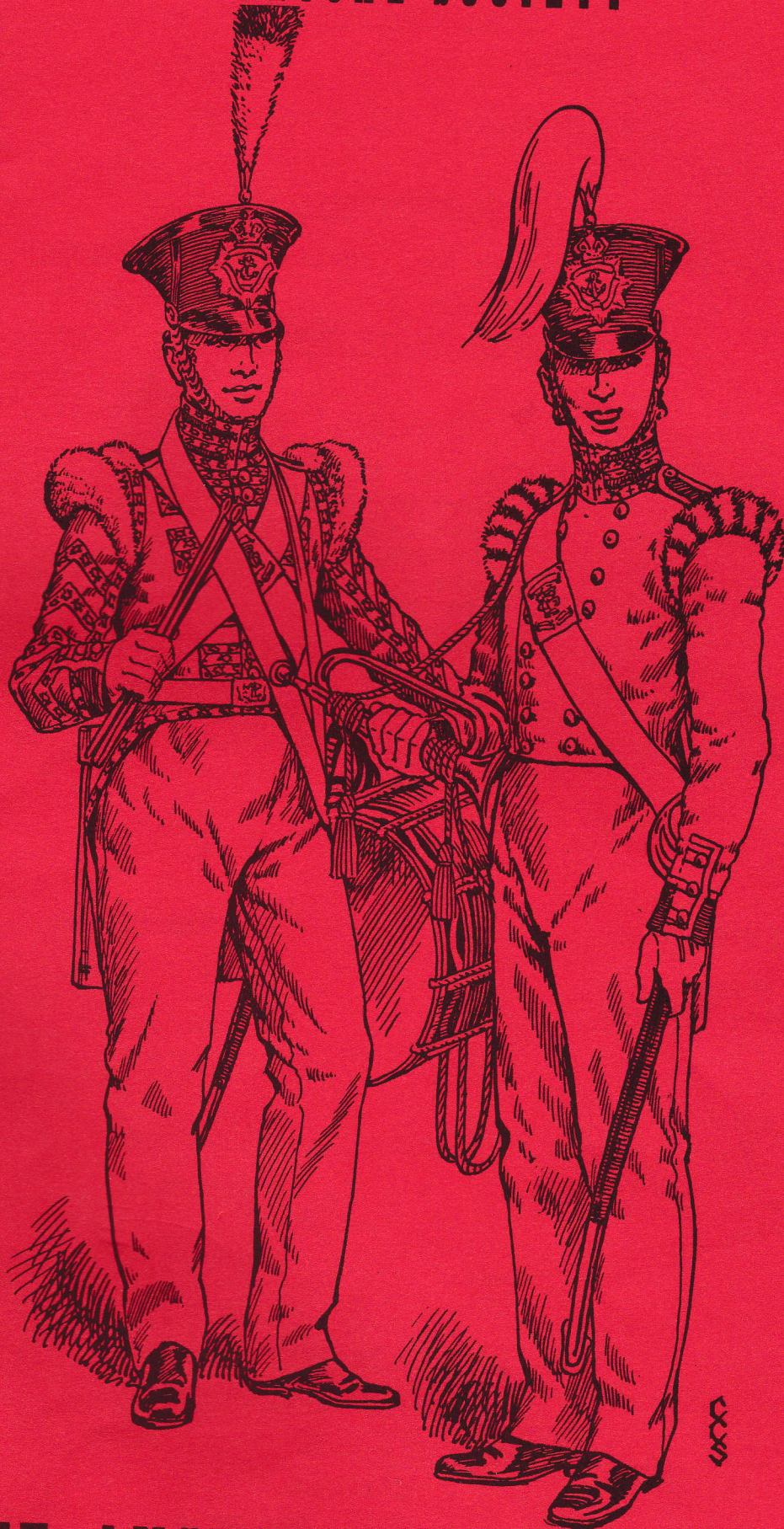




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SHEET ANCHOR

Volume XII Number 2

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The Editor wishes to express the appreciation of the RMHS to those publications from which articles or extracts are here reprinted. Contributed material is the sole responsibility of the author concerned whilst every effort is made to ensure that all information is correct. Illustrations on the front cover and page 59 by Charles C Stadden.

AN EXTRACT

from a Speech by

H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence, K.G.

(AFTERWARDS KING WILLIAM IV)

At the Presentation of new colours to the Chatham
Division Royal Marines on 26th of September, 1827.

"His Majesty has selected for you (the Royal Marines) the badge which I this day, by his permission, present to you,—a badge which you have hardly and honourably earned. From the difficulty of selecting any number of places to inscribe on these standards, your Sovereign has been pleased to give them the 'great Globe itself', as their properest and most distinctive badge."

The crest of the Corps as it was before the presentation of the Globe appears below the portrait of His Royal Highness.



*His Royal Highness
The Duke of Clarence, K.G.
LORD ADMIRAL AND
GENERAL OF MARINES.*

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LANCASHIRE MARINES by Norman (Lofty) Wolstencroft (RMHS) - Part II

Since submitting my first article on the Manchester Marine Corps I have seen a copy of Colonel Field's book "Britains Sea Soldiers" and found that the author had covered the subject thoroughly.

I can, however, add a little local research (I live in Lancashire) and with the help of press cuttings of events attempt to answer some of the questions posed by Col Field's book.

The Manchester Marine Corps were certainly divided amongst ships of the fleet but the Colours did not go into action. They were used for recruiting purposes as the following cutting illustrates. The unfortunate Sergeant Shaw was undoubtedly engaged in recruiting duties.

"April 5th. - This day, at Oldham, the Manchester Marine Corps came, attended by a few landords and a band of musick and two elegant flags or colours, on the recruiting business. The Rev. John Griffith attended to atest those that were enlisted. Some few Oldham men did enter.

Manchester, April 13th. - This morning one Sergeant Shaw, of Ashton-under-Lyne, cut his throat in so shocking a maner that he died soon after."

The question of local officers serving with the Manchester Marine Corps is answered by the fact that John Lees (a master weaver) of Church Lane, Oldham and later Lord of the Manor of Werneth Hall, was commissioned in the Lancashire Volunteer Militia, ultimately reaching the rank of Colonel. In fact, the Manchester Marine Corps was a recruiting organisation administered by the Lancashire Volunteer Militia. This is confirmed by a subscription list to Lancashire Volunteer Militia which includes a gift by the Rector of Middleton to the LVM but adds in brackets (to MMC). I can trace no record of other local officers.

Subsequent press reports describe the colours as being presented to the Oldham Association which is again a Lancashire Volunteer Militia organisation. The report reads thus (the report of disloyalty by a militia-man is included to illustrate the feelings of the people at that time):

"June 24th. - This day the Oldham Association had their colours consecrated, wich where delivered by Miss Lees to the Major. The men fired some exalent volleys, and the Rev. Mr Winter preached a sermon on the ocation. Tradition says that these colours were subscribed for by the Oldham ladies. Miss Lees (afterwards Mrs Chippendale) was daughter of Mr John Lees, of Church Lane, who purchased Werneth. He was a man of great loyal public spirit, and made an extraordinary speech on this occasion. "Ladies," said he, on receiving these colours, "we receive these colours wi' gratitude. We'n defend um wi' fortitude, an' if th' French shooten th' rags away we'n bring th' pows back." What great general ever made a more pointed or potent speach? Mrs Greaves, of Derker, then Miss Hilton, was a subscriber to these flags, and it was from Mr Hilton Greaves that I learnt this story. But even in those days there were railers and railings. Instance the following taken from the Manchester Gazette, April 25, 1800:- "A gentleman of the Oldham cavalry, an honest butcher, goaded by the pinching poverty of the times, lately seceded from the corps and sold his horse. For this act of disloyalty some of the Oldhamites, alias Gothamites, burnt him in effigy."

I have been unable to trace the final resting place of the colours and I fear they are gone forever. The spirit and morale of the people despite

many deprivations were typified by the press report on the outbreak of the French Revolutionary Wars. Yet from time to time there was sporadic rioting in many parts of the country, brought on in most cases by high food prices.

"1793. - I pause to call attention to the names of those Oldhamers who stood in the gap in their country's need. The "universal pant for glory" stood England in some stead at that time. Pitt, the great minister of peace, had been forced into war against his own wishes. The country demanded war, if only as a change from its depressed condition, but perhaps fear of a French invasion matured public opinion. France took the lead in declaring war, and there was no choice but for England to fight, or at least to prepare for fighting. Hence the enlistments all over the country:-

The horseman and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagles nest, hangs on the crest
Of the grimy old Pennine.

Pardon the last line."

The Manchester Marine Corps when raised undoubtedly marched to the Grand Division to take up their duties. The Militia Forces by and large were analogous in training and discipline to the Reserve Forces of today. The recruits accepted for service in the Manchester Marine Corps would be virtually trained soldiers who had served in Militia Units previously, hence the ability to send them into action after only two months service.

The Militia was the oldest force the country possessed and in fact represented the trained bands of early English history. The Forces were placed under the Lieutenant of the County who was vested with the authority for the appointment of officers commissioning and dismissal. The cost of the annual training of 14 days fell upon the local authority. Offences against discipline were tried by civil magistrates but with a power to the officers of fining and of imprisonment if in default.

It was the instrument of the State rather than the Crown. The Crown had direct control of the Regular (Standing Army) which consisted mainly of hired soldiers and was more than once recruited by conscription, confined, however, to persons of the vagrant class not having lawful employment, whilst the former was mainly composed of those having a fixed abode and status. The militia thus enjoyed for many years, as compared with the regular forces, a social as well as a constitutional superiority.

Lancashire has always had a wonderful reputation for providing recruits, hence the county had more regiments than any other over a protracted period. So fertile a recruiting area was Lancashire that after continued failure to find soliders in the Exeter area, the XXth East Devonshire Regiment marched north in 1798 and 300 men joined the colours immediately at Preston. So began the XXth's long association with Lancashire and the change of name to the Lancashire Fusiliers on 1st July 1881.

The Regiment was originally raised by Sir Robt. Peyton who had served under William of Orange on the continent and landed at Torbay in 1688, He raised six independent companies in Exeter and District. The

Regiment was first known by the names of successive Colonels including Gustavus Hamilton and Kingsley until 1782, when it became the Twentieth East Devonshire Regiment of Foot, in order that a connection might be cultivated between the Regiment and that county, with a view of promoting the success of the Recruiting Service, (this move as has already been written was not a success.)

After many successes the Regiment was selected for sea service in 1702 and was embarked in four transports. It formed part of the expedition against Cadiz in 1702 thereafter sailing to the West Indies, serving as marines until 1704. At this time the Regiment comprised the Colonels, the Lt Colonels and the Majors Companies, and nine others commanded by captains. Each company had about 50 soldiers, one of whom, in Captain St Clair's Company, proved to be a woman.

Norman Wolstencroft

Acknowledgements.

Short History of the Lancashire Fusiliers. Maj Gen G S Surtees
Rowbottoms Annals of Oldham.

- oOo -

ERRATUM. In Part 1 (Sheet Anchor Vol XII No 1 page 2) line two, the RN Captain's surname should read as HUTCHISON not HUTCHINSON.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE REGIMENT" JOURNAL OF 1897

Owing to a scarcity of shoemakers and tailors in the Royal Marines, the D.A. General R.M. has notified to recruiting officers that every effort is to be made to obtain suitable men of these trades for the Corps. The men are to be specially enlisted for work at their trades, and will not be required to fulfill the whole of the conditions laid down in the recruiting instructions.

- oOo -

Captain Kish, of the Royal Marines, who was in the habit of regularly buying a paper at the railway-station of a certain town famous for its Naval associations, was starting for London one day, when a boy from the bookstall of W.H. Smith & Son proffered him the usual paper.

On the Captain declining it, saying "No, thank you; not to-day, boy," the lad looked disappointed for a moment, and then said, with an indescribably comical leer:

"You'd better take one, sir; 'cos if you don't I'll tell our governor, and he'll stop your winter leave for yer."

