



THE QUEENS ROYAL SURREY REGIMENT

President
Brigadier G. B. Curtis, OBE, MC

Chairman
Lieutenant Colonel H. R. D. Hill, MBE

Secretary
Major F. J. Reed

Editor
Capt K. W. Brooks F.C.I.S., J.P.

Regimental Headquarters
The Queen's Regiment
Howe Barracks
Canterbury
Kent
CT1 1JY

Number 27
May 1980

Regimental Association
News Letter

Editorial

The shortness of this editorial is an indication of my good fortune in having a really good supply of interesting material. But - do not rest on your laurels! All contributions are appreciated even though some are held over for later issues.

Copy for the November issue should be sent to me at 50 Ashdene Road, Ashurst, Hampshire SO4 2DN by 30th September, 1980.

President's Notes

This year the Venerable Archdeacon Peter Mallett will be preaching at our Regimental Service in Guildford Cathedral on 8th June. This will be one of his last engagements as Chaplain General before he leaves the Army. I am delighted that he can be with us on that day because, as many of you will know, he began his service in the Army with the Queen's in Malaya in 1954. I do hope that there will be strong support especially from those who served with "Peter Padre" in those days.

I hope we shall also have a good turnout at the Regimental Reunion at Canterbury on 3rd August. This splendid opportunity for past and present members of the Regiment to get together is something not to be missed and a positive way to show our interest in the Regiment of today. I am sure it will also be a thoroughly enjoyable day out with our families.

At a recent meeting of the Queen's Royal Surrey Regimental Committee there was unanimous agreement that we should continue to work for a closer association with the Queen's Regiment whether or not the other former Regiments were ready to do so. Over the next few months we shall therefore be considering what form this should take.

Finally, I should like to draw your attention to the opening of our Regimental Museum at Clandon Park on 1st April and to thank the small band who, through their tremendous efforts, have made this possible. I hope that many of you will find the opportunity to make a visit to our museum in its new home.

Museum Report

Clandon Park opened for its 1980 season on 1st April, and with it the Regimental Museum also is open at the House. Progress over the last year has at many times been frustrating, but thanks to the dedicated work of a lot of helpers the target date was just achieved.

In the early Autumn it was decided that the move from Kingston must be carried out privately, and this was undertaken by Bentalls who through the personal interest of Mr Rowan Bentall DL allowed special terms, and then effected the move over a two day period in an excellent manner. This took place in November and the cellar rooms at Clandon were filled with an enormous array of boxes, dummies, books, pictures, medals and literally "clutter". With everything at Clandon the real preparation of the collection for exhibition was able to start. On three working Saturdays the Committee and many other helpers unpacked and began sorting the items. This work then went on through the Winter, and the very hard work of Major and Mrs Peter Hill and of Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Kimmerling who have been continually at things must be particularly commended. Various Regimental Ladies, including Mrs R. Roupell have done devoted work in stitching and cleaning uniforms, while Colonel L. C. East has annotated a large number of Queen's photographs.

As this work went on concern mounted at delays in the arrival of the new show-cases being provided by the Department of the Environment, and it was only on 19th March that the first consignment of these arrived. The setting out of the cases has thus been a hurried task, and we are most grateful to Mr Bernard Milner of the Army Museums Ogilby Trust for his work. Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. D. Hill has also done special work in mounting The Colours, the Maces and most of the pictures. Inevitably because of the rush the selection of items to be shown has been very subjective, and for many things we would have liked to display there has not been room.

Because of the doubts about the actual availability of the showcases the Committee decided in February that it was not possible for there to be an official opening this year, and that 1980 would be a preliminary

Forecast of Events 1980 — Regimental Association and Officers' Club

Date	Place	Event	Detail
8 June	Guildford	Regimental Association Annual Church Service	Guildford Cathedral at 11.15 am
27 June	Effingham, Surrey	Queen's Surreys Golf Society	Match v Royal Marines
3 August	Howe Barracks Canterbury	Grand Reunion of all Regimental Associations and 1st Battalion The Queens Regiment "Open Day"	12 noon to 6 pm Families welcome Admission by ticket only. Details in this Newsletter.
3 October	London	Officers' Club Dinner	To be notified
16/17 October	Richmond	Queen's Surrey Golf Society	2 Day Autumn Meeting and AGM
7 November	London	Regimental Association Annual Reunion	Union Jack Club (to be notified)
9 November	Guildford and Kingston	Remembrance Day Parades	

season for the Museum. When the Autumn comes it will be possible to review the lay-out and contents, making hopefully improvements, and then if appropriate an official opening will take place before the next National Trust season starts in the Spring of 1981.

Since the Museum is located within a National Trust property entrance must conform to their rules. The form is that normal entrance to the Museum is through entry to the House, and visitors are therefore expected to pay the entrance fee to the House of £1; or be members of the National Trust. For members of the Regiment however, and other bona fide visitors, only wishing to visit the Museum special arrangements may be made on production of their Regimental Association Membership Card, or on written sponsorship from RHQ The Queen's Regiment, or from a member of the Museum Trustees. Such special arrangements will only give access to the Museum and the National Trust shop, and will not entitle the visitor to go to any other part of the House. Clendon Park itself is open every day of the week except Mondays and Fridays, from 2 pm to 6 pm.

J W S

Regimental Museum Appeal

The Trustees of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment Museum thank the under-mentioned gentlemen for their generous donations which have been made since November 1979:-

Major B. A. Thompson	Captain J. P. Riley
Mr R. J. Turner	Mr K Prettiou
Major P. A. Gray	

The total sum received up to 5th March 1980 is £740.75.

News of the Associations

5th Queen's Old Members Association

The Annual Reunion Dinner will be held on the 10th May at The TAVR Centre, Sandfield, Guildford.

Twenty-five members of the Association attended the Armistice Service at Holy Trinity, Guildford, followed by a parade to the memorial in the Castle Grounds. Our Chairman Col H. M. W. Harris led our contingent. During the service Brig G. Curtis laid a wreath on behalf of The Queens Royal Surrey Regt Assn in the church. He laid another in The Castle grounds, with Col Harris laying a wreath on behalf of our Assn. This was the first time our Association had taken part in this parade, we hope to continue in future years.

The Cranleigh TA (1939) 5th Queens, later to become C Coy, held their Reunion Dinner at the Cranleigh cricket pavilion in October; fifty members and guests attended. Chairman Mr Les May welcomed everyone, including the guest of Honour Lady Mullens and her son Michael. In her speech she recalled that in 1939 she had done the cooking for them. Having flown in from Canada that day she apologised if she looked a bit weary. The Secretary, Reg Hubbard, gave a short resume of the year's business and in thanking everyone for attending, he mentioned Mr Baldock who is in his eighty's and still attends.

It was with sadness that we heard of the death in December of Major H. B. Watson TD at his home in Milstead, Kent. He had been The Association's Chairman for many years but retired from this office in 1976. Col H. M. W. Harris represented the OMA at the funeral.

Any further information regarding the Reunion, and other Association matters can be had from **Hon. Sec. Doug Mitchell, 3 Littlefield Way, Fairfield, Guildford.**

Replying to a letter in a local paper recently with reference to forming a reunion for ex-members of the Queens R.R. it was found that it was written by a Mr Knocker Knight, late of the Regt. but who transferred to the RA in 1934. Mr Knight who now lives in London and is Secretary of the Ceylon RA Assn. originally came from the Camberley area where he was a Cadet before going to Stoughton in 1932. Following up this contact there were some very interesting letters received, which may be of interest to anyone who served during the twenties and thirties. Mr Knight had met several lads at Eastbourne who had prompted him to form this association for them; most of them were in the 1st and 2nd Bns.

Mr Dodger Green joined at Stoughton in 1933 and was a Bn boxer, his Sgt being Percy Tasker, later to become RSM. Another was Fred Harris, who served in Quetta during the earthquake, having joined in 1930 and carrying on to 1945; while another who was at Quetta was Jim Moore. There is Clem Aldridge from Bournemouth who went to the Depot in 1932 and transferred to the RA in 1935. John Flint from London, was a drummer with the 1st Bn in Hong Kong 1926/32 and then 1939/46. Another Londoner is Nobby Stiles, 24th Bn 1914/16 - he then finished his war service in The Machine Corps. Ken Prettiou also comes from London, Mr J. Grantley from Wimbledon served in the 1st Bn. Since all these names have come to light through the help of Mr Knight the 5th Old Members Association have given them the chance to join us at our Reunion on the 10th May.

