

# YEOMAN

**News Journal of the 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry**  
**Vol. 1. No. 7**

**January 4th, 1946**





It was the best

# YEOMANRY YULETIDE

of them all



"Good show, this, but I wonder how the beer's going...?"

## EDITORIAL

There is an old saying "When an Englishman has nothing to say, he says nothing". We of Yeoman do the same. Hence our avoidance of Editorials.

However, as in our last edition, we have something to say to you once again.

Firstly, we wish you a happy 1946, hoping that it will be but the first of many bright New Years and that the next New Year edition of Yeoman will find you in your own homes.

Secondly, we wish to state that the reception of the Christmas Number was encouraging beyond our highest expectations.

Finally, we record the departure to "Civvy Street" of a talented member of the Editorial staff, Len Rook, late of "C" Squadron.

It was he who originated Personality Parade and who helped to rear Yeoman through its most difficult early days. One of the most versatile men we have met he could turn from writing an article to setting it into print. We are sure readers will join us in wishing him "Good Speed and Good Luck".



Len Rook

**L**OOKING back to Christmasses spent with the Derbyshire Yeomanry — in England, in the desert, at sea, and in the Ardennes — it is appropriate that Christmas 1945 should stand out as the best.

For it will have been, for most, the last in the army; by next Christmas the comradeship we found in battledress will be gone.

Festivities started early in the Regiment.

Major E. E. Mocatta, H.Q. Sqn. Leader and P.R.I. had been as good as his word and beer barrels were ready in Squadron canteens early on Christmas Eve.

Perhaps the most ambitious squadron was "A" Squadron. Not only did Cpl. "Dick" Yeo produce a souvenir booklet "Looking Back

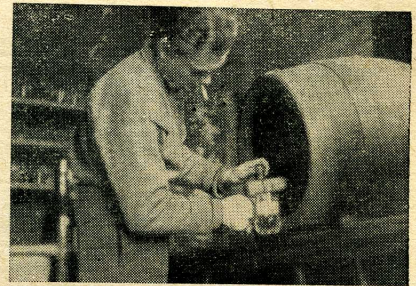
## HONOURS

**H**IS Majesty the King has approved to be mentioned in despatches in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the North West European Campaign the following members of the Regiment: —

Lieut. P. E. Mugliston  
(formerly "B" Sqn.)  
Lieut. W. R. Snaith  
(formerly "C" Sqn.)  
Lieut. I. R. G. Syme  
(formerly "A" Sqn.)  
Sgt. Gardiner, W.  
(formerly "B" Sqn.)  
Tpr. Miller, G. ("C" Sqn.)

with 'A' Squadron", but he helped to organise a visit to the Hamburg Speedway, games and competitions in the canteen and a smoking concert and cabaret on Christmas Day.

At "B" Squadron on Christmas Day the "RACketeers" gave their new show "Even Madder Moments". It was as successful as their previous "Madder Moments" and was visited by the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. A. F. Langly-Smith, M.C., and Mr. Hobson, war correspondent for the "Derbyshire Advertiser", who was visiting the Regiment.



".. There's still a good drop left.."

At the childrens' tea party on January 2nd, 231 kiddies from Mittelnkirchen and district sat down to sandwiches, cakes and jellies and after a Punch and Judy show each received a gift from Father Christmas.

The report from "C" Squadron summed up the opinion of the Regiment. "It was the best yet", it said.

## R.H.Q.'s Childrens' Party

**T**HE Christmas tea-party given to the Polish D.P. children at Grünendeich on Dec. 27th. was a particularly successful event.

It took place in the mess room, where a tall tree, over fifteen feet high, delighted the youngsters who for so long had known only hardship and privation.

After an exciting tea the kiddies met Santa Claus (a very successfully disguised Corporal Lou Breslauer) and were handed toys procured though the D.P. Fund, to which personnel of the regiment recently contributed.

Brigadier J.A. Hopwood, D.S.O., Commanding 154 Brigade, visited the party and was presented with a bouquet by one of the children.

Lieut. J. G. Pilsbury, M.C., who organised the "treat" tenders his thanks to those of R.H.Q. who helped to make it such a success.



# RACketeers

say "Good-bye"

**W**HEN the curtain went down after the "RACketeers" Concert Party show at 94th. British General Hospital, Hamburg, on January 2nd, one of the most successful ventures in the regiment came to an end.



Ron Cox

Formed from amongst talent discovered at "B" Squadron's V. E. dinner, the show had toured local units with great success, as well as having played several times to the regiment.

There's no denying that it was a good show. "Mad Moments" had singers, comedians, "swing" musicians, and a "Fairy Queen" and "her" followers. In fact, those who saw the show will agree that there was nothing lacking.

It has now broken up, said Producer Percy Jewiss, Cpl. ("B" Sqn.) because many of the original artistes will be demobbed with Groups 25 to 27.



George Turton

At the show given at Mittelnkirchen at Christmas, we parti-

cularly liked Cyril Buck's xylophone playing, Norman Howarth's songs, the breezy style of comper "Woof" Wardle and the fooling of "Stooges" Tom Ormerod, "Geordie" Barkess, and "Tich" Baker.



"Woof" Wardle

Yeoman, tickled our sense of humour and there were times when we felt like asking for a back stage interview with the glamorous blonde who appeared now and then. We are sure we could have beaten villain Pete Fountaine at his own game. It was a blow to find Norman Cooke beneath the wig.

The show at Hamburg was given an overwhelming reception by nurses and soldiers, an indication of the great demand for good entertainment in this area.

The show was particularly note-

Described by Jack Warner as the best unit concert party he has seen, our own entertainers, after a successful six months' career, are disbanding.



"... Well, save a glass for me!"

worthy in view of the fact that only one dress rehearsal was possible since the previous presentation three months ago.

The rest of the cast is as follows:— T. Cruddas, H. Bayliff, P. Bunce, H. Gillings, G. Turton, W. Gorvett, A. Bult, G. Flynn, S. Major.

Stage Manager was Len Mainprize and in charge of curtains and lighting was E. Shirley. Lt. R. Samwell directed the show.

## YEOMAN SALES CHART.

|             |     |
|-------------|-----|
| Issue No. 2 | 665 |
| " No. 3     | 668 |
| " No. 4     | 731 |
| " No. 5     | 762 |
| " No. 6     | 940 |

(No. 1 was a free issue.)

## Handicraft Exhibition

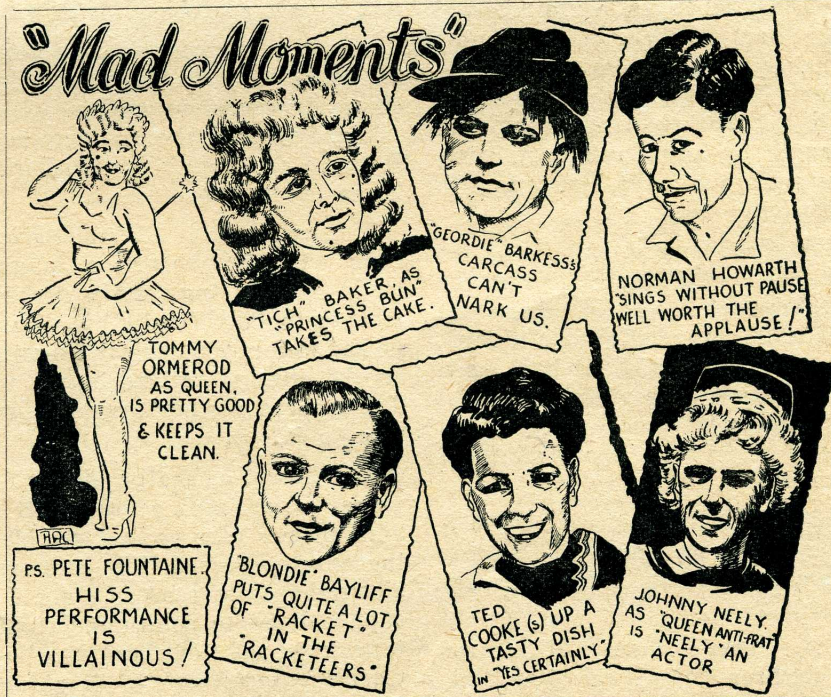
ARE YOU skilful with your hands? Can you make a good photograph? Or paint or draw a picture?

