



THE QUEENS ROYAL SURREY REGIMENT

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Regimental Headquarters

The Queen's Regiment

Howe Barracks

Canterbury

Kent

CT1 1JY

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Regimental Association News Letter

Editorial

Judging from the contents of letters received the Newsletter is continuing to do its job of publishing information of regimental interest to all members of our association. The best part of my job is reading the letters! Another important point, however, which may not be so well known is that a copy of the Newsletter is stored by the Imperial War Museum and thus many priceless, but otherwise unrecorded, snippets of history are recorded. By the very nature of things we are a shrinking organisation whose functions will gradually be assumed and maintained by the Queen's Regimental Association.

It is vital to hand on to our successors information about the past which will otherwise fade into and become lost in oblivion. Memories of incidents which in themselves may seem trivial can often interest not only current readers but also provide valuable insight into the esprit de corps, regimental spirit -- call it what you will -- which plays so important a part in regimental life.

I, therefore, urge all readers to provide me with a good continuous supply of material so that the Newsletter may continue. There are only two points which I must urge upon you. One, make sure an address is given if replies are hoped for. Two, observe the deadline for entries! To produce the Newsletter in as short a time as possible from the dead-line I have to arrange a fairly tight schedule with the printer with which I must then comply. A delay of two or three days is just not acceptable. I look forward to many more letters and articles.

Copy for the May issue should be sent to me at 'Gables', Oaklands Way, Bassett, Southampton SO2 3FJ by 31st March 1979

J.W.S.

NEWSLETTER SUBSCRIPTION

1. Subscription for next year's Newsletter should now be paid. The subscription for 1979 has had to be increased to £1.
2. No action required by
 - (a) those who have already paid in advance
 - (b) members of the Officers Club whose Club subscription covers the Newsletter
 - (c) those who pay by Bankers Order, except to check up that their order covers the increased cost of £1.

Regimental Museum Appeal

Since April 1978 the Trustees of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regimental Museum have received donations for the Museum Fund from the under-mentioned gentlemen to whom they express their gratitude:-

Lt Col P.C. Kimmerling
Mr P.J. Outrim
Lt Col A.F.F. Young
Brig T. Hart Dyke
Mr J.W. Dennis
Mr J.A. Batchelor

Mr E.F. Townsend
Col J.B. Coates
Col H.P. Combe
Brig M.F. Reynolds
Capt S.H. Sellicks
Mr C. Burchett
The Queen's (Southwark) Regimental Association

The total sum received up to 28 September 1978 is £461

News of the Associations

The Queen's (Bermondsey) O.C.A.

An active year — including a well attended reunion dinner and an expedition to Ghent. The latter was successful and entertaining but apparently very tiring. Three members of the Association visited Poland in May this year. An extract from their report is given below as it is felt to be of interest.

In the afternoon the party assembled at the British Military Cemetery in Cracow for the Memorial Service, a Band from ZWoBID supplied the music and the party the singing. Two armed Polish Servicemen flanked the Memorial Column, our Standard Bearers in front of the Stone. An official wreath was laid with full respects being paid. After this service we wandered through the graves of the 520 British Dead buried here, which includes R.A.F. personnel shot down whilst flying in supplies during the Warsaw uprising.

Amongst the graves we found the following:

The Queen's Royal Regiment

Pte. F.E. Gregory	5674884	12/2/44	Age 25 years
Pte. A.W. Baldry	5831379	20/5/44	Age 24 years
Pte. L.R. Thompson	6090660	6/11/40	Age 21 years

Lest We Forget

M Franz Van Dorpe, Burgomaster of St Niklaas, Belgium, at the unveiling of a monument on 10 September 1967 to the officers and men of the 1/7th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment and the 44th Royal Tank Regiment who fell during the liberation of his town, in 1944, made the following statement:-

"We have erected a humble memorial in order to fix for ever, in stone and bronze, the memory of your gallant army units and to make sure that our children and children's children, while enjoying all the blessings of a pacified and united Europe, continue to remember what has been the price of our freedom, and who paid that price. In our view, it will also symbolise the European destiny of the British Isles".

We would do well to remember his words.

The Queen's Regiment

The Regular Battalions

We now know that the 1st Bn (Lt Col John Holman) is to move from BAOR to Howe Barracks, Canterbury (the Home of The Regiment) early in 1980 and that the 2nd Bn (Lt Col Crispin Champion) at present in Gilbralter, will be going to Colchester next year; thus by 1980, we shall have all three regular battalions based in UK, two in the Regimental Area.

The 3rd (in Dover) will have a change in command early next year when Lt Col Gavin Bulloch MBE (formerly Middlesex) takes over from Lt Col Stuart Anderson OBE MC. This Battalion returned in August from a spell of training at Wainwright (Canada) and it has a busy programme until it goes to N. Ireland in March next year - including the provision of a Royal Guard of Honour when H R H The Prince of Wales visits Canterbury in November.

The 1st Bn has been keeping the Peace in Belfast since June and returns to Werl in October.

The TAVR Battalions

5 QUEENS were in Camp during September and during its second week flew out to BAOR for Exercise "Bold Guard" (in which the 3rd Bn also participated). A successful camp was enjoyed by 6/7 QUEENS at Stamford PTA in June.

Cadets

The Annual Week-end for Officers of our affiliated ACF Units will be held at Canterbury on 7/8 October, during which all the County and Sector Commandants will attend a Conference chaired by the Colonel of The Regiment.

These get-togethers with our Queen's-badge comrades are always happy affairs and include a Dinner Night on the Saturday when our splendid TAVR Band normally provides the musical backing.

Recruiting

So vital is this subject that a "Symposium" was held for all those connected with recruiting for the Regt, at Canterbury on 20 July. It was chaired by the Colonel of The Regiment, attended by the Divisional Brigadier and his DAAG(R) — Maj Pat Gwilliam — and a large number of Army Careers Officers, Schools Liaison Officers and Recruiting Staff throughout our Regimental area.

The Officers' Club

Because of the near certainty of a General Election in October, the venue for our annual reunion was changed from The House of Commons to The Cavalry and Guards Club; the date was the same — Fri 29 Sep — and our numbers topped the 200 mark. HE The Netherlands Ambassador and Col H H Prince Georg of Denmark were among the Regimental Guests.

Our Allied Regiments

Australia

Older members of The East Surrey Regiment will be sorry to hear of the death of Major C.P. Dolan, formerly Adjutant and Quartermaster of the 17th North Sydney Regiment. By his enthusiasm for the Surreys, Charles Patrick did much to foster the alliance between the British and Australian Regiments. Any visitor from the East Surreys was sure of a warm welcome in Sydney, his accommodation would be arranged and a full programme of engagements laid on.

The late Major Bob Bruce, renewing old acquaintanceships in Sydney in 1974, wrote, 'Charles Dolan served in the Middle East in the early months of the War, being evacuated from both Greece and Crete and was then posted to New Guinea. For six years after the War he was with the United Nations in Java, Sumatra, Bali and Timor, finally being injured at the invasion of Ambong, an island near New Guinea. After a considerable time in hospital, he was invalided from the Army in 1963; and now, in spite of ill health, he manages to work for Legacy, an organisation which looks after the dependants of ex-servicemen.'

In his last letter, Charles Patrick wrote that he would never forget his association with 'The Young Buffs', which had given him so much pleasure.

Regular Forces Employment Association

This Association is part of the Forces Resettlement Service. It exists to help Servicemen to find suitable employment when they leave the Forces. It also takes a long term interest in ex-Regulars, who may use its services as often as they wish.

The Association has 42 branches covering the United Kingdom, and its Employment Officers - all ex-Servicemen - are in close touch with employers. It provides all services free.

