



SHINERS CLUB NEWSLETTER
2018 EDITION FOUR

Newsletter 2018 Edition 4



Vice Chairman's Comments

A lot seems to have happened in the last year, much of it relating to the health of our Committee or their wives. June Fletcher fell at home and broke her hip. After several weeks in hospital June is now home and they are just about coping. Alan Powney has had various problems, but hopefully is now on the mend. Ted Hurdle only became Treasurer in April but is now ill again. He will continue in post for the moment, but we have now started to look for a replacement. Bev Doughty came to the Swindon Reunion in May and announced that he would resign as he was worried about his wife's health. Clive Ham has replaced Bev. Welcome to the Committee Clive and a big thank you to Bev for all that he has done in the past. Tony Marlow has now lost his partner as sadly Cindy has died. That just leaves me and hopefully I am OK. Hopefully Bev will be able to attend the next Reunion.

I announced at the last Reunion why Roger Howell was no longer our Treasurer and that he had been replaced by his deputy Ted Hurdle, I am the new deputy. I also announced that I would notify members, who were not at the Reunion, in the next newsletter and at the same time give another update. Alan had tried for some months to obtain reimbursement from Roger for the costs of the last newsletter. There was always a promise, but nothing ever happened. We then needed some more flags and Alan again asked Roger to transfer some money to the flag manufacturer. In the absence of a response, Alan asked Ted to visit Barclays Bank and make the transfer. Ted then found that there was only about £50 in the account when there should have been well over £700. Ted obtained a Bank Statement which was emailed to Alan and myself. I found that there had been almost £700 of unauthorised withdrawals made by Roger between the Reunion in May 2017 and August 2017. Clearly some fast action was needed, and this was duly taken over the phone between the various Members of the Committee. Within 48 hours Roger was replaced by Ted and I became the new deputy. I arranged to visit Barclays Bank, in Andover, with Ted. We put our case and the Bank listened. We found that Bank Statements had only been sent to Roger, this has now been changed so that copies will be sent to me as well. We feel that this provides a safeguard for both Ted and our funds. A very strong letter was then drafted and signed by the Chairman on behalf of the whole Committee. This time Roger did respond, and he duly paid £700 to our account with a sort of an explanation. The unauthorised withdrawals constituted theft and on the advice of a friend I went to see Gloucestershire Police. I provided documentary evidence together with my statement. This was then passed to Dorset Police as that is where the offence actually took place. The case has now reached a satisfactory conclusion. Under new legislation and as he had a clean record Roger could be dealt with by the Police, if he admitted everything and had already repaid the money. Roger received Community Service and avoided a Court appearance. I have accepted that the case is closed and did not ask how many hours work would be served. He also received a lifetime ban on acting as a Treasurer for any other organisation, he also now has a criminal record.

This is not an attempt to cause further embarrassment for Roger. However, the Committee feels that Members are entitled to know what happened to their funds and to be reassured that this should never happen again. Roger is still an Old Comrade and as such remains a Member of the Shiners Club.

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Vice Chairman's Comments

We do not agree that Old Comrades should be banned, and Roger will be welcome to attend future Reunions, should he wish to do so.

We have lost a number of Old Comrades over the last year. Their names appear elsewhere in this newsletter, but of course this leaves an ever-diminishing number of Shiners as we are all getting older each year.

I can now end on a more pleasant note. The Committee wish to give a very big thank you to Liz Bentley for her sterling efforts arranging our Reunions since Tony died. We also offer our grateful thanks to Danielle and her staff at The Crown for yet another enjoyable Reunion weekend. We all look forward to the next Reunion. For those who are not regulars, these take place on the third Sunday in May every year, we do hope that some more of you can join us. If you wish to stay at The Crown, you need to make an early booking before all the rooms are fully booked. Will you all please note that in future everyone wishing to attend the Reunion lunch must book their meal with Liz. This also includes those who book accommodation. Danielle arranges her kitchen and waiting staff having been given numbers attending by Liz. This year more lunches were served than had been booked. This meant that the serving of lunch was dragged out as was the raffle. It also affected the time Members could circulate before some needed to go home. Liz can take late bookings up until the Saturday, we do not wish to turn anyone away. However, Danielle must have enough staff on duty on the day. Please help us in order to help everyone.

For those who have never been to the National Memorial Arboretum, the Tenth Hussars have a memorial and adjacent flagpole on which our flag is displayed from the Spring until the week after Remembrance Sunday. These flags will only last one year due to the tree next to the flagpole. Until he died last year Peter Hill looked after our flag. This Spring Ron Fletcher visited the Arboretum to raise a new flag. We have tried to find a more permanent method of dealing with our flag. We have found that Vic Whysall, one of our younger Old Comrades, volunteers at the Arboretum on Mondays. I have therefore visited the Arboretum and spoken to Vic. He has kindly agreed to lower our flag each November and to raise a new flag each Spring. I gave the flag for next year to Vic and in future will post a new flag to him each year. On behalf of the Committee thank you very much Vic.

Hopefully next year my notes can be shorter. May I end by wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you all enjoy good health and fortune and hopefully I will see a number of you at the next Reunion on 19th May 2019. If you have never been please give it some thought.

Ian Clements.

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Committee

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Webmaster/Facebook

Anthony McKay

Committee Members

Anthony Marlow

Clive Ham

Ted Hurdle has taken over as Treasurer and Ian Clements is assistant Treasurer
Clive Ham has taken over from Bev Doughty due to his Business commitments. Bev
will continue to be fully involved with the Reunion Organization each year



Club Report

SHINERS CLUB
10th Royal Hussars (PWO)
Statement of Accounts



Accounts April 2018-April 2019

Income		Expenditure	
c/f	£916.71	Newsletter Production	£212.00
Donation	£40.00	Flowers E Bentley	£46.00
PRI Sales	£282.00	PRI Postage	£ 110.00
Raffle	£370.00	Flags	£87.00
PayPal BCT	£42.79	Flags Inc Postage	£105.00
		Bank Reclaim	£50.00
		Cheque Cancel	£12. 50
Total	£1651.50	Total	£622.50
		Total in Bank	£ 1029 00

We would like to thank those of you who made donations or purchases through our PayPal account. We were not informed of the payments by the former Treasurer.

