

THE POSTHORN

ISSUE NUMBER 16

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Inside this issue:

<i>Fateful Decisions</i>	2
<i>Donald Cooper</i>	2
<i>Peter Dickson</i>	2
<i>PCS Branch Committee</i>	3
<i>Web Site Details</i>	3
<i>Subscriptions</i>	3
<i>Posh Postings</i>	3
<i>Ted Wolton</i>	4
<i>Life Association Member</i>	4
<i>Vic Matthews</i>	5
<i>New Members</i>	5
<i>Alan Davies</i>	6
<i>Group Photograph</i>	6
<i>Jim Steer's Details</i>	7
<i>Membership Eligibility</i>	7
<i>Major John Corrigan</i>	8
<i>Membership List</i>	9/10

PCS REUNION 2006

The Norbreck Hotel

Blackpool

17th - 20th March 2006

WE ARE RETURNING to Blackpool for our reunion over the weekend 17 - 20 March 2006 and I have recently received from the Norbreck Castle Hotel an amended booking form which includes non resident diners. For those of you who live locally or are staying elsewhere and intend to come to the dinner only you must complete one of these amended forms and send to the Hotel or you will not get a dinner. The cost is £19.00 per person. If you require a form please send me a long stamped addressed envelope and I will return to you as soon as possible.

Accommodation allocated to us is as follows:-

100	Double/twin rooms
20	Single Rooms

Rates:

£119.00 per person inclusive of three night package dinner, bed and breakfast

£89.00 per person inclusive of two night package dinner, bed and breakfast.

(Continued on page 6)

NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

IN RESPONSE TO Larry Peacock bringing up the subject of the NMA and the Corps plot at our AGM this year, I have received information that the centre piece of the Corps of Royal Engineers plot at the NMA will consist of large pieces of Falkland Island rock to commemorate one of the significant wars of the last century.

The Rock has been donated by the Falkland Island Government and has arrived at Chatham. The Corps cap badge will be placed on inscribed onto the rock. It is hoped to achieve this by the end of the year and to have an official opening in April 2006.

Jim Steer



Jim Steer
Secretary

FATEFUL DECISIONS

IT'S LATE SUMMER, 1963, and I am in Bahrain with det 261 P.U.R.E, fed up of endless sweating, boozing, sand and lack of decent female company. I tell my boss Lt Payne that I wish to return to the bosom of my family in Salford. In other words I sign to be released as of my 6th year (1964).

On arriving at Mill Hill in November 1963, freezing cold and miserable, I am put to work as a courier and semi permanent guard commander, not for too long as my normal BD is now too small and has trouble covering my boozy belly, a consequence of two year's neglect and over indulgence in the gulf area.

I am then given the duty of NCO i/c tick (checking incoming mail), much to the disgust of the WRAC girls who managed very well

prior to my arrival. This must be the pits of all duties second only to counting empty mailbags. If it wasn't



for the girls I would have cheerfully done a bunk!!!

I asked for a pre release course, driving lessons, but was turned down as my presence was needed in the depot (a likely story).

All attempts of escape failed

and I was doomed to twelve months of Mill Hill life. I even tried playing football to gain favours but that too foundered as I was rubbish and continually falling over my own feet, probably because I couldn't see them!

How I survived is the only good thing to come out of my final posting...I met Joan Stevenson - actually we had a blazing row in the canteen over the best way to open a mailbag.

Sad eh! However we soon put this dispute aside (I gave in) and became friends and eventually we married.

I "got out", and have spent the last forty odd years arguing about who really runs the posties. She is still winning.

Ailin Alan

Donald Cooper writes regarding issue 12 of The Posthorn under heading

Fancy that

IT OCCURRED ON a Friday evening, at the time I was a Sgt serving at HQ AFCS (Room 4 Northumberland House). The Corporal, who was the Scotco courier for that particular courier run, was attending a wedding on the Saturday and asked if it was possible, if their was no mail to go to, or return from

Scottish Command, for the seat on the fateful flight to be cancelled.

