

THE COVENANTER



THE REGIMENTAL JOURNAL OF
THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

2005

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) (26 and 90)

The Sphinx, superscribed Egypt. The Dragon superscribed China.

Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Mandora, Corunna, Martinique 1809, Guadaloupe 1810, South Africa 1846-47, Sevastopol, Lucknow, Abyssinia, South Africa 1877-8-9, Relief of Ladysmith, South Africa 1899-1902.

The Great War - 27 Battalions - **Mons**, Le Cateau, Retreat from Mons, **Marne 1914, 18**, Aisne 1914, La Basseé 1914, Armentières 1914, **Neuve Chapelle**, Aubers, **Loos, Somme 1916, 18**, Albert 1916, Bazentin, Pozières, Flers-Courcelette, Le Transloy, Ancre Heights, Arras 1917, 18, Scarpe 1917, 18, Arleux, **Ypres 1917, 18**, Pilckem, Langemarck 1917, Menin Road, Polygon Wood, Passchendaele, St Quentin, Roslères, Avre, Lys, Hazebrouck, Baillieul, Kemmel, Scherpenberg, Soissonnais-Ourcq, Drocourt-Quéant, **Hindenburg Line**, Epéhy, Canal du Nord, St Quentin Canal, Cambrai 1918, Courtrai, Selle, Sambre, France and Flanders 1914-18, Doiran 1917, 18, **Macedonia 1915-18, Gallipoli 1915-16**, Rumani, Egypt 1916-17, **Gaza**, El Mughar, Nebi Samwil, Jaffa, **Palestine 1917-18.**

The Second World War - Ypres-Comines Canal, **Odon**, Cheux, Caen, Mont Pincon, Estry, Nederrijn, Best, **Scheldt**, South Beveland, Walcheron Causeway, Asten, Roer, **Rhineland**, Reichswald, Moyland, **Rhine**, Dreirwalde, Bremen, Artlenburg, **North-West Europe 1940, 44-45**, Landing in Sicily, Simeto Bridgehead, **Sicily 1943**, Garigliano Crossing, **Anzio**, Advance to Tiber, **Italy 1943-44.** Pogu 1942, Paungde, Yenagyaung 1942, **Chindits 1944, Burma 1942, 44.**

Alliances

New Zealand Army

The Otago and Southland Regiment

Ghana Military Forces

2nd Battalion Ghana Regiment of Infantry

Affiliated Regiment

7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles

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NOTICES

"THE COVENANTER"

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Literary Contributions: The Editor welcomes articles, drawings, photographs and notes of regimental or general interest for publication. The closing date for submissions each year is 30 November.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Officers Club

Chairman:

Colonel J.G. d'Inverno TD ADC, (0131) 662 9792

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer

Major J.G. Maxwell TD (0141) 204 4441 (O)

Regimental Club

The Cameronian Memorial Club -
9 Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow.

Museum:

Low Parks Museum
129 Muir Street, Hamilton ML3 6BJ
Tel: 01698 328 232

2006 DIARY OF REGIMENTAL EVENTS 2006

APRIL

Friday 3rd March -

Cameronian Officers Dinner Club -

The Western Club, Glasgow at 7 for 7.30p.m.
Dinner will be preceded by the AGM at 6 p.m.
Those wishing to attend should contact Major J.G. Maxwell TD.
Tel: (0141) 204 4441. (O).



MAY

Sunday 14th May -

Cameronian Sunday -

The Douglas Valley Church - St Bride's, Douglas
10.00a.m The Reverend Bryan Kerr BA BD.

Friday 19th May -

Officers Luncheon -

The Army and Navy Club, St James Square,
London. Contact is Col. J.N.D. Lucas.
Tel: (01722) 716 463 (H).

Cameronian Pin Brooch

4 x 3 cms

These hand made brooches Hall Marked (silver) can be supplied to order from A&R Murray, 20 Thistle Street, Edinburgh EH2 1EN enclosing payment in the sum of £27.

OCTOBER

Friday 6th October -

Officers' Luncheon -

Officers Mess Craigiehall, Edinburgh
Contact is Lt Col I.K. McBain.
Tel: (0131) 445 2953 (H). (It has not been possible to arrange this on a Saturday)

Last Friday of the Month Meeting (Not December)

Following the closure of the Covenanter Bar in the High Street the meeting place has been re-located to The White Horse Bar on the Royal Mile by Jeffrey Street.

Any Cameronian who finds himself in Edinburgh on the last Friday of any month (except December) should meet from 12 noon onwards.

REGIMENTAL MATTERS

Trustee Matters

The trustees have recently made donations to a number of service charities. These charities support ex-servicemen in need including former Cameronians. Regimental Headquarters of the King's Own Scottish Borders continues to handle Cameronian SSAFA cases for whom funds are made available from the Army Benevolent fund to whom the Trustees had previously made a sizeable donation. Donations were also made to Glasgow Cathedral and St Brides Church Douglas, in recognition of the long standing association the Regiment has had with both churches.

Funds have also been made available to support various projects in the Low Parks Museum, Hamilton which involve the Regimental Collection, Regimental Histories, War Diaries and other records. Scottish Veterans Residences have named one of the gates in Whiteford House, which has recently been refurbished, Cameronian Gate. This is in recognition of the donation the Trustees made to the charity. A suitably inscribed plaque will be placed on the gate.

Regimental Curling

Much to our pleasant surprise the 2005 curling season saw the Regiment retain The Lowland Brigade Cup. In spite of a further reduced pool of curlers we were just able to find a Regimental rink for the Bonspiel on the 2nd February at Murrayfield. However, for the Inter Brigade match at Perth on the 4th March we could only find three curlers on the day. This meant that we were penalised three points in each of our matches.

For the Lowland Brigade Bonspiel the Regimental rink comprised of Malcolm Macneill (Skip) Jim Orr, David Scott and Ian McBain. In the morning match we defeated the RHF 8-5, and in the afternoon we achieved a 7-4 win over the KOSB which meant we had retained the Cup.

The new format for the Inter Brigade match meant that only one day was used, with a morning session followed by lunch then an afternoon session. Unfortunately the Regiment could only find three curlers for Perth on the day. Jim Orr (Skip) David

Scott and John McMyn. In the morning we went down 11-7 to the Highland Brigade President's Rink. This included 3 penalty points against us. In the afternoon we lost narrowly 9-8 to the A&SH. This again included 3 penalty points, which made all the difference between a win and a lose.

We have just been informed that, sadly, due to the current unwelcome regimental reorganisations and related changes 2006 will see the final fixtures for both the Lowland Brigade Bonspiel and the Inter Brigade matches. Thursday 12th January will see the final Bonspiel at Murrayfield and the final curling AGM of the Lowland Brigade Club. The final fixture against the Highland Brigade is to take place at Murrayfield on Thursday 16th February.

J.A.O.

Museum Report Year 2005

New Acquisitions to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Collection 2005

One of the highlights of the acquisition year was the gift of the first group of Cameronian archives by The National Archives. More are to follow by the end of 2005. These are particularly valuable as they allow us a clear view of the Rank and File joining and leaving the Regiment in the period between the 2 World Wars of the 20th century. This is in addition to the valuable Cameronian Officers 1689-1968 Card Index which we inherited from the Regiment.

Medals and badges

Offer of gift of "General Service Medal 1793-1874" awarded to Geo. Campbell of the 90th Reg. Clasp

Group of 4 WW1 medals of Pte W Gordon

Uniform accessories and equipment

Cameronian cap, bonnet and tunic of Frank Picken (plus photos)

Cameronian summer belt 1960s

Paintings and Photographs

Painting of Sgt John Tomkins while Chelsea pensioner in 1993

Sgt Tomkins' 22 photographs c WW2 in Bengal 2 images from Novosti Photograph Library; Red Army man and Corporal of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Both images taken at Friendship Bridge, Magdeburg, Germany 1945. (Used in exhibition to welcome Russian President Putin to UK. Also as cover of Novosti's Jubilee)

Photograph of Capt Gibb RAMC re liberation of Belsen 1945 67 slides of Aden and Disbandment taken by Lt J R Williams

4 photographs re Rfn A Adam WW2

CD-ROM with photographs of Rfn Brennan WW2

Archive

3 books: 6th Bn WW2, 8Bn, WW1, 5th Bn WW1.

4 documents relating to India 1947 (Sgt Tomkins) 16 military documents relating to Cpl Campbell WW1

Military papers of W Devenney enlisted Omagh 1937

4 boxes of Regimental discharge books 1919-1939 from The National Archives

7 archive items of Rfn A Adam WW2 Campaign map re Rfn Brennan WW2

Cameronian Book Digitisation

Much concern is felt both in Cameronian circles and by the general public that the excellent histories of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) are now all out of print.

In a major initiative, the Trustees have awarded funding to purchase vital IT hardware and have provided funds to digitise all 4 volumes of Regimental History, many of the Battalion histories as well as the complete run of The Covenanter from the very first issue.

This is being achieved through a three pronged approach:

- Investigating reprinting key volumes
- Having scanning done by an outside company. News is awaited at time of writing of how successful a sample book has been.
- Scanning The Covenanter in-house

We are very grateful to the Trustees for their generous assistance in developing this

important project.

Friends of Low Parks Museum Society

In August 2005, a group of Volunteers working on the War Dairies project formed a new organisation - the Friends of Low Parks Museum Society. Their objectives are to provide support for the Museum in the form of Volunteering and fundraising. We are delighted with this new development and wish its members every success in the future.

War Diaries Project - "Increasing public access to the collections without increasing the staff workload"

The team of dedicated volunteers from the Lanarkshire Family History Society have continued to work tirelessly on transcribing the hand-written Commanders' War Diaries into an easy-to-use computer package. They have transcribed over 250,000 words and have entered into a database the names of over 4,000 Officers and Other Ranks.

With a few clicks of the computer mouse, staff can find if there is any mention of any known person, place, ship, weapon, etc. Previously to do such a search in hundreds of un-indexed hand-written pages was so time-consuming as to be almost impossible.

The team has finished transcribing nearly all of the identified War Diaries from the First World War 1914-1918 held by South Lanarkshire Council museums. The list is:

- 1st Battalion
- 2nd Battalion
- 6th Battalion
- 7th Battalion
- 8th/7th Composite Battalion
- 8th Battalion
- 9th Battalion
- 11th Battalion

We are very grateful to the Volunteers for their continued hard work and enthusiasm that has resulted in a major new asset for the public at Low Parks Museum and worldwide through our public enquiries service.

The project supported by the Lanarkshire Family History Society (LFHS) was completed at the end of October 2005. We are very grateful to the Society for their support at a time when there are many other projects competing for their attention.

Since August 2005, the Friends of Low Parks Museum Society have phased in their support for this project.

During 2005 the members of the two Lanarkshire Family History Society transcription teams were:

Alan Johnstone (Lanarkshire Family History Society co-ordinator)
Allan Colthart
Margaret McKenzie
Irene Garry
Marie Cullen
Ian Wilson
Charlie Bennett
Iain MacAusland

We also wish to thank past team members whose new work commitments have obliged them to withdraw from direct transcription work with the teams but whose contribution is gratefully acknowledged.

Terry F Mackenzie acts as project manager for South Lanarkshire Council.

Their Past Your Future (TPYF) Scotland – 60th Anniversary of the end of WW2

“The war changed the people and the landscape of the UK forever”

As The Covenanter went to press last year, South Lanarkshire Council received an award of £46,000.00 to develop six projects linked to celebrating the 60th anniversary of the end of WW2.

Their Past Your Future Scotland, a national project commemorating the 60th anniversary of the end of the Second World War Their Past Your Future Scotland is funded by the Big Lottery Fund and led in Scotland by the Scottish Museums Council.

It has been a privilege to be involved in these six projects since I first conceived the funding bid to the Scottish Museums Council in the autumn of 2004.

The projects vary greatly:

- Universal Connections East Kilbride art project.
- Museum Exhibition “Home and Away – South Lanarkshire in World War 2”.
- WW2 Discovery Trail in South Lanarkshire.
- Evacuees’ Memories: Reminiscence.
- War on Film Season.
- WW2 Media Supplement.

In additional, South Lanarkshire Council and the Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) are funding an exhibition at Low Parks Museum - “All the Tomorrows – The Cameronians in WW2, to open in autumn 2005.

My task would have been very much more difficult if it were not for all the enthusiastic support of our project partners

and colleagues.

I wish to record a special thanks to those who inspired and supported me.

War Diaries of the Second World War
1939-1945

1st Battalion

2nd Battalion work in progress

Other Cameronian War Diaries

1st Battalion Malaya 1951 work in progress

2nd Battalion Iraq 1923 work in progress

Volunteers

This year the work of our Volunteers outwith the War Diaries project has been slowed due to advances in IT. This seemingly contradictory statement is because the new upgrade of our collections database, Vernon Cataloguing, has advanced to such a level that the PC equipment originally purchased by The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) no longer supported it. Consequently there was no longer a workstation available sufficiently often to permit the many Volunteer projects to progress.

Thanks to funding from the Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) we now have advanced equipment which can make full use of modern IT. For the information of “computery types” we have a flat screen PC with DVD-RW, an A3 scanner and an A3 colour printer.

Volunteer Katie Barclay MA MPhil, has made a major impact in the short time she has been able to work with us in 2005 in developing two pilot projects for future Volunteers:

- Digitising the ceramics collection including many The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) items
- Entering the Cameronian Officers 1689-1968 Card Index data into Vernon Cataloguing. This will enable us to search very quickly for names, to make family connections, to track awards and honours rapidly, just to name a few.

We are very grateful to Katie for all her hard work.

Digital Collection Gallery

Originally devised as part of our Cameronians in Camera temporary exhibition (2003/2003) you can browse and order copy prints of almost 200 images of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) serving abroad between 1918 and 1968. The Digital Collection Gallery unit has been moved to the ground floor of the Riding School part

of Low Parks Museum.

Storyboards

The Storyboard unit at LPM goes from strength to strength. Several storyboards can be seen on the unit that also houses the Digital Collections gallery. If you've not seen the Storyboards yet, it's well worth a visit. You can follow the story of the operation written by one who took part, illustrated by photographs, many from private collections. There's Regimental music to accompany the start of each Storyboard. The Trustees plan that this resource will continue to expand over the years.

