and Depot: Blenheim Barracks, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

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Commanding Officer, The Depot: Lt.-Colonel J. V. Miseroy.

Regimental Secretary: Lt.-Colonel C. R. Murray Brown, DSO (Rtd.).

Assistant Regimental Secretary: Major J. A. Girdwood (Rtd.).

Regimental Secretaries:

Headquarters (Norfolk) - Major W. G. Cripps (retd.).

" (Suffolk) - Colonel W. A. Heal, OBE (retd.).

" (Lincolnshire) - Major E. Jessup (retd.).

" (Northamptonshire) - Major D. Baxter (retd.).

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" (Bedfordshire & Hertfordshire) - Major D. T. Tewkesbury, MBE, DL (retd.)

" (Leicestershire) - Lt.-Col. P. G. Upcher, DSO, DL (retd.).

Major J. T. Dudley (retd.).



Castle

The Journal of The Royal Anglian Regiment

OCTOBER 1968

Vol. 2 No. 4

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Editor:

Lt.-Col. Murray Brown, DSO
(retd.)

Our Cover

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EXERCISE NORTHUMBRIAN VIEW

Carriers of 'A' Company wait patiently in the wings for Part 1 of the Tactical Display to begin.

Photo: Courtesy of The Yorkshire Post

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SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY

by the Colonel of the Regiment

Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard Goodwin, KCB, CBE, DSO

Today, the 1st July 1968, marks a further stage in the evolution of the Royal Anglian Regiment in that we move to Large Regiment status in all respects. This means we now discontinue the use of subsidiary Battalion titles which denoted affiliation to a former Regiment or County.

We are doing this not because of any weakening in our Regimental traditions and County connections but to ensure that, whatever reductions or changes may face us in the future, the spirit and traditions of all our present Battalions and the Regiments from which they stem will be safeguarded and perpetuated by the Royal Anglian Regiment within the Queen's Division.

As from today each Battalion becomes a component part of the Royal Anglian Regiment and takes to itself responsibility for safeguarding the former traditions and customs of all the

original Regiments which formed the Royal Anglian Regiment. Thus the Regular components of the Royal Anglian Regiment, apart from the Depot, are the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions, each equal within the Regiment. All Battalions of the Regiment should henceforth be regarded as belonging to all eleven counties which form our Regimental area and which give us such splendid support. For example, the 1st Battalion will no longer be connected solely with the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk but should be equally regarded in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, or any of the other Counties.

I realise that the dropping of subsidiary titles may cause distress, particularly perhaps to the older and retired members of the various Regiments, but I feel it is inevitable and only by doing this can we ensure that our roots remain in the Regimental area.

(R. E. GOODWIN)

Lt.-Gen.

Colonel of the Regiment.

Pte. Angle

On the Changing Face

Defence Reviews throughout the centuries have meant re-organisations, re-appraisals and regrets. To those who have not done their homework they may mean disaster. We think we have done ours. Difficult it may be to follow the logic sometimes—to ensure that the interests of those who have served, are serving and will serve in the future are safeguarded. From my humble angle these reviews mean very little on the surface—I soldier on, sometimes wearing one badge sometimes another—always wondering why but never asking. But there has been such a fuss about it all recently that I thought I had better try to find out.

I have discovered that we, the Royal Anglian Regiment have lost nothing, but you or we the members of all our seven former Regiments have lost a great deal—yet no one regiment any more than any other. All the old regimental badges have gone . . . or have they? Regimental Old Comrades' Associations will probably bear those badges for many years to come. Britannia has gone except 'Rule Britannia' which forms part of our Regimental March and reminds us of Norfolk—long may the powers that be leave us a band to play it—The Gibraltar Castle remains in our cap badge reminding us of Suffolk, Essex and of Northamptonshire. The Garter Star background to our cap badge reminds us of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. The Army Dress Committee has approved the wearing of a Tiger on our buttons. The Queen's Division threaten us with a new cap badge (good luck to those who have to design it!) and so those badges, which remind us of our former 'amalgamated' Regiments and our latest joined Tigers, are to be replaced on our collars by the present cap badge. This was no compromise solution—it was a deliberate act of forward planning. We who serve on would look right proper 'Charlies' if we lost our cap badge and had nothing then to denote the Royal Anglian Regiment. But present collar

badges will not be replaced until sufficient stocks are available for everyone.

I do hear on the grapevine that every effort is being made to retain the Sphinx in our regimental dress or accoutrements. Anyway, the writing was on the wall earlier this year, and we now know that one of our battalions is to be disbanded, probably in 1972. The 4th Battalion logically was the one to go—and so it has been decreed—we read the Whitehall mind quite well—but as General Goodwin makes clear in the Special Order on page 3 this reduction does not signify the disbandment of a former county regiment or the dissolving of our cherished connections with one particular county. It does not mean the disappearance of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment any more than did the formation of the 1st East Anglian Regiment mean the disappearance of the Royal Norfolk or Suffolk Regiments. Oh yes! I realise that this is all factual make-believe and in practise only time will do what the Minister's name implies, without the 'why'.

And so, we are now truly a large Regiment—one regiment within The Queen's Division. Recruit training will be done at a Central Divisional Depot—we know not where yet—Regimental Headquarters as we have known it since September 1964 and indeed since the Infantry Brigade system, will go by the 1st April next year. We shall retain a Colonel of the Regiment, Deputy Colonels and, at present, all seven former regimental 'outstation' HQs, Deputy Colonels will now however work on a territorial basis and have responsibilities for county affiliations rather than for a particular battalion. In practice I see little change here. The Regimental Colonel and his staff disappear—regimental matters coming on the plate of the Regimental Secretary [with ssssh—an increase in staff (if approved!)] whose office will probably move to Gibraltar Barracks.

Former Regiments Association affairs will, of course, be looked after at outstation HQs.

Our 'Friends' in the Treasury, who clearly don't understand, are already making noises about reviewing establishments. I, Private Angle, and my Editor, will do our best to persuade those responsible that all members of former regi-

ments deserve equal treatment and equivalent staffs to see to it. Those who amalgamated early should not be put at a disadvantage *vis-à-vis* those now absorbed into large regiments whose parent formations were never amalgamated.

On Territorials

Once again there is little I can report. No firm decisions have been taken. The spirit of our volunteers is still there, as witness their determined efforts to hold Annual Camps 'as usual' with absolutely no financial backing or pay. Much sympathy with the plight of the T & AVR III units has been expressed in the National Press and the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment is to be congratulated on the write-up it got in *The Times*. I have to be careful that I don't offer an opinion—all I can do is to quote from the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire 'Camp Narrative and Situation'. 1. Elements endeavouring to cause political embarrassment to the British Government are sponsoring terrorist agitators in Guernsey. It is probable that the action has two motives:

- (a) to disrupt the peaceful life of the Channel Islands
- (b) to cause embarrassment to Britain in its diplomatic relations with other countries.

Two other sentiments expressed by our T & AVR III unit reports seem to me to be pertinent.

'We fear too, that unlike the Regulars, many Territorials will have no friendly unit to absorb them, and these wonderful chaps who have proved their worth so often and cost so little may no longer be able to serve their Country however much they want to, and however much the majority of the Country wants them'.

'The death throes of T & AVR III units have been protracted and now, with successive rays of hope of a reprieve fading, one feels that a sudden *coupe de grâce* might have been less painful'.

On Royal Visits

This has been a bumper year. Our Colonel-in-Chief graced the day with her presence at Bury St. Edmunds on 13th July at our Regimental Weekend. The accompanying photos demonstrate the splendour of the occasion. Over three-hundred Old Comrades attended from our far-flung counties and it was stimulating to see all our Chelsea Pensioners present, led by ex-Pte. Peacock, aged 88, late Suffolk Regiment.

I recall that snow was on the ground when the first meeting took place to plan the arrangements for Regimental Weekend. For months I could not imagine the square other than absolutely freezing and kept wondering how people would react to this. However, the months passed, and with them, the cold.

Now all there is to witness the fact that 3,000 were here are some patches of yellow grass, some champagne corks under Hut 20, and the paint on HQ Block and the Guardroom is still tacky.

There was a conference afterwards, when letters of congratulations were read out. It had about it a sort of wedding atmosphere. We had a good cry (of self immolation) and reeled away afterwards feeling strangely light headed. Different from a wedding, though, we had lost, not gained, our shackles—and our money!

The person who organised the seating was the one person who stood out on the day—until, with the valuable assistance of the Regimental Secretary, *he* was shown to his seat which, till then, he had been unable to find. This event was recognised as highly typical as well as humorous.

Our Deputy Colonels-in-Chief have paid visits to all four battalions. All but one are reported by the battalions. The visit of Princess Margaret to the 3rd Battalion at Tidworth on the 23rd October was too late for publication. See pages 42 to 46.



Top left: Her Majesty receives a bouquet from Valerie Hughes.

Above: Her Majesty, General Goodwin and Colonel Badger.



Her Majesty talks to Pensioners.

Top centre (left to right): E. R. Balk, T. F. Lawrence (Norfolk), E. J. Hawkins, E. A. Peacock (Suffolk), T. F. Munson, J. W. Reed (Bedfs./Herts.).

Bottom centre: A. Denby (R. Leicestershire), S. L. Edwards (Emex).



Bandsmaster Blackburn conducts the Mased Bands of all four Battalions in 'Military Music through the Ages' during the Uniform Pageant.



Above: Uniforms through the ages.



Right: The Mayor of Bury St. Edmunds receives his invitation from 'Pikeman' L/Cpl. Morton.

Occasion, 13th July

Right: Drummer and six flautists—12th Foot.

Bottom right: Her Majesty, Major Chandler and Suffolk Old Comrades.

Bottom left: Her Majesty, Lt.-Col. Upcher, Old Tigers and Northampton Comrades



On The Association

The Annual General Meeting was held at Blenheim Camp on the 13th July, 1968. General Goodwin, our President, heard from the Chairman, Brigadier Ralph Oulton that the membership now stood at 2,461 Life Members. This included about 70 per cent of serving soldiers. Funds were building up well, thanks to the voluntary donations under the Army's Days Pay Scheme—the annual income being some £5,000.

Grants have been made this year at an average of £15 each which is an improving figure as our capital increases. Grants totalling £1,400 were made last year to our former Regiment's Associations and there have been supplementary grants made already this year. The Chairman said it was the hope of the Benevolent Committee to be able to make a substantial increase in the average grants which our former Regiments Associations found possible at present. We should remember that these associations did not have the income advantages from the Days Pay Scheme and that, more especially, those regiments which suffered amalgamations early ceased some years ago to benefit from new membership subscriptions. The expenditure of about £1,000 per year by each of these associations over the post war years has depleted their capital funds and it must be up to us to give them all the support we can, whilst at the same time building up our own funds for the future.

It was with great pleasure that the Association invited all the pensioners from the Royal Hospital as its guests for the Regimental Weekend. The RSM and members of the Sergeants Mess are to be congratulated on the way they looked after, and controlled, these old warriors.

May I draw your attention to a short article on the Army Benevolent Fund on page 53. If you are not a member of your Association, why not join now? Ask your Company Commander about it, or write to me.

On Things in General

Recommended Reading

Fourth Bn. Expeditions to The Tibesti Mountains. Pages 9 and 50.

Famous Regiments

The series is edited by Lt.-General Sir Brian Horrocks. *The Royal Norfolk Regiment* has already been published and has proved a great success. It is short and to the point. *The Suffolk Regiment*, written by Guthrie Moor, will be published in the new year, with thirty illustrations. Keep your eyes on these pages for further announcements. Special prices to Association members.

Discotheque for Corporals

This is an architect designed box for gramophone records. We have one in the Officers' Mess at the Depot. Another is planned for the Corporals' Club where recently they have been having a social evening once a month. They think the gymnasium is too large and people don't get close enough to one another.

Space

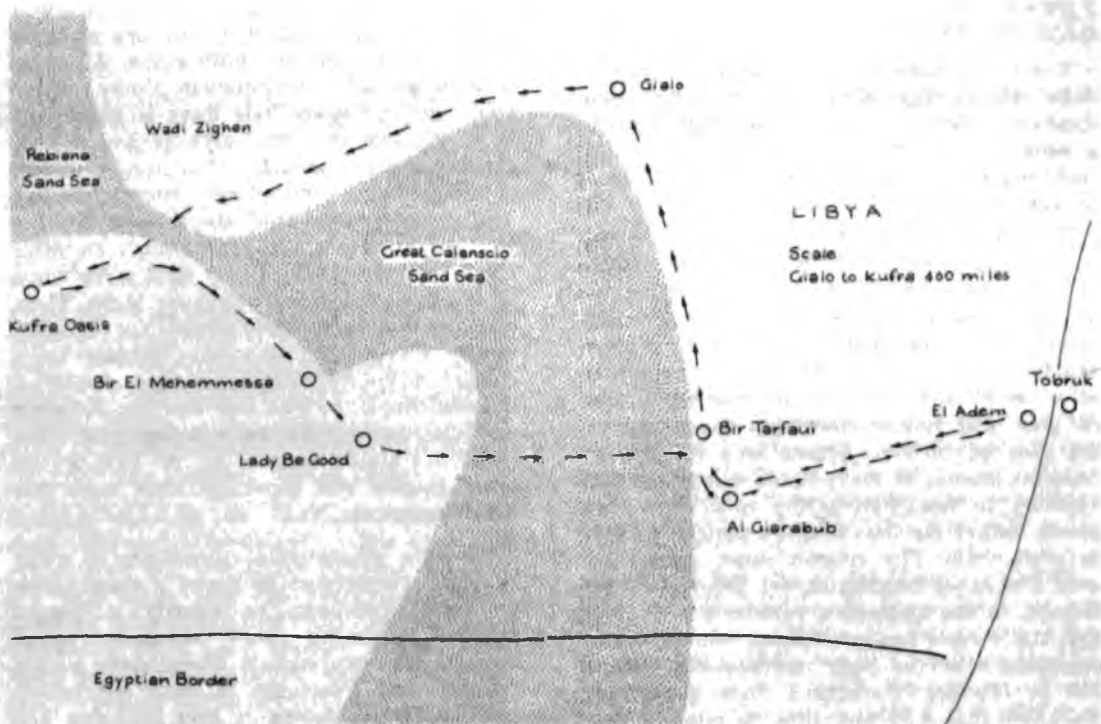
I agree with the view expressed on page 22 by the Secretary of the Huntingdon Branch of the Northamptonshire Regiment Comrades Association. Our printers had made a 'comment' on the Galley Proof which read 'mentox-wsniFAfl'tzightf'—Quite so!

48th Chair rescued from Aden by General Goodwin, see page 19.

Inter-Battalion Competitions

Battalions have suggested competition in Shooting and Orienteering. How about it? Who co-ordinates now with no RHQ? Or should this be Queen's Division? I am prepared to co-ordinate your views.

A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Exercise "CHARLES STREET"

Exercise Charles Street was conceived, organised and manned by 'C' Company of the 4th (Leicestershire) Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment. The aim was to gain experience of deep desert living. The route was a probe into the Cyrenaica Desert as far as Kufra Oasis; yet, with the exception of mountains and quicksands, it offered us every type of going and tested our organisation and adaptability admirably. The strength of the exercise was one officer, one Sergeant, five Corporals and Lance-Corporals and eight Private soldiers including one qualified vehicle mechanic. The Libyan government had granted political clearance in January 1968 and all planning was completed by early April. The expedition left

El Adem during the forenoon of 18th April, mounted in four Bedford three-tonners and two landrovers specially equipped and modified for desert travel. The sketch-map shows the route taken.

The journey between El Adem and Al Giarabub was regarded as a work-up period during which it would be necessary to clarify convoy drills, develop an eye for the best going, practice cross-country movement and weld ourselves into an efficient team. Two major breakdowns—a broken half-shaft and a severed input shaft to the transfer gearbox—sustained by our winch-Bedford, delayed us a total of thirteen days on this leg. Nevertheless we arrived at Gialo in good form. A further wait for five days

there was necessary for us to replenish depleted petrol and ration stocks.

The desert environment forced us to adopt a daily routine that allowed us optimum going conditions both in daylight and darkness. As a general rule we travelled during the night, early morning and early evening. Here now is an account of a normal day.

Reveille is at 0430 hrs and we are on the move by 0500 hrs. Moving in an open vehicle as this time of the day is a cold business, we all wear heavy woollen pullovers and wind-proofs. After sun-up shadows begin to shorten rapidly. The surface takes on a monotone glare, white in the sandseas, and varying shades of grey and yellow elsewhere, depending on the type of surface. Before long the mirage becomes intense. A really fierce mirage restricts visibility to less than half a mile. Not long passes before the first Bedford coughs its way to a standstill. The column stops, spread out over a mile of burning desert. Binoculars are trained on the stationary vehicle. It's obvious that the vehicle has overheated—which is not surprising with the daily temperatures around 110 to 120 deg. Fahrenheit! From experience we know that it is now time to establish our midday leaguer. We know that if we continue to move on in the heat of the day, fuel will vaporise before it reaches the carburettors (our Bedfords were particularly prone to this), stops will be increasingly numerous and the effort expended just to travel a few miles under such conditions with our Bedfords constantly breaking down would not be justified. Gladly we face our vehicles into the ever-present desert wind and set about the task of establishing a leaguer. We happen to be on a soft sand surface today so we park our vehicles on sand channels. This facilitates an easy pull away on a hard unbroken sand crust. Initially our midday leaguer is always a hive of activity. Concurrently, the cook gets the first brew of the day underway, the vehicle crews refill their petrol tanks and service their vehicles. The signals detachment commander faces his twin 'V' antenna towards El Adem and stands by to send or receive on his CII set any traffic on the midday schedule. Shortly, we assemble by the tailboard of the ration wagon and between conversation gulp down the refreshing brew and enjoy onions and cheese, bully and hardtack or whatever else is available. We haven't eaten for fifteen hours and as the heat kills our appetites we quickly return to our

respective tasks. Local Arabs we meet advise us to eat onions since they help one maintain a clear head under the hottest sun. All of us take up this habit and although it may seem to appear an old wives' tale there is some truth in it. We seldom wear headgear and nobody experiences the headaches that usually accompany intense heat and long exposure to the sun. The staccato morse from the Charlie Whiskey key indicates that we are through to Mike Uniform Bravo Two: Our midday sitrep wings its way to El Adem and ultimately Mahta. Then, with everything squared away for a quick move out we relax under the wagons for a couple of hours, waiting to make tracks—literally! Soon the roar of the No. 1 burner warns us that another brew is imminent. That means it's almost time to go. At 1630 hrs we break leaguer and move off once more into the dying mirage.

We stop occasionally; sometimes to await stragglers; sometimes to recce a dune tangle on foot; sometimes to recover a bogged vehicle by using sand channels; sometimes to take bearings on recognisable ground features; and sometimes to carry out vehicle repairs. The landscape is ever changing and full of intrigue for us all.

Sundown approaches rapidly. Once more shadows on a landscape that show up a multitude of colours—albeit on sand in this instance, all the colours are varying shades and intensities of browns, yellows, greys, reds, yes, and even blue . . . The mirage lifts. The air takes on a chill which seems to impart new life into our labouring team—men and vehicles alike. We establish a night leaguer at 1915 hrs. For an hour we work hard, repairing vehicles, re-



Pte. Sherwell—Honey Tank, Kulra Oasis.



Cpl. Clements—Italian Tank.

fuelling, checking on stocks of petrol and water, last parade servicing . . . The sitrep goes out at 2030 hrs. Our cooks produce and serve the first solid food in twenty-four hours, delicious nourishing all-in curry. With appetites satisfied a quick team briefing follows. "Distance travelled today is 110 miles . . . total distance travelled so far is 1,200 miles . . . tomorrow we should enter the Calanscio Sandsea which will slow down our progress . . . penetration of the sandsea will be difficult, though the central sand plain will offer better going . . . reveille is at . . ."

We rise from our sleeping bags at 0030 hrs and by 0120 hrs, once more attired in cold desert rig, we are in our open vehicles moving across the silent, cold desert. The surface is firm and traction is good. The night sky is clear and astro-navigation presents no problems. The waning moon is thirty degrees above the horizon and provides just enough light for us to pick out the 'whale backs', 'knife edges' and 'wells' of the dune country through which we are travelling. We keep a rigid formation and from time to time headlights blink as our droning vehicles are hidden by unseen undulations. 0600 hrs, sun-up, and we've already covered sixty miles; It's going to be a good day today.

Thus keeping good order and confident that our work up had welded us into a good team, Exercise Charles Street proceeded along its appointed course. Three days out of Gialo we arrived at Kufra, well known as a forward

base for the Long Range Desert Group during World War II. Our stay at Kufra was brief as well as busy. Our winch-Bedford sustained another breakdown, a broken spring this time. A suitable replacement was found in a scrap yard! Some of our party were taken on a conducted tour of the oasis and were shown several old LRDG camps (slit trenches were still visible) as well as an old tank 'EFFIE' shown here in our photographs.

Moving northwards from Kufra we travelled for three days before arriving at Lady Be Good, a crashed World War II Liberator bomber. Again, moving due north of L.B.G. along longitude 24 East we entered the Calanscio Sandsea the same day. The dunes were fearsome and with tyre pressures down to ten pounds per square inch we drove our vehicles across difficult dune country for two days before reaching the northern side, fifty miles west of Al Giarabub. We had a near disaster during our first day in the Calanscio Sandsea. Our winch-Bedford caught fire whilst labouring up a steep dune. Only quick action with a fire extinguisher saved a small holocaust. Anyway it necessitated hard work for several of our team members who re-ground the inlet and exhaust valves during our midday leaguer. Thereafter the vehicle gave us no further trouble. Incidentally, we used four out of a total of six fire extinguishers on similar vehicle fires, all due to overheating. Within twenty-four hours of leaving the sandsea we were back in El Adem, thirty-four days after leaving.

During those thirty-four days we travelled as a team for only fifteen of them. The remaining nineteen were spent awaiting the resupply of vehicle spares. Our major navigational aids were the Coles Sun Compass and the Silva prismatic compass. The method used was that of the dead-reckoning. At no time were we more than six miles out and considerably less for ninety per cent of the time. Needless to say, we carried a bubble sextant purely as a precaution, though we never had recourse to use it.

Before concluding, several salient points must be brought to the readers' attention, firstly vehicles. Vehicle maintenance, provision of comprehensive FAMTO and a first-rate vehicle mechanic are absolutely essential. It was well known to all those who had travelled in similar regions that mobility means survival. Conversely loss of mobility, if it does not spell tragedy, could necessitate the mounting of a

vast and expensive recovery operation with air support. Such a situation would be undesirable. Commanders therefore must constantly review their capacity for extrication from such situations and critical factors such as going, load carrying capacity, towing capacity, vehicle condition, fuel supply and supply points, to name but a few which effect mobility.

The second point is one of adaptability. To the European the desert presents a hostile, barren environment, in which it is all too easy to perish. Men who live and travel in these regions must be self supporting. They must learn water discipline, food rationing, direction finding and desert lore. They must learn how to protect themselves from the extreme diurnal range of temperature, wind and sand storms characteristic of such regions, and what protective clothing to wear. They must learn to appreciate desert terrain; where the likeliest spot to find water is; where to build a solar still and where not to build one; how to move, when to move and when not to move. The list is endless. But all these problems must be overcome without loss of rationality, humour or

efficiency whilst carrying out tasks under duress imposed by the hostile environment.

The third and last point is one of improvisation. The lack of ability to improvise could make life difficult. On one occasion we had to inflate the tyres of our landrover by using the compression off the engine. Although we could only raise ten pounds per square inch it was sufficient to allow us to finish our journey.

Our aim was achieved; our experiences and observations are recorded in our official report should the reader wish to investigate the exercise from a more professional standpoint. In retrospect, if we were going into the same part of the world tomorrow we would have to make many changes in our organisation. Experiences like these are extremely personal and the written word is perhaps a poor medium through which to pass them on. There is no substitute for first hand experience which in itself is vital, precious and absolute. As soldiers we must avail ourselves of any experience which broadens and improves our professional knowledge. EXERCISE CHARLES STREET achieved just that.

“NORTHUMBRIAN VIEW”

1st Battalion

‘Cam cream for the Queen’s Birthday Parade?’

‘I’ve never seen so much blank ammo in my life!’

‘Here comes the enemy, let’s give them a big BOO!’

These slightly odd comments are only three of many that were provoked by the ‘New Look’ Queen’s Birthday Celebrations in Catterick this year.

The idea to do something different was in the wind as far back as February, that dark and bitter month that first brought the North Riding into Royal Anglia. It was some weeks before plans began to crystallise but it was soon obvious that Exercise Northumbrian View, as the project was named, was to be a massive undertaking. D-Day was to be the 8th June and

the exercise was to be divided into three distinct activities. Two of these had the theme ‘The Modern Army in Action’, and the third was a ceremonial display with bands and other ‘smart’ items. Our Band was in the ‘old country’ on a KAPE tour so we were not involved in this at all; just as well, we were quite busy enough with what we were given to do. The second activity was to be a large Static Display of modern equipment spread over two broad pastures near Gandale Camp, two miles South of Catterick. Again, fortunately, the Battalion was not committed in any way. The Exercise’s big effort, and ours, was to be concentrated on a Tactical Display presented in two parts. Close by the Static Display area is a small valley which produces a natural amphitheatre with an excellent view over an ideal arena

and a considerable slice of surrounding countryside. This was to be the setting for many hours of sweat, toil and diesel fumes as we rehearsed over and over again before the great day.

Responsibility for the Tactical Display was passed to 6 Infantry Brigade who passed the bulk of it on to the Battalion. So it was that, in mid-April, OC 'A' Company was briefed to form a full strength Combat Team (CT) with platoons found by each Rifle Company. 1 Platoon was the 'A' Company contribution whilst, fairly logically, 2 and 3 Platoons were to be found respectively by 'B' and 'C' Companies. Platoon Commanders and Sergeants were:

1 Platoon — Lt. Richard Haes and Sgt. Trevor Gay.

2 Platoon — Lt. Mike Walker and Sgt. 'Yogi' Youngs.

3 Platoon — Lt. John Drinkwater and Sgt. Bob Lines.

To complete the order of battle of Combat Team MACDONALD we were given a troop of three Chieftains, under Lt. Bob Ambridge, and a troop of Centurions from 1 RTR. Major Terry Message provided his entire Battery of Abbots (Eagle Troop, 2 Field Regiment) to complete the force; the largest Combat Team ever to take the field or likely to!

The nut we had to crack, as enemy, was a weak 'platoon' commanded by Capt. William Reeve assisted by Sgt. Tony Miles. His two sections, under Cpl. Malcolm Fenn and L/Cpl. Danny Wright, were in for a rough old time during the nine rehearsals to come.

