



# EAGLE AND CARBINE

THE ROYAL SCOTS DRAGOON GUARDS

Regimental Magazine and Regimental Association Report for 2000

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VOLUME 30

FALLINGBOSTEL AND KOSOVO

2001

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**HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN**

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**FIELD MARSHAL HRH THE DUKE OF KENT KG GCMG GCVO ADC(P)**

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Editors Note: The Editor welcomes letters and articles from readers. Please direct any correspondence to Home Headquarters.

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## PREFACE

*By The Colonel of the Regiment*

Though the British Army might not be the most powerful in the world, there is no doubt that its size and professionalism makes it highly attractive in this era of peace support operations. I have witnessed your work in Kosovo where the Regiment acquitted itself superbly as it did also a few years ago in Bosnia. Peace support operations now seem to be the norm, as evidenced by your return to Kosovo for a second time within 12 months. As a result you are all used to working in a multi-national environment with coalition forces. There is no doubt you certainly play your part as a "force for good in the world". But, despite the laudable need for the Army to be involved in humanitarian aid, please do not forget that you are there to defend the homeland in, God forbid, a total (high intensity conflict) war.

I realise you are under great pressure to meet all your commitments with fewer resources but this makes all your achievements to date even more remarkable. Well done!

At the heart of the British Army remains the regimental system. I submit that our pride and loyalty must be, first to our Queen and the Regiment - in other words our fellow officers and soldiers - and then the Army as a whole. The Regiment is the foundation of comradeship, discipline and loyalty. Above all it is a family where people matter. The regimental system is envied and admired by those armies who do not possess it. It is good for recruiting, retention, morale and expansion. It is, as Enoch Powell once said: "The natural womb of new units when they have to be created". Furthermore it is the best way of training and leading men into action yet devised by any Army. In short, the British Army is the regimental system.

We must therefore maintain the regimental system but at the same time manage change. We must retain our standards, not allow ourselves to be subjected to unwarranted political correctness and anything which affects our operational capability. So, if we are the best Army in the world, we must not lose the regimental system and the ability to fight a manoeuvre battle at the top end of the spectrum of conflict. If there is to be hard fighting, we need to be trained not to submit to any softening. We must, in effect, be ready to fight for what we believe in. The Army is about defending our country as our history has shown time and time again. A country that forgets its past has no present or future. Someone once said: "You can only cut your tail so far, before you reach your bottom!"



The Regiment is probably busier now than at any stage since the Second World War. Operational tours of duty are coming round once every twelve to twenty-four months. This is probably fine for a single person but it will not be welcome, time after time, by a family man. Despite all these pressures, the Regiment continues to maintain its standards and capabilities at the highest level. Remember you are respected, not simply because you perform vital tasks, with efficiency and unselfishness, but because you are people of high quality. You do not serve principally for financial reward: moreover the oath of allegiance sets you apart from the rest of the country. I am grateful to you and salute you for all that you do on the nation's behalf.

"You might not need a soldier for 100 years.  
But you can't do without them for one day".

*Chinese Proverb*

## FOREWORD

*By The Commanding Officer*



It has been an extraordinary year for the Regiment. But then our regimental history will relate that there have been 323 other extraordinary years!

I took over the Battlegroup in Kosovo on 30 April 2000 and in the first few days realised that Andrew Phillips had handed me a highly trained and superbly motivated organisation that was both flexible and tough. The Regiment had excelled in a demanding Training Year in 1999 and had deployed to Kosovo to take over the role of United Kingdom Battlegroup 2. Already, they had conducted a number of successful operations and had developed a fine reputation for calm professionalism and high standards. Podujevo - the hub of our Area of Operations - was clearly the 'jewel in the Kosovar crown' both in terms of its administration and in its potential to recover from the preceding years of conflict. Battlegroup Headquarters and the Echelon operated

from the well-named Waterloo Hotel (the erstwhile Motel Besiana) while A Squadron commanded the town from the Police Station. B Squadron with CHALLENGER 2 was based in the Metal Factory. C Squadron was set on the rim of the Podujevo Bowl in the Water Filtration Plant. We were supported by 19/5 Battery, 19 Regiment Royal Artillery and 4th Czech Recce Company.

Shortly after my arrival, we were asked to develop plans for manoeuvre operations to cover a demanding range of missions: disaster relief, large scale civil disorder, large scale non-compliance by the Kosovo Protection Corps - the organisation formed out of the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) - large scale cordon and search, high risk search and 'hard' arrest. The result was Task Force LEATHERMAN - a range of capabilities formed of multinational components and named after the versatile pocket tool kit.

Our first operation was to be a cordon and search of the Drenica Valley. In many ways, the Drenica Valley was the crucible for the recent conflict in Kosovo and it was believed that Albanian extremists were using the valley to hide their weapons and explosives. We were faced with a major intelligence task to analyse some 100 square kilometres and its population in order to narrow the search to those areas that would be most productive. Named Area of Interest (NAI) 1 encompassed the wartime headquarters of General Checku (the commander of the KLA) and a major ridgeline, which ran along the inter-brigade boundary. The area contained a number of finger valleys and habitation that looked ripe for illegal activity. On Day 2 of the operation, Major Simon Marr (the commander of our attached 1RRF company) and Sergeant Toon spotted the entrances of two bunkers in a 'hidden valley' in NAI 1. Over the next 3 days, more than 90 tonnes of ammunition, explosives and heavy weapons were to be recovered from this site and others in the operational area, representing one of the largest 'finds' in British Military history. Task Force LEATHERMAN had 2 more outings during our tour and made significant contributions to the intelligence picture, to reducing the numbers of illegal weapons and to the multinational operation as a whole. It was a major exhibition of what the Regimental Battlegroup could deliver.

Throughout the tour, our soldiers had to cope with cramped conditions and often-monotonous duties guarding Serb 'grannies', patrolling the villages and hills and controlling the entry points between Serbia and Kosovo. Our new tanks - deployed on operations for the first time - conducted thousands of miles of patrols and we were very satisfied with both their enhanced abilities and reliability. C Squadron excelled in support of the Swedish Battalion (SWEPAT) on the politically important Op CANUTE in the Slivovo Valley. In simple terms, everyone delivered an outstanding performance over a sustained period.

Just as the Regiment were preparing to hand-over to 1st Battalion, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, we faced civil disorder in Podujevo when a politically motivated group sought to fly the Albanian Flag over the United Nations' Town hall. After some days of negotiation and compromise and a little 'face-off', the situation calmed. Nevertheless, we were reminded of the Balkan ability to generate surprise, hatred and lack of reason; a timely reminder, given our predicted return to the region in 2001. Once again, our soldiers showed an ability to be resolute and disciplined.

Following a period of leave, we embarked upon a major recruiting drive in Scotland. Under the banner

'SCOTLAND 2000' (S2K) over 160 soldiers and officers were involved, along with a CHALLENGER 2 and a host of recruiting gimmicks. Under the umbrella of a major media operation, we took the Lord Provost down Princes Street in Edinburgh in a tank, we crossed the Forth Road Bridge on our tracks and we ordered a Big Mac from the turret of a SCIMITAR at the Easterhouse drive-in! Soldiers operated in their own hometowns across Scotland and, in all, we gathered over 130 committed recruits. While many of these will fall by the wayside during recruit selection and training we still expect some 25 extra soldiers to join the Regiment during the year. If progress continues, we are on track to reform D Squadron at Christmas and can grow the organisation during 2002. We have needed to endure the inadequate Type 38 Establishment since 1995 but now, we are looking forward to growing into a fully manned Type 58 Establishment with 4 sabre squadrons once again.

From a sporting perspective we can also be content. The Regiment's football team have once again reached the final of the Cavalry Cup; our skiers have won the Divisional and Army Downhill, our Cresta riders contributed to the first Army victory in the sport for 15 years. We are represented at an Army level in cricket, rugby, skiing and rowing and, at a Corps level in tennis, sailing and golf. We have a number of successful amateur jockeys and had two runners in the Grand Military.

As the Colonel of the Regiment remarks in his Preface, we are expected to be more cost effective with every passing year, we are expected to be ever more nimble in our approach to military tasks and all of this against the background of increasing legislative and administrative demands. There is no doubt that this represents a considerable challenge to all ranks - and of course our families. However, it is quite clear that we are part of a remarkable organisation. Its people make it so. Every soldier and officer has made and is making a unique contribution. We can be very proud and the United Kingdom can be secure in the knowledge that the Regiment, along with our associated battlegroup, forms a key component of the nation's fighting power.

As I write, we are in the final stages of our preparations for our forthcoming return to Kosovo on Op AGRICOLA 6. We have just received a beautiful new Drum Horse 'Talavera' from the Colonel in Chief and we are due to host Her Majesty again on the 24 May; a visit that has been brought forward 15 days at short notice to conform with the General Election.

Clearly we are about to start another extraordinary year!

## EDITORIAL

Similar to my predecessor I am writing this editorial as the Regiment deploys on operations. Once again we are off to Kosovo, this time for the second summer in a row and the third in a row that the Regiment has been away from their families over the summer holiday period. Such is the way of the modern Army, so well described in the Colonel of the Regiment's Preface. There is always too much to do and not enough time to do it. In fact this piece is being written twelve hours before I have to report to the MCCP with my bags (but at least I have already packed - several times!).

Despite all the friction of Army life I am delighted to be able to offer you this year's magazine, another small chapter in the long and varied history of the Regiment. It has been put together predominately by three people, two at Regimental Duty, myself and Tom Kerrigan, and by Lieutenant Colonel Roger Binks at Home Headquarters - without whom it would never have got to the printers at all. I have to own up to some extra help from all the officers in B Squadron who stayed up all

night between the end of our special to theatre training and pre-tour leave in order to sort piles of photographs and articles into some semblance of order - no mean feat.

It is important to remember that the real effort is put in by those of you who write the articles, very many thanks for them and please keep them coming next year. In addition we have been blessed over the last few years by an outstanding amount of the highest quality photographs from Padre Andrew Totten and WO2 Gerry McFarlane - sadly both of them have now moved on so there is a requirement for some budding new cameramen next year.

Finally, Crest Publishing have turned all the raw material into the glossy product that you are now holding. This is their third volume for us and I hope you all agree with me that they do us proud - it certainly makes the job of the editorial team considerably easier, so long may it continue.

## 2000 MAIN EVENTS

Jan  
8 Feb - 12 Aug  
25 Sep - 7 Oct  
Nov - Dec  
19 - 22 Nov  
4 - 14 Dec

Kosovo Training  
Op AGRICOLA 3  
Scotland 2000  
Individual Training & Training Support  
Ex GALLIC TROOPER  
Regimental Stalking in Scotland



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## A SQUADRON



2nd Troop.

As with last year the Squadron has been working a flat out both at home and in Kosovo. We have experienced many different challenges, some amusing, some fun and some particularly arduous. That said the Squadron has worked very well together throughout the year and has achieved some outstanding results as a dismounted Squadron in Podujevo. We continue the good tradition of being "simply the best" after such a successful tour.



LCpl McShane and Tpr Scouler.



Cpl MacKenzie conducting heli patrol.

shared the building with the UNMIK police, a collection of different nationalities that kept us amused. The SQMS worked wonders with limited material to improve our standard of living, the picnic tables and sun loungers were greatly appreciated by the resting few.

The Squadrons main roles were to police the town and provide protection for the two remaining Serbian inhabitants. These happened to be two harmless eighty-year-old Grannies, who unfortunately required around the clock protection. We also patrolled the town and its extremities; we were also manning the only crossing point into Serbia within our Brigade area. We worked a sixteen-day cycle changing every four days at each task. Each Troop was allotted a village which they spent time looking after for the entire six months, going to village meetings and getting involved in village projects.

With so much variety in our every day job we all became very proficient in many different fields. Lt Ralph Lucas as the Squadron Intelligence Officer became immersed in the local politics, often being asked to stand up as a guest speaker and explain his thought. Those of you that know Ralph will understand that this is difficult at the best of times, let alone in front of 300 local miners. Cpl Gibson and Cpl Potter became stars over night for their detailed report of local antennas. LCpl Mark "Ramma" Lees must be mentioned for his constant happiness within the Ops Room and entertainment. LCpl O'Sullivan our Squadron Clerk, better known as Rocky, will never be forgotten for his Barry White impressions and his never ending skives to RHQ. Lt Richard Ongaro won the prize for having more useless kit than everyone else and LCpl Jordy Townsley and LCpl Slug McShane will never be given jobs as painters after their re-decoration of the television room.

We had our share of incidents, shootings, marches and demonstrations. All of them were dealt with in a cool and professional manner, often by young Troopers and NCOs making important on the spot decisions. The whole six months were an excellent training ground for junior command, and after a busy year on the tanks in 1999; it was refreshing for the Squadron to be working in a different role. Our last week in Podujevo proved to be one of the most interesting. In the South of the country a Danish Soldier had trodden on their adopted 'Kosovan' flag, this led to an upsurge in national feelings demonstrated by the flying of flags from every conceivable building. We were unlucky enough to have a new UN overseer in town that allowed the locals to fly their flag from the town hall, without realising that it was against various UN mandates. As the local KFOR troops we were unable to allow it to fly from the town hall and were committed to remove it. A week of move and countermove ensued with the occasional involvement from the UN and KFOR chains of command. For



Troop guard at Granny House Podujevo.



Sgt Morton, Lt Lucas, Tpr Beeby, Tpr Boath, Tpr Mason at Gate 3.



Tpr McCheyne, Tpr Hope, LCpl Manson and Sgt Pearce at The Police Station.



LCpl McShane.



Cpl Mill and Tpr McLardie.

us it meant long nights guarding the alternately flagged and flagless town hall and keeping an often hostile crowd at bay, whilst a sense of frustration that we had our hands tied grew every time we had to give in to their demands. It certainly kept us busy in our final few days and it was a tired but elated A squadron that boarded the Hercules' at Pristina airport. But at least we succeeded in keeping the flag of the Town Hall.

After an excellent all ranks party back in Fallingbostel (did the Sergeant Major ever leave the foam tent? Only to get another drink!) It was time for 4 weeks well earned leave; after all we had the spectacularly arduous 'Scotland 2000' to look forward to. A large number of the Squadron were back at home for the recruiting drive, spread to the four winds in various home towns, doing their best to try and raise D Squadron and ensure the Regiment's future. It was an excellent opportunity to increase the Regiment's profile and for everyone to have a good time back at home. Afterwards we were lucky enough to have two weeks set aside for Adventurous Training, including parachuting, sailing and canoeing. Fourth Troop and a few guests stayed in Scotland to try and complete the West Highland (pub crawl) Way. Other members of the Squadron managed to become Competent Crew at Keil, free fall parachuting in Sennalager and multi pitch climbers in Ripon. Unfortunately it had to be cut short due to the tragic death of Trooper Robert Bell (Dinger). He was an exceptionally popular member of the Squadron whose death is also recorded elsewhere in the journal.

With the majority of the year spent away settling for a few months back in barracks before Christmas seemed a rare luxury. Catching up with over a years paperwork proved taxing interspersed with a week on Hohne Dry for good measure. We joined The Duke of Wellingtons Battle Group for their TES Exercise and managed to scratch together a composite Squadron from across the Regiment, commanded by our Squadron Leader. For many it was their first taste of exercise, with the majority of the new officers becoming loaders under the watchful eyes of their Troop Corporals. The weather



SSgt Stevely, Maj Alers-Hankey and WO2 (SSM) Millar.

was its usual happy wet self with plenty of boggings and thrown tracks.

We have had some particularly funny moments throughout the year. These are some of the best. The Squadron Leader being asked to identify a body (Tpr Reynolds) which suddenly jumped up and scared the life out of him. The Second in Command, Capt 'Spook' Spenlove-Brown complaining to his driver Tpr Uttley that he had spilt his tea, after the Land Rover had hit a car, turned 180 degrees and was heading on its side backwards down the road. Our FOO, Capt Jim Brunswick being bitten on the bottom by a very large dog whilst he was attempting to search its kennel. This was much his own fault as even the dog's owner would not go anywhere near it.

As with any year we have had to say goodbye to a considerable number of the people. Lt Johnny Williamson to RHQ as an interpreter and Public Relations Officer, a job that will allow him to speak even more waffle and get away with it. SSgt Stevely moves from SQMS to the Officer's Mess after nearly 3 years in the Squadron and we wish him well in his new appointment as Kinder Garten Sergeant Major. Sgt Mackenzie goes back home to the cadet training team in Edinburgh and Cpl Fraser leaves for the civilian world after 6 years service along with Cpl Gibson. Cpl Taff Pembrook, LCpl Gilly Gilmore, Cfn Wez Rawlinson and Cfn Andy Barbour all leave the Squadron LAD on posting. They all contributed a huge amount to our general well being and it is very sad to lose them all in such a short space of time. They all leave with our best wishes and a big thank you for all their hard work. Finally we congratulate LCpl Young, Tpr Musson and Tpr Uttley on the birth of babies.

Next year starts off with the Squadron training several Battle Groups for Kosovo in Sennalager followed by ranges and then back to Kosovo for the summer. We return to Northern Kosovo with our tanks and look forward to driving around rather than walking.



Cfn Babour, Sgt Leggate, Tpr Reynolds, LCpl McPhee, Tpr Milory and Cpl Reid with Czech Recce at UCK memorial.



Tpr Beeby.



Sgt McKenzie and crew with the Immediate Reaction Team.

**B** Squadron has had a particularly busy year. We learned, with deep satisfaction, that on the first operational deployment of CR2, we were to be the sole armoured Squadron in Kosovo, a tribute to the professionalism of the whole squadron. Thus as the remainder of the Regiment honed up their infantry skills, we set about preparing the tanks for deployment. This was no mean feat as much of the paintwork had rubbed shoulders with too many bushes on exercise in Poland and numerous front wings had lost arguments with trees!

Bad weather meant the two range days in November developed into a Range Week. Captain Halford

Macleod will be remembered for his excellent jokes, and the whole Squadron will remember range safety rule number 3 – never sit on Fin rounds when the point is facing upwards! All tanks passed their LFX 1, including 20, whose barrel had demolished a substantial tree in Poland, and 11B who almost overran the firing point whilst firing in reverse! All crews performed well, especially the new gunners who were on their first range package. Some members of the Ps&Ds might want to be reminded, however, that on given the command “Action, Load Fin” not to go directly for a bag charge! There was plenty of time for concurrent activity and the SQMS managed to get the



Capt Halford-MacLeod.

whole squadron to exchange their hard earned cash for stickies, despite having to move his tent several times! The newer faces then departed for a drenched Sennelager and a week of Field Firing and fitness tests. This gave the younger members of the Squadron the confidence to handle a weapon in almost any situation and a variety of weather conditions, as Sennelager was bitterly cold.

After Christmas leave, the Squadron returned to a still cold Sennelager. Here UNTAT (Pre Kosovo) Training occupied a week of our time, as we learned how to deal with a variety of scenarios that we might encounter in



Searching the Nis Express.

Kosovo. Shortly after returning to Fallingbostel, the tanks were loaded onto the railhead (with customary Teutonic precision) and transported to Emden Docks. The escort party had a torrid time, however, as the paraffin heaters provided in the cabooses were inoperable. The wagon meister had a baffled look on his face the following morning when he saw numerous branches and firewood strewn all over the floor near the heaters! Luckily loading the ship did not take too long and we then returned to Fally for a long weekend, the last for several months.

And so it was we set off for Kosovo...



Maj Melville, WO2 (SSM) Clapperton, SSgt Anderson and SSgt Gray.



Lt Williams CASEVAC training.



Cal Sign 41 on the Boundary.



Cal Sign 21 in Podujevo.

With the advance party already in Podujevo, the majority of the Squadron flew into Thessalonika on a French 747 complete with the full complement of pretty stewardesses! We then spent a few days at the docks unloading and getting organised. As the convoy set off the whole of Thessalonika ground to a halt as low loaders, 4 tonners and Land Rovers moved slowly up Route Bottle on the long drive up country. Breakfast at the Kacanik Defile was had at 0500, before moving off into Kosovo along the same route used by German forces during their invasion of Greece sixty years ago. There must have been numerous individual thoughts as we saw the cold, brown, litter-strewn countryside with half-built or half-destroyed buildings for the first time. When we arrived in Podujevo the advance party welcomed us to the throng, and we began taking over from the QDG. What initially sprang to mind was that we had half the manpower of the outgoing squadron and the same jobs to do. 1st Troop and 4th Troop remained in the Metal Factory and put in huge amounts of work 'up-armouring' the tanks, whilst 2nd Troop deployed to Gate 2 and 3rd Troop to Gate 3. At this early stage, both Gates were open. However, in that first rotation of sixteen days, over fifty cars passed through Gate 3 daily, whilst Gate 2 had just one! Indeed Gate 3, on the main route from Pristina to Serbia, proved to be the Squadron's, and indeed Battle Group's main effort. The safe passage of the twice weekly Nis Express was a major undertaking. Those manning the Gate had to ensure their search skills were of the highest order, whilst the remaining troops lined known flash points through our AOR to ensure there was no possible attack on the Serb buses. When the convoy moved off it was an impressive sight, with the Coyotes of the Royal Canadian Dragoons providing a quick, heavily armoured escort, along with the Griffin helicopter overhead. For many of us, this was our first experience of multi-national operations, and it was a great start.



Major Melville pacifies an angry crowd at Gate 3.



Call Sign 20 patrolling near the TFA.

It took a while to make ourselves comfortable in the Metal Factory. SSgt Gray and his SQMS crew toiled endlessly to improve living conditions and get the bar set up, whilst the Fitter Section, under the expert eye of Sgt 'Jundy' Twilton wired up all the rooms in the accommodation block, as well as the Ops Room to the Fox and Cooper Generator. Thus all could take advantage of home comforts without having to rely on the local power supply, which was highly irregular. The SQMS(T), SSgt Anderson, soon imposed himself on the local population with his usual grace as he set



1st Troop with 'Task Force THUNDER'.



'41 Angry' and Tpr Coles.

about Civil Military Operations work with aplomb. Word quickly spread around our area that only those in genuine need should seek his assistance, lest they get something more than they bargained for!

It was not long before the Squadron got to know its area well, and patrolling took up much of our time. Foot patrols on the boundary or through villages were interspersed with Land Rover patrols as we got to grips with the area, its characters and politics. For the first six weeks, tank patrolling was limited to the main roads as



LCpl Gowans.

the ground was so waterlogged. However, when the ground allowed CR2 into the more remote areas, we proved immensely popular with the locals. However our ORBAT was soon to change, as Brigade required us to have a troop at 4 hours notice to deploy anywhere within the area of MNB(C), therefore Gate 3 was handed over and we were able to concentrate on our prime job, that of crewing our tanks.

To show our capability to deploy tanks, OP SCOTSMAN was called on several occasions. This entailed a troop completing a road march of 130 miles around the Brigade Area. All tanks showed exceptional reliability, with all Squadron tanks returning without REME assistance. The only servicing we had to perform was on the running gear, which continues to be the bane of our lives!

During OP RUBICON, the closing of illegal crossing points from Kosovo to Serbia, 2nd Troop deployed to Gate 4 in the Swedish AOR, a trip that was not without its excitements...it took the troop two attempts to get through, such was the state of the roads. On one particular corner, the lead tank spun 540 degrees on black ice on a bridge, the second tank spun 180 degrees on the compacted ice behind, crushing a VW Golf in the process and the CRAARV slewed into a truck. Of course the RMP had a field day but were unable to pin the blame on the crews, despite their best efforts! Further on, the heavily iced steep hairpin bends forced the mission to be aborted until the weather improved. It is easy to see why Balkan campaigns are better waged in summer.

In May, the Squadron moved to the TFA, and this coincided with the improving weather Silly Season and the numerous anniversaries after the fighting of the previous year. Our work was varied. The escorting of Serbian vehicles from Gate 3 to locations throughout the province was a regular event, as was the provision of tanks for VIP guests. On one occasion two troops were deployed to help out in FINBAT's area, and during a foot patrol, LCpl Pratt's size 15 boot stumbled across a weapons dump which resulted in the whole Serbian village being searched. This was a successful day, with a large number of weapons found. Indeed, the Squadron's achievements led Brigade to instigate searches of other areas on a regular basis. This task was followed up by further deployments to other villages and towns in the Brigade AO to provide extra manpower to either conduct foot patrols or village searches. Soon afterwards, exactly one year after UN Resolution 1244 was passed, two troops were crashed out to deter any Serb aggression in a determined act of deterrence. In July Major Melville to relinquish command to Major Lambert having ensured Challenger 2 had fully made its mark in Kosovo and on its first operational deployment.



Returns photograph following the medal parade.

**W**hat a year! It seems like our feet haven't touched the ground since we unloaded the tanks at the rail-head on return from Drawsco Pomorski. Having completed a successful training year in 1999 C Squadron set about preparing for the coming year, including a six month Kosovo tour as dismounted infantry.

The end of the training year saw a number of notable changes to the Squadron. The Squadron Leader



Tpr McEwan, Tpr Weeks, Tpr McIntyre, Cpl Pritchard and Cpl Smith.

Major Wheeler left to become Regimental Second in Command and Major Cummins took over the reins of "Cruel C". Captain Bateman replaced Captain Blair as Squadron Second in Command and WO2 McInnes replaced WO2 Gledhill as Squadron Sergeant Major.

The last year has certainly been a hectic one and it is quite amazing how much C Squadron has done over the last 12 months. The first step toward our new infantry role was a field-firing package on the ranges in Sennelager. Having eventually got all the Squadron through their weapons' tests, we spent a week on the ranges honing our basic infantry skills. This built up from dry section level attacks to practice the basic skills and drills, through section shoots to live pairs fire and movement. The week culminated with section 'battle runs' which involved fighting through a series of enemy positions with live ammunition and destroying bunkers with grenades. It was a frantic week with every man completing a painful 3-mile fitness test, throwing grenades on the grenade range as well as some of the Squadron firing LAW anti-tank weapons. This wet November week gave



C Squadron's home in Slivovo.



Sgt 'Spud' O'Neil.

many of the Squadron the opportunity to do some totally new things and it was definitely a good change from working on the tanks. It also helped get the squadron onto more of a 'puddle jumping' mind set.

Tpr 'Ji-bon' Makenzie and LCpl 'Malkey' Hendry departed for Alpbach with the Ski team for a successful training season while the rest of the Squadron left for a well-earned Christmas break. In the New Year the Squadron returned with only a few weeks left in which to prepare for the fast approaching operational tour in Kosovo.

The Squadron returned to Sennelager for the UNTAT package, our final training before deployment to Kosovo. This week gave the Squadron the chance to learn new skills that would be essential for a successful tour as well as practice many of the scenarios that would become so familiar to us over the coming months.

After a final long weekend with friends and family, the first twelve of us from the Squadron said goodbye to



Tpr Devine, Tpr Whinn and LCpl Darling.



Capt Bateman and mount.

Fallingbostel for the mountainous area of North East Kosovo that would become our home for the next six months. The rest of the Squadron deployed soon after and we set about making our mark on the predominantly rural area which included some 26,000 inhabitants. We took over the Sajkovs Water Filtration Plant from B Sqn QDG, as well as its breathtaking view over the Podujevo Valley and en-suite outdoor swimming pool.

As well as patrolling our area and responding to incidents we had a number of key sites that the Squadron was responsible for protecting. We also took over the job of manning 'Gate 3' which was the main crossing point for traffic coming into Kosovo from the rest of Serbia. Most of the Squadron will be able to remember hectic days and long cold nights manning the crossing and keeping an eye on the infamous MUP on the other side of the Boundary. This period also saw the arrival of 2Lt Dobeson who became the Squadron Intelligence Officer and Lt Ferndale who took over 4th Troop.

It was during this busy period that 2nd Troop earned their new name. As part of an April fool's joke, the troop was told that the Pakistani Ambassador would be visiting Orlane and would be arriving by Seaplane that would be landing on the Lake. The Troop was tasked to find a boat (no small task in itself) and then mark where the plane should land and bring the Ambassador ashore. It was not until Tpr Loage was half way out into the lake with a marker panel on the bow of a rickety rowing boat that the penny dropped. As a result 2nd Troop became known as Boat Troop for the rest of the tour.

It soon became clear that our tasks would regularly take us much further afield than the Podujevo bowl.



Tprs Harrison and Cameron.



Major Cummins.

We had hardly settled in to our area when the Squadron was called on to take over an area of Pristina for a week. Within two and a half hours our first teams were on the litter-strewn streets of the city and were soon followed by the majority of the Squadron.

A month later the Squadron was again called on to deploy elsewhere in Kosovo, this time to the Swedish area around the Serbian town of Gracanica. Most of the Squadron will probably never forget our first experience of working with the Swedes, or indeed the banter on the vehicle check-points we were required to man, especially from such characters as Tpr 'Gordie' Brown! When, only a few weeks later, we were called back down to the Gracanica area, most of us little suspected the move would be permanent. However, soon the Squadron found it had left the rest of SCOTS DG behind to be attached to SWEBAT, the Swedish Battle-Group in Kosovo. Although the working-practices of the Swedes bemused many at first, we soon developed a good working relationship with them which developed into friendship as the tour progressed. Now known as TL company, we moved to the Slivovo valley, a small rural community with half a dozen abandoned Serb villages. Over the following months we would see change from eerie 'ghost towns' to lively rural communities with all the problems faced by most villages in Kosovo. It was a happy day indeed when the first family returned to their home.

The first challenge that faced the Squadron was a place to live; with in a week we changed a small field into a tented camp that resembled a scene from 'M\*A\*S\*H'. We quickly made this place our home with as many home comforts as possible, with hot showers (when the gen-



Tpr 'Hovis' Brown.

ators worked) and excellent food, but we still spent the next 3 months living on a slope. It was easy to recognize C Squadron because most of the squadron were sporting skinheads (which caused a few sunburned scalps).

Our time in Slivovo saw the departure of Lt Soulsby who is now on a Regimental Gunnery Officers course in Lulworth. Lt. Matheson who is due to take over Recce Troop and we were joined by 2Lt Trueman who took over 1st Troop. SSgt Beveridge, the squadron's trusty SQMS(T), and our Tiffy SSgt Bennet, also moved off to pastures new. There were also a number of recent arrivals, Tprs Youngman, Scally and Woodcock joined the squadron in Slivovo and soon found themselves immersed in the routine of life in Kosovo.

The months passed more quickly with our new job. We knew when each month passed as Lt. Soulsby would be seen to have his monthly shower (whether he needed it or not!). The tour ended, with the Squadron able to return for some well deserved leave. C Squadron had achieved a great deal during the tour. It is fantastic to know that we had made a real difference to the lives of the 40 or so people who we brought back to their homes a year after they fled into Serbia.



SSgt Bunting and friend.



Tpr 'Gordie' Brown 77.



Tpr Wilkinson at the Serb Church Podujevo.



*Major Raitt and Tpr Cannon and friends.*

**I**t's depressingly grey in Fally today as Major Billy Raitt enters my office. "I see you've got the 2000 edition of the Eagle & Carbine there Sergeant Major, wasn't there something on Regimental Orders about getting the articles in for the next edition?" "I think they had to be in last week sir," I answered knowing full well that I was in the wrong place at the wrong time with no avenue of escape. "Well that doesn't give you much time to knock something up does it?"

Well it's been a year to remember and putting aside the Moncrieff Shield volleyball competition, where the squadron fielded the heaviest team possible and proved that fat lads can't jump, to our resounding victory on the rugby field where we trounced all the other squadrons into pleading for mercy reminds me of our other unbelievable victories. Who can forget the look on the Sqn Ldrs face as he grinned like a Cheshire cat as the results of the military skills week were announced in Sennelager. The Regiment deployed to Sennelager to conduct its Kosovo training in January. The final day saw us all competing for the Windram Trophy with various skills being tested with a March & Shoot stand, Battlefield First Aid stand, Mine awareness and an Observation stand run by the RSM. The whole day was both physically and mentally challenging with the March & Shoot in full CEFO being something that tested all individuals concerned and brought out the best in them all. As the competition results were announced a deadly hush fell across the Sennelager Site guard, fourth place HQ Sqn, third place HQ Sqn, second place HQ Sqn, and finally first place and the Windram Trophy goes to HQ Sqn!

We were still reeling from our success as we boarded the plane to take us to Kosovo for our six-month tour. Arriving in a war ravaged province in mid winter with the biting cold of the Balkans brought home to us all in no time that we were far from home and over the next few months Fally seemed to become not such a bad place to be after all. We based ourselves in the Podujevo Hotel on the outskirts of the town. The SQMS SSgt Densil McKelvie had his work cut out because calling the ramshackle broken down filthy dump we took over from the QDG a hotel was to stretch the imagination to breaking point as it was previously a prison come torture place for the Yugoslav Army to conduct some of its' atrocities and before that a place to house migrant workers for the Plastics and Metal factories within the town. Electrical failures and water shortages became a normal part of the routine and a couple of dogs were adopted to help keep the other packs of howling dogs at bay and a cat also became part of the scene although it's ratting abilities were in question. The place soon became known as Fawly Towers with Prince Densil playing the leading part, as to who was Manuel only Jazzman Jim; Stan the Man, or Skilbo can answer. As always you make the best of what you've got and the SQMS made a killing on luxury items like carpets and shower curtains for the rooms. He also had a couple of local labourers and put them to work tidying, painting and generally improving the building, which after a month or two soon increased its market value. The Sqn bar in the cellar was the toast of Podujevo and although the two can rule was strictly enforced, if you believe that you'll



*SSgt McKelvie, LCpls Skilling, Mathews and McCormick.*

believe anything, the bar soon became the hub of everyone's social life with quiz shows every Friday night with the winners having to run the next quiz and trying to outdo the previous one. The amount of time and effort put into the various quizzes was unbelievable with BFBS even coming in to broadcast messages during one because of the noise and atmosphere. We even had celebrities like Jim Davidson visit us to help raise morale.

The time soon came when our new accommodation was finally finished and the TFA was ready to move into. The SQMS had another breakdown and swearing that there were certain individuals who never had fathers, with other choice phrases and if you know who they apply to then I have no need to name names, we moved into the brand new accommodation. Having left the hotel there was no need for the SQMS boys to run the squadron bar, as there was a brand new EFI bar to water the lads. The sigh of relief barely hit the ground when the game plan changed and operational requirements were stepped up which meant the SQMS was busier than ever with having to deploy to supply not only our own troops in the field but troops from foreign nations as well, sometimes on the road and devoid of sleep for days on end. The six month tour of Kosovo had its high and low points, as I'm sure many only know too well, but I can honestly say that Headquarters Sqn excelled itself in everything it achieved and did whilst on the operational tour of this fragmented and dilapidated province called Kosovo and that the morale of the squadron was kept alive by the few individuals who shall always remain nameless.

Since returning from Kosovo and enjoying a period of well earned leave the squadron has picked up its hectic never ending schedule of normal life, even having to go into shift timings to catch up on what seems to be a whirlwind of events for which there are no vehicles or manpower. The lads now need to get in their career courses before the next tour next year and all the 20 to 25 year old vehicles need to be serviced and overhauled, Sultans and 4 tonne trucks and the LAD's 432s need a lot of care and attention, as do all OAPs. There is no time for complacency and maintenance teams have to be formed from across the Regiment to help us get our aging fleet back on the road for another punishing Kosovo tour. Manpower is at a premium, and even though Headquarters Sqn has since the reshuffle of manpower post Kosovo more than 240 personal, the effective amount of trained personnel on the vehicle park has gone down, as the majority joining the squadron from other squadrons are now away getting their courses to be able to deploy next year.

