



# REDCAPS

## Western Australia



Exemplo Ducemus

March 2019



It's Autumn here in Perth from 1st March to 31 May and we experience warm sunny days and cooler nights. Average temps. are 13.7°(night) and 26°C. (day) and can have the occasional shower. As we move on toward Winter, we are assured that Perth has never recorded snow on the ground.

### A Glimpse of What We Have Inside

P2. Chairman's Corner P3. Waterlooville Calling #7  
P5. A Word From Our Chaplain P6. Smile P7. Our Man in U.S.A.  
P8. Vale - John Parker P11. Grandma in the Mirror P12. Vale - Taff Sims  
P14. Member Profile P17. Vale - Elaine Heath  
P 19. Sikh Heritage Trail P20. Brothers - Len Hynds  
P21. Magical Longbow P23. Memories of a Special Mate  
P26. February Lunch Meeting P27. Notices  
P28. John Campbell A.I.F. P31. Vale - Les Fryer





## Chairman's Corner.

### By Brian Griffiths

Dear members

In the last edition of Redcaps-Western Australia I made a cheery note of various activities by our Branch held over the three months leading up to our Christmas lunchtime meeting on 14 December. A happy time for us all in WA.

What a difference sudden adversity makes. The New Year started dreadfully for our Branch where we lost two members and two good friends who all passed away during the month of January. Also, more recently, the loss of an overseas member this month.

I have made special acknowledgements of these members and friends later in the newsletter. The big shock to us all was the sudden loss of John Parker. He was well, in good spirits and attended our December lunch with no sign of impending illness. Only two to three weeks later, and very sadly, we quickly lost a most committed member and valued member of the Perth community.

In spite of this shadow of adversity during February, I was pleased to see members and ladies rallied to make our February lunchtime meeting a happy occasion. Bill Dodds was unable to stay after lunch but was confident enough on winning the bottle of whisky in the raffle prizes to leave his raffle tickets with us. Bill didn't win the whisky on this occasion, but he did win another and much sought-after 'star prize'!

We will be seeing the back of the hot weather soon as we progress well into our autumn 'down under'. Whilst we may all have a grumble when it gets too hot, spare a thought for those people living in the Pilbara region of WA where the temperatures are regularly 45+ degrees. Marble Bar is often cited as the hottest place in Australia and I am amazed how people can work and live in such extremes of heat over a very long period. It would have been much worse in the old pioneer days before air-conditioning was invented.

I always remember once having to police escort two over-length and over-width road haulage loads from Perth to the Pilbara in the middle of a particularly blazing hot summer. The regular long-distance air-conditioned police traffic car was in for repairs and no other air conditioned marked police car was available. The quartermaster handed me a set of car keys and glibly advised I could always wind down all four windows for air-conditioning. Oh yes, some air-conditioning in the Pilbara heat!

We were privileged to have been invited to the WA Sikh Heritage Day on 2 March which commemorated the Sikh Heritage Trail in Adenia Park, Riverton. Members will notice on the commemoration stone, a special mention was made of John Parker whose historical research had made an invaluable contribution to the Sikh community, State records and archives.

The Anzac Day parade will soon take place with our BESA friends on 25 April 2019. We will meet for lunch afterwards at Miss Maud's Restaurant, cnr of Pier & Murray St, Perth.

Thank you and kind regards

Brian Griffiths

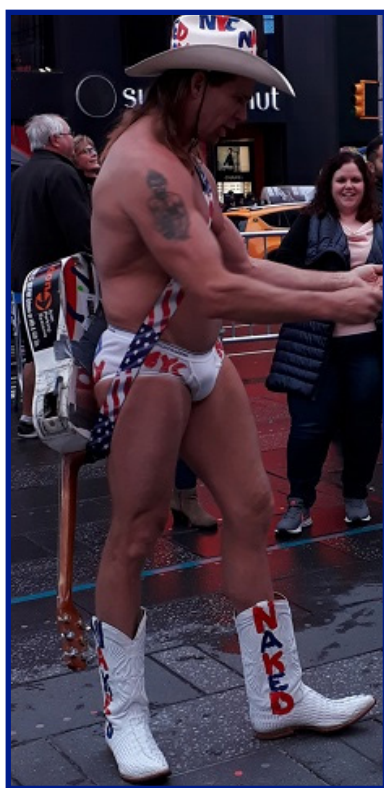


## Waterlooville Calling Australia #7

By Bob Eggleton

For some strange reason I am not sure how I ended my last offering, no doubt there is a copy lurking somewhere inside this infernal machine but it is not revealing itself. However I did make the odd note when a subject crosses my mind. My first note is headed "Diabetic Socks" and a well know catalogue that drops through the letter box now and again is advertising diabetic socks which struck me as funny as I though anyone would purchase completely healthy socks. Yes, I am taking the micky and yes I am diabetic (according to the doctor) so do not give me any PC aggro!

Next heading related to New York and at the beginning of December Joy, myself and our friend Carol went for a week in The Big Apple; it was the first time for Carol but Joy and I



have been there before. Needless to say it was all Jingle Bells and Christmas lights but although cold no sign of snow at that time. Of course all the usual sights had to be taken in and we managed to see the annual Christmas Show at Radio City - not to be missed - and managed to get tickets to see "Phantom of the Opera" on Broadway. A good time was had by all and I managed to meet up with an old friend as most of you would have read about in one of my Old Comrades newsletters. Another old "friend" was also present, still playing his guitar and singing in Times Square even on the coldest of days. This guy, Robert John Burck, known as The Naked Cowboy, is now somewhat of a legend and has been around for some years. His strategically placed guitar is normally placed to give the illusion of nudity. Needless to say my essential parts were kept well covered in those temperatures. In 2010, Burck formally announced that he was running for President of the United States in the 2012 US Election as a candidate representing the US Tea Party Movement. I shall diplomatically refrain from making any comment as to whether he would have been better than the present incumbent.

Christmas came and went without any spectacular moments, all very quiet but enjoyable. We did manage to get a late booking to attend a New Year's eve event at a local hotel which turned out to be a masked ball but I was rather reluctant to pass the evening in a black mask resembling an ageing Antonio Banderas. Some may argue that my face should be covered by a mask.

So it was into the New Year, 2019 and it did not take long before it was back to the usual grindstone which is centred on RMPA or Old Comrades business.

The first event of the year was the annual parade and service at HM Tower of London which has been well documented in February's edition of the Association's newsletter. It was a pleasant event made even better by being in an iconic, historic place.

At the time of writing we are half way through March and a little prompt by Trevor galvanised me into completing this article. Been a funny few months which I think I could turn into a new film entitled "Four Funerals and a Wedding"; it has been that sort of time.

>>>



&gt;&gt;&gt;

I was Best Man at the wedding having waited 75 years to be asked. At least my speech this time did not form a eulogy although it was unusual to be speaking of someone who had not passed away. The Groom did offer to lay on the top table with his arms folded to make me feel happier but I did decline. At least it shows that you are never too old, now what other things have I on my Bucket List?

I would not be an Englishman if I did not mention the weather but I can best describe it as somewhat confusing, a little out of traditional sequence without any real indication how things are going to progress into Spring. The plants and shrubs are just as confused as me but I am sure they will all sort themselves out and regain their natural cycle. Of course I am kept well informed as to the weather in Western Australia - try as you may, I will not turn green!

Joy and I did manage a couple of days away following our 56th wedding anniversary, a short period of total relaxation at a hotel near Longmoor - you are never far away from a military establishment here in the south. The weather was kind and we did manage to visit a couple of places of interest, Gilbert White's House which houses the Captain Lawrence Oats collection. In addition we did see Jane Austin's house which is close by, again very interesting but Colin Firth did not get a mention! We finished off with a visit to Birdworld, a long established place on the A325 which we have passed countless times and never visited. You will be pleased to know that there are a couple of Kookaburra's there and they were quite vocal and somewhat larger but quieter were the emus, they all seem to have become accustomed to the English weather.

In a week's time the peace and tranquillity of the "Egg Box" is going to be shattered as the builders move in to fully replace the ageing bathroom and I am sure that there will be some tales emanating from their visit, I just hope they are not tales of woe. Excuse me, time for a caffeine fix.

That is better, I may even be inspired by a Java intake! Well I am just about up to date with events in this neck of the woods, the days are getting longer, fresh green growth prevails but everything is being overshadowed by Brexit which our esteemed politicians are making a dog's dinner of taking the UK out of the EU. Regardless of ones views as to leave or remain the exit process has not been one that people would like to remember for the right reasons. You really could not write the current script!

I shall now put the final sentence and see what e-mails have arrived whilst I have been diverted.