Addresses and telephone numbers of Branches can be obtained from Corps and Regimental Associations - or from Post Offices, Employment Offices or local telephone directories.

Forecast of Events 1979 — Regimental Association and Officers' Club

Date	Place	Function	Detail
3 May 1979	Richmond	Queen's Surreys Golf Society	Spring Meeting
8 June 1979	London	Officers' Club	Cocktail Party
10 June 1979	Guildford	Regimental Association	Annual Church Service Guildford
15 June 1979	Richmond	Queen's Surreys Golf Society	Cathedral at 11.15 am.
Oct 1979	London	Regimental Association (Provisional)	Match v Royal Marines (Provisional)
4 & 5 October 1979.	Richmond	Queen's Surreys Golf Society	Annual Reunion
11 November 1979	Guildford and Kingston	Remembrance Day Parades	(Firm date and place to be notified in May 1979)
			2 day Autumn Meeting and AGM

The Queen's Surreys Golf Society

Spring Meeting 4th May 1978

Heals Memorial Trophy	Major V. Sheppard
Dodgson Cup	F.T.A. Hole
Challenge Cup	H.P. Mason
Veterans Halo	Major V. Sheppard
Sweep: 1st	Major E.G. Benn
2nd	F.T.A. Hole
3rd	Major A.C. Cater

Queen's Surreys G.S. V Royal Marines G.S.

Blackmoor Friday 12th May

Foursomes a.m.

Queens Surreys	R. Marines
0 Maj. Gen. G.A. White	1 Maj. Gen. P.R. Kay
Lt. Col. P. Roupell	Capt. D. Hunt
0 Major B. Crutchfield	1 Maj. Gen. N. McGill
Major D. Wright	Lt. Col. D. Tweed
½ Major A. Daly	½ Lt. Col. D. Stewart
F.T.A. Hole	Capt. M. Manning
½ Cap. J. Bush	½ Surg. Cdr. D. Crean
Capt. J. Judd (R.M.)	Major P. Sanders
1	3

Foursomes p.m.

0 Capt. J. Bush	1 Maj. Gen. P. Kay
Major D. Wright	Maj. Gen. N. McGill
½ F.T.A. Hole	½ Capt. M. Manning
Lt. Col. P. Roupell	Major P. Sanders
1 Maj. Gen. G.A. White	0 Lt. Col. D. Tweed
Capt. J. Judd	Lt. Col. D. Stewart
1 Major B. Crutchfield	0 Capt. D. Hunt
Major A. Daly	Surg. Cdr. D. Crean
2½	1½

Royal Marines Won 4½ — 3½

Future Events

Spring Meeting	—	3rd May 1979
Match v Royal Marines at Sudbrook Park	—	15th June 1979
Autumn Meeting	—	4th/5th October 1979

From Here and There

Mr. L.S. Duncan — formerly 1st Queen's writes:—

Thank you for the news letter. It takes six to eight weeks for it to arrive as it comes by sea mail. Please find enclosed a couple of pounds for my dues. Thank you for inserting my request for photos of Rasmak on the N.W. Frontier. Out of all my army career that part of my service was the most fascinating. The stories one could tell.

The one I like to remember is the day we nearly went without our "char". It was road opening day, which meant we had to leave Rasmak Camp and run up to the top of hills on each side of the road and stay up there all day and guard the road from Pathan snipers, who would try and get to the supply column which arrived twice a week. After running the gauntlet to the top of the hill, we would settledown for the day in a circle of stones called a Sangar. I often wondered how many soldiers had to build them since Queen Victoria's time. This day the Pathan snipers were very busy, but we were quite safe as long as we kept our heads down. "OK", we said "lets make some tea," when to our horror we discovered all the makings had been left with one of the boys who had been taken for a runner. It was a very hot day about 100 degrees in the shade and no shade, and no tea. How much lower could morale get? "No chance of getting any today with those 'Tak Dum' flying about." (A Tak Dum was the noise the Pathan Bullets made, as they were home made.)

Just as we had given up all hope, there was a quick burst of firing, a big cloud of dust, and there was the runner with a big grin on his face and all the tea makings in his hands. Needless to say in the canteen that night he was the toast of the section. I believe the runner's name was Bastow, but think we should have called him "Gunga Din".

Mr. J.G. Oliver recalls joining 2nd Surreys in 1924 in Jersey - see "In Retrospect" also. After service in India with 1st Surreys he was next in France and Belgium with 1/6th Surreys, as batman to the C.O., Lt. Col. Armstrong, until wounded on patrol with him. The action of Lt. Col. Armstrong in using his own field-dressing on his wounded batman requires no comment. It was typical of the man.

At 74 Mr. J.G. Oliver is planning to attend this year's reunion.

One of the most regular and interesting contributors to the Newsletter has been Mr. V.E. Fagence, now aged 80. His articles on the actions fought by 1st Queen's have presented unique views from a soldier on the ground. His letter to me about his trip this year to France is so interesting that I have published it below. Long may we continue to enjoy the fruits of his efforts.

My wife and I returned to England on Saturday 8th July, after spending a most enjoyable fortnight in Belgium and Northern France. On Monday 3rd we visited Meteren, a village in Northern France where the 33rd Division, including the 1st Queen's helped to keep the Germans at bay in April 1918. At Bailleul nearby, where there is a Town Hall with a special department for "Anciens Combattants", we were received by the Mayor (who fortunately speaks English). He was very interested in my account of the Battle of the Lys. Also in some photographs of battle scenes, taken at the time, by Lt. Col. G.S. Hutchinson commanding the 33rd Battalion Machine Gun Corps attached to the 33rd Division under Major-General Pinney. He (the Mayor) asked to be allowed to take photo-copies of these to be put in the town's museum. I, of course, readily consented. He then asked us to return on Friday (7th) when he did me the honour (entirely undeserved on my part) of presenting me with 'The Medal of the Town'. I thanked him, being rather embarrassed when he proceeded to kiss me on both cheeks. He then ordered a bottle of wine and glasses to be produced and we all drank each other's health, and after a conversation in which he enquired about my other war experiences, with very cordial 'Au revoirs' we then took our departure.

V.E.F.

"The Pathans" — Sir Olaf Caroe — Oxford in Asia Historical Reprints — £16.50

The light reading taken with me on holiday this year included this book. First printed in 1958 the work is regarded by the Pathans themselves as the "locus classicus" of their history. It is a fascinating book and its "meaty" contents require concentration and effort but the result is rewarding.

I was most interested to read, however, that Sir O. Caroe's acquaintance with the Pathans commenced as an officer of The Queen's Regiment in 1916, when he went to the N.W. Frontier with 1/4th Battalion. The Battalion saw action against the Mohmands around Peshawar and then was moved to operate against the Wazirs as part of the Waziristan Field Force. Unfortunately the Battalion was severely reduced by sickness before they moved into action, and they were forced to be withdrawn to recuperate and re-form.

A small additional point of historical interest is that their brigade commander at Peshawar moved to command the Waziristan Field Force with them. He was W.G.L. Beynon, CB, CIE, DSO., who as Staff Officer to Col. Kelly had accompanied 32nd Sikh Pioneers on their epic relief march to Chitral in 1895, for which his DSO was awarded.

Sir Olaf rose from Second Lieutenant to Captain, and then he joined the Indian Civil Service. After three years in the Punjab he was posted to the Frontier in the Political service. He held successively the districts of Mardan, Hazara, Kohat and Peshawar itself. He was appointed Chief Secretary when the Frontier became a Governor's Province.

In 1934 he joined the Foreign Department in Delhi — becoming the Viceroy's Foreign Secretary throughout the Second World War. For ten years he controlled the Government's dealings with the N.W. Frontier, Baluchistan and Afghanistan. In 1946-47 his career was crowned by his appointment as the last British Governor of the Frontier before Independence. His knowledge, experience and understanding of the people and country all combined to make him suitable for such a mammoth task of unravelling and explaining the intricacies of a very complex subject. This he does very well indeed in this book which is of

immense value to any student of Indian campaigns and military history.

