

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN'S

UNCONQUERED I SERVE



1966-1992

**Dedicated to
Care of Veterans in Distress**

THE JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

2020



FOREWORD

BY COLONEL MIKE BALL



One of the few joys of these wretched COVID-ridden times that we all currently live in is the number of emails that I receive from friends and old army colleagues inquiring about my health. Therefore, imagine my intense pleasure when I received an email from my old friend, our Association Secretary, inquiring about my well-being and the fond hope that all was well with me. How kind I thought, but that was until I reached the sting in the tail at the end ... "Oh and by the way could you write the introduction to the latest journal ...?"

One of the bonuses of this task is that you get to see a preview of all the excellent articles in the draft copy, and this year's is no different. Reading these submissions brings home what an extraordinary bunch we were, with a wealth of experience sense of adventure; and also how lucky we were to soldier in the times that we did. In this edition alone, we hear about the exploits of Bluey Hedges and Gary Walker in the Oman, Basil Pratt in Berlin and the Falklands, Bill Knight-Hughes on the perils of joining the Regiment, Mike Scott and others in Gibraltar and Portugal and John Hamill in Hong Kong – and that only covers about half the magazine.

The seven editions of the Association journal are a marvellous record of our service, both pictorially and editorially, but more importantly, and under the excellent guidance and design of both Anthony Beattie and Alasdair Goulden, they have become a focal point for all Queensmen, highlighting the generosity of all those who contribute to the general benevolence of the Regiment. And how we need it now, as hardly a week goes by without learning of the sad demise of one of our comrades. So many of you have, in your own ways, contributed to supporting the welfare fund and long may it continue. I remember as Regimental Secretary that every time I met Max Maloney he would slip me a brown envelope containing a huge wadge of fivers, accompanied by one of Max's stage whispers (heard simultaneously in both Maidenhead and Moscow) "For the benefit of the Boys". Long may this marvellous sort of generosity continue.

In 1966, we inherited a rich mother lode of traditions, example and some beautiful and priceless mementos and property from our forebear Regiments. For 26 years we were the proud custodians of all this and I like to think that we did it well. In 1992, we reluctantly handed this responsibility to our successors in the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, but as their Regimental Secretary for 12 years, I can testify that they are worthy successors to us.

In 2011, I was attending the funeral of Private Tom Lake who had been killed in Afghanistan whilst serving with 1 PWRR. After the service, I received a message that one of the undertakers would like to have a quick word with me. Intrigued, I went outside, to be greeted by a young man who turned out to be the brother of Private Lee O'Callaghan, killed in Iraq in 2004. He explained that he had volunteered to accompany the recovery team forward and escort Tom Lake's body home. I had also been to Lee O'Callaghan's funeral and knew his family. When I thanked him for doing this, his reply was that he was proud to do it for the regimental family.

Even 9 years later, as I write this, I still get a prickle in my eye. But to me, it sums up all that is good about the service and the Regiment that we served in.

I hope that you all remain safe in these difficult and troublesome times.



EDITORIAL

BY ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

MAJOR A M GOULDEN



Greetings and welcome to the 2020 'COVID-19' edition of The Queen's Regimental Association Journal. What strange times we live in. I am, however, heartened at the way members have kept in touch with the Association and with each other, making sure that people are OK and in general looking out for fellow Queensmen. In some ways, it is just a friendly call that can make all the difference to someone's well-being, so please keep it up. The Branches have also played an important part in this and I send you all my thanks for keeping me informed as and when there has been a problem. Unfortunately, we are going to have to live with this for a while, so I urge you to please keep doing what you are doing and don't hesitate to get in touch straight away if someone is in need of assistance.

As with every year, I have tried to include elements of all the material that has been sent in, but space and editing dictate that unfortunately not every word written can be included; although I might say that one article submitted, although very funny, was totally inappropriate and so had to be censored! Your efforts have not been wasted because any material – especially the anecdotes – that have not been used will be filed as the start of the collection for next year.

I am delighted to welcome three new Branches to the Association from our forebear regiments – the Weald and Ramsgate Branches from the Queen's Own Buffs and the East Surreys Branch from the Surrey end of our patch complimenting the West Surrey Branch. Do check out their locations, and join them if they are in your area, as I am sure that you will be given a terrific welcome.

Fundraising has taken a bit of battering this year unfortunately, with the Riders' always excellent One Aim Rally being cancelled because of COVID. They are, however, keen to ensure that next year's Rally takes place in some form or another at their new base near Faversham. We were pleasantly surprised by a presentation of a substantial cheque by the Chairman of the Golf Society; the sale of Regimental coins brought in a welcome sum too. Needless to say, without funds coming in, this potentially curtails our ability to produce the level of support that we want, should and need to provide. To that end, could I ask you please to consider making a small monthly donation which can be gift-aided to make the Government give us an extra 25%? It can be as little as £2 – less than the price of a cup of coffee – and would make a huge difference if everyone did it. A form is included in your pack. Please just fill it in and send it back. Alternatively, please consider making a one-off donation to cover the cost of the Journal. Thanks!

You will note that there is no booking form for the AGM and Reunion. This is because of COVID and we will probably still be restricted in what we can do. We intend to hold a zoom Executive Committee on the usual day for which I invite you to raise any issues with your Branch representatives: if not a member of a branch, send your comments direct to me and I will ensure they are discussed. We will try for a reunion at the National Memorial Arboretum in the summer. Information will be sent out to everyone when the situation becomes clearer.

To my long-suffering proof-readers, Anthony Beattie, Mike Jelf and Nick Keyes, I offer the usual heart-felt thanks for all their 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!

The deadline for articles for next year is 7 September 2021. Please don't hold back until the last safe moment – if you have an article/anecdote, send it to me as soon as the thought crosses your mind, because if you don't there won't be a Journal next year!

This Journal comes to you with every good wish for the coming year. Keep safe, keep healthy, don't cough, look after yourself and each other and I hope to see you sometime in the next year.

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SING FOR MY SOLDIER



By Karen Hewett

*He sat there on a bar stool with a pint in his strong hand.
His hair was short, his shoulders broad, he was every inch a man.
I could tell he was a soldier, he had that look within his eye
So, I wondered at the horrors he had seen those days gone by.
He told me tales of gallantry, the constant fear and threat
So now I sing to remember while he tries to forget.*

*Now he sits here on the sofa, with a remote upon his knee.
His beret hangs abandoned; I put it there for him to see.
You can tell he was a soldier, a fine one I've been told
And I wonder, when he's quiet, what he thinks now he is old.
Does he ever hear the gunfire, he mentioned when we met?
So I sing to remember while he tries to forget.*

*I sing because I love him and the life he gave to me.
I sing to understand a heart that showed such gallantry
I sing with sisters like me who share a common goal
To sing love to their soldier to light their darkened soul.*

*We lift the spirit of the soldier who protects us
We are the hand that grabs them from their darkest den
We give our hearts so that they can remember
Just why they have to fight to save their kin.*

*They went to save their kin
It's the reason why we sing*

*Now I sit here thinking of him with a song held in my hand
Knowing how much I have loved him, gazing at my marriage band
I'm glad he was a soldier with that pride within his eye
He very rarely speaks of it so I ask the reason why
"It's in the past now, long gone," he says with no regret
Now I sing to remember so my soldier won't forget.*

*We keep the spirit of the soldier who protects us
We are the hand that grabs them from their darkest den
We give our hearts so that they can remember
Just why they went to fight to save their kin.*

*They fight to save their kin
It's the reason why we sing
It's the reason we can sing.*

Karen Hewett is a member of the Military Wives Choir

1966 - IT WAS A FUNNY YEAR

By Frank Harrington (AKA Loanmore)

1966 was a funny year. We won the World Cup and during that hot summer, I became a part-time hippy. I was fifteen, I had the long hippy hair and wore a very smelly Afghan coat. I fell out with my parents and hated the Establishment. The police were like, *"Hey who are you man?"*, *"You're in my space"* and Ban the Bomb was mostly the topic of conversation. Portobello Road, London, was a hippy magnet with psychedelic shops and burning incense sticks. Everywhere you went, pot was being smoked in all directions. I never smoked - hated it, still do. I did however, have a cannabis chocolate cake once, which made me violently sick. Never again!

But the strange part of 1966 was the fact I had signed up to the Junior Soldiers, way back in January. When September arrived, I duly reported to Howe Barracks Canterbury. Hot, sweaty and with suitcase in hand, I reported to the guard room. Mistake one. I was standing on a very highly polished floor. *"Who the f—k are you? a voice bellowed. "Get off my f—ing floor!"* A very smart corporal was shouting at me. The pit of my stomach churned, *"I'm to report here"* I said. *"Well!"*, the corporal bellowed, *"you're in the wrong f—ing place then aren't you.....?"* He then gave me very explicit instructions of where to go, ending in *"f—ing idiot"* Finally, I found some other very nervous boys outside the training wing, all mumbling about this very smart corporal in the guardroom, whose favourite word was *"f—k"*.

We were met by our training sergeant and corporal and shown to our rather long training wing accommodation, with lines of metal beds and metal wardrobes. As it was late, the corporal took us all to the cookhouse in three lines, looking like the bunch of newbies that we were. I remember thinking 'What on Earth am I doing here?'. After tea, it was back to the accommodation block, then shock horror, we had to make up our beds, me thinking those blankets were awfully thin and very itchy.

Next day, 0630. I thought my whole world had been turned upside down, as a voice shouted: *"Hands off cocks and on with socks!"*, beating a bin with a lump of wood. *"You're in the Army now, breakfast in half an hour!"* After breakfast, we had a lecture by the training sergeant. All the rules and regulations were very carefully explained, followed by a visit to the barber. Obviously, my short back and sides were not the army's short back and sides.

Well, I think we were all mostly in some kind of dazed personal nightmare.

In the afternoon, we were taken to the QM's stores. We were measured, sized up and our full complement of uniform was dished out. There was a level of excitement as our uniforms began to pile up. We were even issued with something called a housewife, whatever the hell that was. We were loaded with all sorts of equipment, then it was back to the block. Civilian clothes off, uniform on. Then another shock...the shirt...KF for the use of. Itchy, stiff, smelt of mothballs, not good on bare skin. I really thought I had gone back to the dark ages. Everyone else thought the same, the label stated KF shirt WD 1950. My God, the shirt was 16 years old. Next came the brown tie Oh no! We had to wear a tie with the itchy shirt. My next horror was the BD... Battle Dress. Oh my goodness, now I have itchy trousers to go with the itchy shirt! The only good thing to come out of the uniform, was the cotton denim fatigue dress and the Number Two Dress with a real nice comfy cotton shirt. We were taught to box our bedding, stud our boots, bull our boots, clean brasses and buttons, blanco our belt and webbing; to strip and assemble the SLR, LMG, SMG and of course, the GPMG. Next came the ranges. All the weapons fired and with ringing ears which I still have today, the declaration. *"I have no live rounds or empty cases in my possession, Sir!"* Eventually, weeks turned into months and basic training was done. I became a drummer, under the superb direction of Drum Major Windsor Clarke Davis MBE. We considered ourselves pretty unique, because we could play instruments and also go on manoeuvres and shoot rifles.

The Regiments changed as well. I joined the Middlesex Regiment, which changed to the Home Counties Brigade, consisting of The Middlesex, The Royal Sussex, Queen's Own Buffs and the Surrey Regiments.

In September 1968, I was sent to my new battalion, 2nd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, who at that time was stationed in Palace Barracks, Northern Ireland. I am proud to have served my Queen and Country and to have met many fine soldiers. To this day, fifty years on, I am still in contact with many of them. My fellow brothers.





A MERE BEGINNER -

BELFAST, MARCH TO MAY 1975

By David Harding 10GR



C Coy TAOR, Belfast 1975

in Belfast, and within a few hours the friend's battalion agreed to take me – and which should it turn out to be but 1 QUEENS! If I'd been given a choice, I would have asked to go with a Yorkshire regiment, because I was born and bred in York, but fate knew better than I did: since then I have discovered that my Harding ancestors were from Kent, Middlesex and Surrey – at least half of my DNA is from The Queen's Regiment recruiting areas, so I qualified after all.

As 1 QUEENS was part-way through a 4-month tour, 10 GR told me I would do a reinforcement (NIRT) course at Ballykinler before I was allowed out on the streets. A Gurkha armourer made me a set of ID tags and I was issued with the 1944 Pattern webbing that Gurkhas still used (*"Give Mr Harding the best set in your store, CQMS, he is going on active service"*

– I suspect he was taking the piss!) and a respirator. I was supposed to test it in the gas chamber, but this never happened – nor at any other stage in my army career either.



Keen Guilfoyle and Spicer

When I arrived at Belfast docks early one morning, there was no-one to meet me, and I had no means of contacting the battalion. I was in civvies, but the kitbag was a bit of a give-away. Not a good start. Luckily, a Royal Artillery patrol turned up and I got them to ask their unit to contact Bn HQ. A while later, Sgt Juhel turned up with a Landrover and three men. He delivered me to Bn HQ in North Howard Street where I met the Adjutant and others over breakfast and was told I was going to Sobraon Coy, alias C Coy, at Flax Street Mill in the Ardoyne. On arrival there, I was issued with a rifle and visored helmet and I remember being interviewed

by the very laid-back Coy 2IC, Capt Johnny Acworth. I asked two questions: when would I go to Ballykinler and should I draw a Queen's beret and badge, so as not to stand out on patrol? *"Oh, there's no need to go to Ballykinler, you'll pick it all up as you go along, and feel free to wear your 10 GR kit".*

The WOs' and Sgts' Mess was about to entertain the officers to pre-lunch drinks, which was a good chance to meet those at the top of the tree. I remember Sgt Jim Spicer trying to knock me off balance with a wicked remark, but I stone-walled it and we got on well in due course. I met the other subalterns in C Coy, Lt Tim McDermott and 2Lt Jonathon Riley. The third platoon was commanded by the legend Sgt 'JT' Taylor, and quite rightly I was not put in over him, being only three weeks out of Sandhurst and not having done the Platoon Commander's Course or a Northern Ireland work-up of any sort. Straight after lunch, I went out on patrol with Tim McDermott, an experience both for him and me!

OC C Coy was Major Tim Trotman and he took me out on patrol after dark that evening. We visited every static OP and the house of a local Catholic man who had been injured in a bomb incident and was still bed-ridden. The next evening the OC said to me: *"Come to my office and you'll witness something very unusual"*. I found myself looking on while a local woman – who was clearly very uncomfortable about coming into the base – thanked a young soldier for trying to save her mother from a house fire in the Ardoyne earlier in the tour; the soldier made a gracious response.

Involving me like this in the first few days made me feel that I belonged. Some units might have largely ignored me. The OC then had me spend a week with each platoon in turn, whether they were on patrol, out in the permanent OPs or in Flax Street Mill on stand-by. By

the end I knew everyone in C Coy. Here are a few of the many memories I have of that initial period.

On the second day I went out on patrol with Sgt Juhel. A public meeting on 'Etna waste' was being addressed by well-known firebrand Maire Drumm. Sgt Juhel took us a long way round to work quietly up a back alley and get within earshot of the speech. We got quite close before being spotted by some old biddies, and they came towards us pouring out verbal abuse. We withdrew gradually, and as a parting gesture Sgt Juhel turned his back on them, bent over and let rip with a magnificent fart!

At first, I was just another member of whichever patrol I was with – an experienced NCO had the Pye set so was effectively in command. In due course, this had an unfortunate consequence. On Old Park Avenue one morning, I spotted in the gutter something that looked like part of a military radio. I called a halt to examine it and found a few more parts. I said we should report it, but the LCpl dismissed it as just junk and led the patrol on. It shows how inexperienced I still was that I did not insist we report it, and the 2IC later bollocked me for this. From then on, to remove any doubt, I began to carry the Pye set and command patrols myself.

One day at the morning briefing, we were told that a watchkeeper from Brigade HQ would be visiting and going out on patrol to keep in touch with what was going on in the Ardoyne and the Bone. Johnny Acworth and the CSM put together the oddest patrol they could devise, consisting of that key C Coy character, LCpl Skunk Irwin, a noticeably young private soldier and myself. The captain turned out to be overweight and unfit from too much watchkeeping, and a Viscount to boot (toffs were not popular in 1 QUEENS, I soon found). Every time we got to the bottom of the valley that runs through the



Echo OP on Oldpark Road



The first RUC officer for several years



New Ardoyne, we would be told to put in a snap VCP up on the Crumlin Road. We were fit so this was only a minor imposition, but my goodness, how the visiting captain sweated and puffed much to our perverse amusement; to his credit he did not complain.

On another occasion, a car associated with a wanted person was reported in the Ardoyne. The OC cleared the busy Coy net: *"Hello all stations 3 this is 39, get off the b___ net and stay off!"*, then proceeded to manoeuvre patrols and mobiles very skilfully until the car was cornered.

Alas, it did not contain the person we wanted.

About halfway through my time, we had two visitors staying at Flax Street and going out on patrol with us. One was Capt Robert Nairac of the Grenadier Guards, who a few years later was awarded a posthumous George Cross, and the other was a Capt Burt of the Parachute Regiment. We were told they were both experts on the Ardoyne and were there to keep in touch with their local contacts and catch up with whatever was going on. By chance, I was sent out on the first patrol to accompany each of them, and the two were quite different. Nairac tended to keep us waiting around for long spells, whereas Burt told us of incidents in earlier tours, saying a bit about anyone interesting he spoke to, and in one case introducing me to a man in the Old Ardoyne whom he said was a senior member of the local PIRA or 'Officials', I forget

which. I have no recollection of his name, but it was the only time in my life when I had the sensation that the air around someone was thick with an almost tangible evil.



Spicer, Stokes and two from 2 PARA

For the last month or so, I was in the C Coy Int cell, with Sgt Jim Spicer, Cpls or LCpls Johnny Stokes, a Geordie, Kenny Keen, Martin Guilfoyle and Ted Simpson, the latter on an 'S-type' engagement. In this period, we had the Six Counties elections, with protection duties around polling stations. One day while in hot pursuit of stone-throwers in the Bone, I somehow managed to fall off a garage roof – backwards. The small of my back hit the ground first, shortly followed by the back of my head. The blows were partly cushioned by my flak jacket and the folds of my beret, but I was knocked out cold.



Reusing Scoobies

No-one ever told me how long I was out, but when I came round, I was staring at a flawless blue sky and could hear perfectly but could not speak or move a single muscle – couldn't even blink. The other three from the patrol had gathered round and were looking down at me. With that compassion for which Tommy Atkins is famous, one of them said *"What yer doing down there sir?"*, and another *"Gerrup, you're making us look ridiculous!"* I wanted to laugh but just couldn't.

First aid? Don't be daft. After a while I recovered the ability to speak, then the ability to move, so we continued the patrol, the stone-throwers long gone. But I later found I had suffered a persistent lower back injury, and in 1995 it stopped me working, so

I applied for compensation to cover all the unfunded osteopathy I had needed. The MOD sat on the case for six to nine months, then suddenly gave me one month to find an eyewitness - 20 years on.

I tracked down our then OC C Coy, Tim Trotman, and thanks to his amazing Army-wide contacts, I traced two of the patrol members. The star witness was Ted Simpson, who was found running a pub on the east coast of Scotland – what he remembered most was the hilarity when the incident was described to everyone at Flax Street Mill. That did the trick. I got a small one-off sum in compensation for a 19.5% disability. The threshold for an injury pension was – how did you guess? – 20%...

Some one-off visits stick out in the memory: the forensic ballistics labs, DIFFs - this fascinated me; a visit to HQNI with the OC; half a day shooting at tin cans on the range up on Divis Mountain with the Coy Int Cell; being sent as an independent umpire for the Battalion when it shot in a non-central rifle competition on the ranges at Ballykinler (so I did get there in the end), when everyone begged me to let them cheat; visiting the nearby base for A and B Coys and seeing for the only time in the tour my two friends from Sandhurst, Keith Graham and David Ellis; and finally, meeting at last the only other DF Harding in the Army, who by chance was with the RCT detachment at Flax Street – so I could remonstrate with him for all the threatening letters from his bank manager that had been misdirected to me.

I will never forget taking part in the Albuhera Day ceremony with all the officers, warrant officers and sergeants standing in a circle at Flax Street – a privilege for a non-Queensman. The CO, Lt Col Davidson and the RSM toured all the bases with the Loving Cup, I recall.

LCpl Ted Simpson and I did a covert OP in the rafters of a derelict chip shop on Louisa Street, to photograph attendees at a meeting in a drinking club that LCpl O'Donohue had spotted earlier. By the time we got up there, the meeting had dispersed, but at least I learnt how to use an SLR camera.

Off-duty, I remember 'the golly shop', the visiting entertainers (especially the strippers), and enjoying many an 'egg banjo' on getting back from night patrols; Captain George Simmons, the delightful MTO who had risen from Drummer Boy (*"Ullo young David – me plans, vey's all shot ter bollocks!"*); the only Unit Equipment

Repairer I ever came across, who made me an excellent web frog for my kukri – which I sometimes wore on the streets, when the locals would call out fatuously *"youse got a kneype, youse c___t!"*).

I remember a good few C Coy personnel: Cpls Plod Spencer MM and Skunk Irwin (RIP both of you), Sgts Taylor, Barry Camille (*"Why on earth do you choose to be in NI rather than back in the Seychelles?"*), Cpl Caffrey, Callender the Coy Clerk, President, Nicholl, Marshall, Hammond, Wilmott, Ginger Hayes. I hope life has been kind to those of you still out there.

Thanks to the ceasefire, it was a quiet tour. If memory serves, as far as C Coy was concerned, there was one decent riot, in Flax Street right alongside the base; the Coy opened fire once, from Charlie OP, at Protestants bringing a bomb into Ardoyne; there was a sectarian murder in Etna Drive, and another in the bus station; a bomb in Ballycarry Street destroyed a Catholic drinking club, perhaps as part of a dispute; and a mobile from the Coy Int cell was driving south down the Crumlin Road when a bomb went off 100 yards ahead. I was standing in the top hatch and saw the whole thing, and was naïve enough to be pleased, thinking that I had earned my GSM at last.

On the very last night of the tour, when we had handed over to B Coy 2 Para, we were told we would not be called out whatever happened (which I didn't quite believe). Several of us sat in the mess drinking whisky with Tim Trotman, and he told us some of the things he could not tell us earlier. One was that Captains Nairac and Burt had been sent to check up on C Coy's intelligence, because the brigadier did not believe us when we said that apart from a few weapons and ammo being moved about occasionally, nothing was happening – the Ardoyne was being given its first rest since the start of the troubles in 1969. It was satisfying to hear that both our visitors confirmed we were quite right.

My very last memory of the tour is of taking leave of Sobraon Company, which had formed up somewhere in Liverpool Docks with kitbags, awaiting transport. Tim Trotman said some kind words about me – I don't recall them, but I do remember responding by saying I could not imagine doing my only tour in Northern Ireland with a better company or a better battalion. That got quite a cheer!



UNDER ATTACK

- NEWTONHAMILTON 1979

By William Small

(An Addendum to John Russell's Article covering the 3 QUEENS Tour covered in SOTQ 2019)

It was on 19 March 1979, the 13th day of my tour at Newtownhamilton (NTH) Security Forces Base in South Armagh. I was D Coy Clerk in 3 QUEENS carrying out routine duties in the office with WO2 Colin Garton, the CSM. At 1342 hrs, we heard a series of spaced explosions that sounded like PIRA Mk 6 mortar bombs landing. Seconds later, all hell broke loose as several Mark 10s landed in and around the compound. The IRA had just unleashed its heaviest artillery barrage to date.

As stated, the time was 1342 hrs. This was officially taken from the electric clock knocked from the wall of the Ops Room by the blast. The company was about 80 strong and comprised Queensmen, a section of Royal Pioneers, several REs and a 4-man brick from the Royal Artillery. The reasoning behind the Battalion's deployment was that Crossmaglen (XMG) and Forkill (FKL) represented the biggest threats so more force was concentrated there, whilst NTH was seen as 'safer' and therefore to some extent slimmed down.

Prior to the attack, a patrol had noticed some odd behaviour by workmen digging at the front corner of the base whilst using a measuring wheel device. Pte Murphy had questioned the men concerned but they had given a plausible answer for their actions, so no further action was taken.

The firing point was about 70 - 100 metres from the base on a slight curve and so, therefore, largely out of sight. The launch vehicle was a blue and white Hino tipper truck with several firing tubes mounted in the body and disguised with a sheet of thin black plastic sheeting stretched over the body of the vehicle. The windscreen had been marked in such a way as to line it up with the aerial masts in the base. Subsequent information gleaned from the locals indicated that another vehicle squeezing past had nudged the launcher to its left. The original landing point would have been within the accommodation blocks.

The device was fired electrically through a Parkway timer launching several rounds: two landing in the courtyard, one on the RUC annexe, one on the Ulster Bank next door and one on the pub further down the road. Of the two in the courtyard area, one exploded outside the CQMS's store, the other rolled under the ablution block that we were also using as a guard room. Pte Peter Woolmore was on stag in the far end and instinctively lay on the floor underneath a table unaware of the device below him. Due to its size, estimated at 110 pounds, he would have been killed instantly when it exploded.

The other most seriously injured casualty was Sgt Terry Page who was blown out of bed and lost a chunk of his back. He was found sitting in the rafters of the building. Others that I recall were Pte Lee Moss and Pte Wardrope, who fell down the steps of the front sanger, injuring his leg sadly leading to a medical discharge. Sapper Catton had been in the unloading bay about eight feet from the blast that killed Woolmore. Amazingly, he survived with a nail driven into his forehead. Total casualties of all description including the RUC came to about 17.

The only light moment on such a grim day was when Sig Airey (?) was removed from the ablution block on a stretcher face down, moaning, with one buttock missing. He had been having a motion when a bomb splinter shattered the bowl under him!

About half an hour later, there was a loud bang and we all thought it was a follow-up attack. It subsequently transpired that one of the projectiles had been welded into its launch tube with a long-time fuse, the object being to kill/maim anyone investigating the vehicle.

Commendation awards were given to Pte Roy Haley of the RAMC and the RCT Saracen detachment commander. Unfortunately, time has blurred his name.

We were largely non-operational for three days whilst operations to remove rubble and vehicles commenced; this involved 45 ten-ton lorry loads. Reinforcements came from Bessbrook to conduct our rural patrol programme while we concentrated on local defence and town patrolling.



The CQMS's store after one of the devices exploded by the entrance door.



SF Base at Newtownhamilton seen from the front left.



The devices caused considerable damage due to the size of some of the fragments. Some pieces recovered were approximately 10mm thick, half a metre long and varying widths up to 150 mm. This is just a general view of some of the holes created.



A new Q car that had been delivered that morning. There is a hole in the number plate where a piece of shrapnel smashed the engine. To the left by the stairs is part of the chassis of one of our Landrovers.



Pte Woolmore's rifle after the attack compared to a standard model. It had been recovered from the roof of a neighbouring house.



Sitting at the CSM's table where he and I sheltered during the attack. It was our only 'intimate' moment as there wasn't much room and our noses were almost touching.



THE PERILS OF A BRILLIANT IDEA

By Bill Knight-Hughes

I had yet another one of my 'good ideas' while we were in Bligh's Lane Factory Post on the Creggan in the early 1970s. Just one of many such brainwaves. But then, this story is, at least, not going to land me in court, but old comrades need not worry either. This is not about that night in Rosemount Police Station. No... not that night!

At IRA funerals, shots were fired over the graves. But how were the weapons brought to the cemetery? And how were they smuggled out again? Everything that happened was under the close surveillance of RUC, Army and helicopters hovering overhead. We all had our theories. But Corporal Barnett and I were sure we had cracked it. The weapons were in the coffins! And that could only mean that they had been put there by, or at least with the cooperation of, the undertaker. This insight grew in significance for us because from a narrow alley at the bottom of the 'Marlboroughs' - a rectangle of streets beside the Creggan with names that all began with this word - from this alleyway, you could look over a wall down onto the backyard sheds of some small traders on the main road below. And one of them was an undertaker. We decided to investigate!