I contacted HQ DPCC (or was it DAPS then?) with the Corporal's request and the wheels were, luckily, put in motion. Scotco and the Scottish Office (London) agreed to confirm to me at a given time if no mail was required to be carried. The Corporal, I cannot now remember his name, reported to me at HQ AFCS, at about 17.30hrs, and I telephoned Scotco and The Scottish Office at the

appropriate time and received the good news that no mail was awaiting forward or return despatch.

A very happy, and subsequent lucky, Corporal returned to Mill Hill and travelled safely to the aforementioned wedding.

The aircraft in question crashed whilst attempting to land at Heathrow (London Airport) at around midnight on the Friday; all passengers and crew were killed.

A very lucky person indeed!

Peter Dickson writes..... *I thought that the following may be of interest to other members of the branch.*

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1970 I had a letter from Captain AW Tarbett at the MOD, on notepaper headed Director of Postal and Courier Communications, First Avenue House, High Holborn, London WC1 6HE. The letter reads:

"...thank you for your letter of 16 September

1970 in response to my recent article in the "Post". I shall not be in a position to say whether an All Ranks Association will be formed until I have been able to evaluate the response to the various articles which have appeared and will appear in the various Post Office Staff Publications. I will be in touch again when I have more detailed information. AW Tarbett."

I never heard anything more about the "Association". Did anyone else reply to an article in the GPO staff publication? Did it get started or just fade away?

Peter can be contacted through the Branch Secretary.

Membership

Notice:

WE HAVE A total of 45 members who are classed as non-active and do not receive our newsletter. We cannot afford to carry members who are not contributing to the running of the branch.

Jim Steer

Posh Postings

CLIFF FRY FROM Swansea recalled working there on night duty. He was ordered to wear gym shoes to creep back to his billet in nearby Belgrave Square so as not to disturb the beauty sleep of the local residents, who at one time included Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery.

A lot of people remembered being given instructions never to march to and from work at the HPD - probably because they had been trained endlessly to march everywhere else.

Reg Chappie from Kingsbridge recalls being ordered to 'walk in an orderly and smart manner'. Why? Because marching in the capital was a prerogative granted only to certain regiments, he was told.

On the other hand, Stan Whitcombe from Bexhill says he was told that walking was acceptable for individuals, but groups of six or more were expected to form up into a column as they passed Wellington Barracks and turn eyes smartly right to salute the flag.

Colin 'Sapper' Webb from Worthing had an altogether more unnerving memory. He was sauntering across Horse Guards in the required fashion one morning en route to visit the Medical Officer to get his jabs prior to being shipped off to Egypt, when he noticed some troopers on horseback.

'Then I heard a voice shout: Trooper! Well, I took no notice, because I was a Sapper. Next thing I know someone is shouting 'stop that man' and I'm being grabbed by two soldiers and marched over to an officer sitting on his horse.'

Mr Webb got 14 days 'confined to barracks' for walking through the middle of a Horse Guards parade.

But not everyone worked at the postal depot at 197 Knightsbridge and faced the same hazards.

Ivor Rickwood from Norwich was posted to the headquarters of the Middlesex Regiment at Mill Hill, which has been the main centre for all military postal services for the last few decades.

Like other National Servicemen with a post office background, he spent his allotted two years with the Royal Engineers Postal Service (REPS). 'We were known, unkindly, as the date stamp fusiliers,' remembers Mr Rickwood.

His service coincided with real conflicts in Korea and Malaya and imagined ones in the Cold War. He was never required to fire a shot in anger. 'But we had to down tools, pick up weapons and repel a Soviet invasion during exercises.

'As a simple lad from Norfolk I enjoyed all the attractions of London and quickly learned the ways of the world. I've always been grateful for those two years. They changed my life, he says.

