

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL SURREY REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT



May 1989

Association Newsletter

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Editorial

Since the last edition Emperor Hirohito of Japan has died. I have received a number of letters and a very caring daughter, of one of our members who was a POW in Malaya, wrote an epitaph. I have been asked by several members to print these letters and also to write to MPs seeking support for their individual cases and also to seek compensation on their behalf. This I am unable to do, as you all know in a case of hardship the Association will do all it can to assist immediately, but the Newsletter is essentially a Regimental Journal which should contain news of regimental interest to all our readers.

I know I speak for all our readers, when I say we are all conscious of the great suffering inflicted on POWs who were held by the Japanese particularly those members of 2 Surreys. I write this because whatever our own personal feelings are, I do not believe the Newsletter is the Forum to air these views or opinions.

I have been fortunate with articles and letters since last November particularly those who have contributed to "Memorable Journeys in Peace and War", I have been unable to print all this time but I will try and print some of them in future editions, but please do NOT stop sending in articles or snippets of interest, because it is these which makes the Newsletter, I hope, interesting reading.

Finally, on behalf of you all, I wish to record our very sincere appreciation to Colonel Toby Sewell for all he has done during his tenure as President, we are all most grateful for his leadership and guidance. For me personally it has been a privilege to serve with him again as your Secretary.

In saying farewell to Colonel Toby, a very warm welcome to Brigadier Mike Doyle who assumed the appointment on 1st May.

Les Wilson

Church Service - Traffic News

Readers contemplating attending the Annual Church Service at Guildford Cathedral on Sunday, 4th June are warned that Press reports state that extensive road repairs will be taking place on the A3 road between the Dennis Roundabout and the University/Cathedral slip road during the period April to August. A Department of Transport spokesman is quoted as saying, "There will be long tail-backs and motorists should be alert to slow-moving or stationary traffic ahead".

Donations

The Trustees wish to record their sincere appreciation to the following for their very generous donations:- Mrs P Mangles in memory of her husband Major R.T.P Mangles MBE, MC, and Mr. H Alcock.

President's Notes

While these notes are written in April, by the time of publication they will be past-president notes. I am most grateful therefore to our new President for allowing me to contribute for another time in this slot.

Firstly I very much welcome Brigadier Mike Doyle as our new President. I was delighted when he accepted to take over from me, and I wish him great success in the task - I know he will enjoy it, not least because his infectious enjoyment of all occasions and events has been one of his great contributions to the Regiment and Army throughout his service.

For me it has been a great privilege and pleasure to have represented you and led the Association over five and a half years. The Association is held in high regard in many fields, and this reflects the past service and achievements of all members in our Regiments, and it is underlined by the response of members in turning out for reunions, for remembrance days and for regimental and civic occasions. Throughout my time I am most grateful for all the support there has been at so many events and I know this will continue.

Finally I pay a special tribute to our Secretary and Editor of this Newsletter. Lieutenant Colonel Les Wilson is the dedicated friend of us all - nothing is ever too much trouble. We are so much indebted to him for all the great work he does.

Thank you and good wishes to all members.

Toby Sewell

Benevolence

During 1988, a total of 264 cases were investigated, 224 grants-in-aid were approved and a total of £44,067 was given in Benevolence. This includes 36 cases involving the A.B.F. Supplementary Allowance Nursing Home fees.

NEWSLETTER SUBSCRIPTION

1. Subscription for this year's Newsletter are now overdue. The subscription remains at £1.60 per year.
2. No action is required by
 - a) those who have already paid in advance;
 - b) members of the Officers Club whose Club subscription covers the cost of the Newsletter;
 - c) those who pay by Bankers order, but please check you are paying the correct amount.
3. If you would like the Newsletter sent to a friend, please send his name and address, and enclose £1.60 for a year's subscription.

IF IN DOUBT - PAY!
KEEP IN TOUCH



FORECAST OF REGIMENTAL AND QUEEN'S SURREY ASSOCIATION EVENTS



1989

1 JUNE THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE

4 JUNE Annual Church Service, Guildford Cathedral, 1100hrs for 1115hrs Service.

5 JULY Golf Society v Royal Marines GS at Northants Golf Club. Details from Major F.V.Sheppard MC.

9 JULY The Queen's Regiment Annual Reunion-Bassingbourn.

9 SEPTEMBER SALERNO DAY.

9 SEPTEMBER 2/6th Bn Reunion Union Jack Club. Details from S.B.Pratte MM, 01-472-4268.

5 OCTOBER Golf Society Autumn meeting at Richmond Golf Club. Details from Major F.V.Sheppard MC.

6 OCTOBER Officers Club Luncheon, Clandon. (*Details with this Newsletter*).

14 OCTOBER WOs and Sgts past and Present Dinner - Bassingbourn.

27 OCTOBER The East Surrey Regiment All Ranks Reunion.

3 NOVEMBER The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment All Ranks Reunion at Union Jack Club. (*Details with this Newsletter*).

9 NOVEMBER Field of Remembrance - Westminster Abbey.

12 NOVEMBER Remembrance Day Parades.

20 DECEMBER THE BRITISH BATTALION DAY.

1990

10 FEBRUARY SOBRAON DAY.

31 MARCH Queen's Surreys Regimental Trustees and Association meeting - Clandon Park.

23 APRIL YPRES DAY.

16 MAY ALBUHERA DAY.

Regimental Mantel Clock

Recently a rare mantel clock made by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, London 1906 was offered for auction. It was presented to a Lieutenant Colonel Mackie by his brother officers of The Queen's.

The clock is twelve inches high with a moulded rectangular base with two free standing IONIC columns on four cast sphinx supports, surmounted by The Paschal Lamb. The clock was eventually purchased by one of our members for a sum in excess of four thousand pounds.

It is believed to be the only mantel clock made for the Regiment, of this design.

2 Queen's Guard Room Clock

A splendid clock in a wooden case which, for a number of years was to be seen on the wall of the office of successive Regimental Secretaries of The Queen's Royal Regiment and The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment Associations, has recently been overhauled and is to be seen in the museum at Clandon. The clock was made around 1880 by Dents, who were clockmakers to the Admiralty. There are two inscriptions on the case as follows:-

This is the Guard Room Clock 2nd Bn The Queen's Regiment which went through the campaigns of Burma 1885-87 and the South African War 1899-1902.

After the Boer War Major A. W. Taylor had this clock repaired and presented it to the Officers Depot The Queen's.





THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

1661

Regimental Personalities

On 1st January, Major General Mike Reynolds CB, who was commissioned into the Queen's Royal Regiment, took over the appointment of Colonel of the Regiment from Brigadier Charles Millman OBE. On the same date, one of our four Deputy Colonels of the Regiment, Colonel John Holman CBE, handed over his Deputy Colonely to Colonel Richard Graham MBE, currently Commandant of Junior Division, The Staff College at Warminster. Colonel John Holman has been selected as next Commander of 2nd Infantry Brigade and Dover/Shorncliffe Garrison and takes up his appointment in the rank of Brigadier in October. Colonel Paddy Panton OBE, another Queensman, will succeed him as Colonel The Queen's Division at Bassingbourn.

The Danish Connection

Several events are reminding us that this year is the 300th Anniversary of the Regiment's earliest links with the Royal House of Denmark. In November, Colonel Jorgensen of our Affiliated Regiment, the Royal Danish Lifeguards, visited Canterbury and Tidworth and presented the Regiment with a fine statuette of a Danish Lifeguard which had previously belonged to Prince Georg of Denmark, Honorary Colonel of our 5th (Volunteer) Battalion until his death in 1986. Then, on 5th December there was the great day when HM Queen Margrethe, our Allied Colonel in Chief, honoured our 1st Battalion with a visit to them in Tidworth, only a few months after she had met the battalion on exercise in her own country. In addition, this year and next, our Regimental free-fall display team 'The Flying Dragons' is appropriately sponsored by Danepak. Looking ahead, it is hoped that the Colonel of the Regiment will be able to call on Queen Margrethe later this year and plans are being made for the Albuhera Band to Beat Retreat before Her Majesty and play at the Aarhus Festival, having travelled from Minden to Denmark for these important engagements.

Netherlands Decorations

Warm congratulations are due to Brigadier Charles Millman OBE and Colonel John Francis, our Regimental Secretary, who were both presented with Grand Crosses of Honour in the Crown Order of the Netherlands by HRH Princess Juliana, our other Allied Colonel in Chief, during their visit with Major General Mike Reynolds CB to Her Royal Highness in Holland on 15th December.

1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment

When the last issue of the News Letter went to press, we were looking forward to Christmas leave and our trip to California. Although a few other activities have taken place, the USA trip deserves an issue of its own, and I make no apology for devoting the whole of the column to a description of California, the US Army, and the activities of 1 Queen's.

The Battalion was very fortunate to be in California at all; although British Infantry battalions train regularly in the States, the training usually takes place in Washington State. This year, however, a quadripartite exercise involving Britain, Canada, Australia and the USA is being held in California and to support this, the British Liason Officer's Staff from Wainwright in Canada was moved to Fort Ord, near Monterey, in California - the home of the 7th US Infantry Division (Light). The spin - off benefit was that our training was moved to coincide with this arrangement.

The area of the Monterey Bay is one of quite remarkable natural beauty. The rocky granite coast is interspersed with sandy beaches and, although the sea is too cold for swimming, there is abundant wildlife: a huge variety of fishes; the unique sea- otters; whales and dolphins; sea lions and seals. In land the coastal mountains, which bestride the notorious San Andreas fault, run close to the coast in parallel ridges up to 3000 feet high. It is cold at this altitude but at sea level the climate is marvellously even, around 60 F all year. The vegetation varies from Mediterranean on the coast, where there is intensive agriculture; to thick scrub and forest higher up; and finally alpine pastures at the highest altitudes supporting herds of goats and cattle. The most numerous animals are the ground squirrels which are the prey of numerous predators: lynxes, cougars, bob-cats, rattlesnakes, and coyotes. The principal training areas are largely in the mountains where, as we were to discover, the terrain was incredibly rugged.

Our hosts, the 7th Infantry Division, did everything they possibly could to make our visit a success. We "Lambs" were directly affiliated to the 4th Battalion, 17th Infantry Regiment, the "Buffaloes". Each Queen's company had a 4/17 platoon fully integrated into the organisation, and this proved a great success. At this point it is right to describe briefly the 7th Division. It is a "Light" Division - no tanks and very few vehicles - consisting of three 3-battalion infantry brigades; 3 x 105mm artillery battalions and a 155mm battery; an aviation brigade; and support elements. The whole division can be airlifted in 500 sorties of Star-Lifter C5a aircraft and thus its role is to be at the spearhead of US force projection worldwide. Recently, for example, the division was deployed to Honduras. Unfortunately for the soldiers, almost every piece of equipment, round of ammunition and pound of food has to be man-packed at the expense of spare clothing, sleeping bags and other "luxury" items. We were much impressed by the combat readiness of the division and its dedication. We were also much impressed by the way in which the US Army looks after its men! free accommodation, lighting and heating; subsidised shopping; and wonderful sporting and recreational facilities - all a far cry from Tidworth. We did, however, feel that we as a smaller army had the edge in training standards, to which we are obviously able to devote more time and resources. All in all, we are very glad that the US Army is on our side!

1 Queen's began to arrive in California in the last week of January. The first week was devoted to platoon and section level live firing, the aim of which was to integrate the US soldiers fully into our ORBAT, and also to raise the training standards of our other attachments: 30 soldiers from the 5th, 6/7th and 8th Volunteer Battalions; a section from 16 Field Ambulance and a troop of Sappers from 22 Engineer Regiment. After this first week, the companies undertook a series of training packages laid on and run by battalion staff: Adventurous training run by Maj Russell, OC HQ Coy; FIBUA run by the Adjutant, Captain Crowley, at Fort Ord; a package involving escape and evasion and company field firing at the Division's training base, Fort Hunter Liggett; and last but not least, R & R.

The adventurous training package embraced a variety of activities and locations. Cross-country skiing, canoeing and white water rafting were held in the mountains near Sacramento. The rafting was voted the greatest thrill of package, and was filmed by the Central Television. Climbing, abseiling and walking took place in the breathtaking scenery of the Pinnacles National Park. Finally a range of self-help activities were mounted from fort Ord: deep sea fishing, whale watching, pony trekking and sports coaching courses.

The Fort Ord package started with an exhausting but incredibly stimulating day on the Fort Ord ranges. Each platoon carried out a live firing snap ambush; a battle inoculation range with overhead fire down to 5 feet - a long crawl!

The day also included abseiling from a tower and a helicopter; a bayonet assault course, and the gruelling Fort Ord confidence course. Day two of the package was spent on the live firing FIBUA ranges and on dry FIBUA drills in preparation for the climax of the package, and perhaps the training. This was a company group attack under full simulation on "Impossible City". This "City" is a FIBUA complex of over fifty buildings of all kinds including houses, blocks of flats, terraces, as well as cellars and sewer systems. The part of the town selected as the objective had been fully prepared by a live enemy, who had constructed bunkers and wire obstacles in depth.

The tactical lessons which came out of this attack will be remembered by all who took part, and veterans of the Second World War will not be surprised to hear that casualty rates were over seventy percent on both sides.

The escape and evasion exercise took place over the coast ridges: thirty miles of steep, rugged, thickly vegetated country in ridges running parallel to the line of advance. Few paths cross this area and the scattered population is hostile to outsiders; especially as some of that population is engaged in the production of marijuana.

The companies took off in sections carrying the barest minimum of clothing and food. Luckily there was plenty of water around: two months before the rivers were impassable, two months later and there would not have been enough to provide drinking water. Hunting us were an American company, the recce platoons of 1 Queen's and 4/17th Infantry, two scout helicopters; and the local sheriff's department. For those who were captured, the Divisional Intelligence company had prepared an extremely realistic North Korean Style POW Camp complete with midnight PT and rigorous interrogation! For those who slipped through the net there was the exhilaration of success, and the reward of some wonderful scenery, some spectacular sunrises, and some enormous sandwiches provided by two ex-army men in their cafe in Gorda on the coast highway.

The remaining portion of the Fort Hunter Liggett package was concerned with Company field firing. This was not perhaps as exciting as it should have been because of the restrictive nature of US range safety regulations - difficult to believe in a society dominated by firearms, but true even so.

All in all the trip was one which all of us will remember as the best the battalion has done for years. We have returned with a sense of valuable training completed, of friendship with our allies strengthened, of having had a great deal of fun, a time when fun is becoming harder to find in the army, and lastly with our reputation for smartness, efficiency and good discipline considerably enhanced.

Sobraon Day Notes

Our training period in California embraced Sobraon Day and it was decided that absence from home was no reason for the traditional ceremonies to be neglected. By kind permission of the GOC 7th Division, Maj-Gen Carmen Cavezza and the Command Sergeant Major, George D Monk, the Sobraon Ceremony was held at Fort Ord on February 10th 1989. The ceremonies began on the night of February 9th when the Regimental Band and the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion Beat Retreat for the Officers of the 7th Division. On the following morning, the battalion lined the route from the Headquarters Company of the Division to the NCOs club, in the order Kirke's, A, B Support, HQ WOs and Sgts. The Regimental Colour was handed over by the Commanding Officer, and was then marched through the ranks, led by the Band and Drums, to the NCOs club where it was held for the day. Sgt Irvine had the honour of carrying the Colour. The escorts were CSgt Perkins, CSgt Hayes and WO2 (CSM) Weaver. The Queen's and Colonel's Colours were also given into the care of the Mess.

The Sobraon dinner was attended by the whole Mess, with the opposite numbers from 7th Division, 3rd Brigade and 4/17th Infantry - one of the largest ever Sobraon Dinners. After the dinner the Corps of Drums gave a display which, as with their display for the officers, brought the house down. Nothing like them has ever been seen before in Fort Ord, and the Americans were amazed that the Corps are accomplished MG gunners as well as being trained on fife, drum and bugle.

O V I D

Book Review 1 "Salerno Remembered"

One of the proudest moments of my life was the 6th September 1950 when I joined the 1st Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment on commissioning from Sandhurst. The Battalion was then, 7 years after the battle of Salerno, based in Iserlohn, Germany. Three days later I took part in a ceremonial parade to celebrate one of the Regiment's greatest battle honours - 'Salerno'. It was only after reading Brigadier Curtis's book 'Salerno Remembered', that I realised that six of the officers on parade with me that day took part in the battle and that over the years I would come to know another dozen or so.

Many books have been written about Salerno but this is probably the first to describe the battle as seen through the eyes of the officers and men who took part in it. As Geoffrey Curtis says in the Preface, his book is essentially an Infantryman's view of the action, although it covers the whole operation - the first Allied landing in force on the Continent of Europe in World War II.

Salerno is unique in the history of the British infantry because six battalions of the same Regiment took part in it. They were the Territorial Battalions of the Queen's Royal Regiment, forming two famous Brigades, and they were joined by an Independent Company of the Regiment and an anti-aircraft Battery formed from yet another Battalion of the Regiment. Little wonder that 'Salerno' became a treasured battle honour of the Queen's and has been carried through to the present Regiment.

Geoffrey Curtis has taken immense trouble to bring the battle to life through the eyes of those who took part. These are not just the memories of senior officers but his book includes the thoughts and feelings of the most junior ranks. One can almost hear the flies and feel the heat and smell the filth of the flooded marshland over which the men had to advance. The confusions and frustrations of war come out clearly and one becomes aware of the fear and dread which strikes those entering battle for the first time. Set amongst all this however, are amusing and sometimes surprising stories such as the German medical officer who brought in a wounded Queensman for treatment in our RAP and spent a night with the Regiment before being returned to German lines the next morning.

'Salerno Remembered' does not attempt to glorify war or a Regiment. It simply and clearly tells the story of a British Regiment which was in the forefront of one of the greatest battles of the last war; a Regiment which seized a bridgehead in Italy, broke out from that bridgehead and led the Allied advance to the Volturno river and secured Naples and its great port. thirty eight Queensmen were decorated after the campaign. I commend this book to all Queensmen, past and present. We should all be 'mindful of our former glories' and be grateful to Brigadier Curtis for preserving the great deeds of our predecessors. It is typical of Geoffrey that he is donating the proceeds of his book to the Queen's Royal Surrey Regimental museum at Clandon.

M F Reynolds,

Colonel, The Queen's Regiment.

SEE ORDER FORM ENCLOSED WITH THIS NEWSLETTER



6086600 TOMMY ATKINS



It was in the latter part of 1949 that The 1st Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment's tour of Berlin came to an end, and moved to Iserlohn by rail. The journey was by night, there were no incidents as we passed through the Russian Zone and we arrived at Iserlohn railway station rather late at night and proceeded to Aldershot Barracks. The married families who had travelled on the same train, on arrival at Iserlohn, were taken by bus to their respective quarters which had been allocated to them by the Quartermaster, Major Jackson.

The Battalion soon settled down to routine training. Christmas 1949 was soon upon us and I was lucky enough to be able to take my wife and two children to U.K. for Christmas leave, rejoining the Battalion some three weeks later, to be informed that I had been selected for a posting to The Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, and so once again, it was packing up time for the family and return to the U.K.

The story of life in the Battalion for the next two and a half years must be told by those better qualified than me, but I think it right to mention here, that at about the time of my move to Sandhurst, the Korean War was in its early stages, and the Battalion were required to send reinforcements of company strength to the Middlesex Regiment who were at the time in Hong Kong, CSM Fred Wickens and Sgts 'Busty' Humphries, Nobby Saxby, Paddy Drew were some of the Senior Ranks to go, fortunately they all returned safely.

At Sandhurst I was posted as CQMS to Ypres Company, New College. The duties of a CQMS were not overtaxing, so from time to time we were required to assist in weapon training for the officer cadets. The most important thing about Sandhurst was that one had to be very aware of maintaining a very high standard of turn-out, discipline was to be maintained at a very high level, and should one stray from this path, they were very soon taken to task by the Academy Sgt Major who at this time was Academy Sergeant Major J. C. Lord. He was of course from the Grenadier Guards. Many Officers passed through his hands and they will know to what I refer.

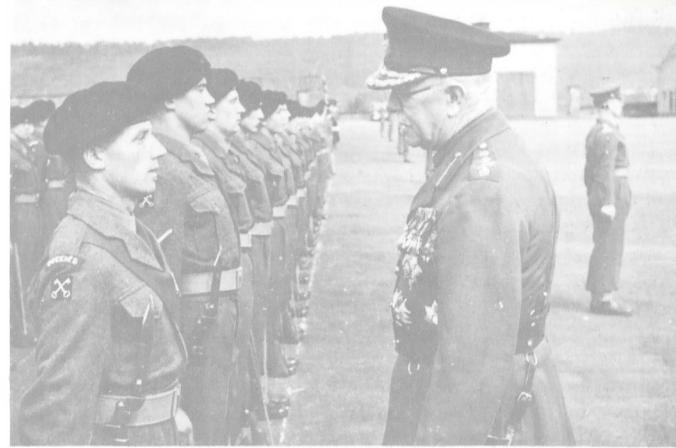
A short while after joining Sandhurst, there was published a seniority roll of Sgts and above as to where their position was on reverting from War Substantive Rank to Peace Time Establishment. After having held the rank of C/Sgt since May 1943, it came as a great shock to find that I was 35th. down the roll as a Sgt, which meant that on posting I would have to revert to that rank, unless I was able to obtain my First Class Certificate of Education. Well, I was very fortunate to have been at Sandhurst at this time, for what better place than this to go back to school and study.