Great War Memories

Mr. L.M. Baldwin, who is now 89 years old served with 8th East Surreys from early July 1916 until wounded in late 1918. He recently sent me some newspaper cuttings containing letters sent from France during that time. They evoke much of the background atmosphere of the Great War and are printed below.

Gorleston and District News:

"A Summer's Evening in Flanders"

One of our gallant soldier friends at the Front, who is a stretcher bearer in a famous South Country Regiment, and who has seen a considerable amount of fighting, sends the following impression of a summer's evening in Flanders:—

It is late in the afternoon and I'm sitting on a grass clad railway bank enjoying the fresh breeze, which causes a musical hum in the telegraph wires close by, around are signs of harvest, standing corn, some freshly cut, while some is shocked with sheaves leaning toward each other for support during the drying process. In the distance is a newly erected cone shaped stack and one can hear the swish of the short handled scythes worked by labourers. Women are busy binding the sheaves. Now a scythe is being whetted. I wonder how many workers are living the experience of the ancient Ruth and Boaz; a daughter of Ruth has just passed bearing a basket of food and a large pot of tea en route to the scene of operations; at home one would call that repast "four's". There are few hedges, different crops are grown close up to one another, forming usually a green and brown patchwork pattern. As far as eye can reach one sees nothing but fields and meadows, all bearing crops and pasture; fields of pink flowered sweet smelling clover, beet, mangel, potatoes, maize and beans (broad and French Dwarf). The surrounding country is quite flat, showing up against the horizon, the dark foliaged trees, a distant church spire or two can be detected towering above them, newly erected telegraph poles and wires being the only things that would seem to mar the rustic scene. The crops seem almost up to the side eaves of the thatch and red tiled roof of the white walled cottages and farmhouses. They have a habit here of planting a pink blooming flower along the ridge from gable to gable or between the chimneys. The village church seems an ancient structure and has been added to and restored at different times, the grey stone walls are contrasted by the dark slated roof, two gables facing me appear to be in the Elizabethan style of architecture, a cock surmounts the short, square and pointed tower, its clock denotes the time of passing day, the chime is a sweet and solemn one. Behind me an acre of wheat is being cut with a self binder. Willows skirt the duck, but duckless, pond in the meadows attached to our farm billet. Pigs roam round the habitation. Fowls scratch about seeking buried treasure. What a lot one can learn from animals, they teach us great morals. Two engines have just passed by, their pattern reminding me of those that run along the quay at home. A passenger train consisting of two District rail-way like carriages has just passed. Stately elms and poplars line the roadside, and it is not an uncommon sight to see fruit trees along the highway. This is a beautiful and picturesque old-fashioned country and these glorious summer days seem much too good for the world's greatest war to be raging. But for the sight of motor transports, despatch riders, busses of troops, others on the march or in billets and under canvas, we

shouldn't know man was at enmity with man and nations contesting against each other for mastery. The occasional sight of white smoke puffs from our bursting anti-aircraft shells or black smoke from Fritz are other reminders. The flashes from guns at night show up like sheets of summer lightning and are just as vivid; sometimes the still closing hours of night or opening ones of the day are disturbed by the dropping of bombs, as aircraft are about at all times; searchlights sweep the sky for the raiders. The western sky is mottled, the breeze has died down, stillness and rest will soon follow. Peasants stand in the attitude of Millet's famous picture "The Angelus".

A Week's Holiday from the Trenches

(By a Gorleston Tommy Serving in France)

"All work and no play would naturally make Tommy a dull boy", and by the following you will see he gets a pleasant change sometimes.

"One Saturday we marched into a nice large town, passing a large coal mine and a place containing an open market. I was naturally reminded of the market in a certain East Coast town, with its familiar stalls of fruit, flowers and wares. Our billet was an ancient barracks, and I was fortunate enough to secure a bed with a spring mattress, i.e. some wire netting stretched across a wooden framework. What lessons we are learning every day in the art of improvising! The most despised article that pops up in one's way is being utilised to someone's material benefit.

There appears to be a Square in every French town. The Hotel de Ville and Palace of Justice were buildings of interest. I always had a love for the antique, and I was 'struck' with the monster brass knockers, handles and letter boxes to private houses, most of which seemed very ancient. Some of the entrances to private dwellings seemed to me to be quite out of proportion to the rest of the building, and were more like the entrances to places of business and banks in Blighty. On Monday I actually went to a palace and you can just fancy possibly where I fancied I was. I sat next but one to another Gorlestonian, Richard Fleming, from Manby Road. He went to school the same time as myself. He is in the M.G.C. I saw him last week but under very different circumstances. Although a recently built theatre, I'm afraid the interior of one of ours would beat it hollow. There were plenty of tricolours suspended from the ceiling and "F.R." (Republique Francais) surrounded with laurels and olives, I hardly know which in the fancy wood and moulding. Tuesday I had another walk about the town, and visited the cathedral, for, as you know, I miss no opportunity of inspecting the exterior and interior of churches. This one was exceptionally beautiful inside. We must give our R.C. brethren credit for making the House of God exceedingly lovely. The altar was of polished white marble, with two brass gates in the communion rail, of the same material. The carved oak figures were indeed works of art. One could detect the "Fleur de Lis" pattern in the Saints' robes. And the windows! I never saw such artistic and lovely-blended coloured glass in my life. The colours were so rich and beautiful that one could but sit in amazement and "Feast" on them, and a feeling of awe stole over me — even on a vaster scale — than when visiting the Abbey for the first time. On Wednesday we inspected the results of shelling and bombing in various places. The belfry in a square was rather ancient, the turret possessing three rows of bells hung outside it. There were two Y.M.C.A. huts and also a soldiers' club for us to visit — a boon to the Tommy anywhere, I can assure you. On Thursday we went to a concert in the theatre — it was a variety affair, and we enjoyed it

immensely. The tit-bit of the evening, however, was "A Tribunal Sketch". Yet in the distance could be heard, though nobody seemed to take notice, the dull boom of guns.

On Friday I slept in an 800 year old convent, which looked like a small castle with its conical-shaped towers surrounded by a large moat. The stone steps (52) leading upwards were well worn, possibly by the tread of saintly women travelling the same way spiritually. The building was an ideal one for romance and ghostly associations.

"Tommy Pars"

Tanks — "I first became acquainted with our friends about the middle of last September. I remember five of them moving off one afternoon. Their engines sounded like motors in cars and aeroplanes. Quite a gathering of Tommies followed them, it being quite easy to keep up with them, while they were going uphill at the rate of about 3 or 4 miles an hour. Tanks appear to resemble creatures without any feeling. If there's a level or an alternative rough track to their destination they always appear to prefer the latter. One morning very early when returning from trench digging, I heard one going into action, and it could be easily perceived on the skyline looking like the Toad Rock at Tunbridge Wells. In spite of the attack at Fritz, it was almost comical to see it moving ahead so unconcernedly.

"On another occasion I came across three of them, each having done its bit of "Straffing" in a tangible form, and each was enjoying a brief period of repose. Two were named "Some Bus" and "Daddy Longlegs". The other had "Chota Men" and "Keep Smiling" on its "bow". One of these I ascertained had broken clean through a dugout in crossing a trench. A tank to me resembles a number of Mackintosh toffee tins lying on one side in shape, with endless tracks running round the edges. There are two wheels at the back, mounted on heavy springs for steering purposes, like those in front of a traction engine. There is a backdoor entrance, in addition to one each side. It resembles a safe door, and would puzzle a "Raffles" to open. Some of the gunners' seats are nothing more than extra strong cycle saddles. The apertures through which they observe are well protected being opened and closed by means of levers. There is not the least doubt but that the Hun has a wholesome fear of these iron monsters, and I might as well tell you that I shouldn't care to stand and face the music as one of these comes rolling and pitching on, not stopping except when put out of action by a direct hit, or when meeting with an accident. Well, here's luck to the "Tanks" anyway, and the brave little men who form the crew of such queer craft — Land Ships of War".

