

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN'S

UNCONQUERED I SERVE



1966-1992

THE APOSTROPHIED PERIODIC JOURNAL OF
THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

2014

FOREWORD



BY THE PAST PRESIDENT OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

Brigadier Mike Constantine CBE

It is a great pleasure to be asked to write the Foreword for this second edition of the Periodic Journal of the Queen's Regimental Association.

I am sure you will all be happy to join me in congratulating Major Goulden, the Association Secretary, on the very high standard of production he achieved in editing and producing the first edition in 2013. The contributions to the Journal made excellent reading and served to illustrate the broad range of postings and variety of activities that all our Battalions were involved in during the short life span of The Queen's Regiment. Whilst that period of military history may not have had the "excitement" of subsequent wars in Iraq and Afghanistan there can be no doubt that we acquitted ourselves well in all aspects of "peacetime soldiering". Importantly the friendship, camaraderie and memories built up over those years serving around the world now form the bed rock upon which our Association is founded.

Throughout my seventeen years as President of the Association I encouraged former Queensmen to support our Association in general, and their nearest Branch in particular. Building up membership of the Association was always going to be a long slow process. On first leaving the Army we would all have other things to concentrate upon, but as years tick away, inevitably there is a natural inclination to rekindle the friendship and good humour we enjoyed in service life. The Association and its Branches provide the ideal vehicle for getting back in touch with friends and comrades and also for supporting those former Queensmen who have fallen upon hard times.

I strongly endorse the words of our current President in the Foreword he wrote for the first edition of this Journal, and urge you to support our Association in any way you feel able.



EDITORIAL

By Association Secretary

Major A M Goulden



Greetings and welcome to the 2014 Edition of the revamped Journal. Last year I said that this was to be a periodic event in the life of the Association. However, judging by the response to the first one and the influx of articles for this one, it appears that there is an appetite for one a year. If this is the will of the Members, then so be it!

I have tried to include elements of all the material that has been sent in but space dictates that unfortunately not every word written can be included. If an article has not been printed in full, elements of it will be included under "Memories". Your efforts have not been wasted though because any material – especially the anecdotes – that has not been used will be filed as the start of the collection for next year.

You will note that the Journal this year does not follow exactly the same format, being a mixture of what we did when we served and what we have been up to as part of the Association. If you feel that your battalion or your efforts have not been fairly represented, then I'm afraid that the Journal reflects where the articles came from. In particular we need to represent 4 QUEENS and Territorial and Volunteer Battalions more fully – so if you want more about your time in the regiment, get writing!

What has been noticeable is the number of fundraising events that have taken place and my heartfelt thanks are offered on behalf of all Members to those who organised these and took part. Thanks too to all those who put their hand in their pocket to support these efforts. All the money collected goes into our Benevolent Fund and will be used for the benefit of those of our number who are in need.

We were hoping that we would be able to dedicate a new Memorial to the Regiment in May 2015 but unfortunately administrative problems at the National Memorial Arboretum means that this will now not be possible. We will therefore go for a dedication on Sunday 15 May 2016 and celebrate the 50th anniversary of the formation of the Regiment at the same time. Details will follow in due course.

Please do encourage ex members that you know to register their details, if they haven't already done so. We still have some 5,000 ex members of the Regiment who have not registered their details. This is especially important with the dedication of the new Memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum in 2016.

Finally, the deadline for articles next year is 7 September 2015. Please do not wait until the last minute to send in your article but get writing and send it in straight away.

With every good wish for the coming year.

CONTENTS

| | Page | | Page |
|---|---------|---|---------|
| THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 1 QUEENS | 4 - 5 | THE BOXING CHAMPIONS | 46 - 48 |
| OUR CAP AND COLLAR BADGES | 6 - 8 | THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS | 49 - 51 |
| MILITARY VEHICLE RECOGNITION | 9 | THE WILKINSON SWORD OF PEACE 1986 | 52 - 55 |
| 3 QUEENS IN LIBYA JUNE 1968 | 10 - 11 | THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE | 56 - 60 |
| MEMORIES OF A JUNIOR BANDSMAN | 12 - 13 | 8TH QUEEN'S FUSILIERS COLOURS | 61 |
| SPANDAU PRISON GUARD BERLIN - 1970-72 | 14 - 17 | THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 3 QUEENS | 62 - 63 |
| HOW I BECAME THE HIGHEST PAID PUBLIC LAVATORY ATTENDANT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM | 17 | THE CANTERBURY MEMORIAL | 64 - 66 |
| THE BRITISH MILITARY TRAIN | 18 - 20 | THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT ROLL OF HONOUR OF THOSE KILLED ON OR AS A RESULT OF ACTIVE SERVICE | 67 |
| SIX WEEKS IN BELFAST JULY 1971 | 21 - 22 | ABSEIL 2014 | 68 - 69 |
| FREEDOM | 23 | 22 MILES – YOU WISH! | 70 - 71 |
| 2 QUEEN'S N ULSTER - 1972 | 24 - 25 | LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROATS | 72 - 74 |
| BERLIN FLAG TOUR - 1970-72 | 26 - 28 | QUEENS REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION One Aim Rally | 75 - 77 |
| CEREMONY OF THE KEYS | 29 | THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT MEMORIAL WOODLAND FOR FALLEN SOLDIERS | 78 - 79 |
| THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 2 QUEENS | 30 - 31 | VISIT TO THE SOMME | 80 - 81 |
| REFLECTIONS ON DHOFAR | 32 - 34 | SOBRAON SERGEANTS - 1966-92 | 82 |
| THE QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE REVIEW OF THE ARMY - 7TH JULY 1977 | 35 - 36 | MEMORIES | 83 |
| CONDUCT UNBECOMING | 37 | OBITUARIES | 84 - 86 |
| 3RD BN SPORT FISHING ACHIEVEMENTS GIBRALTAR - 1975 | 38 - 39 | IN MEMORIAM | 87 |
| A 'STAB'S' TIME WITH THE REGULARS | 40 - 41 | ASSOCIATION BRANCH NEWS | 88 - 96 |
| GLADYS BLACKBURNE | 42 - 43 | ASSOCIATION BRANCHES | 97 - 99 |
| BELFAST COLOUR PARADE - 1984 | 44 | SIGNIFICANT DATES FOR 2015 | 100 |
| HOW "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN" BECAME THE REGIMENTAL MARCH | 45 | | |



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 1 QUEENS



Visit by The British Ambassador Sir Oliver Wright GCVO KCMG DSC



HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is installed as Warden of the Cinque Ports



Boat Patrol on Lough Erne 1984



Brig Charles Millman, Col of the Regt inspecting the Drums Platoon



Belize – Cadenas OP



BATUS



4 | Soldiers of The Queen's 2014



Belize The IO feeding some of his many children





OUR CAP AND COLLAR BADGES

Prior to the 31 December 1966 serving soldiers wore the cap badge of the Home Counties Brigade. The badges continued to be worn after the amalgamations as regimental badges were not received until February '67. The collar badges and buttons were received later in the year. The Territorial battalions and their cadres wore the County badges up to 1971 when the 6th and 7th (V) battalions were raised.



1

*Officers
Silver Plate*



2

*Officers
Wire Embroidered*



3

*ORs
White Metal*



4

*ORs
Anodised Aluminium*

and each of the Regular Battalions wore the collar badge of the parent Regiment



5

*The Queen's Royal
Surrey Regiment*



6

*The Queen's Own Buffs
The Royal Kent Regiment*



7

*The Royal Sussex
Regiment*



8

*The Middlesex
Regiment*

The design of the then 'new' badge consisted of the Dragon (from The Buffs) encircled by the Garter (from the Royal Sussex) surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers (from the Middlesex) with the scroll beneath (from The Queen's). From the badges shown below one can see how the parts fit together:



12

*The Queen's Royal
Regiment (West Surrey)*



9

*The Buffs
(Royal East Kent Regiment)*



10

*The Royal Sussex
Regiment*



11

*The Middlesex
Regiment*

Variations of the badge as worn are :

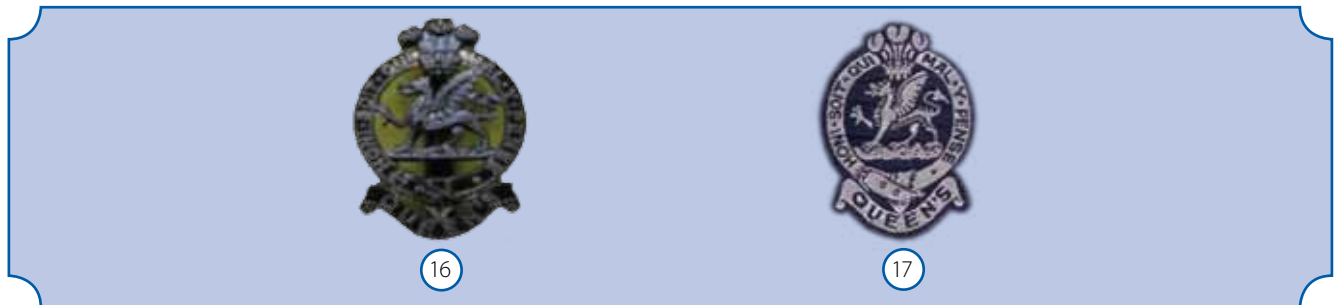


Officers
Silver/Gilt

Officers
Wire Embroidered

ORs
Anodised Aluminium

On operational tours in N. Ireland a blackened badge was worn and this led to the cloth beret badge being introduced

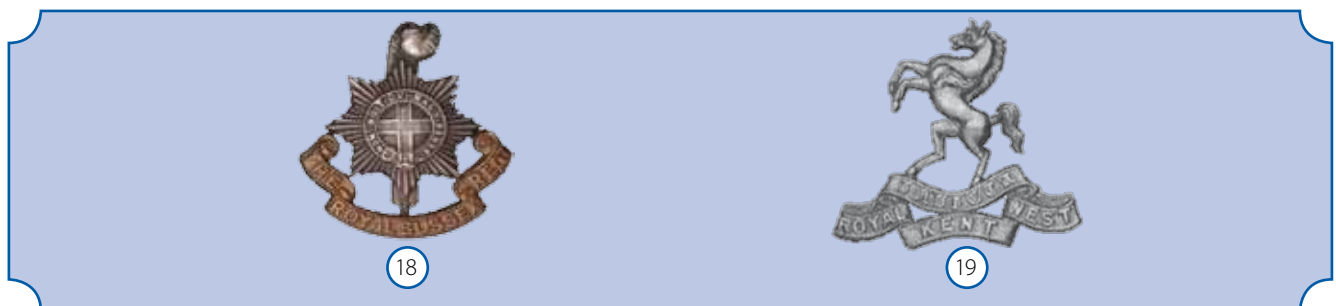


Blackened Badge

Cloth Beret Badge

Officers' badges had twin loops as fittings whilst Other Ranks had a slider. The anodised aluminum badge with loop fittings is not a cap badge but was the centrepiece in the stable belt plate.

Coinciding with the introduction of the cap badge there were also new collar badges, these being worn by all Battalions. The design was again based on badges worn by predecessor Regiments, the Roussillon Plume and Garter from the Royal Sussex Regiment and the White Horse of Kent from the Royal West Kent Regiment :



The Royal Sussex Regiment

The Royal West Kent Regiment



Variants worn were



20

*Officers
Silver/Gilt*



21

*ORs
Anodised Aluminum*

The legacy we have left is shown clearly in the PWRR badge in that it is essentially the Queen's badge with the addition of the Rose from the badge of The Royal Hampshire Regiment and a change of name in the title scroll.



22

The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment



23

The one that got away!

by Mervyn Smith

MILITARY VEHICLE RECOGNITION

A SALUTARY TALE

by Anthony Beattie

In 1970, shortly after completing my Platoon Commander's course, I found myself posted to the 1st Battalion in Berlin and commanding 3 Platoon. In those days, each of the 3 battalions in Berlin Infantry Brigade were required to provide what was called the 'Alert Platoon' to act as a quick reaction force to any incident or incursion on the border. The platoon commander had a short wheelbase landrover and the platoon a 3-ton truck. The great and only excitement, routinely, for the Alert Platoon was the licence to drive down to Theodor Heuss Platz ('NAAFI Platz') where relaxation amounted to cruising the NAAFI and spending the occupation currency, British Armed Forces Vouchers or 'BAFS', and going to the cinema. One afternoon, 3 Platoon was on its way to do just that.

A major road artery of Berlin is the Heerstrasse (Military Road), a 4-lane avenue running East-West from the city centre through the British Sector ultimately to the border and leading to Spandau, where Rudolf Hess was incarcerated and towards the main British garrison. This particular afternoon, 3 Platoon was gently pottering East on the Heerstrasse, its commander acutely conscious that we were possibly the immediate obstacle to expansionist communism in Berlin and, hence, potentially on the springboard of saving the West from WW III. Suddenly a vast, scruffy, rusty, poorly turned out tank transporter, a huge, dirty, white star on its door panels and belching plumes of filthy smoke from its vertical exhausts, loomed into view heading towards us.

'Hello 0 this is 13. I have just passed on the Heerstrasse, going in the opposite direction heading towards Spandau, a Russian tank transporter, over.'

'0, are you sure that it was Russian, over?'

'13, yes, it had a large star marked on the door.'

Less than a minute later the sirens sounded their clarion call bidding the faithful to move immediately into defensive positions around Berlin and, before I knew it, Berlin Infantry Brigade and its neighbouring allies were launched on what was known as a ROCKING HORSE, an immediate General Deployment Plan (GDP) crash out. The rest is history. Some months later we were visited from the 'zone' (BAOR) by the rugby team of 2 QUEENS and in a reflective moment in the mess the subject of some clown in Berlin who mistook an American tank transporter for a Russian one causing a QUICK TRAIN (BAOR's equivalent of ROCKING HORSE) was brought up in conversation by David Shepherd. 'Ah yes' said I reflectively, 'clown indeed', swiftly slinking out to mount the guard on just one of many extra orderly officer duties.

MEMORIES

I was Coy 2ic to Roger Gancz commanding A Coy 1 QUEENS in Werl. Came the time for the annual 'covert' GDP recce down on the Inner German Border; hugely subtle, a load of British Army officers in corduroys, tweed jackets, Barbours and flat hats pretending to be birdwatchers or pursuers of the local brew. Roger and I were allocated a delightful beamed and cosy room in a local stube with ensuite bath etc but a double bed. There was no choice – honest Guv – but the saving grace, had an alarm gone in the middle of the night, was that Roger wore a long nightshirt (a Wee Willie Winkie hat may be fanciful) and I wore a sarong. We remain friends to this day!

Anthony Beattie



3 QUEENS IN LIBYA

JUNE 1968

by Bill Kempton

When my stick of B Company landed at RAF El Adem, in Libya, we saw in the airport compound what looked like scattered heaps of orangey-red, dusty rags. Close up, these turned out to be members of a regiment about to leave by the next flight. How could British soldiers get that dirty? One eighty-mile ten-tonner ride over desert roads later, we found out. By the time we reached our destination, St. Barbara Camp, everything we owned right down to clean underwear in the bottoms of our kitbags had magically turned the colour of the desert.

St. Barbara Camp, our tented base for the next six weeks, was in the middle of a Mars-like plain of packed orange dust, small rocks, and the occasional leathery shrub. Harsh, yet beautiful at dawn and dusk, the desert could also be unpredictable - on our second day, it rained!

One week after arrival, during which time we acclimatised to the dry heat, we travelled a further 38 miles inland to a feature named "Sussex Ridge" for a four-day live firing exercise. We built sangars, then soldiered twice a day for thirty minutes, letting fly with all platoon weapons - including GPMGs in the S.F. role - usually at rocks and tin cans placed at the bottom of the ridge. During the day it was too hot for activity, and we rested under cam nets drinking tea and Orange Crush.

Our reward for this was R&R, an hour's drive from St. Barbara to the coast at Tmimi, where we lived for a couple of days like millionaires - swimming and snorkeling on the edge of the Mediterranean. Hessian shelters had been provided as makeshift tents, but most of us simply laid our sleeping bags on camp beds and slept under the stars.

The battalion had just one company's worth of Mk II APCs, shipped over from Germany, and so we had to take turns exercising with them. Driving over the desert hard-pan flat out at about 35 mph was fun, but you had to watch out for rocks - hitting even a small one at speed felt, especially for the passengers, like being hit by an anti-tank

shell. B Company leaguered at a twin rock feature known as "Pindar's Tits" near Wadi El Mra, accompanied by a troop of Royal Scots Greys in Centurion tanks. Every day we practiced battle runs, first by platoon, then by company, then with tanks, culminating in a live-firing assault which included mortars and artillery. However, as at base camp, all work stopped at midday because of the heat. At Pindar we recorded 135° F, at which temperature any object more than a hundred yards off broke up into a wobbly haze.

Our final exercise was a 36-hour battalion show; C Company in APCs vs the rest. Looking forward to some peaceful time lounging in defensive positions and brewing tea, we were a little shocked to learn that we had to spend long hours - from 1800-0200 on the first night - laying out 'notional' minefields. All flat ground between each rocky, defensive position had to be covered by a line of small rocks, picked up by hand and placed under direction of the Royal Engineers. Worse than this, when the exercise was over we had to go back and kick all the 'minefields' apart again! Yet the ground we stood on was in many cases the sites of real battles, some twenty-five years earlier. In a small wadi, laid out neatly at the back of a narrow rock shelf, I found the stripped-down parts of the breech of what looked like some kind of machine gun. Nobody could identify it, and we wondered who had abandoned it there, and why.

The main souvenir we brought back from Libya was dust - lots of dust. A proper clean-up, including scrubbing of webbing, took weeks. Weapons, which had been dry-cleaned only in the desert (SLR magazines were loaded with only 15 rounds to reduce risk of jamming), were very slightly rusty, and coated with that stubborn dust. SMGs, which had no wooden furniture, were actually dumped into baths of warm water prior to scrubbing and oiling. I still have a tiny bit of that souvenir Libyan dust. There's a faint orange line of it in the stitching and folds of the notebook I took with me. I'm going to leave it there.

MEMORIES

In Bahrain, as C Coy marched past Lt Col Millman, the CO, who was standing on the Bn HQ veranda on our left, we were given the order "Eyes Right" by the Senior Subaltern, Lt Coke-Smyth who was commanding the company. So 120 men saluted the empty desert. "Mr Coke-Smyth, Sir, if there was an officers guard room you'd be in it" roared RSM Les Wilson!

Bob McGhie



Granny Goodacre, Brian Seaton and Bill Dixon waiting for a flight in Libya 1968



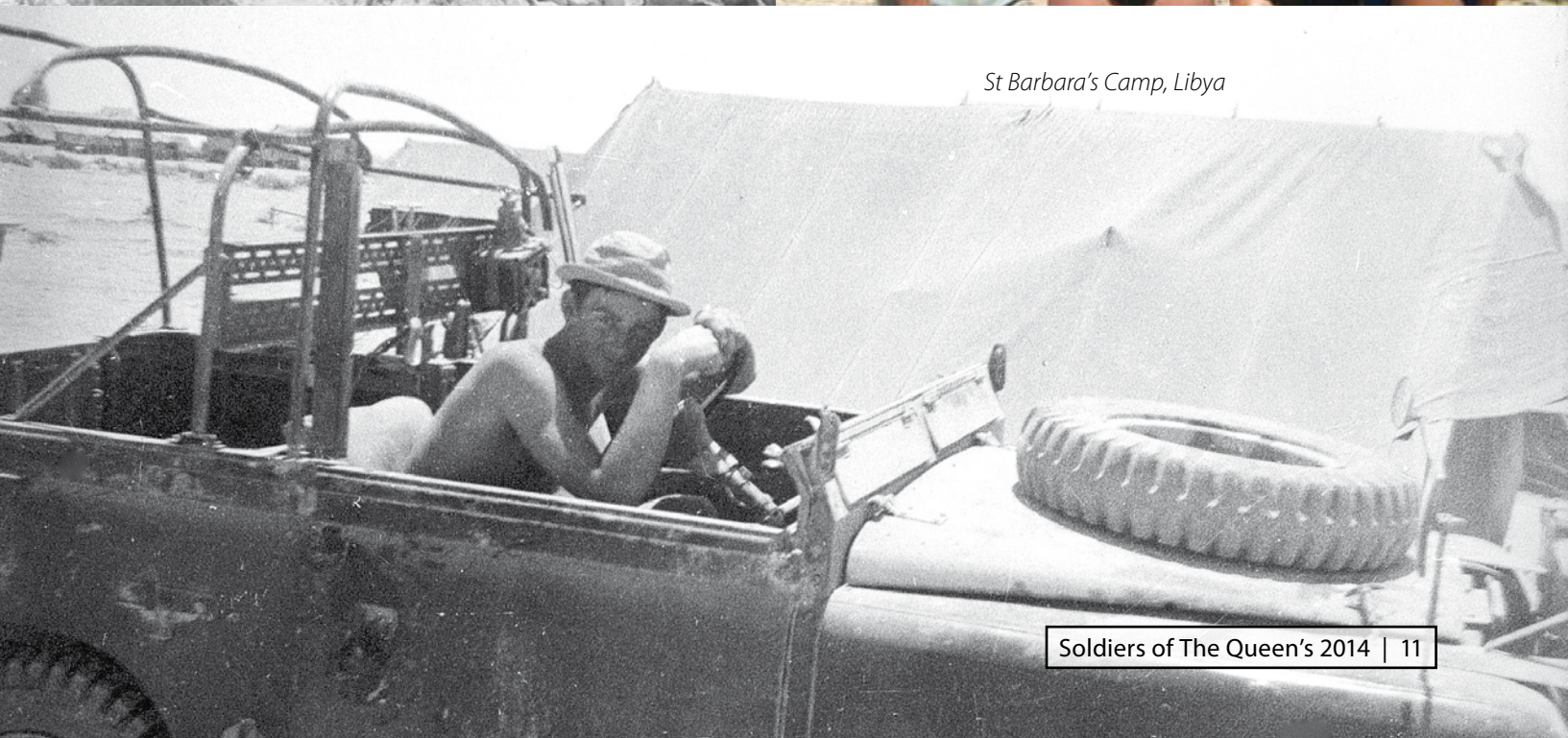
Phil Fisher on R&R in Libya 1968



Bob Spottiswoode on GPMG SF Role on Sussex Ridge, Cyrenia, Libya 1968



L to R: Frank Griffin, Bill Kempton, Don Mahon, John Potter on R&R whilst training in Libya (out of Lemgo) 1968



St Barbara's Camp, Libya



MEMORIES OF A JUNIOR BANDSMAN

I joined the Army as a Junior Soldier in the Queen's Regiment on the 10th of September 1969 at Howe Barracks in Canterbury, Kent. It was a training camp for both junior soldiers and adult recruits. As I came from Aylesham it was only a few miles away but some had come from further afield. There were about 25 of us all new to this. We were introduced to the people in charge, Sgt McLean and Cpl Horner. We were taken to our accommodation and up to the top floor of a block and told to find a bed and locker (the rooms held 8). We put our suitcases/bags by our beds and were told to go into one room where we introduced ourselves to each other. Next came our first taste of Army food (not too bad) and getting odd looks from the other soldiers who had been there longer (we had long hair). After lunch we were taken to the Quartermaster's (QM's) store for our issue of Army clothing, webbing, kit bag and suitcase, then taken back to our block and told which was required and why and shown how to make our beds (bed box). After all this it was time for tea meal, much the same as dinner meal really. We were also shown the NAAFI where we could have a tea/coffee and watch TV and get to speak to the other soldiers who had been there longer. We had to be back at our block before 8pm for more instruction of what to wear for the next day and also what to put in the locker and how to lay it out. We were shown how to iron our uniform for the next day and how to clean our boots. By this time it was almost 11pm and time to shower and get into bed.

After being woken up at 6am (a shock to the body) it was time to get washed, shaved and dressed in our uniform and over to the canteen for breakfast (very different from breakfast at home) then back to the block for more instruction of Army life, including the dreaded "haircut" which was not quite the hairdressers most of the lads were hoping for. We also were taught how to make the "box blanket bed", the standard Army bed making; basically your sheets and blankets were folded and wrapped in a blanket and laid out on your bed sheet in the shape of a box. After lunch we were taken to a small drill square and shown how to get into three lines (called ranks) with the tallest on the right and the smallest on the left, and how to march Army style (right arm forward as well as your left leg forward). It was quite funny really as we could not get the swinging of the arms while marching at first but after a while most of us got it. Then we were shown how to halt. We could sense other soldiers laughing and pointing at us so it made you all the more determined to get it right and the more you tried the more mistakes you made. We must have looked like Dad's Army to them!

Over our 12 weeks training we were taught how to fire and clean various weapons and how to camouflage ourselves and equipment in the woods and fields. We also had time to play sports but most of us liked to play football and we had a good team and played against the other soldiers in the barracks. At the end of the 10th week we were asked what type of platoons we would like to





move up into after passing out (leaving training platoon). There were Rifle, Drums and Band. I decided to join the Drums Platoon. So after passing out I moved to another block which was right next to the canteen where I was introduced to the Drum Major whose name was Windsor Clark but nobody in the drums would call him Windsor to his face. It was always Drum Major. I was also introduced to the other drummers who were Alan Middleton, Alan Lewis and Tom Tallis to name a few. I was given the job of tenor drummer and this involved swinging two sticks with tassels on and just brushing the drum. I was also taught the side drum. It looked easy but after trying it, it wasn't, but I would practise at night and then it became easier. It was then time to try marching and swinging my sticks. This was very hard but with practice I got better at it. I then progressed to marching on the square and learning lots of different types of drill movements (counter march/wheel/halt/mark time) without someone shouting at you. I was also taught to play the bugle (like a trumpet but no keys on top) controlled by your lips. This was hard as the noise that came out was like squeaky pitches but after a number of weeks I managed to get it right. Instead of rifle training every day we would practice either bugle or drums and eventually we made our way to the band practice room to listen to their music and try out some moves while marching on the drill square.



In the summer of 1970 the Junior Soldiers moved to Bassingbourn Barracks near Royston in Hertfordshire where we would be joined by the junior soldiers from the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and the Royal Anglian Regiment. Bassingbourn was an old US Air Force camp during WW2 but was closed down shortly afterwards. We were sorted out into two sets of drums platoons and I was chosen to be in A platoon where I became the bass drummer as I was taller than most. We got on very well with the others although we always argued whose regiment was the oldest and the best. We went all over the South East playing our drums with the band, and took part in many "Colchester Tattoos" with other full time regiments' bands and drums. I continued doing this and other Army things i.e. rifle training, marching, fitness, digging trenches etc until I was old enough to join the adults.

