



*The*

**X ROYAL HUSSARS  
SHINERS CLUB  
NEWSLETTER**

*Vol. V No. 5*

*WINTER 2019*



### Vice Chairman's Comments

Thankfully this has not been such an eventful year as the previous one. Ted Hurdle has now resigned as Treasurer on health grounds. He has been replaced by Heather Weston, the wife of Trevor. Welcome to the Committee Heather and a big Thank You to Ted for taking the reins at a very difficult time. Thankfully our Accounts are now back in order. On a very sad note Jean Ham has died after a long illness. She was married to Clive for over 60 years and I have known them both for a very long time. At the time of writing it is planned that I will meet with Clive in Weymouth in a few days from now. I also plan on attending Jean's Funeral and assume that I will be representing the other Members of the Committee who will be unable to attend.

We have also lost a number of other Old Comrades over the last year and their names appear elsewhere in this Newsletter. Sadly this can only get worse with each passing year.

We had a most enjoyable Reunion at Swindon on 19 May. Sadly some of our regulars were missing on health grounds. Hopefully they will be back next year on 17th May 2020. Thank you to Tony Marlow for taking on the raffle at short notice and to all of you who donated prizes. Liz Bentley had already informed us that she would be standing down after organising about 15 Reunions. Thank you very much Liz for all that you have done and we hope to see you attending for many more years. Thank you also to Danielle and her staff for looking after us so well once again. Will Members please note that they should no longer send their lunch bookings to Liz.

The next Reunion will be organised by Alan and Janet Richardson, this will be initially for one year. However we all hope that they will enjoy the experience and will then organise for a few more years. Please send your lunch requirements to Alan and Janet. Their contact details appear elsewhere in this Newsletter. We do hope that you will all make an effort to attend and that you will send in your lunch orders early. Please note that everyone attending needs to book their lunch, this includes those who book overnight rooms. For those wishing to stay overnight please book direct with Danielle at The Crown. The number of rooms are limited, so I do advise you to make an early booking.

Thank you to Vic Wysall for looking after our flag at the National Arboretum, he already holds a new flag for next Spring. If you have never been before, the Arboretum is well worth a visit at any time of the year. However our flag is only flown between the Spring and the week after Armistice Day.

May I end by wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a healthy and prosperous New Year. I do hope to see many of you at the Reunion on 17 May 2020.

Ian Clements.

Newsletter Edited and published by A J Powney There is a lot of work involved in getting permission from authors, publishers and photos we may use. We have built up respect from publishing housed in our quest for articles we find interesting and they are more than helpful in providing information that may be of use. They are pleased to help old comrade's clubs like ours and wish us all the best.

# Shiners Club

## Newsletter 2019 Edition 5



3

### Committee

#### **Chairman**

Ron Fletcher  
ronxrh@live.com

#### **Vice Chairman**

Ian Clements  
Clements2005@tiscali.co.uk

#### **Secretary**

Alan Powney  
Alan44@outlook.com

#### **Treasurer**

Heather Weston

#### **Webmaster/Facebook**

Anthony McKay

#### **Committee Members**

Anthony Marlow  
Clive Ham

Heather Weston has taken over from Ted Hurdle as Treasurer due to family reasons.



### Shiners Club Accounts 2019/2020



#### Income

#### Expenditure

Carried forward	£744.28		
		Flowers Liz Bently Cash	£40.00
Raffle – Cash	£305.00	Postage Ian Clements Cash	£130.00
Donation Terry Budden	£5.00		
Donation Harry Stumpy Harrison	£100.00		
Donation Lyn Monkcom	£25.00		
	£1179.28		£170.00
Cash Income	£435.00		
Cash Expenses	£170.00		
Bank Deposit 21/05/2019	£140.00		
Bank Deposit 23/05/2019	£100.00		
Bank Deposit 15/07/2019	£25.00		
		Total in Bank	£1009.28

29th November 2019

Ted Hurdle Treasurer.



### Tidworth 1964

I probably had a very different view of Tidworth to most of our readers. Mother lived about 12 miles from the camp, so I lived at home. The only nights that I spent in the Barracks were when I was duty clerk. As I had a car, I already knew the area. Tidworth in those days was probably a large Army Garrison and very little else. In those days South Tidworth (most of the camp) was in Hampshire. Our part was North Tidworth and was in Wiltshire. These days it is all Tidworth and after April 1974 all in Wiltshire. I got to know the route between Lucknow Barracks and the gym plus the surrounding area where we were taken on runs. I also got to know The Ram as a place for lunch. We did have time for one visit from our Colonel-in-chief, The Duke of Gloucester.