"Tommy" Pars — The Trail of the Hun

"We started for here on the 1st of Spring and arrived in the small hours of Tuesday morning. Over one-and-a-half days of this was spent in railway trucks, and here I might say that travelling by this method is not exactly to be termed luxurious, and certainly not fast. I should say that we averaged at least 6 miles an hour, and what with this excessive rate of locomotion, the sudden pull-ups, uncertain re-starts and rough shunts, we had "some" enjoyment. Our old "front" has materially changed since my last letter to you. The end of February found us in action again. Imagine us passing through two destroyed villages, at night, then taking cover in a shaft dug-out while a "stunt" was on. Fritz didn't half paste the entrance of it, in return

for the trench mortars we had given him. From there we went to headquarters, where it was dangerous to show ourselves during the hours of daylight, owing to snipers. The next three weeks found us still advancing, and some of the villages the Huns have been compelled to give up in their retreat have been destroyed as if by earthquake. A cemetery was only recognisable by the masonry and iron-work lying about. The site where the Church once stood is identified by the rich altar cloths and figures of saints intermixed with the debris, the latter standing out boldly and conspicuously at times, as if in a protesting attitude to those retreating barbarians, and at the same time appearing to welcome the advent of those whose presence stands for liberty, freedom and righteousness. The church steeples in two other villages were reduced to mere stumps. Another cemetery appeared to be in good order from a distance. It was hedged-in half acre with a gigantic crucifix which, marvellous to say, was untouched. Some of them, and one sees hundreds in France, seem like myself to have a charmed existence. We are passing through varied country hilly and flat, well-wooded and bleak, rocky and pastoral. For a considerable distance it seemed as if we were in Broadlands. Of course one could be reminded of such places, and an imaginative mind is a great and useful asset out here in these times. The country Fritz is vacating is generally speaking, void of shell-holes, whereas the old battlefields are as thick with them as can be.

Regimental Songs

A letter has been received from Mrs. D. Hill — wife of Major P.G.E. Hill, asking for assistance in the preparation of a collection of soldiers' songs. Her interest is in the words sung by the Queen's and the Surreys, including words sung to the regimental marches. Also can anybody supply the words of "Mary had a little lamb"?

A rush of information should be tempered by a modicum of discretion — but postage will be refunded. All replies should be sent direct to:—

Mrs. D. Hill, "Selwood",
Mill Road, Heathfield,
Sussex, TN 21 OXD.

Songs of India

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an inquiry for the words of soldier songs. Old soldiers who served in India between the Wars may remember the following ditty.

'Sixteen annas one rupee,
Damn and.....the bobaji.
Sergeant major, hollow-ground razor,
Queen Victoria bloody fine man.
Seven long years you.....my daughter,
Now you go to Blighty, Sahib.
May the boat that takes you over
Sink to the bottom of the pani, Sahib.
Tora chini, tor char,
Bombay bibi bohat achcha.'

Who was the unfortunate bobaji thus execrated? The clue probably lies in the first line with its reference to money. The Unit Accountant in India was responsible for keeping the soldiers' accounts, and his office was staffed by babus (clerks). Babu-ji was a term of respect used by inferior Indians, and it became anglicised to bobaji. Every soldier was deeply suspicious of the pay clerk's assessment of the amount due to him on pay day.

Does anyone remember the words of the song containing the following verse?

'Along the road so dry and dusty
Came a little hamare wasti.
Close behind her who should I see
But little hamare wasti bi.'

The rhyme is completely nonsensical because 'hamare wasti' means 'for me' and 'hamare wasti bi' means 'for me too'.

P.G.E.H.

Replies should be sent direct to:—
Major P.G.E. Hill, "Selwood",
Mill Road, Heathfield,
Sussex. TN 21 OXD
Postage will be refunded.

Waziristan 1922

An ex-member of 2nd Queen's (6079686) at the time of the 1922 campaign has an interesting badge, comprising two kukris crossed with the Queen's badge super-imposed. His recollection is that it was given as a memento of attachment to a Gurkha battalion at some stage of the campaign. According to the regimental history 2nd Queen's were at different times brigaded with 1/4th, 2/6th and 3/11th Gurkha Rifles.

Can any member shed any further light on this matter? I should be pleased to hear about any ideas on the subject.

The Battle for the Villages of Clary and Bertry on 9th October 1918

By V.E. Fagence

After the rather heavy losses which we of the 1st Queen's had sustained, (104 killed and 219 wounded), in our abortive attack at Epehy on 21st September, we were placed in reserve positions for the next two weeks or so. We had taken no part in the attack on the Hindenburg Line proper, which had been captured by strong British forces, in a big battle that had taken place on 27th and 28th September. On the 6th October the command of the Battalion was taken over by Lt. Col. H.H. Lee, DSO, of the Cameronians.

On the 8th October we marched up through the Hindenburg Line, and saw the masses of barbed wire and fortifications with which the Germans had hoped to keep back our advancing armies. But, for them, this hope had been in vain. Our troops were now through, and were advancing across open country with the Germans in hurried retreat. We halted in the Hindenburg Line for an evening meal and a short rest. Then we started marching eastward and continued through the night.

The first village (or remnants of one) that we came to was Aubencheul-aux-Bois. This, having been only a mile or two behind the German lines during most of the war, was badly smashed about, first by our own shellfire, then later, when it had been captured by our troops, it was mercilessly shelled by the enemy. Then came Villers Outreau; this was in little better condition. Early on the morning of the 9th, whilst it was still dark, it was discovered that the road was mined, and that it was impossible to get the transport any further. Lewis guns were thereupon unloaded and the march continued through Malincourt.

I remember that as we marched through these villages in the darkness we could hear the distant rumble of our guns in rear and the echoes in the empty houses.

All this seemed to be rather eerie and a trifle ominous. Ominous as, although we were now undoubtedly marching to ultimate victory, there would be some of us who would never live to see it. But no one then knew who those would be. It could be any of us, no one was immune. We probably each and every one hoped that it would not be himself.

We continued marching until daylight, with a halt and 10 minutes rest every hour. When it was light enough for us to see we found that we were now in inhabited country with people living in the houses, but not showing much of themselves as the territory had been occupied by the Germans until only a few hours previously. It was strange to see green fields and meadows, and trees with leaves on them, and houses undamaged and with glass in the windows, after the desolate areas which we had been used to for the last six months. In fact for a short time it was almost like being in fairyland. But we were soon to be fetched up sharp by realities. We reached a crossroad, and were told that we had nearly caught up with the retreating enemy, and must be prepared to deal with him. We left the road and entered a meadow, where we opened ranks and got into extended order, carrying our rifles and Lewis guns in readiness for instant use. As we commenced our advance in battle order, a huge British gun several miles to the rear started dropping shells in the corner of the meadow, just at the back of us. Each of these shells made a terrific explosion, which, although we were all used to shellfire, was rather frightening, as there seemed a likelihood that if the gun continued firing, some of us would probably be hit and killed by our own shells. Also, inexplicably there did not seem to be any suitable enemy target for it to firing at, and, in any case, under the circumstances, it would be almost impossible for anyone to get into touch with the battery, with a view to getting the firing discontinued. Our best hopes were that either the gun would run out of ammunition, or that our advance would soon take us out of range. It was the latter that eventually happened.