Part One of the Tactical Display was a series of short action displays by the various Arms and Services of the Brigade in the arena immediately in front of the spectators. The 'curtain raiser' was the arrival of Brigadier D. W. Scott-Barrett (Commander 6 Infantry Brigade) in his Scout helicopter, from which he would address the crowd. He was followed by a very slick demonstration by 1 RTR who showed off their Chieftains and their Saladin armoured cars. The Battalion followed with Lt. Peter Williamson's Recce Platoon in the arena first. In fact, they had been there all the time in their striped Landrovers, skilfully camouflaged in the gorse and in folds in the ground and, upon a signal, would emerge with GPMGs a-chatter. They were then to withdraw under cover of their own smoke. There were one or two tight-lipped moments after



Men of 'A' Coy relax in the close harbour.
(Middlesbrough Evening Gazette)

rain when the Landrovers slipped, but this was overcome by the use of Williamson sand mats (hessian carpeting!).

As the Recce Platoon's smoke cleared, the whole composite mechanised company were to emerge from behind a high hedge, stage right, and drive split-a. . . d into the arena. At given points all wheeled, at high speed, ninety degrees (or should one say 1600 mils?) and halted in line. On a signal each platoon dismounted and took up fire positions, kneeling, and discharged a volley (of blank) into the spectators. The whole lot then remounted and drove off stage left to be succeeded in the arena by a Landrover and an FV 432 of the Mortar Platoon. The Mortars were to be brought quickly into action and then fire sand-filled bombs with gusto (or at the rapid rate, to be precise). On early rehearsals this looked a bit dull so some secondaries were added to improve the range; they did. To improve matters at the far (enemy) end, Capt. Roger Dace of the Northern Command Ammunition Inspectorate laid a quantity of very generous charges. These were operated for him by the Assault Pioneer Platoon who, under Sgt. Sidney Oxley, did great work. Their chief

bangs man appeared to be Sgt. 'Chunky' Slinn, although on one occasion Sgt. Oxley was in the detonating bunker when a sand-filled bomb landed on the roof! Cpl. Bill Isles was also busy in the explosives field. They all enjoyed themselves immensely judging by their diligence and wide grins.

The Anti-Tank Platoon performed next, engaging screen targets on the distant hillside. Again Capt. Dace managed to produce great realism at gun and target ends and windows rattled regularly in Catterick as we rehearsed.

The last element of the CT to perform in the arena was the A1 Echelon slice under command of Sgt. 'Scammel driver's mate' Clarke ('A' Coy's MT Sgt.). He ran the show from 1B and had two Stalwarts and an APC ambulance from 4 Fd. Amb. in his group. It also included S/Sgt. Murdo Burdett's section from the LAD with his FV 432—18—and the Battalion's one and only FV 434—18A.

As we completed our turns in the arena we all made our way to the Assembly Area for Part Two, the Battle Scene. We had a longish wait there while the Sappers, Gunners and the Brigade Administrative Units did their arena stuff. The CO kept us in the picture with his own commentary and comments as he watched from the control tower.

At long last they finished and we got the go-ahead to start the tactical display proper. We started by pushing two recon sections forward until they made contact. They withdrew under smoke and Cpl. Trevor Sadler sent a contact report over the radio. The Centurion troop immediately worked round to the right of this contact and engaged the enemy while the CT Commander 'thought-out' his next move; this took all of 20 seconds by the third rehearsal! Under cover of this fire the Chieftain troop was moved forward to cover the initial advance of the mechanised platoons. These were then launched two-up, 3 Platoon left and 1 Platoon right, from behind the skyline. The spectators were treated to a sight like a fleet of tramp steamers trying to leave port together on the tide, as the black exhaust smoke rose from twenty-odd APCs moving towards the crest.

The assaulting platoons picked up the Chieftain troop as they passed through and together they rushed forward on to the enemy position. This had been erupting with more Dace-provided, Assault Pioneer-fired charges to great effect as the Combat Team moved up,

but now the assault had arrived all was quiet except for the enemy's small arms fire and thunderflashes (of which they had considerable supply). The platoons quickly debussed on, and cleared through, the enemy position. Meanwhile the reserve platoon, 2 Platoon, clad in NBC suits and respirators throughout, swept through and, without dismounting or halting, picked up the Chieftain troop and continued the advance. This was a trying time both for



A section of 'C' Coy debussing.

(Northern Echo)

3 Platoon and L/Cpl. Wright. The former had an APC flotation screen 'bayoneted' by a Chieftain gun as it came through the Zulu Muster on stabiliser, and the latter, whose trench was in the open on a reverse slope, had to jump for his life once or twice. The tank crews seemed much more worried about the written-off screen than L/Cpl. Wright's plight, obviously with an eye on their pay books.

The A1 Echelon party joined the Combat Team on the objective and picked up casualties and prisoners. As this was completed all remounted and, with great dash, drove round to a close harbour area behind the stands so that the crowds could see, as they returned to their cars, all the participants.

The estimate of the numbers who would turn out to watch us was between 10 and 15,000; we were very sceptical.

That then was the plan.

We began rehearsing on 21st May and were to complete a further nine rehearsals before THE DAY came. As the rehearsals progressed it became apparent that we were facing two 'terrain' problems. Just before the assault reached the enemy it had a small stream to cross. On recces and during the first few runs

this was little problem, but we had a bout of rain for a few days (a not uncommon phenomenon) and the stream area became very marshy. Not only did one or two APCs get stuck, but we began to create two or three very deep water holes at well-used crossing places. Pte. 'Driver of the Year' Smith of 'B' Company, and quite a number of others, discovered just how deep and how foul-smelling this was by driving through with a little bit too much zest! The other 'terrain' problem was also connected with water (literally). Just beyond the objective are two small re-entrants and both were becoming muddier and muddier. The holes scooped out by the belly-armour of tanks and APCs soon filled with water. One day we noticed on arrival that this water was clear; the CT commander even remarked what a beautiful spring of water it was. Later that day, as we dozed in the sun after lunch, a shirt-sleeved civilian walked up the hill to us wearing the expression of the sports groundsman who has just caught you doing shot and discuss training on the No. 1 cricket pitch, to tell us that we had broken a water main. This, apparently, supplied parts of Richmond. To



1 Platoon, supported by a Chieftain, closing up to the objective.

make matters even worse, there was a second pipe in the other re-entrant which we were in danger of breaking. This put a gloom on things for a bit and we suspended rehearsals until the Water Board mended their break and we had overbridged the other pipe. Accordingly, 100 old railway sleepers were collected from the CESD and the 'A' Company platoon laid them as two separate causeways over the pipe, under Assault Pioneer supervision. A

Sapper 'dozer' laid a thick carpet of earth over part of the Richmond pipe and away we went again, not without causing a flutter in District HQ though. The sleeper causeways did us very well; we did not damage the pipe and the sleepers slowly disappeared into the mud. One or two dismounted folk got a squirt of mud in the eye as vehicles crossed, pushing up little rods of filth through the old bolt-holes. Such incidents were usually marked by an outburst of hysterical laughter, though not from the victim who marked the event with a cry of another kind. The QM was eventually told that he had 100 sleepers on charge and only understood the accounting problem after a squelchy visit to the site; they were written off!

Apart from a few inevitable changes as we worked up, things went very smoothly right up to the Spring Holiday break. We foolishly thought that we had it taped but had forgotten that until then we had rehearsed alone; no Brigade HQ, no RMP and no 'co-ordination'. So it was that, fresh from a long weekend, we blissfully left barracks and made our way to the assembly area. The first hint of trouble came when a mortar vehicle was met coming the other way—on RMP instructions. When we finally arrived, spitting with rage, we found our quiet spot full of diesel-belching vehicles from other units, helicopters making speech impossible and people everywhere. Sunray call-sign 1 did a quick ear-burning job on a poor RMP NCO doing his best, felt better, and reorganised the whole thing; this confused the newcomers mightily. 'That's their problem, they should have been here before', was all anyone could get from the irate CT commander by way of co-operation. An hour later all was peace and light; they conformed with what we had been doing for weeks.

We had very little trouble with our radios. There were all of 37 stations on the CT net and Cpl. 'Musty' Durrant ('A' Company Signals NCO) did a great job keeping the 'air' going. For once we did not seem to have the same frequency as the Soviet trawler fleet.

The great day (8th June) eventually dawned and we discovered to our horror that the dry spell had gone and that it had rained steadily all night. The gods, apparently, had abandoned Northumbrian View to share the fate of previous military disasters. No public would come, the Chieftains would slip on the gradients, the charges would be damp, APCs

would get stuck and, far more important, we'd get wet. We had to go on now so, somewhat jarred, we paraded on the square with the vehicles. As we did the rain lifted, but the sky was clearly full to the brim with more. We drove out (with an RMP escort because—surprise—spectators were beginning to arrive) with one eye on the clouds. Yes, tracks did slip as we made our way over the Training Area. Landrovers were much worse off. 'At least the dust has settled', said someone trying to find something encouraging. The CQMS, C/Sgt. Peter Thompson, arrived with the lunch meal; it was chicken and chips. The CO called and ate with us. Brave comments were made about it drying out by H Hour. An NCO observed that it had not rained for nearly two hours; the clouds were obviously thinner and higher; maybe we were to be favoured. The C/Sgt. left us at 1300 hrs.—1½ hours to go. Someone saw the sun—briefly.

On time, we drew forward to our hidden start positions. A few men stole round the trees to look at the stands; they were full of people! The CO, now at the Control Tower, passed on cheering reports of several thousand cars (I forget the exact figure) and traffic jams on all roads. Music started over the public address speakers, interrupted now and again by Capt. Dan Baily, the Display Commentator, giving 'our public' a count-down and encouraging them to take their places. The music stopped; the Commentator began his orientation talk; we could only make out snippets of what was said. The Brigadier's Scout flew round us and hovered before the spectators while he made his introduction (re-broadcast over the loudspeakers). He finished with the, to us, immortal words '... and now I'll ask my pilot John Bedford Davies, to land me in the arena—and so on ... ON WITH THE SHOW'. This was our cue to start up; we were now lost in our own noise and relied entirely on the radios from now on. The CO very considerately kept us informed of how 1 RTR were getting on in the arena, and then ... 'Hallo, 1 this is 9, move now, out'. We were away ...

... It all went very well. 'It'll be all right on the day' has been a Regimental Motto for years. It came true again on 8th June 1968. Everyone knew his job, where to go and when;



3 Platoon in action in the arena.

the hours of rehearsal and preparation paid better than any bookie. We caught our breath once or twice but the incidents were trifles. Soon, there we were hot, sweaty but content in the final close harbour area. The crowds came in dozens to look at us—not just the kids, we knew they would—but their mums and dads. Soon they were everywhere. An SMG was seen running away under one small boy's arm but was recovered.

The GOC had many letters later from spectators, all saying how well the day went. Some were from nostalgic ex-servicemen, some from people who were on holiday in Yorkshire, school teachers, little boys, old folk, all sorts. All bore the same pleasing message.

We returned to barracks contented ... and it had not rained a drop.



Wombat 'Keeps the Army in the Public Eye' at the Watford Carnival.

GIBRALTAR ALLIANCE



The Colonel of the Regiment inspects the Guard of Honour.

In May, 1968, Her Majesty the Queen graciously approved a formal alliance between the Royal Anglian Regiment and the Gibraltar Regiment. This alliance cemented a long standing association which has existed for many years between the two Regiments.

It is interesting to note that former units of our Regiment have spent no less than 110 years of service on the Rock. This started with a Company of the Leicestershire Regiment which arrived on the Rock in 1726 in transit but remained for four years—perhaps there is something to be said for air trooping after all! Three Regiments, Suffolk, Essex and Northampton were all present during the great siege of 1779-83 and played a distinguished role.

The Colonel of the Regiment and the Regimental Colonel paid a visit to Gibraltar in August to mark this official affiliation and received a welcome which can only be described as overwhelming in its generosity and sincerity. Pieces of silver were exchanged and the Lord Mayor and entire City Council gave an official reception to mark the occasion. It was all very moving and the strength of the pro-British feeling in Gibraltar has to be experienced to be believed.

Any unit or member of our Regiment who is fortunate enough to be stationed on the Rock in the future will be assured of a most genuine welcome.

Lt.-Col. J. M. E. Gareze, OBE, ED, JP, Commanding Officer, The Gibraltar Regiment, receives a silver gift from the Regiment.



MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

CONGRATULATIONS

To Lt. Generals Butler and Freeland on their appointments to the Order of Knighthood. Sir Mervyn Butler is commanding 1 (BR) Corps in Germany and Sir Ian, at present Deputy-Chief of the General Staff, is to be GOC Northern Ireland in the new year.

To Brigadiers Holme and Dye on their forthcoming promotions to Major-General. Brigadier Michael Holme is to be GOC Near East Land Forces in Cyprus and Brigadier Jack Dye, who also is to be congratulated on the award of the CBE, is to be GOC Eastern District at Colchester.

To Lt.-Colonels Peter Leng and Tim Creasey on their forthcoming promotions to Brigadiers commanding 24 and 11 Brigades respectively. Also to Colonel Bill Smith on promotion to Brigadier on the Staff.

To Lt.-Colonels Akehurst, Burch, Robertson, Williams, Holloway, Blyth and Holman on promotion since our last publication. Also to Major Turnill and Deller on their forthcoming promotions.

To Colonel Francis Atkinson, late Royal Norfolk and present County Commandant, Norfolk ACF, on being made a Deputy-Lieutenant for Norfolk. Also to Major T. R. Stead who is made a Deputy-Lieutenant for Essex.

To Lieutenant NHP Jenks who received the MBE in the Birthday Honours.

To Bandmaster J. Battye on his Regular Short Service Commission into the Regiment.

Commissions from RMA Sandhurst

2nd Lieutenants A. Behagg, J. A. Darnley, T. Longland, A. D. Slater and J. R. Towns. From university: J. C. B. Sutherell. From Mons OCS: T. C. L. Prior (Jan. 1968).



Her Majesty the Queen presents Colours to one of our Allied Regiments, The Sherbrooke Regiment, on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.

HRH Princess Margaret visited the 1st Battalion as Deputy-Colonel in Chief on Minden Day 1st August at Catterick. A full report appears on page 42.

L/Cpl. Holman of the 4th Battalion is Army High Jump Champion with a jump of 6 ft. Well done!

The Junior Soldiers at the Depot received warm praise from the Mayor of Bury St. Edmunds and from the GOC Eastern District for the way in which they worked to help clear up the mess after the floods in late September.

BRITISH ARMY HIGH JUMP CHAMPION

L/Cpl. Holman has had a brilliant sporting record while serving in Malta. Last year he was the Garrison and Inter-Services High Jump Champion and set a Malta All-Comers Record of 5 ft 10 in while winning the National Championships in June. He also broke the Garrison Triple Jump Record of 42 ft 3½ in, which still stands, and was the first string sprinter of his battalion.

This year he has been troubled by injury. He has wisely let his triple jumping and sprinting take second place to the high jump. Early in May he 'sailed' over 6 ft 0 in to break his own Malta All-Comers Record, before going on to win the Garrison and Inter-Services titles. In the latter competition he did not start jumping until all his opponents had stopped!

L/Cpl. Holman, who is also a star member of his battalion football and hockey teams, was this season the anchor man in the battalion relay team which won the 4 x 110 yds relay in the Garrison, Inter-Services and Maltese Championships.

All these achievements however are dwarfed by his exceptionally fine performance in the Army Individual Championships at Aldershot on 28th June (last year he came fourth), when in wind and rain (compared with the blissful



L/Cpl. Holman clears 6ft.

sun of Malta) he defeated all opposition to win the high jump with a jump of 6 ft 0 in. In the same championships Cpl. Waqairoba of the 4th Bn came fourth in the 120 yds hurdles, Cpl. Crook and Cpl. Dutton each came fifth in the 220 yds and Discus respectively, while Cpl. Sarson, who was unbeatable in Malta over 100 yds and the hurdles, missed both finals because of an injury in a hurdles heat.

Colonels of The Royal Leicestershire Regiment—past and present. Left to right: Brigadier H. S. Pinder, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Callander, Major-Gen. J. M. K. Spurling, Major-Gen. Sir Douglas Kendrew.



AROUND THE BRANCHES

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT COMRADES ASSOCIATION

The Annual Reunion was held on Saturday and Sunday, 6th and 7th July 1968 and followed the customary form. On the Saturday morning the Management Committee met and this was followed by the Annual General Meeting and then in the evening the Dinner was held at Clare Street Drill Hall.

On Sunday there was the Church Parade at which we were honoured by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. This was followed by a gathering at the Northampton Branch Club and the officers entertained their guests to Sherry and a Buffet Luncheon.

At the Management Committee meeting held in Gibraltar Barracks the accounts were received and accepted. It was decided that the Reunion for 1969 would be held as usual during the first weekend in July and would be on Saturday and Sunday, 5th and 6th July 1969. Reports were received from the four Branches.

The Annual General Meeting was attended by 35 members. At it the Secretary explained that the Association Benevolent Fund had paid out £1,074 to 105 deserving cases and expressed his appreciation of the help we were receiving from the serving soldier of the Royal Anglian Regiment. A grant of £200 had been received from the Royal Anglian Regimental Association Benevolent Fund.

At this meeting, Mr. Fred Gayton, a South African War Veteran, stated that some years ago when he needed financial help the Regiment had gladly helped him, and as he was now in better circumstances he was very pleased to present a cheque for £25 to the fund. Thank you very much Fred, this illustrates perfectly what a Comrades Association is all about.

The Dinner was attended by ladies this year

for the first time and the experiment will be continued at least for 1969. Surprisingly the numbers did not increase and 285 sat down, exactly the same as in 1967. The Band of the 5th (Volunteer) Bn. The Royal Anglian Regiment played during dinner and their Dance Band played for us afterwards. A very happy and enjoyable evening was spent. Messages were received from all four ex-Colonels of the Northamptonshire Regiment, General Sir Harry H. S. Knox, General G. St. G. Robinson, Brigadier W. J. Jervois, and Brigadier J. Lingham.

One hundred and forty-five paraded on the Sunday under command of Lt.-Colonel O. K. Parker, with Major H. Payne as Parade Adjutant. We were very pleased to have with us our one In-Pensioner from Chelsea Hospital, Ex-Sgt. Tim Garvey. H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester laid a wreath on the Town War Memorial which was followed by Last Post and Reveille. Lt.-Colonel the Rev. W. B. Spencer conducted the service.

During the service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the 25 hassocks and the altar rail kneelers were dedicated. There are 13 with the collar badge design and 12 with the cap badge design. The altar rail kneelers have the centre device from the Colours together with the Crown and Talavera Scroll from the 48th Officers Cap button, and the Sphinx and Egypt from the 58th Officers Cap button with the Roman numerals XLVIII and LVIII.

A chair which was rescued from Aden at the time of the British evacuation, thanks to being noticed by General Sir Richard Goodwin, has also been placed in St. George's Chapel. It was one placed in St. Mary's Church, Crater, in 1911 as a Regimental Memorial by the 48th.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. W. H. Cooke who was Chaplain to 1



Fosters Works in
Lincoln 1914-18?
Who is the
Northampton
soldier?

Northampton during the Burma Campaign.

We were delighted to have with us for the Church Service and afterwards for lunch the Mayor of Northampton, and General Sir Christopher and Lady Welby-Everard.

The Peterborough Branch now has a membership of 76 with assets of £478, despite having had an expensive year with a considerable loss of income. They presented £5 to the Association's Benevolent Fund.

Monthly meetings continue to be held and there is an average attendance of 20 at them.

Once again they will sponsor the Reunion at Peterborough and this will be held on Saturday 19th October 1968. The Secretary is Mr. H. G. Tompkins, 181 St. Pauls Road, Peterborough.

The London Branch is on the mend. The new Secretary is Ron Tindall, the son of the late Secretary and his address is 15 Micawber House, Llewellyn Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.16.

The Branch meets regularly on the third Saturday of the month excepting in December at the Union Jack Club, Waterloo, and the numbers attending meetings is improving now reaching between 12 and 18.

In an endeavour to make themselves financially solvent a St. Leger Draw has been organised in addition to the very successful Grand National Draw.

There is a revival and long may it continue.

The Northampton Branch have moved into new premises which are at the top end of Gibraltar Barracks, the building that would be remembered by many as the old dining hall. The funds now stand at approximately £2,000 and there are 240 members.

During the year the Branch has donated £128 to sick members and for Christmas hampers. £47 has also been donated to the Association's Benevolent Fund.

A very successful Dinner and Dance was held earlier in the year which was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Northampton.

If any member of the Regiment is in Northampton on a Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday they will be very welcome at the Club. The Secretary is Mr. J. R. Matthews, 8 St. Leonards Road, Northampton.

Huntingdon Branch

Huntingdon Branch continues to maintain its membership strength and though our members are not increasing rapidly it is encouraging that our meetings are always fairly well attended in spite of the many calls on people's time during the summer months. It is quite surprising too, the number of new stories that unfold at every meeting (generally beginning with 'do you remember old so-and-so'). Old so-and-so is never present, of course, hence the story-teller has *carte blanche* to elaborate to his heart's content, and with all the frills imaginable!

Our steady progress in past months has not been without its problems and sadly we have to report the deaths of three very good Branch members, namely, Mr. Arthur Dodson, Mr. Frank Peake and Mr. Arthur Cousins, all during the early summer months. The Branch is now beginning to learn just how its services of welfare can be of real value, for in addition to these sad losses we have had four serious hospital cases to take care of. Whatever else may be lacking there is no doubt at all that Mr. C. E. T. Lees, our Branch Welfare Officer is kept extremely busy. This is not unusual, of course. We have always considered the welfare side of our activities to be of paramount importance, and this is as it should be, if the name 'Comrades' is to have any meaning at all.

The past months, however, have not all been dreary. On 20th July we enjoyed an excellent Garden Party at the home of our Chairman and his wife, Captain and Mrs. R. A. Copley. The weather might have been a little kinder, but this didn't dampen the enthusiasm of those who attended. Our every Branch meeting too is a social occasion in itself, and when the business of the evening is finished the glasses are re-filled and what some members call 'the real business' begins in earnest!

Plans are now under way for our third Branch Reunion Dinner and this event is due to take place on Saturday 9th November at Huntingdon. If the success of previous reunions can be taken as an example, then this promises to be a very enjoyable evening indeed. It is planned this year to invite other Branches in the Association and full details will be sent out shortly to London, Northampton and Peterborough Secretaries. We sincerely hope that some of you who might like to renew old acquaintances in the Huntingdon area will do your best to attend.

Alas, this report must now be brief. Our shrinking space in the Journal demands this, and is probably a sign of the times when smaller units must give way to bigger ones, when so many of us have to share the 75 or so pages. Nevertheless it is regrettable that 'Around the Branches' should be so condensed, and allocated only six pages in the last issue.

THE ROYAL NORFOLK REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

It is encouraging to report that interest in regimental association activities continues to increase, a trend which started way back in the early days of the amalgamation of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Regiments and has continued with spurts on every occasion that the new regiment has taken a further step in re-organisation and become more remote from former members. The changes in the regimental and battalion titles and the redesignation of county Headquarters have left members quite bewildered but they take comfort in the knowledge that the Regimental Association goes on for ever. At any rate we all hope so.

We were saddened by the news of the deaths of Brigadier M. D. Jephson and his wife which resulted from an air disaster in the Irish Sea during March. An obituary notice appears on page 75.

There was a good attendance at the Cenotaph in Whitehall in May when the London Branch paraded for the annual wreath-laying ceremony. We were particularly pleased to have with us on this occasion 83 year-old Major J. R. H. Bolingbroke, MBE, DCM, late of the Dorset Regiment and formerly RSM of the combined 'Norset' Battalion which operated in Mesopotamia during 1916.

The London Branch are breaking new ground by holding a Dinner Dance at the Union Jack Club on Saturday 12th October when they hope there will be a very much improved attendance.

Twelve of the eighteen Memorial Cottages in Norwich have been redecorated this year and plans are well in hand for the erection of six garages for the use of the disabled tenants. The Regiment is most grateful to the Army Benevolent Fund for granting an interest-free loan to make possible the provision of the garages.

There have been more visitors to the Regimental Museum this year than for a long time past and it would be unkind to say that they were driven inside by the deplorable weather. Among our visitors were former members of the Regiment whom we were particularly glad to see and some very knowledgeable experts who were impressed by much of what they saw, and from whom we were able to get some good advice concerning the maintenance and preservation of the many varied items on display.

A party of 40 members and their wives attended Beating of Retreat during the Regimental Weekend at Bury St. Edmunds. They were much appreciative of all that had been done by the Royal Anglian Regiment to make their visit so enjoyable. Their pleasure was somewhat tinged perhaps by the knowledge that the ceremony is unlikely to be repeated.

THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

The combined Associations Dinner at the Tavistock Banqueting Rooms in Charing Cross Road on 11th May 1968 was strongly supported by our members who very much appreciated the opportunity of a get-together with friends from other Branches as well as from the Essex Regiment Association. We are most grateful to Mr. Bill Aldridge, the Secretary of our London Branch, for taking such an active part in its organisation and we are glad that the success



Mr. C. C. Wells, Hon. Sec. Bedford Branch receives the Arnold Cup.

of the evening has resulted in a demand for a similar function next year.

On the previous Saturday to this, on 4th May, there was another most successful occasion, the Annual Dinner of the Ware (Hertfordshire Regiment) OCA. Over 220 members and their wives attended and they were delighted to have their President, Brigadier Hanbury Pawle with them after his recent illness. During the evening a presentation of a gold watch was made to Mr. Jimmy Crane to mark his twenty years as Honorary Secretary of the Branch.

Through the courtesy of Lieut-Colonel Bruce Elliott, Commanding Officer of The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (Territorials), we were able to have an Inter-Branch Shoot during the unit's Rifle Meeting on 26th May. Those of us not actively involved in the competition were able to enjoy the bar facilities and have a picnic lunch on one of the rare sunny days of the summer. Bedford Branch were the winners once again of the team cup through the good shooting of Messrs. Dean, Folds, Wells and Willmott and Mr. Dean won the Individual Cup.

In addition to this success in the outdoor shooting, Bedford Branch has also kept the flag flying in the Bedford United Services Games League in which they have been represented every season for twenty-one years. Mr. D. Hammond won the Crib Cup whilst Mr. Willmott was runner-up for the Darts Cup. The Branch ended the season by winning the premier award, the Arnold Cup. The accompanying photograph shows the donor, Mr. E. Arnold, MBE, presenting his trophy to Mr. 'Buster' Wells, Secretary of the Branch, who does so much throughout the year to get the

various teams at the right place at the right time.