2/6th Queen's O.C.A.

The ever popular reunion of the 2/6th Queen's was held at The Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road SE1 on Saturday, 22nd September, 1979.

Nearly 70 old comrades gathered for not only the 19th consecutive Reunion of the Battalion, but also the 40th Anniversary of the formation of the Territorial Unit at Kew Cross in 1939.

Frank Peart, who has organised each of the reunions, spoke of the days in 1939 spent at the mud stricken Falmer Territorial Camp and the few weeks spent in France in 1940 when we faced German tanks with rifles; of the days in Iran and the longest approach march in military history - from Iran to Enfidaville, and finally of the Salerno landings on 9th September 1943 and the achievements throughout the Italian Campaign. The 2/6th Queens had a proud record and served with honour until the cessation of hostilities at Venice in May 1945.

Many old stalwarts were present including Major R. Mangles, RSM S. Pratten MM, CSM Bert Troster DCM MM (looking a very young 73), Capt Roy Harding, Ben Armstrong, Harry Bowles, Billy Hill, Bert Wisker - all very long serving members, some of whom had served from Kew Cross to Venice.

CSM "Tojo" Hearndon made the usual collection for the Star and Garter Home, Richmond, and this resulted in a cheque for £42 being sent to this worthy cause - well done "Tojo".

It was regretfully announced that Alfred Springall - a loyal and most courageous comrade, had passed away on 30th August 1979. "Barney" as he was affectionately known had served the Battalion from France to Venice and will be sadly missed at future get-togethers.

Col J. B. H. Kealy DSO DL, our leader at Salerno, responded to the toast of the 2/6th Queens and thanked Frank on behalf of all present for his efforts in making the annual reunion possible.

A good evening was had by all and the date of the next Reunion is already booked for 20th September 1980.

2/7th Queen's Association

The 35th Reunion Dinner of the 2/7th Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment took place on Saturday, 29th March 1980, at "The Stag", Bressenden Place, London, SW1. Fifty eight members attended including the President, Brigadier M. E. M. MacWilliam CBE, DSO, MC, TD, and Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Falk MC, TD, first Commanding Officer of the Battalion. In the absence of Major O. H. Scammell MC Colonel J. W. Sewell took the Chair.

The Queen's Royal Surrey Regimental Association

The Reunion was held for a second time at the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, London on Friday, 2nd Novemer 1979. Judging by the increased attendance on previous years, and the opinions expressed by members present, for some of whom it was their first attendance in thirty years, there is little doubt that the venue and arrangements are popular with the customers!

One hundred and eighteen members warned in, though a few were unable to attend at the last moment.

It was good to see our 1914/18 War veterans supporting the Association Reunion in sprightly manner, together with our friends from the Royal Hospital.

Although the success of the evening was mainly due to those who attended, tribute should also be paid to the Staff of the Union Jack Club, who so cheerfully and willingly gave all the service they could to make this a memorable occasion.

Regimental Association

Benevolent Work of the Association - 1979

The number of cases in which a grant was made was 113 and the total amount disbursed in grants was £4,871.

In addition the Association administered Army Benevolent Fund Supplementary Allowances to 21 former members and their widows totalling £1,915.

Laying-Up of Colours —

3rd and 4th Bns The Queens Royal Surrey Regt. (TA)

The Colours of our two TA Battalions will be laid-up in Southwark Cathedral at 1530 hours on Sunday, 16th November 1980. They will be escorted by four guards found by the 5th and 6th/7th Bns. The Queens Regt (V), preceded by the Band and Drums of the 1st Bn The Queens Regiment.

The parade will leave Flodden Road, Camberwell TA Centre at 1350 hours and will march via Camberwell Green, Walworth Road, Elephant and Castle and the Borough High Street to the Cathedral.

Former members of the Regiment - Regular or Territorial - are warmly invited to join the parade. The RV with Parade Marshals will be at the junction of Borough High Street and Lant Street - about 100 yards south of Borough Tube Station at 1400 hours sharp. Medals will be worn, please.

There will be ample space in the Cathedral for members of the Association and families. All members are asked to wear Regimental ties and medals to facilitate recognition by the Ushers and secure seating in the Cathedral. There is ample parking space in the side streets around the Borough Market - but please avoid Bedale Street, Cathedral Street and the Green Market (or Green Dragon Court) which are reserved for military vehicles and official cars. There are vantage points for families on the steps of St. George the Martyr in the Borough High Street opposite Borough Tube Station and at the War Memorial near the top of Borough High Street where the Mayor of Southwark and the Colonel of the Regiment will take the salute.

For those using public transport the Cathedral is a short walk from London Bridge Tube and Main Line Stations.

The organisers hope that all members of the Association and their families and all old comrades (whether members of the Association or not) will join the parade and escort the colours for the last time to their final resting place.

Mr Barnard was a founder member of Christchurch Lions Club, a member of Christchurch Sailing Club and of the Friends of the Red House Museum.

He also leaves a son and two daughters.

The funeral service will be at Christchurch Priory next Monday, followed by cremation in Bournemouth.

Reprinted from the "Evening Echo", Bournemouth by kind permission of the Editor.

Regimental Personalities

As it has been suggested that wives might make a contribution to the Newsletter from time to time, may I offer a few lines in memory of Colonel and Mrs Paton?

Paddy and Mrs Pat were surely as perfect a "regimental couple" as could be conceived. Loyal, courageous and helpful, The East Surreys was their life and they lived it to the full.

When I throw my mind back 54 years to when I was a raw rookie of a soldier's bride, thinking of the Regiment I always think immediately, and above all, of the Patons. How she helped me in every way - even walking 2 miles along a lonely Khud road in the early hours, accompanied only by a lantern-bearing chowkidar, so that I might not have to face childbirth without a female comforter. How they made room for us in their own rather cramped major's quarters in "Pindi" when we were in financial difficulties.

They never had any money of their own, but they kept out of debt by making no attempt to "keep up with the station Jones's...". They lived simply and entertained frugally but with a warmth of friendship that was felt by all.

Mrs Pat made all her own clothes and was a great "do it yourself" long before anyone else was. She bought a double bed at a sale and sawed it in two herself to make a pair for the spare room - and dyed a shabby carpet brown - on her knees with a scrubbing brush and a bowl of "pinkie",.

They were not perfect - who is? They had one or two bitter hatreds and were not easy forgivers of ills they believed had been done them, and Paddy was the most outrageous teller of tall stories I have ever met, but in all the years I listened to them I never once heard Mrs Pat imply that she had heard them a thousand times before, or they were not true.

Their beloved son, John, was killed in Malaya on Christmas day during the Japanese advance. Within a couple of weeks, on hearing that I was having a baby, and had nowhere to take it but an uncomfortable farmhouse in Devonshire, they insisted that I went to them and awaited the birth there, together with my two sons in the holidays - a home for all of us as long as it was needed. This at a time when most parents would have been lost in the bitterness of their own grief.

Their modesty and unassuming correctness of behaviour was an example to all - to be revered if not, alas, always followed. The Patons will surely always be remembered when old Surreys meet and old Surrey tales are told.

Betty Allfree

Indian Recollections:

Mr A. R. Rigden sent the following anecdotes for the Newsletter. He enlisted in 1914 at the age of 14 years and 9 months. His service of ten years was with 2nd Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Quite unexpectedly my wife and son had arrived in India. The Regiment did not expect this to happen, neither did I, because to my knowledge nobody had made any application for her to come to India. I was notified that my wife and son had arrived and were at Deolali, also they would be travelling up to Rawal Pindi. I myself had been in Bareilly Hospital and had been transferred to Connaught Hospital Rawal Pindi. I had no idea where this place was and also knew nothing about Rawal Pindi. My train had arrived there at midnight and all I had done was to leave the train and approach the first "Gharri" driver - showed him my cap badge and remarked "Malum" or some such remark. "Ah, Sahib" he said. I got in the "Gharri" and he drove me to where The Queen's HQ was at West Ridge, several miles out of Pindi.

