





The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, accompanied by General Montgomery and Air Chief Marshal Tedder, inspecting the 4th County of London Yeomanry in Tripoli on 3rd February, 1943.



The 51st Highland Division marches past.



# GAZETTE

of the 4th COUNTY OF LONDON YEOMANRY

No. 1 Vol. 1

JUNE, 1944

## *The Editorial* A. H. BARBOUR

MANY of you will have been wondering if you were ever to see this GAZETTE, which has been so long promised and so long delayed. To you all I offer my apologies ; but perhaps you will not have understood the great difficulties we have been up against. Not in the compilation, but in appearing in print under the present cover. The Paper Controller (how many of you knew of his existence ?), did not think fit that we should be allowed to publish our GAZETTE ; his only promise was that we could occasionally *disseminate necessary information*. I would like to point out that those last three words in italics are not of my pen but were the Controller's own phrasing. Thus we came to a full stop and our Secretary stepped into the breach with his excellent *News Letters*.

But we had not forgotten this idea, and when one day Cpl. Short (better known as Shorty) stepped on to the scene we were ready, but I would like to record that it is mainly due to his efforts that at last the GAZETTE is now more than just an idea. All we hope is that it will meet with your approval and support, but we shall always welcome any criticisms and suggestions.

However, I would like to explain what we mean by support.

It is very probable that you will each enjoy at least one of the stories, perhaps we dare hope that you will enjoy them all. Whatever your reactions, there is one vital result we would ask, that some of you take heart and will get down to writing your own experiences.

We have all been very interested in many odd stories appearing in the *News Letters*. It is obvious that there is a tremendous fund of material that would grace these pages : you all love to talk about them in corners of pubs, is it not possible that you can set aside an hour or so in an attempt to translate those stories on to paper ? That is our great need—articles, stories, humorous anecdotes or any tales of any length, for further issues depend on this request. It is quite impossible for one or two people to fill these pages every issue, in fact that is quite contrary to our ideas. We want new names each time to create new interest.

Now the present moment is a great opportunity, whilst so many of us are together in England ; memories are fresh, tales and yarns

are being swopped week by week. Do please give this serious thought and don't be afraid that either your English may be ungrammatical or your spelling incorrect. I certainly would never like to vouch for this issue in that respect. Who worries about such things if interest is aroused?

On behalf of all the members of the Association, I wish to express our pleasure in the grand response from the Regiment. It is a great encouragement and gives us visions of a happy and successful future. Our great aim is that you will be as proud of the 4th C.L.Y. Old Comrades' Association as you are now of the 4th C.L.Y. We have all had some grand times together in the past and made many sincere friendships. What a wonderful opportunity this is to carry on those happy times into the post-war years. We can retain our spirit of comradeship over pint and paper; we will have somewhere to turn in times of difficulties and have a grand opportunity of helping any of our friends who may fall into difficulties. All that is needed is our constant enthusiasm.

So let us get all our troubles and difficulties settled right from the start. If you have any they will be greatly welcomed and given every possible attention. We want to give you the right type of Association; it is therefore up to you to tell us what we must do.

Finally, on behalf of all, I wish to offer to Eric Cornish, our Secretary, the sincerest thanks and gratitude for all his great efforts in getting the Association into shape. I know better than anyone how much spare time he gives to his job, but that is a secret; he would never forgive me if I divulged. But I know, too, how much his *News Letters* are appreciated, for I am still many miles from the centre of activity and rely on them to keep me in touch with current affairs. May they continue to flourish!

To you all, then, past, present and future, good luck and happy days.

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#### AN ADDRESS TO REMEMBER—

“Cock Tavern,”

Great Portland Street,  
London, W.1.

You will always find friends there on the last Saturday of every month from 7 p.m.

#### LADIES' MEETINGS

As you already know, Ladies' Meetings are held in the afternoons of the last Saturday of the month. Please note addresses:

June/July/August: 58, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood.

September onwards: Lord's Hotel, St. John's Wood.



# Secretarial

E. W. CORNISH

THE 4th County of London Yeomanry Association was formed in March, 1943, at the suggestion of Brigadier W. G. Carr, D.S.O., M.C., and I must say how encouraging it has been to the founders to see the enthusiasm with which our project has been received.

