



The  
Regimental Association  
of  
The Queen's Own Buffs (PWRR)



THE JOURNAL



Number 20

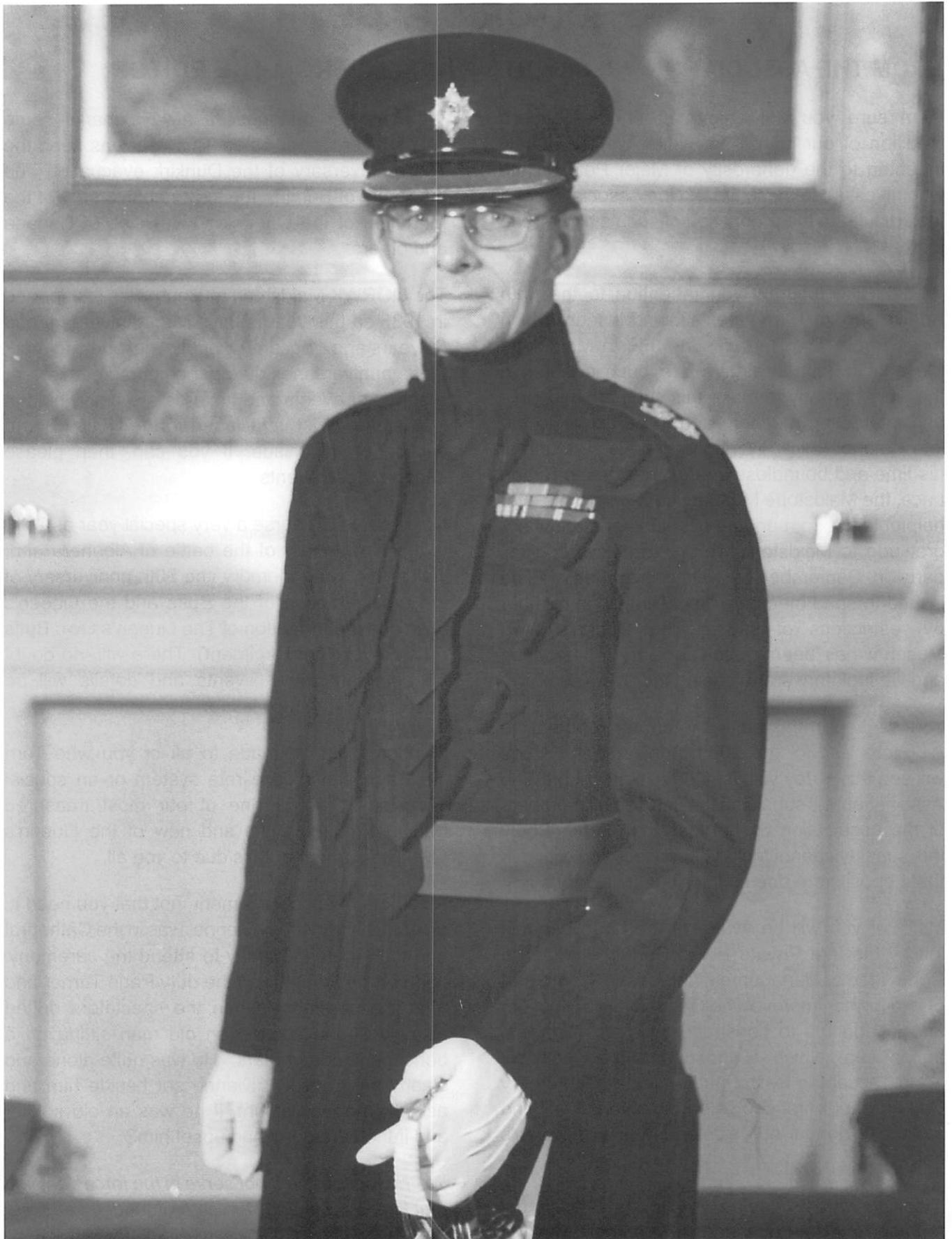
Summer 2010



# CONTENTS

1	Lead Page
2 - 3	Editor's Page
4 - 9	AGM
9 - 15	Branch News
16 - 19	Re Dedication of Nonington war memorial
20 - 24	Albuhera 2011
25 - 36	Every Day a Bonus
37 - 39	Photo Gallery
40 - 41	Queen's Own Rifles of Canada Bicentenary
42 - 43	Reflections
44 - 45	Turning the Page
46	Regimental Reunions
47 - 51	Last Post
52 - 53	Notice Board
54	Band Concert 2010
55 - 60	Ron's War-Part 1
61	Write to Reply
62 - 63	From the Web Site
64	Final Word
Inside Back Cover	Whats on





**LT COLONEL TREVOR LE MARE SHARPE LVO QBE (MBE) LRAM ARCM PSM.**

**Bandmaster 1st Battalion The Buffs 1950-1959**

# EDITOR'S PAGE

## FROM THE ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

I am sure you will enjoy yet another superb edition of our journal for which we are hugely indebted to the generosity of Major Peter White who gives up so much time to the Association and in particular to the production of such a high grade journal.

I would like to draw your attention to the 50th Anniversary of The Queen's Own Museum which moved from The Barracks in 1960 to Maidstone Museum in Faith Street. We are much indebted to the work of many to make this such an enjoyable and interesting museum and in particular to the late Colonel "Blick" Waring who gave so much of his time and boundless energy, besides to Simon Lace, the Maidstone Museum curator and his ever helpful team. To mark the occasion and show our gratitude to Maidstone we are to hold a cocktail party in September to which Branches will be invited to send members, sadly limited in number by restrictions of space. The Queen's Own Museum has been closed recently for updating and we look forward to seeing the "New Look".

You will see in this edition information about the Albuhera visit for the 200th Anniversary. As you will see this 5 day visit is not inexpensive but The Association will subsidise the cost to Full members of the Association by not less than £200. Sadly this subsidy cannot include spouses. You will note that deposits are due by 1st August; ie very soon.

Many of you will be aware of the huge bequest left by the late Private Bryan Bartlett RWK. The Committee of Management authorised a large part of it to further improve The Queen's Own Museum and in addition to construct a superb memorial bench seat which I understand may possibly not be accepted by the authorities at Canterbury Cathedral our first choice. In this event it will find a place of honour at Maidstone Museum, Bryan's home turf.

I look forward to seeing you at our two annual reunions in Canterbury and in Maidstone. May the BBQ summer extend for them both.

Crispin Champion  
Association President.

## FROM THE EDITOR:

Each year that passes always marks some anniversary or other. This year has seen the 70th anniversary of the Dunkirk evacuation and the Battle of Britain, the 150th anniversary of the formation of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada and others.

The QORWK Maidstone museum was first formed in 1935 so this year is their 75th anniversary and 50 years ago it became a public museum. To mark these anniversaries during the course of this year a series of events and lectures are being held in Maidstone. A list is included in the Notice Board section of this issue. If you can, then please support these events.

Next year is of course a very special year as 2011 is the bicentenary of the battle of Albuhera and, well within living memory, the 50th anniversary of the amalgamation of the Buffs and the Queen's Own and the formation of The Queen's Own Buffs (The Royal Kent Regiment). There will, no doubt be commemorative events and details will be published in the next issue.

Mention must be made to all of you who Turn the Page either on a rota system or on special occasions. This is one of our most treasured traditions of the Buffs and now of the Queen's Own Buffs and tribute is due to you all.

As a note of encouragement, not that you need it, on April 9th my wife, Vivienne, was in the Cathedral and took the opportunity to attend the ceremony. John Ferneyhough was the duty Page Turner and after the ceremony when the spectators drifted away Vivienne spotted an old man sitting on a bench in floods of tears. He was quite alone and clearly very upset. Vivienne sat beside him and asked if he was alright, if he was an old soldier and if the ceremony had upset him?

*'No' he replied, 'I did not serve in the forces it is just that I am Jewish and I am so profoundly grateful to those who died in the last war'.*

Enough said - other than to say that old gentleman's words reflected the thoughts of so many who attend the ceremony.

Well done guys and keep up the good work.

Still on the subject of the Warriors' (Buffs) Chapel, information received recently indicates that the repair of the wall, above the cathedral entrance adjacent to the chapel, could take another 18 months to 2 years.

Plans are also afoot to 'net' some of the 'younger' colours hanging in the chapel. This procedure will greatly enhance the life expectancy of those colours.

You will remember that Bryan Bartlett generously bequeathed money to the association in his will. It was decided some time ago that a suitable and practical memorial to Bryan would be the provision of hand carved regimental bench to be situated adjacent to the chapel. At this stage the cathedral authorities are not too keen on the regimental design nor the style of the bench as it would not match other benches within the cathedral. Once the bench has been completed it will be offered to the cathedral. Should it not be acceptable then the bench will be placed in the QORWK regimental museum in Maidstone.

You will be kept informed of progress on all of these points.

A further supply of The Buffs leaflet/flyer have now been printed and a plentiful supply is available in the cathedral. If however any of the duty page turners would like their own supply to hand out at the ceremony please contact Dick Hickmott or myself.

The regimental web site, [www.thequeensownbuffs.com](http://www.thequeensownbuffs.com), is in the process of being redesigned and upgraded. With luck, time and a fair wind it should be up and running within the month. Please keep an eye out and let me know what you think.

Having enjoyed a spell of good weather for once we can only hope that the sun will shine on our two reunions. The numbers marching in the two parades get less each year, but attendance at the reunions later in the day is increasing. This leads me to believe that we have a considerable number of relatively active members who chose not to march for whatever reason.

Now if you are one of these you should consider that we can only justify having a band providing there are sufficient numbers on parade. If all of those who can march do march then we can put off the day when we lose the services of a band for a few more years yet. So come on one and all, 'get fell in'.

I look forward to seeing you on parade at the reunions.

There will be those who may not be with us at the reunions because of illness or infirmity. Eric Deuters has already sent in his apologies, Eric is now in his nineties and still parades with the British Legion in March where he lives. The trip down to Canterbury is, however, now too much for him.

Eric and all of those that cannot make it- we will miss having you with us.

As I write this page I have heard that Harold Acott passed away today the 6th July. The Maidstone Reunion will never seem the same without him.

To all of you wherever you are, take care.

The Editor.

My contact details are:  
54 South Eastern Road,  
Ramsgate,  
Kent  
CT11 9QE.

Tel: 01843 580914 (Please not after 8 pm)

Email: [peter@warner-white.com](mailto:peter@warner-white.com)

Skype: peterw81863

**MINUTES OF THE 41st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF  
THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION OF THE QUEEN'S OWN BUFFS (PWRR)  
HELD AT SITTINGBOURNE ON SATURDAY 17th APRIL 2010**

**PRESENT**

Lt Col P P Critchley	Committee of Management
Major P R White MM	Chairman East Kent
Major P Gwilliam	Chairman of West Kent
Major M A Marchant	Vice Chairman East Kent
Major J Barrell OBE TD	President London Buffs
Capt H Whitty	Vice Chairman of West Kent
Major D Bradley BEM	Association Secretary
Captain M Gwilliam	Secretary of Weald Branch
Mrs. J D Allen	Secretary 62 Club
Mrs. D G Hall – Richardson	Secretary of Maidstone Branch
Mr. P Fleming	Committee Member Sittingbourne Branch
Mr. G R Arnot	Secretary of Colchester Branch
Mr. H G Delo	Secretary of Canterbury Branch
Mr. H Crooks	Chairman of Canterbury Branch
Mr. J A Jarrett	Vice Chairman of Sittingbourne Branch
Mr. A Chesson	Secretary of Sittingbourne Branch
Mr. D G Hogben	Secretary of Sandwich Branch
Mr. N E Shonk	Chairman of Sandwich Branch
Mr. G Dunk	Chairman of Sittingbourne Branch
Mr. F Earl	Member
Mr. L J Crouch	Sittingbourne Branch
Mr. J E White	Sittingbourne Committee
Mr. C R McGrath	Colchester Standard Bearer
Mr. J Burr	Chairman of Colchester Branch
Mr. J Dowe	Weald Branch
Mr. M F Milham	Secretary of Ramsgate Branch
Mrs. M Devonshire	Secretary of Medway Branch
Mr. J. Ferneyhough	Chairman Ramsgate Branch

**Apologies**

Colonel C G Champion	Association President
Colonel P Bishop OBE DL	Committee of Management
Mr. R J Gawler	President of Canterbury Branch
Mr. M Samson	Member Canterbury Branch
Mr. F Hills	Chairman of London Branch
Mr. B Supple	Member of Canterbury Branch
Mr. H E J King	Treasurer of Ramsgate Branch
Mr. S McIntyre	Secretary of Folkestone/Hythe Branch

There were others present; however their names were unable to be deciphered in the attendance sheet. The meeting stood in silence in remembrance of Reverend Bernard Foulger.

## 1. WELCOME

Major P A Gwilliam gave the Apologies of the Association President who was unable to be present and welcomed all members of the Association to the AGM and thanked the Sittingbourne Branch for once again agreeing to host the event.

## 2. THE MINUTES OF THE 40TH MEETING HELD ON 30TH MAY 2009:

The Minutes of the 40th Meeting having been previously circulated to members of the Committee of Management and all Branch Secretaries were confirmed as a true record with the following amendments.

- a. The request by Mr J Burr of the Colchester Branch for a Grand Reunion be added to the minutes, Actioned
- b. Mr Malcolm Milham was recorded as a member of Weald Branch not as Ramsgate.  
Minutes Amended.

Proposed by Mr H Delo                      Seconded by Mr J Ferneyhough                      Carried with (1) against.

## 3. AUDITED ACCOUNTS 2009

The Secretary gave an overview of the Financial Summary for 2009. After which the meeting resolved to approve the Audited Accounts with a vote of thanks to Mr J Reynolds Finance Secretary Regimental Headquarters and the Association Secretary.

(A copy of the Queen's Own Buffs Financial Summary 2009 is shown at Annex A to these minutes).

Proposed Mr H Crooks                      Seconded Mr B Crocker                      Carried Unanimously

## 4. BENEVOLENCE REVIEW 2009

- a. The Secretary rendered an oral explanation of benevolence activities and expenditure during 2009. Letters of appreciation have been sent to the Army Benevolent Fund, SSAFA, The Royal British Legion, Combat Stress and the Not Forgotten Association.
- b. The membership accepted and adopted the report with a vote of thanks to Major J Rogerson – Benevolence Secretary Regimental Headquarters and the Association Secretary.

(The Benevolence report is shown at Annex B to these Minutes.)

Proposed By Lt Colonel P P Critchley                      Seconded Major P R White                      Carried Unanimously

## 5. ASSOCIATION BUDGET:

The Association Secretary briefed the meeting on budget for 2010 as shown below:

a.	Annual General Meeting	600.00
b.	Canterbury Reunion	4,000.00
c.	Maidstone Reunion	3,000.00
d.	Meeting expenses	800.00
e.	Travel	1,000.00
f.	Flowers/Wreaths	1,000.00
g.	Donations General	500.00
h.	Band Concerts x 2	750.00
i.	Donation Canterbury Cathedral	200.00

j.	Donation to All Saints Church Maidstone	200.00
k.	Donation to PWRR Band	300.00
l.	Cricket Club Tent	300.00
m.	Public Relations Grant	1,000.00
n.	Maidstone Museum Anniversary Project	3,000.00
o.	Grants to Branches	5,000.00
p.	Computer software/maintenance (Journal editor)	1,000.00
q.	Administration Costs	1,000.00
r.	Miscellaneous	1,000.00
Total =		£24,650.00

The membership adopted and accepted the budget for 2010

Proposed by Captain M Gwilliam      Seconded by Mr G Arnott      Carried Unanimously

#### 6. CANTERBURY REUNION 1ST AUGUST 2010:

- a. The Association Secretary briefed the meeting on the new route of March which will form up in the Grounds of Canterbury Cathedral on the exit road of the Posterne Gate entrance/ exit. The parade will dismiss in Burgate outside Weatherspoons Public House. It was emphasised that there will be no parking for Association members within the Cathedral Grounds.
- b. Mr Henry Delo briefed the meeting that in the future all meal tickets would be annotated with meal timings.
- c. Major P A Gwilliam informed the meeting that there will be a small marching party with a standard from The Royal Danish Life Guards.
- d. All other details are as follows:-
  - (i) Church Parade      Canterbury Cathedral
  - (ii) Reunion      Leros Barracks
  - (iii) Band-      The Band of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment
  - (iv) Guest Preacher      The Venerable Stephen Robbins QHC  
(Chaplain General (Army))
  - (v) Hymns      O Worship the King  
O Valiant Hearts  
O God our help in ages past
  - (vi) Guests      Mayor of Canterbury
  - (vii) Presidents Table (Mayor etc) Officers Mess (Buffet Lunch)
  - (viii) Buffet Menu: Drill Hall 2 supervised serving points -      Cost £7.00
  - (ix) Bars      3 x Bars with two barmen allocated to each.
  - (x) Picnic areas are available – New marquee, more tables and chairs
  - (xi) Wet weather programme      =      Drill Hall
  - (xii) First Aid Room allocated
  - (xiii) Timings:
    - (a) the Invicta Band 1430-1530 hrs.\*
    - (b) Retreat Beating. – 1630 hrs.\*
    - (c) There will be a Grand Raffle
    - (d) It is anticipated that we will be running a PRI Shop
    - (e) There will be a control tent with a microphone.

**7. MAIDSTONE REUNION 12TH SEPTEMBER 2010:**

- a. The Secretary gave an outline planning brief for the Maidstone Reunion 2010. Mrs Jackie Allen the organising Committee Secretary stated that:-
- b. Her address for ticket application in the Queen's Own Buffs Journal was incorrect and gave the members her correct address.
- c. That Tickets for the Maidstone Reunion are now available.
- d. Mrs Jackie Allen presented the Chairman with a cheque for £100.00 being a donation from the 62 Club towards the cost of the Band. The Chairman thanked the 62 Club on behalf of the Association which was received with applause.

- (i) Wreath Laying            Brenchley Gardens, Maidstone.
- (iii) Church Service        All Saints Church, Maidstone.
- (iv) Guest Preacher        The Reverend Canon D S R Redman
- (v) Hymns                    Lead us Heavenly Father Lead us  
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind  
Abide with me.
- (vi) Venue for Reunion    The Hazlett Theatre, Maidstone.
- (vii) Band Concert        The Princess of Wale's Royal Regiment Band
- (viii) VIP Guests            Mayor of Maidstone
- (ix) Buffet Menu            Self Service                    Cost = £7.00
- (x) Grand Raffle            Many Prizes
- (xi) It is anticipated that the Ladies Flower Group from All Saint's Church will produce a display in the church.

**8. ANNUAL WELFARE GRANTS TO ASSOCIATION BRANCHES:**

- a. Last year saw the start of small benevolence grants to branches from the QOB's Benevolence fund.
- b. In the main it has got off to a good start, however there is still some confusion as to how the money should be used.
- c. It has a very wide margin of use from; Flowers to assistance with the purchase of a wheel chair, or transportation to hospital, the list is endless, but the objective is welfare and improving the quality of life of your branch members.
- d. You do not have to consult me prior to allocating funds, decisions are made at branch level, although I am always available to assist.
- e. Once you have expended your allocated amount of money an A4 sheet of paper is to be sent to myself showing expenditure. i.e.

(i) Flowers	£25.00
(ii) Travel	£100.00
(iii) Financial donation	£50.00
(iv) Spectacles	£75.00
TOTAL	= £250.00

On receipt of the signed return, a further grant will be made for 2010.

## **9. ASSOCIATION SECRETARY'S ADMIN POINTS:**

- a. The Association Secretary spoke on the undermentioned administrative points:-
- (i) All Branch secretaries are to ensure that the Secretary is informed of member's change of addresses, phone numbers and e-mails.
  - (ii) All members are requested, when visiting RHQ to make an appointment. his will ensure: -
    - (a) That the Secretary is available to see people.
    - (b) The Secretary can allocate time to people.
    - (c) The same applies when visiting the PRI Shop.
- b. If Association standards/flags etc are loaned for funerals, please ensure they are returned. The Secretary does not have the time to chase people.
- c. The Secretary requires annually an update on every Branch's membership, broken down by Regimental Members i.e. Buffs, Queen's Own Royal West Kent and Associate Members.
- d. The Secretary had been impressed by the way that some of the Branches have been working together which is very good for the Association as a whole. The Secretary has produced an up to date Secretaries Directory to assist with this which all Secretaries are requested to check for correctness and inform me.
- e. If you are aware of any ex member of either of the three Regiments which form our Association who requires assistance, whether financial, welfare or advisory, then please do make the Secretary aware. Help is only a telephone call away.

## **10. THE QUEEN'S OWN BUFFS REGIMENTAL JOURNAL:**

- a. The Queen's Own Buffs Journal Editor Major Peter White briefed the meeting on the undermentioned points:-
- (i) Arrears The Editor reported that subsequent to the last Committee of management meeting a letter had been sent to all those who were in arrears with their subscriptions. To date £1,200.00 had been received in together with several more standing order Forms. This figure together with the invoices due to be paid by the Branches and the Standing Order payments made on April 1st will accrue over £4,000.00 for the current year. There are still some 70 who are behind with their payments. One further letter will be sent and then they will be deleted from the list.
  - (ii) Bulk Distribution The bulk distribution to Branches will stop with immediate effect. Branches are advising the Editor of the member who subscribe through the Branch. Their names will be added to the postal list and those relevant branches will be billed annually. This will ensure that branch subscribers will receive their Journal at the same time as those on the postal list rather than waiting for the next Branch meeting to collect them.
  - (iii) The Editor is always looking for articles for the Journal either personal or from Branches. Please put your "thinking caps" on and support him!
  - (iv) Question from the floor. Will the cost of the Journal increase in the future?
  - (v) Answer from the Editor. No! the cost of the Journal is to remain fixed at £10.00.

## **11. ITEMS RECEIVED FROM BRANCHES:**

- a. No items have been received by the Association Secretary.

**12. THE QUEEN'S OWN BUFFS  
CONSTITUTION FOR ASSOCIATION  
BRANCHES:**

- a. Major J Barrell spoke on the augmentation of an Association Branch Constitution. He Highlighted the salient points to all assembled.
- b. He stated that all Branch Chairman's are requested to discuss the Constitution as an agenda item at their Branch meeting.
- c. Any queries, problems, concerns or doubts on the possible adoption of the Constitution are to be sent to the Association Secretary in writing who will forward them to Major J Barrell and the Committee of management for clarification.
- d. It was explained that the Constitution has been produced to assist our Association Branches with their management.

**13. ANY OTHER BUSINESS:**

- a. Major P White proposed that in the future we have any other business placed onto the agenda to allow discussion on any items that may come to light from Association members discussions prior to the AGM.
- b. It was stated that the system of the Secretary receiving items from branches for discussion in writing prior to the meeting would continue, and that the time allocated to AOB would not exceed 20 minutes.

Proposed by Major P White

Seconded by Mr J Burr

Carried with 2 against and 6 abstentions.

**14. DATE AND VENUE OF THE 2011 AGM:**

- a. This will take place at the UK Paper Mill Sittingbourne on the 19th March 2011 at 4 pm.