Major Billy Raitt leaves us very shortly for pastures new. He leaves behind him a Squadron with high morale and with a high readiness and a Squadron prepared to go that extra mile to excel.



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## QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

The year started with final training for Kosovo and pre-tour leave. At the same time packing the department up and issuing of the winter clothing package for the tour, which was just as well as we had to take over all the accounts in the depth of a Kosovo winter.

Back in Fally the small rear party of the RQMS, Sgt Mill, Cpls Forrester and Leckie were left to pick up the pieces. The first few weeks were busy sorting things out within the department after the deployment. Then things slowly settled down apart from the odd fastball and the odd fire in the accommodation block.

The handover out of the way in Kosovo things started to settle down to a routine with the department ensconced in the cellar of the hotel in Podujevo, for some people this meant forgetting what daylight was like (Cpl Millar).

The time on rear party passed quickly and we were soon into May and time for the change over of the QM, RQMS, Sgt Mill and SSgt McHugh. June arrived and the cry of where is our summer clothing package (hot weather boots and hats).

June also brought the time to move from the hotel to the TFA (only a couple of months late). Time in the TFA passed with work and PT which took the form of 5-a-side football and the RQ's runs which sometimes turned more into nature rambles or a quick lesson in mine awareness on the way. The work side of life brought some strange demands into the department - Chris and his insect nets and Gary thinking that we had a shortage of ashtrays and required a few thousand for a non smok-

ing camp. There was also the problem of the disappearing and reappearing gas bottles, which had Pete scratching his head now and again.

August arrived and time to pack up and get ready for handover. After that was over all that was left was the drive to the port and a couple of days to top up the sun-tan before we returned to Fally.

The end of August saw the containers and vehicles back in barracks which was a bit hectic as it coincided with the day that post tour leave started. After a lot of hard work the department was reasonably squared away and we were able to take a well-earned break.

September and back to work in time to welcome LCpl Brian Campbell back from a quick posting to the UK and farewell to Cpl Chris Long who moved to B Sqn and his commander's course.

Now into November a Board of Officers followed by the normal routine once again ready to deal with the usual fastballs as usual.

The dept ends this busy year with a farewell to SSgt Frankie McHugh, Michelle and family who are off to BATUS. We wish them well and hope they enjoy the posting (God help BATUS when Michele arrives).

The New Year will start with a bang at Sennelager as we support TSG as they train another regiment for Kosovo. Finally, a big thank you to all members of the department for their hard work throughout the year.

## QUARTERMASTER TECHNICAL

The year 2000 started as busy as the previous year had been with the Department travelling to Sennelager to complete UNTAT training for the deployment to Kosovo. Having successfully completed the training with a remarkably low sense of humour failure rate it was back to Fallingbostel to start preparing for the move Operation AGRICOLA 3.

The initial road move to Emden went well except for MT leaving a trailer on the fast lane of the autobahn, which elicited the comment from the QM (T) 'If that's one of ours someone is in deep shit'.

On the first flight to Kosovo from the dept were the RQMS (T), Sgt Currie, Cpl Wales and at very short notice SSgt Nielson. They were quickly joined by the rest of the department who flew out to Greece to meet the boat and drive the vehicles to Pristina.

Our first home was located at the Water Purification Plant in PRISTINA.

This however was to be a temporary measure as due to the distance between A2 and the rest of the Regiment coupled with the short fall in man power it was deemed best to join B Sqn situated in the Metal Factory Podujevo.

Our arrival at the Metal Factory heralded a very busy time, as it was the first time we were able to ground dump the stores and start to set up the department on a more permanent basis.

The most essential task was to set up the Tech office, which was located in a RUB tent. The other half of the tent was to be our accommodation but after only a couple of nights in the tent sleeping with twice as many sets of clothing on, the very sensible decision was made to move into the warmth of the block.

With the move to the Metal Factory, the HGV drivers within the department got to know the road from the Metal Factory to Pristina like the back of their hands and also identified where to get all the best CD's.

While at the Metal Factory we were to say farewell to members of the department:

SSgt Nielson was replaced by Cpl Cropper (Latterly to be known as 'Big Ba McGraw').

WO 2 Mackie (Mini Me) RQMS(T) who due to his

allergic reaction to troop full of blue noses was replaced by the RQMS WO2 Cameron.

LCpl Davidson left the department to go to MT and was replaced by Cpl DEEK Dewar who with his good looks fitted in with the locals as if he was a native or a very strange breed of horse.

There was also a persistent rumour that Capt Aitcheson also left and the department would be keen for anyone having photographic evidence of him being in Kosovo to provide that proof for future reference.

The last member of the troop to arrive being Capt Cameron the newly trained QM (T). (2 can rule or is that barrels).

Whilst at the Metal Factory we were given permission to walk out which led to the sight of Cpl Wales and Cpl Dewar, shopping lists in hand visiting the market and returning a couple of hours later with bags full of bargains. A handsome pair of devils!

In June we got the go ahead to move into the TFA which was no easy task, not only did we have to move our own stores, we had to arrange the movement of B SQN and the rest of HQ SQN from the hotel into the new location.

Once settled into our new accommodation it was back to work in a metal shed that had been allocated to us. The only down side of the TFA was that the EFI bar had not yet been built. On hearing that the engineers bar was the place to go DEEK was taken there to celebrate his birthday and collect his new zimmer frame.



Sgt 'Ruby' Currie.

The subsequent entertainment found DEEK bending over and touching his toes with trousers at his ankles, whilst behind him a half naked man dressed as a woman wielded a cricket bat. DEEK could not sit down for a couple of days and the remainder of the department had face ache from laughing so much.

LCpl Spiers was volunteered to go on a search course, which he seemed to take in his stride. Whilst out on an OP LEATHERMAN Spunkey as alert and fully compus mentus as usual, remarked that that there was a suspicious man hanging around. When asked to identify the man out he immediately pointed out the interpreter who had been with them all day.

Prior to handover the next main task was the LSI, which meant checking all the accounts for accuracy, but as always we had no reason to worry as the LSI reports shows. This only left the handover to 1PWRR so we started packing, which seemed to take longer than it did before we came out. Eventually the day I think everybody was waiting for arrived and the first party of the incoming Battle Group arrived. We were soon to find out that the infantry are very different to the RAC. At last it was time for that drive down to Thessalonica.



Cpl 'Deek' Dower.

With the QM (T) leading the second packet we thought not a problem. We started with between 15-20 vehicles and by the time we got clear of Skopje there were only two left and he had fallen asleep again but I'm glad to say we all made it down to the port.

A good tour had finished and we happily returned for a well-deserved break.

## LIGHT AID DETACHMENT

Happily unaffected by the millennium bug the LAD returned from Christmas leave, which had seemed to fly by in a blur of hangovers, and jumped straight into training for Op AGRICOLA 3. Unsurprisingly for Sennelager the training was cold and wet. One particularly memorable lesson was the helicopter landing drills, taught by a rather up-tight instructor. When he asked the assembled audience what things could be used to attract a helicopter pilot's attention and guide him to your location Sgt Tim Croot replied "a bin bag". "Don't be stupid", uttered the instructor, only to be told of Tim's exploits in guiding in a helicopter for an injured LCpl Robbo Roberts in BATUS using a bin bag! Nice one Tim.

With the training package finished the LAD provided recovery for the move of the B vehicle fleet to Emden docks. En route, one particular trailer decided to part company with its Bedford in style. Jumping the central reservation, it came to rest sideways in the fast lane of the autobahn. This posed something of a problem for the driver of the VW Golf travelling at 140 kph who failed to see the obstacle. The outcome of the encounter was definitely in favour of the trailer but thankfully no one was seriously injured.



Sgt Ward towing the CRARRV.

Recce Troop was out on a limb, being based in a small village about 18 km north of Podujevo.

The weather was cold and snowy initially and this kept SSgt Stu Ward and his band of recovery mechanics busy with a total of 137 jobs carried out in one month. Well the Regiment did keep insisting on taking tanks up tracks where lesser mortals would not take a mountain bike! The workload for the LAD was varied with the daily routine being broken up with REME tradesmen getting involved in VCPs. Cpl Al Hunter had a terrific weapon find whilst searching a car with C Sqn, which was a massive morale boost for the LAD.

The EME Capt Andy Stuart was multi-hatted, being responsible for the running of the Podujevo bus company and the culling of the local dogs. These may seem trivial tasks but with death threats against him from the bus owners he had to be constantly on his guard. The stress started to show eventually and he definitely began to lose it. Whilst out with the ASM on a dog culling sortie no dogs could be found anywhere, however, a large frog sitting on a lily pad happened to croak as the EME walked past. BOOM! 4 shotgun rounds later...no frog.



B Sqn Fitter Section.



The Foden at work.



WO1 (ASM) Amphlett.

As the weather improved the suntans became a matter of prime importance, especially with R and R looming. By this time we had moved into the purpose built TFA complex. However, there was a strict warning issued by the regimental 2IC that the CORIMEC accommodation roofs were unstable and must not be climbed on under any circumstances. Later the same day the LAD's very own sun god, alias Sgt Steve Porritt, was caught sunbathing on the roof by the 2IC. When told to come down he did so straight away, though unfortunately for the poor 2IC Steve was naked.

The tour finally came to an end with a horrendous journey down to the SPOD at Thessalonika. Horns blaring and cries of "Merry Christmas" for 1 PWRR BG preceded the departure from the TFA. Sgt Bob 'VOR' Clayton had to go one better and decided to drop his trousers and mooney out of the Foden window, much to the alarm of the poor EFI girls.

Since arriving back in Fallingbostel 2 things have become abundantly clear. First, the rear party had worked exceptionally hard throughout the tour resulting in those CR2, which had been left behind, being in excellent condition. Second, the LAD's manpower had changed enormously, even over the course of the tour, to the extent that when the EME had a welcome back parade he did not recognise anybody! Postings in and out have continued apace since post op tour leave, with the EME departing with 3 weeks notice on promotion, and AQMSs Del Thompson and Jim Timlin both off to pastures new in Osnabruck. The new EME, Capt Paul Johnson joined us in October

from 7 Air Assault Battalion REME, via Northern Ireland, and has just about stopped looking for places to fit rotor blades on CR2.

Once we had all returned from leave it became obvious just how much of a battering the B fleet had taken in Kosovo. After inspection we found that the gruelling conditions in theatre had rendered virtually every vehicle VOR. Consequently the focus of the LAD shifted to our support vehicles and this prompted a spell of overtime. Although the extra hours were something of a bitter pill to swallow they eased the problem and perversely helped to gel the LAD. At the same time as this the LAD received its TECHEVAL inspection, which involved a huge amount of work at all levels. The Effective grading which we received was gratifying and it is worth repeating Comd ES 1 (UK) Armd Div's comments:

'For the previous half year the LAD has been delivering superb ES in demanding operational conditions in Kosovo and has held a reputation that was the envy of all others and which was justly deserved...it is, in fact, a significant achievement to have maintained effectiveness in all areas and the LAD can be pleased with the results. I congratulate the whole team from craftsman to OC on a job well done'.

At our function in November this team bonding was very obvious and all members of the LAD should be rightly proud of the tight knit effective group that they have become. It is only right to mention the star of that particular night, AQMS ECE Dale Thompson, who became an instant madman, (just add alcohol). Talk about hyperactive and what a dancer! (Or so he tells me). As Christmas leave looms the LAD is in the process of reorganising into its Op AGRICOLA 6 ORBAT. In the New Year it all starts all over again, as we jump straight into 2001's training programme, ready for our return to Kosovo in June. Standby Thessalonika...here we come!



LCpl Karby wonders whether doing a bungee run against the Samson was such a good idea.

## COMMAND TROOP



Capt Will Davies, the RSO.



Cpl Hamilton.



Tpr Small, Capt Davies and SSgt McLellan



Cpl Fox.



Sgt Cox and Cpl Dale.



Cpl 'Jack' Horner.

# RECONNAISSANCE TROOP



Multi National operations.



Tpr Downey.



Patrolling in Podujevo.



LCpl Mack, LCpl Montieth, Sgt Gardiner, LCpl Woods, Tpr Fleming.



LCpl Woods with new recruit.



LCpl Montieth Gazala Lines Kpimej.



Patrolling in northern AO.



Tpr Dunaighie and LCpl Magarry.



Cpl Taylor.



Force Protection at Kpimej.



LCpl O'Conner with lunch.



The hearts and minds campaign.



Pre - deployment Training in Sennelager.



Patrolling the Podujevo Bowl.



## THE REGIMENTAL AID POST

Once again this has been another very busy year for the RAP with a tour of Kosovo being the main feature. After the departure of Cpl Impey, to 1 GS Med Regt, the RAP welcomed LCpl Prentice into the fold from 2 Armd Fd Amb, a confident and competent medic who proved himself to be a worthy asset.

First of all came UNTAT training in Sennelager, which brought along with it a brand new Medical Officer in the shape of Capt Carlton. He flew in for the training then



Coffins found in the RAP.



The Team - readily deployable.

flew home again before flying straight to Kosovo to join us in theatre.

We arrived at the hotel in Podujevo with Cpl Stevens at the helm until the arrival of the RMO. Having signed for all the kit he had to be in charge at some point! We established a good daily routine with the inclusion of daily sick parades and an emergency crash crew for the Battlefield Ambulance (kindly donated by the in-theatre Medical Regt: - 5 GS Med Regt) and still found enough time for Cpl Stevens to meet one of his sporting heroes - Gareth Chilcott.

There was of course a serious side to our work, that of keeping people alive. Working in conjunction with the local hospital and surgeons in Podujevo with no medical facilities at any of the road traffic accidents or other incidents that we attended was certainly challenging.

The move to the temporary field accommodation near Podujevo was a difficult transition at first, from the comfort of the small medical centre in the Hotel with BG Headquarters to the equally cosy medical centre but in the TFA shared with another 550 people. After a couple of days we had soon got the hang of it and were dishing out the tubigrip and Brufen once again.

Upon arrival at the TFA we were greeted by Cpl "Billy" Bremner, posted in from Cyprus. His vast experience of medical stores was a great help when it came to indenting time - what a spotter!

Penultimately just two words that will strike fear into even the strongest man's heart.... Op LEATHERMAN. On Op LEATHERMAN 1, where was the RAP placed? In a barn among 67 coffins. How apt I hear you cry, well they were a good source of humor (as one of the Padre's pictures shows) and the number of other Units wanting one for their bars was amazing.

The RAP was also party to the hearts and minds operation within the local communities, in that we would treat some of the local population who had no access to the towns for medical aid. This was often very eye-opening and it will certainly be a tour to remember for a long time.

Back in Fallingbostel the RAP have again been busy with the routine work of the medical center including helping 1 BW settle in to Germany. As well as treating patients, training of troopers in battlefield first aid has commenced again in earnest in preparation for another tour of the Balkans.



Capt Carlton RMO.

## MOTOR TRANSPORT TROOP

Having been tasked with throwing some words together for the Regimental Magazine in November, Kosovo is a dark and distant memory at the back of my mind. Having looked through the contents of my lap-top I came up with the following events, before I begin MT must stress all names and places are fictitious and bear no resemblance to any person living or dead.

The actual advance party for the Troop consisted of Cpl Hugill and myself, we were of course made to feel welcome by the QDG (well who wouldn't knowing your tour was about to come to an end). We did however, spend a chilly night, in what was to become the LAD office. Knowing that anyone can be uncomfortable, the next morning we went in search of a couple of heaters. The next milestone was the collection of vehicles from the SPOD in Greece. After the mandatory briefings the unloading of the ship began. This was a task and a half as it took most of the day, something I found rather ironic (due to the restrictions on driving hours) as the convoy was to set off at 2300hrs and travel through the night and not arriving at Podujevo till 1000hrs. Time was not on our side and the next day the lads were out on detail. It wasn't long before we all realised the Troop was going to be stretched to the limit; however relief came in the form of ten augmentees, each one having his own personal qualities to offer.



Capt Toward and WO2 Johnstone.

With the troop now increased by 30%, they set about supporting the Regiment with new determination and vigour. So much in fact, LCpl Starr got carried away with his duties and ended up crossing the border into Serbia when he should have been delivering fuel to one of C Sqns' out stations. Who needs Tanks to patrol the border when we have "Pistol Pete". Cpls Hugill and Bowden were banned from leaving camp together, they were sent out twice, and twice they needed to be recovered with the aid of the Foden. Much to Cpl Hugill's credit, he did try to fix the problem with his Leatherman. Things weren't always all work and no play. One memorable night was Sgt Smiths (Mad Pierre) leaving bar-be-que, probably the less said about that the better. Much to the Troops delight, he was to change his mind at the eleventh hour and go on R&R instead of termination leave. On relocation to the TFA, Al opened a creche complete with an "S" tank; we were treated to many hours of Tpr Hunters diving skills. How a visit to the MRS was never in order, I'll never know. Cpl Twine (Spanish John), one of our, how shall I put this, more colourful characters became chief life-guard and swimming pool attendant.

To keep us inline with Regimental policy individual training carried on, Tprs Street, Gibson & Cannon all completed their CR2 Gunners course. Tprs Hamilton, Small & Streets completed their phase 2 signals course. We said farewell to LCpl Brian Campbell, little did we know how short lived that was going to be. I am pleased to report that in his new employment with the QMs he has capitalised on his I-JGV training and passed his C+E course, even though he was the only man in Kosovo to crash the same truck twice, within a week.

After 2200 plus details it was finally our turn to greet the incoming Battle group. All that stood in our way was a road journey back to the port of Thessalonici. With much wrangling and begging we were allowed to travel 24 hrs before the rest of the Battle Group, giving us a clear road, but on the down side we would have to hang around the SPOD in less than gracious conditions. On reflection the Troop had had an enjoyable tour. They like everyone else had worked hard and at times played hard this was particularly apparent when the Regiment was invited to the sports day run by Czech RECCE at the water filtration plant. MT under the leadership of "Mad Pierre" set about the competition with such spirit, the "Mad one!" was to set the fastest time on the somewhat alternative assault course. Although the final result went to the Czechs they were, immensely impressed with our efforts, so much so, LCpl Meiehofer was promoted to Warrant Officer status, well at least for a night. The question is has he now got a taste for the highlife? There were many other unselfish outstanding acts by members of the Troop, one example is the hours spent fixing the UBREs by Cpl Hugill. This was a priority task and one he worked



Cpl Bowden and Tpr MacLeod.

relentlessly at until it was completed. Tprs Gibson and MacLeod were put forward for driver of the month on a couple of occasions; sadly, this never came to anything. A team of hopefuls consisting of Cpl Hugill, Pte Cocks and Tpr Small were to come a creditable third in the Brigade safe and skilled driving contest. Pte Cocks put in an outstanding time for the Land Rover and trailer-reversing stand beating his nearest rival by what can only be described as a millennium.

To have completed the tour and recovered everyone unharmed back to Wessex barracks was all I could have asked. The Troop had gone to Kosovo as near "Virgins" and taken everything that could have been thrown at them. Through hard work and determination they matured quickly and gave a service "Second to None", their morale was never found lacking and they deserve the nickname of "The Chosen Few". The frenzied circle of life carries on, we say farewell to LCpl Pemberry (on his posting to BATUS) Tpr Cannon (on his transfer to A Sqn). We say a warm welcome to the MTO Capt Toward, LCpls Smith, Townsley, Woods Tprs Ferguson, Horn, Newall and Stewart. They are quickly finding their way around the Troop and all the pitfalls associated with the new legislation. I sincerely hope their stay in MT is a happy one. As a parting comment the new MTO was heard to say, "I thought I was taking over MT not EMPTY"

## CHEFS TROOP



Pte Barker.



Cpl Gray and Pte Wilson.



Cpl Gilchrist and Sgt Donovan.



Master Chef, Major Raitt and Sgt Payne.

## STABLES TROOP

2000 has been yet another busy yet frustrating year for the Regimental Stables with the Regiment being away on operations from February to September in Kosovo. The decision was made to temporarily close the Regimental Stables in Fallingbostel. Ramillies and the Greys (Hobart and Jubial) were moved down to the Paderborn Equitation Centre (PEC), to be looked after initially by Tpr Harnetty then by Cpl Thomson. Sadly no polo was played this year in Fallingbostel and the Regimental polo ponies (Duke, Gaillie Brown and Java) were loaned to the Light Dragoons.

Kosovo did not cause a complete whitewash, Capt Richard Boyle went to New Zealand to fine tune his polo skills for four months and Capts Alex Matheson and Charlie MacDermot-Roe both attended the Mounted Officers Equitation Course at Melton Mowbray. In Kosovo, C Squadron formed a mounted troop to patrol on local ponies in the Slivovo Valley and Major Ben Edwards set up a pony clinic, filing teeth with the help of Lt Ralph Lucas in Podujevo. Ben Edwards also found a stallion called Romulus Nero that had been introduced along with twelve mares by an Austrian aid agency. It was in a shocking state due to the ignorance of both the local farmer and the aid agency. Visits to Romulus Nero in the most northern part of Recce Troops area were a welcome respite from daily life. In Paderborn the Greys and Cpl Thomson took part in several events, with Hobart coming second in the show jumping competition at the Rhine Army Summer Show and Jubail coming in second place at the Moos Dorf Hunter Trials. Racing continues with Major Charlie Lambert and Captain Bruce Ridge flying home to point to point and Major Felix Wheeler racing in both Germany and England. Despite the appalling weather during Christmas leave hunting was still pursued with some vigour both north and south of the border.

After post tour leave in September the Regimental Stables and the Mounted Troop were brought back to life in Fallingbostel. This was not an easy task, but was organised magnificently by Cpl Thomson, who then handed over to LCpl Patterson as the Stables NCO. Cpl Thomson returning to B Squadron on promotion. The Mounted Troop Leader also changed with Lt Richard Ongaro taking over from Lt Ralph Lucas. The rest of the Mounted Troop are LCpl 'Butch' Cassidy, Tpr Cameron, Clarke, McRae, Sharp and Wilkinson. The new team were sent on a riding course back at Paderborn to bring them up to scratch. The polo ponies returned sound from the Light Dragoons to be wintered in Fallingbostel and are currently being 'got up' for the 2001 season. Sadly, we had to bid adieu to Hobart who was finally put out to pasture after many years with the

Regiment and we are awaiting a replacement hopefully from Knightsbridge.

The most significant event this year has been the acquisition of a replacement Drum Horse and it is on an extremely sad note that we give a final salute to Ramillies the Regimental Mascot. Reputedly the largest horse in the British Army at over 18 hands high, he was presented to the Regiment by HM The Queen in 1989. Affectionately known as "Rambo" within the Regiment he has left a trail of wanton destruction in his wake as he goes on the eternal quest for more food. His last performance was a leading role at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo in 1999. Although Ramillies has been remarkably fit and well for the past few years, he has suffered from severe foot problems and his time as our Regimental Mascot is drawing to a close. The replacement is a shire cross mare that was named in a regimental competition 'Talavera' and goes by the stable name of 'Pip'. The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment is currently training Talavera at Knightsbridge. LCpl Ross has been appointed the Mascot Master and is attached to the HCMR for the duration of Talavera's stay at Hyde Park Barracks. Talavera will be presented to the Regiment by HM The Queen at the Hyde Park Barracks on the 10th of May 2001.

2001 poses similar challenges to last year with the Regiment again deploying to Kosovo in June. However we look forward to the presentation of the new drum horse and polo tournament in May. Polo has received a scholarship of £3000 from a very generous individual, which will sponsor a subaltern to play during the coming season. New Greys are in the pipeline, tent pegging has taken off as the polo ponies get fit and it is hoped that more Subalterns will complete the 'Spurs' course and attend the Mounted Officers Equitation course.



Ramillies in his finest hour on the Esplanade in 1999.



Adjutant and RSM with the Regimental Provost Staff.

## REGIMENTAL ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

In common with the rest of the Regiment, we spent the early part of the year working up to OP AGRICOLA 3; downing our pens and calculators and taking a full part in the training programme. The FSA, WO2 Stuart Cramb went to Worthy Down to collect the UNICOM "Out of Barracks" system and also to get a few lessons in how it worked. (Rumour has it that he also helped to swell the bar profits of the Sergeant's Mess.) Suddenly, ready or not, we had to go.

The RAO took just over half the detachment with her to take over the Battlegroup HQ RAO in Podujevo and the rest (unkindly dubbed the B Team) continued to administer the rear party and respond to every cry of help from the main Admin office in Kosovo (they came at least thrice daily!).

The Regimental Admin Office was set up, open plan style in what might have been the cocktail lounge of the hotel with a few screens separating it from the Ops Room. This made life somewhat difficult because everybody had to walk through the office to reach the Ops Room, at times it felt like Princes street in rush hour! Despite the noise, the odd power cut which crashed the computers, the dirt and dust, which got into every piece of electrical equipment and disabled it at the most inopportune moment, we set about our routine and not so routine tasks. Q Cramb organised his timetable of pay runs, every location was to be visited twice weekly so that everybody had the chance to be paid or deal with administrative issues.

There is not much difference in the way a unit is administered in Barracks or on Operations, the lack of



RAO outside Malfunction Junction, TFA.

a telephone system linked to the outside world was probably the most difficult obstacle to overcome. Part Two orders had to be taken to Brigade HQ in Pristina to be transmitted to the APC in Glasgow and we became accustomed to writing letters on every subject (when the computers were working.) Cash had to be transported from the theatre cash office in Pristina to Podujevo. Fortunately, we were allocated our own vehicle for office use, and this meant that nearly everybody got a chance to act as driver/escort and escape the office. (About half way through the tour, we were asked what systems were in place for the security of cash in transit – it took quite a while to persuade the person who asked the question that two rifles and 240 rounds of ammunition should afford a better level of security than the measures we were allowed to take in UK or Germany!)

As a diversion from work routine Cpl "Eddie" Edwards ran PT sessions on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons and we all set about getting fit. We still haven't worked out if Q Cramb's visits to out stations on these days were deliberate avoidance or just a coincidence.....

By the beginning of April, we started to see changes in staff as lucky ones were moved for promotion and posting and others were just posted. The RAO and

Det Comd changed places, a planned job-share, and the RAOWO, WO 2 Mike Walker and Sgt Pete Scotney set up their own personal "frequent flyer" scheme. New blood came in the form of Cpl Doug Willis from 1 RHA, Cpl Marcus Miles from 1 MI Bn and brand new from the AGC depot, Ptes Jamie McNally and Lisa Branigan.

In the middle of May we had to up sticks and move from the hotel to the new TFA (what a misnomer –Temporary field accommodation!) where at last we were to have proper offices. As a result, the quality of



Loads of Money!



LCpl Brander, Pte Branigan and Cpl Miles.

work (and quality of life) improved radically. We also took delivery of a satellite phone system that allowed us to talk to the world and also to transmit our UNICOM Part Two Order occurrences directly to Glasgow rather than having to trundle up to Pristina with them twice a week. Pte Branigan was added to the office driver roster and her first passenger found out that she had only just passed her test and had never driven anything larger than a Micra anywhere other than the leafy lanes of Hampshire. By the end of the tour, she was practised enough to hold her own on the roads anywhere (even in her native Merseyside!) and the white knuckle rides are now just a recurring nightmare.

Cpl Miles' skills as a Serb speaker were put to the test on Op Leatherman, Cpl Doug Willis learned all there was to know about UNICOM the hard way when Sgt Daz Graydon was whisked away for interviews and courses for his next posting and Pte David Wailes bailed out to take his Class 1 course at Worthy Down (he passed, much to his own surprise!) Add to all of this the fact that our computers and photocopiers were continually breaking down, life was pretty hectic all the time, but the thing that kept us busiest, apart from R&R, was the new LSSA bonus. Once it was announced, a number of people rapidly beat a path to Q Cramb's door to hurry him up in his calculations

and to confess to periods of qualifying service which they had not bothered to declare previously.

We welcomed Pte Chalky White at the end of June, no one knows what he did but he always looked busy so he was earmarked to go to B Squadron when LCpl Brander was posted.

Capt Jeffery had always intended to come back to Kosovo for the final month of the deployment, but managed to get herself posted, all the way to 2RTR in Lumsden Barracks, so her replacement Captain Tim Cowley found himself joining us for the last month – much to the relief of a certain other Captain who promptly hightailed it back to Fallingbostel. Meanwhile back at the Rear party, the turnover in staff was as vigorous as the main office. The workload seemed to consist of administering the Welfare Leave package to which the families were entitled – there seemed to be an endless list of permutations – and helping with claims for Kindergeld (the German Family Allowance.)

All in all it has been a very busy year for the Regimental Administration office, most of the members found themselves being stretched to new limits and have benefited greatly from it.

## REGIMENTAL INFORMATION TEAM

Overall, recruiting during the year went very well. The team attended numerous events in and at a variety of locations, assessing recruiting potential along the way for future targeting.

With the formation of a new D Squadron on the horizon recruiting needed to be stepped up, so Scotland 2000 was implemented. This could have proved to be a logistical nightmare had it not been for the skills of Captain Davies, who did not flinch under the greatest of pressure. Scotland 2000 proved to be a huge success ensuring that everybody knows the name of Scotland's Cavalry, thus providing a solid base for the Information Team to work from. Over 120 names of potential recruits were taken within a three week period, the results of which will be seen over the coming months and years.

The SCOTS DG display remains the envy of the recruiting teams, so much so that some Regimental Recruiting Teams specifically request that they are not

located alongside or even near us. This is a credit to the team and their acquisition skills, but a big thank you must also be given to the Yeomanry for their support throughout the year including the loan of a SABRE (CVRT) which is always a major attraction at all events.

The most effective recruiting technique still remains the direct, on the street, face to face approach. There is no substitute for talking to individuals and the Team currently work on the streetwise adage - be direct, be bold, be intelligent and informative.

There have been a number of changes to the team. A change of 'boss' has seen WO1 Bob McKenzie depart to the Recruiting Office at Bathgate where, under advice, they have already started nailing loose items down. In his place we welcome WO2 John McInnes whose previous experience as a recruiter and his fresh ideas, will maintain and improve the already high standards of the now Regimental Recruiting Team. Not a job designed to improve the golf handicap.



*The Lord Provost in command before Knockhill.*



*Knockhill.*



*Edinburgh Cadet Troop, Pipes and Drums and Recruiting Team.*

Cpl 'Scunner' Campbell was promoted to Sgt and along with his book of 1001 excuses was posted to the Recruiting Office in Glasgow. Cpl Al Johnston moved across to the Piping School to share his skills on the piccolo. Cpl Roddy Weir has returned to the Regiment in Germany and is relieved to find that having no car tax is not a problem. Sadly we said goodbye to Cpl Scott Ramsay who left the Army for bigger and better things.

He was last seen delivering Easter Eggs in Edinburgh. We wish them all the best for the future.

To keep company with Cpls Al Macaulay and Steve Graham we welcome to the fold LCpl Andy Veitch, who since his arrival has given the team flu at least five times! We also welcome LCpl Pete Smith, who is full of great ideas and can 'talk for Scotland'.

## D SQUADRON

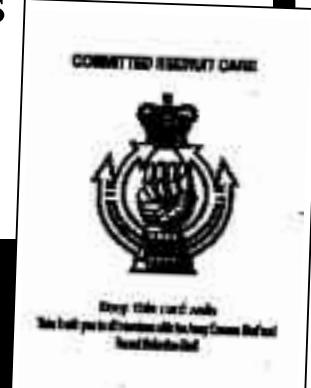
Returns from the shadows and back on parade, 5th December 2001.

Recruits Wanted • Recce Skills • Snipers  
Covert Ops • Special Ops



Like the sound  
of it? It's not too  
late to sign up.

Apply now in time for  
Ex MEDICINE MAN 2 - BATUS 2002



## PADRE



Padre and Maj Raitt receiving their Duke of Kent's Medals.

When you are spending a long weekend in France with fifty troopers, it is comforting to know that when they go absent in the capital there are subalterns and sergeants around to help out. You can depend on their competence born of years of experience, allied to their native common sense. Their map reading and general navigational skills will be unerring. Stamina is not an issue. So why was it that at three o'clock on that first night in Paris, when all fifty troopers were safely tucked up in bed, eight knackered subbies and SNCOs were lugging suitcas-

es past lines of riot police and burnt out cars, having lost hope of ever finding their hotel? Their only consolation was keeping the Padre awake by telephoning him with 'progress' reports (which I regret to say produced nothing but uncontrollable laughter). Whatever finally happened to them that night, at least they made it to the RV at the Eiffel Tower the following afternoon. You can read more about Exercise 'Gallic Trooper' elsewhere in the magazine.

'Gallic Trooper' started life at Gate 2 in Kosovo. It was one of those nights in February when an icy wind was blasting across that high pass into Serbia and conversation turned easily to what we would do on returning to civilisation. Six months lay ahead, particularly long for the married soldiers with young children growing up. Hopefully the link throughout the tour between Capt Andy Stewart in Fallingbostel and myself in Kosovo helped sort out most of the welfare issues. We tried our best anyway.

The saddest event of the past year was undoubtedly the death of Tpr Chris Bell ('Dinger'). Kosovo forged strong bonds between the soldiers, and Dinger's death during post tour leave was a body blow to A Squadron in particular. Many members of the Regiment attended the funeral in Scotland, and the subsequent memorial service in Fallingbostel. A photograph of Dinger now hangs in A Squadron bar, a reminder of a young man who won the affection of all.

At the time of writing the Regiment has just had its carol service, with the best singing for years. The secret:- lashings of gluhwein downed by the troops at the church door! With Christmas leave now ahead, I am hoping to complete a project to transfer photographs of SCOTS DG on to video, accompanied by music. Entitled 'A Perfect Pattern', each soldier will receive a copy of his own. It should give wives, parents and friends a new insight into the life of the Regiment.

By the time you read this I will have left SCOTS DG on posting to the training depot of the Royal Irish Regiment in Ballymena. The great sadness of finally having to leave is only tempered by the many memories I take with me of the past four years. Being in a Troop of one, a regimental chaplain's job can be a lonely experience. But from a bivvy in a snakepit in Kosovo to a bivvy in Poland with SSgt Ewing's crew (when I nearly died of laughter), I have been welcomed and made to feel a part of all the other Troops. No one could ask to serve with a finer group of soldiers. It will be my great good fortune if I get the chance to do so again....

## WELFARE OFFICE

We started the year with a huge name change, henceforth we shall be known as the Welfare Office. This caused mass confusion throughout the Regiment, especially when answering the telephone. By the time we mumbled through the "Good morning, Famwelfareies Office how can we help you" the caller was left in hysterics.

January saw the return of Julie, the Welfare Clerk from maternity leave, the office now consisted of Capt Andy Stewart, WO2 Gerry McFarlane, Sgt Tim Winchester and a second civilian clerk, Naomi, who we managed to poach from HQ Sqn.

February saw the Regiment deploy to Kosovo, on its first operational tour since Bosnia in 1997. Due to the deployment the department was reconfigured to meet the challenges of its new role - taking care of all welfare matters, housing, hospital visits etc. Whilst the Kosovo Information Room dealt with everything concerning the deployment. They answered any queries, planned functions and trips, arranged flights and a multitude of other tasks. A fortnightly newsletter called 'Rear Link' was started and a copy was sent to every family, even those in the UK. Copies were also sent to Kosovo. The Link contained the latest news and information from the Welfare Office and the Regiment in Kosovo and advertised forthcoming events and functions. This was an excellent way to keep the wives informed and to nip rumors in the bud. The newsletter was such a success, it has been carried on after the tour and is now produced monthly.