We advanced a short distance when we saw a small group of Germans at the top of a slope. They had a machine gun with which they fired a few rounds at us. Some of our men returned their fire whereupon the Germans picked up their gun and ran off towards some houses on our right. We continued our advance, leaving them to be dealt with by the troops on that frontage.

Some distance further on we arrived at the outskirts of the village of Clary, where we were told to halt and take up position in a ditch facing the direction of the enemy. There we ate part of our rations for breakfast, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for any untoward happening. Whilst we were there, I saw for the first and only time in my life, British cavalry going into action. They were on our left, between us and the village. They had come from somewhere at the rear, and were cantering towards the village of Bertry, some distance ahead. It was a sight to see them, squadron after squadron and regiment after regiment. There must have been at least two or three thousand horseman. They disappeared from view and a short time later we received orders to move forward. We had to march up a slope over some grassland, and leading the platoon that I was in, (No 9 of "C" Coy) was our Company Commander, Captain Abercrombie. I was in the file just behind him and the Platoon Sergeant. (We had no Platoon Officer as he had become a casualty some time previously.)

As we topped the rise we came under fire from an enemy machine gun, apparently positioned on a ridge quite a long distance away, as the bullets when they reached us appeared to be almost spent. This was peculiar, as, at that range, (which must have been nearly

a mile). they (the enemy), would know that their fire would not be very effective. That is of course if they were really firing at us, and not at some other target which we could not see, but which they could, and which was probably nearer to them than we were. It then occurred to me that the explanation for this must be that we were marching in the wrong direction, namely that we were several degrees too far to the left of our correct frontage. The thought had scarcely flashed through my mind when we heard a shout from behind. Most of us, including the Captain, looked around and we saw our CO (Lt. Col. Lee) about 50 or 60 yards behind, waving his walking cane. He called out "Abercrombie! Abercrombie! You are leading those men wrong! You are going too much to the left! Right incline!" Captain Abercrombie acknowledged the CO's instructions and gave the order "Right incline" at the same time leading the way.

We had proceeded only a short distance in the new direction when suddenly, with a roar like that of an express train, we heard the well-known and sinister sound of a enemy five-point-nine shell rushing towards us. It fell and exploded about 30 yards away on our left. This was followed by a second one rather closer. Then a third shell pitched right beside us, and amid the noise, smoke and confusion it was difficult to see for a moment or two exactly what had happened. Also, with the enemy guns continuing to shell the ridge we were on, our position was rendered untenable, and we had to run for cover, the nearest at hand being a tree-lined hedge a short distance in front, to which most of the platoon ran as fast as possible. It was only then that we realised that our Captain was not with us. Looking back toward the spot where we had been when the shell struck, we could see him lying flat on his back, silent and still. In spite of the heavy shelling which was still being carried on by the enemy, the Company stretcherbearers pluckily ran back, placed the Captain on a stretcher, and carried him to a place of comparative safety, and attended to his wounds which were head injuries and very severe. He was then carried to the Regimental Aid Post in rear, where he was attended by the MO. That was the last I saw or heard of him at that time. As the guns which had been firing at us had now ceased, we continued our advance towards the village of Bertry, which we entered in late afternoon or early evening.

We learned that the Germans had not long left and were still retreating eastwards. We were told that other troops were going in front of us, and that we were to remain in the village in support. There was an orchard with a number of empty German transport wagons which were assigned to us as billeting quarters for the night, but as practically all of them had been befouled by the enemy before leaving, we found it impossible to use them and preferred to sleep underneath them on our groundsheets. It was rather cold.

In the morning after we had had a wash and shave and some breakfast, some of us had a look around the village. We saw a number of the cavalrymen's horses that had been killed by enemy machine gunners the previous day and were lying about in various places. But all the flesh had been stripped from the bones and just the bare skeletons were left. We were told that the men of one of our artillery units had taken the choicer parts (mainly the rumps) of the horses, and that the French civilian population had taken the remainder. None of the infantrymen would touch the horseflesh. I personally would have preferred to eat dry bread.

The casualties of the Battalion in this action had been fairly light inasmuch as only three men had been killed and one officer (Captain Abercrombie) and sixteen other ranks wounded.

Some years after the war I learned that Captain Abercrombie DSO MC had survived his wounds for less than three months. After a great deal of suffering he died from the effects of them on 31st December 1918 in the Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford, Surrey.

"In Retrospect"

In the Spring of 1924 I conducted a draft of 24 men to 2nd Surreys in Jersey. It was my own squad and I was, naturally, very proud of them for I had trained them from raw — very raw — recruits up to the 'Trained soldier' state.

We entrained at St Helier, on what was, then, the Islands Railway and travelled via First Tower, Millbrook, Beaumont and St Aubin to Don Bridge where we detrained.

Waiting were the Band and Drums and they marched us up the lane to St Peters Barracks.

Captain F.O. Voisin, the Adjutant — and I am sure that he was the Adjutant of all Adjutant's, inspected the draft.

That Battn, of which few are left to-day, was extremely efficient and happy and endeared itself to the Jersey folk. It is strange to look back to-day and to remember that there was no electric light in the barracks. They were lit by Carbide gas'.

I can also re-call the Crab and Salad teas at Plemont — for the sum of 1/6d and the very happy evenings spent with Mr and Mrs Williams at La Pulent where some of our senior NCOs met, and subsequently married, local girls. The Williams' daughter Elsie married Sgt Bill (Slasher) Marsh the well known Battn Boxer. I know that the Jersey folks helped to make this station one of our happiest.

In the summer of this year, I returned to the Island that we loved. St Peters barracks has gone to make way for the airport and I could find nothing that would remind me that it ever existed. In fact the only item that appeared to remain at St Peters was the grave where Sgt Jim Bates lies buried. Le Quesne's farm where the men used to help pick and pack potatoes — 2/6d on Sat afternoon, 5/- for Sunday; is now a road house catering for visitors.

A lot of other things have gone too, Chinn's the cigarette firm, Wests Cinema, the railway, Fort Regent — as we knew it — Labastiers, the perfume shop — but Mary Ann, the Islands beer remains but not nearly so cheap'.

By the way you can take the lift to Fort Regent and there is a tunnel running beneath it'

During my stay I contacted Bob Sheather, Elsie Marsh, the wife of Bill, the daughter of George Wilkinson one of the CQMSgts — he died in a labour camp in Germany — and some other folks who knew the old Battn and expressed a lot of interest in what I could relate to them. But, as one elderly Jerseyman said to me 'It is not my Jersey anymore' It is not mine either.

C. Cowie

The 70th (Surrey) Regiment in New Zealand.

Mr. G.W. Hinde writes from 14 Hammil Road, East Tamaki Otara, South Auckland, New Zealand, that the red coat of Colour Sergeant Frost of the 70th (Surrey) Regiment is held in a local New Zealand museum, together with an arms collection — all dating from the Maori War 1863-1865.

As he says in his letter:—

The 70th Regiment had Scottish connections and for a short period of its history had a Scottish sub-title, but it was not raised or formally designated as a Scottish

Regiment. It was formed in 1758 when the second battalion of an English regiment — the 31st Foot — was constituted as a separate, new regiment. This regiment was given the British Army precedence number of 70. It was at this stage stationed in Scotland, and as it recruited there a very large proportion of the men came from Scotland, particularly from the Glasgow area. The facings' colour of the 70th was grey and because of the high proportion of Glasgow men in the ranks it was nicknamed "The Glasgow Greys". It was, however, not officially a Scottish regiment. It served subsequently in England, Ireland, the West Indies and in America. The nationality of the men being very mixed. In 1782 when county titles were added to the official number, the 70th were designated The 70th (Surrey) Regiment. The facings were now black, having been so changed in 1768.