A special thanks to Christine Howard and Richard Disspain

Ted Hurdle Treasurer

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RIP

**TO ALL OUR DEAR FRIENDS
WE LAID TO REST IN 2017 2018
GOD BLESS THEM ALL**

8th October	Harold Lloyd
11th October	Gordon Murdoch RAPC Att. 10H 65-69
14th October	Maj. D A Whittlestone 10H 38-69 RH 69-70
12th November	Cpl. Michael Brotherhood
5th December	Peter Hill Founder of XRHGB
6th December	Arthur Deverell
7th December	NJ Nunes-Carvalho 10H 56-58
13th December	J R Mace 10H 62-69 RH 69-74
15th February	Captain Cel Swinden 10H & RH 1958-1987
18th February	Mrs. Rose Deverell, Wife of Arthur
2nd March	Mrs. Jean Head, Wife of Sydney
6th March	WE Curtis
2nd April	RE Courtney
25th April	Maurice (Geordie) Wild
14th May	Don Brooks
8th June	Dr Thomas Stuttaford
9th June	Mrs. K Price, Wife of David
9th August	Maj. James Scott Formerly Courtney Clark 10H 48-69 RH 69-83
1st September	Mrs. Anne Alderson, Wife of Gerry
3rd December	Trevor Davis

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Swindon Reunion

The annual reunion took place at the Crown Inn in Swindon over the weekend of May 18th -20th with the main event on Sunday the 20th. There were several members who arrived on the Friday, with more during Saturday. The Saturday evening proved yet again to be a good night with some new faces. Terry Budden was the first to arrive and said 'if I knew you were all here on Friday, I would have come then' sorry Terry. We were delighted to see Nancy Wilson and her Daughter arrive and they both enjoyed the weekend. Diane Kerwin and her Husband were on a visit from Canada and came along with her brother and his partner. Of course, they attended the Sunday lunch and met many old comrades that Diane and her brother knew, see Brats Corner. Diane very kindly gave me some family photos and her contribution to the newsletter. The attendance was again high with over eighty meals being served and there was a good 10 to 15 members outside enjoying meeting members of their Squadron. Some names were remembered, but faces have changed so forgive the blank looks I may have given, sorry Colin Wells can't remember the drunken skiing incident you mentioned, but I did notice Tony Collins and only just recognised Evelyn and John Hewitson. The Durham duo had a longer walk than usual to and from the bar this year. Mr. Murph was on good form with some interesting photos he had with him and those he took as well, becoming a bit of a David Bailey, must be the Welsh air. I would also like to thank Mick Manns for the photos he gave me and Dave Quigley for the photos he took for us. Good to see Colin "Alli" Barber for the first time since Paderborn, he Mick Cox and Viv Styles enjoyed themselves. Ted and Janet were again there to the end and many were pleased with the placemats, "is that really a photo of me" was asked more than once. They all disappeared. We sadly missed Pauline Searby and Charlie Chafe, who were unable to attend this year, our thoughts are with them and others who could not make it this year. There has been talk of trying to get some of the last remaining Aqaba to join up with the regulars. We must thank Liz again for all the work she puts in each year for us and Danielle and her team ensured all ran smoothly. Danielle very kindly supplied the new Crown Inn photo for the back page which includes many of the Wives old comrades. Bev Doughty, as always was on hand to sort out any problems and rush off with Ann & Eva to get things for the raffle and fruit basket which they arranged on Saturday, between the odd wine and Guinness. The raffle this year was again well supported with many of you donating articles. We thank you all for your generosity, as all donations and sales go to purchases flags, flowers and stationary etc. for the newsletters. A special thank you to Eddie Ankers for the donation of the broach which was auctioned off. The reunion at the Crown each year is very special, and I am sure you all agree. There were many of you are, I am sure, curious to know how Eddie and the Sunday quiz night went. Well, you will be pleased to know we were so many of us to represent the "Shiners Team" they split us onto two tables and teams, "Shiners 1 & 2" They felt we had a numerical advantage. We occupied the positions last and second to last. Combined last.

See you all in May 2019.

A Powney

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Breaking News

Ron Fletcher phoned me with an incident at Tesco's in Goole.

Ron was waiting in line at the checkout, when someone said an elderly person had fainted, he went forward, saying, let me by I am a first aider, pushing youngsters who were standing about out of the way. The Lady started to come round and Ron phoned for an ambulance and comforted the woman by asking if she had hurt herself, apart from her pride and her ankle. She said my legs just gave way and I was very hot. Ron asked her name and a few details he could pass to the paramedics, so they knew how to treat her. Mrs Buck, she said. I know a Buck in Goole, where do you live Ron asked, Old Goole. Do you have a husband called Jack? Yes, he is sitting at home whilst I do the shopping. Blow me, I used to serve with Jack in Aqaba. May and Ron had a few words until the paramedics arrived and May was treated. Ron went back to the checkout and carried on with his shopping

Tesco's were grateful for the help and gave Ron a little something for his good work and quick thinking. I phoned Jack a few days later and he said that May was resting and much better. Just proves there is always a Shiner round the corner from you, how many do you know?

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AN ACQUIRED TASTE

Tuesday, January 30th, 2018

AN ACQUIRED TASTE....

In a few day's time it will be 58 years since I kissed goodbye to civilian life and made the long train journey to north Yorkshire to begin my two years of National Service. And each year when the anniversary comes around, I find myself looking back on those times. It was, of course, a different time and those, like me, who found themselves conscripted into military service had already lived through the second world war and the austerity that followed.

It was also a time of a kind of inbred respect - perhaps even fear - for any form of authority and so it was perhaps not surprising that the call-up for national service was more or less accepted as part of how things were. It was just one of the many things you had to do, so I blindly accepted that it had to be done and just got on with it.