If so, why not enter for the handicrafts exhibition to be held at 154 Brigade at the end of February and at 30 Corps district at the beginning of March?

That "Perspex" plane you made may win a prize; there is a class for modellers in that material.

Other classes are in carpentry and joinery, metal work, leather work, commercial art, painting and drawing, model making, toy making and photography.

Full details of the exact dates of the exhibitions and the final dates of entry will be published in YEOMAN.



Some of the stars of the RACketeers' Christmas show at 94 British General Hospital, Hamburg, as seen by our staff artist, Ron Cox.





# Personality Parade

(No. 7) CORPORAL EDWIN ROBERTSON

was enough and the following morning "Butch" was on his way to Perham Down.

It seems that those wide open spaces of Salisbury Plain and the long walk to "The Ram", Tidworth, did not suit him either, for one cold grey morning in March, 1940 found Edwin at Long Eaton and a potential Yeoman.

Over his very early days with the Regiment we will draw a discreet veil.

Let it suffice to say that after a fortnight of driving imaginary tanks, pursuing imaginary enemy and firing imaginary guns in most realistically gruelling conditions Trooper Robertson took what he thought was the easiest job in the squadron (he has since changed his mind) and became one of the cookhouse staff.

It may have been that the Squadron Leader *liked* fish cakes or that virtue has its own reward even in a cookhouse but after six months he was Corporal in Charge.

Came May, 1942, when the Regiment was ready to take its place in the 8th. Armoured Division bound for the Middle East, and with it a problem for Edwin.

As a member of "D" Squadron, he could stay in England. He chose, however, to remain with "B" and take his chance overseas. It was a decision, he says, which he has never regretted.

The galley of *S. S. Strathnaver* rang with the Robertson laugh many times during the six weeks' journey to Port Tewfik but when he had to feed 200 critical Yeomen on the strange rations issued at Tahag there was perhaps a hollow ring to it.

The desert campaign and individual rations took a load off the mind of our hero as far as cooking was concerned. The journey along the coast road to R.A.S.C. supply depot to collect them put it back; in addition there was the worrying recurrence of breaking water cart springs.

It was in the desert, at Mrasses, where "Butch" achieved his greatest culinary triumph. At Christmas three years ago the tables in the dining tent groaned in true Dickensian style.

Though not a Yorkshireman, it is his proud claim that he was the first to serve that county's own pudding in the Western Desert. (But he strongly denies that this explains the Doctor's frequent visits to native villages during our stay there.)

On June 9th., 1944 Corporal Edwin Robertson took his pots and pans to France. Those days in the beach-head were none too comfortable for anybody but that didn't make it any more pleasant to issue rations under the noses of Jerry observers.

Even so, it was in the beach-head where was born the Robertson tradition of: "Rations on time, wherever you are."

For to "Butch's" everlasting credit is the fact that not once in the continental campaign did he fail to get the rations to forward troops even if it meant driving a carrier there himself. During those few crazy days before the war ended, when we were running loose behind enemy lines, it was "Butch's" ration lorry that brought up food to the advance recce parties, with a Bren gunner on each wing and with grenades by the side of the dried apricots.

"Things are easier now", we suggested. The reply was brief, the voice stentorian, the words unprintable.

With hot meals wanted every minute, staff being demobbed as soon as they've learned the job, the rations being different each day, and the cold of Altenland being the greatest at about five o'clock in the morning, when "Butch's" day begins, the reply was perhaps to be expected.

At the next mess meeting, we decided, we would not be so hard about the cooks.

**W**E looked again at the man we were to interview. A huge sweater reached to his denim slacks, the extremities of which disappeared into rubber thigh boots. Had we not known "Butch" Robertson for a few years, we might have thought he figure confronting us in "B" Sqn. cookhouse was a displaced drifter skipper.

About to mention as much, we quickly checked ourselves on seeing his left eye.

Its condition was not normally gained in peaceful pursuits.

But black eyes are nothing new to Edwin. He has always been among the beefsteaks, so why shouldn't he have his share of them.

The first "eyes" were received (in part exchange, no doubt) during his early days at Canterbury. It was here where he began his butchering career, but, uncaught by any Canterbury lamb, he set off to make his fortune in London.

At Cricklewood, butchering for the London markets, he met the customer who was to become his wife. The war hadn't started then, so rationing could not have been the reason Mrs. "Butch" found our hero so irresistible. It might have been the moustache, of course.

Married on Christmas Day, 1938, they now economise by sending annual greetings an anniversary cards.

A year later Militiaman Robertson joined the 13th./18th. Hussars. One day at Shornecliffe



# Ardennes Link-up

**I**CE, snow, road blocks, felled trees, German S.P.s, Tiger tanks and mines and yet more mines made our stay in the Ardennes a memorable one.

On January 8th, we were uprooted from our comfortable billets near Liege and moved to area Jenneffe. What a journey that

## Acorn Looks Back

was! The carriers had to be tied together with tow-chains and anchored with half-tracks to get them up the ice-bound inclines.

The following day we had a reconnaissance role when our division attacked after relieving 53 (W) Div. "A" Squadron H.Q. and armoured cars tps. went to Melredy and first light saw them moving forward to recon southwards on the right of the River Ourthe.

When the leading tp. was "hors de combat" two S.H.Q. half-tracks began the initial advance. Armoured cars continued it but progressed only half a mile before being held up by an impassable snowdrift, the unfortunate crews having to dismount and stumble forward on foot while reserve tps. dug out the belted vehicles.

The first village was reached and reported clear, but mines were suspected. By this time a way had been cleared through the snow and a willing P.O.W. taken by an S.H.Q. operator, who effected the capture from a difficult position while about some very urgent business of his own.

The main body occupied the village and 1 tp. went off to secure the left flank. They soon reported mines and road blocks on their axis and almost simultaneously we saw the leading car go up on two Riegel mines. Unfortunately, **Tpr. Roberts** was killed.

Five cars were lost on mines in an advance of little more than two and a half miles and the remaining cars formed into a composite tp. and carried on.

The leading car again went up and when other crews were inspecting the damage they were mortared very accurately. One bomb killed **Tpr. J. Gallagher** and wounded **Sgt. Hubery** and **Tpr. Johnson**.

**Sgt. Clark** and **Cpl. Cooper** may be reminded of the car which received two hours of their attention and then had to be towed to start — only to be towed onto a mine!

### 11th. January.

"C" Squadron H.Q. and armoured cars arrived at Rendeux at about 02.30 hrs., had quick orders, an hour's rest and then prepared for a first light move.



Working under 154 Brigade they were to recon the road from Hotton to Laroche. No. 2 tp. was given this task and on reaching the top of the hill leading into Laroche lost its first car on mines. The Engineers cleared them and the advance continued, but almost immediately the tp. leader's car went up.

A foot patrol went forward and no imagination is needed to guess its feelings when a suspicious object around a bend proved to be an abandoned Tiger tank.

### 12th. January.

Yet another "C" Sqn. car was lost on a mine; this while 3 tp. receded through the rubble of Laroche. By now the armoured car tps. were very depleted but a composite tp. was formed and did some good work forward of the infantry in the Hives area.

