

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN'S

UNCONQUERED I SERVE



1966-1992

THE SEEMINGLY ANNUAL JOURNAL OF
THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

2015

FOREWORD



BY THE LAST REGIMENTAL SECRETARY OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

COLONEL JOHN FRANCIS

It was an honour to be invited to write the Foreword for this edition of our excellent Journal. I make no apology for concentrating on our Regimental Headquarters, as I have long felt that much of the work done by the RHQ team was not always appreciated or indeed known.

I became Regimental Secretary in February 1983. I was fortunate to gather a first class team to help me run things for the Colonel of the Regiment, three of whom I served during my time. John White, who had been my trusted Second-in-Command of the 3rd Battalion, became my deputy. I had the greatest good fortune to recruit Les Wilson to replace John Reed, my first company commander; and I was also joined by Alan Martin, Joe O'Gorman, Steve Bream and Bill Marshall who had been my outstanding RSM. The last change was John Rogerson in 1995 who replaced Les Wilson, and became an outstanding Benevolence Secretary greatly helping many of the Regiment and their families when in need. We were often quoted by the ABF and other charities as an excellent example of how regimental benevolence in the larger regiments should be run. We were greatly helped by having a very sound investment policy to provide the finance. My aim was always to reinforce the Regimental Family atmosphere.

My years as the Regimental Secretary included the move of the Regimental Museum to Dover Castle, established our affiliation with the Haberdasher's Livery Company and built our Northern Ireland Memorial at RHQ, using the Royal Coat of Arms Cartouche from the old Canterbury Infantry Barracks, which Les Wilson in time honoured fashion managed to 'borrow'. This Memorial has now been relocated at Leros Barracks and placed in the safe hands of 3 PWRR. It was always a pleasure to meet the soldiers of our great regiment. I am very proud of the bravery and regimental dedication many of them subsequently displayed, and took with them into the new regiment and in particular Iraq.

It is my everlasting sorrow that I had to oversee the demise of our very fine Regiment through the military political manoeuvring of the 'small regiments'. I do not propose to rake over this again here, it is all there in General Mike Reynolds's very fine epilogue in General Jonathan Riley's excellent book, *'Soldiers of The Queen'*. I am very proud nevertheless of The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment and to see the continuation of our very fine, and unique, traditions of service, the retention of which Colonel Mike Ball and I fought so hard to keep during the formation negotiations.

May the splendid work that Colonel Anthony Beattie and Alasdair Goulden are doing for our Association continue to grow in strength.



EDITORIAL

BY ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

MAJOR A M GOULDEN



Greetings and welcome to the 2015 Edition of The Queen's Regimental Association Journal.

This year is of course shadowed by the sad passing of our last Colonel, General Mike Reynolds. I communicated with him a few weeks before his death and he asked me to pass on the following message to you all:

"I am very sorry not to be able to attend any reunions but regrettably my health will not allow it. I send my very best wishes to all members of the Regiment and their families and I urge you to keep the memory of our great Regiment alive through your continued support of the Association."

General Mike will always be remembered for the way he fought for our Regiment and who will ever forget his last words at the disbandment parade in Minden on the Glorious First of June 1992 when he said "May God forgive them because I never shall."? I don't believe that he ever did.

While this Journal contains an obituary of General Mike I would very much like everyone who has memories of him to send me stories of your time with him so that we can record those memories as a tribute to him in next year's Journal.

As with last year, 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. 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.

To my proof readers, Col Anthony Beattie, Lt Col Mike Jelf and Maj Roddy Mellotte, I offer a million thanks for all your hard work in helping to get the Journal to the printers. If there are any mistakes/typos, they are mine as I had the final read!

Once again there have been a number of fundraising initiatives. Two stand out. The first is the continuing magnificent efforts of the Queen's Regimental Riders Association – an all battalion group – who have raised a staggering £4,500. Second, is our very own Chelsea Pensioner, Sgt Alan Rutter who raised over £1,100 bungee jumping. 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 to benefit all ex members of the Regiment.

This year is also noted for the tragedy of the fire at Clandon House when so much of our heritage, contained in the museum there, went up in smoke. However, as you will see from the story, told in his own words, the spirit of Sgt McCabe, who saved the Colour during the Battle of Sobraon, lives on in the heart of Queensman and Fire Service Watch Commander Ian Howard. Ian, along with equally brave colleagues, managed to rescue four precious Colours from the burning and collapsing building. We salute him.

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 on 15 May next year.

Finally the deadline for articles for next year is 7 September 2016. 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.

2014 Errata

Page 67 - Pte R Benner should be 3rd Bn not 2nd

Page 87 - Pte Aminaxa Patel should read Pte Minaxi (Mini) Patel

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
VISIT OF HRH PRINCESS MARINA, DUCHESS OF KENT	4 - 5	AN EXCELLENT WEEK	56 - 59
THE QUEEN'S IN BAHRAIN 1968	6 - 7	THE CRICKET ADDENDUM	59
EXERCISE CHRISTMAS PRESENT	8 - 10	MY CHANCE TO DANCE WITH NAKED VIRGINS	60 - 61
BRITISH JUSTICE IN BERLIN'S 'OLD BAILEY'	11	THE QRRRA ONE AIM RALLY "2ND SHOT"	62 - 63
A GUNNER REPRESENTS THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT IN CANADA	12 - 13	THE PALACE BARRACKS MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT	64 - 65
THE 2ND BATTALION KAPE TOUR	14 - 15	1 QUEENS ON PUBLIC DUTIES	66 - 69
FROM HORNSEY TO HELMAND	16 - 19	WOULD THIS MAKE YOU JOIN IN '67?	70 - 71
RUPERT BA (HONS)	20 - 21	BRIAN "SMUDGER" SMITH	71
THE LONG ROAD TO COMMISSIONING	22 - 23	RETURN TO CAMP PARADISE - KEMBALIKE KEM PARADISE	72 - 75
MOUSCRON AND THE MENIM GATE	24 - 27	A REFLECTION ON REGIMENTAL HISTORY	76 - 77
MORTARS MORTARED	27	'BUCK HOUSE BILLY' GETS ON WITH THE BOSS	78 - 80
QUEBEC (SP) COY 1 QUEENS	28 - 29	PROUD TO HAVE BEEN A WIFE OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT	80 - 81
THE CANTERBURY MEMORIAL RISES LIKE THE PHOENIX FROM THE FLAMES	30 - 31	QRRRA RIDE TO THE BROTHERS IN ARMS	82 - 83
THE SQUINT ON THE LION	32	THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT MEMORIAL WOODLAND ONE YEAR ON - JUNE 2015	84 - 85
THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS	33	REGIMENTAL MUSEUM - DOVER CASTLE	86
SURREY INFANTRY MUSEUM AT CLANDON	34 - 35	A MEMORIAL TO THE CHUFF CHART LADY	88 - 89
A QUEENSMAN AT CLANDON PARK	36 - 38	REUNIONS	90 - 93
MY EARLY YEARS WITH THE QUEENS	39 - 42	8TH BATTALION	93
AN ERA OF PLENTY - CRICKET IN 1989	43 - 45	OBITUARIES	94 - 95
CO'S INSPECTION	45	MEMORIES OF COLIN	96 - 97
BRITISH ARMY TRAINING UNIT, SUFFIELD	46 - 47	IN MEMORIUM	98
BRITISH MILITARY ADVISORY TRAINING TEAM ZIMBABWE 1980	48 - 49	BOOK REVIEWS	99
REFLECTIONS ON THE AMALGAMATION 1961	50 - 51	ASSOCIATION BRANCH NEWS	100 - 108
EXTRACT FROM "ALFIE'S OWN"	52 - 53	ASSOCIATION BRANCHES	109 - 111
ANDY'S STORY	54	SIGNIFICANT DATES FOR 2016	112
COWS ON THE LINE!	55		



VISIT OF HRH PRINCESS MARINA, DUCHESS OF KENT

18 MAY 1967



Princess Marina 1967



HRH Arriving



Generals Dick Craddock and Francis Piggott

The most important visit of 1967 was that of HRH Princess Marina of Greece and Denmark, Duchess of Kent CI GCVO GBE, Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Regiment, when she visited her Regiment for the first and only time before her sad death in 1968.

Much effort went into the preparations for the visit that took place on 17 and 18 May. HRH attended a reception in the Officers' Mess in the evening and on the following day, accompanied by Lieutenant General Sir Richard Craddock KBE CB DSO, Colonel of the Regiment and Major General FJC Piggott CB CBE DSO, Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, took the salute at a battalion ceremonial parade. After the parade HRH took luncheon in the Officers' Mess before leaving Münster.

After the visit, Lt Col JW Sewell, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion received a signal from Her Royal Highness that read:

"I was deeply impressed and send you and all ranks of the 1st Battalion my sincere congratulations on a magnificent parade. Good luck and good wishes to all."



Lt Col JW Sewell reporting the Parade to HRH



Gen Dick Craddock, HRH, Lt Col JW Sewell



HRH Leaving

PARADE STATE

Officer Commanding the Parade :

Lieutenant Colonel J. W. SEWELL

Parade Adjutant :

Major J. G. W. DAVIDSON

Regimental Sergeant Major :

RSM L. M. WILSON

Colour Party

The Queen's Colour:

Captain C. G. REEVES

C Sgt W. J. HANNIGAN

CSM B. M. MORRIS

The Regimental Colour:

2nd Lieutenant R. G. WHITE

C Sgt G. W. SILVERSIDE

No. 1 Guard

Major M. J. DOYLE

Captain K. G. WAKELY

Captain D. J. C. DICKINS

2nd Lieutenant M. A. SHELMEKDINE

CSM A. QUICKENDEN

No. 2 Guard

Major N. G. PEPPERALL

Captain B. D. S. BURTON

Lieutenant M. J. A. KEALY

2nd Lieutenant N. P. HARRIS

TQMS W. J. RIPPON

No. 3 Guard

Major J. H. S. BURGESS, MBE

Captain R. T. P. WILLIAMS

2nd Lieutenant C. H. TUCKWELL

2nd Lieutenant R. G. COKE-SMYTH

No. 4 Guard

Major D. ABBOTT

Captain B. T. E. LIVESEY, REME

Lieutenant F. W. Le MAITRE

Lieutenant R. A. KNOX-JOHNSTON, R SIGS

CSM R. C. A. RILEY

WO II A. A. BROMIGE

Bandmaster :

WOI F. SHORT, A Mus TCL, A Mus LCM

Drum Major :

Drum Major E. LOCKWOOD



THE QUEEN'S IN BAHRAIN 1968

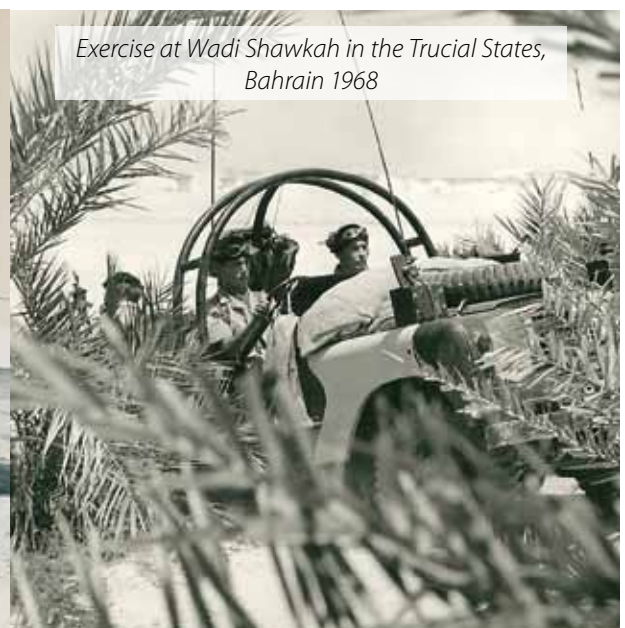
Life in Bahrain in 1968 was incredibly boring! The 1st Battalion was based in a hutted camp, Hamala, located in open desert 12 miles from Manama. We worked from 6 o'clock in the morning until midday and then, when the temperature fell a bit, engaged in sport and 'Platoon Projects'. These were designed by the CO [Charles Millman] to keep the soldiers busy and out of trouble. They ranged from building a catamaran to making a miniature model town in the sand. I have to say that the CO came up with lots of good ideas to keep everyone busy. Adventurous training was carried out by small groups in Kenya, Iran, Cyprus and as far away as Malaya and Madagascar, a small R&R centre was established in the south of the island and several exercises were carried out in the Trucial States – these were interesting and quite challenging. One of his most imaginative ideas for the officers was a series of 'casino nights' in the Officers' Mess. We all wore white DJs and the majors and captains acted, after some detailed training, as croupiers at the roulette tables. Guests from the three services were invited and after supper, for which they had to pay, they were free to have a 'little flutter'. These nights were great fun and largely successful, although I personally was never comfortable as a croupier. The CO himself used to cruise round the tables looking very like the American film star, George Raft!

The Glorious First of June celebrations were very memorable. *HMS Jufair* provided the naval element. The celebrations began with a tattoo for which a mock castle had been built on the Battalion square. 2,500 guests were invited to watch the show which traced the history of the Regiment from 1661 to 1968. It was quite a spectacular affair and included a re-enactment of the first muster of the Tangier Regiment on Putney Heath in 1661, drill as performed in the reign of Queen Anne, a naval engagement circa 1794 with landrovers made to look like ships of the line, and a very realistic WWI attack on Hill 60 in France. The Band and Corps of Drums Beat Retreat and the fun and games with *HMS Jufair* lasted two full days. I well remember the donkey polo match with both the Naval Commodore on the island, and our CO mounted. The most amusing part of the match was when the Commodore's donkey tried to mount the CO's!

The officers were invited by the Ruler to a dinner in his Palace On 12 June. The instructions issued to us make amusing reading. *'Officers should arrive at 1950 hrs. The CO will arrive at 2000 hrs. Officers will be presented . . . in the Main Chamber. Here we will be invited to a couple of cups of coffee and maybe a lemonade or even a pineapple juice! As we go into dinner we will go through the hand washing procedure. Don't use too much of the 'perfume' as it is evil smelling and*



Potted sports and Platoon projects

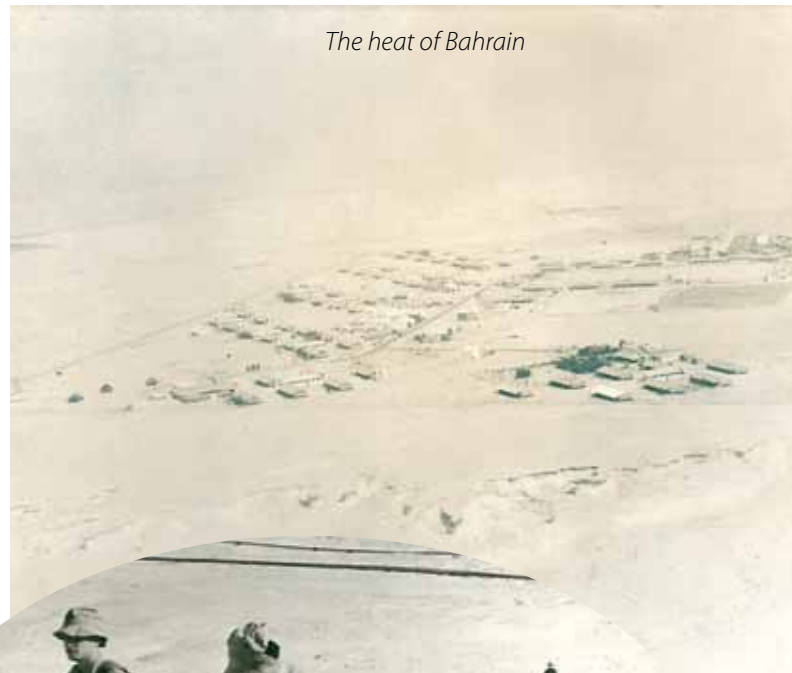


Exercise at Wadi Shawkah in the Trucial States, Bahrain 1968

lasts for ages. It is unlikely that there will be any place names except for the CO – it will be a question of just piling in. Officers should try and mix with other guests. Servants will continue piling food on plates – officers need not be frightened of leaving some or refusing any more. Do not worry if various Arab guests just get up and go. The signal to go will be the offer of rose water and incense. Officers should then immediately make their farewell.’ I have only two memories of that dinner. First, the Main Chamber looked like the inside of a British Odeon cinema with similar lighting and a throne that looked exactly like the theatre organ that used to rise up in such cinemas during the intervals; and secondly the Army Catering Corps officer attached to our Battalion who mistook the bowl of burning incense for an ashtray and stubbed out his cigarette in it.

Exercise at Wadi Shawkah in the Trucial States, Bahrain 1968

The heat of Bahrain





EXERCISE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BAHRAIN TO UK 1968

by Paul Gray

My original idea was to obtain a “cast” (ie BLR or Beyond Local Repair) landrover from the MTO and persuade a couple of officers, or soldiers to join me to drive back to UK at the end of our tour in Bahrain. The MTO explained that even if he was sufficiently “elastic” over what could be considered BLR, he doubted whether it would be wise to undertake such a journey in a cast landrover. Meanwhile, Mike Kealy, who had initially agreed to join me, decided that he would prefer to drive back to UK on the back of a motorbike with Anthony Ling.

I therefore asked for volunteers from the Battalion. I eventually got 11 soldiers including Cpl Long from the MT Platoon, who proved invaluable during our journey. I wrote to 1 CHESHIRE, who were taking over from us in Bahrain, and from whom we were to take over our G1098, and suggested that a party of their soldiers should drive out to Iran in “civilianised” landrovers, where we would

take them over and drive back to UK. 1 CHESHIRE agreed. All the detailed planning was carried out by Captain Peter Henderson of 1 CHESHIRE and me.

Through HQ Land Forces Gulf, I got clearance from our defence attaché in Tehran, and other attachés through whose areas we were to travel. I also obtained great help from the Trucial Oman Scouts, who lent us a dhow to sail across from Sharjah to Bandar Abbas in Iran. HQ BAOR provided petrol coupons for use in Germany; and an “indulgence passage” across the Channel to Marchwood, near Southampton completed the plan. Infantry Workshops in Sharjah kindly lent me two vehicle mechanics to check over the landrovers from 1 CHESHIRE in Bandar Abbas, both to ensure they were fit for the journey back to UK, but also because I was taking over these vehicles on behalf of the MTO.



Group Photo before we left Bahrain

Top - Ptes Tresidder, Michael Richards, Pte Norman Curtis (d2008)

Middle - Parker, Cpl Long, Nick Walsh

*Front - Capt Paul Gray, Pte Fleming, LCpl John (Eggy) Sweeney, Cpl Harry Stewart,
Pte Barker, Fred Gould*



Shiraz



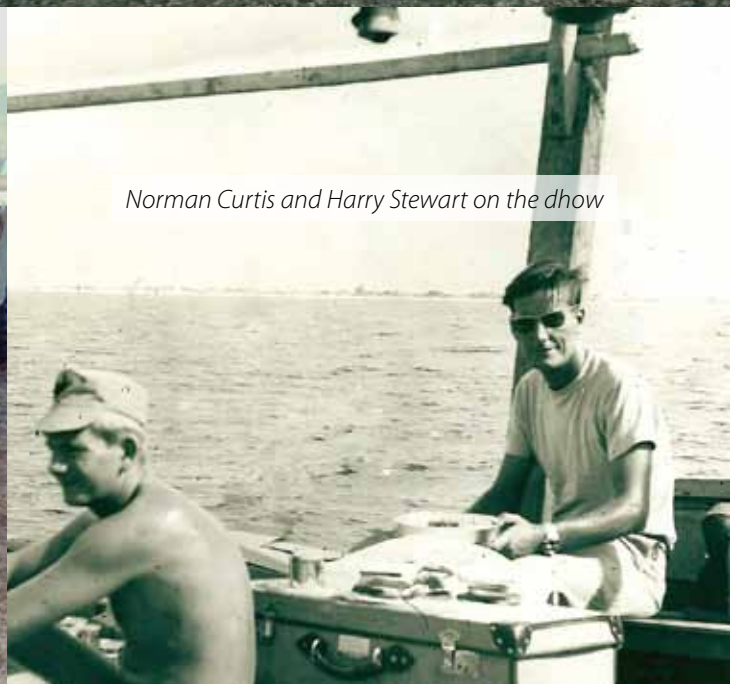
Silver maker in Esfahan



Parking up on our first camp site



Last stop for lunch and tea in Iran
L-R Ptes Norman Curtis, Jan West, Capt Gray, Cpl Harry Stewart,
LCpl John (Eggy) Sweeney, Pte John Fleming, Cpl Eric Long,
Ptes Fred Gould, Ted Barker
Sitting - Ptes John Tresidder, Michael Richards, Nick Walsh.



Norman Curtis and Harry Stewart on the dhow



Shiraz - Shah Cheragh.



Shikh Lutfulah Mosque Tehran.



Carpet maker in Esfahan



We flew RAF to Sharjah on 19 November 1968, and sailed over to Bandar Abbas on 20-21 November. Having taken over the vehicles, we set off from Bandar Abbas on 22 November.

(1 CHESHIRE's soldiers were to have gone to Bahrain by the reverse route we had taken; however the Royal Navy happened to be in Bandar Abbas, so they went to Bahrain in a couple of minesweepers.)

Our route in Iran was through Lar, Shiraz, Persepolis, Esfahan, Qum (also spelt Ghom), Tehran, Qasavin, Tabriz and to the border with Turkey at Bazorgan. The first part of our journey took us by rough tracks for about 300 miles to Shiraz. The road was appalling, like corrugated gravel, and our vehicles were shaken around considerably. The country along this route through Lar and Jahrom was barren and sparsely populated. There were some villages built around the few wells; and although there was some water—we drove through 18 fords south of Jahrom-- it was all salt. There was little agriculture and we saw only a few camels and donkeys.

Shiraz was most attractive. In the 18th Century it was the capital of Persia and is famous for being the birth place of Hafez, one of Persia's greatest poets. Renowned for carpets; most were rough-piled peasant carpets, hard wearing but not too attractive! I did however find two that I liked and bought. Shiraz is also famous for its attractive women; the soldiers found some in a bar and came away £7 the poorer for buying them whisky (*equivalent of £110.00 today*)!

20 miles North of Shiraz are the ruins of Persepolis which was built as the "ritual capital" of Darius The Great (521-486 BC). When we were there some restoration work was being carried out, and the ruins were most impressive.

We drove to Esfahan. The town has some lovely mosques and the oldest polo field in the world. It was a tourist resort in our time - and the prices reflected that! It was also another carpet centre and I bought two more! Then on to Ghom which is an important religious centre with a wonderful mosque, which we were not allowed to photograph; then to Tehran, where we stayed two days for sight-seeing and for me to buy yet another carpet.

We turned left for Tabriz following the 'Grand Trunk Road' that is famous in history. At the start the road was good, but it soon deteriorated to the extent that it became little more than a farm track in places. Eastern Turkey did not encourage us to linger, and we drove as quickly as we could through Erzerum (which I described as "Aldershot transposed to the top of the Brecon Beacons"!). We

crossed three passes over the snow line, the highest being over 6,000 feet, and then descended through completely different countryside, with barren snow-covered hills, giving way to green small holdings with small farms. It was also warmer and wetter. Then down to the Black Sea Coast, to Samsun, and then on to Ankara.

We drove to Istanbul, where I led our convoy the wrong way down a one-way street, and was rescued by a senior policeman who got us to the British Consulate. After a night in Istanbul, we left for the border with Greece, at Ipsala, and then on to Thessaloniki, where we carried on to the border with Yugoslavia. After "camping" in a deserted motel, we drove all day and most of the night to get through Belgrade at midnight, and on to Zagreb by 0800 hrs. I decided to "risk" driving through Austria as it would save time and distance, ignoring the fact that our diplomatic clearance was to drive through Switzerland! Saving time we made it to the German border and then travelled all day to Aachen and the Belgian border, and thence to Antwerp from where we had our indulgence passage to Marchwood. We arrived there on 18 December and drove to Lingfield, where OC Rear Party 1 QUEENS was ready to take our vehicles and kit, and for us to go on a much deserved (?) Christmas leave.

It was a most interesting experience. We had covered a great deal of ground and saw some wonderful sites: Grand Mosques, in Ghom, Esfahan, Shiraz, Istanbul; the ruins at Persepolis. It was here that our aim to camp out during the journey came to an end when we woke to find frost on our sleeping bags and icicles hanging from our water chaguls. After we left Turkey our aim was to get back home without delay so we did not do much sight-seeing. The five Persian rugs I bought in Iran, I paid for with UK cheques! On my return I checked the cheques with my bank and found that the cheques had been through many hands before reaching my branch! The customs officer at Marchwood was fairly generous in the charge I had to pay.

Looking back on our finances I have been amazed to see that petrol from Iran border to Germany for three landrovers cost £111. (*£1,600 today*) Accommodation for 12, in four countries £31 (*£480*). A farewell supper in Belgium for 12 people was £13 (*£200*)! It was all great fun but a bit of a strain! With opportunities for foreign postings at that time getting fewer, the 12 of us were lucky to see something of the Middle East which we might not have been able to do again.

BRITISH JUSTICE IN BERLIN'S 'OLD BAILEY'

by Roddy Mellotte

I had one unique personal experience there. Prior to becoming adjutant, I was appointed to act as "ADC" to a High Court judge who had been flown out from London to try a right wing extremist called Weil who had taken a pot shot at a Russian sentry on their war memorial adjacent to the Brandenburg Gate but within the British Sector (and hit him in the arm). A British Military Court was convened which sat in the 'Old Bailey' of Berlin in Moabit. It was a highly political trial with the World's press present. It was conducted in English, Russian and German and lasted 3 or 4 weeks. The prosecution was conducted by ALS (Sir David Hughes-Morgan) and the defendant had two defence councils, one provided by the State and one by his right wing mates. In consequence, the latter were continually trying to make and inject political points into the proceedings. The tricky bit was to find an appropriate result, stiff enough to satisfy the Russians, lenient enough to satisfy the West Germans and about right to satisfy the British in whose sector the crime was committed!

By coincidence, the Judge, Anthony Block, was the brother of a wartime Queen's brigadier and was himself an ex wartime naval officer so very interested in me and the battalion. We got on very well which was just as well because we lived together in the Hotel Berlin in some comfort, all expenses paid, and I was his guide and mentor on and off duty. We had a daily blue-light escort to and from court and plain clothes police escort the rest of the time. I accompanied him everywhere and sat beside him on the bench in court. He was a great character and heavy drinker expecting me to keep up with him. Nevertheless, in court he was absolutely brilliant, sharp as a pin conducting procedures very strictly, laboriously writing everything down, and accepting no nonsense from the neo-Nazi defence council always trying to get one over him. I had no role other than to sit beside him, usually nursing a hang-over and trying to keep awake as finer legal points were translated and bounced backwards and forwards! It was, believe me, a tough assignment in a typically overheated German court room. Weil got 9 years which seemed to satisfy all parties concerned. I made a lifetime friend who came to my wedding and presented me with a lovely silver salver engraved "From the Judge to his ADC"!

MILITARY JUSTICE IN RECRUIT TRAINING

I joined junior soldiers in Bassingbourn in May 1972 along with Chelsea Hall and Derek (Padlock) Locke. Our Pl Sgt was an old timer called Kay Lessor who was a royal pain in the butt. His room inspections were particularly brutal where no matter how hard we tried our bed blocks were the wrong size, or the counter pane not taut enough, or the biggest sin of all we had used the pillows to sleep on. Included in the inspection was our lockers and of course our best boots. Mine were at the foot of the bed like all the others and if I'm honest no better or worse than the others but when Sgt KL got to me you would have thought I had used them for ploughing fields and then not bothered to clean them, purely because he noticed a speck of dust in my welts! As he came to the end of list of my faults, which were long he preceded to throw my boots out the window. Slight problem as this was Bassingbourn in the middle of January and it was a tad cold outside. I had closed the windows to save myself from hypothermia, which of course meant they were smashed as my boots sailed through them. To add insult to injury Sgt KL made me pay barrack damages for as he rightly pointed out, I should have known my boots weren't up to scratch and were bound to be thrown out the window. A fair point, so I paid the bill from my measly £2 a fortnight. Oh happy days!

Bob Fisher



A GUNNER REPRESENTS THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT IN CANADA

At 2.50 pm on a fine October afternoon in 1987, the Air Canada DC8 jet touched down at Toronto's Moulton Airport. Flight 857 from London Heathrow had taken its passengers non-stop via Scotland, Iceland, and Greenland to cross the Canadian coast at Hebron, North of Latitude 55 degrees North.

Within minutes of deplaning I was through Immigration and Customs to be met by my sister, brother in law and their family. This was only our second meeting in twenty-five years.

Don Woods had been one of four brothers who had served in Europe during the war and one of three who had had the good sense to marry an English girl! Little did he know as he led me to his red Oldsmobile Cutlass to drive me to their home in Stoney Creek, Ontario, that an RSM of The Queen's Regiment had arrived in Canada to run up almost 1,500 miles on the clock of his car. In my bag was a tape-recorded message from the Deputy Colonel of The Regiment, Major General CH Tarver CB CBE DSO to the officers and men of the 3rd Battalion, The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, one of our affiliated regiments.

Before my first appointment with the 3rd Battalion at Toronto, I was whisked around the countryside to visit such places as Niagra Falls with a trip across to the United States, and a tour of Lake Ontario and Cedar Springs on Lake Erie. One can only be amazed at the space of the country and the pace of life there. Shopping centres with 25,000 cars are commonplace. The autumn leaves were breath-taking, and more than once the Cutlass did a nose down stop whilst I took colour slides in typical tourist fashion.

On Monday 16th October, I was taken to Moss Park Armoury in Toronto to behold what must surely be the most luxurious and well appointed Militia Training Centre in the world. The square, that is the size of a football field, is flanked by offices and lecture rooms and a veranda leads from the messes and canteens of every description. Acoustically designed to eliminate those annoying echoes that confound even the keenest of recruits on the drill square, the hall is equipped with diffused lighting that makes it equally suitable as a dance hall. Below ground is an enormous garage that houses vehicles and artillery for all the units there and is provided with all that is necessary from stores to workshops and band rooms. I mentally placed the half dozen landrovers of 7 QUEENS in this vehicle park and hastily returned them in case they were lost in its vastness.

Lt Col FPJ Mulrooney CD, the Commanding Officer of the 3rd Bn kindly received me and listened with interest to the message that I had brought and, in response to my request, agreed to have a recording made to be presented to the Deputy Colonel on my return. The RSM, WO1 J Green CD, then wheeled me off to the Sergeants' Mess for a taste of Canadian



Camp Borden



Moss Park Armoury



Colonel JGK Strathy OBE
CD ED



Stoney Creek

hospitality. I am sure that I would have remembered more about Moss Park Armoury if it had not been for my visit to at least five Sergeants' Messes and one Officers' Mess during the evening. It was almost 1am when armed with an autographed copy of *'The Powder Horn'* and a crested cigarette lighter presented by the Sergeants' Mess, my chauffeur drove me the 50 miles back to Stoney Creek.

On Tuesday 17th October I received a phone call from Lt Col Mulrooney asking me to call at the offices of Dominion Securities at 4pm the following day in Metro Toronto, where I would be received by the Colonel of The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Colonel JGK Strathy OBE CD ED. So off once more drove the uncomplaining Mr Woods back to Toronto. At 4pm sharp we were whisked into Colonel Strathy's office where he was talking in terms of millions to his telephone. I patted the remnants of my meagre ration of traveller's cheques and felt somewhat insignificant in this world of stocks and shares.

A hasty rewind of the tape and away it rolled once more bringing forth the words from The Queen's Regiment. Col Strathy also agreed to produce a recorded reply.

We were off again on Friday, but this time to Camp Borden some one hundred miles north. Camp Borden seemed to me to be Aldershot, Dartmouth and Cranwell all rolled into one. Uniforms of all services were evident. Booking in at the police post caused some consternation. The security man on duty asked me what a "police mug-shot" was doing on the document. "Why else would a guy have a number across his chest?" I refrained from making the obvious remark about the population of China serving time. The magic words British Army Identity Card on the reverse produced the needed pass (or was it the phone call I made to the Camp RSM, Al Crump, that did the trick?) Anyway we were in and after a coffee in his office, Mr Crump gave me a conducted tour of the camp in a powder blue limousine the size of a 10 ton truck.

'Happy Hour' is a fine institution and by chance I was just in time for it. Once a month on a Friday at around 4pm the members of the Sergeants' Mess gather for 'Happy Hour'. The bar is open and it's like a games evening that starts at a reasonable hour. Some hours later, reeling under Canadian hospitality, the rather muddy looking Oldsmobile headed back to Stoney Creek in a downpour that was as big as Canada and as wet as the Great Lakes.

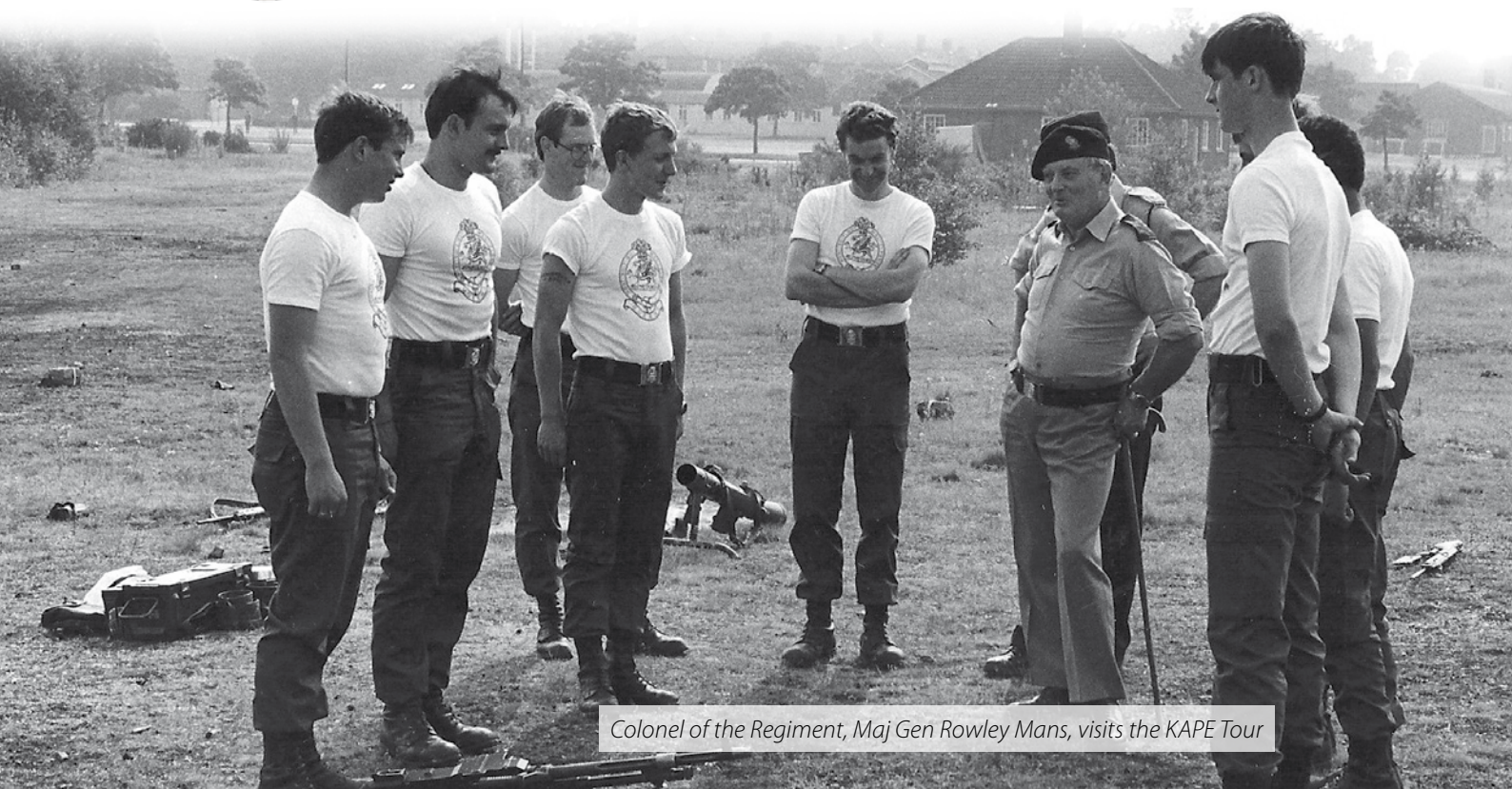
On Wednesday 25th October, I again attended Moss Park Armoury for the opportunity of playing my tape to all ranks of the 3rd Bn and to have the honour of dining in the Sergeants' Mess. The dinner was equalled only by the excellence of the company and Mr Green's crowning touch was to invite WO1 (RSM) Gordon Johnson of 7 Regt RCA, "another 40 mile sniper to give you moral support", as he kindly put it. After the dinner I was presented with a splendid Canadian pewter pot bearing the QORC crest and suitably inscribed. This will always be a treasured possession.