Best wishes to you all.

#### A Wake in Honour of our Past Member John Parker

On Sunday 10th March a number of our Branch members and BESA members gathered at the home of Ann Page for a wake in honour of our recent loss John Parker. We were able to chat about our experiences with John over the years we had known him in our branch of RMPA, in BESA and as a staunch supporter of Woodloes Homestead, Cannington as a respected historian together with his partner Maureen.

Ann lives in the beautiful Perth Hills and the journey there was no hardship to experience the changing beauty that Autumn brings to the Hills Area.

She is to be congratulated in organising the meeting and the provision of a wonderful spread for lunch.

All that attended appreciated the opportunity to express their thoughts of John and to encourage Maureen to continue to be active in our branch and meetings



## A Word From Our Chaplain

By Reverend David Noble

To think that I may never see a thing as lovely as a tree. On coming to Australia Norma and I thought that the jarrah tree, although very special, could not compare to the Oak Tree of England. The oak tree, hearts of oak for the British Navy built to defend England.



Let's take an Easter Journey.....let's pretend we are a tree on the outskirts of Jerusalem. We are part of a small plantation. Early one morning (it was Wednesday) the silence was broken by a cohort of Roman Soldiers who quickly harvested the whole plantation. I found myself on the back of a trailer and taken to a Carpenter's shop, unloaded we were stacked in a corner. The following day all of the trees, except me were cleaned of their bark. I was left there for some months and as the sap dried out, my bark



became hard and sharp.

On a Tuesday the carpenter came and carried me to his workshop. I thought it was to be cleaned but it wasn't so. A Roman Centurion spoke to the carpenter whose name was Joseph, that I was to be made into a cross.

I heard Joseph say if the bark is left on it would be very painful. The Centurion replied "good". Joseph was very professional and caring in the way in which he fashioned me. I was then taken to a small hill. There were two crosses already there with a man on each. I was laid on the ground and a man was placed upon me and nails driven into his hands and feet. Here was something strange, I cannot explain it. Luke Chapter 23 V38 – 43. There was a written notice above him which read THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS. One of the criminals who hung there said aren't you the Christ? save yourself and us"! But the other criminal rebuked him, "Don't you fear God? We are punished justly but this man has done nothing wrong". Then he said "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom". Jesus answered him. "I tell you the truth, you will be with me in paradise". I began to realise that upon me was the Son of Creation and that I was part of that Creation.

I felt His life's blood running down me and I was cleansed. I spoke to the man and said "Please forgive me, I was not a willing partner to what has happened to you". He replied, "You were grown for this. I too was born for this moment". The blood continued to flow and everywhere it touched, a flower came forth. This man was taken from me and I am now back in the wood shed. I give thanks that my destiny was planned long before I was sewn in the earth.



Blessings for Easter. On Easter Day  
go and hug a tree!

David and Norma





## Smile !! It's Good For You



60 years of Maths.

### 1. Teaching Maths In the 1960s

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price. What is his profit?

### 2. Teaching Maths In the 1970s

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price, or \$80. What is his profit?

### 3. Teaching Maths In the 1980s

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$80.

Did he make a profit? Yes or No

### 4. Teaching Maths In the 1990s

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$80 and his profit is \$20.

Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

### 5. Teaching Maths In 2018

(a) A logger cuts down a beautiful forest because he is selfish and inconsiderate and cares nothing for the habitat of animals or the preservation of our woodlands. He does this so he can make a profit of just \$20.

What do you think of this way of making a living?

(b) Topic for class participation after answering question (a):

How did the birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down their homes?

Please note: There are no wrong answers - feel free to express your feelings e.g. anger, anxiety, inadequacy, helplessness etc.

(Should you require debriefing at the conclusion of the exam, there are counsellors available to assist you adjust back into the real world).

### Subject:: Who Reads Which Newspaper...

1. The Australian Financial Review is read by the people who run the country.

2. The Canberra Times is read by people who think they run the country.

3. The Australian is read by people who think they should run the country and who are good at crossword puzzles.

4. The Sydney Morning Herald is read by people who think they ought to run the country but don't really understand The Australian.

5. The Courier Mail is read by people who wouldn't mind running the country, if they didn't have to leave Queensland to do it.

6. The Age is read by people whose parents used to run the country.

7. The Melbourne Herald Sun is read by people who aren't too sure who's running the country and don't really care as long as they can get a seat on the train.

8. The Sydney Daily Telegraph is read by people who don't care who is running the country as long as they do something really scandalous, preferably while intoxicated.

9. The West Australian is read by people who are in prison, who used to run the state and would like to do so again, as would their constituents who are currently free on bail.

10. The Hobart Mercury is read (slowly) by people who are running another country, but need the Aussie Rules scores.

11. Crikey is read by people who aren't sure if there is a country, or that anyone is running it; but if so, they oppose all that they stand for. There are occasional exceptions if the leaders are gay, handicapped, minority, feminist, atheists and those who also happen to be illegal aliens from any other country, provided of course, that they are not conservatives.

12. The Adelaide Advertiser is read by people trapped in a line at the supermarket waiting for the electricity to come back on. **This is out of date, we now export electricity 'cos of the batteries we so wisely installed.**

13. The Northern Territory Times is read by people who have recently caught a fish and need something to wrap it in.

The Mexicans were asked what they thought of Trump's Wall.

They replied "We are very upset but we'll get over it".







## Our Man in U.S.A.

By Al Smith

A rabbit hunter in New Mexico was in his car on the way to do some hunting with his three dogs on the back seat, when he was shot in the back, by one of his dogs! The man's shotgun was also in the back, and somehow there was a lurch, one of the dogs fell forward, his paw hitting the trigger of the shotgun, and the blast went through the front seat into the man's back breaking several ribs and his collarbone. Luckily, he was able to call 911 and get medical assistance, but I would guess that he needs more than medical assistance if he's crazy enough to have a loaded and cocked firearm in his vehicle.



An Oklahoma woman told a man on a dating site about a deer that she had shot. She included a photo of herself and the animal. The trouble was that she had shot it with a rifle after the rifle season had ended, and using a spotlight at night, both illegal, and the worst part was that she was telling this to a guy on the dating site who just happened to be a state game warden! It cost the woman \$2,400 in fines.



I guess that two men wanted to improve their chance of winning a California Lottery since they actually stole a Lottery machine from a supermarket recently. A security camera caught them taking the machine out of the door and loading it on to a pick-up truck. This was at about 3.00 a.m. and I wonder where the store's security team was. Although the two men have not been caught yet, the machine was recovered, but there is no word of missing tickets from the machine. If a winning ticket from that particular machine does pop up, then whoever claims it would win a few years in the local lock-up.



A California man, using a shotgun as a club to break his ex-girlfriend's windshield, accidentally shot himself to death when the gun discharged. He should have know rule number one, "when breaking your ex-girlfriend's car windshield using a shot gun as a club, first unload the shotgun". A car mechanic in Alamo, Michigan, was killed while trying to find the source of noises under a truck. He had a friend drive the vehicle while he hung under the truck to try to find the problem, but his clothes caught on something and when his friend stopped the truck the mechanic's body was wrapped around the drive shaft.



## Vale - John David Parker



8th September 1941

2nd January 2019

### Royal Air Force & Royal Military Police

John was born in Derby UK in 1941, son of John & Mary, and was one of six siblings. He attended Rykneld School for Boys in Derby.

At the age of 16, he enlisted in the RAF as a ground wireless mechanic. He was discharged a year later. He returned to Derby and studied Machine & Foundry Engineering at Derby District College of Technology. He completed his final studies at the East Midland Educational Union in 1961. In 1962, John enlisted in the Royal Military Police, but was unfortunately injured in training and left the Army shortly afterwards.

John decided to move to Australia, emigrating to Perth in April 1966. He lived in Geraldton and worked for CBH as a grain handler. During his time there, he sponsored his brother and family, all of whom settled there in 1969, later moving to Perth.

In 1972, he returned to the UK intending to remain. There he met Hazel, and together they returned to Perth in 1973 to live. They settled in Carlisle, later moving to Queen's Park.

John's training in Foundry Engineering found him work as a moulder for a variety of companies in Welshpool, Maylands and Fremantle from 1973-1983. He moved up through the ranks of the Welshpool company known as FABCAST to the position of Foundry Manager. In 1983 he commenced work with TIMCAST, where he was in charge of melting and Centricast production. It was here in 1998 that John finally retired from full time work.

Aside from his full time job, in 1989 John became a Local Councillor at the City of Canning.