We must finish on a sad note; the decision has had to be taken to wind up the 1st/5th Bedfords 1914-18, 'Yellow Devils'. One of the earliest of our Branches, it was formed shortly after World War I. Over the 50 years of its existence it has had a wonderful record and has done a tremendous amount of benevolent work to help former comrades in distress. With the passing years it was inevitable that the day would come when the Branch could not continue. In recording our regret, we must also express our admiration for the splendid spirit which has held them together for so long.

THE ESSEX REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

The main event in the Association calendar was the Annual Service of Remembrance which was held at Warley on Sunday 30th June. A splendid day with near perfect weather and over 400 members and their wives present.

For the Service at 3 p.m. in the Regimental Chapel it was necessary to have extra chairs placed in the aisles and to fill the choir stalls. Somehow we managed to find a place for all. The Service was conducted by the Reverend J. E. G. Davies, Senior Chaplain at Eastern District, and the Right Reverend Neville Welch, the newly appointed Bishop of Bradwell, an old friend of the Regiment, gave the Address. Immediately after the Service the March Past was led by Major Harry Staff our 80(plus)-year-old stalwart, with the Deputy Colonel and the President of the Association on the dais. Tea was then served in the Regimental Gardens, and more varied refreshments were available and consumed during the evening.



'A' Coy 2nd Essex Comrades.

Forming up
in the
gardens of
Warley before
the Parade,
30th June.



The Band of the 3rd Battalion journeyed from Tidworth to play at the Service and during the afternoon, and especially pleasing was their selection of Essex marches on the parade of old comrades. The attendance of a good number of serving officers was much welcomed. A most enjoyable day for all Pompadours.

Branch activity has in general continued in quieter vein during the summer months but the Chelmsford and Saffron Walden centres continue with a full programme of social and other events. The Association of Sergeants held their Annual Dinner at Romford on 31st August and though the attendance was small the customary good spirit prevailed.

The old 10th (1914-18) Battalion who have met regularly at their annual dinner in London since 1919 have decided that the dinner this year must be their grand finale. Sad, but inevitable! That they have managed to keep

together in such splendid measure is due mainly to the unceasing efforts of Colonel Randal Chell, who was Adjutant to the Battalion throughout most of its service in France and Flanders. We salute a grand company at their farewell parade.

The Southend branch which has had to forego its Annual Dinner this year will be holding a Dinner and Dance at the Westcliff Hotel on Saturday, 15th March 1969. Full details have not yet been arranged but all Pompadours can be assured that this will be a bumper evening.

The third Annual Dinner and Dance of the Chelmsford Branch will be held at the County Hall, Chelmsford, on Saturday 30th November. This most popular event will certainly command a full house as usual and members requiring tickets should make application without delay.



The Essex Regiment Re-union Parade at Warley.



Lt.-Col. Upcher looks satisfied with the splendid turnout of Old Tigers on 22nd June.

ROYAL TIGERS' ASSOCIATION

Royal Tigers' Weekend this year was on 22nd and 23rd June and proved a success. We were delighted to have with us three former Colonels of the Regiment, Brigadier Pinder, Lt.-General Sir Colin Callander and Major-General Sir Douglas Kendrew.

At the A.G.M. our President, Major-General John Spurling thanked the great number of members who had supported our money raising efforts. This year our Annual Sweep was run as usual on the Grand National. Thanks to the tremendous help of so many 'Tigers', both Retired and Serving, after paying for prizes and administrative expenses a record profit of £777 17s. 7d. was made. The Tombola run at the T. & A. V. R. Officers' Ball also made an excellent profit of £144 16s. 10d.

The A.G.M. was followed by the Annual Dinner and Reunion. Immediately after the Dinner the Band and Drums of the 4th (Leicestershire) Bn The Royal Anglian Regiment Beat Retreat quite outstandingly well on the Square, which was very greatly appreciated by both Serving and Retired 'Tigers' and their ladies.

The newly formed Grimsby Branch, headed by Mr. Willcock and Mr. Johnson, came in force with their ladies and seemed to enjoy themselves. We were delighted to see them here.

On the Royal Tigers' Sunday Parade Service in the Regimental Chapel we were honoured by the presence of the Lord Lieutenant of

Leicestershire and Mrs. Martin, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Leicester and the Chairman of the Leicestershire County Council and Mrs. Lloyd. After the Service, Old Comrades, led by the Band and Drums of the 4th (Leicestershire) Bn The Royal Anglian Regiment, marched past the Lord Lieutenant. The Parade was commanded again by Colonel 'Jimmy' Lowther with ex-RSM Marston carrying the Standard. The Collection was taken by Mr. Evans and Mr. Spence (Members of the General Committee of the Association), CSM Davis (17 Army Youth Team), CSM Murray, CSM Coles and C/Sgt. Cook (4 (Leicestershire) Coy 5 (Volunteer) Bn The Royal Anglian



Regiment), Sgt. Butterfield (our representative at the Leicester Army Information Office) and CSM Perry (The Royal Leicestershire Regiment (Territorial)).

All the social events were held at the TA Centre, Ulverscroft Road, Leicester. We are grateful to Colonel Farnsworth and the ACF for letting us put up Old Comrades in their hut at the TA Centre; to CSM Murray, C/Sgt. Cook and Sgt. Baker of 4 (Leicestershire) Coy; to all members of the Army Youth Team and to members of The Royal Leicestershire Regiment (Territorial) who all helped so much before, during and after the Weekend to make it a success. Also to RSM Wilson for making all so welcome in his Mess, to Sgt. Baker for looking after In-Pensioner Denby and finally to Major Dudley and Mr. Clark whose difficult job it was to co-ordinate everything at Ulverscroft Road.

A number of photographs were taken during Royal Tigers' Weekend. Copies can be seen at Regimental Headquarters and can be ordered for you at a cost of 4s. 6d. each. It is also proposed to show them at next Royal Tigers' Weekend in case anybody wishes to order some.

Opening of the Regimental Museum at the Magazine at Royal Tigers' Weekend 1969

Thanks to the tremendous help of the City of Leicester, Alderman Mrs. Trotter and Mr. Walden and his Museum Staff, work is going ahead well on the Magazine and it is hoped that the Regimental Museum will be ready for opening at Royal Tigers' Weekend (28th-29th June) next year.

If anybody has got anything suitable for display would he please send it to the Regimental Secretary or write to him about it.



General Spurling addresses the Annual Dinner.



Mr. Eato and Mr. Howe, South African War veterans chat with In-Pensioner ex-Cpl. Denby.



**Re-union Dinner
Young
and Old.**

THE SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION

Regimental Museum

On Friday, 26th April, a number of people who have helped with the restoration of the Keep at the Old Depot, together with the Mayor and Mayoress of Bury St. Edmunds, the Chairman of West Suffolk County Council, the Curators of the Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds Museums and Mr. Beer, who was for so long the Museum Orderly, gathered in the Museum for a small re-opening ceremony.

General Goodwin made a short speech thanking all who had helped with the work of getting the place going again.

We are very grateful to Major Gilson-Taylor and to Mr. Fisher, the Museum Orderly and Mrs. Robinson who runs the office, for all their hard work. This has included cleaning every item, relabelling, making up figures for the uniforms, putting new ribbons on nearly every medal, and a vast amount of sorting and checking.

Dedication of Memorials to Brigadier R. H. Maxwell, CB and Major F. V. C. Pereira

On Saturday, 27th April, Memorial Windows to Brigadier Maxwell and Major Pereira, together with Two Chairs given in Memory of Brigadier Maxwell by 142 Regiment RAC (7th Suffolk) were Dedicated in St. Mary's Church.

The Maxwell Window, which was subscribed to by a number of old friends of all ranks, was designed by Lt.-Colonel Monier Williams. In the centre is the Maxwell crest of a stag's head, and as well as the crest of the Suffolk Regiment, included in the window are the badges of the 1st East Anglian Regiment, of which he was Colonel, the 23rd London Regiment, of which he was Honorary Colonel, The Royal Military Police and the Army Physical Training Corps.

The Pereira Window design is based on the centrepiece of the Stablis Colour and was given by Mrs. Pereira and her daughter, Irene.

The Service was taken by Canon Godfrey, Vicar of St. Mary's, assisted by Canon W. M. Lummis, MC, and the band of the 1st Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment provided the music.

Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret was represented at the service and the Congregation included representatives of the families of both Officers being Commemorated, together with a number of old friends.

The Address was given by Brigadier Backhouse and General Goodwin read the Lesson.

Annual Reunion

The Reunion was held at Blenheim Camp, Bury St. Edmunds, on Saturday, 14th July.

Despite cloudbursts early in the morning, the weather turned out fine and warm and we had a most enjoyable day. In all, some four to five hundred attended including a contingent from the 5th Battalion (1939-45).

The annual Church Service was taken by Canon Lummis and was very well attended. At the end of the Service, General Goodwin brought us up to date on the changes in the organisation of the Infantry and on the affairs of the Association.

After lunch, the Museum was open and was crowded with visitors until 5 o'clock.

We were then treated to an excellent Beating of Retreat by the Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion, who marched on to the tune of 'The Duchess' a very popular item in their programme.

It is not possible to name all those present, but we would like to say how much we appreciated the attendance, not only of those who joined in the early 1900s, but also the large numbers of those who joined in the 1950s.

We are most grateful to all ranks of the Depot, The Royal Anglian Regiment for their help over running the Reunion, and to the Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion for Beating Retreat and to the Band for playing at our Service.



At the Louth and District Branch Dinner. Left to right: Mrs. G. H. Horstead, Mr. G. H. Horstead, Mrs. J. E. Odlin, Major J. E. Odlin, DSM, Chairman, Alderman R. Cross, Mrs. R. Cross, Major and Mayoress, Mr. R. S. Dann and Mrs. R. S. Dann.

10th FOOT, ROYAL LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

SPALDING AND DISTRICT BRANCH MODERN 'CHAR WALLAHS' AT SPALDING

At the Branch Committee Meeting, it was decided to launch operation 'Modern Char Wallahs' to raise funds, and after many suggestions and proposals it was agreed to attack the Spalding U.D.C. for permission to have a stall at the Spalding Tulip Parade on Saturday and Sunday, 4th and 5th May 1968, which each year draws thousands of people to the town.

After a grim battle the Council surrendered and gave their permission. On Saturday, in true Spaldonian style the 'Char Wallahs' and their ladies set out their stall and did battle royal with 'Teas and Wads' and by evening success was achieved in spite of many 'set-backs'. On Sunday the battle continued with attack on the public purse strings, and victory was achieved with a clear profit to the Branch funds.

Branch Officials

Mr. S. Goodwin has taken over Vice-Chairman vice Mr. A. R. Reddin who has resigned.

Mr. N. Dalton has taken over duties of Branch Welfare Officer.

LOUTH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

The Branch Annual Dinner and Dance was held in the British Legion Hall, Louth, on Saturday, 6th April 1968. Unfortunately owing to a previous engagement our President, Major-General Sir Christopher and Lady Welby-Everard were unable to be present. Major and Mrs. P. H. Segon were present also our guests included the Mayor and Mayoress of Louth, Alderman and Mrs. R. Cross. Chief Inspector J. Pettitt proposed the Toast of 'The Regiment' to which Major P. H. Segon, MBE, replied.

The Toast to 'The Guests' was proposed by the Branch Chairman, Major J. E. Odlin, DCM, and the response was by the Mayor, Alderman R. Cross.

About 120 members and friends attended the Dinner (not forgetting our friends of the Grimsby Branch) and a very enjoyable evening was had by all.

DIARY DATES

1968

- 11 October 4/5th Battalion Officers' Dinner, Leicester.
- 12 October 4th Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment, Freedom of the City of Leicester March, Leicester.
- 26 October 1st Battalion Reunion, Leicester.
- 10 November Remembrance Sunday
- 16 November Essex Regiment Association, Thurrock Branch, Annual Dinner and Dance, United Services Club, Stanford-le-Hope.
- 30 November Essex Regiment Association Chelmsford Branch, Annual Dinner and Dance, County Hotel, Chelmsford.
- 13 December Officers' Ball, Leicester.
- 13 December 1st Bn. Officers Dinner Club dine at The Army and Navy Club.
- 14 December All Ranks Ball, Leicester.

1969

- 15 March Essex Regiment Association, Southend Branch, Westcliff Hotel, Westcliff-on-Sea.
- 2 May Regimental Dinner, London.
- 2 May 3rd Bn. Officers Dinner Club dine at The United Services Club.
- 23 May 2nd Bn. Officers Dinner Club dine at The United Services Club.
- 28/29 June Royal Tigers' Week End, Leicester.
- 29 June Essex Regiment Annual Reunion, Warley.



**'A' Company
Guard of
Honour
for
General B. T. Rapp.**

We have continued our varied, lively, life individually and as a Battalion. We have been back to Otterburn (it didn't snow!) to Sennybridge, to Stamford and to France (it did rain!) Pompadours have exercised with Paras in Denmark and England and also in Libya, as Arabic interpreters. Speaking of interpreters—Major W. J. G. Hancock of 'A' Company had the honour to command a Guard of Honour for the visit of General B. T. Rapp, Supreme Commander of the Swedish Armed Forces to Strategic Command. For some weeks before this event, in addition to the usual shouting of words of Command on the square, strange sounds could be heard from behind the locked doors of 'A' Company office. On the day, the 'regimental linguist' presented his guard in fluent Swedish, he in return being presented with a pair of cuff links, an old Swedish custom; the Commanding Officer, regretfully decided that they wouldn't really 'go' on a plinth in the Officers' Mess, and graciously permitted him to keep them.

One hundred of our men, 'A' Company again, plus four drummers, immaculate in scarlet, paraded through St. Albans, as escort to one of the four original copies of Magna Carta, to mark the 753rd anniversary of the drafting of the document. The drummers acted as close escort, closely followed by a worried man in a bowler hat, from the Public Records Office, who had, allegedly, signed for it! He need not have worried. Sgt. Willis, that well known col-

Pompadour's Progress



**'Magna Carta'—L/Cpl. Newton, Cpl. Parsons,
Dmr. Bowler, L/cpl. Howel.**

lector of antiquities, had not at that stage, rejoined us.

We took part in the Warrior Trophy competition for the first time; this is a Parachute Brigade gladiatorial contest of infinite variety. As newcomers we only managed third overall. But we were finalists in the cricket and tug-of-war, second in the swimming and third in the

athletics, where we shone in the sprints and swept the field in the hammer and discus.

We marched in the Cambrian March, of which more hereafter, and in any case, have been on the go both before, and ever since! Pompadours don't grow old gracefully, they stay young vigorously!

Some of the Para feeling has rubbed-off, and ten stalwarts took their lives in their hands to become free fall parachutists, just to show that we can do it too, and for fun at that!

3rd Bn Train in France Exercise 'Addax'



L/Cpl. Hill and Pte. McCarty visit Belfort.



Pte. Newman 'Aloft'.

We spent three weeks training in France, at the French Army Training Area at Valdahon, about twenty miles from the town of Besancon and some sixty miles from Geneva. We went expecting to spend three weeks, the first three in August, in glorious sunshine, with a tan at the end of it to match our Kenya colouring and looking as though we were just finishing, instead of just about to start, our summer leave. In fact, heavy rain damped everything except our spirits. Old hands muttered about Malayan down-pours, only it was warmer there! Despite the rain, we had a thoroughly interesting and energetic time. The area was small but varied, with thick woods and hedgerows that taxed our powers of navigation to the utmost. We grasped some idea of what some of our fathers had to cope with in the Normandy Bocage.

For our most enterprising exercise, we were allowed to start some 18 kilometres outside the training area, and move back in by small groups under cover of darkness, or of the forests by day. We were quite high up, hills ranging to 2,500 feet, with steep slopes. Some pretty scary cliffs were climbed—by mistake!

Various members of the Battalion were out on



Lt. Johnson and Pte. Beckett.

the look out for us, including C/Sgt. Simmons of Support Company who, as Battalion interpreter, was well placed to discover our movements from the local population. He scored one notable success, when he invited the children of one village to help him find the soldiers. Lt. McMillen and some of the anti-tank platoon were making their way down an overgrown ridge when a horde of whooping children leaped on them with loud cries of 'ambushe', 'ambushe', where upon they momentarily abandoned war and fraternized with the sweets from their rations. He scored one equally notable failure when he went to a lonely cottage on one of the possible routes and asked the lady of the house whether she had seen any soldiers. 'Oh! no!' she said, 'there are none here, and I haven't seen any,' and so on, in a long conversation. The C/Sgt. left, convinced. However, behind the door throughout the conversation was Sgt. Randall-Wood of 'A' Company and the house was swarming with soldiers. Besancon was the centre of the Maquis during the war, and the lady was a professional—she hid them, fed them, and took them on a guided tour of the house where she had concealed many people for 'real', showing them where she had hidden the radio, where the weapons, and so forth, before sending them safely on their way.

For four out of the five days of this exercise it rained almost continuously, but everybody kept going with considerable enthusiasm and, perhaps because of the rain, a certain amount of usually wary wild life was seen close up, including one or two very large foxes. Major Hancock was charged by a wild boar, which missed!

Speaking of wild boar; the French Regiment permanently stationed in the Barracks at Val-

dahon was the 30th Regiment of Dragoons (in French the 30^{eme} Dragons) who had the wild boar as their emblem. This regiment did much, together with the Commandant of the camp, to make us feel at home. The officers were entertained to cocktails—champagne flowed—the WO's/Sgts. became semi-permanent members of the French Mess, and the soldiers mixed happily in each others bars and canteens. We played the 30th at football, loosing 3-2 in a mud bath after a very vigorous and cheerful game. They also laid on an interesting demonstration of the AMX30, their new tank.

When the officers of our Battalion returned hospitality we were blessed with a brilliant sunny evening, and were able to do so in the open air in a beautiful clearing in the training area, designated the Commandants Picnic Area, and out of bounds for training. We had many guests, civil and military, and the drums, resplendent in scarlet, beat retreat for them.

Drum Major Sutcliffe and his Corps of Drums were the *pièce de résistance* of our visit. 'Le Redcoats' won immense and well deserved local popularity. They beat retreat in the Camp, in Valdahon, the local village, in Besancon itself before a crowd of at least 2,000, and French Television cameras, and in



Go, Gull! Go! . . . on the French Assault Course.

the nearby villages of Vercel and Pierrefontaine. After each performance, which in the villages were watched by the entire population, there were speeches of welcome by the Mayor, replies by Colonel Dymoke, and then a presentation of flowers by a little girl, carefully chosen, and shepherded by a proud and anxious mother, which Colonel Dymoke laid on the local war memorial (the war memorial was much cherished in these villages, which had suffered very heavy casualties both military and civil—in the Maquis). The Colonel, the Mayor, local Counsellors, the Drum Major and some officers then retired to the Mayor's parlour to drink to Anglo-French Friendship. The French were much appreciative of Britain's friendship and help in war, both past and present, and made this very plain to us. The drummers retired to be fêted in a local café.

To end about the Drums, a shopkeeper in Valdahon asked two officers if we were leaving (on the last day). 'Yes' they said, 'and your beautiful musicians?' 'Yes' they said; she sighed sadly.

We had one long weekend during our visit which we used on trips to local beauty spots, principally Le Lac de Saint Point, towards the



'I shouldn't have come!'—Pte. Taylor in France.

Swiss border, and journeys into the local towns.

Support Company were lucky enough to go, en masse to visit the vineyards of M. Henri Maire of Arbois in the Jura, where, after a conducted tour, they tasted fine wines in the Cellars of M. Maire's chateau. The wines were very fine, too!

All in all, we had good value from our time in France, improving our palates and our training.



Beautiful Musicians—Valdahon.



Exercise 'Addax'

AS SEEN BY TWO RECRUITS

Written by Ptes King and Murray-Smith

Along with the various attachments to the Third Battalion of the Royal Anglian Regiment was a training platoon from the Depot. This was Gaza Platoon, commanded by Lt. Hipkin and supervised by Sgt. Boss and Cpls. Diaper and Turner. It was extremely lucky in that its final weeks of training coincided with Excise 'Addax'. Because of this the platoon was able to accompany the Battalion to France to complete their basic training rather than at Stanford PTA. Now not only could the recruits put into practice all that had been taught in theory as in usual 'Battlecamps', but they could also have the opportunity of an insight into battalion life.

Today's army is a professional army and therefore to attain a higher standard of professionalism as possible the platoon commander and his NCOs gave their recruits little respite in their training, and as many aspects were covered as possible.

Weapon training is of great importance and the platoon were able to make use of an improvised but efficient patrol-alley using the SMG for CQB. Here also, every recruit passed the SMG classification stages two and three. With both the SLR and the GPMG the recruits were able to take their final classifications before going to their battalions. Here, on the rather antiquated ranges Pte. Salisbury was able to obtain marksman on the SLR and Ptes. Meadowcroft and Blythe on the GPMG.

Gaza Platoon on Exercise 'Addax'.

Back row: Ptes., Blythe, King, Mitra, Birch, Newell, Edwards.

Centre: Ptes., Salisbury, Panter, Meadowcroft, Kerfoot, Murray, Smith.

Front: Cpl. Diaper, Lt. Hipkin, Sgt. Boss, Cpl. Turner.

One whole day was devoted to a map reading exercise in the training areas but this resulted in a "Tour de France" by foot for certain members of the platoon. This resulted in a minor exercise at a later date with slightly better results. (Pte. King did not get lost!)

Because of the final Physical Training test which remained to be taken at the Depot, much attention was paid to this aspect. The assault course and the following forced march certainly required all the 'blood, sweat and tears' that the platoon possessed, and the excellent confidence course served its purpose in that while the first obstacle was approached with extreme caution, the last was approached with a rather flamboyant and reckless attitude.

Sport was also very much part of the agenda, and softball and football were played. In two football matches the platoon was resoundly thrashed by 'D' Company and then by the 'Signals'. However, Cpl. Turner and Pte. Panter who was still in training, were honoured to be chosen to play for the battalion against the French '30th Dragoons'. Pte. Panter as substitute was required to play in the second half and acquitted himself admirably in a game which the battalion were unfortunate to lose.

A week after the end of the exercise the platoon were to pass out, so Sgt. Boss ensured that the parade would be up to a high standard by having several drill periods, and once RSM Bullock of the third battalion was able to instruct the platoon.

Towards the end of the training one whole day was devoted to 'Culminating Tests' in which groups were required to map-read from point to point, and upon reaching each point



2 Section on
the Forced March.

each group was required to be tested on some aspect of training such as camouflage and personal concealment, the SMG, "2" inch mortar, movement with the GPMG, fire control orders, and Indicating targets.

The platoon took part in two exercises. In 'Clarion Call' the platoon mounted guard over the 'Divisional HQ' and actually succeeded in detecting two recce patrols of the Recce Platoon of 32 Anglian. 'Final Fling,' as the name suggests, was the main and also the last exercise that the platoon would take part in as a group. The main features of the exercise were the digging of defensive positions, the recce and fighting patrols and finally a dawn attack against the 'Fells'.

Some pleasure was in fact mixed with business. Besancon, a nearby large town, was visited several times and here members of the platoon went swimming or managed to increase their vocabulary from *Qui* or *non* to *Un biere, s'il vous plait*. The historic town of Belfort was also visited and the platoon

were duly impressed with the famous statue of the 'Belfort Lion'.

When asked their views on the whole exercise, all members replied that it had been an enjoyable experience but had added 'but the weather . . .' A little misery had been caused by the wet weather, but on reflection most admitted that conditions could have been far worse. Many members also expressed a fervent desire to return to British lavatories where they could safely assume the 'sitting supported' as opposed to the 'sitting unsupported' position, although all but Pte. Salisbury had classified.

In all, the aims of the exercise were achieved. Theory had been put efficiently into practice; all had now an insight into battalion life; and also the platoon could have a more mature outlook about the life of soldiering. Finally, our appreciation must be expressed in thanking Colonel Dymoke and his battalion for the warm hospitality which they extended towards Gaza Platoon.



1 Section at the end
of the Forced March.



The Poachers
remember those
who were left
behind in
Cyprus in
1967.

2nd Bn Return to Cyprus

'We must get the chaps abroad for training,' DAT said. 'There's Cyprus', said the G 1. 'Yes', said ASD, '2 R Anglian could go, they've only been to Malaya, Otterburn, Stamford, Scotland and Sennybridge recently, so they can't have much on at present'. 'Alright', said DAT, 'fix it up'.

Some time later the advance party touched down at Akrotiri and drove straight out to Alexander Barracks, Dhekelia. Only the 2IC was a new boy, as all the rest had spent two or three years in the same barracks just a year before. 'Hasn't changed much', said one as he left the coach. 'Evening Ghulam Nabi—I want two pairs of trousers by tomorrow morning please'. 'What about the Char Wallahs, sahib?' 'Sir, I've lost my pack'—The Poachers were back again.

The battalion arrived nearly ten days later, and almost at once was deployed on a reinforcement exercise for the Sovereign Base Areas. 'A' Company had to start off as an enemy mob which according to the RSM of

9 Signals Regiment was highly effective—'Very realistic and effective—you know—scruffy'. He might have said a bit more had he known that the beer fridge was closely examined for secret papers by some of 'A' Company.

'B' Company was involved in quelling a full blooded riot the next day, shields, batons, magistrates, hosepipes and all. As the tension of the exercise mounted so the battalion became fully committed to the defence of Key Points. During the night 'C' Company was under heavy pressure and was involved in a local counter attack. By a rapid move that would have done credit to any minute miler the enemy deployed in the Goshi Troulli. The battalion was quickly away and the hunt was up. A vigorous encirclement and attack had the beggars on the run, and peace returned again to the SBA.

The GOC 3 Division called on the battalion during their stay and was able to see all forms of battalion training from the Camp at Evidhimou where each Company spent a week



The Medical Detachment practising rock climbing.

in turn, to the Medical Team completing a rock climbing course. He just missed seeing the Assault Pioneer Flotilla setting off for Cape Pyla, sometimes in line astern and sometimes in line abreast depending on which chap was steering.

Outside the normal run of training, the battalion was able to enter into the Cyprus life with zest and there has been plenty of opportunity to swim and get about in Dhekelia. Water Skiing attracted some, and nearly drowned others. The Signals Officer has taken out a number a NCOs and men on a Free Falling Course, a sport that is catching on fast with the Poachers. The Officers and Sergeants have joined battle in a highly dangerous game of water/basket ball for which the rules were made as the game proceeded. The Hash House Harriers met for their 76th run at the barracks and the MTO's cry of 'On, on, on' was heard across the dry and rocky assault course that some joker had chosen for a gentle run.

It was a highly successful stay although there was a distinct difference of opinion between those who went hard for a panic tan in the last week, and those who tried to scrub it off before returning to their families who had been left to enjoy the rains in August.