## **BRANCH NEWS**

### **RAMSGATE BRANCH**

**SECRETARY:** M. F. Milham. 185 Bradstow Way  
Broadstairs, Kent. CT10 1AX

**MEETING PLACE:** The Royal British Legion Club  
Allenby House, 14/16 Cliff Street, Ramsgate

**MEETING:** 3rd Friday in the month, 19.45 hrs.

Well I did not expect to be starting this set of notes writing about our darts team, but having had a terrible time over the last couple of years things have turned around for them, thus deserving pride of place in these notes. However things started out in a panic, we had forgotten about the annual fixture against the ladies at Ramsgate.

Following our January meeting all had gone home except myself and John Phillips, when his wife mentioned she had assumed we had sorted out our darts team for the match against the ladies the following Friday, blank looks and a shaking of heads. Quick thinking and a phone call to the ladies organiser nearly got it postponed, but no luck it was still on. John then made use of his free phone calls over the weekend and we managed to rustle up a team. Come the match and it was a close run thing, but this year it went our way thanks to the last double being thrown by Mickey Ralph.

At the inter branch match after the Association AGM we drew the Weald branch, our conquerors last year. Nobody could say the scores were great from either team and doubles were very hard to get, but Pete Hayward got the one we needed and we were in the final against Sittingbourne, but after two legs we were the runners up. We came away with the trophy for second place and our very own 'Buggsy' Wharram had the trophy for the highest score, smiles all round.

Each report now seems to include the bad news and this is no different, we have lost two of our older members, Mrs. Joyce Balding and Jack Lumpkin MM, both had not paraded for some time but will be sorely missed. We continue to have a long sick list and wish them all a speedy recovery. Three members have been in hospital but are now

back with us, John Ferneyhough, John Phillips and Pete Hayward, but all have reappeared at the last meeting. Our Welfare Officer Deric King had a nasty fall whilst out on his rounds and we hope to see him back in the near future.

At the end of August last year, the local paper carried the story of a 20-year-old local soldier Paul 'Big Ginge' Jacobs who had been severely wounded whilst serving in Afghanistan with The Rifles. It was reported that Paul, although now blind, intended to run the London Marathon supported by Louise Smith one of his principle healthcare workers whilst he was in Selly Oak Hospital, donating any funds raised to SSAFA. Later it was announced that he and Louise had got engaged. and two days later the announcement of his award of the George Medal was Gazetted.

At our branch meeting a month later we carried a proposal to donate £50 towards his funds, which was duly given to his grandmother who was running the fund raising. Week after week she was to be found with neighbours rattling tins and giving out SSAFA badges outside various supermarkets on Saturday mornings. Paul and Louise completed the marathon in just over six hours. and I was invited to attend the presentation of the cheque to SSAFA on 29th May this year. The presentation took place in Ramsgate with the Hon Treasurer of SSAFA coming down to collect a



**Mr. David Ashman, Hon. Treasurer of SSAFA, seen here receiving from Paul Jacobs and his grandmother a cheque for £2,600. During the presentation further cheques arrived taking the total to £4,500. Well done Paul & Gran.**

cheque for the monies raised which subsequently reached a total of £4,500.

Afterwards Paul released a balloon for each of the members of The Rifles who had lost their lives during the tour of duty in Afghanistan. When things settled down that day I had the chance to sit and have a beer with him and he asked about our branch of the regimental association and asked if he could join. It so happened that I had a an application form with me which was duly completed. Paul is now a member of the association and a member of our branch and we look forward to seeing Paul and Louise at our meetings and events.

*Paul's citation ends by saying 'his sheer personal courage and his startling determination, selflessness, devotion to duty and dedication to the safety of his comrades was faultless. For his action Rifleman Jacobs is awarded the George Medal.'*

Apart from Paul we have acquired another two new member Keith Lambert, ex Buffs and we welcome them and wish them a long stay with us.

Our Standard Bearer and deputy have been fairly busy along with a good number of our members also being present at the events. On Tuesday 27th April our standard and some members paraded at Westgate for the dedication of a memorial to the crews of two Liberators that crashed in Thanet during WW2. There was a US Air Force Honour Guard present and the dog tags of one of the crew members were returned to the US authorities. Friday 16th May the standard was with others for the Turning of the Page and will be parading at Nonington on 10th June for the Re-dedication of the war memorial.

Our Branch AGM returned all of the standing officers and committee members, the only change was that Henry Delo stood down as the minutes secretary, we thank him for all the many years he has carried out this task and wish him well for the future. Listening to our Social Secretary we are in for a busy year during 2010 and look forward to seeing you all at the various events that are coming up.

MFM

## LONDON (BUFFS) BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Mrs.. Betty Correa. 34 Homer Road, Shirley, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7SB. Tel No. 0208 655 3040. Email jcorrea@talk 21.com

**MEETING PLACE:** Ives Lounge, The Royal Hospital, Chelsea

**MEETING:** 3rd Saturday in the month at 14.00 hrs.

All at London Branch were sad to hear of the death of Pte. Jonathan Monk PWRR who was killed in action in Helmand Province in Afghanistan. The branch held a minutes silence in his memory prior to our meeting.

The Memorial service will be held at 14.00hrs on the 8th July 2010 at West Croydon Baptist Church, and London Buffs have been given permission to attend with their Branch Standard.

Major John Barrell reported that he attended the Association AGM on Saturday 9th April 2010 and reported that a draft Branch Constitution had been drawn up for branches to consider adopting covering the affairs of branches and action to be taken when a branch decides to close. John also reported on other items on the AGM agenda which are covered elsewhere in this issue.

We are told that the newly formed Friends of the Buffs are producing a DVD on the history of The Buffs which will be on sale shortly at £10. per copy.

The branch welfare officer, Mo Mace, has been in contact with various members who are on the sick list some of whom, so his regular contact with them is very valuable to them. Many thanks Mo for your hard work.

I have received a letter from Mr Eric Watkins who has advised that for various reasons he has been unable to attend meeting in the last few months and has decided that after 27 years it is the right time for him to call it a day but will remain a branch member and will continue to attend the Tower service and remembrance Sunday. Eric will be missed at the meetings but we look forward to seeing him at the Tower.

Another letter received from Mrs. Brigit Cox (widow of the late Major Geoffrey Cox) enclosing a very generous donation to the London Buffs on the 6th year anniversary of Geoffrey's passing saying that she has many happy memories of London Buffs.

A letter received from Rev Vernon Collins from Australia who sends his regards to the branch and all association members and so looks forward to receiving our newsletters and enjoys reading about what we get up to and that his misses all that being down under.

Ray Cox has arranged a day at Sandhurst Military Academy on Wednesday 11th August arriving at Staff college gate at approximately 10 am, If any of you are interested in attending then it is important to let me have your names as soon as you can. The Academy has requested that guests provide photographic ID to gain entry. Bring your own lunch so that we can all meet up by the lake for a picnic.

We also must thank Ray for acquiring tickets for The Trooping the Colour rehearsal on 29th May 2010 and those who were there said it was excellent except for the weather.

At our May meeting the branch held the silent toast to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Albuhera. Major Patrick Gwilliam gave the introduction which was followed by the drinking of the silent toast to the 'immortal memory', from a commemorative cup presented to the branch by Mrs. Tarver, widow of the late Brigadier Tarver. A second toast was given to the memory of Brigadier Tarver. Members were then invited to enjoy the buffet provided and a commemorative cake donated by John Field was then cut by the President and Chairman and distributed amongst those present. Our thanks must go to all who contributed to this moving event.

I have received a letter from the Deputy Governor of the Tower Of London confirming that The London Buffs have been given permission to hold our annual parade and service there on Sunday 5th September 2010. The only change to the arrangements is that the march to the chapel has been shortened. Muster will be at East gate at 10.30 hrs, car parking has to be applied for so it is necessary for those who require car parking

space to let me know your car registration number as soon as possible.

Last but no means least we have to thank our Chairman, Frank Hills, for donating £56.00 to branch funds, the proceeds from his latest car boot sale.

Well folks that's all from me for the moment I ask that you keep well and enjoy the lovely weather we are having at the moment, let's hope it lasts until the reunion.

BC

---

## CANTERBURY BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** H. G. B. Delo. 38 Reculver Avenue, Minnis Bay, Birchington CT7 9NU.  
Tel: 01843 842357

**MEETING PLACE:** The Chaucer Club, Chaucer Hill, off Military Road, Canterbury.

**MEETING:** Last Thursday of month at 20.00 hrs.

**W**ell "Well" "Well" where have the first six months of 2010 gone too they seem to have flown by but we still continue to carry on. The next thing we will be talking about are the arrangements for Christmas.

In January, we had a very exciting and enjoyable Branch meeting with Colonel Crispin Champion, the Associations President, being invited to attend. The Col was his usual self with a few of his jokes to start and he then went on to talk about the Association in general giving us information about the Association closure, Benevolence, Reunions, The Warriors Chapel and the Museums. His talk was very informative and was appreciated by all present. The Chairman, Harry Crooks, thanked the Col for his presentation and gave him an open invitation and said that he would be made most welcome at any time that he wished to attend our meetings.

The Branch along with the Ramsgate branch are now combining socially to organise and run coaches for events on a 50- 50 basis, the membership felt that this was a good idea as

this will ensure that coaches for events are full in future.

The Branch Annual General Meeting was held in February and there were just three small changes to the previous years election, Mr Wally Tong comes in as Assistant Welfare Officer, Mr Maurice Samson will in future organise the Standard Bearers and Escorts for events etc. and Mr Bryan Dudman now becomes the full time Standard Bearer for the Denmark Standard.

On Sunday 28th March the Association Band concert with lunch, organised by Major Bradley, was a very successful afternoon for which we thank him. The music and entertainment by the Band of PWRR kept everyone fully entertained throughout the afternoon.

At the April meeting, the Secretary read out a letter which had been sent to our member Alf Baker from the Russian Embassy which said that Alf has been awarded a commemorative medal which had been struck for all those United Kingdom citizens who saw service with the Russian Convoys during WWII. Well done Alf.

The Chairman congratulated Alf on being awarded this medal. Alf is a very staunch member of our Branch and rings the bell every Monday or when requested to do so at the Bell prior to the Turning of the Page ceremony in the Cathedral.

On Friday 14th May the Branch with the Standards and members gave support to Colonel Hughes of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada who was Turning the Page of that regiment's book of Life in the Cathedral. He was accompanied by our association President Colonel Champion who also Turned a Page in The Buffs Book of Life. Poppy wreaths were laid by both Colonels.

We would like to thank members of other Branch's and the Ramsgate Standard Bearer for giving their support to this special Page Turning ceremony. The turnout and support was greatly appreciated by both Colonels.

On Saturday 15th May the Branch held its annual Albuhera Dinner at the Canterbury Golf Club Members along with their wives/partners totalling 70 attended. As tradition demands, after dinner the ladies retired and Major Alan Marchant gave

an abbreviated version of the Immortal Memory after which our Chairman then proposed the Silent Toast. We then joined our ladies for a very enjoyable evening of drinking and dancing to the music played by our ever faithful friend Ken Burrows. A large raffle was organised by our Social Secretary Mr Bernard Miles and his helpers. Our guests at dinner this year were Mr & Mrs. Nicklin and Mr G.. Ferrett. A very good evening was had by all.

On the 10th June, branch members along with the Standards were invited to attend a re-dedication ceremony at the village of Nonington, Nr Canterbury. The village memorial had been refurbished and there are many names of men who had served in the Buffs inscribed on the memorial. There was a very good turnout many of which were from other associations also the children from the local school who had helped to raise funds for the refurbishment were also present. Major Peter White MM took the parade and Harry Crooks took charge of the Standards of which there were 17 in all on the parade. Mr and Mrs. Peerless who had organised this event must be thanked for their dedicated work and for inviting our Branch to take part. They must both have been pleased with the response to all their work .

During the past six months we have lost five staunch members of the Branch namely Norman Elgar, Alf Robson, Frank Burrow, Wally Murton and Steve Danton MM. They will be sadly missed and may they Rest in Peace.

We have enrolled two new members to the Branch Rob Phillips and Gerry Ferrett MBE. I have now emptied the sin bin and that's all for this time hoping to see you all at the Canterbury reunion on 1st August.

HD

---

## THE WEALD OF KENT BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Capt Micky Gwilliam, 6 Fownes Street, Battersea, London SW11 2TJ

Tel: 020 3175 1090 / 07786 782041 email: micky.gwilliam@gmail.com

**MEETING PLACE:** Royal British Legion Club, 26 Priory Road, Tonbridge, Kent

**MEETING:** At 7 pm on the second Tuesday of every other month starting in January (but see item \* below)

**T**hese notes start with the sad news that Harold Acott, one of our founders and, at 90, one of our senior members has died. As I go to press, no date for his funeral has been announced. Harold's military career started with the QORWK at Maidstone in 1937 and his war record included the BEF, the siege of Malta and D-Day to Berlin with HQ SHAEF. A fuller appreciation will appear in the next journal. He will be greatly missed.

The Branch goes from strength to strength, attracting not only full members from both wings of the Association, but also associate members from other Regiments and Arms, with our first RAF member. Paid-up membership now stands at 62. Some Association members might like to reflect this satisfying number.

The first, January, meeting of the year was postponed to February as the weather was judged to be too inclement for travel. At that meeting we decided the programme for the year, which would include trips to the RAF Museum, Hendon, and to Bletchley Park. We also learned that our Chairman, Ham Whitty, on the flimsy excuse of having spent a two-year holiday with them in the '60s, would be representing the Association at the 150th Anniversary of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada at the end of April. (A report and photographs appear elsewhere in the Journal).

\*Also at this meeting it was decided, as an experiment, that the meetings in November 2010, and January and March 2011 would take place at 1200 at the RBL Tonbridge. We will then decide where we go from there. This was all occasioned by requests from members who are not comfortable with evening meetings, particularly in winter, and whom we hope will now join us for more than just Christmas Lunch.

The visit to Hendon was supported by 15 members. For this trip it was decided that people should make their own way and meet at the entrance. I am pleased to report that slovenly civvy habits were overcome and everyone arrived on time and

at the correct RV. For those who haven't been there, I can report that what, on the surface, may just seem to be a collection of dead 'planes is, in fact, a fascinating record of manned flight from kites to very fast jets indeed. The human element is also much in evidence. Altogether an excellent day out marred only by the lack of a Wetherspoons at hand!

There was, apparently, a darts match at the Association AGM but I am unable to find anyone who has any recollection of it. No doubt the match will be resurrected at the 2011 AGM.

As I write arrangements are coming together for our major outing to Bletchley Park on 11th August. We shall be taking a coach from Tonbridge RBL and, as always, welcome guests from other branches. Please contact the Secretary right up to the last minute if you would like to come. We are also looking forward to a talk by Chris Jupp on 'The Queens Own in Palestine'.

The Branch will also be in evidence at both the Canterbury and Maidstone Reunions, where we hope to meet up with old companions

MG

---

## WUPPERTAL BUFFS

Hello everyone from the Wuppertal Buffs. There is a saying 'from small acorns large oak trees grow' (or something like that), well this appears to be the Wuppertal Buffs. From just a handful of friends, passing by word of mouth, and the use of the telephone our numbers have grown and are still growing above all expectations. We are quite confident that this will also happen with the 'Friends of the Buffs'. We wish them every success. We are all Buffs wherever and whenever we served, we look forward to the future. The Buffs must never be forgotten.

Between Christmas and April it is always a quiet period and we all look forward to attending our first reunion, which took place on the 21st April. We could not attend this reunion due to Dave having his hip operation but we are assured by all who did attend that it was a great success. We usually start our reunion days in Canterbury Cathedral to

witness 'Turning of the Page' but due to a pre-arranged service being held in the Cathedral we were unable to do this, therefore everyone met at the Victoria Hotel. A total of 33 enjoyed an exceedingly good lunch. A very successful raffle was held which helps us with our administration costs. There is an amazing feeling of excitement when all the Wuppertal Buffs start to chat about old times and they all leave asking 'when is the next get together'.

On the 14th May Colonel Paul Hughes, The Honorary Colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles in Canada turned the page in the Canadian Book of Life. This service was attended by many association members including a group of Wuppertal Buffs. It was indeed a great day to reflect on the history of the event. The service was followed by a lunch at The Victoria Hotel.

On the 10th June at 11.00 am at St. Mary's Church, Nonington a service for the re-dedication of the War Memorial was held. The weather was kind and in lovely sunshine and once again our group was very much in evidence. The parade starting at the school and was well supported with 17 standards on parade including 4 from the regt association.



**Veterans' Day Launch**

**27th June 2010**

**L to R: Norman Shonk, John Hopkins, Dave Law and Fred Scales.**

On the 27th June 2006 'VETERANS DAY' (now known as 'British Armed Forces and Veterans Day') was launched in London. Dave together with Norman Shonk, John Hopkins and Fred Scales had the privilege of attending.

Since then we have commemorated this event as near to the 27th as possible. This year we celebrated on the 30th June. The support was great. We started the day in the Cathedral, Norman turned the Page in the 'Book of Life'. The service was conducted by Reverend Canon David Radcliffe. After the service we all went to the Victoria Hotel where a much needed lunch was enjoyed by all. The Wuppertal Buffs, once again put the world to rights. We all departed after enjoying another wonderful BUFFS get together.

Dave and Gillian Law.

*(Editor's note. If you served in The Buffs in the Wuppertal days and would like to join then contact Dave Law on 01797 363647 or Fred Scales on 01892 544425.)*

---

## SITTINGBOURNE BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Mr. A Chesson. 16 Cedar Close, Sittingbourne, ME10 4TV

**MEETING PLACE:** The Ypres Tavern, West Street, Sittingbourne

**MEETING:** 1st Tuesday in the month at 19.30 hours.

---

## COLCHESTER BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** G. Arnot. 30 Cairns Road, Colchester, Essex, CO2 8UZ. Tel: 01206 520145

**MEETING PLACE:** Clovely, Great Bentley, Colchester, Essex C17 8PD

**MEETING:** 3rd Sunday in the month at 10.00hrs.

---

## HYPHE & FOLKESTONE BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Mr. S C Macintyre, Saffrons, Sunnyside Road, Sandgate, Kent CT20 3DR. Tel: 01303 240147

**MEETING PLACE:** The Royal British Legion Hall, St. Leonards Road, Hythe

**MEETING:** Second Thursday in the month at 7.30 pm.

## SANDWICH BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Mr. D. G. Hogben.  
75 Burch Avenue, Sandwich, Kent CT13 0AN.  
Tel: 01304 612920.

**MEETING PLACE:** The White Mill, Ash Road :  
Sandwich : Kent : CT13 9JB.

**MEETINGS:** 2nd Wednesday of every month  
(except August) at 7.30pm

---

## DENMARK BRANCH

**CHAIRMAN:** Bendt Ole Arndt .Brunevang 83.1,  
DK 2610 Rodovre, Denmark

**MEETINGS:** Contact the Chairman for details.

---

## MAIDSTONE BRANCH

**SECRETARY:** Mrs. D Hall-Richardson.  
31 Bychurch Place, Waterloo Street, Maidstone,  
Kent ME15 7UQ.

**MEETING PLACE:** Stone Street Club, 2 Lower  
Stone Street, Maidstone ME15 6JN,

**MEETING:** Third Tuesday in the month at 19.30  
hrs.

---

## BROMLEY BRANCH.

**CHAIRMAN:** Mr. A. Wright. 21 The Underwood,  
Eltham, London SE9 3EP.

**MEETING PLACE:** Sundridge Park W. M. C.,  
Burnt Ash Lane, Bromley.

**MEETING:** Last Monday in the month at 12.30  
hrs.

---

*(Editor's Note:) Will all Branch Secretaries please ensure that their branch notes are submitted for the next issue by 30th November 2010.*

# The Dedication of the Nonington War Memorial

10th June 2010

In September 2009 Graham Peerless, an ex Royal Naval Warrant Officer and his wife Maureen, the R.B.L. Poppy Appeal organiser for Nonington and District, launched an appeal locally to raise funds to renovate the village war memorial which had fallen into disrepair with some of the names hardly recognizable.

Their aim was to have the work done before the Remembrance Service on 11th November. Thanks to the generosity of local people and businesses, that goal was achieved. A local stonemason, Neil Scrivener was commissioned to do the work and it was completed on time. At the entrance to the Church, attached to a very large tree, there is another memorial to the fallen, a "Roll of Honour" which was equally in a bad state of disrepair. Sufficient funds were raised to renovate this memorial also.

It was suggested by one of the church congregation at the Remembrance Service that the memorial should be re-dedicated and as the majority of the names on the memorial served in The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) that the padre of Howe Barracks be invited to conduct the service. Local branches of the Queen's Own-Buffs Regimental Association were invited to attend the service, together with local associations of the Royal Tank Regiment, the Green Howards, the Royal Navy, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers and the Royal Air Force and local branches of the Royal British Legion.



**The parade led by Harry Crooks**

The local school, Nonington Church of England Primary School, who had also made their own



contribution towards the cost of the renovation were to take a central part in the celebrations.

The date of Thursday June 10th was picked as the re-dedication day and invitations were sent out. The response was quite remarkable and on the day 17 standards were on parade, four of which were

from our own association branches, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Sandwich and Denmark together with over 30 of our members, most of them ex Buffs, in support.

At 10.50 am the parade stepped off from the school playground, some 50 veterans marching with a great many more waiting at the church. The pupils from the school followed the parade to the church. The standard bearers were then fallen out and they lined the path leading to the church.

Only two standards were laid up by the altar, those of Canterbury Branch and the senior standard on parade of the R.B.L. The short service, was conducted jointly by the local Vicar, Revd. Mike Honnor and the Chaplain to 5th Battalion the Royal Regiment of Scotland (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Captain Stewart MacKay, After the first hymn the recitation of Major John McCrea's poem '*In Flanders' fields the poppies blow.*' was recited and the response was given by a pupil of the local school.



The service then continued outside by the war memorial which is built into one of the buttresses of the 15 century Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Captain Mackay gave the address, this was followed by the singing of '*The Lord is my shepherd*' led by the school, the exhortation and



**Mr. George Baldock, aged 90 a veteran of 2nd Battalion The Buffs, seen here with Mr. John French aged 92 who lives in the village. John served with the 5th Regt, 'G' Battery, Royal Horse Artillery at Dunkirk in North Africa and Italy.**



**Lenny Elks and Bryan Hazard laying their wreaths watched by the pupils.**

the Kohima prayer was given by Mr. Gerry Ferrett, Chairman of Royal British Legion, followed by a minutes silence and the sounding of the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille .

The service closed with the laying of wreaths including a Queen's Own Buffs wreath laid on behalf of the President and members of the Regimental. Association, by Major Peter White MM, Friends of The Buffs laid by Lt, Col. Cecil West OBE, from Canterbury Branch by Mr. Harry Crooks, Ramsgate Branch by Mr. Lenny Elks and on behalf of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment by Mr. Bryan Hazard.

At the end of the service, as a mark of the appreciation of all members of our association, £100 cheques were presented to the local British Legion and also to the Nonington Primary school.