### 13th. January.

"B" Squadron armoured cars, under **Capt. S. P. Macnaghten** (Major **Harris**, M.C. having been lucky in the draw for U.K. leave)

moved off from Genes and forward with the 5/7 Gordons.

The night 13th.—14th. was a particularly unlucky one. During a small scale enemy air raid over Marche a bomb hit the window of a room at main R.H.Q. in which officers were sleeping and **Capt. Leslie Saunders**, Adj., and **Lieut. John Roberts**, I.O., died of wounds and **Major Roy Dunlop**, 2 i/c., **Capt. Richardson Jones**, Tech. Adj., and **Padre Norman Jones** were wounded.

### 14th. January.

"B" Squadron continued their patrols and 3 tp. (under the late **Lieut. Peter Mucklow**) did some fine work, but the spectacular job of linking up with the Americans was completed by 1 tp., under **Lieut. Desmond Owen**, M.C.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding, the link-up first occurred in the form of a short engagement, but no-one was hurt.

At one stage during the advance **Lieut. Owen** fought a private battle with 13 (unlucky for some!) well-armed Boche who were installed in a house.

He was carrying only his revolver and his first two rounds ploughed the ceiling, but the sight of the fiery Welshman was too much for the Germans and in spite of his bad marksmanship they were only too willing to surrender.

The Sqn. returned to Genes highly elated only to have their high spirits damped by the sad news from R.H.Q.

"C" Sqn's composite tp., commanded by **Lieut. (now Major) Jock Milne** and accompanied by the Sqn. Ldr. (then **Major A.F. Langly-Smith**, M.C.) in his jeep, made a successful link-up with the Yanks. A most unfortunate incident occurred re-entering the Jocks' lines when the leading car, mistaken for a German, was k.o'd by a Piat. The driver, **Tpr. Hampshire** was severely wounded, also **Tpr. Birch**, but commander **Sgt. Powell** was unhurt.

### 15th. January.

The whole Regiment concentrated at Marche. The official photographers had now turned up and took a few shots in the Laroche area, before returning to Marche, where, with the aid of a few Yanks the link-up was re-enacted and put on record.



# Mad'n Happy

**Dot says:** \_\_\_\_\_

Chief: *Well, Mad, wotyerdoin' with Hauptmann?*  
 Me: *Just having a game of chess, chief.*  
 Chief: *Playing chess! He's a clever dog, what?*  
 Me: *Clever be damned. I've just beaten him twice.*  
 Chief: *Well, leave him to play patience and get weavin'.*

\* \* \*

## Final Fling

When Major Harris gets back home,  
 In civvy pants (size ten at least)  
 Will he wonder what the hell  
 Is gonna keep the darned things creast?

Sitting at a desk each day, where  
 Weekly Farmer stocks and breeds,  
 Here's the answer (very fair)  
 What Harris needs is Harris tweeds.

\* \* \*

I hear our 25 Group wallah is trying to get a  
 dose of hydrophobia. There are so many sergeants  
 he wants to bite before he gets demobbed . . .

\* \* \*

Inquired the major, driving to Drink:  
 "Trooper, where flows the Rhine?"  
 Answered the trooper (a Cockney, I think)  
 "Dahn the gutters and into the drine."

\* \* \*

## Advert

Why not combine business with pleasure? Soak  
 your false teeth overnight in Belgian 8 per cent.

\* \* \*

And one Cockney 36 grouper thought that the  
 Ark was something the 'Erald Angels sang about.

\* \* \*

Then there were the two fellows who went out  
 on wood-cutting fatigues. One was wielding the axe,  
 whilst the other held the log. Suddenly the axe missed,  
 completely severing the other's wrist.

With quiet dignity he drew himself up, and said  
 reproachfully: "Stop mucking about, Alf, the Ser-  
 geant's watching."

\* \* \*

Before I go, I wish you all a very Happy New  
 Year. I will now retire again to my cell, gayly  
 whistling "Don't French me in."

\* \* \*

Chief: *Enow, underling. Out you go, and take  
 Hauptmann with you.*

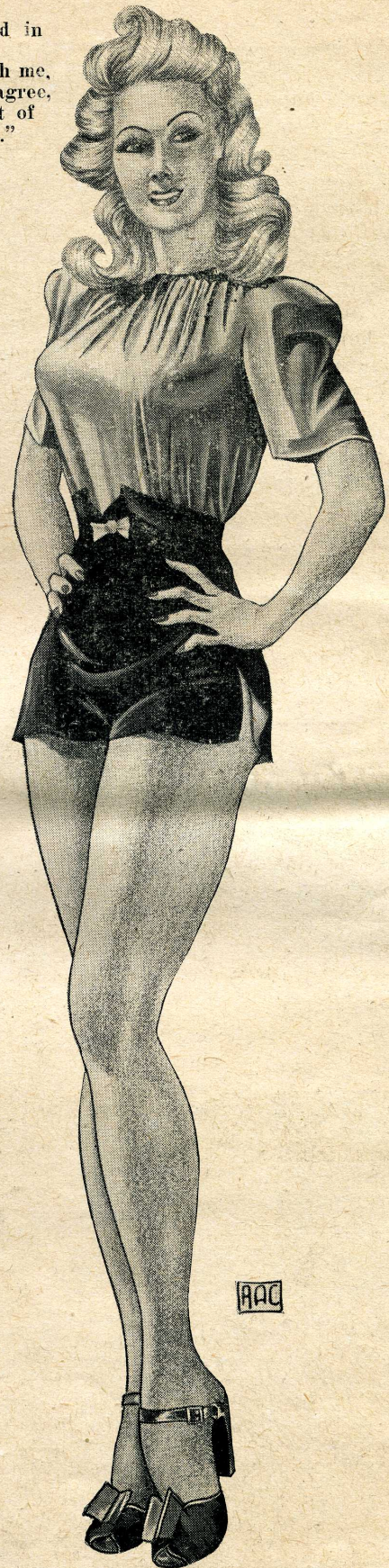
Me: *Leave my dog alone. I've had him since he  
 was a D.D.*

Chief: *Dog-tor of Divinity?*

Me: *No, a Displaced Dachshund.*

J. P. M

"Dan's New Year  
 vows  
 Have ended in  
 delusion.  
 A date with me,  
 You will agree,  
 Is the best of  
 resolutions."





# STARDUST

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
What the hell you twinklin' for?  
Y'know darn well this blinkin' column  
'S enough to make hyenas solumn.

**D**O you contemplate marriage?  
Or joining a solo school?  
Or a business trip to Hamburg? STOP! The portents may not be favourable. Your star may not be in its szygzy.

At enormous expense YEOMAN has secured the services of that eminent and successful astrologer Professor Leon Rookski, late of "Old Caw's Almanack". Consult your horoscope below before undertaking anything of a risky (or risqué) nature.

## Daily Forecast.

**Sunday.** The day of rest. Nothing will happen today except church parade, casting parade, cookhouse fatigues, Operation "Swoop" and brigade guard.

**Monday.** Should be spent recuperating from the exertions of Sunday. Keep clear of superiors and the Spike Jones programme.

**Tuesday.** A good day for starting new associations, but be sure to keep them well away from old ones. The cigarette situation will be depressing.

**Wednesday.** Beware of superiors, who will quote the same old excuses for not observing the half-day holiday. Cigarette situation brighter. Lucky number 50.

**Thursday.** Temporary partnerships will bring much happiness, but beware of a tall, dark man returning from leave.

**Friday.** A good day for business if you use your head. Limit your calls to abundances and use your Naafi ration with discretion.

**Saturday.** Good all-round prospects. A visit to Hamburg will prove beneficial, but those who stay at home should count the steps outside the dance-hall before going in.

## YOUR HOROSCOPE.

Man's fate is determined by the Sign of the Zodiac under which he is born. Find your birthday and read the forecast of your tendencies.

