

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN'S

UNCONQUERED I SERVE



1966-1992

QUEENSMEN AT WAR

THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

2017



FOREWORD



BY BISHOP JOHN MACWILLIAM (AKA 'MAJOR JOHNNY MAC')

I feel very privileged to be asked to write the foreword to this year's Journal of the Queen's Regimental Association, just 25 years since our regiment ended its 26-year life of which I spent 16 years, mostly with the 2nd Battalion.

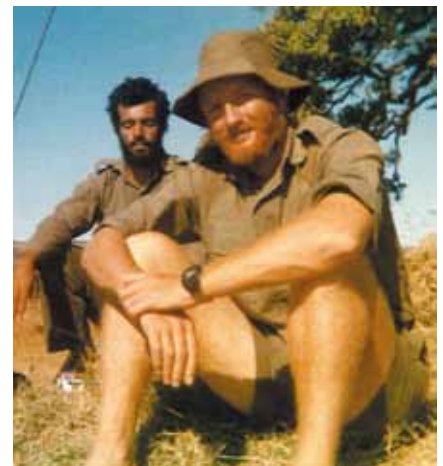
In this journal we can read the experiences of many of our comrades who worked and fought in all parts of the world during those years. Having myself served in the Dhofar campaign of Oman, in BAOR, the Northern Ireland 'troubles' of course and finally in BMATT Zimbabwe, I know how much such experiences can mark our lives, both during and after our years of service. I write as one of the 'old and bold', a former 'Queensman' who left the Army to become a 'padre' to work in North Africa and am now a bishop in the vast Sahara region of Algeria. Community life - teamwork - and a desire to share with others the values of peace and respect for our differences is what marks us out as soldiers, but also as human beings willing to serve others and the cause in which we believe.

One of the disadvantages of my having to live abroad almost continuously since leaving the Regiment is that I am only rarely able to make it to reunions back in the UK. I know from the occasions that I have been able to make it (exchanging my 'dog-collar' for my regimental tie!) how important they are to all of us as a means of keeping in touch and even rediscovering friends and comrades whom we haven't seen for decades. We should never be ashamed of those "do you remember when" stories that we share on such occasions, even if others around us might think that we are living only in the past. Sharing experiences, both good and less good, is a way of saying "you mattered to me then and you still matter to me now, even though I have new friends as well".

On the other hand, one of the great advantages of our modern world is the ease of communication thanks to the internet. We are able to keep in touch through websites such as the one on which we receive this Journal and to write to each other, speak to each other and remember each other without having to lick stamps! As a bishop living many miles away from most of my 'flock' here in the desert, I try to make the most of whatever means of communication exist. At the same time I know that nothing compares to actually meeting the other person, perhaps a priest or a nun, perhaps a student or a migrant, perhaps one of the many people of this country who share most of my values despite our different religious beliefs. I have found that the best way of meeting and sharing is not so much 'face-to-face' as 'shoulder-to-shoulder', as the Irish rugby anthem goes. That is how we served in the Regiment, side by side facing the same dangers perhaps from the same slit-trench or maybe propping up the same bar. Looking at the same horizon, the same sunrise, the same sunset, knowing that we are a team. In my life as a Christian, we look towards the same God, the One we hope will see us safely through this life and into the next. As Queensmen we can look together at our past as well as at our present and even into our future. We can together keep alive what we stand for, that comradeship which ensures that neither age nor distance nor change can separate us from each other. We have always had that certitude that being united and 'helping our mates' is an essential part of being what we are and of fulfilling our mission. Let's go on doing that even as time passes.

As we read through this issue of the Journal, reminding ourselves of so much that we achieved, not forgetting those who continue to do the same in the PWRR, let us keep especially in mind those who have gone ahead of us and who now remain close to us in our thoughts and prayers.

Happy reading, and every blessing for you and your loved ones.



In Oman 1975



As Depot Adjutant



EDITORIAL

BY ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

MAJOR A M GOULDEN



Greetings and welcome to the 2017 "Queensmen at War" edition of The Queen's Regimental Association Journal, paying homage to those who ensured that, while we, as a Regiment, were not permitted to take part in the major conflicts with the exception of the Cold War and Northern Ireland, we were represented with honour in Dhofar, the Falklands, the Gulf, the Balkans, Mozambique, while contributing to conflict resolution in Hong Kong, Korea, Belize and, stretching the point as Editor, the Columbian drugs war! Their stories are our story and I thank those who have contributed their time so generously to record their experiences, in some cases, raising memories that perhaps they would have preferred to keep under wraps. There are Queenmen who served with Special Forces whose stories cannot be told but they too represented our Regiment in far-flung places in the world.

It was my intention that this year's edition would also include 'Loan Service'. However, when the editing was finally completed, it was quite obvious that there was sufficient material under "War", that if loan service were to be included we would have ended up with a book rather than a Journal. So next year's theme will be - 'Loan Service, Wives and Families'. If you have not submitted an article or an anecdote about your time on loan service then please do so, so that we have a record of what we all got up to. Please encourage your 'camp-followers' to let us have their anecdotes and memories.

While last year was a great opportunity for us to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the Regiment, the President tasked me with organising something to celebrate our 51st. Thankfully, our successors very kindly provided us with the opportunity to meet and the largest group of Queensmen since the amalgamation and their families gathered to watch the three battalions of the PWRR receive their Colours. Over 1,150 of us attended, outnumbering all the other associations, and while we were unable to capture the entire gathering of Queensmen on film, we had a reasonable stab at it.

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, Anthony Beattie, Mike Jelf, Merrick Willis (who was co-opted for pointing out typos last year) and Nick Keyes, I offer a million thanks for all your hard work in helping to get the Journal to the printers. If there are any mistakes or typos, they are mine as I had the final read!

Once again there have been a number of fundraising initiatives this year. A few stand out. The first is the continuing and magnificent efforts of the Queen's Regimental Riders Association – an all-battalion group – who have raised a record £7,600 which was presented at the 51st Anniversary reunion to the President on behalf of the Benevolent Fund. The second plaudit goes to Bob Fisher (yes, he of the mankini fame) and Radar Cope for their cycle challenge to each other as to who was the fittest – see the report! The Drummers have also been raising awareness of the Regiment in the Kent area while at the same time rattling the buckets to raise significant amounts for the Benevolent Fund and the Museum Fund. 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 who are in need.

You will see the latest report from the museum. We are still desperately in need of artefacts. Please do dig out all your old buckshee kit that you have for which you have no use, and send it to the museum with a story attached. To be honest the response to this request has been poor so far and unless items start appearing then the chances of us having a meaningful exhibition of our heritage will be slim.

Finally the deadline for articles for next year is 7 September 2018. Please do not wait until the last minute to send in your article but get writing, get your wives and families writing and send your article in straight away.

With every good wish for the coming year.

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LOYAL GREETINGS TO HER MAJESTY ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY



Her Majesty Queen Margrethe II
The Queen of Denmark
Amalienborg Palace
Amalienborgslotspads 5
1257 Kobenhavn
Denmark

Your Majesty,

On behalf of all members of the Queen's Regiment Association, I have the honour to present loyal greetings on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of Your Majesty's Regiment's formation on 31st December 1966. We remain deeply grateful for your continued interest in the Regimental Association and for the privilege for some of us to meet Your Majesty during your visit to 1st Battalion The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment in Paderborn in 2014, which represented, for us, the 40th Anniversary of Your Majesty presenting Colours to the Regiment.

I have the honour to be,
Your Majesty,
Your humble and obedient servant

AAA BEATTIE
Colonel
President and Chairman
The Queen's Regiment Association



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S
MILITARY HOUSEHOLD

2017-01-10

To
Colonel A.A.A. Beattie
President and Chairman
The Queen's Regiment Association
Barn Cottage, Fisherton de la Mere
Warminster
Wilts, BA12 0PZ
England

Her Majesty The Queen has asked me to express to you Her sincere thanks for your kind greeting on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of The Queen's Regiment formation on 31st December 1966.


LASSE HARKJÆR

THE DHOFAR WAR

1971/1972

By Mike Ball

In 1971 the GOC Eastern District, to whom I was the ADC, announced that he needed some desert trousers and jackets and would I get on with ordering them as soon as possible? When asking him what for (Colchester was not to my mind a tropical zone) he said that he was going to inspect the Sultan's Armed Forces in Muscat and Oman on behalf of the Foreign Office. Having never heard of the country, but keen to get there, I replied that I very much hoped that I was included as part of the team as he couldn't possibly manage his bags on his own.

The scope of this brief article precludes a detailed study into the insurrection that was taking place in the southern province of Dhofar; in essence a large number of local inhabitants were opposed to the dictatorial rule of Sultan Said bin Taimur and were determined to depose him, by force if necessary, and install his son Qaboos in his place. Oman's neighbour, the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (PDY), could see an opportunity of supporting the rebels with a view to seizing the oilfields being developed between Dhofar and northern Oman. Having achieved this, a communist regime would stand at the gateway to the Gulf.

Arriving with the inspection team, we visited all the military stations throughout the country, but it was in the south (Dhofar) that the country worked its magic on me. Seeing my first operations against a resolute enemy made me determined to have a slice of the action. On our return I told the general that I wanted to volunteer for secondment and although I had six months left of my tour he generously agreed to release me early.

After a three-month crash course in Arabic at Beaconsfield followed by a flurry of visas, jobs and farewells I arrived in

Oman to be posted to the newly formed Jebel Regiment commanded by Lt Col Peter Worthy of the Royal Anglian Regiment. During the time between our inspection and my arrival, the despotic Said bin Taimur had been deposed and Sultan Qaboos was on the throne – he had asked for major help from the British and a substantial number of British Army Training Team (BATT) troops (22 SAS) had been deployed to assist operations.

I joined 2 Company stationed in the northern hill-side fort at Saiq in the Jebel Akhdar – a 6 hour flog from battalion headquarters – and tried to find my 'Arabic' feet. Some two months later I found myself as an acting major, commanding a company of about 150 Arab and Baluch soldiers. Aged 25, my only experience of two years as a peacetime platoon commander and 18 months of bag carrying as an ADC hardly qualified me to command a company on operations in six months time! Luckily the SNCO platoon commanders and the local officer were experienced hands and were happy to share their experiences and teach me and the majority of the soldiers the intricacies of operations in Dhofar.

The company deployed on a nine month tour at the start of OP JAGUAR under operational command of 22 SAS. Briefly the aim was to establish a firm base in the eastern approaches of the jebel and conduct aggressive patrolling to deny enemy movement. Supported by BATT, runways were built and a large operational centre, known as White City, was established with companies moving out to conduct holding and patrolling operations. 2 company consisted of four rifle platoons, two mortar sections and a section of three Vickers machine guns; now in my seventies, I rather enjoy the thought of being one of the last officers to command Vickers in action!



Mike Ball



O Group



Our first task was to capture an insignificant place called El Ein, which unbeknown to us was the enemy's watering hole and they, not unnaturally, fought very hard to defend it and subsequently

to recapture it. In the first few weeks, the company faced incessant attacks from 82mm mortars, dusk 'stonks' from 75 mm recoilless guns and heavy attacks from Sphaghin MMGs. Life was unpleasant and a trifle dangerous on occasions!

Command was difficult but exciting. Orders were given in Arabic (not always understood by the Baluch) and all the coordination, planning, map reading and control on the ground were done by the company's two British officers (our third officer unfortunately being killed whilst on coastal convoy duties). The usual routine was one officer-led patrol by half company on a daily basis, leaving the other half to defend the base and the remaining officer to coordinate mortar and artillery fire, the SOAF jet Provosts and, more importantly, to supervise the extraction of casualties by helicopter.

Resupply was always by helicopter, often under fire as they made their final approaches – however both contract and seconded pilots threw away the flying rule book and made superb efforts always to get in – sadly not always without cost.

Rations were mainly rice and tinned fish and I still feel slightly queasy today when faced with a tin of sardines. On rare occasions live goats were delivered in waterproof sacks, slaughtered in the correct halal manner on site and distributed to the soldiers. Fresh vegetables and fruit were non-existent and water was severely restricted; rationed daily to two litres of water per man. Due to limited aircraft space, the only 'goody' that was ever delivered was tobacco and I never cease to be amazed at how the soldiers survived with so little for nine months.

OP JAGUAR was the first major operation in eastern Dhofar and was the start of reducing the enemy's hold

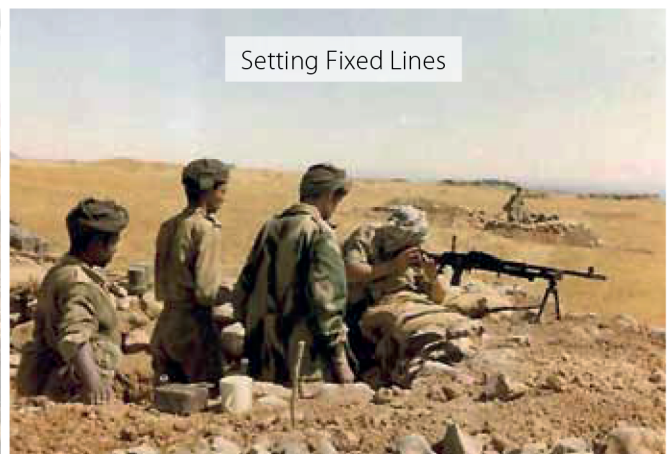
on the jebel. Much was to follow later, especially in the western approaches with the construction of various defensive lines constructed by British sappers, with support from Jordan and Iraq, before Gen John Akehurst was able to declare the war won in 1975. However in the early days, much of the success on operations was due to the support of BATT with their fantastic training and aggressive patrolling and secondly to the Firgat. These were local Dhofaris who initially fought for the PDRY but had surrendered to the Sultan and came over to our side. Armed with their AK 47s and dressed like the enemy they were sometimes a mixed blessing. However, their knowledge of the local terrain, people and influence in persuading others to surrender undoubtedly played a significant part in the success of the war.

Many distinguished Queensmen served with SOAF in the Dhofar campaign – Brig Jack Fletcher commanded the Dhofar Brigade, whilst Cols Nigel Knocker, Bryan Ray and John Pollard commanded battalions; other warriors included Douglas McCully, Peter Tawell, David Pollard, Peter Packham, John Westing and and John MacWilliam. I will have forgotten others and for this I beg their forgiveness in advance.

To those of us lucky enough to have been seconded to the Sultan's Armed Forces, Oman will always kindle warm memories of a hauntingly beautiful country with a delightfully friendly people that we were proud to support and serve alongside. We will also remember the many good friends, both British and Omani, who gave their lives in this generally unknown campaign.

(Ed: What Capt (Later Col) Mike Ball modestly fails to mention was that he was awarded the Sultan's Bravery Award Medal of Oman for action during his time in the Oman.)

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YOUR COUNTY REGIMENT ...



THE
Queen's
REGIMENT



OUR HERITAGE

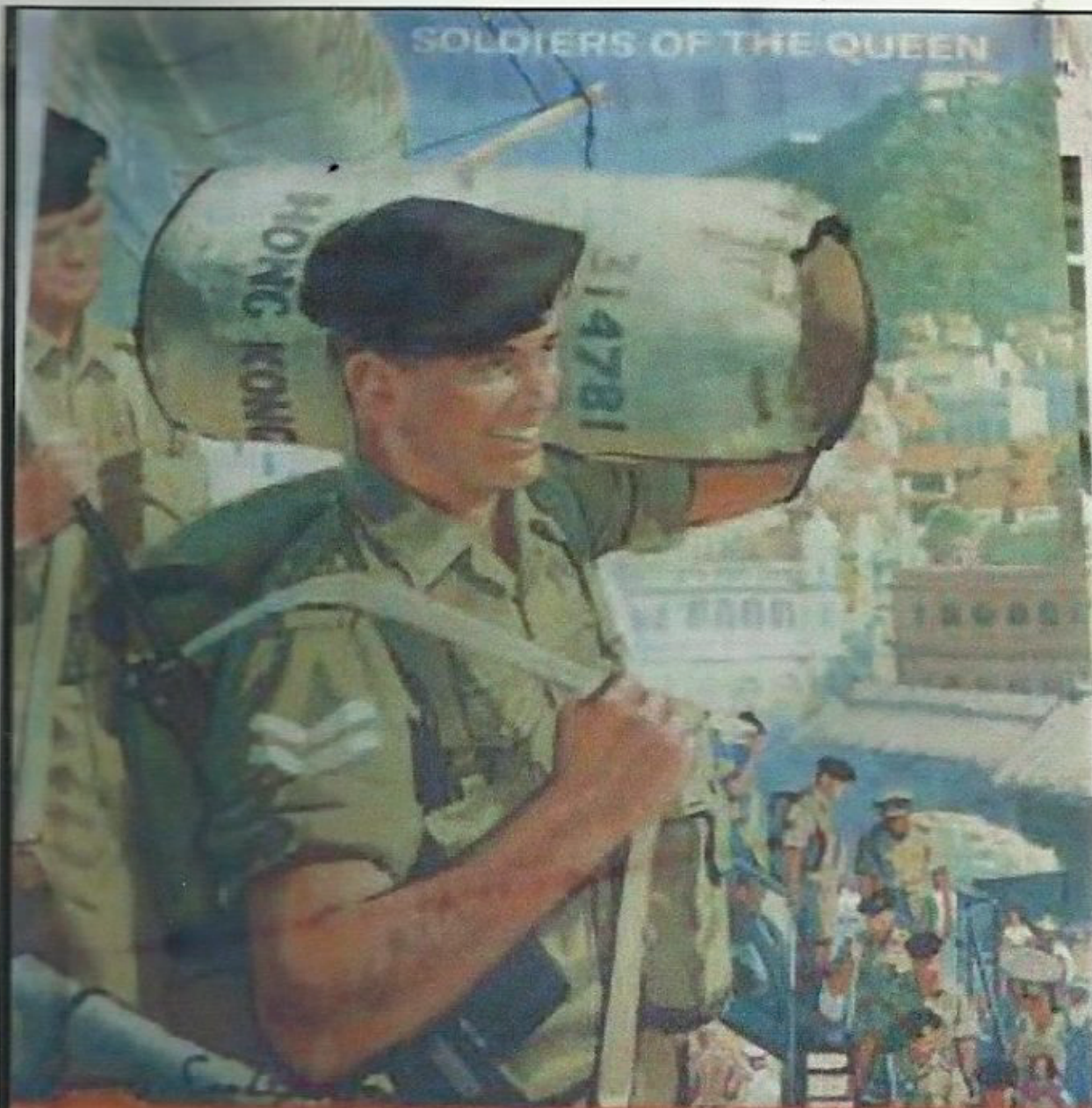
YOUR FUTURE

WITH

ENGLAND'S OLDEST INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE LINE



SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN



THE REGULAR ARMY

Guardians of Peace

BRIXMIS

By Bill Knight-Hughes

For forty years of the Cold War in Europe, a team of intelligence agents from the three armed services, the SAS and the Foreign Office, working under diplomatic cover as liaison officers, ranged like pirates through East Germany, in uniform and unarmed. Their target: the massive military strength assembled on German soil by the Soviets for a potential invasion of the West. These few men gathered a mass of military intelligence and information; their efforts sometimes met with violent Soviet response. Bill Knight-Hughes was one of those agents.

Invited to reminisce on my two years on the Military Mission in Berlin in the early eighties, I first thought to write about 'highs' (the thrill of a scoop, the euphoria after escaping a detention) and 'lows' (failing to make a target, political infighting on the Staff). But, having never written about my military experiences before and, in the hope of discouraging further requests, I have decided instead just to recount three stories, that may go some way to explaining the fascination of this posting.

First, a story to illustrate the extraordinary efficiency of the East German State Security (Stasi).

Travelling the in the GDR was called 'Touring'. A patrol of several days was called a 'Tour'. There were three sorts: Operational, Cultural and Mapping. I think these names are self-explanatory. I was detailed off for a 'Cultural' Tour as the junior officer. The Tour Commander was a major and a man of considerable style with a name similar to my own, but no relation. Our driver was a good-looking young RCT corporal of some experience. Our mission was to spend some days in the then dreary little town of Ludwigslust, and try and engage someone - anyone - in conversation. We were all German speakers. Off we went.

My namesake and superior officer was more than a little peeved at the mission we had been given, and suspected a coded slight (see 'lows' above) by the SO2 Ops tasking officer - a man with a poor reputation as a man-manager. On arrival at our dismal hotel in Ludwigslust, where we had of course been booked in by name a week previously, my namesake immediately cancelled the booking, telephoned the best hotel in Magdeburg - The Maritime - and booked us in there. We set off straight away at about 1800hrs on a wintry evening, our good driver getting us to Magdeburg in about two hours.

As we walked into the glittering lobby of the spanking smart hotel, there, sitting on a couch, was a beautiful young German woman who stood up and greeted our driver with a friendly kiss and said how astonished she

was to see him. Our driver was a little embarrassed but explained quickly that he had met her just once, about nine months previously in a discotheque in Potsdam, and had had a little flirt with her. Which brings me to my main point: what extraordinary speed of reaction and logistics must have been required - from our Tour Commander making the call to Magdeburg at about 1800, the Stasi checking out names, finding the driver's name, finding the girl (in Potsdam presumably) and then getting her all dressed up for a party and to Magdeburg by 2030?? And all this in the days before digital databases!!

Naturally this little incident had no effect whatsoever on our classy Tour Commander, whose approach to cultural touring was as simple as it was devastatingly effective. We went into the hotel's bar where he announced loudly that everybody in the room could drink Champagne (well Sekt actually) on him for the rest of the evening. Within minutes we were surrounded by new friends.

And it didn't need much time before a very attractive woman about my age with neatly-cut blonde hair and wearing an elegant trouser suit sat down close to me and began to engage me in conversation. Well, that was what cultural touring was all about, so I engaged back, and we spent a most agreeable evening together, dining and dancing in the restaurant on the lower floor, the whole thing ending in a bout of innocent snogging before bed, and that was that. I do remember at some point in the evening making an uncalled-for remark about her trouser suit which prompted her to stand up, walk out of the restaurant and return in less time than a woman needs to go to the bathroom but this time wearing a smart and fashionable party frock. Had I been on the wrong side all along?

The second story illustrates the unpleasant phenomenon of "spoof tasking".

At some point I was sent (by the same tasking officer) on a week-long Mapping Tour in the forests of Thuringia. Not very much enamoured of the task, the Tour NCO and I drove our patient RAF driver mad going up and down endless forest rides, round and round little villages and in and out of decrepit rotting little sidings for days on end.

SOPs being SOPs - we were positioned one dismal rainy morning for our breakfast at a good OP above a deep valley with a railway line running through it. As we drank our coffee and the mist below us cleared, an ordinary passenger train of some sort came into view and parked in a small siding in the valley below. I have to say we



looked at this uninspiring piece of rolling stock for almost an hour before the Tour NCO remarked that the people in the carriages must still be sleeping because the windows were still curtained up. Looking more

closely and not a little curious, we saw that the windows were actually blanked out. The carriages were also more than usually uninteresting with almost none of the rail-technical hieroglyphs that they would normally sport.

Yawning with boredom at the thought of another day's mapping, we finished our coffee and decided to make a closer pass on the train before continuing with our task. Our driver took us slowly down the hill and swung gracefully into the siding.

Suddenly on all sides were NVA soldiers and Vopos! All were armed and cocking their weapons! Dogs snarled beside the car! NVA officers shouted and ran towards us! Soviet soldiers appeared from nowhere. Our driver could only go forward. He hit the kick-down. The car bucked forward. We raced alongside the carriages at 3 metres distance towards an embankment. More and more soldiers and then a BRDM appeared. Someone opened fire (I think!). The driver threw the car around and ploughed back through the mob of soldiers and police - I don't know how he didn't hit anybody. I simply held my camera to the window and let the motor run the film through. The NCO was yelling something to the driver and then.... we were out... onto the road and away. The whole thing hadn't lasted more than 60 seconds!

We drove like crazy for about ten minutes and then, after some quick drilling, we hid ourselves up a forest track. "What the f*** was that?!", was all we could gasp at each other. My heart took a half hour to stop pounding.

But our orders were to map a certain area, not to roz up an NVA site and get detained for nothing. We plodded on dutifully for three more days. On our return the SO2 debriefed me casually.

"Anything happen then? Anything interesting?"

"No, Not really. All very dull. We did see a funny train though. Almost got detained"

"Oh yes... get any pictures then.....?", he wondered idly, his eyes wandering away.

"Well yes, actually I did."

"That's it!", he cried, and immediately confiscated all my material from the darkroom and swore me not to tell anybody about the incident.

"Why?" I asked.



Chief of Mission's Brixmis car after a ramming. He survived!



Ramming of a French mission car in which the NCO, Adjutant Chef Mariotti, was killed (effectively left to die slowly of his injuries in the car)



A tour car at a so-called Z-Platz (a good overnighting place)

"Can't tell you old boy," he said airily. "Just can't tell you..."

I was spitting blood! It transpired we had been sent on the tour with the express purpose of checking the credibility and accuracy of another very sensitive source. Had we known ... had we only known...we would have taken more care. We would have stayed on the target. We wouldn't have just driven up to the effing Soviet Nuclear Command Train like bumbling ninnies and nearly got wasted! I could hardly control my anger and resentment.

Often it is asked why the missions were tolerated in the East. Well, obviously because the Soviets had three similar ones in West Germany. But we also had other uses to both sides as reliable observers. So, a last anecdote from the Mission Apocrypha: on a leisurely tour in the North, in good weather, somewhere near Waren, we had breakfasted and set out for an enjoyable day's touring. We sallied out of a wood where we had overnighted onto a straight open country road.

Only just started, we saw a Soviet column approaching in the opposite direction. With no time to react and anyway in full view of the column, we had no choice but to brass it out and just meet the column head on,

and do a drive past. This we duly did - the Tour NCO identifying and recording the equipment and numbers, me photographing as usual. As we exited on the other side the driver stopped and we all looked at each other in amazement! The column was a Soviet Missile unit of a sort that had never ever been seen in the open and was only known from a blurry long-distance enlargement of a launcher on a training area in the south. Very excited, we decided to do another drive past. The column hadn't reacted at all to our presence and seemed half asleep. We quickly turned round, caught up with the slow-moving column and did a very thorough pass, seemingly without drawing any attention to ourselves. We sped off and, conscious of the "scoop", aborted the rest of the tour and started on the four-hour drive back to Potsdam.



Soviet Army Tank Column on an approach march



East German photo of Air Tour detained by the VPOS



Soviet Tank on a train



The Mission at work



T64B at a railway siding



But hardly had we turned onto our route home, when another column appeared to our front. We slowed down and pulled off the road. It was another missile unit! But wait...could that be? Wasn't

it the same one?! It was! The column drove up to our position and sedately gave us a front view, a side view and a back view which we duly recorded and drove on.

Quite astounded, we just sped off south, anxious to get the material back to our analysts. It was something quite rare, perhaps even the fabled SS22! We couldn't quite believe it. The Tour NCO began to doubt his recognition skills. I couldn't even remember what an SS22 looked like or was. None of us really ever expected to actually see one of the things "live"!!

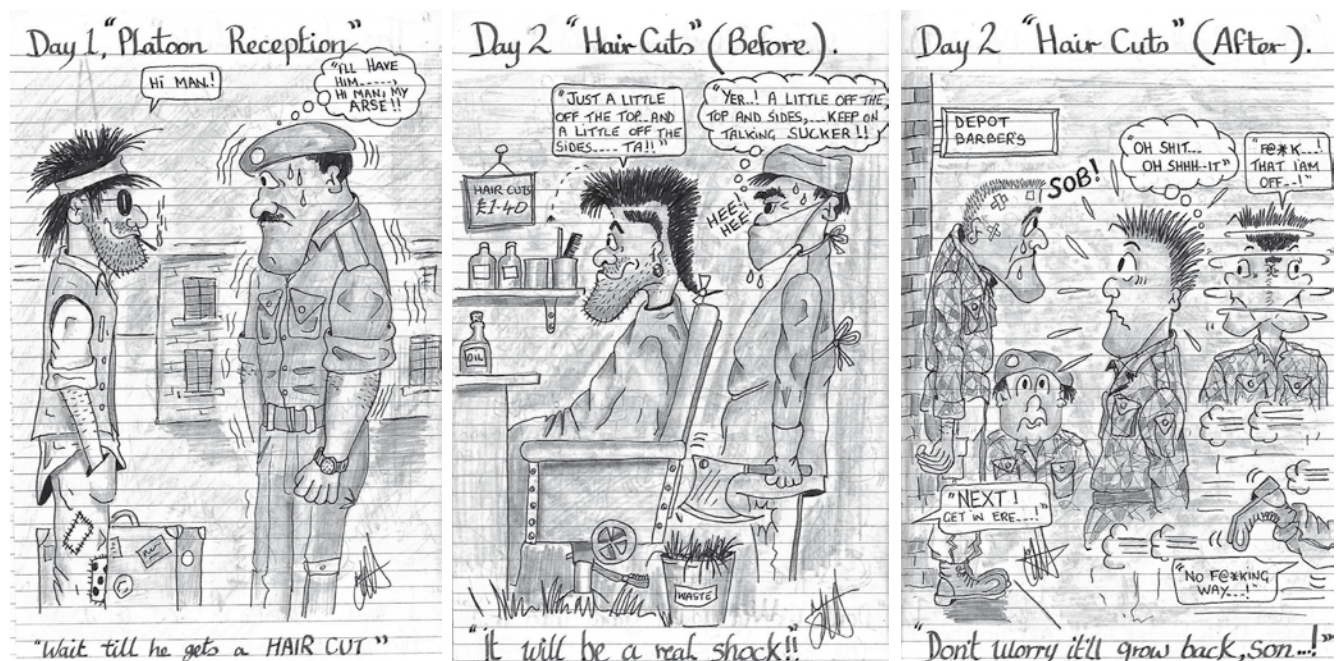
It took all day to get back to the Mission House, then over the bridge, and then to the US Mission to report our initial sightings as was standard procedure. There we were vexed and disappointed to find that both the French and US Missions in the other Sectors had had similar sightings and had long since reported them. Our scoop was old news already!

I suppose I was vaguely aware that in faraway Helsinki the START 1 negotiations had just begun. It is pure speculation on my part, but I think perhaps there must have been difficulties establishing the baseline of missiles and missile carriers in Eastern Europe at that time. We had simply been exploited by the Soviets as a communication channel - classic International Crisis Management.

These then are stories that I might have told while leaning against a bar at some reunion. There are others: a near-death experience at an NVA range when our RAF driver performed a driving stunt of unbelievable skill to avoid a frontal ramming at full speed by a BTR; a whole day spent at the target end of the Goldberg Tank Range during live firing in an (unsuccessful) attempt to film an anti-tank missile in flight; a compass march by night of several kilometres to a remote dump that only earned me a rebuke from the Chief for not bringing back anything interesting; a brilliant sighting of a Speznaz column trundling along a tactical route on their 'mini-mokes' and so on.

But I insist that the readers of this article understand that what I have written here is nothing more than my subjective recollection of three incidents I was involved in. These stories cannot be verified by any official source. After the dissolution of the Missions at the end of the Cold War, a huge amount of the records were officially destroyed and the rest so highly classified that not even our highest ranking and most prestigious ex-Mission Members can access them.

Anyone interested in learning more should read *"Beyond the Front Line"* by Tony Geraghty. We also have an Association with a Secretary and an Archivist. I would be happy to put any amateur or professional Military Historian in touch with them. For myself, I have no wish to compromise my hard-won reputation as an unreliable witness of these events and so I recommend contacting more reputable sources. It was fun to think back on it though...



BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN - POLAND 1984-86

By Peter Barrow

It is not often that one gets the chance to serve, accompanied, behind the front line of a prospective foe. So it was with some trepidation that my wife and I turned left on the autobahn south of Berlin and headed East into the unknown. The East German Border Guards were hostile, forbidding but meticulous and it was with relief, and considerable release of tension, to be welcomed by the smiling faces of their Polish opposite numbers. I was to take up the appointment of Naval and Military Attaché on the Staff of the British Embassy in Warsaw. My wife and I had been allocated a large comfortable hiring not far from the Embassy which was to be our home for the next two years.

My mission, together the other attachés and our support staff, was to get to know all about the Polish Armed

Forces, its equipment, readiness for war and morale and report back to the MoD. We also had to keep an eye on the other forces of the Warsaw Pact stationed in Poland or transiting through. This principally meant keeping an eye on the lines of communication between Russia and East Germany. Many hours were spent watching and photographing trains carrying strange tarped objects.

Poland, I discovered, was a land of contradictions. It looked to the West but was held by the East in an embrace that was resented. The country was under martial law due to the activities of Solidarity and Soviet forces had been stationed in the country since the end of WW II. There were main roads that served as runways and car parks that could be turned into refuelling points for military convoys. The Poles were free but not free - a kind of open



One of the many formal Parades



Snowed in



Farewell



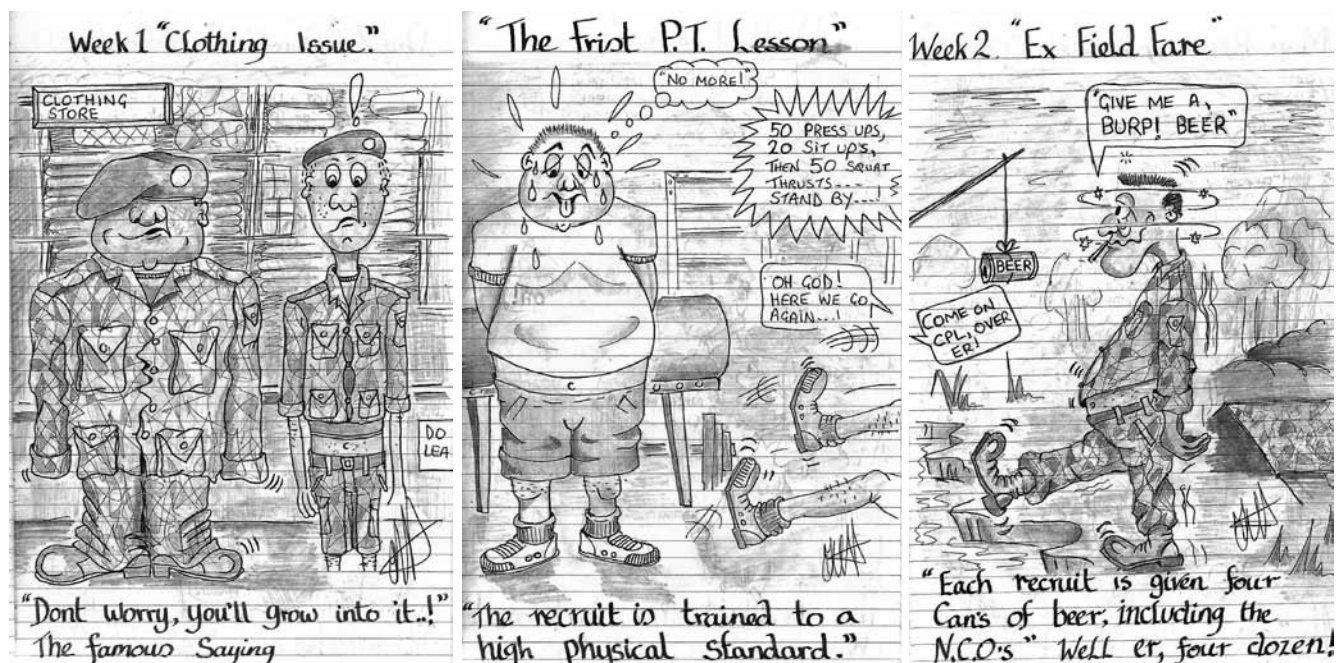
prison with no walls, even though it was behind the Iron Curtain. The size of the émigré population dictated a free flow of information, news and dollars. It was not illegal to have dollars but against the law to change them except at recognised facilities. The Communist State vied with the Catholic population that sided with Solidarity. There were sporadic shortages of goods and fuel. Supermarkets with few items hid their trolleys and Fiat owners took their windscreen wipers to bed with them!

I became, de facto, a member of the Warsaw Military Attaché Corps. It was made up from all the military attachés accredited to Warsaw. These subdivided into NATO, Warsaw Pact and the non-aligned or neutral, all with their own inner more select groupings and, no doubt, agendas. It was a very happy corps and we all, including our wives, got along meeting on frequent occasions such as National Days and on the Tours arranged by our Polish Attaché Liaison Branch (FLS) as well as many privately organized social occasions. These provided close and intimate insights into the varied cultures represented and the eating of some very strange meals. The FLS outings were great fun and enjoyed by all, even though nothing of intelligence interest was ever revealed. So strong was this military group, forged by the exigencies of service life, that we still meet for reunions; even former members of the Warsaw Pact now attend.

The main emphasis was spent on touring the country and there was a roughly three week turn around so that one of the three British attachés was almost always on tour. The first week was spent in preparing for the tour, selecting the

sites and installations to be visited, the routes to be used and hotels and accommodation arranged. The second week was spent on tour in a Range Rover accompanied by a member of our support staff. The third week would be spent on writing up a report on what had been seen and photographed. Most tours were shadowed by the Polish Special Branch and all installations would report our presence if we were seen. Hotels had large sinister men in the foyer on our arrival and departure and I have no doubt our rooms were bugged and conversations recorded. The only really safe place to talk was in the centre of a large recently ploughed field. Even then one might spot some strange farmers in the distance. In a perverse sort of way one always felt safe in Poland.

