

**Sept
2016**



**Issue
65**

Arborfield Apprentice's Magazine

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Arborfield Old Boys Association

www.arborfieldoldboys.co.uk

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AOBA Chairman's Report



the organisation of others, but I've received feedback that it really was one of the best. I certainly thought so, not that I have many to compare against you understand, but I thought the thing that stood out was the atmosphere; everyone wanted to be there and wanted to make the most of it.

I was not quite sure just how many people attended the parade, but having a quick count of the numbers while watching videos on Facebook, there looked to be in the order of 120. An excellent turnout and one that we should all be extremely proud of. There were lots of smiles in the ranks and even a few titters when the co-opted serving PS of WO1 RSM Chris Kipling and SSgt Nick Manning began barking their orders. The 66ers were of course in fine form and the Reviewing Officer, Keith Bartlett, caused hilarity in the ranks when he addressed the parade and reminded them of the need to comply with Queen's Regulations and keep their bodily hair in control – this included eyebrows!

The Drum Head service was a sombre affair as we remembered our fallen and the brief spell of light rain only added to the occasion. Rev Bev, our resident chaplain and himself a 66er, marked his anniversary by presenting a Bible to the Association which is to be used at all future Drum Head services. We are extremely grateful to him and his wife Sher.

I've been reflecting upon the reunion weekend recently and cannot help but think how well it went. Of course this is down to

The National Memorial Arboretum is a lovely venue, but it is getting increasingly expensive. This year we took the option of moving away from the sit down meal to that of a packed lunch. While some of us were expecting the old style hava-bag ration we were pleasantly surprised with the standard and quantity of the lunch. By this time the weather had cleared and it was nice to see folks chatting away in a relaxed atmosphere enjoying their lunch. Back at the hotel the AGM was concluded on time and several resolutions were passed all of which will be covered elsewhere in this publication, but my main plea was for volunteers for the committee. We have two vacancies to be filled, the Editor of this magazine and the Data Base officer. My plea was very simple, we have a successful association which is the envy of many, but it will only work if we have volunteers to run it. Please, if you feel you have the time to offer, step forward!

Finally the Gala dinner rounded off an excellent weekend. The 66ers were piped in and took their place on the raised stage, and lots of good food and wine was followed by witty speeches. It was a memorable occasion and I'm sure as we reflect on the past we also look forward to the future and to the 2017 reunion.

I will close by reiterating my plea for volunteers and by miss-quoting Lord Kitchener's famous recruiting poster "Your Association needs YOU". Thank you.

Mike Tizard

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Committee Members Reports



Honorary Secretary's Report

For the Honorary Secretary's Report please see page 16, David wanted to write far more than I could fit on this page. Ed



Honorary Registrar's Report

The following have joined the Association since the last OBAN:

Twentyman C R

Botto C J

Budd K

Fitzpatrick T

Fuller J P

McGee A C

Crow G F

Jennings J L

Anderson V

Stevenson D

Thornton G

Camp D W

Poulsom D

Scrivener K R

Hutchinson D

Collier D N

Goodison G

Waters P

Flett T

Kirkaldy K P

Bevan P J

Cane N E

Ketteringham J

Camilleri A R

Green I J

Kells W J

Checking the Electronic OBAN mailing list it appears that about 50% of our members have changed their email address since becoming members. It is important that I have the correct data whether it be snail mail addresses or whatsoever.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW ASAP, so that I can keep the database up to date.

Thank you

Alec Powell 64C

Please inform me of any changes in your personal information



Honorary OBAN Editor's Report

It is with some regret that I must retire from this position. My greatest worry is that I

am unable to work on the magazine, at a critical time, such as just prior to printing. Unfortunately my health at present is causing me to re-think my way of living my life. I have already been into hospital twice this year, at very short notice. One of them travelling in the back of an ambulance with the 'Blue Lights' On. At present I am on my local councils housing list, looking to move into 'Warden Assisted Accommodation'. Simply for my own safety.

If you want to learn about life throughout the time of Arborfield Apprentice School/College, then become the editor of this magazine. By reading the articles that are sent into you, the whole spectrum of apprentice life becomes clearer. One thing that becomes very apparent is that your apprenticeship

experiences are very different to everyone else's. I would hope that the next editor takes on the job of renaming the magazine, and therefore his title. I will give whatever assistance I can to whoever takes over. I would recommend that the same printing and distribution companies are still used, as they have done a remarkable job for me in the past.

Good Luck.

Ray Stevens 64C



Honorary Treasurer's Report

After another excellent reunion weekend including superb performances by the Pipe Band, it is back to paying the invoices and books. After an impressive level of attendance by the 66ers I hope to see more of them sending in their membership registration forms, still it's early days yet.

The major item to be checked and applied for in the next few months is the Gift Aid application, which will be sent off towards the end of November.

Laurie Blakley 61B



Honorary Webmaster's Report

Data from

1st June 2016-21st June 2016

Taken from data collected in the website itself and from Google Analytics.

Documents Downloaded

2016 Reunion Invitation Form -643 downloads

2016 Reunion Overseas Form-221 downloads

AOBA Application Form-510 downloads

AOBA Reactivation Form-230 downloads

We constantly need to keep the site updated, so if you have any article/news/photos/stories etc then please contact me direct and we can then add them to the site.

My thanks to all who have assisted in the creation of the new website and I hope it meets current and future needs.

"Arte et Marte"

Mark Jobes

What's next?

New forms to allow Joining, renewing, and booking reunion with payment online via Paypal. They will be in place as soon as they are thoroughly tested.



Honorary Recruiting Sergeant's Report

First a warm welcome to all our new members, don't forget that the committee are here to help you should you need it.

Recruiting continues to be good with plenty of our new joiners coming now from the 70's, equalling, in the last year, those from the 60's

However we mustn't be complacent and must continue to 'persuade' any Old Boys we know who are not members to join us.

As I reported in the last OBAN I am actively searching for the boys of '67 in order for them to

be well represented at their 50th next year, so if any of you are able to help in this then please contact me.

Bob Castell 64A

Terry O'Sullivan – Still fighting

Terry O'Sullivan served in the Corps from 1962 to 1974. He joined the Army Apprentice School on Course 62C and qualified as a Vehicle Mechanic. He comes from a family of fighters. His father and uncles were all professional boxers and his cousin is Snooker star Ronnie O'Sullivan. Originally, Terry was involved in Boxing and Rugby but took up Karate a little later. He is now 67 and lives in Amesbury in Wiltshire. He has been practising Shotokan Karate on and off for over 30 years. He won the Gold Medal (Masters Kumite Fighting 65+) and a silver medal in the Master Team Kata, at the Shotokan 11th (SKIF) Karate World Championships in the Olympic Stadium in Australia 2012.

I had stopped training late 1981 and restarted in 1993 eventually with the SKIF (Shotokan Karate International Federation) soon to become SKKIF (Shotokan Karate Kanazawa International Federation)

I had first tried an instructor who was more interested in funds than good teaching, then through a friend joined Doug McGlashan 3rd Dan, who was affiliated to SKIF, what a great guy he was, lost touch with him now, he left the area with a new lady studying Shiatsu and I moved from Bournemouth to Amesbury in Wiltshire.

Doug had the knack of being able to go on a Sensei Kanazawa training course and repeat verbatim all he had learned, when Sensei Kanazawa (now Kancho) was in England giving demonstrations, Doug remembered it all and between the two of us we had a great club going from 1993 to 1998.

Doug was also a very good fighter but preferred to let me lead when the competitions were due, we had a successful couple of years in 1997 & 1998. Personally doing well in the following: 1997 SKKIF National Championships (6 events, 5 medals incl. a 1st & 2x 2nd): 1997 SKKIF 6th World Karate Championship (Milan)(quarter finalist kumite): 1998 SKKIF National Championships (6 events, 6 medals incl. a 1st & 2x 2nd) 1998: SKKIF 8th European Championships (Sheffield) 3rd place Kumite

On the strength of a good National competition in 1997, the elimination bouts and being awarded Karateka of the year I was picked for the 6th World Championships in Milan. I had a good write-up in the Bournemouth Echo which helped tremendously in getting sponsorship. I didn't do very well I was eliminated in the kata second round and only got to the quarter finals in the Kumite. I fought a huge German, he was a 5th Dan and I was coming up for my 2nd. It was like David fighting Goliath. I

managed to get the first point, he equalised with a punch right on my nose, I saw stars, went down on one knee, recovered, attacked again but he beat me to the punch... very long arms !!!!

And that was me out of the competition, in the end he came third ...

However, I did meet competitors from the Iranian squad, two remembered me and at the end of the competition the team had signed a card and gave it to me. I still have it today.

I had a good year in 1998 National Championships and also went on to get 3rd place Kumite at the 8th European Championships held at Sheffield. When I fought for 3rd place I won the bout although I was sweating for a few minutes (possible excessive force) as I nearly knocked him out. The next one for 2nd place was really exasperating, as I was closing in for a fast hit to the body my toe caught in the mat and I tripped, sometimes you only get one chance and that was it. I lost that one

From 1993 to 1997, with Doug I progressed from 1st Kyu (Brown belt) to 2nd Dan, which I achieved my in November 1997.

With Doug leaving to do Shiatsu and me moving, divorcing and changing jobs in 1997 it was difficult to keep our club going, although we tried for some time we eventually closed in 1999, it was nearly 10 years before I started training properly again. I did briefly start to get fit again in 2006, driving from Amesbury to train in Windsor initially and then from Coventry when I moved yet again and even turned up at the National Championships in Telford in 2006 and although I lost had a memorable fight there with the previous years champion. I was a month or so from my 59th birthday.

Luckily my job is computer based with a website so I am able to live anywhere, I have my own Car and Van Contract Hire & Leasing business, Direct Car Leasing.

I went back to Amesbury in 2007, and then moved to a nearby village, Figheldean in January 2008. By this time I had been married and divorced three times and in February I bumped into a lady who I hadn't seen for a few years (Debs), while out with a couple of ex-Arborfield mates David Schofield and Ray Stevens, she was meeting up with friends to go off to another pub to play darts.. I didn't think to ask where!!