He thoroughly enjoyed his involvement in the activities of Council, and was sorry when his tenure came to an end in 1991. He was particularly interested in the Woodloes & Canning Districts Historical Society. This too was a passion of Hazel's, and together they became a team dedicated to the preservation of the Woodloes Historic Homestead.

In 2002, Hazel was diagnosed with Motor Neurone Disease, and John became her full time carer. They were formally married in July 2004, and Hazel passed away in late 2004.

At this point John joined the Spiritualist National Union of WA. At a regular church service he met Maureen, and finding a lot in common, their friendship blossomed into a loving relationship, which lasted until John's untimely death in January.

In 2009, John decided to join The British Ex-Services Association, (known as BESA) and soon found himself recruited into the Royal Military Police Association of WA.

Whilst remaining an active member of RMPA, John took on the role of Senior Vice President of BESA, and in November 2015 became President.

John's enthusiasm for social activities with a purpose, saw him introduce us to functions in the gardens of Woodloes Historic Homestead, and participation in Have-a-Go Day.

It is a great sadness to us all to have lost such a vibrant and committed individual.

R I P John







## John David Parker - Funeral Address by Brian Griffiths

I first came into contact with John Parker in June 2009 where I found he had recently joined the British Ex Services Association from his past national service with the Royal Air Force. John had a mechanical engineering background and had served with the RAF from 1957 to 1958. John told me that after leaving the RAF and after returning to his civilian trade, in 1962 he applied for and was accepted for voluntary enlistment into the Royal Military Police for training. John also told me that as a young man, he had always wanted to be a military policeman, this being through relatives who had spent some time as service policemen and which had sparked an interest over early years.

In December 1962 John Parker reported to the RMP Depot & Training Establishment at Woking. A foreboding and bleak looking place on a cold, grey winter's day, especially as the buildings were a former women's prison during the Victorian era.

John commenced his RMP training and applied himself with great diligence. However, despite his enthusiasm and at no fault of his own, John was badly injured during rigorous training and suffered two broken legs. His injuries were such that John could no longer continue with his course, was restricted to service in Woking only, and was medically discharged in late February 1963. John had elected to return to his civilian life to recover from his injuries and eventually return to his trade.

After referral to the UK, I found that John was eligible for full membership into the Association and I had much pleasure in conveying the good news to John personally. I know John was delighted with the decision and he was accorded full RMPA membership status and life membership number 32298.

From 2009 to his untimely death in early January 2019, despite his limited past RMP service, John was highly regarded as a most committed and valued member of our RMPA branch. To give an example of this commitment, I cannot recall a meeting since 2009 where John and his partner Maureen did not attend.

I found that John was always reliable and only too willing to accept a task whenever he was requested and addressed himself enthusiastically to his endeavors. John was well respected by his peers.

John also made his mark with the British Ex Services Association (BESA) where he rose to become its President and attended many functions, commemorations and events in this role. In addition to his enthusiastic commitments with BESA, John also held a keen interest and involvement with local historical societies and community groups. I know John was particularly proud of his long association with the Sikh community in Australia and also of his active interest as a volunteer with the Woodloes historical homestead, in Cannington.

I also recall recent prominent media reporting where John had carried out meticulous research to reunite previously long-lost WW1 medals to descendants of the recipients. This is a true measure of John's tenacity and commitment to applying himself wholeheartedly to a worthy cause.

The sudden illness and passing of John has been a great shock to us all. It was only on 14 December last where John attended our RMPA Christmas function. John had only recently fell ill and admitted to Royal Perth Hospital where, very sadly, his condition rapidly deteriorated and he was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit where he passed away on 2 January 2019.

Condolences have been extended to partner Maureen Smith and her son Duncan.

RIP John.



## John Parker - Rest in Peace



John & Maureen - Happy Times





## Grandma with the Mirror

By Diane Kathryn Edwards

I did it often....looked in the mirror. It wasn't just any mirror; it was an heirloom. It was so, so many years older than me. It was beautiful too, although slightly cracked. It could tell many stories. The handle was 'mother of pearl'; the surround was silver, real silver. Tarnished and old. I rubbed it a bit. It didn't help. It remained the old family relic that it was.

I turned back to the memories of the previous owners of the beautiful mirror. First, there was my mother. A beautiful woman no longer of this earth. Succumbed to the sickness called cancer. She often sat looking at her reflection in this very same mirror. Looking at the woman she had become. Hairless and thin. Cancer, uggh, so cruel. My mother had taken so much pride in her appearance then, and pre-cancer days would sit for hours brushing her blonde curls and smiling at herself. The mirror wasn't cracked then, but still quite old.

Before that was my grandmother. She too would smile in the mirror. What secrets she shared with it were told by her eyes. Grandma had a wicked sense of fun. Always flirting and laughing with men. Once granddad had passed, grandma became a new woman. Her wrinkles became laugh lines, and her ruby red lips were painted over and over again in front of the beautiful mirror.

She would look through and past the mirror to see her daughter, my mother, sitting on the bed behind her. She would laugh and apply colour to her ageing face while recounting tales of dancing and eligible pensioners and widowers who were seeking her time. I know my mother enjoyed those stories and later in life would recount them to me in a re-enactment of me sitting on the bed behind her and mother gazing into the mirror.

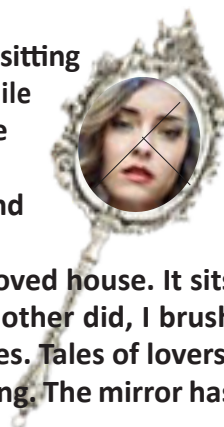
The mirror is now mine. A little cracked, I think that happened when we moved house. It sits on my dresser. I look at it often. I apply the ruby red lipstick as my grandmother did, I brush my blonde tresses as my mother did, I tell the mirror stories through my eyes. Tales of lovers, husbands and grown-up children. Stories of fun, adventure, learning and living. The mirror has heard them all.

I catch the reflection of my bed behind me. My beautiful granddaughter sits atop it intently focusing on my smile. 'Whatever are you grinning about granny?'

My daughter walks in. My beautiful yet haughty daughter who has no time for sentimentality. 'Come, mother, put that damned mirror down' 'I don't understand your fascination with it. Let me throw it away and get you a new one' 'No!' I cried, we cried. My lovely granddaughter atop my bed cried in unison with me. She understood the meaning of the mirror even if her mother didn't.

'Mother', she said in her tender eight-year-old voice, 'that mirror holds many, many memories for granny. A new mirror could never be good enough, and you can't throw it away as granny is giving it to me one day.'

I smiled into the mirror, another memory made and kept in the mirror's reflection. One day my lovely granddaughter will retail that story to her daughter or granddaughter, and the legend of the grandma with the mirror will live on.



Copyright Diane Edwards 2018

*Mirror image added to Diane's original story Ed.*





## Vale - Anthony Thomas (Taff) Sims BEM

### by Brian Griffiths



Anthony Thomas (Taff) Sims BEM joined RMPA Western Australia Branch in March 2012. Taff had varied his time living with his son, Paul in NSW or son, John here in Perth. Taff was a widower, having lost the great love of his life through illness, wife Margaret in 2001.

During the time Taff lived in Perth he attended many of our meetings and accompanied me once on a country trip to visit branch members in the wheatbelt. Unfortunately, Taff did not enjoy the best of health whilst in Perth and had restricted mobility. However, his restrictions did not diminish his enthusiasm for our branch and I know he was very appreciative of the camaraderie of his fellow members and the ladies.

After some time living with son John and his family in Perth, Taff decided to move back to NSW for a while to live back with his son Paul in Kainga. After returning to NSW, Taff's health gradually declined further to the point he was hospitalised and underwent bouts of surgery. He was eventually given a terminal diagnosis for his condition and allowed home for palliative care. Taff remained at his son's home until he passed away peacefully in his sleep on Saturday 19 January 2019.

I kept in touch with Taff regularly whilst he was in palliative care at home and he always had a realistic view of his condition and never once complained. He bore his illness stoically.

Rolling back very many years for me, I had the privilege of working Taff in Berlin where I was stationed from mid-1971 to late 1973. I fondly recall Taff and his lovely wife Margaret (Maggie-to selected friends only) were both the life and soul of our Corporals Mess where Taff did regular stints as the barman, often very ably supported by Maggie during the busy periods. Their innovative thinking in enhancing our social life really made visiting the Corporals Mess a most pleasurable experience. I also recall Taff wearing a full gorilla suit behind the bar on a number of occasions when we had the "Aussie tours" visiting – this always producing much hilarity!