It was 6am before I got back to Stoney Creek for the last few hours of my visit, for I was due to leave on the night flight to London. This was my first visit to Canada; and the country and people are so wonderful that I hope it will not be the last. RSM Green's words came to mind as the DC came into land at rain drenched Heathrow after the six hour return flight "Why don't the British Army send more Senior Ranks over here for liaison visits?" Why not indeed?!



THE 2ND BATTALION

KEEPING THE ARMY IN THE PUBLIC EYE JULY 1983



Colonel of the Regiment, Maj Gen Rowley Mans, visits the KAPE Tour



Keen pupils try out the equipment



Pte Martin with young recruit



KAPE Wombat Race. Pte Boyd leads the way



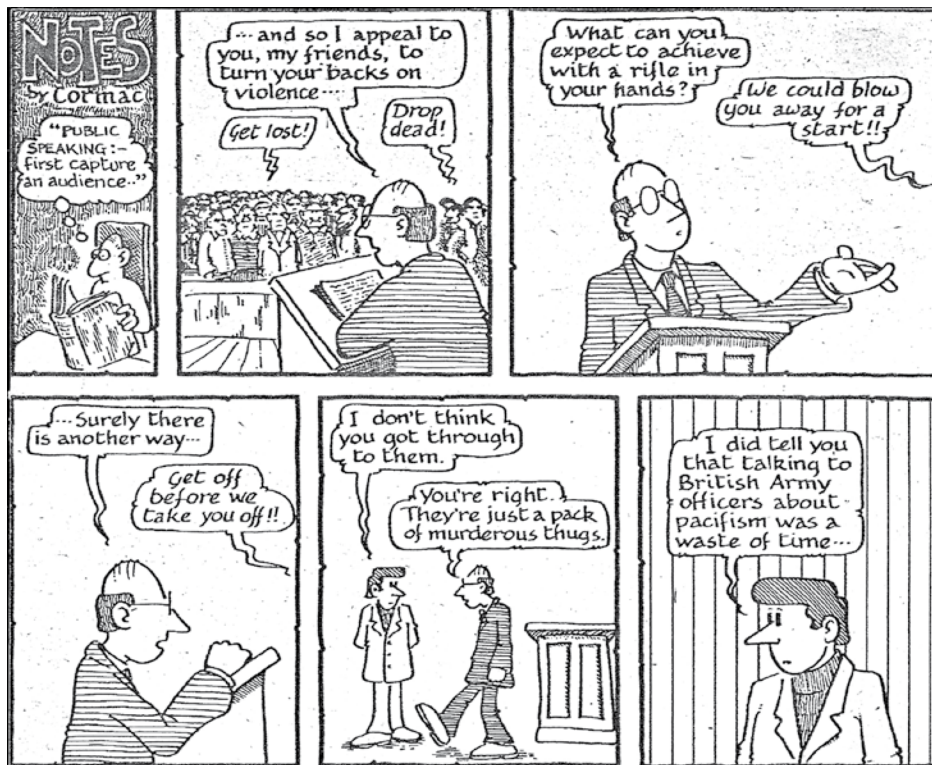
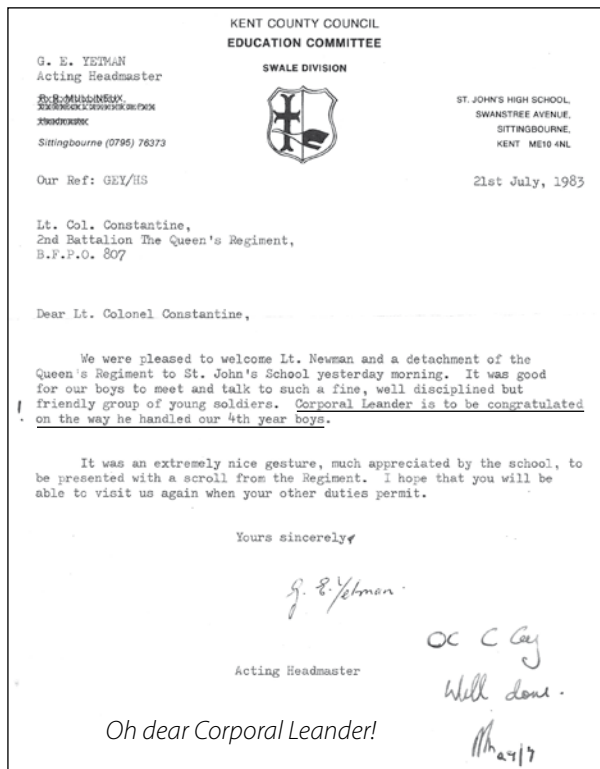
Miss 2 QUEENS meets the KAPE Teaman0006



Maggie, the PM is presented with a Regimental Ice Bucket by Sgt Robert Anthony and Private Keith Storer



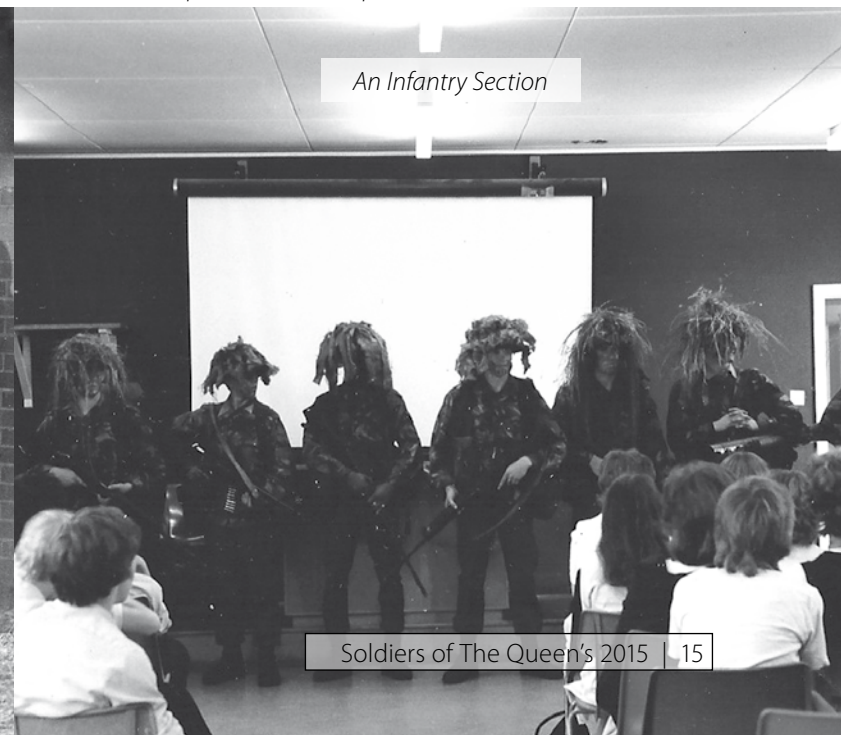
Sneak attack



Republican News reports on the KAPE Tour.



KAPE Team Assault Course Competition



An Infantry Section



FROM HORNSEY TO HELMAND

A HISTORY OF B (QUEEN'S REGIMENT) COMPANY, THE LONDON REGIMENT

by Derrick Harwood MBE TD



B Company, The London Regiment, has been in existence now for over 40 years. During that time it has seen service in four battalions, been rebadged three times, and supplied troops for operational duty in five of the World's 'Hot Spots'. The only constant factor in this story is the two drill halls that B Company has occupied for the whole of that period.

1966-1975

The Company was originally formed in 1966 from A Company, 5 Middlesex and became D (Middlesex) Company, 5 QUEENS, remaining at Priory Road, Hornsey. The selection process for the SNCOs was ruthless. Apart from the CSM, all were under 24 years of age. Overnight we stopped fighting WW2 and were issued with new kit and equipment that marked us out as belonging to a NATO battalion. The operational plot seemed sensible on paper at least; we were now the Reserve Company for 4 QUEENS.

In 1968 we spent our second camp in Germany, the first TA unit to do so. The following year we took over the drill hall at Edgware as a platoon location.



D (Middlesex) Company 5 QUEENS on an IS exercise at Ogbourne St George 1970. LCpl Peter Lyons with captured 'suspect'.



I won't always be digging 'oles'! The future Middlesex Branch Chairman on Salisbury Plain 1977

1975 - 1987

Defence cuts gave the regiment the opportunity to reorganise its Reserve battalions. 6 and 7 QUEENS were to amalgamate and the Hornsey Company would leave 5 QUEENS and join the newly formed 6/7th Battalion that would have a Home Defence role. In terms of equipment and opportunities there was no comparison. Everything was withdrawn except the combat suits that we stood up in. The company spent 6 weeks living on its wits until the situation changed. The standard webbing equipment for a Home Defence unit was '37 pattern' that went quickly back in the boxes as we quietly unpacked the privately purchased '44 pattern' equipment that we had last worn in 5th Middlesex. Transfer to the new battalion came with a change of title to B (Diehard) Company.

The 12 years that we spent with 6/7th were indeed happy and eventful. Edgware became Coy HQ and Hornsey a platoon location. In spite of the Pye Westminster communications system and the cargo vehicles that we took off road at our peril, we worked and played hard. Gradually the MOD got its act together on Home Defence and by 1977 we were an



Representing the TA at the Cenataph for the second time 1979



Farewell to the old battalion. Captain Peter Sibbald leads HQ Platoon past the saluting base with Lt Col Roger Lowans taking the Salute. Edgware 1987



effective Home Defence unit. There was also in those days a heavy ceremonial commitment. In 1977 B Company provided street liners for the Queen's Jubilee Parade, and, in 1981, the No 1 Guard for the Presentation of Colours to the Battalion. In 1987 B Company provided the Tynwald Guard on the Isle of Man. On the square or in the field you could depend on the boys from North London.

In 1985, B Company raised its own Home Service Force Platoon. These were men who had served either in the Regular Army or TA as Cadet adult instructors and who were prepared to serve with a lower commitment. We raised a platoon of 24, all of whom we knew well. Their role was mainly key point defence but in truth we harnessed the skills of these experienced soldiers for all kinds of jobs. When the HSF were disbanded, we felt the draught!

1987 -1992



Welcome to 8QF!. Lt Col Nick Brunt meets B (Albuhera) Company on the formation parade at St Johns Hill. Albuhera Day 1988

There was yet another change of title to B (Albuhera) Company in 1982 and, most appropriately on Albuhera Day 1988 we marched with Drums Beating into 27 St Johns Hill, BHQ of the new 8th (Volunteer) Battalion The Queen's Fusiliers (City of London). The history of 8QF is a story in itself but sufficient to say here that B Company had been transferred to another Battalion although they were still a company of The Queen's Regiment.

8QF was an artillery close protection unit and along with the Fusiliers from Balham, we were back with NATO. In spite of two cap badges it was a fine unit with a great future - until the Berlin Wall came down and that was that.



The OC, Maj Jon Bowman, takes a break at the Lord Mayor's Show 2014

1993

The formation of the new London Regiment was greeted with enthusiasm at Edgware. However, the transfer of soldiers from the Queen's Regiment to the London Regiment was not without its problems. Our status and identity was the subject



Afghanistan 2012 Capt Craster briefs LCpl Nelson (1SG)

of much mis-understanding as we became B (Queen's Regiment) Company of the London Regiment, affiliated to PWRR and wearing the PWRR cap badge. However, that has not stopped B Company from playing its full part over the years in supporting the Regular Army and closer to home, The PWRR on the London scene. It was B Company that provided the pall bearers at the funeral of the Late Major Max Maloney BEM.

The London Regiment is now operationally part of the Guards Division, and has sent officers and soldiers to support the Regular Forces in both Iraq and Afghanistan.

Queen's Regiment Company today

On the 3rd November 2015, the Cutler's Livery Company made their annual presentation of the 'Cutlers Sword' to the Soldier of the Year, Pte Lee Nichol, at Edgware. In addition, the Max Maloney Trophy was presented to Pte Jack Miller, the Best Recruit. This year a board commemorating the operational service of the company was unveiled. It records the names of over 120 officers and men who have served on operations in support of the Regular Army since 1978.

The Middlesex Branch of the Queen's Regimental Association is never slow to support the serving company and amongst other things keeps the 'Diehard' heritage alive through our museum.

Another example of the strong bond between the serving company and the Middlesex Branch of the Queen's Regimental Association was seen in the planning and execution of the funeral of our long serving PSAO Captain Gary Anglin. Amongst other things Gary Anglin will be remembered for his efforts on behalf of the London Regiment Welfare and Benevolent Fund. On formation in 1992, The London Regiment started life as a completely new Regiment devoid of welfare funding of any kind. With the deployment of its soldiers on operations, there was now an urgent need for a welfare fund and each company was tasked with providing a share. Gary combined the resources of recruiting and welfare collection over a wide range of activities and venues in North London, and by the time of his retirement in August 2014 had raised over £130,000. On the 22nd October 2015 we bade farewell to an Officer who had given so much to both The Queen's and The London Regiment and of course to B(Queen's Regiment) Company in particular. The Church was packed.

This, then, is the story of a Territorial Unit of Britain's Reserve Army that over the years has overcome all the difficulties that it has faced from defence cuts to regimental politics and, in spite of it all, still stands tall.



RUPERT BA (HONS)



I was prompted by Remembrance Sunday, as well as a none-too-subtle threat from the Editor, to recall my arrival with 2 QUEENS. I suspect many soldiers have rose-tinted

memories of their earliest time with their battalion. I, more than most, have reason to be grateful to the people I served with in 1969. They were a remarkable bunch.

I arrived in early September, a couple of weeks after the battalion had been deployed for the first time onto the streets of Belfast: shiny steel helmets, fixed bayonets and yes, the stories of the banners saying "DISPERSE OR WE FIRE" being in Arabic on the reverse — a hangover from Aden - are true! I was straight out of university, where I had spent a pleasant few years pretending to study while being paid as a (probationary) 2nd Lieutenant University Cadet. I kept quiet that I was also straight out of a brilliant six week holiday in the South of France, which I'd claimed was adventurous training - as I'd met my future wife during it, maybe it was!! My tan was a giveaway!

At that stage the Army didn't quite know what to do with 'university wonders'. Until the mid-sixties, people with degrees tended to have been to Sandhurst first. For some reason the Army Board in its wisdom (!) decided that direct entrant people like me could find their own feet without too much training, this at a time when the Sandhurst course was still two years. As a result I arrived to command a platoon at the very beginning of one of the British Army's most bizarre forms of active service with the benefit of a two week course at Mons Officer Cadet School two years before. The scope for cock up was considerable: modern purveyors of risk management and 'elf 'n safety would have much to say!

11 Platoon had just been re-formed, C Company having existed for some time on two platoons only. To say I didn't have a clue would be an understatement. My lowest point came when Chalky Regan, my excellent but exasperated platoon sergeant, after a couple of days told one of my section commanders, Mike Rowney (later to be Lt Col Rowney) in front of some of my soldiers to "*show the platoon commander how to clean his rifle*". Humiliation doesn't begin to describe it. It wouldn't have been surprising if I'd

sunk without trace and quietly been removed from the Regimental ORBAT.

I believe that I survived and prospered largely due to the patience and support of an unusual mix of outstanding people during the next twelve months. First, there were the three C Company commanders in my first year: Mike Newall, who went on to command the battalion four years later; Hugh Tarver, who literally worked himself to death as Colonel, Project Manager for Warrior trying to ensure it was ready for action in Kuwait in 1990, sadly dying in post; and John Holman, who of course went on to command 1 QUEENS, 2 Brigade and be Deputy Colonel. Three outstanding, and in their different ways, kind and remarkable men as well as good soldiers and sadly all no longer with us. The formidable CSMs, both of whom went on to be RSMs and commissioned: John Barrel - still known to many of us as Major and President of the Buffs' Regimental Association - and Mike Ayling.

My fellow platoon commanders were Peter McLelland, later CO the London Regiment, and John Macwilliam, known to all as Jonny Mac, who went on to become a White Father and perhaps the only Catholic priest to be a Staff College graduate; he is currently the Provincial Superior of North Africa based in Algeria with 33 priests and 8 communities under command! And an equally unusual story for the CQMS, Fred Boyne: many Queensmen will know that Fred went on to be RSM of Cambridge University OTC. What is not so widely known is his second career. Headhunted from his post to be the first Head Porter of the newly opened Robinson College Cambridge in 1979, Fred filled the role for over twenty years, itself a remarkable achievement. As well as being awarded the MBE for this work, he had the distinction on retirement of being the first Head Porter of a Cambridge College to have a painting commissioned by the Fellows to hang in the College Senior Common Room. They also set up a sports scholarship in his name to reflect all he'd done to encourage College sport. And I can testify that he hosted some serious lunches in College as well! Sadly Fred died last year, a great man and a credit to both his careers.

And there was an outstanding top team: the CO, Jack Fletcher, who so sadly died as a serving brigadier only a few years later before he could reach the high rank for which he seemed destined, Philip Critchley the delightful adjutant and Raymond "Tiger" Low the IO, later to be brigadier.

It goes without saying that the guys in 11 Platoon were great and all helped in their different ways: Codger Thorpe, Arnie Goldup, "W**ker" Watson – I apologies to any of the rest who may read this that there is no space to name them all.

All battalions have their ups and downs, but how lucky I was to hit 2 QUEENS, and C Company in particular, at a time

of such talented men who had the understanding and kindness to support a clueless university wonder through what could have been a difficult or even disastrous first year but which was in fact enormously enjoyable and rewarding.



QUOTES

HEARD IN STRABANE:

Boy: Hey soldier is that an SLR?

Soldier: Yeah. Why?

Boy: Well, my dad's got an M80!

OC C COY: LCpl Munford. Nice to see you, you're always asleep when I visit.

LCpl Munford: Yes Sir, that's the general idea!

ASK A SILLY QUESTION

CO – Acorn – where was the firing point?

IO – At the end of the command wire Sir!



THE LONG ROAD TO COMMISSIONING



I am very proud of my farming background and equally proud of my ability to make a pair of wellies last three to four years. In fact I took a very fine pair with me to join the Army only to be told that I would possibly stand out a bit too much if I wore them in the NAAFI! However, Bovington Camp and the RAC Centre was full of agricultural types all wearing breeches and carrying riding crops so I felt very much at home despite there not being a horse in sight. During that initiation I decided that all officers were very posh and deserved respect because they were all obviously related to the Queen with handles like 'Lord' and 'Baron' and 'The Honourable'. I, of course being a 'not quite so honourable' was destined to a life of service and tank driving and gunning and doing basic odd jobs for people who had been to school at Eton (where?) Harrow (even more where?) and Gordonstoun which I was reliably informed was the place where a lot of special-forces officer's

went to get 'toughened' up on porridge and wearing hairy underwear. They had all of course been to Sandhurst which I was reliably informed by my Troop Leader was a sort of finishing school for England's gentlemen and that your mess bill (a curious poll tax on the wealthy) always exceeded your pay.

It all seemed very straightforward and Regimental life in the 9/12th Lancers (Queen Mary's Own) in Detmold was like a combination of Sven Hassel's novel, *'March Battalion'* (compulsory reading for all panzer enthusiasts) and Downton Abbey. Officers seem to be in and out of the Abbey (Officers Mess) like yoyos and I made an assumption that behind those closed doors high level plans were being devised to thwart the Warsaw Pact and save the Regimental stables. We lived in what were former *Wehrmacht* barracks and they were big and lined with trees with the tank park being situated a good 15 minute walk away. Having passed my gunnery course with flying colours, I was ready for action and had already started my memoirs in my head - how I had thwarted the Russian Army in a last ditch defensive effort on the nearby autobahn (not sure what they were really and where this place called *'Umleitung'* was).

All officers reported to the tank park at about 1000 hours with a riding crop and some sort of dog in tow. The dogs had curious names like Toby and Charlie. This caused a lot of confusion as some of the officers were also called Charlie or Toby and nobody really knew what was going on trying hard to communicate above the high pitched whine of Chieftain engines. We often discussed the merits of officers pitching up unannounced as it seemed unlikely that they would be up for scrubbing a 120 mm gun barrel. That said, they occasionally arrived with good news about adventure training and leave!!

My Troop Leader (Lord 'P') was an interesting character and a proper 'Lord'. He was related to the Queen and seemed well informed on the likes and dislikes of Her Majesty and why corgis make excellent guard dogs. He had heard that I had done particularly well on a recent Outward Bound Course (A Grade) and that I was officer potential. He reliably informed me that I could make it if I was prepared to change a few of my ghastly habits. While said tongue in cheek and with a smile, I realised that he was completely right and that my pin stripe turn up trousers, platform soles, kipper tie and leather trench coat were probably not going to cut it (mind you that was *de rigueur* in the R Hamps). Well I wrote down - under supervision - the list of attributes (including clothes) that I would need in the small hope that one day I might purchase a riding crop and a dog called Toby!

That day things got heated on the tank park as Lord P thought it was time to muck in with the lads - he borrowed a Chieftain headlight with a plug attached and decided to help by inspecting my gun barrel (steady the Buffs). Having plugged the light into the commander's console (barely legal/voltage problems/fire risk etc.) and inspected the barrel he then responded to some vague bugle call on the wind and fled leaving it plugged in. He forgot that the light, after only 5 minutes would glow bright red, melt the commander's nice green seat and then await the arrival of the poorly protected arse of a very busy, grumpy Irish lunatic who was the A Sqn SSM Sergeant Major, 'Spud' Murphy. The 'Murph' suffered a 2nd degree burn through his coveralls and all hell let loose especially when Lord P returned from *café au lait*.

I thought it a little harsh that someone related to HM The Queen should get such a drubbing from a non-commissioned officer from Ireland. I realised the awesome power that the SSM had and that he basically ran the show, could castigate young officers quite legally and that he was to be given a lot of respect (plus a wide berth when injured).

The day ended badly as Little Fred (no relation to 'Big Fred' another huge trooper from Jamaica in our troop), left the handbrake off a tank that then rolled off the washdown point and down the hill 200 metres, through the fence, across the

road and into somebody's garden luckily then arrested by a tree. Miraculously, no one was hurt, the tank was undamaged but the Germans could not see the funny side of it (no sense of humour). Thank God damage control lurked nearby!! We retired to the NAAFI for a milk shake.

Life on FTX, or 'scheme' as we affectionately called it, consisted of massive manoeuvres with huge tanks that constantly broke down for numerous reasons. In those good old days, grenade bins were full of beer, bag charge containers full of gin and all communications were difficult. Lord P was constantly lost and the Troop Second in Command had a terrible stutter and was known as Sgt Mmmmm Mason. Conversations between Lord P and Sgt Mmmmm took forever and by the time they had worked out the plan it was too late and red forces had won and it was time to go to the leaguer and have a smoker where we all got horribly pissed; and cracked on again the next day causing horrendous damage to the German countryside and economy. Nothing stood in our way – crops, fields, *polizei* vans, ornamental gardens, the corners of people's houses (plus their television sets), pavements, roads were all put to the sword or should I say the tank track --- damage control followed on bravely and resolutely giving out Deutschmarks likes speeding tickets.

Lord P had turned up for the exercise wearing brogues and bicycle clips and I pointed out to him that where we were going was quite muddy and he should reconsider and revert to riding boots which he duly did. His words of command consisted of "*Hames sort the bloody communications out*" and "*Hames make me a coffee (or G and T)!*" or "*Hames where are we?*" Not surprisingly he turned up with three items of baggage to squeeze into the limited bins of the tank. The conversation with Sgt Mason went on for quite some time with me pitching in to help Mason with the more complex stutter elements of 'Sir, There's no fffffff.g way that those fffffff.g bags will fffffff.g fit on that fffffff.g tank. How the winter nights flew!

And not surprisingly Lord P and I broke down (engine blew up) and were happily marooned (more like abandoned) together in a forestry block for five days. It was minus 5 and he slept in the tank's bivi and I slept outside in an issued green maggots (with eight tired feathers in it) under a forestry information post with a small roof. Lord P played the harmonica at lights out and issued me with a knife to ward off the wild animals. He told me to keep the fire going which I duly did and we must have burnt at least a forestry block of the local's precious timber.

Lord P deployed regularly to the *gasthof* across the road to get a shower and a square meal while I was enjoying menus A-F from the tin (no boil in a bag then). He then had a bright idea to send me to the local Spar shop, 5 kilometres away in a blizzard to get more supplies. I set off dutifully only to return to find Lord P and the tank gone with a note pinned to the forestry block board saying, - "*must fly, someone will come and get you - good luck!*" Well I stood for five minutes with my Spar bag and tried to figure out how to survive the inclement weather in the middle of nowhere.

Luckily, the Squadron Leader turned up in the nick of time and asked me how I had got so lost. He was an incredibly nice guy and a brilliant leader. He asked about the whereabouts of the Troop Leader and I told him the story of our demise. He was horrified by my general condition, covered in oil and diesel, mud, congealed food and some signs of mild hyperthermia –he took me to the *gasthof* for bratty and chips and a warm up. He said "*If you ever become an officer Hames would you like to stay in the Armoured Corps?*" I thought quickly on my feet and replied, "*Of course Sir*" while actually thinking bugger this I'm off to the Infantry if I get the chance!!!

Don't miss the next thrilling instalment where Hames trades in his tank suit for a pair of skis and then the skis for some cavalry twill trousers and a flat cap to give The Queen's Regiment the benefit of his time in the ranks!

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



MOUSCRON AND THE MENIM GATE

FARNHAM BRANCH

by Dick Scales

In May 1940 in an attempt to defend the River Dyle against the German onslaught, the British Expeditionary Force crossed from France into Belgium. Risquons Tout, Ville de Mouscron, literally sits on the border. Thrown back by the Germans, units were split up, became isolated and had to fight many individual battles, often in places now forgotten. The Battle of Risquons Tout 25 – 27 May 1940 may well have been one of these were it not for part of the battle being witnessed by the local doctor's son, Mike Legrand, a young boy at that time, who never forgot the bravery shown by the British soldiers. He and the local community formed and supported the Risquons Tout Memorial Committee. The important task of liaison between the Committee and the British Military in creating the memorial was undertaken by Col Paul Watton, AGC (RMP) who still supports the Committee to this day.

Officers and soldiers who fought were from The East Surrey Regiment, The Buffs, The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, The Lancashire Fusiliers and The Middlesex Regiment.

Three privates of the East Surreys manning a Bren gun carrier had success initially against great odds. Later, knocked out by anti-tank fire, all three were killed. The youngest was 19. All three were soldiers of the 1st/6th East Surreys. Other troops fighting with great bravery were eventually overwhelmed. Of those who died, six were from The East Surrey Regiment; there were other unidentified casualties that may have been from the same regiment.

The Memorial was unveiled on Saturday 26th May 1990. 2015 marked 75 years since the battle, and this year we had 25 members and their friends on the trip.

Albuhera Day saw a fairly civilised start and we left with best bib and tucker to Risquons Tout to meet our colleagues from the Horsham Association who had travelled independently. Next, up to the church and the parade. This is always well supported by the locals and we were also pleased to have HE Alison Rose, British Ambassador to Belgium, present. In addition to the local chaplain, there was Stephen Murray, a Canadian and C of E chaplain from Ghent who assisted with the service. We were also delighted to meet Nadine Lessens, who runs what in effect is the Belgian Branch of the Queen's Regimental Association.

Following the church parade we formed up outside the church and with the bands playing off we marched with the Standards flying following the Belgium and French veterans. Our contingent was led by the Ypres and Surrey Pipe Band. We formed up



Marching through Mouscron



Church Parade



Bren Gun Memorial



Marching through Ypres



Fat Bob joins the French Foreign Legion



Teaching the Belgians how to Conga!



at the Memorial where we heard speeches in English, French and Flemish paying tribute to the bravery of the officers and soldiers who fought the Risquons Tout battle. The British contingent were thanked for their attendance each year and appreciation was shown for their support. Ricky Bowden, our Chairman, gave an account of the battle and read out the Roll of Honour before the Last Post was sounded. Wreaths were laid

by the Association Secretary, members of the Town Committee, the Belgium and French veterans followed by members of the public. We then marched, cheered by the crowds, to a local school for a civic reception, where more speeches were given but not understood!

I always thought the Belgians were a rather reserved bunch, that is until I started going to Mouscron. This year we were at the Expo Centre and some two hundred people attended. For what more could one ask? Hog roast, wine, beer, music and dancing and a conga initiated by the Brits, which seemed to go on forever. A few more speeches, regardless of which language they were in, were all applauded. With the wine and beer flowing, we were beginning to understand each other perfectly. Lots of farewells, hugs and kisses and on to the coach again for Ypres.

Very few made it to Ypres still awake. A short time to look around or grab a coffee then we were told to form up for the parade from Cloth Hall to the Menin Gate, again applauded by the crowds. This was indeed an honour as this was the first time that we had been invited. The Menin Gate ceremony is always moving. Even as a spectator, to be part of the ceremony made us all very proud and aware of the sacrifice made by the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had marched through this gate to the hell of the front line. Especially poignant was the music of the First World War being played by the



Young Bob entertains the troops through lunch



Nadine, Secretary of the Belgian Branch of the QRA, reading a despatch during the Silent Toast



The Silent Toast

Pipe Band as we marched through Ypres in the footsteps of our forebears. After the ceremony we moved up onto the city ramparts alongside the Menin Gate for the Albuhera Silent Toast. We were joined by a number of different nationalities who wanted to take part in the Silent Toast and to hear six despatches from the battlefield explaining the battle. This was much enjoyed by our guests including those French present who had to listen to how we spanked them on the Ridge of Albuhera!

The following day we set off for home stopping off for a quick tour of the area and ending up at the TIR National De Tourcoing who made us very welcome. The club consists of a number of indoor and outdoor ranges for small bore rifle and pistol, several of which were in use. The club laid on a BBQ, beer and wine for lunch which was served outside in the sunshine. Some of the lucky ones managed to fire on one of the pistol ranges where Cpl Frizzell impressed the range staff with his weapon handling skills.

This year was an exceptionally good trip, and thanks are due to Ricky Bowden for all the work he put in organising it.

(Ed: The Secretary would like to thank the Farnham and Horsham Branches for their wonderful hospitality on this trip and for granting him the honour of leading the parades at Mouscron and the Menin Gate and for asking him to lead the Silent Toast. It was a truly memorable and moving weekend.)

MORTARS MORTARED

by Patrick Crowley



"Add 100" was certainly not the cry heard from the Mortar Platoon at midnight on 19 December 1982. For the Mortars were themselves mortared in Strabane that night; fortunately there were no casualties and the nearest round landed 50 metres away. "Crump! Crump!" was heard from the baseplate, a flat bed lorry, and everyone took immediate evasive action.

LCpl Russell, who was having a bath at the time, suddenly became a deep sea diver! Brightmore, who was showering, attempted to pothole down the plughole! Then came the waiting; seconds but it seemed like minutes. Soldiers rapidly gave up watching videos and looked for shelter. Covington ended up under a bed being the professional soldier that he was, whilst others found shelter under tables, inside lockers – or even inside their mattress cover (Merry!).

Next – the explosions. No one could say exactly how many (in fact it was eight). Windows rattled, doors quaked, and ceilings buckled as shocked white faces stared out from under blankets GS.

All quiet; everyone waits for orders. The Platoon Commander, yes it was me, was caught getting into bed when it all started, runs around with boots on but no socks; Sgt Walker stags on in the Ops Room wondering if the Prime Minister ever receives as many phone calls and radio messages all at the same time.

Action! Clear, Cordon, Control, Nitesun, QRF, ATO and RESA. The aftermath has begun and visitors arrive. There is the initial rush and then the quiet early hours of the morning. The specialists have left, only to return like scavengers to the battlefield early the next day. For LCpl Templeton and Burtenshaw the next night is worth one hour's fester in the back of the ambulance – someone had to look after the Vengeful operators!

The specialists move in, and the cordon waits. Hours pass by and there are controlled explosions. LCpl Russ adopts a fire position that a Roman Gladiator would be proud of – surprising as the "Strabane Mole" is rarely seen in daylight.

Mid afternoon and the area is cleared – the craters and the base-plate can be seen by all. We were lucky. Eight rounds exploded together, the nearest one just 50 metres short of the camp. The realities of Northern Ireland had been brought home to us early in the tour.

(Ed: One of the mortar tubes currently sits outside Battalion Headquarters 2 PWRR in Dhekalia, Cyprus and fragments of one of the mortars hang from Colonel Crowley's office. Both will be donated to the museum in Dover Castle.)





QUEBEC (SP) COY 1 QUEENS

NEW LODGE OCTOBER '72 – MAY '75

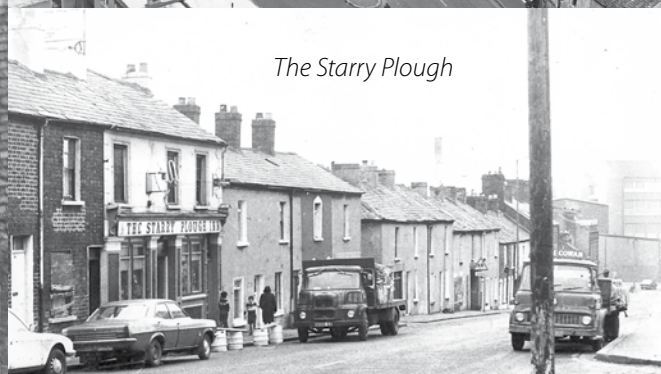
The "NEW LODGE RESISTANCE COUNCIL" used most Sunday afternoons as an excuse for anti-Brit demonstrations, followed by riots.



