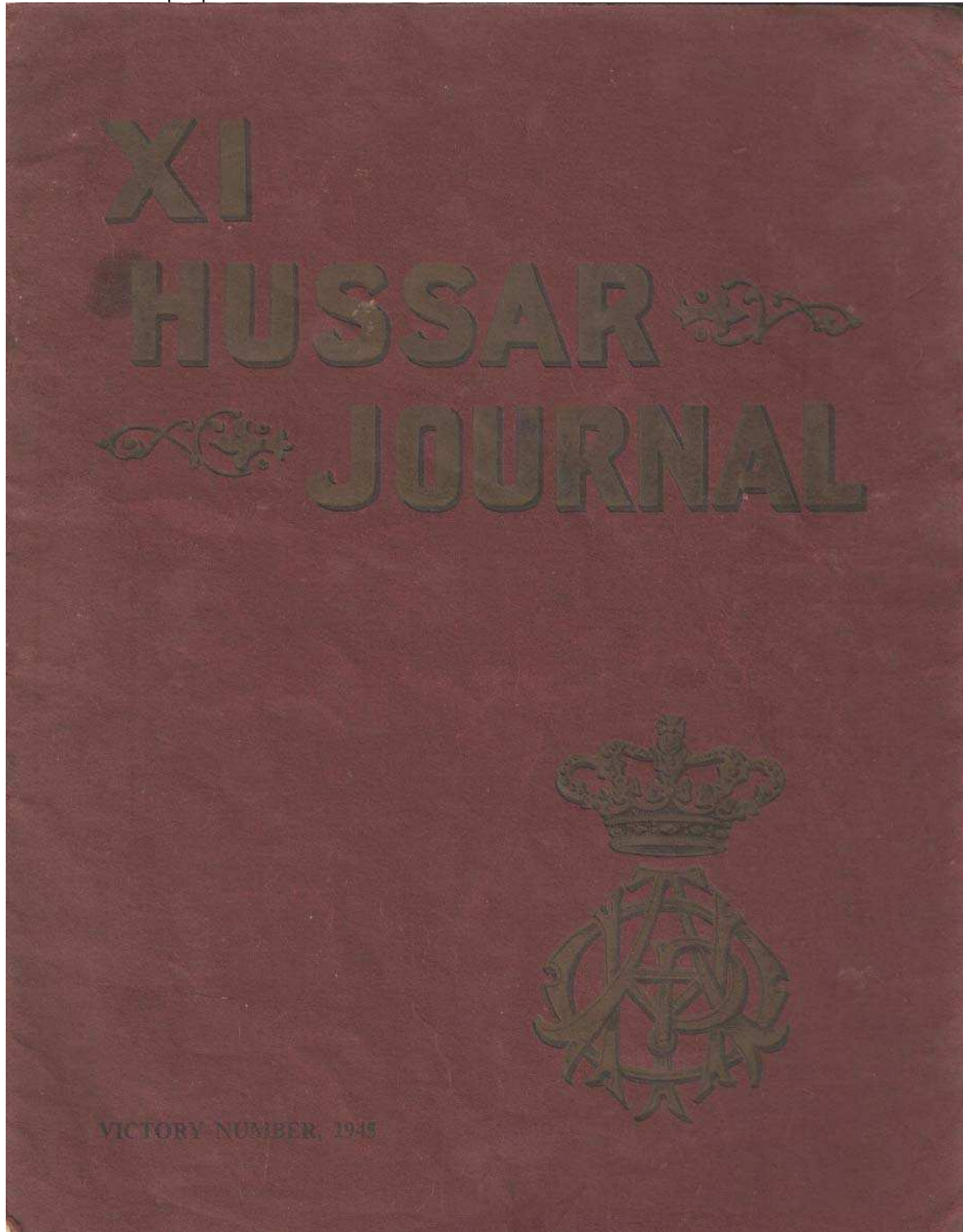




The 11th (Prince Albert's Owns) Hussars Journal 1945.

As follow is the Regimental journal for the 11th Hussars published at the end of 1945. It contains fascinating and detailed accounts of the activities of each of the composite units and is a valuable resource for research purposes.



Images courtesy of the family of Cpl Bert Mayes.



XI HUSSAR JOURNAL

Editor : Lieut. R. N. R. Brett-Smith

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EDITORIAL

THIS is the first JOURNAL to be published since July, 1943, and much has happened to the Regiment since then. It was obviously impossible to include in this number all the events and personalities with whom we have been associated during the past two years, though it would have been congenial to do so. Therefore it was decided to try to present an interesting and readable account of our most recent adventures, at the same time leaving nothing of importance out because it is now out of date.

There have been many obstacles to the achievement of this aim, but none of them really big ones. The greatest was the restriction of the size of the magazine, owing to the paper shortage. It has also been limited in circulation by Government order to 1,000 copies, which is nothing like enough. Therefore we must be excused by those who do not find things about which they had hoped to read. In the same way, we have not included notes about the activities of members of the Regiment temporarily away from it, and about past members, as it was impossible to find out what everyone was doing, and it seemed better to be quite ruthless rather than do the job by halves.

This number of the JOURNAL was started when we were near the Kiel Canal in May; then we moved to the Itzehoe area, where it seemed likely that we would stay for some time. But sudden moves did not apparently end with the war, and the Editor had to pack up his highly disorganized

office (a rather pompous term for a typewriter, a couple of files and a few pencils) and bale out sharpish.

Then the move to Berlin, in all its stages, set the publication date back once again, as it was rightly decided to include something about this great occasion. It is hoped that nothing will be too out-of-date to be read with entertainment, and readers are asked to remember that most of the articles, particularly the notes, were written in May or June.

We have not been able to acquire all the photographs we wanted, partly owing to the distressing fact that cameras within the Regiment were considerably more scarce in the first months of the last campaign than they are now, and partly owing to a surprising lack of help from official quarters, who have either referred letters to other departments, and so on, or just not answered them at all. But we would like to thank all those who have contributed personal photographs, whether they have been used or not, all other contributors, the long-suffering Orderly Room and the P.R.I. (for much help), our pre-publication critics, who can now at last bring their really big guns to bear, and the Editor's dog, who did at least start to eat the editorial before she was stopped.

This is a Victory Number. It celebrates a victory long in coming and achieved at a great price. But it has been a thousand times worth while. In Berlin more than in most places this is brought home to us. To the architects and engineers of this victory who did not survive to see it this number is respectfully dedicated.



GENERAL EISENHOWER AT ASHRIDGE, FEBRUARY, 1944.



VISITS PAID TO THE REGIMENT DURING SPRING, 1944

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G.

WHILE we were at Ashridge Camp, H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester paid the Regiment a great honour by expressing his wish to visit us at the earliest opportunity.

A date was fixed and, attended by Brigadier Schreiber, M.V.O., His Royal Highness drove down from London, being met at the entrance to the camp, where he dismounted from his car. The party then walked through the lines, during which time His Royal Highness was able to form a personal contact with those of us employed in the arduous and dirty process of "water-proofing." Both His Royal Highness and Brigadier Schreiber talked to some of the older members of the Regiment with whom they had served at Tidworth between 1931 and 1934.

Before lunch His Royal Highness visited the Sergeants' Mess, where R.S.M. Woodward introduced the members and made a speech of welcome, to which he graciously replied.

Subsequently he went to the Officers' Mess, where the officers were presented to our Royal visitor. During luncheon some good old "do you remember" conversations

and jokes were enjoyed by all, and it seemed like the good old days to have the Duke of Gloucester back again in our midst.

Owing to pressure of engagements his stay with us was all too short, and after a glass of port His Royal Highness drove away down the road lined on both sides with cheering Hussars.

SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, GENERAL EISENHOWER

On 24th February, 1944, General Eisenhower, accompanied by the Deputy Allied C.-in-C., Air Marshal Tedder, and (the then) General Sir Bernard Montgomery, paid a very much-appreciated visit to the Regiment at Ashridge.

The Regiment was lined up in three ranks on the road outside the Orderly Room "preparing" to receive our distinguished visitors, when they actually arrived a few minutes before time. General Eisenhower dismounted from the leading car and was "gracious enough to introduce himself" to the Second-in-Command, Major Stuart French, with, "Good morning. My name's Eisenhower"! —a very simple gesture, typical of the very great and successful man that he is.

The three chiefs then walked round the three ranks, during which inspection General Montgomery was quick



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD F. HOME, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., INSPECTS THE REGIMENT.



enough to spot a few wearers of a Palestine Medal with whom he talked and asked if they remembered Sergt. (Algy) Knight. Needless to say, the question brought a smile to the face of each one so interrogated!

After this our visitors were entertained in the Officers' Mess, where, in spite of the clouds of smoke coming down the chimney, the Colonel (Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Smail, D.S.O.) managed to introduce the officers. Capt. P. Stewart, M.C., who was staying with us at the time, was also introduced to General Eisenhower, who said he remembered him and the day that he was so badly wounded.

Subsequently, after some official photography, our three distinguished visitors departed for another rendezvous on their strenuous tour of inspection.

COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD F. HOME, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

After many plans and counter-plans, a suitable date was at last agreed upon for the Colonel of the Regiment to come and pay us his first official visit. This was an important occasion, for it is many years since a Colonel of the Regiment has had an opportunity to visit us owing to our long tour of duty overseas.

On 24th May, 1944, Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Home was driven down from London to Ashridge, arriving on the parade ground a few moments after 11 a.m. It was a fine and impressive sight to see the Regiment, four squadrons and R.H.Q., lined up in threes with all ranks immaculately turned out.

After the General Salute, Brigadier-General Home, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel W. Wainman, Commanding Officer, and the respective Squadron Leaders, walked round the ranks of each squadron.

Subsequently, the Regiment, having formed a hollow square, was addressed in suitable terms by our Colonel, to which the Regiment, led by Lieut.-Colonel W. Wainman, replied with three hearty cheers. The Regiment then marched past in column of squadrons, our Colonel taking the salute near what was once the Ashridge golf clubhouse.

All ranks then marched back to camp, where our Colonel was entertained to luncheon in the Officers' Mess.

Finally, after being photographed with both the Sergeants and Officers, his health was proposed by Mr. Woodward in the Sergeants' Mess, to which he made a short reply. And so came an end to a very satisfactory and a much-appreciated visit.

“... MAKING THE GREEN ONE RED”

LINCOLN GREEN: for in April, 1944, it became apparent that 112 R.A.C. (The Sherwood Foresters) was to be used to supply reinforcements for other armoured car regiments; and Cherry Red, for during the next few months eight officers—Lieuts. Hodgkinson and Newnham (“A” Squadron), Lieuts. Preston and Chapman (“B” Squadron), Lieuts. Campbell, Nation Tellery, Gurteen and Alton (“D” Squadron), and a large number of men were posted to the 11th Hussars. Robin Hood—a bit old and crotchety now—muttered something about backing long-

bows agin any donkey-walloper, but blessed us, nevertheless, and off we went—a little doubtfully.

For we were Grass Green, too. Most of us had been training on armoured cars since 1941; some few had foot-slogged back through Belgium in 1940, but those who'd seen a shot fired in anger could have been numbered on the fingers of two hands. So we worried a little about the kind of reception we were going to receive from those battle-scarred veterans with sand in their shoes: what scorn might we not see in the faces of those “keen-eyed men in brown berets” that we'd read about in *Coronet*? We should have known; the welcome we did receive was a fine one. There was banter, of course—there still is—but all good-humoured; and no one disdained to help us; no trouble was spared to make us feel at home.

I don't think many of us realized at the time how lucky we were to be able to draw freely on the experience that normally comes only in battle, or how many of us might not have seen this day had we not had that advantage; we do now.

LT.-COL. W. I. LEETHAM, D.S.O.

JACK LEETHAM joined the Regiment in France in 1917, after spending the previous year at Aldershot with the 12th Reserve Cavalry Regiment. Having survived the discomfort of the European mud in winter, he was sent to the United Kingdom sick in January, 1918, but was back again with the Regiment to celebrate the Armistice in November.

He then went to Egypt with the Regiment in July, 1919, and it was during the next two years out there that he was able to form the many associations, both inside and outside Gezira and Shephard's Hotel, which were to serve him so well some thirteen years later on his return!

Subsequently he seems to have become a well-qualified “Qui-Hi,” for he was in India from 1921 until 1932, a period of eleven years. During this time he was with the Regiment till 1925, when he was appointed Adjutant to the Calcutta Light Horse. After this he went as Staff Captain, Presidency and Assam District, until 1932, when he came home to rejoin the Regiment. It is also of interest to mention here that Jack won the Indian Grand National while he was in Calcutta.

In 1933 he assumed command of “A” Squadron, which he held for the following six years, but on the outbreak of war he became Second-in-Command to Colonel John Combe. At this time, like all of us, he acquired many desert habits, the most important of which was the evening gin and bitters topped up with chlorinated water! and it was a familiar sight to see Jack sitting comfortably in his “Baharia chair” (which always took several hours to assemble!) enjoying the evening breezes outside R.H.Q. The only other time I have seen him as comfortable and critical is sitting in the pavilion at Lord's with his panama hat tilted over his nose!

He got command of the Regiment in 1941 and for the next seventeen months he was starter, jockey and time-keeper in the various “Desert Stakes” which took place in these months of the campaign. For commanding the Regiment during this very active period he was awarded the D.S.O.

On relinquishing command he went back to the United Kingdom to command the 59th Training Regiment, where he has been of the greatest help to the Regiment overseas



as regards training and reinforcements. Colonel Jack has always had the interests of the Regiment at heart both in sport and work, and there are so many of us with whom he has served that we shall welcome the opportunity at the next Reunion of getting down once more to some solid reminiscing and liquid refreshment.

LT.-COL. A. T. SMAIL, D.S.O.

TREVOR SMAIL was commissioned into the Regiment in September, 1925, but did not actually join till January, 1926, when the Regiment returned to the United Kingdom from India.

Three years later the Regiment was mechanized, much to the anxiety of the "horsy" members of the unit, for in this change we saw our chargers and troop ponies being replaced by Austin Sevens and armoured cars. Our fears were, however, unfounded and during the following eight years that the Regiment was in England, Trevor was able to make the fullest use of his horse knowledge, thereby being able to play polo in the summer and hunt in the winter. In fact, he was never so happy as when at Tattersall's on a Monday morning, looking over the "goods for sale"!

When the Regiment left for Egypt in 1934 he went with them, but returned to the United Kingdom two years later to take over Adjutant, 1st R.G.H. This regiment was mobilized and later Colonel Trevor took over command of a squadron. Then in 1940 he took out a draft for the Regiment in Egypt and himself took command of "A" Squadron until April, 1941, when he was appointed Second-in-Command to Colonel Leatham.

In September, 1942, he got command and was fortunate enough to take part in the victorious campaign from Alamein to Tunis, for which he was awarded a well-deserved D.S.O. and bar. Then he took the Regiment to Italy for our share in the campaign there, where he had a serious accident in his jeep, suffering severe head injuries.

By December, 1943, Higher Command considered that not only Colonel Trevor but also the whole 7th Armoured Division had had enough, and so we embarked for the United Kingdom from Naples, arriving home on 15th January, 1944. After a period of well-earned rest and recuperation, Trevor was eventually posted back to command the 1st R.G.H. at Crowborough, where he has been ever since.

It is true to say that in Colonel Trevor the Regiment had (and still has) such a conscientious and loyal supporter in work and play that he was worn out by the time he got back to the United Kingdom in 1944. We are sure, however, that when we get together again Colonel Trevor will be stalking around like an old war-horse, ready to swap stories with all comers and give better than he receives.

VOCABULARY

PICKERS, CHERRY, NEAREST AND DEAREST,
 FOR THE USE OF

It would be impossible to print (at least in a polite journal) a complete vocabulary of expressions in use in the Regiment, which vary even between squadrons. But our next-

of-kin should know the following terms of Basic English if they are not to be quite clueless when we get our tickets and go home to talk to them. We have adopted a mahleesh attitude to spelling, going rather for the sound than for the correct native way of writing the words.

<i>Aiwah</i>	Yah; yes.
<i>Alles goot</i>	Everything O.K.
<i>Alles kaput</i>	Everything hopeless or broken up.
<i>Alles plundert</i>	No cameras or binoculars or shot-guns in the village: "D" Squadron has already been there.
<i>Alakeefek</i>	With a mahleesh attitude.
<i>Akker</i>	A piastre; any small piece of money; a mark; a franc; a sixpence, etc. <i>Akkers</i> = The Field Cashier.
<i>Bint</i>	A female.
<i>Bint kwoyees</i>	A good female; a honey; an amorous objective.
<i>Bella Seenyoreena</i>	Bint kwoyees (Italian version).
<i>Bono</i>	Kwoyees=goot=good. Niente bono=mush kwoyees=no good. Molto bono=kwoyees kateer, or kwoyees ouwie=very good.
<i>Blue, The</i>	Ghot, The=the original haunts of the Rats, Desert.
<i>Brew-up</i>	A fire; to cook shai; to destroy by fire; to burn down.
<i>Charlie Love</i>	Centre line; main axis of divisional or brigade advance; haunt at times of oozlebarts, q.v.
<i>Charlie Harry</i>	
<i>Charlie Ifter</i>	
<i>Clueless</i>	Out of the picture; with no idea of what is going on.
<i>Creased</i>	Wounded, not however "toppled off one's perch," which implies that the person toppled is alles kaput.
<i>Dove sono ee? (ted- e s c i, canonee, seenyoreenee)</i>	Where are the? (Germans, guns, girls).
<i>Dolce fare niente</i>	It's nice to do nothing; be on B3.
<i>Feloos</i>	Money; akkers.
<i>Frat</i>	Fraternization with Moffer bints. "A nice bit of frat=ditto skirt.
<i>Gypso</i>	See Wog.
<i>Goot shlaapen</i>	Sleep well.
<i>Hooch</i>	R.S.M.'s milk. (See Zbib.)
<i>Imshi</i>	See Yallah.
<i>Kutch</i>	Niente; nothing.
<i>Kit</i>	Anything from a bomb to a bint; "good kit," or its opposite "ropey kit," may refer to an armoured car, a shirt, or a peroxide blonde in Oudenbosch.
<i>Kaput</i>	Destroyed; hopeless; dead.
<i>Liberation</i>	Complete destruction by bombing or shelling, as at Hamburg or Caen. Also verb liberate=to plunder; sack.
<i>Mahleesh</i>	It doesn't matter; careless; not interested.
<i>Moffer</i>	Tedeskee, German, Boche; Mofferland=Germany.
<i>Mongerear</i>	Food; scoff.
<i>Moya</i>	Water; pahn.
<i>Mushti</i>	A chap; fellow.
<i>Niente</i>	See Kutch, also Bono.
<i>Nigger</i>	A Wog, q.v., a person not of British birth; a person not in the Conservative Party.
<i>Oozlebart</i>	A guerrilla; a sniper; an enemy; a Socialist candidate in a Tory constituency.
<i>Sugar Sugar</i>	S.S., Nazi type of Moffer. <i>Always</i> have bazookas; definitely mush kwoyees.
<i>Shai</i>	A sticky, sweet drink made by stewing tea, sugar and tinned milk with moya to taste.
<i>Shufti</i>	Observe! or observation; Shufti bint!=a long, low whistle; Shufti patrol=a patrol sent to observe something.
<i>Sarkam</i>	What time? (If in doubt, brew up.)
<i>Shwaya</i>	Small.
<i>Shlaapen</i>	To kip; yoch; sleep; honk.
<i>Shlaak Vehier</i>	Dirty weather; Dutch greeting on rainy mornings.

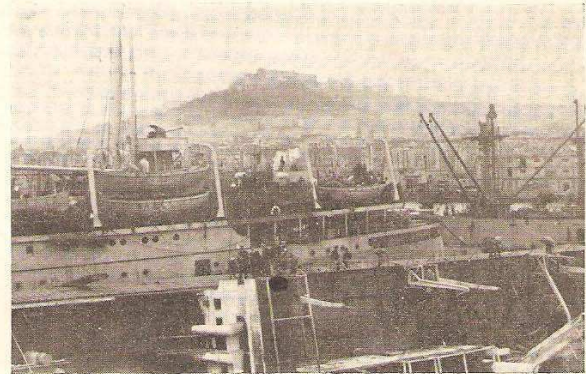


Salerno

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XI HUSSAR JOURNAL

<i>Squaddy</i>	Soldier; trooper; soldaten-mushti.
<i>Tamam</i>	Just the job.
<i>Tala hinnah</i>	Come here.
<i>Vino</i>	Wine; intoxicating drink, occasionally mixed with 45 per cent. gin and 5 per cent. peach juice in "C" Squadron Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. This produces Stromboli, a non-inflammable beverage with many of the properties of Zbib (q.v.).
<i>Wallad</i>	Boy; shwaya mushti.
<i>Yallah!</i>	Imshi!; Scram!
<i>Zift</i>	Useless.
<i>Zbib</i>	A lethal, volatile, inflammable, persistent, corrosive and explosive beverage popular in Sergeants' Messes. Consists of 95 per cent. wood alcohol and burns with a fierce blue flame.



NAPLES, 1943.

THE REGIMENT IN ITALY

AFTER more than three months at Homs, the Regiment began its move to Tripoli on 4th September. "C" Squadron moved first, followed by "A" and "B" and finally R.H.Q., and by the 9th the whole Regiment was concentrated in the water-proofing area near the town. By then the victory in Sicily had been followed up by an invasion of the toe of Italy by the Eighth Army. On 16th September, a week after the Salerno landings, "C" Squadron embarked and two days later landed a few miles south of Salerno, where heavy fighting was still going on. On 19th September the rest of the Regiment sailed from Tripoli, landing from the tank landing ships after a smooth voyage of three days. The enemy had by this time been driven back to the crest of hills around Salerno Bay, and the Regiment (except "C" Squadron, who remained under the command of the 131st Infantry Brigade) moved into an area some ten miles south-east of Salerno, where final preparations were made and much work done in training the crews of the self-propelled 75-mm. guns, eight of which were issued to the Regiment just before sailing from Africa.

