



ROYAL MILITARY POLICE OLD COMRADES LINK UP NEWSLETTER #46 APRIL, 2011



NEW CONTACTS

23009871 Lcpl Don King, Squads 424 and 430. After being delayed through illness Don completed his training in 1954 and was posted to BTA with 105 Pro Coy, Vienna. The OC at the time was Maj G Pillitz. In August, 1955, following the signing of the Neutrality Act the four major powers had to leave Austria and Don was transferred to 7 Armd Div to see out his last five or six months.



23808552 WO2 Michael Hutton, Squad 808. Mick completed his training early in January 1960 and went to 6 Dog Coy for four months and then to the Detachment in Tripoli. Complete with brown knees he then went to 165 Pro, Rheindahlen Pro, HQ BAOR, Hong Kong Pro, 2 RMP, HQ Berlin and HQ UKLF from where he took Voluntary Redundancy in 1979.

23231470 Christopher Gallagher, Squad 485. Chris served between 1955 and 1958 with 101 Pro Coy, HQ NORTHAG.

24263572 Sgt Karl Millyard. Karl served with the Corps from 1978 to 1987 after four years in the Coldstream Guards. During that time he was with 176 Pro, 101 Pro and RMPTC. He would like to contact Cpl Mel Turner, Cpl Paul 'Robbo' Robson, Sgt David James, WO2 Hughie Grant and Ssgt George McDonald, all from his days in 101.

14090731 Lcpl Francis Lack. Francis served from 1945 to 1948 with 163 HQ Pro Coy and was the Batman/Driver to the late Col AC Rawlings MBE during the 1947/48 period when he was APM.

22667763 Lcpl Norman Straker, Squad 197. Norman served with 3 Inf Div Pro Coy in MELF between October 1952 and April 1954.

YOUR CORRESPONDENCE



As he resides just over the hill from me I sometimes bump into Ivor Poole who never fails to come up with good another tale. This time he has sent in an interesting photograph. He said, 'Muddling through some old photos, I thought this might be of interest for your newsletter. The year is 1972 and Soviet soldiers assemble for parade at their Memorial but something going on down on their left to the amusement of everyone. Up strides Ssgt Mackrell RMP. "Leave it to me Sir, I'll ***** sort them out". And who would argue?'

Baden Wilson sent in a photograph which brought back a few personal memories. It shows him (on the left) and Ken Dodd at Mansergh Barracks, Gutersloh in 1963 when Battle Dress was still in fashion and Austin Champs prevailed. Sorry about the lack of definition but the photograph did not enlarge that well. Ken as some of you know is alive and well and has been living in Australia for several years. Rumour has it that the UK Border Agency will not him back in.



I received the following report from Chas O'Leary relating his return to Korea, 'At the invitation of the South Korean Government, a British contingent of 85 flew from Manchester Airport via Korean Air Lines on Tuesday 11th April 2010 for a period of seven days. It took just over eleven hours and landed at Incheon Air Port. We were transported to a massive five star hotel, The Lotte, where we were to stay for the whole period and allocated two sharing a room. Sheer luxury and with all meals included.

Hectic days followed visiting the war memorials and cemeteries and the laying of wreaths. At the Commonwealth Memorial and Cemetery I met up with Bill Speakman VC and had a good natter with him. (See photo right) One evening a bunch of us were in the lounge bar having a noggin or three when one chap mentioned that they did everything for us except wipe our backsides. One little chap piped up and said they had his. All the toilets had warm seats and a built-in bidet. He said that when he had completed his visit he accidentally pressed the Bidet button. The force of the water nearly shot him through the roof. Although he was soaked, he ended up with a nice clean bum!