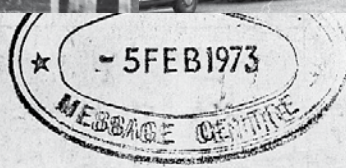
The New Lodge



Sheridan's Bar



The Starry Plough



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R E S T R I C T E D
DIC KAC

RESTRICTED

THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF ADVERSE COMMENT IN REPUBLICAN CIRCLES CONCERNING THE NEW LODGE BATTLE ON SUNDAY MORNING PD THIS IS STANDARD PRACTICE WHENEVER THE IRA TAKES A BEATING AND WE CAN EXPECT FURTHER EFFORTS TO BE MADE TO DENIGRATE THE BATTALION PD ALL OUR SOLDIERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE AND EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP BY MEMBERS OF A AND SP COYS HAVE BEEN VERY HIGHLY PRAISED BY CLF AND THE BDE COMD PD
BT



The Padre, Rev John Murray with members of Kirke's (A) Company



LCpl Davidson and Sgt Kearse of the Mortar Platoon



The Sunday afternoon performance builds up

Members of the PIRA can be seen lolling against the wall

The small children were always used as the "front wave" of the rioters sheltering the gunmen

The youths of the New Lodge gather together

The youth on the corner is the lookout, the bald-headed man is about to supervise the riot. He was a leading member of the Provisional IRA and an ex-internee



THE CANTERBURY MEMORIAL RISES LIKE THE PHOENIX FROM THE FLAMES

On Sunday 3 May some 230 veterans and their families gathered at Leros Barracks to witness the re-dedication of the Regiment's Memorial to the Fallen. The Memorial that had stood opposite Regimental Headquarters in Howe Barracks was in a poor state of repair and required extensive renovation before it could be rededicated. A team of stonemasons lead by Nick Young from Young Johnson Monumental Masons of Westbury carefully dismantled the Memorial and transported it back

to their workshops where it was cleaned and repainted before being transported back to Canterbury where it was rebuilt. Three coins were found under the old Memorial and were placed under the new one. The contribution of 3 PWRR and in particular that of Lt Col John Baynham, Major Tony Panayi, and WO2 Bob Fisher was immense.

The Memorial was dedicated by Canon Paul Kerr of Rochester Cathedral, a former padre of the Regiment. It was unveiled by Chelsea Pensioners, Sgt Alan Rutter and Cpl Dave Grant who between them

served in all four regular battalions of the Regiment. The names of the Fallen were read out by CSgt 'Blue' Cooper who heads the Vipers Branch of the Regimental Association. The lesson was read by Major Alasdair Goulden, Association Secretary and the Exhortation was given by Colonel Anthony Beattie, President of the Regimental Association.



The Fallen



The memorial is unveiled

Following the re-dedication of the Memorial, the Kohima Band of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment performed a Beating Retreat by kind permission of Lt Col John Baynham, Commanding Officer 3 PWRR. The salute was taken by Brig Mike Constantine CBE, past President of the Queen's Regimental Association.

Although the weather left a great deal to be desired, it was a happy occasion where old friends reconnected and shared a beer over an outstanding curry.





THE SQUINT ON THE LION

by Paul Gray



This story was told to me by Captain Gerry Cleaver, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and Queen's Own Buffs, when he was Adjutant of The Home Counties Brigade Depot in 1962, but is pertinent because of the refurbishment of the Memorial this year.

One Sunday afternoon in late 1962, the Orderly Officer at the Home Counties Brigade Depot at Wemyss Barracks was alerted by the guardroom that a Rolls Royce with 5 Stars had just driven in to the barracks. The Orderly Officer quickly got out of the Mess to see Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, with Lady Templer, and the usual entourage which accompanies a Field Marshal, looking up at the roof of the Mess. The Field Marshal explained that when he was stationed at Wemyss Barracks in the 1920s as a subaltern, he and another officer had climbed on to the roof of the Mess, and leaning over the parapet, had painted a squint on the face of the lion. Driving back from Dover that afternoon he had decided to divert to the barracks to see if the squint was still on the face of the lion; guessing that when the Coat of Arms had been repainted the painter would merely paint over the old paint including, in this case, the squint.

If the squint had survived over the years, it must have been removed when the Coat of Arms was taken down and the painter was able to see it at close hand.

Colonel Lasse Harkjær, Colonel Chamberlain, Head of Her Majesty The Queen of Denmark's Military Office pays his respects on HM Queen Margrethe's visit to Leros Barracks.



THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS

by Lt Col PH Courtenay

I was greatly interested in the information about the Canterbury Memorial that has been sited at Leros Barracks, and, in particular, the striking which draw attention to the whole monument. Due to the short period when this version of the Royal Arms was in use, we can date its origin fairly precisely.

When George I arrived from Hanover in 1714, the fourth quarter of the arms, which (since the union of England and Scotland under Queen Anne in 1707) had consisted of a repetition of the first quarter, was changed to include recognition of the new King's Hanoverian domains. See Figure 1 (1760-1800), the new fourth quarter of which is blazoned heraldically as follows:

Tierced per pale and per chevron. First, Gules two lions passant guardant in pale Or [Brunswick]; second, Or semy of hearts Gules a lion rampant Azure [Lueneburg]; third, Gules a horse courant Argent [Hanover]; on an inescutcheon Gules, the crown of Charlemagne Proper [Arch Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire].

These arms were borne successively by George I (1714-1727), George II (1727-1760) and George III (from 1760 until they were changed in 1801).

Following the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland in 1800, George III's arms were altered in 1801 in three important ways. First, the *fleurs-de-lys* in the second quarter were discarded; they had been adopted by Edward III in 1337 when he stated his claim to the French crown, but this had been a hollow claim for several centuries and, in the wake of the French Revolution of 1789, the

opportunity was taken to abandon them. Secondly, England and Scotland were both given their own quarters, the four quarters now taking on a pattern recognisable in today's Royal Arms. Thirdly, the Hanoverian quarter was given its own inescutcheon in the centre of the shield, ensigned with an Electoral bonnet (the first three Georges being also Electors of Hanover) – see Figure 2 (1801-1816)

Following the end of the Napoleonic wars, the Congress of Vienna met in 1814-15 to determine a number of European issues. One of these was the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, which meant that Hanover was no longer an electorate, but had become a kingdom. George III had now become King of Hanover and changed his arms to a third version, so that the Electoral bonnet was replaced by a crown – see Figure 3 (1816-1820). These arms were later successively inherited by two of his sons, George IV (1820-1830) and William IV (1830-1837).

In 1837, William IV's niece, Victoria, became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, but due to the operation of the Salic Law in Hanover (by which women could not inherit), was prevented from also becoming Queen of Hanover. The Hanoverian inescutcheon was therefore removed from the Royal arms, leaving the version which has been in use ever since.

All I am seeking (somewhat verbosely) to show is that the Royal Arms at the Canterbury Memorial can only have been those of King George III within the limited period between 1st January 1801 and 8th June 1816.



Figure 1 1760-1800



Figure 2 1801-1816



Figure 3 1817-1820



SURREY INFANTRY MUSEUM AT CLANDON

On the afternoon and evening of Wednesday 29th April 2015, fire ripped through the National Trust property at Clandon Park just East of Guildford. The Palladian mansion, built in the early eighteenth century, housed the Surrey Infantry Museum in its basement. The Museum contained three hundred and fifty years of history of the infantry regiments connected with Surrey. Most of the contents related to the forebear regiments prior to the late twentieth century amalgamations, including the Queen's Royal Regiment and East Surrey Regiment.

The fire's source and cause remains subject to official investigation but the alarm was raised at about 4pm when flames were discovered in the basement. The building was immediately evacuated and the Fire Service arrived within fifteen minutes. However, by early evening flames were visible in the attic rooms above the South Range: these rooms contained the reserve store of items not on display in the Museum itself. Throughout the evening the Fire Service struggled to contain the fire but by 8pm the upper stories of the South Range had collapsed with burning debris falling into the Museum rooms in the basement below.

A strong wind had fanned the flames across the building and there was serious concern that the whole structure would be destroyed. Due to the risk of collapse the fire-fighters needed to withdraw from within the building. As whistles were blown to signal the evacuation, a group of firemen led by an ex-Irish Hussar rushed into the basement corridor and rescued four framed Colours from the walls: the ceiling of the corridor fell in a few minutes later.

Over the following days the Fire Service remained on site damping down the debris and extinguishing residual fires. Whilst putting out a small flare-up in the Museum rooms the firemen scooped up a number of medals lying where they had fallen from their display and extracted the drawers from a cabinet containing a large number of medals. Altogether approximately 800 medals representing 300 recipients have been recovered: some have been damaged but the majority will be restored to their former glory.

The salvage operation has begun and the structure has been made relatively safe: enabling works are currently underway and salvage commenced in August 2015 and will continue until the beginning of next year. However, it is most unlikely that anything combustible will have survived. Close inspection of the Museum rooms from outside reveals a tangled mess of beams, girders, cabling, brickwork and ash up to shoulder-height in places.

A number of artefacts, of priceless historical value, are almost certainly lost including:



The Nevill football from the First Day of the Somme.

Kicked across 'No Mans Land' by 8th East Surrey Regiment



A unique powder horn snuff box from 1707.

Carved and carried by a soldier of the 2nd Queen Dowager's Regiment of Foot



Scarves crocheted by Queen Victoria for selected troops serving in South Africa.



Life-size wooden recruiting figures from 1715.

Owing to lack of space the Museum had only a small collection of Queen's material on display although more would have been lost from the attic store. Thankfully there will be items at other locations such as barracks, messes and museums: retired members of the Regiment have also generously offered material from their private collections.

The future of the Surrey Infantry Museum is uncertain. Until the salvage process has been completed it is not clear as to how much material will be rescued and restored. In turn, this will help define the nature and timing of any re-establishment of the Museum. However, there is an appetite and determination amongst all those involved that there will again be a Surrey Infantry Museum presence within the county.





A QUEENSMAN AT CLANDON PARK



I have always been a great believer in fate and how we all travel our own individual journey through life; the people we meet, the places we visit and the choices we make all go to shape who we become; and the type of lives we lead and what we achieve during that journey.

My name is Ian Howard and during my journey to date it had, many years ago, been an honour to serve with, in my opinion, the finest Infantry regiment in the British Army "The Queen's". I have always been proud to tell others of my pride at being able to call myself a "Queensman".

I was born in Surrey, so to serve in my own county regiment was the icing on the cake so to speak. But that was a long time ago - over thirty years ago in fact but regimental pride and service in the military never leaves you. It just becomes part of who you are and shapes the individual.

So now we jump forward to the present; to Wednesday 29th April 2015 and that strange day the Regiment came back into my life with unexpected results.

By this date I was still strongly attached to Surrey as a member of Surrey Fire & Rescue Service. I had joined the fire service in 1985 and by 2015 I was coming to the end of a thirty year career. My position was by then a Watch Commander at Red Watch, Woking. I was responsible for a team of ten, myself, two crew commanders and seven fire-fighters. At Woking we have two main fire appliances or 'pumps' as they are termed and two further special appliances.

I had been riding on the second of the two appliances, S29P2, as I was coming to my career conclusion. I was riding the generally busier pump picking up the small incidents. I have loved my career in the Fire Service and wanted to be as busy as possible right to the end.

We had been busy along with a lot of Surrey Fire & Rescue at a large fire on Stoney Castle Ranges in the previous weeks. Whilst fire-fighting there the memories of times on the ranges had crept back and I smiled to myself at the thought of it so long ago. I thought Stoney Castle would be the last large scale incident I would attend before I finished and had resigned myself to that, but as I mentioned at the beginning of this, fate sometimes plays a game with us and today would be that day. This day would find me back in direct contact with the Regiment that I left all those years ago.

When incidents occur in the Service, appliances are manoeuvred to other stations to maintain the level of fire cover and it was this that took us to Epsom fire station. As we were returning back to Woking at about 1600 hrs I heard a message on the appliance radio from Clandon Park from a crew already in attendance of a small fire in the basement area with one hose reel and breathing apparatus in use.

To be honest I paid it only scant attention as it appeared to be only a small job and some distance away, and the usual conversation continued amongst us on the pump as we continued back to our home station.

Remember what I said about fate putting us in places for certain reasons? Well, so it began and shortly after that a "make pumps three" message was sent. This made our ears prick up - the incident was changing and I just had a feeling that we were going to be involved. "Make pumps four" came in and I heard my other pump from Woking booking mobile to the incident.

I got my driver to stop above the A3 and wait as this would be our best route to Clandon if we were required and my gut feeling was that we would be. "Make pumps six". Here we go and with that the mobile data terminal in front of me in the appliance sprang to life with incident details for Clandon Park.

We rigged in fire kit and the guys in the back started pulling on breathing apparatus as the driver manoeuvred his way through the mayhem of A3 traffic. As we arrived at Clandon Park the air was full of smoke and people - lots of them - were waving us in and through to the rear of the property. This wasn't going to be a five-minute job.

The details I relate to you now are in the best chronological order I can remember, but bear in mind, I had now stepped into a very chaotic situation that we were trying to get a grip of and make risk assessments and to structure a fire-fighting plan. I reported to incident command and handed in our nominal roll board listing the riders on the appliance should a roll call be required, but more of that later.

The fire service runs a method of control at an incident called Incident Command System. It works on the premise that an incident commander can deal with a maximum of five tasks before it starts to become overwhelming and potentially dangerous for all concerned. A structured management plan of an incident is implemented with roles given to individuals to reduce the burden on the Incident Commander

With this starting to take shape, crews, including my breathing apparatus team, were committed into the rear right hand side of the building to try and hold a developing fire that was at that time breaking through from the basement into the ground floor. With that going on, our minds started to consider removing the contents from rooms likely to become involved and with the scale of the incident, and the nature of the building (stately home, old timber internal construction, and massive heritage considerations) the appointed incident commander, Group Commander Chris Webb, made 'pumps twelve' for manpower. Chris and I go back a long way. He is ex-army, a tank commander in the Irish Hussars and we have a similar mindset that was to prove beneficial later.

I was at the breathing apparatus control point where teams entering or returning from fire-fighting report back to hand over information. The information crews were bringing back to us wasn't good. It was clear that the fire was spreading in voids, both within the walls and floors. My crew had returned and spoke to me of kneeling in the smoke-logged stairwell and commenting how hot it felt under their knees. They cut some carpet back with a knife and checked using a thermal image camera. It was totally red. The fire was spreading beneath them and they were forced to withdraw.

Further appliances started to arrive along with an aerial ladder platform as smoke had started to issue from beneath the roof tiles. An aerial ladder uses 3000 litres of water per minute - that's three metric tonnes in weight of water every minute. To supply this requires hose to be laid from a water source, in this case the pond some distance away, and for efficiency the hose is twinned and goes into an appliance then in turn into the ladder platform. Crews set to work to achieve this. To use the monitor on the platform to try and force the fire back all takes time, and time was not on our side that day and the fire spread rapidly.

I had entered the building and ran up the stairs to the left of the main hallway entrance. I saw at both first and second floor areas an opportunity to put fire-fighting teams in and push the fire back into the already burnt building. I ran back down the stairs carrying paintings from the landing areas as by now this incident was being treated as a fifty/fifty fire-fighting and salvage operation. By liaising with the staff and National Trust we could start to set priorities, saving the most valuable objects in the fires path.

I spoke to Chris Webb about my idea and together we got the ball rolling with jets laid up stairways and breathing apparatus crews briefed to what I knew would be a hard and dangerous task. I wanted them to be aware it was risk laden and to act accordingly. With the aerial ladder now at work and salvage underway, we commenced our plan. Unbeknown to me a colleague of mine was at that point cutting a £2 million pound painting from its frame as time prevented the frame removal! I think he will dine out on that for years. From outside, Chris and I could see the fire progressing and the location of the teams we had committed. We could see chairs and other valuable items being lowered down ladders to our left as the salvage work continued apace.

All fire officers carry an Acme Thunderer whistle on their tunic. It's to be used for emergency evacuation of buildings. Repeated blasts mean all personnel leave the building by whatever means that is at their disposal and report back to incident command. Chris and I saw the fire progress to a point that it was going to compromise the crew safety. We blew the whistles, crews came out and role boards were checked. It was a great relief to see guys emerging to fresh air as those few minutes seemed eternally long.



During the course of the Clandon Park incident I sounded my whistle twice, Chris three times. We have similar lengths of service and this was the first time either of us had had to use the whistle in anger, a good indication of the level this incident had reached.

Fire had by now spread throughout the building in its voids and vast roof space causing large areas of structural collapse. It became a defensive rather than offensive fire-fighting procedure. I had gone to the front of the building and saw that about ninety percent of the internal structure had collapsed with just the first and second floor ends hanging on.

I mentioned at the beginning of this account of my feelings about how fate presents you with opportunities and maybe steers you a little as well though at the time you may not be aware as such. This was such a moment. I caught up with Chris Webb as we were by the side of the building both looking down to a tunnel type entrance that led, so it turned out, to the Regimental Museum of the Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment – a forebear regiment of my own beloved regiment. We worked out that the vaulted construction was strong, so being the sort of guys that take the odd chance /balanced risk (well big risk really) we went in. The floor was about two foot deep in water, fire-fighting had been taking place but crews had been withdrawn as a hose reel was still present.

I think it was about then that we looked at the walls along this tunnel and we both looked at each other and spotted what we knew to be the Colours. Our exact quote is not printable but it ran along the lines of "F@:k. It's the Colours!!" We knew the importance of these even if others didn't. Men had fought and in many cases died for these. We had to save them. Others came in and we started to get the guys to take stuff off the walls. I ran to a pump and grabbed a Halligan tool, which is basically a big hooked crowbar, and jammed it in behind the frame of the colours and levered it off the wall along with another framed list of charges for beer and other such items. I grabbed one end of the frame and along with another guy carried the Colours out to the salvage area. I remember saying as I put it down "There you are - we've saved the Colours". I said this light heartedly but I hadn't realised at the time they were 'our Colours'!

I went back but we had pushed our luck as far as we could whilst in there. Earlier there had been a massive noise that was the upper floors collapsing above us. Sometimes you have to know when to quit!!

By this time oncoming night watch crews were coming in to relieve us from our various roles. We were all pretty shattered by then and the sad sight of Clandon Park House still burning as we left will remain with me for a long time. The following day we returned to find the tunnel leading to the museum was now filled with the rubble from the first and second floors.

It was some time later that we were contacted by your good selves to say thank you for saving the Colours on that April afternoon and it was only then that all the pieces fell into place. It felt ironic that after more than thirty years fate had drawn me back to the Regiment and that I had played some part in preserving her history and right glad I was to have done so!

(Ed: Ian and his colleagues in fact rescued four Colours. In total a further three Colours have been rescued out of a vault, not affected by the fire).

MEMORIES

I had the pleasure of joining a different battalion for a short period. It had a very strong Officers' Mess during my short attachment and I was made extremely welcome. The subalterns were as badly behaved as in my own and I thoroughly enjoyed my stay! I recall though that there was a battle over whether wives should be allowed to wear hot pants in the Mess which did not last long. The Commanding Officer's wife made it very clear that this was not an option!

Anonymous

When I commanded 3 Queens in the early 1970s we only spent about 3 weeks working in UK and I do not recollect any sporting successes except one. When serving with the UN in Cyprus we beat the Irish contingent at Gaelic football on St Patrick's Day. When the final whistle blew the Irish ref scratched his head and declared diplomatically "To be sure, it was a draw". Honour satisfied on both sides!

Charles Tarver

MY EARLY YEARS WITH THE QUEENS

by Dr Kjeld Hald Galster Danish Royal Life Guards

Recently, I was very kindly invited to contribute to the 2015 issue of *Soldiers of the Queen's*. It was agreed that I should convey the highlights of my experiences during the fairly brief period in my youth when I served off and on with A Company 5 QUEENS under the firm and gentle command of Major Geoffrey Wright. Those were memorable days and I am more than happy to oblige.

To the readers of *Soldiers of the Queen's* it will come as no surprise that for centuries the Buffs, the Queen's and lately the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment have had a certain affiliation with the Danish Regiment of the Royal Life Guards – my regiment. Thus in the autumn of 1974, and in line with this tradition, two British officers joined the First Battalion, the Royal Life Guards during a NATO exercise on Zealand. One of them, Captain MG Butlin, travelled with me in my platoon commander's APC M/113. Capt Butlin was a charming enough man with a developed sense of practical improvisation, and no sooner had we left camp than he usurped my signaller as his personal batman! I had to think creatively and well beyond the box to manage communications bereft of this precious subordinate. Nonetheless, the week's operational activities went

smoothly and tea was ready whenever I returned to my vehicle.

This exercise behind me, I forgot all about my distinguished guest until one day, out of the blue, a letter materialised asking if I might facilitate the participation of two Life Guards officers at 5 QUEENS' annual camp of 1975. Happily, I managed to have myself selected for the assignment and in early July Second Lieutenant Jens Jensen (affectionately nicknamed "the drunken Dane" and I entrained for Sennelager, West Germany, where we duly reported at A Coy's HQ and were introduced to the OC, Major Geoffrey Wright.

We were shown our tent and then whisked on to the Officers' Mess to be introduced to the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel John Stephenson. We were very decently received, offered a nice hot cup of tea and left to ourselves to settle in and change for dinner.

To me 5 QUEENS was a brave new world. Although many things were not too different from what I knew from my years with The Life Guards, there was a superfluity of novelties as well: the First World War relic of puttees still worn by British soldiers, the providentially well-organised



A Coy HQ



Officers' Mess, the indispensability of a lounge suit, addressing of the subalterns as 'Mr', in lieu of their ranks, the luxury of tents with floor boards instead of bivouacs and the splendour of the Regimental Sergeant Major, Mr Jack Chaffer's exceedingly well-

polished toecaps.

Due to a vacancy in No 1 Platoon I was installed as its commander with Sergeant Ward as my platoon sergeant. This turned out to be an unexpected challenge. At the time, my command of the English tongue was mediocre – to say the least. At grammar school I had acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin, German and French, which was not much help, and the company second-in-command, Captain Richard Holmes, who never missed an opportunity to let his humour sparkle, had a great time mocking at my pronunciation mimicking with a remarkably realistic German accent.

The days at camp called for my full attention to disciplines as varied as physical training, deployment by helicopter, live firing, FV 432 familiarisation, orienteering and social activities. After the morning roll call, platoons would spend half an hour doing various PT activities to toughen the soldiers' bodily capabilities. Then, we sat down for breakfast – a 'full Monty' so to say – where the mess sergeant made sure that officers built up the strength needed for a day of exacting work at the shooting ranges, in the bush or anywhere relevant to the order of the day.

Visits by VIPs are like showers: you cannot escape them. The 1975 Annual Camp was no exception, and apart from the battalion's very own honorary colonel – Danish Prince George, whose daily occupation was officiating as his country's military attaché to London – Brigadier Mike Gray, Commander 5 Brigade, came to see if everything was all right, which, in his opinion, it was definitely not! The trouble was that Maj Wright had put me – a ridiculous foreigner – in command of a platoon live firing tactical exercise, which in his view was bound to flop. However, apparently NATO countries share many of the same procedures, and what the venerable brigadier did not know was that I had executed exactly the same exercise with my Danish platoon in the not too distant past. So I marched No 1 Platoon to the edge of a wood, where others had done the hard work of digging trenches, and ordered the blokes into position. Invariably, quite a few went into the wrong trenches, and in my imperfect English I shouted my orders to sections and gun teams and in the end managed to create a reasonable organisation of the battle position with GPMGs and Carl Gustav anti-tank weapons on the wings thus allowing them to provide enfilading fire. All the while, I sensed Brig Gray fuming in the background next to a less than completely confident OC at his side. Unnoticed,

however, Capt Holmes, climbed the firing range operator's tower and kindly persuaded him to drop the targets every time my platoon opened up (though they were supposed to fall only if hit). As the exercise commenced, I saw to my astonishment how in the smoothest possible way everybody followed my commands affecting a seamless intra-platoon collaboration and an eventual complete victory over the hapless enemy. I was amazed, relieved and very pleased with myself until Capt Holmes entered the scene movingly mimicking my orders: *"Gun gruppe, you are in ze rong holes, get into ze ozer holes at vonce. Shute at ze verdamte enemi to ze rite."*

Be this as it may: apparently the brigadier was appeased and Maj Wright was so contented that he bought me drinks in the mess and we remained friends ever since.

However tough the training, we also had serious matters to attend to. Upon return to the UK, Capt Holmes was to marry Elizabeth (Lizzie) Katharine Saxton, wherefore the officers had decided to arrange a stagnight. Thus, on a Friday afternoon, trucks were held ready for the safe conveyance of officers to some obscure place in the surrounding forests. But before the road movement was put into effect, my Danish friend and I thought we might regale our British hosts with a couple of bottles of Danish Aquavit (Snaps). This turned out to cause severe damage to a few of them – and anyway it had a remarkable effect on the night's proceedings. The motorcade brought us to a remote German inn in the middle of nowhere and close to a roaring rivulet. Not unreasonably, the landlord suggested that we should have a typical German dish: *gebratene Forelle* (fried trout) *mit Saltzkartoffeln* (with salted potatoes). And now my German came in handy, for with fish – of course – we had to have a dry white. German wine, though, is mostly sweet and, as I recall it, I sent back at least three bottles before the waiter realised that he had better serve a French wine. The dinner and the accompanying wine (and the Aquavit, perhaps) had an invigorating effect on our conversation, and at one moment Richard Holmes sneaked out and disappeared. After some time we got a bit apprehensive due to the proximity of the stream and the state of intoxication he was considered to be in. But just before a search party was about to move he returned to the table and gave a speech of Churchillian eloquence. The day after, he was oblivious of the content of his oratory and, although we spoke of this many times since, he never recalled the incident.

Having returned to my daily trivia, I had to busy myself with more profound dealings. I was in the middle of my final years of the regular career course, and was wholly absorbed in this for most of my waking hours. But one day, Geoffrey Wright indicated that my presence would be appreciated at A Company's Easter exercise in the Brecon Beacons. I was happy to oblige, and over the years I had the pleasure of taking part in this activity more than once.



Capt RGC Thornton, Maj
GH Wright, RSM Chaffer
and Lt W Harper



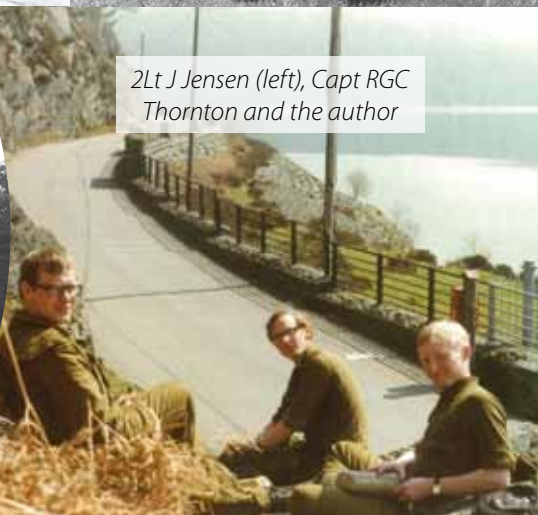
Lieutenant Colonel Stephenson



Dr Kjeld Hald Galster



The author trying to reach the
ground before the pilot decides
to move on



2Lt J Jensen (left), Capt RGC
Thornton and the author



Maj GH Wright, HMQ, Maj Gen
Rye-Andersen



As mentioned initially, the affiliation of our two regiments is founded on a tradition harking back to Prince George of Denmark (Queen Anne's spouse), who in 1689 was the first Danish Royal to become Honorary Colonel of the Buffs. Thus, the relationship was more than a mere personal one between me and A Company, 5 QUEENS; and in the days of Cold War there was frequent opportunities for renewing bonds of affiliation during NATO exercises. Over the years since the end of the Second World War, the designations of command structures and tactical formations had changed incessantly. In the early 1980s, the UK mobile reinforcement foreseen to take up fighting alongside Danish formations in Denmark if or when the Warsaw Pact might choose to invade was called 6th Field Force. In 1981 during Ex AMBER EXPRESS, 5 QUEENS was part of that formation and what was more logical than to exploit the occasion to socialise and renew old acquaintances. Thus, prior to the field exercise, 5 QUEENS borrowed the Life Guards' Officers' Mess in Copenhagen to stage a magnificent drinks party. While now the CO was Lt Col RCB Dixon, my old company commander, Maj GH Wright, had advanced to the post of battalion second-in-command. Richard Holmes, who was now a major, had taken over A Company.

Since then, I left regimental service to study Russian, and my liaison with A Company petered out. Nonetheless, my warm relationships with Geoffrey Wright and Richard Holmes remained – the latter kindly volunteering as my academic mentor from my first staggering steps into the world of military history and until the day he died.

I have fond memories of my time with the Queen's and I shall remain forever grateful that I got the chance.

(Ed: Dr Kjeld Hald Galster is a military historian and a retired major of the Danish Royal Life Guards. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy in Copenhagen, the Royal Danish Defence College, the Royal Military College of Canada and the Universities of Copenhagen and Cambridge. In 1973, he was commissioned into the Danish Royal Life Guards and has served his Queen and Country in various military posts, as a diplomat and as a senior researcher at the Royal Danish Defence College. He has lectured at the University of Copenhagen, Trinity College Dublin and The Royal Military College of Canada. He is a member of the Danish Universities' Board of Examiners).

THE BATTLE OF FISH AND CHIPS

Much of my brief military career was about not getting spotted by Charles Millman, regrettably not always with success. In those far off balmy times in Londonderry in '69, when we actually got on well with both protestant and catholic communities my biggest job as company second-in-command was arranging a 'Jump Up' on the three days we had off the streets and to which all the prettiest girls in Londonderry had been invited by the soldiers whilst patrolling the streets. In spite of the good relations achieved however we had imposed a curfew and erected barriers between catholic and protestant areas at night which meant that the fish and chip shop on the edge of the Bogside lost 50% of their trade. The canny owner/manager decided his girls would be able to make a far more significant protest than he could so at midday he got them all out into Waterloo Place with placards demanding the barriers be lifted at night. Within seconds all traffic came to a halt and Waterloo Place was jammed with pedestrians. I cannot recall whether I bothered company commander (John Francis), resting in our penthouse suite in the Londonderry Loo (see last year's Journal), or simply reported the situation to Battalion HQ. No matter, Colonel Charles appeared with the necessary gravitas, charm and authority to persuade the fish and chip girls to cease their demonstration but the hapless Coke-Smyth was never forgiven for interrupting his lunch!

Jeremy Coke-Smythe

AN ERA OF PLENTY - CRICKET IN 1989

by Nigel Russell



Nigel Russell Picking up the silver for the Army Cricket Cup.

Brig John Holman enjoyed his cricket. Once he had transferred his status from player to spectator – a journey he did not accept lightly – he could be seen and heard walking round the boundary with fellow enthusiasts, offering opinions on everything and, sometimes, on everyone.

On one of those occasions, during the time he was the Queen's Divisional Brigadier, he invited me for a 'boundary patrol' whilst the Infantry was playing their annual grudge match against the RAC at Tidworth. The singular and private nature of such an invitation normally heralded a bollocking. But not this time. *"You're being sent to 1 QUEENS as 2IC"* he announced; we talked mostly about the challenges of a Northern Ireland tour, exercising in California and other equally gripping prospects in the military programme but as he chatted away I soon realised that there was more to his ambition. He declared a desire for the Regiment to achieve some high profile success and, as his discourse unfolded, a hint of opportunity on the horizon could be detected. *"It may not have escaped your notice that half the Infantry side today is made up of players from the Regiment with the majority being furnished by 1 QUEENS. With a bit of strengthening, the Battalion could have a very interesting side"*.

The Holman twinkle turned into a wolfish grin: *"Your mission is to win the Army Cup – it's just what the Regiment needs at the moment!"* he declared. There was no *"this tape will self destruct in 5 seconds"*, no choice of acceptance; I was left in no doubt this was tantamount to a direct order.

In late 1988, the battalion was preparing hard for Ex TRUMPET DANCE in California but in between planning meetings, Capt Matthew Brown, the Ops/Trg Officer and OIC Cricket, came up with a squad of about seven or eight very capable players together with a handful of others who were keen. This was unique in my experience - battalion sides were normally made up of a core of four or five cricketers, plus a couple or so who happened to own boots and would volunteer in order to escape fatigues, with the rest of the team being marched out of the Guardroom for the afternoon. Brig John Holman contributed to the squad as well, significantly as it turned out – *"I'm sending the battalion two new subalterns from Sandhurst; Hugh Andree and Keith Rumbelow - both can play; I've also discovered that there's a lad in training called Storey who has been on Surrey's books – he was due for the 3rd Battalion but I've changed that, so expect him shortly"*. Almost overnight the squad had assumed proportions of untold wealth even to the point of competition for places.

Despite a busy training programme during the Summer, it was clear that we should be able to find sufficient gaps to compete in all tournaments and in late Spring the campaign for the Army Cup, the Infantry Cup and the Salisbury Plain League began. We got to understand our strengths and weaknesses quickly. We planned our strategies accordingly and particularly with the character of the limited over format in mind. In the bowling department, Pte Pilbeam and Cpl Smith, who was ACC attached, and most useful at post match BBQs, were an accurate and very steady pair. They opened, allowing us to apply further pressure on cautious opening batting adopted by the majority of the opposition. Rumbelow, Campbell and Andree provided excellent options in the military medium category with Storey exhibiting great spin control: very occasionally, if we felt sorry for an opposition whom we had already batted out of the match, I would bowl some off spin to give the impression in the record book of a more challenging contest than the actual one witnessed on the field.

Cpl Jerry Pickers, our nimble wicket keeper, took over the gloves from the evergreen Sgt Gerry Clarke, and CSgt 'Titch' Meade opened the batting; one being mostly steady and the other often destructively attacking; they were a good partnership and could be relied on to provide us a solid innings' foundation. Storey was a natural in the No 3 berth; his left handed batting



was pure class in the languid Gower style, but he could also bowl slow left arm or a brisk medium pace dependent upon the conditions and he became one of our star performers (both on and off the field as it happens but that, perhaps, is another matter). Sgt Clarke, the “Smearer”, possessed that unique quality of Caribbean flair and at No 4 or 5 was capable of accelerating an innings at extraordinary pace. 2Lt Keith Rumbelow proved to be yet another find of star quality; on his day, his brisk medium fast pace bowling could be unplayable and his aggressive batting put many a tidy attack to the sword. The rest of a very competent middle order was variously made up of the reliable Capt Matthew Brown, myself, Lt Ian Wright, an athletic fielder too, and Pte Campbell, who became the most improved cricketer in the squad, often displaying exhilarating knocks in the No 8 slot. The tail-end was bought up by Cpl Smith, Pte Pilbeam and Lt Hugh Andree who arrived during the latter stages of the season. Absences by the more regular occupants of the side were variously filled by Cpl Ellingham, a gritty Yorkshireman who would have been a first choice for most regimental sides, Lt James Clinch, Capt Mick Bernier, and Capt John Wright. When he wasn't appearing on BBC Radio 4's God Slot, the Padre, Capt Jimmy Morrison was a most affable, knowledgeable and efficient scorer.

Our passage through the Army Cup saw successful contests against RSA Larkhill, 13/18H (1988 Army Cup finalists) and 94 Loc Regt RA whom we beat to win the South West District Cup. This accolade earned us a place in the Army Cup quarter-finals against AAC Chepstow. A convincing win against them by 141 runs propelled us into the semi-final where we came up against the Green Howards arriving with a reputation typical of the Yorkshire cricketing tradition; a good victory here put us to the final for the first time in our history. Criticism of the captain's employment of resources was muted because we kept



*Standing L – R: CSgt Meade, Pte Cambell, Cpl Smith, Lt Wright, Pte Storey, 2Lt Andree, Cpl Ellingham, Pte Pilbeam
Sitting L – R: 2Lt Rumbelow, Capt Brown (OiC Cricket), Maj Russell (Capt), Lt Col Charter (CO), Sgt Clarke, Cpl Pickers*

winning, but the dressing room was rather less silent over the inability of the skipper to win any of the tosses; inspections of the coin and technique proved fruitless but, the luckless captain pleaded, these appeared to be very good tosses to lose.