However, when the guys set off home I decided to try and find out where Debs was playing, after searching in four places and going in the opposite direction I found her, I convinced her I wasn't actually stalking her and arranged a date..... within a month Debs had moved in with me, we got married in September 2013; I have been asked if I like wedding cake! However, I now have two more sons Danny & John, daughter in law Kelly and three

lovely grandkidsAjay, Hunnie and Ezmay
I started training again in March 2008 at our local Working Men's Club in Durrington near Amesbury... free of charge. What a hard slog it was to get fit and re-learn my katas and techniques. It was some nine months plus before I felt confident enough to turn up at Windsor un-announced one night to train, Sensei Clive Young 5th Dan made me feel so welcome it was like I had never been away. I started going up there at least twice a month, attending the Black Belt sessions (Yudansha) held every second Tuesday of each month at either at Watford or Windsor, as well as training on my own.



In November 2009 I also completed the Stars Appeal Charity Tidworth 10k Run for the for the Breast Cancer unit at Salisbury Hospital Also in late 2009, I was feeling confident enough to think I could pass my 3rd Dan. I was due to take my first assessment in February 2010 and while training hard to rectify my mistakes pulled the same calf muscle again (2006) although not as bad, so had to pull out and re-schedule my grading exam for November 2010.

Just to make things more interesting I had a stroke (TIA) in mid-June 2010, I was out running with my Golden Retriever Rusty, he stopped for a sniff and while waiting my left side went odd, tried to move my left arm, couldn't, then when I stopped trying, it moved on its own. I went to the surgery later that morning but didn't get to see the GP till 3.45pm, by 5pm I was in Salisbury Hospital, I had four or five more blips in the night; the Ultra sound scan showed the right artery in my neck was 80% blocked, I was operated on by the end of the month, not something I would want to repeat, I had to be awake during the four hour operation in case I had another stroke. I had the operation on the Wednesday morning and was out on Thursday evening, on the way back I talked Debs into stopping by our local pub the Stonehenge Inn for a beer!

I started doing my katas, slowly that Saturday afternoon, although against everybody's advice I had to do it. I didn't do too well for my first assessment in September, as expected I was

pulled to pieces, I nearly postponed again but after training harder I decided to travel to Launceston that October for a training weekend and another assessment held by our Chief Instructor Kyoshi Roger Carpenter, this one I scraped through by the skin of my teeth ... with a long list to sort out by 6th November.

My fitness level was still nowhere near what it was earlier in the year, my back had been giving me trouble for some time, trapped nerve in three places, although I have had two sets of injections which made no difference. My left leg goes weak, sometimes just going from under me, most times my ankle is numb and hot pins and needles in my left foot , a nuisance at times especially after a hard kicking session, can't hardly move next day !!!

On the 6 November 2010, an International Grading day was held at Watford, with students from all over Europe,. I had a bit of luck, it was tough grading and I had made a couple of mistakes; I was 63 at the time and as it turned out, passing my grading was determined by how well I fought. I won both fights

It was about this time there was talk about getting a team together for the World Championships in Australia, but I had originally ruled myself out due to the stroke, but a friend of mine Tony Atherden 6th Dan Renshi was getting a team together for the 2012 Championships in Sydney contacted me early 2012, we had fought a few times in the 1997 and 1998 Nationals and team members at the 1997 Milan World and the 1998 European Championships, he asked me if I would like to participate in a team Kata.. At first I declined as it seemed a long way and expensive to go for one competition, so a little while later I contacted Tony and said I would go if I could also do Individual Masters Kumite and Kata as well, he was ok with this so I agreed to go.

It wasn't all training in 2012, I had a great 65th birthday party at the Stonehenge Inn in August, family and friends from all parts of the country turned up. We had a BBQ the following Saturday for those that couldn't make the party, I trained that morning with one of my guests and good friend Pete Edwards(5th Dan), we have fought a number of times in the late 90's and we were members of the UK team in the Milan Championships, good session and we still made it back in time to get the BBQ going

During this time I had also been trying to change the way I fought, I thought as I am a bit older I should probably not move around as much as I used to in the late 90's.

In no time at all the trip to Sydney was looming; I was training hard in Watford on the Tuesday before the Thursday I was due to fly out when I badly dislocated my middle finger on my left hand,

the top two digits were underneath the first.... The instructor Kevin Leigh 6th Dan, grabbed the finger and yanked !! Well I was able to carry on training but it was giving me a bit of bother when we finished. With the flight that Thursday I didn't want to go to A&E.

The long flight to Sydney via Abu Dhabi was fairly un-eventful, I have never been fed so many times at odd hours or watched so many movies but what with my finger and my back hurting I was thankful for the distractions.

I had arranged a hotel just down the road from the Olympic Stadium (so I thought) for four of us on a tight budget... as it turned out the IBIS hotel Formula 1 was good and the staff were great, the manageress (Karen Tari) really looked after us; if I ever get a chance to go back there will stay there again. It wasn't quite as near to the Stadium as I thought and we had to get a taxi to and from every day. It was an expensive 20 minutes ride each way. I didn't have any sponsorship and the total cost was over £2500 and that was using a budget airline and hotel. Being self-employed and needing to work whilst away, I had purchased an iPad and had configured it to be able to connect to my computer at home, I had been informed by the hotel before leaving that there was a McDonalds next door with free wi-fi. I was soon to discover after the second day that they will disconnect you if you use it too much even if you buy a coffee !! When we arrived at Olympic Stadium venue to register we were not on the competition list. They had received our money from Tony Atherden but for some reason our details had not been received. We had a couple of stressful days before Tony arrived to sort out. There were two Black Belt sessions to book into before the competition, good training sessions but were \$45 dollars each day! During the competition penalties for excessive contact were introduced; you can see the reasoning (at my last competition in Milan, three competitors ended up in intensive care) but the judges and referees seemed to be a bit too cautious and not consistent, but it must be a fine line when you get competitors losing control like one of our own guys did, even now I still can't believe what I saw from an experienced competitor!

Our competition started first thing on the Thursday morning ... early, we were on the mat doing our Masters Team Kata event before 8am. By 8.45 we (myself, Tony Atherden and Michael Skribic) had come second and had achieved the Silver Medal. My next event that morning was my individual Kata and I managed to get 4th place.

However, because of that I was really fired up for the Kumite, I was not going back with just one medal for an event that I was originally just going to do, even if it was Silver.

Just as I was about to go on the mat the first time I decided to go back to my original fight style and keep on the move, I was really focussed in from

my first fight, I don't know what happened from then on, I was going on the mat then coming off, moving up the line, then the marshal started putting a red sash on me and I remember saying to him 'I've just been on' he said 'you're on again' ... this is the final' and in the final exchange I had an anxious minute or two wondering if I was going to be penalised for excessive contact, nope ... I won and the Gold Medal was mine.

Tony Atherden won a bronze medal for his Kumite event, was fourth in his Kata event and passed his 6th Dan. On the downside, our Kata team member, Michael Skribic lost control during his Kumite fight with a Western Australian (Alistair Clark 5th Dan) and was not only disqualified but asked to leave the stadium by Sensei Manabu Murakami 7th Dan. Our other team member, Dr.Hossein Javaheri (4th Dan), who was working in Sydney, based in Windsor UK was also disqualified for excessive contact and lost his first bout ... I met up with Hossein after the competition and he treated me to a really nice meal at an authentic Iranian restaurant near his home, have promised to reciprocate when he is next over here. On the final day we had the remaining competition finals, there were some cracking fights and katas plus a demonstration by the top Japanese Instructors. As always on these occasions there were some amazing competitors and some incredible moves.

The Saturday after the competition and the medal presentation there was a Sayonara party at the Waterview Function Centre, Bicentennial Park, Homebush Bay, which was on the outskirts of the Olympic Stadium.

The following evening we had a great meal at the Tower Restaurant, very like our Post Office Tower in London, the seating revolves round the kitchen and food. The food was great and night scenery



awesome, we all enjoyed it.

After the usual last minute frantic shopping, we were soon on our way to Sydney airport for the journey home, at Heathrow we were met by my son Richard who was actually on time .. bless him.



When I returned, our local newspaper The Salisbury Journal wrote an article about my success in Australia, which was published on 13 December 2012, I still train three times a week at our local Working Men's Club in Durrington near Amesbury, whose members have been very supportive throughout. In 2012, courses were held in both Windsor and Watford and at Lilleshall National Sports Centre (near Telford), a prime venue for many sports. The training hall is exceptional, with a sprung wooden floor and viewing balcony !! For those who are not familiar with it, it used to host the FA's Football Academy and has recently had a multi-million pound upgrade by Sports England.

I now have 38 year old student, Rob Gerrish, who started training with me early 2014, he enjoys the one to one training and is progressing very well. I took part in the Individual and Team Kata events at the SKIF European Championships in Dresden, Germany from 8th to 12th May 2014 and managed to get to the semi-finals in my individual event, however embarrassingly, in the team kata event I made an error that cost us 3rd place !!! Kancho Nobuaki Kanazawa 6th Dan held a weekend SKIF Course at Woodside Leisure Centre in Watford over the weekend of 16/17th May 2014,, this was well attended and as usual it was very informative and impressive to watch and train with this man .

I competed in the SKKIF National Championships in Windsor on the 6th June 2014,. This was different this year to what I have been used to in the past, Scotland and Ireland have their own affiliation to SKIF so there were a reduced number taking part. As my back had been troublesome I only entered for Kumite (free style fighting) this time, however, there were no 'old boys' to fight so I entered the 20 + under 75kg event and managed to get to the second round of fights, but ended up losing 2/1 in extra time to a good friend

of mine Steve Marriot 5th Dan, a youngster not yet 40 !!! Scotland have now returned to our association and more northern clubs have joined so the competition will be hotting up !!!

Rob passed his 6th Kyu and I passed my 4th Dan examination at Watford on Saturday 11 October 2014 under the watchful eye of Kancho Nobuaki Kanazawa, tough grading after a tough course from 10am to 3.30pm, gradings were from 5.30pm. Long day especially as not only being last to grade but the oldest taking a grade !!!

The weekend course in Launceston on Saturday 25 October 2014 with our Chief Instructor Kyoshi Roger Carpenter was great, again tough but enjoyable, Most of us stayed at the White Hart hotel, great party & food Saturday evening, with a fab breakfast following morning to shift the most stubborn hangover

In November 2014 I managed to complete the Stars Appeal Charity Tidworth 10k Run with my brother Peter for the for the Breast Cancer unit at Salisbury Hospital, I had lots of support from family, friends and customers

On February 2015, again great instruction from Kancho Nobuaki Kanazawa at the SKKIF Spring course at Kodokai dojo Watford including kyu gradings and pre-grading assessment for Dan grades wishing to grade in May with Kancho.