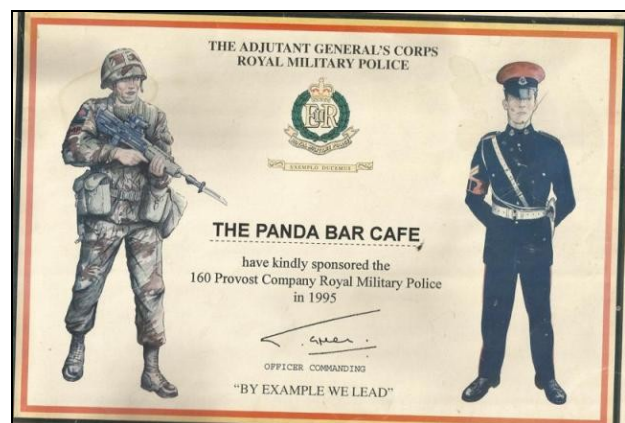


We were in hysterics laughing and some of the hotel staff thought we had gone doolally. We were taken to the DMZ at Pan Mun Jom where we gazed out into the desolate area of North Korea. My roommate spotted the hill where he and his unit had occupied. We also visited Gloucester Hill where a memorial had been carved into the hillside. The area was one where a track ran through the middle of the hill along which I had travelled in my jeep many times to get to my post at Teal Bridge. I was gob smacked! They had opened up that track massively and put a two way road right through it. I only recognised it by the small stream which still ran alongside the road and which I had ran into several times. We never got to other places we had occupied. Seoul was not as I remember it. I think it worth mentioning that I was the only RMP in the group and could only be picked out by my scarlet beret. At first banter and leg pulling was the order of the day but it soon abated and all was wine and roses for the rest of the stay. John Major, a former PM, visited us after lunch one day and spoke to many individuals. He was on his way to a big meeting. Someone told him that I was the only RMP amongst them. At his farewell speech he said that he was glad to see that they had brought along a policeman to keep them all in order. A hell of a roar of laughter went up at that – and was my face as red as my beret! We attended a banquet where we were all presented with the Korean War Medal and entertained by the singing of Korean Children and three tenors who were the equal of Pavarotti and his mates. Time came for us to leave and all said how much they had enjoyed it. For some reason the plane scheduled to take us home could not take us all as it had been fully booked. They then asked us for volunteers to stay the extra day. I was one who did so. It turned out that we got three extra days at no cost to us because no planes could fly because of all the dust etc, being thrown



out of the erupting Icelandic volcano. Our original plane had managed to take off before it did so. We had to move out of the Lotte and they put us up in the Sheraton, another five star hotel. We learned how the elite lived. All in all it was marvellous to see how South Korea had pulled itself out of all the muck and bullets. While at the DMZ you looked out North over a desolate land. Turn around and look South and you could see a magnificent thriving city. After visiting our younger past years, we were all happy to rest our creaking bones at home lie back and think of our new found memories of the re-visit. A couple of months later we all met up again at the National Arboretum re living our visit.

Taff Rielly e-mailed in, 'Thank you for your latest newsletter. I don't know if you are interested or not but I popped into a grotty cafe in Aldershot last week and pinned under the shelf was an RMP sponsor form from the Panda Bar dated 1995 for 160 Pro Coy but I have not got a clue what it is for.' *Ed: Anyone out there formerly of 160 who can come up with the answer? I have not been on the Jack D and coke; the photograph arrived at an angle. Well that is my story anyhow.*



Rece Porter sent in the following addition to a previous article, 'You may recall I e-mailed you after you included an item on Basal Cell Carcinoma (Rodent Ulcers). Well I had four which were cleared up plus one on a lower eyelid, for which I had an operation which took away half my lower eyelid, which was then re-constructed. It healed well and you almost can't see it now. Anyway, the MOD, Veterans Affairs do in fact pay out for these if you served in places like Aden. My application went in; I have had an independent evaluation, and am waiting to see what happens. i.e. how much they will give me. Apparently these claims are quite common. I will update you with full information when I hear from them again.'

What a refreshing change to get a hand written letter. It was from William Wiltshire who served with 1 Dog Coy in Tripoli. When he was demobbed in 1948 he was the handler for a dog named 'Mick'. William would like to hear from anyone who remembers him and would dearly like to know what happened to his dog. At the time of writing I am trying to get further information from him.