I had been away from the Regiment for three and a half years at HQ BAOR and Field Records, so I did not know a lot of our soldiers. Having been at Field Records I was given the job of Part 11/111 Orders Clerk. I seem to remember a lot of work involved trade changes as our men gradually converted from Tanks to Armoured Cars. There were also a lot of new arrivals to bring us up towards Establishment for service in Aden. I also seem to remember several Marriages and frequent changes of next of kin addresses. Having converted to Armoured Cars the Sabre Squadrons then went on Exercises to various parts of the UK. HQ Squadron stayed in camp to continue PT and various visits to the Medical Centre for injections. With the Exercises over we had to fit in leave before the Advance Party set off for Aden and Sharjah. I was due to go on the Rear Party, so my leave was split into two to enable my work to continue. On my first leave I was recalled for a couple of days due to the very sad loss of a young soldier, in a car accident on the very dangerous double bend at the Southern end of Savernake Forest. Fifty years later it is still dangerous. In those days very few houses had a telephone, so they had to send the duty driver to knock on Mother's door. I suppose that would have been quicker than sending a telegram.

We had very little time available for sporting activities. I did manage to Umpire a bit of cricket but there was no rugby. Being local I already knew many pubs in local villages. On various evenings I saw a number of Tenth Hussars who had also found some of these pubs. I eventually left for Aden in the first few days of October. In those days the aircraft used for Air Trooping left a lot to be desired, with many excuses offered by the Airlines. My journey involved a night spent in a Hotel on the seafront at Brighton and stops at Rome and El Adem. We also found an air pocket when over the Western Desert, when we seemed to drop a few hundred feet. I assume it was over the area where our Regiment had fought during the desert campaign. Being the beginning of the month, we were able to fly over Egypt. On our return the next year the overflying hours had expired so we had to fly via the Gulf and Turkey.

Ian Clements.



### York Barracks Münster

Standing outside the main gate I was dismayed the way everything has deteriorated, the high fence and coils of barbed wire on top. There is also barbed wire around the walls and the old families NAAFI has a large black metal swing gate, thus denying access to it. Sorry to say, but it resembles a prison. My wife and I spoke to the security at the guardroom and he confirmed entry was not allowed, due to the nature York barracks is used for. My wife engaged him in conversation, and I think he was pleased to speak to someone who spoke his language. I stood at the end of the guardroom and pointed with a slightly guarded finger towards the Sgt's Mess. As he did not react, I slowly walked in that direction along the front of the Mess and then past the NAAFI. Not wishing to push my luck, back to the guardroom, we nodded to each other, no words needed. A look through the window to the cells and main area, confirmed it was 'lived in' but not by prisoners. Dinger and other Provost NCO's would not be pleased with the lack of polish. Don't tell the RSM.

Our regiment and armed forces including families throughout BAOR enjoyed relative freedom in the sixties, and I think a large majority enjoyed their postings, but the brick-built sentry post at the main gate, is a stark reminder of the changes that have taken place since we left in nineteen sixty-nine and security became a real issue for everyone throughout BAOR. With the defence cuts and reduction of armed forces the haphazard way to secure York barracks reflects on what was to come, but that is my view. The general lack of care to the roads, shrubbery and building, at least those I saw disappointed, especially as some of the building in the barracks are listed. There is construction work which can be seen from the sports field area, but not what that work involves. The historic buildings are to be preserved, everything else will be demolished and changed. There will be a large new residential and business district of Gremmendorf, which is important on the one hand, because there is a great housing shortage, on the other hand, it is also sad, because decades of British-German community disappear. However, I am sure that no one here will forget the British, because they are still incredibly missed, and not only from an economic point of view! At this point I would like to thank Hilde Junker for her help and information. the above paragraph is information Hilde gave me. Hilde and Christoph are famed for their excellent Münster Garrison Club.

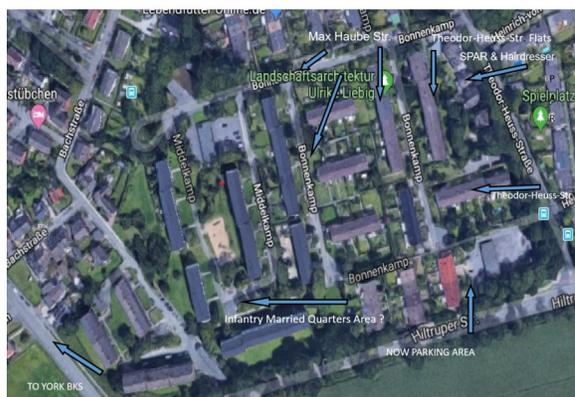
I think most of us would prefer to remember York barracks by the excellent photos Terry Budden gave us, that is why I declined to take any photos of the main gate area.

Alan Powney



### Married Quarters Münster

Over the last few years some old comrades have asked about the quarters in the Barracks area. There has been some confusion in that the names of the Strassen we lived in have changed and some have been renovated, thus making orientation difficult. We decided to visit the Loddenheide area in Münster, where most of the married quarters that we occupied were.