**Colonel West, cutting the cake held by Graham and Maureen Peerless**

After the blessing the congregation moved back into the church for refreshments and the cutting of a ceremonial cake, emblazoned with the Buff dragon, by Lt. Col. Cecil West.

We can but thank all those concerned, especially Maureen and Graham Peerless, the Headteacher Mr. Tobin Wallace-Sims and pupils of the local school and the people of Nonington, most sincerely for their generosity and all that they have done to ensure that the sacrifice of those 27 local men, 19 of whom were Buffs, will never be forgotten.

*(A list of the names inscribed on the war memorial can be found on the next page.)*

*(Photographs courtesy of Lt. Col. Barry Duffield)*

# Nonington Memorial

**Second Lieutenant Douglas William HAMMOND.** 2nd Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 24th May 1915 aged 18 years. Son of Egerton and Ina Hammond, of St. Albans Court, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Commemorated on the Menin Gate, Ypres, Belgium.

**Captain Eric Frank PENN.** 4th Battalion, Grenadier Guards. Died 18th October 1915 aged 33 years. Son of William and Constance Penn, of London. Husband of Gladys Penn, of Baldslow Place, Baldslow, Sussex. Buried Vermelles British Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference I.K.11.

And his brother

**Second Lieutenant Geoffrey Mark PENN.** 6th Battalion, Rifle Brigade. Attended Somerset Light Infantry (S.L.I.). Died 11th February 1915 aged 28 years. Son of William and Constance Penn, of 34 Wilton Crescent, Victoria, London. Buried Rifle House Cemetery, (located in Ploegsteert Wood), Comines-Warneton, Hainaut, Belgium. Grave reference IV.H.6.

**Sergeant 200119 Robert Henry BATCHELDER.** 1st/4th Battalion, attached to the 1st/6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 14th April 1917 aged 24 years. Born Nonington. Enlisted Nonington. Resided Nonington. Son of Mr T.G and Mrs. K. A Batchelder, of Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Baghdad (North Gate) Cemetery, Iraq. Grave reference XX.M.6.

**Sergeant (Chief Mechanic) 2545 Alfred AVERY.** No6 Stores Depot, 6 Squadron Royal Air Force (R.A.F). Died 31st October 1918 aged 24 years. Son of William and Rhoda Avery, of Park Cottage, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried locally in the (St. Mary) Churchyard Extension, Nonington Canterbury, Kent.

**Chief Petty Officer (Stoker) 280187C John SAWKINS.** H.M.S "Negro", Royal Navy (R.N). Drowned 21st December 1916 aged 39 years. Son of John and Alice Sawkins, of Nonington, Dover, Kent. Husband of Mabel Caroline Black (formerly Sawkins), of 5 Edward Villas, Bredhurst Road, Rainham, Kent. Commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial. Panel 17.

John was awarded the Naval General Medal (Persian Gulf) and Naval LS & GC Medal. HMS Negro was an M Class Destroyer involved in a collision with H.M.S Hoste the day John died. The ship sank off the Orkney Islands. Records state that all 80 crew perished.

**Chief Petty Officer 183465 Frederick BAILEY.** "H.M.S. Coquette", Royal Navy (R.N). Died 23rd February 1916 aged 36 years. Son of William and Elizabeth Bailey, of Ratling Street, Adisham, Canterbury, Kent. Husband of Clara Bailey, of 5 Ratling Street, Adisham, Canterbury, Kent. Commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial, Chatham, Kent. Panel 15.

**Petty Officer (Stoker) 301862 Henry (Harry) MARLEY.** H.M.S "Botha", Royal Navy (R.N). Died 14th December 1917 aged 33 years. Son of William and Charlotte Marley, of 2 Church Villas, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried locally in the Nonington (St.. Mary) Churchyard Extension, Nonington, Dover, Kent.

**Sergeant 31478 Herbert James MAXTED.** 89th Field Company, Royal Engineers (R.E). Died 3rd June 1917 aged 48 years. Born Wingham. Enlisted Nonington. Son of Turner James and Hannah Maxted of Nonington. Husband of Eliza Agnes Maxted, of Holt Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Beaurains Road Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference E29.

**Corporal T/200148 Thomas George SIMMONDS.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 23rd August 1918 aged 23 years. Born Nonington. Enlisted Nonington. Resided Dover. Son of William George and Elizabeth Jane Simmonds, of Woolwich Green, Barham, Canterbury, Kent. Buried Daours Communal Cemetery Extension, Somme, France. Grave reference VI.C.22.

**Lance Corporal 8841 John WHYBOURN.** 1st Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 7th April 1917 aged 29 years. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Whybourn, of Holt Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Born Pluckley. Enlisted Dover. Resided Nonington. Buried Longuenesse (St.. Omer) Souvenir Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference IV.B.50.

**Lance Corporal L/8359 Alfred George Leonard SUTTON.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 6th March 1916 aged 27 years. Born Nonington. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Nonington. Husband of Maria Sutton, of 12 Cargate Hill, Aldershot, Hampshire. Commemorated on the Loos Memorial, Pas de Calais, France.

**Private L/9116 Thomas J PAY.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Formerly 2nd Battalion. Died 23rd February 1916 aged 26 years. Born Nonington. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Nonington. Son of William and Mary

Ann Pay, of Holt Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Vermelles British Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave II.N.21.

**Lance Corporal 200120 Charles Leonard BEER.** 1st/4th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 13th April 1919. Buried locally in the Nonington (St. Mary) Churchyard Extension, Nonington, Dover, Kent.

**Private G/426 Frank Richard ASHMAN.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). 13th October 1915. Born Dover. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Nonington. Commemorated on the Loos Memorial, Pas de Calais, France.

**Private G/565 John CASHMAN.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 10th October 1915. Born Buckland, Dover. Enlisted Nonington. Resided Nonington. Commemorated on the Loos Memorial, Pas de Calais, France.

**Private G/544 Edwin CAUSER.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 7th March 1916 aged 26 years. Born Tamworth, Warwickshire. Enlisted Nonington. Resided Nonington. Son of Edwin and Rose Causer of 18 Hall Lane, Huyton Quarry, Liverpool. Husband of Elizabeth Mary Causer, of 1 Church Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Commemorated on the Loos Memorial, Pas de Calais, France.

**Private G/602 John CAUSER.** 1st Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Formerly 6th Battalion. Died 19th October 1915 aged 22 years. Born Tamworth, Warwickshire. Son of Mr and Mrs. E Causer, of 19 West View, Hayton Quarry, near Liverpool. Buried Etaples Military Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference III.E.8A.

**Private G/319 Albert Thomas COWELL.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 19th March 1916 aged 22 years. Born Canterbury. Enlisted Shepherdswell. Resided Nonington. Son of Albert and Ellen Cowell, of Church Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Bethune Town Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference V.B.62.

**Private G/563 Frederick Harry DAY.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 16th February 1915 aged 36 years. Born Newmarket, Cambridgeshire. Enlisted Nonington. Resided Derbyshire. Son of Mrs. E.J Day of Chapel Row, Pilsley, Chesterfield, Derbyshire. Buried Shorncliffe Military Cemetery, Folkestone, Kent. Grave reference O.258.

**Private G/8983 Thomas HOPE.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 3rd July 1916 aged 22 years. Born Canterbury. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Denton. Son of John and

Sarah Hope, of Ackholt, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Ovillers Military Cemetery, Somme, France. Grave reference IX.B.3.

**Private G/558 Walter T KINGSFORD.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 24th August 1915. Born Bossington, Canterbury. Enlisted Adisham. Resided Adisham. Buried Calvaire (Essex) Military Cemetery, Comines-Warneton, Hainaut, Belgium. Grave reference III.C.5.

**Private G/429 Arthur W MARSH.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 14th October 1915 aged 25 years. Born Shepherdswell. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Barfreestone, Canterbury. Son of Harry and Emily Marsh, of Soles Farm, Frogham, Eythorne, Dover, Kent. Buried Saily-Labourse Communal Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave reference K.9.

**Private G/231 Thomas Jesse MARTIN.** 6th Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 6th September 1916 aged 30 years. Born Hawkhurst. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Canterbury. Son of Mrs. Mary Jane Honeysett, of Henden Farm, Chart Sutton, Maidstone, Kent. Commemorated on the Arras Memorial, Pas de Calais, France. Panel reference - Bay 2.

**Private L/9255 Ernest James PARTRIDGE.** 2nd Battalion, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment). Died 16th February 1915 aged 27 years. Born Alkham. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Adisham. Son of William and Jane Partridge, of Old Court Cottages, Adisham, Canterbury, Kent. Commemorated on the Menin Gate, Ypres, Belgium.

**Bombardier 56275 William CHIDWICK.** 41st Battery, Royal Field Artillery (R.F.A). Died 13th September 1918 aged 26 years. Born Nonington, Dover. Enlisted Canterbury. Husband of Nellie Chapman (formerly Chidwick), of Church Street, Nonington, Dover, Kent. Buried Hermies Hill British Cemetery, Pas de Calais, France. Grave I.G.5.

**Private G/22578 Herbert (Henry) Stanton JONES.** 3rd Battalion, Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment). Formerly Trooper (23825) 21st Lancers. Died 10th October 1918 aged 29 years. Born Ashford. Enlisted Canterbury. Resided Dover. Son of Edward Stanton and Mary Ann Jones, of 18 Edinburgh Road, Ashford, Kent. Buried in St. Cuthbert Old Churchyard, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland.

**WE WILL REMEMBER THEM**

# ALBUHERA 2011

## THE 200th ANNIVERSARY

From Colonel M J Ball, Regimental Secretary  
Regimental Headquarters  
The Princess Of Wales's Royal Regiment  
Howe Barracks, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1JY  
Telephone: Civil: (01227) 818095  
Email: regtl-sec@pwrr.army.mod.uk

June 2010

Gentlemen,

### General

1. In August 2008 I wrote to everyone with a warning order giving an outline of events planned for Albuhera 200 and asking you to inform me if you wished to attend the Albuhera 200 celebrations (Reference A). My letter also asked you to select a hotel of your choice in Badajoz. A consolidated list of those who have expressed an interest in attending is attached at Annex A. I appreciate that this may change in the future but it is current as at today's date.

2. I recently carried out a confirmation recce with Major Tony Martin and am now in a position to give you more detailed information about the trip to Albuhera. This is the good news, however the bad is that I must now ask for a substantial deposit, more of which later.

### The Programme

3. This has changed from the provisional one outlined in Reference A, but only slightly. The dates remain the same.

#### Friday 13th May

- Fly from Heathrow to Lisbon.
- Travel by luxury coach to hotels in Badajoz.
- Dinner in hotels.

#### Saturday 14th May

##### Group 1

- We will divide into two groups.
- For those that can manage a reasonably steep walk over cobblestones and would like to attend this event
- 1100 - Depart hotels for ceremony at Elvas.
- Ceremonies at the English Cemetery followed by lunch
- 1700 approx - Return to hotels.

##### Group 2

- More suited for those who would find steps and climbing steep cobble-stoned roads a challenge.
- 1030 - Depart for Mérida. This is an ancient town with substantial Roman ruins. You would spend the day here
- Own lunch.
- 1600 approx - Depart and return to hotels.

- Evening - Own entertainment.
- Sunday 15th May** - (St Esidera Day – A local public bank holiday)
- Divide into two groups
- Group 1** - AM – Conduct the battlefield tour of Albuhera.  
Lunch organised.
- Group 2** - AM – visit local Bodega (wine) guided tour and chance to purchase special wine/battlefield tour of Badajoz siege.  
Lunch organised.
- Group 1** - PM – Conduct Bodega tour/Badajoz battlefield tour.
- Group 2** - PM – Conduct Albuhera battlefield tour.
- Evening 1930 - This will be a special dinner at one of the hotels. Guests will be invited, evening will include speeches and setting the scene for the main day.
- Monday 16th May** - Albuhera Day – attend all the celebrations in the town.  
Includes ceremony at the regimental memorial and attend lunch hosted by Mayor.
- This is likely to be a very long day. We may organise coaches to return to the hotels at various stages.
- Evening - Free.
- Tuesday 17th May** - Travel back to Lisbon.
- There may be time for a short cultural visit either to Sintra or Lisbon itself. This will depend on the flight time to London.

### Flights

4. These will be pre booked from Heathrow to Lisbon. The flight schedules for May 2011 are not on the websites at the moment, however our agent is checking on flight costs at group rates. The best estimate we have at the moment is that the cost of a return flight will be around £200 per person.
5. As yet we do not have any firm timings but likely timings would be depart Terminal 3, Heathrow at 1115hrs and return to Heathrow at approximately 1800hrs.
6. Flights will be booked by us through our travel agent. We will endeavour to negotiate the best price taking into account reliability and comfort.

### Coaches

7. As already mentioned above, groups will travel in air conditioned luxury coaches. Each coach will have a guide and a co-ordinator. We will attempt to keep regimental groups together but much will depend on the final breakdown of numbers attending.

### Entertainment

8. It is difficult at this stage to go firm. However events will include:

- a. Ceremonies at Elvas British Cemetery (Portugal) and Albuhera. This will involve the Spanish and Portuguese Army and various re-enactment societies. Our own Corps of Drums plus regular soldiers. Veterans and representatives of predecessor regiments.
- b. VIPs might include The Duke of Wellington or Lady Jane Wellesley and Lord Patrick Beresford. The Duke of Bragança, Ambassadors and Defence Attachés.
- c. We plan to hold a large dinner to which guests will be invited on the eve of Albuhera Day.
- d. Tours might include other battlefields, Wine cellars (Bodegas), local ruins and ancient towns.

9. You can get more information on the Elvas British Cemetery on the website at [british-cemetery-elvas.org](http://british-cemetery-elvas.org) and information on Mérida by Googling Mérida Spain and looking at the Wikipedia site.

### **Passport**

10. Everyone must be in possession of a current British passport.

### **Medical Insurance**

11. This will be compulsory and once committed to the tour everyone will be asked to produce a copy of their insurance certificate and send it to RHQ by 10 May 2011. Similarly everyone must be in possession of a European Health Insurance Card (EHIC). It is regretted that we are unable to take anyone without proof of medical insurance and possession of an EHIC.

### **Fitness**

12. Most of the sites that we will visit will require a fair amount of walking. These include some inclines, hills and occasionally some walking distance from the bus to the site. For example, the walk from the coach to the ridge of Albuhera, where we study the battle, is a good 30 minute walk for a reasonably able person and the route takes in a fairly steep incline onto the ridge. You should also remember that the average May temperature of where we are in Spain is 30°C.

13. I would very strongly encourage you to consider the physical and climatic side of the programme before making a commitment to attend the celebrations. Where possible we will try and provide alternative facilities (e.g. sit at a café) to the more arduous events.

### **Hotels**

14. Since my first recce to Spain there has been an increase in the Iberian cost of living, a hike in IVA (VAT) and a fluctuating euro/pound exchange rate. All of which has had an impact on our pricing of the trip and particularly the hotels.

15. A revised costing for the hotels we shall use is shown at Annex B. The key fact to remember is that in Spain you hire the room. It matters not if you then fill it as a single or double occupancy. Please note that the cost of breakfast is not included in the cost of the room for the Rio, AC and Lisbon Hotels. Breakfast is included in the price of the room for the Gran Hotel.

### **Notice of Attendance and Cost**

16. Having given you as much information as I can it is now time to turn to the unpleasant matter of money. We have attempted to keep prices down as much as possible, however it has been difficult in this changing world of rising flight costs and a substantial increase in the cost of living and VAT in Spain and Portugal.

17. To assist you in your financial planning I have attempted to give you a breakdown of the costs of the whole trip. This is shown at Annex C. I have attempted to include every item that you will have to cover,

such as lunches and evening meals plus miscellaneous costs such as coffee and beer. However you will appreciate that this is inevitably very much an approximation.

18. In order to benefit from the best deals we need to start firming up on flight bookings and coaches and therefore one of the main purposes of my letter is to ask for a deposit of £230.00 per head. I realise that this is a substantial amount of money, however the deposit covers the projected cost of the airfare and the coach and as I have explained above we need to book early to get the best deals – Catch 22!

19. I should also point out that this deposit will be non-refundable unless we can sell your ticket on to someone who wishes to join the trip at a later date. You should therefore make arrangements to have this amount covered through insurance, should you unfortunately be unable to complete the trip.

20. Your cheque should be made out to the 'PWRR General Fund' and I would ask you to send it to Major Tony Martin at RHQ by no later than 1 August 2010. I would be most grateful if you would also complete the enclosed deposit payment slip and return it together with your cheque to RHQ. We will call for the final settlement in February 2011.

21. Should you have any queries please do not hesitate to get in touch with Tony Martin or me on 01227 818050.

Yours sincerely,

Mike Ball

Annex B To  
RHQ/PWRR/004  
Dated June 2010

Hotels

<u>Serial</u>	<u>Name of Hotel</u>	<u>Star Rating</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>Cost Room</u>	<u>B / F</u>	<u>Dinner</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
1.	Gran Hotel	xxxxx	This as an expensive 1 <sup>st</sup> class hotel 20 rooms have been reserved. It is ideal for VIP's or those who can afford it	110.00 EU	Incl	extra	
2.	Hotel Rio	xxxx	This is a good smart Comfortable hotel. 50 rooms have been reserved.	64-80 Eu	Extra	Extra	
3.	Hotel A C	xxxx	Also a good smart comfortable hotel 50 rooms booked	70-27 EU	Extra	Extra	
4.	Hotel Lisboa	xxx	This is cheap and cheerful but also clean and welcoming	53-60 EU	Extra	Extra	

Prices quoted – cost per room whether double or single occupancy quoted in Euros (EU)

It is calculate that by 2011 all prices would have gone up by approx 5.00 Euros.

# ALBUHERA 2011

## BREAKDOWN OF COSTS PER PERSON

ANNEX C TO

RHQ/PWRR/004

DATED JUNE 2010

**All amounts are in British pounds**

<b>ITEM</b>	<b>AMOUNT</b>
Airfare	£200.00
Coach	£50.00
Hotel (1)	£280.00
Regimental Dinner (15 May)	£30.00
Albuhera Day Lunch (Invitation by Mayor)	£20.00
Elvas Lunch	£20.00
Lunch on 15 May	£10.00
Other Meals (includes dinner on the 1st evening, lunch at Merida and Dinner last night) (2)	£50.00
Miscellaneous (coffee, beer etc) (3)	£30.00
Total	£690.00

### Notes:

(1) This amount is based on £70 per night and includes breakfast. This is for a single occupancy. If you are a couple there is no additional charge for the room, but you would have to factor in an additional amount for breakfast, usually around £8. For those staying at the Gran Hotel the amount is £90 which includes breakfast.

(2) This figure is difficult to assess as you will be the one who decides on what you want to spend. I have included the item (at £50, based on £20 for an evening meal and £10 for lunch) in order to show you the additional costs that you will have to include in your budgeting.

(3) As above.

# EVERY DAY A BONUS

## by the late Ken Clarke

(Concluding Ken's remarkable account of his service with the QORWK's)

*(Editor's note- As you know sadly Ken Clarke passed away late last year. It is only fitting that we conclude the serialisation of Ken's account of his wartime service in this issue as a final tribute to him.)*

We formed ourselves into groups and scrounged or stole pieces of board and rope to construct the sort of sledges we had seen pulled by the earlier POW party. Eventually orders came from Stalag XXB Headquarters at Marienburg that we were to move the following day and so on the 19th February 1945 we packed our sledges with blankets, changes of clothes, some utensils and all the food we had been able to obtain. The Walashewski's smuggled a piece of cooked bacon to me which lasted three or four days and I also loaded up my faithful clock and my clarinet.

### The Long March

Three of the lads had decided that they would stay and had vanished during the night and gone their various ways. The rest of us moved off about 10 o'clock in the morning with two pulling each sledge and two walking behind picking up anything that fell off. Our little column set off down the snow covered main road through the village, past the blacksmith's shop, Freitag's farm and the distillery, and with sad waves from all the villagers we said farewell to Poldersee or, as it was soon to become once again, Wielki Podles.

The first leg of our journey was completed with everyone in good spirits as the weather was fine and we could travel along at a fairly brisk pace - after all we were on our way home. In Berent we expected to climb aboard cattle trucks at the station and be back in Germany in a few days, eventually to meet the British Army. Then we would soon be on a boat to Blighty.

We arrived in Berent (Kosciierzyna) during the afternoon and were somewhat surprised to find ourselves in a large compound with about 1200 other British POWs who had arrived from working camps all around the area. More parties of prisoners arrived until there must have been about

1500 of us altogether. We were issued with half a loaf of bread and told that it might have to last us for a few days and then to our dismay discovered we were to travel on foot.

At about 5 o'clock we set off in a long column, some with sledges, some pushing handcarts, others with all their worldly possessions in a pack on their backs, escorted on either side by armed guards. We headed north west in the direction of Butow (Bytow) and after about five hours halted at a farm and settled down for the night in barns and other farm buildings. At about 6.00 a.m. we were roused by the guards and told to get ready to move off. Tom Kynoch, with whom I had worked for a couple of years at Freitag's farm, suddenly announced that he wasn't going on and intended to hide and make his way back to Poldersee. We thought up a quick plan of campaign and decided that he should go into a dark part of the barn and we would cover him with straw so he could stay until the coast was clear.

With so many prisoners spread around the area the guards had no idea how many they were escorting and the chance of his being discovered was remote. We moved off as it was getting light and left Tom to his fate. In fact it was many months later that I learned he had not been discovered and, travelling by night, had in fact found his way back to Poldersee where he was hidden by the Polish family Potratz who lived opposite our POW billet. The Russians arrived about a week later and Tom and the others who stayed behind were not treated too well and were made to do forced labour. He continued to live with the Potratz family and it was not until about four months after the end of the war that he and a number of other British prisoners were finally rounded up and repatriated. So perhaps I made the right decision after all.

We continued north westwards towards the town of Stolp (Slupsk) and the weather began to deteriorate with more snow falling as we headed towards the Baltic Sea coast. The conditions reduced the rate at which we could travel and we were kept moving until after dark when we were

thankful to find another barn and some straw on which to stretch our weary limbs. There was no issue of food this day so we had to make inroads into the supplies we had brought with us. The next day we reached Stolp and began to travel due west. Icy winds blowing off the Baltic Sea only a few miles away brought sub zero temperatures- and every spare bit of clothing we carried was put on. Our breath froze on our unshaven faces and even formed icicles on our chins as we struggled against the elements.

Hungry men were by now beginning to get desperate and as the column straggled past a straw covered potato clamp there was a sudden rush and a dozen pairs of hands began tearing away at the straw and earth covering the partly frozer potatoes. We grabbed as many as we could and stuffed them into our pockets before the nearest guard began threatening to shoot someone if we didn't get back into the column. This was the first of many similar forays into the fields during the coming weeks whenever we passed clamps containing potatoes^ swedes or turnips. Sometimes we ate them raw, sometimes we were able to make fires when we halted at the end of the day and cooked them with anything else we could find. Frozen cabbages from the fields, nettles - all went into the pot to give us some sort of a hot meal.