Olive Rennie from Kingston on Thames also remembers her service in London with affection. She had been posted there from a gun battery outside Cardiff in 1945, and discovered a sweet shop which still had shelves piled with stock. 'I had 2oz of this and 2oz of that and the poor woman had to keep climbing up and down the shelves on a step-

ladder to reach the glass jars. I can still remember the taste of the sweets,' says Olive. She was billeted in a mansion in Park Lane, where a ballroom had been turned into a canteen. She remembers the walls being lined with crimson damask.

Other readers remember being lodged in Belgrave Square, Eaton Place, Lennox Gardens and Egerton Gardens.

Oswald Roberts from Pwllheli found himself living at 96 Eaton Square next door to the Spanish Embassy. 'It

Article from *UNITE*

(Issue 333 June 2005)

by **Lee Wilson**

PCS Branch Committee

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Maj (Retired) Chris Connaughton RE

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Mr Rod Norman, Mr Ray Fenn
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Web Site

www.pcsbranch.co.uk

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Simon Fenwick

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Subscriptions

£5 per year. Please make cheques payable to:

PCS Branch

And return to me

Thanks

Jim



3 Belgrave Square - home from home for soldiers
From the Home Postal Depot

(Continued on page 7)

Ted Wolton writes of an experience that occurred whilst serving in Thailand in 1964 and 1965...

DURING THE TIME that I served in Thailand, a squadron of Royal Engineers were building an airfield in the north east of that wonderful country, spoilt now by grand holiday tours and hotels.

My task at that time was to supervise the running of two FPO's, one in Bangkok and the other at the airfield site.

Having booked my sleeper on the train as the journey would take all night. I was admiring the sunset over Bangkok station, when I was aware of a strong fishy smell, but thought little of it because the fish market was quite near to where the train was standing. Hearing a shuffling noise behind me, I turned and was greeted by the most evil grin that I can remember. Standing in the doorway of my compartment was the reason for the stench, whereas the Thai people are an extremely clean and tidy race, this man was the other extreme.

I WOULD LIKE TO express my thanks to Mick Mulley, an associate member, who is the editor of our newsletter and spends a lot of his spare time ensuring that we have an interesting paper to read. Without his support this newsletter would not exist. Thank you Mick.

Jim Steer

With very few words of Thai at my command I started to push him out of my compartment, his expression changed dramatically and he thrust a ticket and compartment reservation under my nose. I saw the numbers were similar to mine and his hostile expression stopped me dead in my tracks. I eyed the gutting knife which was stuck blatantly from the top of his trouser waist band and thought discretion was the better part of valour.

We decided by sign language that I would sleep on the top bunk; at the time I thought this was a good choice. I opened the small window to

try and get rid of some of the smell. My travelling companion at once settled down in his bunk and fell fast asleep.

The pangs of hunger were gnawing, so I decided to find what passes as a buffet car, to have a meal. a few beers to try and delay my return to the sleeping compartment.

The buffet car, which comprised of rough wooden benches and stained wooden tables, was situated in the next carriage. To my delight I found two more English men who were part of the UK Voluntary Service on there way to a teaching job in the far north of Thailand. We fed very well on a huge plate of boiled and fried rice, crispy vegetables and a small amount of stringy chicken, the local beer washed it down rather well.

Whilst we were enjoying our rest and engaged in good conversation, I noticed a very harassed train guard come running through the buffet car complete with stirrup pump and some evil smelling liquid in a large bucket. He was complaining bitterly; in broken English that some foreign devil had left the window open in one of the sleeping compartments and all the insects in Thailand had entered.

I finished my beer, looked nonchalantly around, bade goodnight to my dinner companions and beat a hasty retreat back to my compartment. I came face to face with "the smell"; if looks could kill he wouldn't have needed that knife which could be seen in his trouser band. He roughly pushed past me and disappeared into the buffet car.

The fumigation only took a few minutes, but the smell was twice as bad. The guard slammed the window shut and left me in no doubt what would happen if I opened it again. Fully clothed I climbed into my bunk, pulled a very thin blanket over me and pretended to be asleep when my travelling companion came back. He fell asleep instantly and his snores were then another factor in what I knew was going to be a long

night. Hour after hour the train rumbled through the night, not daring to move, in case I disturbed the thing in the lower bunk, I endured the worst night of my life.