As you can see from the amended satellite photo, these quarters were located on the outskirts of the Loddenheide area. For orientation turn right out of main gate and straight down Albersloher Weg to the end of all buildings on the left, turn left at the crossroads and left again, into the quarters area on the left. That road is called Theodore-Heuss-Strasse. The Spar shop and the Hairdresser's were on the left side, turn left and you enter the Quarters. Here is where names have changed. The first block on the left is Theodor-Heuss-Strasse and the pathway leads to the main entrance to the four flats. There are four blocks, with a further three blocks at the end of the path and are at right angles. The next block of four is accessed by the road that we knew as Max- Halbe- Strasse. It is now Bonnenkamp, as are the other roads. The blocks that we knew as Max-Halbe 2/4 or 4/2 have been renamed into the current German regulations. Max-Halbe 1,2,3 and 4 are now 15,17,19 and 21 with the names of those who live there. The Bungalows that used to be for Senior ranks are gone and when we were there were being turned into a parking area/ play area. I think those who lived in other blocks in Loddenheide can recognise their own quarters from the satellite photo. Between the blocks Theodor-Heuss and Max-Halbe is a very high hedge about 3 meters high, that was being trimmed by a Gardening company employee, when he saw my XRH shirt he asked who we were. After explaining he gave us a lot of information about the changes that have taken place in the area and that he worked for the units stationed in Münster. As he said he and many others miss the BAOR.

The Senior ranks quarters down the road from camp have been completely renovated and the "halfway house or 2nd Sgts. Mess is now gone, the other quarters over the main road I did not visit. As Pashel Cush once pointed out, the Gremmendorf kneipe has gone and is now a Café. There was not much time left to visit other area's I hope some are able to make use of the information. The photos that were taken will be placed on our website in the new year.

Alan Powney



### Barker Barracks Paderborn

After leaving Münster we arrived in Paderborn mid-afternoon and decided to go straight to the barracks as it was nearer than to the hotel in Schloss Neuhaus, this was due to the heat, 38-39c. It was a little difficult finding the approach road to the barracks, due to there being a dual carriageway where the old Driburger Strasse used to be. The first thing one noticed, was that the REME/Engineers gate was closed and Sheetmetal welded to it, the 10H Main Gate being the only entrance to the barracks. I approached the BFG Security guards and noticed they wore side arms; whether ammunition was carried I decided not to ask. After explaining why, we were there, I was directed to the guardroom, which I knew well, again I explained to the BFG Security through the window and was told there was no way I would be allowed in. At this point I should mention that I phoned the Guardroom about five weeks before to ask if it would be possible to enter and why I wished to have a look at the Barracks our regiment served in. The guard room gave me the mobile number of the duty Office, a Lt. S. I phoned and repeated all again and Lt. S was very interested and accommodating but would need to inform the Adjutant and that the regiment was preparing to hand over in autumn. He suggested when I arrived in Paderborn, I should mention this and for the guardroom to call him. This I mentioned and the military personnel on duty behind the BFG Security heard what I said and phoned Lt. S and they then instructed security to sign us in and that Lt. S would send a guide to accompany me where I wanted to go.

We started, where else, at the B Sqn block. This is the only block that is open and there are a few occupants using it, the rest are closed as is the Officers Mess, the road to which is closed, the Sergeants Mess and the NAAFI and shop that we knew. There is a Bar in the old NAAFI but not used much. The sport's fields are in good condition, the POL point has been renewed, as one would expect, but the washdown has gone. The main LAD had a few vehicles inside, but outside many packing cases waiting to be loaded. B Squadron hangers was full of vehicles awaiting transportation to the UK. I was challenged by an NCO and after explaining my reason for being there and showing my pass all was good.

The Cookhouse has been closed for some time and looks rather neglected, but a new combined Cookhouse and NAAFI for the whole camp has been built on the grass area in front of the RHQ building, near the road between the Guardroom and Medical Centre. I did not visit the Square and tennis courts area, due to the heat, 38c at the time. All our Barracks are in good condition and have been upgraded over the years, fire escapes at the end of each building, for one. Apart from that deserted of any activity and only military personnel I saw was in the LAD and B Squadron hangers. Back at the guardroom a new security man was there and said, 'you are the only person I know who has been allowed in here' I think Lt. S allowed me in because our regiment was stationed here and there really was nothing to see, just the memories. I enjoyed walking around the Barracks, made a change from marching everywhere. Unfortunately, the whole of the Barker Barracks Areal is to be demolished so this is probably one of the last articles regarding our time in Paderborn and the last photos of Barker barracks. Ted Beard mentioned that a dual carriageway has replaced Fritz's Kneipe when he visited Paderborn. Had there been a referendum that included soldiers from Barker Barracks, would it still be there, complete with Fritz's comely Daughters, who knows. I would like to thank Harry Mc. who accompanied around the barracks and I will thank the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment for the cooperation and help shown me.

The photos that were taken will be placed on our website in the new year.