MEMORIES

In 1975 I walked into the recruiting office in Sydenham road, Guildford. The recruiting Sgt gave me several exams and was pleased that I passed everything without any problems... until he realized that despite my height and appearance I was still only 14 and should have been at school! He threw me out of the office, telling me to come back in a couple of years...so I did.

Dave Covey 3 QUEENS



SPANDAU PRISON GUARD BERLIN 1970-72

by Roger Gancz

It was September 1970 and I was the battalion anti-tank platoon commander. It was one of the months that the UK was responsible for guarding Spandau Prison, the others being January and May. The US, France and the USSR did the other months. With my platoon, I had been 'selected' to be the first officer in the Battalion to take-over the guarding of the prison, which housed the last remaining inmate of the seven originally incarcerated there following the Nuremberg Trials in 1945-6. He was Allied Prisoner No 7, otherwise known as Rudolf Walther Richard Hess, Hitler's deputy.

Spandau Prison was built as a military detention centre in 1876 and housed about 600 prisoners. From 1919, it was also used for civilian inmates and, from 1933, it held opponents of the Nazi regime, who were tortured and abused by the Gestapo before being sent off to concentration camps. With a history such as this, it was little wonder that stories abounded about ghosts and unexplained happenings, which included a US soldier committing suicide in watchtower No 3, although other stories suggested that he might have been French, Russian or even British! The prison was in the British Sector sandwiched between Smuts and Brooke Barracks.

Handovers between British units were informal affairs. Between nations it was quite different. A very formal parade was held outside the prison entrance, with everyone in parade uniforms and it involved much presenting of arms, saluting, hand shaking and a lunch.

With my platoon sergeant, 'Whisky' Walker, preparations were made for taking-over the prison the following morning from a 2 RRF platoon. Our job was to stop the prisoner escaping and to prevent anyone breaking in. The orders and procedures for the conduct of the guard had been drawn up by the four Allied Powers and were very detailed. They had to be rigidly adhered to and included: searching soldiers for cameras and cigarettes before going on guard in the towers; not speaking or offering anything to Hess, and not taking souvenirs from the prison. We had no access to the main prison buildings where Hess was housed, but it was common to see or even encounter him in the prisoners' garden where he took exercise. There were stories of him deliberately enticing people to speak

to him or give him cigarettes, whereupon he would report them to the prison governors – big trouble!

Shortly before setting off, we heard that there had been a shooting incident in the prison during the night. All soldiers on guard duty inside the prison were armed with a full magazine of live rounds on their weapons, so there was always potential for drama or worse. There was no detail, but it was with a feeling of some anticipation that I set off for my first guard duty in Berlin.

I met the Fusilier guard commander at the prison. His account filled me with a little apprehension. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, sustained shooting had been heard from one of the watchtowers. It was eventually established that it came from Tower 3. All the towers were connected to the guardroom by telephone, but the commander had been unable to get a response from the sentry in Tower 3. Not knowing what he might encounter, he went to the tower and called the sentry; still no response. Sentries were locked into their towers, so unlocking the door, climbing the steel ladder to the trap door above, throwing back the bolt, he had cautiously lifted it. He found the sentry slumped on the floor in one corner unable to speak or move, but physically unscathed. With some difficulty he was removed from the tower and taken to the British Military Hospital. For reasons thus far unknown, he had fired 12 rounds from the 20 round magazine on his SLR through the parapet of his tower.

It was with some care that we selected who was to do stags in Tower 3. There were six towers around the perimeter wall and No 3 was the most isolated. Stags lasted two hours and there was a formal procedure for marching out the reliefs, changing the sentries and locking them in. It was said that the Russians insisted on locking the sentries in to prevent their soldiers defecting – who knows? Periodically, the guard commander or his 2IC was required to visit the sentries by day and night, a procedure that could take some time, but it was a good opportunity to explore this sinister place, for sinister it really was. Most of the buildings were derelict and those to which we had access had suffered the ravages of time, neglect and the weather, not having been used since the end of WW2. There was dirt and discarded rubbish

and in the old kitchen and its adjoining dining room some old, mostly broken wooden furniture. I noticed that all the wooden chairs were made to the same pattern. Apparently, the pre-war prisoners had made them in the prison workshops; another story?

Adjacent to Tower 3 was the Allied prisoners' garden. For the last four years, Hess had been the sole prisoner and he was now 76 years old, so the garden had become an area

of unkempt grass. In this area there was an oval footpath worn below the level of the surrounding ground. It was here that I encountered Hess for the first time. From a distance of only a few feet we eyed each other. His face was expressionless as I stared into his deep set eyes. I felt no sympathy for this man, for he had been one of the principal architects of one of the world's worst crimes, but his unflinching gaze left me with an uneasy feeling. There



Spandau Prison circa 1970

were no words and no gestures. I was glad to walk on and leave him to his own silent thoughts. Tower 3 was the only one where the sentries could get a good view of the prisoner. I am certain that most soldiers left Spandau Prison with some sense of being part of a unique, historical event, particularly those who had seen him.



Hess – circa 1970

Clandestine photograph taken by Lieutenant Colonel Eugene K. Bird who was US Commandant of the Spandau Allied Prison from 1964 to 1972.

I think it was the second occasion that I was guard commander that I decided that I must have something, other than my thoughts, to remind me of that place. In the garden, Hess had an old wooden chair covered in thick white paint. This was before he was provided with a small summerhouse where he committed suicide in 1987. It was identical in style to the brown painted chairs I had seen in the derelict kitchen and dining room building. I resolved that night to liberate a suitable chair. It was a very windy night when I set off to do my round of the sentries. The



Carving on the back of the chair



Spandau Prison chair liberated by Lt Roger Gancz in 1971

prison was alive with noise. The wind howled through its broken-windowed buildings. Old doors creaked and banged. I completed my round at a brisk pace and made my way to the kitchen building. Inside, all the noises were intensified. I remember putting my hand on my pistol and momentarily thinking of that Fusilier. With the aid of my torch, I quickly selected a chair and beat a hasty retreat to the guardroom. In the morning it was liberated in the back of a truck and still enjoys that freedom to this day.

Postscripts.

The traumatised Fusilier took several days to recover and claimed that he had seen a figure coming towards him. The figure failed to respond to a challenge to halt, so he opened fire. Part of the parapet had to be rebuilt.

When I stripped the unattractive brown paint off my Spandau Prison chair, I found crudely carved in the back, F. S. 1. V11. 36 – 111. 1. 37. Was F S the prisoner who had made the chair? Who was he and what had happened to him?

Spandau Prison was razed to the ground after Hess died. Apparently, everything was removed from the site and either buried at RAF Gatow, where a new NAAFI was built, affectionately known as “Hescos”, or dumped in the North Sea, to prevent anything remaining for souvenir hunters! However, a single brick turned up on the BBC’s Antiques Roadshow in 2013 and I know where there is a chair! What have you got?

HOW I BECAME THE HIGHEST PAID PUBLIC LAVATORY ATTENDANT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

by John Francis

1 QUEENS were deployed to Londonderry in August 1969 as the first reinforcement battalion into Northern Ireland under Charles Millman. As B Company Commander I was allocated the responsibility to cover any encroachment from the Bogside, where Bernadette Devlin and her fellow travellers were ensconced.

It was clear that to carry out this task it would be necessary to occupy the aptly named Waterloo Place, a square in the middle of which, surrounded by iron railings, were public lavatories, the top of which had a commanding all round view of Waterloo Place and more importantly the main exit from the Bogside. There was no questioning that this was the place for my company headquarters!

On arrival, I was proudly met by the then public lavatory attendant, who greeted me warmly and handed over, with deserved pride, the key to number one lavatory, a pristine tiled, highly polished, copper piped, mahogany seated ‘crapper’ lavatory and firmly instructed me that the ‘the key’ was for me and me alone! I spent nearly a month of varying excitements, and of course various curious military visitors to inspect this hub of military presence. At the end of the month I handed ‘the key’ back to my Irish friend and moved to the Diamond location, and so the companies rotated the city until into the fourth/fifth month. At the approach to Christmas I found myself once more receiving ‘the key’ to No 1 lavatory.

Soon after regaining the position of ‘keeper of the bog’, one morning quite early a Corporation open lorry drew up in which there were piles of plywood sheeting. By this time the inside of the wrought iron railings had been sand bagged and on enquiring from the gang leader what he was doing, he replied ‘We do this every Christmas’ and to my astonishment the plywood were painted cut outs of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, which apparently they traditionally, every Christmas tide, fixed to the outside surrounding the lavatory railings! I informed Charles Millman, the CO and he decided that it would appear churlish to refuse. As a result I saw the rest of my time in Waterloo Place on top of a sandbagged public lavatory surrounded by Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. It could only happen to the British Army, ‘Hey Ho, Hey Ho’!



THE BRITISH MILITARY TRAIN

or “When is a ‘Pallet’ not a pallet? – When it is a ‘паллет’!”

by Rocky Hitchcock

Ever since 1945 the British Military train from Berlin ran on a regular basis, every day except Christmas to the so-called ‘Zone’ in West Germany. The only exception to this was during the Berlin Blockade in 1949. There were in fact, two trains; the ‘Berliner’, which was the passenger train and the three weekly freight train.

The ‘Berliner’ was a complete anachronism in many respects in that all the comforts of 1st Class travel in Britain, which were gradually whittled away over the years, were maintained and improved in the Berliner. The staff were employees of the luxury train operators - Compagnie Internationale Wagonlit – and of course, as it ran through the potential ‘enemy territory’ of East Germany, it needed to be guarded by Berlin’s finest –or at least six of them. In addition there was the OIC Train (generally a subaltern working off extra orderly officer duties), a Train Conducting Warrant Officer (TCWO) from the RCT and an interpreter from the Military Police pool of interpreters, whom everyone considered to be a spy in disguise.

The train left Charlottenburg Station in West Berlin at 8 o’clock sharp and headed across West Berlin, stopping at Potsdam in East Germany in its own fenced-in loop line. Although Charlottenburg Station and the line through West Berlin were owned and operated by the East German Deutsche Reisebahn, because the train had crossed the frontier from West Berlin into East Germany, the engine, although East German, was detached from the train and searched. At Potsdam, an East German railway guard also joined the train just in case it was carrying something untoward.

As the train made its way to Braunschweig in the ‘Zone’ at a stately 35 mph, the passengers, mainly school children or sports teams off to BAOR, were invited to look out for points of interest such as the Soviet tank repair workshop as the train gradually increased to a top speed of 60 mph. A full English breakfast was served in the winter months with a slightly lighter fare in the summer. As the train took 4 ½ hours to complete its journey to the ‘Zone’ there was also time to have lunch, all served by the impeccable





Wagonlits staff. Ironically this took place at Marienborn in full view of the impoverished East Germans as the train doors were locked and guarded to prevent them stowing away and making their escape to the West. It was also at Marienborn that the 'three Stooges' – the OIC Train, the TCWO and the Interpreter alighted, marched smartly down the platform, saluted their Russian opposite numbers and had the train's documentation checked and passed.

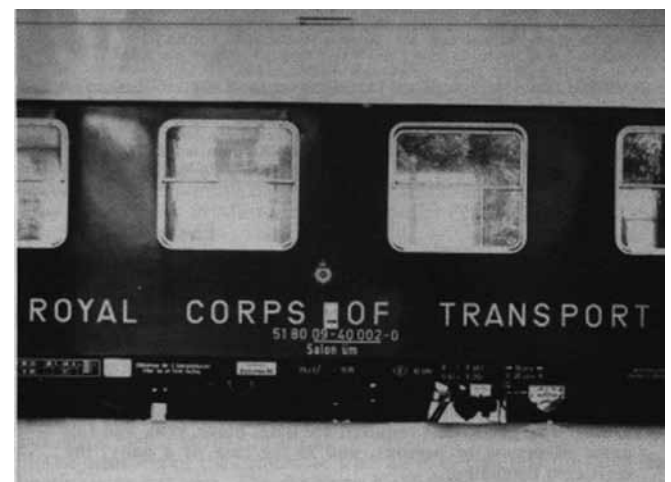
From Marienborn, the train then proceeded to Braunschweig where it terminated and all passengers got off, leaving the 'Stooges' a few hours to relax, unwind and consume quantities of Slivovitz in the company of the Wagonlits staff at dubious bars around the station.

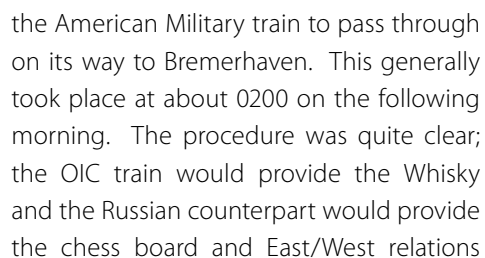
The return journey was a reversal of the outward, except that dinner was served - with more consumption of wine and liqueurs - at Marienborn to the envy of the 'Ossies' on the platform. Eventually, the train arrived at Charlottenburg at 1945 hours disgorging its motley, and probably mildly intoxicated travelers, into the bright lights of the divided city.

However, there was another military train that had none of the glamour of the passenger train and that was the three weekly goods train carrying military stores to and from the 'Zone'. This journey took three days to complete and it too needed an armed escort and generally, at least for the 'Three Stooges', led to a more interesting time.

First, because rank undoubtedly had its privileges, the OIC had half a railway carriage for himself with a bedroom, sitting room and private bathroom. The TCWO and the Interpreter had to share the other half by themselves whilst the poor unfortunate soldiers who provided the guard had the use of their own carriage and also the kitchen where they had to survive for themselves with enough 'compo' rations to fend off a siege of two weeks if the Russians decided to hold up the train.

The train left Spandau at about the same time as the 'Berliner' rolled in and went through the same checks at Potsdam as its passenger equivalent before arriving at Marienborn at about 2245. It then stopped, to allow



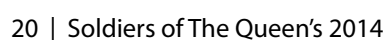


Anglo/US relations also came under strain when, after the consumption of a fair portion of the Anglo/Russian whisky, it was decided that it would be a good wheeze for the Russian Officer and the OIC train to swap uniforms and greet the American train commander on the platform. All went well, despite the lack of Russian on the part of the Brit and the lack of English on behalf of the Russian. It didn't matter because that what interpreters were for, until a complete fit of the giggles caused the whole charade to collapse. The American was far from amused and on his return to Berlin promptly reported the matter. The British OIC train was later invited for an interview without coffee at Berlin Brigade HQ.

British/Russian relations also took a knock when the local KGB officer dropped in to the office to find both chess opponents playing on a board that was wrongly set up. Without a word, he turned it round the right way, and the Russian officer was not seen again for six months!

Once on the move the train proceeded to Helmstedt, stayed a day and the procedure repeated itself on the way back but without the socialising of the preceding day.

Adjutants thought that being the OIC train, either passenger or freight, was a suitable punishment for erring officers without realising that it was a great break from the tedium of barrack life in Berlin and was great chance to get out and see 'the enemy' up close and personal.



SIX WEEKS IN BELFAST

JULY 1971

by Sunray

On 19 July 1971 2nd QUEENS moved from its barracks in West Germany to Soltau for mechanised training. However, 24 hours later a warning order was received for an emergency tour of unknown duration in Londonderry in Northern Ireland beginning on 8 August. The Battalion therefore returned quickly to Werl and began urgent Internal Security refresher training. On 5 August the Advance Party under the CO, Lt Col Mike Reynolds, flew from RAF Gutersloh to RAF Aldergrove, and then on to Shackleton Barracks. The following day they carried out a detailed recce of Londonderry. The Republicans were, by now, armed and the atmosphere in the city was tense. Three days later, on the 9th, the Battalion was designated Province Reserve and told it would be stationed in the old Torpedo Factory in Antrim. The CO therefore set off with his Adjutant, Capt Pat Gwilliam, Intelligence Officer, Capt Raymond Low, Signals Officer, Capt Ian Baillie, and his company commanders, first to the Torpedo Factory and then on to Belfast.

On returning to Antrim late that evening the CO was shocked to find his Battalion had been placed under command 39 Brigade and was being deployed into Belfast. He had not been consulted about this and the

deployment was already underway. Tac HQ was to set up in Mountpottinger RUC Station in East Belfast with Major Maurice Dewar's B Company located alongside in the Short Strand bus depot. Major Andy Cowing's A Company (Major Simon Boucher took over in early Aug) was already in the Ballymurphy under command 2 Para and Major George Goring's Support Company in the Lower Falls under 1 RGJ. Major Ewan Christian's C Company was still in transit from Germany. The CO was furious and spent the following few days desperately trying to get his missing companies back under command. He eventually achieved this and by the 26th 2 QUEENS was responsible for most of East Belfast. However, he was still frustrated by the constant redeployment of his men. For example on the 26th, he was told to provide guards for some RUC stations, an Ordnance depot and two power stations, as well as the Royal Victoria Hospital (RVH) where one of his subalterns, Merrick Willis, had already been shot and seriously wounded by gunmen in a passing car. Mention should also be made of the often atrocious living conditions at this time with many soldiers having to sleep on the floors of the numerous buildings they occupied, including filthy places like the Short Strand bus depot. A full description





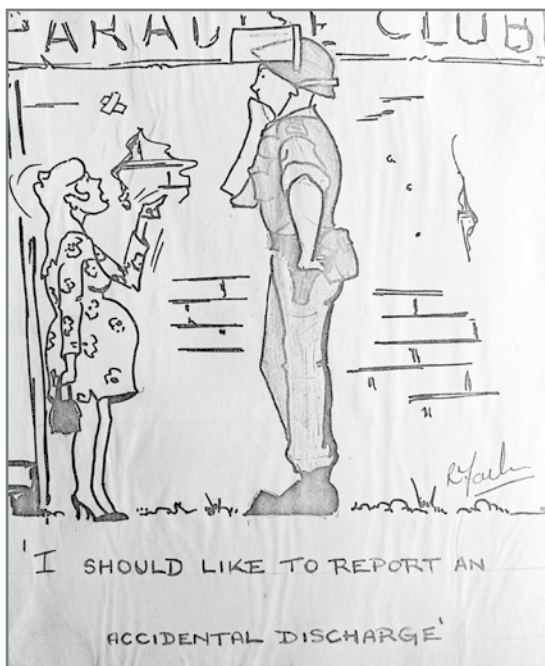
of the Battalion's time in Belfast with its many riots, shootings and bombings can be found in the Regimental History, *Soldiers of the Queen*. This account will be restricted to a couple of the more amusing memories of its time there.

One memorable incident was when the Reverend Ian Paisley demanded to see "the officer in charge of East Belfast". He was ushered into the CO's office and immediately started bellowing that not enough was being done to protect his Protestants in East Belfast. He was very intimidating. However, after he had let off steam a bit, the CO told him that if he would sit down and listen they could discuss matters. Paisley did so and the CO immediately threw a map onto the desk and said "I have 550 men. That's how they are deployed. If you know a better way to do it, please enlighten me!" Paisley was clearly nonplussed and shut up. They then had a long discussion on the 'Troubles'. It would probably have been a very short one had he known that the CO was a Roman Catholic!

Another amusing incident occurred when the CO received an invitation from the owner of the *Belfast Telegraph* to come to a reception at his home in East Belfast following his daughter's wedding. He could bring two officers with him so the CO took his Adjutant and IO and they arrived to find a large party going on in the house and in marquees in the garden. After a while the host suggested that they should join some of his best friends in his study. The three Queen's officers were in uniform of course and it wasn't long before an important looking gentleman began to quiz the CO about the 'Troubles'. After a couple of whiskies the CO suggested that one of the problems was the segregation of the Ulster population and that it was unlikely that there were any Catholics at the party. "Of course not!" was the reply. "Well I've news for you" said the CO, "There are three – I am and so are the two officers I've brought with me." He suddenly found himself standing alone!

The Battalion was extremely lucky during its short time in Belfast in that it suffered only one other casualty. On 14 September 21 year-old Private Carter was shot dead by three gunmen whilst on guard outside the RVH. A hostile crowd tried to make off with his body but were prevented from doing so by Private Thorn. Carter was the first fatal casualty suffered by the Regiment in Northern Ireland once "hostilities" had officially been declared.

Three days later the Battalion returned to Werl.



FREEDOM

In darkly-narrow, rain-wet streets
Under cloak of Divis Mountain
Stood a private and his captain
Some twenty six years gone by.

Why?
To help bring freedom.

Out in late-evening, urban darkness
Watchful, vengeful, narrowed eyes
Waited, hated, then alerted
Freedom's finger, squeezing hard.

Why?
Was this for freedom?

I moved unknowingly, he remained.
The wind of freedom passed me by.
But freedom struck its unconscious blow
I held a shattered brain as he began to die.

Why him?
Why not me?
Was this freedom?

Now, years later, I have children, I have a wife,
Freedom's hot metal made cold another's life,
Young Evans – not forgotten across all these years
I lived, you died, and I shared your mother's tears.

All this for freedom.

This poem was written as commemoration to Private Stanley Evans of C Coy 1 QUEENS who was shot in the head by an IRA sniper during a house search in Unity Flats Belfast on the 14th November 1972. He died of his catastrophic wounds in hospital.

Lt Col Bob McGhie, who wrote this poem had asked that it be inserted into the journal anonymously. However, following his sad passing, his family requested that he is credited with it as an indication of how much he cared for the soldiers under his command.



2 QUEENS IN ULSTER - 1972

On Tuesday 24 July 1972 the CO, Lt Col Mike Reynolds, received the following hand-written warning order from his Brigade Commander: 'Your Bn is to move to Northern Ireland on Friday 28 July with all B vehicles and one company's worth of 432s. No one is to know but yourself for the moment. Sorry we know no more.' This totally unexpected and sudden move angered him particularly because the planned Rear Party for the Battalion's scheduled Ulster tour that October was on leave and there were adventure training parties in Sardinia, Bavaria and the Harz mountains. Despite this the move to Ulster was confirmed on the 26th, but without the requirement to take APCs. The advance party was to leave the following day, led by the CO, and the main body would start flying out on the 28th. Accordingly, on the evening of the 28th, the main body was moved from RAF Wildenrath in one lift of five Britannias and twenty-five Hercules to RAF Aldergrove. One aircraft took off every twenty minutes and to add a touch of drama to the already dramatic situation, the Hercules unloaded at Aldergrove with their engines running. By the evening of the 29th the Battalion was 99% complete at the weekend training camp at Ballykinler, south of Belfast, where it was placed at one hour's notice to move.

Operation Motorman, the removal of barriers defending the Catholic 'no-go' areas in Ulster took place early on the 31st, but the Battalion was not involved. However, to the CO's horror, HQ Northern Ireland placed it under command 3 Brigade which detached his B and Support Companies to under command the Queen's Own Highlanders and Gordon Highlanders respectively. He was left with only half his companies and an operational area in the south of County Down. Then on 2 August the Battalion was placed under 8 Brigade in Londonderry and told to move at once to the city and take control of the Creggan area. The downside was that Major Simon Boucher's A Company was detached to help 24 Brigade in Belfast, leaving only Major Peter Barrow's C Company. The CO remonstrated with every senior officer he could contact – two brigade commanders and the CLF himself. This worked and by 5 August Major Crispin Champion's B and Major Desmond Butler's Support Companies were back under command. A Company followed on 10 August.

Initial accommodation in Derry left much to be desired. Companies were based in two schools, an RUC station, an old Tesco supermarket, a former wartime liberty ship and an old factory. Battalion HQ started in a school but soon moved into Brooke Park. This was a large 1840's building with a public library on the ground floor which of course was a major security risk; to the irritation of the locals and the frustration of the Provos, the CO had it closed. Sometime after the Army left the Provos blew it up.

2 QUEENS partners in the Creggan were initially the Royal Scots and then our own 3rd Battalion; they looked after the southern half of the estate. 3 RRF and then 2 Scots Guards were in the Bogside. Above the Creggan was a hilly area known locally as 'Piggery Ridge' where the Army decided to build a battalion sized camp – Creggan Camp. It dominated the surrounding area and was hated by the locals who considered it a symbol of British Protestant domination. B and Support Companies and the Recce Platoon moved into it half way through the Battalion's tour.

Not long after its arrival in Derry the Battalion received a visit from General Sir Michael Carver (later Field Marshal the Lord Carver), the Chief of the General Staff. Towards the end of the tour he asked the CO if there was anything he wanted to raise with him. The CO replied "Yes sir. We came out here at virtually no notice on an emergency tour and I'm told we will soon return to Germany. However, we're due to come back to Ulster in a little over two months time on a scheduled four-month tour and before that we're meant to carry out the normal Northern Ireland training package at Sennelager. It just doesn't make sense to any of us. The Battalion is fully experienced in this type of operation and we've only just had the sadness of saying goodbye to our families. Why can't we stay here now and complete a four month tour?" The CGS thought for a minute and then said to the MOD colonel accompanying him "Fix it!" It was learned later that this made the CO very unpopular in the MOD as it upset all their plans for which units would deploy to Ulster and when.

