



REDCAPS

Western Australia

"By Example Shall We Lead"



Exemplo Ducemus

July 2025



**Our Past and Dedicated
Committee Members**

Delicate operations have been taking place in our Branch to ensure the smooth transition of Office Bearers to new, capable and enthusiastic members. In the meantime we welcome and acknowledge the members of our committee who will take us forward.



**Alison Mann
A/Chairman**



**Matt Edmunds
A/Secretary**



**Carrie Wilson
A/Treasurer**

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Our Branch A/Chairman's update By Alison Mann



Dear members

Well, our Branch continues past 30 June 2025! Which is fantastic news. Matt Edmunds, A/Secretary, Carrie Wilson A/Treasurer and I have all completed our handovers and we are now navigating the roles and responsibilities going forward.

I would like to say a "Big Thank You" to Brian, Trevor and Eric for their time and patience whilst we conducted the handovers. Also, a Thank You to Bill Dodds and Anne Page for their continuation in the roles of Standard Bearer and Welfare Officer.

After a labour of love, we finally have a new Bank Account! The existing account did not allow us to move forward electronically so Carrie, Matt and I ventured down to Success and spent a productive couple of hours setting up the new account. The new account is now with the Police and Nurses Bank and Matt will provide account details once the Annual Dinner arrangements are finalised. (Matt is expecting to send an email out next week with the details).

With our funds needing some tender loving care we have been thinking about fundraiser events and will be taking these ideas to the AGM later this year. Please send any ideas through so that our bank account can be bolstered to enable us to continue with our charitable donations.

The other achievement is the setting up of the generic branch email addresses, as requested by the UK. This has now been done so emails going forward will come out from;

Chairman.westernaustralia@rmpa.org.uk

Treasurer.westernaustralia@rmpa.org.uk

Secretary.westernaustralia@rmpa.org.uk

I have also been in contact with the RSL and visited the Cockburn branch to see if their facility could meet our needs for future functions. We will need to look at moving some of the lunches for 2026 to a weekend as the management committee really want to attend, and unfortunately, we must work for a living at present which makes weekday lunches a little challenging.

I was also kindly put in touch with the Cockburn Scout Group who volunteer if any associations or branches wish to March at the ANZAC Day Parade. The Scouts do a great job and help facilitate those needing assistance to be able to March. So, let's see if we can muster and turn out for next year's parade.

On a National front the RMPA have launched a new Close Protection RMPA Branch so if you wish to join please reach out to either myself or Matt and we can guide you in the right direction.

Huge congratulations to the Lionesses on being crowned back-to-back Champions of Europe and the British Lions for their series win here in Australia. Matt and I were fortunate enough to attend the match at Optus Stadium and then Matt headed to Melbourne for last week's game.

Our next RMPA Western Australia Branch lunchtime meeting will be held at the RAAFA Club Bullcreek at 1200 noon on Thursday 21 August 25. All members and friends are welcome.

We will also be holding a raffle so please bring a bottle or gift for the table.

I look forward to seeing you all there.

Exemplo Ducemus – By example shall we lead!

WATERLOOVILLE CALLING AUSTRALIA #38

By Bob Eggelton MBE

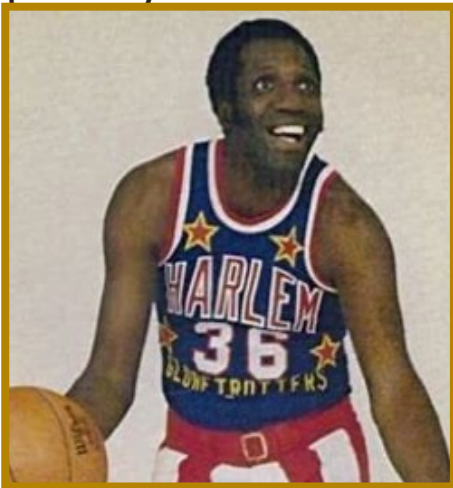


It is the 13th July and I received my customary polite reminder from Trevor asking me to contribute if I wished to do so. Well, here I am, on what may be the hottest day of the year sitting in a cool lounge trying desperately to remember what has happened over the past few months.

I mentioned the weather in the opening paragraph, and it has been a right mixture so far this year. We had the warmest and wettest Spring this year and are currently in our third so called heat wave of the year. Even areas of Scotland have topped 30C and yesterday Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland recorded their highest temperatures on record. In those temperatures I can see the value of not wearing anything under a kilt.

Of course, the high temperatures have resulted in a lack of water and despite the rains earlier in the year reservoirs throughout the country are very low and the good old hose pipe bans are now in and of course, like most major projects, building new reservoirs are way behind, I guess that normally we over here moan about cold, wet weather so the water companies did not plan for the future. We do not have a nationally controlled water supply and the same applies to our gas and electricity, private companies own them. Sadly, the profits are eaten up with payments to the investors resulting in some very antiquated systems, especially with the supply of fresh water and the disposal of waste water. That is enough about the weather as I am sure you are all freezing out there at the moment. I have checked your forecast, and I see you are apparently suffering about the 17 – 18C. Night-time temperatures are not currently getting that low here.

Having consulted my calendar I see that Joy and I went up to Wembley Area in March to see an Andre Rieu concert which was a belated Christmas present. I guess you either like him and his orchestra or not. Needless to say, Joy and I had a fantastic time and we have a plan to try and see him in his hometown of Maastricht next July. It



was a trip down memory lane for me. On arrival at the Arena I was asked if I had been there before so being honest, I said that I had but the girl's eyes glazed over when I said it was in the mid-fifties when I went with the school to see the Harlem Globe Trotters. I was reminded the star at the time was Meadowlark Lemon who was the main man of the team. Meadowlark played with the HGT for 24 year and passed away aged 83 year on the 28th December 2015. I can say that visit to Wembley was one the highlights of my life.

One thing I did notice that the cost of paying a visit to the toilets in Covent Garden had risen to £1.50p and like most places they have kept up with technology and you can pay by card. I think I prefer the penny in the slot routine!

I took a break there for some lunch. For me a classic, crusty rolls, mature cheddar and of course Branston pickle – the ultimate gourmet lunch for a former Squaddie. So, being a loyal soul, I have decided to forgo my tanning and stay in and complete this article.

During our visit to London we also took in the Churchill War Rooms which proved to be very informative and interesting, They are located near Horse Guards Parade should you ever want to come over and visit. We went on a Saturday, not the best of times to visit London on a warm, sunny day in May, You could hardly move for tourists, which of course Joy and I were.

Like most months June was a mixture of personal and RMPA work, the latter being confined to the Solent Branch (formerly the Depot Branch) which continues to thrive with monthly meetings with guest speakers and the odd trip out here and there. We have switched to midday meetings as we are all getting to the point where driving is not so much of a pleasure, certainly not at night.



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Joy and I, accompanied by our daughter visited the Lake District last week, just a five-day coach trip jaunt. The outward and return journey were both rather long thanks to the "variable speed" system covering certain sections of motorways throughout the country. I am not sure how it is designed to work but for the humble driver it is a pain in the butt.