In response to our efforts squadron newsletters began to percolate back to Fallingbostel. One of the most popular newsletters had to be the 'Mutant Monthly' produced by B Squadron. Once started, it soon became a matter of pride and all the squadrons produced their own very funny and interesting articles.

Pre-deployment, the Welfare Office gratefully received a number of grants from the Regimental Trust, HQ 7 Armd Bde and the Station 550. A portion of the money was used to purchase 2 computers with an internet facilities. Both machines proved to be very popular with the wives and soldiers on Rear Party alike. An Internet Café was set up and opened for all to use. Electronic blueys were sent using the Post Office "Relay One System." Requests and dedications were also sent via e-mail to BFBS radio. One



Scotland 2000, Cpl MacAulay recruiting at the Castle.

particular lady going back to Scotland on leave managed to book and pay for a driving course in Scotland. All the arrangements for the course were made using the net - including the flights.

There were the usual fun and frolics organized by the Welfare Office. Sunday lunches, Zoo trips, Kids parties, Quiz Nights, Shopping trips, Sports days, a sailing weekend and much, much more. We were quite lucky that the majority of the tour was during the summer months and we had the weather on our side. Not a single fortnight went by without some form of outing/activity taking place. Everything that was put on was very well attended. We strongly believe that this was mainly due to the families being kept in the information loop. We knew from a very early stage that this was a very important

issue, and it is an issue that we are proud to have dealt with successfully.

June rapidly approached and we said goodbye to "Mr. Fix It" - Sgt Tim Winchester. He left the Army to camp out on a beach in Spain with his wife. Sgt "Sandy" Beveridge filled his shoes most admirably. As an IT guru he found himself very popular joining the busiest department in the Rear Party. His computer knowledge and Internet skills were soon put to good use.

In July we said goodbye to Julie, who left us to join her husband back in the UK. Families could now see the light at the end of the tunnel as the tour was drawing to a close, only a month to do. It was quite a busy time in the office though. The school holidays were upon us and quite a number of families wanted to fly back to the UK, to visit friends and relatives. During July we did have a rather memorable quiz night. The quizmaster asked 'What was a baby hedgehog called', the answer came back "A little prick".

So, here we are in August with the Regiment safely back in Fallingbostel's bosom. The last thing left to close the Operational Tour chapter was a massive party. This was themed on an Ibiza rave complete with foam tent. This was a huge success. We would like to thank everyone who kept their sense of

humour when they were covered head to foot in foam, with or without their consent.

WO2 Gerry McFarlane left us in September to join the RIT team in Edinburgh. He took with him all his vast knowledge of everything photographable. So, the Welfare Office staff now consisted of Capt Andy Stewart, Sgt Sandy Beveridge and Naomi Smith. October and November were relatively quiet months, with the families settling back into a routine and the Welfare Office dealing with normal every day queries. The last function of the year was to plan the Children's Christmas Party. This went without a hitch, something that the Welfare Office has an excellent reputation for. A kids orientated finger buffet was provided and a huge thank you goes to the two children who thoroughly enjoyed themselves pulling all 100 Christmas crackers before the party started! An entertainer did his bit and threw sweets and party hats at the kids for a couple of hours then it was on to Santa for a Selection Box. We would like to thank Major Chris McGarrell for managing to contact Santa in the North Pole and making sure he arrived in time for the party. It all ended with the Welfare Officer holding his head in his hands and saying 'never, ever again'.

So with a year full of activity and organized chaos, we are pleased to be able to say, "We did it". We are now looking forward to going through it all again in July 2001. "Bring it on" is all we can say!!



Post Kosovo reunion.

## MARRIAGES AND BIRTHS

### During the year 2000 the following married:

Cpl JJ Burke (REME) and Kay Lorna	29 April
Cpl T Silburn (REME) and Silka	24 August
Cpl A Fox and Clare	1 September
LCpl GS Allen and Lorraine Louise	1 September
Tpr PF Kelly and Tracy	1 September
Tpr G Dunachie and Jacqueline	2 September
Tpr ML Armstrong and Maria	7 September
Cpl GP Miller and Margaret	16 September
Cpl DC Baird and Monika	6 October
LCpl G Smith and Tanja	6 October
LCpl J Pratt and Lorna	14 October
Tpr AA Smurthwaite and Victoria	14 October
LCpl RG Charters and Joanna	23 October
Tpr A Daniels and Silvia	27 October
Sgt BG Miln thorpe (REME) and Diana	24 November
Tpr KW Gillon and Kirsten	16 December

### Sons were born to:

Cpl and Mrs D Shaw	Liam David Francis	6 January
LCpl (515) and Mrs J Brown	Aaron	30 January
LCpl (REME) and Mrs S Jays	Austin Charles	11 April
Cpl and Mrs C Reid	Edward Kyle	6 July
SSgt and Mrs K McDowell	Kevin Robert	28 July
Tpr and Mrs P Musson	Mathew	10 August
Tpr and Mrs C Whinn	Jordan	4 October
Sgt and Mrs C Thomson	Reece Christopher	20 October

### and Daughters born to:

WO2 (AGC(SPS)) and Mrs M Walker	Georgina Laury	22 March
LCpl (AGC(SPS)) and Mrs D Potter	Alice Jade	28 May
Cpl and Mrs WJ Coulter	Charley Hannah	31 May
Cpl (REME) and Mrs MJ Milsom	Leia Amanda	27 June
Tpr and Mrs A Uttley	Sophie	9 October
LCpl (228) and Mrs C Brown	Leah	20 October
Maj and Mrs BP Edwards	Kitty	27 December

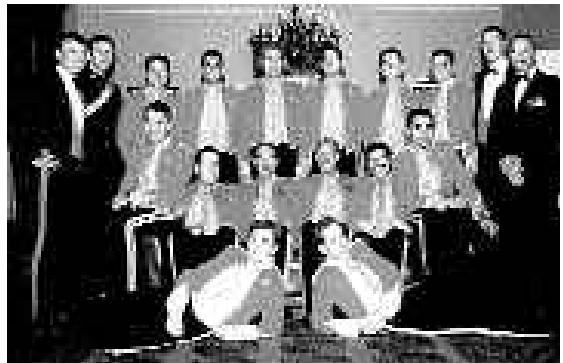


*Dinner on a hillside to celebrate the visit to Kosovo of the Deputy Colonel in Chief.*

As millennium celebrations draw to a close the Officers' Mess can reflect on a varied and fulfilling year; but when, you are probably wondering, has that been anything other than the case? The answer is of course, never; however, the sheer diversity of the past year will take some beating.

At the end of January and as a prelude to Kosovo deployment, the Mess hosted a successful cocktail party. Such was its success that Mr Soulsby awarded his much-overworked liver an extended rest the following morning. On noticing the said Soulsby's absence, the rest of the Mess unceremoniously dumped him into a bath full of iced water while still in his sleeping bag. I shall choose not to replicate Mr Soulsby's colourful intonations following that incident.

In February the Mess relocated from Fallingbostel to a rather shabby hotel on the outskirts of Podujevo, Kosovo. Mess silver, Norrie watercolours, a one-eyed fox left behind by the QDG and, of course, Pol Roger champagne, soon lent our decrepit domicile an almost acceptable air. Every Wednesday we formally entertained civil-



*Captains and Subalterns at Balaklava Night.*

ian and military guests. One member of the 4th Czech Recce Company expressed surprise that we had brought our museum along with us! At Brigade HQ an invitation to the SCOTS DG Mess soon became a much-coveted commodity and a string of official guest intermingled with opportunistic Brigade staff escaping Puzzle Palace, came winging their way up to Podujevo.

In April we had a farewell dinner for Colonel Andrew who handed over the reigns to Colonel David in early May. The Master Chef produced a gastronomic tour de force; where he acquired the lobster from in Kosovo I'll never know! On this occasion OC Czech Recce, Major Vladimir Podlipni, made initial contact with vintage port and pronounced Taylor's 1975 'very satisfying'.

Entertaining was by no means one-way; our great friends and Battlegroup colleagues, 4th Czech Recce entertained us royally on several occasions. Here we were plied with excellent Czech beer and legendary spit roasted 'Sekira? a pig' expertly prepared by 'Viktor'. The Royal Canadian Dragoons hosted a thoroughly enjoyable Canada Night celebration on 6th May and not to be outdone, the Swedes had a massive bash coinciding with their medals parade; more importantly we were delighted to discover champagne selling in their PRI!

Many of you reading this article will have marched in Hyde Park on 14th May to commemorate Cavalry Memorial Day and will undoubtedly be pleased to hear that the Mess observed this event on a pleasant hillside in Kosovo. The Brigade Commander, himself a cavalryman, albeit from one of the other regiments, led the parade and Padre Andrew conducted a moving service. An excellent barbecue ensued and later, would you believe, an impromptu game of Association Football against some local boys; Captain Ambrose disgraced himself by actually scoring a goal!

On 17th May we hosted the Brigade Commander, the Mayor of Podujevo, and members of various aid agencies to a formal dinner. During pre-prandial drinks the Czech Recce Company put on a superb parachute display and our Pipes and Drums Beat to Quarters attracting a sizable external audience in the process.

In late May the Mess relocated again, much to our chagrin may I add, to a metal monstrosity known as the Army Temporary Field Accommodation (TFA). Creating a Mess like atmosphere inside a giant iso-container certainly stretched the Mess Secretary's non-existent interior design skills.

An interesting aspect of the Kosovo tour was the sheer variety of visitors to both the regiment and the Mess. We entertained David Slinn, head of the British Office and therefore effectively the British Ambassador to Kosovo in all but name. Tam Dalyell MP visited his old regiment for three days in July arriving on a sweltering day in Skopje sporting a Greys tie. Our deputy Colonel-in-Chief, HRH the Duke of Kent, visited in late July accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment on his second visit to us that tour. The CDS General Sir Charles Guthrie visited in early August closely followed by the CGS General Sir Michael Walker. There were industrialists like Colin Clark from Vickers, journalists like Xan Fielding from the Economist and Telegraph proprietor, Conrad Black. Even the controversial filmmaker Oliver Stone turned up. I won't drone on with endless name-dropping, as I am sure you grasp the point by now.

At last in August came the long awaited end of tour date and subsequent relocation back to Fallingbostel followed by a period of much needed leave. In late September the Mess relocated for a fortnight to Edinburgh Castle and Redford Cavalry Barracks for the Scotland 2000 recruitment campaign – elaborated in greater detail elsewhere in this journal. In addition to the obvious nocturnal attractions of Edinburgh, the Mess enjoyed a superb Black Tie Ladies Night in the Edinburgh Castle Mess.

Social aspects of the Mess continued apace on our return to Fallingbostel; in October we hosted our new neighbours and old friends, 1st Battalion The Black Watch and their wives to a Black Tie dinner. Then there was the annual bloodbath on 25th October where Officers and Warrant Officers attempt to re-enact our forbearers at Balaklava, in Mess kit! This year witnessed a return of the gory tradition of 'going under the table' and there was, of course, Mess rugby and flaming hockey - all in all, a vigorous and energetic evening. In the morning the Mess resembled a scene not unlike that witnessed by Lord Raglan in 1854 *après la guerre*.

In early November the Mess hosted a 'Ladies Weekend', which included go-carting, a formal dinner and a pyrotechnic extravaganza on Bonfire Night accompanied by liberal quantities of glühwein. As Christmas leave approached there was the usual Diaspora of Alpine skiers, Nordic skiers, stalkers and those brave or foolish enough to attempt the Cresta Run early in the New Year. Detailed reports are included elsewhere.

There have been a number of additions to the Mess this year. Colonel David and Fiona are warmly welcomed back as is Major Edwards and Pippa, Major Lambert and Moddie and Captain Mackinlay and Sarah. We extend our congratulations to the newly minted Captains Cochlan and Toward; the latter living in the Mess and vigorously contributing to Mess life. Captain Britton joined us in Kosovo after a nineteen year stint in a provincial regiment from somewhere near the Welsh borders and during his short stay he had a dynamic impact on many aspects of regimental life; we wish him well in his liaison job in Northern Ireland. We also welcome our new EME, Captain Johnson and wife Emma; Lieutenant Wilkinson from the Royal Mercian and Lancastrian Yeomanry; Second Lieutenants Jameson, Gemmell, De Silva, Le Sueur, Walters, McLeman and Campbell-Davys who are all on Troop Leaders or have just completed Sandhurst.



*Capt Matheson.*



*Lt Soulsby and Capt Ambrose.*



*The Colonel, Les Contamines.*



*Capt Halford-Macleod,  
Edinburgh Castle.*



*Lt Lucas and Lt Hanlon.*



*Capt Ambrose and 2Lt Foulerton with George.*



*The Commanding Officer, celebrating  
Waterloo on Op LEATHERMAN*

While it has been a dry year on the nuptial front, the future outlook is rosy and we extend congratulations to the Adjutant on his engagement to Captain Amy Briggs and also to Captain MacMillan on his engagement to Caroline; the Millennium Falcon will at last have its co-pilot! On the baby front, I am delighted to report a fifth addition to the Edwards family in the form of a daughter, Kitty, born shortly after Christmas and just in time to make this years E&C.

Finally, we say a number of sad farewells firstly, to Colonel Andrew and April who have departed for sunnier climes in Kuwait; Major Billy Raitt and Di to rather damper climes in Glasgow - the first time Billy has ventured outside the regiment in twenty-nine years! Captain Milli Jeffrey moves up the road

but down in the social pecking order to 2RTR; the old EME, Captain Andy Stuart is now at Upavon and finally, Padre Andrew Totten and his partner, a Miss SLK Mercedes, will be leaving in the New Year after three astounding and very special years in a grey beret.

This has been a particularly outstanding year for the Mess during a turbulent period of operational deployment. Naturally, success is down to the hard work and the good will of all, however, special mention must be extended to SSgt Stevely for running an efficient Mess team and of course, the chefs, in particular, the talented Corporal Gilchrist for masterminding a myriad of succulent and mouth-watering delicacies for our discerning cavalry palates!

## WARRANT OFFICERS' & SERGEANTS' MESS

Well it's that time again. We just seem to receive the last Regimental magazine, start reading it when it is time to submit yet another article of life within the Sgts' Mess. The Mess has had quite an exiting year since December of 1999 when we all managed to complete our training package at Sennelager followed by the usual Christmas crazy time, packing, and leaving for Kosovo.

On arrival in Kosovo we all went our separate ways. BGHQ stayed at the Waterloo Hotel just outside of Podujevo (the term hotel being used loosely). A Sqn were deployed inside Podujevo and were billeted (like sardines) in the police station. B Sqn were also on the outskirts of the town in the metal factory and C Sqn

were in the water purification plant some 10 miles away from BGHQ (the only consolation). Overall, a very successful tour was had by all the mess members, especially C Sqn whom half way through the tour moved down to the Slivovo valley, over an hour drive away from the rest of the Battlegroup.

When the time came to hand over the TFA to the next Battlegroup we were all relieved to go back home to our loved ones be it in Germany or the UK. With everybody back safely we looked forward to a months leave after a short spell back in camp, a mega all ranks party, and getting the Mess organised, making sure that the LIMS(living in members) were prepared to be



*SSgt Anderson.*



*SSgt Beveridge.*

ruled over by the self imposed daddy(Prince Denzil)and his 2IC (Dodger Gardiner). Following a stint of leave most of the Mess took part in the regimental recruiting drive, Scotland 2000.

Once back in Fallingbostel we installed a new Mess Manager, Sgt Stevie Wallace (the beast), who was picked from a cast of thousands (well one) to take over from SSgt Tam Burns (Roland Rat). No sooner had we all got back to Fallingbostel than we were straight in to the Commanding Officer's Dining-In (yes 6 months after taking over command). This event was an honour and a great delight for the Sgts' Mess who always enjoy any excuse to down a few beers and retire to the dance floor. The Colonel certainly had his John Travolta shoes on, Saturday Night Fever eat your heart out. It is a good job Fiona was looking after him.

Balaclava was the next function attended by all the Warrant Officers in the Officers' Mess, headed up by



*Commanding Officer presents LSGC's to SSgt Burns and Sgt Payne.*



*Sgt Morton, Sgt Young and Sgt O'Neill.*

## CORPORALS' MESS

What a busy year it has been for the Corporals' Mess since we returned from Kosovo in August. To start off the year's parties, we dined in the new Commanding Officer, Lt Col Allfrey. This was followed shortly by the Christmas Party where the draw must have been a fix with most of the prizes going to Recce Troop. After a well earned Christmas leave we returned, once again in the party mood and endured the Burns Supper closely followed by a joint Sgts' and Cpl's Messes Valentine's Night. This provided a fitting opportunity, lead by Cpl Potter, for the new committees to say farewell to the old. The dining out of WO1 (RSM) Brooks and dining in of WO1 (RSM) Cameron was a great success where, unusually, no extras were given out.

The most recent event within the Mess was the Sgt's and Cpl's Mess games. I can proudly say the Cpl's Mess were victorious, winning the football 3-2 thanks to Cpl 'Larry' Lamb's goal. Our good fortune continued to see us as the winners of the night games, by a clear four points. The Cpl's Mess suffered few casualties with the exception of Cpl Potter, who knocked out his own side. The Sgt's Mess suffered a few more casualties notably WO2 Ewing and Sgt King. We will be hard pushed to get another party in before we deploy to Kosovo in mid June but no doubt we will make up for lost time on our return to Fallingbostel. Finally, the Cpl's Mess would like to congratulate those members who have moved across the road after their promotion to Sergeant and look forward to clashing in the next Mess games.



Cpl Lamb and Cpl Ward.



Cpl Kennan.



Cpl Boyd.

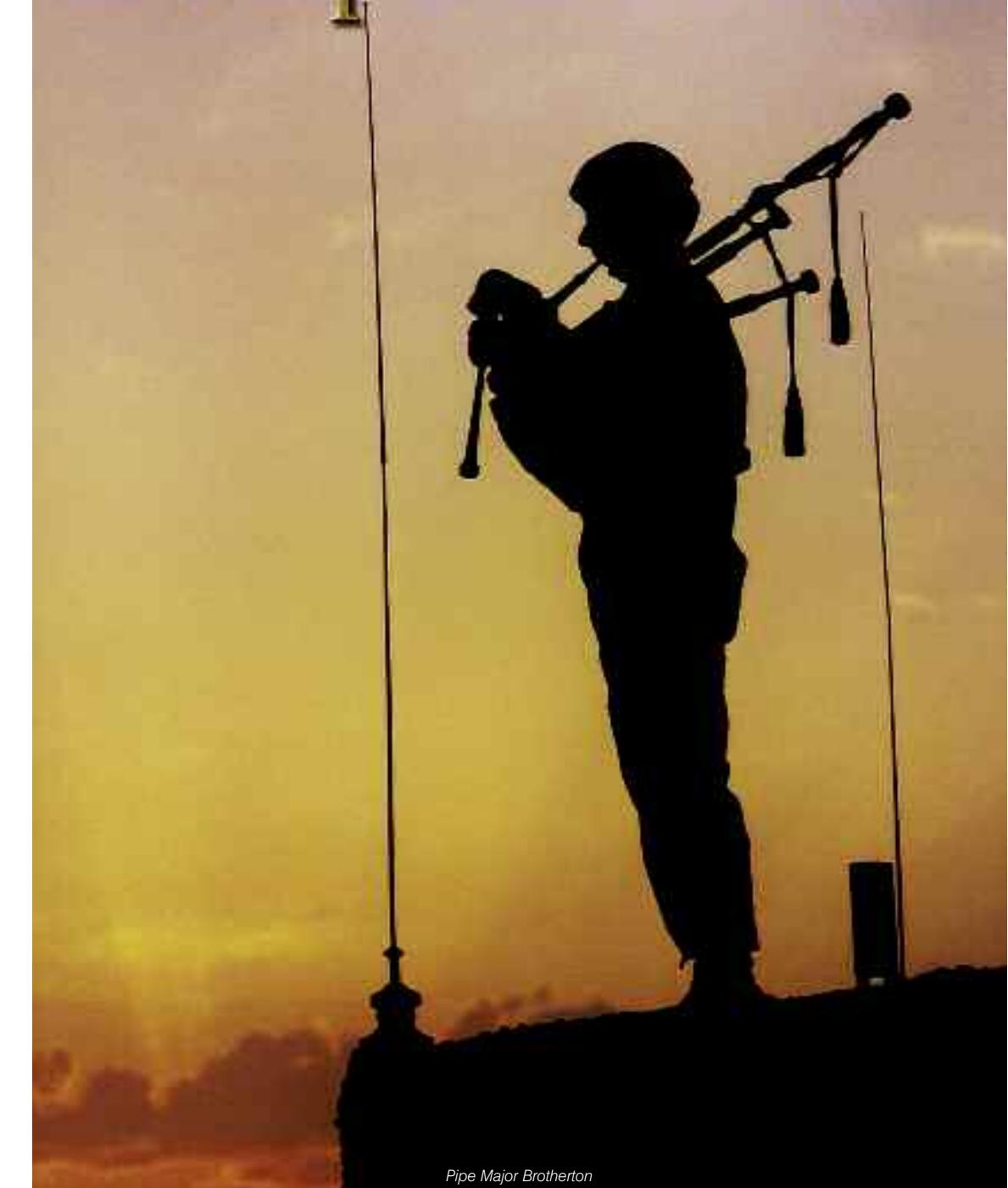


Cpl McKelvie.



Cpl Mack.

## The Pipes and Drums



Pipe Major Brotherton



LCpl McPhee.



Tpr Brown (Danny).



Remembrance.



Armoured pipes and drums.



Sgt MacPepper's band of children in Podujevo.

## THE COLONELS IN KOSOVO



*HRH The Duke of Kent in July with the Colonel and Commanding Officer*

**11 - 13 May.** The Colonel of the Regiment, with the Regimental Secretary, flew into Pristina, were briefed and accommodated at the Waterloo Hotel, Podujevo, dined with the Officers, Warrant Officers and Sergeants, toured the Squadrons including Recce Troop and the Czech Recce Company, and viewed the Temporary Field Accommodation (TFA), to return to London in time for Cavalry Memorial.

**20 - 22 July.** The Deputy Colonel in Chief and the Colonel of the Regiment operated from the recently opened TFA. The full programme encompassed the whole Battle Group and included opportunities to meet the Regiment on this operational tour, experience local conditions and enjoy social gatherings. Prince Edward presented The Duke of Kent Medal to Major W Raitt and Padre AJ Totten.

*The Colonel of the Regiment with his Close Protection Recce Troop in May*



## THE ROYAL SCOTS DRAGOON GUARDS OPERATION AGRICOLA 3

### The elements of the SCOTS DG Battlegroup:

#### Battlegroup Headquarters

A Squadron SCOTS DG (Dismounted Squadron)

B Squadron SCOTS DG (Armoured Squadron)

C Squadron SCOTS DG (Dismounted Squadron)

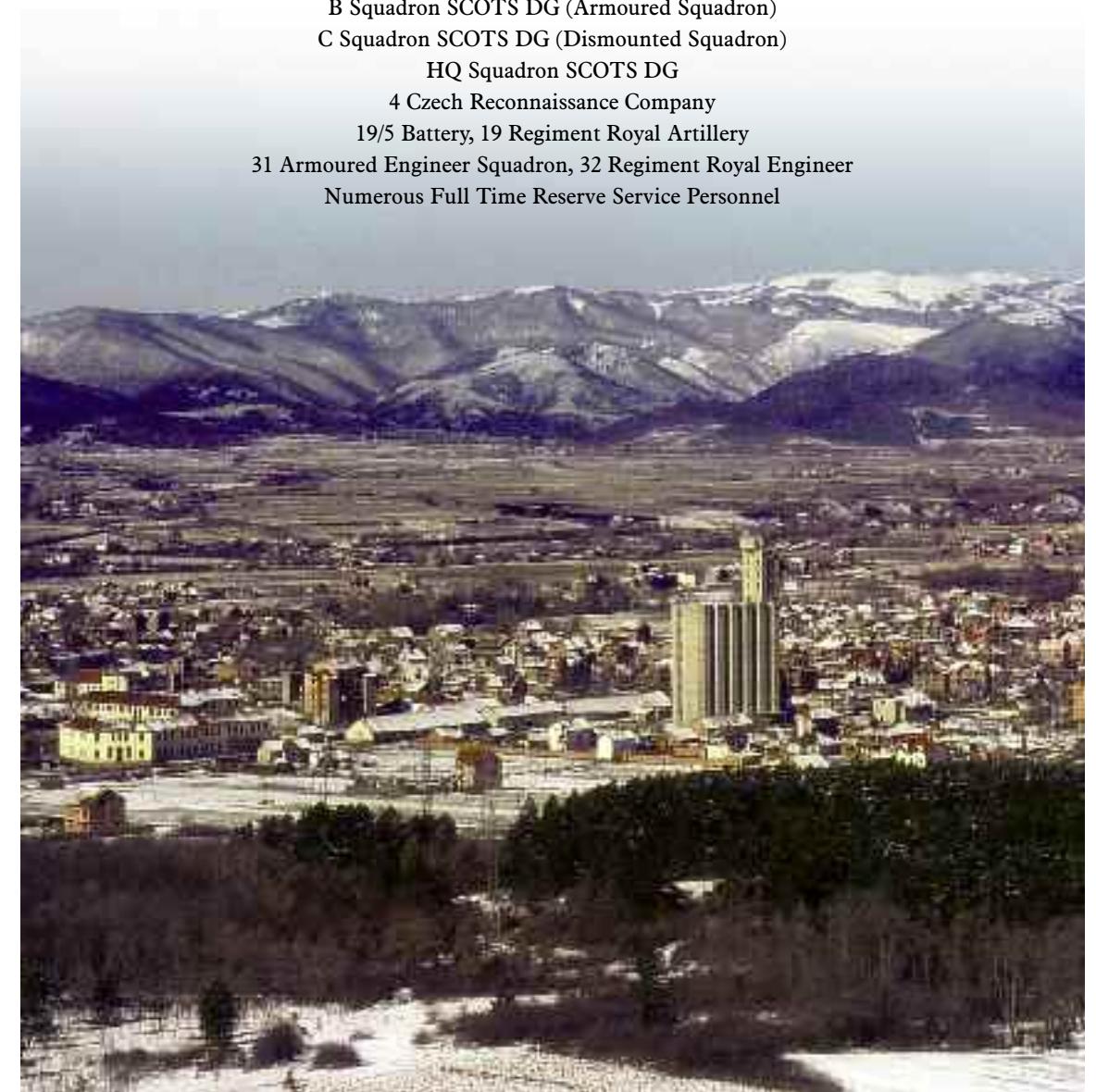
HQ Squadron SCOTS DG

4 Czech Reconnaissance Company

19/5 Battery, 19 Regiment Royal Artillery

31 Armoured Engineer Squadron, 32 Regiment Royal Engineer

Numerous Full Time Reserve Service Personnel



*The Podujevo Bowl.*

Mr Ben Brown of the BBC with 4th Troop B Squadron at Gate 2.



Tpr Culbert facing an Albanian Demonstration at Gate 3.



Command Troop and MT at UCK Bunker – Op LEATHERMAN 1.



A Squadron patrolling in Podujevo.

C Squadron touching up their suntans.

Engineers reinstate the UN flag on the Town Hall in Podujevo.



Tpr Hope with 'Hopeful'.



Tpr Reid searching the Nis Express.



WO1 (RSM) Brooks with Capt Britton - Standoff on Podujevo.



Jim Davidson and the Gladiator Girl in B Squadron Bar.



Battle Group HQ at 'Waterloo Hotel', Podujevo.



Preparing for trouble at Gate 3.



Commanding Officer and LCpl Dudman with Phoenix.



The Metal Factory gate.



Brigade Commander visits The Town Hall, Podujevo.



Destruction of UCK bunker Op LEATHERMAN 1.



A meeting of the Headsheds.



A Squadron VCP.



Gate 2 on the Kosovo - Serbia Boundary.



Tpr Martin employing 'Hearts and Minds'.



Above: Local Traffic.

Below: More Local Traffic.



A Squadron VCP11B 'Nee Deep'.



Gate 3.



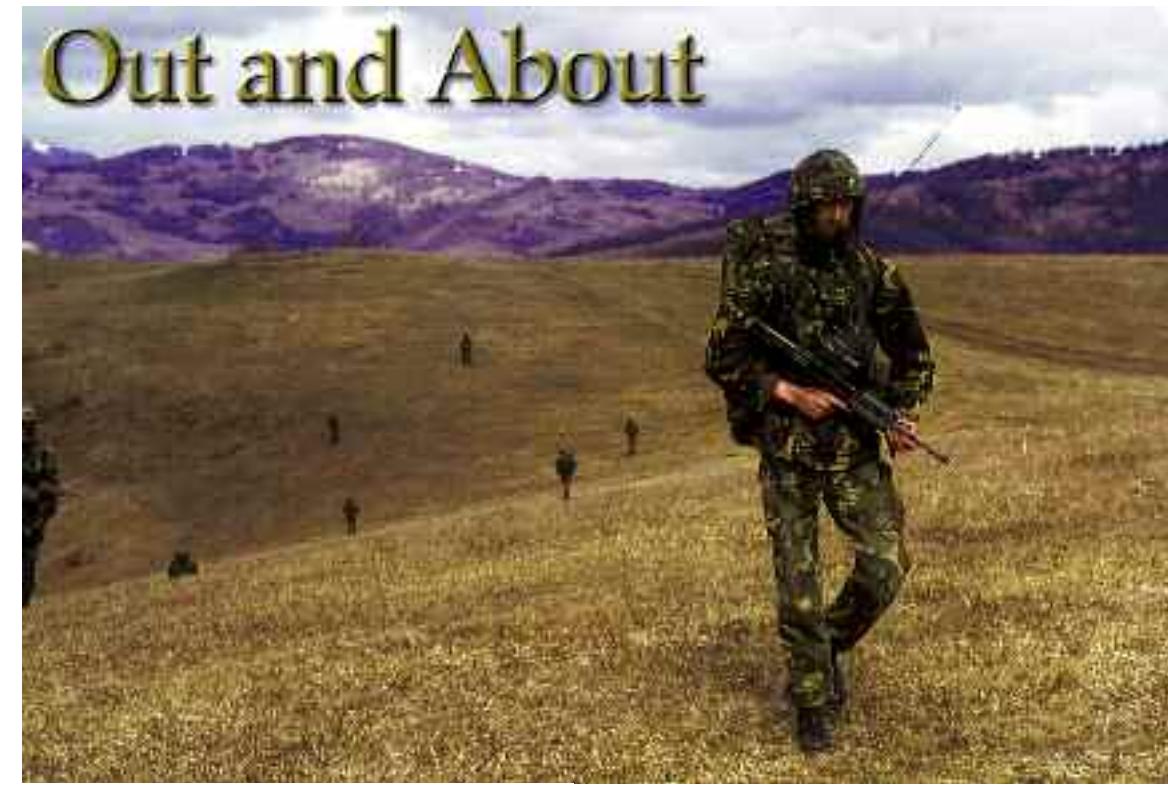
War debris.



Transfer of Authority.



WO2 G McFarlane's award winning photograph.



A Sqn on patrol.



Lt Col Andrew Phillips hands over the Regiment to Lt Col David Allfrey.



A Sqn soldiers – no flag on the Town Hall!



Tprs Brown and Woodcock "Anyone can fly one of these".



Iron Bru Galore.



Tpr (now O/Cdt) Champagne entertains the locals.



B Sqn with the Royal Canadian Dragoons outside the Metal Factory.



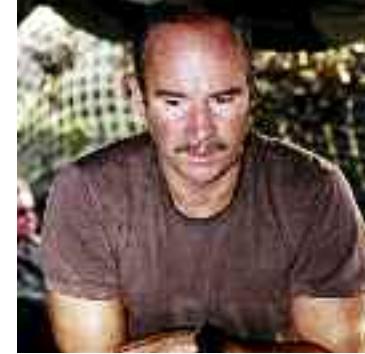
Paying the toll on the Forth Road Bridge – Scotland 2000.



A light snack for LCpl Willie Fraser.



2 IC, Commanding Officer and Tam Dalyell MP



Capt Del Britton - Asst Ops Offr Op LEATHERMAN 2.



Commanding Officer and crew recruiting.



"Your move LCpl Hendry".



Tpr Burrows at the 'Granny House' Podujevo.



Cpl Wicks and 'Fluke'.



Now you see us....

## NORDIC SKI TEAM 2000/2001

Snow. Not a bit of it. Birds sang, insects hatched and the tourist industry groaned as the sun beat down on spectacularly bare Alpine mountains. Indeed, such was the lack of snow in Austria in December 2000 that the Daily Telegraph featured Tirol's unfortunate and uncharacteristic plight as a prime indicator of global warming. It was easy to see why.

Into this heat wave were plunged the unsuspecting and bewildered members of the Regimental Nordic Ski Team. Only 12 months before, the same part of Tirol had had 1 metre of snow. With 4 of the 6 members having skied before, namely Captain Davies, Lieutenant Burnet, Lance Corporal Barclay and Chart, the prospects for the

season were bright and the chances of qualifying for an elusive and much-coveted place at the National and Army Championships were better than ever in the last decade. Lieutenant Ongaro and Trooper Kelly constituted the novice element of the team.

As the days dragged agonisingly by with no sign of snow, despite the daily snow-dancing rituals, it became apparent that alternative entertainment was required. The Regimental football team would have been impressed by the hours of football practice. A trip to Munich and the Dachau concentration camp provided an educational distraction. And the team attempted to get as fit as possible in the given circumstances by running and circuit training.

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Now you don't.

Our counterpart teams in Norway had conversely struck lucky and experienced the only snow in Europe. It became a mild concern that the SCOTS DG team would be race-unfit by the time they moved to the RAC Championships in Hochfilzen, Austria, on 3 January. Would our Norway-trained rivals, of which the majority were, be better than us? Would we ever be able to match their fitness? What had, on paper, looked to be a promising season was now being steadily sabotaged by the elements. Our resolve to train elsewhere next year was strengthened.

By 16 December the situation had improved, but only slightly. A ski resort in southern Tirol had been found with a smattering of snow and, more importantly, 5 kms of Nordic ski tracks. Despite the daily 3 hour round trip, this was an important find. Disillusionment had begun to creep into the team.

Mention must be made of Lieutenant Burnet's Christmas, one which surely must rank high in the memory stakes but very low in terms of pleasure. The team had expected to remain in their hotel until 28 December. A chance conversation with the owner on Christmas Eve exposed this belief as incorrect - he expected us to leave early on Boxing Day and he had more guests arriving to boot. Quick action was required if the team was not to be homeless in no more than 36 hours. A frantic series of visits to local hosteries highlighted the extent of the problem. It was Christmas time, prime holiday time, and there was certainly no room at the inn for 6 wandering soldiers. Luck as ever looked kindly on SCOTS DG and a demented Team captain was able to secure new lodgings elsewhere having spent the whole of Christmas Day in the hunt.