Exercise Starblaze

by

Ptes. Priest and Leighton, 1 Pl 'A' Company

At 8.30 on Thursday, 2nd August, 1968, 'A' Company 2 R Anglian left for Cyprus travelling by coaches to Devizes in Wiltshire. For Exercise Starblaze we had the Drums attached as a third Rifle Platoon. On arrival at Devizes we were processed through the Mobile Control Check Point and we were given accommodation for the night and an evening meal. The NAAFI and the Beer Bar here were greatly appreciated. The following morning we continued to Lynham by coach, and boarded our RAF Britannia. Much to the disappointment of all 'A' Company we had no hostesses, only three male stewards who served orange and biscuits all the way.

The flight was uneventful except for an incident involving Pte Peacock, who on being told that a bolt had come out of the propeller, looked in amazement out of the window for the offending bolt. However, we landed at Nicosia safely at 1515 hrs., 'losing' one hour en route. After being checked through the airport customs we boarded the buses belonging to Lefkaritis Bros., who own the biggest bus company on the Island, and departed for Alexander Barracks in Dhekelia where, not 12 months before, the Regiment had been stationed for three years.

After a weekend's preparation we started Exercise Barney, an IS exercise to test security in the SBA. 1 Platoon were stationed in Mercury Barracks, home of the 9th Royal Signals Regiment, where we commandeered the Club House of the Grand Order of Buffaloes 'for the duration'.

After several call-outs against suspected enemy we thought we had a genuine position to attack. Cpl 'Nero' Travis took his section out in the 3-ton vehicle and, debusing rapidly put in a furious attack only to find the 'enemy' were 3 Greek shepherds sleeping beneath a washing line. During the evening we were attacked several times by hit and run raiders, who did not allow us to get to grips with them.

However on Wednesday afternoon, we moved up to Goshi Troulli to attack the enemy in their base. Our Company task was to move around the enemy position at night, get into an assault position, and attack at dawn. Moving around



Move along now, you 'orrible little perisher! Pte. Titlow, 'B' Coy.

behind the enemy positions, we were challenged by an enemy sentry who, it was later found out, after challenging us, observing our column for five minutes and conferring with his Guard Commander, mistook us for ten (!) of his own troops come to reinforce his position. By the time he had returned we had mysteriously disappeared round the hill. Dawn came and over we went. After advancing for about 300 yards, a very irate umpire of the

Carbiniers told us that a scout car 300 yards away, had wiped out our platoon in about 20 seconds—an event we failed to take suitable notice of— with a few curses we lay down but were immediately told to move on by the Company Commander, Major Tadman. Unfortunately the umpire had the advantage in the following argument as two more Saladins arrived and we were without Energa ammunition. Despite this setback the Company attack was a big success and the Brigadier and the Commanding Officer congratulated us on doing what they thought was a most difficult attack.

We returned to Dhekalia after the exercise, and the following day moved to Evidhimou where for five days we did night training in the form of patrols and map reading on alternate nights.

On Monday night we had a Barbecue, which was also a great success. Plenty of beer and singing, but no women. On returning to Dhekalia we began to train for the Company Night Attack Test Exercise set by Battalion HQ at the end of Exercise Starblaze. The new form of training was to split up the sections into Red, Green and Gun Groups, two to five men, and to infiltrate independently through the enemy positions to an FUP behind enemy lines. Whilst practising this training one night a group of 'enemy', who were defending a hill, heard a rumble of rocks from the top and on looking around saw a group of four men coming down towards them. On being challenged the leader went down on one knee and answered 'friend'. On being told to 'advance and be recognised' all four turned and ran like goats back up the hill, followed by several blank rounds of am-



The Riot Squad.

munition. This patrol turned out to be the CSM and his crew, and this incident was not mentioned in the debriefing!

Although this technique of infiltration in small groups is a new one it appears to be working quite successfully, and we continue to improve with practice.

As well as all the training we did, we managed to play some sport including a league cricket match against Admin. Company which we lost by three wickets and an inter-platoon swimming gala. Included in this swimming gala were breaststroke, backstroke and free style, diving for tin plates, and a medley race in KDs. 1 Platoon, who had the strongest team including one water baby, Pte. Powley, won by a very large margin of 76 points. The winners of the individual finals were, Breaststroke, Pte. Powley; Backstroke, Pte. Shoot. Sgt. Evans, who is considered an old man, gave us all a surprise by coming second in the Backstroke, and Cpl. Travis won the Freestyle. All these and the rest of the winning team enjoyed cans of McEwans as prizes. The most enjoyable and funny events was the 'KD medley' that 1 Platoon won, as usual, in great style. 3 Platoon's Pte. Williams struggled home in last position completing the course with 'KD' trousers in hand.

Now that training is nearly finished everyone is looking forward to going home to 'Dear Old Blighty' and 16 days well-earned leave.



TERRITORIALS

The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment go by air to Guernsey

Personnel from Regimental Headquarters, 1 Coy, the Signals Platoon and Reconnaissance Platoon, also the Corps of Drums (mostly from the Hertford, Ware and district) will move off from St. Andrew Street Drill Hall, Hertford, at 0530 hrs on Saturday 14th September 1968.

Personnel from No 2 Coy at Adeyfield Road, Hemel Hempstead, will move off at 0600 hrs on 14th September.

Personnel from No 3 Coy, Marsh Road, Luton, will move off at 0600 hrs 14th September.

Personnel from No 4 Coy, Ashburnham Road, Bedford, will move off at 0600 hrs 14th September.

Their estimated time of arrival at Lyneham is 1000 hrs.

At Lyneham they will travel by Hercules aircraft on Flight 3771/3772 taking off at approximately 1200 hrs on 14th September.

Their time of arrival at Guernsey is estimated at 1315 hrs on 14th September.

Approximately 140 all ranks are involved in this move to Camp.

(H. P. WOODS) Captain
Adm. Officer.

Two weeks' excellent training was completed—all paid for by Regimental funds and individual pockets

'C' Company on the move.



Major Pickford issues his orders to Sgt. Hamall, CSM Parker and Sgt. Haynes.

THE ROYAL LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT (Territorial)

Having no official role since January, our training has been organised on an infantry basis and designed to promote maximum interest in order to hold the support of our existing members. Several enjoyable exercises have been held, and the Bn Rifle Meeting this year was successful and well attended. Our activities in this field culminated in a most successful week of 'in camp' training, carried out with the 4th Battalion at Gordon Barracks, Gillingham, in the last week of August.

Largely through the generosity of the 4th Battalion in supplying instructors, weapons, wireless sets and other aids, our detachment of over 50 officers and men were given the opportunity of using equipment not normally available to us. Our WRAC members operated an efficient MT Section, though some Landrovers had a tendency at times to roll, which was probably due to our girls association with the WRNS at HMS Pembroke with whom they were accommodated. Because the Band was on leave during our stay, arrangements were made for our band members to join the band of 1st Battalion Light Infantry during their practice sessions at Gravesend. Yet another example of the co-operation afforded us by the Regulars.

Without the help of the Regular Battalion, our task in holding a week's 'in camp' training on a 'no cost to the public' basis would have been difficult. It is probably not generally realised in all quarters that T & AVR III has to bear all training costs. Petrol, rations, hire of additional transport, purchase of some types

of ammunition and many other items all have to be paid for from our own funds. While our bill for this camp will certainly be large, it would have been much greater without the help of the 4th Battalion—Whatever the final cost, it was worth every penny.

On a personal note, one memorable event occurred when the CO, Honorary Colonel and a few officers met for lunch at a hotel in Fordwick near Canterbury. On arrival it was discovered that General Sir Colin Callander lived only a few yards away. Needless to say he was immediately contacted and persuaded to join the party. He seemed delighted at the coincidence of our visit—we certainly were.

As the Year 1968 draws to a close, we look forward to the next major event on our calendar. The visit of the 4th Battalion to Leicester on 11th-12th October when they exercise their rights to the Freedom of the City. We hope that on that occasion we shall be able to repay in some small way, the hospitality and assistance they extended to us in August this year.



Radio Caroline, perhaps? Major Hunter and Cpl. Teeddale, 2 Coy. 'Valiant Volunteers'—Page 61.

SUFFOLK AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGIMENT TRAIN IN YORKSHIRE

Despite the late decision to attend a Voluntary Camp this year and in view of the fact that most members had already committed themselves to holiday arrangements, we managed to take a nucleus of the unit to Annual Camp. Having decided to go, we were faced with the question of accommodation and feeding. These two obstacles were eventually overcome, thanks to the kind co-operation of two Regular Units stationed in Catterick Camp. Our own 1st Battalion agreed to feed us, while the King's Regiment, managed to lend us sleeping accommodation, most of their soldiers being on block leave. At least we had four walls and a roof. In fact the accommodation was first-class albeit that breakfast was three miles from bed. We are particularly grateful to the 1st Battalion for other 'fringe benefits' they so kindly provided. Training-wise we kept entirely to ourselves and carried out pre-planned exercises designed specifically for forty or so men and for the tricky terrain of the Wensleydale Area of the Yorkshire Moors.

A day was devoted to a trekking exercise involving small parties moving over ground identifiable only by natural features. Nobody got lost and all parties managed to RV at the lunchtime in the "Green Dragon" before undertaking the second half of the trek.

A further day was spent on the range and the officers shot particularly well using SLR. We fired these in preference to the No. 4s merely as a change.

A rather involved patrolling/skirmishing exercise occupied a further whole day. In this our former padre managed to shoot two or three men and later to perform their burial service. A versatile man indeed.

The Camp period, 25th - 30th July, although only of five days, was a full and active one and served to prove what we really knew all the time—that the spirit and flesh are willing even though the Exchequer is weak.

ARMY CADETS ESSEX

Despite tropical downpours, high winds and the Kent variety of Scotch Mist, which elements persisted throughout the whole of the first week and for part of the second, the Annual Camp at Dibgate was an undoubted success, and the high morale of the cadets was much in evidence. Most of the cadets stayed for the full two weeks and weather apart, a varied and adventurous programme of training was carried out. Highlights included helicopter flights, motor-cycle training, adventure and bivouac night training and the sports included a Tetrathlon contest won by 3rd Regiment. Parents day at the weekend was a great success.

A number of distinguished officers visited the Camp including General Sir 'Monty' Stopford and Major-General F. A. H. Ling, GOC Eastern District.

Major Douglas Mullis, OC, 3rd Regiment received the very well merited award of the MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours list. A tremendous enthusiast, Major Mullis has given outstanding service to the ACF for more than 18 years.

Four winners of individual events at the Eastern Area Meeting at Colchester went on to gain awards in the National competitions at Cranwell on 20th July.

Cadet G. Salmon of 3rd Regt. (Discus 15-17), was first at Colchester and Cranwell.

Sgt. B. Low, 8th Regt. (High Jump 17-19), was first at Colchester and second at Cranwell.

L/Cpl. J. Banks, 8th Regt. (440 yds 17-19), first at Colchester, third at Cranwell.

Cadet R. Loveridge, 6th Regt. (440 yds 17-19), first at Colchester and fourth in the National Championships.

.22 Shooting this year went to 6th Regiment and swimming to 3rd Regiment.

And who are we who also wear your badges?

What is that rather ragged band of Officers, NCOs and boys who appear to be wearing the uniform and badges of the Royal Anglian Regiment? Well, if seen in Essex it would be the 5th Essex Cadet Regiment, with RHQ and HQ Detachment at Braintree, Detachments at Witham, Halstead, Dunmow and Saffron Walden.

The Regiment, with the exception of the CO and Staff Officers are badged Royal Anglian and are affiliated to No. 3 Company (5 (v) Bn. The Royal Anglian Regiment at Chelmsford. Many of its Officers have served in the Essex Regiment, either Regular or TA Battalions (Major M. C. Portway, T.D., Lt. T. Carmichael and Lt. P. Clarke) and three of the senior adults were members of the 4th/5th Bn. The Essex Regiment TA (RSM R. Easterbrook, SMI D. Halls and SMI S. Snow). The other adults are a mixture of other services and some have only been Cadets before becoming suitable for Adult Service.

We have 156 Cadets at the present time and are making recruiting drives to bring this number to 200 or 250 if possible. Our turnout is not as bad as the opening paragraph may suggest and it is improving all the time. Most of the Cadets have bought boots, as this

is not an issue and some have spent considerable sums on obtaining combat suits to make their appearance more professional.

In August we attended the annual Essex ACF Camp which was held at Dibgate, near Shorncliffe. The weather was poor but the spirit was sky-high. Training was carried out in watermanship, section tactics, guard mounting, map reading and compass work and we were lucky to have the use of the Youth Team from Southend under Capt. Barrett and Sgt. Hutchins, whom many of the readers of this Magazine will know.

Finally, may we make a plea to your serving readers? Whilst many of our Cadets join the Army, *very few* go to the Royal Anglian Regiment and this is only due to ignorance. We urgently need: visits from your recruiting teams; invitations to visit your Depots for a day or a weekend; assistance with badges, books, equipment and clothing of which QMs must condemn much which would be like gold dust to us, so can you help us to help ourselves and thus answer our own heading? We are the 5th Essex Cadet Regiment, Badged Royal Anglian, proud of it, and so turned out you would be proud of us.

NORFOLK A.C.F.

We finished the year with a strength of 47 officers, 34 SMI/SLs and 617 cadets, an increase of nearly 100 cadets during the year. The total number of Detachments is 24 and while the regrettable loss of Sheringham must be recorded we welcome new detachments at North Walsham and Earlham and the starting of cadet classes at Fakenham and Costessey Secondary Modern Schools.

We report with pleasure that an increased number of detachments have been classified as 'Above Standard' at the Annual Official Visits. These are: Aylsham Road, Norwich, of

the Cadet Norfolk Artillery; Gorleston, Harleston and Yarmouth York Road of 2nd Battalions; and Downham Market, King's Lynn, Sandringham and Watton of 3rd Battalion.

We have had the fullest support from HQ Eastern District at Colchester through No. 1 Cadet Training Team, No. 44 Army Youth Team and RHQ The Royal Anglian Regiment to whom we are proud to be affiliated. This assistance has taken the form of the running of a number of local courses for Adults and Senior Cadets, Demonstrations, Assistance at Camp, etc.

In January we held our half-yearly conference of adults at the Norfolk County Council Youth Service Training Centre at Wensum Lodge, Norwich. We were very fortunate in having with us the Lord Lieutenant Sir Edmund Bacon, Lt.-General Sir Ian Freeland, DCGS, and Deputy Colonel The Royal Anglian Regiment and Dr. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer.

One hundred and thirty members of the ACF took part in Exercise Jigsaw I run by Royal Norfolk Regiment (T) in conjunction with the Police and CID in February in which all concerned were warmed up after a chilly 24 hours by the clearance of Mackleburgh Hill of infiltrators and dissidents.

We concluded the year with camp at Penhale in Cornwall which involved a train journey of 12 hours, almost as long as that to Scotland two years ago. In spite of this and aided by the most glorious weather and a very comfortable hatted camp on the cliffs overlooking the sea, a most enjoyable and instructive time was spent in the excellent training area adjoining the camp which made it possible for many exercises to finish conveniently in the sea, on Bodmin Moor when 24-hour exercises were held including Bitonacs and 'field cooking' and on Dartmoor where a Duke of Edinburgh 'Gold' expedition was held lasting four days. A visit was also made to the RN Air Station, Culdrose, where the Navy did us proud.

On the open range the culmination came with the placing of the CNA team as first and the 3rd Battalion team as fourth in the Eastern District Rifle Meeting at Colchester in July.

At football we were beaten by Middlesex in the Command Final at Colchester.

At the Command Pentathlon Championships also held at Colchester in May at which each cadet in the team has to compete in swimming, shooting, cross-country, and in these athletic events we were first out of fourteen teams from eight counties. One cadet was Command individual champion.

An unusual activity occurred when 12 cadets of CNA played the parts of Spanish soldiers at the Court of the Viceroy of Peru in the Naples Opera Players production of Offenbach's opera 'La perichole' at the Theatre, Royal, Norwich. This entailed a fortnight's rehearsal and a week of appearances and earned them great praise.

MINDEN DAY

1st August

A Company Commander's Eye View

General Sir Ian and Lady Freeland's Cocktail Party in the Mess that evening was an excellent occasion. Buses at the door for the Harewood Club and onwards to the WOs' and Sgts' Minden Ball at the Scotch Corner Hotel. What organisation! The All Ranks Dance was swinging when we arrived and clearly was a success even at this early stage. The Ball at Scotch Corner was, as usual, magnificent and one of the most enjoyable events of the year. Can you beat it! They'd taken over the whole place—money? don't mention it . . .

To bed late that night—or earlyish next day—only a week to three weeks of Block Leave before six more in Germany. What's this—a note from the CO . . . 'I want you to write something about Minden Day for the Journal' . . . oh dear . . . another holiday job along with SOPs and Standing Orders . . . What was it they taught me at Camberley? decentralise—good idea.

MINDEN DAY

by

Lt. B. W. COPPING

On 1st August, 1968, HRH Princess Margaret, the Deputy Colonel-in-Chief, spent the



ROYAL VISIT

MINDEN



DAY

1968



day with the 1st Battalion at their Barracks in Catterick Camp.

Minden Day is traditionally a colourful family occasion enhanced this year by the presence of the Princess, who, wearing red and yellow Minden Roses, lunched with the Officers, their guests and wives, visited the Sergeants' Mess and took tea in the Junior Ranks' Club where she chatted with many of the seventy wives present. But inevitably it was the children, with their disarming innocent confidence, who twice added the charm which touches the imagination. On her arrival at Somme Barracks the Princess was presented with a bouquet of red and yellow roses by seven-year-old Janice Gault, the daughter of Sergeant Gault. As the Princess was leaving, and almost as a symbol that she had enjoyed her visit, the earlier more formal presentation was offset as Her Royal Highness stopped to offer advice to junior photographer Kerry Glover, who was holding her camera upside down!

During the course of the day, apart from meeting a large cross-section of the Battalion, the Princess took the salute at the Parade which was watched from stands overflowing with families and guests. The Company Commander insists on his own version at the parade . . .

The Band strikes up out of sight . . . 'Children of the Regiment'—good tune. Here comes the Battalion from hull-down behind the Drill Shed. They look good from here. Remember to clean specs—not easy to find handkerchief with gloves on—what's this—the MO's throat pills—suck a couple for luck . . . look up at sky . . . clearing . . . no rain imminent. Adjutant marches out . . . suddenly a flutter stage centre . . . HRH making up time on road run . . . slight stampede . . . officers and Colours to get on parade yet. 2IC moves us off and we're away. CO marches the Colours on Parade . . . can't see them but the Present seems very long . . . a sword can become very heavy . . . that's better . . . PA system says HRH approaching camp now. Can hear Quarter Guard's Royal Salute and suddenly the escort vehicles appear . . . the orderlies jump down and open the Royal car doors. The Princess steps out . . . The Deputy Colonel-in-Chief is back with us again . . . can't see very clearly from flanks. 'Royal Salute'—that sounded good . . . let's hope it looked good. Here she comes for the Inspection . . . good thing Gen. Sir Ian Freeland is wearing spurs . . . much easier to keep track of inspecting party this way. Jang-

ling disappears behind me away to the left . . . here it comes again . . . they're being very quick. Centre rank complete. Hear them advance down rear rank and into the distance and before the Band could complete its programme HRH is back on the stand.

The CO gives his orders; the Battalion turns right and the Band moves to the middle of the square. More orders from the CO and the March Past begins . . . must get own orders right. 'No. 1 Guard will Advance, Leeeeeft . . . Turn' . . . phew, on the proper foot and with the CSM bang on his mark—so far so good . . . now for the right form—forward—got that right too. 'Eyes Right'—correct sword point—leaning back . . . Coy 2IC good position . . . right end of the coy looks OK . . . 'Eyes Front' . . . right form at the end of the square. 'Forward' greeted by 66 intakes of breath behind—wrong foot—what the hell—next right from CSM hangs on a couple of paces to close up column distance—more breath snatching—wrong foot again . . . oh dear.

We approach our marks . . . the CO's voice rings out and we're into line and halted bang on the markers. Great. Advance in review order. Halt sounds good—so does the Royal Salute. Off go the Colours and in less time than it takes to tell we're marching off the square. The dismissing of the Battalion should not be recalled in writing. The Sgts. took off for a group photo with HRH and we did a route march to get out of the way before the 2IC 'broke us up'. Sword away—get these damned gloves off . . . quickly round the back way to the Mess for our photo. Bump into several guests who are delighted with the Parade . . . looked very good, they all said. So my gaffs were not noticed . . . smoke a delicious cigarette and wait for the photographer . . . end own version . . .

The main event in the afternoon was a large scale tactical display on the Gandale Training Area designed to illustrate the Battalion's role and capability. After viewing our mobility the Princess showed interest in our vehicles and weapons as she chatted to the soldiers manning a static display of equipment.

As the Princess departed, accompanied by the Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, and the Commanding Officer, it was the children again who voiced everyone's delight with their flags and cheering; an appropriate finale to a successful and happy Royal Minden Day.

VISIT OF HRH THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

25th April, 1968



Her Royal Highness photographed with the Deputy Colonel and officers outside the Mess.

Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Gloucester visited the second battalion at Normandy Barracks, Felixstowe, on Thursday, 25th April. The Duchess arrived by helicopter and was met by Brigadier P. W. P. Green, Deputy Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Haycraft. After inspecting a guard of honour provided by 'A' and Support Companies, Her Royal Highness attended a luncheon in the Officers' Mess. During the afternoon families living in the mobile homes were pre-

sented to the Duchess; a demonstration by the battalion medical section then followed. The Regimental Sergeant Major, W. O. I. de Bretton-Gordon, then escorted her Royal Highness to the Sergeants' Mess where she was given tea by Mrs. de Bretton-Gordon, the warrant officers, sergeants and their wives. The Duchess departed in her helicopter to the rousing sound of three cheers from the entire battalion.

ROYAL VISIT TO MALTA



The Duchess
meets the
Cub and
Brownie Packs.

On the 14th May, HRH The Duchess of Gloucester, our Deputy-Colonel-in-Chief arrived in Malta on a two-day visit to the Battalion. This was the Deputy-Colonel-in-Chief's first visit to the Battalion and was a memorable occasion. The 15th May was spent in St. Patrick's Barracks and full opportunity was taken to show off the Battalion and for the presentation of the officers, warrant officers and their wives. The Deputy-Colonel-in-Chief was received by a Royal Guard commanded by Major J. G. Jones, MBE. After the inspection there was an hour's demonstration of a support platoon, a rifle company organised for war and a company organised for Internal Security Operations. HRH afterwards visited the Sergeants' Mess where all the members and their wives were presented. The visit ended with lunch in the Officers' Mess with the officers and their wives, during which a painting of Malta was presented as a memento of the visit.

On the morning of 16th May HRH attended the Battalion Relay and Field Event Meeting. Here, in addition to watching the events, HRH met the Battalion Cub and Brownie Packs and several families from each company. HRH kindly presented the prizes at the end of the meeting.

Major-General J. M. K. Spurling, CB, CBE, DSO, our Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, and Mrs. Spurling were present throughout the visit.

Leicester's Lord Mayor



The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Alderman Sir Mark and Lady Henig, carried out a five-day visit to the 4th Battalion from 26th to 30th April. They were shown as much of the life of the Battalion in Malta as was possible in so short time. They were popular guests and all hope they enjoyed their visit as much as we enjoyed having them.

REVENGE IS SWEET

by
OHMS LAW

My heart thumps like a trip-hammer as I creep between the silent rows of tents. In my right hand I clutch my bayonet, the blade glints dully in the pale yellow moonlight, the cold-blue merciless blade that tonight will bring peace to my tortured soul.

Yes, tonight, now I am about to silence the brutal voice that makes my life a misery. No more will our Sergeant Major bellow at me each time I come within earshot. No more will he snarl at me when I am one thousandth part of a second late in jumping to it. I am about to revenge the fourteen days' CB he got me, the crummy old pelican—just because I was five minutes late on parade.

I take a deep breath of the chilly night air, it makes a sad rustling in the trees, a mournful dirge that fits well with my plans. Ah! nothing must go wrong now. I have everything worked out in detail, if only my nerve will see me through.

I reached his tent, it is marked by the small flag bearing the Company colours. Carefully I slip my bayonet into the canvas, quietly and slowly slit the tent wall from top to bottom. I creep in, in the gloom I see the bulk of the Sergeant Major asleep on his little bed. Suddenly I am paralysed with horror as the figure grunts, heaves up. I shrink back into the shadows. But the swine is only turning over. I breathe a sigh of relief when presently everything is still again.

I notice now that my brow is wet with perspiration, and the shaft of my bayonet is damp and slippery . . .

Minutes pass before I dare to move. What hideous tortures will be mine if I am caught here; but I must not consider that, after all I've stood from the brute I must only think of my revenge. I clench my teeth, narrow my eyes to a small table standing beside his bed. I dart forward, snatch off a glass standing there, then I scramble swiftly back through the gash in the tent side.

Five minutes later I am grinding the glass and its contents to dust beneath my heel, I mutter fiercely 'this'll fix him, the muscle-bound louse, without his false teeth he won't be able to talk let alone bellow'.



Bandmaster Battye's Farewell. L/Cpl. Holman, Sgt. Cooper, Lt.-Col. Carter and Mr. Battye.

M Cars

A play of one act, with six scenes, set in Malta. (The author regrets that he is unable to write Maltese, so he has had to write that part of the dialogue in a sort of Russian—the reader is asked to imagine a sort of Arabic with Sicilian subtitles and pronunciation).

Scene One

A road beside the Marsa Golf Course; the time 9 p.m. (Three soldiers (Messrs. G, K and H) are on the way to meet Mr B from the airport. They are driving in an elderly Morris, already the proud victim of five crashes in 26 months on the Island. The car approaches a bend. In the opposite direction a bus, without lights, is being overtaken by a car, with one sidelight).

Mr. G (not needing much intuition despite the darkness pulls into the side of the road): 'Hold tight, its going to hit us.' (BANG, S-C-RRR-APE!) 'It has.' (The other car slides to a halt 50 yards away. Its driver jumps out and sways back up the road. Mr. G (smiling to himself in the darkness, but outwardly raving): 'Look what you've done! You've ruined my car! You have smashed the wing mirror and bashed the whole of this side of the car! (feeling

to try and find some scratch in the darkness). Mr. Joey Camilleri (the driver of the now even more battered V8 Pilot, his breath reeking of 'Screech'—that elite Maltese wine, the alcoholic equivalent of Somerset 'Scrumpy'): 'I will pay—I think.'

(Messrs. G, K and H think 'You bet you will.')

Mr. K: 'We had better get the police.'