By 28th September the two infantry divisions of the X Corps had cleared the Cava di Tirranni Pass on the road to Naples, and the Regiment followed slowly up the centre

line through Nocera and Angri almost to Scafati, where it was decided to pass the 7th Armoured Division round to the north of Vesuvius and not along the coast road to Naples. Once we were west of Vesuvius on a line facing north, "A" and "B" Squadrons were deployed with the 22nd Armoured Brigade to advance on to the line of the Volturno River, and "C" Squadron, after working since landing with the 131st Brigade, now returned to Regimental reserve.

By 5th October the autumn rains had begun in earnest and the advance was everywhere delayed, enabling the enemy to hold the left bank of the Volturno for some days. Although there were now fewer grapevines in the Volturno Plain and the country was rather more open, the activities of armoured cars were just as badly hampered by mud as previously they had been by close country, and the Regiment was therefore brought into Divisional reserve in the area of Casa Luce. From here various liaison officers were sent to flanking formations during the build-up for a crossing of the Volturno and a good deal of training was undertaken.

On 14th October "B" Squadron, under the command of the 22nd Armoured Brigade, moved into observation south of the river west of Grazzanise and two days later the remainder of the Regiment moved to Luigi Razzi south of Capua, which became known as the "Bolt Hole" because of a training scheme carried out while we were there.

Within a few days the whole Regiment then moved westwards to cross the Volturno at the bridge leading into the badly battered village of Cancelli Arnone. From there working north, generally on a one-squadron front, we came up by the beginning of November to the Roca di Mondragone, a high feature reaching almost to the sea and separating the Volturno Plain from that of the Garigliano, our next river obstacle. As the advance into this new plain began, "A" and "B" Squadrons fanned out ahead of the 22nd Armoured Brigade, but demolitions again delayed them and likewise well-observed gunfire from the enemy batteries around Minturno. The approach to the Garigliano necessitated another period of building up before an attack could be made, while farther inland the infantry were fighting bitterly on Monastery Hill. Such were the circumstances when the Regiment was told that, after nearly ten years, it was at last going home.



BREWING UP.



LINGEVRES (NORMANDY, JUNE, 1944).

A YEAR ON THE CONTINENT June, 1944—May, 1945

WHILE the rest of us were kicking our heels at Ashridge, "C" and "D" Squadrons had landed on 9th June, D plus 3, and early been thrown into the battle. The first Villers Bocage push was both spectacular for the onlookers and startling for those taking part in it; indeed, at one time R.H.Q. Tac. were resolutely preparing to repel the *élite* of the 2nd Panzer Division with their wooden guns, while the Signals Officer, whose gun was at least made of metal, contributed his slight share to the barrage of the R.H.A., but not before spending a hectic twenty minutes getting the grease out of his barrel.

The Villers "Box" quickly became famous, and the Regiment was perhaps lucky to escape so lightly while itself writing off much German kit. Little places like Cahagnes, where a striking success was scored, and the charming but deathly village of St. Germain d'Ectot, where the reverse unfortunately happened—these names will not soon be forgotten. To come back to Guéron and then to St. Andre was an anti-climax, but a rest. When "B" Squadron and the 75's turned up they were greeted with horrifying stories of close-country warfare, of troops who expended every single round of small arms in a morning, and of snipers who did not play fair when your only weapon was a shovel. But indeed the Normandy countryside with its thick bocage was difficult for armoured cars, and there was no scope for them in the slogging type of fighting that followed.

So the Regiment, brought up to strength by the arrival of "A" Squadron at the beginning of July, rested peacefully in the grounds of the Chateau St. Andre, a building remarkable for its great length and almost complete lack of width. This happy existence, punctuated by occasional flaps about moving, endless sorting and resorting of maps, and once in a while an aircraft scare, went on for over a month. Excursions were run to Bayeux, a town which had speedily lost its charm if not its charmers, and you could even take a trip up to the battle if you were so inclined; or, at any rate, study the six Panthers knocked out by one intrepid Sherman at Lingèvres, near the famous cross-roads of La Belle Epine, which was good for morale.

Field-Marshal Montgomery visited us in a violet pullover, Cherbourg fell, the Orne was crossed, and still we sat and wrote letters and played football and got bored. People began to talk knowingly about Mount Pincon being the clue to the whole of Normandy, cars were studiously camouflaged, and a Corporal got lost for three hours in the Bayeux one-way traffic plan, which was always good for a laugh. Incidentally, since before leaving England certain authorities had shown a good deal more movement than control. The egg market was ruined owing to the arrival of the 53rd Welsh Division in our area, and other friends arrested as a suspicious character more than one 11th Hussar out for a stroll. We saw our bombers blasting Caen, Villers Bocage and Aunay-sur-Audon to debris, and Caen fell at last, unrecognizable as a city.

When at length the Regiment did move, and we crossed the Orne by "London Bridge," it was all to come to nothing again. But "A" Squadron had one of the nastiest nights imaginable, and suffered bad losses, and from that time onwards we all became very careful indeed about digging our slit trenches each night. Somehow one always had the feeling that one's own slit trench as compared to everyone else's was like a fat old woman surrounded by pin-up girls; if you lay on your stomach you were sure your backside projected nobly into the danger area, while if you were daring and lay on your back every flare and every bomb seemed to be making a very straight line for you. What are the memories of this unpleasant period between St. Andre and the break-out? Bombing, shelling, slit trenches, rain, mosquitoes, bombing, slit trenches, mosquitoes, rain. It was the worst summer for sixty years, the French said. Going backwards and forwards from Caen, sudden switches of plan, while the Yanks on the right were capturing St. Lo, Mortain, even Le Mans. It was difficult enough to know where you were going next, and practically impossible to guess which Corps you would end up in. We even came back to St. Andre once to fool the Hun. Those who saw the wreckage of Caen and the factory area will not forget them, nor the days we spent there. There was no actual operating, but much valuable liaison was done.

Besides the rain, which drenched everything, there was the dust when it did not rain, which was equally unpleasant, and turned cars and faces and berets a misty grey. And the rotting crops, the dead cows and horses, to



VIVE LES ANGLAIS !



say nothing of the dead men, the mud, the traffic jams, the abandoned or ruined kit of two armies sprawling over the fields of Normandy, all of these come vividly to mind.

Perhaps it was just as well we did not have to operate much in the early days, when you had to compete with names like Bretteville l'Orgeuilleuse and St. Honorine la Chardonnerette and Sequeville-en-Bessin. And every other village in France seemed to be called either le Mesnil or St. Germain or Somebody's Folie. Indeed, there was actually one Mesnil le Mesnil, for good measure.

On the first day of August we had arrived near Caumont, where we were of course bombed again. (It was about this time that people used to wake up in minefields, too!) But it did look as if things were beginning to move faster now: some sort of a gap had been smashed after terrific fighting by British, Canadians and Poles, while away on our right the Americans too were leading up to the massacre of the Falaise Gap. Next we came to Aunay-sur-Audon, perhaps the flattest town in France: there were two buildings standing on it, and both of these were hollow shells. Pied-du-Bois and Jurques followed (a troop leader who reported taking a jerk was nearly congratulated on a daring bit of work), then Mount Pincon. Here the armchair experts were a little foxed ("We hold Pincon, therefore we hold Normandy"), as we appeared unable to make good the rest of the Normandy Plain, however much it was ours in theory. Here also the R.A.S.C. provided a welcome diversion when three lorries, piled high with, of all things, rubble, charged up the hill amongst the leading tanks, and explained, when stopped, that they were carrying their precious cargo to—Aunay-sur-Audon! This was deemed a little superfluous, and they withdrew down the hill, cheered to the echo by all who saw them.

"A" Squadron had the bad luck to receive shells in the S.H.Q. area one day, but in spite of such nuisances morale in general was astonishingly high, as will be shown by this extract from a squadron war diary: "It was expected that enemy tanks would come up, and so a line of Hawkins grenades was laid across the road."

Looking back on Normandy you see that there was some reason for the lack of enthusiasm and welcome shown to us by the French. Their houses, or about 50,000 of them, were either completely destroyed or severely damaged. Their crops were ruined, their cattle killed or strayed, their homes if intact looted, one regrets to say, by



CALL AGAIN FIFTEEN.



FIRST INTO DEYNZE.

both sides. In many cases the French lost absolutely all they had. In addition, it was a little putting off when, having been evacuated from Villers Bocage to Aunay-sur-Audon for safe keeping, you were bombed even more badly than before. If anyone deserved to be "bomb-happy" it was the French farmers and workers of Normandy. But they were free for the first time in four years, that was the great thing. Farmers being in many ways a race apart, the Normandians did not worry about the German occupation as much as we had reckoned, for they were largely left alone. Very different was the welcome we got as we crossed the Dives River and sped on through France.

Jort, St. Pierre-sur-Dives, and the Poles gabbling unintelligibly on our frequencies, but fighting like lions, then Livarot, Lisieux, Fervacques and up to the River Risle near the Forêt de Montfort. For the first time we were cracking on and not coming back, and it was exhilarating. The guns, who were firing nineteen to the dozen, found it hard to keep up, let alone the echelons. Livarot had a timely Calvados brewery, and with a quiet pull at the bottle we rushed off to chase the enemy across the Seine. He did not need much chasing. Now and again the Luftwaffe showed itself, but was swamped by our excellent air support. In fact, one was, as like as not, strafed by Thunderbolts and not Focke-Wulfs.

Every squadron was capturing and writing off a colossal amount of kit, and the guns confidently claimed a lot of damage done, though a little touchy on the subject of civilians.

Over the Seine at Louviers, and another traffic jam, the first for some time. And by the very beginning of September we were up to the Somme, and across it, and in the Pas de Calais, which made the V-merchants think again. At a little village called Nuncq the inevitable for once happened, and we, like the rest of the Second Army, ran out of maps. We prepared to use our silk handkerchiefs and local guide books, but the War Office came through just in time. It was curious to be racing through the Somme country, leaving in our wake such famous and bitter names as Bethune, Arras, St. Pol and Vimy. We were practically out of France, enriched by the company of a large number of Maquis, who became our good and



BELGIAN WELCOME.

faithful friends. In Mazingarbe one joyful old man rushed up to a car, shook his liberators warmly by the hand, and shouted, "I'm so happy, I'm so happy, I'm going home, I'm going home!" "Oh, yes; and where do you live?" we said. "Caen," he replied.

That first week in September must be the most spectacular in the history of the Regiment. How many miles were covered, how many enemy killed or taken prisoner it is impossible to say. After the Seine the Somme had been crossed in a day or so, and by the end of that week we were on the outskirts of Ghent, or, to be more military, investing the city. The 4th September was the day we entered Belgium, and from that time on we were in as much danger from flying fruit and wine bottles as from the Germans. The welcome was terrific, and all the more of a surprise after the comparatively tepid reactions of some of the French.

Belgium went mad with joy. It was like a Marx Brothers film, and about as crazy. The most startling things happened. No one knew where the enemy would turn up, least of all themselves. Half the population was drunk with delight, the other half was just drunk. The Germans, being a methodical people, and not to be put off by a little thing like a squadron of the 11th Hussars, came on their way. They had been given their lines of withdrawal, and Heil Hitler! they were going to stick to them. Admittedly it was difficult without maps, rations, petrol, ammunition—things that never once failed us. For example, in Eyne after the liberation the S.S. came in, and smartened the place up to no mean tune. More than once flags had hurriedly to be withdrawn by the puzzled Belgians. But it all came right in the end, and even the back-room boys had the pleasure of taking hordes of prisoners. Still, it was annoying to sleep fifty yards away from a column of H.D.T. of colossal loot possibilities and never know it was there.

Then came St. Nicholas at Neukirchen Wies, Woesmunster and Lokeren, where the odd Tiger made a nuisance of itself. It was indeed an Aldwych farce, this campaign: people on bicycles chased by people in tanks, others who went out partridge shooting returned with prisoners of war. And which was the squadron that looked so fierce that an M.P. near Touffeurs reported them

as "an enemy column of approximately divisional strength approaching from the west"?

The women of Belgium, besides being beautiful, were in many cases very brave, as "B" Squadron will testify. So too were the White Brigade, an extremely well-organized body.

In the middle of the month we were lucky enough to get a short rest near Malines, and most people had their first taste of Brussels. Belgium as a whole seemed a delightful country, with clean, neat houses, pleasant countryside, fine towns full of good shops, and a gay and resolute people. To us who had not seen the best of France it was exactly what we needed.

It seemed certain now that the war would be over in a matter of weeks, certainly before Christmas. It had been won in Normandy, now it was a case of tying up the loose ends. On 17th September the Arnhem landings started. As the month drew to an end it became increasingly obvious that we were not home yet.

And so we came to Oss, one of the pleasantest little towns in Holland. The welcome we received from the Orangemen was nothing like so spectacular as from the Belgians, but in a different way equally warm. The Dutch are a slow, rather stolid, race compared to their neighbours, but very kind, very happy, and very hospitable. Everyone had a thoroughly good time at Oss. We had to keep watch on the Maas at places such as Maren, Kirkdriel and Het Wild, and the Dutch Maquis helped us considerably, under the able leadership of Tom of Lith. If there were few Germans to shoot there were plenty of duck; there was a brewery at Lith, and in Oss itself there was plenty of recreation of various kinds to be had. Only the occasional S.S. man and his bazooka brought us back to a sterner reality, and some desperate and uncomfortable games of hide-and-seek were played in the village of Maren, an uncanny place if ever there was one. The guns fired literally thousands of rounds, and caused a number of "brews," but there was little if any counter-battery fire. Our own troops provided aircraft excitement twice, once causing a squadron leader to bale out of his jeep jilty, and the other time Typhooning the railway station at Oss and, more important, the L.A.D. This, however, provided them with another four months' conversation, it being felt the story of the jettisoned tank dropped on them by a Messerschmitt 'way back in Normandy was a little played out.



"B" SQUADRON v. THE BROTHERS (DONGEN). H D M



We left Oss with some regret at the end of October to take part in the 'SHertogenbosch push, which only lasted a week. But the Regiment played its part, and quite a big one, and, though we did not have the luck to be first into either Tilburg or Breda, we can recall with a certain satisfaction names like Loop op Zand, Dongen and Oosterhout. One surprising incident occurred when a troop was conducting an O.P. on to a German gun position. The troop leader could hear the enemy speaking on his own wireless frequency, and was considerably helped by their comments on his shooting. Finally they asked permission to withdraw, which was refused (one suspects that here was a case of someone being detailed to "die the hero's death") and the rest was silence.

We stayed a short time at Dongen, which was in many ways like Oss, and then moved a long way down to Maeseck, a small town on the Belgian side of the Belgian-Dutch frontier, in this case our old friend the Maas.

Maeseck, like Oss, contained one or two shady characters, and several spies were caught there, but once again we were lucky to be static in a place which welcomed us so gladly. It was good to be back in Belgium, and everyone will remember Maeseck with pleasure. The patrols were not exacting, though there were excitements.

The next move was (at least on paper) a short one, across the river into Holland again, where we were based on Grevenbicht, Papenhoven, Obbicht and Buchten. It was getting bitterly cold now, hardly the ideal time to sit on the Juliana Canal in Roosteren or Gebroek, pretending that you were not feeling like an iceberg. A word must be said about Gebroek, which was not even a village, just a knot of ruined houses. There took place not only the siege of Gebroek, when a patrol of "C" Squadron, plus a number of officers who had chosen a bad moment for a visit, were temporarily cut off, but also the famous Battle of Gebroek, which spoilt "D" Squadron's Boxing Day.

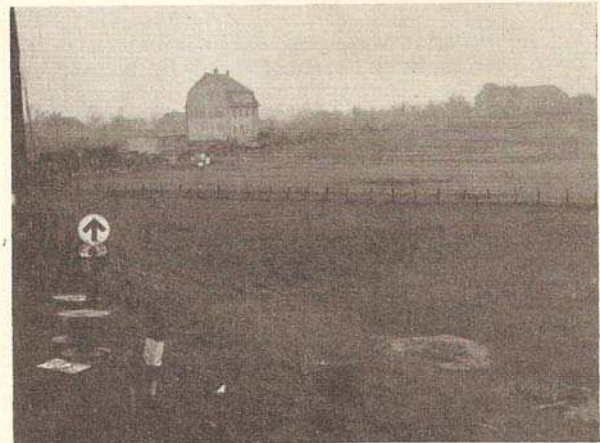
This was real infantry work, and by the end of it we knew a lot of things that might well be thought outside our sphere. The cold was the worst enemy, freezing K guns and Brens and the petrol in our carburettors, besides numbing hands and feet. As a result, engines had to be started up at frequent intervals during the night, which may or may not have led the Germans to believe we were massing for an armoured attack; anyway, they retaliated with what the Intelligence Summaries were pleased to call a gramophone record of heavy engines, with the sound of galloping horses on the other side! But at least we were in a better plight than the Americans whom von Rundstedt had caught napping in the Ardennes. There was a mild flap about parachutists and saboteurs of the infamous Brandenburger Division, otherwise we were unaffected by the German counter-attack except for renewed activity in their propaganda leaflet department. But it was interesting to find out later that we would have been very much in the thick of things had certain developments taken place. It was pleasant, too, to find out that the reason why the German patrols never dared to attack Roosteren was that it was common knowledge that this citadel of a village was held by a whole regiment of panzers commanded by an Oberst.

About this time we first set foot on the sacred soil of Germany, which we had to cross to reach Jabeek, where a squadron at a time rested. And at this time, too, the guns fired their last rounds, and several thousands of

them, before they finally packed up. They had done great work.

As we had long sat and looked at places like Bakenhoven, Susteren and Echt, it was good to be able to investigate them more closely after the Roer Triangle push had started. The parachutists whom we met in those few but savage days were bloody-minded, to put it mildly, like their notorious commander, Oberst Hübner. Places like Susteren, Echt, St. Joost and Montfort were largely or entirely in ruins before they were given up. But in spite of prominent slogans such as "Sieg oder Chaos" and "Remember Aachen" writ large on the walls of these places, they were finally abandoned. Maasbracht and St. Odilienburg proved a little tricky, but in the end we were successful.

It was a change, and perhaps a relief, to hack off many miles to the Breda area, where our duties embraced everything from Military Government to assisting the line-crossers near the Maas Estuary. We sat in places with unpronounceable names, like Lage and Hooge Zwaluwe and



RHINE CROSSING

Geertruidenberg, ready to deal with an angry Moffer or an expectant mother. This was a period of flares and machine-gun fire at night, of duck shooting and boating, of hearing the swish of other and more important boats when you were on guard. Every half-hour or so flying bombs or V2's would cross the river, mostly heading for Antwerp. It was a wide, open, rather bleak, country, this land round the Hollandsch Diep, but in villages like Zevenbergen, Made and Hoeven we were made very welcome. The local Maquis helped us in our duties, and there were some friendly Belgian infantry with apparently unlimited ammunition at Moerdijk.

About the middle of March we left this area, and concentrated near Weert for the Rhine crossing. There was no job for the Regiment in the immediate bridgehead, where the wonderful fighting of British and American airborne troops had paved the way for a break-out. After the flat open country of Belgium and Holland it was putting off to be back in terrain that was often heavily wooded and where the tracks and roads were often bad—but it was a relief to see a hill again. But with memories of the Bocage country to help us, we pushed on through Borken and Stadtlohn, Raesfeld and Ahaus. Not to have to worry



about civilian damage was a great advantage, and we happily “brewed up” all we could. The fighting was scrappy but stiff, with bazookamen having a perpetual field day. (The bazooka, or panzerfaust, in passing, first made itself felt in August, 1944, but was never used on such a large scale as it was in the Fatherland.) White flags were seldom to be trusted, and there was of course no civvy information to help us.

The advance went on, with odd cases of extremely fierce resistance; it was a peculiar advance, for you went for twenty miles without meeting any opposition, then perhaps a complete day was spent with no progress at all. So it was at Stadtlohn, and at Rheine, and to a lesser degree at Diepholz and Suligen. The run to Rheine was the first since the previous October to compare with any of the runs in France and Belgium. Next came Bassum, Syke, and up to the outskirts of Bremen. There was, of course, a continual possibility that the centre line would be cut, which, to our great surprise, and even in some cases mortification, did not happen. The Rivers Weser and Aller were crossed, after a day or two's much-needed rest, and it was on to Hamburg, with the enemy becoming more and more clueless, though no less fierce. It became largely a matter of finding the right road, as there just weren't quite enough bazookamen to go round.

What will chiefly be remembered about his most hectic month and a half? Perhaps first of all the increased number of casualties; those who fell in the hour of victory will never know how much and how successfully they contributed to that victory. On the whole, we came off lightly, though many were wounded. The second outstanding thing was the vast and welcome amount of loot, or plunder, that came our way. The Regiment has surely perfected the technique of dealing not only with individuals but with whole communities, though perhaps it was going a little too far to impose upon the peace delegates from the German High Command!

We were given the honour of being first into, or rather first out of, Hamburg. Germany's second city was an impressive but terrible sight. The end had come. It had been a long journey, but a comparatively quick one. There were many things to look back on, some with pride, some with sorrow, some with laughter, but with all our emotions went a feeling of colossal relief.

It had taken almost exactly a year to beat the German armies in the field, in their own fields, moreover, as well as in France and the Low Countries. It had been a wonderful experience, and though the victory had been in many cases hard and not easily won, it had surely been cheap at the price.

SHOOTING ON THE CONTINENT

THE possibility of an occasional half-day off for shooting or fishing had not entirely escaped our attention in our preparations for landing in Europe. A few guns and rods were lost on the way, but others were found to replace them.