The primary reason for forming the Association was to carry into civil life the grand spirit that has always prevailed in the Regiment. We felt it was something too sacred to cast behind us on being discharged from the Army.

Coupled with this, was the concern for those of the 4th who, on being discharged or demobilised from the service, might fall on to difficult times.

Here there were two problems. That of employment and that of finance. Both have been tackled to some degree of success, and I am glad to say that very influential contacts have been made for the employment question and a very useful sum has been raised for post-war financial assistance.

We shall, however, always be glad of further assistance in both spheres.

It may be difficult to realise how many hundreds of men can proudly proclaim themselves as being of the 4th. Approximately double the number of men that comprise the strength of the Regiment have passed through the ranks of the 4th C.L.Y., so you will see that our task is a big one.

The "Information Bureau" that has been formed can justly claim to be a "busy department." It is, of course, dependent on YOU, so send to me every item of news that reaches you concerning ANYONE of the 4th.

I have endeavoured to compile a Roll of Honour for this publication that might be called "comprehensive," but I am afraid that this has not been possible. The names that appear have been taken from official casualty lists. I hope to have from the Regiment a full list of fatalities for the next issue of the GAZETTE.

Our only social function is held on the last Saturday of every month at the "Cock Tavern," Great Portland Street, W.1 (near Oxford Circus Station). A room is at our disposal on the first floor, and we shall always be glad to see anyone of the 4th.

The Ladies' Meetings are still enthusiastically attended by the families. Mrs. Carr has, as you know, been the untiring organiser of these functions, and you need attend only one to see how they are appreciated.

Captain Ronnie Aird summed up the matter very aptly at the meeting of 30th October, 1943, when he said: "These meetings

have been a most tremendous bond both for the lads and their families alike."

Before closing, may I ask you to write to the Prisoners of War. The addresses as they come to hand are published in the *News Letters*. Should you require an address that has not appeared, please contact me and I will take the necessary steps to get it, if it is available.

The Association has been received most enthusiastically in the Regiment, and a really "live" Committee has been set up to represent the Association.

It is comprised as follows :—

*Chairman (ex officio)* : Major A. Carr.

*Secretary*: R.S.M. Absom.

*A Squadron :*

Capt. A. R. Smith.  
Sgt. L. J. Lawrence, M.M.  
L/Sgt. P. B. Stacey.  
L/Cpl. H. F. Lovett.  
L/Cpl. H. Wilson.  
L/Cpl. A. R. Kinge.

*C Squadron :*

Capt. J. Thompson.  
Sgt. Spencer.  
Sgt. C. Dennis.  
Cpl. C. D. Walker.  
L/Cpl. L. Ebbs.  
Tpr. L. Moore.

*B Squadron :*

Lieut. W. Cotton, M.M.  
Sgt. R. Moore, M.M.  
Sgt. R. Brammall.  
L/Cpl. Payne.  
Tpr. Hebron.  
Tpr. Gladman.

*H.Q. Squadron :*

Capt. T. D. Sorby.  
Sgt. M. Jackson.  
Sgt. J. Clark.  
L/Cpl. R. V. Hawkins.  
L/Cpl. J. Simpson.  
L/Cpl. K. Aldred.

I am confident that the 4th County of London Yeomanry Association will have a long and successful career.

Thank you for your support.

## 4th to the Rescue A. H. BARBOUR

PAGE 82 of Alexander Clifford's "Crusader" reads :—

"A tidal wave of tanks swept into the Brigade . . . the Germans were already rounding up prisoners, when tanks from our 22nd Armoured Brigade came to the rescue . . . but the Germans got the upper hand again later."

The date was 23rd November, 1941; to many of the 4th known as "Black Sunday."

That morning found our tank broken down in the lines of the 5th South African Brigade. It had been a hell-of-a-morning, we having nothing to do but await the fitters, whilst the poor Springboks were firing their few remaining guns as fast as they could be loaded.

Jerry seemed to have an especial spite against us that day. His shelling was incessant and I sometimes felt convinced that his O.P. was right amongst us, so accurate was the fire.