Captain J. B. Coates was OC of the Depot HQ Company and he was also our Adjutant. May I add that the Battalion were on the N.W. Frontier at that period. Also all the married families had been allotted quarters in stables which had been thoroughly cleaned out and furnished with barrackroom furniture. I was fortunate enough to get the last stable. My living room was the actual place which the horse occupied, and the bedroom was originally the saddle room. Captain J. B. Coates issued orders that my stable should be thoroughly cleaned out, and made habitable along the same lines as the others were. All this was done in record time about twenty four hours before the wife's arrival. Also owing to being in hospital for quite a time I had a considerable amount of credits to withdraw from the Pay section.

This was my first honeymoon because shortly before embarking for India I had been granted four days special leave by the Commanding Officer to get married by special licence. "No, it was not a case of having to", simply love at first sight and a quick marriage before going away. My wife had hardly been with me for three hours and I was beginning to anticipate having to get fixed up for a dinner from the canteen - there were no NAAFI institutes in those days. Said Wazir Ali was the Regimental Contractor. Luckily, however, a knock came at our door and I answered it. Standing outside was a rather tall and scruffy looking Native also rather old. "Hello" I said "who the hell are you?" He handed me a handful of slips of paper, remarking "me cook, very good cook, me references - look see". Well, I needed a cook and I took them from him. Now, believe it or not, out of about twenty references he passed me there was not one good one. They were all in the nature of - if you need poisoning employ him, if you require to be robbed blindfolded well employ him - and many other uncomplimentary references. I remarked laughingly "Blimey, by these references you must be good". "Ah, very good Sahib". I handed them back to him and suddenly made up my mind to give him a chance. "O.K. Boy" I replied "when can you start?" "Me, Sahib?" "Yes, you". "Now if you like". "Well, how long will it take you to knock us up a dinner?" "Very soon" he said. Putting up one finger he said "one hour". "How much?" I said. "You mean paise?" "Yes" I replied. "Oh, you pay me once a week". Then he said something like "subchiz" meaning altogether.

When he submitted his weekly account his son was his next bargaining point. "Didn't know you had one". "Oh, Sahib Harradan make very good House Boy". From somewhere just around the corner appeared his son. Well, Harradan was just the reverse of the old man. Now he was clean and smart, also he had been educated at some Christian Mission. I took him on as well as his father. Now between them they served me

very well, they used to cost me on average about ten rupees a week. My wife and myself never ever had to bother about buying anything. The main essentials were supplied by the Q M Stores, but naturally anything extra my cook purchased.

Irrespectively, under every condition, good or bad, monsoon or travelling, old Vialloo and Harradan coped and seemingly all smiles. My wife and myself actually grew to almost love them. Now I well knew that it was expecting far too much for them to be entirely honest. No natives are, its their creed to make a little on the side. Every Friday he would roll up with his Account book all written down in Hindustani, knowing damn well I could not understand it even had he wished to be honest. Well, Harradan had been educated in English, that put me wise, therefore I myself used to write down my expenditure every week. I always reckoned on them catching me for anything between eight to twelve annas weekly. But, I also knew that even had I and my wife elected to do our own shopping we would have eventually been caught more by the Native shopkeepers.

Now living in India were about eighty five women, including Officers' wives, on the strength. I could name quite a lot of them, but I'll only mention the ones my Missus was chummy with. One was a Mrs Hughes whose hubby was a L/Cpl. I myself had thrown in my stripes - no, not lost them - because I intended to come home and saw no reason that could justify myself hanging on to them thus delaying the promotion of some other chap. Unless there happened to be a war on promotion in the Army was very slow indeed. That old slogan about every British soldier carrying a Field Marshal's baton in his haversack is most certainly a lot of Bull. Although I was almost the first NCO to be made up in the 2nd Battalion after demobilisation April 25th 1919 when I was demobbed three years later I was still carrying it, with no signs of getting any further. I was a Boy Soldier looking forward to making the Army my career! However, that's beside the point.

There were several wives of lower deck ratings in the Army all happily boxing in together. Now Mrs Hughes had a pot of strawberry jam on her table at tea times. My wife, she went for plum jam. O.K.! Now one day old Vialloo made us a jam tart for tea. A good one - strawberry jam! He charged us up for strawberry jam. Mrs Hughes had a jam tart the same day. A plum jam tart and she was charged for plum jam. Now all those thieving B's had done was to make a swap over with the jam, and charged each of us for jam they only pinched from us.

There was another funny incident at Lucknow - old Vialloo had decided to make us a meat pie for dinner. Somehow his cooking and cleanliness were faultless - also the meat pie was extra large. We enjoyed it so much that the wife covered it with a cloth and put the remainder in a recess in the wall - not a cupboard, just a recess created for such purposes. It was our intention to have it for supper. O.K., for several hours after tea we sat nattering to each other about various happenings. Then I remarked "come on, old girl, lets stroll across to the Drummers' Block to see what's on for tomorrow. It will be a walk". "No," I said "don't lock up, leave the light on, and just pull the door to. Nobody can pinch anything, because there isn't anything worth pinching". Evidently there was because on our return, as we neared our Quarters I noticed the door ajar, and the light shining onto the veranda. Remarking "you keep here, old girl, I'll deal with the thieving B . . ." Wherefore stealthily approaching our quarters I was almost at the door when

suddenly a damn great dog sprang out through the door carrying the remains of our meat pie and dish in its mouth. So surprised was I, because the silhouette of the dog on the wall made it appear three times as large, I fell backwards and burst out laughing. Bang goes our supper. Naturally the dog ran off with our Pie dish and the remains. Now old Vialloo coming to work early happened to find the pie-dish some distance away. He recognised it and entering our quarters with early morning char remarked "Sahib, your dish, what for you throw it away - no good eh?" "No, you old fool. Pie had puckeroo it, dish and all", and I explained it. Several days passed and I noticed a dog hanging around my cook-house. I was not certain whether it was the same dog or not. At any rate, I picked up a quite fair-sized piece of brick and let fly at the dog. A good shot, hit the dog right on his rump, made him yelp and bolt for it. Old Vialloo heard the dog yelp and came out to see what had happened. "Sahib, Sahib" he said "what for you kicked my dog with a brick? He no puckeroo your pie, he my dog". "Well" I said "you keep that thieving basket away from here". I made certain he did.

Tunisia + 37

At the end of November 1979 three former members of 1st East Surreys set out to walk the principal battlefields of Tunisia over which the 1st Bn had fought more than thirty-seven years ago. Bearing the brunt of the action throughout that long winter of 1942-3 was the 78th (Battleaxe) Division, in which were to be found three Home Counties battalions, 1/Surreys, 5/Bufs and 6/Royal West Kents. Had the Algerian landings (operation "Torch") been further to the east, had the weather stayed fine, had we had even a minimum of air cover, and had our American allies been more experienced, then perhaps the campaign would have been successfully concluded within a few weeks; but this was not to be. Appalling mud, long lines of communication, and very determined resistance proved too much, and the advance was halted almost in sight of Tunis. The German reaction was rapid and effective, pouring into their bridgehead their best troops, Tiger tanks, and squadrons of dive-bombing Stukas. By holding the 1st Army for so long, they eventually lost 250,000 veterans who would have been invaluable in Sicily and Italy, so perhaps the war in Tunisia (Nov. 42/May 43) by not being too successful to begin with, in the end gave very rich rewards.

The battles were fought in a comparatively small area, rarely more than 20 or 30 miles from Bizerta and Tunis - most convenient for hotels now.

The flight from Gatwick takes little more than 2½ hours, and by evening we were established in a good hotel about ten miles to the north of Tunis.

I had with me my original wartime maps, but unfortunately we could not obtain a modern road map of Tunis itself. Still we managed to cover most of what we wanted to do in three days, ie. our own battalion positions - driving some 350-400 miles. Our self-drive car was a small and rather battered Fiat with a somewhat temperamental nature. Early next morning our reluctant "volunteer" driver launched out into the suburbs of Tunis in a left-hand drive car which kept stalling, on the right-hand side of the road.