The only way to do this was to descend from this alleyway some four or five metres onto the roof of the undertaker's shed, and then enter through the roof. We procured a rope, and in the darkness of a filthy winter's night, we carefully let down one of our four man patrol over the ledge of the low wall, and down onto the roof. The man we selected for this heroic escapade - which I had not cleared with my OC Gavin Bulloch - (he would quite correctly have instantly forbidden it!) - was my platoon radio operator, Pte Clarke, a Londoner. But that was not what had qualified him for the mission, it was more that he was the least well nourished of us and therefore a little slimmer and lighter.

Now Clarke was never really going to be all that enthusiastic about this task, and knowing this, we only nominated him at the last moment, gambling that he wouldn't protest too loudly while on a night patrol. When we at last sprang the idea on him, he certainly let us know that he thought about it - as I think only a British soldier can. (I despise the illusions of poor civilians who imagine that 'blind obedience' is a characteristic of the British infantry soldier!) But we three, Barnett, Vinnicombe and I, somehow managed to convince him

that he was on his way to a decoration for gallantry, and over the top he went, armed only with a torch, with the rope tied not very expertly under his armpits.

Once he reached the roof of the shed he had to remove some slates in order to make an entry hole. This was all done to a spate of urgently whispered orders and encouragements from us above, to him below on the wet roof. Finally, he had cleared a large enough hole, but then refused to go any further. More urgent hissed cajoling followed and eventually he agreed to continue and so moved to a sitting position over the hole with his legs hanging into the building. Then, on a signal, we let out more rope and he disappeared into the blackness of the shed's interior. We three above were now straining very hard to hold his weight on the rope and let him down as slowly as we could, but inevitably it all went in jerky fits and starts which must have been a very frightening to experience on the other end. Quite unexpectedly, we reached the end of the rope, and could lower him no further. Clarke was now left dangling somewhere in the pitch blackness of the undertaker's outhouse.

Holding him as best we could, we peered over the wall and saw that he had switched the torch on. There then rose a loud quavering wail from the shed. We were at first a bit perplexed and unnerved, but as the howling continued and got ever louder, we realised that it was Clarke himself. Clearly whatever he could see in the shed had shaken him considerably. Communication with our 'burglar' was now impossible, so we decided just to haul him up. This was much more difficult than lowering him down had been. The wet and greasy rope often slipped so that he would rise one or two metres and then suddenly fall back a stretch. It was certainly not very comfortable for the poor man who continued wailing in a most unsoldierly manner. Finally, we got him up to the lip of the wall and hauled him over. He collapsed onto the ground, intermittently moaning and giving us all a torrent of insults and obscene abuse. This was not, in retrospect, the highpoint of my career as a leader of fighting men!

We just gave the whole thing up as a bad idea and blundered off grumpily back into the rain-swept night for another five hours' street patrolling. What Clarke saw in the undertaker's shed that night, he never said. Nor did we ever ask him!

THE INCONSEQUENTIAL MUSINGS OF THE QUEEN'S VICAR - PART 1

By the Rev Basil Pratt

1 QUEENS

I arrived at 1 QUEENS after driving from England in my old Alvis, was taken to the Mess and inspected by every officer in the Battalion: eyes up and down – quite the male model. It was very odd indeed. Without exception, everyone paused at my feet to examine my footwear, clearly there was disapproval here! The footwell of an Alvis gets ridiculously hot on a long journey so I wore sandals. The kind of footwear which did not meet the standards necessary for service in Montgomery Barracks in Berlin – or so I was told.

I fear I knew nothing of Army custom. I was later to learn what a privilege it was to be taught by soldiers of the 1st Battalion: *"Do you want to come on patrol with us, Padre?" "Absolutely!"* I replied. In the early hours of the following morning, I was told that, if I was to accompany them, I needed to attend a woolly-pully-wearing cadre and once I had learnt that, if I was to go out with them again, I was to attend a beret-wearing cadre. What a wonderful way to learn and so it went on – later in the mess, I was taught how to bull my boots by Rocky Hitchcock.

These days chaplains are taught at Sandhurst on the 'Vicars and Tarts' Course, but I was instructed by the soldiers whom I attempted to serve. It was Les Wilson who taught me that I was required to salute the Colours and we are friends to this day. A few months later, we had a Drum-Head service and here I witnessed the emotion of the WOs' and Sgts' Mess.

When I joined the Brigade, I was told by the Brigadier that in addition to my duties, I was to carry out instruction for boating skills at the Brigade Canoe Club. Having been told by the Brig that I was to let him know if he could assist in any way, I had requested replacement life-jackets – no response! As ever was! Not wishing to have the necessary funerals from drowning canoeists, I went to the Brigadier. Heavens, I was nearly swamped with lifejackets but the telephone conversations with the various regimental QMs were not very polite – it would seem that I had a lot to learn!

I was required by the CO, Lt Col Pielow, to join the Boxing Team and to form a motorcycle team to take part in a motorcycle competition in the Zone. I have inside my front door an old Vincent Black Prince motorcycle at which, when some rather precious souls come in, they 'exclaim'. I then go into my old vicar act, and apologise, saying that I have had an argument with my wife and had to bring it down from the bedroom! There was no enthusiasm for motorcycles at that time, nor in Freemasonry, two things that have clearly changed through the years. I have always been in the 'blackhand' gang as a motorcyclist; as a boy, if you did not repair your own bike, you would never get home. Thankfully, the LAD REME came to my aid, I was able to recruit a corporal from the RCT and we competed in Berlin, thus saving me from the wrath of the Brigadier.

Later I was required to take our Battalion's canoe team to the UK to represent the Army in the Inter-Services Canoe Competition. On the way to the UK, I was detailed off to participate in a chaplains' exercise. One event was a Landrover cross-country exercise which I felt was rather tame. As my RCT Cpl was an enthusiast, I thought, if he were as good with a Landrover as he was with a bike, it would be fun for him to show his prowess and so we swapped uniforms. It only took a few seconds for me to realise that he had a death-wish and he promptly crashed into a tree. I have



Vincent Black Prince



remained a corporal ever since – seal of the confessional, no one knows of this event – except my written reprimand and punishment.

I went into a hairdresser's shop in Putney, sat down in the chair to have the suitable apron placed over my shoulders and was then strangled...it was Chris Spain, the pal who had sparred with me in the boxing training team – what a joy to meet again!

I was so very sorry to hear of the death of Les Harvey. He had asked me to baptise his wife. She being a big lass, I said I was pleased that I had done so much weight-lifting – much laughter around the font! He contacted me some years ago and asked if I remembered him. I asked if his wife was also well, and he replied that she had died, and he was detailing me to come down to London and officiate at the service. The reunion was a sad event but a great demonstration of the strength of the Regiment – so very many old faces.

The Sam Browne – an item of uniform that has taken on an almost sacred aura due to the thought, time and effort required. I always thought that a good padre ought from time to time to demonstrate that he was as good if not better than most when required. With this in mind, I put my endeavour into the bulling of my Sam Browne, shoes and hat-strap. The parade was inspected by the RSM. His reply to me was: "Well done, Padre – I didn't know that you served in the Italian police!" I am not sure what deserved such an excellent putdown and probably never will!

In the Mess on one occasion, the 2IC, Maj Pollard, after the Sam Browne parade, while in the loo asked me what my job was. I did not reply at once, suspecting a trap of some sort, although it would have been easy to do so. It brought to mind a request for me to take communion to a gentlewoman in England. Having spent some considerable time with her, I got to the knot of her crisis – she needed to sell a herd of her cattle, so I sold them on her behalf to of all people the Army. About to reply "Jack of all trades", Maj Pollard barked "Don't know your job, Padre? Don't know your job? I'll tell you what your job is, Padre. It's to get out among the troops, seek all the idlers and report them to me!" He was standing at the urinal at the time, so I gently pushed him forward.

How grateful I have been all my life to the soldiers of 1 QUEENS who taught me how to behave and how to be a soldier!

4 QUEENS last posting was as Demonstration Battalion at the School of Infantry at Warminster. I was in Support Company and we were based at the Support Weapons Wing, Netheravon, which was affectionately known as the 'Country Club'. Discipline was very lax - I don't remember a muster parade, our duties were very repetitious assisting the various courses. A lot of days, people just sat around between courses being bored in a picturesque location, with nothing to do and nowhere to go. Atkins wasn't happy! One day, one of the married soldiers, who lived in a hiring a few miles away and got the bus to work, failed to show up. Lt Lowery, the Mortar Platoon commander was a very popular easy-going Rhodesian. He asked me to accompany him to the soldier's hiring, which was a caravan, to find out why the soldier hadn't shown up for work. Upon arrival, Lt Lowery knocked on the caravan door, where upon the soldier's wife answered it. She said her husband wasn't coming back to work, because the sergeant had shouted at him for something that wasn't his fault, and it was always her husband that had to clean the mud off the mortar equipment. Lt Lowery and I just stood there trying not to laugh. Finally, Lt Lowery assured her, as her husband's boss, that he would ensure her husband would be treated fairly in future. This seemed to pacify her, and a very sheepish soldier rode back to Netheravon with us, with no further action being taken.

Rodger Bourne

THE TRUTH BEHIND LT COL PETER HUBERT'S HELICOPTER CRASH

By Paul LeMasonry

I was hunting through some books today and came across the Journal from 2017. I started to thumb through it and came across the obituary of Lt Col Peter Hubert. I don't know how I missed this the first-time round, but I was very interested in the account in the second paragraph of the number of helicopter crashes he was involved in. But I was more interested in the one regarding the crash in Germany in 1979.

In the obituary, it mentioned his driver, who was me, being in the crash, and so, as I know first-hand what transpired on that trip, I thought that I would share it.

I was working in 0B (Zero Bravo) with the Royal Signals guys and I was tasked to be his driver first in the APC (0B) and later in his Landrover. I believe we were in Soltau training when he wanted me to remain with the Landrover at Soltau camp whilst the rest were on the training area. It was my job to rendezvous with the Major (as he was then) so he could return to camp for whatever reasons he had. On this occasion, he wished to do a reconnaissance and I asked if I could tag along for the ride. I can't recall the time of year exactly, but it was still warm, but I do recall that sunset was a couple of hours away.

We took off from Soltau camp, with the pilot instructing me that, if anything were to happen, that I was to yank on the door device, which would eject them. We took off and completed the recce, the weather was bright, but the sun was low in the sky as dusk was beginning to set in. We were at high altitude and the pilot dropped down and began to follow nap of the earth. I don't think that there was any particular reason for him to do this and I presumed he was showing off his prowess as a pilot. In

doing so, we came across a large dip in the ground filled with water; what I didn't notice, and Maj Hubert said he did, were the electricity poles, or at least the wires going across the area we were flying into. The poles were hidden in the trees either side of the dip. The type of electricity poles we are talking about are those with three wires, one on top and two below. The helicopter was a Gazelle, not a Sioux as in the obituary, and the pilot was unaware of the wires, as I was, until he had struck them. The aircraft then began to shake or reverberate very violently (I was a bit upset with the officer on the Board of Inquiry who decided I would not know the meaning of that word and had it changed to 'shake'. I did say that reverberate was a better description, but shake was fine!). The doors flew open as he fought to gain control, but he managed to 'land' the helicopter on its skids. The pilot remained fully conscious throughout, shut down the engine, parked the rotors and ordered us to get out once he had done that. The pilot then went round the aircraft with a fire extinguisher just in case anything had caught alight. The tail section had come away from the main body with the force of the landing.

Once we had ascertained we were uninjured, Maj Hubert decided we were close enough to a camp and he would hot-foot it off to get help. I stayed with the pilot trying to calm him down as he cursed and swore at what had just happened. Before the light faded, I noticed that two of the three control rods had been severed on the main rotor blades and the two lower wires of the electricity line had been severed as well. The rotors had gone in between the top and lower set of wires.

I never knew the outcome of the Board of Inquiry but at least we all survived.

Bizarre Meetings

In 1989 (having left the Army in 1979) when I was crossing Southampton Street in Covent Garden to enter my office, just opposite the junction with Maiden Lane, I swerved to avoid this chap, we apologised in the usual English way, looked at each other and both said "What are you doing here?".

It was WOII Kevin Brown. We then met for lunch and kept up with each other for years.

Tim McDermott



THE PERILS OF JOINING THE REGIMENT

By Bill Knight-Hughes

When I joined the Regiment at the beginning of the 1970s, the tradition of welcoming new officers with an extended practical joke was very much alive across the Army. This practice might be dying out in these regressive times, so I thought I might review the custom before it entirely disappears.

The whole concept was based on the complete gullibility of the new arrival. It must be said that the extent and complexity of the wheeze was something of a compliment to the new arrival. It was a miserable subaltern who could not boast on the Platoon Commanders Course about what had happened to him and how it had all ended up. In its defence, the officers also wanted to make the admittance of a new member to their family a memorable and amusing occasion.

There were three unwritten, but very strict rules for the planned gag: the first being that it should only concern officers and that absolutely no soldiers should be involved. The joke could only run until first parade on the next working day - unlucky the newcomer who arrived on a Friday evening!; lastly, the whole thing was suspended if the battalion was on operational duty (strict rules were often broken).

Over the years, there evolved quite distinct genres for these gags, one of the most common and most fruitful being the 'escaped prisoner' wheeze. The basic idea being that the new officer was required to escort a prisoner - ostensibly a deserter, who inevitably escaped, from his arrival airport or station back to the battalion. This simple situation provided a multitude of variations but the whole thing was basically designed to place the new officer in an embarrassing position when he arrived. This offered endless further possibilities for the role-playing officers waiting in the Mess.

I arrived at the 2nd Battalion on a wintry night in January 1973 with Dick Whithouse, after being picked up at RAF Gütersloh. I can't remember anything special about our pickup or journey to Albuhera Barracks in Werl, but immediately on arrival at the mess, we were met by two mess stewards with the then perfectly reasonable sounding names Pte Means and Pte Parts played by John Pratten and David Wake respectively. They carried our bags to our rooms and opened them with much sucking of teeth and sighing. It was made plain to us that our civilian dress was well below standard and

that we were expected to dress for dinner immediately. We changed and were rushed to the bar. There we met a whole crowd of officers who briefly introduced themselves. Peter Cook was in the role of Commanding Officer and Peter McLelland was supposed to be the Adjutant. Parts and Means came round with trays of drinks, their thumbs marking the glasses that were not to be taken by the cast but left for us. This trick was only about 30% successful, so it was no great wonder that in a truly short time, we were all roaring drunk. Soon we were called to the dining room by a hitherto unnoticed NCO called Corporal Punishment. I think at this point I should perhaps have sussed that something was up. But I didn't. I can't speak for Dick Whithouse with whom I had long since lost contact in the bar. There ensued a chaotic dinner with Parts and Means flinging food onto plates and elsewhere to the shouted orders of Punishment, who like the rest of us was four sheets to the wind. I never actually got beyond the soup which was pure chili-sherry and undrinkable. And quite what my new brother officers had in store for us next, I never really found out, although I was certainly present for at least some of the rest of the evening. My memory chip doesn't record anything retrievable.

I woke the next morning and crept in to breakfast where Peter McLelland confirmed that he was actually the Senior Subaltern and took us down to Battalion HQ where we met the real Adjutant, Pat Gwilliam and the real CO, Mike Reynolds. I then moved on to A Company lines where Simon Boucher, the OC, gave me 1 Platoon - poor men! My new Platoon Sergeant, Sgt Roy Barnes, a profoundly serious Ulsterman, received me politely and immediately gave me some advice: *"Sir, always order the men to do what they are already doing. This will reinforce your authority and make you popular."* For some years thereafter, I was known for issuing entirely superfluous orders to play football, to lie around and smoke, or to take a NAAFI break. I still to this day reflect on whether this advice was only ironically meant or perhaps really an insight of cosmic genius into how to train young officers.

Years later, I was part of the cast that welcomed Jeff Cross and John Noble to the Battalion in Gibraltar. Playing myself as the straight guy in the gag, we got the two quite drunk in the Mess in the time-honoured fashion above, complete with Parts, Means and Punishment. I then took them to the BFBS studios where they both had a spoof live radio interview. The babbling nonsense

was recorded, and they were then supposed to meet the CO, played by Merrick Willis, who was to be outraged by their indiscretions. We never really got that far. They were so inebriated that Parts, now our driver, could only just flop the two of them over the tailgate into the back of our Landrover where they lay in a silly giggling heap.

I remember Simon Laidlaw shouting down from the balcony of the studios something like *"Parts! Get these officers to the mess and give them something to drink!"* An order my first platoon sergeant would certainly have approved of!

ESCAPE AND EVASION

By Bill Kempton

In February of 1967, shortly after I joined the 3rd Battalion in Lemgo, Germany, 120 of us took part in an exercise to test our resourcefulness and initiative on being escapees from a prisoner of war camp in enemy territory. In groups of three, over a period of two nights and three days, and with no other resources but a map and the clothes we stood up in, we were to make our way past three checkpoints, avoiding capture by enemy patrols. Points were awarded: 100 for the first team to reach each checkpoint, 99 for the second, and so on. Being captured cost a team 30 points, though we were set free again after a capture and 'interrogation'.

First, we were driven by 3-tonners to a fenced-off and guarded 'internment camp' in an abandoned quarry about 40 miles from Lemgo, in the Rinteln area. What made it more fun from the start was the fact that the guards, and the enemy patrols soon to be looking for us, were members of the German 212 Panzer Grenadiers. So it was just like the movies - *'The Great Escape'* all over again. Playing the game from the start, some of the prisoners managed to steal one of the Germans' rifles, then strip it down and distribute the parts. It was eventually returned, after a plea by umpires.

At dusk, the local 'resistance' smuggled in maps hidden in loaves of bread, ready for our escape. What made it even more fun was that the leader of my group, Sgt Rogers, had no intention of playing by 'the rules'. Well, in wartime if you're an escaped POW, you're not going to play by anyone's rules but your own, are you? So, he'd instructed us to sew money into our clothing (we were searched at the quarry), so as to make our travelling easier. He wasn't the only one to use such initiative - another group attempted to hijack one of the 3-tonners in the compound, but unfortunately failed.

In the evening, the wire was lifted and we were all off on our own. We teamed up with another trio at this time, consisting of Cpl Bull, Ken Taylor and Freddie Hunt. Before long, our group managed easily to catch a bus, and soon were heading towards the town of Rinteln. The bus driver turned out to be a great sport, and on

learning what we were up to, he had us lay on the floor as we passed a checkpoint on the bridge into town, then dropped us off not at the bus depot, where there might be more patrols, but in a deserted side street. This easy ride gave us so much spare time, we retired to a nearby pub for a few beers.

We hardly seemed like escaped POWs at all, then, as we raced the last few miles to Lemgo in a taxi, one member of our team singing away and far from sober. We just had to quieten him down for the final short hike up the wooded hill above the barracks to the well-known landmark there, the tower, to check in at our first RV.

It was now the middle of the night, and we were expected to keep going, but Sgt Rogers thought we'd be a lot more rested if we had at least a few hours sleep. But where? In barracks, of course! Good simple patrol craft got us down and through an unguarded back gate of Stornoway Barracks, and we actually slept in our own beds until first light.

The next day was not so easy. We had to 'duff up' (so my diary says!) a guard now at the back gate, then headed



Lemgo Tower



east on Route 66, avoiding scout cars, following a railway for a while, then stopping at a Gasthaus for some bratwurst. We did a few miles on foot, going mainly cross-country to avoid

patrols, but were seen by kids who alerted the enemy and we were finally captured after a lot of running. At an HQ, we were searched (3 QUEENS personnel did the actual interrogations) then were dropped off near Bad Pyrmont. We climbed what seemed like a mountain, stopped at yet another gasthaus, then paid a German to drive us to the next checkpoint by car. Many of the other teams were already there.

It was dark by this time, and after a rest in a barn, we embarked on the most difficult leg, to the final checkpoint. All the German guards seemed to be patrolling this very area, and we very nearly got caught again. It was very rough country too - ploughed fields,

then downhill for a mile on a hill so steep it was hard to stand up. The final checkpoint was at the bottom on a road by a river and a pub, and we were served hot stew and tea, before being ferried back to Lemgo. Arriving at 0500, we went straight to bed, exercise over. I have no recollection of how we scored in points, but it had been great fun.



Stornoway Barracks, Lemgo

THE POWER OF MUSIC

By Paul LeMasonry

It was a balmy summer's day during the week of the Brigade Rifle Meeting on the Tidworth Ranges when the power of music to influence events was amply demonstrated. The visiting Divisional Commander had challenged the Brigade Commander to find a six-member team to beat his team at the falling plates. Now it was well known that the Divisional Commander's team, found from the divisional troops, was well-nigh unbeatable even though a little on the portly side.

A falling plate competition involves two lines of up to twenty-four metal plates, one line per team. Each plate is a foot square, painted white and placed on a sand ledge constructed halfway up the butts. Two teams of up to six riflemen with ten rounds each line up on the four hundred metre firing point. On the signal, both teams run to the two hundred metre firing point and on arrival attempt to knock down the plates. The winning team is the one that knocks down its row of plates first and, in the event of a tie, the one with the most ammunition left wins. Should one of the plates fall during the run down, a false start is signalled and both teams return to the four hundred metre firing point to start again after the plate has been repositioned.

Faced with the challenge, the Brigade Commander started to select his team from the Regiments under his command. It was a good team but he recognised that he would need a bit more than luck if he were to be sure of winning. To this end, he summoned the officer in charge of the butts and requested that, just after the

signal to start the run down one of the plates was to fall thereby creating a false start and recall to start again. He then requested the presence of the Bandmaster of the Regimental Band that was providing the musical background to the meeting.

As both teams lined up, the tension rose, speculation was rife, and the old sweats were busy taking bets amongst the growing crowd of spectators. The favourites remained the Divisional Commander's team. The signal to start was given and, to the strains of *'The William Tell Overture'*, both teams set off at the run for the two hundred metre firing point. Galvanized by the music, the Divisional Commander's team galloped down the range. A couple of plates fell, and a false start was duly signalled just as the Divisional Commander's team approached the two hundred metre point. Panting and out of breath, they returned to the four hundred metre point. The Brigadier's Team, who had ignored the fast pace of the music and lagged some eighty metres behind, were therefore not fatigued and also returned.

Once again, the signal to start was given and, this time, to the strains of *'The Teddy Bears Picnic'*, both teams set off. This time, ignoring the slow beat of the music, the Brigadier's Team charged down the range and, not having run so fast and furiously the first time, arrived at the firing point well ahead. This gave them the edge they needed to down all their plates before their rivals. The Brigadier's team were declared the winners. Thus was demonstrated the power of music to influence events.

THE PERILS OF EXERCISES AND TRAINING

By Bill Knight-Hughes

Incidents on exercises or during training are essentially trivial. There is nothing at stake and if danger arises, then it was, in any case, bad training. Realism is great, but training should above all else be safe, shouldn't it?

So, I hesitate to recount anecdotes about things that happened on training. What did it matter then? What does it matter now? Still the Regimental Magazine is a monster that has to be fed! So here is some more copy. (Ed: *I don't know what he means!*)

One of the exercises that 1 Pl, A Coy, 2 QUEENS took part in while in Germany in the 70s was an RAF exercise called 'PEG OUT'. This was an annual two-week event for a RAF Wessex helicopter squadron, which practised its deployment in the field with all the attendant logistic and command problems. For this purpose, they needed a reason to fly around north Germany and this was provided by having an infantry platoon split down into its sections, which were then ferried about for one thing or another. That was us. Sometimes we were picked up for a drop somewhere or for a night attack on one of their echelon positions, sometimes we were resupplied. Sometimes we regrouped or were once again dispersed. For us, the whole thing was like a camping holiday with helicopters. My abiding memory of these exercises is one of complete disorientation. Taking place over two entire federal states of Germany, I obviously could not carry the mapping for such a large area with me and what map-sheets I had were often 50 Kms apart. I am not sure if we ever managed to RV with anybody and I hadn't a clue where we were, which will be of little surprise to any squaddie who has followed an officer with a map!

Our regiment has an affiliation with Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry or 'PPCLI' which is scarcely any easier to say after a decent Corunna Majors' lunch, but anyway... in Werl we had a very popular captain from this regiment seconded to us called Happ Stutt, who served as Peter Cheeseman's 2IC in C Coy. Happ was a Ranger. This qualification brought with it a generous disregard for British Army customs and a complete dysfunction concerning the British soldier. Two small examples suffice: a lesson in 'knife-fighting' with bayonets in their scabbards, which instantly produced five injured men with stab wounds. Then there was the 'Ranger Exercise' in which there were 'No Rules' which

left poor Happ wondering why the truck in which he was taking the troops to their drop-off point was completely empty when he got there.

My platoon was attached to C Coy for a fire power demonstration for the Staff College at Sennelager. After a week of dreary rehearsals - all we had to do was open fire when the radio-controlled targets showed and stop firing when they disappeared - we arrived at the climax of the week. The night before at the evening 'O' Group, Peter Cheeseman had announced that he had to leave the demo immediately it ended, and that Happ was to coordinate the return of the company group to our barracks in Werl. So as the last shot fell, we waited patiently in our positions while the audience departed.

At last came Happ's voice came over the combat team net. We were very attentive - after all there was much to arrange: ammunition return, convoy back to Sennelager Barracks, clean up and handover of accommodation, route and order of march, recovery, securing the vehicles, weapon cleaning and hand in to the Armoury, late dinner and so on. Finally, Happ spoke! "*Drivers! Hurt yourselves!*" And that was it! The complete recovery to barracks in three words! Surely the Ranger School would have fair busted with pride at such military concision. Across the CT Net there was a moment of shocked silence. Without a pause for the order to be rescinded, we flung all our ammo into boxes at the range, raced back to Sennelager, ripped everything out of the accommodation block, threw it all into the 432s and careered off down Route 1 - Paderborn, Lippstatt and Soest suffering an uncontrolled high speed race of A and C Coys' armour through their centres, smoking breakdowns, torn-up asphalt and flying cobblestones in their wake. Only when my platoon reached Werl did the calm efficiency of the good CSM reassert itself. So much for seconds-in-command!

One day we were taken to Germany as part of EX CRUSADER where we participated in the rehearsal of an idea very popular at the time (because it had happened in France in 1944) of positioning anti-tank weapons over a very large area and in considerable depth to form a network of interlocking strongpoints with plenty of space between them. The idea was to entice the masses of expected Soviet armour deep into this web of anti-



tank resources and there to inflict so much damage on him that he might have to stop and enable us to counterattack. I leave it to greater minds than my own to assess in retrospect

whether all this would have worked, or if we could simply have wasted the lot of them with air superiority and a fleet of American A10s!

The whole affair would have been instantly forgettable if it hadn't been for the fate of one of our platoon commanders, James Turk, a very amiable and competent young officer in A Coy. His platoon was positioned around a tiny hamlet with several farm buildings and only one real house in which resided a lonely German lady. James had naturally gone to the house to explain what we were doing there and to apologise for any inconvenience; and of course to adjust our positions and routine to minimize disruption to the household. This first interview evidently went very well indeed, and James emerged from the house with snacks and refreshments for his platoon. Over the course of about

two weeks, his invitations to the house became more frequent and the hospitality ever more generous until he was sometimes even required to stay overnight. But James was not an officer to neglect his duties, and he assiduously attended all 'O' Groups, stand-tos and other parts of the exercise, only it quickly became apparent to his troops that his constitution was suffering under the strain. The men in turn realised that their comfort and wellbeing was largely dependent on James keeping it up as it were. After all, they got freshly brewed coffee, hot showers, a sit-down crap in the warm, and even a laundry service, not to mention an endless supply of home baked German pastries. As 2IC, I visited all the positions every day and was touched to see how the men cared for and pampered their officer during the day to ensure his further efficiency by night. If he was sleeping when I visited, I was on no account allowed to wake him. If a platoon representative was required for an 'O' Group or briefing at short notice, an NCO volunteered with alacrity.....(Ed: *The veracity of this story cannot be verified, but if Mr Turk would like his solicitors to contact Bill Knight-Hughes directly, I would be grateful.*) It wasn't long after this that the Battalion was sent to North Armagh for an emergency tour. Who needs downtime?