SCRAN

This is not food or eatables, but the acronym for Scottish Cultural Resources Access Network. It began as a millennium project with the objective of creating an enormous database of all museum collections in Scotland. Over the last few years, South Lanarkshire Council museums took part in a total of 7 projects, four of which featured objects from the collection of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). In the Health project we offer many sketches illustrating the health hazards of Army service abroad in the Zulu War 1879 with the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry. Henry Hope Crealock (1831-1891) has a project all to himself as we feature 28 sketches and watercolours from his Crimean War album. The five striking and unique Lanarkshire Covenanter banners are featured for the first time.

Due to the strength and quality of our existing projects, South Lanarkshire Council museums were invited to submit a project.

This most recent project went online at Scottish Cultural Resources Access Network (SCRAN) in 2004. "Trench life and War Memorials in South Lanarkshire". You can see 30 photographs of the 1st and 2nd Battalions the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in France and Belgium in the winter of 1914-1915. The photographs were taken by Captain Robert Cotton Money (later Maj Gen Sir Robert Cotton Money CB MC). In addition as part of this project, there are more than 20 close up views of the names plaques on several South Lanarkshire War Memorials of the Great War. The detail is such that you can read the individual names.

We are grateful to Volunteer Molly Magee,

who carried out much of the background research and wrote supporting text for 5 of the trench scenes. We thank Volunteer Katie Barclay for a large part of the work of this project. Katie took a joint share in the final selection of the trench scene images, and scanned all 30 of the final group. In addition she wrote the supporting text for 5 of the trench scene images.

What's special about all this? Simply this - anyone anywhere in the world with access to the Internet can see these objects from the collection of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) together with a brief description of them. Those with full access, mainly in education (in Scotland, that means every school pupil) can see in addition to a full screen image of the object, 120 words of description of the significance of the object with full references to every associated person or place.

How to find it: www.scran.ac.uk

In the new-look homepage you'll find a window: "Free scran search service" type in what you want to look for e.g. "cameronians" and the system will find all the records with any reference to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Good hunting!

Scottish Cultural Resources Access Network (SCRAN) have changed their emphasis and are no longer funding such projects.

Enquiries

This has been a busy year for enquiries. Between October 2004, to October 2005, museum service received 369 enquiries, of which 248 were about The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) – that's more than two-thirds!

As usual, we have been contacted from all over the world, including Gibraltar, Malta and Bermuda, as well as all over Northern Europe, the British Isles, Australia and North America (including a serving United States Marine looking for a Glengarry and Cap Badge).

Sometimes enquiries can throw up new information. This year we found out more about Daniel Sheehan, the only Cameronian to be present at Rorke's Drift, 1879.

Most of our enquiries are requests for information on individuals who served with the Regiment. Often these are men who served during the two World Wars. This year being the anniversary of the end of the Second World War has brought a renewed

interest in this area, but our enquiries cover the entire timeline of the Regiment. We have had enquiries ranging from the raising of the Regiment, up to and including, the disbandment. All the campaigns of the 19th century have been represented, including the Crimean War, The Boer War, and the South African Wars.

We frequently receive requests for information on Regimental collections. One enquirer wanted to know what information we have on uniforms worn during the American War of Independence.

The Cameronian Exhibition 2005-2006

“All the Tomorrows” – Cameronian Stories from WW2

2005 marks the 60th anniversary of the end of the Second World War 1939-1945. This exhibition tells the story of some of the men of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) who served in the war.

The following is taken from the 6th Battalion History of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), 1945:

“The war was over, the battle was won. For the first time for many weary years men could go to their beds without fear that bomb or shell would destroy them as they slept. Men could go to their beds safe in the knowledge that tomorrow, and all the tomorrows, would be theirs.”

The War was “...the triumph of Everyman... Of all those men who, in doing ordinarily their ordinary jobs, without thought of honour brought honour to their Regiment, and without thought of greatness brought greatness upon themselves.”

This is their story.

The exhibition can be seen on the Mezzanine gallery at Low Parks Museum until November 2006.

Medals Display

Medals fans rest easy! The medal cases will be remaining on the Mezzanine.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Website

An exciting new venture has been approved by the Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The official Website of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) has been discussed for many years. In a recent decision,

the Trustees have voted the funds to make this much needed resource a reality.

Individual Cameronians have provided excellent Websites over the years and we are very grateful to them for their commitment.

The details of the new Website have still to be decided but it will be the only official Website about The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Coming Summer 2006!!

A new social history of the 300-year life span of the Cameronian regiment has been commissioned and should be available to buy at Low Park Museum in summer 2006. While this book is aimed at a non-military audience, it will contain enough new research to interest even the most avid military historian.

It will highlight many of the aspects of military life ignored in traditional regimental histories. In addition to charting the origins and military success (or defeats) of the Cameronians, this booklet will look at the role soldiers' families played in the regiment, soldier's leisure pursuits and advances in weaponry and uniform. It will be illustrated throughout with photographs of people, events, memorabilia as well as sketches drawn by Cameronian soldiers. While some of these images will be familiar, many have not been published before.

This booklet is designed to complement the Cameronian display at Low Park Museum, and is divided into chapters by time period. Each chapter features a miniature biography of an individual soldier and charts their military career and how they combined family, leisure and other pursuits with military life.

This fifty-page booklet will offer a colourful and entertaining history of the many facets of military life in the Cameronian regiment.

TM (Low Parks Museum)

Commemorative Events World War Two Horse Guards Parade July 10th 2005 Reflections and Reminiscence

It certainly had been a week of reflections and reminiscence. At this time, I have the good fortune to be living only an hours

journey from the hub of the activities in London.

With our reserved admission tickets Cameronian Don Farrell and I, with our wives Lily and Dorothy, attended the Commemorative Event in Horse Guards Parade. We were well groomed - the men dressed in lounge suits with decorations and the women in afternoon dresses and hats. The officers wore dress uniforms with no swords.

As we passed through the strict security checks into St James' Park, the flowers were a mass of colour and the ducks were at peace in their ponds. About 2 o'clock (1400hours) we were shown to our seats. Horse Guards Parade had been turned into a massive stadium with steel scaffolding, seats and a large stage. The Royal Box and VIP seats stood out at the rear. Everything was so well organised and everyone was noticeably polite. On each seat was a bag with a souvenir programme, a badge, a bottle of water and a pac a mac. The sun was beating down so the water was appreciated.

A fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen and the Royals in full military uniform with plenty of gold braid. The Prime minister together with the VIPs and the large audience stood, facing the Royal Box. The Horse Guard escort with their gleaming breast plates and highly turned out horses added to the occasion, altogether a great display of British heritage. The British Legion Standard Bearers marched in with representatives from other countries as well. Mass bands and choirs took their place on each side of the massive stage. A narrator took us through the 1939-45 years starting off with the air raid warning with well known stars impersonating the likes of Gracie Fields (Sing As You Go) Flanagan and Allen (HomeTown). Vera Lynn the sweetheart of the Forces put in a personal appearance singing 'We'll Meet Again'.

HMS Belfast blasted from the river to start the two minute silence. I am sure there were many reflections and memories good and bad passing through the minds of the Veterans as we stood in silence. It was followed by the Last Post another nostalgic reflection of absent comrades.

The 1939-45 museum off the Mall covered a large area and dealt with all aspects of the war; the Home Front, Rationing, Air Raid shelters, Land Army, Home Guard etc The Far East, Burma, Japan etc, Central Mediterranean forces Egypt, Italy etc. Europe BLA (British Liberation Army) a real walk

down memory lane united with the infantry platoon weapons etc. There was also Field Marshall Montgomery's limousine, the one he had emerged from in Germany after the Armistice in 1945 to inspect 46 Brigade telling us 'we have won the war now we must win the peace.'

On entering the Veterans' Hospitality tent we were given a voucher to purchase a cup of (char and wads) tea and buns from the NAAF tent for 10p. In 1943 it was 1p a cup, half a new pence in today's money.

To sum up, the whole week had been a great tribute to 1939-45. 60 years have passed!

Tom Gore 80 years old.

Thoughts on War Memorials (letter to the Times)

Sir,

In today's issue Morgan Falconer comments on the memorial in Kelvingrove, Glasgow, to the more than 7,000 members of the 27 battalions of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) killed in World War I (Debt to the Many Redeemed in Precious Bronze). He describes it as a 'depiction of a soldier ... in vengeful fury'.

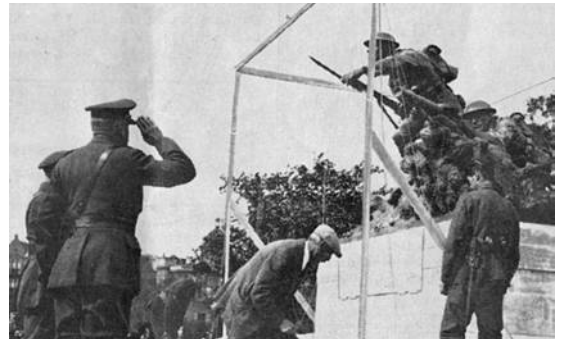
It is not such thing. It is an outstanding group which captures the fighting spirit and comradeship for which the regiment (1689-1968) was so rightly famous. Aggression and determination are vital in the combatants proud to be part of a good fighting unit, be it an infantry battalion or a Battle of Britain squadron. Vengeance has no place there and is purely in the writer's mind.

Yours sincerely,

Philip R Grant
Major (Retired)

1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

(1962-1967)



Earl Haig salutes the memorial (see also page 68)

Earl Haig, speaking from the special platform from which his speech was broadcast, said (9th August 1924):

As a Lowland Scot, it is with a full heart and deep sense of pride and gratitude that I am here this afternoon to unveil this Memorial to the heroism of more than 7000 men who in the Great War fell in the ranks of your famous Lowland Regiment. The thought of that great number of, brave men, most of them young, many of them only on the threshold of life, yet each lost to home and kindred amid the suffering and tragedy of war, is a sad and terrible one. But with that thought goes another: the thought that, as our fathers in days long past were content to give up all, even life itself, for the sake of the faith that was in them, so in this present generation men of the same old Lowland Scottish stock went out in their thousands and in their thousands gave their lives for their faith in the freedom of nations, and for liberty and justice among men. By this Memorial we know, and generations to come after us will learn, that the spirit of the "Lion of the Covenant" still lives in this corner of Scotland, where he died, and among the Regiment that bears his name. That is indeed a thought of which we may be proud.'

The long history of this ancient Regiment is full of splendid episodes of courage and devotion. From Dunkeld to Blenheim, from Gibraltar to Corunna, officers and men of the Cameronians have set a high and difficult standard to those to whom they handed on in turn the splendid traditions of the past. But we can feel that (noble as the examples set them may have been) the men whose names this monument commemorates, and their living comrades now amongst us, proudly and triumphantly upheld in the greatest crisis of our country's story the honour of their Regiment.

Mons gives answer to Corunna, and on many a hard fought battlefield in France and Flanders, in Gallipoli, Palestine and Macedonia, the dour and stubborn courage that at Dunkeld changed the fate of nations and at Gibraltar held for Britain the chief gateway of the seas found their living counterparts. The hattle honours of the Cameronians in the Great War are worthy to rank with those older battle honours, on which the glorious reputation of the Regiment was founded and built up. No matter which Battalion you take, the old 26th Regiment of the line, the old 90th

Perthshire Light Infantry, the Territorial Battalions, or the Service Battalions of the New Army, at Mons, 'Le Cateau, and the Marne, at Neuve Chapelle and Rosieres, at Arras and Epehy, at the breaking of the Drocourt-Queant line, and at the storming of the Canal du Nord, the story is the same, and the splendour of it can never be surpassed. In 'that proud story, and in the thought that those who fought and died so bravely in the making of it did not sacrifice themselves in vain, I trust that consolation may be found by those relations and friends who mourn their loss. No men more truly or more bravely earned the gratitude, affection, and reverence of their fellow-countrymen. It is our duty to keep their memory green among us, and to strive to) preserve and to hand on to those who shall come after us the spirit that inspired them. To that end you have set up this Memorial, that it may speak to the hearts of the living and stir the imagination and awake the generous emulation of generations yet unborn. It has been suggested that as a reverent tribute to their dead and as an acknowledgment of the debt their comrades owe them there should be an annual ceremony at this Memorial at which living members of the Regiment should attend. If such an arrangement is at all possible I hope it will be carried out and will become a part of Cameronian tradition. But though such formal and solemn acts have great value in keeping high ideals before the minds of men there is another and more human influence which should not be forgotten. This Monument and Memorial tablet in .. Cameronian Corner" forms only a part of the Memorial scheme by which it is hoped to commemorate for ever the achievements of the Regiment in the Great War. There is also that part of the scheme which is intended to minister directly to the welfare of ex-Service comrades of the Regiment, men who served with it in all theatres of the war and share its glory.

The proposal to found a Regimental Memorial Club in Glasgow is a project which I trust will not be allowed to sleep, but which will be aided generously and whole-heartedly by all who can afford to help. I am quite sure that such an institution would be welcomed by the many ex-Service men in this great city, and would give most excellent results. I hope that this remaining part of the scheme will speedily be carried out. One effect I am sure it would have: it would help to stimulate interest

here, in the heart of the country of the old Scottish Covenanters who followed Richard Cameron, in the famous Regiment which his inspiration founded. If our Lowland Scottish regiments are to preserve their old-time character and renown they must be recruited here in the Lowlands among men of our own kin. We are too proud of the traditions of our regiments to let them rest in other hands than ours. It is for us and for our own children to keep bright the honour and glory of the Lowland regiments of Scotland in which our comrades died.

Letter from London

I was saddened early in the new year to learn of the death of Lieut. Col. Sir John Baynes. My abiding memory of Sir John was when he was Adjutant at the Regimental Depot Lanark during the nineteen fifties. I was a Squad Sgt Instructor at the time, and Sir John used to take the inter-squad drill competitions. He demanded a high standard of turnout and performance, and we did our very best to achieve these objectives. As a result of Sir John's policy, a high standard of recruit was produced. I last spoke to Sir John at Alan Campbell's memorial service in Covent Garden last year. We had a nice chat, especially recalling those halcyon Lanark days.

One of my birthday presents this year was a remarkable book entitled *Following the Drum* by Annabel Venning. I recommend this book to anyone who has ever lived in army married quarters. It is a fantastic history of the origins of married quarters, from army wives and children following their menfolk into battle in the Crimea and other campaigns, to the present day. Annabel Venning spent most of her young life in married quarters throughout the world.