On this our first day we planned to visit Tebourba, El Bathan, Longstop Hill, Medjez-el-Bab, and the British cemetery at Massicault. It became apparent how near we had been to our goal in November 1942, for the bridge at El Bathan was now only a few miles away. As we pulled into the village it was evident that nothing had changed in the intervening years. The French cavalry barracks (now occupied by civilians) and held by "D" Coy (John Brook Fox) during the battle was exactly the same, and on the opposite side of the road the iron gates leading to the stables and paddocks were quite unchanged. Here had been "B" Coy/HQ (Buchanan) with one platoon on the river bank, and the others linking with "D" Coy. I must explain that our visits were planned for our own convenience and in no way related to the correct chronological sequence. At the far end of the paddock the houses which were then only half-finished, and into which we threw so many grenades, have been completed and lived in for many years, but the hedge through which "Spider" Webb fired his Bren gun at point-blank range is still there, but now much overgrown. The ground now seems more cut-up and undulating, and thus it is quite impossible to locate the spot where CSM Welch was shot by a sniper, or to find any signs of our slit trenches. It now became a bit of a surprise to see how prominent a feature was Hill 186 where "A" Coy (Roger Andrews) had held the line, and also how sturdy was the bridge itself.

We then drove on the mile or so into Tebourba, which seems to have grown considerably, but during the tank battle we were possibly too busy to pay too much attention to it. Modern development made it impossible to locate Bill Caffyn's HQ ("C" Coy) so we moved on up the road to the "A" Coy position on Hill 186. This was quite unaltered, but how isolated it now seemed, yet how vital to ourselves at the time - and also to the Germans. From it, during the tank (German tanks - there were no allied tanks around) battle that surged around it, observers could actually watch the Stukas bombing-up and taking off from Djedeida aerodrome only a few miles away. Between El Bathan and the hill most of the olive groves have now disappeared - this is the area where the Hampshires were lost, and through which "B" Coy carried out the counter-attack in an attempt to retake the hill just before the final withdrawal.

From the "A" and "C" Coy positions we drove back through the village and across the level crossing, now looking so normal, but where Norman Crampton had been killed in his Bren gun carrier at point-blank range by a German tank which had penetrated the battalion area. Turning left, we took the Medjez road down the Medjerda valley trying to locate the route of that incredible night withdrawal after the order to pull out had been received. The Tebourba battle had been a disaster, particularly to the Surreys and Hampshires, and it put an end to the "dash for Tunis". From now on the fighting would be on a perimeter established by the Germans, and not to change very much until the following spring.

Our route took us south to the feature which played such a dominant part in the dogged fighting that followed. This hill, "Longstop", commands the road so effectively that it changed hands many times until finally lost around Christmastime. It got its name when the Divisional Recce Regt was probing towards Tebourba. "C" Coy was ordered by the Divisional Commander to drop off one Platoon to act as a "long-stop" in case of "hostile bowling" up ahead. Eventually it was captured from the Americans by the

Germans who held it - overlooking the positions around Medjez - until it was finally captured by the Surreys and Argylls (36 Bde.) at the end of the campaign. There seems to be more scrub on the slopes, but perhaps our memories were at fault. At its foot, on the road, is a simple memorial erected by the French after the war.

We stopped for lunch in the no-mans-land between "Longstop" and Medjez, and then moved into the town and over the bridge which is now so well reconstructed that it is difficult to realise that this was the spot on which the first operational Bailey bridge was built. Medjez-el-Bab is now teeming with traffic and animals in the winding streets, a far cry from the eerie silence when it was a British bastion projecting into the German lines. Our final halt was the military cemetery at Massicault, situated about half way between Medjez and Tunis. It contains 1,200 graves and is most beautifully kept. Devoted Arab gardeners, hard at work on our arrival, were most helpful and anxious to please as we searched for particular grave-stones. Here, among the well cut lawns and flowers, are buried many Buffs, Royal West Kents and Surreys. Among the latter are Eric Cecil, John Brook Fox, Ronnie Lindsay, CSM Welch, Sjt Finnis and Cpl Greenhalch. We had to take our leave as the driver was not looking forward to suburban Tunis after dark. Eventually the hotel was reached, with its welcome gins and tonics, after many missed turnings.

Next morning we were off early. Tunis must be expanding almost daily, its centre a modern city of high-rise flats, but giving way to miles of more traditional flat roofed white houses, until finally stone huts, tents, goats and donkeys. We drove back through Massicault to Medjez and, taking the Le Kef road, pulled up at the cemetery a mile or so outside the town. This is extremely well kept, and once again the Arab staff were most efficient and helpful. Here, we found among others, the graves of Lt Col Wilberforce (OC Surreys), Norman Crampton, Lt Hicks, CSM Cole, and in a small separate chapel are recorded the names of those who have no known grave. Here are the names of about twenty Surreys, including Sjt Girdler, Pte Tregonning and WO2 Haynes. There are nearly 3,000 buried here and words cannot express the feeling of peace and tranquillity which hangs in the still air over "this corner of some foreign field".

We lingered here and had to rush the next leg of our journey. Our wartime map still had on it, in pencil, some of the company positions of early 1943, and from it we were able to identify "Banana Ridge" a few miles to the south of Medjez. Coming down through the hills onto the Goubellat Plain we saw to the left and in front of us the hill known as Fort McGregor. Now it looked so innocent standing about a mile in front of the main battalion position. The Surreys took over the Goubellat sector from the Americans early in 1943, and presumably it was an American officer who gave his name to it. In no way does it resemble a fort - just a simple hill, scrub covered with two small quarries on its sides. In those days when "D" Coy defended it, it was surrounded by a triple dannert barbed-wire fence and a minefield. No sign of any of these remain, but at the farm where we paused for lunch some of this rusting dannert wire was surrounding the small enclosures. Again, time was pressing so it was not possible to climb the hill, but as the hill did not appear to have changed in any way, it might have yielded some relics of that desperate defence put up by "D" Coy.

Von Arnim's offensive - Feb. 43 - was designed to cut off Medjez, where an Allied counter-attack

would have come from. It was vital for the Germans to capture Fort McGregor to protect the right flank of their main attack on the French positions at Djebel Djaffa. The German troops in the night assault were paratroopers, acting in a ground role, and they took terrific slaughter before over-running "D" Coy. John Brook Fox was killed, as was his second in command Ronnie Lindsay, and many of his men. The following morning a "B" Coy counter attack was called off soon after it started, but not before Sgt Collins had been killed, and Lt "Chips" Louis wounded. From then on the whole Corps artillery pounded the "fort" for most of the day. Next night Lt Woodhouse ("B" Coy) led a patrol back to the hill, where he was able to round up the handful of dazed Germans who had managed to survive the terrific bombardment. After the success of this gallant patrol we were once again able to occupy the "fort". We found the re-entrant leading to "B" Coy area and from here we could stand on the spot where our MMGs had been in action and the abortive counter-attack had been launched. Olive trees have now been planted, but platoon positions were easy to identify and some hollows may well have been the old slit trenches.

We turned south to Goubellat village where at night we used to patrol and where once we had a bit of a "fight" with a patrol from another battalion. We moved along the road which had been behind the German lines, leading to the main Medjez/Tunis road near "Peter's Corner". En route, we paused to discuss "C" Coy's "Sweep" - an operation carried out successfully by Bill Caffyn and his company in an attempt to pin-point the German FDLs. He showed us how far he had penetrated into enemy territory with only one casualty, Cpl Oliver killed on a mine.

Next morning we left with greater confidence as this was to be a longer day. We planned to visit the cemetery at Oued Zarga, have a look at "Mortar Hill" then to "Hunts Gap", Ksar Mezouar, and finally Sidi N'Sir. We passed through Medjez, then taking the Beja road we stopped after a few miles and with our glasses had a good look at the villages of Toukabour and Chaouach almost hidden among the djebels just below the sky line. A mile or so up the road stands "Mortar Hill", the objective of "B" Coy in the first engagement of the campaign, after an American Combat Team had failed to take it. Nothing here had changed, and it was easy to identify the white farm where the American half-track had been knocked out, and where further on up the slopes Lt Phil Whiffen had been wounded and captured. In that first night attack, put on at such short notice, Cpl Clark had been killed, our first battle casualty.

Cpl Clark was buried at Oued Zarga and his grave is now among those in the little cemetery behind the church. This cemetery is not large, nor is it quite so well tended as the other two which we had already visited. Next to the cemetery is the now disused R.C. Church and on looking in we were surprised to find that it is now a small factory producing the famous hand-made Tunisian carpets. The giggling girls were quite overwhelmed at the sight of three elderly and balding Englishmen, but were delighted to have the chance to explain their craft.