There were official functions and events that had to be attended and formal visits to be made, normally in full dress. There were also a large number of privately arranged visits. The most pleasurable of these was to pass on British War Medals to those that had served alongside the Western Allies. Only recently had they been permitted to claim them and their services officially recognised for pensions. Hearing their experiences, at first hand, of the long journey home and their final reception was both heart-warming and sad. One felt honoured to have met them. I then fully understood the esteem in which the majority of Poles hold the British and still do. I met this common bond on many occasions on my travels and was always helped in awkward situations. The Polish Underground, I felt, was still very much alive. We reciprocated, on one occasion, winching a farmer's tractor and cart out of a bog. He was surprised!





BERLIN: COLD COMFORT

By Ken Hames

In November 1974 I entered Berlin for the first time, unaware that it was primarily set up by the Four Power Agreement on Berlin to physically and ideologically divide it, which happened from 1961 to 1989. Constructed by the German Democratic Republic (GDR or East Germany), starting on 13 August 1961, the Wall completely cut off (by land) West Berlin from surrounding East Germany and from East Berlin until government officials opened it in November 1989.

The Eastern Bloc claimed that the Wall was erected to protect its population from fascist elements conspiring to prevent the 'will of the people' in building a socialist state in East Germany. In practice, the Wall served to prevent the massive emigration and defection that had blighted East Germany and the communist Eastern Bloc during the post-World War II period.

Trooper Hames (17 and wide-eyed) had a very limited mission in 1974, focussed on so called confidence-building measures and 'local boy done good in keeping the Warsaw Pact at bay' stories. It also involved a short spell joining the guard for one man, Rudolf Hess. The journey there on the military train from West Germany was really uneventful until the rather dilapidated carriages reached the environs of Berlin, Trooper Hames failing to recognise that uniformed guards checking the tickets and documents were in fact Russians. "Aren't they the bad guys" I asked my fellow travellers. This was a strange moment in my history, as some scrounged cigarettes, while others looking incredibly vague; but as we were entering their side of the east/west divide, it seemed only fair to share! It had only been weeks before, that my 120 mm Chieftain gun barrel had been up against the fence line, somewhere on the East/West border (another enormous exercise or 'scheme' as we called it) and I was chucking the East German border guards most of the contents of my ration pack over the fence as they had clearly not been fed for weeks! Care in the community!

On arriving in West Berlin all got back to normal and there was a huge sense of relief as we spotted the first Schnellimbiss. (Bratwurst/Currywurst junk food vendor!). Try explaining all of the above to some ardent historical listener and it's not at all straightforward. Like a Harold Pinter play, the dialogue goes ----

'Well, what you've got mate is a bit of our west in their east'

'So what you're saying is that you go east to get into a bit of the west'

'Sort of - but the west there is surrounded by the east'

'How do you know which is east and west and who is looking after north and south?'

'Well to help you keep your bearings, there's a bloody great wall with dogs and mines and goon towers and a 'death strip'.

'Nice'.

Rudolf Walter Richard Hess was a prominent politician in Nazi Germany. Appointed Deputy Führer to Adolf Hitler in 1933, he served in this position until 1941. In May of that year, Hess did something that took everybody by surprise. On May 10th, he took a Messerschmitt 110 and flew it solo to Scotland where he crash-landed the plane. It seems that Hess took it upon himself to secure a negotiated peace between the British government (that, he stipulated, should not include Winston Churchill!) and Germany. Hess was found by a Scots farmer and arrested. Those who arrested Hess were impressed with his manners – he would not sit down until told that he could do so. Hess was interned, including a four day stay at the Tower of London where he signed autographs for the warders – one of which is still in the warders bar. Hitler immediately stripped Hess of all the ranks he held in the Nazi Party including being a party member.

He was sent to trial at Nuremberg in 1946 where he was sent to prison for life. With other Nazi leaders, he was sent to Spandau Prison and from 1966 onwards, he was the only prisoner there. After 1966 he showed signs of dementia and would wail at night, which he blamed on his stomach pains but probably intended to spook the guards (which he did!) His death while in prison is a bit of a mystery. It appears that Hess committed suicide by hanging himself. However, there are those who believe that he was far too old and frail to do this by himself and that Hess may have received some assistance from others. Nothing has ever been proved. After the death of Hess, Spandau Prison was knocked down to prevent it becoming a Neo-Nazi shrine.



Falckenstienstrasse-this graffiti will be there forever



Remnants of the wall-Mullenstrasse



Warschauer Strasse, an East German railway station



Double Decker Oberbaum Bridge looking West
- the scene of many spy exchanges



River Spree by the Oberbaum Bridge Many
tried to swim it to escape the East

It's a distant memory now (sadly) but I remember how sinister Spandau was and how confusing it was that one man, occupied so much time, effort and money (1 million marks per annum and one cell out of 600!). I remember the Russian guards marching through the early snow, grim-faced, indoctrinated, banned from talking to their decadent western counterparts such as I. I remember gazing out over the wall toward the East (concerned about snipers!) and it looked peaceful, even sublime, a perfectly logical, justifiable, ideological landmark of east versus west. That didn't last long as I turned away and felt for the first time the invisible eyes watching my back, those cross hairs of suspicion and paranoia. I was very young at the time and impressionable but perceptive enough to realise that something wasn't quite right. The 'wall' had begun to put things into focus and a sense of wonder was quickly replaced by a sense of dread. Spandau seemed much safer despite the wailing of a madman.

Somewhere near the Tiergarten back in the cold of November 1974, my friend Paul and I wandered the streets and marvelled at the lights and sounds. We drank a silly amount of beer then walked around marvelling at the locals. Paul commented about the number of good-looking blond German girls out walking and seeking 'friendship'. "Yes" I replied, and I approached one and said "Guten Abend".

She looked us up and down and smiling said "Shouldn't you two be in bed by now?". We agreed and obeyed, blissfully unaware of our close shave with the oldest profession in the world!

It was in the late 1980s that I went back to Berlin with a very different cap badge. We were making friends with the Russians for a spell and it seemed likely that the wall and a way of life for over four decades could disappear for ever. I remember being on a so called 'tour' with a seasoned member of BRIXMIS somewhere near the Glienicke Bridge in Potsdam, long-standing exchange mart for either British or Russian Agents. He was a mine of information and showed me incidents of Cold War confrontation that took one back to the days of Michael Caine's Harry Palmer and the *Ipcress File*. What really struck you was the scale of the non-military confrontation that had been going on and the splat marks on the small church adjacent to King Frederick's stately (but terribly neglected) home. The Palace of Sanssouci paid tribute to that place where agents and enemies crossed paths. Still in the sidings in the East were the rows and rows of railway tracks and the 'flats' carrying hundreds of Russian tanks and the much-photographed and sought-after signature equipment. This alarming queue went back about 10 miles, the ultimate military cul de sac; all facing west, of

course. In our BAOR doctrinal talks, we all pontificated about resisting the first operational echelon and waiting for the second eleven. Somehow Berlin with all its history and deep-rooted suspicion brought this into sharp focus. Would they have come if 'perestroika' had failed? In retrospect the defences seemed so flimsy, but spirits remained high, the overwhelming threat smoked off by the beating drum of West Berlin's bars and indomitable spirit.

We ended up by the iconic Oberbaum Bridge by Mullenstrasse, scene of many an agent exchange and perhaps one of the most symbolic historical divisions across the River Spree.

.....and then 1989 arrived with Gorbachev and the Wall came down (well, a bit of it!).

When you have built something up over 40 years it's not quite so simple to dismantle it in a year despite the necessity to rebuild a city divided and in the East's case, neglected. But our Soviet friends are entrepreneurs and in 1990 made off with 200 tons of copper wiring stripped out of every barracks in Berlin. Well what would you do if you had not been paid for two years? As for us Brits and Frenchies and Yanks I think we were all taken back a bit. What no more Cold War, no more spy movies, no more Checkpoint blinkin' Charlie? After the wall came down and after everybody had 'nicked' a bit of it as a doorstep, I was lucky enough to attend what could only be described as a Soviet car boot sale where one could purchase everything from a T62 to a gas suit for an Alsatian dog. I guess all

that paraphernalia is now either in a scrap yard or sitting on someone's mantelpiece but almost every door in the MOD for a decade had a piece of 'wall' to hold it open! "With genuine graffiti!!" some over-excited staff officer would say!

Much of what happened in Berlin on both sides of the wall still remains buried in secrecy, suspicion and timeless paranoia, shrouded even now in intrigue and ideological divisions.

Much of that time in the early 90s was spent trying to carefully unpick the threads of a well-woven plot trying to deter our enemy. It is outside the bounds of this article to expand but safe to say there were things in place I saw and had to dismantle that made me think very differently about the threat from the Warsaw Pact, its intent and frankly our inability to stop it. When you look at North Korea today, you can draw a parallel in some ways where self-indoctrination and paranoia quickly builds a siege mentality, where only the strongest leadership can find a peaceful way out. Berlin and Germany can really thank 'Gorby'!

Some secrets may (or should) never get out...and never will if George Smiley gets his way...if they do, it could well open another bag of worms. The Wall may be gone but the foundations remain in place!!

If you have never been to Berlin, go! It's an amazing city with a lot of history - look out for women seeking 'friendship'!





THE TERRITORIAL ARMY COLD WAR

By Colin Hurd

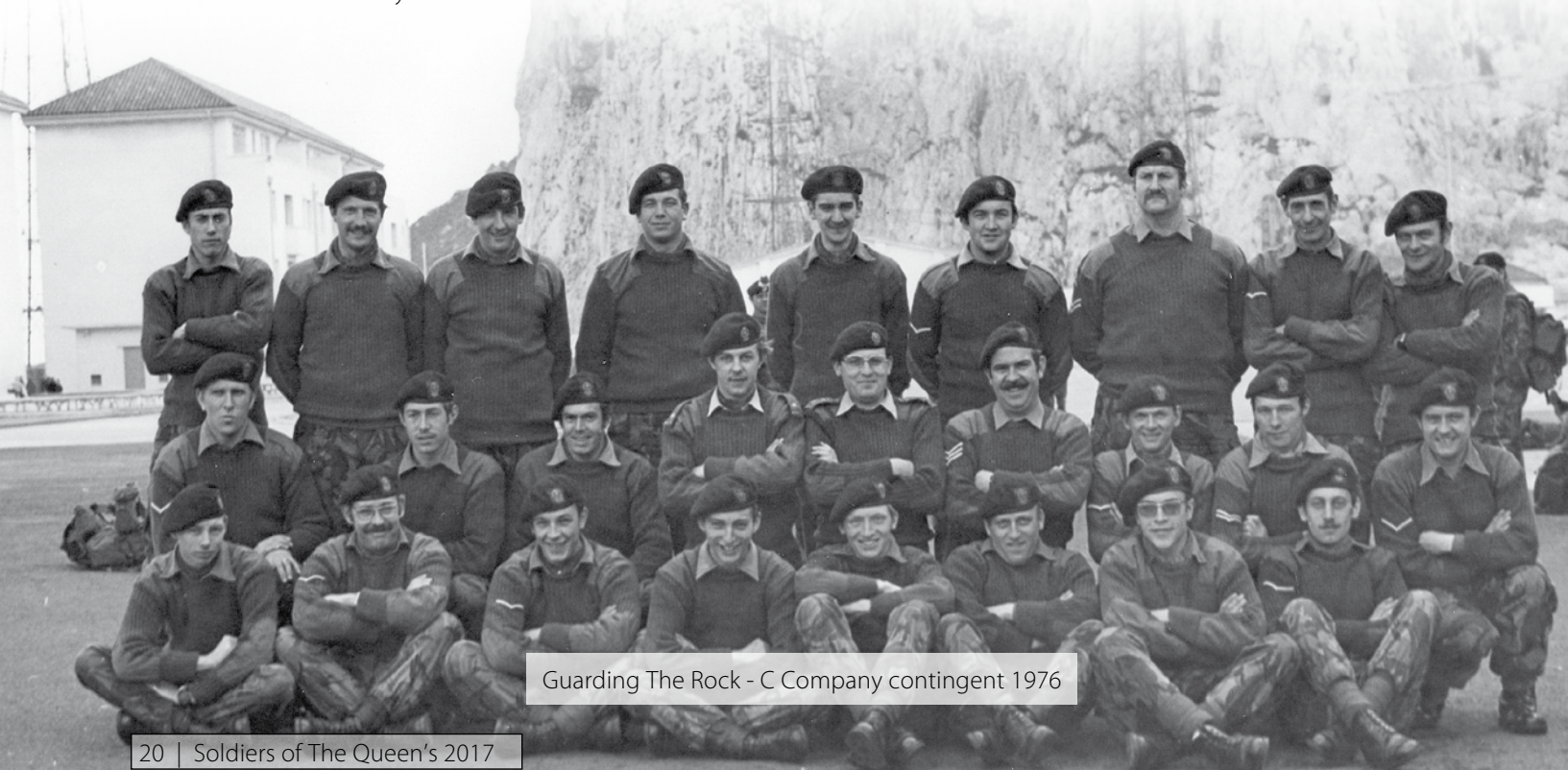
Samuel Johnson's observation that *"Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier or not having been at sea"* is a good starting point. I have been at sea and have a yachtmaster qualification to prove it. I have also been a soldier although it is hard not to think meanly of myself for not having been on a frontline somewhere. My 'war' was the Cold War. We Cold War warriors trained for war hoping for the peace which prevailed and averted the ultimate test. Perhaps I should be more thankful for this.

As a part-time soldier in the then Territorial Army, I spent 22 years playing a part in defending the UK and Europe against the Soviet threat. The Cold War underpinned a fragile and essential peace although there was much analysis of the Soviet, and especially Russian, psyche as to whether and why they might or might not invade. A strong theory is that the defence of the Motherland was at the core of Soviet doctrine and that a pre-emptive strike was never a reality. Others argued that ultimately the many disparities within the Warsaw Pact militated against a successful party in a vodka distillery, let alone a three-day dash to the Channel ports. This said, there is no doubt that the West faced vast armies with huge manpower and massive amounts of air, sea and ground hardware. Unsurprisingly, NATO planned for the worst; the threat was taken most seriously not least in the form of the

British Army of the Rhine (BAOR). Whilst BAOR was over 50,000 strong at its peak, reinforcement planned to treble this when units of the Territorial Army (TA) were included.

Clearly there is a difference between a full-time Regular soldier and a part-time Territorial one. However, the TA created a pool of soldiers schooled and trained in the fighting essentials and soldierly qualities required to go to war. Overall, the part-time soldier could integrate with his or her full-time counterpart very quickly. A wealth of civilian skills also came as part of the package. All of this was easily demonstrated during a two-week annual camp, an intensive brigade exercise or participation in long training courses. My friend Graham Peel, then a platoon sergeant, attended an NBC instructor's course and listened in the mess while his regular counterparts gave their less than favourable views of the TA. They had not realised he was TA and this ultimately led to a local newspaper article *"Sgt Peel Makes Them Blush!"* The soldiers quickly armed themselves with T-shirts with the same slogan.

My Cold War started in 1971 when I enlisted into C (Royal Sussex) Coy 7 QUEENS at Crawley and trained as an infantryman for two years before being commissioned. These were the days of green combat suits, 37 pattern webbing and bedrolls constructed of two blankets,



Guarding The Rock - C Company contingent 1976



Dead DUKWs Jersey 1971



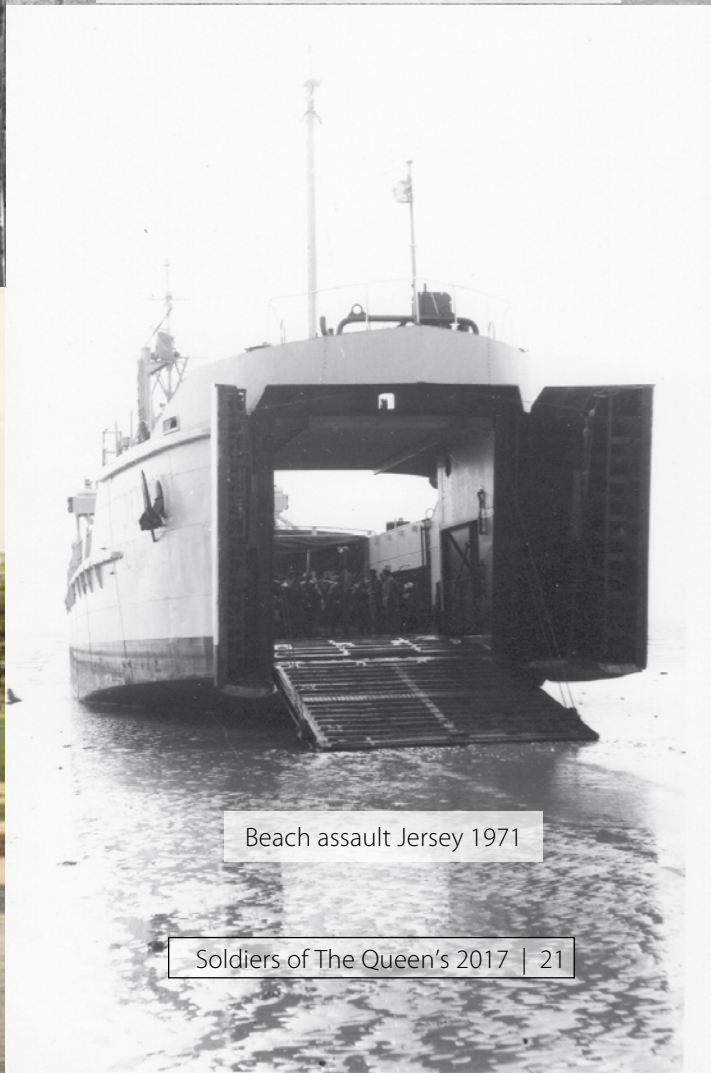
Recruit Tea Break Westdown 1977
L-R:- Ptes Saunders, Garrett, Jeffrey and Carr, Lt Colin Hurd



Parade Commander Arundel Freedom March on 30 August 1980



En route to defend Gibraltar
L-R:- NK, Mick Courtneage, Lt Steve Northdale,
Lt Colin Hurd



Beach assault Jersey 1971



two blanket pins and a groundsheet. We were one of the several new battalions raised to defend the UK homeland because of worries about Spetsnaz and fifth columnists. Many exercise

narratives told of rubber dinghies being found on a coastline somewhere.

We were lightly armed - our LMGs had BREN 1944 crossed through - and lightly equipped, our green 4 tonners were clearly sourced from Sainsbury's. The foundation was basic infantry skills applied to guarding key points, keeping the peace, road blocks, counter-insurgency and so on. The context was Military Aid to the Civil Power (MACP) and its related police supremacy. I remember very well the box drills and training films where it was always the poor chap in the red shirt that got singled out. *Star Trek* clearly bought into this as a red tunic often signalled an early demise! Anyway, the possible scenario was the aftermath of an NBC attack of some kind. The 1965 BBC film "The War Game" shelved until 1985 (see it on YouTube) gives a bleak but probably realistic overview of what we were expected to deal with.

My first annual camp was split between Shorncliffe, Folkestone and Jersey. Convoy to Marchwood was followed by a sea voyage in a Landing Craft Tank (LCT). The aim was to hit the beaches of Jersey and storm ashore. However, the huge tidal range meant that when

the ramp dropped, there was still deep water and it seemed hours before it was possible to disembark. We lived in the sand dunes in two-man bivvies, which was unpleasant, especially when it rained. I'm sure we did quite a few things, including visiting local bars, but my main preoccupation was carrying a heavy '31' manpack radio set, which simply would not work! On one occasion, we were due to exercise with DUKWs that were still in service but they simply went around in circles until they grounded due to a falling tide!

For the journey home, it was our first major experience of rush to wait. Reveille was in the early hours because of the usual extensions to the report time added by every level of command, including the CSM. We embarked in the darkness and rain, but all it felt was miserable. A voice from the darkness above us, Padre John Hughes, enthusiastically announced that an urn of tea had been secured. A voice from the inner darkness spontaneously responded with "*And I've got two small fishes and five barley loaves!*"

The return journey to Southampton involved a Force 9 gale and near-death experience as the LCT smashed into a huge wave that bent the bow doors, sending a shudder through the boat and gallons of water cascading into the tank deck below where we cowered under tarpaulins stretched above our flimsy camp beds. Unsurprisingly, I have been a keen supporter of the RNLI ever since. The second LCT, the captain of which had decided to wait awhile before sailing, enjoyed an HM Customs' rummage



Presentation of Colours Ardingly 1981

Her Grace Lavinia Duchess of Norfolk, accompanied by CO Mike Dudding, inspects Sgt Jim Baker
Major Colin Hurd left foreground



Westdown Recruit Cadre 1977
The Commanding Officer inspects the Recruit Company
L-R:- Lt Col Foster Herd, Major Richard Putnam (behind CO),
Lt Colin Hurd, WOII Dave Bowen, Pte Garrett, Pte Cilia



Platoon Commander Salisbury Plain
L-R:- Si Edrich, Bob Givens, Lt Colin Hurd

crew on arrival in Blighty and learned that the secret hiding places were not that secret after all.

After this splendid introduction to the British Army I successfully completed Sandhurst, Platoon and Company Commander's courses at Warminster, the TA Staff & Command course at Camberley as well as, for example, the press course at RAEC Beaconsfield. I served as a platoon commander, company 2IC before commanding C Coy, Crawley, and then A Coy, Farnham. After staff duties with 1 Inf Bde I took command of HQ Coy and was later appointed Bn 2IC 6/7QUEENS, which became 6/7PWRR.

As a part-time soldier, all my training for war took place in a concentrated form on drill nights, at weekends and a mixture of two-week camps and courses. This was all fitted around developing a full-time career in the Civil Service and, of course, family life. It was much more than a hobby and more of a second job. In fact, it verged on a vocation the moment any form of rank or responsibility was conferred. Two training weekends a month was not unusual nor was undertaking a two-week course and an annual camp in one year. Sixty to 100 days of paid soldiering a year was normal in the era before training days were rationed to save money. In addition, there was a military social life and mess functions to fit in. Planning,

preparation and admin were often carried out at home and at the office. Indeed, office printing facilities and materials of diverse types were commandeered and redirected over the years. Later technologies such as email blurred the distinctions further.

Along the way, I exercised with tanks, Special Forces, fast jets and have flown in and exited from a variety of helicopters. Indeed, I was on a recce in a Chinook and watched with much amusement as it blew the crinkly-tin roof off the toilet block at Mereworth Woods. I have fired infantry weapons of all types, thrown grenades and blown things up, including grenades that did not go bang when thrown. I have conducted and taken part in field firing with mortars, artillery and A10 aircraft. I practised the NBC defecation drill and especially the bit about minding the NBC trouser braces, and coped with personnel and equipment cuts; my first task as OC A Coy was to ground all vehicles. As a platoon commander, I managed to get headlines in the Crawley press because the visiting journalist saw that we had no blank ammunition and were reduced to shouting "Bang!"

The grand tour of UK training areas and ranges is a given, as is night navigation across Dartmoor. Similarly I have enjoyed the pleasure of what was called FIBUA (Fighting



in Built-Up Areas) at Copehill Down, Imber, Longmoor etc. The Home Defence label was our ticket to NITAT, Lydd.

I commanded the border between Gibraltar and Spain on two MARBLE TOR outings. The Greenjackets decided it would be fun to secure the Union Flag at North Front, which meant that CSgt Dennis Cady would had to shin up the pole before the sunset ceremony could be completed. Suffice it say that CS tablets and dark blue paint were part of the payback. Oh yes, and I had to convince the fire officer (Super Mario lookalike) that spontaneous combustion was the cause of the training area fire and not our thunderflashes. A voyage on the Dutch submarine Tonijn was fun albeit with essence of diesel. The Captain and crew were more than reminiscent of *'Das Boot'*. At a less glamorous level, I have overseen a huge coke heap at Crowborough Camp and similar odd things posing as Key Points. Guarding some huge RAF metal thing on a low loader around the tracks of the Kielder Forest was interesting.

A stint with the All Arms Watchkeeper's Pool was a welcome change from part-time regimental duty. As mentioned earlier, I was posted to 1 Inf Bde, which formed the core of the United Kingdom Mobile Force (UKMF). Colloquially known as the dig and die brigade, the UKMF was a divisional-sized brigade which served under rotating German and Danish generals to reinforce Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein. The Force depended on 15,000 reinforcements, largely TA, being shipped hazard-free over the North Sea by Fred Olsen 'RoRo' ferries. Our job was to dig-in and allow a Panzer Grenadier division to pivot around us. It was thought that we would not survive very long after radio silence was broken, hence the dig and die either on the Kiel Canal or the Roskilde Gap.



Platoon HQ Jersey 1971

An exercise in Neumunster, Germany, involved many Land Rovers being escorted from Hamburg docks through the rush hour by the Polizei complete with blue lights and sirens. They clearly wanted us out of the way. We were billeted in old, stark, wartime barracks with cold and very cold running water. The Bundeswehr guards were armed and locked the gates at midnight. However, a determined "Ich bin Major" on my part elicited a change of policy one evening after a trip to town. A visit to Bergen-Belsen was a little more sobering. I was however pleased to arrive - my driver having tried to turn into the oncoming traffic at a dual-carriageway junction.

The Roskilde Gap exercise saw some real troop movements and the Bundeswehr armoured artillery column on the move was very impressive indeed. Our HQ shared a shed of biblically-sized proportions with an equally epic amount of EU intervention wheat. The Queen of Denmark came to see us complete with mobile ablutions. A trip into Copenhagen was fun and I have yet to see that number of falling-down drunk people anywhere else.

One other highlight was EX PURPLE WARRIOR. This was essentially a PR exercise for the Parachute Regiment and Royal Marines; purple being a mix of red and green berets. The night train to Stranraer was an experience, as was watching Buccaneer after-burners fire up when taking off at night.

So this gives a hint of what I did in the Cold War. It felt real at the time and I and many Territorial men and women were committed to serving our country and making the ultimate sacrifice if required. As with the bulk of the British Armed Forces at that time, we spent our time training for war to make it unnecessary. It was often thought though in our Home Defence role and after we were redesignated 'General Reserve' that we would end up in Germany and that we would turn out the lights after we left the country.

There was a rumour during the miner's strike of 1984/85 that we might be called-up so that we could allow regular battalions to go and shift coal. This never came to pass and the volunteer Queen's battalions were never called up. It should be remembered, though, that in the early years call out for permanent service required a 'Queen's Order' at 'reserve force' level, ie the entire TA. The politics was very much against using Territorials other than in total war since this might suggest an under-resourced Regular Army. Additionally, a dead Territorial was regarded as a dead civilian. Consequently, some Territorials who were able took short-service Regular engagements, which included serving on the streets of Northern



FIBUA Longmoor

Ireland. Some took up short service commitments in for example Belize and BATUS Suffield.

I can only think of two casualty incidents apart from my green maggots sleeping bag, which succumbed to an SAS smoke grenade during a night attack. At Shorncliffe in 1975, a soldier lost his grip and slid down a rope from a Wessex helicopter until the burns made him let go, resulting in a broken leg. On Willsworthy ranges, a sheep was badly wounded but my then platoon sergeant, Dave Truran, used his slaughterman skills swiftly to put it out of its misery. Ironically, we got a bollocking from range control for being humane as several farmers, it was said, might have seen the incident and interpreted it rather differently.

So there we are. Whilst I like many trained for something I hoped never to do, there is no denying a sense of frustration of not having had the opportunity to put my training and character to the test. I think that this is underpinned by the comment *"Didn't join up to kill people. It just happens that if it comes to it, we are rather good at it."*

There is of course much much more that could be said; myriad stories that exemplify military humour and banter, and comradeship felt only by brothers and sisters-in-arms.

Let me finish though by talking about the centuries of our forebears' history, spirit and traditions that were concentrated in the large regiment that was The Queen's Regiment. Of course, there were initial mumblings when the Regiment was formed and it took a while for us in Sussex to swap our orange lanyards for regimental blue! We were equally horrified when we were treated so shabbily by the system when our great Regiment was ordered to merge. We Territorials loved our Regiment just as much and have the same lifelong loyalty. My 42 years in the Civil Service could never evoke the same feelings. In my mind I am first and foremost a Queensman, even though I can and do on occasion wear the PWRR cap badge with pride.

(Ed: Colin Hurd was a Cadet RSM and Adult Sergeant Instructor in the Sussex ACF and enlisted into C (Royal Sussex) Coy, 7 QUEENS at Crawley in 1971. 18 months later, he was appointed officer cadet and commissioned after Sandhurst in 1973. He was awarded the Territorial Efficiency Decoration (TD) in 1985. He rebadged PWRR on amalgamation in 1992 and transferred to RARO in 1993. He retired as a one-star senior civil servant in 2010 having been appointed OBE for services to education and skills in 2007.)



FACE TO FACE WITH THE COLD WAR

By Roddy Mellotte



We were in Denmark where I had a job on the NATO Headquarters at Allied Forces Baltic Approaches. I had been booked on a course at the NATO School at Oberammergau and my wife, Marybell, and the family were coming too. However, there was a problem – the journey down would coincide with the wedding of HRH Prince Charles and the then Lady Diana Spencer and it was ordained that we had to be near a TV set. I came up with what I thought was a pretty neat solution which was that we would go a day or two early, turn left at Hanover, nip up to Berlin, stay at Edinburgh House (the British transit hotel) for the weekend and watch it there. The beauty of the plan (for which I felt that I never did get due recognition), was that we'd be able to watch the whole transmission, rather than whatever the Danish TV decided to transmit, and in English via BFBS. As it had been when we were stationed there, the Corridor was the only road access through East Germany that we could use to drive to Berlin since the Western Allies didn't recognise it as a separate state.



Royal Wedding

However, that was when the plan became complicated. First, my NATO headquarters got twitchy about me driving up the corridor because of my knowledge and access to its classified material and initially refused me permission so to do. However, I pointed out that being in Exercise Branch, I didn't get that much access and, anyway, when I had been stationed in Berlin as Intelligence Officer with access to far higher classified material, no restriction was placed on my use of the Corridor. Eventually, they relented but insisted that I had to be escorted up and back down it. Many phone calls later, I had secured the services of the Royal Military Police (RMP) to provide the totally unnecessary service. When submitting details, however, HQ BAOR said that I couldn't travel up on my Danish Diplomatic car plates. At first, I thought that this would be a real 'show-stopper' but all of a sudden a friendly RO in Rheindahlen said *"Don't worry, old chap, we'll lend you some BFG plates and you can drive up on those. Just strap them on and Bingo!"* Having gone through the strict BFG licensing process before and knowing how detail-perfect one had to be to go through the Soviet checkpoints, I thought that this was just asking for trouble. *"Don't worry, old boy, you'll be OK"*, he said.

At Helmstedt, the border, I was indeed issued with a set of BFG vehicle registration plates which I strapped over my blue diplomatic ones but the RMP escort failed to turn up. Faced with a three or four hour wait for another one to be summoned,

I persuaded the RSM of one of the battalions who happened to be travelling up at the same time to be my escort and up we went without any other problem.

We spent a very pleasant weekend in our beloved Berlin and by the appointed time had ordered appropriate rations and glued ourselves to a small 'box' that was a TV in our hotel room. We watched the wedding in English from start to finish. The children soon became inspired by what they saw and began to play 'Royal Weddings' using the white curtain netting, towels and a bed cover as make-do bridal wedding dresses and trains as they dressed up as princesses. Luckily, the absence of a groom didn't seem to matter nor dull their imaginations. Wedding mission accomplished, next morning we set off again on Phase 2 of our trip. After all the initial difficulties, all now seemed to be going smoothly, indeed pretty well. We left for Checkpoint Bravo and our rendezvous with our RMP escort. This time, albeit prompted, it was there waiting for us. There were two RMP JNCOs in a marked Range Rover. After the initial greetings, identification etc, the corporal in charge asked me what speed we would like to travel at, offering 100mph or 160kph.

Although this was rather faster than we normally travelled, our car was well capable of it and being double the official and otherwise actively enforced speed limit of 50 mph limit, it would gain us about one hour's journey time. The speed agreed, the corporal further explained that he had 'other' tasks to do on the way down and that we were not to worry if they disappeared; *"Just keep going"*, he said. Not really understanding how we could 'lose' them, off we set, bypassing the Russian checkpoint and down the much smoother outside lane, our escort frequently having to exert his authority over the law-abiding vehicles having the temerity to slow our progress. I confess that we took some pleasure flashing past other traffic feeling very important with our police escort.

At some stage on the way down, we went around a bend only to discover that our escort had indeed disappeared. *"Keep going"* he had said, so we did. Admittedly feeling very conspicuous and rather lonely, we were banking on their promise to look after us if we encountered any difficulty. Then, suddenly, we saw loads of blue lights flashing ahead of us and realised that the autobahn was blocked and a traffic jam building up. As we got closer we could see lots of East German police and soldiers, weapons at the ready, walking through the stationary traffic. We were singled out and directed, indeed forced, off the autobahn into a lay-by holding area where more of their colleagues stood waiting for us in an open semi-circle, like the open mouth of a whale. As we stopped, they closed round us. A grim-looking East German policeman approached



With the RMP before they disappeared



Phew! At Checkpoint Bravo. Louise stands guard



BFG'ed

the car and came to my window. I opened it and, ignoring what he was saying, I demanded to see a Russian officer in accordance with our standing instructions and closed the window again. Even in these circumstances, we were forbidden to deal with East German officials.

This was not part of the plan! There followed the inevitable stand-off during which the policeman was busily talking on his radio, others were walking around the car which was surrounded by an unnecessarily large number of grey-coated soldiers with their rifles at the ready.

Marybell, my wife, had gone fairly pale, already convinced that we would spend the rest of our lives in a gulag in Siberia, and the children very quiet or sobbing, obviously sensing the tense atmosphere – in the car, if not out of it! We sat there for what seemed an age with me trying to make reassuring noises but wondering to myself whether this might spark some form of official complaint or international incident. Furthermore, what would my NATO HQ say if they knew I had been detained? Whilst these and other possible consequences were flashing through my mind, I was also trying to plan how I would play the Russians if they arrived before the RMP did. We must have irritated them flouting their rules so blatantly so they were likely to be pretty 'bloody minded'. They would surely have noticed our false number plates which were loosely strapped on over the permanent ones, indeed, I saw 'my man' clearly talking about them on his radio. This was the face of the Cold War. There were no smiles or attempts to joke with the children. I tried to reassure the children, telling them that they must be brave and what we would be doing that night, only to draw a helpful response from the front seat along the lines of *"assuming we are not all in prison"*.

However, happily, and certainly to our great relief, after about 20 minutes the 'cavalry' in the form of our RMP escort suddenly appeared again from nowhere on the autobahn, tooting their horn, flashing their lights and waving us to follow them. I gingerly started the car and cautiously began to edge forward bearing in mind the ring of very stern-looking armed soldiers that surrounded us. To our even greater relief, they did not object or try and stop us but gradually and somewhat reluctantly began to stand aside allowing us to drive towards the lay-by exit and back out onto the autobahn where our rescuers awaited. We tucked in behind our 'mother duck' before anyone could change their minds. Furthermore, this time I kept much closer to the Range Rover and stayed there, passing through at least one other road block that had clearly just been stood down, and on until we got to Checkpoint Alpha.

We must have been of interest to the Soviets, having bypassed their normal control points, but then we had gone through them on the way up so they should have known our names at least. Only then did I relax and breathe an enormous sigh of relief. The RMP Cpl asked us if we were OK but seemed fairly relaxed about the whole episode saying merely *"That was fun, wasn't it?"* to which I smiled weakly. Perhaps it was for them. We readopted our British/Danish diplomatic identity and set off to Oberammergau having experienced at first hand our own little bit of the Cold War. I recall being much more aware of any vehicles which may be following us (although, now, I really can't imagine that we would actually have been worth any such effort). At least I was right about what I had promised the children that night!

I never heard anything more about the incident and I certainly didn't volunteer the information when I got back to Denmark. Just another day of the Corridor tit-for-tat.

GUILDFORD PUB BOMBING

By George Cook

I was walking up North Street in Guildford, I was 18 years old, it was 8.29pm and I was wearing a denim bomber jacket, jeans and trainers.

I felt the front of my jacket move, then my stomach and then the back of my jacket flick out. I heard the sound of aluminium wind chimes all around me, in surround sound; it was rather like the new 8 track stereo I had heard in a friend's Ford Capri. This was the glass breaking in all the shop and office windows around me.

From the 'woomph' noise, I instantly recognised this as an explosion from my training in the 2nd Cadet Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, based at my school, St Peters in Merrow, Guildford where we supported 'A' Company (Queen's Surreys), 5th (Volunteer) Battalion based at Sandfield Terrace Drill Hall, Guildford. We had been exposed to demolition charges being set off to acclimatise us to the shock wave during exercises near Folkstone, Kent. At the time, North Sea gas was coming on line and I imagined that this was another granny who had just blown her house up.

A mist filled the air; when I breathed, it smelt like a mixture of dust and chimney soot. There was debris in the road in between the Horse and Groom and the library; I thought this was odd as the council usually do an excellent job sweeping up and hosing down after the Saturday farmers' market.