Before the Army Cup final at Aldershot Services Ground, our steady progress in the Infantry UK Cup had thrown up the mouthwatering prospect of a double. Almost by design, 2 PARA, a high quality side with a sprinkling of Army players, were to be our opponents in both finals. A strong victory over them in the Infantry UK Cup gave us a psychological advantage for the major prize yet to come but despite our beating them well in the former, they responded strongly in the latter scoring more against us than any other side during the whole of the season. In our response, a near faultless century by the stylish Storey laid the foundations for our ultimate victory by four wickets and the enviable right to be called Army Champions. Our last match of the season was to be the Infantry UK v BAOR final against 1 PWO, another Yorkshire cricket battalion. For 1 QUEENS it was a celebration match and our stars performed accordingly. 100 for Pickers, 80 from Storey and 70 from Rumbelow helped our best total of 288-2, bowling the BAOR champs out for 170. Four cups won and the end of an extraordinary season, and one in which your author, despite winning not one toss, felt privileged to be a part.

The following year, with NI training taking place throughout the Summer, the team was unable to turn out in strength on a regular basis and the Army Cup campaign became a casualty. Infantry Cup matches were more sympathetically arranged and the Battalion side retained the trophy in 1990.

In military sporting circles, the high profile nature of the Battalion's success exposed several of our players to greater glory. Sgt Clarke had played for the Army before this campaign but success in 1989 propelled Rumbelow, Storey and Pickers into that hall of fame. Keith Rumbelow went on to represent the Combined Services as well; but regimental cricketing prowess was not confined solely to the 1st Battalion. The three prolific and hugely talented Cornhill brothers from the 3rd Battalion were all selected for the Army with Darren going on to represent the Combined Services alongside Keith Rumbelow. In much the same way that the 1st Battalion had become known Army wide for its boxing prowess in the 70s, similar and lasting reputations were forged on the cricket field in the late 80s and early 90s. It was an era of plenty that gave a permanency to the John Holman twinkle.

CO'S INSPECTION

by the late Dave Wray

When I joined B Coy 6/7 QUEENS from UOTC in October 1979, one of the forthcoming items on the programme was the CO's inspection of the Edgware Drill Hall. I was grateful when a fellow subaltern, Simon Blausten, advised me that the CO, Lt Col Mike Dudding, was renowned for the rigorous nature of his inspections, with everything found in cupboards subject to justification.

Indeed, I had already heard the story of the inspection at Hornsey, where some old hardback novels had been discovered by the CO. Cpl Dave Saunders' quick and inventive response that *"They're for deportment training, sir!"* had had to be backed up by LCpl Les Vial sashaying, for the first and he hoped the last time, across the Drill Hall with a pile of the books balanced on his head. I therefore resolved to take Simon's advice to avoid problems by emptying my desk drawers.

In preparation for the inspection, my Platoon Sgt, John Sajdler, and I spent many hours producing a detailed coloured chart which showed the state of training of every man in 4 Platoon and which took pride of place in the platoon room. On the evening of the inspection, I arrived early, used a carrier bag to shift the contents of my desk to my car, and watched with naïve equanimity as the CO and his train of acolytes progressed from room to room. Arriving with 4 Pl, the CO glanced at our chart, and then threw open the drawers in the two desks. As he took in John Sajdler's neat array of sharpened coloured pencils and my bare space, he remarked to the Adjutant: *"I can see who does the work around here!"* There was an awkward silence, broken only by whispers from the back of the room, perhaps from the RSM and the Training Major as they decided there was no point in trying to run a book on how long I would last in the battalion, because I'd be gone before they could get started. As I tried to recall the rules on repayment of uniform grant and wondered whether I could get a refund on my Mess Kit, the CO reached into the farthest recesses of John Sajdler's bottom drawer, and pulled out a can of Robin spray starch. *"What,"* he asked theatrically and probably rhetorically, *"is this?"* The CSM, Denis Cadywould, seized the moment. *"Oh, that's mine, sir. I issue them to all the SNCOs. At 7 pm every Drill Night, we spray the subalterns, hold them till they stiffen, then lean them against the wall out of the way while we get on with the work!"* The CO fought back a smile, the difficult moment passed, and my TA career continued.



BRITISH ARMY TRAINING UNIT, SUFFIELD

by Paul Lemasonry

Thirty-four years after leaving the Army I pondered what my most enjoyable experience had been. For me, it was BATUS 79 because it was a really great time and full of memories.

As a member of the Signal Platoon, my role at BATUS was part of the re-broadcast team, consisting of two landrovers plus trailers with all the necessary ancillary equipment. I drove one, crewed with Ray Blackman and the other, Paul Broadbent with Charlie Henshaw. We weren't part of the battlegroup; our job was just to keep a live comms link with base while they were deployed. We left camp a day ahead of everyone else and returned after the last vehicle had got back to base.

We deployed to a hill close to the main route into the area. It had a steep gradient on three sides and a large plateau on top. We erected three masts, one set to the frequency base was on and the other two set on those being used by the battlegroup. Following a retune, all we had to do is swap the coax and change the antenna at our leisure. We made a galley by tipping the trailers on their sides (the taste of petrol in the beans still haunts me!) and made up a sleeping area and somewhere to sit while off radio watch. The seating area looked over the hill with a vista of the plains. We had many deep and meaningful conversations sitting there.

For the majority of the exercise, we stayed on our hill but we had many visitors and we found many ways to pass the time. One visitor was the CO. He arrived by helicopter, buzzed our location, flew around it a couple of times before attempting to land.

One eventful visit was when we had a replen from the CQMS. The hill we were on had a preferred route on and off as it was the one with the safest gradient. However, from the top the gradient did look like you could quite easily go down it safely as it seemed quite regular. On this occasion, the CQMS, 'Scragger' May's driver decided to try it, with disastrous results; if it wasn't for the water bowser in the trailer it might have been a lot worse! We had more activity on our hill on that day than we did during the entire time we were there.

When not on radio watch we found various ways to fill our time. We built a sign post in case a weary traveller happened to pass by and wanted directions. We perfected our navigation skills and even learned to ride horse-back.

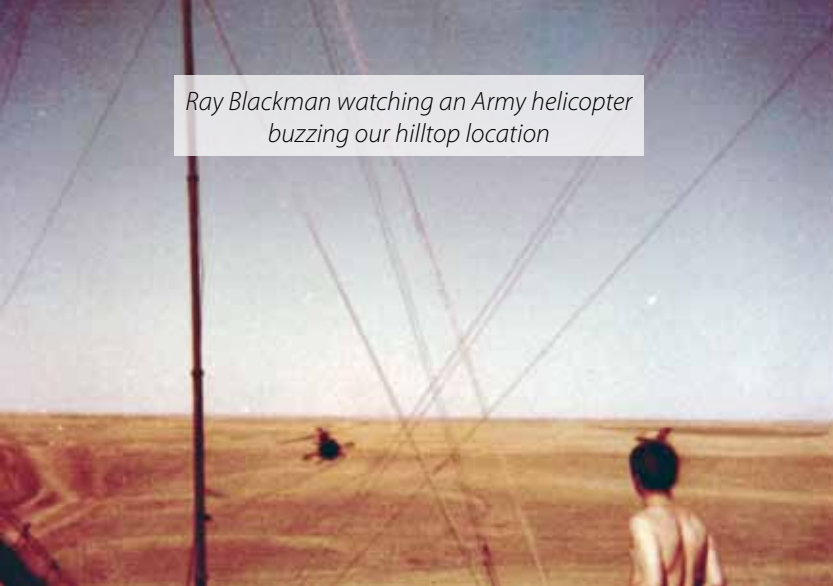
The highlight of our time was to watch a herd of deer, the alpha male constantly harassing the females and exercise and exhibiting his prowess toward them, all to no avail – a bit like us in Medicine Hat on our return to camp!

I took time to perfect my coyote howl, which I put to good use. One evening after sun down we had to liaise with someone at the foot of the hill. Charlie Henshaw and Ray Blackman went down, leaving Paul Broadbent and me with the radios. So I thought I'd give it a go and howled away. Paul's reaction to me was, *"pack it up, you're sh****ng me up!"* I think he meant I was making him a tad uneasy! I hadn't realised how realistic I had made it as some 30 or so seconds later we heard the sound of Charlie Henshaw scrabbling up the hill, Ray in tow. He was spooked, declaring there was an f'ing coyote prowling around! When I started to giggle he realised he'd been had and I was then called all the nasty things under the sun.

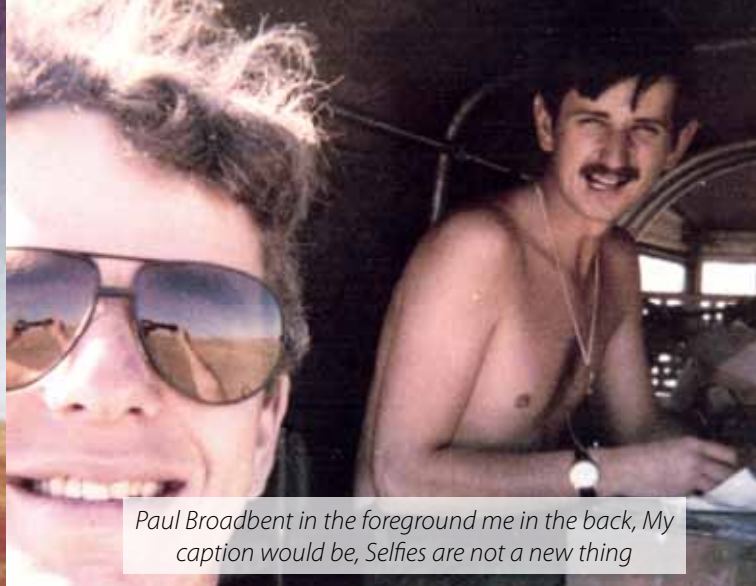
The battlegroup drove deeper into the manoeuvre area, our signals were stretched and so we had to redeploy. One location had been rigged ready for a mock attack, with targets ready to deploy. The next day we moved to another, which had a high spot from where we could see the previous position; it seemed many miles away. Eventually we saw a number of Chieftain tanks lining up on the horizon and we just watched wondering what was going to happen next. The tanks opened fire with the usual flash-thump effect. It was eerie having never experienced such a spectacle before; you could follow the sound of the shells as they whistled through the air and almost pinpoint them in the sky. The shells landed with a big cloud of dust some distance away, but then things took a sinister twist. The sound in the sky changed as the shell ricocheted and landed just yards away from our position. Charlie Henshaw had never moved so fast before to get to the radio for the panicked "STOP" signal. The rest of us rather bemused hit the dirt! We did get an apology for the location mix-up.

As the exercise wound down we set up at ground-zero. The weather at the start was unseasonably warm, but at the end the winds had turned, especially at night as it became bitterly cold. We stayed out until everyone was at base.

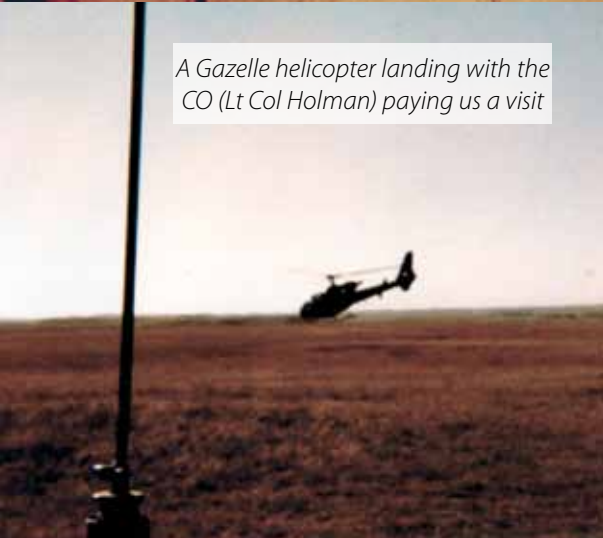
Then it was R&R and that's another story altogether!



Ray Blackman watching an Army helicopter buzzing our hilltop location



Paul Broadbent in the foreground me in the back, My caption would be, Selfies are not a new thing



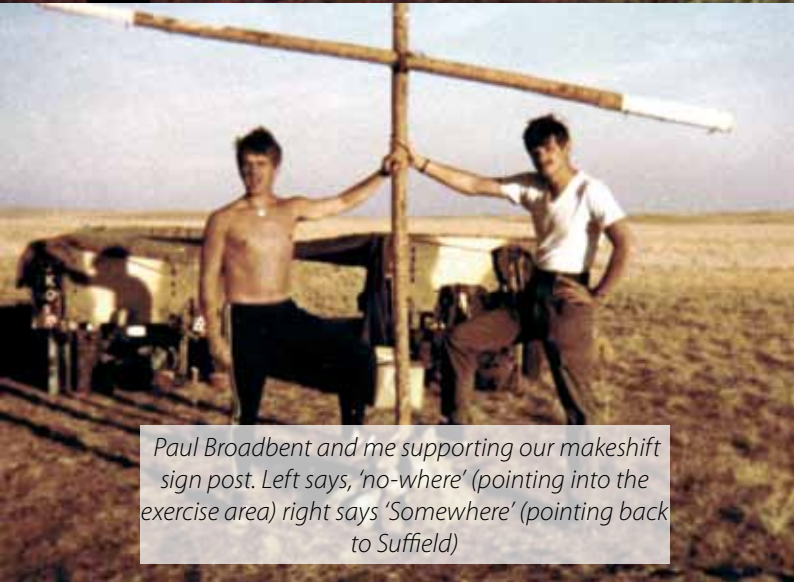
A Gazelle helicopter landing with the CO (Lt Col Holman) paying us a visit



CQMS 'Scragger' May's landrover halfway down the hill after a failed attempt at leaving the 'quick' way



Me looking out over the area



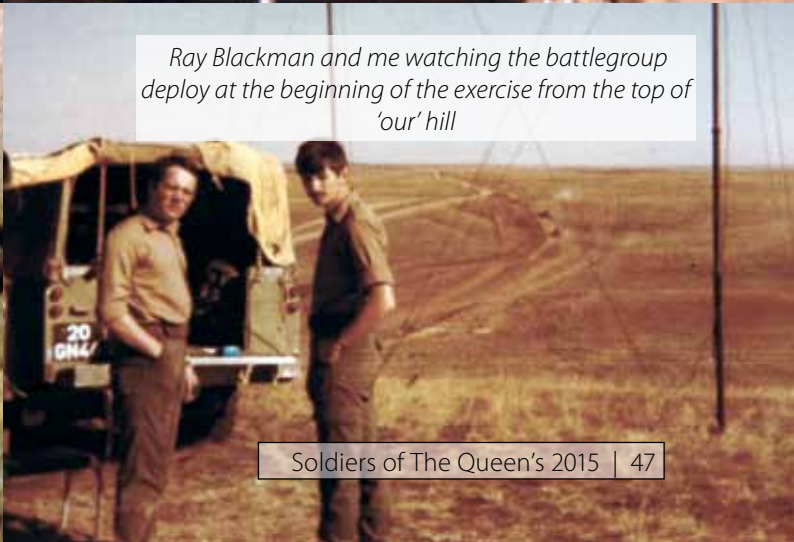
Paul Broadbent and me supporting our makeshift sign post. Left says, 'no-where' (pointing into the exercise area) right says 'Somewhere' (pointing back to Suffield)



Rebro_crew : From left to right, Sgt Charlie Henshaw, Me, Paul Broadbent (Ray Blackman taking the photo) On radio watch during the day, C42s tuned in and working from the left hand landrover



The rescue crew recovering the hapless replen landrover



Ray Blackman and me watching the battlegroup deploy at the beginning of the exercise from the top of 'our' hill



BRITISH MILITARY ADVISORY TRAINING TEAM ZIMBABWE 1980

It was late summer 1980. I was just coming to the end of my tour at Bassingbourn as a platoon commander with junior soldiers when I was sent for by Brigadier Millman, the Divisional Brigadier.

He said *"I want you to go to Zimbabwe"*. After a short geography lesson from him I knew it was Rhodesia and there was a war going on out there. Ten days later I was on my way as a co-coordinator.

Politically the white Rhodesians felt let down by Lord Soames and Willie Whitelaw, who had been sent there by Mrs Thatcher to broker a deal. The deal basically meant Joshua Nkomo would win any election. We all know now that didn't happen and Robert Mugabe got in.

So at the end of the war the freedom fighters were persuaded to go into Assembly Points (APs) in their different tribal factions: Shona, mainly from the North, and Matabele mainly from the South. These APs were manned by a composite company of mainly Royal Anglian Regiment soldiers and 30 London 'Bobbies'.

In these APs they were processed, paid, disarmed, and given a medical then sent, some 300 at a time, to Gwello. This was the home of the Rhodesian Army Training Centre which was a bit like Warminster. Here they were taken on a four week cadre by a team of British SNCOs. They were assessed, tested and given a rank. Based on how they had done on the cadres they were ranked from Lt Col down to LCpl. It really was that simple.

They were then handed over to a coordinating team and given a regimental number. This is where I came in. The coordinating team included a major and a warrant officer. My major was Mark Rollo-Walker from The Light Infantry. Our job now was to form a battalion ORBAT. So under the shade of a big tree we formed No 6 Battalion with six companies. The balance had to be right; if the company commander was ZIPRA then the 2IC had to be ZANLA and so on.

ZIPRA was mainly from the South and were of Zulu extraction and revered fighters; they were Nkomo's tribal faction. ZANLA, who were mainly from the North, supported Mugabe. The Rhodesian soldiers that fought the war said when you engaged an enemy they knew straight away whether they were fighting ZIPRA or ZANLA. One stayed and fought, the other didn't.

Our Commanding Officer was 21 years old. He was best on the cadre so he got top job! The Chief Clerk was an ex-school teacher and the RSM, was a big man called Petros, who spoke nine languages.

We were then required to move the battalion to Bala Bala, down South near Bulawayo, to a camp belonging to the Rhodesian African Rifles. All the white commanders had gone from the camp so for the next three weeks we tried to educate our new battalion into the ways of the infantry. Mark took all the officers and I took the NCOs.

Sometime after this we had to take possession of the rest of the battalion. We were sent to a railway siding just outside Bulawayo in our hired Datsun Sunny and watched as 800 freedom fighters disembarked - 400 from each faction. They had been disarmed but still carried souvenirs of war. These were our troops.

Before we left Bala Bala, RSM Petros and I sat cross legged on a hut floor eating something out of a mess tin with our fingers and discussed progress and what was required in the next stage. Welcome to Africa.

Paying them wasn't easy. The Rhodesian system was useless; if you got one number or one letter wrong there no pay. All sheets had to be hand written - no easy task for over a thousand guys. Names were the problem as they could have two names: first, second and tribal. Depending on to whom they spoke determined who they were. So if Tommy Atkins were his first and second names and his tribal name was Elephant he could be Tommy Atkins, Tommy Elephant, Atkins Elephant - only one of which was on the record!

The next task, having paid them, was to send the battalion on leave from Bala Bala to return ten days later to Rusape. In Rusape there was a purpose built camp ready for them. Rusape was on the Salisbury-Umtali Road near the Mozambique border. After leave only two were absent and our task was now to train up a battalion of the new army.



They had to be let out into the local village so we did it slowly, a company at a time, with the CSM at the guard tent booking them out and giving them a time to be back. So slowly and gently, we got into the local environment. VD, drugs abuse etc were prevalent. Sport was important. I started to train and play with the battalion football team as we went out and played the locals to build up good relationships.

Towards the end of our 6 month tour things went a little pear shaped across the country. Inter-tribal executions happened in one or two of the earlier battalions leaving the perpetrators to flee for their lives. I was woken one morning to be given the news of what was going on. Major Rollo-Walker was in the bush running a JNCO's cadre and I was looking after the remainder. The local police chief asked me to check on our boys. We were armed with a 9mm pistol for personal protection. They had a full armoury of G3 weapons and ammo; so the odds were pretty even! Off I went in my heavily armed Datsun Sunny to check on the battalion. As I drove through the bush and got to what would be the 'turn round and run point', I could see the battalion football team were outside the gate training. The Duty Officer was at the guardroom waiting for 6am to raise the flag so I figured 'Job done, keep going' It was a long day. Three of the earlier battalions had had trouble. I cancelled training for the day and we had a Quebec Day sports programme that averted any trouble. We even had a visit during the day from all the top brass to see how we were doing and they seemed quite happy so at this point Mark Rollo-Walker and I considered that we could relax!

One final thing. We had a nasty road accident. I was on the road monitoring a move when the driver for some reason panicked, lost control and rolled the vehicle, killing five. That night at the local police club, I was seen as hero of the day as I got rid of five in one go. I wasn't sure how to take that!

There was a final dining out from the Sgt's Mess and thus ended probably the most satisfying six months of my 25 years service.





REFLECTIONS ON THE AMALGAMATION 1961

OR AND SO IT GOES ON!

My earliest recollection of the amalgamation was early in 1957 when the reduction of the armed forces was announced, together with the abolition of National Service. The infantry was to be reduced by 15 battalions and various county regiments were told they would have to amalgamate. The axe fell on the two Kentish regiments who were told to prepare for joining together by March 1961.

When all this started, I was a corporal in the Orderly Room, and got to know a lot of the discussions that surrounded this unwanted marriage. When I was promoted into the Sergeants' Mess I was a little closer to the arguments that ran around, especially with regard to the title of the new regiment. I rather got the impression, at the time, that the title favoured by many, was 'The Royal Kent Regiment'. It was short, and would enable a start to be made under an entirely new name.

But that was not to be. The arguments by the Amalgamation Committee were long and hard for this or that from the two regiments; what must be included, what could be reasonably left out? The discussions went on for seemingly endless months until the committee got a final ultimatum from the MOD to hurry up and fix the name before they did it for us.

It was finally agreed that the new regiment would be called 'The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment', with the official abbreviation of 'The Queen's Own Buffs'. The full title had 37 letters, making it the longest title in the Army List at that time. (*Ed: The PWRR's official title on the amalgamation in 1992 had 57 – an appropriate number!*)

From the onset it was apparent that this was not going to be a happy marriage. There had been a healthy rivalry between the two county regiments for the previous

200 odd years and that would not be lessened in a few months, or even years.

After the thorny matter of the title had been settled, attention was turned to the next sticking point, the cap badge. But by this time discussion had been superseded by the introduction of the Home Counties Brigade cap badge, so attention went on to design of the collar dogs.

On the 14th October 1959, I, with the other members of the advance party, assembled on Sir John Moore Square, Shorncliffe to hear the details of the Colonel's message, to change our cap badges to the Home Counties Brigade badge, read out. The badge was poorly made and depicted the Saxon Crown and Sword, a truly miserable attempt at a cap badge for such two illustrious regiments of the British Army. Whoever designed it, and approved it, should have been sacked for producing such an utterly useless article.

Tears were visible on the faces of those who had to replace the beloved White Horse of Kent with this monstrosity. Of all the decisions that had to be made to accommodate this wedding of proud regiments this was the hardest to swallow.

When all the decisions had been made, it was a case of "that's it, so now please get on with it". The more difficult part of joining up was when the four messes came together. So many traditions, so much silver, funds to be distributed, so many 'little' things to get sorted out.

On the financial side, one item sticks in my mind. It came to light that The Queen's Own had had a 'Pony Account' when serving in India. This was to provide suitable horses for those newly joined junior officers who were a bit short of the ready to buy a horse of their own. The account



had been frozen when the battalion left India in 1938 and, with the onset of WW II, had been forgotten, until all the accounts etc were dug up. I never knew what the sum involved was nor the outcome.

As the integration of the two battalions progressed during the winter of 1960 and more parts of the new battalion came together, I found myself with the unwanted appointment as the last ORS of The Queen's Own. As February drew to a close I didn't even have any clerks with me. I was winding up the affairs of the battalion, with posting orders, the final Part 2/3 Orders and so on to formally close the unit.

Tuesday, 28th February 1961 dawned, and by late afternoon I had completed all my final duties for The Queen's Own. I left my empty little office, turned the key in the lock, and in the darkness of the evening made my way across the deserted square of Sir John Moore Barracks. It had been just a few short years since I had arrived at the same barracks as a very green young man at the start of my National Service. I swear that I could feel the presence of the many hundreds of thousands of men, who over the last 205 years have proudly wore the White Horse of Kent in their caps, trod that hallowed ground, and I remembered the many who had died for King/Queen and Country, who now lie in the corner of a foreign field.

Thus the final chapter of a distinguished county regiment was closed. The name The Queen's Own Royal West Kent

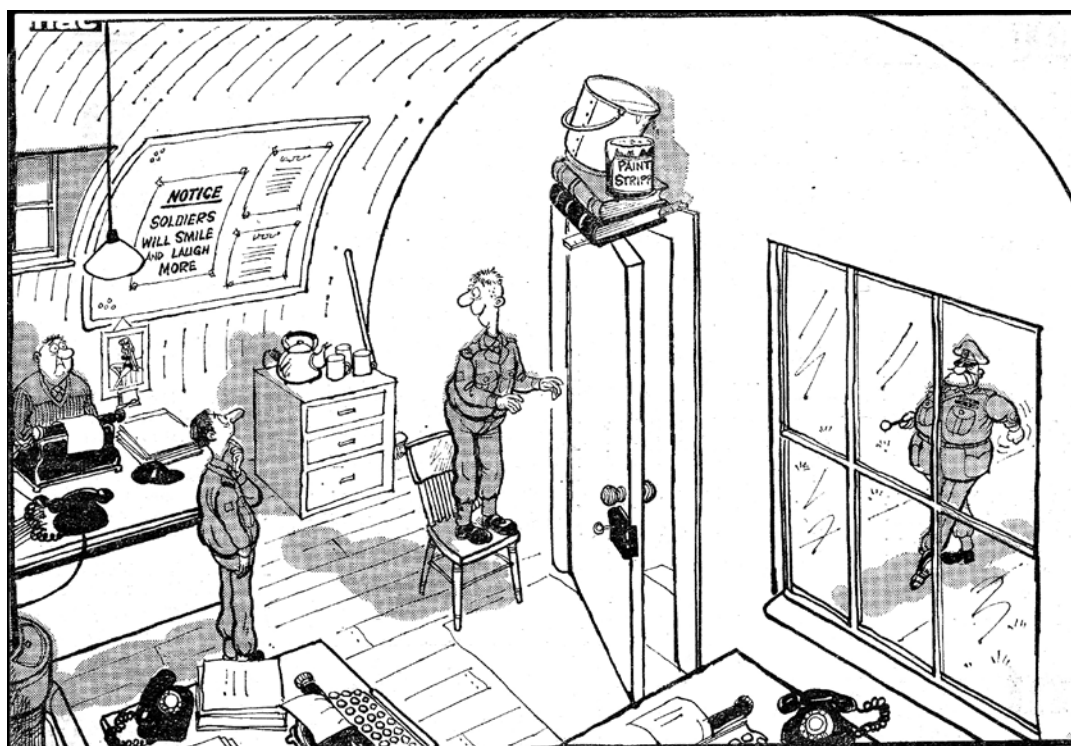
Regiment, and indeed the Buffs, would no longer appear in the Army List.

The amalgamation parade was held on the parade ground of Ross Barracks on 1st March 1961. With the joining together of the two famous county regiments of Kent, The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment was born. On that day, the 1st of March 1961, I joined my new regiment in the Battalion Orderly Room as the ORC with WO II Alan Martin as the ORQMS.

Quite naturally there were disagreements, disputes and arguments; really just like any other family, whether a man and wife with children, or, as we now were, part of the new family of The Queen's Own Buffs (like it or not) and it was up to us to make it tick. That the disagreements were few, and, as far as I can remember, no blows were ever struck. The smooth evolution of this burgeoning fighting unit was, I believe, largely due to two men of great character, Lt Col Richard Dendy and RSM George Parker.

I left the Army under redundancy terms before the next assassination of the British Army by some faceless wonder at the Ministry of Defence took place.

Who would have thought that it would be just a few short years before it all happened again on 31st December 1966?



'... then when he stops laughing, you launch into your joke about the Irishman, the nun and the blancmange ...'

Still you've got to laugh haven't you?!!



EXTRACT FROM "ALFIE'S OWN"

MAGAZINE OF 'A' COY 7 QUEENS
FEBRUARY 1968

Annual Admin Inspection

For some of the recruits of the company the above term may be something of a puzzle but in simple terms, it means that the inspecting officer (in this case the GOC), inspects this battalion or that, in all aspects of its efficiency in peace and war. In the Regular Army, this is a gruelling inspection, in which anything, literally anything, can be commanded by the inspecting officer, from inspecting a rifle to the Battalion parading ready for action in one hour or even less. This of course is not really practical for the TA and is obviously scaled down to suit the conditions under which the TA soldier serves. BUT it is still a detailed inspection in which the Battalion, and in our case the Company, stores, offices, training and men are inspected for efficiency and smartness. It is up to everyone in the company to act as part of a team to ensure that "Alfie" Company is ready for the day.

Here is part of the Annual Inspection Report of the 51st Regiment of Foot stationed at Minorca in 1775:

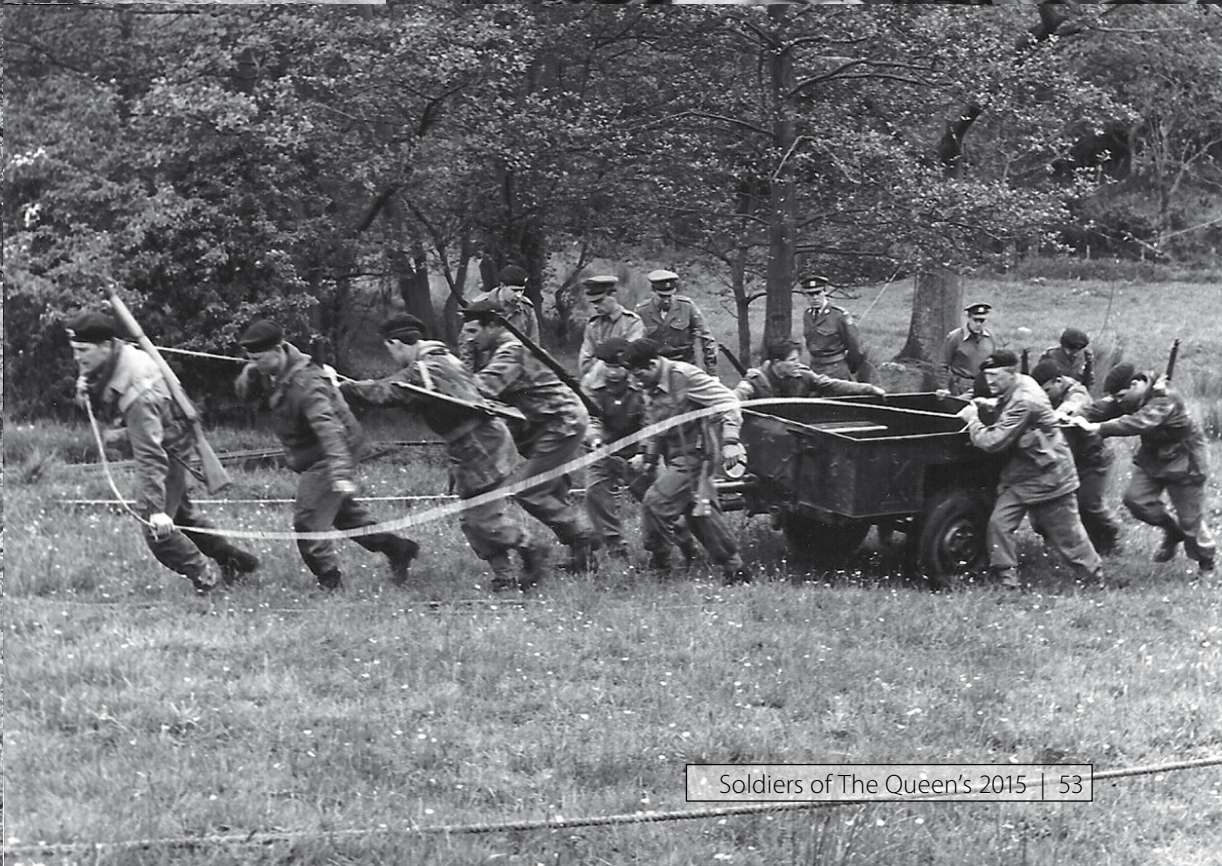
Officers. Properly armed, clothed according to the Regulations.

NCOs. In general old, of a soldier like appearance, very expert and attentive to duty and reported to me to be men of authority and brave.

Drummers & Fifers Men. Beat and blow well, are good looking men and a great ornament to the Regiment. The men are small but well made, straight, robust and active. They have much of the air of soldiers and are capable of undergoing the hardships of war. The Regiment has obviously not forgotten its share in the Glory of Minden!

And this is what they did!







ANDY'S STORY

OR 2 QUEENS DRUMMERS TO THE RESCUE

by Dennis Oliver



After using all known methods of trying to find his long lost dad, (Tom), Andy was feeling a bit down. The Regimental Association had contacted all registered members to try and help; but to no avail. Andy's mum suggested that he try a man called Mike (Rock) who had not only served in the same Regiment but amazingly had also served in the same platoon (2 QUEENS Drums Platoon). So Andy got in touch with Rock who then forwarded him to yet another mate, Mike. Anyway this Mike known as 'Knibbo' was on the admin team for a regimental site where there were numerous people who knew Andy's dad. So after posting Andy's request Knibbo got lots of surprise replies. One of them being a partner of Simon, 'Faz', whose name is Sue. Now this is getting to be a bit like a who's who, as Sue's job is to help adult adoptees find their lost birth parents. Now if Sue cannot find out anything it would not be for want of trying. There were hundreds of e-mails back and forth between Andy and Sue for bits of information with Sue applying her skills while contacting other friends who might be able to help. One Dennis, 'Olly', was able to post some pictures for Andy of his dad in various locations while in the Army. During all this time Sue had been e-mailing Andy to keep him informed of the latest news and to cheer him up. Sue had even tried the Births and Deaths records in Brighton, Hove and Worthing where Andy's dad was last heard of, but no luck. Sue being Sue kept pushing on and

eventually got good news that at least Andy's dad was still alive. Andy was also in contact with his dad's mates (Milly, Rock, Faz, Knibbo, Nigel and me). They were able to send him all manner of stories about his dad which cannot be repeated in a family journal; what his dad was like as a soldier, the things he could play - not least the bugle /glockenspiel - and that he was trained to fire various weapons but mainly the good old GPMG (many a soldier's favourite). We were particularly expert on the old GPMG as we were the SF platoon for the battalion. Andy's dad was also into playing various sports as we had good football, cricket and volleyball teams who were, in their day, surprisingly good. We travelled around the UK, Germany, Cyprus and Belize and we always had great fun meeting up with other corps of drums and bands doing tattoos and the like.

The story ends on a high note. Good old Sue managed to get a result and found Andy's dad who was indeed alive and they have now been reunited.

MEMORIES

Lined up one morning ready to live fire mortars into the Med we had the radar set with us – landrovers with radars spinning on their roofs. Despite the fog out at sea, they said that all was clear, so I ordered 'bed in'. Whilst the rounds were in the sky, the fog parted to reveal an oil tanker well within arc. The audience gasped and I kept my fingers crossed. Fortunately, though 'check-fire' was late, no damage was done and my career didn't end!

Patrick Crowley Gibraltar 1987

COWS ON THE LINE!

by Andy Hunter

On Monday 27th July 2015 I experienced a strange and bizarre meeting whilst standing on the platform of Deal Station, Kent. On arriving at 0545 hrs (my normal time) clearly something was up.