We reached the town of Schlawe (Slawno) after a week and many men were by now falling by the wayside. After five years captivity we had not been particularly fit when we started out and as we got weaker our sledges were abandoned and anything which we couldn't carry was discarded. The sick and those unable to continue were at first picked up by German transport and taken to nearby towns. There were a few motor vehicles with the column in which the German officers travelled and which carried the guards' packs and rations. When the time came for me to lighten my load I was sorely tempted to throw my clarinet into the ditch but I overcame the temptation. I wrapped it in an old cloth, threw away the case stuck the instrument in my overcoat pocket and trudged on.

On some days we were fortunate to get an issue of bread and ersatz coffee but often, after a ten hours march, there was nothing. Often too there wasn't even the shelter of a barn in which to spend the night and we collected wood and

branches to make bonfires to sit around, hoping at least to keep warm and dry out our wet clothes. The temperatures at night were still well below freezing and efforts were made to stop men from falling asleep and possibly freezing to death. We melted snow in tin cans on our bonfires to make warm drinks

All thoughts of washing and shaving had long been abandoned and with everyone muffled up to the eyebrows it was difficult to recognise even men with whom we had spent the past couple of years. The German method of guarding the column was to have a company of guards marching alongside whilst another group cycled when possible or was transported ahead to find a suitable stopping place for the night for the prisoners and to arrange billets and rations for themselves and sometimes rations for us. Roles were reversed the next day with those who had marched the previous day taking over the bicycles and going on ahead and the others taking their place and guarding the column. Depending on conditions we might cover as much as 20 miles in a day or as few as five • when deep snow and blizzards made it almost impossible to put one foot in front of another.

We now began to realise that the German guards anxiety to keep the column moving westward was not so much for our benefit but to save their own skins. They were scared of what might happen to them should they be captured by a Russian army seeking revenge for the atrocities committed by the Germans during the previous years. By heading west as fast as possible they hoped eventually to surrender to the British or American forces from whom they expected to receive better treatment. We were, in fact, their excuse to get them to the west and also keep them from being drafted into active service units.

After struggling for two weeks across the State of Pomerania we reached Koslin (Koszalin) and continued south of the coastal towns of Kolberg (Kolobrzeg) and (Dreptow ' (frzebiatow). Men were dying and many more becoming sick and unable to continue the gruelling march but there was always the urgency of the Germans to keep the column moving. Sick men were now often left behind in barns suffering from frostbite, dysentery, blisters or simply starvation. There was no way that we who were still fit enough to continue could possibly have helped them along. Our numbers

decreased daily, although from time to time as we passed through a small town or village we came across a party of POWs who had been at camps in the area and they joined the column.

When we arrived at our stopping place for the night, which was almost always a farm, if I was unable to get inside a barn I made a beeline for the manure heap. I had discovered that quite a lot of heat was generated from the rotting manure and after clearing away the snow, and if possible finding an armful of dry straw, under the circumstances it made a fairly cosy bed for the night. As soon as it was daylight we were rounded up to set off once again on our march westwards with the column slipping and sliding on the icy roads, stretching out for over a mile as we struggled against the elements.

Sore feet, hunger, dysentery and exhaustion was now taking its toll and by now I had lost contact with most of the lads with whom I had set out. About this time I met up briefly with a man who had been awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery in action at the time of Dunkirk. Lance Corporal Harry Nichols of 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards was a big, strong chap and had been heavyweight boxing champion of his regiment. He had been wounded four times while leading his section in attacks on three separate German machine gun posts, but eventually fell and was left for dead. Subsequently, when his actions were reported, he was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross. It was many months later that he was found severely wounded in a German hospital. His strong physical condition enabled him finally to recover from his many wounds and be transferred to a POW camp in Posnan and he was now marching with us along the snow covered roads of the Baltic Coast.

Harry was a terrific inspiration to the men around him, not only because of his V.C. and the way in which he had overcome his serious wounds, but because of his example and bearing despite the awful conditions in which we now found ourselves. I am sure that he inspired many men to keep going when it would have been so easy to give in. I lost contact with him after a few days as we continued our trek towards the mouth of the River Oder and Stettin (Szczecin) harbour. One day near here someone in the column spotted a wagon full of turnips standing in a field, and within minutes it was empty. Most probably some farm workers

had loaded it up from a clamp and gone back to their farm to collect a horse to cart it away. If that was the case they were in for a shock when they returned.

As we approached the estuary we passed through the small town of Kamin (Kamien-Pomorski) and ahead of us lay a cluster of islands dividing the State of Pomerania from Mecklenburg on the opposite side of the River Oder. We crossed the river on pontoons connecting the islands of Wolin, Dievonow, Swinemunde and Usedom, not realising at the time that we were only a few miles from the infamous rocket station of Peenemunde where the V1 and V2 rockets were developed, and which were at that time causing such devastation to London and other towns in England. We reached the western bank of the Oder having been on the march for a month, during which time we had not taken our clothes off or been able to wash. It was now the middle of March and the weather was improving slightly as we arrived at Anklam in the State of Mecklenburg.

The column headed in the direction of Demmin and then turned south towards Neubrandenburg, Waren and Neustrelitz. Much of this area is covered by large lakes and rivers and we wound our way around these, sometimes retracing our steps along roads that we had already covered. One day we came across a huge prison camp with all the trappings that we knew so well - miles of barbed wire, goon boxes (sentry posts on stilts) with machine guns and searchlights. There was an eerie feeling about the place and we noticed something we had not come across before, women guards with Alsatian dogs. Then we saw some of the inmates moving about inside the compound - women in blue and white striped shapeless dresses, many barefooted. I later learned that the notorious Ravensbruck concentration camp was in this area and in all probability this was it. Our guards suddenly became agitated and made us hurry along until we were out of sight of the camp. At that time we were unaware of the terrible horrors that were perpetrated in these places.

Having skirted the lakes we began to move north again and wound our way through Maichow and Karow, then turned towards the west once more. The continuous search for anything edible continued and I think that the only thing that kept us going was our belief that it would soon be all

over. Things had reached a pretty desperate state when one day we stopped in a small country town and we couldn't believe our eyes. A large white van with red crosses painted on the sides came slowly into view and stopped nearby. It was driven by a Swiss Red Cross official who had been searching for our column with a load of Red Cross food parcels. These lorries were driven by Swiss or Swedish Red Cross volunteers and were known as White Angels. They toured around north west Germany trying to locate the many columns of prisoners who were known to be being herded along the roads in the area. The issue of a parcel between two men was a life saver and just one more reason for all ex-POWs to be eternally grateful to the Red Cross organisation. That night in our billet we enjoyed the best meal we had had for many weeks.

There was evidence of recent air raids as we passed through the rubble of bombed buildings to the railway sidings where we halted and were herded into a huge glass-covered cattle market alongside the track, where we spent the night. Allied planes could be heard droning overhead during the night and ack-ack guns around the town were kept busy. We thought that a glass-roofed cattle market was perhaps not the best place to be in during an air raid but there was not a lot we could do about it.

Next morning we were allowed on to the platform where there were water taps and we managed to get a wash for the first time in weeks. It made a change, too, to have a rest from the weary marches of the past weeks and also to be inside in the dry. Allied aircraft continued to fly over the town in large formations, probably heading for Berlin some 70 miles southeast of Wittenberge.

After a relatively peaceful day's rest and an issue of bread and coffee we settled down for the night but about five o'clock in the morning we were rudely awakened by our guards storming in shouting Raus, raus, allus raus. We were herded outside and marched alongside the railway tracks to a siding where a number of open trucks were standing. We climbed aboard, about fifty men to a truck, and very soon the train began to move. Speculation was rife as to the reason for our hurried departure. Could it be that the Allies were about to take the town or were we, as one rumour

had it, to be taken to Berlin as hostages to prevent its destruction by Russian and Allied artillery?

The latter was soon discounted when we found that we were travelling north, passing through the small towns of Lenzen and Domitz, and after a journey of some 25 miles we arrived at the large railway junction of Hitzacker. The junction, which carried the main rail traffic to Hamburg, Lubeck and Rostock, had been heavily bombed and was obviously one of the previous night's targets. There were also large oil storage tanks nearby which had received attention from the RAF and American Air Force. Engines, carriages, trucks, all lay at grotesque angles, twisted and wrecked, and the track was bent into a multitude of shapes. We were handed picks and shovels and formed into groups under a German civilian foreman and with a couple of armed guards with each party were taken to various points along the line.

At the junction were many sets of lines, not one of which had escaped severe damage. Our job was to find sections of undamaged line, unbolt them and carry them to where a section of track was being relaid to enable re-opening of one of the lines. Much of the track was pointing skywards, other sections hung precariously over the edge of huge craters. Prisoners of other nationalities, slave workers and also civilians had been rounded up to assist with the repairs. It was hard, heavy work, particularly in view of our poor physical condition at that time. Gradually one section of the track took shape and as each new length of line was laid a convoy of trains that were queuing up moved slowly forward a few yards at a time. Many of the carriages were full of German troops all looking very dejected. We were kept hard at it all that day until by about 5.30 p.m. one section of track was reopened and the trains began to move again. We were then taken back to the trucks in which we had arrived for the return journey to Wittenberge.

We returned to the cattle market and found an issue of soup and bread awaiting us. For the next few days the journey to Hitzacker was repeated and we continued filling in bomb craters, moving track and debris to clear the way for a second line to be opened, returning each evening to Wittenberge.

One night there was a particularly heavy bombing raid and as we expected the junction at Hitzacker

had again been among the targets. On this occasion I was taken with a party of 20 or so men to fill in a huge crater about 25 feet across and almost as deep. From early morning until dark we toiled away, throwing into the hole anything we came across to help fill it up. It was quite late when we had finished and the railway engineers began to re-lay the track across. It must have been almost midnight by the time we lay down to sleep back in our billet, hoping for a few hours rest.

But it was not to be as in the early hours of the morning the familiar cries of Raus, Raus, woke us from our much needed slumber and we were soon back at the siding climbing aboard the open trucks once more. Arriving at Hitzacker we were met by the gang foreman and our party was taken along the line to where we had spent the previous day. There to our astonishment there was a crater in almost the exact spot where it had been the day before. All the earth and debris with which we had laboured to fill it was strewn around the area and we had to set to and throw it all back in again.

The next day, instead of boarding the train for Hitzacker, a party of us were marched across the sidings to a site almost opposite the cattle market. Again we were issued with picks and shovels and told to dig trenches alongside the railway track. We thought that they were for use as slit trenches in the event of an air raid, when the trains would stop and the passengers could take shelter. However, we were puzzled by the fact that we were told to dig them six feet wide as well as six feet deep. Having spent months in France in 1939 digging slit trenches we knew that they needed to be only a couple of feet wide for maximum protection so we couldn't understand the reason for the order. A couple of days later the reason became only too clear. I was with a few others on the platform outside our billet when a train with a long line of closed cattle trucks stopped at the far side of the junction near the spot where we had been digging. A number of horse drawn waggons drew up, German soldiers appeared and began opening the trucks and sliding back the doors.

Then to our horror we saw them throwing bodies from the trucks, many of them naked, into the waggons. Once a cart was full it was driven alongside the trenches which we had dug and the bodies were thrown in. When the guards

realised what was going on we were cleared off the platform back into the cattle market. They tried to tell us that these were victims of air raids but we discovered that they were in fact victims of concentration camps which the Germans were trying to clear out to avoid discovery when our troops eventually overran the area. Now we knew why we were made to dig those trenches six feet wide.

That night there was a heavy air raid on the town with incendiary bombs starting many fires and I was with a party taken into the town next morning to help clear bomb damage from the streets. We saw that many of the Germans in uniform guarding buildings and patrolling the streets were just young boys of fifteen or sixteen, wearing uniforms much too big for them. These youngsters, who had been brainwashed by the Nazi party for most of their lives, still believed that they could win the war and they strutted about with their rifles and 'Heil Hitler' salutes which we found quite comical.

Eater that afternoon the sirens sounded again and everyone began to run for the air raid shelters. We wondered what would happen to us but our guards decided that they would make for the nearest shelter and take us with them. At that point there were just four of us and a couple of guards and we ran as fast as we could as the sound of the approaching aircraft became louder. We reached the entrance to the shelter and ran down a long incline into a fairly large underground chamber crammed full of people. Then we heard the anti-aircraft guns as they opened up, mixed with the sound of explosions as bombs began to fall. Hardly a word was spoken by the people in the shelter until someone asked one of our guards 'Who are these people?', indicating us. 'Englander, Kreigs-Gefangener' (English prisoners) he replied, at which point things looked decidedly ugly. Up above British planes were plastering their town and from the looks and mutterings of the other occupants of the shelter it was probably fortunate for us that we had a couple of guards with loaded rifles looking after us. I must say that it was with some relief that we heard the all-clear sound and were soon back above ground surveying the latest damage.

Mainly incendiary bombs had been dropped in our part of the town and more buildings were burning as we were escorted back to the cattle market.

We half expected to find the glass roof of our billet shattered to smithereens but either by luck or - who knows - perhaps prior knowledge that a few hundred British POWs were housed there, it had been avoided. During the next couple of days the Allied armies reached the opposite bank of the river Elbe and their artillery began to shell the town and troop concentrations round about. On the 12th April, having spent two weeks billeted in the cattle market, we started marching once again. During this time the blisters had healed, tired limbs had managed to get a little rest and we were in slightly better shape than when we had arrived. As we passed through the town buildings were still burning, rubble was strewn everywhere and bewildered civilians were searching among the debris to try and salvage some of their possessions.

Reaching the outskirts of Wittenberge we passed road blocks and anti-aircraft guns mounted on railway trucks. As the air raid sirens wailed yet again our column came to a halt at the side of the road and looking up we saw a great black mass of aircraft approaching the town. The AA guns all opened up at once and shell after shell poured up into the sky as scores of huge four engined bombers passed overhead in perfect formation. All around the planes puffs of smoke spread out in the sky as the shells exploded but they just kept coming. Suddenly there was a massive explosion as a plane was hit but the formation just continued on its way as hundreds of small pieces of wreckage and the remains of a crew of probably eighteen Allied airmen drifted downwards. No bombs dropped on this occasion, the planes obviously had another destination in mind.

It was almost dark as we continued our trek and after a while we caught up with another column of marching prisoners. These turned out to be Russians and like us they were strung out in a long line. They were more closely guarded than we were with armed guards every few yards on each side of them, shouting and cursing at them to move faster. Some of the guards appeared to be drunk as they struck the wretched Russians with their rifles or prodded them with bayonets. After marching along behind them for some miles there suddenly came a shot from up ahead followed by a cry, and the next thing we knew men were falling over a body in the road. Then came more

shots as the German guards became more angry at the slow pace and again in the dark we were stumbling over bodies of Russian prisoners. Some of the guards were just firing haphazardly into the column. Eventually our column moved ahead of the Russians and they were left behind but I wonder how many of those luckless men survived.

A day or two later I was talking to a group of prisoners in a barn where we were resting and I noticed that a couple of them were not joining in the conversation. These two, in British Army overcoats and hats, were introduced to me as Fred and George but were in fact both Russians. They had managed to slip into our column in the dark and had been kitted out by some of our lads with British clothes. As long as they kept quiet they were able to pass quite easily as two of us as at that time we were all filthy dirty, unkempt, unshaven, each one of us looking much like another. Whether or not they got away with it I don't know.

We set off north east, back along the same roads over which we had struggled two weeks earlier, through Perleberg, Pritzwalk and then doubled back to Putlitz, a small market town where we were billeted in a farmyard on the outskirts. We were told that we would be resting here for a few days for which I was very grateful having, like many others, been suffering from dysentery at this time. A different German Commandant had taken charge of the column and he allowed us to make fires in the farmyard to heat water and cook food. A hand cart had been found in one of the barns and small parties with a couple of guards were allowed to take it up to a spinney a short distance from the farm to collect firewood.

One day I went with the wood collecting party and we were on our way back with the loaded cart when there was a sudden deafening noise as an American fighter-bomber came roaring over a hedge about fifty yards from us. In record time we were all lying flat in the ditch that ran alongside the road, guards and prisoners piled on top of one another, leaving the cart standing in the road. The plane's guns were spitting out tracer bullets in long streams as it hurtled across the road and in seconds it was gone. We crawled out of the ditch thankful to be still in one piece when we saw the deep furrows cut in the road by bullets only inches in front of and behind the cart which some of us

had been pushing and others pulling. We kept a wary eye open for the rest of the journey back to the farm. No doubt the pilot had seen our party moving along the road and spotted the armed guards and thought we were all Germans - a very close shave.

Spring was on the way and the weather was fine as we made the most of our rest in Putlitz. One or two small parties of men were taken into the town to do various jobs including helping at the local bakery, which enabled us to get a regular issue of bread. A party of four men had been working at the bakery one day and were returning with their guard to the billet when they were overtaken by a small convoy of three German army vehicles. These stopped just ahead of the column of prisoners and a German major called them to a halt and asked the guard who they were and what they were doing. The guard explained that they were British POWs who had been working in the town and that he was escorting them back to their billet which was about 100 yards further on. The major ordered the guard to leave and said that he would take charge of the prisoners but the guard protested that he was responsible for them. The major then drew his pistol and pointing it at the guard shouted "*Do as I tell you or I will shoot you!*"

The terrified guard left at the double and came running up the road and into the farmyard where he alerted the Commandant. Meanwhile the German major had ordered the four British prisoners to march in front of his truck on which a machine gun was mounted. As they reached the entrance to the farm they began to turn in but he shouted at them to carry on. I didn't see them pass the entrance but many of our men did and a couple of minutes later we heard shots. Guards and prisoners rushed out of the farm entrance to see the three German vehicles vanishing along the road and the four British soldiers lying in a pool of blood. They were carried into the farm where it was found that three were dead and one man seriously wounded. The wounded man, a fellow member of the Royal West Kent Regiment, died during the night. The Commandant, a veteran of the First world War, was disgusted with what had happened and tore off his medal ribbons, saying that he was ashamed to be an officer in the same army as the major responsible for cold blooded

murder. The following day a party of men were allowed to go into the town to attend the funeral of the shot British prisoners. It was a sad end to what had been a relatively peaceful stay in Putlitz.

On the 26th April we set off once again heading towards Schwerin. The sounds of war became louder as artillery battles were being fought and our column was frequently brought to a halt when air raids were taking place on nearby towns. Living by our wits was still the order of the day and no opportunity was lost to obtain anything that could be eaten or drunk. Is most of the guards now seemed to be fairly amiable some men took the chance while passing through a village to dash out of the column, go round to the back of a house, and if anyone was about beg for a piece of bread or whatever was going. Quite a few were successful and so one day I thought I would try my luck.

It was late afternoon and we had been walking all day without a drink and I was really parched as we approached Parchim, which we had already passed through eighteen days earlier. The front of the column had already turned into a farmyard where we were to spend the night when I saw a few yards up a lane, screened by hedges, a row of small cottages. I took my chance and dodged out of the Column and round the back of the first cottage I came to. A woman looking out of the window saw me and came to the door to see what I wanted. I told her that we had been marching all day and asked for something to drink. She took my mug and filled it up with hot coffee for which I thanked her and then crept cautiously back down the lane to join the last of the stragglers coming along the road. I darted back amongst them and marched the few yards to the farm thinking that my luck was in, but standing by a barn was one of the guards who spotted my steaming mug. He called me over and asked where I had got it and then told me to throw it away. Having risked being caught to get it I wasn't going to give in too easily and tried to plead that I was desperate after marching all day, but he wasn't one of the easy going sort and shouted at me again to throw it away. As I still hesitated he took his rifle off his shoulder, put a bullet up the breech and said 'throw it away or I will shoot you'. I threw it away, somehow my thirst had disappeared.

Next day we set out again as usual about 7-30 in the morning\* The weather had been fine for the past few days and air activity had increased considerably as we approached the large coastal towns of Lubeck, Schwerin and Rostock. The sound of artillery guns could be clearly heard in the distance and the column came to a halt as Allied planes began to attack a concentration of troops about a mile ahead. When the planes had completed their mission our column moved off again and half an hour later we came across the object of their attentions. Many wrecked and burning vehicles littered the road and there were groups of demoralised soldiers milling about. We thought at first that they were German troops until we noticed that they wore a red, white and blue flash on the upper sleeve in the shape of a shield and we realised that they were, in fact, Frenchmen who had joined the German army. Known as the French Volunteer Legion, they wore German uniform and equipment and were mainly commanded by German officers. We had heard about these renegade units formed in France, Belgium and Holland, Denmark and other countries and as we passed them they were given much verbal abuse by the British POWs.

On the afternoon of 29th April we arrived at a large deserted farm and as we trudged up the lane towards it we passed a dead horse lying in a field, victim of a recent air raid. We stopped at the farm and were told to accommodate ourselves in the various barns, sheds and stables as we were to remain here for the rest of the day. Permission was obtained from the Commandant for a party of men to go and collect the dead horse and one of the lads who had been a butcher produced a large knife - no one asked where it came from - and very soon the horse was dismembered and was being stewed up along with potatoes and other vegetables discovered after a search of the farm buildings.

The next morning we were allowed to make use of a nearby pond and many of us stripped off our clothes for the first time in almost three months and enjoyed a cold bath. When I undressed I took my Stalag identity disc from around my neck, where it had been for five years, and hung it on a handy bush while I washed. Feeling like a new man after my bath I dressed and to my great regret completely forgot to recover my Stalag disc.

We moved out of the farm later that day leaving my number 1001 hanging on a bush beside the village duck pond.

At this time, although forbidden to do so, we were picking up leaflets dropped by Allied planes. Printed in English and German they were safe conduct passes for German troops who surrendered, and there were also small copies of SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force) newsletters. These contained maps showing the location of British and American forces and other information about the state of the war in Northwest Germany. The fields and hedgerows were also littered with strips of silver paper, known as 'window' used by Allied aircraft to disrupt the enemy's radar system. As we continued northwards columns of German transport covered in dust, with bleary eyed soldiers clinging to them, passed us going in the opposite direction. Our spirits began to rise as we guessed that our guards were taking us towards the Allied lines where we expected we would be handed over and they would surrender.

On 30th April we got to the small village of Dummerstuck on the road to Schwerin and found billets at a deserted farm on the outskirts. I found a comfortable spot in a barn and settled down for the night despite the wailing of air raid sirens in the distance and the constant rumbling of gunfire. Next morning it was obvious that the guards were very nervous and we sensed that it could only be a short time until the British and American forces reached the area. No effort was made to move us on as in previous days and we just sat and debated the possibilities. I had visions of a battalion of Jocks marching up the hill towards us led by a piper in a kilt.

### Liberation

The next day, 2nd May, was one I shall remember for the rest of my life. A couple of the lads in the barn had woken up about 6 o'clock on a fine sunny morning and had gone to the door to ask the guards' permission to relieve themselves. On opening the door they found that there was no guard on duty and outside there was no sign of a German anywhere. They rushed back inside shouting 'the guards have gone -the Germans have disappeared'. It took a few minutes to sink in then there was a mad scramble as we all tried to get through the door of the barn at the same time.

Once outside we searched the outbuildings, the yard and the farmhouse itself where the guards had been quartered but they must have moved out quietly during the night and we were free at last. We searched the farmhouse for food and anything else of use. I found a small sack of rice, helped myself to a cooking pot and in no time was tucking into the best rice pudding I have ever eaten. Along with a couple of pals who had managed to acquire some bread and vegetables we had quite a meal. Bonfires sprang up everywhere as groups of men cooked up whatever they had been able to find. Some decided to move off straight away and headed in the direction of the gunfire, but in general we decided that the best plan would be to stay put and await events.