It was just like being in a film, on a movie set. Unreal, quiet, atmospheric.

There was a noise coming from the pub, a kind of sobbing and someone seemingly trying to shout in a weak, dust-filled voice. The building looked a bit odd, but before I could pay it any more attention, a man walked across the street in front of me from the pub on the left to the library on the right, where he sat down on a round concrete parking bollard.



Cadet George Cook



Queen's Cadets

I said to him "Are you OK?" and he said "Yes, I'm fine". I told him that there was blood coming down the side of his head; he said "No there isn't". I thought to myself that he imagines he is still standing at the bar with a pint in his hand.

So I got out my handkerchief and offered it up to his head, when he put his fingers on his temple and saw blood he said "Oh yes". When he tried to remove the piece of debris in his head, I knew to stop him from doing this from my Army Cadet first aid training, and so I stopped his hand and told him just to hold my handkerchief there to stop the bleeding. He then seemed to want to go to sleep; I also knew to try and keep him awake and stop him from fainting, so I held his arms by his side and propped him up.

I was also aware of the screaming from the pub, but out of the corner of my eye saw some others help folk at the pub: so I kept my focus on this one guy in front of me. It seemed like an age, but was probably only a few minutes before paramedics took over, they thanked me and suggested that I go home. The man offered me my handkerchief back, soaked in dark blood. I told him that my mum wouldn't like it like that, and so he had better keep it.

As I was walking up the High Street towards the Odeon, I felt and heard the second bomb go off at the Seven Stars. Police stopped me from helping



there, turned me around and sent me home again.

I just happened to be there, walking towards the pub

when it blew. A few minutes later and I might have been a casualty, as I would have been right outside. I did my best to apply my cadet training to stem the flow from a head wound and keep him awake; I knew not to try and remove the shrapnel I could see protruding and if he went to sleep, he might never wake up.



Cadets at school

The explosion was at 8.29pm, the first 999 call at 8.50pm, the first ambulance arrived about 9.00pm; if I had not stopped him from removing the shrapnel in his head, the blood flow would have increased and when he fainted he would have collapsed while bleeding profusely for a considerable period of time. I feel that my cadet training with the Queen's helped save this man's life – I hope it made a difference.

The Guildford pub bombings occurred on 5 October 1974. The Provisional Irish Republican Army (IRA) detonated two 6-pound gelignite bombs at two pubs in Guildford, Surrey. The pubs were targeted because they were popular with British Army personnel stationed at the barracks in The Pirbright Guards' Depot. Four soldiers and one civilian were killed, whilst a further sixty-five were wounded.

The device in the Horse and Groom was thought to be 10lb of nitro glycerine, hidden under a bench seat in the corner of the pub. It was probably powered by a battery and a stopwatch served as a timer.

Of the five people killed in the Horse and Groom, four of them were teenagers. They were Caroline Slater, 18, from Cannock, and Ann Hamilton, from Crewe, who was 19 - both were training at Queen Elizabeth Barracks in Pirbright. Two teenage boys, William Forsyth, 18, and John Hunter, 17, came from the same street in Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland and were undertaking basic training for the Scots Guards at Pirbright. The other victim, the only civilian killed, was 22 year old plasterer Paul Craig, from Borehamwood. He had travelled from Hertfordshire to Guildford with the parents of friend Carol Ann Burns, who was based at the barracks in Stoughton. Carol Ann had turned 19 and Paul would have celebrated his 23rd birthday the next day. A total of 17 ambulances including four military vehicles took bodies and casualties to the Royal Surrey, Farnham Road and Cambridge Military hospitals.



Horse and Groom Pub Guildford

An Irish Memory

We were sitting in Minden in 1988 on a Saturday afternoon watching Grandstand, waiting for deployment on the Sunday to Northern Ireland. 'Coops' was gallantly looking after us undeserving junior officers. He was a man who rarely did not have a smile on his face. The atmosphere was jovial, but with a degree of excitement in anticipation of our impending tour, a first for many.

All of a sudden, there was a newsflash – in the coming hours we saw vivid images of two people in a car being attacked by an angry mob attending a Republican funeral in Andersontown for those killed by Michael Stone three days before at Milltown Cemetery. As the story unfolded, there was an horrific realisation that these were two very brave soldiers, Cpls David Howes and Derek Wood, being attacked by a cowardly mob. The mood in the mess was sombre, especially as some of us were being deployed to Turf Lodge, which covered Andersontown. From all of the training and remoteness of the tour, we now realised we had a real job to do.

Arriving on Sunday, we started the handover when we had a call to deploy as there were suspects who had taken over a house in Pembroke. At this stage, we were merely observers. As the situation unfolded we had two well-known players who had taken over a house, with a firing point for an IED located in a manhole just outside the boundary of the garden. Later we discovered that we had driven straight over the culvert where the bomb, packed in a beer barrel, was located. The players could not be connected forensically with the bomb, so were eventually released, as the family did not press charges! It was a strange introduction to our tour. As the weeks followed we had the duty of rounding up many of the hoods who attacked Cpls Howes and Wood. Early morning house calls became the norm.

Life settled down as we started to dominate the ground. The highlight of the tour for me was when Gerry Adams lost the keys of his Sinn Fein offices on Monagh Crescent and had to climb the fence to get away from our brick which may have slightly ridiculed the situation. As a true leader of men, Gerry got his whole team to communicate to us with a variety of hand gestures from the first floor once he finally gained access. If only we had iPhones, it would have been vintage stuff!

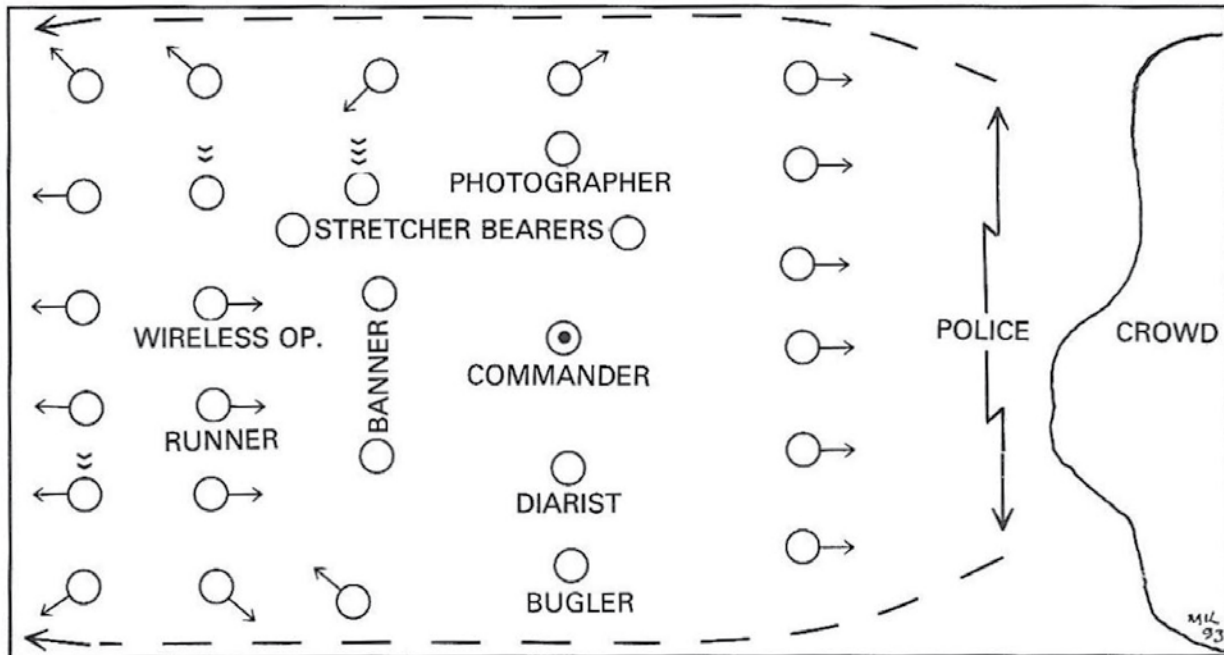
The tour ended sadly when our neighbours, A Coy, lost Cpl Alec Bannister, aged 21, to a sniper attack. Alec's brother was in my brick. It was a total waste of a very talented and brave soldier. I ensure I always pay my respects every November to the Bannister family and the many other brave soldiers who have lost their lives serving our Queen in our great Regiment.

Anonymous



DEPLOYMENT ON THE GROUND FOR NORTHERN IRELAND RIOTS FIRST EMPLOYED IN LONDONDERRY AT COMPANY AND PLATOON LEVEL

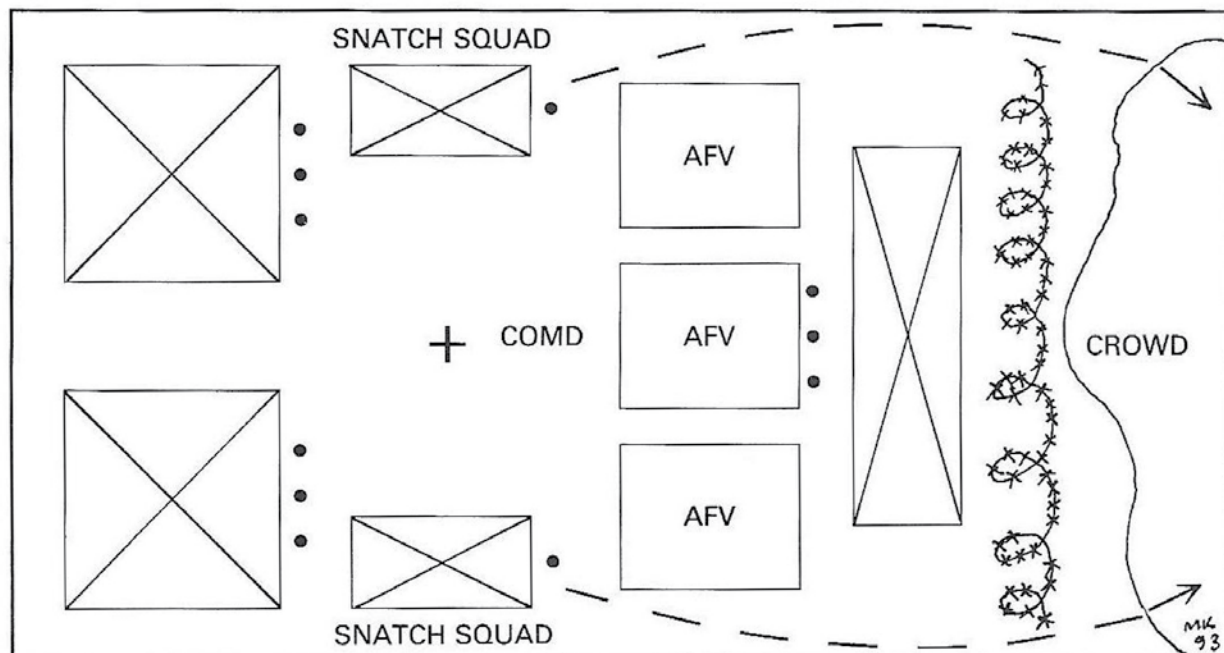
THE PLATOON BOX



NOTES

1. Bayonets fixed. All movements done as drill.
2. Police always attempted to persuade crowd to disperse, withdrawing behind troops on failure.
3. Banner usually read: "DISPERSE OR WE FIRE" on one side.

THE DERRY COHORT



NOTES

1. Ideally a complete Company deployment
2. Leading Platoon in close order behind moveable wire
3. Snatch Squads on flanks
4. Commander behind AFVs, with wireless operator and runner(s)
5. AFVs usually *Saracens* or *Pigs*, *Ferrets* sometimes used. Use of AFVs to give: deterrent effect – cover for troops and/or a means of blocking the road quickly. A Gas Cannon or Water Cannon could replace the centre AFV.
6. Platoons use cover of vehicles and doorways in the event of sniper fire selected snipers on rooftops.

JUJU – NORTHERN IRELAND STYLE

By Peter Barrow

He was a small well-built corporal of Caribbean extraction with a cheerful disposition and much liked by the soldiers of his section who respected his leadership and judgement. The Commanding Officer had made a mental note, having watched him during training for a Northern Ireland tour, that he had the makings of a very good Sergeant. He was always calm and unflappable in a crisis and could be relied upon to produce a good plan.

On patrol on the streets of Belfast, though, he came in for some very personal abuse relating to his origin and background. Most of this he managed to deflect with a disarming smile and courteous manner. However, there was one street, or rather one house in a certain street that would not let up on the taunts and insulting remarks. The two teenage girls of the house, egged on by their parents, used to keep a watchful eye open on the street. As soon as he appeared, the hi-fi would be turned on and blast out songs such as *'The Banana Boat Song'* and *'Island in the Sun'*.

The family and others would then, during fine weather, spill out onto the grass in front of the house and whilst the younger generation capered about in a manner reminiscent of apes, their elders would stand in the background scratching themselves. During inclement weather they performed their antics at the window with many an indecent gesture. A polite call, accompanied by his section, on the house one evening to remonstrate only redoubled the efforts of the occupants. It was clear that no amount of quiet persuasion would stop the insults and ignoring them merely drove the occupants to even greater efforts to enrage the corporal.

It was clear that some form of drastic action was required. Furthermore, having discussed the situation with his platoon and company commanders, it was clear that it was up to him to resolve. The problem was how? This was not something that could be solved by courtesy and tact, nor could force, military or otherwise be employed, but it couldn't continue to be ignored. Patrolling down the street a few weeks later with the corporal was a revelation. There was not a sound to be heard and the house, occupied by the tiresome family, appeared empty and had an air of desolation.

Neighbours involved in the taunting of the corporal were watchful, wary and careful. They were more than a little fearful and would talk to the corporal with a degree of deference that was surprising. The moderates who occupied the street breathed a sigh of relief; the taunting of the corporal had got on their nerves as well. To them he was a hero for getting rid of the troublesome family and their entourage.

Later as they sat in the charwallahs with a cup of tea after the patrol the CO asked the corporal how this miracle had been achieved; that is if he was in a position to tell.

"Well", said the corporal, "it was when they suggested that the leprechauns of Ireland would haunt me forever for my actions that I realised that they might be superstitious. As a result I persuaded the charwallah to lay his hands on a live chicken for me, no questions asked, and keep it hidden for me until the time was ripe. Then a couple of days before full moon, on an evening patrol, I braved the taunts and marched up to the occupants whilst my section kept watch. I informed them in a loud voice, so that the neighbours would hear, that unless they stopped within the next two days I would place a big Juju on them; that is a form of powerful voodoo spell. Moreover, this Juju was particularly nasty and would cause them no end of trouble. The only escape or relief, if they could not find someone to lift it, was to leave Ireland forever. They would have no-one but themselves to blame and there was no point in appealing to me to lift it; they had been warned!"

He paused, took a sip of the tea and winked at the charwallah before continuing. *"There was a moment or two of silence and then the taunts and actions redoubled with vigour as they strived to outdo each other. The next two days were hell; they had all their so-called friends around and even took to following me about with portable tape decks at full blast. So, two nights later, when I had arranged with the Operations Officer to do the bedtime patrol, I collected the chicken from the charwallah. We made it to the street without being discovered or the chicken squawking, and by the light of the moon, and to many loud imprecations, it was dispatched on the garden path.*

The blood was then run up to the front door upon which the carcase was hung and feathers scattered around the house. A few lights came on in some of the houses along the street and



tried to remove the evidence under the watchful eyes of their neighbours. When I went past in the afternoon, there was

curtains twitched. The dawn and breakfast patrols had nothing to report. However, the mid-morning patrol reported frantic activity from the house as the occupants

silence; it was quite eerie, but they were still there watching me through the drawn curtains. The next day a removals van appeared and since then the house has been empty."

To this day, no-one has seen or heard of the family. The corporal rose to the rank of Company Quarter Master Sergeant, the soldiers treated him with respect and nothing ever went missing from his stores!

An Old Regimental Friend



Tarred and feathered by the IRA

Graffiti seen on a wall in West Belfast 48 hours after the event during the major riots –

"We'll NEVER forget you Jimmy Sands!"

OP CORPORATE REFLECTIONS

By Andrew Bickerdike

The history of Operation Corporate – the recovery of the Falklands Islands, 1982 – has been studied and analysed extensively. What follows here are personal memories, mere snapshots from a feature length film that has been playing in a silent continuous loop for 34 years...

At the end of two years at Depot Queen's Division, Bassingbourn, it was time for some adventure. After passing pre-parachute selection, and completing parachute training, I was posted to the 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment on secondment. Arriving at Kandahar Barracks, Tidworth, in the early days of January 1982, I had little idea of just how much adventure lay ahead.

3 PARA was then held at Spearhead readiness, in addition to being lead parachute battalion group (LPBG). The general consensus was that Spearhead had only one likelihood of deployment - Northern Ireland - whereas LPBG always held the faintest glimmer of an exotic task in Services Protected Evacuation (SPE), towards which much of the battalion training was directed. Northern Ireland had the lowest odds on the Toms' sweepstake; the longest odds would have been on the Falkland Islands - if they had even appeared on the sweepstake chalkboard outside B Company offices.

Galtieri's invasion of the Falkland Islands at the beginning of April 1982 was met with two responses: it won't affect us, and ... where exactly are these Falkland Islands? With

the decision made to send a task force, and 3 PARA being posted under command of 3 Commando Brigade, there began a hectic seven days of preparations. Apart from bringing the battalion up to 100% of its establishment strength, Hew Pike, our Commanding Officer, chaired a brainstorming session for possible equipment requests that could enhance the battalion fighting capabilities. A comprehensive wish list was enthusiastically generated ranging from laser range finders, M-79 grenade launchers, 2" HE mortar bombs, Minimi light machine guns, through to bivvy bags and goretex waterproofs. Apart from trial laser range finders, requisitioned from an extremely reluctant Support Weapons Wing at the School of Infantry, none of the wish list items could be procured: these omissions would be felt later. More critically, the battalion was still equipped with Larkspur radios which were incompatible with the new Clansman radios just entering service. The reluctance to release Clansman radio equipment to 3 PARA was palpable. However, a full scale of Clansman radio equipment finally arrived, much to the chagrin of its hitherto new owner - Oxford University Officer Training Corps.

Bringing the battalion up to establishment required some manpower reshuffling, and fate was to find me posted to B Company, commanding 4 Platoon; fortunately, being captive on the *SS Canberra* for our five week adventure cruise to the South Atlantic afforded opportunities for

4 PI 3 PARA on the way down
Lt Bickerdike, centre row, 4th from the left





getting to know my new team, albeit not with any beat-up training.

Life aboard an ocean cruise liner taken up from trade was surreal. Provisioned for

a wealthy clientele about to embark on a three month world cruise, all ranks ate and drank of the finest; and with three Royal Marine Commandos and ourselves aboard, the inter-service rivalry and banter was often hilarious. The Crowsfoot Nest Bar, cluttered with an extensive steel infrastructure to support the helipad above, became the Wardroom for all embarked officers. In a drunken haze I recall meeting Ken Hames, the only other Queensman aboard, as we swung through the impromptu monkey bars during the inevitable inter-unit competition!

Preparations for future operations continued at a frantic pace aboard ship, and many deficiencies were coming to light. The issue 58 pattern webbing was found wanting: despite all the long established and favoured modifications in the regiment - quick release buckles, ditching of kidney pouches, extensive stitching etc. - the webbing metalware was failing under the loads being imposed on it. The 'Brecon pouch', giving everyone the appearance of fat, over-enthusiastic poachers, yet again proved its worth...purely by necessity.

Once ashore towards the end of May, navigation offered greater challenges with the almost featureless rolling landscape. Any innate sense of direction from the Northern Hemisphere was lost after crossing into the Southern Hemisphere. In addition, it took time

to become accustomed to the spectacularly clear, unpolluted atmosphere that enhanced vision, and hence foreshortened distances.

By early June, the need for a successful conclusion to the operation was gaining urgency with the onset of the vicious South Atlantic winter. Operational performance of all landed personnel was being steadily degraded by the weather conditions, particularly the onset of immersion foot due to the poor issue boots. Fortunately, I was only to lose one Tom as a result of immersion foot: his cherished, comfortable DMS boots, resulting from exercising in the Omani jebel, were totally inadequate for the wet conditions. Tabbings across East Falkland without bergens resulted in many nights spent without the luxury of sleeping bags; polythene bags stuffed with diddle-dee – an indigenous evergreen shrub – and occupied with a buddy provided some welcome respite: what must we have looked like to any curious onlooker?

On 7 June, I was summoned to battalion headquarters for orders. The Murrell Bridge, a small wooden structure spanning no more than 20 feet of Murrell River, had been deemed of vital importance for any vehicle movement towards Port Stanley. I was to take my platoon that night and hold the bridge until the battalion, with the remainder of 3 Cdo Bde, had readied themselves for the final advance. This was all very straightforward and a text book operation until one realized the bridge sat under direct observation from the Two Sisters and Mount Longdon features. What followed was a rather uncomfortable day being on the receiving end of 155mm artillery and .50in HMG fire; I enthusiastically responded with a couple of fire missions from our supporting 105mm battery, until



A Coy landing at Green Beach. B Coy are already deployed in the beachhead



A Coy running into Green beach



Coy O Group prior to Mount Longdon

politely informed that ammunition was now at a premium (little did I appreciate the true scarcity of 105mm natures at that time). After dark we withdrew the seven kilometres back to the battalion position with tails between our legs, but heads held high. There were a few close shaves, and ringing ears, but no casualties.

Finally, the orders came through for the advance on Port Stanley, and Mount Longdon was to be our main objective. It was a formidable natural defensive position of rocky outcrops with uninterrupted views out over several thousand metres in all directions: we had intimate knowledge of this, having sat looking up at the feature from the Murrell Bridge. After orders, final rehearsals, and a last look at the distant objective before last light, each and every one of us internally made peace with his god, and externally maintained a veneer of nonchalant bravado.



'Utrinque Paratus' - 'Ready for Anything'

After an approach march interrupted only by minor navigational errors and ankle injuries; we shook out on the start line in our rehearsed half-assault formation. Drawing and raising my bayonet above my head, the clatter of bayonets being fixed could be heard across the silent air. My thoughts then were of the many thousands of our forebears who had been in a similar position: about to engage in mortal combat.



Anti-tank platoon prepare to move off Mount Longdon after the battle

As we stealthily advanced up the northern flank of Mount Longdon and came parallel to the outlying rocky outcrops of the feature, the silence was shattered by an explosion. The section commander on my left, Cpl Milne, had detonated a C3 Elsie anti-personnel mine, with the shape-charge shattering his leg. A silent attack had just turned noisy. There was no time to worry about the niceties of being caught in a minefield, it was a matter of pushing forward fast before the



Argentine positions reacted. It was almost a relief when the mountain erupted overhead as it provided a welcome distraction from the dangers underfoot.

Now starting to negotiate the rocky outcrops, behind which lurked many well-sited and prepared sangars, the fight devolved to section and fire team; but, as in many such actions, the momentum began to slow as the defender put up stiffer resistance. By now the melée was a cacophony of screams, shouts, gunfire and explosions. 4 and 5 Platoons were inextricably mixed amongst the rocks, pinned down by increasingly heavy fire. I needed to get forward and assess progress.

I owe my life to Sgt Ian John McKay. Whilst reconnoitring forward of 4 and 5 platoons as they drew breath amongst the rocks, my party came under rather heavy fire from two previously unidentified positions above us. I vividly remember that muzzle flash – it was less than 25 metres away – and of performing a clumsy backward somersault. By fate or good fortune, the blow landed me behind a fold in the ground which subsequently took the brunt of the incoming fire; but then I could feel the earth bund slowly disintegrating behind my head. Others were not so lucky, and remained exposed to the fire. Sgt McKay must have realized his options were limited, and that the situation was now critical. In a coolly calculated act of bravery, and covered by three other soldiers, he pressed home an attack to silence the two sangars*. The momentum had been recovered, but by now casualties were rising. What followed was a brilliant display of naval gunfire, with Willy McCracken, our Naval Gun Fire Officer, bringing 4.5in shells down 'danger-close' to our positions which allowed for reorganisation of platoons and extraction of the casualties. By dawn my platoon has sustained nearly fifty percent casualties which, apart from Cpl Milne, were all the result of small arms fire.



Wot, more incoming?

The battalion came through its baptism of fire scarred, bloodied, but unbroken. Only time would tell how close-run the entire operation had been. There were many expensively learned lessons, many mistakes made, but the indomitable spirit of the British Tom shone through: they were not found wanting, and I am honoured to have 'Served to Lead' (the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst motto).

**Sgt Ian McKay was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross; it was to be the last VC of the 20th Century.*



The Aftermath of Mount Longdon

MY FALKLANDS WAR

By Ken Hames

'If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant: if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome'

I remember listening to a veteran from the 'Band of Brothers' 501st talking about the Battle of the Bulge. After the war on a cold winter's night back home in Wyoming, he would turn to his wife and say, *"at least I am not in Bastogne"*! I probably don't have the right but I share the same sentiment when I think about the Falklands War and a trench that continually filled with water!

Andrew Bickerdike and I were on secondment to the Parachute Regiment and Royal Marines respectively, red and green berets with a Queen's cap-badge. As history has proven, truth is stranger than fiction and very quickly we found ourselves 'going south' on Maggie's away day to liberate Las Malvinas. I was lucky enough to travel down on the *SS Canberra*, the great white whale and of course the great white target. It had been diverted from some ritzy Caribbean cruise to support the war effort but it least it came loaded with alcohol to balance the huge tonnage of ammunition below the waterline.

I remember calling my mother from a phone box on the quayside (what, no mobiles?) and she told me about her plan to plant a rose, which would grow while I was away. This symbolism was typical of her unique way of saying things but then, something else she said, surprised me.

"Whatever you do, my son, look after them".

Years later and countless lectures on leadership under my belt, I still tell my audience about my mother's words of wisdom and her realisation that I was about to find out what leadership was really all about. I took her words to heart, and while sailing south, agonised about whether I would come up to the mark. This was 'real' of course but the cosy cabin and mess waiter on board the cruise liner made it difficult to imagine.

Passing Ascension Island was a welcome distraction and yet again we were lulled into those false senses of security with palm trees wafting in the breeze and sunset on the poop deck etc. Twenty five laps of the mezzanine level on the ship gave us the equivalent of a nine miler and innovation gave us the physical 'edge' but none of

this really prepared us for the cold and loneliness of the South Atlantic.

In the true spirit of the Ancient Mariner *'and southward aye we fled and the albatross came with us and all rallied at its sight as it came to the mariners hollo'*, all of us eager to do the job we were trained for.

Not all the men got letters, and then I truly understood why mail is so important. We sent a message back to UK to get the girls to write 'to a marine', not wholly satisfactory but the boys loved pinning some of them on the wall and the waft of perfume invaded the sacred mess decks.

As time sped by, ships of all descriptions appeared alongside us and waves and messages were exchanged then waves and wind disappeared as we silently glided through the doldrums, a painted ship upon a painted ocean, preparing with her many escorts for war, so far away. We suddenly realised we were headed for world's end, an uncharted outpost marooned in the southern wasteful ocean.

When leaving Canberra and cross-decking to the warship *HMS Fearless*, parked somewhere near the islands, I remember the immense feeling of pride, with the Marines standing before me, waiting for orders. It is easy to forget that they are our rationale, our *raison d'être* and with my mother's words ringing in my ears, I set about telling them what I expected. It was less about tactics and more about care and looking out for one another and remembering not to loiter as we 'hit the beach' but to cross that open 'no man's land' as quickly as possible and find cover. No D-Day this, but for us an amphibious



HMS Fearless



landing was just that, a blast from the past and nobody denied themselves the excitement and anticipation of its arrival.

Nothing prepares you for the first time you are locked in below the waterline at 'air warning red'. Everyone is thinking the same thing, *how do we get out?* Out rabbit hole on *HMS Fearless* was affectionately known as 4 Mike Charlie, designated for the embarked force, on this so called landing platform deck. M4C was submerged, well below the water line, gloomy and with the bulkheads and deadlocks secured, it was a claustrophobic, dimly-lit tomb. We sat like the crew of a U boat listening for the hiss of a torpedo's propeller or the thump of depth charges or the impact of an air-launched EXOCET missile. We were lucky, others elsewhere were not and ships ordered to protect us were taking hits.

It was the dead of night when we got into our landing craft blessed by the padre. Suddenly faith and family came into focus as did the last letter we wrote to tell our loved ones not to worry if all went ill. In the red light of the tank deck, stacked into the landing craft, we should have been scared but we were somehow spared that irrational emotion, our minds absolutely focussed on the job in hand. As the landing craft backed out into the moonlit night, we could hear Pebble Island getting a pasting thanks to Naval Gunfire and the SAS. We held onto to that.

Landing was scary. I had to pee halfway there not through fear but the twelve cups of naval bonfire tea I had drunk before embarkation. Thank God for the metal mug. It was all uneventful on the beach except for an ND. Night was for digging and getting 18 inches over your head. And the days and nights passed being strafed and harassed by enemy air and on night three I saw one of the saddest events I have ever witnessed in my life – a ship on fire sinking – *Antelope* – as I lay in my sleeping bag the light of the burning hull must have illuminated my face. I watched it go down and there was silence. . .

The next day a frustrated C Company 40 Commando wanted to go to war a Mirage skimmed the skyline and 100 marines jumped from their trenches and emptied their magazines in a display of futile marksmanship. Agitated officers arrived and delivered some appalling messages. One OC said *"Don't be so eager to go and fight as the man on your left or right may not be there after"*. I could not agree with this, fighting spirit and *esprit de corps* were, as far as I could see, crucial battle winning factors, not to be diluted in a moment with warnings of death and loss of comrades. That's a chance we all took. I complained to



Offloading in San Carlos © Roger Lownesborough

my boss, the wise and steady Andy Pillar SBS and was told to wind my neck in and move on.

Soon we moved across the bay to above the old disused whaling station now home to the Commando Log Regiment. It got much colder and we dug in on a watershed. There were rumours in the air of close combat, murmurings of heroism and casualties. Goose Green began to dawn on us and as Andy and I sat watching the sun set over San Carlos, we had no idea what was happening but a few miles away brave Paras assaulting across open ground, with little air support. Andy remarked on how quiet it was and we could have air superiority but as the words drifted on the breeze, two Skyhawks banked around the bluff, dropping retard bombs on the Whaling station home of the Commando logistic and the Surgical Support Teams (SST) led by the irrepressible Surgeon Commander Rick Jolly. Many died in that bombing run and I remember the marines of Charlie Company standing on the hillside in silent vigil to the cooks who had been killed who had only fed them a few minutes earlier. Tons



HMS Fearless in Bomb Alley - © Military images

of ammunition went up and morale wavered. In the night the command trench filled with water. Andy, one of the fittest, and toughest officers I have ever known, asked me for a cigarette. I then knew we were in the shit.

It got colder and wetter and our feet froze. Somehow we did not have those skills of the First World War trench

survivors, the Germans on the Eastern Front—or the bastards of Bastogne - we just got bloody cold, waiting for our call to arms. This was hard on morale, still guarding the bridgehead, waiting for daylight and our feet to thaw. It wasn't long before they just remained numb and the first signs of trench foot appeared. I remember telling the other officers to get around the positions, keep encouraging the men, get them out on clearance patrols, keep them alert and thinking.

To be frank, we had some rubbish gear and no arctic bags, so we wore everything at night and rubbed each other's feet, trying to get the circulation back into them. It was a hopeless cause as our boots were sodden and there was no way of lighting a fire to dry them out.

While that happened, the pace of the war took a leap forward as *Atlantic Conveyor* was sunk and we lost almost all our heavy lift capability. The hospital, formerly a whaling station and known as the 'lean green life machine', went into full tilt with the wounded and dying from that famous heroic action at Goose Green. I went down there from the hillside and my miserable hole to see if I could help. I gave a cigarette to a Para, with his leg blown off, and left outside on the stretcher for the sake of triage. He was so grateful and joked about the end of his ballroom dance career. After two hours, I drifted into the gloom back to my foxhole, contemplating another night of radio watch in a submerged trench. I suddenly felt horribly guilty, realising that there were many Paras in the whaling station who would gladly take my place.

5 Brigade arrived and they were quite well equipped for the conditions but they had not been warned about the cold and the wet. I found a young Welsh Guardsman close to tears, disorientated and bewildered by the array of gear and weight he was being asked to carry. I told him what to take and what to ditch and he was grateful for the advice. He had a fabulous Arctic sleeping bag but sadly I had little he needed.

We supported 42 Commando on their assault on Mount Harriet. At least we were moving. One brave Argentinian conscript held the whole attack up with a heavy calibre gun. He felt the wrath of a MILAN and that was that and we won. All I can remember was the intense cold and digging a hole for my two radio operators to get into and then finding myself partially burying them as they were close to hypothermic. It was a long night and the morning was a frosted wonderland of dips and rises, the aftermath of battle smoking on the hillside before us.

A few nights later we found ourselves marching forward toward our enemy across frosted stone runs, treacherous underfoot. Our 5 Brigade comrades were in front and we knew they were struggling with the weight of guns and ammunition. I found a .50 barrel just lying in the stones and nearby a box of .50 ammunition. It was bad enough to march at night with just a pack and rifle but to cross the veritable uneven ice rink with heavy machine gun equipment was just too bloody hard. I felt sorry for them and knew that their commanders had asked too much of them. We were to go via Goose and on our arrival it was clear why the Paras had found it tough – despite what you may read, it's really flat as a pancake and bare as a billiard table. We stood and looked at the detritus and marvelled at their achievement.

On our way toward Stanley we came across Bluff Cove and the smoking *Sir Galahad*. Someone had fucked up and a large number of Welsh Guardsmen had been killed instantly as an enemy Skyhawk dropped a bomb in the tank deck where soldiers were sitting on ammunition. Commander 5 Brigade had sought to 'exploit' the victory at Goose Green and push forward. There had been too many assumptions made about air superiority and the air reeked of 'mission creep'. *'Always shift your man assets first'*, remarked my CSM but we were dealing with the demise of amphibious warfare, the erosion of the assets and skill sets to perform our roles effectively in any theatre. The result was carnage and we did what we could to help the Welsh Guards and at least bring one Company (2 Company) under our wing. No man came away unscathed from that unfortunate episode.

It got worse for 2 Company as they led us into a minefield on a black night with difficult navigation. It was not their fault as the minefield was poorly marked with little attention to the Geneva Convention. They



The Falklands Yomp



passed through unscathed but sadly we did not. One marine lost his foot and we stopped for what seemed like hours. With my heart in my mouth, I made it to the front of the column using marines as stepping stones. Then a troop commander, Paul Allen, stepped back and exploded a mine and we were two men down. He kept asking me where his foot was as the medic Chris Pretty worked to stem the flow of blood. He bit his collar and later revealed that this was to stop himself screaming, as he did not want to panic his men. Just to add insult to injury, an enemy 155 ranged in on us. Luckily their aim was poor and speculative and they gave up. A Gazelle arrived to take away the casualties and bravely landed close by. There was no choice but to take a chance and load them into the chopper. It was led by the officers into a short but potentially lethal no man's land of anti-personnel mines. It was the first time I had smelt what one might call 'real fear'. Our engineers worked slowly and methodically with torch and bayonet, making us a safe route out. It was a night that nobody would forget and perhaps was the catalyst for long-term injuries, in some of us, that are not altogether apparent.

In daylight the next day, Company HQ found a convenient cave to hole up in, waiting for orders. In the back of the cave I found an old edition of 'Battle Picture Library' obviously left by an old patrol. The title was very apt, 'Death or Victory!' With that in mind we cooked a meal, took a resupply air drop and watched unfortunate Gurkhas out in the open being shelled. We got orders to move to Sapper Hill and take it and in a short space of time we found ourselves flying low level into an attack. I remember thinking, "Where is all my kit"? All I had was my digging tool, my sleeping bag, my toothbrush, rations and ammunition. There was almost a sense of relief in the air to be closing with the enemy at last, but it relied on good navigation by the pilots to get us to the right line of departure. They failed unfortunately and we landed under fire 4 kilometres too far forward, and as I got out of the chopper, two of the marines to my left and right were shot. I was spun around by a round that clearly had my name on it but it went through my webbing (and my mess tin). Instead I shouted "Get off the road!" and, while this seemed like a good idea, someone shouted back that that was not possible due to the minefields on either side! It was the only time ever that I asked for artillery fire on my own position but it worked and our

enemy ran for cover from a full battery of 105s and three naval guns.

Minutes later we tried to save the life of a young Argentinian conscript. He handed me a letter and subsequently I wrote to his mother to tell her he had not died alone or abandoned. The irony of war!

That day the Argentinians realised they were beaten and surrendered.

We spent the most godawful night on Sapper Hill in driving snow, my only bonus being the detection of a tent in an old workman's hut with a can of corned beef and some sweetcorn. I shared it with the boys and the OC of 59 Commando. We slept peacefully for the first time and in the morning woke to a winter-wonderland and struggled to find the company under the snow.

The next day I was the first man to set foot on the *Canberra* to organise re-embarkation. I was picked up by what can only loosely be described as a *Captain Pugwash* boat. On board I could find nobody and I paced the deck looking for a friendly face. A door suddenly opened and one of the women assistant pursers who I knew well from the voyage down approached me looking pensive. I looked at her and said "Hello, Fiona".