Taff also had a lifelong love of rugby and I was later influenced by Taff to take up the sport together with a friend of mine. During 1972/73 my friend and I played many games at the Berlin Olympic Stadium as members of two rugby teams and I recall it was a surreal experience playing upon the same fields and in the stadium which were brought to fame by the newsreels of the 1936 Olympic Games. Taff also became well known as a rugby referee before I left Berlin.

Taff had a long and comprehensive service career in the Royal Military Police where he rose to the rank of Sergeant. Anthony Thomas Sims was born in Cardiff in 1940, and in 1958 after being given regimental number 23536636, Taff underwent training in 725 Squad at the RMP Depot Inkerman Barracks, Woking under the watchful eye of Sgt Terry Prouse - who became Taff's RSM nine years later at 17 Gurkha Div Pro Unit RMP.

After completing RMP training in 1958, Taff was posted to BAOR at 1 BR Corps in Bielefeld where in 1960 he married Margaret. During their marriage of many years, Taff and Margaret were blessed with two sons, Paul who was born in Bielefeld and John who was born later in Cyprus. Taff also tells me that both his wife and Bill Dodds' wife were in hospital at the same time together in BMH Dekalia, Cyprus giving birth. A small world indeed!

&gt;&gt;&gt;

>>>

Between 1958 and 1983 Taff had comprehensive service in BAOR, Cyprus, UK, Malaya, Berlin, Cyprus then back to UK for a long stint at London District Pro Coy RMP where he became a specialist dog handler (explosives) until the completion of extended service in November 1983. During his time in London, Taff was awarded the British Empire Medal (BEM) for his services to the RMP.

The opportunity of meeting many Australians during his RMP service in Berlin and London must have had a great bearing on Taff. When Taff and Margaret decided Army retirement had beckoned, emigration to Australia became an attractive option for serious consideration. Taff also received a glowing reference from the 21/c at London District, Major Somerville, herself an Australian Army Provost Officer on exchange in the UK, which I am given to understand helped to smooth a path for emigration and future career prospects in Australia.

On finally taking Army retirement, in 1984 Taff, together with Margaret and sons Paul and John, finally decided to emigrate to Australia. Taff was subsequently appointed the Principal Security Officer at Parliament House, Canberra. Taff served diligently in that position where he was privileged to meet many prime ministers and visiting dignitaries during the years until his retirement in 1995.

I found his stories and observations from his close contact with certain Australian prime ministers most enlightening and sometimes hilarious!

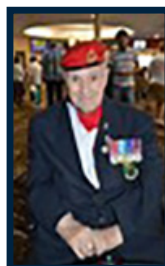
Taff once told me he had always been known as 'Taff' wherever he had worked and he doubted if any of his friends and colleagues during his long RMP service ever knew his actual given names!



Taff Sims BEM & Margaret (Maggie) with British Empire Medal



Taff with son John - Anzac Day 2012



Brian Griffiths with Taff 2012

725 Squad  
Inkerman  
Barracks  
March 1959  
S.I. Sgt. Terry Prouse



Taff  
seated third  
from right  
front row

The photograph of Taff and Margaret at the time of Taff receiving his BEM was kindly supplied by his son John, who advised me "I thought that the attached photo of Dad when he received the BEM would be ideal as it is a good representation of how most would remember him and our beloved Mum Margaret".

RIP Taff.



## I Will Go Lord If You Lead Me a profile of our esteemed Chaplain Reverend David Noble

For some considerable time now I have *suggested* - requested - reminded - *encouraged* - insisted - *begged* David to provide me with his profile. NOW we can all appreciate the outstanding life of a man we all respect and love as a very active member of our Branch. A little urging from Norma, I feel, did assist.

I have decided to present this extraordinary account in two parts with David's Christian Development being given the space it deserves in our next issue. Ed.

I was born 10<sup>th</sup> August 1937 at Gosport, Hampshire, England the only son of David and Patricia.

In 1942 the family home was destroyed during an air raid and I was evacuated to the small Sussex village of Nutbourne where I lived with a farmworker and his wife as one of their four children. In fact during these turbulent times I lived with three families and I found it very hard indeed.

At the end of hostilities I returned to Gosport and my mother and later was joined by my father on his discharge from the Armed Forces. He had served for the duration of the war as a tank driver in an Armoured Division serving in Germany.

My education continued at primary schools in Gosport and later at Privett Secondary School until I reached school leaving age. Academically I was able to continue with my education but my prime aim at this time was to assist with the family finances and for this reason I secured employment as a Blacksmith's Apprentice at Blake Engineering in Gosport.

Unfortunately my physique at that age did not enable me to carry out all of the manual work. The trouble was that I could hardly lift the 14lb hammers. After nine months or so, by mutual agreement the apprenticeship was cancelled. I moved on and was employed as an apprentice plumbing and heating engineer with a local building firm, John Hunt Limited of Gosport.

The apprenticeship was for five years and I resumed my education attending the Portsmouth Polytechnic achieving my City and Guilds award as a plumbing and heating engineer.

On completion of the apprenticeship I received my indentures of authority which allowed me

to practise as a qualified plumbing and heating engineer.

In 1958 I was called up for National Service which at that time was for a period of two years and I began my service in the army.



David  
competing  
in  
South  
England  
Hill  
Climb  
Championships

Initially I served with the Royal Artillery and later chose to transfer to The Royal Military Police.

At this time I was intending to forge a career with The Royal Military Police and I felt it would further my prospects by signing up as a Regular as opposed to the limitations of National Service. I also resumed my academic career.



22 Sec. H Troop 199 Battery 68th Reg. R.A.



>>>

712 Squad Inkerman Barracks January 1960



It was in 1959 that I married Norma. I was successful in passing the Special Investigation Branch, Criminal Investigation Course with the intention of joining the Branch when a suitable post became available in Germany. During my army career I served most of my time with The Royal Military Police in Dusseldorf, Germany and worked with the German and Dutch military police and the civil police in the investigation of road traffic accidents which involved service personnel and also investigation of minor criminal offences.



PTI Course Completed 1959/60 Germany  
David Back row 3rd from right



SIB Course 133 (1960) - David back row far right

In 1960 the armed forces were subjected to government cutbacks and my career prospects, particularly in the Special Investigation Branch were affected and so in 1961 I took advantage of an option in my contract and left the army.

On leaving the army I joined the Portsmouth City Police Force in 1961 and in 1964 the Force was amalgamated with Hampshire Constabulary.

No.6 District Police  
Training Centre  
Course 183 Class A1

28th December 1961  
to  
24th March 1962

David Back Row 4th  
from Left



>>>

&gt;&gt;&gt;



Pass Out - David 3rd from Right

After three years as a constable on the beat I joined the Criminal Investigation Department of Hampshire Constabulary. During my 25 years in the Police Service I was trained in surveillance, fraud investigation, murder investigation and serious crime investigation. For a number of years I specialised in the investigation of child abuse and infant murder. Throughout my 25 years service I travelled extensively in the Southern half of England and spent a number of years working in London with the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police.



I attained the rank of Detective Sergeant and served 22 years with the Criminal Investigation Department. For the last nine years of my Police career I specialised in drug related criminal offences, especially those that involved the medical profession and allied professionals. I was, for that period, the Controlled Drugs Inspector for the Hampshire Constabulary, responsible to the Home Office for the monitoring of drugs supply to all Doctors, Chemists, Nursing Homes and National Health Patients within Hampshire.

I regularly lectured to public bodies on Police drug matters. Part of my duties were Public Relations and I was member of all relevant joint public service committees monitoring drug misuse in Southern England. In this I played an important role in securing funding for a special clinic for the treatment of drug addiction and Aids victims which was opened in 1986.

I became a member of the Wessex Drug Advisory Group for the South of England.

On 27th December 1986 I took early retirement to complete my theological studies as a full time student.

*We look forward to the continuation of David's story in our June Edition Ed.*



# Vale - Elaine Margaret Heath

30 November 1941 - 26 January 2019

Members were recently advised of the death of Elaine Heath, wife of our esteemed Branch Secretary, Eric Heath. Most members never had the opportunity of meeting Elaine as she had suffered a most serious and debilitating illness many years ago requiring dedicated home care. Elaine later had to move into long-term nursing home care where she remained for the past seven years until peacefully passing away on Australia Day, 26 January 2019.

Whilst a few of the remaining first members of RMPA Western Australia Branch would remember Elaine, I can remember a lady who was most supportive of our fledgling local group of former 'redcaps' and was most supportive of our young Branch. Elaine accompanied Eric to our meetings until her health could no longer sustain these commitments.

Eric very kindly gave permission to provide an abridged version of Elaine's eulogy from the family funeral to properly acknowledge her life and recognise her early support to our Branch. This a timely opportunity to provide all our members Elaine's own life story.