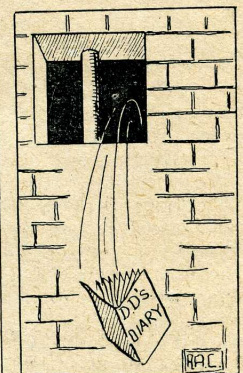
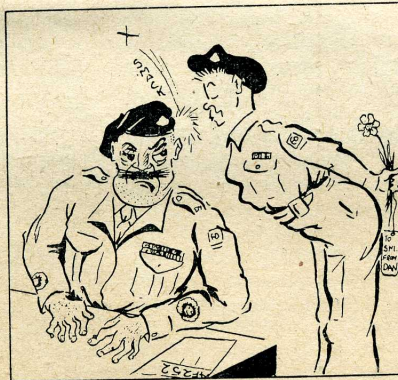
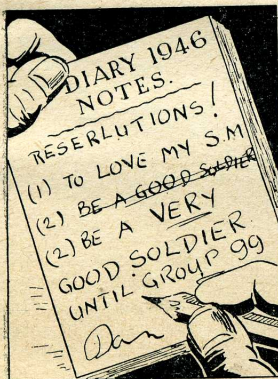
**Aries.** (March 21 — April 20). Your life will be controlled by your heart rather than your head. Aries means "The Ram". If the cap fits wear it.

**Taurus.** (April 21 — May 21). Taurus is "The Bull", and your life will revolve around bull in all its aspects. If you have not already signed for 21 do so now. Take no notice of people who belittle your intelligence. You know where you're going.

**Gemini.** (May 22 — June 21). A most unfortunate sign to be born under. If it isn't too late you should shut yourself away in  
(Continued on page 14.)

## Derby Dan in Deutschland

By Rac





**I**T is almost a year ago since Major Roy Dunlop was wounded at Marche in the Ardennes and his five years eventful service with the Regiment came to an end.

In this, the second part of his reminiscences, he tells of the Regiment's first action, and of the days leading up to our return to England from the Middle East.

## PART II

### Tahag to Tel Aviv

**O**N August 2nd., 1942 we left Tahag and went up to take our place in the line. On August 31th. was our first action.

I will never forget that wireless message which told that our patrols had made contact with the enemy as he came forward in his last attack on Egyptian soil.

Between then and Alamein my most vivid memory is of the period "A" Squadron spent near the Maghra Oasis in the Quattara Depression. There it was that we picked up two Sgt. Pilots, R.A.F., who, being the sole survivors of a crew of seven, had walked 250 miles from near Tobruk where their plane had crashed.

They were in poor shape when we found them but soon recovered and went on to be decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace.

My next memory is of our successful assault of the sandy slopes of Quaret Somara as we took the shortest cut to rejoin the Regiment preparatory to the Great Pursuit.

The days between November 5th. and 13th. are a confused memory of a helter skelter chase.

We drove through thousands of Italians reaching for the sky and hadn't even time to stop and shave. Mersa Matruh, Sidi Barrani, scene of an eventful action by "C" Squadron, Buq Buq, Fort Capuzzo; to reach which we did 97 miles in one day, and on to El Adem where Lieut. K. N. Hoyne got his M.C. during "A" Squadron's all-in match with a hostile column who were attempting to leave El Adem for safer climes.

I remember sitting on top of an escarpment and watching the enemy rear guard stream West out of Tobruk. Finally we were allowed to descend the escarpment via a goat track and then ensued a wild chase along the coast road. This was brought to an abrupt conclusion when Lieutenant Douglas Walker's Daimler with Tpr. McGeech at the helm went up on a

mine in the bottleneck at the Gazala Inn.

Further progress was impossible and we were recalled much to our disgust which would have been even keener had we known, that, apart from the "B" Squadron Troop commanded by Lieut. Clough which went on to Martuba, and the subsequent activities of the Escort Troops, our fighting days in Africa were over.

My next recollection is of Mrassas where most of us languished for several months and from whence we fulfilled menial but necessary tasks such as ferrying vehicles and petrol to our (as we foolishly imagined) more fortunate friends in the battle-front.

These days at Mrassas were enlightened by much sport — outstanding events being the numerous football matches on the results of which many "ackers" changed hands and in the course of one of which Capt. Harris inflicted serious casualties on the Sergeants' Mess Team. One remembers also a very successful rifle meeting, glorious bathing and the best Christmas dinner imaginable, procured at the eleventh hour by commendable and timely subterfuge on the part of the late Major Pearson.

The doctor was often conspicuous by his absence as he developed a penchant for ministering unto sick wogs and drinking tea in the tent of Hassan D'Arrabas.

Here was improvisation at its best and I doubt if a completely bare piece of desert was ever more realistically converted into a fair imitation of a Butlin Holiday Camp — even to a theatre constructed out of an Italian hangar.

In February, 1942 I departed from Mrassas and spent the ensuing three months with our chaps who were providing the Armoured Car escorts for Generals Alexander, Montgomery and Leese. In the course of this admirable and comparatively carefree duty I was to see many places and to witness many famous battles from a grandstand seat.

Among them Tripoli and Medenine, where on March 6th. the enemy made his last full blooded attack on the 8th. Army in Africa and immediately prior to which Rommel told his men that if they failed to take Medenine on the morrow their days in North Africa were numbered.

They did fail and at the cost of 52 tanks destroyed in one day.

On to the battles of Mareth and El Hamma and a brief rest at Gabes where Lieut. O. W. H. Clark's Troop provided

a guard of honour for General Eisenhower on the occasion of his first visit to 8th. Army H.Q.

Wadi Akarit, scene of great triumph by the 51st (Highland) Division, and so to Sfax, where the Highland Division distinguished themselves in another way. The Arab population were spellbound by the splendour of the braw lads in the massed pipe band at the ceremonial victory parade.

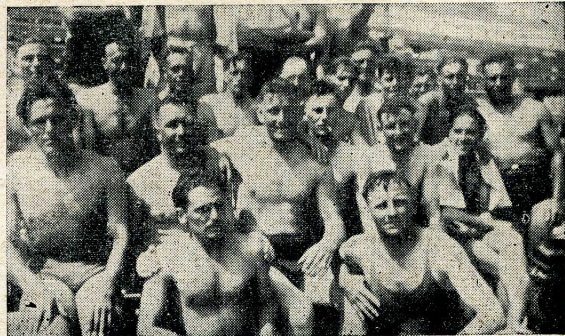
Next stop Sousse passing en route the Roman amphitheatre at El Diem which is in a wonderful state of preservation and simply breathes an atmosphere of Christians and lions. Finally Enfidaville beyond which the 8th Army as such did not go.

Lieut. Mortimore and I made a trip to the 1st Army and spent two nights with the 1st Derbyshire Yeomanry, this being, to my knowledge, the only liaison in the field which has taken place between the two Regiments during this war.

Having seen Medjez el Bab, the famous Longstop Hill, the Gebel Kournine and other places of interest, we returned to Enfidaville in time to witness the hoisting of the final white flag and the surrender to General Freyburg of General Messe, the Italian Commander in Chief. This, on May 12th., 1943, was the end of the war in Africa.

A flight of 1600 miles from Castell Benito to Cairo and I found myself back with the Regiment. We were to embark on yet another unbelievable episode in our chequered career and become, under command of Colonel R.H. Palmer, the hub of a strange universe — No. 37 Brick. To serve in this conglomeration of colours and creeds was a great experience.

For six months we vacillated between Palestine and Kabrit on the Suez canal. We met strange but delightful people and did strange though perhaps not so delightful training. We got on our flat feet and did prodigious route marches through the Palestinian wastes and generally forgot what an armoured car looked like.



A batch of D Yhards after a bathe in sun-drenched Haifa, 1943.