She frowned and said, "Who are you?"

"It's me, Ken Hames, Charlie Company". I replied.

Fiona burst into tears and told me to sit down before I fell over.

I had lost two stone and must have looked like the devil incarnate!!

We took West Falkland without any confrontation and began the long haul home. It was, as they say, a close run thing.



The return home © Tony Simpson

OPERATION GRANBY THE 1991 GULF WAR

By Wayne Harber

In 1990, events in the Middle East would lead to the UK participating in a conflict the scale and scope of which had not been seen since the Second World War. The Gulf War involved all three Services but the Army's initial deployment of 7 Armoured Brigade from Germany involved a large slice of logistic support from its parent formation, 1st Armoured Division. It was not until late August 1990 that it became apparent that the UK would make a major contribution to the liberation of Kuwait following Iraq's invasion on Thursday 2 August. I had been the SO2 G1/G4 Operations with the Divisional Headquarters in Verden, Germany, since late 1988, having been OC A Coy 3 QUEENS after Army Staff College. I'm still not quite sure quite what I did (or probably didn't do!) at Camberley to qualify for an operational logistics appointment in Germany but to think I might end up going to war as a 'loggie' was outrageous.

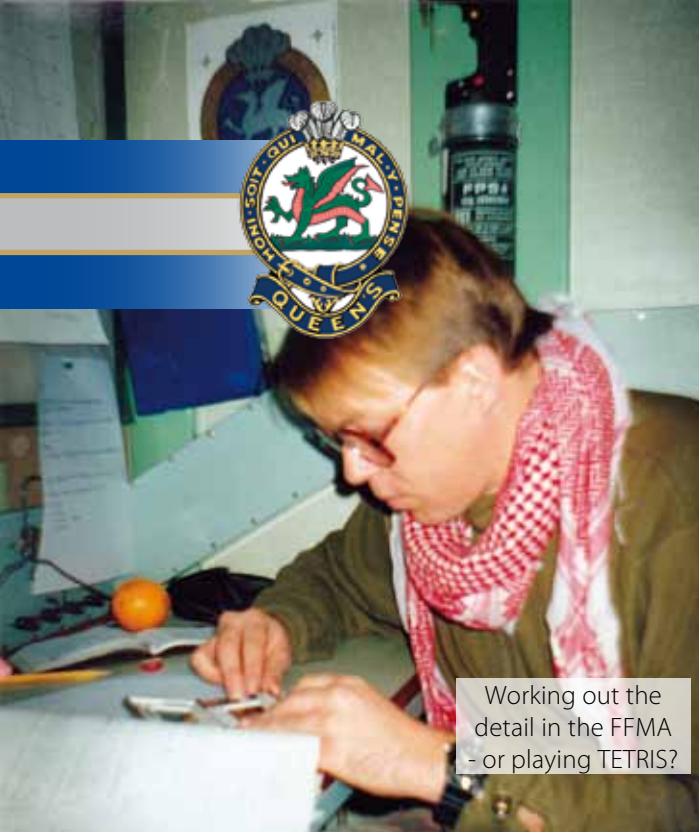
There was much speculation over the period about which formation would be selected to deploy and we were thrilled when the 7 Bde deployment was announced on 14 September. The brigade had two armoured regiments (Royal Scots Dragoon Guards and Queen's Royal Irish Hussars) equipped with Challenger 1 tanks, plus an armoured infantry battalion (1st Battalion the Staffordshire Regiment) with Warrior. It also had 40 Field Regiment RA and 21 Engineer, with A Squadron Queen's Dragoon Guards as medium reconnaissance. Although there were no Queen's Regiment battalions in the ORBAT, dotted around the deployment were a number of Queensmen apart from myself – Lance Mans, John Harcus, James Myles, Duncan Strutt, Bill Knight-Hughes and Cpl Lindus, who all eventually went to the Gulf. 1 QUEENS were earmarked to provide two companies, commanded by Maj Goulder and Ashton, re-roled as armoured infantry to help form one of two brigades of the 4th Division which would relieve 1 Division. In the event, the war ended before they were required, although their training was completed.

In preparation for Operation GRANBY, all units in BAOR contributed to making up shortfalls in equipment and spares. Ultimately no unit was left untouched. But I remember two very difficult questions – what was the part number of sand-coloured paint and how do we order desert combat kit? What was more worrying was when

we were told the desert combats had all been sold to the Iraqis some years earlier!

Although the tempo of life increased dramatically in this 'Transition to War phase', a key task was to form the main logistic headquarters that would be established in theatre to support 7 Bde. Normally, all logistic support was held at divisional level and so I was detached from 1st Armoured Division to set up an ad hoc logistic HQ as Deputy Chief of Staff under Col (later Maj Gen) Martin White. Logisticians and G2/3 staff were drafted in and on 7 October the Force Maintenance Area (FMA) formed up at Rheindalen and the pre-advance party deployed to the Gulf the next day. Our mission was *'to maintain 7th Armoured Brigade Group, including FMA units'*. This period was busy with planning and organising the HQ, with meetings at Joint HQ in High Wycombe to input for the Joint HQ Administrative Instruction and sort out requirements, especially for C3 – command, control and communications – that involved some heated discussions! We also managed to squeeze in some basic training, both personal (where everyone became attentive during NBC training for a change!) and staff, using the Brigade & Battle Group Trainer in Sennelager. We deployed on 11 October and the night before I stayed with Mike Cooper and managed, with the aid of some beer, to pack everything into a bergen, kit bag and briefcase. We had also doubled the number of Queensmen in the FMA with LCpl Ernie Fuller joining the NBC Cell. Ernie had been with me some years before in Colchester in the 2 QUEENS Intelligence Section when I was the IO.

Conditions in Saudi Arabia in the port of Al Jubayl were basic, with HQ FMA starting its work in a small, single story Port Clearance administration building. There were few telephones, basic communications to UK, no proper sleeping accommodation, no Army caterers and the temperature was in the nineties. The first priority was to prepare for the reception of 7 Bde and with the help of the US Marine Corps, who controlled the real estate at Al Jubayl, accommodation for 13,000 personnel and 5,000 vehicles was found within 10 days. As troops arrived, they were accommodated in one of the huge hangars, or sheds, on the Port Pier or at a large tented camp that quickly became known as Baldrick Lines. The key was to try and get ships with vehicles and troops moving by air



Working out the detail in the FFMA
- or playing TETRIS?



To a Riyadh briefing in style



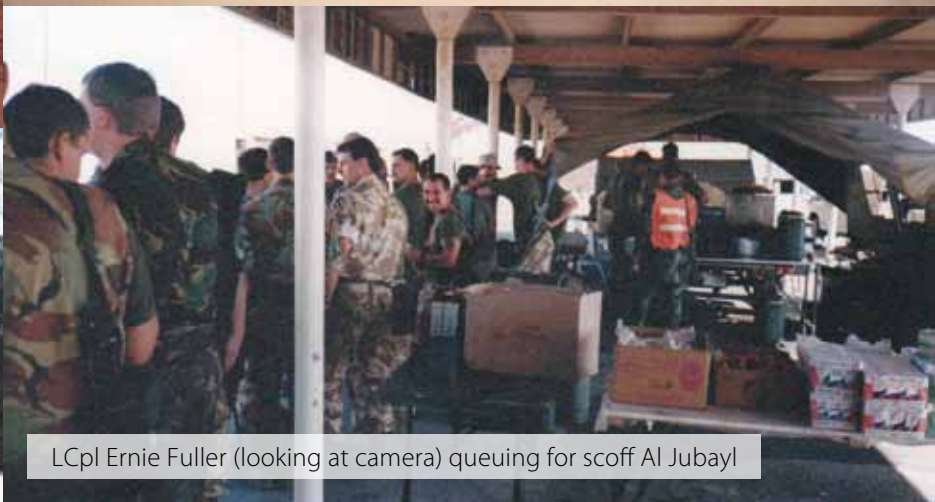
Cold and wet in the desert



Oil wells burning



Maj John Harcus relaxing



LCpl Ernie Fuller (looking at camera) queuing for scoff Al Jubayl



A last coord meeting (Brig Martin White & Maj Peter Cross RRF)

to arrive at the same time in order to allow units to deploy quickly – but delays were inevitable and morale was never high when waiting around the port, in a shed, in the heat. Probably the most difficult task was to ensure a sufficient supply of portable lavatories and showers for units, made locally by the Sappers. As demand always outstripped supply, the strategic importance of ‘showers and shitters’ became a constant headache. This was not helped by the USMC supply of their early version of MRE (Meals Ready to Eat) which became commonly known as Meals Rejected by Everyone! There were also up-armouring and other quayside modifications carried out on both Challenger MBTs and Warrior vehicles. As soon as possible, Bde HQ deployed into the desert, followed by units when ready. Training began in earnest for them and lessons were learned about operating and fighting in the desert and Bill Knight-Hughes set up some first class training for units. At HQ FMA we were planning for a forward FMA HQ and I carried out various recces up to Ras Al Kafji and further west for a move into Kuwait alongside the US Marines.

The 7 Bde Group was declared operational on 16 November, with the FMA holding sufficient combat supplies and materiel to support operations and with the required level of stocks in theatre. Soon after this date, as offensive action became more likely, it was decided to send 1st Armoured Division to the Gulf. The significant change in theatre was to move it under tactical control of VII (US) Corps with an initial deployment inland near Hafr Al Batin for a move north-east into Iraq/Kuwait roughly along the line of the Wadi Al Batin. The lines of communication were some 350kms long as a result and a Forward FMA needed to be established somewhere. But the only maps available were at 1:250,000 scale so map recces were limited! Two staff from JHQ in UK flew to Saudi and invited me to consider their logistic estimate for ammunition, materiel and transport, but without allowing me any consultation with the SMEs (Subject Matter Experts) due to the high classification. I confirmed that we could in-load a new forward site in 2-4 weeks, allowing for problems. These problems were not insignificant as even our large scale maps showed that the Tapline Road was the only road from Al Jubayl to Hafr Al Batin - and it was going to get very crowded.

With our own reinforcements due in theatre, we decided to move HQ FMA to larger premises in Old Port Barracks, again courtesy of the US Marines. Just before this, I deployed with the Commander and OC Engineers for a recce to Hafr Al Batin and the Wadi. Setting off in the evening, the Tapline Road was already very busy. We pulled off the road for the night and the sight that greeted us the next morning was a surprise. Nothing. Simply nothing around us except flat, hard desert – one big car

park! Later up the road, US Army units were everywhere near the town of Al Quaysumah. We also drove into the Wadi Al Batin, which here was more of a valley with wide, gentle slopes and not an obstacle for movement.

On return, we prepared for the recce of 1 (UK) Division, which was followed by its Advance Party arriving in early December. In response to a warm welcome to the ‘bloody tourists’ I was told by my infantry colleagues that I would be so far back from the front line that I would qualify for an Africa Star rather than a Gulf medal! By this time, we had settled into the new HQ FMA and on one afternoon I left the Ops Room to go to the Commander’s office, only to see a figure standing around the doorway looking rather lost and uncertain. I recognised him immediately – Tim Oyler, a TA Queensman from the 5th Battalion whom I had known in Londonderry/Derry when he was attached to 2 QUEENS. After saying hello, he simply asked “Have you got a job?” He had somehow managed to slip away unnoticed from his Civil Service post in Germany and get on a trooper flight to join the war! He became part of the Intelligence Section, although he found it quite a challenge to come down, from the strategic level of briefing he was used to, to the granularity we required. I uncovered one other Queensman lurking in Riyadh – Tim Hurley was working with Special Forces and one day called me asking for some desert combats. I told him he could have mine as I’d previously insisted I wouldn’t wear any until everyone else in theatre had them, due to some rather *prima donna* behaviour by various staff officers in the early period of deployment.

With the changes and reinforcements, I decided to remain with the FMA rather than return to 1 Division Rear HQ in order to ensure the second and third line logistic interface worked smoothly. As the Division arrived, we attended a 7 (US) Corps visit that included the first briefing on Operation DESERT SABRE. After this, I led a further recce to the US Log Base Alpha, some 60 kms south east of Hafr Al Batin. Interestingly we were mounted in brand new Range Rovers which was a rather unexpected form of transport for a recce! Following this, I put together the outline logistic concept and confirmed that the inload plan for a forward logistic base would take 21 days. The Commander and a team from UK and I then flew (in an HS125 aircraft – another comfortable surprise!) to Riyadh to brief Gen de la Billiere and the Americans. I produced the Operations Order in late December and the move of stock started on 3 January 1991. We also deployed a Forward FMA HQ into the desert using box body staff vehicles. Around Christmas I sent a signal to RHQ in Canterbury from all Queensmen in the Gulf, ending ‘Unconquered We Serve’. I also received two signals from the UK. One was a message of goodwill to all Queensmen in the Gulf from the Mayor of Barnet,



one of our freedom boroughs, which was very well received. The other told me that I was urgently required to return to the UK to take up my next appointment as 2IC 5 UDR, reminding me that it was an operational posting and took priority over my current deployment. My reply was rather blunt and noted that going to war was also a rather high operational priority! The bloke I was taking over from (not a Queensman) was being posted to Hong Kong!

During the 21-day outload, nearly 18,000 tonnes of ammunition, over 7 million litres of fuel and over 6,000 tonnes of materiel items were moved. With the Americans moving stores forward at the same time, the traffic on the Tapline Road (MSR DODGE) was almost nose-to-tail and not a healthy place to be. All of our staff and service branches moved forward at a time of their own choosing, depending on when their centre of gravity changed in the outloading programme. Having seen the start of the air war on 15 January, on 21 January HQ FMA Main moved to the Forward FMA (FFMA). The weather was bad: cold, wet and windy. We trudged around the desert in mud and puddles. The HQ FFMA site broadly consisted of a diamond-shaped area, cut into two halves. One half was the admin area, the other had the G4 Ops grouping, dug in and camouflaged but without overhead protection. The inload of stock was completed, as planned, on 24 January.

On 31 January, the next stage was the forward build-up of stocks into the Divisional Maintenance Area (DMA) 30 kms north west of Hafr Al Batin and the replenishment of stocks from Al Jubayl to the FFMA. By early February logistic units had been briefed on how the Division would be supplied during the land battle, requiring an understanding of offensive operations, lengthening supply routes and continual pressure to push stocks forward. First and second line holdings by units were increased to maximise self-sufficiency and two study days were held. I developed a plan with 1 Div to establish Exchange Points (XPs) where transport would meet to exchange loads and a briefing was held for logistic units, mainly transport, to explain the concept. The other study day explained third line operations, as agreed between ourselves and the Division. I also planned a Tac HQ based on two staff box body vehicles to allow the Commander and key G4 Ops staff to move forward if required. On 18 February, the DMA inload and FFMA top-up were complete and on 21 February our two transport regiments were called forward to prepare for third line support of the Division during operations. As it turned out, during the '100 hour' land battle there was

hardly any third line resupply required because sufficient stocks were held well forward.

Once the land battle was over, the problem facing the logisticians was to extract men and equipment from Kuwait back to Germany and Britain. However, it was at that point I decided it was time to get to Ballykelly and 5 UDR and leave the clearing up to others! I spent a day flying around forward locations saying farewells then made the long journey back via Al Jubayl to Germany, finally arriving in RAF Gutersloh where the boys in light blue managed to mess us about, again! En route home to Verden, I stopped off on the autobahn for a cultural engagement with a bratwurst and a beer – it was good to be back.



Visitors - HRH Prince Charles



Awaiting the visit from RHQ!

THE BALKAN WAR, 1991 - 1992

By Jonathon Riley CB DSO

In mid-1992, I was minding my own business as Brigade Major 6 Armoured Brigade in the aftermath of the Gulf War and in the expectation of the Queen's being disbanded, expecting to go to the Western Sahara as a UN Military Observer. However, as in some of those Staff College scenarios that no-one believes, I had a panicky phone call from a staff officer in HQ UK Land Forces and the next thing I knew I was on my way to be the Operations Officer for the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE), later EC, mission. This was staffed mostly by delegates from the CSCE standing conference in Vienna, many of whom were NATO intelligence officers. This explains why not long afterwards, Ratko Mladić personally kicked us out of Banja Luka and the Serb Republic!

In 1992, the war in Croatia reached stalemate and the war in Bosnia was beginning to warm up. In Croatia, following the secession of the Croat-majority state from Serb-majority Yugoslavia, the ethnic Serb areas of the Vojna Krajina, or Military Borderland, a relic of the centuries-old confrontation between the Austrian and Ottoman empires, had rejected the rule of Zagreb. Backed by the heavy weaponry and professional expertise of the Yugoslav National Army (JNA), the Serbs were easily able to take control of these areas and indeed threaten Zagreb itself. It was at this time that the commander of the JNA Knin Corps, Ratko Mladić, first came to prominence as a capable and ruthless ethnic cleanser. In the wake of the fighting, the ethnic Croats and other small minorities living in the Krajina were ejected from their homes and spent the next three years living in camps. When EC diplomacy failed to make any progress, the UN became involved in the brokering of a ceasefire and separation of forces; but instead of a pro-active deployment, the UN took nearly three months to get anyone on the ground and when it did, it retreated to its comfort zone, taking up a role of old-fashioned military inter-positioning in the Krajina area of Croatia, overseeing the separation of Croat and Serb forces, then hunkering down and waiting for something to turn up. The CSCE mission therefore filled the gaps: operating in areas where the UN had no mandate. We ended up with teams across Croatia, in Serbia proper, Montenegro, Hungary and Bulgaria; as well as in Albania and in those parts of Bosnia not controlled by the Serbs – at least, only when Mladić was not looking.

The role of Western political and military leadership here should have been preventive and it failed. This was, you will recall, the period immediately following the fall of Communism when the general belief was that the UN could at last establish itself as the supreme authority in world affairs, but it did not. It failed to act in the initial break-up of Yugoslavia when a military intervention at large scale, probably by NATO forces mandated by the UN, could have succeeded in separating and isolating the various factions – the Yugoslav National Army and the separatist forces of first Slovenia and then Croatia; overseen a separation of forces and demilitarisation, and then supervised and secured a referendum on the political future of the country. None of this happened. The UN side-stepped the real issue until it was too late and NATO leadership failed to push hard. There are various conspiracy theories about why this was so, ranging from Russian sponsorship of Serbia to German championship of Croatia, to the institutional unwillingness of the USA to become involved in anything looking like peace-keeping at that time in its history – it was only just post-Gulf War after all, and Somalia was still a very sore spot. But Balkan conspiracy theories are among the most complex and imaginative that I have encountered in my military service!

Following the secession of Croatia, a referendum was organised by the Muslim-led faction of the government of Bosnia under Alija Izetbegović. The Serbs at once said they would boycott any referendum but it went ahead anyway, Bosnia seceded and international recognition followed rapidly. If anyone thought recognition would prevent a civil war they were deluded: all it did was infuriate the Serbs. It gave the wrong signal to Izetbegović, who thought that he would get intervention to secure his state. There being no oil under Bosnia, he was sadly mistaken. Thus the referendum and recognition were the sparks that ignited war. Izetbegović had an Islamist agenda from the beginning. As early as 1970 he had published the 'Islamic Declaration' which began the process of radicalising Balkan Muslims. After the fall of the Shah, Iran became a player in the region, as it has now in Syria, which the West never really understood. Izetbegović was skilled at presenting himself and his people as victims, but he bears part of the responsibility for the war; warnings about what he was really up to were, at the time, largely put down



to Serb paranoia and the Serbs then discredited their own arguments by their appalling actions.

The large Serb minority opted to stay with Serbia and was having none of the new Bosnian state. In those areas of Bosnia where Serbs were in the majority – adjacent to the Krajina and along the border with Serbia – JNA-backed military forces took control.

Very soon, rumours began to circulate about the rounding-up of ethnic minorities and concentration camps; and the International Committee of the Red Cross began an immediate investigation. I and some of my colleagues were allowed to join as observers. In one camp, the prisoners were obviously in terror, they would answer no questions and their eyes were always cast down. In another, eyes were not cast down but the climate of fear was tangible. There had obviously been some beating, and food was poor, but the most obvious problem was a lack of sanitation and the diseases that followed. Also, no provision had been made for winter, as it was hoped that all these prisoners would gone by then – ‘Ethnic Cleansing’. So there was a choice: either UNHCR improved the camps, or the ICRC evacuated the prisoners, or the prisoners would die as winter set in, or their captors tired of them. Although conditions were rigorous in these camps (comparing favourably with an English prep school in the 1960s), there was at this very early stage, no evidence of systematic murder or torture.

It seemed to me that at this point there had been little or no killing of the civilian population by Serbs. Serb forces in many cases rounded up Muslim civilians and held them in custody; in other cases Muslim civilians made their own way to the camps because they believed they would be safer there and would soon be evacuated under international control. The International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) therefore decided, rightly in my view, that both camps should be evacuated to Croatia and that if they filled up again, they would repeat this process because this was the only way to protect civilians. This policy soon raised a howl in the West that UNHCR and the ICRC were assisting with ethnic cleansing. The idiocy of this argument is exposed by trying to apply it today in the case of UNHCR and ICRC efforts to accommodate those fleeing or being forced out of Syria by any or all of the warring parties there. However in 1992, the ICRC was forced to halt its Balkan programme.



Evacuation



Manja-ia_Camp



Fikret Alic in Trnopolje Concentration Camp



Trnopolje Camp Photo provided courtesy of the ICTY

After this halt, the wilder elements among the Serbs took over. If Muslims could not be evacuated and Serb lands made clean, they would have to be killed. The lead was taken early on not by professional military officers, but by little men who became big men with a gun in their hands: men who before the war had pumped gas or flipped hamburgers. Whole Muslim villages were surrounded by armed Četniks, the population rounded up, and machine-gunned in groups. Every village had its 'dart-board', the wall against which victims had been lined up and machine-gunned. The intensity of the fire produced a circular pattern in the brick or stone, with a hole in the centre. Han Barine was one I especially remember. The wall and its surrounding ground was usually so soaked with blood and littered with shreds of flesh, that I doubt the smell will ever go away. Elsewhere, men like Captain Kusić of Rogatica rounded up all the Muslim men of his district and gave them the choice of running or staying. Those who ran were hunted down with dogs, torn to pieces, and eaten. Those who stayed were put through the local timber mill, feet first, and sawn in half lengthways from groin to head.

The Serb leadership watched closely and saw little international appetite for intervention. At this point, Karadžić may have reached the conclusion that he could get away with it and ethnic cleansing became an official programme. It could be argued that this process has been repeated in Syria at the beginning of the civil war there. The internment camps that I had seen, like Manjača, Keraterm and Trnopolje near Banja Luka became death camps, operated just as those of the Second World War had been, except that shooting of bound inmates in batches was preferred to gas. One of my later responsibilities in 1998 and 1999, when a brigade commander under NATO, was to protect the mass burial sites of these places and guard those responsible for exhuming and documenting the bodies.

What were the Serbs' motives? What drove them to do these things? We must first acknowledge the force of history in this part of the world. It has been for millennia a region of confrontation: the Drina River is one of those fault-lines of history; it divided the East and West Roman Empires, it divided Orthodox Christianity from Islam and later Serbian Orthodoxy from Austro-Hungarian Catholicism. Ivo Andrić's justly famous book *The Bridge over the Drina* is ironically named and deliberately so, for there are no bridges of ideas over the Drina. As the Northern Irish Protestant leader Ian Paisley once remarked on this very subject: *"The trouble with bridges is that they take you to the other side."* My impressions throughout this period on the ground were of a group that was overall marginally an ethnic majority throughout Yugoslavia but, within each



Vitez massacre



Vitez massacre

republic, except Serbia and Montenegro, they were a minority. When threatened with permanent separation from the body of Serb people that had been their spiritual and physical support and refuge throughout centuries of oppressive rule, and when faced with becoming an ethnic minority in their own country, something snapped. We should take note of this.

In the absence of clear political leadership from the West or a credible intervention force, the UN proceeded by mission creep into Bosnia, launching a humanitarian relief operation into mostly Muslim-controlled areas. This sort of intervention did more harm than good. By not intervening with credible force at the beginning of the conflict, but by intervening as we did without adequate military means or robust mandate, we slowed the war down, fed the forces and ensured that the war lasted for four years and cost at least 100,000 dead. My take on this, as on Croatia, is that if you cannot stop a civil war in the first two weeks, do not try – unless you are prepared to do so with the overwhelming force of a grand coalition backed by a watertight mandate. Pre-emption is always the best option, but when did you ever meet politicians who were prepared to confront a problem and commit



resources until the problem has become a crisis and probably unstoppable - as it may be in Syria? If you are unable to intervene early, or do so later with decisive force, then there is only one difficult choice left, to not intervene at all; rather to isolate a conflict, stop it spreading, stop food and ammunition getting to the combatants, assist bodies like the ICRC and UNHCR to get civilians out and then, when the parties involved are ready, go in and pick up the pieces.

[Ed: Lt Gen Jonathon Riley's article just covers his time while a Queensman and the period following the amalgamation. His Bosnian experience, however, was unique in the British Army, serving there in the following roles:

June 1992 - February 1993, SO1 Operations and Plans, CSCE (later EU) Monitor Mission former Yugoslavia; received the Observer Mission medal.

July 1993, SO1 Campaign Planning on Staff College team supporting Gen Rose (COM UNPROFOR Bosnia).

February - September 1995, CO 1 RWF and Comd Gorazde Force. DSO and UN medal (2 Clasps).

September 1998 - January 1999, COS 1 Armd Div Bosnia, NATO medal.

March - September 1999, Comd 1 Mech Bde and DCOM MND (SE) Bosnia and Kosovo, NATO medal (2 clasps)]

ADDENDUM TO KOREA

By Doug Brimming



Pte Brimming on Korea Honour Guard

I served in Korea under Lt Clive St John Perry for the 3-month Korea posting along with Sgt Tony Burr and thought that I would share a little more from that time.

The Panmunjon photos in last year's Journal show only half of the British guard. I was on the right hand side of the guard but not shown. The soldier from N Korea, removing his pistol from the holster in front of StJ P, cocked his weapon. The slide, spring and workings of the pistol fell to the ground in front of StJ P to his absolute amazement and relief!

Back in Seoul Barracks, a daily activity was the firing of the howitzer each evening at 1800hrs and the lowering of flags. This would only be done by the Yanks, and the Brits would clean the howitzer in the morning, a very sore point when you are marching down to the Parade Ground, cleaning kit in hand to clean up after them. However, we would get our own back in a very subtle way. The worry was that the gun might corrode, so plenty of grease was used specifically on the barrel and the opening mechanism and handles, and on one occasion near the end of the tour, there was a slight realignment of the gun towards the tree-line down the side of the parade ground. The further result was that the American Howitzer squad marched to the parade ground in their best dress and white gloves, only to have to grasp the handles in a set drill sequence and fire a blank

shell, the result being a large bang and greasy paper and rags spread over the trees, grease covered gloves and a warm glow of contentment among the British having ensured that the Americans were aware of our displeasure! We never did find out who had to remove the rubbish from the trees!

The British were also the only soldiers allowed to guard the GOC house, armed with a loaded pump-action shot gun. The guard commander would ring the telephone situated in the porch to inform the guard that the Officer of the Day was due to visit in his jeep. The sound of a shot gun being cocked and a loud voice from the dark, commanding "Halt! Who goes there?" scared the pants off of any number of young American officers. I was a 19-year-old fresh from IJLB Oswestry and living the dream in Hong Kong and of course just did what I was told!

A YEAR IN KOREA

By Paul Gray

I was posted to Korea in January 1974 for one year. It was the best and happiest year of my service. I was lucky to get the appointment. It was usually, at that time, given to a bachelor graduate from the Staff College. The officer chosen for 1974 was from the Brigade of Gurkhas. He reckoned that as he had spent his whole career so far in the Far East, he should go elsewhere. This was accepted by MS. Meanwhile I had been selected to be Brigade Major of the Abu Dhabi Defence Force. The appointment itself was a good one, but it filled me with foreboding as I would have to learn Arabic, and I have no aptitude for languages. I was “saved” by the Commander, a Brigadier in the Pakistan Army, who wanted his BM to be from Pakistan. MS therefore had to find someone to go to Korea and a job for Gray. Gray was a bachelor—Gray will go to Korea!

The appointment was to be GSO 2 Liaison to the United Nations Command, which in 1974, was the “rump” of the force which had eventually won the Korean War (the active part of which was from 1950 to 1953). However the job was varied and I found that I was more of an Assistant Military Attaché, junior staff officer to the Mixed Armistice Commission, and battle field tour guide. There was some Regimental soldiering—I was responsible for the Honour Guard (see *Soldiers of the Queens*, 2016, page 18), and was

an occasional umpire when the Honour Guard was acting as enemy to the US 8th Army on exercises. Staff work was most interesting, working with the US and Republic of Korea (ROK) staff officers, and preparing papers for ‘discussion’ (sic) at the Truce Talks at Panmunjon, which took place every four weeks. There was a wide social life, varying between formal cocktail parties with senior officers and diplomats, to taking visitors to somewhat doubtful hotels in Seoul, which were “leave centres” for US forces from Vietnam! I used to tell each Honour Guard on arrival the bars which I used, and suggested that if the soldiers did not want to meet me, they should stay clear of those!

My appointment did not start auspiciously. On my first day, a Sunday, we had a film show in the Mess – ‘The Day of the Jackal’. This regular Sunday evening entertainment was eagerly looked forward to by the US and ROK Army officers and their wives, who were members of the UN Mess, and for many was the highlight of their social life. The Mess was run on British/Commonwealth lines and was generally more popular than the officers’ club system of the US Army. The film was sent up from Hong Kong each week and was the responsibility of the British officer - me! The following Sunday - NO FILM! I had already discovered during my takeover of the appointment that

The author trying not to look bored at the talks





there were several problems, including that no payments had been made to SKC and NAAFI, Hong Kong, for several months. SKC stopped the weekly film just in time for me to get the blame! I let it be known, discreetly, that it was not my fault!

One of the most interesting aspects of my appointment was taking visitors on a battlefield tour to Solma Ri, ("Gloucester Hill"), where in April 1951, 1 GLOSTERS, withstood the first major attack of the Chinese who had just entered the war. The attack was not expected - in fact two company commanders were on leave at the time. C Coy, under command of Capt Harvey, (ex Royal Hampshire), managed to get away, but most of the Battalion were captured and endured the severe privations of North Korean prisoner

of war camps. The Commanding Officer was Lt Col Carne, who was to be awarded the VC for his action in the battle. The 'Battle Adjutant' (now I think he would be called the Operations Officer) was Capt Farrar-Hockley, who tried to escape from PW camp, wrote a book about his exploits, and ended a Lt Gen.



The Junior Observers at Panmunjon

Another other important visitor was Gen (later Field-Marshal Lord) Bramall, then commanding the army in Hong Kong. He was visiting Gen Stillwell, commanding the US 8th Army in Korea. My brigadier told me to take them and their staffs up to Solma Ri. On Gen Bramall's staff was Col Denis Whatmore who, as a 2Lt, was in C Coy 1 GLOSTERS at the battle. He had not been back to the site since a few days after the battle to bury the dead. It had of course changed a great deal since the

battle, not least because the ROK had cut off the top of the hill to enable helicopters to land! Col Whatmore was able to give a description of the battle as he remembered it, which allowed me to bring my own script up to date!



Saturday Mountain Hike

I enjoyed my time in Korea, and possibly unwisely, wrote to MS to tell them so and to ask if I could stay for the second year (of a two year staff tour). MS was horrified - *'You are not meant to enjoy yourself in the Army; where can we send him to ensure he does not enjoy himself again? Salisbury Plain!'* But that's another story and probably not worth telling!

2 QUEENS IN HONG KONG



CSM Geordie Rickwood carried to the Officers' Mess for Xmas dinner



B Coy Watermanship Training



Preparing for the riots



Fag break as the Gurkhas take over in Kowloon



GOC Guard of Honour at the Gun Club



MOZAMBIQUE

By Mike Scott

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher stood up from her chair on the firing range, and addressed her audience:

"President Mugabe, President Chissano, Gentlemen: This is a unique occasion: first, three Heads of Government and second, and perhaps even more important, assembled here with three armies combined with one objective in mind - to defeat terrorism in Mozambique.

We are very grateful indeed to President Mugabe for letting us have this land and making it available for the training; grateful to him too for all the help the Zimbabwean Army provides to Mozambique to help to defeat RENAMO.

I am obviously particularly proud of the British soldiers here, who always acquit themselves so splendidly wherever they may go and I may say that they are in demand in some thirty countries in the world. They carry out their job with the greatest sense of professionalism and the highest spirit and concern for those whom they are training, and we are

very proud to do it, and have been considering ways today in which we can increase our effort.

And third, to those who are here training for Mozambique and who also are helping with some of the training. No country can develop peacefully and constructively while it is riven with terrorism and in this case terrorism of a particularly brutal and cruel kind. We know what it is like to fight that kind of terrorism and we know that it must be defeated. We are therefore proud to be able to take part in this fourteen-week training course of young men from Mozambique who are going back to serve their country so that it too may one day develop in peace and develop its resources to the great benefit of the whole population—three countries coming together with that objective.

We have been so very impressed with what we have seen this afternoon, not only in the expert way and the fire power you have, but also in the spirit in which you go about your training and your duties. May I therefore wish you all well in your endeavours, and hope that you will achieve your



Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, with President Robert Mugabe to her left, watches the MTT fire power demonstration



President Robert Mugabe speaks on behalf of Zimbabwe

objective so that Mozambique may develop as part of the great southern Africa and come to have a higher standard of living for her people, and be very grateful for the work which her soldiers and those of Zimbabwe and of Great Britain have performed here at Nyanga. Every good wish!"

Her speech was well received, and enthusiastic applause followed. It was 29 March 1989, the middle of a three-day visit by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to Zimbabwe. Earlier that morning, with President Robert Mugabe and President Joachim Chissano, she had flown from Harare to Nyanga, located in the eastern highlands of Zimbabwe on the border with Mozambique, to visit the British-led Mozambique Training Team (MTT). The three of them had just been entertained to a fire power demonstration by the Mozambique soldiers, at the so-called 'Border Camp', an event that would herald an expansion in size of the MTT.

A captain at the time, I was approaching the end of my six-month loan service tour with the MTT at the time of Margaret Thatcher's visit. I had been inspired in part to conduct such a tour upon hearing the reminiscences of Lt Col Mike Ball, at the time CO of the 1st Bn about his service as a young officer in the Oman. For a time nothing came of it, and meanwhile the battalion's tour in Gibraltar concluded, as did subsequently our time in the 'bandit country' of South Armagh. Having returned to barracks in Tidworth, I was at the time the Recce Pl Comd, ably assisted by CSgt Mike Woodward as my 2IC when our Adjutant, Capt Simon Deakin, approached me one morning and

asked whether I was still interested in a loan service tour. I asked whether this might be in the Oman. That wasn't an option, but I was more than content instead to accept the offer of an air ticket to Harare, Zimbabwe, from where I made my way to Border Camp, Nyanga. At that stage the Mozambican Civil War 1977-1992 still had three years of its course yet to run.

Commencing just two years after the end of the war of independence, the Mozambican Civil War was essentially a proxy of the Cold War, but it was more complex than that, in so far as it was also set in the context of South Africa's apartheid era. Mozambique's ruling liberation movement party, which had been instrumental in the independence struggle, the Frente de Libertacao de Mozambique (FRELIMO), were violently opposed by the armed rebel group Resistencia Nacional Mozambique (RENAMO), in what could be categorised as a low-intensity, intra-state conflict. RENAMO had received support from white-ruled Rhodesia, owing to the fact that FRELIMO provided refuge to Zimbabwean nationalist guerrillas. Following Zimbabwean independence and President Mugabe's rise to power, RENAMO then received support from apartheid South Africa. The then President of Mozambique, Samora Machel, was providing sanctuary to elements of the African National Congress (ANC) fighting South Africa; this led to the apartheid regime supporting Samora Machel's enemies. Neither government had abided by the 1984 Nkomoti Accord, in which South Africa had agreed to stop sponsoring RENAMO if the Mozambican government expelled members of the ANC.



Captain Mike Scott

Moreover, with the Cold War as a backdrop, RENAMO had received support from the CIA throughout the late 1980s due to America's fears that another former Western colony would become a Soviet ally; Samora Machel had declared FRELIMO a Marxist-Leninist party. For its part, RENAMO adopted an anti-communist stance. Samora Machel died in an air crash in 1986, and Joachim Chissano was installed as president, but the war endured relentlessly. By its end some one million died in the fighting and from starvation, with several million civilians also displaced. Similar to the Angolan Civil War on the other side of the continent, many victims were made landmine amputees, a legacy that would plague Mozambique for some two decades after the end of fighting in 1992.

My arrival in theatre in October 1988 preceded a turning point in the Civil War. South African and covert American aid to RENAMO were on the cusp of being curtailed from 1989, and Soviet, East German and Zimbabwean assistance to FRELIMO was also to be reduced soon after during the period 1989-91. With Mozambique crippled by the war and on its knees, both FRELIMO and RENAMO would within a few years be compelled to sue for peace, which would lead to the UN-brokered 1992 peace deal that would end the fighting.