Elaine Margaret Atkinson was born on 30 November 1941 at the ICI Social Club, Lostock Gralam, Cheshire, UK. Elaine's parents were licensees at the ICI Social Club, which bode well for developing Elaine's own future in managing pubs or hotels. Elaine was the second daughter as she already had a big sister, Irene.

Elaine began her education at St. John's Primary School in Rudheath, then progressed to 'Ravenshead Private School' where she was a part-time Boarder. At this time Elaine's parents were publicans who owned the 'Farmers Arms' in Rudheath. Elaine completed her schooling after achieving both her GCE 'O' & 'A' Levels.

After completing her schooling at age 18 Elaine moved down to London and commenced nursing training at Guys Hospital, London. After 9 months in March 1961, Elaine decided to return to Rudheath, Cheshire to help her parents run their pub. This turned out to be an important decision in her life as it was in Rudheath where she met a young National Serviceman in the Royal Military Police, by the name of Eric Heath who was then home on leave.

Before returning to his going back to Germany, Eric asked Elaine if she'd like to go out on a date. Elaine agreed and they planned to go to Chester on the train. However, the very independent Elaine actually turned up in her dad's car. At this stage Eric had never seen Elaine apart from her standing behind the bar, and unbeknown to Eric, this being a raised floor behind the bar! When Elaine stepped out of the car it is possible to imagine Eric's great surprise when Elaine, all 4ft 11 inches of her stood next to Eric in his towering 6ft frame. In order to impress Elaine on their first date, Eric walked in the gutter to make the height difference less noticeable. Despite the obvious height difference, Elaine and Eric made a dashing couple.

On Eric returning from leave in uniform, the local children referred to Eric as "Sergeant Snudge" likening him to Sergeant Major Snudge from the British TV Comedy Series 'Bootsie and Snudge'.

All too quickly, Eric's leave came to an end and he had to report back to his Unit in Germany, but they both wrote to each other and kept in touch until Eric completed his National Service and returned to UK. On his return, Eric soon commenced work helping Elaine behind the bar of the 'Farmers Arms'.

Eric and Elaine became engaged in October 1961 and married in May 1962. After their honeymoon in Devon and Cornwall, Eric and Elaine returned to Rudheath where they had previously bought and renovated a house in Middlewich Road.

>>>



>>>

Eric travelled often in his work as an engineer, but this not stop them both getting their own pub together in 1963, the 'Queens Arms' in Workington, Cumbria. Later Eric and Elaine took on the mammoth job of running their own hotel, 'The Shakespeare Hotel' in Kendal, Lake District. With the arrival of son Mark, the Heath family moved back to Rudheath. The family then moved down to London for a couple of years with Eric's work, where a very enterprising and entrepreneurial Elaine started a Childcare Centre. Daughter Vickii also arrived in 1968.

After 18 months in London, Eric was offered a position in Hull. On moving to Hull, Elaine fell in love with the area and she went on to establish a successful Childcare Centre. Elaine was renowned for being feisty, strong and spirited in everything she did. Elaine also had a caring side as shown in her becoming a counselor for the local Citizen's Advice Bureau.

Elaine and Eric's daughter, Vickii, married in 1987 and moved to Western Australia. Elaine came to Perth on a visit and was immediately impressed with the lifestyle and weather. After her holiday she went back to the UK, and subsequently packed everything up and left the chilly shores of good ol' Blighty in September 1991 for the considerably warmer shores of Perth.

Eric finalised his professional commitments in the UK and flew out to Perth to join Elaine the following year in 1992. In 1994 Eric and Elaine built their own home in Perth, close by to their daughter and husband.



Elaine was much happier in Perth and began studying Education for Ministry, and was encouraged to branch into Chaplaincy which she decided to do. However, Elaine wanted to see more of Australia and in 1999, Eric and Elaine sold their house and travelled around most of Australia for the next couple of years, with Elaine studying at Murdoch University by correspondence during their travelling. After returning to Perth in 2003, it was always Elaine's hope they could both go travelling again, but sadly, Elaine became unwell only one year later in 2004.

Although Elaine's time in Australia was cut short by her illness, Elaine certainly blossomed here. Elaine loved Australia, her life was certainly better, she became a different person as it was a completely different life in every sense of the word. Also an added bonus, Elaine now got to see her much-loved grandsons!

Elaine is remembered by her family as having been very outgoing, very social and a lady who loved birds - especially her magpies. Elaine also loved flower arranging, having previously completed a City and Guilds course in Horticulture, in the UK when in her late 40s.



To summarise, Elaine was a very strong woman, strong-willed and very capable.

Once Elaine had set her mind to something, she just got on with it.

RIP Elaine Heath





## Australian Sikh Heritage Day 2019

Members of our Branch received an invitation from the Sikh Association of W.A. to the Australian Sikh Heritage Remembrance Day at Sikh Heritage Trail, Adenia Park, Riverton, Saturday 2nd March. The invitation was extended to RMPA and BESA members and honours the memory of the late John Parker (BESA President & RMPA member) who had close connections with the Sikh community in W.A. researching and recording the history of the heritage site.

Adenia Park is a Sikh Heritage Site which is registered on the State Register of Heritage Places (Site number 20968). This Site is situated on the banks of the Canning River and was allocated to Sikhs in 1932 following the passing of the Cremation Act 1929.

Last year, the Australian Sikh Heritage Trail has been constructed at this site, showcasing the history of over 150 years of distinct and significant contribution of the Sikh community in shaping the present economic, cultural and social landscape of Australia.

Sikh community commemorates the day by paying tribute to Flying Officer Manmohan Singh who was killed in action during the Broome Bombing in March 1942 and to Sikh pioneer immigrants of Australia.

Those attending were entertained with a programme of acts displaying a range of cultures and the marquees positioned around the park provided information and literature to visitors so that it enabled everyone to appreciate the exhibits which related to the Sikh traditions

which have become an important part of the Western Australian community.



Brian Griffiths & Trevor Margetson with Sikh soldier in WW1 Battledress



Brian Griffiths & Pauline with some traditional warriors





## Brothers

By The Late Len A. Hynds

It was in the year 1944, and we had been at war with Germany since 1939. It would not end until May of the following year, when finally defeated, that country sank to its knees. Very few countries had not been involved, and everywhere had suffered extensive damage, with nearly 55 million people being killed by the end of the war and an untold number injured.

It had been a long hard struggle, but we never doubted that we would win in the end. Every member of my family was involved in this struggle for survival. My father, deaf from the First World War, doing the work of three men. My mother, a nurse, tending wounded soldiers, my eldest sister making shell cases; another in the Red Cross looking after orphans and the youngest sister driving an army ambulance conveying the dead and wounded.

My eldest brother was a prisoner of war in Poland; another taking ammunition convoys to the Canadian front line troops in Holland, whilst yet another was serving on Destroyers fighting the Japanese in the Pacific. We had lost three homes through the constant bombing, and had lived on a near-starvation diet for several years. By lying about my age (telling them I was 15), I had donned the King's uniform in 1942. I had served in three cadet units that were attached to artillery and infantry regiments, and was now a Cadet Sergeant, with lots of practical experience in shooting at the enemy and trying to kill him. All in all I was a very bloodthirsty young man, but my constant training and experiences had made me like this.

Having set the scene for you, I must relate the strangest Christmas Day in my life. Mum had time off to cook a Christmas dinner for just three of us. Nothing so magnificent as a turkey or chicken (probably horsemeat disguised as something else) when my sister Kit ran in saying that she had her ambulance outside and was conveying a previously wounded German soldier from a military hospital to a prisoner of war camp. Mum insisted that she stop for tea and to bring in the German soldier and his guard as well.

I was horrified at the thought of the hated enemy in my own home; somebody from that nation who had nearly destroyed my world and had caused so much heartache and deprivation to my family. I knew that as a prisoner he could not be touched, but I had been trained to kill the enemy on sight, as he had been, and this was going to be a strange experience. I had never been so close to the hated enemy before. Firing the Vickers Twin Heavy Machine Gun on the cliffs at Ramsgate at enemy planes swooping overhead had been impersonal, just a large black machine, with no real thoughts of the man inside.

He came in nervously, with his elderly soldier guard, and was obviously on edge sitting in an English home. What we had left of it, anyway, and I was astonished at how young he was, not a lot older than me! He was wearing this strange uniform and had apparently been captured on our drive towards Arnhem. In fact, he looked an awful lot like my brother Alf, the sailor.