Mr. Camilleri gets physical throws an off-target left hook at Mr. K, who ducks inside, pulls him in close, and causes him to relax. Mr. Camilleri rushes back to his car and shouts hysterically to the passengers who pile out, and out, and out. First Mrs. Camilleri also smelling of 'Screech'—with a pain deafened baby in her arms, followed by four other children, a teenage cousin (Charles Camilleri), an elderly aunt (Maria Camilleri), and the local priest (Father Camilleri). Mr. H stops a disinterested car, driven by George Azzopardi, which takes him off in the vague direction of a police station. Messrs. G and K are left in darkness and in relative silence, save the weeping of the lay Camilleri's and the mumbled prayers of the clerical Camilleri.

Scene Two

Inside Paola Police Station, the time 9.30 p.m. (Police Sgt. Gatt dozing. Enter Messrs. H and Azzopardi).

Mr. H: 'My friend's car has been involved in a . . .'

Sgt. Gatt: 'But it is not in our area.'

Mr. H: 'How on earth do you know? I haven't told you where it is yet.'

Sgt. Gatt (shrugging his shoulders): 'OK, alright, I will get a map; you show me where.' (Mr. H points) 'Just as I thought, it is not in our area. You had better go to the Police at Luqa.' (pronounced Loo-a). (Exit Messrs. H and Azzopardi. Sgt. Gatt continues his interrupted dozing).

Scene Three

Inside Luqa Police Station, the time 9.45 p.m. (Police Sgt. Gatt—surprisingly no relation to the man in Paola—dozing. Enter Messrs. H and Azzopardi).

Mr. H: 'My friend's car has been involved in a . . .'

Sgt. Gatt: 'But it is not in our area.'

Mr. H: 'How on earth do you know? I haven't told you where it is yet.'

Sgt. Gatt (shrugging his shoulders): 'OK, alright; I get a map; you show me where.' (Mr. H points with irritation) 'Yes, you are right; I was going to send you to Paola. Eh-ya Joey' (shouting to his nephew Joseph Gatt). 'Come on; we go—in Mr. Azzopardi's car? OK?'

Mr. Azzopardi: 'Alri-ight'.

Scene Four

The original road at Marsa; the time 10 p.m. (Same sound of weeping and prayer.)

Sgt. Gatt: 'OK; let's all go to the station; it is too cold out he-er.'

Refugees
from
Malta!



Mr. K: 'What about taking some measurements in case my friend wants to prosecute?'

Sgt. Gatt (with a shrug): 'Eh-ya; alri-ight' (looking about quickly, taking particular notice of an unlit lamp post a hundred yards away). All interested and some distinctly disinterested parties get into various cars, which eventually form the motorcade to be seen proceeding in the direction of Luqa.

Scene Five

Inside Luqa Police Station; the time 10.30 p.m. (The Camilleri's in their entirety sitting and standing around in bored and/or exhausted silence; Sgt. Gatt and his cousin Joey, dozing. Enter Messrs. G, K and H, followed by another car load comprising Messrs. T, B (limping on crutches) and W, who had been eventually met at the airport. The police wake up thinking that either there had been another crash or the Gestapo had arrived.)

Sgt. Gatt: 'Hullo, Sir; now we are all warm can I have some particulars—where was your father born?' (The English contingent wonder at the subtle relevance of this question.) 'Can I see your licence, tax and insurance also?'

Mr. Camilleri (the driver): 'Chooch Inglesi xxaecjt sbdyqiz zisbsophc,' (turning to his wife who has again become the leader of the Camilleri cacophony) 'Hanim silento. Waldsmuffz Mamma Mia Madonna!'

Sgt. Gatt: 'My friend, he says he is willing to pay. How much do you want?'

Mr. G: 'I will take my car to a garage tomorrow for an estimate. My man is Francis Borg. If you would tell your friend to meet me there at 6 p.m. tomorrow, we can settle the matter there.'

Mr. Camilleri: 'Chooch Inglesi! Mamma Mia Madonna!'

Sgt. Gatt: 'My friend says that since his own car is bashed, he will be unable to get there.'

Mr. G (vindictively): 'That is his problem. I will see him there or else I will take him to court;' (an increase in the Camilleri cacophony) 'also tell him not to be so punchy in future or he might find himself on an assault charge.' (Sgt. Gatt smiles; exit Messrs. G, K, H, T, B and W, followed by the Camilleri's. The Gatts doze off.)

Scene Six

Inside Francis Borg's garage; the time 6 p.m. the next day. Mr. Borg (on completion of the examination of the car): 'It will take £12 10s. to put right—30s. for the wing mirror, £5 to knock out the dents and £6 for a respray.'

Mr. Camilleri: 'Chooch, Inglesi! Mamma Mia Madonna!'

Mr. Borg: 'Mr. Camilleri says he can get it done by a friend for £5.'

Mr. G: 'Please tell your friend that I suspect his friend's workmanship is like his own driving—casual and idle to say the least. Please remind him that he admitted he was in the wrong. I want the job done properly. I am the one who has been inconvenienced and so I positively insist that I will decide where the car is to be mended. I shall ring Sgt. Gatt at Luqa.' (Dials—engaged tone; dials—engaged tone; dials—it rings, and its rings . . . and it rings—today Sgt. Gatt must be sleeping off last night's dozing—and rings . . .)

Mr. Camilleri (bored): 'OK, alri-ight. I pay.' (handing over to the mediator the money in grubby notes. Exit).

Mr. G: 'Mr. Borg—this money will help pay off the £25 I owe you. Don't bother about the mirror or the scrape.' (Exit.)

Author's note: This is a true story—only the facts have been changed.

Korean Remnants
Sgt. Freakley, C/Sgt.
Phillips, CSM Botting,
CSM Hill, Sgt. Rollis.

Front:
RSM Sprason
Major Marshall
Lt. Jenks



Bachelors' Fling



The Team.

TIGERS' EXPEDITION TO THE TIBESTI MOUNTAINS

At 0700 hrs on the 17th March 1968 seven vehicles and 21 men left RAF El Adem and headed for the Tibesti Mountains which lie 1,500 miles away across the vast Libyan Desert. Seven vehicles, twenty-one men and enough petrol (with one refuelling stop), food and water to last them three weeks. Why were they doing this and what is there to see? The answer to the first question is because the mountains are 'there' and because they are remote and largely unexplored. As to what there is to see the answer is nothing, miles and miles of nothing and yet it is the most stark, awesome and strangely beautiful nothing one can imagine. The last reason for going was for us to experience and overcome if possible the problems of desert navigation, driving and maintenance and to keep alive in the British Army the Techniques of Desert existence so ably pioneered by the Long Range Desert Group during World War II.

Leading our expedition, which we had called

Ex 'Bachelors Fling' was Captain Tony Amos—Command and Navigation being his tasks. I went as Expedition second in command responsible for all Administration and Maintenance. The third Officer was Flying Officer Richard Weldon, RAF, who was seconded from his squadron only two days before we left. His task—for which he was well suited as an RAF Navigator—was checking our daytime Dead Reckoning Navigation by evening Astro-Fixes. Under us we had eighteen soldiers, most of them from my platoon and the rest Signallers. All the soldiers could drive.

Of the seven vehicles, 3 were Landrovers and four were three-tonners. All were equipped with sandtyres—large bulbous tyres with a special tread pattern—the only tyres which can carry a heavily laden vehicle over soft sand. All vehicles were also 'desertized', i.e. modified for desert use, having sandchannel hooks, external panniers for personal kit, jerrican holders and Landrovers having had their canvas tops and superstructures entirely removed—the chances of rain we thought were slim! Throughout the journey we proved yet again that the Bedford three-tonner is an outstanding vehicle capable not only of carrying 208 jerricans of petrol (i.e. 4 tons weight) but of carrying that load over virtually any ground or obstacle we

met. The Landrovers of course also maintained their excellent reputation for reliability and cross country ability. We had to be entirely selfcontained and therefore in our vehicles we carried not only the basic essentials such as food, water, petrol and radios, but also every conceivable spare part from fifty spare inner tube valves (we used all of them) to spare 3 ton dynamo and fuel pump (we used those too).

For the first day and a half we drove on roads, through Tobruk, Benghazi and Agadabya, and towards the evening of the second day we left the metalled road. For the next three weeks we were in the Desert. That night we camped under the stars with our vehicles in a circle—wagon train style, wandering about as we did so in bare feet for, the desert sand, unlike the dust and filth of the Training Areas to the north, is clean and soft on the feet. So far we had travelled 500 miles.

Next morning we set off on a sun compass bearing for Jalo where we had contracted with Shell to draw 1,800 gallons of petrol. Within hours we had met our first problem, for by midday we found ourselves axle deep in an enormous salt marsh. By dint of much hard work and sand-channelling we managed to extricate ourselves and our vehicles by 1500 hrs and then once again we were on the move. As we continued southwards we could see columns of black smoke rising from the waste gas burners of the local oil drilling companies. We also ran across an international road sign for a hump-backed-bridge stuck upright in the sand, obviously placed there by some 'humourist'. That night we camped 39 miles short of Jalo and next morning we arose early and arrived at our RV with the petrol Bowser by 0800. We spent the next five hours refuelling, for it takes a long time to fill 500 Jerricans from a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. gravity feed hosepipe! During this time a crowd of interested Arabs collected around us including one in a Royal Naval Officer Greatcoat. We wondered by what devious route it had found its way to this tiny desert Oasis.

Having completed refuelling we headed for our next objective Kufra Oasis some 400 miles south. For the next two days we motored through what is marked on the map as 'Featureless Gravel Plain'. Thousands of square miles of gently undulating gravel plain in which the major landmarks are the occasional World War II petrol or bully-beef can. To our left

lay the yellow line which marked the beginning of the huge Kalashano sand sea. The heat was terrific and we had already adopted 'Desert-irregular-dress' consisting of Arab head-dress, shorts and desert boots—a very comfortable and practical form of dress. Early next morning we entered the sand sea at its narrowest point—The Zigghen Gap. The Gravel Plain changed to high rolling sanddunes. The heat and glare were fantastic and, combined with the complex uniformity of the sand colouring, meant that there was a complete lack of perspective. One could not tell whether or not one's vehicle was about to go up or down until it actually started to tilt one way or the other, and this could be quite hair-raising as some of the dune ridges were very sharp and a steep up slope was quickly followed by a steep downslope. The three-tonners in particular provided a 'memorable' ride at this stage.

Later in the morning we passed through the sandsea proper into what is known as the orange plain. Here the sand changes from a conventional yellow sand colour to bright almost fluorescent orange and the division between the two colours occurring in a matter of yards is most marked. All morning we battled on with the vehicles getting hotter and hotter until by midday the three tonners were beginning to cut out with the fuel vaporizing in the fuel line before it reached the engine. Therefore we stopped for a two hour siesta—everyone immediately collapsed in the shade of their vehicles and within minutes, most were asleep. After resting we set off again and as we did so began passing huge ominous black rock 'plugs' which stuck through the orange sand and which gave one the feeling of being on the moon. We camped that night in this area and next morning set off again to drive the last few miles to Kufra. The going was very soft and all vehicle crews had to do a lot of sandchannelling. At this stage any driver who got his vehicle needlessly stuck was soon told by the rest of his crew exactly what they thought of him! for sandchannelling in this blazing heat was no particular fun. At about midday we rounded a corner and there before us was a beautiful sight, palm trees almost as far as eye could see. We had reached Kufra.

We spent the rest of that day and the whole of the next in this Oasis. Resting and swimming in the salt water pools, repairing our vehicles and refilling our water jerricans. Kufra itself

is a small Arabic town built in the middle of an enormous group of Oases and is an important trading centre between the Sudan and Chad. Whilst we were there we visited the local market, buying a few Arab knives and souvenirs, and also the local Cyrenaica Defence Force Barracks (Libyan police) where we arranged to leave two of our three tonners loaded with petrol and stores for the return journey.

The following day we set off again and for the next four days headed towards the Tibesti mountains. This was the really testing part of our expedition. So far we had followed fairly well travelled routes, now we were really on our own. The first day went well and we travelled over 120 miles through a small sandsea and a large gravel plain. However the next day's motoring proved difficult as we found ourselves confronted by an enormous black rock Jebel (range of hills). At first sight there appeared no way to cross it but after one detour up a valley 20 miles long and 5 miles wide (a Valley bigger than Malta where the Battalion is stationed) we found another valley which seemed to offer a possible route to the top. We continued motoring our way up this valley and by evening were just short of the plateau on top of the Jebel. Our camp that night was a sinister place. A small valley hemmed us in and the silence, save our own noise, was absolute. We were fairly certain to have been the first human beings ever to set foot in this valley.

Early next morning we climbed the last few inches to reach the plateau and then set off across what can only be described as a cross between a gigantic slag heaps and coke tip. All around were heaps of volcanic cinders, and the entire surface of the plateau was dotted with wadi's both big and small. Slowly we made our way across this 'moon-scape' heading west towards the Tibesti. By 2000 hrs we had reached the edge of this first plateau and found ourselves looking down a sheer 300 foot drop onto a vast sandsea. Unable to find a way down for ourselves, let alone our vehicles, we were forced to detour ten miles eastwards to get off this plateau. This time we found ourselves moving down another enormous valley and very soon we were in this next sandsea. Unlike the sandsea north of Kufra this one proved to be very difficult going. The amazing thing was there was absolutely no way of telling which was soft and which was hard



Lava outcrops near Tibesti.

sand; it all looked identical. Trial and error was the only method. The lead landrover drove on the bearing until suddenly it would sink to its axles. Having engaged four-wheel drive and with the assistance if necessary of sandchannels this vehicle would then reverse back onto hard sand. The main body meanwhile would halt on the ridge of the sand dune behind. The crew of the lead landrover would then jump out and 'walk the route' round the soft patch, doing so by testing the sand, for if their shoes dug into the sand at all then the sand was too soft for vehicles. Having found a route the lead landrover moved on again to repeat the process as necessary, signalling as it moved off for the main body to move to the next sand ridge. Thus although we were basically heading west our tracks wandered about like those of a drunk man and precious time and petrol were both being used up at an alarming rate. The next day we had to cross another Jebel which was even more of an obstacle than the first. At this point I should point out that the map south of Kufra is entirely inaccurate and what is marked on the map is not on the ground and vice versa. For all intents and purposes the map was a blank sheet of paper on which we recorded what we found. On the evening of the fourth day out of Kufra we found ourselves faced by yet another unmarked sandsea and an even 'softer' one than the previous two we had crossed. At this point we took stock. We had reached the half-way stage in our petrol and also in our time allowed for the expedition, furthermore we had just found a cairn made of beer bottles and a note left by a previous expedition mounted by the RAF Desert Rescue

Team from El Adem. They said they had entered the sandsea and after motoring ten miles had been forced to turn back by a wall of enormous sand dunes. Disappointed we decided that we should have to turn back and return to Kufra. It was not an easy decision but one which we felt forced to take.

To our surprise but relief, the return journey took only two and a half days to complete, which included an unsuccessful detour to search for the site of a wartime LRDG Ambush. Back in Kufra after seven days we went through the pain of shaving off that eight days' growth of beard and also the pleasure of sharing some delicious ice cold beers provided by the English drillers who were drilling a water well in Kufra.

By the time we left Kufra we were rested and ready to complete the remainder of our journey once again. Due we suppose to our greater practice and experience we negotiated the Zigghen Gap much quicker on the return journey than we had on the way in. Once out of the sandsea we continued westwards, intending to visit the site of the LRDG Base at Bir Harasc. Towards evening we came first across a wrecked Ford truck still with its RAF Roundel on the bonnet and then a few miles further on the camp-site itself. Here was another wrecked vehicle (complete with the same type of sandtyres that we were using on our expedition—obviously a well proven design!) and many heaps of petrol 'flimsies'. There was also an old basketball court built by one of the Rhodesian LRDG patrols and one of the party uncovered both a wehrmacht jerrican and a British 'Tommy' steel helmet. We camped here in the night.

Two days later we had arrived in Jalo and refuelled once again from a Shell contract bowser. From then on it was a simple matter of following the track to Ajedaba and from there taking the road back to Tobruk. On Sunday, 7th April, at 1600 hrs we arrived back in El Adem after a 3,000-mile trip and an experience to remember for a lifetime. We had failed in our objective of reaching the Tibesti mountains but we had succeeded in living in the desert for three weeks and of learning a great deal about the techniques and methods of desert navigation, driving and vehicle maintenance. We had seen a part of the world which few people will ever get the chance to see. We were privileged to have done so.

THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

In 1967 the Royal Anglian Regiment Association made a donation of £1,500 to the Army Benevolent Fund in respect of the financial year 1966. This donation was made only after the Association had taken full and proper care of all demands made on it in respect of Regimental benevolence.

There will be those who will question the diversion of these large sums from our own Regiments resources to a general Army fund.

Perhaps the following extracted from the Army Benevolent Fund report for 1967, may resolve these doubts:

In all, some £310,000 was spent by the Army Benevolent Fund in helping serving and retired soldiers and their close dependants.

Ex-Soldiers

26,500 cases were dealt with and grants made by Corps and Regiments, often augmented by the Army Benevolent Fund, reached a total of £360,000. The Army Benevolent Fund itself took on 419 cases requiring major rehabilitation and spent £37,000 in so doing.

Serving Soldiers

Apart from the help given by Corps and Regimental Funds the Army Benevolent Fund directly aided 201 serving soldiers and their dependants either with grants (£7,500) or loans (£63,000)—the latter to help in the purchase and furnishing of homes and to ensure continuity in the education of children in the case of soldiers shortly leaving the Service. **The Army Benevolent Fund recently made a loan of £500 to a serving soldier of the Regiment—one of several.**

Charitable Organisations which support the Army

Grants amounting to £43,000 were made to such organisations as SSAFA and Forces Help Society whose work is specifically in aid of the families of serving and ex-serving soldiers.

These are but some examples of the sterling work now being undertaken by the Army Benevolent Fund.

The Army Benevolent Fund must surely command our admiration and wholehearted support.



The
Mount Erciyas
Team

Exercise 'High Water'

On the 24th April 1968 a party of nine soldiers of the 4th Bn Royal Anglian Regiment led by Lt. Roger Howe left Malta on an adventure training trip to Turkey. The object was to climb Mount Erciyas 3,916 m.

Political clearance for the expedition had been applied for at the end of 1967 but had been turned down. As a result planning for the expedition was relaxed and little more was done. In early March this year it was learned that an expedition could now take place provided the party went as tourists and with the reservation that the originally planned area should not be visited. Starting almost from scratch a visit was arranged to the NATO HQ in Malta with the aim of picking the brains of several Turkish Naval Officers stationed there in order to find an alternative area to visit. Contact was made with a Turkish Naval Commander who in turn contacted a friend in Turkish Naval HQ in Ankara by telephone. He in turn contacted the appropriate department in the Turkish Government. Meanwhile Howe himself managed to telephone the British

Military attaché in Ankara. Whilst he was talking to him political clearance came through from the Turkish Government; the old boy must have been working overtime. The first hurdle had been cleared and the original aim, to climb Mount Erciyas, could be carried out. The next step was to get the administrative side of the exercise organised.

At one stage it had seemed that the expedition was not going to get off the ground. However by using considerable initiative and with a certain amount of luck and a refusal to take no for an answer everything was arranged.

With a £100 grant in their pockets the nine-man party arrived in Cyprus to be told that the flight on to Ankara had been delayed for two days. In the event the time was well spent in contacting the local RAF mountain rescue team from whom useful information on the area was gleaned.

On the 27th April the party arrived in Turkey and after laborious Customs formalities encountered a problem which was to repeat itself throughout the trip. Each man was carry-

ing a Bergen weighing 80 lb. Local minibuses drivers were loathe to load these onto their vehicles and take ten men inside as well. Another problem naturally was language. Very few Turks spoke English but luckily spoke a little German. By broken German, sign language and drawings pictures of everything from stores to tents to mountains the party managed to move from place to place and to acquire all the day-to-day requirements.

Travelling in Turkey was quite easy and the party moved long distances by express coach. The journey from Ankara to Kayseri, the nearest large town to the mountain, was made in this way.

By the 29th April the party were settled in their base camp at a height of about 6,000 ft. The area was completely dominated by Erciyas itself but there were several lesser peaks rising to about 10,000 ft in the area. In order to acclimatise the party several days were spent climbing the lesser peaks in the area so that the members of the team could get used to the problem of breathing at high altitudes and to the techniques involved in snow and ice climbing. The next few days were strenuous but every bit of experience was needed if they were to achieve their aim and climb Erciyas.

By the 3rd May they were ready to make a first attempt at Erciyas itself. The aim of this was to examine possible routes. The mountain had been a volcano and was a horseshoe shape with steep rock and ice walls on three sides, dropping into what had once been the crater. The western side had a relatively easy approach onto the lip of the crater and this was about 2,000 ft lower than the summit. It was planned to climb the southern ridge which curved round and rose to the summit. The climb to the mouth of the crater was relatively easy and was accomplished in about 1½ hours. Then after a short rest Howe led a three-man party onto the ridge.

This climb proved harder than anything previously encountered and it was soon obvious that the climb would have to be limited to reconnaissance, as it was impossible to reach the summit in daylight. The ridge was very steep and progress extremely slow; in spite of the preliminary build up breathing was very difficult and the heart and lungs of the climbers were working overtime. The party reached what appeared to be the top of the ridge from where it curved round towards the summit but

it was a false crest. 500 ft above them was the actual crest. It was therefore decided to call a halt and return. The plan formed was to spend the night at the mouth of the crater and start fresh the next morning up the ridge following it round to the summit. Here luck took a hand for the next day the team met a local climber who spoke good English and he advised strongly against such a plan. Apparently the ridge was very dangerous and in his opinion, and he had climbed Erciyas, it was impossible. He recommended a direct assault at the summit going through the crater and climbing the back wall of it almost immediately below the summit, the actual approach being between two rock buttresses. Gratefully accepting this advice the plan was changed and it was decided to make an attempt with the whole party, leaving only one man guarding the base camp.

In order to climb the upper slopes of the mountain and descend in one day the summit had to be reached by around midday. After this time the temperature rapidly drops causing the snow to freeze and making the descent over ice extremely dangerous. The party set off at 0430 hrs the next morning and the mouth of the crater was reached in an hour. The crater area itself was very broken with several small mounds and ridges and it was hard going through thigh deep snow. The approach to the mouth of the gully was quite steep and the party zig-zagged across it to minimise the steepness of the slope. The mouth of the gully was reached at 0930 hrs and after a brew of coffee the party set off on the final leg.

The slope was very steep, far steeper than anything previously attempted and in places was about 80 deg. Progress was slow, steps had to be kicked in the snow and the lead man had to be changed frequently and regularly. By now they were at a height of about 11,500 ft and as they progressed up the gully the number of steps between rests were reduced, eventually to twenty only. But steady progress was being made, and the men were remarkably confident that they would make it and were looking forward to signing the book at the top. Even though progress was slow they were well within their time schedule.

Then unexpectedly cloud started to come down. At first it only blotted out the sun but this caused the air to cool rapidly and the snow started to freeze. With local climbers' warnings foremost in their minds, the party

pushed on and reached a point about 800 ft from the summit. By now steps were becoming increasingly difficult to make and the temperature was dropping. The snow was icy and hard. Lt. Howe now had to make a difficult choice. His party could reach the summit, of this he was in no doubt, but every minute's delay would make the descent more hazardous. In view of the inexperience of the party, the lack of crampons and the rapidly gathering clouds he unwillingly decided to turn back.

The descent down the gully was uneventful. By the time the party reached the bottom of the gulley the decision to return was proved correct. The summit was totally obscured by cloud. The remainder of the descent was routine and by the time base camp was reached the cloud was down to the rim of the crater. Naturally enough the party were bitterly disappointed but the prospect of having to spend a night among the clouds on Erciyas eased their minds.

The next day was again cloudy and the weather had taken a turn for the worse which would probably last for several days. This was confirmed by the weather forecast received from an American radio station. It was decided that it would be best to leave the area.

On 7th May the party left Erciyas behind them for good. To try and make good their disappointment, a new area around Goureme was visited where there were several places of interest. These included pre-Christian dwellings and underground cities. Two very interesting days were spent exploring the fascinating maze of underground caves and dwellings. Erciyas was not forgotten but the feeling of failure was not as obvious as it might have been.

On 9th May the party left Goureme and travelled by bus back to Ankara on the first leg of their homeward journey. There they made their way out to the airport and the next day were collected by the RAF and taken to Cyprus and then back to Malta.

The soldiers in the party have had an experience they are unlikely to have again. They had climbed several minor peaks and although they had not conquered Erciyas they made a very creditable effort. Inexperience and a lack of ice equipment coupled with poor weather rather than any lack of spirit and effort had brought them to a halt. Above all however the expedition had given a number of soldiers a new experience and a chance to observe life in another country.

A Day in the Life on a Whatsisname or

A Trip to Sicily with the Navy

Pte. Tilford, 4th Bn

Having been threatened with reduction to the absolute depth of Grade IV for not writing this article here goes!

My nautical vocabulary being limited to phrases like 'sharp end', 'blunt end', 'cook-house', etc., I found that the bewilderment of our hosts was absolute when asking for directions. However, having overcome this first obstacle the rest seemed easy. But after incorporating my finger into a splice, which wouldn't have moored a rowing boat, I found out different.

First, let me explain. The object of the exercise was to de-gause a minesweeper—meaning to rid the ship of all magnetism (whether the Oxford Dictionary agrees is entirely irrelevant) and to give us hard-worked land-lubbers a well earned rest, or so we thought.

To do this we had to go to Augusta in Sicily, where, conveniently enough, were the de-gauing buoys. Not being scientifically minded either, the only thing that I could gather was that the buoys created a magnetic field, which, when sailed through, de-magnetised the ship. 'Rather an electrifying experience' as one of our fellow mariners put it.

After about the eleventh time through, watching the water being pumped from the bilges to whence it came, things became rather monotonous, so, arming myself with a brushes painting, I attacked a marker buoy with the fullest of my artistic ability, which by the look of consternation on the face of the poor matelot whose job it was in the first place, didn't amount to much. It did make a welcome change from green though. Anyway, I now had another job to do. I don't know how many of you have ever scraped grey paint off a wooden deck? But it's certainly not a cure for back-aches, especially when in constant danger of attack from the rear with a size ten regulation plimsoll. But having embarked on a naval career for a few days, the least I could do was to make the best of it.

Half an hour before dinner time? Well, for all you inferior land-lubbers that's 'Grog time'; being a 'young-un' I was exempt. But the Navy realising my plight (frustration) came to the rescue. About fifteen odd (hic) sips later—? NEVER COULD DRINK RUM ANYWAY!

Whoever the bloke was that started the rumour that the navy still fed on 'hard tack' biscuits and water, wants stringing from the mainmast (that's one I learned) or flogged at the yard arm (that's another).