The sun coming up over the horizon was a most welcome sight, and we were nearly into the station of Ubon, my companion was still asleep so I slid off my bunk very quietly and made my way to the guards van to see how the railway dealt with the Forces Mail. I watched as all the mail was loaded onto a Land Rover and was about to bid the train guard farewell, when there was a loud shout.

I turned to see my overnight companion hurrying towards me. I noticed that he had one hand behind his back and that the knife had disappeared. I looked for a place to run but various railway trolleys blocked my path. His face broke into that evil grin, his hand came from behind his back and he thrust a large bottle of cold beer into my fear stricken face, grabbed my hand and said, "Cheerio". He then disappeared into the crowd without a backward glance, but laughing fit to burst.

Sgt Ted Wolton (1964 – 65)

Important Notice:

IF YOU do not send me any articles to put into this newsletter there is a chance that it will cease to be published.

We get about three contributors each time and this clearly is not enough. The Guest Book on the web site is quite busy with your comments but not everyone has a computer. There are so many of you out there, young and old, so start sending me some 'interesting' stories to make a newsletter worth while.

Thank you

Jim Steer

Vic Matthews a regular contributor to this Newsletter writes.....

Herford Germany Head Postal Depot BAOR 40 December 1954

I WAS ON DUTY in "Bag Control" at 2200hrs. One of the night duties in those times was despatching UK packets and parcels which were sent surface mail.

The bags were first sorted into destinations then over labelled to Birmingham where they underwent a customs check. The usual procedure was to load them onto three Bedford "square nosed" trucks with a sapper riding "shotgun" on the back of each truck and Cpl Spud Murphy in the passenger seat of the leading vehicle, we departed Herford en-route to the railway sidings at Osnabruck to transfer the mail onto a train.

On this particular night the rain was very heavy with a gusting wind that knocked you sideways. As it was getting nearer to Christmas the volume of mail was in excess of what we normally carried so it was decided to add an extra truck to the convoy and I was detailed to ride "shotgun". I had been looking forward to my break in the mess hall as the duty cook, a German civvy

cooked your meal to order. My order would have been double egg, chips, ham off the bone, thick sliced bread, mug of tea, and several games of poker with some mates.

Having finally loaded the trucks we set off at three minute intervals with Cpl Murphy in the lead truck. I'm on the back of the last truck squashed in amongst the mail and totally cheesed off. After a considerable distance in the foul night I become aware that the canvas canopy over my head was loose, sagging down and filling with water, so I amused myself by pushing the bulge up every so often so that the water gushed over the sides. We arrive at Osnabruck railway sidings and proceed to load the mail onto the train pack wagons. When this is completed we take a short break in the station's Bier Keller to dry out and have a snack.

As the trucks are returning to Herford empty, the mail guards are permitted to ride back in the cabs with the drivers except me as my truck was last in, its the first out which meant Cpl Murphy had the front seat! Not to worry as there were bundles of empty mail bags piled in the back. I soon drifted off to sleep with the swaying of the truck and the drone of the engine. I awoke after a while as I felt rain on my face. In the dark grey light I saw that the canopy had filled with so much water that it was swinging like an enormous udder and had pulled the side canvas up letting in water. I had to do something or get wet. Its very difficult to move around the back of a swaying truck in ammo boots and with one arm as you need to hold on with the other. I had an idea. I open my clasp knife and get under the sagging canvas and push it toward the tailgate and if I make a small hole the water should pour out Its awkward on all fours, a knife in one hand and the other to stop me sliding about. Once near enough, a quick stab and my troubles are over. If only it was that easy as my troubles had only just begun.

The tiny cut I made shot up the canvas like a ladder up a stocking and I was swamped in icy cold water that whooshed up to the rear of the cab taking me with it. The water surged back and out through gaps in the tailboard, leaving me on the sodden mail bags. As I gasped for breath a gust of wind blew under the canopy, lifted it, and it ripped down the centre, then flapped down either side, now I was like a caged rat looking for somewhere dry. I wished that I had joined the RAF.