# Mountain Christmas

The Kurhaus, Bad Harzburg, one time luxury hotel, and now the dining hall for visiting soldiers of 30 Corps.

As we climbed the hill from the railway station the sun broke out and gilded the roofs of the houses and cafes nestling at the foot of the pine covered mountain. It was a pleasing sight after the drabness of our own area of Germany and we realised that Bad Harzburg was, indeed, all that the guide books had claimed.

To the north east could be seen the snow-capped heights in the Russian zone. Around us was the most beautiful scenery I have seen on the continent. The journey to Hannover in a jolting three-tonner had been well worth while.

Soon after leaving Hannover by the German railway system we had noticed the long range of hills, the beginnings of the Harz mountains, with picturesque Hildesheim at their foot. The train rumbled

By E. Shipperley, Cpr. ("B")

on, through the colourful, quaint old town of Goslar, founded a thousand years ago by a band of silver prospectors, and for many years a favourite of Continental tourists.

For the historically minded it is interesting to note that this area of the Harz mountains abounds with folk lore and ancient tales.

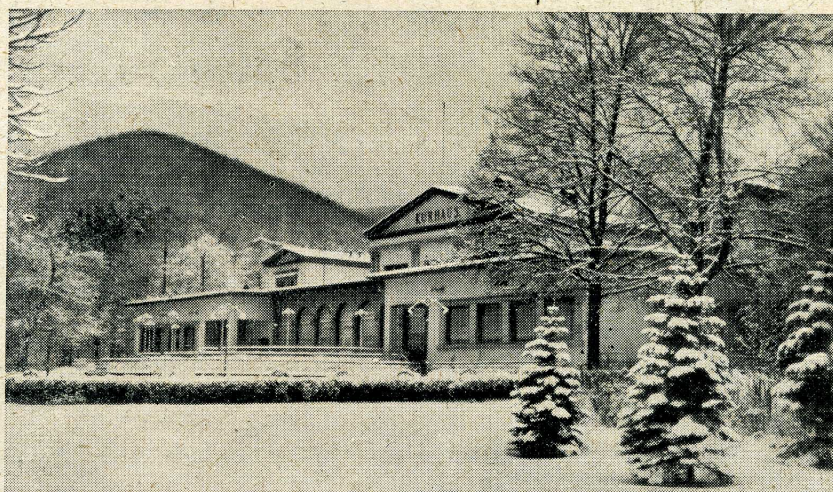
In the 15th. century it was condemned as a haunt of sorceresses and few people dared to venture into the pine and fir woods covering the mountains.

Tea is served at the running buffet. Ice cream and delicious cakes tempt the soldier who for long has lived on normal army food and there is any amount of hot, sweet, milky tea.

Talking of food, would-be "mountaineers" might like to know that although breakfast begins at eight o'clock they will not be late if they do not arrive for it until nine-thirty.

At the hotel we found that the material aspects were equally satisfying.

Our room, for two, overlooked the centre of the town and was comfortably furnished with arm chairs and a table and complete with constant hot and cold water.



Our toilet finished, we made for the Kurhaus. This stately building, once a social centre for the people of Harzburg is now the dining hall and ballroom for holidaying soldiers of 30 Corps.

The sparkle of glasses and the homely touch of coloured crackers against the white table cloths completed the Christmas scene. The dinner was excellent and carols played by the Kurhaus orchestra perfected the picture.

Around the dining hall are painted the signs of divisions of 30 Corps and to their colour was added that of brilliant Christmas decorations.

There is plenty to do at Harzburg. After dinner the alpine railway was busy conveying singing soldiers to the top of the Burgberg, 1,600 feet above sea level. From here is a magnificent view of the town and beyond.

On Boxing Day a grand ball was held in the Kurhaus and good wine (French, I think) made it a great success.

All too soon came the morning of our departure and with parched throats we tottered into the dining hall for breakfast.

Haversack rations in our overcoat pockets, we once more boarded the three-tonner for the railway station. As we looked back to the town the sunrise was chasing away the wisps of mist and another day was dawning in Bad Harzburg, which many soldiers will remember for one of their best Army Christmasses.

## Lakeland Holiday

THOSE who cannot visit Harzburg should not be disappointed. We have scenery as beautiful in England. I refer, of course, to that of the Lake District of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

An easy approach is afforded by the L.M.S. through Preston and Lancaster, from the south, and Carlisle from the north.

Borrowdale is a perfect example of the Lake District. Derwent Water, a lovely lake, fills the valley between Catbells and a range of hills which have Falcon Crag as their peak.

Keswick is at the head or northern end of the lake and is an interesting little town with the blessing of some really good inns.

A day spent walking in Borrowdale, with, perhaps, a trip on the lake in a rowing boat, or, for the less energetic, in one of the motor launches, can be well rounded off with an evening in the inn of your choice.

Keswick has the advantage of two cinemas which provide a refuge in case of a wet evening.

Please do not think that it always rains in the Lakes, for this is a misguided opinion, as thousands of campers and hikers will agree. Given good weather and good company, the Lake district is a place, which, once visited, demands your return, just to make sure that the beauty of the hills and lakes was not imagined.

J. M. ("B").



# FAROUK SHIELD FOOTBALL

## FOUR GOALS IN NINE MINUTES

### Barnes and Scruby Shine in H.Q. Victory

**T**HE final of the Farouk Shield, which resulted in a smashing 8-1 victory for H.Q. over "A", was a game that will be long remembered by all who saw it.

All the atmosphere of a holiday cup-tie was there. Spectators sported coloured favours, whistles, clappers and one enthusiast rallied his side with a bell.

Play started with both teams jumping straight into their stride and for ten minutes it seemed that it would be a tight game. Suddenly, however, there was a change and we were treated to four goals in five minutes.

#### Regimental

##### Matches to Come

Our next regimental match is against 612 H.A.A. Regt. at home on Jan. 12th. We play 40 L.A.A. Regt. at home on Jan. 26th., the 61 Anti-Tk. Regt. away on Feb. 9th. and the Divisional R.E.s at home on Feb. 16th.

H.Q. swept into the attack and finding their men with perfect passes moved into the goal area. Wilding sent the ball to the middle where **Barnes** seized it and with a nice shot scored H.Q.'s first goal.

Two minutes later **Patrick** received the ball from Wilding at 20 yards, dribbled through to 10 yards and gave **Smith** no chance with a hard shot into the bottom corner.

This seemed to demoralise completely "A"'s team. Scruby put in a nice centre and **Capt. Owen** headed in. Jones, at left back, made a gallant effort to head it out but was unsuccessful and three minutes later **Capt. Owen**, taking a corner kick, put it in position for **Scruby** to head in, making the fourth goal in nine minutes.

"A" fought gamely against a superior team but were obviously outplayed. **Salter** did some good work and his speed surprised

those who had not seen him before.

Oldham was unlucky when, with only **Spencer** to beat, he tried to put the ball out of the 'keeper's reach, overestimated and put it well outside the net.

H.Q.'s fifth came when following a scramble caused by a Scruby centre **Capt. Owen** tapped the loose ball into the goal. **Barnes** brought the half time score to 6-0 after a brief interchange of passes in the goal area.

Play was slower in the second half, the heavy ground and the weight of the mud-covered ball telling on the players. H.Q. were still forcing the pace with "A" having occasional break-aways. After ten minutes H.Q. scored again. Scruby had centred **Barnes** who hit the cross bar

**Smith, "A" Sqn., dives unsuccessfully as the H.Q. forwards break through his defence line. The seventh goal of the Farouk Shield final.**

#### HORNEBURG LEAGUE

H.Q. team have been awarded four more points in the Horneburg League contest as their opponents in the remaining two matches have been scratched.

Therefore they have won the "B" League.