The late Mr W.H. Smith was then First Lord of the Admiralty.

- oOo -

Volunteers are being called for at the Royal Marines Barracks, Stonehouse, for course of training as masons, with a view to being employed on the naval works at Ascension and Bermuda where there is a great demand for men of that trade.

(From the LONDON-EVENING POST)

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Colonel MACLEOD, to his Lady, dated from Boccachica, March 30, 1741.

On the 22d of Feb. while we lay in Irifh Bay, Hifpaniola, we received on board the Tranfports 28 Men per Company, that had been put on Board the Men of War at Port-Royal, and who were now relieved by the American Troops. On the 25th, the whole Fleet failed for Carthagera, and on the 4th of March, in the Evening's anchor'd to the Eaftward of the Bay. The Tranfport Ships, with Col. Watfon and the Train on board, did not come up, and thereby prevented our landing immediately. On the 5th in the Morning, a Signal being made on board the Admiral for all General Officers, they met and refolved that our Army fhould land on the 10th. On the 9th however, the Grenadiers were fent Afhore, to take Poffeffion of St. Philip's Fort, which our Ships had batter'd down. On the 10th, the reft of the Troops landed, and lay two Nights without their Tents. On the 12th, we had an Alarm from the Enemy; but raifed a Bomb Battery at St. Philip's, which play'd very warmly on Boccachica Caftle. The 15th and 16th we made a large Road through the Wood, and a Retrenchment to the Place where our Great Gun Battery was to be raifed; and on the 17th, the Battery being almoft finifh'd, a Lieutenant-Colonel, with 300 Men, was order'd to mount, which fell to the Share of your humble Servant. On the 18th, 500 Men, Soldiers and Sailors, landed on the oppofite Shore, where the Enemy had erected two Batteries. Thefe they deferted upon our Approach, leaving us only feven Prifoners, and five of our Men killed by our own People, the Skirmifh having been in the Dark. On the 22d in the Morning, while I was on Command at the great Battery, it began firing on the ftrong Caftle of Boccachica; nor was the Enemy idle; for from the Fort and Ships they plied us warmly with 140 Guns, which firing by Volleys came through all the Retrenchments, killed 12 of my Command, befides the wounded; went quite into the Camp, killed feven Men in their Tents, and tore moft of the Tents to pieces; fo that the four Regiments on the right were obliged to remove with their Arms only, and leave the Camp like a Wreck. When I came home at Night I could not find a Soul, but my Man Thomas, who would not abandon my Things, and four Cannon Ball, that had made a civil Vifit, without doing any Mifchief but tearing a Shirt to Pieces, and breaking fome Pegs and Ropes. Our grand Battery continued making a conftant fire on Boccachica till the 25th at Two in the Afternoon, then it ceafed, and Orders were given out that Lieutenant Colonel Macleod, with all the Grenadiers, fhould be ready paraded at Three, to march to the Attack of the Breach made in the Fort. Accordingly I made ready, and having given my Keys to my Friend Lieut. Noffiter, with Directions in my Pocket Book how to difpofe of my things if their fhould be Occafion, I waited on the General to receive my Orders; he faid Brigadier Blakeney would give me what I defir'd, and wifh'd me good Succefs. I went to the Parade, where I found the Brigadier, who told me I was left to make by own Difpofition, with a Promife in publick Orders, that whatever Serjeant, with 12 Grenadier Volunteers would go upon the Forlorn Hope, the Serjeant fhould have a Commission, if he behav'd well, and each Grenadier of that party a Piftole: So I went along with the eight Companies out of whom I made up only 240 Men; moft of the Officers knew me, and without Vanity feem'd pleas'd. I order'd the firft Lieutenant and 30 Volunteers to follow clofe to the Serjeant, the firft Captain and 50 Men to follow him, and march'd next myfelf, with 20 Gentlemen Cadets at the Head of the remaining Party of the feven Companies. In this Order we advanc'd to our Bomb Battery, where I found all the Generals, and told them I wanted a Captain and 60 Men, with Scaling Ladders, and a

Captain and 50 Men with Spades and Pickaxes; who were thereupon immediately join'd to my Rear. Being thus prepar'd, and having encouraged my People, so that they appear'd full of Spirits, we began to march. As I pass'd by the Generals I saluted them with a very good Highland Andrea Ferrera, which I had in my Hand, and then Brigadier Guife said, my dear old Acquaintance, Macleod, I wish thee good Success; I am glad to see thee at the Head of these People, and that they all look so cheerful. I reply'd with a loud Voice, Why not? We are going to get Honour and Glory; so we proceeded about half an Hour after Four, and soon appear'd in Sight of the Fort. The Dons being at Dinner, did not follow themselves 'till my Vanguard was within 200 Paces of the Breach; and then I order'd my Men to close up, and march'd directly towards it without any Confusion; though indeed we expected to be cut to Pieces by the Fire of four large Ships that could all point their Cannon upon us, as well as by the Fire of the Fort, on the Wall whereof there appear'd more Men than I had with me: However, as soon as my Forlorn Hope began to mount the Breach, the Spaniards struck their Colours and began to retire: But the Breach being so narrow at Top, that one Man could hardly enter at a time, I was come to the Foot of it before half of the twelve Volunteers could get up; whereupon I call'd immediately for the Scaling-Ladders, and mounted one of them the very first. As I was near the Top of the Wall, which is above 40 Feet high, the Ladder gave Way, having many people on it; but was luckily supported by the Workmen, and set up again; so I got over, and hoisted the British Colours. All this Time the Enemy was getting away; but their Drum beating to Arms was shot dead. I secured all the Batteries and Ports as fast as I could; and when I came to the Square, in which were the Officer's Lodgings and the Magazines, I found my Men had got to some Spanish Wine, and were drinking very hard; upon which I made one among them, and stay'd all I could meet with, set my Guards, and placed Centinels over all the Magazines. And thus ended an Affair which every Body thought would have cost much more Blood, and many Lives. Don Blasts was within 100 Paces of us, with four capital Ships; and when he found the Fort so scandalously deserted, fired among his own People as they fled. At Seven in the Evening he set Fire to one of his largest Ships, and about an Hour afterwards to two more, which before Day all sunk. He also took down his Flag, and left his own Ship with the Captain of her and a Captain of Foot; and betwixt Twelve and One that Morning our Men of War's Boat enter'd her, took about 40 Prisoners, with the two Captains, and saved the Ship. I was relieved at Five next Morning, came home, and went to Bed most heartily tired, and the following Morning was order'd again to my Government, as they call'd it. Next Day the General ask'd me if I would stay in the Port; I desired to know if there was nothing more to be done; upon which he smiled, and said yes: then, said I, I will not stay unless I am commanded? No, reply'd the General, then you shall be relieved. Our Ships are this Morning gone towards Carthage, and we hear Don Blasts intends to sink the rest of his Ships.

P.S. Bocca Chica is a square Fort, with four Bastions, 30 by 40 Feet, the Walls all built with Roman Cement, 14 Feet thick, and above 40 foot high. On the 22d when our grand Battery was open'd, poor Col. Douglass had his Head shot off in his Tent, &c. And on the Monday after Lieutenant Colonel Samford was also killed by a Cannon Ball. Col. Grant has got Douglass's Regiment, and the two eldest Majors, Hamond and Edmonston, are made Lieutenants.

Lieutenant Colonel MacLeod of the 6th (Col Moreton's) Marines, who led the attack on Bocca Chica, and died not long afterwards, had a distinguished record:- "He was a brave old officer, and made his first appearance in the Army in 1700, was at the battles of Ramilles, Oudenarde, and Malquet, after which he was made a Captain; at the Sieges of

Keyservaert, Alth, Lisle, Bethune and Bouchain; at the Attack of Waterloo, the Defence of Tongres, and forcing the French Lines at Brabant. After the peace he served as Captain in Blakeney's Regiment, till he was made Major in Moreton's Marines. At Jamaica he was honoured by General Wentworth with a Lieut Colonel's brevet before any vacancy occurred, and commanded the storm of Bocca Chica Castle." (From 'Gentleman's Magazine', September, 1741.)

Although there is a Cartagena in Spain, the place referred to in this article is in Columbia, on the northern coast of South America, just east of the Panama Canal.

Following the capture of Bocca Chica the troops re-embarked in this order:

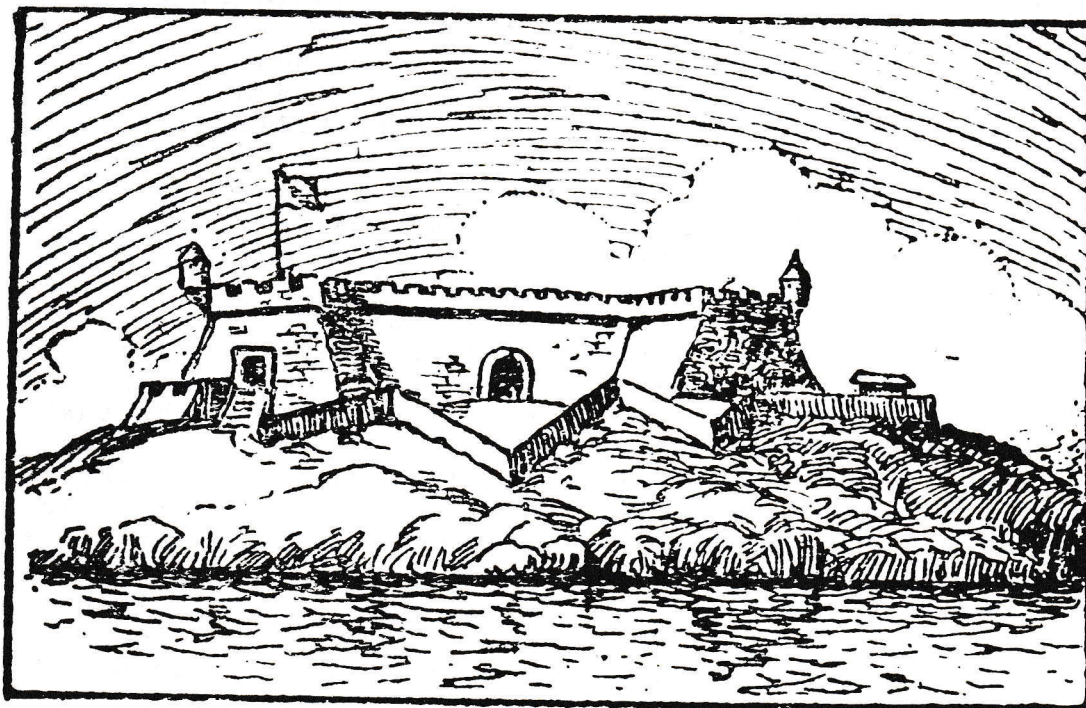
- 29 March - 'The two Old Regiments' (probably Wentworth's and Harrison's)
- 30 March - 1st & 2nd Marines (Wolfe's & Robinson's)
- 31 March - 3rd & 4th Marines (Lowther's & Wynyards's)
- 1 April - 5th & 6th Marines (Grant's & Moreton's)
- 3 April - those of the Americans who had been landed on Tierra Bomba. (The latter were but few, for, "As many of the American soldiers were suspected to be Irish Papists, it was thought advisable both by the General and Admiral to employ them principally on board the Fleet". (From 'A Journal of the Expedition to Cartagena'.)

Col Moreton of the Marines was killed during the operations at Bocca Chica, as also was Lieut Thomas Irving (3rd Marines) while carrying the Colours.

A full report on this action is to be found in 'Britain's Sea Soldiers' (Book 1 - pages 75-80); 'Nicholas I' (pages 21-22); and Gillespie (p.48).

EDITOR

- 000 -



The Castle of Bocca Chica.

LIMBANG - Retraced by Tony Perrett

Not so well known as the 'Cockleshell Heroes' book is 'The Undeclared War'* by Harold James and Denis Sheil-Small (published by Lee Cooper Ltd in 1971) which covers the Borneo conflict (1962-66) including the Brunei revolt featuring the 'Limbang Raid' which 42 Commando RM remembered in a 20th anniversary parade at Bickleigh Barracks on 10 December 1982.