It was not easy, for I had not been taught the mysteries of Algebra, Geometry, etc. My last schooling had been at Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight 1938 when I passed the Second Class Certificate of Education, previous to that my schooling ended at 14 years of age.

Having made up my mind to go back to school, it took another twelve months of hard work and burning of midnight oil on home work before I was confident enough to sit the exam. I was fortunate in passing the exam at the first attempt, probably by the skin of my teeth for all I know, but what a relief, but what followed was the icing on the cake.

Officer in Charge Records had written to the RMAS saying that as I had now passed the 1st Class Certificate of Education I was eligible for promotion to WO11, providing they recommended me. Fortunately, I had behaved myself, (no choice) and the recommendation was approved. My tour of duty at Sandhurst came to an end early in 1953, and I returned to the Battalion at Iserlohn, not as a C/Sgt but as a WO11.

When I reported to RSM J. B. Simmonds MC on rejoining the Battalion, he informed me that I was now the senior CSM in the battalion, this despite the fact that all the warrant officers were those who had been in that position when I left three years earlier. They had not been so lucky as I had been, and the opportunities for studying was interrupted by training etc., and in most cases they were all still holding War Substantive Rank. Whilst I agree that one wants their Warrant Officers to be of reasonable intelligence, it doesn't mean that by having a First Class Certificate of Education it makes one a better CSM. EXPERIENCE is a very close runner to education, and in this all those Warrant Officers had in a very large measure. Most were able to put this experience to good use in their handling of the men under their control, there was the odd exception, but that has no room in this story.



General Sir George Gifford speaks to the author, Iserlohn 1953

After a few weeks, I took up the post of CSM A Company, and settled down once again to regimental life, my wife and children joining me shortly after.

News had been received that the Battalion was to move to Malaya and sail in January 1954, and so of course the inevitable preparations were set in train for the move. There were several visits from General Officers, including one from the Colonel of the Regiment General Sir George Giffard GCB DSO. In November the Battalion moved to the United Kingdom, taking up temporary residence in Invicta Lines, Maidstone, until we embarked on the 'Georgic' for the voyage to Singapore in February 1954.

The voyage was very pleasant. The quarters on the ship were good, the food good, and with stops at Gibraltar, Aden and Ceylon, although brief, were welcome interludes. At Aden, the Battalion disembarked and with the Band and Drums at the head, marched through Aden, ("Mad dogs of Englishmen go out in the Mid-Day Sun"). At Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) we again disembarked, but this time with leisure in mind. I was able to take the family by taxi and visit a few places of interest from my visit in 1942/43. Finally, we arrived at Singapore, and as I walked down the gang plank, I was given the news that I was once again to be posted away on another appointment, but it was to be three months before this came about.

On disembarking, the Battalion proceeded to Selarang Barracks, whilst the families moved into their married quarters.

This was February 1954. The Malayan Emergency had been declared in 1948 when the Communists started to make themselves a nuisance. A number of Regiments of the British Army had been deployed over the past six years or more to combat the Communist Terrorists (CTs as they became

known). By the time our own regiment became involved the security forces had got the measure of the C Ts but there was still much hard 'jungle bashing' to be done before the final curtain came down. It was with this in mind that the First Battalion moved up country from Singapore within a week to the Jungle Training Centre at KOTA-TINGI, and for the next six weeks very hard training was carried out to get everyone accustomed to operate in deep jungle over long periods.

At the end of the training period, Companies were deployed throughout the State of Johore and commenced operations against the C Ts. Battalion Headquarters were based at Tampin, with H Q Company. The Rifle Companies were widely dispersed, my own Company, 'A' Company went to a place called Bahau.

'A' Company were based in a tented camp which had the main Chinese sewage drain running through the middle of the camp site, not very pleasant at all. My Coy. Commander was Major I. P. Thompson, and the C/Sgt was Derek Adkins, later to become a Major Quartermaster.

Within a few weeks of moving to Bahau, I had received news that I was to move to Head Quarters, Malaya Command, at Kuala Lumpur, to take up the post of RQMS at that headquarters. I think it right to say at this stage, that the story of the Battalion's very hard work over the next three years in combating the Malayan CTs, with some very good results, must be told by those who took part in those operations, I hope someone will do so through the pages of this News Letter. From my own short time one thing became very clear to me. The Battalion was made up of mostly National Service men, and a number of these became Junior NCOs. They performed magnificently, as also did all those younger Sergeants who had been waiting in the wings behind the older members who I have mentioned in earlier chapters. Names like, Les Wilson, Keith Yonwin, Harry Boseley, 'Pip' Piper, 'Mo' Jennings, 'Bozzle' Wilmshurst, Dave Hoskin, Bob Gould, Wally Geeves, Bruce Dunkeld to name but a few and Darky Isaacs who was awarded a Military Medal. Much responsibility fell on the shoulders of these young Sergeants, as indeed it did on the young Officers who took out Patrols deep into the Jungle for many days and sometimes weeks at a time in search of the C Ts, and as in the case of Sgt Isaacs met with considerable success.

Headquarters Malaya Command in 1954 was a very large staffed headquarters, with a Lieutenant-General in command, a Major-General as chief of staff, and all the appropriate branches associated with such a headquarters.

Major D. L. Lloyd-Owen was M A to General Templar, when I first reported to take up the duties of RQMS, but he left very shortly afterwards so I was not able to see him. I think I am right in saying that General Templar was the man who put things to right when he assumed the overall responsibilities of the Malayan Emergency, Lieutenant General G. Bourne was in operational command at the HQ.

Shortly after I joined the HQ a new Camp Commandant arrived, he was Major (QM) H. R. Gill of The Queen's Royal Regiment, and a new Quartermaster from the RASC, also arrived, his name was Major (QM) F. Bamford.

There was much work to be done in the form of reorganising and bringing up to date of all the many tasks attributed to work in the Q.Ms department. In the case of this HQ the QM had responsibility for stores ranging throughout the length of Malaya beside those in the HQ itself. Suffice it to say that it took the best part of two years to get things on a correct working basis. I went into the appointment of RQMS with very little knowledge of the job. With unfailing support from my Quartermaster and in large measure from Major H. R. Gill, I had learned a good deal, and when in June 1956 my appointment came to an end, I felt quite capable of performing in that rank in the future should the opportunity arise, alas, it never did.

I rejoined the Battalion in June 1956. They were still very actively engaged in operations. Head Quarter Company and

Battalion HQ were at Simpang Rengham, and I took up the duties of CSM H Q Company.

Not long afterwards we moved to Singapore for a retraining period of about six weeks, and whilst there I had to move to B Company and take up the duties of CSM, the OC was Major Tony Lynch-Staunton. Just before my posting to B Company, I had been informed that I was to take up the appointment of RSM of the 6th Battalion The Queen's who had their HQ at Jamaica Road, Bermondsey. Before this took place, another move back up Country for further operations took place.

Readers will remember that the Suez Crisis was in full flow at this time, and I had a long wait for an available flight home. This came about June 1956, and after a three day flight in a Hastings Aircraft I eventually arrived back in the United Kingdom, took over a married quarter in Grove Park, proceeded on three weeks leave, after which I reported to Lt Col M. T. M. Jennings, the Commanding Officer, Captain H. C. Millman the Adjutant, and Major Nice the 2 I/C.

Newly promoted to Regimental Sergeant Major, and moving into a T A environment took some adjusting to. I found it strange that by day there seemed to be so little to be done, that work as far as training was concerned was limited to two drill nights per week, occasional week end camps, and one longer period of Summer Camp of two weeks.



6th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment Colour Party

I must be honest and say that I do not think that I really adjusted to the territorial system in the short while I was with them, probably about eleven months. Having said that, I want to say a few words about the T A lads who I got to know, and once again, apologies to those many names who I will have forgotten because of a lapse of memory.

Colonel Nice at that time was 2/IC of the Battalion; I had not known him before, but from the very start, he was of the greatest help to me, and I'm sure saw me over some of the many hiccups I made during my stay. I do not think there was another officer who knew his T A men better than he. He has remained a great friend to me over the many years since, and I must thank him through these lines for his help and support. Even after leaving the Regular Army, I became involved with the Army Cadet Force, Colonel Nice also involved in the ACF gave me much valuable help and advice.

Some names come to mind. T. Dando, Bill Edwards, R. Burns, Joe Beckett (who can forget him) I still see him on regimental occasions, always got something to flog, in the way of regimental interest. Bill Mills, Harry Miller, these are just a few of the stalwarts of the 6th Queen's who had seen and done so much hard fighting during the war, from the disasters of 1940, to the success of Alamein, Salerno, and then finally the Battles in France and Germany in 1944/45. All of them Londoners, from I think Bermondsey, and the surrounding areas. They were down to earth, plain speaking, but very loyal and trustworthy. Some of the names I have mentioned have now 'passed on'. It was a privilege to have been associated with them.

After Summer Camp 1957 at Castle Martin, Wales, Colonel Jennings informed me that a vacancy for the post of RSM at the Regimental Depot was available, and that I had been recommended for the position. He told me that he thought that was the job I could get my teeth into and was better suited for, and very right he was too. RSM Charlie Cheeseman was being promoted to Quartermaster, hence the vacancy of RSM at Stoughton Barracks, Guildford. Major R. S. N. Mans had recently assumed Command at the Depot, with Captain A. G. Jones as his Adjutant, and so to Guildford.

If the reader will take his mind back to the first instalment of this story, he will remember the young soldier of twenty years earlier reporting to the Regimental Depot at Stoughton Barracks, 5th April 1937. Very young, inexperienced, with a not too happy family background from his earlier years. The reader may also remember that young man's ambition on seeing what to him seemed a very ferocious, strict looking man emerge from the RSM's House, that perhaps one day he might attain to that position.

Twenty years later, that ambition had become a reality. Of course times had changed, and with it a vast change in the approach to discipline, and man-management. What I did not know was the regimental history was going to be made during my tenure of office, and that I was to be the last Regimental Sergeant Major at Stoughton Barracks by May 1959.

When I moved into the RSM's House, I could not but remember some of the previous occupants, from RSM Osbourne in 1937, followed by RSMs Percy Tasker, Ben Nokes, Freddie Harcup, Charlie Cheeseman over the next twenty years. What a story those inner walls of that quarter could tell if they could only speak.

But back to reality and the job in hand. National Service was still going strongly and I think we were receiving an intake of about thirty to forty young men about every six to eight weeks, and that routine continued for the best part of the next two years. At any one time we had about three intakes at various stages of training, with a permanent staff of about thirty strong Other Ranks. Also attached to the Depot for accommodation, and rationing, was a strong detachment of what was then The Royal Army Service Corps, (Army Fire Fighting Wing) and a small detachment of The Corps of Royal Military Police. We also had senior rank representatives from the Royal Army Education Corps, and The Army Physical Training Corps. So all in all we had a fairly full house and were kept busy.

Command of the Depot was in the hands of then Major R. S. N. Mans, later to become Major General and also Colonel of The Regiment, The Adjutant was Captain A. G. Jones. The Quartermaster was firstly, Captain (QM) Jimmy Kemp, and then Captain (QM) Jimmy Griffin. Retired Officers were Colonel H. G. Duncombe and Major Buzz Waspe was the Secretary of the Regimental Association. I have to say here, that Major Mans, and Captain Jones gave me my head and let me get on with the job, but were always there to assist and were of the utmost help when I needed it, and I did from time to time. I had a good working relationship with both Quartermasters, both who had of course been RSMs in their time, and gave me sound advice, mostly when consuming a bottle of John Courage in the Sgt's Mess. Finally of course, there was Col. Duncombe and Major Buzz Waspe, both retired, but holding RO appointments. Both always willing to give help and advice when asked for. I hope that I didn't let any of them down.

The training of the recruits was under the control of the Training Company Commander, firstly Major Rogers, and then Captain R. B. Johnson, and the Company Sergeant Major was Doug Fairbanks.

In late 1957 or early 1958 the Depot was invaded by the film world to make the first film in the 'Carry On' series. This film was to be called 'Carry on Sergeant', featuring Bob Monkhouse, Dora Bryan, Charles Hawtrey, Bill Hartnell, Bill Owen and Shirley Eaton, with a lot of the scenes done in the

Depot at Stoughton Barracks. I remember calling out to what I thought was a soldier at the far end of the square with his hands in his pockets, and beret on the back of his head, as to what the hell did he think he was doing, 'Oh I'm one of the film chaps duckie' was his reply. From then on I made sure who was who before opening my mouth. I did one short part of about ten seconds for them, as the main character after about ten tries got it wrong each time. I learned later that as I spoke in the part, the actors union equity insisted that I be paid for the part, so I received the handsome amount of 3. 10 shillings. Oh well, it was good money in those days, and it paid for quite a few bottles of John Courage in the Sgts' Mess.

'Passing Out Parades' at regular intervals of each 'Intake' was a regular feature at the depot, usually on a Saturday morning, after which one would retire to the Sgts' Mess for a refreshment. It was after one of these events, I was talking to Colonel Nice who was visiting the Depot at the time, when the Guard Commander approached and informed me that three prisoners had escaped from the guard room. Colonel Nice has often told me that he saw my brain whirling and without too much ado, I said to the unfortunate Guard Commander, 'Well then, you had bloody well better find them' - of course he didn't, and neither did anyone else for about three days or more. They had chiselled out through a fairly thick brick wall at the back of the 'Keep', and out through the ladies toilets which had been opened for the Passing out Ceremony. I think in all three cases their names began with a 'B' and there after, they were referred to as the three 'B's. I'll leave the reader to put any interpretation he likes on that remark.

Several very successful 'Army at Home' days were held at the Regimental Depot, attracting large crowds.

As we moved into 1958, there began the first rumblings of further Army reorganisations, National Service was to be abolished, and an all regular Army to be re-established. Depots were to be closed, Regiments further amalgamated into larger Regiments. The Queen's Royal Regiment was to amalgamate with The East Surrey Regiment, and their Depots closed down, and a new Depot to be established at Weymss Barracks Canterbury, Kent. So began a long series of inter Regimental Conferences between our two Regiments. In the mean time, we at Guildford had to start to think of what had to be done to wind down.

As we moved into 1959, the strength of the intakes and some of the permanent staff had whittled down to the point where we were hard pressed to find the man power to perform even the regular daily duties of guards, Orderly Officers etc.

It was the turn of the Regimental Depot to entertain HMS Excellent for the Glorious 1st of June celebrations, and so much work had to be done to get the grounds in good order for the final celebrations to be held at Stoughton Barracks.

I was fortunate in having a very good groundsman Pte Lake, and a civilian groundsman Mr. Hammond, and assisted by Corporal R. Taylor who became expert in mowing, fertilising and re-mowing the hallowed piece of green between the parade square and the Officer's Mess, so that the grounds were looking at their best for the forthcoming events. The weather again in 1959 had been good, and this helped tremendously.

Because the Officer's Mess had been partially run down, the other ranks dining room was to be the venue for the Officers Dinner Night for these celebrations. Much thinking and planning went into this. Mrs P. G. Collyer, assisted by Ptes Allen and Hook, transformed the large area of blank wall space into two very large murals depicting the 'Glorious 1st of June'. I think it took them about three weeks to complete this task, but the results were excellent. The next task was how best to screen off the serving area from the dining room. Pinewood Studios came to our aid, and lent us a number of Drapes, 'The Regimental Colours' of the 1st, 5th and 6th Battalions were then placed behind the top table. The tables were set up, with silver spaced out, and the overall effect was fitting to the occasion it was going to be used.

On a much smaller scale, The Sergeants Mess were able to 'Dine Out' the Commanding Officer, Major R. S. N. Mans and Mrs. Mans, and to entertain them and the officers in the Sergeants Mess afterwards to an enjoyable evening.

Within the frame work of the conversion of the Main Dining Room, work had also been going on to transform the Sergeants Mess for the celebrations. The Grounds within the Mess Area had to be used, so we resorted to large tents. We were fortunate again in having a very good cartoonist in the ranks of the National Service men, and he was able to depict the varying interests of the servicemen of the Army and Navy, and with the skilful use of fairy lights etc., the end results were gratifying.

In between all these preparations, I was privileged to be a guest of the 1st Battalion in Iserlohn, Germany, where they held a 'Trooping of the Colour Ceremony' excellently performed as was to be expected, under the Command of then Lt. Col. D. L. Lloyd-Owen DSO OBE MC. The RSM was RSM G Mileham. Various other activities took place with a final very successful WOs and Sgts Mess Ball, and after six days, alas, it was to say farewell and return to the Depot and as previously mentioned, do our part in the Winding up celebrations.



The author talking to Lt Col D. L. Lloyd-Owen (later Maj. Gen) also in the picture is RSM George Mileham and his wife Lise.

Some time in July 1959, I left the Regimental Depot at Stoughton Barracks for the last time, and moved down to Weymss Barracks, Canterbury, to take up the task of RSM of the new Regimental Depot, under the Command of Major D. C. Snowdon TD, the Adjutant was Captain G. Mason (East Surreys), Major H. R. Gill the Quartermaster.

Much hard work had been done already by the advance party, but there was a tremendous amount more to do before the barracks were fit to accommodate the new all regular intakes. The Barracks had been unoccupied for about four years, and quite honestly it looked awful, to put it politely. However, the reputation of the two regiments was such, that by much hard work, and co-operation between all ranks, the barracks began to look something like they should by the time the first intake arrived in early August 1959.

After a few months, I began to feel that I was getting somewhere, when out of the blue came an almighty jolt. I was informed that I was to be posted to Depot The Buffs, who were in Howe Barracks, just up the hill from us.

I had purposely moved down from a modern Married Quarter to an older one in Weymss Barracks so that I could be nearer my job, and keep a better eye on what went on in my own depot. This new move meant another move back up the hill after only a few months. I also knew that the 'Buffs', and the Royal West Kent Regiment' were to begin the routine for the amalgamation of their two fine regiments. I did not feel that I was competent at this stage to be involved, for I knew so little about their regimental history that I would be an outsider to a certain extent.

I did some hard thinking over the next week or so, and try as I might, I could not come to terms with this new move, and very reluctantly, I decided it was time to call it a day, and to leave

the army, after twenty two years and one hundred and thirty five days.

I finally left the Depot of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment on the 14th October 1959, the same day as Regimental Cap badges changed from the Pascal Lamb and the Star of the East Surrey Regiment to that of the Home Counties Brigade Cap badge, a Saxon six pointed crown with a sword pointing upwards, and finished with a scroll giving the name "Home Counties".

That all happened thirty years ago. Since leaving the army I settled in Aldershot from whence I came.

The story of my life in the army has been serialised in the News Letter over the past four years. I don't suppose it is any different from many other old soldiers. I have maintained regular contact with the Regiment over these many years, and I often meet many of the many friends I made whilst serving. It is in this context that I would like to dedicate the story to the 1st and 2nd Battalions that I served with, all old soldiers have a lasting pride in their Battalion and Regiment and that goes for me to.

I entered The Queen's Royal Regiment, a very unsure, insignificant, timid youngster. I finished it twenty two years later, a much wiser, fitter and mature character, able to take my place in the outside world with confidence.

FOR THAT I HAVE TO THANK THE REGIMENT, AND ALL THOSE MANY FRIENDS WHO HELPED ME THROUGH. THANK YOU.

T. A.



RSM H (Tommy) Atkins. The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Fort MacGregor

This was the name which had been given by the American troops to an isolated hill overlooking the Goubellat Plain in Tunisia. In February 1943, the 1st Bn the East Surrey Regiment took up a defensive position south east of Medjez el Bab, and D company, under Major Brooke Fox, occupied Fort Macgregor.

On 26th February, the enemy attacked in great strength and overran the hill. A few prisoners were taken but most of the defenders were killed or wounded. In the confused fighting which followed sterling work was done by the Carrier Platoon under Sgt Davies, for which he received an immediate award of the Military Medal. John Davies, whose death is reported in this issue, sent the following letter to his father recounting the operations at Fort MacGregor, the fighting in the mountains north of Medjez and the subsequent entry into Tunis.

"Now that the campaign is over, I'm able to enlighten you a little, and tell you of some of our activities. I joined the Battalion in December at a place near Beja, and from that day until we marched into Tunis, we were in the fighting line. Here are some of the places to which we've been.

In January for a month or five weeks to Sidi N'sir on the Mateur front. Nothing very exciting there - plenty of patrol activity and more than enough rain and mud. From there we went to the hills which overlook Goubellat (a few miles south of Medjez el Bab). We had one or two thrilling moments in this area, and it was here that I won my MM.

If you remember in February last the enemy was trapped into thinking that rather a large region around Medjez was thinly held by us. No transport was allowed on the roads - solitary AA guns only fired on his planes, and so on. He attacked our positions at dawn on 26th February, after bringing all his ammunition and supplies over the Goubellat Plain in the hours of darkness, and by about 8 a.m. he was well established on one of our hills. Some of the company holding the hill were taken prisoner.

Anyway, my section of carriers was ordered to go out on the Plain, and get into the enemy's rear. We did this and managed to put a few of Herman Goering's Grenadiers in dock, and a few more were subsequently put permanently to rest. Then, after firing a few hundred rounds, we came across some of our chaps being led away by Jerry as prisoners. We managed to get about a dozen of them back again, after exchanging a shot or two, and then withdrew.