Alan Powney



### Schloss Neuhaus and Sennelager

Driving through Schloss Neuhaus to our Hotel it was good to see the splendid "Schloss" what a great building. On to the Waldhotel Nachtigall for a well-earned rest, well recommended, good restaurant and service. The next morning a drive around the Range road and spoke to the BFG Security at Normandy Barracks and was told there is no entrance and nothing for you to see. I think he said that this Barracks will remain in use, we left, as again it was very hot 38c. Later in the afternoon I set out again, passing some married quarters, there were some families and Soldiers sorting boxes and furniture in their garages. I spoke to a Sergeant M. Adjutant General Corp, att. The Queen's Royal Hussars and explained who I was and that I was interested in Athlone Barracks, as some old comrades from The Royal Hussars were stationed there from 1973-1979 and may like to see a photo or two. I explained I was in Barker Barracks the day before and he warmed to me and said he was in Barker, before moving to Sennelager. He was also saddened that the barracks was closing, he enjoyed the Sgt's Mess immensely, out came his phone and he spoke to the guardroom at Athlone, could they help. A big smile and off you go they are expecting you. I thanked him and wished him well on his return to Tidworth. Athlone Barracks, same procedure BFG Security, you can't come in here and you can't park there. Out comes an NCO and say's it's alright I will take care of this, drive through and park over there. A hello and thank you, he said where would you like to go, although there is not a lot to see as there are only a skeleton manpower left as it is closing. I said I am sure those who were stationed here have little interest in the Barracks, maybe a photo of the guardroom and veranda with the Vickers guns and the regimental sign outside. A brief chat with the Guardroom personal, who suggested I drive round the Range road for a look round. I stopped at various signs of interest on the way round and then came to a big new high metal gate and fence, with a large building at the end of the drive.

The Military Court Centre Sennelager has been the only court dealing with military offences in Germany since 2009. I was about to take some photo's, when a VW Bus rushed up with four, yes BFG Security personal inside. The elder man said they had a report of someone in a SUV was taking sensitive photos. After explaining where I had been since arriving in Paderborn and that permission had been granted for Barker and Athlone Barracks, I said the photos on the Range road were of signs that anyone can see. If required I will show him all photo's, but could I take a some of the Court Building. A yes and a smile but keep off the grass you might get arrested they left as it was near their end of duty for the day.

The photos that were taken will be placed on our website in the new year.

Alan Powney



### Telegraph Obituaries

2 July 2019 • 8:00pm

Lieutenant-Colonel David Edwards, who has died aged 81, was a rowing blue and a Commonwealth Games medallist as well as having had an adventurous Army career. Edwards won his first blue in 1958 as stroke and president of the Oxford University Boat Club. Oxford lost but Edwards was in the winning boat the following year. In 1958 he and his brother, John, won a bronze medal in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Cardiff, and four years later in Perth, Australia, the pair represented Wales in the coxless fours and won a silver medal. The younger of two sons, David Cecil Edwards was born on October 30 1937 in Kensington, London. His father, Group Captain Hugh "Jumbo" Edwards, AFC, DFC, was a wellknown oarsman, double Olympic gold medallist, pilot and Oxford rowing coach. Young David recalled long hours on airfields during the Second World War watching and waiting for sight of his father's aircraft returning from missions over enemy-occupied Europe. When the family moved to a cottage high on the Berkshire Downs his father would fly his bomber low over the roof to let everyone know by the roar of engines that he was back safely and needed a lift home from the RAF station. At Downside, David distilled a fierce, alcoholic brew in the chemistry laboratories; his housemaster referred to him as "the leader of the underworld". He was awarded a state scholarship to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took up rowing seriously. He was late handing in his thesis in the Chemistry finals because the date clashed with Regatta Week at Henley, and he was awarded an unclassified degree. Edwards rowed in five finals at Henley. In 1961 he rowed for Leander in the Grand Challenge Cup, the premier event for Vllls, against the Soviet Navy. He sought assurances from the umpire that if the Russians followed form and set off before the gun, they would be called back to the start line again. In the event, they were not recalled and profited by the unfair advantage by going on to win.



Edwards was commissioned as a National Service officer in 1960 and joined the 10th Hussars (10H) as a troop leader but signed on in the regular Army two years later. He served in Germany and then in Aden during the Emergency; while on patrol in the Radfan Mountains he was bracketed by a bazooka. Recalling the experience, he commented that there was nothing quite like being shot at to concentrate the mind. He returned to Germany after qualifying as a helicopter pilot, and on promotion to major he commanded his Regiment's Air Squadron. On one occasion, while piloting his CO, he crashed in a forest in the Moselle Valley.



### Telegraph Obituaries continued

Fortunately, they were unhurt, and his CO went to get help while Edwards stayed with the smouldering helicopter amid pine trees reduced to matchwood. The first person to appear was a German policeman, who surveyed the scene and then exclaimed: "Do you not know that it is an offence to cut down trees in the Fatherland?" After attending Staff College, Edwards returned to regimental duties in Germany and then Northern Ireland, where his squadron was deployed to guard the Maze Prison, which housed IRA prisoners. In October 1974, long-standing tensions within the prison exploded into violence. The Royal Hussars (renamed following the amalgamation of 10H and 11H), heavily reinforced, took part in a major operation to restore order. Edwards, as second in command, claimed later that he had led the last dismounted cavalry charge undertaken by the British Army. An unconventional and rather wild cavalry officer, he earned the nickname "Pissy" for his love of parties. One bibulous evening in the mess he challenged a brother officer to race him to the other side of the building by way of the roof – and won. On exercises, he carried a .22 rifle to encourage dawdling tanks to keep up – and also to extinguish lights left burning at night and to supplement troop rations from the local wildlife. Soldiers tend to admire officers who bend the rules, and they were prepared to follow him anywhere.