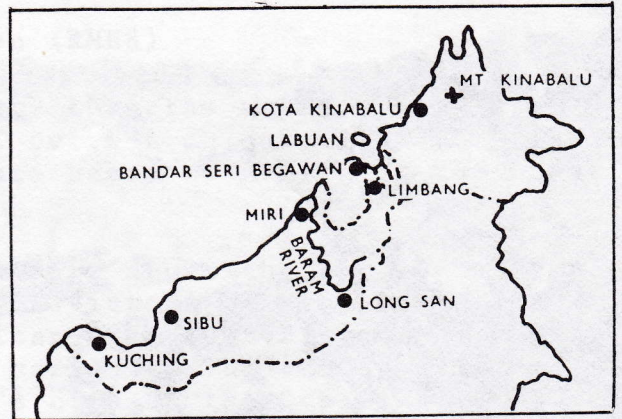
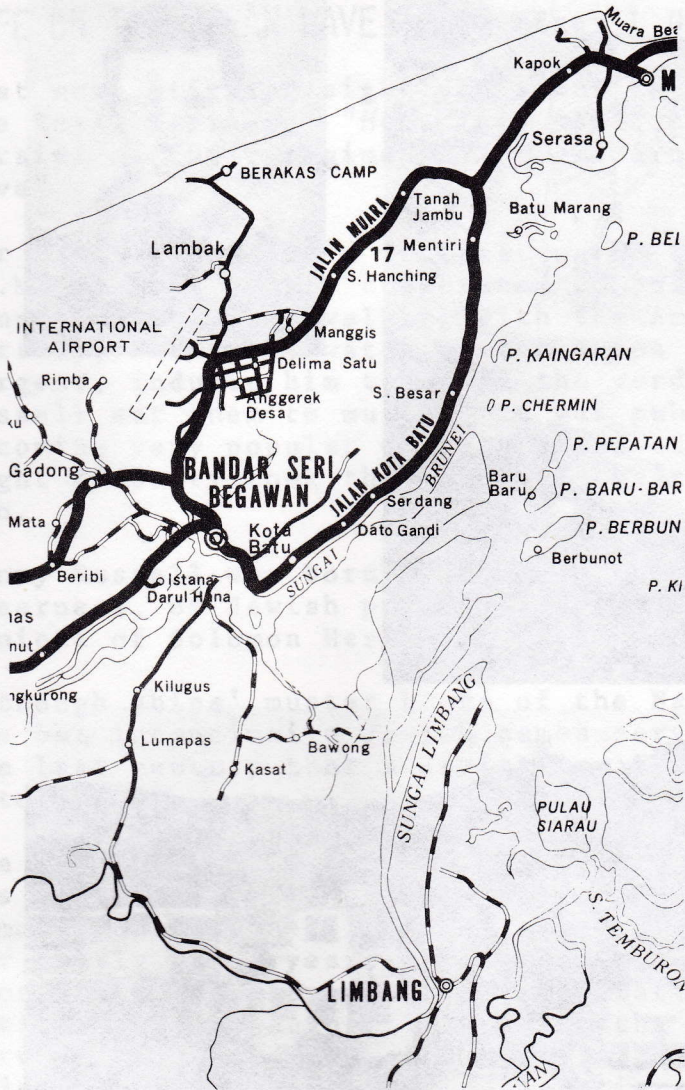
Briefly, the trouble arose from Kedayan insurgents, a race of Javanese extraction, whose purpose was to oppose the intended Malayan Federation and thus keep Brunei and neighbouring Sarawak in a separate North Borneo Union. As they swooped to take over several coastal and river towns, including Brunei Town (now Bandar Seri Begawan), a number of British troops moved in from Singapore, as Borneo was then a British Protectorate (now the Sultanate is in 'Treaty Relationship' with Great Britain)** 42 Commando RM commandeered the Brunei Hotel completely to set up as their HQ for what was to become a daring raid on the small riverside town of Limbang, some 16 miles distant. Word reached them from local contacts that about 250 rebels had taken six European hostages at Limbang (these included the British Agent Dick Morris and his wife, and the hospital nursing sister Jean Scott) to be executed at dawn on 12 December 1962.

At 2300 on 11 December 'L Coy' of 42 Cdo RM set off from the Brunei Hotel to board two hastily borrowed Z Craft, and after some very tricky navigation through the maze of side rivers reached, not without mishaps, Limbang at 0545 the next morning.

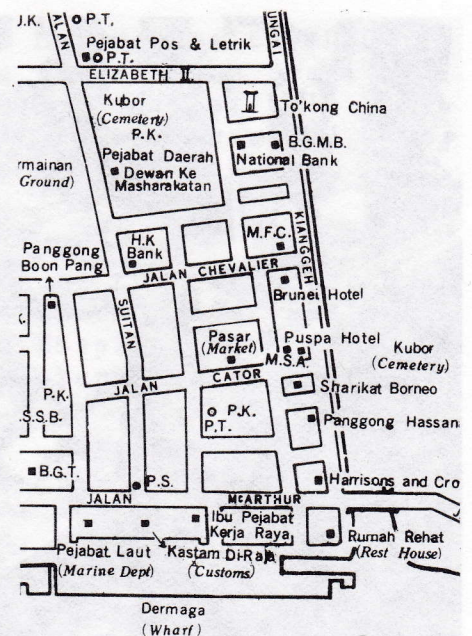
In some fierce action five of the fifty Royal Marines were killed and six severely injured before all the hostages were released unharmed and many of the rebels captured or killed, whilst those who fled into the jungle to join up with other insurgents took several more months to flush out before the whole island was purged.

The OC of this operation, Captain Jeremy John Moore MC RM gained a bar to his MC (awarded earlier in Malaya), and Military Medals went to Corporals Robert Croft Rawlinson and William John Lester who each commanded a section of No 5 Troop.

Fifteen years later I was able to retrace their movements, almost to the day, in one of the most exciting of all my travels abroad, when staying a few days at the Brunei Hotel. For obvious reasons I did not choose to travel up river over-night, but by forsaking the slow little ferry and hiring a fast speedboat instead I did manage to reach Limbang soon after dawn through cheating by taking only half an hour to get there! However I doubt that the raiding force were held up for half an hour at a border post (on stilts in the river) over immigration formalities as I was, shortly after leaving the jetty to cross from Brunei into Sarawak! That hurdle overcome I was soon rushing up the main Sungai Brunei river before slowing down as the boatman turned off to proceed along a labyrinth of narrow twisting tributaries that lead into the wider Sungai Limbang. It was incredible how the long sluggish "lighters" had managed to navigate these hazzardous bends in the dark, and though I saw none of the crocodiles forecast (Perhaps we went too fast for them!) there were scores of monkeys everywhere, and especially I noted the abundance of enormous arching tree roots protruding along the river banks, which must have



The Brunei Hotel (above right) became 42 Cdo RM HQ (below left). The Communist party HQ was opposite



Some 60 Jews were to serve... daily all as "Hostilities Only" Maxims. Leon Green from Liverpool was one!



(Above) Terence Cuneo's painting of the landing and (right) casualties of 'L' Coy are transferred to ambulances.

(Top right) Captain J J Moore MC RM



The wounded arriving back at Brunei. Cpl Rawlinson MM (pictured above) is laying on his stomach.

added to the obstacles confronting the unwieldy landing craft.

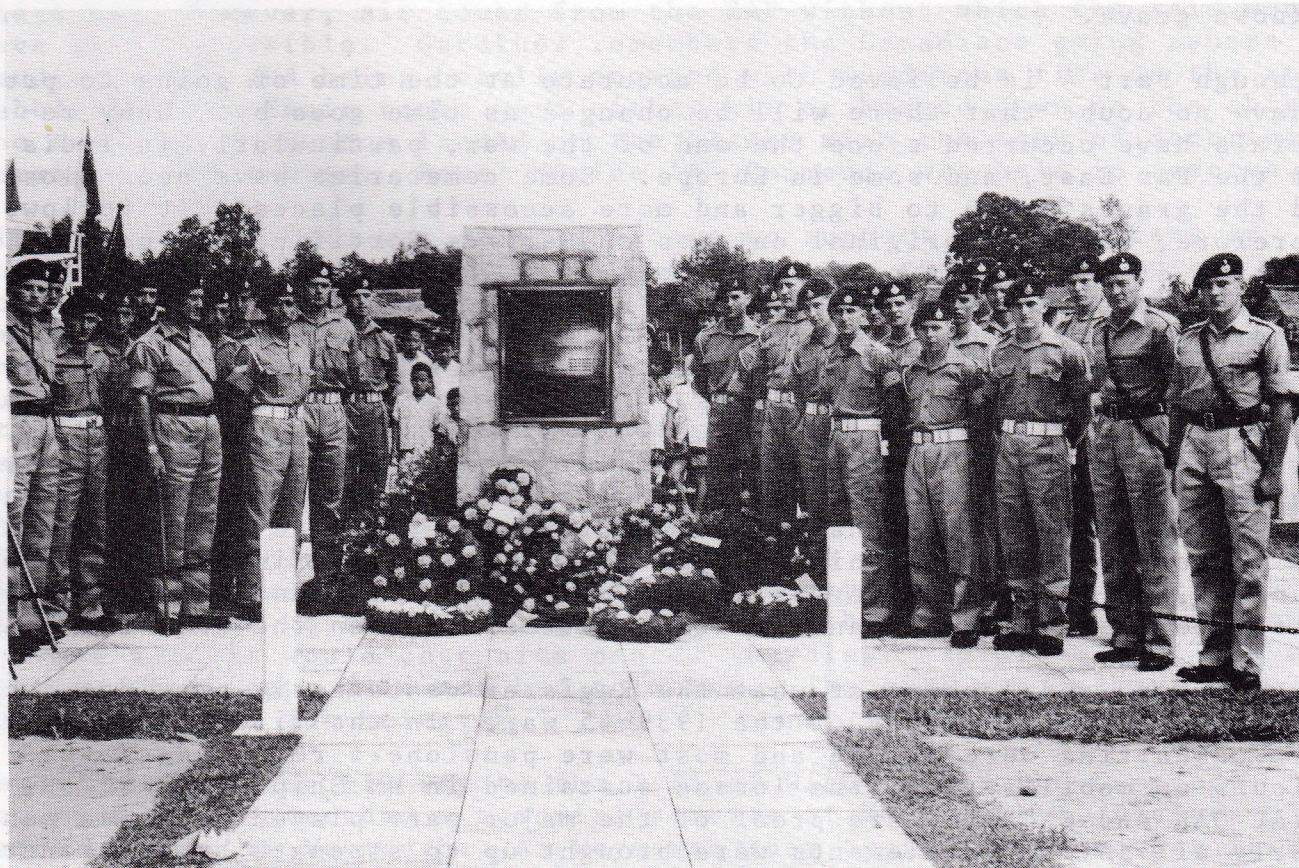
At Limbang I found everything just as expected, having heard first hand accounts of the raid and read many newspaper reports in detail, and although I had to land in town at the customs jetty (another formality the raiding party escaped!) it was but a short walk along the riverside to the Police Post and Hospital opposite the grey stone monument that marks the opposed landing site.

Without bloodshed and only the threat of heat-stroke I completed my walkabout, disappointed only that I could find nobody who could talk about the raid, then returned to 'headquarters' in Brunei in time for the traditional English afternoon tea! I have nothing but admiration for the men who negotiated that maze of waterways during the long night of 11/12 December 1962.

* Reprinted by the New English Library in paper back edition.

** Brunei has become fully independent since this article was written several years ago to follow a book review on 'THE COCKLESHELL HEROES', and as yet unused, it is now resurrected to commemorate the twenty fifth anniversary of the Limbang action on the 12 December this year.