We now had to press on up the winding road to the Oued Zarga heights where after the Tebourba battles we had taken over from the French. The farm which had once been Bn HQ was as far as we could see unaltered, and driving on we forked right into the beautiful countryside leading to Ksar Mezouar, our next stop. When we reached Ksar Mezouar we

hoped to find the little white station house with its name above the door, and which we were certain could not still be there. We passed through the small village of stone huts, nothing changed! No new paint, the same pale blue door, the same words above it; and in front of the raised platform where "B" Coy HQ used to 'drum-up' its Compo rations. All around there had been new development - large corn sheds and other buildings - but the little "B" Coy HQ remained unaltered. Inside the little room I hoped to find some Surrey's graffiti scratched on the flaking walls, but there was nothing, so I suppose that in those days our soldiers were far too well trained for that kind of thing.

It was here that we received our first reinforcements after Tebourba - "B" Coy being down to 2 officers and 42 men by that time - and it was here that the two German MEs known as Gert and Daisy used to swan up and down at treetop height shooting up our transport, for there was no sign of the R.A.F. around in those days. Here again the local Arabs were most helpful, but too young to know anything about the war. In any case their French was not all that better than our own, so questioning was never easy. It is interesting that occasionally we saw an Arab who was still wearing an old British army greatcoat - which shows something of their quality, if nothing else.

From here we turned north beside the railway leading to Sidi N'Sir. The road is greatly improved, but it was not difficult to understand why time and time again the Germans were able to mine the road behind us when the Battalion was established in its position in the hills around Sidi N'Sir. Ken Plater knew exactly where he was and could point out in advance the various landmarks. As far as we could see the place had not changed. The little station house (Bn HQ) is now a grain store, and the native huts in "B" Coy area are still there. To the left, the rocky hills occupied by "D" Coy (this was before Fort McGregor) and the "C" Coy area with its one isolated Platoon position appear no different. Once again time was running out for us so we were unable to explore quite as much as we could have wished.

So our final day at our old positions ended on a very satisfactory note - Ksar Mezouar and Sidi N'Sir exactly as we had remembered them. At the road junction the French have erected a small memorial, similar to the one at Longstop, to commemorate its early defence by their Algerian and Tunisian troops, and also the British gunners who defended Sidi N'Sir to the end when it was overrun in March '43.

We returned to Tunis by an unfamiliar road running through wonderful scenery to Chouigi (a name well remembered but always behind the German lines), then into Tebourba once again. Here we went north to look for the aerodrome at Djedeida from where the Stukas used to take off on their missions to dive-bomb our positions, then only a few miles away. We could now see no sign of any aerodrome, so without stopping we returned to the hotel for hot baths, drinks and evening meal.

In the three days we had visited almost all of what we had planned to cover, regretting only that we had not sufficient time to walk up on to Fort McGregor, or to visit Beja and the large cemetery there. The weather was wonderful, far different from that of 1942 when we had first been in Tebourba, although our visit had been at the same time almost to the day. The people were all most helpful, and the further from the capital the more helpful they were. We met no problems (other than in driving), but of course a little

schoolboy French is essential. So, all in all, it was a great success.

R.C.T.

Extract of a Diary

H. J. SAMES (ex. Sgt. 6139532) 1/6th EAST SURREYS

During my service with 1st/6th E. SURREYS in North Africa and Italy I kept a diary. During the action at FORLI I was wounded and lost most of my personal kit, but salvaged a few pages of my diary - this concerned a few months in North Africa and most of the action in Italy.

In August '43, I was sent to 4th Div HQ on a wireless course, on return was made L/SGT. under SGT. TAYLOR in the Signal Platoon. We did a lot of training for six weeks. In October '43, rumours of a move abroad were rife after a large draft came to the Bn. We moved to ALGIERS on the 15th December.

We boarded H.M.T. CUBA, this boat was very crowded, and very bad facilities and very dirty. We reached PORT SAID 23rd December, then on to KABRIT for combined Ops., then on to PORT TEWFIK for more training, again more rumours of BURMA, SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY and GREECE. We left ALEXANDRIA on the S.S. LETECIA. This was a much better equipped transport. I was in the RED LOUNGE with forty men. An uneventful trip, and a surprise for most of us, we landed at NAPLES on the 21st February, and in action within forty eight hours. Our sector was a range of mountains overlooking the river GARIGLIANO. We relieved the GUARDS BRIGADE in the CASTLEFORTE area. The weather was freezing cold, snow and severe frost. There was plenty of line work for Signals. Some casualties, we lost a very good Major - STRODE MC - at Mount ORNITO. Cpl HUNT and myself had a narrow escape at "HALFWAY HOUSE", three casualties. We moved to another sector on 1st April "BELVEDERE", we run the gauntlet at the village of CAIRO below Mount CAIRO, we lost some good men here. Plenty of line work and patrols. Came out after three weeks and moved to VARIANO for training. We do river crossing training and guess the push is coming very soon. Weather much better now, we moved up to ST. FRANCIS a few miles S.E. of CASSINO. We are machine-gunned by ME whilst laying line along road for a big move up to the assembly area. All the lads in good spirits on May 10th, everything is moving up under darkness and great secrecy. On morning of the 11th we are all briefed on the future action, each man has been given orders for his part in the coming action. My orders are to stay with the CO (Lt Col THOMPSON DSO) and report by wireless all Company movements. We move up to the river bank, due to cross the RAPIDO at 11 p.m., held up by loss of boats. A terrific barrage goes over and all hell breaks loose, at 11.55 p.m. I shake hands with Cpl KNIGHT as it will be our birthday in five minutes, he remarks "I hope we live to see many more". We eventually cross, D Coy hit a mine field and sustain heavy casualties, A Coy are held up by well concealed MG emplacements on POINT 36. After a very rough half hour we establish a COMMAND POST on the river bank (enemies' side) and CO plans method of attack on POINT 36. He decides to put A Coy and remnants of D Coy in attack on 36, B Coy to out-flank on the Right. I am sent forward with line to Major NEWTON to maintain contact in the attack as most of wireless sets have failed or knocked out, D Coy lost

theirs on the crossing. All Coys attack 36 under heavy mortar barrage from Jerrys, but our lads gave them a real bashing. I am with Major NEWTON and Lt GEORGE when they both get hit. I find two men and myself in the open, so go in with the others and take MG post and take three prisoners, after a lull in the battle I return to CO with three Jerrys and report 36 is now clear of Jerrys. The CO gets confirmation from Major PLASTOW (A Coy). Then the pounding starts, Jerry puts everything on our area, NEBELWERFERS, 88 mm and MG by the hundreds, the earth literally lifts around us, there are quite a few casualties. We push Jerry back over the BROWN, BLUE, RED and GREEN Objectives, we take CASSINO on the 18th, A Coy go up to the Monastery to help the Poles push Jerry out. In CASSINO TOWN we lost one of our best Officers Major MAGGS, also Captain SLOANE and a Lt HAWKINS. Our total casualties in the battle for CASSINO were over 40%. Many of our lads were never found, the Jerry barrage was so heavy men were literally buried alive. Signal casualties were low, mostly wounded. We had a short rest out of the line. We were visited by General LEESE who praised the Battalion and shook hands with those of us who were recommended. We had a short leave in NAPLES and then back to chasing Jerry. Our next action was around SAINT ANGELO ROMONA, we lost our COLONEL here, the Jeep he was travelling in hit a mine, also killed were the INT. officer, COs Driver, and a very good pal of mine Cpl EFFORD. We pushed the Jerry back a good twenty miles that day. We were pulled out for a short period of training with CANADIAN TANKS, and then in again, first STRADA then LOPI and CASAMAGIORE and a good number of villages around LAKE TRASIMENO. We lost Pte FLEET on the ridge above LOPI, also a number of our lads were cut off after a counter-attack from Jerry. We have our new CO Lt Col McALISTER MC he has come to us with a good reputation. We rest after taking POZIOLI and move up to the ARREZO area, some stiff fighting here and at TOURI. We lost a platoon of B Coy, Jerry captured them when we were changing over with the 2nd Bn S.L.I., we lost one signaller here L/Cpl READ C. captured. After a lull in the fighting we swing around to another sector overnight, POGI, then a fight above MONTIVARCHI in the Monastery. I have a narrow escape here, I am blown off my M/Cycle, suffer bruises and a perforated ear drum. We push on to FLORENCE, fight Jerry from house to house in area around the outskirts. Suddenly, we are moved out of the line for rest at ASSISI.