The three days spent on location were fantastic. We were accommodated at The Windermere Hotel which was the first hotel to be built in the area in 1847 and retains some of its original features, certainly in the gents' toilets (see below). It is now a Grade 2 listed building.

There was an interesting event which occurred in the toilets on my first night but if you really want to know then email me. Somewhat humorous story but I have decided that it may not be appropriate to publish in the letter; I will tell Trevor when I send this letter so ask him later.

Needless to say, the district was alive, very green and full of tourists from far and wide. Provided you have the weather then there are few places move lovely than the UK when it comes to scenery, it is a pity that the idiots prevail.

I normally mention my garden which at the moment looks like a desert but I have to report that Joy, in her 80th year, has taken up gardening and is now in charge of vegetables



and has hidden her green-fingers all this time. Although we are not self sufficient having fresh items from the garden enhances the meals. A great year for fruit and looking forward to a bumper crop of apples. Even my plums are turning purple – no comments please!

So I have refreshed the body and mind and it will not be long before the case is repacked and will accompany me to Jersey for a week, This time we are going with a group from the Branch and I hope the weather holds but not too hot. It will be "Old Geezers On Tour".

I have refrained from mentioning wokeism and the politicians. Suffice to say that the lefties are still raving mad, the current Government has totally lost its direction, and the country is plunging into the depths of despair at an alarming rate. I will only say the immigration continues to be the top topic of conversation and we have not yet closed

the flood gates. Any space out there for a few thousand? Well my friends I have taken up enough of your time and I have to go and check Joy's car over as it is due a MOT. I am not inviting any comments about lady drivers. Take care of yourselves and enjoy your cooler weather. The heat will soon be back.





Branch Reflections

By Brian Griffiths

'Immediate Past Chairman'

Chichester revisited - and a new home for the Royal Military Police.

During a visit to UK in 2005, I was very pleased to catch up with a couple of my former RMP mates, one of whom, at particularly short notice to myself, made a special trip down south from Edinburgh and the following day we travelled onto Chichester to attend the RMP - Farewell to Chichester ceremonies, which was held at Roussillon Barracks on 10th September 2005.

Roussillon Barracks, Chichester holds a very special part of my former service life, as it was where I spent nearly six months completing RMP training, over forty years ago.

On 10th September 2005, part of the ceremonies included the Royal Military Police exercising their right to the Freedom of the City. There was a brilliant display of a very large marching contingent of the RMP, all resplendent in No 1 dress (best blues), with shouldered arms, who marched down the main road from Roussillon Barracks through the city centre, escorted by RMP motorcycle escorts and accompanied by the AGC Band. The loud crunching of highly polished 'ammo boots' on the road was unmistakable and the standard of marching from the various RMP, RMPA and other ex-service groups was impeccable.

There were many sections of RMPA and other ex-service groups participating in the march. From talking to various ex service members during the day, it was quite evident that many had attended to remember the tragic loss of life of the nine RMP personnel in two different operational incidents in Iraq during 2003.

After the march-past had concluded, many RMP made their own way back to the Barracks or simply formed into many small pre-arranged groups to enjoy lunch and informal gatherings in the many licensed venues in town. I didn't realise there was so many Redcaps around in the UK anymore! They seemed to be just about everywhere, and the town's people came out in force, joined in the festivities and applauded everyone, including RMPA and other ex-service contingents, in the march past. All the ladies accompanying their RMP partners were very well attired, and it was so evident that everyone had made a special effort for such a grand occasion in Chichester.

After the ceremonies, we returned to Roussillon Barracks and joined in with the informal gatherings on the main greens in the centre area for High Tea. Due to having to leave for other family commitments, I was unable to stay for the evening Dedication of the Egypt Memorial, the subsequent Drumhead Service / Beating Retreat or the finalisation of events, being the fireworks display.

It was a great day and the weather was brilliant for the occasion. One of my personal highlights of the day was catching up with some other former RMP colleagues from my 48 Gurkha Bde days in the NT of Hong Kong, and my Germany and Northern Ireland days.

I also met two of my former bosses, one of whom from Berlin who went on to become the Provost Marshall, and is now retired from the Army but still in service to the community as a Reverend.

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The other former boss of mine I met was from my time in the New Territories of Hong Kong. He has long been retired, and had originally gained his commission from promotion through long service in the ranks; and back in his days as RSM, became well revered in RMP folklore for organising the RMP relocation from Woking to Chichester. It is believed he had refused the available 3-ton lorry transport and marched the entire RMP contingent from Inkerman Barracks, Woking to Roussillon Barracks, Chichester. His fitness remained with him later in service and I recall he was not adverse in participating in the occasional Gurkha race up Mt Nameless. This was near Mt Tam O Shan, this being the highest peak in the New Territories. He would also come along on the occasional Village Penetration Patrol (VPP) in the remote areas of the New Territories, where often we would be away on operations for up to a week at a time.

What I recall as the term Depot & Training Establishment RMP, later to become known as the RMP Training Centre at Chichester and later renamed the RMP Training School. This has since relocated to Southwick Park, Portsmouth during 2006 to become the new tri service, Defence College of Police and Guarding.

It is interesting to find the historic carved oak memorial arch has been relocated to the new chapel in Southwick Park, just as the arch had many years ago been relocated in the move from Woking to Chichester.

For those members with an interest in history, the August 2005 edition of the RMP Journal advises that Southwick Park is the former HMS Dryad, which was then the Maritime Warfare School, and the base from where General Eisenhower commanded the D-Day landings. The article contains photographs of the area and mentions that the famous map room, with the huge wooden map of the Normandy coastline and sites of the beach and airborne landings, and has been preserved in Southwick House (Officers Mess).

The map room at Southwick Park is well worth a visit and visitations can be arranged through RHQ RMPA.

Visiting Chichester for closure of the home of the Royal Military Police was a great day of personal RMP nostalgia and re-visiting many former service life memories. My later visit to Southwick Park was also of great interest, and I would recommend it most earnestly for any of our members making a visit to the UK.

Our Branch Committee 2015





Smile -it's Good for You !

You don't stop laughing because you grow old..
You grow old because you stop laughing!

If you have'nt grown up by the age of 50 - You don't have to.



Everyone told Beethoven that he couldn't be a musician because he was deaf but he didn't listen.



A new camp commander was appointed and while inspecting the place, he saw 2 soldiers guarding a bench.

He went over there and asked them why they were guarding it.

"We don't know. The last commander told us to do so, and so we did. It is some sort of regimental tradition!"

He searched for the last commander's phone number and called him to ask him why did he want guards on this particular bench.

"I don't know. The previous commander had guards, and I kept the tradition."

Going back another 3 commanders, he found a new 100-year-old retired General.

"Excuse me, sir. I'm now the CO of the camp you commanded 60 years ago. I've found 2 men assigned to guard a bench. Could you please tell me more about the bench?"