After dinner I had a go at 'cabbying' the ship. Not knowing my left from port, it was no mean task. 'Port ten' came a voice down the tube, 'port ten, wheel ten a port sir' came the confident reply. Immediately turning the wheel to starboard. 'Who's that on the blasphemous wheel?' something bellowed in my ear. 'Me' I replied in a meek little voice. I'm sure I heard something about pongoes coming down the tube. So ended my first futile attempt at driving a minesweeper.

After fulfilling the object, we put into Augusta for the night, where, as usual, the dog was first ashore, for means that would have delighted any Sunday paper. I always thought that the term 'a girl in every port' was slightly exaggerated, but in this case I can assure you it isn't.

I have deliberately omitted an account of the night we spent ashore for obvious reasons. Mainly for fear of repercussions from the Italian Government. I hasten to add that the Italians make an excellent wine.

On the return journey to Malta, much to the relief of my gastric juices, the sea was calm. Unlike the outward journey, where I took leave of them.

NEVER WAS A VERY GOOD SAILOR ANYWAY ????

NEWS from

The Queen's Division

On 1st July 1968 the following telegram was sent to Her Majesty The Queen by our Colonel Commandant, Major-General M. Forrester.

'On this, the birthday of The Queen's Division, All Ranks of the Division and all those who have served in the Regiments from which it originates hope that Your Majesty will accept, with their humble duty, their very best wishes and the assurance of their continuing loyalty. Signed Forrester Colonel Commandant.'

The following reply was received from Her Majesty:

'I sincerely thank you and all ranks The Queen's Division for your kind and loyal message on the occasion of the formation of the Division. Elizabeth R.'

Headquarters The Queen's Division opened at 4 Napier Road, Colchester on 1st January this year and entered the chain of command on 1st July.

The staff and command structure was shown in the previous issue of 'Castle'. In addition WO1 M. Kinson has been appointed Chief Clerk.

All members of The Queen's Division are most welcome to visit the Headquarters at any time, and it is hoped that many will do so.

At present the Battalion locations are:

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 1 Queen's | Bahrein—to UK November 1968 |
| 2 Queen's | Northern Ireland |
| 3 Queen's | Lemgo BAOR |
| 4 Queen's | Demonstration Battalion, School of Infantry, Warminster |
| 1 RRF | Kirton Lindsey, Lincolnshire |
| 2 RRF | Watchet, Somerset |
| 3 RRF | Shorncliffe, Kent |
| 4 RRF | Hong Kong—to UK in 1969 |

(Our own locations are of course reported in the body of this Journal.)

Bisley 1968 and 1969

A Divisional Team under non-firing Captain—Major Brian Burditt, RRF—entered for the

Methuen Cup this year and came 19th out of 28. The Team comprised members from 4 Queen's, 2 and 3 RRF and a reserve from 1 R Anglian.

Major Burditt, 2IC 2 RRF, has been nominated as the Divisional Team Captain for 1969 and is anxious to hear of any Bisley shots who will be available in 1969.

Colchester Tattoo 1968

This was the first Divisional major event, in which nine of our twelve Bands and Corps of Drums performed. A grand total of 452 provided a magnificent spectacle, which was certainly one of the best, if not the best part of the Tattoo. The moving finale, during which soldiers from The Depot, Royal Anglian Regiment depicted various periods of history to the accompaniment of pop tunes of the ages, will be remembered by many for years to come.

Royal Tournament 1969

The Queen's Division is to sponsor the Army Stand on behalf of the Infantry at next year's Royal Tournament, when the Army has the centre area in the entrance to Earls Court.

Centralised Recruit Intakes and Battle Camps

Recruits have been coming in so slowly during recent months that the forming-up period for each platoon had to be increased to four weeks. This delay is obviously bad for the morale of the recruit and instructor. Because it is unlikely that the three Regimental Depots will be combining to form one Division Depot before the end of 1969 (if indeed by then), a committee composed of members from the three Regimental Depots examined the possibility of reducing this forming-up period and increasing recruit training efficiency. This Committee concluded that these requirements could be met by centralising all recruits for the three regiments, at each Depot in turn. This proposal was agreed by the Ministry of Defence and is now operating. The Depot of the Queen's Regiment at Canterbury is the first Depot to operate the scheme, which commenced early in September.

Another Committee has studied the feasibility of increasing battle camp training efficiency, and has recommended that WARCOP General Training Area in Westmorland should be selected as the Divisional Battle Camp from 1st April 1969. Ministry of Defence approval is awaited to this.

GLEN AFRIC — 2nd Bn.

In early March news came through that 'A' and 'C' Companies were to train in Glen Afric from the 1st to the 6th of June. The immediate reaction was to reach for a Phillips Atlas and discover where this particular Glen was. It was eventually found in the wilds to the left of Inverness looking up towards Scotland. The area was duly reconnoitred and found to be a particularly beautiful part of Scotland abounding in deer, trout, very high hills (with snow on the top), swift flowing streams and lochs by the hundred. The Glen Afric area is largely National Trust and Forestry Commission land with almost no roads, very few hotels, and shops few and far between. It is not a training area in the proper sense of the word but is more aptly described as an area of great beauty into which soldiers are allowed to go. No fires, digging or pyrotechnics are allowed; nor can helicopters fly over the area; the almost total absence of roads precludes any transport getting into the interior. In June, last light is at midnight and first light is at 2.30 a.m.

In effect the only form of training that can take place is some form of escape and evasion or orienteering, plenty of map reading and travel by foot over rugged country. For once there was plenty of space and a chance for soldiers to be entirely self-supporting during the whole exercise. There could be no question of re-supply and everything required had to be carried. Both companies travelled up by train with all their kit packed; no weapons were taken but rations for six days and radios were. From the railway station companies went straight to the training area. Check Points were manned by Platoon Commanders and Companies navigated by Sections across country from point to point.

The going was arduous. It was confirmed that 2,000 meters per hour (as the crow flies) was about the fastest that men could be expected to travel. The ground is usually wet even at the tops of the hills and exhausting to cover particularly with packs and radios. The first twenty-four hours were murder but after two days muscles started to tune up to the stiff hill climbs.

It was a long way to go for four days training (particularly over Whitsun!) but was worthwhile if only for the romantic beauty of the whole area.

ORIENTEERING

by Capt. D. M. F. Goodale, 2nd Bn

Orienteering has been described as a cross between a car rally without a car, a treasure hunt and a cross-country run. Whatever description you apply most people who have done any orienteering in the Army will agree that it can make the art of map reading more interesting and the process of becoming physically fit less painful.

We have a relatively short history of the sport in the 2nd Battalion, starting with modest competitions in Cyprus and gaining momentum since return to the UK. Our most satisfying achievement in Cyprus was coming 3rd and 4th to the Swedes, the acknowledged masters, in the Episkopi—Troodos—Episkopi Walkabout Orienteering Competition, a distance of some 50 miles.

From our experience we have found that classes laid down by the British Orienteering Federation are not always suitable for competitions within the unit. We have invented our own to ensure the widest participation but revert to the normal classes when competing with other units.

As many Orienteers will have already discovered it is not always the fittest that win. At our first meeting in England the MT Platoon virtually swept the board, raising a few eye-

brows in those departments who normally consider map reading their 'forte'.

We are by no means expert at the sport yet but are definitely bitten by the Orienteering 'bug'. When organising a meeting an all too frequent criticism has been that map reading has been too easy. To overcome this we have found that the score event poses more problems than line or point to point events when the terrain is not difficult.

Obviously in the future we want to compete against as many Clubs both military and civilian as possible. It would be interesting to investigate the possibilities of a Regimental Orienteering Team now that our Battalions are coming home. There would be difficulties in producing a team but a Regimental Orienteering Club would provide excellent opportunities for promoting the sport. In the Army at the moment there seems to be lack of control over the sport as a whole and most units have joined civilian Clubs or Regional Associations. The Army Orienteering Championships in June were run by the Royal Marine Club for the second year running. With the obvious training value in this sport there should be a central body to co-ordinate Army Orienteering.

INTELLIGENCE and RECONNAISSANCE in GERMANY

By Capt. J. S. Houchin, 2nd Bn

Inter-unit competitions always produce a lot of friendly rivalry and are a very good way of improving the standard of those taking part in them. When the competition is one which tests one's ability to do one's own job, rather than just a meeting of football or cricket teams, the desire and incentive to do well is increased. It was therefore with a certain amount of apprehension that on 8th May the Reconnaissance Platoon and Intelligence Section set out from Colchester to take part in the 19 Inf Bde Annual Recce Pl and Int Sect competition which was held this year in the area South of Paderborn in W. Germany.

The first part of the competition was a road rally from Colchester to the base camp in

Germany. The route took us to Marchwood, near Southampton where we boarded the LSL *Sir Tristram*. After a very leisurely voyage which lasted three days we landed at Antwerp and after a brief stop there continued the rally across Belgium and into Germany. At the end of the rally our Recce Pl were lying third out of the four Units taking part.

The Recce pl competition was broken down into four sections, the Rally, a Radio exercise, a mounted drills test exercise and a main tactical exercise. The Intelligence Sections were tested only on the tactical exercise. Several interesting visits were arranged to occupy us on our few free days, including a guided tour of a section of the East German border.

During the radio exercise and the mounted drills competition our Recce Pl seemed to have done extremely well, but it was difficult to tell as each Platoon was doing the tests in a different sequence. However by the time we came to the final forty-eight hour tactical exercise we realised that we had a good chance of doing well. The final exercise was carried out under the most difficult conditions. Torrential rain made tracks almost impassable and the camouflaged Landrovers gradually filled up with water. OPs were manned, ambushes were laid, recce patrols and fighting patrols were carried out, road blocks were put into position and attacks mounted. In fact nearly all the skills of the Infantryman were tested except for eating and sleeping. Meanwhile back at Bn HQ the Intelligence Section was listening sympathetically to a very damp sounding voice sending information from the front, and continued to

ensure that none of the rain seeped through their very large tent onto their comfortable sleeping bags.

When the competition was over it was a very wet and tired group of soldiers who waited to hear the final results. It all seemed suddenly to have been very worthwhile when he heard the wonderful news that we had won both the Intelligence Section and Reconnaissance Platoon competitions. Most of us were too tired to celebrate immediately, but we all made up for it after a few hours sleep. This was followed by a couple of days sightseeing and then the long trip home. Shortly after the competition Lt. John Boardman, who was the Recce Pl. commander, left the Army to work for Guinness. We shall never know whether it was a wish to brew, or a fervent desire never to do such an exercise again, that decided him to resign.

ORIENTEERING *The 'In' Sport* 3rd Bn

'You are orienteering officer and you are to attend a study day at Bulford at Christmas to find out all about it.'

'What's orienteering?'

'I don't know, something like a car rally without cars, you'll find out at Bulford.'

That was our introduction to Orienteering, the 'in' sport. The study day at Bulford proved most interesting and comprehensive and one came away with a good idea of the problems involved in running Battalion orienteering, not the least of which was how to persuade the powers that be to spend a considerable amount of money on 'kit'. This turned out to be easier than expected and in February and March we had several lectures on how to run and organise company orienteering so that by the spring each company had its own gladiators. In the meantime the PRI had spent a small fortune on Silva compasses, plastic control points, self-inking stamps, etc. In April we held our first Battalion meeting in Savernake forest and the course was over 8,000 metres with eight controls to be visited. Most people found about five in the two hours allowed. Considerable difficulty was found with the maps as the most up to date ones were sadly out of date and the many tracks made for an ammo dump in the war were not marked and confused many lesser

brethren. We ran four competitions concurrently, individual, inter-section, inter-platoon and inter-company. 'B' Company were urged to victory by their Company Commander Major Richard Wilson, taking four of the first five places and the inter-company shield, while the Recce platoon won the inter-section and inter-platoon prizes. From this and subsequent company meetings we were able to pick two teams for the Army Championships held near Farnham in June. The team was led by Lt. Patrick Shervington backed by C/Sgt. John Simmons and Sgt. Paddy Maguire. They ran very well against formidable opposition which included Olympic athlete Gordon Pirie to finish sixth. The Intermediate team failed to finish as a team as two members over enthusiastically ran the Senior course. However, L/Cpls. Isbell and Lancaster both ran extremely well to finish 5th and 8th respectively.

We are now thoroughly orienteering conscious, hold regular meetings and take part in other peoples.

Orienteering claims to keep a man fit, teach himself confidence and to use a map and compass quickly and accurately. We have found it does all these and in addition those who take part do so because they enjoy it. It is therefore an excellent way of combining sport and business.

Valiant

1 Dig a deep pit



***How to catch the Wild
Pig, Sennelager style***

by D. P. of 3 Coy

3. Don't forget to inform
the night guard.



Volunteers

5th Battalion

2. Hide it well



The two major events of the training year, Annual Camp and the Skill at Arms Meeting, have been successfully completed. Now that companies are so widely dispersed, the Annual Camp is the one time in the year when it is possible for the Commanding Officer to have his Battalion in one place to carry out the Battalion training. This year, however, all companies did separate company camps. Hopes in each company ran high for a chance to train overseas. Unfortunately we were given authority for only one of our companies to train in BAOR. The lucky company was No. 3 Company from Chelmsford, who, hosted by the 1st Battalion The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, had two weeks very successful training in Sennelager. No. 3 Company, commanded by Major Purves, brought up to full strength with a platoon from HQ Company, flew in jet airliner comfort to the undeniable luxury of '160 pounders' in a dripping German wood. Undaunted and with light-hearted enthusiasm, No. 3 company embarked on their training. The

good weather, the generous facilities of the Sennelager training area, the keenness of the men and the help given by the host unit all went to make the overseas camp of No. 3 Company a resounding success and one to be remembered for sometime to come.

With one exception, the other rifle companies again made up to strength by HQ Company, trained not in old familiar stamping grounds, but new and unacquainted areas. Without exception, the hard work put in by all ranks during the year was richly rewarded by the very satisfactory results attained.

No. 1 Company, commanded by Major Hammersley, camped for the first two weeks in April at not so unfamiliar Stonebridge Camp in the Stanford PTA. Even with the knowledge that No. 1 Company 'were here' it is understood that good bags are expected in this season's pheasant and partridge shooting! The very full training programme was completed without a hitch and a great deal about what goes to make a company tick was learned by those responsible for its administration. The culmination of the two weeks camp was the company smoker, Sergeant Burgess apparently has still not recovered from laughing at Cpl. Oxford and Co's antics.

No. 2 Company under Major Hunter were fortunate enough to carry out their camp with the 2nd Battalion at Felixstowe. The first week was spent in Felixstowe shooting, specialist training, general brushing up on field craft and fitness training. This fitness training certainly held them in good stead for the next week, as they became one of the 2nd Battalion rifle companies for a week's field training at Sennybridge. It was here that the men of No. 2 Company saw the fruits of their previous year's training. The Company were determined to show that one volunteer is worth one good regular and it was without doubt proved on the 'Battle Grounds' of Sennybridge. Helicopter training was one of the many highlights of their training which was made varied, interesting and very valuable by the kindness and co-operation shown by the 2nd Battalion.

Our No. 4 Company, commanded by Major Wallace, camped (lived in commensurate comfort!) in Rolleston Camp on Salisbury Plain. This was the first opportunity that No. 4 Company, like all other companies, have had of being responsible for their own administration for longer than a weekend. Due in no uncertain way to the efforts of Captain Lewis and his staff,

this was successfully achieved. The aim of the camp was to ensure that the rifle and support platoons were fully conversant with section and platoon battle drills.

The Battalion Skill at Arms was held on Saturday and Sunday 20th-21st July at Grafham. For once the weather was not so kind to us and on the Saturday many found out the hard way that rifles do not stop firing in the rain. Sunday, however, was a warm pleasant day and the meeting was a great success. Major General J. M. K. Spurling presented a magnificent silver tiger to the Regiment. He also kindly presented the Skill at Arms trophies and was himself presented with a silver ash tray which he won shooting in the Old Comrade competition. The Mayor of Peterborough also won a silver ash tray in the Old Comrade shoot, together with Police Constable Gardiner and Mr. Fred Ferri-day.

RESULTS

Champion Company	HQ Coy
Individual Rifle Open	Sgt. Gulson
	Pte. Smith
	L/Cpl. Edwards
Officers	Lt. Dann
WOs & Sgts.	Sgt. Gulson
Cpls. & below	Pte. Smith
	Pte. Rolland
China Cup	HQ Coy
GPMG Pairs	'B' Team
SMG	'B' Team
	Cpl. Webster
Inter Coy Falling Snap	1 Coy 'A'
Invitation Falling Snap	2 R Anglian 'A'
Meeting Falling Snap	2 R Anglian 'A'

Three old 'uns, Sgt. 'Bog' Boggis (REME attached), Sgt. 'Englebert' Lane (Band), and Cpl. 'Ty' Hardman (1 Company) with 62 years service between them were presented with their Territorial Efficiency Medals at the Skill at Arms Meeting by Major General Spurling.

Major David Purves has handed over command of No. 3 Company to Major Roger Tomkins after serving some thirty years, including service with the Indian Army and Gurkha Rifles.

By the time these notes have gone to print, Lt.-Col. H. H. Moore, who pioneered the formation of the 5th Volunteers, not an easy task, will have handed over to Lt.-Col. P. D. Blyth. All ranks wish him and his wife all the very best for the future and are very sorry to see him go.

The Cambrian Marches

*An account by
Lt. P. F. Shervington,
3rd Battalion*

The Cambrian Marches started some years ago as a tough three-day cross country course for Welsh Territorial Units. It has since developed into a competition that tests all Infantry skills under difficult conditions.

This is the first year the Battalion has entered the event, and it was soon apparent that an essential factor was physical fitness. Indeed an ominous sentence in the Defence Council Instructions reads: 'A number of Regular Units competing in previous Cambrian Marches failed to complete the Course through lack of training.'

The Commanding Officer allowed one month for team selection and training. Volunteers were taken from all companies, and the first week spent camping in the Brecon Beacons. Long marches of over twenty miles carrying full equipment, including a large pack, gradually whittled the volunteers down! The degree of stamina required to march long distances over rough, mountainous country is something not readily appreciated by those living within the shadow of Sidbury Hill. It was also clear that a high standard of map-reading had to be attained, with particular emphasis on route selection, and the use of contours.

Having by now established the nucleus of a team a very profitable and enjoyable week was spent in Snowdonia, under the tuition of Lt. Brock. It was at this stage that several members of the Recce platoon joined the training squad. Some hard marching and scrambling took place despite foul weather. Indeed, although we climbed to the top of Snowdon we never actually saw the summit. It was during this climb that a soldier of the 'A' Company Adventure Training platoon fell a considerable distance, earning the nickname of Jumping Jack Flash. This accident, happily not serious, demonstrated the importance of First Aid, and the following week was spent improving the standard of the skills to be tested on the march.

24th — 28th July



Rest and reflection.

First Aid was included, and the Medical Officer, Major J. Cox, MBE, and L/Cpl. McCarter gave us instruction and practice in dealing with fractures, bleeding, concussion, and casualty evacuation. L/Cpl. Searle ('B' Coy), having been suspended against a wall for some time, will testify that the stretcher harness is effective! Sgt. Lane directed the Watermanship training, and here Lt. Shervington made the mistake of attempting to cross the improvised rope bridge first. We also discovered that whenever Pte. Barnsdale (Recce) ventured near water he fell in! The other military skills to be tested on the march included rifle shooting, laying an ambush, fire and manoeuvre, and observation. The team was also subjected to a series of tests by the Army Physical Research Establishment.

At this stage Sgt. Donaldson ('A' Coy), fresh

from his Brecon Course, joined the marchers, and almost at once became team captain, as both Lt. Shervington, and Pte. Chapman ('Sp' Coy) — the original mountain goat — had to withdraw through injury. The final week's training was spent brushing up the military skills, and marching from Towyn to Sennybridge in 3½ days—the Cambrian March in reverse. During one phase the team met Captain Harrington-Spier whose casual remark 'I thought you were the SAS', did much to maintain morale. By this time Pte. Hudson ('B' Coy) was convinced that Wales should be granted independence and wired off!

Twenty-one teams assembled at Sennybridge on 24th July, including last year's winners—3 Para. The weather was surprisingly hot and dry for Wales, and it was soon clear that a tremendous and sustained effort would be needed to even complete the course. Indeed, only nine teams started the second day, and this was reduced still further by the end of day three to five Regular Army teams, and a lone T and AVR unit—Welsh [A(RWF) Coy]. Heat exhaustion was a major cause of withdrawal coupled with badly blistered feet and strained leg muscles.

The points system dictated that speed marching was the essence of the march and 1st Bn, Royal Welch Fusiliers, who had been training in Wales since the end of April, were in a class of their own. They averaged over 3 mph for the whole 73 mile course, a rate that no other team approached. 3 Para were runners-up, and the Battalion were placed fourth of the Regular teams, and 5th overall.

Great credit is due to the team, and particularly Sgt. Donaldson, who marched for two days with a badly strained ligament. Two points to mention are first that the team covered the final eight miles in just over two hours, and secondly that only two teams in the whole competition did not incur penalty points at the daily administrative inspections and kit checks—1 Kings and 3 R Anglian. This was a fine team effort and the undermentioned fully deserved their Cambrian March certificates for completing the course:

Sgt. Donaldson, 'A' Coy.
Cpl. Moffatt, Sig. Pl.
L/Cpl. Searl, 'B' Coy.
Pte. Hudson, 'B' Coy.
Pte. Docherty, 'B' Coy.
Pte. Ramsey, 'A' Coy.
Pte. Gill, Recce Pl.

VERY

IMPORTANT

POMPADOURS

If your ego needs boosting, if you want to feel somebody, you could not do better than get yourself escorted through France by your own special escort of Gendarmes. The Pompadour advance party (to Valdahon) did just that.

We docked at Dieppe and unloaded our small convoy of Landrovers and three-tonners, tucking them down a side street to await our guides. 'Just like the war!' said one old man; another Frenchman came up to talk of his service in 'le Manchestaire' during the war.

Then the 'flics' arrived; 'flics', as every Maigret fan knows, is French for 'Cops'. A black patrol wagon, with a powerful transmitter, manned by a police sergeant, immaculate in Kepi and summer tans, and two motorcyclists. The motorcyclists somewhat sinister looking men in black leather jackets and boots, dark blue breeches with a yellow stripe, white helmets and belts, complete with revolver holsters; very tough and businesslike.

We formed up, and shot away at great speed—any fears of getting split up were rapidly dispelled. Our escorts roared up and down our little column, shepherding us over crossroads, roundabouts and red lights at top speed. Oncoming cars were halted and waved aside with imperious blasts on the whistle and equally imperious gallic gestures. So quick was the reac-

tion of the motorists that we saw one or two headlight crunching 'pile-ups' where only the man in front had seen 'les flics', to the discomfort of the following cars. So fast was our own movement that our three-tonner drivers learnt new details of the capacity of their vehicles. The motorcyclists were magnificent, they rode their machines as if welded to them; we watched in awe as they raced between our vehicles with both hands off the handle-bars, halting an approaching vehicle with one hand, waving on an overtaking vehicle with the other.

We felt a sense of urgency, perhaps even drama, as though we were on some vital mission! However, our escort let us stop for a break, where we sampled the delights of coffee and calvados, and bought peaches at about 1/6d. per lb. for our picnic lunch, eaten later in the shade of a beautiful forest, and drank bottles of wine for a shilling or two. Life was rosy, the sun was shining and our escorts led us, with dash and spirit, through the sleepy Sunday morning countryside and quiet little towns and villages. Those people who were about waved to us in a cheerful, friendly way.

In mid-afternoon we stopped to exchange escorts and, in halting French, invited our 'flics' into a bar for a glass or two of ice-cold beer; with helmets off, they remained tough, no-nonsense, purposeful men but friendly with all.

Our new escort joined us and led us on to the French Army barracks at Mourmelon where we stayed the night. Some of us discovered the joys of drinking French Army wine and others the trials of language; Major Duffie, trying to locate the CO, who had gone for a glass of something nourishing with the French Colonel, was reduced to Arabic as the only common language shared with a French Officer.

Next morning we were whisked off to a vast petrol depot to refuel. We, and our escort, sank from our level of VIP in the face of the usual forms. However, we filled up and swept away back on our 'mission'.

We lunched on crisp French bread and cheeses in the beautiful town of Langres, changed escorts again, from the cornucopia of tough looking 'flics' they keep in France, and completed our last kilometres to Valdahon.

There we were welcomed by the French Commandant who had paid us the courtesy of flying the Union Jack beside the French flag, where it flew for the rest of our visit; the impression of VIPs was maintained!



'Blast this hat!' Pte. Smith 72 on Shepherds Crag.

'C' Company 1st Bn in the Lake District

An unusually full calendar led to a decision to abandon the normal exodus of the platoons on their various independent Adventure Training sorties this year. From the seemingly endless rehearsals for 'Northumbrian View' and trips to Salisbury Plain, the Company managed to salvage one week early in June. Incidentally, it is strongly rumoured that the NUR are planning to make a film entitled 'The Loneliness of the Long Distance APC Driver', so perhaps our efforts were not in vain.

Somebody (we are not quite sure who to blame), decided that what we needed was genuine adventure, and so decided that rock climbing in the Lake District would form the basis of our training with a little light relief provided by canoeing. With this in mind two base camps were set up, on Lakes Ullswater and Buttermere. To facilitate the use of both camps 10 Platoon was split up, thus providing two equal parties for the different activities. The canoe camp on Lake Ullswater was pitched in a picturesque field on the edge of the lake. It was in fact a public camping field although we found a marked reluctance on the part of the civilians to join us. The first day's canoeing was devoted to the horrors of capsizing drills.

Quite why we had to actually try to capsize is still a mystery as we all seemed to manage it with absolutely no effort. However Cpl. Brewin and L/Cpl. Smith, our instructors, were remarkably adept in capsizing even the most timid. By the end of the day even such stalwarts as Pte. Guyton and Pte. Robinson managed to remain afloat long enough to be considered safe for the long paddle the following day.

Lake Ullswater is some seven miles long and it was decided to canoe to the end and back on the second day. Laden to the gunwales with Mars Bars and other energy-giving nutrients, we set out on what was to prove a thoroughly enjoyable, albeit tiring, day. One of the most difficult tasks was to keep canoeing in a straight line, and by the end of the day Pte. Smith 72 was convinced that he had canoed about twice the distance of his companions. However it was a most satisfying trip and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The last day was devoted to a series of team races, culmination in the 'Grand Ullswater Canoe Slalom'. Much to the annoyance of his team captain, Cpl. Watson, Pte. Guyton was seen disappearing into the middle distance on a steady course at least 90° off his intended direction. His team not unnaturally lost the race and Guyton was treated to yet another long swim to the shore. The slalom proved most interesting; the stars who finally emerged being L/Cpls. Canavan and Curtis and Ptes. Tredgett and Hardy.