This was the finish of what was left of my diary!

A Yeoman Warder

How would you like to live in a house with walls eight feet thick and in rooms which in the past had been used as stables for the Duke of Wellington's horses?

This is the kind of accommodation in which ex-RSM H. T. "Jack" Chaffer MM and his wife live in The Tower of London where Jack is a Yeoman Warder.

Enlisting in the Army at the beginning of World War 2 Mr Chaffer caused his father to be displeased with him because he had joined The Grenadier Guards instead of "The Regiment" - as his father called "The East Surrey Regt." In fact Jack was born in the Surrey's regimental depot at Kingston where his father was serving 55 years ago, and he soon travelled with his parents to Hong Kong and India. It was in

India that he formed boyhood friendships with other lads, who later in life also served in "The Surreys" and "The Queens". They are still friends today and can be seen at regimental reunions chewing over old times. Throughout the Second World War Jack served in the 24th Guards Independent Brigade and eventually ended his full time military service as RSM of 5 Queens TA/VR Battalion.

Wondering what to do and where to go when retirement came along RSM Chaffer applied for a position as Yeoman Warder at The Tower; and he and his wife went for an interview at The Tower when the duties and living accommodation were explained and shown to them. Jack was eventually accepted as a Y.W. and started his duties in January 1976 and moved into quarters within The Tower walls.

All Yeomen Warders must be ex Army or Air Force and have served for at least 22 years, and must hold the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. These qualifications are a necessity. The duties vary, one of them is to take parties of visitors round The Tower explaining points of interest and the events that happened there. A guided tour lasts approximately one hour and to be able to conduct visitors a Y.W. must learn the history of The Tower. This took Jack about five weeks! Luckily he is blessed with a retentive memory for dates and the history is now firmly fixed in his mind - to which he adds his own embellishments to make the tour more interesting. Before being able to conduct visitors a Y.W. must satisfy the Jailer and The Governor of The Tower that he knows its history, and on separate occasions has to conduct these two officers round The Tower before being accepted as a guide.

In addition to being a Y.W. at The Tower the "recruit" is also taken to St. James Palace where he is sworn in as a Yeoman of The Queen's Bodyguard. He is also sworn in as a Special Constable. He is given a large "copper plate" written warrant of his authority signed by The Constable of The Tower, plus a warrant card showing his authorisation as a Special Constable.

On ceremonial occasions the Y.W.'s wear their scarlet uniforms which bear the Royal Coat of Arms worked into the material with gold wire. The tunic is very heavy and no doubt makes the wearer perspire on a hot day.

In addition to receiving their regular service pension Y.W.'s receive an hourly rate of pay. They have one day off a week and as Saturdays and Sundays can be working days these two days are rated as overtime.

Although duties are of a semi-military nature the Y.W. is freer than he was in his full time military career. He is not concerned these days about C.O.'s orders or if "B" Company lines are clean and ready for inspection. His life is full of interest, meeting visitors from all over the world - and always having his photograph taken. The establishment of The Tower is 37 Yeoman Warders and they can remain, if in good health, in service until they reach 65. The number of visitors to The Tower during 1977 was 3,800,000.

Mrs Chaffer is pleased with life in The Tower and has made their quarters very comfortable and the walls and shelves show many of the trinkets and photographs that servicemen collect during their years of service. To get away from it all on his day off Jack and his wife usually take their car and drive into the country visiting their family or enjoying the green fields after the stark grey walls of The Tower. To get away from the fortress environment is a must, but to live in The Tower and

hold the position of a Yeoman Warder is something to be proud of at the end of a life of military service and it is something that the regiment should be proud of also.

Mr Chaffer would be delighted to see any military colleagues at The Tower - be they General or Private - ask for him at the entrance gate upon arrival.

R.R.

Private Exploits

to Colonel W. Griffiths D.S.O. M.C.

Dear Sir,

After our chat at the reunion at Northampton, as promised I will endeavour to give my experience of the Tunis incident, as it happened, starting A.M. on May 6th, of which, some of the incidents you will remember.

On the morning of the 6th 'C' Company formed part of a mobile column which went through the mine-field and deployed to give covering fire to protect the gaps until 7th Armoured Div went through us. I with the Bren Gun team went to the high ground, to the left and took up position around an old Wog hut. I took a prisoner there and handed him over to you at Company Hq. After the Div went through, we mounted up and began to race to Tunis. We arrived on the outskirts of the town, in the afternoon, and debussed awaiting orders at a road junction, when down the road coming towards us was a German motor bike and sidecar. I gave them a burst and they veered left, and were followed by a bus, which got the same treatment, and they were taken prisoner. Under the command of Sgt. Hucks, we were told to advance up the road, to our right, and hold the next road junction. On the way there, there was some sporadic firing, and I got separated from the platoon, but eventually reached the road junction and waited for the rest to catch up, but nobody appeared, so I presumed that they were in the bag. After a while a bus approached, which I halted. It was driven by a Frenchman who said that he had come from a hospital up the road, and that the Germans wanted to get in touch with the British. I went with him, and he took me further into the town to a hospital. Inside I was confronted by what I thought was the German High Command. A German Junior officer acted as interpreter and introduced me to a General (one of many) who said that he wanted to see a Senior British Officer. I told him that I was the only British present, and that he would have to talk to me. He told me that he wanted to surrender, and I asked "the hospital? or Tunis?" saying that we were in the town anyway (which I thought we were). He said "Tunis", because under the hospital were tunnels and in them was a locomotive which had been wired with explosives, and that if fighting went on, then the whole lot might go up, also that they were short of medical supplies. I told him that I would report to my Company Commander. On the way out, he told me that up the road were soldiers that wanted to continue the fighting. After a short exchange of firing, I took them prisoner. (18 Italians and 1 German Sailor). I put them all in the bus and told the French driver to take me back to where he had picked me up. There was a language barrier here German, French and Italian none of which I could understand and we finished up in the police station in Tunis. I handed the prisoners over and was taken into a room and questioned by four French policemen, who gave me a hard time, refusing to believe that I was British, for the Germans were still in the town, and that I was a

fifth columnist, After a while they brought me a French captain, whom I convinced I was 8th Army. He kept me there till after dark and had me taken to a safe place. My escort was a young lad about 15 and, while on our way through Tunis which was deserted because of the curfew, we were passed by a German armoured column. I put my steel hat under my arm and kept walking, and just bluffed it out. He took me to a Bomb shelter, through to a small room in the back, where I had some food and sleep. They took me the next morning to a building, that turned out to be American Intelligence. I reported to the Officer in charge what had happened. He told me that they knew about the locomotive but didnt know where it was. I pointed it out on the map for them, and he said he would see to it, also the medical supplies. At the meeting was a Major Blake(?) who said he had been in the Queens. I asked if they could direct me to my unit, and they told me that until I caught up I could refer my superior officer to them, and they would vouch for me. I returned to my unit the next day.

My reason for telling you at so late a date, is that quite recently I have read the Official History of the North African Campaign and was very disappointed at the lack of mention of the QUEENS' efforts after what we did, also the comments of some Divisional Commanders, bearing in mind that the prize of the whole campaign was "TUNIS" and the Final entry of that belongs to the 1/7th Queen's.

The whole of this is quite true, and can be checked out, from the Generals in the hospital, the locomotive, the records at the police station, the American Intelligence, and through the Army records or Queens, Major Blake.

W. Miller, Pte. 6089376 (Dusty)

Johnson and Carter

Two United States Presidents? No. but two quite interesting men who, in the early twenties offered themselves for enlistment at our Regtl Depot at Kingston.

They were:—J. W. Johnson and W. G. Carter. They were attested and squadded. Carter was the younger, extremely well spoken and obviously with a very good background.

Johnson was much older, in fact he was soon dubbed 'Pop' and had a distinct military bearing, was well educated and a wit of no mean merit. In the gym they called him Kruschen for his agility and capability surpassing many men much younger.

Both of these men were good shots and I, as a young assistant instructor began to wonder if they had served before, and if so, where and with whom.

Their kits were immaculate and I learned that they had their Service dress tailored for them in Town. Another fact struck me, neither man was short of funds.