However, that was all then still in the future. In the interim, it was the task of the British-led MTT to provide infantry training to carefully selected FRELIMO 'special' forces. The MTT had been set up in February 1986, and Border Camp had become a symbol of Margaret Thatcher's increasingly close relationship with the Soviet-backed Mozambican government of President Joachim Chissano. Nonetheless some analysts dismissed her MTT intervention as a ploy to deflect criticism of her staunch opposition to imposing economic sanctions against South Africa, a country in which Britain had significant financial investments. British agricultural companies also had major investments in Mozambique at the time and the farms were provided with armed protection by British private security companies (although in those days the term 'mercenary' was still in vogue), employing ex-British Army infantry and special forces personnel. Indeed 'Tiny' Rowland, the CEO of a British-owned agricultural company would subsequently become instrumental in supplying unlimited funds to oil the wheels of negotiation during the future 1992 peace talks.

Also based in Zimbabwe at the time was the British Military Advisory and Training Team (BMATT), whose task was to provide assistance to Zimbabwean forces. While BMATT were allowed to travel to South Africa for R&R, we in the MTT were prevented from doing so, for we were overtly training the FRELIMO forces that were at war with the South African-backed RENAMO rebels. Such was the complexity of Cold War politics at the time! In similar vein, throughout the course of the civil war RENAMO rebel forces frequently conducted cross-border raids into Zimbabwe. The MTT was considered a potential target and so therefore the Duty Officer at Border Camp would sleep with an AK-47 assault rifle beside his camp cot with defensive contingencies in place in the event of RENAMO making a visit.

Upon arriving in the autumn of 1988, the MTT still comprised just six British captains, all infantry except for one cavalryman, with each captain's team supported by a British infantry sergeant instructor, a Mozambican junior officer (as Portuguese interpreter) and two Zimbabwean sergeant instructors. During my time in country, the MTT HQ element comprised an infantry major as the OC and an RQMS, who in turn were overseen by the co-located BMATT commander, Lt Col Pat Lewis, of the Light Infantry. I was fortunate to have the support of British Sergeant Phil Waterhouse, Coldstream Guards and two excellent Zimbabwe sergeants, both of whom had fought for Rhodesia in the bush war: Sgt Shadrack, of Grey's Scouts (a horse-mounted Infantry Reconnaissance unit) and Sgt Chackwanda, a war-decorated paratrooper.



President Joachim Chissano of Mozambique addresses the MTT company

The MTT's task was to process each contingent of Mozambican troops – 'Mozzies' so-called – through a fourteen-week training course. Upon completion of training, the troops would return to their war-torn country and, on account of their British 'special' training, would be assigned the more demanding tasks of defending key lines of communication along the Beira corridor from attack and sabotage by the South African-backed RENAMO guerrillas. Land-locked Zimbabwe clearly also had an interest in protecting such lines of communication, to ensure its goods and produce could reach Beira port, and so, at the time, had some 10,000 of its own troops within Mozambique. Keeping such routes open reduced its reliance on South Africa's trade routes, which of course could be shut off at any time by the Pretoria regime to exert leverage and destabilize Zimbabwe.

Despite the 'special' sobriquet provided to our Mozzies by their senior officers (they were presented with 'green berets' upon completion of MTT training) they received from us an essentially standard British infantry depot training programme, albeit with a good deal of additional live fire and manoeuvre exercises. Such exercises could be somewhat 'wild' as the Mozzies intended quickly to lose fire discipline, and become not a little dangerous to their instructors who were endeavouring to coordinate and control matters!

By 1988, the MTT were training their charges as an integrated company inclusive of command structure (albeit earlier contingents tended to comprise just junior

officers), with each British captain instructor responsible for an integrated 'heavy' platoon of some forty all ranks. There were, among the troops, relatively experienced soldiers as well as raw recruits. We trained the troops with their own Soviet weapons and, although we had Mozambican officers as interpreters, we soon picked up enough of the language to at least run the rifle ranges in Portuguese. It was impressive though to see how much more quickly our charges assimilated English, which they absorbed as quickly as the vast quantities of Zimbabwean 'sadza' mealie (corn) porridge with which we provided them!

The training area available to us at Border Camp appeared limitless, and the expression 'miles and miles of bloody Africa', came easily to mind. We would take our platoons into the field for days at a time, patrolling at night, and lying up by day, coaching them in the tactics that they would adopt upon returning to their war-ravaged country. We travelled light and far, and subsisted on light rations, purifying drinking water from streams as we went. The training was always made more interesting by the fact that we were in the 'bundu' (or bush), with its accompaniment of wildlife, including the highly venomous variety.

Off duty, I shared a billet with the single 'donkey walloper' in the MTT, by the name of Andrew Clark, Life Guards, son of the British Conservative politician, author and diarist, Alan Clark. Between us, we took on a Staffordshire bull terrier called Max in need of a home. He never liked to be left alone and when we departed off into the 'bundu'



Kate Adie reporting the event for BBC news

on training, he would invariably track us down, sometimes a day or so later. However, we were only ever able to offer him a share of our relatively meagre rations so he would soon depart back to Border Camp and the RQMS, who was always able to offer him something far more substantial by way of a meal than compo biscuits!

Half way through my tour, Capt Matt Maer, of the 2nd Bn and future CO of 1 PWRR during OP TELIC 4, joined us in the MTT. At around the same time Lt Col Mike Ball, following his command tour of the 1st Bn, also arrived in Harare as an instructor at the Zimbabwe Staff College. Maj Patrick Crowley was another Regimental officer who contrived to find his way out to Zimbabwe to work with BMATT.

Besides the extremely satisfying professional side of life, the opportunities that Zimbabwe offered were impressive for those who fully appreciated wilderness. During R&R, one could visit the magnificent game parks that the country boasts, such as Mana Pools and Hwange, or conduct white water rafting down the Zambezi River from Victoria Falls. Indeed Nyanga National Park, with Mount Nyangani, the highest mountain in Zimbabwe, and Mtarazi Falls, the highest waterfalls, were on our very doorstep. The Nyanga region had long been regarded as a place of great natural beauty and, in 1896, Cecil Rhodes had written to his agent: *"Dear McDonald, Nyanga is much finer than you described ... before it is all gone, buy me quickly up to 100,000 acres and be sure to take in the Pungwe falls. I would like to try sheep and apple growing."*

Moreover, we were young captains, and single, and the social life was always lively at the local Nyanga watering

holes, such as Troutbeck Inn and Montclair Casino (of course, as young captains we had no money to speak of to lose, so it must have been the comely croupiers who were the object of our attention). A certain Rhodesian girl caught my eye, and one weekend she invited me back to her family ranch. Seeking to establish a good impression, I had contrived to secure a bottle of single malt whisky as a 'peace offering' for her father. Such luxuries were impossible to find in the shops at the time and thus highly desirable. It obviously had the required effect; for, on spying the bottle, her father immediately remarked that if I had thought to bring with me a second bottle he would have considered also letting me alone with his wife!

Time flew past overly quickly. As captain instructors, we inevitably became attached to the platoon that we had trained, and I was not the only instructor that would have relished the opportunity, at the end of the training period, to have crossed the border with 'my troops' into Mozambique and lead them on operations. It was always a somewhat sombre day when we had to drive down to the Mutare border crossing point and bid them farewell and God speed, as they headed back into their war-torn country.

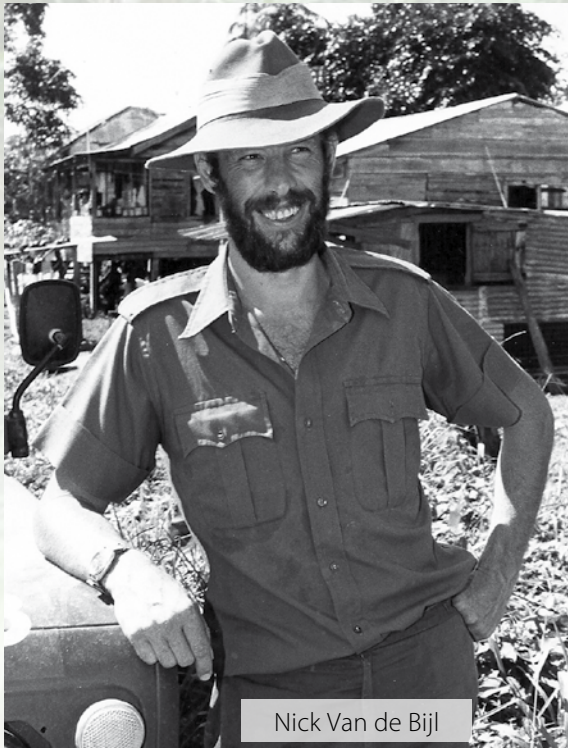
Following Margaret Thatcher's visit, which was covered for the BBC by the veteran broadcaster Kate Adie (who was not so 'veteran' back in those days) the MTT was increased in size. However, news reports that the three leaders had sat beside the crocodile-infested River Inyangombe, to discuss the plans to increase British assistance, were only partly true - the water in the Nyanga highlands is far too cold to harbour any self-respecting crocodile - but then one would never expect the press to spoil a good story with the truth!



Mozambican troops on the MTT assault course

SEVEN HILLS PATROL - BELIZE

By Nick Van de Bijl INT CORPS



In the spring of 1980, I arrived in the small 'cowboy' town of Punta Gorda in southern Belize on a six-month unaccompanied posting as Field Intelligence NCO (FINCO) South. The term originated in Borneo when Intelligence Corps personnel were attached to Police Special Branch. I had attended a Spanish course with three colleagues, at the decidedly left-wing London Polytechnic at the Elephant and Castle, followed by conversation with a Spanish lady in Colchester and finally a FINCO course at Templer Barracks, the home of the Intelligence Corps in Ashford. On the flight out, the RAF VC-10 experienced a 'technical hitch' at Washington which meant overnight accommodation in a hotel overlooking the Pentagon and a Local Overseas Allowance (LOA) in US dollars – nice! After briefings at HQ British Forces, Belize, I flew to Punta Gorda in a Mayan (White Knuckle) Airways Islander and took over from a friend.

The FINCO lived in a house that came with an Indian housemaid on the outskirts of the town. For the next seven months, I slept with a loaded 9mm Browning under my pillow and a sawn-off shotgun and Armalite within easy reach. Twice weekly, I debriefed back-packers disembarking from a ferry that plied between Puerto Barrios in Guatemala and Punta Gorda and listened to disturbing accounts of the political chaos in Central America. Belize was something of a beacon of safety. One backpacker from Crossmaglen saw me dive for cover.

I regularly liaised with the resident battalion at Rideau Camp. In about September, 1 QUEENS rotated with 1 CHESHIRE. I did not know the battalion, except that it was based in Canterbury, the city which I regarded as home. I quickly established a good working relationship with Capt Alasdair Goulden, the Intelligence Officer, and helped to orientate his Intelligence Section with vehicle, boat and helicopter patrols.

One threat that worried HQ British Forces was Guatemalan Special Forces using a range of low hills north of Punta Gorda known as Seven Hills to infiltrate into Belize. Most other land and river border crossing points were covered by patrols. Although the West Indies Guardship sometimes shelled the feature, this intimidation was seen to be insufficient. When the battalion was tasked to investigate, Capt Goulden asked me to join an intelligence section patrol. I had been involved in 'adventurous training' in Brunei and had completed the Jungle Warfare Instructors course in 1979 while posted to Hong Kong. The cover for the patrol was to determine whether Seven Hills was suitable as an artillery and naval range. Other members of the patrol were 'Radar', (LCpl Cope) the radio operator, and Cody, a white terrier that I had inherited. The map showed a few contours and a wide river to the south. An air photograph I had seen showed no signs of habitation. The 'rains' of the previous three months had given way to heat.

Early one morning, we joined a Queen's Gurkha Engineers assault boat at their camp just north of Punta Gorda and then the coxswain barrelled across a bay and glided into an inlet that led to an abandoned timber mill, now mostly overgrown. We waded ashore and checked the mill for boot prints and scuff marks of grounded boats and searched for the footpath from the mill. Nothing. Capt Goulden had the compass and with my jungle experience, I ended up as point, not a tactical position that many members of the Intelligence Corps would willingly welcome. On a bearing of due south, we walked through scrub until we came to a wall of secondary jungle. A basic jungle tactic is to avoid hacking because it makes a noise; best to follow animal tracks or use garden cutters, but we had no alternative. I always carried a butcher's knife but it was totally unsuited. Fortunately, Capt Goulden had a standard Army panga and so we carved a tunnel through the mass of green, aware that if there were Guatemalans, they would surely hear us. Gradually, the going became a little easier, although we still had to cut a path. Nuisances included



long thorns, sometimes called 'wait-a-while' or 'the bastard tree'. There was also the danger of snakes. I had earlier been asked by F Troop from Hereford to collect information on dangerous

snakes in Belize. There were eight venomous snakes of the Central American Coral Snake genus, Maya Coral Snake, the Eyelash Viper, Hognose Viper and the Mexican Moccasin rattler, which was found in mangrove swamps. The one that really worried me was the *fer-de-lance* or *Tommygoff*, regarded as the 'ultimate pit viper', they were found in a wide range of lowland habitats, just like Seven Hills, and frequented human habitations. Sometimes they rested on branches and could launch themselves some 10ft. One of my sources had died from a bite. During the rainy season, snakes were found sheltering in stores and accommodation in Rideau Camp.

As the sun rose in the cloudless, blue sky and it became hotter, the preservation of water had to be balanced against dehydration since we had no idea where water might be found, and I suggested that we climb a hill to see if we could spot ponds or a river. The climb was hard going. We avoided using trees to haul ourselves up because, according to jungle warfare lore, sudden movement of branches means either monkeys or human beings. We reached the summit, but could see no evidence of water. Descending the hill, again without touching trees, we re-entered the jungle. At about midday, we reached a cultivated area we had seen from the hill, which turned out to be cannabis. A few leaf huts suggested farmers, who would be less than delighted at

the presence of an Army patrol. Drug trafficking was rife in the already unstable region. In the late afternoon, we found a relatively dry spot in a small copse and rigged our shelters to something akin to a defensive square and then cooked a meal, now almost out of water. After I gave Cody a tin of dog meat, she disappeared and returned about half an hour later, with a wet chin. She would be our sentry. Although I was concerned she could be attacked by a snake seeking a meal, she insisted on lying on my pack.

Early next morning after a brief snack, we pressed on through thicker secondary jungle and then practically fell into the river marking the boundary of Seven Hills. Cody had obviously found the river. While no longer the torrent of the 'rains', Central American rivers are often homes to caymen and fish that bite, quite apart from logs and dead animals being carried downstream. Although we were not carrying any ropes, someone needed to recce the opposite bank. Showing true leadership and the spirit of gallantry expected of British officers, Capt Goulden instructed his scout to swim across. With my Armalite slung across my back, I swam across, clambered up a slippery bank and came across a track. Returning to Capt Goulden, we waterproofed as much as we could, in particular the radio, into a poncho in the approved jungle warfare SOP, and pushed it across the river. 'Radar' then radioed Battalion HQ and about half an hour later, a Land Rover arrived to take us back to Rideau for the debrief. We were confident that the Guats weren't in Seven Hills!

(Ed: Radar reckoned that it was he who had to swim across the river not the FINCO. The Editor can't remember!)

Highlight of the Belize Tour

The highlight of my Belize tour when with B Company Signals Det, 2 QUEENS was in Holdfast Camp and the return of the military ambulance by helicopter. The driver had parked it in a storm gully, which was a concrete structure with a channel about 4 x 4 ft for storm water to flow down (sometimes used by the Ruperts for storm-drain racing – don't ask!), so as to prevent flooding. Needless to say the Land Rover did not like it and laid on its side, and the best way out was by helicopter.



The Ambulance

Doug Brimming

WAR ON THE HOME FRONT

By Peter Barrow

It was one of those events that occur regularly in garrison towns. The Turk's Head, on the route into town, was a favoured meeting place for members of The Queen's Regiment who had adopted the rather seedy spit and sawdust pub as their watering hole since their arrival in the town. The arrival of The King's Regiment in the other barracks which lay some three miles further out from the town, despite the obvious rivalry that existed between the two, at first caused no trouble.

No-one knows where or when the seeds of conflict were laid but that Friday night soldiers from the King's decided that The Turk's Head would be their pub and set about evicting the Queen's soldiers. The fight was fast and furious with considerable damage being done to the pub's fixtures and fittings. By the time the civil police arrived, the King's soldiers had occupied the pub and the Queen's were outside trying to regain possession. Not unnaturally, the police assumed that the Queen's were the aggressors and proceeded to arrest them. They were then handed over to the custody of the Royal Military Police who had now arrived on the scene. Those arrested were charged and then returned to barracks.

It was on Commanding Officer's Orders on the following Tuesday that the seven arrested soldiers, one corporal, four lance corporals and two privates, appeared to have their case heard. It was clear that there were others involved who had escaped arrest but no-one was volunteering to provide further information; especially names. As there were no extenuating circumstances and they pleaded guilty, there was little option for the Commanding Officer to accept their plea and sentence them accordingly. Justice done, or seen to be done, it occurred to the Commanding Officer, whilst discussing the case with the Regimental Sergeant Major and Adjutant, that something

must be wrong with their training. Laudable it might be to uphold the Regimental Honour, but only if one was victorious. If not, it might prove wiser to effect a tactical withdrawal and live to fight another day at a time and place of one's own choosing. This must have been taught on the Junior NCOs' Cadre and, if it was, the NCOs concerned had not learnt the lesson or had failed to apply it. Clearly they needed to be reminded about minor tactics and leadership. It was to this end that the NCOs concerned were assembled in the Training Wing by the Regimental Sergeant Major for a fifteen minute lecture by the Commanding Officer.

About three weeks later, the Commanding Officer was rung up by his counterpart commanding the King's to complain that some of his soldiers had been assaulted and that it must have been by soldiers of the Queen's. Apparently, the night before two separate parties of the King's soldiers returning to barracks after a night on the town were jumped in the dark on a deserted stretch of the main road leading to the barracks. They were stripped of their clothes and sent on their way naked. Their clothes, tied in neat bundles, were lined up behind the hedgerow and discovered the next morning when the incident was being investigated. No description of the assailants was available apart from the fact that they had short hair and, apart from hurt pride, no damage had been done and nothing stolen. In fact none of the King's soldiers had so much as a bruise.

All the Commanding Officer could say was "Prove it!" as he smiled to himself as a lesson well taught and learnt. It was noted thereafter that the soldiers of the King's selected another, longer, route to and from town that bypassed the Turk's Head which reverted to the Queen's.

Overheard in an Ops Room

"Pronto, what's our call sign?"

"10, Sir"

"Roger that. What's Zero's Call Sign?"

"Sir???"



LAC1- COULD IT SOUND MORE DULL?

By Mark Rayner

Staff finally caught up with me after 18 years in the Army. I did 13 straight years with a battalion or the depot, then Staff College and then a training job (teaching staff!) then mercifully back to battalion life to command a company for a second go. On the disbandment of 3 QUEENS in '92 I had to get a proper job. No problem: I asked very clearly for an operational appointment in a large multinational headquarters anywhere vaguely exotic. You can guess the rest: DCOS HQ 143 (West Midland) Brigade in Shrewsbury. A delightful job, working for a wonderful brigadier, and it did more for my pre-command education than any length of time on the streets of Northern Ireland, the jungle of Belize, the Heide of Germany or Salisbury Plain. However, it won't surprise the reader to learn that my 18 months administering a regional brigade in the Black Country did not give birth to too many war stories.

Wind the clock forward to the year 2000. Following the Shrewsbury job, I was back in Croatia and Bosnia before command of the 1st Battalion, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment then running UNTAT (taking in Bosnia, Cyprus, Middle East, Kosovo, Sierra Leone and East Timor). I bumped into my MS man in Warminster and he told me I had the narrowest profile of any officer on his books – *"it's all training, command and ops"*. *"Yup"* I replied and gave him the horses for courses bit and told him they still owed me the multinational headquarters somewhere exotic gig (Naples and New York were on my mind). His reply

was: *"LAND – PJHQ – or MOD, take your pick"*. I mulled this over and decided that London was handy for God's own county; cricket at Hove and the Albion in winter – *"OK, what's going in the MOD?"* I landed a job with the giveaway title of LAC1. Sounds dull, but what it meant was MOD responsibility for Latin America and the Caribbean: the Andean Ridge, up through Panama to Central America and Mexico plus the whole of the Caribbean including Cuba. The incumbent had to serve five DAs in the region, visit as much as necessary, get to know indigenous forces and baddies, familiarise with HMG regional policy and strategy then scope and deliver UK military assistance if he could find the support and the money. *"Oh – and you're 'key personnel' so you get a flat in Petty France"*. What a lifeline – the Army was prepared to continue to pay me well and prevent me from having to get a proper job for at least another 3 years.

So (he said, trying not to sound like Graham Norton) how could this possibly lead to an obscure war story? It was the start of a love affair with Colombia. The country had a bad name in those days as it was synonymous with the drugs cartels and Pablo Escobar's famous offer to pay off the national debt if they'd let him out of jail. Having served countless times in Northern Ireland, Belize, Croatia, Bosnia, The Congo, Sierra Leone and Kosovo it was odd, almost mercenary, to be trying to help a country like Colombia. But I was working on behalf of HMG and the newly created



Patrol Embarkation



The Production Line

Global Conflict Prevention Fund; I loved the Colombians – really good people with a really bad enemy. I was stopped in the middle of a pitch to a group of generals about how much more they could and should spend on counter-narcotics when one of them reminded me – *“Mark, you do realize that it’s your expensive and addictive habits that are ruining our country?”* I hasten to add that by ‘your’ he meant the West and nothing personal!

I was hooked on Colombia and how we might contribute to the stability of the country and interdiction of cocaine. There were a few constraints, mainly caused by well-meaning folk. The Colombian Army bred some wonderful and brave officers. A few remarkably good brigadiers were beginning to score great successes in their brigade areas and to get the problem under control with successful eradication or interdiction. It just took one member of the religious brotherhood or sisterhood to whisper ‘human rights’ to an influential lobbyist in Washington and the paymasters would get jittery and that brigadier would be suspended pending enquiry. The enquiry would take years and momentum would be lost. In an attempt to obviate this, the Colombian counter-narcotic forces placed a military lawyer on every operation and any aggressive action or pursuit would be placed on hold until he’d forensically examined the situation and given the go ahead. I was on one such patrol when a cocaine still was spotted and recce sent forward.

We went forward to an FRV but sat there while the lawyer was landed, brought forward and made his assessment. By the time we went forward, the operators of the still had vanished, leaving the process bubbling away, the embers of cooking fires and a warm flip-flop. It was very frustrating but a great reminder that I was operating with a force that was every bit as constrained by rules of engagement, philosophers and lawyers as are Western armies, possibly more so. (As an aside – I could not resist the temptation to approach what I can only describe as a steel drum heaped with raw cocaine until the lawyer halted me. He let me know that if I wanted to walk through any of the airports on the way home without being delayed for half a day, I was probably already close enough!) Some of the problems were closer to home in the shape of good old DFID. They had some great people and brought decent money to the party but carried a slight infatuation about providing ‘toys’ as they perceived every bit of military hardware. (On another task they were perfectly happy to let me establish a joint coastguard centre of excellence between Belize, Guatemala and Honduras – a real breakthrough – but would not countenance the purchase of any sort of craft with which we could establish a Belize coastguard. The project died a death but I had a great time scoping it with the Royal Navy trainers.) So everything we did with the Colombian Army, counter-narcotic police or marine forces had to come from a budget already under some strain. However, to their eternal credit, the US often



acknowledged that we had something rather special to offer and found a way to make it happen – I think from ‘petty cash’.

As I watch the talks in Cuba unfold and see a very real chance of peace and a way forward for Colombia and maybe the strangling of another source of cocaine, I think the UK can take some pride in the assistance we gave. I think the ambassadors we’ve sent over there (OK, I only met a couple) have been quite exceptional in the support they’ve given, particularly in the areas that fill the vacuum left behind by war and cocaine. We’ve also provided a number of cracking DAs and I was delighted to see our own Col John Wright go down there – just the man in my judgment. (I’m not sure what the score is now but when I travelled the region 17 years ago, the DA was one of two in the world issued with protective side-arms.) I played a tiny part in the provision of assistance but I was able to go on patrol and observe counter-narcotic operations...and we found a still and it was destroyed along with cocaine with a street value of millions. I was on an errand with the incumbent DA,

over the Medellin, when the Huey we were travelling in collided with a vulture and was brought down by the air-strike.

I was able to go into the jungle to check out the excellent training camps, set up entirely along British lines with our training aids and posters (like Brecon but a lot warmer). We also provided advice on UGS when the Colombian oil pipeline was being pinged by the bad guys in the jungle; and further north, some excellent riverine training to help to try to stop the egress of cocaine out into the Caribbean. It was a real privilege and provided the very occasional thrill of being on the front line in the jungle with one of the most determined and professional forces I’ve ever witnessed outside of our own. I wish I could remember and report upon the parties in Bogotá as well.

(Ed: Strictly speaking this is outside the terms of reference for an article, it being post-amalgamation; but, first, I thought that it was a cracking story and Mark’s ‘war on drugs’ keeps within the theme of ‘Queensmen at War’; second, it illustrates the calibre of our regimental personnel that we sent to the new Regiment – although knowing Mark for more years than I care to remember, I wouldn’t say it to his face!)



A weekend’s supply



Crammed in the Helicopter

THE ENGLISH OFFICER

EXTRACTED FROM THE SOVIET NEWSPAPER 'ODESSA NEWS'

The English officer is not at all an officer. He is a rich landowner, house-owner, capitalist or merchant, and only an officer incidentally.

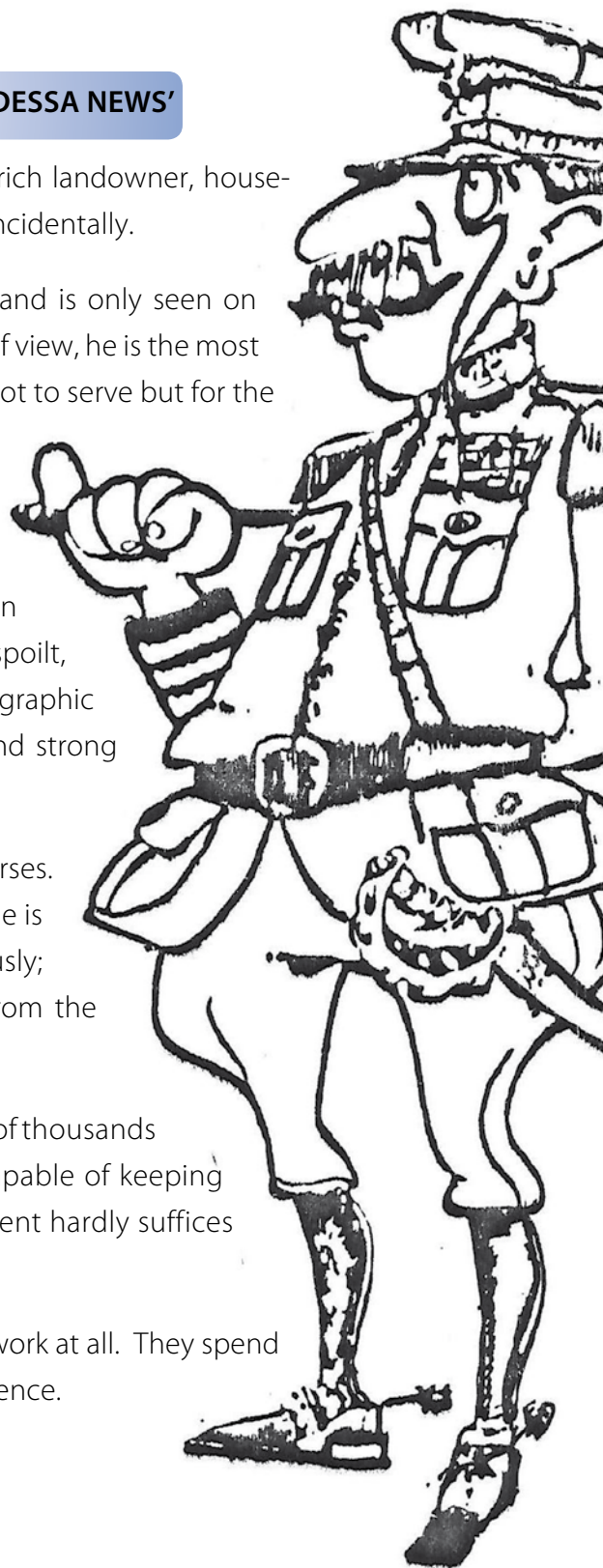
He knows absolutely nothing about the services and is only seen on parades and reviews. From the professional point of view, he is the most ignorant officer in Europe. He enters the services not to serve but for the uniform, which is magnificent.

The officer considers himself irresistible to the fair haired blue-eyed English ladies. The English officer is a beautiful aristocrat, extremely rich, an independent sybarite and epicure. He has a spoilt, capricious and blasé character and loves pornographic literature, suggestive pictures, sumptuous food and strong drink.

His chief amusements are gambling, racing and horses. He goes to bed at dawn and gets up at mid-day. He is usually occupied with two mistresses simultaneously; one a lady of high society and the other a girl from the opera or ballet.

His income runs into several thousands, often tens of thousands a year, of which he keeps no account, being incapable of keeping accounts. The pay he receives from the government hardly suffices to keep him in scent and gloves.

English Officers, especially the young ones, do no work at all. They spend their days and nights in clubs known for their opulence.





OUR OWN HOME-GROWN BISHOP

By Alasdair Goulden

The appointment of bishops in the Catholic Church is a complicated process. Outgoing bishops, neighbouring bishops, the faithful, the 'apostolic nuncio', various members of the 'Roman Curia', and the Pope all have a role in the selection.

Major John MacWilliam, or 'Johnny Mac' as he was affectionately known, has become the Regiment's first and only home-grown bishop. Having served in the Regiment from 1968-91, Johnny Mac heard the call and took Holy Orders, being ordained at Worth Abbey in 1992. Thirty four old friends from his first platoon, company and days at the Depot where he was Adjutant, gathered at Worth Abbey on 20 May 2017 for his ordination as Bishop of the Diocese of Laghouat-Ghardaïa, in recognition of the courageous peace building work he has carried out in the region.

At the height of violence against Christians by armed Islamic groups in the mid-1990s, four of his confreres running the White Father mission in Tizi-Ouzou were assassinated in their own home, while two years later the famous Tibhirine massacre took place where seven Trappist monks were kidnapped by Islamic fundamentalists and were later murdered.

Following the assassinations in 1994, Fr John, as he had become, volunteered to join the White Fathers in Algeria specifically to re-open a new community in Tizi-Ouzou,

a city in the north-central part of Algeria. He had often been exposed to violence, including being shot at while stationed in Northern Ireland during the troubles, so he knew the situation he was getting himself into. Despite the violence being directed against Christians and the Algerian people, Fr MacWilliam stayed in Algeria during what was described as the "black decade" of the country's civil war between government forces and Islamic groups.

"A lot of foreigners left, a lot of embassies closed, a lot of companies left," he said in a 2012 interview. "The Catholic church didn't leave. We stayed. When things get difficult, you don't leave your friends."

Despite the threat of violence, the tiny Algerian church pursued a strategy of service and dialogue. It focussed on being a symbolic presence in an Islamic society seeking to act as a 'good Samaritan' running libraries and other educational projects for struggling students and serving various disadvantaged groups, including refugees, prisoners and women.

There are only a very small number of Christians left in Algeria, about three thousand Catholics and most of these are sub-Saharan students studying at Algerian universities. Bishop MacWilliam's new diocese is a sprawling mass of two million square kilometres mainly of Saharan Desert in which just a few hundred faithful live. The Diocese is ten times the size of Britain!



Johnny Mac



How many Bishops does it take?



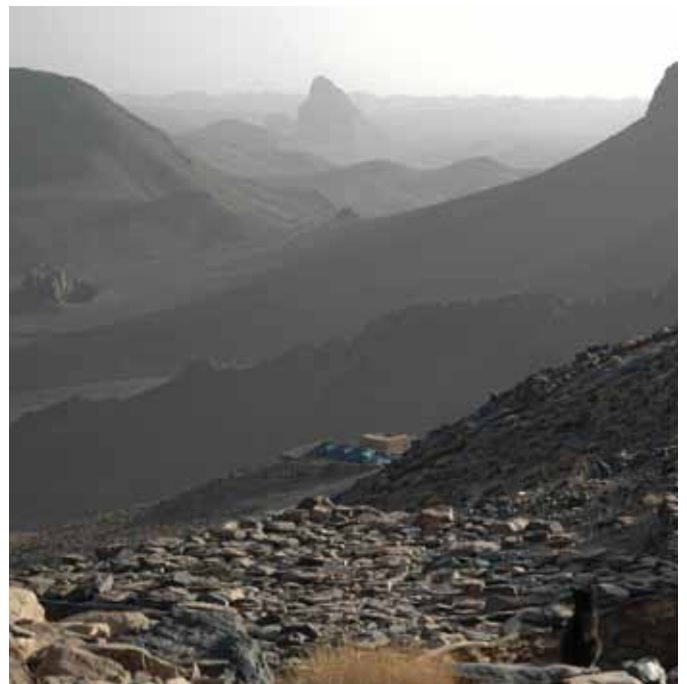
The Gathering of Friends

"I worked in Oman for two years when I was in the army and I found that my own faith was helped a great deal by Muslims around me who prayed, who let their religion be part of them," Bishop MacWilliam once wrote. "They were real witnesses to their religion. It helps me to appreciate how important it is for all of us, whatever we are doing in life, to somehow witness to what we believe, what we are."

Bishop John has adopted 'Servas ut Ducas' as his motto taken straight from the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst's motto 'Serve to Lead'.



Bishop John's Coat of Arms



Johnny Mac's Parish

Bishop he may be but he is the same Queensman 'Johnny Mac' and an inspiration to us all.



QUEENSMAN FERRET

34 BA 46

By Lt Col John Buckley US Army

My name is John Buckley , Lt Col US Army retired. I was a tanker stationed in Germany from 1969 until 1972 with the 5th Bn, 68th Armor, 8th Infantry Division.

I have always had a passion for armor. I received my training through the ROTC at the University of Texas before going to the Armor Basic and Jump School. When I left active duty in 1972 I returned to school and completed a Ph.D. in Anthropology. I studied monkeys in Honduras from 1979 to 1981, during the time that your 1st Bn was stationed in Belize, although I don't remember confusing the two!

After my return from Honduras, I became seriously interested in obtaining my own military vehicle. I passed through a succession of vehicles starting with a Universal Carrier, a WW2 Weasel, a 1943 GPW Jeep (which I still have), and finally a Ferret, Registration No 34 BA 46.

The British Army is unique in that the historical records of the vehicles are retained, including dates of service and units using the vehicle. The US military does not do this and you are lucky if you find a surplus vehicle with unit identification markings still present. While this gives you a lot more flexibility in marking up your vehicle, most collectors will generally prefer to use the correct markings assuming that they can find the vehicle history.

I had read that by contacting the Tank Museum I could obtain the data for the Ferret that I had purchased in the spring of 2015. The dealer that I bought the Ferret from, Khaki Corps of Tulsa, Oklahoma, told me that it was British and not Canadian, in spite of the Canadian markings on the vehicle. I tend to be somewhat of a purist (not fanatical though) and prefer to have the correct markings for the vehicle, assuming that the data exist. The history sheets that the museum sent to me were most interesting. The forms cover only the service in the British Army. It may have been in service in Singapore, but there is only a mention at the start of the form noting its arrival at the Ludgershall depot, in Germany (10 June 1968), after which it was sent to Gibraltar. From that time onward Ferret 34 BA 46 served at HQ Gibraltar with 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions of The Queen's Regiment throughout the 1970s. There was no break in service with the Regiment until it was sent to Ludgershall in 1978 for repairs and then sold into surplus in 1987. Based on the registration number, 34 BA 46 was one of 593 built in 1951 under contract number 6/FV/4267 (Ware 1997). It is an early design Ferret.

I contacted the museum at Gibraltar to see if they had any photos of the ferret in service in Gibraltar to see what the correct markings would be. I also searched on line but no luck from either place. However, the Curator at the Gibraltar museum casually mentioned in a message that I might try to contact The Queen's Regimental Association for more information. I



John Buckley

immediately looked the Association up and Googled you folks, making contact with Steve Parsons, explaining that I had recently purchased a vehicle that had once belonged to the Regiment. He probably thought that I was certifiable and so passed the message on to Maj Alasdair Goulden.

Maj Goulden told me that my message stirred things up with the membership. Since that initial message, we have been in regular contact. We briefly entertained the thought of establishing a Texas Branch of the Association, consisting of one member. Maj Goulden has been of immense help to me in getting the vehicle and me ready. There is a corollary though. I was tasked with writing up an article about the Ferret complete with photographs.



Sales Brochure advert

I started my search for a vehicle that wasn't dying. I love armor, but tracks are impractical and frowned upon on Texas roads, so Scorpions etc. were out. The most practical seemed to be a Ferret. Khaki Corps Inc specializes in British military vehicles for the military vehicle collectors market in the US. They had a MK 1 Ferret for sale and I got really interested. Contact was made and a contract agreed upon to buy the vehicle. I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma in mid-March 2015 to receive an orientation on operating and maintaining the vehicle.