THE INCONSEQUENTIAL MUSINGS OF THE QUEEN'S VICAR - PART 2

By the Rev Basil Pratt

3 QUEENS

My next QUEENS fix was with the 3rd Battalion on Ex BOLD GUARD when I was also responsible for 1 PARA, 3 Field Workshop REME and a Field Ambulance.



In a bar the location of which is lost in the fog of time!

The REME lads for amusement coloured my tent at the end of the exercise with coloured chalks representing 'Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat!' At the end of the exercise, I was requested to drink with the 3 QUEENS Drums Platoon. When I emerged, I was caught by the Drum Major of 1 PARA and told that I was required to celebrate with them also – you can guess the result. When I emerged, I knew I only had a limited time to find my tent. I brought to mind the gesture of my friends and was able

to spot my tent from a great distance – ‘Oh Joy, Oh Rapture’ – a green maggot!

I was chaplain to 3 QUEENS on EX HICKORY STICK. While driving in Canada, we were cut off by a group of cars. I got out and asked the fellow if there was anything we could do to help, and I was told that we were to be killed – no reason was given. My reply was that they ought to do it in the proper sequence as I was the Padre and my companion was the medical officer – they departed! Strange people, the Canadians!



Burt Lancaster and Marilyn Monroe in 'River of No Return'

I think that it was Gavin Bulloch who was commanding. Anyway, he asked if I would run a white-water canoe expedition in the Rockies. We were to paddle down the Kananaskis River. This was the water they filmed in 'River of No Return' with Marilyn Monroe and Burt Lancaster, during which there was nothing but white water. When we got there wasn't enough water to float a single canoe.

Previously, I had served with the Regiment in Bessborough and the RSM invited me to the WOs' and Sgts' Mess. He insisted I stand up and sing the RACHD song. I replied that we didn't have one, much to his shock, and so I was ordered to stand up and sing three verses of 'Sussex by the Sea'. Fortunately, I knew them all and the other guests were instructed to do the same – wonderful atmosphere, great leadership!

A soldier complained that he had always wanted to be married in church but was denied as he was not baptised. His view was wrong – he could, according to Canon Law; but by the time I got it sorted out, it would be too late. I asked if he believed in God. "Yes!" was the reply. The next question was whether he was an honest fellow and if he could provide any evidence – in trooped half a dozen Queensmen to affirm his honesty. I baptised him on the spot as there could be no greater proof, gave him a certificate and his great wish became possible.

Another soldier said that he wanted to give an engagement ring to his girlfriend but there was no opportunity to get out and purchase one because of the security situation. I replied that the Queen had provided me with a vehicle specifically for this purpose and the following day we toured most of Northern Ireland looking for one which we eventually managed. Not sure what I put on the work ticket!

All happy days with another great QUEENS battalion.

Bizarre Meetings

While stationed at Bow Street Police Station in central London, several colleagues and I had to attend the firearms school at Lippitt's Hill. Boarding the coach, we went to Cannon Row Police Station to pick up a further batch of Bobbies, most of whom we either knew or had worked with. I had sat in the back of the coach as I am wont to do and a PC from Cannon Row sat next to me, I had never seen him before. We started to chat, and I asked him where he was from and he replied Ashford (Kent). I said I used to live in Ashford. He replied, I lived in Birling Road. Somewhat taken aback, I replied, so did I What number? Back came the answer, number 5. Well I nearly fell off my seat when he said that, because I too had lived at number 5. It transpired that his parents bought our house from us when we sold up to move to London. We became firm friends and when his mother retired, they bought a house just around the corner from us in Chippenham in Wiltshire. How does this fit 'Bizarre Meetings' regimentally? Both our fathers served in the Buffs. (Ed: Pretty tenuous link but close enough for government work!)

John Ireland



THE NIREP

By Nick Keyes

During 1 QUEENS' 1982-85 tour in Omagh, a company was deployed forward to the Fermanagh border, with its headquarters in the police station at Lisnaskea; and one of the delights of being the Company Ops Officer there was sending the nightly NIREP - to the Battalion, to be forwarded to Brigade - summing up the day's events. Or lack of them. The fact is things were pretty quiet down in that part of the country. I recall the report had to begin with a brief summary, which on previous tours of Belfast and Londonderry, I was told by old sweats, might read 'A very busy day with 3 shooting incidents, 18 car bombs and a prison break'. Not so in Fermanagh. Days were long, and once when a very powerful transmission broke into the Company frequency, and the Ops Room filled with a deafening performance of the first movement of Beethoven's 'Pastoral' Symphony - 'Cheerful Feelings on Arrival in the Countryside' - it seemed somehow appropriate. So how then to summarise the days? 'A quiet day'. 'Another quiet day'. And eventually 'A very boring day'. No-one at Brigade Headquarters complained. Perhaps no-one was reading the NIREPS. And so it went on. 'A staggeringly boring day'. 'A dull day broken only by heavy rain showers'. And my favourite, composed I think by Les Edwards, the Battalion Ops Officer: 'A day of mind-numbing tedium'. And still no-one complained.

One evening, I was in the Ops Room, putting the finishing touches to the NIREP, when over the radio came "Fire at XXX, we've got a fire". I can't remember now which checkpoint it was. We were occupying several checkpoints along the border - lonely little outposts controlling the roads in from the Republic, each manned

by a section, quite vulnerable - in fact, one of them, Derryard Bridge, was seriously attacked by PIRA in 1989, long after our time. I treated the call as a 'Contact, wait out'. Give them a moment. Was it an attack? Was all hell breaking loose? Long pause. I called them up on the radio. No response. Had the fire taken out the radio? Then I rang them on the telephone and got the section commander. "No problem, the fire's out now, no-one hurt, no big deal". Damage. "Er, just a sock, sir. Drying on the electric fire. Caught fire. Sock destroyed."

Finishing the NIREP, I briefly mentioned the fire - it was the only thing that had happened all day - and at the end of the report, added 'Task ASOC'. You may remember that this was the acronym referring to the RAF officer at Brigade Headquarters. Pleased by my witticism, I sent the thing off and went to bed.

Hours later, I was awoken from a deep sleep by the signaller. "Sir, you're wanted! In the Ops Room." Cursing, I pulled myself together and trotted in, to be offered the handset. "It's Brigade Headquarters, sir". What on earth do they want at this hour, I thought sleepily. "Ops Officer, Captain Keyes speaking." An angry little voice answered me: "I'm ASOC. It's three in the morning. What's the problem?" I pictured him. A furious little Wing Commander, in his Hush Puppies and his uniform pulled over his pyjamas, with his hair sticking up. Reader, I am ashamed to say I answered that I was very sorry, but I had no idea why he had been roused. "No sir, I don't understand. There must be some mistake. Yes sir. No, sir. I'm very sorry, sir. Goodnight, sir." I rose the following morn, a sadder and a wiser man.

1 Queen's, Werl, West Germany, circa 1977.

One weekend evening circa 1977 in the 6 Pl B Coy, 1 QUEENS block in Werl, I heard "The Good The Bad & The Ugly" being played loudly from the C Coy side of the building. I decided to investigate more closely. As I walked into the C Coy lines, I couldn't help but notice the smell of smoke. There, sitting cross-legged on the floor, were Martin Guilfoyle and Titch Davy with grey army blankets slit in the middle as ponchos, wearing sombreros, listening to the loud music and cooking some compo rations in a mess tin on an open fire on the floor made from a broken chair, the remains of which were lying nearby. A black army mug filled with beer was proffered in my direction. Laughing, I joined them at the fireside. Amazingly the resulting damage was only a scorched floor tile, along with the chair which was probably soon replaced from another company's lines!

Mike Hurman



Cpl Vann



HMS Undaunted

HMS UNDAUNTED

GIBRALTAR HARBOUR 1978

By Bill Knight Hughes

At the time that the 2nd Battalion was stationed in Gibraltar, there was an old de-commissioned destroyer called HMS Undaunted moored at the dockside. HMS Undaunted was a U-class destroyer that saw service during World War II. She was later converted into a Type 15 fast anti-submarine frigate. We were allowed to use her hulk as a sort of training area for imaginary close quarter battle (CQB) situations. These little exercises accompanied by thunderflashes and smoke grenades were great fun and provided a backdrop for some quite dramatic photography and useful training.



Cpl Stones



THE LAYING OF THE CABLE

By Bill Knight Hughes

One day in Gibraltar, the then big company that dominated the Territory, Cable and Wireless decided to lay a new cable connecting their equipment on the East (Watershed) side to the switching centres on the West (Town) side. The cable must have been two or more kilometres in length, thick as a Carl Gustav (84mm) and very heavy. In addition, in order to avoid having to run it up one side of the Rock and down the other, it had to be passed through the mountain via one of the many tunnels that honeycomb the whole feature.

This was one those times when modern technology offered no easy solution so that man has to revert to the methods that were used to build Stonehenge and the Pyramids, that is to say with large numbers of people. Cable and Wireless did not have a big workforce so, I imagine that for a donation to the Army Benevolent Fund, our Commanding Officer, Chris Champion, was persuaded to offer the Battalion as a temporary workforce.



Laying of the Cable



L-R Ptes Medhurst, Harman and Mathews

So it was that hundreds of us paraded down at the docks one day to help lay the cable. Needless to say, the Regimental Sergeant Major, WO1 (RSM) MJ Aylward coordinated the whole affair. This involved us lining up at a huge cable drum from which the cable was led out, and then, with one man for every two metres of cable, lugging the cable in a long snake up the serpentine and winding lanes of the city, into a tunnel, through the mountain and out onto the so-called Watershed on the other side, and then right up to the top under the lip of the cliff where the equipment was stationed.

Like a vast gang of coolies, we were a strange and unusual spectacle as we sweated our way to the top. The longer the cable became, the heavier and more arduous the work. Men at the front of the

cable had not just to bear its weight but also to overcome the ever-increasing resistance and drag from behind. By the time we began mounting the Watershed side, we could only make headway in short fits and starts with frequent pauses to rest. It was a long, hot day.

NEVER VOLUNTEER

By Russell 'Lugs' Murray

In Gibraltar in 1978, the Fleet with HMS Ark Royal paid us a visit on their way back to the UK. A boxing match was arranged between us and the Navy and yet again I volunteered to get involved. I always was a sucker for punishment. I was boxing as a featherweight then - those were the days! I'm just a fat git now! I had only ever been in the ring once before and had the misfortune to be matched against a lad who had fought at least 40 times as an amateur. I was outclassed to say the least but I'm happy to say someone even managed to take a photo of the only time I managed to hit him!

Like I said, never volunteer!



HMS ARK ROYAL at Gibraltar 2 October 1978



2 QUEENS Boxing Team 1978. 'Lugs' Murray Front Row 2nd on the Right



Being shown the way



The one and only punch



MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO THE OPPOSITION

By Nick Keyes

One of the bizarre effects of joining the Army after university was arriving in Northern Ireland for my first tour in the rank of Captain, and as a company Ops Officer, in 1 QUEENS then based in Omagh for a resident tour. So on 27 January 1983, I found myself zooming up the road to Strabane with WO2 Chalky White and an Anti-Tank Platoon patrol in two Landrovers. I had recently handed over the platoon and knew them all very well - what an excellent team they were. We were heading for a golf course outside Strabane, and the mission was to search it for hidden weapons. Cordon - booby traps - pressure pads - snipers - in and out quickly - a few things to think about on the way.

Whizzing past Sion Mills Police Station, did I notice a car parked illegally against the blast wall? Was it already there? I'm still not sure. But before we reached the golf course, over the radio came the news of a car bomb at the place we had just passed, so we turned about and hurtled back. Before I had even got out of the Rover, Chalky was putting the Anti-Tanks into a cordon and road block, and so it was pretty clear what to do - with the rest of them, I ran down to arrange the other half of the cordon. It was a busy, straight, fast road and we were soon stopping cars and sending them away, and just about to start clearing the houses opposite when the bomb went off. We all hit the deck, and as I threw myself down, I saw Private Duffy blown off his feet. "Duff's dead" I thought, "I put him too close". It was the worst moment of my life. Windows shattered in the houses, the hard rain of bits of car came pattering down, and then crash! the engine block, still in one enormous piece. A few moments later, Pte Duffy stood up, and an unforgettable torrent of swear words

filled the air. Any foreigner learning how to swear in English was missing a master class. Duff was OK, that grin returned, and he was still grinning the last time I told this story, at a 1 Queens Herne Bay reunion many years ago.

As I digested this wonderful moment of his resurrection, I heard squeaking behind me. Squeak, squeak, squeak. I turned round to see an incredibly old man in a very old tweed suit on a bike. I put my hand up. "Sir, you can't come through here, it's still dangerous" I said. "Oh no, oi'll be alright, son" he replied, and gave me a card. As I read the card, he gently pushed past me and started putting his cards through the letterbox of each house. He was a glazier.

No-one was hurt, not even the few policemen in the station - they had heard about the warning phone call from PIRA, legged it out the back before we showed up and disappeared - but the police station was utterly trashed. My first experience of the opposing team - I'm glad it was with the Anti-Tanks. Thank you, gentlemen. And thank you, Chalky.



And Sion Mills RUC Station (a few miles to the south of Strabane) was blown up by a car bomb on 27th January 1983. No casualties again.



In 1974, whilst on patrol in Corporation Street, I came across two Norwegian sailors standing on a street corner and decided to check them out because it was 1am in the morning and I had nothing better to do. They had got lost, so we put them in a Landrover and took them back to the ship. When I returned to base, I wrote my patrol report as follows: 'Whilst on patrol in Corporation Street I came across two Norwegian sailors. On approaching them I said: "Hello sailors" to which they replied "Nice!"'. The next morning, I went into the Ops Room and Capt John Acworth, my platoon commander, was on duty and. I said to him: "Give me last night patrol report, Sir and I'll write you a proper one." He said: "Too late sailor, it's on its way round the battalion!" and that's how I got the nickname of 'Sailor'.

John Taylor

DOES NOTHING CHANGE?

FIELD GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.	2831 2333 Pte Humby C.R. 36th Battalion was tried by Field General Court Martial on 16th February 1916.
	CHARGED WITH
	When on Active Service At CANTEN CORNER at about 7-15 a.m. on 7th February 1916/ disobeying, in such a manner as to show a wilful defiance of Authority, a lawful command given personally by his superior Officer, in that he when personally ordered by A/C.S.M. Wilthew R.E. "C" Coy 36th Battalion to get out of bed and go on fatigue parade did not do so, at the same time saying "I am not going to get up, you can go and fuck yourself"
<u>Plea.</u>	GUILTY
<u>Finding</u>	GUILTY
<u>SENTENCE</u>	Twelve months imprisonment with hard labor.
<u>Remarks.</u>	Sentence commuted to sixty days P.R. No. 1. by Lieut Colonel H.A. Goddard, Commanding 9th A.I. Bgde.
	<i>W.H. Dunn J.R.</i> Adjutant, 36th Battalion A.I.F.

AND THE OFFICERS WERE NO BETTER BEHAVED!

From: Major R J Eustace AAC

654 Squadron
4 Regiment Army Air Corps
British Forces Post Office 41
Detmold Military Extension 370

Adjutant
5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards
British Forces Post Office 16

5 February 1992

Dear Guy.

I am now in a position to let you have a break down of the costs incurred by your officers. To date I have yet to receive any letter of apology which I find quite extraordinary considering the seriousness of the complaint.

I have tried to itemize as much as possible:

Camera	£
3 x camousel tops	150
1 x bra	30
1 x suspender belt	7
5 x knickers	5
6 x wall hooks plus labour (PSA estimate)	25
	75
Total	£292

I have written a similar letter to the Adjutant of the Queens and how you divide the costs I will leave up to the both of you. I would, however, like to get this matter concluded as soon as possible.

Yours Age
Robert Eustace



MUSIC TO MAKE YOUR FEELINGS KNOWN

By Peter Barrow

In Gibraltar, it was the custom for the Resident Battalion to provide a ceremonial guard for the Governor's Residence, The Convent. The Changing of the Guard Ceremony, complete with band, took place every Monday at 11 o'clock in the square outside the front entrance of the Residence. The Ceremony was presided over by the Governor and his wife, the Commanding Officer of the Resident Battalion and the Company Commander of the company providing the Guard. In addition, the Governor used to invite other guests and dignitaries to watch the ceremony. The assembled group would appear on the balcony overlooking the square precisely at 10.59hrs. The Ceremony had also become a spectacle to be watched by the local residents and a not inconsiderable number of tourists and visitors. It was, in its limited scale, akin to the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

Apart from a constant round of guard duty and with limited space for realistic military training, there was the feeling that the Resident Battalion could be used as a pool of disciplined labour. Fatigue parties were often required for a variety of tasks connected with the maintenance of the Rock as a naval and military base. Not unnaturally, these duties did not find favour with the rank and file and there were mutterings of 'rock apes' and 'slaves'.

It was to give vent to these feelings that the Commanding Officer visited the Bandmaster in his office in the band practice room. He asked if the Band could play a certain piece of music and whether this could be used as the incidental music played during the inspection of the Governor's Guard. He was assured that both were possible and that, given time for practice the Band would be ready to perform the piece in a couple of weeks' time.

The Monday arrived and there was a good assembly on the balcony of the Governor's Residence and a large crowd in the square to watch the ceremony. On cue, as the inspection started, the Band struck up with The Hebrew Slaves Chorus from 'Nabucco'. The music rose from its muted beginning to full volume and redolent with feeling. *"That was a lovely bit of music,"* said the Governor's wife, *"and beautifully played. I hope that it will not be too long before you play it again."*

Thereafter, whenever, the Commanding Officer felt that the Battalion was being put upon, the Band would give vent to the feeling by playing that piece of music at the guard mounting ceremony. Slowly, the number of people who understood the significance of what was being done grew. Fortunately, the Battalion was posted back to the UK before the secret became public knowledge and we got away with it.

SPIRIT COMBAT

By Bill Knight-Hughes

From the very first day I joined the Regiment, there was something that made me proud, and that was the many black soldiers we had. A number of them were of West Indian extraction but they were now mostly Londoners. I liked them. I liked the way they looked. I liked the way they spoke. I liked their music. They were great sportsmen and they gave us a crack cricket team.

My first years with the 2nd Battalion were in Werl in the early seventies, and these were probably difficult times for black soldiers in the Army. (Were there ever any easy times?) Apart from all our own home-grown prejudices, there were all the social currents and influences from America with the Black Power movement and Soul styles added in to make our black soldiers feel alienated and perhaps uncomfortable. In our battalion, the men

reacted by forming a private little in-club, and by learning and practising a special martial art, which they called 'Spirit Combat'. They would meet in the evenings in the Judokan and train. Naturally, no white soldiers were ever invited to join in, but sometimes, in off duty moments, we would ask a black soldier to tell us about this sport and he would proudly show us the moves, while we gently mocked him.

A decade later, we found ourselves a world away from those grey German winters and in beautiful, sunny, Mediterranean Gibraltar. Here we had a great deal to do with the Navy. We all quickly learned what a strange person 'Jack' was, whatever his rank, but also that he was generous to a fault. We had endless invitations to all their messes, and I remember particularly a deranged

afternoon in the Petty Officers' Mess on HMS Hermes, which culminated in a bizarre patriotic ritual centred on an object apparently retrieved from the toilet of the Royal Yacht Britannia and now lacquered and mounted in a small glass case like a religious relic. Further description of this ceremony would, I think, stretch the readers' credulity and perhaps also cast doubt on our collective sanity. But it does bring me neatly to HMS Hermes, where we all found ourselves one evening for a triangular boxing match between our battalion, HMS Devonshire and HMS Hermes.

The event was staged in the hangar of the aircraft carrier moored in the harbour on a rough night. At least 600 of us were arranged as spectators in the usual way around the ring. The officers and SNCOs were all sitting together, but the men were mostly placed in fiercely partisan sections of the seating by unit affiliation. The whole evening had been preceded by plenty of convivial hospitality and so we were all well relaxed and in a suitably sporting frame of mind for the coming spectacle.

Everything proceeded agreeably and fully in keeping with the very strict rules of Services' Amateur Boxing. The three teams were pretty evenly matched and as the bouts progressed through the weight classes the Battalion held its end up against the two ships very well. Occasionally the carrier would lurch as the men sparred, causing some to stumble in a comical way and sometimes even completely miss the opponent, which also gave the tournament some unexpected light relief.

At the end of the evening, finally, we reached the climax of the competition - the heavyweight fight. For this bout, the battalion was paired off against HMS Devonshire. In one corner was our man, Corporal Jackson, a widely liked and respected gentle giant from our Regimental Police, and a tall, athletic and well-muscled British West Indian.

In the opposing corner stood a short, solid, weirdly tattooed and brutal-looking stoker with a bullet head and a face that seemed to have been progressively flattened by repeated blows from a coal shovel. For the first time that evening, we feared a little for our fighter. The men were announced to a roar of welcoming applause and shouting from their supporters. The bell rang and the fight began.

What then occurred happened so quickly that the reader will wonder why this anecdote needed to be so long-winded. But anyway... at the bell, Stoker Snooks advanced to the centre of the ring with loud pneumatic noises jabbing the air in a most impressive way. Our man Jackson, seemingly non-plussed by all this, took a single step towards the stoker and abruptly dropped into a sort of half crouch and waved his arms in a mystical way above his head.

From all around the hangar came gasps of astonishment and disbelief and the first shouts of protest. But some of us in the dark were suddenly transported back to bleak Werl in 1972... it was Spirit Combat!

Jackson hardly moved! He sort of straightened up, and just seemed to stroke the side of the Stoker Snook's head lightly. The sailor went down like a felled ox! The referee counted him out. Uproar ensued! A team of coaches leaped into the ring and tried to resuscitate their fallen champion. Brawls broke out at the back of the spectator seats. Corporal Jackson retired to a neutral corner and just looked on with an embarrassed smile.

It was some time before order was restored. The referee and judges dismissed the many protests. Jackson was declared the victor. I remembered Spirit Combat and just wish I had been inculcated into the art!

On 9 Oct '71, my birthday, Pte John Girdler and I arrived in Belfast docks to join the 3rd Bn in Ballykinler. The soldiers there could not believe what was in front of them - two young sprogs in full No 2s. Before we knew what was what, we were thrown into the back of a Lanny with suitcases and kit bags thrown on top of us. With lights flashing, horn beeping and up and down pavements at high speed, we ended up at the Mill to be faced by one steaming RSM. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he said. My reply was: "The 4th Battalion Sgt told us that you always present yourself to a new battalion in full No 2s." "####" was his answer. We were taken to Mulhouse St to join our new Company. You can imagine the laughter, embarrassment and piss-take that ensued!

Peter Jones



THE OMEX PATROL

By John 'Bluey' Hedges

In 1968, I was a young, good-looking corporal in C Company, 1 QUEENS, becoming an old sweat in the heat of Bahrain. My platoon, under the command of the Coy 2IC, Capt Paul Gray, was sent to Sharja and then onto Oman in the Trucial States. Once there, we commenced the Omex patrol up and beyond the Jebel Akhdar or the Green Mountain in Oman.

During the guerrilla war, the SAS parachuted onto and captured Akhdar from the enemy insurgents. The troops were supported by the RAF. Unfortunately, one of the Venom fighter bombers was shot down by the rebels and the pilot, God bless him, was killed.

The photos are of some of the patrol, the crashed aircraft and sadly the grave of the pilot, Flt Lt Owen Wilkinson.



A serious but 'young and good-looking' Bluey Hedges



Venom Fighter Bomber



Pte Green, the Venom engine and Capt Paul Gray



The Grave of Flt Lt Owen Wilkinson



Pte Green



The Crashed Venom

SOJOURN IN PORTUGAL

(MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS) APRIL TO MAY 1986

By Mike Scott

B (Holland) Company 1 QUEENS, under Major Anthony Beattie, departed Gibraltar for Portugal in May 1986. Our Company followed A (Tangier) Company, under John Marcus, to conduct company-level training at Santa Margarida, dubbed Exercise OPEN DOOR. We were fortunate, for C (Sobraon) Company, under Malcolm Lawson, and Support (Quebec) Company, under Rocky Hitchcock, drew the short straws and deployed instead to Sennybridge and Otterburn.


By this stage, WO2 (CSM) Brian Kelling had taken over from Jimmy Juhel, whose farewell party had been something to behold. I was blessed with having Sgt Bob Allen as my 6 Pl Sgt. CSgt Ian Johnston was our CQMS, and in the stores was Cpl John 'Skunk' Irwin. Present still from Omagh days were Cpls 'Wis' Whistler and 'Jock' Waterson, the 'terrible twins', and Cpl 'Big Bad' Bob Fisher was on the cusp of moving on.

Another platoon character was Cpl 'Jim Bob' Robinson, who in a bizarre recruiting mix up hailed from Liverpool, of all places. One must also mention Pte John Belsham who, having attended one of my JNCO cadres during which all aspirants were required to sing '*Soldiers of the Queen*' by heart, had been inspired to get the Regimental cap-badge tattooed on his calf. Youngsters included Pte Danny Tillyer, and also the very talented Pte 'Reg' Hollis,

years later to be my RSM when I commanded the Royal Rifle Volunteers (now 7th Rifles).

On 20 April, the Seaborne Advance Party, led by Capt (QM) Vic Ebbens, departed Gibraltar by cargo ship, the *RAMAURICE*, destined for the Port of Faro, Portugal. Vic Ebbens had with him eleven soldiers, and ten vehicles were stowed aboard. They anticipated arriving at Faro 24 hours later. The following morning, the ship's captain duly pointed to the coastline and proudly announced 'Faro'. However, after some frenzied radio-calls to shore by the captain, it became clear that it was not Faro. Indeed, it soon became apparent that the ship's captain did not know where he was. Having difficulty in maintaining his patience, Vic Ebbens demanded an explanation. The captain sheepishly explained that during the night he had handed over navigation to the ship's cook!

It transpired they were still five hours steaming distance from Faro. Arriving later that afternoon, they were then informed by the harbour master that the ship would have to wait offshore and dock the following morning. However, the ship was unable to drop anchor because its chain was rusted up, and there was not enough fuel to maintain a circular steaming pattern through the night. Vic Ebbens had by now lost patience. The ship's captain, aware that violence was high on the agenda, managed



Live firing ranges



Stowing kit on the LILAIDA,
at Faro Port



Majors Philip Pearce (l)
and Anthony Beattie (r)



Lt Mike Scott (far left) and 6 Platoon



Pte Watters and Aitkenhead, debriefed by Sgt Bob Allen

to convey to the port authorities the imperative of docking that very same evening.

Despite this less than auspicious start, A Company completed its air move and commenced field training more or less as scheduled. In turn, B Company emplaned for its sojourn in Portugal. Santa Margarida was the garrison home turf of the 1st Portuguese Independent Mixed Brigade, and they were excellent hosts. Lt John Powell had deployed as A Company 2IC and, prior to our arrival, did sterling work in establishing the live firing ranges. The training area, comprising 400 square miles of rugged terrain, offered excellent facilities for a dismounted infantry company, and we made the most of it, there being no shortage of live ammunition.

Lt Col Mike Ball, our CO, had visited A Company, and thus Maj Philip Pearce, our Bn 2IC, flew in to see us in the field. As part of a defence sales project, B Company also demonstrated the new SA80 rifle. This proved extremely useful, for the following year we were the first battalion to deploy with the new rifle to Northern Ireland.

On 16 May, we celebrated Albuhera Day on a lakeshore, and set up a live HF radio link to the Battalion, 300 miles away, celebrating in usual style by the Nuffield swimming pool, Gibraltar; thus, husbands and wives were able to swap news. We also squeezed in some R&R and visited a Portuguese bullfight. Following an incident when a Scottish battalion had run amok, our MOD had decreed that troops should be confined to barracks. Regardless, and much to his credit, Anthony Beattie placed his career at risk and let our soldiers off the leash! A brave gamble, but it paid off.