The RAC Championships confirmed the team's concerns - those teams that had trained in Norway were undoubtedly better prepared. Fortunately, the races counted for nothing and they could be used as additional training time. Some good performances were witnessed across the team and hopes rose for a successful Divisional Championships. Lieutenant Ongaro had by this stage injured the tendons in his knee and was forced to return to Fallingbostel. He should be congratulated for his enthusiasm and remains a strong contender for the Team captain's role next year. In 1998, SCOTS DG finished 15th in the Divisional Championships and qualified for the Army Championships. This year, SCOTS DG finished in an unprecedented 11th position, yet did not qualify. If one sentence was to summarise this season, the last is fitting. Having been told unofficially that the cut would happen at 11th or 12th place this year, it was a disbelieving team who were told with one day to go that the cut was actually at 9th position. This was to promote the sport amongst females in the Army by allowing 2 Ladies' team to qualify. *C'est la vie.*

Some excellent performances were seen across the team, nonetheless. Although the standard of biathlon shooting was low owing to a lack of training, the team's skiing was noteworthy. Lance Corporal Barclay and Chart, the former being the recognised expert after 4 years of experience, were both forces to be reckoned with. Trooper Kelly improved beyond all belief at the Div's and is keen to return next year.

Yet the strongest SCOTS DG team for a decade had failed to prove their true worth by not reaching the Army's. Assembling such a team will not happen again for a few years. However, it is easy to lose sight of the real purpose of the Army Skiing. Yes, as with any sport, the aim is to win races. But the Army would not invest such quantities of money in skiing if it did not believe there were other gains such as character development. Living and training as a small team for the best part of 2 months does develop the individual soldier in terms of independence and confidence, without a doubt. The gains in fitness and x-country skiing skills, both ultimately military orientated, cannot be denied.

Nordic ski magazine articles regularly address the same question - how can SCOTS DG elevate themselves into the realms of the skiing elite? If 2RTR, QRH and the QDG have done it, surely we can also? With similar quantities of soldiers arriving at the Regiment as any other RAC regiment, the answer to the question lies not with the type of soldier in SCOTS DG. Rather, it lies in 3 other areas - perceptions, training and continuity.

Nordic skiing is incorrectly perceived by the Regiment as tedious, hard work and pointless, especially compared to its more glamorous alpine cousin. If soldiers are to volunteer in future years, a drastic change in perceptions is required, at all levels within the Regiment (or, alternatively, soldiers will simply be forced to attend which is less favourable). In terms of training, the teams of the future will not improve to any degree if they continue to teach themselves. For evidence, witness the success of the alpine team with their personal trainer. A similar system must be developed forthwith for the Nordic team. Continuity, from season to season, is what produces the good skier. The best Nordic skiers in the Army have returned 4 or more years in a row. This must, where possible, be encouraged in the future.

With the Commanding Officer's evident enthusiasm and support, there is nothing to suggest that SCOTS DG cannot apply the principles laid out above to make some lasting improvements.

Indeed, the opportunity to take a number of soldiers to Finland to be trained by the experts in the Finnish Army is one that should not be underestimated.

## ALPINE SKIING 2000-01

When the ski team left behind what had been an exceptionally busy year to drive south to Alpbach no one could know how successful the season would be. The start of the season was not encouraging, as on arrival the team found a scene more akin to the summer resort renowned for its amazing flowers than a snow filled winter playground. Capt Spenlove Brown (known even to all Alpbachers as Spook!) and Trooper Archie MacFarlane were the only members of this first group who had been part of the team the previous year. They were joined in a very green Austria for the first time by Lt James Bishop, 2Lt Will Leek, Tprs Ryan Stevenson, Andy Green, Jamie Beverage and Steven Scoular. The last three were raw beginners and eagerly awaited their first taste of snow skiing.

The lifts in Alpbach were not destined to open for a further three weeks but all was not lost. The Jakober (recently named as one of the top ten pubs in the Alps by the Sunday Times) welcomed back 'The Scottish Team' with open arms. The difficulty with this was a 05:30 hrs reveille to drive to The Hintertux Glacier which was made even more uncomfortable by the wicked hangover caused by the local brew. One advantage 'Kaiser Beer' had was that it guaranteed we had cable cars to ourselves for the first two weeks until our digestive systems made the necessary adjustments!

The skiing conditions at Hintertux were fantastic and as it was so early in the season the slopes were almost deserted. Our only regular company was the QRH Team (another set of commuters from the snowless Alpbach) and 1 General Support Regiment RLC Team who had already had an amazing six weeks training. They certainly gave our team an idea of the competition that we would be up against.

Gerhard Margritter, the mad five foot two flying Alpbacher, was to train us for a fifth successive season. Helping him this year, with the beginners, was Hans-Peter Moser; a hard drinking Alpbach farmer who start-

ed with a two word English vocabulary, namely "Follow Follow". The results the newly christened Follow-Follow produced were quite outstanding. His protégés were all racing in the slalom poles by Christmas; they in turn had expanded his vocab in a sometimes dubious direction.

After the initial two weeks Cpl David Thomson and Lt Alex Matheson (this year's Team Captain) joined the team direct from courses in the UK. Further experience was added when Captain 'Bafi' Blair arrived to help train the team at the same time as running up and down the mountains with a pack on accompanied by his ever faithful dog, Charlie. At about the same time the team's surrogate father, SSgt Ross Anderson arrived for his annual pilgrimage to keep his skills honed and lend a hand while his posting prevents him from racing. We look forward to having him back racing in the team next year.

During this period we were hit by a string of injuries that seriously disrupted the training period for some racers. Shoulder injuries were the favourite with no less than three of the team sporting elaborate shoulder braces at one point. 2Lt Leek christened the local Doctor 'Dr Bruno Bloodsucker', which was entirely appropriate as he was now doing very nicely from our insurance company!

The snow finally arrived in sufficient quantities for the Alpbach lifts to open on 22 December. This came as a great relief to all, not least because it meant an end to the 05:30 starts. Now the newly love-struck Trooper MacFarlane could spend a few more hours a day with his Austrian sweetheart!

Christmas and New Year in a now snow covered Alpbach were both truly Regimental affairs, Regiment names past and present such as Blackman, Alers-Hanky, Martin, Allen, Hanlon, Williams and Walters all made appearances. With the party season now behind us, and the snow conditions improving steadily the best period of the years training was about to come. Gerhard was now able to really weave his magic. The improvement in Trooper



Capt Matheson.

MacFarlane's skiing was unprecedented; between seasons somehow he had turned himself from a 'punter' skier into a racer with style and most importantly speed. The race was now on and the experienced Cpl Thomson could not afford his injured shoulder to slow him down. The vastly experienced Capt Spenlove-Brown and the fast if unrefined Lt Matheson then joined these two to make the core of the team.

Allocating the final two places was more difficult. Although impeded by lack of training after a severe shoulder injury 2Lt Leek's obvious future potential was now clearly showing, and he was a strong contender. Tprs Stevenson and Green were meanwhile flying the Yorkshire flag and becoming accomplished racers. Their apparent disregard for their own safety and friendly rivalry meant that they were never more than a second apart, while day after day they got closer to the established team members. On the last day Tpr Stevenson infuriatingly crashed and sustained ligament damage that put him out for the remainder of the season, and therefore sadly out of contention for the Regimental team.

At the same time Lt Bishop was beginning to feel the heat from Tprs Scouler and Beveridge who had come on at a frightening pace and will both be forces to be reckoned with in the coming years. After much deliberation the team selected to go forward to the Championships was Lt Matheson (capt), Capt Spenlove Brown, Cpl Thomson, Tpr MacFarlane, 2Lt Leek and Tpr Green.

It was now that things really started to go well for the team. The Divisional Championships were our best for many years. We retained our Downhill crown, finished second in the Giant Slalom and Slalom events and were second overall in the Division. Lt Matheson also

showed a glimpse of things to come by winning the Super G and finishing in the bronze medal position overall. Tpr Green brilliantly became the Champion Novice in the Slalom and would have qualified for the Army Championships but for a crash in the final event. Four of the team finished in the top 20 and 5 went forward to the Army Championships in Serre Chevalier.

At the Army Championships the courses are longer and steeper and the competition is stiffer, but still the team achieved stunning results. The Team were third in both the Giant Slalom and the Super G. Here again we retained our Downhill crown, making the SCOTS DG undefeated in this Blue Riband event for over two years. Theories differ as to whether this means we are the ultimate ski racers or just devoid of any self-preservation. Cpl Thomson, Tpr MacFarlane, Capt Spenlove-Brown and Lt Matheson all skied for the victorious Royal Armoured Corps Team. The team were the first placed RAC team and as the overall runners-up take the Stanis Memorial Trophy back to where it originated from in Alpbach for the first time since 1968. The questions of self-preservation and sanity were again asked about Lt Matheson as he was selected to join the Army Team and gain the coveted red jumper as a Downhill specialist! At the Inter Services Championships in Megeve The Army Team won every race, and Lt Matheson finished a creditable 6th overall.

The results achieved this year have far outstripped even our most optimistic predictions and it is testament to the hard work of this and previous years to get the team up to the level it is now. The Regiment is now firmly established as a skiing force to be reckoned with and will be aiming to go one better in 2002 and become Army Champions.



Member of the ski team plus an amateur!

## CRESTA RUN

It has been another good year on the run for the Cresta team. The team was made up of five officers and soldiers however due to time constraints and injuries only Capt Clayton and Mr Foulerton continued onto the various championships.

LCpl Tyler-Creed and Tpr Loftus spent a week learning the twists and turns of the run, achieving best speeds of 52s and 60s however it was left to Mr Kerrigan to show how not to fall at the famous Shuttlecock turn. A reshew is required to actually reach the charming village of Celerina, having broken his arm on his first run.

The Army Championships were split this year between Junction and Top days. This was to avoid the overcrowding seen last year caused by too many Army riders on the run in one week. We won the Inter-Regimental pairs race over the other five regiments competing, and Mr Foulerton took away more silver coming third in the Individual handicap race. In the Top Championships, it appeared that Capt Clayton would take the Scots Guards cup but a painful shuttlecock in the third course, denied a result for him, however Mr Foulerton stormed in to take third place.

Both were selected for the Army team in the Inter Services Championships a week later. The final result saw the Army winning a most exciting race and the Championship for the first time in sixteen years. Much celebration ensued and watch out for Jeremy Clarksons' programme on Speed.



The Army Team (Captain Clayton and Mr Foulerton to left).



Inter Services Champions, a victorious Army Team.



Tpr Loftus finds the straw at Shuttlecock.

## STALKING

On 3rd December 2000 13 troopers, one chef and a troop leader arrived at Chesthill House in Glen Lyon, to begin ten days' hind stalking. Exercise Galloping Glen was the largest stalking trip to date, providing a memorable experience for all those involved. The idea was to provide a five day package for the troopers in the first week at a greatly subsidised rate, leading straight into their leave, which proved popular. For all bar one, this was the first time they had been stalking, so from the moment they arrived there was an air of anticipation and eagerness to get started.

After a civilised reveille at 7am and a substantial breakfast from the excellent chef Private Wilson, the

boys covered head to foot in gortex were ready to go. The stalkers; David Pirie, David Old, Bert and Jim provided a wealth of experience and unbridled energy which the boys appreciated greatly, although Squadron PT had not prepared some for the size of the hills, the steepness of the slopes and the speed of the stalkers!

The first week saw some impressively bad weather that made even the damp forests of northern Germany seem decidedly pleasant. With the number of people included it meant that not all would hold the rifle each day, but every moment on the hill was an educational experience as the stalkers explained the lives of deer and the art of stalking in some detail. The end of the first day saw two distinct camps, those with smiles and bloodied cheeks and those who were



A likely bunch of stalkers.

just soaked to the skin. By the end of the week all had had smiles and blood on the cheeks!

On their return each day the boys would watch with fascination as carcasses would be turned into something a little closer to what they were used to seeing on the supermarket shelf. This would be followed by hearty chat and plenty of Grouse in the Kitchen as friendly banter was exchanged between stalker and soldier. After hot baths and a well deserved meal it was time to retire to the drawing room until late into the night.

Towards the end of the week the weather abated slightly and all had managed to bag at least one beast, some managing a tally of five. By the end of their five days the majority were set on returning the following year regardless of the weather, the stalkers also thanked the soldiers for their constant good humour and inquisitive nature.

On the Friday night of the first week the officers began to arrive, a party of ten were to be present for all or part of the following five days. The Saturday saw nine on the hill, five of whom returned with a beast. On the Saturday night a dinner for stalkers and

guests, some of whom had travelled a considerable distance, went on long into the night.

In the past stalking has tended to attract a largely officer field, but in recent years the sport has opened up and the soldiers have showed a great passion for it. This annual trip to Glen Lyon is only possible with the kind permission of General Ramsay to whom we are all eternally grateful. With the response this year and the interest already expressed for next, there is no lack of enthusiasm for stalking within the Regiment.

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## RACING

Racing activities for the majority of our Regimental jockeys were rather hampered by our lengthy sojourn in the Balkans (from the end of January to the second week in August). The one exception occurred as a result of Colonel Andrew Phillips' generosity. He allowed his Second-in-Command to briefly escape Battlegroup Headquarters in Podujevo on the premise of briefing our successors, 1 PWRR, in Tidworth. Fortunately the timing for this vital pre-operational tour briefing coincided with the Grand Military meeting at Sandown ("Now there's a surprise," I hear you say).

General Charles Ramsay had kindly offered me the ride on a leased horse called MASTER NOVA for the Grand Military Gold Cup, a horse trained by Howard Johnson. Sadly, despite the rave reviews that emanated from the trainer, the horse turned out to be rather disappointing. We bounced out at the start with every intention of making the running, but the horse was not a willing partner and was ponderous at his fences. Trying to keep his interest and enthusiasm proved a one-way struggle. Having pulled up halfway down the back straight for the last time and watched the remaining nine runners make the best of their way home, no less than four horses then fell at the next open ditch. With six prizes on offer, one felt duty bound to try and regain some monetary compensation for the

Regimental Team, plus I was damned if this brute was going to be allowed to walk home. (I was convinced that he had the equine equivalent of a smirk on his face anyway! We turned round and re-joined where we had left off. An angry shout, a kick and a slap with the whip saw us resume and this time, he tackled matters with a bit more zest. Possibly he thought "Hey, where's everybody else, we must be in front!" We finished a few minutes later (me pretty exhausted) and explaining to the lad who led him up that a set of blinkers might be the answer provoked the reply, "Aye, th'Boss 'as been thinking of putting th'blinkers on 'im for awhile now". Oh thanks a lot I thought.

Regimental pride received a much-needed boost from Bas Nichol, who once again completed a successful raid from Ireland on an Edward O'Grady-trained horse called SHIP'S DECANTER. They took the Duke of Gloucester Hunterchase in good style and then, 24 hours later, the same combination finished 3rd in the Dick McCreery Hunterchase. Yours truly rode CARLEY LAD for leading permit trainer, Mr Norman Mason and despite the unsuitably soft ground, the horse jumped brilliantly to finish a creditable 5th. XAIPETE ("Cross-eyed Pete" to his mates) ran in the Barclays Bank Hurdle Race for the same connections but the jockey misjudged the early pace and made too much use of him early on – actually he





pulled my arms out. We got round but did not get in the frame. So Bas went back to Ireland with his trophy and Regimental Second-in-Command returned to Podujevo to abuse and ribaldry!

In late May, I handed over to Ben Edwards in-theatre and immediately started my new job at Sennelager as a member of the Combined Arms Field Training Group. My specific purpose is to run all British training on the American Simulation Network, or SIMNET, which is located in Grafenwöhr. It is a wonderful facility where you leap into a tank simulator and fight a computer-generated enemy in cyberspace. Those in the Regiment who have been will testify to its excellent training value. However, the American military and civilian ethos that pervades Grafenwöhr does take some getting used to, unless perchance you are in to line dancing, in which case "Why, hell boy, you'll jus' fit right on in'thar"!!

Despite the sadness of leaving Regimental Duty, Sennelager did provide me with an opportunity to resume racing on the German circuit from June onwards. The first ride back was on my own horse, SLAGRANT, a 6-year-old who is trained by Christian Sprengel in Hannover. We contested a handicap chase at Zweibrücken, in South West Germany (nearly in France!). He ran a fabulous race, jumping for fun over a wide variety of obstacles on rock hard ground to finish a close 3rd. Sadly, the unfortunate aftermath was that his leg, or more specifically his tendon, had incurred damage. He was subsequently sent to the Czech Republic for an operation and happily, at the time of writing, he is fully recovered and back in training at Christian's yard.

Regular riding out was soon incorporated into the daily routine on meeting Jürgen Hartmann, a German trainer near Gutersloh. The nocturnal life-style of a subaltern is a distant memory – up at 5 o'clock, in the yard by 0545, on a horse by 0600, next horse by 0700 and away at just before 0800 to be in the office for 0830. Jürgen had a friend called Axel Heinrich who trained his own horses at the same yard. These two characters, both delightful and with not a word of English between them, became the primary source of my rides for the rest of the season.

Jürgen provided me with some fun in amateur flat races, most notably on SALDUR (a 7-year-old stallion bred by the National Stud in Newmarket and smaller than any polo pony!) and THE UNTOUCHABLE (an 8-year-old gelding with a mouth of iron – nicknamed TONY – no moustache!). We raced at Bad Harzburg, Rastede, and Hooksied, all small country courses used more often for trotting races, which is an obsession for many German race goers. Fortunately, SALDUR cornered as if he was on rails (actually he might just make

a polo pony!). Both he and TONY managed to get in the money at least three times each so they paid their keep. The most bizarre experience came when riding SALDUR at Cuxhaven. Here, rather like Leytown in Ireland, you race on the beach. The swift tides mean that races must start on time or you could find yourself swimming in the Baltic.

Axel allowed me to ride his homebred MOONLIGHT DANCER (an unraced 3-year-old gelding – rather slow) in his first two races, which were both over hurdles at Bremen. We spent most of the summer getting our jumping act together and he quickly proved a willing and enthusiastic student, occasionally insisting on a lap of honour just to prove how clever he was. He had never seen the racecourse in his life before he ran in October. When we came to saddle him, he was very wound up and spent most of his time on his hind legs. Fortunately, by the time Axel came to leg me up, he had calmed down.

The German Racing authorities insist on some rather protracted preliminaries before a jump race. In the UK, we simply show a horse the first obstacle before lining up. In Germany, you do this and then you jump it as a practise. Inevitably, the selected obstacle is in front of the stands. Our opponents that day included some rather smart flat horses, all with proven ability, two of them in listed company (big races, lots of prize-money). MOONIE was the only horse of the field of six making his debut so little wonder that his eyes were out on stalks. Fortunately, he behaved and although we could not keep up, one of the smart flat horses turned a somersault at the third last (horse and jockey unhurt) and we completed for the DM 500 fifth prize. Axel was delighted, the jockey was relieved, and MOONIE didn't know what all the fuss was about!

The next time we ran MOONIE (in bottomless ground), he led for most of the first circuit but blew up turning for

home. Axel wants us to try fences this year and intends to run PAISLEY PARK, (another Heinrich-homebred with a sense of humour) as well. You'll need to read next year's article to learn how we got on!

My other race-riding opportunities emerged through the FENGENTRI competition but these are covered elsewhere in the magazine. The Regiment has been represented most recently on the racecourse in January when both Charlie Lambert and Bruce Ridge rode in the Saddle Clubs Race at the Army Point-to-Point. Charlie rode his ex-Lambourn trained youngster ALL-TIME DANCER and Bruce rode his own COOL WORK. Charlie's horse had not run over fences previously, but did have some decent form over hurdles. By his own admission, the horse was short of work but he jumped beautifully and Moddy (Charlie's wife) won the best turned out prize for her efforts. They deserve an enormous amount of credit for what they have achieved with that horse, who basically was dismissed as a cripple from his previous professional yard. Bruce was having a smashing ride on his horse until they parted company at the 14th – a real shame because he was travelling well in contention at the time. Hopefully, both combinations will be regular participants throughout the rest of the point-to-point season.

Season 2000 was tremendous fun for me, and despite a distinct lack of winners, I was fortunate to meet a lot of nice people and coincidentally, improve my German (albeit Racecourse German – which includes English and Irish swearing!). The imminent return to the Regimental fold will hopefully enable me to encourage a few others to come and join in. Certainly, it is a good excuse to see more of Europe. "Le Skip", the infamous Wheeler car, is fast approaching the 200,000 mile point and BFG inspections tend to be rather nail-biting events. Nevertheless, "a ride's a ride" and the amateur's ethos of "have saddle – will travel" remains firm. Watch out for next year's instalment.

  
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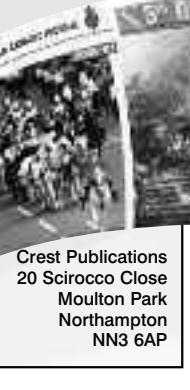
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WO2 G McFarlane	Home HQ, Edinburgh	Cpl PS Branch	Armour Centre, Bovington
WO2 RJ McKellar	Defence Trials, Eskmeals	Cpl R Breslin	Training Regiment, Winchester
WO2 S McQueen	Challenger II Team, Bovington	Cpl A Caldwell	Drumming Instructor, Edinburgh
WO2 D Orr	Yeomanry Instructor, Telford	Cpl MA Crocket	Training Regiment, Winchester
SSgt RM Anderson	Trials Development, Bovington	Cpl DJ Davidson	Foundation College, Harrogate
SSgt IG Bald	Training Unit, Canada	Cpl D Forbes	Pilot Selection, Wattisham
SSgt MLW Duncan	Yeomanry Instructor, Cupar	Cpl S Graham	Recruiting Team, Edinburgh
SSgt CH Henderson	Army Careers, Edinburgh	Cpl A Johnston	Piping Instructor, Edinburgh
SSgt KD Little	Course Development, Lulworth	Cpl JA Junnier	Trials Development Unit, Bovington
SSgt BG Lewis	Yeomanry Instructor, Telford	Cpl A Macaulay	Recruiting Team, Edinburgh
SSgt C McIntyre	Formation Training	Cpl S Ramsay	Recruiting Team, Edinburgh
SSgt F McHugh	Instructor, Sennelager	Cpl A Smiley	Provost Staff, Bovington
SSgt AH Simpson	Training Unit, Canada	Cpl CF Stewart	Provost Staff, Bovington
Sgt SG Boyd	Training Development, Lulworth	Cpl JR Taylor 27	Air Controller, Tidworth
Sgt AE Cox	Gunnery School, Lulworth	Cpl M Young	Trials Development Unit, Bovington
Sgt J Dempster	Information Systems School, Bovington	LCpl MP Cochrane	Provost Staff, Harrogate
Sgt J Gardiner	Driving and Maint School, Bovington	LCpl SM Lewis	Army Youth Team, Dundee
Sgt D Gibbs	Army Careers, Hamilton	LCpl J McCormick	51 Highland Brigade, Perth
Sgt CJ Gray	RAC Sales Team, Bovington	LCpl CR Nelson	Recruit Selection, Lichfield
Sgt AC Hainey	Cadet Training Team, Edinburgh	LCpl DT Pettigrew	Garrison Staff, Catterick
Sgt NCG Hanson	Army Careers, Greenock	LCpl S Ross	Mounted Regiment, Knightsbridge
Sgt EZ Jutrzenka	Gunnery School, Lulworth	LCpl P Smith	Recruiting Team, Edinburgh
Sgt MM Lillie	Admin Staff, Kneller Hall	LCpl AG Vietch	Recruiting Team, Edinburgh
	Driving and Maint School, Bovington	TPr DW Stoddart	Admin Staff, Detmold

## In-Pensioners at The Royal Hospital Chelsea

G W Phillips	(Greys)	C Rayner	(REME Greys)
C Bessant	(Carabiniers)	G Wingate	(RAOC Greys)
P Coffey	(Carabiniers)		

## Honours, Awards and Appointments

### Order of the British Empire

Lieutenant Colonel MPA Bullen  
Member

### Operational Awards (Kosovo)

#### Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service

Lieutenant Colonel HD Allfrey MBE

### Joint Commanders' Commendation

Major HMA Cummins

#### Multinational Brigade Commander's Commendation

Captain D Britain QGM  
Captain TE Pickering MBE  
Lieutenant RS Lucas  
Staff Sergeant K Anderson MM  
Corporal D Gray

### Duke of Kent Medal

Major W Raitt  
The Reverend AJ Totten CF  
Mr OG Houston  
Captain JF Swetenham  
Major CM Mitchell-Rose TD  
SD Lewis Esq FCA

### Long Service and Good Conduct Medal

Staff Sergeant C Gray  
Staff Sergeant PR Hall REME  
Sergeant RW Campbell

### Her Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant

Major AR Trotter Berwickshire

## Canonisation by the Russian Orthodox Patriachal Church

His Late Imperial Majesty Tsar Nicholas II (Colonel-in-Chief The Royal Scots Greys 1894 to his death in 1918) was canonised in the style Royal Passion-Bearer with a commemoration day on 18 July.

## Lord-Lieutenants in Scotland

The appointment of Major Trotter, brings to four the former officers of the Regiment – all in their time Scots Greys – serving as Her Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant of their county in Scotland. They are:

Major Richard Henderson - Ayr and Arran - 5 April 1991.

Until his retirement in 1994, Lieutenant Colonel Aidan Sprot was Lord-Lieutenant for Tweeddale.

Captain Ronnie Cunningham-Jardine- Dumfries - 21 October 1991.

As an historic note, it is interesting that from earliest times these counties include the very parts of Scotland which the Scots Greys relied upon to provide the majority of its horsemen – as the Waterloo rolls show – and we are proud that these links are being so superbly maintained.

Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur KCB - Stewartry of Kirkcudbright - 22 January 1996

Major Alex Trotter – Berwickshire - 21 June 2000.

# THE REGIMENTAL TRUST 2001

Registered in Edinburgh, No CR41113

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MAJOR GENERAL JMFC HALL CB OBE  
Colonel of the Regiment

## EX-OFFICIO TRUSTEES

MAJOR GENERAL CRS NOTLEY CB CBE	Chairman, Regimental Association
LIEUTENANT COLONEL HD ALLFREY MBE	Commanding Officer
WARRANT OFFICER CLASS 1 PD BROOKS	Regimental Sergeant Major

## APPOINTED TRUSTEES

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MAJOR MDA POCOCK (to 2002)
MAJOR AJ CREASE MBE BEM (to 2003)
LIEUTENANT COLONEL JFB SHARPLES OBE (to 2004)

## HONORARY SECRETARY

MAJOR CM MITCHELL-ROSE TD  
Craig and Rose Plc, Halbeath Industrial Estate, Dunfermline, Fife KY11 7EG

## ACCOUNTANT

SD LEWIS Esq,  
Brentwood, 211 Prescot Road, Aughton, Ormskirk, Lancashire L39 5AE

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## THE DEPUTY COLONEL IN CHIEF AND THE REGIMENTAL COUNCIL

State Apartments, The Royal Hospital Chelsea - 12 December 2000

Standing (rear): Maj JL James Maj JC Malcolmson Maj TA Wood WO1 PD Brooks OG Houston Esq Maj CM Mitchell-Rose TD Maj MDA Pocock Lt Col JFB Sharples OBE WO1 JS Rochester

Standing (centre): Lt Col RJ Binks Lt Col RB Anderson OBE Maj SGF Cox MBE MW Lt Col JC Walton DL Brig MS Jameson CBE Capt JF Swetenham SD Lewis Esq Maj HI Macrae In Pensioner PJ Coffey Maj AJ Crease MBE BEM

Seated (front): Col AJ Bateman OBE Maj Gen CRS Notley CB CBE Lt Gen Sir Norman Arthur KCB FM Sir John Stanier GCB MBE DL FM HRH The Duke of Kent KG Maj Gen JMFC Hall CB OBE Lt Col HD Allfrey MBE Maj Gen CA Ramsay CB OBE Brig WCW Sloan CBE

## REGIMENTAL TRUST ALLOCATIONS 2000/01

Charitable Donations (1)	9,000
Individual Aid Fund	11,000
Regimental Association	4,700
Regimental Dinner	1,500
Home Headquarters	8,000
Audit & Legal	2,300
Investment Management	2,000
Administration/Meetings	500
Regimental Support (2)	20,000
Regimental Magazine	6,500
Regimental Cadets	1,000
Recruiting/PR	10,000
Property Insurance	1,300
Property and Archives	3,700
Total	£81,500

(1) Allocated to Army Benevolent Fund, Royal British Legion, Royal British Legion Scotland, Scottish Veterans' Residences, Erskine Hospital, Thistle Foundation, RAC War Memorial Benevolent Fund, Queen Victoria School Dunblane, Sister Agnes', St Dunstans, Star and Garter Home, Burma Star Association, Canongate Kirk, Gordon School, Last Post Association, Royal Hospital Chelsea Chapel, RMA Sandhurst Memorial Chapel and Blair Gymkhana.

(2) Includes Sport, Adventurous Training.

## Home Headquarters and Regimental Museum

Having taken precautions to avoid catching the 'millennium bug' the year 1999 became 2000 without mishap and the Edinburgh festivities were enjoyed with traditional relish, for both 1 and 2 January are Scottish holidays. To ensure that Home HQ was quickly off the mark on 5 January the Regimental Information Team took part in a special recruiting cavalcade along Princes Street managing to avoid the hoops of fire left by the preceding motor cyclists. We have yet to learn whether any positive benefit was gained from this venture designed by the local Careers Office. Later events were more obvious and are reported elsewhere.

Having said farewell to Major Bill Clayton at Christmas, the Regimental Secretary was faced with a return to the ever increasing in-tray, ably assisted by Miss Carol Laing. However, in mid February a further bolt was loosed via HQ Director Royal Armoured Corps in the form of a General Staff Review. This recommended that all Home HQs reduce staff levels to one officer and one clerk. Thus battle raged to retain the typist post (and for other cavalry regiments, the second officer post). Those papers would fill half this publication. After parries and counter-thrusts the valiant efforts of HQ DRAC staff not only won the day for the typist but succeeded in gaining an officer post - an Assistant Regimental Secretary for Home HQ SCOTS DG - from mid July. The next uphill task was to fill the vacancy. Applicants for a Retired Officer position have to have held a commission in the Regular (not Territorial) Army and be in receipt of retired pay. Suffice to say, that although a few good men and true applied, their credentials were not acceptable to the stringent Civil Service rules. By 31 December the post remained unfilled but other possibilities were being pursued whilst the Regimental Secretary's desk was being treated against stress fatigue.

Amidst this débâcle the neighbouring Scottish United Services Museum completed the two year renovation project, changed its name to the National War Museum of Scotland and invited HRH The Princess Royal KG KCVO to re-open the attraction on 17 April 2000. For the SCOTS DG Museum this splendid event was marred by an immediate and severe reduction in visitors. For the past two years the temporary walkway, constructed of scaffolding beside the New Barracks, had drawn respectable crowds and the opening of the route through the NWM foyer should have seen its demise. It was soon evident that this restrict-

ed access would undermine the integrity of the Regimental Museum and a timely request to Historic Scotland to retain the walkway was met favourably. The Museum Trustees closed the year wrestling with the prospect of replacing the scaffolding with a more permanent structure whilst retaining short term use of dual entrance.

Considerable credit is due to Susan O'Brien, assisted by Christine Kidd and the small team of helpers and volunteers, for her determination to maintain standards during this trying time. The role of retail manager encompasses many and varied tasks, including daily oversight of the Museum, which is respected and admired by the visitors - some 175,000 during 2000. On a positive note the Trustees, with financial help from The National Fund for Acquisitions at the National Museums of Scotland, approved purchases of Captain Fenton's Sword and Waterloo Medal, and a Police Truncheon originally presented to Major AC Hamilton, who commanded a detachment of Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards) during Coal Strikes in South Wales in 1898. The Trustees acknowledge that valuable support. Captain Thomas Fenton commanded a Troop at Waterloo. He was the only Greys officer with combat service, having fought in the Peninsula (1809-13) with the 4th Light Dragoons. He transferred to the 2nd North British Dragoons in 1814 and his was the leading troop of the famous charge of the Union Brigade. He came through unscathed and subsequently escorted back to London the Eagle of the 45th captured by Sergeant Charles Ewart. His sword, of a pattern especial to the Greys, is on display.



Sword of Capt Thomas Fenton, 2nd Dragoons (The Greys).

Without valuable assistance from Major James Scott, Mr Bill Henderson and former Corporal Jim Murphy work on the Archives would be curtailed. Their collective help allows questions to be answered, items catalogued, documents identified and listed, property checked, medals refurbished, and so on. A more comprehensive use of computer power is being developed which allows detailed searches of records. The key to success is the storage of accurate data, now some 3000 archive records and 800 medals, not counting all the property, silver and pictures. Volunteers for this lengthy project are always welcome.

In the four days prior to the Cavalry Memorial Parade in May the Regimental Secretary accompanied the Colonel of the Regiment on a visit to the Regiment in Kosovo. Opportunity of a flight in a Lear Jet from Farnborough to Pristina and return was too good to miss. Travelling with Mr Richard Hunting, who was to inspect the new temporary field accommodation in the Balkans Theatre, the fourth seat was taken by then Officer Cadet Ivor Campbell-Davys, who was so taken by the experience that he was commissioned to the Regiment in December. Welcomed at Pristina, after an extended route down Italy and south of Albania, Major Ben Edwards was the escort to Podujevo and RHQ at the Waterloo Hotel (depicted elsewhere). The compact programme included briefings, travel by tank, helicopter or land rover, visits to all locations, opportunities to meet the troops and local people, and have time for social dinners. These words cannot convey the true nature of this unique fleeting visit, which will be long remembered. The return to London was in time for the London Branch Dinner on the eve of Cavalry Memorial.

To mark 2000 the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Association had asked all Regiments to parade their Standards or Guidons, also this year Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur completed his tenure as President. The resultant display added further colour to the Parade in Hyde Park, although with SCOTS DG on duty in Kosovo the Regimental contingent was smaller than usual. Afterwards the officers and ladies repaired to the Cavalry and Guards Club and Association members to Knightsbridge Barracks.

Despite the search for an Assistant, the timely arrival of Captain Richard Boyle who prepared the groundwork for the Scotland 2000 recruiting surge allowed Colonel Roger Binks to take leave in June and sail a Colvic 40 from Plymouth to Lagos on the Algarve. Accompanying one of his former Battery Commanders and two friends the three week voyage took them across Biscay to Bayona and thence by day sailing to eight harbours down the coast of Portugal.

He returned tanned and refreshed.

In late July Scotland marked the centenary of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother with the Royal Tribute - a traditional musical parade on Edinburgh Castle Esplanade. Our Deputy Colonel-in-Chief was one of the official guests who witnessed an impressive and memorable display of military bands including The Regimental Pipes and Drums. The following week saw the start of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo which runs for three weeks, produced by Brigadier Mel Jameson, as was the Royal Tribute. The weather was kind and the show as spectacular as ever. A larger than usual Regimental party hosted by the Colonel of the Regiment gathered on the penultimate evening for supper at Ramsay Garden before the Tattoo. In the audience was a detachment of In-Pensioners from The Royal Hospital Chelsea, who are invited for the final Friday performance.

The corridors of Home HQ were noticeably busier during to work-up to Scotland 2000. Captain Will Davies applied his mind to detailed planning, emerging for refreshment occasionally. He was joined by Captain Johnnie Williamson and Lieutenant Matt Wilkinson to help with the media and set-piece events. Within the programme The Pipes and Drums were presented with a Gold Video to register strong sales of 'Highland Cathedral' and a Challenger II had a starring role on the Esplanade, beside The Mound, over the Forth Road Bridge and at Knockhill Racetrack. Two of these notable occasions involved the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr Eric Milligan, who inspected the Challenger on the Esplanade and two days later commanded the tank driving along Princes Street. Although it was quieter when the enhanced team left, the interlink with the Regimental Recruiters continues unabated.