Half way through their basic training the G.O.C. Eastern Command visited the Depot on the annual inspection and the C.O. Lt Col Montague Bates arranged for Carter to drill his squad in front of the G.O.C. Carter was a perfect instructor. The inspecting party moved on to the gym, where Pte Johnson was detailed to take a squad in P.T. He led them over the horse, the beam and the parallel bars.

The G.O.C. congratulated the Commanding Officer on his two outstanding recruits.

I got to know Carter very well as I was the NCO in charge of his barrack room and in the course of conversation one day, I asked him 'What did you do during the war?' He looked at me and then replied, quite simply 'I was on the frontier in India with my regiment' but he added 'That is between you and me.'

On a certain Sunday morning the Depot was attending church parade at St. Pauls and as the men walked on to the barrack square Carter was seen to be wearing three medals. The Frontier, G.S. and Victory. Johnson walked out of the block on to the square and was wearing the CB, CBE, DSO, a Serbian order and the usual World War 1 medals. He had served in France but after the war was attached to the Embassy in Serbia.

Both of these men were appointed unpaid Lance Sergts when they joined the 2nd Bn and later, in Jersey I recall Johnson mounting guard in St. Helier Square. Did any other British Battn ever have a guard commander with a CB, CBE and DSO I wonder?

I understand that Johnson was drowned en route to the States in the early part of the last war, but I wonder what happened to Nick Carter.

Chas Cowie.

Instructions for Camp Pitching 1894

(16 men per tent)

The following dimensions are invariable:—

The tent is 14' square, and is pitched so that its corner pegs form a square of 16' side. The height of the poles is 7'.

Distance from front pole to front pole of Company's tents = 34 feet. This leaves a gap of 18 feet between tents.

Distance from ridge poles of one Company's tents to the ridge poles of the next Company is 46 feet; thus leaving an interval of 30 feet between Company lines. The centre street is 80 feet wide.

The fore and back guys are to be fastened by pegs driven in the ground 7 feet from the base of the outside poles, and in line with them.

Officers commanding Companies will tell off a party of 7 men and 1 NCO as tent commander, to pitch each tent.

The party will be distributed as follows:

No. 1	Front pole	} Pole men
No. 2	Centre pole	
No. 3	Rear pole	
No. 4	Right front corner	} Peg men
No. 5	Left front corner	
No. 6	Right rear corner	
No. 7	Left rear corner	

The tent commander will generally superintend the work.

The tent ropes are to be fastened to the pegs as follows:—

— The rope is drawn tight and fastened by a clove-hitch to the bottom of the peg; the remaining end is then passed through the loop near the canvas and twisted round itself and the other end coming from the peg and finished off by passing the running end between them both.

The guy ropes are to be fastened to the pegs by clovehitches, and the spare end neatly finished off by halfhitches round itself.

Interior Arrangements

The straw is to be laid down evenly, the butt ends towards the head and feet.

The men's Field Service Kits - including blankets ready for packing are to be laid on the straw two and two on each side of the tent. No straw is to show from underneath the blankets; then a clear space of 18" each side of the poles will remain up the centre of the tent.

The ends of the blankets to be turned in evenly at the bottom.

Two ropes to be secured to the centre pole by clove hitches, and fastened at the same level to the outer poles by clove hitches.

The upper rope (9" from top of the poles) is for supporting the equipment, the lower one (4' from the ground) is to support the rifles, haversacks and water-bottles.

Two vertical ropes fastened to the ridge pole support the horizontal ropes halfway between the poles.

On the lower rope, loops to take the muzzles of the rifles are to be made by plaiting the rope nearest to the centre pole, 8 loops on each side.

The equipment is placed on the upper rope by passing the bayonet over it from the inner to the outer side of the tent, the braces are then passed under the rope and hooked over the handle.

The rifles are arranged 8 on each side of the centre pole, slings facing the outer flanks of the Camp, muzzles passed through the loops. They are to be secured by a chain which is attached to the centre pole, being passed through the trigger guards and fastened by a padlock at each end.

The water bottles and haversacks are to be hung on the lower rope outside the rifles, 8 sets on each side, the front side of each article facing the outer flanks of the Camp. They are fastened to the rope by the water-bottle being passed under it, and then through the slings of each article.

The canteens are placed in 3 piles on the outer side of the end poles, round side outwards.

The tent buckets when not in use are placed near the rear corner peg on the inner flank of tent.

The tent suleetahs are placed on 5 pegs 2 feet from the inner rear corner peg, and on the same alignment.

Pitching Camp

On arrival in camp the front and rear tent commanders in each Company will at once place in position the front corner pegs of the front tent and rear corner pegs of the rear tent. These pegs are to be placed exactly in line with, and on either side of the flags placed by the Quartermaster, and in line with the other flags. The Company Commander will then have the rope (specially provided for this purpose) stretched from peg to peg, the outer flank first, then on the inner flank, and tent commanders will drive their corner pegs into the ground opposite the places marked for them on the rope.

On the Regimental Call sounding, the pole-men will at once unpack the poles and adjust them ready to place in position.

At the same time the peg men will unpack the tents and place them with the ridge in line with the corner pegs of the right flank of the Company.

The poles will now be placed in position by the pole-men, Nos. 2 and 4 holding the inner side of the tents back, to enable them to do so. The centre pole-men are to place the centre guy ropes in position, securing them to the spike by a clove-hitch.

The pole-men will now stand by the tops of their poles, and the peg-men take hold of the corner ropes.

On the "G" sounding the pole-men will raise the tents, Nos. 1 and 3 retaining hold on the poles till the peg-men have fastened the corner ropes, which they do as soon as they have drawn the ropes sufficiently tight - viz. 18" from bottom of peg to the junction of the rope with the canvas.

The Company Commander will now dress the poles on his 2 flags from the front, the centre guy ropes being fastened under supervision of the tent commanders at the same time. The remaining pegs will be fixed in line with the corner pegs, under the supervision of the tent commanders.

Striking

For striking the above will be reversed, the tent commanders being allowed to remove all pegs except corner ones before the Regimental Call sounds.

Editor's Note: These details have been taken from an old publication dated 1894 which covers the organisation of 1st East Surreys in India at that time. Perhaps they will evoke some other "happy" memories.

General Sir George Giffard GCB, DSO

Two historians interested in African soldiers in the colonial period are anxious to locate any of General Sir George Giffard's papers that may survive. Please contact Dr. A. Clayton (late 6 QUEENS and 3 QUEENS SURREYS) c/o R.M.A. Sandhurst, Camberley.

The First and Last Time - continued.

The piece in the November Newsletter on the subject of the Third Colour has brought some interesting correspondence and photographs as was hoped.

Mr G. H. Smith has sent me on loan some interesting photographs of the 1st Queens taken in 1914. A posed picture of the full band and drums shows the third colour between the King's colour and the Regimental colour as a background. This probably would not have constituted a formal parade as such. Another very fine photograph shows the battalion in full dress marching past on the King's Birthday parade in June 1914. The parade was at Oxney Farm Bordon and Mr Smith is of the impression that the Third Colour was carried on this occasion. Unfortunately careful scrutiny with a strong light and powerful magnifying glass does not corroborate his thought. Have we any other survivor who can comment on this? It is nonetheless a fine picture showing the General officer taking the salute in a cocked hat. In the middle foreground is a mounted band but whether it be Hussars or Royal Horse Artillery I cannot tell. In the background is a horse-drawn ambulance. Mr Smith points out that commands on the parade ground were conveyed by whistle-blasts.

It is worth mentioning that Mr Smith had the frequent duty of sleeping in the Silver room in which the three colours were kept. On one occasion he was awakened by a hungry rat gnawing at one of his knuckles. The first time he threw it off and returned to sleep, but the second time he chased it down a passage - jumping over a big dog which took no notice of them at all.

Deaths

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

Barnard—On 11 January 1980, Captain John T Barnard, aged 75. Served in the 2nd Bn The East Surrey Regiment from 1939-1945. As prisoner of the Japanese, he kept a diary of his 3½ years in captivity which was published by PAN Books in 1950 under the title "The Endless Years". (see article).

Edwards—In December 1979, Corporal Frederick Edwards. Served in 1st Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Houchin—On 29 December 1979, Sgt Herbert George James Houchin (6077980) aged 80. Served in the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and at the Depot The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1919 to 1939.