Dave Taylor sent in the following snippet. 'I went to the Birmingham Art Gallery last week to view the Saxon gold exhibition. As I walked through the large circular entrance gallery into the wide corridor leading to the other galleries I noticed that the wall was covered with a very professionally made explanation of 'art and the people' with a few photographs of people from the past. Imagine my surprise when I noted a large head and shoulders photo of a post war Military Police NCO wearing shirt sleeves order and a perfect SD cap. The man in question looked happy and smiling (must have been in a good Company!) and it was a really good picture. Goodness knows who he is (or was) or why he was picked to adorn the walls of this great gallery but he was certainly a credit to the Corps. I imagine the exhibitors that prepared the montage were unaware that he was a military policeman and merely displayed a 'wartime' soldier from many others available. Good to see though - wonder if our Brummie RMPA members know any more?' *Ed: I pass this on to RMPA Birmingham as a 'furtherance of enquiry'.*

It started with me reading the notes for 618 SMPS, Nairobi, in a 1954 Corps Journal which mentioned a confrontation involving Derrick Griffin. I contacted him for more details and this is his reply (slightly edited). 'The Sunday Town Patrol was considered easy as all the squaddies would be in camp getting over the night before so when I saw I was with Harry Lacey my immediate thoughts were good, a nice peaceful day to swan around Nairobi. Little did we know what was in store for us. The day started with a drive into the City keeping a look out for the leftovers from the Saturday night. There would be some squaddies who not being able to find their way back to camp had stayed in town and they would soon be trailing around the bars and into brothels in Eastleigh. We could guarantee that we would find somebody in the 'Out Of Bounds' area. The morning went well, just two checks and these were found to be in order; no one in the brothels which was a big surprise. The RAFP said they had had a good haul the previous night so it was obvious to Harry and me that until later we could forget that part of the City. It was in the afternoon when we saw the two Askaris from 23 Kings African Rifles staggering along the street waving what we thought at the time to be a stick but as we got closer we saw that one had a spear and the other was carrying a wooden club and a piece of metal. Every time anyone came near towards them they became aggressive and began thrusting the spear as if to attack them. The Kenya Police had been watching this for some time when Harry and I appeared they shouted to us to get the people out of the way before someone got hurt. Harry asked them why they had not done anything and in no uncertain manner was told not likely, we could get the spear in us and then disappeared into the Police Post. At this I said that we had better arrest the Askaris and get them to the RMP HQ. This was easier said than done. First we had to get near them so we jumped out of our vehicle and ran across the road to try and reason with them; it was then that we realised they were stoned out of their minds. I told Harry to go to one side and me the other thinking that it would be easier to restrain one of them and the other might give himself up. How wrong can you be? The one with the spear made a lunge at Harry and it was only his quick thinking that stopped him being castrated as he jumped up and the spear went between his legs. The Askari then turned his attention to me swinging the spear upwards he caught my battle dress blouse and the cut was so fine as if made by a razor. Harry then got hold of the Askari round the neck and started to pull him over but this made him more aggressive and he threw Harry over and he landed at my feet. The Askari made another lunge forward but missed us both. I pulled out my pistol with the intention of trying to frighten him into submission. The second Askari by this time had run off down a side street. Harry managed to get hold of the offender from behind but saw me brandishing my pistol and shouted

out that if I fired he could get hit. At this point I moved forward and hit the soldier on the head and he fell down. This enabled us to manhandle him into the truck. Our next thought was what to do should he come round. Seeing two soldiers from the Devonshire Regiment we called upon them to assist, tell one to get in the rear of the vehicle and if the Askari came round to hit him with anything available. At that point the missing Askari suddenly came running towards the vehicle waving the metal bar in one hand and another spear in the other. Whilst this was going on the Kenya Police stood behind the barricade and watched. When the soldier got near he fell to his knees, started to moan and clutched his stomach. Seeing this we got hold of him and heaved him into the vehicle. After a short discussion it was decided to make the British Military Hospital our first stop as the second Askari seemed to be getting worse and the aggressive one was still unconscious. On arrival at the BMH the sick soldier was handed over to the Duty NCO and then we moved on to our own HQ. The two Devons by this time were getting worried as they had to get back to their camp and were afraid of being AWOL. Having checked in at the RNAS camp the prisoner, who by now was awake, asked in good English what he was doing in the cell at RMP HQ. He was told the sequence of events but said he could not remember anything. He was formally charged and returned to his regiment to await his own OC's punishment. In the meantime we received a call from the BMH to tell us that his colleague had been drinking brake fluid and was in a very bad state and might not live. By this time the other members of our unit had heard of the trouble and the help given by the two Devons who were now being rewarded with a number of drinks in the Mess. The Devonshire Regiment had been informed that their soldiers were assisting the RMP and not, as they first thought having been arrested by the RMP. They were later taken back to their camp. Just another quiet day in Nairobi. *Ed: The photo is one of Derrick taken in Nairobi.*



