

VANGUARD

JOURNAL OF THE INNS OF COURT AND CITY YEOMANRY ASSOCIATION



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Who's Who

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From the Honorary Colonel

I begin by paying tribute to my predecessor, Colonel Sir Robert Finch. As is described elsewhere, Colonel Robert had a distinguished career in many fields, but I know he was especially proud to have served as our Honorary Colonel, both of 68 Signal Squadron, the Band, and indeed of the whole Inns of Court and City Yeomanry family.

I also thank Major Sarah Trelvelion, who led the Squadron with much energy and success, albeit only for as long as the military system allowed, and not as long as we would have liked. But I am very happy to welcome, in her place, Major Scott Bumby.

I am honoured and delighted now to assume the responsibilities and duties of your Honorary Colonel, a post I took up in May. Although this was not long after Sir Robert's death, in fact the succession plan was in place before his short illness.

My own previous military service will, I hope, help qualify me to serve the ICCY. I was commissioned from RMA Sandhurst into the Royal Corps of Signals, and following 13 years regular service, joined the Squadron in Stone Buildings on coming to work in the City. Now I am also a member of HM Lieutenancy of the City of London, a commission tasked to take a particular interest in the reserve forces.

In the short time I have been in post I am delighted to have had the opportunity to attend a training evening at Whipps Cross, go to the visitors' day at the annual deployment exercise *Phoenix Focus* at Hythe Ranges, chair meetings of the benevolent fund, the association, and the regimental and museum trusts, and be a guest at the excellent Devils Own Sergeant's Club's 50th anniversary dinner. I also attended the new guidon presentation to the Royal Yeomanry at Buckingham Palace, with the band very much on parade, and was at St Paul's Cathedral when the band also played at Sir Robert's well attended memorial service. At the time of writing, I look forward to attending the Garden of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey, the Lord Mayor's Show, and Remembrance Sunday in November.

In all of the above, I have found the cheerful and energetic enthusiasm of the reservist and past members of the ICCY being undimmed from my own memories. The spirit of the Devil's Own indicates an organisation in very good heart and ready for the future. I look forward to playing my part in that with you.

Colonel Nigel Pullman



“I am honoured and delighted now to assume the responsibilities and duties of your Honorary Colonel, a post I took up in May. Although this was not long after Sir Robert's death, in fact the succession plan was in place before his short illness.”

Chairman's Report



The last year has seen a number of changes. Just before Easter we were saddened by news of the sudden death of Colonel Sir Robert Finch. His moving memorial evensong, held in St Paul's, was well attended by members of the Association all of whom were treated to an excellent programme of music provided by the Band. Colonel Robert's obituary appears later in this issue of Vanguard but I would like to add my own thanks to him for the time that he gave us. He was particularly enthusiastic about the Band and was busily engaged in raising funds for the new ceremonial uniforms which are so desperately needed.

We warmly welcome his successor, Colonel Nigel Pullman who, after regular service with the Royal Corps of Signals, including time with the Brigade of Gurkhas and the UN in Cyprus in 1974 during the Turkish invasion, joined the Squadron in 1969, serving with us for seven years and rising to 2 i/c. We are already feeling his new and very active hand on the helm.

The Squadron has also had a change of Officer Commanding. On 12 July, Major Sarah Trelvelion handed over command to Major Scott Bumby whom we warmly welcome. From his presentation to the trustees in early October we could see he has the reins firmly gripped and I am certain that the Squadron will continue to flourish under his command. Our thanks are due to Sarah who did an excellent job in pulling things together after the interregnum of nearly two years when the Squadron was effectively leaderless. She has, as members will know, just joined our committee with particular responsibility for liaison with the Squadron.

That particular issue is one that does concern me as too few of those who have recently served join the Association and participate in its activities. With this in mind we are intending to have evenings where Association members can visit Whipps Cross and see the Squadron in training. We have also agreed to subsidise the cost of attending the Belgian Dinner which is one of the few occasions when both sides meet. I am unable to report on the success of this as it takes place too shortly before the publication date. I would say to all now serving that the Association does offer a gentle way of keeping in touch with those who have served and I am sure that much common ground would be enjoyed.

To add to this, there is currently under discussion, a proposal to present every new recruit to the Squadron with a gift from the Association so that our existence and role is known from the outset.

Our two associated groups, the Devil's Own Sergeants' Club, led by Denis Durkin, and Black Brogues, led by John Sabini, continue to flourish. The DOSC celebrated its 50th anniversary this year with an excellently organised dinner in the mess in September. Many thanks are due to John Lucas for all the hard work which he put into this. John served with the Band which may have been a help in arranging for us to be entertained by their excellent playing throughout the dinner. Another nice touch was to have as guests Monsieur Lachèvre, the Mayor of Graye-sur-Mer, with his wife, and the marvellous Karine Fauvel who runs his office. The text of his speech is set out in this issue. There are not enough opportunities for us to reciprocate the wonderful hospitality



that we are given during our visits to Normandy. Our attendance there in March is covered by Denis Durkin's article.

Staying on the subject of Normandy, although the 70th anniversary of D-Day in 2014 was stated to be the last anniversary that would be celebrated owing the dwindling number of veterans left, I have a strong feeling that our friends in Normandy will not let matters rest. Every time we are there, I am reminded of the importance which it holds for them and I am sure that this will not be diminished by Brexit. My advice is 'Stand by your beds for 2019'!

Last year my report contained gloom and doom on the future of our tenure of 10 Stone Buildings, our home for the last 116 years. I am happy to report that the redevelopment scheme, proposed by Lincoln's Inn and readily accepted by the RFCA, proved too costly and has been abandoned for the time being. Whilst this is good for us, it is sad that our home is now hardly used by the Squadron at all. Although One troop is based there all the training and administration has now been moved to Whipps Cross, it being the view of the regiment at Bexleyheath that Stone Buildings serves no military purpose. To put this in context, I understand that the majority of training is now vehicle-based and it is impractical to drive vehicles down from Whipps Cross and park them in Lincoln's Inn for training nights. This practical situation does not sit well with the fact that the Inn's decision not to carry out the redevelopment only gives us a lull. I am sure that the scheme will revive itself once the Inn has completed its current major project of creating an education

centre. Other distinguished regiments have lost and are about to lose their ancestral homes.

As I write this, we are about to start our busy season with the Rough Rider Memorial Service, the Belgian Dinner, the Lord Mayor's Parade and Remembrance Sunday so it is 'business as usual'

Sadly we are, at the time of writing, unable to publish a report of The Devil's Own Regatta, organised jointly by the Inns of Court & City Yeomanry Yacht Squadron and the Royal Yeomanry at Seaview on Friday 1st May 2015. It was, however, a great success with almost all the available boats being filled (see picture above). The regatta will be held again next year and with the Squadron's training upon the water which took place in the Solent, we hope to see a strong team entered by them.

Andrew Collins

Chairman

Inns of & City Yeomanry Association

Squadron Commander's Report

68 (Inns of Court & City Yeomanry) Signals Squadron

Since taking command of the Squadron in July I've been heartened to learn about the many and varied groups and Associations that are affiliated with the Squadron. Being relatively new in post, rather than only write the more traditional report of the Squadron's activity over the last 12 months, I've chosen to also use this opportunity in *The Vanguard*, to set out some of my thoughts on how the relationships between the Squadron and associations should develop over the coming months and years. Former members of the Squadron and our affiliated associations can, and indeed should, play an important role in building and maintaining a strong sense of Squadron identity and cohesion. The relationship must be two-way and symbiotic in nature, where the Squadron also looks to support former members of the Squadron.

I should start by paying tribute to my predecessor Major Sarah Trelvelon, who has done a great deal for the Squadron. We are both firmly of the view, that whilst the history and traditions of the Squadron and certainly important, the Squadron and our wider Squadron family must always keep at the front of our thoughts; the reason that the Squadron exists. This has changed during the Squadron's history, but there can be no doubt that the primary role of the Squadron is about delivering a communications capability for the Army. All other activities, must play a part in supporting that primary role, be that in the moral, physical or conceptual components of fighting power.

In my first few months, I have had time to reflect on the current strengths of the Squadron and the areas that need development, and this has allowed me to identify three priorities which I anticipate will underpin the Squadron's activity over the next two to three years; enabling me to provide the communications capability that is our core role.

My first priority is recruitment. The Squadron, in line with the whole of the Army Reserve is busy recruiting, and I'm pleased to report that this has been going very well this training year. With 17 soldiers attested so far we have reached a critical mass of soldiers going through the recruit training cycle, who self-motivate themselves to continue their training. The second priority is retention, and is of more concern. While recruiting and Phase I training is strong, there is a significant drop-off at Phase II training. Commonly cited concerns seem to be the fall in training pace and the change from predominantly military training to communications training. I anticipate that this is something that with the right approach we will be able to address, but it will require an examination of how we currently integrate recruits into the troops at Whipps Cross and Lincoln's Inn.

My last priority is engagement. This is the area needs the most work, and requires us to have a concerted push at troop level



to engage with soldiers on an individual basis. In particular we need to ensure that training is being planned for a full year ahead, to enable our soldiers to comply with the system of assured training weekends and to plan for their trade training and Command and Leadership Management courses that are required for promotion.

We have had some significant churn in key personnel in the Squadron. We have not had a Squadron Second-in-Command in place for well over a year now, and this places additional pressure on both the Squadron Command Team and the Troop Commanders and Troop Seniors. We have had two subalterns commanding the troops at Whipps Cross and Lincoln's Inn and will shortly be gaining a third subaltern who will be taking over the troop at Lincoln's Inn. Additionally we have a good pipeline of officer cadets who are keen to commission into the Royal Corps of Signals and join the Squadron. In the last couple of months two new Staff Sergeant Permanent Staff Instructors have also arrived in the Squadron full of enthusiasm and new ideas, I'm confident that they will have a very positive impact on the Squadron.

Turning back to the relationship with the Association, Andrew Collins and I have recently discussed our shared desire to build stronger links between the Squadron and the Association, particularly as a way to build a stronger Squadron identity.

The Association has in the past enjoyed use of the facilities at Lincoln's Inn, but as the Army moves to a more commercial footing for use of facilities, it will become increasingly important that I can demonstrate the benefit to the Squadron when our facilities are used, if the current arrangements are to continue.

The "Devil's Own" is a good brand provided it is used to increase combat effectiveness in our core role of providing a communications capability to the Army. I'd like to investigate the Association giving presentations outlining Squadron history and traditions, and being involved in presentations at Whipps Cross to soldiers at the end of Phase I and Phase II training. I also want to look at how senior members of the Squadron can be encouraged to join the Association. All of this will involve the Association having more contact with the Squadron, which is now based more at Whipps Cross than at Lincoln's Inn. We have also looked at how the Association might be able to support the Squadron financially, and this might include grants for adventurous training, presentation of stable belts, ties, cap badges

or other Squadron clothing and accoutrements, redecoration and smartening up of our Army Reserve Centres (eg, photo boards and Squadron branding, and refurbishment of the Whipps Cross bar), and contributing towards the purchase and upkeep of mess kit and blues.

I'm keen for the Association to be involved in building a stronger and more cohesive Squadron. This will of course, require some commitment from the Association to the Squadron at Whipps Cross, where we are now based. Going forward, it will be important to demonstrate the benefit that the Squadron is getting from the Association as well as to be clear about how the Squadron supports our veterans and associations. The symbiotic relationship needs to be strengthened for the good of the Squadron and our wider family.

Major Scott Bumby R SIGNALS

NEWS OF OUR EREs

Majors Brindley, Keppler and Mitcham, Lt Perkins and Sig Marko are all continuing in their ERE posts in 77th Bde, whose global reach offers a number of exciting opportunities to reservists. Those in the Balkans Mission Group deployed to Bosnia and Herzegovina again in March, working with the Federal Ministry of Security, and both the Bosniak and Republika Srpska police, as well as other agencies, in the second of a series of capacity-building interventions designed to bring all three parties (UK, Bosniak and Serb) closer together.

In conjunction with the British Embassy, the University of Sarajevo (where we rather unexpectedly found ourselves lecturing a hall of international relations students!) and the media relations teams from various crisis response organisations, the UK team spent two weeks at Camp Butmir, where hundreds of peacekeeping troops are still based. The IC&CY officers played a pivotal role in cementing together the various inputs in an earthquake and chemical spill disaster scenario, such that the Federal Ministry team was able to assert its authority and lead the players from the different regions through to a successful exercise conclusion. Sig Marko, our photographer, also demonstrated her impressive linguistic skills, providing simultaneous translation from English to Serbo-Croat to Turkish, when out on location.

With experts from the UK Stabilisation Unit also in attendance (not least Maj Gen (ret'd) John Drewienkiewicz, the former advisor to Paddy Ashdown when he was based in Bosnia), this was a significant investment in Bosnian training. Keen to

maximise our time in Sarajevo* and its environs, Gen 'DZ's personal experiences in the 1990s made for a particularly interesting and bespoke battlefield tour on our last day, as he guided us first-hand through the former hotels, streets and cemeteries that had been pivotal at various points through the war.

Lt Col Paul Mitcham

* Sig Marko subsequently returned to Sarajevo in August to marry one of our police escort drivers. Congratulations to them both!

Pictured (in the Bosnian Ministry of Security): Maj Keppler, Sig Marko and then-Maj Mitcham.



Secretary's Report

The Rough Rider Memorial Service, last year, went well with an attendance of 38 members of the Association and Squadron. My thanks go to the guard of honour and buglers, who turn up every year and are such an important part of the remembrance service. Belgium night was another success and is a great meeting place for members of the Squadron and Association. Well done the organisers.