EDITOR



42 Cdo RM pay tribute at
the memorial stone on the landing site

A REGISTER OF ROYAL MARINES WAR DEATHS (1939-45) - II

By Captain John Good (RMHS)

Since the last edition of SHEET ANCHOR was published Part 4 of the Register of Royal Marines War Deaths 1939-45 has been sent to the printers. This part completes the Register. It lists all known graves of Royal Marines who died during the war both at home and overseas. It has been the most difficult and time-consuming part to complete because so much cross checking and verification had to be done. Again thanks are due to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission for their help and infinite patience in answering literally hundreds of questions relating to deaths and burials. Thanks too to the Imperial War Museum at Kennington for giving me help and advice during my days spent working in their library.

Part 4 has been split into three sections. The first is a complete list of all Royal Marines whose graves are known. If a name does not appear in this section it should be assumed that there is no known grave. Opposite each entry in this section is a page number on which burial details can be found. The second section contains the names of the 569 Royal Marines buried in the United Kingdom listing the churchyard or cemetery and grave number where known. The last section contains the lists of 1295 overseas graves in 163 cemeteries worldwide. This section is compiled alphabetically by countries then alphabetically by cemeteries. For those interested in statistics 46.9% of those who died have a known grave.

Although Part 4 is believed to be accurate at the time of going to press I have no doubt that there will be changes as time goes by. Many re-burials have occurred since the end of the war, particularly in India and the Far East, and some in Europe. Some cemeteries have been closed and the graves moved to bigger and more accessible places. It follows, therefore, that the original entries on Service Certificates, made at the time of death, may not now be correct. So far as I can deduce from my research there have not been many reburials during the last fifteen years, but some do occur from time to time. I chanced upon some 1914-18 graves that are now in 1939-45 war cemeteries in Europe and the Far East, including some Royal Marines.

All four parts of the Register have been finished and are available from the Royal Marines Museum at Eastney. They provide a lot of detail that may be useful to historians and statisticians but I hope it will be useful to our own unit and ship associations and Royal Marines Association branches. Fiftieth anniversaries are near at hand. The Register may be useful to those planning and visiting battlefields in the next few years.

Sitting back and looking at what the Register contains it provides a new approach to Corps history of the 1939-45 war. In the first three years most casualties were at sea and most were pensioners recalled to the Colours on mobilisation, the losses sustained in HM Ships COURAGEOUS, ROYAL OAK and GLORIOUS are proof of the major part played by those men. Nearly all ships' complements were brought up to strength by pensioners. It is worth remembering that the 116 RM gunlayers who died serving in Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships were all pensioners. The lists of deaths in UK establishments are also evidence of how many pensioners staffed our barracks and camps.

The actions of major ships and units have been well documented. There are several small incidents about which I have found no account. For instance, seven marines from HMS TANA II were lost at sea on 7th

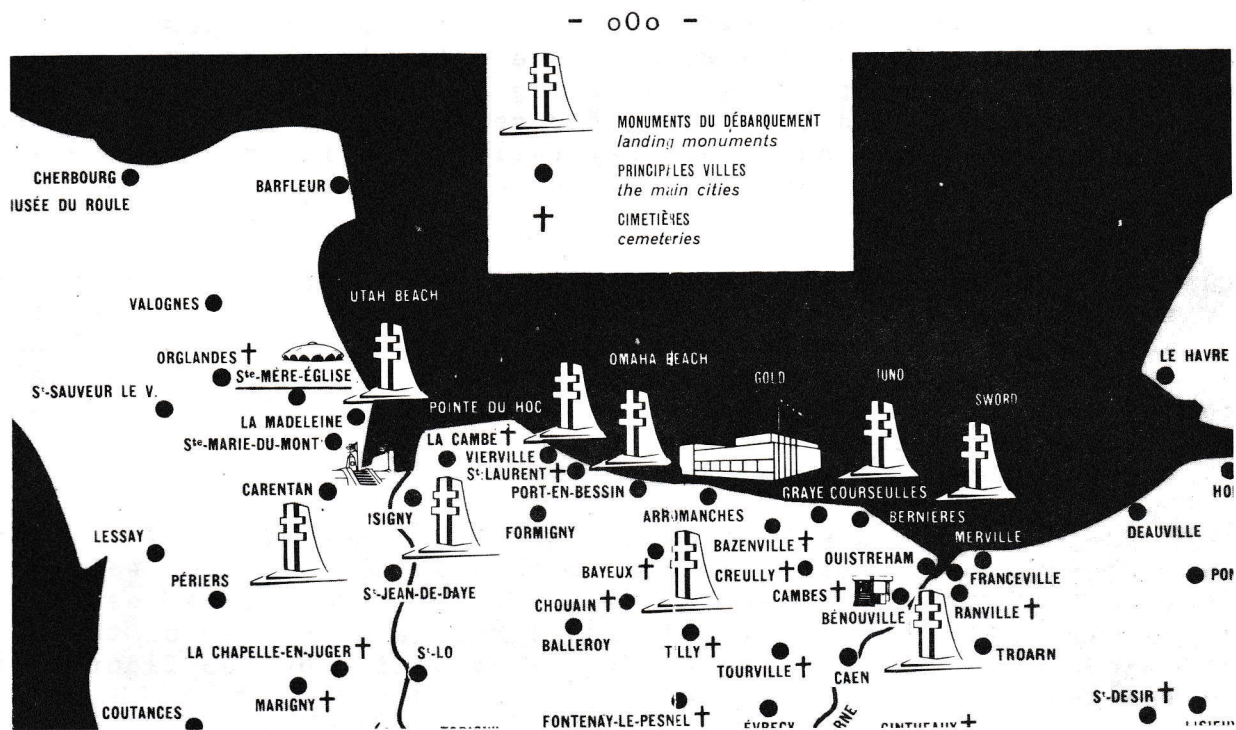
December, 1942. HMS TANA was the base ship in East Africa for the Indian Ocean after the fall of Singapore. The suffix 'II' frequently denotes a special force formed from personnel of that ship for a specific operation - what was TANA II?

HMS FIDELITY was a 'Q' ship sunk on 31st December, 1942 off the Brittany coast when fifty two lives were lost. Was this a raid that failed?

There are several instances of single Royal Marines deaths in small escort vessels and tugs. Some were engaged in the Naval Examination Service, others were presumably taking passage at the time of their deaths.

The casualties reflect the ever changing role of the Corps as the war progressed starting with predominantly sea service then more towards land service. In the first three years there were 1134 deaths at sea compared to 174 on land. From 1943 to 1945 the picture had changed to 289 at sea and 1032 on land. The variety of roles stands out clearly as the number of units grows to meet the needs of the moment, landing craft, beach 'bricks', commandos, artillery units, special parties, and many more, not forgetting that the Corps had two infantry brigades in Europe when the war finished.

With such a variety of roles and with graves in all parts of the world the Corps justified its Crest and its motto 'Per Mare Per Terram'.



Many of you must have often wondered what it is like to go back to your old battlefields. Our chief impression was that it was rather like visiting school some years after one has left. Everything seems smaller and less significant than one imagines. Do go back if you can. The French will be delighted to see you, and besides, you can stand by the mound of earth that was once your comrade and vow that you will never forget him or that for which he died. And if you can do this every year, and if you can remember, you will do your utmost to prevent the necessity for any more D-Days and any more anniversaries. (JED - 'Globe and Laurel' September 1946.)

REMINISCENCES OF A WAR TIME WREN By Mrs J Snowden (RMHS)

Deal brings back many memories. I think of my old home in Walmer, the Royal Marines and their bugle calls, the groan of the South Goodwin lightship and the P & O ablaze with lights sailing down the Channel on a Friday evening before the war.

I remember the Royal Marine children's parties and how terrified I was when the clowns jumped about on the chute as you were sliding down. The Tattoos on summer evenings and "*Shoulder your Pi - i - kes*", the King's Squad and their perfection drill, the Church Parades and the white helmets and the throwing of the Mace all filled me with wonder. And then there were the beautifully behaved tea parties in the Mess everybody 'dressed up' after the Musical Matinees which were so enjoyed by everyone.

What fun we had swimming in the R.M. Baths, sailing in the Downs, tennis in Archery Square and the dances in the Mess.

When war came in 1939 here was my chance to join the Royal Marines, and so I did. At that time I was doing secretarial work for Lord Willington at Walmer Castle on some mornings so I told the W.R.N.S. I would not be able to work for them every day, and strangely enough this was accepted.

But I'm afraid when I first joined I was really most unsuitable and the horror of Sgt Mullins who was in the Military Instructor's office to which I was appointed. The first day there I broke the typewriter, as half the keys fell off, so came with iodine after lunch as my fingers were cut about. I then attempted the ormig machine but this collapsed although apparently it had been going for years before my approach, and when pulling the blackout curtains they fell to the floor. This was too much for the Sergeant who wrung his hands in despair with the cry of "*Oh petticoats*"!

I did not see the serious side and was told I lacked discipline and to leave the Wrens for a week and if by then I thought I could behave to return, and during this time extraordinarily enough I was paid! Dear General Sturges (then I think Major) gave me a most understanding talk and book to read and I returned a reformed character. On my desk lay a note "Private" from the M.I. Major Cornwall which read "*I am very glad to see you back*". I much appreciated this.

We were a happy crowd and well looked after. We were given P.T. instruction, having already been grounded in this at school, when we were taught by ex Royal Marines Rose and Mathews. We had fencing lessons, Ju-jitsu and rifle shooting. The dear old Marine in charge of the shooting used to cover our legs with a rug as we lay on the floor taking aim for modesty's sake!

We had Corporal Budd in the office and one day he brought some potato whisky which had been made by his wife which he kindly gave us Wrens to drink. This had a disastrous effect on our cycling down Jubilee drive - I'd never felt so odd on a bicycle.

One day my little Scottie dog arrived in the M.I.'s office - I shall never understand how he found his way over half a mile and I'd always gone on my bike, so no scent.

We still continued to have fun as well as work - tobogganning at Hawkesdown on a moonlight night with a barrel of beer, acting in the Globe Theatre and called to the shelter during "Alerts". I often wondered what the Germans would have thought if they'd seen us in our stage

clothes sitting in the shelter. We had a very good New Year's dance (1939) at the Black Horse Hotel with Royal Marines, and another one later at the Clarendon which Peter Belloc decided should take place and hired the hall for the evening and we had a very merry party with two friends of Peter's, three Wrens and a gramophone.

Colonel and Mrs Hawkins were our next door neighbours and when the first "Alert" of the war sounded my Mother and I joined them and its lovely to see them again now he has joined the Society.

Dunkirk week was upon us and life became very different. One could hear the rumble of guns from over the water and my poor little dog became so frightened that my Mother decided he should go to the Vet and not return. This was my first realisation that the future had changed and would not be the same again.

It was decided that the M.I. Class should move to Lypstone in Devon and we three Wrens were to go with them. By now Colonel C F Jerram had replaced Major Cornwall. Walmer was an eerie place now, children and animals had disappeared, the grass in the tennis courts was like a hay-field, a plane crashed on the beach and defences were springing up all round.

So off we went at the end of May 1940. The taxi was late in picking us up so we had to race to Dover where the train was held up by Colonel Jerram until we arrived. At Clapham Junction we Wrens had guns given us to carry and we must have looked an odd sight as we changed platforms for our train. The train to Devon was filled with survivors from Dunkirk, lying it seemed all over the train, really exhausted men. At Salisbury we were given chocolate and bananas and all forms of kindness, it was a memorable journey.

And so we came to Lypstone: very different from what it looks nowadays, with sandy tracks and huts, in fact like a film set for a Wild Western. Morwenna Jerram, Clem Fishe and myself were the first Wrens to arrive at the Camp and they didn't quite know what to do with us but as usual we were very kindly looked after. The men were issued with tin helmets but none for the girls. There was a short article I wrote in the 'Globe & Laurel' at that time and a drawing by Mrs Jerram showing the arrival with bicycle, tennis racquet, fishing rod and gas-mask - a curious war time conglomeration!