I drove my carrier back and it was on the road home when we bumped a couple of Jerry infantry guns. They had 34 shots at us, hitting my bus four times - rather an unpleasant sensation 'cos our armour won't stand up to that stuff. All the machine guns he had available opened up too - the Battle School wasn't in it!

Two days later I took my section out again to see if we could find any bodies or equipment in the battle area, and, stag me, if we didn't see a Jerry patrol carting away one of our wounded. I might add here that the enemy had been successfully beaten up on the 26th and went back a darned sight quicker than he came. Anyway, we chased this patrol all over the Goubellat Plain and took one parachutist prisoner, and an Arab who was helping them. The whole battle was ours from the start: we took many prisoners and killed scores.

From there we went back to the Medjez area, and on April 7th the big attack started. The Battalion attacked and took Toukabeur on the first day. We then followed up by taking the hills around Heidous, using mules chiefly for transportation purposes, the country was very hilly. After that, we went back and took the famous or infamous Longstop Hill - the toughest fight of all. No doubt you've already heard all about it. Our C.O. was awarded the DSO for the wonderful work he did, and

I regret to say that the last shell Jerry fired at us killed him. A day later and he'd have realised his one ambition - our march into Tunis. It was a terrible shock to us all.

From Peter Corner it seemed to me to be a mad dash to beat the 8th Army into Tunis, and WE DID, my carrier leading! Our armoured units were there first, of course, but we were the first infantry in the town. There is no room here to explain our entry. It was terrific, the people went mad - mobbed us, kissed us, flowers, flags and wine, wine and more wine. Our leading tanks so surprised the Germans that they caught them even in the cafes drinking beer. There was a little street fighting, though nothing compared with what we'd already been through.

A short while ago I had my first day off for six months, and I spent it in Tunis. Recently we had come to the Battalion a captured German Military Band, who gave us a delightful concert. Among the various renderings were 'Roll Out the Barrel' and I do believe the Boche equivalent of 'Colonel Bogey'. I'm afraid this will have to suffice for the time being - still plenty of work to do".

P G E H

3rd Armoured Division.

Recently there has been correspondence between the Division and the Secretary concerning Maj General H I W Hamilton CVO CB DSO a distinguished Queen's Royal Regiment officer killed whilst commanding the 3rd Division on the 14th October 1914.

Arthur Conan Doyle in his book ' The British Campaign in France and Flanders - 1914' wrote:

'On the 14th the Second Corps continued its slow advance in the same direction. Upon this day the Third Division sustained a grievous loss in the shape of its commander, General Sir Hubert Hamilton, who was standing conversing with the quiet nonchalance which was characteristic of him, when a shell burst above him and a shrapnel bullet struck him on the temple, killing him at once. He was a grand commander, beloved by his men, and destined for the highest had he lived. He was buried that night after dark in a village churchyard. There was an artillery attack by the Germans during the service, and the group of silent officers, weary from the fighting line, who stood with bowed heads round the grave, could hardly hear the words of the chaplain for the whiz and crash of the shells. It was a proper ending for a soldier'.

His Division was temporarily taken over by General Colin Mackenzie.

Major General Hubert Ion Wetherall Hamilton, CVO CB DSO was born on 27 June 1861. He was gazetted to the Queen's Royal Regiment from RMC Sandhurst on 11 August 1880. Promoted Lieutenant 1st July 1881. Captain 8th December 1890, Major 20th July 1898, Lt Col 29th November 1900, and Colonel 26th June 1902.

He was Major General, GOC North Midland Division until May 1914 when he took command as GOC 3rd Division in which he served until his death on 14th October 1914.

His long and varied service was reflected in the awards of the CVO CB and DSO. He served with the Burmese Expedition 1886/88, the Nile Expeditions 1897/99 and the South African War 1899-1902.

"Of Grave Concern"

(Extract from a letter written by John Lowe, an old 31st soldier in 1866)

The 31st Regiment was serving in Holland (in 1799) and at Egmont op Zee crossed bayonets with the French Regiment bearing the same number, a ball fired during the retreat of the latter regiment passed through the jaws of a soldier of the 31st named Robert Hullock. In the course of the afternoon he was buried in the sand hill where he had fallen by a soldier of his regiment named Cames. During the night Hullock recovered and having been lightly covered with sand, crept out and crawled to a picquet of his regiment posted near. He was sent to the hospital, recovered and was serving with his regiment in Malta in 1806. His face having been much discoloured and his voice scarcely intelligible (part of his tongue and palate having been carried away) he had for some years served as a pioneer to his company. A soldier of it died and Hullock as part of his duty dug the grave, in which he was found on the arrival of the body for interment, still at work though nearly ten feet deep; on being drawn out and asked his reason for making it so unusually deep he replied "Why Sir it is for poor John Cames who buried me and I think Sir if I get him that deep it will puzzle him to creep out as I did". On the burial service being read he proceeded to fill up the grave and actually buried the man who ten years previously buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814. And I served with the same two men in the year 1806, so I conclude by wishing you, the Colonel, all the Officers and the Regiment well.

(Sgd) John Lowe

Rifle Inspection

I suppose the number of soldiers who had their rifles inspected by an enemy Regimental Sergeant Major whilst on active service must be somewhat limited.

This experience happened to me in early 1943 in North Africa at a place called Sidi Nsir, which consisted of a few Arab mud huts but boasted a railway station complete with stationmaster, a philosophical individual with a magnificent set of gold teeth.

The staff of Battalion Headquarters, which was located at the station, had been warned of an impending rifle inspection by our RSM Buck Adams, and we were waiting for Buck's arrival when a German RSM was brought into the station; he had been captured by one of our forward companies.

I had cleaned my rifle after evicting a family of North African woodlice from the barrel and was reasonably confident of passing the inspection. However, to make sure, I presented the rifle to the German Warrant Officer for his opinion as he waited in the ticket office to be interrogated. He gazed down the barrel, looked at the bolt and sights, then handed it back to me with the terse comment: 'nichts gut'. This was rather discouraging; however he was kind enough to point out that the rounds in my magazine were pointing the wrong way.

My confidence sapped, I managed to borrow a rifle from a regimental policeman and passed muster when RSM Adams arrived to conduct his inspection.

This incident was witnessed by none other than ORQMS Ted Gosling, the genial Orderly Room supremo.

Shortly after this, whilst on morning stand-to, gazing blearily towards the enemy lines, a fat German deserter, hatless and waving an off-white handkerchief, arrived in our midst. We gathered he was less than satisfied with the rations provided by the Wehrmacht having once been a chef in Berlin. He shared our compo rations which that morning consisted of hard biscuits, Chinese fig jam and those appalling soya links, which were alleged to be a sausage substitute. No doubt he spent the rest of the war questioning the wisdom of his decision to desert.

H.W.S.

Regimental Atrocities - Setting The Record Straight

In his admirable article 'The Lamb and Flag' in the last issue of the Association Newsletter, R.C.T. states that Colonel Piercy Kirke was in charge after the battle of Sedgemoor and allegedly committed all the infamous atrocities on the rebels.

In common with everyone who has indulged in historical research I am well aware that the deeper one goes into any particular incident or accepted fact the harder it is to find the truth and discover what really happened. It has been stated often enough that the nickname 'Kirke's Lambs' was earned by The Queen's because of the atrocities committed when the Regiment escorted the notorious Judge Jeffreys on his circuit in the West Country. I tried to set the record straight in my brief history of The Queen's Royal Regiment published in 1967 in the Famous Regiments series, but this apparently hasn't had much effect. So I'll try again.

I quote from Colonel John Davis's monumental history of the Regiment and the facts he gives have been checked with archives in Exeter and Taunton:

"As a matter of history it was the Queen Consort's Regiment, the 4th King's Own, that was ordered to escort Jeffreys on his circuit. This Regiment was called the 2nd Tangiers Regiment, and this, therefore, explains the common error of confounding it with Kirke's Regiment - one was 'Queen Dowager's Regiment' the other the 'Queen Consort's Regiment' and both were Tangiers Regiments".

In fact, on 31st August 1685 The Queen's, commanded by Piercy Kirke were ordered to Kingston-on-Thames, before Judge Jeffreys arrived in the West Country. This order was subsequently countermanded and the Regiment went to Plymouth and was, on 11th September, ordered to march from Plymouth to Kingston. Their route was laid down and they were told to arrive in Kingston on 2nd October. On 8th October they were ordered to Rochester where they remained for the rest of the year.

On the other hand, the 4th King's Own, the Queen Consort's Regiment was, on 29th August, ordered to march from Portsmouth to Taunton, to arrive on 10th September.

There is no doubt at all that The Queen's were NOT involved in the dreadful things that happened to the unfortunate followers of the Duke of Monmouth, and though Piercy Kirke was ordered to hang a few of them soon after the battle of Sedgemoor, he did no more than that.

C J D H

Book Reviews - 2

History of the 2/7th Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment

It has given me great pleasure to read the History of the 2/7th Battalion the Queen's Royal Regiment 1939-46.

It is quite a short story starting with the formation in May 1939 and ending with its disbandment in February 1946, but it is packed with all kinds of action. One flavours the tremendous spirit of friendliness and comradeship that was built up; the excitement, the humour, the boredom and at times fear, but it is never dull.

Obviously regimental personalities appear but it is essentially the story of ordinary men thrown together with hundreds of their comrades: mainly volunteers banded together linked with the common purpose to give of their best.

Inevitably the larger picture of the war is painted with the progress to victory, but this is the story of the man in the street, his achievement and his sacrifice.

T A B

SEE ORDER FORM ENCLOSED WITH THIS NEWSLETTER.



John Colbourn writes from Wolverhampton:-

I first saw your Newsletter last December when we were holding our Normandy VETS Christmas party, and then the memories came floating back to me, the comradeship of the regiment, when officers and men helped one another. I phoned my old platoon officer, last Sunday, he lives in Ilminster, Somerset, he would very much like to receive the Newsletter.

He joined the 1/5th Queen's, in N. Africa. I was in action with him in Italy, Salerno, and other battles in Italy, before we returned home, with the 7th Armoured Division, I had been away since November 1939. Lieut Cox inspired us, with his leadership in Normandy. It was ten weeks of hard slogging, and we lost some good men, but he always tried to keep our spirits up, and I will never forget him.

I was a soldier of the 1/5th Queen's Royal Regt, I joined the regiment just before the battle of El Alamein. I was previously, in the 1st South Staffords, where we fought in the desert battles of 1940 - 41.

I remember that there was a regular battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment campaigning in the desert in 1940, a very smart battalion indeed.

After the desert campaign was over, I was involved in the landings in Salerno. We arrived home back in England in January 1944. Then came the landings in Normandy, and the battles we fought in, the Queen's 131 Infantry Brigade distinguished with valour, and we were very thin on the ground when the breakthrough came towards the end of August '44.

I knew Major Evans DSO, I first met him after the breakout in Normandy. He took over our B Company in Belgium, his old Div the 59th Midland was broken up at the end of August 1944. He lost an arm just before the end of the war, it must be nearly twenty years since I last saw him.

I remember the Victory Parade in Berlin in July 1945, with my regiment and personnel of the 7th Armoured Division. I went back to Berlin in 1985, for the 40th anniversary of our entrance into that city, big changes had been made in the rebuilding of Berlin.

In July 1988, I spent a few days in FALLINGBOSTEL, the Saxony area of West Germany where the 1/5th Queen's were in action, clearing the village of German snipers in April 1945, also thousands of British POW were released by our Division.

I also lost a good pal about this time Cpl Bob Pass, he was with us all through the desert campaign, Italy and Normandy. He died just days before victory. On Christmas day 1944 he spoke for us all on the wireless. We were dug in just over the German border. A BBC commentator came and visited us, and Bob spoke, before King George VI spoke to the nation.

I used to go to the Victory Club, London for our 7th Armoured Div. reunion, but I have not been to any of these Reunions for many years. I spoke to an old veteran of the Queen's in Blackpool last year, he was standard bearer at our 8th Army El Alamein celebration in the Winter Gardens.

F Blackborow writes:-

My goodness how things have changed! Reading about the 1st Bn's exercise in Denmark where they received a continuous supply of food and drink, takes me back to when my company was going on an exercise and I had strict instructions from the Company Commander Capt N Cooper of the 2/6th Queens not to scrounge any food! I remember passing the only pub and wishing I could go in, not for the drink, but for those big round biscuits in those glass containers, but there were too many beady eyed NCO's about, I still remember how hungry I was.

Lt. Col. H.M.W. Harris writes,

In the Newsletter of May 1988, I asked the question whether there was any connection between the Earl of Feversham who commanded the Royal troops at the Battle of Sedgemoor, and the Duncombes who became Earls of Feversham, and some of whose descendants served in the Regiment.

I have since learnt that the Feversham of Sedgemoor was a French Huguenot in the English service, by name Louis de Juras. Presumably he was a refugee from his own country who became a Professional soldier, and he must have had some experience of war to be placed in command of the standing army so recently formed at the Restoration. He may have been given the English title to give him the necessary status.

He was criticised for his handling of the Battle because he was in bed when Monmouth attacked, but this may only have shown that he was a relaxed and confident commander. Certainly King James was satisfied with the outcome of the Battle, rewarding him with the Order of the Garter and command of the Life Guards.

The King again appointed him Commander-in-Chief of his Army when William of Orange landed at Torbay. He appears to have remained loyal to James, even when his Second in Command, Lord Churchill and many others went over to William, but when James decided to leave the Country, Feversham rather unwisely decided to dismiss the Army, "to hinder effusion of blood by a useless resistance". James, having failed to get away to France at the first attempt was escorted back to London by Feversham, and the King sent him to negotiate with William. However on arrival at Windsor, he was imprisoned by the Prince, and presumably that was the end of his career.

Just one year earlier Sir Charles Duncombe acquired the Yorkshire estates of the Duke of Buckingham at Rievaulx and Helmsey. He was a Goldsmith and Banker, who later became Lord Mayor of London. He made his fortune by subsidising Charles II's Exchequer, and his purchase earned a typically malicious couplet from Pope.

"Helmsey, once proud Buckingham's delight

Slides to a scrivener or a City Knight".

However the family did not acquire the title of Lord Feversham until 1826 and Earl of Feversham in 1868, so it seems clear that there was no connection between Louis de Juras and the Duncombes.

In another part of the 1st Bn's exercise was the amazing news that farmers dug the trenches for a platoon!!

That reminds me of the time the 2/6 was at Enfideville (North Africa) when the enemy was on the high ground surrounded but still very active.

We were told to move about and dig as many trenches as we can to confuse the enemy that there were more troops on the ground than there really were. I don't know whether it confused them but digging all those trenches it did us, as all our farmers did a bunk!

There is one journey I would like to bring to the notice of the Queen's, the journey of the 56th (Black Cat) London Division which the 2/6 Bn was a part, who travelled from Basra (Iraq) to Enfideville by road transport, 10,000 miles.

W.F. Lord writes from Queensland, Australia

I was a member of the 2nd Bn. East Surrey's from 1935-1946 and saw service in Shanghai and Malaya as a member of the Pioneers H.Q.Coy. and was taken prisoner by the Japs in Singapore on 15 Feb.1942.

After working on the Thailand-Burma railway until its completion early 1944, I was sent to Japan and worked in Osaka at a metal and smelting factory called Otani for about 6 months and was then sent to a camp on the coast 30 kilo,s from Hiroshima working as a carpenter until we were freed by the Americans in Sept.1945.

I got married in Shanghai and on leaving there for Malaya in July 1940 all the British wives were sent to Australia.

The Americans took us to the Philippines and from there to Australia the Aircraft Carrier HMS Formidable took over, and I obtained my discharge here later.

I apologise for the length and rambling of this letter - I got carried away by memories and maybe old age.

All I really wanted to ask is if you could supply me with the address of the London F.E.P.O.W.Club as I would love to correspond with them, as owing to spending my last year as a P.O.W. in Japan, and coming straight to Australia, there is very little I know in regard to who survived from the East Surreys and particularly the Pioneer Platoon.

I have dozens of Photos taken in Shanghai of the regiment during various activities, such as Ypres Day 1938, marching into Shanghai led by our C.O. Lt.Col.Acton, and the Pioneer football club. I will gladly send copies to anyone who is interested.

J. W. Childs writes from New Zealand:-

I believe the Private Treasure mentioned in your Newsletter No.44 is the same man that I boxed in the gymnasium at Kingston Depot in 1937. He was in Sgt. 'Wompo' Harris's September Squad and I was in Sgt. Smith's August Squad. He would have joined in July/August 1937. He was a tall well built man, boxing as a middleweight.

Best wishes to you all.

F.C. Sutcliffe writes from Malawi - Africa

Brigadier Mike Doyle has just concluded a visit here. He met members of our C.E.L. of Malawi. I and a colleague met him at the airport. We were both delighted to learn that we belong to the same regiment, and the same battalion. Out of all the British Army Brigadier's that I could have met, this must be a coincidence worthy of the Guinness Book of Records.

We were also able to see him off on his flight out and from that brief conversation I learnt that he knows you well.

Brigadier Michael Perrett-Young writes:-

Following on from 'A Different Ball Game', it may be of interest if it has not been referred to before, that the scene of this heroic action remains accessible and clearly identifiable even after so many years.

The village of Carnoy lies 5 miles East of Albert and Captain Nevill's grave is in the CWGC cemetery there. About 800 yards up the minor road to Montauban and just short of the 'Carnoy Craters' site (fenced in and visible in 1980 and hopefully still so although many craters are being reclaimed for farming) you are on the 1st July 1916 Start Line and on the left flank of 7th Queens. 7th Queens occupied a frontage of about 400 yards down the slope to the right. From there lay the positions of 8th East Surreys another 400 yards or so down to the Talus Bois (on today's maps 'La Longue Haie') the shallow wooded embankment running North/South. The two Battalions constituted 55 Brigade's first wave, and in support were 7th Buffs and 7th RWK.

The 1916 air photo of Carnoy and Montauban on page 49 of John Giles' 'The Somme Then and Now' gives an indication of the front line conditions at the time, and the rusty grenades, shrapnel, barbed wire, bullets etc., still to be found among the root crops are tangible evidence of that fateful day and what went before.

Places of sombre atmosphere and real pilgrimage abound in Northern France and this one is no exception. Although there is no memorial there, you can be certain you are standing within a stone's throw of the exact spot if not right on it, viewing the same virtually unaltered features.

The Desert Rats

Author Robin Neillands has been commissioned by publisher Weidenfeld & Nicolson to write a personal history of the 'Desert Rats 1939-45'. He is therefore anxious to contact those who were there and who would be prepared to tell him their stories or experiences of that time. If you are able to help please contact Robin Neillands at P.O. Box 345, Bourne End, Bucks, SL8 5TX, or phone him on (06285) 25350. All contributions will be acknowledged in the book.

7th Armoured Division Officers Club 1989 Annual Dinner

This years dinner will be held on Wednesday, 25th October at the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly - 7 o'clock for 7.45.

Members and their guests will be welcomed by the President, Major - General G P B Roberts and the Speaker will be General Sir John Hackett.

The customary static historical display is to include the part played by 131 Queens Brigade from El Alamein to Tunis and subsequently in Italy.

Club membership stands at about 250, with Dinner attendances around ninety.

Any officer who served in 7th Armoured Division during or after the 1939-45 War is eligible to join and is encouraged to seek further information from the Hon. Secretary Major C F Milner MC, Mill Lane, Radford, Inkberrow, Worcester, WR7 4LP.

Information Required

The Chairman of the Vernay Branch of the Dutch equivalent of the Royal British Legion has discovered some letters written in 1944, and some photos relating to 6106591 Pte J. Casson of The Queen's Royal Regiment.

The Dutch would like to get in touch with the Casson family. Would anyone having their address please notify the Secretary of the Regimental Association, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, Howe Barracks, Canterbury, Kent CT1 1JU.

Just an Ordinary Soldier: Brian Cheesman

Brian Cheesman was born in Portsmouth on 25th April 1925. He had an adventurous childhood as, in common with many other people at that time, whenever the rent arrears became too high his parents did a 'moonlight flit'. As a result he had a wide range of residences and schools. Eventually at Easter 1939 he left school and quickly obtained employment as a milkman with Messrs. Walkers Dairies of Guildford Road, Portsmouth. His job entailed pushing a milk float around an area of the town laden with bottles and a churn of milk from which he sold half-pint measures. The arrival of the Luftwaffe over Portsmouth in July 1940 caused him to become a messenger with the Fire Brigade. At the age of 15 he was therefore a milkman by day and a messenger by night, often under enemy air attack.

After adjusting his Birth Certificate he joined the Hampshire Regiment at Winchester on 23 February 1942, his true age being 16 years 10 months. Training continued in England until 2 September 1943 when he was transferred to the Devonshire Regiment. He arrived in North Africa on 14th November 1943 and was transferred to the Queen's Royal Regiment on 20th January 1944 sailing with them to Anzio.

The situation at Anzio on 23rd February was serious with German troops on the attack in great strength. The 2nd/6th Queen's Royal Regiment were ordered to clear the road to Pantoni and relieve the Irish Guards. The Queen's had considerable difficulty in getting up and were soon engaged in hand to hand fighting in White Cow Farm. Eventually the Irish Guards were relieved and withdrew to their HQ leaving the Queen's under heavy shell and machine-gun fire. During the action No. 14536257 Pte. W. H. Allen was seen lying wounded in a forward position. A patrol led by L/Cpl. Cheesman went forward to recover him and on return it was found that L/Cpl. Cheesman was missing. He was seen lying in no-man's land but the fire was too intense to allow a rescue attempt. When the shell fire subsided a search was made but no trace could be found of L/Cpl. Cheesman. Private Allen recovered but was later killed in action on 29th September 1944.