The normal up-line train did not pass, nor did the down-line train. Then 6am approached and went, with no sign of my St Pancras train. "I'm going to be late!" I thought to myself just as a smartly-dressed gentleman passed me. The man was clearly in a rush as evidenced by his frustration at South-Eastern Trains.

It then became apparent that a derailment incident had occurred the previous evening after a train hit a herd of cows on the line. This one incident chanced a meeting with the well-dressed man, not that I normally go out of my way to speak to well-dressed men(!), but the fact that he was wearing a Queen's Regiment pin on the lapel of his jacket gave me the excuse to enquire what his affiliation was to the regiment. It turned out, that this well-dressed man was not only a former member of the 1st Battalion, but also Secretary of the Queen's Regimental Association.

When the train finally arrived, we shared not only our journey to London but a few old soldiers stories too. Of course, those stories, from the 3rd Battalion, were far more entertaining than his from the 1st! One such story saw me reflecting on one of our Op BANNER tours to West Belfast in 1984. Almost immediately, I was roped into writing an article for the next edition of the Journal. So here is that account.

During that 1984 tour, 31 years ago last April, the 3rd Battalion was in West Belfast. Me? Well I was based at McCrory Park. My role then was to lead a 'brick' on the normal duties expected of infantry soldiers, foot patrol, QRF, sanger duties, barrier duties etc, etc, etc.

One day I was told to report to the CSM along with other members of the company. It was then that we learned that we were the 'chosen few' who were going to leave McCrory Park for a few days, meet up with other members of the 3rd and travel to Omagh.

It turned out that at this time, April 1984, was when all three regular battalions of the Queen's were in the Province at the same time and that someone from above thought it a good idea that the Regiment should exercise its right to march through Belfast with fixed bayonets, an honour from cities that the Regiment has been given the 'Freedom'.

My immediate thoughts were 'great', I could get out of Belfast for a short while and do something different from the mundane routine bestowed upon us at McCrory. Then harsh reality had set in when the RSM of 1 QUEENS decided to exercise his lungs claiming that the ground that we walked on belonged to him and no one else. It was then that I was reminded of what I didn't like and wished I was back in Belfast again doing those mundane tasks.

My time at the barracks in Omagh was somewhat strange, almost relaxed considering where I had come from. I can remember going for a beer and thinking 'I couldn't do that in Belfast'. So when the RSM was satisfied that we could hold our heads high, our stomachs were in and our chests were out, we were let loose on Belfast.

As a passenger on the one of the buses taking us into the city, I can remember thinking 'God, Paddy could have a field day with us here'; not one of us had any ammunition. Yes we had a nice shiny weapon, bayonet and magazine, but no rounds! That feeling stayed with me throughout the parade, right until I reached the safety of my bunk back in McCrory.

When we reached Belfast, the buses stopped, we all got out and 'fell in' in three ranks, just how we had practiced in Omagh, tallest on the right, shortest on the left, etc. On reflection, when I think back, even though we were in full combats, we actually looked quite smart!

Once the parade started off, again I felt very exposed. All I had to defend myself was an SLR with no ammunition, which I suppose, if push came to shove, I could always throw it at Paddy!

The parade eventually came to the Lord Mayor's residence, where we halted, were inspected, gave the salute and listened to the band. One thing I always did - as I'm sure other soldiers did - was that when one is just standing there, to take one's mind off the boredom, you eye up all the crumpet that came to watch! That day was no different.

Once we had finished this amazing experience, we were all invited in for tea and sandwiches; yes, it made a change from egg banjos! I can remember wishing that it could go on for longer, but as that thought entered my head, we were whisked away again, separated into our individual battalions, back to our routine, patrolling, QRF, sangers and escorting the RUC.

Ed: Moral of the story – don't speak to strangers on the train unless you are prepared to write an article for the Journal!



AN EXCELLENT WEEK

by Scipio

Part One:

First, a history lesson for those who have forgotten or did not know in the first place.

In 1794, Britain was once again at war with France after the French Revolution. Eighteen years before, the United States had declared independence and was intellectually allied to the French republican cause and generally 'anti Brit'. As a result of the political and logistical upheavals caused by the revolution in France, coupled with bad weather and poor harvests, France was on the verge of a famine. She therefore appealed to her colonies and the Americans to send grain. This Americans did with enthusiasm and proceeded to despatch a convoy from Chesapeake Bay across the Atlantic.

The British Channel fleet was commanded by Admiral Lord Howe (or 'Black Dick' to his friends) who was tasked with preventing the convoy from reaching the French mainland. The French fleet was holed up in the port of Brest under the command of Admiral Villaret.

Howe allowed the French to sail and, instead of doing what he was told to do – prevent the convoy from reaching France - he set off in pursuit and in a series of battles over two days at the end of May, delivered the final assault on the French on the 1st June. Because, as usual, the Royal Navy were short of men, the 2nd Foot (later the Queen's Royal, then the Queen's Surrey's, The Queen's Regiment and finally the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment) were embarked on board Black Dick's flagship, *HMS Queen Charlotte*, and four other ships, as marines, thus preceding the Royal Marines by eight years!

It was a fierce and bloody battle which went on for some four hours with a number of the RN Captains disobeying orders and 'doing their own thing' but it ended in a (sort of) victory for the Royal Navy. The French lost seven ships and had some 3,000 casualties. The British on the other hand lost over 1,000 men including seven soldiers and Lt Neville who, because he was an officer, had a painting done of his dying (posthumously - obviously!) which is sometimes confused with the death of Nelson. The original now hangs in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich with a copy residing in the Officers' Mess of 2 PWRR.

However by beating the French fleet, Black Dick allowed the American convoy to get to Brest, feed the starving

French and thereby enable them to prolong the action against Britain for another 21 years until the final reckoning at Waterloo in 1815.

Allegedly, King George III on hearing of the 'victory', exclaimed that it was 'truly a Glorious First of June' thereby giving the battle its name, certainly a snappier title than 'Battle taking place 300 miles from land in the murky waters of the Atlantic'. The French claiming it for themselves as a victory (and why not?) named it under the revolutionary calendar as the '*Bataille du 13 prairial an 2*'.

HMS Excellent was a reclaimed piece of land in Portsmouth named after the first gunnery training ship in 1830 and subsequently, the second *HMS Queen Charlotte* (the first caught fire and sank in 1800) was moored there and was renamed 'Excellent'.

History lesson over!

Part Two:

The Editor has asked me to remember things that happened 35 years ago when I can only just remember what I had for breakfast today!

However, in June 1980, *HMS Excellent*, the Navy's equivalent to Larkhill, decided to celebrate 150 years of excellence in gunnery by having a Royal Parade and a Pageant. Short of sailors (no change there, then) they asked Lt Col David Dickins MBE, commanding the 1st Battalion in Canterbury, if he could help out. Colonel Dickins volunteered Holland Company under Major 'Rocky' Hitchcock and WOII John 'JT' Taylor to assist. To keep it as a battalion function, Lieuts Ken Hames (to carry the Sovereigns Colour) and Richard Madeley (Royal Marines) were attached from Tangier and Sobraon Companies - not least because Holland Company's resident subalterns, Messrs Nick Keyes and Neil Peckham were not noted for their prowess at drill and at any rate were needed for the inevitable battle scene in the Pageant.

On the recce, 'JT' was informed by the plethora of Fleet Chief Petty Officers (the equivalent of WOII), all Gunnery Instructors and all over 6 foot tall, that the Army contingent would need 'x metres' frontage, a distance they had calculated with the aid of slide rules and, no doubt, a copy of the '*Guards Drill Book 1911 Edition*'. 'JT' was not impressed and proceeded to mark out the square in the traditional method using a pace stick. The FCPOs, who also had





pace-sticks but no idea how to use them, were amazed and promptly booked 'JT' to give them lessons each morning!

The Royal Parade followed the normal form of standing around (a lot!) and marching around to music, provided by the Band and Drums (WOI Philip Hills performing as Mantovani) in conjunction with the Band of the Royal Marines. There were differences however. When *HMS Excellent* was ordered to 'Face North', this was interpreted to mean that we were to 'Move to the Right in Threes' and, as naval arms drill was conducted at the pace of a becalmed schooner, it was agreed that the

appropriate words of command would be done by individual guard commanders. The Naval Guard comprised of the Naval Display Team, all of whom were volunteers on a one-year posting. On one rehearsal, as the parade was forming up and the Naval Guard was marching past the Army; we called out in unison, "*Hello Sailor!*" which met with no response until they had formed up and responded with "*Hello Queenies!*". Once people had stopped laughing, order was restored and the rehearsal continued.

HRH The Prince of Wales was Inspecting Officer and also presided over the Pageant in the evening. This was a melange of old and new. There were the Portsmouth Naval Field Gunners making three 'Runs' with a 8 cwt (400 Kg) naval gun broken down



HRH Inspects

in pieces, thrown around as if it was balsa wood and reassembled each time; we provided the more modern version of land fighting with the aid of the RA Parachute Display Team and the Royal Marines duffing up 'insurgents' (Oh happy days!); '*The Hornpipe*' danced by Wrens; various historical 'stuff' by Portsmouth locals and then the finale.

Thirty two members of the RN Display Team mounted the 83 foot (25 metre) mast towering over the parade ground with one (very) brave button boy standing on the very top while below them the Bands and Drums Beat Retreat. The guards were on parade again, fireworks consumed half of the RN ammunition budget for the year and the Sunset Ceremony brought the proceedings to a close.

The Display Team came down the mast; the Prince of Wales went home (passing the Gun Carriage that he will, no doubt, lie upon at some stage in the future at his funeral!); the guards fell out and the evening concluded with a large quantities of ale being consumed by all concerned.

It was all good fun, carried out with the necessary pomp and ceremony, reinforcing the links that 1 QUEENS had with the Royal Navy and was in general, an Excellent Week!



Whale Island

THE CRICKET ADDENDUM

by John Davidson

Scipio better known as 'Rocky', being a boots and gaiters fellow, made no reference to the cricket matches we had against *HMS Excellent* over the years. The editor has therefore asked me to pen a short addendum.

I'm not sure when the two-day cricket matches against *HMS Excellent* began, but I first played in one at Stoughton Barracks in 1952 whilst still a cadet at Sandhurst. Major Fergus Ling, later to become Colonel of the Regiment, was a fellow team member. The match was played annually on the Glorious First of June, alternating between Whale Island and our home ground, be it Stoughton Barracks, or wherever the battalion was stationed. The matches were two-day, two-innings matches and usually coincided with a Mess Ball. The Whale Island Ball, in particular, was always a splendid affair and, not surprisingly on the second day of the match the athleticism of the teams was seriously downgraded.

I have many happy - and unhappy - memories of playing in the match. Occasionally making a lot of runs but sometimes not! In 1966, when I was on the staff of 19 Brigade, I had a call one day from the Captain of Whale Island asking why I was not going to Germany to play

against them. I made some feeble excuse, which they did not accept, and I was told to report to Whale Island prepared to travel with them to Germany the next morning. They did not tell me there was a Dinner Night that evening in the Wardroom knowing that I would have the right kit with me for the Ball in Germany. There was no time to go to bed before the 0500 flight from Thorney Island. Four hours later I was opening the batting and did not survive the first over. All the way to Germany for a duck! In 1976, when commanding 1 QUEENS, I flew back to England especially to play in the match and was out first ball.

My final game in this series of matches was in 1980 at the 150th Anniversary of the Battle of the Glorious First of June. I have a photograph of the team, which I captained, containing inter-alia such regimental cricketing stalwarts as Richard Graham, Peter Cook, Rob Walker and our wonderful West Indian cricketers, Nurse and Clarke. I cannot remember the result!

(Ed: Thankfully documentary proof exists of Capt Walker receiving the Rose Bowl for winning!)



The two captains toss



And another six!



The victorious team



Capt Walker collecting the Rose Bowl on winning!



MY CHANCE TO DANCE WITH NAKED VIRGINS

One evening last July, my brother Dave and I were invited to attend a 'Summer Drinks Evening', at the Tower of London, hosted by the PWRR. "Why on earth" you ask, "did they invite you two scallywags along for summer drinks?" Well as former members of The Middlesex Regiment, and then The Queen's Regiment (1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions between us) and because we now wear the historic Scarlet, they thought we might add a touch of class to what would probably be a vulgar brawl. During the evening, we were "invited" by the Association Secretary to do something to help raise funds to help pay for the cost of the new Memorial to The Queen's Regiment, to be erected in the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) on 15 May next year. Having only drunk one glass of champagne, I immediately responded by saying I would do a bungee jump. Dave said that he would willingly do it with me but for his bad legs, back, arms and flat feet. However, he did say that he would mop up the mess afterwards, if it all went horribly wrong.

All too quickly, Sunday 30th August arrived. Dave and I were greeted warmly by 18 friends and family supporters at the Windsor Bray Watersports Centre. After hugs and hellos, I signed in and joined a queue of young people nervously waiting their turn to get harnessed up. The queue slowly moved forward as we watched others doing their jump. I assured the young lady in front of me that all would be well and that there was nothing to fear (I am such a bluffer). It must have worked however because she screamed with delight all the way down.

Then it was my turn. I hobbled towards the cage. At this point your feet are bound together - I think they do that to stop you running away! I hopped into the cage and we had a quick photo taken before the crane hauled us up to the 300ft point (people just love to have their photos taken with the men in Scarlet). On the way up, just to look as though I was feeling calm and in control, I leaned over the side of the cage and waved to my friends and family. "Well," I thought, "if you are going risk your life, do it with a wave and a smile on your face". Then came the hard part. The Jump Master said, "Move forward and stand in the open door". As I did this, to take my mind off what I was about to do, I reminded myself that I was to salute before jumping and not to scream like a banshee on the way down. I heard the Jump Master shout, "One, two, three!" and as he shouted "Bungee!". I threw up a quick one and jumped. My stomach seemed to pass through my chest and the water



below seemed to move up to me like a train coming at me through a tunnel. Then just as quickly, I was being flung upwards and my stomach travelled all the way back to my trainers. It was about then that I remembered to play it cool and so just to give the impression that I was not crapping myself, I threw up another salute just for good measure. Praise God, it was good to find myself back on the ground in one piece and with all body parts in good working order.

The origins of the bungee jump can be found on Pentecost Island, Vanuato, South Pacific. The jump of 100ft from a tower constructed of branches and vines was the ritual used to test the courage of the young men. Vines were tied around the ankles and the young man became a warrior only after he made the jump. To entice the young men to jump, naked young virgins danced below. Those who jumped successfully got to join in the dance. Those who did not jump successfully were buried with ritual honour. Lucky for me, I got to the dance!

Finally, I would like to thank everyone who generously sponsored me and I look forward to seeing you on 15 May at the NMA.

(Ed: Alan raised a magnificent £2,288.95, which has been split between the Benevolent Fund and the Royal Hospital Chelsea.)



JERUSALEM

(with apologies to William Blake)

And did those feet in modern times
Walk upon Irelands mountains green
And was the heavy pack of stores
On every soldiers' shoulders seen
And did the OC from on high
Frown upon those plodding souls
And was the sangar man, beasted here
In Ireland's green and pleasant land.

Bring me my torch of burning IR.
Bring me my grot mags of desire
Bring me my mail, Dear John unfold.
Bring me my grids and arcs of fire.
I will not cease from Vengeful checks
Nor shall my head sleep in my hand
Till we hand over here, to Tangier
This green and wet unpleasant land.



THE QRRA ONE AIM RALLY "2ND SHOT"

by Steve Parsons



Steve Sorrel ex-3rd Bn

Well what can I say? What a great, busy and eventful year we have had. The guys and WAGs have been tremendous in giving up so much of their time to raise awareness of what we are about and why we do what we do for our Regiment, Association and fellow Queensmen.

Sadly, we have attended more funerals this year, but hopefully seen our comrades off with respect and warm appreciation of their service and friendship.

We have attended many events and Rallies to further our cause, (too many to list) and also our main fundraising event, *The One Aim Rally "2nd Shot"*, which was very successful and a wonderful event. Many Queensmen attended, as well as our friends in motorcycle clubs from far and wide.

We have a great membership with Queensmen from all battalions, including TA and PWRR and would love to see more of you riders out there. Join us, at www.qrra.co.uk.

(Ed: What Steve modestly omits to mention is that through the efforts of the QRRA and their connection to the Norsemen MCC they have raised and donated £4,500 to the Benevolent Fund – a truly outstanding achievement and an example to us all!)



Not the Queen's Regimental Association Drummers!



Colonel Beattie accepting the cheque from the Norsemen MCC



Cheque presentation Dover Castle



THE PALACE BARRACKS MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

In June 2014 members from the 2nd Battalion attended a reunion in Belfast with those members who now reside in Northern Ireland. This reunion was to commemorate Armed Forces Day in Carrickfergus and also incorporated a visit to Palace Barracks, Holywood. The visit to Palace Barracks was a trip down memory lane for most of us from our residential tour from 1968 to 1970. The old barrack blocks are still in place, the front gate is now closed and a new entrance is at the rear of the camp off the Old Holywood Road.

A new feature, built since we were there is the Palace Barracks Memorial Garden. The Memorial Garden has become a poignant place of pilgrimage for the bereaved families of Security Force personnel killed in the troubles of Northern Ireland during Op BANNER from 1969 to 2007 and from other conflicts from around the world in the last 50 years. The Memorial Garden is maintained and run on a voluntary basis and is overseen by the custodian Albert D Owens MBE. Albert kindly gave us a guided tour of the garden and it became quickly apparent that there was no commemorative plaque or stone honouring those who lost their lives whilst on active service with The Queen's Regiment.

All of us who visited the garden were quite shocked and angered that there was not a memorial stone within the gardens to those who had fallen serving with the Regiment. Contact was made with the Regimental

Associations of The Queen's Own Buffs and The Queen's Regiment who explained that there were already memorials to the Fallen at The National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) and Canterbury and that there was a new Memorial being put up to the Regiment at the NMA in 2016; but if past members of the regiment wanted to raise a memorial in Belfast then they were very welcome to do so. A committee based in England was set up, chaired by Graham McDonough, with a Northern Ireland committee, chaired by Tony Baker MBE, with the aims of raising sufficient funds and organising a dedication in due course.

By the sterling efforts of the two committees, £2,304 was swiftly raised from Queensmen of all battalions, which was sufficient for our purposes and a date was set for 15 October 2014 for the dedication, which coincided with the sad death on the same day in 1983 of Pte Alan Stock, 2 QUEENS.

The ceremony in Palace Barracks was attended by a grand total of 67: 41 Queensmen, 24 wives and partners and two daughters! The parade went well. It was very emotional and there was more than the odd tear shed. At the end of the ceremony, the piper played '100 Pipers' and towards the end marched into the distance so the sound faded away until it could not be heard. It was some minutes before anyone moved off as everyone had moments of private thought and reflection of the ceremony itself and



The Northern Ireland Committee and drinking partners. Jock McKeown (Ctte), Mick Collins (Ctte), Tony Baker MBE (Ctte), Roger Tamkin (Ctte), Tony Brown, Jumbo Jarvis, Peter Wells (Ctte)

the men who had been remembered. As a reunion, it was also a time to greet old and precious friends and their relatives who had not met, in some cases, for 40 years or more. After the parade refreshments were served in Palace Barracks and a presentation of an Op BANNER statuette and Queen's Regiment Gold Coin was made to Albert to thank him for his involvement and support. During the evening Graham McDonough was also presented with an Op BANNER statuette for his superb effort of taking the

lead and following it through in the true Queen's Regiment tradition.

My thanks go to all members of the two committees in England and Northern Ireland and finally a thank you to our wives, partners and relatives who supported us, not just for this venture but for the many years when they played a full part in our military lives and beyond into civilian life.



Graham McDonough salutes. Joe Clark, Tony Baker, Tony Dyer, Ted Saunders and the Padre Major Phillip Francis



Bugler David Kelsey and Piper Taylor from 1 SCOTS



The Palace Barracks Memorial Garden



The England Committee. L to R: Peter (Speedy) White, Les Parsons, Gwen & David Underwood, Robbie Gorse, Bob Rust, Barry Crocker, Ted (Ginger) Saunders, Graham McDonough, Bob Kitson, Del Wakeling, Mick Burke



Philip Wells and Barry Crocker dip the Standards



1 QUEENS ON PUBLIC DUTIES *AS I RECALL!*

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the guard.

"A soldier's life is terrible hard".... says Alice

Shortly after our Londonderry tour in the Spring of 1970, the battalion was detailed to carry out a six week stint of Public Duties which I think was more or less its last official commitment before moving en bloc to Berlin in late Summer. It was sold to us as a sort of reward for our groundbreaking first and successful tour in Northern Ireland that had followed hard on the heels of a nine-month unaccompanied tour in Bahrain; although the truth was probably more to do with availability and convenience of the MOD planners. Public Duties is, of course, the ceremonial guarding of the Royal Palaces (including HM Tower of London) and additionally the Bank of England. I think that most of us regarded the prospect of doing them as rather novel and probably some fun and certainly something different. I don't think the novelty lasted very long for those who had to do the actual guarding outside the palaces but it was certainly different.

Although the Bank of England was then still one of the duties, it was actually something of an anomaly despite the official security role of the guard being used to justify its existence. The Army didn't much like it because it was an unnecessary manpower commitment devoid of any ceremonial or real security role since they stopped marching to it, travelling instead by anonymous bus transport (and thereby relieving London of a daily cause of extra congestion) and the Bank was surely not enamoured with the burden of feeding and accommodating them. It also avoided the odd cock-up such as when a school contemporary of mine, and son of an illustrious Irish Guards general, reputedly somewhat 'the worse for wear' after a very good lunch, lost his way leading the Bank Piquet to their duty one day. Realising his mistake, he sought to save face by using a pedestrian underpass to retrace his steps back to the correct route. However, on descending into the City's underworld, still in step, he discovered that he had actually entered a public toilet. Trying to maintain the initiative, he marched his guard into the Gents', where he used it for the purpose it was designed, no doubt in a proper military fashion, and then he marched his guard out again. But history does not record what happened next!

But I digress. Back at our hutted home that was Hobbs Barracks, Lingfield, it really was a case of '*and now for something completely different*'. The so-called square had mostly hosted vehicles parking rather than soldiers drilling. Now it hosted old oil drums and white lines which supposedly replicated the exact size and shape of the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. The period involved a great deal of preparation and practice not least because drill had not been seriously 'practised' for some considerable time and included some drill movements which we had never done before. I think drill has an unfair reputation generally, including within the Army, as being a form of mind-numbing activity. In fact, as many officers had discovered at Sandhurst, as with any team activity, performed to a high standard, it can be a morale raising skill and the source of great pride and satisfaction. Furthermore, doing it ceremonially for a short sharp spell, such as the period that we had to fill, and in the public gaze, was actually quite enjoyable and did make the whole experience immensely novel. In order to help prepare us and to teach us the peculiarities of the job, drill sergeants from the Guards Division were dispatched to Hobbs Barracks and many hours were spent knocking us all into shape, including dedicated officers' drill periods which proved particularly amusing to their soldiers not used to such spectacles!

Three guards were provided, respectively commanded by Mike Hare, Mike Rixon and Brian Faris, broadly based on their companies, although there was some cross breeding. I was in Brian's (Support Coy) guard and I think that we did something like a four-day cycle: Day 1, Prepare. Day 2, Mount. Day 3, Dismount. Day 4, Day off. There may also have been a couple of days of normal work before restarting the cycle again. We alternated with the Irish Guards. Within each of the guards, there were four contingents, namely Buckingham Palace, St James's Palace, HM Tower of London and the Bank Guard which did its own thing entirely. The Queen's Guard, as the palace guards were collectively known, mounted together at Wellington Barracks – or 'Welly B' as it was informally termed - following which the residential Palace Guards set off leaving the Tower Guard to get into a coach and drive

to its duties at the 'Royal Fortress HM Tower of London'. It was not therefore involved in the Ceremony of Changing the Guard.

Led by the Band and Drums, the New Queen's Guard marched to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace ('Buck House') where the familiar Guard Changing ceremony took place, generally before a vast crowd of gawking tourists, faces pressed against the railings. We, the 'New Guard' would find the 'Old Guard' awaiting us there. As we always alternated with the Irish Guards, we always took over and handed over to them. Having formally greeted each other with salutes, the NCOs got on with the actual business of changing over individual guards in front of the Palace, each new one having his orders read to him. Concurrently, the St James's Palace 'new guard' contingent marched off led by the detached Corps of Drums to relieve the 'old guard', which then marched back to the Buckingham Palace forecourt.

During this time, whilst the 'Captain of the Guard' (Brian Faris) was taking the Queen's Water and which, much to his chagrin, was just that, the other officers passed the time performing a unique movement, in my experience anyway, known as 'patrolling'. Normally carried out in pairs with one's opposite number, it was a sort of 'at ease' movement and we would chat informally as we went along. It involved holding one's drawn sword below the hilt (basket handle) and, setting off in step, more strolling than marching, swinging one's arms gently and the sword with it but keeping it parallel to the ground. There was one spell going to and fro in front of the Palace and one spell going between the Palace and the railings behind which was the public. The 'turn about' was achieved together upon the order 'up' given on the left foot and when it next struck the ground one would stop the forward movement and rock backwards on it whilst sweeping the sword upwards in large circular movement to the 'carry' position (hand out, sword pointing upwards), spinning left about on the left foot and then pushing off in the opposite direction.

This was also the source of a game that we would sometimes play and which, in my case, led to an extraordinary coincidence. The game was, when patrolling towards the railings, you would delay the about turn until the last moment, bringing the tip of the sword up between the railings, causing the people there to leap out of the way to avoid being skewered by it! One could achieve the same effect several times by altering the point where one "hit" the railings. (Little things please little minds.....!).

The coincidence was that on one night prior to mounting towards the end of the period, a friend with whom I had

invited myself to stay, took me to a party. There I met an American girl who was passing through London doing the tourist bit. She said she been to see the changing of the guard a week earlier and, furthermore, had photographs of it in her bag which she then produced. One showed a pair of officers patrolling about to 'hit' the railings, one of whom was me! The chances of such an encounter must have been fairly small.

Whilst on guard, the officers had the use of the fairly sumptuous mess in St James's Palace although I actually slept at Buckingham Palace, but in a grotty room next to the armoury, I hasten to add. It was a very expensive time since, apart from one's semi imprisonment, we were allowed to invite friends in for drinks and/or dinner. I think it reasonable to say that such an invitation was seldom refused given its location and rarity, and often just as difficult to resist the pressure to issue. There was a welcome 'safety net' in as much as female guests had to leave by 1900 hrs and male guests out by about 2300, if invited to stay to dinner. Furthermore, the Guardsman Mess Sergeant, who made it clear that he regarded us a bunch of interlopers anyway, hovered like a chaperone in the background and did not hesitate to issue reminders, if necessary. The mess charges quickly mounted up and, furthermore, we had to pay our share of the inevitable cocktail party when we entertained official guests, the great and the good etc. An aspect of that which I think I recall was the Commanding Officer getting very upset when some officers turned up wearing 'flower power' ties in accordance with the current fashion craze, instead of regimental ones!

Needless to say, fate was to deal me a Millman moment. Charles, with the approval of the Mess, commissioned an artist called Tony Mathews to record for posterity, three pen and ink drawings of us undertaking Public Duties. The main one was of the Buckingham Palace contingent, and the artist chose, purely by coincidence, our Guard. Despite being a drawing, the main players are easily recognisable and, inevitably, I was one of its central figures, which drew the predictable stage-whispered sarcastic quips from behind the Millman upraised hand. I had no idea that I had been so featured until the unveiling of the drawing but the inference was that somehow, I had got in on the act. Furthermore, the artist initially drew me carrying my sword in my left hand, which, of course, I hadn't and I got the blame for that too!

Towards the end of the duties and on a night off, Jeremy Coke-Smyth, invited me to supper at HM Tower of London where he was Captain of the Guard, and to witness the famous Ceremony of the Keys. Unlike the



other contingents, although he had a well appointed little apartment/mess, he had to import any catering support needed to entertain. On this occasion he brought in a small catering firm, which normally specialised in directors' lunches etc and which rejoiced in the name of *Prêt à Manger* (then a two girl outfit, whether the forerunner of the now famous sandwich firm, I know not). One of the girls 'caught my eye' and I think we chatted when she wasn't dashing in and out, replenishing dishes or removing plates although it didn't escape the notice of her boss who summoned her back to her duties. Clearly, it was the wrong time to take her telephone number, so I resolved to do so later when

we were all due to go down to watch the 'Keys' Ceremony. In due course, we were duly ushered out and told firmly that we would have to leave directly afterwards or risk being locked in the Tower all night! As the Captain of the Guard's guests, we all stood at the top of the grand steps and awaited the arrival of the detachment of the guard, led by a Yeoman Warder carrying a lantern, whereupon



The Drums were always carried in the traditional manner under Drum Major Maloney



Brian Faris leads his wet guard home. Keith Yonwin and CSM Mick Pearson in close support



There were some compensations



Patrolling



Patrol, 1945, Buckingham Palace
London, New York Post

they were challenged by the sentry on duty below us, rifle with fixed bayonet at the ready and in the traditional way.

They 'passed', the 'Keys' were saluted, the Last Post was sounded, the Yeoman Warder called "God Preserve Queen Elizabeth", the

Guard replied: "Amen" and that was basically it, bar a few dispersal orders. But where was the girl I was waiting for? To my great disappointment, she didn't appear and so I left without seeing her again, let alone getting her number or even her name. I heard later that she and her boss had opted to watch the last episode of the "Forsythe Saga" (or was it "Upstairs, Downstairs"?), instead, which happened to be on that night. 'Oh well' I remember thinking philosophically, 'you win some and you lose some!' Or so I thought.....! A couple of months later at a friend's wedding in Scotland, she popped up again and I took no chances this time. We were married a year later!

Not a particularly memorable impression, it is remarkable in that virtually every Queensman is individually recognisable from Drum Major Max Maloney, (left foreground) Mick Pearson (Right Marker) to RSM Lewis (right at the back) and even Keith Yonwin (behind my sword).

I, therefore, have a unique and personal reason for recalling our spell on Public Duties and obviously do so, with some affection. Although two of the illustrations show wet weather and I can recognise my hat at least in the Brian Faris one, I cannot now remember it raining at all which only serves to show how selective one's memory can be.

The blurred photograph showing the late, great Max Maloney leading the Band and Drums out of Wellington Barracks reminds me that he incurred the displeasure of Headquarters London District by spectacularly tossing his mace in the Mall apparently regarded by the Guards hierarchy then, if not still now, as inappropriate and somewhat 'naff'. Regardless of that, the Band and Drums probably had to work a great deal harder than the rest of us as, I think, they took part in every guard mounting for six weeks.

MEMORIES

Somewhere in the Ardoyne, Summer 1975. It was, for a change, a fine, sunny, Sunday evening. I and my R Group were part of a multiple. The peace was shattered by the rattle of shots from somewhere close to the interface on Alliance Avenue. Very quickly came a SITREP from the brick commander, L/Cpl Hayes (brother of 04), who was a trained medic.

Hayes 77: "There's a couple been shot on their way back from church at the junction of Alliance Avenue/Etna Drive".

Me: "I'll get an ambulance to you. Go firm where you are and do what you can for the people, until I get there".

Hayes 77: "We're looking after her. The old bloke's dead!"

Me (stupidly): "Are you sure he's dead?"

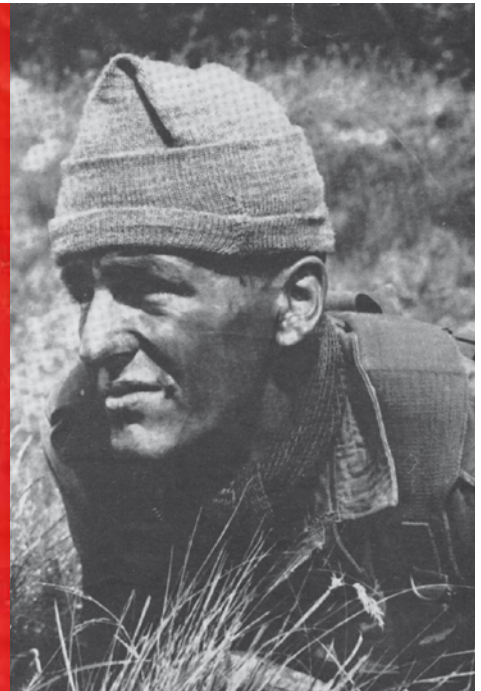
*Hayes 77:(having had his views of officers confirmed!): "F***** certain! His brains are all over the pavement!"*

Me: "Er... Roger!"

Tim Trotman



WOULD THIS MAKE YOU JOIN IN '67?



WHAT WILL MY PAY BE? As the Army rates of pay are always being revised and brought up to the current cost of living scale any examples given would be soon out of date. However, a newly joined soldier receives between £6 and £9 a week pocket money. On top of this you get free uniform, accommodation, food and, if you are married, marriage allowance. For the present rates of pay see the enclosed pay slip or apply to your Army Careers Information Office.

WHAT HOLIDAYS WILL I GET? You get 30 days paid holiday a year in addition to short week-end leaves and public holidays. You will also get three free return railway tickets a year to take you to your holiday destination in the United Kingdom.



WHAT SPORT COULD I PLAY? No matter what your sport you will have the opportunity to play it in the Army. You will find every facility for all games because the Army encourages good sportsmen.

In addition to such sports as football and boxing you may be able to take part in go-karting, underwater fishing, sailing, ski-ing, rock climbing, etc.



WHERE MIGHT I GO? Everyone knows that there is plenty of opportunity for travelling with the Army.



WHERE'S THE ACTION! There is always plenty of action in The Queen's Regiment and it's varied too. One week you could be doing a battalion exercise and the next week you could be either ski-ing, climbing or skin diving dependent upon the Station you are in. Remember that all this variety is coupled with good pay. In addition, in the Regiment, there are certain trades for which you can be trained and there is no limit to the number of jobs in which you can specialise.



PAY AND HOLIDAYS

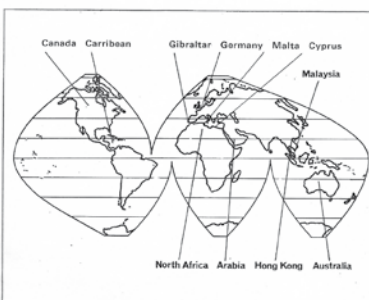
SPORT AND TRAVEL

ACTION PLUS ADVENTURE



and it is still one of the principal attractions that we can offer you. If you are interested in seeing parts of the world which you would never see unless you were a millionaire, and seeing them when you are still young enough to enjoy them, we can certainly help you. You will not only visit interesting other countries during your time with The Queen's Regiment, you will also be there long enough to really see them and have the free time and money to enjoy yourself.

Opposite left: Football is always popular in the Army.
Opposite right: Ski diving is one of the sports you may do abroad.
Left: Off by bus transport plane to one of the Army's stations abroad.



WHAT WILL MY JOB BE? You as a modern infantry soldier can become a highly skilled specialist, fully trained in the handling of a wide variety of new weapons. You may be called upon to go into action in a variety of ways, in Armoured Personnel Carriers, by Helicopter, by Boat, by Wheeled Vehicles. You will also become an expert in living and operating in countries and climates as widely different as the jungles of MALAYA and the deserts of AFRICA. The training does not ask you to be a superman (any fit man can see it through) but it does demand toughness, loyalty and the will to learn.

In a battalion any of the following jobs are open to you.