Rob had a good grading and passed his 5th Kyu and is due to take his 4th Kyu at the Blackpool Course held by Kancho Nobuaki Kanazawa in May 2015

Due to the troubles in Venezuela, the 12th World Championships has been cancelled and moved to Japan , I shall not be able to compete this time to defend my World title due to funds as we do not receive any financial help

There will be other courses with Kancho Nobuaki in both the North and the South during the course of a year, weekend courses in both Windsor and Watford and in the north Lilleshall National Sports Centre (near Telford) and of course Launceston

I hope you have found this interesting and have enjoyed reading this I as much as I have enjoyed writing it, there has been a number of times I have been ready to submit the article only to find I remember something else.....

Kata is a set pattern of moves, a Japanese word describing detailed choreographed patterns of movements practised either solo, in pairs or team.

Jiyu Kumite is free style fighting used for sparring and competition, in competition events just described as **kumite**

Rhymes of our Tymes

We came from near, we came from far,
We came by plane, we came by car.
We came, we came, but with one aim,
The 66ers will reform again.
We came from the east, we came from the west,
We came to the place we knew the best.
We met in the pub as old boys do
And uttered the words 'I remember you'.
In The World Turned Upside Down we started to sup
And when we left it was the right way up.
The Bramshill Hunt was the next port of call,
Memories of yesteryear for one and all.
Then moving to The Elms for a welcome beer,
And on to The Fox for more good cheer.
Bowling was next, the ten pin kind,
Memories of John Maddox in our mind.
But all that sport just worked up a thirst,
So on to Hinckley, no-one was coerced.
We willingly came to join the throng,
And sat on the bar terrace still going strong.
Evening came without any hurry
So into the bar and the famous curry.
Morning came soon for our little parade
Followed by the service where we all prayed.
Back to the bar to moisten our throats,
And into the AGM to cast our votes.
Evening came and the Regimental Dinner
I'm sure all agree, 'We had a winner'.

Taken from the beginning of the 66ers write-up to create more space. Ed

Epitaph for Afghanistan

Yet still the toll is rising, and muted drums beat,
low,
While more young lives are squandered by those
who do not know
Or seem to care, for they, naïve and blind, were
never ever wont to see
The sights and sounds of battle, and man's
inhumanity.

For glory, there is none, save in romantic poets
prose,
The shining deeds of derring-do which vanquish
all our foes
Are mostly works of fiction, the truth will never
sell,
Known all too vividly by those who lived this
man-made hell.

Of bravery there is no doubt as with each dawning
day
A soldier knows full well that he could be the one
who pays
The price that many have before, and no doubt
will, again,

Yet discipline and duty means he will endure the
pain.

For pain it is to see his comrades fall, to hear their
cries,
As desperately he binds their wounds in anguished
bid to try
To staunch their life-blood as it flows, staining the
very ground,
That they came to protect, defend, by oath of
loyalty bound.

Yet even as they fight to help this wild, benighted
nation,
Observing all the carnage, they must feel the
desperation
That others armies felt in many decades past, as
they
In their turn, tried to show these warring peoples
peaceful ways.

It is a soldier's lot to perform many thankless tasks,
And without question he will do as senior leaders
ask.
But they who lead must also do their duty to their
men,
And give them respite when a futile campaign is
in vain.

The time has surely come when truth and reason
will prevail,
And no more young lives squandered as valiantly
they fail
To carry out the tasks that politicians glibly frame,
They now deserve to come home without ignominy
or shame.

Cheer Up

I suppose there are times when we all feel quite
low,
And for ordinary blokes who have nowhere to go
To unload all their troublesome worries and fears,
Unable to find a considerate ear,
Life must seem at times to be too much to bear,
Lacking someone who is able to share
And sympathise, help, and listen a while,
Until all cares are banished, and able to smile.

But thankfully, that is the fate we evade,
For while we were busily learning a trade,
We also were weaving a bond, never broken,
Which tied us for life with a vow, quite unspoken,
That we would remain truly comrades of worth
To each other, even to the four corners of Earth,
So, like it or not, 'cos you're luckily numbered
Among Arborfield ex-boy's, you really are
lumbered!

Memories of a much younger boy soldier, 1974 Part2.

One of the first things that the whole of Junior Company had to do, was pay a visit to 'Charlie the barber'. My mate Kevin Wood turned up with very long hair, it was the length of the lead singer in the group 'Sweet'. He did look odd with his short back and sides. I had wasted my money having mine cut the day before I left for Arborfield. On parade we were inspected, even though we hadn't been issued with any kit. Orders were made to shave every day, regardless of whether you had any facial hair or not. Bum fluff was mentioned several times.

Early on in the proceedings we were issued with our kit, all except for the Forage cap, that arrived during the second term. I couldn't believe I was the proud owner of Airtex Y fronts. We had to buy our side caps and of course the REME staple belt. I still have mine, they are displayed in a glass case on one of my sons bedroom wall.

One of the things that stick in my mind was the weekly pay parade, all for the sum of £4 per week. The words 'pay and pay book correct Sir' had to be word perfect. The rest of the pay was kept back, it paid for tracksuits, cap and belt. The remainder was paid just prior to the Christmas leave period, I went home with the Princely sum of £50. I did feel well off.

As with the rest of the AAC, Junior Company was kept busy, you never seemed to have any spare time, your day was planned out from first thing, to lights out.

I actually quite enjoyed learning drill. From the outset Cpl of Horse Midwinter, made it clear that his squad always wins the drill competition that was held between the different squads. He had every intention of winning this one as well. So, that meant that any spare time was extra drill. I had never been in the Army cadets, but I seemed to pick it up fairly easy. That said, not everyone did, it is one of the wonders of the world watching someone swing the same arm and leg together, totally hilarious. Coupled with the comments from the drill Sgts, it was extremely funny, except of course if you were the target. Talk of pace sticks sticking out of your nose, and other bodily threats have stuck with me to this day. Making the mistake of looking at Cpl of Horse Midwinter during drill, 'Do you fancy me Montgomery?' No Cpl of Horse. Then stop @##king looking at me and face your front!!! I never did that again. No one held anything against him for that, the way he spoke did make it humorous and enjoyable.

5 Squad did win the drill competition by the way. Fire alarms and other drills seemed common. On one occasion there was a fire drill in motion. All of a sudden someone broke the glass on a fire alarm and the bell started ringing. Shouts from C

of H Midwinter, which f'##ing idiot has just done that? A meek and mild Captain from the RAEC admitted guilt. The look he received from the C of H withered the poor Captain. Sorry C of H he muttered.

Different days meant different duty A/T NCO's, all of them obviously on a rota. This one evening A/T Cpl Hills was duty NCO. He came into our room with everyone stood by their beds, he asked the usual questions, any mail for posting, anyone going sick tomorrow, dental or mental etc. Unfortunately on this occasion A/T Cpl Hills was the worse for wear in drink. He wasn't fit for duty to say the least; he started throwing kit from lockers, and clouted a couple of the squad with a broom handle. Needless to say, the permanent staff were summoned, he was marched down the guardroom and locked up. He suffered by being Court Martialled and dismissed from the Army, a sorry end to what would have been a promising career.

Towards the end of November 1974 Junior Company had a passing out parade, because there was so many of us it was split up into two, they were held on consecutive Saturdays. My parents didn't attend that, they said that the distance was too great. They promised to attend in 1976 for my proper passing parade. Which they did.

I do seem to recall that all of the Junior Company NCO's were on parade for this occasion, one of which was a Corporal, possibly the Company clerk. I don't remember his name but he was dressed in his number two's, along with a white belt around his tunic. Cpl of Horse Midwinter spots him ambling along and notices his 'white' belt. C of H Midwinter shouts, Cpl, your belt is the colour of 'urine yellow', (or words to that effect). Get off my parade. It wasn't easy stifling the laughter.

In December 1974, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh was the inspecting officer for the Senior Division passing out parade. Junior Company didn't take part in that. After the parade there was a lunch at West Court officers mess, I of course wasn't invited for the meal. However I was there watching HRH having his lunch along with the other officers, ladies and guests. Along with a few others we had been selected to wait on the tables during the meal. We had a practice run a few days earlier when we were required to serve on at an officers mess function. I must have been okay, because I was chosen for the main event for the passing out parade. You might be wondering why I was selected, well it was simple really, my issue shoes were very shiny, that was the selection process.

I do recall one Sunday the whole of Junior Company was transported to the Guards Depot at

Pirbright. There we were subjected to the assault course, a part of which was I think called the 'Queen Mary'. That was the water obstacle that had to be crossed by rope. I managed it and stayed dry, lots didn't.

Christmas 1974 came and went. All of a sudden we were back at the college and starting the New Year and term. All of a sudden we weren't the junior entrants anymore; others were to take that role from us.

I moved into the A Company spiders, I was in B block, most of our Junior company roommates stayed with us, 'Donc' was still with us at this time, but his days were numbered. Thankfully I wasn't in the bed space next to him anymore. Our room A/T L/Cpl was John Edwards, a likeable lad, but a bit nuts in drink. He was from Luton and supported his local football club. I often wondered if he and I were in attendance at the same football match during Luton's stay in the football Conference, Southport v Luton.

PT at the college was varied as we all know, endurance running, gym work, swimming. Not forgetting of course the dreaded boxing. The ring was in Baillieu Barracks, we were paired up with similar sized opponents, my opposite just happened to box for a hobby, and the college. We were mates to be fair, his name was Jock Swanson. It soon became our turn, I thought there is no way I am getting beat up for 90 seconds, so I went in with arms flailing, legs flying. Jock kept putting his head out of the ring so we were pulled apart. At the end of our bout we were still mates, PTI's laughing their heads off at my technique. Needless to say I never took boxing up voluntarily, it hurts.

I did play hockey for A Company during my stay there. I don't think I was particularly good at it, it's just that we had trouble getting a team together.

During our second term at the college we were told that we were opening bank accounts, I think it was William and Glyn's, Holts branch. My first cheque book arrived and instead of it displaying Mr S Montgomery, to my horror it displayed Mrs Montgomery. I was the butt of several jokes over that.