I was billeted in Nutwell House Hotel just outside the Camp. We used to have scrumpy for morning break which I believe was a penny a glass; it never seemed to go to our heads but it did the legs!

I remember the Battle of Britain day when we attended an ENSA concert which was continuously broken into by letting us know how many planes we were shooting down - very exciting. I also remember the day the Fleet Air Arm stationed nearby made a sudden attack on the Camp with toilet paper; I can't imagine where they obtained it all.

I went to the first Christening in the Camp of Major Pat Honnor's son Timothy.

We used to picnic at Sandy Bay and had a happy evening with two 2nd Lieuts Harry Grant-Dalton and Anthony Patrick Willasey-Wilsey when, after seeing "The Wizard of Oz", we danced through the streets of Exmouth as the Yellow Brick Road.

I got stung by a hornet one day and had three Naval doctors trying to sort me out as I was covered with blisters but eventually recovered after

an injection.

We used to go on TEWTS on Woodberry Common having first made adders out of bits of rope and twisted and dipped in red ink for fangs. These were thrown down occasionally presumably to see the reactions from the 2nd Lieuts.

It was decided I should have a commission. I left Exton station very early one morning when there was a shower of shooting stars. Obviously a very strange looking Wren presented herself to the Director of WRNS and Committee in London. First I had not been issued with a hat so wore a tam-o-shanter with the R.M. badge pinned on to it. I had been made a Leading Wren (I led two!) and was given a red seaman's badge as they didn't know blue ones existed, nor did I. I had received the Coronation Medal and when they saw me wearing this I think they thought I had put it on for fun. By this time I imagined they had had enough of me and walked to the door but was called back and told they hadn't started yet. However I was accepted and left Lympstone.

In January 1941 I arrived in Greenwich for the O.C.T.U. It was a time of air raids and we Wrens used to sleep in the Dungeons at night having been visited by the Captain of the College to wish us good-night. When you have a meal for the first time in the Painted Hall it is a memorable experience and some times you are invited to eat at the Top Table by a Naval Officer.

It was a pretty cold January but one afternoon a police boat "the Green Parrot" called at Greenwich and another Wren and myself asked if they would take us on the Thames for a look round. It was most interesting visiting the various ships to see their logs and going up all sorts of odd creeks in Limehouse. We used to manage to get to the Yacht pub in the evenings and if you were there and the sirens went you were not allowed back until the All Clear.

I now left the Royal Marines for a time and was posted to Largs to HMS Fortitude (FOIC Northern Patrol) and to the Hollywood Hotel. It was so beautiful looking across to Arran, snow covered and pink in the sunshine and a deep blue sea so different from London.

It was an interesting time. I remember staying up all day and night deciphering the movements of Bismark and her final destruction having also been there for the sinking of HMS Hood. After the sinking of the Bismark some of the crew of HMS Norfolk came to visit our H.Q. and I was delighted to spend the evening with Roche of the R.M.s who I had known in the old days at Deal.

When in Largs I managed to secure some dripping from the kitchens and this I exchanged for some beautiful Irish posters from the Station Master.

From Largs I went to Greenock and felt really amongst the big ships. HMS Royal Sovereign was a visitor and Harry Grant-Dalton from Lympstone days was the R.M. Officer. He invited me to tea and I was piped aboard - a most wonderful thrill. I had tea in his cabin with a beautiful iced cake topped by the letters WRNS, the cook apparently had been in Lympstone when I was there - I was very touched.

I shall always remember the glorious sound of every ship in the Clyde welcoming in the New Year of 1942 from the smallest to the largest battleship their sirens blew.

Next to Troon, the H.Q. of the L.C.T. where I was assistant secretary

to the Captain. As this was a Naval establishment, HMS Dinosaur, duty free alcohol, etc. was permitted if we were barricaded in. Barbed wire was put round the Golf house which was the H.Q. but the sheep on the golf course got entangled and we had an exhausting afternoon cutting them free.

At this time the Dieppe raid was being planned and carried out with the help of the L.C.T. and the outcome was a profound shock. I went over to Dieppe for the 40th anniversary of the raid in 1982, a moving and memorable occasion.

After this to Rosneath in the winter as assistant secretary to Commodore Palmer and lived in a huge Nissen hut alone, with rats running about in the mud outside. It was the final days of the planning of Operation 'Torch'. I remember Admiral Troubridge at the last dinner party in fine form and singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in which we all joined. Part of my duty was to attend boxing matches which I loathed and never looked up from start to finish.

After a short spell at Rosneath I was sent to Combined Operations Headquarters in London to look after the scientists Professor Bernal and Mr Pyke - a strange occupation but they were interesting and at that time working on the very secret "Habbakuk".

After a while with them I was given the very pleasant job as secretary to Vice Admiral Sir Theodore Hallett who was Director of Combined Training and who everybody loved. I remember he had to attend Admiral Sir Dudley Pound's funeral and had to wear his long Naval overcoat which he hadn't worn for years. It was far too long and I had to shorten it at the last minute with safety pins. He was thrilled to find long lost treasures in the pockets!

General Sturges came to COHQ after the Madagascar Campaign in May 1943 and as Admiral Hallett was retiring here was my chance to rejoin the Royal Marines and could anybody have anyone better to work for than General Sturges? He was a bit apprehensive about having a female on his staff but the WRNS authority allowed me to join and I was overjoyed.

In January 1944 I was appointed as secretary A/Q to Colonel Tilley with the Commandos at Pinner, where General Sturges was GOC. I was a bit fearful at first of all these men and used to creep out to the garden as much as possible. Here I may say how kind Ronnie Plessis, a South African Marine, was to me, and now in his 80's I still hear from him at Christmas from South Africa.

I think it was about May we moved to our new H.Q.'s which were at Lavington and Burton Park near Petworth, both beautiful houses. I was most comfortably billeted with Mrs Euan Wallance. Pat Bradley in the R.M.'s always found good places for our billets. Sometimes I would sleep in the garden on summer nights and it was most eerie to hear the 'doodle bugs' (Vl's) passing over to the accompaniment of the nightingale's song. After a while I moved to a billet with Mrs Knox at Duncton and had a very happy time with her and life in general.

Young Winston Churchill stayed in a cottage at Lavington with his nanny for part of the war and Lady Churchill used to visit him. I remember sitting behind and watching him at an ENSA concert and whenever he couldn't see he would just move the Commando's head in front of him.

General Sturges was such a wonderful man to work for. When work was required from him, you knew he meant it and I think everyone did their

best. If there was a period of quietness he preferred you to relax and not pretend you were busy.

When General Newman came to H.Q. on an official visit, his A.D.C. Miles Belville, was unable to be present at that time, so I was asked to meet him at Pulborough station instead. Complete with gloves and Naval salute I approached with "Good Afternoon, Sir" and his reply was "Hallo Jean, how are you?". How human the Royal Marines are.

I used to be asked to ring the families of Commandos who were serving out of England and give them information as far as possible from time to time and I think this was appreciated. When General Sir Campbell Hardy got his third D.S.O. I rang his wife and she said "Oh dear, that means another half-holiday for the boys at school".

I had some strange dealings, amongst them being asked to lay bets on horses when Spitfire pilots had flown back with the messages.

There was a time when my fiance was missing in Italy and I remember the kindness of General Sir Ian Riches who at that time was the G.I., saying "Take my car and go and visit his parents in London". I did not go but thought a lot of him for this.

I was very lucky in receiving lots of little gifts and particularly remember the heather sent down from Achnacarry by Colonel Charles Vaughan tied with tartan ribbon and a very attractive plate, cup and saucer from Bavaria given me by our Naval Chaplain Bishop John Armstrong.

We used to have lunch in B Mess at Burton Park and would travel down from Lavington by lorry. The Commandos always used to make me get out and open the gate for them to allow the lorry to pass through!

D Day eventually arrived - it was wonderful how secret it had been kept. Very early in the morning we were receiving messages from Normandy - incredible it seemed.

One of the Commandos asked me if I would like anything brought back. I laughingly said a rose picked on D Day and he did bring one to me.

Camembert now began arriving it seemed by the ton. I think a special room was kept for it at H.Q. and the smell was terrific.

I remember Lord Lovat arriving at H.Q. after he had been wounded and I was asked to do some typing for this very glamorous officer.

General Dempsey had a tent and party at Ascot in 1945 and I went with some of the Commandos - it was such fun and life seemed as it used to be for a day.

On my birthday I had a picture given me signed by the H.Q. staff. I was sitting at my desk knitting with the radio blaring away, a vase of flowers on the table, an electric stove at my feet and Dempsey, Colonel Griff Hunt's little dog. I'm afraid to say this was at times a true picture although at other times I worked hard.

One day General Sturges had an urgent call for some VIP occasion when he was told to fly the Commando flag on his car and this he had not got. He asked me to procure one as soon as possible. All I could produce was a red petticoat I possessed. I tore this into shape and embroidered it with H.Q. Cdo Gp in black silk. I don't expect many Generals have flown a petticoat on their official car but it looked all right until he got a proper one.

The Crown Inn at Chiddingfold was a great haunt of the Commandos and Canadians with delicious non-wartime food. General Sturges gave me a farewell party there and those who remember the Crown will remember William who used to serenade the guests with his repertoire of songs.

We had a great party at Lavington to celebrate the end of the War. General Sturges asked me to stand by his side for the National Anthem and then gave me his revolver and said "*shoot out of the window all that's in it*". This I did and expected to see a field of dead cows in the morning but all was well. The Canadians who were also with us got hold of my bicycle and performed some shaky rides in front of the H.Q.

I longed to go over to Belgium. One day General Sturges said I could go and arrange a dinner party in Bruges. I was thrilled and went over in a M.T.B. from Dover and stayed at the Bruges Cdo H.Q. At night I left my shoes outside the bedroom door to be cleaned but the obviously dumb-founded orderly who came round to deliver early morning tea could not understand the ladies' shoes so left the tea and the shoes outside the door. It was great fun and I think I "may" have done something about a dinner party.

General Wildman-Lushington succeeded General Sturges as GOC towards the end of the War and he, too, was a remarkable man.

I was given a Green Beret and so were the three Wrens who also worked at H.Q. and this was a tremendous gesture and very much appreciated. General Sturges made me a Life Member of the Royal Marines Association and proposed the toast at our wedding shortly after the War.

I spent such a very happy time with the Royal Marines and often think of those days.

When reading through these notes it seemed as though I never did any work but I can honestly say that all Wrens did work hard when called upon to do so but that is another story.

NOTE

The ranks of officers are as I remember them and not what a lot of them later became.



Jean Snowden (as Wren Patterson) sits amongst MTI staff at Lympstone (1940) with Wrens Jerram and Fishe on either side.

LETTERS

In answer to a letter in the 'Globe & Laurel' requesting information on early days at Exton Camp (July/August issue 1986) this reply came from former Royal Marine Eric Foulkes (EX 1803) now residing in Australia.

"Early May 1940, on my call up, I reported to the R A Depot called Hadrians Camp, Carlisle, where we were kitted out, did the usual drilling, as well as gunnery. Before leaving we were granted the freedom of the city, and proudly marched through the city centre with fixed bayonets, a first for the Royal Marines.

Next we went to Towyn, North Wales, where we fired our first live ammunition, at targets towed by planes; I was No 6 on the Sperry Predictor. It was here that we were put on two minute notice for embarkation to Norway but this was called off. So we moved to Exton, and I clearly recall that we were billeted, eight men in bell tents; these were in fields on the side of the road to the main gates, there were not many buildings I recall, the largest being a mess hall, office and guard room. At mealtimes we gathered our eating utensils, and marched to the mess down the road which led to the parade ground. A parade Sergeant Major Chivers was in charge there.