INFANTRYMAN	STOREMAN
DRIVER	CLERK
DRIVER/RADIO OPERATOR	REGIMENTAL POLICEMAN
ANTI TANK GUNNER	COOK
GUIDED MISSILE OPERATOR	MEDICAL ORDERLY
MORTAIRMAN	P.T. INSTRUCTOR
RADIO OPERATOR	DRUMMER/BANDSMAN
ASSAULT PIONEER	TRADESMAN PIONEER
(Infantry Engineer)	(Carpenter, Joiner, Plumber, Signwriter, etc.)

WHAT BASIC TRAINING DO I DO? Before joining your Battalion you will do 14 weeks basic training at The Queen's Regimental Depot at Canterbury. There you will be taught the following subjects.

WEAPON TRAINING	To make you proficient in handling the Self Loading Rifle and Light Machine Gun.
FIELD CRAFT	This takes place throughout your basic training period.
PHYSICAL TRAINING	To build up your physical standard and keep you fit so you can compete with the demands on you.
DRILL	The aim is to make you proficient at drill so that on reaching your Battalion you can take part in a single Battalion parade.
EDUCATION	To raise your standard of education with a view to improving your ability and so better fitting you for the Army as your career.



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT YOUR LOCAL
ARMY CAREERS INFORMATION OFFICE

ARMY CAREERS INFORMATION OFFICES IN THE HOME COUNTIES

LONDON

Golden Cross House—453-454 Strand, S.W.1.

Whitehall 800.

Central London Recruiting Depot—

5, Great Scotland Yard, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Whitehall 464 (Ex. 390 and 391).

Marble Arch—15-17, Edgware Road, W.1.

Paddington 740.

Kentish Town—18b, Highgate Road, N.W.5.

Gulliver 720.

Camberwell—47, Camberwell Church

Street, S.E.5.

ROONEY 448.

Battersea—549, Battersea Park Road,

S.W.11.

BATTERSEA 8083.

Blackheath—9, Lee Road, S.E.3.

LEE GREEN 1464.

SURREY

Guildford—T.A. Centre, Sandfield Terrace,

GUILDFOED 3706.

Norbury—1109, London Road, S.W.16.

POLLARDS 1389 and 1389.

Surliton—46, Victoria Road, Surrey,

ELMBIDGE 8214.

KENT

Ashford—T.A. Centre,

ASHFORD 3131.

Canterbury—2, Roper Road,

CANTERBURY 5449.

Chatham—39, Railway Street,

MIDWAY 4273.

Crayford—36, High Street,

CRAYFORD 3038.

Dover—Marine Parade, Sea Front,

DOVER 1849 (Ex. 234).

Gravesend—Drill Hall, Milton Road,

GRAVESEND 2504.

Maldstone—5, Clarendon Place,

MALDSTONE 5490.

Tunbridge Wells—63 Calverley Road,

TUNBRIDGE WELLS 2700.

SUSSEX

Brighton—83 Queens Road,

BRIGHTON 2509.

Chichester—52 North Street,

CHICHESTER 304.

Hastings—19, Castle Street,

HASTINGS 3023.

Horsham—41, London Road,

HORSHAM 3915.

MIDDLESEX

Acton—240, High Street,

ACTON 4912.

Finchley—703, High Road, N.12.

FINCHLEY 507.

Hounslow—T.A. Centre, Hanworth Road,

HOUNSLOW 7818.

Tottenham—T.A. Centre, 701, High Road,

N.15.

Tottenham 1295.

Wembley—594, High Road,

WEMBLEY 1375 and 0915.

The information contained in this booklet is intended only as a guide and cannot be quoted
as an authority.

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WHERE'S THE ADVENTURE? Life in the Army is a constant adventure. In your travels throughout the world you will visit new countries with strange customs and different people, all of which will broaden your outlook and add purpose and pleasure to your life.

Furthermore, through camping, climbing, canoeing and similar activities, the Army trains you in adventure and how to lend for yourself and presents a challenge to you as an individual to improve your personal achievements.

Optimists: Rock climbing and canoeing play an important part in Adventure training.

Left: Training and enjoyment are combined with winter warfare tactics on ice.

Below: The infantry keep up to date with modern weapons—the Victoria 'Vigilant' anti-tank guided missile enables a soldier to kill the heaviest tank single-handed.



BRIAN "SMUDGER" SMITH

by Brian Williams

Brian "Smudger" Smith, sadly no longer with us, seems to feature in numerous incidents in the life of 5 and 6/7 QUEENS. Here are a few:

Drawers, Pyjama

The first issue of "long johns" was not the tight-fitting garment most will remember, but pairs of voluminous pantaloons probably capable of accommodating two fully-grown men. On one occasion, Smudger and a few others of us encountered Private Tom Summers as he was changing and decided to test the capacity of said garment. With about four of us holding the waistband we shook Tom into the long-johns until his head disappeared below waist height. Smudger then tied the waistband in a knot over Tom's head and hung him on a clothing peg on the wall while we went off to a well-deserved NAAFI break!

Phone Home

Just outside the main gate of Sennybridge Camp there used to be a red BT telephone box. Smudger, who by this time was the CO's driver, spied another SNCO by the name of Adam Frater, making a call to his wife back in Horsham. Driving the landrover right up against the door of the telephone box he said to the CO *"Time for a bit of lunch, sir"*, at which point they both left. What Adam Frater thought has never been recorded!

Comfort Break

On another occasion, during a mortar concentration on Salisbury Plain Training Area, one of our number took a shovel and excused himself before heading for a nearby clump of trees. Wasting no time, Smudger stole up behind him, watched as he dug a shallow scrape, park the shovel, lower his trousers and begin to squat. Then, from behind and unseen Smudger placed the shovel underneath the squatter and collected the "evidence", before putting it aside then replacing the shovel. As is normal, the victim proceeded to fill in the scrape, only to find it unoccupied. Curiously, he said nothing to anyone on his return.

Lost For Words

Smudger was one of the loudest snorers – and had one of the most booming voices – I ever encountered. The only time that I ever heard of him being totally speechless was after a hard nights drinking in the Officers' Mess. It was customary at that time for the officers to invite the SNCOs up for drinks. In order for everyone to attend the senior corporal was appointed Battalion Orderly Sergeant. This happened to be Bill Murphy, then in the Pay Corps. Whereas Smudger owned a pair of ammo boots that required sunglasses to look at, Bill paid little attention to his footwear; when he wasn't wearing carpet slippers, that is. In order to look his best, Bill prevailed on Smudger to loan him his prized boots for the night. During his tour, Bill went into the MT shed and borrowed a pair of REME fitter's boots, which, needless to say, were a bit manky. As Smudger awoke from a drink-fuelled coma, he was confronted by Bill. *"Sorry, Smudger, I had a bit of an accident"*. The resulting intake of breath, as Smudger surveyed the distressed boots, nearly sucked in all the furniture in the billet. It was a good five minutes before Smudger regained his composure and started firing loud *"F"s* into the bank at the rapid rate.



RETURN TO CAMP PARADISE - KEMBALIKE KEM PARADISE AN OLD BUFF REMEMBERS

I returned to Borneo this year to relive memories of 49 years ago when I served in Sabah and Sarawak with 1st Battalion, Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment, during the final period of the confrontation.

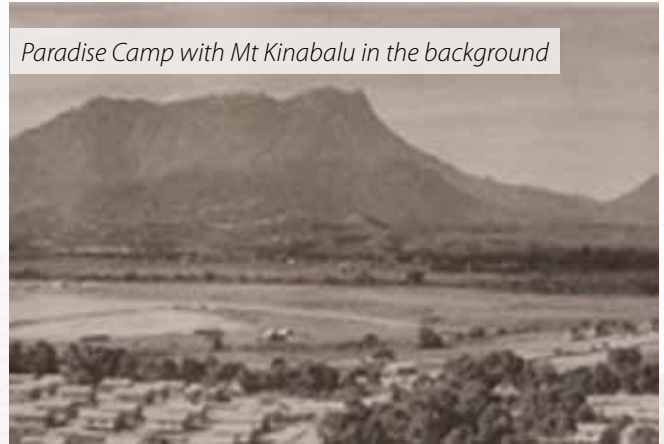
We flew from Sandakan in the East arriving at the capital, Kota Kinabalu in the West, just before 9 am, 17 March 2015. The sun beat down out of clear blue skies, the temperature rising to 28 degrees before lunchtime. Staff of Task Force 450 whose commander, Major General Datuk Masrani bin Hj Paiman, met us off the plane, relieved us of our baggage and led us towards the terminal.

Major Mohd Johari bin Redzuan, our Liaison Officer during the visit, guided us into the VIP suite where Lieutenant Colonel Adnan bin Ariffin, the Director of Sabah Department of Veterans Affairs, Malaysian Armed Forces, made us welcome with refreshments and gave a detailed outline on how the day would progress.

Soon, it was time to be transported to Paradise Camp, in Kota Belud. Major Johari was keen to learn of the past and pointed out features of interest on route. The highway has been much improved from the dusty track, taking 3-4 hours in my day. It is now a metalled road and part dual carriageway, the journey took approximately 1½ hours.

Leaving the highway having travelled through Kota Belud town, I immediately recognised the twisting track leading to the camp. The only thing missing was the sign 'Paradise

Paradise Camp with Mt Kinabalu in the background



Camp'. Paradise Camp has expanded following much deforestation since 1966, taking in all the high ground towards the main entrance. The original Company Lines were erected on the lower flood plain, banded by the river.

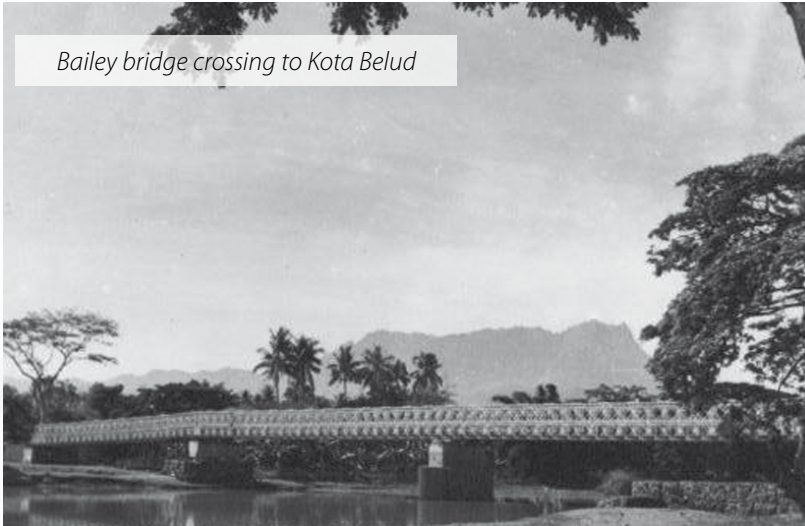
Welcomed by Major General Datuk Masrani bin Hj Paiman, his wife and staff, we were given a presentation highlighting the change in use of the camp over the years including photographs, old and new, by the camp Commanding Officer, Major Zailani.

A motorised tour of the whole camp and beyond to the river brought back memories of mango crumble and custard in the cookhouse, painting our legs magenta to relieve the ringworm; 'Scouse' Sturgeon wetting his first born's head with copious cans of Tiger Beer in the NAAFI



Fresh faced youngsters

Bailey bridge crossing to Kota Belud



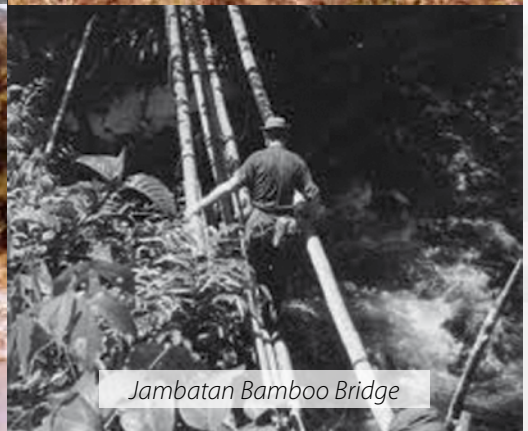
Tilling the soil



Crossing a river on a wire bridge



Jambatan Bamboo Bridge



A Company Accommodation



It doesn't look much but it was home



A prison now stands where company lines once stood





playing football in four inches of monsoon water near the airstrip, which is still in use; crossing the river by a wire footbridge (which I had hoped to do again, just one more time), sadly no longer there; and of course, the company lines (corrugated huts and monsoon ditches) where a new prison is sited.

Considering just a few '*kampongs*', or villages were located between Paradise Camp and Kota Belud town in 1966. Today, there are houses as far as you can see and 4 x 4 vehicles fill the roads. The pace of life has increased beyond comprehension, but I will always remember it as it was.

After an exhausting day, it was time to return to Kota Kinabalu and our hotel, for one last night in Sabah. Crossing the road bridge into Kota Belud town, I remembered the old wood and metal constructed bridge of 1966, local women washing their clothes in the river below, and wagons being drawn by water buffalo. Much of the rain forest has been cleared for palm oil plantations. Gone are the bamboo '*kampongs*', traditional native crafts, corralled cattle in the market square, but the friendliness of the people endures.

Watching the sunset over the bay in Jesselton, it brought back memories of Jesselton Market, the Shamrock Hotel, and setting-up our '*bashers*' for two days R+R on the sandy beach (which now forms part of the promenade and coastal road, all reclaimed from the sea). Seven Mile



Beras (rice) beating



Sunset



Meeting and briefing with Lt Col Adnan bin Arrifin

Beach, further up the coast, with miles of deserted fine sand, backed with pineapple plants, and coconut palms is now a main tourist area with numerous hotels.

We were so lucky. This was truly paradise. Nothing remains that I could recall of those days from April - June 1966. It is only then that you appreciate the 'Jesselton' we knew, is approximately 1/10th of the renamed capital 'Kota Kinabalu'; modern, bustling and still expanding.

Departing Kota Kinabalu, the final farewell experience will remain with us forever. General Masrani and his wife

escorted us to the door of the airplane, and presented us with two bags of gifts and a photograph album of the entire visit. We boarded the aircraft and headed for home.

(Ed: As a result of the 'Confrontation', there are 'gaps' in their history. General Masrani would gratefully welcome photographs or text of that period. If you have photographs or text of the local people, locations, habitat, etc, Peter White would be pleased to forward copies on to him).

MEMORIES

Watching grown men dive into dark alleyways in order to avoid the wrath of the marauding RSM, 'Mr Angry' Edwards. Imagine my terror when twenty years later I found myself standing beside him at the urinals during a Regimental reunion. My spout soon dried up!

Luis Lozano 3 QUEENS





A REFLECTION ON REGIMENTAL HISTORY

Like many other regiments, the Royal Sussex Regimental Association has been engaged on an extensive commemoration programme covering the 70th anniversary of the Second World War, where a number of our participants are still with us, the 100th anniversary of the Great War, and recently the 200th anniversary of Waterloo. It was attending the Service for the latter at St Paul's Cathedral, which provided the catalyst on the way one considers the Regiment's history. The Colour Ensign of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (PWRR) knew why he was at the commemoration, but he probably had little idea of what the 2nd Battalion of 35th (Sussex) Regiment of Foot, the Regiment he was there specifically to represent was actually doing at Waterloo. The PWRR is now the successor to seven forebear regiments, each

of which had two regular battalions; a colossal slice of military history for one regiment to absorb and to stand as its guardian.

Most of the forebear regiments have been in existence for well over 300 years whereas in the wider scheme of things, the Queen's Regiment was only around for 25 years, while the PWRR is currently just clocking up some 23 years, although both have contributed a significant and very gallant service, particularly in Northern Ireland, Iraq and Afghanistan. However, in terms of the Regiment's history, across a regimental time-line, the bulk of these military endeavours occurred before the 31st December 1966. To a certain extent, the battalions of The Queen's Regiment maintained a relatively high degree of this history as they



Bombing Party commemorating the 23 Battalions of the Royal Sussex during the Great War 1914-19

lived within the traditions, customs and artefacts of their former regiments. However, with the inclusion in 1992 of a seventh forebear regiment, but with a reduction of regular battalions from four to two, the present difficulty is how to develop and maintain an understanding of the Regiment's history within the current generation, assuming, that is, that they want to know the detail?

Prior to 1914, only twenty-four Battle Honours had been awarded to the British Army; regiments were subsequently able to choose ten more from each of the two world wars to emblazon on the King's or Queen's Colour. The Royal Sussex had twelve Battle Honours on its Regimental Colour plus the twenty on the Queen's Colour. These Honours provided a conduit from which the story of the Regiment could be told and assimilated in a fairly knowledgeable, manageable and sustainable manner, thus allowing subalterns and soldiers to develop a reasonable understanding of their regiment's history. It is assumed that a similar situation pertained in all the forebear regiments. However, because of the two amalgamations, the PWRR now has fifty-five Honours on the Queen's Colour and forty Honours on the Regimental Colour. We seem to have reached the stage where the majority of Honours not only seem to be common to all regiments, but make the inclusion on such a list seem almost meaningless. Nevertheless, this list still represents the Regiment's key historical battles, although with such a wide spectrum it is hardly surprising that anyone might be aware of what the 2nd/35th was actually doing in 1815.

To a simple infantryman it seems that the real difficulty is that there are too many battles or Honours for the average person to be able to recognise or understand, let alone assimilate the detail. Perhaps just being included on a list is a sufficient justification for a place in the history of the

Army, concentrating thereafter on the Albuhera Day-type celebrations to satisfy the Regiment's glory? But is this truly sufficient? There are too many other historic events that members of the Regiment should be aware of, should know and, most importantly, be proud of.

This is a matter that needs looking at in detail - indeed, greater minds than mine may already be doing so - but the present generation of officers and men must have a realistic and better understanding of their history, rather than just concentrating on the events on a number of Regimental Days. Perhaps the Regiment should go back to the system followed after the two world wars, and choose the twenty most important Battle Honours from across the seven forebear Regiments and concentrate on them as the basis for developing a better knowledge of the Regimental story. Or do we leave it to the forebear Regiments to maintain the wider and more detailed history, thus eventually consigning it to an MFO Box? It might be interesting to hear the views of those currently still serving.

(Ed: Following receipt of Col Rod Arnold's thought provoking article, I was interested in what the reality was when I visited all three battalions of the PWRR during the year; I was making a new film for them and interviewed all ranks extensively. I am pleased to inform readers that all battalions have a very strong awareness of their history, stretching right back to the earliest days and I am in no doubt that the current cohort of soldiers in today's Regiment, who represent both the Queen's and forebear regiments, have as strong a connection to the past as we did. Indeed their strap line "Fierce Pride" manifests itself every time they reflect on the Regiment's past while they quite rightly look to the future. I am quite satisfied that our heritage is in safe hands.)

MEMORIES

On returning from Malaya, the CO sent me one of his infamous white hand grenades, a memo on white paper that blew up in the reader's face – "OIC Football, a minesweeper flotilla has a complement of 120, this battalion has a strength of 650. Explain why they defeated our football team by 3 goals to nil!" My absence at the time of the match in Malaya, some three thousand miles away, was irrelevant.

The Late Bob McGhie



'BUCK HOUSE BILLY' GETS ON WITH THE BOSS



CM with some of the Band in Bahrain

My well known strained relationship with Charles Millman (and I wasn't the only one!) probably owes its origins to my arrival and tour in Bahrain. I was away as ADC to General Fergus Ling in Colchester when the then CO Designate, Charles Millman (CM) announced that he wanted me back well before my due end of tour date to be Anti-Tank Platoon commander which would have foreshortened my tour as ADC considerably. Fergus Ling was not happy about it since I would be leaving him just before a number of important events, not least the Colchester Tattoo which had at least one Royal and several other high profile people taking the salute all being hosted by him with me as chief 'gofer', which I had done before and therefore knew the form. I was by no means indispensable but it would have been totally the wrong time to hand over to a new ADC. Also, he had already had at least one gap-filler and my early relinquishment, and departure would have probably tipped him back into another one. It then transpired that the Millman plan was to get me back in order to do an Anti-Tank Platoon Commanders Course which was well before the battalion's departure for Bahrain and then for me to kick my heels until about half way through the tour and only then would I take over the platoon. Knowing that buckshee officers attract all the fun jobs like boards of enquiry, courts martial etc, not to mention losing my acting captain's pay, I wasn't too keen on returning so early, either!

It was therefore proposed that I should go off and do the course from Colchester and return to the battalion in time to take over the platoon when required, thereby giving me another eight or nine months in post in Colchester. Everyone thought that this was a good idea except CM but he was over-ruled by Queen's Div. When I eventually rejoined the battalion, CM was still smouldering and made it clear that he held me responsible for my 'delayed' arrival. I immediately became one of the default butts of his well known sarcasm and stage-whispered jokes, characteristically from behind his raised hand and

a frequent recipient or subject of his "white hand grenades", memos expressing his displeasure over something. Actually, I think Tony Ling also attracted some flak, just by association!



HRH The Princess Margaret, General Fergus Ling, Captain Roddy Mellotte as ADC

My second 'crime' was as a result of unique and coincidental circumstances. Not long after my return to the battalion, there was a big parade, possibly to mark the Queen's Birthday, at which the senior British diplomat was to be present and would be representing the Queen and therefore needed to be treated with due reverence! Anyway, I was appointed 'OIC Seating Plan' ("*Ha, Ha, Mellotte, having been an ADC, you should be good at that, Ha Ha*"). By chance my brother-in-law, Philip Gibson, a Wing Commander in the RAF Regiment, happened to be staging though Bahrain that night so obviously came along for the parade. He was working in MOD (Protocol Branch - of all places) and on his way to the Far East for a recce in advance of some planned high-level visit by CDS.

CM had issued me with his outline but precise plan which I was to follow. Philip arrived early and came to look me up and found me putting the names on seats which incidentally placed himself, CM, in the middle. Philip immediately spotted that the Queen's Representative was not

seated in the centre seat and said that not to place him there would be serious breach of protocol. I adjusted the seating accordingly and sent a message to CM informing him what I had done and why. The parade started, the VIPs arrived and were seated, the Band and Drums did their stuff and we all repaired to our respective messes. All went well – or so I thought. Later, during the reception, I introduced Philip to CM whereupon, ignoring Philip, he immediately laid into me with a verbal lashing for disobeying his instructions (“mission command” hadn’t been invented then!). Philip jumped to my defence explaining what had happened and said that what I had done was absolutely correct. CM’s



Wombat.

rather public admonition of me inevitably attracted the attention of surrounding people and therefore so did Philip’s firm and authoritative repost causing CM to go purple in the face and walk off in a huff. The reader will be able to imagine what that did to our relationship! Grateful though I was for his support, I remember thinking “Thanks a bunch dear brother-in-law!”

Anyway, that set the tone for the rest of my tour with the battalion under CM with him sniping at every opportunity and me wondering if and when there would be a pay-back. There was and it came about after the aborted exercise in Otterburn due to snow and its rapidly produced replacement defence exercise in nearby Pippingford Park written by the 2I/C, Mike Reynolds. The Anti-Tank Platoon was split up with detachments deployed and under command of the rifle companies. It rained virtually all the time we were out and, in consequence, “EndEx” was called early and we rolled back into Hobbs Barracks as dawn broke on the Friday morning all soaked to the skin and very cold. CM announced that he would inspect the battalion by companies from 1130 hrs after which, if all equipment was clean and in good order, companies could stand down for the weekend. I knew, as did my soldiers, that it was most unlikely that all six WOMBATS would be up to inspection standard by then and advised Brian Faris, our company commander accordingly, but we’d do our best. In the meantime, a debrief of the chain of command was to be held in the conference room in Bn HQ at the bottom of the barracks, near the entrance. As we all sat there in an over-heated room, steam rising from some, CM set about dissecting the exercise in great detail and at great length and within a short time most people were fighting to keep their eyes open let



David Tuckers’s Lab?

alone remain alert after several days and nights deprived of sleep. CM, who must have seen people’s weariness, dug deeper and deeper into his sarcastic humour (“Ha, Ha, Captain Smith, shall I have the Mess Corporal fetch you a pillow? Ha, Ha”). Anyway, he was clearly losing that battle and certainly any sense of humour that he may have had when, at a critical silent pause, David Tucker’s labrador, which had otherwise been happily and quietly dozing but with superb timing, let out the most enormously loud yawn which nearly brought the house down, so well did it express the feelings of everyone there. Everyone, that is, except CM! David and dog were expelled but the meeting quickly ended and we left to await the inspection.

I think the order of inspection was based on companies declaring themselves ready. We certainly never did but in due course CM and his entourage arrived at our garage where everyone was still hard at work, particularly on one of the guns. I declared that one gun was not yet ready despite the platoon’s best efforts etc. His inspection of the first five passed more or less without much comment but on the sixth he found some dirt and rust, and announced “Rusty gun – take 28 days extras”. Everyone, not least me, was absolutely stunned that such a severe punishment could be dished out summarily in the circumstances, but the CO had spoken.

Instantly becoming the subalterns’ best friend, I was, nevertheless, encouraged by all the sympathy and support I received and from some unlikely sources. Even Les Wilson, then RSM, commiserated with me and inferred that I had the Sergeants Mess’ support whatever that meant! What was disappointing, however, was that Adjutant (not Tony Ward!) who could



easily have ameliorated the award by 'forgetting' a few or spreading them out, made no effort to do so. My brother officers ensured that I always had wine available to me at dinner, especially when I was dining on my own, and made a point of bringing in friends to the Mess when they could. Nevertheless, it was definitely an "ouch" experienced!



Patrick with his plaque for services rendered . . . behind his big toe is Captain Roddy Mallott

The day the troops made Patrick forget all about his broken leg

SCHOOLBOY Patrick Healey forgot all about his broken leg yesterday when an Army detachment marched into his hospital ward.

His eyes lit up in amazement as the troops halted at the foot of his bed and chorused - Hello Patrick.

The men from the Queens Regiment were coming on to see what Patrick had done with a broken leg in the hospital ward.

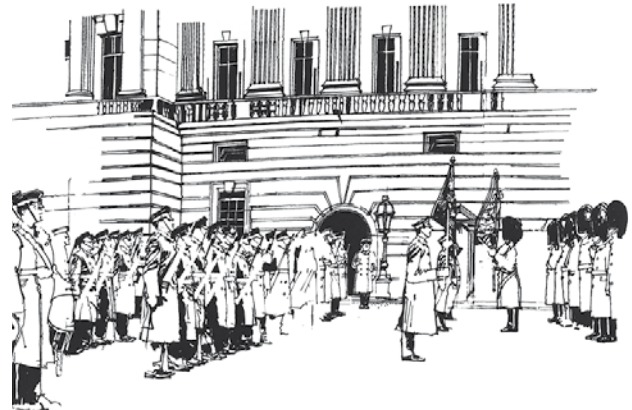
For once the Queens arrived a day early after the August term. Patrick had become a firm friend. He had the men every day.

Determined

Then a week ago, while on his way home to Mother's Garden, Glasgow, he was knocked down by a car.

Patrick's mother, Mrs. Mary Healey, said she had been told by the hospital authorities that Patrick was in a coma. She had been told that Patrick was in a coma. She had been told that Patrick was in a coma.

The 'debt' apparently settled, I was able to fade into the background and keep my head down although I did attract some extra attention, firstly, when the GOC (Gen Freeland) recognised me from my ADC days (his son, Henry, married the Ling's daughter, Libby) and chatted for a while when CM was clearly wanting to move on, secondly, when in Londonderry, our platoon 'gofer' a young local boy called Patrick Healey, was hit by a



'Buck House Billy'

landrover putting him in hospital which incident was hijacked by Army PR resulting in pictures of me presenting him with a regimental plaque being plastered all over the national papers which was not part of the CM-orientated Battalion PR plan (*Ha Ha here comes Army PR's secret weapon Ha Ha*). Finally, by sheer chance, I was drawn centre-piece of the CM-inspired Public Duties commemorative drawings which he had not, apparently, intended! (*"Ha, Ha, Here comes Buck House Billy! Ha Ha"*). However, by then, my rehabilitation was just around the corner.

(Ed: AAAB, the President, informs me that he has little sympathy for 'BHB' as, following AAAB receiving 50 extras for some minor misdemeanour, 'BHB', the battalion adjutant, awarded him a further 50 extras, having caught him inspecting the guard, from the Orderly Officer's bunk window, wearing No1 Dress Hat, Blues jacket, Sam Browne and pyjama bottoms. Perhaps a case of pot calling the kettle black!)

PROUD TO HAVE BEEN A WIFE OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

by Carol Kohn

"I'm never going to marry a squaddie, or have kids" I told my Auntie Julie, as I helped her pack and march out of her quarters in Germany years before.

Some years later sitting on the floor, with a coffee in my blistered hands, surrounded by MFO boxes and a young daughter crawling around, I started to realise that my life would never be the same now I had actually married one!

He was at Basingbourn and I was in Northampton packing up our life into wooden boxes, which needed assembling with more screws than Screwfix. If it didn't fit in the box, it didn't go. Trying to ensure that they were movable and not too heavy, I made sure that I could lift both ends...well almost, there's always one that's too heavy!

The army truck certainly got the neighbours talking when it arrived to collect my boxes. They all came round asking what was going on and looking for gossip. I very quickly learnt that Forces wives' are masters at it. I'd been given loads of advice from aunts and uncles who were all members of the Forces or married into them. The advice ranged from how to pack, what to pack and my duties as a wife; how to behave and what to expect. This advice was invaluable, when I finally needed it.

My first posting was Cyprus so I was really excited but nervous too, as I was newly married and didn't know anyone - no internet or mobile phones then. The fact that the whole of the battalion was moving there at the same time, reassured me that it would be easy to make friends.

Looking back, I smile as I remember my concerns at making friends and fitting in. I'd made friends with a couple of new wives before we took off from Brize Norton and I'd decided to just be myself and let nature take its course. I had moments of feeling homesick in the first few weeks, but that soon passed. I'd found that the Families Officer could be quite helpful at times and that having our own NAAFI and medical centre on camp was a God-send as now we had a 5 year old and a toddler. There was always something to do, or somewhere to visit. You just had to be independent and go out and find it, or ask around.

We created a social club called the Crusaders for those of us that liked motorbikes. We had all ranks involved - even some RAF guys. We rode around the island with the Cypriots from a local bike club for a local children's charity. The BFBS radio station followed our progress and we finished at their station. We had advertised it well and as a result we needed a police escort by the end of it there was so many bikers!

The battalion held a weekend event called 'Ex Petticoat Pirates'. The aim was to give the wives an idea of what our husbands did at work..... I personally found it good fun! We swapped roles, the guys stayed at home with the kids and were supposed to do the housework etc. I think they just all grouped at the NAAFI! The wives donned their husband's uniform and took part in various tasks including drill, obstacle courses, firing ranges, going out in the RIBs, sleeping out overnight in bashers etc. We loved it and of course none of us took it seriously; we really gave the NCOs a hard time with our friendly back-chat and humour. (There is a video somewhere) We came together as wives and it was great fun.

There were of course difficult times - the guys going away to South Georgia and the Falklands for months, for example. This was really hard and some struggled being without their loved one. Having family from the UK to stay helped, and being in Cyprus there was always someone coming over.

I think back and imagine the scene as I look around me; the garden is full of toys, and empty chairs waiting to be filled. There's the Sgt lighting the coal, Cpls opening the beers, Colour's in the kitchen working his magic with the chicken, whilst the girls join in with the squaddie banter that civvies just cannot understand. I hear the sound of more bikes and the voices of our other friends and their children coming down Berengaria's Geranium gardens. It's BBQ time.

Some of the proudest moments were seeing your husband and your friends on the parade square in their No 2s. It always brought a lump to my throat and a tear to my eye, no matter what; that sight always makes me smile, and always will.

My family now includes The Queen's Regiment and its members, and I still keep in contact with them to this day, and like all good Army wives, I still have some of my MFO boxes. And yes - I am proud to be a wife of The Queen's Regiment!



The 'Petticoat Pirates'



Proudly watching our men



The Colours on parade



QRRR RIDE TO THE BROTHERS IN ARMS

by Terry Price

On the dry morning of 19th June, the QRRR set out to the Brothers In Arms (BIA) yearly get together in Belgium after being invited by The Patriots MC. After a short briefing at the "The One Stop" Junction 11 on the M20 to ascertain our ride order, we took the short ten min journey to the Channel Tunnel terminal where we met up with four of The Patriots MC. As we made our way around to the lanes it appeared that one of our members, Jon, was missing. However, after about 10 minutes he finally arrived and it appears he had mislaid his passport so could not get past security.

After arriving in France, we disembarked from the train and began the arduous journey to Herenthout in Belgium. Upon arriving in Eindhoven, however, we discovered three lanes of standstill traffic. Up to this point we had been riding in a staggered formation. The lead rider, Shane from The Patriots MC, gave the signal to form a single line and commenced filtering through the traffic. As the lead bikes made their way, the cars and other vehicles started to move over forming a nice gap up the middle which was great for us riders near the back and was a time of great excitement and exhilaration as we rode through the traffic. The noise from the bikes was a deafening roar.

After a short while we finally reached our destination, Herenthout, where we were shown the campsite and the lads started putting up their tents. It was at this point our Treasurer erected what can only be described as a *Harlot's Boudoir* (there is always one). Anyhow we made our way to the clubhouse where we had to greet everyone who was already there with much handshaking and man-hugs. The thing is once you are there everyone who attends

after you has to do the same (Relief). It was then that the partying and the tall tales began. It was at this point that Jon, who had earlier misplaced his passport, was awarded the nickname "*Passport*" as his ride name.

After much drinking, the lads finally made their way to their beds (not sure how) with the plan to visit the historic site of the Battle of Waterloo in the morning, which was holding its 200th anniversary. In the morning, however, some of the lads breath-tested themselves and discovered they were still over the driving limit (Danni aka Choke Knob) so could not come. Roughly 14 of us did however make the journey led by our Treasurer, Steve (The Bard) Barden. After arriving at Waterloo we were amused to find Napoleon and his General riding a scooter with a side car (which may explain why he lost at Waterloo) and the local police closely behind in a weird four-wheel smart car contraption. It was even stranger to watch the police officer proceed to give Napoleon and his General a ticket for not wearing crash helmets. Apparently a Bicorn is not suitable headwear for a bike but is OK for a war zone.

After visiting the battle site some of the lads decided to visit the Waterloo museum and finally returned to the BIA campsite to continue their partying and apparently studying some girls with their tops off. It was at this point that our resident Jock, (Rod Stirling), discovered he had burned his calves from the exhaust because he was wearing an urban combat skirt or kilt, as he likes to call it. A great time was had by the QRRR and our love and respect go out to The Patriots, Invictus and All Arms Veterans and all who attended.