He was attached to the 17th/21st Lancers as second in command in October 1976. Possessing considerable technical ability, after the Falklands conflict he was selected to assess the effects of a range of weapons. In 1988 he retired from the Army in the rank of lieutenant-colonel and took an external degree course at Reading University. Having qualified as a surveyor, he joined an architectural firm in Dorset and practised for about 20 years. For the following 10 years he managed the South West office of a housing association which was helping to finance starter homes for young people in rural areas. He had purchased a medieval manor house in a severely dilapidated state, and he spent the next 25 years restoring it. Judy, his wife, got used to catering for the family while surrounded by building equipment and had to wait many years for a stair carpet. He had a passion for sailing, raced his Fireball dinghy and was chairman of Christchurch Boat Club. David Edwards married, in 1966, Judith "Judy" Perdita (née Stokes), who survives him with their son and two daughters.

### David Edwards, born October 30 1937, died June 7 2019

Footnote David and I have been working on an article about the overland convoy from Aden base camp to Beihan in February 1965, made up of a composite Troop of B Squadron members. The convoy took ten days. B Squadron was deployed in Beihan and Wadi Ayne area at that time. David Emailed me to say he had finally found his diary and the photos he took during this convoy but would need help scanning them, about a week before he passed away. I hope to get the article finished for next year's newsletter.

Alan Powney



### 7961729 SGT (Retd) T.L LOU SKEELS

HHQ were contacted by Lou's executor and solicitor, Cris Reynolds. She knew Lou from the care home in which he was resident for the past 2 or 3 years. We had lost contact with him a few years ago, and that must be when he went in to care in Hounslow. He died on 10th May 2019 and had no known family. Cris had found letters in his possessions of previous death notices from HHQ and she contacted us so that we could let other 10th Hussars know.

As Lou had no family, HHQ helped with the funeral arrangements to make sure that Lou wasn't forgotten. The funeral was held at Mortlake crematorium in Hounslow on 18th June, the Regimental flag draped the coffin and Regimental marches and hymns were played. Tom Knight gave the eulogy. Others attending the service were members of staff from the care home, the ABF Regional Director, Lt Col Tim Coles and Old Comrades Tom Knight, Brian Weston, James Milsom, Vic Whysall, John Hewitson, Mick Monkcom, Paul Judd, Ady Harris (played Last Post) and Steve Penkethman (HHQ). Afterwards we gathered in a local pub to remember Lou. As Lou had no family, HHQ arranged for his ashes to be placed in Tidworth Military Cemetery (I believe that Lou was also born in the area). A short ashes burial service was arranged for 30 July, to which we were able to gather 15 Old Comrades. It was a lovely summers day and the service was led by the Padre from HQ SW, Lt Col Dowell Conning. Afterwards we gathered in Tidworth RBL. Those attending were Tom Knight, Brian Weston, Ian Clements, Tony Marlow, Clive Ham, Peter Jagger, Trevor Weston, Patricia Lane-Stanley, George Duckett, Peter Dwerryhouse, David Chown, Mick Monkcom, Ady Harris (played Last Post), Lt Tom Maddison (represented KRH), Steve Penkethman (HHQ).

Lou's plot has now been marked with a suitable cap-stone.

Major (Retd) S Penkethman

Assistant Regimental Secretary The King's Royal Hussars





### OLD COMRADES ANNUAL LUNCH 17th MAY

Old Comrades Annual Lunch and Reunion

17th May 2020 The Swindon Sunday Lunch and reunion has been organized and coordinated with the Crown Inn by Liz Bentley. Liz has done this for us since 2005. Liz has now stood down and Alan and Janet Richardson will do this for us for the 2020 reunion. We thank Liz for the tremendous help and work.

The price for Lunch is £10.50 per head for two courses, you have the choice of which two courses you prefer. Starter and the main meal OR main meal and sweet. If you wish all three courses for £12.90.

The Crown is open from 12 noon for drinks and sit down for lunch at 12:30. Accommodation at the Crown has been held for us at £40.00 single and £65.00 double, both with bed and breakfast. These prices are due to our commitment to Danielle and the Crown over so many years. We are very grateful.

Rooms can be booked with the Crown's own website <http://www.thecrownatstratton.co.uk> or you may phone the Crown Tel 01793 827530 to book your accommodation. Remember to mention Shiners Club when you book. Please remember you are only booking your accommodation. If the Crown is full, other guest houses are; The Fire Tree Lodge on Highworth road is now open again on weekends Tel 01793 822372. Port Quin at Blunsdon Tel 0179 721261. Brewery Farm House, 73 Swindon Road Tel 01793 825343. The Premier Inn is near the Station.