We did not have long to wait. The farm was situated on high ground with a view for miles across the surrounding countryside, and about 11 o'clock we saw a column of dust in the distance snaking along the winding road towards us. The cloud of dust gradually got nearer and nearer until we could make out the shape of tanks and other vehicles stretching for miles, all heading in our direction. We all cheered our heads off then started running down the road towards the on-coming column. After nearly three months of marching some 900 miles, although starving and dejected, we still found the strength to run and keep running. The clatter of armoured vehicles got gradually louder and louder and suddenly round the bend in front of us came a huge tank with a large white star painted on it, followed by another and another.

As they reached our ragged, emaciated group struggling along the roadside the column came to a halt and we saw dozens of American soldiers clinging to any available spot <sup>di-</sup> ^ne tanks. There was much handshaking and backslapping and they asked how long we had been prisoners of war. When we told them we had been taken at Dunkirk, five long years earlier, they could hardly believe it. They emptied their pockets, tossing out packets of cigarettes, chewing gum, sweets and any rations they had on board. It was difficult to believe that after so long in captivity it was over.

An American officer apologised to us for the fact that the column was the advanced fighting unit heading for the River Oder to meet up with the Russians and unable to stop to give us further

assistance. They did, however, radio back to British H.Q. with details of our whereabouts. We stood by the roadside clutching our candybars and Camel cigarettes, cheering and waving as each vehicle of the American column rumbled past. Covered in dust we slowly made our way back to the farm at Dummerstuck to cook up our newly acquired K rations and smoke our American cigarettes.

That afternoon a British motor cycle dispatch rider from the Oxfordshire & Buckinghamshire Regiment arrived with orders that we were to remain where we were and someone would be sent to take charge of us. A few hours later an officer and a sergeant major from the British forces arrived and called us all together. They explained that the war was not yet over and that until we could be moved out of the area we were needed to assist in various ways. The first priority was for us to acquire arms by setting up road blocks and stopping any German vehicles, relieving the occupants of their rifles, pistols, machine guns etc. Having armed ourselves we could then be more effective with our road blocks. It was stressed that the German vehicles were to be taken to compounds with a view to their use by the Allied forces. All German military personnel were to be disarmed and taken to prison cages which would be set up in the area. We were also required to act as guards over German prisoners. The tide had certainly turned.

I was with a group of ten when we set up our first road block. After a while a small German army truck came into sight, slowed down and came to a halt. Looking a bit bewildered the occupants got out to be confronted by a bunch of unshaven ruffians in ragged uniforms. We must have looked a ferocious bunch. One of our number had already obtained a rifle and advancing in a threatening manner we quickly disarmed the Germans and marched them off to a POW cage.

Soon most of us were armed and felt a bit more capable of carrying out our orders. Our road blocks proved to be very effective and soon the compound was filling up with a great variety of trucks, cars, motor cycles etc. We often discovered useful items on board which we confiscated for our own use. Clothes, shoes, food, German schnapps and even Scotch Whisky all helped to make our lives a bit brighter. Some who had not driven for five

years finished up in the ditch while wrestling with an unfamiliar left hand drive vehicle.

The POW cage was filling up too and we had to take our turn doing guard duty over the prisoners during the night. Some of our lads armed themselves to the teeth and wandered about with tommy guns under their arms and pistols and grenades stuck in their belts. Sometimes they put tin cans up on a post to take potshots at them and anything else that happened to catch their eye. It got quite dangerous at times with stray bullets whistling about all over the place, a way of letting off steam after being penned up for years, but having survived so far I wanted to get home in one piece and kept a sharp eye open for any of these cowboys. A few old scores were also undoubtedly settled during this time, When a ..former guard was spotted by a prisoner whom he had earlier mistreated. I recall, seeing a German ex-guard, hands raised, being hustled along by a cursing Scotsman who was clutching a Luger pistol, helped on his way to the compound with hefty kicks in his rear.

We continued living in the barn at Dummerstuck but with a few refinements such as blankets, cooking utensils etc, liberated from the vehicles we impounded. We began receiving some rations but we were still waiting for the time when we would be evacuated and starting the journey home.

On the afternoon of 5th May a convoy of American troop carrying lorries, driven by coloured GI's, arrived and we clambered aboard. There followed a hair raising journey of a hundred miles over bomb and shell damaged roads, crossing rivers on temporary pontoon bridges and hurtling round corners at breakneck speed. Those American GI's certainly knew how to handle their waggons. In the evening we arrived at the gates of British 2nd Army Headquarters in the Horth German town of Luneberg. Alighting from the lorries we were met by British Military Police who ushered us into the former German barracks which had been the Headquarters of the Hermann Goering Panzer SS Unit. We were directed to a block containing showers and a medical inspection room where we had to empty our pockets and strip off all our clothes which were taken away to be deloused. We were issued with a towel and a bar of soap then queued up to get a shower, something we had dreamed about for years. After showering we stood in the corridors, starkers, waiting for our

clothes to be returned from the delousing plant. I stood there clutching my few possessions - a dog-eared army pay book, a few photographs and my trusty clarinet.

The next stage in our rehabilitation was a thorough medical examination while the HP's remained on duty outside the block to make sure that none of us entered the main camp area before going through all the required procedures. It was almost midnight before I had completed the cycle and joined a party of men to be led across to the dining hall for a meal and then to a; barrack block where bunks and blankets awaited us.

The next morning we soon realised that we were back in the British army when we heard NGOs shouting orders and saw squads of soldiers marching about in polished boots. They must have found us a sorry sight in our ragged clothes and worn out boots as we made our way across to the dining hall for breakfast. The first thing that struck me was the white bread on the tables, After five years we had forgotten that bread was ever this white, having got used to it being anything from dark brown to almost black. The eggs and bacon were almost incidental.

During the morning we were interrogated by officers of the Intelligence Corps who made notes of any German troop movements or installations we could give them. They also asked for information about any atrocities committed by the Germans or ill treatment of prisoners that we knew of. I told them about the recent murders of the four men at Putlitz but that had already been reported by a number of others. I also reported the wanton shooting of Russian prisoners on the march and the shooting of my friend, Harry Hudson, in Poland. I believe that the German major responsible for the Putlitz killings was later arrested and tried.

After my interrogation I was issued with a temporary identity card and was then free to roam around the barracks. A Red Cross van arrived and we were given toilet articles, pencils, paper, shoelaces and I also received a small notebook into which I was able to transfer from odd scraps of paper the dates and names of prison camps and places through which we had passed on our long trek from East Prussia.

After dinner we were told that if we wished we could make our way to the RAFairfield on Luneberg Heath where planes would be coming and going and if by chance any were heading westwards and had spare room on board we might be lucky enough to get a step nearer home. This seemed too good a chance to miss and a group of us thumbed a lift on an army truck and made our way to the airfield. Quite a number of others had the same idea and any planes that came in were besieged by a crowd of ex-kreigies hoping to get a lift. Some of the earlier ones were lucky and got away heading for France, Holland or Belgium but the crews we tackled were unfortunately going in another direction.

We had been on the airfield for a couple of hours when another aircraft came in and rolled to a halt about fifty yards away. As it stopped large doors opened in the fuselage, down came a ramp and in moments a couple of Military Police on motor cycles came driving down the ramp followed by an Army jeep. Sitting in the back was an officer wearing a black beret and as the jeep got closer we realised that it was none other than Field Marshal Montgomery. Monty ordered his driver to stop, got out and came over to our dishevelled group, guessing at once that we were ex-prisoners of war. He asked us how long we had spent in prison camps, wished us luck and hoped that we would soon be home. He then told us the good news that he had come to Luneberg Heath to receive the surrender of the German army in the north on that airfield. We gave him three very hearty cheers as he drove off. We were unable to catch a plane that day and made our way back to the barracks for the night. The war in Europe was to continue for a few more days.

The next morning, after a large breakfast, we set off again for the airfield hoping for better luck. Our hopes were realised when a Dakota troop carrying plane landed and the pilot said he was making for Brussels and could take about 25 of us oh board. We were off with great excitement at the thought of getting out of Germany, crossing the area where a few days earlier we would have been the target for enemy flak. This bright sunny day, the 7th May, we flew peacefully along looking down at the passing scenery. The pilot told us the names of towns and cities over which we passed and as we neared the Belgian border he said that we would soon

be over Cologne and he would do a circuit of the town for us to have a better look;. We flew low over the city and were staggered when we saw the amount of destruction that had been caused by Allied bombing. Hundreds of buildings had been reduced to rubble with hardly a roof left on. Just the famous cathedral, the Kolner Bom, stood out from amongst the utter destruction and we began to wonder whether London might look something like this too. In the afternoon we landed in Brussels where we were met by an army lorry which took us to a former Belgian artillery barracks.

The following morning, 8th May, we paraded at the paymaster's office and were given an advance of pay and also had to give details of any money that had been taken from us by the Germans when we were captured. I had been relieved of 800 French francs and a ten shilling note back in May 194-0 and now it was repaid to me and would be reclaimed as part of the reparations from the German government. That afternoon we heard the wonderful news that all German forces had unconditionally surrendered and at last we could really celebrate the end of the war in Europe. This was V.E. Day.

With a few pounds in my pocket I joined up with half a dozen others and we made our way into Brussels. Belgian flags and Union Jacks had appeared everywhere and there was great excitement as the news began to sink in. We found a small cafe and were soon celebrating, cheering, singing and dancing. We shook hands with everyone in sight and people embraced one another, even though they were often complete strangers. The celebrations continued well into the night and as we finally made our way back to barracks in the small hours the streets were still full of singing, cheering people.

I slept soundly until called for breakfast, after which we were told to get our things together - we were on our way home. With my few possessions stowed in my pockets all I had to carry was my clarinet. I picked it up and then for some unknown reason decided not to bother with it and laid it back on the wooden bunk and walked out of the barrack room with just what I stood up in. I suppose that with the excitement of the war being over, the years of sweated labour and imprisonment ended, the long, long dreadful march finished, thoughts

of soon being back in England now took over. Nothing else really mattered at that moment.

Army trucks took us to the airfield where four-engined Lancaster bombers were coming in to land at regular intervals. Eighteen to twenty men were taken on board each plane and I eagerly awaited my turn.

The plane landed at Dunsfold airfield, near Guildford, and our first introduction to England was to be ushered into a large tent and sprayed all over with delousing powder. We were then quickly passed to some Red Cross workers who gave us a welcome cup of tea and attended to our various needs such as telegram forms to enable us to inform relatives that we were home. Some of the lads were itching to get away but we were not allowed to leave the camp that day. Those in need of new clothes were kitted out and we were documented and medically inspected. The following morning we were issued with the badges required for our uniforms and railway warrants to take us to wherever we wished to go. We were given leave passes to last for two months and dates and details of where we were to report for further medical tests during our leave period. Bewilderment, I think, is the best way to describe my feelings at being free to walk about without a goon with a gun hovering behind me, not having to wonder when the next meal would come and not needing to collect butt ends from cigarettes so that I could re-roll them for a few puffs later.

Two months leave went all too quickly. A small group of us who had worked together at Poldersee met in London to celebrate as we had promised each other we would. The war in the Far East continued and so after my leave was up I was ordered to report to a training camp at Wootton Underwood, near Aylesbury, to catch up on my lost years and to be retrained, along with many other ex-POWs, for further active service against the Japanese. The unit we were attached to was the 11th (Royal Militia, Isle of Jersey) Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, and by chance my company commander was a former bandsman colleague from the 1st Battalion, Q.O. Royal West Kent Regiment, Captain Maurice 'Chesty' Desmond, who had been severely wounded in the Italian campaign and now had a desk job.

Emphasis was on physical fitness and skill with weapons, with few distractions as the camp was fairly isolated and the couple of pubs in the nearby village were usually out of beer. After a few weeks of intensive training news came at the end of August of the surrender of the Japanese forces, which also meant that there was no longer any urgent need for our continued battle training. Over the next few weeks detachments of men were gradually posted away to other units and I found myself in a group of a hundred men en-route to a place in Oxfordshire called Nettlebed that I had never heard of.

Our camp was, in fact, at Highmoor, near Nettlebed, and now housed hundreds of Polish troops although it had originally been built to accommodate units of the American army when the U.S.A. came into the war in 1942. A large area of woodland had been cleared to build living quarters, stores and offices. Outside the guardroom the Americans had constructed a concrete castle about three feet high and four feet wide, a replica of the insignia of the American Engineer Corps as the unit occupying the camp was the J4J U.S. Army Engineers.

Highmoor camp was renamed No. 84 Polish Repatriation Unit and our job was the general administration of the camp. The Polish troops were being assembled from far and near, many having served in North Africa and Italy and others who, when their country was overrun had been conscripted into the German army and had given themselves up at the first opportunity when sent to the front.

Today nature has once again taken over the area and all signs that hundreds of servicemen of various nationalities once occupied this peaceful spot are gone, except for the little castle which is a source of curiosity to many that pass along the road.

The arbitrary posting to Highmoor was to have a significant bearing on my future life as I decided to stay in nearby Henley-on-Thames after my demobilisation. I later married Mary, my wife, in Holy Trinity Church, Henley, discovering what I had never known that my parents had been married in the same church.

**The wheel had come full circle.**

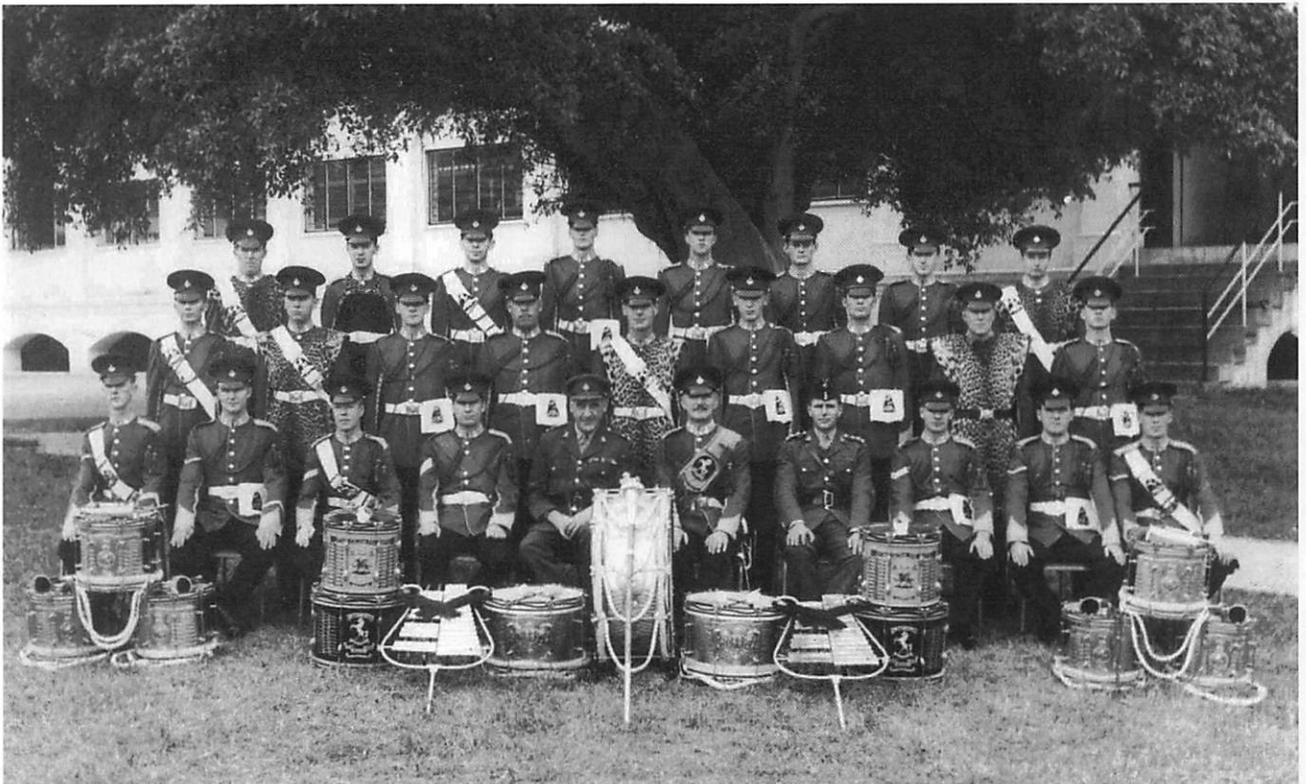
## PHOTO GALLERY



*Could it be that Lt Col Richard Talbot is under close arrest for having 'idle hair'. Suggestion and photo submitted by his friend Ham Whitty!!!!*



*Walter Jenner, ex 4th Bn. QORWK Regiment, seen here talking with General Sir Richard Dannatt and Colonel Richard Dixon.*

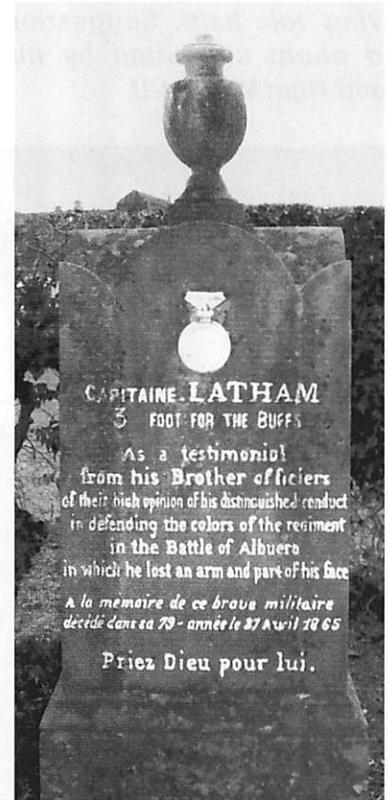


*The Corps of Drums, The Queen's Own Buffs, Hong Kong*



**Above and below left: The Buffs museum as we remember it.**

*(Photos courtesy of Lt. Col. J. J. White)*



**Left: The Latham centrepiece.**

*(Now on display in the Stour Street museum, Canterbury)*

**Above: The grave of Captain Latham, Hesdin, France.**

*Photo courtesy of Bryan Hazard*



**ARRAS PLATOON - HOWE BARRACKS  
1956**



**WINNERS**

**SITTINGBOURNE BRANCH**



**RUNNERS UP**

**RAMSGATE BRANCH**

# THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES of CANADA CELEBRATES ITS 150TH BIRTHDAY

by

Captain Ham Whitty

One hundred years ago in 1910, Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, at his own expense, took the 2nd Battalion The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada to England to participate in the annual exercises at Aldershot. It was during that visit that the affiliation with The Buffs was born, to be consummated in 1914.

The Regiment was organized at Toronto on 26 April 1860 from six independent rifle companies, as the 2nd Battalion Volunteer Militia Rifles. After various title changes it was finally redesignated The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada in 1920, still a militia regiment. Regular Army components were only authorized in 1953 with the 1st Battalion based in Victoria BC, the 2nd Battalion at Calgary and a Depot in Toronto. As a result of a major restructuring of the Canadian Armed Forces in the late 1960's both regular battalions were disbanded by the date of the Regiment's birthday on 26 April 1970.

The Queen's Own Rifles are proud of their active service history, from the engagement at Ridgeway in 1866 during the Fenian Raids and the provision of volunteers to the 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment during the South African War 1899-1900, to distinguished service in both world wars. The Regiment contributed to the 3rd Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force which served with the 1st Infantry Brigade in France and Flanders, when four VC's were won by members of the Regiment.

In the 2nd world war, as part of the 8th Infantry Brigade, 3rd Canadian Division, the Regiment landed on Juno beach on 6th June 1944 and took part in the fierce fighting which followed the D Day landings. The Queen's Own Rifles served in Korea in 1954/55 and on two tours in Germany between 1960 and 1963 and twice with the United Nations Force in Cyprus in 1965 and 1967.

So on 26th April this year the Queen's Own Rifles celebrated its 150th birthday, and did so in style over three days in Toronto following functions in Victoria and Calgary the previous week. Attending as representatives of The Queen's Own Buffs

Regimental Association were Ham Whitty from England and Richard Talbot who lives in Toronto, both of whom served as exchange officers with the Queen's Own Rifles in the 1960's.



***HRH Princess Alexandra talking with Ham Whitty and Richard Talbot at the reception in Toronto on 24th April***

Thus the Regiments' affiliation which began in London was recognized and represented 100 years later, on the Queen's Own Rifles' 150th birthday.

Other exchange officers, all during the 1960's, were John Davison and Neil Pearce, Stephen Petzing, Paul Truman and Peter McLelland, and from Canada Greg Leitch, Dave Gowdy, Jack English, Major General Lew McKenzie, who achieved fame during the Bosnian operation, Peter McLaren, Ed Peterson and Hap Stuff, all served with the battalion.

Princess Alexandria, Colonel in Chief, was due to attend the functions in Victoria and Calgary, but was defeated by the Icelandic ash. She was able to fly to Toronto however in time to join a large gathering of Queen's Own Rifles past and present, their partners and other invited guests at a Reception hosted by Honorary Colonel Paul Hughes at Casa Loma on 24th April, to tour the Regimental Museum there and to meet and chat to all those present. The Princess was guest of honour that

evening at a magnificent Gala Anniversary Dinner in the huge Metro Ballroom at the Westin Harbour Castle Hotel. She spoke warmly after dinner of her affection for her Regiment, of its fine history and traditions but how, after 50 years as its Colonel in Chief she had made the difficult decision to retire, and would be succeeded by Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall. The following morning she attended a church parade at St Paul's the Regimental church, laying a wreath at the War Memorial and following the service taking the salute as the Battalion double marched past her.



***The Band of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada***

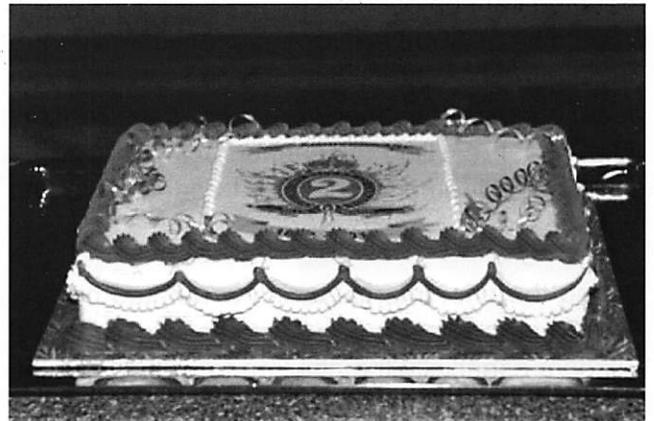


***H.R.H. Princess Alexandra taking the salute***

Ham and Richard, who coincidentally had both been ushers whilst at Colchester at the Princess's wedding in Westminster Abbey in 1963, both laid wreaths on behalf of the Queen's Own Buffs and the Affiliated Regiments respectively.