In Normandy both space and opportunity were limited, but a few trout were landed on the coast, and some pigeon and out-of-season partridge were shot. This relieved the monotony of camp rations.

As we moved on and opportunities arose, the echelons gradually became filled with the necessary impedimenta

—guns, cartridges, dogs, boats, decoys, etc. Game, though seldom plentiful, was widespread and varied. Few days passed without someone managing to get out for an hour or two. A pause near Brussels towards the end of September found us in the midst of a good pheasant shoot. The fact that the birds were not exactly in season was discounted by the remark that on the whole they had had a pretty cushy war. One high-minded old lady, either the marchioness or the keeper's wife, we weren't sure which, was so horrified that she threatened to report the matter to the “Commandant.” As he had just brought off a nice right and left no one was unduly worried.

Partridges at Oss, pheasants near Sittard, duck on the Maas, blackcock near Tilburg, and “various” everywhere filled in most of our spare time during the winter. Two dogs who earned a mention were “Jeannie,” who must have been somewhere within the last three generations of her pedigree, and “Hogwash,” whose enthusiasm exceeded his wisdom; both, however, were great characters and more than earned their keep.

The season culminated with a most enjoyable stay at the mouth of the Maas near Willemstadt, where geese and duck abounded. Two successive evenings with five guns brought in twenty-two geese; our casualties were one pneumonia, one 'flu, and two severe colds! There were also several very narrow escapes from drowning.

The bag for the season comprised over a thousand head, including geese (greylag, bean and whitefront), duck (pin-tail, mallard, widgeon, pochard, gadwell, shoveller, shel-drake, tufted garganey and common teal), pheasant, partridge, blackcock, woodcock, snipe, quail, pigeon, hare and rabbits, and several “various.” Surprisingly, no human beings were shot; but a General near by scored two Staff officers and one old woman within a fortnight. A couple of German soldiers appeared during a partridge drive and were taken prisoner, and one or two parties wandered into minefields, but otherwise things were fairly normal.



HAVE JUST TAKEN ONE P.W.



A brief delay in front of Hamburg revealed a well-stocked trout stream which produced trout of 1 lb. and upwards. When life appeared more settled at Kellinghusen a number of horses were acquired, more than fifty in the Regiment. Great enthusiasm was shown by all ranks at the prospect of becoming horsed once more, even if only off duty. But the order to move to Berlin followed very soon after. So far we have got seventeen horses to Berlin, but we are gradually converting ammunition lorries into horse-boxes and hope to get the remainder along soon.

For the Victory Dinner it was decided that trout were required for the "poisson Garigliano," so three rods were dispatched to the Oker, in the Harz Mountains. This proved to be a lovely little stream and full of fish, but on the small side. Time was limited—one afternoon, evening and early morning. Unfortunately it rained heavily all the time and a fair-sized spate upset the fishing after the first afternoon; but fifty-one were brought to bag, all on fly.

As for the future, we have horses, guns, dogs, cartridges, rods and tackle, of all sorts, and now await the closing of the Berlin season; and the opening of the fall of the leaf.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LANDING IN NORMANDY

OUR column moved off down the road to the loading area just before first light. A few hours' sleep in a very ordinary English ditch, the sight of stolid policemen at every side-road, the thought of people still in bed and the early hour of the morning did not increase our morale. The loading on to the L.C.Ts. was accomplished surprisingly quickly and soon the craft were anchored in pairs in the middle of the estuary. From now on we had had it. No one could go ashore, no wireless was allowed and no newspapers came aboard. Movement was very limited, as to get from one end of the craft to the other it was necessary to crawl over the armoured vehicles.

After everyone had been organized into parties to cook and clean, there was nothing left to do but sit and wait; luckily the weather was good enough for sun-bathing. Amusement was provided by the small balloons attached to each craft, as in the strong wind they careered about until they got entangled with each other and then broke loose, gaining height rapidly until they burst when nearly out of sight. We thought that we should leave the next morning. Rumours went round for a time, but they soon ceased, as there was no scope for them amongst only forty people. We did not start the next morning, so had to settle down to another long day. The balloons had been tamed and, apart from sleeping, the only thing to do was to inspect the special rations which had been issued for use on landing. Self-heating tins of cocoa which brewed up in five minutes after being set off with a match won high praise. The weather was still good and we were lucky, as there was no shelter aboard and everyone had to sleep on the top of their vehicles or underneath them.

The following morning orders were given to pull the camouflage nets across the vehicles and interest began to rise as the craft prepared to move. Soon about fifty craft in good order were passing out into the open sea, which after the calm of the river seemed quite rough. Now we were definitely off and our thoughts were divided, some

thinking of what was left behind, others of what they were going to, and a few too occupied to think, being ill over the side. The rest of that day was spent in readjusting ourselves to the motion of the boat, holding on to things when moving about, thinking twice before eating, and getting used to the spray which periodically damped our ardour. Other convoys were seen distinguished in the distance by the balloons each craft carried. All seemed to be going different ways and nothing indicated any special direction.

The night was uncomfortable and there was also the thought that the Calais guns might open up. However, we heard nothing of them, though we learnt afterwards that a later convoy was engaged. At first light we were just in sight of the Sussex coast at the same time as the first troops were landing in France. A wireless set was opened to get any news that came over the Army broadcasts, but nothing was heard. As the day progressed so more convoys were seen, all converging, and now all were going in the same direction. Later still the craft could be seen



WAITING TO LAND, JUNE, 1944.

stretching in four lines to the horizon in both directions. Naval launches were moving up and down the lines shepherding the craft into position. In the distance on either side escort vessels could be seen guarding the lane down which all the landing craft were moving. Planes in formation kept passing overhead at a great height. The balloons shining in the brilliant sun showed up like silver pin-heads on the horizon.

In the afternoon another wireless set was opened up on to the frequency of the infantry division which was landing in front of us. Soon we were getting the locations of the forward troops and it was with great satisfaction that we could mark on our maps a red line showing that the infantry had achieved a substantial bridgehead. Throughout the day the columns of craft had been moving at the same speed and without any checks or alarms. There was no sign of the German Air Force. Later in the evening the order was given to roll back the camouflage nets and to run the vehicle engines for twenty minutes. Then the shackles securing the vehicles to the deck were released and all precautions taken to ensure that the vehicles would not move. The sea was still rough enough to make the motion of the craft unpleasant. Final adjustments to the water-tightness of the vehicles were made.



After the last meal had been finished and all kit had been stowed away, there was nothing left to be done but to sit on the vehicles and wait for the outcome of the operation which had been planned for years. As the sun went down more and more ships could be seen spread over a large area in front of us, the smaller ones moving forward and the larger ones at anchor. Everything was very quiet except for the engines, and it all gave an impression of a naval review rather than an operation to defeat the Huns for all time. As we approached the mass of ships, the lines of landing craft slackened speed and it seemed now that we should not land that evening. The craft moved slowly forward and just before light failed the shore could be seen, but only as a dark, long line, and nothing could be made out except for a few fires burning. There was no thought of sleep, because we knew that, though the Luftwaffe had not appeared during the day they would certainly come that night. Tin hats that would fit were put on and everyone sat listening while gun crews prepared for action. Attacks came at about hourly intervals throughout the night, but only by a few planes. The amount of metal that was shot up into the air was staggering, ranging from the heavy stuff from cruisers to the small stuff from individual weapons, and the amount of spent ammunition falling all around was much more frightening than anything else. The tracer gave a display surpassing any of Brock's Benefits. Two enemy planes were seen to fall in flames, but the noise was so deafening that it was impossible to hear them or even hear bombs falling. Little damage was done and there were no direct hits; the only ships that suffered were the ones that had near misses and were thoroughly drenched by the spray thrown up. The landing had evidently caught the German Air Force as well as the Army by surprise, as it was not until the following night that attacks became heavy.

At the first show of light all the craft were still milling about waiting a chance to land their vehicles. The sea was still rough enough to make the craft most uncomfortable and to bring a lot of spray aboard. There did not seem to be any future in waiting for others in front to land and so our skipper prepared to make a run for the shore, with us feeling that anything would be better than staying aboard. With everyone on their vehicles and drivers holding their brakes, the craft speeded up and rushed the sandy shore. With luck we missed the many sand-banks and, passing with cheers the craft which were stuck and would have to wait for high tide, we ran up well and stopped, leaving only about thirty yards of water to drive through with a maximum depth of 4 feet. It was all very different from what had been expected. Whereas we had been prepared to land with "one up the spout" and with shells falling all around, our only worry was to get our kit ashore dry. Now came the time when all our efforts with the waterproofing material were to be finally tested. The ramp was lowered and the experts, testing the depth with sticks, ordered the first vehicle into the water. With cheers and facetious advice, the vehicle moved down the ramp at a steep angle and everyone quite prepared for everything to disappear under the waves. But as the water was coming up to the driver's window the sand was reached and slowly the vehicle ploughed ashore, the crew gesticulating wildly. Encouraged by the other vehicles soon followed and everyone drove across the sand past other boats stranded by the high tide and past tanks stuck in soft patches and a few blocked by mines. Moving

through a safe lane, we got on to a road and soon were in a field removing some of the waterproofing which had been so successful.

And so we had landed, relieved to be away from the uncomfortable and never-still craft, relieved that all was peaceful, and happy to hear again the cry "Brew up."

HAMBURG, 3rd MAY, 1945

FOR some days rumours had been circulating that Hamburg was willing to surrender. It was known that a Staff officer from the Hamburg garrison, accompanied by some leading civilians, had come in to ask us not to shell a certain building which was being used by the Germans as a hospital. But it was believed that there was more in it than that, and so it proved.

On the evening of 2nd May the commander of the garrison, General Wolfz, arrived and stated that he was prepared to surrender the city of Hamburg.

It was arranged that British troops should enter the city at 1 o'clock on 3rd May. After composite forces of tanks and infantry had secured the bridges over the Elbe, R.H.Q. and one squadron ("D"), 11th Hussars, were to pass through and drive straight for the centre of the city, the Adolf Hitler Platz. The other three squadrons were to follow on later in the column and form a screen round the outskirts of the town.

At half-past twelve the advance was due to begin, but nothing happened. After some uncertainty as to what was going on, we discovered that there was to be no move until further orders, as the signing of the official document of surrender had taken place at Corps or Army H.Q. some way back, and General Wolfz had not yet returned to Hamburg. This was rather an anti-climax, as everyone was keyed up to go in. To make it worse, it started to rain very hard, which was annoying, as an hour before everyone had left their warm and dry billets and were now lined up in open vehicles on the road. The glamour of the triumphal entry into Hamburg was already beginning to wear off. However, some shelter was found and the next few hours were spent in a cobbler's shop playing vingt-et-un with the cobbler's shoenails used as chips.



FIRST INTO HAMBURG.



At about 3 o'clock a message came through to say the advance was to begin at 4.15. It had been raining very hard most of the afternoon, but now luckily it cleared up and at 4.15 the advance duly began.

We were about eight miles from Hamburg and before we got there had to go through the suburb of Harburg, which was on the south side of the Elbe. After leaving what had been the line of our forward troops, we drove through No Man's Land, an area of smashed houses, broken trees and shell-holes. At the old German front line there was a German officer to meet the column, otherwise there was no sign of any enemy troops or weapons.

We drove along, behind the tanks and the infantry in their armoured carriers, through what might have been the outskirts of any large town in England. There was little sign of damage as yet. The German civilians were interested, but not enthusiastic. They were gathered in groups in their gardens or at the doors of their houses, and some smiled and waved, but not many. There were the usual groups of "displaced persons," Russians, Frenchmen and Poles, cheering and waving their national flags which always miraculously appeared immediately they were liberated.

As we got nearer the Elbe the damage suffered from our bombing began to show itself; not bad at first, but quickly getting worse and worse, until whole streets were levelled and there were barely thirty yards between bomb craters. Still, this was not Hamburg. It was only a suburb.

As the damage got worse the number of civilians grew less till there was only an odd face peering through a broken window. The Hamburg police then put in an appearance. About every fifty yards along the route there was a policeman. They were all old men, as was everyone in Germany who was not in the Army. They were all armed and smartly dressed. Some saluted, others just stared or waved the vehicles on. It was extraordinary driving through completely empty streets, with policemen lining the route.

There were two bridges to be crossed, the first one over a canal and then the main bridge over the Elbe itself. The Elbe here is about the same width as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge, a rather muddy slow-flowing river.

At this stage the tanks and infantry stopped and we took the lead. We crossed the last bridge and entered the city at about 5.15. We were to be the first to see from the ground the results of some of the heaviest bombing of all time. Between 24th July and 2nd August, 1943, Hamburg had suffered four very heavy raids and, though it had been raided at odd intervals since, it was during that last week in July that it had ceased to exist as a great city. The last time it had been bombed was about a month before we entered the city.

The first thing that struck us was the incredible tidiness of the place. Everything that the R.A.F. had claimed was true. Hamburg had ceased to exist. Yet the streets were absolutely clear, the telephone lines and tram wires were in perfect order, and we drove down wide empty streets on either side of which were heaps of rubble which had once been houses. There was no broken glass, nothing lying about the streets; the German clearance organization must have been brilliant. But all the same, the damage was terrific. Not single houses but whole streets were flat. Sometimes you would see a row of houses standing, but on looking closer they were only empty

shells, being completely burnt out. The incendiary bombs used by the R.A.F. must have been very effective.

We had a town plan of Hamburg, but it was not easy to follow owing to the bombing. However, the police were only too ready to direct us to the Adolf Hitler Platz, where the commander of the garrison was waiting to hand over the city formally. As we drove into the square we saw him, a rather fat man with spectacles, standing outside the Town Hall with a group of German officers. The Town Hall was the first reasonably intact building we had seen and it was incredible how it had avoided destruction, standing as it did right in the middle of the city. The only other occupants of the square were some pigeons who were searching rather vainly for food. We told General Wolfz that he would have to wait for the Brigadier, who would be there soon, and went off to look at the pigeons. Shortly afterwards, "D" Squadron swept into the square followed by the Brigadier. There was a good deal of clicking of heels and saluting, and the surrender of Hamburg, the greatest port in Germany, was completed.

REGIMENTAL BAG, 1944-45

THIS is not by any means a complete list of the casualties inflicted by the Regiment in this last campaign. No mention is made of ordinary prisoners of war (towards the end the numbers got quite out of hand), of Germans killed or wounded, since this would be impossible, and, anyway, the gun troops would always disagree with the score! Nor are soft vehicles included, since these were frequently two a penny. What this list does show is most, though probably not all, of the armour and heavy kit knocked out, captured or overrun by the armoured car troops, and what is known to have been destroyed by and abandoned after gun-troop shelling. While we shall never know the results of certain actions, by the very nature of war, the bag as it stands here is not unimpressive.

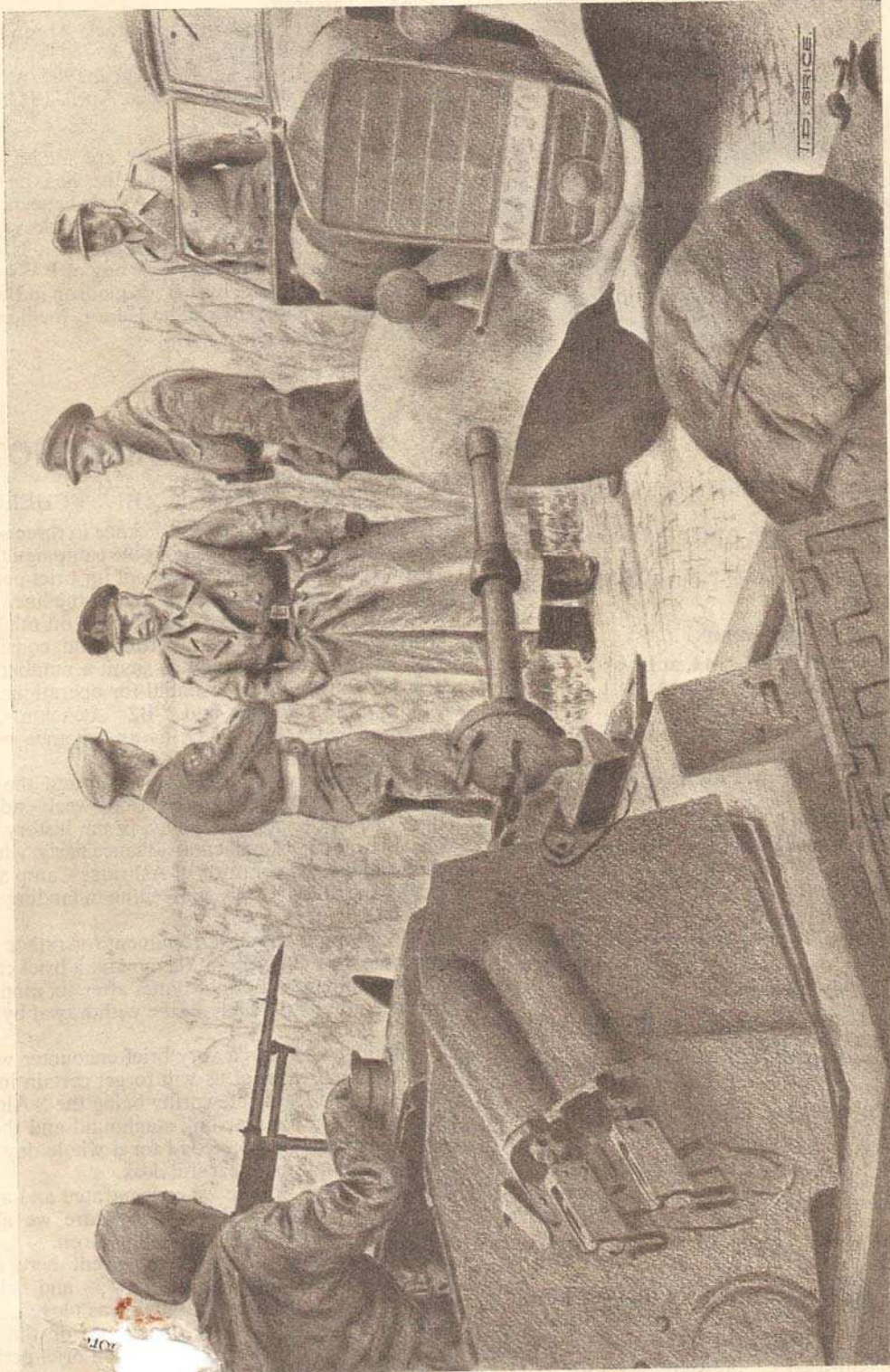
"C" SQUADRON

S.P. gun overrun on 5th August, 1944, at Aunay-sur-Audon.

Mark IV Special captured after shelling on 18th August, 1944, at Reveillon.



PANTHER.



GENERAL ADMIRAL VON FRIEDEBURG COMES TO NEGOTIATE SURRENDER, MAY, 1945.



OPPOSITE NUMBER.

Half-track 40-mm. knocked out on 24th August, 1944, near Brionne.

105-mm. knocked out by shelling on 17th October, 1944, near Kirkdriel.

S.P. 75-mm. overrun on 10th April, 1945, near Wildeshausen.

Armoured half-track "brewed" on 16th April, 1945, at Neuenkirchen.

"A" SQUADRON

Panther tank on 20th August, 1944, at Livarot.

Armoured car captured on 24th August, 1944, at Lieury.

75-mm. gun knocked out on 1st September, 1944, at Airaines.

88-mm. gun knocked out on 29th September, 1944, at Hees.

50-mm. gun captured on 27th March, 1945, at Brunen.

Multi-20-mm. gun knocked out on 27th March, 1945, at Raesfeld.

Half-track knocked out on 29th March, 1945, at Borcken.

Half-track knocked-out on 30th March, 1945, at Winterswijk.

"B" SQUADRON

Six 105-mm. guns captured intact after shelling on 22nd August, 1944, at St. Germain de Livet.

105-mm. overturned by shelling on 27th August, 1944, at Bourneville.

Two 20-mm. knocked out on 27th August, 1944, at Bourneville.

88-mm. knocked out on 6th September, 1944, at Nazareth.

Half-track 20-mm. "brewed up" on 6th September, 1944, at Deynze.

Messerschmitt 109 shot down on 1st April, 1945, at Elte.

20-mm. gun knocked out on 3rd April, 1945, at Elte.

"D" SQUADRON

Two armoured half-tracks "brewed" on 13th June, 1944, at Cahagnes.

88-mm. S.P. gun captured on 2nd August, 1944, near Cahagnes.

Twin 20-mm. Portee "brewed" on 7th September, 1944, at Lokeren.

75-mm. A.T. gun with half-track "brewed" on 12th April, 1945, at Bassum.

88-mm. destroyed on 18th April, 1945, near Soltau.

37-mm. gun destroyed on 21st April, 1945, near Buxtehude.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Apologies are made for any mistakes and omissions, but the list has been compiled directly from squadron states. As can be seen, each squadron had very much the same success (unless one has been more dishonest than the others!), but it is worth while recording that the biggest single bag of P.Ws. and general kit in a day was made by "B" Squadron in Belgium at the beginning of September. The Editor, incidentally, is not in "B" Squadron.]

R.H.Q. SQUADRON NOTES

T.A.C. H.Q. AND "B1" ECHELON

R.H.Q. SQUADRON landed in France in three separate and distinct parties and throughout the campaign these parties retained their individuality except for brief periods of rest when the entire Regiment was out of the line.

T.A.C. H.Q. embarked for France on 6th June, 1944, with "C" and "D" Squadrons, and consisted of the Colonel, the Adjutant and as small a number of vehicles and personnel as was essential for operations.

The Quartermaster and "B2" Echelon Commander accompanied T.A.C. H.Q. as an advance party with a skeleton echelon.