Gun after gun of the South Africans went sky-high, ambulances dashed madly up and down with never a moment's peace. Never have I known such an air of tension as hung over us then ; for as yet no sign of Jerry's plans had come to light. Our only warning of events to come was when three tanks burst through our lines firing every gun they had and causing utter chaos.

Not long after midday the fitters arrived, but could do very little for us. So, fitted up as best possible, we started off to join the rest of the 4th.

But it was a slow job, for every hundred yards or so we had to stop to let the engine cool.

The 4th lay about two miles to the south. We could see the tanks with the sun shining on them, as yet still stationary.

Around us, shells burst in ever increasing volume till I suddenly felt in my bones that something was about to stir. Intuition proved right this once !

Suddenly a South African officer jumped on to our tank (we were moving that slowly), gesticulating wildly towards the south-east.

Panic then really hit me !

Wave upon wave of Jerry tanks, Mk. III's and Mk. IV's, were heading straight for us, guns firing. The air immediately began to hum with shells—then roars and crumps rent the peace about us as they burst.

Looking south panic left me, for what a sight was to be seen ! Our tanks were moving in, charging into that overwhelming mass, out-gunned, out-numbered, unprepared, but going in "flat-out" with magnificent courage.

Clouds of sand whirled into the air as the two forces met. For the time we were left in peace, as this great battle was fought.

Inevitably it did not last long. One by one our Cruisers were being hit, sending up great clouds of black smoke as they caught fire. Sand and smoke darkened the whole area. Hell seemed to have descended.

Soon we spied what few were left pulling out. They were heading towards us, so it was time to try to join up—if we could be of any use. But they had done well ; for the moment Jerry was halted, uncertain of the strength of the opposition. He had been hard hit himself.

Joining on the end of the column, we followed as best we could. Luckily, when a comparatively quiet spot had been reached the Colonel decided to halt.

Including our "crock," there were six tanks left and we almost knew we were surrounded. A short conference of tank-commanders was called and, while Jack was away, the rest of us scrounged all the water we could from the other tank-crews. They were all great helpers, even giving to the last drop of drinking water.



Jack returned with the worst news. The 22nd Armoured Brigade H.Q. and the remains of the 5th South African Brigade were entirely surrounded. About fifty of our own boys lay hiding in shell-holes somewhere amongst the Jerry lines, having been shot out of their tanks.

Our job was now to charge into those lines, cause as much panic and confusion as possible, give our lads a chance to climb on to our tanks and help, as far as possible, to give all the others a chance to make a dash for freedom. A tall order for six tanks against that mass, but surprise would be on our side.

We didn't have long to think over our chances for the order to move came immediately. Having some doubts as to whether we should get out, I began tearing up all our maps and documents, strewing them out behind like a paper chase on Hampstead Heath.

As we roared along all else seemed quiet. Jerry seemed to think the battle was over and it must be admitted that the air had the look of the end of the world.

Quietly the order came : "Commence firing smoke to the left flank."

For a moment peace, then—*Bang—whee-e-e-e—whooff*. In graceful arcs, the canisters were whirling away—dropping noiselessly, but then, thank God, letting forth a thick cloud of dirty grey smoke which soon billowed up into a long screen, covering us magnificently.

Then it happened ! Suddenly the world around seemed to split in two. From every direction tracers cleaved through the air seeking their prey ; but the smoke had done its job well.

Looking out, I found that we were mixed up with every type of German vehicle. Utter confusion was reigning in their ranks as we roared on. Soon we were flashing past German tanks whose dismounted crews were gazing at us in utter amazement.

We were now heading for the area where our lads were known to be ; they little realising that rescue was to descend upon them so swiftly.

It was now that the Colonel brought out his brilliant idea that probably saved us from annihilation. We had to turn about, halt, let our lads climb on the tanks and then charge back through the Jerry lines once more, but this time with the enemy gunners fully awake.

So, instead of conducting our turn behind the smoke screen, we advanced even further until we were in the open and, whilst the turn and rescue were taking place, I had the great delight of seeing a dozen Hun tanks not more than four hundred yards away, firing everything they had into that smoke, thinking, of course, that we still lay hidden. That whole area was now a mass of hurtling metal, whilst we remained untouched.

For those few vital seconds !

No sooner had we moved off again than the ruse was spotted and, loaded as we were with seven men, it was impossible to fire a shot back. We just had to face it !