I was on guard duty when the then Commandant General visited, I am not sure, but I think it was Sir Dallas Brookes at that time. But what I remember most of our short stay there was being paid an extra 4 pence per day for hard lying, plus 4 pence per day in lieu of the rum ration, and with my 1 shilling a day I found it helped to cope with the supply of blanco, tooth-powder, Brasso and shoe polish which was required of us, to keep up to standard. After about 4 weeks stay at Exton we were on the move again. In the early hours of night we were ordered to parade in full marching order and issued with 50 rounds, one tin of bully-beef, one packet of hard tack biscuits; then entrained at Lymstone station, non-stop to Dover harbour. We boarded a ship for France, then suddenly orders were to disembark, fall in on the dockside as the ship was in need for the evacuation of Dunkirk.

We marched off to Folkestone and took over A A guns defending Hawkinge Aerodrome."

From Major C J Smith RM

The article "Dieppe Remembered" by PO/X 4173 Robert Jolly in the September/October 1986 'Globe & Laurel' also calls forth memories for CH/X 104514 Marine John Gardiner, a member of the Lewisham Branch RMA.

John Gardiner, an HO, joined Exton Camp at Lymstone in 1940 and did his basic training there before moving to Dalditch Camp on Woodbury Common to complete his advanced handling and weapon training.

On completion of training he was posted to the RM Division at Kelso in Scotland where he volunteered for Special Services.

He with 700 other volunteers arrived at Depot RM Deal in April 1942. They came from all over the world, including the RM Division, battle ships and cruisers as far afield as Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria. The 700 were paraded on the Depot main parade and were addressed by Lt Col Picton Phillips. Colonel Picton Phillips said they had to form a Commando of 407 strong to train for a special operation.

The next day the selection process started. Colonel Picton Phillips

put them through their paces assisted by Major Houghton, the 2I/C and Captain Helling, one of the Company Commanders, and 407 were chosen. John Gardiner was one of the lucky ones.

John Gardiner was posted to Captain Helling's "A" Company and his officers were Lieutenants Mike Ephraums, Copsey and Equipont.

Royal Marine 'A' Commando then moved to the Isle of Wight in May 1942 to train. The Commando was never stationed in a barracks but always billeted in digs. He was billeted with a family who refused to take any money because they said it was their part of the war effort. The Commando trained hard on the Isle of Wight for two months in June and July by day and night. In August 1942 they were ready for action.

The Commando then moved to Portsmouth where they waited for orders to embark. No one, however, had been told where the raid was to take place. They then embarked in HMS 'Locust' in the dockyard, just past HMS 'Victory'. HMS 'Locust' was a Yangtse Gun Boat, flat-bottomed with sandbags on the gunwhales for protection. Its Captain was Commander Ryder VC, who had recently returned from the raid at Saint Nazaire. The small flotilla sailed at 1800 hours on 18th August 1942, with the Naval Commander Captain Hughes Hallett in HMS 'Barclay', a Hunt Class Destroyer. There seemed to be very few large supporting ships in the convoy which was carrying a Canadian Division, No 3 and 4 Army Commando and Royal Marine 'A' Commando.

There was, however, air cover from the RAF without which the raid would have been impossible. Gardiner remembers the Canadians going ashore in Landing craft and being heavily engaged with murderous fire on the steep pebble beach. Their tanks were either hit or bogged down on the shingle. The two Army Commandos landed on the flanks with the task of securing the German Gun Batteries. Royal Marine 'A' Commando was held in reserve.

Finally 'A' Commando was ordered ashore to support the Canadians on White and Red Beach. Gardiner scrambled down a rope ladder into a waiting Landing Craft. They moved towards the beach supported by a smoke screen from the destroyers. The smoke screen, however, was 200 yards short of the beach and their craft were fully exposed to German gunfire. The radios did not work and he saw Colonel Picton Phillips stand up and wave with his white gloves for them to retire before he was killed. Gardiner's landing craft received a direct hit which blew off the screw so that it was out of control. He managed to scramble on board a French corvette. The force withdrew to Portsmouth aboard HMS 'Locust', where Gardiner and a few of his friends who had survived disembarked. Gardiner walked out of the dockyard gate and went into the Post Office to send a telegram to his mother. The girl behind the counter said it would cost nine pence. Gardiner explained that he had been on the Dieppe raid and had no money. The girl was adamant and refused to send the telegram.

Gardiner then made his way to the Isle of Wight where the Commando regrouped. He attended a memorial service at RM Barracks, Eastney before moving to Weymouth. At Weymouth they trained for another raid on Ostend which never took place. They then re-formed as 'A' Troop, 40 Royal Marine Commando, and sailed for Italy and Sicily.

From H G Keown-Boyd (Author of "A Good Dusting")

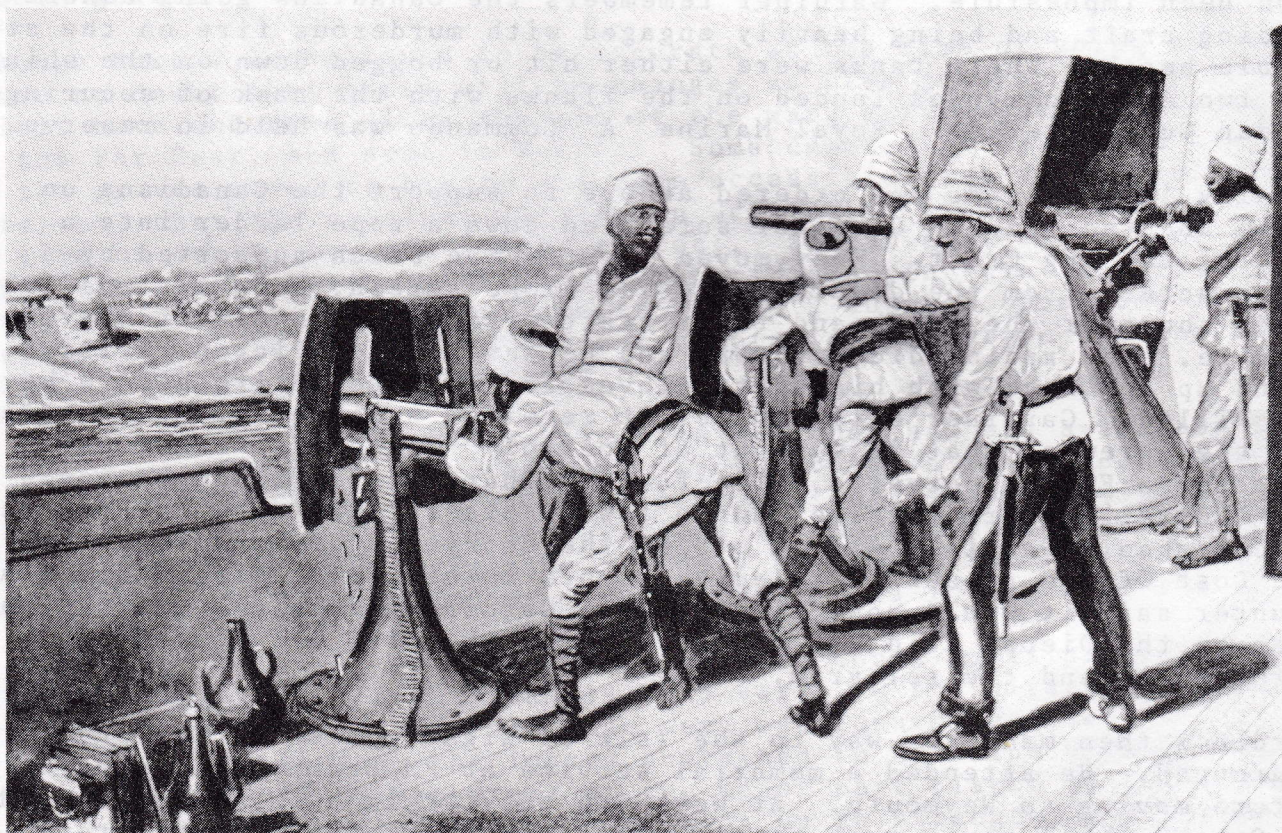
A few additional snippets of information about some of the Royal Marine NCOs who were decorated while serving with the Egyptian Army may be of interest to your readers.

Sergt Trowbridge left a diary, which is in your library, of parts of his 2 year tour of duty in the Sudan but unfortunately it lacks any mention of the three major actions, the Atbara, Omdurman and Rosaires in which he must have taken part. For a time he commanded the gunboat Melik which is still to be seen moored to the riverbank at Khartoum. One point of interest is that his pay during his service with the Egyptian Army at Egyptian pounds 186 was more than three times the normal home service rate at that period! He seems to have left the service in June 1899.

Sergt Lambert, who was also decorated after the Battle of Rosaires, was still serving in the Royal Marines during the First World War as his medals which are in your museum prove. After the Battle of Omdurman Lambert and another Royal Marine, Cpl Maynard, under Major "Monkey" Gordon, the famous general's nephew, were ordered by Kitchener to blow up the Mahdi's tomb which they did with great difficulty!

Two others, Seabright and Sears, both holders of the DCM & bar, stayed on in the Sudan for many years as stores superintendents after retiring from the Royal Marines.

- oOo -



*A Sergeant of the RMA superintending the
fire of a Nile gunboat*

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE By Geoffrey L Green (RMHS)

What more stirring sight and sound is there than the massed bands of the Royal Marines. "*Here they come*" call out the onlookers as the first strains of their regimental quick march are heard - "A Life on the Ocean Wave".

For Anglo-Jewry it is interesting to know more about the famous march of "H.M. Jollies". The celebrated composer of Victorian patriotic tunes, Henry Russell, was walking with the American poet Epps Sargent, along the Battery, New York, watching the ships in harbour. The scene before Sargent, induced him to write the words "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and Russell set them to music. It was published in the 1840s, ultimately becoming very popular on both sides of the Atlantic. The Royal Marine Light Infantry took the march as their regimental one just over 100 years ago.

Henry Russell was born in 1812 in the old Jewish naval port community of Sheerness, of Jewish parents. Henry Russell's mother was a Miss Levin, a niece of Solomon Herschell, the first Chief Rabbi.

Although ships' muster books of the Napoleonic Wars have some distinctive but inconclusive Jewish names serving as Marines, it is only late in the last century that a Jewish involvement with the Royal Marines can be determined.

The longest-serving Jewish Marine and the first to rise through the ranks was Barnett King. He enlisted in the R.M.L.I. in 1891, rising to Commissioned Gunner in 1918, after having served as Royal Marine Gunner for nearly three years aboard Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's Flagship H.M.S. Iron Duke, and was present at the Battle of Jutland. Placed on the retired list in August 1922, with the rank of Lieutenant; he was recalled between February 1940 and June 1943, serving as Quartermaster and Adjutant of the Royal Marine Auxiliary Battalion. Barnett King interested himself in his fellow Jewish Servicemen. In December 1910, he signed the register when Petty Officer Louis Franks was married in the Great Synagogue, Dukes Place, London, having the day before acted as Sergeant-Major at the Chanukah Naval and Military Service held that year at the Central Synagogue.

The highest decoration awarded to any Jewish Royal Marine was the DSO to Captain, the Honourable Lionel Montagu, son of the first Baron Swaythling for his part at the Battle of the Ancre River in November 1916. The Royal Naval Division were heavily engaged, and although wounded, Lionel Montagu was throughout the Battle with Colonel Freyberg, V.C.

IN WORLD WAR I

I estimate that about 60 Jews served as Marines during the First World War, not only in France but also at Gallipoli, and of course at sea. Private Jack Barget, R.M.L.I., attended Roehampton Hospital for many years, after losing a leg aboard the cruiser H.M.S. Yarmouth at the Battle of Jutland.

Bravery, resource and duty were to continue in the Second World War. Captain David Barnett, of 43 Royal Marine Commando, was awarded the M.C. during the assault-boat crossing of the River Reno, Northern Italy, in April 1944. Although wounded, Capt Barnett continued to give encouragement and instructions to his troops in clearing a minefield.

Some 80 Jews were to serve in the Royal Marines during this war, virtually all as "Hostilities Only" Marines. Leon Green from Liverpool was one:-

"After three months of bull, route-marches, spit and polish, we had a short leave from training. I felt very fit. Mother was very pleased with her little son, he had put on a stone in weight and an inch in height. So the Marines had done something for me. Except when asked by my friends and relations what was the uniform? - they'd never heard of the Marines - thought there were only American Marines. I was something out of the ordinary".