"What?! Is the paint still wet?!"



Paddy was in New York.

He was patiently waiting and watching the traffic cop on a busy street crossing. The cop stopped the flow of traffic and shouted, "OK pedestrians. Then he would allow the traffic to pass.

He'd done this several times, and Paddy still stood on the sidewalk.

After the cop shouted, "Pedestrians!" for the tenth time, Paddy went over to him and said, "Is it not about time ye let the Catholics across?"



Three men were sitting together bragging about how they had given their new wives duties.

The first man had married a woman from Albania and bragged that he had told his wife to do all the dishes and house cleaning. He said that it took a couple of days but on the third day he came home to a clean house and all the dishes were washed and put away.

The second man had married a woman from Korea. He bragged that he had given his wife orders that she do all the cleaning, dishes and cooking. He told them the first day he didn't see any results but on the third day, his house was clean, dishes done and a huge meal on the table.

The third man had married an Australian girl. He boasted that he had told her that her duties were to keep the house cleaned, dishes washed, lawn mowed, laundry washed and hot meals on the table for every meal. The first day he didn't see anything but by the third day most of the swelling had gone down and he could see a little out of his left eye.

Got to love them Australian girls!

Meet Our New Treasurer Carrie Wilson



I have over 25 years experience in financial management roles within the public sector in both Western Australia and the Northern Territory. I am a Fellow Certified Practicing Accountant and currently hold the positions of Chief Financial Officer for the Department of Primary Industries and Regional Development, the Rural Business Development Corporation and the Agricultural Produce Commission.

I have a Bachelor of Business (Accounting), a Graduate Certificate in Business (Public Sector Management) and am a member of the Australian Institute of Management.

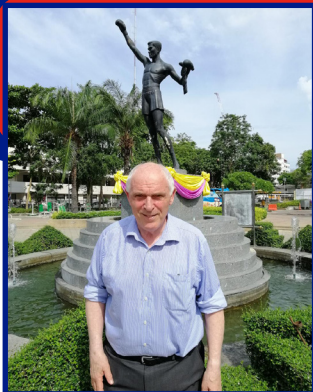
Although I do not have a direct connection to the Royal Military Police, there is a history within my family of policing within Western Australia and my daughter is currently employed by the WA Police Force. I also have a connection to the UK as my Great Grandparents were from Leeds.

I am passionate about volunteering and have previously undertaken volunteer roles for social clubs and for junior netball teams.

In my spare time you will find me spending time with my family and friends, exercising, playing netball and travelling.

I am looking forward to meeting you all!

Carrie



St Mary de Castro - Leicester

From Wally Payne

I had walked past this magnificent 900 year old church hundreds of times over the years and, given that John of Gaunt was married in the place in the 14th Century, had always wanted to have at least a peep inside. The doors were invariably locked, bolted and barred however. On one particular trip back to the city, I noted an ad in the 'Church Services this Weekend' section of the Leicester Mercury announcing the timings for services at St Mary de Castro. Donning my best whistle and flute, I made my way down to the church on Sunday morning in good time for the mid-morning service. It's a church that follows the Anglo-Catholic ritual, an offshoot of the Church of England and something with which I was not over familiar, but I followed the rest of the congregation and consequently spent what seemed to be an inordinate amount of time on my knees. My hassock was particularly hard and by the end of the service, my knees were really rather sore. Preparing to leave, a churchwarden approached me and asked how I'd enjoyed the service. She was particularly pleased to know that I'd come to St Mary de Castro after seeing their ad in the newspaper, thereby proving that people did read their insert, but was hurt by my comment that I didn't realise that high church devotees knelt on rock-hard hassocks. "I've just re-stuffed all the kneelers myself and have been told by everyone that they are more than comfy," she pleaded, "can I look at yours? I picked it up and showed her, even rapping my knuckles on the offending solid surface to prove my point. "Oh you silly Billy," she said, "you've been kneeling on the plywood base!

Polona Hotel, Maput

Between the mud huts and war-ravaged buildings stood the Polona Hotel, incongruous in its opulence and grandeur, and owned by the president of Mozambique's wife. We went there for lunch each Sunday, but needed to get there early to get a parking space, before the fleets of chauffeur-driven Range Rovers and other expensive 4 x wheel jobs of Oxfam, Medicines sans Frontiers, Caritas, Save the Children and their like, discharged their Safari-suit bedecked bosses and wives, the kids looking particularly cute in their junior safari suits. 10 miles into the bush the young volunteers sweated it out doing charity work from the comfort of their malaria infested mud huts. I amended my charitable giving as a result of rubbing shoulders with the upper echelons of these groups and prefer to give a couple of shekels to someone sleeping in a shop doorway.

Reverend Singh By Wally Payne

On a visit back to Leicester some years ago, it occurred to me that I hadn't attended a service at the church that held such special personal significance for me many decades previously, so over to the Highfields area I duly trotted. Upon leaving the church following the service, I was accosted by a friendly stewardess, who wanted to know all about the visitor who bore an uncanny resemblance to the actor Steve McQueen.

She was more than a little surprised to discover I was a visitor from the Philippines and explained that their assistant minister had just left his post at Melbourne Hall, to take up a position at a church in Manila. She provided me with his name and telephone number and, once I'd returned to the Philippines, I called the Reverend Gurnam Singh and arranged to attend his church the following Sunday.

Little did I know that I would be the only non-Indian in the congregation that day and that it would be the first time that I'd ever experienced a full Indian feast, rather than a cup of coffee and a sticky bun, following a service.

Getting to the church, located above a large garage on Epifanio de Los Santos Avenue proved something of an ordeal I recall. A trifle snug for time, I managed to get lost and finished up driving the wrong way along a one-way street and straight into the path of a police car that was inconveniently approaching in the correct direction. On such occasions in the Philippines, there is a recommended Standing Operational Procedure, with which it is prudent to conform:

- a, Alight from one's vehicle.
- b. Approach the policemen in a smart and soldier-like fashion.
- c. Adopt a suitably humble demeanour.
- d. Present your driving documents to the custodians of the law in such a fashion that a couple of 100 peso notes are visible.

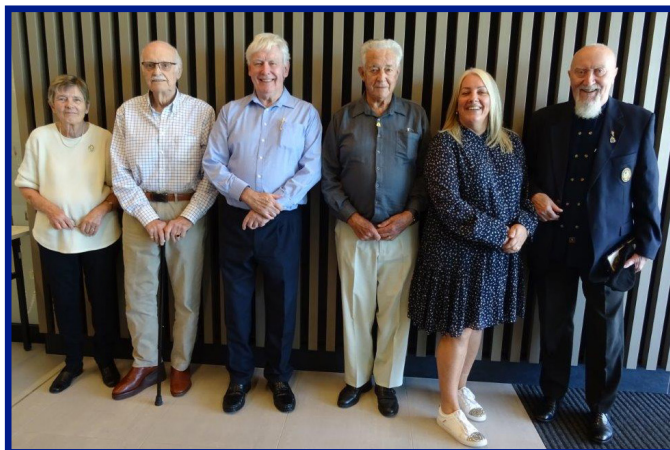
On this occasion, along with telling the senior policeman I was late for church, my donation resulted in all the traffic being stopped to allow me to perform an admittedly shoddy three point turn and then to follow the police car's blue light escort to the church. Given that the service was conducted in Gujarati and Punjabi I didn't return again, but kept in touch with the good reverend right up to the time he went back to the UK to become the senior pastor at Melbourne Hall.