The first few days and weeks at Catterick Camp were filled with running everywhere, being `whipped into shape`, `being shouted at, inspected at every turn and deprived of any meaningful privacy. They were miserable weeks and because of the distances involved in getting home, when at last a 48-hour pass came our way, along with a fellow conscript I hitch-hiked to the Lake District, where I had never been before. We stayed the night in a homely B & B and went to the cinema in Ambleside, where the only film being shown on that Saturday night was, of course, `Carry on Sergeant` It kind of summed up the futility and hopelessness of our situation.

But then, after yet more weeks of being turned into a lethal killing machine who was quite capable of turning left and right on command, I found myself inexplicably posted to a Regiment - this time a real one, stationed in BFPO 16 in West Germany as it was then. The regiment was the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales` Own) and, perhaps to my surprise, I began to immerse myself into the routines and rhythms of life in that alien and faraway outpost. I made friends with some close comrades - most regular volunteer soldiers, a dwindling few national servicemen - and began to settle in as my demob chart dutifully ticked off the days I had to do before the ultimate release.

I can` t claim that the `working life` was particularly taxing - even the maneuvers on Luneburg Heath were something of an adventure and I spent the night of my 21st birthday there guarding the tank park from possible invasion, armed with only a pick-axe handle and a whistle. Back at the regimental barracks, I played quite a lot of football and got an evening job as projectionist in the garrison cinema - the AKC Globe. The extra money supplementing my army pittance helped me save up enough to buy a house full of furniture when I returned, a married man, to civilian life. (The married man`s allowance helped as well.)

A taste of regimentation came in the high summer of 1961 when the Duke of Gloucester arrived to present the regiment with new colours and I found myself on the No. 1 Guard for the regimental choreographed parade, resplendent with my sword drill, white webbing and growing pride at being part of such an event.

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AN ACQUIRED TASTE

That may have turned the corner in my relationship with army life and with the regiment. The pride I felt that day perhaps finally brought a sense of belonging to something that was more than `just` a regiment - in some ways it became something of a family; real friendships had been formed which still persist to this day, mutual trust and support became evident and we were prepared for whatever the world might have thrown at us in those tense cold war days.

But, when my time was coming to a close, I resisted the overtures of our impressive commanding officer to sign on the dotted line and headed for the exit door able to make choices for my own life rather than have the army choose for me. Looking back these 58 years to my 731 days of enforced conscription, I am left with distinctly mixed feelings - some resentment at the conscription but coupled with a real affection for the 10th Hussars and all they stood for. It may sound odd for a national serviceman to admit to such sentiments but life in the regiment became a lasting and acquired taste - even though I am perfectly certain that the regiment may not have acquired quite the same taste for me.

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National Service

National Service

One advantage of helping the editor is that I sometimes get to see other people's articles in advance of the publication of our Newsletter. When I read Peter's article something rang a bell, however some time later I realised that what had rung a bell was the date of his demob. From October 1960 I was a clerk in Manpower Branch in HQ BAOR. The last National Serviceman had been called up in December 1960 meaning that their two years would end in December 1962, or earlier. In the summer of 1961 the Berlin Wall was built and relations between the Russians and the NATO Allies deteriorated. With no more National Servicemen being called up the powers that be were worried about manpower levels in BAOR. By the Autumn, of 1961, it had been decided that those National Servicemen, serving in Germany, whose demob date should have been between March and December 1962 would have to do another six months. It had been decided that those who would have to do a further six months were entitled to a reasonable period of notice hence the cut off date of 28th February 1962. To the best of my recollection the plans were typed in secrecy. Activating day was to be a Wednesday afternoon in the Autumn. My friend Jack Potter and I should have been playing rugby that day, as Wednesday afternoons were normally used for sport.

All the clerks in Manpower Branch were told to report for work after lunch. We found that some of the chief clerks had been busy, during lunch setting out many sheets of duplicated papers around a large conference table. These turned out to be many pages of a letter informing the unlucky ones that they would have a further 6 months to serve, although there would be an appeals procedure. We formed a line and walked slowly around the table picking up each page of the letter as we went. These were then handed to a chief clerk to be stapled and then put into envelopes. We went round and round again until all the letters had been put into envelopes. By now the rugby match would have finished so Jack and myself went to the clubhouse for a pint.

Jack was one of the lucky ones as his demob date was early in 1962. Three of the others walking around the table had a letter addressed to themselves. One of them appealed, but that was rejected. Jack and myself had lost out on a game of rugby, the recipients of those letters were going to lose six months of their life.

I had always felt sorry for National Servicemen being obliged to serve for two years. For some years I had wondered how I would react when my turn came. Luckily, before I left school, I found out nobody born after 1st September 1939 would be called up, so I knew that I had escaped. When I enlisted I did so of my own free will. This was one of the many incidents of my service which I had almost forgotten until I read Peter's article.

Ian Clements.

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NMA REGIMENTAL FLAG

NMA REGIMENTAL FLAG

Most of you know that the regimental flag is flown close to our Regimental Memorial. The flag is raised in April and lowered after the Remembrance Day ceremony. Peter Hill offered to do this many years ago, until he sadly passed away in December 2017. Ron contacted Linda, Peter's wife and asked if we could continue to do this in Peter's name. Linda thought this would be a fine gesture and would be delighted for us to do so. Ron raised a new flag in April.

Dave Robinson suggested Victor Wysall, who is a volunteer at the Arboretum, and said he would contact Victor for us and ask if he would be willing to take on this task and keep his eye on the Memorial for us. Victor said I am more than happy to look after things for us, as long as I am there which will be a few more years yet I hope. It is our responsibility to look after the Memorial which I will take on board, it could do with a bit of TLC at the moment. I will take advice from our onsite groundsman as to what I can use cleaning wise.

Our thanks to Dave and Victor. Ian Clements visited Victor at the Arboretum and gave him a reserve flag and had a good look at our Memorial himself.

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BRATS CORNER

THE LIFE OF AN "ARMY BRAT/MILITARY CHILD".

The Official Flower of the Military Child is the Dandelion. Why?

Dandelions put down roots almost anywhere and it's almost impossible to destroy. It's an unpretentious plant, yet good-looking. It's a survivor in a broad range of climates.

Military children bloom everywhere the winds carry them. They are hardy and upright. Their roots are strong, cultivated deeply in the culture of the Army...planted swiftly and surely. They're ready to fly in the breezes that take them to new adventures, new lands and new friends.