In 1812 the 70th (Surrey) Regiment came back from the West Indies and went to Stirling Castle, the depot companies, having been at Ayr, also went to Stirling. Recruiting again took place in Scotland, and in October 1812 the Prince Regent approved the style of "Glasgow Lowland Regiment" being added to the title of the 70th Regiment. This only lasted until 1825 when due to various objections, the regiment's own wish was approved and the County title of 70th (Surreys) Regiment was restored. It remained as such until 1881, when they were amalgamated with the 31st (Huntingdonshire) Regiment to form The East Surrey Regiment, the 31st forming the 1st Battalion of this regiment and the 70th the Second Battalion. They thus returned to their original identity. The nickname "Glasgow Greys" stuck for a long time although it had ceased to have a real meaning after 1768, and the extra title of "Glasgow Greys" was only applied between 1812 and 1825. At the period of the New Zealand campaign (1863-1865) they were the 70th (Surrey) Regiment.

Loss of Regimental Silver

During the nineteenth century, both the Thirty First and Seventieth Regiments were singularly unlucky in losing the greater part of their Officers Mess silver, the one by shipwreck and the other by flood.

Thirty First Regiment

On 1st March 1825, the Thirty First were on passage to India in the East Indiaman 'Kent', when fire broke out in the Bay of Biscay. The ship had to be abandoned, and during the night she blew up and sank. All the Regimental property was lost, with the exception of a silver snuff box, presented by Colonel Meade, who had served in the Regiment from 1800 to 1808.

There are two other snuff boxes associated with the loss of the 'Kent'. One is a replica of Colonel Meade's snuff box, and was presented to the officers of the Regiment by Lieut Holford of the North Durham Militia 'as a token of their kindness and hospitality during his stay amongst them.' The original and replica are in the Regimental Museum.

The other snuff box, known as the 'Kent' snuff box, bears the following inscription, 'Presented to Mr Edward Connolly, First Mate of the Brig 'Cambria', by the officers of the 31st Regiment and the Officers and Passengers of the 'Kent' East Indiaman, for his valuable assistance in rescuing the 554 persons from the wreck of that Vessel during her conflagration on the 1st March 1825.' Its present whereabouts are unknown.

Seventieth Regiment

The loss of the Seventieth's silver in 1858 occurred when the Regiment was stationed at Nowshera on the

River Cabul. General Ralston, who was a subaltern in the Regiment at the time wrote, 'Early in August 1858, there had been a landslide far up the Indus in the hills, and a large volume of water formed in a sort of dam. Suddenly heavy rain set in, and the whole mass of water reached down the Indus as far as Attock where the channel is very narrow. Consequently the water rushed up the Cabul River, actually making it flow backwards.' Attock is at the confluence of the Cabul and Indus rivers.

Major A.E. Jones, who was the Mess Sergeant at the time, recalled he was woken up by one of the native servants at 4a.m., who stated a great mass of water was coming up the Cabul River against the normal direction of flow. Sgt Jones sent for the PMC and proceeded to pack up the Mess property, the river steadily rising the while. 'The water rose in the Barracks about six feet, but where the Mess was it covered the bungalow,' he wrote.

After the floods subsided, two soup tureens, one sugar bowl and two bread baskets were recovered from the debris. The soup tureens had been presented to the Seventieth by the Islands of Antigua and St Thomas in the West Indies in 1806 and 1811. They were displayed at the Exhibition of Officers Mess Silver at the Royal Academy in 1956. They are at present held by the 1st Bn The Queen's Regiment.

The loss of the Seventieth's Mess property is recorded in the Regimental History. The late Major E.S. Bird has added the following interesting footnotes in his own copy of the Regimental History.

'A new Mess President having just taken over, all the Mess silver, crockery and glass was spread out for checking. Considerable loss and damage was incurred.'

'A silver tray belonging to the Seventieth was found by the 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment in 1928 when they were stationed at Rawalpindi.'

'A large silver hot water dish was found on the banks of the river at Attock several days after the flood, and brought in by a native.' What is remarkable about this last note is that Attock is about 20 miles downstream from Nowshera.

P.G.E.H.

Oiseau

The mention of Major Bird in the article 'Loss of Regimental Silver', recalls a unique character of The East Surrey Regiment whom many will remember. No one ever knew his Christian name: he was simply known as 'Oiseau'. Bird was commissioned in the Regiment in 1930, and posted to the 1st Battalion in India. Tall, languid and sporting an enormous moustache, brushed up until it was almost vertical, Oiseau was a throwback to an earlier age.

He was seldom seen to move at more than a leisurely saunter. 'Double, Mr Bird!' shouted an exasperated senior officer once on the range, only to receive the dignified reply from Oiseau, who was barely moving, 'I am doubling, Sir.' However, there was one occasion in India, when returning late one night from the Club, Oiseau found the Chowkidar sleeping, and chased the unfortunate man round the bungalow, brandishing a drawn sword.

For all his lackadaisical attitude, Oiseau took his profession seriously. He was of soldierly appearance, tough, resourceful and imperturbable. He was a keen student of military matters, and his particular interest was the history and traditions of the Regiment, especially the Thirty First. Before the 1939-45 War, Oiseau volunteered for service in the Royal West African Frontier Force, where, even for the Coast, his convivial habits became something of a byword. Returning to England on leave in 1941, he confided to a friend that he would never forgive himself for not being there when the Thirty First, as he put it, went

to war.

Oiseau's turn was to come. He managed to secure a posting to the 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment in 1944, and rejoined his old battalion at Castel di Sangro in Italy. He was appointed to command 'C' Company, and three weeks later was killed in action at Lake Trasimeno.

Regimental Music

All old soldiers will remember marching with head held high, stomach pulled in, chest out and arms swinging with the Regimental Band in front or standing near a saluting dais as the regiment passed by. From the many marches played by the band the ones most easily remembered by the soldier are the regimental ones. But how many soldiers know the history of their marches and just why particular ones were adopted by their Regiment?

Prior to 1881 the Regimental March of The Queen's Royal Regiment was "The Old Queen's". This was an adaptation of "God Save the Queen" and in 1881 the regiment took part in a review near Aldershot in the presence of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Cambridge. On hearing the march Her Majesty asked if special permission had been given for the use of the National Anthem and added that, unless this had been granted, the practice must cease. As no record was found of such sanction a change had to be made. The new march that was chosen and taken into use in 1883 was a Portuguese tune and was christened "Braganza" by the regiment. This tune is a free adaptation of the air "O Patria" which was the Portuguese National Anthem at that time. It was composed in 1822 by Don Pedro I of Brazil (formerly King Pedro IV of Portugal) and it remained in use as the national anthem of Portugal until the country became a republic. The Portuguese tune was adopted in memory of the regiment's service in Tangier which had formed part of the dowry of the Queen Consort to Charles II. The Queen Consort was Catherine of Braganza — a Princess of Portugal — hence the name and choice of this tune.

"We'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Toun" — not the title of a song composed by the Scottish entertainer Billy Connally — but the Regimental March of the 2nd Battalion of The Queen's Royal Regiment. Colonel Bruce who raised the battalion in 1857 had previously served in the Highland Light Infantry and it was he who introduced this Scottish tune as a march. From 1881 to 1883 this tune was used as a march by both battalions and it became the secondary regimental quickstep after the adoption of "Braganza".

Another tune that may have been introduced by Colonel Bruce was "Bonnie Dundee" and this was played at ceremonial parades while the Adjutant "collected reports" for the Officer Commanding.

The Regimental Slow March of The Queen's Royal Regiment was the march from "Scipio" a tune composed by Handel and said to be incorporated into his opera of the same name to bolster up the score with its stirring strain. The opera was performed first in London in 1726. During the time the regiment was in Tangier a troop of horse was attached to them, this troop later becoming the Royal Dragoons and their slow march was often used by the regiment.