*The Lord Provost asking for a lift to Princes Street in the Colonel's tank.*



Early autumn brought the news that Mrs Suzanne Brown had elected a Change of Arm and a transfer to RHQ The Royal Scots, a mere fifty metres away. She was thanked for her contribution. Her place as Association Membership Secretary and Home HQ Typist was taken by Ms Anne Romer, who had previously served with the Royal Army Pay Corps and also worked for the Chief of Staff at HQ Scotland. She is coming to terms with the address database and the myriad of diverse questions directed to Home HQ, including some from Carol Laing who had just announced her engagement to be married in 2001.

The Council and Trust meetings were held at Catterick in April and at Chelsea in December. The former comprised part of the event to mark the Millennium and is recorded within the Association notes. The latter meeting was remarkable for its brevity. Having completed the agenda in close on two hours, the Colonel and Regimental Council were honoured by the presence of the Deputy Colonel-in-Chief in the State Apartments of The Royal Hospital. During a short reception Prince Edward presented The Duke of Kent Medal to Mr Oscar Houston and, as a total surprise to the recipients, also to Captain Foster Swetenham, Major Colin Mitchell-Rose and Mr Stephen Lewis. After luncheon the group assembled for a photograph, reproduced herein. That evening the Officers, as listed, held the annual dinner at the Cavalry and Guards Club.

Leading to the end of the year the traditional Carol Service for all units in Edinburgh Castle was held in the Great Hall, with one lesson from the Regimental Secretary. After this service Home HQ, Museum and Shop staff joined by the Museum Trustees held a seasonal and convivial party in the HQ.

Whether the year 2000 was the first of the third millennium or the last of the 20th century is a matter for debate. The Regimental Secretary favours the latter, heeding the advice of the Astronomer Royal in December 1899 to the troops in South Africa, which stated that the next century would start on 1 January 1901. The report for the first year of new millennium will be found in the next edition.



Dougie Stevenson of BGS Scotdisc presented the 'Highland Cathedral' Gold Video.



#### Four Decades in Uniform

On Friday 8 December 2000 Warrant Officer (Class 1) James Sherville received a certificate to mark 40 years Service with The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards and previously the 3rd Carabiniers. His Commanding Officer, Colonel MJ Capper late Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, at the Directorate General Equipment Support (Land), Chertsey made the presentation.

#### THE REGIMENTAL DINNER

at The Cavalry and Guards Club on Tuesday 12 December 2000.

Major General JMFC Hall CB OBE Colonel of the Regiment presided.

Lieutenant Colonel HD Allfrey MBE Commanding Officer gave the Regimental report.

His Majesty King Constantine and His Royal Highness Prince Nikolaos were guests.

Field Marshal Sir John Stanier GCB MBE DL Major General SRA Stopford CB MBE

Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur KCB Brigadier WCW Sloan CBE

Major General CA Ramsay CB OBE Brigadier MS Jameson CBE

Major General CRS Notley CB CBE Brigadier SRB Allen

Major IF Albert

Lieutenant Colonel JH Allason OBE

Colonel M Auchinleck

Major JA Barnes

Colonel AJ Bateman OBE

Lieutenant Colonel RJ Binks

Major HH Blackman

Captain LM Borwick

Captain RML Boyle

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Major SGF Cox MBE

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Tam Dalyell Esq MP

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Colonel MAD Donnithorne-Tait

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Captain ACG Fair

Major BH Garai TD

2nd Lieutenant AS Gemmell

Major MR Grant Peterkin

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Captain JStG Kelton

Captain JA Kyffin-Topp

Major CF Lambert

Captain ME Lapping

Major DAM Le Sueur

Major LSP Le Sueur

2nd Lieutenant RF Le Sueur

Major J Leslie

Major MHL Lycett CBE

JHA Maberly Esq

Dr KS MacKenzie

Captain WGL MacKinlay

Captain RC MacLachlan

Major HI Macrae

Captain JC Malcolmson

Captain JPF Marsh

Captain HBP Martin

SGP Martyr Esq

Captain CWH McFall

2nd Lieutenant JFS McLeman

Major JL Melville

Major CM Mitchell-Rose TD

Major SD Oliver

Major MDA Pocock

Captain DL Prebble

Lt Col Sir Humphrey Prideaux OBE DL

Colonel CMcA Pyman

Captain WB Ramsay

Captain NB Richards

Captain BDA Ridge

Colonel JMA Ross

Major JR Scrivener

Lieutenant Colonel JFB Sharples OBE

Major GB Shaw MBE

Lieutenant Colonel DAH Sievwright

RA Sligh Esq

Captain MA Somers

Lieutenant DB Soulsby

Major MJ Stanley

Captain ADG Stephen

Captain JF Swetenham

Major JE Swetenham

The Rev Canon RI Thomson

Captain DHS Thorburn

Major AR Trotter

2nd Lieutenant PW Trueman

Major ST Waddington

Captain MC Wallace

2nd Lieutenant SJ Walters

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*The Charging Trooper created  
by Ballantynes of Walkerburn.*

*Details from the diorama of  
action after the landing at  
Salerno.*

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LIEUTENANT COLONEL J C WALTON DL  
BRIGADIER W C W SLOAN CBE  
COLONEL AJ BATEMAN OBE  
THE COMMANDING OFFICER

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MAJOR GENERAL CRS NOTLEY CB CBE

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Mr AA Black

#### North East of England

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Mr RB Evans

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Captain JD Campbell  
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#### North West of England and Wales

Mr C Bithell  
Mr RA Hill BEM

#### Glasgow and West of Scotland

Major RWB MacLean TD  
Mr I Cook

#### London and South East of England

Major General SRA Stopford CB MBE  
Colonel JMA Ross (from June 2001)  
Mr JL Foreman

#### Musicians (Band, Pipes and Drums)

Major HI Macrae  
Mr JM Hill

#### South West of England

Lieutenant Colonel MD Oliver  
Mr IC Salisbury

#### Honorary Secretary and Administrator, Individual Aid Fund

Lieutenant Colonel RJ Binks  
Home Headquarters  
The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards  
The Castle, EDINBURGH, EH1 2YT

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JN Cumming Esq OBE

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Major CM Mitchell-Rose TD

#### Individual Aid Fund Officer

Major JL James

## THE CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

According to plan the Chairmanship transferred during the Annual General Meeting held in April 2000. It is no mean task to take over an Association which has grown in strength and vitality under the leadership of Colonel Tony Bateman and on behalf of all the Members I record our deep and lasting gratitude. He initiated and encouraged many ventures, notably the formation of the Musicians Branch and introduction of the Sweepstake. Over eight years he has kept a weather eye on the seven regional Branches and offered valuable help and wise counsel. The Association is indebted to Colonel Bateman, and to retain his expertise has appointed him as a Vice President.

Having elected to hold functions to mark the Millennium, the year 2000 departed from a well tried format but created new opportunities. The Edinburgh, Glasgow and North East Branches deferred their annual dinners in favour of a joint gathering in Catterick in April, which provided the opportunity to make presentations to the Batemans.

Regimental Standards and Guidons were paraded at The Cavalry Memorial Parade in May after the London Branch Dinner. The Scottish Branches embarked on a weekend function in Bannockburn. The Aberdeen Branch tried a new venue and the South West and North West Branches held their usual gatherings. The Musicians supported the main events, which are recorded in notes which follow.

The start of a new era is an appropriate time to take stock and we could not do better than remind ourselves of the purpose and aims. The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Association encompasses the present Regiment and our forebears from the 3rd Carabiniers, The Royal Scots Greys and the 25th Dragoons. The objectives are to help maintain the interests of the Regiment and all members, past and present; keep people in touch through Home HQ; offer welfare assistance and where possible find suitable civilian employment. We all have a part to play as members of the Regiment and I trust that the Association will gain strength in the years to come.

4

### OPEN LETTER FROM COLONEL AJ BATEMAN OBE

Gilly and I cannot find adequate words to thank the entire membership of the Association for the most generous and perfectly beautiful presents. Gilly is thrilled with the lovely porcelain mare and foal, a charming mark of your affection and a superb work of art. The Eagle is superb and a perfect momento of a lovely occasion and a permanent reminder of our joint affection for the Regiment. Something which has been a very great source of pride and joy to us both, and our family, for the past 31 years from the moment I accepted Brigadier Charles Sloan's invitation to command.

Our association through amalgamation and all the wonderful things since has been a source of great joy and abiding friendships. I am greatly honoured by the appointment as a Vice President. Thank you all from the bottom of our hearts.

Yours sincerely,

Tony Bateman



## THE NORTHERN GATHERING AT CATTERICK

Having agreed to mark the Millennium, plans for the gathering in April 2000 focused on Catterick. Other possibilities had been considered, but a reasonably central location proved beneficial to several Branches, especially from Scotland and the North of England and Wales. The purpose of the Association would include an opportunity for members to re-dedicate themselves to the cause and meet many friends during the weekend. Without the agreement of the Commanding Officer, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, this successful event would not have been possible. Not only did Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Andrews very kindly allow the use of his Officers' Mess, but he did not renege when the plan to deploy to Bosnia was overturned and his Regiment were home in Cambrai Barracks, Catterick that same weekend. Suffice to say the Mess staff, managed so competently by Mary McCulloch, coped admirably and with accustomed style.

On Friday 7 April the Regimental Council and Trustees met for their half-yearly meeting in the Mess, joining QDG Officers for lunch. That evening the Colonel of the Regiment was host at a Council Dinner for local Regimental guests and their ladies. Soon after noon on Saturday the members of the Executive Committee of the Regimental Association met in the Mess for lunch and afterwards held the Annual General Meeting at RHQ QDG. Colonel Tony Bateman, the outgoing Chairman, was appointed as a Vice President, having handed over to Major General Roland Notley. During the meeting Mr Oscar Houston (North West) and Mr George MacFarlane (Glasgow) were made Life Members. Mid way the

*The AGM: The Colonel remains impartial as the Chairmen plan the campaign, Lt Col David Allfrey contemplates his forthcoming command and the Regt Sec answers some letters.*



Committee adjourned to watch the Grand National after which business was concluded quickly.

During the afternoon other members and their guests arrived at Cambrai. Courtesy of Major Tony Crease, the reception team directed them to accommodation in barracks and provided instructions for the gathering and the other meals. The party spirit was soon evident as groups of friends met up. Later thanks were delivered to the Garrison Staff and the Mess Staff for their help and willingness to create a pleasant and welcoming atmosphere.

The Association dinner on Saturday night was held in a marquee beside the Mess. Responding to a late suggestion a full seating plan for 125 was devised and after a short reception the party enjoyed a splendid meal in good company, which created several new friendships and renewed old bonds. The Normandy Band of the Queens' Division played during dinner and Corporals Johnston and Campbell provided the Pipe music. Taking the opportunity to record thanks to the retiring Chairman, General Jonathan Hall presented a replica Eagle of the 45th to Colonel Tony, and to Gilly Bateman a porcelain figure of a mare and foal. These gifts were acknowledged with sincerity and appreciation. The evening concluded with music from the ceilidh band and no shortage of conversation and enjoyment.

Sunday morning saw the Association members meet at St Aidan's Garrison Church, Catterick for the re-dedication service. After the first hymn the Association Banner was paraded into the church and received by the Senior Chaplain, Rev Kevin Savage; in his Bidding he referred to the Regiment in Kosovo and all

*The Congregation at St Aidan's Church, Catterick.*





Rev Kevin Savage conducting the Re-Dedication Service, assisted by Canon Richard Thompson and Rev Mac Cowper.

the Affiliated Regiments. Prayers for the Millennium were said by Rev Mac Cowper, Chaplain to the Association and were followed by the Regimental Collect from Mr Maurice Potter, Chairman North East Branch. The lessons were read by the Colonel of the Regiment (Letter to the Ephesians 6, 10-17) and the Association Chairman (Book of Revelations 21, 1-7). The hymns included: All people that on earth do dwell; Now thank we all our God; Who would true valour see; Through all the changing scenes of life; O God our help in ages past; the third verse O Trinity of love and power, and the National Anthem.



Alan and Pam Bowden with Glenys and Rod Evans.



Mary McCulloch reminiscences as Cpl Alan Johnston gives the Gaelic Toast.



Elsabe Walton confers with Major Gen Stephen Stopford as Lt Col John Walton studies the form.

The Rev Canon Richard Thomson (Chaplain to the Association and a former Carabinier Officer) gave the Address. He spoke of the need to re-dedicate to the service of God, Queen and Country, and to ask the Blessing of God for our Regiment. Commitment to Queen and Country in the form of Service in The Greys or The Carabiniers was a great privilege and the pride and family spirit of these Regiments would never be forgotten.

He likened the role of a Christian to that of Soldiers fighting their respective enemies. There was a war on, but it was not against the Japanese at Nunshigum or Mandalay, or against the Germans and Italians at El-Alamein or Salerno. In the First Lesson, St Paul in his letter to the Ephesians said: *'put on the whole armour of God for the struggle is not against flesh and blood but against the spiritual forces of Evil.'* St Chryston said: *'you are but a poor soldier of Christ if you think you can overcome without conflict.'* If you are in the front line you are likely to be shot at, if you sign on in the service of God the same will be true but more so. He quoted one principle of war: *'know your enemy'* adding that there is a need to know the person he is and the purpose he has. He listed the equipment from the Armoury of God: The Belt of Truth, The Breastplate of Righteousness, The Shoes of Faith, The Helmet of Salvation, and The Sword of the Spirit and likened them to modern day equipment. He observed that it is interesting, and not entirely surprising, that St Paul used military terms so freely. They are obviously

Roman, but, in the main, are still in use today. Armour is particularly important to a tank regiment. Belts, shoes and helmets are standard equipment in all regiments. Breastplates and swords are part of the ceremonial equipment in The Household Cavalry. Their modern equivalents are kevlar jackets and guns of many sizes and calibre. The Christian Church has a long history of using military terms to describe its fight against evil and Hymns such as: *'Soldiers of Christ arise and put your armour on'*, *'Onward Christian Soldiers marching as to war...with the Cross of Jesus going on before'* might be likened to a regiment going into battle behind its colour, and, *'Fight the good fight with all your might'* are regularly sung. The Salvation Army is an example of such thinking as their clergy use the same titles as Army Officers. In closing Canon Thomson commented that it was encouraging to see troops on TV wearing Grey Berets but, when the rough and tumble starts the berets are off and the helmets are on. Foolish is the trooper who says that he does not wear body armour. Not only is there a war to win, but there is also a victory to experience.

After the Service all present returned to Cambrai Barracks, and as the rain began to fall, formed up for a



Bob Richardson carried The Association Banner escorted by Tony Gray and Colin Wilson

march past. The Colonel of the Regiment took the salute and General Notley led the parade to applause from families and spectators. The members repaired to the marquee by the Mess for the final lunch, then departed for home with a feeling of contented well-being and memories of a successful gathering.

## BRANCH REPORTS

### ABERDEEN AND NORTH OF SCOTLAND

The Branch has sadly lost two Grey's veterans of World War Two, Alan Farquhar and Jimmy Mair. Obituaries appear elsewhere in this issue. We also regret the death of Mr John (Spud) Thomson after a long illness. His home was in our area but he was not a member of the Association.

In last year's report we recorded that we had cancelled our annual dinner/dance and were experimenting with a smaller and less formal dinner. The success of the evening at the Royal British Legion Club in Banchory encouraged us to arrange a similar dinner in October 2000 in Inverness for our more distant Highland members in the north and west. This was held in the Royal British Legion Club, and a number of members who had not been able to get to our Aberdeen dinners were able to attend. Several who had hoped to come were forced to cancel for good reasons, but it was a happy occasion which we plan to repeat. We were delighted to welcome Major Hamish Macrae representing the Colonel of the Regiment; Brigadier Simon Allen from 51st Highland Brigade at

Perth; the Commanding Officer and RSM; and our old friend Colonel Aidan Sprot from the Borders.

For this year's Remembrance Sunday the Branch decided to link up with the Banchory Royal British Legion. A small party joined the march through the town and the service in the East Kirk.

The Committee has decided to change from monthly meetings to alternate months, still on the third Wednesday, beginning in April 2001.

It may be worthwhile to record our pleasure that we were able to arrange for an electric scooter to be provided for a very senior housebound member of the Branch now living in Australia. This was done through the good offices of Home Headquarters, who arranged for the British Commonwealth Ex-Services League to visit our member, and then raised the sum required with help from four other organisations. We are grateful to the Regimental Secretary for the efficiency and promptness with which the matter was handled.

## GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND

**A**nother successful year for the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch. During 2000 twelve new members joined our ranks and there was an increase in attendance at our meetings and functions - yes, this is the way forward. Instead of the traditional dinner in April, we supported the Association gathering in Catterick and decided to hold a joint event in Scotland. This year's initial success was the Bannockburn weekend on the 17 June, the result of which is summarised below by Grant Milne and could set the format for a similar function in the future.

For some the party began on the Friday night in the King Robert Hotel, Bannockburn. The real function was on the Saturday when over two hundred members and their wives and guests met for the largest get-together the Association has seen in a long time, possibly in thirty years. People had come from as far afield as Australia (John Ferguson and family), America (Dave and Marie Naismith) and not forgetting Germany (Rab and Doris Carey).

it was great to see all the old faces, some of whom had had no contact with the Regiment for over twenty years, but had made the effort to come to Bannockburn. The real problem was trying to put names to these faces, and of course pretending you

## EDINBURGH AND EAST OF SCOTLAND BRANCH

**T**he AGM was held at the Leith Ex Servicemen's Club on Monday 24 January 2000. This year the Branches in Scotland combined to hold their Annual Dinner at Bannockburn. This proved very successful, attracting a large number of members, some of whom had travelled from the other side of the world. This was as a result of a great effort by Ian Cook, the Glasgow Branch Secretary.

In May a get-together was held at the Royal British Legion Club in Jedburgh, where a small number of members and their wives attended what turned out to be a good night out.

In August a Scottish Quiz night was held in the Royal British Legion Club in Rodney Street, Edinburgh. Unfortunately the turnout was very poor, with only eleven members attending but the quiz was good fun and we have been asked to try another when it is hoped we can draw in more members.

recognised the persons after they had told you their name. After drinks and buffet, everyone was invited to the function room where there was good musical entertainment, dancing and a real comedian. The food at the buffet was also very good, and I recall there were still some members eating the buffet (Frank Taylor, Ricky McKinnon and Scottie Brown) early on Sunday morning. Of course you could not have a Regimental Association function without a piper and Tom Stewart played a good selection of tunes to which everyone clapped or stamped their feet. Also entertaining the crowd were Mary and Harry Campbell reminding us of their duo, and Peter Malloy who still cannot get that boomerang to come back! The evening continued well into the early hours of Sunday morning when the diehards retired to find other refreshment before breakfast. The efforts of Ian Cook in organising a splendid event were acknowledged and members departed on a high note, well pleased with the weekend's arrangements.

In November the Branch was well represented at the City of Glasgow Remembrance Parade. This final event rounded off a strong and successful year from which the Branch can proceed.



This year the Remembrance Service was well supported and although the weather did its best to deter us, we marched to the shelter by the Greys Memorial where we sought refuge for the rest of the service. As has been the norm for the past few years, many of those attending met afterwards at the Leith Ex Servicemen's Club for a pint and a buffet lunch.

Our monthly meeting place is The Royal British Legion, 33 Rodney Street, Edinburgh. It is planned to make more use of this location, as the support from the staff was excellent when we held a games night there organised by Jim Murphy, our incoming Secretary.



*An Association quote:*

*"Look on the world as a big fruit cake. It would not be complete without a few nuts in it."*

## THE NORTH EAST OF ENGLAND

**O**ur Annual Reunion Dinner was this year combined with the Association 2000 Northern Gathering which was held at Catterick over the weekend 8/9 April. Many Branch members, along with their wives and guests attended the dinner on the Saturday evening, which was enjoyed by all. It was nice to see so many attend from other branches. The Chairman wishes to thank all those Branch members who attended the church service and March past on Sunday. Many members also stayed for the lunch on Sunday to say their farewells to those who had travelled long distances to attend the weekend. The Branch would like to extend special thanks, in this report, to Lt Col Roger Binks and Major Tony Crease for all their hard work behind the scenes, which ensured the weekend, was the success it was.

On Sunday 12 November the Chairman and Secretary, following a service in Beverley Minster, again laid a wreath at the Cenotaph. The service was televised as part of ITV coverage of Remembrance Sunday with the Chairman and Secretary caught on camera more than once, during the service. So you did see them!!! Captain Iveson Wheatley accompa-

nied by his wife Louise, laid a wreath on the Royal Scots Greys Memorial Tablet, at the Presbyterian Church in York. It was the Garrison Church of the time and was used regularly by the Royal Scots Greys whilst they were stationed there immediately prior to the First World War. The Chairman again extends his thanks to Louise and Iveson for maintaining contact with a church that has had such close links with the Regimental family over many years. The Chairman records his thanks to Bill McQuade, a supportive and long serving committee member, who now lives near Portsmouth and finds Branch contact difficult. He has rebadged to the South East Branch, our loss is their gain.

With the sad passing of Davie 'Chippy' Dale, the Branch lost a character known to all post war 3rd Carabiniers. Davie actually served in all three Regiments, as recorded in his obituary. This, of course, poses the question: Was 'Chippy' unique? (The Editor invites comments.)

The Branch was pleased to welcome the following new members: Messrs J deW Fitzgerald-Smith, RM Bland, KD Blount, R Coates, P Ferry, R Innes, B McKennan, R Stafford and RA Wrenn.



## NORTH WEST OF ENGLAND AND WALES

**T**he AGM was held at The Royal British Legion Club Upton by Chester prior to our Branch Dinner on 15 April. This event marked the retirement of Oscar Houston who took over as Chairman on the death of Brian Kelly some years ago. Oscar has worked hard on behalf of the Members and under his Chairmanship the Branch has gone from strength to strength. Suffice to say that for his efforts, Oscar was awarded The Duke of Kent's Medal and this event is recorded elsewhere in this issue.

Our new Chairman is Colin Bithell who many Carabiniers will no doubt remember from his days on the Provost Staff. There are rumours that he employs a speech writer but only time will tell on this one. We wish him the best of luck and hope that he is very successful. The rest of the Committee decided to soldier on regardless (or nobody else wanted to do it!).

As usual we were out and about last year with meetings in Bredbury (near Stockport) and Anglesey. We

also held our now customary fishing match against Torkington Angling Club and held a caravan weekend near Nantwich. Some members took their vans to Anglesey for a Saturday night smoker before the meeting.

The Annual Reunion was held in November but the number attending disappointing. We hope that by publicising the event early this year we may attract a few more. Remembrance Day Parade and the laying of the wreath by Jim Hardy took place on the Sunday morning after which we retired to the United Services Club for a pint and a natter. Paddy Lynch and his family joined us there and it was nice to see him out and about again.

Sadly we learned that Stan Dawson, whom some of you may remember from the Officers Mess staff in Detmold, died in December.



## LONDON AND SOUTH EAST OF ENGLAND

The Reunion Dinner was held at the Gascoigne Rooms, The Union Jack Club, Sandall Street, Waterloo on Saturday 13 May. The members of the branch were pleased to welcome the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General JMFC Hall CB OBE, the Chairman of the Association, Major General CRS Notley CB CBE and Lieutenant Colonel AM Phillips, together with some members of the Regiment, and friends from other Branches. Mr Bob Richardson proposed the toast to The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. The response was made by Lieutenant Colonel AM Phillips, who proposed the toast to the Branch. Mr A Maclean-Gibbs played the pipes. It was an enjoyable gathering although the number of members attending was smaller than usual.

The Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Parade for the seventy sixth anniversary of the dedication of the Cavalry Memorial took place in Hyde Park, on Sunday 14 May. To mark the Millennium four massed bands, marched from Hyde Park Barracks, leading the various Regimental Standards and Guidons of The Life Guards, The Blues and Royals, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, The Queen's Royal Hussars, The 9/12th Lancers, The King's Royal Hussars, The Light Dragoons, The Queen's Royal Lancers, The Royal Yeomanry, The Royal Wessex Yeomanry, The Royal Mercian and Lancastrian Yeomanry, and The Queen's Own Yeomanry. The order of march for each Association was the Standard or Guidon, Wreath Bearer, Association Standard Bearer and the Officer Commanding the Old Comrades. Field Marshal Sir John Stanier GCB MBE DL, Vice-Patron of the Association took the Salute, as each contingent marched past to its own Regimental March, arranged by Director of Music Major MJ Torren. This unique musical feature is to be retained for future Parades. This year Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur completed his tenure as President of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Association.

Subsequent to the Official opening by HM Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, attended by The Colonel of the Regiment, the traditional evening Field of Remembrance Service took place at the Regimental Plot, St Margarets, Westminster on Thursday 9 November 2000. The service, conducted by the Rev L Brian which began with the Lord's Prayer, remembered all those who died for their country in two world wars and other conflicts before and since. With these thoughts in our minds, the cross was planted in remembrance, and the names of 70 of the fallen were read from the Roll of Honour. SSgt John Spencer, by kind permission of BSM G Cripps of the Royal Yeomanry, played the Last Post and Reveille. After the Two

Minutes Silence, all present recited the Regimental Collect.

A large gathering attended the Regimental Parade at the Carabiniers Memorial on Sunday 3 December. It was a warm sunlit morning in Chelsea as the Rev Canon R Thompson took the Service of Remembrance to the fallen of the South Africa War. The Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Jonathan Hall and his wife Sarah were in attendance together with the Chairman of the London Branch, Major General Stephen Stopford and his wife Vanessa, and many association members, veterans of the last war who had fought in Burma, Africa, Italy and Europe. All stood in silence as the 'Last Post' was sounded by SSgt Spencer of the Royal Yeomanry. On behalf of the Regimental Association, the Chairman, Major General Roland Notley, laid a wreath of fresh flowers in the 6th Dragoon Guards colours of blue and white. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel David Allfrey laid a wreath of red and yellow carnations for The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards.

After the short service the members then attended the parade in the Royal Hospital, some 40 were inspected by the Governor of the Royal Hospital, the Colonel of the Regiment, and the Chairman of the Association, before marching into the chapel for the church service. The Association Banner was carried into church by Bob Richardson, escorted by Colin Wilson and Tony Gray. The resident chaplain at Chelsea the Rev Tom Hiney was in hospital and Canon Richard Thompson, our Honorary Chaplain, took the service, reminding us of our faith. The choir sang a glorious anthem and our own In-Pensioner GW Phillips read the Regimental Collect.

After the service, as is the custom on this visit to Chelsea, the Association Chairman presented a Christmas gift and card to In-Pensioners Phillips (Greys), Coffey (3DG), Bessant (3DG), Raynor (REME/Greys), and Wingate (RAOC/Greys). Afterwards we enjoyed a very good curry.

This was a regimental gathering at its best. They had come together to remember the men of the South Africa War and the wars since. Some, who had started their service as cavalry soldiers in the 1930s, had endured losing their horses on mechanisation and had fought in tanks in many theatres of war in the 1940s. Others, peacetime soldiers, who had served in the Regiment since the war as Regulars or as National Servicemen, had stood firm in the 40 years of the Cold War. All were together with the present serving soldiers and the old gentlemen, the In-Pensioners of the Royal Hospital, in remembrance, in worship, pride and affection for the Regiment.

## SOUTH WEST OF ENGLAND

The Chairman, Secretary and a number of members of the Branch travelled to Catterick in April to take part in the Millennium weekend. The Queen's Dragoon Guards could not have made us more welcome. The dinner and the subsequent church service were excellent and extremely well organised and there is no doubt that the weekend was a great success and very much enjoyed by all. Shortly after this we said farewell to Major Pat Haynes on his retirement as our Secretary. Pat, together with Colonel Paddy Bartholomew, was responsible for the formation of the Branch and getting it firmly established. Pat has served as our Secretary and Treasurer ever since. As Chairman I cannot speak highly enough of all the hard work and effort that he has put into various events and functions that have been run by the Branch. Nothing was ever too much trouble for him and his award of The Duke of Kent's Medal was very well deserved. To him and Lucy go all our best wishes for the future and we look forward to seeing them at our future events. We welcome Ian Salisbury, already well known in the Association, as our new Secretary and hope that he will enjoy his time with us.

We have recently expanded our committee and welcome Colonel Charlie Pyman and Captain Tim Spenlove-Brown. The idea is to try and run some of our events further west and we are currently undertaking a feasibility study into this possibility. It might help that our Secretary is moving to St Dennis in Cornwall from the beginning of February. Our membership is somewhat static at 100 and we are always on the lookout for potential members who, in the past, have slipped the net. If anyone knows of any ex-members of our Regiments who are not members please let us know.

## MUSICIANS (BAND, PIPES AND DRUMS)

After the strong and well supported events of the previous year and the proposal to mark the Millennium the Branch Committee deferred plans for a major event in 2000. The calls on members who enjoy dual membership were recognised and they were encouraged to support the geographical Branches to enhance the links; these events are recorded elsewhere. For the future, the Committee expect to hold events which do not conflict with other Association functions, whilst encouraging cohesion and support.

Early in 2001 the Chairmanship passes to Major Hamish Macrae. Branch members record their sincere thanks to Colonel John Ross for his encourage-

ment and drive during the formative years. The Musicians Branch was devised to bring together former Pipers and Drummers and Military Bands and formed after the splendid gatherings at Dunblane and Edinburgh in 1997 which marked the golden anniversary of the Pipes and Drums and the silver anniversary of the gold disc hit 'Amazing Grace'. The embryo Association Pipes and Drums first paraded in 1999 in the Edinburgh Festival Cavalcade. On the musical front, Branch members have sent compositions to the Regimental Pipe Major for inclusion in a new book of tunes. The Branch welcomes all Musicians and any more contributions for publication.



# MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

(At January 2001. Officers supporting the Regimental Trust)

## ABERDEEN AND NORTH OF SCOTLAND

**Officers**  
Capt AAC Farquharson of  
Invercauld MC  
Sir William Gordon  
Cumming Bt  
Capt PG Mackesy

**Life Member**  
Sutherland CB

**Members**  
Alden C  
Anderson H  
Angus PC  
Beattie BR  
Black AA  
Boyle AM  
Brazendale C  
Brien A  
Brown EE  
Clouston DJ  
Cobban AJ  
Crabb C  
Durrand I  
Ferrier A  
Fraser GM  
Grant J BEM  
Grewar AS  
Horne MW  
McCallum A  
MacDonald D  
McKinnon A  
Milne SK  
Morris A  
Morrison JG  
Murphy W  
Murray J  
Prati J

**Members**  
Robertson AG  
Roger DJ  
Scott A  
Smith DN  
Stewart A  
Arneil G  
Stewart H  
Stewart P  
Stirton DS  
Stott JE

## EDINBURGH AND EAST OF SCOTLAND

**Officers**  
Capt JM Barber  
EF Bell Esq  
Capt A Blair  
Col The Lord Bruntisfield  
OBE MC TD DL  
Rev MC Cowper MA BD  
STM  
Capt DDE Crawford  
Capt JS Dawes MC  
Capt JC Findlay  
A Gilchrist Esq OBE  
Maj The Earl Haig OBE DL  
KStJ  
Maj TS Lewis  
Maj MHL Lycett CBE  
Capt RC MacLachlan  
Maj CM Mitchell-Rose TD  
Rev JAH Murdoch BA BD  
JH Trotter Esq  
Callander Mrs JD

**Life Members**

Barclay JO  
Binks LE  
Cluness J  
Duffy Mrs I  
Culbert A  
Davies RA  
McDonald J  
Millbank J  
Richardson TD  
Smith AN  
Fairbrass A  
Agnew A  
Ali JY  
Anderson R  
Armstrong FM  
Fitzpatrick N  
Arneil G  
Bann W  
Baxter G  
Beagrie A  
Bell HT

Bene JR  
Sutherland DJ  
Thomson G  
Beveridge A  
Beveridge D  
Beveridge R  
Bowman D  
Brennan SJA  
Brisbane G  
Brown T  
Brunton DW  
Bryson WH  
EF Bell Esq  
Capt A Blair  
Col The Lord Bruntisfield  
OBE MC TD DL  
Rev MC Cowper MA BD  
STM  
Capt DDE Crawford  
Capt JS Dawes MC  
Capt JC Findlay  
A Gilchrist Esq OBE  
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KStJ  
Maj TS Lewis  
Maj MHL Lycett CBE  
Capt RC MacLachlan  
Maj CM Mitchell-Rose TD  
Rev JAH Murdoch BA BD  
JH Trotter Esq  
Callander Mrs JD

Bene JR  
Beveridge A  
Beveridge D  
Beveridge R  
Bowman D  
Brennan SJA  
Brisbane G  
Brown T  
Brunton DW  
Bryson WH  
EF Bell Esq  
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Maj TS Lewis  
Maj MHL Lycett CBE  
Capt RC MacLachlan  
Maj CM Mitchell-Rose TD  
Rev JAH Murdoch BA BD  
JH Trotter Esq  
Callander Mrs JD

Bene JR  
Beveridge A  
Beveridge D  
Beveridge R  
Bowman D  
Brennan SJA  
Brisbane G  
Brown T  
Brunton DW  
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KStJ  
Maj TS Lewis  
Maj MHL Lycett CBE  
Capt RC MacLachlan  
Maj CM Mitchell-Rose TD  
Rev JAH Murdoch BA BD  
JH Trotter Esq  
Callander Mrs JD

Glonck R  
Gold R  
Gorrie ST  
Grant Mrs L  
Gray Mrs V  
Gunn JF  
Hall EL  
Halpin M  
Hannah R  
Harris R BEM  
Harriss R  
Henderson AS  
Henderson C  
Henderson C  
Hogg C  
Hogg MA  
Hood A  
Hood I  
Howie WF  
Hynds JW  
Irvine J  
Johnstone A  
Currie J  
Kerr JB  
Kirk RJ  
Kirkpatrick T  
Kitching N  
Dempster NS  
Dewar A  
Dewar J  
Dewar MA  
Dewar WO  
Dickson J  
Dickson J  
Dolan D  
Downes T  
Duffy Mrs I  
Duncan IR  
Duncan K  
Duncan R  
Duncan R  
Durrington M  
Evans DJ  
Ewan R  
Fairbrass A  
Ferguson J  
Ferrier BP  
Ferrier H  
Fitzpatrick N  
Fleming DM  
Fowler S  
Geddes ST  
Gerrard H  
Gibb JS

Glonck R  
Gold R  
Gorrie ST  
Grant Mrs L  
Gray Mrs V  
Gunn JF  
Hall EL  
Halpin M  
Hannah R  
Harris R BEM  
Harriss R  
Henderson AS  
Henderson C  
Henderson C  
Hogg C  
Hogg MA  
Hood A  
Hood I  
Howie WF  
Hynds JW  
Irvine J  
Johnstone A  
Currie J  
Kerr JB  
Kirk RJ  
Kirkpatrick T  
Kitching N  
Dempster NS  
Dewar A  
Dewar J  
Dewar MA  
Dewar WO  
Dickson J  
Dickson J  
Dolan D  
Downes T  
Duffy Mrs I  
Duncan IR  
Duncan K  
Duncan R  
Duncan R  
Durrington M  
Evans DJ  
Ewan R  
Fairbrass A  
Ferguson J  
Ferrier BP  
Ferrier H  
Fitzpatrick N  
Fleming DM  
Fowler S  
Geddes ST  
Gerrard H  
Gibb JS

Glonck R  
Gold R  
Gorrie ST  
Grant Mrs L  
Gray Mrs V  
Gunn JF  
Hall EL  
Halpin M  
Hannah R  
Harris R BEM  
Harriss R  
Henderson AS  
Henderson C  
Henderson C  
Hogg C  
Hogg MA  
Hood A  
Hood I  
Howie WF  
Hynds JW  
Irvine J  
Johnstone A  
Currie J  
Kerr JB  
Kirk RJ  
Kirkpatrick T  
Kitching N  
Dempster NS  
Dewar A  
Dewar J  
Dewar MA  
Dewar WO  
Dickson J  
Dickson J  
Dolan D  
Downes T  
Duffy Mrs I  
Duncan IR  
Duncan K  
Duncan R  
Duncan R  
Durrington M  
Evans DJ  
Ewan R  
Fairbrass A  
Ferguson J  
Ferrier BP  
Ferrier H  
Fitzpatrick N  
Fleming DM  
Fowler S  
Geddes ST  
Gerrard H  
Gibb JS

McKinlay W  
McKinney J  
McLaren SAR  
MacNab Maj C  
Mair J  
Marshall W  
Martin B  
Martin D  
Martin K  
Mellon F  
Melvin E  
Middleton P  
Millar D  
Milne GC  
Mitchell GA  
Mitchell GW  
Montgomery W  
Morgan Mrs A  
Morgan J  
Morgan TJ  
Morton A  
Murphy JP  
Nangle S  
Nelson A  
Nicholson DAMc  
Nuttal G  
Ostapko M  
O'Riordan P  
Patterson G  
Patullo A  
Patullo S  
Penman K  
Penman R  
Pennycook KJ  
Prentice RH  
Preston JE  
Pringle P  
Procter SMA  
Ramsay JH  
Ramsay S  
Ray JS  
Reid JA  
Robertson G  
Ross G  
Ross JDH  
Samson G  
Scullion E  
Silverstein N  
Sinton J  
Slaven J  
Sloan A  
Smiley J  
Steen J  
Stevenson PM  
Stewart WK

Stirrat Mrs P  
Stow RA  
Sturrock A  
Swan R  
Terris DG  
Thomas JD  
Trimby I  
Ure D  
Uren B  
Waddell JRM  
Ware-Lavis A  
Wark J  
Warrender KT  
Watt B  
Wilson D  
Wilson IG  
Wood P  
Wood PW

## GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND

**Officers**  
Capt LM Borwick  
DA Cavanagh Esq  
CD Clark Esq  
W Crawford Esq  
Capt RC Cunningham-  
Jardine  
Sir Archibald Edmonstone Bt  
Maj HJ Elston  
Maj RY Henderson TD  
Maj RWB MacLean TD  
JG Stewart Esq  
Maj HJ Willis  
Mrs IR Readman OBE

**Life Members**  
Bootland WA  
MacFarlane GB  
McLaughlin WM  
Menzies AM  
Samson G  
Paterson P  
Patterson J  
**Members**  
Aberdeen H  
Agnew WB  
Allen M  
Alum A  
Anderson Mrs F  
Anderson N

Anderson R  
Anderson WL  
Andrews KG  
Ashbury ME  
Balmer R  
Beagan RA  
Beckwith RA  
Bootland WG  
Brannan P  
Bristow S  
Brown DJM  
Brown R  
Bruce R  
Buchanan A  
Buchanan R  
Burns R  
Cairney G  
Cairney P  
Cairns SJ  
Caldwell A  
Cameron A  
Cameron I  
Campbell HH  
Campbell R  
Campbell TT  
Cant A  
Carey R  
Carr MG  
Chalmers RJ  
Clark HMcK  
Clark W  
Cook I  
Coulter DS  
Crease G  
Currie JE  
Dallas T  
Denning AJ  
Dick J  
Dickie J  
Dickson R  
Donaldson GA  
Donnell RH  
MacFarlane GB  
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Duffin JJ  
Eckeford W  
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Gargaro M  
Getgood J  
Agnew WB  
Goldie PDJ  
Allen M  
Graham TC  
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Grant GE  
Anderson Mrs F  
Gray A  
Anderson N

Haxton WF  
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Irwin SJ  
Jeffrey T  
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 Shoebridge J  
 Speirs R  
 Stewart A  
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 Cameron I  
 Clark D  
 Clark EPR  
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 Houghton E  
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 Kimpton RJ  
 Kinnair N  
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## ALLIED AND AFFILIATED THE BAND OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS

2000 has been another eventful and interesting year for the band, with a variety of engagements undertaken, despite much of our time spent in preparation for the move from Paderborn to Swanton Morley.