Soon enough, it was time to return to Gibraltar. One of our soldiers had by then, however, found himself in the custody of the local police, so our Coy 2IC, Capt Jim Graham, had to remain behind. *(Ed: Anthony Beattie, our esteemed President, was, as Commanding Officer, also summoned to attend the Portuguese Army Chief of General Staff for an interview without coffee. He could not have been more charming and was in awe of the fact that our errant arrestee had demolished the porcelain lavatory in his holding cell barehanded.)* I, therefore, found myself taking his place and leading the QM's party with our vehicles and stores to the Port of Faro, for the return sea voyage to Gibraltar. What could possibly go wrong?

For this journey I had, as my wingman, Sgt Tovey REME. However, upon arriving at Faro, we discovered that our ship, the LILAIDA, had not even arrived in port. It was stuck in Trafalgar, having failed the ship's equivalent of

an MOT. Our earlier ship, the RAMAURICE, had been laid off for good reasons. But in true MOD wisdom, it had instead chartered the next cheapest Panama-registered rust-bucket as a replacement. Until the ship's arrival, the resident Portuguese infantry regiment kindly undertook to look after us. One cannot pretend that Faro was an unpleasant place to spend time, particularly given the legions of young female tourists in search of a holiday romance.

However, after a few days the novelty of not knowing when our ship might arrive started to wear somewhat thin, and nobody seemed to have much clue about her progress. I held twice-daily musters, for among my concerns was that the QM's soldiers might end up as guests of the local constabulary. Not an unreasonable assumption, I thought, given that chief amongst them was Cpl Ron Brill of the Domestic Pioneers. I promised them that if any of them failed to make muster, and if the ship arrived in their absence, we would depart without them. It evidently worked.

As the days passed, I realised we were in danger of failing to make the voyage to Gibraltar in time for the Glorious 1st of June. Nonetheless, I still had somehow to invite a lady to the Officers' Mess Ball. Prior to departing Gibraltar, I had spotted a candidate, but for whom I had no contact details. Strong rumour had it that she had been a Page 3 Model and so worth the effort. Where there is a will ... somehow, by proxy, I did secure her as my partner for the Mess Ball.

To compound matters, my parents, on a motoring tour of Europe, had plans to visit Gibraltar and would now arrive before me. One of my concerns was that my mother, recently awarded an MBE for 'directing and organising' things at a British High Commission overseas, might in my absence take it upon herself to 'direct and organise' my fellow subalterns. There, therefore, existed potential for some embarrassment. But I need not have worried. They took very well to being marshalled!

Eventually, after some days, our ship finally arrived at Faro. We embarked and, keeping a very weathered eye on those of the ship's crew entrusted with her navigation, we made it to Gibraltar without further mishap, just in time for the Glorious 1st of June.

(Ed: Checking Fleet information, it would appear that, following B Coy's trip on the RAMAURICE, it was designated 'Decommissioned or Lost'. The conclusion as to which or why is left to you, the reader.)



LOAN SERVICE IN HONG KONG

By John Hamill MBE

In 1977, whilst CSM of B Company, 2 QUEENS in Glassmullan Camp in Andersontown, the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Chris Champion ('The Wonder Horse' as he was known to the lads) visited and took me to one side, "You owe me a fiver, Sarn't Major", "Why is that" I replied? "I have just got you a three-year posting to the Royal Hong Kong Regiment (RHKR) as a PSI, you are posted in February next year 1978 with the family." You can imagine my delight. I quickly rang my wife in Bulford to tell her the good news.

On a quiet Sunday at the end of January, the Adjutant, Captain Peter Cook, who lived in his own house a couple of doors away, gave us a lift to Brize Norton where we spent the night in Gateway House before boarding a VC10 for the 22 hour flight to HK.

We arrived at Kai Tak Airport (now long gone) in HK to be met by my predecessor, a Warrant Officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and were taken to our married quarter in Osborne Barracks in Kowloon, a three bedroom flat on the fifth floor of a high-rise block.

Despite the heat, we began to explore straight away as there was no work for three days, it being the Chinese New Year. We found our way to Kowloon City Market, 'Stinkies' as it was known by the local squaddies, where all sorts of items were on sale - you could buy a Rolls Royce or a pound of apples there at any time, day or night, if you had the cash.

So began a great adventure for us. I was taken to Happy Valley where the Regiment had its HQ in a Centre just like a UK TA Centre. The Loan Service Staff consisted of a Lieutenant-Colonel, an Adjutant, Quartermaster and Regimental Sergeant Major, all Royal Tank Regiment; the other PSIs were a mixture of various cavalry regiments although this would change during my tour as other Infantry PSIs were posted in.

One of the resident battalions before the Second World War was one of our forebears, The Middlesex Regiment (57/77th of Foot), the Diehards, and they had fought alongside the Volunteers during the fall of Hong Kong to the Japanese. After the War, the Regiment had supplied the Permanent Staff to the RHKR(V) until the Volunteers role changed to mounted cavalry, when the RTR and various cavalry PSIs were posted in. Being an ex-Diehard, I was particularly pleased to be the first one back as a PSI.



Meeting the Governor at Govt House



Receiving My LS&GC



With the Guard at Government House



With the OC, CSM and Guard after the Guard Mount

The Royal Hong Kong Regiment (The Volunteers) (RHKR(V)) to give it its full title was formed in May 1854 as a local Militia Force funded and administered by the Colonial Government of Hong Kong. They were named the 'Hong Kong Volunteers'. The RHKR's order of battle consisted of Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Squadron, A,B,C,D Sabre Squadrons, Home Guard Squadron, Training Squadron, Band and Junior Leader Corps.

I was posted to Training Squadron with the task of rewriting the basic recruit training programme, which I found a great challenge but good fun, having been a Junior Soldier and an adult Sgt Instructor at IJLB Oswestry instructing recruits.

Twice a year there was a selection weekend for individuals to join the Regiment. This ran along the lines of interviews by a three-man board, RCB-type tasks to test the leadership potential and initiative of individuals, teamwork, a physical test, and a written test. This started on a Friday evening and finished on a Sunday lunch-time. A huge number of potential recruits applied so competition was fierce. Once the selection had been completed, a two-week training camp took place in the New Territories at Sai Koon Training Camp and I ran five of these during my tour.

The other squadron that I had to look after was Home Guard Squadron. These were the elder statesmen of the Regiment, aged 39 to 60, and they appeared for training at the weekends in their BMWs, Audis and Rolls Royce cars. Once a range/training day had finished, the evening meal completed and sentries posted, I would be introduced to the intricate game of mah-jong.

The volunteer soldiers were exactly the same as you find in the British Army. When on training, I would go looking for a Pte/LCpl Yong Kwog Yiu and find him, like Pte/LCpl Smith, having a sly fag with his beret perched on the back of his head, behind the MT park or some other obscure place hoping to avoid a job!

Many of the officers, warrant officers, SNCOs and soldiers were local Hong Kong Chinese and they attended various military courses run locally in HK by the SASC, the Hong Kong Military Service Corps (HKMSC) following the various UK courses at the School of Infantry. They were always very professional, returning with very good grades and full of pride at their achievement.

The tour gave my family and me a great opportunity to see Hong Kong and the New Territories. We also made good use of the local leave scheme which gave us an

allowance to use for holidays to either fly back to UK once a year or to use locally. There was no question, as far as the Hamill household was concerned, of returning to the UK and we took full advantage, travelling to Bangkok, Bali in Indonesia and the Philippines to name just three.

I had been due to do three years on the tour but I was selected as RQMS of the 3rd Bn in Dover and was told I would be short-toured by six months which was a sad blow as we had really enjoyed our time with both the Regiment (HK Volunteers) and the local people. Indeed, one of my elder sisters came for a visit in the last two months of our tour and announced that she wished to stay and marry a local Warrant Officer in the Regiment, WO2 Avery Tong Sun Yuk!

All too soon, the time had come to leave HK and we had many farewell parties from all the many friends that we had made during our tour. We came with just three MFO boxes but left with twenty-four. I handed over to WO2 John (Jack) Frost, who was once again ex-Middlesex and 2nd Bn; he, I believe, handed over to Tony Saunders, ex-Royal Sussex and 3rd Bn, who handed over to George France ex-2nd Bn and RWK/QOB. Nothing like keeping it in the family!

We boarded a plane for UK from Kai Tak airport in May 1980, thus ending a tour of a lifetime.



Hon Col presenting my LSEGC



LOAN SERVICE WITH THE SULTAN OF OMAN'S LAND FORCES

JAN 85 - SEP 87

By Gary Walker

I had no intention of doing a posting out of the 1st Battalion, let alone being posted to the Oman on a secondment. The battalion, at this time was based in Lisanelly Barracks, Omagh with a Gibraltar posting imminent. The Mortars were being used as a rifle platoon under the command of Lt Patrick Crowley and our TAOR was in the Fermanagh district. The Commanding Officer was Lt Col Paddy Panton and Adjutant Capt Rob Walker. I'm sure that they wanted shot of me because no matter how hard I tried to get out of the posting, they were having none of it. I was going and that was that.

The next thing I knew, I was at Beaconsfield Defence School of Languages, doing my very best in a 12-week torture course trying to learn how to speak Arabic. There was a good mixture of regiments there and, like me, most were chosen for their subject fields and not posted on a voluntary basis.

Needless to say, I had a problem understanding some of the Highland Scottish accents, let alone Arabic, which I passed (just). One Highlander had a very good way of avoiding any Arabic questions given to him by wearing his kilt in the classroom. Our instructor was an Egyptian female and therefore wisely went nowhere near him.

Landing at Seeb International Airport in January 1985, I was met by my opposite workmate, CSgt Ronnie Cruickshank (Queen's Own Highlanders), who first took me to the Sultan of Oman Armed Forces HQ, known as MAM, to check in and process some paperwork, and then onto the Sultan of Oman Armed Forces Training Regiment (SAFTR). This was located in Muscat approximately 10km from the centre. Next stop was the Sergeants' Mess bar for a Coke. Alcohol was allowed in the country but only in British Messes and civilian works compounds, such as Taylor Woodrow's, who were busy with



Field Exercise



Mortar Firing



Trip to beach



Mentoring

infrastructure projects in the north. SAFTR was split into course wings - Drill, Tactics, Mortar, and Recruit Training. The instructors were made up from either former British Army instructors who were on contracts or seconded instructors such as Ronnie and me.

The next stop was to pick up my uniform from the RQMS WO whose name was Ishmael and came from Baluchistan. He was very helpful with whatever one needed; however, there was always a catch, as I shall explain later. New uniform and equipment went into the back of the pickup truck and I was taken to see the chief instructor Major Simon Brewis (a former PARA). He gave me the impression that he wasn't too glad to see me as the post that I had taken had always been held by a Parachute Regiment SNCO. SHAME! The very first thing he handed me was a medal: *"What's this for, Sir?"* I exclaimed. *"It's the Glorious 15th National Day Medal celebrating 15 years of peace in the Country. Every serving soldier gets one, less the Officers as theirs is solid gold!"* I thought 'medal already and I haven't even started work!' Result!

While settling into my room, Ronnie turned up to explain the routine of the 18 months ahead. He went on: *"Right then up at 4.30, breakfast at 5.00 and we start work 5.30"*. I remember saying: *"What?"* *"Oh don't worry,"* he went on *"we finish work at midday."* This was because of the overwhelming heat; also most of the Omani soldiers rest in the afternoons. There was a requirement to work in the evenings once the sun went down for two hours to play catch up if required. The following day I was to meet the team.

The instructor team consisted of: 2Lt Kames, me, Ronnie, and Sgt Mohammad from the Desert Regiment, Sgt Khalfan from the Oman Coastal Regiment and Sgt Mohammad who came from Baluchistan and was in the Northern Frontier Regiment. They were all very proficient at their work, though Khalfan was partially deaf due to not using ear protection during live firing practices. Most of the routine was adhered to without any fuss. The cadres would last between 6 – 8 weeks depending on the type of course.

The Arabic instructors would do the day-to-day teaching and we would sit in to monitor and appraise. I, however, would teach the map reading lessons in Arabic. This was because I needed a change and the map reading tests were not a course pass or fail subject, therefore they couldn't blame their misunderstanding of my Arabic for a fail.

Live firing was always well received, as there was always plenty of ammunition and the students looked forward to the ranges as opposed to classroom work. I did have one small problem one day, when a Bedouin came out of the impact area accusing us of killing two of his camels. I sent him on his way to the camp.

As I mentioned previously, the RQMS was always helpful and he needed a favour, so what could I do? It transpired that he had a trailer load of plastic explosives that was old and sweating in his bunkers. He wondered if we could dispose of it. Ever the helpful one, Ronnie and I set off to the ranges, explosives in the trailer. There was a perfect object to destroy, an old 4-ton Bedford truck. We set about making up a massive ring main. Fuse lit, we retired to a large hill to watch our efforts. Five seconds from detonation, in the distance, we saw 50 or so recruits marching down the road towards us. The detonation took place and, by the time they arrived, their newly acquired anti-tank target that they were due to fire at was in a million pieces. Their instructor, Ian, a former PARA, was livid as it had taken him 6 months to acquire it.

The working week in Oman was Saturday to Wednesday and so, therefore, Thursday and Friday were rest days. The Mess had four pickup vehicles and a car to use at our leisure and most of us either went into town or to the military beach



Mortar firing





club. On occasions, a team of us would take a couple of 4x4 vehicles and make a trip to either a secluded beach and snorkel for crayfish or take a trip up to Al Jabal Al Akhdar (The Green Mountain).

Half-way through secondment, it was decided that the Tactics and Mortar Wings would be moved to the south of the country to the area of the Dhofar region. This was supposed to have been a political move, due to most of the facilities being in the north. We flew into Salalah, which is the capital of the south of the country, and then had a two hour road trip to an area they called Adym, so if nothing else, apart from getting another medal, I did get to see a good part of the country.



Plotting



Mortar firing

THE INCONSEQUENTIAL MUSINGS OF THE QUEEN'S VICAR - PART 3

By the Rev Basil Pratt

2 QUEENS

Having served with 1 and 3 QUEENS, I felt that I would understand 2 QUEENS. Hmm! In retrospect, I'm so very pleased that I did not embark on this notion with too much confidence. I suspect that tours in the Falkland Islands tend to be awfully close and intimate and I was privileged to learn of an historical depth that seemed to be omnipresent. I went to the CO, Lt Col Peter Cook, and requested that I be added to the Mortar Platoon for an exercise. His order was that, if I did that, I had to complete the whole exercise, which of course is a perfect situation to get to know your men. Nevertheless, it was a fair warning. It is always in these situations that I was thankful for all that I had learned in the other two battalions and in P Company, which for me has been the best way to understand how to endure. In the middle of the confusion, I was able, in the torrential rain, to explain to the Air Vice Marshal who was visiting what a confusion and bewilderment a battle can be – somewhat bemused, he appeared happy as he flew off. Always good to get one over the Crabs!

I was invited by Maj Quinn to conduct a Padre's hour with his company and so I told them Bible stories that they had never heard before, so much so that the entire company turned up on the LSL for Holy Communion – the Governor was so impressed he offered me the job of Vicar to the Falkland Islands – fortunately I was able to fool the RACHD to give me another year and stay in the Army.

The Force Chaplain had a responsibility to organise talks on Saturday mornings to the General Staff covering all manner of subjects. It was always difficult to find anyone to speak but, in this respect, I was most grateful to a young 2 QUEENS officer who volunteered to give a talk on 14th Century Japanese Literature. He was posted the day before he was due to give his talk! Unfortunately, I can't remember his name otherwise I would shame him in this esteemed Journal!

There was a small wooden church and, if I were not present, I set up a board where a visitor could leave a message and a special pen was provided which had special ink that could be brushed away. I was very angry to find that some nincompoop had used his own pen and the ink was permanent. My compatriots of the Mortar Platoon asked what the matter was and I explained. The answer I was told – fag ash and Tippex magic. It never ceased to amaze me, the depth of knowledge of trivia of which the boys were in possession. Who but a soldier would know such things?

Throughout my time with the QUEENS, I took Padre's hours and two soldiers requested to be considered as candidates for the Church. One is in Elim Church and the other has a parish in Hawick, Galashiels so I must have got something right.

Such great memories with three great battalions!

Waiting to be introduced to the Brig - not in the Falklands!



AND YET ANOTHER MEMORY OF EXTRA DUTIES

It is a great joy to see that Rev Basil Pratt has not forsaken his Queen's association and to read of his recall of some instances with the battalions. Characteristically modest, he has not mentioned that he was inter alia an Olympic canoeist, giving him formidable physical strength which must have daunted his opponent when Basil gallantly entered the battalion's novices boxing, an unwritten rite of passage for young officers joining the battalion.

When he arrived in 1 QUEENS in Berlin, I was a very inexperienced platoon commander, but a very experienced Orderly Officer. One evening after guard mounting, I had inspected the prisoners and clearly been presented with, I judged, a pretty far-fetched request, doubtless couched in terms that tugged at the heart strings. The Padre decided to conduct a parochial visit shortly thereafter. Every so often there would be a formal lunch in the Officers' Mess, not amounting to a 'guest night', but giving an opportunity for the battalion to entertain members of the brigade staff, from other units in the brigade and so on. One of these occasions followed Basil's guardroom visit the previous night. Came the moment the CO, Lt Col Tony Pielow said, "Padre, please say grace", which Basil duly did, but before we could all sit, he leant across the table to me and handing me a copy of 'The Rights of Man', said:, "And you need to read that!". I confess that I have yet to comply, but then nor have I dipped into my copy of "The Thoughts of Chairman Mao". It transpired that the sorry plaintiff in the cells had bent the Padre's ear good and proper, ending with the descriptive, "Talking to Mr Beattie's like talking to a bottle of Schultheiss...empty!"

Anthony Beattie



THE MOVING STORY OF A SERVICEMAN'S WIFE

ANON

A FRIEND OF MINE HAS JUST MOVED TO A NEW HOUSE. She complained about the upheaval, expense and sheer hard work involved in this, her second move. I sympathise, of course, but I have just moved my family, goods, and chattels for the sixteenth time in twenty years of being married to a serviceman. I'm not complaining - perish the thought - but if you, through choice, success in the lottery or a stroppy landlord, are about to tear up your roots, take a breather, pull up an MFO box and I'll tell you what moving is all about.

My wanderings following my globe-trotting husband have been a mixture of great fun and maniacal depression when I've had to learn another new local bus timetable. Men, faced with the excitement and challenge of a new job, tend to gloss over the tribulations many moves bring. Thus, they're surprised when they rush home, brimming over with their exciting news, only to find their women and kids wailing and whining about leaving favourite teachers and friends.

It's said that we knew what we were letting ourselves in for when we married a serviceman. But what young bride could picture herself living in a world surrounded by packing crates, with a small child screaming for a prematurely packed toy and a husband who suddenly becomes indispensable at work?

The love-struck service bride may think of tropical nights or even sunning herself on a Mediterranean beach. What she will not have contemplated is that there is more to camp-following than chucking in your job, cancelling the milk, and buying a foreign dictionary. Take the husband: your usually attentive, kind, loving partner suddenly becomes grumpy and otherwise absent. Sure, he wants to go abroad but he's got to clear things up at work, hasn't he? No, he can't possibly get leave this week but he'll do some packing in the evening... he says.

Experienced campaigners, while slightly peeved, actually find they get on better without a helpful husband around - the trick is not to let him know! My husband hasn't been involved in all our packing since our first move overseas when he packed all our beach, camping and sports gear into a box 'For UK Storage' and packed all his fishing gear into a box marked 'Kitchen' - that is all except his fishing rod which I had to carry for a three thousand mile trip as 'hand baggage'. Such is love OHMS.

Some husbands, dreading the minor skirmishes and bloody battles brought on by an acute case of the 'moves', may craftily arrange to go away on a 'course' in the vital weeks before departure, leaving the wife holding the baby, the hammer for nailing up the crates, and a gin bottle for retaining sanity!

No service wife can question the wisdom of the 'Powers That Be' who dispatch her husband to the other side of the country just as OP MOVE reaches its climax. Following the maxim *'If you can't take a joke, you shouldn't have joined'*, wives just shrug and - laugh hysterically.

For a serviceman's wife, the actual packing of possessions during a move is the easy part. Vacating the house is complicated by the fact it must be left in pristine condition. The house (called a 'Quarter' - presumably because of its size in relation to civilian standards!) must look as though it has never been lived in. No dust; no fingerprints; no chipped plates; no infant works of art on the walls; no compost heap; no picture hooks; no nothing! To maintain the pretence of a house that has stood empty for anything up to forty years, the service has devised a little ceremony, a sort of 'going-away party'. During these 'festivities', the officiating officer will, among other things, check bed springs for dust, and put his head in the oven. They call these strange rites, a 'March out'. You'd never guess what they call the reverse process. A 'March in!' By the left!

We OHMS gypsies, much as we may grumble, don't really mind the extra work involved. However house-proud, when did you last dust the bed springs or dismantle the cooker? At least we know it's odds on we'll get an equally spotless quarter at our next camp.

One of the attractions of service life is the constant moving about - or so my civilian friends tell me. Of course, it is fabulous to live in Cyprus, Germany, Italy, and Hong Kong, but from where I sit now, the most exciting prospect would be to stay in one place for longer than a couple of years. At least that way we'd be able to make the house lived in - before we made it look un-lived in!

Excuse me, I have just been interrupted by husband who has just come home. He is early today. Pardon? Speak up, dear, what did you say? Posted? Pass the Brillo and think of England!

Bizarre Meetings

I was sitting in my study at home in Devon, searching Google to help me come up with a plan for the renewal of a Firearms and Shotgun License. Renewal comes up every five years and, as time goes by, the rules get tighter and tighter. These days you must be on your game to demonstrate to a Firearms Officer that you're a suitably stable and responsible recipient. It is a serious business.

My laptop emitted a soft ping: 'The maximum point blank range of a .308 is around 270 metres depending on the load and barrel length, which is the max range at which if you aim at something, you will hit it'. Hmmm. That's certainly not my recollection of live firing at Hythe Ranges; I would have been delighted to hit my target at nearly 300m and would not think a hit a certainty but.. Google takes 0.58 seconds to decide that this is the most helpful response out of 67,000,000 possible answers to my enquiry: 'How far will a .308, which is basically like a 7.62 round, travel?'

As I searched my memory for details of 'Range Danger Area (RDA) Template', I thought back to those old stories that circulated about live firing ranges. The cow, or was it a sheep, grazing behind a target at Sennybridge, inadvertently vaporised by an 84mm Karl Gustav HEAT round; or the old lady whose bedroom wall was pockmarked with spent GPMG rounds just above the bedhead in which she slept after someone had supposedly re-sited one of the butts on a local live firing range? Great stories, especially after a few pints. Not sure if there is any truth in them.

In the circumstances of my imminent License renewal, they take on a different complexion. 270 metres is quite a long way. There is a school in line of sight, an 'A' road along one boundary, a footpath - all places one would not want a stray round to end up. So, I took a decision, called the Barnstaple Firearms team and discussed the dilemma. During my explanation about areas and RDA templates etc to my local Firearms Officer, our conversation evolved, and he asked the question: "Were you ever in the Army?" Me: "Errr; Yes, a long time ago though." "Which Regiment?" "1 Queen's." "Best Regiment in the world!" It turned out that the Firearms Officer's name was Phil Goode and we had both served in the 1st Battalion based at Lisanelly Barracks, Omagh c.1983, me in A Coy, Phil in C Coy; some 35 years later our paths crossed once again. We met up for a coffee, vaguely recognised each other, albeit in a distant way and ran through our mutual 'Regimental Rolodex' of people and characters we both knew. It was a great way to spend the morning and blag my firearms certificate at the same time!

Martin Robertson-Bond



VETERANS' HORTICULTURAL REHABILITATION, SOCIAL AND COMMUNITY PROJECT

THE PWRR and QRRRA's EXCITING NEW VENTURE

By Alasdair Goulden



The Ancient Woodland

Regrettably, the Regiment has recently seen a marked increase in the number of mental health cases (some sadly have resulted in suicide - two in 2018), as well as encountering an increased number of veterans requesting assistance. We researched ways in which we could support veterans and having taken advice believe that the use of horticulture, tied into social and community life would be the most effective. The Association requested an investment from the Trustees of the PWRR Benevolent Fund (PWRRBF) to purchase a plot of land to establish a 'Veterans' Horticultural Rehabilitation, Social and Community Project' near Faversham, Kent.



Digging the Foundations

The investment is for the benefit of the wider Regimental family but, in the immediate future, of the Queen's Regiment Riders Association (QRRRA), who will be the licensed tenants of the field and owners of the building for which they have raised funds. As part of their License, they have agreed to permit use of the building to the wider Regimental family providing it does not clash with planned QRRRA events and complies with the License and local authority regulations. They have volunteered to take the lead on this important Regimental project, using their expertise in the construction industry to massively reduce costs.



Should have been topless for the ladies
à la Poldark



Never too young to help out



The First Scoop



Terry 'TBar' Price with the concrete team



Donk hard at it



Terry 'TBar', the Master Builder and Build Project Manager



COVID Precautions



Hot work



This project was approved by the Trustees in May 2019 as a capital investment and the land was purchased, as it directly supports the aims of the Regiment's Benevolent Fund: *'To relieve hardship or*

distress of former and serving members of the Regiment or former members of the forebear regiments and their dependants'. The project has also won the backing of the Armed Forces Covenant Fund, which has provided a grant towards the cost of building materials following intensive scrutiny of the project.

The horticultural side of the initiative (a proven way to help in dealing with mental health problems) has been supported by local farmers. One of these purchased a section of land enabling us to complete the land purchase; the other is a former major in the Regiment who was seriously injured in Iraq and won the Military Cross. The QRRRA also has expertise in this area with member Glyn Clarke taking the lead in land and woodland management. This will include managing the ancient woodland, eco diversity, bat and bird boxes, wildlife habitats, planting, one-to-one and group training in land management, and hedge building.

The social and community element will be developed by the QRRRA as their base providing a clubhouse where they can meet, exchange stories of their service and still feel part of the Regimental Family as well as providing



Matt Kewin Bout 57



The Digger arrives

a superb location for their very successful fundraiser for the Benevolent Fund - The 'One Aim Rally' to be held 2-4 July 2021 – put it in your diary!

The purchase of the land is now complete, and the planning, which to date has required 67 documents being submitted, has been supported by local residents and approved by Swale Borough Council.

The actual build is being carried out by members of the QRRRA who have sufficient construction expertise to erect the building; indeed the construction of the building is seen as part of the rehabilitation side of the project. Stalwarts among the build team have been Terry 'T-Bar' Price as chief construction manager coordinating the build, Steve 'Bard' Barden dealing with the myriad of Health and Safety regulations, Steve 'Donk' Parsons who is the main plant operator, Tony 'Frosty' Willson, who has kept a close eye on the finances. Glynn 'Stix' Clarke on land management and Stan 'Cave Troll' Harley who has formed the support team for security and the odd tea, coffee, food etc to keep the team victualled).

It was hoped that the QRRRA would complete to at least 'plate' by the winter - very sadly however, due primarily to available funding and the weather, it could be late spring to early summer realistically. This will depend on the availability of further funding, weather and COVID restrictions and like HS2, may take a bit longer.

At time of writing, the QRRRA with the inclusion of a grant by the Armed Forces Covenant Fund have raised over 50% of the costs of the build. This has included a friend of the Regiment, Matt Kerwin fighting 100 x 2-minute multi martial arts fights in 6 hours raising over £5,000. If you would like to contribute towards the cost of materials for this really important project please go to <https://www.justgiving.com/account/your-pages/PWRR-Veterans-Rehabilitation-Social-and-Community-Centre>



A Break in Operations

WILLIAM BENINGFIELD 100TH BIRTHDAY

By Bryan Finch

William Beningfield is a veteran of The Middlesex Regiment who celebrated his 100th birthday on 14 July 2020. William was a survivor of the *Lisbon Maru* massacre. See (<https://www.cofepow.org.uk/armed-forces-stories-list/the-lisbon-maru>). (Ed: The Association is involved in supporting the erection of a memorial to the *Lisbon Maru* incident at the National Memorial Arboretum).