Given that he was obviously of Sikh descent, I was most inquisitive to know exactly how he came to be a Christian minister and the story of his conversion was astonishing. As the leader of the Leicester Sikh Youth Organisation and a senior member of the Sikh community in the city, he passed Melbourne Hall on a daily basis on his way to and from work. As time went by, he became convinced that something was encouraging him to enter the church and so he did - and became someone who the good Lord called to serve. He is currently the minister of an Evangelical church in Cyprus.



Our Lunch Time Meeting at Bullcreek 30th April 2025

Our April meeting commenced with some administrative duties concerning the new committee positions and after welcoming our new member Alison Mann and BESA (British Ex-Services Assoc.) members we enjoyed a meal and the fellowship of members from all parts of the Metro area.



Ann Page, Eric Heath, Brian Griffiths ,Trevor Margetson, Alison Mann, Rev. David Noble



Maureen Moreton & Eric Heath Duncan - Whisky Winner Rev.David Noble & Bill Dodds



Brian & Pauline Griffiths

Duncan & Maureen Smith



Ray & Sheila Thomas



Maureen & Derek Butler



Kevan & Evelyn Barrett



Bernard Bartholomew & Derek Butler



Bill Dodds & Patricia



Three Workers



Bernard Bartholomew & Ann Page



More Work than Lunch

The Months and Days of the week

The titles of the months are modernized forms of those in use among the Romans, namely:

January, in honour of Janus, a deity who presided over the beginning of everything;

February, from the Latin word febru, to purify, because the purification of women took place in this month;

March, after Mars, the God of War;

April, from aperio, to open, this being the month in which the buds shoot forth;

May, after Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were offered on the first day of this month;

June, from Juno, the queen goddess;

July, the name given to this month by Marc Antony in honour of Julius Cesar, who was born in it;

August, named by Augustus Cesar after himself, because in this month he celebrated three distinct triumphs, reduced Egypt to subjection, and put an end to the civil wars;

While September, October, November, and December literally express the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months of the old Roman Calendar, counted from March, which commenced the year previous to the addition of January and February by Numa in the year 713 B.C.

The Egyptian astronomers were the first to distinguish the days by names, when as might have been expected, they called them after the Sun, the Moon, and the five planets, viz., Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Sturn. Of these the two first and the last survive, but for the rest the names of as many gods of the Scandinavian mythology have been substituted.

Nowadays, then, we have the following:

-Sunday, originally signifying the day upon which the sun was worshipped; Monday, the day of the moon; Tuesday, devoted to Tiw, the God of War; Wednesday, set apart for the worship of Odin, or Wodin, the God of Magic and the Inventor of the Arts; Thursday, the day of Thor, the son of Odin (or Wodin), and the God of Thunder; Friday, allotted to Frigga, the wife of Odin, and the Goddess of Marriage; and Saturday, the day of Saturn, one of the planets of the solar system.

Our Lunch Meeting 17th June 2025

Our winter temperature readings reduced our normal number of members as temps of around 20c tend to do that. However, we were able to socialise on our usual standards and the raffle was popular as usual, especially for Eric Heath who successfully scored the bottle of Scotch.



Bernard Bartholomew & Derek Butler



Rev. David Noble & Bill Dodds



Maureen Moreton & Eric Heath



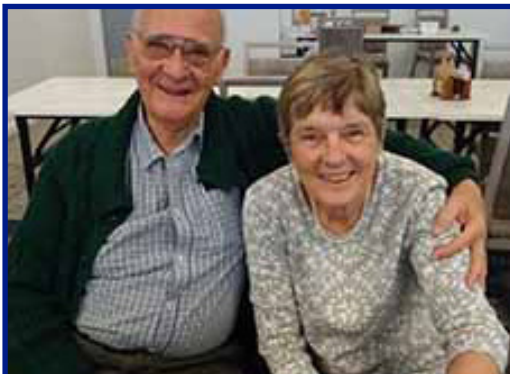
Duncan & Maureen Smith



Bill Dodds & Patricia



Trevor Margetson Ali Mann & Brian Griffiths



Derek Butler & Ann Page



Brian & Pauline Griffiths



Musings of a Standard Bearer

By Michael Beale

The Elastic Nature of Time

Time is like an ever-flowing river, both a constant and a mystery. It ticks evenly onto the clock, unchanging in its pace, yet our perception of it seems to bend as we navigate life's journey. In childhood, time feels like an endless stretch of sand on a beach, while in old age, time resembles a rushing current, swift and unstoppable. Why does it feel as though time speeds up as we grow older? Could it be that age alters not just our bodies but our very relationship with the passing hours, days, and years?

When we were young, time ambled slowly, a single year seemed vast its borders stretching far beyond the horizon. As a child that year between the ages of 11 and 12. represents a staggering one-twelfth of a life. Every day is filled with wonder, exploration, and novelty. The summer holidays feel like an eternity, with endless days climbing trees and playing in imaginary worlds. Each birthday is a milestone, eagerly awaited and celebrated as though it were the dawn of a new era.

This sense of time's slow passage is tied to perhaps first experiences. Every moment brims with discovery: the first taste of ice cream, the first school play, the first whispered secret to a new friend. These "firsts" etch themselves deeply into memory, stretching the perception of time.

As we age, the rush of novelty begins to fade. The days are filled with responsibilities and routines that, while necessary, can be monotonous. Workdays blur into one another; weekends vanish in a flash of tasks and obligations. There are fewer "firsts" to anchor our memories, and time begins to feel less like a meandering stream and more like a train rushing along its tracks.

The ratio of a year to one's total lifespan also changes significantly. For a 40-year-old, a single year now represents just one-fortieth of their life—a much smaller fraction than at age 12. Birthdays come and go with little fanfare, and the markers of time—anniversaries, holidays, the changing seasons—seem to arrive faster and faster.

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By the time we reach later years, time appears to be accelerating and sprinting at an almost alarming pace. A single year for someone between the ages of 79 and 80 represents just one-eightieth of their life, a fraction so small that it's no wonder the days feel as though they're slipping through our fingers. The once-endless summers of youth have transformed into fleeting weeks, gone in the blink of an eye.

This perception may be compounded by a growing awareness of mortality. As the years accumulate, the horizon ahead seems closer than the one behind. Each passing moment feels more precious, but it also feels more fleeting. The acceleration of time becomes a poignant reminder to savour every instant, to treasure the people and experiences that make life meaningful.