The Lord Mayor's Show returned to its tried and tested format and was enjoyed by all.

Remembrance Sunday parade saw a new SSM introduced to the members, 22 of whom were on parade. The church was packed, with not a vacant seat. Congratulations to the guidon bearer in missing the balcony at the rear of the church.

The annual visit to the National Memorial Arboretum took place, expertly organised by John Sabini. This is worthy event to support and any member of the Association who wishes to go should speak to John.

The Royal Yeomanry laid up five of their guidons and were presented a collective guidon by their Honorary Colonel, HRH Princess Alexandra at a ceremony held in the gardens of Buckingham Palace; a number of members of the Association were lucky enough to be invited to the parade and the tea afterwards.

Eight members of the Association went to Graye-sur-Mer for the presentation of the Legion d'Honneur to Ken Robinson. This involved the usual commemoration ceremonies at various historic locations in the area, culminating in the actual presentation, which took place in a marquee erected at La Ruche, followed by the customary lavish hospitality. A word of thanks is due to Denis Durkin who battled with the manifold inefficiencies in the system to obtain Ken's medal.

A number of members supported the Flag Raising ceremony at Guildhall, after which we were invited to tea in the building.

The Regiment held an open day at Bexleyheath and members attended a number of extremely interesting lectures, and visited stands giving details of the Regiment's current equipment and support services. Lunch was provided and gave us a chance to socialise with old friends, some of who are still serving.

A dinner was held, in the mess, to celebrate 50 years of the DOSC. This was really a very happy evening, excellently organised by John Lucas, with a contingent from the band playing throughout. The club was able to entertain M Lachèvre, the mayor of Graye-sur-Mer along with Mme Lachèvre and his secretary, Karine, who translated the mayor's speech into English. This event was a splendid opportunity to repay some of the hospitality we have received in Graye-sur-Mer over many years.

We are always looking at ways of forming closer ties with serving members of the Squadron and the current OC made a number



of useful suggestions, which will be discussed at the forthcoming AGM.

Future events:-

2016

- **12 December:**
RY Carol Service in Lincoln's Inn chapel

2017

- **13 October:**
Association AGM
- **15 October:**
Rough Rider Memorial Service
- **09 November:**
Field of Remembrance
- **10 November:**
Belgium Dinner
- **11 November:**
Lord Mayor's Show
- **12 November:**
Remembrance Sunday, Lincoln's Inn

All additional dates will be given by e-mail when they are confirmed

**Major Barrie Corfield QVRM TD
Secretary**

The Regimental Museum Report

I am pleased to tell everyone that all is well at the Museum. Computer issues have largely been cleared up thanks to the hard work of my very able Assistant Curator, Major Tony Benbow. Our computerised cataloguing system is working well and the current push is to start photographing the many items we hold and to insert one or two images of every item catalogued on the system. This is no easy task given the mass of material we have but it will much enhance the value of the cataloguing system and perhaps one day sections will be available for searching on line.

Nearly all the pictures and photographs hanging on the walls at 10 Stone Buildings have been catalogued and will be photographed.

We have received a number of welcome gifts. One was a pewter mug given by Colin Moden of Kempville, Ontario, Canada. It was a prize awarded to Private J Mills of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers in the Third Class Shooting Competition 1893. Private Mills had served in E Coy. Colin and his son visited the Museum in July while in London and presented this lovely mug. Ironically, it has clearly gone round in a much travelled loop to Canada and has ended up where it was originally presented – either at 10 Stone Buildings or possibly at Bisley.

A very fine gift in two jiffy bags arrived shortly before I finished this report; it was the war memorabilia of Captain “Pip” Diss of the Rough Riders. He had first served in the Regiment in 1938 and, upon the outbreak of the war, had been posted to 33rd Battery of 11th Light AA Regiment, then at Canvey Island. Subsequently he was commissioned and posted to 117th Light AA Regiment (RUR) and served in North Africa, Malta and Italy and by all accounts had a tough war.

The jiffy bags contained his handwritten diary marked “SECRET”, a printed account of his war called “Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries”, his medals, papers and letters and a fine fully annotated photograph album from Africa to Italy showing a contrast of hard slog in the awful winters to fine times on leave beside the very beautiful Lake Como. The generous donor was his cousin, Dr Rolf Venner. It is a significant addition to our holdings of RR material. Unfortunately their regimental records at their RHQ in the City were destroyed during the blitz and we don’t have as much as I would like on them.

During a clear up of SHQ the permanent staff found a collection of five old steel cleaning rods, and a pistol made by Parker-Hale of Birmingham. These were kindly donated to the Museum.

Following a clear up of the ORs locker room we were presented with a helmet, boots, beret and other kit belonging to a former member.

From the family of the late Sir Basil Hall we received his diary for May 1940, his uniforms, some photographs and his fine Zeiss binoculars in their original leather case.

At the regimental cocktail party held at Lincoln’s Inn I was presented with a copy of the East Wickham and Welling Diary of the First World War for the Museum. Many thanks to that local historical society.

Major Tony Benbow has been hard at work collating our various copies of Vanguard and predecessors and eliminating a mass of spare copies, and also duplicate volumes of The Times’ History of the Great War. He was able to negotiate a sale of these to an eBay trader for the princely sum of £550. That sum was most sorely needed because at the same time we were having all the Museum’s holdings of non-antique rifles and pistols deactivated to comply with the current statutory provisions at a cost of £570. It was very sad to see a pristine marksman’s .303 Lee Enfield of the 1940s, a Sten submachinegun and other weapons butchered but that is the way of life. Such mangling of ancient weaponry won’t, of course, stop a steady flow of Markarov automatic pistols, AK47s and the newer AKMs from East Europe into the hands of exceedingly unpleasant gangsters here, but it is politically expedient to hammer the good guys like us. I hear the same story from so many other military museum curators.

The usual flow of visitors continues to be shown round in large and small groups and similarly numerous postal and emailed requests for information for family histories continue to occupy our time.

Major Tony Benbow continues to look after the Museum’s banking and the paperwork for the Charity Commission with commendable efficiency. Our move from RBS to a special bank for charities called the Charities Aid Foundation went very well. CAF’s on-line service is unusually efficient.

As I type this, we are getting ready for a visit from a photographer from the Royal College of Music to photograph our musical instruments as part of a national data base of the UK’s collections of musical instruments both large and, as with us, very small. That said, our collection of the drums of the Law Association dating to 1803 is unique.

Finally I thank all those who have helped in the life of the Museum and eased my own work load.

**Major Michael O’Beirne TD
Trustee and Hon Curator**

Regimental Update

For much of this year the Army has been conducting a review of its organisation and basing, following on from the reviews of recent years. The review named 'Army 2020 Refine' is in the final stages and I had hoped to have been in a position to confirm what effects, if any, it would have for the Regiment and the Squadron. The Review has been conducted under extremely stringent security conditions so we still have no idea to what extent the changes might involve the Regiment. Unfortunately at the time of writing no details of the Review have been released and we remain unsighted on any potential changes. However the overall direction of travel for the Army Reserve in general and the R SIGNAL Reserve in particular remains constant. The Army Reserve has benefited from substantial investment and focus over the last few years. This investment was not accidental, but rather it was in order that we can deliver high quality soldiers and officers to contribute to success on operations.

It should be self-evident, however in order to succeed in the future we must continually recruit and retain high quality, committed people who are credible members of the R SIGNALS Reserve. If we continue to do this successfully we will be able to continue contributing to the success of operations both in the United Kingdom and overseas. At the moment our recruiting effort is working reasonably well and we continue to attract large numbers of people. However the recruitment targets climb steeply over the coming years and London is a particularly challenging environment in which to recruit; we are competing with many other units. We cannot afford to be complacent; only well recruited, well trained units will be able to justify their place in the Army's Order of Battle in the future. As you are probably already aware the Defence budget is currently just over £35Bn per year and is due to rise to nearly £40Bn over the next five years. However in return for 2% of our Nation's gross domestic product the Government and our Nation, quite rightly, expect value for money.

As part of the changes following the Army 2020 and Future Reserves 2020 reviews there has been a renewed focus on the increasing professionalisation of the Army Reserve as part of the Whole Force approach – regulars, reservists, civil servants and contractors working together to deliver success on operations. The key message here is that there really is now one Army – an Army which has a Reserve component. The days of the Territorial Army as a completely separate organisation with its own structure and chain of command are long gone. In my opinion this is a genuinely good thing for all concerned.

As a result of these changes the Army Reserve has been given an additional £1.2Bn of funding over ten years. This includes a range of benefits not previously available including greater financial incentives for joining and completing training; paid leave; non-contributory pensions; educational allowances, paid civilian qualifications; better career management and administration and full access to MOD sporting and welfare facilities. In return the



*Lt Col HJ Scott MBE
Commanding Officer 71st (City of London) Yeomanry Signal Regiment*

Army expects its Reserve component to fulfil a fundamental role as part of the Whole Force approach. The Reserve is now required for the Army to succeed on operations; it is not just an adjunct. Initially some people were alarmed as there was talk of the Reserve being used routinely each year to support training exercises and frequently deploying alongside the Regular component. However such fears have now been reconciled with what the Army Reserve can realistically deliver. The Army Reserve is still essentially a strategic reserve which provides institutional mass for large or enduring operations, rather than a tactical reserve to be used routinely in large numbers for exercises and routine commitments. However service in the Army Reserve remains far more than a purely financial calculation. Those that contribute most positively to the Army Reserve and our Regiment do so out of a wider sense of belonging, a desire to serve our country and an acceptance that doing the right thing is not always easy.

These changes do not mean that there are not opportunities for soldiers and officers in the Army Reserve to volunteer for wider training and operational tasks both in the UK and overseas. We continue to permanently hold soldiers and officers at readiness for operations in the UK and we have recently sent one soldier to work in the Falkland Islands, one soldier has deployed to Canada for a military patrol competition, and one has volunteered to deploy on operations overseas. Next year we expect to send more soldiers to the Falkland Islands. All of



Regimental Veterans" Day – July 2016

this is in addition to more routine opportunities such as those soldiers who enjoyed skiing and snowboarding in France and the eight soldiers who are currently sky diving in the USA.

Some people might be concerned that we are asking too much of the Army Reserve with the focus on increasing professionalisation and, to a point, I would agree with you. I absolutely recognise that while we must embrace challenging training which is also enjoyable – we must always strike a sensible balance. You might find that the following quote from an Army Reserve publication resonates with you:

‘...striving after efficiency can be overdone. The work is more technical than it used to be and there is more to learn, and it is a fact that the standard reached is appreciably higher than years ago, but, for all that, it is necessary to realise that there is a limit beyond which even the most keen cannot go.’

I hope that the applicability of that quote in striking the right balance in our training is obvious. It is perhaps interesting to note that the publication from which I took the quote was *The Army Quarterly* published in July - July 1930. It appears that some things have changed little over the years.

The Regiment has been working to renew its links with our five squadron associations. As part of this work we held a very successful Veterans' Day in Bexleyheath in July to provide an opportunity for members of each association to meet some of our soldiers (and to better understand what we ask of them), to explain our current structure and our equipment. We also invited representatives from each association to visit the Regiment on our Annual Continuous Training (what Annual Camp is now called). The aim of all of this is to encourage the associations to better support the squadrons and to help enhance the moral component of fighting power. From my

perspective as Commanding Officer that is one of the most valuable roles that each association can and should provide.

So this brings me to the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry Association. I genuinely believe that the brand of the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry is strong but there is always room for improvement. The serving soldiers and officers of 68 Sig Sqn would benefit from even greater support from their Association. I would like to challenge you to consider what more you can do to support the serving squadron. I would like you to encourage the serving cohort to aspire to be the best soldiers in the Regiment. I urge you to inspire them to walk in the footsteps of the great men who have gone before them. And I would hope that you will help to motivate them to uphold the highest standards of professionalism in tribute to the memory and reputation of the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry.

Lt Col HJ Scott MBE

Commanding Officer 71st (City of London) Yeomanry Signal Regiment

The Band

of

The Royal Yeomanry (Inns of Court & City Yeomanry)



August: The Band of the Royal Yeomanry (Inns of Court & City Yeomanry) perform an evening concert at Guildhall Yard

Since the last edition of the Vanguard magazine, the Band of The Royal Yeomanry has grown from strength to strength and has enjoyed playing for a variety of events at home and abroad.

The biggest and most prestigious event of the year was undoubtedly the presentation of a new guidon to Royal Yeomanry at Buckingham Palace on 7th May. Leading the Regiment through the gates of Buckingham Palace on such a glorious day certainly made the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. The event was made even more memorable as the presentation was made by our Royal Honorary Colonel, HRH Princess Alexandra. The event was made all the more special because many of our family and friends were there to enjoy this auspicious and historic occasion in the beautiful surroundings of Buckingham Palace Gardens. It was also great to see so many veterans at the event.

Keeping on the 'Royal' theme, we had a rather fun busy week in March, playing at three separate dinners for not one, but three different members of the Royal family, namely HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, HRH The Princess Royal and HRH The Duke of Wessex. We really are making a name for ourselves!



Major Roy Falshaw, photographed on the 11th September 2016 on his return to Pirbright, exactly 43 years to the day when he joined the Army as a Junior Musician in the Grenadier Guards



The Band's tuba section: Sgt Chris Cosens, Musn Louise Rezler and Musn James Lewis, at the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Association Service and Parade,

Our state ceremonial public duties continue apace, with Changing of the Guard ceremonies at Buckingham Palace, Sunday morning services at the Guards' Chapel and taking part in Beating Retreat on Horse Guards with the Massed Bands of the Household Division.