I received the following from Roy Oswick and he did give me permission to publish. 'I was especially interested in the article from Brian Samways. We last met in Donnington where Brian was the RSM SIB and I was CSM of the Pro Coy. We had served together before, firstly for a short time in Dusseldorf before Brian was posted down to the Advanced Base Depot in Grobbendonk, Belgium. At that time the RSM was Mr Smeadly and it was he that decided that I would follow Brian to Belgium, where the Det Commander Sgt Stevens, later replaced by Bob Sacco who himself later transferred on commission to the Education Corps. I remember Brian's wife Val very well, and especially her arrival in Belgium where Brian had acquired a married quarter in Antwerp. He might recall some of the parties that we had in his apartment before Val arrived, especially those that followed visits to the *Lunar Bar* near to the central railway station, near to where the best Fricadella stall Antwerp was located. I recall one evening in particular when several of us descended upon the bar, had a wonderful evening and when finally leaving, found to our amazement that not only was it now 0600 hrs, but we were standing in about six inches of snow that had fallen overnight. We were all dressed in short sleeved shirts and the prospect of finding our way back to camp was daunting in the extreme. Brian, gentleman as he was, and no doubt still is, decided that we should all go to his place for breakfast which we happily did, and there the party continued, with, as I recall brave attempts by Brian to play the guitar, whilst we harmonized. The party was short lived however since Brian's new found neighbours were less than impressed and let us know so in no uncertain terms. The reason for my posting to The Advanced Base from Dusseldorf is worthy of mention and some that were there at the time may remember my departure, which was, to say the least, swift. I had only been in Dusseldorf for a couple of weeks when I was granted compassionate leave to attend a family funeral. I was granted five days leave and on the flight back to Dusseldorf was seated to a most attractive young lady with whom I quickly made conversation. We got along very well indeed and agreed that we would meet up at some stage and go out for a meal. She said that she was working for the NAAFI in Dusseldorf, gave me her phone number and we agreed that I would call. When I arrived back in Barracks I was immediately sent for by the RSM who informed me that I was to report to the MT Section where I would be taking up driving duties. Our patrol vehicles at that time were Opel Admirals, huge beautiful cars with all the trimmings, Blue Lights and Claxons, the whole thing. After a very short period of familiarisation I was detailed as a night mobile patrol driver to be accompanied by the IC who was a really good companion. We quickly got into conversation about all manner of things, including my recent leave. I told him of the young woman that I had met, and of the possibility of my meeting her at some stage. The evening wore on and about 2330 hrs we were passing the NAAFI which was not too far from the airport, when, lo and behold there she was coming down the steps. It was agreed to give her a lift which she accepted. It became apparent that we were

heading for the Officers Married Quarters. When we came to her house she said that Daddy was "Something in the Army" but didn't know what. Having said our goodnights we arranged to meet properly at the weekend.

The next morning, very early (as this was my Rest Day), a somewhat harassed Duty Corporal was waking me none to gently and saying that "*THE RSM WANTS TO SEE YOU NOW MOVE IT.*"

And so, dressed as quickly as I could I stood before said RSM, with no idea why. I was about to find out. The conversation, (I use that word loosely) went something like this.

RSM: Where were you last night?

Me: Mobile Sir.

RSM: Anything unusual happen?

Me: No Sir.

RSM: No little something that I should know about?

Me: (becoming a bit nervous now) I don't think so Sir.

RSM: You don't think so eh. Well stop thinking as you're clearly not equipped to do so, you apology for an NCO. It has been brought to my attention that you were seen canoodling with a young lady whilst on duty. Yes or Know?

Me: (Now very nervous) Er, Yes Sir.