I took delivery that May after they completed their mechanical refurbishing. I have about 200 acres of land in Central Texas so having space to drive around on is available. Wonderful, it was home. Now to get driving practice in! Problem, El Nino was starting, rivers flooded, several lives were lost and the roads were a mess. While I could have driven it around, the roads afterwards would be deeply rutted. The surrounding countryside was a bog, so it went into its garage (20' shipping container) and sat. My wife and I planned on entering the Ferret in the 4th of July parade in a local town about 25 miles away. My first real driving experience was to that parade. Fortunately the intercom worked well, so during the parade she could tell me what to watch out for, such as children running out to pick up candy tossed by earlier parade entries. One gets a certain perverse satisfaction by driving a vehicle flying a British flag in a 4th of July parade in the US! The Ferret was the most popular vehicle in the parade and the military vehicle collector club took the first place trophy.

I worked on 34 BA 46 trying to spruce it up as time and weather permitted for the remainder of the summer of 2015, while running the administrative nightmare of getting it registered in Texas. It is now street-legal titled as an antique vehicle. The Fall of 2015 was mostly rained out and my teaching schedule precluded my going up to see it. 34 BA 46 is housed on my ranch west of Austin, Texas, but I currently live 250 miles south on the Texas coast in Corpus Christi. Over the Christmas/New Year's holidays when I was able to get up there for a short visit the batteries were dead. I got them pulled and charged up by mid-March 2016 and pulled it out for operational runs and to troubleshoot the electrical drain, but a set of severe

Arriving at the ranch





Ferret

thunderstorms rolled in, so back in the garage it went. The batteries managed to drain within the next month. I was able to get the batteries marginally functional by replacing one with a marine deep-draw battery and charging the other (it now also needs replacing) by late June. The ‘garage’ gets hot and this may have contributed to the drain.

About 5 days before the 2016 4th of July parade, an artist colleague of mine and I stencilled the Gibraltar tactical sign as well as the rear registration number on the vehicle. The front registration number will be added later in the fall.



British Conqueror Lawn Ornament

When I am using a vehicle for parades etc, I also try to wear the period correct uniform. I was fortunate in finding DPM summer weight uniforms (It does get hot in Texas in the mid summer) along with Gibraltar tactical flashes (shoulder patches) and rank slides. I tracked down a reference and source for the stable belt. Maj Goulden forwarded the correct beret and badge to complete my uniform. He sent me several back copies of the annual "Soldiers of the Queens" which I have thoroughly enjoyed reading, and has made multiple suggestions and corrections.

This is about as far as I was able to go by the summer of 2016. 34 BA 46 does have issues, both being electrical (quite shocking). The main engine batteries keep draining requiring time to recharge them before the vehicle can be backed out of its garage. Once I replace the dead battery, I can put a charge maintainer on them. The second more problematical issue, is a disconnect to all of the rest of the electrical system. This means that lights, gauges, turn signals, brake lights and intercom do not work. Dead batteries are easy to track down but this other problem is more challenging and vexing since I cannot drive it on the roads safely without my wife as an escort. The wiring harness in a Ferret is a real spaghetti bowl, so tracing a bad or loose connection is very challenging at best.

I thoroughly enjoy owning and driving 34 BA 46. I plan on adding radios probably a Clansman set (HF) but maybe a US radio set, depending on available space (I am licensed to operate, call sign KF5DRO). From what I can find out many MK-1 Ferrets carried a machine gun mounted forward. This seems to vary significantly from none to you name it. I do not know if 34 BA 46 carried a weapon while at Gibraltar, I have not found any mounting holes in the armor plate. I may mount a weapon but I need to get it to feeling better electrically first.

I would like to thank Maj Goulden and the men of The Queen's Regiment for making me welcome and including me. I invite any members visiting in Texas to please feel free to contact me and come see your former vehicle. Maj Goulden has my contact information. I do request that if anyone has any photographs of the Ferret or from your service in Gibraltar I would appreciate a copy if that is possible.

(Ed: Lt Col Buckley kindly presented the Association with a Texas flag that had been flown over the House of Representatives and provided the Association Corps of Drums with an excuse to celebrate Texas Day in March, raising over £500 for the Benevolent Fund. The flag was also flown the following day at the annual reunion at the London UOTC.)



DRUMMER WELLINGTON

By Philip Mabett

Being in the Corps of Drums of 1 Queens was an experience difficult to forget. Under Drum Major Max Maloney every day was looked forward to with some trepidation as to what to expect. We all got to know and



Drummer Wellington

love Max's eccentricities. During our period in Berlin, we were kept very busy as a Corps; not only the usual tasks but also the addition of the 'Steel Band' (a regular feature on 'SF Berlin' radio). One of our number in the platoon was Drummer Wellington, I don't think he had a first name as he was a parrot. I can't remember how, when, or from where he came but he was much loved by Max. He was billeted in the Drum Major's office and spent his time on a perch next to the his desk. He was not very popular with the rest of the drummers, especially those who had to clean up after him.

Conversations were difficult because of the continuous squawking (from the parrot). I am sure that it was during

the private conversations between Max and Drummer Wellington, that some of the eccentric projects were hatched! Which brings me nicely to the brainwave Max had to light up the side-drums - this was to put headlamps inside the drums which were wired in with a switch on the side and a battery in the drummer's pocket!

For the final farewell parade to Berlin we were to put on a display with the band and drums on the sports field for the Berlin who's who and selected guests. The day arrived and first of all we were to perform positioned on a large trailer and towed around the sports field with the Steel Band, including Drummer Wellington on his perch.

This was going very well until we reached the point when we were directly in front of the mass audience when Drummer Wellington decided he would go absent without leave and took off, flying over the heads of the audience in what I felt was quite a majestic flight. I think he went over the wall to the East. This was a sad day for Max (but not for some). Wellington was posted AWOL but was never seen again.

To go back to the final parade with the Band and Drums - this was going very well ie figure marching, bomb burst, great marches, and fluorescent drumsticks. We had started at dusk and dark was drawing in. As we reached our final countermarch in the direction away from the audience, we switched on our drum lights. Unfortunately we had only practised this move in daylight and not used the lamps so as to save the batteries. Subsequently as the lights went on in the dark, we were completely blinded and as we counter-marched, there was a bit of clashing and bumping as we staggered to the front through the ranks of the musicians in the band. We then halted and performed the 'drummers' knocks' the final act (which was perfect as usual) and then off.

Max and I were good friends and spent time together in Richmond when we were on leave. I miss him, but funnily enough not the parrot!

THE GREAT ZYYI CHRISTMAS CONCERT OF 1972

OR A QUEENSMAN AT WAR IN CYPRUS

By Bill Kempton

It wasn't a long road to this, my single moment of stardom, but it had its obstacles along the way. For a start, we weren't supposed to take any but military equipment with us on the plane to Cyprus in late 1972, where we were to do a six-month UN tour of duty. How could I get my guitar aboard? I solved that problem by thinking within the military mind-set. I painted the canvas guitar-case black, and stencilled on it "kits segovia diy" along with the old War Department arrow logo, and a series of meaningless numbers. Passing through security at the airport, I declared simply "Platoon guitar", and was waved through without question. We were on our way to Zyyi (pronounced 'ziggy'), a small town



on the Cypriot coast, our UN base for the first stage of our tour. B and Sp Coys were there.

My musical experience was the other obstacle to stardom. I'd only picked up the guitar a few months earlier. I had no flesh and blood tutor, just a how-to book on classical guitar method, which I studied for hours at a time in my barrack room, and even more so in Cyprus, because when not on duty, there was not a great deal to do. I can't have been that bad at it, because I don't recall getting any complaints.

Yet somebody out there must have heard about me, because when Christmas approached, CSM Rigby, the person responsible for putting together the camp concert, informed me that I'd be taking part in it too. I wasn't asked if I wanted to, simply told to attend rehearsals.

I can't remember being terrified at the thought of public performance. But then most of the others gathered before the makeshift stage in the canteen were no more experienced in the field of entertainment than I was. I was detailed to play a solo spot, and take part in a band called 'The Zyyi Camp Stompers'. In it, besides me, was another guitar, strummed by a bloke called Tommo, Dave Eley played a bluesy harmonica, and Jim Laker played a tea-chest bass especially made for the show from a wooden box and a broom handle, and strung with D-10 telephone wire. I can't remember the name of the vocalist, only that we had to feed him at least two beers before he'd even consider getting on the stage.

We all soon discovered that same secret. Stage fright? No such thing, if you dosed up on the performing artist's friend - alcohol. Not too much, just enough. Fortunately, on the night of the big show, most of the audience were in the same condition, if not more so. So not much attention was paid to





the lyrics of one song I'd written especially for the band, a straightforward blues belter called 'The Provost Corporal Blues'. This was perhaps a good thing. I seem to have been in my Bob Dylan, protest song phase, because it went like this about a soldier arrested for no reason at all:

Walking down the road, I got stopped by a full screw, (x2)
He said I'm the Provost Corporal, it's my job to take you.

He took me down the guardroom, they gave me twenty-eight days, (x2)
I lay down on that cell bunk, my head was spinning in a haze.

That provost came in my cell, this is what he said, (x2)
By the time I'm finished with you boy, you'll be wishing you was dead.

That this song got applause even from the senior ranks present might also be due to the fact that our beered-up vocalist, doing his best Muddy Waters impression, wasn't singing at all coherently. If he had been, I might have ended up in the guardroom myself.

I'm surprised we got away with my other act too, a skit I'd worked up with another bloke which was titled for some reason in the printed programme, "Wrangler". I sat on centre stage playing a solo piece for classical guitar, something from the Romantic period by Fernando Sor. The other bloke, pretending to be gay, minced around the stage, and the music seemed to be making him more and more attracted to me. I angrily ignored his advances for some time. Then, before the piece was over, I stopped abruptly, stood up, told him "F*** off!" and stalked off the stage. Maybe you had to be there, but this skit got a lot of laughs.

Thus ended my performing career. It could have been otherwise, because after the show a Warrant Officer in the audience - it might have been the CSM or perhaps even the Bandmaster - approached me and told me that if I would sign on again (I was within a couple of months of demob), he could get me into the regimental band. Of course, bandsmen had to learn a marching band instrument, but they were encouraged to learn others of their choice too. Indeed they even ran some kind of rock band which played at mess functions.

But I had other plans. I was already writing to a girl in Canada I was keen on meeting, so I declined. Instead, along with the rest of the concert party, I retired to the MI room for a party hosted by the orderly, Cpl Ken Caffel, and - like most of the others - ended my career in entertainment then and there in a sea of beer and the local Keo wine. I think the Canadian girl at least was pleased with that decision; we've been married now for over forty years. Such was 'war' in Cyprus!



MY SHAME IN SUFFIELD

By Stephen Kilpatrick

There are parts of my military career that I look back on with great pride. Sadly, they are interspersed with moments that cause me to hang my head in shame. My trip to Suffield, Canada in September 1982 provided one such moment.

I was a newly arrived platoon commander in command of 7 Platoon, C Company, 3 QUEENS. As a University graduate, much was expected of me; but for about 12 months until I had attended the Platoon Commanders' Battle Course, I was an utter liability to my platoon and my platoon sergeant, 'Ginge' Wilson. To the company commander, Steve Dowse, (standing-in at the last minute for Mike Jelf as OCC Coy who was ordered by the CO to remain behind in Fally for domestic reasons). I was an exasperating distraction. To my fellow platoon commanders, I was a useful smokescreen for their own misdemeanours.

Suffield has a lot of dry lakes. No, that's not strictly true; it has a lot of lakes that appear to dry out in summer but still retain the properties of lakes: marshy, not suitable for crossing in heavy armoured vehicles. You get the picture? Well sadly I didn't. I can still remember the briefing given to us in Camp Crowfoot: *"Avoid dry lakes, because they are not!"*

So as we approached this patch of low lying land that was a darker colour than everything around it, I said to

Pte Tungate, my trusty driver *"Do you reckon you can get across?"* To which he dutifully replied: *"No problem, Sir!"* And off we set. To my delight and amazement we made it to the far side....but as I looked back, I saw that my second vehicle (nice one, Eddie) was stuck, in my tracks, right in the middle.

Steve Dowse, understandably, adopted the *"You bust it, you fix it"* approach to this particular problem, and dispatched me to drag the second vehicle out. The outcome was as dramatic as it was predictable. Both vehicles sank to the top of their tracks, and alongside them I suddenly became very tall when I was trying to achieve the opposite.

My humiliation was as public as it was total. We were visible to the Battle Group for miles across the prairie and I received a Grade 'A' bollocking over the net from Steve. I could in no way deny that it was fully deserved. My actions reeked of unprofessionalism and incompetence. By way of small consolation, my platoon thought it was brilliant that I had engineered several hours R&R for them, as the rest of the Battle Group sailed off into the distance to their next battle.

We were finally dragged out by the REME a few hours later, but not before I had received a second bollocking from Tony Anthistle, which sits up there with the best that





I have ever been on
the end of....

I don't know why I am
sharing this with you.
I still hang my head
when I think of it...

*(Ed: Unsurprisingly, as a direct result of this formative
experience. Stephen Kilpatrick ended up as the first
Commanding Officer of 2 PWRR!)*



One I went round!



Feeding a gopher in BATUS



Fascine - no use in dried lakes!



CIGARETTE SMOKE, THAT PHOTOGRAPH, A CUBIST QUEEN AND A SMALL HAT

OR

NOT THE CONTINUATION OF THE CHARLES MILLMAN SAGA

By Roger Gancz



The Cubist Portrait

Visits by Allied Colonels-in-Chief or Colonels of The Regiment, are important regimental events which demand considerable planning, including contingencies for 'the just in case'. Regimental journals record these events, mostly in very sterile style: a tree planted, families visited, entertained in the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess, lunch in the Officers' Mess, and so on. However, many visits contain background stories that rarely get into print.

In June 1980, our Allied Colonel-in-Chief, Her Majesty Queen Margrethe II of Denmark, visited the 1st Battalion at Howe Barracks, Canterbury. Her Majesty was accompanied by her uncle, Colonel His Highness Prince Georg of Denmark, the Danish Military Attaché in London and Honorary Colonel of 5 (V) QUEENS. This was a pretty grand event with many high-ranking guests and their wives, including past Colonels of the Founding Regiments, invited for lunch in the Officers' Mess hosted by the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Rowley Mans.

I was the PMC of the Officers' Mess and thus responsible for all the arrangements associated with the lunch, which included co-opting my wife, Eryl, to accompany Her Majesty and her Lady-in Waiting to the Queen's withdrawing room before and after lunch. The first task having been completed, we waited for Her Majesty to reappear for lunch. And we waited; and we waited for what seemed to be a rather long time. Eventually, it was with some relief for us when the Lady-in-Waiting popped her head around the door to ask Eryl: "May we come down now?"

Seating plans for these events are always potential Pooh traps, but, until warned off by the CO, David Dickens, I had no idea that Gen Rowley's wife, Veeo, was allergic to cigarette smoke. As many will know, Queen Margrethe is an inveterate cigarette smoker and her ADC had responsibility for ensuring that the royal cigarette box was placed on the table in front of her. Just prior to lunch, I personally checked the prevailing wind direction and, with the Mess Sgt, Ray Greengrass, experimented with open windows to create sufficient draft through the dining room to deflect the smoke away from Veeo! Following the lunch which, happily, Veeo survived, was that now famous 'crossed arms' (thank you Messrs Baynham and Juhel!) photograph of Queen Margrethe with the 1st Battalion.

Fast forward to December 1984, I was despatched from Omagh to Canterbury to represent 1 QUEENS at the lunch, hosted by Gen Rowley, at which the portrait of Queen Margrethe was presented to the Regiment and unveiled by Her Majesty. The artist, Preben Hornung, a well-known Danish abstract artist, had been commissioned by the Carlsberg Foundation. The Foundation President and the artist were guests at the lunch. It was while we were filing out to say farewell to HM that Guy Weymouth, the Assistant Regimental Secretary, and I discussed the pros and cons of the portrait; mostly cons. Guy's take on it was: "If you ask a cubist artist to paint the portrait, you get a cubist Queen!" At this point we suddenly realised that the artist was standing right behind us. We smiled at each other politely. As we shuffled into the entrance hall, I discovered that



there was only one No1 Dress Hat remaining on the table, which was several sizes larger than mine. On stepping out through the front door, I immediately discovered the culprit. There was Gen Rowley saying farewell, looking to all the world like one of Paddy Ryan's caricatures, with my hat perched like a miniature pill box atop his head!



Danish Assistant Naval Attaché , Maj Roddy Mellotte, HM Queen Margrethe I, Lt Col David Dickins, Gen Rowley Mans (with his own hat on!), Lady-in-Waiting, Oh and Brig Charles Millman!

An addendum to this was that after the June 80 lunch described above, Gen Rowley left the Mess with his crimson sash on upside down such that the lengths of riband carrying the tassels appeared to flow upwards out of the belt and hanging off his left hip. With the eagle eye of an Adjutant, I advised the Colonel accordingly and we proceeded to the photograph. I have often felt that of such instances comes lasting tradition and rather regret losing the opportunity for, perhaps, the creation of an instant tradition whereby the 1st Battalion would henceforth wear the sash in such manner. Whether the Army Dress Committee would have approved is another matter...

AAAB

RELIVING THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON

By Bob Fisher

On the 10 February 2017, I stood on the battlefield of Sobraon as I have for many years admired Sgt Bernard McCabe and the actions he carried out on that day 171 years ago. I was fortunate to be there as my wife, Dawn, had arranged for me to go to India and stay in Amritsar and from there visit the site of the battle, as a retirement present. The journey to India isn't an easy one as you have to get a visa before going and you can't get any rupees until you're over there. To add to the fun, once landed at Delhi, there are the Indian customs and immigration to get through, taking well over an hour which involves finger printing all your digits, having a mug shot, showing your passport and finally answering daft questions from the immigration officer! You then walk less than 10 m and are then asked to show your passport yet again. India were taught bureaucracy by the British but they have taken it to another level. We finally got through and then had to catch an internal flight, so the total travelling time was close to 18 hours. At Amritsar, we met up with a driver that was the cousin of one of Dawn's workmates. His name was Happy and he was invaluable for our time there.

We had the first day just adjusting to India which is different to say the least. As soon as you step out you are surrounded by people trying to take you to places and of course they will give you their best price. As this was a holiday, we decided to see the Golden Temple in Amritsar as well as sampling the local markets. It was a bit surreal as we were the only Europeans there, so we were an object of curiosity (*Ed: As if Bob has never been an object of curiosity before!*). This manifested itself in asking for selfies with us or practising their English, which when you consider I have zero Punjabi they didn't have a lot of choice in the matter.

Good old Dawn had decided on a recce the day before Sobraon Day, telling me *"Time spent on recce is seldom*

wasted." I've really no idea where she got that from! The drive was interrupted by our driver constantly doing business on his phone, religious men from the local temple demanding money on the road (not quite with menaces) and of course cows. Plenty of humans also got in the way but his reluctance to run over cows did not extend to them. To start the whole experience, we went to the Anglo/Sikh Memorial which is close to Modkee which is a good place to start as it is dedicated to the Sikh wars. It was here that I heard a different version of what happened at Sobraon. They say that two of their Generals (Lal Singh and Tej Singh) were traitors who helped the British. It is hard to disprove this as Lal Singh was in contact with Maj Lawrence, a political agent with Gough's headquarters and didn't even join the battle and Tej Singh left the battle early. This left just the one general, Sham Singh. They also say that Tej Singh cut the bridge that was the only escape route from the battle, although the British claim that it was the weight of the people on the bridge that had been weakened by the rain that caused it to fall. Either way there was a great slaughter of the Sikhs who lost around 20,000 troops to drowning or cannon fire as they refused to surrender. They have a parade at the Army museum in Amritsar on 10 February each year to honour General Sham Singh and they have built a huge statue of him on a horse.

Going back to the Anglo/Sikh memorial, this is a good place to visit as it has a number of paintings and weapons from the era. It was amusing to see most of the paintings of the battle depicted Sikhs chopping off the heads of British soldiers! Again, bureaucracy reared its ugly head and we were not allowed to take photos of the main paintings. As a final note of the recce, it was here that we learnt about the monument to the Battle of Sobraon that had been erected by the British, and this was key as there is no mention of this monument anywhere on the

River Sutlej



internet; we only found out about it as our driver was able to have a conversation with the memorial curator who directed us there.

The next day we set off again to the same area and had to run the gauntlet of vehicles, holy people, humans and cows but we placed all our faith in Happy as he assured us he knew where to go. After two hours, I suddenly spotted the sign for the Sobraon Memorial; funnily they had spelt it 'Sobroan'! Well, it's their country so I decided not to write a formal letter of protest to the Indian government and went towards the Memorial. This took a bit of finding but good old Happy came good as we spotted it in the distance. On arriving at the memorial, I was disappointed for at first, as it was locked, but out of nowhere this Sikh man turned up with the key! Once Happy had explained why I was there, he proved really helpful and even better, he was an ex-soldier from the Punjab Regiment who knew all about the Battle of Sobraon, albeit the Indian version. Once inside, it was quickly apparent that there were very few visitors to the monument which had been erected



The Sobraon Memorial

by the British as it had fallen into a sorry state of repair, and someone had been using it as a volleyball court. It was also overgrown with bits of the monument flaking off, but as it had been standing for over 100 years with nobody looking after it, I was just happy that there is still something marking the battle. Sadly, any sign of the Sikh ramparts had long been destroyed as the land is a prime arable site being so close to the Sutlej river. After walking around and making a few videos to share with my friends, I decided to move to the Sutlej river where so many of the Sikhs were killed, but my driver had other ideas. He had obviously picked up on the fact that this was a very big thing for me as he produced a bottle of whisky brewed in the Punjab! Any relationship to the amber nectar that comes out of Scotland and this amber fluid was only in the name. However, I was determined to raise a toast to Sergeant Bernard McCabe and video it for prosperity, so once I got the thumbs up from the camera lady/wife, I took a healthy glug. This was a mistake as this stuff could power a Chieftain engine and I had decided to drink half a cup of it! Then my camera lady/wife informed me that she had pressed the wrong button and that I would have to do it all again! I was a bit more restrained for my second cup and after finishing, I wobbled off to the River Sutlej. This is a major river that flows at a fast rate and is approx 100/150m across. When I saw it, there had been no rain for a while, but when the Sikhs were attempting to escape from the battle, it was after two days of rain and the river was in flood. After making another video, I then spent a couple of hours just soaking up the day and thinking of the battle that happened so long ago. Finally, my day was over and I made my way back to Amritsar to have a curry and beer as an appropriate way to celebrate Sobraon Day, a perfect way to end my 10 February 2017.

In conclusion, my wife had given me the most perfect gift that she could ever had done. She had worked out that this was something that I had wanted to do for many years and as with a lot of things, she gave me the opportunity and it was up to me to action it. To those of you who read this and feel that it is something to do, then I would thoroughly recommend it, but contact me first as I've done the initial recce for you! The battlefield is not well signposted, isn't on Google, and almost impossible to find. We were lucky to have a friend of a friend who spoke English and knew what I wanted to do. Finally, this was the most emotional and rewarding day I've had and despite the lack of interest by the Indians (apart from General Sham Singh), was something I would recommend to those members of the Regiment that have had the pleasure and honour of celebrating Sobraon Day.



Base of the Memorial with Volley-Ball Net



My driver Happy and the Curator



Marsala chai with the lady that made it happen, my wife Dawn



General Sham Singh



Base of the Memorial





SWEDISH TIGER

By Ed Reynolds

The Vasaloppett is the oldest, longest and largest cross-country ski race in the world. The 90km race was inspired by a notable journey made in 1520 by the King of Sweden, Gustav Vasa, when he was fleeing soldiers from King Christian II of Denmark's army. The race is conducted in the 'Classic' cross-country skiing style and forms part of the 'Loppett' series of ski marathons across Europe. The event is a national spectacle in Sweden and attracts on average 16,000 competitors from around the world each year.

With these impressive statistics in mind, I stood on the start line as part of a team of three British Army racers. I was one of a total of twenty competitors from the UK and was otherwise utterly surrounded by a sea of Swedes. Although a significant occasion in the Swedish calendar, the event, and cross-country skiing in general, is still considered relatively niche in the UK. To date, the most famous UK competitor to complete the race was Pippa Middleton in 2015. There was therefore an element of national pride at stake as I gazed at all 16,000 competitors to my front (I had not completed a seeding race and was therefore squarely at the back of the field!).

The firing of the starting pistol (I had difficulty hearing it as I was so far back) was the signal for the elite racers to launch themselves at the first hill, and for the remaining horde to begin their slow shuffle forward. The initial 200 metre climb provided a welcome warm up, and an opportunity for the field to spread out as they crested the summit. Eventually I completed the climb, and had a good first 10 kilometre ski before I reached the initial food stopping point. Having completed a number of similar ski races, I was aware of the critical importance placed upon these 'feeding stations.' They provide a much-welcomed physical and, of more importance, psychological boost during any difficult race. Normally manned by an interesting collection of willing volunteers, they offer everything from gingerbread to goat's cheese. Sadly, the initial Swedish offering comprised a thick and warm blueberry soup, which although sweet, did little to actually satisfy one's hunger. I put this disappointing

spread down to it being the early stages of the race, and ploughed on.

At this second stage of the race, the tracks meandered through a dense pine forest which ended in a picturesque clearing revealing feeding station number two. To my horror, the offering was little better, and comprised of what can only be described as cool chicken gravy served with a stale bread roll – not the traditional food stuff of the endurance athlete! The poor quality of these offerings however became a good talking point when chatting to other racers around the course, and made the kilometres fly by during many a shared grumble!

A curious feature of long distance ski racing is the age and nature of the competition. My age peer group of thirty-something Swedish men and women were hours ahead by the 45k mark (depressingly the winner had finished by the time I reached the halfway point), meaning I was left racing a curious mix of sixty and seventy-year-olds, many of whom were using skis made before I was born. It is a testament to the Swedish outdoor way of life that so many of these skiers had completed 30 or more of the competitions over the years and therefore skiing with the careless abandon of those with nothing to prove. Before I knew it, the 70km mark was within sight and was accompanied by a feeling that completion of the race was within my grasp. By now I had been skiing for eight hours and daylight was beginning to fade. Luckily the Swedes, in consideration of the older (and British!) racers, had floodlit the final 10kms of race track. The last 200 metres of the course ran down the centre of the high street in Mora and attracted a considerable crowd of local spectators. Although by the time I arrived the crowd had somewhat reduced, there was still a smattering of applause as I crossed the finish line with a time of 10 hours and 54 minutes. Overall the race was a wonderful experience that I would highly recommend. I would also like to thank the Queen's Regimental Association for their kind contribution towards the race entry.





THE PWRR AND QUEEN'S MUSEUM

By Catherine Holt, Asst Curator

This year marks the 30th Anniversary of the Queen's Museum being opened at its current location, within Dover Castle. This is a great milestone for the museum and could not have been achieved without the support of our friends, donors and volunteers, many of whom are former Queensmen. While this is a time for celebration, it is also a great time for us to reflect on the future of the museum.

Although the museum at Dover was 'cutting edge' when constructed in 1987, it has changed very little since then. This is something that we are working hard to change over the next five years.

To begin with, we are delighted to announce that the museum has received a grant from Dover Port Authority as part of its community fund. This money, which has been match-funded by both QUEENS and PWRR Regiments, will be put towards improving the public services. This project will involve creating a research centre and a community space/classroom in two of our under-utilised rooms. This will give us the space and facilities to have a greater interaction with the local community as well as special interest groups, such as regimental associations.

The display area currently referred to as the 'India Room' will be converted into a research centre. It will have a number of desks and computers available for researchers to use as well as access to the museum's cataloguing system. The regimental archive will also move to the museum and help enhance the new knowledge and research centre. This will enable not only schools, students and researchers, but anyone with an interest in the regiments to have public access to this resource. This in turn will improve awareness and allow people to gain a better understanding of the The Queen's Regiment, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment and our forebear regiments, and how they have influenced history.



The Pop-Up Museum

The 'Outer Office' upstairs is being converted into a community space which will be made available to regimental associations, researchers, local history groups etc. It will be a flexible space that can be used for formal and informal learning sessions for small groups.

Our project is ambitious, but once complete, it will breathe new life into the museum so it will become a 'must see' attraction. The local community will benefit from the new Knowledge and Research Centre to engage with the regimental history and traditions.

In order to even further extend our ways of engaging with the public, we have also created a 'pop-up' museum. Our 'pop-up' museum will be used for events across the local area to promote the museum and its facilities. We hope to expand our outreach activities to Canterbury, Folkestone and Thanet once we have established the displays. As exciting and beneficial as this project will be, it is only the beginning. As you will have read in the last two articles about the museum, we are planning a programme to upgrade and revamp the museum's current displays.

Much of the current traditional interpretation in use in the museum is in fact just 'information' that fails to bring the objects to life. This is something we want to change.

Our aspirations are to produce a series of themed exhibitions that will help shed light on different eras of the Regiments' past. This will include the less well-known stories of the forebear regiments' involvement in various wars and conflicts, as well as create new displays that will reflect the 26 years of The Queen's Regiment and, in particular, its commitment to Northern Ireland and BAOR. There will also be a number of new displays that will focus on the 25 years of the PWRR. This will be achieved using up-to-date interpretation methods, interactive technology and multimedia to bring the past to life.

In order for us to be able to achieve this, we need your help. We need objects for display as there is currently very little to represent the 26 years of The Queen's Regiment and this cannot change unless these objects get donated to us. This could be anything from uniform, medals, equipment, certificates, photographs, anything that you would be willing to donate from your time serving in the Regiment. Please dig out your garages and lofts, give us a call and we will come and collect whatever it is that you have.

SURREY INFANTRY MUSEUM

By Ian Chatfield

If the latter part of 2015 and 2016 was a period of shock and crisis management following the Clandon fire, then 2017 could be summarised as a year of endurance. The Museum has had to exercise patience whilst the painstaking process, described in the previous report, of recovering material from the debris continued until the late Autumn. Only in November, on completion of decontamination and initial cleaning, could the Museum begin to get an idea of what had been retrieved and in what condition. Museum staff and volunteers travelled to the restoration company's premises in the Midlands to review over 3000 photographs of treated objects. One of the unforeseen consequences of the catastrophe was the effect on items made of ferrous metal lying in water-logged, acidic ash for up to twelve months: items comprised of silver, brass or bronze may have suffered physical, crushing damage but not corrosion. Iron or steel objects have suffered badly, as illustrated by these 'before and after' images of a Fairbairn-Sykes commando knife



The Fairbairn-Sykes commando dagger



The Lovelace Tankard

Nonetheless, 2017 began on a more positive note as the volunteers started to work their way enthusiastically through the boxes of items now being returned to the Museum for identification and potential restoration. Much of the material was easily recognisable but needed to be assessed for both historical importance and whether repair would be practical. There are some pieces, such as the Lovelace Tankard, that are unique and, as such, must be restored if at all possible. Other items, either too badly damaged or beyond economical repair, will be kept as artefacts of the fire.



Then there is the junk. Although the archaeological team was supplied with a comprehensive 'photo gallery' to enable them to spot items of interest, if there was any doubt that an object might be significant, it was retrieved and decontaminated. Given that three storeys of internal structures crashed



Assorted junk



down into the basement, there was a lot of non-museum material lying in the debris which still had to be examined before disposal.

Without doubt the most encouraging aspect of the recovery process has been the resilience of the medals. Museum records suggest that there were approximately 2,300 medals in the collection on the night of the fire. About 1,800 of these medals, in varying conditions from badly damaged to virtually intact, have been accounted for. Although this leaves a considerable number still either missing or destroyed, including some important groups, the Museum's collection remains impressive. The replacement cabinet, currently located in the Surrey History Centre research room, has attracted considerable public interest.

The Museum administration remains in the Surrey History Centre in Woking. Discussions continue with Guildford Borough Council towards Surrey Infantry Museum being granted permanent exhibition space in a newly-refurbished Guildford Museum sometime over the next 18 months. In the interim, during 2016 SIM provided a small temporary display about the fire. A much larger exhibition encompassing the history of the Regiments, the Museum and some of the artefacts newly acquired through donation, is scheduled for November and December 2017.



The new medal cabinet



Attending the Foster Memorial



Temporary exhibition at Surrey History Centre



The Boxsall Medals

SIM continues to attend public events such as Armed Forces Day with its pop-up display and living-history reenactors, to work with local schools to deliver lectures to interested groups. Museum representatives were proud to be invited to the memorial ceremony for three winners of the Victoria Cross, including Edward 'Tiny' Foster of the East Surreys held at Wandsworth Town Hall earlier this year.

As previously mentioned, a steady stream of donated 'new' material continues to enhance the collection. The Museum



Burton Memorabilia

was thrilled to be presented with the General Service Medal (Palestine Bar) needed to complete the group awarded to Pte A D K Boxall, by his son Chris, and grandsons.

Most recently the Museum has received a fine collection of regimental memorabilia from Mrs Anne Burton, widow of the late Brig B E L 'Boy' Burton CBE, including a magnificent tenor drum.

Finally, in 2016 the Museum received medal groups and other items relating to three generations of the Sellicks family, covering service from the Boer War to the BAOR. On final settlement of the estate this year, we were delighted to discover that the Museum had also been the beneficiary of a substantial bequest providing much-needed funds for our future.

Vel Exuviae Triumphans



BENEVOLENCE AND FUNDRAISING

Benevolence and supporting our members who have fallen on hard times, or are in need, is at the core of the Association's activities. During the year a total of 86 cases were investigated and 82 individual grants-in-aid were approved. A total of £61,883.66 was disbursed mostly for help in paying household expenses, debts and rent arrears. £26,645 came from the Queen's Benevolent Fund and we were able to secure the remainder from other sources through the process of almonisation. Every case was assessed by a SSAFA caseworker, one of which was carried out on Christmas Eve and support given that day.

The Trustees would again like to pay tribute to the Army Benevolent Fund (The Soldiers' Charity) which is always helpful with prompt action and advice. SSAFA, Forces Help Society and The Royal British Legion investigate the majority of our cases and we are particularly grateful to their caseworkers for all their assistance without which we would not be able to ensure that those in need of our help get support.

Needless to say we have to maintain our funds to ensure that we have sufficient to continue to support all ex-Queensmen and their families in the years ahead. While the majority of the Fund's income comes from investments, the Trustees are particularly grateful to those members of the Association who go to great lengths to raise money on our behalf. In particular they would like the following efforts to be commended and their reports follow.

Queen's Regimental Riders Association

Bob Fisher and Radar Cope Cycle Race

Bob Fisher Mankini Challenge

The Queen's Regimental Association Corps of Drums

If you are in need of assistance, please contact the Secretary and phone SSAFA on 0800 731 4880. Please do not delay asking for help. It's there for the asking.



THE QRRA ONE AIM RALLY 4TH SHOT

By 'Donk'

The QRRA One Aim Rally was yet again a brilliant event where the QRRA, our supporters, fellow Queensmen and the biker club fraternity, and friends gathered for a sell-out (499 – the legal maximum allowed!) weekend in Wingham. The Rally was opened by 'Coronation Street' star, Beverley Callard. With headline acts from the fantastic QRA Corps of Drums, The Relics, Vigilante, Lodestone, Wickerman, Stone Heroes, Black Rose, Sonic 60s and AC Dizzy, we were guaranteed a weekend of fantastic music. Along with the stall holders, the rally sponsors, Glenn 'Sparky' and Dave 'Motown' Smythe, Cass 'Jerk Chicken' Forde, Daz and Dutch 'Hog Roast' and Big Dave 'Got It All' Philips, we were able to raise an amazing £7,600 which was presented to Col

Beattie on behalf of the Benevolent Fund at the Regiment's 51st Anniversary – also known as Tiger 25.

The 2018 One Aim Rally/Festival 5th Shot will be on 29 June to 1 July 2018 at our site in Wingham, near Canterbury. Thank you for your support. We would love to see more faces next year, to which we are pleased to announce the headline band playing for us is 'Sham69'. This is not a biker event, although there are loads of bikers there – it's the Association's main fundraiser for the Benevolent Fund and our way of ensuring that when one of our number needs help they get it, so do come along and support it. No one who has attended has ever been disappointed!





One Aim Rally Queensmen



One Aim Rally Guardroom





QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION CORPS OF DRUMS 2016-17

By Amy Holden

The QRA Corps of Drums was set up not only with the purpose of keeping the traditions of the Corps of Drums alive but also to raise money for the Regiment's Benevolent Fund at the same time. It is the brainchild of Anthony Philpott who with his twin brother Robert have had the spirit and determination to get the project up and running. They served with the Drums in the 5th Battalion and were shocked at the decline in recent years of drummers in the military. Knowing that The Queen's Regiment was renowned for its excellence in musicality and drum beatings, they have been bought this back with a modern twist for the public to enable everyone to get the full enjoyment of drum beatings that they don't always get to see.