He could speak English and Mum made a fuss of him, giving him large slices of our Christmas cake, the ingredients of which she had been hoarding for some time, and not to be eaten until later that day. He could not understand my mother and sister being so naturally kind to him, although I kept my distance, deliberately avoiding any conversation.

Mum got him speaking of his own mother and he spoke of how the Russian advance was getting very close to her and he was so worried about her. He spoke of his brothers and sisters, and it was like a mirror image of my own family. As I looked at him I realised that he, too, had been indoctrinated from about the age of twelve to kill the enemy on sight and he really was a mirror of me. I found myself astonished that the hated enemy could have a mother he worried about and brothers and sisters. He was obviously overcome with emotion at these strange English people who were treating him as one of their own and who seemed to have forgotten all those dreadful war years. I thought he had tears in his eyes when, as they stood up to go, Mum held his hand and patted it, as only a mother can, and wished him well.

My mother and sister taught me a lot that day. That in every country there are many different sorts of people and, quite frankly, I had been so wrong in my blind hatred of the whole nation. As I nodded goodbye to him, he put out his hand and I shook it. Those eyes looking back at me were so much like my brother's, I instinctively knew that there was empathy between us and the meeting had been a revelation to us both.

*In today's climate of world affairs, we desperately need to learn this, Len.....Ed.*





# The Magical Longbow

## Part One of a Story from John Redman

For many years I only shot in the English Longbow, and competed in indoor and outdoor target events, field shoots, bow hunted in many parts of the world, was a bow hunting guide here in New Zealand, and pursued my favourite event, which is clout, or long distance shooting. As a long-term, and avid student of history it was only natural that I embarked on a never-ending investigation of the longbow in both war and peace. To this end I read everything I could buy, beg or borrow on the longbow and I spent many long hours visiting, talking, and learning from traditional bowyers in a number of countries. At one time I owned a total of 33 handcrafted English longbows, and even today still own 4 of them.

I finally stopped shooting regularly in the Longbow in 2006, but it still remains deeply a part of me and I really don't need much of an excuse to talk about the Magical Longbow.

### PART ONE

A series of articles on an old weapon of war, a sporting weapon, a bow of wood, a bow of tradition, a true "crooked stick". (England were just a fling, but for the crooked stick and the grey goose wing = 14th century English ballad).

The term Longbow means exactly what it implies, i.e., a bow made long in length as opposed to a bow made short between the nocks.

Over the centuries however it has become a term to describe a particular type of bow, one traditionally made, with a "stacked" belly, fashioned only of wood with all its surfaces being convex in shape, which might, or might not, have horn nocks. Add to this the fact that the arrows shot from this bow are made of wood and fletched with natural feathers and must be shot off the bowhand, and not a built in shelf, and you now have a rough idea of the type of longbow which has been shot over the past 900 years. I have shot such a bow for many years, and it is descended from medieval wooden bows that described a near semicircle when drawn and which sent massive volumes of arrows with such appalling and destructive force that enemies spoke of "arrows falling so thick that they seemed to be as numerous as snowflakes".

To get back, in a historical sense, to the recent beginnings of the longbow, it has been known for some time that the deeply stacked longbow was in use in Northern Europe during the first three centuries AD. In fact when the tribes of Northern Germany repulsed the might of Roman Legions along the banks of the River Rhine in the year 354 AD they used long bows made of yew wood.

The Danes ruled the North of England from AD 876 until AD954 and in AD 870 they invaded what is modern East Anglia and defeated its King Edmund, who they killed by tying him to a tree and shooting him to death with arrows. A quite detailed illustration of this is held in the British Museum and it can be plainly seen that the Danes are using longbows. And by the way Saint Edmund is now the patron saint of archers.



&gt;&gt;&gt;

When William the Conqueror invaded England in AD 1066 he had with him a large body of experienced archers and they were used fairly effectively in the battle. The Bayeux Tapestry, which was completed some 11 years after the conquest, shows a number of interesting facts. Norman archers are shown shooting longbows, but they are only being pulled to the chest and not the face, and the only English archer shown is holding a short bow. Another is that the Tapestry shows what appears to be the English King Harold being struck in the eye by a Norman arrow, which allegedly killed him.

Not many people realise that 18 days before the Battle of Hastings, King Harold had met and defeated an army of Norse invaders at Stamford Bridge in Yorkshire, and during the battle, an English arrow through the throat killed Gormund the Danish king. Following the defeat of the Norsemen, and warned of the invasion by William, King Harold force-marched his troops the 250 miles south to contest William. This was no mean feat for any large army, particularly when one considers that the only road they could use was one built by the Romans some 800 years before and most of the original stones had been removed anyway.

After the conquest, the Normans continued to use, and develop the longbow and in AD 1138 near Northallerton in Yorkshire, King Stephen defeated a large Scottish army by using his bowmen to annihilate Scottish infantry just as they were about to break through the English lines. During the reign of Henry 11, English/Norman forces using longbowmen in large numbers conquered Ireland. The Earl of Pembroke, known as "Strongbow" led the victorious forces and it is said that he had earned himself that nickname because he drew the strongest bow in his native Welsh homeland.

By the end of the 12th century, Welsh archers had gained a fearsome reputation as longbow shooters. A contemporary account written by a certain Gerald de Berri, or Gerald the Welshman, still exists in which he wrote that during the Siege of Abergavenny Castle in AD 1182, Welsh Archers surprised two English soldiers who were outside the castle walls. The English soldiers ran taking refuge in one of the towers, and arrows shot at them by the Welsh struck the solid oak door of the tower and penetrated an incredible four inches! Amazing when you think that at that time the Welsh shot rough, unevenly shaped longbows made of wild elm.



Is there anyone who has not heard of Robin Hood and His Merry band living in Sherwood Forrest? We all know tales of them constantly outwitting the Sheriff of Nottingham and outshooting the combined forces of the Sheriff, King John and Sir Guy of Gisborne. Even today, we modern archers, refer to the act of shooting an arrow into the nock end of one already in the target as a "Robin Hood" shot. It seems certain that somewhere between the years AD 1160 and AD 1247 a man did indeed become an outlaw, that he was a skilled archer, and that he and his men did fight against a harsh Anglo/Norman authority. Above all, Robin and his men would have used traditional longbows fashioned from English yew or ash. Well that's enough for this edition, in the next; I'll discuss the pinnacle of the English longbow in war and will describe in detail the main battles.

# Memories of a Special Mate

## Vale article on John Hugh (Jock) Dey.

by Brian Griffiths

Some of our more longer term members will remember the visit to Perth of John (Jock) Dey in 2006 who attended the Remembrance Day parade and service at St Georges Cathedral.

One of the first articles the then newly formed RMPA Western Australia Branch had penned for the RMP Journal contained the following excerpt:

“We commenced activities as our own Branch with hosting a special visitor, SSgt John Dey RMP from Livingstone, Scotland who was in Australia for his son’s wedding.



Whilst visiting Perth, John also took advantage of parading with members for the Remembrance Day Parade held on Sunday 12 November 2006. This parade was organised by the United Kingdom Ex Services Federation.”

John Dey was my close friend and had remained so over all the years from when we first served together in Belfast, Northern Ireland from 1973 to 1974 at the height of ‘the troubles’. John visited Australia during 2006 as ‘best man’ for his son’s wedding in the eastern states, he also made a week’s detour to Perth to spend time with our family. John was very proud of his Scottish heritage and it was no surprise for John to wear his kilt on special occasions.



John Hugh Dey was born on 7 January 1950 and trained as a motor mechanic in the Scottish Borders area before joining the RMP in 1968. He trained at the RMP Depot & Training Establishment, Chichester and given the regimental number 24116977.

A summary of his comprehensive service details are that after completing RMP training in 1968, John was posted to 247 Pro Coy RMP in Berlin where he performed duties in the divided city during the period of the cold war. In 1971 he was posted for a short period to 48 Gurkha Bde Pro Unit RMP in the New Territories of Hong Kong, then later returned to UK where he served in Colchester. In 1972 John was posted to Northern Ireland where he served until 1975 after which he was posted to Detmold (BAOR). In 1976 John was posted to Catterick, UK until 1978 when he was posted to the permanent staff at the RMP Training Centre, Chichester. John was later posted to Edinburgh in 1982 and then on to Osnabruck (BAOR) in 1985 where he served until 1988.



&gt;&gt;&gt;

In 1988 John returned to the RMP Training Centre in Chichester where he served until 1990. John was later posted to Edinburgh where he served for a number of years until his retirement at the rank of SSgt (PSI) and was awarded the LSGC medal. After his full-time Army retirement, John remained for further years in a civilianised position with the RMP T&AVR (NRPS CQMS) in Edinburgh.