Leon was to serve most of his 5½ years aboard an aircraft carrier. "My lasting memory of H.M.S. Furious was pilchards heated in tins with tomato sauce. Ugh!".

Imagine the surprise of Able Seaman Victor Davis in 1946, while off-duty on the mess-deck of the cruiser H.M.S. Argonaut, to be "piped" over the ship's broadcast to report on the quarterdeck to Lieutenant Davis, Royal Marines. In his excitement, Victor had to return to the mess to collect his cap in order to salute his brother, Peter, whom he had not seen for three years.

"Pug" Davis, was to retire from the Royal Marines in 1971 as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and the only Jewish Royal Marine recipient of the Distinguished Service Cross.

ROLL OF HONOUR

Lieutenant Edward Ableson, 190th Machine Gun Company attached 2nd Battalion R.M.L.I., Royal Naval Division. Killed in Action, Battle of the Ancre River 14 November 1916.

Corporal Jack Bailey 45 Royal Marine Commando. Died of Wounds, Normandy, 20 June 1944.

Corporal Isaac Cohen 41 Royal Marine Commando. Killed in Action, Normandy, 15 July 1944.

Lance-Corporal Samuel Kemp R.M.L.I. Killed when H.M.S. Natal mysteriously blew up, 30 December 1915.

Private Samuel Landey R.M.L.I. Portsmouth Battalion, Royal Naval Division. Killed in Action, Gallipoli, 16 October 1915.

Lieutenant Neville Lion R.M.L.I. First Royal Marine Battalion, Royal Naval Division. Killed in Action, Gavrelle, 28 April 1917.

Private Allan Magee R.M.L.I. Deal Battalion, Royal Naval Division. Killed in Action, Gallipoli, 20 May 1915.

Sergeant Frederick Schiff R.M.L.I. First Royal Marine Battalion, Royal Naval Division. Killed in Action, Rocquigny, 16 March 1918.

HONOURS

Distinguished Service Order to Captain Honourable Lionel Montagu. Hood Battalion, Royal Naval Division, Battle of the Ancre River, 15 November 1916.

Distinguished Service Cross to Lieutenant (later Lieutenant-Colonel) Peter Davis, 561 Royal Marine Landing Craft Flotilla, Brac, Yugoslavia, 6 June 1944.

Military Cross to Captain David Barnett, 43 Royal Marine Commando, River Reno, 3 April 1944.

Military Cross to Captain (later Major) Henry Van Praagh, First Royal Marine Battalion, Royal Haval Division, Passchendale, 26 October 1917.

Military Medal to Private A. Morrison R.M.L.I. Award made 11 February 1919. Belgium Croix de Guerre to Corporal (Driver) A.P. Levy, R.M.A.

- oOo -

Mr Green thanks Miss B Spiers of the Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, for her interest and unstinted help during his research into Anglo-Jewry and the Royal Marines. He would like to hear from any Jewish ex-Royal Marines or their relations. He can be contacted at: 104 Pitshanger Lane, Ealing, London W5 1QX. (Telephone 01-997 6454 or 01-997 3745).

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THE GLOBE AND LAUREL

By Rev. J. Kingston, R.N.

"Per Mare, Per Terram," our motto,
We serve on the land and the sea;
On the deck, on the grim battlefield,
We strive 'mid the foremost to be.

One hand we stretch forth to the Army,
Our truth to the Navy we plight;
And thus in the gallant Marine Corps
The land and sea forces unite.

In every clime you will find us,
We serve in all ships great and small;
A "Joey" has tasks multifarious;
In fact, he's at ev'ry one's call.

As gunner, as infantry soldier,
Sometimes as a stoker he's found;
As postman, as officer's servant,
He's surely "a good man all round".

Methinks, he stands well with his country,
This soldier and seaman combin'd;
And should any danger assail her,
A bulwark in him she will find.

Then lads of the "Globe and Laurel,"
We'll heartily join in your praise;
The record you bear on your colours
Will ever increase as your days!

- oOo -

A second review on the life of Major George MILLER MVO MUS BAC CANTAB is taken from 'THE MUSICAL AGE' for November 1901 (See also part 1 of this volume).

"The frequenters of the Glasgow Exhibition have been more than delighted to renew acquaintance with Lieutenant George Miller and his band, and congratulate themselves as well as him on the undoubted honour which has been paid the famous Portsmouth band in its re-engagement for the closing weeks of the Exhibition. Lieutenant Miller is the beau ideal of a British Bandmaster. His soldierly bearing, his admirable qualities as a musician, and the high distinction he has reached in his profession, all combine to make him a figure of interest."

Lieutenant George Miller's grandfather was wounded at Salamanca, and his father, after being educated at the Duke of York's School at Chelsea, went into the band of the Grenadier Guards, in which he was solo cornet player when George was born, 26th November 1853.

Mr Miller senior afterwards became Bandmaster of the 63rd (Manchester) Regiment, and here young George began his musical career. As a lad he studied the piano and other instruments, and afterwards obtained the post of assistant in Alfred Mapleson's Music Library, where his eyes were opened to the literature of orchestral music. Mr Mapleson was at that time librarian to Her Majesty's Opera, the old and the new Philharmonic Societies, the State Concerts, etc., and young Miller was thus brought into personal contact with Costa, Arditi, Bevnigani, Cusins, Wilde, Riviere, and other leading musicians and conductors of the day, an experience which has since proved of great value to him.

The connection with Mr Mapleson, necessitating as it did attendance at all the best concerts, etc., was very interesting and enjoyable, but as it held out no future prospects Mr Miller turned his thoughts to his earliest love - the military band.

Through the good offices of some friends of his father, Mr Miller was introduced to the officer commanding the 16th Regiment, with the result that he enlisted in that regiment, and after a brief period devoted to learning drill, etc., was sent to Kneller Hall to complete his musical studies. In April 1875 at the age of 21, George Miller received his Kneller Hall certificate for harmony and orchestration, and competency to play upon, or teach, all the instruments of a military band, and he was appointed bandmaster to his own regiment (the 16th), with which, in the following year, he went to India. On the voyage out Mr Miller composed the fantasia, "A Voyage on a Troopship," founded on old sea songs, now a stock piece with military bands.

In 1880, Mr Miller received the bandmastership of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, which carried with it the post of organist at the church service. Sir Arthur Sullivan's father was one of Mr Miller's predecessors in this post, and he tells a pleasant story how Sir Arthur - then Mr Sullivan - came more than once to renew boyish impressions, and played the Sunday service at Mr Miller's invitation.

While at Sandhurst (in 1882) Mr Miller was made a "Bandmaster Licentiate" of the Royal Academy of Music, London; the examiners being Dan Godfrey, W Winterbottom, and Tamplini. In 1884, when the vacancy occurred in the Royal Marines (Portsmouth Division), Mr Miller became a candidate. Strong testimonials were written in his favour by HRH the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr Dan Godfrey, and the officers in whose regiments he had served. Sir Arthur Sullivan spoke of him as not only highly qualified in music, but "a man of good

education, a gentleman in manner and feeling," and on the strength of these recommendations Mr Miller was admitted to the competitive examination, and ultimately gained the appointment, which he has held ever since.

It was part of his sad duty to compose a funeral march for the obsequies of Prince Henry of Battenburg, and one can readily understand the personal feeling which assisted in the production of the mournful though beautiful dirge, as it was but a few years previously he had assisted at the Prince's marriage. Among Mr Miller's most cherished possessions are a beautiful engraving of His Royal Highness, sent to him by the widowed Princess as a souvenir; an elegant conductor's baton in ivory and gold, presented by her late Majesty; and the double Jubilee decoration, also given by Queen Victoria, in connection with the Band's long services at the Royal Palace at Osborne. In addition to this decoration, Mr Miller wears the Victorian Order, the Coronation Medal, and also the handsome Star of "Notre Dame de la Conception," an ancient order of Portuguese chivalry, conferred upon him by the late King Carlos.

Mr Miller graduated Mus. Bac. at Cambridge in 1892, his examiners being Professor Villiers Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, and W S Rockstro, and it is characteristic of the energy of the man that he went through his course - the art requirements (seven subjects) and the musical tests, which were entirely foreign to his practical experience as a bandmaster - while his usual duties were proceeding, and was all the time rehearsing his band, and often conducting one or two concerts a day. For the University Exercise he composed a Secular Cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, on the subject of the "Spanish Armada", of which her late Majesty Queen Victoria graciously accepted the dedication.

The hereditary tendency of military music is as pleasantly exhibited in the family of the Millers as in the case of the Godfreys, Mr Miller's son - yet another George Miller - having been appointed to the bandmastership of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry at the early age of 21, a position he relinquished on promotion to the Royal Artillery, and afterwards the First Life Guards.



Unidentified RMLI Band - c. 1891

Following on from the article covering RM Transport by a former member of the RM Provost, Chris Davies, in the last issue (pages 22 - 29) here are two personal accounts of that section of the Corps by two veterans of WW2.

ROYAL MARINES PROVOST by Pat Goulding and Derrick Gibson-Ford

Coming from the RM commandeered 'Sunshine Holiday Camp' on Hayling Island Pat Goulding commenced his Provost service at RMTG (Devon) Headquarters, The Grange, Lymington in August 1943, officially designated as RMTG Dalditch. When at the end of that year RMTG, RM Division, and MNBDO Provost Companies merged, HQ was set up in Exmouth at the Imperial Hotel, and another hotel as well as Lady Byron's House up on the Beacon, provided accommodation.

"The Provost Marshall during my stay at the Grange was a Major Corps RM, and the next senior member was Sergeant Jacks (a Scot), then two

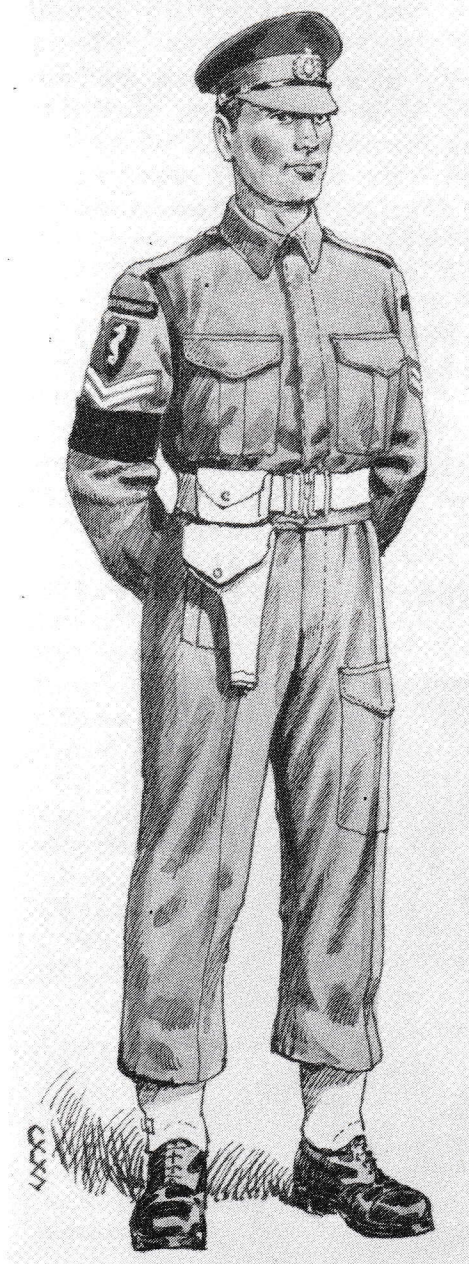
corporals (Brett and Bradley), and the remainder of us were L/corporals. Our motor-cycles were BSA 500cc side-valve models plus one or two Royal Enfields of similar capacity; a 15 cwt truck was used on our patrols which mainly took place at night in Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton (occasionally Exeter and Sidmouth) whilst daytime duties consisted of motor-cycle patrols or security duties in the Grange entrance hall. We were quartered in nissen huts in the grounds where there was an orchard. I don't suppose more than a hundred personnel were employed here, made up of officers, clerks, storemen, drivers, sentries (medically downgraded men) and about 30 Provost.