***The Battalion doubling past the saluting base.***



***The celebration cake.***



***Captain Whitty laying a Queen's Own Buffs wreath at the war memorial***

In the course of the busy weekend programme Ham and Richard met many old friends and colleagues and were warmly welcomed and generously entertained throughout.

It is sad that the Regiment is now reduced to one militia battalion. However it was quite clear to us that it is carrying on the great traditions of its forbear battalions with huge efficiency and enthusiasm, and that the Regimental affection for and ties with the Queens Own Buffs remain as strong as ever.

RHW

# REFLECTIONS

By Joe Farrugia

*Editor's note: 2nd Bn QORWK Regt served on the Island from August 1939 until June 1943. I am grateful to Joe Farrugia for submitting this article.)*

I was born on the George Cross Island of Malta just barely 60 miles south of the Italian coast. Having been born in 1933 I was old enough to recall with distinct clarity when the first Air Raid on the island took place around 6:30am. Across the road from our family's residence in the village of Tarxien {pronounced 'Tarshen'} the Royal West Kents occupied a large 4 acre property upon which stood a stone building and a huge basement erected in the 1700's. This building is big enough to house the entire regiment very likely three times over. The morning of the particular day I am referring to was very much a noisy one with enemy airplanes flying low. Also a heavily mounted cannon of some huge proportions which stood on a platform like arrangement in the centre of the garden at the back of the property could be heard booming its anger, very likely at the Junkers 88 above. I recollect the cannon being somewhat camouflaged among the tall trees around the whole garden.

During the brief interval which separated one Air Raid from the next it was customary for the local villagers especially the children to walk out of the Air Raid Shelters into the streets to look around checking out which houses may have suffered any damage or direct hits, also making sure whether anybody was partly buried alive and awaiting rescue. If time allowed many would seize the opportunity to interact with the Royal West Kents and cheer them on. I also recall about a couple of weeks later my father returned from his Merchant Navy seagoing engagement. There seemed to be a lot of activities going on which I was unable to quite understand then. But soon enough I learned and also observed some of the lifesaving work the ARP were involved in. A lot of the men offered their services, joining the ARP in its day to day activities.

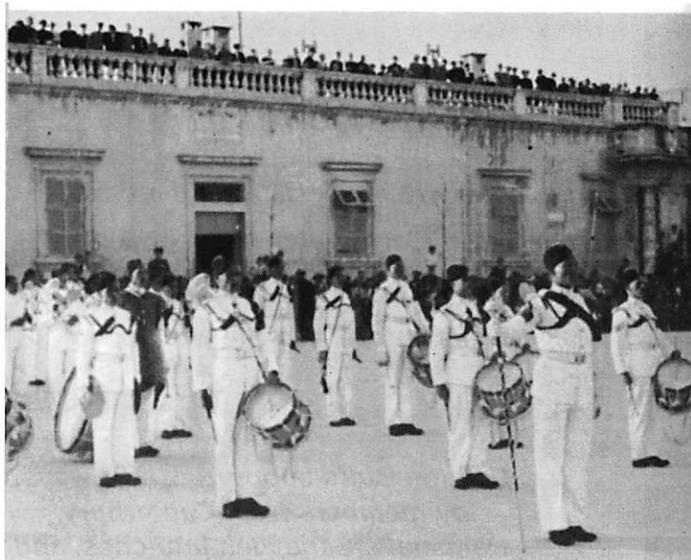
It did not take very long before the locals endeared themselves with the soldiers of the Royal West Kents. Whenever free time allowed an opportunity the soldiers got to know those people living nearby

their regimental quarters. My family including aunts and their families living nearby also became known to the soldiers including those known as the Red Caps (Military Police I think). Our family found ways of extending some hospitality by having several of the soldiers bring their clothing, especially the gala eveningwear, to be washed and ironed. In Malta we had some very trying periods, getting quite close to starvation due to the lack of food convoys arriving. This went on for a few years due to the Luftwaffe aircraft stationed in the Mediterranean Sea. My mother lost six babies through the five year war period due to malnutrition and lack of the much needed day to day necessities. This was the situation around the island. There were some things that could be bought only on the black market. It did not take long for some of the Royal West Kent soldiers to make a most surprising move; after several months those young soldiers who would come to collect their washed and ironed clothing would bring along with them some of their own rations to share with our families. This was not something that we counted on as it was well known that bad times affected one and all on the island.



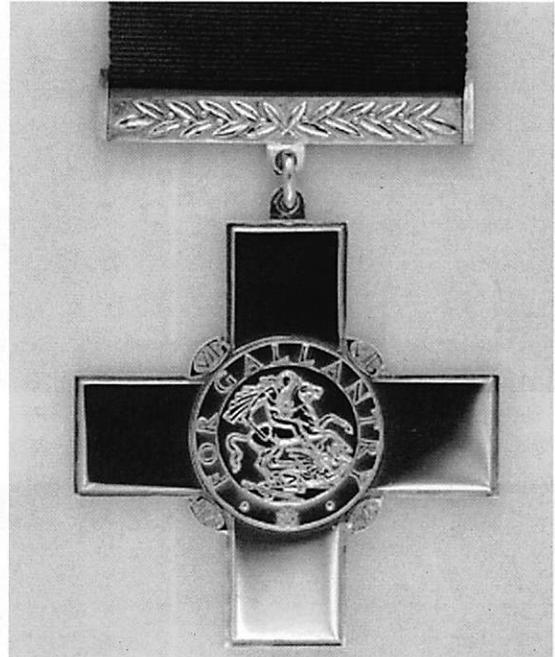
I also recall running to the nearest Air Raid Shelters. On several occasions low flying enemy aircraft would start using their machine guns. As I ran I could hear the bullets hitting the ground at my feet. At nine years of age I doubt I could outrun anything but fortunately, I am still here. A disaster struck our family! About a mile from our residence on April 6th, 1942 enemy aircraft (Stukas were on regular missions) dropped a direct hit on the house and shelter were more than 12 people were killed. My aunt Mary 25, her two children: baby Rose 9 months and young son Louis just 3 years of age. All of those below all their bodies were brought up dismembered. RIP. During this fatal Air Raid my aunt's husband was at work with a RAF contingent on the island. On his return home he discovered his destroyed house and all his family all gone, disappeared from existence! He only survived because he was not with his family, yet he was in the thick of it all.

but when the roots of friendship took they simply went deeper and certainly remained even in their absence. I am sure those few soldiers our own family had endeared with must have surely also enjoyed the occasional visitation we paid them even if this happened in stolen time due to the dangerous mission we all were involved in.



***The Band & Drums of 2nd Bn. QORWK Regt. beating retreat in The Palace Square, Valetta October 1942.***

The Royal West Kents were moved away to another part of the island where there was less chance that bombs would be dropped among the civilian population. Everyone you meet would tell you of some kind act or about an endearing friendship with the Royal West Kent soldiers. I recall some of my relatives that actually made a special trip to the RWK new Headquarters at the other end of the island just to see and hopefully meet the specific few soldiers they knew by name. Those may not have been the best of times to build a friendship



***On 15th April 1942 H. M. King George VI informed the Governor of Malta by letter of the award to the Island of the George Cross and wrote: -***

***“To honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the Island Fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history.”, (sgd) George R.I.***

Like anything else that is enjoyable it is often cut short in some haphazard fashion. I say this because it was soon noticed that our beloved neighbours; the Royal West Kents were whisked off in the dead of night, never to be heard of or ever to be seen by us again.

Certainly gone but never forgotten.

Joe Farrugia

55 Midrocks Dr.

Norwalk, CT 06851

U.S.A.

## TURNING THE PAGE



**141 Regt. RAC (The Buffs)  
14th April 2010**



**Charlie Hewitt the ever smart Standard Bearer  
supported as always by the ladies.**



**4th May - London Buffs.**  
  
**Left: Dave Harbour 'Turned the Page'  
and 'Spud' Carey, who was recovering  
from a triple heart bypass just three  
weeks before, laid the wreath.**

**London Buffs supported, as always,  
by members from Canterbury,  
Ramsgate, Sandwich branches, and  
Wuppertal Buffs**





**14th May 2010**

**Colonel Paul Hughes of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada 'Turned the Page' in the Q O R of C Book of Life and Colonel Champion 'Turned the Page' in the Buffs Book of Life.**



**Wally Thurndow, a member of Canterbury Branch, pictured here presenting Colonel Hughes with a silver Buffs officers' cap badge.**

**Harry Crooks, Chairman of Canterbury Branch looking on.**



**Colonel Hughes, centre, pictured with the members of of the various branches who had attended the ceremony in support.**

# THE REGIMENTAL SERVICES OF REMEMBRANCE, PARADES & REUNIONS 2010

## CANTERBURY REUNION

Sunday 1st August 2010

The Canterbury Service of Remembrance and Reunion (Buffs Sunday) will be held on Sunday 1st August 2010.

Tea and light refreshments will be served from 10.45 hrs. in the Parish Centre of St. Martin & St. Paul, Church Street.

*It is proposed to shorten the march this year and the Muster will be in the grounds of Canterbury Cathedral by the Postern gate (The car entrance).*

*Car Parking will be in Longport Car Park as usual.*

"Fall In" is at 12.30 pm. There will be no inspection and the parade will then march out of the Postern Gate, along Burgate and into Canterbury Cathedral by the Christ Church Gate. A service and act of remembrance will be held starting at 1 pm. . .

This will be followed by a march past and parade through the Butter Market and along Burgate to the Postern Gate where the parade will fall out. Members and their families should then make their way to Leros Barracks for a buffet lunch and an afternoon of entertainment.

There will be a band concert by the Invicta Band just after lunch which will be followed by other entertainment and a raffle. The afternoon's entertainment will close with the customary Beating of Retreat.

The Buffet Menu (Self-Service) will consist of:-

Choice of: Curry or Lasagne  
Gateaux

Cost =£7.00 per person.

To order lunch tickets please complete the proforma enclosed and send with a stamped addressed envelope to:-

The Secretary of Canterbury Branch,  
Mr. Henry Delo,  
38 Reculver Avenue,  
Minnis Bay, Kent CT7 9NN.

**SECURITY:** All members attending Leros Barracks will need to carry their Association Membership card or some other form of identification.

## MAIDSTONE REUNION

Sunday 12th September 2010

This year the Maidstone Reunion will take on Sunday 12th September 2010 and will commence in Brenchley Gardens at 10.30 hrs., with "Fall In" followed by an inspection and the laying of wreaths at the War Memorial.

The parade will then move off to All Saints Church, where there will be a formal service and Act of Remembrance and Turning of the Pages in the three Books of Remembrance.

After the service members and their families should make their way to Kent Hall for a buffet lunch.

Cost = £7.00 per person.

During the afternoon there will be a band concert and a Grand Raffle.

To order lunch tickets, please complete the enclosed proforma and send with a stamped addressed envelope to:-

The Reunion Secretary,  
Mrs. Jacky Allen, 3 Sermon Drive,  
Swanley,  
Kent BR8 7HS.

---

## LONDON BUFFS BRANCH

### SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE

TOWER OF LONDON

Sunday 5th September

This parade and annual Service of Remembrance, organised by the London (Buffs) Branch of the Regimental Association will be held on Sunday 5th September 2010. The parade assembles at the East Gate of Tower of London at 10.15.

Should you wish to attend the service then please contact the secretary of London Branch, Mrs. Betty Correa, 34 Homer Road, Shirley, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7SB. Tel No. 0208 655 3040  
Email jcorrea@talk 21.com.

---

# LAST POST

## **SIDNEY GEORGE BOWDEN:**

11th July 1920 -17th May 2010.

The Revd. 'Tug' Wilson writes:

**S**id was born in Princess Risborough, Buckinghamshire, and on leaving school he became a fairground barker until he joined the army, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regt, just before the outbreak of World War 11.



His army career included being a boxer, footballer and cross country runner and he rose to the

rank of Corporal before taking his discharge in 1946.

He served with the 2nd Battalion in Malta during the siege and then moved, with the battalion, to Leros. The island fell to the Germans and he told the story of queuing up to be registered as a P.O.W. when his officer said *'if you want to make a break for it, now is the time'*. Sid teamed up with two of similar minds and they got away, stole a tiny rowing boat and rowed out of the harbour. and using their helmets as paddles rowed across the sea to Turkey. They were picked up by the Royal Navy and taken to Alexandria and then by SS Nevassa to the UK. Sid told no one of his exploits until after the war.

He married Mary in August 1944 and after leaving the army was for a while a professional footballer playing for Wickham Wanderers while also working as a guillotine operator.

Sadly Mary died in 1992 and soon after that Sid started to lose his sight, but that did not slow him down as he joined the local bowls club and even took up pistol shooting. He eventually became a St. Dunstaner and was soon sought after to play with their bowls team when they had a difficult match-some even queried if his sight was really that bad. When he was diagnosed with cancer his

only comment was *'Adolph Hitler didn't get me and this thing won't either'*. Such was his zest for life.

Sid was once described to me as 'a lovely man' a sentiment with which I concur and it was a great privilege for me, at Sid's request, to conduct his funeral.

DW

---

## **MAJOR CLIFFORD A. L. CLARK MC:**

10th September 1918- 20th September 2008.

**C**lifford Clark died soon after celebrating his 90th birthday and his 65th wedding anniversary. On leaving school he embarked on a career in shipping and shipbroking and was elected as a member of the Baltic Exchange in 1938 and an Associate of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers in 1939.

He joined the army as a territorial in the Royal Engineers in 1938 and went to France with the BEF in 1939 returning to England on the fall of France.

He was commissioned into the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment and saw service in Malta, the Middle East, North Africa, Italy, Greece, the Dodecanese and Western Europe ending the war in Berlin as a Major. For his service in Malta he was awarded the Military Cross.

Clifford is survived by his wife Hilda, his two sons Graham and Dudley and his daughter Janet, four grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren

---

## **LT COLONEL TREVOR LE MARE SHARPE LVO QBE (MBE) LRAM ARCM PSM:**

*(The following tribute is by Thomas Williams, Trevor's stepson.)*

**A**ll of us will be aware that Trevor was musical. Most of us know that he was something special and a few that his was an outstanding talent entirely his own, not recognized almost until adulthood, and, within his field, pre-eminent.

One or two here are musical enough and thus lucky enough to understand truly Trevor's extraordinary musical ability. Trevor's other great gift in music was to teach and as a teacher to inspire. As an example and I'm sure there are many such but this is one I just stumbled across and it caught my eye, here is an excerpt I found about a clarinetist and musician Les Brown - himself a celebrated musician, songwriter, composer of at least 2 extremely well known hit records and awarded an OBE for contribution to music.- so no mean talent in his own right.

It is a story Les tells about his clarinet instruction – and please bear in mind that I quote directly:

*'due to the acoustics present, the latrines were used for the training of the Buffs woodwind section, and on one occasion Les decided to take the weight off his feet by propping himself against a convenient wall; this quickly led to his stunned and somewhat enforced silence when his instructor prodded him to 'Attention' so forcibly that he all but swallowed the clarinet whole!..... The instructor was one Bandmaster Trevor L Sharpe, who later, as a Lt. Colonel, became a tutor at The Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Yes, I've not only been trained by the best people, but in the best places'* quips Les. Les has always greatly admired Lt, Col. Sharpe and considers him to be have been his very first mentor"

I think it was the word "Mentor" which caught my imagination. The title "mentor" suits Trevor well. He was a man with great kindness. A gentle man. A loving man. He was always slow to anger - except perhaps when England were losing at cricket, and always quick to forgive. It is sometimes said that the measure of the success of a man's life is whether he has done more good than harm:

Trevor did very little harm - occasionally he managed to kill off a pot-plant - unusual for such a talented gardener; he was over fond of Arsenal football club; and he had at times an oddly obsessive desire to know what route you'd driven; but these are hardly great sins. On the other hand, I have yet to meet a man so modest of his talent, so gentle in his manners and above all so loving and devoted as a husband. That devotion together with his care, his fidelity, tolerance, patience, support and his love have become rare in these modern times and the world is poorer for

it. I consider myself very lucky and privileged to have had such an example in my life - "A hard act to follow,"

The last year was difficult for Trevor - who for so long had been so fit, active and robust. But it is characteristic of the man that he bore his decline proudly, with little complaint, and with the utmost love and consideration for those around him. Even in his last days, when very far from the peak of his powers he was able to move those who had only known him for a short time to the greatest of admiration and respect.

Trevor ended his time in the home he loved so well, in the community which has so lovingly received him, and amongst friends and family who had so lovingly cared for him.

So, I near the end of this appreciation, which Trevor would already be thinking far too long. If I have missed anything then the fault is mine and I ask for your forgiveness. To those who believe in a heavenly afterlife you may be sure that Trevor is there, ready to tell Saint Peter what route he took to heaven and eager to get to work with that bally choir of Angels. To those whose beliefs are different I will say this: Trevor's soul overflowed with music and with love; music and love are eternal. While they live on, so does the soul of Trevor Sharpe.

TW

*(This tribute to Trevor is by Lt. Col Frank Renton, who prior to his retirement was the Principal Director of British Army Bands)*

**T**o many in the brass band world Trevor Sharpe will be remembered as one of the judges of the 1970's and 80's BBC TV series The Best of Brass. To others he will be the man who wrote Fanfare and Soliloquy, even more will recognise a



name that comes up in the credits as the man who conducted the theme music for "Dad's Army" with the band of the Coldstream Guards. But Trevor Sharpe

was much more than that, and to anyone who served with him in the field of Army Music he will remain one of the most respected musicians that ever donned uniform.

Born in 1921, his musical and military career began at the age of fourteen when he enlisted as a band boy in the Band of the 1st Battalion The Loyal Regiment. He was a quick learner and was only twenty-nine when he was appointed to be Bandmaster of the The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment).

Promotion followed promotion, always with interesting jobs to do, including two years as School Bandmaster at Kneller Hall, an important and prestigious appointment. In 1961 and still only forty years of age he was Commissioned as Director of Music at the Cavalry Junior Leaders School at Bovington, responsible for the musical education of all the young men enlisted to serve in the bands of the Cavalry, and two years later on the retirement of Lt. Col 'Dougie' Pope he went, as Captain Sharpe, to be Director of Music with the Band of the Coldstream Guards. I was in the Band of the Royal Horses Guards at the time and we thought that he was coming to us when Major Tommy' Thirtle resigned, sadly for us he chose the Coldstream Guards. It was there that he could give full rein to his innovative and totally professional instincts, and under his leadership the band achieved so many creative goals.

He forged relationships with top civilian composers and arrangers, many of whom he had met when they were doing their National Service, often under his command, he also himself composed and arranged much music for the band. In 1974 after nine immensely successful years with the Coldstream Guards he was appointed to be Principal Director of Music for the Army and Director of the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall, the most senior musician in the Army. It was in this role that he had the opportunity to stamp his standards and personality on Army Music as a whole. He and the Commandant of RMSM formed the Inspectorate of Army Bands, tasked with inspecting the musical quality and administrative efficiency of every band in the Army on a five year cycle. I was Bandmaster of the Gordon Highlanders at the time stationed in Singapore, and we were scheduled for a visit of the Inspectorate early in 1975.

To say that we prepared long and hard is understating the case, we all knew and understood the standards that Lt. Col. Sharpe demanded. We were all greatly relieved when it was all over, and even more so when we were told that we had passed with flying colours. In everything he did, his meticulous preparation and very professional execution were the hallmarks of his career, and legions of those of us that worked with him, and for him, took his work as our example of best practice.

He retired from the Army in 1978, but remained at Kneller Hall for the next ten years as Professor of Instrumentation and Orchestration, passing on his experience and expertise to another generation of student bandmasters who would go on to conduct the bands of the British Army. It was in 1978 that he became a TV personality, as one of the judges, along with Bernard Keefe, of the BBC TV Series, The Best of Brass. The series ran for eight years and Trevor with his perceptive comments and criticisms was one of its lynch pins, he made it compulsive viewing for everyone involved in the band world. He also judged at the British Open and National and European Championships

He was honoured with the MBE in 1960 and elevated to the OBE in 1976. He was awarded the LVO, an honour which is the personal gift of the monarch, on his retirement.

Trevor Sharpe was a man of immense integrity and ability, a beacon of all that was best in the preparation and performance of all kinds of music, and who achieved great things in a long and distinguished career. But his legacy is in those left behind who inherited his standards and sense of purpose.

FR

---

#### **GEOFFREY THOMAS C.B.E.**

**D**ied peacefully, aged 77, on February 11th after a long illness. Formerly of HM Overseas Civil Service in Hong Kong and Sarawak. he served in the QORWK as a National Service Officer in Malaya and subsequently wrote 'With the Dirty Half Hundred in Malaya'.

---

## MAJOR CLIFFORD H. CLARK:

Clifford served with 2nd Bn. QORWK Regt in Malta (where he won the MC) and as 2IC B Coy in Leros (from which he escaped in an MTB). His funeral was held at St Bartholomew's Parish Church, Burwash, on Wed 10th March at 1100.

---

## RON LAMPARD:

Ron passed away on Friday 15th January this year. Ron served with 6th Bn. QORWK Regt and was in attendance at the reunion lunch on the 17th Oct, 2009. (*The first episode of Ron's War is published in this issue.*)

---

## MRS. JOYCE BALDING:



Joyce, the widow of Major Charles Balding, passed away peacefully at home in Broadstairs on 15th January 2010, aged 92.

Joyce was born in Eastbourne, but spent her early years in Tanganyika as her father worked there. Among her early memories were the exciting trips she took in the bush with her father and it was probably during this time that she developed her love for the outdoor life.

In 1932, together with her brothers and sister Peggy, she was sent to Alexander House, a private boarding school in Broadstairs and this was the beginning for her lifelong connection with the town.

Joyce and Charles, an officer in the Buffs, were married in 1940, and after the war, on Charles's demob, they set up home in Broadstairs. When Charles joined the Buffs TA Joyce was a very supportive partner and until recently Joyce was a very active member of the Ramsgate Branch of the Regt. Association Ladies Guild. Joyce was a loyal supporter of the Regimental Association in particular of Ramsgate Branch. and always attended the Canterbury Reunion and was

present last year despite being very frail by then. Like Charles, Joyce had a love of cricket and could always be seen at the Regimental Cricket Tent during Kent Cricket Week.

Always very active and was a founder member of Broadstairs Ladies Probus Club and served as their President for a while. It was the at the grand old age of 90 that the family replaced her much loved push bike with an indoor exercise bike. As one would expect of Joyce she dealt with her illness with great courage and dignity, maintaining her elegance to the end.

---

## FRANCIS (Frank) FREDERICK BURROWS:



Frank's father served in the Royal Fusiliers in the First World War and in 1943 Frank followed in his father's footsteps and joined them and served in France, Germany and Bermuda before being demobbed in 1947 and during his service at some point was attached the the 'Glorious Glosters'

After the war he worked in the grocery trade as the manager of a wholesale food warehouse and later worked for Schwartz.

Following retirement Frank became an active member of the Royal Fusilier Regimental Association attending regular meetings at the Tower of London.

Frank and Shiela were married on 9th May 1998, it was a case of marry Frank-marry his dog Bobby, a cross bred Collie. Bobby and Frank were inseparable. On moving to Herne Bay Frank became a very supportive member of Canterbury Branch and devoted much of his time to military history and playing bowls.