The Regimental March of the East Surrey Regiment has the unusual name "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky" and is based on one of several tunes connected with a hunting ballad of the same name — and is about a country scene depicting the thrill of the chase.

In 1881 the 70th Foot became the 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment and as the 70th were stationed in Glasgow in the 18th Century it was not out of place for them to choose a Scottish air "The Lass of Gowrie" as their march. This regiment was also known as "the Glasgow

Greys" on account of the colour of the regimental facings.

"The Huntingdonshire March" was the Regimental Slow March of the East Surrey Regiment. From 1782 to 1881 the 1st Battalion was known as the 31st (Huntingdonshire) Regiment and during this time adopted "Lord Charles Montague's Huntingdonshire March". "A Life on the Ocean Wave" the Regimental March of the Royal Marines is also used by the East Surrey Regiment due to their long association with the Royal Marines. The 1st Battalion of "The Surreys" was raised by Colonel Villiers in 1702 to serve in ships, and they became known as "Villier's Marines", not becoming a regiment of foot until 1715. The Royal Marines also use the East Surrey's Regimental march, and Royal Marine officers have been colonels of the Surreys.

Those who have had the privilege of marching to these tunes can now perhaps appreciate the history behind them as it had added to the glory and tradition of "The Regiment".

A. Surrey

Jack Willans

Jack Willans was born in India where his father was serving as a Regular Soldier in, I think, the Green Howards. On retirement he returned to this Country and took a job as Part Time Instructor with 4th.Bn Royal West Kent Regt., which Jack joined. On the family moving to Aldershot Jack transferred to 5th. Queen's. He was a very good shot and also a useful Boxer. On Embodiment Jack, by then a Sergeant, was posted to the newly formed A Coy, of which I was CQMS.

When the battalion received its first intake of "Belisha Boys" Jack was posted to Guildford as an Instructor and did not rejoin his Company until a month or so before we went to France. He was on the (so called) road block at Bellancourt and, I believe, pooped off our 5 rounds on the Boyes A/T Rifle. Trying to make his getaway with a small party they were fired on by tanks and returned the fire with their rifles. He received a slight wound in the groin and was captured, he spent a few days in a French Hospital run by Nuns and thus avoided the long, hungry and tortuous march to Arras and the lorry journey through Luxembourg to Bitburg. Bitburg was on the wrong side of the Siegfried Line where I was carefully guarding my washing — one very worn pair of socks hung on the perimeter barbed wire when Jack was pushed into the cage. We were delighted to see one another. Jack gave me his moral support when, as the senior NCO and the only possessor of a knife, a very small pen-knife at that, it fell to my lot to cut up the 2 loaves given to my coal-truck load of POWs as our ration for our Journey across Germany. With 51 pairs of eyes watching to make sure I did no sleight of hand, but made a fair division it was a most difficult task. The ration lasted us 2 nights and one day until we received a bowl of soup at a station in Berlin before proceeding on to Thorn in Poland, where we were accommodated about 50 to a room in one of the Forts so vividly described in The Mansel Diaries.

From our meeting at Bitburg for the next 2½ years it was share and share alike for Jack and I, and I could not have had a better "mucker". At Thorn Jack managed after much haggling to secure 2 loaves of bread in exchange for his wedding ring and these loaves formed the basis of our reserve until we got our first Red Cross Parcels. The ration was 5 men to 1 loaf — we parodied a German marching song with the words "Funf mann ein brot". Most POWs scoffed their bread at one go Jack and I always managed to keep a little to eat with our breakfast — one mug of ersatz coffee. We had our only meal, so called, a soup of

barley and water with pieces of potatoe at 4p.m.

From Thorn about 250 of us were sent to a place near Gottenhafen (German) Gydnia (Polish) where we were accommodated in a two storied wooden building which had, we thought, been a Hostel or something of that sort. All the windows lacked glass and part of the roof was missing, presumably as a result of bombardment from the sea. Here Jack plied his trade as a Carpenter. After doing a few jobs around the building he was provided with a hammer, a saw, a lot of bent nails and a heap of wood from which he constructed two-tier Bunks for the Guards and for the POWs. It may interest some readers to hear that a Camp of 250 POWs was commanded most of the time by an Unter Offizier, though for a short while by a Feldwebel of homosexual tendencies. What would such a Camp rate in this Country? A Captain at OC?

Sjt. Charlie Turner of 2/5 Queens was one of my fellow POWs at Gotenhafen and also a man named Churchill, known as Winston, or was it the other way round? I am not sure. Another inmate was our Right Honourable and Dozey Minister of State for Defence — Fred Mulley, known in those days as "Wimpey", he was lucky to be there as he had a shot hole through one of his rather prominent ears. Fred Mulley was the Camp Interpreter until one day we were visited by a German Army Officer who, for some inexplicable reason, decided Fred was a Jew and had him whisked away to another Camp, Stalag XXB I think.

In August 1941 we were transferred to XXB at Marienburg where Jack and I remained for about a month collecting our ration of Fleas to add to our collection of Lice. We then went to work on a Farm in the Danzig Free State where, from the point of view of food, we did fairly well. We managed sometimes to augment our Red Cross Supplies and the Farmers food by illicit supplies from the Farm. At one stage the Farmer's wife thought the hens were going off lay and when we got back to our hovel we were wheeled into the Guard Room for a search. It was winter time and I was wearing the end of a woollen scarf as a cap comforter. I turned out my pockets and was well frisked but I was not asked to bare my bald head. We had our eggs that evening, they had been nestling one at each end of my cap. Writing of eggs reminds me of the story told at XXB of the POW who, working at a railway siding found a truck full of eggs. One of the Guards had his suspicions and on return to Stalag the man was marched into the Commandant's Office and told to empty his Haversack. (No POW on a working party went out without such a vital piece of equipment — just in case). The POW unslung the haversack, undid the buckles and holding it above the Commandants desk shook out its fragile contents.

After a year of more at the farm I decided to "retire" and become a "Nix Arbeiter" as permitted to NCOs by the Geneva Convention. After a few days back at XXB I went down with a Party to Stalag 383 in Bavaria where at the gate I was spotted by Fred Mulley, again an Interpreter, who fixed me up in a first class Hut which I shared with Six Maoris, one white New Zealander, 4 Aussies, a Taffy and another Englishman who had also known Fred Mulley at Gottenhaven. We lived very well in that Hut, all food was pooled and the cooking done by the white New Zealander, in consequence when the famine came owing to the failure of Red Cross supplies to get through we had a pretty good cache of stores under the floor boards, and we did not drop down to the bare, very bare, issue ration until several weeks after the rest of the Camp.

Jack Willans stayed on at the Farm for another year or so, but eventually he turned up at 383. When the Red Cross supplies failed Jack was in rather a poor way, and like many others suffered from mal-nutrition. One day he told

me his legs were swollen. I noticed that when I depressed the skin and released the pressure the dent remained for some time. I believe that is a symptom of Beri-Beri, fortunately a small supply of Red Cross Food got through and Jack's condition improved. In the early spring of 1945 the Camp was supposed to be evacuated, rumour had it to Hitler's Redoubt, so most of us were on our travels again, but the sick, including Jack, remained behind. This time I travelled, one cannot say we marched, we merely straggled, in company with Cpl. Freddie Cattermole of B Coy. 2/5 Queens. We meandered through Bavaria for several days. We went through Regensburg where we tried to dally to admire the work the RAF had put in on the railway system, but the local garrison — Hungarian SS — had other ideas and wanted us out of their area. It is quite surprising how far and how fast one can walk without food if you are encouraged by a bayonet at your backside.