Other performances have included a concert with the Band of the Honourable Artillery Company in London's Guildhall Yard and a day at Ascot Races supporting the Soldiers' Charity (Army Benevolent Fund) (the 'going' was good ... but not good for Major Falshaw (Director of Music) who lost all his money on just the second race because he got a little mixed up with the rules and regulations of betting on the Tote!). We also had an excellent day of music-making, performing a concert with the Christ's Hospital School band in Horsham, where we renewed an old acquaintance with their Bandmaster, Terry Whittingham (formerly Bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards).*

During the summer we spent the majority of our annual Continuous Training Camp at the Armour Centre, Bovington. From there we travelled to Portsmouth and gave a lunchtime concert at Wharf Quays. Whilst at Bovington, we prepared for our performance at the famous Lorelei Tattoo, on the banks of the Rhine in Germany.

Our smaller ensembles have also continued to flourish. The Wind Quintet made their third annual trip to Saudi Arabia in support of ANZAC Day commemorations. The Brass Quintet performed at several livery companies and charity events. The Fanfare Trumpeters got some welcome BBC TV coverage alongside

Jeremy Vine when they performed for the Macmillan Tug-of-War competition. This annual event is fought between the House of Lords and the House of Commons and raises many thousands of pounds for this most wonderful cancer charity.

The Band continues to support our friends at SSAFA, helping them to raise much needed cash through concerts at Finsbury Square, Liverpool Street and Waterloo stations and, most recently, at the Queen's Theatre in Hornchurch.

In September, we had the honour of performing at Sir Robert's Memorial Evensong Service at St Paul's Cathedral. Appropriately, a consensus of the musicians taking part noted that the band had never played better.

* Sadly, the Christ's Hospital School concert was the last time we saw the Band's Honorary Colonel, Sir Robert Finch. He passed away just a few weeks later. As reported in The Times:

"As honorary colonel of the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry, he was a great supporter of their band and used to accompany the regiment to Normandy each year to commemorate the D-Day landings. On one occasion, he was asked by the bandmaster [director of music], as they formed up in the fields behind the beaches, to conduct the band in a march. He knew the music, but his arm movements bore little resemblance to the piece in question."

Sgt Richard Llewellyn
For and on behalf of Major Roy Falshaw

War Diary of Sir Basil Hall

KCB MC TD, 12th Lancers

France/Belgium – May 1940

This is the account of a young and naïve officer of his experiences as transport officer of A Squadron, 12th Royal Lancers, during the campaign in Belgium and France in May 1940.

Before the outbreak of the 1939-1945 War I, a budding solicitor, was a trooper in the Inns of Court Regiment. On the outbreak of war the regiment became the 101st Officer Cadet Training Unit at the Royal Military College. In early 1940 Alan Windeler, Ander Henderson and I received commissions and joined the regiment in March.

I joined A Squadron. It was composed of a headquarters and three troops, each with three Morris armoured cars. Andrew Horsbrugh Porter was squadron leader and 'Dozey' Willis second-in-command. Tim Bishop was headquarters subaltern and transport officer. The troop leaders were – 2 Troop, Andrew Lumsden, 3 Troop, Peter Arkwright (11th Hussars) and 4 Troop, Bruce Shand; Henry de la Falaise was liaison officer.

The first I knew of the likelihood of an advance was when I heard someone passing my window saying that it was reported on the 7 o'clock news that the Germans had invaded Holland and Belgium. I got dressed and went up to the mess as soon as possible. No orders had then come through but, after a squadron leaders' conference, Andrew came back and told us we were moving. I was pleased to think that, as we were an officer short, I should be going forward and I remember Chambers saying something to the effect that I should presumably command 4 Troop. I knew this was more than unlikely and that Andrew did not want to make Bruce rear link, but still the idea cheered me. I had a nasty setback when A said he was taking John Erne as second-in-command and was doubtful if he could take me at all. However, it all cured itself – just as well, because otherwise I should probably have had a most unpleasantly long march!

Monday 13th

The cook's and petrol lorries turned up soon after dawn. Jack Butler appeared on his bicycle and, to my fury, said that the colonel wasn't at all satisfied with the Transport and that we weren't doing any work. This enraged me, for I had been calling for something to do for the last two days. However, I guided the cook's lorries forward to RHQ (Vertryck) and from there took our own lorry up to the Squadron, just north of Tirlemont. Both the troops seemed to be having a very good time then. The Belgians... cheerfully inefficient.

We were not shot at – heaven knows why. A big aeroplane did machine gun a bridge near us and shells were passing overhead, however we just picked up a side of bacon and one or two other trifles and returned to Vertryck, reaching the forest in the afternoon.



Basil Hall, subaltern

Tuesday 14th

We arrived at Boukin, (that is, most of the fighting HQ, the petrol lorries, Cruden's lorry – then empty of men – and my Bug) and found a pleasant young woman who gave us coffee.

Later on Geoff and Tim and the rest moved off, leaving me in charge. I had what was really my first taste of being bombed; they dropped one just up the road. Whenever a plane appeared all the Belgians fired off their small-arms often at a range of a mile

with the plane at several thousand feet. I confess I had an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach when the bombs fell so close.

Later I went up to the bridge at Haecht to relieve Geoff. A troop of the Skins were there. I counted C Squadron, some of B and RHQ across and then saw the bridge closed with a big gate affair. An unhappy cyclist left on the wrong side climbed over quite easily though. Then went towards Louvain to see the bridge go up. Had Scott's petrol lorry with me; met John Clark Kennedy and persuaded him with some difficulty not to re-cross the river. The bridge went up when I was still in the open; seeing the stones fly up I jumped into a barn, when the whole roof seemed to fall around me. I have rarely been quite so dirty – which is saying quite a lot! Then we returned to Ophern.

On passing through a village, north of Ophern I noticed that the Belgians were very excited and a moment later a shout from the back of the Bug made me pull up, when Bloom told me he had seen a parachutist in the field to the right. Rather than turn back we took the next turning to get behind him. The moment we stopped the whole of the crews of the Bug and petrol lorry ran towards the man, or rather men, firing from the shoulder, leaving me doing a sort of *plaza toro*. With stout, rugged common sense I had the Bren; I cannot shoot with a pistol. Unhappily it had no bipod and I couldn't bring it into action. However, when we were about 200 yards away, Scott, who had just climbed on top of his lorry, shot one through the thigh and the other put up his hands.

When we got there the unwounded man burst into floods of tears. About a hundred Belgians came up at the same moment, so we let them have him.

Wednesday 15th

Woken early by shots all round the house. Thought for one horrible moment that the Boche had arrived, but it turned out to be an aeroplane, alleged to have been brought down by B Squadron. Went out in my pyjamas in the Bug to see if there was any possibility of collecting a prisoner or anything else of value. There wasn't. The plane and crew were spread over about two acres! There was a hypodermic syringe in the plane.

Later in the morning moved via the Forest of Soignes and Hal to Lennick St. Quentin, where we became Lord Gort's guard for a day. The maps, never good, were uncannily bad in this area.

Thursday 16th

Woken early by a false alarm but nothing happened until late in the afternoon when the fighting squadron went towards Waterloo. We moved to RHQ, a big house near Groenenberg. The lorries pulled in under the trees. I had dinner in the chateau.

At night the Guards Division Transport turned up, and, in spite of dissuasion, insisted on billeting there.

Friday 17th

The day was uneventful. One unhappy man was pulled in as a spy, but we released him. As I was walking out to have a look around, nine German planes came over very low and bombed the road leading past the chateau. These bombs, some of which fell about 300 yards away, were the only ones I heard which didn't scream. They had a good look at us but, happily, just afterwards I heard the Squadron was coming back and went off to see that billets were all right.

The Squadron turned up just as I got there – at about three o'clock I think – and managed to billet the men but couldn't find a mess. Henry and I tramped around and found one after about an hour-and-a-half – we'd have found it before if it hadn't been for the crew of the Bug having locked themselves in a house which I knew would do well and, being engaged on business at which it was as well not to enquire, they had not heard the knocking!

But just as we were returning footsore and flushed with victory, we found we were ordered to move to Gammerrages. The Transport led the way. On arrival there we were disgusted to find that, owing to a wrong map reference or something, we were really to go to Herme (Herines), which we did and slept the night in some sort of factory.

Saturday 18th

'Slept' is an exaggeration, for I was just about falling asleep when the Colonel came in and I had to go round the village waking all the troop sergeants and telling them to be ready to move at 0400 (I think). Then I was hardly in bed again when I decided I should be with the Boys (anti tank) rifle. For some reason, rather bemused with fatigue, I thought I ought to sleep by it in case of trouble and staggered out with my bed roll. Having reached there I realised the obvious – that Andrew would be sure to want me in a hurry in the morning, and went back.

The cars moved at dawn; we, not till 0700. I think it was the day Titch Eldridge went in the staff car and came back saying that. "compared with the Transport, the Fighting Squadron had a ***** picnic...". That was before they had any casualties. I saw the 48th Division coming back – absolutely worn out and having had no food for a day or more.

When we did move we got badly involved with refugees. I got in the tail of RHQ and they didn't seem to be able to get on at all. Progress was terribly slow. We moved by Gammerrages, Lessines, Les Deux Acren to Buissenal, where we stopped in a little village just short of it. Everyone rather windy and saying the Germans

were only a couple of miles or so away. A reconnaissance soon disposed of that! The Squadron came back after dark and moved off at dawn.

Sunday 19th

We moved at the same time as the Squadron to Cordes, where we spent the morning in a pleasant farm, full of refugees. Then back into France via Celles, crossing the river by a mined pontoon bridge a little north of Tournai. RE officer very worried whether the lorries would send off the explosives, but I could see Tournai was being bombed and I thought that was the lesser evil. Near Willems incendiary bombs were dropped near us. At Willems we were redirected to Orchies. En route we had to pass a house fired by an incendiary bomb (A bit trying with the petrol lorry. The heat was intense). Refugees had been hit on the road. In the end the Squadron ended up near Bersée, in a very dirty and battered house.

I must say I did think then that being behind the lines we were in for a peaceful time, that we should be taken into reserve and, our reconnaissance role being over, that we should be re-equipped for an attacking role.

Monday 20th

The next morning the Colonel was put in charge of operations to clear the area Arras-Albert-Amiens of fifth columnists. Transport was to go to Foncquevillers. I was a little startled just before moving to hear that there were German tanks in the area, but was far from appreciating the true position. We moved by Billy and Vimy avoiding as far as possible the town of Lens and the main roads. As a result, we were slowed up badly by refugees and French horse transport. I was furious to see when we got on the main Arras-Vimy-Lens road that it was completely empty and, after that, I always kept to main roads so far as possible. I knew, I think, Arras was a 'closed city'; it was covered with smoke from a petrol dump or something hit by a bomb. I was puzzled to see French tanks on the hills around the town. Just as we were coming down to the main road to Beaumetz – the St. Pol road or the Doullens road, I forget which – a car dashed by shouting something about 'the Boche'. I thought it was probably fifth column stuff and decided to push on in the Bug with Cotton (DR) up to next ridge to see. There wasn't anything and I sent Cotton back to bring the rest up.

Just at that moment Higgs gave a message (I hadn't the earphones on) saying the Germans were in Beaumetz, about a mile or so to our front. I asked the Colonel whether I should try to get through. I left Higgs to take the answer (there was one pair of phones at the back only, which Higgs had on) and went to tell the rest of the position. The reply I got was to move to Aix-Noulette, just north of Arras on the Béthune road, but I have since heard that I had a tremendous rocket from the Colonel for daring to think of attacking with unarmoured vehicles inadequately armed. As a matter of fact, it wasn't as bad as that; we had four Boys and four Brens and some 50 men, mostly with rifles and the idea was to stalk on foot.

Some of the Transport were furious when we turned back and when afterwards I found there were only two tanks. Park and Eldridge were plaintive with disappointment. I'm afraid we had an exaggerated idea of the efficiency of the Boys.

So we turned round and went back through Achicourt, skirting Arras – which I had since heard had tanks right up in the southern suburb – and back to Aix.

The SQMS said to me yesterday (28th July 1940), "Did you know there were tanks in Arras when we went though it?" He was taken aback when I said, "Yes", and that it was my intention, as a last resort, to join the Arras garrison if we were cut off to the north!

We moved on for an hour or two to a pleasant chateau in a place whose name I have forgotten. Then we moved through Béthune to Festubert. Béthune I didn't like – it seemed to be waiting for something. It had already been machine-gunned – one very unpleasant sight – and was later bombed.

We got the lorries into a farmhouse on the main road and found an excellent mess opposite – one of the best we ever found. Of course the Squadron came in very late; I was lying on my bed outside trying to snatch some sleep and hoping I should wake when they came in. They confirmed what I had already heard on the wireless, that Sgt Knight was wounded and Cpl Chambers, of whom I had always been very fond, killed. They moved off again about two hours after they arrived, at dawn very nearly.

Tuesday 21st

Stood about in the village watching refugees going past. I remember three of the Transport – Syms, Allis and Higgs, I think – found a deserted estaminet and began to serve drinks to the refugees. At this moment the proprietor appeared and they, seeing him coming, moved off, saying as they passed him, "Look out! Someone's pinching your beer!"