The year started, appropriately, in Paderborn Cathedral with a service to mark the army's millennium celebrations. February proved to be a month for long distance coach travel, with journeys to Bremen to take part in the International Military Music Show there, and then on to Paris to entertain at a corporate event before the France versus England rugby match in the Stade de France. A short trip to Hamburg preceded another visit to France, this time to the Dunkirk 2000 celebrations. Our last Rhine Army Summer Show as host band and a memorable 'farewell' charity concert in the Konzerthalle at Herford then followed. Visits to Berlin and Hamburg to play at the Queen's Birthday Celebrations preceded our appearance at the Bielefeld Schützenfest. Normally a Schützenfest comprises of many miles of marching and numerous stand up concerts in damp tents. Not in Bielefeld though, where everyone travels around the town on coaches, and all the festivities take place in a five star hotel – our sort of job! July took us to France once again to play at the annual Ceremony of Commemoration

at the Thiepval war memorial and then on to the Ovillers Military Cemetery where we played at the funeral of Private George James Nugent, a soldier from the Northumberland Fusiliers who was killed in 1916. Our final engagement before posting was one we were all looking forward to; an International Music Festival in Bruck an der Mur, Austria. The hotel had a swimming pool; there was plenty of free time and lots of parties! An excellent way to bring our time in Paderborn to a close.

With August came the band's posting to Swanton Morley in Norfolk. All went remarkably smoothly and by mid September we were unpacked and functioning as a band once more. It appeared that not everyone had cottoned onto our move however, and the four months up until Christmas were the quietest in the band's history. Inevitably, we have been rumbled, and the 2001 diary is filling rapidly. January and February were taken up with a recruiting drive involving visits to what seemed like every school in East Anglia, and the rest of the year is promising to be as busy as any we experienced in Germany. We are particularly looking forward to April, which sees the band in Pakistan in support of the Queen's Birthday Celebrations at Islamabad, Karachi and Lahore.



## LOTHIAN AND BORDERS POLICE

The year 2000 was heralded in Edinburgh by our now world-famous Hogmanay Street Party. Although, rightly, this is an event for which hundreds of thousands of people clamour for tickets and enjoy immensely, it is a huge operational issue for the Force and one which requires months of planning in order to prepare for any exigency. As this particular Party was seeing in the new Millennium you can imagine that my colleagues, were delighted when the event passed with little serious incident or problem.

In May I again participated in the Cavalry Memorial Parade in London and on this occasion I was accompanied by my wife, Isla. We managed to book accommodation in the Union Jack Club whilst there — some 'club', what a size! — and spent a very pleasant evening in the company of Major Norrie Robertson and his wife Anne on the Saturday night. The Parade itself was, as ever, very stirring although it was so hot that some of the participants and spectators began to wilt towards the end. Lunch in the Cavalry and Guards Club rejuvenated us, however and allowed Isla and me to catch up with people we had not seen for some considerable time. It was at this time that I was 'collared' by Colonel Allfrey and advised of his 'grand scheme' for Scotland later in the year. Take a tank across the Forth Road Bridge — never! More on this subject later in my article.

Later that month the Force held its regular Family Day at Police Headquarters, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh. I made mention of this in my last article but I am pleased to say that, despite some very wet weather, it proved to be very successful. I am very grateful that this was the case as, on this occasion, I had responsibility for the whole event. I am delighted to report that the Regimental Information Team was in attendance, along with representatives from a number of other regiments. It is even more pleasing to inform you that WQI Bob McKenzie and his team were far and away the most popular attraction at the Family Day, with people queuing up to clamber on to the tank that they had brought along. It just goes to prove that you cannot beat a display by The SCOTS DG.

The following month saw the culmination of more planning by Force personnel, only this time for an event of an even more personal nature. A small team, including myself, had been working on plans for a Force Summer Ball for many months and these came to fruition in June. Several hundred people gathered at Hopetoun House, West Lothian (very near to The Binns, where the Regiment was raised) and enjoyed a fantastic Ball featuring a live band, disco, chamber orchestra and, of course, our own Pipe Band.

The weather was beautiful, which was a real bonus and



various activities saw us raise a considerable amount of money for a number of charities. It was great to see members of the Force, their family and friends enjoying the grounds of this fabulous home and generally letting their hair down. This was our first Summer Ball, although we have a Winter Ball annually in January, but I suspect that it may not be the last, given its success.

In July I applied for, and was successful, in obtaining a promotion to the Scottish Police College at Tulliallan. This is a splendid establishment where I will have the privilege of living and working over the next three years, looking after a fast-track scheme for police officers in Scotland, the Accelerated Promotion Programme. At the heart of the Police College lies Tulliallan Castle, which has a great many military associations. It was built for Admiral Lord Keith (Nelson's commanding officer at Trafalgar) in the 18th Century, partly with the use of French prisoners-of-war, and, during the Second World War, it was used as the headquarters of the Polish Army. Although I will be based outside the Force for a period of time never fear, I will continue to keep abreast of events back at Lothian and Borders and will, of course, maintain my efforts to strengthen and develop the already strong links which exist between our two organisations.

On the subject of strengthening links, the Colonel's 'grand scheme' for boosting recruitment to the Regiment presented me with the ideal opportunity to bring together, for the first time, a sizeable number of Regimental officers and members of the Force. I was able to arrange a joint 'Beating the Retreat' at the playing fields at Force Headquarters in late September involving the Regimental Pipe Band and our own Force Pipe Band, a unique event. Colonel Allfrey and around 25 officers were joined by Deputy Chief Constable Tom Wood, myself and about 30 Force personnel to witness the event, followed by a buffet meal within Headquarters. Those present were entranced by the sight of two world-famous pipe bands playing together with a backdrop of a beautifully setting sun. It could not have turned out better.

On then to the remainder of the evening. Deputy Chief Constable Wood and Colonel Allfrey made impressive and humorous speeches to the assembled throng on our two organisations in general and the pipe bands in particular (I did feel, however, that our pipe band displaying all of the trophies they had won over the year directly in front of the stage was a bit cheeky. Still, nothing like a bit of inter-band rivalry!). We all believed that the formal part of the evening had been completed when Tom Wood resumed the stage and regaled the audience with a tale of how, as a young sergeant, he had been present in Princes Street, Edinburgh in 1978 during the Regiment's Tercentenary Parade. He had witnessed one of the tanks 'lapping off the head of a set of traffic lights near the Scots Greys Memorial and had had the presence of mind to snatch up the offending object and place it into the boot of his car. It was therefore his pleasure to present the very same traffic lights to the Regiment as a reminder of that famous occasion. Said traffic lights were then deposited into the Colonel's arms and the room erupted with laughter, even the Colonel was speechless for a short time before accepting the gift with great grace. I am not sure where this 'war trophy' now resides but rumour has it the Regimental Pipe Band have found an appropriate spot for it and I know that it will be treasured. Plans are afoot for a visit to Fallingbostel by the Force Pipe Band and other interested parties. Should this come to fruition I will, of course, provide a report (suitably censored) for next year's Eagle and Carbine.

November saw me take part in the Remembrance Day Service in Edinburgh again and it was good to see a healthy turnout considering the torrential rain which fell that day. Still, it was all very convivial, crammed into a shelter and,

## 12TH/16TH HUNTER RIVER LANCERS (APC) AUSTRALIAN ARMY

We occupy a large part of Northern New South Wales, making us well and truly "in the bush". That places us about equidistant between Sydney and Brisbane, with Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Squadron and Technical Squadron at Tamworth, "A" Squadron at Armidale 110 km to the North, and "B" Squadron 150 km to the South. Our soldiers are drawn from across the North of NSW, from the Queensland border, Dubbo in the Far West, Sydney in the South (the very loyal), and the North Coast. An area approximately the size of your country. Most however come from the New England and Hunter Valley regions where our sub units are located.

Having assumed command of the 12th/16th Hunter River Lancers in January 2000, I prepared my

despite the unusual setting, the service maintained its ability to move and inspire those present. We were all delighted to see that the Scots Greys Memorial had been cleaned up at last but noticed that the rider had pieces of wire sticking out of his head. This, we had been assured by council operatives, was guaranteed to keep birds off the monument, thereby eradicating the problem of bird droppings. As my wife and I left the New Club after lunch I noticed a crow and a seagull nonchalantly strutting amongst the wires. So much for modern technology!

As we look forward to 2001 I am aware that the Regiment again faces a difficult attachment in Kosovo. I know that the various challenges this throws up will be overcome in true Royal Scots Dragoon Guards fashion and I trust that you meet with every success there. One or two opportunities for some sort of liaison are in the offing as I write this article and I will be working hard in an effort to bring these together. In the meantime, kindest regards from your affiliated Police Force and we look forward to seeing you again in the near future.



Deputy Chief Constable Wood presents the Commanding Officer with the original set of traffic lights destroyed by the Regiment during the Tercentenary Parade down Princes Street in 1978.

one time based in Sydney, some on full time duty for up to 4 months.

In the meantime, given the Army's mission in Timor, the Reserve was also tasked with Rifle Company Butterworth (security for an RAAF base in Malaysia), and to the Peace Monitoring Group in Bougainville (a war torn part of Papua New Guinea). We contributed to each task. At the same time, East Timor made demands. The Australian Army has a Battalion Group on Timor, which with support personnel amounts to 1600 people, rotated home every six months. A large number of people for an army our size. Our unit provided an APC section of personnel to the 6th Battalion Group rotation of Timor during 2000, and further personnel in 2001.

It can be seen therefore, that for a Unit that had not sent personnel on operations since 1947 when we were re-formed after WWII, we were suddenly sending personnel to four separate operations concurrently. An "exciting year", as my staff would say. The unofficial motto to emerge from the year became "It is not only how well you do, it is what you look like while you are doing it". And we looked good.

A visit from the Land Commander Australia in March revealed an enhanced role for the Regiment, we being tasked to provide the Second Rotation APC Force



Commanding Officer visiting 2000 Driver Course.

Element (a Squadron). This means that if Australia deploys a further Brigade offshore, at that time (if that plan is adopted) we stand up a Squadron on full time duty to deploy with the rotation force at 6 months. So there are exciting times ahead.

I trust this finds you all well. I extend the greetings and best wishes of all officers, men and women of this our proud Regiment.

## THE 1-11 REGIMENT DE CUIRASSIERS

The 1-11 Regiment de Cuirassiers had a very busy and demanding year. The Regiment is now structured with two Groupes d'Escadrons (GEs or groups of squadrons). GE1 carrying on the traditions of the 1st Regiment de Cuirassiers and GE11 those of the 11th Regiment de Cuirassiers.

As part of the 3rd Mechanized Brigade, the Regiment achieved a variety of missions in 2000, at home and abroad. These included External Missions (lasting up to 6 months) in The Lebanon, GE11; in Kosovo, Escadron d'éclairage et d'investigation (Scouting and Investigation Squadron); in French Guiana, GE1; in the French West Indies, Escadron de Base et d'Instruction (Support and Training Squadron) and the Escadron de Maintenance Régimentaire (Regimental Maintenance Squadron). Individuals also saw service in the Balkans and Asia.

Exercise and Training involved Commando Training in Belgium and France; Transmission Training and Tactical Assault Courses and "Guépard" alerts (at 24 hours notice-to-move worldwide).



Amphibious training in French Guiana

The Regiment also took part in the anti terrorist plan "Vigipirate" in Paris and Marseille. They also help in the early warning of Forrest fires during the dry season and assisted in plan "Polmar", dealing with pollution from stranded oil tankers on the French coast.

2001 will be just as busy, already a squadron of GE11 has been sent to the Ivory Coast. GE1 deploys to Kosovo in the New Year.



## THE 1ST REGIMENT OF LANCERS IN 2000

The beginning of the year was not a quiet time for the Regiment. The Battle Group "BELUKOS 2" were deployed in North Kosovo from December 1999 until April 2000. The Regimental Commander Lieutenant-Colonel Grosdent was in command of the Battle Group for this mission.

While the remainder of the Regiment was abroad, B Squadron stayed in Belgium and started to prepare for the next mission. B Squadron was attached to another Battle Group "BELUKOS 4" in Kosovo from August till December 2000.

At the end of June (after a necessary period of maintenance and rest) the Regiment took part in the European March for Souvenir and Friendship. This march consists of 130 Km over 4 days, and it crosses



Inter Squadron Tank Pull.



Leopard deployed to Kosovo.

## THE ARMY CADET FORCE TROOPS

The Regiment acknowledges and respects the work of the Army Cadet Force and is proud to have a number of detachments from Cadet Battalions in Scotland as Troops wearing the SCOTS DG Badge. For several years Troops have been located at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Saltcoats and Ayr. Part of the remit of Home HQ and the Information Team is to liaise with the Troops. Much of this work goes unreported, particularly the dedication of the Officers and Adult Instructors.

In early 2000 two Troops at East Kilbride, elected to transfer to SCOTS DG. Originally Platoons wearing the badge of the Cameronians they became Troops affiliated to The Scottish Yeomanry until the demise of that Regiment and the closure of B Squadron. On

*"The only bad part of being a good sport is that you have to lose to prove it".*

15 April Brigadier SRB Allen, Commander 51 Highland Brigade, presented the Cadets of No1 and No 2 Troops with their SCOTS DG badge to wear on the Grey beret. The splendid parade was witnessed by faithful family supporters and rounded off by a buffet lunch in the Cadet Hut. The Troops are very welcome to the Regimental fold.



## MAGAZINE

### Scotland 2000 - THE RAISING OF D SQUADRON

**Captain WHL Davies**

*Note: S2K was inspired from Y2K terminology for year 2000.*

Scene: OIC S2K standing in a Glasgow shopping centre in the rain explaining to the centre manager the merits of a Challenger 2 tank occupying 10 of his parking spaces.

Stroppy shopping centre manager: "I'm sorry, how many tonnes did you say the tank was?"

Harassed OIC S2K: "Well...about 65 tonnes...but don't worry, they say the weight distribution is really excellent. You know, less than an articulated lorry and all that; so good in fact that you could practically drive over your own foot and survive. Believe me, it won't be a problem, really, honestly...please."

Stroppy shopping centre manager: "I'm afraid I'll have to consult the local Council before I can give you permission to come. And what about the tracks, surely they damage everything?"

Such were the conversations in the planning of S2K. Despite the heartache associated with the logistics of using a Challenger 2 tank in Scotland, the tank became the heart and soul of the Commanding Officer's autumn recruiting initiative - S2K. Having regained D Squadron on paper from its 5 year sojourn in suspended animation, the rather unhelpful Army prediction of 2006 as the earliest date for a fully recruited Squadron of 101 men was far from uplifting. Indeed, with the Regiment's return to the Balkans in 2001 and a full compliment of officers ready to lead nothing but ghost troops, the conclusion was obvious - SCOTS DG could not hang around for the highly suspicious efforts of the Army Recruiting system. A quick fix was needed. SCOTS DG would hit the streets of Scotland en masse and do it for themselves. And so S2K was born.

To the credit of Recruiting Group and the Recruiting Staff in Scotland, we were given a carte blanche to do as we liked in our efforts and were given an extra £12k to boot. We suspected that the S2K operation was being



2Lt Trueman, Cpl Smith, LCpl Matthews, LCpl Robertson and Capt Bateman.

viewed from the flanks as something of a test case – will they do it or won't they? Our added suspicion that the apparent support from some quarters was anything but wholehearted added to the mischief of the whole exercise. How many noses could heavily biased towards the Scottish Division, and had been for many years, only served to strengthen our resolve. The S2K template should set the standard for the future and, if that meant SCOTS DG stepped on toes along the way, then so be it. The attitude amongst the S2K planning team was clear from the start.

However, it was all very well pontificating grandly from the Castle about the S2K concept – it was now time to start planning. Captain Davies returned from Kosovo a month early to take up residence in the Castle and Home Headquarters. He was joined with 5 weeks until D day by Captain Williamson and Lieutenant Wilkinson, the former continuing in his capacity as Public Relations Officer, the latter as the S2K 2ic. It became apparent soon after their arrival that their inclusion on the team was essential. Both took on large amounts of the work, indeed the PRO arguably became the main effort shortly after D day on 25 September. It is a wonder how anything at all was achieved by the team. The dirth of rank hierarchy between the 3 young officers, the allure of the bright lights of a capital city beneath them and the attractions of computer solitaire combined to distract at every opportunity. One reason may lie in the ever-present and menacing form of WO1 McKenzie, resident Scotland expert and OIC Regimental Information Team. Without a doubt, he acted as foil to the hap-hazard ways of his officer counterparts. His role was essential in keeping the plan afloat. His experience was used to great effect during the 2 weeks itself in all areas of NOBA (Not Officers Business Anyway).

In essence, the plan was based on simple criteria – SCOTS DG should make as large an impact as possible in Scotland within the 2 available weeks. In doing so, the Regiment's profile would be enhanced and some recruits would be persuaded to enlist en route. This would either recruit or begin recruiting D Squadron. To achieve this, 165 soldiers were split into 18 teams and returned to their home towns across the country with the aim of press-ganging locals. The Roadshow, comprising the tank, a Sabre, the caravan and the Pipe Band, supported this effort as the figurehead of S2K. It visited 16 locations within the Central Belt and was seen by an estimated 80–100,000 individuals.

A large-scale, conscious effort to raise the Regiment's profile in Scotland had not taken place since Scotland 1994, a gap of some 6 years. This is not sound marketing practice and the corporate brand name, The Royal



Pipes and Drums on Esplanade.

Scots Dragoon Guards, urgently needed heavy investment in a relaunched image. How often do newspaper articles confuse the Regiment with either the Scots Guards, the Royal Scots or the Royal Dragoon Guards? Should we refer to ourselves as merely SCOTS DG henceforth? Should we more controversially use the instantly recognisable Greys image and their history in our own marketing image? These issues are now central to all regiments within the Army and those who shun them do so at their peril. Responsibility for the future of SCOTS DG lies with the Regiment.

Multiple Lines of Operation were developed with the aim of swamping the public with the SCOTS DG brand. [www.scotsdg.com](http://www.scotsdg.com) was launched successfully on D day. It was actively marketed on all publications and on the side of the tank, and will continue to be so at every opportunity. This has taken the Regiment into the 21st Century. On a more traditional note, a complex media plan was constructed involving print and radio media. Heavy Metal in the form of a tank attracts the Press – in fact, an estimated £125k of column inches and air time was devoted to SCOTS DG over the 2 weeks. This more than justified the endless dramas



Tank crew on Castle Esplanade.

associated with the tank. At the more labour intensive end of the spectrum, 3,000 posters were stuck up in shop windows and thousands of "geezits" and flyers were distributed nationwide. SCOTS DG soldiers were walking the streets from Elgin to Edinburgh, from Greenock to Galashiels.

An operation such as S2K spawns memories, both good and bad. It will be difficult to forget the tank and the Lord Provost rumbling down Princes Street dodging the afternoon traffic, although it will be equally difficult to forget the pain associated with the realisation that no Press whatsoever had covered what was our biggest media facility. The car crushing at Knockhill Race Circuit will feature on video clips for years to come. The diplomatic skills required to gain permission for the Roadshow to visit the likes of the Castle Esplanade, the Mound in Edinburgh and Dundee City Square and for the tank to cross the Forth Road Bridge were worthy of Kofi Annan. The one day that S2K required clear weather in order to take airborne pictures of the Bridge crossing was met with dense fog (a picture which might have been worthy of an oil painting, one can only guess). The heart-stopping decision of the Scottish Executive to refuse entry of the Army tank transporter into Scotland 9 days prior to D day on grounds of insufficient axle weight distribution was hard to comprehend. Was somebody out there deliberately anti-SCOTS DG? Its replacement (an extra £9k and a very sympathetic HQ DRAC later), came in the form of the disastrous combination of Gordon and Glenn the Slug from Heanor Haulage. Under the command of WO1 McKenzie, a shower, shave, haircut and complete reclothing solved this particular problem. Finally, who will forget the heroic exploits of Corporal O'Connor and his band of Edinburgh recruiters who dished out 5,000 flyers in 3 hours prior to the Princes Street stunt.

As with Scotland 1994, S2K or an equivalent is unlikely to happen again in our lifetimes. Points for a PXR are therefore of questionable worth. Nonetheless, some thought must be given to 2 areas. Firstly, should S2K have been staged in the autumn? Of course, operational commitments precluded any other choice but a summer timing would have coincided better with school leavers and also with better weather. Secondly, should future endeavours be based on more recognisable rank structure? The S2K plan might not have worked if a squadron had been based in Redford but it would have provided a more obvious rank structure amongst both the Roadshow and the Recruiting Teams.

So what of the results? S2K raised the profile of the Regiment beyond all measure. Effort must now be channelled into capitalising upon this success and the

Commanding Officer is currently taking steps to bolster the RIT strength as well as position all-important Special Recruiters into Recruiting Offices nationwide. Both are proven methods of increasing enlistments. In terms of hard statistics, 120 individuals expressed an interest in joining SCOTS DG over the 2 weeks. The "nurturing" process now begins in earnest to ensure that these assets arrive at the Regiment unscathed. Quantifying the success of S2K is therefore a tricky business. Certainly the Regiment will receive some new recruits from mid-2001 onwards. To measure the effect of the S2K "seed-sowing" in the longer term is virtually impossible – who is to say that a 12 year old who chanced upon the tank on Princes Street may not decide to join in 4 years time?

165 men spent 12 days recruiting in 25 vehicles, covering an estimated total of 25,000 miles. No vehicles crashed, no bodies were hurt and no soldiers featured in the News of the World for the wrong reasons. For these reasons alone, S2K must be viewed as a success.

The Employment Service have recently calculated that 25,000 15 to 25 year olds were unemployed in Scotland in 1995. Today, that figure is a mere 4,500. Of these available individuals, the majority will be unsuitable for army employment. All major Scottish towns are occupied 12 months a year by Scottish Division recruiting teams. In the pursuit of recruits, regiments must target either those already employed or those in further education. Recruiting in Scotland has become a tricky business.



Capt Davies, Insp Muir and Sir Ian Bosville Macdonald of Sleat.

## EXERCISE GALLIC TROOPER'

Pte L Branigan and Pte P White

On an early October morning fifty-nine members of the Regiment set off for four days in France and Belgium. Basically it is a battlefield tour with a SCOTS DG theme. The tour covered two major battles from the last two centuries, one of which is the SCOTS DG major battle honour.

The Somme was the first stop and the officers explained the significance of what had happened at Thiepval, Newfoundland Park and Delville Wood. Our group of soldiers led by Padre Totten stood in the same places as relatives of ours had stood 84 years previously but under quite different circumstances. We had one thing in common though – we too were nearly wiped out by a mad German, but ours drove the coach. It's quite an eye opener to see all the graves first hand: it makes it sink in and can take our generation a step closer to imagining what it must have been like. The site of the largest crater remaining from the First World War was at least 20 metres deep and 50 or 60 metres in diameter. The bang could be heard in London and Lt Foulerton described it as being "quite loud"!!

The following day was very different: Disneyland Paris. Being a Friday in October the queues were short, so everyone got their fill of Space Mountain. Rumour has it that the SNCOs – Sgts Leggate, Bell, Smith and Mackenzie - got thrown out of Frontierland for doing something to Goofy.

Next day it was mentioned that we would get to know Paris like the back of our hands – no kidding! In teams of five we were all handed maps and a metro day ticket. Our task was to visit six famous places in Paris, answer-



The Somme, Newfoundland Regiment.



The Battlefield.

ing questions and collecting clues as to where to find the coach again. Two teams got completely lost but we managed to recover them later. The Padre with his lollipop and yellow jacket stopped traffic in the centre of Paris in order to achieve the perfect picture of the group under the Eiffel Tower. Good photo but the Number 236 to the Arc de Triomphe nearly wiped out a squadron! We took over a restaurant in downtown Paris for dinner that evening, before going to the top of the Eiffel Tower to see the city by night. Then it was off in search of the nightlife.

The last day saw us visiting the scene of the Battle of Waterloo. Quite an extraordinary place as the two sides were almost close enough to be on the same football pitch. We stood on the field where Sgt Ewart captured the Eagle which is now on display in Edinburgh Castle and on the SCOTS DG capbadge. Lunch was in the 'Emperor's Bivouac' restaurant, surrounded by replicas of the imperial army's standards (with eagles). Then it was the final leg of the journey back to Fallingbostel. The weekend's mixture of seriousness and fun was brilliant.



## HAVE SADDLE, WILL TRAVEL

Major GF Wheeler

"How would you like to represent us in a series of races to be run in Madagascar on Sun 12 Nov?" An opportunity to go to the Southern Hemisphere for the first time and take part in my favourite sport was presented to me by the German Amateur Jockey Club. I thought about their proposal for about two and a half seconds and then said an emphatic "Yes please!!" These races are part of an annual international competition called FENGENTRI (Federation of International Gentleman Amateur Riders). Representatives from all key racing nations on the Globe congregate periodically in a variety of countries (mostly in Europe and N America) to compete in races. The rider with the most points at the end of the year is declared Champion. The race day in Madagascar is a "one-off" in that it is the only element of the championship held in the Southern Hemisphere.

The one previous FENGENTRI race in which I had ridden was at Bad Harzburg last July in what is euphemistically known as a sea-chase. Here you jump eight fences, then gallop through a lake, and then jump a further eight obstacles before finishing. Sadly,



Maj Wheeler on Supreme Secret.

my horse refused to believe the water was deep, tore into it like the proverbial RNLI lifeboat, and then disappeared completely below the surface (losing me in the process) and that was that. The remaining 9 runners went clean over the top of us but thankfully, apart from being soaked through, we emerged unscathed. My second FENGENTRI race was to prove an altogether different experience.

So it was that two Frenchmen, a Swiss, a Spaniard, a Belgian and a Brit (representing Germany) arrived from their disparate homelands at Charles de Gaulle airport for an adventure south of the Equator. The flight took 12 hours and we arrived at the airport adjacent to the capitol of Madagascar, Antananarivo, late at night. There then followed a protracted series of events involving the purchase of a visa (\$31 – legalised piracy really), finding one's luggage, meeting with the appointed Malagasy Jockey Club Reception Committee (two aging Malagasy individuals who had quite clearly eased their long wait for our emergence from customs with the aid of a whisky bottle!!), and then helping them find their cars in the now pitch black car park. Despite considerable travel fatigue, I resisted surrendering my luggage to the numerous individuals who offered to carry it for me in the dark. We left the airport eventually, but not before reminding our very kind escort/.driver that "lights would be a good idea right now!!"

We, the jockeys spent our first night in a Bed and Breakfast just outside the capital city. The next day, after a brief and pleasant "petit dejeuner" (breakfast – wholly insubstantial – no wonder we won at Waterloo), we were driven 160 kilometres to the East coast town of Antsirabe, where the race meeting was to be held. This journey took 7 hours. Admittedly,



The Jockeys representing 7 countries.

it involved a 3-hour lunch break half way, but the winding road and additional traffic (pedestrians, cyclists, cattle grazing by the roadside, over-loaded minibuses etc) meant that we were rarely able to achieve a speed over 40 km/hr. That evening, the Malagasy Jockey Club laid on a sumptuous dinner for us in a local restaurant. Sadly, my personal battle with the scales meant that I had to show considerable restraint. I noticed that I was by no means alone in this predicament. Elie Hennau, the Belgian rider, is only one inch shorter than me and was due ride two kilos lighter the next day. We agreed to take ourselves on a good run the following morning to get rid of any effects from our culinary indulgence. We spent our second night at a hotel near the racecourse – although no Michelin stars were in evidence, we were comfortable and well looked after by the charming staff.

Elie and I, along with the French jockey, Thierry Steeger, set off to run to and around the racecourse the following morning. Despite some rather suspicious looks from the various “quick-quick” drivers that we passed, we were soon receiving good-humoured encouragement from pedestrians. Having completed our run, checked our respective weights, showered and changed, we were ready to attend Madagascar’s equivalent of Royal Ascot, Antsirabe Race Day. The attendance was large with the majority of the crowd simply emerging from the adjacent shantytown that surrounds Antsirabe Racecourse and finding their own spot on the outside rails to watch the sport. Racing began at 10 o’clock in the morning, broke for the inevitable 2-hour lunch break at 12 before resuming in the afternoon – very civilized – very French.

We, the FENGENTRI riders, were due to participate in two races during the afternoon. The first of these was to be on local horses over a distance of 1800 metres. Sadly, my appointed ride had been withdrawn that morning because of lameness. Somewhat frustrated, I watched my colleagues mount a selection of what looked to me more like ponies. A fiercely competitive contest resulted in victory for Thierry (who incidentally is likely to be crowned FENGENTRI Champion) with the remaining Europeans filling three of the first six placings.

Our second ride (my one and only) was the feature race on the card. It carried the princely sum of 2 Million Malagasy Francs (about £200) to the winner – a veritable fortune in Madagascar. I was down to ride SUPREME SECRET, owned by the Madagascar Jockey Club President’s wife. She (the horse) turned out to be a big strong chestnut mare whose best distance was a mile. Here, she was being asked to run over a mile and a half. According to her regular profession-

al jockey (from Mauritius and weighing about 7 stone), she pulled very hard. Clearly, 10 stone of Brit jump jockey on her back came as a bit of a shock for her and fortunately provoked an altogether calmer reaction. We cantered to post with the other 9 runners accompanied by much hysterical cheering and screaming from the shantytown dwellers. My orders were to stay “covered up” (meaning behind the other horses) and to produce the mare at the end of the back straight and make the best of my way home from there. (I should point out that these orders were conveyed from a Malagasy trainer to a Frenchman and then relayed to me in German). This all worked beautifully, and coming off the final bend, we were in third position, just 1 length off the leader and with a clear run to the line. However, she did not quicken off the last bend as I had hoped and simply ran on at the same pace to finish a gallant fifth. Maybe I lost some crucial point in the multi-translation beforehand – I will never know, but she gave me a super ride and tried all the way to the line. Elie, the Belgian, won the race, our Spaniard (Guillermo – or Gizmo as I called him) was second, Thierry was third, the Malagasy favorite was fourth and we were fifth, a long way clear of the remainder of the field. It was a terrific race and although in terms of Global Racing, this was a low-key event, you could not have persuaded the locals that this was the case. They



Maj Wheeler getting his riding instructions translated into French, then German then English.

yelled the place down and cheered as if their lives depended on the result – maybe it did.

We were royally entertained at a reception after racing in Antsirabe’s smartest hotel. Diet sheets were thrown aside and we enjoyed a marvelous spread of local culinary delights (not to mention a certain amount of champagne). We were able to watch a video recording of the entire day’s events and listened to a number of emotional speeches (in French). Dinner and the local discotheque proved memorable and we all eventually were able to recover ourselves to the hotel in preparation for our lengthy journey back to Antananarivo the next day.