The journey over was uneventful and the beaches of Normandy resembled rather a hectic week-end at Margate than one of the greatest events in the history of the war. Here we met the Regimental advance party, who, although they had left the comforts of Ashridge Camp a clear three weeks ahead of us, only succeeding in landing a bare hour ahead of us.

Within a few days the Regiment (or rather two squadrons and T.A.C.) were on the go and a brief canter which got the stiffness out of our bones after six months at grass finished all too suddenly in the withdrawal by night from Villers Bocage.

Although this was a very brief encounter with our old Panzer friends, few of us will forget certain incidents, by no means the least noteworthy being the "Algy Knight" carried out by the rear link staghound and the very persistent sniper who succeeded for a whole day in denying us any attempts at a peaceful doss.

After Villers Bocage we concentrated and after a good "dig out" at the Chateau St. Andre we awaited the arrival of the remainder of the Squadron.

A very pleasant month was spent here in glorious weather, despite intervals of showers and cold weather, and a lot of football and baseball was played.

After a month we were on the move, and from there on, with the exception of a brief period outside Brussels, we operated as T.A.C. H.Q. and "B1-B2" and "B3" Echelons and the "B" Squadron.

We again concentrated at the village of Besdorf, north of Hamburg, where VE Day was celebrated.



“B2” AND “B3” ECHELONS

It is rather difficult not to split these notes in view of the fact that, as stated previously, R.H.Q., except for two brief occasions, was operating in distinct groups—*i.e.*, T.A.C. H.Q. and “B1” Echelon usually together, and “B2” and “B3” Echelons, together with the L.A.D. under the command of the Squadron Leader.

The next party to land on the Normandy beaches after T.A.C. H.Q. and “C” and “D” Squadrons was under the command of Major Stuart French, Second-in-Command of the Regiment, and consisted of R.H.Q. Squadron Leader, the Technical Officer, the E.M.E. with a skeleton L.A.D. and fifty-five other ranks. The remainder of the Squadron, consisting of fifty-one other ranks and their vehicles, embarked on 1st July with “A” Squadron and joined us at the Chateau St. Andre.

The Second-in-Command's party had an uneventful crossing in beautiful weather. It was an unforgettable sight as our convoy sailed down the Channel with every ship flying a barrage balloon glinting in the sunlight.

In most cases we had a “dry” landing, although some vehicles were put ashore in a slightly damp part of the beach. After de-waterproofing ourselves we joined T.A.C. H.Q. and “C” and “D” Squadrons at the Chateau St. Andre.

True to our desert traditions, where houses were unknown, we did not occupy the chateau but leaguered in the surrounding park. We remained in this position for a month. We all did very well on the local Camembert cheese and butter, which were plentiful.

After leaving this pleasant spot, we did not concentrate again as a Regiment until we all joined up together outside Brussels.

Apart from the change of scenery, being confined to roads and irksome march tables, the work of the Echelons was much the same as in previous campaigns. The “B3” Echelon was fortunate in never once being directly attacked by the Luftwaffe, although T.A.C., “B1” and the “B2” (on their frequent journeys to the squadrons) had some nasty moments. Apart from a few flares at night, a few occasional shells and once or twice when the “Charlie Love” was cut between “B3” and T.A.C., that part of the Squadron was very lucky.

The “B2” Echelon, under Lieut. E. K. Brown, did sterling work and never failed to “deliver the goods.”

We were indeed fortunate in having many of our old friends of a good many years' standing at Rear 7th Armoured Division, and our relations with this H.Q. were maintained on the friendliest and most co-operative basis.

The 11th Hussars' echelons have never been “brigaded” and we were free to pick our own leaguer areas, etc., to conform with the movements of the Regiment.

Our thanks are certainly due to the A.Q. and his staff at “Rear 40” for all the help that they have given us. Our thanks are also due to the R.A.S.C. companies who were also old friends of the desert days and who always went out of their way to help us.

Christmas Day we spent at Neeroeteren, in Belgium, where we were billeted in a large schoolhouse a few miles from T.A.C. H.Q., who were just across the River Maas. Sergt. Bedson and his A.C.C. cooks excelled themselves. A better dinner could not have been had anywhere. Great praise is due to the cooks who have produced meals of a very high standard of excellence throughout the whole campaign, often under very difficult circumstances.

We cannot close these notes without a word about our L.A.D. They are really 11th Hussars, in spirit, anyway! Their tireless and unending work during the whole of the campaign was beyond all praise.

Well, it's all over now and we are all together once more as a Squadron. The “B2” and “B3” Echelons have returned to their squadrons and we were sorry to see them go—they did grand work.

A welcome addition to the Squadron has been the Regimental Band under Bandmaster Hurst, 14th/20th Hussars. It was particularly good to see some of the “old members” back, namely, L./Cpl. Tappern and Bdsn. Batty, Fry, Nash, Sandell, Tappern, Withall, Sawyer, Street and Guymer.

We are now waiting to enter Berlin. All the vehicles have been painted, varnished and polished, new battle dress, webbing, etc., issued, and we are all ready for the last phase. The time we have been waiting for for just over five and a half long years—Berlin!

In November and December, 1944, the following members of the Squadron returned to England on “Python,” and we wish them the best of luck wherever they may be: Tpr. Ashton, Tpr. Clarkson, Tpr. Clifton, Sergt. Combs, Tpr. 46 Cook, Sergt. Fidoe, Sergt. Firth, Tpr. Gilham, Tpr. Harrison, L./Cpl. Holt, Tpr. Jee, Tpr. Keene, Sergt. Martin, Tpr. Viney, Tpr. Obolensky, L./Cpl. Ricketts, L./Cpl. Soloman, L./Cpl. Thomson, Tpr. Thorpe and Tpr. Powell (posted to home establishment). M.Q.M.S. Corfield and L./Cpl. Denman returned to England in March along with Sergt. Keen, who was posted to home establishment.

We welcome the following to the Squadron who have joined us since D Day: Tpr. Buckley and Tpr. 064 Williams (from W/Reserve), L./Cpl. Miller and Tpr. Cahill (from the United Kingdom), M.Q.M.S. Parker and Sergt. Girdlestone (from “C” Squadron) and Cpl. Langmead and Sergt. Street (from “B” Squadron).

We wish to congratulate the following:

Lieut.-Colonel W. Wainman, D.S.O., M.C., on the award of the D.S.O. and on the birth of his daughter, Jane.

Major H. C. Roberts on being mentioned in despatches and the award of the Croix de Guerre with Gilt Star.

Capt. R. A. K. MacAllan on the award of the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

Lieut. E. K. Brown on the award of the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

Capt. E. Chadwick, M.B.E., on being mentioned in despatches.

Capt. J. H. Balmer (R.A.M.C.) on being mentioned in despatches.

Capt. E. A. D. Jones, B.E.M. (R.E.M.E.), on being mentioned in despatches.

R.S.M. Moore on the award of the Croix de Guerre with Silver Star and the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

S.S.M. Wadsworth on the award of the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

A.Q.M.S. Jones (R.E.M.E.) on the award of the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

Cpl. Young (R.C.S.) on the award of the C.-in-C.'s Certificate.

L./Cpl. Hardie on his marriage and the birth of a son, David.

M.Q.M.S. Parker on his marriage in January, 1945.



Tpr. Perry on his marriage in March, 1945.
Sergt. Willis on his marriage in May, 1945.
Sergt. Martens (Interpreter) on his marriage in February, 1945.
Cpl. Wright on the birth of his son, David John.
Cpl. Perryment on the birth of his son, William John.
Sergt. Richards on the birth of his daughter, Clare Gay.
Tpr. Watson on the birth of his son, Peter.

“A” SQUADRON

OUR life in Italy was a great change from North Africa; most of us can remember eating apples off the trees, picking fruit for the evening meal, the vineyards and olive groves, such famous sights as Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, and the unforgettable scene in Salerno Bay as we arrived in our L.S.Ts.

Our fortunes in close-country warfare were good, and we only had a few casualties. When Sergt. Gullick's Dingo struck a mine, his driver, Tpr. Cross, received wounds from which he died. Sergt. Hall was later wounded in the hand by a nebelwerfer. Whilst the Squadron was watching the Garigliano the news of our impending return to England was released, and we were told that there was a possibility that we might spend Christmas at home. Shortly afterwards we handed over our vehicles and went with the Regiment to Sorrento. There were trips to Capri, and in the town we all bought presents, which ranged from lemons to jewellery. Shortly before we sailed there was a combined Christmas dinner with “C” Squadron, which was fortunate, as 25th December was spent in Oran Harbour on board the s.s. *Cameronia*.

We finally docked at Glasgow early in January, 1944. Next day the Squadron, complete with lemons, etc., arrived at Ashridge. Within thirty-six hours the first party was off on leave, and it was not until a month later that we shook off the novelty of being home and began to resume life as a Squadron once more. With the formation of “D” Squadron we parted with many old friends, amongst them Lieut. Moore, Sergt. Luke, Cpls. Addis and Cooper, L./Cpl. Cairns, and Tprs. Parmley, Evens, Rimmer, Bale and “Killer” Mumford. Major Stuart French became Second-in-Command of the Regiment, and we welcomed as our new Squadron Leader Major Turnbull, M.C., who had just returned from his trip to the United States.

When R.Q.M.S. Moore (ex-S.S.M. of this Squadron) was appointed R.S.M. his place was taken by S.S.M. Pegg, whom we were very sorry to lose, and we welcomed as our Sergeant-Major S.Q.M.S. Drew, with “Doc” Aslin as S.Q.M.S.

Shortly after we arrived home we also said good-bye to Mr. Garrard, who went to join Colonel Paul in Scotland. After all these changes we got down to a few weeks of leave and training, before we finally waterproofed ourselves and set off for France.

We arrived in France early in July and joined the Regiment at Chateau St. Andre, where we found everybody else indulging in football, and reverse driving races! It was not long before we were employed, and on the first night in the line three bombs fell in our leaguer, causing seventeen casualties, of which nine proved fatal. Lieuts. Donald and Micklem and Sergts. Green and Jellis were

amongst the wounded, and some of our oldest soldiers, Cpl. Williamson, L./Cpl. Bannoeks, and Tprs. Alfie Smith and Fermandel lost their lives.

The break-out finally came and the Squadron, like the rest of the Regiment, was kept fully occupied. Unfortunately early on some stray shells wounded the Squadron Leader, who had to be evacuated, so Capt. Petch, M.C., D.C.M., took command. Although the advance went so swiftly, we can remember such places as Lisieux, where Lieut. Hunt's troop did so well to get through a town which was reported to be strongly held. Everywhere we went the French people garlanded us with flowers, brought out their best wines saved for such an event, and almost every village greeted us with the cheers of its truly delighted inhabitants. These days of continually “pushing on” were very tiring. All through France we were very fortunate, and our only casualties occurred after we crossed the Seine, when Lieut. Hunt was badly wounded when his car was hit, and his crew, L./Cpl. Knight and Tpr. “Gummy” Smith, were killed.

The Squadron led the Regiment into Belgium, where we spent a few welcome days of rest at Baelegem, a village which not only had a brewery but hospitable inhabitants who laid on a dance for the Squadron. It was shortly after this that Lieut. Sutton, Sergt. Fitzpatrick and three members of their troop were put in the bag near St. Nicholas. Later, Sergt. Fitzpatrick, “showing the cunning he has always been credited with,” escaped from the train which was taking them all to Germany, somewhere in South Holland. The Dutch Underground put him to work on a farm near Breda, and when we arrived in that area he returned to us once more.

In October we went to Oss, where our stay was pleasant and uneventful until the later stages, when the Squadron was ordered to clear the enemy from the village of Maren. Mr. Woodhouse and his troop undertook this task and during a very unpleasant morning's work three old members of the Regiment lost their lives—Sergt. “Ginger” Poynton, Cpl. Aris and Tpr. Lambert, who are all very much missed by their friends. In December we found ourselves on the banks of the Maas again, this time at Ophoven, where we shared the patrols with “D” Squadron. During this period the following went home on “Python”: S.Q.M.S. Aslin, Sergts. Hall and Gullick, and Tprs. Drury, Murphy, Drew, Fearn and Burt.

The Squadron spent Christmas at Jabeek, on the Dutch-German frontier, and after digesting the goodies which had arrived in two 3-tonners, ably conducted through the snow by S.Q.M.S. Lovett, there was a dance in the evening, with a liberal supply of the necessary! During these winter months static patrolling had been cold and unpleasant; nothing could have been colder than Roosteren nights. It was here that Sergt. Pearce accidentally stepped on a mine and unfortunately lost his leg, and we are never likely to forget such things as “Steve” (the H.D. ration wagon), “Spandau Joe,” the welcome sound of the gun troop shelling Oud Roosteren, Cpl. Higginson's adventures in the fog, and, of course, our ice-breaker, Lieut. Osborne.

After six splendid weeks on the south bank of the Maas near Breda, we prepared for the Rhine crossing. The Squadron was well equipped for the surrender of Hamburg. We continued on of good fortune and, despite many bad moments, the troops concerned distinguished themselves, and casualties were few. The



career of one of the most popular Sergeants this Squadron has ever had came to an untimely end when Sergt. Atkinson was killed after his car was hit by a bazooka; we sadly miss his comradeship and charm. Lieut. Peter Newnham displayed great courage when his car was "brewed up." With his leg off, he took cover in a ditch, applied his own tourniquet, and was crawling back when he was finally picked up. He was later awarded the M.C.

The epic of Blender, where Lieut. Williamson's troop fought off more than one determined enemy attack, coupled with L./Cpl. Pearce's doggedness in sticking to his *Dingo* after a bazooka had been fired at him, still remains fresh in our memory.

We congratulate Lieuts. Woodhouse and Williamson on being awarded the M.C. Both these officers have been troop leading for the past three years. L./Cpl. Daffurn and Tpr. J. Paske were also mentioned in despatches. Paske has been driving an armoured car in the troops since the early desert days.

There are many others we would like to mention, but space forbids.

In closing these notes we would like to say that those who have given their lives, the wounded, and those who have left us will always be remembered by the men with whom they served.

"B" SQUADRON

WHEN the Regiment was told that it was going home, everyone hoped quite naturally that it would be for Christmas. However, we had to wait for a week or two, and for the purpose of waiting, Sorrento could hardly have been bettered. Though a small place, it is renowned for its beauty, and seemed to be filled with all the luxuries so short in England. The Squadron's home officially was a large Norman-type castle, which lacked, amongst other things, a roof and floors. Nevertheless, in a large house near by there was room enough for all the troops to "muck in" with a Russian princess. Everyone looked round, in the intervals between drill and sports, for good bargains to take home. The prices denied any chance of a bargain, but nearly everyone managed to get silks or cosmetics of some sort, though at black market prices.

When work was finished there was a great deal to see both on the mainland and on Capri, where there was a regimental rest camp where many of us managed to spend a few days. The only dark spot on the horizon was the impending march to Naples, fortunately made unnecessary by the kind loan of transport by the Canadians.

We boarded the ships in Naples Harbour to the strains of an American military band playing swing, and settled down to a life of eating, sleeping and boat drill. This last was throughout made bearable by the grammatical and historical errors in the addresses from O.C. Ship his best feat perhaps being the description of the effect of a shell bursting.

Christmas found us in Oran Harbour, and, though the ship was dry, everyone enjoyed themselves. For the Mediterranean, the sea was amazingly rough and quite a lot of time was spent waiting for a jeep to be washed off the quay by the waves. This may have happened; rumour says it did; but the most anyone saw was an A.A. gun, complete with crew, going for a swim. After Oran, the

voyage was uneventful, in spite of dark threats by Lord Haw-Haw about "desert rats leaving a sinking ship."

From Glasgow, where we disembarked on a very cold morning, we were taken to Ashridge, which had been made ready by the advance party. It was not long before everyone was away on various lengths of leave, during which many got married or at any rate prepared to do so in the future. After leave our new cars arrived, and the work for the next operation started. However, it was by no means all work. Every form of sport could be had in the area, with the hospital dances and the Y.M. thrown in for good measure. Week-end leave was frequent, especially for those whose homes were in the South, and even after the leave ban came in many a military figure in civilian clothes was seen at Berkhamsted Station.

The first sight of France was impressive, and the colossal collection of ships of all sizes and types was staggering. When our turn to unload came round, the work was hindered throughout by the inefficiency of the ship's crew. Finally, before the last man got down the rope ladder the whole Squadron was cast off on a Rhino. This strange beast consisted of oil drums covered by decking, and powered by two outboard engines. As it happened, the engines, like the English dockers, were on strike and we were at the mercy of the tides, which swept us into one ship after another. Finally we were towed in by the smallest motor boat and made a wet landing. Our efforts at waterproofing went successfully, but no one was sorry to tear it all off in the assembly areas. After hooking up with "C" and "D" Squadrons, who had landed some days previously, we moved to the chateau.

This chateau at St. Andre, near Bayeux, was ever after destined to be known as "The Chateau." It was a peaceful spot, although not far from the line in miles, and calm amidst the busy, dusty activities of the bridgehead. Here the troops settled down as units for the first time, living separately in their own leafy bowers.

There was plenty to do, however: inter-troop competitions in passball and baseball, and inter-squadron games of football; whilst hand in hand with this went keen efforts to transform the cars into bushes to conform with the bogage. Ingenious smoke contrivances were arranged, which were very effective in giving our position away when the side-lights were switched on. A captured bazooka was fired in a light-hearted way by a certain troop leader, without the necessary precautions, which did not improve his looks.

The first move to war was in the left hook around Caen. A long, dusty drive across the Orne north of Caen, and then on to the plain on which Caen stands. This particular period will be chiefly remembered for the heat, dust, mosquitoes and numerous A.P. flying overhead. After some days in which we were unable to perform our proper role, we returned through Caen to the chateau. A very short stay, however, and we then pulled out and went west towards St. Lo. This trip was the beginning of a journey which was to take us to Holland.

Around towards Mt. Pincon and a river which is to be remembered for its bridges, named after girls, Roma, etc., we were doing proper patrols. Then followed a long drive across the plain south of Caen, skirting Falaise and on towards Livarot—a drive during which Spitfires and Mustangs seemed to take a dislike to us.

Calvados, a fiery liquid of that part of France, and not without its merits, became abundant after the acquisition



of a Calvados factory at Livarot. Then on towards the Seine and Bournville, known as the "Chocolate Factory," which produced plenty of action and excitement. Bazookas, no respecters of persons, came into evidence. The Squadron then pulled out south and crossed the Seine and began a long run up the Pas de Calais, across the Somme and up to Liège. We now began to experience the phenomenon to become so familiar in Belgium: masses of people to greet us, flowers and fruit, the children's cry of "Cigarettes for papa" and evidences of joy in general. However, a ripe tomato in the eye when travelling at speed was not exactly welcome.

Then through Lys, and across the Belgian border up to Courtrai. The welcome was phenomenal; we had more wine than ammunition, the cars hidden under flowers, and our hands had writer's cramp from signing autographs. Our lips were worn from kissing all and sundry.

By this time the Maquis, who had always rendered us invaluable service, were well established in every troop. One troop had a complement more numerous than themselves, of whom we still have a surviving member, and another troop had a beautiful girl, who was very good value at everything she did. The days that followed were hectic and prisoners and staff cars fell into our ready hands. This period was marred by the loss in an ambush of two well-loved members of the Squadron, Sergt. Orchard and Tpr. Norton.

We then went into the Polder country near Antwerp for a short period, and enjoyed the hospitality of a large chateau, whilst patrols tangled with numerous 20-mms. near Verrebroek.

Malines followed; three or four days' rest and trips to Brussels and Malines were organized. Pheasants were shot in plenty, and the green Opel, known as "the green job," did good work running about the area. High spirits were in evidence and everyone enjoyed the mix-up in Belgium.

After this welcome rest from patrols we moved up on to the Escaut Canal from where we left for Holland. We went up the centre line and after a day or two on the centre line at Veghel we took over Oss. It is said that the food dump in the Philips factory at Oss was patronized by the Germans at night and by our own people during the day before we arrived. We remained for two or three weeks, with static patrols out in the Polder during the day, observing nothing in particular. At night patrols guarded the roads into the town, under rather unpleasant conditions. Sport was organized and "fratting" went on apace.

The end of the Tilburg battle found us in a large monastery at Dongen, where we spent a great week. Sergt.-Major Emery organized two concerts in which the brothers took part and brought the house down each time. From there it was a long march down to the Maeseyck area, where we celebrated Christmas closer than we imagined to the enemy. Before the weather broke came the Roer triangle offensive, and we had the chance to see the places which we had been watching for so long. From the Sittard area we had a very cold march to the Hollandsch Diep, where we spent some quiet days on static patrols. The nights were usually less quiet, particularly those spent in rest. The winter finally left us and we moved south for the last round.

Operation "Plunder" began in the most heavenly weather, which, unfortunately, did not last very long.

However, things went fast, though not quite so fast as the newspapers. When we read about the tanks of the 11th Hussars roaring full throttle through towns and villages, we always thought it must be another squadron. It was not quite so easy as peace-time motoring, and the Squadron suffered very tragic losses in 2nd Troop when Lieut. I. G. Troup was killed and six men wounded. However, the tempo of the operation kept spirits high, and to assist this everywhere, houses (German houses) could be seen burning. Cameras and shot-guns, vital weapons of war, were gladly roped in in each village, and such reports as "Twelve watches coming down the road" became frequent.

The surrender of Hamburg and the coming of VE Day were hard to realize. It took many days to get accustomed to having German soldiers passing you freely in the streets. It also took several days to forget the Squadron celebrations of VE Day, where things really went well, including boiled eggs.

There is unfortunately no space to mention all the names of our friends who, for various reasons, have left us. However, no "B" Squadron notes would be complete without mentioning our double loss of Major Reid Scott, M.C., first owing to an accident, and secondly to go to the Staff College. He had commanded the Squadron from Italy right up to Belgium, and his departure came as a great shock to everyone.