William and his wife, Emily, were dating sweethearts in London during the Blitz in 1940 before he was posted overseas. Emily was a dispatch driver in London and did a stint on radar for an anti-aircraft battery. They were married in 1948 and moved to Canada, where they still live,



William and Emily Beningfield
70th Anniversary



William Beningfield

In the battle for Hong Kong, William was in Pill Box (PB) No 22 near Stanley Fort when ordered to surrender on Christmas Day 1941. He spent the next few months in Shamshuipo Camp, went on the *Lisbon Maru* which was torpedoed, rescued by a Chinese fisherman after the sinking, taken to his village, recaptured with all the others and sent to Kobe, Japan, where they were interned at Kobe House. When he was liberated, he was flown to Okinawa, then Clark Base in the Philippines, by ship to Vancouver, across Canada by rail to Halifax, and finally home to England.



Stone presented by Liu Mingzhe for William's 100th

My entire family and I wish to convey their deepest thanks and gratitude to the fishermen of Dongji Island when they risked their lives to come to the assistance of the stricken survivors of the *Lisbon Maru*. Their bravery and kindness on that terrible day will never be forgotten."

Private William Beningfield

1st Middlesex Regiment, 6208400

我和我的家人向东极岛的渔民致以最深切的谢意和感激，他们冒着生命危险为里斯本丸遇难幸存者提供援助。在那可怕的日子里，他们的勇敢和仁慈永远不会被忘记。

士兵 威廉·贝宁菲尔德

米德尔塞克斯军团第一营, 6208400

威廉·贝宁菲尔德于1920年在英国伦敦出生，隶属米德尔塞克斯军团第一营重机枪手，日军侵港期间，派驻赤柱一带狙击日军，1941年12月25日随驻港英军投降，被囚禁于深水埗集中营，1942年9月25日登上里斯本丸，为被东极渔民救起的战俘其中之一。1945年9月6日在大阪战俘营获释，战后与妻子移居于加拿大魁斯内尔镇(Quesnel)。是里斯本丸事件谨存的两位老兵之一。

Certificate of Thanks

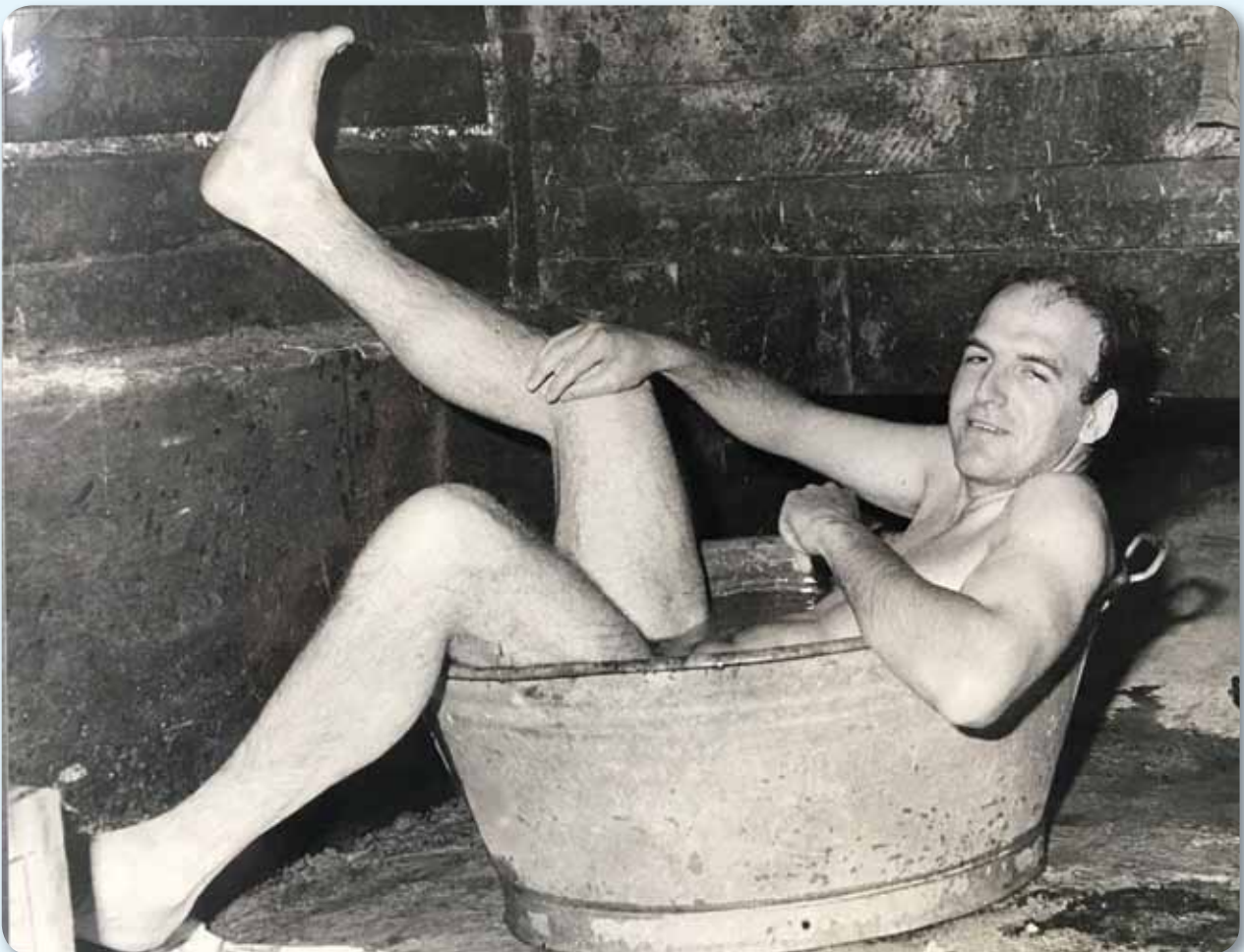


The surprise achieved by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour and then the subsequent attacks on British territories can be gauged by the paucity of ammunition available to the defenders of Hong Kong. In December 1941, PB 22 was manned by B Coy 1 MX under the command of Captain Weedon. The PB had a crew of 8 men under Sergeant Robins. In addition to their two Vickers guns, they had one .45 Thompson sub-machine gun, six .303 Lee Enfield rifles, and two .455 Webley revolvers. They had 10,000 rounds of .303 ammunition and 750 tracer rounds. They had 1,000 rounds for the Thomson Sub-Machine Gun and 54 rounds for the two revolvers. They also had twelve hand grenades.

The book *'Not the Slightest Chance - The Defence of Hong Kong'* by Tony Banham gives some fascinating insights into the doughty but doomed defence. It details how, at 0700 hrs on 25 December, Captain Weedon (presumably with William Beningfield) launched a counter-attack against the copse at Maryknoll Mission in Stanley, attacking from the east, driving the Japanese into a Chinese shrine by attacking it with grenades. Four Die-Hards were killed and Captain Weedon was wounded.

In the light of William achieving his century and because of his involvement in one of the more infamous episodes in WW2 involving one of our forebears, RHQ PWRR sent a birthday card from the Colonel of the Regiment and all ranks of the Regiment. He received many more from individuals of the Association.

PHOTO OF THE YEAR!



Proving that Bill Knight-Hughes did take his personal hygiene seriously while on operations in a gasthof near Pattensen, South West of Hanover

2nd Battalion



The Queen's Regiment

Your County Regiment

Is going to Belize (Central America) in February 1976 for six months
For details ask at your nearest Army Careers Information Office



CHRISTMAS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

By Johnnie Elliott

Unfortunately, I had a motorbike accident while in Fally (Fallingbommel) in West Germany while serving with 3 QUEENS which resulted in my seriously damaging my legs and I also received significant brain damage. I spent six months at the Head Injury Unit at RAF Chessington being very well looked after. As part of my rehabilitation, I was part of the group invited to Buckingham Palace for a Christmas Party. I had only been walking for 10 days so was a bit 'spastic' to the amusement of my fellow invitees. Having been a member of the Regimental Band, it was a joy for me to listen to the Household Division Band entertaining us. A great start to Christmas at the end of a difficult year.



My Invitation



The Programme



A Get Well card

Bizarre Meetings

An American friend (ex-USMC from Gulf War 1) found this photo of me on USA EBay going for \$29.99. How on earth did it get there? This is bizarre! Who would want to buy it?



Bill Knight-Hughes not in the Bordello

Who owns it? And I would have thought any half decent internet expert would more likely have turned up pictures of my arse in various swinger clubs, bordellos and shebeens than this picture of me taken in about 1974 in Germany, demonstrating a 66mm to some German officers visiting our barracks (Albuhera Barracks, Werl) on an Open Day.

Bill Knight-Hughes

WHAT ONE DOES AFTER LEAVING THE REGIMENTAL FAMILY!

By Alasdair Goulden

I was always intrigued to hear what members had got up to once they left the Regimental family. I think that the following may be of interest. The first is from my last Company Sergeant Major, WO2 Jake Jacobs, who has ended up in the Congo. I was prompted to find out more about the second when I was sent an article from the New York Times about a fellow company commander, Les Edwards, who served in both the 1st and 3rd Battalions and so I went delving for more information. I am sure that others of you have had interesting second careers - so do share what you have been up to! Ed.

ENDING UP IN THE CONGO

By Jake Jacobs

The last days of the Regiment remain with me to this day as I had been a Queensman from the age of 15. At the amalgamation, I joined 1 PWRR in Colchester and then went back to Omagh until I retired in 1995. So how did I end up living in the forest in the dark heart of Africa, the Congo?

On leaving 1 PWRR, I got divorced and lived in Clacton-on-Sea with no job. After some time, I managed to get a part-time job of 4 hours a day as a baggage handler at Stansted Airport – how the mighty are fallen! After nine months I was taken on full-time and made my way up to the dizzy heights of team leader. By 1997, I was Operations Manager of Edinburgh Airport and there my chequered career really started.

In 1999, I was approached by the United Nations for the job of Area Manager in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (DR Congo) and responsible for airports during the civil war. This is where I met my wife. She was a local and worked with the UN in Finance. Unfortunately, after an illness (2 years in Edinburgh Hospital) I left the United Nations. Francine was granted a visa in 2003 and we married in Livingston, Scotland. She was granted British Citizenship after a few years and took a Business Management Degree while I went to war again, to Baghdad as an Armed Security Operator, eventually becoming a Team Leader.

We had many killed and injured, so after 18 months Francine asked me to stop. My next job saw me back in the DR Congo as Country Security Manager with British American

Tobacco (BAT). Again, civil war broke out, and for 8 days I was the only white man left in the factory in Kinshasa with two sides fighting around us, plus night-time looters. I survived that to travel all over the Congo trying to find 32 BAT depots, carrying out security checks and reporting to BAT London. I travelled in old Russian aircraft with no seats, accompanied by goats, pigs, locals all sitting on drums of petrol and other assorted illegal cargos. To get to some depots, I was in dugout canoes or on the back of a motorbike. Most depots had not seen a white man since Stanley and then I turned up out of the forest.



Francine, Freya and Jake



While in DR Congo, I was approached by Control Risks in London to work for them. I had an interview and they sent me to Nigeria as a Security Consultant with West African Gas Pipeline. I was responsible for the security of 400 American, French, and English expats, building a gas pipeline in Nigeria, Benin, Togo, and Ghana. That was 2 years work. They then sent me on the 'Offshore' course in Aberdeen where I was upside down in a helicopter underwater most days trying to escape through windows and learning other offshore skills. Having passed the course, I found myself 30 miles off Nigeria on a floating secured tanker, working for Shell Oil, looking after 80 crew consisting of Nigerians and expats.

After a year, I was sent onshore in Nigeria to work with a large Italian company Agip as the security consultant responsible for 15 oil rigs and the HQ in Port Harcourt - a very nasty place. I moved companies and went back to Iraq to recruit 150 Iraqis, train and equip them and then install them as security guards for 82 VIP Chinese working outside Basra. My last job was in Cameroon where I was the Security and Logistics Manager for an Australian Iron Ore mining company.

On leave back in Scotland, my wife suggested that I stop working for other people and that we should go to Congo and set up our own company in the province where she came from. Against my two older sisters' advice, I sold my house in Scotland, all its contents, my new Range Rover and we first went to Rwanda with just two bags each and rented a house. Francine went and recced the area in DR Congo and set up our company with the government in Kinshasa; we called it Britcon due to me being British and her Congolese! We moved to the forest five years ago and now I own one of the largest mineral export companies in the Province. We export tin, coltan and tungsten all over the world. I also own a very large concession for the minerals plus diamonds and high-quality gold.

Visitors are always welcome, so if you want to fly in, give us a shout through the Association.

HOW TO NEGOTIATE A RANSOM

By Malia Wollan (New York Times 17 April 2015)

"Make sure they're alive first," says Leslie Edwards, a top hostage negotiation specialist and former British Army officer. Demand to speak to the captive on the phone, or better still, on video chat. If that is not possible, ask the abductor to answer what Edwards calls a 'proof-of-life question,' something only the kidnapped would know, like the name of a pet goldfish. Ransom amounts vary widely. At the high end, Edwards once settled at \$10 million to secure the release of 26 crew members aboard an oil tanker held by Somali pirates, but he has also freed a detainee in Afghanistan for less than \$10,000. A counter-offer to the first ransom demands should be a result of exhaustive research. *"You don't need to know their names, but you need to know their modus operandi and their track record,"* Edwards says. Whether the hostage-takers' motives are purely mercenary or derive from a more dangerous mix of ideology, politics and greed, this is not the time to be a cheapskate. *"Make a decent opening offer that puts value on the life of the hostage,"* he says.



Negotiation Team Netherlands 2008



11 Survivors of MV Albedo June 2014



Crew Lined up for Proof of Life Count Prior to Ransom Drop

As with any negotiation, be firm but cordial. Act in good faith. Find middle ground. Most hostage-takers are professionals, in a sense; they've kidnapped before and expect a certain level of respect. In fact, take heart in decorum. Skittish amateurs are the ones prone to panic-induced violence. Edwards prefers to haggle with Somali pirates, who tend to be free-market-entrepreneur types *"unlikely to kill,"* he says.

Whether you're bargaining with ISIS or Latin American drug cartels, avoid publicity. The last thing a ransom negotiator needs is *"a rally, a candlelight vigil or a bunch of*

newspaper articles." Any suggestion of notoriety that can be easily found online might result in higher asking prices. Once you've settled on a sum, be ready to coordinate a stressful flurry of logistics (professional security teams, cash drops from airplanes). Be steadfast and communicative; your adversaries must maintain confidence in you to deliver the promised cash, just as you will need to have faith in them to hand over the victim. In the end, Edwards says, *"It's a sort of trust."*



Ransom in Aircraft Ready to Drop. Simple Technology but Effective



Dawn Ransom Drop to Pirates Holding MV Zirku July 2011. US\$8Million

THE FOLLOWING IS A RESUMÉ OF A DISCUSSION HELD WITH LES EDWARDS IN SUMMER, 2020

Les left the Army in 1993 and has been a professional international kidnap response consultant for 20 years.

He is paid by insurance companies, oil companies, ship owners, NGOs, high-net worth families and others to lead the response to kidnaps of staff and family members overseas. These kidnaps usually take place in jurisdictions where law enforcement is weak, corrupt or non-existent. Most of the kidnaps are committed by financially-motivated criminals who want money in return for the release of the hostages. A small number, however, are carried out by terrorist organisations.

His role is to maintain the safety of the hostages while bringing down the ransom paid to a reasonable level, which is usually between 5% and 25% of the initial demand by the criminals. The kidnappers meanwhile use credible threats to the safety of the hostages to attempt to keep the figure actually paid as high as possible.



He has personally managed more than 55 kidnap negotiations worldwide, including deploying to incidents in Afghanistan, Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC), Guatemala, India, Iraq, Kenya, Nigeria, Somalia, Turkey, Venezuela, and Yemen.

He was the lead negotiator for nine ships with crew hijacks committed by Somali pirates between May 2008 and June 2012. He ran these negotiations from ship owners' offices in China, Egypt, Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, The Netherlands and Vietnam. He was the first ever western kidnap consultant to travel to mainland China to lead the negotiations for the release of a Chinese-owned vessel hijacked off the Somali coast in 2009.

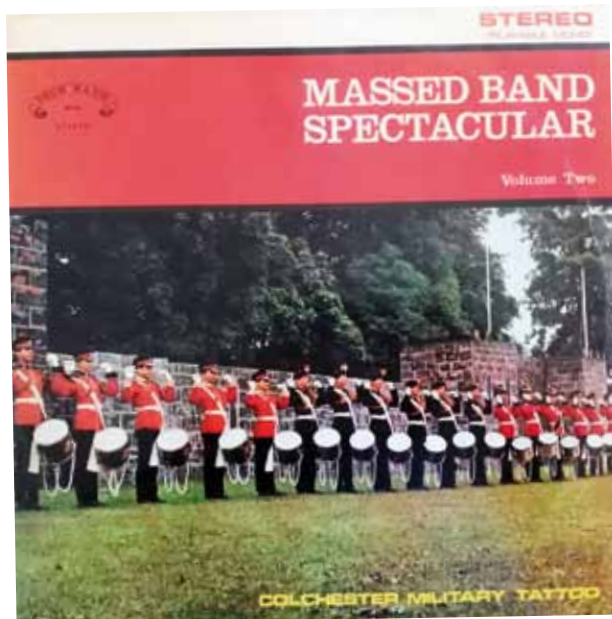


Les Edwards with Neal Peckham in pith helmet - stressed out during intense negotiations

Between 2015 and August 2020, he has worked with the Hostage Support Partnership (HSP), which is a British group of maritime lawyers and other specialists. The HSP has worked pro-bono to achieve the safe release of the '45 forgotten hostages of Somalia'. These were four crews of seafarers kidnapped to shore by Somali pirates after their vessels had sunk and the owners and their governments had abandoned them. He was the negotiator in all four cases. The final four Iranian hostages were released in August 2020 after five years of captivity. There are no remaining maritime hostages held in Somalia at the time of writing.

Bizarre Meetings

I left the army late 1972 having been in the 1 QUEENS Corps of Drums and joined the Suffolk Constabulary. While on duty as a youngish police officer, I was walking the beat



around the town of Bury St. Edmunds on a nice bright sunny day, and I was approached by a man who said to me: "I see you have a Northern Ireland ribbon. Were you in the army?" I replied: "Yes!" He said: "Who were you with?" I replied: "1 QUEENS". "Were you a drummer?" I thought this a bit odd and said: "Yes." "Did you play at the Colchester Tattoo?" "Yes" I said. "Were you on the front cover of an LP record with the Royal Anglians and the Fusiliers?" I then thought I must be famous and said "Yes!" He then said "My name is Bill and I was in the Royal Anglian Regiment, and I am the drummer standing next to you on the LP cover.

Phil Mabbett

BABIES OF THE YEAR!



Freya Jacobs

*Daisy Fay Thornton, 31 July 2020
weighing 7lb 3oz*



4 QUEENS AT THE ULSTER AGRICULTURAL SHOW
BALMORAL 1967



SUPPORT COMPANY 4 QUEENS - 1969



Lt Simon Yates, the Mortar Platoon commander, standing between the two mortars in the front of the photo. Cpl Roger Bourne stands directly behind him alongside the APC. This was a family day when families came to see the company kit. A happy day!

wars, the Boer War, WW1 and WW2. Roger Bourne is in the uniform of a private soldier of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Other soldiers went as Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in WW1 and the Royal Ulster Rifles in WW2.



THE REUNION IS NOT DEAD!

By Bill Knight-Hughes

On a rainy evening last October, I had the good fortune to be invited by Russ Feakins - formerly and famously of the Mortar Platoon of the 2nd Battalion - to meet him and a few like-minded veterans of the days when we still had plotters, for a drink in Canterbury.

Rather typically, I managed to get lost between Canterbury bus station and the appointed establishment (it was only about 300 m for Christ's sake!) and arrived a few minutes late only to crash into a wild Saturday night out with nigh on fifty Support and D Company men and most of their wives. The pub was steaming on two floors anyway. Amazingly our noisy half-company hardly made any impression in the crush and row of hundreds of students and other revellers. Who said the British Pub was a dying institution?

It has been more than thirty years since I was at Regimental duty. I really didn't recognize anybody. But just about everybody remembered me and welcomed me by name. I was so ashamed that I wrote down every name I heard ... and that wasn't even half of them! Quite a few had come down from London especially for the party. Apparently, it's a regular do and always in early October. Email Russ on: russ2430@icloud.com for info. I was given a combined Anti-Tank/Mortar Button which will be court-mounted beside my Desert Rat patch and USMC Card.

Apart from the craic and the fun, the D Company men were raising money with a tombola to help Tony Pinder, who is not at all well. Steve Richards organized the tombola. I didn't win anything. But that was hardly the point. The girls seemed as at home as everybody else, and they all sat around a big table presumably exchanging complimentary remarks about us men.



Many Old Friends

My non-exhaustive list of cheerful veterans were as follows: Russ Feakins, Barry Mills, Neil Dodds, Shane Williams, Malcolm Dodds, Peter Kemp, Mac McCabe, Joe Jordan, George Gage, Steve Richards, Tony Couperthwaite, Bill Norman, Wayne Bovel, and Lenny Sully.

Russ has since supplemented the list with: Paddy Brady, Bob Weir, and Fron Aetheris

Mark Webster (who made and supplied the special mugs), John Knight, Tony Tweed, The Fozzie Foster brothers, Kev Reilly, Jim Youngs, Nick Crane, Andy Hart, Richie Palmer, Jim Vaughn, Radar Hurrell, Harry Hayward, Malcolm Maynard, Ron Aaronovitch, Ray Heathfield, Lenny Heathfield, and Buck Rogers were all in attendance.



L-R Wayne Bovel, Neil Dodds, Lenny Sully

To say that a good time was had by all hardly does justice to this excellent evening in great company. I hope to be there again next year, and I know that any ex-Queensman, Support Company or not, will be very welcome!



The wives not taking any notice of the men!



PEPYS AND KIRKE IN TANGIER

By Bill Knight-Hughes



Lt Gen Sir Percy Kirke (The Elder)

In 1683, Samuel Pepys accompanied Lord Dartmouth to Tangier to oversee the drawing down of the British forces there, the reduction of the garrison and the port as a military facility, and the withdrawal from it. Surely a situation the modern British Army knows only too well, with its many withdrawals from Germany, Northern Ireland, Iraq and ... need I go on?

At Tangier, he met the Governor, Colonel Piercy Kirke and his wife, Mrs Mary Kirke, whom he knew already describing her as, 'mightily changed'. During the time he was in Tangier, Pepys kept a special diary, the original of which I saw in the Library of Magdalen College in Cambridge when I was stationed at Oakington Barracks with the 2nd Battalion in the early 80s. It is not possible for a non-Pepysian scholar to read the original as it is written in a special shorthand that Pepys used. But I procured a copy in plain English, which I have studied closely. My interest lies in trying to fathom out the character of Percy Kirke, and to understand why he behaved in the way he did, because he has a very bad reputation; Pepys's diary is the most detailed first-hand description we have of this controversial character. (Ed: *There are other sources should you wish to*

study this subject further such as 'Piercy Kirke and the Later Stuart Army' by John Childs or indeed, 'The First Colonial Soldiers, Vol 1' by the Hon Regimental Historian, Jonathon Riley).

It all started well enough. At about 10am on Friday 14 September 1683, Pepys arrived in the Bay of Tangier with Lord Dartmouth, who had been sent out to take charge as Governor and to supervise the demolition and evacuation of the colony. Kirke was no longer Governor. Kirke arranged for salutes to be fired and they all met with other officers for dinner that evening on the ship. Kirke is reported to have been very cooperative and even enthusiastic about the matter at hand; proposing constructive ideas and offering helpful suggestions. The difficult matter of property rights were also discussed as the town was, after all, just another British town with a considerable civilian population that had to be compensated and evacuated. Pepys records that there were at least 400 children who had to be cared for. In addition, there had to be an audit of all stores and supplies in the garrison, and if this prospect worried Kirke, he did not show it then.

In the first few days after their arrival, Kirke showed Pepys around, and he reports, with at least a neutral tone, of how they rode together to view the town from outside the fortifications. On the Sunday, Pepys met and spoke to Mrs Kirke in Church, and allowed himself some ungentlemanly remarks about how she looked. On the 28th, Kirke took him to meet the Moorish General, the 'Alcalde', and his troops outside the city walls. The Alcalid was the Sultan's deputy and commanded an enormous force which had laid siege to Tangier for years, basically since the great ambush of 1664. Kirke had made significant attempts with considerable success to be on good terms with the Moors and their senior officers. On the way back, Kirke gave him a demonstration of a hand grenade launcher that could propel grenades some 300 yards.

There followed a couple of very difficult weeks for Pepys, as he and Dartmouth attempted to keep their plan to destroy the town secret from both the Moors and the population itself. The rumours had been circulating for some time and it was in effect an open secret. The Mayor, William Smith, who was by his office also Colonel of the Tangier Militia was in on it though. He came up with what some thought were outrageous claims for compensation, but not so outrageous if you had spent your whole life and invested all you had in the colony. The Moors, who obviously had access to the town through their involvement in the colony as a trading centre, were constantly prying about and bluffing that they would just take the town with their forces. Meanwhile, the great amount of explosive powder needed for the demolitions

was running short and Pepys tried to stop all the salutes that were being fired, to conserve the stock. Added to all this, Dartmouth was clearly very unwell, was being bled repeatedly, while Pepys was irritated alternately by biting bugs by night and bad weather and a stinking cold by day.

By mid-October he began recording all manner of evidence and gossip about Kirke's behaviour. One line sums up the general tenor: *'The tyranny and vice of Kirke is stupendous...'* It should be noted, however, that Pepys was pursuing a particular agenda and Kirke was in the way. What do you do in such a situation? Blacken the name of the opponent. Kirke was no angel of course and made this very easy.

- Kirke sold a fourth share on a ship even though he knew that it was half owned by two Moors.
- Kirke confiscated a barrel of brandy from a dealer and extorted £200 from another for a concession that had previously been agreed.
- Kirke ordered a whole cellar full of wine casks to be broken open, because an apothecary had complained that it was sour and being sold too dearly (three-pence a quart). The wine was apparently perfectly drinkable according perhaps to the seller.
- Kirke then ordering a general destruction of private wine stocks including those of a long-suffering Alderman, who sought legal protection. But at the ensuing court-martial neither witnesses nor culprits could be found
- Kirke failing to discipline soldiers who beat up and robbed civilians in the streets and thereby terrorised the local population, who were unable to get him to pay the debts and bills he owed to them.
- Kirke ordering two men to be killed. However, if they were soldiers, Kirke certainly had powers to order this.
- Kirke then, just because a sergeant had been to see his mistress, a Mrs Collier, had the said sergeant tied to a post and flogged him personally until he, Kirke, was exhausted, then gave the whip to another to complete the punishment - unpleasant but standard in those days.
- Kirke personally drinking very hard and not minding very much if he found any of his soldiers or officers drunk in the town or even on duty, although it is reported that everyone drank hard in Tangier and elsewhere.
- Kirke receiving money from both sides in court cases claiming that this was a special law for Tangier.
- And finally, an extraordinary accusation, for which there is no corroboration, whereby Kirke banished Jews from the town and even had some returned to Spain, knowing that they would be persecuted there and burned by the Inquisition, and all this against the express will and instructions from England!

All very damning stuff, and Pepys had hardly been there a month! Kirke arrived in December 1680. He became acting Governor in March 1681 and was confirmed in January 1682. He remained in post until relieved by Dartmouth in September 1683. Still, Pepys could not change any of this. There had to be a survey of all the houses in the town before they were destroyed. Almost every day there were further explosive demolitions carried out by the foremost engineer of the time called Mr Sheres. The fortifications were surveyed, and there were complications with the evacuation of the Portuguese citizens back to Portugal, in particular the compensation for the Portuguese friars for the loss of their Church.