During the summer I had a lovely visit from an Old Cameronian, Ex WOII Glen Cowie and his wife Nan. Over a very nice Indian lunch we had a great chin wag about old times dating back to our Gibraltar days. Glen and Nan, who have lived in Spain for many years, came over to the UK and were based in Wiltshire at the home of one of their daughters, from where they carried out a "whistle-stop tour", visiting relatives and friends up and down the country. So Glen and Nan, I hope your trip to the UK was a very happy one.

I am delighted to see that the good work of the Association is still being carried out

and I always look forward to my copy of the minutes of the quarterly meetings. Also, I am in regular contact with Chairman Andy Berry and Jim Ballantyne who keep me up to date. I must congratulate the members who regularly appear on parade at various functions of remembrance. I am informed that their bearing and turnout are a great credit to the regiment they once served.

As I write this feature, I can hardly believe we are into the beginning of November. I was reminded of this when my security pass for Westminster Abbey arrived a few days ago, with a letter confirming the opening of the Field of Remembrance as 10 November. The service and the opening ceremony will be carried out by Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by H.R.H. Prince Philip. I'm sure the regiment will be represented on the day, if not by me, then someone well qualified.

The 10 November has now arrived, and I entered the Field of Remembrance. Thirty minutes early. As you will no doubt gather, a massive security operation was in place, and the police carried out the whole operation brilliantly. After the service, carried out by a senior member of the clergy and Her Majesty the Queen, a two minute silence was observed. Once again, we had a massive turnout, with the weather overcast, dry and a mild, pleasant breeze coaxing the leaves from the trees where we stood. As usual, Her Majesty looked stunning; as she passed our plot I received a lovely smile. Prince Philip, following behind Her Majesty, stopped in front of me, enquiring which regiment I was representing. On giving him the name of our regiment, he remarked, and I quote, "*There was a lot of history there*". He then asked how long I had served in the army. When I told him, he said, "Well done," and moved on. With H.R.H. using the past tense of our regiment, I got the feeling he did know something of our history, and possibly our demise.

I was delighted by the appearance of our plot. It looked beautiful; I got the impression the Royal British Legion had in effect updated their layouts to a higher standard all round.

Word has just reached me that Major R. B. Parkes has passed away. My association with Major Parkes dates back to the 2nd Bn. in Gibraltar. He was known affectionately by the Jocks as "Larry Parkes" after the film actor who took the part of Al Jolson in the film "The Jolson Story". My memories of Major Parkes are fond.

In view of some of the things that are happening in our army today, I can foresee the day when our troops go into action with a lawyer at their side. I despair!

Well, that's it for another year, and I wish you all a really happy 2006.

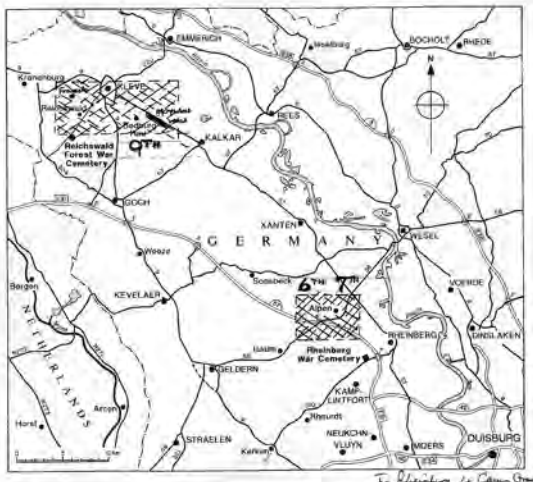
Yours aye,
Eddie Clark

OPERATIONS 'VERITABLE' & 'BLOCKBUSTER' February/March 1945: A RETURN TO THE BATTLEFIELDS.

The Cameronian Connection

In May 2005 Cliff Pettit was invited to accompany a Study Group of Officers and Senior NCOs of 2nd Brigade to take part in an on the ground exposition of some of the actions that comprised these costly battles to clear the South Bank of the Rhine with the object of creating jumping-off locations for the eventual river crossing.

Each year finances permitting-2 Brigade, with Headquarters presently at Folkestone, conducts a study tour of a battlefield either of The Great War or the 1939/45 conflict. So far as the latter is concerned, an attempt is made to receive from participants on-site descriptions of the actions to be studied - although as the years go by, finding men able to do so is becoming increasingly difficult.



'Map of the Rhine/Maas Area.'

The area chosen for 2004 was the battlefields of 'Operations Veritable and Blockbuster' of the European campaign, on the borders of Holland and Germany,

in the period February and March 1945. Operation 'Veritable' a joint British and Canadian attack under command of the Canadian 1st Army, was planned to run in conjunction with an operation by the U.S. 9th Army, the aim of which was to drive enemy out of the area between the Rivers Maas and Rhine. This was to be achieved by the Canadian Army attacking in a parallel direction to those rivers whilst the U.S. 9th Army would, by an assault crossing of the Maas, cut round the enemies' rear. In the initial assault, the Canadian Army comprised 2nd and 3rd Canadian Divisions and five British Divisions. It proved to be one of the hardest fought and most costly battles of the European Campaign fought in conditions akin to the trenches and mud of The Great War. Also, it was the only occasion in the 1939/45 War in which all three of the Scottish Infantry Divisions 15th Scottish, 51st (Highland) and 52nd (Lowland), together were involved in the same battle.

'Operation Veritable' began for the 15th Scottish Division and 51st Highland Divisions with the opening attack on the Reichswald Forest, directly across the Dutch border into Germany itself and along the banks of 'the Maas, on 8th February 1945. The ground had changed virtually overnight immediately before 8th February from being hard frozen to wet thawed land. This naturally made the advance of tanks and other tracked vehicles extremely hazardous. Equally important along and near the banks of the Rhine, the enemy had allowed the Rhine to enter its flood plain, inundating much of the low-lying land to the South. The 52nd (Lowland) Division at that time was in another sector, and entered the battle at a later stage.

In November 2003, through the offices of well known Cameronian Lt.Col. Jim Orr, I was approached by 2 Brigade to assist in walking the locations of actions in which I had taken part as a nineteen and a half year old inexperienced Platoon Commander, posted at the beginning of 1945, to 6th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) of 52nd (L) Division. 2 Brigade also had been fortunate in securing the assistance of a then former twenty two year old Company Commander of 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Major John Graham (now Major General (Retd) CB CBE), and a Canadian Historian and former post-war Regular Soldier, Lt. Col. Brian Reid, a Retired Gunner, who journeyed from

Barbados and Canada respectively. General John had taken part in the first attacks. He would describe these actions, Colonel Brian was then to follow with the second phase, while I was to deal with the final assaults that preceded the final collapse of German resistance South of the river Rhine in what became known as 'The Battle of The Rhine Pocket'.

The "Battlefield Tour was scheduled to take place in June 2004, but after all the preliminary reconnaissance, basic administration and historical preparation had been completed, the Tour was cancelled at the last minute by the War Office due to lack of funding, because, we were given to understand, the cost of the Iraq War! The Study Group comprised members of the Staff of 2 Brigade H.Q., and its Infantry Battalions: 18th Green Howards, 1st Royal Ghurkhas and 2nd Prince of Wales Regiment, the numbers being restricted to one coach. The Tour was planned for three working days on the battlefields, with an hotel in Nijmegen selected as Headquarters. It was led by Lt. Col (Retd) David Storrie OBE RM. Currently he is engaged as a tour guide with an internationally known Battlefield Touring organisation. The administration was undertaken by Major (Retd) Mike Mason of 2 Brigade H.Q., a former paratrooper who had served with Col Orr. Regimental connections continued to surface throughout. Each day, gave particular prominence to the contribution of the three Cameronian Battalions that took part in both Veritable and Blockbuster-9th Cameronians (S.R.) as part of 46th Brigade of 15th Scottish Division in Veritable, and 6th and 7th Battalions in Blockbuster..



L to R Lt Col. Storrie RM Major Mike Mason, Lt Col. Brian Reid, Maj Gen. John Graham, , Cliff Pettit

General John and I met at London and travelled to Folkstone together, during which we were able to discuss the method and style of our proposed presentations. I was left in no doubt about the General's affection for The Cameronians - he is a direct descendant of Thomas Graham of Balgowan who founded The Perthshire Light Infantry the 90th that in the Cardwell reforms of 1881, merged with The Cameronian Regiment to form The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Both of us were sad to notice the poor state of maintenance and catering of the Mess to which we were assigned - a fact that General John addressed in no uncertain terms at the conclusion of the Tour. One of the purposes of our accompanying the Tour was to spend time discussing the operations in general with members of the Group, as well as our own experiences. In fact, I think I learned a great deal more about the modern British Army than any benefit that members of 2 Brigade would glean from me!

Technical difficulties precluded a visit to the Liberation Museum at Grossbeek, and the general and myself were pressed into service to deliver impromptu lectures in lieu. An opening lecture on both Operations given by the Chief of Staff was followed by General John who delivered a fascinating and forceful exposition on 'A Battalion at War', in which he pointed out that the basic principles of warfare remained unchanged, even if the technology surrounding it had advanced so much. He laid down ten of these principles as guide lines for any Infantry Commander at whatever level might be the case. I was then asked to speak on my V.E. Day experiences with 6th Battalion (Vide: The Covenanter 2005: 'VE Day Celebration or Shock?'). Specific stands had been arranged in the usual way for the delivery of descriptions of various stages in the operations, after which the relevant area would be walked. The Group moved to the first viewpoint - the jumping off line for Operation Veritable, a hillside overlooking the flat tract of ground to be attacked by 15th Scottish, facing the left beyond. General John described the assault, making particular reference to the part of 9th Battalion. Its role was to pass through 2nd Glasgow Highlanders, then occupy a position just short of the village to form a jumping off line for 44th (Lowland) Brigade to capture it. This involved crossing 1500 yards of open ground at dusk in full view of the enemy. General Graham, whose Argyll Battalion was in reserve, recalled witnessing

with admiration the 'spirited attack' of 9th Battalion as it swept over open country towards its objective. -



General Graham describes the 15th Scottish attack looking towards The Reichswald and the ground covered by 9th Battalion.

After examining the actual site of 15th Division's attack with explanations from the General, the party then moved to Gennep on the Dutch side of the border to view the site of the captured Gennep bridge by 51st (H) Division. For me this had particular interest, for it was shortly after my joining 6th Battalion that it was moved here in reserve preparatory to taking over the attack from the 51st to clear the banks of the river Maas. Brigadier Barclay CBE DSO as Regimental Historian (and a Cameronian) described the 6th and 7th Battalions' stay... *'under most uncomfortable conditions. The area was very congested and practically all houses had been destroyed or badly damaged by the ravages of war. A few troops were accommodated under leaky roofs, but the -majority lived in -slit trenches-with a temperature well below freezing at night, and almost continuous rain'* The Brigadier was speaking from personal knowledge, as he was the Commander of 156 Brigade at the time. I can heartily endorse his recollection! 6th Battalion's B Company's with which I served at the time under Major (the late Lt. Col.) S.Storm M.C. with then Capt (Later Col) Jack Harper M.C. as 2i/c, certainly was pleased to move on after several days of inactivity.

Keeping the Jocks occupied in the these Spartan conditions proved difficult, whilst maintaining a constant state of readiness, once the first few days of weapon cleaning and tidying up had been completed. Football became the main relaxation, both for exercise and means of keeping warm.

The prospect of returning to mud-filled slit trenches or an open roofed building in near freezing conditions raised little enthusiasm. Gennep is now unrecognisable, having been rebuilt and considerably expanded some sixty years on. Several other locations were used to describe the attacks of 43rd (Wessex) Division. As Veritable continued to be a slogging match conducted against a defence performing fanatically on its homeland soil for almost the first time.

The first day concluded with a visit to the Imperial War Graves Commission Cemetery Reichswald Forest War Cemetery near Goch. This is the largest War Graves Cemetery in the 1939/45 European Campaign. It contains the graves of 7,654 Royal Air Force men and soldiers (in almost equal proportions). The Air Force graves were concentrated from all over Germany and near the Dutch Border, while the Soldiers were casualties from the Veritable and Blockbuster operations, and from the Rhine Crossing and subsequent battles beyond the river. A section of the cemetery contains many of the members of the three Cameronian Battalions who fell in these actions. For me, it was a particularly touching moment to see that many of the graves had flowers and sometimes small wooden crosses before them, indicating that relatives or friends had paid recent visits to the cemetery. The grave of Lieut Ken Clancey of 6th had a small wooden cross at its foot-a poignant reminder that he was the last of the three sons of that family to perish in the World War II. He had acquired a legendary reputation for patrolling, and was found mortally wounded on the battlefield of Alpon. A short service was conducted by 2nd Brigade Chaplain to the Forces, Rev. P.S.Wright, after which a wreath was laid at the Cross of Remembrance by 2nd Brigade. I was privileged to be asked by the Brigade to lay a wreath on behalf of the Cameronians (S.R.), the centrepiece being provided by the Regiment..



One of the problems in describing on site actions that took place so long ago, is the change wrought to each location both by man and the passage of time. The Reichwald remains largely unchanged in area, and an examination of the verges of the forest reveals the remains of the original German defence line, overgrown but still intact. It is mainly in or near habitation where imagination is necessary to visualise a battlefield over which roads or buildings have been built, thus obscuring what at the time of the action would have been fields of fire and concealed approaches to the objective. In addition, the time of year is most important - particularly in the case of this Tour.

Verifiable and Blockbuster took place before foliage had grown and in the most miserable weather that grounded the R.A.F. for most of the time. While this was not so important in parts of The Reichwald Forest where there are conifers, elsewhere, hedgerows and scrub often completely obliterated the view as it was at the time. Sixty years of additional growth of both trees and scrub, produce a totally different scenario, making it even more difficult for the visitor to visualise the conditions that obtained. After dinner that evening, film footage of the battle gave some inkling of the weather and flooded conditions in which these operations were conducted. It prepared the Group for consideration of the final two days.



The Open Ground to the South of Moyland Wood and the road at its foot from which the 9th Attacked

Moyland Woods map from The History of The Cameronians p182 Caption: 'The open ground to the South of Moyland Wood and the road at its foot from which the 9th attacked. '

The morning of the following day was spent in the area of the 15th Scottish Division and the Canadians who, on 12th February took over the attack. Lt Col. Brian Reid and Lt Col. Storrie described the fighting. This dealt with the follow up to the clearance of the Reichwald Forest Once again, The Cameronians featured prominently.