Hell descended once more. The next minutes were a complete nightmare. How we all came through was a mystery of God. Drivers were literally standing on their accelerators trying to coax a few extra miles an hour out of their tanks.

Now we were heading eastwards, where lay safety—as far as we knew. Once clear of this packet and our mission had been a complete success.

Several times shells burst so close that we roared through sheets of flame. Tracers seemed to form an impenetrable barrage. Bullets drummed on the turret and I thanked the makers of our armour plate for its resistance but all the while haunted by the thought of those seven men on the back, out in the open.

At times we passed so close to German soldiers that I wanted to throw a few hand-grenades, but Jack wisely decided it was too dangerous to the others outside. Luckily, all these Jerries seemed struck immobile.

Without warning, our engine stopped dead and we gradually rolled to a standstill. Excitement that had superseded hopelessness now gave way to panic.

"Petrol!" screamed the driver.

With a frantic wrench, I changed over tanks. The self-starter whined, but the engine remained silent. Again and again the whine came, but in vain; she would not budge—until at last I frenziedly grabbed the Ki-gas pump and pumped for dear life. Miraculously the engine burst into life.

Off we roared once more, now isolated well behind the rest of the column.

What hours that stoppage seemed to last, yet it could have been but twenty seconds—the longest ones of my life! Relief surged through our hearts as we tore on through the curtain of fire. Now it seemed to be decreasing until finally we emerged into clear sweet air where peace seemed to reign.

Looking behind anxiously, we found all the passengers were still present, but one had been hit—"Sammy." The others were looking after him all right so we did not stop but hurried on to catch up with the others. We may not have been out of trouble yet, so it was best to play for safety.

Behind us lay the trails of battle; great thick clouds of smoke and sand covered everything. Through it, a few broken and wrecked vehicles were visible, but there were no signs of movement or any attempt to give chase.

Somewhere the sun was setting, for around us the sky was turning a fiery red—a very appropriate colour for the day!

Soon the tanks ahead slowed down and we joined them just as a final halt was called.

Climbing anxiously out, we first found that "Sammy" had been winged in the shoulder by a tommy-gun bullet. It was not a serious wound, but the loss of blood had made him feel pretty groggy. We



# ROLL OF HONOUR

*"We shall remember them"*

ANSELL, A.  
ADAMS, F. O.  
ANNETT, W. F.  
APPLEYARD, W. D.  
ARKWRIGHT, F.  
AVEDIKIAN, H. A.  
BALDWIN, P. J.  
BALL, J. P.  
BEST, D. J.  
BETTY, E. C.  
BLOOMFIELD, T. J.  
BOYD, J.  
BRICKETT, R. D.  
BROWN, E. T.  
BUCK, M. J.  
BURN, J.  
CARDY, H. D.  
CHALLIS, L. G.  
COLQUHOUN, C. H.  
COVENTRY, E. E.  
COX, I. H. G.  
CROKER-KING, C. R. B. F.  
CROUCH, P. H.

DAVISON, N. J.  
DAW, L. F.  
DOW, T. C.  
FARRELY, J.  
FOX, R. A.  
FUNNELL, A. J.  
GARDNER, E. J.  
GREEN, E.  
GREEN, R. H.  
GREENER, G.  
HAMILTON, T.  
HANKEY, J.  
HAGUE, E.  
HASLAM, M.  
HENSON, R. L.  
HIND, D. A. R.  
HOCKING, R. F.  
HOLMES, S. S.  
HOWLETT, P. H.  
HURNER, R. F.  
JAMES, E.  
JOBSON, K. H.

JOHNSON, A.  
JONES, E.  
JORDAN, P. A. C.  
KIRK, J. L.  
LANE, E. G.  
MARSHALL, T.  
MARTIN, E. O.  
MILLER, C. G.  
NICHOL, E. W.  
PARRY, M. E.  
PAULEY, T. E.  
PERKINS, A. R.  
PLUMB, V. E.  
POOLEY, S. G.  
REEVES, D. D.  
REGAN, C.  
RICHARDS, V. C.  
ROBERTS, J.  
ROBERTS, L.  
ROUSE, K. R.  
ROWELL, P. M.  
RYAN, J. I.