RSM: Right. Now listen to me. First off, you ***** idiot, it is not a good career move to lay your dirty little paws on the APM's daughter. Right? Shut up. Secondly, if I want you to run around the city taking people where they want to go at the Army's expense I will arrange to have the Blue Lights and Police Boards removed from my cars and have them replaced with Taxi signs you cretin. Do you know where Grobbendonk is?

Me: Right Sir. No Sir

RSM: Go and see the MT Sgt. He has a car to be delivered to Grobbendonk Det and you're taking it Right?

Me: Right Sir. The RSM then added "Pack your kit and take it with you. You're posted. Get out." I can recall to this day the utter fear that held me almost rooted to the spot, and the sheer relief that I felt just getting out of that office. I duly packed my few possessions, drew a car from MT and somehow found myself reporting for duty at Advanced Base Belgium, Grobbendonk Det. On arrival I met with



the Det Commander, Sgt Stevens. With a somewhat wry smile he informed me that with effect now I was the DAPM's driver and "By the way he has a very attractive wife and two lovely daughters and they are all off limits. He has heard about you and asked for you especially. He and the APM are great friends. Enjoy."

As it turned out my tour of duty was an unexpected pleasure. I got to know the DAPM very well and on one occasion he did refer to my little gaff with considerable humour. Later he was replaced by Maj Hutchinson who I know will be remembered by many, especially Brian and many of the other NCO's who served there. If anyone from the detachment is out there and wants to make contact Bob has my e-mail and I would be happy to have contact. I now live in the North of Cyprus, a popular

holiday area and there is always a cold beer or two in the fridge. *Ed: The photograph is one that Brian Samways sent in and was taken at the NAAFI Club Grobbendonk in 1963. Roy is sat at the rear with John Kerr, Alan Robbins, Lcpl Lee and Lcpl Allen 419 also in the shot.*

CAN YOU HELP

John O'Donnell asked, 'Do any of you have the contact details for an old 11 Bde (Mindinite), Les Gooch. I am making this enquiry on behalf of one of my contacts Frank Darkus, who was the Godfather to one of Les's kids. Les's background was that he was an ex Royal Marine, Scotsman and last seen in NI in the early seventies. Very grateful for any info that might be forthcoming.'

SICK PARADE

Tom Lamont sent in the following information, 'I have just been informed that Don Peel is in Hospital, he has been in for six weeks now and looks as if it will be a while yet before he is discharged. I have just finished speaking to him and he informs me that he has lost the use of his legs and that they may

have indentified other serious problems. He is very upbeat as he always was and seemed to be in very good spirits. I have and always had a lot of respect for Don and I am sure there are many who would like to pass on their best wishes to him. He is in the Royal Preston Hospital, Ward 17, Sharoe Green Lane North, Fulwood, Preston, Lancashire, PR2 9HT.'



I received the following from Terry Poyner, 'My dad Alan Poyner needs a bit of cheering up, he unfortunately has to go for an operation next week so he can be wired up to a dialysis machine. He is mentally very strong but has been quite ill now for the last couple of years on and off but if anybody remembers him then please send him a card to Silver Birches, The Rise, Newhall, Nr Swadlincote, South Derbyshire DE11 0RU. Ed: The photograph was one I came across at the museum and shows Alan being presented with his BEM.



-ooOoo-

It is that time of the year when a certain RMPA Branch send through wonderful photographs of blue skies, tanned bodies, short sleeved shirts and with everyone sitting in the shade. The Branch of course is the Western Australia Branch and the event is the annual cricket match which is played between the Brits and the Aussies. Here are a few photos from this year's event



I am glad these pics arrived when we were enjoying a brief spell of sunshine. Sorry I could not include all the photos.



-ooOoo-



A reunion took place on the 5th April at the Douglas Bader Public House, Martlesham Heath, Suffolk. Posing in front of a photograph of the RAF legend are Roy Griffin (standing), Dexter Moffatt, Pete Andrews and Ron Hockey. All four served in 4 Div, Herford between 1956 and 1957. Dexter and Ron were in squad 547. This was the first time Roy and Dexter had met up since Herford.