'Moyland Wood' - a long and comparatively narrow ridge feature has an ominous ring for any member of 9 who was actively involved. On the 14th February, the 9th Battalion was ordered to undertake what arguably was the most unpleasant operation of its campaign in N. W. Europe. Having spent several days in reserve, spent mainly in digging out vehicles of other units that had become bogged down in the cloying mud and miserable conditions, 2nd Glasgow Highlanders were tasked to capture the Moyland Wood feature, while 9th were scheduled to attack along the principal road that bordered the left of the wood on the lower ground. Shortly before the date for the commencement, the enemy opened a lock gate and flooded the road and surrounding area to the North, which in its already muddy condition, made the ground virtually impassable. 9th were switched to a subsidiary road to the other side of the feature where conditions were comparatively better. Initially light opposition only was encountered. Like all woodlands so long after the date of the battle, the trees had grown, and being unlike the bareness of the boughs at the time of the attack, were in full foliage at the time of the visit. The ground still heavy in May gave the Group an Even in the present condition of the ground, it was plain to see the difficulties that would have confronted the attackers. He explained how the 9th had assaulted from the West and South side of the wood. The fighting soon became confused. The situation was not helped by the capture of C Company's carrier complete with the company's breakfasts and the C.Q.M.S. The C.S.M. who was travelling with them was killed. D Company H.Q. all became casualties with the exception of the C.O.. Well dug in on the hillside, the enemy offered strong resistance. Fog descended on the hill at night, and communication became extremely difficult. By 16th February,

despite this, and lack of food and greatcoats that also had been on the captured carrier, C Company held onto the far corner of the wood until 19th, when the Canadians relieved the exhausted Battalion. Col Brian gave an added twist to this hard fought action. After the Canadians began to push forward they came across several members of C Company at the extreme East end of the wood, still in position --- the order to hand over had not reached them they had been presumed to have been captured!



View from study stand looking towards Moyland Wood and road.

The final part of the day was taken up with a T.E.W.T. at the notorious Hochwald Gap an open space of some three hundred yards in width and about one mile long between two thick woods covering the crest of a hill. The capture of the gap would lead to the rear of the enemy's defences. Listening to the discussions that followed, for me the advance of modern weaponry placed a new concept on the manner in which it would have been attacked and defended in modern times.

The last day of the Tour, which comprised the final actions of Operation Blockbuster to eliminate the Rhine Pocket, was almost exclusively Cameronian, concerning 52nd (L) Division and the 6th & 7th Battalions, as well as the 4/5 R.S.F., and 4th K.O.S.B. I approached it with some misgiving, since apart from a synopsis of the general situation at the time (7/10th March), given by Col Storrie at the beginning of the day, it fell to me to describe the battle in detail and on the ground - a daunting task for an erstwhile soldier to follow such high ranking predecessors of the previous days. 6th and 7th Battalions initially had been dug in on the crest of a sharp drop from the edge of an escarpment overlooking the village of Alpon.



The approach to Alpon village showing the steep drop from 6th & 7th's positions.

This village was at the apex of the Rhine Pocket, providing protection for the crossroads that gave access to the only remaining road and railway bridges across which the enemy could retreat across the Rhine. It was essential to capture the village and crossroads beyond, thus trapping much of the men and equipment of the enemy against the banks of the river. Difficultly had been experienced on 2nd Brigade's reconnaissance visit in finding suitable viewing stands. The Battalions' original positions were at the edge of the Reich Forst, (not to be confused with The Reichwald) but due to development of Alpon in the past sixty years, and the increased growth of the trees on the hillside with their verdant spring foliage, it proved impossible to find a suitable vantage point to describe the battle that afforded adequate vision over the Rhine Plain from these locations. Resort was had to a description of the commencement of the attack from the Tour bus, followed by a slow downhill drive to and through the village to explain the fighting within it. On a previous visit the remains of some of the Cameronians' slit trenches could be found on the edge of the escarpment. The centre of Alpon remains largely unchanged, the heavy damage of 1945 repaired.

I agreed with 2nd Brigade that the only feasible way in which the action properly could be explained on the ground was in reverse form, looking towards the British advance, from the position of the German defences beyond the village itself. Here again the flatness of the Rhine flood plain, new buildings and hedgerows caused problems. Eventually, the only feasible viewpoint was fixed as the (in 1945) infamous Haus Loo, or rather the mound surrounding the raised banks of the moat that enclosed the original schloss. This had been replaced by the



present structure before the 1939/45 War.

Frontage of Haus Loo.

The present owner, Herr Schultes, the proprietor of a large Charolais breeding farm, readily agreed to the party tramping over his land, and to the mound being used as a viewpoint. We had been in some trepidation about even approaching Herr Schultes for consent, since the present Haus had been badly damaged by shellfire during the battle, and its contents thoroughly looted. In fairness to the Jocks of 4th KOSB, there is little doubt that the majority of the damage to the goods in the property in all probability had been caused by liberated and revengeful displaced persons from Eastern Europe, working on the farm as slave labour.

6th Battalion was allotted three objectives, each some 500 yards apart, all to be taken in night attacks by a single company unsupported by armour, and with only limited artillery backing, due to the proximity of the 9th U.S Army on the immediate right. A Company: Haus Loo, B Company: a factory, and C Company: a blocking role to the rear of the village. (For a detailed description, see my article on the battle in *The Covenanter* 1997). 'A' Company of the 6th with Haus Loo as its objective in a surprise night attack, had been held up both by enemy resistance near the railway embankment crossing the front, and confusing orders placing the Company Commander in an impossible dilemma that left him little option other than to withdraw to the line of the railway.. Viewed by the group from the German positions on the mound of the old schloss, the open ground to be crossed by the attackers the perilous nature of the operation became obvious. .



'The view from, the enemy's position on Haus Loo mound towards the railway in mid background'

The location has particular resonance for 4th KOSB as well as 6th Battalion, since it was finally taken by a full KOSB Battalion assault, supported by tanks. Several of the tanks were lost to German self propelled anti tank guns. The late Peter White a Subaltern of 4th KOSB in his remarkable Diary, edited and published as a book 'With the Jocks - 'A Soldier's Struggle for Europe 1944-45', describes the KOSB's action in detail. He concludes with a description of digging in on the mound which 2nd Brigade party used as viewpoint, and which was used by the defenders on 9th March 1945.

It ends with a reference to the fact that initially this was a Cameronian objective, and as it was not taken by them before the KOSB, adds quizzically'. 'During the attack, rumours had circulated that a large part, if not all, of the Cameronian company fighting on our right, had in some mysterious way been overrun and captured.' Later White recalled'... 'The mystery of the complete disappearance of the Cameronian company on our right was partly explained by our coming across some of these chaps as POW. I always regretted that I did not find time to talk to one of these men on what had actually happened to them during the battle for Haus Loo'

Unfortunately, White died before the publication of his diaries-had he lived, many of the 6th & 7th would have been pleased to enlighten him about those actions! In order to describe them to the 2nd Brigade group, we moved to Alpon station and the railway that ran dead straight at 90 degrees across the line of attack.



'Cliff Pettit describes the fighting round Alpon station and from the railway where 6th Battalion crossed from right to left'

The track (then with three lines) was being swept by non-stop machine gun fire as the companies crossed in the dark-C Company Commander lining up the entire company parallel to the line and crossing in a single rush. The company completed a remarkable encircling advance of over two miles over unreconnoitred ground in complete darkness, by reaching its objective just before dawn at the roadside to the rear of Alpon, and on the actual boundary between the British and American sectors, There was insufficient time to get properly sited and dug in before its presence would become obvious to the enemy. There now is little trace of the battle that had taken place for the station and surrounding factory area. Much new industrial development and adjacent new scrub growth covered the area of the attack of B Company, which ended in its lead platoons being pinned down in the vicinity of the single factory that was the only building then on the site in 1945, with the loss of the best part of the two assaulting platoons. The station buildings (now disused) still stand, minus the bullet pock-marks in the brickwork, which have long been restored. It was easy to see why such devastating fire could be brought to bear from the station buildings



that dominated the area.

'Alpon station-the upper windows were the sites of some of the

German machine guns'

The 7th were brought forward to execute a relieving attack beyond the station for the trapped platoons of 6th near the factory, and the isolated (but unknowingly then overwhelmed) C company. A farm house near the station was the centre of resistance-its capture costing fifteen killed and twenty five wounded. A much repaired



and modernised house still remains.

The site of C Company's defence position being Alpon village.

Finally we moved to the site of C Company, partially dug in by the side of the Alpon/Wesel road leading to the Rhine bridges. It was here that Jack Holland's Company, some five hundred yards behind the German lines, gave the enemy to think erroneously that the village of Alpon had fallen. The position was not of his choice the better site on opposite side of the road was in the U.S. sector, and as he had been given to understand, was 'about to be attacked by the 9th U.S. Army. C Company took a dozen prisoners, knocked out an enemy staff car, killing three of the four occupants, with PIAT's, scored direct hits on a German tank without disabling it, before finally being overrun by a combined tank and infantry attack from the side of the road that was supposedly by that time to be in American hands. It was highly likely that the Cameronians to whom White referred in his diaries, were members of C Company, eleven of whom were killed, twenty seven severely wounded and the remainder (including walking wounded) captured.

I was interested to hear the reactions of modern day infantrymen to the whole battle. By common consent of all including myself as a participant. the action was hastily conceived, based on false intelligence, overambitious as a Battalion objective in terms of area, with

inadequate support, bedevilled by the breakdown of radio communications and suffering from a complete lack of time for reconnaissance for an attack of that type, the whole to be undertaken in complete darkness over a distance of two miles.. The Battalion Commander was a stop-gap, physically indisposed by an attack of malaria, delivering orders from a sickbed, and brought in only four days earlier to replace the wounded normal Commander, It provided an object lesson to current soldiers of the domino effect of how much could go wrong with any plan How far weaponry has advanced in the ensuing sixty years since 1945 was brought home forcefully to me when I commented upon the overstretched 6th Battalion objectives, pointing out the fact that with hindsight, this appears obvious. An interesting discussion followed, culminating in the firm opinion of the Group, that the objectives with proper support, once gained, could have been held against counter attack given present day equipment and improved radio communication. I felt that perhaps there was still an insufficient appreciation of the problems of support and co-ordination in 1945, in the light of the pressure to give no respite to the enemy, the poor reliability of wireless sets that existed, and bearing mind that it took place directly on the boundary with 9th U.S. Army It was a privilege to have been invited to accompany such an impressive and interesting study group, yet a salutary lesson for myself. It can never be other than a time for sober reflection to revisit the scene of one's involvement in an action in which so many errors (not least my own) were committed, resulting in the loss of life. With the advantage of hindsight and the opportunity to study past events at leisure, it is so easy, and often facile, to consider what should or could have been done in situations far removed from the stress of battle and the need to take immediate action, the whole based on the scanty and often inaccurate information available at the time. I rest my case.

North and South Beveland and Walcheren

The Dutch don't Forget

The 6th and 7th Battalions of the Regiment along with the 4/5th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers were members of 156 (West of Scotland) Brigade of the 52nd Lowland Division.

In late October, early November of 1944, in order to secure the vital port of Antwerp, which lay well inland from the North Sea, the Dutch islands of both Bevelands and Walcheren had to be captured to ensure safe passage for shipping.

This was undertaken in conjunction with the Canadians by first securing South Beveland in a series of attacks along its Southern edge by the Brigade. Then the 7th Battalion with the Canadians moved to assault Walcheren along a narrow causeway between the island and North Beveland. This first assault was very tough, hard and bitter was halted. In order to extend the enemy the 6th Battalion then undertook a night assault on the Sole estuary some 5 miles south of the causeway. This was accomplished and the second causeway assault was successful, which led to the capture of Walcheren.

This simple brief account does not do justice to the appalling difficulty in fighting in this area or to the grim determination of the enemy to resist at all costs. Much of the ground was flooded, - (much of Holland is below sea level) the Sloe estuary had about 100 yards of deep water and then over 600 yards of 4 to 5 foot deep thick mud which made movement almost impossible, heavy bombing had breached dykes, observation was very difficult due to the high banks around all fields and the whole area was scattered with 'Shue' mines which were virtually undetectable.

These difficulties however go to explain why there is such a strong link between the Dutch people of Walcheren and the soldiers of the 6th and 7th Battalions.

Once the war was over the Dutch proved to be the most generous people who then welcomed back those who had helped to liberate them. This generosity has gone on for some 60 years. Visitors are adopted and looked after by a Dutch family, for the depth of their feeling is very special; the graves of our soldiers are looked after by Dutch children.

Age takes its toll and now the young men who liberated Walcheren are well over 80 years old. The 156 Brigade Association now feel that the time has come to close down. During the last reunion in Walcheren in 2004 in order to repay a little of the great friendship and generous hospitality of the Dutch, the members wished to use their funds to invite their Dutch friends back to Scotland for a farewell party in 2005.

The Dutch were delighted to accept and the visit was arranged for the 14-18 April 2005. The guests were led by Mr and Mrs Gelok, the Burgermeister of Gementele Borsell and Mrs Nelleke Jermaisse who had

organised so many of our visits to Walcheren. Their names and our hosts from 156 Brigade are:-

Guests	Hosts
Mr & Mrs Gelok Burgermeister	Mr & Mrs Grant
Mrs Nelleke Jermaise	Mr & Mrs Grant
Mrs Caroline Platchorre	Mr & Mrs J Kelly
Mr & Mrs Boonman	Mr & Mrs Nightingale
Mr & Mrs A Allanbass	Mr & Mrs J Anderson
	Mr J Marler
Mr & Mrs Van't Westiende	Mr W Miller
Mr & Mrs M Van't Veer	Mr J Dunn
	Mrs L McKeon
Mr & Mrs Hermez	Mr & Mrs B Morris
Mr & Mrs Ringeling	Mr & Mrs Adams
Mr & Mrs Murre	Mr J Fenn & Family
Mrs Rentmeester	Mr J Deuchers
	Mr J Regan
Mrs I Mansier	Mrs L Cunningham
Mrs D Mansier Allanbass	

A full programme was arranged and the outline details were done:-

Day 1. Arrival at Prestwick airport and then travel by bus to the Avonbridge Hotel in Hamilton.