Had an excellent dinner with Rowland and one or two others, consisting of chicken, potato and greens. I remember it was interrupted in the middle by a plane which flew over at 50 feet, machine-gunning. Of course the Bren jammed – gas stoppage. Saw too an ambulance, to which we gave some petrol; the driver said a plane had dive/machine-gunned them when they were alone among refugees. Then Jack Butler came up on his motorbike, telling me to take up the cook's lorry to the Squadron, going first to RHQ at Mont St. Eloi, a few miles north of Arras. So I got onto the cook's lorry and this time we went by the main road from La Bassée through Lens and fairly cracked down the main road, which was clear.

I came on RHQ from the Arras side, having been delayed a minute or two by telegraph wire wrapped round the wheels, and came in through two cars of B Squadron, passing a burning motorcycle. They were at their guns, fingers more or less on the trigger and were somewhat startled to see us, in view of the fact that a German tank had just turned down the road we had come up! Went up the hill, which is one of the highest points there and crowned with trees, and found RHQ on the top of it.

Was just collecting some batteries to take up when suddenly planes sprang up along the skyline to the west – the St. Pol/ Arras road. Then clouds of dust began to move towards us from there, and we suddenly realised they were tanks. We didn't know whose they were. Personally, as soon as they got close enough, I had no doubt they were German and there doesn't seem any doubt now that they were.

They stopped just below us; some of the crew got out. There were 50 to 60 medium or heavy tanks. Then they moved off away from us again leaving us, to say the least, much relieved. Twenty lorries and a couple of armoured cars aren't much use in coping with tanks.

We went off to the Squadron and, while there, the Squadron got orders to rendezvous at Grenay, near Lens. Just before we were intending to move, a reconnaissance plane belonging to a panzer division went past at very low height. I tried to shoot from a car but the gun jammed again; then suddenly a large number of planes came over and we hid in a wood for some three quarters of an hour.

Wednesday 22nd

The Squadron moved south again. I heard that Peter Arkwright had been badly wounded and afterwards found that Sergeant Johnson had been killed and Smith and Hudson as well. Andrew Roddick came back with us for a time. Sgts Sewell and Thorpe cleaned up the car which wasn't too pleasant, though I was relieved as I had said I would do it if there were no volunteers.

Henry appeared too – very defeatist...put the wind up me to such an extent that when a convoy passed my right I thought they might be German and 'stood the Squadron to'. Henry was saying that the Germans would be there in half an hour at the most and that it would only be a matter of time before surrender, as they were cutting us off in the north. So, when a little later we moved to Festubert via La Bassée, I moved pretty fast and heaved a sigh of relief when I crossed the canal at La Bassée. Of course, the Germans were not within ten miles, except for a few tanks and infantry in Béthune, about three miles from Festubert on the other side of the canal. We could not get our old billets which were full of French and moved to the north side of the village near the main road to Béthune. Henry spent about an hour and a half looking for suitable billets. At the end of that I took things into my own hands and moved straight in.

Béthune, or the villages near, were being bombed and looking across and looking across to the north we saw some big black transport planes circling round apparently preparatory to landing. Maurice came up a bit later and I discussed it with him and said I'd go and look. So I took the Bug and the staff car with three Bren guns. Syms and Ryley were driving and I took Scott, Sgt Thorpe, Park, Cruden and Melville. Scott travelled on the cover of the Bug with his rifle. We moved in the right direction and suddenly the planes appeared, five of them, apparently taking off again or possibly were landing. We made one false start across country, stopped by a stream and then mounted again and on until we came to some hundred French soldiers sitting in the ditch. I pulled up and managed to dig out that the 'avions' were by a farm a mile or so away across country. We started to walk and the French got up. Someone said "Look! They only wanted a lead". They had one – they moved rapidly in the opposite direction down the road. So we plodded on across the fields, doing some mental arithmetic: five or more planes with about 40 men each; but when I suggested that we'd just have a look-see and get out of it, if possible without engaging, there was quite a storm of protest. Well, to cut a long story short, when we did get close it turned out to be an English aerodrome.

We returned rather sheepishly. The Squadron returned after dark. I remember John Erne remarking that his course was now finished and also, a thing which pleased me very much, that, "Whatever's happened during the day, when we come back we always find old Basil exactly the same."

Just about this time I finally 'cracked up' as far as sleep was concerned and that night, fell asleep while waiting for dinner (up till then I had always been very proud of the fact that though I had less sleep than the others, I always saw to everything when they came in. Pride came before a fall!)

Thursday 23rd

Once again the Squadron moved at dawn and we to Carnin, near Carvin. An uneventful day, found a good cellar with some excellent wine – Chateaufort du Pape. When the Squadron came back, I found Andrew Roddick had been killed and John Erne badly wounded; he died that night we afterwards heard. Andrew was terribly upset that night; I slept in the same room. Before going to sleep I went into Carvin, which had been badly bombed, to look for Baker who was missing.

No sooner was I asleep than I was woken with orders to billet in the neighbourhood of Armentières, but, as it happened, the Squadron moved together; I did, if I remember, snatch some sleep before we moved just before dawn.

Friday 24th

We moved north and ended up at Bois Grenier, about four miles from Armentières. We had at last a much needed day of rest. I slept in the open on and off for most of the day and got very sunburnt and then slept all the night.

Sunday 26th

I moved at 0900 to Ouderdom. I had said we would take a chance and go through Armentières as it was several miles the shorter way, warning that we must go fast. Of course, the Boche came over machine-gunning, so we moved out of town the quickest way, everything else scattering for cover. Of course it was the wrong one but we corrected that and moved via Ploegsteert and Wijtschate to Ouderdom – where we had the fortune to meet a field post office. Then we moved on to a farm and thence to a big wood just north of the Poperinge-Ypres road. I was sent to get a wireless set from the Hopkinson Mission near Cassel at Oxelaere and, just before I went, five bombs were dropped between us and RHQ, just on the road I would have been on if I hadn't, just as I was leaving, decided to eat some food. There was a German bomber brought down in the next field which may have attracted the bombs.

We didn't find the Hopkinson lot in spite of many searchings, and the help of 'Pip' Sterling (CO 13th/18th H) whom I had met near Meerdael, and his Brigadier. So I came back just as the Transport was moving, for some unknown reason, to Wijtschate, where there was no cover and which was already full of troops. Could find no mess until at last a café, which some gunners were just leaving. Had to sleep on the stone floor.

Monday 27th

Happily, moved before dawn to Nueve Eglise (Nieuwerkerke). Just as I was approaching the town, I was leading, we saw a German reconnaissance plane passing low overhead which was an augur of what was to come.

It was understood that the Squadron was going to rest there and we began to look for billets. Being in the first car, I ran on through the town and onto the road to Bailleul; just out of the town found billets, that is, space in farms and gardens for the Squadron. At the same time I saw a three-ton Bedford in a ditch, brand new, and tipped the wink to Cruden. But when I

got back into town the Squadron was finding billets round the church. Just then a message came through saying that there was a job for us; the 13th/18th apparently not having turned up. Anyway, we were just seeing about billeting in the town when orders came to form up the Squadron. I was just going to send off a DR for Cruden, imagining he was getting his tow chain out, digging away the ditch and so on, when, I found that he and the Bedford were with us already, proving the value of a six-wheeled lorry (the Bedford was later disguised so that its own mother wouldn't have known it!).



Sir Basil Hall, Treasury Solicitor

As it happened, the Transport stayed where it was and I went and billeted up the hill, posting one man looking southwards; there was a very wide view, well beyond Armentières, knowing the Germans were somewhere in this direction. Actually, we did see some English planes bombing a wood in which we heard there were tanks.

Well, after settling in, I decided to shave at the back of the mess lorry and had just finished when I noticed nine German bombers in the Bailleul direction. I said, "My God, look!" to Eldridge and Park who were standing near. There were another nine coming low over Nueve Eglise. The only obvious shelter was a somewhat dirty cowshed with stone walls into which we ran and flung ourselves flat on the floor. There were two lots of bombs; the first lot were right on top of us; we thought each would hit us. Their scream was one of the most unpleasant sounds I have ever heard. There were six that seemed right on us, the next further away. We came out of the shed but for a few moments; some more came and I took shelter in an air raid shelter dug by the farmer's wife and some troops who had been there before. This however was not so close. We sorted ourselves out and went to see whether there were any casualties in the other places in which our lorries were parked. I found one bomb had fallen by the side of the road, close to where Allis, who was on look-out, was lying and had hit a Belgian soldier, who was lying next to him, on the ankle.

Then Rowland came running up saying, "Chandler's hit sir!" I ran all the way to where he was and found he had been killed, struck in the head, the heart and the wrist. He had been sheltering behind a bank and bomb burst on the wrong side of it. We buried him just by where he had been hit, on the top of a mound from where we could see Mount Kemmel to the north and the plain of northern France to the south.

The curious reaction to this state of fear was that I found myself very hungry and went and ate bully, sardines and biscuits with butter and marmalade – rather dirty because a bomb, the largest crater I saw, burst just behind the little yard in which the cook's lorry was, not hurting anyone; the splinters must have passed over their heads. Two pieces did hit the lorry in which two were sheltering and lodged in haversacks.

The next thing was Henry de la Falaise coming up in the staff car. He had stayed in the middle of the town and a bomb hit the house next door. Actually they played havoc in the town, killing many civilians and wiping out a battery which was passing through. If we had stayed where it was first intended, our casualties might have been much greater.

We moved north again, north of Ypres, which we were told not to pass, to Woesten. We were machine-gunned from the air on entering the wood near Poperinge, where we had been bombed before. From Woesten we moved to Wetsvleteren, where there was great difficulty finding a mess, ending up in a dress shop where the woman obviously had German sympathies. We slept on the hard stone floor.

Wednesday 29th

We heard for the first time that the BEF was to be 'taken off'. The Regiment was given the task of protecting the left flank from Diksmuide (Dixmude) north. It was a horrible sight to see the lorries and so on ditched round us all the way to Oeren, where we were going.

Just before we reached Oeren, a sapper officer stopped me and told me I had to ditch all my cars and walk to Dunkirk. I told him I was still 'fighting' and would do nothing of the kind. When he grew obstreperous I told him if he didn't get out of the way I'd dismount my men and blow him and his 'bloody sappers' off the road. It's occurred to me since then he might have been a fifth columnist, but I don't think so; he had orders in writing.

When I got to Oeren, just by the Izjer Canal, I was told to guard a bridge. So I went and sat on the bridge with the toughest men I could find – L/cpl Chorley (who got the MM), Cpl Melville, Rowland, Adams, Cook, L/cpl Syms, Godden and Noble with two Bren guns and two Boys anti-tank rifles. A Belgian officer came and showed me how to blow the bridge. Nothing happened except that it poured with rain and an order to blow the bridge came just as an RE officer arrived. He lit the fuse and we ran, the bridge going up in a most satisfactory manner.

We then patrolled the bank until 1er Dragoons of the DLM

(Division Légère de Cavalerie) came up, when I reported to the Colonel and returned just as the armoured cars came back; three of them at least. Tim was holding a bridge in Furnes (Veurne). The Colonel was worried about the bridge because it was essential to blow it before the Germans arrived and so Andrew took twelve men and me up. I gathered our role was to stand on the far side of the river and hold any Germans while the bridge was blown up behind me. I travelled up in an armoured car leaving after dinner at about 12. The nicest sound I have ever heard was a loud bang in the distance and Tim reporting the 'bridge blown' on the wireless. When we got to Furnes I lay on the bottom of the car, on steel helmets, maps, gas masks and heaven knows what else, and slept for half an hour.

Thursday 30th

The Transport was sent to Glyvelde near Dunkirk and I went there with the staff car and the Bedford lorry. As we approached Glyvelde the numbers of ditched vehicles increased. The main road to Glyvelde was narrow; on each side of it were dumped cars. Up the narrow lane/ left, traffic was pouring towards me, a constant stream of lorries interspersed with British and French soldiers and civilians – not an officer to be seen – and a regiment of French cavalry, besides innumerable cyclists, pedal and motor.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the military police, who informed me that (a) it was impossible to get through and (b) anyway it was a one-way street, we pushed through with the 3-ton lorry and the staff car. The road was so crowded that at one point, when I was going forward on foot for a look-see, I had to climb over the top of a van. By dint of pushing every other lorry out of the way and arguing with excitable Frenchmen, we progressed, but I really thought we were done when some French transport

abandoned their lorries in the middle of the road, with lorries on their left hand and tanks on their right. But we managed to make a gap on the line and by running along the pavement passed on.

The final effort was to move some 20 horses left tethered in a narrow lane. I must confess that I think, getting down that road where there seemed not to be room for a bicycle, was the achievement I am most proud of. It must have taken more than two hours down that stretch, but we arrived just in time for breakfast.

The rest of the day was uneventful. It was a curious reflection on the way the

men's spirits were affected. At first, knowing that they were to leave sometime in the future, they were depressed and quiet, but when they heard that they were to embark for England the next morning they were so cheered that when a Boche aeroplane appeared they let off every rifle and Bren there was, with the



Street scene, Dunkirk June 1st 1940

happy result that they kept high and didn't bomb.

Towards evening the Squadron arrived on foot. We destroyed the lorries and slept a little, having first drunk everything we could manage.

Friday 31st

We began our march at dawn from Ghyvelde to Adinkerke. It was the most horrible walk I have ever known. We were completely out of condition carrying far too much kit, including 12 anti-tank rifles and 12 Brens with ammunition. We arrived at last at Adinkerke and were there told to police the beach at De Panne for 24 hours. We marched there in single file, our Brens and Boys being carried on a truck and, by dint of keeping in step and in spite of my blisters, I found the journey much easier. At De Panne our duties consisted of shepherding parties onto the boats. My own job at first was merely inspecting passes. Late at night I went to see the admiral in charge, who was closeted in GHQ with Gort. I didn't in fact see him but I think I presented an odd figure by comparison with the immaculates of GHQ.