SAGAR, J.  
SANDER, E. J.  
SAVINS, J. W.  
SHERRINGTON, N. C.  
SILVESTER, R. F.  
SMALLWOOD, E. W.  
SMITH, A. E.  
SPENCE, A. M.  
STEADMAN, T.  
TAYLOR, L. P.  
THEWLIS, S.  
TOMS, D. R.  
TORLOT, R. S.  
WALKER, G. B.  
WATERS, J. R.  
WATERS, F. A.  
WATTS, R. H.  
WEBSTER, W. J.  
WHEELER, M. W.  
WILLIAMS, L. J.  
WILLOWS, N. W.  
WOOD, R. E.

To all these men who so gallantly gave their lives for us, we, their friends, pay most humble tribute ; honouring their memory and extending our sympathy to those who mourn.

They lie now beneath some lonely desert grave, but they will never be forgotten. To them we owe our very existence ; their sacrifice must not be in vain.

In the words of the late Laurence Binyon :—

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them."

In the words of God :—

"Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Greater love have no men than we, who have the honour to be those friends.

walked round to the rest of the lads and it was incredible that so few casualties should have been incurred. There was only one other—Gunnis, who had been pretty badly wounded.

Night was now falling and we had to leaguer, so into the tank we climbed once more for another few miles. We wanted some sleep that night, which meant keeping well away from Jerry.

When finally settled, news began to circulate and we all felt really pleased to learn that we had personally rescued fifty or so men, including some South Africans, and given the rest of the Brigade a chance to break for freedom, which, though disorganised, proved partly successful. At least we could face the enemy to-morrow. The defeat was not a rout.



# Diary of a Dogsboddy

D. O. SHORT

1st September, 1939.

Called at "Dog and Duck" for much-needed "quick one"—summer days in City have habit of inducing one's worst instincts. Somewhat amazed, having downed a modest "half" with some gusto, to discover office boy with superior "found-you-out" look approaching my advanced position at bar. Said, "What the blazes are you following me about for?" Reply, with beastly smirk, "If yer finks ye're going on ye're holidays, then yer can fink again, 'cos you ain't, see! Report to Grove End Road by 9 p.m.!"

LATER.—Attired in voluminous battledress and beret, drove with some caution (this "black-out" is terrible—surely they can't do things on us like this and get away with it?) to H.Q. Received by terrifying officer ten feet high, stick in left hand, piece of chalk in right, having just marked mystic sign "PAD" on cellar door. Said name was Haddon, wanted no nonsense. Fixed me with steely gaze; if I could truthfully say I lived within half-hour's walk of H.Q. could go home. Went hurriedly—some qualms passing thro' Hitchin. Drove like hell!

2nd September, 1939.

Arrived 9 a.m. Told troopers' cars NOT to be left outside main entrance, only officers', provided suitably chaperoned by chauffeur and/or footman. Asked where park car; told where abruptly—most surprising! Sergeant asked if I could type. Said no, but knew of a good type at Hendon. Told to go to hell and fill sandbags.

LATER.—Filled sandbags and told to go to hell. Went home.

3rd September, 1939.

Told sweep out officers' mess. Said saw no reason why officers should be permitted to make a mess; no broom anyway. Told use blotting paper. Found broom, told only for use of orderly room. Adjutant said would waive this rule as mess full of waste paper, dust and bottles which must be removed for conference. Started sweeping, told get gin and lime. Had two gin and limes, began sweeping. Asked why—hell hadn't brought gin and lime, said I'd had it and very nice, thank you. Asked name and number. Wondered why people (even if officers) should be so inhospitable. Found chap I knew with white coat. Told story at which seemed very amused, helping himself to double Scotch.

Switched on wireless; war had begun. No one cheered or became excited. Pause when speech ended, a few glances exchanged and all went on doing what we were doing before speech. Slipped on mat on way out, causing raucous laughter, so helped self to pink gin as entertainment tax.

# Do You Remember—

D. B. RYAN

. . . the sergeant at Popham Camp who, hurrying down "A" Squadron lines one evening, bareheaded and carrying a rifle, saluted an Orderly Officer right hand to the head only to find that said officer was Sgt. "Jock" Sutherland in "Blues"?