If time's passage is indeed like elastic, stretching and contracting based on our age and experiences, then perhaps the key to slowing it down lies in recapturing the sense of wonder and novelty that defines childhood. Travel to a new place, try a new hobby, or learn a new skill. Each new experience has the power to expand the minutes and hours, making the days feel fuller and richer.

Mindfulness, too, can help. When we truly live in the present, savouring each moment rather than rushing through it, time seems to slow. A single sunset, watched with intent and attention, can feel as long and meaningful as an entire day spent on autopilot.

As we navigate the river of life, let us remember that while we cannot control the current, we can choose how we travel. Whether we paddle furiously or drift peacefully, in the end, it is not the speed of time that matters but the moments we create along the way.

Time's Paces.

When as a child I laughed and wept, Time crept

When as a youth I waxed bold, Time strolled.

When I became a full-grown man, Time RAN.

When older still I daily grew, Time FLEW.

Soon I shall find, in passing on, Time gone.

O Christ! wilt Thou have saved me then?

Henry Twells (1823–1900)



Age No Concern the Formidable Force. By Paul Torr

Just wanted to start off with a few statistics, a survey of 196 countries, those that have had data available from 1960 showed in 2023 that on average the world population of those aged over 65 years was 10.17% with the United Kingdom recording 19.4% from a population census return of 66 million.

Even avoiding any accurate maths that's about 12 million UK residents aged over 65. At the 2024 United Kingdom July general election there were 48,208,507 registered, entitled voters. Another simple sum that's a quarter of the registered voters could potentially be over 65. The number of valid votes cast was 28,809,340. So, 20 million entitled voters just never voted. What if, just half of those who never voted were over 65 but had voted that could have determined the outcome of the election. Old people potentially a massive influential force but underappreciated politically neglected and often ignored.

It will not have escaped notice that most of the world's political leaders are by definition part of the older cadre of the populations they represent. With these political appointments comes a huge responsibility, the lifetime of experience and learning, the wisdom and tolerance to enable the right decisions to be made to the benefit of the people and countries they lead and govern. We may take comfort from the fact that we also possess all the qualities and skills which would make us equal to what is needed of high office. Circumstances and opportunity might not have been so kind to us even if we have not found the right route in order to occupy a place at the top table. Although we recognise all of the benefits and qualities that old age brings to high office, we must be confident and assured that advanced years do not compromise the mental ability to make the right decisions and the right moves.

I read a lot of age-related quotations credited to some famous personalities, scientists, actors, athletes, industrialists and authors. I had originally considered using one of those as an introduction to this article. However, the more I read and the more I thought about which to choose, the more I thought that it was cheating, a sort of plagiarism, using some other person's thoughts, ideas and words even though they were all mostly wise and original. I needed a catchy title, as anybody who has ever written a book will know the title is often the hardest part to fathom, I guess that songwriters have the same problem, the need to get the first few notes and words to capture the attention of the listener or the reader. I have had to settle for something a bit different to that which I had intended.

It seems almost unbelievable how fast the years fly past when one reaches a certain age, we fight our way through a chilly winter, greet the spring and hope to enjoy the warmth of summer but by the time it arrives, and the days lengthen the cycle starts all over again. So here we go but no catchy introduction jingle just a few thoughts and ideas on my generation, my memories and my perception on the effects of getting older.

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The answer when should we ever decide that it's time to really act our age according to the dictates of the brain and the demands of the body as well as what others might think or even suggest. Growing old is a question of time over which we have no control but growing up is a question of mind and there is always something we can do about it. Do we ever give any real thought about when it is the right time for those of us still pursuing gainful employment to give up working or in any other case the pursuit of productive domestic or sporting activity. It's a difficult question for some but for others is never at least for so long as they are able and capable of rational decisions as well as being fit and strong enough to keep going. However, it may be the case that for some (often in other people's views) it should have been years ago or the sooner the better for some others. In many cases, until quite recently there was little personal choice when organisations made that decision regarding work, based on age and the prevailing policies and procedures. Now that the "kick them out" at 65 years of age rule has generally ended there is more opportunity to hang in. Regardless of what anybody else might think, we who have lived a life of experience should be and will be the ones to decide our next move.

After many years working and often struggling with paying bills fighting never ending challenges and treading water in difficult times and places we have without question all earned the right to take the easy option. Taking things easy does not mean retiring from an active and meaningful existence. That's almost the same as giving up on life, something we are earnestly fighting against. Getting old should not be regarded as a terminal illness, a death sentence or an exclusion from society. Older people have a great deal to offer and share, and they also know a lot of useful stuff.

Our bodies and brains are not unlike quality machines, high performance cars and engines that simply stop being at their most efficient or useful when they are not used regularly or when certain components wear out. Thinking back about thirty years I rashly decided that I was doing more than a fair share of the non-stop catalogue of jobs coming across the desk compared to many of my associates. I decided to cut down and not willingly take every job that came in but leave more of them to others. We have all seen them, "the others" the almost professional idlers, it's not my problem gang and don't carers. Cruelly and undeservedly and contrary to what my expectations had been I guess that's about the same time that my body started complaining and the unwanted aches and pains began. This was a definitive lesson from which I realised that easing off the gas pedal is not always the best option as once the driving source of adrenalin charge dries up the momentum is lost and the pain kicks in.

Of course, we all know and don't have to be constantly reminded that we need to take care of the machines that we use and rely on, our bodies are no different except that they are more fragile. Replacement human body parts are not readily available in retail stores and can't be ordered online or fitted at home. When they each reach a certain age, and they have lost the optimum performance level it's really time to raise the bonnet and take a look at the engine. We need to consider the mileage and condition as well as booking in for regular servicing and the occasional spring clean and MOT.

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Don't ignore the dashboard warning lights, we might not all have electronic systems fitted to our bodies, but they are there even if not clearly visible. They are there for a purpose so watch out for the telltale signs and never be embarrassed or reluctant to get some professional advice. Very few mechanical or biological faults will magically repair themselves. We are no different from the machine and there is a ruthless certainty that bad things can only get worse unless drastic and immediate remedial measures are taken.

When we reach a certain age and status we fall into what I colloquially classify as the high regular maintenance group. Regardless of how much or how little care we devote to our engines its worth considering the inescapable fact that there are only so many miles in each tank. Problem is we don't know what the figure is or when we will reach it or how.

So, what to do and how often. There is no right answer, and the solution is probably different for everybody. Getting older is not an illness or a disease but like it or not it's an irreversible, unstoppable and on occasion can be a very frustrating and inhibiting condition. Not everybody is allowed the privilege and sometimes overlooked benefits and advantages of old age. Whatever number the lottery of life delivers we just have to appreciate and make best use of every day.