### Ordering Sunday Lunch

Please Email Janet Richardson with your menu choices not forgetting your contact details.  
[jricha0434@aol.com](mailto:jricha0434@aol.com)

You may also contact Janet on phone number: 07526 120279 To be returned to Janet by 9th May 2020 as she needs to inform the Crown Inn of numbers of members attending and menu choices. Please remember if you don't pre book you may not get lunch as the Crown needs to know how much food needs to be ordered and numbers of staff required to ensure everyone receives their lunch without unnecessary delay.

Starters:

Soup of the Day (Leek and Potato) Prawn Cocktail

Mains:

Roast Beef Roast Lamb Roast Chicken Vegetarian Nut Roast

Desserts:

Apple Pie with Custard or Cream Fruit Salad with Cream

ORDERING ONLINE

[www.10thhussar.com](http://www.10thhussar.com)

A template is available on the website, click on the email address, complete and send and we will inform Janet. Please include your contact details. [shinersclub@10thhussar.com](mailto:shinersclub@10thhussar.com)



### Obituaries

TO ALL OUR DEAR FRIENDS WE LAID TO REST IN 2018-2019 GOD BLESS THEM ALL

23rd January	Mr. J M Bennett REME Attached XRH 1952-1953
3rd March	Fred Nicholas BEM 12th March Ronald Hopkins
10th May	Sgt Tarrant louis (Lou) Skeels
7th June	Lt Col D C Edwards 10H 1959-1969 RH 1969-1986
21st June	M I Scott-Dalgleish 10H 1967-1969 RH 1969-1970
20th July	Lt R Raw10H 1953-1955
No Date	Mr. Raymond James Brain 10H 1948-1950
2nd August	Brigadier K J Mears CBE RAC 1942-1944 1st Northamptonshire Yeomanry 1944-1946 10H 1946-1958, Intelligence Corps 1958-1980
15th August	Mr. C J Kennie 10H RH 1969-1974
18th September	Mr. H R Preece 10H 1956-1958
22nd September	Mr. M Garrett 10H 1949-1951
25th September	Mr. John Evans 10H 1953-1955
14th October	SSgt John L Hannah 10H and RH 1961-1983
18th November	Lady Bridget Bengough widow of Col Sir Piers Bengough KCVO
20th November	Mrs. Jean Ham wife of Clive T Ham 2020
10th January	Charlie Chafe 10H and RH
12th January	Colin Spalding 10H 1957-1959



**Come and `ave a go**

**Come and `ave a go if you think you`re `ard enough**

Back in the summer of 1961, the Duke of Gloucester presented the 10th Royal Hussars with new colours. Now, being a posh cavalry regiment, the `colours` (a big flag really on the end of a stick) were referred to as the Guidon. So, for his Dukeness to do the job properly, there had to be a Guidon parade, when the entire regiment was formed up into four `guards` - each one with about 50 soldiers - and the regimental band - and a complicated marching routine was choreographed to bring a sombre gravitas to the flag on the stick business.

With each Guard looking resplendent in blues, white webbing and brandishing a sword. I was in the No. 1 Guard - the bee's knees - selected for their unfailing ability to turn left and right rather nicely and march up and down whilst carrying out complex (and highly dangerous) manoeuvres with the swords.

To reach this pinnacle of perfection, drill sergeants were bussed in to our barracks in Germany from the Grenadier Guards about six months before the great day and for all that time we were shouted at and threatened (nothing new there then,) we were kitted out with the posh uniforms and trained in the inscrutable art of sword drill.

Came the fateful mid-summer day, the sun shone unmercifully, orders were barked by officers on horses, we went into our routine like a chorus line and stood to attention while the Duke `inspected` us - just us - just No. 1 Guard. It seemed clear to me that after all that effort, his Dukeness didn't really pay us too much attention - he seemed to be in his own world, oblivious, perhaps because of too much pre-parade hospitality in the officer's mess. The irony wasn't lost on me and, as I invariably saw the farcical side of all things military, I allowed the faintest of smirks to pass across my countenance.

This was not lost on the Regimental Sergeant Major - a rigid beast who was so meticulous that he had labels on everything (a pencil in his office had a label saying `pencil`) - standing about 300 yards away - and so my military career was forever tainted with the charge of smirking whilst in the presence of someone really important. Such a shame.

Peter Hopgood



### SWINDON REUNION 2019

Just a few words from the Chairman on last year's re-union at Swindon. We had a good turnout as usual, General Friedberger did a showing, he had other commitments and could not stay, but it was nice to see him. Major Tom Knight stayed and had lunch with us and his friends. Tom looked very well; he is not coming next year as he is going on holiday with his daughters at the same time as our re-union at Swindon. I am sure we will all wish Tom well on his holiday, he deserves it.

We had one or two hiccoughs at Swindon this year, but we soon got on with the job and sorted things out. Eventually we got the flag flying.