During the time at the Chateau we were also unfortunate in losing Capt. T. O'B. Horsford, M.C., to "D" Squadron. He had been in the Squadron since joining the Regiment, and had, in the words of Major Reid Scott, "a reputation for buckshees which was a by-word."

It hasn't been all loss, however, as we have had Major Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., who left us to take command of the Inns of Court, Major Grant Thorold, who went as Second-in-Command of the Regiment, and Major Petch, M.C., D.C.M., who took us through the Roer and the Rhine pushes.

Our losses in casualties have not been perhaps numerically heavy, but were grave, as all were fine men.

Many of the older 11th Hussars have gone on "Python," and none deserved a spell in England more; we wish them luck wherever they are.

We would like also to congratulate Lieut. Chapman on his M.C., and Sergt. McGuire on his M.M.

"C" SQUADRON

OUR notes, we are told, are to include the visit to Italy and cover the Squadron's activities up to the present moment. Such a lot has happened in that time that it is difficult to squeeze everything into a few paragraphs.

The Squadron landed near Salerno some days before the rest of the Regiment. Most of us have forgotten our first impressions on arriving, the sight of green fields, apples galore within arm's reach, walnuts in thousands, the attitude of the Italians who greeted us as liberators and showered us with flowers and what little food they had, and, soon after, our first introduction to close-country warfare. All these now seem things of the dim past, but they were very vivid at the time.

An episode which no one will ever forget was the announcement in November that we were going home, and



that with any luck we should spend Christmas, 1943, in the United Kingdom. Then followed a very pleasant month at the famous beauty spot of Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, where Lieut.-Colonel P. Payne-Gallwey, D.S.O., paid a visit to his old squadron. There were several trips to Capri for those who were prepared to risk an unseaworthy boat and a highly excitable Italian skipper. We were sharing billets with "A" Squadron, and half-way through December it was decided, just in case of accidents, to have our Christmas dinner a little early. This turned out to be a wise precaution, as on Christmas Day we were confined to our ship in Oran Harbour, and the only difference between that day and any other was that we did a five-mile route march.

The trip home was uneventful. We spent most of the hours of daylight doing boat drill, an operation in which we apparently never reached a very high degree of efficiency. But O.C. Troops succeeded after some days in doing something which no one else has been able to do before or since—he made the 11th Hussars wear tin hats.

After a short engagement with the Customs officials at Glasgow Docks, we arrived at Ashridge Camp, near Berkhamsted, complete with our boxes of oranges, lemons, silk stockings and miscellaneous kit which "might come in handy some day." This was to be our home for five months. It consisted of rows of Nissen huts, and looked pretty bleak in the depth of winter and situated on one of the highest hills in Hertfordshire. But it was "Blighty" and it was near London.

During our stay in England we combined a lot of leave and training. Many old members of "C" Squadron visited us, including Capt. Hutchison, D.C.M., and Sergt.-Major Lamb, D.C.M., M.M., both now at Sandhurst, and Sergt. Chambers, M.M., who lost a leg in Italy and is now invalided out of the Army. Capt. P. F. Stewart, M.C., also came and stayed with us. It was a great pleasure to see them all again.

The Squadron landed in Normandy on 10th June. Only two vehicles were drowned, the petrol lorry, which went into a shell-hole, and a Dingo, which went clean out of sight into 8 feet of water. The drivers floated to the surface and swam to the shore. Both vehicles were recovered the following day.

Then followed a four-day push towards Villers Bocage, in which there were a number of sharp and very close engagements. Sergt. Graham was severely wounded when his car was hit; he later died in enemy hands. The Regiment then concentrated in the grounds of the Chateau St. Andre, where we stayed until the end of July. There was no job for armoured cars during this static period. A lot of football and other games were played.

When the break-out started we again found ourselves in the line. The advance through France, the cheering crowds of French who greeted us wherever we went, the reception in Belgium quite out of proportion to the size of this gallant little nation, the hospitality which was so lavishly offered but which we could so seldom stop to enjoy—all these things are memories which we shall not soon forget. But the days were long and tiring for everyone. Though the advance was rapid it was by no means without opposition. Sergt. ("Ginger") Thompson was badly burnt when his car was hit, and a little later Tpr. "Paddy" Horrigan was wounded. He had driven an armoured car in a troop since the outbreak of war. Soon after crossing the Somme

Lieut. Donald Creaton was killed, thus bringing to an untimely close the career of a superb character and an outstanding Troop Leader. He was later awarded an M.C. for his great work. Lieut. Wentworth Stanley, M.C., was wounded, but happily is now completely recovered.

We spent three days at Overmee Donk, a village in Belgium, where we were able to make up for some of the lost opportunities in France. Each troop was billeted in its own pub on the edge of a lake, and the hospitality of the Belgians had to be seen to be believed. From there our next stop of any length was at a chateau near Brussels. Here most of us made our first acquaintance with this city which was later to become our chief leave centre.

Most of October was spent at Oss, in Holland, with one squadron in the line. Another long period was spent at Maeseyk, where "C" Squadron reigned in solitary and supreme state, occasional shelling keeping out all but the most adventurous sightseers and other duties keeping the rest of the Regiment farther down the river. It was here that we had a farewell party for fourteen members of the Squadron who went home on the "Python" scheme: Sergts. Mitchell and Nash, Cpl. Attwood, L./Cpls. Len, ton, Barratt and Orme, and Tprs. Allen, Henriksen, Kimbell, Oldfield, Smith, Spalding, Wells and Whittard. Sergt. Woodhead left us shortly afterwards. We were sorry to lose them and they left a big gap in the Squadron.

Christmas was spent at Obbicht, in Holland. As usual, it coincided with operations, and it was impossible to have elaborate celebrations. However, there was a certain amount to drink, and a concert in the evening. Patrols were particularly unpleasant at this time, owing to lack of cover and the impossibility of keeping warm under almost Arctic conditions.

Six weeks were spent on the south bank of the Maas estuary. Here again we were fortunate in having a good stretch of water between us and the enemy. We also had the unusual job of welcoming to our own lines many escapers of all nationalities from Northern Holland. But again it was a cold and cheerless job, and we were not sorry when we were recalled to concentrate for the Rhine crossing.

The past quarter has brought us across the Rhine, through Western Germany and Hamburg. "C" Squadron played a leading part throughout this final push. Tpr. Hastings was killed soon after the crossing, but, thanks to miraculously good fortune and good troop leading, there were very few other casualties, in spite of the bitterness of the opposition. It was on the eve of victory that L./Cpl. Garner, D.C.M., was killed. He had been a prisoner in Italy for four years and was awarded a D.C.M. for his work in prison camps and his many attempts to escape. When he finally succeeded he wasted no time in returning to the Squadron, which he joined just before crossing the Rhine. The loss of this gallant and fearless soul at such a time was a profound shock to us all.

We would like to congratulate our Squadron Leader, Major W. V. Burdon, M.C., on the award of a bar to his M.C. (he has now commanded "C" Squadron since December, 1942), and Lieut. Wentworth Stanley on his M.C. Also Sergt. Davies, who received an M.M. for his splendid escape when taken prisoner in Normandy, Sergt. Berry on his M.M. and bar for his fine leading of 4th Troop since Normandy, Sergt. Mitchell, who was mentioned in despatches for his work with 1st Troop, and S.Q.M.S. Cleaver,



who received a Commander-in-Chief's Certificate in recognition of his tireless and able administration of the Squadron.

In such restricted space it is impossible to mention the names of all those one would like to, those who have given their lives in the Squadron, those who have been wounded, those who have left us or who have come to us, those who have remained with us the whole time and given loyal service, those who have baled out of hospitals against regulations to return once again like moths to a flame. Their names are numerous; but they are remembered by all of us here with gratitude and pride.

“D” SQUADRON

THE PROBLEM CHILD'S FIRST YEAR

“ . . . some of the professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.”

MAY 8TH, 1945. About this time only four days ago Sergt. Suggitt was calling the troops home across the sands of Germany as he'd done almost every evening for the past ten months, generally with more success than Mary, but only just and with much shouting. But to-night no one is on net to anyone (nothing out of the ordinary) and Sergt. Suggitt, with the rest of “D” Squadron, is opening his mouth—not to say “Hello, all stations one,” but to let in rum punch, an activity at which he is no less adept. (Indeed, all the Squadron get plenty of practice with this form of liquor—thanks to Capt. Horsford's fondness for it.) And instead of mush in the headphones there's music—by “Taxi” Wright, getting more notes from his piano in an evening than he'd have drawn from his “meter” in a lifetime; by Sergt. Buttery, rivalling Harry James for noise and vigour if not for tone; and by L./Cpl. Taylor and Tpr. Martindale.

Willy has arranged a bonfire which really looks as though it will be everlasting, for he has obviously paraded his one-time oppressors and said characteristically, “You will build ze biggest bonfire in ze world by 4 o'clock” (the time being then 3.45). And now at half-past ten (by Admiral Doenitz's—as you were, Tpr. N——'s—watch) Colonel Wainman fires a Very light into the pile, flames seize on the great Swastika flag of Germany, and for us the war is over.

The way to that memorable bonfire wasn't all primroses. There are crosses scattered over the fields of Europe; happily they are few; and nothing one can say or write will ever honour sufficiently those whose graves they mark.

But the advance of Battle Group Shambles from its formation in February, 1944, to this field at Bendorf lit by the everlasting bonfire wasn't all tears—not even all toil, either. Whether an incident is tragic or funny is very much a matter of how far one leans over the edge of the abyss—and mostly we leaned just far enough for our antics to be farcical. The very Hub took the whole beastly business in the right and proper spirit and set the tone. They specialized in comprehensive (if slightly coarse) information about the enemy: “Jerry,” it was agreed “is where he always was”; in signal strengths which never came out of Signal Training, All Arms, “Half a——whisper” was, alas! frequent; and in comic headgear—there is one

serious external officer who to this day doubts his own sanity, for when he visited the citadel of Festung Roosterana there was no smile or gesture which would have led him to believe that the hats, top, chic, or frumpish, then worn were anything but normal; and nor were they.

Such things were, of course, not brought up by S.Q.M.S. Barnes, but everything else was! Like Carter Paterson, he and his staff delivered “anything, anywhere, any time.” A grateful Squadron has recommended him for the 1954 Star, with “debtor balance” clasp in red.

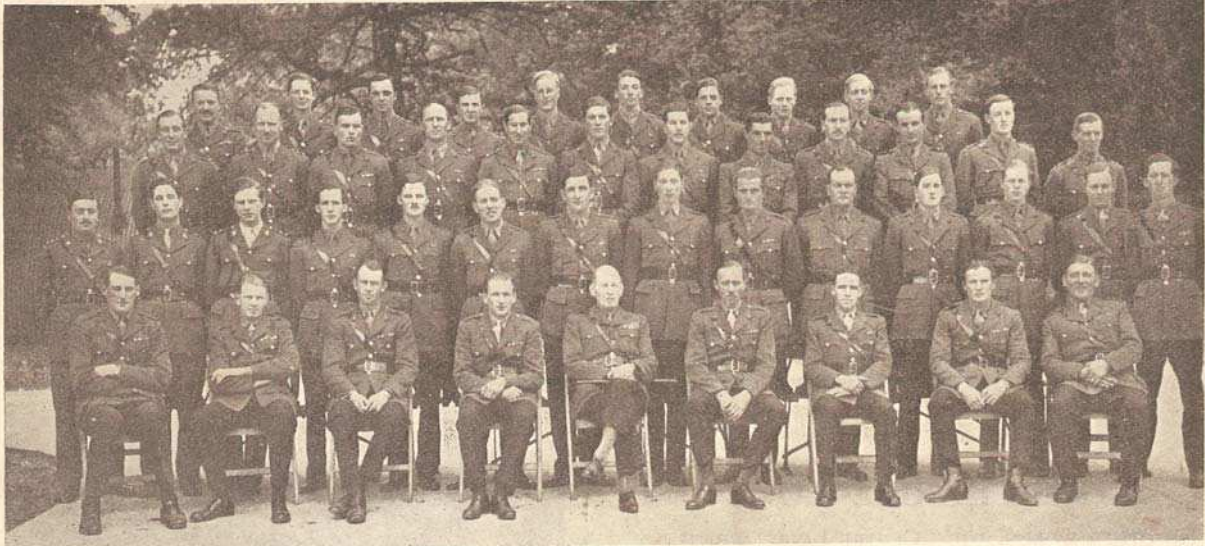
Other notable awards thought to be on the way include the Winged Saddle of the National Cyclists' Union to 2nd Troop's Dingo commander for breaking all records when he decided to take on a brace of Tigers from a bicycle instead of in his car. He even outdistanced his troop leader who was himself moving quite rapidly, conducting what he calls “a running fight, mostly running”; but he failed to get ahead of S.H.Q., who hard as it is to believe, went so fast that they abandoned a bottle of brandy to the enemy!

But perhaps the highest honour is that accorded to 5th Troop. Not only has “The Revelations of St. Luke, or Is it Gospel?” been chosen as the book of the year but also the Troop may well be taken *in toto* to represent Britain in the plunge at the next Olympic Games; the pilot of one of the Spitfires which attacked them near Oss and witnessed their memorable efforts in the Dutch dykes was none other than one of the selectors.

That was when it was still warm enough to swim. There were many nights and days of the winter when this victory bonfire would have been even more welcome! Nights when 1st Troop crawled up frozen ditches, the better to hear the ice cracking presumably—for that was all there ever was at the other end; days when they scattered bread and jam about the churchyards of Holland—not so much from kindness of heart as from unkindness of the Moffer. Nights when 3rd Troop warmed their hands at collaborators' hearths; days when Sergt. Wheeler was so cold that all he could do was stare in frozen horror at the white-clad parachutes who crossed his path in Paarlo by the Roer. The Russia-bound train of Pinneburg, the fur-coat train, was found four months too late!

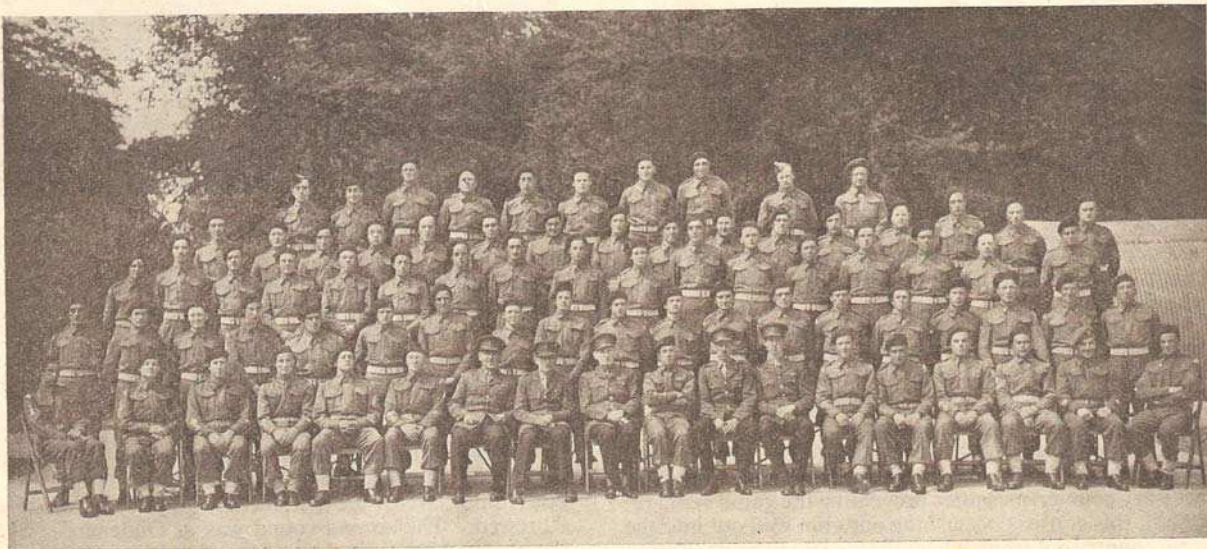
Germany was not only, as an “old sweat” said, “just like paradise—you have a meal and then instead of washing up you fling the plates through the window”; it was also warmer, though whether this was due to the brewing efforts of 4th Troop or not would be difficult to decide, for they, whose Whites under Sergt. Trendell had once sat calmly by a house containing twenty-four angry Germans without so much as lighting a match, turned into thirteen Leopold Harrises; and their position could always be ascertained at S.H.Q. without resort to the doubtful expedient of asking Lieut. Hunter, simply by looking for the latest and highest column of smoke. Indeed, every troop reckoned it a poor day if at least one German house hadn't been purified by flame.

One serious handicap in the work of liberation was the absence of the “guns”; for those two 75's, of whom it was once said “Never have so many shots been put into so wide an area so quickly by so few people,” fired a last grand salvo into Gebroek before their barrels dropped and died for ever. However, we did our best and the clicking of camera shutters and a louder ticking of watches than was ever heard in Greenwich Observatory are testimony to our success in some branches.



THE OFFICERS, ASHRIDGE, MAY, 1944.

Back Row.—Capt. R. E. Barnett, M.B.E., Lts. R. N. B. Brett-Smith, R. H. Moore, N. C. D. Campbell, W. G. G. Hunt, J. S. Champion, E. A. I. Young, J. Gale, M. Hickman, R. A. K. MacAllan.
Third Row.—Lt. M. E. Wild, Capt. Grayson (R.A.D.C.), Capts. J. R. Ballingal, M.C., G. J. Lovett, G. V. Churton, M.B.E., M.C., Lts. R. D. Sutton, R. G. G. Copeland, Capt. H. Petch, M.C., D.C.M., Lt. A. T. R. Nicholson, Capt. J. A. Friend, Lts. G. H. Hodgkinson, E. A. D. Jones, M.B.E. (R.E.M.E.).
Second Row.—Lts. P. R. Sexty, P. F. Chapman, M.C., J. Barkworth, O. M. Wentworth Stanley, M.C., J. D. A. Woodhouse, M.C., W. M. Donald, K. L. Osborne, R. C. T. Sivewright, M.C., Capt. T. O'B. Horsford, M.C., Lts. E. K. Brown, R. D. Horsfall, R. A. Flood, M.C., G. R. Micklem, Capt. R. R. Lockett, M.C.
Sitting.—Maj. J. A. N. Crankshaw, M.C., Maj. W. V. Burdon, M.C., Maj. J. Turnbull, M.C., Lt.-Col. W. Wainman, D.S.O., M.C., Brig-Gen. Sir A. F. Home, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Maj. R. F. H. P. Stuart French, Maj. H. C. Roberts, Maj. A. Reid-Scott, M.C., Capt. and Qmr. E. R. Chadwick, M.B.E.



THE SERGEANTS, ASHRIDGE, MAY, 1944.

Back Row.—Sgts. Dorman (R.E.M.E.), Fulcher, Richmond, Cooper, Freeman, Gardiner, Andrews, Skarratt, Rogers (R.E.M.E.), Twyford (R.E.M.E.).
Fourth Row.—Sgts. Stewart, Pearce, Davies, M.M., Firth, Short, Richards, Jellis, Atkinson, Murray, Sherwood, Quinton, Graham, Foster, Nash, Martin, Street.
Third Row.—Sgts. Harmer, Cleaver, Fidoe, Peckitt, Maguire, M.M., Martin, Gullick, Callens, Green, M.M., Osborne, Lovett, Orchard, Lawrence, M.M., Mitchell, Berry, M.M., Fitzpatrick, M.M., Lyon, M.M.
Second Row.—Sgts. Keen, Turner, Bull, M.M., Tunstall, Christmas, M.M., Willis, Cobby, Longmate, Mathison, Parker, B.E.M., Luke, M.M., Wilson, Greensides, Christian, Panell, Gibson, Hall, Jowett, Reid.
Sitting.—S.Q.M.S. Smith, S.Q.M.S. Barnes, S.S.M. Mullins, S.S.M. Pegg, S.S.M. Wadsworth, R.Q.M.S. Moore, Capt. and Qmr. E. R. Chadwick, M.B.E., Lt-Col W. Wainman, D.S.O., M.C., The Colonel of the Regiment, R.S.M. Woodward, M.B.E., Maj. R. F. H. P. Stuart French, Capt. and Adj. R. R. Lockett, M.C., S.S.M. Trumper, M.M., S.S.M. MacHardy, D.C.M., S.S.M. Drew, S.Q.M.S. Emery, Q.M.S. Jones, S.Q.M.S. Aslin.



It was fitting that in conclusion this comic-opera squadron was present to receive the two comic-opera admirals who came, taking themselves very seriously indeed, the one to surrender Germany, the other to surrender his ships, and so was able to tell them what to do with their offers—for “D” was interested in more portable property; fitting that the “B1” Commandos, wrongly thought by the unkind (who forget the bitter nights they spent by the Juliana Canal) to have done nothing to shorten the war, should very nearly have prolonged it. The only pity was that Major Crankshaw, busy making up for lost time no doubt, on Lilop, was unable to be present on that historic occasion; for a charge of shot directed at some pigeon would undoubtedly have saved the Admiral the trouble of mixing himself a stiff cyanide later; “Hogwash” would have retrieved him as fair game, and then, being the only other moffe left on the scene, would have had to sign the armistice with his tail—a good short end for a bad long business.

THE CHARLIE LOVE

(IN OTHER WORDS, THE “CENTRE LINE,” WHICH IS GENERALLY AT THE SIDE OF NOWHERE!)

The expression “Charlie Love” wasn’t in vogue much in the desert, because there was no restriction to one’s movement. “C” Squadron, of course, did have a field day on the Bardia—Tobruk road in June, 1940, but this was merely classed as an ambush. It is, however, worthy of note, because in present times it would class as a Gold Cup winner. Another important feature was that throughout the early stages of the war it was played the wrong way round; on this occasion the bag was ninety puggled Wop Met, and their occupants, a real live general, the local outpost brothel truck, with three women, and an officer, his wife, who was heavy with child, and the nurse, who immediately drank a bottle of iodine but had to give it back again owing to the sharpness of the medical orderly. The next operation was at Sidi Saleh, which produced an even larger bag.