His hobbies included reading, photography and he had a large collection of beer steins.

Frank was a very private, quiet man and he will be greatly missed by us all.

## HAROLD ACOTT:



**H**arold passed away on 6th July 2010.

Harold enlisted on 18 Sep 1937 aged 17, and after joining 2/RWK (No. 6344339), served at the Depot as a Dutyman, a prestigious and coveted post in pre-war Queen's Own. He joined 2/RWK in MALTA and served during the Siege. During his time in

Malta he was given a 48 hr leave pass. Instead of enjoying a well earned rest, Harold talked his way onto a RAF bomber and accompanied the crew on a bombing raid to Italy.

He was invalided from MALTA c.1942 after an ammunition crate was dropped on his feet, smashing both the bridges, and causing him some life long mobility problems.. He was always immaculate and ended up at SHAEF HQ as a batman to a senior officer in the HQ Mess – he had many illuminating tales about “Monty”, Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton etc!

He was discharged on 6 Sep 1947, but re-enlisted in the TA 4/5 RWK and served as Bn storeman - he even issued Pte (later Colonel) Richard DIXON with his kit.! He later served for many years as RQMS to 3rd (Cadet) Bn Queen's, Kent ACF. On retirement he became one of the RWK Depot Officers' Mess Stewards, and Silverman (a job never bettered by anyone else before or since!). He also in his more advanced years helped for a long time at the Regimental Museum.

Harold was a quiet unassuming, gentle man with a winning smile who will be greatly missed..

---

***(We have been informed of the passing of the following. Obituaries, where available, will be published in the next issue.)***

**JACK LUMPKIN MM.** Ex Buff and member of Ramsgate Branch.

---

## Lt. ERIC GEORGE TUNBRIDGE:

13th July 1920 - 23rd April 2010.

Eric who served with 141 Regt RAC (The Buffs) as a troop leader passed away on 23rd April this year.

---

## STEPHEN CHARLES DANTON MM:

20th August 1913 - 9th June 2010

Steve passed away on 9th June aged 96. A full obituary will be published in the next issue.

---

**GERRY CORK:** Ex Buff and member of Sittingbourne Branch.

---

## CECIL MONTAGUE GEORGE DURSTON:

Died on the 13 April 2009.

---

## PRIVATE JONATHAN MONK:

*(The following letter was sent to Col. Crawley by Col Champion)*

To. Lieutenant Colonel A J Crawley  
Commanding Officer  
2nd Bn The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment  
Alexander Barracks, BFPO 52

Dear Adam,

I am writing on behalf of The Queen's Own Buffs (the Royal Kent Regiment) Association to express our sorrow at the sad loss of Private Jonathan Monk who I understand was killed yesterday in Afghanistan by an I.E.D. while serving as a reservist attached to 1st Bn The Mercian Regiment.

As a Forbear Regiment Association which includes 2nd World War veterans besides those who served in post war emergencies in Kenya, Malaya, in the Cyprus EOKA campaign, in Borneo, Aden and of course in Northern Ireland we well know the sadness that strikes the Regiment and in particular the Battalion when such a loss occurs.

Please accept our condolences at this sad time.

CG Champion

---

# NOTICE BOARD

## We welcome the following who have now joined the Regimental Association.

Mr N Brazil	QOB's 1962-1965
Mr. L J Lambert	1 Buffs 1951-57
Rifleman P Jacobs GM	2nd Bn The Rifles
Mr. K. M. Geeves	1 Buffs 1959-68

*(A letter from the Dean of Canterbury to Major Bradley BEM)*

The Very Reverend Dr Robert Willis DEAN OF CANTERBURY

30 June 2010

Dear Dennis,

I was delighted to receive your letter and, as a result of the AGM of the Queen's Own Buffs Association, to receive also the donation of £200.

I know I speak on behalf of the whole Cathedral Foundation when I say how grateful we are. We are very proud of our daily association with the Buffs and also it gives us pleasure to host the annual Service of Remembrance and Reunion.

Perhaps our paths will cross at Cricket Week, but meanwhile, with every good wish,

Robert Willis.

## FRIENDS OF THE BUFFS.

The DVD featuring the history of The Buffs will be ready for sale in time for the Canterbury Reunion at a cost of £10 per copy.

The next meeting of Friends of The Buffs will take place on Thursday October 7th at 7.30 at The Chaucer Club, Chaucer Hill, off Military Road, Canterbury. Following the meeting there will be light refreshments available.

If you have any enquiries concerning membership of Friends of The Buffs please contact Major Alan Marchant on 01227 458264 or by email on [alan.a.marchant@sky.com](mailto:alan.a.marchant@sky.com).

## The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment Museum



## Maidstone Museum Anniversary Year events.

To celebrate the 75th anniversary of the opening of the museum and the 50th anniversary of it becoming a public museum the following events have been planned: Please make a note and attend if you can.

**Lectures at the Museum:** Starting at 7.30pm  
Admission £3.00 Members £1.50.

**Friday 17th September:**

**Fallen Eagles**

On 17th September 1940 a Luftwaffe Junkers 88 was shot down over Maidstone. Seventy

years to the day, historian Tony Webb recalls the tragic story, hour by hour, of a night of terror over Maidstone.

---

**Thursday 23rd September:**

**The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment)**

**M**ajor Peter White MM and Mick Mills tell the story of the oldest regiment in the British Army from its historic beginnings in 1572 to its eventual amalgamation with the Queen's Own almost 400 years later.

---

**Thursday 14th October:**

**Maidstone in the Battle of Britain:**

**L**ocal author, Tony Webb, gives an account of life in Maidstone in the late summer of 1940, when the skies above Kent were filled with warring aircraft. By the end of October, the Luftwaffe had been defeated, but in Maidstone 53 people had died and countless more injured as a result of enemy bombing.

---

**Thursday 11th November:**

**The Victoria Cross.**

**T**he Victoria Cross is Britain's highest military award for gallantry. Only 1,354 have been awarded, six of them to soldiers serving in the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment or its precursors. Lt. Col. Mike Martin retells some of the extraordinary stories of heroism performed by its recipients.

---

**Thursday 25th November.**

**Kut 1916-Courage and Failure in Iraq.**

**I**n 1916 elements of the Royal West Kent Regiment took part in the defence of Kut in what is now Iraq. Besieged by the Turks for 147 days they surrendered only in the face of starvation. Colonel Patrick Crowley, author of 'Kut 1916' and Deputy Colonel of the Princess of Wales's Royal Regt, the successor of the Royal West Kents, tells the story of their heroism.

---

**Other events at the Museum:**

**Saturday 30th October: The Regiment.**

**F**irst & Second World War re-enactors and enthusiasts show what great grandad and grandad did in the wars.

---

**Monday 2nd -Friday 6th August:**

**Childrens' Activities.**

**M**ake a gas mask and an aeroplane and learn about animals at war.

---

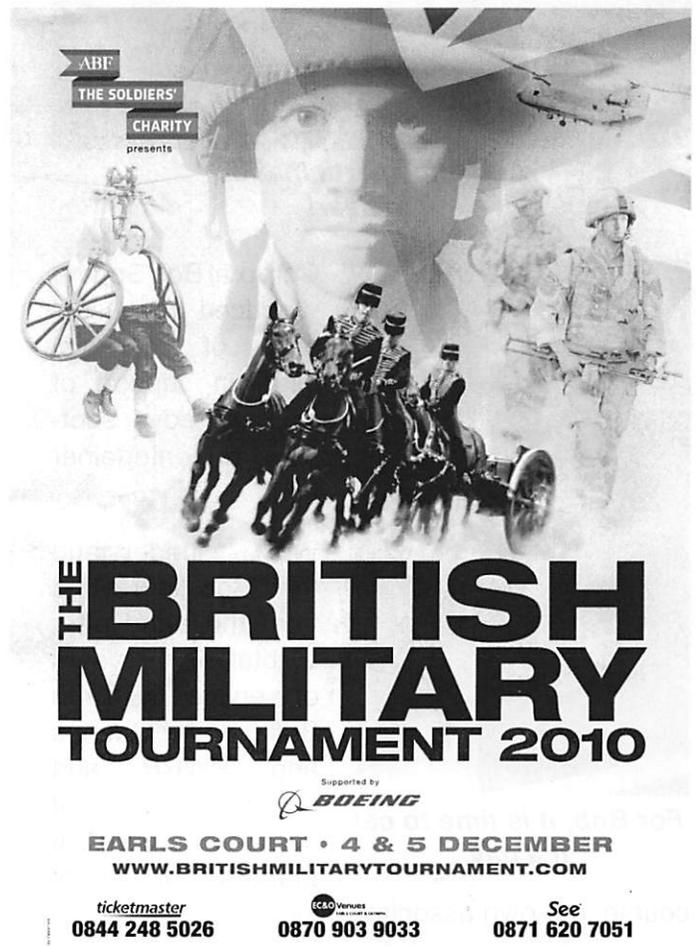
**The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regimental Museum:**

St. Faith's Street, Maidstone, Kent ME14 1LH.

**Car Parking:**

The Fremlin Walk Shopping Centre multi-storey car park is opposite the museum.

---



ABF  
THE SOLDIERS'  
CHARITY  
presents

**THE BRITISH MILITARY TOURNAMENT 2010**

Supported by  
**BOEING**

**EARLS COURT • 4 & 5 DECEMBER**  
[WWW.BRITISHMILITARYTOURNAMENT.COM](http://WWW.BRITISHMILITARYTOURNAMENT.COM)

ticketmaster  
**0844 248 5026**

ECSD Venues  
**0870 903 9033**

See  
**0871 620 7051**

# BAND CONCERT 2010

On Sunday 28th March our association members were royally entertained to another memorable band concert. Each time the general consensus is that the concert was the best yet. Well this year was no exception - it really was an outstanding afternoon's entertainment and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. Our thanks go to the Bandmaster, Mr Harding, the band and also to Major Dennis Bradley for arranging it.

Not only were we entertained with some classical and well known arrangements but also to a unique selection of light-hearted entertainment including the band members launching into song with 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star' over which we should draw a veil perhaps.



**Audience participation  
-Oh dear!**



**For Bob, it is time to call  
it a day.**

Corporal Bob Spoore produced his usual array of musical 'aids' in support of his comedy spot- what an entertainer he is.

We understand that Bob is retiring from the band after a total of 49 years of service with 4th Buffs, 5th Queens and PWRR and providing a great deal of enjoyment to many, not least of

course, our own association members.

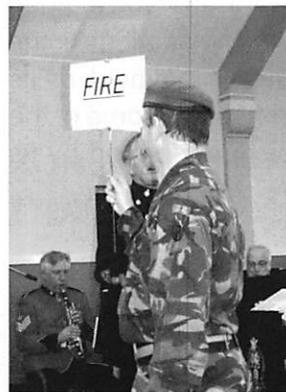
Bob, thanks for everything and good luck.

This year the Post Horn Gallop was a gallop with a difference. and a quite unique selection of 'instruments' including a tubular steel chair. a plastic pipe and funnel and of all things a urinal stand and tube accompanying Peter Bryant and Janet Baker with their Post Horns - absolutely fantastic.



**What! No chamber music!  
No just solos on a tubular steel chair, plastic  
funnel and of all things a urinal.  
Defence cutbacks probably!**

The finale was, as eagerly expected, the 1812 overture. However the usual audience participation with brown paper bags providing the cannon effects was less than impressive. You would think that after all this time we could at least get the bangs together- not a chance, maybe next year.



**Even the firing point marshals could not bear  
to watch.  
Sorry Mister Harding.**

We owe Mr. Harding and his wonderful band a huge debt of gratitude for a truly memorable afternoon.

Many, many thanks.

# RON'S PART IN WORLD WAR II

*This is the story of Ron Lampard's life in World War II (or most of it)*

*(Editor's note: Ron Lampard served with 6th Bn Queen's Own, whose 2009 reunion was featured in the last issue. Sadly Ron has since died and his son Terry kindly sent me a copy of Ron's story, a soldier's story in his own words. It is published as a tribute to Ron and indeed all who fought in that outstanding battalion.)*

## BASIC TRAINING

**W**ars are terrible things: easy to start but very hard to stop and the part in between causes so much grief and hardship. It is a waste of life and very often does not accomplish what it was supposed to.



The Second World War started mainly because of one horrible man (Adolf Hitler) who thought he had the power to take over every country that he wanted to. England had signed certain pacts with other European countries, stating that they would go to their aid should

they be attacked. Mr Neville Chamberlain, who was our Prime Minister at the time, tried to sign an agreement to stop this war. He thought that he had succeeded but, in fact, he had failed.

When Hitler marched his troops into Belgium and France, England was bound by these pacts to go to their aid. For about six months things were quiet and we all thought things were going to be OK but Hitler was building up his armed forces for a "Blitzkrieg" which means "lightning war".

Whilst this was going on Winston Churchill was voted in as Prime Minister. I thank God for this, as he had previously been a soldier and also worked in the Admiralty, so he knew quite a bit about war. He was also a great orator and was able to rally the British and Commonwealth people together.

I was called up to be a soldier at the time of the retreat from the beaches Dunkirk. I had been married for only few weeks and was living in Enfield. I was sent to do my training with the Royal Fusiliers at Hounslow Barracks in Middlesex. To my shock, after my 8 weeks training, I was posted to 9th Battalion at Canterbury in Kent. We were defending the Kent coast in case of an invasion. There was more training, long marches, battle drill, etc.

It was in the autumn of 1940 and the weather was very wet. German bombers were starting to make heavy raids on London. The RAF had several airfields in this area and we used to watch the 'dog fights' played out between our airmen and the Luftwaffe. Many planes were shot down and we were sent to guard the wreckage against souvenir hunters from the local community. I did several of these guard duties in appalling weather, having to sleep under the wings with two blankets and a ground sheet. I caught a terrible cold and that weekend I was supposed to be having 48 hours leave but I was so ill that the doctor told me to stay in bed and not go back to my unit. The final diagnosis was that I had rheumatic fever and had to spend 6 months in hospital in Kent. Eventually, when I was better I was returned to my depot in Hounslow, so was able to get home to Enfield to see my wife, parents and baby son, Terry, who was born on December 28th, 1940.

From Hounslow depot I was sent to Haverford West, which is a town in Wales, to join the 6th battalion of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. A Territorial Regiment which had returned from France and needed several recruits to top it up. Soon after we arrived there we were sent up to Scotland, to Inverary, close to Loch Fyne - a very beautiful area. In the Loch there was a big steamship which had seen action. It was very high in the water. I was fitted with landing rafts, so we knew that we had to train for some form of invasion but where was highly secret. We did landings on the Isle of Harris and several other places. We had to practice getting up and down from the boat into the landing craft, which, as I haven't got a very good head for heights, I didn't find too enjoyable, however, I got used to in the

end and also to having to jump into 4ft or more of sea water on landing. This went on for a couple of months, then we moved to Glasgow.

From Glasgow we moved to Crief, where we were billeted at the big Hydro Hotel. During my stay there my officers found out that I was a skilled sign writer, so, whilst everyone else was doing route marches of up to 50 miles a day, I got the cushy job of painting 'Wanted on Voyage' or 'Not Wanted on Voyage' on the kit boxes. At this time I felt that I was now over the fever and fully returned to fitness.

### DESTINATION UNKNOWN

After more lots more training we were finally ready to go - to a destination which was unknown to us - and were put on a train to a port at Gurock in Scotland. We were surprised to find that an American officer and his batman plus all their kit were going with us. Were we going to the USA? Surely not. We boarded a big Dutch liner called the Marnix Van Sint de Abigond. We were to be accompanied by two destroyers, a small aircraft carrier and a few other ships. Our convoy set sail but the destination was still kept secret from us. We had been at sea for a couple of months when I was sent for by my C.O. He asked if would I be prepared to make maps from some aerial photography. I was given a cabin to myself (a luxury after living below decks). The photos were of some beaches, a few palm trees and a cork tree forest – all very interesting. The weather was beautiful, so I thought we must be in the tropics. When I woke up one lovely morning and went up on deck I was surprised to find that we were sailing along a coastline on the port side with a beautiful range of snow capped mountains. There was a solitary sailor doing some work close by, so I asked him where we were and he replied that the mountains were the Sierra Nevada in Spain and that we had just come through the Straits of Gibraltar. As I looked around, I suddenly realised that our convoy had been joined by a host of other vessels, including battleships and tankers, etc., etc.

### NORTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

I finally realised that the Mediterranean had been our destination – all very exciting! Then Algiers appeared, looking fantastically white in

the sunshine. The Vichy French held this port. We were all seated at our mess decks and told that we must be ready for an opposed landing – that got the adrenaline running, I can tell you. Suddenly there was a terrific roar of aeroplane engines, as German Stukas had been waiting for us to dock in the harbour. All the ships in the convoy were firing at them. We were all sitting there with our nerves jangling. Our RSM was standing on the stairs of our mess deck, when a plane dropped its stick of bombs. They must have missed us by inches and the ship rocked, almost turning over. It would have only needed one man to start towards the stairs and we would all have followed but the RSM drew his pistol and shouted: 'Get back! I'll shoot the first one of you who moves. Get back in your seats!' Eventually the boat stopped rocking so badly and we all calmed down. We then went to lifeboat stations and climbed down rope ladders to our assault boats.

One of the ships that had joined us from Gibraltar was a Monitor. This vessel was used in the Yangste River against the Chinese. It had a shallow draught and two 17 inch guns pointing forward. As she entered the harbour, we had already landed and took over the centre of Algiers, unopposed. The Vichy French had surrendered, probably due to the sight of the huge guns on the Monitor. (These guns can now be seen outside the British War Museum in London.) We then re-embarked back onto our liner. There were still the occasional air raids going on and several ships were hit. We then got back into our assault boats again and landed further down the coast in Tunisia. All was quiet on the beach, so we moved up into the cork tree forest. Out came my maps. There was a road running parallel, so my schoolboy French was called into play to ask the way. We marched for quite a way and then rested for the night. We stayed in this area for quite a while until, eventually, a destroyer came to pick us up and drop us off further down the coast in Souse. It was difficult to get onto the dock-side here – we had to jump down about six feet with all our kit on. On top of that, the Luftwaffe paid us another visit with an attack by more Stukas. There was a railway siding with trucks on it, so I managed to crawl under them for cover. The destroyer was firing every gun it had, which mad an awful racket. Luckily, on re-grouping, we found that there had been no casualties. We were given new orders to proceed inland. There was still

no sign of any enemy land forces. We came to a farmhouse inhabited by a very nice French family. They had just butchered a pig, which they quickly turned into joints, sausages, black puddings, etc. They didn't offer us any, though, which is just as well, as I have an allergy to pork.

A couple of days later four big coaches turned up to take us to the foothills of the Atlas Mountains. It all seemed very pleasant at first but then, as we drove alongside a valley, I spotted a German plane flying in the valley, lower than we were. No doubt he had seen us though. We continued further along the road and, as we reached a gap in the hills I could see a group of planes coming towards us from the direction of the sea. We had just reached a large bridge across a river. One of our escort trucks had two machine guns mounted on it to give us protection against air attacks. As our coaches got across the bridge, we were told to get off quickly and take cover, as we had been trained to do back in Britain. The planes were mostly Italian bombers. They targeted the coaches and the bridge and fortunately didn't spot us laying on the ground. Our machine gunner kept to his post and did very well. He was later decorated for his bravery. It was all very exciting but also frightening.

My company (D) went further inland, where we were supposed to meet a group of commandos who had landed by submarine but only managed to contact them by radio. Eventually we made our way back to the battalion, who had met up with the enemy in a village called Jebel Aboid. They had had a terrific battle and suffered a lot of casualties. I remember the horrible smell of a burnt out truck containing corpses at a crossroads near Teboura. Our battalion had been supported by very good artillery. The enemy had struck hard with their light tanks. The regiment had hit them with fire from their guns and our own anti-tank guns, which were only small-bore Ziders also helped. One of our sergeants received the DCM – he made out he was dead and laid over his gun then, when a tank had gone past, he fired at the unprotected rear and knocked it out. That's bravery for you!

'Jebel' is Arabic for mountain. Company D had been assigned to a particular mountain, which we went up at first light and returned to at dusk. We also had the Royal Artillery gunners' spotter with his aid and radio to protect. I was a 'company

runner' – a job I had ever since Scotland. There was one 'runner' for each platoon and we had three platoons – the other two were Pte. Absolum and Pte. Pennycook. The job of a runner is to carry messages to headquarters etc, so my time was spent scurrying up and down this mountain side, especially as it included working for the Artillery Spotter officer when he couldn't contact his HQ by radio.

This situation continued for several days. Our other companies had moved on ahead of us and, again, had some serious fighting to do. We had a platoon occupying some buildings, which I could see from my position. My mate, Pennycook was their runner. Suddenly, one afternoon, these buildings came under fire from mortars and the platoon started to come out. From where I was I saw my buddy, Pennycook receive a hit. It was horrible. A stretcher party picked him up and were some other casualties as well.

We came down off the Jebel that evening and it turned out that Italian Paras had landed outside of the area. We were relieved by a platoon of the Buffs Regiment, which were in our brigade and didn't have to go back up the Jebel that night as we were expecting an all out attack on the village. As the Buffs moved through the village in twilight, a German fighting patrol craftily joined on behind them without being seen. The Buffs took up our previous position on the Jebel only to be set about by the Italians. The Germans were in amongst us in the village, so we had a devil of a scrap going on. We managed to deal with the patrol – the officer was killed and they gave up. It was mayhem. The Italians were firing down from the Jebel but their weapons were only of light calibre, so weren't any match against our rifles and Bren guns. The few that were left came down and surrendered. I saw my first dead Germans, not a pretty sight. Now the Germans who were back behind the village decided to throw everything at us, blasting us with artillery and mortar fire. We just had to get what cover we could. Eventually they stopped the strafing. Then came another horrible moment for me ... my sergeant informed me that my pal, Absolum had been killed after being hit by a mortar bomb. I was asked to go to the local shop, which was being used as a casualty centre, and remove his identity tags, so it could be proved who he was before he was buried. With a heavy heart

I made my way there. It was awful, I had to look at several bodies before I found him. The place was only dimly lit and I had such a job getting the tags off. As I was doing it I was crying ... these sort of things haunt you for the rest of your life! The other runner, Pennycook, lost a leg and died in hospital in civvy street. He and his sister were very good ice skaters. He always said that if he was wounded he didn't want to live, so he finally got his wish.

When we were in the Hydro in Scotland, Abby, Penny and myself had our own small room. When we were not busy we played a lot of table tennis. We were known as the three musketeers but I said it should be the three must have beers ... now there was just me.

After the battle of Jebel Aboid we were taken to another village called Segenane to rest for a bit for a bit and have a clean up. This was a wash down in a biscuit tin full of lukewarm water. I had just got stripped off when the Stukas paid us another visit. Not very funny – complete panic! About this time I got my first mail from home. We were all worried because we knew that London and Coventry had been badly bombed. I had a letter from my wife, Ivy, and she said that, because of the heavy bombing, she and our baby son, Terry had gone to live on a farm near Keswick in Cumberland. Now Ivy's younger brother, Sid, who was in the RAF and stationed at Keswick had got married to Daphne. It was Sid who managed to get them lodgings on the farm and it relieved me greatly to know that they were in a much safer area.