Next day we set off for Lake Buttermere, the rock climbing base camp. We were not quite sure what to expect and the journey was completed in unusual silence. The camp at Buttermere was similar to that at Ullswater, but with slightly better facilities. We had been most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Colin Griffiths, a well-known Alpine rock climber. Ably assisted by Sgt. Warren he managed to cover a tremendous amount of ground in the three short days, and we are very grateful to him. It was quite amazing how quickly everyone managed to learn all the various knots. The Shepherd's Crag rock faces were to be the scene of many amusing and indeed hair-raising incidents over the next three days.

After the first day the better climbers went on to more advanced climbs, while the less confident continued with the more moderate climbs under Sgt. Warren. It is encouraging to note that every single man in the party managed a climb of at least 120 feet. This is

particularly good as the Shepherd's Crag faces produce some quite difficult climbs, and none are classified as simple.

Inevitably the three days produced the usual crop of amusing incidents. Colin Griffiths was convinced that he had not laughed so much in years. Pte. (call me Tensing) Wilkinson hanging from the rock face in the classic 'crucified' pose imploring the man above him to 'take in the slack', was cruelly funny for all but him. The Company Commander abseiling for the first time in his life on a particularly old and worn Swiss chair insisting that he was 'okay' while turning an extraordinary chalk white. Pte. Guyton insisting that anything was better than another soaking in the lake. In spite of this Colin Griffiths was most impressed by the general standard. In particular Cpl. Watson, L/Cpl. Canavan, Ptes. Hardy, Quill, Tredgett and Smith 72 deserve special mention.

'B' Company 1st Bn Wasdale 1968

We won the Athletics and came second in the Shooting so there has been success to reward our efforts, but Adventure Training was the activity which gave us most enjoyment over the last six months.

In June the Company went up to Wasdale in the Lake District for five all too short days of Adventure Training. Our camp site was on the shores of West Water at an excellent National Trust site and for the whole five days we had good, and sometimes really hot, weather. Platoons rotated through three organised activities (latest Army jargon: Ed.), rock climbing, canoeing and fell walking. The rock climbing, organised by Capt. Turner-Cain with the assistance of Cpls. Bramwell and Davies, was an eye-opener to some and a great trial for others; Pte. Hallam, for instance, firmly decided that the Leicestershire countryside suited him a lot better!

The canoeing on West Water, under 2Lt. Gilson-Taylor, was a new experience for most, however veterans of Outward Bound courses in Norway like L/Cpl. Poole were able to offer some encouragement to the more confirmed land-lubbers. Each platoon was given a grounding in watermanship and safety before taking



5 Platoon on Scafell.

to the boats. A period of acclimatisation, which was needed in the freezing water, was followed by some drills and a long trip along the lake. Those who were not convinced that the wind can make a difference to a canoe were converted by the end of their paddle!

Fell walking initially held a certain air of mystery about it. Fell walkers of all types ranging from old men with grey hair to young fathers with half their families seated upon their backs, were to be seen strolling in the sunshine enjoying themselves; on the other hand the size of the mountains in all directions foretold a considerable amount of sweat.

From Wasdale the route went up to Mickle-dore with Scafell Pike to the left and Scafell to the right—then down to an Eskdale Pub and back via Burnmoor Tarn along the more gentle route to West Water, a walk of some eight hours. Pte. Marshall 76 maintained a rearguard on the group the whole way round but nevertheless completed the walk with plenty of energy still left. L/Cpl. Meen and Pte. Marshall 45 won the lunch time race to the Woolpack Inn where many a pint went down at high speed, and Pte. Rowe found time to catch a five-pound Pike from Burnmoor Tarn with the aid of a local fisherman, whilst Pte. Scholes faithfully recorded everything with his sister's camera!

At the end of our five hot energetic days we returned to Catterick refreshed and convinced that our time, and the taxpayer's money, had been well spent.

'A' Company 1st Battalion Report

The time, since we came home, has not hung idly on our hands. For some time now it has been policy that, when coys perform in succession, 'A' Company leads off; this means that life is rarely dull because, if nothing else, we have to find out for ourselves.

We took delivery of our six brand-spanking FV 432s (Mark 2s at that) and, in spite of the way we had cursed them roundly in Germany, it was nice to see some 'tracks' about the place again. Ours were put into service with despatch; they arrived on 19th March and we had them out on training on the following weekend (23rd-24th March) with the Officers of the Yorkshire Volunteers (TAVR II). They seemed to enjoy their weekend except, perhaps, one subaltern who, having forgotten the warning to jump well clear when dismounting from the top (a bad habit anyway), was suspended by the skirt of his combat jacket from the tow rope bracket. He finished up the only officer in the Army with a swallow-tail combat jacket!

Early in April the cry went out from the Military Hospital for blood donors and we shook them all by taking over 40 volunteers down from the Company.

On 20th April we moved off to Sennybridge for ten days' battle shooting. Capt. Reeve had an interesting road trip down with the road party. His force included the ubiquitous 1 ton water truck; need one say more? The 260 miles took him about 20 hours to complete! While 'A' Company was banging away in Wales the Battalion Small Arms Meeting took place in Catterick; we sent off a very economical team—strong in ability but few in number—and, blow it, if they didn't come Wales-wards again after having won the Championship. This was to cost us dear as they disappeared for full-time practice for the Command Meeting (which we won) and subsequently to Bisley.

While we were in Wales we held a Company Orienteering meeting, run by 2Lt. Bland, which covered just over six miles of Breconshire Alps. The first team home was from the Recce Platoon, followed smartly by the 'A' Company HQ team but 2 Platoon eventually were the

winners. Pte Cockin, who now drives 1B, might have beaten the Recce Platoon but he had the Company Commander (complete with thumb-stick) as a handicap, not to mention the late 2IC, who performed well for his age! The next day (a Sunday) the Assault Pioneers gave us a morning of knots, lashings and axeman-ship. The day culminated in the building of a trestle bridge under the direction of the Oxley Platoon. There seemed little point in finishing it, in fact, because all the labour—and gangers—had fallen, or been thrown, into the stream at an early stage in construction. There was a light period when all the wet-chaps hunted down all the dry-chaps. 2Lt. Bland took some catching. The Company Commander was treacherously dumped in by two un-nameable officers when actually standing on the bridge, already wet up to the 'Plimsoll-line'.

We did not win the Athletics Meeting (24th-25th May) but we came so close to the winners ('B' Company) that we, from then on, lost more men to train for the Command Meeting. The athletes and the shooters accounted for nearly a quarter of the Company at one stage.

Once Northumbrian View (8th June) was behind us we had to get set for a period of mounted training on Salisbury Plain. The APCs were assembled at the siding in Catterick early on 11th June and were loaded with the speed and efficiency that comes with doing it so often. All 26-odd tracks were loaded and lashed in about 2½ hours. However, we had not bargained with British Rail; a little man turned up at 2 p.m. and ordered them all to be reloaded. By the time he had finished with us it was gone 6.30 p.m. This may be partly due to his being told often, in round soldiering terms, that we never had this trouble with the Bundes-bahn.

Our time on the Plain was very valuable; we achieved the unique experience of starting with 14 APCs and three Chieftains and finishing 72 hours later with 14 APCs. C/Sgt Gay, commanding 3 Platoon, proved to the rest of the Combat Team (CT) that four APCs moving at night could be very confusing and, at times, alarming. The platoon approached to just over 1,000 metres before dismounting and even then reports of their whereabouts were very confused. 3 Platoon then infiltrated the CT defensive position, succeeding in getting all three sections through undetected. This was followed by a highly successful first light ambush as the CT withdrew. As we packed up and handed the platoon APCs over to 'B' Company we had a

visit from Brigadier D. W. Scott-Barrett who commands 6 Infantry Brigade. After chatting for over an hour, he left fairly promptly after a cup of 1Bs tea (or was it coffee?). We rounded it off that evening with a beer—oh round an enormous camp fire, singing songs into the night. Capt. Reeve had done a good job as 'victualling officer' and his bangers and rolls disappeared very quickly.

While we were enjoying Salisbury Plain, C/Sgt Thompson had been taking over our share of Somme Barracks, and the day after our return (22nd June) we moved in. Being a new barracks, there's plenty of room between the buildings but little inside them. The APCs are so tightly packed into their shed that the easiest way from the Coy Stores at one end to the Tech QM at the other is to climb onto the first APC and then walk over the top armour of all the others and jump down at the TQs door!

Having completed the major part of our move over the weekend we set out on Tuesday 25th June for the arduous exercise planned by the Company Commander to replace Nijmegen (at which 'A' Company represented the Battalion in 1966 and 1967). Originally this was to have been a ten-day walk on the Pennine Way from Otterburn to Malham (about 80 miles). Other events were pushing at us from everywhere so we eventually cut it to a four day exploit from Hawes to Alston (about 50 miles). The first two days went according to plan. The first night was spent in a camp site at Tan Hill, the highest pub in England, after a 15 mile stage over the moors. From there we staggered off across the bogs of Stainmore in our ponchos in an icy wind and drizzle to our next camp site. This was 21 miles away at High Force in Teesdale. Again the Company 2IC and CQMS had based us on a pub. This proved useful because the weather did not let up a bit. The local experts warned us off the next stage, over the top to High Cup Gill and Dufton, because the swollen rivers that we had to ford could be very dangerous. Instead we stayed in our pub meadow base for another day and parties were sent out on local marches to Cauldron Snout and other nearby beauty spots. This bad day put us irrevocably out of step, so on Friday 28th June we whistled up the transport from Catterick and withdrew from the 'high country'. We shall return later though, because this is really excellent training in beautiful countryside.

Junior Soldiers

'WATERMANSHIP' with Lieutenant Rodney Waller

Watermanship is a term used in the army to cover a multitude of sins and normally involves getting wet. At the Junior Soldiers Wing camp the term was used in the widest possible way. Apart from Sgt. Wilkinson and myself teaching boys how to use and maintain an assault boat and Seagull engine the boys also canoed, swam and fished.

The canoeing started in the gentle waters of the Beaulieu Estuary in amongst some very luxurious yachts and power boats. After the basic skills had been mastered around the picturesque little village of Bucklers Hard, journeys were made up to Beaulieu and back and also to Lepe beach at the mouth of the estuary. The assault boats were used as safety boats for these adventures and handled with reasonable skill by Cpls. Betts, Roquet and Ridley.

On the Solent you use feathers and not sprats to catch a mackerel and on one fishing trip we were lucky enough to catch over forty. However when we started we were not so successful, as both Colonel Miseroy and Major Chapman will verify. Whether the arrival of Padre Widdecombe had anything to do with the change from failure to success I do not know but on that day Junior Bandsman Mullet-Merrick caught three eels and the following day a party of boys who included Junior Cpl. Gifford and Junior Infantrymen Lawrence and Lowson provided us with mackerel for our breakfast.

Water never fails to frighten some boys even though no soap was to be seen. Nevertheless with strong encouragement from members of the staff most of them soon found that the delights of the sea were irresistible whether for swimming, canoeing or fishing.

CYCLING TO HAMPSHIRE

By Cpl. Christie

'Impossible, you'll never make it, don't waste your time.' These were some of the remarks to the JSW Cycling Club by the so-called worldly wise, and that made us all the more determined to complete the journey to Hampshire and back. We set off from camp 8 o'clock on Monday, 22nd July, full of high spirits, but after five miles our poor legs began to feel the strain, and we began to wonder if the pundits were right after all. A few miles more and we forgot about our aching legs and concentrated more on our aching behinds, and by the time we were past Newmarket we had so many aches, that it felt unnatural to have a place that did not ache. Aches and pains were not the only things with which we had to contend. I had four punctures and a broken spindle after only 20 miles and I began to look more like a grease monkey than a cyclist. Then there were the hills, mostly going up and when they did have a downward trend, they were pitifully short. With so much pushing the bikes uphill we began to think that it might have been quicker to walk to Hampshire. The second day it poured but we dried ourselves out in a launderette in Luton, much to the amazement of the ladies in there doing their washing. On our arrival in Wallenford, I found we had lost one of the boys, but after many hours of frantic searching we found him ten miles in the opposite direction to where we were camped, and to make matters worse, his bike had been stolen. Ten hours behind schedule we pushed on to stop number three at Whitchurch. The hills were becoming steeper, and I began to think that standard equipment for us should have been oxygen masks. Putting up tents at 2 o'clock in the morning was no laughing matter either. Thursday evening we finally arrived at the camp in Brockenhurst, amid catcalls and jeers from the juniors who were there. We had a good time at camp fishing, canoeing, map reading and many other activities, and after a 48 hr exercise we were ready for the return journey to Bury. It was much the same as going, but we arrived back in a much quicker time. We were tired, but happy, happy to prove to ourselves and others that we had completed what we had set out to do.

In the Peak District

Captain Alun Rees, RAEC

'Nearer My God, to Thee!'

This, at times, must have been the thought of most of the party of Junior Soldiers and Training Company recruits who ventured to the Peak District of Derbyshire for ten days of rock climbing and pot-holing from 26th July to 5th August. For most of the party it was their first experience of either activity and, with certain reservations, everybody enjoyed themselves.

The instruction in climbing and crawling was undertaken by Capt. Alun Rees, RAEC, Lt. Tom Thomas and Cpl. Whitfield. The three-tonner, kindly loaned by the 5th Bn, was wrestled with by Sgt. Fletcher. Sgt. Fletcher's rapidly increasing confidence in handling the truck was evident in the growing reluctance of people to sit down after a trip in the back and his driving was responsible for arousing the following emotions amongst his passengers: Delight (passing Mini driven by girl in mini), Frustration (failing to pass Mini driven by girl in mini), Anger (passing open pub), Terror (negotiating hairpin bend—twelve shunts re-

quired!), Pain (stopping dead as Capt. Rees was about to leap over the tail board) and finally, sheer Admiration (he missed everything on VERY narrow roads).

The cooking was in the hands of Cpl. Hurry, who, I am pleased to record, survived an attempted assassination after the first meal! It was an ominous sign to see the cook first in the queue for sandwiches each night at the bar of the Plough Inn which just happened to be fifty yards from the camp site. Due to the Messing Officer's provision of vast numbers of 24-hour ration packs Cpl. Hurry is now the Army's leading tin opener.

During the camp everyone completed about twenty climbs of standards up to severe and had two trips underground at Stoney Middleton as well as some thirty miles of cross country map reading work. The weather was very kind to us and while Bury dripped with rain we dripped with perspiration—Stone's Ale recommended for replacing lost fluid!



1st Bn Shooting Team.

Northern Command Meeting, 16th May.

SPORTS REPORT

ATHLETIC TIGERS

The Battalion had another successful season in Malta. Luckily the majority of last year's team was still available and this formed the basis of a forty-strong squad which started daily training in March and by the end of the three-month Maltese season had put in a great deal of hard work. No success in this sport can be achieved without a certain self-discipline and perseverance, and the final results fully justified the effort.

The Inter-Company Meeting in late April provided no startling results and merely confirmed the rumour that the Signals Platoon was very talented. HQI won from HQII with 'B' Company third. This was followed by the Garrison Championships on 9th May where the battalion duly upheld its reputation and repeated last year's success in retaining the Inter-Unit Championship with 207 points to the Loyals 78 and Sappers 15. We also provided thirteen individual champions, twelve runners-up and twelve thirds.

When the Duchess of Gloucester visited the Battalion, a Relay and Field Throws and Jumps Meeting was held. Headquarters Company's runners again proved rather too strong in the relays, all of which they won except the 4 x 880 yds in which 'A' Company won an exciting race from Support Company. Cpl. Dutton won the Field Throws Championship with Cpl. Austin in second place, while 2/Lt. Hewitt narrowly defeated Cpl. Fleming in the field Jumps.

The twenty-strong Army team in the Inter-Service (Malta) Championships contained nineteen 'Tigers'. This team undoubtedly produced its finest all-round performance that day to defeat a strong and fancied RAF side by 145 points to 114, with the RN on 35. Battalion athletes gained eleven firsts, nine seconds and three thirds. In the Maltese National Championships on 16th June, six wins were recorded, with seven runners-up.

Although the battalion's successes were largely team ones, no team can really succeed

without its stars. All athletes produced fine performances on their day, but on the track Cpl. Sarson shone; he won the Garrison, Inter-Services and Maltese 100 yds and 120 yds hurdles, as well as being the Garrison and Inter-Services Long Jump champion. In the Army Championships in UK, Cpl. Sarson, after qualifying for the 100 yds final, was unlucky to be injured in the hurdles heats, in the final of which Cpl. Waqairoba, a most able second string, came fourth. In the field events Cpl. Dutton was outstanding; in the shot (best throw 42 ft 1½ in) he was Malta Champion and Inter-Services runner-up; in the discus he was Garrison, Inter-Services and Malta Champion, and 5th in the Army; in the javelin he was runner-up in the Inter-Services with 149 ft 11 in. L/Cpl. Holman was outstanding in the high jump, setting a new Malta All-Comers record of 6 ft 0 in and winning the Army Championships at the same height. Cpl. Crooke always ran second to Cpl. Sarson in the 100 yds and usually won the 220 yds in Malta; he did well to come fifth in the Army.

Much of the success over the last three seasons has been due to the methodical care SSI Stoves has given to the training of athletes—apparently sadistic but evidently successful. He has the rare ability to get the best out of everyone. His departure in May was untimely but we wish him the best of luck in his new job.

For the interest of our other battalions and of future opponents in UK, here are the best performances in individual events:

100 yds: 10.2 secs—Cpl. Sarson.
220 yds: 22.8 secs—Cpl. Crook (5th Army Championships).
440 yds: 54.6 secs—Pte. Spiers.
880 yds: 2 min 5.9 secs—Lt. James.
1 Mile: 4 min 41.8 secs—Lt. Goldschmidt.
3 Miles: 16 min 13.5 secs—Pte. Cobbin.
120 yds Hurdles: 15.3 secs—Cpl. Sarson (Malta All-Comers Record).
4 x 110 yds Relay: 44.8 secs—Cpl. Sarson, 2/Lt. Hewitt, Cpl. Crook, L/Cpl. Holman.
Shot: 42 ft 5 in—Cpl. Waqairoba.
Discus: 131 ft 0 in—Cpl. Dutton (Garrison Record, 5th Army Championships).
Hammer: 130 ft 3 in—Cfn. Hessel.
Javelin: 160 ft 9 in—Cpl. Austin.
Long Jump: 21 ft 3½ in—Cpl. Sarson.
High Jump: 6 ft 0 in—L/Cpl. Holman (Malta All-Comers Record, Army Champion).
Triple Jump: 41 ft 0½ in—L/Cpl. Holman.



**4th Bn
Inter-Service
Champions
Malta 1968**

1st Battalion Athletics 1968

Following a successful season last year in BAOR the aim in 1968 was to win the Northern Command Championships and to gain experience by participating in the Zone Championships. We achieved our aim.

One of the faults in previous years has been that athletics training has not started early enough. To ensure that no hidden talent was left undiscovered, an Inter-Company Standards Competition was run from the 11th March to the 22nd May 1968. This resulted in a close

win for 'B' Company over 'A' Company by 0.3 of a point.

The Battalion Meeting was held on the 24th and 25th May and was won by 'B' Company with 'A' Company second. 'A' Company also won the 100 stone Tug-of-War events—a fine all-round effort. Pte. Haniver ('B') won the Victor Ludorum Cup for the best individual athlete by winning the 220 yards and coming second in the 100 yards and Long Jump—a good effort for a 17 year old! Other good perfor-

**1st Bn
Northern
Command
Champions
1968**



manances were by Cpl. Parsons (Sp/Comd) who won the 440 yards and 120 yards Hurdles, L/Cpl. King ('A') who for the second year running won the 1 and 3 mile events, and Pte. Toll (Admin) and Pte. Horton ('B') who both achieved Army qualifying performances by jumping 5 ft 5 in in the High Jump.

During the work-up period for the Northern Command Championships we entered four relay teams in the Training Brigade Royal Signals Meeting on the 12th June. Competing against four other major units we won the 100, 440 and 880 yards and came second in the 220 yards. On the 27th/28th June Cpl. Parsons, Pte. Enfield, Pte. Toll and Pte. Horton took part in the Army Individual Championships at Aldershot and on the 5th/6th July Pte. Haniver took part in the Junior Championships.

The weather for the Northern Command Championships on the 4th July was cold and wet. Nevertheless some good performances were achieved. The Battalion made a fairly clean sweep by winning five out of seven of the track events and four out of seven of the field events. It was with high hopes therefore that we went forward to the Zone Championships at Oswestry on the 10th July. It soon became obvious however that none of the other teams were in the same class as the Cheshire Regiment, the current Army Champions, who won twelve of the fourteen events. As far as we were concerned it became a battle for second place between The Black Watch and ourselves—a battle which we lost by fifteen points. However on the whole we were well

pleased to take third place. Our sprint relay teams did particularly well to come a close second to The Cheshires in the 100 and 220 yards events.

We owe a great deal to SI Eldridge, APTC, for his untiring efforts to train the team.

DEPOT CRICKET 1968

Played 11, Won 3, Lost 6, Drawn 2, is not an impressive record but the cricket was enjoyable. At one time the fixture list included games against all four Battalions but unfortunately the matches against the 3rd and 4th never materialised. We lost to the other two all too easily.

The season started well thanks to temporary assistance from Capt. Hickman and Pte. Somers. After they had been posted the batting was always likely to crumble, and the two remaining batsmen Capt. Jefferson (215 runs from 9 completed innings) and Lt. Hipkin (187 runs from 9 completed innings) were not really consistent enough. Lt. Calder and Mr. Benns made their 100 runs each but no one else was likely to stay for long. Lt. Hipkin was top scorer with 72 against RAF Wytar.

The bowling was also fairly suspect, and much depended on Lt. Calder having an 'on' day or rather a 'swinging day'! He had the highest bag—22 wickets with an average of 13. WO II Watson was a useful and deceptive bowler who

'B' Company, Winners,
1st Battalion Athletics
Meeting, 1968





1st Battalion, winners Northern Command Water Polo Championship, 1968.

with Lt. Hipkin both got over 10 wickets each. The latter had the best bowling of the season as well with 7-17 against King Edward VI Grammar School, including four wickets in an over, all bowled.

Several Juniors performed well in the field and Robinson showed promise behind the stumps in the games in which Padre Widdecombe was unable to play. Cpl. Jubb always stood out as an alert and aggressive fielder whom some others could have done well to emulate.

GOLF

THE ARMY CHAMPIONSHIPS, SANDWICH

The Regiment entered three battalion teams this year in the Argyll and Sutherland Bowl. These are really regimental teams from the former or amalgamated regiments and the rules allow a maximum of three retired officers in five to play.

The 2nd Battalion, past winners of this trophy, were unfortunate to be beaten by a very narrow margin in the 1st Round whilst, the 1st Battalion committed fratricide upon the

4th in the 2nd Round—probably the most enjoyable golf match of the meeting—and were narrowly beaten by the Coldstream Guards, the eventual winners, in the semi-final.

1st Bn team: General Freeland, Colonel Carroll, Lt.-Cols. Murray Brown and Creasey, and Lt. Pearce.

2nd Bn team: Brig. Osborne-Smith, Brig. Oulton, Lt.-Col. Easter, Capt. Winckley, 2Lt. Aplin.

4th Bn team: Colonel Badger, Lt.-Cols. Upcher, Noble, Marriott and Watson.

The Regimental Meeting 12th July at Flempton

A record entry this year. Thirty-four competitors arrived at the club between 8 and 11 a.m. depending upon what they had been up to the night before. As always the administrative arrangements by 'Robbie' were without fault, even pencils being provided.

The Inter-Battalion Cup—The Pompadours.

The Suffolk Cup—C/Sgt. F. Perry 3rd Bn

The Pompadour Cup—Lt.-Col. R. M. Williams, MC.

The Isham Salver—Capt. J. B. Winckley.

The Ponsonby Cup—Lt.-Col. J. B. Akehurst and Capt. J. B. Winckley.

Weekend or not, next year the meeting is to be held on 11th July followed on the Saturday by our Annual Match against Flempton GC. The Match this year went, once again, to the locals (our excuse being the Annual Ball) but nevertheless we were very pleased to be able to invite all the opposing team to attend our Beating Retreat and Cocktail Party after the match.

Autumn and Spring Meetings

For the first time a meeting, attended by ten players was held at Luffenham Heath GC, Leicestershire, on 19th September. This was great fun and is to be repeated.

It is hoped to hold a Spring Meeting, maybe early April, at Royal Worlington GC.

OBITUARIES

BRIGADIER F. T. R. DARLEY, OBE

The tall figure and booming voice of Jim Darley will be remembered with affection by all who served with him in Ireland, Egypt and India between the wars. His work in the last war may not be so well known. Two occasions in particular show, I think, the warmth and depth of this big hearted man. He was Liaison Officer to the 9th Australian Division in the early fighting in the Western Desert. Then just after VE Day he was the senior Q Staff Officer of the first Allied Force to enter Berlin. It included the British 7th Armoured (Desert Rats) and US 82nd Airborne Divisions. The fact that on both occasions Jim Darley quickly gained and held the confidence of commanders and staff in these three extremely 'unconventional' Divisions, shows what a fine officer he was. The Royal Leicestershire Regiment has lost an old and trusted friend.

J.M.K.S.

COLONEL W. C. FURMINGER, OBE, MC

*An Appreciation
by Lord Carew*

Colonel Furminger, who died on 19th April, 1968, was educated at 'Bluecoats, Christ's Hospital'. He went to Sandhurst in 1914/15; and joined The Northamptonshire Regiment. He went to France in 1916 as ADC to General Bethel. He was awarded the MC. He came to Ireland in 1919 and was stationed at Templemore Barracks, Tipperary. He married in London in 1921. In 1922 he went to Shorncliffe, Folkestone. He became Adjutant of The Northamptonshire Regiment in 1928; and left for India in 1933 returning to the United Kingdom in 1939 and moved to Ballykinler, Northern Ireland and from there to France. In 1940 he went as Instructor to Chichester and subsequently rejoined taking command of the Regiment in Norfolk. Colonel Furminger was awarded the OBE and became a temporary Brigadier, returning to France as Commandant of The Transit Camp in Calais. He was then posted in 1946 to Headquarters, Northern Ireland (Lisburn) as a Colonel. He retired from the Army in 1950 and joined the Irish Sailors'

and Soldiers' Land Trust in July of that year. He became Director in 1952.

Colonel Furminger also served the British Legion as a Member of Ireland (Southern) Area Council of which he was Chairman from 1962 until his death, and represented this area on the National Executive Council, British Legion, from 1962.

The British ex-service community and their dependants owe deep gratitude to Colonel Furminger.

The funeral took place at St. Paul's Church, Glenageary on Monday, 22nd April, and was very well attended.