I left the Grange early in 1944 to join a section in Merioneth, a few miles north of Towyn in Wales, where we were quartered in a requisitioned farm house on the side of a mountain overlooking a huge Royal Artillery training camp at Tonfanau. A sub section (relieved at intervals) was set up further north at Barmouth, and the SNCO of the unit was CSM Mogford who had been a recalled time-served Royal Marine and former Metropolitan Policeman.

Strange to relate I received no formal police training, with the exception of a motor-cycle riding course provided by the M/T section of Dalditch camp, where we attended daily for about three hours; although I vaguely recall that some of my colleagues did receive some form of training elsewhere.

We were army orientated, issued with Corps of Military Police patrol mackintoshes, and a heavy motor-cycle mackintosh plus army greatcoat; then when I served with the Portsmouth Provost section I was issued with No 2 Blue

uniform. Later, when serving with the London section, those of us who had army issue greatcoats were taken by train to Chatham and exchanged these for RM greatcoats."



Derrick Gibson-Ford (POX3946) started his service at Eastney as a boy bugler aged 15 years on 15 May 1939, going on active duty onboard HMS IRON DUKE the following February as Captain's Bugler, returning to Eastney in November 1941 as a recruit, having turned over to the General Duties ranks, because of the number of buglers. In Squad HO 138, of which he was the only 'regular' (CS), he was awarded the Naval Gunnery Medal and completed QR3 Course on passing out. Drafted to HMS BELFAST November 1942 until October 1944, he saw action with Russian Convoys, SCHARNHORST conflict, and 'D' Day operation covering Juno Beach as Flagship of the 10th Cruiser Squadron.

"Whilst on the Russian convoys, the Royal Marines and Sailors whose action stations or duties were on the upper deck (in below zero temperatures) were issued with fur coats. These were worn skin outwards and fur inwards and were quite expensive, so 'Jack Dusty' used to watch like a hawk that none 'walked' off the ship. I remember mine had long black fur."

When the ship went into dockyard hands in Newcastle that October for repairs and alterations for the Far East he returned again to Eastney, going thence onto the Pre-Commando School, Helmsley Camp (Helmsley House site on the northern outskirts of Havant) and whilst there he saw a call for volunteers in Divisional Orders for the Royal Marine Beach Provost; he applied and was accepted. (minimum height was 5' 10") Living in a hutment camp in the grounds of Helmsley House (which was offices and the Officers Mess) he recalls the assault course just over the railway bridge on the road into Havant in fields and a small wood to the right (the country road and old bridge have since been enlarged and housing estates appeared). "It started with a water jump, a single rope bridge (one for feet and one for hands) plus various other delights that ended with the 'death slide'....climbing up a tall tree and coming down a rope using a toggle held at each end with our hands."

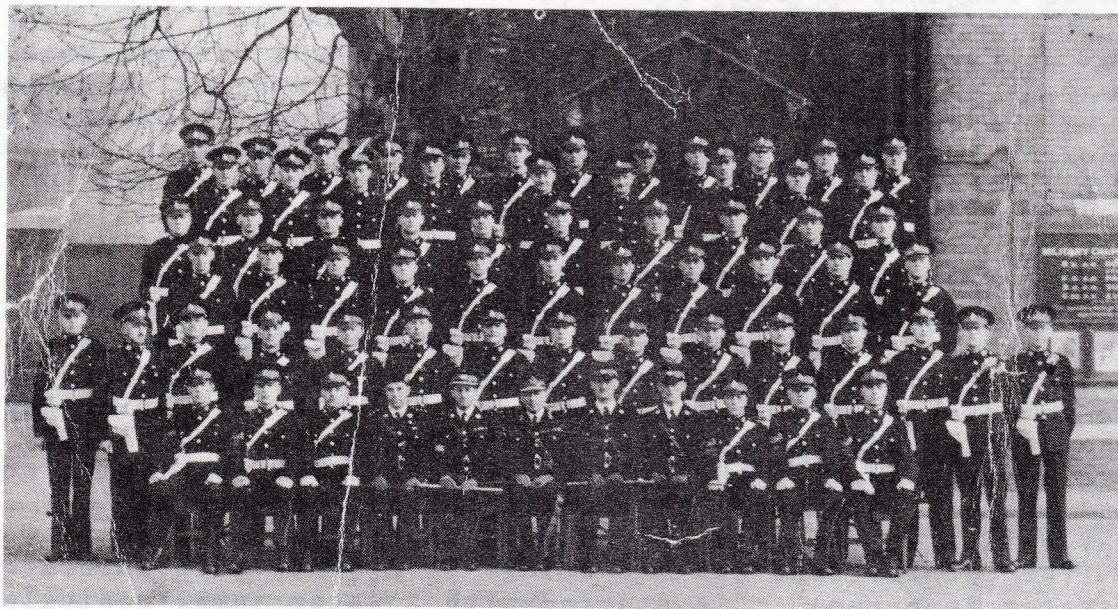
"Field training was done in two places, using live ammunition. At Stoughton on the Downs (north of Emsworth) in such manoeuvres as advancing on your feet (no taking cover), one assault group through the other, with the group in front giving covering fire as the rear group came through....all done at a fast pace intended for use in raids or rapid advances.

The second place was in the chalk pit above Cosham where a mock landing craft (made out of steel sheets) at the cliff top launched you down into the pit bottom where Bren guns were set up on fixed lines using live ammunition, and you crawled under the fixed lines, fired from the Bren guns to the centre of the chalk pit bottom where stood a large wooden hut with doors at each end. In one door and out of the other with just 7 seconds before thunder-flashes went off in the hut. From then on targets kept popping up as one advanced to the far end of the pit (each had to be fired at) then came the climb up the side of the pit to the top. This was done as a fighting unit not individually, and it was meant to be realistic. After a short rest you made a fighting return (retreat) back to the landing craft.

Of course accidents happened, but in wartime accidents were expected and allowed for, but we were trained soldiers, not recruits, so accidents were few. Not for us the luxury of a 3 ton lorry transport to Stoughton, or the pits, we did it Commando style...half mile run and half mile walk! Our rig was fighting order, with the bayonet scabbard over the left shoulder, not on the belt."

It was in November 1944 that he transferred to the Royal Marines Beach Provost; this was a special service unit of volunteers living in houses

or hotels, drawing kit and pay from the nearest source (Home Base Ledger) by producing pay-books. They were formed for active service with the commandos and other landings, but later sections were set up at Portsmouth, Chatham and London, with Plymouth being served from the Exmouth base where all training was carried out. The London section were the only ones living in army barracks (Chelsea) with other allied military police, and messed with the Guards Regiment. They, and those in naval towns were the only ones who wore blue uniforms for foot patrols.



"RM Provost at Chelsea Barracks - 1943"

Details of Dress and equipment:-

PORTSMOUTH - Mobile work/patrols - khaki battle dress blouse, khaki riding breeches, despatch rider riding boots with woollen stockings (khaki or white) pulled over the top and folded neatly. MP armband on the right arm, white webbing belt, holster, supporting sling and Smith and Wesson .38 revolver (personal weapon). Steel crash-helmet with MP on the front and rank markings (cheverons) painted above.

In wet weather the revolver would be worn under the khaki army motorcycle (belted) mackintosh, and in dry cold weather the holster belt and strap was worn over the leather jerkin issued at Exmouth. Peculiar to Portsmouth was an alternate non-standard sheepskin jerkin (a gift from the people of South Africa). This being sleeveless, the battledress blouse showed rank markings and MP Band when the jerkin was worn. The section frequently provided outriders for the C-in-C, one at each corner of the car.

Dress for foot patrols was No 2 Blues, blue Dockyard Police peaked cap with red cloth cover, MP arm band (red on blue); dockyard police leather belt, holster and strap (for .45 revolver) with our own .38 Smith and Wesson; sea service boots, and a greatcoat when cold. Coats were avoided if possible because they got in the way should some trouble have to be sorted out, and revolvers were seldom resorted to as the issue 12 inch torch proved a suitable baton! (Being smaller than the .45 revolver, the .38 Smith and Wesson gun was a loose fit in the holster)

LONDON SECTION - Dress for foot patrols was the same as Portsmouth except that they used their white webbing belt, holster and strap.

EXMOUTH HQ - Here the khaki battledress was worn with the red cap cover

over the khaki peaked cap, white webbing gear and shore service boots, and obligatory MP arm band. Top coats were the Greatcoat and Army (unbelted) khaki Military Police mackintosh. This 'khaki turn-out' was of course standard issue, and we had it at all times; the 'Blues' being additional for the capital and naval towns.

"I arrived at Exmouth in November 1944 at the Imperial Hotel and was interviewed by Major Little (Provost Marshal) and put on a course; it was a case of passing this and becoming a Lance Corporal RM Provost or fail and be posted to Dalditch for the RM Battalion which was forming for service in France. The course at Exmouth incorporated military and civil law, traffic control



unarmed combat, foot patrols, and brothel controls. (This caused great amusement, and we said that we now had a job we could do after our release!) On completion we moved to Poole learning to load and unload tanks etc from landing craft, find and mark vehicle parks and then get tanks and guns into them. (This did not happen previously on 'D' Day; as tanks went straight into action). We were taught to ride motor-cycles, not only on roads but rough riding

under fire at high speed, in all conditions. Then back to Exmouth for the examination on completion of which (pass or fail) one was immediately posted. I went to Portsmouth until that unit (housed at 7 Brading Avenue, Southsea, near Eastney Barracks) closed down, and so moved up to the London detachment where after only about a year in the Provost I requested (for personal reasons) to return to General Duties and at the end of 1945 took a posting to HMS ST VINCENT at Gosport."



Although the UK units were now disbanding, the Royal Marine Provost however went on to form No 35 Company Provost under Major Little for service in the far east, where they had the honour to accept the surrender of a large Japanese naval ship, and the relief of Singapore Changi Jail.

A normal Provost unit comprised of a Captain RM (Provost Marshal), 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, 12 L/Corporals (6 pairs), and 1 L/Cpl truck driver. Of course London and No 35 were much larger.

RMP Patrol - Singapore 1945
(photo by William Boliver)

FOOTNOTE:- RM Provost Sections were attached to all main units during WW2, and were much in evidence at the Dieppe and Normandy landings, working in conjunction with their army counterparts, controlling traffic, and patrolling against looting and other disorders, right through to the occupation of Germany.

The last of these RM Police were disbanded in June 1946; but then in the Autumn of 1962 the branch was resurrected at Eastney when C/Sgt J McDermott, from JSAC, took charge of 15 other Royal Marines for a seven weeks



course at the Royal Military Police Depot at Inkerman Barracks, Woking, and the first successful candidates were posted out to Singapore as RM Police Troop of 3 Commando Brigade, and RMP units have been in existence ever since.

EDITOR

Reproduction of painting by Ernest Ibbetson (p. Gale & Polden Ltd) depicting the 'Corps of Military Police on Active Service - 1945'.

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Editor's Note

We were sorry to learn of the death of Derrick Gibson-Ford. A letter from his widow said that he had been in poor health and consequently in 1985 took early retirement at the age of 61. Following a stroke in May his condition deteriorated and he died on 8 October 1987.

OMISSION. In the last issue (Vol XII No 1) no acknowledgement was accorded to the MILITARY VEHICLE CONSERVATION GROUP for their kind permission to reprint the article ROYAL MARINES TRANSPORT by Chris Davies (pages 22-29) from their magazine 'WINDSCREEN' Vol 9 No 1. In rectifying this omission now I apologise to the editor Robert Davey, and should any of our members wish to join, or find out more about this group, the Membership Secretary is Nigel Godfrey, 8 Selborne Close, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey.

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