Both Anthony and Robert wanted the uniforms as close to the original ceremonial tunics as possible, but sourcing these was virtually impossible. So, all the details on the tunics worn by the Corps have now been handmade by Anthony himself including the drag ropes on the drums. After a year of preparing and waiting for their instruments to be delivered, the Corps of Drums made their debut performance at the AGM in March 2016. They had many jobs throughout 2016 including Her Majesty The Queen's 90th Birthday celebration in Deal, supporting the QRRA at the 'One Aim Rally' with a fluorescent display and then at the 'Battles for Victory weekend in Ramsgate. This would

be the Corp's last job for the year as Robert had been given the devastating news in January 2016 that he had cancer of the oesophagus. Although he was determined to carry on with every one of their performances throughout his chemo, he then had to undergo major surgery in July. He has made amazing progress since this. However, they were dealt another blow in October as Anthony was also diagnosed with cancerous cells in his oesophagus and is still undergoing treatment. Both have remained incredibly dedicated to the Corps with practices resuming in January this year, preparing for another busy season.

2017 has seen some changes to the Corps, with two members stepping back for a while due to work commitments but three new members coming in. The Corps has been busier than ever supporting 'Texas Day' at the Saracens Head pub in Deal, successfully fundraising over £500 for the Benevolent Fund. The Corps performed at the 1 QUEENS reunion in Herne Bay; their services have been auctioned at the PWRR and QUEENS Museum Fundraising Dinner, raising £300 after two successful displays, and will now perform for a Minden Day celebration in 2018 as part of this. It helped to raise another £500 in July, again at the Saracens Head and then opened the festivities at the 'Party on the Prom' in Deal with a fantastic fluorescent display to herald the arrival of the Carnival Queen and Princesses.



The Drums arrive at the Saracen's Head - ©Lilly Farnworth

The Corps is going into its third year, is growing and going from strength to strength. The diary for 2018 is filling up fast with some exciting jobs coming up. These include performing with the PWRR Band in February and a charity dinner at Chevening House in Sevenoaks.

The Drums would like to thank the President and Secretary of the QRA for their continued support, as without them and the members of the Association, they would not be able to do what they are doing now.

They are always looking for new members who are willing to give up some of their spare time to help raise much

needed funds for the Benevolent Fund. Should anyone be interested, they practise every Sunday from 10.00-14.00 at Ramsgate Music Hall, Turner Street, Ramsgate Kent CT11 8NJ. For any more information please email qracorpsofdrums@yahoo.co.uk or phone 07715135238

(Ed: Amy Holden is Anthony Philpott's partner and her support and dedication to the Corps has been quite outstanding from the beginning. The President and Secretary would like to acknowledge her contribution and thank her on behalf of all members of the Association.)



Mrs Bunny Hatch, Tony Philpott and Capt Sandy Rogers at the Saracen's Head



The Drums perform at the Saracen's Head -©Lilly Farnworth



THE GREAT CYCLE RACE

Over beer one day, Bob Fisher and Radar Cope decided that each of them was fitter than the other. They therefore agreed that there was only one way of proving it and that was to race a figure-of-eight, 50 mile, circuit on bicycles. So on 25 March they set off from Westgate-on-Sea under race conditions. To make the race more interesting they also challenged each other to raise money for the Benevolent Fund, a prize to be given to the winner of the race and to the contestant who raised the most money. A special JustGiving Page was set up with an invitation to everyone to support one or the other.

Because both were not known to everyone, to help decide who to support, the following race card information was made available.

They are both 60 years of age, although Bob is a couple of months younger than Radar. Bob is a keen cyclist and has a very expensive cycle on which he has years of experience. He had been training for a Round Britain tour as well as this race. Bob was part of the Channel swimming relay team and has completed in triathlon events although the results are not known. He looks disgusting in a tankini.

Radar has spent the last two years cycling 10,000 miles around Britain and Europe, albeit as a tourist. Up until a month before the race, Radar had never ridden a road bike. His bike was lent to him by a mate and was worth a mere £300. He also looks disgusting in a tankini.

Bob is a somewhat rotund individual. Radar is a bit of a racing snake.

On the day in question, supported by a huge crowd of about four, the pair set off in opposite directions covering 25 miles each circuit. The wind was horrific and the effort was enormous with Bob's brawn overcoming the racing snake who was not helped by having a puncture some 15 miles from the finish line.

The pair raised over £2,500 – a quite magnificent effort. Bob was awarded a bottle of port with 'Winner of the Queen's Regimental Cycle Race' engraved on it along with the Regimental badge. Radar was awarded a similar bottle but with the word 'Loser' inscribed just in case he forgot who won. They each raised exactly the same amount of money.

The supporting crowd





A sporting start



Radar races past Reculver



Bob crosses the finishing line, winning the race

PHOTO OF THE YEAR!

THE MANKINI CHALLENGE

Don't ask me how this arose but I suspect that beer was once again the culprit. Somehow the subject of wearing a tankini came up and Bob Fisher, ever mindful of ways of promoting himself decided that he would give the Maids of Kent or was it Kentish Maids the opportunity to view him in all his glory. There were some around him who said that he wouldn't have the guts. Always up for a challenge, Bob decided to use the opportunity to raise even more funds for the Benevolent Fund. Reports of the Maids trying to break down the door of his house are believed to be exaggerated. In putting himself forward to win Photo of the Year, he raised over £400. A worthy winner, I'm sure you will agree.



Bob Fisher on Margate Beach in his tankini



THE 51ST ANNIVERSARY

On 23 September, the Association held the largest reunion since the Amalgamation in 1992. Over 1,150 Queensmen and their friends and families gathered at the Spitfire Ground, Canterbury. The Association would like to thank The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment for providing the entertainment in the form of Presentation of Colours to their 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions and the first appearance of the new 4th Battalion. It was a huge privilege for us to support the PWRR's 25th Anniversary of their formation. A fantastic day was enjoyed, not only seeing a great parade but also having the opportunity of catching up with old friends. The Association was also delighted to meet some of the 74 members of The Royal Hampshire Regiment who also attended 'Tigers 25'. After the parade and viewing of the Massed bands display and delivery of the largest ever regimental flag by the Flying Tigers, those who could be dragged away from the bar gathered to record the event. We also witnessed the presentation of a £7,600 cheque for the Benevolent Fund by the Riders Association to Col Beattie culminating in a excellence performance by the Association Corps of Drums.



Capt Billy Bolton correctly dressed



Steve Barden presenting Col Beattie with the QRRR cheque



Association Standards





Maj James Myles incorrectly dressed









OBITUARIES

COLONEL JW SEWELL

By Tony Ward



Colonel "Toby" Sewell was one of our last veterans who served in the Second World War and the years afterwards. He was able to have more varied experiences than is possible nowadays, serving in 13 different battalions of seven different Regiments, including five of The Queen's Royal Regiment!

His military career started in May 1940 whilst a pupil at Marlborough College when he had to join the LDV, which later became the Home Guard. On leaving school, he enlisted into The Grenadier Guards and after the full 16 weeks training at Caterham joined the Training Battalion at Windsor. Achieving the rank of Acting un-paid Lance Corporal he was recommended for Officer Training and commissioned into the Queen's Royal Regiment aged 19. He was posted to the 70th (Young Soldiers Battalion) in Northern Ireland and then onto the 13th Battalion. In July 1943, he was posted to 1/6th East Surreys in Algeria. In October 1943, he joined 2/7th Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment (part of 169 Queen's Bde) in Italy, taking part in the Battle of Camino, crossing the Garigliano River; and Anzio where he was 'Mentioned in Dispatches'. Following a short spell in Egypt to re-train and re-form, the Battalion moved back to Italy to take part in breaking the Gothic Line. He survived four major actions and was again 'Mentioned in Dispatches'. In March 1945, he was wounded leading a small attack on the Senio floodbank.

With the end of the War in Europe, he joined 1st Bn Royal Fusiliers. Following the surrender of Japan, he now held a regular commission and joined 3rd Bn the Queen's Royal Regiment in Poona, India. The flight out took 7 days! He served as Adjutant and later as a company commander.

The Battalion returned to Dortmund in 1947 where he again became Adjutant. Later that year, he joined the Parachute Regiment where he served in Palestine, followed by tours at the Parachute Training School and on the staff of 16th Airborne Division. After Staff College in 1954, he was posted to Egypt and Cyprus. In 1958, he re-joined 1st Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment in Iserlohn, first as Adjutant (for third time!) and then as a company commander. This was followed by a tour in the MOD as SO2 Land /Air Warfare, after which, in 1962, he was appointed Second-in-Command of 1 Queen's Royal Surreys, serving in Aden and Hong Kong. At the end of the Hong Kong tour, he was posted as Brigade Major (Chief of Staff in today's speak) of 19 Bde, which deployed to Borneo during the confrontation with Indonesia.

In November 1965, he assumed command of 1st Bn The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment in Munster. During his time in command, the battalion converted to FV 432, became 1st Bn The Queen's Regiment and had the honour to receive its first Colonel-in-Chief, HRH Princess Marina of Greece and Denmark, Duchess of Kent, returning to the UK before proceeding to Bahrain. It was a very happy Battalion - indeed more like a family thanks to his leadership.

Following command, Toby served in the Military Secretariat, Recruiting and again Land/Air Warfare. On retirement, he served as Schools Liaison Officer South-East, a job he held for 6 years. He had to retire aged 60 and was thereafter very actively involved with voluntary organisations. He was Chairman of The Queen's Surreys Association and was always a regular attendee at many regimental reunions, attending the 5 QUEENS El Alamein Lunch just a fortnight before he died. He was instrumental in establishing the Museum at Clandon Park, serving as President during the period 1984-89.

Toby was a good all-round sportsman. At cricket, he played for the Army and was a member of The Free Foresters and Incogniti Cricket Clubs. At rugby, he was in the BAOR Champion side in 1949 and later in the champion hockey side. In later years, he was a keen golfer and regularly

attended the Regimental Golf meeting, winning the 'Veterans Halo' 17 times!

Colonel Toby was a much-respected officer by all with whom he came into contact; always calm and measured, never seeking his own advancement to the detriment of others; always supportive to subordinates, seeking to encourage and coach them. He was a prolific letter writer, giving encouragement or suggesting initiatives. Toby was

a fine Regimental officer with high Christian standards. By his example of doing what was right, he had a profound influence on maintaining the traditions and standards of our Regiment and he will be missed by all who knew him.

A plaque to Colonel Toby was unveiled in the Queen's Royal Regimental Chapel, Holy Trinity Church, Guildford on 15 October when many family and friends attended to pay tribute.

COLONEL DAVID ANTHONY BEVERIDGE MBE

By Chris Charter



David Anthony Beveridge entered Sandhurst in September 1962 and was commissioned into The Royal Sussex Regiment on 30th July 1964.

The Battalion was stationed in Malta and it was from Malta that he was deployed as a

platoon commander on an emergency tour to Aden. This was quite an experience for a young 21-year-old, and one he very much enjoyed.

After Aden, David left the Battalion for Nottingham University to read French; he was the Regiment's first in-service degree officer. He also qualified as a linguist in German. He rejoined the Battalion in 1968 in Lemgo in Germany, by which time the Royal Sussex Regiment had amalgamated with other Home County Regiments to become the 3rd Battalion of The Queen's Regiment. To cover the cost of uniform changes, the MOD authorised a very generous grant of £7.13s.

He was a very keen sailor and also enjoyed golf. He was also a bit of a fighter in the boxing ring. Young subalterns were expected to volunteer to enter the Battalion Novices Competition. It was always one of the highlights of the year seeing young officers in the ring against soldiers. David was very tenacious and won his weight and this certainly gave him great street cred with the soldiers. David was also a keen rugby player and was regularly selected as the hooker for the Battalion team. He then complained for the rest of his service that this had 'mucked his neck up for life'!!

After a period as a company second-in-command, David was appointed the Regimental Signals Officer in 1969, by which time he had been promoted to captain. He

was a great asset to the Headquarters when on exercise because of his fluent German and was able to negotiate with local farmers for use of their barns as temporary accommodation for vehicles and soldiers.

In early 1970, the entire Battalion moved to Ballykinler in Northern Ireland for a two-year tour. The so-called troubles were just beginning: he quickly found himself deployed to Belfast and the city became his home for many months to come. He was responsible for the very exacting task of ensuring all elements of the Battalion could communicate with each other.

In January 1972 David was posted to the Ministry of Defence in Stanmore, Middlesex where he was responsible for the postings of young infantry officers. Next came a posting to Depot the Queen's Division as OC Junior Soldiers Company. Still a captain, and with another Queensman as his CO, he was given his head, and told to make the company a success. He ran the company with both efficiency and sensitivity - he was a master of detail, set broad parameters within which he gave his instructors the latitude to stamp their own mark on their young charges.

On passing the Staff Exam, he was selected to attend the Canadian Staff College in Toronto. There followed a very full year of excitement, including a flight to the Arctic Circle, when the aircraft, on landing, skidded off the runway and crashed!

He was posted in September 1977 to Germany as Deputy Chief of Staff Headquarters 22 Armoured Brigade in Hohn. His main task centred on a study into the composition of the Battle Group of the future. This far-reaching study was accepted almost in its entirety and had a major impact on the Army's fighting capabilities of the future, for which David was deservedly awarded an MBE.

In January 1980, he joined 3 QUEENS in Dover as a company commander. He continued the rapid advance through his career when, at a young age of 38, he was



promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in 1982 and selected to be on the directing staff at the Army Staff College in Camberley.

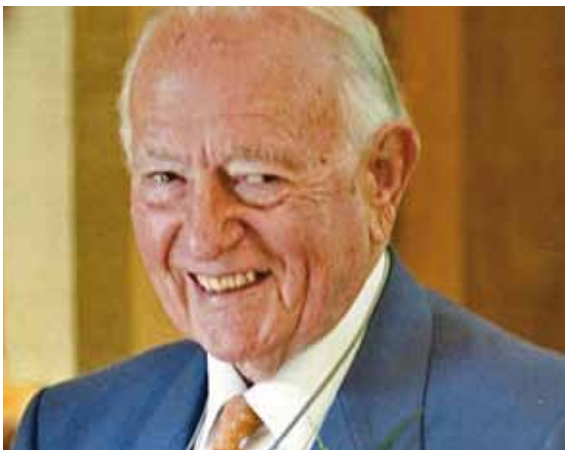
In November 1983, he assumed command of 3 QUEENS in Fallingbommel, Germany, as they were embarking on their training for another Northern Ireland tour. This was a very successful tour for 3 QUEENS, and one on which the cheerful and positive nature of their soldiers was commented upon by the Belfast Brigade Commander. He had set himself a target of ensuring that the RUC were able to adopt a more flexible approach to operating procedures. This was not an easy task for the Battalion, but the logic of his argument was increasingly accepted, and the benefits of this hard work were to the advantage of units who followed on

in Belfast. David was 'Mentioned in Despatches' for his leadership of the Battalion.

In March 1986, David handed over command and on promotion to full Colonel was posted as Chief of Staff of the Tactical Doctrine and Arms Directorate at HQ UKLF. Thus began several years of being at the fore-front of the development of Army Tactical Doctrine and Information Gathering. Next was a posting to RMA Sandhurst in October 1990 where he was appointed as a College Commander.

In 1991 he was appointed Deputy Colonel of the Regiment and was President of the Chichester Branch of the Queen's Regimental Association for many years, where under his guidance and leadership the branch membership went from strength to strength. He took early retirement in 1995. He will be greatly missed.

COLONEL JOHN BUCKERIDGE – With acknowledgement to The Daily Telegraph



Twenty-year-old 2nd Lieutenant John Buckeridge learnt all too quickly what high command meant by *"the very nasty nut we should have to crack"* at Monte Cassino in Italy in 1944. *"Soon after first light one of my corporals was shot in the head by a sniper,"* he recalled, *"and during the morning my batman was shot and killed next to me while I was shaving."*

With 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, Buckeridge had just taken over from US troops on Snakeshead Ridge, close to the lofty Benedictine monastery at the entry to the Liri valley and the Allies' route to Rome. Two foot high Sangars were the Sussex men's only protection. This was the western end of the Germans' defensive Gustav Line, and Buckeridge, with his platoon from C Company, had to attack Point 593, where the enemy had dug in behind machine guns.

It was February 15, and very cold. A mistimed raid on the monastery by US Flying Fortresses killed some from the Sussex. *"Nobody told us about it,"* Buckeridge recalled. The attack, arranged in haste, was to relieve pressure on Allied forces landing at Anzio. There was no time to reconnoitre or amass ammunition. The bombing came too early. Buckeridge was the only officer of three who led the attack to survive. Next day his orders were to assault Point 593 again. He swapped his pistol for a sub-machine gun. As he lay scanning the objective, a German grenade landed, it is recorded, on his bottom. The explosion shredded his flesh. His men put him on a mule to go and be patched up, despite his pleas to stay.

The day ended with twelve out of fifteen Royal Sussex officers, and 162 out of 313 men, dead. Buckeridge was back in the field by March, and persevered until the 25th, when the battalion was withdrawn. Point 593 was not to fall until May 18, to Polish forces. The Royal Sussex Regiment, the regimental history says, *'came through the bitter fighting at Cassino with great credit'*.

In 1966, Buckeridge was CO of the Depot of the Home Counties Brigade which on formation became Depot, The Queen's Regiment where he finished his tour as the first Queen's Regiment Depot CO. He retired in 1978 and served until 1988 with the Army Vetting Unit.

With shrapnel still in his back years later, Buckeridge would return to Monte Cassino to take military visitors around — and to remember his batman, Private Henry, for whom he laid a wreath.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PETER HUBERT OBE – With acknowledgement to The Daily Telegraph



Peter Hubert, who died this year aged 76, had an adventurous Army career and survived four close brushes with death.

His first helicopter crash was while in a Scout in Northern Ireland. In the second, he was in Alberta, Canada, in a Gazelle and on exercise at the British Army Training Unit, Suffield. And in 1979, while serving as second-in-command of the 1st Battalion, he was in a Sioux returning from a reconnaissance on the North German Plain. Flying low in poor visibility, he spotted an electricity pylon line directly ahead. It was too late. The pilot attempted to fly under the wires but these impacted between the rotor blades and the gearbox and severed the control rods. The crash shattered the helicopter's bubble canopy and bent the tail so far that it was left hinged along one side of the fuselage. Hubert and his driver, a fellow passenger, scrambled out of the wreckage and dragged the unconscious pilot to safety.

Peter Hubert was born in Edinburgh on 26th November 1940. He went to school at Uppingham but signed on at a recruiting office without telling his headmaster or his parents. He served in the ranks before gaining a place at Sandhurst and, in 1960, was commissioned into the Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own). A natural athlete, he represented the Army at the modern pentathlon.

During the following six years, he served in BAOR, Gibraltar, Libya and in Northern Ireland before the campaign of terrorism. In 1966, he commanded the Recce Platoon in British Guiana when the Battalion deployed there with the task of safeguarding the colony's transition to independence.

The Middlesex became part of the newly constituted Queen's Regiment and, in 1970, he joined the 3rd Bn as 2IC C Coy. This tour took him to Tidworth and Northern Ireland and included service in Cyprus.

In Northern Ireland he survived an IRA ambush by diving out of his vehicle and throwing himself over a wall, only to find himself falling 20 ft to the road below. He escaped with bruises. By now he was known as an accident-prone but lucky officer.

His talents were recognised by the Comd 39 Inf Bde, Brig (later General Sir) Frank Kitson, who secured his secondment to the brigade staff in Northern Ireland. His job was to reinforce the DAA&QMG's team. They were responsible for the logistic support of the brigade which at times had up to 13 battalions deployed. His work involved travelling unescorted through hostile strongholds of the Provisional IRA and Ulster paramilitary units. His initiative and courage were recognised with his award of an operational MBE.

He had experienced what it was like to be an infantryman on sangar duty in West Belfast or standing-to, sleepless, in a cold, damp trench, in mid-winter Germany, and he brought a sharp intelligence to the staff officer's desk.

In 1980, he was moved to HQ UK Land Forces as DAA&QMG. His outstanding contribution to the mounting and provisioning of the Falkland Islands operation in 1982 was marked by his elevation to OBE. After a spell as Commander Force Troops at HQ British Forces Belize, he commanded the 6/7th Battalion.

His final years in the Army were spent on the staff, first with HQ NORTHAG and then at HQ AFCENT at Brunssum, Netherlands.

He retired in 1995. Settled in the south of France, he pursued his interests in ornithology, botany, photography and Romanesque churches and was also active within the Chaplaincy of Aquitaine, part of the Anglican Archdeaconry of France. He was much liked and respected in the regiment.



MEMBERS HONOURS AND AWARDS

The Association warmly congratulates the following members on being recognised in the Birthday and New Year's Honours Lists:

WO2 Steve Bell CBE - For services to the local community

Lt Col Steve Wall MBE - For operations in Afghanistan

Maj Ken Hames MBE – For service to charity

Sgt James Cooper BEM - For service to charity

Demise of the Colonel's Chicken

In Ireland, I was known as the Battalion's chicken expert simply because I had a couple of dozen knackered old chickens that produced half a dozen eggs a week. On the day in question, I was informed by my CO, Lt Col Paddy Panton, that unfortunately I had ploughed one of my promotion exams but not to worry as I could have another go the following year. Half an hour later, I had a phone call from the CO's wife who asked if I could have a look at one of their two chickens as it didn't seem very well. So I went to the CO's house, inspected his sick chicken and pronounced that the chicken unfortunately had 'gapes', a rather unpleasant worm infestation of the crop and that the only kind thing to do was to wring its neck. Cue the CO's wife to well up and ask if I would carry out the execution. Seeing that I had little choice, I duly despatched the said chicken and returned to Battalion Headquarters to continue work. Ten minutes after I returned the phone rang and it was the CO who, without waiting for an explanation, said "I know you failed the exam, Vicar, but that was no reason to murder one of my chickens!" and slammed the phone down. The following year I passed the exam and his surviving chicken didn't get it!

Alasdair Goulden

BOOK REVIEWS

OFT IN DANGER

THE LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF GENERAL SIR
ANTHONY FARRAR-HOCKLEY

By Jonathon Riley

This is the biography of one of the most distinguished commanders of modern times, who turned to scholarship and writing at an early stage of his career and pursued both professional military life and historical study in parallel. In later life he also took to broadcasting and commentating. Half his military life was spent abroad on operations. His career began with the Second World War, in which he served as a platoon and company commander, winning the MC in Greece and being mentioned in despatches, and then the campaign in Palestine. He fought in the Korean War, during which he was at the Imjin River – where he won his first DSO – and then spent three years as a prisoner of the Chinese, during which he made six escape attempts, and was beaten, starved and tortured. He then served in Cyprus, at Suez and in the intervention in Jordan. He commanded 3 PARA in the Radfan, where he won his second DSO. He then served in Borneo and was later the first Commander Land Forces in Northern Ireland. He ended his military career as Commander-in-Chief of NATO's Northern Region. Understanding Farrar-Hockley the soldier is impossible without also understanding Farrar-Hockley the scholar; the reverse is also true. He was never a stranger to controversy – Margaret Thatcher valued his candid advice because, as she said to him, "You tell me things I didn't know"; and he never walked away from a fight in his life. He was a man of redoubtable character and huge achievement, an inspirational leader and commander in peace and war, at every level.

Jonathon Riley's book is a magnificent and fitting tribute to TFH; not only an outstanding fighting soldier, but also a fine writing soldier. Some soldiers are successful at some levels of command, less so at others. TFH was a master of his profession at all levels.

Major-General Julian Thompson CB OBE

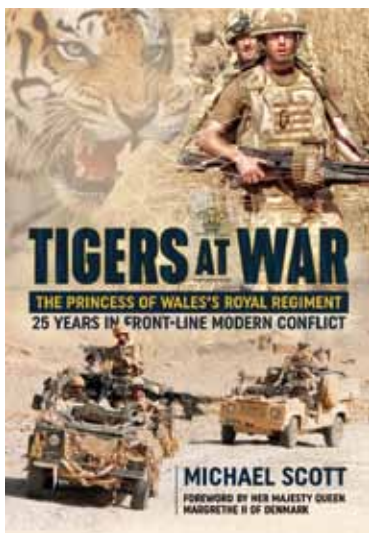
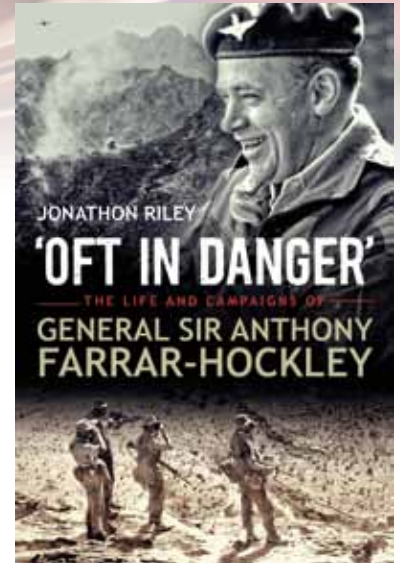
Tony Farrar-Hockley was a man of many parts, and in this immaculately researched book, written by a battlefield-experienced commander himself and so aptly titled "Oft in Danger", is a very good read.

Field Marshal Lord Bramall KG GCB OBE MC

As a soldier-scholar who achieved high rank and commanded in the field, Jonathon Riley is very well qualified to write the biography of Anthony Farrar-Hockley. The result is a fascinating portrait of one of the most important British soldiers of the second half of the Twentieth Century.

Professor Gary Sheffield, University of Wolverhampton

"Oft in Danger" can be purchased from www.helion.co.uk for £26.96 saving 10% on the purchase price.



TIGERS AT WAR

By Col Mike Scott

Tigers at War is the remarkable story of the infantrymen of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, who since the end of the Cold War and fall of the Iron Curtain, have served on the front line in Northern Ireland, the Balkans, Iraq, and Afghanistan, as well as the many small wars and brush fires across Africa, Asia, and Europe. The Regiment's unstinting and courageous service around the globe reflects Britain's political and military engagement on the world stage over the last quarter-century. The Regiment has emerged from the Second Gulf War (2003-09) with the distinction of having won more gallantry decorations for valour than any other regiment in the British Army.

Copies for £20 post free can be ordered from www.helion.co.uk by quoting 'Tiger20'.



BRANCH REPORTS

This Year's Weddings

For some reason there has been a breaking out of respectability among the Queen's Regimental Riders' Association with two of their number making honest women of their partners. We wish them every happiness in the future.



Danny Streeter and Paula



Tom Bell and Nicky

It wasn't just the bikers getting hitched



Front rank L-R Ted(father of the bride) , Dave Body, Kim Agate, Chris Agate, Tich Myers, Percy Apps. Back row L-R: NK, Tug Wilson, Ginge Smyth, Kev Milsom, NK,NK,NK, Lee Bradley, Pompey West, Bob Fisher, Stitch Azzopardi

CHICHESTER

By Eddie Drew

The Branch celebrations ended last year with a Xmas Dinner at the City Club, including the prize for the best Christmas hat competition won by Pete and Lyn Shrewsbury.

We then heard the sad news that Col David Beveridge, our late President, had passed away on New Year's Eve. The Branch members of the Royal Sussex Association (RSA) and Queen's Regimental Association (QRA) paid their respects at his funeral in January and the Branch dedicated a tree in his memory in June when his grandchildren helped in the planting.

March saw the annual trip to London where Alan Drew, Dave Tilley, Richard Jenner, Mick Bright, Fred Hill took the minibus to go to the AGM. The Branch had its AGM at the end of the month and in April we celebrated St George's

Day in Chichester Cathedral. The Mayor kindly invited us into the Assembly Rooms where we were entertained with canapés and wine.

The Branch had its Albuhera Dinner at the Beachcroft Hotel on 13 May which 57 members, gathered from various parts of the UK, attended. We were honoured that Col and Mrs Beattie and the Mayor and Mayoress of Chichester were our guests. Paul Daines gave a brief on the events of the 1811 battle and we toasted 'The Immortal Memory'.

As the Branch was involved in more activities this year, it was decided to hold official meetings every month so members could be kept up to speed. Paul Daines resigned as Secretary and the Branch would like to thank Paul for his efforts.



Xmas Party



Winners of the Xmas Hat competition



In July, the Branch held a Veterans Lunch in the City Club. This was well attended by the RSA and the Royal Naval Association (RNA) with Col and Mrs Chris Charter and the Mayor and Mayoress of

Chichester as guests. We were also honoured by WWII veteran Capt Len Butt attending and he was made an honorary member of the Branch. John White then led the singing of 'Sussex by the Sea', before everyone went on their way.

On 9 September, we joined the The RSA for their annual dinner in Lewes when we renewed old acquaintances. On 23 September, 29 members went to Canterbury to see the PWRR receive their new Colours which was much enjoyed. On 30 September, Dave Tilley, Fred Hill, John White, Monty Morgan, Dave Alloway went on a two day trip to France to visit the graves of forebear regiments' soldiers who were killed during WWI, at Passchendaele and Ypres. In November, we had our Remembrance



Col Chris Charter presenting WW2 Capt (Retd) Len Butt with an award with Dave Tilley



Tree planting in memory of Col Beveridge



Dave Tilly and Stewart Ingray comparing Regimental Ties

Service Parade and laid a wreath, ending a very busy and successful 2017 with our Christmas Dinner on 4 December.

With five new members joining this year, five widows and three Honorary Members, the Branch now stands at 67.



Albuhera Dinner



Veterans Dinner



Meeting the Mayor

I write this in anticipation of the big PWRR event this year, the Presentation of New Colours to the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment battalions at Canterbury Cricket Ground on 23 September 2017. Preparation for this event by both the Chairman and the Branch Secretary has been significant over the past few months and our thanks go to both from the Branch. Over 300 members, family and friends are expected to attend on the day. We as a Branch will be taking part in the route lining for the arrival of the Colonel-in-Chief and many Branch members are looking forward to that activity.

Other significant Branch events:

It is with great sadness that we said farewell to Alan Marchant this year after a brave fight with illness. All members remember him from his commitment and service to the QUEENS and QOBs, the Associations and on Branch matters as well as his sage advice as Branch Treasurer. Dave Papa, our old Intelligence Sergeant from 5 QUEENS also passed away this year and both will be much missed.

On 13 May 2017, - we commemorated the Battle of Albuhera and remembered the anniversary of the 'Battle at Danny Boy, Iraq' at a local pub venue in Canterbury. Over 43 members attended, the Branch Secretary, John Bennett, arranged the event and Henry Thomas from Area HQ PWRR provided the pop-up museum as a back drop. All enjoyed the occasion, with live music and excellent food. We are grateful to all members who donated prizes for the raffle at this event and others throughout the year.

The Branch BBQ, organised by Bob Arthur, was again held at the Defence Fire School, Manston in early July. We were blessed with excellent weather this year and a good professionally prepared BBQ by the Mess staff. The raffle raised £172 which allowed a donation of £76 to be made to the PWRR and QUEENS Museum.

Branch Members have attended many events this year including Armed Forces Day at Canterbury. Rick Bamford, our Standard bearer, attended the re-opening of the QOB's Warriors Chapel at Canterbury Cathedral, various funerals and 100th birthday celebrations.

We welcome the appointment of Lt Col (Retd) Chris Parker; MBE as the PWRR Association Chairman and we look forward to a developing and well-supported Association for the future.

The East Kent Branch website, designed by our Chairman, has been very well received and is generating new members and enquiries and also now providing



East Kent Branch Standard - Buffs Sunday 2017



updates on Branch and Regimental events. The site, which was built before the branch included the QUEENS name in the branch title, may be viewed at www.pwrr.co.uk and provides much useful information. The Facebook site is also working well and we have an enhanced community there. An application form to join the Branch is available on our website and we are open to serving, ex-members of the PWRR, QUEENS and forebear regiments.



East Kent Standard Bearers being presented to the Lord Mayor of Canterbury by Col Bishop



East Kent Branch Committee - BBQ 2017

Our year really started in December when the Branch held a very well-attended Christmas Dinner at the Hogs Back Hotel, Farnham.

In March, members attended what was considered a very successful Association AGM at our new venue at the London University OTC Drill Hall, and it was generally agreed that this should be the venue for next year's AGM.

Several members joined Horsham Branch on their Dieppe Battle Field Tour. We were made most welcome; their hospitality and their insistence that they keep buying us drinks was overwhelming!

Our next event was the Branch BBQ held again at Frimley Lodge Park. This was a really great day for members and their families. The kids and the four dogs had a fine time and our chef Ray Morris turned out a proper meat fest.

Armed Forces Day: due to demand on resources, A Coy 3 PWRR had to send representatives of the company to a number of locations, and so there was no central event where Association members could support them. Some members were able to attend events locally however.

Local Heroes: Cpl Nick 'Dillon' Bryan, a branch founding and serving member, celebrated 40 years service. Nick joined in 1977 and has had a varied and entertaining career during his time with A Coy 6/7 Queen's and 3 PWRR. He has been to Belize four times as part of the Op Raleigh Team. He served in Brunei, Borneo, Kenya three times, Falklands twice, USA four times, Cyprus two times, Gibraltar, Kazakhstan as well as several European countries. He is currently a member of the Mortar Pl. Nick was presented with a presentation silver watch mounted as a desk display.

Following on from Nick's presentation another was made to Cpl Richard 'Frizz' Frizell. Frizz was presented with the Commanding Officer's Coin which is awarded to those who quietly get on with their job, don't whinge, don't make a big song and dance about life but are not always appreciated. Not sure about the big song and dance bit! Well deserved Frizz. He is another branch founding member and is still serving after 36 years. During his time as a reservist, Frizz had the opportunity to serve in Bosnia and Sierra Leone amongst many other countries.



Cpl 'Frizz' Frizell still going strong on the left



Cpl Nick Dillon Bryan with 40 years under his belt



Annual BBQ with Ray Morris burning the burgers in the background



Frimley and Camberley Cadet Corps

By Nigel Ferris

Corps cadets (both girls and boys) numbers decreased this year by almost 30% overall. The largest fall being in Blue Coy (7 to 9 year olds) which

as our youngest group, is the feeder to senior companies and so is therefore of concern. Our volunteer Instructors remain at 12, reporting to the RSM who in turn, in the absence of a full time volunteer commandant, sits on our Management Committee.

The number of trips, including shooting and overnight 'camps' plus use of 'dead time' at Wellington College, dropped dramatically due to constraints by the MOD on use of land/resources for non-MOD directly approved use.

Our last stand-in commandant, stationed at RMA Sandhurst, was posted, but the colonel replacing him has offered his part-time services to us as the temporary head of the Corps for the next 12-18 months.

Our official tent with our Queen's Regimental Flag flying, staffed by uniformed instructors, cadets and parents, at the RMA Sandhurst Heritage Day, was a great success again this year, with several old(er) Queensmen making themselves known and complimenting the Corps on its turn out. We invited them to our Prize Giving in Caird Hall, Camberley in July. Compliments were also heaped upon our Corps of Drums who performed magnificently in the main arena.

An ex-Regular (3 QUEENS) and ACF Warrant Officer, RSM Charlie Cooper, joined us on 4 September, with his

priorities being to investigate the Corps and its structure and propose modifications and changes to the Trustees. The idea being to bring the instructors and cadet practices, where required, up to date, make training more meaningful and fun and more relevant to today's youth whilst still respecting and honouring our history.

Our QM, Roger Fraser, who has been with the F&CCC for over 55 years, was presented with recognition of his retirement (in uniform only!) by the presentation of the RMA Sandhurst Commandant's Award at the annual Prize Giving

Our annual Carol Concert will take place at St Barbara's Church, Deepcut in December, hopefully on the evening of 15th December.

Our new RSM will be fully operational as of 1st January 2018. A major recruitment campaign by posters, local press, bounties to cadets bringing in friends etc and a great deal more hands-on appropriate involvement by all cadets will ensure that in 2018, the 110th Anniversary of the end of WW1 by our Local Authority, will see us march through Camberley on several occasions. In addition we will hold a Mothering Sunday Parade, attend fetes, perform at RMA Heritage Day, assist with poppy collections and numerous other events.

We would welcome any member of the Regimental family visiting.

For more information contact WO1 Hutchings on 01276 31410



The highlight of our year was the 50th Anniversary Celebration Reunion and lunch on Sunday 26 March. The Branch opened its doors to all former Queen's and forebear regiment soldiers, inviting them to join us at the former Horsham Drill Hall in Denne Road. Over 100 attended including a delegation from the '23rd Foot & Mouth' with a collection of their military vehicles. Many of the remarks overheard that day, on being back at Denne Road, included *'hardly changed'*, *'so very familiar'* and *'a home coming'*. After lunch, we enjoyed an entertainingly short speech from Col Beattie and slightly longer one from the Chairman of Horsham District Council (who we forgave after he re-funded the booking fee for the hall). Thanks go to Majs Colin Hurd and Mike Cattell for organising and to CSgt Andrew Byford for the photographs.

In addition to the luncheon, the Horsham Branch also ran its annual battlefield tour over a long weekend in May to

Dieppe, the site of the large scale Anglo-Canadian raid in August 1942. The sparrows were awake – but only just – when we RV'd in the farmyard at the back of Rob Thornton's place in deepest rural Sussex. Everyone having passed their map reading test by getting there on time, we watched the coach driver pass his first test of the weekend by not putting the front wheel in the ditch (unlike 2016). It was then off to Newhaven to catch the ferry. Standing on the deck of the ferry on a wet blustery May morning, it was poignant to look back at the harbour from where No 3 Commando departed for Dieppe. We then discovered that the Newhaven-Dieppe four hour crossing has a big advantage over the 90 minute Dover-Calais crossing. It is possible to enjoy a leisurely breakfast and still have three hours drinking time available. As the ferry approached Dieppe, Rob brought us all out on deck to see the high cliffs that dominate the coast along this part of France. The line of cliffs is broken only where rivers and streams have worn down gaps,



50th Anniversary Lunch



Dieppe Battlefield Tour



so it is possible to go inland from the sea. It was this series of gaps in the cliffs that were the focus of the assault on Dieppe in 1942.