Although it might seem to be hypocritical, hysterical or arrogant I am unashamedly very defensive about my age whenever I am asked even at the risk of being considered rude, unhelpful or difficult. I can be very stubborn. I am always prepared to share the day and the month but not the year unless it becomes absolutely necessary. That's my business. I work in an organisation that is largely staffed by people considerably younger than me, many less than half my age. I guess that I should expect the occasional strange glances even though I am always treated with courtesy and respect. However, I suspect that there are some who are wondering why I am still working at my age even if they aren't sure of the number. It's perhaps also a remote possibility that old people like me may appear to be a little bit crazy and a little bit more, scary. Still, I like to think that I am good at my job, and I reckon I know a lot more stuff than most others. I am also able to navigate the staircase rather than rely on the lifts when I am at the office. It's not a bad idea to reflect on why we continue working. We all need a meaningful and useful purpose one to which we are able to make a positive contribution. However small a part we play it makes a difference. As for reasons to keep working, in no particular order, of course I have an ego, but I also have faith in the value and benefits of what I do both to society and the service and clients I work with. I am I believe very good at what I do, I also get paid and finally I suspect that I am in a sort of denial about my age, when I eventually retire, I guess I will have to accept reality and the fact that the date on my birth certificate and passport is correct.

It's worth remembering that the individual does not control or determine their ultimate destiny and any outcome is always an unknown factor. Keeping the brain fed and exercised as well as the care and maintenance of the body is absolutely crucial even though fate may sometime intervene. What we have to recognise however much we would like it not to be the case is that the brain slows down and the body tires more easily and takes longer to recover from any ailment or major or even modest physical effort.

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It might be helpful if when a certain age is reached, we could be issued with some kind of biological or mechanical launch control accessory as it's often the case that it's so hard to just get started. The post physical exertion recovery phase also takes much longer. The body also becomes so much more fragile and vulnerable. Accidental injuries from the most innocent and trivial event that many years ago when we were in our prime, we might not have even noticed but as we get older, they are more than likely going to incapacitate us for days or even weeks more than likely going to incapacitate us for days or even weeks.

We didn't ask for the challenges inflicted on us by getting older, we might not want to be old, but we most certainly want to be alive. We don't like the fact that we might need some medicinal assistance to help keep us fully functioning and we don't like the fact that our brain sometimes tells us that it's perfectly okay to do something that we want to do when our body is telling us something different. We don't like the fact that on occasion we forget something that we should have remembered we should be doing or that we should be someplace else. Years of saved up memories means that we just have a lot more to remember. Although to some people it might appear selfish it should not be considered unreasonable that we expect some appreciation for what we have given over the years for what we have done and what we know as well as what we can still contribute. In our younger days we might not have had the wonderful technology that exists today, and we had to use our brains a lot more. Using our brains included pre decimal pounds, shillings and pence as well as, miles, furlongs, chains, yards, feet and inches. We didn't have calculators or any other helpful devices, but we did have good teachers and the best incentive to learn or to accept the consequences. We don't like anybody having the notion that because we are old our opinions are unimportant or irrelevant or that we don't understand the issue or the problem. Just because we prefer to think carefully and more leisurely doesn't mean that our voices should not be heard or that we didn't understand the question or the problem.

We believe that getting older allows us the right and privilege to hold and express views and opinions on just about every topic even when they might not be welcomed, agreed with or appreciated. We usually do our best to restrict our involvement to matters that we know something about, but we don't sign any kind of pledge or contract. We might not start out to be combative or controversial but that's a risk we are willing to take if that's what it needs for us to speak our minds, tell the truth and defend those who struggle to defend themselves. We could say that we "don't care" what others think but of course we do. We care because we know the difference between what is right or wrong, good or bad. We have the knowledge and experience of life that allows us to think about the advantages and disadvantages of any issue not solely on what's in it for us. We care because as we get older the things that we consider to be important become more precious. The difference and advantages in our case is that our opinions are rarely impulsive or reactive but generated from a lifetime of real-life personal experiences. Experience and memories, yes in nearly every case on every topic we have seen it or heard it and worn the t-shirt.

Getting older means that we have navigated a lot of years and years generate memories. We have seen things that happened on our watch many of which we saw and won't ever be seen again. A series of first's that might not seem so important or significant to the younger population of today some of whom are clearly selfish and take too much for granted.

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As part of our journey from childhood we saw the death of a reluctant king who guided a weary nation through a world war to victory. We saw the coronation of the incredible queen who reigned longer than any other monarch in our history. We saw an English man achieve what was once considered impossible to become the first to run a mile in under four minutes and an Englishman who reached the summit of mount Everest. We saw the rise of Concorde, the first sputnik satellite in space and the Americans visit the moon. We watched television programmes that held millions of viewers glued to their sets and we saw really talented singers, musicians, actors and actresses. No need of sexual innuendo, no drugs no scantily clothed dancers or obscene or offensive language. Just pure, honest talent. We saw uniformed policemen walking the beat armed with nothing more than a pencil and a whistle, but we feared and respected them and had them in mind as a source of help, the first to go to if ever we needed any. We didn't have car transport, but we walked to school on our own or with friends regardless of the weather or the distance and our fathers cycled to work. We drank free school milk from the bottle either freezing cold in the winter or warm in the summer we drank water from taps and pipes.

We lived through the aftermath of wartime rationing. We shared school classrooms with orphaned boys and girls whose fathers had died in the war. When we did wrong at school, we took our punishment without malice or thoughts of revenge and our parents never challenged the event. We faced the terror of polio, and tuberculosis and survived swimming in open river water. We played outside with our friends and not stuck for hours in front of a computer. We lived through the coldest winters ever and survived the great industrial smog and flu epidemic. Finally, and something that will likely only be a memory we were and so far, look like being the only generation to have watched the greatest sporting spectacle in our history with England winning the Football world cup on English soil.

Just because we have grown old doesn't mean that we are old fashioned except in regard to our loyalty to our loved ones to our country and our friends and our monarch and our unquestionable devotion to what we consider to be real honest values, proper moral standards and good manners. Although we have had to learn new tricks we gladly embrace and willingly make use of modern technology. This technology continues at pace and some of what we and others previously considered modern marvels have become redundant. Nothing is constant or forever and we have watched as ancient house land line phones have almost vanished and room size computers morph into pocket size marvels. We have all become accomplished in the use of our modern laptops and smart phones. We no longer have to rely on celluloid film, and we can take and transmit incredibly clear pictures around the world and talk to our friends and families via video anywhere on the planet whenever we choose and without help from anybody. Yes, we can proudly say that yes, we can do all of this.

There are those around the world with lots of money to spare and spend and often they select antiques and classic cars as an illustration of their prestige and material wealth. There are of course many reasons, philanthropy, investment and appreciation of beautiful objects, in some cases, it's simply called showing off. The common denominator apart from all others is that those antiques, cars, watches, paintings, furniture and jewellery that are mostly sought after are the finest quality, excellent condition, well-made and old. We want to be and expect to be included within this exclusive category. We may be old, but we don't want to be thought of or treated as collectable stationary antiques something to display and trade in when the fashion and novelty has worn off. We do however want to be treated as precious even priceless heirlooms to be shown off and admired and when if the day arrives that we have unfortunately lost our independence in mind and body we want to believe and trust that we will be taken care of year after year after year after year.