The winners of "A" League are 154 Brigade and our team play them for the championship on a date to be announced later.

with a hard shot. The ball rebounded to Wilding and he slid it along the ground to **Barnes** who made no mistake this time and crashed the ball past **Smith**.

**Oldham** came into the picture more in the second half by dashing in to try solo runs, but H.Q. backs held solid except for one lapse when he outpaced them and scored "A"'s only goal.

H.Q. scored one more after this, **Capt. Owen** converting a Scruby centre to make the final score 8-1.

There is no doubt that H.Q. were superior in teamwork and marksmanship and they had never played better football than in this game. Although well beaten "A" never gave in and were still trying hard when the final whistle blew. **Rollins** had to leave the field with a dislocated shoulder 15 minutes from the end.

After the game the Commanding Officer presented the Farouk Shield to **Sgt. Pickering**, captain of the winning team.





## SEMI-FINALS

### "B" Try Hard in H.Q.'s Game

IT was obvious after this game, at Mastiff Lodge on Dec. 24th., that H.Q. stood an excellent chance of winning the Farouk Shield. In this semi-final they beat a sound "B" team by seven goals to two.

"B" kicked off in a slight drizzle which lasted nearly all the game and turned the pitch into a veritable quagmire.

Soon they were down in H.Q. goal area and after about three minutes Henderson squared the ball across to Rudge, who centred, and Green shot, the ball spinning away from Spencer's fingers into the right-hand side of the goal to give "B" the lead.

H.Q. soon took their revenge. From the kick-off Barnes tapped the ball to Wilding, who beat two players and slid the ball up the wing to Scruby. Scruby took the ball into the corner and then centred and Barnes hit it as it dropped into the bottom right-hand corner to equalise.

IN the inter-division cross country running championships held at Hannover on December 29th, Corporal Leslie ("Happy") Greasley, ("A") was the ninth representative of 51 (H) Div. to finish.

The Division was placed fourth and 30 Corps second in their respective events.

After about 20 minutes "B" again took the lead, Henderson again making the opening, slipping the ball up the wing to Rudge, who cut in to beat Roper and send in a hard low shot to score.

Pickering put Scruby away with a nice pass down the wing and Scruby, cutting in, lifted the ball over Tristram's head to score his first goal.

The second half started with H.Q. attacking stronger and realising that Scruby was on top form, Pickering, Wilding, and Patrick fed him well sending pass after pass up the wing.

One of these passes from Pickering resulted in H.Q.'s third goal Scruby picked it up, centred and Harrison attempting to clear, lifted the ball over his shoulder and into the goal. H.Q. scored again soon after this when from Capt. Owen's centre, Barnes shot into the bottom right-hand corner.

Their fifth was amusing to see. From a scramble in the goal area, Wilding pushed the ball to Capt. Owen who slipped as he was going to kick it. He recovered and found the ball still at his feet but his back to the goal so he back-heeled and Tristram was beaten.

Later, Scruby, after a pass from Pickering, dashed in and shot from 15 yards to beat Tristram with a shot which never left the floor.

H.Q.'s seventh was from a corner kick from Capt. Owen. Barnes just missed it with his head but Scruby made no mistake and caught Tristram well out of position.

Scruby was on his best form, ably supported by Pickering, Wilding and Patrick and for "B" Harrison and Roberts fought hard to try to hold them.

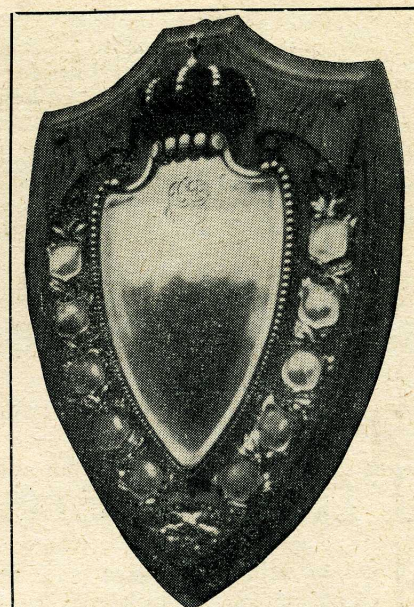
### MUDDY VICTORY FOR "A" SQN.

On the morning of Dec. 24th. "A" Squadron beat "C" by three goals to nil in the semi-final of the Farouk Shield contest.

The ground was slippery and players were soon floundering in the mud. Consequently, play was very ragged at first.

However, "C" were the first to settle down and gave their opponents' defence a trying time. Forwards Christie, Muggleton, Miller, Perkins and Widdison attacked again and again, but were successfully held by their opposites for "A".

When they did break through, Jones at right-back and Smith in goal, worked hard for "A" and had it not been for their efforts



The Farouk Shield

the score at half-time would surely have been more than 0-0.

When play began again it was "A"'s turn. They were soon swarming round "C"'s goal and after five minutes' fast play, Gibson homed a lovely drive. This inspired his side and Betts made a grand effort which was magnificently saved by "C"'s keeper.

"A" were not to be denied though, and after 25 mins. Oldham registered number two.

Although "C" never gave up, it could be seen that it was "A"'s game. A fine solo effort by Betts in which he drew the goal keeper and shot into an empty net, gave "A" Squadron the third and final goal of the match.

### REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL

#### Fine Game with Seaforths

PLAYED away on Dec. 22nd., this game with the 2nd. Seaforths resulted in a 5-4 victory for the home team. It was played on bad ground, but was perfect football entertainment.

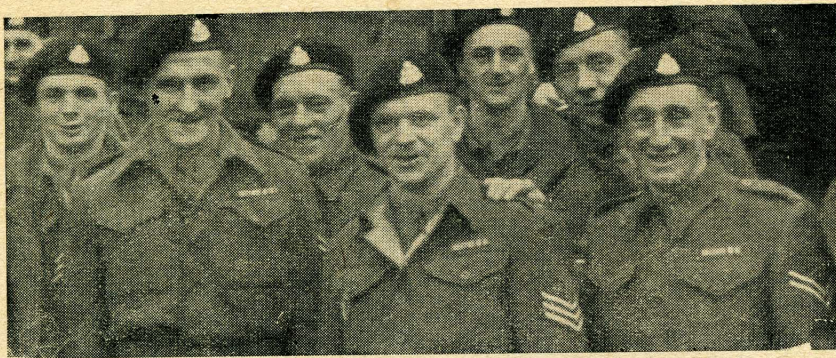
The Seaforths opened with amazing speed and we were soon a goal down. By half time they had increased their lead to three, but this did not mean that they were the better team for we had

some very bad luck in front of goal.

The second half started with our attacks and Christie soon scored an ideal goal. Obviously inspired by this our team attacked again and Wilding and Perkins netted two more.

After some ding dong play the Seaforths scored from a breakthrough, but Miller soon put the score level, until the Scots scored another about a minute from time.





A bunch of "C" Sqn. 24 Groupers who left the Regiment on Christmas Eve and who will now have repeated our contributor's experience.

## From Beret to Bowler

**I**T was only four and a half days after leaving the Squadron that I became a civilian, and the following is a day to day account of the process through which you will all eventually pass.

### FIRST DAY.

After the interview with the C.O. we went by Regimental transport to Hannover, arriving there at 3 p.m. The rest of the day was our own and we spent it having meals or at the cinema or Ensa show.

### SECOND DAY.

We left Hannover at about mid-day, on route for Tournai.

The lucky ones has coaches with upholstered seats; the others suffered the hard wooden type. We went via the Rhine Valley, through Duisburg, Krefeld, and München-Gladbach and saw how effectively the R.A.F. has attacked this industrial area.

At Krefeld we had tea and sandwiches, and reached Tournai at 2 p.m., after a journey of 26 hours.