Spare time wasn't something that any of us really had, if you wasn't on gate guard at the college, there was guard duty at Baillieu barracks, then fire crews, and of course cook house duties. Some wily types realised that if they turned up for PT in coveralls and said you were on fire crew duty, then you were excused PT. Don't think anyone cottoned on to that one while I was there.

At the end of term three, I actually won a prize for best progress in trade training, I was presented with a book by the CO Colonel Tweed, it was titled fighting vehicles. I chose it because the other one was about Maths. I still have that book with my prize sticker inside.

I recall that nearly every time the college went on leave, one person was always late back. I can't remember his name, but when he filled his leave pass out he always added a few days on. No one checked and all the leave passes were signed. At some point the powers that be must have cottoned on. There was another lad, again his name escapes me, who went AWOL, he must have lived local because he used to nip back to the camp to visit his mates regularly. I couldn't see the point of that really.

The A Company CSM was called CSM Lancaster from the Grenadier Guards (nicknamed Burt). He was a real gent, firm but fair. The same could be said about RSM Meredith, Irish Guards. You couldn't be anything but impressed when you saw these men swaggering about. During our last term CSM Lancaster left and was replaced by a CSM from the Coldstream Guards, not a popular man and I can't recall his name.

I do remember that during each term we would spend a week or so on a camp. One that I recall was spent assisting a local group making repairs to a canal in Devizes, Wiltshire. On one of the evenings the permanent staff obtained a rather large amount of crates of beer. This was shared out with all of the lads. We were sitting in the cookhouse tent having eaten our meal, and now was the time for beer. It was simple really, once you had finished your bottle you asked for another one. You can imagine that there was a constant movement of full bottles down the table towards thirsty squaddies. I was feeling particularly greedy as these bottles passed by, next to me was Andy Rooker, I was about to grab one that was passing when Andy said to me, don't take that one, I asked why, he replied it's warm, every other bottle had been cold. Wise advice indeed, one of the permanent staff had filled it himself, thinking that it would be funny. Of course it was very funny for everyone, except for the poor lad who took a swig before realising what it contained.

I don't know how I remember this but the post code for the AAC Arborfield was RG2 9NJ, where did that come from!!

Everybody had to go through the four week military Cadre, technicians did theirs in the fifth term, VM's in the sixth term. Mine took place during the hottest summer on record, 1976. All in all an extremely enjoyable time. It was good not to be in the classroom environment for a change. For some reason the AAC still used second world war webbing, which was required to be black. If you were unlucky enough to get a set that hadn't been blackened then it required a hell of a lot of kiwi boot polish to make the changes.

Part of the cadre was a night firing exercise. I came top in that particular skill. Probably more good luck than skill.

By now my mate Kevin Wood had changed trades, from an aircraft technician to a VM. Not his choice, but he kept failing exams. He was also unlucky to be back squadded again. I remarked that at this rate he would be 25 years old before his passing out parade took place. He did actually pass out in the following December.

When you became 18 years of age you were required to sign on for a period of so many years. I had decided that I would initially sign up for six years. When it became my turn to sign on, the only choices available were either three or nine years. Six years wasn't an option for some reason. I decided that three would be okay for me.

After passing out in August 1976 along with every other VM I went to Bordon for a six week course. Mainly APC's. That was an easy going place after two years at the AAC. You could virtually come and go as you pleased, got to drive around in 432 APC, every young man's dream. Saying that, I had been posted to 1st Armoured Division RCT in Nienburg Weser, all soft skinned vehicles, Land Rovers, Bedford MK, AEC 10 tonners, not an APC in sight. When I saw this posting I recognised the BFPO number, BFPO 48. That was where my step brother had been posted a few years ago. I wondered if the Catering Corps lads were as drunk as my brother used to be. We all know the answer to that.

My three years posted with the RCT was extremely enjoyable, we all worked hard and played even harder.

The workshop driver would be despatched every working day to obtain vehicle parts that wasn't stored locally. We all wondered why it took him so long to do relatively short distances. The answer was a lady parked by the roadside flogging her wares. He was stopping off most days to sample the delights. Towards the end of the month the journeys didn't take as long. He was waiting patiently for pay day. Even though I remember his name, he wasn't an AAC old boy. But I won't name him to avoid embarrassment.

My first Christmas in Germany was the first I had spent away from home. There were lots of us there in the same boat. We all thought let's have our Christmas dinner at the cookhouse and then into town for beer. That didn't happen, all of the single lads were invited to various married quarters to spend the festivities with their respective families. Myself and another Craftsman called Paddy Skully went to the ASM's house for the day. The both of us were made to feel extremely welcome. The ASM was ASM Best. I recall that he had a mat at the front of his desk with two feet painted on it, with the words 'Bollocking mat' below the feet. I stood on that mat on two occasions; the first one was when someone had seen me walking into a bank with no beret on. Fair enough I thought. The second one involved the CO's staff car.

I was duty VM on this occasion, it was the weekend. I had been summoned to the workshop

because the CO's staff car wouldn't start. I had a brief look and decided that it would be okay if I could jump start it. I summoned my mate Paddy Skully. The both of us hooked a rope to a Landrover, which in turn was tied to the Austin 1100. I did think that the rope could have done with being a bit longer, but carried on regardless. I was driving the Landrover, Paddy was in the CO's car. Off we went upped the speed a bit, CO's car jumps into life, I slow down intending to stop, Paddy didn't. The Austin 1100 smashed into the back of the Landrover. For the second time in a matter of weeks I was at the ASM's house, this time though was to tell him I had smashed the Colonel's car up.

A few days later the decision was made to charge Paddy because he drove the staff car into the Landrover. All of the workshop thought that the decision was a bit flawed, I was embarrassed to be honest, poor Paddy had only been helping me out. I paid half of his fine which everyone thought was fair. The episode didn't affect our friendship. Other names from the RCT workshop included Cfn Jimmy Ward, he bought himself out while the unit was in Belfast. Sgt Pete Still, a really nice friendly type. Cpl Mitchell, L/Cpl Chris Cairns, and a lad nicknamed Scotty. Scotty took me under his wing when I first arrived in Germany. I don't think he ever had a night in if we weren't on exercise. He would get up at 0100hr and just disappear into town. It's no wonder he spent the first hour or so lying under wagons when we started work. Bill Pewsey was also posted to the workshop. I knew him from the AAC. And of course Paddy Scully, he was from Southern Ireland. Another familiar face turned up who had been at the AAC, his name was Nigel Murrant, known as 'Frankie'. A mad Manchester Utd fan. He was posted as a metal smith, not a VM. Frankie hadn't completed his apprenticeship, I can't remember if it was his decision, or the staff at Arborfield for him to change trade.

Also at the workshop was SSgt Tyler and SSgt Bond they were both Artificers. I apologise to those people that I can't remember, it was a long time ago.

In the early part of 1977 I attended at 7 Armd Workshop, Fallingb. to do my Junior Military Certificate (JMC). I think there was about sixteen of us. I did learn a lot in those weeks, we were taught by REME soldiers, who did know their stuff. We were used as well for guard duty, no one was impressed with that.

In July 1977 myself and a Corporal (nickname 'Chic') went to BATUS, Canada to take part in a battlegroup exercise. We were the first line repair mechanics for the RCT. The barracks was shared with the Canadian army. In Canada there were vehicles unfamiliar to me, they were only used by the Army at BATUS I believe. These were called 'Deuce and a half', they were vehicles that required an HGV 2 licence to drive, they had an

an automatic gearbox with 'hilly' and 'very hilly' instructions on the gear lever, no excuses if you got it wrong then. Again, that was a very pleasant six weeks doing something different. I never got tired of seeing Squadrons of Chieftain MBT's rolling along the plains.

At the end of our exercise we were waiting to get on the transport to Calgary airport. A coach pulls up and who gets off it as our replacements, Kevin Wood, my old mate from school, and the college. He was with another lad from the AAC college called Jock Richie, he had been in A Company with me. Both were part of the Scots Guards LAD. Anyway pleasantries over, 'you'll never guess what?' said Kevin. What I reply, Elvis is dead says Kevin. That is why I remember where I was when Elvis died.

In February 1978 the unit was posted to Belfast for an Op Banner tour. We were billeted in the dock area, it was called Moscow Camp. There we repaired the Saracens and Humber pigs, which did break down on a regular basis. Long hours, but an enjoyable time. Our senior NCO was SSgt Bond, he had a sense of humour. We were also responsible for maintaining the water cannons. On one occasion the workshop office was contacted by an RCT Sgt who was complaining that this particular water cannon wasn't very efficient. A comment was made by the RCT Sgt that he could p#s further than the cannon could squirt water. SSgt Bond replied, come over to the workshop Sgt and we will fit a blue light on your head.

Frankie Murrant was with us as the metalsmith. He was a funny guy, his brother was serving in the RAF the same time as us in Belfast, he was involved in helicopters. Every time a Wessex came into land by us, Frankie would run outside shouting, is my brother on it. I never did meet his brother when we were in Ireland, I did meet him some years later though.

I seem to recall that there would be a disco on every week at Moscow Camp, the local girls were bussed in on armoured Bedford MK's. During one of these disco's Frankie gets really drunk, he was good at that. Anyway, he ends up vomiting what appeared to be blood. Frankie ended up spending three days in the local military hospital. If anyone had asked us what Frankie had been drinking we would have said, Rum and blackcurrant. It obviously looked like blood when spread on the disco floor.

There was a second REME workshop on Moscow Camp, they were responsible for the soft skinned vehicles. In that workshop was Paul Stephenson (Ginge). He had been in the same room as me in A Company. Some years later I was told that he ended up being commissioned as well.

When I left the Army Frankie came to stay with me a couple of times in Southport. Sadly, I received a phone call from his mother in 1983. Frankie had committed suicide at the REME

workshop in Brunei. I attended his funeral in Kingston upon Thames, that was where I eventually met his brother.

On our return from OP Banner, the rear party had moved the Regiment from Nienburg to Munsterlager BFPO 104. That was a decent enough posting, the accommodation for the REME was excellent, I actually had my own room with a wash basin as well. The REME workshops were not part of the main barracks, it was a stand-alone set of buildings, which of course meant guard duties. Well I say guard duties, it just involved a junior NCO, and a Craftsman staying behind and sleeping on the premises. Not exactly a chore.

I decided to leave the army after my three years adult service, I had met my first wife and was convinced by others not to re-sign. This was a decision that I have regretted on many occasion over the years. I can look back on my five years as character forming, and one of the best periods of my life.