We travelled down tree lined roads and the exposed overhead bars acted like a mower shearing leaves, twigs and bits of branches that now showered down onto me This soon covers the bed of the truck and also blocks

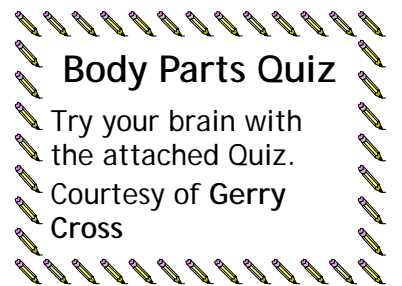
(Continued on page 7)

Change of Address?

If you change your address please inform me as soon as possible so I may update my records and you will receive this newsletter. Don't forget Royal Mail has a very good redirection service.

Thank you

Jim



NEW MEMBERS

WE WELCOME THE following new members:-

Harry Eagles
Ginge Galland
Mick Searle
Roy Biggs
Christine Fretwell

Membership

As at 30th August 2005:

Members: 369*

* Includes 45 non-active members who have failed to pay their subs for three years or more.

They do not receive this newsletter or any information from the Branch.

FEBRUARY 1959, AFTER Trade Training at Gunsite and Mill Hill I was Posted to BAOR and departed for Harwich to catch the ferry from Parkstone Quay.

As I was the senior sapper of the squad going to Germany I was given the dubious honour of carrying our travel documents and the responsibility of making sure we made it in one piece!

Needless to say I did a great job and lost no one, mind you we went by military train with no stops so that wasn't difficult.....

At Parkstone Quay we were put in a holding area, a huge warehouse, to await departure to the Hook of Holland.

Our ship duly set sail. We left the dock and promptly collided with the wall at the entrance to the dock and had to return to the quayside for safety

checks, all this in total darkness, talk about scary!!!

The check took most of the night and we set off again early next morning, mostly praying to anyone to keep us safe.

My abiding memory is of how cold and dark it was. I have never liked water... On arrival at the Hook we were transferred to the Blue Train to Dusseldorf, how the RE Movements guys kept order still mystifies me!

That was the longest train ride ever and we were bored and you can only play three card brag for so long. The rations we received en-route were sardines with cold tea in tin mugs is not the preferred choice. Dusseldorf was like paradise on earth to us raw, uncouth sprogs and even the greeting from a RE Sgt of " get fell in you miserable shower" did not detract from our collective joy at

seeing our new home.

Three weeks later I was put on a German civvy train to Verden all alone with instructions where to get off and packed rations to help me survive.

I got off the train several hours later at the wrong station and had to wait awhile as the station master was used to plonkers like me using his station and telephoned my new unit.

After a short wait a truck picked me up and took me to my new unit.

Thanks to Captain Watson for his understanding and patience. He was the best Officer Commanding that I have ever served under.....**Alan Davies**

Alan is looking for information on the best way to breed Java Sparrows?

Alan can be contacted at aili-nalan@aol.com

(Continued from page 1)

Full details and timings etc will be given in the next issue.

When we started as a Branch back in 1998 and held our first reunion in November the same year in Eastbourne we did not realise that we would grow to such that we are now 367 members in total. We have held successful reunions again in Eastbourne in 1999, Blackpool in 2001 and 2002, Northampton in 2003 and 2004 and finally Dudley, Worcs in 2005. Although the Copthorne Hotel in Dudley was a first class venue our numbers attending dropped considerably. This we felt was due to the room rates

being a bit on the expensive side. We have looked at other hotels and none can match what the Norbreck Castle Hotel offered us over a two and three day package.

Every year we invite a Guest Speaker to attend our Dinner and Dance on the Saturday evening and normally it is a serving Sapper Officer or retired officer from HQ REA and every other year we try to invite somebody from the "Postal Family". This year we have invited a senior Postal Officer from Inglis Barracks who was previously an RE and I understand from our president Peter Wescott that he has accepted.