We took the opportunity during our journey to the airport on our final day to stop at a local market to buy some souvenirs. The products on offer included a wide variety of articles carved from wood, cotton table spreads, toy cars modeled from coke cans, local musical instruments and an enormous selection of items made from semi-precious stones. Thierry, the Frenchman, said that under no circumstances should one pay the asking price – “Haggle and pretend to walk away to get the best results” was the gist of his advice. I did a trial run employing this method and would undoubtedly have succeeded in securing a considerable discount. However, after a while, I reflected that I was arguing over pennies at the expense of a man

who was not even wearing shoes. Call me a soft touch but I did not follow Thierry’s advice.

I sat next to an American female biology student on the flight home. She had been conducting a study of lemurs in their natural habitat. Having discovered that everything to do with lemurs was “neat”, “real neat” or “awesome”, I promptly went to sleep.

We all arrived back at Charles de Gaulle Airport exhausted after four and a half memorable days. It had been an extraordinary experience and we, the FENGENTRI jockeys, were by now all firm friends. We exchanged addresses and telephone numbers and promised to meet up again soon (Neuss on Sunday 3 Dec is the final FENGENTRI race day for this season).

The ethos for all jockeys, amateur or professional is pretty much the same. We love our horses, we respect our fellow riders and we live for our next ride. I doubt whether my next ride will be in such exotic surroundings as last weekend, probably a point-to-point on some windswept hill in Devon. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have been given the opportunity to represent our host nation. It was a privilege and an experience that I will never forget. I stick by my code – “Have saddle – will travel”.

## THE MOUNTED OFFICERS EQUITATION COURSE

### 29 May to 21 August 2000

#### Captain CA MacDermot-Roe

As a newly commissioned subaltern, I was in Trappist silence in the mess for some time, the advantage of this being the ability to listen to the ‘grown ups’ talk about Melton Mowbray, a side to the Army that I had never imagined. Two short years later Captain Alex Matheson and I, with the curses of our contemporaries ringing in our ears, found ourselves short toured from Kosovo and en route to a long awaited Mounted Officers Equitation Course (MOEC) at Melton Mowbray.

To many people MOEC would seem to be a switch from Op AGRICOLA to Op CYGNET (common parlance for ‘a little swan’), far from the toil and trouble of Podujevo and Slivivo. The cynics amongst the Regiment will be interested to learn that the MOEC was not merely a ‘donkey walloping’ course with every weekend off and if I can raise my voice above the cho-

rus of catcalls, I will tell you that while very enjoyable and immensely rewarding it was also jolly hard work; have any of you ever shaped a pile of horse manure with a hangover at seven o’clock on a blazing hot Sunday morning.... I think not!

The training objectives of MOEC were set out in the joining instructions, not simply ‘riding’ but drill, mounted and dismounted, basic Veterinary first aid, basic farriery and of course a good dose of Household Cavalry spit and polish. Alex and I, as the only line cavalry officers, joined four Household Cavalry officers, to make up the course.

The six of us were all very much of a muchness as far as riding was concerned, pony club fifteen years ago and the odd spin on a horse doesn’t prepare you for the exact science of military riding. Particularly when

your horse was a bad tempered creature with the oh so very appropriate name of Vampire. The instructors kicked us off with no stirrups...for the first three weeks. As a result we had all mastered the John Wayne swagger by week two. Insult was added to injury when we discovered that from the room that Alex and I shared we were half a mile from the kennels with a dawn chorus of some 250 dogs starting at about 5am!! Despite this and the painful swaggering we were soon jumping with no stirrups and with our hands on our heads and growing in our 'stickability' and confidence, this did not mean that we could not fall off, far from it, broken ribs, a broken lumber vertebra, concussion and severe bruising were all part and parcel of the learning process, and great entertainment for the more fortunate.

Despite what was a painful start, we improved in leaps and bounds, with two long and inevitably entertaining and exhausting lessons a day. The months sped by with mounted drill (pokey drill is the seventh level of hell, fortunately undiscovered in Sandhurst) show jumping, cross country and even some acrobatics and tent pegging. The riding was interspersed with horsemanship, horsemastership, basic veterinary and farriery lectures (to name but a few and we all have a hoof pick to prove our skill at the latter!). That is not forgetting mucking out and yard sweeping three times a day and of course grooming, tack cleaning and shaping the manure pile. Naturally we worked at the weekend, feeding, riding and mucking out, but there is much to do in Leicestershire (for the ill-informed, home of Stilton and pork pies) and 'Tubes' night club knocks 'The Venue' of troop leaders fame, into a cocked hat!

Finally after a good deal of sweat, fear, exhilaration and fun in equal measure, it was time to face the Household Cavalry Riding Master, who not only passed us all off but offered a general invitation to a Regimental transfer...refused. The HCR officers then left to go to their summer camp and Alex and I had the remainder of the course to ourselves, which finished with us and the instructors completing the Household Cavalry cross country course in Thetford. In addition Alex and I jumping cross country side by side (rather a tight squeeze over 10 foot wide jump!) and a grand finale which saw both of us (on the instructors eventers) sailing over fences 4 foot something high, a very real change from the caverlettes of week one.

The MOEC was a real highlight of the year and I heartily recommend it to anyone who has any sort of interest in riding as the most satisfying course that the army still has to offer, take it while you can.



Capt MacDermot-Roe and Matheson enjoying the sunshine.



Capt Matheson in action down the jumping lane.



Capt MacDermot-Roe in action down the jumping lane..

## LAKE DOJRAN - ATTACK OF XII CORPS

18th Sept 1918

Captain JPA Halford-Macleod

Joining a battlefield tour while on Operations may not seem normal practice. However, the Macedonian/Greek border played host, during WW1, to a theatre of war that I suspect many people have not heard of. So when HQ KFOR Rear, in Skopje, undertook the task of organising a trip to the area of Lake Dojran in order to revisit the actions of the Salonika Force in 1918, where the allies had been locked in battle with the Bulgars since 1915, it promised to be something of an adventure. The pool of students was to come from across the whole of KFOR.

Motivated by the knowledge that my great grandfather had served in this theatre during WW1, I was able to secure a place. I was joined by Lt Ambrose and together we headed south for Pristina clutching a rather sketchy set of joining instructions and in very good humour. On arrival in Pristina we secured our passage south to Skopje on the daily shuttle service that runs from HQ KFOR Main to Rear.

We arrived at KFOR Rear that evening to be given our initial brief and start times for the morning. After this



Capt Halford-Macleod and Lt Ambrose on Colonial Hill

we were left to our own devices with the only condition being a mid-night curfew. Mr Ambrose and I duly changed into our civvies and headed for the bright lights of Skopje. The courtesy KFOR bus dropped us off in the center of town at about 1730 hrs and before we had taken two steps off the bus Mr Ambrose felt a tug on his sleeve, "Strip-tease for you Mr Good?". "Um, it's a little early. Thank you."

We took in the sites around town and found a rather promising restaurant and sat ourselves down for dinner. The Macedonian attempt at food left something to be desired, but the novelty of being in a busy city on a beautiful summer evening made up for all that. After dinner we moved outside to have coffee on one of the street-side tables. It was at this point that we noticed a rather interesting character walking around town. Wearing a panama he was quite obviously not a native. We decided that he must be "Our man in Skopje". Later we were to discover that he was in fact Capt Sidney Jarret, of "18 Platoon" fame.

The following morning we formed up on the heli pad for our flight down to Lake Dojran. Three Ukrainian Hips picked us up and flew the 45-min journey to the Greek border. On arrival at the other end we were met and ferried to the hotel. We were then split into our syndicates and welcomed again. It was at this point that we became most aware of the truly international nature of this tour. The presentation team was British, German and Belgian. While the students were American, Slovakian, French, to mention but a few. There was someone from just about every KFOR nation.

After a quiet evening in the hotel, that encompassed a very bad dinner, we set out the next day for Greece.



Flying out of Skopje, Ukrainian Hips.

Only 20 mins down the road. Once in Greece we headed straight for up to a prominent piece of high ground called Colonial Hill. This represented the British position in 1918. Today there is a very moving memorial that sits at the top. It is a massive stone needle surrounded by four huge lions. Below the lions and on the needle, the names of all the British regiments that took part in the Salonika Force are recorded. Below the hill there is a cemetery filled with Commonwealth war graves.

Colonial Hill looks out over Lake Dojran to the north-east. To the northwest is the objective that on 18 Sept 1918 was the prize. The objective was a ridgeline, each point was given a number (1 – 5). As I stood on Colonial Hill and looked out over the scene I could not help but think of Nunshigum. Steep hills and a ridge line with close dense vegetation. Well dug in infantry and guns. It came as no surprise that the attack ran out of steam. Unfortunately, unlike Nunshigum, they were not able to draw it to a successful conclusion. Sidney Jarret added his own experiences of WW2 and gave an idea of what combat might be like.

Massive debate then followed. The Serbian forces to the west had broken through and were having great success. Had the British been sacrificed to fix the largest part of the Bulgar army? If that was the case, even

though they did not take the ridgeline completely, had they not achieved their aim? It was discussed at length.

The following day we moved onto the objective (in Macedonia). However, for some reason the Macedonian authorities would not let us onto the ridgeline so we had to be satisfied with the foothills. Even here there were good examples of the Bulgar positions. They had been well prepared.

That evening we flew back to Skopje. We arrived at KFOR Rear in time for a massive BBQ, including live rock band and all. It was quite the most amazing experience. Mr Ambrose declared that this was the place to work for him. To think there we were back in Podujevo conducting ourselves in a sober military manner, yet in Skopje it was almost unbelievable. Spanish, Italian, Argentinean all having a wonderful time. What was more is that this was happening on a weekly basis. It must be said that they welcomed us with open arms and made us feel very much a part of it.

The material on the tour was brilliantly researched and presented. There was a mass of enthusiasm and drive from the presentation team. They really made it work very well indeed and we all learnt a lot.



## LINGUISTIC ADVENTURES, MOSTLY BEHIND THE DRUM

Honor Auchinleck

Just before we left West Berlin in summer, 1979 Frau Teppman, our Russian teacher invited us to the 'final' reception of her son's wedding at the Masonic Hall. When we were the first to leave the party at about 4.00 in the morning, Frau Teppman was disappointed and most concerned that we had not enjoyed ourselves. We had difficulty convincing her that the heady combination of Georgian wine and brandy, the Kosher food, the Russian and Ukrainian folksongs and energetic dancing made it one of the most memorable evenings of our lives. Of course we could not explain to Frau Teppman that the reason we were leaving was that in a few hours' time Mark was going out on a BRIXMIS tour in East Germany and he needed some sleep. The next morning our ribs ached from laughter and we were bruised and stiff from our exertions on the dance-floor. Mark's watch had been broken too!

During our time in Berlin I may not have learnt much Russian, but I gained a fascinating insight into life

behind the Iron Curtain and hardship in refugee communities. Now, as I begin my second attempt to learn the language, I remember the experience with warmth and gratitude. It was a lesson about life as much as it was about language.

It was a surprise and added bonus that I remembered the Russian alphabet and some Russian words. I have little doubt that Frau Teppman helped inspire in me a love for languages and an ever-present wish to understand others and to make myself understood. Language develops in response to people's communication needs and interests and desire for contact and friendship. For Frau Teppman, the struggle to survive must have provided much of her impetus to learn other languages. I never did discover how many languages she spoke. She had been exchanged with Israel for a bag of grain as part of the deal that enabled her to leave the Soviet Union, so she probably understood some Yiddish. To learn a new language is to gain some sort of understanding of

another culture, history, geography and philosophy. It is to have one's eyes opened on a new world. For Frau Teppman, that new world was freedom.

My new teacher Irma, has begun where Frau Teppman left off. Along with language lessons she is explaining how life in Russia has changed since the fall of Communism and the subsequent development of the market economy. In a very open and honest way, she has told me of the advantages and disadvantages of the communist system and the problems people in Russia are experiencing as they adapt their lifestyles to new political and economic philosophies. She tells me that nowadays, instead of going to university, some young people go to China and buy goods cheaply and then sell them on the streets of the Russian cities. Some made money, but they lost it quickly. It would have been better, she explained, if they had careers and steady jobs. Quick money can be dangerous.

Ironically, despite not distinguishing myself at languages at school or university, I have spent over twenty-five years trying to learn languages. Despite any innate lack of talent, I now speak a little of five languages, having enjoyed living in at least five different countries. I began with French during a short sojourn in Paris one winter after I finished university. That summer, on a working vacation in the Voralberg, I learnt some German. In reality, what I learnt there was a dialect with an Italian accent. The Sud Tirol in Italy was only a few miles away across a mountain pass. Some of my colleagues were from the Sud Tirol and they taught me to say things in the sing-song way they speak in their mountain-village homes. It was not surprising that I had trouble making myself understood when I first crossed the Austrian border into Germany. In Germany my accent was not seen as being particularly 'cool'! While retaining my memories of the Voralberg, I tried to mend my linguistic ways and come to grips with some Hochdeutsch!

Accents apart, my knowledge of German set me in good stead on a subsequent trip to visit friends in Hamburg and Berlin. Had I not been able to understand my fellow passengers, I might have got off at the wrong railway station, at Friedrichstrasse in East Berlin instead of the Zoo Bahnhof in West Berlin! In the late 1970s at the height of the Cold War, such a mistake would probably have had dire consequences which would have tested and irritated the diplomatic skills of those involved in bailing me out of trouble.

In the months following our marriage, my knowledge of German proved invaluable during our various trips to East Germany. At that time Russian, rather than English, was the second language in the East. Only

older people born before the Second World War appeared to have much knowledge or interest in English. Some seemed reluctant or frightened to speak it or to be seen in the company of foreigners from 'enemy' or 'Capitalist' countries.

Even though my efforts were peppered with grammatical errors, speaking some German brought a warm response from the local shop keepers in Potsdam. Some times they corrected my mistakes and taught me new words. They did their best to understand. They explained their different cuts of meat and how to cook them. At that time I needed all the help I could get! My culinary skills were even more lacking than my linguistic ability. Even so, the greengrocer asked me what limes were and what one did with them! The limes were imported from Cuba and were sold at a fraction of the price of those in the West.

In fabric and clothes shops, shop assistants discussed women's fashions and the garments I wanted to make from the material I had bought from them. Much to the delight of the shop assistants, I took photographs of our wedding back to the shop where Mark had bought the fabric for my wedding dress. Normally silks and other good quality fabrics were reserved for the wives of senior party officials or high-ranking Soviet officers. On another occasion when I took over a pile of glossy English magazines, the shop was closed for a few minutes so we could talk about pictures of celebrities over a cup of coffee.

In the cold winter of 1979 shopkeepers in Potsdam and East Berlin explained to me about the shortages, the queues, the coal rationing and how their old people were dying of cold. They also told me about the intensely cold winter of 1946 and how they had to cut down trees in their forests for firewood. These stories are commonplace, unless one hears them for oneself. Then they become indelible memories.

In Dresden we spent many interesting hours talking to the Wehsener family. Herr Wehsener had been a master-porcelain painter before the Second World War at the Pottschapel factory in Dresden. At that time various members of BRIXMIS helped to provide Herr Wehsener with the medicine he required to treat his asthma. In return and if it was safe one might be invited to see the ENS birds and Sitzendorf figures that they kept for sale mainly to members of the Allied Military Missions. On one occasion we were invited back to the Wehseners' flat for coffee and to see some of their personal porcelain collection. It was after such a visit in spring 1979, that Herr Wehsener's son painted a plate incorporating some of the best known floral and dragon motifs for my birthday.

After the Wall came down Mark suggested that we should go to Normanennstrasse in Berlin to read our Stasi records. I didn't want to do so as I did not want to know what those friendly people of Potsdam and other areas of East Germany, voluntarily or otherwise, might have told the authorities about us. I would rather remember them as friends, even though I realised it may not have been always the case.

In comparison to German, learning Dutch was a shorter, far tamer and regrettably very incomplete experience. A couple of days after our arrival in Brunssum in Holland, a local hairdresser agreed to cut my hair on the condition that I could say 'Happy Christmas' in Dutch by the time he finished. At the required moment I managed to stammer out the words 'Prettige Fest Dagen'. Buoyed up by my early success I signed on for a two-week basic Dutch course at the Army Education Centre. By the time the two weeks came to an end, my voice was beginning to croak and vanish. The Dutch 'G' had been too much! I knew that I would never get my tongue and vocal cords around the pronunciation. As English is widely spoken and because we lived so close to the Dutch border with Germany, I did not continue with Dutch lessons. All the same, I continued to eavesdrop on the rhymic clop-clop tones of conversations to see how much I could understand.

When we moved to England, I thought that my linguistic adventures had ended. Of course I had not reckoned with the Geordie accent in the North East, nor many other parts of the country. in terms of accents and dialects in my native language, I have a lot to learn!

It was while we were living in Newcastle that we were posted to Izmir in Turkey. I had to look up 'Izmir' before I discovered that it was the Turkish name for the ancient city of Smyrna. At the beginning of my first Turkish lesson, my teacher Mustafa told me that we would begin with the future tense of the verb to 'go'. When I explained that in the past I had started a new language by learning the verb to be or the verb to have in the present tense, Mustafa replied that "There are no verbs to be, or to have, and for me, everything in Turkey is in the future!" In a sense he was right! So much is in the future in Turkey. The word 'yarin' or 'tomorrow' has a similar meaning 'manyana' in Spanish! Turkish was to be a fascinating introduction to another rich culture with the longest history I had ever experienced. What was even better, for almost nine months of the year one could enjoy it in deliciously warm sunshine on empty beaches or in some of the many archaeological sites that are scattered across the rugged landscape along the Aegean coast.

Since I began my second attempt to learn some Russian, I have realised that a knowledge of the language may open the doors to some of our greatest linguistic adventures yet. At this stage, my only regret is that the weather is now warmer and the summers are not longer in Russia. The Black Sea coast in the Crimea beckons. That is a new world within itself. It will be a long way from my first brushes with the Russian language.



## PICTORIAL MEMOIRS OF A WARTIME GREY

Jim Randall

*This article is based on extracts and photos from a letter by Jim Randall, Royal Scots Greys, in response to reading an article about the Regiment's mounted patrol in Kosovo.*

*Jim served the six war years with the Greys, both horsed and mechanised. In the latter part of the war he was Lt Col Aidan Sprot's Troop Sergeant. He was very keen to pass on some key words of command for fear that they would be lost forever. He also thought they would be useful knowing that the Regiment was due to return to Kosovo next year.*

The words of command for a mounted parade when the troop is in line, troopers standing at ease on the near side of the horses' head goes like this:

"Stand to your horses" - Troopers to attention sliding right hand up rein to bit.

"In front of your horses" - Take a pace forward, simultaneously turning about to face the horse each hand holding a rein close to bit.

"Eyes left" - Yes, left, the only time eyes left is used.

"Dress" - Troopers shuffle themselves and horses into a straight line.

"Eyes front".

"Stand to your horses" - Step and turn, back to original position. This will be followed by "Mount" and "Sections right, walk, March."



Sergeants' Race.



Filling hay nets.



Railway patrol.



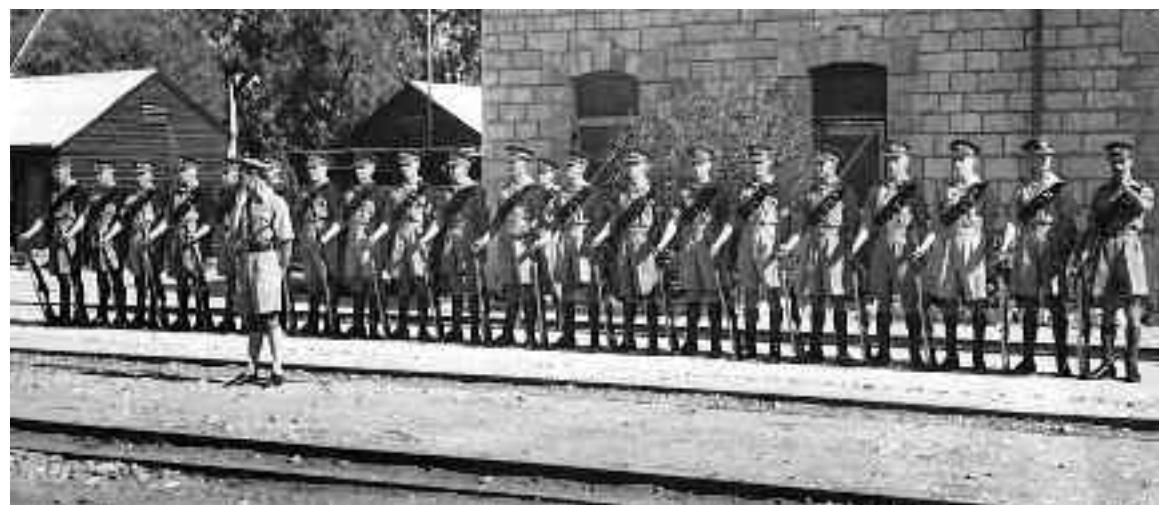
Cpl Dick Goran at Tiberius.



Riding a German horse at end of war. Jim's tank is in the background.



A troop living in a Palestine Railway wagon known as "Oor ain wee hoose."



Church parade..



Major Stewart (later Lt Col. DSO MC) riding Morocco Maid at Sarakem, Palestine.



Dismounted marching order..



Jordan valley near Jericho 1940. Jim with Jake..

## A CORNET OF THE GREYS, 1759-68: THE EARLY CAREER OF PATRICK FERGUSON

Dr. Marianne McLeod Gilchrist

In October 1759, Brigadier-General James Murray, commander of British forces in Quebec after Wolfe's death, wrote to his brother George, a naval officer:

I left orders to send Patty Ferguson to the accadamy at Wolich: I hope it was done. I mean to push him in my own profession. I am sure if I live I shall have it in my power, and when I die it will not be the worse for him that I had the care of him.

Patrick, or Pattie, Ferguson was their nephew, born on 24 May/4 June 1744, probably in Edinburgh. His father, James Ferguson of Pitfour, was a well-respected advocate, originally from Buchan, his mother Anne Murray, of the Elibank family. They lived chiefly in a tenement at 333 High Street, by Roxburgh's Close - a site covered since 1930 by Edinburgh City Chambers. The Fergusons were extremely well-connected in literary and intellectual circles, and knew most of the leading figures of Enlightenment Edinburgh.

In July 1759, a month after his fifteenth birthday, Pattie had been bought a Cornetcy in the Royal North British Dragoons. Throughout his short life he wrote regularly to his family, particularly to Betty, one of his older sisters. Through these letters, we see a vivid picture of an intelligent and lively young officer's life in the Greys in the 1760s.

Pattie spent two years studying at the Royal Military Academy in Woolwich, as his uncle had recommended. The curriculum included fortification and artillery, taught by the Chief Master, John Muller. He often felt lonely, regarding London "as solitary to me as the highlands". He passed his spare time reading Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe, at David Hume's suggestion, and recommended it to Betty, "if you have courage for Eight Vol's".

He was keen to go on campaign to Germany, where Britain was supporting Prussia against France and Austria in the Seven Years' War:

I have enquired & find there is little probability of my making a German Campaign a fresh water Sailor, I can't bear the thoughts on't - on the Contrary if I go, when I come home some pretty Girl... will mention the German War & then Oh! how finely I will brag Betty & how glorious to have the Merit of having been in the Midst of Blood & Wounds - don't think me in Earnest...



Bronze bust of Major Patrick Ferguson,  
reproduced by kind permission of King's Mountain National  
Military Park, South Carolina.

His horses, "which to say the Truth have some share in my Affections", remained in Scotland until he should need them for service in Germany. He was concerned for them, since "any mishap befalling them will put me to the Expence of others":

I am very glad they are in such good Condition as to the Little horse he never deal't much in fat & it is the nature of the horse (being come from a barb) to be lean or neither not fat - The other horse... had better be sent to the rough ridder at the Troop to be broke (as he does not stand fire, & has never had a manage bridle in his mouth) along with some of our Dragoons who pass Edinr very oft I dare say - Upon recollection as I propose only to keep one horse when I join the Troop I shall desire Lieut Mitchell to see the horses & determine which horse is the properest to Dispose of - If he thinks I had better sell the one that was lame it will be need less to have him broke as an Officers horse unless I go to Germany in which case I'll keep them both.

Pattie, a slight, wiry boy, resembled his little Barb which "never deal't much in fat". But at his

Bloomsbury Square lodgings, his fondness for traditional Scots food was a source of wonder:

I've been just now eating some meal Porridge for my supper, to the great admiration of all the Englishmen present; we luckily have a maid who Comes from Berwick & understands how to make it...

His sense of identity was strong:

as I am a great Admirer of Scots frases & also of the word fun I beg not to be brought upon the Stage as an fine English Gentleman nor do I think my natural prejudice will ever let me think amiss of anything belonging to the Land of Cakes.

In spring 1761, the Greys were posted to Germany. According to Adam Ferguson, Pattie and his friend Lieut. John Mitchell (1734-83, after 1764, Baronet of Westshore, Shetland) got themselves into a tight spot:

being on horseback a few miles in front of the army, ...they fell in with a party of the enemies' hussars, and... were pursued. FERGUSON, in passing a ditch, dropped one of his pistols; but, thinking it improper for an officer to return to camp with the loss of any of his arms, he re-leaped the ditch in the face of the enemy, and recovered his pistol. They halted, imputing probably his confidence to some support which he saw at hand, allowed him to repass the ditch, join his companion, and regain their camp undisturbed.

But Pattie saw little action. He fell seriously ill with a leg ailment, possibly TB in the knee. For six months he lay bedridden in Osnabrück. He was sent to Rotterdam by wagon, and thence home by sea, arriving in July 1762 "in a miserable condition", Mother wrote. She observed: "I much doubt if ever he shall recover the constitution that was meant him by nature". He was left with a "lame" or "game" leg, prone to arthritis if he overtaxed it.

In late February 1763, he was sent north to the family estate at Pitfour, which he had never before visited. He was cared for by Father's unmarried older sister. Pious but drily humorous, Aunt Betty grew very fond of him, but did not neglect her duty when his high spirits threatened his health:

She gave me great attention to my Diet &c &c as She knew me to be an invalid...; at last however having observed me leaping with a pole over a Wall she exhort ed me to drop that Practice & in a very earnest manner pointed out the many accidents, befalling people that leaped in that manner...

Pattie fell in love with Buchan and its people: "the Cordiality of the Gentles Pleases me & the beauty, innocence & good nature of Some of the young Ladies — more than pleases me". Indeed, he flirted extensively!

The Greys returned from Germany at the war's end in 1763. In August, his strength much improved, Pattie left the family in Edinburgh to rejoin his troop in Kelso. He had to readjust to mess hospitality, and found himself nursing a hangover. After philosophical meanderings, prompting Betty's acerbic note, "I think Pattie has wrote this letter in the midst of his drunkenness", he explained:

when I was told of some of my absurditys next morning I no more beleived them till every body ashured me of them, than I shou'd, had I been informed of paying a visit to the Man of the Moon. I Cast about to recollect any Circumstance but all to no Purpose so I Conclude that P.F. assamed of the absurdity & beastly deportment of his Grosser part, retired up to his freinds in the Clouds, & what confirms me in that oppinion was a pain in that part of my head where the afsaide P.F. is supposed to lodge, occasiod by his excursion, however that be, he had not perfectly settled himself in his seat next morning — in plain englisch my head was confused.

The Greys' tour of duty was taking them south — to Coldstream by November. Pattie was probably at home again at the beginning of 1764, since on 25 January "Cornet Patrick Ferguson, Royal regt. of North British Dragoons" was admitted to the Burgesses and Guild Brethren of Edinburgh "for good services". His father had been a Burgess and Guild Brother since 1751, but Jamie, his elder brother, had to wait until 1781.

In autumn 1764, after some time in Carlisle, the Greys travelled to Manchester, via Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster and Preston. Pattie was forced to hire a chaise for the last forty miles of the journey, as his mare was exhausted and he himself suffering "a violent fit of the rheumatism, which I caught by being wet". In Manchester, he stayed in private lodgings, for 7/- a week: "I breakfast on milk & never Sup, as soon as the review is over I go into the Cold bath to harden me against this watry Country, which heaven oppresses with an everlasting Deluge".

The wealth of the manufacturing towns, at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution, impressed Pattie. He was less taken with the nouveaux-riches Manchester broad-cloth barons: "there is not one man who has the Spirit of a Gentleman". He played cards with a couple of the more genteel local families, but took care not to gamble beyond his modest means. In

December, he tried the hot baths at Buxton as relief for his lame leg.

Homesick, he longed for news of family life in Edinburgh, and pictured the household lapsing into Shakespearean verse to choose dinner:

To eat beef or Mutton that is the Question

Whither ist better in the Guts to suffer

The Gripes & torments of outragious Hunger

or to take spoon against a sea of hotch potch.

Choosing "beef or Mutton" was one thing; judging horse-flesh another matter. Horses have distinctive personalities: a cavalryman knows his mount as an individual. When Pattie was reunited with his horse, he found him:

in Good condition but with a very bad Character, he had been rode in my absence by two of our Officers & had got the better of them & the Dragoon who keeps him was affraid to ride him, from which encouragement & want of exercize I found him very playfull but as innocent as a lamb. — I boasted that in three Days he should be the best Squadron horse for doing his exercize in the Regiment & he is so; nay tho the Riding Master has been laboring me for this twelve month to make him carrie the standard to no purpose, as soon as I appear'd all difficulty vanish'd & the people who before pronounced sentence on him as a Devil incarnate, now admire the Coolness & fire of his Motions.

But he remained very much a 'one-man' horse:

he Disdains to resemble other animals in going on four legs, he flys or when he deigns to touch the Ground his hind legs Carrie him & his fore serve for Show He is fit to Carrie a God or run in the Chariot of the Sun, but Appollo wou'd be obliged to hire me for his Coachman.

In 18C, since there was no police force, the army tackled civil disturbances and riots. After Pattie had been sent to get the horses, at grazing forty miles outside Manchester, he found some of the Greys "bruised & bloody":

I immediately as I was commanding Officer march'd my party under arms into the town & publickly profess'd my intentions of Cutting down the first man that attackd our people, at the same time Apply'd to a justice of peace for a warrant to secure the beginners of the former riot, the warrant was readily Granted & Six

of them are sent to the house of Correction; I cou'd have hanged them had I given an Additional Accusation, to which I was very much press'd by the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, who informed me that they were an Obnoxious set of Colliers, who committed all manner of violence & escaped under ground where they have prodigious Cavitys.

It says much for the young Cornet's integrity and courage that he withstood the local gentry's demands for executions.

By March 1765, Pattie was desperate for opportunities for promotion or adventure to stir him from the low spirits he associated with the aftermath of his illness. He wanted leave to go home: Father — raised to the judiciary as Lord Pitfour the previous year — had suffered a stroke. He was recovering but still infirm. However, since Lieut. Sir John Mitchell had received Colonel Preston's permission to stay in Shetland until August, Pattie was forced to stay to "make up our Compliment of Officers present" until his friend's return.

On 13 April, the Greys arrived in Coventry, where they were reviewed by General Elliot. But Pattie had other preoccupations:

throughout the Center of England the Women are Uglier than in Scotland, there is in this Town of Coventry 80,000 people of which 25,000 are monsters, & the rest just not deform'd. My landlady's Daughter however is exquisitely handsome, I've been already reduced to Sonnets by her but She is desperately cruel; I wish I was a god to make my Addresses with any prospect [of] Success. Beauty, Sensibility, ease & Dignity are not always confined to your right Honorables. I've purchased a Diamond pensil to transmit her merits to posterity. God defend me from lunacy.

and he signed himself poetically, "yours Damon". But he had no time to pursue his beloved: within two days the Greys had left Coventry.

The regiment was next garrisoned in Worcester, but for the first few weeks Pattie was detached with two troops to Pershore, a nearby village. Lodged at The Angel inn - which still stands - he delighted in the idyllic countryside around the Avon. He contrasted Worcestershire folk with his compatriots:

England is undoubtedly the land of extravagance; there is in it a variety of lunatick no where else to be met with; & yet in their wildest freaks there is a spirit of benevolence & Generosity appears, seldom f[ound] in the cool dispassionate plodding selfish tempers of our Countrymen: God keep me from the man without

passions, he may be wise indeed & in some degree honest, but goodness he can have little of; it springs from the heart, & he has no heart.

In September, Pattie returned to Edinburgh on leave. In January 1766, during a trip to Normandy, he visited his cousin Margaret Johnstone's widower, the Jacobite Lord Ogilvy. He travelled on foot, "as the depth of the Snow... had render'd the ways utterly impracticable for horse or Carriage":

I did not arrive at his Lordships till the Day after at dinner time & not that without being tollerably fatigued, as I had in the Space of twenty four hours waded 36 miles in a deep snow. I experienced from his lordship most particular kindness on my Father's account & after a stay of some days left him yesterday with great regrete to repair to Calais; but as my Cursed game leg had disapproved of my former expedition, it cost me a guinea for a Carriage to convey me here.

His plans later that year suggest he was taking advice on training opportunities in France.

He returned to London, discussing career plans with his uncles. By mid-March, he was back in Bromsgrove with the Greys. He was annoyed at an incident which "concerns my promotion, which they have a mind to interrupt, by introducing a younger officer into the Regt. as a Lieutenant. I have made a bustle about it which will occasion some sour faces". Jamie Telfer, nephew of novelist Tobias Smollett, had been commissioned Lieutenant on 7 March. Pattie, still only a Cornet, was now senior to at least half the Lieutenants in the regiment. He complained to Colonel Preston "pretty full in his teeth & he seems to have a bad digestion & may probably take it into his head to force me to keep a servant". Telfer reached the rank of Major in the Greys, and died in 1791.

After being reviewed by the King in London, the Greys were posted to Lewes on the Sussex coast, "catching smugglers". Pattie applied for leave to go to France. Colonel Preston said that he "was at Liberty to Leave the Regt for Six months, but as there wou'd be great difficulty in procuring leave for me to go abroad I might if I pleased privately set out & nobody wou'd inquire where I went".

He intended to study the military academy at Angers, but finding his fellow Cornet, Sir John Nisbet of Dean, also in Paris, he preferred socialising. The pair twice attended court at Versailles that autumn: on the second occasion - naughtily, since his visit lacked official permission - Pattie wore uniform. He became fashion-conscious: "My vanity has

got the better of my Economy, & my back is provided for I'm afraid a little at the expence of my belly; however 'tis the disease of this Country, so impute it to the Air of france".

He wrote that Frenchmen "have not naturally that manly swell & breadth of our Country men", but he was amazed at the "ease & elegance" with which "they dance fence ride & bow". He paid particular attention to Frenchwomen:

tho with out red or white (I mean natural) tho without the smallest indication of either hanches or breasts, yet they manage their gowns with such address that one is almost brought to beleive there is something within them, & dance, rally & move with great grace & propriety.

He concluded that, although they knew the arts to win a man, they lacked the practicality to run a household and sustain a marriage. His friend Sir John Nisbet clearly disagreed, since he later married a Frenchwoman. He resigned from the Greys as a Captain in 1775, and died the following year.

In December 1766, the Governor of Lille permitted Pattie to inspect the fortifications and meet the officers of the garrison: "I shall from them learn to give the same treatment to every foreigner who may fall in my way in England", he wrote, impressed. But he argued with a dragoon officer:

who advanced some things Concerning the regiment I'm in such as having attack'd them & made prisoners. I ask'd him the Year & very politely told him that he might have been deceiv'd in the Regt as ours held but one affair that year & did not lose any prisoners. As he named the place I was obliged to say that our regiment was there & had broke some squadrons of Dragoons, but that there were some others which the Gentleman might have mistaken for ours. The Officer wou'd probably persisted with one of his Comrades & of consequence have quarrell'd, but as it was with a foreigner who was in the midst of the french Army, he said it might be so.