On 7 October the CO wrote to the Colonel of the Regiment: "We took over the whole of the Creggan on 28 September when the Coldstream Guards left without relief. Our area now comprises some 4,000 houses, seven schools and 20,000 people of whom 99% are Catholic. Three-quarters of our area was formerly 'No-Go'. There is no change in the attitude of the locals. They dislike the British Army intensely. We patrol in platoon sized groups, mainly on foot, a tactic introduced by the CO to deter terrorist snipers. In addition we man numerous OPs, vehicle check points and defensive posts. All military vehicles are stoned continuously by children, usually under about 12, who are organised by older teenagers under the direction of

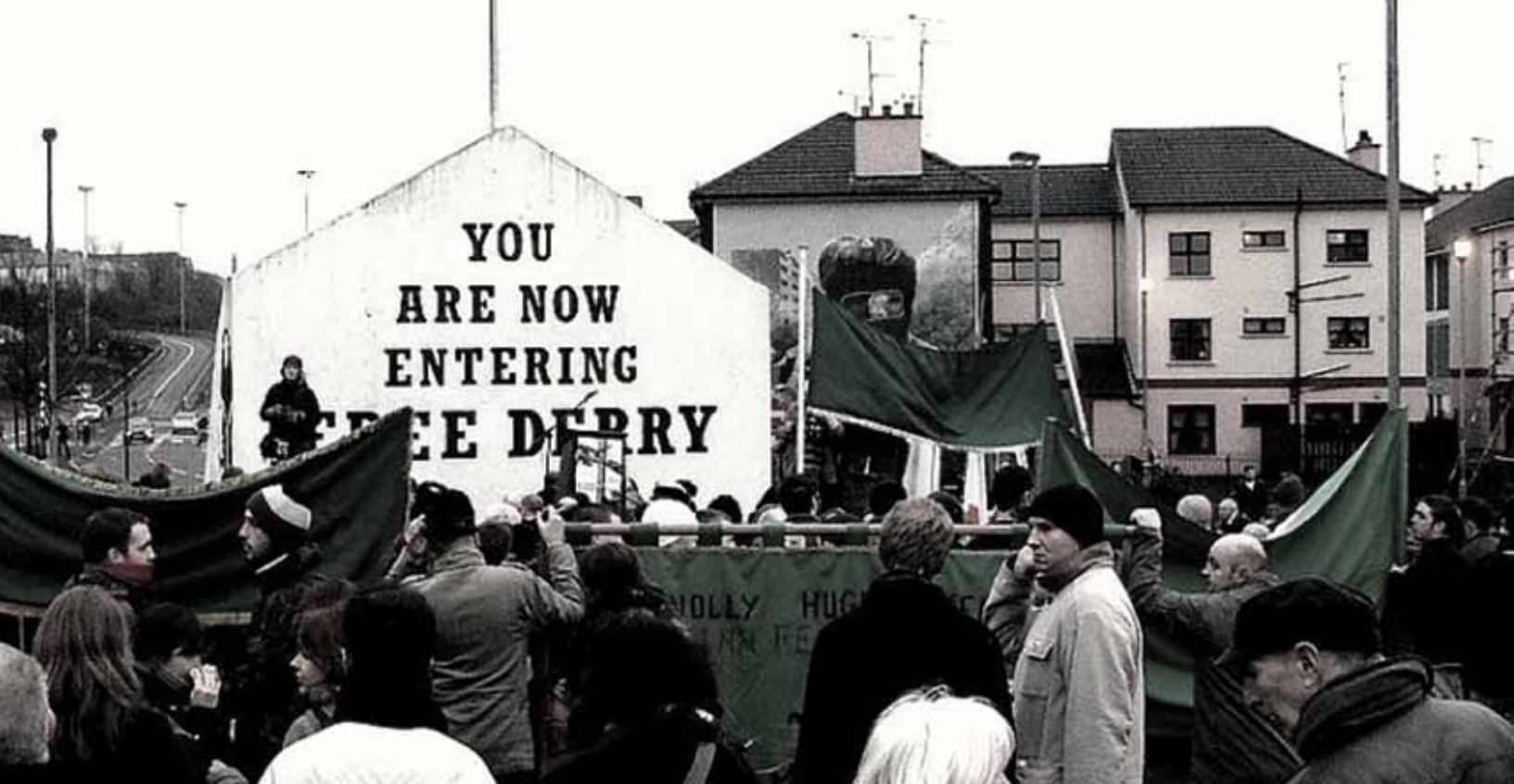
the IRA. We search houses and arrest only on information provided by Special Branch, except in the case of 'hot pursuit' after a shooting or bombing when we enter anywhere at will. This week has been particularly active. We arrested three wanted persons, raided over twenty houses, found an Armalite rifle and over 200 rounds of ammunition, but had two soldiers shot and wounded. The first was saved by the bullet hitting his rifle butt first and then passing through his side without doing too much damage. He is being casevaced today. The second, Pte Davenport, was wounded in his lower stomach and it has damaged the nerve to his left leg. We shall not know for a week whether he will get back the use of his leg. Last week Graham White's Recce Platoon had a great success in finding a 150lb bomb under a culvert. It would have killed the crew of any vehicle passing over it. Also L/Cpl Moynihan had a lucky escape when a bullet was deflected by his flak jacket. Pte Bate, who had been struck by a bullet which exploded a baton round in his pocket on 18 August causing serious injuries, is apparently recovering well."

According to 8 Brigade the Battalion arrested a total of sixty members of the Provisional IRA during its tour. These included two Directors of Operations, one Company Commander, one Intelligence Officer, two Explosives Officers and a Training Officer; the remainder were snipers or bombers or in possession of firearms. Also during the four months in Derry a total of 6720 lbs of explosives and 473 rounds of ammunition were recovered. The Battalion

was involved in forty-two shooting incidents during which forty-nine rounds were fired at it and thirty-two rounds were returned. 828 baton rounds and forty-nine CS gas cartridges were fired at rioters. No fatalities were suffered but three members of the Battalion and an attached Sapper were wounded by sniper fire and one soldier was injured by a bomb. Over twenty soldiers received medical treatment as a result of missiles being thrown at them.

At the end of November the Battalion returned to Germany. On its final day the CO received the following letter from the Commander 8 Brigade:

"On the eve of your departure I send you my grateful thanks for a job very well done. By your efforts in the Creggan you have made an outstanding contribution to keeping the peace in N Ireland. Please tell all ranks how much I have admired their courage and patience when operating under the most difficult and frustrating conditions. I know that on occasions you have felt that you have been somewhat constrained by my policy of trying to keep unnecessary harassment of the civilian population to a minimum and of only searching on strong evidence. I want all ranks to know that your loyal observance of this policy and your magnificent efforts have resulted in 60 hard core IRA being put out of battle since 1 October. 40 of them have been charged. CLF has told me that this is considerably higher than the equivalent figures for any other area in the Province. I cannot thank you enough".





BERLIN FLAG TOUR

1970-72

The Battalion took over from The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in July 1970 and was soon into the regular routines, together with the other Berlin units, guarding Hess in Spandau prison, border patrols, the British Military Train and Flag Tours. Like so many things in Berlin, these activities grew out of the Potsdam Agreement between the USA, UK and USSR in 1945. This included free access to all sectors for the Allied governing powers. The Agreement was subsequently complicated by the Soviet blockade in 1948-49 and the closing off of East Berlin, the Soviet sector, in 1961 and the construction of the Berlin Wall.

Flag Tours were one of the ways in which this freedom of movement within the city was exercised. After the wall was built, access to East Berlin was restricted to Checkpoint Charlie in the American sector. These tours were conducted most days of the year, day and night, often by several units at the same time. They could last for many hours and, as I was to discover, could end very abruptly after a few minutes.

As a young officer, I would admit to a certain excitement at the opportunity to do these tours. For most soldiers, it is unusual to have the opportunity to cross formalised boundaries to 'walk' some of your enemy's ground. Berlin also had all the ingredients for the very best spy novels because it was real and at the centre of the Cold War. Flag Tours they may have been called, but apart from exercising the right of movement, they were also low level information gathering patrols. I have no idea how much the information gathered contributed to the grand scheme of things, but you would have had to have been particularly inert not to have got some sense of playing a tiny part in Cold War history.

The battalion intelligence officer, Mike Jarrett, ran our roster. Once nominated for a tour, you would report to brigade headquarters for a short briefing from the intelligence people on the area to be covered, any specific tasks, such as troop movements and military equipment, and any activity of note. Documents were provided for entry and exit through Checkpoint Charlie. These were for the Russians because East German jurisdiction was not recognised in the Soviet sector by the Western Allies. Once through Checkpoint Charlie, reality could be very different. The VoPo (Volkspolizei – Peoples Police), an unpleasant, paramilitary organisation with substantial military resources was very much in evidence. Numerous stories existed about tour cars being boxed-in for long periods and worse, but most tours were relatively uneventful. Reports, and sometimes debriefs, were done after completion.

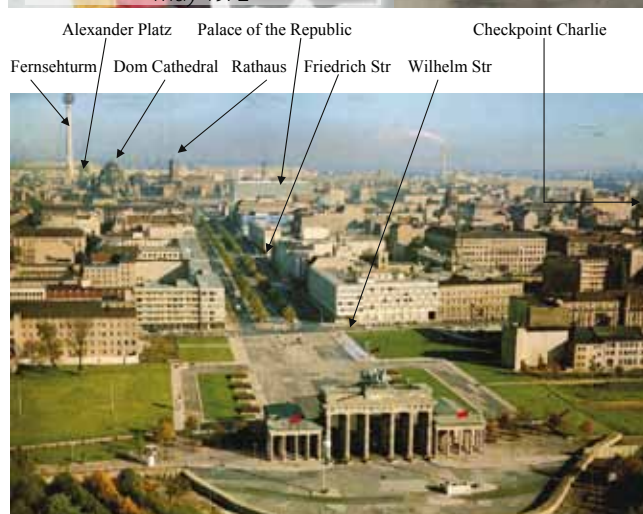
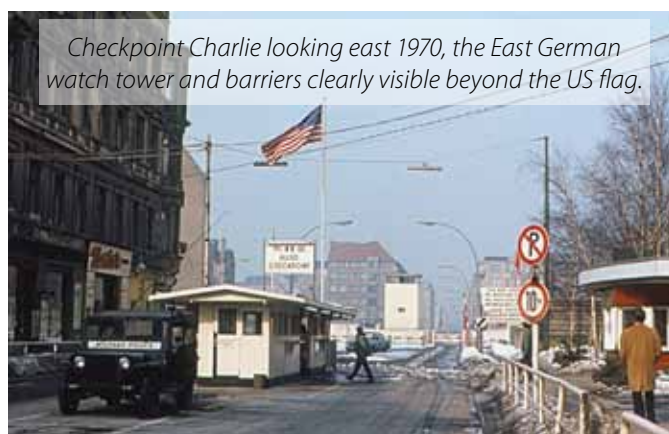
The British tour cars were army-green Austin 1300s suitably adorned with Berlin Infantry Brigade and Union Jack stickers. Its diminutive size seemed to lack the presence that one might have expected for exercising the British right of passage, but it did have a military radio for communication with brigade headquarters and specially trained drivers were provided by 62 Transport and Movement Squadron RCT. No weapons were carried. However, in spite of its appearance, I was to become an admirer of this little car's agility and robustness.

Crossing through Checkpoint Charlie for the first time was an exciting experience. On the east side, it was heavily fortified with concrete chicanes, a watch tower and lifting barriers. Papers were handed over to the Russians and you set off along Friedrich Strasse in the direction of the Unter den Linden. The contrast with West Berlin was immediate. The West had all the trappings of a flourishing, affluent society. Much of the East had changed little since the end of WW2, except for the new centre around the area of the Brandenburg Gate, the Palace of the Republic, the Rathaus and Alexanderplatz. War damage could be seen everywhere. Buildings were still derelict and many were covered in shrapnel and bullet marks, a testimony to the bitter fighting before the Russians finally took Berlin. There were few cars and even fewer shops with little in them to buy. People looked poor. The famous Berliner Dom Cathedral at the eastern end of the Unter den Linden was still a bombed ruin. Away from the centre, there was an eeriness about this half of the city that was both fascinating and sinister.

'Targets' were invariably barracks. Surrounded by high walls, there was little to be seen from outside, so waiting near the gates was often the only option. In the middle of the night, this could be a boring and fruitless activity. The desire to 'tweak

the tiger's tail' could sometimes be irresistible. Leaving the driver in the car with the engine running, I would walk towards the sentry to see how far I could get before he recognised the British military uniform and reacted. When the guard was called out it was time to leave.

May Day parades were periods of high military activity on both sides. In East Berlin, military equipment was frequently on the move and parade rehearsals took place, all of which the Western Allies wanted to keep an eye on. In 1971, I was tasked to tour the city centre where the rehearsals and the parade the following day were to pass. This was on the east side of the Spree close to the Palace of the Republic, the red brick Rathaus, the Berliner Fernsehturm (TV tower) and Alexanderplatz. It was to be a night rehearsal, so we crossed over early in the evening before the centre was sealed off. Once through Checkpoint Charlie, an unmarked BMW tail car came up behind us. This was not an unusual occurrence, particularly prior to a big event. We had a few attempts to lose it, but Austin 1300s were no match for BMWs! I decided to park up in the centre on Karl Liebknecht Strasse and wait for the rehearsal to start. Our tail car parked up about 20 metres away. We got out to stretch our legs and had a brief chat with our East German minders and gave them some fags. Time was dragging on past midnight; when was the rehearsal going to start? Suddenly, we saw our minders jump into their car and drive off. I spotted two Gaz 69 jeeps speeding towards us from the direction of the Unter den Linden. I had no desire to be a long stay guest of





the German Democratic Republic; time to leave. I shouted a warning and jumping into our car and we set off for Checkpoint Charlie. The road system in those days required us first to travel east up Karl Liebknecht Strasse to a large roundabout at Alexanderplatz. Approaching the roundabout, a VoPo, in a Wartburg police car, came up alongside brandishing a pistol out of the car window. This was getting serious. With tyres screeching and adrenalin pumping, I told my driver to go around the roundabout a second time to make some distance on the VoPo, which we achieved. Travelling west now along Karl Liebknecht Strasse, we crossed

the Spree; sped past the Dom Cathedral into the Unter den Linden towards the Brandenburg Gate. My driver was doing a fantastic job nearly driving the wheels off our car, but the Wartburg was gaining on us. The Unter den Linden was a wide dual carriage way and, travelling west, it was not possible to turn directly into Friedrich Strasse to get to Checkpoint Charlie. We had to go to Wilhelm Strasse, a few hundred metres from the Brandenburg Gate, and double back on the opposite carriage way. Flat out and with my guidance, the driver was weaving the car down the Unter den Linden to prevent our not so friendly VoPo from overtaking us. Just before the carriage way crossover, I spotted a large 'No Parking' sign on a concrete base planted on the edge of our carriage way with the centre reservation. We lured the VoPo to come up on our left side and at the critical moment I shouted, "Swerve left". Instinctively, the VoPo swerved left too with the inevitable result. I caught a glimpse of the disintegrating 'No Parking' sign and the Wartburg was gone. Through now to the other carriage way and going east towards our right turn into Friedrich Strasse. There, at the junction, were about five or six military clad men forming a human barrier across the road. They must have been the crews of the two Gaz 69s who, unable to keep up, had stopped and run across the Unter den Linden to block us. I clearly remember saying to my driver, "Don't stop, but for God's sake don't kill anyone". Reflecting on this instruction after 43 years, I have no idea what he made of it. Suffice to say, he barely lifted off the throttle as we turned into Friedrich Strasse. I was aware of khaki clad bodies leaping to safety and a large, wooden truncheon striking the windscreen right in front of my face. Luckily it held and we were off again, with the car's engine screaming, towards Checkpoint Charlie about a kilometre away. With barely time to draw breath, there suddenly appeared on our left side a large, unmarked Volga car which rammed us. Again, I told my driver to keep going as fast as possible, keep the car on the road and force the Volga to go around the left side of the two U-Bahn entrances in the middle of the road before the checkpoint; then park the car with the bonnet up against the barrier at Checkpoint Charlie. And so we progressed down Friedrich Strasse at breakneck speed with the Volga trying to knock us off the road. While all this was going on, I was giving periodic sitreps over the radio. I recall thinking that I must try and sound calm and collected; I probably overdid it!

We beat the Volga to Checkpoint Charlie, albeit on the east side, where, for a moment, we had time to reflect on what had happened, but not for long. A BTR 152 armoured lorry pulled up behind us and two men holding an enormous hook on the end of a winch cable were trying to find somewhere to attach it to our car. The only things you could easily attach to the back of an Austin 1300 were a few stickers! They eventually gave up and drove away. Meanwhile, I was sending more sitreps and was told that negotiations were being held and that we would soon be released. It was reassuring to know this, but it also amused us to hear an American voice telling us that, "We now have you under observation". We eventually spotted a loan GI standing on the top of a building, a rifle slung over his shoulder, holding a pair of binoculars. After about half an hour, the negotiators had done their stuff; the barrier suddenly lifted and we were out. (author's note – Who was with me that night, Whisky Walker and Bluey Hedges and what was the name of my brilliant driver?)

May Day 1972 was nearly a repeat performance. Richard Graham and I went over for the night rehearsal. My card was obviously marked. Within 15 minutes a Gaz 69 deliberately rammed us hard. It was time to leave again. A couple of days later, I went back in with Colin Bowes-Crick (and one other?). We latched on to an East German military convoy returning to its barracks in broad daylight. As the barrack gates swung open and the vehicles started to enter, the military policemen directing the traffic suddenly spotted us. Pandemonium ensued; the VoPo rushed around shouting orders, but not knowing whether or not to get all the vehicles into the barracks before shutting the gates. We had a good laugh, but I decided it was time to leave before they started getting aggressive. We cruised around till nightfall trying not to attract attention to what we had planned to do next. As midnight approached, in totally deserted streets, we made our way back to Checkpoint Charlie via a pre-recced stand of red and East German flags. Flags were quickly liberated from their poles, which Colin and I still have as reminders of our Berlin Flag Tours.

Ed: (Chair and now flags. Captain Gancz appears to have a penchant for other peoples possessions!).

CEREMONY OF THE KEYS

Gibraltar 16 April 1974

On two occasions during their tour of Gibraltar, 3 QUEENS took part in the Ceremony of the Keys. On the first occasion, the Outpost Platoon was found by A Company, under Lt Tawell. On the second occasion it was found by C Company under 2nd Lt GA Waller. On both occasions WO2 Smith was the Port Sergeant.

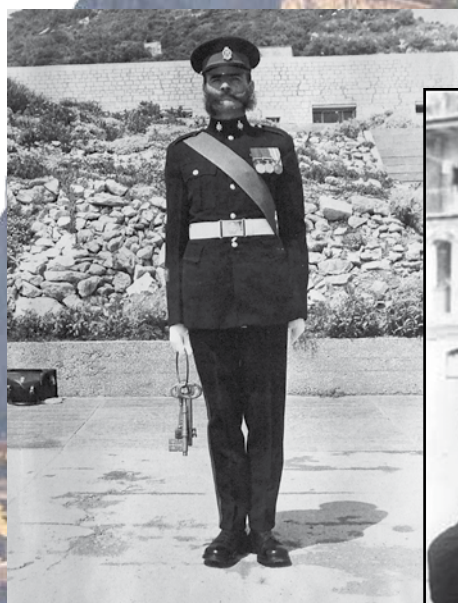
Since the capture of the Rock in 1704, the Keys of Gibraltar have symbolised the possession of the Fortress by Great Britain. The Keys have come to be regarded as the seals of office of the Governor and as such are handed over from one Governor to the next.

During the Great Siege (1779-1783) the Governor, General Elliott, (later created Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar for his heroic defence of the Rock), wore the Keys at his belt constantly, except when he handed them to the Port Sergeant. As the Sunset Gun was fired, the Port Sergeant accompanied by the armed escort would lock the gates

in the North Wall at Landport, Waterport and Chatham Wicket. The Keys would then be handed back to the Governor with the cry "The Fortress is secure and all's well". The following morning the Port Sergeant would collect the Keys again, re-open the gates and then hand the Keys back to the Governor for safe keeping.

After peace was restored in 1783, drums and fifes accompanied the Port Sergeant and his escort to warn aliens to leave the Rock before the gates were closed. This procedure was carried out each evening without interruption for approximately 140 years until discontinued some time after the First World War. The event was then revived as a ceremony in 1933.

The ceremony is performed at intervals throughout the year by British Army Units stationed in Gibraltar at the time, and by the Gibraltar Regiment.



*CSM A Smith, Port Sgt,
Ceremony of the Keys*



*CSM A Smith, Port Sgt, Ceremony of the Keys
presenting them to the Governor, Marshall of the
Royal Air Force Sir John Grandy*





THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 2 QUEENS







Sarfait airstrip



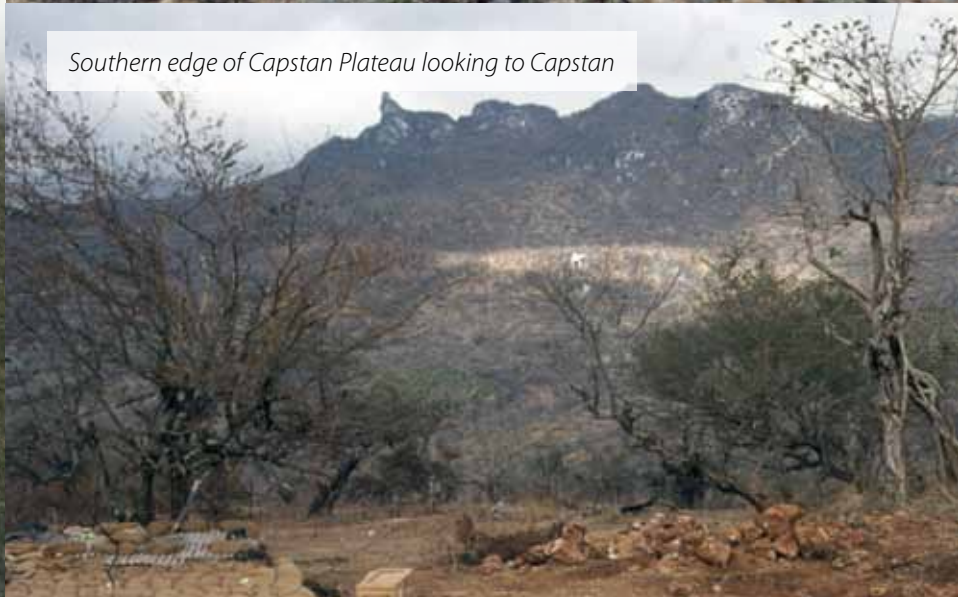
Western breakout route



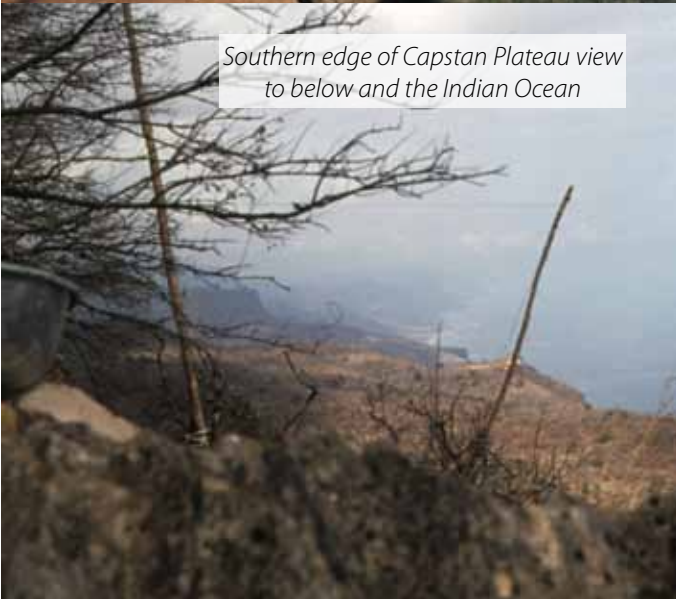
Mainbrace Plateau and first escarpment



Western breakout route and wadi from Capstan Plateau



Southern edge of Capstan Plateau looking to Capstan



Southern edge of Capstan Plateau view to below and the Indian Ocean



Capstan from Mainbrace Plateau



REFLECTIONS ON DHOFAR

by David Pollard

In an early morning in mid-August 1975, I disembarked from a Gulf Air VC10 at Seeb Airport, Muscat, at the start of my secondment to SAF. Even in the early morning, the heat and humidity was such that it was like running full tilt into a brick wall! I was following in the footsteps of a number of Queensmen, amongst them Martin Allington, Mike Ball, David Dickins, Jack Fletcher, Nigel Knocker, John MacWilliam (now a monk), John Pollard, Jim Shepherd, Peter Tawell and Brian Ray. As a regiment we were exceptionally well represented in the number of officers who were seconded to SAF.

I was due to serve with the Northern Frontier Regiment (NFR), commanded by John Pollard, who had written to me some weeks before. However, on arrival I was told the 'powers that be' had decided that two officers from the same regiment and with the same surname, serving together, would be too incestuous! Instead I was to serve with the Muscat Regiment (MR), commanded by Ian Christie (KOSB) and who had commanded NITAT when 1 QUEENS trained for their NI tour in 1972.

A few days later I was in Salalah, Dhofar, to join MR. NFR were also in Salalah, as the Plains Battalion, ready for ops on the jebel. MR had B and C companies at Sarfait, right on the border with South Yemen, and A company, which I was joining, was at Gunlines, some 25kms to the East of Sarfait.

Gunlines resulted from Op Dharab in early 1975, which had attempted to take the fight to the enemy, but had not entirely succeeded. Gunlines was not far from some Iranian positions. Within two days I found myself, with my Company Commander, Alastair Patrick (RM), trying to rescue the crew of an Iranian helicopter which had been shot down. We set off with about 20 soldiers, and after about 30 minutes and some 600m short of the crash site, we had our first contact. We ploughed on, however, and spotted the helicopter at the bottom of a wadi. Alastair decided I should take about eight soldiers down to try to extricate the crew. We went over the lip of the wadi, and had descended about 10m when the enemy opened up. I don't remember too much of what happened or how long it took – it seemed like a lifetime! We were pinned down on a forward slope with little cover, and in that sort of country, spotting a local and clever enemy is difficult. It was only after ground attack from Strikemasters and covering fire from a troop of passing Saladins, that I got my soldiers back to the top. At which point one of them was shot in the leg, and eventually I had no option but to throw him over my shoulder and run as fast as I could – and all this on my 26th birthday! It subsequently transpired the crew had been rescued shortly after they were shot down!

Sarfait was a large defensive position, inserted in 1972 by the Desert Regiment (DR) under the command of Nigel Knocker. The ground rose from the sea to 4,000ft within 3 miles, in three sheer escarpments of up to 800ft high, with the main defensive position on the fourth and final plateau. The main position on two ridges (Mainbrace and Yardarm) could dominate the plateau below, but the bottom two were out of sight and it was along those that the main enemy resupply took place – going North of Sarfait was not an option as that was the arid Empty Quarter, literally. It was a tenuous position, with never more than 3 days water available. The nearest road was 25kms away, and it was a 40 minute helicopter ride from Salalah. It was shelled regularly from the main enemy base at Hauf, just over the border in S Yemen. All resupply was flown in either by helicopters or Skyvans. If SAF was ever to achieve total success, the Sarfait position would need to reach down to the sea, but that was a tall order for a force the size of SAF. In 1972 DR had occupied Capstan, a position on the plateau below Mainbrace, but eventually had to withdraw back to the top. We all, at some stage, looked enviously at the Indian Ocean with thought of a warm paddle, but the ground between us and that was much too hostile.