In previous years we normally give information in our newsletter to advise members of the timings we would like our members to keep to so that the dinner on the Saturday Night runs smoothly. We ask our members to take their seats at 1925hrs so that our Guest and his lady can be escorted to their seats by our president. This is not happening and causes delay. When our Guest is giving his after dinner speech it is customary to remain quiet until he is finished. This year one of our committee members had to shout out for quiet! It is only a small minority who are showing a lack of manners and hopefully it will stop.

Jim



The guy in the front row is now our chairman Norman Lockwood who is now 73 years old.

The original belongs to June Lowe.

(Continued from page 3)

wasn't until years later that I realised I'd been living rent-free in one of the most expensive properties in the country,' he says.

Something must have gone wrong, though, because when David Lock from Salisbury was sent there in the early 1950s to board at 56 Eaton Square he found it 'a damp and dismal place'.

Perhaps it was the same house that Albert Donnelly from Colchester remembers. 'It certainly wasn't posh! We had to wait for a squaddie to vacate a bed before we could get into it to kip...and that was after stepping over the cockroaches.'

Mr Lock and Mr Donnelly may wish to know that properties in Eaton Square now sell for upwards of £10million.

But did anyone remember the underground 'bunker' where Mr Pryce recalled being kept awake by the roar of underground trains?

Some did. R Cobban from Aberdeen " recalls 'the tunnel' was a transit depot for servicemen en route overseas. He spent a night there before flying out to Egypt aboard a York aircraft.

F Bradley from Workington was there for two nights. The tunnel was beneath Gooedge Street, where the underground station is today. 'What a place!' he recalls. 'Fortunately I was quickly transferred to Eaton Square.'

We tried to find 197 Knightsbridge where so many of you worked in the 1940s and 50s. We thought there was a chance it had returned to its pre-war heydays and was once again a raffish nightspot for Belgravia's haute monde.

What we actually found was a building site. An entire block between Knightsbridge and Brompton Road has been demolished and redeveloped with glass and concrete.

Numbers 2 and 3 Belgrave Square, where some of you were billeted, are now smart residences with gleaming brass door furniture and the sort of bell pushes that might summon a butler.

We could not exactly pinpoint 96 Eaton Square - nor number 94 which Mr Roberts from Pwllheli remembers housing a guard room and mess -because the likely location is concealed behind scaffolding.

As for the Gooedge Street 'bunker', Dave Ocomore from Burwell suggests a rummage through a book called London's Secret Tubes by Andrew Emmerson and Tony Beard. 'For BT people who knew about the deep level cable tunnels this book fills in the details,' he says. It is published by Capital Transport.

The Royal Engineers Association includes a Postal & Courier Section. For more information call the REA on 01634 822409 or visit www.pcsbranch.co.uk

(Continued from page 5)

the gaps that allowed the water to escape. I soon had my own paddling pool that surged back and forth as we braked and accelerated round bends in the road. The empty mailbags began to float half submerged and hidden by leaves. I frequently fell over them. I banged on the side of the truck like a demented bingo player, but the noise of the wind and rain and flapping canvas drowned me out.

At last we arrive back in Herford and the truck reverses onto the loading ramp. Cpl Murphy and the driver stare open mouthed as I splashed off onto the ramp, covered in leaves and goodness knows what. I squelched into the office only to come face to face with the duty officer Lt Kelly, who was checking the night diary with Cpl Macmillan. Lt Kelly stared for a while and said "Matthews what excellent camouflage but why"-----Cheers Vic

PS. Was I the prototype for the camouflage kit that are now worn.....

REA Eastbourne **DINNER and DANCE** **Saturday 5th November**

For those members who attended last year's occasion and would like to go this year, please send a large sae to:

Mr Bill Swainsbury, 34 Bridges Close, Eastbourne BN22 8QA.