On the way home, he intended to visit the Austrian Netherlands, but having got tired of the coach at Douai, and to save money, he continued on foot. However, "the small trial I made swell'd my lame leg a good dale", and he travelled by stage coach to Calais. Before leaving Paris, Pattie looked back over his career in the Greys: disappointments and missed opportunities caused by indecision and the "finishing blow" of his lameness. Most of his classmates now outranked him:

You will say Im very young, that of course I have time enough & cannot have been very unlucky: I grant you, that I am young, & have time enough to do something but not to - if - & as to my luck as we can only judge comparatively the list of our Army will at one glance show you I have been the most unlucky man in it, as I am by three years the Oldest Cornet & older than three forths of the Lieutenants. - Besides my prospects were rather better than Common, & indeed I still hope there may be some remedy put to my loss of Rank.

After visiting his uncles in London, Pattie returned from leave in March 1767. The Greys were still in Lewes. He was distressed to find his horse sick with glanders, and most of the regiment with "the ague" - malaria, then endemic in parts of south-eastern England. The officers tried to ward off infection by drinking port, and after a couple of slight attacks, Pattie kept it at bay for the rest of the year.

In April, after their review, the Greys marched to Canterbury, but by autumn Pattie's thoughts turned to Pitfour, where the family was staying. After describing racing and dancing at Canterbury, he reflected: "Wou'd you beleive that these bustles instead of reconciling me to the world, have a very contrary effect, & make me sigh for the Solitary firs of Pitfour?"

His low spirits in part stemmed from ill health. In spring 1768 this finally manifested itself as "a regular Ague". He recovered "by dint of bark Camomile & you may tell my Mother by means also of Candle snuffings (for I pillaged all the snuffers in the family)", and felt reinvigorated. By May, the regiment was in Putney, heading for Northampton: "We are now thank God got out of Kent & Sussex which are the most Aguish Counties in England". He also had real hope of advancement.

If a regiment were posted somewhere unhealthy, less career-minded officers would trade their commissions for ones in regiments staying in safer places. When a company became available in the 70th Regiment, to serve under his cousin Lieut. Col. Alexander Johnstone in the fever-ridden West Indies, senior Cornet Ferguson seized his chance.

On 2 September, Pattie could no longer hide his exuberance from Betty:

Do you know who writes this Bess? The very Respectable Captain Patrick Ferguson of the 70th Regiment.... By the Lord my Pen will not deign to touch the paper, my toes the Ground, nor will I have one clear Idea these three Months. I coud have hug'd

Lord Barington the Secretary at war for My Commission.

By October, he had found a purchaser for his Cornetcy in the Greys: John Rocheid.

And so Pattie Ferguson entered the 70th Foot. It was during his service with that regiment that he designed the Ferguson Rifle, the first military breechloader used by the British Army. A replica of this weapon, kindly presented to the regiment by Philip Edwards of Narragansett Armes, Ltd., on the 219th anniversary of his death in 1999, can be seen in Home Headquarters.

Pattie distinguished himself in the American War of Independence. Backed by General Howe, he led his experimental rifle corps in a field trial, until his right arm was permanently crippled in the battle of Brandywine in September 1777. Despite months of unanaesthetised surgery, he retained his wry wit and indomitable courage. The rifle corps was disbanded because of his long illness and disability, but he returned to service, valiantly learning to fight left-handed.



Philip Edwards of Narragansett Armes Ltd. presenting a replica Ferguson Rifle to Brigadier Jameson, for the regiment, on the 219th anniversary of King's Mountain, 7 October 1999.  
(Photograph by the author.)

He fell commanding Loyal American troops and militia at King's Mountain, South Carolina, 7 October, 1780 - the only British serviceman in that battle. His 21-year army career ended as it had begun, on the back of a grey horse. Sword in hand, he was blasted from the saddle by a dozen shots, leading a last charge to break the encircling Rebel lines. He is buried on the battlefield beside one of his mistresses, who had also been shot. Their grave is carefully tended by the staff of King's Mountain National Military Park.

#### Acknowledgements:

Patrick Ferguson's letters, from the Scrymgeour-Wedderburn Papers, NRA(S) 783, are quoted by generous permission of the Earl and Countess of Dundee, and the National Register of Archives (Scotland).



Grave of Pattie Ferguson and 'Virginia Sal', King's Mountain National Military Park, South Carolina. The tradition of building a cairn on the site began after the 1880 centenary. The headstone, which makes mistakes about Pattie's birthplace, rank and regiment, was erected in 1930. (Photograph by the author.)

His mother Anne Murray Ferguson's letters, from the Elibank Papers, SRO GD 32/24, are by kind permission of Lord Elibank and the Scottish Records Office. Other quotations are taken from Adam Ferguson, Biographical Sketch, or Memoir, of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1817, and William Fraser, The Earls of Cromartie: Their Kindred, Country, and Correspondence, vol. II, Edinburgh, 1876.

Thanks also to Lieutenant Colonel Roger J. Binks, Regimental Secretary, and Major James Scott, Archivist, Royal Scots Dragoon Guards.

The author, a freelance historian, is a grand-daughter of Norman McLeod Gilchrist (1909-66), formerly Lance-Corporal, 755443, Royal Scots Greys. Her biography of Patrick Ferguson is to be published by the National Museums of Scotland in 2002.



## THE OOTACUMUND HUNT

### Major HI Macrae

**O**n a recent trip to India, I spent 3 days in Ootacamund, a Hill Station situated at 6000 feet above sea level in the Nilgiri Hills in South India. Having spent some time there as a child in 1943/44, I wanted to revisit the place where many British families sought refuge during the Japanese invasion of Burma. At the time, my father was serving with the First Battalion Seaforth Highlanders at Imphal, in the same Brigade as the 3rd Carabiniers.

Sadly a lot of the houses built by the British are very neglected but most of the customs are still kept going. Of particular interest is the Ootacamund Hunt which is still in existence and strongly supported by Indian Tea Planters, Bangalore businessmen and government representatives from Madras who own holiday homes in Ootacamund. The Indian Army Staff College at Wellington, 10 miles away, supports it and there are usually several British partakers as a result.

The Hunt was started in 1854 by the 74th Highlanders, now the Royal Highland Fusiliers, who were stationed at Wellington at the time. Three years later when the Indian mutiny broke out they were sent elsewhere in India to the trouble spots. The Hunt was then reformed in 1860 and mainly kept going by Cavalry officers until Indian independence in 1947. On looking through the records in the Hunt Clubhouse, there were many members of the 3rd Carabiniers who hunted at Ootacamund. I was also particularly interested to see a large brass plaque in memory of Major Godfrey Heseltine of the Carabiniers in St Stephen's Church in the town centre. He was Master of the Ootacamund Hounds from 1906 to 1909 and again between 1917 and 1919. He died in August 1932 and by all accounts it was largely due to him that the Hunt thrived so successfully.



A stone memorial on the wall of the hunt kennels.



Memorial to Major Godfrey Heseltine in St Stephen's Church.

The countryside around Ootacamund is hilly and most unlike hunting country in the United Kingdom. They do not hunt foxes but jackals which I understand are faster and even more wily than a fox. The hunting season is the same as ours but the climate is much warmer and more settled. There are 5 permanent staff who look after the Ootacamund Kennels. They take the hounds (12 couple) on a daily exercise run of about 10 kilometres over the area called Wenlock Downs. Because of the hard ground, the warm climate and the hill countryside, the hounds have to be very fit. The same applies to the horses and the 2 or 3 that I saw in a nearby field looked in very good condition.

This most British of sports is very popular with the Indians in the Nilgiri Hills. The Ootacamund Hunt, so well supported by the 3rd Carabiniers for many years, has no intention of giving up hunting. Furthermore the local people cannot understand why there is such a move to attempt to stop it in the United Kingdom.



Ootacamund Hunt Clubhouse.

## THE ROYAL HOSPITAL CHELSEA ADVANCING THE WAY WE CAME

William Barlow

To commemorate the Millennium, the Royal Hospital Chelsea commissioned a statue from Philip Jackson which now stands on the north front just inside the main gates. It depicts an In-Pensioner, bemedalled and easily recognisable in Tricorne hat, cane in hand, with his arm raised, his head slightly turned as though to say "Let's go"! The figure, unlike the settled backcloth of Wren's substantial building with its central classical façade, is full of movement, purposeful and challenging as though pointing, with enthusiasm, to a clearly identified goal which, however, remains unknown. It is an image which perfectly expresses the potential for change of all tradition where it is seen to reside in people and not buildings, in a living experience rather than in institutions or in rituals mistakenly regarded as tradition simply because they have become customary. Customs and tradition are not the same thing.

Initiated by Charles II in 1682, and built by Wren, the Royal Hospital opened its doors in 1692. Intended as a hospice for old and infirm soldiers, it has remained faithful to this. To qualify, applicants must have a service or war disability pension. This is stopped on admission. The normal age for entry is 65. Exceptions can be made. Female Pensioners are eligible: a challenging prospect. In-Pensioners, up to 400 in number, continue to form companies under retired officers called Captains of Invalids. Overall responsibility lies with the Governor, a retired General, assisted by a Lieutenant Governor, and by a Secretary with experience at high level in the MoD which makes an annual grant. Additional sources of income are also necessary.

In-Pensioners retire to a way of life with unequalled recreational facilities including a Club, Library, and an Arts and Crafts centre. There are 60 acres to relax in with free access to the Chelsea Flower Show. They hold rank and are employed, with pay, in running the Hospital. There is an Infirmary, fully staffed including 3 Doctors and a Matron, a physiotherapy department, with a hydropool and gymnasium. The average age, 77, has gone up.

Scarlet-coated veterans have great media appeal. They are frequently invited out and regularly hosted by their regiments. The annual Founder's Day, when

they are reviewed, usually by a Royal is, like the Trooping, part of the iconography of the Country, simple, moving, and reassuring. Yet it is not to be taken for granted. For the present challenge is that the Royal Hospital can no longer stand apart from Society and in this respect the situation facing those in charge is unprecedented and demanding. Even the military society from which it recruits is changing, radically. To advance with confidence the Royal Hospital must be certain of the way it has come. The Millennium statue is evidence that the nettle has been firmly grasped.



## CENTENARY OF THE OCCUPATION OF HARRISMITH

Saturday 5 August 2000

Major Sir Hervey Bruce-Clifton Bt, Late Grenadier Guards

The surrender of Marthinus Prinsloo and 4,500 Boers at Surrender Hill on 31 July 1900 opened the way to Harrismith for the British Army. The advance eastward from Bloemfontein, since its capture in March, had been conducted with neither great speed nor particular efficiency and it was a weary and battle-hardened 8th Division under their commander, General Rundle, which finally entered Harrismith on 4 August 1900. A number of sharp engagements en route had accounted for numerous lives and still more had died from disease. It should also be remembered that most of these soldiers had marched all the way from their first battle at Graspan in November 1899, a journey of some 600kms, not including deviations forced upon them by operational necessity. As the British force raised the Union Jack atop the town hall on that winter's day, few people could have foreseen that it was to herald the establishment of a garrison that was to remain for well over a decade until its withdrawal in 1913.

No sooner had the dust settled than the troops set to work establishing a defensive perimeter to protect this strategic railhead. The rail link with Durban was once again open and provided a vital line of supply to the British Army that was so heavily dependent on ordnance, unlike their elusive enemy. Top of the list of priorities for British commanders was the defence of these tenuous lines of communication especially once it became clear that the main target for the Boers was this very same network. A line of blockhouses was soon created, connected by wire and signalling systems, which was intended not only to protect this vital source of succour but also as a means of impeding the freedom of action of the Boer commandos under such fearless commanders as Christian de Wet. The network of defences also sought to defend vital points such as Harrismith and the relics of these fortifications still exist today. On the hills surrounding the town, three sandstone forts still keep watch over the veldt but most of the metal structures have long since disappeared. The garrison set up tented camps around the outskirts of the town that was to remain in place until the end of the war in June 1902. These units were used to man the line of defences and were to spend interminable periods of inactivity keeping watch for their foes, mainly without incident to break the monotony. Other troops, mostly mounted units, used Harrismith as a base from which to launch massive 'drives' that were designed to hunt

down the 'bitter enders' of the Boer Army. At times the garrison reached strengths of 5,000 men, all of whom had to be fed and supplied from the town. Buildings were commandeered or constructed to accommodate the infrastructure of the force, some of the latter structures exist today.

Finally, the overwhelming Imperial force wore down their opposition and in June 1902 peace was declared. Many of those troops who had spent nearly two years in Harrismith were to be sent home but others were to take their place. Harrismith remained a peacetime garrison for the next eleven years and the soldiers became part of the fabric of ordinary life. Relations between the troops and the community had their ups and downs but there is ample evidence of the way in which the garrison made a positive contribution to daily life. Sport was a major pre-occupation for the soldiers and the golf and polo clubs were established with cups being presented by units that are still competed for today. Concerts were held and military music was often heard throughout the town but especially in Victoria (now President Brandt) Park. The Mountain Race was started by members of the garrison and is still run today. So great was the financial contribution of the base to the local economy that the town council petitioned the King for it to remain. But in 1913 the garrison was withdrawn as the tide of war swept over Europe. The Army Camp in Kings Hill was eventually dismantled but there are still signs of the occupation to be found today, not least of which is the Military Cemetery, which contains some 460 graves dating from this entire period. Many of the units to which these souls belonged have long since been disbanded but there are still 265 graves that can be traced to 24 regiments that still exist in the British Army.

It was to commemorate the sacrifice of these men and other victims of war that a ceremony was held in Harrismith on Saturday 5 August 2000. A party of wreath layers, drawn from former British soldiers,



members of the Harrismith Commando and members of the public assembled to pay their respects. Twenty-two of the twenty-four traceable regiments had sponsored wreaths and these were laid with appropriate ceremony at the memorial to the 8th Division. Having laid their wreaths to the British dead, the party moved the short distance to the memorial to the women and children who died in the concentration camp that was established in Harrismith during the war. Two small children paid their floral tribute to these sad victims of conflict and the party who represented all racial traditions observed a minute's silence at this moving moment of the ceremony. The final act

of the commemoration was to lay a wreath at the memorial to all those members of the Harrismith Commando who died during the course of the war. The sound of traffic did little to drown the plaintive bagpipe lament as the party bowed their heads in solemn salute to these brave men. Having paid their sincere tribute to the victims of this tragic war, the party dispersed in the realisation that the cause of forgiveness and reconciliation had been upheld in a spirit of friendship and mutual respect. It was a memorable day for those who took part and a positive one for Harrismith and South Africa.



with a shining cross between its antlers. The stretchers between the leg bases are in the form of St Andrew's Cross and are topped at the centre crossing with a carved roundel of the Arms in full heraldic colour. The legs themselves represent the design of the pillars on the front of the choir stalls at either side of the apse. An original proposal to include carvings of the badges of the three subscribing Regiments was vetoed by the Artistic Committee of the Church of Scotland as such personalisation is inappropriate for a Communion Table.

The monies raised allowed for the making of a smaller matching table to hold the collection plate; this is placed to the side of the Communion Table. These Tables were completed in time to be dedicated and used at Communion on Christmas Day 2000, the true second millennium of Our Lord's birth.

## THE CANONGATE COMMUNION TABLE

*Report From The Regimental Secretary*

For several years the Regiment has maintained close links with the Canongate Kirk on the Royal Mile, Edinburgh. The parish contains the Palace of Holyrood House, the official residence of the Colonel-in-Chief, and the Minister is Chaplain to Her Majesty The Queen. In late 1999 the Kirk Session, amidst the excitement of the approaching Millennium, decided that the true meaning of the event, the 2000th anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, should be marked with a gift to the Kirk from the congregation and friends. The appeal raised some £6500 from around two hundred contributors, including donations from The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, The Scots Guards and The Royal Scots.

The congregation agreed to apply the larger part of the funds to commission a new Communion Table to replace the existing one - essentially a blue painted kitchen table covered with an appropriate cloth. Six young Scottish furniture designers were approached, all were keen to undertake the commission and produced a wide range of designs. A small committee of the Kirk Session selected the work of Bruce Hamilton from Paisley.

Made from Scottish oak, the design at the front and rear reflects the double arch of the apse window immediately above the table, with the gothic heart in the centre, and on each side the stag's antlers with the cross between them - the armorial bearing of the Canongate Kirk. This in turn is based on the story of King David, after being thrown from his horse whilst hunting in Holyrood Park was spared by a white stag

## FRACTION FRICTION

### D Moring, a former Carabinier

Soon after the Second War the Carabiniers were a very small Regiment and had hardly any vehicles, but we did possess a Mark VII Cromwell Tank - mine. It bore the unforgettable number TI 88888 and on a rainy day its D Day markings became visible.

The Quartermasters' Department was responsible for petrol issues from the minuscule building, staffed by Tony Bradford plus one Gower and Davy Dale (may heaven protect him). We also had a young National Serviceman named Lawrence Harvey whom Davy assured us had played "The Boy King" in a biblical epic. This was later proven when Lawrence became an international star; before then he broke all our hearts by marrying the husky voiced star, Joan Greenwood.

One day I drove my Cromwell to the tiny petrol point and topped up with a hundred or so gallons of fuel as I told Lawrence. 'Make?' he asked; 'Cromwell' I replied. 'Number' he cried; 'All the Eights' I stated, but he had not been with us long enough to understand our Squadron jargon and said, 'What do you

mean?' 'You know' I answered, 'TI and five eights'. I then drove the tank away.

Later, approaching tea time, I was making my way to the Barrack Room to freshen up. I was passing the QM's office window when it was flung open by the QM himself (who rumour has it, had refused to sign for a Troop Ship because it only had two funnels). In his hand was a small chitty fluttering in the breeze. His sad voice cried 'What are you trying to do, get me into trouble with the Command Secretary? Come Here!' I dashed over to his window. 'Look!' he roared, pushing the chitty to my face. I then recognised it to be the recent Petrol Issue Voucher. Where it should have read Cromwell TI 88888, it bore, in Lawrence's copper plate script, the legend - Cromwell TI 5/8.

A replacement voucher was produced and under the beady eye of Tash Thomas I signed it with the correct nomenclature. Then I dashed off to hand in my ration card for whatever was left of the tea meal.

## RACING ROUND THE WORLD

**Captain Hugh Martin, Late Scots DG**

Captain Martin was skipper of one of the Farr 65 boats in the Millennium Round the World Yacht Race which took place between 10 October 1999 and 16 October 2000. Split into six legs the race was similar in concept to the Clipper Race and the BT Race with a professional skipper and 14 amateur crew on board. The route sailed westbound through the Panama Canal, across the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia, then north through the Torres Straits into the Indian Ocean and on to Cape Town. Thence north-west to Brazil and back again across the Atlantic to Portsmouth.

The Farr 65 is based on the Whitbread 60 hull, having the same shape, has a slightly different keel design, a freeboard six inches higher, and is made of kevlar. However, the deck mould and its layout, and the interior are different from the Whitbread. It is state of the art in design and similar to the new maxi fleet interiors with open cabins.

The high moments of the race included sailing through two tropical cyclones in the South Pacific, sailing alongside an enormous fin whale in the North Atlantic, as well as achieving a lifetime ambition. The

downsides of the race are just as memorable, as we wallowed in the doldrums for two days drifting 9 nautical miles backwards. One learns a great deal when racing around the world. This is more particular when sailing with a crew one does not know, even more so with a civilian crew. A military soldier has discipline, fitness, common sense, humility and he also understands the concept of instructions and orders. A skipper's task in training a novice crew and pushing them beyond their normal environment is challenging and tough. It is not easy, it is underestimated, and at the same time frustrating and exhausting.

Captain Martin's boat, *Spirit of Minerva*, was named after Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom, who is also depicted as part of the Artist Rifles cap badge 'Mars and Minerva'. The yacht broke several fleet records including crossing the equator first both ways, first to cross the International Dateline and the Greenwich Meridian. *Minerva* had the oldest crew member, aged 61, and the only female on board to complete the race. She had the fastest boat speed of 25.1 knots and travelled 304 nautical miles in a 24 hour period. She won five out of the six legs and won the race overall.

## OBITUARIES

It is with regret that we record the deaths of former Officers and Members

### OFFICERS

Lieutenant J Church  
Captain G Edmiston MC  
The Reverend K Robinson  
Lieutenant Colonel GP Warden

### THE SERVING REGIMENT

Trooper C Bell

### ABERDEEN AND NORTH OF SCOTLAND BRANCH

A Farquhar  
JW Mair

### EDINBURGH AND EAST OF SCOTLAND BRANCH

J Bailey  
W Law  
J S McIntosh  
J Reid

### LONDON AND SOUTH EAST OF ENGLAND BRANCH

J Mereweather  
KJ Owen  
EC Saunders  
R Vale

## TROOPER CHRISTOPHER BELL



Trooper 'Dinger' Bell died on 15 August 2000. A member of Fourth Troop, A Squadron he had joined the Regiment in April 1999. In these sixteen months he participated in several exercises in countries around the world, including Poland and Canada and was an integral part of his Troop during an operational tour in Kosovo, where he served for five months.

Dinger was renowned for his relaxed approach to soldiering. This comparative calmness when the stakes were high, rubbed off on his fellows. In Canada he remained unperturbed as a young driver in an armoured Battle Group. Whilst in Kosovo he handled

everyday life with ease, reacting in a calm and level-headed way to each new scenario.

He enjoyed a variety of pastimes: playing the guitar, mixing on his decks and playing in various football teams. If a little red faced, he enjoyed partying and could be relied upon to lead the way on the dance floor. He was never known to be shy of stating his mind and in one case he learned to express himself by cuffing an officer's hair!

Trooper Bell was a brilliant young soldier with considerable potential, not least because of his ability to make people laugh, and it is with sorrow that we have to close the chapter on his life. All his friends in the Regiment will miss him greatly.

JWHMB

## MAJOR WILLIAM JOHN HAYNES



Bill joined The Royal Scots Greys in 1938 when stationed in Hounslow, awaiting orders to sail for India in the autumn and with the threat of mechanisation. As the months passed, the political tension increased leading the Munich crisis and it looked as if the Regiment was more likely to go to war than to India. However both threats were suddenly lifted

and the Regiment was told in early September to be ready to proceed to Palestine with their horses by the end of the month. Preparations were hectic, but on 1 October the Regiment, less C Squadron, duly embarked at Southampton on the SS Theseus, a converted tramp steamer. Accommodation for men and horses was extremely cramped but after ten days they arrived at Haifa, with the loss of only one horse, and so started Bill's long spell of foreign service.

There had been serious trouble in Palestine between Arabs and Jews since 1936 and the Regiment's role was to support the Palestine Police who were greatly over-worked trying to keep the peace. Initially they were stationed in South Palestine near a small Jewish town called Rehovet. The first four months were arduous in the extreme for the many young soldiers in the Regiment, searching Arab villages for rebel leaders, arms and ammunitions. This involved leaving camp in the dark to arrive at the village at daybreak, cordon it to seal the exits, and turn the inhabitants out for the Palestine Police to interrogate while the houses were searched. After that there was the long ride back to camp. During this period there was still time for sport and Bill developed his passion for football, which lasted all his service, playing in his early days and later managing successful teams and winning the Cavalry Cup. His passion for sport came from his childhood; he loved athletics and was the Regimental Champion at the High and Long Jump, he later qualified as an umpire in both Hockey and Boxing.

By the time war broke out, life had become more peaceful but in 1941 the Syrian Campaign against the Vichy French started. A Squadron suffered a number of casualties and Bill with most of his troop were taken prisoner, but were freed after two weeks. Then mechanisation began and, after 260 years, our grey horses, to which we owed our name and fame, were handed in to the Veterinary Depot. The Regiment moved to Egypt in February 1942, to become a fully trained and equipped armoured Regiment. Bill was now a Troop Corporal and

took part as a tank commander in all the battles from El Alamein to Tripoli, which was reached in January 1943. The retreating Africa Corps fought with fierce resistance and tank commanders, like Bill, bore the brunt of it.

The next stage of the war was the Salerno landings which turned out to be very tough indeed. The area was held strongly by tanks, flame throwers and 88mm guns, and again there were many losses of tanks and crewmen. Bill, who was now a Troop Sergeant, was wounded by a mortar burst and had to be evacuated. He was back with the Regiment in Worthing, just after they had arrived from Italy in early 1944, to prepare for the Second Front. During this period, Bill and Joan were married.

The Regiment landed in Normandy on 6 June 1944, and Bill, still in A Squadron, was soon involved in the heavy fighting and was again wounded, though he later returned to Holland. The Regiment spent the winter in Holland and, at Christmas, Bill and many others returned to the UK, for six months, under operation 'Python', but rejoined the Regiment in 1946 in Luneberg. Joan, Pat and Clare joined him there in the autumn.

Bill was soon promoted to SSM of A Squadron and, in 1952, before leaving for Barce, he was appointed RQMS. He was RSM from 1953-56 and, when serving with the Ayrshire Yeomanry, he was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps and served five years in the Far East before returning to the Regiment in Detmold in 1961 as Tech QM. In 1967, he became QM and finally retired from the Active List in 1972 to become Regimental Secretary. He soon mastered the complexities of this exacting appointment and maintained all the high standards of the Regiment until he retired in 1985. Bill was helping out at the Regimental Museum in the Castle almost to the end, when he was cruelly struck down by a stroke, from which he was never to recover. Few can claim to have served for over sixty years and the Regiment recognised his long and valuable commitment when he was presented with The Duke of Kent Medal at Edinburgh Castle in 1998.

Bill never seemed to change, a very staunch friend, always hale and hearty and game for anything. He and Joan had an ever open door and a warm welcome for Regimental friends especially "old Luneburgers". Bill was a great family man and was a much loved father and grandfather. We offer our deepest sympathy to Joan and her family and relatives at their sad loss. Bill's lifetime of service in peace, war and post war was unique, cannot be equalled, and can truly be described as "Second to None"

APH

## ALAN FARQUHAR



Alan Farquhar was born and brought up at Portknockie. He joined The Royal Scots Greys in 1939 when they were still horsed cavalry, and served in Palestine. After conversion to armour he accompanied the Regiment to the Western Desert, where he suffered serious burns when his tank was knocked out. A long spell in hospital followed in Johannesburg, but he rejoined the Regiment in time for the Salerno landing and the Italian campaign. There followed the invasion of Normandy and the long advance across the Low Countries and Germany

to the Baltic. Alan thus saw service in all the campaigns of the Greys against Germany. In this final stage of the war he served in RHQ as an outstanding dispatch rider, and is mentioned in Colonel Aidan Sprot's book 'Swifter than Eagles' (page 174).

After the war Alan settled in Elgin and married Frances, a union which was to last till his death fifty-one years later. After a period of driving taxis and buses, he was for twenty years a tanker driver for the Glenlossie Distillery. Distance and age meant that in his later years we did not see him at Aberdeen Branch functions, but he kept in touch and regularly sent his subscriptions. His continuing contact was much appreciated by a scattered Branch. We offer our sympathy to his wife and family.

PGM

## JAMES WILSON MAIR



Jim Mair died after a short illness on 10 September 2000 at his home in Torry, Aberdeenshire. He was aged 80; but in Army Records he was 82, as he had added two years to his age when he enlisted under age at 16 in 1936. Brought up in a fishing and seafaring family in the quiet village of Portknockie on the Moray Firth, Jim continued throughout his life to recall the impact of his first years in the Greys, with the Royal parades and displays of the Coronation year wearing scarlet and bearskin. Accompanying The Royal Scots Greys to Palestine at the end of 1938, he took part in the operations to keep the peace, and those cruelties he witnessed convinced him for ever more that peace between Jews and Arabs remained an impossible dream.

In 1941 on the eve of mechanisation came the Syrian campaign and the battle of Merj Ayoun, where the Greys contingent faced vastly superior Vichy French forces. Rations were short, and Jim's party were jubilant when they liberated a chicken and put it in the cooking pot. At that moment they had to dive for cover when enemy shelling began, and when they put their heads above the slit trench again a wandering cat was demolishing their dinner. All six fired simultaneously, but their meal had gone.

Later as a troop corporal in the desert, Jim's tank was knocked out and he was sent back to collect a replacement. He signed for the new tank, but on the return

journey the transporter slipped sideways in the soft sand and the tank rolled down a gully. Jim was sent back to sign for a second tank; and he would often remark that he had signed for two brand new tanks in forty-eight hours and hoped that he would not be pursued with the bill.

His military life came to an abrupt end when the tank he was commanding was knocked out by a German tank from the rear while he was engaging others to his front. After five days in a sandhole, with a badly shattered leg, he was found by the enemy and taken to an Italian hospital in Tripoli, where a surgeon proposed to amputate his leg. Jim used to relate to his family how he had threatened the Italian with a captured Luger pistol, telling him the British would be there in time to take the decision. In the meantime he refused morphine which would have made him incapable of defending his leg. As he predicted, the British Army soon arrived to rescue him.

After a spell in hospital in Musselburgh he was discharged with a permanently shortened leg and joined the Merchant Navy, for the rest of the war, as a radio officer. It was while attending wireless college in Queens Road, Aberdeen, that he met his future wife Dorothy Holmes, to whom he was married for fifty-three years.

After the war Jim became an electrical engineer with the Aberdeen engineering firm John M Henderson (now of Arbroath). With an excellent head for heights he worked on the top of the Forth Road Bridge during its construction. To the end Jim maintained that he had had a wonderful life, and that given the chance he would not change a single minute of it.

PGM

## EDWIN CECIL SAUNDERS



Ted Saunders was born in the village of Ickligham, Suffolk, on 30 July 1920. A country boy born and bred, he had a great love of animals, especially horses. His father had the same infatuation, and having been a soldier, used to whistle 'Stable Call' to him, 'Come to your horses all those who are able, Come to your horses and give them some corn'. In 1937, after seeing the army recruiting poster 'Join the army and see the World', aged seventeen he signed on and joined 3 Troop, B Squadron of The Royal Scots Greys at Wilhelm's Barracks, Aldershot. His Squadron Leader was Captain Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, whom he regarded as probably the finest officer he had ever met. His troop officer was 2nd Lieutenant Geoffrey Keyes. Soon the Regiment moved to Hounslow where he trained as a cavalryman. He was never idle - Reveille at 5.30, Last Post at 10pm, between horses to groom and water. He particularly loved 'Lairdsburn', the Drum Horse who stood 17.3 hands high. He was on duty at the State Funeral of Prince Arthur of Connaught.

In 1938 the Regiment moved to Palestine to keep the peace between Arabs and Jews. In 1939, he was troop corporal in Lieutenant Michael Borwick's troop, riding through the hill villages, offering rewards for arms and explosives handed in. Just after Christmas 1940, he volunteered for a special mission, and trained as a Commando. One of his instructors was Lawrence Van der Post, who taught him 'survival' behind the Italian

## DAVID DALE



Chippy, or as he was then known, David Dale was born on 2 May 1916 in Loftus, North Yorkshire as a Zeppelin raid was in progress over Hartlepool, a fact he would often mention to his German friends, with a twinkle in his eye. He left school at fourteen and worked in the Cleveland stone mines. He soon had a change of direction and during these hard times, found work on a poultry farm in Scotland. He fell in love with the country and this was to have an influence on his Army career. Later he moved to London, took an

apprenticeship and became a cabinetmaker, this work being brought to an end by the outbreak of War.

Davie was keen to join the Army and play his part at the onset but had a broken leg. He eventually enlisted into the Highland Light Infantry, learned to play the Bagpipes and was a very good piper in his day. In May 1943 he transferred to the newly formed Armoured Reconnaissance Regiment who were equipped with armoured cars. They trained in Scotland for an invasion into Norway but this never materialised and the Regiment fought for the remainder of the War as part of the 52nd Lowland Division. The Regiment was disbanded in 1946 and Davie briefly joined the Lothians and Border Horse.

JLF

By this time he had decided to make the Army his career and Davie transferred to The Royal Scots Greys and was a founder member of the Pipe Band. In 1953 he transferred to the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards) as Regimental Carpenter, a position he was well qualified to hold and where he earned his nickname- Chippy. With his affection for all things Scottish he would often be asked to 'address the Haggis' at Regimental Burns Supper nights. It was whilst serving in Detmold with the Carabiniers that he met and fell in love with Friedel.

On amalgamation, in 1971 he became a member of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers and Greys) and was, most probably, the only person ever to serve in all three Regiments. Davie retired from the Army in 1973 after a career spanning 33 years. Friedel and Davie settled in Germany and lived happily together in Paderborn where he worked until his retirement in 1981. In 1997 Friedel sadly passed

away and Davie returned to his native Loftus to set up a new home with the help of his family and friends. He was in every respect a countryman at heart and took great pleasure in being out on the Yorkshire Dales with his beloved dogs. He had a love of poetry, particularly Rudyard Kipling, Robbie Burns and Shakespeare, he also continued with his cabinet making and was turning out excellent furniture well into his late seventies.

Davie was a charming, generous and kind man who, with no children of his own, doted on his nieces, nephews and their children whom he treated as his own. He attended the North East Branch reunion dinners on a regular basis and met up with many old friends. The last dinner he attended (with his dog) was at Wetherby in 1999. Chippy's dedication to all his Regiments was 'Second to None' and he will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

RBE

## JOE McCONDACH



Joe McCondach died on 9 December 2000 at Chippenham Hospital and I was very fortunate to have been able to see Joe three days before his death. I went into Rowan Ward where he was looked after quite brilliantly by all the staff and I saw Joe looking warm and comfortable. He greeted me

typically by saying "I thought you had forgotten me" and I said "Joe you know very well that none of us will ever forget you" and he gave me one of his knowing smiles which I had seen many times before. As I was leaving he saluted me from his bed which I, of course, reciprocated and I later discovered that he had been saluting the nurses too and probably for several weeks.

I am sure we will all remember Joe in happier times and I am told by my mother that he was a very smart, good looking soldier in Palestine in 1939, so much so that he was very often seen accompanying the most beautiful girls to all the parties, much to the annoyance of the officers and men of the Royal Scots Greys who could only admit defeat. He was an outstandingly good soldier who was totally dedicated to his regiment which was really his second family throughout his life. He served from 1934 to 1946.

Joe had enormous charm, a great twinkle and he suffered no fools. His sense of humour came out all the time, particularly on official duties when accompanying my father, when he was Lord Lieutenant, very often in Joe's car, which was normally in superior condition.

He loved nothing more than to pull the leg of the chauffeurs driving royalty and other dignitaries on official occasions. Typically he would say "How long have you been with the Prince of Wales"? Reply - proudly "About eight years". Joe would then be asked the inevitable "And how long have you been with the Lord Lieutenant"? - reply, "54 years" - result, end of conversation but enormous satisfaction to Joe.

On being asked about the history of the silver elephant on my father's bonnet, he would say "that was given to Lady Brassey's father by the Maharaja of Jaipur in 1935 on a visit to India". This was completely untrue, for it was a birthday present from my father, but it was a good story just the same. It lived up to Joe's motto "Bullshit baffles brains".

After his service Joe kept firmly in contact with the Regiment and as an active participant was made a Life Member of the Association. His passing is our loss.

AHOB