My first op at Sarfait was to insert a position with a platoon sized force on the edge of the escarpment and to the West of the main position – this would test our ability to expand the position and also protect the West flank if we were to attempt a move onto the plateau below. The op started mid-morning on a Friday in late September, as that being the Muslim Sunday it was reckoned the enemy's attention would be elsewhere! A troop of SAS also took part. Once on the position I set all my soldiers to building one sangar; by the early hours of the next morning it had progressed well and I then set some



of them to start a second one. By mid-morning we had two complete sangars and a third well on the way. At that point a sentry spotted one enemy on the edge of the escarpment, who had probably paced out the distance so our exact position could be ascertained. So it transpired, as after a short while we came under shell fire. Unfortunately the SAS had elected to break into four man groups and each had been building a sangar, but none were near completion. Two troopers were killed and a third badly injured by incoming mortar fire, from bombs left behind by us in Aden, and we subsequently learnt directed by an MFC trained

at Netheravon. Whilst the position came under sustained shellfire, up to 300 bombs some days, we were able to hold it.

In mid-October it was decided we could move below the escarpment to hold the Capstan plateau. I took two platoons of A Company down a Western route, whilst B and C Companies were to do the same down an Eastern route to Capstan. My route out was down a narrow wadi, where earlier, in 1975, three men had died after two had trodden on anti-personnel mines. Once at the end of the wadi we were looking down a sheer 500 foot escarpment, and the route out along it was no more than 3 feet wide. We knew it would be mined, and so I had a section of engineers to clear the mines. We found some 13 along that narrow route; each had to be destroyed before we could progress, as the route out was so narrow there was too great a risk of a soldier treading on one, even if clearly marked, and the resulting casevac would be an arduous and time consuming process. One soldier accidentally dropped a wood beam down the escarpment, and when it landed some 50 feet below us there was a large explosion as it hit a mine. By late morning we were on the plateau and started to build sangars. The enemy soon realised what we were doing, and we had a few small arms skirmishes. Their main effort to dislodge us was constant artillery and mortar fire, and as I recall we had, on a few days, between 300 and 400 incomers. Whilst that was going on the SAF engineers, under Maj Knobby Reid, built a wire obstacle on the West side to prevent enemy movement.

It was clear after a few days that we were able to hold the plateau, and at that point Brig John Akehurst, with CSAF (Maj Gen Ken Perkins) decided to bring in companies from the two Baluch Battalions and build the position and the fence right down to the sea. That night the extra troops were flown in and the rest is history. We were able to hold the position, which meant the enemy were now unable to resupply, and the campaign, apart from some isolated skirmishes, was over. That did not stop the immediate problem of incomers, however, and we were subject to several thousand, on some days a couple of hundred, right through into early January.

The Sultan was anxious to tell the world that he had overcome the rebellion, but folklore has it that HMG just wanted to keep it all rather quiet. Eventually the Sultan claimed victory in December 1975. I was very fortunate to be part of this final phase of the war, which finished off the work done by so many British officers before me.

One final postscript. When I was a student a few years later at the Staff College, Camberley, Ken Perkins and John Akehurst gave a presentation about the war. When describing the part where the extra Baluch troops were brought in to reinforce our success and to go right down to the sea, Ken Perkins said, "Gentlemen, that operation and the switch of troops from one task to another, was achieved without the issuing of a single piece of paper". That brought the house down!



Capstan Plateau Mainbrace escarpment on left and Capstan on right



*Tour over
David Pollard on IIS LARAK*

THE QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE REVIEW OF THE ARMY - 7th JULY 1977

by David Dickins

After the 1st Battalion returned from Londonderry in 1976 I left B Coy to become 2IC to Colonel John Davidson, commanding the Battalion in Werl, and part of 6 Armoured Brigade. Once Christmas was behind us John summoned me to say that the British Army of the Rhine was to be reviewed by HM The Queen as part of her Silver Jubilee at Sennelager in the summer. The problems would be administrative rather than operational and as such the planning was to be my baby! The first engagement was a conference at HQ 4 Armoured Division, a bit alarming as I had never been to a Divisional HQ before. Major General (later FM and CGS) Nigel Bagnall announced that his 4th Division would do a ceremonial drive past Her Majesty, whilst 2nd Armoured Division would provide the support and admin for the event, before he handed over the details to his Chief of Staff.

Six months and many conferences later, Bn HQ and two composite companies of 1 QUEENS took to the road in newly painted and spruced up FV 432 APCs to a grid reference in the Sennelager training area and set up camp ready for the event, while the Band, Drums and Colour Party rendezvoused elsewhere for some preparatory ceremonial practice. On 6 July the vehicles drove to the parade ground opposite the Sennelager windmill, where they were meticulously lined up with the other 576 armoured vehicles on parade, were dusted and polished again and left overnight with a skeleton crew for security. The rest of us tried on our brand newly issued Jungle Green camouflaged 'now-you-see-me' suits specially issued to 4 Div for this occasion, the first time anywhere.

Meanwhile a problem had arisen. The Colonel and the Quartermaster (Les Wilson of course) had contrived to have a replacement 3rd Colour made in Pakistan, the old one having reached a stage of decrepitude which, whilst not of course actually on parade, could hardly be included even on the static Colour stand in the presence of Her Majesty. Gingerly unpacking the folds of new silk from their brown paper wrapping revealed it to be creased beyond display; not usually a problem unless arising in the wilds of rural Westphalia. CO and 2IC set off in search of an iron and ironing board which was run to earth in the married quarter of the CO 2RRF in Paderborn.

Thankfully it didn't rain overnight, crews returned to their vehicles in their unaccustomed new uniforms, final preparations for the day began and the Battalion paraded on foot in front of its vehicles. Meanwhile water bowsers sprayed the parade ground lightly to keep the dust down.

At 1100 hours the Standards, Guidons and Colours of the 29 Regiments and Battalions serving in BOAR and Berlin (three were away in Northern Ireland) were marched on to parade, 1 QUEENS Colour Party comprising Lts Carter and Eagan and WOs Jamieson, Ebbens and Budgen. Music for the event was provided by the Massed Bands of the British Army of the Rhine - 23 Bands, 10 Corps of Drums and 3 Pipes and Drums. The 1 QUEENS contingent was led by Bandmaster WO1 Hills and Drum Major Smith.

At 1122 HM the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived with a Sovereign's Escort of the Blues and Royals and 1st Dragoons, to be greeted with 21 Gun and Royal Salutes, the words of command for which were signalled by the novel expedient of dropping what looked like a dustbin from an arm attached to the windmill out of Royal sight behind the dais. This was followed at 1126 by the arrival of the President of the Federal Republic of (West) Germany with a similar escort and Royal Salute but no guns. At 1130 the order "Troop" was given for the Massed Bands, behind which the dismounted troops fell out and scurried to their vehicles. Following this, HM standing in a Range Rover inspected the Division, and the Chief of the General Staff gave an address to which Her Majesty (graciously of course) replied.

The most telling moment of the day came when the dustbin fell for "Start Up". As you will remember the FV 432 was an awkward cuss in this respect, particularly when hot, which is why no vehicle had been permitted to start earlier that day. However, all seemed to go well and a simultaneous cloud of exhaust smoke rose immediately above the parade. Any recalcitrant starters were recovered rapidly behind the dust of the drive past into the woods close by so as not to be left stranded on an otherwise empty parade ground.



Few, if any, on that day had ever before, and certainly haven't since, seen an Armoured Division on the move in one place at one time - Britain's answer to Red Square. It was most impressive; as the tanks reached the dais their turrets swung and dipped, all vehicle commanders saluted and crews with their heads out of hatches made the "Eyes Right". The weather was sunny and the wind kindly from the south carrying the dust away from the dais and spectators, and across rather than along the vehicles themselves. Thus rumbled the long Drive Past, with the 4th Division's armoured might finally disappearing into the distance leaving nothing on the parade ground at all.

Many of the families had been bussed or had driven up to watch the parade, and those who could rejoined them for their own unit barbecue lunches and visits to the many static displays, mainly put on by 2nd Division, but including one on Northern Ireland provided by 1 QUEENS, most recently returned, manned by Sgts Isaacs and O'Shea. The day ended with a farewell drive by the Queen and the Duke through cheering spectators from all over BAOR and the now off duty troops not involved in getting their vehicles back to base.

For those interested in the details, below is the Order of March of the Drive Past.

HQ 4th Armd Div

16/5 QRL (Recce)

HQ 6 Armd Bde

QRIH (Armd)

RH (Armd)

1 QUEENS (Mech)

2 R Irish Rangers (Mech)

HQ 20 Armd Bde

RHGD (Armd)

2 LI (Mech)

2 RRF (Mech)

1x Heavy, 2 x Field, 1 x Missile Artillery Regiments

1x Amphibious and 1 x Engineer Regt, 2 x Armd Engr Sqns

4th Regt AAC (Fly Past)

4 Div Regt RCT

4th Fd Amb

6th & 20th Ord Fd Park

4th & 5th Fd Wkshps REME

Absent from the Div in NI QOH & 2 Fd Regt



CONDUCT UNBECOMING

by Ken Hames

RMAS

0840 hours

On Report

503829 O/Cdt Hames

Straight from the turret of a Chieftain tank, arrival for L/Cpl Hames, or should I say O/Cdt Hames at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst was a dramatic event, no less for the fact that it was Day 1 and I was on Company Commander's report for stuffing O/Cdt O'Reilly's head in a over laden soup tureen the night before at dinner (green pea I think).

"Why Hames", inquired Major 'Piggy' Barnes (OC Burma Coy concurrently reading the Racing Post) "did you stuff poor O'Reilly's head in the soup tureen?" "Sir; he called me a squaddie and told me not to bring my NAAFI habits into the Officers' Mess". "Well" said Piggy, clearly sniggering to himself while ticking another spot of 'form' in the paper, "clearly you did!!!!!!!--march out Colour!!."

I was accelerated to 8 mph by Evans 55 a notorious C/Sgt in the Welsh Guards with a distinct love of all things drill. He halted me in the middle of the square which I had, for the previous 20 minutes, circumnavigated on foot at various speeds way above the RMAS speed limit. "I seen people like you before Sir" he grunted from underneath a highly illegal slashed peak. "Think you can come in and smash the town up and cause mayhem---I am watching you!"

Close call I thought as I scuttled off to join my platoon narrowly avoiding a striding Princess Anne with her black Labrador (she was then married to Captain and Instructor Mark 'Foggy' Phillips). Anne was looking very grumpy and had obviously heard about my crime.

Things looked up at about 1400 when I was off to the gym for PT. A rather suave and dashing officer called John Holman stopped me in the middle of the square and said – "You're O/Cdt Hames aren't you?" "Well yes Sir" ("How

does he know my name" I thought—"Damn, could be related to O'Reilly!).

'I see you are down to join the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders?" "Yes Sir", I said, "or possibly return to the 9/12th Lancers--love tanks Sir and kilts--you see half of my family are proper Scots".

"But your Dad was in the Queen's no less", he retorted, "Shouldn't you be joining us?" I squirmed a bit but stood my ground, "Well thought I should keep my options open Sir and they are third on my list." "Quite right" he said, "but it's very expensive to live in those highland and cav mobs--you need a private income and a horse and 3 or 4 antique sporrans in the jocks--far more than the uniform allowance covers." Little Ken started to feel uneasy having a small mathematical capability but a big love of solvency and the potential to buy an MG.

Holman went in for the kill. "You know I have some really cheap Queen's Uniforms including mess kit. Could let you have the lot for £150 ---save you £700 quid and how marvellous to go to your dad's old Regiment with all that money in your pocket?"

My head was reeling - suddenly Grandad's actions in South Waziristan seemed tame and the thought of tight jodhpurs, enforced polo and smelly tanks and a life of drudgery versus combat infantry, beer tokens and a deposit on an MG loomed big!

Dear JC Holman won the day, was a genius and a wonderful man and I, on that day, became a Queensman (with profits!!).

PS---don't miss the next exciting episode which reveals how to deal with boys from public schools and shoot your OC with a Schermuly!!

Ed: (If any reader knows Ken Hames, they may wish to take the accuracy of this particular article with a pinch of salt or there again knowing Ken it could all be horribly true!)



3RD BN SPORT FISHING ACHIEVEMENTS GIBRALTAR 1975

by Steve Terry

April 1975 was a great month for 3 QUEENS sport fishing achievements. Gib had been a great posting, albeit it a bit cramped with the border being closed. Not that we closed it - as every morning we ceremonially paraded and opened our gates only for the Spanish to keep their's firmly closed.

Gibraltar had been great as fishing was my hobby and we were never more than a few minutes from the sea. Driving and riding were the loves of my life. In 1977 when I was demobbed, I joined the Metropolitan Police and spent 28 of the next 31 years as a traffic officer, such was my love of driving, riding motor cycles and all things vehicular, putting into practice all I learnt in the MT Platoon.

That final April in 1975 started well as I got promoted to LCpl. My love of fishing was shared in the MT platoon. Cpl 'Nellie' Bryden was also a keen fisherman and had just won the Gibraltar boat fishing competition; Sgt 'Apples' Cox triumphed with the Mole (offshore breakwater) fishing competition; not to be outdone, Cpl John Norton caught some of the biggest Gilthead Bream that I had ever seen. That was the one species that eluded me for most of my time there! That year the beach competition had been

abandoned due to bad weather, which was annoying at the time as I had caught a fish first cast. Unfortunately, the competition was rescheduled to take place after the battalion had left Gib.

However, I was to have the last say as the Gibraltar shark fishing festival was still to come and I went on to win it. I caught a 167lb Blue Shark which was the festival's record catch but also a Gibraltar record which still stands to this day.

Much to local annoyance, the Regiment had a clean sweep of all the fishing championships that year, a great result from just one platoon. The trophy was presented to me by Miss Gibraltar and I was then interviewed on BFBS radio and the local sports TV news in which I informed all who would listen of the clean sweep of all the trophies by the regiment that year!

Finally I made the front cover of the Queensman magazine with the large festival trophy cradled in one arm and my daughter Karen in the other. Happy days indeed!

MEMORIES

In 1984 the band left 1 QUEENS in Omagh. Shortly after their departure there was a Regimental Dinner Night in the WOs & Sgts Mess - with no 'live' music. Plans were made by the RSM who briefed the Mess Caterer. As is the way of things the Mess Caterer briefed the Mess Corporal who duly gave instructions to the Barman who in turn 'passed the buck' to a waiter. On conclusion of the dinner the RSM called for Mr Vice who proposed a toast to the Queen - he then stared at the RSM who nodded to the Mess Caterer - who nodded to the Mess Corporal, and so on down the line to the waiter who was standing beside a tape deck and music system. With a deft press of his finger on the switch the dining room was filled with sound - Freddy Mercury and "Bohemian Rhapsody"!!!

Veronica Smith





A 'STAB'S' TIME WITH THE REGULARS

by Alain Chissel

In 1977 I was a fairly broke TA subaltern, married with a baby and working for the Immigration Service – the forerunner of the UK Border Agency. I went to see my Training Major in 5 QUEENS and asked if there was a course or some sort of attachment I could go on to earn some extra cash. He suggested that as I was OC A/Tk PL I could go to Werl and help out with 1 QUEENS A/Tk PL. I jumped at the chance and ended up working with Tony Russell and Gary Anglin. We all got on - as did I with the rest of the subalterns in the Mess and the soldiers in the platoon. It was then suggested to me that I apply for an SSVC (Short Service Volunteer Commission) with the Battalion. After an interview with the Adjutant (David Pollard) and the CO (the late and great John Holman) I was sold.

A few months, a couple of interviews, and a medical later, I was on my way. I remember driving my battered old VW Beetle in civilian clothes up to the guardroom in Werl where a soldier on guard saluted. Impressed, I asked him how he knew I was an officer – his laconic reply was "Only an officer would drive a car like that in Germany Sir".

First lesson – get a proper car.....

I joined Quebec (Support) Company commanded by the wonderful if slightly eccentric Mike Kealy DSO of Mirbat fame. CSM was Kevin (don't buy a used car from this man) Brown, and the wonderful Barry (you can have a coffee Sir but Captain Russell you can F**k off) Camille was CQMS. Kiwi Carter commanded the mortars and I found myself in the odd position of being a coy 2i/c who was outranked by the platoon commanders. Steve Dowse (remember Rex the yellow Labrador – who if he barked at the soldier on orders meant that they were guilty) took over after Mike left and I got promoted to Captain.

Second lesson – leadership doesn't come easy.....

My Swedish wife Anita joined me after a couple of weeks and was introduced to an Army hiring the size of a football stadium in Hamm. Being only a subaltern the flat was "lightly" furnished and someone took pity on me and installed a nest of tables (Captains and above only) to take up some of the space. The really good thing about the hiring was its location – slap bang in the centre of Hamm, a stone's throw away from the excellent nightlife and discos Hamm offered. Being the only married subaltern, with a Swedish wife to boot – ABBA was just getting big then, and with a huge flat I became very popular amongst the itinerant subbie community. There was many a Sunday morning when my wife would pick her way to the kitchen to make breakfast over prone subalterns in sleeping bags (Hames, Eagan, Bickerdike, Beeston, Cooper, Walker, Mans and Keyes were perhaps the most frequent visitors). There was that awful Sunday when the doorbell rang at 0700 (we had only just gone to bed for God's sake) only to reveal Barry Camille in a tracksuit asking me if I had forgotten the orienteering competition (Oh and by the way Sir I understand Mr. Eagan and Mr. Cooper are also here.....).

Third lesson – never let anyone know your address.....

I won't bore you all with the routine of life in Werl – you all remember it well enough, but they were golden days (in the main). We had good money in our pockets – remember LOA? Married captain with a child was £9.50 per day – I was better off than I had ever been. I bought a proper car from Bluey Hedges - yes I know, not my wisest move - and with residence to place of duty allowance I didn't buy petrol for the best part of 18 months). I learnt not to cross the QM (Second Principle of War) and understood that Afghanistan is spelt with two ffs, at least on our Regimental sign board and according to Les Wilson. Mess life was great although a bit hazy even now. I do remember going into the Mess on a Sunday (it had been a dry night before to collect a newspaper and noticed one of the mess staff outside the guardroom being "roughly handled" as Monty Python would have said. It appears that some mess silver ashtrays had gone missing and the blame had fallen on him. I suddenly remembered my 18 month old daughter, now a DI with Essex Police, had a habit of putting the ashtrays down the sides of the seats..... A hurried gallop down to the guardroom rescued the poor Mess waiter.

Fourth lesson – never let your kids loose near silver (come to think of it that's the same at any age).....

I went on courses, on exercise, I remember vaguely a great night out with "Blossom" Noel when we pretended we were airline pilots – funny how the mind plays awful tricks when you get older. The highpoint was MEDMAN 6 in BATUS – the days before it got serious and careers were made or broken. My soldiering skills improved slowly and a degree of the incredible professionalism of the battalion rubbed itself off on me. I learnt an enormous amount from fellow officers, SNCOs especially and soldiers. Both Anita and I thoroughly enjoyed our time with you all and we were always made to feel welcome and part of the 'family'. Although I went on to command a Royal Anglian battalion, and left the Army as Deputy Commander 49(E) Bde - I know, hard to believe. I still wear QUEENS buttons on my blazer, am last to stand up for the Loyal Toast and the last to say "The Queen". I retain strong links with the battalion as Paddy Ryan MM, John Taylor, Kevin (don't buy a used car from this man) Brown, Martin Featherstone and Philip Pearce work with me as battlefield guides. The same old group of subbies, assisted by McDermott, Goulden and Riley still meet up a couple of times a year for drinks - mineral water mainly as our livers are shot to hell - and supper. Stories get added onto, embellished and changed and the mind plays more tricks as each year goes by.

Fifth lesson – write everything down to help you remember wonderful times.

MEMORIES

Driving back to "Piggery Ridge camp" Derry in 1976 with my "R Group" having had very good liquid liaison with the RUC, two young girls, also with "drink taken", waved down our party, saying that people had taken over their house opposite. Knowing this was my chance to win a gallantry award, I drew my pistol, kicked down the front door, did a couple of John Wayne rolls and cleared the house. I did notice that my team had very prudently stayed outside surrounding the house. As I exited, CSM Lofty Jameison greeted me saying: "Boss, we were real proud of you but perhaps next time you will put a magazine into your pistol. "Big grins all round except for Monty who had a real "Monk on".

Tony "FF" Ward

MEMORIES

I was a Pl Comd for two years as a sergeant with Barry Camille as my pl sgt for those two years under Major Tim Trotman. One day I was waiting for Barry to finish the platoon roll call in his deep Sayshalwar accent which for some reason made Barry incapable of pronouncing his Hs so Thornton became Taunton. Barry called out Pte Thornton's name two or three times with no answer and shouted out in a bad tempered manner "Does anyone one know where Taunton is?" Pte Allen Starling, who could never be called slow or shy, responded from the back rank "It's in Somerset Sarg!" This ended with the platoon in hysterics. Barry was spitting feathers and I was out of sight round a corner crying with laughter!

John Taylor



GLADYS BLACKBURNE

'The Chuff Chart Lady'

By Ray Heathfield



The name Gladys Blackburne may not immediately be recognised by many of us, but if you have served in Northern Ireland, there is a good chance you have met her. Gladys, sometimes called 'The wee woman', would very often meet the inbound flights at Aldergrove Airport from all over the world, bringing soldiers to start their tours of duty. Her warm and welcome smile met thousands of service personnel over the years, with the customary gift of a small calendar in a plastic wallet with the simple message 'Thank you to our security forces', sometimes a small prayer card, or even a bible. Gladys paid for tens of thousands of these gifts personally, often going without herself.

Her devotion to soldiers included her work at the military wing of Musgrave Park Hospital and the Sandes Centre at Palace Barracks, Holywood. Her work also saw her equally concerned for the safety of the RUC and prison wardens.

I personally remember meeting Gladys on many occasions during the 2 QUEENS tour to Londonderry in 1983, a faint tap on the door of my room and she would appear offering her small gifts. I immediately recognised her when we landed at Aldergrove Airport for the 1988 six month tour of Belfast. As usual, she was greeting us all and giving us our small calendars, which we used as chuff charts to count down the days until we left again.

My next meeting with Gladys was at Fort Whiterock. I was on guard duty at the front gate. Richard Todd was in the sangar, when we noticed a little old lady walking up the approach road to the camp. We didn't give Gladys a thought until she knocked on the camp gate and asked to come in. I immediately recognised her, let her in, and asked her if she was frightened about entering the camp, as we were in full view of the Turf Lodge Estate. 'Oh no dear', she replied, 'they won't hurt me!' She then gave me some more cards and literature and disappeared into the camp.

My final meeting with Gladys was again at Aldergrove Airport, on my return to Germany in October 1988. The tour over, Gladys, as usual, was at the airport to say goodbye to us, to thank us, and of course, to give us some more of her gifts. It is surprising how many people have kept those gifts, and still remember her with such affection.

I found my photograph of Gladys, and posted it on the Facebook page "Photo images of the NI forgotten war", asking if anyone remembered her. The response was incredible, over 460 'Likes', and over 160 comments. Many people said 'I've still got the calendar, or pen, or soldier's prayer she gave me'. Some said they still carry them.

One ex-soldier wrote 'Strange, I was only talking about her yesterday. She gave me a card saying' "When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on."

Other comments include 'Brave woman' and 'I've still got the card with the little poem on it'.

Of all the comments from people who met her, perhaps only once, the word 'respect' stands out. Gladys Blackburne was undoubtedly a very brave woman, who earned the respect of many soldiers, RUC officers and prison wardens, not to mention the many people in her own community. Not only did she brush off the fear of IRA retribution, she then had to enter an army camp predominantly full of men! Another Facebook comment said 'she walked in on me in North Howard Street Mill, I was in the nippy nude, and she didn't bat an eyelid'!

Many of us had the pleasant experience of a little old lady in some of the hardest Catholic estates in Northern Ireland pass us in the dead of night and whisper 'God bless you son', so as not to be heard by anyone else. Gladys could not have been more open. She was proud of what she did, and proud of us!

Gladys Blackburne died in 1993, and is buried in Finaghy, Belfast.

MEMORIES

In Forkhill I was busy one dark night emptying bins in the camp complex. The OC, Major Mike Constantine, opened the door to his portacabin and proceeded to clean mud from his boots - the Camp had been mortared a year earlier and was therefore a construction site. He had just received news of an impending visit and sat on the step muttering "Hmmm politicians, why can't they leave us to get on with it? Now I have to disrupt everything, clean this Pig Sty & put on a show"...

After a while he saw movement in the darkness and asked "Who's lurking over there?"

"Pte Covey Sir!"

"How much did you hear?"

"I couldn't hear anything sir, too windy!" He gave me a wry smile & I knew to keep quiet....

10 years later the Regiment was in Aldergrove. I was a Sgt and the Mess were awaiting a visit from 8 Brigade Commander for Albuhera Day. His name? Brigadier Mike Constantine! Of all the mess members assembled I was probably the only one to have served in his company and found myself strategically placed by the RSM, WO1 Mervin Butcher, at the front of the crowd.

The Brigadier duly entered and surveyed the member's faces. On seeing me he came over to congratulate me on gaining promotion to Sgt. I could sense that the atmosphere was a little tense as amalgamations were afoot so I thought I'd try to lighten it up by having a little fun with the Brigadier, while watching the RSM go cross eyed in the process. The conversation between the Brigadier and me went as follows:

"Sir, do you remember that dark night when you were cleaning your boots in Forkhill?"

"Yeeessssssss?"

"And I was in the background and could hear you whinging about 'cleaning the place up' for VIP visits?"

"Yeeessssss?"

"Well, we all had to do it again today.....'cos you're here!"

The Mess erupted, as did the Brigadier!

Dave Covey



BELFAST COLOUR PARADE 1984

by Stephen Kilpatrick

In 1984, as reported in last years Journal, a unique coincidence occurred when all three regular battalions of the Regiment were on active service in Northern Ireland at the same time. As we had been awarded the Freedom of the city of Belfast we decided to exercise it. I was honoured to carry the 3 QUEENS Colour on the parade through Belfast.