Read—In August 1979, William Edward Read (6031067) Served in the 2/6th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1943 to 1945 having seen previous service with The Essex Regiment and REME.

Shepherd—On 3 February 1980, in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Sgt Alfred John Shepherd (6078358), aged 82. Served in The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1914-1936, seeing service in India, the Sudan and China, and was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal. He was admitted as an In-pensioner of the Royal Hospital in 1967.

Smith—On 10 April 1979, W C Smith (6095814) aged 63. Served in the 1/7th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1940-1941.

Springall—On 30 August 1979, Alfred Springall (6092937) aged 60. Served in the 2/6th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment from 1939-1945.

Swanson—On 2 December 1979, Major Paul Ridley Swanson, aged 61 years. Served in The Queen's Royal Regiment and The Queen's Regiment from 1941 - 1970. (see Obituary).

Watson—On 22 December 1979, Major Harry Boulby Watson TD aged 71. Served in the 5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment (TA) from 1927-1941 and 1946-1948. Also with 11th SIKHS from 1942-1944, and RMP from 1944-1945. Was for many years Chairman of 5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment Old Members Association. (see Obituary).

Wyles—On 25 November 1979, CSM Richard Douglas Wyles (6080354) aged 76. Served in the 1st, 2nd and 50th Bns The Queen's Royal Regiment and also the Depot and No 13 ITC from 1922 to 1944. A keen supporter of the Regimental Association right up to his death.

Young—On 7 January 1980, Captain John Harman Young, aged 94. Joined the 2nd Volunteer Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment in 1905 and was commissioned in the 5th Bn The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment in August 1914, with which unit he served until 1920 seeing service in India and Mesopotamia. His son Henry, an officer of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed in action in Normandy in June 1944 whilst serving with the 1/6th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Regimental Families

Fagence—In December 1979, Jane Fagence, aged 80, wife of Mr. V. E. Fagence, late The Queen's Royal Regiment, still a keen supporter of the Regimental Association.

Obituaries

Major P. R. Swanson

No one who knew Major Paul Swanson could avoid a sense of disbelief, shock and very personal loss on learning of his sudden death on 2 December 1979, whilst recovering from a minor throat operation. He had seemed a particularly fit and flourishing "young" 61 years old!

Joining the Army in 1940 he received an emergency commission in April 1941, and during the war served on the North West Frontier and in Burma gaining a mention in despatches. He received his regular commission into The Queens Royal Regiment on 30 November 1946. In April 1940 he married Betty who accompanied him throughout his post war service in Germany, Malaya, with the KAR in East Africa and finally whilst he served as Regimental Recruiting Officer in Canterbury.

He retired from the Army in 1970 and with typical courage and the invaluable support and assistance of his wife started his own canal boat hire business at Whitchurch which flourished and prospered until he sold up, only a few days before he died.

Those who knew Paul will have their own particular memories of him, but all will recall his natural leadership, sense of duty, love of games and infectious zest for life - he both worked and played hard. At no time were these qualities more marked than whilst commanding B Coy of 1 Queens during the Malayan emergency in 1953 and 1954. Never happier than when accepting the challenge of patrolling personally with members of his Company, he spent his short periods back at base working all hours to improve conditions and facilities for his officers and soldiers. He led by very personal example, common sense, warmth of heart and above all a twinkle in his eye. He was admired and respected by all.

Our sympathy and deep affection go to his 'Army' family - his wife Betty, daughter Angela (whose husband is in The Parachute Regiment) and two sons, Peter (serving with 1 Queens) and Robin (in the Royal Engineers).

A.G.J.

Major Harry Boulby Watson TD

H. B. Watson was born on 30 January 1908. His family lived at Barnard Castle and had strong Territorial connections, so that within a year of leaving Cheltenham he volunteered and was commissioned into the 5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment. In 1935 he succeeded Major Palmer as OC A Company and as a Captain he went to France with the 1/5th Queen's.

In May 1940 the 1/5th Queen's was in action on the River Escaut. H.B. took part in a successful attack on the village of Petegem but was wounded. In 1941 he left the Battalion with the rank of Major and served for two years as an Instructor at OCTU in India before transferring to the Military Police in Cairo.

In May 1947 5th Queen's reformed and H.B. was appointed Second in Command. Unfortunately the CO, Lt Col Hugh Merriman, was forced to retire because of ill health and H.B. could not give the time to succeed him, so in 1948 he went on the Reserve with twenty one years devoted service and a TD with two bars.

From 1969 to 1977 he was Chairman of the 5th Queen's Old Members Association. This gave him great pleasure because he was so fond of the Battalion, and it reflected the enthusiasm and devoted service which he and others like him gave to it.

In civilian life he was Group Insurance and Pensions Manager of a large Company. He retired to live near Milstead in Kent where the 1/5th Queens was stationed in 1941, and there he was able to enjoy the beautiful Kent Countryside. His house was full of pictures and books connected with the Army and the Regiment, and he has left some of these to the Regimental Museum.

He died on December 22 1979 after giving a childrens party. He loved children, the countryside, shooting and Church music. He left instructions that his funeral should be a happy affair with plenty of singing and that there should be a party afterwards. This was typical of his attitude to life.

The Colonel of the Regiment writes:—

I recently visited ROEDEAN SCHOOL as the Bursar there is an old friend of mine.

Outside the Chapel there is a brass plaque, which incorporates the Paschal Lamb, commemorating the time from October to December, 1940, when the 15th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment occupied the school, (the girls had been evacuated!).

Apparently the Governors were so impressed with the way the battalion looked after the buildings that after the War, Brigadier Allen BLOCK, who was the Commanding Officer at the time, was made Honorary Governor of the School.

R. S. N. MANS

The breakdown by Battalion of the number of Officers and Other Ranks of The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment who were Killed in Action or Died of Wounds in the 1914-1918 War.

<i>Battalion</i>	<i>Officers</i>	<i>Other Ranks</i>	<i>Totals</i>
1st	75	1,474	1,549
2nd	58	1,119	1,177
6th Service (Kitcheners)	43	839	882
7th Service	56	1,116	1,172
8th Service	34	670	704
10th Service	21	562	583
11th Service	21	539	560
2/4th Territorial	15	356	371
3/4th Territorial	5	180	185
1/5th Territorial	3	129	132
1/22nd London, Terr.	—	80	80
1/24th London, Terr.	—	67	67
Totals	331	7,131	7,462

Operational Theatres of service:—

<i>Battalion</i>	<i>Western Front</i>	<i>Italy</i>	<i>Egypt</i>	<i>Gallipoli</i>	<i>Palestine</i>	<i>Mesopotamia</i>	<i>India</i>
1st	X						
2nd	X	X					
6th	X						
7th	X						
8th	X						
10th	X	X					
11th	X	X					
1/4th							X
2/4th	X		X	X	X		
3/4th	X						
1/5th						X	X
1/22nd	X						
1/24th	X						

V.E.F.

What's in a name?

I wonder if any line Battalion had such a wide range of outstanding names as the 2nd Bn East Surrey Regiment between the wars?

I also wonder where they are now? Perhaps some of our readers can add to my list which has been compiled from my own Regimental cuttings.

Among our 'tradesmen' were:—Tyler; Taylor; Turner; Thatcher; Slater; Smith; Copp; Cooper; Carpenter; Clark; Carver; Joiner; Paynter; Porter; Farmer; Driver; Mason; Miller and Baker.

Perhaps you remember:—Oakwood; Birch; Ash and Beech; Or Foot; Inch; Yard; Miles and Rodd, and the 'coloured' chaps: Green; White; Blackman; Redgrove; Brown and Gray.

Lastly the 'birds': Swan; Swallow; Dove; Sparrow; Partridge; Starling and Crowe.

Chas Cowie.

Civilian Staff Vacancies at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

Frequently there are staff vacancies at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, with single board and accommodation if required. These cover a wide range of employment from administrative appointments on the Infirmary and Quartermaster's Staff to Patrol Watchmen and Royal Hospital Porters (i.e., G.D. Men).

As preference is given to ex Regular Members of H.M. Forces, Secretaries of Regimental Associations are asked to bring this to the notice of their Association Members from time to time.

W. M. Mackay
Adjutant
Royal Hospital, Chelsea