Military children are well-rounded, culturally aware, tolerant, and extremely resilient, they have learned from an early age that home is where their hearts are, that a good friend can be found in every corner of the world and in every colour, and that education doesn't only come from school.

They live history.

They learn that to survive means to adapt, that the door that closes one chapter of their life opens up to a new and exciting adventure full of new friends and new experiences.

At the age of 4, I became an army brat when my Dad was repatriated from POW camp in October 1943. Of course, I didn't know that, at that age. And I never heard the term until some years ago, but it is what I was until the age of almost 20.

My Mum and I had been living with her parents during the war, but Dad had to go to Wrexham, North Wales to the HQ of his then regiment The Royal Welch Fusiliers, and that was our first move. After a short while there during which the war ended, we moved to Aldershot which is where The Royal Military School of Music had been situated for the duration of the war. Now that peace-time had arrived, it moved back to Kneller Hall, near Twickenham, Middlesex. We lived in sub-standard M. Qs while Dad worked to attain his Bandmastership which he did in 1949. And he was then Bandmaster of 10th Royal Hussars (PWO), which were in Iserlohn, Germany at the time. He then joined the regiment and we followed on in December of that year, arriving on 19th, the week before Christmas. So far, 4 moves and counting!!! So that sums up a short history of life before Germany and the 10th Royal Hussars.

After a stormy journey across the Channel on a night ferry of questionable age, we then took the train across Holland into Germany. We arrived in Iserlohn, and I have to admit I don't remember too much of that day, just that there was no M.Q. for us and we had to live in a hostel until there was. I went to BFES day school in Iserlohn until I turned 11 years old. We had moved into an apartment by then, - actually an Officers M.Q. but it was all there was to be had whilst new quarters were being built just down the road from Epsom Barracks. However, I wasn't there all that much as I had to go to boarding school because day education ended at the age of 11. So, I ended up attending Prince Rupert School in Wilhelmshaven, up on the North Sea coast of Germany.

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BRATS CORNER

In January 1951, I boarded the school train at Dortmund and along with several hundred other kids had a day long journey up to the school. It was very exciting, and although it had been hard to say goodbye to my parents and younger brother, we kids were all in the same boat so to speak, so it stayed exciting until bedtime that night in our assigned rooms at the school. Then home-sickness struck, and it was the most devastating feeling that I had ever had. I never quite lost that for the almost 3 years that I attended the school. However, the school was a very good one, education-wise, but run on almost military lines. Very strict, but mostly fair. Holiday times were looked forward to, and Easter, summer and Christmas all seemed to pass too quickly, then it was back on the school train. On one of the School breaks I came home to a brand new M.Q., - 28 Handel Strasse. It was a lovely house, all mod cons, cook stove, fridge and central heating, not to mention a full bathroom and half bath. Mum was very happy with her new domain!

On one school break, we went to Bad Winterberg, - Dad and the band were playing some concerts there. It was summer so no skiing, but a lovely swimming pool could be used and lovely country walks.

I loved horse riding, and besides taking lessons at boarding school, I was allowed to ride some of the horses up in the barrack stables, during school holidays. That was usually in the spring and summer, but in winter we Kids went sledding and had fun in the snow.

There were some lovely Christmas parties held for the children of the regiment's members, complete with Father Christmas and a gift for every child. One thing I do remember was the marzipan animals lined up down the middle of the tables, and every child got one. Coming from rationing in England, this was a real treat.

In the summer of 1951, my Dad got leave and we went to England for a few weeks and were able to attend the Festival of Britain on the banks of the Thames in London. What an amazing exhibition that was, it was to be the herald of a new age after the years of war. I had broken my arm just before the end of summer term, so spent most of the summer with it in a cast.

In summer of 1953 life changed again with a return of the regiment and families to England, to Bhurtpore Barracks and MQs in Tidworth. So, this was our seventh move counting the homes we had lived in, in Iserlohn. We lived in no. 4 Clarendon Terrace for a while, before moving to no. 1 Clarendon Terrace, which was quite nice but not a patch on Iserlohn. I went to school until I was 15, and then to Salisbury College of Further Education. There was a Youth Club that was great, with table tennis, a pool table and records for dancing. As it was the era of Bill Hailey and rock and roll it was fantastic!! The only other entertainment was the cinema, the regular one near Hampshire Cross or the Electric (flea pit!!) up in the barracks. The Electric got all the good films and I used to go on a Saturday night, but had to take my younger brother and the girls from next door!! I used to sing in the choir at St. Michaels Garrison Church, and that and the Youth Club were about my social life!

Life changed again in February 1956, when the regiment was posted to Aqaba, Jordan a place I had never heard of. Once more we were on the move. My formal education ended that month, I was just over 16, and we left England on Valentine's Day 14th, arriving on 28th February after two weeks aboard the "Empire Ken". For us it was an adventure, but I don't think it was quite so nice for the men.

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BRATS CORNER

the strains of "The Happy Wanderer" was sad for me, leaving friends and family at the age of 16 was not a happy experience. Married quarters in Aqaba were shaped like Nissen huts but made of concrete with a canopy of reeds over the whole thing. The rooms ran one into the other, concrete floors and air conditioning that didn't quite work, as we found out when June hit. I had my first job out there, as a typist at the Ordnance Depot. Work started at 8am and finished at 1pm.



Family on the move
 Bandmaster George Bradbury, of the 10th Royal Hussars, his wife May, daughter Diana (16), and son Martyn (11), sailed in the troopship Empire Ken from Port Said, en route for Aqaba from England with the regiment.
 Mrs. Bradbury's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neary, live at Tattenham Grove, Epsom.
 "We only wish we could send them back some of this sunshine," said Diana, as the family basked in the warmth of the Egyptian winter.

Then it was a trip to the beach on the truck that went round picking up families for that purpose. The beach was lovely, the water always warm and we spent mostly every afternoon down there. Occasionally I was allowed to go to the Sergeants Mess with my parents if there was something special going on.