Day 2. A.M. The Cameronian Museum at Low Parks and beside the Divisional and Dutch memorial stone where a short Act of Remembrance was given by the Rev. W. D Downie, the Padre to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) & Family Members organisation. The Provost Mustaq Achmed laid a wreath on behalf of the



South Lanarkshire Council followed by Burgermeister Gelok on behalf of Gemeentele Borselle. Alec Adams was next with a wreath in memory of our Fallen Heroes. During this ceremony, Alec's grandson, Gregg Gordon, now a piper with the Scots Guards, played. Many old and new friends attended, but the Chairman, Tommy Mackie was unable to be there but was represented by his daughter and grand daughter.

After the ceremony tea and coffee were available and the guests were able to visit the Museum.

P.M. In the evening a Civic Reception was given by Provost Achemd and after



photographs and presentations between the Provost and Burgermeister food and drinks were provided by the Council.

Day 3. A very distinct improvement in the weather allowed the party to visit the disbandment Cairn at Douglas. The party met a number of members of the organisation who lived in and near Douglas. The history of the Cairn was told by Jim Kane and then the party moved to the Douglas Museum where the Rev. Downie explained the origins of the Regiment and its Covenanting start. From Douglas to New Lanark for coffee and on to lunch at the Sandyholm Garden Centre. That evening everyone went to the Larkhall Golf Club for what used to be called 'a smoker', a great mixture of dancing, signing, eating and drinking. Many stories were told about the battle for Walcheren and how the area was rebuilt after the war. In turn stories of Scotland were told and old friendships renewed.

Day 4. This day was really a look at Scotland. A drive up to Tarbert for coffee and then by boat on Loch Lomond to Inversnaid Hotel for lunch. At the start, the weather was glorious but on the return the heavens opened and Helensburgh was seen through very heavy rain. All safety back to Hamilton for the evening meal and a quiet evening.

Day 5. A sad farewell to all our Dutch friends who returned to Prestwick for their flight home.

I believe that 156 Brigade enjoyed this visit; the sort of feeling that comes from a 'long last' being able to repay a little of the friendship and hospitality given to them by the people of Walcheren over the many years since 1944. The Dutch just don't forget, it is a sort of duty to them given to the Regiment in great friendship. We then hope that while we may no longer be able to travel as easily as we used to that our name will continue to be remembered and that our friends who are buried near the battleground of sixty and more years ago will still be looked after by good Dutch children. Our sincere thanks to Walcheren folk.

Finally, a short but special thanks to Nellek in Holland, to the Provost here in Hamilton and a very special thanks to Glenys Grant of Larkhall for she on her own put together just the kind of visit that was needed. It was truly hard work but she did it in great style and we all enjoyed it very much indeed.

The Battle of the Scheldt Estuary

After the disappointment of Operation Market Garden the Allied Forces turned their attention to opening the Scheldt estuary. Montgomery's intent to execute a fast and concentrated push into the heart of Germany by a surprise attack on Arnhem had failed. At this point Eisenhower re-emphasised the importance of the availability of Antwerp as a supply harbour for the Allied Forces. At first Montgomery continued to display his stubborn character but in the end he compromised.

In September 1944 the Canadian 1st Army, led by Lieutenant General Crerar, captured several places along the Channel coast and in Western Belgium. While the British 2nd Army followed a more eastern route towards Antwerp, the Canadians conquered Dieppe, Oostende, Ghent and Bruges at a great pace. Le Havre, Boulogne and Calais proved to be more difficult, but during the course of September the German resistance was also broken in these places. At this point they had a chain of major harbours on the Channel coast at their disposal. However, the free passage to Antwerp continued to be of essential importance to the Allies due to the capacity and strategic location of this seaport. The Germans were also aware of this.

General Von Zangen, who skilfully withdrew his 1st Army (almost 90,000 men) back to the North, settled the German 64th Infantry Division in Zeeland, Flanders, and the 70th Infantry Division on Walcheren and South-Beveland. The Germans had

already constructed their "Atlantic Wall" on both sides of the Scheldt estuary so, for the moment the harbour of liberated Antwerp was useless to the Allied Forces. The Canadians and Polish had to fight fierce battles near the Gent-Bruges Canal and the Leie Canal in order to be able to form bridgeheads. The march towards eastern Zeeland-Flanders seemed much easier. On 15 October the frontline ran from Zeebrugge in the West along the Leopold Canal and the Braakman towards Terneuzen and from there along the Scheldt towards Antwerp.

Shortly after, the Canadian 1st Army, which was tasked with freeing the Scheldt estuary, attacked the new German line of defence. The Canadians were now under the command of Lieutenant-General Simonds, a very vigorous man, who had replaced the ill Crerar at the end of September. From Antwerp they marched to the Kreekrakdam, and further attacks were carried out to the West across the Leopold canal. However, in both sectors they met strong German resistance. The Germans had an especially strong fortress in the partly flooded polders of western Zeeland-Flanders. A combined Canadian attack from Terneuzen and from behind the Leopold Canal (Operation Switchback) forced the Germans back on the line Breskens-Schoondijke-Oostburg-Sluis. Not until 1 November, after a severe battle lasting for days, in which the civilian population also suffered great losses, was the last town in this sector liberated by the Canadians, by then supported by a British brigade.

In the meantime the German troops on North and South-Beveland and on Walcheren were cut off on the eastern side because of the liberation of Woensdrecht on 16 October. More than a week later the attack on South-Beveland was launched, also carried out by Canadians and British. Operation Vitality was a direct attack over the Kreekrakdam, and Operation Vitality comprised a landing of amphibious craft near Baarland. On 28 October the Allied Forces built a temporary bridge next to the destroyed bridges over the Canal through South Beveland. A day later both parts of the attack line met each other near Gravenpolder. The town of Goes and the western part of South Beveland were then liberated relatively easily.

Only Walcheren remained to be liberated. On this peninsula the Germans had a series of artillery batteries, concrete bunkers, machine gun nests and other enforcements. With the aim of limiting German manoeuvre the Allied Forces decided to flood Walcheren before launching their attack. After the civilian population was warned of the coming danger by leaflets,

the sea embankment near Westkapelle was bombed. Nevertheless dozens of civilians were killed during this bombardment and in the following flooding. 46 people were killed in Westkapelle when their hiding place, a windmill, took a direct hit. Because the seawater spread only slowly over the land east of Westkapelle, the sea embankments of Vlissingen and Veere were bombed as well. At this point the Germans were forced to withdraw to the higher grounds of the peninsula, but their heavy artillery was situated in the dunes area. The RAF was not able to silence the German artillery before the battle began.

The attack on Walcheren comprised several actions. On the eastside the Sloedam was attacked, in the south there was a landing near Vlissingen (Operation Infatuate I) and in the west a landing near Westkapelle (Operation Infatuate II) took place. Alongside the Canadians fought British, French, Dutch, Belgian and Norwegian troops.

Near the Sloedam the attackers found themselves in an extremely difficult position. This dam is more than a kilometre long and completely bare, with only silt and salt marshes on both sides of it. Between 31 October and 3 November a severe battle took place. However, the Allied Forces managed to form a bridgehead, also thanks to a crossing through the Sloe-area (Operation Mallard). Meanwhile the Allied landing near Vlissingen had taken place in the night of 31 October on 1 November near the so-called Slijk-harbour but here, as well, several days of severe battle took place before the Germans surrendered. On 3 November the Allied Forces assaulted the hotel 'Britannia', which was transformed into a fortress, on the Boulevard Evertsen. This hotel was the headquarters of the German garrison commander Colonel Reinhardt. Not until after many hours of battle did Reinhardt surrender and Vlissingen was liberated.

Also near Westkapelle the Germans put up a staunch resistance. Although the villages of Westkapelle and Domburg were liberated quite quickly, the German artillery located in the dunes caused a lot of trouble. The attack on such artillery batteries near Dishoek, Oostkapelle and Vrouwenpolder took its toll. The liberation of Mid del burg proved to be far less a struggle. Apparently the German General Daser was not inclined to fight to the last ditch. Finally the liberation of North Beveland quickly followed. The 450 man German occupation surrendered without notable battle.

It is a historical oversight that so little attention has been paid to the battle of the Schelde estuary. The potential of Antwerp

harbour as a supply harbour was of principal importance for the march to Berlin by the Allied Forces.

With hindsight Eisenhower should not have given in to Montgomery's demands over Operation Market Garden, by which time the German 15th Army had been allowed the opportunity to organise the defence of the Scheidt estuary. The fierce battle and the clearing of the Scheldt of mines took almost three months. During this period, Antwerp could not be used as a supply harbour and so there was a hold-up in the supply to the Allied Forces and their march to Berlin came to a halt.. Because of this the Germans were able to launch the Ardennes-offensive. Not without reason Antwerp was the main goal of this German attack in December.

Later Montgomery admitted his error of judgement. By then, Antwerp harbour had already proven its utility. During November enormous effort had been applied to clear the harbour of mines. On 28 November 1944, with some ceremony, the first convoy of Liberty ships was welcomed. On 1 December more than 10,000 tons of supplies could be safely landed.

This article was translated by Annelies Verkerk, British Embassy from:

Text: 1980 Handboek van de tweede Wereldoorlog, Uitgeverij Het Spectrum Pictures: Zeeuws Documentatiecentrum van de Zeeuwse Bibliotheek, Middelburg (www.zeeuwsebibliotheek.nl).
Studie en Documentatiecentrum Oorlog en Hedendaagse Maatschappij, Brussel (www.cegesoma.be).
Canadamuseum, Adegem (www.canadamuseum.be)

"As if it happened yesterday"

In the night of October 25 on 26 I was rudely awakened by the howling of aeroplanes followed by the striking of grenades in Baarland, the village my wife was staying temporarily after the birth of our second son.

As a police officer it goes without saying that I would dress and go out to see if I could be of any assistance.

Fully dressed in uniform I opened the door to step outside when suddenly two soldiers with camouflaged faces yelled to me "hands up" and "who are you".

I called my wife and asked her to fetch the orange armband and to put it around my arm. One of the soldiers asked me what this meant and I was able to explain that I was member of a resistance group. A few minutes later a jeep arrived and I was taken away. Totally overwhelmed I was confronted with a whole lot of soldiers on the Zeedijk.

Luckily were among them a Dutch officer and a warrant officer. These two interrogated me directly and forced me to clarify which resistance group I was a member of and to give the names of other members. I gave them some names amongst that of mr. Quant from Goes and some names of the "escapeline" in Dutch Flanders. The warrant officer replied that he was also a member of that escape line and was satisfied that I was trustworthy. I was thereafter brought to the British commanding officer who introduced himself as colonel Leg and thereby he pointed to his leg.

Only some time later it dawned upon me what was happening, at the top of the dike huge machines were digging and shoving ground away while lots of boats were approaching which, to my great surprise, also had wheels.

These practical and almost everywhere to be launched DUKW 's drove right up the dike, through the hole that in the meantime was created and into the polder with many heavily armed men aboard. Some hours later almost a complete army camp was built by bringing in rolling material as kitchen trucks, radio trucks, artillery and the installation of tents. In the meantime a physician Franssen van de Putte had joined us who was an important asset because he was also a resistance member and knew the area very well because of his occupation as a general practitioner. On ordnance maps he pointed out the farmhouses and I was requested to accompany a patrol to persuade these people to leave their houses in order for the British troops to advance unhampered. It wasn't an easy job to do, we met a lot of opposition, people yelled at us and reacted furiously but we also experienced some relief and gratitude. My wife Marie had no idea what happened to me but was informed during the day by relatives and some soldiers. Both sides were still firing at each other, the Germans were also under fire of fighter aeroplanes, it was in a word still a bloody mess. At nightfall my job was finished and I learned that the decision was made to evacuate all inhabitants of Oudelande and Baarland to Dutch Flanders. In Oudelande was only one police sergeant and with him and the assistance of some civil officers everybody was informed to leave their houses at dawn and go to the Zeedijk. The misery that was hereby brought on is almost impossible to describe: All kinds of vehicles coming from everywhere packed with adults and children at the crack of dawn. Prams and wheelbarrows, bicycles with elderly people on it who had to be supported on either side by their relatives, almost unbelievable! At the foot

of the dike DUKW 's were lying where the wretched things were driven into like cattle because there weren't enough seats by far. It was awfully cold in these DUKW's because they were open and there was no shelter whatsoever. At some time my wife appeared with our two children, her parents and other relatives. She refused to leave without me but was gently forced to go aboard. I had to stay and assist this evacuation which did not pass speckless, lots of panic and anxiety. After the boats had left fear seized me by the throat, I let my wife and children go; would I ever see them back? How will the Germans react, will they let the boats go to Dutch Flanders unharmed? And how will things work out on the other side; naturally nobody could answer these questions and therefore I was also in some state of anxiety. The police sergeant in Oudelande and I would stay behind to watch the abandoned farms and houses and look after the people who stayed behind to take care of the cattle. In the night of October 30th we heard a great deal of drone from aircraft and canon rumbling and later on we were told that the allied forces launched the final attack on Walcheren and especially Vlissingen. I went back to Oudelande and told the police sergeant that it was my duty now to go back to Vlissingen to report to my resistance group and to report for regular police duties there. He understood and I left for Vlissingen on my bicycle as fast as I could, on the way wondering how my wife and children would make out, I felt anxious and powerless! This having told I would have loved to shake the hands of all present veterans and tell them how happy I am to see and greet them again and to express again how grateful we are for their devotion at that time. And of course that we understand how difficult it will be to stand still in remembrance of all the comrades who gave their lives here for us here and especially in Baarland. Because our health does not make this possible, we will be with you in thoughts when the deceased will be honoured on Wednesday.

Finally, again our grateful thanks for "our liberation" we wish you all the best and a safe journey home!

Adieu Cameronians,
Thijs & Marie Way



THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES) & FAMILY MEMBERS

Programme of Events 2006

14 May 2006 St Bride's, Douglas
Morning Service in the Douglas Valley Church St Bride's at 1000 hrs. The Regimental Flag will be raised at the Victoria Bowling Club at 0945 hrs and lowered after the morning service.

The Regimental Flag will be raised at the Cameronian Cairn, Castle Dangerous at 1300 hrs where a commemorative service will be held at 1400 hrs. Both services will be conducted by the Reverend Bryan Kerr BA BD.