In more favourable circumstances, L/Cpl. Cheesman could well have been Mentioned in Dispatches, received a Military Medal, or perhaps even a Victoria Cross. In due course his parents received three medals - 1939-45 Star, Italy Star and War Medal. His name is recorded on the Cassino War Memorial.

Brian Cheesman's record is probably no different to thousands of other soldiers on both sides. He was just an ordinary soldier - but he was my cousin.

M. F. R.

(Acknowledgement to The Journal of the Orders & Medals Research Society).

Outstanding Distinctions

Mrs. A. KITSON, daughter of the late MAJOR F. J. GAYWOOD, presented his medals and other memorabilia in January. "Birdie" Gaywood was in The East Surrey Regiment from 1916 to 1937 and from 1939 to 1944. He had the distinction of being awarded the MC and two bars. MC and first bar were awarded in 1917; the second bar in 1918. His other medals were 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Allied Victory Medal, 1939-45 Star, Defence Medal and War Medal 1939-45. Most of his service in the First World War was with 8th Surreys.

It may be of interest to record that the Military Cross was first gazetted on 1st January 1915. In the First World War the following MC awards were made:-

37,081 Crosses, 2,983 First Bars, 168 Second Bars, 4 Third Bars.

In the Second World War the awards were:-
10,386 Crosses, 482 First Bars, 24 Second Bars
(The Medal Man)

Line Up! Men Of Lambeth!

In 1915 recruiting posters proclaiming the above message appeared in Lambeth urging local men to join the newly formed 11th, and officially styled "Lambeth", Battalion, The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).

The battalion, raised by the Mayor by permission of the Secretary of State for War, and commanded by Captain H. B. Burnaby, D.S.O., was almost up to strength by the end of the year and on January 6th, 1916 it left Lambeth en route for Aldershot and active service. The Brixton Free Press, reporting the departure, stated that "...the thoroughfares were literally packed with enthusiastic crowds anxious to watch this historic incident...".

On their arrival in France later in the year they soon found themselves under fire at the front and casualties were incurred. While billeted in the Abbeville area in August and September they underwent vigorous training in attack, preparatory to participating in the Battle of the Somme which had commenced on July 1st.

A sad loss was sustained on September 7th when the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. Burnaby, was killed by a shell while reconnoitring an area of Delville Wood in preparation for its occupation by his troops. Major H. Wardell assumed temporary command, handing over to Major R. Otter, M.C. of the Norfolk Regiment on the 16th September, by which time the battalion was dug in north-east of Flers. Supported by a company of the 23rd Middlesex Regiment, they also had the 20th Durham Light Infantry on their right and New Zealand troops (ANZACS) on their left.

Under heavy shell fire they endeavoured to establish communication with aircraft by means of the "Popham panel" method of signalling. This was eventually effected by battalion signallers who acted with bravery and determination and at great risk to themselves. Although bombarded by guns of every calibre, sometimes firing tear gas shells as well as high explosive, the battalion held fast to their positions around Flers. Casualties were heavy and strenuous work was carried out by stretcher parties and at the First Aid Post under the Medical Officer, Captain Plunkett White, M.C.

After being relieved by the 7th Battalion, The King's Regiment on September 17th the 11th Queen's marched to camp at Meaulte where they received 140 reinforcements and reorganised. Ten days later they were back in the firing line, again near Flers, where they held firm against all forms of enemy attack.

Probably with no regrets, the battalion left the Somme on October 13th for a more northerly sector of the British front.

The Battle of the Somme raged from July 1st to the middle of November 1916 with heavy losses on both sides. Some military experts, however, considered it was "worth the cost". The part played by the 11th Queen's earned it the following Battle Honours - SOMME 1916, FLERS-COURCELETTE, MORVAL, LE TRANSLOY, ST QUENTIN. The price they paid in human terms was 38 killed and 165 wounded - a bill that was no doubt keenly felt back in Lambeth.



The 11th (Lambeth) Bn. The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regt. at Flers

Chivalry In War

At the outbreak of the 1914-18 War Robert Colin Campbell was a captain with eleven years service in the 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment. The Battalion was in France by 15th August 1914 and a week later crossed into Belgium and took up a position on the Mons-Conde canal.

The Germans attacked in strength on the morning of 23rd August. C Company Commander was killed almost immediately, and Captain Campbell assumed command of the company. During the afternoon he was wounded in the neck, then a second bullet hit him in the face, severely injuring his tongue. Nevertheless, he gallantly continued to command his company until two more wounds, one of which shattered his arm, brought him down. In his own words, 'I felt about done'. He was indeed in a bad way, but the following morning he found his way to a house where a Belgian couple did their best to look after him. Rather surprisingly, during that afternoon, Campbell was visited by two German officers, both wounded, who presented him with a bottle of wine and complimented him on the standard of marksmanship of his men. As the Regimental History comments, 'A pleasant and chivalrous episode'.

After treatment in a German military hospital in Cologne, Campbell was sent to Magdeburg Prisoner of War Camp. In 1915 he received news that his mother was very ill; and, at the suggestion of the Commandant of the camp, he wrote to the Kaiser for temporary release on parole to visit his mother. The Commandant, also a chivalrous officer, forwarded the application to the All-Highest with a recommendation it should be granted. The Kaiser agreed, and arrangements were made for Campbell to travel through Holland for a fortnight's leave of absence on parole. Needless to say, Campbell returned on time, surrendered his parole and resumed the status of a normal prisoner of war. No longer bound by his parole, Campbell was now free to attempt to escape. He was with a party of 15 other officers which reached the frontier, but was then recaptured.

Eventually the War came to an end and the prisoners were released. Campbell, being a Regular soldier, rejoined the 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment and in 1919 took part in the operations in North Russia. After service in Egypt, the Sudan and China, he retired in 1925. The 1939-45 War found Robert Campbell once more in uniform as Chief Observer of the Royal Observer Corps in the Isle of Wight. He died, aged 81, in July 1966.

P G E H

RETURN VISIT TO ST. VALERY - JUNE 1990

The 2/6th Bn The East Surrey Regiment T.A. (St. Valery Association) is arranging a return visit to France for the 50th Anniversary of their participation in the Normandy campaign of 1940. Anyone of either sex interested in joining in the Battle Fields Tour of that date is most welcome. The tour will commence on Friday 8th June 1990 and return on Wednesday 13th June 1990; the approximate cost will be 200 to include coach travel from Richmond, Surrey and B/B for five nights at the Grand Hotel Rouen.

Numbers are limited and will be dealt with on the basis of first come, first served. Applications for further details to:-

Chris Rooke,
14 Coombe Road, Hampton,
Middlesex TW12 3PA
Tel. No. 01-941-3142

A Gallant Soldier/Policeman

In his fortieth year, and described as the "very model of a Victorian gentleman", Captain Peregrine Henry Thomas Fellowes was appointed Chief Constable of the Hampshire Constabulary in 1891, from a list of seventy four applicants, after an active and varied military career.

Commissioned into the 31st (East Surrey) Regiment in 1873, he was appointed Adjutant in 1880. Then followed several years of employment in Australia, chiefly at Melbourne with the Victorian military forces, where he was successively deputy assistant adjutant-general and assistant adjutant general, with the local rank of first major and then lieutenant colonel. On his return to the United Kingdom, he resumed command of his company and was stationed with them at Tipperary. It was from there that he became Chief Constable.

An efficient and kindly chief of police, his term of office was to be tragically and literally short lived. On October 2nd, 1893 a runaway horse and trap thundered down West Hill, Winchester towards Police Headquarters. Three police constables formed a line across the road in an attempt to stop it and Captain Fellowes, coming out of Headquarters, joined them. But the panic stricken horse was unstoppable and it crashed into Captain Fellowes and, with the trap, collapsed on top of him. Badly injured, he was carried into Headquarters and later conveyed to his home where he died on November 30th.

After the inquest the Hampshire Chronicle commented that he had "fallen at the post of duty" and had "met his death by an action which the promptings of a noble nature and a courageous heart inspired him to in the hope of saving others from risk of danger".



Captain PHT Fellowes, The East Surrey Regiment and Chief Constable of Hampshire Police. (photo courtesy of Hampshire Police)

On The Ocean Wave

VILLIER'S REGIMENT OF MARINES (predecessors of the 1st Bn. of the East Surrey Regiment) must have had a hard time at sea but they seem to have withstood it without much comment. More vociferous, however, was Private George Dene of the First Regiment of Guards who, after a brief period of marine service, wrote, "While we lay on board we had continual Destruction in ye foretop; ye pox above board; ye Plague between Decks; Hell in ye forecastle and ye Devil at ye Helm; so that you may easily judge what course we steered". "Ye pox" was small pox, a deadly scourge of those times.

Museum Notes

The Regimental Museum at Clandon is now open every day except Thursdays and Fridays from 1.30 to 5.30 pm until 15th October. For those who have not visited it hitherto it is on the sub- basement floor of the National Trust house near Guildford, next to the restaurant. Admission is free to Regimental Association members. For those who have been before it is well worth another visit to see the many attractive new features.

Our Honorary Archivist, John Woodroff, has assembled two interesting collections, one of World War Two formation badges, and the other of regimental cap badges from the beginning of this century, but the major changes are the replacement of the special theme TA display by Regimental Life in India 1825 - 1947, and a very considerable expansion of the World War Two section which now depicts all the campaigns in which our regiments took part in some detail. The TA display has been dismantled but the photographs are all available on request in albums in the Archives Room. The new India display has already attracted considerable public interest. The imaginative concept is Mrs Daphne Hill's and the impact has been considerably enhanced by Charles Stadden's brilliantly created military figures in regimental uniforms of the 19th century which now dominate the centre of Room 1. The display is to be complemented by a book entitled Regimental India which will be available later in the year.

There are about fifty thousand visitors to the National Trust house each year of whom it is estimated at least one third visit the Museum. Unfortunately under the terms of our lease we cannot charge admission, and shop sales have to be limited to regimentalia. But we strive to pay our way as much as possible by providing attractive displays in order to encourage visitors to contribute voluntarily. Nevertheless we have to depend on Regimental funds, both Regular and TA, for substantial support and we hope that we justify it.

M.J.A.C.

5th O. M. A The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Remembrance Sunday was a bright sunny day which encouraged a good attendance from our members. Col J. W. Sewell laid the wreath in Holy Trinity Church on behalf of the Queens Royal Surrey Regt Association. The Mayor, Mrs. Elizabeth Cobbett, took the salute at the march past, and Maj R. Saunders laid the wreath at the Castle grounds Memorial on behalf of 5th Queens OMA.

The Annual Dinner of the Cranleigh TA (C Coy 1/5 Queens) was held at Cranleigh Cricket Pavilion in October, and was attended by over forty members and guests. Bill Petch, the Vice Chairman, announced that permission had been obtained to place a plaque in the Village Memorial Hall with all the names of those who joined in 1939. It is hoped to have the plaque in place by 1 September to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of mobilisation.

Any serving or retired member of the Queens Regiment living in West Surrey is welcome to join our Association; details can be obtained from our Secretary Doug Mitchell on 0483 232043.

Tally-ho

Advocates of drag hunting as a substitute for fox hunting may be pleased to know that in 1924 the East Surrey Regiment, on garrison duty in Jersey, were ahead of their time in this respect. The Regimental History records that:- "The Jersey Drag Hunt was revived by the officers under Colonel Fitzgerald with Captain E. J. Cooper as Master and Lieutenant K.L.S. Lawton as Whip. The Officers' Ball was another great event on the island, and indeed the Surreys took the lead in sporting and social activities of the community". Richard Ford, Curator at Clandon Museum, has passed this information to Major J.R.C. Riley, the present Joint Master of the Jersey Drag Hunt and Chase Club, who is researching the Hunt history.

The Queen's (Southwark) Regimental Association

Despite the Purley train disaster which affected the journey of some of our members, there were no late-comers or absentees from the Annual Re-union Dinner held at the Union Jack Club on Saturday 4th March 1989. The situation after the event was somewhat different, of course, and one sufferer was our President who did not arrive at his home in Hove until well after 3am! There was relief when all those expected to turn up had arrived, but this was marred by the very sad news that Frank Wilkins one of our Vice Presidents had died following a heart attack the previous Sunday. Frank was a staunch and loyal supporter of the OCA and for many years organised the attendance and travel arrangements for a party coming from the Northampton area. He regularly made similar arrangements for those attending the parade on Remembrance Sunday, and will be sadly missed.

The proceedings commenced with the President Lt Col W. D. Griffiths DSO MC in the chair, and once again we were delighted to have with us Maj Gen Desmond Gordon CB CBE DSO and our Belgian friends from St. Niklaas as well as representatives from the Royal British Legion (Southwark) branch.

An excellent meal was served, and as happens on these occasions, the buzz of conversation indicated that war-time experiences were being revived, and news exchanged about old friends and comrades.

The toast of The Queen was proposed by the Chairman followed by a toast to King Baudouin of the Belgians. Col Griffiths then called upon Capt Roy Lugg to toast "Absent Comrades". Proposing this toast in a most feeling and sensitive manner Roy Lugg firstly paid tribute to Frank Wilkins and the assembly was requested to remain silent for a few moments in honour of this modest and unassuming old comrade who was 'a friend' to all.

In proposing the toast of 'The Guests' the chairman chose as his main theme the intake from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry which joined 1/7 Queen's at Milbourne Port (Dorset) in October 1939. This intake consisted of militia men who had already been called-up for army service prior to the declaration of war.

They had been well trained in the use of all infantry weapons, and many were specialist signallers, drivers mortars and carrier personnel. The two or so men of this intake were a tremendous asset to the Battalion and were soon imbued with the spirit and tradition of the Queen's Royal Regiment. In fact since that time, and without reservation, regarded themselves as fully fledged 'Queensmen'. They fought with the Battalion through France and Belgium in 1940 and subsequently across the Desert from Alamein to Tunis, at Salerno in 1943 and finally Normandy, Belgium and Holland until the enemy were defeated. Sadly there were many casualties and only a small proportion of the original intake survived but some were with us now including Sgts Ivor Andrews, DCM, Hugh Matthews, Vic Cripps and Larry Uren. Col Griffiths concluded by thanking these men for their magnificent service, comradeship, and particularly their strong allegiance to the OCA which for most involves travelling to our functions from Cornwall.

Relying on behalf of the guests, Larry Uren described the situation when this band of militiamen joined the Regiment in 1939 and humorously how they had to slow down their Light Infantry drill movements and marching pace to conform with the requirements of the regular army Sergeant Majors of the Queen's. They never regretted and in fact were more than proud to have joined the 1/7th. On that note he proposed the toast of 'The Regiment'.

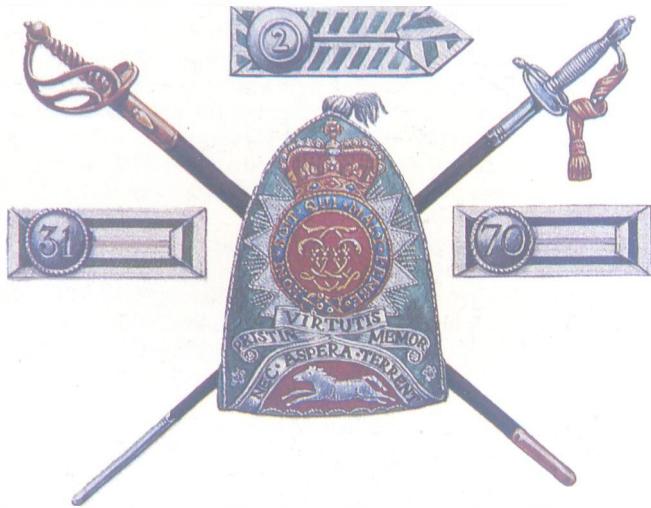
J M A T

The British Battalion

The following signal was received on 20 December 1988 from C.O. 1st Queen's AND ALL RANKS. BEST WISHES for 20 December. We drank a Toast to The British Battalion in the Messes today.

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL SURREY REGIMENT AND ITS FORBEARS 1661 – 1761

A remarkably well preserved officer's grenadier cap worn by Lieutenant Averell Daniel in 1757. The facing colour of sea green velvet has now faded to a pale blue. At the top and sides are button-hole loops of the three regiments identified by the pewter buttons. The grenadier's hanger left, was substantially heavier than the officer's sword on the right.



Acquired by Portugal in 1471, Tangier came to the British crown as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Queen on her marriage to Charles II.

The Earl of Peterborough was appointed Governor of the African outpost and gained his Majesty's approval to the raising of a regiment to act as his garrison. Known initially as the Tangiers Regiment it was to serve 23 years defending the port against continual attacks by Moorish warlords. In 1684 the port and fortifications were abandoned and the "Tangerines" as they were known, came home. Strangely the battle honour "TANGIER 1662-1680", the oldest in the British Army, was not officially awarded until 1910.

In 1686 the regiment was granted the title The Queen Dowager's Regiment of Foot and under the command of Colonel Piercy Kirke fought for James II at Sedgemoor and, after the Revolution, for King William III in Ireland and Flanders.

Colonel Clifford Walton's "History of the British Standing Army", the authoritative work on the army of this period gives little positive information on the uniform of the regiment and the only reliable pictorial information has to be gleaned from Hollar's excellent drawings of the port and fortifications and a large painting by Dirck Stoop which shows the Tangier garrison in review. Officers are shown wearing loose grey cassocks and small brimmed hats beribboned with a variety of colours believed to be the distinguishing facings. Sergeants, identified by their halberds, also have grey coats but the rank and file wear red with little to identify the regiments. Both NCOs and men wear broad-brimmed steeple-crowned hats. The grey clothing was probably the earliest form of service or working dress worn by the British Army and there are records of such "frieze surtouts" being worn by other elements of the Army in Britain.

Officers were armed with swords on richly decorated baldric and with half-pikes. Sergeants had swords and halberds. Pikemen, who often wore reversed clothing (facing-colour coats with red cuffs), were armed with swords and 16ft ash pikes, and the other companies with matchlocks, bandoliers of charges, and swords. In 1678 grenadier companies were added to infantry regiments. Their coats were decorated with lace loops and they had cloth caps, originally bound with fur but later higher crowned, with the bag part left to fall free behind.

In June 1702 Colonel George Villiers was given command of one of six regiments of Marines which were newly formed. His regiment, subsequently to be the 31st Foot, served with the fleet for ten years, taking part in many actions at sea.

From their service at sea in Her Majesty's ships, the Marine regiments adopted the custom of the Royal Navy of drinking the Loyal Toast seated.

The Marine colonels were - 1 Jun 1702 - Dec 1703 - Colonel George Villiers .. Dec 1703 - 31 Dec 1706 - Colonel Alexander Luttrell .. 1 Jan 1707 - 1711 - Colonel Joshua Churchill .. 1 Mar 1711 - 1714 - Colonel Sir Harry Goring.

At the end of the War of the Spanish Succession in 1713, some Marine regiments were disbanded, but Goring's was retained, converted to Infantry of the Line and numbered the Thirty First Regiment of Foot.

Luttrell's Marines joined the Queen Dowager's at Cadiz under Admiral Rooke. Luttrell's went on to take part in the taking of Gibraltar. The Queen Dowager's joined Marlborough in the Low Countries where, at Tongres near Liege, together with the Dutch Van Elst Regiment, it was besieged by 40,000 French. For 28 hours the two regiments repelled constant attacks by vastly superior enemy forces thereby gaining invaluable time for the Allies to group and re-deploy. As a direct consequence the French attacks foundered and were then abandoned. For this heroic action the Queen's were granted the title ROYAL and gained the Motto PRISTINAE VIRTUTIS MEMOR (Mindful of former glory). Made prisoners, their release was rapidly negotiated by Marlborough and they were sent, together with Luttrell's and other selected regiments, to Spain to take part in the campaign which ended at Almanza in 1707. In 1711 the Queen's took part in an expedition to Canada. In 1715 Luttrell's, which was by then Goring's Marines, was threatened with disbandment but in view of its exceptional record it was retained, but as a regiment of foot.



An officer of the 1st Tangier Regiment, 1665

By the turn of the century pikemen had all but disappeared and an infantry regiment then comprised ten to twelve companies of musketeers including a company of grenadiers.

Clothing for an infantry soldier consisted of a full bodiced coat of Venetian red cloth lined with the facing colour (showing in the deeply turned back cuffs), a waistcoat, kersey breeches, stockings, neck cloths and a lace-trimmed cocked hat. Sergeants usually had crimson coats and Corporals red coats but of better quality. Officers clothing was still regulated and they wore either scarlet or crimson coats in a variety of styles with varying amounts of gold or silver lace, red waistcoats and red or blue breeches and silk stockings. Around their waists they wore voluminous silk or taffeta sashes and they had gorgets. Sergeants were distinguished by narrow gold or silver lace on their hats and the seams and edging of their coats. Corporals had a reduced amount of lace.

Grenadiers wore the same coats as the men but lavishly decorated with fancy looping and they had taller caps with a variety of devices. Drummers were dressed in coats of the regimental facing colour with much lace and trimming and with badges and cyphers on the front and back. Marine Regiments were dressed in a similar style to the infantry but all companies wore high-crowned caps of red cloth with turn-ups of the facing colour and devices similar to those worn by grenadiers.