I first met John in 1973 when I commenced service with 180 Pro Coy RMP billeted in Aldergrove outside of Belfast. We served together until my own discharge later in 1974 with our duties mainly supplementing the RUC staff at the Strandtown and Mt Pottinger Police Stations in Belfast where we worked the same long shifts together on the RUC police rosters.

My memories of John Dey in Northern Ireland were that he was the ideal friend and work partner one could possibly wish for. The work was challenging, often confronting difficult and dangerous situations and dealing with victims of sectarian violence. He was not afraid of confronting these situations and proved absolutely solid and reliable. We worked well together with absolute trust between us - and this became the start of a lifelong friendship.

Despite the grim reality of that era, there were some pleasant memories of Northern Ireland. For example, I remember John once having been granted a couple of days special leave back home from Belfast for the birth of his daughter, Angela. On his return I saw he had a suitcase with him and he refused to divulge its contents until we attended Strandtown Police Station for the night shift. After a closed door discussion by John with the RUC Sgt in Charge of the shift, the door was opened and all the RUC night shift staff were summoned into the Sergeant's office. The suitcase was opened with great fanfare and saw it was full of Newcastle Brown Ale bottles. The RUC Sergeant had agreed for John to "wet the baby's head" which we all did before being dispersed to our duties. Newcastle Brown Ale was then John's favourite beer, and it introduced me to what became my own lifelong love of this unique beer!

After leaving the RMP, I remained in regular contact with John. Indeed, right up to the time I was finalising my emigration to Australia in 1975, John would occasionally phone me at home and try hard to persuade me to re-enlist and go back over there - even claiming he had 'fixed it' with the bosses that we would work together again! However, I stayed firm to my resolve as I could not see long term career prospects remaining as a 'redcap'. I was determined to move on with my life and experience a civilian policing career in Australia.



Over later years, my wife and I visited John during family trips back to the UK and often stayed with John and his first wife Irene, then in later years with his second wife Rose. John had visited Australia once in 2006 where he took time to fly over from the east coast to Perth for a week to stay with my family.

&gt;&gt;&gt;

I believe John and Rose became a perfect match. Both had made a transition from tragedy in losing their first spouses to terminal illnesses.

To conclude my story, some important factors most coincidentally came into play in August 2005 at the time whilst I was visiting my family in the UK. John Dey had contacted me and arranged to drive down from Edinburgh to Oxfordshire to visit. We then decided to drive down to Chichester together to attend the closing ceremonies of the RMP Training Centre.



In the Sergeants Mess at Chichester we came across Rose and other former colleagues from past RMP service. I found that both John and Rose had known each other back from their Berlin days in 1968 where Rose had married her first husband; and furthermore, I had later known Rose and her first husband during my

own later service in the New Territories of Hong Kong.

This chance meeting in Chichester became the start of a blossoming romance between John and Rose, and led to a second marriage for them both.

When John skyped me only a couple of months ago to tell me he had terminal cancer, it was a great shock. He had always seemed 'larger than life' and indestructible. I am told he bore his condition bravely and without complaint to the end. John peacefully passed away in hospital on his 69th birthday on 7 January 2019.

John is survived by his second wife Rose, daughter Angela and son Ian.

## Member's News

"We have recently heard from our intrepid member Ron Warden, now domiciled back in the UK who advises us he is still keeping busy and trying to keep out of mischief. Ron is the local RBL representative at this year's annual conference and also takes time to visit the RMP detachment at the local Barracks. When Ron is not busy with his ex-service commitments, Ron will shortly be taking over running the Management Company of the small complex in which he now resides.

Ron says he has a few health issues, but hopefully nothing too serious. He is also getting involved in work with members of armed forces and their families getting timely health care, as there are not nearly enough MO's available to treat them. It seems a wait in excess of 30 days to see a medical orderly, let alone a Doctor (MO) is not uncommon.

We are indeed fortunate having many members in our Branch who elect to be actively engaged in the community despite having experienced adversity in one form or another, yet are still leading busy and productive lives. An excellent example of the modern term often used here in Australia, 'positive ageing'!

Great to hear from you Ron". *Exemplo Ducemus.*





## February Lunch Meeting

Our February Lunch meeting brought many of us together in the new surroundings at Bullcreek RAAFA, due to the ongoing renovations in the area we had become used to. After some shuffling around we fitted in quite well and conducted our business as usual and the inevitable yarns and banter. We acknowledged the losses we have suffered with parted members to date this year.



Brian Griffiths & Bill Dodds



Pat & Ken Dodds



Geoff & Sheila Wilkins



Maureen with Eric Heath



Gordon Parke, Peter Lincoln MBE  
with Brian Griffiths



Rev. David Noble & Norma



Bryan Edwards & Trevor Margetson



Pauline & Brian Griffiths



**Winner!!**

Our options for raising funds are limited but there is always enthusiasm for our raffles and that relates not only to win but in bringing some excellent prizes to entice the sale of tickets. It was unfortunate that prior to the draw Bill Dodds had a previous commitment and had to entrust any winning ticket he might have had to a reliable person to select on his behalf. We trust Bill will be kept well amused at times of contemplation with his prize of a novelty toilet roll enabling him to play a range of puzzles when he is able to sit down and concentrate. We are sure he also will congratulate himself in contributing to the \$110.00 raised.



# Notices - Welfare, Publications, Branch Activities



**Branch Welfare**  
Our branch offers welfare support to members.

Confidential enquiries for assistance can be made through The Chairman, Branch Secretary or direct to

Rev. David Noble (08) 9398 7296,  
email:

[thenobles@westnet.com.au](mailto:thenobles@westnet.com.au)

Ann Page (08) 9291 6670,  
email:

[ann.page@bigpond.com.au](mailto:ann.page@bigpond.com.au)



## Calendar of local events – 2019

- Thursday 25 April 2019 - ANZAC Day Parade, Perth  
Lunch venue after parade - Miss Maud's  
97 Murray Street Perth  
(Booking with Eric Heath essential)
- Fri. 21 June 2019 – RMPA lunch  
at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek
- Fri. 23 August 2019 – RMPA lunch  
at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek
- Fri. 11 October 2019 – Branch Annual Dinner  
at RAAFA Club Bullcreek
- Fri. 6 December 2019 – RMPA Christmas lunch  
at RAAFA Club, Bullcreek

*Please note for this, and all future RMPA lunches, the restaurant at RAAFA Bullcreek is now located in the building on the left hand side as you go through the main gate (the old admin block).*



Each month end we are keen to receive the Old Comrades Newsletter. Bob Eggleton puts a lot of work into it to make it that good but he needs your support. He has an extensive range of contacts and the accounts from those we served with make very interesting reading.

**But wait there's more!!!**

**Bob now produces a Supplement Newsletter which should not be missed.**

This free service is available to you by contacting Bob,

Email: [joybob@btinternet.com](mailto:joybob@btinternet.com) for your copy or our Secretary Eric Heath will send you an application form.



Members are advised the branch receives each edition of The Royal Military Police Journal and it is made available on request. Should any member be interested in reading current or back issues of the journal, a request to our Secretary Eric Heath is all it needs. The Journal is sent free of charge within Australia and you pay the return postage. The Journal keeps us abreast of the current changes and news of the RMP units, RMPA branches and Births, Marriages & Deaths. Your personal copy can be ordered from RHQ shop by entering into your browser this link.

<http://www.rhqrmmp.org>



## John Campbell Dale Warren Australian Imperial Force World War 1 Record



John Campbell Dale Warren was always referred to as 'Campbell' since his father was also named John Campbell but to reduce confusion was called 'Jack'. Now that is cleared up we can begin to relate the World War 1 experiences of Campbell. He was born in Adelaide in 1896 and was the first of six children to Jack and Lillie Warren.

Four of the Warren brothers were pioneers in the East Kattanning district in Western Australia, which was where Campbell grew up on a property known as "Dyliabing". As a teenager he was sent to Adelaide and attended St. Peters College there. The farm in W.A. experienced some poor seasons so Campbell had to return home to work on the farm.

At the age of twenty in June 1917, he enlisted in the 16th Battalion and commenced training at Blackboy Hill near Perth prior to embarking from Sydney in August to begin further training in England. About this time he met and became friends with Edward (Ted) Tilley from West Perth. It is reported that he experienced considerable sickness around this time. He was part of the reinforcements for the Battalion sent to France in February 1918.