Nobody said it's easy or painless but never give up, never surrender, think as young as you can, try to think and act positive and as Clint Eastwood says, "Don't let the old man in".

Old Contemptibles' Association Scrap Book

Sent to us by Paul Torr

The Old Contemptible – No. 462, July 1972

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

On April 23rd the Branch was honoured by an invitation to take part in The Nurse Cavell Memorial Service which with contingents from The Dunkirk Veterans, British ex-servicemen, and other ancillary services numbered around 200. The highlight of the service was a wonderful address given by Dame Anna Neagle, who was the guest speaker. Once again it was our proud privilege to represent the old B.E.F. of 1914 in the vanguard of that long procession that takes place at The Shrine, every Anzac Day in Melbourne. With the Pipes and Drums of the Melbourne Police band, our banner fluttering in the breeze, borne aloft by our Patron Major Tim Verity, escorted by Chum Tom Ward, B.E.M. and Chum Dent, both in the uniform of the Corps of Commissionaires, together with 13 Chums of the Victoria Branch, who, when marching with a steady pace past Sir Rohan Delacome, the State Governor at the saluting base, received spontaneous applause from the onlookers assembled there.

Bedford Branch Report: The Old Contemptible – No. 371, December 1964

By our war 1915 on December 26, 2024 BEDFORD

Chum P. Pocock, D.C.M., is far from well; we are hoping that he will be well enough to carry out his task as Standard Marshal for the Remembrance parades.

Our annual dinner on 7th October was a great success; it was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress, also several V.I.P.'s.

Our President, Major E. C. R. Hudson, responding to the Mayor, said that it gave him much pleasure to present to the Mayor a photograph of members of the Branch grouped around the floral emblem of the Association badge in the Embankment Gardens.

Chum President then thanked Mr W. T. Atkinson, Parks and Gardens Superintendent, for making such an excellent job of the floral emblem, and then presented him with a photograph similar to the one presented to the Mayor.

Our Padre, the Rev. David D. Fricker, Rector of St Peter's Church, was thanked for taking the place of the Rev. Canon Cottam, who had retired. He was then presented with his Chaplain's badge.
G. UFF.

Old Contemptibles' Association Scrap Book

Chum William Kirk, of the Camden Town Branch

By our war1915 on January 26, 2025

"On Nov. 9 we were in the firing line – hell on earth – when the Germans broke through the left of our line, so we formed up, fixed bayonets, and charged them back again. We lost a lot of our brave fellows, but they lost more. We captured 32 of them and two maxim guns. They were pleased to be captured. They gave us cigarettes, and even their watches to some of our fellows.

Next day my trench was blown up, and three of us were buried. We were got out somehow, and when it was dark we scrambled back through the woods to the hospital. This is the second time I have been buried, and I hope the last. I've got a bullet through my hat, one through the handle of my entrenching tool, one through the side of my bayonet, one through the leg of my trousers – and then they couldn't hit me. Rotten shots.

I shan't forget going into hospital. It was like going into heaven. Some hot tea, a clean shirt, and a bath, and above all a spring bed with white sheets, and we couldn't hear the 'Jack Johnsons.'"

An extract from a letter written by 7550 Private William Kirk of the 1st Battalion, The Bedfordshire Regiment, describing some of his experiences of the fighting around Ypres in November 1914.

Born at Marylebone on 23 November 1885, William Kirk was aged eighteen years and six months when he attested for The Bedfordshire Regiment on 18 May 1903, being issued with the Regimental Number 7550. He was living with his parents at 20 Preston Street in Kentish Town and was employed as a glass engraver at the time of his enlistment. Kirk arrived at the Regimental Depot at Kempston Barracks the day following his attestation, and on completing his training was posted to the 2nd Battalion at Colchester on 21 August. Appointed a Lance-Corporal on 15 March 1904, Kirk was awarded his first Good Conduct badge on 18 May 1905, but was deprived of his stripe on 12 September. While stationed with the 2nd Battalion at Bordon he also qualified as a Mounted Infantryman at the Mounted Infantry School in Longmoor, and passed his 3rd Class Certificate of Education on 4 July 1905. After completing three years with the Colours, he was transferred to the Class A Army Reserve on 17 May 1906.

Employed as a house painter and decorator, William married Ethel Lydia Waite at St Pancras Register Office on 9 April 1910, and they had four children together, their son John Robert being born on 4 September 1914 while his father was on active service. In 1914 William and his family lived at 21 Milton Grove in Tufnell Park.

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Mobilised following the declaration of war, Kirk reported at Kempston Barracks on 5 August 1914 and was posted to the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion two days later. Later that month he was drafted to the 1st Battalion from the 3rd Bedfords at Felixstowe, and landed in France on 21 August. Private Kirk was wounded on 10 November while in positions south of Gheluvelt, and on being admitted to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley on 16 November was posted onto the strength of the Regimental Depot. He was discharged from hospital on 21 November and, after a period of leave, joined the 3rd Battalion at Felixstowe on 7 December. On 20 January 1915 Kirk was awarded ten days' confinement to barracks for improper conduct.

Posted to the Provisional Battalion forming at Denham in Buckinghamshire on 20 July 1915, that unit became the 1st Garrison Battalion of The Essex Regiment the following day and Private Kirk was transferred to that regiment on 31 July, being issued with the regimental number 22412. On 24 August the battalion embarked at Southampton for service on Mudros, arriving on the island on 3 September. Kirk went on to serve at Gallipoli and in Egypt before being invalided home, suffering from debility following an operation.

Admitted to the Welsh Metropolitan War Hospital at Whitchurch on 4 April 1916, he was posted to the Regimental Depot at Warley Barracks on 5 April 1916. Kirk was discharged from hospital on 18 April and was transferred to the 1st (Reserve) Garrison Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment at Gravesend on 28 April. On 17 May he was discharged on the termination of his period of engagement.

William was sent the Clasp and Roses for his 1914 Star on 17 March 1920 and in 1939 is recorded as working as a builder's foreman, painter and decorator, residing with his wife Ethel and two sons at 4 Retcar Street in St Pancras. He later became a member of the Camden Town Branch of The Old Contemptibles' Association, and in 1965 was recorded to be in possession of Badge 3859E.

Chum William Kirk died in 1973, aged 87, and mention of his passing was made by Chum Charles Meadows in his report for the Camden Town Branch published in 'The Old Contemptible' for May of that year: "Receiving no replies from correspondence sent to Chums W. Amor and W. Kirk he (Chum Meadows) visited their last address, only to find that demolition had taken place over a large area so was unable to trace them, but on good authority was informed that Chum W. Amor had passed away 18 months ago, and Chum W. Kirk one month.

No correspondence had been returned and none received from relatives."



THE LITTLE BROWN EGYPTIAN MOUSE

By Len A. Hynds

Owing to my reputation of being able to shoot my way out of trouble on a few occasions, for my last year in Egypt I was appointed the driver/ bodyguard of the Assistant Provost Marshal, Canal South District.