So the Autumn passed with Kirke attracting an ever smaller amount of Pepys's attention. He does mention seeing Mrs Kirke again and finding her a little better-looking than at their first meeting. He was also very interested to accompany Kirke on trips around and outside the fortified town. Kirke showed him some old Roman aqueducts and took him to the vitally important Fountain Fort, which was the last source of fresh water for the whole garrison.

His last complaints about Kirke concerned a ship brought in as a prize by a Tunisian, who asked 1500 dollars for it. Kirke offered him a third of, impounded the ship and the Tunisian on it, with only bread and water, when he refused the offer but it should be noted that, under 'Prize Law', the value of a prize was in the hands of the competent authority not the pirate who had seized it. He mentions also the very poor practice of issuing the individual soldiers of the Regiment a fresh meat ration once a week, which they promptly sold to civilians in the town to buy drink. His final remarks about the governor were made shortly before he finally escaped the increasingly ruined town and its miserable winter for the more agreeable air of Cadiz on 1 December. He notes: *'Kirke turned everything to his own benefit' and 'Kirke's accounts were most extravagant'*.



Samuel Pepys did not like Percy Kirke! But then Kirke was a complicated person, which is often what people say about someone who does both good and bad things. Well, Pepys certainly documented the bad things, so perhaps we should try and summarize the good things Kirke did.

Are there any? I think the value of the man lies less in what he did than in his role as an actor at certain pivotal events in British history. As a young officer, he served with Turenne's army, experiencing the historic winter campaign and the operational master strokes of a very great general, as well as the ferocious consequences for civilians at Türkheim in 1675,. He was at Maastricht, an important siege and battle for European history where he was wounded three times. There, he knew Monmouth and Churchill. He was Governor of Tangier, where he met and treated with the Alcalde. He was at Sedgemoor and his regiment executed 20 prisoners by order of the court, although most of the work in supporting Jeffries and escorting the assizes was carried out by the 2nd Tangier Regiment, later the King's Own (4th Foot). Kirke had left the west country before its work really began.. He lifted the siege of Londonderry and was at the Boyne, although he prevaricated for months waiting to see which way the wind blew.



Tangier

And as to his motives? His childhood and youth were marked by a strong sense of having been victimised, robbed and impoverished by the Protectorate which left him with a strong sense of wanting revenge. This led him to take every opportunity that presented itself to squeeze monetary gain out of every situation he found himself in. The awarding of supply contracts,

extortion of bribes and rewards for commercial concessions and favorable treatment or just the simple avoidance of punishments: all these were in Kirke's eyes legitimate rights he had won through his family's suffering during the interregnum and exile and for their loyalty to the Stuart house. The vicious, savage form of warfare he experienced on the continent only confirmed these feelings and hardened his cynicism. He was often described as 'hot', which in that age meant passionate and eager. All this is as it may be. We cannot disown Percy Kirke. He was the first Colonel of the Regiment that emerged from the amalgamation of half a dozen regiments that had formed the Tangier Garrison and an experienced, hardened professional soldier of his age, and he led our Regiment through great historical events.

His picture was bought by the the Officers of the 1st Battalion and currently hangs in the Officers' Mess of 2 PWRR alongside the portrait of his son, Lt Gen Percy Kirke (The Younger), who was also Colonel of the Regiment.

In 1967, pre-Troubles, in Palace Barracks, the 4th Battalion held a dance every Sunday night in the NAAFI. This was probably the only one in Northern Ireland, as in those days discos weren't allowed anywhere on Sundays other than on military property. The guard commander posted a sentry outside the guardroom with a clipboard as a large number of young ladies from all over the greater Belfast area congregated at the barracks entrance. Soldiers would come to the guardroom, and just like a market would choose who he wished to escort into the dance. The sentry would log each soldier and his escort on the clipboard and, at the conclusion of the evening, all females had to be accounted for and logged out. Civilians who worked in the camp were also allowed in with ID and could bring their families. I was the Corporal guard commander one Sunday night when a civilian came in with his wife and two daughters. The man's name was Mr Brush. Later, when I checked the clip board to see if any female had not been logged out, I found the sentry had written 'Mr Brush, Mrs Brush, and two little scrubbers!'

Rodger Bourne

**STAFF LIST, 1 QUEENS
ENGLAND AND BELFAST, 1974 – 1975**

Battalion Tac HQ (RUC North Queen Street)	
Commanding Officer	Lieutenant-Colonel J.G.W. Davidson
Second-in-Command	Major H.M. d V. Lohan
Adjutant	Captain M.J. Ball
Operations Officer	Major B.A. Carlston
Intelligence Officer	Captain A.C. Mievile
Regimental Signals Officer	Captain P.M.H. McGill
Regimental Sergeant Major	WO1 M. Ayling
A/RSO	WO2 J. Budgen
Signals QMS	CSgt F. Horan
Orderly Room Clerk	CSgt C. Bowes-Crick <i>RRF</i>
Search Adviser/Pioneer Sgt	WO2 Whittle
CQMS	CSgt J. Dickens
Provost Sergeant	Sgt A. Ibrahim

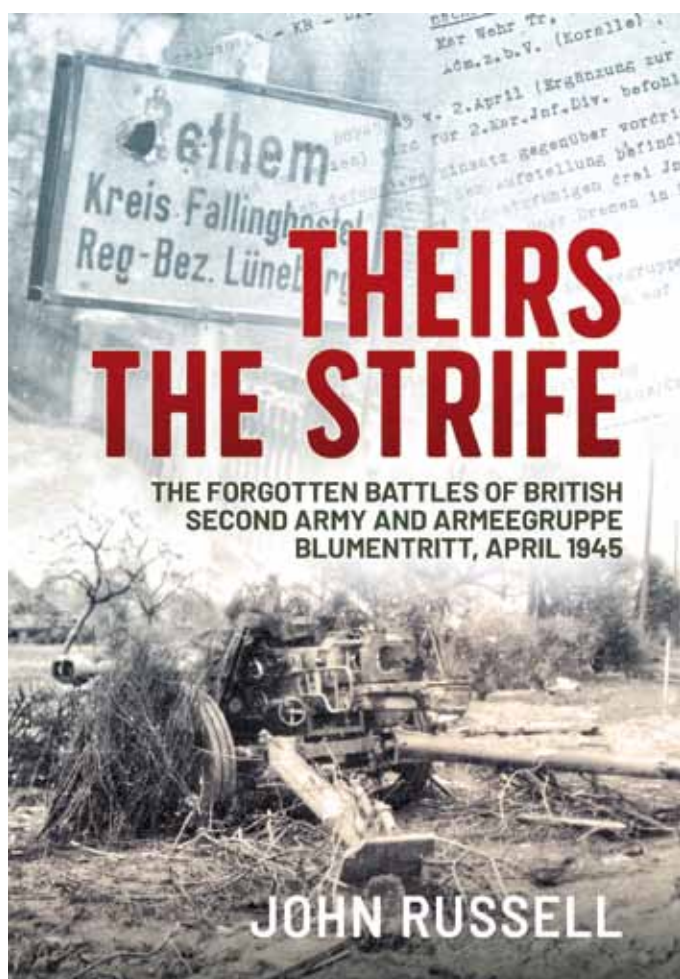
A Company (Kirke's) (Dunmore)	B Company (Girdwood Park)	C Company (Flax Street Mill)
Major P.J. Gybbon-Monypenny	Major R.W. Acworth	Major T.L. Trotman
Captain M.P. Lawson	Captain A.P. O'Gorman	Captain J.C. Acworth
Lieutenant S.C.J.B. Pielow	Lieutenant D.R. Pollard	Lieutenant P. Cox <i>INT CORPS</i>
2 nd Lieutenant D.R. Ellis	2 nd Lieutenant A.W. Barratt	2 nd Lieutenant T.N. McDermott
CSM M. Donnelly	2 nd Lieutenant K.A. Graham	2 nd Lieutenant J.P. Riley
CQMS A. Knight CSgt B. Rawlings	CSM C.T. Bromfield CQMS A. Hill Sgt S.R. Bream	2 nd Lieutenant D. Harding <i>6 GR</i> (attached) 2 nd Lieutenant A.J. Ray (April '75)
Recce Pl	Corps of Drums	
Captain P.R.P. Swanson	DMaj C. Smith	CSM WO2 John Allan and WO2 Bob Jones
WO 2 K. Brown		CQMS J. Shepherd
Sgt Hall		CSgt A. Taylor
		Sgt J. Juhel
		Sgt P. Dobson
Support Company (Flax Street Mill)	A Echelon (Flax Street Mill)	Rear Party (Bulford)
Major R.C. Pitman	Major R.A. Bartlett	Major J.D. Pike MC, UFO & PRI
Captain D.P.L. Hodgetts	Captain L.M.B. Wilson, QM (T)	Major R.E.B. Morris, QM
Captain P.R. Hichcock, Mor Pl	RQMS W Marshall	Capt G.A. Simmonds, MTO
Captain C.D.N. Polden, ATk Pl	Captain A. Martin <i>RAPC</i>	WO 1 (BM) A.W.K. Melvin
Captain R.M. McGhie, Vig Pl	CF4 Bailey <i>RACHD</i>	CSgt Fiddy
CSM M.D. Maloney <i>BEM</i>	CSM G.W.N. Holland	
CQMS P. Maye	CQMS Thorpe	
Sgt Belcher		
Sgt P. Kearse		

BOOK REVIEWS

THEIRS THE STRIFE

- THE FORGOTTEN BATTLES OF BRITISH SECOND ARMY AND ARMEEGRUPPE BLUMENTRITT, APRIL 1945

By John Russell



Theirs the Strife by John Russell tells the story of a series of bitter actions fought by the British and Germans during the closing days of the North-West Europe campaign, a period when the war's result was no longer in doubt and, for the Allies, the race nearly won.

This is a period uncelebrated by historians, who have paid little attention to the final weeks, with the few British narratives covering the period making only passing reference to the actions. In early April 1945, in their operations to cross the Weser, Aller and Leine rivers, the British would encounter the inexperienced but well-motivated troops of a recently-raised naval infantry division and a Waffen-SS battalion of Hitler Youth determined to acquit themselves as effectively as possible in their defence of the rivers.

The Germans' resilience would come as a most unpleasant surprise to the British. The book is studded with first-hand accounts and supported by 90 maps and figures to give readers unparalleled understanding of the action. The book analyses at length why the German units were prepared to fight when all was so obviously lost. It provides detailed information on German and British organizations, weapons and equipment as pertaining to April 1945.

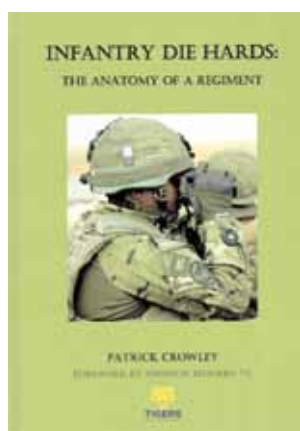
Theirs the Strife is no dry piece of military history. Much of the narrative is set at battalion level and below and studded with first-hand accounts, bringing the story to life. It fills a significant gap in the knowledge of this period and is a long-overdue testament to the men who had to fight in sight of peace.

BOOK REVIEWS

INFANTRY DIE HARDS:

THE ANATOMY OF A REGIMENT

By PT Crowley DL



The least spectacular arm of the Army, yet without them you cannot win a battle.

Without them you can do nothing at all. Nothing!

Field Marshal Montgomery on the Infantry

This new book is all about the infantry, concentrating on England's senior infantry regiment of the Line, The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment, 'The Tigers'. The Regiment has a unique heritage dating back nearly 450 years. The book highlights the role and peculiarities of the infantry and picks out 14 key stories from Tangier in 1662 to modern Iraq. It highlights the sacrifices made for King, Queen and country, from jungle to desert, across the world, by the regiments of the South-East of England. Written by Colonel (Retired) Patrick Crowley DL, Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, Foreword by Colour Sergeant Johnson Beharry VC and Afterword by the Colonel of The Regiment, Lieutenant General Doug Chalmers DSO OBE, this new and

exciting book is published and sponsored by Pooley Sword. All profit made is dedicated to Regimental Benevolence. Available for £30 only (including postage), from Mr Henry Thomas MBE, PWRR Area HQ, Leros Barracks, Sturry Road, Canterbury Kent CT1 1HR.

A SOLDIER'S POEMS – FROM THE HEART

By Terry Tezza

This book is about a soldier's life, love and PTSD. It is written from the heart and is unique in the fact that it is the author's personal account written through the experience of his army service, prison, and everyday life. Some of these poems were written when suicide was contemplated, and the only release was to put into words the author's feelings at the time. Some are just for fun, but all are about life.

This book has had 5 Star reviews and can be purchased from Amazon for £9.99





WELFARE AND FUNDRAISING

BENEVOLENCE

By Diane White, Welfare RHQ PWRR

The Queen's Regiment Benevolent Fund is here to help you and your families, to ensure we can relieve hardship and distress and provide support when the unfortunate or unexpected happens. It helps us to help you.

Over the last year we have helped 45 individuals. Financial assistance to the tune of £58,450 was requested. This is by no means the full story. When an individual requests assistance, other charities are approached through SSAFA to meet the requirement and cover not just financial help but assistance with dealing with the usual bureaucracy required by all Government Departments. Of this amount requested, the Benevolent Fund provided grants totalling just over £18,000, sourcing the rest from other means. In this way, we preserve our funds for the future and provide help where it is needed. Help has been provided to assist with priority debts, bankruptcy, and funeral costs; household items, a bicycle and mobility aids have also been provided but, worryingly, we are also still seeing individuals who need help for basic items such as food and clothing.

The following is by no means a comprehensive list but gives an indication of the type of support requested and the range of grants provided.

CASE STUDIES

Background: This veteran was unable to work due to a medical condition and a lowered immune system. He had made personal sacrifices and enquired into how he could help himself given his current situation. Despite his best efforts, he still required assistance towards some priority debts and general living costs.

Grant: £1000

Background: This applicant has recently moved into local authority housing after being homeless. He has several medical issues including mental health concerns, for which he is seeking help for. As he has just moved into a new place, he required assistance for basic household items.

Grant: £500

Background: This veteran has difficulty moving around and had bought a secondhand EPV with his own savings. He had also borrowed a rollator which he had found extremely beneficial and so sought assistance to purchase his own.

Grant: £95

Background: This veteran is currently living in a veterans' hostel and was seeking assistance towards some winter clothes and travel costs to an IT course.

Grant: £90

Background: This ex-soldier has an EPV that was funded by other military charities. It had been serving him well but malfunctioned before Christmas. He sought assistance for a service, new tyres, and a replacement battery to keep his independence.

Grant: £195

Background: This veteran lives in TRBL Village, having been homeless. He was a carer for a family member and prior to that an HGV driver. He wants to get back into the haulage business and was seeking financial assistance towards an HGV course/licence as well as a DRO for priority debts that had accrued.

Grant: £460

This is by no means an exhaustive list of the financial assistance that the Benevolent Fund has provided over the last 12 months but gives you an idea of the type of support that is available. Do not be afraid to ask for help and reach out to SSAFA, The Royal British Legion or the Association Secretary. There is a system to follow but this ultimately opens up a huge network of support whether for financial or other administrative support. The Benevolent Fund is here to help you. Please use it.

(Ed: We have also been partnering with a Charity called Computers4Charity (see their advert at the back of the Journal). Five Queensmen have benefited from the charity each receiving a laptop. For more info contact the Secretary.)

Needless to say, COVID has driven a coach and horses through any attempt to raise funds for the Benevolent Fund. Sadly, there was no ‘One Aim Rally’ by the QRRA this year, which left a massive hole in our fundraising efforts. The Golf

FUNDRAISING

Society gave a surprise presentation at the AGM of a cheque for £2,540, which was gratefully received by the President and Secretary.



Golf Society Presentation L-R Col Beattie, Steve Richards (Captain), Maj Goulden

One initiative that has generated funds has been the sale of Queen’s Regiment Commemorative Coins, raising £1,650.00. There are still some left. Contact the Secretary for details.



QUEEN'S AND PWRR MUSEUM – DOVER

By Cory Clover, Assistant Curator

It has been a year of peaks and troughs at the Queen's and PWRR Regiment Museum. Lockdown started for us on the 19th of March when Dover Castle closed to the public. Over lockdown, none of our staff were furloughed and we started to engage much more with our visitors on social media – we hope you've enjoyed some of our posts while we were closed. We're looking forward to experimenting with our Facebook and Twitter in the coming year.

Members of staff came in twice a week during lockdown to make sure the collection was safe and properly looked after, and to check on the building – it was very eerie being the only people in the castle's grounds in May and June! We were able to open again on the 4th of July with the rest of Dover Castle. Since we've reopened, our visitor numbers have sprung back, and aside from a much more stringent cleaning regimen, it feels like things are very much back to normal.

We've now managed to pick up and restart all our projects from before lockdown. We received funding from South East Museums to repack our collection in December 2019, and we have now been able to begin the work to store the collection in acid-free and inert packing materials to preserve them properly for generations to come. With a few new volunteers, we've been able to begin the process of removing old plastic boxes from our store which could inadvertently damage the collection, pack objects more securely, cover our uniforms and rolled flags with new acid-free covers to protect them from the light and insects, and



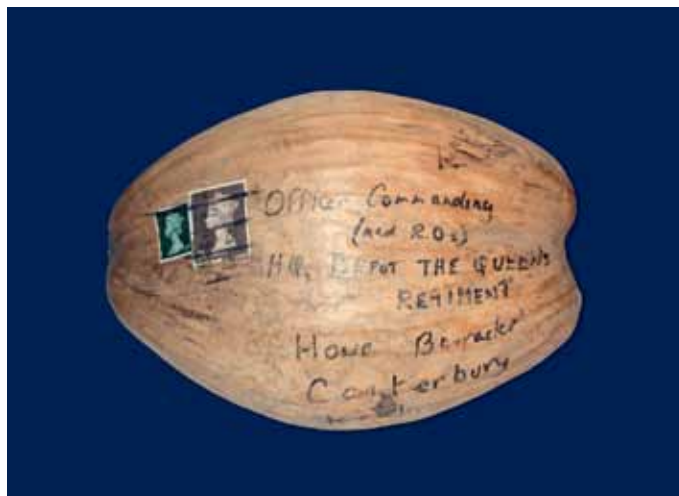
Beautifully wrapped flags in white Tyvek and Drums



Boots and Helmets

rearrange our store to ensure that similar objects are packed together. Alongside this, we have finalised our record of where objects are currently being stored – a vital part of collections planning. We’re hopeful that this project will be completed by the end of the year.

Part of the joy of our repacking project is that we can see objects we’ve not had out of their boxes for some time – including some brilliant examples of objects from the Queen’s Regiment. The seed pod pictured was sent from Sharjah in the United Arab Emirates, just north of Dubai. The Queen’s Regiment wasn’t the only regiment to send coconuts and other seed pods home from overseas and indeed dozens were sent back to families from the various Belize tours. Unfortunately, we don’t know anything more about this object before it came to the museum and we wondered if anyone remembered it arriving at Howe Barracks? We’d love to hear a little more about it!



Seed Pod

SURREY INFANTRY MUSEUM

Report on the Year to September 2020

In an ironic and unwelcome twist of fate, the UK heritage sector during 2020 has experienced the challenges and obstacles that Surrey Infantry Museum (SIM) has had to endure for the previous five years. For SIM, the lockdown period has been simply an extension of its ongoing regime except for operations being administered from home rather than the office in the Surrey History Centre in Woking. Autumn and winter has always been a quieter time for the Museum, even when it was located at Clandon before the fire. Spring normally brings the start of the ‘campaign season’ but in these troubling times there appears to be little prospect of the lifting of travel and social gathering restrictions until 2021. The last time many of us had the opportunity to meet was the FOSIM lunch in November 2019 where Ian Chatfield and I shared the podium to discuss George Roupell’s exploits and the East Surreys’ campaign in North Russia during 1919.



Unfortunately, all the lecture lunches scheduled for 2020 have had to be postponed and the much-anticipated Battlefield Tour to follow the Regiments’ campaigning with the BEF in France and Belgium in 1940 was another casualty of the present health crisis.

However, the daily task of responding to enquiries, almost exclusively by email, continues and, presumably with members of the public having more time on their hands, has increased in volume. The wide media coverage of the Dunkirk and VE Day anniversaries appears to have stimulated interest in research for men who served in the Second World War. SIM has carried out research on 30 men over the last six months as a result of enquiries, most of which related to WW2: whilst some could be answered quickly, others required extensive background research, particularly where a copy of the man’s service record had been made available. This work may be regarded as an important supplement to the information in the Regimental Histories and War Diaries as it lends itself to the telling of the personal stories experienced during a conflict where, sadly, the participants are now steadily passing from memory.

Whilst SIM has been unable to deploy its travelling exhibition at external events during the lockdown period, it has been preparing exhibitions for online publication and for the eventual re-opening of venues. In collaboration with Guildford



Museum (GM), SIM has produced content for its 'VE and VJ Day – Commemoration and Celebration' exhibition, which opened in the main gallery in August. The displays are also available to view online at: <https://spark.adobe.com/page/PBJJwCmcvdJyF/>



Despite the opening of the main gallery at GM, there is no access to other areas including the room on the first floor where the SIM display case is located. However, SIM has prepared material for an exhibition that was due to be staged this spring entitled 'The Surreys Finish The Job'. This exhibition focuses on the less well-known campaigns in Italy and Burma during 1945 rather than North-West Europe. The storyboards will be put on display in the case, with some artefacts from the period and a small diorama representing the Battle of the Argenta Gap, when circumstances allow.



Plans for SIM to move into GM have also been disrupted by the pandemic with the completion date for the re-development project slipping to 2024. SIM continues to work with Guildford Borough Council whilst maintaining its office at the Surrey History Centre. Progress on reaching a conclusion to SIM's insurance claim following the Clandon fire also moves forward slowly. Much effort had been put into producing the final valuation of the claim which was submitted by our legal team to the National Trust in February. There has been little response since, apart from a number of minor queries and clarifications.



During the lockdown, I'm still finding ways of keeping SIM in the public eye. I subscribe to the monthly magazine Military History Matters which ran an article on the BEF forces trapped at St Valery-en-Caux. Here is the letter published in the April 2020 issue under the headline of a quotation taken from the Regimental History:

Finally, the museum continues to engage with the Volunteers, Friends of SIM and Regimental Associations through occasional bulletins and the SIM Facebook page. In return, the Volunteers offer their time to help with research and the mammoth task of acquiring and digitising the WW2 Battalion War Diaries for both the Queen's and East Surreys.



Vel Exuviae Triumphans



BRANCH REPORTS

1 QUEENS

Sadly, the annual reunion at Herne Bay had to be cancelled because of COVID. However, not to be beaten by a mere bug, Den Gallagher put together a group of friends, invited all and sundry, and arranged a visit to the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) in the inter-regnum between total lockdown and increased restrictions. Slipping in just as new restrictions were put in place and with close liaison with the NMA, thirty-one of us, including two representatives from the 2nd Battalion met up, initially for a few beers before smaller groups of a maximum of six arrived at the NMA having pre-booked. After a clear brief from the NMA staff, we gathered at the Queen's Memorial for a short Memorial service with Eddie Dale starting the proceedings with the usual lesson from St John's Gospel, Den read out the names of the Fallen and the Association Secretary gave the Exhortation and Kohima Epitaph before wreaths were laid; although short, it was very moving. We got round the ban on bugles playing 'The Last Post' by the nifty use of the Secretary's phone and a Bluetooth speaker. Service over, we then gathered for a quick team photo which as you can see was well organised by Eddie Dale ensuring social distancing.

Over beers that evening, again in our groups of six, it was decided that it would be a good idea if, in addition to the London Reunion, that there be an annual meet at the NMA but on an Association-wide basis. The Association Secretary has been tasked!



1 QUEENS at the NMA - Socially Distanced



CHICHESTER BRANCH

By Eddie Drew

This year was marred by the pandemic which resulted in a horrible year.

However, on the plus side, even though the Branch is scattered all over the UK, we tried to keep in touch as best we could.

In January, Alan Drew, Pete Edwards and I attended a Veterans' Families and Careers course in Littlehampton run by the NHS, which we found very worthwhile.

Sadly, we lost two of our members, Ray (Jack) Payne and our Vice-President, John Butler, who both passed away in March.

COVID-19 has obviously created havoc with our programme but our Chairman, Dave Tilley, has managed to keep in touch with many with his weekly Wednesday sitrep on Facebook. This is an important part of ensuring that our members are surviving. We continue to keep in touch with all those who are unwell, but at time of writing, thankfully no one has contracted the virus.



Carrying the Flag at 'Clap for Carers'

The month of May was the 200th anniversary of Florence Nightingale's birth. Three Branch members, Dave Tilley, Bill Dixon and John Walters, went to St Richard's Hospital on one Thursday evening for 'Clap for Carers'. They paraded at 2000hrs suitably booted and spurred, carrying the Regimental flag of our forebear Regiment in time to applaud the staff who were coming off duty. The gesture was much appreciated and as they drove off, most drivers tooted to acknowledge our stalwart trio.

Charity fundraising continued - Simon Penny completed the Chestnut Tree challenge for the Chestnut Tree Children's Hospice after completing another challenge a week earlier for PTSD. Paul 'Chalky' White also completed the challenge for PTSD raising £300 for Combat Stress.

As the weeks progress, it is not looking too good for the immediate future and we must err on the side of caution and avoid large gatherings for some time yet. We have started planning for next year and hope that the following functions can take place in 2021.

- Albuhera Dinner on 15 May
- Veterans 65th Korean Anniversary Lunch in August
- Goodwood Race Day in September
- Lewes Annual Dinner 11 September
- Christmas Dinner strangely enough in December

Bizarre Meetings

Standing on Deal Railway Station wearing my Queen's regimental tie at 05.45 in the morning, waiting for a train which was delayed because there were cows on the line, I was accosted by Andy Hunter who wanted to know by what right I was wearing his regimental tie. I explained my right to the tie and he explained that he was from the 3rd Battalion, which was why we had never met. As a result of our meeting, we spent a pleasant couple of hours regaling the rest of the carriage with our tales of derring-do from our days in Northern Ireland in 1984 when all three Battalions were serving there— at least that's what we thought we were doing!

Alasdair Goulden



Third Knock CG L-R Bob Jeffery, Gordon Greenwood, Mike Gauntlett, Danny Alsford, (Guest Sponsor)

Thankfully, the golfing society is in a healthy condition, with no Covid-19 or other deaths this year. We have a membership of 84, with 65 playing and 19 non-playing members. Our first action of the year was to present The Queen's Regiment Benevolent Fund with a cheque for £2,540 with which we were delighted to surprise Colonel Beattie, the Association President, at the AGM.

We kicked off the playing year with our First Knock fixture, (40 members attended) on 21 March in Essex. On 23 March 'Lockdown' hit, so we were side-lined. The Secretary and Captain, not to be outsmarted, made cancellations and carried some fixtures over to 2021, but in the meantime, contingency plans were put in place to provide affordable golf for the members when the conditions proved safe.

We have now played 2nd Knock in Rainham in Kent (42 players), 3rd Knock in Essex once more again with healthy support (44 players) with new and old members enjoying the banter and the camaraderie. What is great is that the word is getting out about this thriving Golfing Society for old and new members alike. We played a further match in Chichester and had our Captain's Day where we play for the John "Chuck" Cullinane Trophy on 4 September which ran concurrently with our AGM.

Later in September, we held our annual fixture and social for members and friends at the Ashbury Manor Golf Complex in Devon with 37 members and guests attending. We finished off this year with a match against the Kent Police at North Foreland GC in October and are hoping to hold our second End of Season Dinner where we play for the Terry Moore Memorial Trophy; our guests of honour will be the family of a terrific ex-soldier, Terry Moore, later in October. It is hoped that we can hold a fund-raiser again this year to surprise the Regimental Benevolent Fund with another cheque for the support you give to us and the members.

We are open to new members of all abilities and the contact details are in the Journal contacts section. We look forward to a full calendar for 2021.