As I had got on the coach on the square in Fallingbowl 3 months earlier, I had thought that the Adjutant, Robert Knight, was joking when he said that I would need my Blues. My mind was elsewhere, on the start of my first Ireland tour; like most I was very uneasy though relishing the prospect of testing myself on an operational tour. We took over from the RRW; a first class battalion who clearly knew their stuff.

We had a good tour of Belfast, fairly quiet, with no significant casualties; we worked hard, some of the soldiers doing 5 x 2 hour patrols in a 24 hour stretch. When we arrived we were told that "the RPG" - apparently there was only one in the Province - was in Londonderry. So it came

as a real surprise when it was fired at an RUC patrol on the Springfield Road in Belfast! We also had Divis Flats in our patch, which added some spice but C Company did a good job in tying it up for the length of our tour.

When the time came to rehearse for the parade I went to Omagh, where the 1st Battalion was serving and joined my fellow subalterns in preparation for the day. I remember that Capt Rob Walker, the Adjutant, gave me a hard time over the quality of my blues which admittedly were shocking. Three years later he briefly joined 3 QUEENS, and I was equally unpleasant to him!

On the day, we conducted a patrol in the morning around College Square West, near the City Hall where the parade was to take place. Later that evening, after the parade I conducted another. The parade itself passed in something of a haze, and I think few of us could quite believe where we were and what we were doing without body armour and weapons. But I quite enjoy parades, and to carry the Colour on this occasion was a real privilege.



HOW “SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN” BECAME THE REGIMENTAL MARCH

by Roddy Mellotte

When the formation of The Queen’s Regiment was announced, one important aspect was the choice of regimental marches for the new, amalgamated regiment. At the time, I was ADC to Major General Fergus Ling, GOC Eastern District. Apparently music was virtually the only issue on which consensus could not be found and the Colonel of the future Regiment, Lieutenant General Sir Dick Craddock, asked General Fergus to set up a semi crisis committee composed of whom he liked to come up with recommendations. The choice of good marches was obviously very important and potentially contentious. Anyway, Fergus gathered together some local regimental officers, Brigadier Maurice MacWilliam, Major General Rowley Mans, then still a brigadier, Stephen Petzing, who was Adjutant Cambridge University OTC, and me. There must have been a couple of others of different regimental pedigree but I remember that it was just a small group. I can picture it because it took place in my office all standing around my desk where I had set up a player to listen to the various marches/contenders.

Between the old regiments, we had so many good marches that any one of them could have been adopted but there had to be a good reason for doing so. Having failed to come up with a front runner as a Quick March, Fergus said that an alternative approach was needed to come up with one which had no former connection but for which we could demonstrate some relevance. Nothing of substance was offered and then, somewhat light heartedly and almost under my breath, I said what about “Soldiers of the Queen”. At that time it was very much a Music Hall tune associated with the Edwardian, colonial era and therefore rather old fashioned but I had recently been to the ‘Players Theatre’ under Charing Cross underground station where it had been featured and I thought it sounded rather good. It was certainly patriotic, a good and already well known march and had a ‘ring’ about it.

There was a pause and I thought Fergus was about to say “Don’t be so flippant” or something similar! Instead, and sounding a bit like Henry Higgins in “My Fair Lady” he said something like, “Do you know, I think we’ve got it!” There was some discussion but no-one else had any other ideas so it became the recommendation of the committee and subsequently the Quick March of the Queen’s Regiment. As a consequence of its adoption by the regiment, it has been accepted back into the general repertoire of military music. Attending a Sovereign’s Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, recently, I noted with a modicum of pleasure that it was played as the cadets marched proudly onto parade and it certainly induced a swagger in their marching. At least two of the battalions sang the words as they marched off the Square for the final time during the various disbandment parades in 1992.

MEMORIES

Reading Jonathon Riley’s article about that extraordinary Freedom March in the Journal last year, I was reminded that as we three Commanding Officers (Beveridge- 3rd Bn, Constantine- 2nd Bn and Panton- 1st Bn) were formed up with our backs to Belfast City Hall awaiting the arrival of the Lord Mayor and Colonel of The Regiment and with all eyes on the parade, a rather scruffy civilian walked unchallenged through the cordon of armed police and soldiers, came right up to us and asked in broad Belfast “Scuse me shor, is this where I get a new dog licence?” Colonel Panton told him sharply in two words where to go!

Mike Constantine



THE BOXING CHAMPIONS

"The referee would like to congratulate both boxers....."

by Nick Keyes

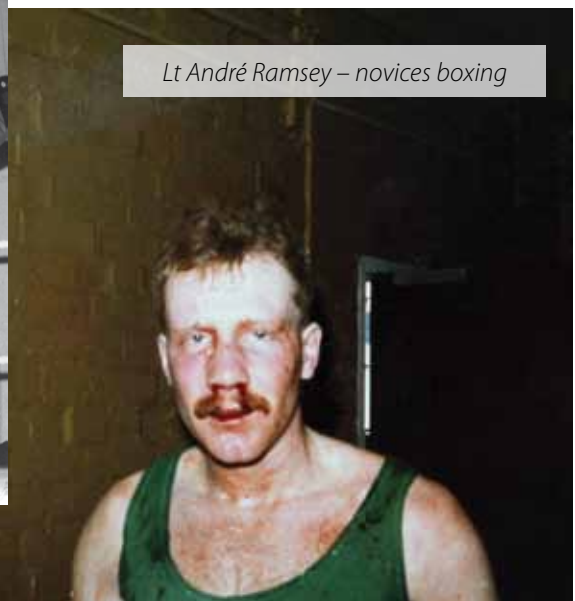
None of us will forget the roar that always followed those words, nor the deafening support from every man in the Battalion as our boxers gave it everything they had. Each battalion has fine boxing achievements to its name – I'd like to focus on that extraordinary 1 QUEENS team that swept the board.

Back in the late 70s, it looked like only the big corps could win boxing titles: trickle posting talent, removing them from other duties and even operational tours. Taking on this challenge were the QM Major Les Wilson, SI Greef of the APTC and WO2 Brian Brazier, who was once in a national newspaper voted 'the best Light Welterweight of the last 25 years'. These dedicated coaches built a team that really believed in themselves - and on 18th November 1977, they beat 1 Royal Scots 8-3 to win the BAOR Inter-Unit Championship. This was a gritty contest featuring some outstanding boxers: Cpl Coley, Cpl Jean-Pierre, LCpl Worrell, LCpl Barrell (who broke his hand, wouldn't give up and went on to win) and Privates Geddes, Golding, Harrison, Lewis, McKatherine and Smith 48. Suddenly the 1 QUEENS boxers had everyone's attention and on 15th December 1977, they met 1 Para in their home town of Aldershot for the Army Final. LCpl Walker ACC took LCpl Barrell's place, but it was an otherwise unchanged team

that made history that night and became the 1977-78 Army Champions.

It's worth reflecting what a personal effort those boxers made. True, they had extremely talented coaches - you could always tell a boxer trained by Brian Brazier - the QM made sure they had excellent food and plenty of it, they were excused a lot of other duties; but they dedicated themselves utterly to fitness, at a time when frankly most of us smoked and drank a bit too much. We always regarded ourselves as a fit, sporty battalion, and comparatively we were, but the late 1970s definition of that does not bear comparison with the fitness levels of the modern gym-bunny soldier today. Reaching those standards in the ring involved a great deal of sacrifice, and this became obvious in February 1978 when 6 out of our 7 entrants became Individual BAOR Champions, and Cpl Jean-Pierre and Private 'Cuddles' Lewis became Army Middleweight and Army Heavyweight Champions respectively. I don't know who nicknamed Lewis 'Cuddles' but it wasn't anyone he boxed.

Then SI Greef was promoted and moved on, but we were lucky in his replacement, Cpl 'Dutch' Holland. Everyone remembers his brilliant sense of humour, and that way he had of looking just above your head, as if for someone more interesting to talk to - but many didn't know he had two Army Boxing Champion medals. The team soon picked up his intelligence and determination, as they faced up to defending

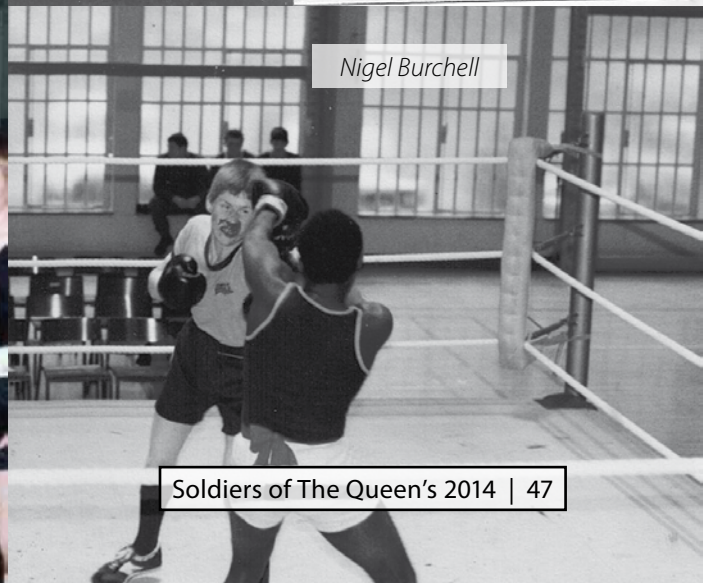




SI Greef, Maj LMB Wilson and WO2 Brazier



Harry Carpenter with the Champions



Nigel Burchell



their Army title and the minor distraction of a tour of West Belfast.

Despite the tour, Cpl Harrison and LCpl Worrell lifted Army Individual Intermediate titles,

and by hard work, the team found itself once more in the BAOR Final. This was a tough proposition, in their own barracks at Bielefeld against the formidable boxers of 10 Regiment RCT who had won four times running before 1 QUEENS took the title. Our team lost the first 3 bouts, things looked bleak, then LCpl Harrison, LCpl Smith, LCpl Worrell, Cpl Coley, Pte Walker and Pte Lewis all won their fights. The last bout was a classic contest between two Army Champions - sadly Cpl Jean-Pierre lost to a majority decision, but the score was 6-5 and 1 QUEENS were BAOR Champions for the second time. The same team went on to beat 2 LI and win the Army Finals 8-3 in our own Albuhera Barracks on 20th December 1978: Ptes Golding, Leefmans, Davis, Walker & Lewis, LCpl Harrison, LCpl Smith, LCpl Worrell, Cpl Coley and Cpl Jean-Pierre. There were some 700 spectators, the support was unforgettable and suddenly 1 QUEENS were Army Champions for the second time.

Several boxers went on to win individual titles at Combined Services and ABA level, a year raced by, and the team was beating 10 Regiment RCT again to take their third successive BAOR title in November 1979, a nerve-racking event decided on the last bout with a heroic performance by LCpl Smith. The way was clear to the Army Final in which our team defeated 2 LI. The score was 9 - 2 which does not convey how hard-fought this contest was, LCpl McVey showing great courage as he went down fighting to an International boxer, and LCpl Smith narrowly defeating a CSBA Champion. It began to sink in that we were Army Champions for the 3rd year running. I have vivid memories of that night - few of us were able to go to Aldershot, so back in Werl we were clustered round our radios, listening as they fought. I remember walking hurriedly down at half-time to visit the guardroom - I must have been Orderly Officer - and hearing the cheering all round the barracks. It was an extraordinary achievement for our boxers and we remain very proud of them. Congratulations to them all - and to those great trainers who defied the odds and made it possible: Les Wilson, Brian Brazier, SI Greef and Dutch Holland.



CSgt Brazier with the army Boxing Champion Shield

MEMORIES

RSM Jamieson was the RSM at the time in Werl when I was Company Orderly Sergeant. He had a thing about keeping off his square so no one went on it. I was late for RSM's parade early one morning so I decided to risk it and run across the square. I got about halfway across when I heard someone shout "LCpl Dell stand where you are". It was the RSM. He said for every step it takes you to get off my square you will get an extra duty. I was looking at taking giant steps and I reckoned at least 50. Just then I saw two guys walking down towards the QM's pulling a trolley so I shouted to them to come to me straight away. When they reached me I jumped on the trolley and made them take me off the square. The RSM walked into his office, I followed, and he said "I'll give you that one laddie for using your initiative!"

Rodney Dell

THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS

Statement by Detective Constable (ex Cpl) Gary Bye

At approximately 0930 hours on Sunday 14 September I was travelling by motor vehicle in a northerly direction when my attention was drawn to five elderly IC1 males loitering outside a hotel. I immediately became suspicious and drew up alongside them and wound down the window. I was approached by one of the males who introduced himself purporting to being a retired Major from the British Army. Having ascertained his identity I came to the conclusion that this was in fact a party of retired Queen's Regimental Officers and not a gaggle of escapees from a Hampshire Saga Tour.

Having parked my vehicle I then approached the party where I was warmly greeted by each person and noted to my relief that none of them had at that stage an obvious colostomy bag. Together we were transported to Barker Barracks in Paderborn, where we were subjected to rigorous rehearsals and training before being taken to Heinrich Himmler's HQ of the Supreme Leadership at Wewelsberg Castle. A comprehensive tour took place prior to two substantial ration runs with not a Colour Sergeant to be seen.

The following day, the party having been joined by their noble leader (the President), Pte Nzubepié arrived on time (against normal MT practice) and transported the group back to Barker Barracks to await the arrival of the 1st Battalion The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment on parade. During the parade I was concerned to observe the group leaving the scene early, disappearing from the parade ground through the bin area where they proceeded to break into the Officer's Mess. There they helped themselves to intoxicating liquor. At this time I was informed that we were to meet a Royal Personage from a foreign power. Being outnumbered and unable to confront this suspicious behaviour I assumed the identity of one of the group and continued to observe their actions. Many unlikely yarns were presented to Her Majesty (I had checked her identity!) who appeared to be amused but unconvinced of the authenticity of the stories – apart from my own of course!

After attempting to amuse and entertain Her Majesty she was led away and made to pose for a photo before being handed an offensive weapon in the shape of a shiny meat skewer made of a white metal purporting to be silver.

Before I could arrest both Her Majesty and the group I was forcibly plied with an intoxicating liquid and became incapable of performing my duties. The case remains open and enquiries are ongoing.



DC Gary Bye meets the Royal Personage



THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS

The Official Version

by Alasdair Goulden

Taking advantage of a visit by HM Queen Margarethe II of Denmark, Colonel-in-Chief, to the 1st Battalion, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, a contingency of the "Old and Bold" represented the Association in what turned out to be a delightfully informal audience with Her Majesty to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Presentation of Colours on 4 May 1974.

Purely by chance those attending were able to represent all our Regular and Territorial Army battalions. Led by our President, Col Anthony Beattie (1st and 3rd), the group consisted of the Association Secretary, Maj Alasdair Goulden (1st), Regimental Historian, Lt-Gen Jonathan Riley DSO (1st, 3rd, 6th and 6/7th), Maj Steve Dowse (1st, 3rd and 4th), Maj David Falcke (1st, 3rd and 4th), Major Timothy Oyler (2nd and 5th) and, last but by no means least, Cpl Gary Bye (2nd and 3rd).

The day started with a parade of 1 PWRR after which the "Old and Bold" carried out a rapid exit through the bin area into the Officers' Mess to greet Her Majesty. HM was met by Col Beattie, who introduced each of the group. Maj Oyler was somewhat taken aback when HM appeared not to have remembered meeting him on exercise in Denmark in 1984! Those actually on parade on the day were Majs Dowse and Falcke, both Capts of the Guard and Lt Gen Riley, at the time a newly joined 2Lt, who was trusted only to hand out the programmes!

A very informal audience took place while a quiet fag was smoked and a rather excellent dry martini drunk. With timings tight, we grabbed the opportunity for the team photo - HM throwing the rehearsed seating plan into disarray by not wishing to sit! The photo was taken by the resident photographer ably assisted by the Danish Ambassador and HM's ADC holding the various flash guns; a task they fulfilled admirably, although putting the rear rank in the shade!

Photo over, Col Beattie then presented Her Majesty with a reproduction Georgian silver meat skewer paper knife in commemoration of the 40th Anniversary of the Presentation of Colours and the Regiment's long association with her. Her Majesty graciously accepted the gift and noted the President's advice that she could use it to deal with errant ADCs in the future.

This was a very special day at which Her Majesty sent all members of the Association her very best wishes.



L-R: Maj Dowse, Maj O'Yler, Col Beattie, Lt Gen Riley, HM, Cpl Bye, Maj Goulden, Maj Falcke





THE WILKINSON SWORD OF PEACE 1986

by Bob McGhie

From April to October 1986 3 QUEENS deployed on a 6 month unaccompanied tour to Belize in Central America to assist the Belize Defence Force in deterring and countering external aggression from Guatemala. Company Groups were based at each of Airport Camp; Fire Sp Coy with Bn HQ and the Echelon; Holdfast, A Coy: Rideau B Coy; and Salamanca C Coy. Permanent OPs were also established at Cadenas reachable only by helicopter, Cayo, Jalacte and probably the best posting in the British Army at Hunting Caye, a part of the Sapodilla Chain, some miles offshore in the South. Belize is about the size of Wales with a polyglot population of Caribs, Ketchi, Creole and Maya. Much of it is secondary jungle.

The rainy season in 1986 experienced higher than average rainfall, placing severe limitations on the communications infrastructure countrywide, particularly in Toledo in the South which was often isolated by flooded roads and downed bridges. The battalion completed 127 foot patrols, 21 boat patrols and 56 vehicle patrols each consisting of a minimum of eight soldiers, lasting from 4 to 10 days. Deployments were often made by PUMA helicopters and offshore marine craft, but most were on foot. The patrols were welcomed enthusiastically by the villagers. The patrol members deliberately took their time to establish a social rapport with the indigenous population and helped them with low level tasks. So welcome was this that the Alcaldes (village headman) asked the patrols to visit more frequently, both for overt protection close to the

disputed border and as an outlet for social intercourse between our soldiers and the villagers.

Lt Col Bob McGhie accepting the Wilkinson Sword of Peace from HM Lord Lietenant of Kent, The Rt Hon Robin Leigh-Pemberton PC.



British soldiers the world over have always given unstintingly their time and assistance to local populations wherever they have been deployed. Their humanity to others less fortunate in life has always been marked by a willingness to help and the officers, WOs, NCOs and soldiers of 3 QUEENS together with our RAC, RA and RE battle group attachments continued with this wholeheartedly. Most activities were low level, such as Private Oldrey delivering a baby in the jungle, but many longer term projects were set in motion and completed over a period of weeks and months. Many were instigated by soldiers and junior commanders seeking ways to help without usurping the proper function of the Belizean civil authorities.

Considerable training assistance was provided to the Belize Defence Force covering the full range of military operations from platoon to battalion level, and the eagerness of the Belizean soldiers to learn was matched only by the natural desire to teach by all ranks of the battalion.

On 7 June a team from the battalion flew to Jamaica as part of a tri-service disaster relief team as twelve days of torrential





rain had severely flooded the southern and western areas of Jamaica leaving large tracts inaccessible. The team helped with distribution of food supplies, crowd control over zealous hungry villagers, clearing landslides and road blockages. This was in marked contrast to the team that umpired the Bermuda Defence Force's annual exercise managing to spend much time on the various gin palaces riding gently at anchor in the harbour!

The following is a resumé of the battalion's activities:

A Coy at Salamanca deep in the southern jungles of Toledo:

Arranged childrens' school visits, some 250 children at a time, to promote a greater understanding of the soldiers' place in Belizean society and gave demonstrations of military equipment; a considerable amount of medical assistance for skin diseases, machete cuts and air casevac of a girl who might have died; repairs to San Pedro Church; building an all-weather concrete driveway to enable the Sisters of San Luis Rey to do their work by van; transport assistance to collect grain and building materials; assistance with the provision of stalls and rides for the Punta Gorda primary school's annual fete; held an Open Day at Salamanca Camp for over 1500 Indian and Creole locals to raise money for the San Luis Rey Parish

B Coy and the Recce Platoon at Rideau, inland from the coastal town of Punta Gorda:

Assistance with and provision of stalls and rides for the Punta Gorda primary school annual fete; medical support to the local villages and the birthing, by Private Oldrey, at Cadenas of a 38 year old mother's 13th child; installation of UNICEF funded water pumps at Lagoon village; fund raising open day which provided much fun for hundreds of locals and raised funds for urgent restoration of the local sewage system; concerts by the RRF band – we were not allowed ours - it was sent to assist in Germany; the Coy Comd was invited to judge the Punta Gorda Queen of the Bay beauty contest!

C Coy at Holdfast in the Central District of Cayo:

Help with Cayo District Schools Sports Day preliminary preparations and the 24 soldiers helped organise and run the main events on the day itself; supporting the Salvation Army children's party; a patrol coming across a burnt down house spent two days rebuilding it for a grateful family; 130 children attended an Open Day at Holdfast Camp; help with the Listowel Boys School sports day; provided and erected a tented camp for a schools summer camp and provided film shows over an eight week period; rebuilt the Clinic at Stann Creek and improved facilities at the agricultural trade school including the water tower; treated civilian casualties, one with a deep machete head wound, one with the loss of two toes and one with a GSW to the chest.



BN HQ and Fire Sp Coy at Airport Camp, in the North near Belize City:

Flood relief work throughout their TAOR; major flood relief work at the Hummingbird Primary School; providing film shows for the children of the Orange Walk district schools.

The reward for all was a sincere word or gesture of thanks from a delightful, generous and peaceful people whom we had protected from external aggression and had in some small way assisted in their progress and quality of life.

THE SWORD of PEACE

Instituted in 1966 the Wlkinson Sword of Peace was presented annually to a unit of each of the three services deemed to have merited the award. 3 QUEENS were awarded the Sword for 1986 and the presentation was made at Howe Barracks on 19th September 1987 by Mr N F Nicholson the Company MD to HM Lord Lieutenant of Kent after the Flying Dragons Freefall Team delivered it to the parade ground. The Rt Hon Robin Leigh Pemberton PC then presented it to the Commanding Officer.

The Sword is now kept at RHQ but will be placed in the new QUEENS Room in the Museum at Dover Castle after the refurbishment.

Since this article was written and just before printing, Lt Col Bob McGhie sadly died on 11 Otober. His obituary will appear in next years Journal.





THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE

OR WHY WE WERE THERE VICAR!

by Paddy Panton

Introduction

When looking back on my military career, a thing one tends to do as the ravages of old age crawl slowly over the distant horizon, it has often struck me that very little has ever been written about the British Army of the Rhine (BAOR). Much has quite rightly been written about warfare and the endless series of operations that the Army has been involved in over the post WWII years, but all the years of the so-called "Cold War", keeping the peace between NATO and the Soviet bloc, have really received very little coverage. There are whole generations of us soldiers who were weaned on the Soviet threat, who spent many years of our military service preparing for World War III in Germany, and much of whose training and way of life was bound up in numerous postings to BAOR and the almost surreal existence that it entailed. My contention that the coverage of the British Army's exploits in BAOR has been somewhat limited was reinforced when I visited the Imperial War Museum's Photograph Archive recently to do some research for this article, only to discover that there are almost no appropriate pictorial records held there covering these post-war years and that all the millions of photographs that must have been taken by the Corps and Divisional PR staff during the years 1950 to 1980 have been squirreled away, without proper sorting, in cardboard boxes in some dark cellar at Duxford! There is a treasure trove there for someone to find if they have the time.

All that said, the purpose of this short piece is just to give a flavour of life in BAOR as it was in those far off days, to recall some memories for those of us who served there,

and to try and show today's generation a hint of the extraordinary lives we led then as we faced the Soviet hordes just over the border in East Germany. I had four tours of duty over there between 1960 and 1980 serving at Regimental Duty, with the Army Air Corps and on the staff at HQ 1(BR) Corps and I also made a series of visits on other occasions in various other capacities. BAOR was certainly very much part of my service and I hope that these snapshots recall a way of life familiar to so many of us and now long since passed into history. I think!

The Threat - or was there one ?

Towards the end of my dealings with BAOR, and especially during my time working at the Joint Services School of Intelligence at Ashford, I began to have my doubts as to the actual threat posed by the Soviet forces poised over the border. Had generations of us succumbed to the insidious powers of our own propaganda? Had service in BAOR become an art form of its own? Was it all some complicated game largely devised to keep the Cavalry in being? Did the Warsaw Pact ORBAT with its seemingly endless numbers of Tank and Motor Rifle Divisions really pose the threat it was made out to have? I have no doubt that in the early post war years NATO did indeed face a substantial threat and the shadow of nuclear war seemed very real, but one wonders if things had not undergone a steady decline since then. Neither the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 nor their subsequent struggles in the war in Afghanistan through the 1970s bore the hallmark of highly professional forces ready to punch their way West to the Channel ports against sophisticated





opposition. The calibre of their personnel, the reliability of their equipment, and the faltering cohesion within the Group of Soviet Forces Germany (GSFG) certainly cast some doubts in my increasingly sceptical mind.

Yet in the BAOR heydays this apocalypse is what we were led to expect. I recall only too well the exercise maps in the 1(BR) Corps' war room and the "bird tables" in the vast EX SUMMER SALES tented villages, (a regular Command Post exercise so familiar to many of us who were sucked in on the gilded staff or as lowly watch-keepers drafted in to swell the already bursting ranks involved), reflecting great red chinagraph swathes of Soviet armour as they punched West through our defences, over the River Weser, heading for the Rhine and all stations further westwards. Our response had to depend on an ever increasing use of nuclear weapons. I can see it now, us Operations gurus waxing lyrical about our Nuclear Killing Zones while the enthusiastic Artillery staff dotted the map with little "mushroom cloud" symbols as we frantically plotted the effects of downwind fallout and radiation on our own troops. Not content with that, the equally enthusiastic Engineer boys were busy blowing up miles of German Autobahn and highly expensive bridges with the revolting Atomic Demolition Munitions (ADMs). What a performance!

That said, this sombre aspect of warfare was certainly not entirely in our imagination. I can recall time and again having to take our turn on the roster to provide the guards for the US controlled "Special Ammunition Sites" tucked away in the less frequented parts of the German countryside. A euphemism of course for the nuclear warheads lurking within. I wonder how many of us actually gave half a thought as to their possible use? Was the actual threat real or imagined, and if it did exist how we were prepared to face it?