Saturday June 1st

The REs had built a jetty of lorries which would have made things easier, had it not been so rough that the heavy boats manned by inexperienced oarsmen, had the greatest difficulty in getting off. They were rowed out then towed by naval pinnaces, who would not venture in close in spite of our repeated requests. Towards one o'clock a line had been run from the jetty to a ship which would have made things easier. L/cpl Syms found a motor boat which we thought would do to tow out the rowboats. With the help of some Gunners we managed to get it into the water. Running across the waves of course I got soaked and just before we reached the jetty a rope wrapped around the propeller and we had to get into the waist-deep water to free it. Then, when I got ashore, I found embarkation had been abandoned owing to the rough sea and the German guns, having got the range, caused the destroyers to sheer off.

Rather a difficult time with a drunken and insolent Scotsman who covered me with his rifle when I pulled my revolver on him, long before it was out of my pocket, however, his friends managed to restrain him. Rather taken aback when I shouted to the 'beach guard' to take him off and found they had already been withdrawn. Not a very creditable incident.

The long and trying walk along the beach began. The French were marching along a road up on the sand dunes and, constantly from that direction, one heard shots. At one point when we lay on the ground when a bomb dropped, it fell in the sea. Bloom was hit in the thigh by a bullet coming from heaven knows where. At last we reached the point of embarkation and lined up. Of course, some RASC pushed right into the head of the line and made a mess-up of everything.

With great difficulty, (owing to my weight only!), I got into a lifeboat and we moved off. Just as we approached a ship, bombers came over and the wretched midshipman in command, instead of getting on with the job, moved away from the ships.

At last we did get on. Even my collar stud was rusty! So we stripped to our underclothes and dried in the stifling wheelhouse. Halfway through the night we heard the



Troops arriving at Victoria Station, June 2nd 1940

midshipman/navigating officer call out: "Which is the main road to Ramsgate?" to a passing ship.

Sunday 2nd

We landed at Margate. Everything was very efficiently managed so far as food was concerned and we found ourselves in a train which we were told was bound for Reading, but which in fact turned out to be going to Preston. Ian Smith turned up trumps; he told Maurice Barker to get off at Leominster, his home, and then said we could all go except one officer. Tim was unlucky. So we got out at the next station and got the next train back to London.

Sir Basil ultimately commanded a squadron of the 27th Lancers and was awarded the MC during the Italian Campaign. After the war he rejoined the Inns of Court Regiment, ultimately commanding B Squadron and in 1954 was one of the 2 Field Officers, responsible for handing the Colours to HM The Queen Mother on the occasion of the presentation of new Colours to the regiment. In civilian life, Sir Basil, a solicitor by profession, served as Procurator General and Treasury Solicitor from 1975 to 1981 and thereafter served as the UK member of the Human Rights Commission in Strasbourg. He died on 2 May 2011. Ed

The Black Brogues

Under the attentive guidance of John Sabini, the Black Brogues enjoyed a busy and enjoyable year, as illustrated in this photographic montage

Armed Forces Lunch



Our numbers were up on previous year mainly due to a number of our ladies attending (previous years this function had been all male).

SOP's were followed with the FUP being The Barley Mow PH for a swift pint then a tactical move to Davies Street for a good lunch with good company – 'Happy Days' – then back to Barley Mow for ENDEX.

Once again we were well looked after by mess steward Rfn Pope.

Jim Wolfe was head of the table and Phil Seaton was Mr Vice.

Top left: Lunch in anticipation; left: Mess silver – London Rifle Brigade circa 1880s Rifleman (not Mick Fairfax in the background) Top right: Mess silver – 1970s Rifleman; right: The



Combined Cavalry OCA Parade

The parade and service were on Sunday 8th May at Hyde Park. The number marching was high with four divisions on parade.

Noticeable was the continued reduction in bands taking part; there were three this year: the HMR (Life Guards/Blues and Royals), the RAC, the RY (IC&CY)

The small but perfectly formed IC&CY contingent fell in at the rear of The RY column (we know our place in the big scheme of things).

Following the fall out we went off to watch the wreath laying ceremony at The RHG/D memorial

In due course we toddled off to The Civil Service Club for a pie and a pint.

Top left: IC&CY Group John Sabini, Bob Messenger, Les Clarke, Phil Seaton; left: Royal Yeo Eric Hendrie, Mrs Frances Hendrie, Ralph D Perks; right: Massed bands march off



National Memorial Arboretum – Staffs

The current active squadron and antecedent units are well represented at the NMA Staffordshire.

In Yeomanry Avenue with have tribute trees and plaques for the Inns of Court Regiment, the COLY (Rough Riders) and, on a combined tribute, IC&CY, 68 Squadron, and the IC&CY Band. At The Home Service Grove, there stand a tribute bush and plaque for 348 (IC&CY) HSF Squadron.

We are pleased to report that the above are in good order and are fitting tributes to our cap badge.

Tributes to: Left: IC & CY (Devil's Own); Top right: City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders); 348 (IC & CY) Signal Squadron (HSF) Lincoln's Inn



The Black Brogues Comms P88 Lunch, Davies Street



Above: Lunch in progress;
Above right: Our guests and supporters; left: OC + 2 x SSM + 3 x Troop Sgt's (first time we have been able to get the full Sgt's mess to a P88 Lunch)



Below top left: IC & CY Gun Team in action;
lower l&r: Chris George, grandson of Lt John George COLYWWI; right: Medal Room at Finsbury Barracks

Bottom: Revelry at St Fagg's Day



Parade of Homage

Although numbers on parade had dwindled in recent years there was an uplift this year with a strong contingent of London Scottish plus Merchant and RN bods (steamboat shuffle in evidence for the long march from the RX to Finsbury barracks).

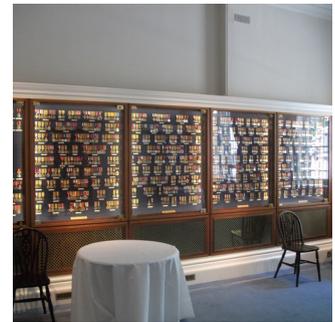
The event followed time honoured format of a march on from the rear of the BoE to the RX for wreath laying and then the long march to the HAC grounds for a review and VIP inspection



At the end of the service the traditional stampede to bar ensued. The lunch was a more sedate affair in The Long Room dining area with post lunch speeches etc.

Post lunch we went for a decompression session in the HAC bar (good selection of real ales) until we were politely turfed out by the mess staff.

A good time had by all and hopefully we can get more IC&CY boots on parade next year



St Fagg's Day Lunch

Twelve dedicated pilgrims made the long and hazardous journey to St Fagg's (2nd) spiritual home in Central London – The Civil Service Club

We met in the lower sanctum (the bar) where we each deposited 20 x beer vouchers in order commence celebrating St Fagg – The Patron Saint of Dental Excellence and, after several flagons of excellent real ale, we climbed the winding staircase to the first floor temple of food and wine to scoff and drink plus recall happy boyhood memories of the beloved St Fagg.

After several hours at our festive board we descended the winding stairs to burn off our remaining beer vouchers.

In due course we called ENDEX and moved to our peace time locations



Devil's Own Sergeants Club

Born 1966 and still going strong". Quite apt really to paraphrase this slogan for the DOSC, as the Regency dandy of Johnnie Walker, from who it is taken (but saying 1820), was drawn by a Roughrider, Tom Browne, L/Cpl in A Squadron, in 1905.

The inaugural meeting of the DOSC was held in the WOs & Sgts Mess at Cranwich Camp, Norfolk on Thursday 22nd September 1966, some 70 members being present. By this time it had become apparent that in the forthcoming Defence Review we would not survive as a regiment and it was resolved that "whilst the Government would be doing its best to stop us meeting we would continue to do so". We have just had our 464th monthly meeting and 49th AGM (the first was not held until 25th October 1968 hence we are one behind). Seven people at the first meeting are still members, four of whom are regular attenders of the monthly meetings.

We decided to mark this auspicious event firstly with the issue of a diary and pen to all Members, Friends of The Club and others, which eventually we were able to do, despite two printers going bust on us. That is why the diary is unique in running from March to March – which is in fact when the new year started before we changed from the Julian to the Gregorian Calendar in 1752. Copies have gone all over the world to people we are in touch with.

This was followed by the Annual Lunch, held on the 9th April at the Civil Service Club in Scotland Yard, off Whitehall – superbly organised by Jim Stewart and attended by 40 members and guests. The Civil Service Club maintained its usual high standard. As a special 50th Anniversary presentation our President, John Lucas, had a musical extravaganza lined up – a few verses from The Mikado, sung (?) by him in fancy dress sung with audience participation and accompanied by our brass section, John Spenser and Nigel Rainbird.

Early June saw a small but perfectly formed body of seven making its way to Normandy with The Association Standard, where we were joined by Major Andrew Collins, to act as a guard of honour to Ken Robinson, C Squadron, Inns of Court, who had elected to have his Legion d'Honneur presented to him on French soil, much to the delight of our French friends. We also took part in parades at the IC&CY Memorial, "One Charlie", Conde and St. Gabriel-Brécý

The highlight of the year was the dinner, heavily subsidized by the Club, held at Lincoln's Inn on 24th September, almost exactly 50 years after our founding. Club President John Lucas was in the chair and we were delighted to have as our guests the new Honorary Colonel Nigel Pullman; Major Andrew Collins;

Major Scott Bumby, OC 68 Squadron; Capt John Donaldson and especially our French friends Jean-Pierre Lachèvre, mayor of Graye-sur-Mer accompanied by Mme Lachèvre and Karine Fauvel, secretary of the village council who has done so much to make our visits there so memorable. It was a pleasure to repay in part all the hospitality we have been given in Normandy.



Posthorn Gallop

The meal was excellent, the wine flowed freely (we would expect nothing else). The Regimental Band was excellent and to the delight of our French guests played a traditional Norman song "Ma Normande". The highlight of their performance was "The Post Horn Gallop" played by Paul Taylor and said to be the finest ever heard by our experts in musical matters. It brought the house down! The evening was judged a complete success and the only

complaint heard was that it seemed to be over so quickly. John is to be warmly congratulated on all the hard work he has put into the evening to ensure it was a success.

Time has taken its toll on members but, by opening up membership to any past member of the IC&CY and the predecessor units and forward to past and present members of 68 Squadron, we still have a membership roll of 43.

A monthly newsletter is issued and this goes to all members and "Friends of The Club" – persons who are not eligible to join but hold the same interests and support our endeavours – and in this way we are in touch with over 90 people. The internet certainly helps here as we are in touch with friends in Australia and the USA as well as Europe and it also keeps the postage bill down. Over 66 per cent of our contacting is now done electronically.

Membership is only £5.00 a year (held at this since 1994) and we shall be pleased to hear from anyone who would like to join. By kind permission of the OC 68 Squadron, our meetings are held at Lincoln's Inn at 8pm on the third Tuesday of every month (August and December excepted).

I look forward to many more years of existence but I have been casting an eye to posterity. One of the churches in our parish, St Michael's, Plumpton actually dates from 1067 and has had to have its roof renewed. Whilst a grant was given towards the cost part had to be raised by us. This was done by sponsoring tiles and there is now a tile with our name on it. The roof was last done in 1870 so around 2166 it will be time again. I can imagine ours being turned over and someone saying "Who on earth were this lot?" some 200 years after our birth and 360 since George III first gave us the sobriquet.

Dennis Durkin

Devil's Own Sergeants Club 50th Anniversary Dinner

As reported in Denis Durkin's DOSC news, the Club held their Anniversary Dinner in the Mess at Lincoln's Inn, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer. As also reported, the principal guest was the Mayor of Graye-sur-Mer, Monsieur Jean-Pierre Lachevré, the text of whose speech is set out below.

Discours du Maire de Graye

Mister President, Ladies and gentlemen, Dear Friends, It is with a great pleasure and a great pride that we are here this evening to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Devil's Own Sergeants Club. With my wife and Karine, we thank you for your very kind invitation.

As you know, on the 6th June 1944, at around 8.30, C Squadron, Inns of Court Regiment, landed on Mike sector of Juno beach, west of Graye-sur-Mer. Even by this early stage, the whole area was one of total chaos and disaster. Getting off the beach was not so easy as anticipated. There was strong opposition and there were mines everywhere that soon caused problems and vehicle casualties. A Daimler vehicle was hit by a shot and two soldiers died roughly where is now the Inns of Court memorial. The remainder of the regiment arrived also on our coast on the 1st July.

That's why the links between the Inns of Court and our village of Graye-sur-Mer are very strong and it will be a long time before what your forebears did some 72 years ago will be forgotten !

Last June, we had the great privilege and an unqualified honour to host some of you in Graye-sur-Mer to commemorate the 72nd anniversary of the D-Day at the Inns of Court Memorial. We went also together to Saint Gabriel Brécy where two other soldiers were killed by a Canadian tank seeing a strange black vehicle with no identification marks approaching its position. We went also to Jerusalem

Crossroads Memorial at Condé sur Seulles where several soldiers both from the Inns of Court and the Royal Engineers, but also French civilians, were killed and others badly injured by a low level bombing attack from three US Thunderbolts.