### THIRD DAY.

The camp at Tournai is used solely as a demobilisation camp and is very well organised. There are showers and cinemas and it is possible to visit the town.

Here we handed in A.B. 64's Part I and received zone numbers according to the area in England to which we were going.

### FOURTH DAY.

Very early in the morning we were called, had breakfast and boarded the train for Calais arriving there at mid-day. After a hot meal we embarked at 4 p.m. and were in England a little more than an hour later.

At Folkestone transport was waiting to take us to Shornecliffe where we handed in the remainder of our kit (webbing, equipment, etc.) and had our deficiencies made up.

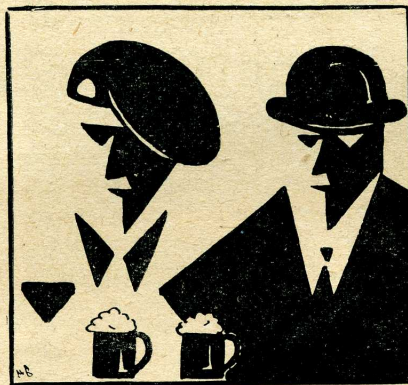
There is a special telegram service in operation here.

### FIFTH DAY.

Once more an early move, this time to Guildford and the demob. centre.

Arriving there at 12 noon we had a hot meal and were given our release books and then passed along the line of tables where we drew National Health insurance cards, Unemployment cards and ten pounds leave pay.

We then went to the N.A.A.F.I where we drew 56 days cigarettes (320) and two weeks' chocolate ration, coming to about 25 shillings.



"I suppose you have a different view of life now that you are a civilian?"  
"Yes, I can see with both eyes these days."

Finally, the moment came for choosing civvy suits.

(Our correspondent was disappointed at the selection; others have described them as "good". — Ed.)

By 2:30 p.m. I "had it". I was a civvy again.

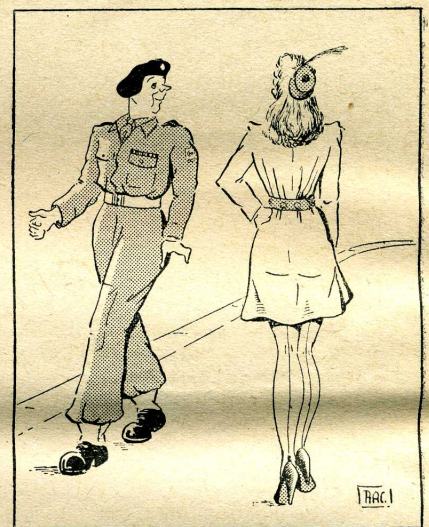
F. Wrightson, Esq. (late "A" Sqn.)

## Stardust

(Continued from page 9.)

a really strict monastery for the duration of your active life. Gemini means "The Twins".

Cancer. (June 22 — July 23). "The Crab". Your friends (and even more so your enemies) will already have noticed your similarity to this grasping crustacean. Beware of customs inspectors and



"You look as if you were poured into your dress."

"Oh, thank you!"

"But you shouldn't have run out of it."

Excess Profits Tax assessors. In later life remember the hospitals now and then for the good of your soul and your ultimate peerage. Lucky number: Any figure followed by a lot of noughts.

Leo. (July 24 — August 23). Can't think of anything funny about Lions except the one that ate Our Albert, and that wouldn't be fair to Stanley Holloway.

Virgo. (August 24 — September 23). "The Virgin". H'mm. That subject would crop up. Let sleeping dogs lie.

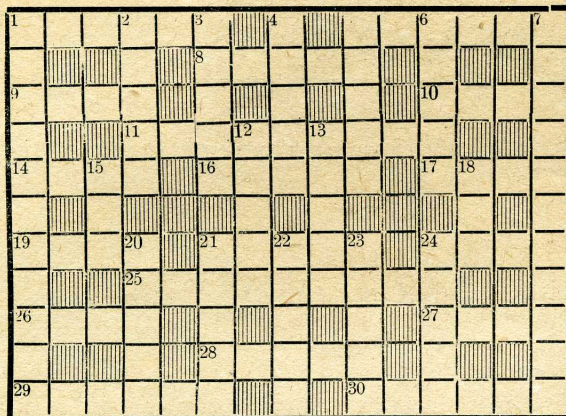
(Editor's note: That brings the Horoscopes half-way through the Zodiacal year. Doubtless the Professor will complete them in our next issue — if his star is in its szygszy.)



# CROSS-WORD

No. 4

Set by  
F. Wrightson,  
L/Sgt. ("A").



## CLUES ACROSS:

1. Known at Oxford as the Isis. (6.)
5. "Time to draw stumps": Might have been the dentist who said this. (2 words, 3, 3.)
8. Custodian of renown. (5.)
9. Time goes back to give out. (4.)
10. This is the work that Tells. (4.)
11. Some soldiers decline this (foolish men). (2 words, 3, 6.)
14. Sound returns. (4.)
16. Negative leads a compass point: From which emerges Scandinavian. (5.)
17. Tarn (anag.). (4.)
19. Escape slowly. (4.)
21. A nag's headstall beheaded makes change. (5.)
24. 'Tis said this can be done in two moves. (4.)
25. One after the other, by turns. (9.)
26. "And gentlemen in England, now —, would wish that they were here" (Shakespeare, "Henry V"). (4.)
27. Headland. (4.)
28. An elephant is allergic to this. (5.)

29. Arithmetically, strange as it may seem, bakers' are not. (6.)
30. Necessary sometimes to curtail these. (6.)

## CLUES DOWN:

1. "— — — the better". (3 words, 3, 4, 4.)
2. The old-time music-hall comedian sang that he had one. (5.)
3. Gloss. (5.)
4. You can't beat it on a hot day. (2 words, 1, 4.)
5. The actor takes the audience into his confidence. (5.)
6. Is this what the man in Group 50 said when asked "When is your demob?"? (5.)
7. Sirens. (They still lure sailors to their doom!) (11.)
15. Makes an appearance in the garden, in spring. (3.)
18. Associate of the Royal Academy. (3.)
20. Drape (anag.). (5.)
21. Much in the news lately. (5.)
23. Composer of "Bolero". (5.)
24. They induce a little pre-prandial study. (5.)

(Solution in next issue.)

## Solution to Cross-word No. 3

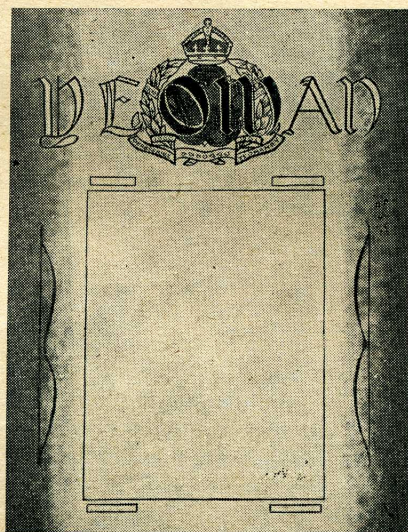
Across:— 3, Basic; 8, Landau; 9, Odd man; 10, Barrel; 11, Earrings; 12, Sir; 13, Feeble; 14, Ablution; 17, Fleeces; 19, Sweeter; 23, Spheroid; 27, Therms; 29, Dee; 30, Interior; 31, Rheims; 32, Cruise; 33, Either; 34, Susan.

Down:— 1, Palace; 2, Adorable; 3, Bull's Eye; 4, Several; 5, Corral; 6, Addict; 7, Sangro; 13, Fifes; 15, Use; 16, Nares; 18, Cur; 20, Water hen; 21, Elements; 22, Address; 24, Pinero; 25, Emetic; 26, Olives; 28, Mummer.

We publish in this issue the results of our competition for a new cover design for YEOMAN announced in our third issue.