On neither of these occasions was the way for the enemy restricted. There was unlimited desert to go on and the success of performance was due to the helplessness of the Italians, and their refusal to leave the only road that existed.

I give these examples to remind you that this new and interesting game, known throughout the Army as “chewing up the Charlie Love,” was only a concentrated form of “smartening up the loha.” Like many other things, it appeared in its true light in Europe.

The game consists of two parties—Ours and Theirs. We always make the first move (because they make the necessary counter-measures preventing the game being reversed); this consists of pushing our chin well out into the virgin country out front, where there seem to be no enemy. When nicely placed and everyone is “brewing up,” they move in behind us and prepare to put in the bag the S.Q.M.S., the Echelon R.H.Q. D.R., and the odd Tech. Armd. Car (with only a driver), which are bumming down the Charlie Love, their occupants nodding in peaceful slumber.

The first staccato burst of Spandau, or the sickening thud of H.E., wakens the dreamers, and from that moment

things begin to move sharpish. Milling sets in as they try to turn round (except for the water truck, which opens the throttle and pushes on into the bag), and there are collisions, and vehicles at all angles across the road, many of which can’t face the pressure any longer and subside, groaning, into the ditch.

The true situation is, of course, not known at R.H.Q., who merely state that the echelon must be held up by traffic blocks. The news of the chewing arrives by rumour first. Someone was talking to a water-truck driver who said there were a hundred Tigers chewing up the Charlie Love, and that out of forty vehicles all were “brewed” except himself, and he only escaped because, as luck would have it, the brakes wouldn’t work (the Tech. hadn’t got any fluid) and he was out the other side before things really got going. This rumour gets stronger as each new arrival



NO DOUBLE BANKING.

comes in. The enemy force grows to an army corps, and the devastation to the most fantastic proportions. Nothing more is heard until, sensing that there must be something up, a troop is sent back down the Charlie Love to investigate. Yes, it’s true; there are Moffer messing about fifteen miles back. And so it goes on.

The first match was played within seventy-two hours of landing in Normandy, on the Villers Bocage—Briquessard road. The chewing lasted about fourteen hours, but as both sides were inexperienced, only one lorry was “brewed.” The second round was at Oudenarde, where the enemy were treated as conquering heroes by the flag-waving and flower-throwing civvies, until the latter were soundly trounced by machine-gun fire, which was how the S.S. often introduced themselves.

The greatest chew of all came on the only road between the troops at Nijmegen and Eindhoven. For miles lorries were lying three abreast waiting for someone to remove the enemy so that they could get on. On this occasion it took a large part of the division to clear the Charlie Love



BERLIN, 1945

ON the afternoon of 4th July I stood on a pile of rubble and saw the formal entry of British troops into Berlin, with the 11th Hussars, as usual, in the vanguard.

As I watched "C" Squadron, looking very smart under two new coats of paint, lead the parade up a bomb-blitzed strasse, my thoughts went flashing back along the past ten years. Surely this was an end of our "wandering in the wilderness," and a very appropriate one too!

Mersa Matruh, 1935, when we thought the Italians would cross the frontier into Egypt, and they never did; Palestine on and off from 1936 to 1938; Mersa Matruh again in 1939, in case the Wops came, and again they never did until 1940, and then only under pressure from the major partner of the Axis; the Western Desert campaigns; Persia, 1942, for a "rest" which never materialized because we were called back for El Alamein; El Alamein to Tunis; Tripoli to Salerno and as far north as the Garigliano, 1943, and home early in 1944; Normandy in June; the "end" around Hamburg in May, 1945; and the final "peace march" into Berlin.

These milestones in our travels are some indication of those ten solid years of travelling, packing and unpacking. Ten years of work (and play whenever possible) that has produced a comradeship and understanding born of long association, which will be with us for ever.

Somehow, in spite of the glamorous tone in which the Press recorded this formal entry into Berlin, I felt that there were many of us who should have been there too and whose presence would have added colour to the picture. I mean those brave ones who lost their lives on the journey or who were wounded, and many of those whose work has taken them elsewhere; in fact, we can include all those splendid people who helped us to reach our objective.

It has been the longest drive in history and we are proud of this achievement, and our thanks are due not only to our commanders but also to the "little men," the really important, big "little men"—the drivers, the operators, the fitters, L.A.D., medical orderlies, all of them. I felt that this was their real day of days.

To arrive in a war-ruined capital city seemed rather an anti-climax to our "journey's end," and to me the sight of the Union Jack flying over a heap of rubble does not look nearly so impressive as it does flying over some unspoiled building of national or historic interest.

The endless dirt and untidiness that war brings to a city is not a cheerful sight, and the hundreds of German women and children wandering aimlessly about made one realize its dreadful consequences and the seriousness of the problems facing us in the future.

On arrival in our new barracks we were faced with the enormous task of making them habitable; repairing damaged roofs, water systems and electric light, producing furniture and clearing up the mess left behind by our predecessors. To show the magnitude of the job, we had to borrow a bulldozer from the R.E., which was fully employed for five days filling in holes and derelict air-raid shelters, and burying enormous piles of rotten potatoes, whose smell was too terrible to describe.

Our first official parade was the unfurling of the Union Jack at the Grosse Stern in the Charlottenburger Chausée,

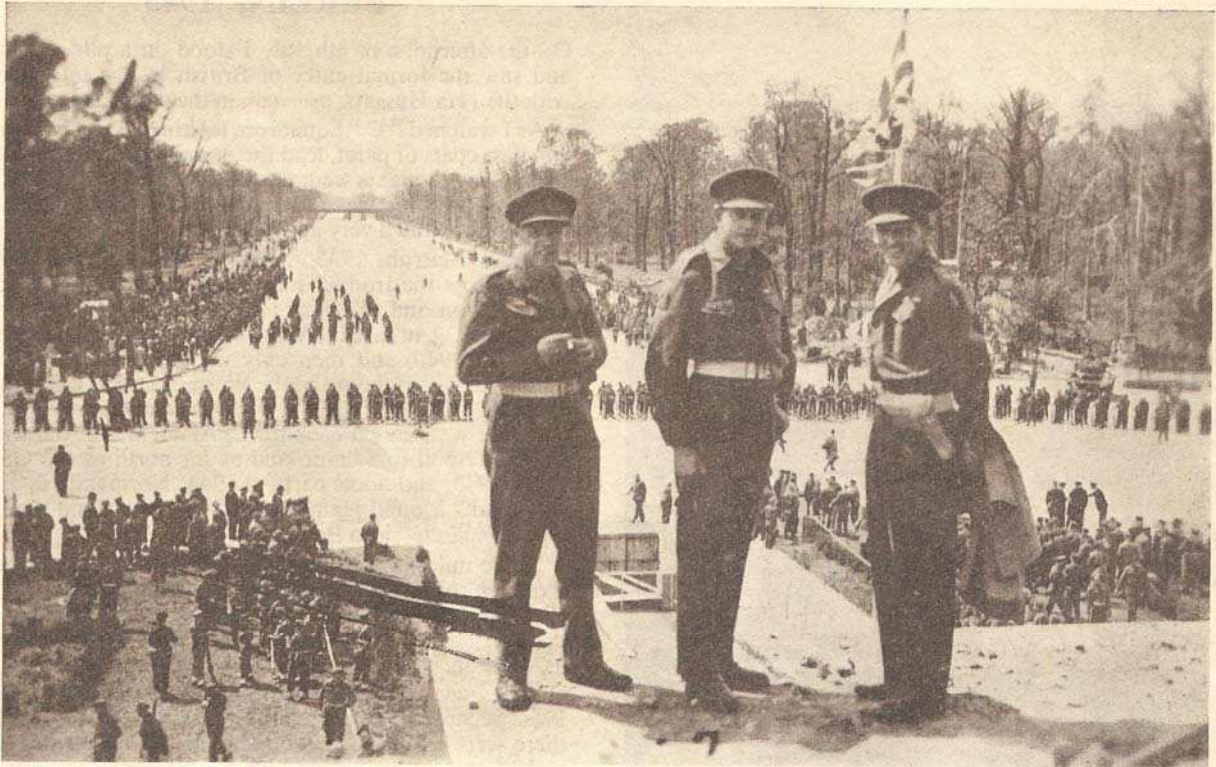


OBVIOUSLY A "CHARLIE LOVE."

and four tanks were destroyed. The scene on the road showed it had been a good match. About fifteen lorries were "brewed up" and a Sherman tank. This was the biggest match played, as latterly it consisted of "brewing up" the O.P. planes with bazookas, and other rather childish things.

The Charlie Love, I should explain, is the road, probably the only road usable, which must carry all the soft stuff as well as tanks, transporters, and so on. In most cases, whether out of the amusement it affords to the onlooker in a jeep or out of ignorance, the Charlie Love seldom is a road where you can pass another car without drawing in your elbows and knees. Often it is a cart track with 2-foot-deep boggy ruts, caused by the tanks, and everyone gets stuck. When the Charlie Love is well established, many painted signs appear, such as "When in doubt, BREW UP"; "If you must stop, get off the road" and then a little later, "If you can't get off the road, don't stop" (even if all the tyres are flat!). At bridges you get "Step on it if you want to live" (when under fire), and in one place "Russians! Don't Shoot!"

Yes, the Charlie Love produces a host of interesting views. Now there are no more of them, and the only time we get chewed up on a road is for proceeding at 30.2 m.p.h. in England. This will cost you a fiver and your licence endorsed, and there will be nothing funny about it either, because you won't have a fiver, thus going to the "cooler" for a week. When you come out you'll be court-martialled for going A.W.O.L.! Such is life.



VICTORY PARADE, BERLIN.



at which "C" Squadron was present; then "B" Squadron attended the investiture of Marshal Zhukov, and "A" Squadron went to Gatow airport as escort for the Prime Minister when he arrived for the Potsdam Conference. The whole Regiment turned out for the Divisional Commander, General Lyne, and finally for the big parade for the Prime Minister and all the British Chiefs of Staff on 21st July. This last parade was really a most moving spectacle. As we drove six abreast by the saluting base I could not help feeling how very proud and satisfied our great national leader, Winston Churchill, must be to see this parade of all arms in the heart of the enemy's capital. The route was lined on both sides by hundreds of spectators, both British troops and German civilians, and it amused me to see that nearly every soldier had a camera, ranging from the ordinary box job to the latest kind of Leica. One wonders how many of these were paid for in ready cash and how many on a "lease-lend" system!

Of our previous commanders, Field-Marshal Alexander, Field-Marshal "Jumbo" Wilson and Brigadier "Looney" Hinde were there to see us march past, but we regret that all our other commanders and associates of the past five and a half years of war could not also have been present to see the Desert Rats coming down the Charlottenburger Chausée. These commanders, such as Field-Marshal Archie Wavell, Generals Dick McCreery, "Strafer" Gott, "Jock" Campbell, John Harding, "Pip" Roberts, Bobby Erskine, Dickie Creagh, Hobart and Verney, and Brigadiers John Combe and Hugh Russell, did so much for us, and especially in the early days the spadework which made us what we are to-day. Their

names are bywords amongst all ranks of this unit, and to them the greatest credit is due.

Our sporting life is daily becoming fuller, and we have spent much time cleaning up and making ready for use football grounds, a hockey ground, running tracks, tennis courts, etc., and I think that in the near future we shall have as many sporting amenities as we had at Aldershot, Tidworth and Heliopolis.

"Walking out" has not been unprofitable, especially since the non-fraternization regulations were modified, and few of us have missed the opportunity of looking around what remains of Berlin, or scratching away for souvenirs and medals in Hitler's Chancellory. Many of us have been for a drive through the Brandenburg Gate into the Russian area, and have walked along the remains of the Unter den Linden and Tiergarten; and I am sure that a remark like this has been made on more than one occasion: "Well, if one's got to be away from home, I can't see that there's much difference between the bints on the — Unter den Linden and the — Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, except that they're a different colour!"

Finally, I must add that the Officers' Mess and its exceptionally "useful" furniture were properly christened by the holding of a Victory Dinner, which was attended by the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, Field-Marshal Alexander and Wilson, Major-General G. McCready, Brigadier Hinde, Colonel Sir Eric Crankshaw and Lieut.-Colonel Harry Moore. This dinner was an unqualified success, especially in view of the fact that at long last the four-ball trick was played with two field-marshals' caps, the height of our ambition for close on six years!



CHARLOTTENBURGER CHAUSSE.



GROSSE STERN, 1945.





XI HUSSAR (P.A.O.) REGIMENTAL TRAINING SCHOOL

In October, 1944, it was decided to open a Regimental Training School, as it was found almost impossible to train men in the field during operations. Accordingly, some houses were taken over in Tilburg (Holland), complete in most cases with furniture, as the houses were owned by collaborators who had fled on the approach of the Allied armies. The general policy laid down was three-fold. Firstly, to up-grade tradesmen; secondly, to bring reinforcement tradesmen up to the Regimental standard; and, thirdly, to give those men selected for courses a rest and a change. Every effort was made to make the students and instructors as comfortable as possible and to avoid a "barrack atmosphere." The messroom was furnished with small tables seating about four to six men, and a recreation room supplied with wireless, magazines, etc. There was also a small Officers' Mess and a Sergeants' Mess. Major A. V. C. Roberts was the first Commandant, ably assisted by R.S.M. Moore in the initial organization. Courses were of three weeks' duration, with the exception of the driver-mechanics' course, which lasted for six weeks. The subjects taught were wireless, gunnery, D. and M., as well as a course for young N.C.Os., who were instructed by an officer. Their course covered tactics, administration, map reading and regimental history.

At the end of each course the School staff was changed as far as possible, and most of the S.S.Ms. had a tour as School Sergeant-Major. At the end of each course the instructors and the students usually organized a dance to entertain the numerous friends they had made during their course. These functions were always a great success and the "locals" used to look forward to the end of the courses. The "hand-over" from one course to another of the more attractive of the local "belles" was a masterpiece of organization.

Early in December Tilburg became the roadhead for the Canadian Army, and as billets were very scarce we were obliged to move. New quarters were found at Quatre Bras; a most pleasant spot on the outskirts of Brussels. The Canadians were very helpful in our move and supplied the transport for *our* furniture and staff. Four houses were taken over at Quatre Bras: one for classrooms and the others as living quarters and recreation room for the students, Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. Sergt. Callens, who had been acting as School S.Q.M.S. since the School started, returned to England on "Python," and Sergt. Seaman, who had returned to the Regiment, took over. Major Roberts returned to England at the end of December to take up a Staff appointment and was relieved by Capt. Churton, M.B.E., M.C. He was in turn relieved by Capt. Petch, M.C., D.C.M., who did a brief tour of four days and handed over to Major Roberts, who commanded until his return to England on "Lilop" in March. Very cold weather was experienced in February with lots of snow and ice. Not being accustomed to this type of climate, and as most of the staff were bachelors, we did not know the form and as a result suffered rather badly from a surfeit of burst water pipes!

Brussels proved a very popular place indeed and full advantage was taken of the excellent clubs, dance halls, cinemas and theatres laid on by 21st Army Group. The School was situated in the area of many training stables



and quite a few 11th Hussars made a good thing from "inside information" at the races which were held on Saturdays and Sundays.

A series of officers commanded after Major Roberts, Capt. Lovett doing the longest tour. During this time a much larger and better house was taken over, enabling the whole School to be housed under one roof. It was indeed a pleasant place: the School garden was really magnificent and a wonderful sight in the spring. Our Belgian neighbours were more than kind to us all, and their hospitality had to be experienced to be believed! No officer who was ever stationed at the School will forget the kindness and hospitality of Margot and Johnnie Wittouck and the excellent parties which they gave.

In June, 1945, it was reluctantly decided that owing to the great distance (450 miles) between the School and the Regiment it was not feasible to keep the School going. The furniture and training equipment have been stored against the time when the Regiment finally settles down and serious training starts once more.

During the eight months that the School had been in existence approximately 300 men had been on its roll either as students, instructors or staff. It had also served as a rallying point for officers and other ranks returning from courses or leave in England or from hospital.

IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY

EVERYBODY thought that things were going to be not only very difficult but very unpleasant. It seemed likely that the people would be sullen, angry, treacherous and dangerous. We visualized ambushes and sudden death. Werewolves everywhere, and the arrow that flieth by night, or rather the bazookamen running riot round our close leaguer. Someone said with regret that he supposed it would not be safe to sleep in houses any longer, which seemed the worst blow of all. Then someone else remarked that it would be equally dangerous to sleep outside them, so we came to the conclusion that we would not sleep at all.

Luckily everybody was a long way out. The Germans behaved for the most part like lambs. What were their reactions to a conquering army? Firstly, thankfulness, gladness that the war and the bombing were over for them,



“D” SQUADRON WEHRMACHT, GENUINE WEHRMACHT AND FRIEND.

a feeling of overwhelming relief which made them almost ready to welcome us. Coupled with thankfulness was anxiety for the future and about our behaviour: apathy also, born of constant bombing and many crippling losses, and after all these, surprise. The German conception of what we would be like was probably just as wide of the mark as ours was of them.

We had been led to believe, in one way and another, that Germany was in a very bad way internally. This was true, as transport was chaotic, communications all broken up (our bombing of railways and marshalling yards did its work well), and thus in the big cities at least there was a shortage of food and necessities. Industry, too, had been pounded successfully. But there was in general absolutely no shortage of food for the Germans themselves; in fact, most of them were far better off than people in England. The standard of living in the Third Reich had been amazingly high; every house had a wireless set, good furniture, if in execrable taste, and plenty of luxuries such as silk, fountain-pens, wines and linen, unobtainable in England. What the Germans seemed really to be short of was petrol and oil (most important of all), but not coal or fuel as in England, tobacco, soap and leather. It was in the small farms that one noticed the richness of the country most, where there was abundance of food, many head of cattle, plenty of grain, indeed plenty of everything. And what on the surface was only a shabby little house often turned out to contain treasures of every kind, sometimes even a Leica or a typewriter or a gold watch. How much of all this wealth had been looted from France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and Holland it was difficult to say.

Where were the Gestapo and the Kripo? Obviously they had all gone to ground. There was little sign of their activities, and the conception that the German man in the street had lived a life of terror under their iron heel began to disintegrate. But undoubtedly they were extremely active, and the people were afraid of them. It was surprising that so “bund-ish” and interdependent a people as the Germans should produce so many informers—but many came up and accused others of being not just Nazis but “big” Nazis. On the whole, most Germans do not deny having been Nazis, but say that it was impossible not to be, which sounds reasonable enough until you recall

a saying which states that every people gets the government that it deserves.

We had hoped to get much assistance and information from the slave workers of Germany when we were operating. The results were disappointing. Men who have constantly been ill-treated and down-trodden for years lose their free will and initiative, as was only too obvious with many of these Poles, Russians, Belgians and Frenchmen. The will to help was there, but not the power. And those who were happy under their German masters were not the sort to be of use to us. That is one of the things for which Germany must not lightly be forgiven, this destruction not so much of men's bodies, though that was often enough achieved, as of their minds.

We had wondered if the civilians would fight. They did not, for they were too scared, except in isolated cases. The Volksturm, as expected, was a write-off. Quite a lot of accurate information came through from Germans themselves, but they were never wholly to be trusted, nor were their white flags. Half a “brewed-up” house is better than no house at all.

It was interesting to see how thoroughly Dr. Goebbels had worked. Besides pin-ups of all the Nazi leaders, books, leaflets, all sorts of Nazi literature and violently anti-British propaganda was to be found in many houses. Even the children were reared on pictures of English and Russian atrocities, and stories of the Jewish plutocracies with heavy Teuton sarcasm about English Kultur and American Decadence. The German Kultur itself was not so hot, with a distinct leaning towards the sensual and the animal.

Hitler was indeed everything to the Germans, though few would admit it; the women even went without make-up for his sake. Most Germans were convinced that his only mistake was the invasion of Russia (but were sure that his advisers persuaded him against his better judgment), thereby leading up to the peculiarly cunning and dangerous suggestion that Germany should all along have been fighting not England but Russia, and that we should have been helping them.

Germany is a beautiful country, and much more unspoilt than England. There are few advertisement hoardings to spoil the countryside, no bogus olde-worlde houses and teashops, and no garish filling stations. On the whole, German houses are pleasant to look at: it is only when



FUNNY. I CAN'T FIND MY WATCH.



I HAVE JUST STARTED A BREW.

you get inside them that you find drawbacks. For a modern and advanced country, Germany's sanitation, though better than Holland's, is a disgrace. Most houses do not have a bath, nor a water closet which works. The windows, which are thrust open during the day time, are hermetically sealed at night, and in many flats and tenement houses the smell is overpowering.

The Germans have no sense of guilt about this war, nor does it look as though they ever will. They have had the war brought home to them more than the English; every home has lost a son or a father or a brother, if not two. Their casualties have been staggering, far beyond their worst fears. Perhaps when they do learn the facts they will be cured of their militarism. It is unlikely. It is too much in their bones, they love giving and receiving orders, they must have a uniform or an administrative title. Lately two German sailors came up to a British officer and asked if they could join the British Navy, as their own was not functioning very much. Then there was the woman who said she presumed that since the English had knocked her house down the Military Government would give her a new one.

What can one do with a people like that?



PURIFICATION BY FIRE.

BAND NOTES

IN August, 1944, word went forth that a number of military bands which had been inactive since the outbreak of hostilities were to be re-formed. Among them were to be the three Cavalry bands: the 7th Hussars, 11th Hussars (P.A.O.) and 16th/5th Lancers. The task of re-forming the 11th Hussars Band was entrusted to Mr. Roy Hurst, A.R.C.M. (14th/20th Hussars), and the new Band was to be attached to the 57th Training Regiment, R.A.C., at Catterick, Yorks.