Training - Training - and more Training

Even if the threat was somewhat exaggerated, our BAOR training was certainly not! When one looks back, it is almost hard to believe the scale of the field exercises (FDX) that took place in those halcyon days before the three gremlins of "track mileage", "flying hours", and "damage control" all entered our military vocabulary. Huge areas of the German countryside were given the "443 treatment" by the staff (the official Army Form used to designate the civilian countryside as suitable for rape and pillage), and then all hell was let loose as we exercised our rights to defend NATO. The sights of great convoys of military vehicles clogging the autobahns for miles, the crazy patterns of tank and APC tracks carving their way through fields and villages, and the crowds of harassed burghers wringing their hands in despair as their homes and barns were "requisitioned" by the military - all these were familiar to us on an all too regular basis.

And what places we stayed in! In HQ 1(BR) Corps we took over whole villages in order to find cover for the myriad "caravans", command vehicles, camp followers, Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all. Luxury barns were the order of the day and wholesale evacuation of the locals and their possessions was the norm. We tended to live in even more style in my BAOR aviation days when we were able to take the pick of the local country houses, castles and landed estates on which to base ourselves. We were always more welcome as we did not have the dreaded "panzers" causing damage everywhere, and of course our aircraft were an added attraction. I can recall many a pleasant evening "up at the big house" taking a glass of wine, or something stronger, with our host, invariably Graf Von Somebody, often with an interesting war record of his own!

We seemed to spend our life out on exercise as we covered the ground we were expected to fight over from end to end. If we were not cavorting about over 443 land we lived on the muddy moonscape of Soltau, we tore Sennelager apart with

thousands and thousands of rounds of ammunition, and we discovered the delights of Vogelsang, Hohne, Putlos, Dorbaum and myriad other "local training areas". In all this, I always found our deployments and exercises over the ground where we would have to fight "for real" the most interesting. To this day I can recall animated conversations with an erstwhile Divisional Commander, General Harry Dalziel-Payne, (one of my firm BAOR heroes!) about the merits, or distinct lack of them, of our forward slope positions given the likely crippling effect of Soviet artillery fire coming the other way, and to my mind, the appalling paucity of medical cover that we had available to us in our mechanised world.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. When we were not "out on the ground" doing our stuff with the full paraphernalia of war, we lived for our BAOR Tactical Exercises Without Troops (TEWTs). These were key social occasions in our military calendar, ostensibly laid on to improve our military expertise but in fact providing a marvellous chance to catch up with old friends from all arms. Regiments vied with each other to lay on the best facilities in some obscure part of the countryside, ranging from field latrines draped in regimental colours, to marquees with guy ropes painted white, groaning with the Mess silver and staffed with flunkies dressed in chain mail standing about in the mud. "Pimms" was often the tippie at mid-day and some of the subsequent answers to the dreaded Administrative Problem that invariably followed luncheon had to be heard to be believed!

And Then There Were The Serious Bits

Our lives were blighted by "ACTIVE EDGE", the former codename for the unannounced callout of forces, when ostensibly we were given the order to deploy to emergency positions without prior warning. Invariably we seemed to have some vague idea as to when this disaster would strike and having spent days with our boots on, our kit packed, and our vehicles loaded, the order would come out of the blue and great chunks of BAOR would

take to the roads at some unearthly hour of the night and head rapidly for the woods. Woe betide any poor civilians on the roads coming face to face with columns of armour hell bent on reaching their objectives as quickly as possible.

We were intrigued to know what our aspiring enemy looked like and to this end we intermittently dispatched Subalterns with some motley crew to carry out "Border Patrols". Luckily professional chaperones from the Frontier Service were provided as these tours took in the heavily fortified border with East Germany with its watchtowers, miles of wire and electric fences, minefields and other hidden horrors. For our part it was a rare chance to peer at the Warsaw Pact and to catch glimpses of their soldiers and equipment. Another extraordinary event in similar vein was the chance to travel to the beleaguered Berlin on the military train from Hannover. This archaic form of transport, run by the erstwhile RASC I seem to recall, passed through the huge GSFG training areas to the North of Magdeburg and other barrack areas and it provided a fascinating, if lucky, chance to see Soviet armour and other equipment at first hand. This was the real thing!

What was certainly not the real thing was the art of "flotation". In the mid 60s we were the proud possessors of the still new fleet of FV 432s which had replaced the SARACEN armoured vehicles with which the BAOR Infantry were equipped of old. One death defying pastime was to attempt to float these things across the River Weser using a system that had seemingly remained unchanged from the ill-fated attempts to land armour by swimming onto the beaches of Normandy during the "D" Day invasion. After hours of preparation with grease and the erection of flimsy rubberised flotation screens our intrepid APC drivers were invited to plunge into the river and attempt to make the far bank without mishap. It was a nightmare experience and one luckily we wisely never repeated on subsequent exercises or "for real", we would never have lived to tell the tale!



'Damage Control' began to play an ever more serious role in our BAOR training activities as the crippling effects of budgets took hold. The days of pea-brained cavalry Troop Leaders choosing to ignore the ubiquitous bridge classification signs as their tanks crossed over to disastrous effect had gone. The free reign for manoeuvre that we had enjoyed with our armoured vehicles through fields, crops and woods had to be brought under control as the claims for compensation mounted. The sight of minor German roads torn to shreds as columns of armour gouged great trenches through tarmac and cobbles with their tracks

caused apoplexy to the training staff with their cash registers at the ready. It was always rumoured that whole exercises were ended prematurely as the damage cash limit approached - things had certainly changed for the worse!

And Finally - The Fun Bits !

Who would ever have thought that we would take droves of soldiers, strap boards on their feet and send them hurtling down the snow slopes in Bavaria? Exercise "SNOW QUEEN" did just this and it ran for years in BAOR providing a really good opportunity for all ranks to learn to ski. Like everything else in those days in Germany it grew more ambitious by the year. Not only did we hire chalets and stuff them with our own administrative staff - never mind the establishment figures - but it became the done thing for (very wealthy) Regiments to enter the smart Bavarian property market and even buy their own ski chalets in moments of entrepreneurial madness. I seem to recall that these ventures often ended in financial disaster and there was much talk of selling the Officers' Mess silver to bail people out.

Exercise "GRAPE PICK" provided another outstanding chance to discover a spectacular part of Germany. This entailed sending off assorted motley military groups to the Mosel valley to assist the locals in the gathering of the Autumn grape harvest. The work was backbreaking but the evening entertainment in the various "Weingut" locations, always involving lengthy wine tasting sessions, was out of this world. Regrettably this venture all came to a halt in latter years as we ran foul of ever more invasive German employment laws, and I have no doubt that "questions were raised in the House" as to exactly what British servicemen were doing assisting the local labour market. That said, this so called exercise introduced us to a whole new way of bucolic life in an idyllic setting and did wonders for our appreciation of the delights of Mosel wine.

"Conclusion."

So life in BAOR moved on from National Servicemen in Battle Dress uniforms with denims to wear in the field, to the first olive green combat clothing, to the introduction of the much more modern "combat kit" with all the increasing paraphernalia of equipment that the threat of NBC warfare brought with it. Service in BAOR supported an industry in itself as equipment became more and more sophisticated and the paranoia as to what lay over the border in the East never lost its grip. Perhaps the "star turn" of service in BAOR, certainly in the later years, was the advent of BATUS and our regular mechanised training in Canada. To my mind we could most certainly have coped with the Soviets after a spell honing our skills out there on the prairie. But that is another story!



8TH QUEEN'S FUSILIERS COLOURS

by Jonathan Riley

When the 8th Battalion (Queen's Fusiliers) was formed in 1986, it was allocated to The Queen's Regiment's order of battle by the Adjutant General of the Army. This was because, in spite of its unique title, two of its three companies - A (Queen's Surreys) at Camberwell and B (Middlesex) at Edgware - as well as most of HQ and HQ Company at Clapham Junction - were badged to The Queen's. Only one company, C (City of London) Company at Balham was badged to the Fusiliers.

Proposals were put forward jointly by both regiments for an unique set of Colours and drums, incorporating the badges and distinctions and common battle honours of both regiments. Unsurprisingly, perhaps, this proposal was rejected by the Adjutant General who ordered that should any Colours ever be presented, they would conform to those of The Queen's Regiment. Until recently, it was not known if any design work had actually been carried out. However, Lt Col Les Wilson has recently found the drawings which illustrate this article. These were produced by the College of Arms and are therefore authoritative. In the event, the battalion was not in existence long enough to be presented with Colours. These drawings are all that remain - an historical curiosity perhaps.



*College of Arms
30 January 1989*

Inspector of Regimental Colours

Queen's Colour 8th (Volunteer) Battalion The
Queen's Fusiliers (City of London)



*College of Arms
30 January 1989*

*A colonel's
Inspector of Regimental Colours*

Regimental Colour 8th (Volunteer) Battalion
The Queen's Fusiliers (City of London)

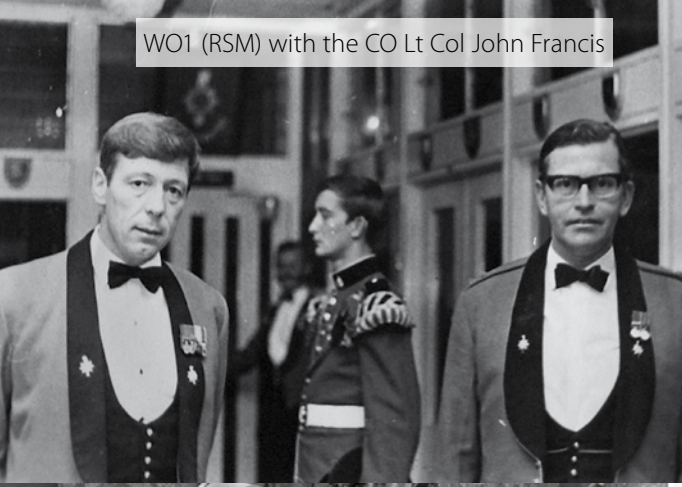


Selected players from 8th Queen's Fusiliers

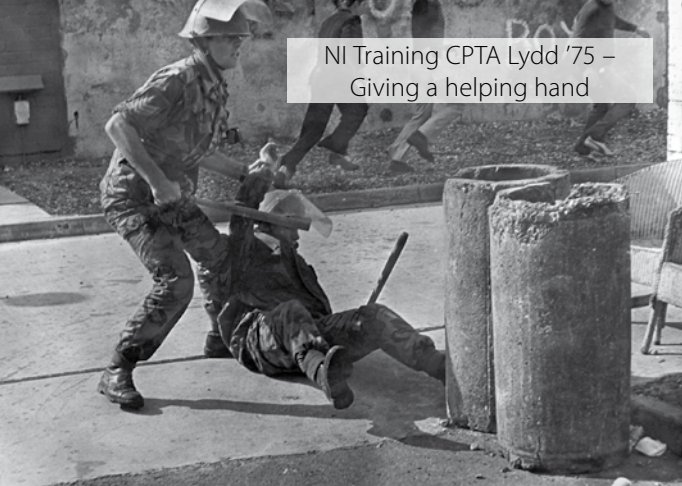


THE LIFE AND TIMES OF 3 QUEENS

WO1 (RSM) with the CO Lt Col John Francis



NI Training CPTA Lydd '75 –
Giving a helping hand



NI Training CPTA Lydd '75 with Miss 3 QUEENS



NI Training CPTA Lydd '75 Painted Pig



62 | Soldiers of The Queen's 2014



Belize Jungle Training Sgt Drew
and his basher



The rest fish more aggressively



Sgts Dua and Wilkey with
Miss Gibraltar 75



Or maybe not!



Lcpl Whalley, Cpl Booth and Pte Aurand firing the Wombat Mar 67



Emplaning



Sgt Dixon, the Battalion Pioneer Sgt, on parade



Belize '77 WO2 Jenkinson and CSgt O'Sullivan Jungle Warfare Training



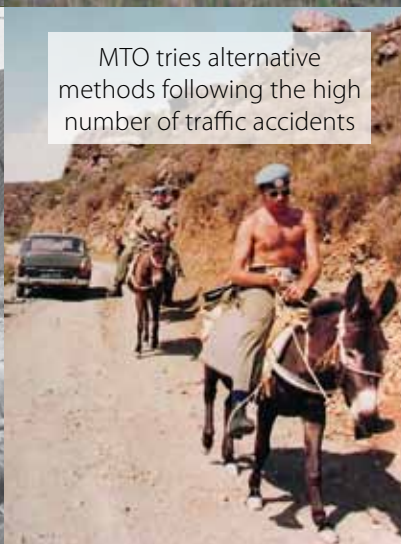
Sgt Hinds



Bill Dixon aiming for the Officers' Mess



NI Training CPTA Lydd '75 - CivPop Brief



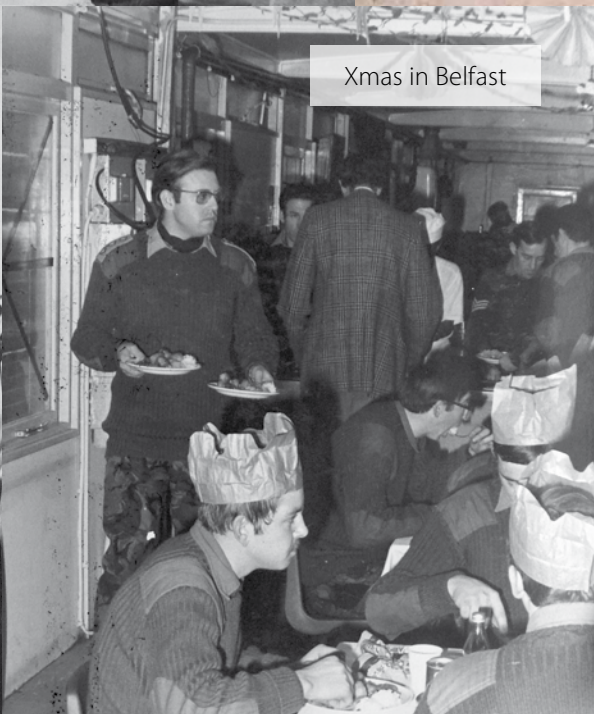
MTO tries alternative methods following the high number of traffic accidents



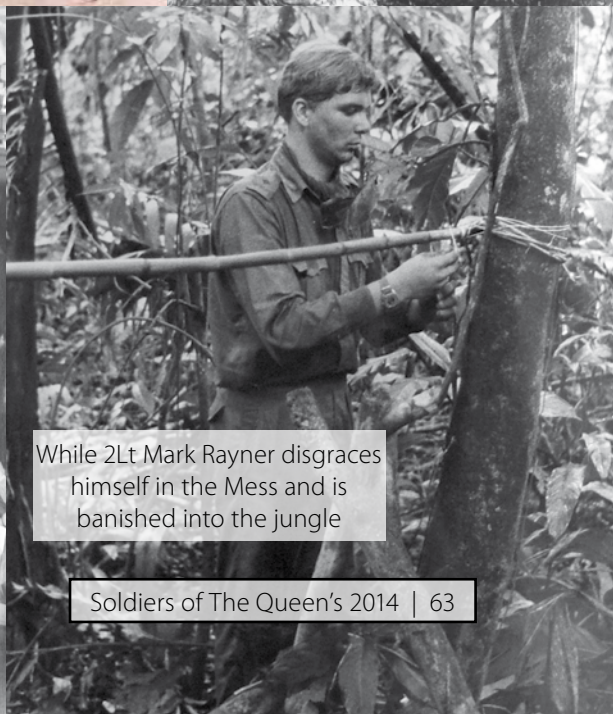
The Black Watch hand over to 3 Queens in Belfast



Stephen Thorpe commanding



Xmas in Belfast



While 2Lt Mark Rayner disgraces himself in the Mess and is banished into the jungle



THE CANTERBURY MEMORIAL

by Alasdair Goulden

The Canterbury Memorial located in Howe Barracks beside the old Queen's Regimental Headquarters was unveiled on Sobraon Day, 10 February 1995, in the presence of four former Colonels of the Regiment, Major General Ling, Major General Mans, Major General Reynolds and Brigadier Millman.

Members since the early 1980s had asked RHQ to put up a memorial to the Regiment. The problem was not a lack of willingness but the difficult questions of permission and location. It had to be in a place that held a particular connection to the Regiment. The first thought was Canterbury Cathedral, next the grounds of Canterbury Cathedral, Canterbury itself,





Left to right: Brigadier Millman, Major General Mans, Major General Ling and Major General Reynolds

Guildford, Kingston, Chichester and various other county towns; finally St Paul's Cathedral. All were rejected for one reason or another and then as Lieutenant Colonel Les Wilson and Major Alan Martin were peering out of the window seeking inspiration one of them turned to the other and said – "Why don't we stick it there?" Taking their well thought out plan to the Regimental Secretary, Colonel John Francis, the decision was then taken to place the Memorial where it would be observed and protected by the Regimental Gate Guard, RHQ could keep a weathered eye on it and it would be easily accessible for members of the Regiment to visit it and parade whenever they wished so to do.

The next task was design. Colonel Wilson had rescued the Royal cypher which had originally sat above the entrance to the Officers' Mess in Wemyss and Infantry Barracks in Sturry Road. For many years after the cypher had been salvaged, it stayed in the Soldiers' Rest Room in Howe Barracks, a place where soldiers could go for a bit of peace and quiet, away from the hustle and bustle of battalion life. The Rest Room became a small regimental museum where the cypher remained in pride of place. Unfortunately, when the museum moved to Dover Castle there was no space available and it was consigned to a storeroom until it was required once again to be pressed into service. The Memorial, designed by Christian Marshall of Reigate, was built to remember all those who served in the Queen's Regiment from 1966-1992 and especially those who died through terrorist action in Northern Ireland and England. A plinth, central to the memorial contained the names of those who had died. Guarded by two pillars, each containing a copy of the Regimental badge, the cypher formed an impressive background to the memorial plinth.

On the day of dedication, the Colour Party, provided by 2nd Battalion, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment consisted of:

| | |
|--|---|
| Regimental Colour 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment | - Lieutenant CA St J James |
| Regimental Colour 2nd Battalion The Queen's Regiment | - Lieutenant R J Newall |
| Regimental Colour 3rd Battalion The Queen's Regiment | - Lieutenant A J Crawley |
| Regimental Sergeant Major | - WO1 G D Morrow |
| Escorts | - WO2 T Osborne, CSgt C K White, CSgt K J L Dowling |

The Corps of Drums, 2nd Battalion The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, provided the music for the unveiling and dedication.



During the Unveiling and Dedication Ceremony, Major General MF Reynolds CB, last Colonel of the Queen's Regiment, 1989-1992, made the introduction and invited Major General FAH Ling CB CBE DSO DL, second Colonel of the Queen's Regiment, 1973-1977, to unveil the Memorial. Major General R S N Mans CBE, third Colonel of the Queen's Regiment, 1978-1983, then invited The Venerable Peter Mallett CB, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen's Regiment, 1990-1992, to dedicate the Memorial. Brigadier H C Millman OBE DL, fourth Colonel of the Queen's Regiment, 1984-1988, then read the lesson from Ephesians, Ch 6 VV 10-18.

From that moment on, the Vipers, now a branch of the Queen's Regimental Association, have paraded at the Memorial on 11 November to pay homage to our fallen.

At the same time as the Memorial was being built, Books of Remembrance were placed in Canterbury Cathedral and in RHQ, the pages of which are turned on a regular basis.

Following the closure of Howe Barracks this year, the Memorial will be moved to Leros Barracks, home of 3 PWRR, where it will be protected and where it will take centre stage in the area where Beating Retreat is traditionally held. All ex-members

of the Regiment are warmly invited to visit the memorial whenever they like – just contact RHQ PWRR to make arrangements.



Turning the Page of the Book of Remembrance in
Canterbury Cathedral



Sergeant Major Bream QGM

Colonial Matters

I hear from the Rock that the two progenitors of next month's Gibraltar Tattoo, Brigadier Dick Hume and Major Rocky Hitchcock, are in some conflict over the nickname for the show. Dick Hume, who throughout his service with the Irish Guards was known as "Jaws" is campaigning for the tattoo to be known as "Jaws 4". However Rocky Hitchcock is campaigning for the perhaps more appropriate title of "The Rocky Horror Show". The local betting is that rank will win!

Peter Simple of the Daily Telegraph 1985

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT ROLL OF HONOUR OF THOSE KILLED ON OR AS A RESULT OF ACTIVE SERVICE



It has been decided that the name of Pte Brimblecombe of the 2nd Battalion should be added to this Roll of Honour. Although he was killed prior to the award of the General Service Medal for Northern Ireland he was on operations in support of the Civil Power while on patrol guarding Key Point Ballylumford Power Station against Protestant terrorist action. He was buried with full military honours and a Regimental headstone in the local churchyard was raised in Hollywood.

In addition, the name of Pte Biddle ACC has also been added. Pte Biddle was killed whilst serving with the 1st Battalion in Omagh, whilst off duty on 9th April 1983. A stained glass window was dedicated in the church in Lisanelly Barracks to his memory. The window now resides in the church of the Adjutant General's Corp in Worthy Down.

In addition to the Canterbury Memorial, the sacrifice of all these soldiers is also recognised on the Armed Forces Wall at the National Memorial Arboretum, Lichfield, and in the Queen's Memorial Garden, Dorking. A new Memorial has recently been erected in Palace Barracks, Northern Ireland, through private subscription.



ABSEIL 2014

170m of Pure Adrenaline or How to Take the Scenic Route

by Alasdair Goulden

It all started with a phone call from Friends of the PWRR, who raise money on behalf of all the benevolent funds, past and present. "How do you fancy doing an abseil to raise money for the Queen's Regimental Benevolent Fund and you can take a mate?" "Why not?" said I, forgetting that it's been 40 years since I did any abseiling.

In the end, five of us, Dan Williams, Dom Rumble, Brian Marjoram, Lorraine Dukes (big birthday) and me joined other lunatics from the Friends in Portsmouth and looked up at the Spinnaker Tower that was to be our challenge. The first attempt was cancelled as the Tower was swaying about in 40mph winds and we all had to come back a month later to give it another go.

Weather almost perfect with a mild 10mph wind, we were taken to the observation platform to get ourselves kitted out in front of all the gawkers taking in the view and to receive our brief which consisted of our very competent safety instructor saying "There's no point in giving you a brief. I'll tell you everything you need to know when you are in the harness! Follow me!" and proceeded to take us down a few stairs to a small door which opened out into a platform that was about two foot wide, six foot long and 170m above the ground. On it was a small metal handle. Our instructor went out onto the platform and said "Right. Who's first?" I decided to show leadership and take the

plunge first which is another way of saying that the less time I spent up there the better! Having been clipped on and strapped the Regimental Flag onto my back, I was told to step over the metal handle, sit in the harness and let go. It was at that moment I was informed that the Spinnaker was covered in Teflon paint and if I kicked off in the way that I was used to I would just smash my face against the wall. A different technique was called for, which in effect meant sliding down the wall on my toes, holding the wall off with my left hand, while controlling my descent with my right hand. Off I went. The descent was as good an adrenaline rush as I've had for a very long time especially when the wind caught me and threw me round the corner of the Tower with legs thrashing about like a demented chicken trying to get some sort of grip on the ice smooth surface! Taking four minutes to get to the ground set the pace for the others who came down in at a variety of times with Lorraine Dukes, deciding to have lunch half way down, notching up over 17 minutes for the descent!

All safely on the ground it was time for the inevitable team photo. We raised over £1,500 for the Benevolent Fund and would like to thank all those who so generously supported our rather slippery efforts to regain our youth.



Safely on the ground after the descent



Hanging on for dear life



"God - It's a long way down!"



22 MILES – YOU WISH!

by Steve Wall and Bob Fisher

Through the stormy night of 24 and 25 July 2014 two former soldiers from the Queen's Regiment, now serving with the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment led a swimming team successfully across the English Channel for a number of charities including the Queen's Regiment Benevolent Fund.

Major Steve (Wally) Wall, now QM 1 PWRR, was Team Leader of the aptly named 'PWRR Tiger Sharks'. Steve served from Pte to Sgt in 1 QUEENS. He was joined by WO2 (RQMS) 'Bob' Fisher, Pte to WO2 (CSM) also with 1 QUEENS, and four PWRR soldiers which included both Regulars and Reservists.

The team set out to raise funds for the charities SCOPE (helping people with disability), Naomi House & Jacksplace and Demelza (children's hospices) together with the Regimental Benevolent Fund. They succeeded in meeting their target of £10,000 and as both Steve and Bob have articulated on social media sites just over 50% of their target were met by ex-Queensmen which is truly magnificent and typifies what a great family Regiment the Queen's was!

Extensive training in preparation for the successful Channel crossing began in February 2014 which included early morning cold water swims in near freezing conditions to ensure the body adapted to cold water immersion. Both Bob and Steve coped with the cold the best and sometimes carrying a little middle-age spread has its advantages!!! The team was split three from Germany and three from the UK so at times training was done in solitary conditions which made motivation a key driver for getting out of a car and into ice cold water when most folk were still tucked up in bed.

The Tiger Sharks represented the Home Counties Regimental recruiting area well and consisted of:

- Maj Steve Wall Team Leader – 1 PWRR and ex 1 QUEENS – Home town Chatham but lived in Aviemore for 20 years.
- Capt Heath Craster – B (PWRR) Coy London Regt – Golders Green, London (but from Zimbabwe)
- Lt Chris Griffiths – 1 PWRR – Home town Camberley, Surrey
- WO2 Bob Fisher – 3 PWRR and ex 1 QUEENS – Home town Gravesend, Kent
- CSgt Craig Duff-Stewart – 1 PWRR (RMAS) – Home town Portsmouth, Hampshire
- LCpl James Sandalls – 1 PWRR – Home Town Newhaven, East Sussex

Both Bob and Steve are seasoned endurance athletes and used to extreme challenges and as it turned out both fared better in the Force 4/5 conditions than the slimmer, faster, younger models and they clocked the furthest distance in the challenge.

Steve, who organised the event alongside the 'Friends of PWRR' turned 51 on the day of the swim was determined the team should succeed after his solo effort in 2011 left him dangerously ill after over 8 hours swimming. He told us that it was a great team effort with admin, fundraisers and swimmers pulling together to deliver a successful crossing and making Regimental history in the process.