We were also all impressed by an exceptional and very unusual

ceremony, the presentation of the Legion d'Honneur to Ken Robinson. As you know the Legion d'Honneur is France's highest distinction and honours exceptional acts of bravery and devotion by all those who have served France, whether they be French by blood or "by spilled blood".

This ceremony was exceptional as it honoured one of your Veterans. I would thank him once again for having chosen to be decorated on our land on which your forebears landed seventy two years ago and to which you are still loyal. We were very happy and proud to welcome Ken and some of you once again for this so special day. This was a very moving and emotional experience for us all. This ceremony was also exceptional for us as Ken had chosen a member of our city council to present the award, Patrick Lavarde who is himself Knight of the Légion d'Honneur and who sends to all of you his kind regards and apologizes for not being able to attend this dinner due to previous commitments as President of an international institution.

Through the insignia of Knight of the Légion d'Honneur presented to Ken, France wanted to thank all the Inns of Court for their absolute commitment to freedom. Here today, once again, in my name and in the name of our inhabitants, I would like to pay heartfelt homage to the members of the Inns of Court Regiment. We know that we owe our freedom and our security to their dedication, because they were ready to risk their lives to ensure a better and brighter world.



I shall have a special thought for all those veterans no longer with us today. "When you go home tell them of us and say for your tomorrow we gave our today": these words are always in our minds. We shall always be grateful to them. We will never forget their fight for freedom, their quest for peace.

We will always remember their sacrifice.

In World War Two, the struggle against terror has been, and shall remain, a central part of cooperation between France and Britain. May the commitment of these heroes continue to inspire us all in our actions during the difficult period we have to face.

Tradition Maintained: The Limerick

Many will remember, with affection, our late Honorary Colonel, Colonel the Earl of Limerick or Colonel Pat as he was better known. Those recollections will doubtless embrace his use of his eponymous verse form, the limerick, in most of his public utterances. The normal amusement caused by these, often saucy rhymes can be removed in one stroke by its definition:

“The form contains five lines with trimeter (three-beat) measures in the first, second, and fifth lines and dimeter (two-beat) measures in the second and fourth, having the rhyme scheme of aabba.”

The origins of the limerick, although obscure, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be attributed to Colonel Pat as one of the earliest uses of the this verse form was, ironically, attributed to St Thomas Aquinas in the 13th century in the medium of a prayer in Latin. The origins of use of the name ‘Limerick’ for such verses is equally obscure but, again, cannot be attributed to the 6th Earl. Two explanations are offered in that it may have derived from an early Victorian (pre-television era) parlour game known as “Will you please come up to Limerick?” or, alternatively it was an art form developed by bibulous poets convening in the public houses of Limerick.

All this is incidental to the cheering news that Colonel Pat’s tradition, noticed by the ever vigilant Tom Taylor, is being ably continued by his son and heir to the title, Edmund. Under the provisions of the House of Lords Act 1999, only 92 hereditary peers, who have to be elected by the Upper House, may take their seat in Parliament. Those hereditary peers who are anxious to serve the Country are required to make a ‘candidate statement’ to the House being part biographical and part by way of manifesto. Happily the 7th Earl of Limerick decided to be governed not by convention but family tradition in submitting the following statement to the House of Lords:-

‘A seat would be a treat
The Upper House knows none so queer
A creature as the Seatless Peer.
Flamingo-like he stands all day
With no support to hold his sway.
And waits with covert eagerness
For 92 to be one less
Then on to hustings he must pace
Once more to plead his special case.
Noble Lordships, spare a thought
For one so vertically distraught,
And from your seats so well entrenched
Please vote that mine may be embenched.’



The election, which took place in November 2015, saw 14 strong candidates fighting for the one vacancy caused by the death of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Sadly Edmund Limerick was not successful but, M’Lord, we are proud of you.

Andrew Collins

Post scriptum: There are no prizes for spotting that the rhyme was not actually a Limerick!

Normandy 2016

As you will know, all surviving veterans who took part in the liberation of France during World War II were awarded the Légion d'Honneur by a grateful French government. Our last surviving World War II veteran, still capable of making the journey, Ken Robinson, C Squadron Inns of Court, elected, much to the delight of our French friends,

Lt George Gibson, was already in residence, having given the tank yet another coat of paint, and very kindly invited us to take breakfast with them – for which they refused to accept a penny. We re-paid them in part by donating some beer and distributing DOSC 50th anniversary pens (a DOSC shield was sent to Lt Gibson, together with a letter of thanks on our return). It was also good to see another old friend, Pat Moore, 85th Field Company RE making yet another return visit. Pat's award had been presented to him in France in March.



Parade at St Gabriel-Brécy

to have his award officially bestowed on him on French soil. Obtaining the medal had been a bit of a struggle. Whereas Ken had applied very early on, his documents seemed to have disappeared in the maelstrom of two governmental bureaucracies. I was pleased to be of some help here and contacted the MOD, the French embassy in London and the British embassy in Paris. The British embassy shoved in their two pennyworth and the French in London were brilliant. To his delight, Ken's medal, a very handsome one indeed, arrived shortly afterwards. Of course, silence from the MOD.

Friday 3rd June saw a party of seven – five DOSC members; John Lucas, Jim Wolfe, John Spenser, Ralph deBedic Perks and me with Phil Seaton and Les Clarke make their way, with the Association standard, to Graye-sur-Mer where we were joined by Major Andrew Collins to act as a Guard of Honour.

A contingent of 26 Squadron Royal Engineers ("owners" of the tank, One Charlie), commanded by

Saturday morning saw us returning to parade at St. Gabriel-Brécy after an absence of some years. This is where Sgt John Wright and Tpr Tom Smith were killed and originally buried where they fell. I had briefly visited in June 2015 to give them two enlarged copies of a photograph of Sgt Wright I had found in the museum. One was for the Mairie, the other for an old lady of the village, who, as a young girl, had tended the roadside graves. In March 2016 I had been to present a copy of Hugh Beattie's painting.

We held a ceremony at the memorial marking the spot where they died and with our standard on parade. An address was given by the mayor, M Pierre Feral; an exhortation by Pat Moore and last post and reveille by John Spenser. Following the laying of wreaths and playing of national anthems, we retired to La Salle de Fêtes in the



Parade at One Charlie

village for a splendid early lunch.

We then moved on to Jerusalem Crossroads, scene of the tragic attack by the American Thunderbolts, where the same format was repeated, with the address being given by M Emile Touffaire, mayor of Condé, with the mayor of Chouain, M Jean-Charles Dassonville supporting plus other deputy mayors from both communes. Then down to Jerusalem Cemetery, the smallest CWGC cemetery in France where M Dassonville delivered the address.

At Jerusalem Crossroads a piece was read out in perfect English by a young French boy, James Hervé, who, with his younger brother Jack, laid a flower at each of the 47 graves in the cemetery. We later found out he has an English mother, from Worthing, and likes bacon sandwiches and cheese on toast – nothing wrong with that lad!

Jean-Pierre Lachèvre was also there as were the Royal Engineers who very kindly paraded at all the ceremonies. I was pleased to see the gendarmes had turned out in force ensuring that all traffic passing on the adjacent road (D6) slowed right down to avoid disturbing us.

After this a reception in the courtyard – and in sunshine – of a centuries-old fortified farmhouse nearby, by kind permission of the resident owners. Remove the modern farm machinery and, without making any other changes, you would have a perfect set for filming *The Three Musketeers*.

The evening saw us enjoying a first class dinner at the Hôtel De



Standard at the Inns of Court Memorial



Paris in Courseulles, kindly hosted by M Lachèvre, at which gifts of biscuits celebrating The Queen's 90th and bottles of wine produced by my local vineyard (Plumpton Estate), were made to our hosts. A magnificent pot plant was given to Karine Fauvel, secretary to the village council of Graye, for all the hard work she puts into everything that goes towards making our visits so enjoyable.

Sunday morning saw us at The Inns of Court Memorial where we were joined by the Courseulles town band; a sous-prefect; the local chief of police and the banners of various French old comrades' branches. Here the address was given M Lachèvre and the exhortation spoken by Major Collins, followed by more wreaths and the standard remembrances.

Then round to One Charlie where the whole ceremony was repeated at the tank.

Back to La Ruche for the main event, the investiture of Ken Robinson, held in specially erected marquees. The two government officials who were at the memorial were joined by several others for the ceremony and by a large number of villagers who have come to know Ken over the years. By law the award can only be presented by another holder; in this case our old friend M Patrick Lavarde, a deputy mayor of Graye-sur-Mer. Again, it is decreed that a biography of the recipient must be read out and poor Patrick did this in both English and French before officially welcoming Ken as a Knight of The Order.

This was followed by yet another splendid reception, including a nifty bit of kit that ensured draught beer was on tap, even in the middle of a field.

A wreath was quietly laid at the village memorial after we had been down to the handy little bar at the campsite next to our memorial, where we were made very welcome. In the evening we were back in Courseulles, this time our party kindly being given dinner by Major Collins on behalf of the Association. Monday saw most of us departing homeward, fortunately without any petrol worries, with the rear party enjoying a barbeque with the Royal Engineers.

I must report that our welcome in Normandy was as warm as ever and all the villages we visited are keen to keep the friendship going.

Denis Durkin

Discours pour la remise de la Légion d'Honneur à Ken Robinson

Graye, le 5 juin 2016



M. Jean Pierre Lachèvre addresses the assembled company

Mme la députée, M. le conseiller départemental, M. le président de la communauté de communes, Mme et MM. les maires, M. le président de Présence du Gaullisme, M. Le directeur de l'office des anciens combattants, mesdames et messieurs, chers amis...

Ladies and gentlemen, dear British friends, I am very pleased to be with all of you and it is with a great pleasure, a great privilege and an unqualified honor that I will present the insignia of Knight of the Légion d'Honneur to Ken Robinson, veteran of the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry, less than two months after Tom Finigan and Pat Moore from the Royal Engineers.

We shall have a special thought this morning for Taffy Brine, veteran from 85 Company Royal Engineers, who could not be with us in March for the presentation of his Légion of Honneur and who sadly passed away just two weeks ago. We present our sincere condolences to his son and his grandson who are present with us today. We have also in our mind Sir Robert Finch, honorary Colonel of the Inns of Court and City Yeomanry, who was present among us for the 70th anniversary of D-Day and who passed away a few weeks ago. We shall also honour the memory of all those veterans no longer with us today. We will forever hold them in our hearts and we will always remember their sacrifice.

My dear Ken, I am delighted that your son Stuart and some of your friends from the Inns of Court regiment association are here to share this very special occasion. My heartfelt thanks also to the Royal Engineers and of course especially to Pat and to our friends of Graye-sur-Mer for being present with you today.

Ladies and gentlemen, two years ago, to mark the seventieth anniversary of D-Day, the French President decided to award the Légion d'Honneur to the British veterans who took part in the Liberation of France during the Second World War. As you know, the Légion d'Honneur is France's highest distinction and it honours exceptional acts of bravery and devotion by all those who have served France, whether they be French by blood or "by spilled blood".

My dear Ken, through the insignia of Knight of the Légion d'Honneur, France wants to thank you for your absolute commitment to freedom. Now, as required by presentation protocol, let me retrace your story.

Ken Robinson was born in 1925 and was brought up in Erdington. Sadly his mother died when he was four. Later in life, aged 14 and a half, Ken left school and found employment as a trainee draughtsman.

Ken decided to volunteer at the age of eighteen when he heard of the death of a boyhood friend who was serving in the Royal

Navy. He took the day off and travelled to London to join up. Originally accepted by the Royal Air Force as aircrew this was rescinded when they learned he was in a reserved occupation doing war work. Ken began his military career with 58 Training Regiment Royal Armoured Corps and after seven months he was a fully trained armoured car commander.

Given a list of regiments to choose from, he decided on the Inns of Court mainly because he had never heard of them. He joined on 14th January 1944. He was posted to C Squadron driving a Daimler Armoured Car and immediately began training for D-Day.

Five month later, embarking in two landing craft, Ken's squadron moved down Southampton Water at midday on 5th June 1944. As they went, a flag signal was sent by the commander-in-chief : "Good Luck and God speed" encouraged them as they crossed the bar and headed for the open sea. However, as "Needs Must" says "that strange tight feeling gripped every stomach" and it was with trepidation that they approached the French coast. They told jokes even though they were frightened.

Ken and his comrades from the C Squadron, Inns of Court Regiment, landed on Mike sector of Juno beach, west of Graye-sur-Mer They were due to land 30 minutes after the infantry assault, timed for 7.35 but this delayed nearly 30 minutes by rough sea, so they landed around 8.30.

Ken's thoughts as they landed were a mixture of feelings. His heart was in his mouth coupled with not knowing what to expect and what would happen to him. He was scared stiff because he

could not swim and the sea was rough.

Even by this early stage, the whole area was one of total chaos and disaster. Getting off the beach was not as easy as anticipated. There was strong opposition and there were mines everywhere that soon caused problems and vehicle casualties. A Daimler vehicle was hit by a shot and two soldiers died roughly where is now the memorial at La Valette.

After the coastal defences have been overcome, C Squadron had to infiltrate through as soon as possible. They had to clear the bridgehead and make for their targets, 13 in all. They had to cross the bridges before blowing them then proceed further into enemy territory to carry on with reporting enemy movements.

They started recognition and two other soldiers were killed just outside Saint Gabriel-Brécy by a Canadian tank seeing a strange black vehicle with no identification marks approaching its position.

At first light of Day 2, they crossed the Bayeux-Caen railway and went southwest. The country was now closely wooded and contact was frequently made with small pockets of the enemy. As an armoured car driver, Ken was very low down and saw little of the countryside as he was driving through a periscope and taking instructions through his headphones so he had little idea of exactly where he was.