Projects of this nature have an annoying habit of proceeding very slowly, and it was not until October that nine original members of the 11th Hussars Band arrived at Catterick from Pinehurst, Hants, where they had been performing with the band of the 12th Lancers. These worthy gentlemen provided a very firm and trustworthy foundation on which to build the new Band, and it is felt that their names would be of great interest to readers, so here they are: Ed Batty (oboe), A. Fry (percussion), J. Guymmer (cornet), W. Nash (big 'un—bass), F. Sawyer (clarinet), P. Street (bassoon), John and James Tappern (cornet and euphonium) and J. Withal (flute). The total strength of the Band was laid down to be twenty-five members and the Bandmaster.

A little earlier than the arrival of the above-named, the services of a Band Sergeant had been secured in Sergt. Baker, of the Carabiniers.

It was now possible to make a start, and rehearsals were therefore commenced in real earnest. During the course of the war many military bandsmen who had returned to duty were by this time well up the ladder of promotion, and could only be taken into the Band if they were prepared to revert to the rank of Trooper. In spite of this tremendous discouragement, two of the present members of the Band reverted from the rank of Sergeant to Trooper.

Several military bands had been over to Europe during the months of December, 1944, to March, 1945, and had returned to England with glowing accounts of good times had by all in Belgium and Holland; of "flower-strewn roads" down which they had marched, and of populations going wild with delight, and pressing all kinds of favours on the lucky musicians. This was not to be the lot of the 11th Hussars Band, however, for, after passing through Belgium like a dose of salts and Holland in similar manner in train and truck, it gradually became apparent that the ultimate destination of the Band was Germany!

The Band was attached to H.Q., Second British Army, and began their musical activities by giving concerts to any unit within striking distance, so to speak.

Everywhere the Band was made very welcome; much good work was accomplished, and entertainment given to isolated detachments off the track of E.N.S.A. shows. One particular occasion might be recorded as an interesting example, and may prove to be something of a record.

On Friday, 20th April, the Band was sent to 50 G.H.Q., Royal Engineers, who were building a semi-permanent Bailey bridge across the Rhine. The C.O., with an eye for effect and novelty, said he would like the Band to play during the afternoon on top of a completed portion of the bridge, on the western bank of the river. Work on the bridge would have to go on, of course, but there was not a great deal of noise, and the idea of providing "music while you work" on the actual spot, certainly a most historic spot, appealed to everyone.



Novelty was added to novelty in the evening when the Band played a programme on the Rhine itself.

Following this period of what is known in the musical profession as "one-night stands," the Band was sent to the 43rd R.H.U. Transit Camp at Genep, on the Dutch border. Here we were assured of both large and constantly changing audiences, some thousands of men passing through this camp daily. It was here that several members of the Regiment either returning from or going on leave made the discovery that the Regimental Band was both in existence and on the Continent.

It was with great interest that orders were received to proceed to Stalag VIB in Bocholt. It was found on arrival that the inmates were Russian ex-prisoners of war, about six thousand of them; a rather wild crew, as might be expected after their five years of imprisonment, and there were many stories, some slightly exaggerated, of what these fellows had done to the local population. Music,



THE BAND.

however, has no national barriers to break down, and these Russians proved to be very attentive listeners, and fond of a bit of good music.

It was whilst the Band was at this delectable spot that the announcement of the cessation of hostilities in Europe came over on the wireless, and then it became a certainty that VE Day would be spent in, of all places in the world, a German prison camp.

Finally came word that the Band was to join the Regiment, and on Tuesday, 10th May, the Band set off on what was to be a three-day journey right across Germany to St. Margerethen on the mouth of the River Elbe. Whatever other reactions there may have been to the arrival of the Band, it must be pointed out that it caused anything but a decline in the consumption of alcohol. Celebrations, both individual and general, were very soon in full swing in all departments, and these combined with the musical activities of the Band during its first week-end, made something of a demand on the stamina and physical if not artistic resources of its members.

Readers will be familiar with the Band's musical activities from this time forth so that little need be said about them except perhaps that the concentrated effort put forward by the members of the Band in its short existence has been amply repaid by the interest and enthusiasm shown by the members of the Regiment.

SPORT IN THE REGIMENT

R.H.Q. SQUADRON

SINCE the landing in Europe, H.Q. Squadron have excelled themselves on the football field, the game being played by the same old veterans of the earlier campaigns.

Boots were first donned at St. Andre, and the Squadron side figured in some real battles. The most exciting of all was the seven-a-side contest, in which every man of the Regiment played his part. Needless to say, H.Q. was represented by both the teams in the final, the L.A.D. carrying off the spoils. It might be added that the champions had a hard struggle earlier in the contest when they just managed the odd point against Tac. H.Q.

Oss was our next hunting ground. Here we had a few games with the civvies, and our old friends the Rifle Brigade.

It was at Maeseyck where we really got down to business again. Inter-squadron games were arranged, with the result that "A," "B" and "D" Squadrons fell to a well-fielded H.Q. XI, who in turn had to take a 4-3 beating from "C" Squadron, after holding the lead by the odd goal at the interval. It was a good game, full of thrills in spite of the bad weather.

Sport was out of the question at Grevenbicht owing to the cold spell, but the Squadron managed one or two games against the Rifle Brigade.

Our stay at Oudenbosch was the last of our sport in Holland, but it is worthy of note that H.Q. brought "C" Squadron's winning sequence to an end by holding them to a draw of 1 goal each.

Our entry into Germany afforded little time for sport, and it was not possible to get down to it until after VE Day, and it was after we "took over" St. Margerethen that some really good games took place. Our record here is not very attractive, as we lost to "A" Squadron 1-2 and then to "C" Squadron 0-2; we then "bounced" "B" Squadron to the tune of 4-1 and 3-0, and lost to "D" Squadron 1-3.

As in Africa and Italy, football has played a prominent part in the activities of the Squadron, and a tabulated record would show a very satisfactory position, and one which reflects great credit on players both old and new.

During its activities the personnel of the team has changed from time to time, but there are still certain members now playing who have been a composite part since the team's early days. Amongst these must be mentioned such stalwarts as L./Cpl. Donald Beaverley, the captain and instigator of all the sporting "attacks," also the indomitable L./Cpl. Carr, who gives one the impression of having spent many years in the saddle. Finally, mention must be made of the famous "Dunlop" Morris, the man who coined the phrase "They shall not pass."

There are others, of course, but, although not specifically "mentioned in despatches," they are just as well known to all.

To conclude, let us remember the grand *esprit de corps* which has prevailed throughout the campaign with the hope that many more happy times will be spent before our return to "Civvy Street."



“A” SQUADRON

SINCE D Day sport has been played whenever the opportunity occurred. This Squadron were lucky that they did not leave Ashridge until the end of June and so were able to play some really good games previous to embarkation.

A first-class seven-a-side football knock-out tournament was held and some hard and extremely humorous games were witnessed. None will forget Tpr. Hartwell's galaxy of goal-scoring, much to the surprise and dismay of 1st Troop. An inter-troop basketball competition was also played; this was won by an R.H.Q. team which consisted of the L.A.D. stars.

After our arrival in France we managed to get in some inter-squadron football games, the results being wins over “B” and “D” Squadrons, a draw with R.H.Q., but we suffered a defeat at the hands of our bogies, “C” Squadron. The Hun prevented any further sport until our arrival in Holland, where at Oss we lost two very hard games to “C” and “B” Squadrons. Our next games took place at Maesevck against the 133rd Reconnaissance Regiment. The display by the team on this occasion restored much of our lost confidence. At this time we had discovered a lot of new talent, still lacking co-ordination, but as we had further games they began to blend and play very entertaining football. Our next game of note took place in Hoeven, where we defeated a very confident R.H.Q. side, but they later had their revenge at Oudenbosch.

The team was now playing very well and we took on all comers, including several Dutch teams formed from members of the Dutch Resistance Group; the female spectators at these games put some of our players out of their stride, but we were undefeated.

Up to VE Day the only sport we had been able to play was football, but now we are organizing sport on a grand scale. Cricket, basketball, swimming and riding have been catered for, and we hope to find talent in all these branches. Everyone now is taking part in one or more of these games, with the result that there is very keen rivalry.

What success we have gained on the football field we owe to the prowess of such people as Cpl. McKissock, L./Cpls. Golding and Oddie, and Tprs. Cutbush, Pugh, Charlton, Toole, Sturman, Crowe and Humphreys, capably watched over by Sergts. Murray and Lewis.

“B” SQUADRON

THESE are the details of this Squadron's sporting activities since D Day:

BAYEUX

Regimental Tournament.—Beat R.H.Q. in semi-final; beaten by “C” Squadron in final.

Regimental Seven-a-Side.—Beaten by L.A.D. in final. Beat R.H.Q. 11—2 in a challenge match.

Civilians beat the Squadron 5—4 in Bayeux. We were the first English team to play in this place, and got a wonderful reception.

OSS

Beaten by “C” Squadron.
Beat R.H.Q.

DONGEN

Drew with a civilian team 3—3.

MAESEYCK

Played “C” Squadron twice: drew once, lost once. Played against R.H.Q. and won.

ZEVENBERGEN

Beaten by civilians 5—3 after a very keen struggle.

HOEVEN

Played R.H.Q. twice: won once, lost once.

BRUNSBUTTEL

Beat “C” Squadron 2—0.
Beaten by “A” Squadron 3—1.
Beaten by R.H.Q. 3—1.

Cpl. Grey broke his hand at Bayeux and was in plaster for seven months. A great loss to our Squadron was the death of Tpr. Norton, a very keen sportsman and a fine goalkeeper.

Since landing in Europe “B” Squadron have managed to field all the way through seven of their old players: L./Sergt. Hughes, Cpls. Thacker, Scott and Baguley, and Tprs. Callaghan, Messenger and Lewis. Three new players were Tprs. Mathews, Southall and Clarke (a good goalkeeper).

The Squadron had four casualties through football, and Cpl. Gray was the only one who returned to the Squadron. Cpl. Thacker was an outstanding player and carried the team through on many occasions: he is now in England after being wounded in Germany.

The Squadron had a wonderful reception when playing against a civilian team at Dongen. Cpl. Thacker must have been very embarrassed when a pretty blonde walked on to the field and presented him with a bouquet, at the same time kissing him heartily! A large crowd of locals and brothers witnessed the match, which resulted in a draw of 3—3, much to the satisfaction of everyone.

“C” SQUADRON

OWING to the pressing need to wipe out Schickelgrüber and his half-kicks in as short a time as possible, the leather has not been pumped about as often as would have been desirable. None the less, we have managed to get a game in where possible, largely owing to the unfailing efforts of the few really enthusiastic members of the Squadron. And here and now we should like to thank such members as Sergt. Davies and Tpr. “Micky” Mooney, etc., for their determination to keep the ball rolling. Games have been so scattered and so irregular that it has been impossible to keep records or even to remember each and every one, but we can safely say without blushes that we can field a team that has kept the Squadron superiority right where it has always been.

The backbone of the team is rather naturally the “old guard,” but several new members of the Squadron have come well up to standard and have filled important gaps. The most regular players for the Squadron have been S.S.M. Trumper, Sergts. Davies, Howard, Osborne and Shuttleworth, L./Cpls. Kinsella, Brady and Morrice, and Tprs. Steve Birchall, Dolman, Stephens, Spackman, Taylor, Alderton, Hallam, Spencer and Mooney. Several of these have also represented the Regiment.

Competition in the inter-squadron matches has been



very keen, or at least so we have found it, but we like to think that it is always because someone would like to knock us off the high horse! And in some games it has been a close shave for us, but as far as we can remember only once has the fat not been pulled out of the fire. Going back to the drawbacks of soccer in the field a very acute situation has been the shortage of gear and the difficulties of obtaining it. In a sporting letter one does not wish to beg, but we know that any old member of the Squadron who happens to be in a position to help will do so, and we will always be extremely grateful. Whilst on this subject the whole Squadron would like to express their thanks and gratitude to Capt. O. M. Wentworth Stanley, M.C., for the two footballs that he kindly sent out to us, just when they were so badly needed.

It is worth recalling that after playing the local side twice at Zevenbergen, and beating them rather easily on both occasions, both sides made presentations to each other. Ours took the form of a regimental badge, with "11 H" underneath, and was duly presented by Sergt.-Major Trumper to their captain, and received with admiration. We were a little disconcerted when a deputation arrived the next day to ask if this "11 H" was our way of perpetuating the score to see that they did not forget it!

"D" SQUADRON

THE Squadron's sporting activities since landing in Normandy have been chiefly confined to football, with an occasional game of netball, but now the opportunity has come whereby we can widen our scope a great deal.

We have already set off with a little swimming and boating, and what is going to go with a great swing when really started is the Squadron riding school, which is already becoming a highly organized school of equitation, under the auspices of Capt. T. O'B. Horsford, M.C.

Going back to football, our high light was, after the seventh or eighth attempt, to put it across "C" Squadron on the town ground at Oss, hunting ground of the Regiment L'Armour. This took place in September, a memorable game for us and probably one to be quickly forgotten by "C" Squadron. The end came with a score of 2—1, and many dying and injured strewn across the field of battle. We have not played them since, but no doubt we will have to.

We crept off very comfortably with the Regimental inter-troop match at the Chateau St. Andre, in what turned out to be a Marathon football match for our No. 1 White Troop team, who played R.H.Q. team (Q.M. department). It was really stamina that won the game, both teams having to play five games of seven minutes each way in two days.

Two very good games were played against the Dutch team at Zevenbergen, who were well ahead of us, beating us 7—2 in the first game and 3—2 in the return game.

Our team has been considerably weakened by the much-felt loss of three of our former star players, L./Sergt. Williams, L./Cpl. Cartwright and Tpr. Rodger.

We now look forward to a successful season with the Junior Squadron.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

R.H.Q. SQUADRON

SINCE leaving Ashridge, where so many of our members distinguished themselves by their far-flung social activities, we have perhaps been fortunate in getting together more than other squadrons. Memories of Neeroeteren, Oudenbosch and St. Margarethen (the last-named's social activities being of necessity confined to stag parties) will always be with us.

We would like to express our gratitude to the S.S.M., "Frat" Wadsworth, for organizing and keeping the Mess going under these liquorless conditions and offer our congratulations on his resuming the saddle. We should also like to congratulate "Dozey" Willis on his recent marriage, and commiserate with him on losing, by neglect (Sec. 40), his ear trumpet, Mk. IV. Our congratulations are also extended to M.Q.M.S. Parker upon his recent appointment, but we are still waiting for him to buy the drinks.

We welcome to the Mess the two Band members, who have been a great asset since our arrival at St. Margarethen. Last, but by no means least, we wish to congratulate R.S.M. Moore on his recent award of the Croix de Guerre.

"A" SQUADRON

SINCE leaving England until VE Day it was only possible to form a Sergeants' Mess on one occasion, and this was at Hoeven, in Holland. By this time many of our members had left us for home service after completing their long tour abroad. We will never forget them: the always humorous S.Q.M.S. "Doc" Aslin and Sergts. Hall, Gullick, Firth and Gingell.

A word or two must be written about that colourful character Sergt. Dennis Fitzpatrick. His capture by the enemy and his ultimate escape are a story in themselves, and we look forward to his return.

Our Mess at Hoeven was a great success. We lived in comfort and we will all remember the evening when our impromptu Mess dance band broadcast over the telephone to the Officers' Mess; never was "Coburg" played better, nor will we forget the dramatic entrance into the Mess of Sergt. Martin, our Provost Sergeant, and his discovery.

Since VE Day we have again formed our Mess and it is really a home from home with the exception of the female touch, but in L./Sergt. Short we have a first-class impersonator who is a worthy substitute; we have not entertained yet on a lavish scale, but by the number of visitors who come along it is evident that the fame of this Mess is not confined solely to the Regiment. Although our number is small, we have some definite social talent: the S.S.M. and S.Q.M.S. still require a lot of Dutch courage before they perform, but can always be counted on to raise a laugh. Sergt. Murray is becoming a first-rate entertainer with his accordion, although we all wish he would practise less during the hours when we should be asleep. Sergt. Short, the Mess comedian, still denies that his civilian occupation was a clown in the circus.

It is with deep regret that we cannot still include in our number that most popular Sergeant, Reg. Atkinson. His memory is ever with us.



“ B ” SQUADRON

THE members of the Mess at Ashridge were S.S.M. Beard, M.M., S.Q.M.S. Smith, and Sergts. McGuire, Richmond, Bull, Gardiner, Orchard, Mathison, Cobley, Freeman, Ruder and Street.

On 19th July we were all terribly shocked by the news that Sergt. Bull had been injured by a stray shell. The last letter we received from him stated that he was progressing favourably and getting much stronger.

The 6th September, as will be recalled, was a bumper day for “ B ” Squadron until the tragic news of Sergt. Orchard’s death was made known to us all. Not only did the Regiment lose a grand soldier and the Sergeants’ Mess a very popular member, but all ranks a close friend.

Some excellent work was done this day by Sergt. Mathison, then commanding the 75-mm. troop, when with Lieut. Burrige, who was acting as O.P., he succeeded in scoring a direct hit on an enemy 88-mm. gun.

Owing to S.S.M. Beard’s ill-health it will be remembered that Sergt. Richmond acted as S.S.M. on several occasions, and was acting S.S.M. at this period.

On 16th September, 1944, S.S.M. Emery was posted to “ B ” Squadron.

Early in November we moved to Dongen. Here a very good concert was given by the brothers, assisted by the Squadron and S.S.M. Emery.

On 13th November, 1944, a farewell party was organized by S.S.M. Emery for the men of “ B ” Squadron who had seen five years’ service overseas and who were about to leave for home. Amongst the men being repatriated were the following: Sergts. Mathison, Cobley, Purkiss and Gardiner. The party was a grand success and a great send-off for such fine fellows.

On 14th November the Squadron were delighted to hear that Sergt. McGuire had been awarded the M.M. for outstanding bravery; a great and well-deserved award.

On 19th December L./Sergts. Short and Spencer left the Regiment for England for repatriation after five years’ service overseas. Although they were both comparatively new members to our Mess we were all sorry to see them go.

On 22nd March we said farewell to Sergt. Wilkins, who left us for England, having served five years overseas.

It was with great joy and extreme pride that we listened to S.S.M. Emery broadcasting to England on 8th May when we knew that the “ Cease Fire ” order had been given on our front. The members of the Sergeants’ Mess were then as follows: S.S.M. Emery, S.Q.M.S. Smith, Sergts. Richmond, McGuire, M.M., Ruder and Shakespeare, and L./Sergts. Edwards, Allen, Hornsby and Hughes.

“ C ” SQUADRON

EXCEPT for a short and ignoble period of forty-eight hours when we joined together at Maeseyck, we have not until the past few weeks got really going in our Mess; but, although we haven’t as yet reached the ultimate aim of another Goon Club, as at Homs, several members of that exalted and far-famed association are ever present, and no doubt history will not only repeat but outdo itself in the near future. Now that the victory in Europe is well and truly won, and we are the lucky ones to come through in one piece, our thoughts will ever return to absent members who were less fortunate.

Our first great loss was felt very soon after the landings when a great and respected member, Sergt. Larry Graham, was wounded, and, we learned, eventually died about 15th June, 1944. This happened near St. Germain d’Ectot, when things were humming for the forward troops. At about the same time, a present member, Sergt. “ Taffy ” Davies, M.M., was taken prisoner and marched off, but in a short time not only managed to escape but brought one of his guards back as a trophy.

Our next casualty was some time afterwards, when we were pressing on to Mount Pincon, where we lost Sergt. “ Ginger ” Thompson, who was badly burned when his car was hit. We hear that he is on the mend, but it has been a slow and painful business for “ Ginger.” In the meantime, Sergt. “ Daddy ” Christmas had to leave us twice through illness, but the second time he couldn’t get away with it and was sent home. He has rejoined us during the past few days after trying manfully for the past six months to make his way back. Several old members in and out of the Squadron have left for various reasons, notably “ Python ”; they include Sergts. Mitchell and Nash, the latter now being back, and “ Skim ” Emery has for some time now been S.S.M. of “ B ” Squadron.

In the field of sport soccer has been just about the only game available, and several members are top-notchers not only in the Squadron but in the Regiment. To give some idea of their ability, we can truthfully say that the rest of the Squadron, about 125 strong, are dying to get at our throats, we being a mere fifteen to date. During the course of a couple of very amusing games recently we have found a pair of “ dark horses ” in “ Mud ” Foster and “ Raschid Ali ” Cleaver.

A couple of members have just brought out a Squadron News-Letter, which they promise, weather and flywheel permitting, will be on sale once each week. May great success follow their literary aspirations.

To all old members of “ Charlie ” Squadron before and since our time we extend sincere greetings and wish them every good luck in the peace to come. As a parting shot we would like to add that they are still members of the Squadron, and any news or maybe in the distant future a chance visit to the Mess will be greatly appreciated by serving members.

All of us, past and present, would like to congratulate Sergts. “ Taffy ” Davies, Harry Berry and “ Connie ” Nash on their awards during the last campaign.

“ D ” SQUADRON

SINCE Normandy our chances of getting together and having our own Mess running have been very spasmodic, according to our periods of rest.

The inauguration of a Sergeants’ Mess turned out to be a good thing, for many reasons, one being that the Mess members really got together for the first time, and got to know one another. Another thing was that the excellent products of our cook, “ Tasty ” Wilson, were not confined to the S.S.M. and his favoured crew.