Bob Fisher, as usual, has the last word and told the Journal.....When Steve Wall put out a trawl for swimmers for an attempt at swimming the Channel I replied "if the rest of the Regiment die then I will volunteer" It would appear that there is a mass grave of Tigers out there because a nano second after emailing Steve he replied "You're in!" What followed next was cold swims in the sea which left my "boys" cowering in the depths of my body or hot swims in the pool with all the old and bold doing their leisurely "lets cover the whole lane" back stroke. Six months later I had the most miserable night I've ever had as we completed our crossing. Moral of the story, NEVER VOLUNTEER! But we knew that anyway, didn't we? I sometimes whisper that I have a great feeling of achievement, but not too loudly in case they ask me to do something stupid like that again. Thanks to all Queensmen that put their hands in their pockets, you are the most generous of all the people we met. Many thanks again.



All over



The effect of tides





LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROATS

by Peter Swanson

This report is dedicated to everyone who so kindly sponsored me and helped raise money for The Queen's Regiment Benevolent Fund and the other charities I rode for. Your help in raising money contributes to the excellent work in support of our soldiers.

My first cycle of any distance was 50 years ago when aged 15, and living in Carlisle, my parents decided to take a holiday in Whitstable, Kent. I tried to persuade my father to take my bicycle. When he refused, in typical stropky teenager fashion, I said that if he wouldn't take it I would jolly well cycle there myself. To my amazement he agreed and, unable to back down, I did it.

The Route

Aided by an excellent programme called Memory Map and its on-bike-navigator (Adventure 3500) I had every metre planned in advance. As Memory Map is Ordnance Survey 1: 50,000 based I also had a pretty good idea of the terrain to anticipate each day.

Cycling on main roads with HGVs hurtling by isn't much fun so my route plan was as far as possible on minor C or B roads with considerably less traffic. Of course, less direct routes add distance and inevitably more hills.

Leaving Land's End on 2 June I passed through or around Camelford, Wellington, Bristol, Chepstow, Ross on Rye, Shrewsbury, Nantwich, Billinge (north of St Helens), Sedbergh, Carlisle, Strathaven, Ardrossan Port, the Isle of Arran, Kilmartin, Fort William, Alness, Bettyhill and Thurso. This was a somewhat roundabout way of by-passing Glasgow but cycling through the City was unappealing and the western route is generally considered more beautiful. In all I accumulated 1020 miles and 53,500 feet of climbing before arriving at John O'Groats.

The Terrain

When driving I don't think one really appreciates what a hilly country we live in, certainly the western side anyway. One has a different perspective on a bike! The hills on the first two days in Cornwall and Devon were as testing and demanding as several of the periods in Scotland, and climbing out of the Wye valley north-east of Chepstow was one of the most difficult climbs. Fortunately, at that stage, I had my youngest son, Alex, with me for a couple of days so we jollied each other along. For the rest of the journey I was on my own and strangely did not see that many other cyclists en route – they had probably very sensibly opted for the main roads and just accepted the traffic! I am usually grumbling about the state of the roads where I live in East Sussex but, in the interests of ensuring everyone shares the pain, Councils ensure that the quality of road surface is poor throughout the land. Of course at the side of the road where one cycles it is usually worse where workmen seem to have taken a perverse pleasure in ensuring they leave behind as uneven a surface as possible when they have made patch repairs or dug up drains and mains. Of course there were some excellent exceptions of dream-like smooth surfaces which one savoured until a crunching bump reminded one how sensible it was to have applied a good coating of Vaseline before departure!

From the short sharp features of Cornwall and Devon, across the delightful meadows of the Somerset levels, through the dramatic slopes of the Welsh borders, up to the more open fields and uplands of northern England with their stone walls, into the generally more gradual but higher slopes in Scotland, across the moors approaching the north Scottish coast, I was constantly reminded of what a simply beautiful land we live in. Lush and green at this time of year, and despite some pain on some of the climbs, it was a joy to cycle through such a rich variety of scenery and delightful villages. At times I was channelled into having to pass through major towns which actually brought home how many waterways we have and how they have influenced route and urban development over the centuries.





The Weather

As with hills, another key factor for cyclists is the weather, which has a huge influence on speed and morale! My original plan had been to await a forecast 2-week period of decent weather. But once channelled by other factors into early June it was not without some apprehension that I noted a likely period of “unsettled weather” throughout the UK - and so it turned out to be. There were also distinct advantages which accompanied the many downpours encountered and the almost constantly cloudy skies, even though the south was enjoying almost a heat-wave at times. Firstly, cloud is probably better than sun so I had absolutely no de-hydration problems and always had sufficient reserves of water. Secondly, for 90% of the time, the wind was in my favour. It was only on my penultimate day as I twice climbed up to the moors above Alness and then Lairg straight into a brisk northerly that I appreciated how fortunate I had been previously.

On my own

With the exception of two great days when Alex joined me between Chepstow and Nantwich I was on my own and unsupported. This meant carrying everything I might need for emergencies and overnight stops. Whilst I refined my load to about 9kg this transformed my nice lightweight bike that my wife, Diana, had given me for my 65th birthday, into a bit of a heavyweight. But I did all my preparatory rides carrying the load so it was not too much of a shock although I did feel it on the hills.

Having thought I was well prepared for repairs I had two days when I was hit by a series of punctures. On both occasions my spare inner tubes also failed me and I had to resort to on-the-hoof patch puncture repairs. On my final day when I was so close to my target and was despairing with my fourth puncture two rather professional looking cyclists stopped (after the 5 who did not even look my way!) and helped me with my tube changing technique, although that repair only lasted a mile too!

Final Reflections

It was hard work but it was also mission accomplished. En route I chanced on great kindness: the pub stop where they did a whip round for my charities – the barmaid put in £20 as her boyfriend was in the Royal Navy; without exception much kindness and a genuine welcome from all the B&Bs I stayed in – one lady even insisted on doing my washing; being flagged down from a car by a mother and daughter as I approached John O’Groats - they insisted on giving me a donation; another lady at John O’Groats who also gave me £20 for the charities after I told her where I had come from; and the chap who came out from his home as I knelt repairing my tyre once more on the final leg into Thurso and offered to drive me in if all else failed – maybe he thought I was praying!

We have a wonderful and beautiful country and it was a huge pleasure to see a large chunk of it at a pace during which one could really appreciate it. I don’t think I had any great philosophical thoughts en route, I was too busy following my route, anticipating the next hill and how long it would be until I dared eat that next choccy bar! But I did appreciate my environment, the constant support I was receiving on Whatsapp from my family in 4 different countries at times, and I suppose a bit of self-satisfaction that I was achieving what I set out to do and raising money for Service charities in the process.

MEMORIES

In 1982 I was at the Depot and we were doing drill with WO2 Wilson . As he screamed us up to attention his teeth came flying out of his mouth onto the drill square. He then had his teeth doubled away and locked up.

John Russell

QUEENS REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

One Aim Rally

by Steve Parsons

Over the weekend of 4-6 July, at the Share and Coulter Pub, the QRRRA held their first rally to raise funds for our Queen's Regimental Benevolent Fund. The event was an amazing event with over 250 people turning up to camp in the rain, show off their bikes, listen to an eclectic array of music from singers and bands such as guest, Dave Cousins from the Strawbs, Pink Floyd Tribute Relics Band, The Duel, Brothers Grimm, Loadstone, Slug Pixies, Morgellons; we even allowed Postman Pat (Pat President) and Del Boy (Rodney Dell) the opportunity to remind us

of their considerable singing talents. There were guest performances from the Element Fire Eaters, drumming from the Blocko Foco Samba Drummers, and displays by the 1st Cinque Ports Corps of Drums and the Vipers Corps of Drums. And who would forget the outstanding performance by "The Bard", Drum Major Steve Barden, forced onto the stage and made to pick up the drum sticks for the first time in 35 years? With all day access to the pub and all night access to the Naafi tent during which there was an beautiful performance by one of the visiting





girl singers, burger vans, hog roast, candy stalls, clothing stalls, ice cream, Army Surplus and trinkets. We also had visits from the Patriots to endorse the Association and the police to ensure that we behaved ourselves. This was a truly memorable weekend.

Never forgetting the aim though, the Riders raised £1,819.13 for the Benevolent Fund which was presented to Col Beattie, the Association President, at the Queen's Museum in Dover Castle.

Next year's One Aim Rally, the Rider's Fundraiser for the Benevolent Fund will take place at the Little Railway Farm, Canterbury Road, Wingham Kent CT3 1NH between 3-5 July 2015. We welcome all members of the Regiment at this great event and hope that you will come and support us and help raise money for the Benevolent Fund.







THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT MEMORIAL WOODLAND FOR FALLEN SOLDIERS

by Paul "The Hat" Cooling

In recent years I was saddened and moved to see our troops being lost in action; particularly the televised bulletins showing the returning coffins of the lost soldiers. It affected me to an extent that I stopped watching television. It was two and a half years later I looked at a plot of woodland at Holmbury St Mary near Dorking in Surrey. Although it was littered with rubbish, neglected with high brambles everywhere, standing there in the total silence apart from the occasional bird singing and church bells ringing in the distance, I knew this was the place.

As soon as I had possession of the land I contacted some Army mates and explained my vision – that of building a memorial woodland where soldiers could come and remember our fallen comrades. The members of the Riders Association, Steve Parsons, Tony Wilson and many others were incredibly helpful clearing the brambles and overgrown areas, digging trenches, building bridges and making paths. Local residents and nurseries donated picnic benches, flowers, trees and shrubs. Ex-Queensman Rodney Dell built the cabin which offers shelter to visitors during inclement weather, and ex-Queensman Roy Pickering and his civilian friend John worked in pouring rain to construct the Guard of Honour surrounding the Monument which was itself made by Malcolm Bull and honours all servicemen.

It was certainly not all plain sailing. Remember the bad flooding on Christmas Eve 2013? The rainwater was more than four feet deep at one end of the garden. I took to my rubber dingy! A battle then ensued early in 2014 with the Local Authority to obtain Planning Permission to erect the cabin and the Monument. But, despite all the problems, on the Glorious First of June 2014, The Queen's Regiment Memorial Woodland was officially opened in beautiful summer sunshine with a fabulous display of Flanders poppies at the entrance.

The day commenced with the Queen's Riders performing a drive past flying the Regimental flag. Over 300 people joined us to enjoy a hog roast and BBQ provided by local landlord David Stanley, and to listen to The Royal British Legion Military Band, who were excellent. We also were lucky enough to have singing from ex-Queensman Rodney Dell and my niece and opera singer, Alexis Cooling.

Standard bearers from the British Legion lined the pathway as Sir Paul Beresford MP, our Patron, unveiled the Monument. The Rev Pamela Robson read the Queen's Regimental Collect and gave the Woodland a special blessing; this was followed by a lone bugler performing The Last Post.

From generous donations, sale of raffle tickets and a charity auction conducted by TV Auctioneer Tom Keane we managed to raise £4,000 plus £1,000 from Barclays Bank. There will never be vast sums of money in The Memorial Fund because my promise is that monies donated will go directly to help the serviceman that needs it. Do come and visit us. I look forward to seeing you at the wood.

If you would like you can buy a plaque to go on a bench or a tree to remember a loved one who was in one of our services. Contact Debbiehornblow@yahoo.co.uk who will discuss your requirements.





VISIT TO THE SOMME

by Terry Price & Mark Gettings

After disembarking from the Channel Tunnel, 11 members of the Queen's Regimental Riders Association (QRRRA) set off towards the Somme with trepidation and anticipation of saluting our fallen comrades with gratitude and humility for the freedom they have given us. As we departed rain began to fall in what was to be a seven hour ride. Our Chairman, Clive Tidey, led us along the French coast roads in formation with a steely determination in his eyes as he was pounded by the rain and the wash from the cars pulling in front of him.

Heath WW1 Cemetery

We reached Heath WW1 Cemetery, the first on our list near Villers-Bretonneux Grave. After dismounting the bikes we were stunned by the superb condition these cemeteries are kept in by the War Graves Commission. I, like all of my co-riders, were immediately stuck with a heavy heart as we walked around the site; each person with their own solemn thoughts and the tragic waste of life before us. At this site, which is a mixture of allied soldiers, are two Victoria Cross Holders both from the Australian Infantry, 2742 Pte Robert Matthew Beatham KIA 11/08/1918 and Lt Alfred Edward Gaby KIA 11/08/1918

Casualty details: 859 United Kingdom, 984 Australian, 6 New Zealand, and 2 South African casualties are buried here.

La Chapelle

We then continued on our route to Peronne and our hotel. After a fruitless search for more war cemeteries along the Poppy Trail, we were amazed to find immediately across the road from the Hotel another cemetery called La Chapelle which was a British and Indian WW1 Cemetery. There are 577 casualties at this site, six of which are unidentified. We noted as we walked around the site that some of the fallen were from our forebear regiments.

Warlincourt Halte British Cemetery

Leaving nice and early the following day we headed towards Arras with Mark Gettings now acting as Road Captain to our first stop off at a large French WW1 Cemetery at Bouchavesnes-Bergen. Once again we looked on in silence at the scene before us. Visiting these sites really puts everything into perspective. After paying our respects once more, we departed for Warlincourt Halte British Cemetery WW1. This one held a huge significance to one of our riders, Mark Gettings, as his Great Great Uncle is interned here. After paying our respects we once more headed off on route to Arras.

La Carrière Wellington, Mémorial de la Bataille d'Arras

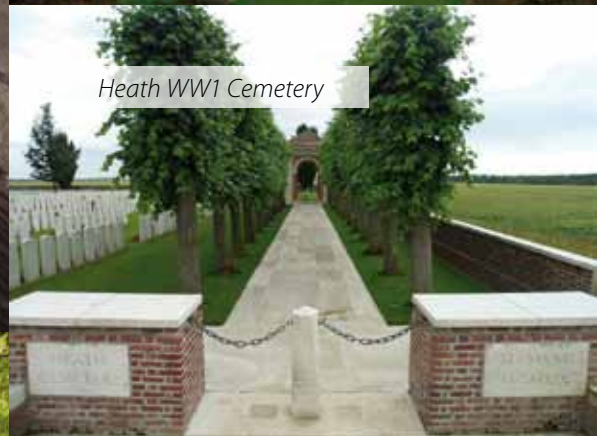
We arrived at the Wellington Quarries in Arras which has a small museum and is a network of tunnels used by the British Empire and the Commonwealth during WW1. It commemorates the soldiers who built and fought in it during the Battle of Arras 1917 and during WW2 was used as an air raid shelter. On arrival at the museum we were informed by the Curator that the last tour of the day had finished, but after identifying ourselves as Ex Queensmen and Veterans a guide offered to put on a special tour for us.

So with tin helmets donned we descended into the tunnels to see what life was like for the troops billeted here. The tunnels formed a network that ran from the town under no-man's land to just in front of the German lines. It had latrines, kitchen and a fully functioning hospital, also a light railway system.

The group then split with half heading for Calais and half heading to Vimy Ridge where we walked in the preserved Canadian WW1 trenches, before visiting the impressive Vimy Ridge Memorial. Meeting up again in Calais we then headed back across to Blighty and home.



Warlincourt Halte British Cemetery



Heath WW1 Cemetery



La Carrière Wellington, Mémorial de la Bataille d'Arras



Soldiers of The Queen's 2014 | 81

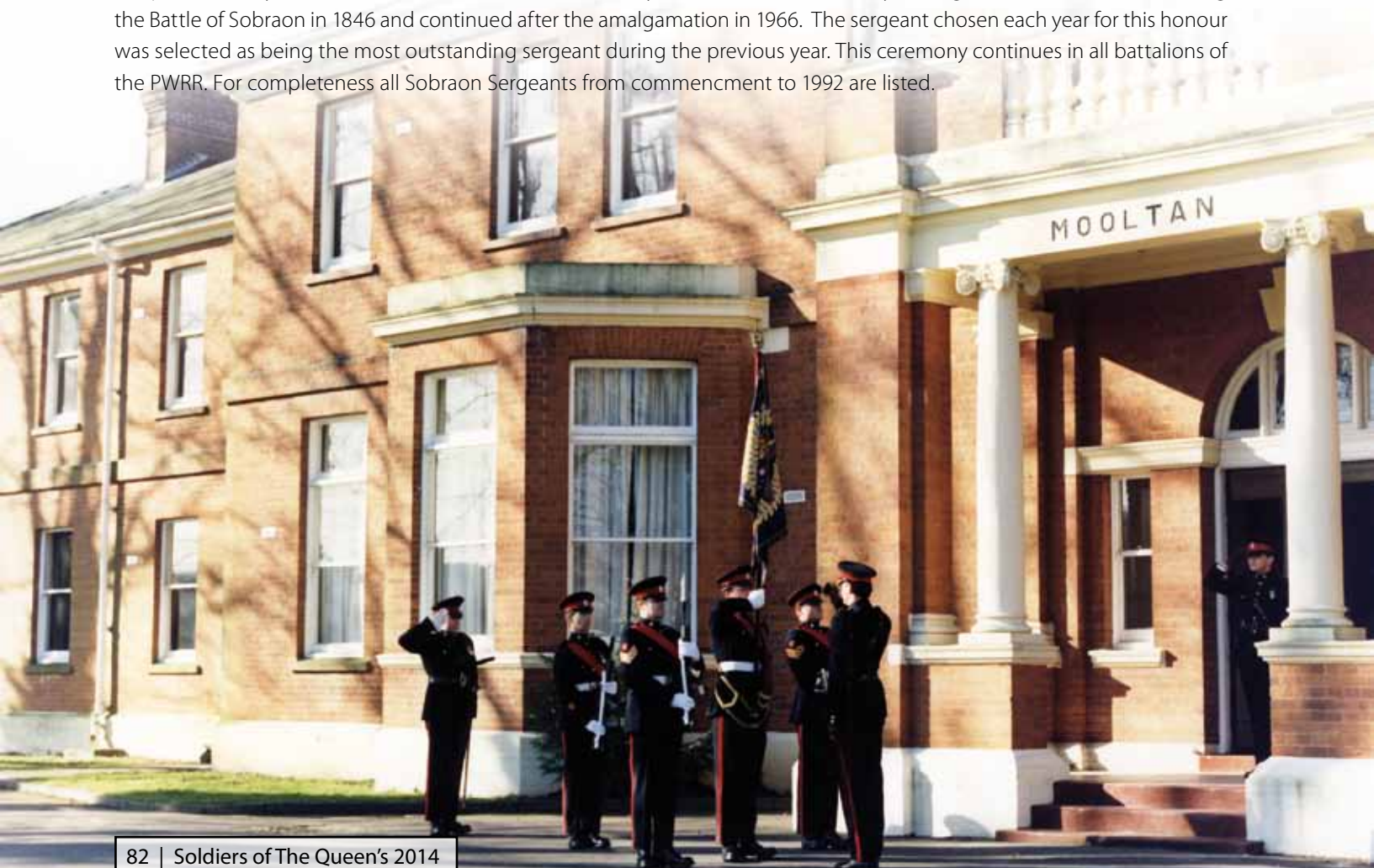


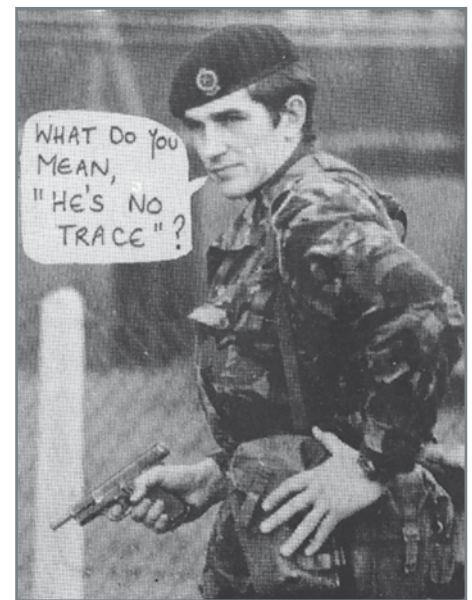
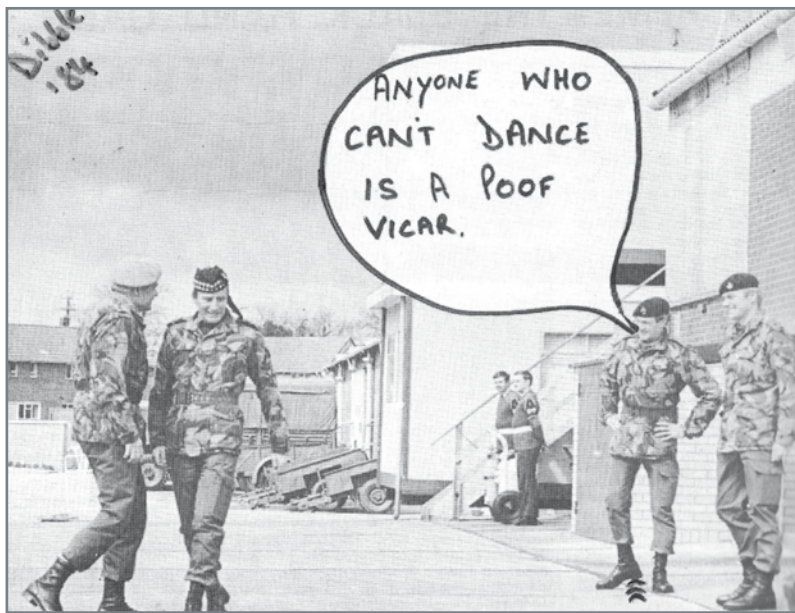
SOBRAON SERGEANTS 1965-92

1965 - Sgt Speakman
1966 - Sgt Anderson
1967 - Sgt Lee
1968 - Sgt Butler
1969 - Sgt Lockwood
1970 - Sgt (DMaj) MD Maloney
1971 - Sgt A Knight
1972 - Sgt A Hill
1973 - Sgt J Taylor
1974 - Sgt A Burford
1975 - Sgt PE Maye
1976 - Sgt AH Stapleton
1977 - Sgt D O'Shea
1978 - Sgt JH Pyper

1979 - Sgt M Potts
1980 - Sgt DJ Lovell
1981 - Not allocated
1982 - Sgt MJ Holland
1983 - Sgt RF Weaver
1984 - Sgt PK Tidey
1985 - Sgt RF Goodman
1986 - Sgt AR Scully
1987 - Sgt G Meade
1988 - Sgt DC Fisher
1989 - Sgt AC Irvine
1990 - Sgt TDW Sullivan
1991 - Sgt W Loosley
1992 - Sgt MD Patrick

Each year on the 10 February, the Regimental Colour of the 1st Battalion was marched through the ranks of the Battalion to the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, where it was held for the day along with the other two Colours. The Ensign, into whose charge the Colour was given at the door of the Officers' Mess by the Commanding Officer, was a sergeant. This unique ceremony was started in 1965 in the Queen's Surreys and recalled the bravery of Sergeant Bernard McCabe during the Battle of Sobraon in 1846 and continued after the amalgamation in 1966. The sergeant chosen each year for this honour was selected as being the most outstanding sergeant during the previous year. This ceremony continues in all battalions of the PWRR. For completeness all Sobraon Sergeants from commencement to 1992 are listed.





MEMORIES

In 1980 WO2 Henry Green, the Battalion Pioneer Warrant Officer was sporting an immense 'tache (He chose handlebars rather than a beard for the Pioneer Warrant Officer's appointment, and groomed it relentlessly). As I drove back to camp at the end of an exercise I unnerved a cyclist in full "Tour de France" gear not realising who it was. A few miles later a fist came through the window as the irate cyclist caught up with us. It was Henry!.

Dave Covey



MEMORIES

The anti-tank range at Otterburn and CSM Steve Bell is holding court as usual. This time he is betting a stretcher will fit in the back of a short wheelbase hard-top Landrover with the door. To prove his point, he picked up the stretcher and put it in the back. Before he could do any more, a gust of Otterburn-strength wind caught the door. With a crash, the stretcher handles smashed through the glass! Worse was to come as the remains of the door caught the stretcher's metal 'feet' and propelled it out through the windscreen – one spit-roasted Landrover! So, the bet was won but only with a Landrover with no glass in either end.

Robbie Thornton



OBITUARIES

Major Michael D Maloney BEM

by Colonel Richard Putnam CBE TD DL



Max's dedication to the Army, the Queen's Regiment and his country was unique and extraordinary in many ways. He was also a complex man. It all began in rather different circumstances. He was born within the sound of Bow Bells; Max's father died when he was aged 12 and his mother suffered from illness, so his childhood years were tough, to say the least. His brother died at the age of 19 so it is not difficult to see how the Regiment and the Army became his family and how it was that he dedicated his life so successfully to its cause. That said, Max always claimed a happy childhood but he admitted he had developed a strong determination to excel at whatever he did. He certainly did just that.

As everyone who knew him knows, Max was a very special man and in many ways. Apart from ascent from Boy Soldier Drummer to Major, unusual in itself, he was a Drum Major par excellence and role model for anyone aspiring to that position. As Roddy Mellotte wrote to me last week "he was the archetypal

Regimental 'groupie', not to say bullshitter; he put the L into loyalty and I into immaculate. Who does not have an image of him in their minds as either the scarlet tunic clad and helmeted drum major with big, black shiny boots or the civvy Max in a dark double breasted striped suit with glistening black shoes and, of course, Regimental tie. One suspected that he rather regretted the demise of the bowler hat, which would have just added that final touch!"

As soon as Max left school he joined the Army as a Junior Drummer in November 1958 and he did his initial training at Canterbury. In 1960, he was posted to 1st Battalion The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, then stationed at Colchester. He moved with the battalion to Aden and then Hong Kong and by 1962 he had been promoted Corporal. In Munster he was promoted Drum Sergeant and then spent an eighteen month tour as a Regimental Recruiter.

In 1968 he joined the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, in Bahrain. On the Glorious First of June he was promoted and became the youngest Drum Major in the history of the regiment. This was the start of a remarkable five years as Drum Major of the 1st Battalion, serving tours in Belfast twice, Berlin, Londonderry, Canada and Bulford. He was known as the Formidable Drum Major. As Drum Major of 1 QUEENS he commanded one of the largest, smartest, finest drum platoons in the Army which he led with panache and in which he took enormous pride, and he had every reason to do so.

He was also versatile, as was shown when he inherited a steel band with the 4th Battalion draft, happily becoming an anonymous back row drummer in a colourful Caribbean silk shirt. The drums were always in great demand in Berlin with or without the Regimental Band and having adopted if not pioneered the drummers' tap and illuminated drums and sticks, they provided a spectacular display in their own right. I am told that the steel band was unique and under Max's leadership became a must have at any good social occasion and never without the ever smiling Max.