I joined Merseyside police and enjoyed a 30 year career with that organisation, my service included uniform and CID. I have met a few ex REME while serving in the Police. One of them was an ex Armourer called Dave Fox who I taught for six months, during his attachment to the CID. One afternoon we had called in the local pub for a pint or two on the way home. We hadn't been there very long when I walked Dave's wife and his young daughter. His daughter said to him, 'is this where you work now Daddy'. The look his wife gave him said it all.

My old mate Kevin Wood did his time and left after nine years, he joined Surrey Police and ended up like me as a Sergeant. He mentioned a Chief Inspector there called Bob Rose, he had been the Junior Company A/T CSM for 74C intake.

Sadly Kevin died just before his 50th birthday of cancer.

I retired from Merseyside police in June 2008 as a Sergeant. The same month I went to work for Lancashire Constabulary at their HQ's in Preston. They were looking for retired Detectives to work on a fairly complex fraud case. In all four of us were recruited, three of us from Merseyside who had worked together before, plus one retired Detective from Lancashire. I was paired up with the Lancashire Detective, his name was Mick Crook. As we chatted and became acquainted with each other the discussion about our lives got under way. We had both served in the Army, we had both been in REME, and yes, he had trained at the AAC Arborfield. He had been an Aircraft Technician, I think his intake was sometime in 1969. It's a small world.

During some enquiries down South in 2009, me and Mick decided to head towards Arborfield to see if we could recognise anything. We found the main gates, and actually managed to gain access to the old college. The drill square was still there,

road names appeared familiar. The Junior Company block was still there at the end of the square. I even saw my old bed space, it looked a bit more modern now, no metal lockers but wooden furniture. Other than that it appeared the same. As I looked to the next bed space to my old one, I suffered a shiver down my spine, 'Donc' and his distasteful habits!!!

I now live on the Costa Blanca, Spain. I have been here for five years now. If anyone ever drives through a village called Formentera del Segura, it is near Quesada, then you will see Montgomery's bar. Please feel free to call in if you do pass. I have some sandbags at the rear to sit on if required.

That was my story, hope it hasn't been too tedious to read.

Steve Montgomery (Monty) 74C

Monty.1958@hotmail.co.uk

I must apologise to Steve, for the wrong text being implanted into the body of the first part of his article, in OBAN 63.

I know that he is very interested in hearing from any of his old friends, see attached email address.

Ed.

Emergency Call Centre Worker

An Emergency Call Centre worker in London, has been fired, much to the dismay of her colleagues who are reportedly unhappy with her dismissal.

It seems a male caller dialled 999 from a mobile phone stating:

"I am depressed and lying here on a railway track. I am waiting for the train to come so I can finally meet my maker."

Apparently, "Remain calm and stay on the line,"

was not considered to be an appropriate response.

26 Reunions and counting

Date: mid 1980s

Phone rings ... "Hi Bro" it's my brother Kenneth. "Did you know there is a reunion at Arborfield for Apprentices?" "No" says I.... "Shall we go" says Ken... "Not interested in that sort of thing Ken ... It's not my thing"

This same conversation went on for a couple of years, with the sides swapping and me saying lets go then Ken saying no.....In the end we both gave in and agreed we would go just one year to see what all the fuss was about and joined this Association called 'The Princes Marina College Old Boys' Association'... Flipping 'echwhat a mouth full!

Come the date of the gig we tipped up and made our way to Hazelbrouk Barracks Guard Room to book in... Thoughts of the Provost Sgt inspecting our Mufti were forced out of our minds as we approached the doors...

"Come in Sirs - you are very welcome" said this young Provost Sgt.... Blimmy are we in the right place? Must have made a wrong turn somewhere... But no, sure enough we'd made it to the Princess Marina College Guard Room alright. After checking our tickets were in order we were escorted by a couple of even younger A/Ts to our barrack room.... They ever carried out kit and called us 'Sir'.... Surely this isn't the right place?

After finding our allocated room (with other apprentices of the same era), making up our pits (no bed blocks required thankfully) we made our way to the Sgts' Mess for a few rounds. In those days very few lads tipped up on the Friday - maybe 20 or so; there was no food laid on but the Berger Van arrived around 10pm so we had a couple to mop up the copious amounts of beer.....



Luckily for Ken there were a couple of lads from his intake, but none from mine. In fact I was the youngest one that year, so no prizes for guessing what I was called ALL weekend Yeap you got itBleep Bleep YOU'RE A JEEP... Happy memories, sadly those from that first year are no longer with us

If I was to run down the weekend in full it would almost sound exactly the same as the ones we enjoy almost 30 years on.... Friday night meeting the current Mess members, having too much to drink. Saturday morning breakies in the cookhouse before a parade.

Now the Parade ... Boy that was wonderful... A contingent of Apprentices plus a contingent of ex-apprentices on parade being shouted at by CSMs and and the RSM, all from the Guards ... wonderful.... PLUS a full band consisting of Brass Band, Pipe and Drums and Corps of Drums ... all made up from current Apprentices, just like the old days ... WONDERUL.

Bit of lunch – liquid of course – then a tour around the college technical hangers, followed by the AGM. Saturday night a really good old fashioned dinner with toasts and speeches... Sound familiar? And the bar stayed open and openwell you just have to stay and be friendly don't you?

After the weekend Ken and I discussed it and thought it not too bad and so worth another visit... Mmmm those visits have now reached 26 for me. Sadly my lovely brother Ken contracted a very

aggressive form of skin cancer which, despite his valiant fight, took his life in 1997, so he only managed a few. That said, during his illness, he would ring me up on the Sunday following a reunion and expect me to relive it for him minute by minute, bless him.

By 1999 the Association (who by the way had changed its name yet again to the more all-inclusive 'Arborfield Old Boys' Association') decided the time had come to build their own website and were looking for volunteers. Now call me stupid if you like, but I held my hand up and was duly elected without ceremony. Looks like we got a sucker

Building the website was great fun and I was fortunate that a number of lads donated photographs and stories to help with the development. I did want to build a lasting historic reference point so looked through many publications and honour boards to identify all the past Commandants, RSM, A/T RSM, Major Awards and loads of other historic information. All this was done with a primitive desk top computer and dial-up connection; no broadband in those days... Whist it was fun, building the website was getting in the way of completing my Master's Degree, so reluctantly I decided to step down and hand the unfinished project over to someone else.

For a number of reasons my replacement didn't last long, but long enough for me to graduate with my MBA. So after a break of a couple of years my

good friend Bill Cleasby rang me up and asked if I could resurrect the website as my replacement had left suddenly, the website fallen over; no longer live on the internet. Lucky enough I had always kept off line copies and so was able to get it back on line in a relatively short time frame with no loss of the important historic references, so no long term hardship to the AOBA.

Reunions came and went, with Bill Cleasby and his wonderful team (including the late, but not forgotten Keith Evans 45A) organising them at our beloved Arborfield. One of the things I found most rewarding in those days was the ability to chat with old apprentices who joined up in 1939 and early 40s. Sadly most of those conversations have ended for obvious reasons, but it was wonderful to listen to their stories none the less.

The name of the College changed and changed again and again. In the 80/90s when Ken and I first returned it was 'The Princess Marina College' in Hazelbrock then with the moved back over to Rowcroft the name change back to 'Army Apprentices College', then finally to 'Army Technical Foundation College', hard to keep up with changes – oh yes and then out of the blue in 1995 GIRLS joined..... That was a great shock to some old apprentices. Suddenly there were massive conversations and proposals at each AGM that we must change our name sound familiar??????? Common sense prevailed and we stayed with our current name. Phew

Time carried on and it was becoming increasingly clear our days at Arborfield were numbered. Poor Bill and Keith were experiencing impossible odds at putting on our reunions, with bed spaces to name just one important aspect disappearing at a rapid rate of knots. The stress they were under was immense and frankly just how they managed is beyond me.

There was a suggestion in 2010 that we should look at an alternative venue and just maybe move away from Arborfield before we were pushed. This discussion was as you might think, heated and emotional. However it was agreed that at the 2011 Reunion we would look at a couple of alternatives and agree if anyone of them was worth moving to. At the same time Bill Cleasby informed the AOBA he would be standing down as Honorary Secretary at the same AGM.

Two alternatives were developed, one would see us at the Warners Holiday Camp on the East Coast, the other in a Midlands Hotel with a visit to the NMA for our Drum Head Service. As everyone knows together with the help of a number of guys including Gordon Bonner, Bill Cleasby and Mike Davis, I put the latter together, but not until the original suggestion came from one Nobby Clark 62C.

Anyway after a very long discussion, heated and emotional meeting the 2011 AGM agreed to move

with immediate effect the Midlands option. This left me with not only the Honorary Secretary's job as for some idiotic reason I volunteered to replace Bill, but also the un-enviable task of organising the reunions away from our beloved Arborfield. Frankly it would be a difficult task stepping into Bill's boots without the added pressure of organising post Arborfield reunions....

That said the move went seamlessly (well from the point of view of the attendees anyway). The first reunion away from Arborfield in 2012 was a success I was so relieved. The organisation was stressful but highly rewarding and whilst this first one was not without its issues, none where deal breakers and were 'tweaked' to ensure an enjoyable weekend for all. So more came and went, getting better each year.

By the end of 2014 I felt the time had come to stand down and was on the point of giving notice, but Brian Hutchins beat me to it, so I thought it right to hang on for another year, so rather than standing down after my 50th in 2015 I stayed on for a year to support the new Chairman in his first year.

2016 Reunion turned out to be the most supported post Arborfield reunion with 176 Apprentices tipping up. What was great to see were the number of 70s lads arriving for the first time – simply wonderful. Then of course the outstanding effort the 1966 lads made – achieving 42 attendees. Plus we had the first outing of the Apprentices Pipe and Drums, all made up from Arborfield Apprentices who were 'Bandies' during their apprenticeship ... never have they been made more welcome or applauded then this weekend. Well done lads, more next year...