After a firefight in which they destroyed several enemy units, they withdrew to Jerusalem Crossroads at Condé-sur-Seulles. Here disaster struck. Despite having yellow recognition flags,



Ken Robinson receiving the Légion d'Honneur from Patrick Lavarde, himself a Chevalier of the Order. Pat Moore standing by

three US Thunderbolts, after taking several looks at them, made a low level bombing attack. A half-track carrying the explosive disappeared completely, three Dingos and a Daimler were left blazing and the houses demolished. Several soldiers both from the Inns of Court and the Royal Engineers, but also French civilians, were killed and others badly injured. Ken was about 20 metres away down near the crossroads and was lucky to emerge in one piece.

They tried to continue South but by the morning of the third day, it was apparent that the Orne could not be reached and the survivors were withdrawn. An interview about the operation given by Col. Bingley to the "The Daily Mirror" that was published on the 24th June was headed "The mission failed – magnificently".

Following the D-Day Operation, Ken's Squadron was joined by the remainder of the regiment which arrived at Courseulles on 1st July. Shortly afterwards they joined the 11th Armoured Division. As a reconnaissance regiment they found ways through Normandy, Belgium (where they were the first allied troops to cross the border) and Holland. They were held up for six months in Holland as they could not cross the Rhine as bridges had been blown up. Waiting for bridges to be built, they could not move on.

While being held up in Holland, the folk gave Ken a 20th birthday party using what little food they had for the occasion. It was a wonderful time for Ken and he made many friends there. He has been back many times and recently had the honour of unveiling a war memorial.

Later, as they advanced into Germany, Ken's regiment liberated the notorious Bergen-Belsen concentration camp where 60'000 prisoners were inside, most of them half-starved and seriously ill. They were given orders not to go inside but they could see piles of corpses lying around the camp unburied.

Finally, eleven months after the D-Day, Ken's regiment ended up on the German border with Denmark when the ceasefire was given on May 5.

After the end of the war, men were demobilised with priority given to married men and those with children and Ken spent two years in Germany, ending as a corporal, before returning to "civvy street" in 1947. Having no real qualifications, he went to work in a petrol station and subsequently worked at the Inland Revenue before running three public houses, retiring in 1999 at the age of 74. Ken married in 1952 and had three children, two daughters and one son, Stuart who now acts as Ken's driver in Normandy and Holland.

Along with his veteran friends, Ken remained faithful to the memory of his comrades, never missing a commemorative ceremony. In 2014, he made the crossing in order to be present for the 70th anniversary of D-Day.

Ken has been back to Graye on over forty occasions. He has

many friends here and as he told the newspaper who reported his Légion d'Honneur :

"I love France and I love the people. They are extremely good to me. They know me in the village and I have a couple of adopted daughters there.»



In fact the links between the Inns of Court Regiment and the villages of Graye-Sur-Mer, and also Condé-sur-Seulles and Saint-Gabriel, are very strong. As both the tank One Charlie and the Plaques designed by Pat remember the Royal Engineers involvement in Normandy during 1944, the memorial unveiled here in Graye twenty years ago remembers the Inns of Court involvement. For sure, it is a long time before the Inns of Court, as the Royal Engineers, will be forgotten here!

Dear Ken and also dear Pat, we owe our freedom and our security to your dedication, because you were ready to risk your lives to ensure a better and brighter world.

Honour is the word that springs to mind when we hear your stories and when we hear about all your British companions who met their fate on French soil, all your comrades-in-arms from the Inns of Court and the Royal Engineers you so loyally remember in many occasions. "When you go home tell them of us and say for your tomorrow we gave our today" .

In World War Two, the struggle against terror was, and shall remain, a central part of cooperation between France and Britain. This is why we shall always keep the heroes of June 1944 fresh in our memories. May your commitment continue to inspire us all, in our hearts and in our actions.

To you, Dear Ken, hero from the dawn of June 6th, 1944. To you, yesterdays' youth cast into the heat of war. To you, admirable symbol of courage and devotion, of duties accomplished and efforts exceeded. To you, in the name of the people of France and especially of all of Grayes' inhabitants, in the name of men and women for whom freedom remains a noble cause, the insignia I shall present expresses our sincere gratefulness and gratitude.

Your commitment serves as an example and a duty for future generations. We shall always be grateful to you because there is no future without the respectful memory of the past. The flame of liberty, of dignity, of respect mankind' justice and democracy still lights our path. We will never forget your fight for freedom, your quest for peace.

In the name of the President of the French Republic, Mister Ken Robinson, we make you Knight of the Légion d'Honneur.

...Au nom du Président de la République, Monsieur Ken Robinson, nous vous faisons chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

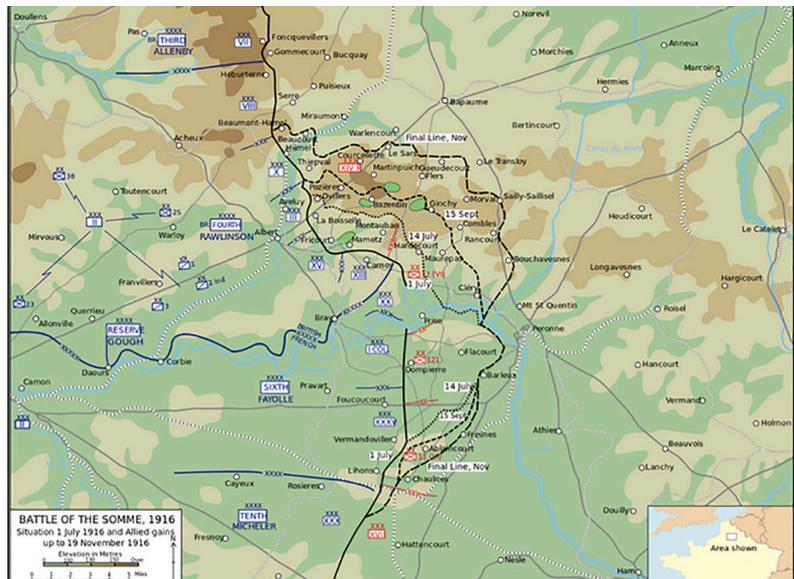
The Battle of the Somme

The largest battle on the Western Front during World War I began on 1st July 1916 and ended 141 days later on the 8th November. Over one million combatants were killed or wounded, over 420,000 of whom were serving with the British army. British casualties on the first day alone totalled 57,470 of which 19,240 lost their lives.

Most of the British soldiers killed on the Somme are buried near where they fell but some who died later of their wounds were repatriated for medical treatment and are buried here in the UK. If you live in Surrey, as I do, you will be no more than three to four miles from a war grave. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) have discovered more than 130 Somme casualties buried in the UK. That number may only represent those who were afforded CWGC headstones and there may be many more whose families provided the headstone. Both my wife's grandfathers were gassed on the Somme and have headstones provided by the family as they did not die until after 1921 when eligibility for a CWGC headstone ceased. One died horribly in 1926 and the other one in 1938.

INNS OF COURT OFFICER TRAINING CORPS

The Corps commissioned 11,485 men during the Great War. Recruitment, which took place largely from 10 Stone Buildings, was suspended between February and September 1916 by which date over 7,547 men had joined the IOCOTC. The greatest number of men attested in any one month was 956 in November 1915 and the greatest



number during one day in this month was 115 men. It has been calculated that those who were commissioned from the IOCOTC served on every front of the war, including the Western front, Egypt, Mesopotamia and the Dardanelles and in every regiment/battalion which fought in the war. Such was the quality of the young officers produced from the IOCOTC's base in Berkhamsted, that requests were received for more of the same. Some joined the regular army and some the Royal Flying Corps, later the RAF.

The rate of attrition was high. Over 2147 were killed or died of wounds or disease; 242 were gassed; 2,766 were wounded, some more than once.



In recognition, over 1,123 honours were awarded including three Victoria Crosses, two Knighthoods, 1,062 Military Crosses (some with bars), 36 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 16 Air Force Crosses and 1,059 mentioned in despatches, some more than once. To add to this, 186 honours were awarded by foreign governments.

Recruitment to the IOCOTC was broadly based but, unsurprisingly in that day and age, with a predominance from a public school education, who would have had the initial experience of their school cadet force. In Vanguard Issue 36 (October 2001), the late Major Dick Gentry published a list of men who, having been through the IOCOTC, had distinguished careers in civilian life. Two of these, namely Clement Atlee and Harold Macmillan, became Prime Ministers and made a marked impression in history..

Tom Taylor

Leslie Howard

Leslie Howard, although hardly known these days, was a highly successful stage and screen actor, producer and director in the inter-war years. He might be remembered for playing Ashley Wilkes in *Gone with the Wind*, the highly profitable and for the time rather long film of 1939 set in the American Civil War. When very young US servicemen arrived here already wearing two medal ribbons it was said that one was for crossing the Atlantic and the other for sitting through the film without fidgeting.

It did his reputation no harm in letting everyone think he had served valiantly in the trenches and indeed he and his publicity agents actively encouraged and took steps to promote the idea he had served on *The Somme*. The truth is a bit different.

He was born on 3rd April 1893 in Forest Gate as Lazlo Howard STEINER, a prosperous middle class family of Hungarian origin and educated at Alleyn's School in Dulwich. On leaving school in 1910, and having dropped Steiner and become Leslie he went straight on to the London stage and already by 1914 was making something of a name for himself.

It was therefore a bit of a coup for the Inns of Court when he presented himself at 10 Stone Buildings to be interviewed by Col Errington. He was accepted on 5th October 1914 as number 1530 and it is as Leslie Howard Steiner that he appears in the records. Posted to the Squadron (the mounted part of the Corps) he trained at Berkhamstead and was commissioned into *The Northants Yeomanry* on 9th March 1915. Our records say *Northumberland* but his army documents clearly show otherwise.

However, he was not suited to military life and did not fit in. So much so that when the 1st *Northants* were posted abroad in late 1915 he was quickly transferred to the 2nd, home-based,



whose job it was to train reinforcements. The only record of him going abroad is that he acted as conducting officer for a party of reinforcements to Etaples, a transit camp three miles inland from Calais. Even this was not successfully accomplished. Although not stated, I suspect alcohol was involved given the British soldier's ability to smell out booze at a long range.

He appeared before a medical board in Colchester in January 1916 and was judged to be suffering from "neurasthenia" [Oxford Dictionary "an ill-defined medical condition characterised by lassitude, fatigue, headache and irritability associated with emotional disturbance"]. Having

enlisted very publicly he was very quietly discharged on 18th May 1916, the regiment not wanting to be associated with a failure, and he then lay low for a time before re-appearing on the London scene after the battles so that he could pretend, and be modest about, the reason he was invalided out. Far from taking part in the slaughter he was not even in the army.

His sad end is also shrouded in a bit of a mystery. Recruited by the British Council he made a visit to Spain and Portugal as part of a propaganda exercise and it was while returning from Lisbon that his civilian airliner was shot down by Ju 88s over the Bay of Biscay on 1st June 1943. All 16 people on board the DC3 Flight 777 were killed.

There are two main theories of why this plane was attacked:

Lisbon was a hotbed of spies – a chap I knew, nominally in the RAF although he never wore uniform, spent some time in the British embassy engaged in photographic interpretation told me about all the cloak and dagger stuff – and there is a report in German records that says "a well-known maker of aircraft parts and a member of British intelligence was here". Oddly enough Leslie had recently appeared as R J Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire in *The First of the Few*.

The other was that it was thought that Mr Churchill, who was in Algiers for a high level conference at this time, might be aboard. Churchill had been due to fly on Flight 777 but changed his mind at the last minute; his bodyguard, DI Walter H Thompson, later wrote in his autobiography that Churchill, at times, seemed clairvoyant about threats to his safety and, acting on a premonition, changed his departure to the following day. It is also a fact that Howard's manager, with whom he was flying, physically resembled the prime minister, while Thompson, his bodyguard, was tall and thin, like Howard.

The final curious thing is that when Leslie Howard's file was released in 1996 it contained a note that certain documents had been removed. What they were and what they said is not known.



Winston Churchill and DI Thompson

Denis Durkin

Esprit de Corps

Moved by the splendid spectacle provided by the Royal Yeomanry parading at Buckingham Palace in June to be presented with their new guidon, thoughts turned to what binds a regiment, or indeed any military unit, into an effective, cohesive body in times of both war and peace.

It is not the place of soldiers to reflect on the justice or propriety of their role or task and thus devotion to the principles laid down by governments is not a driving factor.

Discipline, imposed at all stages from the drill square to the battlefield, plays its part, but, misapplied, this form of control can break down. In all probability it is pride in one's regiment which imposes a greater responsibility. If that pride is established, then fear of 'letting the side down' will often be a stronger driving force and an honourable one at that. The natural pride that the soldier should have in the unit in which he or she serves produces in turn that loyalty which induces reliability in times of need. The bond created by such a pride is neatly described as esprit de corps, a term which is synonymous with high morale.

That pride may be generated not only by excellence in training or success on deployment but by respect for the regiment's history and the continuance of the best of its traditions – the latter being relevant in times of comparative peace. Whilst good leadership plays its part in achieving morale, leaders are but transient, particularly in action. The stronger driving force must be the soldier's pride in the unit with which he or she serves. There are many examples of less than competent leadership throughout history (from the Battle of Marathon through Crimea to Gallipoli) but this has rarely led to desertion or mutiny, the unfortunate victims being bound together by a stronger bond. As Edmund Burke wrote: 'In history, a great volume is unrolled for our instruction, drawing the materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind.'