Officers were wearing full bottomed perukes in 1700 but these were soon modified to more moderate wigs, sometimes knotted into tails. The men's hair was cut reasonably short in 1700 but subsequently was allowed to grow longer and was tied with a ribbon at the nape of the neck. Officers were armed with swords and pikes, Sergeants with halberds and swords and Corporals and men with flintlock muskets, hangers (a type of dagger worn on a sword belt) and plug bayonets although they were rapidly being discarded in favour of the socket type. Grenadiers were armed with fusils, (a light musket), hatchets, hangers and bayonets, and their Officers and Sergeants were also armed with fusils.



A private soldier of The 70th Regiment, 1764, In the West Indies

Goring's Regiment went to Ireland in 1715 and was known under various Colonels' names until 1751. The regiment fought at Dettingen in 1743 where its excellence under fire was noted by George II. Because of its facings the King mistook the regiment for the Buffs, and when this was pointed out, called it the "Young Buffs". It also fought bravely at Fontenoy two years later, and suffered so severely that only eleven of its seventy five grenadiers were left at the end of the day.

In 1714, and until 1727, England had no Queen and the Queen's took the title The Princess of Wales's Own Regiment. In 1727 it was re-titled The Queen's Own Regiment. It was not in action again until the French Wars.

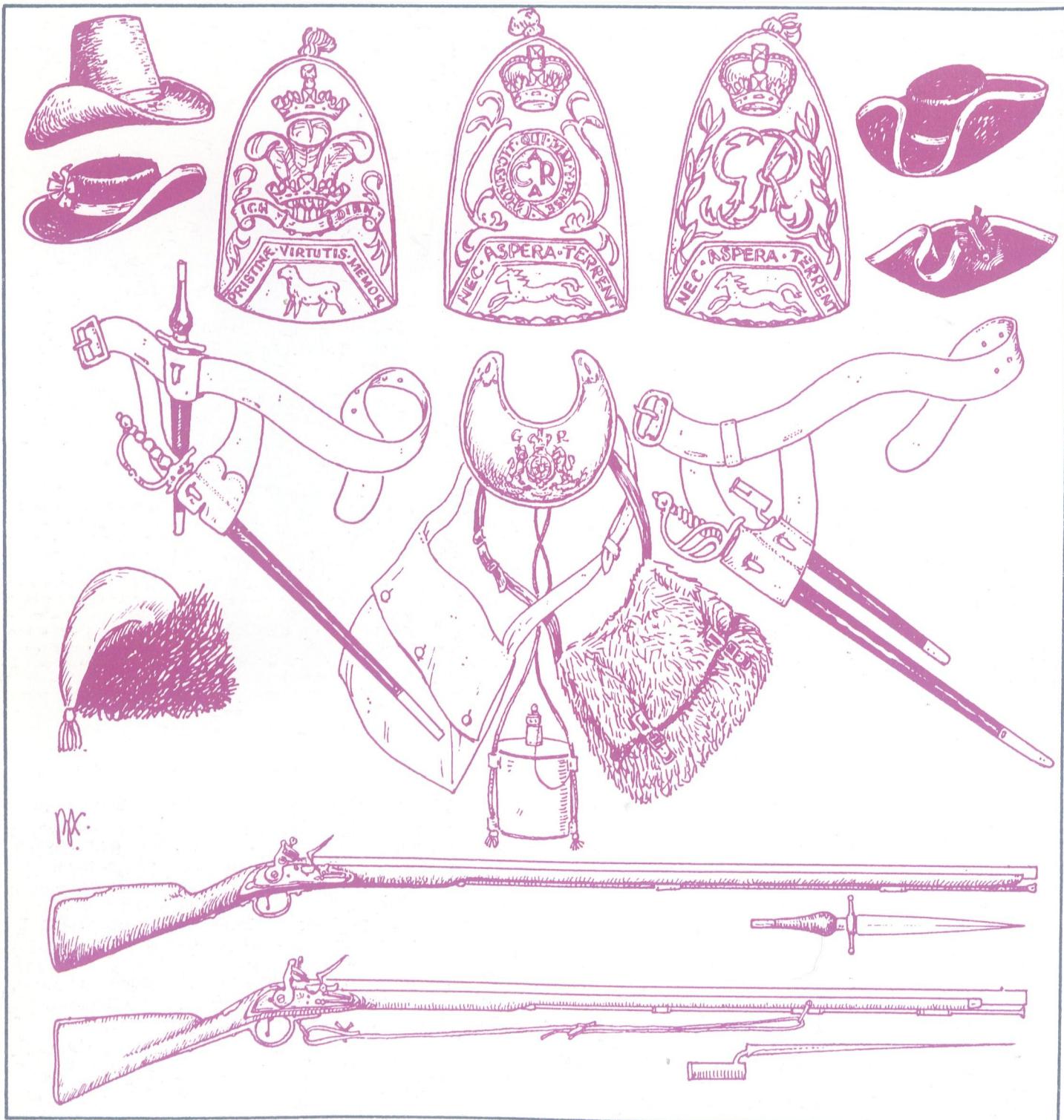
In 1751, the regiments received their seniority titles, The Queen's (Second) Royal Regiment of Foot and the 31st Regiment. In 1756 the 31st raised a second battalion. Two years later it became the 70th Regiment and was popularly known as the Glasgow Greys from the colour of their facings. In 1764 this regiment went out to the West Indies where it remained for ten years.

From 1720 the infantry uniform began to develop from the simple single-breasted style to a more elaborate, double-breasted pattern with facing colour lapels. Hats were trimmed with white lace and became more tightly cocked. Grenadier caps became taller and were decorated with devices determined by the Colonels, in some cases including their personal crests and cyphers. Fine stockings were worn for normal duties but on active service thicker, coarser, and longer stockings were worn and pulled over the knees.

In the Low Countries heavy gaiters, or spatterdashes, were introduced. Portraits of Officers of this period show hats with lace trimming and in one case with feather trimming, plain scarlet coats with facing colour cuffs, red waistcoats and red or blue breeches and white stockings. The sash was now worn over the right shoulder and aiguillettes were worn on the same



A private soldier of Lord John Kerr's Regiment, 1720, Later The 31st Regiment.



The illustration shows the development of the hat from the high crowned brown hat, frequently made of leather, dated 1661, and the low crowned black felt hat of 1700, on the left, to the first cocked hat of 1730 and the tightly cocked hat of 1760, on the right. The left hand grenadier cap is from a life sized board recruiting poster of The Queen Dowager's Regiment dated 1726c. The central cap of the 2nd Regiment of Foot is from Morier's painting at Windsor. The CR cypher is for Catherine Regina and the two A's are for Anne and Ansbach. The right hand cap shows the standard style of the period and is of the 31st Regiment based on the Morier painting. An early form of grenadier cap is shown lower on the left. Two waistbelts are shown. The one on the left is dated about 1685 to 1700, and the one on the right is from the Morier paintings and dated 1751. Both are of buff leather. In the centre is shown an officer's gorget with a Land Pattern, 'Brown Bess', dated 1730 bottom.

side. Gorgets were worn and the sword was suspended from under the waistcoat. Coat skirts were not folded back.

Officers were also armed with spontoons (a species of half-pike or halberd), Sergeants retained their swords and halberds and all rank and file had flintlocks, hangers and socket bayonets.

By 1742 Royal approval had been given to more elaborate distinctions to identify the regiments. They were now not only distinguished by their facings but also by the pattern and colours of the lace, which varied in quantity from regiment to

regiment. The soldiers' uniforms were illustrated in a series of important plates published under the aegis of the Duke of Cumberland and a supplementary List was published by Millan in 1742-1749. The plates, bound in book form, listed the regiments in numbered sequence of seniority, thereby avoiding the confusion which had arisen previously when different regiments were known by the name of their Colonel who shared his surname with other Commanding Officers. Even so this practice continued for some years.

The Queen's Royal Regiment is shown with sea green facings and white worsted lace with stripes of sea green interspersed

with a yellow stripe. The 31st Regiment has buff facings and lace with a yellow serpentine worm.

Grenadier caps were red-edged white with a front in the facing colour. The little flaps were also red-edged white and bore the springing White Horse of Hanover and the motto NEC ASPERA TERRENT. The design on the front was the Royal Cypher, surmounted by the Crown and framed in scrolls or leaves. Some regiments, especially the senior corps, had special badges on the front and Royal Regiments had the Royal Cypher surmounted with the Crown.

Officers' caps were richly embroidered in gold or silver and silks and had, in some cases, different designs to those of the men. They were generally retained for ceremonial use. The cap of Lieutenant Avcrell Daniel, Ensign in the Queen's c.1757, is shown in colour in the heading of this article. It is interesting to note the misspelling of the word "PRISTIN.." instead of the correct "PRISTINAE" in the motto on this cap. An earlier cap of a grenadier, shown in black and white, has the correct spelling.

In 1751 a major Clothing Warrant was published which laid down instructions for the basic dress of Officers, NCO's, Drummers etc. David Morier, a Swiss artist with Royal Patronage, prepared a series of paintings illustrating the dress of a soldier of every regiment of the Army to supplement the Warrant.

These indicate sea green facings with white lace decorated with diagonal sea green stripes for the 2nd and buff facings with white lace with a central green stripe for the 31st. Sergeants' coats were to be of better quality than those of the men and trimmed with silver lace around the cuffs and on the seams. They had sashes of crimson worsted with central stripes of the facing colour. Corporals wore the same uniform as the men with the addition of a white silk knot on the right shoulder. Although nothing was laid down in the Warrant it is believed Officers of both the 2nd and 31st had silver lace. Officers, NCO's and men were armed in the same fashion as the earlier period.

The 70th Regiment wore grey facings from 1758 to 1768 when they adopted black facings. The men's lace was white with a blue stripe.

BF

A SHORT GLOSSARY OF WORDS:- **Aigulette:** A metallic cord of gold or silver worn on the shoulder as a distinction of rank. **Baldric:** A shoulder belt from which the sword was suspended. Usually made of leather covered in coloured fabric and edged with a silken fringe. **Bandolier:** A leather shoulder belt from which were suspended twelve wooden cartridges, each with a separate charge, a powder horn and a small bag for the musket balls. **Cassock:** A loose single-breasted coat which reached to the knee. **Facings:** Originally the lining of the coat which became visible when the cuffs and lapels were folded back. Each regiment had the linings, or facings, of their coats in different colours. **Firelock:** An early flintlock musket. **Frieze surtou:** A surtou is a coat similar to a cassock only shorter. Frieze is a very thick and heavy woollen material. **Fusil:** A light flintlock musket usually of good quality carried by officers and sergeants. **Gotget:** A silver or gilt plate, worn on the breast by officers to show when they were on duty. **Halberd:** A pole arm with an axe blade and point beneath a broad spearhead. Carried by sergeants until they adopted the spontoon. **Hall pike:** A short pike similar to a spontoon but without the cross piece. Carried by officers. **Hanger:** A heavy brass hilted sword carried by infantrymen in the first half of the 18th century. **Kersey:** A thick woollen material. **Matchlock:** An early musket with a simple lock which flicked a lighted slow match onto the pan to ignite the propellant charge. **Peruke:** A type of wig, rather large and full of curls. **Plug bayonet:** A broad bladed knife with a handle shaped to push into the muzzle of a firelock. **Spatterdashes:** Long, buttoned, gaiters which came over the knee with a strap and buckle under the knee. **Spontoon:** A short pike with a cross piece under the spearhead. Carried by officers and, later, sergeants.

From the Past

The photograph shows The Band and Drums at the 5th Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment outside the Walton Road Drill Hall, Woking, on the occasion of King George V's Silver Jubilee.

The Drum Major was Charlie Brown, also in the front rank is Harry and Charlie Wilde, Harry was killed at Dunkirk. The photo was sent in by H. V. Goulding who joined as a boy playing the flute and bugle. His Uncle Sgt. Harry Goulding was also in the Corps of Drums.

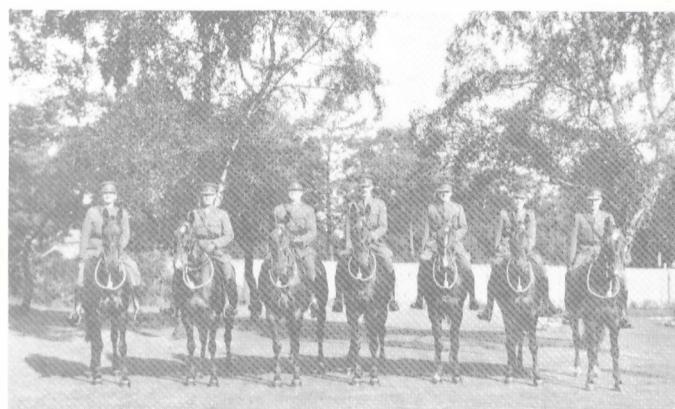


Honour Guard, Korea 1962. Pictured Opposite

The photograph was sent to the Editor by Mick Sibley who wonders where they all are now. Lt Hutt, Sgt. Anderson, Cpl Palmer, Privates Reg Dance, John Goddard, 'Noshier Collins', 'Doogie' Dougan, Jock Smith, 'Russ' Conway, Pugh and Dugdale.

From The Past

Connaught Cup Team 1934, 2nd Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment



Capt. F.E.B. Girling, MC Lt. LC East Capt & Adjt. RE Pickering
Lt. Col. RAM Basset, MC Lt. CDH Parsons Lt. RA Dawson Capt. EF Bolton



The Sequel

This is NOT in any way a detailed account of a 2-day action in Belgium; it is a background to the letter which follows and its aftermath.

49 years ago, on the 17th May, 1940, the 1/6th Bn. The Queen's Royal Regt., moving up in small parties, occupied its positions on the R. Escaut, recce'd and sited carefully the previous few days. 2nd Buffs, also of 131 Bde., were on their right, 5th Northants on their left and 1/5th Queen's in reserve. The Bn. front stretched about 3,000 yards, overlooked from the enemy side by a ridge of high ground.

By 15.30 hrs on the 20th May there was considerable activity on the whole of the Bn front and despite heavy losses, small parties of the enemy succeeded in infiltrating the left flank. Throughout the evening and night there was enemy fire and attempts to cross the river, all of which failed. Pressure was then transferred to that of 2 Buffs and the enemy obtained control of Petegem, to the left rear of 1/6 Queen's.

On the morning of the 21st May, all Companies were fully committed and Bn. H.Q. had to counter-attack against the enemy now coming from the rear of the Bn. During one of these fights, Major J. G. Bevington, 2 i/c, was severely wounded.

News from the Brigade Commander was that the enemy were across the river on the Bn left after which all contact with Bde H.Q. was lost. By early evening, C Coy on the left was over-run by superior forces, at the same time enemy in strength came in from the right rear of the Bn., B Coy posts being lost after a stubborn fight.

12 carriers had been sent by the Lancashire Fusiliers but only one got through under Capt. Woollat who was considerably surprised to find forward positions still held as the Bns to the right had withdrawn and the enemy were across the Escaut in that area.

Lieut. Col. I. T. P. Hughes (later Maj. Gen.) decided to extricate the remainder of the Bn before being completely surrounded and at 21.45 hrs the withdrawal began in small parties covered by C Coy 1/5th Queen's. As the Divisional diary stated -

"The 1/6th Queen's had fought a great battle and held their front with magnificent skill and courage. The Commanding Officer received an immediate DSO as recognition of his leadership and the Battalion's splendid performance".

but the cost was very high - over 400 casualties of whom about 130 were reported prisoners.

The Bn eventually withdrew via Dunkirk, and the following letter, from Sergeant Horwood to his father, describes what happened to two of the erstwhile prisoners:-

Bourley,
Aldershot.
Monday (3rd June, 1940)

Dear Dad,

I expect that you have had news of me being missing. Was captured with about thirty others of B Coy. on Tuesday 21st. We received orders to retire after 36 hours continuous shelling and machine gun fire from the Boche. Unfortunately the order arrived too late as we were already surrounded. We were taken to Antwerp, where I escaped through a window with one of our officers (Captain A. R. Trench) on the Sunday 26th. We walked, after scrapping civilian clothes from some Belgians, to Nieuport which is a few miles S.W. of Ostende. We were then well in Jerry lines, as they had been fighting there a couple of days previously. We dare not go any further as we should most certainly have been stopped and questioned, and then we

should have been sunk. We decided that the only hope was to pinch a rowing boat and row round Jerry's lines into our own.

The coast of course was heavily guarded and at the time it seemed almost suicide but we were determined not to give ourselves up, and as we were almost out of money, it had to be done quickly. Thank goodness we risked it. We arrived at Dunkirk about midday yesterday (2nd June) and learnt that the last of the B.E.F. were leaving the same night. Had we left it a day or wasted any time on the way, we should have been in the soup. I don't think Jerry is taking any more prisoners.

We walked a hundred and ten miles approx. in four and a half days, and must have rowed something like fifteen miles. The boat we pinched was about one and a half miles down the river Yser and as the water was so phosphorus we daren't row as there were Jerries on both banks, so we drifted down with tide. It took two and a half hours to do that one and a half miles.

There's no doubt we've seen more Boche in those seven days than the whole of the Army has seen during the war. Was only in a tight corner once; on Saturday night two Jerries walked into the empty house we were resting in prior to slipping out at midnight. They brandished revolvers over us and gassed quite a lot, to which we replied with a few Ja's and Nicht's and apparently we must have persuaded them that we were merely a couple of homeless and harmless refugees. But what a chance of promotion they missed!

We rowed out about four or five miles and then went parallel to the coast. We expected to have to row until we could hear by the artillery fire when we were in our own lines, but actually had a better indication. At about 8 a.m. about fifty Jerry bombers swooped down and started bombing along the coast to our left and immediately inshore from our position. It was an awe-inspiring sight. Some shrapnel even came out as far as us and hissed into the sea!

After a couple of hours they packed up, so we landed and found ourselves in the Froggy lines. They sent us about four miles south to Dunkirk. Jerry bombed and shelled this place all day. It is practically razed to the ground now and burning like fury. We could see the flames when we left for about an hour. Ostende also is completely wrecked.

This air bombardment business is Hell absolutely. I don't like H.E. shelling but somehow I'd sooner put up with half-a-dozen Howitzers than one Heinkel. The Boche is very thorough and relies more on his planes than his guns. The blighters come over and drop everything and go back for more until there is hardly a building left standing.

I haven't the foggiest notion what happened to the remainder of the Battalion. I sincerely hope Fred got out O.K., although by what I could see of it at the time, A Coy. got a hell of a shelling as they were quite close to Battalion H.Q.

Can't write any more - have just had orders to remove to Division area at Oxford, I believe.

Will send address as soon as poss. Love to all.

Ally.

Both Capt. Trench and Sergeant Horwood returned to the Bn., Capt. Trench being awarded the M.C. and eventual promotion to Major commanding B Coy., while Sgt. Horwood received the DCM and recommended for a commission.

The sequel? Oh, yes, the sequel!

Major Trench died of his wounds sustained in the attack on Deir el Munassib, prior to Alamein, and Lt. Horwood, now with The Northamptonshire Regt. was killed with them in Burma.

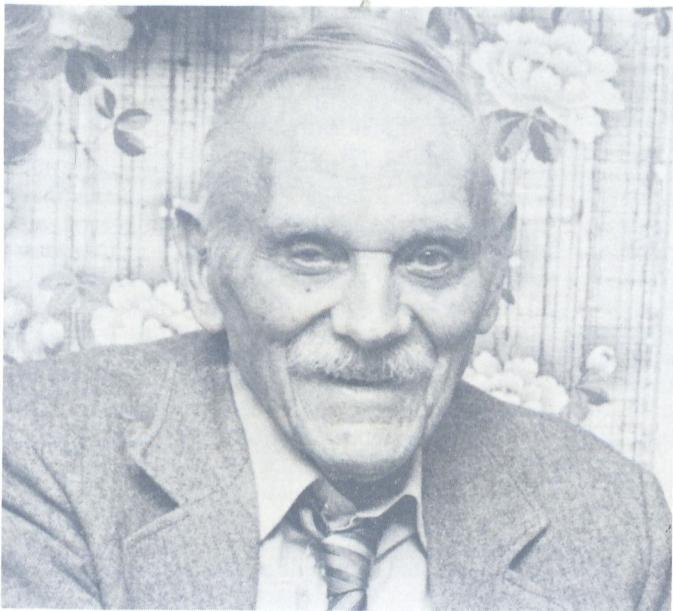
He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry!!

C. H. N.

A Century

Mr James Ellis celebrated his birthday at Woking on December 29th 1988. Some eighty guests attended including the Mayor and Mayoress of Woking and representing The Association Lieutenant Colonel Foster Herd.

During the First World War he served with 5th Queen's in India and Mesopotamia and other parts of the Middle East. Asked by a guest what his secret for long life was he replied "Breathing"!



Mobile Again

Recently the Association with the assistance of the Army Benevolent Fund arranged for an electric wheelchair, to be given to ex Corporal Tommy Bramble M.M. who lives in the Guildford area. The presentation was made by the Secretary of the Association at Sandsfield Terrace, Guildford.

The photograph shows Mr. Bramble receiving the scooter from Lieutenant Colonel Wilson. Behind them, left to right, are Mrs. Edna Homersham and her husband Jack (who was in Burma with Mr. Bramble), Ron May, Doug Mitchell and Mrs. Charlotte Gates of The (Soldier's, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association).