BRIGADIER M. D. JEPHSON, CBE

Brigadier Jephson joined the Regiment in 1911 and was posted to the 1st Battalion in Aldershot. He went to France on the outbreak of the 1914-18 War and wounded during the Battle of Mons within ten days of arriving on the Continent. He later became Adjutant of the 10th Battalion and served for a short time with the Egyptian Army. After the War he became Adjutant of the 1st Battalion and from 1931-32 was Chief Instructor at the Pachmar Small Arms School. He retired from the Regular Army in 1933 and joined the 5th (Territorial) Battalion which he commanded from 1935-39. He later commanded a TA Brigade. After the 1939-45 War he took an active interest in the welfare of ex-servicemen in which work he received considerable help from his wife. Brigadier Jephson also took up the appointment of County Cadet Commandant for Norfolk before retiring to live at Mallow, County Cork.

A Memorial Service held in the Regimental Chapel was conducted by the Dean of Norwich and the Lesson read by Brigadier Barclay. Among those present were Brigadier Jephson's regimental friends and representatives from organisations with which he and his wife had been connected.

BIRTHS

- ADEY—On 7th June 1968, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. N. Adey, a son, Lee Mark.
- ANDREWS—On 2nd March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. M. Andrews, a daughter, Pat Anne.
- ATTFIELD—On 7th May 1968, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Attfield, a son, Mark John.
- BALL—On 21st April 1968, at Richmond, Yorks., to Pte. and Mrs. N. Ball, a son, Mark Anthony.
- BAUM—On 8th June 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. G. Baum, a daughter, Deborah Sharon Michelle.
- BEERMAN—On 30th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. M. Beerman, a son, Richard Anthony.
- BERRY—On 11th March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. V. Berry, a daughter, Ann-Marie.
- BIDWELL—On 25th April, 1968, at Norfolk and Norwich Hospital to Eileen, wife of Cpl. G. Bidwell, a son, Tony Sean.
- BOOKER—On 13th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. M. Booker, a daughter, Dawn Eileen.
- BREWIS—On 12th April 1968, at Ipswich Hospital to Pte. and Mrs. G. Brewis, a daughter, Mary Jane.
- BROWN—On 19th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Margaret, wife of Pte. J. Brown, a son Darren John.
- CLARKE—On 27th June 1968, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Clarke, a son, Darren Roy.
- COLVER—On 24th November 1967, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. P. Colver, a daughter, Sharron Marie.
- COPSEY—On 3rd July 1968, to Cpl. and Mrs. R. Copsey, a daughter, Tamia Marie.
- CRESSWELL—On 10th March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. C. Cresswell, a son, Ian Martin.
- DELANEY—On 11th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Sgt. and Mrs. A. Delaney, a daughter, Sheelagh Ann.
- ELLEBY—On 15th March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Elleby, a son, Russell David.
- ELSEY—On 20th June 1968, at Stock, Essex, to Pte. and Mrs. Elsey, a son, Sean Lee.
- FLAXMAN—On 3rd June 1968, at East Dereham, to Pte. and Mrs. R. Flaxman, a son, Tony Robert.
- FOWLER—On 22nd April 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. K. Fowler, a son, David John.
- GAMBLE—On 5th March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. T. Gamble, a son, Mark David.
- GOLDBY—On 1st April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Cpl. and Mrs. R. Goldby, a daughter, Maria Lorraine.
- GOODCHILD—On 18th December 1967, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. A. Goodchild, a daughter, Joanne Samantha.
- HALL—On 25th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. P. Hall, a son, Paul.
- HERD—On 25th April 1968, at Kingsmill Hospital, Sutton in Ashfield, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. Herd, a daughter, Lorna.
- HOGAN—On 14th December 1967, at Ipswich Hospital to Pte. and Mrs. P. Hogan, a son, Patrick Daniel.
- HUDSON—On 5th April 1967, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. K. Hudson, a daughter, Margaret Ann.
- HUDSON—On 20th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. K. Hudson, a son, Kenneth Adrian.
- HUGHES—On 13th March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. D. Hughes, a son, Kevin Robert.
- HULME—On 17th June 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. J. Hulme, a son, Steven Jeffrey.
- HURST—On 2nd July 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. S. Hurst, a son, Gary Charles.
- HUTLEY—On 29th January 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Capt. and Mrs. H. Hutley, a son, Howard John Neil.
- JACKSON—On 18th February 1968, RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. A. Jackson, a daughter, Charmaine Nicolle.
- JAMES—On 8th May 1968, at MH Catterick, to C/Sgt. and Mrs. D. James, a daughter, Yvonne Iris.
- KING—On 12th June 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. D. King, a son, Ashley James.
- KINSON—On 15th March 1968, at Colchester, to Enid, wife of WO I M. J. Kinson, a daughter, Louise Anne.
- MARTIN—On 23rd June 1968, to Cpl. and Mrs. B. Martin, a son, Paul Andrew.
- MATTHEWS—On 5th June 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. M. Matthews, a daughter, Sharon Denise.
- McVEIGH—On 28th May 1968, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. McVeigh, a daughter, Sonia Louise.
- MISSENDEN—On 7th May 1968, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. Missenden, a son, Darren.

MOGG—On 4th May 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. D. Mogg, a daughter, Sharon Ann.

PAGE—On 11th February 1968, at Sherburn, County Durham, to Pte. and Mrs. M. Page, a son, Darren Mark.

PARKHURST—On 30th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Parkhurst, a daughter, Jane Marie.

PECK—On 2nd May 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. G. Peck, a son, Barry John.

PLUMB—On 11th March 1968, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. J. Plumb, a daughter, Andrea Louise.

PRIME—On 3rd February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. K. Prime, a daughter, Kay Jeanette.

RICHARDSON—On 1st April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. I. Richardson, a daughter, Julie Ann.

RIGLEY—On 13th March 1968, to WO II and Mrs. M. Rigley, a son, Paul Anthony.

RILEY—On 19th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Bdsm. and Mrs. M. Riley, a daughter, Lisa.

ROLLINS—On 3rd February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. Rollins, a son, James Ronald.

SMITH—On 29th May 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. D. Smith, a son, James Brian.

SILVER—On 7th July 1967, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. G. Silver, a daughter, Denise Ann.

SIMPSON—On 6th October 1967, at Lewisham Hospital, to Pte. and Mrs. L. Simpson, a daughter, Karen Angela.

SIMPSON—On 4th April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Cpl. and Mrs. T. Simpson, a son, Craig Anthony.

STEER—On 24th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. G. Steer, a daughter, Nichola Dawn.

SUMMERFIELD—On 30th May 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Bdsm. and Mrs. R. Summerfield, a son, Raymond Jeffrey.

SWEENEY—On 3rd June 1968, to Cpl. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, a son, John Patrick.

TALBOT—On 3rd April 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. A. Talbot, a daughter, Caroline Theresa.

TAYLOR—On 2nd April 1968, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. Taylor, a daughter, Angela Lesley.

THOMPSON—On 31st March 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Bdsm. and Mrs. R. Thompson, a daughter, Amanda Jane.

TOWNSEND—On 20th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to L/Cpl. and Mrs. N. Townsend, a son, Raymond Peter.

WAKELING—On 25th February 1968, at RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Pte. and Mrs. C. Wakeling, a daughter, Julie Assunta.

WALTON—On 18th May 1968, RNH Imtarfa, Malta, to Sgt. and Mrs. P. Walton, a son, Jeremy.

WETHERALL—On 20th July 1968, at Mount Alvernia, Giuldford, to Sally (nee Leaman) and Major J. P. Wetherall, a son.

WILLIS—On 28th June 1968, to Pte. and Mrs. T. Willis, a son, Mark John.

MARRIAGES

AKEHURST-PAGE—On 13th April 1968, at Elstree and Potters Bar, Pte. R. Akehurst to Ann Rosemary Page.

ATKINS-AQUILINA—On 24th December 1967, at Hamrun, Malta, Pte. S. Atkins to Maria Aquilina.

ASHFORD-MIFSUD—On 11th May 1968, at Valletta, Malta, Cpl. T. Ashford to Catherine Mary Ann Mifsud.

ALLEN-BORG—On 25th May 1968, at Hamrun, Malta, Pte. R. Allen to Rita Borg.

BALDWIN-BAJADA—On 11th May 1968, at Gzira, Malta, Pte. C. Baldwin to Mary Bajada.

BARRY-BORG—On 21st January 1968, at Mgarr, Malta, Pte. R. Barry to Maria Fatima Borg.

BATES-EBEJER—On 2nd March, 1968, at Msida, Malta, Pte. F. Bates to Carmen Ebejer.

BEEBY-PEERS—On 11th May, 1968, at Portsmouth Registry Office, Pte. T. Beeby to Jean Mary Peers.

BIRD-FENECH—On 28th April 1968, at Oormi, Malta, Pte. D. Bird to Lily Fenech.

BOUCHIER-CILIA—On 3rd March 1968, at Paola, Malta, Pte. A. Bouchier to Maria Cilia.

BOOCHOCK-BURNETT—On 3rd August 1968, at St. John's Church, Bexley, Kent, Lieutenant Michael Boocock to Sandra Elizabeth Burnett.

BOYCE-LENNON—On 26th April 1968, at The Holy Trinity Church, North Tidworth, Pte. J. Boyce to Linda Christine Lennon.

BROWN-TAGHE—On 30th March 1968, at Poplar and Bethnal Green, Pte. J. Brown to Catherine Taghe.

BRYSON-ARMSTRONG—On 6th April 1968, at St. Herberts Church, Darlington, L/Cpl. M. Bryson to Irene Wendy Armstrong.

BUNDY-BORG—On 21st April 1968, at Zurrieq, Malta, Pte. C. Bundy to Carmen Borg.

BURFORD-HENRY—On 23rd March 1968, at Loughborough, Leics., Cpl. W. Burford to Susan Henry.

CLARKE-WALDRUM—On 25th May, 1968, at Coalville, Leicester, Pte. M. Clarke to Sarah Glenda Waldrum.

CHARLES-FLYNN—On 5th October, at The Temple Church, London, Lieutenant Michael Robert Charles (Retd.) to Sarah Frances Hope Flynn.

COLE-MICALLEF—On 25th August 1968, at Mgarr, Malta, Pte. M. Cole to Mary Doris Micallef.

COLLINS-SCHUSTER—On 26th February 1968, at Lothingland Registry Office, Pte. R. Collins to Elvira Schuster.

COPPING-CALTHROP—On 11th August 1968, at Chelsea, Lieutenant Bvan Copping to Anne Calthrop.

COY-HONE—On 5th April 1968, at Andover, Hants., Pte. M. Coy to Susan Jennifer Hone.

CRESSER-HARDWICK—On 16th March, 1968, at St. Peters Rounds Church, Wellingborough, L/Cpl. Cresser to Pamela Jenifer Hardwick.

CROUCH-JONAS—On 27th April 1968, at Dagenham, Pte. D. Crouch to Pamela Jonas.

DANN-EICHNER—On 17th May 1968, at Maidstone Registry Office, Pte. T. Dann to Elfriede Eichner.

DILLEY-INGUANEZ—On 18th February, 1968, at Zurrieq, Malta, Pte. J. Dilley to Josephine Inguanez.

DINNIN-WAY—On 14th September 1968, at Freshwater, I.O.W., Major Richard Dinnin to Jennifer Mary Kennedy Way.

EBBS-BURTON—On 2nd March, 1968, at Spalding Registry Office, Pte. G. Ebbs to Catherine Lynda Burton.

FARMERY-LLEWELLYN—On 13th April 1968, at Gainsborough, L/Cpl. D. Farmery to Pamela Denise Llewellyn.

FLANAGAN-SAID—On 8th June 1968, at Hamrun, Malta, Pte. M. Flanagan to Angela Said.

FLAXMAN-EBBENS—On 16th March 1968, at East Dereham Registry Office, Pte. R. Flaxman to Sheila Daphne Ebbens.

FORWOOD-WEBSTER—On 29th June 1968, at St. Johns Methodist Chapel, Pte. I. Forwood to Ann Webster.

FREAKLEY-MANGION—On 11th May 1968, at Sliema, Malta, Pte. C. Freakley to Dorothea Mangion.

FREER-O'CALLAGHAN—On 20th July 1968, at The Registry Office, Leicester, L/Cpl. C. Freer to Branda Mary O'Callaghan.

FROW-HICKS—On 23rd March 1968, at Scunthorpe Parish Church, Pte. D. Frow to Janet Irene Hicks.

GILLIBRAND-FARRUGIA—On 9th June 1968, at Zurrieq, Malta, Cpl. I. Gillibrand to Mary Lucy Farrugia.

GOUGH-CARUANA—On 18th May 1968, at Marsa, Malta, Pte. P. Gough to Jessie Caruana.

GREEN-FALZON—On 7th April 1968, at Oormi, Malta, Pte. D. Green to Georgina Falzon.

GREEN-ANDREWS—On 26th March 1968, at Norwich Registry Office, Pte. R. Green to Hima Edna Andrews.

GRIGGS-OXFORD—On 1st June 1968, at Parish Church, Sudbury, Pte. B. Griggs to Rosemary Jane Oxford.

HALLS-MICALLEF—On 24th March 1968, at Mgarr, Malta, Pte. B. Halls to Lucy Micallef.

HAWKINS-PRICE—On 1st June 1968, at Barking, Pte. R. Hawkins to Linda Cathy Price.

HENERY-MAAT—On 23rd February 1968, at Goede Herderkerk, Hoogeveen, Holland, Pte. P. Henery to Aukje Maat.

HICKLIN-BONNICI—On 23rd March 1968, at Zurrieq, Malta, Pte. A. Hicklin to Rita Rose Bonnici.

HULL-COX—On 4th May 1968, at Andover, Hants., Bds. M. Hull to Patricia Elizabeth Cox.

JAMES-COLEIRO—On 22nd June 1968, at Paolo, Malta, L/Cpl. D. James to Maria Delores Coleiro.

KENT-SMITH—On 24th February 1968, at Ipswich Registry Office, Pte. P. Kent to Camilla Elizabeth Smith.

LOFTHOUSE-HUNT—On 6th June 1968, at Watford, Pte. D. Lofthouse to Jennifer Jean Hunt.

LUCKMAN-SMITH—On 9th March 1968, at The Parish Church of Lexdon, Essex, L/Cpl. Luckman to Janet Carol Smith.

McMURDO-WADE—On 17th February 1968, at Great Yarmouth Registry Office, Cpl. J. McMurdo to Jennifer Wade.

McANALLY-NIXON—On 16th April 1968, at All Saints Catholic Church, Ballymena, Pte. J. McAnally to Josephine Nixon.

MICHAEL-LAW—On 10th July 1968, at Cobham, Surrey, Captain D. E. A. Michael to Diana Jane Law.

MOORCOCK-CINI—On 31st May 1968, at Sliema, Malta, Pte. C. Moorcock to Judy Cini.

MORLEY-BORG—On 28th March 1968, at Marsa, Malta, Pte. B. Morley to Frances Carmen Borg.

OAKES-DIMECH—On 1st June 1968, at Oormi, Malta, Pte. K. Oakes to Virginia Dimech.

PADBURY-DEWEY—On 1st June 1968, at Epping Registry Office, Pte. R. Padbury to Pauline Anne Dewey.

PARROTT-RHODES—On 22nd June 1968, at Hemel Hempstead, Herts., Pte. D. Parrott to Lorraine June Rhodes.

PLUMB-LEONARD—On 1st June 1968, at Colchester, Cpl. K. Plumb to Suzanne Patricia Leonard.

PREWER-PORTER—On 15th June 1968 at Lotheringland Registry Office, Pte. R. Prewer to Doreen Ann Porter.

QUINTON-REYNOLDS—On 27th April 1968, at Waltham Forest, Pte. M. Quinton to Patricia Ann Reynolds.

RALPH-FORSTER—On 6th June 1968, at Prestcot, Pte. K. Ralph to Margaret Rose Forster.

RILEY-IVES—On 20th April 1968, at Colchester, Essex, Pte. C. Riley to Patricia Ives.

RUMBOL-RANDALL—On 15th June 1968, at Kingston upon Thames Registry Office, Pte. W. Rumbol to Carol Doreen Randall.

SADLER-DAVIES—On 11th May 1968, at Cardiff Registry Office, Cpl. T. Sadler to June Lynne Davies.

SHEPPARD-PACE—On 31st March 1968, at Kalkara, Malta, Pte. C. Sheppard to Antonia Pace.

SPAULS-LOVEDAY—On 1st June 1968, at Norwich Registry Office, L/Cpl. M. Spauls to Patricia Anne Loveday.

SPELMAN-GATT—On 23rd March 1968, at Tarxien, Malta, Pte. J. Spelman to Helen Carmen Gatt.

TAGG-COWLES—On 20th April 1968, at Paola, Malta, Pte. A. Tagg to Mary Cowles.

TAIT-WARDEN—On 3rd April 1968, at Leicester Registry Office, Pte. A. Tait to Lynn Warden.

TAYLOR-BARTON—On 16th March 1968, at Luton, Pte. F. Taylor to Irene Mary Barton.

TEBBUTT-SALIBA—On 3rd February 1968, at Zurriq, Malta, Pte. H. Tebbutt to Mary Saliba.

THOMPSON-PATERSON—On 25th March 1967, at Ridware, Staffordshire, Lieutenant (now Captain) A. E. Thompson, MC, to Ginty Paterson.

TUCKWOOD-BUBB—On 24th February 1968, at Grantham and West Kesteven Registry Office, L/Cpl. L. Tuckwood to Kathleen Ann Bubb.

TYLER-ATTARD—On 10th March 1968, at Gzira, Malta, Pte. L. Tyler to Daris Doreen Publius Attard.

WAINWRIGHT-CLAYDEN—On 30th March 1968, at Wiggington, Cpl. J. Wainwright to Linda Ann Clayden.

WATSON-ZERAFA—On 19th May 1968, at Mgarr, Malta, Pte. L. Watson to Dominica Zerafa.

WATSON-GRAY—On 2nd March 1968, at Amfield Plain Registry Office, Cpl. R. Watson to Joan Gray.

DEATHS

ADAMS—On 17th May 1968, ex Sgt. Frank Edgar Adams, late The Essex Regt.

ALGAR—On 14th July 1968, at Great Warley, Mr. Frederick Algar, late 2nd Bn. The Essex Regiment.

ANDERSON—On 10th March 1968, in London, ex Cpl. J. E. Anderson, late The Essex Regiment.

BARNES—On 15th June 1968, at Northampton, Lt.-Col. Leslie E. Barnes, MBE, TD, late The Northamptonshire Regiment.

BAYLEY—On 17th June 1968, at 2b Ormonde Road, Chester, Lt.-Col. Alfred Ernest Steele Bayley, MC, late The Northamptonshire Regiment.

BECK—On 29th March 1968, of 10 Carlton Drive, Wigston, Leicester, ex RSM Samuel Beck, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

BOOTH—On 2nd May 1968, at Cherbourg, Major E. C. Booth, MC, of 86 Spencer Road, Ryde, I.O.W., late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

- BRADBURY**—On 24th June 1968, of 7 The Poplars, Cutthorpe, Chesterfield, ex Cpl. F. Bradbury, MM, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- BRODIE**—On 26th August 1968, at 14 Tullybrannigan Road, Newcastle, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, Major H. C. Brodie, MBE, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- CAIRNS**—On 15th March 1968, at the Leicester Royal Infirmary, Captain R. McD. Cairns, MB, ChB, MD, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- CARMAN**—On 10th May 1968, at MH Caterick, Mary, aged 1 day, daughter of Pte. K. Carman.
- CASTLE**—On 25th March 1968, at Redhill, Surrey, H. Castle, late The Northamptonshire Regiment.
- CLARK**—On 7th August 1968, at Shoeburyness, ex RQMS A. G. Clark, aged 61, late The Essex Regiment.
- CLARKE**—On 25th July 1968, at Grimsby, Lincs., aged 73, Mr. F. M. Clarke, late 10th Bn (Chums) Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, after a long illness.
- CLIFT**—On 22nd August, 1968, of 13 Orson Drive, Wigston Magna, Leicester, Mr. G. Clift, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- COX**—On 7th January 1968, of 158 Wincheap, Canterbury, Major D. S. Cox, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- CROSSLÉ**—On 24th May 1968, at Moyle Hospital, Larne, Co. Antrim, aged 68, Lt.-Col. James Robert Colquhoun Crosslé, MC, late Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and 16th Foot.
- DARLEY**—On 31st July, 1968, of 99 Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.3, Brigadier F. T. R. Darley, OBE, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- DEACON**—On 23rd June, 1968, of 1 Heather Road, Leicester, ex RSM M. A. Deacon, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- DUDLEY**—On 7th May 1968, at Star and Garter Home, Mr. William George Dudley, aged 86, late The Bedfordshire Regiment.
- DYER**—On 9th June 1968, at Seychelles, Captain Leopold Dyer, late The Essex Regiment, RFC and ROC.
- ELLIOTT**—On 28th April 1968, Mr. J. Elliott, aged 85, late 7th Bn The Essex Regiment.
- FORD**—On 19th March 1968, of 44 Lothair Road, Leicester, ex Pte. L. W. Ford, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- FITZHUGH**—On 11th June 1968, at 9 Broomhill Road, Goodmayes, Essex, Captain John Anthony Fitzhugh, MC, late The Northamptonshire Regiment and 9th Bn The Essex Regiment.
- FURMINGER**—On 19th April 1968, at Monkstown Hospital, County Dublin, Col. William Copsey (Dink) Furminger, OBE, MC, late The Northamptonshire Regiment.
- GOVIS**—On 26th July 1968, at Cleethorpes, Lincs., aged 54, ex Cpl. A. E. Govis, late 1st Bn Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.
- GIFFARD**—On 10th August, 1968, of Dormy House, Longdown Lane, Epsom, Major W. L. Giffard, OBE, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- GRIFFITHS**—During December 1967, Col. J. L. Griffiths, DSO, TD, of Ballure Cottage, Ramsey, Isle of Man, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- HAMMOND**—On 27th June 1968, Mr. H. Hammond, DCM, BEM, late 10th Bn The Essex Regiment.
- HILSELY**—On 26th June 1968, at Brentwood, ex WO Robert Hilsely, aged 59, late The Essex Regiment.
- LARNER**—In July 1968, ex Sgt. S. F. Larnar, aged 84, late of The Essex Regiment.
- LEIGH**—On 26th February, 1968, of 26 Woodside Avenue, Alsager, Stoke-on-Trent, ex Pte. J. Leigh, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- MACPHERSON**—On 15th April 1968, Captain Ronald (Bay) Macpherson, late The Northamptonshire Regiment.
- MARTIN**—On 6th March 1968, at Cople, Bedfordshire, Mr. Phillip Sidney Martin, aged 72, late The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment.
- MATTHEWS**—On 25th April 1968, in the Chelsea Hospital, In-Pensioner Sgt. J. F. W. Matthews, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- MITCHELL**—In April 1968, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, late of 10th Bn The Essex Regiment.
- MORGAN**—On 11th June 1968, at Brentwood, Mr. Alfred George Morgan, late 2nd Bn The Essex Regiment.
- NEAL**—On 14th April, 1968, of 17 Garendon Road, Loughborough, ex Pte. A. Neal, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.
- NEAL**—On 9th June 1968, at Woodston, Peterborough, S. Neal, late 6th (S) Bn The Northamptonshire Regiment.

NOLAN—On 29th May 1968, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Nolan, late Middlesex and Essex Regiments.

PAINE—On 13th April 1968, of 96 Highway Road, Leicester, Major R. Paine, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

PARSONS—On 2nd June 1968, at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, Mr. William Henry Parsons, MBE, former Bandmaster of the Hertfordshire Regt (TA), aged 73.

POOL—In May 1968, at London, ex Sgt. W. Pool, late 2nd Bn Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.

REED—On 13th July 1968, at Stanford-le-Hope; Mr. A. Reed, late of 10th Bn The Essex Regiment.

SHEARMAN—On 10th July 1968, at his home at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, Brigadier Charles Edward Gowran Shearman, CBE, DSO, MC, late 16th Foot, aged 79.

SMITH—On 8th June 1968, Mr. W. Smith, aged 62, late 2nd Bn, The Essex Regiment.

SOPER—In June 1968, at Luton, Mr. Albert Soper, late 16th Foot.

STEVENS—On 1st April 1968, in a car accident in Tanzania, Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Gordon Stevens, late The Essex Regiment.

WENHAM—On 10th September, 1968, at Lincoln, Lt.-Col. A. H. Wenham, late The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.

WILSON—On 12th April 1968, of Flat 19, 40 Sussex Square, Brighton, Group-Captain W. C. Wilson, CBE, DSO, MC, late The Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

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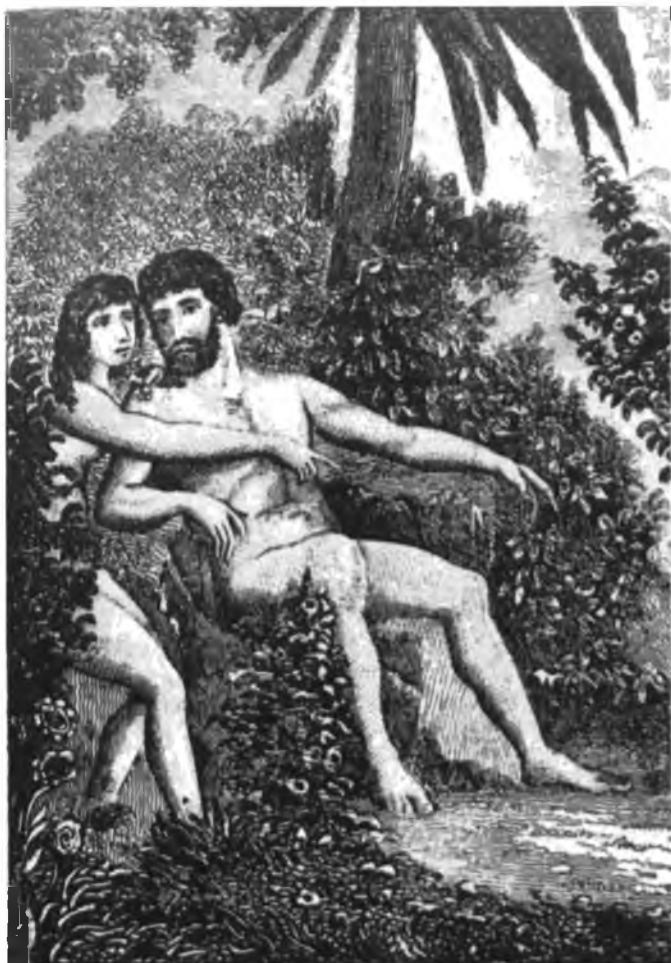
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