Perhaps a scooter under wraps



Brothers in Arms



The Bard gives his customary salute



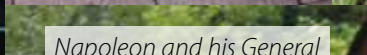
A man and a kilt



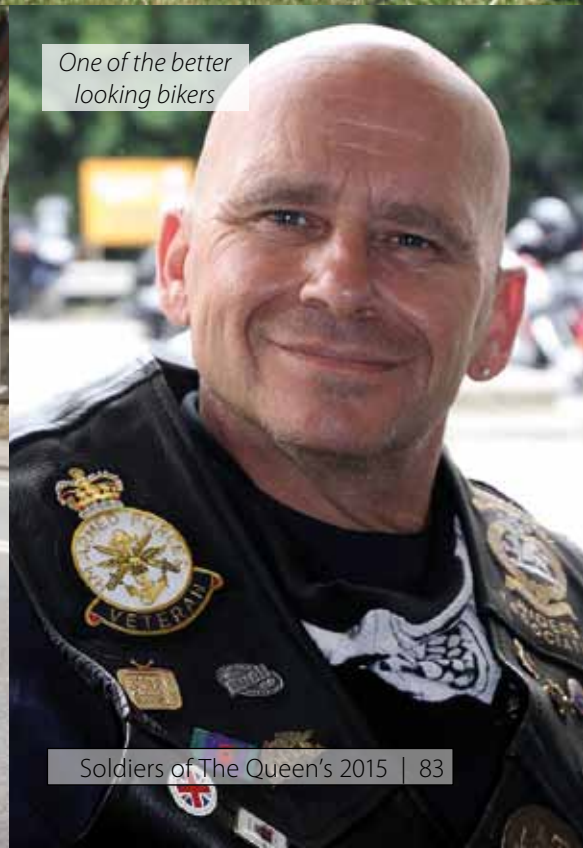
The Harlot's Boudoir.



Entertainment for the troops.



Napoleon and his General



One of the better looking bikers





THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT MEMORIAL WOODLAND ONE YEAR ON - JUNE 2015

The Queen's Regiment Memorial Woodland, located at Pasturewood Road, Holmbury St Mary, Dorking, Surrey, celebrated its 1st anniversary on 7th June 2015 and what a successful year it has been.

The woodland is just as I imagined it would be when I purchased the land four years ago. It provides a place of solace, somewhere to meet and to enjoy the company of like-minded people. I like to think of it as an open air servicemen's surgery and I am pleased that we have been able to help several ex-servicemen and their families in our first year of existence.

With a steady flow of visitors, locals and ex-service personnel coming from all over the UK and further afield, donations have come to us in varying forms; wood chippings for the pathways from local companies, telegraph poles to line the pathways from Open Reach; tables and chairs for the cabin from a local club, a handmade oak bench donated by ex-Queensmen; plants from individuals as well as local nurseries; money specifically to purchase items for woodland maintenance and much appreciated help and support from local friends and ex-servicemen.

Apart from working at the woodland, we have been spreading the word of our existence by attending military events such as War and Peace Revival, Surrey at War 1914, Wheels for Troops, a VE Day Celebration, and several local village fairs.



The bench and the lovely people who sponsored it



The Monolith and the Queens walkers



Col Beattie unveiling the plaque



Col Beattie and Paul after the unveiling of the plaque

Two personal highlights in the year were being invited to represent The Queen's Regiment Memorial Woodland at a Service held at Guildford Cathedral on Armed Forces Day and attending as guests on Buffs Sunday in Canterbury.

Our own fund raising events have been very well supported. In September 2014 we put on a musical event "Guns 'n' Poppies"; in March 2015 we had an Easter Egg Hunt at the Woodland when it was lovely to see so many local children who not only came to hunt for Easter eggs but enjoyed learning something of the history of The Queen's Regiment, and about the flora and fauna of the woodland from the information notices we have placed around the wood. To

end our first year on 31st May, due to popular demand, we put on another musical event, *"Stars in Their Eyes"* which again was a great success and will be a hard act to follow.

During our 1st anniversary celebration at the Woodland, four ex-Queensmen did a sponsored 30 mile walk from HM Tower of London arriving at the Woodland as visitors gathered and The Royal British Legion Band played them in to a big cheer. Colonel Anthony Beattie, our new Patron, unveiled The Queen's Regiment Plaque that was presented to me last year by the Association, the oak bench made by ex-Queensmen and a beautiful piece of work which another ex-Queensman built in honour of the Regiment. A few cans of beer were opened and a BBQ was provided by a local publican.

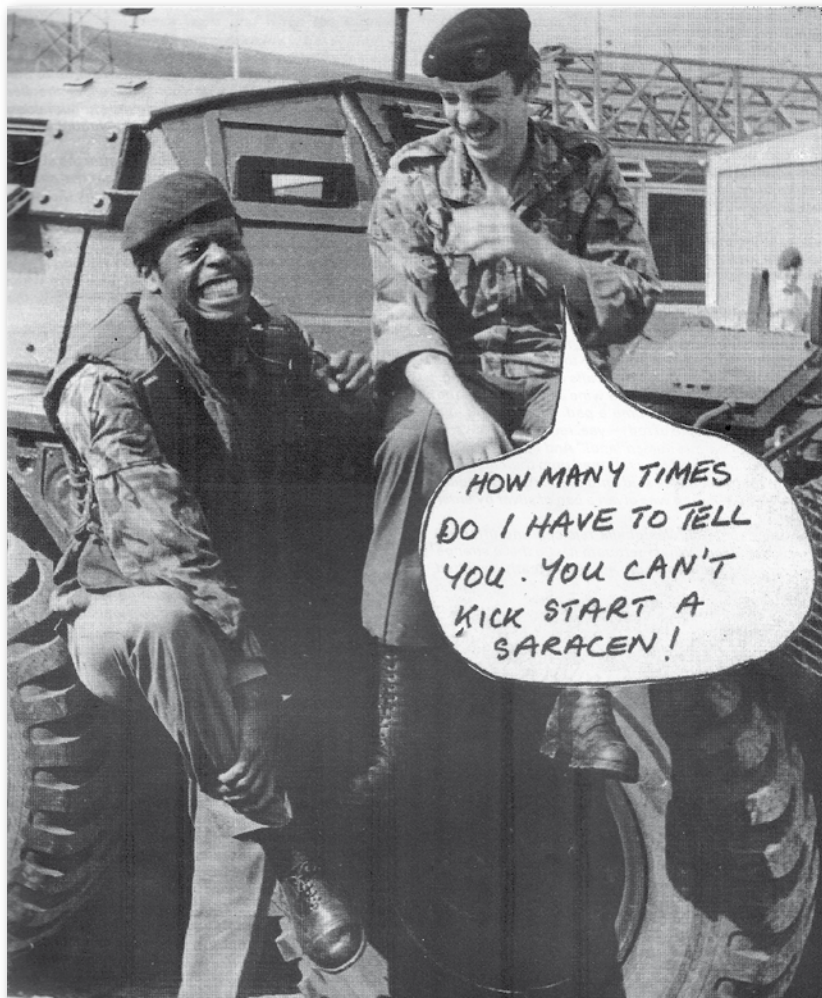
So, as we go into our second year, maintenance continues at the woodland. We will continue to let people know about us by attending more events and a priority is to keep working on becoming a fully registered charity.

We now have new stocks of T-shirts from a new supplier and are pleased to announce they are excellent quality and available in three different designs. Also do check out other items; Teddy bears, jigsaws of the woodland and much more that we now have for sale by visiting our Facebook page or the website at www.queensmemorialgarden.co.uk.

We have also launched "Friends of The Queen's Regiment Memorial Woodland". If you are interested in becoming a 'friend' you can opt to pay a monthly or annual amount (anything from £5) payable by Standing Order, Paypal or cheque. Please contact Debbiehornblow@yahoo.co.uk or Tel: 07778873806.

In the meantime, please come and walk around our "little piece of heaven" in an area of natural beauty, have a drink with us in the NAAFI and write in our Visitors' Book.

THANK YOU to everyone who has supported us in the last year.





REGIMENTAL MUSEUM - DOVER CASTLE

by Henry Thomas, Museum Curator

As we all know, the Regimental Museum has been located within Dover Castle for a good number of years. Those who have visited the museum will notice that not a lot has changed. You may ask why. Well, it is very simple. The Museum has received very few artefacts in the last 30-plus years. Therefore, it has proved difficult to improve the presentation of the display and make changes.

Over the last few months, the Regiment has developed a project called Op REVITALISE, which has seen a committee form to develop both fundraising and collect items to display in the Museum. The Chairman of this committee is Col (Retd) Patrick Crowley, who is well respected for his knowledge of regimental history, and therefore ideal for the post. There are a number of other individuals, including the Association Secretary, who have accepted appointments on this committee, but we would welcome anyone who would like to volunteer to assist the committee or assist in setting up the new look museum in the coming months.

The time frame for Op REVITALISE is from now until September 2018, which seems to be a big window in time, but as we all know, time waits for no man. We will have to close the museum for a period of time, to get the new set-up ready, which will mean that we have to fit this timing within English Heritage arrangements during the Dover Castle operating times.

Our biggest challenge is that we wish to give the museum a more personal approach, getting stories to objects, not just showing a case full of medal; allowing visitors to read why this individual gained such awards; what they mean to us as ex-serving members of the Regiment; giving them some real stories to remember, and making their visit something they take away, and want to come back for more.

Within the display area, we will have a display case, which will be changed regularly, to reflect events such as regimental days, days which the Country should remember, such as major WWII events; Northern Ireland, where we, as a regiment, spent a great deal of time, BAOR, and colonial service. But we desperately need artefacts and this is where you can help. When you are clearing out your loft on your next move or just while giving your home a good de-clutter, consider those items you held back from your de-kit thinking that you may need that item some time. Well, this is the time to gift them to your Regimental Museum! We would be happy to collect, or you could come along to the Museum yourself and donate them. And why not have a good look around the old place, before we develop it to the new PWRR & QUEEN'S Regimental Museum?

You can gift anything you feel may be of interest, such as photos (with details of who, where, when), items of clothing or equipment that you may have obtained during your service. We would love some background to these items to allow us to give our visitors a more detailed record of events encountered by our soldiers during their dedicated service to Queen and Country.

Details for donations or to arrange a visit to the museum are below:

PWRR & Queen's Regimental Museum
The Keep, Dover Castle, Castle Hill, Dover CT16 1HU

Email: pwrrqueensmuseum@btconnect.com - Telephone: 01304240121

Facebook: <https://m.facebook.com/PWRRQUEENSMUSEUM>

Henry.thomas112@mod.uk - Telephone: 01227 817975

(Ed: Free entrance to Dover Castle can be obtained on production of a Queen's Regimental Association Membership Card. This can be obtained from the Association Secretary on payment of a £3.00 or more donation to the Benevolent Fund and by filling in the application form that accompanies this Journal.)

MEMORIES

Sir Geoffrey Howe, who served with the Royal Signals as a National Serviceman, made an incongruous sight in a blue anorak, clerical grey trousers and his ubiquitous Hush Puppies, when he appeared in the thick of the battle on Exercise Spearpoint. Aides and military minders were extremely relieved that the accident prone Sir Geoffrey did not rip his trousers on barbed wire or end up with them covered in mud as he talked to soldiers of the 5th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment. Not only did the Foreign Secretary get a carefully researched briefing on the Spearpoint overview but he also received a sharp reminder of traditional service humour. When he spoke to Private Marcus Little of the Queen's, Little's Lance Corporal, a burly gentleman named Colin Campbell, leaned across and said: "You could have picked somebody prettier, Sir. He's even uglier than I am".

Report in the Daily Telegraph 20th Sept 84

MEMORIES

1 QUEENS were given the unexciting role of a Home Defence battalion responsible in platoon packets for guarding KPs and VPs across the south-east if/when WW3 was to break out. The particular threat was from Soviet Spetznatz smuggled into the country in small groups by submarine to sabotage critical government facilities, in particular communications ones. One was an undersea cable terminus buried deep in the cliffs secured through an unsigned and heavily fenced and barbed wired entrance hidden in a small wood on the cliff top.

Being a responsible CO I thought to view the position from the shore side. Here I found a notice leaning slightly drunkenly on a metal post which read 'BEWARE! BURIED CABLES'. So much for security!

David Dickens

Prints for Sale

Tich Myers' excellent painting of The Queen's Regiment Memorial to the Fallen, which he donated, raised £333.00 for our Benevolent Fund.

He is now happy to sell signed limited edition prints in two sizes. After printing and postal costs he will donate 50% of profits to the Benevolent Fund. All prints are professionally printed on artist quality paper.

490x400mm (A3) £36.50 incl postage

309x252mm (A4) £25.00 incl postage



To purchase please contact Tich Myers at davidmyers30@sky.com, on 07970472551 or Facebook David Myers Ramsgate.



A MEMORIAL TO THE CHUFF CHART LADY

by Ray Heathfield

After the article on Miss Gladys Blackburne (the Chuff Chart Lady) in last year's Journal and her photograph and story appearing on Facebook, many people thought the idea of a memorial to her would be most appropriate and welcome. The foreseen problems were the collection, retention and distribution of the funds required to obtain the memorial. It was agreed that the Palace Barracks Memorial Garden in Belfast would be the ideal location. After speaking to Albert Owens MBE, he gave us a price. So, with price, location and wording of a stone agreed, a way to raise the funds was needed. After a search of the internet, I found a JustGiving page that allowed fundraising for community projects.

Having looked at some of the other community projects already being organised, I decided this was the ideal way for us to try and meet our £600 target. A few more phone calls and it was agreed I would open a Community Fundraising page, where anyone could pledge a donation to the memory of Gladys Blackburne.

It was fortunate that quite a few people had already promised to make a donation, but not £600 worth at that

point. Part of the conditions of this page was that we only had 30 days to raise the target. If it was not met, the pledges would not be collected, and the project could not go ahead. With a slight amount of trepidation, I sent the details to JustGiving, and waited for their reply. Within a few days, we got the go-ahead for the fundraising page to go live, and so we started!

The JustGiving page was plastered everywhere over Facebook, 'shared' by many and emailed to anyone I could think of. Not only was I concerned that the target would not be reached, I was also 'harassing' people, but hopefully not putting them off! Had I miss anyone? It was necessary to contact as many of her friends still living in Northern Ireland, (and there are still quite a few!) as I could find. Major Noel Nash, who knew Gladys, gave me a few names, and I contacted a retired RUC officer called Ben Forde, who knew Gladys very well. Between us, we covered most people.

The £600 target was reached in three days such was the respect and admiration for Miss Blackburne. Many veterans donated, as they had promised, but so did many who never served, but knew Gladys from her work. Her personal friends also donated. The total raised in the 30-day period was over £1,200, and, after fees and a few unpaid pledges, a cheque for £1,127 was presented to Albert, custodian of the Memorial Gardens in Palace Barracks.

A date for the dedication and unveiling of the memorial stone was agreed, so a weekend in Belfast was arranged. I travelled with my wife Kathy, and Tony Rogers, also ex 2nd Battalion, with his partner Fiona. About 25 people attended and even a reporter from BFBS Belfast came. The ceremony was extremely well organised by Major Noel Nash, who arranged for a piper and bugler to attend, and Brigadier Ralph Wooddisse MBE MC Commander 38 Irish Brigade to unveil the Memorial stone.

So, our journey was complete. writing an article and posting a photograph on Facebook took me on a weekend to Belfast, meeting some great people, remembering a great lady, and having a great time. All thanks to Miss Blackburne.

Her memory lives on.



Memorial Stone.



Tony Hurrell, Ray Heathfield, Tony Rogers
at the Memorial Stone



Ray Heathfield presenting the
cheque to Albert Owens MBE.

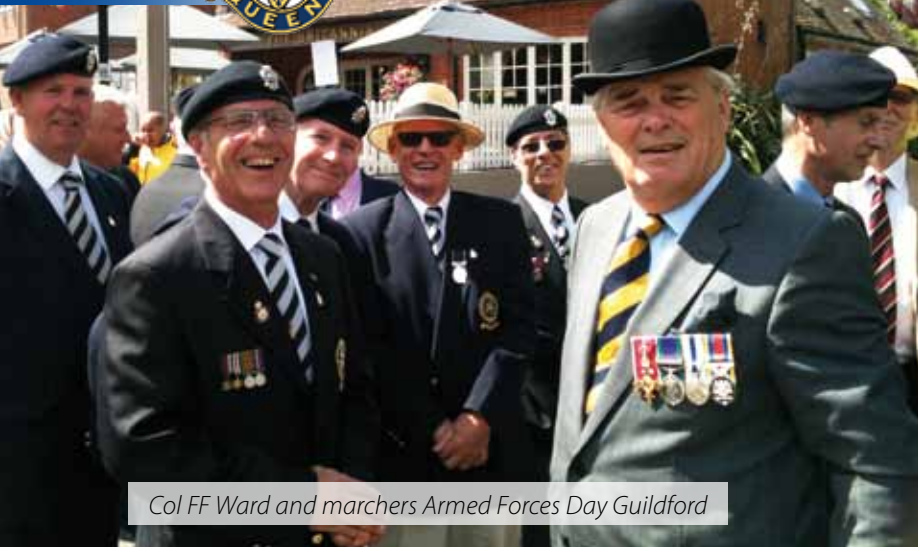




3rd Battalion



REUNIONS



Col FF Ward and marchers Armed Forces Day Guildford



3rd Battalion



Armed Forces Day, Gillingham



1 Queen's Reunion 2015

2 QUEENS RE-UNION 1982-4

(CYPRUS/COLCHESTER/DERRY)

by Tim Scott

Every year, about May/June, a group of us meet at the Honourable Artillery Company just north of the City of London. We are hosted by Simon Garrett, former CO of the HAC, and are now in our 11th year of meeting.

The group is mostly based on former subalterns from the above era, including Simon Garrett, Gordon Adam, Sean Duggan and Tim Scott. James Ewart (OC C Coy), Stanford Jeffrey (RAPC att to 2 QUEENS in Derry) and Steve Pritchard (8 Bde Int) have also been regular attendees. Guests have also included George France, Justin Hiscox, Mike Newman and Matthew Stillwell.

In September we met to welcome John Fisher, now a Colonel in the Australian Army.

Favourite topics of conversation included assorted 'pull-up-a-sandbag' type stories, plus the inevitable complaints about the number of 'extras' received. If you want to join us please get in touch.



From L to R: Duggan, Newman, Pritchard, Scott, Ewart, France, Jeffrey, Garrett, Stillwell, Adam.

SITREP

VIP, CO, RSM, OC and CSM in PVCP using WC ASP. PC doing VCP in CPV with RUC and UDR, carrying SMG, SLR, GPMG and FRG, looking for IED so he can make ICP to RV with ATO, RMP, SIB, SPG and DMSU, but back at HQ the 2IC, IO, SOCO, RESA, SAS, and an NCO are looking at a map of the TAOR to help the MT and the REME to get back to LSN. Got it?



EXERCISE ROCK RETURN

GIBRALTAR 5th-8th DECEMBER 2014

by Barry Azzopardi



After a routine four day shift at BRNC Dartmouth, the intrepid members of 3 and 4 sections, including Sgts Barry Azzopardi, Nick Azzopardi, LCpls Neill, Johnson, Southern and future son-in-law Oden, and Pte Luke. set off for Gatwick Airport to be joined by invited guests, Dave Harris and son ex 1st Battalion. We arrived in Gatwick Airport in the early hours of Friday morning feeling a little weary having been on the go for nearly 24 hours - time for a quick 40 winks before boarding our *easyJet* flight to Gibraltar.

We arrived just before lunch in glorious sunshine and 21 degrees. All of a sudden the tiredness was gone and we could focus on getting settled into Britannia House, getting essential supplies from the local Morrisons and starting to prepare for the WOs' and Sgts' Mess Xmas Ball. Booted and suited, and of course with Amy in her little black dress looking like a million dollars, we set off for Devil's Tower Camp, where we were greeted by young Pte James Azzopardi of the Gibraltar Regiment. IDs checked, we were welcomed to the Mess by the Mess President, WO1 Mark (Mac) McLoughlin. Also joining us were Stu Stretting and

Kev Milsom, both ex 1 QUEENS and we were wined and dined and danced the night away in superb company.

Saturday morning was a tourist day including a tour of the Rock, St Michael's Cave and the Barbary apes all of which made for thirsty work. So we headed into town to sample the delights of the local hosteleries.

Bright and early Sunday morning we made our way to Maida Vale tunnel entrance where we were met by ex Gibraltar Regiment member, Peter Jackson OBE, who gave us an excellent and informative tour of the tunnel complex. As we emerged from the tunnels I received an invitation to proceed across the border to the infamous Bubba's where we reflected on the days gone by and postings in the sun.

We returned early on Monday morning to grab a bit of kip before dashing to Duty Free and the flight home. A great weekend with old and new friends!



THE '8TH BATTALION'

by Mike Jelf

The '8th Battalion The Queen's Regiment', not to be confused with the 8th (Territorial) Battalion The Queen's Regiment (West Kent) (!) was, I believe, dreamed up as a group title encompassing all those serving and retired officers and soldiers of the Regiment working and or living within a generous radius of Warminster. We already had a 5th, and 6th/7th Battalion after all, and with so many serving and former members of the Regiment 'out West', it was an inspired choice of phrase. Bn HQ was initially vested in the office of Maj (Retd) Roddy Mellotte, formerly of the 1st Battalion, whom readers will recall as a close friend and confidant of the late Brigadier Charles Millman!

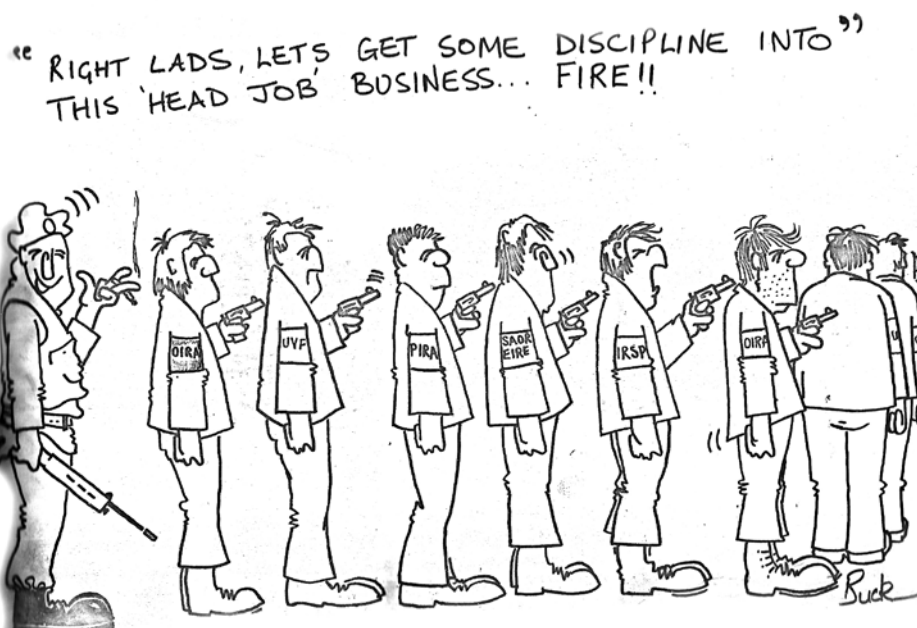
Roddy, in his wisdom and with the serving and former members of the Regiment very much in mind, felt that the Albuhera Day Silent Toast ceremony that had taken place at Warminster over many years, should be taken a step further. So came about the annual Albuhera Lunch in the Infantry Mess of the Land Warfare Centre, formerly the School of Infantry, and what an enjoyable occasion it has proved to be over the years. Whilst our Battalions have come and gone on unit moves or operations, quite a few of our officers, warrant officers and SNCOs pass through Warminster on postings or courses, so a lunch to celebrate our Regimental Day seemed entirely appropriate.

Roddy appointed himself as the first 'Commanding Officer', a move that Charles Millman would undoubtedly have approved, and for 14 years organised the lunch with great aplomb. In 2005, Roddy's time as CO came to an end and he was able to handover to Lt Col (Retd) Mike Jelf (2nd, 3rd and 5th Battalions) who had called time on being a spurious military consultant to return to the fold as an RO in HQ D Inf.

The Albuhera Lunch has always been an event much looked forward to each year when 20-40 serving and retired members of the Regiment would attend to meet old friends and keep in touch with new generations. Colonels of the Regiment have often graced us with their presence and there have frequently been guests from the other regiments who were at Albuhera in May 1811, particularly Fusiliers, increasingly important as RHQ PWRR now resides in the Tower alongside RHQ RRF. The French LO to the Land Warfare Centre has always been invited and recently, so have the German and Danish LOs. Prior to lunch, the Silent Toast has been conducted and occasionally there has been a short talk given about the Battle of Albuhera itself, quite the finest being given towards the end of Roddy's time as CO by the late Richard Holmes, then Colonel of the Regiment, who seemed to know all the principal characters, on both sides, almost intimately. It was a masterpiece.

The Infantry Mess has been enormously supportive of the lunch over the years and has let us down just twice when no lunch took place. Tragically, they were the years 2011 (the 200th anniversary) and 2012, during a period of long-overdue refurbishment for the Mess.

Mike Jelf has now retired finally, but for the moment is holding on to power until after organising the Albuhera Lunch in 2016, at which point he hopes to handover the reins to a serving officer. The Albuhera Lunch 2016 will be held in the Infantry Mess on Friday 13th May allowing those attending to travel up to The National Memorial Arboretum for the Dedication of the new Queen's Regiment Memorial on Sunday 15th May.



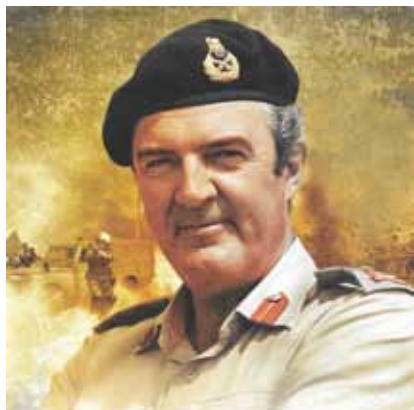


OBITUARIES

MAJOR GENERAL MIKE REYNOLDS CB

Colonel of the Regiment

by AAA Beattie



Major General Mike Reynolds, who died on 21 October 2015, was the last of the five Colonels of the Queen's Regiment. In that position, he fought a passionate and gallant battle with the Ministry of Defence to save the Regiment from an extraordinary amalgamation with the Royal Hampshire Regiment, across the boundary of two infantry divisions. He also led the Presidents of all our forebear regiments to Downing Street to present a joint petition to the Prime Minister. That his campaign was ultimately unsuccessful was entirely due to intransigence at the highest levels and General Mike recorded the outcome as 'a very grave injustice done to our Regiment.'

Educated at Cranleigh, he developed an early and lasting enthusiasm for military life aspiring initially to the Indian Army until that option was curtailed by India's independence in 1947. In July 1947, he commenced National Service in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Later, he transferred to the Infantry and The Royal Highland Regiment, The Black Watch, undergoing basic training with the Highland Light Infantry near Inverness. He attended the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, where he was awarded the Queen's Medal for achieving the highest scores in military, practical and academic studies and was commissioned into The Queen's Royal Regiment in 1950. When volunteers were called for to go to Korea, he volunteered and was posted to the 1st Battalion The Royal Norfolk Regiment, arriving with the battalion shortly before Christmas Day 1951. He served as a rifle platoon commander until wounded by a grenade explosion during a company ambush operation on 2 August. He was left for dead on the battlefield, in the dark, until a National Service subaltern, refusing to leave him there, went out the next night and brought him back subsequently earning an MC. He was evacuated out of theatre to the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot. As a consequence of his injury, he suffered a shortening of his right leg, but, in characteristic style and with the aid of a built-up shoe, fought off the prospect of transfer to a non-combat arm writing to his father, 'If my leg holds out and is still good in six months' time I shall try to stay on in the Queen's.' That this was achieved can only be counted as a long-lasting benefit to the Regiment he continued to serve in and serve throughout his military career and afterwards.

In 1955 he married Miss Anne Truman and the two of them went on to have a long and happy marriage blessed with three daughters: Victoria, Gabrielle and Deborah.

He served as a Company Commander with 1st Battalion the Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment in Munster from 1964-66, moving onto the staff of the Canadian Forces Headquarters until the end of 1967. In November 1966 the voluntary amalgamation of the four Home Counties' infantry regiments had been agreed, about which he said, 'I was shocked, but there was nothing to do but transfer my allegiance.' There can be no doubt that the nature of that amalgamation and the way the decision had been made coloured his perception of the right way to do things when the subsequent amalgamation of the Queen's with the Royal Hampshires was mooted. Return to the new 1st Battalion saw a second tour as Company Commander in Bahrain with him moving on to be Second-in-Command, including during the battalion's emergency tour in Londonderry in 1969. His regimental service culminated with command of the 2nd Battalion which was based in Werl, West Germany as part of the 3rd Armoured Division, from which he led the battalion on two highly successful tours in Northern Ireland.

After the Regiment, his appointments included command of 12th Mechanized Brigade in Germany, followed by attendance on the Royal College of Defence Studies and then Deputy Adjutant General, BAOR. His final command was as Major General, Commander Allied Command Europe Mobile Force (Land) for which he was appointed a Companion of the Order of the Bath. His last military appointment was Assistant Director, Plans and Policy Division, NATO International Military Staff in Brussels. Additionally, from 1984-86, he held the honorary position of Colonel Commandant the Queen's Division.

He will be remembered for his leadership, his compassion and his sense of humour and, in the context of the Queen's Regiment for his impassioned defence throughout 1991 of the Regiment's right to exist un-amalgamated. We could not have been better represented.



Christened Robert Michael McGhie, Bob McGhie, who died suddenly on the 11th October 2014, was born in Scotland in 1947 and raised as an Army child in Singapore and Southampton and many places in-between by his parents John and Hilda, who always called him Bobby. There were early signs of what was to come when he was expelled from school, a convent school, aged 3 years. The reason is not generally known, but those who knew Bob might not be surprised.

Despite his early run-ins with school authority, he was admitted to Peter Symonds School in Winchester where he finished eager to go to Sandhurst and learn how to command troops.

And command he did. He joined the 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment in 1968 and commanded troops in Lingfield, Bahrain and Northern Ireland. Somewhere in all of this he persuaded Lou, with no little commanding personality of her own, to marry him

and so began their 22-year married life together, bringing him family, love and home, and while he looked after his soldiers, Lou threw herself into looking after their wives. A great team they were.

Bob continued with Regimental soldiering through postings in Bulford, where a son, Stewart, came along in 1974, and then to Werl in BAOR in 1975. At the US School of Infantry in Fort Benning, Georgia, Helen came along in 1977, and she was immediately dubbed Helen Georgia. After Staff College in Canada, Bob's growing family returned to the UK and James presented himself in Yorkshire in 1980.

With his children in place, his mind was back to the Regiment, commanding Tangier 'A' Company, 1 QUEENS, England's Senior Infantry Rifle Company. Northern Ireland tours came and went and he must have acquitted himself well as he next took command of the Northern Ireland Training and Advisory Team. After a spell as a staff officer in Tidworth he took command of the 3rd Battalion, and here perhaps followed his best and most rewarding years in the Army. His time in command took in further tours to Northern Ireland and a deployment to Belize. Through the efforts of the 3rd Battalion, in supporting and helping communities across that country, the battalion was awarded the Wilkinson Sword of Peace and Bob was made an OBE. He could not have been prouder of everything 3 QUEENS had achieved.

After command, nothing was quite the same. His last two appointments in the Army were in London, first at the Ministry of Defence and then at the Royal Naval College in Greenwich, teaching at the Joint Services Defence College. Fun, but not fun enough.

The end of the Cold War brought the fall of the Berlin Wall, the collapse of the Soviet Union, and a new menace to the business community of London. Bob was demobbed. He took voluntary redundancy in 1991 and with huge enthusiasm, optimism and self-confidence, not to mention his incredible self-starting work ethic, he began a new life turning ideas into businesses. During this time he met Jan, who became his second wife in 1993, and they began their nine year married life together along with step-son Adam. It was a nine-year rollercoaster of fun, travel, drama and antique collecting.

One thing was clear from the tributes that were sent to his family, he certainly knew how to battle. In fact, a number of the same sentiments kept coming up in the many letters and emails received: professional; competent; strong leader; trusted; fair to his soldiers; combative; no nonsense; cheerful; efficient; generous. These were also all the same attributes he took with him from the Army into civilian life and there are many people beyond his Army career who experienced Bob in exactly the same way and used exactly the same words to describe him.

He was a husband to two women, whom he loved dearly, and long-term partner to two other women whom he loved dearly too. He was a civil servant and a businessman. He was an antiques collector and a gambler. He was a sportsman and a reader. He was a soldier and a salesman. He was a straight-talker and wrote poems. He was born Scottish and lived English. He was a brother and uncle and a father and step-father and grandfather. He was a mentor and a friend. He could be the greatest company, thoughtful and generous at heart, but equally he could be a stubborn ox.

His last day was a happy day in which he did those small things that gave him greatest pleasure. It was Friday 10th October, and a lovely sunny day. All day he was talking to everyone about the 1 QUEENS Werl Ladies' Night reunion at Sandhurst that he was so looking forward to the next day. The last call he made was just after he got home. There was no answer so he hung up and settled in for the evening. That call was to his son Stewart in Nairobi. Sadly he didn't make the reunion.



MEMORIES OF COLIN



1972 brought with it my final term as a rookie soldier. At 17 years of age I had spent twelve months at the Junior Infantry Battalion in Shorncliffe near to Folkestone. Looking back I now realise how that training shaped me into the man

that I was to become. Here, I learned the value of trust and good friendship as well as the necessary skills of a modern soldier. Encouragement was given to take up hobbies, particularly ones involving a sporting element. Upon spotting the artificial ski slope next to the assault course, my eyes widened with interest and my hobby was soon chosen: skiing. I would spend every spare minute perfecting my skills and quickly became a proficient skier. The efforts were rewarded when I was chosen to participate in Ex SNOW QUEEN.

The village of Sonthofen in Bavaria, close to the Austrian border, hosted this British Army operation during that winter. I thought that my dreams had come true when I arrived and was able to practice my 'snow ploughs' and 'stem christies' on the slopes of Mount Grunten. As my mind goes back I still cringe recalling the moment that I took my eye off the ball whilst hurtling down the mountain at the end of a fast run. With my concentration gone, I hit a rut and went flying skywards landing heavily on my shoulder. An ambulance ride to a local German hospital showed that I had fractured my left humerus, but humorous it was not!

The long journey home to start my rehabilitation then began, with time spent at the US Army base in Munich followed by a stay at the British Military Hospital in Hannover. By early spring I was back in Britain, convalescing at the Queen Elizabeth Military Hospital at Woolwich. After a quick assessment, I was referred to the Joint Services Medical Rehabilitation at Chessington in Surrey. My rehabilitation continued and my fitness levels started to return thanks to the guidance and excellent care of the medical staff. In between my medical care and physiotherapy appointments I was given a responsibility that left me with a treasured memory. Maybe I was given this task as I was still considered a 'sprog'.

My job was to look after a soldier not much older than myself. 'Colin', as I remember him, had been seriously wounded in Belfast, leaving him paralysed down one side and unable to communicate apart from slightly different sounding grunts. His remaining life would be spent in a wheelchair and totally dependent on others. I was now his carer during the day-time. Colin had a huge scar on his head that was surrounded by a few weeks of hair growth. Within a short time, I began to understand Colin's grunts and we could communicate and even have a little fun. I remember Colin's efforts to get me to help when he needed the toilet – a grunt would be followed by him pointing behind his wheelchair to his bottle. I would often mischievously tell him where it was, but when his fingers got close I would move it slowly sideways so he could not reach it. It may sound cruel now, but it brought a smile to Colin's face, and it was the kind of trick that 17 year-olds play.

Colin would get excited each Friday at the thought of his mother's regular weekly visit. I'm not sure if he was looking forward to seeing his mum or if it was the supply of Mars Bars she bought along which was the attraction. I would move over to the far side of the room when Colin's mum arrived to allow them time together. She was a lovely lady and I clearly remember the noises of glee Colin made each time she came. She spent hours helping Colin with therapy. A favourite pastime was placing his hand on a sheet of A4 paper and with guidance from his mum drawing with a pencil around his fingers and hand. Colin's efforts were often rewarded with a mars bar. I spent a lot of my time at Chessington helping Colin and making sure that he arrived at his various appointments. My time there came to an end when I was eventually declared fit and returned to my unit.