The marches got slower and slower, the Guard lost interest, much of the German traffic was going in the opposite direction to us and one welcome sight was to see a field gun drawn by oxen — a very different state of affairs to our march through France 5 years earlier. During this march one burly Aussie announced to the world that "He had had enough" and threw himself under a passing lorry. Three or four days later he would have been a free man.

Jack Willans was taken care of when the Yanks took over Hohenfels Camp and arrived home safely, but suffered more or less continuous ill health since, one complaint following another. He was a true friend and his death brings home to me how fortunate I have been.

L.C.A.M.

A Message from Maj. Gen. Rowley Mans CBE — Colonel of The Queen's Regiment.

I am asking for the help of all Old Comrades of the Founding Regiments to increase the numbers of recruits for The Queen's Regiment. We need good young men and I believe our best Recruiters are those like yourselves who can tell a young chap what soldiering is really like.

The Infantry has changed a lot in recent years — much more specialisation; many more vehicles to drive, and a great variety of weapons, radios etc to handle but the essential requirements for an infantryman remain the same: someone with a glint in his eye (if it is small at the moment, The Queen's Regiment will make it bigger!) and who wants to get away from the humdrum of modern life and seek adventure and comradeship.

We have many thousands of Old Comrades in the Regiments that created The Queen's Regiment; if each one brought in a recruit we could man the British Army.

We are also looking for good youngsters from the age of 16 upwards; for these we can find a place in a Junior Soldiers unit where they receive a first class training until they go on to a Regular battalion for adult service. The age of entry for adult recruits is 17½ to 30.

All information required can be obtained from:

The Regimental Careers Officer
RHQ The Queen's Regiment
Howe Barracks
Canterbury, Kent

OR from any Army Careers Office. If a would-be recruit goes to one of these offices he should say he wants to join The Queen's Regiment and be a QUEENSMAN!

So come on ALL you Old Comrades — help me recruit for the Regiment!

Deaths

We regret to announce the passing of the following former members of our Regiments:—

Arnold—On 17 February 1978, Sgt William Henry Arnold (10743), aged 83. Served in the 1st, 4th and 7th Bns The East Surrey Regiment from 1911 to 1918 when he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps (See News Letter No. 19 page 6).

Bettis—On 17 August 1978, Frederick William Bettis (68080), aged 79. Served in 11th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1917-1919.

Caney—On 14 August 1977, Cpl. Mathew Caney (6087994) aged 74. Served with 22nd London Regiment, 6th and 1/6th Bns The Queen's Royal Regiment. Present at Dunkirk and with 8th Army.

Cole—In April 1978, H.W. Cole (6089322), known as "Podge". Served in 5th and 2/5th Bns The Queen's Royal Regiment. Captured 1940 in France and held in POW camps until released 1945.

Foster—On 31 July 1978, Captain (QM) Alfred Denton Foster MSM (Formerly 6076972 RSM A D Foster), aged 79. Served in The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1917-1945 in the 11th (Service) Bn, 2nd Bn, 6th Bn and 1/6th Bn and at the Depot of that Regiment. He saw service in the Sudan, China, on the N.W. Frontier during the Waziristan Campaign; was a C.S.M. at the time of the Quetta Earthquake in 1935, and was a Lieutenant (QM) with 1/6th Queen's at Dunkirk in 1940. In 1942 still with 1/6th Queens, he was at the recapture of Tobruk. On retirement he entered the Civil Service and was for many years Secretary, and later President of the Guildford Branch of The Royal British Legion. (See obituary)

Godfrey—In October 1977, Major John Valentine Godfrey TD, aged 72. Served in the 22nd London Regiment (The Queen's) and 1/6th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment (TA) from 1929 to 1945. (See obituary)

Humphries—On 25 June 1978, CSM Charles Humphries MBE (242286), aged 85. Served in the 13th Bn The London Regiment from 1910 to 1916; the 2/5th and 10th Bns, The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1916 to 1919. He was a member of the Regimental Association for 48 years. During World War II he was a Captain in the Army Cadet Force.

Inskip—On 25 June 1978, Sgt Arthur Albert Inskip (6086213), aged 62. Served in The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1934-1947, the Military Staff Provost Corps from 1947 to 1954, and 1 Bn The Buffs from 1955 to 1957 returning to The Queen's in 1957 just before his discharge in that year.

Langley—On 18 July 1978, L/Cpl Charles Henry Langley (6078582), aged 76. Served in The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1921-1932 and saw service in India and the Sudan with the 2nd Battalion where for four years he was Orderly Room Clerk.

For many years he was a member of the 4th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment Old Comrades Association, and of its Committee up to the time of his death.

Lennan—On 28 July 1978, Major Niall Theodore Lennan MC, aged 63. Served in the 1st, 2nd, 2/5th, 50th and 15th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment at various periods from 1934 to 1955; also with The Leicestershire Regiment from 1943-1945 and The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment from 1949-1950. He was Secretary of the Frittenden Branch of The Royal British Legion for many years.

Smith—On 31 August 1978, Lieut (QM) Charles Albert Smith MSM, aged 75. Served in 4th Bn The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment (TA) from 1920-1921; 2nd Bn The East Surrey Regiment from 1921-1937

and the 1/6th Bn The East Surrey Regiment as PSI, RSM and QM from 1937 to 1945.

Willans—On 14 April 1978, Sgt John Richard Willans (6339430). Served in 5th and 2/5th Bns The Queen's Royal Regiment. Captured 1940 in France and held in POW camps until released 1945. (See appreciation elsewhere)

Obituaries

Captain Alfred Denton Foster, MSM

Captain (Q.M.) Foster MSM was our RSM of the 1/6th Queens at the out-break of hostilities in 1939. Due to reorganisation he quickly became our QM and was respectfully known to us all as "Moggie." Although small in stature, his code of discipline, knowledge of military affairs and training more than made up for this. The battalion was greatly indebted to him when stationed at Faversham in 1941. At this time heavy bombing of London was in progress. Being a London unit, many serving members had their homes bombed. To prevent a large amount of AWOL in the unit, the CO decided to make our QM welfare officer, on top of the duties he was already performing. Each case involved short leave, assessment of losses of chattels, claims for compensation, storage arrangements and location of same. In all these matters he more than surpassed his normal duties.

‘CHICK’

Major J.V. Godfrey, TD

“Dan” Godfrey, as he was best known to most of us, joined the 22nd. London Regt. (The Queens) as a 2nd Lieutenant on March 22nd 1929. One of his first duties was that of carrying the Colours at the Armistice Parade at Bermondsey Parish Church, a duty which he also performed in 1930 and 1932, at that time this involved a slow march up the aisle with an escort with fixed bayonets. He was promoted Captain in 1936 and was appointed to the command of “A” Company. He was promoted Major in 1939 and served with the Battalion, then the 1/6th. Queen's in France and Belgium in 1940, being one of the only two Company Commanders to survive the retreat to Dunkirk.

Dan was an impressive figure as beffited his civilian occupation as a brewer with Courage's Brewery at Horsleydown and needless to say his house immediately opposite the brewery was a popular calling point. Although posted away from the Battalion shortly after their return from France, Dan always retained his allegiance to Bermondsey and was a stalwart supporter of the O.C.A. and a most faithful attender at the Annual Armistice Service. Never known to be other than kind and good humoured, he had a dry sense of humour and in his younger days was renowned for his rendering of “Sam. Sam pick up tha' musket”. He was loved and respected by all ranks and will be sadly missed.

J.G.B.

For Sale

15ct gold and enamel ladies brooch of badge of The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey). Price: £45 or near offer. For further details contact Major R.W. Pinker, Pilgroves, Brasted Chart, Westerham, Kent TN16 1LY (Tel: Westerham 62579).