In 1970, after returning from Londonderry, the battalion found itself on Public Duties in London, which is where Max was in his element. As one of the finest Drum Majors in the British Army he was on display each day the Battalion found the duties. Max became a firm favourite with the tourists and sightseers as when marching to and from Buckingham Palace and St James Palace he repeatedly threw the staff into the air. The crowds loved it, the Commanding Officer loved it, (it goes without saying that Max loved it) but the hierarchy in HQ London District were not amused!

By the end of 1970 the battalion was in Berlin and on June 8th 1972 Max took part in what he considered was his ceremonial highlight - the Queen's Birthday Parade in Berlin with inspection, trooping of the Colour, march past in slow and quick time and the advance in review order. Princess Margaret took the salute.

Max was not just a ceremonial soldier. All drummers have to switch between ceremonial and combat roles and Max was responsible for the preparation of his Drums Platoon for both. The fact that he was as good in the combat role as in the ceremonial was evidenced by the award of the BEM for gallantry during the Battalion's tour in Belfast where they had been deployed post Berlin.

In 1973 having served fourteen years with the Corps of Drums, five of them as Drum Major, Max was promoted to WO2 and became CSM Support Company. In 1976 he was appointed WO1 and RSM of the 6th/7th Volunteer Battalion. He arrived at the end of 1976 and I first met him on his first drill night at Horsham whilst he was sweeping the steps up to the drill hall entrance in preparation for a visit by the Lord Lieutenant. He did mutter something to me but it showed how quickly he embraced the Volunteer ethos. This was the beginning of a quite remarkable two and a half year tour. The Battalion was young, still finding its feet and looking for an identity. He quickly came to admire the Volunteers, so different from the Regular Army that had been his experience to date. He embraced the job and over the next two years he bred a confidence that was second to none.

Over the next two years he took the battalion by the scruff of the neck, built up its expertise not only in drill and turnout but in every aspect of its life and gave it a confidence it had never seen before. He did it by giving the battalion style. "It does not matter what you do, but do it with style" was his maxim. He rifted soldiers and NCOs alike but they all loved him.

Max did not have a driving licence, so being stuck in Horsham and dependent on British Rail for visits to any of the 16 or so TA Centres within the Bn did not always make life easy so he pushed the system and Pte Oakley who had been in the Post Room at the Depot for many, many years was posted to Horsham as Max's driver and GD man. At this time Max and I ran the Battalion Shooting Team which was to go on in years enjoying great success. Almost every weekend in the first half of the year found Max, and the Shooting Team on the ranges around Aldershot putting rounds down the range. Every Saturday night I would bed down alongside the team in Farnham TA Centre and Max would return to London in the care of his driver. He always got to the ranges in time for first rounds down at 0800 except for one Sunday. No Max so we got on with it and eventually, at about 1045 his Landrover appeared driving down the range road.

"Good morning Regimental Sergeant Major", I said, "was the alarm clock not working this morning?" There was a minor explosion and the gist of it was Oakley had collected him at 0700, Max stopped at end of the road to get his Sunday Times – and he went on, *"the next time I looked over the top of the paper, we were entering Oxford!"*

During this time we were just beginning to put together outline plans for a Presentation of Colours Parade due in 1981. Max got heavily involved with this and he managed to convince me and the Battalion that they could go the whole hog. No abbreviated parade with the difficult bits left out but including a full troop of the old Colours and march past in line of Companies in quick time. The fact that the Battalion achieved this in 1981 with only 8 days rehearsal to an extremely high standard was largely due to the foundation work, confidence and style given to it by Max during his time as RSM. His tour was a landmark two years and the battalion never looked back. Max's influence was simply remarkable. Apart from anything else he was the smartest man in the Army.

On leaving 6/7th in 1979, Max was commissioned and his first appointment was as MTO in the 3rd Battalion, in which capacity he ran the Bessbrook helicopter landing site which became the busiest heliport in Europe. In 1981 he was promoted Major and commanded HQ Company 3rd Battalion in Dover and Fallingbostal. When at Fallingbostal he was asked to run the PRI account which he quickly turned into his version of an Argos store with not only the usual regimentalia of buttons, stable belts, badges etc but washing machines, cookers and an almost unlimited catalogue of goods. It was not uncommon for helicopter pilots to fly in just to buy their broken pattern golf umbrellas!

His last posting was as a Company Commander at the Depot Queen's Division before retiring in 1987 after completing 28 years Boy and Man service. It was very appropriate that on 17th July 1988, Garter King of Arms, Sir Colin Cole, who had been Honorary Colonel of 6th/7th, handed to Major Max Maloney BEM a scroll making him a Freeman of the City of London.

This entire amazing career came about as Max was ambitious and once he had set his mind on something, he would pursue it to the end doing all the necessary preparation and homework on the way, whatever that entailed. He was always determined to do well but he did it in a way that won the admiration and respect of many en route. He had an enormous sense of humour which he took everywhere with him, backed by an infectious giggle and deep laugh. He will be sorely missed.



Major RL Wildgoose

by Colonel Toby Sewell



Ron Wildgoose, who died in May, had a long, varied and successful Service career. He was born on 24 June 1926 in Lucknow where his father was serving in the Army. Ron started his career in 1943 when he volunteered, underage, for the Royal Marines. With them he saw active service in NW Europe and then in Burma in the Far East. At the end of the war he formally enlisted in the Queen's Royal Regiment seeing further active service on secondment to the Royal Norfolk Regiment in Korea and then back with 1st Queen's in Malaya.

Beside his service with 1st Queen's he did tours as an instructor at the Regimental Depot and with the 5th (TA) Battalion of the Queen's Surreys finally becoming RSM of that Battalion. From there he was appointed RSM of the 1st Battalion in Hong Kong and back to Munster in BAOR.

Having completed his successful and effective tour he received a Short Service Commission in July 1966 becoming an administrative officer with HQ 5th Infantry Brigade. Then after 3 years he was granted a Regular Commission in the Royal Pioneer Corps with whom he served another 12 years before retiring in April 1982.

In retirement, having already settled at Kenilworth, he continued with the Army being selected as Army Careers Officer in Coventry. This appointment was for 5 years and he became fully retired in April 1987.

Ron Wildgoose married in July 1954, and while his wife pre-deceased him he is survived by two sons and his daughter and grandchildren.

Throughout his career Ron was an inspirational and much respected person wherever he served, and in retirement locally, always requiring high standards, which he achieved himself. He is remembered by many.

IN MEMORIAM

The following is a list of our comrades who have sadly passed on with effect from 1 March 2013. Members are requested to keep the Secretary informed by emailing queensregimentassociation@gmail.com or by writing to The Secretary, 5 Alfred Square, Deal, Kent, CT14 6LU of those who pass away in future so that this list can be updated.

| DATE | NAME | BATTALION |
|--------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2013 | | |
| NK | Pte Aminaxa Patel | 6/7th |
| NK | WOII (RQMS) Bill White | 6/7th |
| 13 March | Lt Col DEC Russell | 3rd |
| 15 March | Maj Peter Harrington | 5th |
| 24 March | Sgt Ron Marsh | 5th |
| 11 April | Cpl Anthony "Blue" Simmond | 2nd |
| 8 May | Pte David George Hester | 3rd |
| 27 May | WOII Gregor Cowley | 3rd |
| 25 June | Maj Max Maloney BEM | 1st, 3rd and 6/7th |
| July | Pte Laurie "Sam" Costa | 1st |
| 8 July | Col Crispin Champion | 3rd |
| 16 July | CSgt Robert "Sid" Sadler | 1st |
| 11 August | Pte Christopher Geraghty | 3rd |
| 6 September | Sgt Terry Charman | 3rd |
| 23 September | Pte Lesley Hill | NK |
| 16 October | Sgt Brian Hubbard | 3rd |
| 28 October | CSgt Ray Greengrass | 1st |
| 14 November | Pte Morris Croucher | 2nd |
| November | Cpl Michael Howes | 1st |
| 2 December | Sgt Gordon Terry | 1st |
| 2 December | WOII Alan Booth | 3rd |
| 3 December | Col Neville Hunter | 1st |
| 13 December | Cpl Martyn "Bill" Walker | 1st |
| 21 December | Pte Eddie Tackley | 1st |
| 23 December | Pte Tony Marday | 1st |
| 2014 | | |
| 14 January | Pte James "Jim" Finnely | 2nd |
| 15 January | Maj Andrew "Dick" Whittington | 3rd |
| 6 March | LCpl Dave Haggerty | 1st |
| 9 March | Maj Desmond Butler | 2nd |
| 11 March | Sgt Chris Poulton | 1st |
| 18 May | Maj Ron Wildgoose | Depot Queen's Division |
| June | LCpl John Ray | 3rd |
| June | Sgt Pete Drage | 6/7th |
| 25 July | Cpl Carl Crowhurst | 1st |
| 22 August | Captain Brian Scripps | 5th |
| 4 September | Major Ron Lucas | 7th and 6/7th |
| 28 September | WOII Pete Vine | 2nd |
| 11 October | Lt Col Bob McGhie | 1st and 3rd |
| 22 October | CSgt Kevin Dowling | 1st |
| 24 October | CSgt Mick Carter | 3rd |
| 28 October | Cpl Roy Priestly | 3rd |



FARNHAM BRANCH

by Ricky Bowden

We started our yearly trip over the weekend of 16-18 May, this time to Mouscron, in bright sunshine and thankfully it stayed that way the whole weekend. We left Farnham in the rush hour and had a very quick journey down to Folkestone for our crossing to France on the tunnel, arriving earlier than booked which was a first! We travelled to Ypres for the afternoon to allow members to take in the delights of the town, after which we continued our journey to Mouscron where we stayed in a local school. That evening was spent enjoying a cultural visit to the local area. There is a very good chip shop on the corner, where most spent the evening having a glass or two of Belgian beer.

Saturday morning dawned bright and sunny. With everybody fed and watered and after a final check to see everybody was properly dressed our very own David Bailey, Ian Greathurst, gathered us together for a group photo before boarding the coach; invariably this took an age as very few bother to listen to instructions! We travelled to Risquen Tout, arriving a little earlier than was required so we had a quick drink with one of our members, Sgt Barry Singleton, who passed away a few years ago and had his ashes placed at the Memorial at Risquen Tout.

We were then met by Mr Ronnie Loof who was a founder member of the Risquen Tout committee along with Mrs Annie Seyneve who has been there to help since day one when this trip started. Members fell in under the direction of Mr Ian Hunter who is the Parade Marshall for the Farnham RBL. The parade marched to its position and we were given a welcome in French, Flemish and English. The Branch Chairman then read the poem "The Heroes of Mouscron" by Major Mike Coyle of the East Surrey

Regiment; the names of the fallen were then read with the eulogy, followed by the Last Post and the laying of wreaths. The Last Post was played by Mr Ronnie Loof. The parade marched past the local mayor and dignitaries falling out near the local bar where, after a quick wet, we made our way to the Belgian Para Commando meeting place for a welcome buffet lunch along with ample wine and beer. Eventually we said our good-byes and made our way across to Ypres for the Last Post, gathering on the ramparts to the Menin Gate where we partook in the Silent Toast to "The Immortal Memory".

This was a really beautiful place as the sun was setting and to remember those who could not be there to drink the toast with us.

On Sunday we departed Mouscron at 0900 to travel to France to visit The Cupola Museum, the site of the V2 bombs launch pads, before making our way to Calais for the return home.

2015 will be the last official year for the parade as it will be 75 years from the action. I would like to thank Capt John Guilfoyle, who was the PASO at A Coy 6/7th Bn who started this trip with 12 soldiers from the company. Four years ago we took 92 people to this remembrance service; now we are reduced to only taking 48, as this is all we can accommodate.

The branch also attended the AGM at the Union Jack Club, local events, the Freedom Parades in Farnham and Guildford and we had a good turnout at Remembrance Sunday in Farnham, followed by a very good curry lunch at A Coy 3 PWRR. We will finish the year with a Christmas Lunch.





Mr Ricky Bowden reading the names of the fallen accompanied by bugler, Mr Ronnie Loof



Farnham Branch members ready for the day



The march past at Risquon Tout



Standards under the Menin Gate. Farnham RBL, Farnham Branch, The Queen's Regiment The East Surrey Regiment, Ypres RBL



British contingents lay their wreaths



Branch Standards on the Ramparts just before our Silent Toast



The Albuhera Silent Toast with Sgt Barry Singleton



QUEENSMAN LODGE 2694

by John Edwards

Since the last Journal the Queensman Lodge has gone from strength to strength. Our membership is now well in excess of 85 and growing and this September witnessed a further four initiates into the Lodge with still more in the pipeline.

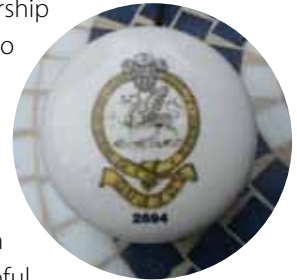
We are also being well supported by many other provincial Lodges who assist us getting the younger brethren through the necessary degrees in the craft.

In June of this year we held our Installation meeting and the Worshipful Brother Captain John Thompson succeeded Worshipful Brother Captain John Edwards and became the Worshipful Master of the Lodge; ironically both these two not only served in the 3rd Battalion together but both have their Mother Lodge in the Province of Hertfordshire. The Installation Meeting is an event which occurs each year and at the same time various other Officers of the Lodge move into their new positions within the Lodge.

June also witnessed the first Lodge Ladies Festival, which was held in the Masonic Centre of North Hertfordshire, located in Letchworth Garden City. Some 90 plus Brethren and Ladies had a splendid evening, and Fritz the Cat (Albrecht) late of the 3rd Battalion provided the disco. We were also honoured to have two side drummers from 2 PWRR who provided a dash of colour to the photographs. All the ladies in attendance received a Queensman Lodge Trinket box as a memento, pictured above.

In November of this year, we will hold a ceremony in Horsham followed by a Blue Table (dining with non-Masons). In addition, a small contingent of Brethren will be travelling to the Island of Guernsey to attend a number of Lodge Meetings. The Provincial Grand Master, being an ex-Die Hard, kindly accepted our request to visit the Island and attend some meetings.

On our return we will be getting ready for our December meeting which will no doubt see another group stepping onto the first rung of their Masonic Journey.



Masonry with a Military Twist







CHICHESTER BRANCH

by Paul Daines

The Chichester Branch has been quite busy this year. We had our first ever Christmas Lunch at the Chichester City Club, which was well attended. The Christmas meal was excellent and was enjoyed by all. A big thank you is due to John Bailey for his demonstration on how to put on a Bath Cap. We have not laughed so much for a long time! Well done to Eddie Drew our treasurer for arranging it all.

Again in May we had our annual Albuhera Dinner at the Beach Croft Hotel in Bognor Regis. This was well attended with over 50 people there. The Guest of Honour this year was the Lord Mayor of Chichester. It was good to see old faces and to catch up on all the news over the past year. Peter Alner and his wife did us proud again arranging the Albuhera Dinner for us all, and we would like to say a big thank you from all the members. We have heard on the jungle grapevine that Peter could be moving to the Philippines next year. Who will put on our Albuhera Dinner?

The Branch had an invite from the Italy Star Association to attend their church service and parade at Chichester Cathedral in May. The Branch Secretary Paul Daines represented the Chichester Branch as his father fought in Italy. The day was excellent, meeting all the old comrades who took part in the Second World War in Italy and to hear their stories at the lunch after the parade. It was a very moving occasion.

This September some of our members went to Priez in France to dedicate a memorial that has been built to commemorate the lost and fallen comrades from the Royal Sussex Regiment at the battle of Aisne on 10 September 1944.



QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

By Clive Tidey

What a year it has been with rallies, fund raising, Lee Rigby Ride of Respect, introduction of the new Association patch, charity run to the childrens' ward in the William Harvey Hospital, in Ashford, Kent, to deliver Easter Eggs to the sick children, visiting our brothers in arms in Wales, The Patriots MC, new paint jobs on some of our bikes, helping with the build of the Queen's Regiment Memorial Garden, attending the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey... but pictures speak louder than words.





THE VIPERS BRANCH



By Blue Cooper

Viper numbers have reduced to just over 500 but the work supporting welfare cases has continued. The activities of the branch have maintained their usual pace with the Vipers inviting 40 Veterans and their families for a picnic at Petham in celebration of Armed Forces' Day. A very successful Quebec Day Dinner was held at the beginning of September with Rob Lake being made Guest of Honour. The dinner started with a small parade at the Howe Barracks memorial – numbers being reduced because of security issues at the time – and an outstanding performance by the Vipers Band kicked off the evening which was held in Darwin College at the University of Kent, Canterbury. The weekend's activities were brought to a close with the traditional parade at the Queen's Museum in Dover Castle.

The Viper's next event will be the formal parade on Remembrance Day, again at Howe Barracks. The Vipers provide essential continuity, on behalf of the whole of the Queen's Regimental Association, to ensure that we have access to our memorial until it moves to the safety of Leros Barracks in the future once the MOD has formalised the contract of sale.







MIDDLESEX BRANCH

The Middlesex Branch has had four significant activities this year. The first supported Armed Forces Day when we raised the flag in Hendon. On Sunday 29th June members of the Branch along with soldiers from B (Queen's Regiment) Company, The London Regiment attended the Flag Raising ceremony at Hendon Town Hall. Once again the occasion was well represented by our own and other Associations, various cadet units and serving Reservists. A number of old faces turned up at the event which was a nice surprise as it is usually just the normal stalwarts who attend. Afterwards there was a short reception in the Town Hall with tea, coffee and soft drinks – regrettably no beer!

However, B Company OC has suggested that we return back to the Edgware ARC and continue the event with some post ceremony hospitality next year and I suspect that we will take him up on his offer!

Next on the agenda was the 2014 Battlefield tour to the battlefields of Belgium. Those members on this year's tour were Brian Williams, Dave Saunders, the late Pete Drage, Trevor Canton and his son Terry, Ian Nickels and John Sajdler. This five day tour covered a great number of battles from both World Wars and the very interesting Battle of Waterloo with its impressive diorama and Lions Mound. The Hougomont Farm was being extensively renovated so we were only able to see it from the outside. All in all this was a very worthwhile visit and the Canadian and Polish Museum in Adegem, Belgium are particularly recommended.

At a ceremony on Thursday 21st August 2014 a flagstone was laid in memory of Pte John Parr, the first Commonwealth soldier killed in action at the outset of the Great War. This was laid outside No 52 Lodge Lane, Finchley, where he lived most of his life. The event was attended by members of the Branch and over two hundred local people, including a number of local dignitaries. The address was given by the Mayor of Barnet, Councillor Hugh Rayner MSc and an introduction to the Barnet War Memorials Association given by the Trustee Mrs Catherine Loveday. The letter written by John Parr's mother to the War Office was read by his great niece Mrs Iris Hunt and our old friend Martin Russell DL unveiled the



Some of those attending the 7th Middlesex luncheon. Left to right: Our Branch President Maj Derrick Harwood MBE TD, PWRR Regimental Secretary Colonel Wayne Harber OBE, Colonel David Mogg TD Honorary Colonel of B (Queen's Regiment) Company and Major, The Reverend Timothy Hutton TD.



At the Leopold Canal. Operation Switchback 1944.



memorial. The dedication was given by the Archdeacon of Hampstead, The Venerable Luke Miller.

A number of wreaths were laid including one from the Branch which included all ranks of B (Queen's Regiment) Company, The London Regiment.

Finally on Saturday 9th August a luncheon to commemorate the 7th (Imperial Service) Battalion The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment) on their mobilisation from 2 Priory Road, or Elm's House as it was then known was held. Now, of course, it's known as the Army Reserve Centre, Hornsey. 144 Parachute Medical Squadron hosted this event with support from various organisations and the whole event was organised by a small team consisting of the PSAO of 144 Squadron and three members of the Branch.

A number of distinguished guests were in attendance on the day including Lord Ribeiro CBE and Lady Ribeiro (Master and Mistress of the Worshipful Company of Barbers), Mr Richard Herbert (Master the Worshipful Company of Cutlers), Captain Peter Baker RNR, RD the Deputy Lieutenant of Haringey and Mrs Baker, Councillor Kaushika Amin, the Mayor of Haringey, Colonel Piers Storie-Pugh OBE TD, and Mrs Storie-Pugh, Colonel Mogg TD, Honourary Colonel B(QUEEN'S) Company and Mrs Mogg, Colonel Wayne Harber OBE Regimental Secretary PWRR, and Colonel (Retd) Nigel Plowright. Additionally, officers from 144 Parachute Medical Squadron attended including the Officer Commanding B Company, Major Jonathan Bowman.

A distinguished veteran of 1/7th Middlesex, Mr Geoffrey Haward MM also attended, and at 95 years of age was still spritely and told a number of entertaining and hilarious stories of his wartime experiences.

A number of stands were set up by 144 Squadron, B Company and the Association, Middlesex Branch. These attracted wide attention and interest from those attending the event. The 1/7th Middlesex explanatory talks given by OC B Company and the Branch executives prior to each course of the meal were well received and added interest and information to those attending who were not familiar with the theme of the event. All in all a very good afternoon was had by all.



Pte Darrell Joseph of B Company laying a wreath at the Pte John Parr ceremony





WESSEX BRANCH

by Anthony Bolton

The Wessex Branch met in Salisbury on Saturday 31st May to celebrate Albuhera Day and The Glorious 1st of June, as well as to mark the anniversary of the formation of the Branch. A convivial dinner was enjoyed in a local tavern followed by a Silent Toast ceremony conducted in the Market Square. The Branch Secretary gave a short address and an account of the battle before the toast was drunk to the Immortal Memory, much to the surprise and interest of the passing gentlefolk of Salisbury.

A goodly number of the Branch made the annual pilgrimage to Herne Bay to re-unite and admire and compare Regimental tattoos with the 1st Battalion's Branch – see photos!

Plans are afoot for a larger gathering in the New Year; meanwhile members have been meeting up on a small and ad hoc basis.

Enquiries from Queensmen who live in Wiltshire, Hampshire, Dorset or Somerset are welcome to contact the Branch and join the distribution list.

CAPT BILLY BOLTON – THE LONGEST SERVING CAPTAIN SINCE WW2



Colours



or standards?!!!

ASSOCIATION BRANCHES

ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

President - Colonel AAA Beattie

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Fisherton de la Mere
Warminster
Wilts
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Secretary - Major Alasdair Goulden

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Email: queensregimentassociation@gmail.com
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1 QUEENS BRANCH

The 1 QUEENS Branch meets on an ad hoc basis and all past members of the Queen's Regiment or their associate Regiments are very welcome to attend any event.

An annual reunion is held in Herne Bay once a year on the last Saturday in May

(It is normally held on the Saturday of the May Bank Holiday).

All are welcome to attend. Details are posted on the 1 QUEENS Branch website.

For more details of the branch please contact:

Steve Parsons

Mobile: [07926 201 040](tel:07926201040) - Email: steveparsons@1queens.com - Web: www.1queens.com
www.facebook.com/groups/61525655230/

CHICHESTER BRANCH

The Chichester Branch meets on the last Wednesday of each month at 7.30 pm in the City Club, North Pallant, Chichester. They hold an annual Albuhera Dinner and always march with their Standard at the Chichester Remembrance Day parade

For more details of the branch please check the website or contact:

President - David Beveridge

Tel: [01243-513483](tel:01243513483) - Email: davidbeveridge@onetel.com

Prospective members should contact

Chairman - Barry Cobbold

Tel: [07816-205034](tel:07816205034) - Email: barrycobbold@ymail.com

Secretary - Paul Daines

Tel: [01633-872132](tel:01633872132) - Email: paul.556daines@btinternet.com

or use the "email us" facility on the website:

<http://www.freewebs.com/grachichester/>

EASTBOURNE BRANCH

This is a new branch and is just forming. For more details please contact:

Ron Stevens

Email: theredlionstonecross@yahoo.co.uk



FARNHAM BRANCH

The Farnham Branch meets every third Tuesday at the Farnham TA Centre, Guildford Road, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 9QB and all past members of the Queen's Regiment or their associate Regiments are very welcome.

For more details of the branch please contact:

Chairman - Ricky Bowden

Tel: [01252 711304](tel:01252711304) - Mobile: [07721 926481](tel:07721926481)

Secretary - Annie Bowden: Tel: [01252 711304](tel:01252711304)

Treasurer - Dick Scales: Tel: [02380 694974](tel:02380694974) - Email: annericky@aol.com

HORSHAM BRANCH

The Horsham Branch meets quarterly generally on the first Mondays of March, September and December plus the Monday closest to 16 May (for Albuhera).

For more details of the branch please contact:

President – Colonel Richard Putnam

Chairman – Steve Bell

Secretary – Jonathan Purdy

Email: j.purdy1@btopenworld.com

LONDON BRANCH

The London Branch meets on an ad hoc basis and all past members of the Queen's Regiment or their associate Regiments are very welcome to attend any event.

For more details of the branch please contact:

Secretary - Major RGC Thornton, TD,

Queen's Regimental Association, 4 Courtlands, 3-11 West Hill Road, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex, TN38 0HR

Tel: [01424 434002](tel:01424434002) - Mobile: [07956 586444](tel:07956586444) - Email: thorntonrgc@hotmail.com

MIDDLESEX BRANCH

The Middlesex Branch holds four or five events a year and usually meets at the TA Centre in Edgware and all ex-Queensmen are very welcome.

For more details please contact:

Chairman - Trevor Canton

Tel: [0208 368 0407](tel:02083680407) - Mobile: [07891 577119](tel:07891577119) - Email: queensman@orangehome.co.uk

QUEENSMAN LODGE 2694

Queensman Lodge 2694 is a Freemasons Lodge within the Metropolitan Grand Lodge of London and also a member of the Circuit of Services Lodges. Membership is open to members of the Forebear Regiments, Queensmen, PWRR, any one who has served as attached personnel to the Regiment or PWRR or any Members of the Queens Division. Membership Application is by being Proposed and Seconded and by interview in the first instance. For full details please visit the website or contact: **John Edwards**

Tel: [01462 834134](tel:01462834134) - Email: john@bedsib.fsnet.co.uk - Web: <http://queensmanlodge.co.uk/>

SHEPWAY BRANCH

The Shepway Branch closed on 31st December 2013. Should any member wish to resurrect this branch please contact the Secretary at :-

Email: queensregimentassociation@gmail.com



Charity No 1104172

www.queensregimentalassociation.org