Jim Steer

*Please note my address
and my corrected telephone
number*

**1 Middleton Drive
Eastbourne
East Sussex
BN23 6HD**

Telephone:

01323 644459

Email:

jimsteerpcs@yahoo.co.uk

Web page:

www.pcsbranch.co.uk

Membership Eligibility

If you have served in the RE (PS) or (PCC) or (PCS) you are eligible to join the PCS Branch of the REA.

If you served in the ATS or WRAC and was trained as a Postal & Courier Operator you are entitled to join the PCS Branch as an Associate member.

*Contact Jim for further
information.*

GREETINGS

From Major John Corrigan

NOW THAT I am on net I thought that a brief and at the moment topical happening may be of interest to our members.

In 1945 after the end of the war in Europe I ceased to be a Field Gunner and became a Royal Engineer. After some vigorous training taking over the duties of NCO IC arrival and despatch of all surface mail-hundreds of bags every day at 4 BAPO in Cairo.

Like most soldiers I sent and received mail through the Regiment wherever we happened be, even in battle, without knowing how it was all possible. However, I soon discovered how back aching and time consuming it was and that a certain amount of skill was required to make it all possible.

Ignorance was bliss!!! Later in the year during widespread rioting we came under siege. The O.C. a Major McLeod was attacked in Cairo and rescued by an Egyptian motor cycle policeman and conveyed to a place of safety.

I was given the job of organising our defences against impending attack, which I accomplished with cooperation of the postal personnel and some splendid attached fellows from various regiments.

The mob we could hear were busy vandalising the English

Cathedral, about four or five hundred yards along from us, put to the torch and burned it down. They then came for us, starting at the front of our building trying to smash down any door they came to, in particular the public entry to the counter. This door kept giving but was held by the iron security bar which, due to some good thinking by some genius, was long enough to bend but did not give.

Each time they came at it with their battering ram the door splayed open and we could see the howling horde; had it given way they would have been met by a bunch of determined squaddies, fully armed with rifles and fixed bayonets (I had



a Tommy gun). Lucky for them the unknown postal chippie knew his job and saved their bacon.

They worked their way along our building but not gaining entry, along the street, eventually arriving at our rear entrance. This consisted of two giant metal doors which with their huge hinges left a foot gap either side and with our police hut in flames outside.

They heaved all sorts of missiles and burning materials

through the door gaps. Our fellows stuck gamely to their posts and extinguished all burning material immediately and effectively.

This all lasted what seemed a long time when suddenly a shot rang out. As soon as I was able I saw one of our young men on a stretcher waiting for an ambulance someone had called for.

I spoke to the young man who was very stoical about it and soon the ambulance arrived. This was an old type of vehicle with the big red cross on the sides but on the back held on by large shoulder straps on each door hung a heavily armed soldier as defence. We formed a cordon outside and saw the ambulance safely away with the two guards hanging on ready for anything.

Later at about 1800 hrs I was outside checking the building for security when in utter disbelief I saw a British Officer walking towards me from the still smouldering ruins of the English Cathedral. When I spoke a warning to him of the dangers, he introduced himself as Col Drew DAPS HQ BTE and he had come along to see if we were alright. Can you believe it, a city in turmoil and chaos, and the Senior Postal Officer, unarmed strolled along to see if we were alright.

This meeting formed a friendship we maintained, he as Brigadier and I as Warrant Officer. I feel I was privileged to meet such a man.

To your memory Brigadier, Sir.

What's on (2005)

30 Sept - 2 Oct 2005	LAM WO & Sgt Mess Reunion, Mill Hill
08 October 2005	REA AGM and Annual Dinner, London
09 October 2005	Sapper Sunday at Royal Hospital, Chelsea
14-17 October 2005	WRAC Postal Association, Harrogate
22 October 2005	DPCS Officers' Association Reunion Dinner, Grantham
10 November 2005	Field of Remembrance, Westminster
13 November 2005	Remembrance Sunday

PCS Reunion

Dinner & Dance 2006

Tables are circular and seat ten people. Seating preferences will be accepted up to 26th February 2006.

Please send your plans to my home address (see page 7).

Thank you

Jim