The 2015 organisation was sadly the most stressful I have ever experienced. Made worse by the constant personal abuse and intimidation aimed at me both during the organisation and the actual weekend from a very small group of people who truly believed they to be more important than any of the other apprentices in attendance. This really did put a damper on the while event as far as I was concerned, so it was with great relief when it was over.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking everyone for the stunning Silver Salver presented to me and for the many personal phone calls and emails of support and thanks I have received since the reunion, I find the friendship within the AOBA to be truly outstanding and rewarding. Over the 28 years I have been a full member of the AOBA I have met some wonderful people, made some lasting friendships and always enjoyed reunions. I look forward to attending them in the future without the stress of having to do any organising ... I also promise I won't say anything about the organisation

By the time you read this I will have handed over the Secretary's duties to your new Secretary Phil



Ellaway 73C and I offer him my full support in the coming months as he gets to grips with the role. As for the reunion organisation, I shall of course offer what support the outside Events Management Team need to ensure the 2017 Reunion is successful.

See you at the 2017 Reunion on the 14th July

David (Tich) Schofield 65A

Please note that the views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the policy and views, official or otherwise, of either the Editor or of the Arborfield Old Boys Association and therefore, no responsibility for these will be accepted. All contributions and articles for inclusion in OBAN are most warmly welcomed although text in Microsoft Word format and photo/images in TIFF or high JPEG formats are preferred. Photographs or diagrams must be high resolution if they are to look acceptable - aim for something at least 100kb in size.

Send article and photographs separately, please do not embed photographs within the text.

Membership of the Arborfield Old Boys Association is open to all those who served as apprentice or staff member, at one of the Army Apprentices' Schools or Colleges at Arborfield between 1939 and 2004. There is an annual subscription of £15.00. Application forms are available by post from the Honorary Secretary, and on the website www.arborfieldoldboys.co.uk

Front Cover Photograph: Two ex-apprentices, what the editor would like to know, is this the first AOBA function attended by a female ex-apprentice.

Rear Cover Photograph: Proof that they are both ex-apprentices. Kelly Senior, nee Smith. Sorry folks not trying to embarrass you both.

AOBA 2016 Annual Reunion. Friday Curry Night.



All photographs kindly supplied by Max Warwick, Andy Knowles, and Dave Cosway.

Saturday Morning Reunion Parade
Natiional Memorial Arboretum, Alrewas
16thJuly 2016



AOBA 'Boy Band' march past the Reviewing Officer.



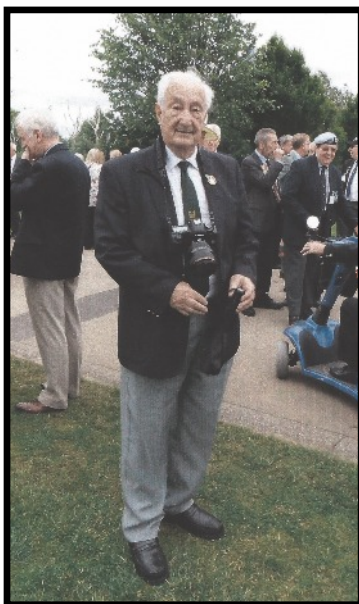
Motorised Division Drive By.



Drumhead Service.

Army Apprentice National Memorial

17th July 2016



Max Warwick is normally the other side of the camera



Arborfield Old Boys Association AGM and Dinner



Reunion Tour 2016 – The 66ers 50th

It sounded like the Roll Call at the United Nations; New Zealand; Australia; Hong Kong; Dubai; Germany; Holland; USA; Canada; England; Ireland; Scotland; Wales. The 66ers came from all corners of the world. This was the culmination of nearly 2 years of searching or smurfing as we called it.

First the only lists of A/Ts were buried somewhere in the museum boxes. OK we said, get the intake squad photos. First we had to locate them. Everybody was tasked with searching through their old boxes which had probably been packed for the last 3 moves and 20 odd years. We quickly found that not every A/T was on them. Old copies of The Arborfield Apprentice were dug out of various attics. It was a good starting point and lists were created. Not easy given the number of typographical errors in the spelling. It shouldn't be too hard, only about 300 A/Ts to find. Use Internet, no problem. WRONG!!!! Forces Reunited gave us a few leads. Searching electoral rolls and telephone books gave us hundreds of possibilities. OK, telephone number, quick call. We were overseas, calls were ignored or not answered, people probably thought it was a scam. A centralised UK calling system was set up, thanks here to Chalky White and Egon Taska. We also used snail mail and volunteers to go and knock on doors where we only had an address. Thanks here go to Dave Cosway of 65C who also generously supported us. Searching through hundreds of names in Facebook and other social websites turned up a few as well. Memories of long forgotten chance meetings and conversations were pulled out of the old grey cells. I remembered meeting Brian Robertson for 5 minutes in the Sgts Mess in Rheindahlen in 1989 where he mentioned that he had married a Dutch girl. A lucky telephone search and I had him. We were still looking and finding people a week before the reunion. Thanks here to the AOBA committee for squeezing a couple more in at the last minute. The result of the searching; we located about 180

of 300 A/Ts. Sadly also, several 66ers had had their final POP.

Due to previous engagements, family commitments and health considerations it quickly became clear that not all 66ers, regrettably, would be able to make the AOBA Reunion. So the organisation team of Michael White, Owen Kavanagh, Andy Dickson, Egon Taska and myself, Frank Westwood got to work. We decided to make it into a reunion tour to accommodate as many as possible.

Venue 1 – The Brams Revisited

We started to arrive in Reading at the chosen location on Tuesday night. I arrived in time for a last couple of jars to wash down the trail dust. First parade was planned for 08:00 for breakfast, Frank McKenna, John Nicholls and myself in attendance. The World Turned Upside Down offered an all you can eat Full English Breakfast and was only 50 yards from the Travelodge. Say no more. Suitably fortified, a bit of shopping for the essentials which are always forgotten and then back to the pub. From opening time onwards the thirsty 66ers wandered in and were welcomed with the time honoured greeting of 'Mine's a lager, what did you say your name was?' I'm not sure but I think a couple of civvies were also invited to buy a round. Of special mention here is Gwynn 'Don't Know' Danaher. The 'Don't Know' epitaph was rightly earned, regardless what was asked the answer was invariably 'Don't know'. At last all had arrived and it was time to board the coach to the Brams. A big thanks here to Michael 'Chalky' White for organising the luxury coach with all modern conveniences Bill Everett was last seen giving them a suitable trial run and health and safety inspection.

Sixty two 66ers and guests joined together for the first time since 1968. Ken Anderson, an honorary 66er had sent from Spain 50 pint mugs suitably engraved for the first 50 66ers to be in the bar of the Brams. The only catch here is to send El Senor Ken a photo of the mug suitably filled.

Egon Taska thanked Phil and Megan Graham (both Honorary 66ers) for hosting the 66ers at their home for pre-reunion barbecues during the Arborfield years

Wendy Avila, the daughter of RSM Don McMahon RIP was inducted as an honorary 66er as she arrived at Arborfield in 1966, the same as we did. She now has the honour to be part of the 66ers dubious 'Hall of Fame'.





After an evening of wining (not whining), dining and re-telling tales of years gone by the landlord of the Brams most reluctantly called time. 'No way' was the resounding answer, 'The coach isn't here yet'. So that worthy person allowed us to continue until the coach arrived, almost an hour late. Well organised Chalky.

Reveille came and went. The 66ers were gathering again. This time a little bit slower than before. Off to the pub for breakfast. An all you can eat Full English breakfast. Suitably fortified we wended our way to Lutterworth to view the Sir Frank Whittle, inventor of the British jet engine, memorial. At least, that's our excuse.

Venue 2 – Gathering At The Elms

Having arrived at the Lutterworth roundabout where the memorial is we were pleasantly surprised to see that it was next to the Travelodge and The Elms, our next meeting place. The hard core 66ers welcomed yet more new old faces. Thirty eight 66ers managed to meet here. Not all were from the Brams.

An afternoon was spent relaxing in the beer garden catching up with the new faces (and telling lies about the ones who weren't there). No presentations were made here, but there was a very impressive demonstration how to crack paving



slabs with your nose. Don't worry Dave Collier, your secret is safe with us. The time came, as it usually does, so we moved on to The Fox Inn where we had booked another beer garden and an evening meal (Thai menu). All in all, a very relaxing evening, a good nights sleep followed by a trip to Morrison's for the Big English Breakfast. Then onwards for the next stage of our reunion tour.

Venue 3 – Xoddam Trophy

The third venue was the traditional 10 pin bowling competition for the Xoddam Trophy. This was presented by Ken Anderson to the 66ers to be competed for annually in memory of John Maddox 44B RIP.

Hollywood Bowl 2016

66ers 50th Anniversary Competition for the **Xoddam Trophy.**

Team Name: Magic In'it: Game 1 Game 2 Total

Brian Greenhorn	83	+	75	158	
Clive Goodfellow	65		78	143	
Jim Naylor	93		74	167	
John Gunn	84		94	178	T e a m ' s
High Scorer					

Team Name: Ex Inmates:

John Nicholls	102		122	2	2	4
Team's High Scorer						
Egon Taska	89		113	202		

Team Name: Sossidges:

Frank Westwood	106		133	2	3	9
Team's High Scorer						

Taff Shore	82		82	164		
Kev Dyson	21		50	71	Plastic	Pin

Award Winner

Pat Eston	101		105	206		
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Team Name: Kim, Ron to You:

Ron Hooper	122		113	235		
Dave Collier	91		131	222		
Raymond Day	98		165	2	6	3

Team's High Scorer

Chalky White	88		82	170		
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Team Name: Sick Lane & Lazy:

Chris Peerless	116		75	191		
Stuart McDougal	103		128	2	3	1

Team's High Scorer

Gwyn D anaher	84		108	192		
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John Ketteringham	65		99	164		
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Team Name: Welsh Wizards:

Bernie Humphries (65C)	86		100	186		
Ray Younger	82		84	166		
Tony Higgins	110		111	221		

Owen K avanagh	71		115	186		
Kim Lord	92		154	246	Team's	

High Scorer

Team Name: Odds & Sods:

Dave Cosway (65C)	117		161	278		
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Team's High Scorer

Ted Bulmer 124 147 271
Xoddam Trophy Winner

24 66ers + 2 65C took part in bowling. (& 3 spectators!!)



Hotly contested, it was won by Ted Bulmer 66A A Coy. He now has the honour to look after it for a year and bring it back next year with his name engraved on it. He also has to bull it up.

All in all, a very successful 'dry run' to get in fettle for the official AOBA 53rd Reunion in Hinckley, which started about 2 hours later, better known to us as Venue 4, Old Boys, Old Memories.