We managed to raise just under £300 in the raffle which was very good. Very generous of everybody despite Brexit! The weather was fine and hopefully we will have a good attendance next May. It is the generosity of people bringing raffle prizes which helps towards the coffers. It was very nice to see old friends again and natter about old times. We are all getting on a bit now, got to go to the hospital for this and that, bits keep falling off.

June and I look forward to seeing double the number of Shiners at Swindon in May. Bev is coming from Norway, Alan from Berlin, think of the mileage they must do, and they both look forward to it every year. So, all you locals get on the bus, we would love to see you all. It only leaves me to wish you all well for the coming 12 months.

Prosperous New Year.

Kindest regards to everyone.

Ron



### ANOTHER SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY...

It was the bleak midwinter of 1961. I had been on leave in the UK from the white hell of BFPO 16 in northern Germany and I was due back in Barker Barracks just outside Paderborn by no later than noon on the Saturday.

In those days, the journey for service personnel from the UK to the far outposts of the then West Germany was far from easy. I have vivid memories of getting to Harwich on the Thursday evening, ready to embark on the flat-bottomed troop ship that plied between Harwich and the Hook of Holland.

The sea crossing was an all night affair; fortunately I have always been a good sailor so despite the conditions aboard which naturally involved people who were anything but good sailors, I nevertheless managed a few hours sleep. Just as well, as the next leg of the journey involved, firstly, another few hours wait for the right train before it set off on its journey across Holland, then through the industrial heartland of Germany - Moenchen Gladbach, Dusseldorf, Wuppertal-Elberfeld, Dortmund, Unna, Hamm and other forgettable towns until we arrived at Soest.

And there we stopped. By now, it was late Friday night and - applying the Law of Sod - the connecting train to Paderborn had gone....and there wouldn't be another one until 6.30am. What to do to while away all those hours in the freezing drabness of that German night? The town seemed empty and quiet, but for one building which had a shining light. My colleague (Billy Ross from somewhere oop north) and I tried the door, which was securely shut. But after a few anxious minutes, someone appeared, showed us in, heard of our plight and proceeded to make us welcome, fed us and invited us to stay there through that long night until it was time for us to make our train connection.

At this time of the year, approaching Christmas, there are countless volunteers with their tins and boxes collecting for their charities and good causes. I don't know about you, but I always feel a twinge of guilt if I avoid them, walk the other way, try to ignore their presence - after all, you can't support them all, as much as you might like to.

But there is one charity I always give to; willingly, with a glad heart and with gratitude for the kindness shown to two weary, cold, fraught soldiers lost in a small town in Germany 46 years ago.

Yes, folks, I give you the Salvation Army....for they were our salvation, given on that long night willingly, with a good heart and a kindness that has not been forgotten.

Peter Hopgood



### Distant Memories of World War 2.

It is now almost 75 years since the end of World War 2. Although I was not born until 1940, I do have some memories, some of them still vivid.

I grew up in the small village of Manningford Bruce, in the Vale of Pewsey situated in Wiltshire. Father was the village postman, he was not involved with this war, having fought in the previous war, 25 years before. The first of the evacuees arrived from London in September 1939. Two sisters were billeted on us. Eileen Cox was 7 and Pat was 5 on arrival. I was told that they arrived with what they stood up in. Manningford had a small halt on the line from Paddington to Westbury and beyond. I assume that the Parish Council made the arrangements to allocate the new arrivals to houses with spare rooms. In those days we still had a village school which the girls attended, in those days the teachers lived locally.

I arrived in October 1940. It seems that the actual destruction of the war visited our village only once, when one night 2 bombs were dropped. One landed in a field and killed 2 carthorses. The other landed in the Pewsey to Woodborough road leaving a crater. At some stage a nurse cycling home in the dark, rode into the crater. Luckily, she was found by air raid wardens coming to investigate for bomb damage. My guess is that a German bomber was on its way home from a raid on Bristol and jettisoned its 2 remaining bombs to lighten its load. I have no actual memory of the bombs, but I do remember people talking.

One early memory is of soldiers (or rather Home Guard in uniform) lying on our front lawn poking their guns through our hedge. This was on a Sunday morning and they were training. With hindsight our garden was up high and the road it overlooked headed South and although many miles from the English Channel, would have been the route that any German invasion would have been expected to take. Thankfully an invasion never came.

I used to be given cabbage water to drink as it was supposed to be healthy. Mother used to put it to cool out of my reach. However, as I grew taller one day, I managed to reach the container and managed to scald myself on the leg. I think afterwards it was placed even higher.

We had a small decorative octagonal table in the front room. It had 4 legs which were in turn connected to an appendage in the centre. Most of the week it was unused and then on a Sunday Father carried our radio in from the living room where it spent the rest of the week. One day, when I was quite small, Pat pointed to the appendage and said, "That's its dick". This was my first rude word, although of course I did not realise. When I pointed out this fact to Mother, she was not amused. Pat and Eileen returned home before the war ended. Whether that was because the bomb threats to London had reduced, or because I had learned a rude word I still do not know. Shortly after they left a land girl arrived, Dorothy from Northumberland. Dorothy never did go home as she met and married a local Farmer's son.