I remember that the comedian Frankie Howerd and a singer and entourage performed one night. Other times there was Bingo and I think there were a few small dances, but I probably wasn't allowed to go to them!! There were a line small shops down the Main Street of Aqaba and in one of them records could be bought when they came in, all 78rpms in those days. I bought my first Elvis Presley there- if I still had it, I think it might be worth a small fortune! We had a small record player and I remember that Dad forbade me to play "that rubbish" until he softened up a bit!! There was also an outdoor cinema that had a lot of good films showing, and sometimes concerts. I remember one concert when Dad played "Skeleton on

the Keys" on the xylophone.

One weekend we went up to Maan where some of the regiment was stationed - we traveled in the back of a truck, a 1 ton I think. We had to lie down on a mattress in the back when we were going through mountains for fear of snipers. It was a lovely weekend, much cooler at night than Aqaba, and it was the first place I saw figs growing and could pick them. While we were in Aqaba, two Royal Navy vessels came into port, I think as a show of strength, a couple of months apart. One was HMS Chaplet and the other was HMS Undine. Had a trip down the Gulf on both of them, that was great. They also fired off depth charges and collected the fish for the crew's meal.

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BRATS CORNER

My Dad started a choir in the little stone church in Aqaba and my brother and I and some of the other children sang in it. I was confirmed there by the Bishop in Jerusalem, as were some of the other kids. I remember I made my confirmation dress from white material bought locally, but after the ceremony there was a slight accident and red juice was spilled on it, straining it forever. No stain removing technology then.



The trouble over the Suez Canal erupted during this time and in September the families got the order to be down at the airstrip to wait for the mail plane, which was coming to evacuate us. Panic, and fast packing of a suitcase each, everything else left behind. We flew to Amman, then had to wait in a locked building for the plane to arrive to take us to Cyprus.

When we got there, the powers that be took away my young brother's cowboy cap gun and the two oranges that Mum had put in her bag for us. These could be used for explosives!! We spent the night in The Leda Palace Hotel, in Nicosia, which was not a very safe place at that time. There was a lot of gunfire and wailing going on.

The next day we went back to the airport to fly onward, stopping at Malta where we were unable to de-plane, and then on to Northolt, landing in the middle of the night. I recall it was raining and we were very cold. We stayed in a SSAFA hostel that night, then went down to stay with my Grandparents for a short time.

We eventually ended up in Scarborough, Yorkshire in a hotel commandeered by the army for families from the Middle East postings. The seaside in winter is not to be recommended!! My brother went to school there and I worked for a pharmaceutical firm. We had a Christmas there, and my Dad eventually came to join us after having surgery on his thyroid in Milbank Hospital in London.

Eventually we got the order to move back to Tidworth, in July 1957, as the regiment was going to be arriving there, this time to Aliwel Barracks. We found ourselves at no. 6 Clarendon Terrace and life went on. During our time in Tidworth, we were moved into a house in Zouch, a very nice house with partial central heating, whilst our MQ in Clarendon Terrace was modernized (and not before time)!! My brother went to Andover Grammar School and I worked in WH Smiths in Station Road, Tidworth.

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BRATS CORNER



The highlight of the week was the dance at the Garrison Theatre on a Thursday night, live band and great music. I learned to jive and do all the other dances popular at that time. My Mother belonged to the Wives Club, I think she was treasurer or secretary, and occasionally I went to the meetings with her. I still have a fish knife and fork set that was presented to her when Dad left the army. So, for two years we were as settled as any army family can be and feeling that this life would go on way into the future. However, in mid-1959 my Dad called army life to an end, he had served 30 years from joining as a band boy at the age of 15. He was now going to teach music at Uppingham School in the county of Rutland. At the age of nearly 20 I ceased to be an Army Brat, and I was devastated. Once again, my life changed radically, and it meant the leaving of dear friends and putting everything I had been used to, behind me.

After living in 7 different places from the age of 4, and 14 different homes over 15 years, we settled down with my parents buying their first home in August of that year. However, sadly in April of 1960, just 7 months after moving in, my Mum died, and life was never the same again.

Would I go back and change those Army Brat years? No, no, no, - I loved them, even with all the moving about and the leaving of friends and family. It was a life like no other, I was the only one of my family that missed it, - I have no regrets, but a ton of memories.

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My Other Birthday is September 30

In September 1968, our Regiment, The Tenth Royal Hussars, was exercising in the area of the Moselle valley. The Tenth was a reconnaissance regiment, whose operational role was as the 1 British Corps nuclear escort regiment; but the Autumn exercises gave us the opportunity to practise the reconnaissance classic roles of identifying enemy positions, gaps in the line, and possible routes for bypassing enemy strongpoints. We had been practising Troop and Squadron drills; carrying out Troop Tests; and enjoying the opportunities to enjoy in various ways a period in another part of Germany than the too well-known area of North Rhine/Westphalia.

The Air Squadron had taken its part in this process. Part had been its own aspects of training; night flying under 'realistic' operational conditions; reconnaissance aspects with squadrons and RHQ; and map-reading and navigation skills. The training period was to culminate in a Regimental exercise covering some three days and nights, in which two squadrons were set the problem of identifying and by-passing an operational position with the third squadron acting as the enemy. By the time of 'Endex', at about 4.30 in the morning, the squadrons were enmeshed in a series of positions extended across a wide area of the series of forested hills, and particularly the valleys, of the streams and re-entrants that feed the Moselle along foresters' tracks (or no tracks except in a vehicle commander's mind), and there were a considerable number of reconnaissance vehicles (particularly the Saladin armoured cars) bogged down in the marshy ground at the bottom of the slopes.

In the morning, after getting in the various reports of the squadrons and their positions, the CO, John Willis, called me in and said he wanted to take a look at what the various problems of vehicle recovery were going to throw up. He and I set off in Sioux XT561 to explore the situation. John Willis had almost completed his operational training as a Fleet Air Arm pilot at the end of the war; had declined to become a Purser or Cook in the Navy instead when the need for pilots had been dropped; and had joined 10H, his father's old Regiment, instead. He was always keen to 'have a cabby' and so we usually kept one or two of the aircraft dually, so that he could have a go. XT 561 was one of those aircraft.