INFORMATION AND NOTICES

5 DOG COY

The 5 Dog Company Reunion Weekend and Dinner 2011 will take place on the 1st October, 2011 at the Village Hotel, Tempus Drive, Walsall, for details please contact: Harry Burrell. Tel 01206 383535



Reunion 11 Inf Bde/11 Armd Bde/ Minden Det 111 Pro Coy

The reunion is due to take place at the Holiday Inn, Smallbrook, Queensway, Birmingham, on the 8th October 2011 commencing at 1900 hrs. For further information contact: John Turley on 01502 513915

-ooOoo-

It is always a pleasure to end on a story with a bit of a feel good factor and I think I have found the



one for this edition. A month or two ago I mentioned that I would be hopefully be meeting up with Jim Barnes during his UK 'tour'. Jim was in 726 Squad and between 1959 and



1960 served with 28 Comm Bde in Malaya. Following his demob he joined the Australian Army and served with them until 1980. His first posting saw him back with 28 Comm where he met Geoff Brien. They have just met up again after 47 years and I met up with Jim and his brother Terry at the Corps Museum. The photo on the left shows Geoff, Eileen, Elva and Jim at Terendak Camp, Malacca in March 1964. The photo on the right shows them at their reunion in Weston-super-Mare this month. *Ed: By the time Jim receives this he will be back in Oz with all the sunshine. On the day we met it was about 20 degrees but Jim insisted that it was just warm for him. Jim, it was a pleasure meeting you.*

OBITUARIES

22999577 Cpl Peter Stewart of Tranent, Scotland, died on the 12th March 2011 aged 77 years. He served from 1954-57 with 11 Armd Div and 4 Inf Div in BAOR.

Fred Laycock e-mailed me with the following. 'I received a phone call on Wednesday the 16th March from the son of my old friend former Cpl Frank Shelley informing me that his father had died suddenly on the 14th March 2011. Although he had not been well for some time it was unexpected. We served together with 3 Inf Div Pro Coy at Colchester, Dover, Cyprus and Egypt from 1950 to 1952.

I received the following from Kevin Jobson, 'Dear members of RMPA NE Branch and RMPA SIB Branch. With sadness I must inform you that former Ssgt George Cartwright RMP died of a stroke on Friday, 1st April 2011, at his home on Tyneside. George Cartwright retired from RMP in 1979, after full service I understand, and went on to work for the F&CO. Anyone wishing to send cards or notes of condolence should address them to his wife: Mrs Elizabeth (Betty) Cartwright, 221 Bewick Park, Wallsend, Tyne & Wear, NE28 9TZ.'

A couple of you wrote in to inform me of the death of former WO1 (RSM) Roy 'Tug' Wilson who passed away on Sunday the 10th April 2011. A great guy who will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

Kevin Jobson also sent in the following information. 'I have just learned from Derek Harmon of the sad death of ex-WO1 Jim Fudge who passed away on Wednesday, the 6th April 2011, following a heart attack.

Mick Clark informed me that Bob Stallwood passed away on the 17th April 2011 in Bulgaria where he lived. He apparently served in 180 Pro Coy in 1977 but at the present time that is all the information I have.



I received the following from the Secretary, NA Branch RMPA. 'It is my sad duty to inform you of the passing of one of our most loyal and stalwart members, our good friend and Brother in Arms, David Maher. David left us after suffering a heart attack at his home in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, on Thursday 17th May, 2011. He was in his 79th year. He leaves behind his sister Kathleen Willer who resides in Australia. David will be missed by all who had met him, but none more so than his good friend, our fellow member, Derrick Slingsby. It was Derrick who, having been unable to contact David for a couple of days and unable to get a response when going to his home, alerted the Police. Upon entry David was found in a chair in front of the TV. It appeared that his passing was peaceful. David will always be remembered as a quiet and reserved man with a superb, dry sense of humour. His repartee with Derrick was always entertaining.

-ooOoo-

If you live within striking distance of the Museum perhaps you would like to become a Volunteer and assist in the day to day running of the establishment. In the main the tasks are simple administrative matter such as filing, archiving, assisting with researching. It will take a minimum of one morning a week but of course you can do more if you wish. If you are interested please contact the Curator, Richard Callaghan at museum_rhqrm@btconnect.com

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