In the summer of 1944, on a hot day, I went with Mother to visit a family in a farm cottage on the main road. We were stood in the garden and a noise came from the road which grew louder, until it stopped outside the gate. A soldier wearing goggles and the rest of his face covered in dust came to ask for water. I have no idea whether I had heard tanks or halftracks, but I now assume that they were heading towards the south coast to join the Normandy invasion. Cap badges would have meant nothing to me then, the only thing that I can be sure of was that they were not Tenth Hussars as we were fighting in Italy.



### Distant Memories of World War 2. Continued

I remember VE Day and its aftermath very well, Reg Farr Lived along the road. I watched him climb a tree to connect bunting across the road to a bedroom window. Our house was a semi, Mr and Mrs Pitts lived next door. John Henderson was their son in law, I assume that he was on leave from RAF Boscombe Down. John climbed a telegraph pole to connect bunting to a bedroom window. I then walked down our front steps holding some string, to allow John to make the bunting tight. Shortly after VE Day there was a celebration Parade and Church Service. The Parade formed up in the road outside our house. Many of us had a Union Flag on a stick. I marched with Rodney Farr and Alan Gilford. The pace must have been very slow as my legs were very short. Father was the British Legion Standard Bearer but was too ill to carry the

Standard. He had lived with one lung since 1918. David Farr stood in for Father (there were 17 families of Farr in the village). Father still managed to walk to the Church, although I suspect that he took a short cut across the fields. Father had now retired as the postman as he was over 65.

I have one final memory of someone who was killed in the last month of the war in Europe. Manningford Halt had a very small platform and passengers were always told to sit in the last 3 carriages, so that they could alight onto the platform. Mother and I had gone to meet the train, Aunty Beat got off on the platform but there was no sign of her son Trevor. We then heard a door bang in the direction of the road bridge. I turned and saw a kit bag being thrown out of the door, followed by Trevor in RAF uniform jumping to the ground. This leave would have been the last time that we saw Trevor. He was RAF aircrew and he was shot down over Germany in April 1945, he was only 20. He was reported missing and I think that it was a long time before his Mother was informed that he had been killed and buried in Germany. His grave is in Moenchengladbach; however, I did not know that until about 1970 when I saw the details inscribed on his Mother's Memorial Headstone in Newport. That was a great pity as I had been stationed in the Moenchengladbach area from October 1960 until February 1964 when I re-joined the Regiment in Tidworth. I would have liked to have visited Trevor's grave and taken a photograph.

Aunty Beat was not a blood relative, in those days friends of parents tended to be called Aunty and Uncle as a slightly less formal term of address. She was married to Trevor's Father, Tom David and ran the corner shop at the end of the street where Mother grew up in Newport. Tom died when Trevor was only a small child. Beat later married Billy Harris and moved to Tidenham, near Chepstow. She died in 1960, probably before I was posted to Army Headquarters, so nobody told me where Trevor was buried.

I still have the book which was Trevor's final present to me at Christmas 1944. Mother wanted me to keep it for sentimental reasons and I have always done so. Hopefully it will go to any great grandchildren in due course.



### Distant Memories of World War 2. Continued

I remember 3 holidays during the war. One holiday we stayed with Mother's Bridesmaid in Port Talbot. It was raining so we couldn't go to the beach. 'Aunt' Lil's Mother said that she would use her broom to sweep the rain clouds away. I assume that she knew that it was about to stop raining anyway, but I was very impressed. We also stayed with Mother's sister in Newport. Aunty Sally had 2 evacuees, a middle-aged couple from London who worked in a Munitions Factory. The wife was quite a live wire and danced the Can-Can for me. With hindsight she was probably the first woman to show me her knickers. The last holiday was to relatives in Lancing in the summer that the war in Europe had ended. Two things stand out. I lost one of my toy soldiers down a crack in the bedroom floor boards. The beach still had its anti-tank obstacles, huge metal poles in an A formation which had gone rusty. I assume that they could have been old scaffolding poles.

I have no memories of VJ Day, so assume that our village did not celebrate like they had done VE Day.

I was 5 in October and started school after the half term holiday. The age of innocence was over, and I learned to swear.

We went to London for Christmas to stay with relatives. We had obtained a goose from a local Farm, so they collected us by car. I remember all the house windows rattled; I was told that this was a result of bombs falling in the area. A very thick London smog arrived on Boxing Day, so Father became confined to the house. I remember traffic being very slow, often bus conductors walked in front of their buses. One afternoon we went to the Theatre in Croydon. The show was way over my head although Aunty had tried to explain it to me. I think that it must have been Oklahoma as I know that I was taken to see it as a child. We returned home by train and that did not help Father's chest.

Ian Clements



### THE CROWN INN



THE CROWN INN

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