We had been flying for about half an hour and had identified and assessed various bogged and immobilised vehicles in the slopes of the valleys, several of them partly obscured by the overhanging trees and vegetation that clothed the slopes. We were flying about two hundred feet above the general level of the canopy in fine weather with light winds and trying to find a group of vehicles whose reported position was at the bottom of a valley leading down towards the main river valley.

The vehicles were not at the Grid Reference that they had reported (no Sat-Navs in those days!) so we turned and went down lower to try to see through the tree canopy and to identify the correct position and find the vehicles themselves.

There were no obvious signs of wind shear or downdraughts, but I suddenly became conscious that we were losing altitude. I knew the Sioux quite well by then, so after a quick glance at the rotor revs, which had dropped a bit, I lowered the collective a little and wound up the throttle to milk the revs back up – but we continued to lose altitude, and rotor revolutions. We were seriously over-pitched.

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My Other Birthday is September 30

One of the absorbed truths of aviation lore is that serious incidents and accidents happen, not when one thing goes wrong, but two or three at the same time. I can still remember, nearly fifty years later, how time seemed to stand still and everything around was imprinted quite clearly in my mind and brain. I had absolute clarity in a slow-motion sort of feeling that I was sitting in a cinema with things unfolding in front of me; and yet with all the time in the world to assess them and decide what to do next. I clearly remember working out how many things were wrong: loss of altitude and dropping revs had already registered, but that was not all. We were downwind, without sufficient height to turn; heading into rising ground; revs continuing to drop; and clearly no alternative but to make a forced landing into trees.

At that time, most of us knew friends who had gone to Malaya and Borneo, and we had heard dread tales of the problems of flying over forest cover; several of us knew of or had colleagues who had tragically lost their lives following forced landing into forest. There was at that time no official guidance on how best to deal with a forced landing into a forest canopy, but 'crew room chat' suggested that the best thing to do was to try and go into the canopy pitched very well tail down to reduce the chance of the tail boom flicking the airframe nose down through the canopy with the result that you hit the ground first, followed by the engine and the rest of the airframe.

There was no time to do anything else; we were totally committed to a forced landing into the tree canopy. I had kept the engine going whilst attempting to milk the revs up, and fortunately in the 10H Air Squadron we had very regularly practised Engine Off Landings. So, hauling pitch and making a tail down touch down into the top of the trees was straightforward ('thinks': thank goodness for high energy rotor blades). We came down through the canopy fairly level fore and aft, with a terrible crashing of branches and visibility obscured by foliage. We touched down on the slope of the valley straight and level, surrounded by 18-inch-long logs that the rotors had cut on the way down; port skid onto the slope first, and then gently rolled onto the starboard side and stopped.

At this stage, the farce began. John Willis unbuckled and stood up, while I closed the fuel cock. I then unbuckled and fell on top of him! We picked ourselves up and I helped him out of the port cockpit door; as he got to his feet on terra firma he shouted 'fire'. I am no gymnast, but the thought of 40 odd gallons of Avgas just by my ear did wonders for my echappé, and I did a forward roll out of the door without touching the airframe at all. The fire turned out to be a small affair just starting in the turbocharger exhaust, and we were able to put it out quickly with the aircraft fire extinguisher – at which point I noticed that the canopy bubble was no longer there, so we could have calmly stepped out from the front of the helicopter.

Colonel John and I congratulated each other on still being alive and agreed that he would try to find a telephone or other way to contact Regimental Headquarters, while I stayed with the aircraft and used my 35mm camera to take some photos for the inevitable subsequent Board of Enquiry. John plodded off through the woods; I took photos and examined the damage, and the pile of timber logs about four or five inches in diameter surrounding the crash site ('thinks again': thank goodness for high energy rotor blades); and waited.

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My Other Birthday is September 30

After about 15 minutes, the first visitor arrived: a German policeman. He was a real 'PC Plod' who stood and looked at the scene for a few minutes, then took out his notebook, licked his pencil and made a preliminary note. Then he addressed me: 'Herr Hauptmann, did you not know it is an offence to cut down trees in die Vaterland?'. Only a German bureaucratic functionary could have thought of that as a first question. I tried in my best 'manoeuvre –deutsch' to explain that this had not been my primary reason for landing in his forest but was then saved by the arrival of a party from RHQ, with a guard for the aircraft. We returned to the headquarters site, where I signed the F700, and authorised myself for another flight, did a circuit, landed, and then had a large brandy!

Most of the 'brass' at HQAAC in Detmold knew that John Willis liked to do a bit of 'dual' and we knew that if the Board of Enquiry knew that the aircraft had been dual fitted at the time of the crash they would undoubtedly make the accusation that he had been flying at the time: the process of 'disintegration' of Army Aviation was on the cards and anything was liable to be used to cast a shadow over the administration of the regimental flights. Our Artificer, Staff Sergeant Bartlett was a stickler for accurate paperwork (as well as a first class Tiffy), but he came to me a short while after, to say that he had looked at the F700, and by a most unusual oversight on his part, there was an open counter-entry in the section that recorded changes of role equipment etc. So, we breathed a sigh of relief and Staff Bartlett returned to the crash site forthwith and removed the dual stick so that the F700 counter-entry could be closed.

The German Army Air Force at nearby Niedermendig had been very helpful to us during our stay. They were at the time operating Piasecki H21 'Flying Bananas', so we asked them to take a look to see whether they could lift XT 561 out of the forest, as it was going to be quite difficult to get a recovery vehicle down into that part of the woods. They sent a party with a grizzled ex-Luftwaffe pilot to look at the problem: they decided against it because of the problem of lifting the Sioux out of a pretty small hole in the canopy, with the danger of further damage. So, we had to take the aircraft apart on site and recover it in smaller parcels. It went back to Westlands and re-appeared as good as new a year later.