Refreshments will be served at the Bowling Club for 100 members by ticket only. Tickets may be obtained, at a cost of £3.00 pp, from Mr Jim Ballantyne, 14/2 Water Street, Edinburgh, EH6 6SU. Tel 0131 554 3736

14 May 2006 – Edinburgh Castle

The Regimental Flag will be raised at Edinburgh Castle to commemorate the disbandment of the Regiment in 1968

8 June 2006 – Lanark

Cameronians are invited to participate in the Lanimer Day celebrations. Muster 0900 hrs St Leonard's Street (the top of Lanark Main Street)

4 Nov 2006 - Hamilton

The Joint Ex-Serviceman's Committee have invited our participation. RV 1000 hrs outside Crighton's Shoe Shop in Quarry Street at the bottom cross - tea and biscuits will be served.

Muster 1030 hrs then to the Garden of Remembrance and thereafter Hamilton Town Hall for refreshments.

5 Nov 2006 – Hamilton

Members interested in attending the Festival of Remembrance in Hamilton Town Hall at 1830 hrs should contact Mr Iain Forsyth Tel 01698 425 577 who will provide a programme at a cost of £1.50 – Refreshments will be served.

11 Nov 2006 – Museum Hamilton

A Remembrance Service will; be held at 1000 hrs to commemorate the Regiments participation in the liberation of South Beveland and Walcheren after crossing the Scheldt at Baarland and at Flushing 26 October and 3 November 1944. The service will be conducted by the Reverend William

Downie.

Following the service refreshments will be served in the main assembly hall of the Museum.

9 Nov 2006 – Westminster Abbey

Any member able to support Mr Eddie Clark would be most welcome.

12 Nov 2006 – Kelvingrove War Memorial
A Remembrance Service will take place at The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) War Memorial. Muster 1000 hrs. The service will be conducted by the Reverend William Downie. Following the service refreshments will be served in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Memorial Club, 9 Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow Tel 0141 339 9801

Gorbals Fair Glasgow Saturday 25th June 2005

On Saturday the 25th of June 2005 the Cameronians (SR) & Family Members took part in the Gorbals Fair. The Fair is held annually in June and incorporates



many participants from the area. Local Glasgow City Councillor James Mutter DL made an enthusiastic opening speech prior to the ceremonial cutting of the ribbon at Abbotsford Place. Along side was local Gorbals Boy Mr Jack McAveety MSP and Baillie Stephen Dornan of Glasgow City Council. The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members marched behind the Standard Bearers from the Royal British Legion and various Military Associations. The parade also included floats from the Gorbals Youth and Community Theatre, Citizens Theatre

and local playgroups. Cameronians Piper Jack Willis led the marching contingent with Mr Robert Gracie carrying the Organisation Standard. Following the march the Gala Princess was crowned at



the St Francis Centre, Old Rutherglen Road, Glasgow. The Cameronians were made most welcome by Mrs Isobel Barret the Gorbals Fair Co-ordinator. Isobel chatted to all of the Members thanking them for their attendance at the Parade. Chairman Mr Andy Berry replied that the Cameronians were proud to participate, thanking Isobel for her kind hospitality the Chairman also said that the Organisation looked forward to future events. The afternoon rounded with Members enjoying the festival atmosphere.

Lanark Lanimer Day Parade Thursday the 9th of June 2005

On Thursday the 9th of June 2005 the Cameronians (SR) & Family Members in their regular annual visit to Lanark Lanimer Day participated in the procession. The weather was perfect for what is a gala occasion in the town. The Chairman of the Lanark Lanimer Day Committee Mr Leslie



Reid made the Cameronians most welcome. The Cameronians are well connected with Lanark and are proud to parade. The marching contingent was lead by Piper Jack Willis and following close behind carrying the Organisation Standard was Mr Bill Gough. The main body comprised of the Chairman Andy Berry, Jim Hamilton, Mr



George Stringer, Kenny and Mrs Ellen Hoey, Allan Halliday, Alex Maxwell and Temporary Secretary Andy McArthur. Pictured in the group shot is the Provost of North Lanark Council Patrick Connelly JP. Patrick spoke warmly to the marching contingent complimenting the Chairman on a splendid turn out. Once again the Organisation was placed close to the front of the procession in recognition of the bond between the town and the Cameronians. The assembled crowds cheered the Cameronians (SR) and Family Members as the procession marched down the main street. Prior to the crowning of the Lanimer Queen the Cameronians fell out to be ushered to seats to view the ceremony.

Royal British Legion Scotland Cumbernauld Branch Veterans' Week Parade

On Sunday the 3rd of July 2005 the Royal British Legion Scotland Cumbernauld Branch held a Parade to celebrate Veterans' Week. With the Pipe Band leading the parade closely followed by the Standards of the Royal British Legion Scotland, Organisations and Associations Standards. The marching contingent comprised of the old and bold. Many cap badges were represented from all units and corps. As the band struck up the parade marched from the Cumbernauld Branch Club to Cumbernauld

Village where the War Memorial is located. As the procession arrived in what turned out to be glorious sunshine the waiting crowd politely applauded. The Standard Bearers took post round the Memorial while the Marching contingent stood facing. The MSP for Cumbernauld Cathie Craigie spoke of the meaning of the parade and the Remembrance of those who made the ultimate sacrifice. The Standards then dipped in homage to the dead for the two minutes silence. The haunting notes of the "Flowers of the Forest" were played by a solo piper and as the tune faded away the Standards were brought to the carry. The parade reformed for the march past the saluting dais. From there the parade entered Cumbernauld Old Parish Church for a service. It was an emotional day as many remembered fallen comrades and loved ones that were lost. Very kindly the RBLs Cumbernauld Chairman expressed it was the wish of the Members that the retiring offering be made to the church roof renewal. The day was rounded off at the Cumbernauld RBLs Club. There the Chairman thanked sincerely all of those who attended and wished them well for the future.



Standard Bearers Mr Eddie Grace Cumbernauld RBLs Branch, Mr Robert Gracie Cameronians, Mr Bill Gough Kirkintilloch RBLs Branch & Temporary Secretary Mr Andy McArthur TD.



Cumbernauld 2. Parade arriving at Cumbernauld Village War Memorial.

Gorbals Local Heroes Remembered

It was on a beautiful sunny spring morning on the 10th of March 2005, as the St Francis Pipe Band of Gorbals Rose Garden, on the Old Rutherglen Road, Glasgow. The Rose Garden was previously a graveyard, which has been landscaped to form the Gorbals Rose Garden.

The site is the oldest part of the Gorbals and is indeed the only original part left. There are gravestones dated 1723 to bear witness to the use of the ground for burials. Artist Liz Peden, of the Gorbals Arts Project created the memorial from an idea of local schoolgirl Emma Porter. It comprises of a rose with the head tilted downwards and a petal having fallen on to the base, which is in shape of the Victoria Cross. The inscription on the base dedicates the Memorial to all of those from the Gorbals who lost their lives through conflict. The organisation behind the project is artworks. Juliet Sebley of artworks said of the Memorial that she was proud to be involved in the production and ceremony. Councillor Aileen Colleran, Convenor of Parks and Facilities Committee welcomed everyone to the Ceremony and introduced Councillor James Mutter DL who performed the Unveiling Ceremony. Following the unveiling, Jimmy gave a warm speech praising the artist and explained the sentiment behind the Memorial. The Memorial is dedicated to everyone from the Gorbals area that has died during times of conflict, with a special dedication to Private James Stokes who won the Victoria Cross for his bravery while serving with the 2nd Battalion of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Private James Stokes VC was born on the 6th of February 1915. He enlisted into the Royal Artillery in August 1940. James also served with the Royal Army Service Corps with 52 Drivers Training Regiment. Transferring to the Gloucestershire Regiment in October 1943 then to the Kings Shropshire Regiment Light Infantry in October 1944. James won the highest military honour by routing a German machine gun stronghold. On the 1st of March 1945, during an attack of Kervenhein, Rhineland, Germany a platoon was pinned down by intense rifle fire and

machine-gun fire from a farm building. Private Stokes dashed into the building firing from the hip and reappeared with 12 German prisoners. During the operation he was wounded but refused to obey orders to go to the Regimental Aid Post and continued the advance with his platoon and rushed another house, taking 5 more prisoners. Now severely injured he insisted on taking part in the advance of the final objective, but he fell mortally wounded for just 20 yards from the enemy position. James' name is inscribed on the petal at the base of the Memorial. Also being remembered are civilians who too lost their lives through conflict. The family of Private Stokes were present at the unveiling and expressed their sincere thanks to all involved and were proud that James Stokes name was inscribed on the the Memorial.

Along side Jimmy Mutter was Ronnie McKay Director of Corporate Services from Erskine Care. Ronnie spoke about the care the Veterans received at Erskine and thanked everyone who supports the Charity. Conducting the service of dedication the Reverend Tom Davidson Kelly, MA, BD, FSA, Scot, late of the Royal Army Chaplains Department. He spoke of the tragic sorrow of the loss of life through conflict. The Light Infantry Collect words were spoken by the Chaplain as part of the Dedication. After the Dedicatin the congregation collectively said the Lords Prayer. The Buglers Corporal LP Guy and Private L Cummins kindly supplied by the Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion The Light Infantry played Last Post, this was followed by Piper James Murray of the St Francis Pipe Band playing 'the Flowers of the Forest'. After two minutes silence the Buglers sound Reveille. At this moment a wreath was laid by Major Jim Hall, Officer Commanding Rear Detail, 2nd Battalion The Light Infantry and by relatives of James Stokes, Maureen Doherty and John Friary. James Stokes unit the King's Shropshire Light Infantry merged in 1968 with other infantry regiments to form the Light Infantry. From the Army Personnel Centre in Glasgow representing the Armed Services SO1 Soldiers, Lieutenant Colonel Andy Waller Royal Artillery, Infantry Colonel J Stewart Douglas OBE, (Late Royal Irish), Major Gary Brooksby Royal Green Jackets and Major

Simon Bedford Royal Green Jackets. Captain John McDermid Royal Highland Fusiliers with Colour Sergeant H Scoular, Corporal M Duncan and Lance Corporal M Linaker. Captain Colin McNab Royal Logistic Corps represented the Local Territorial Army Unit 221 Transport Squadron (Volunteers) RLC of the Scottish Transport Regiment. Standard Bearing at the Ceremony were Arthur Mooney and Bill Gough carrying the Standards of the 15th Scottish Division and the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and family members organisation. Keeping a watchful eye on behalf of the Strathclyde Police Force was Inspector Jim O'Brien, Jim previously served in the Royal Air Force Regiment. In closing Councillor Mutter said, 'It will be a fitting memorial not only to James Stokes but also to everyone from Gorbals who fought to make sure this world is a better place'. He then placed a yellow rose on the base and invited the congregation to join in and also place a rose. At the moment the majority of the congregation stepped forward in response to pay individual respects in memory of relatives and loved ones. Other local heroes include Driver Joseph Hughes George Cross. Joseph was awarded his George Cross posthumously after his ammunition lorry caught fire and after driving the vehicle away from the civilians he was injured fighting the fire. His injuries resulted in his death and for his bravery during peacetime he was decorated with the highest civilian award for bravery. The incident happened in Honk Kong in March 1946. The local people requested he be buried locally in the Happy Valley Cemetery and to this day they remember his brave deed. A crowd of 200 locals and well wishing visitors from various organisations including, the Royal British Legion Scotland, Royal Army Service Corps & Royal Corps of Transport Association, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) & Family Members, Royal Navy Association, Royal Signals Association witnessed the inveiling and all praised the Memorial as a fitting tribute. Looking towards the future of Roll of Honour is being considered to record the names of the citizens from the Gorbals who made the supreme sacrifice.



MISCELLANEOUS

The Egyptian Campaign of 1801

(Extract from the *Covenanter* of 1972)

By the 16th February it had become clear to Abercrombie that there was no immediate prospect of his Army's being reinforced and that he therefore had no further justification for delaying his departure upon the mission which had been set for him – though by then he had become convinced that the mission was more or less doomed to failure. Indeed on that very day he had written "We are now on the point of sailing for Egypt with very slender means for executing the orders we have received. I never went on any service entertaining greater doubts of success at the same time with more determination to conquer difficulties."

Expedition lands at Aboukir March 1801

Setting out from Marmaris on the 22nd February the British Expedition had arrived off Aboukir (a few miles due east of the strongly fortified town of Alexandria) on the 1st March and the assault on the beaches had begun on the 8th.

Along that stretch of the north coast of Egypt where the Nile divides into several finger-like tributaries before emptying itself into the Mediterranean, the immediate hinterland is extremely low lying and at certain times of the year becomes flooded, thus forming large inland lakes which are only separated from the sea itself by narrow strips of land along the edge of the coast. It was because there was one of those narrow coastal strips running along the comparatively short stretch between Aboukir and Alexandria and because any troops who advanced along that isthmus would have their right flank protected by the Mediterranean and their left (or southern) flank protected first by Lake Aboukir and then by Lake Mareotis (two large expanses of water which were separated by the only dry bit of land and a narrow one at that along which the enemy could approach from the south) that Aboukir had been selected as the landing point.

The beach on which the actual assault was to be made lay across the eastern end of that coastal strip. General Moore (later to be the hero of Corunna) had been placed in charge of the initial landing parties, composed of a Brigade commanded by Brigadier

Hildebrand Oakes (a former Commanding Officer of the 26th Cameronians), together with a Regiment of Guards and part of Coote's Brigade. Craddock's Brigade (to which the 90th had then belonged) had been among the "follow-up" troops. Although the leading wave of the assault had come under heavy fire from the defenders who were occupying the sand-dunes overlooking the beach, the speed and precision of the attackers (acquired during their oft-repeated rehearsals at Marmaris) had taken those Frenchmen by surprise and had quickly forced them to withdraw. Thus the second wave had landed without opposition and by nightfall the whole of Abercrombie's force was ashore with its foremost troops in position on a line which stretched across the isthmus between the Mediterranean in the north and Lake Aboukir in the south.