. . . the driver, again at Popham, who, whilst maintaining his armoured vehicle, dropped into the gear-box, firstly a spanner and secondly, in trying to extricate the spanner, a length of wire? He then decided to call in the "Black Gang."

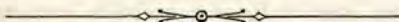
. . . the "Temporary Trooper" at Woolacombe who discovered morse messages, flashed from the hills behind Morthoe, being answered by flashes from Mort Point? The "5th Columnists" were a "short" on the power cables and a buoy.

. . . the pupil of a gunnery class at Worksop who, when asked by the instructor the muzzle velocity of a V.M.G., brightly replied, "Nineteen tons per square inch, Corporal"?

. . . the corporal at Kettering who, having disposed of the guard at guard mounting with considerable difficulty, gave the brisk command to the fire picquet, "To your duties, away"?

. . . the Guard Commander at Cambridge who, when ordered to ease springs, fired a near miss at the Orderly Officer's head?

. . . the officer on the Advance Party at Brackley who inspected the nine men detailed for Church Parade on a chestnut hunter?



## NEVER FORGET THIS.

1. The success of the Association depends on YOU pulling your weight.
2. Send along any news or articles concerning the Regiment or life in the Army as it concerns you.
3. Attend the Association's functions whenever possible.
4. Help to organise the Employment Bureau.
5. Write as often as you can to Prisoners of War.



## *Extracts from News Letters*

From letter of December, 1943 :—

"The boys came to rest at one period in a small Italian town where those privileged W.O.'s and sergeants decided to find themselves a cosy Mess.

"The inevitable longing for home-comforts indicated, strangely enough, a home, so a certain few had a scout round and reported the 'very place.' It had h. & c., very comfortable furniture, radio, bedding and usual offices, the latter, perhaps, being appreciated as much as anything !

"The only luxury not available at the time was electric light, but this came along later.

"What possessed the unfortunate inhabitant to leave his premises unattended will never be explained. Even he was at a loss for words when he returned to find the British Army in residence ! He endeavoured to express his displeasure at the state of affairs but no one had the remotest idea of what the man said ! !

"Eventually he was compelled to withdraw, leaving our friends to enjoy the most desirable atmosphere of his abode.

"Later it was learned that he was a Fascist, so who cares ? "

From letter of January, 1944 :—

"A party from 'C' Squadron, consisting of four, had a trip to the summit of Vesuvius. A three-tonner conveyed them some 2,000 feet aloft but here the road was blocked by lava vomited from the crater during the 1939 eruption so it was deemed advisable to find a guide and 'hoof' the remainder. The guide was duly found and one and three-quarter hours later they were within 50 feet of the summit, having clambered hazardedly over mule tracks and lava.

"At one time the party was wellnigh overcome by sulphur fumes seeping through the rocks which became literally red-hot near the crater. Here, the molten lava was moving 'at quite a fast rate,' which made it very necessary that the climbers stepped carefully.

"The view, the writer says, justified the climb, but he feels that perhaps this notorious panorama is a trifle over-rated.

"The expedition was a notable achievement, but, judging by his nonchalant attitude, this sort of thing is child's play to the 8th Army !

"... described the billets during a fairly recent static period when the Regiment was housed in railway trucks.

"We are assured that the boys were extremely 'well organised' and the situation was by no means as grim as it sounds.

"Raiding parties disarticulated the business parts of various 'Wagon-lits' and soon the trucks were very habitable places, proving that necessity is indisputably the mother of invention.

"It became no unusual sight to see members of the 4th C.L.Y. pushing their abode from one siding to another in search of more strategic positions—I suggest as far from the Squadron Office as possible !

"I can imagine considerable exchange of criticism when home-steads met during the search for better-appointed sites !"

From letter of January, 1944 :—

"I think there may be many readers of this *News Letter* who have not heard the incident concerning the M.O., but in any case, I think it bears repetition.

"This particular M.O. you will surely remember by a slight impediment of speech and a quick wit. He is a man of no little prestige who distinguished himself in the field in no uncertain manner both in valour and surgical ability.

"This incident occurred during early 1942 when the Regiment was reforming. Sick Parade, on this particular morning, produced the usual quota of boils, septic fingers and hangovers.