Frank Westwood 66A

AOBA 53rd Reunion, Hinckley

We finally joined the rest of the AOBA at The Jurys Inn Hinckley Island Hotel for the weekend after our reunion tour. Gathering on the terrace for a beer or three until we could check in at 3:00 pm we had forty four full time 66ers and four 66ers who could only attend part time. Those of us who were lucky enough to be able to check in straight away joined our comrades at the bar and greeted passer-by's from other intakes with time-honoured greetings. Modesty prevents me from listing them here.

Friday Meet & Greet



After checking in it was back to the bar to wait for the famous curry dinner. The 66ers were easy to spot in their shirts. The logo was specially designed for the occasion and is based on the school stable belt as the 66ers were the last intakes to wear it. Rebadging to REME took place in October of 1966. We also had our own baseball caps with the logo



made which quickly became prized possessions. I have it on good authority that TeeCee's wife June now sports one when driving. Well done June. Entertainment was provided by our very own Pipes and Drums. This was their first public engagement, and was greatly appreciated by all in attendance.

But all good things must come to an end, last orders was called quickly followed by time and so off to bed. A hearty English breakfast the next day and off to the National Arboretum for our parade and Drum Head Service.

Parade

The parade was a resounding success and ably reviewed by Maj. (Retd.) Keith Bartlett 66C C Coy. Our Honorary Chairman leading the parade and sporting the new style of headgear instead of the traditional bowler.



Drum Head Service

Rev. Bev John 66A D Coy conducted the Drumhead Service and presented the AOBA with a newly dedicated Holy Bible to be used at all future services. I had the honour to be the first to read the scripture from it, being taken from Philippians Chapter 1, Verses 3 to 11.

Rev Bev being presented with a memento of the occasion by Keith Bartlett together with his College Colours, just 50 years late.



Lunch

Haversack lunches were issued and made a welcome change to the full on lunch. However, due to the weather it wasn't possible to roam the NMA sites that this 'extra' time gave but all seem to tuck into the haversack with plenty of remarks as to how much the content within had changed in the past 50 years! It was then off back to Hinckley for the AGM.

AGM

Details from this will be published elsewhere so I won't bore you here. I'd rather move onto the highlight of the weekend – the Regimental Dinner.



Saturday Evening Dinner

The AOBA Members and Guests gathered in the Rotunda and the 66ers were piped into dinner by the resurrected Army Apprentices Pipes And Drums. What a feeling going in to dinner, being blinded by the flashes and deafened by the clapping. Please forward your photos, we'd love to see our entrance from your viewpoint. All ladies received a small gift from the 66ers as a token of our appreciation for letting your Old Boy be with us on our special night.

What a fantastic weekend. Thanks especially to the 'Old Boys' Pipes and Drums. Your planned and impromptu performances really made the weekend. Stories of practice sessions over Skype were amazing and showed that none of the 'practice, practice and practice again, until we get it right' attitude still lives on within the 'Old Boys'.

The Army Apprentices Pipes And Drums (TAAPAD)

Pipe Major Alex Burt 62A

Pipers Major Robin Bartholomew 58A

Derek Camp 58B

Trevor Flett 73C

Nick Cane 76C

Neil Turrell 62A

Snare Drum Tony Church 55A

Bass Drum Alastair White 71A

Alex Burt piped the port in and toasts were given to The Queen, Prince Phillip and Absent Friends. Speeches were made. The Chairman, Mike Tizard thanked Pam and her staff of the Jurys Inn, Hinckley who saw to it that we wanted for nothing.

John 'Herbie' Coles recited his poem in praise of the Pipes and Drums, now a tradition I believe. Nice one Herbie.

Pipes and Drums

A fine paradiddle, a gracenote, short, are skills honed long ago,
Pipeband sounds that braced the friend, and demoralised the foe.

In respectful hush, at remembrancetide, we hear that stirring sound,
Chests full of pride and also tears, as standards sweep the ground.

And so it was, at Arborfield, our old boys learned to play,
Encouraged some, in Highland tongue, by the Pipeys of their day.
The rest of us, with no such skills, put foot-fall to the ground,
The music helped our marching too, most came to love that sound.

So here we join, friendships renewed, the comradeship that ties,
That haunting beat, that stirring skirl, and again the hackles rise.
So let us raise, a glass in praise, of all our pipes and drums tonight,
And thank you lads, you made us proud, Slanche-vaar, too right!

One of the highlights was Chris Peerless's speech about his operations and the adversities he's had to overcome in the last few years. A considerable achievement seeing as he came from Australia. Owen Kavanagh made presentations to Keith

Bartlett, the Reviewing Officer, Mike Tizard for the AOBA committee as thanks for their work and lastly to quote Owen 'To Chris, or what's left of him' for his 'never give in attitude'. Mike Tizard presented David Schofield, the retiring Honorary Secretary, with a silver salver as thanks for his work and commitment. Thanks also have to be made to RSM Chris Kipling and SSgt Nick Mannings who reminded us how to march again, but far too gently. A special mention also has to be made of Kelly Smith, the first female to complete an Arborfield Apprenticeship and come to a reunion. Well done young lady, you're an Old Boy now. A resounding rendition of The Reds was sung and then down to the serious business of enjoying ourselves.



Finally, a bleary eyed breakfast, our last farewells and promises to see you all again next year, God willing. Rev Bev, please put a good word in for us.

The list of people to thank for helping make it a success would read like the nominal roll for the reunion. A big thank you to the AOBA team members for arranging the AOBA Reunion and helping to celebrate the 66ers 50th. Without your hard work behind the scenes none of this would have been possible.

Last but not least a big thank you to all 66ers who turned up and helped make this 66ers 50th Anniversary Reunion Tour a resounding success and fittingly rounding off their celebrations in style with all the other ex-apprentices and guest at the AOBA 53rd Annual Reunion...thank you.

We all look forward to celebrating next year with the 67ers

Frank Westwood 66A



66ers Before and After the Reunion Dinner



Arborfield Old Boys' Association Web Shop

Here we have a few items which we hope are of interest to you. They can be ordered and paid for using Paypal, or credit/debit card. We have added 4% to the prices to cover the cost of this service, plus £1:50 postage and packing per item. The Web Shop is run by our Honorary Treasure Laurie Blakley, and he will have items available at the reunions.

Ties



Available in original Company Colours
£8 + £1:50 P&P

Lapel Badges



Very attractive Lapel Badge in Black and Gold
Approximately 25 x 20 mm. £3.50 + £1:50 P&P

Also available are a small amount of Blazer Badges @ £10.60 + £1:50 P&P,
Mugs with the AOBA badge @ £5.88 + £1:50 P&P
Please contact Laurie for overseas postage costs, and any other enquiries.

Arborfield Old Boys



GOD SAVE THE KING

The AOBA urgently needs new members. In order for us to continue as successfully as we currently are, your help is needed to recruit more Arborfield veterans to our Association. So if any of you know of a likely candidate, who is not a member, use all your persuasive powers to get them to join! Your reward will be a year's free membership, well worth it.

www.arborfieldoldboys.co.uk

The Arborfield Apprentice. New Edition

The Arborfield Apprentice

by Peter Gripton

An Illustrated history of the Arborfield Army Apprentices School and Colleges



Foreword by the Honourable
Viscount Alanbrooke of Brookborough

Edition Two of the Arborfield Apprentice by Peter Gripton. An illustrated history of the Arborfield Apprentices' School and Colleges from 1939 to 2004, with anecdotes taken from countless Arborfield Apprentices down the years. Includes the 'Final Chapter' written by Peter Gripton after the college closure.

It is a MUST for all Arborfield Apprentices whether they joined in 1939 or any other time up to its closure in 2004.

Foreword by the Honourable Viscount Allenbrooke of Brookborough
£30.00 plus postage and packing.

In Memoriam

Albert (Paddy) Foster 60A

It is with great sadness that we report the passing of a real character of the REME comradeship. Paddy Foster passed away at Haltwhistle War Memorial Hospital at the age of 72 on 26 January 2016 after a prolonged period of illness.

Paddy was born in Londonderry in November 1943, whilst his father was serving with the RASC during World War II and was therefore very familiar with military subjects during his formative years. Paddy was educated at Foyle College in Londonderry, where he excelled in all areas of traditional sport, particularly rugby and cricket.

Paddy joined the Army Apprentices School, Arborfield over the weekend beginning Friday the 13th January 1960. Unlucky for some but not for him and all the friends he made. We all loved him, this guy could talk for Ireland. He loved the active life and in particular the opportunities in sport that the school provided. He was a class act at Rugby and this was the sport that was to play such a big part in his Army life in the following years. Paddy's playing position was centre or fly-half. He was short and strong, elusive, with a fast turn of pace. He captained the school XV for 2 seasons. Some said this was because we couldn't get him to stop talking but his ability, enthusiasm and knowledge of the game played its part.

During his apprenticeship his love of Rugby and the occasional pint brought the Irishman into a lasting friendship with an Englishman, Shag Twyning 60A, a Scotsman, Jock McPherson 60B and a Welshman, Dai Lloyd 60A. Sounds like the start of a joke but it was the start of a long-lasting friendship. Although postings and career paths kept them apart after their 3 years at the Apprentices School, they continued to meet up over the years playing rugby together for REME Arborfield, REME UK, BAOR and SEE. Eventually, their annual meeting place became Twickenham for the Army/Navy game.

As readers may be aware, life in the "Boys School" in the early sixties was not for the weak spirited - getting used to DSHP (Divisional Seniority has its Privileges), other strange 'customs' and living on ten shillings a week proved too much for many. One of the funniest but true stories was that of Paddy and his partner-in-crime Nobby Clarkson confiscating empty coke bottles from "Jeeps" and selling them back to the NAAFI. As the going price for eighty odd bottles was but the princely sum of £1.00, Paddy would nip round to the back of the NAAFI Block, lift a couple of crates full of said empties and present them to Nobby for re-sale.

Paddy trained first as an Electrician but later transferred to the Electro-Med role. He served in numerous BMHs, becoming popular and highly valued by his RAMC, RADC and of course QARANC colleagues of all ranks. It is 'rumoured' that whilst serving in BMH Munster, his fellow SNCOs were billeted in a small cramped Annex. Paddy, on the other hand, lived in what was known as the Gaststatte Flats with six female SNCOs. He described it as a posting into 'Heaven'. With his cheeky grin & Irish blarney, he became a firm favourite to many irrespective of rank.