Advance towards Alexandria

After a three-day pause for the landing of guns and stores, the Army began its move along the narrow coastal fringe towards Alexandria (i.e., to the west), advancing in two columns with the 90th acting as advanced guard to the right-hand one. After covering a distance of some four miles, however, during which the Regiment had only exchanged a few shots with some small cavalry patrols who had hastily withdrawn, a strong enemy force was found to be occupying commanding positions on a ridge, known as the Roman Camp, which stretched across the line of advance not far from the point where a road and canal ran south via the narrow causeway that lay between Lakes Aboukir and Mareotis. Upon his observing large bodies of enemy troops moving forward from that ridge, Abercrombie had assumed that a battle was imminent and he had therefore deployed his force in readiness. It had then turned out, however, that the French were only sending troops to their right front to take up positions on that causeway between the two lakes so that fire from there could be brought to bear on the British left flank during Abercrombie's advance upon their main positions. As it was then fairly late in the day he had ordered his troops to bivouac where they stood and to be ready to move forward at dawn on the following morning.

Moore had been placed in charge of the

outpost line that night and among the troops he had selected for his picquets had been the 90th, for whom he had a great admiration. It had been a gruelling duty, for them having already had an exhausting day during which they had been continually on their feet for about ten hours those men had not been permitted to lie down at all during the night nor even to remove their heavy knapsacks.

In other words, the 90th had had little rest on the eve of their first engagement.

The Battle of Mandora

At daybreak on the 13th March the men were given an issue of rum and received the welcome news that they could leave their knapsacks in the care of a small party of their comrades who were found to be temporarily unfit for other than light duties. When came the order to advance, shortly after 6 a.m., the force moved in three parallel columns, with the 90th again out in front, acting as advanced guard to the centre column. They had barely got under way, however, before the Regiment's Vanguard Company suddenly saw a thick cloud of dust ahead of them and were quick to realise that a large body of French Cavalry was rapidly bearing down upon them. With almost machine-like precision and regularity (born of their recent training at Marmaris) the remaining Companies of the 90th swung successively into line on the left of their leading one in readiness to meet that furious onslaught and with orders to withhold their fire until the horsemen were almost upon them. Then only a few moments before the wickedly-glinting swords of those galloping French Chasseurs could be brought into play, there was a deafening roar as that rock-steady line of Infantrymen discharged the first of many devastating volleys into the oncoming hordes, tearing great gaps in their leading ranks and bringing horses and riders headlong to the ground in writhing and struggling heaps. Such was the confusion caused among the leading waves of Frenchmen by that withering fire at point-blank range that others behind them wavered and switched their attack to the right where the 92nd, the Advanced Guard Regiment of the British column on that flank, had dealt with them in similar fashion. Riders whose steeds had been shot from under them had found their swords to be no match for the British bayonets and in a very short time that fierce action was over leaving very few of those enemy Cavalrymen still unscathed.

It was afterwards learned that when the headdress of the 90th had first been seen by the French through the early morning mist the latter had jumped to the mistaken conclusion that good fortune had placed at their mercy a British cavalry regiment which had somehow become separated from its horses. This was because the 90th were still wearing the "Tarleton Helmet" of Light Dragoon style which not only continued to be worn by various British and French Cavalry regiments, but which (and this had apparently been unknown to the French) had also been the headgear of certain British Infantry regiments until as recently as the previous year when a newly-designed "stove-patterned" helmet had been introduced for all foot regiments. That the new helmet had not yet been adopted by the 90th was because only limited supplies of that item had reached Malta while Abercrombie's force had been re-fitting there a few months earlier.

Their overwhelming defeat of those rash French horsemen had cost the 90th and 92nd heavy casualties, and they were both to suffer further losses before the day was out. As soon as the dust of that encounter had settled, Abercrombie's leading troops had come under a hail of bullets and grape-shot from the French positions on the higher ground of the ridge ahead, and he had ordered a general advance. After driving the enemy from their foremost entrenchments, the 90th had halted temporarily to reform their front line before continuing their steady and unwavering advance towards their next objective.

It had been while leading his men during that forward move that the Regiment's Commanding Officer, Lieut. Colonel Roland Hill, had owed his life to his having been wearing a helmet of the unique pattern which had already misled the French Cavalry earlier that morning. Struck on the head by an enemy bullet, he had been knocked off his horse and had had to be removed from the field with minor injuries and severe concussion which had rendered him "hors de combat" for some weeks. It was discovered that although the bullet had made quite a dent in the crown of his helmet the initial force of the blow had been taken by the brass-bound peak of that hat. That very same helmet, still displaying those dents of long ago, can be seen today in the Royal Army Museum in London where its importance as a relic is heightened because of the distinguished career of its original

owner who rose to become Commander-in-Chief of the British Army with the rank and title of General Lord Hill.

The Second-in-Command of the 90th, Lieut. Colonel Kenneth Mackenzie, had taken Hill's place for the time being, and the slow but steady advance towards the main French positions on the Roman Camp ridge had continued. First to secure a footing there had been the troops on the right flank of Abercrombie's force, and this had resulted in a general French withdrawal to the Heights of Necropolis less than a mile from Alexandria. Without pausing to carry out any detailed reconnaissance of the enemy's position there, Abercrombie had decided to push on. Before long, however, he had found himself held up and, rather unwisely perhaps, had delayed his decision to pull his force back to the Roman Camp ridge until late in the evening, by which time his troops, who had been exposed to the fire of the French guns, had suffered many more casualties.

British losses that day had been heavy (heavier indeed than the enemy's) and had amounted to about 1200 killed and wounded, of which the 90th had had 22 men killed and 8 officers, 11 sergeants and 203 other ranks wounded. The Regiment, however, had acquitted itself well and had come through its baptism of fire in a way that had given it every cause for pride and satisfaction.

That fighting on the 13th March had become known as the Battle of Mandora (after a small redoubt of that name which stood near the scene of the action) and in recognition of the conspicuous part that the 90th and 92nd had played there both Regiments were later awarded the Battle Honour "Mandora" - the first to be gained by the 90th.

Nelson's Island Excavations

In October 2001 The Nelson Society was contacted by Dr Paolo Gallo, Professor of Egyptology at the University of Turin and Director of the Italian Archaeological Institute based at Alexandria, Egypt. Dr Gallo's exciting news was that during excavations of ancient structures on Nelson's Island, Aboukir Bay, Egypt he had discovered some artefacts, graffiti and burials that he believed related to the British occupation of the island from shortly after the Battle of the Nile in August 1798 to Keith's and Abercrombie's landings in March 1801. Dr Gallo was concerned that these burials were

under direct threat from erosion, both from the subsidence of the island and general weathering as from human action - the island had become a local picnicking and fishing site. Dr Gallo was anxious that these graves would shortly be lost along with any scientific information that could be learnt from them if nothing was done to excavate and to re-bury them.

Following a preliminary visit to Alexandria and Nelsons Island in April 2002 by Nick Slope, then vice chairman of the Nelson Society (himself a near eastern archaeologist) it was decided to support Doctor Gallo's excavation as much as was possible and to this end a plan and budget was prepared and put before the Nelson Society committee and the 1805 club council and the official Nelson commemoration committee (ONCC) were kept informed of developments. The action plan and budget were approved and fundraising, detailed planning and background research commenced.

The aim of the Nelson Society's involvement was to assist in the excavation and recording of British Military graves and associated materials under threat, in order to allow the human remains to be scientifically evaluated and subsequently reburied in a British Military cemetery in Alexandria.

Following receipt of a letter from Mr Nick Slope the Trustees made a very modest financial contribution towards the costs of the third expedition commensurate with the number of Regimental remains recorded.

Report by Mr Nick Slope Chairman The Nelson Society 90th Foot, Perthshire Volunteers

Most soldiers of the 90th Regiment of Foot, including Colonel Rowland Hill, were transported to Aboukir Bay in HMS Expedition and were listed in the ship's muster book supernumerary list (ADM36 15095). Also carried were seven women and eight children 'of the 90th'. Following the successful opposed landing in Aboukir Bay the soldiers stayed on land and the transport ships, including the Expedition, were turned into hospital ships for the sick and wounded of the expedition. Admiral Lord Keith requested that the women left onboard acted as nurses to the sick and wounded starting to appear. Many, including the women of the 90th agreed to this and, as a reward were given full rations (they normally received half rations). The Expedition was moored

approximately three miles north-east of Nelson's Island and seven miles from the beach of Aboukir (this is known as she was moored almost directly over the wreck of the French flagship L'Orient that blew up three years earlier at the Battle of the Nile and her captain was ordered to move the Expedition slightly to avoid fouling the wreck). The sick and injured were transported from Aboukir beach to the ships of the fleet.

Private John Shean of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Heroine on 15 March 1801 and was interred the next day 'on land of wounds received' (ADM36 14532 and ADM52 3087).

Private Edward Fanell (sic) of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Trusty on 18 March 1801 but there is no mention of how or where he was interred (ADM36 14085 and ADM51 1352).

Private William Blunt of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Expedition on 26 March 1801 and was interred the next day (ADM36 15095 and ADM52 2994).

Private Alexander McLeod of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Expedition on 30 March 1801 and was interred the same day (ADM36 15095 and ADM52 2994).

Private Angus McLeod of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Expedition on 31 March 1801 and was interred the same day (ADM36 15095 and ADM52 2994).

Private Joseph Coleman of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Expedition on 6 April 1801 and was interred the same day (ADM36 15095 and ADM52 2994).

Sergeant George Weir of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Expedition on 10 April 1801 and was interred the same day (ADM36 15095 and ADM52 2994).

Private Alexander Murray of the 90th Foot died onboard HMS Dictator on either the 10 or the 16 April 1801 and it is unclear whether he was interred on land or buried at sea (ADM36 15340 and ADM51 1375).

Private Thomas Morton of the 90th Foot died onboard the HMS Delft on 18 April 1801 and was interred the next day. Private Morton died the same day as Guardsman Captain John Frederick. The Captain's log of the Delft records that on 18 April 'Died of his wounds Captain John Frederick of the Coldstream Guards and a private of the 90th Regiment' (the muster book confirms that this was Morton) (ADM36 14519 and ADM51 1406).

Thomas King 'child of the 90th Regiment' died on 28 April 1801. It is unclear whether he was interred on land or buried at sea

but at least three infants have been located and rescued from Nelson's Island (ADM36 15095).

It is almost certain that Private John Shean and Private Edward Fanell were both injured in the Battle of Mandora (13 March 1801) and died of a result of their wounds. It is probable that most of the others were wounded at the Battle of Alexandria (21 March 1801) and died of a result of their wounds.

Nelson's Island Update: Reburial of Remains at Chatby CWGC, Alexandria, Egypt

Friday 15 April 2005

The party going out to Alexandria met at Heathrow T4 and consisted of Gordon and Joan Watson (the descendants of Commander James Russell), Clinton Lee representing The Nelson Society, Captain David Horn Curator of the Guards Museum representing the Coldstream and Scots Guards (both present at Aboukir in 1801) as well as the Museum (the Guard Regiments and the Museum supported the excavations over the last few years), Royal Marine buglers Jim Butler and Albert Beech and myself. The flight went OK, Joan Watson announcing that the last time that she had flown was during the war in Lancaster bombers as a fitter!

Saturday 16 April 2005

After arriving at Alexandria, Egypt at 5a.m. we were met by HM Consul General Alan Cobden and whisked off to our hotel. After a wash and brush up, Alan and I went to the Alexandria Maritime Museum in order to collect the remains to be reburied and to then take them to the British Consulate for placing in five coffins. Following a lot of tea drinking and pleasantries at the museum we finally reached the Consulate with the crates containing the remains and started unpacking and sorting them. I was concerned that the remains were not to be buried in the plastic bags that they had been stored in and it was agreed that each set of remains were to be labelled (in case there was a need to identify them at a later date) and placed in canvas sacks. The canvas sacks were then placed in the coffins and I recorded what set of remains were where. There were a total of 23 complete, or nearly complete skeletons and fragments of a further seven burials. Commander James Russell's remains were placed in a single coffin and the rest were

shared out between the remaining four coffins. The task took most of the day and in the evening we were guests of Alan Cobden and his family.

Sunday 17 April 2005

The next day we were asked by Chris Terrill Director of the BBC documentary team that were making a 'fly-on-the-wall' programme concerning life in today's Royal Navy, if the Watson's and myself could be interviewed at the Consulate. This was achieved and after coffee and biscuits we returned to our hotel where Major Robin Whyte (representing the Adjutant General of the Army and himself an ex-Scots Guardsman) who had recently arrived met us. There was a walk-through rehearsal at the Cemetery but we were not needed and so relaxed for the rest of the day. I took the Watson's, Clint and David to see the centre of Alex and we ended up having a horse and buggy ride along the sea front to the restored Mameluke fort of Quit Bay (the probable site of the ancient Pharos of Alexandria) followed by the traditional argument about the fare! On our return we went out for a meal and spent a pleasant evening together although I had to keep running off to do telephone interviews!

Monday 18 April 2005

The big day! At 10.30 a.m. we all set off for Chatby CWGC in the centre of Alexandria for a full rehearsal of the burial ceremony. There we met the sailors and Royal Marines from HMS Chatham (she had docked at Alex at 9.00 a.m.) who were to provide the Burial Party and Guard of Honour. Also there were Reverend Godfrey Hilliard Royal Navy Fleet Chaplain who was to conduct the service and the Naval and Air Attaché Commander Mike Lovett. It was good to see Mike again. He had come out to the island the previous year when we were excavating there (I had the indignity of arriving to meet him a *lá Steptoe* in a horse and cart in Aboukir – it had been the only transport that I could get!) and he had thrown his weight behind the reburials and organised much of the ceremony. After a full walk through of the ceremony we were shuttled back to the hotel for a bite to eat and to get into our best togs and to then return to the cemetery at 13.30. When we were gathering for the bus Gordon and Joan Watson appeared looking resplendent wearing their medals from WWII. They told us that they had not worn them since the war and did not intend wearing them again!