Another Century

Mrs. C. D. Bannister, celebrated her 100th Birthday on April 10th in Mount Hermon Nursing Home, Lancing.

As a personal friend spanning over sixty years, I was also honoured to represent The Regimental Association at this very special occasion, which was attended by thirty-five family, and personal friends.

Daisy who is blind and very deaf, seemed to understand all that was happening, even though it may have been a little bewildering to her. She knew it was her 100th birthday. I had talks with her about our days in the Regiment. There were 25 birthday cards all with 100 on them, a telegram from Her Majesty, one from Rt. Hon. Mr. Moore, Secretary of State for Social Services, an excellent card from the President and members of the Association and a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the Regiment.

On behalf of the family, I was asked to send their very best wishes and grateful thanks. I met all Daisy's friends at the reception, the majority of whom I already knew.

An account of this occasion was shown on BBC South News the same evening.

W.K.R.



Congratulations To:- Mr James Ellis who celebrated his century on December 29th 1988 and Mrs C. (Daisy) Bannister who celebrated her century on April 10th 1989.

Golden Wedding:- Jack and Bonnie Head who celebrated fifty happy years together on March 25th 1989.

THANK YOU !!!

The Regimental Association wishes to thank Major J L A Fowler TD for supplying the paper for this Newsletter.

Memorable Journeys in Peace and War

Journeys - Bombay to Mombasa, 1942

When I was 'A' Company Commander in the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment in Peshawar in 1942, the late Crispo Evans was the CO. On one occasion, having conducted a full-scale administrative inspection on my Company - which took all day - he told me that things looked all right on the surface but he was certain there was a lot wrong underneath: a charming compliment for me to pass on to the soldiers who had flogged themselves getting everything right. I knew then that one of us would have to go. So I went.

I volunteered to go to East Africa on what was described as an exchange scheme, which gave me six months in the territories under East Africa Command followed by a posting to the Middle East where I hoped to be able to join the 2nd Battalion of the Regiment. It was my misfortune that the scheme was cancelled four months later and the East Africans were stuck with me for the rest of the war. But my luck wasn't entirely bad because I did a lot of travelling and saw places that would cost me a fortune to visit now; the Seychelles, Kenya, the Somalilands (Italian, British and French), Ethiopia, Madagascar and Burma.

The Editor of this Newsletter has asked for memories of particularly unusual journeys by land, sea or air, and I could bore him rigid with a dozen that seemed particularly unusual at the time - for instance being driven up the Death Railway by a couple of Japs - but I am aware that many people will have made journeys far more interesting than mine. But the trip across the Indian Ocean from Bombay to Mombasa, at a time when Jap submarines were sinking a ship a day in the Mozambique Channel does, I think, come under the heading of unusual, if only because of the paravanes and the redhead.

The ship was the SS Shirala of the British India Line and she sailed from Bombay with a cargo of miscellaneous stores, half a dozen Army officers and 150 Indians - a labour force for East Africa which was packed fairly tidily in the forward hold. As the only Army Captain on board, having just reached the mellow age of 23, I was told by the Purser that I had been appointed OC Troops. We didn't happen to have any, but it was pointed out to me that my command included the Indians, and I was regarded as particularly suitable to look after them because I could speak their language well enough to tell a tonga-wallah to come back in the morning for his money.

As OC Troops I immediately appointed an Adjutant, a character named Michael Forbes in the KOSB, an old friend, who was happy to take on the job provided he had a reserved seat in a lifeboat. I reassured him about this.

As we were leaving Bombay I asked one of the ship's officers what had happened to the aircraft carrier and attendant destroyers of our escort.

"Not to worry", he said. "We're going across unescorted and unarmed".

"Not unarmed", I said. "I have my revolver".

"Good"! he said. A trifle tersely I thought.

When I told Forbes we had no escort he said he felt faint.

Next morning, looking over the side of the ship I saw a cable in the water about three feet away that was obviously towing something behind us. There was another one on the port side. The Purser was on deck and I asked him what they were.

"Paravanes", he said, his tone implying I had asked a silly question.

Oddly enough I had read about paravanes somewhere; that they were rather like finned torpedoes attached by cables to

the sharp end of a ship whose speed caused them to swing right out on either flank and thus sever any tethered mines and deflect them and any floating ones away from the ship's hull. Two points struck me; firstly that with the effort of towing the paravanes the ship was now moving so slowly that they couldn't fulfil their function, and secondly, it seemed unlikely we would encounter many mines in the middle of the Indian Ocean. I mentioned this to the Purser but all he said was that no one queried the orders given by the Captain of a ship. He confirmed that we were making about six knots into the seasonal headwind.

Forbes, when I told him, said he was relieved. He was sure no enemy submarine commander would ever believe that any ship could be moving so slowly through dangerous waters and therefore his torpedoes would pass harmlessly in front of us.

Two days later, having indulged perhaps a little recklessly in alcoholic stimulants before lunch I was dozing in the ship's 'lounge' - a small space at the head of the main companion-way, on either side of which was the ship's library in two glass-fronted cupboards - when I was awakened by a slight noise. I looked up. A red-headed girl clad in a silk shirt that emphasised this and that, and very short white shorts, was standing in front of a bookcase and she bent over to pick up a book she had dropped. Until now I had been pretty certain there were no women on board the Shirala, and it seemed to me a matter of common courtesy that I should leap to my feet, if only to pass the time of day. She saw me, presumably for the first time, gasped, grabbed her book and dashed out on to the deck outside. I galloped in pursuit, with the sole object of making sure she had the book she wanted, but I tripped over that confounded thing that ship builders put across the bottom of doors to keep the water out, staggered across the deck and went headlong into the scuppers. By the time I had collected myself the girl had disappeared.

I went below to the cabin I shared with Forbes and told him I had just seen a gorgeous redhead. He said, rather unkindly perhaps, that I was still plastered. I assured him I wasn't. He rolled over sleepily in his bunk.

"Gorgeous redhead, you say. Did her legs go right up to her bottom? The best ones do".

I was able to verify this because she had bent over to retrieve the book, but it was clear he didn't believe me because he advised me to lie down and let the hallucination pass. However, that evening when I came back from the shower and he saw the bruise on my hip that I had acquired in the scuppers, he realised there might be something in my story.

That night, in my capacity as OC Troops checking the black-out, I went to look for her. All I found was the Chief Engineer, a Scot, naturally, who invited me into his cabin for a wee dram. By this time of night he was very nicely thank you but perfectly coherent, and all he said when I asked him about the redhead was that he wouldn't hear a word against the Old Man. This told me clearly enough that the girl was the Captain's individual fruit pie, because I felt sure that had she been his wife the Chief Engineer would have said so. I abandoned what was obviously a hopeless quest.

On the following evening, after dark, the comparative peace and quiet of the ship's progress was shattered by the insistent clamour of alarm bells, and since I was responsible for the Indians in the forward hold I thought I had better go and see what the form was. The situation was moving smoothly towards total chaos because they were all trying to climb one narrow companion-way at the same time and every now and again someone fell off it, back on to the crowd below. Those who had managed to reach the deck lay about on it, exhausted. By the time I had more or less sorted things out someone shouted down from the bridge that the alarm was over, but thereafter and until the end of the voyage the bells rang intermittently throughout the day and night. We didn't get much sleep.

I asked the Purser what equipment the ship carried for locating enemy submarines and he said we didn't need any because the Skipper could smell them. Incidentally, the Skipper spent all his time on the bridge or in the chartroom, where the Purser said he lived, and we never saw him.

There was one occasion when the alarm was justified. One morning the bells began ringing at first light and when I staggered up on deck, clutching my panic-bag and still half asleep, the sky and sea were uniformly grey, but on the grey sea lay a grey warship, about a mile away but close enough for me to be able to see her guns slowly swinging round to point at me. Obviously she was a German or Japanese surface raider about to blow us out of the water. While I watched, completely transfixed, waiting for the flashes of gunfire, there was a considerable commotion on the bridge just above my head, and then, for no apparent reason, the guns swung back to their normal alignment and the warship began to move away.

I learned soon afterwards that she was one of ours. Using an Aldis lamp we had been asked for our identifying call sign, and not receiving an immediate reply it had been assumed we were an enemy supply ship looking after the submarines in those waters. Our Officer of the Watch had forgotten what the call sign was and the situation had been saved by the Captain using a torch.

Eventually we reached Mahe in the Seychelles and spent three days in Port Victoria, waiting for a hostile submarine to go away, it had been spotted by a Catalina aircraft on patrol. Then we set off on what the Purser assured me was the really dangerous bit, between the Seychelles and Mombasa. The alarm bells sounded even more frequently but the Captain's nose for enemy submarines played him false every time because we arrived intact in Mombasa.

Soon after we had docked, a Goan steward brought me a large gilt-edged 'At Home' invitation card, made out in a round feminine hand, requesting me and the Adjutant to have drinks with the Captain on the bridge before lunch. It was an interesting encounter. The chartroom had been converted into a suburban home-from-home with tastefully looped curtains at the windows and pictures on the walls. The redhead, who was older than I had at first thought, lay on a couch, showing a lot of leg, the Captain sat in an armchair. He got up when we came in and I could see he was shot to pieces; his hands shook uncontrollably, he blinked continuously and his mouth twitched. He was a large, bald man, probably in his early fifties. After greetings we sat in silence most of the time. Forbes and I said how grateful we were for having been brought safely to Mombasa, drank our gins as quickly as we decently could and came away.

At lunch Forbes said the only sad things about the voyage were that no one would believe us if we tried to tell them about it, and we would probably never learn what happened to the nervous wreck who captained the ship and his redheaded friend. I agreed, but there was a sequel.

Three years later, when I had finished what I had to do in Burma I reported to Brigadier Dennis Rossiter who was running the East African Liaison Mission in Delhi, and when he told me I could go back to Nairobi I said I was sick of flying and needed a pleasant voyage in a comfortable ship, surrounded by obliging, unattached young women. He wished me luck.

I flew down to Bombay where I was told there was room for me in a ship leaving for Mombasa in a couple of days' time. It turned out to be the Shirala, with no women on board. All the ship's officers had changed except the Purser and he said he recognised me because I had been OC Troops on the voyage when they had lost the Captain.

I asked him whether he had committed what the Chinese call self-ending but he said his nerve had finally gone - he had been torpedoed four times in the First World War - and had been

flown home. I then asked what had happened to the redhead and he said that as far as he knew she had opened a sort of club for sailors in Mombasa and stocked it with girls from the Seychelles, but he had never had time to check on this.

C J D H

Iraq

Hour after miserable hour the train stuttered and staggered slowly northward across the barren plain of central Iraq on a long day's journey into seemingly endless night.

Sleep was impossible. Uncomfortably packed into the wooden coaches as we were, complete with all our kit - two kitbags per man besides full marching order and all arms - it was difficult to sit in comfort much less achieve a position conducive to slumber. A few enterprising people tried to curl up among the kit on the floor and a few even tried the luggage racks but the racks came away from the walls cascading men and equipment all over the compartment while those on the floor soon gave up after being trampled underfoot by the almost unending stream of men making for the latrine - a malodorous cubby-hole situated, of all places, in the centre of the compartment. Each time the door of this abomination was opened a foul stench pervaded the entire compartment but this was the least of our problems for our sojourn in the East, short though its duration had so far been, had accustomed us to unpleasant odours.

At daybreak heavy clouds, scurrying before a high, cold wind like galleons in full sail, rolled across a leaden sky, seeming at times to be only a few feet above the sand. The first spots of rain heralding the coming downpour beat against the windows and the unfriendly sky and terrain seemed to chuckle in unison at our discomfiture, as if to leave us in no misapprehension as to the quality of our welcome.

Gradually the country over which we were travelling underwent a change. The unbroken flatness of the desert gave way to rolling foothills rising like camel-humps from the plain, running together in folds until they merged in the blue haze of distance with a darker smudge indicating a range of high mountains. A uniform two hundred feet or so in height these cone-shaped hills matched the drab mud-brown of the desert and were equally devoid of any form of vegetation so that the interest engendered by the change in scenery soon died and we settled again to the unrelieved ennui of uncomfortable travel.

But all journeys must end somewhere and for us the end came late that afternoon when, with a final consumptive wheeze, the train jerked to a halt in a siding outside Kirkuk station. It was bitterly cold and still raining heavily as we detrained and to anyone with a sense of humour - a commodity noticeably lacking in our midst at that moment - we must have presented a ludicrous picture as we paraded in the downpour wearing khaki-drill shorts, topees - and greatcoats! We had not changed our clothes since leaving Basra where the temperature had been something over 100% degrees in the shade but here, more than 500 miles up-country, the climate was more in the Battledress-and-Balaclavas league.

The camp for which we were destined was about 10 miles north of Kirkuk and lorries were waiting to convey us to the site. On either side of the greasy road, along which the trucks slid and slithered alarmingly, were tented camps each looking more uninviting than the last as we plunged deeper into the wilderness. Finally there were no more tents and we realised that our camp would be the outpost of civilisation in the area - not a particularly engaging prospect since we had been warned that the wild Kurdish hill-tribes were in the habit of making forays in search of arms and equipment but we consoled ourselves with the thought that should the Germans break through the Caucasus Mountains (as seemed likely at the time) we would, at least, be among the first to know.

It was fully dark by the time we reached the campsite and debussed on to a vast sea of mud stretching away to the hills

and intersected by a jagged wadi filled by a rushing, tumbling torrent of dirty yellow water which, fed from the hills, seemed to swell by the moment as the rain continued to pour down. Our spirits, already at zero, descended almost beyond recall when it became obvious that no tentage had been erected and that tired, hungry, dirty and dejected as we were we had yet to paddle around and pitch tents on the soggy ground.

So we laboured in pitch blackness until sufficient tentage to house the Battalion had been erected and everyone was covered with mud and ready to drop down and sleep anywhere. Rumour had it that a meal was being cooked somewhere but no-one was particularly interested - it was probably only bully-beef anyway.

This, then, was Iraq, the land of Adam and Eve, of Abraham, David and Goliath, Ur of the Chaldeas and Babylon: a land so steeped in history that the very rain, beating a tattoo on the tents, seemed to echo a paeon of the glory of the past and the wet, red-brown earth on which we lay to resound once again to the martial tread of the conquering armies of Alexander and Ghengis Khan - or perhaps it was only the mournful howl of a wild dog and the squelch of mud beneath us as we turned on our sodden groundsheets.

R B

Naples to Anzio

Yes, I do remember one particular journey by sea. A party of 2/7 Queen's left Naples late in the evening of the 17th February, 1944, on board an LST, I think, bound for Anzio. This journey went smoothly to start with. I made friends with a CPO. This was not difficult as he had plenty of Ship's Rum to spare. Not realising that I had been well schooled to the taste by our QM, Tom Manners, he proceeded to drink me under the table - his bad luck - I was still standing. I don't quite know which table he chose, I didn't stop to see.

About 5 o'clock next morning, he awoke me - he was a much better man than I was, Gunga Din - asking me to clear the starboard side of all troops, as we were picking up survivors. The troops to clear were all members of the 2/7 Queen's. They had kit all over the place and some were shaving. I let them know in the kindest voice I know to clear the deck and get to the portside quick. They did this in an astonishing time of two minutes flat. I then proceeded to the top deck to a sight I never wish to see again. The sea was covered with sailors from HMS Penelope. Their faces were covered with dirty black oil, some were clinging to small rafts and logs of wood. They were singing "Roll out the Barrel", others were drifting about helpless, calling for help.

We helped them the best we could. None of the lifeboats on our ship worked. We lowered a rope ladder over the side, also a number of ropes, and quite a few were hauled to safety that way. A lot of them were so cold they could not hold on to the ropes. This was the middle of February and quite cold. I went over the side down the rope ladder to try and help. I managed to place a rope round the shoulders of some of them in turn. One poor chap grabbed the rope and would not leave go, so I told our chaps to pull him up as quick as possible. This they did and they got him within one foot of safety, but he let go before they could grab him. He went past me at the bottom like a bullet.

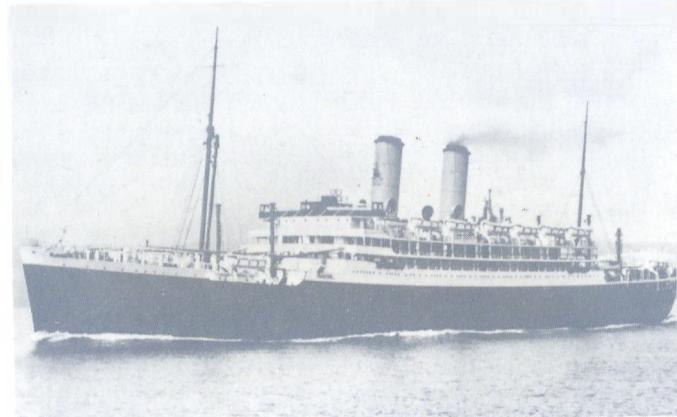
By that time I was feeling quite cold and thought it about time I got back on board. At about that time I realized I had been daft enough to forget my life jacket. Half way up the ladder my hands were so cold I could not hold the rope. I had to link my arms through and get up the rest that way. I was scared. There I saw Tiny Saunders, a big chap as strong as an ox, taking men off the rope with one hand, lifting them to safety. Our next job was respiration and hot showers for those who had been picked up, and then back to Naples to drop off the casualties. That was why we were 24 hours late arriving at Anzio.

W G L

And So To War.....

In January 1941, as former Queen's man S. Brown tells us, the words "Carcless talk costs lives" rippled and echoed round Stoughton Barracks, Guildford as a draft of soldiers prepared to depart for an unknown destination. Freshly returned from embarkation leave, they collected overseas uniform of khaki drill jackets, shorts, socks and old style pith helmets and in due course were fallen in with all their worldly goods around them, including rifles, listening to the farewell address of a senior officer. His closing comment that he "wished he was going with them" apparently caused a few ripples of laughter and muted offers of exchange of places.

A short march to Guildford station, with pith helmets clearly visible despite the "careless talk" warnings, soon introduced the troops to the first positive stages of their journey. A train awaited them and, aided by the cajoling of R.T.O.'s, embarkation was soon effected. After dire warnings about "barrack room damages" to carriages the train pulled out, watched by the Regimental Sergeant Major who, aloof and dignified, ignored the various anonymous "raspberries" blown at him. Despite this somewhat traditional "soldiers' farewell" the R.S.M. was a man who had commanded respect, if not affection, and S. Brown pays tribute to him as a superb soldier and strict disciplinarian.



The P & O Orient Passenger Liner "ORONTES" 1929

A few hours travel brought the draft to Avonmouth Docks where they were soon embarked in the troopship ORONTES. The usual confusion of "soldiers at sea" followed but after a meal of ("bully beef hash") they quickly settled down to shipboard routine. ORONTES slipped quietly from her berth and steamed north to Greenock to join a convoy before final departure.

Atlantic gales were soon encountered, making life somewhat unpleasant, and, understandably, "emergency stations" were practised regularly. At first there was some trepidation at the thought of U-boats but as time went on the risk was just accepted.

After some days sailing land was sighted and the ship drew into Gibraltar harbour under the guns of the mighty battleship HMS HOOD. The additional presence of an aircraft carrier made a comforting sight for the troops as they waited for another convoy to muster.

Soon they were in the Atlantic again, amid more gales. Heaving decks and heaving stomachs were the order of the day. Despite the weather many soldiers slept on deck to avoid the general discomfort below.

But, accompanied by an improvement in the weather, land was again sighted and ORONTES came to anchor at Freetown. For some soldiers the sighting of a real "foreign shore" was exhilarating. England, Stoughton Barracks and the R.S.M. were fading memories. They were on their way, destination unknown, but seemingly to war, and new experiences and adventures lay ahead. Only time would tell what they were to be.

York to Burma

This is the story of one of my journeys during the war.

My brother and I were serving together in the 15th Bn Queen's in Yorkshire, we were both in the M.T., he being a driver mechanic and myself a technical storeman. A posting came for me from records and so I set off on this journey on my own to I knew not where.

My first part of the journey was by train to Rhosneigr, Anglesey making three changes of train on the way. There we had films and lectures on security. We were issued with some more kit. Then we set off for Liverpool and marched down to the docks with topees on our packs. The draft I was with was from different regiments. I was the only one from the Queen's on our draft, and on the troopship. Our troopship was Dutch, the "Maria Van St Aldecoade". We were issued with Hammocks and I finished up on the bottom mess deck. We sailed in convoy and it was some days before we sighted Gibraltar. It was very rough crossing the Bay of Biscay and the ship rolled considerably, and I don't think there could have been many who were not seasick. I believe the Mediterranean had not been open for troop convoys very long when we went through.

We proceeded through the Straits of Gibraltar in daylight so there were probably many enemy eyes taking note of our convoy. During daylight we had air and naval escort. Just as it got dusk our air escort had left us and we had just had the evening meal when we heard some heavy thuds and put it down to depth charges, action stations had been sounded and we were sat at our mess deck tables with overcoats on, water bottles and life jackets on. Suddenly there was an explosion and it was as though the ship had been lifted right up out of the sea. The lights all went out and the ship started tilting and we all slid to the side with all the food utensils going with us. I could hear crockery sliding off tables somewhere.

Eventually the emergency lights came on, then some Dutch Javanese boys who were part of the crew came along complete with steel helmets and stretchers and calling out "What we do now", and as you can guess there were some good answers. When the ship started to tilt we thought it was going to capsize, but it stopped at about 45 degrees. There did not seem to be any panic on our mess deck and it seemed a very long time before we were given the order to proceed to boat stations. This was completed in a very orderly fashion.