The winning entry was submitted by Tpr. B. Bayliss, "C" Sqn., but owing to technical difficulties and the fact that readers favour a whole page cover picture we regret that it cannot be used.

Tpr. Bayliss wins the prize of 80 marks. Runner up was L/cpl. Crozier, "C" Sqn.



## Correspondence

Sirs, I thought you might be interested to know that when I showed a copy of "Yeoman" to a friend, himself a journalist and writer with the British Forces Network, he told me it was the best regimental paper he has seen over here.

Yours, etc., E. Mann, Cpl. ("A").

Sirs, No words of mine can express the sheer delight I had in reading the Christmas number of your esteemed journal.

I am enclosing herewith a donation of 100 marks in appreciation of the pleasure derived from good entertainment.

Best wishes and Good Luck to "Yeoman" for the New Year.

Yours, etc.,

Jack R. Tyler, Tpr. ("A").

(Thankyou, Jack. It is a gesture which we do appreciate. — Ed.)

Sirs, On reading your back issues I notice that in Personality Parade you have featured only officers, W.O's and sergeants.

Is it not about time you sorted out somebody from the ranks? I feel sure there must be somebody your readers would like to hear about.

Yours, etc.,

A. Shelbourne, Cpl. ("B").

Sirs, I would like to congratulate you on your paper "Yeoman" received from my cousin. We were very interested and pleased to read it here as from it we can understand much better than from a letter what you are doing over in the B.A.O.R.

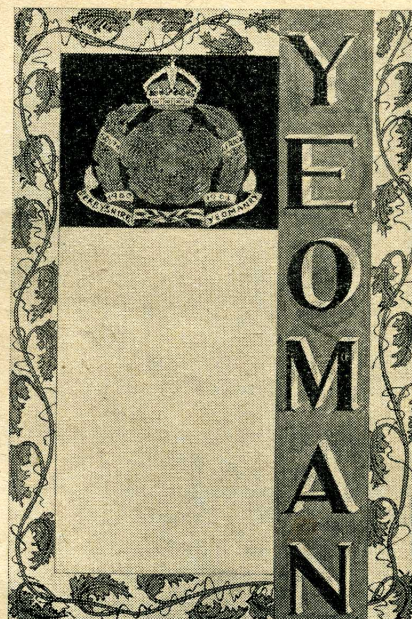
Wishing you continued success,

Yours,

S. Wier, Craftsman, R.E.M.E., Singapore.

## Our Cover Competition

### The Winning Entry





# PUZZLE PAGE

## SPOT THE BALL

40 MARKS PRIZE

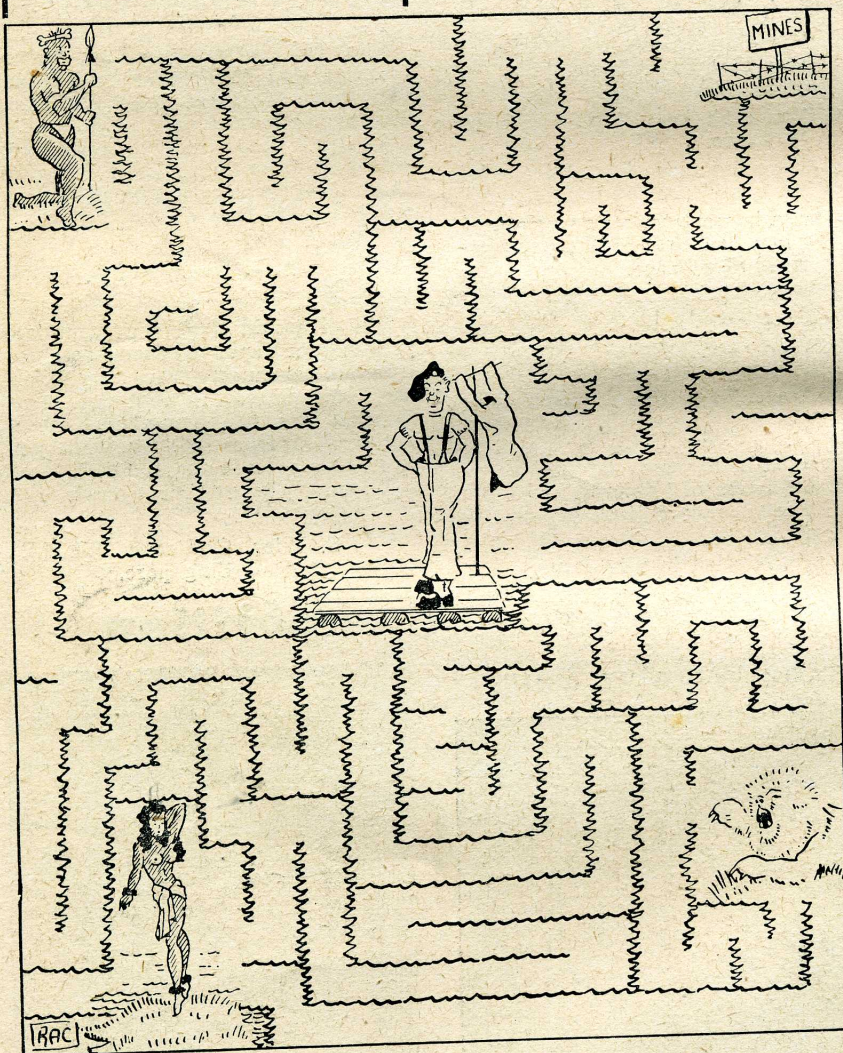


Mark the spot where the ball should be, then send the picture to YEOMAN, "B" Squadron, Mittelnkirchen, before January 15th. Should there be two or more correct entries the first opened will win. Solution in next issue. LAST WEEK'S WINNER: Trooper Alf Winfield, R.H.Q.



[Sheffield Telegraph photos]

## At Sea



Derby Dan is all at sea, and what's more artist Ron Cox has left him there until he returns from his course at the B.A.O.R. School.

Don't let a fellow Yeoman down, chaps. Can you find him a way to the — er, h'mm — well, to the island

you would go for yourselves. But don't let him go the way of "our Albert", and watch out for the sharks.

If he lands on the mined beach he's as unlucky as he would be in the arms of the fiery native, who is, we might add, most unfriendly.

## DO YOU KNOW?

- (1) The native inhabitants of Java are known as:— a) Annamites; b) Kanakas; c) Indonesians?
- (2) Winston Churchill's age is:— a) 68; b) 71; c) 70?
- (3) Walter Winchell is:— a) A Member of Parliament? b) A professional actor? c) An American news-writer?
- (4) "Goodbye Mr. Chips" was written by:— a) Warwick Deeping? b) James Hilton? c) L. A. G. Strong?
- (5) The organisation known as OGPU is:— a) An international engineering syndicate? b) The Canadian G.P.O.? c) The Russian secret police?
- (6) Van Gogh was:— a) A Dutch quisling? b) An artist? c) Leader of the Boer rebels?
- (7) The £1,100,000,000 credit loan advanced to Britain by the USA is at an interest rate of a) 1%; b) 2%; c) 3%?
- (8) Who is the fly-weight boxing champion of the world?
- (9) Who is our Food Minister?
- (10) By what name was the Home Guard originally known?
- (11) How many inhabitants has Copenhagen — a) 800,000; b) 356,000; c) 127,437?
- (12) One of these is an "intruder" — Giles, Acanthus, Langdon, Brandt, Which?

## ANSWERS

- (1) Indonesians.
- (2) 71.
- (3) An American news-writer.
- (4) James Hilton.
- (5) The Russian secret police.
- (6) An artist.
- (7) 2%.
- (8) Jackie Paterson.
- (9) Sir Ben Smith.
- (10) Local Defence Volunteers.
- (11) 800,000.
- (12) Brandt. (He is a photographer, the others cartoonists.)