As Manager, Captain/Coach of the BMH Munster Team, Paddy led them to winning the BAOR Hospital Rugby Cup in his first season. Playing under the 'title' of Munster Medicals, the team became a formidable playing force that many teams in Germany wanted to play against. Winning many battles on the field, the reputation of Munster as a very good team was solely down to Paddy's enthusiasm, leadership and his sheer ability to cajole the very best from all. His closest friend during those years, Mac McHale RAMC., reports that having spent many, many years within the confines of numerous medical units, Paddy was without question an honorary member of the RAMC.

Paddy served in Cyprus, BMH Dekelia during the 70's and became a qualified Sub Aqua diving instructor and a Joint Services Sub-Aqua Diving Supervisor (SADS). Every Joint Services Sub-Aqua expedition needed a SADS to be permitted



Reeder & Ward

Aldershot

ARMY APPRENTICES' SCHOOL, ARBORFIELD, RUGBY XV, 1961-62

A/T Cpl. Owen, A. C., A/T L/Cpl. Cameron, C. R. J., A/T L/Cpl. Browne, M. A., A/T Lloyd, D., A/T Warren, C. M. G., A/T Josselyn, J. D.,
A/T Ainslie, J., A/T/CSM. Barszczak, P. J.
A/T Hamilton, I. J. D., A/T Cpl. Chapman, R., A/T Wombwell, R. J., A/T Neale, K. F., Captain R. L. Hurley, R.A.E.C., A/T L/Cpl. Foster, A. H.,
A/T L/Cpl. McPherson, D. M. M., A/T L/Cpl. Twynning, A. V., A/T Shorthose, R. J.

Following his retirement in 1983, Paddy maintained a keen interest and close connection with his old comrades from REME and other Corps/Units, especially the RAMC. He was a regular attendee at the Army v Navy game and often stayed at the Union Jack Club and Victory Services Club when visiting London. Following a period of work with Castellini Dental after leaving the Army, Paddy moved to Cumbria in the late eighties and worked with DHL for a couple of years before his retirement. He loved travelling and countries visited included: Australia, China, Norway, USA and Russia. More recently, he lived near Haltwhistle in Northumberland, where he continued to make full use of his campervan on trips within the UK and follow another passionate interest in horse racing before his death. His funeral was well attended by his family and friends. Many of his old comrades were present at the funeral to act as pall-bearers and drink a 'parting glass' making thirsty use of a hefty donation from him beyond the grave for this challenge.



Englishman, Scotsman, Welshman, and Bertie.

Dai Lloyd 60A

Maj (Retd) Alan (Al) Maloney

It is with great sadness that I must inform the Corps of the death of Al Maloney, on 20 April 2016, following a brave battle with cancer.

Alan was born near Andover in March 1942 and joined REME in 1958, aged 16, as an Apprentice at Arborfield, where he trained as a Telecommunication Technician. As a senior at the college, Alan made an impression on peers and younger recruits, some of whom have remained friends over the years. As Baz Hill recalls, 'Al was my hero when I was an apprentice, he always stood out of the crowd and was good to all of us juniors. He was someone I looked up to and respected and always will.'

On qualifying, he moved to Middle Wallop where he worked on the Skeeter, Auster, Alouette and Beaver aircraft, later converting to Avionics Technician working with Sioux and Scout helicopters. He served in several units in the UK and BAOR including a spell as an AQMS instructor at Arborfield, during which he revived the SCUBA Club. He organised a diving exercise in Malta, which Mark Tyler remembers with great respect and affection, 'It was my 18th birthday during the dive exercise week so we all went out to dinner. When we got to the table there was a birthday cake. Al had been in touch with the restaurant and arranged it!'

His last posting in aviation, as an ASM, was in 1979 working at Westlands PLC with 13 MAG to bring the Lynx into service.

Al was commissioned in 1979 and served as Admin Officer 12 AD Regt RA, OC LAD 1 Kings Regt (including tours of Canada on Ex Med Man), OC 46 NI Wksp and latterly OC Civ Det 6 Armd Wksp. Brig (Retd) Stephen Tetlow (Ex DGES (A)) writes, 'Al will always be remembered for his unflappable, easy going approach. He was a friend to everyone and nothing was too much trouble for him. He would listen to anyone and was a great mentor to young soldiers. He ran an efficient and tight civilian detachment at 6 Armd Wksp during my time in command. He was very much part of the team there both professionally and socially; very much out of the old school mould. Our hearts go out to Beverley.' It was here that Alan met Alec Hone and they became lifelong friends with their shared love of golf, the BAOR folk music scene and wicked sense of humour.

Throughout his career, Alan was an active participant in sport at all levels, firstly representing the Apprentice College at boxing, where he gained a reputation as a fearless opponent. This same physical courage saw him become a very athletic Corps hockey goalkeeper as well as a useful participant in other sports such as cricket, football, rugby and squash. He

qualified as a sub-aqua diving instructor and led many expeditions as well as spending six months in Belize teaching soldiers who were on R&R to dive. He also made an attempt on the world record for staying under water in SCUBA gear and achieved six days before being hauled out for his own good.

This adventurous spirit never left Alan. Having left REME after 35 years' service, then having spent a further 18 years as a working partner at Aylesbury Vale Golf Club in Buckinghamshire, he refused to spend his retirement playing golf and gardening. In 2009 he set off with wife Bev, backpacking for a year in India, Nepal, South East Asia and Australia. Back home, it did not take long before he was yearning to travel again, so the pair set off in 2013 to see Latin America, visiting Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Colombia and every Central American country. Diving formed a big part of their travels, but Alan was keen to have a go at everything he encountered, including paragliding, volcano boarding, dune boarding, zip-lining, white-water rafting and caving. The young backpackers they met along the way never failed to be amazed at his energy and zest for living, refusing to believe that (in Latin America) he was aged 71 years.

Alan was first diagnosed with malignant melanoma in May 2009, but underwent surgery and eventually was given the all-clear. Then in April 2015, he was diagnosed with metastatic melanoma in his brain and lungs. He fought hard to keep the life he loved so much, but eventually the odds were too stacked against even Alan Maloney and he passed away peacefully on 20 April 2016.

As one of his old boxing friends, John (Jock) Reilly, said, 'Alan was a battler! I never saw him lose a fight! It's difficult for me to believe that he has lost this one.'

To summarise, if I may, the plethora of comments on social media from former colleagues and friends: "Alan Maloney, a true gentleman, a genuinely nice guy, who influenced many lives for the better"...including mine. Maj Alan Lesley Moloney REME . 'The Happy Warrior.' RIP my friend!

Vincent Pagent

Reproduced with the kind permission of the Craftsman editor. Ed

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Every Joint Services Sub-Aqua expedition needed a SADS to be permitted to dive. Paddy was in constant demand o go Diving, with various expeditions including Malta,Gibraltar,Kiel and Fort Bovisand.

Following his retirement in 1983, Paddy maintained a keen interest and close connection with his old comrades from REME and other Corps/Units, especially the RAMC. He was a regular attendee at the Army v Navy game and often stayed at the Union Jack Club and Victory Services Club when visiting London. Following a period of work with Castellini Dental after leaving the Army, Paddy moved to Cumbria in the late eighties and worked with DHL for a couple of years before his retirement. He loved travelling and countries visited included: Australia, China, Norway, USA and Russia. More recently, he lived near Haltwhistle in Northumberland, where he continued to make full use of his campervan on trips within the UK and follow another passionate interest in horse racing before his death. His funeral was well attended by his family and friends. Many of his old comrades were present at the funeral to act as pall-bearers and drink a 'parting glass' making thirsty use of a hefty donation from him beyond the grave for this challenge

Clive (Smiler) Richardson 65A

Smiler suffered a heart attack in Thailand on 4th June, he had recently started work as the engineer for an AS 365. Smiler and I were good pals at Arborfield although in separate companies.

We both were selected to do ONC; which meant full time education in 8 div, Wednesday mornings were allotted to trade, Smiler, Dick Croud and I were the only 3 Air Techs to do 02, so loads of toast and a flask of tea were purloined from the cookhouse and a completely wasted morning spent, fooling about and trying to drown each other in the parts washer.

Smiler achieved the rank of A/T Sgt, and was awarded the Carr Memorial Trophy as the best air Tech of the intake. We of course had to do the missing 9 Div trade training at Wallop before qualifying. Smiler was posted to 75 Ac Workshop in Malaya and I went off to Catterick!

Many years passed before we linked up again, thanks to the power of the internet, but finally we had a couple of pints early last year. I had mailed Smiler on Thursday night, so the shock to

learn he'd gone by Saturday morning was immense.



He was cremated in Bangkok, and his wife Lucy scattered his Ashes at Lulworth Cove in accordance with his wishes, 4 65A lads - all of whom were in the A/T Sgts' Mess with Smiler - Julian (Leggs) Leggett, John (Gunner) Gunstone, David (Tich) Schofield and Tony (Smudge) Smith gave him a good send off. He leaves Lucy, daughters Emma and Sara, brother John and his family. Smiler always said " Death would be the most amazing journey"

Smiler you set off much too soon. Our Condolences to all his family

Colin Newby 65A

Deaths Notified since the last OBAN

787	Fale	Ivor	38B	08/03/2016
N/a	McMahon	MVO DM Don	P/S	28/02/2016
1349	Jeffery	C John	59B	10/03/2016
1263	O'Callaghan	TM Trevor	42C	18/12/2014
N/a	McCrea	G Gary	66A	2007
N/a	Miller	A Alistair	66A	2016
N/a	Bartrum	R Dick	66C	n/k
N/a	Marshall	CJ Colin	66C	1998
2068	Cassells	J John	49B	13/03/2016
1788	Smart	DF David	42A	2016
N/a	Brooks	PR Peter	42	2016
N/a	Wevill	DA David	45B	05/01/2016
N/a	Frazer	N Norman	44	n/k
N/a	Dentith	G Geoffrey	65A	05/05/2016
N/a	Richardson	CH Smiler	65A	04/06/2016
666	Dawe	K Kenneth	56B	June 2016
1518	Barrett	A Alan	45B	28/01/2016
1837	Bennett	FA Frank	39B	14/06/2016
N/a	Leppitt	HI Taff	53B	18/11/2015
N/a	Barber	AL Anthony	58A	29/01/1982