We were given the order to get the rafts over the side. Ours was on a slide and had to have a pin knocked out to let it go which we did. Unfortunately the rope we had to secure it was too short and of course snapped with the weight of the raft. One of our draft went over the side to try and secure it, but went drifting away on his own, and I believe he was picked up by one of the destroyers. During the night the other ship which had been hit drifted into the side of us and caused further alarm. Someone was calling out on a loud hailer "L96 can you take us off we are sinking slowly". I took it to be that L96 was a destroyer number.

A large amount of troops and I think a naval draft was taken off during the night. At first light we could see more of how much the ship had gone down in the water. What was left of us were moved to the higher decks. A British and an American destroyer were circling round the ship. The British destroyer tried to get in close to take us off but the sea was too rough.

Eventually the Americans came over in small boats to take us off, we had to go down the rope nets and then jump into the small boats. This was very difficult with the small boats going up and down on rather large waves.

The Americans took us over to their ship and we had to go through the rope net again. As the boat came up on the wave I grabbed the net and a big coloured American grabbed the seat of my trousers and pulled me on deck. I saw the name of the destroyer as it had a metal plate with its name "U.S.S. Boyle" and built in the Bethlehem steel yards.

The crew did everything they could for us. They eventually landed us in the dark on a quayside. We did not know where we were but it turned out to be Phillipierville in Algeria. We were there several weeks before they found another ship the "Derbyshire" to take us the remainder of our sea voyage. We were attacked again when we got near Crete, but I think there was only a couple of ship's balloons shot down this time. Eventually I arrived at Deolali in India and after some time here, I had quite another fairly long journey to reach my posting, which was to Shillong Assam to the 1st Bn Queen's Royal Regiment.

Having been in the 2/6th, 1/6th, 2/5th and the 15th Battalions of the Queen's, I was to finish my war with the 1st Battalion in Burma.

SFS

J F Comrie writes

Newsletter No 44 arrived last week and a very good issue it is too. Who puts it all together? The make up and the type selection make it eminently readable and enough pictures to keep it moving along.

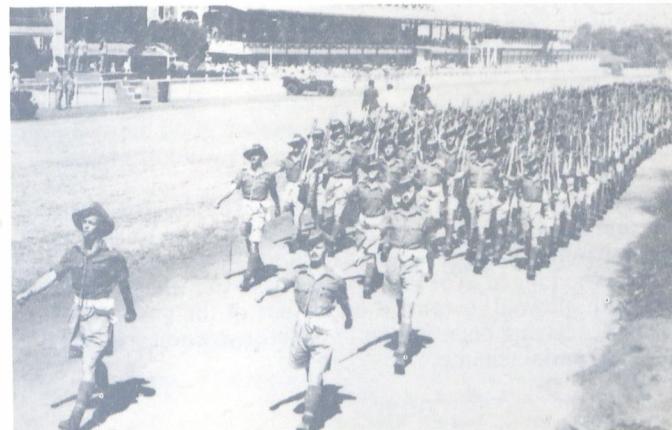
I spent some thirty two years in the newspaper business and so appreciate something easy to read. You are the editor says the mast - head so perhaps you missed your calling!

Being solvent at the moment I enclose a float for my sub and the bank says it is negotiable almost anywhere. And regrettably I enclose a clip from the Vancouver Sun of last week.

Dennis who lived in Vancouver was a very good fellow and we used to get together on occasions: so many friends are falling by the wayside one has at least the consolation of having rubbed shoulders with some fine men who taught on a lot about life and how to behave while living it. My service with the London Scottish No 9 Commando and the Queens was by far the best influence on my young life. I decided I would send along a 2 Queens picture; it is a spare and you can square file it as editors are prone to do!

The occasion was the Victory Parade held on Poona racecourse in I think late '45; one should have kept notes. It was (obviously) a very big parade and a first for most of us we fired a "feux de joie" with of course 2 Queens leading off.

The CO Lt Col H G du J du Vallon DSO RA was in hospital having come off second best with an Indian hockey pitch and there is nothing harder, and the Bn had a rather twitchy acting OC for the day. The entire front rank - by prior arrangement - helped by counting out the seven gun segments of the 21 gun salute lest we pop off too early! The troops looked magnificent; Arthur Damery was the very capable adjutant and the RSM was the usual tower of strength without whom all is nought, shamefully. I can't bring back the name, and the "dhobis" should get some credit too. I meant to say "the well liked and greatly respected CO for he was such a man".



Recently a member of our Association paid a visit to the French Island of Martinique. On his return he wrote out a long account of the British invasion of the island in 1794. All three of our Regiments took part, the 2nd., 70th., and part of the 31st.

He describes the island as it is today, and his search to find any reminders of this successful campaign. From the 'Directeur des Services d'Archives', in the capital, Fort de France, he was permitted to photo-copy several contemporary documents and maps, and with the help of a friend (where the writing was legible), managed to translate some of them.

The whole article is far too long for inclusion in this Newsletter, but below are the final few pages which in general consist of accounts of the campaign as seen through the eyes of some of the French garrison who were there at the time. Some of the places, and people mentioned, are more fully described earlier, but I think that the campaign as seen by the other side may be of interest to readers.

Editor

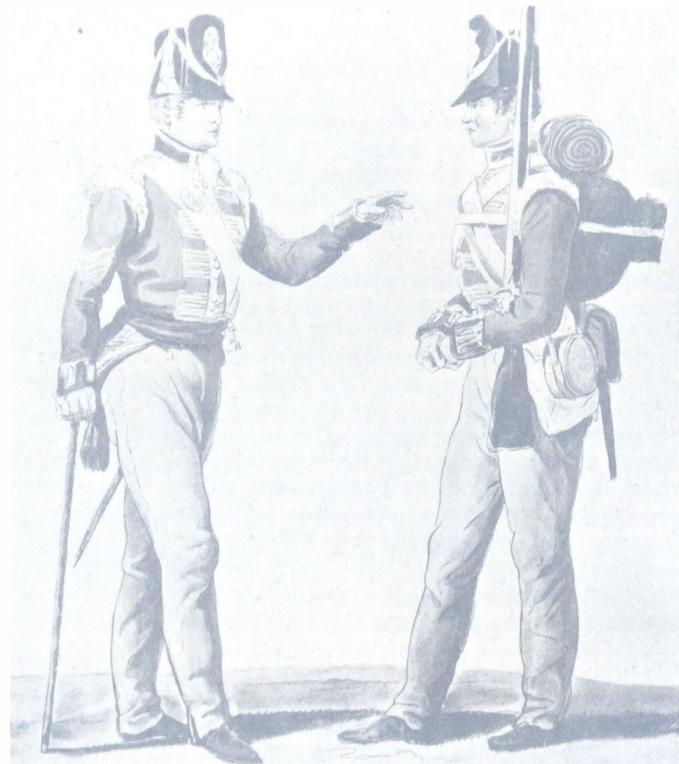
The only serious French Attack came from Cape Soloman and Les Trois Ilets but the 70th with only about 10 miles to go were soon among them. In our history the details are sparse, but more fully recorded in the French documents. As can be seen in the Map their route took them near to La Pagerie the plantation of the Tascher family. Maybe they heard the gunfire, but not the younger daughter 'Yeyette' who was in France sleeping around with high ranking republican officers, her Royalist husband already having had a date with the guillotine. In her youth an old Creole fortune teller had told her that she would marry twice, and the second time she would have the whole world at her feet.

Casualties in the 70th were limited - several being wounded - but nevertheless it was one of the few real battles in the campaign, and Sir Charles Grey in his orders congratulated Col. Johnstone and the 70th, (".....who with so much spirit and promptitude put the enemy totally to flight". (dated Feb. 9).

The three English columns were now able to advance on the capital, the 70th, en route, capturing Morne Bruno. I will leave the final days of the siege to the contemporary French accounts. Our histories say very little, but the French make quite an adventure of it all. In the fighting as I have said our casualties were small, but this does not take account of the hundreds continually going down with yellow fever. In passing one can understand why the poor and ignorant often became private soldiers, because they would not even know where the West Indies were, let alone the fact that they would probably die of disease. But the officers would know why they went in for operations such as this. We know that the Navy always expected 'prize money' and reading extracts from the letters of Major Irwin of the 70th. to his wife there may be a clue.

"Martinico - 12 March.we shall certainly get some prize money, but nobody can guess the amount". "Martinico - 24 March. There was about 24 ships taken in the harbour of Fort Royal and many public stores in the town, so that our hopes of a considerable Dividend of prize money is greater than when I wrote you last..... I have heard there are several valuable plantations forfeited for the benefit of the army". "Martinico - 16 May.yesterday I was informed that many estates will be forfeited..... We expect a dividend of prize money soon". All this did not do him much good however, for he was killed in action in Guadeloupe a few months later.

On 29 March Rochambeau (The French Governor of Martinique) had had enough, and was allowed to surrender with full military honours. The captured Colours were shipped home to be lodged in St Paul's Cathedral, and the remnants of The 70th allowed to remain on as part of the garrison, their casualties having been severe - not through enemy action but the pestilential climate.



The 70th Regiment, Sergeant and Private

The following three extracts from contemporary French documents give us a view of the campaign through their eyes. It will be seen that they now use the new revolutionary names for the months.

1. Parts of a letter to Paris which somehow Rochambeau managed to smuggle out of the island.
2. Extracts from a War Diary kept by some unknown French officer.
3. Passages from 'Histoire de la Martinique' written shortly after the invasion.

The small spidery writing is sometimes hard to read, so when unable to do so I have put in dashes, and if I could not translate a word I have left it in the French - perhaps the reader can find the nearest English equivalent. The French accounts seem far more exciting than our rather prosaic history, after all their Gallic enthusiasm has given us such expressions as:- 'La Gloire', 'esprit de corps', 'elan', etc., for which we have no equivalents. Also as is usual a beautiful mistress must be mentioned!

Rochambeau's Letter -

1. 1 March (11 Ventose). I would inform the Consul of the French Republic that Martinique is hermetically sealed..... General Grey has seized the totality of the island with the exception of the fort, which we still hold. We have been attacked since 15 Pluviôse by 10,000 men at least. The project of the English is to subdue all the French Colonies.the improvidence of the Minister left us for more than a year despite my observations. The fire of the enemy blew up the powder magazine who were obliged to surrender. Bellegarde of the 1st. Bn. of the Cavalry appears to have abandoned La Trinité and after having left, the enemy invaded with a much larger party of men 'de couleur'. For the defence of the fort (Fort de la Convention) I have 100 men of the 37th. Regt., 10 of the men of, 21 of Col Bapigney, 30 or 40 artillery, and 3 or 4 National Guard - I should need 4,500.

The War Diary -

2. (16 Ventose) The enemy artillery redoubles in their work. It is probable that General Grey 'ne demasquera' numerous batteries which surround us. they will be fired all at once; we will discover news of it in advance.

(17 Ventose) At last the day of attack has come. The firing began as the sun rose by 3 batteries which are in advance of the front of the attack It was sufficiently well directed to riddle and tumble the buildings which are at the fort. None of the troops in the bastion could shelter from this redoubtable artillery, nor could anyone and the efforts made to sustain our hopes in waiting for the help promised from France must merit the esteem of the enemy; we seem to be forgotten. Capt. Marchand was killed, and several others, about one tenth of our garrison. I was slightly wounded in the forehead by a splinter.

(1 Germinal) The door of the hospital allowed me to make an attack on the enemy placed on Morne Tartenson (where the Government offices now stand). This ridiculous manoeuvre was nothing but fatal for it exposed the 'invalides' to be shot in their beds. The enemy firing from ended with us drawing back and made us cease a useless combat, which put the lives of our 'invalides' and wounded in great danger. (Presumably for reasons of infection the hospital is some way out of the town and just below the Fort de la Convention).

(20 Germinal) The 'Aviso', (could be counsellor?) La Dorade sent from New York arrived at St Lucie. General Ricard dared not send me the packets by the 'pirogue'. I to open them and pass on the originals. Collot (the Aviso presumably) instructed me also to Henry in France to warn him of our difficult position. The enemy began a 'batterie' on Morne Tartanson this worried the town and the forts.

I must here the justice which is due to Col. Mostre He is always on the ramparts to direct our artillery, to furnish the bastions with supplies and to repair the gun carriages. In short he became Director of Artillery, Captain of the workers, and Bombardier. Lieutenants Fermont and Desmarts gifted with great courage gave equally a and assiduous service. They have the great merit of only moving to safety when they wish it.

What good fortune for the State to have Governors at St. Lucie and Guadalupe men of such character, both decisive, faithful, and well tried. Generals Ricard and Collot are two good citizens who wrestle perpetually against intrigues and passing their days watering down bitterness.....

Histoire de la Martinique

3 the command of the land forces was given to Sir Charles Grey, and the naval forces placed under the orders of Vice-Admiral Jervis the expedition left St Helena (sic) in January 1794. It was reinforced by the 'Asia' with 64 canons..... the English themselves admit that the fleet carried 6,085 men including a detachment of black dragoons, and said nothing about the vast quantity of equipment which they had brought, nor about the sailors they could use on land, having nothing to worry about from sea attacks. On Wednesday the 5th February this formidable expedition was within reach of Martinique.

Rochambeau had more enthusiasm and warlike exaltation to oppose such an array, than men. Of ordinary soldiers, he counted 60 men from the regiment of La Sarre, he had 3 companies of coloureds with white officers, commanded by Bellegarde, and militia from all parts who were drawn to serve by the republican flag.....

At Trinite near Gallion Bay, (where General Dundas and his force landed) Belegarde abandoned the fort, destroyed the provisions which otherwise the English would have found, set fire to the houses, and reached the countryside after a few skirmishes.....

Meanwhile Generals Grey and Prescott landing at Trois Rivieres (including The 70th.) were hurrying to get to Riviere Salee, in country where it would be easy to stop and overwhelm them if some men could have been got together..... A force was sent from Republicville by sea but this was too small..... a landing was made at Cape Solomon but failed to stop the English. (The battle fought by The 70th.).....the English were

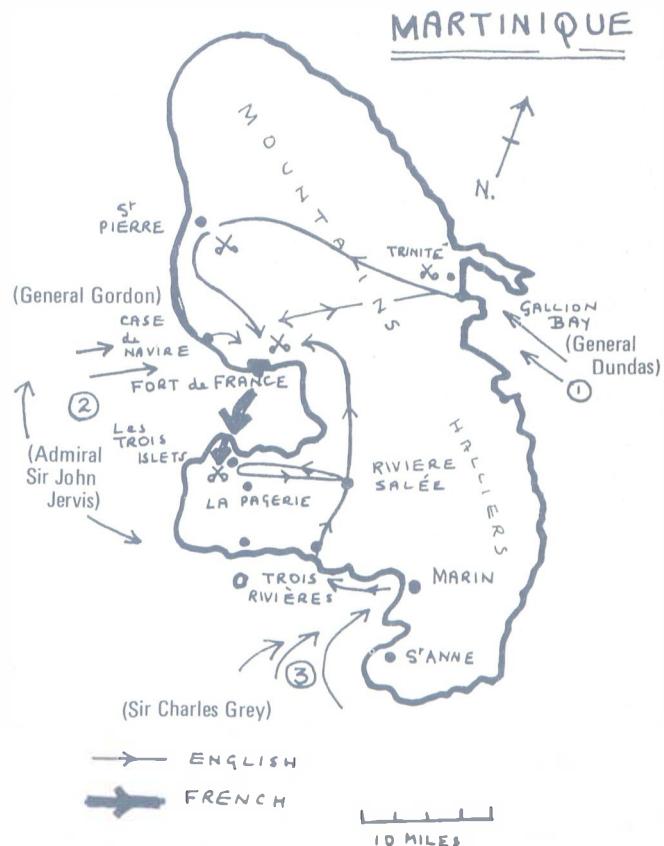
now as a result to land men and stores at Lamentin, (where the airport now stands)..... There was not much agreement amongst the English leaders. Rochambeau, always with dauntless and cheerful courage, went out every day from the fort, galloped down to the town, visited the sick in the hospital and went back up amidst the bullets that the English were discharging into the fort. On one of these visits a coloured man named Lagrenade, who had been severely reprimanded for disobeying orders, fired two shots on him which missed. Lagrenade was shot at Fort de la Convention.

Prince Edward (later Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria) took over command. When all the preparations were finished the English sent to Rochambeau a demand that he should surrender, telling him that any conditions he wanted would be met. Rochambeau called together his men and told them the conditions, telling that any who did not wish to hold out to the last might leave then. The first to call out that the fighting must go on was a militiaman from Precheur. His appeal was echoed by all.....however when this first outburst of enthusiasm had died down somewhat, there were some who sent after Rochambeau to persuade him to give in to the English terms. There were three hundred of these. Rochambeau ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and the postern gates to be opened and allowed them to leave.

He thus found himself depleted by about 200 or 300 men. It is greatly regretted that history does not record the names of those who vowed with their commander, defence of French soil against the cruellest, most hateful enemy of France.

In the fort surrounded by 14 batteries ready to blow up its ramparts, to exterminate its defenders, there remained faithful to their chief and to their country, resolute to shed for her their last drop of blood, a mere handful A woman of exceptional beauty who was attached to Rochambeau, a Madame de Tully, did not want to abandon him in the moment of danger and remained shut up in the besieged fort.....

Having cleared out the outposts of the island the English could give all their time to the siege of the Fort de la Convention..... the besiegers occupied Morne Tartenson, Morne Surriey, and Morne Bruno. General Bellegarde tried to attack them so as to cut off the English from the sea, but they knew that this mulatto



leader was jealous of Rochambeau.....and went so far as to want to oust him from overall command. By an intermediary, a well known local man in the pay of the English, went to him and offered to bribe him with a large sum to lay down his arms, assuring him that he would get a safe passage to the United States. Belegarde agreed. In Boston, a few months later when the crew of a French ship found out about his treason they wanted to tear him to pieces.. He owed his life to the protection of the French consul. One or two French refugees who were in the English camp made representations to the English to stop firing and avoid the disaster. A countermand order was given by the Prince. These refugees were composed mostly of retired officers in the Martinique Regiment, and several Creole planters who, horrified by the Revolution and its excesses, looked upon the English as the most hopeful protectors of the Bourbons and thus believed they were doing their duty.....

On the 17 March an assault was made both on the Fort and on the town. The Fort was taken by the sailors, and the town occupied by Col. Symes. Both places were too deprived of armed men to resist for long and in any case were not taken without dead on the English. Rochambeau, instead of allowing his companions to perish had to think of preserving them for better times.

The Gaschet son went to take the capitulation of the garrison to the English. It was debated between Col. Aucourt, Capt. Dupiret, and the Gaschet son for the French, and Commodore Thompson, Col. Symes for the English and signed on 22 March by Rochambeau, Grey and Jervis. It was stipulated that Rochambeau and his followers would be at liberty to leave for where they wished and that a ship would be supplied for their transport..... Rochambeau, his aides-de-camp, and several others were put on board. Madame de Tully embarked also aboard the frigate.

The remainder of the immortal garrison went to Savane town to sign the terms of the surrender. There, the English general Charles Grey, was waiting for them. When he saw this small number of brave men upon whom the marks of tiredness and the wounds did not detract from their military bearing, he asked where the rest of the garrison was, for those he saw before him were assuredly only the advance guard. When he learned that this handful of men was all that had held numerous English regiments at bay and in fact against whom they had not dared to make a positive assault, he was nearly ashamed.

All those who wanted to leave Martinique were embarked on a dozen transports and sent towards France. In some of these ships, Frenchmen fearing lest they be carried to England, seized command of several and were luckily enough to meet some French warships..... the famous fight won by Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse against the English Admiral Howe opened up a clear passage to France. (This must have been only a few weeks before 'The Glorious First of June').

For seven years the English yoke lay heavily on the island. Although the English, either by calculation or out of other considerations forced themselves not to be heavy-handed, they were hateful, and at the bottom of their hearts all Frenchmen put up with them in the hope that France sooner or later, would take back the colony, duels were frequent.

The island was handed back to France under the Treaty of Amiens in 1802). For the remainder of the year the 70th stayed on as part of the garrison. Only six men had been killed in action, but the strength of the Regiment was by then reduced to 23 officers and 400 men, with 234 sick.

(The Battle Honour 'MARTINIQUE 1794' was not awarded until 1909).

Our own story of the campaign may seem somewhat dull and colourless compared with the above, but nevertheless accurate. But as mentioned earlier the French with their 'verve' somehow seem to make it all more of an adventure story rather than an account of a military campaign. I suppose it's all a question of 'Vive la Difference'.

But to conclude, what about the promiscuous 'Yeyette' who was born at La Pagerie and whose parents possibly had watched the 70th. go by as they went into battle near Les Trois Ilets? The old Creole fortune teller was correct, for her second husband was Napoleon, and in 1806, as Josephine, she was crowned Empress of France, and for a few years at least, 'she did have the whole world at her feet'.

R C T

The Regiment's Senior DCM

Mr Wilfred Luff, who lives in Haslemere, Surrey, was awarded the DCM as a private soldier for action on 26th September 1917, in the 3rd battle of Ypres near Passchendaele. His citation reads:

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During an attack he advanced alone some distance to the front and, unaided, penetrated a very strong point, taking twenty-four prisoners. He showed magnificent courage and initiative".