"But there was one unhappy bloke, who, on being asked his trouble, lifted his arm to shoulder height. The following conversation took place :

" ' My arm hurts me when I hold it up here. '

" ' W-w-w-well, d-d-don't hold the b-b-bloody thing up there then ! ' "

From letter of February, 1944 :—

"Punch Jones has written to me and I am quoting here extracts from his letter :

' . . . I left the unit on 28th September, 1942, and, after that date, completed a trip round the world via Colombo, Fremantle, Sydney, New Zealand, Pearl Harbour, San Francisco, New York and Iceland ; so I would say that I'm the most travelled member (or ex-member) of the 4th ! ' "

"An episode worthy of repetition reached my ears recently, but I am uncertain where it took place—not that it matters one iota.

"It appears that a certain 'A' Squadron O.R. was reading (believe it or not) squadron orders when a certain commissioned rank approached him and quoth, ' —, can you tell me where I can find a short length of string ? ' "



" 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'but there is plenty of red tape in the Squadron Office.'

"The commissioned rank was within the portals of the Squadron Office before it registered!"

From letter of March, 1944 :—

"Cpl. Sid Newson (at Catterick) has sent me the story of two well-known characters in the Regiment. Their names I will leave at 'Smokestack' and 'Bertie.' Scene : Desert.

" 'Smokestack' was writing home to his wife in a very slow and laborious manner.

" 'Bertie,' looking on, remarked : 'Wyjer write so slow, Smokestack?'

" 'Smokestack' looked up very slowly from his labours and replied : 'Well, yer see, Bert, me wife is a slow reader.'

"Murmuring 'Oh! I see,' the inquisitive one walked slowly away. Suddenly there was such a din and a great cloud of sand as 'Bertie' dashed back to the lorry yelling, 'Hi! you —, watjer mean by slow reader?'"

## Visitants

There may be one or two old 'uns who recall Christmas '39 at Heathercombe, domicile of "Daddy" Reeves and his boys. They may also recall the horrible vision seen on the golf links on Christmas Eve by a small and somewhat exhilarated party returning from "The George" at Morthoe.

There is a subdued splashing of breakers on the beach, occasional moans from the fog-horn out at sea, and a faint mist creates an eerie atmosphere. The small party is seen steering an erratic course along the seventh fairway : there is an occasional muttered word : Singleton has encountered a four-barred Gate, Weightman stutters a few caustic "K's" : demonstrably no Rose could be expected not to wilt in such surroundings, and there are Short, sharp cries from various members as a faint, green, wavering light appears some way down the track upon which the party has converged.

A wheezy, long-drawn sigh, followed by a clatter of ghostly wheels, a whistle, a clanking as of satanic chains fall successively upon the ears of the now thoroughly alarmed party which promptly

lies huddled in a bunker, the while adjuring its members to silence in frightened whispers.

The flickering light, sigh, wheels, whistle and chains draw slowly nearer the petrified party, one member of which in blue funk attempts to run towards distant-looming Heathercombe. The remainder, now completely unnerved, raise their heads, impelled by an occult force to gaze upon the ghostly vision.

There is silence, broken only by the chattering of teeth, then—"Goo———"! says a perfectly human voice in bleary but unmistakably Cockney tones, "whatcher doin' down there? It's me, Ernie the cook; only to-night I'm the seven-five from Hoe Street!"

D.O.S.

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## RULES OF MEMBERSHIP

1. Membership is open to any person who has served with the 4th County of London Yeomanry.
2. Every member has equal rights within the Association.
3. The Committee to be elected annually at a General Meeting called by the Secretary.
4. Any appeal made by members of the 4th County of London Yeomanry to be treated in strictest confidence by the Committee.
5. The Committee has the right to expel any member of the Association.
6. The Committee has the power to waive Entrance Fee of 10s. 6d.

Please note :—

All communications to be addressed to the Secretary—

E. W. CORNISH,

35, Lynton Mead,

Totteridge,

London, N. 20.

All Entrance Fees, Donations, etc., to be addressed to the  
Treasurer—

ALH 7XE

R. G. F. ESSEX,

Bank House,

Feltham,

Middlesex.

Any articles, stories, etc., should, for the time being, be addressed to the Secretary.