But what about the birthday, you are probably thinking? Well, when Niedermendig's senior pilot looked at the scene, he turned to me and said: 'Du hat ein zweiter Geburtstag!' I took it to be just a way of saying 'all's well that ends well'. It was not until many years later, when I was reading a first hand account of the development and testing of the World War II Messerschmidt 163 rocket interceptor, by Mano Ziegler, who was unusual in surviving both the development and combat phases in the aircraft. The rocket motor used a combination of unstable and corrosive liquids for the propellants, and there were very many accidents and forced landings, which frequently resulted in explosions and dreadful injuries to the participants from the leakage of fuel components. Captain 'Winkle' Brown described it as 'a suicidally dangerous aeroplane'. It seems that the Luftwaffe reinstated for the survivors of these accidents, a habit started in the First War, of granting the survivor of a 'non-survivable' accident the privilege of a second birthday. And so, the penny dropped; I and John Willis had been accorded the same honour.

We celebrated every year thereafter on 30 September!

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David Edwards

David Edwards

David joined the 10th Hussars in Paderborn in 1960 as a Troop Leader. In the 1962 Commonwealth Games in Australia David and his brother represented Wales in the Coxless Pairs. David continued as a Troop Leader in Tidworth and Aden. In Aden he commanded a long-distance re-supply convoy. He then returned to England to undergo helicopter pilot training at Middle Wallop. By now a Captain, David returned to the Regiment in Münster as a helicopter pilot in 1966. He was now second in command of Air Troop. In 1968 Air Troop became Air Squadron. As Nicky Mylne was about to go to the Staff College, David was promoted to Temporary Major to take command of Air Squadron. We were due to convert back to a Tank Regiment on amalgamation in Sep 1969, we would therefore be due to lose our helicopters. I left the Army in 1968 so do not know David's final rank or subsequent postings, although I do know that he attended the Staff College in about 1969.

Apart from his rowing feats David represented the Regiment at Rugby, Athletics and Cross Country. He was a very good second row in Rugby, I did not participate in his other sports. Due to his height I assume that it involved running.

I have continued to see David at Reunions. We are grateful for his contributions to the Shiners Club.

Ian Clements.

Major David Edwards

David and I are putting together an article of a flag flying exercise in February 1965, where a composite troop from B Squadron Commanded by David Edwards, drove from Falaise to Beihan over a ten-day period. We consisted of two Saladin's two Ferret's a 3 tonner, a Land Rover and Scammell. Leading was an FRA Ferret commanded by an FRA Major and another FRA Ferret bringing up the rear. They also had 3 tonners for food and stores. Our recollection of those who made up the troop is a little thin, Lt. Tuck, Sgt Maplebeck, Mick Goulter, Tiger Arnott, Clive Presswell, Henry Adamczyk, George Tanner and Terry Walker, both REME. Other names mentioned are Gerry Alderson, Gilbert Cook, John Hannah and Jock Lecky (REME). David took many photos that need to be found and converted which could jog memories. Clive Presswell has been very helpful in this respect. Maps of the area are also difficult to come by. We hope to be able to have the article finished for the next newsletter. We would be pleased to hear from anyone for any help.

Alan Powney

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Tom Parnell by Smiler

A tribute by the compiler of this small booklet to Tom Parnell

I was in 'A' Squadron in 1950 stationed at Iserlohn in Germany, I was a National Serviceman, only there for a year and a half, but things turned out differently, war had started in Korea, I had to remain. We were in the process of changing our Cromwell tanks for Comets, these were slightly larger, had a bigger gun, and we had to get used to them! So we proceeded on a scheme of battle practice, we loaded the tanks onto flat railway wagons, I remember the tracks were wider than the wagon and overhung by six inches each side, three locomotives were needed to haul the load, we detrained at a remote station and moved into a pine forest, while manoeuvring in reverse, a pine tree had been knocked down by another tank nearby it became lodged between my track and the front Idler wheel, the first I knew of this was when I lost all drive, as the wheel had sheared off of the pivot pin, and the track had wound itself around the rear drive sprocket, we were out of it, a quick examination revealed that we needed a new front Idler complete with mounting plate, other tanks had broken down, we needing the major repair and were considered un-repairable at this stage, and parts needed on other tanks were removed, ie hydraulic master cylinder, radiator header tank, 19 set (radio), these stripped from the tank, they moved off to a new position, where we did not know as we remained in the forest for three days, waiting alone, except for a truck with a loudspeaker playing records of tanks moving about, this was to fool the opposition that the wood was packed with tanks. On the third day we heard someone shouting at the edge of the wood, it was our Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant he had brought all the parts we needed and food, cans of petrol, water for the cooling system, hydraulic fluid. We were told to repair the tank as no REME were available, and get to so and so station at map ref. We marvelled that we did repair the tank ourselves, broke the track bolted on the Idler, fitted the master cylinder bled the hydraulics, fitted the header tank filled the cooling, refitted the track, drove to the station in time to get the tank onto the train. So we had learned, but only by getting all of what we needed in time, by our Quartermaster Sergeant Major Tom Parnell!

Southern Shiners

This article was written by Norman Long (Smiler) founder of the Southern Shiners. I think it important to remember other groups and websites of our regiment

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AQABA REVISITED

Ian Hingley 2nd Troop A Squadron 1955-1958

Shortly before the Shiners sailed for Aqaba in 1956, there was, in the National papers a lot of controversy over the fact that King Hussein of Jordan had dismissed his English General, Glubb Pasha. (Sir John Bagot Glubb). He returned to the UK having adopted 2 children.

The Regiment was worried that his dismissal could affect our relationship with the Jordanian people. It didn't as it happened.

I never expected to return to Jordan. Having flown out on advance party back in the UK on the very aircraft that crashed the next day killing all onboard.

As it happened, due to my niece and husband owning an apartment at Shalm-el-sheik, Egypt, my wife and I joined them on a Red Sea cruise calling at Aqaba. My how it had changed from 1956 to 2012. The trip included a coach visit to Petra. I had day tripped from Aqaba port to Wadi Rum of 'Lawrence of Arabia' Fame.