It was obvious to all that the very narrow access points available around Dieppe are very different to the wide open beaches of Normandy visited by the Branch some years ago. This was confirmed when we landed and went down to 'Yellow Beach'. This was a narrow strand of stones accessed by two steep gullies. The party visited a number of the landing beaches, including that in front of Dieppe town itself and witnessed the difficulties encountered by the Canadian and the Army Commando in making their assaults. We also visited the Dieppe Museum (opened especially for us on a Saturday) and had a very good talk from the curator.



Gathering For The Luncheon

We rounded off our tour with a visit to the Commonwealth War Grave cemetery; a fitting place to contemplate the bravery of the British and Canadian forces who carried out the Dieppe Operation.

Thanks for organising the tour go to Capt Rob Thornton (chief guide), Maj Adrian Smith (transport) and WO2 Steve Bell CBE (for first class accommodation overlooking the beach).

London

By Adrian de Villiers

In the last year, the Queen's and PWRR London Branch has continued to grow. Now in its third year of existence in the current structure, things continue to bed in with the branch finding its rhythm after a period of learning for the committee. We had envisaged running three main events a year, Albuhera, Army vs Navy at Twickenham and the Cenotaph Parade on Remembrance Sunday. For those of you who may not know, the Middlesex Regiment Association have laid up their Colours and responsibility for their events and veterans has now been assumed by the London Branch. Richard Thornton has done a great deal of work in putting together a joint database for ease of communication with all members. This work is ongoing and I ask for your patience in this respect. It is a mammoth task, but we are getting there.

The yearly Albuhera service went ahead this year at St Paul's Cathedral, followed by lunch at the UJC. It was well attended. Lt Colonel Chris Parker MBE has now taken post as the overall PWRR Association Chairman and his appointment has given all branches a focus that we had lacked in the past. Welcome Chris. The Colonel of the Regiment would like to see the yearly Albuhera Day in London become the main Regimental Reunion for PWRR and all forebear regiments. More details on this to follow, but the committee and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at future events.



The Army vs Navy this year was a great success, with the branch running a field bar in the van car park. This was a great focal point for PWRR veterans as well as Queensmen and I was very pleased to see a good mix of all regiments and their friends and family. We will run this again in the same way next year. I am very grateful to Giles Walsh and his volunteers from A Coy 3 PWRR who did all the work, making the ultimate sacrifice forgoing any alcohol on the day! See you all again next year.

As I write, we are less than a fortnight from TIGER 25, the presentation of new Colours to all three battalions. For Queensmen and indeed PWRR veterans, this will probably be the largest reunion since amalgamation. We look forward to a great day and again we look forward to seeing you all there.

Richard Thornton and I recently attended Buff's Sunday at the Tower of London; a fantastic day, which included a very unique and impressive sung service in the church, followed by lunch. In future years, the London Branch will become more involved in the planning of this event, but in the meantime can I encourage as many of you as possible to attend this impressive event? Details for next year's parade will be published once I have them.

Besides the events and comradeship, welfare remains a key mission of the branch. Please get in touch with us if you hear of anyone that may need any sort of help. This is not restricted to cases of hardship. There is always scope to consider individual cases on their merits and this can extend to simply helping a self employed Queensmen with tools or a contribution towards start up.



Another task in the year to come will be supporting 4 PWRR, who have now subsumed B (Queen's Regiment) Coy from the London Regiment into their ORBAT, it being well recruited and dominating our traditional recruiting areas. If any of your friends and family (or indeed yourself) is considering a reserve career, I can think of no finer regiment to join!

The committee and I wish you all the very best for the year ahead.

Middlesex

By Trevor Canton

The year kicked off with the usual annual functions starting with the New Year luncheon and an excellent curry provided by caterers recommended by the B Coy PSAO. This was followed by the AGM in March and the Albuhera celebrations in May. B Coy, along with Branch members and dignitaries, gathered on the actual anniversary date and took part in the 'Silent Toast' ceremony followed by a buffet supper and much reminiscing by old comrades and the younger soldiers.

Our Albuhera Night Dinner this year was attended by a little fewer than the 50-plus diners of last year and so made it somewhat easier to organise the event. It was held in the Edgware ARC Officers' Mess, a very fine venue for such an important occasion.

The Branch Battlefield Tour this year was to Belgium to commemorate the centenary of the Battle of Passchendaele (Third Battle of Ypres). A group of nine members and one relative travelled to Ypres, in Belgium



Les Vial laying a wreath at the Middlesex Memorial



Ypres Tour

on Saturday 29 July, leaving Dover in wet and windy conditions. We arrived late at our hotel in Menin hoping for a drink but the bar had closed. With no restaurant at the hotel, it was a good job that we all had a substantial lunch on the ferry over!

We started out on the Sunday, travelling first to the excellent Passchendaele Memorial Museum with its WW1 dugout and trench system built using experimental architecture. We then proceeded to the German cemetery at Langemarck, followed by a visit to the Memorial to

the Last Fighting Tommy, Harry Patch. Our evening was spent in Ypres, which was under heavy security because of the event at the Menin Gate. After a feast of a meal in a local restaurant, the Taverne Central, we watched the Last Post Ceremony on a huge screen in the Market Square. This event was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge along with the King and Queen of the Belgians plus many other dignitaries, hence the heavy security. There followed a spectacular show with projected images onto the Cloth Hall telling the story of the 'Wipers Times', narrated by Dame Helen Mirren and Ian Hislop. There was also an excerpt from the musical 'War Horse'.

Monday 31 July was the Centenary of the beginning of the Battle of Passchendaele, the third battle of Ypres.

This was the main event of our tour and was hosted by the UK Government, in association with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the Zonnebeke Passchendaele Memorial Park. After many coach and bus transfers and security checks, we eventually arrived at Tyne Cot Cemetery, the largest Commonwealth War Graves cemetery in the world in terms of burials. This was an exceedingly moving occasion and although most of the Branch members were to the rear of the audience, at least one, our stalwart Bill Murphy, managed to get a front



Trevor and Terry Canton at the grave of Trevor's Uncle



And if you believe that!!!

row seat. At the ceremony, one of the readings was given by LCpl James Lashmore-Searson, 1RRF, son of Jeff Lashmore, one of our old comrades who has sadly passed away. A wreath was laid by Les Vial at the Middlesex Regiment Memorial in the South Rotunda at Tyne Cot in memory of the Fallen with unknown graves.

On Tuesday, we visited Polygon Wood, Black Watch Corner, and managed to visit Bedford House cemetery where my son, Terry, and I laid a wreath at the grave of my uncle, Rifleman William Charles Canton who served with the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Irish Rifles and who was killed on 17th July 1917. We then moved on to the Hooze Crater Museum where we had a look around the museum and lunch. Our final visit for the day was to the renowned 'In Flanders Fields Museum' in Ypres and then 'behind the lines' to the Lijssenthoek Military Cemetery and the new visitors centre. This was an excellent tour and it's thanks to Brian Williams for all his organising efforts.

This September will see our old B (Queen's Regiment) Company leaving the London Regiment and becoming part of the 4th Battalion The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment. We wish the new formation well and hope that our continued close association with B (Queen's Regiment) Company, 4 PWRR, continues for as long into the future.



Albuhera Dinner at the Edgware ARC Officers' Mess



QRA Middlesex Branch TAC Hornsey



Queensman Lodge 2694

By W Bro John Edwards

The 2016/17 season has been another successful year for the Queensman Lodge. In June of this year, Worshipful Brother (W Bro) John Wallace (2nd Bn) handed over the Mastership of the Lodge to Worshipful Brother Ray Heathfield (2nd).

After 5 years in office, W Bro Kevin Pearson (2nd) stepped down as the lodge Director of Ceremonies and passed the duties over to W Bro John Edwards (3rd). The Lodge would like to thank Kevin for the hard work which he put in during our formative years.

During the year, we have seen a number of Initiates enter the Lodge mainly from the 2nd and 3rd Bns. However, we were very pleased to receive a candidate in the form of Ian (Chelsea) Hall and Mike Woodward, both originally from the 1st Bn. It would be nice to see a few more of the 1st Bn if any have an interest.

We also had a number of Brethren taking the Second and Third Degree Ceremonies across the country. These ceremonies were carried out where possible near to the

Brother's home town and the Queensman Lodge is very grateful to the various lodges that have assisted us.

We also continue to give to various Masonic and non-Masonic charities throughout the year.

In 2016 we took another group from the lodge to visit Lodges in Guernsey. As always, we were very well received by the Guernsey Masons. We took part in a clay pigeon shoot with W Bro George Young (2nd) showing the youngsters how it is done. We will return there in November, hopefully with 16 brothers, visiting two Lodges during the trip. Next year's trip will be in October.

In September, we held a Lodge Blue Table event in which we invite non-Masons to come along to the Lodge and get an insight into what happens at a lodge meeting. We are grateful to have attendance from the PWRR as it is in their hands going forward that will see the Lodge continuing for many years. If you have an interest in Masonry and want to find out more, please contact John Edwards on email johnedwards518@sky.com or mobile 07976 268151 or any Lodge member.



The Master and Officers of the Lodge



Completion of the 3rd degree ceremony conducted by Guilford Lodge on our behalf for Bro Rich Mooney



Four Masons leaving for their meeting at United Grand Lodge in June



L-R Brothers Clarke, Midmore and Crosby, Junior Deacon, Senior Warden and Inner Guard



W Bro Steve Simmons having lunch before the meeting



W Bro Dave Kirby sporting the Regimental waistcoat and wearing the official Guernsey headwear



Worshipful Master Ray Heathfield plus guest



The Queen's Regimental Riders Association

By 'Donk'

Well, what can I say? Another very busy year for The QRRRA!

Sadly too many Queensmen and forebear regiment funerals, but on a brighter note, our members visited Werl this year – not to see what a sorry state the old camp was in, but more to reflect on what a great tour Werl was back in the 70s. Whilst in Werl, we were invited to The Dark Hawks MC. What a great bunch of guys! We presented them with a plaque from the QRRRA and they in turn presented us with an impromptu gift.

Brian 'Brolly' Brazier represented the QRRRA by travelling all the way to Norway for the Patriots MC 'Brothers in Arms Rally' with MC veteran clubs from all over the world. We also attended the 'All Arms Veterans MCC 'Not Forgotten Rally' in Bradford on Avon – a great event with like-minded brothers. I can't list every event as we attend them all over the country as well as Europe.

Next we had our very successful Easter Egg Hunt at our Clubhouse in Wingham which we put on for the local children, biker fraternity and Queensmen's families.

During it, we provided games, egg hunt, ice creams and bouncy castle, all of which were very well received, and all paid for by our members as part of our community engagement.

In August, we had a very memorable trip, 'The Northern Run', near Manchester, to Beverley and Jon McEwan's, arriving on the Friday evening wringing wet and totally knackered after filtering for what seemed like an eternity on the M6 (entirely legal for motorcyclist to do - Highway Code Rule 160!).

Steve 'Grizzly' Adams was swiped by a caravan, I was smacked with a van, and Antony 'Bomber' Brown was nearly taken out within a hair's-breadth by a driver who intentionally closed us off as we filtered through the traffic. After a few chosen expletives and hand-signals plus a bit of 'shadow boxing' demonstration from Brolly, we finally arrived at our destination to dry off and consume a fantastic spread put on by our hosts. The following morning we all rode to the 'Corrie' set and ITV Studios in Manchester,



QRA Northern run Rovers Return

parking our bikes outside the famous Rover's Return. Beverly then gave us a personal guided tour which was fantastic. Most of you will have already seen the video on the visit on The QRRR and QUEENS REGT YouTube channels put together by our Linz (<https://youtu.be/F-UGzqtfxFA>), in which Steve 'The Bard' Barden had an infatuation with a bread roll in Roy's Rolls Café. ("Yes, it's a real roll, Bard!"). All in all, it was a great tour which our WAGS loved for some reason! The video is definitely worth a watch if you haven't already seen it.

We then proceeded to the Imperial War Museum next door, for a guided tour which Beverley had arranged for us which included projected digital moving images and surround sound, bringing to life people's experiences of war. I would thoroughly recommend it to everyone to go and visit. Sadly Northern Ireland was only represented by a plaque on the wall, but the sound and visual set-up was stunning and very moving.

Some of our guys and WAGS then went to Blackpool for a ride-out and fish and chip lunch, whilst Bandit, Jeff Lasslett and myself stayed behind to strip and try and fix Jeff's VTR 1000 which had an electrical problem. Sadly, we did not succeed and so he was subjected to the ride of shame on the back of a recovery lorry!

So a very busy and enjoyable year for us. Lots of new members from all battalions and the PWRR, including our very own Owen Harden 'Grandad Buff' who served in the Buffs and still rides with us on many local ride-outs and events.

There are currently 55 members in the QRRR which we hope will increase with the addition of more riders from the PWRR and forebears, so don't sit and think about it, come along and join us! You won't get bored, that's for sure, and we would be glad to have our fellow Brothers on board.

Our café at Wingham has changed hands and now is becoming a tea room, so no big fry-ups, just good wholesome food, tea and coffee. Our Clubhouse is still there and our open days and other events are posted on the Queen's Regimental Riders Facebook Like Page and also on our website www.qrra.co.uk.

Finally, a special mention for our WAGS that put up with us being away from home most weekends and all their hard work behind the scene supporting us and our club. Well done and much love and respect to one and all.



QRA outside the gates, Albuhera Bks, Werl



QRA inside Albuhera Bks, Werl



QRA outside the old cinema, Albuhera Bks, Werl -



Scotland

By Steve Wall

Membership

Since forming the Branch on 31 December 2016, the Branch has gathered 24 members across Scotland and the English Border counties. All are very keen to be members of the Branch and enjoy the Branch updates.

Activities

That said, to date we have been less successful in getting the members together for the Regimental anniversaries because of our huge geographical spread. Meeting during the week is not conducive to fitting around employment and travelling large distances. Weekends have been less popular because of the impact on family life and cost of travel. Dave Lee and I have offered to take a 'roadshow' approach with him and I going to visit pockets of members but that too has met with lukewarm response.

Remembrance Day

The Branch Secretary has liaised with RBL to attend the Remembrance Day Parade at Glasgow and lay the Regimental Wreath (which has been requested through the QRA). He is in discussion with the Glasgow Branch of the RBL and Glasgow City Council regarding additional members taking part in the parade.

Association Alliance

The Branch is corresponding with the first appointed Chairman of the PWRR Association to coordinate all Association Branch activity and we will attend the inaugural meeting in Nov 17



Scottish Branch Secretary and Chairman drumming up membership at Army vs Navy rugby at Twickenham



Dave Lee and Steve Wall meeting to arrange the formation of the branch

Putting pen to paper once again for this year's Journal provokes a strange sense of déjà vu. In terms of Branch activity, this year is much the same as the last. The now seemingly annual pilgrimage to Ypres and the Western Front went ahead in late March; we added an extra day to the trip and concentrated our efforts on battlefields and cemeteries in and around the Salient which cut down on a lot of travelling.

Day One saw us crossing the Channel via the Tunnel and heading straight to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission cemetery at Lijssenthoek and the Remy Sidings Casualty Clearing Station. This has a new and outstanding visitors centre and the cemetery is interesting in that it holds the graves of Canadian Maj Gen Mercer, Brig Fitton of the Royal West Kents, Lt Col Sanderson, an Olympic gold medallist, a pair of brothers, Arthur and Reginald King, Pte William Baker who was shot for desertion and Nellie Spindler QAIMNS, one of only two women buried in a Belgian war cemetery. We then moved to Poperinghe to see the surviving cells used to house the condemned prior to being executed. Lastly we stopped at Brandhoek CWGC to visit the final resting place of Capt Noel Chavasse RAMC, VC & Bar.

Day Two took us to Gheluvelt where, in October 1914, 1st Queen's were reduced to some 32 men, commanded by Capt/Brevet Maj CF Watson, one of only two remaining officers after the action. All very sobering stuff which was



Menin Gate FRV formation of the branch



Messines Christmas Truce Memorial



London Scottish Memorial at Messines



Lijssenthoek



not lightened by our next stop – Hill 60. It was intensely moving to walk the actual ground where our forebears fought, to see first-hand just how small the areas and distances involved were. The East Surreys won three VCs on one day.

On Day Three we visited Essex Farm, the resting place of Rfn Valentine Joe Strudwick, aged 15 and one of the youngest known British Soldiers to have died. It is also where Lt Col John MaCrae penned, *'In Flanders Fields'* whilst commanding a dressing station nearby. Following that, we did the Messines Ridge Peace Walk, particularly poignant for me as my great-uncle, Pte Jack Bolton, fought with the London Scottish at Messines and was one of the very few survivors. In the afternoon, we toured Ypres itself, visiting the various cemeteries in the town and we rounded off the day by attending the Menin Gate for Last Post.

On the final day, as we did last year, we got up early to visit Tyne Cot, which for me is the most profoundly moving cemetery of them all, a 'must' if you haven't yet

been there, and then onwards to the coast and home. Huge thanks go to Charles 'Tommo' Thomas for organising it all and for doing some excellent research prior to the start.

In other news, we've held several low key social gatherings in and around Salisbury, welcomed a few more members, attended the dawn service at Codford on ANZAC Day, celebrated Albuhera Day at the Infantry Mess in Warminster, caught up with old friends at the 1st Bn's Herne Bay gathering and fought a famous rear-guard action at the Regimental Reunion in London. If you didn't manage to make this event, now held in the London University OTC building and a vast improvement on the UJC, please do and try to come next year.



Branch Ctte Menin Gate



Queen's at Messines



Caterpillar Crater at Hill 60



Messines

The Quick Response Memorial Woodland (in honour of The Queen's Regiment)

Former Queensman George Paul Cooling, known by many as 'The Hat', had a vision several years ago to help ex-Servicemen who had fallen on difficult times. Paul's aim has always been not only to provide a place where ex-Servicemen can come and meet, reflect and remember former colleagues but also to be able to help those ex-service personnel who are in need of immediate assistance, whether it be providing warm clothes, a hot meal, pay a necessary bill and/or help get that individual in touch with his service or regimental association, SSAFA or RBL. It has always been Paul's desire to attain full charitable status which he is delighted to announce was granted by the Charities Commission on 14th September 2017.



The Hat

To prevent confusion "The Queen's Regiment" has been removed from the name and the woodland has been titled 'The Quick Response Memorial Woodlan' **(in honour of The Queen's Regiment)** with Charity Number 1174651.

All are welcome to visit the woodland at Holmbury St Mary. A number of events are planned for 2018 to which we hope you will be able to attend. To keep up to date with dates of events do please visit our Facebook page and web page www.qrmw.co.uk.



The Quick Response Memorial Woodland

Goosing the General

I was responsible as OIC Hosting Party for the NATO Military Committee in Hythe. We had 14 minibuses with seven officers ranking from Captain to Second Lieutenant acting as guides. To give you an idea of the level of this visit there were 35 'stars' in the front minibus, the Chief of the Defence Staff was the Conducting Officer and Major General Kitson was so junior he was consigned to the rear minibus! The final stand was a display by the SAS hidden in the shingle after which a large hovercraft was driven onto the beach into which the assorted generals had to board to be taken elsewhere for a reception. The rather fat Belgian general in my group was having difficulty climbing up into the hovercraft and so I gave him a gentle shove to aid him on his way. Once safely on board, he turned round with a great big grin on his face and said "Bet that's the only time you've goosed a General!" laughed and went inside. A true gentleman!

Alasdair Goulden



ASSOCIATION BRANCHES

ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

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1 QUEENS BRANCH

The 1 QUEENS Branch meets on an *ad hoc* basis and all past members of the Queen's Regiment or their associate Regiments are very welcome to attend any event. The annual reunion will be held at the Herne Bay Ex Servicemen's Club, 35 William Street, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 5NR, on 26 May 2018. 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: 07392 572 312 - 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:

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

Secretary - Eddie Drew: Tel: 01243 866887 - Email: edwindrew@btinternet.com

or use the 'Email us' facility on the website: <http://www.freewebs.com/grachichester/>

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:

Chairman - John Redfern TD: Tel: 07989 582211 - Email: JohnRedfern@castleinterim.co.uk

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

Web: www.pwrr.co.uk

FARNHAM BRANCH

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

Chairman - Bob Hill: Tel: 01276 501644 - Email: bobhill@sky.com

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

Treasurer - Mrs Sharon Scales Tel: 01962 826088 - Email: sturner@biopharma.co.uk

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.

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

Nigel Ferris: 1 Ffordd Dol y Coed, Llanharan, Pontyclun, CF72 9WA

Email: nigel@fdi-european.com - Mobile: 07836 726236

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:

Secretary - Trevor Foord: Tel: [01424 552260](tel:01424552260) - Email: trevorfoord@btinternet.com

HORSHAM BRANCH

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

For more details of the branch please contact::

President - Colonel Richard Putnam

Chairman - Steve Bell CBE

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

Queen's Secretary - Major RGC Thornton TD, 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: queensman67@outlook.com

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, QUEENS, 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: johnedwards518@sky.com - 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



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:

Secretary Steve Parsons: Mobile: [07392572312](tel:07392572312) - Email: steveparsons@1queens.com

Web: www.qrra.co.uk

SCOTTISH BRANCH OF THE QUEEN'S AND PWRR ASSOCIATIONS

The Scottish Branch meets on an *ad hoc* basis. All are welcome.

For more details contact:

Chairman - Steve Wall, 10 Carn Elrig View, High Burnside, Inverness-shire, PH22 1UL

Mobile: [07958 596598](tel:07958596598) - Email: steve.wall@hotmail.co.uk

Secretary - Dave Lee, 36 Katrine Drive, Paisley, Renfrewshire, PA2 9BS. - Mobile: [07840 977009](tel:07840977009) (evenings only)

Email: dgldavelee@gmail.com

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 BEM, 43 Suffolk Road, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1SA - Tel: [01227 453810](tel:01227453810)

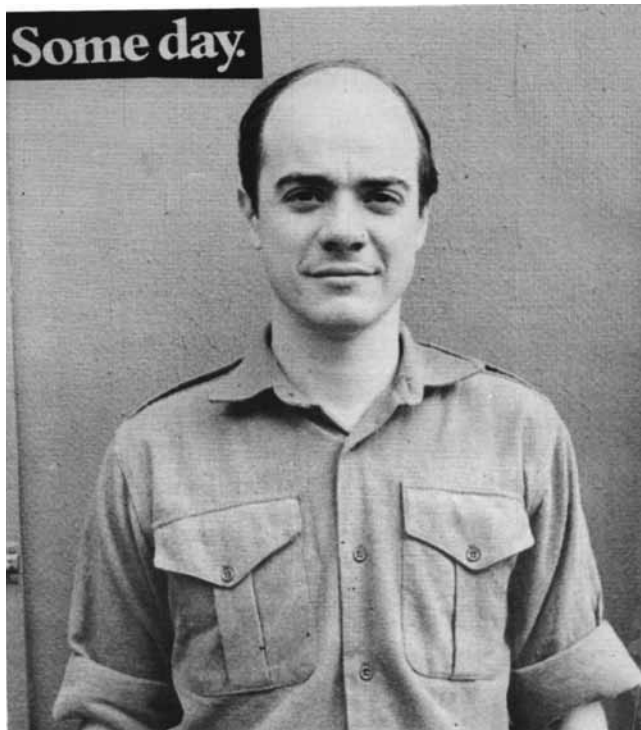
Or Email: davecole91@btinternet.com



Maj Rocky Hitchcock - fishy story?



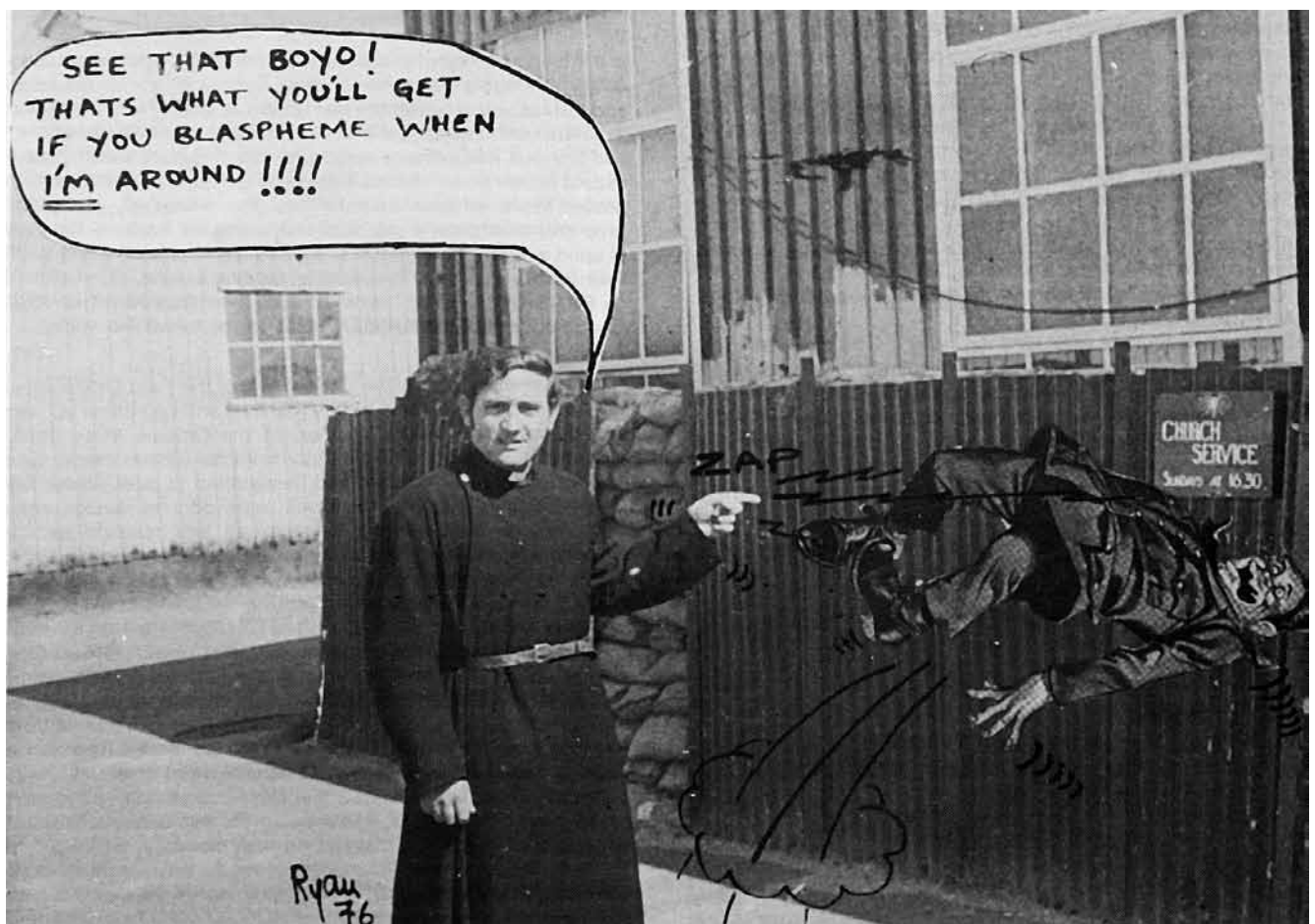
Maj Tony Ward, L'Derry 1976



Capt Tim McDermott, Regimental Solicitor.
Some day, you'll settle down with a nice
sensible girl, a nice sensible house, and a nice
sensible family saloon and play golf



Samatha's message to the Secretary at the end
of that weekend!



'Mick the Vic' Walters, L'Derry 1976

SIGNIFICANT DATES FOR 2018

Regimental Association

- 10 March - AGM and Annual Reunion at London UOTC
- 29 June-1 July - QRRA One Aim Rally and main Association Benevolent Fundraiser, Wingham, Nr Canterbury
- 8 November - Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey
- 11 November - Remembrance Parade, Leros Barracks, Canterbury at 12.30

Chichester Branch

- 29 March - Branch AGM City Club
- 23 April - St George's Day, Chichester Cathedral
- 19 May - Albuhera Dinner, Beachcroft Hotel, Bognor Regis
- 8 July - Coach trip Chairman's mystery tour
- 6 August - Veterans Lunch City Club (Range Stew /Chicken Curry)
- 4 September - Goodwood Race Day
- 8 September - Royal Sussex Reunion Dinner at Lewes
- 30 September - Drumhead Service Priory Park, Chichester
- 6 November - Battlefield tour
- 11 November - Remembrance Parade at the Cenotaph
- 3 December - Christmas Dinner at City Club

East Kent Branch

- 12 May - Albuhera Lunch
- 30 June - Branch BBQ, Manston
- 05 August - Buffs' Sunday
- 11 November - Remembrance Sunday at Canterbury

Frimley and Camberley Cadets

- 26 June - RMA Heritage Day
- 14 July - Annual Cadets Prize Giving Evening at Caird Hall, Camberley GU15 2DA
- 4 November - Annual Old Comrades Parade at Caird Hall, Camberley
- 12 November - Armistice Day Parade through Camberley, Surrey
- TBC - Carol Concert Evening at St Barbara's Church Deepcut

For more information or confirmation nearer the date, contact Warrant Officer Hutchings on 01276 31410

SIGNIFICANT DATES FOR 2018

Horsham Branch

The quarterly meetings are all held at the Horsham Sports Club, Cricketfield Road, Horsham, West Sussex, RH12 1TE.

- 5 March - Quarterly meeting
- 14 May - Quarterly meeting for the Albuhera Commemoration followed by a curry supper. This is bookable in advance by emailing j.purdy1@btopenworld.com in April. Non-Branch members are more than welcome to join us for the Silent Toast and supper.
- 18 to 20 May - Western Front Battlefield Tour (details in January)
- 3 September - Quarterly meeting including Branch AGM
- September - Branch Luncheon (date TBC).
- 3 December - Quarterly meeting.

London

- 05 May 18 - Army vs Navy rugby. Tickets available through the branch in due course.
- 19 May 18 - Albuhera Service at St Paul's followed by the AGM and Lunch at the UJC.
- 08 November - Field of Remembrance - 1000 hours at Westminster Abbey (Tickets via AHQ)
- 10 November - Middlesex Regiment memorial wreath laying at the Supreme Court at 1000 hours (no ticket required).
- 11 November - Cenotaph Parade, London - After function at The Freemasons Arms, Long Acre. Curry lunch £10 per head, payable on the day (please email adrian.pwrrlondon@hotmail.com with number of meals required).

Middlesex

- 7 January - New Year's Luncheon, Edgware ARC.
- 18 March - Branch AGM Hornsey ARC.
- 16 May - Albuhera Reunion and Silent Toast Ceremony, with B Coy 4 PWRR
- 26 May - Albuhera Dinner Edgware ARC.
- 18 June - Battlefield Tour, Battle of the Bulge.

Queen's Regimental Riders Association

- 29 June-1 July - QRRA One Aim Rally and main Association Benevolent Fundraiser, Wingham, Nr Canterbury



IN MEMORIAM

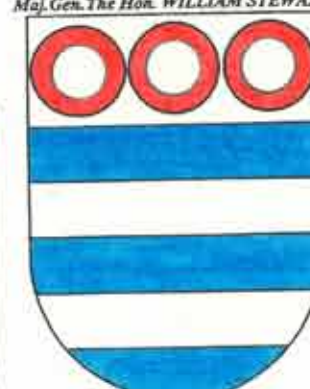
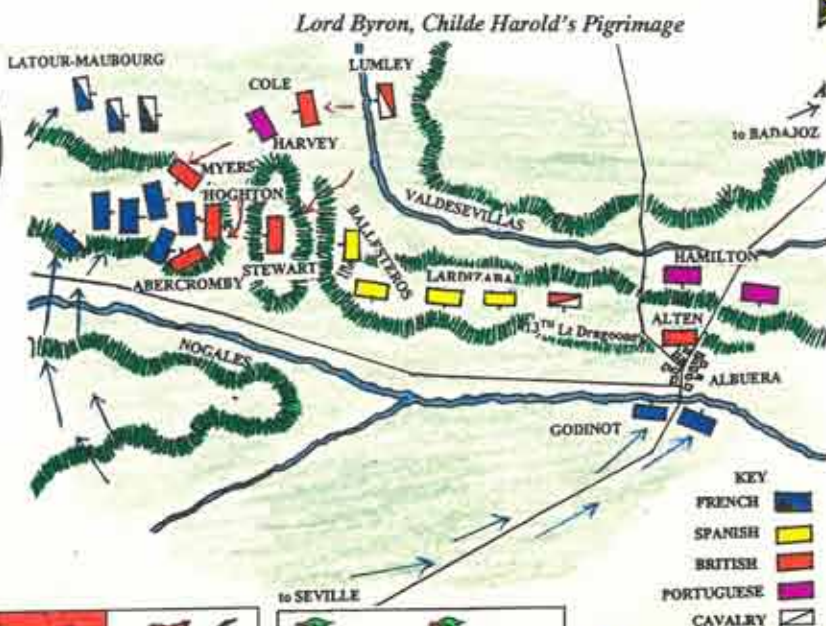
The following is a list of members of the Regiment who have sadly passed away since the last Journal. Members are requested to keep the Secretary informed of those who have died so that the list can be updated and other members informed. Please email queensregimentassociation@gmail.com or write to The Secretary, 5 Alfred Square, Deal, Kent, CT14 6LU ideally giving the date of death, rank when they left, battalions in which they served and any details of the funeral.

DATE	NAME	BATTALION
2017		
NK	Pte Michael Radjpaul	1st
14 Oct	Maj Fitzgerald 'Gerry' Webb MBE Knight Cdr Gold Medal of Honor of the House of Orange	3rd, 6/7th, R. Sussex and MX
10 Oct	WO2 Jack Bright	5th
08 Oct	NK Danny Petrie	2nd
Sep	WO2 George Whittle	2nd
13 Sep	LCpl Sidney Barker MM	2nd
10 Sep	Sgt Michael 'Ned' Kelly	6/7th and 8QE
7 Sep	WO2 George Whithall	2nd
23 Aug	Cpl Bob Wenham	1st and 2nd
Aug	Sgt Steve 'Bilko' Silver	6/7th
6 Aug	WO2 Chris Brooks	6/7th
2 Aug	Pte Jimmy Lewis	2nd
25 Jul	Cpl Jack Folan	1st
24 Jul	Cpl Stephen Morriss	2nd
19 Jul	Dmr Tom Sivell	1st
11 Jul	NK Jason Poole	1st
Jun	WO2 Chris Elkington	1st
23 May	Sgt Michael Potts	1st
Apr	Maj Alan 'Sugar' Marchant	5th and QOB
7 Apr	Col John Buckeridge	R Sussex and Depot Queen's
1 Apr	Sgt Kevin Atkins	1st
25 Mar	WO2 Bob Riley	1st, 3rd and QRS
21 Mar	Sgt Raymond Wiles	2nd
02 Mar	Maj DW Adkins	3rd and MX
24 Feb	WO2 Tony Lelliott	5th and R SUSSEX
12 Feb	Cpl David Dumbleton	3rd, (Sgt RRF, DMaj R ANGLIAN)
1 Feb	Lt Col Peter Hubert OBE	1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6/7th and MX
21 Jan	NK Brian Cox	6/7th
26 Jan	DMaj Mark Hansen	1st
Jan	LCpl Pip Wicks	3rd
13 Jan	WO2 Alan Knight	1st
11 Jan	Sgt John Dodd	3rd
10 Jan	NK Mick Etherington	1st and QRS
2016		
31 Dec	Col David Beveridge MBE	3rd and R SUSSEX
26 Dec	Cpl Edward 'Ted' Baker	2nd
NK	WO2 (RQMS) Michael Elsey BEM	6/7th
11 Dec	WO2 Ray Batchelor	2nd, QOB and Buffs
26 Nov	Col Toby Sewell	1st, QRR and QRS
20 Nov	Sgt John Norton	3rd



THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA 16th MAY 1811

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
... Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!



Veteran's Bereavement Support Services

The Veteran's Bereavement Support Service is a not-for-profit community organisation providing bereavement care and support to all those who serve or have served in the Armed Forces over the years.

All of our advice and information services are provided free of charge and these include:

- Access to affordable funerals
- The Veterans Pre-Paid Funeral Plan
- Bereavement Care and Support
- Ceremonial Funerals
- Assistance with benefits and social care
- Social Interaction and meeting points
- PTSD support sessions
- Care Home Visiting
- A free advice and information service
- The Veteran's Memorial Pin
- Community Support Centres



Contact us

Paul Burrows-Gibson

Tel: 02381550066 or 01794513177

Email: info@veteransbereavementsupport.co.uk

Website: www.veteransbereavementsupport.co.uk



The Revd Tug Wilson, ORQMS 2 QUEENS and WO1
Documentation for Queen's soldiers' Records



Once a Queensman, always a Queensman!

Charity No 1024418

www.queensregimentalassociation.org