L-R Tom Reddick, Steve Coker, Ron Stevens, Phil King, (Tom's Dad)



HORSHAM BRANCH

By Andrew Byford and Jonathan Purdy

The Horsham Branch's year started well, back in September 2019, as lunch guests of the Middlesex Branch at Edgware Army Reserve Centre. Horsham is fortunate enough to hold a number of items from the 6/7th Battalion, and so after a most excellent lunch, it was our great pleasure to march in the former B Coy 6/7 Guidon and present it to B Coy 4 PWRR, now based at Edgware. 2019 finished in good form with an early December reunion at the Horsham Cricket Club, with little thought as to what 2020 would bring.



There In Spirit - The Horsham Branch Loving Cup used for the Silent Toast as well as the Queen's badge 'liberated' from the Denne Road Drill Hall

Early in 2020, the Branch was saddened to lose in quick succession three long-term and well-beloved members, Peter Chapman, Terry Young and Rob Thornton. It is impossible to mention Rob without being captured by his infectious sense of humour. I am sure that everyone who knew Rob has their 'funny story'. Here is one my favourites.

On exercise in Cyprus, the Echelon CP consisted of a ¾ ton Landrover and a 9x9 tent frame on the back, with just a cam net thrown over, as it was so hot. There Rob instigated 'Dress State 13'. This was your jacket on the back of your chair, trousers at your ankles, thus conducting operations in just your 'skiddies'. Dress State 13 was in operation one day when the dulcet tones of the RSM were heard, tearing a strip off one of the sentries as his cam cream had run in the heat. Much hilarity ensued in the CP whilst getting in a fit state to receive the CO and RSM.

In mid-January Horsham District Council announced their intention to demolish the iconic Horsham Drill Hall. There was an immediate outcry from the good folk of Horsham, stern letters were dispatched by our Branch President and Chairman and, working with the Royal British Legion, a petition to save the Drill Hall collected nearly 6,000 signatures. Following a threat to attend the Council meeting with 'bayonets fixed', the Council has agreed to a two-year period of consultation including an independent review of the need for a community facility.

And then we had the lockdown, which has caused the cancellation, postponement or revised approaches to the planned spring and summer Branch activities. Andrew puts it best: *"We trained to defend our country from an aggressor, an invasion, or general nastiness. We were not trained to even think something of this nature would happen. The 'B' in NBC would be the closest."*

Events that we have sadly had to postpone (not cancel!) include commemoration of the 45th Anniversary of the formation of 6/7 Queen's (1 April 1975), the Silent Toast in May, a battlefield tour (Normandy is the plan for 2021), luncheon in the Drill Hall and our reunions.



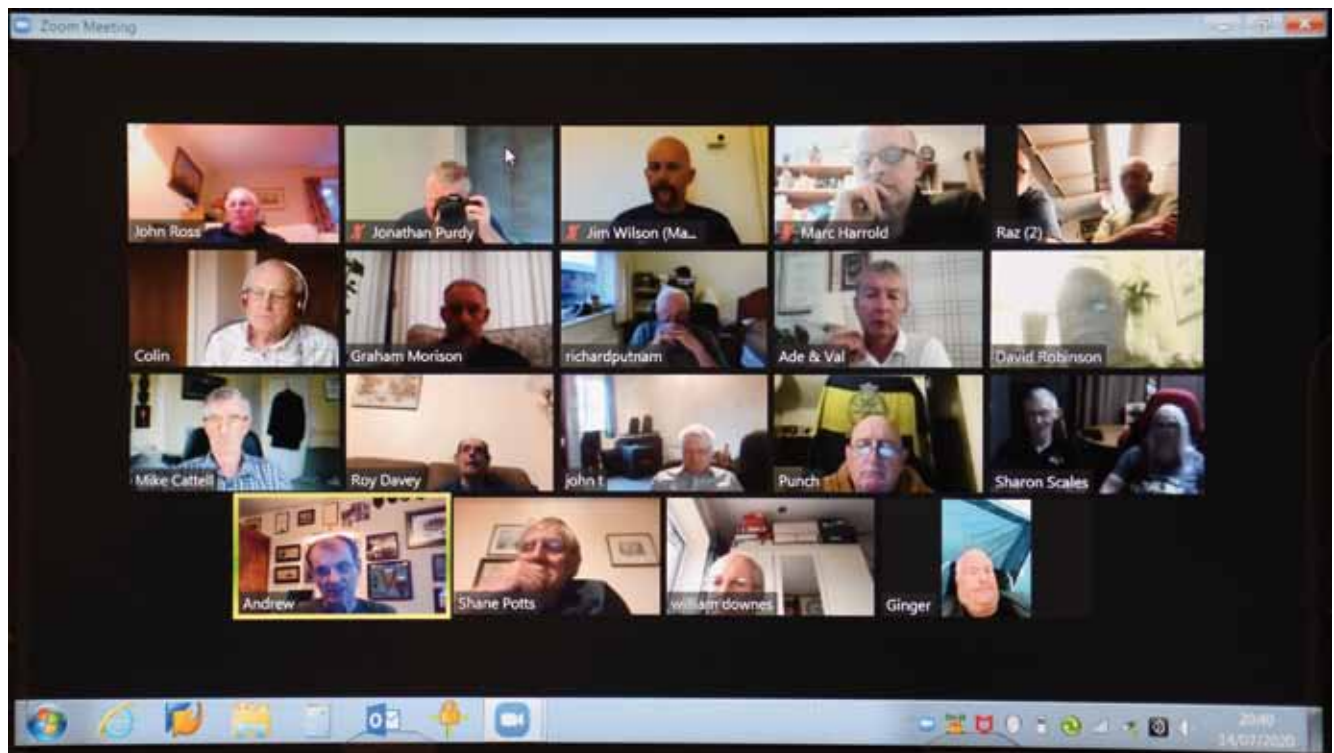
Kohima - Andrew Byford & Mick Courtnege at the Memorial in Worthing

But that hasn't stopped us! We met and commemorated Albuhera over 'Zoom', finishing with a boisterous rendition of 'Sussex by the Sea'. Other virtual meetings have helped to keep members in touch and promote morale (I think hurling banter at each other constitutes 'morale'). For added reading matter whilst we are all stuck at home, additional issues of the newsletter have been produced, as well as occasional circulars including stories of battlefield tours past (to remind us all of what we are missing!)

Nevertheless, there have been some 'out and about' events. The 104th anniversary of the Battle of the Boars Head was marked by a suitably socially distanced ceremony at the Richebourg Memorial in Beach House Park, Worthing on Tuesday 30th of June. With numbers restricted, the Branch was represented by Mick Courtnege carrying the Royal

Sussex Regiment Standard and Andrew Byford reading the words of The Exhortation and the Kohima Epitaph.

Looking forward, 2021 will bring the 40th Anniversary of the Presentation of Colours to 6/7 Queen's where we plan to gather in Chichester (where the Colours are laid up). As noted above, we are planning a Normandy battlefield tour and may even try for a barbecue!



Meeting By Zoom - Members of the Horsham Branch at their July Meeting.



MIDDLESEX BRANCH

By Les Vial

The annual round of news from the Middlesex Branch begins with a couple of events from last year. In September, the branch hosted what was to all intents and purposes a reunion luncheon for former members of the 6/7th (Volunteer) Battalion.



Derrick Harwood being presented with his Distinguished Life Members medal by Les Vial



John Sajdler and Trevor Pidgeon receiving their Veterans Star Commemorative Medals from Derrick Harwood



Major Peter Chapman TD



Terry Young BEM

After a great deal of planning and preparation (including hanging over 50 flags from the rafters of the Edgware ARC), the luncheon took place on 24 Sep 19 with over 90 members, wives, partners and guests from the Middlesex Branch as well as our sister branches of West Surrey and Horsham. We were also delighted that several of our serving members from B Coy, 4 PWRR attended. The theme of the luncheon was the 75th Anniversary of D-Day.

Two highlights stick out. First, the alacrity with which the bottles of Spitfire Ale were consumed by the West Surrey Branch and Horsham lot – about 72 bottles within 30 minutes of arrival! Second, was the presentation of the old B Company Guidon back to B Coy 4 PWRR. During the early 1980s, each company in 6/7 QUEENS was presented with a guidon. In 1987, when B (Albuhera) Company left 6/7 QUEENS to form 8th Queen's Fusiliers, the 'B' Company Guidon was handed over to the newly raised B (Somme) Company at Brighton.

The Guidon had been held in safekeeping for many years by Andy Byford (a former CSM at Horsham) and, at the previous year's reunion at Horsham, it was agreed it should be returned to its original home. Andy presented it to OC B Coy, Maj Heath Craster. The Guidon now resides in the Officers' Mess at Edgware along with the Guidons of the 1/7th Middlesex and B (Queen's Regiment) Company, The London Regiment.

Also, it was good to hear that the 'naughty table' of Steve Morley, Tom Grant, Adrian Mullen, Mev Armon, Andy Corrigan and George Miller continued the motion late into the night at a local Burnt Oak hostelry – the Girth and Gusset or some suchlike. We understand that local Anglo-Romanian relations were not improved on that night.

In September last year as I was browsing eBay, I came across a collection of silver goblets from the estate of the late Major Max Maloney BEM. The goblets were a leaving present from the WOs' and Sgts' Mess of 6/7 QUEENS and each goblet was inscribed with the name of the serving SNCOs in each company at that time. Within minutes of posting this on our Albuhera Company Facebook group, the silver was no longer listed. What had happened? Had someone made the seller an offer he could not refuse? All became clear a few days later when I spoke to Brian Williams about this and he admitted meekly that he was the mystery 'Buy It Now' buyer.

In November, the Branch joined B Coy, 4 PWRR for the Remembrance Day Service at Hornsey and in December about 20 members of the Branch attended a well-run Christmas Dinner and Dance organised by B Coy, 4 PWRR at Edgware.

The last Branch function before COVID-19 hit the calendar was the New Year's Luncheon at Edgware on 12 Jan20. 41 members and their partners attended with our guests, Col John White (PWRR County Colonel for London and Middlesex) and Maj Alasdair Goulden (Secretary of the QRA). The increasing numbers for the luncheon provide many a headache for the organising committee in trying to seat everyone comfortably but it is a nice problem to have.

Following the luncheon, our President, Derrick Harwood, presented members John Sajdler and Trevor Pidgeon with the 'Veteran's Star' commemorative medal in recognition of their



George Parker

accumulated TA and HSF service of 16 and 17 years respectively along with a framed commendation.

Derrick Harwood was himself then presented with a 'medal' to commemorate his turning 80 and becoming a 'DLM' or Distinguished Life Member. One of the perks of this is that he no longer pays an annual subscription to the Branch -but, no doubt he will, 'cos he's that kind of bloke!

COVID-19 meant that our social calendar for 2020 was shot to pieces. Casualties included our Branch

AGM, the Branch Albuhera Dinner, the Branch Battlefield Tour and the Armed Forces Day parade at the RAF Museum Hendon. However, using modern technology, the Branch was able to undertake a virtual 'Silent Toast' ceremony using Zoom. Our President read the account of the Battle of Albuhera and proposed the toast to 'The Immortal Memory' and rather than being done individually, it was done collectively and in silence. Although everyone appeared to be in blazers with a Queen's Regiment tie, there were some suspicions that one of two members probably were sitting there in their underpants.

With a renewed effort to update our database, we managed to convince about a dozen 'lapsed members' to renew their membership. Acutely aware that any branch needs to recruit new blood, we began a concerted effort to recruit serving



Edgware ARC September 2019 Reunion Luncheon



The members of the naughty table



Brian Williams and the Maloney Goblets



New Year's Luncheon Edgware January 2020

soldiers of B Coy, 4 PWRR into joining what is after all their regimental association. To date we have had 14 serving members join and hope that when things return to normal, we will have the opportunity to recruit many more.

Sadly, since the last newsletter we have lost three branch members, Maj Peter Chapman TD, WO2 Terry Young BEM and Cpl George Parker. Peter's funeral in Brighton in February was literally standing room only. Terry's funeral in March at Morden, Surrey was also extremely well attended, with three of his former COs paying their respects. Sadly, George's funeral in April was hit by the COVID-19 restrictions and only Trevor Canton and I were able to join his family for the service at Hendon Crematorium, which was limited to just 12 attendees.

That's it from the outpost north of the Thames. To close this account of the Branch activities, we would like to thank B Coy, 4 PWRR for our continued close relationship and for allowing us to use the accommodation and facilities at ARC Edgware.



THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION CORPS OF DRUMS

By Amy Holden

Last year, we omitted to send in a report, so this report covers two years! 2020 was due to be the Drums' busiest year to date following on from a very successful 2019. Unfortunately, that wasn't to be, due to ill health and the inconvenient arrival of COVID-19, which put a hold on all of the events the Drums were booked to take part in!

Looking back at 2019, the Drums had an exceptional year, starting off at their favourite watering hole, the Saracen's Head in Deal. This was for the St George's Day celebrations in aid of the Benevolent Fund and the Samaritans. The night was a huge success and concluded with a great rendition of 'Soldiers of the Queen' being played on a saw, accompanied by two of the drummers.

Following on from this the Drums had a very enjoyable evening with golfers from the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club and their counterparts from the USA. Along with a great performance they helped to raise nearly £2,000 for the Benevolent Fund.



Drummer Ray Downes

This high was followed by a low when we lost Ray Downes who had been with the Drums from when we first formed. He fought a very courageous fight against cancer, and he will always be in our hearts and thoughts.

The end of May saw the 1st Battalion Reunion in Herne Bay, which is always a fantastic night with great people and even more money raised.

The summer months were busy with appearances at three spectacular weddings of Queensmen and of course not forgetting supporting the QRRA at the One Aim Rally.

October had the Drums supporting the QRRA at their cheque presentation at Dover Castle, a small performance for the Ramsgate Air Cadets recruitment evening and another sound performance at the Saracen's Head.

December was the highlight of the year, performing for Her Majesty Queen Margarethe II and HRH the Duchess of Gloucester at the Anglo-Danish Society 60th Anniversary Scholarship Programme Royal Banquet at Drapers' Hall in London. This truly was an exceptional experience for all drummers and one they will never forget.

As always everyone from the Drums would like to thank the President and the Secretary for their continued support.

Looking forward to 2021, we hope to be back in action and busier than ever.

If you or anyone you know would like to join us or for bookings, please email qracorpsofdrums@yahoo.co.uk or contact the Secretary direct.



With Ramsgate Air Cadets



With the USA Golfers



Before The Queen Arrived



Remembrance Day



Tony Philpott being introduced to HM by Col Harber



In Draper's Hall for the Anglo-Danish Society



On the Steps of the keep - Dover Castle



A Magic Performance for the USA



THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

By Steve 'Grizzly' Adams

The global pandemic may have put us on the canvas, but we are not out for the count. Despite having to cancel our beloved One Aim Rally and not organising or attending our usual biker events and ride-outs, the QRRRA has had a reasonably busy year.

The one and only ride-out we managed to arrange before lockdown was at the beginning of March to the Spitfire Museum, next to Manston Airfield in Kent. Despite being a small family-run museum, it is full of interesting exhibits such as the early design and blueprints of this iconic aircraft and the handwritten diaries and flying logs of the brave pilots. It is well worth a visit if you are in the area.

As we all know, there followed the period of lockdown, ending any possibility of further events. However, good news was received in that we were granted planning permission for our new clubhouse on the land acquired by the Association for the Veterans' Rehabilitation, Community and Social Centre (see separate article).

As lockdown restrictions began to ease, we were keen to find a way to get together whilst complying with all the necessary guidelines and ensuring the wellbeing of our members. Our club President, Steve 'Bard' Barden, approached the local authorities for advice. They were extremely helpful and, subject to the usual risk assessment and myriad of paperwork, had no problem in allowing the event. Oddly, they advised him that it should be publicised as an 'Open Evening & Garden Fete'. So, that is what we had. We were restricted to twenty members and had to follow social distancing advice. In all, between July and August, we put on three of these 'fetes'; the final one being a farewell party for our clubhouse location in Wingham. This event coincided with Anthony 'Bomber' Brown stepping down as clubhouse manager. Bomber has been exceptional in this role and has worked tirelessly to ensure that the clubhouse was always in an immaculate condition and well-stocked for our members and guests.

As I mentioned earlier, planning permission was granted for our new clubhouse. This has given members renewed vigour for the future of the club. We have had several working parties that were well attended by members and their



Meeting at the field

families. A lot of hard work has been carried out clearing areas of overgrown brambles and vegetation, in searing heat, to get the land ready for the build. As I write this in late August, much is happening at a fast pace. We have a lot of building materials and heavy plant etc delivered to the land. We are always looking to save costs on the build and would really appreciate any donations of building materials and labour. Please contact us via our Facebook page or email qrrasec6692@outlook.com if you can help. To ensure the site remains safe and secure, we have our shipping containers from Wingham on site, and a caravan for our resident Rottweiler, Nigel 'Nutz' Bradbury, who is doing an excellent job of maintaining site security.

We hope you all remain safe, sane and well during this difficult time and look forward to many of you attending The One Aim Rally, our main fund raiser for the Benevolent Fund, to be held at our new home, next year on 2-4 July 2021.

QUEENSMAN LODGE 2694 METROPOLITAN GRAND LODGE

By Bro John Edwards

Since the dreaded COVID, we have missed a number of meetings, which also has delayed a further four candidates joining the Lodge; and we still have a few more that want to come aboard. However, with a bit of luck, we should (fingers crossed) be back to normal as at March 2021. On a personal note, I travelled over to Spain in February for a month and, lo and behold, got back to the UK nearly six months later.

To keep in touch, the Lodge purchased a Zoom licence. Since March, we have held a weekly Zoom meeting open to all Lodge members and we will continue to do so for the foreseeable future.

We plan to hold meetings in September and December but will be restricted by numbers and there will be no dining after the event, but it will enable the Lodge to get some of the administration back on an even keel. We hope to be meeting at the Lodge Rallying Point across the road from Grand Lodge.

The Lodge is pleased to congratulate Bro Andre Pepper on his promotion to WO1 (working with 5 Rifles) and also Bro Johnson Beharry VC promotion to Colour Sergeant.

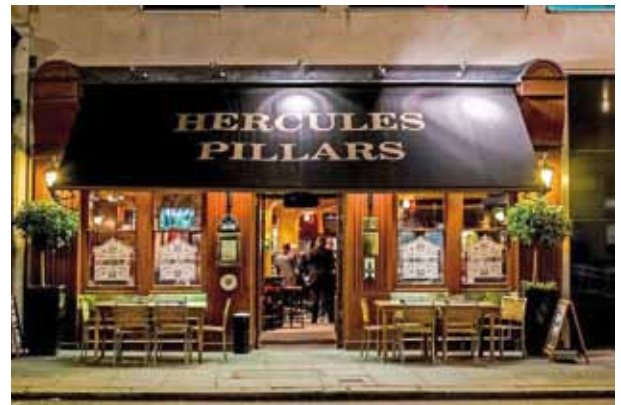
Next year, a year later than planned, Bro Ged Deutrom will be ascending to the chair of King Solomon as the new Worshipful Master. In addition, the Lodge is considering holding a Summer Ball in Canterbury, the planning of which is in the early stages and more information will follow. The function will not be exclusive to Lodge Members so anyone that wanted to attend is more than welcome.



Gaggle of Brothers

Over the last couple of years, we have seen an increase in the number of ex-1st Battalion swelling our ranks which bodes well for the future. Perhaps they are trying to catch up with the 2nd and 3rd Battalions!

We have managed to support several Masonic and non-Masonic charities over the last year and look forward to doing so again in the next 12 months.



The Lodge Rallying Point before and after Meetings



Bro Ron Baker with Banners ready for shipping to BATUS



Bro Ron Baker has been producing painted Lodge banners for several years and has recently provided a number of them to Masonic lodges in the British Army Training Unit Suffield. Bro Ron hails from the Queen's Royal Surreys and for a time also served with the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.



Bro Catmankev's Wine

Bro Catmankev when not fishing for giant catfish is producing wine. If you fancy a bottle, do get in touch!

RAMSGATE BRANCH

By Kev Minnis

On 31 December 2019, the Ramsgate Branch of the Queen's Own Buffs Association was disbanded. On 1 January 2020, we became the Ramsgate Branch of the Queen's Regimental Association, under the chairmanship of Alan Buddle (sadly deceased); a new start and opportunity to recruit new members in Thanet and the surrounding area. We held a recruiting event and gained nine new members. Branch officers attended the AGM in London and briefed all there on our plans for the coming year: parades we were going to attend, battlefield tour to Arras, Albuhera Dinner, Branch dinner and a Queen's and PWRR breakfast RV. Our aspirations for the coming year were high. Planning for events was well advanced and the first breakfast RV took place on 14 March. This was held at the Royal Victoria Pavilion on Ramsgate seafront, the largest Wetherspoons in the country. Twenty-nine veterans from the Queen's and PWRR attended, some bringing wives and partners, some coming as far away as Deal and Dover. QRRR members also attended as part of a ride-out for that weekend.

The event was a great success and with RVs planned and arranged with Wetherspoons for the following months, we were going in a good direction. We had secured the Association Corps of Drums to do a drums display at our branch dinner in November. However, as we all know the world was about to change. The plans of the Ramsgate branch did not survive contact with COVID 19.

Several of our members have had to start shielding and with the country in lockdown, branch meetings were postponed indefinitely as too were the breakfast RVs. External events we were to attend were cancelled including VE Day, Armed Forces Day and the London Buffs Tower of London Parade. With great disappointment, we had to postpone our Albuhera Dinner. The battlefield tour was postponed to next year. We contacted our more senior members to see what and if any support they needed. All of them had family support and did not need help, but we stood ready to give support to members if required and are still ready to do so. We have two members in a care home in Margate, Ernie Ralf and Vic McCoy, a Buffs Burma Veteran, being 102 and. Our Welfare Officer, Brian Hazard is in contact with them. Both are well.



Roger Banks



Brian Hazard



Ron Brown



Tony Dutton

With no meetings or activities to undertake, what do veterans do - DIY, gardening, catch-up TV or NETFLIX and chilling? No, they come up with a plan to carry on operations in a new environment. To raise the profile of the branch, we set up a Facebook page for recruiting and a Facebook group for members. We couldn't hold our Albuhera Dinner so instead we held a lockdown Silent Toast. At 1800hrs on 16 May, members toasted 'The Immortal Memory' at home and some members followed this with their own lockdown Albuhera Dinner. We may be down, but we aren't out!



Brian Hazzard at VJ Day Margate 2020

VE Day was commemorated at home with some members standing outside their houses for the two-minute silence. VJ Day saw a return to more normal commemoration but this was by invitation and followed Government guidance. Brian Hazard attended and laid a wreath at the Margate VJ Day. The Ramsgate VJ Day was organized by Peter Steel, RBL Ramsgate Chairman and branch member. Kev Minnis was invited to lay a wreath for the RBL.

Armed Forces Week was celebrated on our Facebook page and members celebrated Armed Forces Day at home. At the time of writing, we are still not holding meetings but with the Ramsgate RBL Club now opening, we will look to start holding meetings once members have been consulted. We hope that next year brings a more normal return to pre-Covid days. Our focus for next year will be recruiting new members and catching up with old friends. Whatever happens in the coming months and years, the Ramsgate branch wishes good health to all Queensmen wherever you are. Keep safe.



Some of those who attended the Breakfast RV, at the Royal Victoria Pavilion



This year has been a year that generations of our successors will talk about for a long time to come. COVID-19 has affected all walks of life. The things we all enjoyed and took part in with pride in have been stopped. Buffs Sunday – stopped, the Maidstone Reunion - stopped. But these set backs will not stop us remembering those that did not get this far.



Alf in the Courier



Alf's Birthday Cake



Alf with his son and daughter

Alf Hunt had his 100th birthday. He has been a member of the Branch from the beginning in 2002. Alf is a man with a distinguished background. He was in the 6th Battalion, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. He was awarded the Military Medal for his exemplary work at the Battle of Monte Cassino. This was after the 8th Army had defeated Rommel in North Africa. We made a special day to celebrate his centenary, starting with going to the old Garrison Church of St Peter and St Paul at Maidstone, to turn the page of the Book of Remembrance. The page he turned had men's names on it with whom he served. It was quite an emotional day for all of us that took part. After the visit to the church, we went to the Grange Moore Hotel for a buffet lunch and Alf to cut his cake. This was kept secret from Alf with only his family and the Branch knowing.

After all that excitement, we then went into Christmas. We held our annual Christmas lunch at our old venue, the Priory Road Social Club, Tonbridge, catering for some 60 members. We had our usual raffle and toasted the Queen and the Regiment. We have a Guardsman as a member, and he was on his own when he stood.

January 2020 managed a get-together of all members of The Queen's Regiment that live in Kent and the surrounding counties. It was held at the Brewers Fayre, Laybourne, near Maidstone. It's a get-together that has been going on for about five years now.

The AGM was our next major hurdle. It was hosted by our President, Col Richard Lee. John Grinham and Brian Bachelors stood once again for the jobs of Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer respectively, which went through without a hitch.

This was in January, and after that things went downhill at a rapid rate of knots.

COVID-19 stopped everything. The Branch could no longer function. We were all on hold. Both John and I tried to keep the branch together as much as we could, either by letter or email, just to make sure all the members were staying safe and trying to find out if they had any welfare needs. However, in true soldier-like fashion, all seemed to cope really well with the extraordinary circumstances we were all going through. We tried to arrange meetings over the months but to no avail.



The Branch Turns the Page

Whilst all this was going on, we had our fair share of bad news. One of our members, Tony Dyer, sadly suffered life-changing injuries after a fall at home. We are supporting him and his wife Gill where we can. One of our oldest members, Mr Doug Adams, also had a fall. He was taken to King's Hospital London where the Branch did its best to support him, but sadly he passed away in August. His funeral was held in the usual style but with the COVID limits forced on us.

As soon as we can, we will be back in business and would welcome any Queensman, Tiger or forebear regiment member to join us.

WEST SURREY BRANCH

By Dick Scales

COVID-19

Like for all of us this year has been full of strange and frustrating experiences. Having finally been able to parade the new Branch Standard at the Farnham Remembrance Parade for the first time, we then moved on to planning the Dedication. The plan was (despite tradition) to have this take place at Farnham ARC on a Drill Night to enable A Coy, 4 PWRR personnel to take part and a date was provisionally fixed for March. It was clear from the progress of the virus that the event was unlikely to take place and the decision was taken to cancel.

In response to the lockdown, all Branch meetings were cancelled and a group of volunteers from the branch established a support network to help any member in difficulties. So far (and long may it continue) no such support has been necessary.

Moving on to Branch events, there was the Remembrance Parade in November followed by a well-supported Branch Christmas Dinner at the Holiday Inn, Farnborough.

Understandably, no monthly meetings took place from February.



First outing of the new Branch Standard

The next planned event was to be the Branch BBQ, always popular, in August at Frimley Lodge Park. However, three weeks before the event, I was told by Surrey Heath Council that no more than six people would be allowed at the BBQ. I explained that would not work and agreed a refund. Well, we do not give up that easily. Having looked at the rather confusing information on easing lockdown, we decided that up to 30 could attend an outdoor event and the Branch BBQ became the Branch Picnic. Again, this year, it was well attended, despite the threat of heavy rain. 28 adults and children plus three dogs attended. It was agreed the best bit was being able to meet face to face after so long; same old jokes, same old rubbish, lots of laughter. It was great! Any members not in the photo were either chasing dogs or chasing children.



The socially distanced picnic



OBITUARIES

CANON CHRISTOPHER TUCKWELL

By Paul Gray



Canon Christopher Tuckwell died on 26th June 2020 following months of fighting cancer.

He was commissioned into The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment in 1966 just prior to the formation of The Queen's Regiment. He served in BAOR, Bahrain and the Depot Basingbourn.