Mr Luff, who is now 91 and whose memory of most events is very clear says he won his DCM "not for anything spectacular. I was just a young lad". He was serving with 1st Queens at the time, having joined them in September 1916, and he remained with the Battalion until October 1918, when he was badly wounded.



His memories have been recorded by Mr John Woodroff, the Honorary Archivist of our Museum, and two of them have been reproduced in a recent book by Lyn Macdonald '1914-1918 - Voices and Images of the Great War'. Resulting from this he has been featured in the local Surrey press to whom we are grateful for the photograph.

While he now finds it difficult to get about he is always cheerful and very proud of his Regiment. In recalling the Great War he says "It was such a remarkable time with so many quite new experiences that I just can't forget it. It has been with me always and I think about it quite a lot". Mr Luff, who has lived all his life, except for the war, around Haslemere, was a Company Sergeant Major in the 2nd Surrey Battalion of the Home Guard in the 1939-1945 War.

It is hoped to publish some of his reminiscences in future editions of the Newsletter.

Regimental Deaths

Arnold - On 10th November 1988, Peter Arnold, 1/5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Beach - On 6th November 1988, C/Sgt John William Beach BEM. The East Surrey Regiment.

Beadle - On 9th November 1988, Sgt George Beadle MM, 1/5th Bn, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Black - On 10th January 1989, Captain Gerard Bernard Llewellyn Black aged 67 years The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Brown - On 20th April 1989, Private George William Brown, The East Surrey Regiment. He had been a patient at The Royal Star and Garter home since 1980.

Cheeseman - On 4th May 1989, Captain (QM) Charles W. Cheeseman, aged 72 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Clarke - On 23rd January 1989, Lt Col David William Clarke OBE, aged 81 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Cox - On 28th January 1989, Major John (QM) Charles Cox MBE, aged 79 years. The East Surrey Regiment.

Freeland - On 29th December 1988, Lieutenant Colonel John Anthony Russell Freeland.

Glover - On 29th December 1987, Corporal Harold Francis Glover, aged 79 years. The East Surrey Regiment.

Harris - On 14th March 1989, Private Albert Vincent Harris aged 86 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Hayes - On 24th January 1989, Sergeant Norman Hayes, 1/5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Ivor - On 1st January 1989, Sergeant Joseph Ivor, 1/5th Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment. Served in the Carrier and Mortar Platoons and was a standard bearer for The Royal British Legion in Woking.

Kemp - On 22nd March 1989, Major (QM) James (Jim) William Kemp aged 75 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Kibble - On 28th October 1988, Private A. Kibble, 2nd Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Macdonald - In 1988, Private John Macdonald, aged 94 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment. He served throughout the First World War in India, Afghanistan and Russia. During his service he served with 9th Hants Cyclist Battalion and The Military Police. During The Second War he served with the 11th Bn The Queen's and saw service in Europe.

Mangles - On 13th December 1988, Major Ross Patrick Mangles MBE, MC, aged 77 years. The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Osgood - On 10th March 1989, Private Jim Osgood, 1st/5th and 2nd/5th Battalions The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Page - On 25th October 1988, Private J.T.D. Page, aged 67 years, The East Surrey Regiment. He served in the 6th Battalion from June 1938 to 1946.

Penfold - On 23rd December 1988, Private James William Penfold, aged 74 years, 2nd Bn The East Surrey Regiment. Private Penfold was a prisoner of the Japanese, he died in hospital after a long illness.

Price - On 15th June 1988, Private Ernest Albert Price, aged 81 years, the Queen's Royal Regiment. He served with the 1st and 2nd Battalions.

Saunders - On 13th April 1989, Sergeant Percy Edward Saunders, aged 85 years, 1/6th Bn. The East Surrey Regiment.

Skilton - On 3rd July 1988, Private J.P. Skilton, 2nd Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Snell - On 31st August 1988, Private L.R. Snell, The East Surrey Regiment. He served throughout the 1914 - 18 War.

Swain - On 7th October 1988, Private Phillip John Swain, aged 69 years, The East Surrey Regiment.

Workman - On 29th November 1988, Private Walter Workman, aged 69 years, 1/5th Bn, The Queen's Royal Regiment. He was invalided out of the Army after his Bren - Gun carrier was blown up after hitting a landmine.

Wright - On 3rd February 1989, Sergeant Alfred Frederick Wright MM, aged 70 years, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Young - On 7th March 1989, Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Frederick Farquhar Young OBE, TD, aged 85 years. The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Regimental Families

Adams - On 14th January 1989, Mrs Joan Adams, aged 79 years, widow of Colonel D.G. Adams DSO,OBE, who commanded 2/6th East Surreys in France and was taken prisoner in 1940.

Bathgate - On 25th December 1988, Mrs Madeleine Bathgate, aged 89 years, widow of Lieutenant Colonel D.E. Bathgate, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Cronk - On 9th November 1988, Mrs Ida Cronk, widow of WO11 Cronk MBE,MM, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Gingell - On 22 April 1989, Mrs Elsie Grace Gingell widow of Major W.G. Gingell, MBE, MM. The East Surrey Regiment

Taylor - On 15th March 1989, Mrs Evelyn Taylor, wife of Major R.E. Taylor, late The East Surrey Regiment.

Obituaries

Lt.Col. A.F.F. Young OBE. TD. DL.

Lt.Col. "Alcx" Young, who died in December aged 85, was one of the great Territorials of the Queen's Royal Regiment - and there have been many - whose career was doubly successful!.

Although it is probably true that all good Territorial Commanders are also good businessmen, it is not given to many to achieve Alex Young's Twin Summits.

After leaving Cheltenham College in 1924 he joined his retired Indian Army father in Redhill who had - mainly to help find employment for ex-soldiers after the Great War - just started a small tile making company, within a few months, at the age of 19, he had been commissioned into The Queen's Royal Regiment (TA).

By 1930, Captain Alex Young had become Chairman and Managing Director of the company and, in the next 40 years of Peace and War, had, by his own drive and character, nurtured his fathers acorn into the Great Oak tree which is REDLAND today, now about the biggest construction company in the U.K. and worth at least a billion!.

But the country and his old Regiment have our own second reason to honour his memory.

At the beginning of 1939 he formed a new 2nd Battalion of the 5th Queen's which within a year he took to France. This battalion he reconstituted after Dunkirk and re-trained in East

Kent, then handed over his command at the end of 1941, of a unit of the Queen's Brigade which was to perform the longest approach march in history from Iraq to Tunisia, thereafter fighting from Salerno to Venice.

Perhaps Col. Alex Young's main characteristic was his example of integrity, but undoubtedly his greatest skill was as a trainer of men, whether civilian or military, his standards were the same. In the military sense this was acknowledged by the award of the OBE in 1942 and his appointment as a Senior General Staff Officer at the Combined Training Centre before the Normandy landing.

His Territorial Decoration and selection as a Deputy Lieutenant of Surrey were the least mark that could be given to one who had served his country with such dedication in this connection. The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment should recall that his was the main financial inspiration that created the Regimental Chapel in Guildford Cathedral, whilst in the last year of his life he was equally in support of the new Queen's (which he never knew) Regimental Museum in Dover Castle. His generosity was never limited in scope or direction.

Alex Young, who never married, leaves behind him a host of friends for whom his unfailing consideration and hospitality will remain the treasured memory of a shy, quiet personality masking a strong and highly principled leader.

F A H L

Major RP Mangles, MBE, MC.

Major Ross "Worts" Mangles died on 13th December at the age of 78. He was an officer of the 2nd Foot who had given much distinguished service to his country and regiment like his Grandfather and Father before him, for the former was one of the earliest holders of the Victoria Cross and his Father one of the youngest of the DSO. Ross Mangles came of such stock.

Educated at the Imperial Service College he was commissioned into the Queen's Royal Regiment from Sandhurst in 1932, serving with the 1st Battalion in China and India. From Palestine, shortly before the 2nd World War, he fought in N. Africa and Italy during it, where he won his Military Cross. Of his time in N. Italy his then Commanding Officer, himself a distinguished senior officer of the Queen's described him as having a rock - like quality, and the really true courage, that which shows no fear outwardly.

Then after the war and some years of the German occupation, Ross Mangles served on the staff of the Far East HQ where he earned the MBE.

After his final Appointment at the HQ of Tripolitania district, he eventually retired in 1959 to the village of Leigh Green near Tenterden, at the end of 30 years service. Here, in his second innings of almost another 30 years, he was as a fruit farmer, as hardworking, popular and reliable - he was a Church Warden as well as on the general Parish Council for some years - as he had been as a commander and Staff Officer. Although not always strong in health in his later years, his warm and unassuming personality and stature - literally - commanded much respect and affection.

Now to Peggy, his wife, goes the deep sympathy and wishes of all who knew him and, particularly of his Regimental family. In a world of conflict, he leaves only friends.

F A H L

Major (Q.M.) J W Kemp MBE

Jimmy Kemp, who died just before Easter was a much loved and respected member of the Regiment, in particular having been Quartermaster of the 1st Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment and subsequently the Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment from Iserlohn in 1957 through to Minster in 1967. As a QM, Jimmy was of the highest calibre with that special ability to have things arranged and organised quietly and

efficiently before often the requirement had been foreseen or the need been stated. With the 1st Battalion he served no less than six commanding officers with unsurpassed loyalty, and saw the Battalion move from Iserlohn, to Bury St Edmunds, to Colchester, to Aden, to Hong Kong, to Manchester, and to Canada and back for training. Through all of this he kept his cool (I think!) and always approached things with humour and a delightful smile. He was awarded his MBE for all that at the end of his time with the 1st Battalion.

As a young man Jimmy served with 1st Queen's during the thirties and he won a fine reputation as an athlete and games player, particularly at cross country running and hockey. During the war much of his service was with the Royal West Africa Frontier Force, including action in Burma. Following the war he became RSM of the 1st Battalion in Singapore under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Dennis Gibbs, With Captain Mike Lowry as Adjutant and with them was responsible for the last parade of the 100 year old 6 ft Colours, now preserved at the Divisional Depot at Bassingbourn and the presentation of the new Colour, now laid up in the Regimental Chapel in Guildford Cathedral. On the amalgamation of the 1st Battalion into the 2nd Battalion in Berlin in 1948, Jimmy became RSM of the Depot and later of the 5th Queens TA, he was then commissioned on 1st June 1953, but paraded once more as a WO1 with the colours of the 5th Battalion for HM The Queen's Coronation on 2nd June.

On commissioning Jimmy was seconded to the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, with whom he served in Malaya before he returned to the 1st Battalion. After his 1st Battalion service he became Administrative Officer of 3rd Queen's Surreys TA before retiring to join what then was Vickers at Weybridge fairly close to his home in Send near Woking. He became much involved in his local Royal British Legion and other local charitable and support organisations, and was as much respected locally as he had been in the Regiment, as was evidenced by the large turnout of both groups for his funeral.

We express our sympathy to his son Andrew and his sister-in-law Kay's sister, on the loss of a very nice man.

J W S

Major J. Davies MBE MM

John Davies enlisted in The East Surrey Regiment in October 1939 and was posted to the 1st Battalion. He was a Sergeant in the Carrier Platoon in Tunisia, and in March 1943 he was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in the action at Fort MacGregor at which the whole of D Company was lost. During the fighting around Mount Etna in Sicily, Davies was severely wounded and he was evacuated to hospital in Egypt.

In March 1944 he was commissioned, but was never fit enough to return to an active unit. He continued to serve in a number of ERE and staff appointments at home and abroad, and was awarded the MBE in 1953. Ten years later he retired and then spent an enjoyable 17 years as Bursar and Planning Officer of the London Hospital Medical College.

P G E H

Major J.C. Cox MBE

Jack Cox, who died on 28th January 1989 in his 78th year, was a well-known and popular figure in The East Surrey Regiment and The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment. Born on 5th February 1910 in Hull, East Yorkshire, he enlisted in The East Yorkshire Regiment in 1926 attaining the rank of Sergeant. In 1936 he transferred to The East Surrey Regiment to become Pioneer Sergeant of the 1st Battalion of that Regiment, then stationed at Fyzabad, eventually becoming a Platoon Sergeant Major (WO3) in charge of the Pioneer Platoon. In 1939 Jack went to France with 1 Surreys and was wounded in 1940 just prior to the evacuation of the British Army from Dunkirk.

Jack remained with 1 Surreys until March 1944 when he was posted to The King's Own with which Regiment he stayed until being granted an Emergency Commission as Quartermaster in The Royal Hampshire Regiment in December 1945. Posted to 1 Surreys in 1950 he was promoted Captain in 1951 and granted a Regular Quartermasters Commission in The East Surrey Regiment in 1952. Promoted to Major in 1956 he remained as QM of 1 Surreys until 1958 when he became QM of 6 Surreys (TA). He retired in 1963 then holding the appointment of QM of 4th Bn The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment (TA). Jack could 'fix' most things, including Barrack Wardens! He had the true Yorkshire shrewdness and capacity for deep and lasting friendships.

He was mentioned in despatches in 1945 and awarded the MBE in 1957. For 6 years he was Chairman of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Association and for 13 years its Treasurer.

Sadly, his wife Phoebe whom he married in 1940, died in 1977. He leaves two sons, John and David, who with their mother "followed the flag" wherever and whenever possible. To them go our heartfelt sympathy in their and our loss.

FJR

Lt. Col. J. A. R. Freeland

John died in January 1989 - his funeral took place in Warnham Parish Church, West Sussex, where his interment took place. I have known John over a number of years since the end of the 1939-45 War. He had a distinguished military career. He was awarded the Sword of Honour at the RMC Sandhurst. He joined The Queen's Royal Regiment in 1932 - Lieutenant in 1935 after which he was appointed ADC to GOC Western Command India 1935-37, and also to S Command India 1937-39. He served with 2 Bn The Queen's Royal Regiment in Palestine in 1939. He was Second in Command the 2nd Bn 1942. He was appointed Bde Major 131 Infantry Brigade 1942-1944. In 1944 he was posted as Second in Command 1/7 bn The Queen's Royal Regiment, and wounded 2 hours after joining this Bn. He was again 2 i/c of this Bn until May 1945.

His next appointment was as an Instructor at RMC Kingstone Ontario as Lieutenant Colonel, after which he commanded the Depot 1948-51.

A further appointment followed as GSO1 Combined Ops HQ 1951- 1953. This long period of continuous service took its toll on John's health and nerves. He worked for some years in London, after which he became a gardening contractor. He was a staunch member of The Queen's Royal Regiment and could not accept amalgamation. The last few years of his life were devoted to the Royal British Legion in which he carried the Standard for the Fitteworth Branch. He loved flowers and was an active member of the Royal Society of Birds - R.I.P. John.

F.J.S.

F. Wilkins

Members of the Association will be grieved to hear of the death of Frank Wilkins at the end of February 1989.

The funeral on Wednesday 1st March 1989 was attended by

about 30 Old Comrades under Major S. Playfoot MC together with their wives. The standard of the British Legion was paraded at the Chapel.

The many floral tributes included wreaths from Frank's many friends in St. Niklaas and from numerous Old Comrades from 1/7th and 1/6th Queen's Royal Regiment.

He will always be remembered as a staunch comrade and generous friend who devoted his life to the service of The Queen's (Southwark) Regimental Association and in particular to his comrades from the Northampton area who joined 1/7th Queen's in June 1940.

He served throughout the rest of the War with the Battalion and subsequently opened his own business in Earls Barton where he and his late wife Win were very respected members of the community.

S.P.

Lt. Col. David Clarke OBE

David Clarke was the son of Dr. H. E. Clarke who was drowned in a sailing accident in 1914; had this not occurred he would probably have followed his father's career.

He was educated at Lancing College and was subsequently a schoolmaster and tutor to a family in the West Country.

He joined the Supplementary Reserve of the Queen's Royal Regiment West Surreys in January 1938 and later that year went to Palestine for what was stated to be a week, but became in fact an absence of 7 years. He joined the 2nd Bn. attending courses at Jaffa and Jerusalem.

In July 1940 the Bn. joined 156 Bde. of 70 Division and was engaged in the Western Desert campaign at Sidi Barrani and Bardia. In January 1941 they returned to Egypt, and in April 1941, following the German attack on Greece, were ordered to Crete. They were heavily bombed at sea and could not land at Crete as the island had already been taken by the enemy. They were next engaged in June and July in the campaign against the Vichy French in Syria. In September 1941 they went by sea to Tobruk to reinforce the garrison which was under siege. In November/December 1941 they fought their way out in Operation Crusader. David Clarke was made Adjutant at this time.

In March 1942 the Bn. sailed in the 'Nieu Amsterdam' to Ceylon then under threat of Japanese invasion; and in 1943 moved to India. At this point David Clarke left the Bn. for a course at the Staff College in Quetta. He was subsequently posted to the Military Secretary's branch at XIV Army HQ with whom he served in Burma in 1944.

He then returned to the UK serving at the War Office from 1945 to 1948. He was mentioned in despatches in the Middle East and in Burma and made OBE in 1948.

After retirement from the Army in 1948 he joined the Foreign Office until retirement in 1967.

David Clarke is remembered with great affection by his colleagues. He was very popular, always courteous, polite and helpful. He suffered from poor health in recent years but was an example to all by his sense of humour and by his stoical cheerful bearing.

R. C.

Michael Lyne

The well-known sporting artist, Michael Lyne, who died in March, aged 76, was commissioned in The Queen's Royal Regiment and was posted to the 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment in June 1940. He served in North Africa with the Battalion until transferring to 56 Reconnaissance Regiment of 78 Division. He was later selected for special employment on camouflage projects in Italy.

'When you go home
Tell them of us and say
For your tomorrow
We gave our today'

Kohima And The Kohima (Volunteer) Band

While it may be right that the selection of the name Kohima for the Volunteer Band of the Queen's Regiment was firstly because of the Battle Honour awarded to the 4th Battalion The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment and the winning of the Victoria Cross by L/Cpl Harman, it also recalls the subsequent actions of 1st Battalion the Queen's Royal Regiment who also received the Battle Honour. The importance of the action of 1st Queen's were succinctly summed up in the letters in the Daily Telegraph of May 1973 from Mr I C Berry and from Brigadier Sir John Smyth VC. It may now be appropriate to re-print parts of these:

from Mr I C Berry:

Sir,

Those who were there in Kohima must surely place the battle of Jail Hill as the actual "turning-point". Fighting around the District Commissioner's bungalow had died down weeks previously, and the enemy's final stand in strength was on this forward hill. The battle for it ended on May 13, 1944 and the honour for turning the Japs right about for their long journey back to Tokyo must surely belong to the 1st Queens (West Surreys).

from Brigadier Sir John Smyth VC:

Sir,

Mr I C Berry (May 10) rightly gives high praise to the 1st Bn., Queens Royal Regiment, for the distinguished part they played in the critical and hard-fought battle at Jail Hill Kohima, in May, 1944. The Queens had also much distinguished themselves in the Arakan a month earlier.

It was of this battle that Field Marshal Bill Slim wrote: "This Arakan battle, judged by the size of the forces engaged, was not of great magnitude, but it was, nevertheless, one of the historic successes of British arms and was the turning point of the Burma Campaign.

"For the first time a British Force had met, held and decisively defeated a major Japanese attack and driven them out of positions they had been preparing for months and were determined to hold at all costs. The legend of Japanese invincibility in the jungle was smashed".

Lt.-Col. H.G. Duncombe, who commanded the Queens in both these actions, described them to me, as did Maj.-Gen. John Grover, the 2nd Divisional Commander, and I recorded them in detail in my book "The Valiant", which was published in 1970.

Col. Duncombe was full of admiration, as was Bill Slim, for the gallantry of the Japanese who, on Jail Hill and on many other occasions, fought to the death.

Bill Slim also cabled to me that my son had been killed in the Jail Hill action, rallying his company of the Queens with his hunting horn, which he always kept tucked into his battle-dress.

The inscription on the 2nd Division war memorial at Kohima has, of course, been adopted and made famous by the Burma Star Association.

J W S

In Memoriam

These familiar and moving lines are inscribed on a war memorial at Kohima. We are indebted to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission for the following information as to their origin:

'The source of the quotation is a free translation from the Greek of Simonides, and represents the message from Leonidas to the Spartans at Thermopylae. The lines were included in a book entitled 'Inscriptions suggested for War Memorials', published privately by the Victoria and Albert Museum, in which they were attributed to J Maxwell Edmunds'.

A note on the historical background may be of interest. In 480 BC the Persian army under their king, Xerxes, invaded and overran northern Greece. The Greeks fell back on the pass of Thermopylae, north of Athens and between the sea and the mountains. The defending forces consisted of the main Greek army and 300 Spartans under their king, Leonidas. The Persians attacked in great strength, and were held by the Greeks; but after two days fierce fighting a Greek traitor showed the enemy a way up through the mountains to outflank the defensive position.

When he realised his situation was hopeless, Leonidas ordered the main Greek army of 5,000 men to withdraw, while he and his 300 Spartans continued to defend the pass with great gallantry. Eventually, fighting to the end, Leonidas and every one of his men were killed. The heroic defence of the Spartans enabled the main Greek force to withdraw and regroup, and remains one of the most memorable feats of military bravery.

Their epic stand was commemorated by the Greek lyric poet, Simonides, in the verse quoted above. His poetry, it is recorded, was distinguished at once for sweetness and finish. It is surely remarkable that the words penned over 2,400 years ago should still be relevant today.

P.G.E.H.