He was involved in taking supplies up to the front line although his first action was a night raid on the German's Pear Trench just south west of the village of Le Hamel on the 16th June. His next action on 14th July was in the battle of Hamel in which his unit were tasked with clearing Vaise Wood, south of the village and after holding the position were allowed three weeks of rest near Amiens. He was a 'runner' in the next advance (not a bad job, he wrote) as the Australians moved forward to beyond the village of Harbonniere. The battalion moved south on 14th August and camped in bivouacs in the fields around three villages.

Campbell had the opportunity to take some leave and with his friend Tilley took bicycles to travel out of the Australian zone to Cayeux. It was on 15th August they slept in a cellar of a small cottage near to a railroad crossing at Guillaucourt, which housed the Orderly Room in the cellar - temporarily the Australian Corps Headquarters.

The next day German shelling began on the area with the aim to destroy a huge ammunition dump they had earlier abandoned close to the railroad crossing. The last shell of the day landed on the cottage where five Australians sheltered. The three other Australians were Sgt. Bull, Cpl. Cuttmore and Pte. Cobbe. Tilley was unhurt but three were killed including Campbell, Cpl. Cuttmore was seriously injured. Campbell was buried at Heath Cemetery in Harbonniere, France (plot 6, row G, grave 17). He was awarded The British War Medal and the Victory Medal for his service.

It was by chance a Red Cross friend of Lillie Warren was able to receive these details and an account from Tilley of the time he and Campbell spent together.

Jack Warren was devastated by the loss of his eldest son and devoted himself to financing and building a church commemorating Campbell and several other



relatives which included one killed in the Boer War. The building constructed of local stone and shingled roof in the neo-gothic style was completed in the mid 1920s. A Consecration and Dedication Service on Saturday 16th September 1922 with the church being dedicated to The Church of England by his Grace, the Archbishop of Perth.



St. Peters Church Badgebup

picture Wikipedia

&gt;&gt;&gt;

The history of the building of this beautiful little church is well known to the district, but the tale is one that bears repeating, as in it is involved a unique and pathetic commemoration of a dead soldier and the eldest son of an old family well known in the annals of this State and that of South Australia.

When the news came through that John Campbell Dale Warren had paid the supreme sacrifice of loyalty and devotion to his country the blow was felt as great as human nature could stand, but his parents, Mr John Campbell and Mrs Lillie May Warren, of Dylabing, quietly readjusted their outlook on life and, instead of giving way to useless grief, sought a means of perpetuating the memory of their dead boy and, at the same time, of commemorating the brave deeds and willing sacrifice of many other of his friends and companions in the district. This work took the shape of the present edifice of St. Peter's, which has been built entirely by the Warren family, and in that respect as a war memorial stands alone in this State.

Warren, Cobbe and Bull are buried alongside each other at Heath Cemetery (British) after having been initially been buried in a small cemetery just outside Guillauco

*Pte. Campbell Warren Pte. George Cobbe Sgt. William Bull*



The memorial poppies were knitted by Ruth Tilley and placed by Peter Tilley on 2 July 2018

The cemetery register lists all three as being from the 16th Battalion having been killed in action on 16th Aug.1918

#### HEATH CEMETERY PICARDIE, FRANCE.

7837 Private JCD Warren age 21 – Son of J C Warren and Lille May Dale of Dylabing. Born at Woodvale Western Australia. Grave reference V1. G. 17.

5435 Private G Cobbe age 20 – Son of Tom and Ellen Cobbe 57 Rushton St. Victoria Park, Western Australia. Born England. Grave reference V1. G. 18.

2628/A Serjeant W Bull age 21– Son of William and Elizabeth Bull 94 McCleery St Beaconsfield Western Australia. Born at Fremantle WA. Grave reference V1. G. 19.

The Australian War Memorial. The panel on the left reads:

“When the Australians came to France the French people expected a great deal of you...

We knew that you would fight a real fight, but we did not know that from the very beginning you would astonish the whole continent... I shall go back tomorrow and say to my countrymen...I have seen the Australians. I have looked in their faces. I know these men will fight alongside of us again until the cause for which we are all fighting is safe for us and for our children”.



French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau  
7 July 1918

&gt;&gt;&gt;



>>>

## 100 Year Commemoration of The Battle of Hamel

On 4 July 2018 a 100 year commemoration ceremony was held at the Australian Corps Memorial at Wolfsberg Heights above the Le Hamel village as part of the Western Front Centenary. Peter and Ruth Tilley attended and Peter laid a sheath of knitted red poppies prepared by Ruth on behalf of Ted.



### *Lest We Forget*

*P E Tilley on behalf of grandfather ESG Tilley*

*16 Btn 4 Brig 4 Div AIF*

*in memory of W Bull, G Cobbe and JCD Warren*





## Vale - Les Fryer

It is my sad duty to notify all members of the sudden death of Les Fryer, an honorary branch member, a good friend and past RMP colleague of Eric Heath. Eric has advised that Les had passed away in his sleep on 10 March 2019 during a Caribbean cruise. Les joined the RMP and commenced training at Inkerman Barracks, Woking on 30 April 1958 where he was given regimental number 23657515. Les remained in Woking until 28 November 1958.



Eric Heath and Les Fryer



Eric & Les (Picture used as a recruitment photo in the late '50s)

On 29 November 1958 Les was posted to 2 Div Pro Unit RMP, Bunde/Lubbecke in BAOR where he served until 2 January 1964. From 3 January 1964 to 14 February 1966 Les served as an instructor at Yorkshire District Pro Coy (TA) in Leeds, UK. From 15 February 1966 until 3 March 1967 served at 20 Armd Bde Pro Coy RMP in BAOR. From 4 March 1967 Les served at the RMP Depot & Training Establishment in Chichester, UK until his discharge on 29 April 1967.

Les was a committed member of the Royal Military Police Association and held full



membership of his beloved RMPA West Yorkshire Branch where he was an active member.

In 2007 Les

also take on honorary branch membership of RMPA Western Australia Branch and followed the development of our Branch with great interest.

Les made good on his long intended trip to visit Eric in Western Australia and visited Perth in 2012 where he participated with members in the Anzac Day Parade.



Brian Griffiths  
Branch Chairman  
RMPA Western Australia Branch



So much has happened since our last newsletter. On the weather front we've had records broken, heat, drought, rainfall etc. etc. "The hottest for over 100 years", they say without telling us if anyone stood up and said at the time "It's global warming"

On the other hand news reports continue to bring us the comedy of Brexit and on the ratings certainly challenges the ever popular "Yes, Minister".

Around Australia there has been severe bushfires and storms with many homes lost and floods causing damage to other susceptible areas. That's Australia, we wouldn't trade it for anywhere else. Here in Western Australia we have the best of all worlds and a state so big that we can experience the cool of the South with vineyards, surf coasts, forests and farming land, a tourist's delight within 400 klms of Perth. If you like heat and looking for 45c+ go North and 3000 klms see the gorges and national parks and beaches like no other in the world.

As a Branch we've been busy this summer. Uppermost in our minds are those we have lost. We've attended more than our share of funerals and send offs and we are left with the beautiful memories of some wonderful people who have shared our path through life and some have experienced similar Royal Military Police service. Most of our age group served the life turning stint at Inkerman Barracks and anyone who did will admit readily that it was a huge punctuation mark in their development as a person.

Each edition of our Newsletter uncovers some previously unknown accounts of the service and experiences our members have encountered. If we haven't heard yours then send it to me and let's refresh the memories of your mates and colleagues of the time you spent together. We don't need to rely on the vicar or celebrant to skim through your life as they wheel you away. I've always said "There's only a few of us good ones left", It is painfully obvious now there are even fewer.

Royal Military Police service ensured we saw trouble spots throughout the world and I believe it's a pity a good proportion of those places still find peace illusive. This was brought home again to us with the attack 'across the ditch' in Christchurch, New Zealand where we saw hatred at its futile worst. I receive, like many people, emails which attempt to stir racist prejudice - I don't forward them and I encourage all to delete them and for you to request your sender to desist.

It's been a pleasure to work with those contributing to our Newsletter from all parts of the world and I can only hope this support continues to fill the pages of our June edition.

*Best Wishes to all*

*Trevor Margetson Editor*



## Exemplo Ducemus By Example Shall We Lead



### Your Office Bearers

Title	Name	Email	Telephone
Chairman	Brian Griffiths	bgri0940@bigpond.net.au	(08)9300 1551
Secretary	Eric Heath	eric.heath@bigpond.com	(08)9291 8962
Treasurer	Trevor Margetson	redcaps24.aust@gmail.com	0408 010 338
Welfare Officer	Rev. David Noble	thenobles@westnet.com.au	(08)9291 8962
Standard Bearer	Bill Dodds	wdodds@iinet.net.au	(08)9581 6619