In 1976 I left the Army and the following year joined Staffordshire Police. The memories of my service as a soldier and particularly of my friend Colin never left me. It was, therefore, a heart-stopping moment for me when years later in 1996 a knock came on my front door. I had been getting ready for work when the postman handed me a large envelope. I could see that the package was from a charity called 'The Royal Star & Garter Home'. Inside was a booklet with some photographs and stories from chosen former military residents. I sat down for a moment to look at the booklet and stared in disbelief at the photograph of a man sitting in a wheelchair with a nurse by his side. Pte Colin Peter Wooten who I hadn't seen for so long was now, like myself, a middle aged man. Together with the

booklet and papers was also a video taken at the home. I shook off my emotions and set off to work with the video tape hoping for a chance to look at it in the office before anyone else arrived. Typical of my mostly female detective colleagues... they had all turned up early.

My department at that time involved difficult and stressful cases involving terrible acts of cruelty with children. The staff had all been involved in some of the most disturbing cases imaginable. Over the years they had evolved steel-hard emotional defences in an effort to retain their sanity. Video cassette players formed an everyday part of office equipment and so I slotted the tape in and switched on. I related some of Colin's story to the girls, whilst head down and trying to keep my emotions intact. My pretence at nonchalance continued as I put a brew of tea together. The recording showed the wonderful home, the dedicated staff members, and the work that they do looking after disabled servicemen and women. I realised that a silence had taken the room as the recording finished and turned, swallowing hard on the lump in my throat, to see my very experienced female detective colleagues all crying their eyes out.

I contacted the home and spoke to a lovely lady. Avril Deardon had cared for Colin for many years and was enthralled when I told her the story of Colin and myself. I added that as luck would have it I was due to attend a course in Hampshire and hoped I could call in to see him. I visited the home in Richmond, Surrey and spent several wonderful hours with the staff and Colin. For old time's sake I once again pushed my old friend around the gardens in his wheelchair. Avril told me that when she mentioned to Colin I would be visiting, he had indicated that he remembered me. I do so hope that was true, although I had no way of being sure.

In 2014 I researched the internet and with help from social network sites asked if anyone knew Colin. To my surprise I received a reply from a gentleman named Michael and this is what he told me:

Pte Colin Wooten was a member of the 3rd Battalion The Queen's Regiment which in 1971 carried out the duties of a Resident Infantry Battalion in Northern Ireland. Their tour of duty was eighteen months. Their headquarters were based at Ballykinler Army Camp in County Down. During early 1971, two companies of 3 QUEENS were deployed in Belfast as part of the brigade reserve. One company was based at Flax Street Mill in the Ardoyne area, whilst the other, Colin's unit, was based at Girdwood TA Barracks in the New Lodge Area.

The security situation in republican areas of the city had been steadily deteriorating during January. Severe rioting throughout had also shown a marked increase in shooting attacks on the Army. By the beginning of February 1971, gun and bomb attacks on the Army had increased significantly and all available troops in the Province were deployed.

On the nights 3 and 4 February 1971 severe disturbances took place in the New Lodge area of Belfast. Colin's unit, together with reinforcements from a Royal Artillery regiment, were deployed to control the rioting and stop it spreading into nearby areas. Colin's platoon was positioned near the junction of New Lodge Road and Annadale Street. Protected only by shields they attempted to contain the rioting mob. Two nail bombs were thrown, but caused no casualties. Suddenly, using the mob as cover, a terrorist opened fire with a Thompson sub-machine gun spraying the whole unit. Four of the soldiers were hit by the gunfire, one of them being Colin Wooten, who was terribly wounded.

The gunman escaped using the crowd for cover and very shortly after the crowd dispersed. It was obvious to all the troops on the ground that night, that this had been a deliberately planned ambush. The terrorists had used the crowd for cover to escape.

My friend Colin Peter Wooten, born 23 February 1952 died on 28 August 2012 and was cremated at Eastbourne Crematorium on the 14 September 2012. I will never forget his courage.

Belfast, November 1972,

A soldier on CO's orders for sleeping on sentry duty.

CO, Lt Col Mike Hayward, "Do you realise I can have you shot for sleeping on sentry duty on operations".

I exchanged a glance with the RSM and bit my tongue in case I smiled.

Speechless, ashen faced, the soldier eventually got off with a big fine.

Roger Gancz



IN MEMORIAM

The following is a list of our comrades who have sadly passed on since the last Journal. Members are requested to keep the Secretary informed of those who pass away in future so that this list can be updated. Please email queensregimentassociation@gmail.com or write to The Secretary, 5 Alfred Square, Deal, Kent, CT14 6LU, using the form that accompanies this Journal.

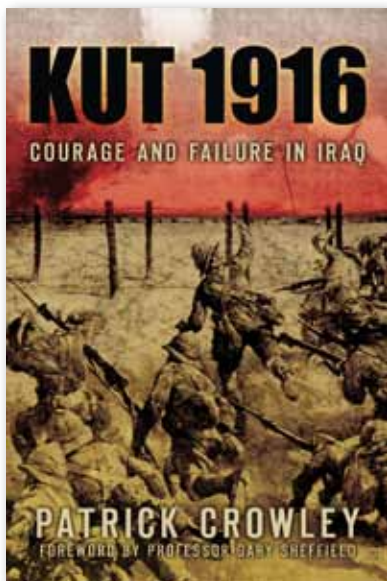
DATE	NAME	BATTALION
2015		
11 Nov	Lt Col A W Franklin	2nd and QOB
1 Nov	Lt Col Simon Boucher	2nd, 5th and QOB
1 Nov	Pte Dave 'Jonah' Jones	2nd
27 Oct	Pte Alan Leslie Smith	4th
21 Oct	Maj Gen MF Reynolds CB	Colonel of the Regiment, 1st and 2nd
18 Oct	LCpl Roy Harwood	2nd
5 Oct	Capt Gary Anglin	1st, 8th and PWRR
11 Sep	Pte Roy Pease	2nd
7 Sep	Lt Col John Dyer	3rd and 1 PWRR
4 Sep	Maj Christopher Parnham TD	5th
1 Sep	LCpl Dave "Jock" Duncan	2nd
24 Aug	CSgt Peter Parker	2nd, 5th and QOB
15 Aug	Maj Trevor Medcalf	6/7th, 8th and REME
1 Aug	W02 Mark Kingston	3rd and REME
26 July	CSgt Joe Gooden	1st
22 July	Cpl Drummer Stephen Cooper	2nd
25 June	LCpl Harry Harris	2nd
4 May	Cpl Ron Brill BEM	1st
30 April	LCpl Ken Nye	6th and 6/7th
13 April	Harold J Watson	1st
4 April	Cpl David "Jimmy" Wheeler	1st and QRS
1 April	Pte Peter Hicks	2nd
March	C/Sgt Jim Laker	3rd
4 March	Cpl Jim Davis	3rd
24 February	Maj Graham Brown	3rd
20 February	Pte Steve Small wood	5th
11 January	W02 Peter Robinson	1st
11 January	LCpl Mark Birch	2nd
2014		
29 Nov	Sgt Pete Bailey	1st
21 Nov	Lt David Wray	6/7th
20 Sep	LCpl Edwin (Smiler) Miles	1st 2013
23 Sep	Pte Lesley Hill	NK

BOOK REVIEWS

KUT 1916

COURAGE AND FAILURE IN IRAQ

by Patrick Crowley



"Patrick Crowley sets out to fill a yawning gap in the historiography, and does so very well." Richard Holmes

"This is a clearly written account that presents a vivid portrayal of the plight of British and Indian soldiers during and after the siege of Kut-al-Amara".

Society for Army Historical Research

"Patrick Crowley's book on Kut is a long overdue update to the story of Townshend, Kut and Kuttites, and he has done an excellent job". British Army Review

"This is a most comprehensive examination of British-Indian operations at Kut-el-Amara and is to be welcomed". Royal United Service Institute

COLONIAL SOLDIERS VOL I AND VOL 2 PARTS I AND II

by Wienand Drenth & Jonathon Riley

"Anyone interested in the earliest origins of the Regiment should have these volumes on their shelves."





CHICHESTER BRANCH

by Paul Daines



The Chichester Branch has been quiet this last year. We had our Christmas Dinner at the Chichester Club and it was very well attended with over thirty members there.

All had a good time and most people won a raffle prize. Well done to our treasurer Eddie Drew for arranging the dinner.

I would like to say a big thank you to our outgoing Chairman Barry Cobbold, who has carried out the task for the last ten years. Thank you Barry. Our new Chairman is Dave Tilley. Welcome to you Dave and wish you all the best in the new appointment.

In May we held our annual Albuhera Dinner at the Beach Croft Hotel in Bognor Regis. Once again it was very well

attended with over 60 people there. Welcome to all the new members who came along to the dinner. It was great to see you. The Guest of Honour this year was the Lord Mayor of Chichester. Thanks to Peter Alner for all his hard work on getting the Albuhera Dinner ready; better not forget his wife and all the hard work that she puts in too! Peter is now not moving to the Philippines so we will not lose our Albuhera Dinner manager for which we are all very grateful.

There is a buzz in the Chichester Branch about the dedication of the new Memorial to the Queen's Regiment on the 15th May 2016 at The National Memorial Arboretum and the 50th anniversary of the raising of the Regiment and hope for a really good turnout from all old friends whom we have not seen for a long time.



HASTINGS BRANCH

by Peter White

The new Hastings Branch was founded in May this year and in the intervening period we have paraded our Standard on a number of occasions and at events in Hastings, spreading the word. Our membership continues to grow and all ex members of the Regiment, forebear regiments and the PWRR are very welcome to join us.

We organised a families fun day and bar-b-que at the Hastings Country Park and in September we went to Belgium to parade the Standard and lay a wreath. In October, we arranged a trip to Blackbush Market and in December a trip to Brugge for the Christmas market is currently being arranged.

We are very much looking forward to 2016 when we will get together for more functions and hopefully welcome more members and continue to let people know what a great regiment The Queen's Regiment was.





HORSHAM BRANCH

BATTLEFIELD TOUR OF WORMHOUDT- RISQUONS-TOUT AND NEUVE CHAPELLE 15th-17th MAY 2015

by Jonathan Purdy

Our 2015 Battlefield tour was a mixed affair taking in events from the retreat to Dunkirk in 1940 combined with marching through not one but two Belgian towns and a visit to the field of Neuve Chapelle in its centenary year. [It should be noted that as I was both the organiser and the bus driver this article is not necessarily unbiased...]

Things got off to a good start on Friday morning - everyone turned up on time and the coach driver did not put the bus in the ditch (as happened in 2014). I say "coach driver" in the loosest possible sense as the 2015 tour was dozen of us in the largest self-drive mini-bus the French will let you take onto their roads without a commercial licence. The baggage was loaded on and then re-loaded in a more compact manner once it was pointed out that we actually had to get some passengers in as well!

The M20 was clear and we had a smooth crossing to Calais and then set off to the village of Esquelbecq near the town of Wormhoudt, the site of an infamous massacre of British soldiers by the SS in 1940. We arrived at the entrance to the memorial in the appropriately named Rue de Dunkirk Veterans and "de-bussed". As yours truly was explaining the tactical situation for the 1940 defence line ("A Company were in Ledringham village, B Company on the right ...") I noticed that some of the listeners seemed to be distracted by the Union Flag flying alongside the French tricolour at the entrance. And rightly so - the French were flying our flag upside down!

This was not to be endured. The difficulty of there being no lanyard from which the flag was flown (so it could not be lowered) was solved by taking down the entire pole, reversing the flag and then re-erecting it "*Iwo Jima*" style (duly recorded for posterity).

After the "command task", the party was altogether more sober as we walked down the track to the memorial site of La Plaine au Bois and the massacre barn. In the late afternoon of Tuesday 28th May 1940 about a hundred British prisoners captured at Wormhout were brought here and were packed like sardines into a cowshed on this site. Twelve members of the SS under the command of Wilhelm Monhke then began executing them, firstly by throwing five grenades into the shed and then by taking groups of five outside and callously shooting them in the back. Out of around 100 prisoners, only about 15 survived. The massacre barn now stands as memorial to this, filled with wreathes, photographs and mementos

We moved on, and after pausing briefly to examine the blockhouse at the Hardifort crossroads, arrived at the very picturesque French town of Cassel. Cassel stands on Mont Cassel, a prominent hill in the Flanders plain. First occupied by the Romans, three major battles have been fought at Cassel: in 1328 involving the army of Philip VI of France and in 1677, that of Philippe I of Orléans. During the First World War, Cassel was at different periods the headquarters of both Marshal Foch and Lord Plumer.

Cassel's third battle was in May 1940 when it became a strong point in the Dunkirk defensive line fortified by 2nd Glosters and 4th Ox & Bucks of 145 Brigade covered by the 2lb anti-tank guns of the Worcestershire Yeomanry. As we drove up the steep hill everyone agreed it was a cracking defensive position. From Cassel it was on to our accommodation in Lille and an evening at leisure "on the town"

Day two saw us linking up with our comrades from the Farnham Branch in the Belgian town of Mouscron. Farnham were there in strength (over 40) and had even managed to drag the Association Secretary out to join us. The morning saw both Branches form up in the town and march down to the cross roads at Risquons-Tout. Along with the 50+ Brits were strong contingents from both Belgian and French veteran's associations. There was then a 'short' service of remembrance and wreath laying at the memorial. The service itself was reasonably restrained but this being Belgium, we first had everything in French and then in English and then in Flemish!

Erecting the Union Flag at Wormhoudt, 15 May 2015.



Members of the Horsham Branch by the Memorial at Risquons-Tout, 17 May 2015.





After marching back to the town centre for some much needed refreshments, we were then hosted at a first rate afternoon reception by the Belgian commemoration committee.

The late afternoon saw us re-boarding our bus (some unsteadily) and heading up the road to Ypres for the Last Post Ceremony at the Menin Gate. On arrival we were both very surprised and very proud to be invited to march up through Ypres with our Standards to the gate as part of the ceremony. I, for one, found this a very moving experience and certainly one that I had never expected I would ever do.

After the crowds had dispersed, and as the light was fading, the members of both the Farnham and Horsham branches formed up atop the walls of Ypres to conduct the Silent Toast on what was the 204th anniversary of The Battle of Albuhera. The Association Secretary did us proud by finishing off the loving cup in style. It was an altogether very tired but satisfied group that poured themselves into their beds later that night.

Sunday morning dawned bright and we set off for an impromptu tour of the Franco-Belgian border defences that had been offered by one of our Belgian hosts the previous day. From the autumn of 1939 through to spring 1940 (the so called "Phony War") Belgium had been neutral and BEF had been busy building defences all along this part of the frontier. Altogether the defences had a First World War feel to them (like the pill boxes you can still find dotting British beaches) rather than the much larger and better protected German defences from later in the war. The tour concluded after, a visit to the 1940s hospital and a local gun club and firing range that had been the German HQ during the occupation. A very impressive free bar was produced along with barbequed sausages and other snacks.

After enjoying our second batch of hospitality, we returned to the tour itinerary and proceeded south to Neuve Chapelle. We drove around to a number of the key point and trench lines on the battlefield, pausing at the very impressive Indian Memorial and holding a late afternoon picnic beside a surprisingly picturesque German bunker.

After that it was back to Calais for an inordinate wait to get through passport control and a slightly later return to Horsham than had been intended. Everyone claimed that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves and importantly we had proved that the self-drive battlefield tour with a small group was a very viable option for future years. Do come and Join us!

MEMORIES

In Bahrain in 1968 the then Adjutant Tony Ward decided that he was going to take all Battalion HQ ORs horse riding. It was with considerable trepidation that some of us met with him at the Battalion stables the following morning, where we were confronted with a group of Arab un-gelded stallions. That was the first and last time I ever mounted a horse!

Brian Wright

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

FRIMLEY AND CAMBERLEY CADET CORPS

by Nigel Ferris



Frimley & Camberley Cadet Corps Mother's Day Parade, St Barbara's Garrison Church, Deepcut on Sunday 8th March 2015

Some of the Frimley and Camberley Cadet Corps, which started in 1908 from a Bible Class of 1903 and who still wear the "Queen's" cap badge and parade under the Queen's Colour, are seen here on Mother's Day with the outgoing Padre Rev Gary Humphreys, outside the Garrison Church, St Barbara's in Deepcut. All Cadets presented their Mothers with a small bunch of flowers, as a sincere and loving thank you for all that they do. The Padre was wished a fond farewell as he moves onto pastures new and we will all miss his unique style of service and the rapport he had with the parents and especially the cadets.

The Corps would like to welcome any Old Comrade of the Corps, or Queen's Regiment to visit us at the Headquarters in Caird Hall, Camberley.



NEW YEAR'S HONOURS

Lieutenant- Colonel Richard Shepherd BEM

Dick Shepherd was awarded the British Empire Medal this year on his retirement as Commandant from the Frimley & Camberley Cadet Corps, the Association's oldest but also newest Branch. This honour was awarded for his services to youth in the Camberley area during 30 plus years associated with Frimley & Camberley Cadet Corps and 20 plus years as Commandant. He was Commissioned into the Surrey ACF and was badged Queen's Regiment, with special responsibilities for Frimley & Camberley Cadet Corps. He remains a trustee.



QUEENSMAN LODGE 2694

by John Edwards



Bretheren normally retire after the meeting

Queensman Lodge continues to go from strength to strength. Our numbers are well over the 80 mark now and we will go into the 90s by the end of the year.

Last year we took a group of eight Brethren to visit the Provincial Grand Lodge of Guernsey. The Provincial Grand Master of Guernsey and Alderney is, in fact, an ex 'Die Hard' who also served with the 1st Battalion. We returned again in November with 20 Brethren.



L to R: Bros Dave Kirby, John Thompson, John Edwards and Ray Heathfield

Our membership is spread over a large part of the UK, from Cumbria to Cornwall, and our current Worshipful Master is Dave Kirby, ex 2nd Battalion and Drums, who took over from John Thompson ex 2nd and 3rd Battalion.

We have been fortunate enough next year to book the Masonic Centre in Canterbury and the meeting will be held on the 23rd April 2016. It should be a well-attended meeting with an excellent festive board to follow.

The lodge tries where possible to uphold all the traditions of the Regiment and some of its customs. We are also members of the Circuit of Service Lodges, of which there are 28 in total, representing all three Services.

We also have our own website <http://queensmanlodge.co.uk/> and if you would like further information please contact John Edwards at john@bedsib.fsnet.co.uk.



Dave Kirby discussing some of the finer points of the meeting



John Thompson on the right takes over from Dave Kirby

VIPERS

by Blue Cooper

The Vipers have continued their activities throughout the year with parades at the memorial in Howe Barracks and at the rededicated one at Leros. We have held our annual Quebec Dinner, at Darwin College at the University of Kent, with over 80 members and their families attending including the Association President Colonel AAA Beattie and the Association Secretary, Major AM Goulden. The work at the Veterans' Clinic continues, with help being given to veterans of all cap badges where required. The photos this year are a mix of old and new.



The last Remembrance Parade at Howe Barracks



Miss 3 QUEENS and Tea Bag - a Viper



Annual Visit to the Museum



Vipers John Hawkins, Peter Church, Tony Westmore and Gordon Lambert with Miss 3 QUEENS



Vipers at the Association Annual reunion



*The original Vipers
From L-R: LCpl Blue Cooper, LCpl Frank Brown,
Cpl Rags Ryder, Pte Doey Baker and Dave Wildman*



WESSEX BRANCH

by Anthony (Billy) Bolton

The Wessex Branch continues to grow in number but, due to the geographical spread, getting together is not all that easy. However, the Facebook page and email address have proved both popular and useful in keeping lines of communication open.

We were well represented at the annual 1st Battalion reunion in Herne Bay as well as at the Association AGM and reunion in London. More locally, the Executive Committee met at Kiwi Barracks, Bulford in June for a guided tour of Bulford and Tidworth (now known by the Army, rather unpleasantly, as TidNBul Garrison). The visitors were surprised and delighted to be greeted by the sight of the Queen's Regimental flag fluttering proudly over Bulford on arrival. After coffee in the 'Western Headquarters & Museum' (or more properly, Billy Bolton's office in Ward Barracks), the tour began. The Kiwi Barracks that the 1st Battalion occupied in 1973 is now no more than an expanse of grass, but Derek Locke could identify where the Company offices had been. The QM's Dept is now RHQ to some shower in the Signals and the MT is now a large LAD complex. After a quick trip round the Normandy Officers' Mess (a soulless place for those with no proper home), the tour advanced North to Tidworth via the Bulford Range Road pausing to look at the Kiwi.

Much has changed at Tidworth too, since we left in 1991. The Officers' Messes remain, as they have been listed but pretty much everything else, in the way of the old colonial barracks built in about 1905, have been flattened and replaced with modern, rather more economical buildings. There is only one point of entry/exit to the whole camp now and the one-way system in camp is a thing to behold and clearly the work of a madman with shares in the petroleum industry.

On a sad note, the Branch Secretary attended the funeral in Bulford Garrison church of Lt Col John Dyer in August. John was commissioned into the 3rd Battalion in the late '80s. Also present were the Association President together with Lt Col John Russell and Maj Mike Williams.



The Queen's Regimental flag flying proud

On a more cheerful note, Lt Julian Perry was unearthed having gone to ground in deepest darkest Dorset. He is now the Army's most senior subaltern having gained an ACF commission; unfortunately he now sports the uniform of The Rifles, but in defiance of their 'tradition' of being the scruffiest soldiers around, he brings a bit of Queen's spit and polish to his bearing. There's a first time for everything!



Lt Perry and Capt Bolton (needing a shave)

ASSOCIATION BRANCHES

ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

President - Colonel AAA Beattie, Barn Cottage, Fisherton de la Mere, Warminster, Wilts BA12 0PZ

Secretary - Major Alasdair Goulden, 5 Alfred Square, Deal, Kent CT14 6LU

Email: queensregimentassociation@gmail.com - **Mobile:** 0771 484 4069

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. The annual reunion will be held at the Blue Dolphin Clubhouse, Reculver Lane, Reculver, Herne Bay CT6 6SS on 28 May. 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 - 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 - **Email:** davidbeveridge@onetel.com

Prospective members should contact

Chairman - Dave Tilley, 3 Mumford Place, Chichester, West Sussex, PO19 2BG - **Email:** davetilley@hotmail.co.uk

Secretary - Paul Daines: Tel: 01633-872132 - Email: paul.556daines@btinternet.com

or use the "email us" facility on the website: <http://www.freewebs.com/qrachichester/>

EAST KENT BRANCH OF THE QUEEN'S AND PWRR ASSOCIATIONS

This branch has kindly agreed to be a part of both Regimental Associations and welcomes everyone who served in the Queen's, PWRR and forebear regiments. They meet informally in Canterbury on a regular basis.

For more details please contact:

Secretary - John Bennett: Tel: 01227 709840 - Mobile: 07754 812898 - Email: johnbennett@pwrr.co.uk

HASTINGS BRANCH

The Hastings Branch meets on a regular basis at the Clarence public house, 57 Middle Street, Hastings, TN34 1NA. All members of the Queen's Regiment, forebear regiments and PWRR are welcome to attend.

For more information please contact:

Chairman - Peter White: Email: p.white115@btinternet.com

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 - Mobile: 07721 926481

Secretary - Dick Scales: Tel: 02380 694974 - Email: dickscales284@btinternet.com

Treasurer - Miss Sharon Turner: Tel: 01962 826088 - Email: sturner@biopharma.co.uk



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 OF THE QUEEN'S AND PWRR ASSOCIATIONS

The two London Branches of the Associations have combined and meet informally quarterly. In addition the Branch meet at Twickenham for the Army vs Navy match 30th April and after the Cenotaph Parade on Remembrance Sunday. All past members of the Queen's, PWRR or their associate regiments are very welcome to attend any event.

For more details of the branch please contact:

Chairman - Major Adrian de Villiers - Tel: [07941 367051](tel:07941367051) - Email: adrian.pwrrlondon@hotmail.com

Queen's Secretary - Major RGC Thornton TD

Queen's Regimental Association, 2 Norfolk House, Ellensden Road, St Leonards, East Sussex, TN37 6HZ

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 all members of forebear regiments, Queen's, PWRR, Queen's Division and any attached personnel. Membership application is by being proposed and seconded, and by interview.

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/>

QUEENS REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION CORPS OF DRUMS

The QRA Corps of Drums meets on a regular basis and performs for the benefit of the Queen's Regiment Benevolent Fund. To join please contact::

Tony Philpott or Amy Holden Tel: [01843 491962](tel:01843491962) - Email: qracorpsdrums@yahoo.co.uk

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT MEMORIAL WOODLAND

The garden lies in the heart of the Surrey countryside, and is focused on providing peace and tranquility for people to remember our lost and fallen. There is always plenty to do in the woodland as the seasons change, maintaining the woodland and planted areas of the grounds. We have group working weekends, so do keep an eye on the events page of the website and come and join us.

The Queen's Memorial Woodland, Pasture Wood Road, Holmbury Road St Mary, Dorking, Surrey RH5 6LG (300 metres past)

For more details of the branch please contact:

Chairman - Paul 'the hat' Cooling

Seretary - Debbie Hornblow Tel: [07778 873806](tel:07778873806) - Email: debbiehornblow@yahoo.co.uk

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

This Branch is open to all ex-members of The Queen's Regiment, PWRR and forebear regiments who own and ride a motorbike or trike.

For more details please contact:

Steve Parsons

Mobile: [07926 201040](tel:07926201040) - Email: steveparsons@1queens.com - Web: www.qrra.co.uk

WESSEX BRANCH

The Queen's Regimental Association in Wessex, known as the Wessex Branch, meets on an ad hoc basis in the Salisbury area.

For more details of membership and any events please contact:

Secretary – Captain Anthony (Billy) Bolton

Tel: [07530 429926](tel:07530429926) - Email: Queensmen1661@gmail.com

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/QueensWessexBranch>

VIPERS

The VIPERS' 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:

Blue Cooper,

43 Suffolk Road, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1SA

Tel: [01227 453810](tel:01227453810)

FRIMLEY AND CAMBERLEY CADET CORPS

The Frimley and Camberley Cadet Corps, which started over 100 years ago, rebadged back to the Queen's Regiment and continue to parade with The Queen's flag.

Boys and girls, from a variety of backgrounds, aged 6 to 13, are instructed by volunteer staff in their personal development based upon military procedures and discipline.

Their HQ is at Caird Hall, Camberley. They are fully self-funding as they are not supported by the Army, TA or ACF but have become one of the newest branches of the Queen's Regimental Association.

For more details of when they meet and how to get involved please contact:

Nigel Ferris

13 Jesse Close, Yateley, Hampshire GU46 6AH

Email: nigel@fdi-european.com - Mobile: [07836 726236](tel:07836726236)

ENFIELD BRANCH OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT ASSOCIATION (Affiliated Branch)

For details please contact :

Mr Alfie Burford Tel: [01323 733983](tel:01323733983)

Non Affiliated Groups but which have contact with ex-members of the Regiment

Website:-

www.1royalsussex-3queens.com

SIGNIFICANT DATES FOR 2016

Regimental Association

- 5 March** - AGM and Annual Reunion Union Jack Club, Waterloo – application form required.
- 15 May** - Dedication of the new Queen's Regiment Memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum, including the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Raising of the Regiment and the 205th anniversary of the Battle of Albuhera - application form required.

1 Queen's Branch

- 28th May - 1 QUEENS Reunion for 2016 will be on at The Blue Dolphin Clubhouse, Reculver Lane, Reculver, Herne Bay, CT6 6SS from 17.00hrs to when we close. E-mail:dbdormer@hotmail.co.uk if you are coming. No cost. Dress casual. All welcome.

Chichester Branch

- 7 May - Albuhera Dinner.
- 2 December - Christmas Lunch.

Horsham Branch

- 7 March - Branch meeting.
- 16 May - Albuhera Celebration and Curry.
- End June/Beginning July - Richebourg Battlefield Tour.
- 5 September - Branch meeting.
- 5 December - Branch meeting.

Queensman Lodge 2694

- 12 March - Meeting, Great Queen's Street London.
- 23 April - Extra Lodge meeting (Masonic Centre, Canterbury).
- 4 June - Meeting (Installation of new Master) Great Queen's Street London.
- 10 September - Meeting, Great Queen's Street London.
- 3 December - Meeting, Great Queen's Street London.

The Queen's Regiment Memorial Woodland

- June TBC - 2nd Anniversary celebration at the Queen's Memorial Woodland.

The Queen's Regimental Riders Association

- 1 - 3 July - The One Aim Rally 'Third Shot' fundraiser, QRRR Clubhouse, Wingham, Canterbury



THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

31st December 1966

ALLIED COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

2nd Battalion The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Own Buffs)
HIS MAJESTY KING FREDERIK IX,
KING OF DENMARK, K.G.

COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

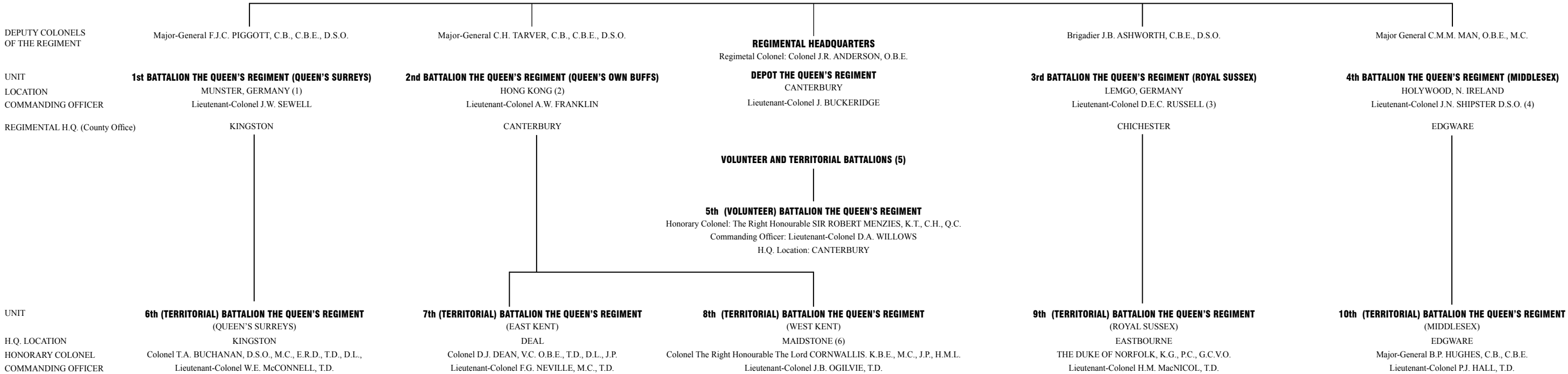
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARINA,
DUCHESS OF KENT, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.

ALLIED COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

3rd Battalion The Queen's Regiment (Royal Sussex)
HER MAJESTY QUEEN JULIANA,
QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS, K.G.

COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT

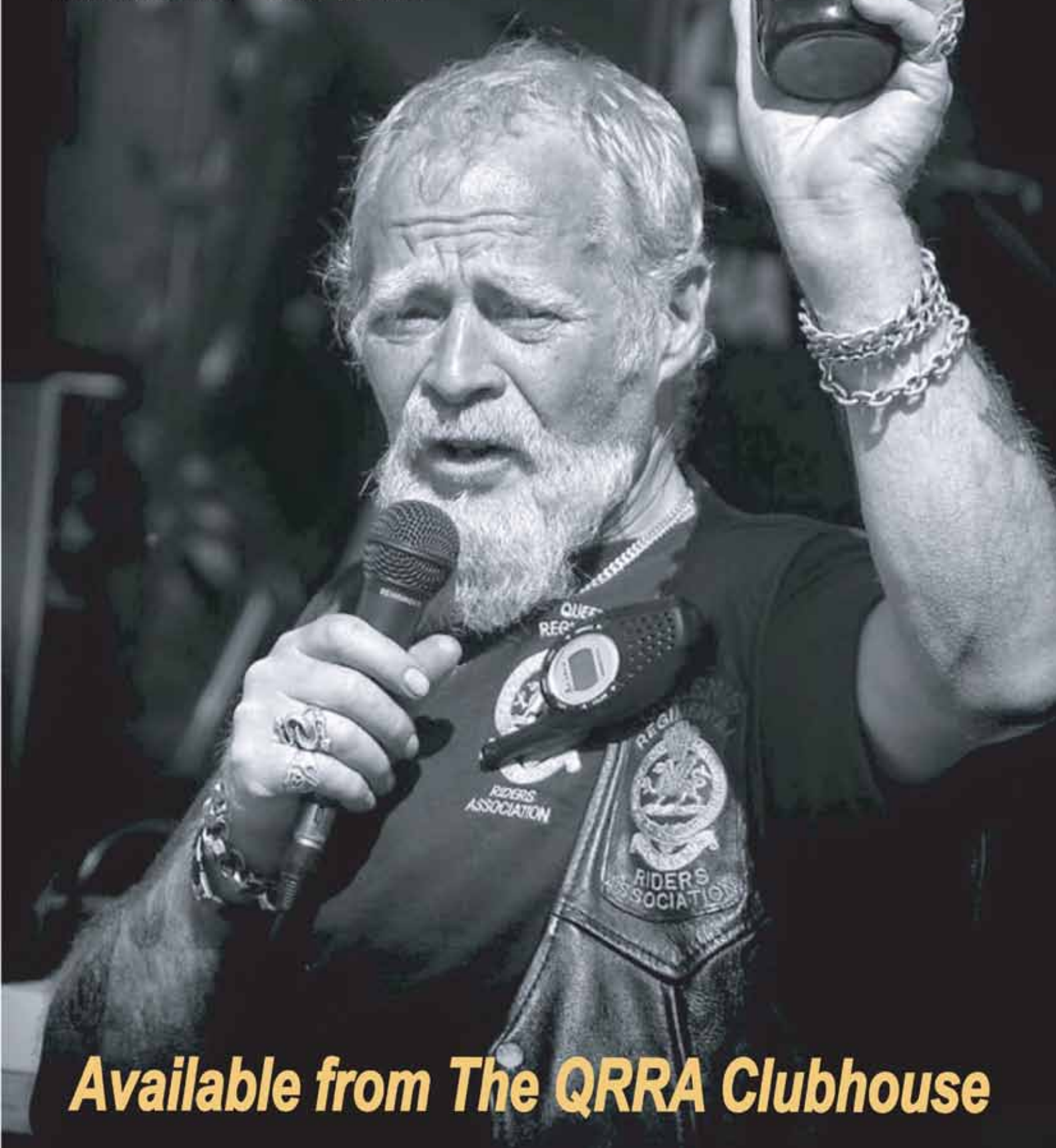
Lieutenant-Colonel SIR RICHARD CRADDOCK, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.



- NOTES:**
- (1) Move to Lingfield in August 1967, and to BAHRAIN in February 1968.
 - (2) Move to CHATHAM in October 1967, and earmarked for BERLIN in April 1968.
 - (3) Major B.R. COLEMAN assumes command in September 1967.
 - (4) Major K.J. CARTER assumes command in September 1967.
 - (5) These unit titles and appointment take effect from April 1967 and are subject to confirmation.
 - (6) H.Q. will probably eventually be established in TONBRIDGE.
 - (7) Army Cadet Force units to be affiliated to the Regiment have not yet been decided.

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www.queensregimentalassociation.org