Our first attempt as a Squadron was at Maeseyck, which lasted five days, before we were ordered to push on, and then again at Grevenbicht and Hoeven, which was very successful socially owing to the fact that we could always rely on a good attendance of the Dutch female element at all social functions, their excuse being that they liked our



white bread, and of course we had the local Chief of Police under our thumb.

We even advanced so far as to initiate two confirmed total abstainers into the drill of lifting the right elbow up regularly—namely, our S.Q.M.S., “Binnie” Barnes, and “Hookey” Walker, who was really too old to start. This was very beneficial to the Mess in general, as it stepped up our rum ration, and it was noticed that “Hookey” smiled on one occasion.

We welcome the following members: Sergt. Suggitt, an old member back from the Inns of Court Regiment, and L./Sergts. Walker, Wheeler, Rogers, Trendell and Bruerton, and wish them every success.

Our sympathy goes to the friends and relatives of “Curly” Williams, a very young member, who was killed in action on 17th April, 1945.

XI HUSSAR OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION AND COMFORTS FUND—REPORT, 1944

THE 11th Hussars Old Comrades Association Committee present their report for the year ended 31st December, 1944.

The year has shown an increase in the number of applications for help, largely due to the very lively interest taken by Mrs. Wainman in the wives and mothers of soldiers now serving with the Regiment. By keeping in touch with them she not only affords them great pleasure but is able to bring to the notice of the Old Comrades Association the circumstances of any woman who seems to be in need of financial help.

Twenty-two applications have been registered in the books as against twelve in 1943. They have been dealt with as follows:

Assisted with grants	14
Otherwise assisted	4
Withdrawn	3
Refused	1
			22

The close of the year's account showed a credit balance. There is little doubt that when the demobilization period sets in there will be more need for help for Old Comrades. Although the Committee hope to be able to meet it, there is now a source from which the income of the fund, should it prove inadequate, may be augmented. Application may be made at stated intervals to the Army Benevolent Fund for a grant to be used for the relief of distress. It is, of course, necessary for the Association making application to satisfy the Army Benevolent Fund that its activities are such as it can support.

COMFORTS FUND

In addition to writing to the next-of-kin of serving soldiers, Mrs. Wainman has also kept in touch with the next-of-kin of prisoners of war and advised on the comforts to be sent to the Regiment.

The cost of adopting friendless prisoners of war and helping not-too-well-off next-of-kin with their parcels has been £118 2s. 8d. This includes the gift of a book to each prisoner and a blanket to newly captured men.

At the close of hostilities in Europe there were sixty-

eight names on the list. Of these, forty-six have reached this country or are in Allied hands, leaving twenty-two still to be accounted for.*

The sum of £137 16s. 10d. has been spent on comforts for the Regiment (wool for knitting, wireless sets and a regular supply of reading matter). The Committee would like to thank specially the Knitting Unit of the Forum Club, the Putney Ladies' Conservative Association and the Beckenham Ladies' Conservative Association, all of whom have worked regularly and hard to make whatever garments were most needed.

Whatever the future may hold, it will always be the endeavour of the Committee of the 11th Hussars O.C.A. to see that all Old Comrades, as far as possible, are looked after.

COMFORTS

As the Regiment was to spend its first winter of campaigning in Europe, it was most important that we should be well off as regards comforts. We brought home with us a certain amount, but naturally it was not really enough, and, thanks to certain organizations and individuals, we were reasonably well “insulated” from the cold of last winter.

We would like to record our special thanks to Her Majesty The Queen for her work party which sent us pull-overs, scarves, gloves, socks and balaclavas.

We sincerely appreciate the work done by Miss Cross, Secretary of the Old Comrades Association, in organizing the distribution of these comforts, and to her and the various subscribers to the Regimental Comforts Fund we send our thanks.

To Lady Kemsley, Chairman of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, the Knitting Unit of the Forum Club, the Putney Ladies' Conservative Association and the Beckenham Ladies' Conservative Association we also wish to tender a special message of gratitude for the excellent comforts their organizations made for us.

Finally, these would never have reached us had it not been for Mr. Seaton, of the M.P.A., whose unremitting energy and resourcefulness ensured that these comforts were dispatched to us with a minimum amount of delay.

ROLL OF OFFICERS PRESENT WITH THE REGIMENT ON VE DAY

Lieut.-Colonel W. Wainman, D.S.O., M.C.	Lt. J. D. A. Woodhouse, M.C.
Major R. M. H. M. Grant Thorold.	Lt. G. H. Newton, M.C.
Major J. Turnbull, M.C.	Lt. E. K. Brown.
Major H. C. Roberts.	Lt. D. A. F. Williamson, M.C.
Major W. V. Burdon, M.C.	Lt. K. L. Osborne.
Major J. A. N. Crankshaw, M.C.	Lt. J. S. Champion.
Major H. Petch, M.C., D.C.M.	Lt. E. A. I. Young.
Capt. G. V. Churton, M.B.E., M.C.	Lt. A. T. R. Nicholson.
Capt. T. O'B. Horsford, M.C.	Lt. R. C. T. Sivewright, M.C.
Capt. R. E. Wingfield Digby, M.C.	Lt. R. N. B. Brett-Smith.
Capt. G. J. Lovett.	Lt. J. Gale.
Capt. J. R. Ballingal, M.C.	Lt. N. C. D. Campbell.
Capt. R. E. Barnett, M.B.E.	Lt. J. R. C. G. Wheeler.
Capt. R. A. K. MacAllan.	Lt. R. E. Alton, M.C.
Lt. R. H. Moore.	Lt. S. Gurteen.
	Lt. A. S. Hunter, M.C.
	Lt. G. H. Hodgkinson.
	Lt. V. V. Esch.
	Lt. R. A. Flood, M.C.
	Lt. M. Hickman.

* At the time of publication, only two names are still to be accounted for.—Ed.



Lt. C. B. Gibson.
 Lt. C. J. Markham.
 Lt. R. D. Horsfall.
 Lt. E. A. Pearson.
 Lt. J. B. Morton.
 2/Lt. A. D. MacLean.
 2/Lt. R. B. MacAdam.
 2/Lt. R. J. Sheepshanks.
 2/Lt. M. J. Jaffray.
 2/Lt. P. H. Wood.

2/Lt. J. D. Richards.
 2/Lt. D. E. V. Sivewright.
 Capt. (Qrmr.) E. Chadwick,
 M.B.E.
 Capt. (R.M.O.) J. H. Balmer
 (R.A.M.C.).
 Capt. (E.M.E.) E. A. D. Jones,
 B.E.M. (R.E.M.E.).
 Lt. (Interpreter) W. Cracco
 (Belgian Army).

BATTLE CASUALTIES

ALL RANKS—FROM SEPTEMBER, 1943, TO
 VE DAY

OFFICERS

KILLED IN ACTION (FRANCE AND CONTINENT)

Lt. W. G. Llewellyn Palmer (2/8/44).
 Lt. D. A. Creaton (3/9/44).

Lt. J. A. M. Cousins (28/10/44).
 Lt. I. G. Troup (28/3/45).

WOUNDED IN ACTION (ITALY)

Major W. V. Burden, M.C. (30/9/43).

WOUNDED IN ACTION (FRANCE AND CONTINENT)

2/Lt. R. D. Horsfall (9/6/44).
 Capt. T. O'B. Horsford, M.C.
 (10/7/44).
 Lt. W. M. Donald (18/7/44).
 Lt. G. R. Micklem (18/7/44).
 2/Lt. I. G. Troup (18/7/44).
 Lt. M. Hickman (24/7/44).
 Lt. G. H. Newton, M.C.
 (2/8/44).
 Lt. R. G. G. Copeland
 (2/8/44).
 Major J. Turnbull, M.C.
 (7/8/44).
 Lt. R. D. Horsfall (7/8/44).
 Lt. W. M. Pybus (20/8/44).

Lt. O. M. Wentworth Stanley,
 M.C. (22/8/44).
 Lt. W. G. G. Hunt (31/8/44).
 Lt. P. F. Chapman, M.C.
 (25/10/44).
 Lt. R. C. T. Sivewright, M.C.
 (25/10/44).
 Lt. Hon. R. F. H. Preston
 (10/12/44).
 Lt. G. L. Nation Teileri
 (21/1/45).
 Lt. P. A. Newnham, M.C.
 (30/3/45).
 Lt. J. D. A. Woodhouse, M.C.
 (8/4/45).

MISSING

Lt. R. D. Sutton (9/9/44). Lt. Sutton was recaptured by the Allies
 in Germany this year.

OTHER RANKS

KILLED IN ACTION (ITALY)

Tpr. Le Masney (30/9/43).
 Tpr. Hampson (30/9/43).
 Tpr. Cross (5/10/44).

L./Cpl. Latchem (2/10/43).
 Tpr. Harris (2/10/43).

KILLED IN ACTION (FRANCE AND CONTINENT)

Sgt. L. Graham (13/6/44).
 L./Cpl. A. Daw (18/7/44).
 L./Cpl. J. Bannocks (18/7/44).
 Tpr. D. Robinson (18/7/44).
 Tpr. A. Femandel (18/7/44).
 Cpl. D. Williamson (18/7/44).
 Tpr. S. Drummond (18/7/44).
 Tpr. A. Wilkinson (18/7/44).
 Tpr. G. Kimpton (18/7/44).
 Tpr. A. Smith (18/7/44).
 L./Cpl. Stokes (18/7/44).
 Tpr. S. Humphries (2/8/44).
 L./Cpl. P. Kennedy (2/8/44).
 Tpr. R. Sanderson (2/8/44).
 Tpr. A. Humphrey (3/8/44).
 Tpr. D. Pearson (5/8/44).
 Tpr. H. Johnson (7/8/44).
 Tpr. G. Berger (7/8/44).
 Cpl. W. Finch (18/8/44).
 Tpr. J. Davies (18/8/44).
 Tpr. F. Heinzman (21/8/44).
 Tpr. Philpin (20/8/44).
 Tpr. Smith (31/8/44).
 L./Cpl. M. Knight (31/8/44).
 Sgt. L. Orchard (6/9/44).
 Tpr. J. Norton (6/9/44).

Tpr. R. Green (18/9/44).
 Tpr. Henderson (20/10/44).
 Tpr. Neal (22/10/44).
 Cpl. H. Aris (22/10/44).
 L./Sgt. Poynton (22/10/44).
 Tpr. P. Lambert (22/10/44).
 Tpr. A. Jones (26/10/44).
 Tpr. K. Mower (27/10/44).
 L./Cpl. E. Cartwright
 (28/10/44).
 Tpr. J. Greenhough
 (28/10/44).
 Tpr. Blackmore (28/10/44).
 Tpr. W. Brown (26/12/44).
 L./Cpl. J. Hastings (29/3/45).
 Tpr. Kelsall (1/4/45).
 Tpr. Shrosbury (5/4/45).
 Tpr. A. Barr (5/4/45).
 Cpl. A. Ogden (8/4/45).
 Sgt. Atkinson (17/4/45).
 L./Sgt. Williams (17/4/45).
 Tpr. Rodger (17/4/45).
 Tpr. Glover (17/4/45).
 Tpr. Greensides (18/4/45).
 Tpr. Ffitch (23/4/45).
 L./Cpl. Garner (25/4/45).

WOUNDED IN ACTION (ITALY)

Tpr. Adams (30/9/44).
 Tpr. Leach (30/9/44).
 Tpr. M. Thompson (30/9/44).
 Sgt. Chambers (2/10/44).
 Tpr. Pery (24/10/43).
 L./Sgt. Luke (5/10/44).
 Cpl. Smith (6/10/44).
 Sgt. Hall (6/10/44).
 L./Cpl. Cunningham
 (24/10/44).

WOUNDED IN ACTION (FRANCE AND CONTINENT)

Tpr. J. Main (13/6/44).
 Cpl. Sambrook (13/6/44).
 L./Cpl. Dunsdon (10/7/44).
 Sgt. B. Green (18/7/44).
 L./Sgt. W. Jellis (18/7/44).
 L./Cpl. r. Lea (18/7/44).
 Tpr. L. Farrar (18/7/44).
 Tpr. S. Hannah (18/7/44).
 Tpr. T. Griffiths (18/7/44).
 Tpr. Ailcock (18/7/44).
 Tpr. G. Williams (18/7/44).
 Sgt. L. Bull (19/7/44).
 Tpr. J. Roberts (19/7/44).
 Tpr. E. Makes (19/7/44).
 Tpr. Eccles (24/7/44).
 Sgmn. Thompson (R.C.S.)
 (24/7/44).
 Tpr. R. Belbin (1/8/44).
 Tpr. Somers (1/8/44).
 Tpr. A. Rivers (1/8/44).
 Tpr. F. Kingsmill (1/8/44).
 Tpr. R. Harrison (2/8/44).
 Tpr. W. Sinden (2/8/44).
 Cpl. Williams (2/8/44).
 Tpr. W. Webster (1/8/44).
 Sgt. H. Lyon (5/8/44).
 Tpr. Chalmers (5/8/44).
 Tpr. H. Philips (5/8/44).
 Tpr. L. Symonds (5/8/44).
 Cpl. E. Short (5/8/44).
 Sgt. L. Orchard (5/8/44).
 L./Cpl. R. Crosby (7/8/44).
 L./Cpl. J. Cox (7/8/44).
 Cpl. G. Soar (7/8/44).
 Tpr. Paske (8/8/44).
 Tpr. Cutbush (8/8/44).
 Sgt. Thompson (7/8/44).
 Cpl. Lewis (8/8/44).
 Sgt. R. Gullick (7/8/44).
 Tpr. G. Holmes (17/8/44).
 L./Sgt. Fulcher (22/8/44).
 Tpr. Russell (22/8/44).
 Tpr. J. Campbell (27/8/44).
 Cpl. G. Johnson (25/8/44).
 Tpr. Freke (25/8/44).
 Sgt. Cooper (3/9/44).
 Tpr. M. Horrigan (1/9/44).
 Tpr. W. Longlands (1/9/44).
 Tpr. T. Leeming (1/9/44).
 Tpr. F. Coldrey (1/9/44).
 Tpr. C. Parsons (1/9/44).
 Tpr. E. Limb (6/9/44).
 Tpr. L. Grinnell (3/9/44).
 Sgt. Gibson (29/9/44).
 Tpr. Buckett (30/9/44).
 Tpr. J. Powell (1/10/44).
 Tpr. Thomas (1/10/44).
 Cpl. G. Trendall (28/10/44).
 Cpl. Marley (3/11/44).
 Tpr. Logue (3/11/44).
 L./Sgt. Jellis (14/11/44).
 Tpr. G. Batt (21/11/44).
 Tpr. J. Hughes (7/12/44).
 Tpr. I. Yeaman (7/12/44).
 Tpr. B. Williams (10/12/44).
 Tpr. J. Mercer (10/12/44).
 Sgt. Pearce (22/12/44).
 Cpl. A. Rivers (24/12/44).
 Tpr. Mitchell (24/12/44).
 Tpr. Chalmers (26/12/44).
 Tpr. Hunter (26/12/44).
 Tpr. Reeves (26/12/44).
 Sgt. Luke (26/12/44).
 Tpr. Smith (5/1/45).
 Cpl. Bown (22/1/45).
 Sgt. L. Davies (22/1/45).
 Tpr. C. Smith (21/1/45).
 Cpl. D. Chapman (25/1/45).
 L./Cpl. Oliver (28/3/45).
 Tpr. Quantrill (28/3/45).
 Cpl. Mayes (28/3/45).
 Cpl. Sykes (28/3/45).
 Tpr. Grey (28/3/45).
 L./Cpl. Clarke (28/3/45).
 Tpr. Timlin (29/3/45).
 Sgt. Luke (29/3/45).
 Cpl. J. Bell (29/3/45).
 Tpr. Sansom (29/3/45).
 Tpr. A. Corbett (29/3/45).
 Sgt. T. Murray (29/3/45).
 L./Cpl. S. Whitby (30/3/45).
 Tpr. T. Toughill (30/3/45).
 L./Cpl. Nuttall (30/3/45).
 Tpr. Smith (31/3/45).
 L./Cpl. Jenner (31/3/45).
 Tpr. Morris (31/3/45).
 Tpr. Fryer (1/4/45).
 Sgt. V. Turner (1/4/45).
 Cpl. F. Bean (5/4/45).
 Tpr. G. Murcott (5/4/45).
 Tpr. A. Spencer (5/4/45).
 Tpr. J. Ogden (7/4/45).
 Cpl. G. Thacker (7/4/45).
 Sgt. H. Berry (8/4/45).
 Sgt. J. Reid (8/4/45).
 Tpr. Winteringham (17/4/45).
 Tpr. Milner (17/4/45).
 Tpr. A. Donaldson (4/4/45).
 Cpl. Lyon (24/4/45).
 Tpr. Bell (24/4/45).
 L./Cpl. Ley (20/4/45).

MISSING

Tpr. J. Dixon (13/6/44).
 L./Cpl. J. Walker (14/6/44).
 L./Cpl. Crispen (20/8/44).
 L./Cpl. G. Dalloway (3/9/44).
 L./Cpl. A. Jones (3/9/44).
 L./Cpl. L. Hayward (3/9/44).
 Tpr. R. Smith (3/9/44).
 Sgt. D. Fitzpatrick (9/9/44).
 Tpr. P. Kirkham (9/9/44).
 Tpr. H. Harris (9/9/44).
 Tpr. Fowler (9/9/44).
 L./Cpl. Blake (22/10/44).
 Tpr. N. White (28/10/44).
 Tpr. Hartnell (25/4/45).

Of the above reported missing, Tpr. Dixon died in hospital in France; L./Cpls. Dalloway, Jones and Hayward, and Tpr. R. Smith escaped and rejoined the Regiment on 5th October, 1944; Sergt. Fitzpatrick, M.M., escaped and rejoined the B.L.A. on 1st November, 1944. All the others except Tprs. White and Hartnell were either recaptured or repatriated.



DECORATIONS

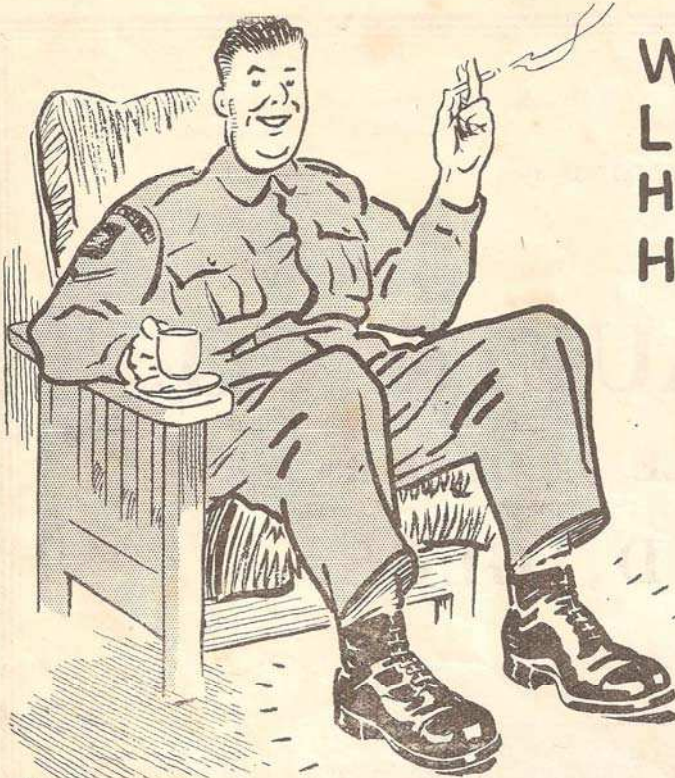
THE following officers and other ranks have received decorations and awards since the Regiment landed in Italy:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| | D.S.O. |
| Lieut.-Colonel W. Wainman, M.C. | |
| | BAR TO M.C. |
| Major W. V. Burdon, M.C. | Major J. A. N. Crankshaw, M.C. |
| | M.C. |
| Lt. G. H. Newton. | Lt. P. A. Newnham. |
| Lt. D. A. Creaton. | Lt. J. D. A. Woodhouse. |
| Lt. O. M. Wentworth Stanley. | Lt. D. A. F. Williamson. |
| Lt. P. F. Chapman. | Lt. A. S. Hunter. |
| Lt. J. A. M. Cousins. | Lt. R. A. Flood. |
| Lt. R. E. Alton. | Lt. R. C. T. Sivewright. |
| | U.S. SILVER STAR |
| Capt. P. F. Stewart, M.C. | |
| | FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE |
| Major H. C. Roberts. | R.S.M. Moore. |

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| | BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL |
| Cpl. D. Young (R.C.S.). | |
| | BAR TO M.M. |
| Sergt. Berry, M.M. | |
| | M.M. |
| Sgt. Davies. | Cpl. Rivers. |
| Sgt. Maguire. | Sgt. Berry. |
| Tpr. Pritchett. | Cpl. A. R. Jones. |
| | MENTIONED IN DESPACHES |
| Capt. R. E. Wingfield Digby, M.C. | Tpr. Paske. |
| Capt. J. H. Balmer (R.A.M.C.). | Sgt. Gardiner. |
| Capt. E. A. D. Jones, M.B.E. (R.E.M.E.). | Sgt. Mitchell. |
| Capt. E. Chadwick, M.B.E. | L./Sgt. Nash. |
| L./Cpl. Crispen. | L./Cpl. Daffurn. |
| | Tpr. Kingsmill. |
| | COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CERTIFICATE |
| Capt. R. R. Lockett, M.C. | R.S.M. Moore. |
| Capt. R. A. K. MacAllan. | Cpl. Young (R.C.S.). |
| Lt. E. K. Brown. | S.Q.M.S. Barnes. |
| S.Q.M.S. Emery. | S.Q.M.S. Cleaver. |
| Q.M.S. Jones (R.E.M.E.). | S.S.M. Drew. |
| S.S.M. Wadsworth. | |



JOURNEY'S END.



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