Way back then in those pre-touristy days, we, 2nd Troop 'A' Squadron (Capt. Nigel Budd commanding) went on an exercise, through the mountain pass from Aqaba as far as Wadi Rum, the first day leaguering up in the middle of the Wadi. During the night, despite a guard being mounted, Bedouin Arabs entered our camp and helped themselves to most of our kit (I didn't shave for four days) They must have had a string of camels nearby as they took along with our personnel items, Jerry cans of petrol, oil and water. It was a good job we put personal arms and boots under our sleeping covers. I have photographs of this overnight camp, Tanks and all

We, on the cruise travelled by motor coach from dockside Aqaba to Wadi Rum where we then alighted on a convoy of `pick up` trucks, six persons, side by side, knee to knee on makeshift bench seats. My niece, her husband, wife and myself and two total strangers onboard.



Morning after our kit was stolen
1956 Wadi Rum

I was telling this story about Glubb Pasha and the fact that he had adopted two Jordanian children, a boy and a girl about 5 or 7 years old. Imagine my surprise when the Gentleman sat opposite said that he was that very same adopted boy, and that he was returning to Jordan for the first time since 1956, 56 years later.

He said he couldn't remember anything about his previous Jordanian life and that I could speak more Arabic than he could.

He had a wonderful loving family life with his adopted parents, his Father, on his return to England became an adviser and expert on Middle Eastern affairs to several governments. He had also written books and lectured worldwide on Arab politics etc.

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AQABA REVISITED

When he died, King Hussein of Jordan, to whom he had remained friendly, flew to London to attend General Glubbs memorial service at St. Pauls Cathedral. On our return to England, Michael Glubb sent me family photos and some reviews of his father's publications.

How about that as a coincidence some fifty-six years later.

Ian (Hing) Hingley.

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One Hundred Years On

One Hundred years ago at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month the guns fell silent on the Western Front. The fighting had already ceased on the other fronts, as Germany's allies had already sought peace. By a very strange happening the last British casualty died at Mons, just as the first had done over four years before.

After the initial German advance had been halted in 1914, the front lines were fairly static until 1918. As the Russians had sought peace the year before, the Germans were able to bring some more troops to the Western Front. They then launched a Spring offensive with the intention of driving the allies back to the Channel coast. The advance continued into the early Summer. The allies were now desperate for more manpower. This was solved in three ways. By the increasing arrival of American troops and by withdrawing some troops from the Balkans and from Palestine. By the late Summer the German advance had been halted and the allies started to advance. As November approached the German Army was involved in a rapid retreat. By the time peace was sought the rival Armies occupied very similar positions to those of August 1914. The peace agreement was signed in an old railway carriage in a railway siding. The German Kaiser gave up his throne and went into exile. Many unspeakable things had happened over the years of war. In many ways the peace was not a success either.

This was thought at the time to have been the war to end all wars. Sadly, it was not as within less than a generation the jackboot was again marching over Europe.

Our Government announced that they would build houses and provide homes fit for heroes. Again, this did not happen. When Father died in 1951 our rented house still lacked running water and mains sewage. We still obtained water from an outside pump and the toilet bucket was still emptied and buried in the garden. The only improvement would seem to be that electricity had replaced the candle and the paraffin lamp, in our half of the village in 1934. The other half of the village did not receive electricity until after the next war. Cold running water did arrive in 1961 and the piped sewers were still missing when Mother left our village in 1969.

The First World War, or Great War as it was known at the time did bring in many changes. Apart from a few minor battles on the North West Frontier of India this was virtually the end of the cavalry horse. By 1939 we had all been converted to Tank or Armoured Car Regiments, only Yeomanry Regiments still had horses, and these were rapidly replaced. The RAF had arrived, together with other countries having an air force. Small scale bombing had arrived, and this would be increased many times by 1939.

In 1918 some ladies were given a vote, a large number had to wait another 10 years, but it was a start. Many soldiers had survived 4 years of horror only to die of Spanish flu after peace had been signed. Our village had 6 soldiers killed, 2 of them are buried in the village churchyard. I assume that they either died of wounds or of the dreaded flu.

I salute the men of Father's generation who gave their lives so that we may live-in so-called peace and freedom, without having to learn the goosetstep or speak German.

Ian Clements.

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GRAZ AUSTRIA

GRAZ AUSTRIA



When the second world war ended in 1945, the 10th Royal Hussars moved from Italy to Graz.

There is little information of the time our regiment spent there, other than the spectacular rescue of the Lipizzaner horses of the Spanish Riding School in Austria.

Here is a short version of Tom Parnell who was given the instructions to rescue the horses.



The colonel sent him to collect four horses, Parnell, remembering the Hussars' pre-war reputation for polo, assumed he was adding to horses already acquired for that purpose.

In fact, they were Lipizzaner's from the Spanish Riding School which had been dispersed to secret locations because of the war. Unbeknown to Parnell, General Patton, a cavalryman, wanted to get to the horses before the Russians – whom he feared might eat them – and had enlisted the help of the 10th Hussars.

Parnell and a fellow NCO set off with two three-ton lorries; the drivers were armed, and they were joined by a guide. Two hours out of Graz, in mountainous country, they pulled off the road, following a forest track leading to a camouflaged and guarded cave. Inside was a makeshift stable and, to the men's astonishment, four Lipizzaner's in good condition.

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GRAZ AUSTRIA

Getting the horses into the trucks called for ingenuity. Parnell managed it by backing the trucks alongside the road, cutting a bank away and using the soil for the horses to walk into the trucks. Two did, behaving well, but the others, frightened by the dark, canopy-covered interior, would not oblige. Eventually Parnell and his comrades pulled back the canvas from the frame of the lorry and the recalcitrant pair boarded. Blankets were used as protection against injury.

Much hampered by roads packed with refugees, the equines' escort finally made it to Vienna, spending several pleasurable days with the horses at the Riding School



Lipizzaner horse in the Spanish Riding School in Vienne

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THE CROWN INN



THE CROWN INN

Stratton St Margret

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The Crown Inn, Stratton is situated close to Swindon town centre, the Cotswold's, Oxford and local business parks. The pub offers food and drink 7 days a week, as well as Bed and Breakfast accommodation

We hold a weekly Quiz night every Sunday from 8.30pm as well as a poker night on a Tuesday evening and monthly Rock and Roll Bingo.

We can also cater for larger parties for Christenings, Weddings and Wakes with our Buffet Menu

So whether you're staying with us for business, or just passing through you're always welcome and guaranteed a good time.

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