In Bahrain, he distinguished himself by eventually closing the Corporals' Mess at 0430 hours! On one occasion, the CO, Lt Col Charles Millman, sent all the subalterns off on adventurous training expeditions. Christopher took his platoon to Kenya, where they camped at Eldoret on the estate owned by the parents of L/Cpl Blanch (now Lt Col (Retd) Tony Blanch late PWO), one of his platoon. They had great fun and were royally entertained by the British ex-patriot community, including my cousin and her daughters! Christopher met up with an officer in the Kenya Army whom he had known at RMA Sandhurst and was by then Chief of the General Staff in the Kenyan army (promotion was quicker there!). This visit was much to the irritation of our Defence Advisor; *"I have been here for nine months and have yet to be allowed to visit him--and now you get to see him when you have only been here for one week!"* While in Kenya, Christopher also took his platoon to Uganda, which had not been authorised, to meet another ex-RMAS friend, who by then was again quite senior in the Ugandan army. This led to a near diplomatic incident, which did not endear Christopher,

on his return to Bahrain, to the CO, when the news of his expedition into Uganda reached HQ Land Forces!

He left the Army in 1970 and entered Chichester Theological College to train for the Anglican ministry. Ordained in 1974, he worked in parishes in East London, the island of St Vincent in the Windward Islands, Shepherds Bush and Tottenham. He was appointed The Queen's Regimental Chaplain, a post which he retained till his death.

In 1994, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church and was ordained a Catholic priest in 1995. He has served in parishes in Stonebridge Park, Hemel Hempstead and Clapton before moving to Westminster Cathedral as Administrator (Dean) in 2006.

In addition to his work at Westminster Cathedral, he acted as chaplain to the AIDS/HIV unit at North Middlesex Hospital for four years and as the Catholic chaplain at HMP Bovingdon from 1997 to 2001 and at HMP Pentonville from 2001 to 2006. In addition to being Honorary PWRR Chaplain, he was also the Catholic Chaplain to Wellington Barracks. He was a regular attender at our Regimental Reunions and regimental battlefield tours and in 2016, he officiated at the dedication of the new Queen's Memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum.

(Ed: The President of the Association was privileged to represent the wider regimental family as one of the few able to attend Canon Tuckwell's funeral at Westminster Cathedral.)

COLONEL JAMES (JIM) OGILVIE OBE TD DL

By Col Richard Putnam



Colonel Jim Ogilvie was born in 1930 in Kent. After leaving school, he did 3 years regular service in the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment (2 years National Service + 1 year). He transferred to the Queen's Own Royal West Kent

Regiment TA and his entire civilian career was spent with Tate & Lyle, the sugar company. Not much is known about his career in the QORWK until 1966.

Following the review of the TA in 1965, it was severely cut back with many units disbanded. To appease the many cries of dismay and complaint, the Territorial (Volunteer) battalions were formed. In the South-East there were 5 such battalions (6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 QUEENS). Colonel Jim was appointed the Commanding Officer of the 8th Battalion with HQ in Tonbridge and detachments in Maidstone and Gillingham. These battalions were poorly equipped and by the end of 1967, there were no permanent staff, very little kit and no pay for the volunteers. Such a position was unsustainable and by April all Territorial (Volunteer)



battalions were reduced to cadres which were designed to form the nucleus of any new battalions formed in the future. The 8 QUEENS Cadre was based in Crawley.

In 1970, the expansion of the TA was announced and in 1971 the formation of 7 QUEENS(V) was promulgated. Its first commanding officer was Lt Col Jim Ogilvie. Rifle companies were located at Farnham, Crawley and Folkestone. The priority was recruiting and by August that year numbers stood at 223. Col Jim's first camp was held in October with Week 1 at St Martin's Plain. The second week was devoted to Exercise RED HARE in the Channel Islands. The battalion was transported by HMAV Agheila, a flat-bottomed landing craft, through atrocious conditions with hurricane force winds; an experience never to be forgotten. The following year, bad weather reappeared during annual camp at Okehampton with

an excellent battalion exercise on the moors. May 1973 saw Lt Col Jim and his battalion at camp in Wretham on Stanford PTA.

In September, Col Jim's tenure of command came to an end. In the Birthday Honours he was appointed OBE to mark his efforts as the first Commanding Officer. A few months after leaving, he was promoted to colonel and a staff appointment. In 1977, he found himself as Parade Commander of 2,000 volunteers at Wembley Stadium for an inspection by HM The Queen to mark her Silver Jubilee. It was a static parade with only the Colour Parties moving but it was acknowledged as a success. It was shortly after this parade that Col Jim completed his career in the TA. When serving in 7 QUEENS he was always known as 'Gentleman Jim' which was entirely appropriate.

He died on 23 April 2020. His wife, Valerie, predeceased him on 27 December 2018.

LT COL PHILIP PEARCE

By Col Alain Chissell

25 JUNE 1947 - 16 MAY 2020



It was with great sadness that the death of Lieutenant Colonel Philip Pearce was announced on Albuhera Day this year.

Philip was educated at the Lycée Francais in London, where his natural talent for languages came to the fore. A native French speaker (his late mother was French), he studied Russian at A level. He entered the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, intake 39 Alamein Company, in 1965, aged 18. He was commissioned amongst the highest placed graduates of his intake into The Intelligence Corps. Prior to joining them, he served an attachment with The Royal Fusiliers as a platoon commander in the Persian Gulf. There then followed a spell at the University of Sussex, chosen on the grounds

that it had no UOTC that he would have been obliged to help out with, where he read Social Psychology.

At the end of 1971, he was posted to Cyprus where he met and fell in love with Liz, a serving WRAC Officer. They married in April 1972, and left Cyprus shortly before the Turkish invasion in 1974. There then followed operational tours in N Ireland, including as Philip called it, some "long hair" work followed by a staff posting in Germany. It was during this tour that Philip met Ian Baillie, who was to have a great influence on his future career.

Philip attended Staff College where he graduated again near the top of his class. It was during this time and partly because of his friendship with Ian Baillie, that he transferred to the Queen's Regiment. At this stage in his career, this was an unusual move, but he had been dissatisfied with the Intelligence Corps for some time. His first posting in the Regiment was as OC C Coy, 2nd Bn based in Colchester.

He spent the next several years moving between various army postings including MA to the Defence Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington. Next, a regimental post as Second in Command of the 1st Battalion in Omagh briefly and then Gibraltar, followed by BMATT to the Ugandan Government in Kampala. He was selected to command 5th (V) Bn the Queens Regiment

in Canterbury from 1988 to 1990, and his last posting was at NATO HQ in Belgium. There is no room here to list the comments and kind words from fellow members of the Regiment following his death – suffice to say they were numerous.

Philip retired from the Army in 1994 and moved with Liz to Silchester in Hampshire. He worked for Challenger UK, creating large-scale corporate team building events - a perfect fit for his talents. Philip and Liz had not originally expected to stay long in Silchester—having never stayed long anywhere previously—but they settled into a full social life there. Philip served for a long period on the Silchester Association Committee, helping to run events such as the annual Fun Run.

I had met Philip before regimentally over the years, but in 2001 he called me seeking work as a battlefield guide with Anglia Tours. I took him on like a shot and he began taking school, adult and military groups to Belgium, France, Germany and Auschwitz in Poland. He was requested as a guide repeatedly by teachers and other group leaders. He was a larger-than-life character who

engaged and enthralled his audiences with his immense knowledge, charm, and sense of humour. He became one of the founding members of the Guild of Battlefield Guides and adored sharing his extensive knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, military history. As a former soldier, he could empathise with the men whose stories he told so well and with a passion that made his audiences feel they were there. He had a profound impact on the lives of literally hundreds of young people that he took on tour, as well as his fellow guides.

Philip was a thoroughly decent, unstintingly loyal, and loving man. He also loved to have fun, and for others to be having fun with. He loved parties, and telling (and retelling) jokes, and making sure everyone had a glass in hand. We all feel sorrow at his passing; but, most of all, we will remember him with joy, as he would unquestionably have wanted. Philip leaves behind him his wife, Liz, his children Simon and Caroline, and the granddaughters that he doted on, Dulcie Daire Wilderman and Selma Joy Wilderman.

LT COL PAUL COURTENAY

By Alasdair Goulden

Lieutenant Colonel Paul Courtenay was a distinguished officer of the Regiment with 33½ years' service. He was commissioned into the Royal Sussex Regiment, serving in Korea as a young subaltern before taking on an attachment to the Army Air Corps, where he served in the East Africa Flight in Kenya between 1961-63. During this time, when the



Regiment was on exercise in the Libyan Desert fighting against the Green Howards, he 'borrowed' an Auster from Tripoli and flew in to the exercise before taking the CO for a spin. On take-off he managed to lose a wheel and crashed as he landed at Idris Airport, flipping the plane onto its back while trying to land on one wheel. Luckily neither he nor the CO were injured.

In January 1969, he returned to the Regiment in Lemgo, West Germany, taking command of Support Company in the 3rd Battalion. During this period, he commanded the Guard Company for the farewell visit on 9 June of General Jaques Massu, C-in-C French Forces, on his farewell visit to Headquarters 1st British Corps.

In 1970, he took command of B Company for the move to Ballykinler for the battalion's first OP BANNER tour.



In July 1973, Paul left the battalion, having been posted to the US Armed Forces School. He had served intermittently in the R SUSSEX and 3rd Battalion since 1954. In 1974, he returned again, this time as second-in-command of the Battalion. He stayed for a year before being selected for command of the 5th Battalion, part of 16th Parachute Brigade.

Retiring from the Army in 1987, he was appointed Chairman of The International Churchill Society (UK) and lived in Andover in Hampshire.

Paul sadly died on 14 October 2020 and is survived by his wife Sara, children Caroline, James Lucy and William, and his 12 grandchildren.



CAPT STEVE BREAM QGM

By Alasdair Goulden



Steve Bream was born at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Folkestone on 7 September 1949, the first child of Derek and Billy Joy Bream. His early childhood was spent in the local area.

Steve was always keen on anything to do with the Army. He became a member of the Shellon Street Army Cadets which he greatly enjoyed. In March 1965 at the age 15 and a half, he joined the Queen's Own Buffs Regiment as a member of the Infantry Juniors Leaders Battalion in Oswestry and was a contemporary of the LCpl Blanch mentioned in the article on Chris Tuckwell. As a boy soldier, he rose to the rank of Junior Regimental Sergeant Major. In September 1967, he joined the 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment, then posted in Germany.

In 1967, Steve met Gaynor Stradling while he was on an Army Education Course in Brighton. At the time Gaynor was in the cook house on her break from work as an Army pay clerk. Steve plonked himself down beside her and after a bit of chat said: "I'll pick you up at 7 o'clock, be ready!" She was! Two years later, in October 1969, Steve and Gaynor were married at Folkestone Registry Office.

They were blessed with three very loving daughters, Kimberley, Nicole, and Helen. Steve greatly enjoyed family life, taking caravan trips from Werl to Italy, followed

by sailing in Germany, with Christmas spent in the Army ski lodge, teaching the girls to ski.

Throughout his military career as a family, they moved to 24 different homes, following Steve as he moved up the ranks.

Steve undertook a succession of tours in Northern Ireland including spells in Belfast, Londonderry and Ballykelly. He could often be found in his room or around the camp playing his guitar and banjo, much to the lads' displeasure. In May 1975, while serving with the 1st Battalion, Steve was Mentioned in Despatches and later that year was awarded the Queen's Gallantry Medal by HM The Queen. Steve was also awarded the General Service Medal, the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal, the Accumulated Campaign Service Medal and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

With support from Gaynor and his family, Steve rose to the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major and in August 1986 was commissioned into The Queen's Regiment. In February 2004, he retired from the Regular Army as a Major after 36 years' service, taking up a position in Regimental Headquarters in Canterbury where he served the Regiment for a further 10 years including the position of Secretary to the Queen's Regimental Association.

Throughout his Army career, Steve took full advantage of the sports and hobbies on offer. For years he was a keen battalion-level footballer. He also enjoyed water sports, parachuting, squash and more recently cycling and motor-homing.

Unconquered They Served!

*Britons once did loyally declaim,
About the way we rule the waves,
Ev'ry Briton's song is just the same,
When singing of our soldiers-brave.
All the world has heard it, Wonders
why we sing,
And some have learn'd the reason why
We're not forgetting it,
We're not letting it fade away and
gradually die,
So when we say that England's master
Remember who has made her so*

*It's the soldiers of the Queen, my lads
Who've been, my lads, who've seen, my lads
In the fight for England's Glory Lads
Of its world-wide glory let us sing
And when we say we've always won
And when they ask us how it's done
We'll proudly point to ev'ry one
Of England's soldiers of the Queen*



IN MEMORIAM

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 the Army, battalions in which they served and any details of the funeral.

The following is a list of our comrades who sadly have 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

Date	Name	2020	Battalion
9 Nov	WO1 (RSM) Bob Fisher		1st, 6/7th, 8 QF, 1 and 3 PWRR, and Southampton UOTC
9 Nov	WO2 Martin 'Dutch' Holland		1st, 5th and 2 PARA
15 Oct	WO2 Karl Dye		5th and 4/5 QORWK
15 Oct	Sgt Alan Buddle		2nd, 5th, Buffs, QOB and 5 PWRR
11 Oct	WO2 Dave Bowen		6/7th, QRS and R SIGNALS
07 Oct	Padre Keith Cribbin		2nd
27 Sep	Pte Jeremy Knott		5th
23 Sep	LCpl Dave 'Prof' Bull		3rd
06 Sep	CSgt Dave Kirk		1st
July	Cpl Sam Harvey		3rd, and 1st, 5th and 8th MX
30 Jun	Cpl Martin Griffiths		1st, Albuhera and Kohima Bands
26 Jun	Canon Christopher Tuckwell		1st
14 Jun	WO2 Stephen Grogan-Jarvis		2nd
5 May	Sgt Brian May		3rd and R Sussex
2 May	Cpl Bruce Manners		1st
30 Apr	Maj Roddy Mellotte		1st, 2nd, PWRR and QRS
23 Apr	Col James Ogilvy OBE TD DL		8th and 4/5 QORWK
16 Apr	Sgt Alan Thubron ACC		3rd and R Sussex
12 Apr	Cpl George Parker		5th, 6/7th and MX
8 Apr	Pte Keith Pointon		3rd
1 Apr	LCpl Lee Moss		3rd
30 Mar	Cpl Colin 'Fred' Munnery		3rd
25 Mar	WO2 John Butler		3rd and R Sussex
21 Mar	LCpl Gerry Patmore		1st and QRS
8 Mar	Pte James Tate Bolton		2nd
2 Mar	Cpl Jack Payne		3rd and R Sussex
1 Mar	Pte Peter Edward Leaverland		2nd
23 Feb	Pte Terence Slater		4th and 1 MX
Feb	Pte Bob 'Martha' Tilling		1st
19 Feb	WO2 John Blanchette		2nd, 3rd and R Sussex
13 Feb	Capt Robbie Thornton TD MBE		7th, 6/7th and 3 PWRR
11 Feb	Sgt Robin Peterson		2nd and QOB
22 Jan	Pte Charles Holdren		2nd
19 Jan	WO2 Terry Young BEM		6/7th, 8 QF, London Regt and AGC
15 Jan	Maj (QM) Peter Chapman TD		9th, 7th, 6/7th and RE
15 Jan	Pte Barry Thomas		2nd, QOB and QORWK
5 Jan	LCpl Andy Clark		1st and 2 PWRR
		2019	
25 Dec	Cpl Chris Message		5th and QRS
14 Dec	Cpl Ken Wittig		4th and 1 MX
12 Dec	WO2 Bob Small		1st
1 Dec	Cpl Brian Seaton		3rd and R Sussex
29 Nov	Maj Steve Bream QGM		1st, 2nd, 5th and Association Secretary
28 Nov	Dmr Sean Bates		2nd
25 Nov	LCpl David Burge		2nd
22 Nov	Pte James Mowatt		2nd and 2 PWRR
15 Nov	Pte Graham Lewis		2nd
14 Nov	Cpl Matt Bradley		1st and Home Counties Brigade
09 Nov	Maj Alan Stokes TD		5th, 7th, 6/7th and R Sussex
26 Oct	Pte Simon Atkinson		1st
11 Oct	LCpl Colin Crawford		1st and MX
08 Oct	Raymond Jenkinson		3rd
06 Sep	Sgt Rick Staves		5th and PARA
06 Sep	Pte Steve 'Bill' Bailey		3rd



ASSOCIATION BRANCHES

ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

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

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

Email: queensregimentassociation@gmail.com

Mobile: [0771 484 4069](tel:07714844069)

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 on the weekend of the Spring Bank Holiday. All are welcome to attend. Details are posted on the 1 QUEENS Branch website. For more details of the branch please contact:

Steve Parsons: Mobile: [07392 572 312](tel:07392572312)

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: davetilley47@hotmail.com

Secretary – Eddie Drew: - Tel: [01243 866887](tel:01243866887)

Email: edwindrew@btinternet.com

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

EAST KENT BRANCH

This branch is part of both Regimental Associations and welcomes everyone who served in the Queen's, PWRR and forebear regiments. More details can be found at

Web: www.facebook.com/groups/3068692916477013

EAST SURREY REGIMENT

The branch meets on a monthly basis at the Union Jack Club in London and holds an annual dinner. For more details please contact:

Chairman - Ken Bowden: - Tel: [07714 844069](tel:07714844069)

Email: kjbowden@icloud.com

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 continues to parade with the Queen's Colour. 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, Army Reserve 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](tel:07836726236)

HORSHAM BRANCH

The Horsham Branch meet four times a year at the Horsham Cricket Club (Covid permitting!) - 7 December 2020, 1 March, 17 May (for Albuhera) and 6 September 2021. We also hold other events during the year and we will be holding a luncheon once it is practicable to do so.

For more details of membership and events please contact:

For more details of the branch, please contact::

President – Colonel Richard Putnam

Chairman – Colin Hurd

Email: ckh494@outlook.com

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 meets at Twickenham for the Army vs Navy match and after the Cenotaph Parade on Remembrance Sunday. All past members of the Queen's, PWRR or their forebear regiments are very welcome to attend any event.

For more details of the branch, please contact:

Chairman – Kevin Hibbert

Email: kevinhibbert75@yahoo.com

Queen's Secretary – Dennis Sharrocks

Tel: [07771 957 574](tel:07771957574)

Email: dennissharrocks@aol.com

MIDDLESEX BRANCH

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

Chairman - Trevor Canton

Tel: [0208 368 0407](tel:02083680407)

Mobile: [07891 577119](tel:07891577119)

Email: queensman@orangehome.co.uk

Secretary – Les Vial

Tel: [0208 363 8322](tel:02083638322)

Email: lesvial@btinternet.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, Queen's, PWRR, Queen's Division and any attached personnel. Membership application is by being proposed and seconded, and by interview. For full details please visit the website or contact:

John Edwards Tel: [01462 834134](tel:01462834134)

Email: 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: [07715 135 238](tel:07715135238)

Email: qracorpsofdrums@yahoo.co.uk

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

This Branch is open to all ex-members of the Queen's, PWRR and forebear regiments who own and ride a motorbike or trike. For more details please contact:

Secretary Terry Price

Mobile: [07912 845 279](tel:07912845279)

Email: [Please use the Contact Form on the QRRR website](#)

Web: www.qrra.co.uk

QUEEN'S REGIMENT/PWRR GOLF SOCIETY

We are the original Queens Regimental Golfing Association. Upon amalgamation we morphed into the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment Golfing Society. Our home has always been Canterbury Golf Club and we still play annually for all the cups and trophies associated with The Queen's Regiment. For more details please contact the two Queensmen currently running the Society:

Captain: Mr Steve Richards - [07843 259112](tel:07843259112)

Email: stevehelski@yahoo.co.uk

Secretary and Treasurer: Bob Jeffery, [07779 084570](tel:07779084570)

Email: rj6263@virginmedia.com

New members of all abilities are most welcome, just call for a membership form, and come and play.

RAMSGATE

The Branch meets at the Royal British Legion (RBL), 16 Cliff Street, Ramsgate, Kent, CT11 9HS on the first Wednesday of every month at 1400hrs for a branch social get-together, drinks and fund-raising and on the 1st Saturday of the month at 16:00hrs for a branch meeting, drinks and fund-raising.

For more details please contact:

Chairman - Alan Buddle:

Tel: [01843 297137](tel:01843297137) or

Secretary - Kev Minnis: Tel: [07846 739472](tel:07846739472)

Email: QRRamsgate@outlook.com [QRA Ramsgate on Facebook](#)

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

Email: steve.wall@hotmail.co.uk

Secretary: Dave Lee, 36 Katrine Drive, Paisley, Renfrewshire, PA2 9BS.

Mobile [07840977009](tel:07840977009) (evenings only)

Email: dgldavelee@gmail.com

THE WEALD BRANCH OF THE QUEEN'S, QUEEN'S OWN BUFFS AND ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

The Branch meets at the New Telegraph Club, Priory Road, Tonbridge, Kent, TN9 2AS and they meet every 2nd Wednesday on alternate months starting in January.

For more details please contact:

Chairman - John Grinham:

Email: John@grinham.me.uk

Tel: [0776 5673262](tel:07765673262)

Secretary - Barry Crocker:

Email: barrycrocker@hotmail.co.uk

Tel: [01732 366048](tel:01732366048)

WESSEX

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>

WEST SURREY (was previously Farnham)

The West Surrey 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](tel:01276501644)

Email: bobhill@sky.com

Secretary - Dick Scales: Tel: [02380 694974](tel:02380694974)

Email: dickscales284@btinternet.com

Treasurer – Mrs Sharon Scales

Tel: [01962 826088](tel:01962826088)

Email: sturner@biopharma.co.uk

NON-AFFILIATED GROUPS

NON-AFFILIATED GROUPS which have contact with ex-members of the Regiment

Web: www.1royalsussex-3queens.com

WHEN YOU'RE GONE!

This year has unfortunately highlighted what happens if you do not make a will. Three members have died this year without making a will with the result that their possessions have been claimed by people whom it is very strongly believed should not have inherited.

Research from MacMillan highlighted the worrying fact that two in three people living in Britain don't have a will – including 42% of over-55s. Without an up-to-date will, the law will supersede a person's final wishes and leave treasured possessions, money, property and even dependant children with someone they may not have chosen.

Even if you have a will, official guidance is that you should review it every five years and after any major life changes.

TOP FIVE THINGS TO DO TO HELP YOUR LOVED ONES AFTER YOU HAVE GONE

1. WRITE A WILL

A Will ensures that the right people inherit from you, and while most of us know how important it is to have a Will and keep it up to date, many of us don't bother. It is especially important for cohabiting couples to have a will, as the surviving partner does not automatically inherit any estate or possessions left behind. And once you have a Will, check it every five years.

2. THINK ABOUT CARE OF CHILDREN

If you have children, it's important to decide on guardians, but three in five parents with children under 18 haven't chosen guardians should they die. Think about who you would want to step into this role, and ask them if they would be happy to do so. Then make sure you appoint them as guardians in your will.

3. WRITE A 'WHEN I'M GONE' LIST

More than one in 10 adults admitted that it would be very difficult for anyone to handle their financial affairs after they died. Putting together all your personal and financial information into one simple document can really help your loved ones when you are gone.

4. MAKE A PLAN FOR YOUR FUNERAL

Research shows that the average funeral costs around £3,800, with one in six people saying that they struggle with the cost. Having a plan in place to pay for your funeral will mean that your family will not have to find several thousand pounds at a difficult time, and it's much cheaper if you pay well before the event.

5. HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH YOUR FAMILY

Having a conversation with your family about your wishes can remove a great deal of uncertainty for them in the event of your death. Two in five people who have to arrange a funeral have no clue about what the dead person wanted. Starting a conversation might include talking about your funeral wishes with your loved ones or showing them where important documents are kept.

WHEN YOU'RE GONE, IT'S TOO LATE!

Change your I.T. Change a Life

Computers 4 Charity invites donations of surplus computers from organisations, and people everywhere.

Donate your unwanted I.T. equipment and help us to help others.



Queensmen who have received laptops this year

Your donations are:

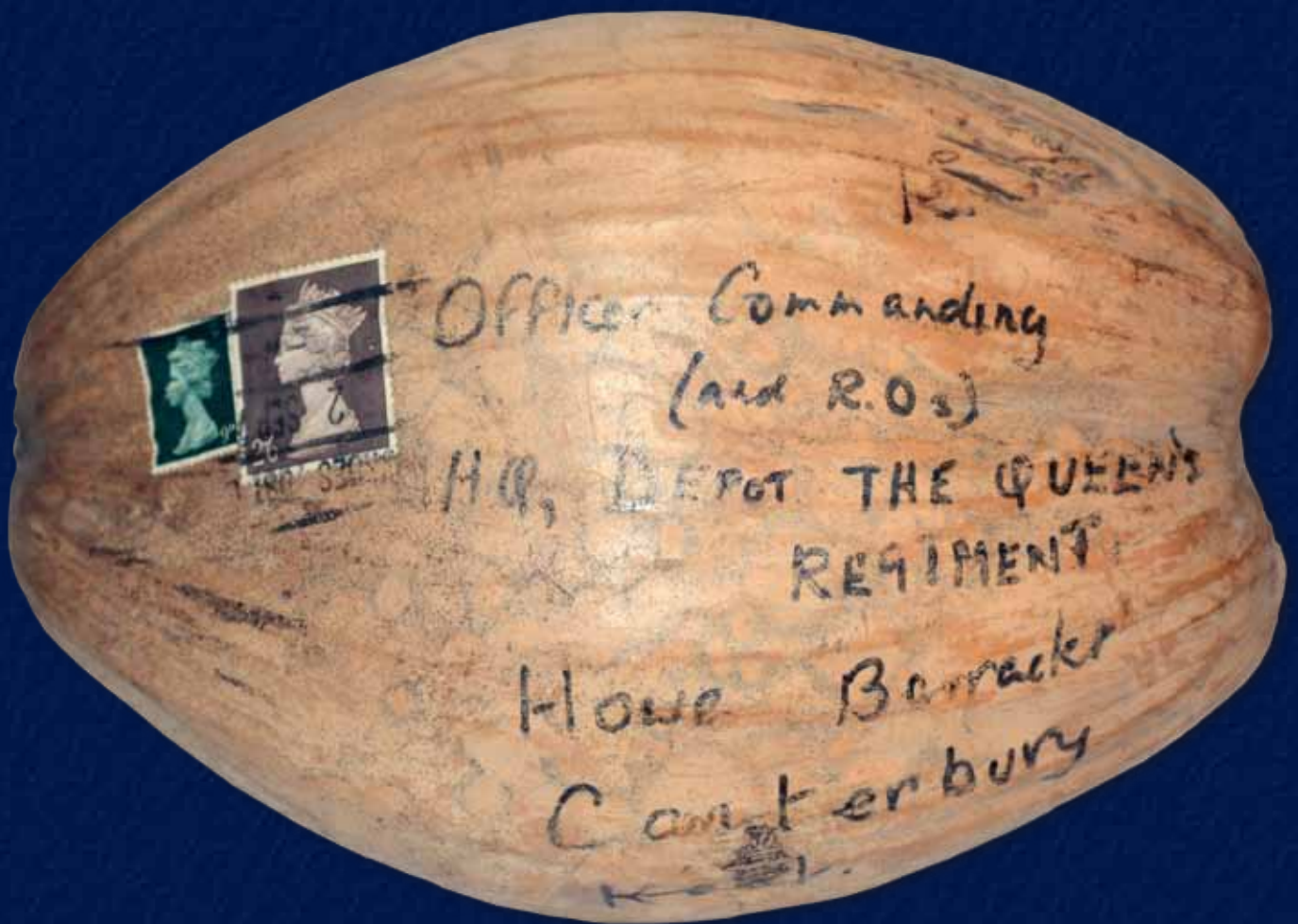
- 100% Data wiped
- 100% Safety tested
- 100% Environmentally compliant
- 100% Tracked and traced

You help:

- Unemployed veterans
- Charity volunteers
- Hospices
- Charities supporting schools in Africa



Find out more about the people we've helped at computers4charity.org.uk



Charity No 1024418

www.queensregimentalassociation.org