Another element underlying this intangible spirit is that of mutual conviviality outside working hours, often leading to acts which would not necessarily be regarded by outsiders as either adult or responsible.

This element was recognised long ago as is shown by the following diary extract written shortly after the Peninsular War from one officer of the Light Division to another:-



"Ours was an esprit de corps, a buoyancy of feeling animating all which nothing could quell. We were alike ready for the field or the frolic, and when not engaged in the one, went headlong into the other.... In every interval between our active service, we indulged in all manner of childish trick and amusement with an avidity and delight of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea. We lived united, as men always are who are

daily staring death in the face on the same side and who, caring little about it, look on each new day added to their lives as one more to rejoice in."

In action this spirit can engender collective bravery which needs to be distinguished from acts of personal bravery, the latter often being driven by an unwise disregard for personal safety. In fact, individuals who have performed feats of the utmost bravery are often not the most genial of creatures, not sharing that spirit of comradeship, enthusiasm, and devotion which is an intrinsic part of esprit de corps. This is not to devalue the contribution of the many individual war heroes who, quite rightly, in times past received the public adulation now apparently reserved solely for football players. For thousands of years the warrior ethic was held in greater esteem than intellectual achievement or even moral worth.

So what engenders this mystical spirit that is so vital to the effectiveness of a military unit? Pride, of itself, is not an attractive quality but pride, justified by success and backed up by a history of excellence is certainly a significant element. Good leadership, on and off the field, is nourishment for that spirit. If symbols are requisite, one need look no further than the colour or guidon on which are emblazoned the honours won by those who went before. It was such a thought that arose that sunny day at Buckingham Palace.

One should look in fearful wonder at suggestions that every element of the army be reduced to composite units, identified solely by numbers and lead by reference to a rule book. Whilst elitism should not be favoured, to reduce all to the same dreary level cannot be for the good. Men are led by example and accordingly examples must be set.

Andrew Collins

Obituaries

COLONEL SIR ROBERT FINCH KCB DL

Robert Finch served as our Squadron Honorary Colonel from 2010 until his untimely death on 31 March 2016.

Sir Robert Finch, a former Lord Mayor of London, was for over 30 years a partner in the in the leading City firm of solicitors, Linklaters, becoming a highly respected property lawyer, negotiating high-worth contracts for clients across the globe. He was respected and feared in equal measure, his negotiating skills making him a 'first choice' lawyer at a time when dozens of overseas companies were seeking to establish themselves in the City. His greatest skill, however, was to negotiate effectively with good manners and a smile.

Robert Gerard Finch was born in the hill station of Ootacamund ("Ooty") in southern India in 1944, the son of an officer in the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners. His father was an engineer, hill climber, serious mountaineer and skier, his mother a talented painter and gardener. He inherited an interest in all their pursuits, as well as sailing.

Sent back for education in England with his elder brother at the age of eight, he attended Felsted School, where it was said he enjoyed rugby more than work. On leaving, he was apprenticed to his uncle as an articled clerk in a solicitor's firm in Cannon Street. "We were all paid £5 a week with a little extra for lunch" he later recalled. "Great ingenuity was needed to find our lunch venues, either in Southwark or in the labyrinth of lanes around Cannon Street. Thus began my City career."

Amazingly, in addition to running his busy legal practice, he sat on numerous City Corporation committees, including eight years on the powerful planning committee. He was a governor of the College of Law and chairman of the Royal Brompton & Harefield NHS hospital trust, a cause to which he devoted much time and for which he was able to save the Children's Heart Surgery Unit from closure. He also served as director of the property group, Liberty International, and was appointed as chairman for three years. Additionally he was a trustee of St Paul's Cathedral Endowment Fund and an honorary member of the London Symphony Orchestra (LSO), for whom he raised a significant sum of money during his time as lord mayor.

The route to Lord Mayor is through the City Livery companies and Robert was a Past Master of both the Worshipful Company of Innholders, his 'mother' company, and the Worshipful Company of Solicitors as well as being an Honorary Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Leathersellers. At the suggestion of a colleague, he decided to stand for election as Alderman of the City of London. The election, unusually, was contested, but Finch won, and in 1992 became a member of the Corporation of London. His victory was later contested in the courts by the loser but Robert came out victorious, making legal history at the same time. He was elected a sheriff in 1999 and then lord mayor in 2003, the 676th to hold office. Finch threw himself into the job as an active lord mayor. During his year of office, he visited 33



countries, including China and the eight east European countries in the final stages of negotiating accession to the European Union.

One event that captured his heart and public attention was the return to the City of London of Temple Bar in 2004. This ancient arch once stood in Fleet Street, marking the boundary of the City, but was regarded as a traffic obstacle and had been removed to a remote field in Hertfordshire. Finch ensured that it was reinstated, restored and refurbished, to a new location in Paternoster Square, next to St Paul's Cathedral, and unveiled "Wren's great gateway alongside Wren's cathedral masterpiece". To this day his name is commemorated on a stone beneath the archway. He was, in short, a City man par excellence.

In his civic career, Finch was loyally supported by his wife, Patricia, who travelled on many of his official visits and took her duties seriously. They had met when, as a student in a Bayswater mews house, he had rescued her after she had forgotten her keys to the house next door. They had two daughters, Alexandra and Isabel. Alexandra now works at the Royal Academy of Arts and Isabel lives in Australia. His wife and children all survive him.

He lent his expertise to a number of charities and was especially keen on the arts and education. Much of the money raised by his lord mayor's charity appeal was given to the LSO's music

education centre. Although he was not himself a musician, Finch loved listening to music, and was rewarded by being made an honorary member of the LSO in 2004.

Prior to his appointment as our honorary colonel, Robert had performed that role for the 31st (City of London) Signal Regiment (V), based in Merton Road, Wandsworth, until it was disbanded. He was always a notable presence amongst the soldiers when attending training events and he was a great supporter of the band. On more than one occasion he accompanied the Squadron and the Association to Normandy to commemorate the D-Day landings. During the 70th anniversary commemorations, he was invited by the Director of Music, Major Roy Falshaw, to conduct the band in a march. Although he knew the music, his arm movements bore little resemblance to the piece in question. Col Robert also did much to foster relationships between the 71st (City of London) Yeomanry Signal Regiment and the City. He was greatly disappointed that the Inns of Court Regiment did not fight at Waterloo, thereby precluding our participation in the bi-centenary celebrations in St Paul's Cathedral where his memorial service took place in September. A lance guard from the Squadron as well as the band were on parade to pay their respects alongside many members of the Association and the Squadron.

He was knighted in 2004 after his year in office as lord mayor. He was a passionate and public-spirited man, but also insisted that there should be time for fun and family. As well as gardening and sailing at his retirement home in Bosham, near Chichester, he enjoyed skiing. Yet, as friends recalled, he approached the sport in a similar fashion to conducting his negotiations, with, as he said himself, a very aggressive attitude to demolishing moguls rather than skiing around them".

He fell ill while at his country home in Bosham just before Easter. A fund has been established in his memory at the Royal Brompton Hospital. Our sincere sympathies are extended to his widow Patricia, and his family.

Colonel Sir Robert Finch, lawyer and former lord mayor of London, was born on August 20, 1944. He died of pneumonia on March 31, 2016, aged 71

BARRY FEARN

Many will be sad to learn of Barry's death on 2 November. Barry was the Regimental Medical Officer from the late 1980s to the early '90s. A full obituary will be published in next year's issue.

LCpl ANTHONY RICHARD (Tony) HETHERINGTON

Tony Hetherington died on 6 September 2016 in Caen, Normandy, aged 76 after a long illness bravely borne. He enlisted in the Inns of Court Regiment in 1959 while studying at the College of Law to become a Solicitor, and became a trooper in the assault troop (7 Tp) of B Squadron. When he qualified in 1963 and started his own law firm in Gosport he found little time for military service and had to resign. In the course of a

successful legal career he was appointed a Deputy District Judge for the Southern Region including the Isle of Wight.

Although short, his service is happily remembered by many, including Eric "Satch" Hendrie who recounts that 1959 was a vintage year in which he and several other East End boys joined. They were all in 7 Tp and adopted Tony so that he could become an Eastender, and his nickname was Django as he used to smoke a pipe. Ex-SSM Jimmy Wolfe recalls that, as a BR driver on the Wembley line, he once saw a smartly-dressed Tony on the platform with a group of friends and shouted "Oi Django!" much to Tony's embarrassment.

During the early 1980s he bought a mini-Chateau near Falaise which over the years he was able to render mostly habitable, and he commuted to Gosport for the working week. Accompanying him back to France on the Friday night ferry was a memorable experience, as a good dinner with plenty of wine and brandy often meant that our cabin remained unoccupied. Denis Durkin recalls that in about 2000 they were waiting at Portsmouth for the ferry when they noticed an imposing fellow passenger with a luxuriant white beard whom they christened Father Christmas. Later they bumped into him in the gift shop on board and Denis remarked that he should be careful who saw him, and this exchange followed:-

Tony: "It's all right – I was in a cavalry Regiment."

Denis: "So was I."

Tony: "Which one?"

Denis: "IC&CY."

Tony: "Which Squadron?"

Denis: "A".

Tony (with disdain, as only B Sqn could): "You must have been a Roughrider!"

On a couple of occasions in recent years Tony stood in for Tom Taylor when there was a call for OCA representation in Graysur-Mer or L'Aigle. And it was Tony who found on the war memorial in Putanges the name of a Lt Grierson ICR who had been killed during the advance to Argentan in August 1944.

He leaves a widow, Hazel, two sons and two stepdaughters.

STANLEY SWAINTON

A former Rough Rider, Stanley died last June in his 90th year. He was a Gunner in 33 Bty, Rt troop and a Tow driver in no 5 detachment. (This, sadly, is all the information his family have sent.}

GRAHAM WILSON

Graham died on the 15th December 2015 at the Royal Marsden Hospital, South Marsden after a long and valiant fight against cancer. Graham joined B Squadron IC&CY in 1964 and later transferred to the HAC after one of the TA reorganisations. He is survived by his wife Caroline and two sons, one of whom joined the regular army

Tom Taylor

68 (INNS OF COURT & CITY YEOMANRY) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Squadron Headquarters

Maj	SCOTT	BUMBY
Capt	JOHN	DONALDSON
Capt	CALUM	MACAULAY
O/Cdt	ELIOT	GOWARD
WO2	REGINA	CULLUMBINE
WO2	ANTHONY	PERRY
WO2	ADAM	TEAR
SSgt	MICHAEL	GOODWIN
SSgt	DAVID	MCGHEE
SSgt	DANIEL	METCALFE
Cpl	STEVEN	MICHAEL
LCpl	WAYNE	GORMAN
Pte	CHIKA	KENE

883 Troop

2Lt	JADE	HARON
SSgt	JACK	STABLER
Sgt	STEVEN	WARREN
Cpl	JOANNA	GILES
Cpl	RICHARD	KANE
LCpl	MARTIN	BENNETT
LCpl	LIAM	BUNDY
LCpl	SIMON	ELLERY
LCpl	NICHOLAS	GRAHAM
LCpl	STEPHEN	GROOM
LCpl	SHANELL	JOHNSON
LCpl	MARK	NOBLE
LCpl	ALEX	TESLENKO
Sig	IRINA	ABEBE
Sig	NICHOLAS	ASAMOAH
Sig	JAMES	BERTRAM-SMITH
Sig	ELLIOT	BLACKWOOD
Sig	DANIEL	CAMPBELL
Pte	DAANYAAL	CHOWDHURY
Pte	JESSIE	CODLING
Sig	ROBERT	CORDOVA
Sig	RACHEL	FOSTER
Sig	ANDREW	GARDINER
Sig	CRAIG	HIGGINS
Sig	GARETH	IGGLESDEN
Sig	ASHLEY	IRISH
Sig	PARESH	KRISHAN
Pte	IAN	MAHKONEN
Pte	DENZIL	MCKINSON
Sig	TONY	MEHEGAN
Sig	GRZEGORZ	MIRON
Pte	EOIN	MURPHY
Sig	NORIK	NURKOLLARI
Sig	RAYMOND	OKAFOR
Sig	EVANS	OKWUENYI
Sig	GABRIEL	OMALE
Pte	GEORGIA	POLIVIOUS
Sig	STUART	SAVILLE
Sig	JOHN	SHIPTON
Sig	CHRISTOPHER	VICKERS

906 Troop

2Lt	SAMUEL	LEVISON
SSgt	RICHARD	GRIFFITHS
Sgt	GRAHAM	BURKE
Cpl	TIMOTHY	HITCHEN
Cpl	SUZANNAH	KNIGHT
Cpl	CLARE	SHARP
Cpl	ROSALIND	WHIFFEN
LCpl	ANTON	FOLEROS
LCpl	PETER	FOX
LCpl	THORAYA	MAALOUF
LCpl	RICHARD	MCCARTHY
Sig	OTHMAN	ALI
Sig	PAUL	AUSTIN
Spr	THOMAS	DIXON
Sig	NICHOLAS	HAWKINS
Sig	RICHARD	HEBBRON
Sig	MOHAMMED	HIMEL
Sig	ERNEST	KWAW
Sig	STEPHEN	MACKINLAY
Sig	RORY	MCKENNA
Sig	LUKE	MORGAN
Pte	RAJNI	PANDEY
Sig	PHILLIP	SILUNDIKA



Inns of Court & City Yeomanry Association

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Lincoln's Inn

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