I was very surprised when I was sent for by my Commanding Officer, who told me that, as I had showed up well in battle, he would give me a 'stripe', making me a Corporal. This meant that I would be in charge of a section (7 men). My sergeant had also been promoted to Colour Sergeant (Quartermaster) and he asked for me to be his storeman, so I could choose whichever job I wanted. I chose the storeman's job as it meant that I had a truck which could sleep in, rather than being outside in all weathers. I got the corporal's stripe as well as a more interesting job. I wrote home to tell my folks, so that they would not worry so much about me. My job was at an echelon, this means you have to be within reach of where your company were so that you can supply all the ammunition, extra weapons, food and water as

soon as possible when shortages occur. All this spare stuff was on our truck. I had a driver, 'Tiny' Lipscombe (6ft 4in tall). We were always together and, of course, became very good friends. Our truck was parked in a spinney and all the other echelon's transport were in the same area with a road running through the middle. We were all covered with camouflage nets as we still had hardly any air cover and the Luftwaffe were still sending over patrols – mainly Messerschmitts. There were two that came twice a day which we named 'Gert and Daisy' after the lady comedienne on the radio. If we went out in the truck I had to stand up in the passenger seat as an aircraft spotter. Doing this on very dusty roads, especially in convoy, you ended up looking like clowns as you were covered in white dust, which wasn't very good for the lungs, either. If you got spotted in was pull up and dive in to the nearest ditch. We were still in the area of the Atlas Mountains, in which our troops were fighting. To get their rations and ammo to them by truck was impossible. The alternative was by mule – these wonderful animals would climb anywhere. We had various mule drivers – Moroccans, Indians, Pakistanis and, later, Italians. On one of the first trips I did, with Moroccans, who were not in our army, our lads, were involved in a firefight on a mountainside. We got up some distance when they refused to go any further. I had 'a rush of blood' and drew my revolver to threaten them. They did go a bit further but I had to unload the mules, climb up to the troops and tell them that they'd have to get a party to go down to collect their provisions. When I returned the mules and drivers had disappeared. This was quite late at night. I crawled into my little tent and was sound asleep. When I woke up the sun was well up and I could hear a lot of conversation going on. The mule drivers were there with a white officer in charge, complaining to my captain that his drivers had threatened them with a pistol, which was against regulations. I lay there in my tent thinking 'that's it, I'll be court-martialled'. My captain said, "well, can you see the person here?" "No", they replied. Of course, my captain knew who it was but wasn't going to give me away. I was still in a bit of a sweat but heard no more about it, thankfully.

Our mail was getting through much better now. It gave me great pleasure when I took the supplies up to my lads and saw the joy on their faces when they when they got their mail and, of course, to

receive mine also. Life was getting a bit mundane, I was walking miles each day. One of the lads said: "We can always see you coming by your funny walk". I can remember going to meet my dad when I was little; it was the same with him, that's who I got it from. Those were the days.

This muleing up to the front became very dodgy. As time went on we became under observation by the Germans, who always held the high ground. I remember setting out one day with Arab mule drivers to a new area. White tapes had been laid down but there was a fork in the path and I took the wrong turning. As we were making our way towards an Arab village, I kept seeing little puffs of dirt in the sandy soil. The Mule drivers gave me a look and a nervous laugh ... I suddenly realised that we were being shot at from some distance away, so about turned and went back to the fork in the path and took the other turning. I caught up with all the other mule trains which our other companies had sent but the enemy had moved up a machine gun to a gap in the hills and had shot one of the mules as they passed, so we were all milling about in one area until we could bring some fire down on the enemy. In some of the areas where we were under observation the Royal Engineers put up a screening fence that we could walk behind. The enemy countered this by firing 'airburst' shells. These would burst up in the air with a loud crack and shower shrapnel down to the ground. I didn't like that one bit.

About this time our brigade was shifted to another part of Tunisia. The Germans didn't want the 8th Army to join up with the 1st Army as this would mean that they would be outnumbered and overrun, so they put in a big attack at a place called Karouarne. It was a big pass in the mountains. The Americans were defending this and it was their first big battle. Unfortunately they were not good enough to do this, so we were sent up to bolster them. As we moved forward, they came roaring down the road in their trucks, waving to us and shouting: "Go on Tommy, do your bit!" We had some paratroops with us and they were complaining that they shouldn't have been used as infantry. When we got forward it was a bit of a mess – nobody seemed to know where they were. One of our platoons was captured and the Germans marched them back to our lines by mistake, so we were able to turn the tables on

them. Eventually the Germans pulled back, so they never got through the pass. On the way back, Tiny and I were in the truck running alongside a deep valley. It was a very hot day and I nodded off, suddenly I woke up as the truck was turning over as the edge of the road had given way. My last sight before dozing off was of the valley, far below, so I thought we were in for a heck of a drop but we came to rest on our side about 2ft down. What luck! Of course we couldn't do anything to get it back on the road, so we were stuck. I managed to send a message to the REME and tell them of our plight but didn't have a reply for about 5 days. There we were, all on our own. We had rations, water and our bed rolls, so it wasn't too bad. Two little Arab boys came and found us, so we had some company. Of course they were after the chocolate ... or anything else that was going. We got them bring kindling wood as we had no stove. They also brought us some eggs, so we were able to have a fry-up. They turned up every day, all happy and cheerful. We nicknamed them Bill and Ben. Eventually the REME came along with one of their massive lorries and hauled us back on the road. They then towed us back to their depot and we transferred all our load to another 15cwt truck in place of ours, which needed a major repair as all the springs were broken. We then rejoined the battalion and life was normal again!

### THE BATTLE OF LONGSTOP HILL

We were now getting towards the end of the Tunisian campaign. There was one big objective before we could take Tunis, that was a long hill called 'Longstop Hill'. It had been fought over for months by various units and there had been many casualties. The Brigade of Guards captured it and handed over to the Americans but then it was recaptured by the enemy and so on. The Germans were well dug in and proving difficult to shift. Eventually my Division, the 78th, and some others were mustered together to attack it. On any big battles like this I would always called upon to be a fighting soldier again as we needed as many men as possible. We lay up in a gully for a few days whilst the preparations were made - mines had to be cleared by the Royal Engineers, etc, white tapes were laid down so we could tread more safely on our approach to the start line and of course the airforce was called in to bomb their positions along with shelling from the artillery.

All this was to 'soften the enemy up' before we moved in.

Our first objective was at the bottom of the hill. Our officer decided to send in a big fighting patrol to locate the enemy under cover of darkness. The patrol came under very heavy fire straight away and suffered several casualties. There was a machine gun nest right in front of us which we gave a 'going over' with our Bren guns, rifles and grenades. After a while we seemed to be getting the upper hand but had several wounded. This machine gun nest was part of a trench system which ran further up the hill and the Germans had scuttled up to their new positions taking their weapons with them. They were now just firing the occasional grenade. As dawn was breaking we moved carefully forward. One of my chaps, who was quite a big fellow, jumped into the trench, which had duckboards in the bottom, and there was a loud bang – the Gerries had put a booby trap in the side of the trench which fired a bullet. The poor lad was shot under the armpit and the bullet had gone into his lung. He was quite conscious but couldn't lay flat. We managed to get a stretcher and sit him on it but to carry him in that position was very hard as he was very heavy. There were six of us in my section and we managed to get him down the hill eventually and left him in a derelict cottage by the roadside hoping that someone would find him. We had to get back to the Battalion, who by now had moved further up the hill. As we scrambled over the rocks to join up with the rest of our lads we came under fire from rifles and mortars. My Colonel was there when we arrived and I told him about our casualty. He said he would radio the ambulance to search for him.

We had been sitting on the side of the hill for quite a while when I heard the sound of bagpipes and, looking over my shoulder, I could see the impressive sight of a battalion of Argyles, Pipe Major in front, marching up from the valley below. They were being fired upon and suffered a few casualties but the stretcher bearers picked these up as they marched on without faltering. It was a sight I will never forget. We all gave them a big cheer. Soon after this the Colonel shouted: "Fix bayonets! We are going to attack along the ridge". I didn't like the sound of that one little bit but luck was on our side as a column of tanks had made it

along the road which ran parallel with Longstop. As we got to the ridge the enemy were surrendering and that was the end of the fighting in Tunisia. We then joined up with the 8th Army for big victory parades in Tunis.

Again we moved on, this time to the south of the Sahara Desert. As we went, we saw thousands of enemy prisoners being marched back towards Tripoli. There were lots of Italians, their officers all done up in their cockaded hats, with so many medals on display, looking like little Napoleons. (I don't know where they won their medals ... possibly the war in Abyssinia. Quite a few of Rommel's desert boys were there too – although a lot of them had got away to Sicily.

To be continued;



**Friends of the  
REGIMENTAL MUSEUM  
Forthcoming Event**

**The Band & Corps of Drums  
Of**

**The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment**

**Present**

**BEATING RETREAT**

**Wednesday 4th August 2010**

**at**

**The Canterbury Cricket Ground**

**19:15 for 19:30**

**Curry & Drinks**

**Cost £15-00p**

**Entrance by Ticket  
(first 100 only)**

**Applications to  
PWRR & Q Regimental Museum  
Dover Castle CT16 1HU**

01304 240121 or E mail [pwrrqueensmuseum@btconnect.com](mailto:pwrrqueensmuseum@btconnect.com)

## WRITE TO REPLY



Mr. Sidney Allinson  
3370 Passage Way  
Victoria, BC, Canada V9C 4J6.  
Email: [allsid@shaw.ca]

*Dear Editor,*

Just now, I came across the regimental web site of photos of The Buffs in Burma. Regrettably, the photos do not open on my machine

However, I wonder if you have any information about a friend of mine, Maurice Tugwell, who I think served in Malaya after WWII. He retired in the 1970's with the rank of brigadier, The Parachute Regiment.

If anyone has any information about Brig. Tugwell's time in Malaya, I would be most grateful to receive it.

Thank you.

Sidney Allinson,

---

*(The following is a copy of a letter sent the National Army Museum from Bob Kempton. There has been no response from the NAM to date.)*

32 Colin Blythe Road  
Tonbridge  
Kent, TN104LB

24th June 2010

Dear Dr. Boyden,

**Subject: Closure of the Buffs Museum at the Beaney Institute Canterbury.**

I was very sorry, no shocked to learn that the Buffs Museum has been closed for alterations to the Beaney Institute, and no provision made available when it re-opens in 2011. I understand that all exhibits, decorations and campaign medals have been lodged with your museum. Are they going to be on show, or are they being put in storage? It seems a wicked shame that a regiment with such a long history and a position of the Third of Foot should disappear.

My father served with the Buffs and was decorated with the Military Medal along side of his campaign medals. I left the medals in the care of the Buffs Museum on his decease in 1977 so that they could be displayed. If these items are only being put away never to see the light of day, perhaps they can be returned to me. I would have them cleaned and with new ribbons, framed and exhibited in a permanent position at home. These items were passed to the Buffs Museum, no promise was made that I had no future claim on them and no paperwork was involved to say that I had no claim on them in the future. The time is now right for these items to be returned to his family.

My father's details were:

Private/ Lance Corporal Arthur Edward Kempton

Regimental Number: G15633

He served with D Company, Seventh Buffs

I also served with the Seventieth Buffs Young Soldier Battalion from October 1941 to December 1942, when I transferred to the Royal Armoured Corps.

I trust that you can look kindly on this request and that these medals can have a prominent position again please.

Yours sincerely

Mr Robert Kempton

---

15 Avon Close  
Calne, Wilts  
SN11 9DB

*Dear Editor,*

I wonder just how many ex Drummers there are out there who would like to 'have a go' again. Perhaps you could advertise our band web site [www.rblnorthwiltsdrums.org.uk](http://www.rblnorthwiltsdrums.org.uk)

Cheers

John Ireland

# From the Regimental Web Site

www.thequeensownbuffs.com

From: George Munday.

Email: [book@coppercoastworkshops.com](mailto:book@coppercoastworkshops.com)

**Pte Albert Munday,  
East Kent Regiment,  
South Africa/WW1/Russia**

In the course of research about my great uncle - Albert Munday. I found this forum and a posting, specifically about him by Mick Mills on June 6th, 2006, who wrote... "Munday was a Special Reservist and had enlisted in late August or early September 1914 (perhaps that's re-enlisted - George). He joined the 2nd Battalion of the Buffs and he was with them when they proceeded to France on 17th January 1915. Their two main engagements on the Western Front were the First Battle of Ypres (where they were subjected to the first gas attack by the Germans on the allies) and Loos. The 2nd Battalion remained on the Western Front until they were moved to Salonica in October 1915 where they remained for the duration of the war.. Munday was transferred to the Labour Corps at some stage because he had been medically downgraded due to wounds, age or fitness, etc. He was discharged to the Army Reserve on 5th August 1919. He was awarded the Russian Medal of St George (as were 6 other Buffs). I have no idea why he was awarded the medal as there is no mention of it in the war diary or the official history. He was also entitled to the 1914/15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal which were all British campaign medals for the Great War." I'm researching background information about my great-uncle, aka Private Albert Munday, Rifle Brigade, later East Kent Regiment. I understand that apart from the medals mentioned in the post, he also won the Queen's South Africa 1899-1902, three clasps - Cape Colony, Orange Free State, South Africa 1902 (7450 Pte. A. Munday. Rifle Brigade). I did reply to the original post a couple of days ago, but in view of the fact that posting is four years old, I thought it unlikely that it would be found and so I have raised it as a new topic - hopefully I'm not breaking any forum rules! I would dearly like to find out more about him because I am including him in the book that I am writing about my father, a talented amateur artist. Although I live in Ireland, I'm visiting England next month (July) to complete

more research. The visit will include Ramsgate, where my father was born and Liverpool where he went to live after WW1. It would be of great help if someone could point me in the direction of where I could find more information no matter how small. Likewise any suggestions about places I could visit, or people I could meet up with, would be absolutely invaluable. I hope someone can help.

Thank you.

George Munday

---

From K Atkins:

Email: [atkinsprearch@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:atkinsprearch@yahoo.co.uk)

**Private Robert Gamlin**

I am trying to find information about my Great Uncle Private Robert Gamlin of the 8th Battalion The Buffs 1940 to 1944.

He came from Weybridge, Surrey and was in the 8th Battalion until 1944 when he was transferred to the 30th Battalion, this was due to his being not A1 fit. He was then posted to the 30th Queens Royal Regiment and was unfortunately killed in a railway accident at Vauxhall station on December 1st 1944 he's now buried in a war grave next to my great aunt.

I am interested in finding any information about his time with the Buffs. Is there any record of him anywhere? I have got copies of his service records but I would like to know if there is anyone who knew him and what he did.

Many thanks

K Atkins

---

From Keith Chambers:

Email [keith.a.chambers@gmail.com](mailto:keith.a.chambers@gmail.com).

**Regt Colour - 20th London Regiment**

**(The Queen's Own) -**

**265 LAA Regiment RA TA**

I'm trying to locate a image of the Regt Colour as used by the 569 (The Queen's Own)(M) LAA/SL Regiment RA TA. This became Q (The Queen's Own) Battery 265 LAA Regiment RA TA. The Regt Colour was then paraded with the guns of 265

LAA Regiment RA TA.

265 LAA Regt were most unusual in parading a Regt Colour while normally in the artillery the guns are the colours.

Please can anyone help!

---

From Sarah Fraser.

Email: [frasersathome@ntlworld.com](mailto:frasersathome@ntlworld.com)

### **Sgt Edwin Fletcher WW1**

I am searching for information on my grandfather, Edwin Fletcher, service number 976, who served in 'D' Company, 1/5th Buffs in WW1. He was awarded the Medaille Militaire, but I am unable to ascertain why, the National Archives only lists information of British medals. We have photos of the 1/5th in Kamptee India, Christmas 1914, also in Mount Abu in July 1915. I believe he fought in Mesopotamia or Baghdad, the French medal is therefore a mystery. I hope you can help.

Sarah Fraser

### **Reply from Mick Mills:**

Edwin Fletcher was a pre war Territorial soldier who served with the 5th Battalion of The Buffs.

D Company's drill hall was at Horsmonden and it was commanded by Lieutenant Benjamin Buss and 2nd Lieutenant Hugh Marchant.

The Battalion left for India in October 1914. It arrived in its first theatre of war, Basra, in December 1915 and was immediately involved in the attempt to relieve Townsend's besieged force at Kut-al-Amarah.

During the approach it was engaged in action at Sheikh Saad, about 20 miles east of Kut, on 7th January 1916. As soon as the Battalion advanced in the open it came under heavy shell and machine gun fire. Heavy casualties were taken and they ended up digging themselves in 200 yards behind the point they had advanced to.

Fletcher was wounded in the right wrist during this action. Among the killed was Hugh Marchant who is buried in Amrar War Cemetery along with 33 others who were killed on that day. Six others are remembered on the Basra Memorial. Benjamin Buss was wounded on 10th January. He received serious head wounds and he succumbed to these injuries in hospital on 4th November 1918. He is buried at Horsmonden Churchyard.

Fletcher was the eldest son of Herbert Fletcher of Geddes Lodge, Matfield. He was 21 in 1916 and was a native of Buckinghamshire. He had lived at Matfield since he was 3. He had been employed by Mr Perkins at The Grange for about 3 years. He had been promoted to Lance Corporal before leaving for India and shortly after arrival he was a Corporal. Before leaving for Mesopotamia he was promoted to Lance Sergeant. He ended the war as a Sergeant.

I'm afraid that I can't tell you why he was awarded the Medaille Militaire but it appears that the medal was only awarded to 4 other members of The Buffs.

Mick Mills.

---

From: Sparrow Batell.

Email: [mrsbe21@hotmail.com](mailto:mrsbe21@hotmail.com)

### **Recruitment film made in 1960!**

Can anyone help me trace a copy of a recruitment film that was made in Folkstone in 1960 approx.

I, Sam Davis and many others were in it, can anyone help?.

---

From Mick Stanley (2Lt)

Email: [salandmick@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:salandmick@yahoo.co.uk)

### **8 PLATOON, C COMPANY, KENYA 1962**

Since the message that I put on the Message Board in September 2008, I have managed to trace nine members of the Platoon and we had our first reunion on the 30th November 2009. We still need to trace the following. Any ideas? Last seen details would be a help or Christian names! Any thoughts of where I can look - records etc. Ian Morton(Cpl); Alan Freeman(L/Cpl); Ian or John Gilchrist(L/Cpl); Brian Abrahams; Austin; John Bridger; Terry Dibley; Graham Divall/Duvall; Durrell; Gosling; Nick Haslewood; Dave Paul; Barry Payne(Father was a Brigadier?); Roger Picton; Ron Poore; Cyril Rex; Phil Starling; Sweeney/McSweeney; Ted Wedlake.

Mick Stanley (2Lt)

# Final Word

Over the past few months I have spoken with several families and next of kin of ex members of our forebear regiments who have passed on. Despite the fact that they lived relatively locally, several of them had no idea that there was an active regimental association with local branches.

Those that were not aware invariably expressed regret that their, father, grandfather, great uncle, husband etc., had not been able to enjoy the benefits of contact with their old regiment and comrades in their declining years.

I find that a very sad situation indeed, but I am sure that it is one we can do something about. We need to spread the word in areas where we have a branch that we have an active association, far more active than most I may add, and that we have branches at local level.

In our branches we have much the same list of branch officers, Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Welfare officer, Entertainments member and so on; why not a publicity or recruiting member. Major John Barrell, the Committee of Management member who is responsible for PR, is more than prepared to offer help and advice and to provide press releases for submission to local newspapers in your branch area.

Posters can be produced and distributed for branches to display in local libraries, clubs, council notice boards, churches etc. These posters should include local contact numbers and information about branch meetings. This project could run in parallel with an advertising campaign, paid from central Association funds, advertising the Association and the individual branches.

Most branches have declining numbers purely because their existence is not readily known by the general public in the local area, that is something that we can put right.

As part of their service to the community, the vast majority of local papers have a 'What's On' section featuring details of local club activities. This is normally a free service so it won't cost the branch anything other than an investment of a

little time and effort. An investment that could pay handsome dividends.

So, as a start, why not consider appointing a Branch Publicity Officer who can work with Major Barrell. How effective such a program will be remains to be seen but at least we will be making the effort. Three years ago, London Buffs, organised a press release to the South East London Group of local newspapers which resulted in nearly 20 replies and several new members - so it can be done.

You will have read in the minutes of this year's AGM that branches will no longer receive the Journal in bulk for them to distribute at their next branch meeting.

The old system led to a situation that where the publication of an issue just missed a branch meeting those branch members may have had to wait for a month, sometimes longer, to get their copy. In some cases the delay has meant that members have missed an event or a deadline etc. From now on, you will all receive your copy at the same time, direct to your home address by post. I hope this helps.

Next year is the fiftieth anniversary of the amalgamation of The Buffs and The Queen's Own and the formation of the Queen's Own Buffs. I am sure that branches may want to mark this important milestone in our regimental history with some special event or other. If that is the case then please let me have the details in time for the next issue so that you can get the maximum publicity.

Well that's it for this issue, if you have an article you would like published, a story to tell or an interesting photograph then send it in. Don't forget, if you want your photo returned please write your name and address on the reverse of the photo.

One final request, if you possibly can please support the reunions. We look forward to seeing you there.

All the best

The Editor

# What's On July-December 2010

---

1st August

## **Canterbury Reunion**

Contact: Henry Delo

01843 842357

---

11th August

## **Visit to Brenchley Park**

Weald Branch

Contact: Capt. M. Gwilliam

0207 3175 1090

---

5th September

## **Tower of London**

### **Service of Remembrance**

London Buffs

Contact: Betty Correa

0208 655 3040

---

12th September

## **Maidstone Reunion**

Contact: Jacky Allen

01322 666007

---

6th October

## **QOB's Officers' Luncheon**

Union Jack Club

Contact: Capt. M. Gwilliam

0207 3175 1090

---

16th October

## **6th Bn QORWK Reunion lunch**

West Kingsdown

Contact: Joan Lambourne

0208 661 9192

---

16th October

## **Ramsgate Branch Annual Dinner**

Contact: John Ferneyhough

01843 594007

---

11th November

## **Field of Remembrance**

Westminster Abbey

Contact: Major D. Bradley BEM

01227 818052

---

14th November

## **Remembrance Day**

Contact Branch Secretaries

---

14th November

## **Canterbury Branch Parade & Carvery Lunch**

Contact: Henry Delo

01843 842357

---

4th December

## **Sittingbourne Branch**

Christmas Party.

Contact: Paul Fleming

01795 421281

---

7th December

## **Weald Branch Christmas Dinner**

Contact: Capt. M. Gwilliam

0207 3175 1090

---

11th December

## **Colchester Branch Christmas Dinner**

Contact Graham Arnot

01206 541071

---

12th December

Canterbury Branch

## **Carol Service**

Contact: Henry Delo

01843 842357

---

18th December

Canterbury Branch

## **Christmas Dinner and Social.**

Contact: Henry Delo

01843 842357

---

*Rear Cover: Nonington, 10th June 2010*