General Crocker, the Commander In Chief of Middle East Land Forces gave the APM an assignment one day, and we had just under three weeks to prepare for it. In the Far East, the Royal Navy Frigate,

Amythyst, had been sent up the long river Yangtse in China to rescue British personnel from an embassy, as the civil war between the Nationalists under Chiang Kai Chek, and the Communists under Mao Tse Tung were getting perilously close.

The Amythyst had negotiated the long river and rescued the people, but the communists had placed artillery on both banks for several hundred miles and the Frigate was effectively trapped. She fought her way down river, with guns firing at both banks, and the cruiser London was fighting her way up river to give fire support. Both warships made the safety of the South China Sea, but were both extensively damaged. They were on their way back to England and a hero's welcome.

It was the APM's job, to organise the regiments in Egypt to line the banks of the Suez Canal, in serried ranks to cheer both ships through. The site had been chosen, and a few days before the ships were due to steam through towards the Med, we took General Crocker in our car to examine the site. It was approved, and we were on our way back to G.H.Q, with me driving at about 70mph along the bleak and completely empty Canal Road, with the two senior officers sitting in the back talking of the plans, with maps spread across their knees.

I suddenly saw a movement on the floor beside my foot. I glanced down but could see nothing. A few seconds later I felt the slightest touch on my bare knee and glancing down, to my horror, I saw a small brown Egyptian mouse. He was calmly sitting there, washing his front paws and then his be-whiskered face. I must explain. I have an innate horror of mice. It all stems from when I would arrive home from school aged about 6, to find my mum standing on a chair because she had seen a mouse scuttling around that old house. She had probably been in that position for hours in a state of fear. No wonder I grew up to hate all vermin. There he was, sitting there on my bare flesh, just smiling at me, the very epitome of evil. With one hand I swept him to the floor, whilst at the same time, slamming my foot on the brake, all thoughts of my very important passengers completely forgotten.

The car screeched to a halt, and apparently the passengers were thrown into the air, and then in a heap on the floor, I opened the door, and the now terrified mouse leapt out, running up the road, with this mad monstrous red-cap chasing him, trying to hit him with the truncheon always kept under the seat.

It was only after the little beast had dived into the sand to get away from me, to avoid the heavy coshes, did I realise what I had done. I turned and looked back at the car, and saw that in my mad braking, I had tipped them upside down. They were both on their knees looking over the front seats in astonishment at me. All they had seen was me running up the road, striking it with a truncheon. They had not seen the mouse. They thought the sun had got me, and I had gone 'Macnoon.' I helped them out of the car, recovering hats and important papers, trying to think up some excuse for my behaviour, as my boss was almost apoplectic with me at giving the C in C the drive of his life. I had to tell the truth, and told them about the mouse, and finished up by saying that I was scared of mice.

I could tell by their expressions that they were dumbfounded that the red-cap chosen to be the fearless bodyguard was actually scared of mice. I had destroyed my reputation in a few seconds. As we resumed the journey, it would suddenly go quiet in the back, and I knew that they were looking at me, and I am sure I heard suppressed sniggering like a couple of schoolboys. My embarrassment was complete.

On arrival at the marble steps at G.H.Q, the turbaned guards lowered their lances in salute, as I opened the door to the two officers and saluted. General Crocker took a few steps and then came back with a big smile on his face. He put his arm cross my shoulder, and slipped an Egyptian five pound note into my hand, saying, "It's worth that Corporal, just to be able to repeat that in the officer's mess."

My misery was complete. It made my nickname as the "gunslinger of Suez" look a bit foolish.

NOTICES

Please note there have been some changes to the RMPA WA Branch scheduled meetings for the remainder of 2025. Members are asked to make any adjustments necessary on their calendars, the scheduled RMPA meetings now are:

1. Thursday 21 August 2025 - RMPA lunch with members and BESA friends at 12 noon at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek;
2. Friday 24 October 2025 – RMPA WA Branch annual dinner evening with members and guests at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek commencing 6.30 pm.
3. Thursday 11 December 2025 – RMPA WA Branch Xmas lunch meeting with members and BESA friends at 1200 noon at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek. This meeting, please wear jackets & ties and have red berets with you for the 2025 official photographs.

From Matt Edmunds A/Treasurer

Fellow WA RMPA branch members,
Firstly, my apologies for not being able to make the last two lunches, as with Ali and Carrie, the challenge of navigating full time job commitments has made it difficult to make the weekday lunches. I will be at the AGM later in the year and looking forward to the annual dinner.

I have made contact with Simon, the events manager at the RAAFA club and confirmed the bookings for the lunches and dinner for the remainder of the year. I will shortly be sending out an email with details of the annual dinner with costs and will invite everyone to confirm their attendance, along with menu choices. The costs will also be explained. Our piper has confirmed and we are working on a guest speaker.



At the end of each month, we look forward to receiving the 'Old Comrades Newsletter'. Bob Eggelton's painstakingly work brings us news of past members, places and events and of the times we served wherever in the world. To do this he needs your support. His extensive range of contacts and the accounts from those we served beside always makes very interesting reading.

**This free service is available to you by contacting Bob,
email: roberteggelton@btinternet.com**

**In addition the newsletter from our RMPA Chairman, Bob Potts keeps us up to date with current events in the Association - so don't miss it!!
Bob's RMPA Newsletter can be requested on potts8@me.com**

Redcaps Western Australia Newsletter is distributed to the Secretaries of all Royal Military Police Association Branches in U.K. and overseas enabling onforwarding to their members. Should anyone wish to be placed on our distribution list individually - send your request to redcaps24.aust@gmail.com

Articles submitted as content are always welcomed.

My first experience at school was to learn to do up my shoelaces and to 'write' using a slate. Progression was swift and we moved into the 'big' room where we were upgraded to using pencil and paper.

Miss Hawker soon discovered I was left handed and remedial action was taken. My left hand suffered, taking a skinny cane to ensure I knew how unacceptable it was and the explanation that the reason handwriting was spelt that way was that handling would be totally wrong. After much pain she won the argument. Now I use both. So we have over the years moved swiftly into using pen & ink, then to biro. Miss Hawker, how I thank you for your efforts in guiding my life.

We have learned over the years to accept change from Fax to email, phones from the red box to them being installed in our cars - then used as 'mobiles' with huge capacity and the ability to take photos - no need to trot down the pharmacist.

Our ability to adapt to all this technology has helped in dealing with the 'updates'. It's been a matter of having an open mind.

So when our Branch reached a stage when we had to consider closing and all the effort in building to date appeared to be slipping away, we were fortunate in some new members coming forward to take over the duties of our management committee.

I ask all members to give them their total support and involve themselves in the changes taking place locally and in the U.K. which is only to ensure we stay the Branch that sets standards.



Trevor Margetson
Editor
Redcaps Newsletter W.A.

Your Office Bearers

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Exemplo Ducemus
By Example Shall We Lead