We arrived at Chatby amid much security and bustle and as we walked through the

cemetery gates we were amazed to see a whole pack of journalists, photographers and TV crews rush to meet us. It was an incredible moment and really brought home to us how much this ceremony had caught the world's imagination. The Watson's (Gordon aged 87 and Joan aged 83) rode the media storm and amid flashing bulbs and microphones gave interview after interview. For this media savvy we nicked them 'Posh and Becks' for the rest of the day! After what seemed an eternity of interviews we took our places and the ceremony commenced. The Guard of Honour took their place and the coffins, draped in the Union Flag were brought in borne on the shoulders of the ship's company of HMS Chatham accompanied by music from the Egyptian Navy Band that had kindly agreed to take part in the ceremony. There was then an opening address by HM Ambassador Sir Derek Plumbly KCMG followed by a background address by HM Consul General Alan Cobden. Nelson's Prayer (written before Trafalgar) was then read out by Captain S Chick Commanding Officer HMS Chatham (I had specifically requested this and it was my only real contribution to the day!). This was followed by the Army Prayer read out by Colonel S J Oxlade MBE Commander Aldershot Garrison, the Royal Gloucestershire, Berkshire and Wiltshire Regiment (the 'Glorious Gloucesters' had been at Aboukir in 1801 and had won the distinction of wearing a cap badge on the rear of their cap for their bravery in defeating French infantry to their front and French dragoons to their rear!). Captain



P Holihead (Royal Navy) Defence Attaché read out Psalm 107 and then the Reverend Godfrey Hilliard Royal Navy Fleet Chaplain conducted the Service as the coffins were lowered into the graves. The Guard of Honour fired three volleys over the graves and then the Royal Marine Buglers played the Last Post and, following a minute's

silence, Reveille. It was a most emotional moment and I have to confess at being quite



overcome with it all. The Union Flag that covered Commander James Russell's coffin was presented to the Watson's and then wreaths were laid. Clinton and I laid a wreath on behalf of The Nelson Society and The 1805 Club. One of the Diplomatic Guests was overheard to comment that "nobody can do that (ceremony) like the British". I was so proud of what had happened at the ceremony. Alan Cobden and Mike Lovett did a fantastic job organising the ceremony and the ship's company of HMS Chatham were a credit to their ship, the Service and their country.

As well as over 150 guests There were around another 150 media people including at least eight TV crews (al Jezera, CNN, BBC, Nile TV and others). The Navy had a PR crew film the event, as did the Consulate. The story went around the world and was covered from Sydney to San Francisco. The Guardian, Telegraph, Express, Mail and Independent all ran major pieces with pictures and quotes and it was covered on BBC Radio 4, BBC South Today and many local radio stations. It was all quite amazing and I feel that The Nelson Society has really achieved something tangible and unique that has contributed to 2005.

However the day was not over! We all retired to the Consulate for a reception where the Royal Navy blotted their copybook by wolfing all the sandwiches before I got there! However they made up for it by inviting us all to a splendid evening reception onboard the Chatham that was conducted under an awning over the flight deck. The evening was rounded off when the White Ensign was lowered to the sound of the Royal Marine buglers playing Sunset – a fitting and beautiful end to the most perfect of days.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 19, 20 and 21 April 2005

The next day the Watsons and Clint visited El Alemain while I recovered from the previous day's exertions. On the Wednesday we tried to get out to Nelson's Island in order to show the Watsons the site of their distinguished forebears original grave. Unfortunately the authorities would not let us go out there and so we returned to Alex and I took them to the excellent Greco-Roman Museum there. That evening we dined with Alan Cobden and family and the next morning returned to England.

Epilogue

It was a fantastic trip that I shall never forget. It was something special to see the Royal Navy and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office supported by the Army and the MOD putting on such a brilliant ceremony. It was a great pity that Dr Paolo Gallo, who first located the burials, was not there or Rachael Stone who was a member of the British excavation team but Sir Derek Plumbly paid Paolo full tribute in his opening address. For me the whole effort of the three year rescue excavation and the ceremony was summed up by Royal Marine Dale Anderson (one of the burial party) who has served in Afghanistan and Iraq who said to the press that "*hopefully someone would do this for me if it happened to me*".

This is not the end of the Nelson's Island excavations. Paolo plans to continue excavating on the island for several years to come. We know that there are more remains to be rescued and I plan to fly out to Italy to see Paolo in the next few weeks, brief him on the ceremony and plan our future strategy.

Nick Slope

Chairman the Nelson Society

A Cameronian Visits The Paras.

The International Military Music Society (IMMS)

I was asked by the IMMS, founded almost thirty years ago, to give a talk about my time as a Cameronian boy and bandsman. The IMMS members, with few exceptions, are not ex-bandsman but are people who love military music and plan their year to hear as many bands as possible both within and without the UK. Their main pleasure is an annual meeting at Kneller Hall and a holiday abroad to visit a band: in 2005 they were the guests of the Band of the Gibraltar Regiment. Having met them, I concluded that they have a romantic rather than realistic view of service band life

The talk at Colchester Garrison.

Leaving Colchester Station on the 6th April, I soon saw the grim outline of a very old barracks. Civilian security guards on the gate suggested an absence of soldiers. On that day the IMMS were the guests of the Band of the Parachute Regiment. Within minutes, a musician arrived, wearing the familiar red beret, dressed in combat dress with a face bronzed by being recently in a hotter climate. He confirmed my observation by telling me that the band had just returned from duties in Iraq. He said that his band was facing a period of uncertainty because they were expecting the possibility of being merged with the Army Air Corps Band.

The society members were hearing the band as they performed play in a large cavernous room where the awful acoustics gave the same ill effect on the ears a face would endure in front of the intense heat of a blast furnace: it was for this reason that at first I found it difficult to judge the standard of a fairly good band. I welcomed the sight of girls in the band but immediately noticed that there was shortage of woodwind players. Their four clarinets were about to become three because their solo clarinet was leaving that day at the end of his 22. He had made a request to play 'The Dance of the Tumblers', a very difficult piece for the clarinets. However, the choice had humour for the band because he was noted for his frequent elbow drill. Whenever we played 'The Dance of the Tumblers' in the Cameronians, the clarinets hoped that the officers would be laughing at a joke or, if outside, the noise of an approaching train would hide our anxiety and mistakes as our fingers tried to match the fast tempo of this piece.

As I prepared my talk, I had to be mindful that my audience, though some ex-servicemen would be present, were not ex-bandsmen and would not know musical language. In the forty-five minutes allocated to me, I described the place of the Covenanters in the Scottish Reformation, how we came to be called Cameronians and the role of William and Mary in the formation of The Cameronian Regiment in Douglas in 1689. After introducing and playing the regimental music, I described the drill and customs, some words about the bandmasters, life in the boys' room and some of the amusing incidents of band life. I told them that the majority of the band were English who had to tune their ears and eventually understand not only Scots

but in particular the Glaswegian version of it. I received an appreciative letter in which I was thanked for my efforts and was paid the compliment of being described as, and I do not wish to boast, 'a skilled, charming speaker', which meant a lot to me as a former stammerer.

The Effect of the current Defence White Paper.

Every decade has brought changes to the bands and the armed services. Michael Heseltine's decision to reduce most bands to twenty-one in the early 1980s was a major blunder. The need to have enough brass for parades led to the deduction of those woodwind instruments not normally played on parade, e.g. oboes and bassoons. In York in 1990, I heard the Band of the Prince of Wales Regiment attempting to beat Retreat with just sixteen players: two clarinets, a piccolo and alto saxophone in the rear was the woodwind contribution to the band. To cover up his shortage of players, the bandmaster padded the sound by combining with the Corps of Drums to play bugle marches. After the parade one of the bandsmen told me that many of the line bands had to merge to make the required sound for parades because many of them were below their twenty-one establishments. In 1994, the decision to have bands of either thirty-five or forty-nine made up of trained musicians from civilian life allowed for quality and a release from the problems created by having small bands. However, a recruitment problem still exists, particularly in respect of woodwind players. The mixed bands have been of limited help, for women do not, for well-known reasons, serve as long as most men.

Capt. Paul Goodwin, the Paras DOM, spoke gloomily; stressing low morale, of the likely outcome of the Defence White Paper. The proposed reduction of 283 musicians, meaning the loss of six bands, the proposed merger of the Life Guards and the RHG and the reduction to thirty-five players for the Bands of the Light Infantry and the RA. Within the RA Band is Britain's oldest orchestra: to reduce this band to thirty-five would not only mean the loss of a 200-year-old orchestra but also a slice of cultural heritage.

Capt Goodwin told us about the proposed offer of a thirty-five year engagement for musicians. He feared that it might increase the present promotion blockage when long serving sergeants prevent junior ranks receiving deserved promotion. The

Canadian forces I seem to remember made sergeant the rank for musicians. Just before I left the barracks one of the sergeants told me that if he wished to serve beyond his 22 he would be allowed to keep his rank but drop to a musician's pay: a loss of £8000 a year.

I have read that just before the Falklands War the MOD were on the verge of deciding there should be just one service school of music but it was shelved because of inter service rivalries, the fact that a Cabinet minister might lose his seat and the need to deal with a war. As there are about to be just thirty-one bands for the three services, I would have thought a single school of music would be an obvious economy: the United States has one such school for a much bigger armed forces.

A Possible solution.

The recruitment and the retention of musicians is the same as in my Cameronian days of 1946 to 1954. The two units I served with, as a RAPC sergeant, did not have bands so I was able to access the standard of the many visiting bands during concerts, mess nights and parades. The staff bands were fine whereas the line bands were largely a waste of public money because they failed to attract good musicians.

The cost of recruiting and training many unmusical boys from orphanages, from impossible domestic backgrounds or courts saying to young offenders will it be Borstal or an army band, are over. The present service musicians, mainly at school until eighteen, enter with Grades 7 or 8, with diplomas or degrees. Such people are articulate, have had choices in life, want good conditions and, like the bandsmen of the past, do not like doing military duties but cannot escape the fact that they are soldiers first. This is the past affecting the present. One can argue that if a soldier does not have to be musician why should a musician have to a soldier?

A possible solution to the recruitment problem I may have discovered during a breakfast conversation with two members of the Italian Air Force at a Berlin hotel in 2002. Although there was not time for me to fully understand their conditions, it was apparent that they had high status, for they were staying in a 4 star hotel and not in the many barracks with the pleasure of a cookhouse in Berlin. All of them were civilian professional musicians who provided just musical services on a TA basis for the Italian Air Force. Their 103 strong band, seventy in Berlin, made it always possible to provide

a band without interfering with their jobs as lecturers, teachers and orchestral players. The 'bella figura' tradition of the Italians meant they looked splendid in their tailored light blue uniforms. I had an early start on that day so lost the opportunity of hearing a good band. Of course, Italy does not have the overseas service commitment of Britain and probably their system might not work. Other nations have fewer bands, even now, and perhaps this means they have only time for musical duties: the real solution to the problem of musicians' reluctance to carry out military tasks.

Bill Coughlan.

"Congratulations Mr & Mrs Ballantyne!"

Marriage; 'Tying the Knot - Getting Wed - Getting Spliced - Getting Cut and Carried', there are many other such sayings (both respectful and not) which usually mean the same thing;

A Wedding!'



Shortly after returning to Birmingham from 'Cameronian Sunday and Conventicle 2005' held once more by the side of Douglas Water, Douglas, South Lanarkshire, barely a mile from where the 'Cameronian Regiment was raised in 1689,' forever the home of our Regiment, 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)' .

I was most pleasantly surprised to receive an invitation for myself and my wife Patti to attend the wedding of Mr Jim Ballantyne (yes! our very own Jim!) and his lady, Margaret Rose Drever, the wedding to take place at 'Leith Town Hall, Edinburgh at IOam on 1st July 2005, followed later by a reception in the evening at 'Scotia Regia Hall, St Clairs Place, Edinburgh'.

Were they joking! Who in their right minds would drive a round trip of all but 700

miles to attend a wedding?, and on a Friday too. Well a Cameronian might, for another Cameronian, and his Lady. Especially when they have both done so very much for 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Family Members Organisation', and in doing so, working on our behalf promoting, and continuing the memory of our Regiment. So I accepted the invitation! Thinking however to make it as 'special' as I could, and set-to working out how.

The weather was beautiful all that week, and come the day, though threatened, by promises of demonstrations and possible trouble in Edinburgh in the buildup to, G8, the wedding took place as planned, the bridegroom immaculately turned out in Douglas tartan kilt, his Lady Margaret looked beautiful in Pale Green gown with matching accessories, 'The 'Best Man' was our own Alan 'Doc' Halliday who did Jim proud, the only other, Cameronian present that day, (other than myself) was Tom Winters and his wife Stella. It was a family affair really, but we were all made welcome from the minute we arrived, and because of that I felt honoured to have been asked.

The Scotia Regia Hall for those that do not know; is not large, but has every facility required, and I admit to being very impressed, it would not have been possible for more guests to attend without feeling overcrowded as it was a warm and friendly night from the start of the evening, helped throughout by the well pitched sound level, and well chosen selection of music from the D, J.

A surprise for everyone was the sudden, unexpected arrival, at 9pm of a 'Lucky Chimney Sweep', suitably dressed and well blacked up, entering the hall to the tune 'Chim Chimney'. The Bride and Groom were asked on the dance-floor and the Chimney Sweep carried out a small ceremony of confirmation, which included, stepping over the brushes, a poem, and certificate (framed to be kept as a keepsake). 'The Sweep' then passed around the guests, handing out copies of the words to the song '500 Miles' and invited a group on to the dance-floor to give the song a spirited rendering, duly given by all present in true Scottish style, after which the 'Sweep' melted away into the shadows again.

Great feasting followed! And I must confess to taking seconds, and even a third of the most succulent Trout ever tasted, caught fresh that morning. All taken down with my favourite malt, in the most excellent

of company, and moreover, to music even I could actually dance to, later. Eventually like all good things, there has to come an end, and I gave way to it grudgingly, not wanting to let go of that feeling of shared togetherness and friendship you only experience when everything goes 'click', Perfect! .

'Congratulations again Mr and Mrs Ballantyne!'

PS, 'What of that 'special plan' did I hear you ask? Sorry! I thought you had guessed!' 'I was the 'Lucky Chimneysweep' of course'.

Kenn Robinson.

Every year the Covenanters and/or the Cameronians are mentioned in the media or elsewhere. As the following articles show. 2005 has been another good year.

1. The Ku-Klux-Klan believe they are Cameronians?

On the 8th January I heard the above words on BBC Radio 4, which were from an essay written by George Rosie about the Ku-Klux-Klan (KKK).

George Rosie, a Scot, recently read the following notice in small town Oklahoma. 'All patriotic Americans who are concerned about the future of our great country should enlist in the ranks of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan' These words were bordered by Celtic crosses. A curious local man, dressed completely in denim, holding a can of beer, showed great delight to discover that a Scot was reading the notice by saying the following words. 'Hell Fellow! Scotland is where the KKK comes from...you Scotch guys started the whole business.'

Rosie, taken a back and being a liberal minded Scot, decided to verify the words he had just heard. It was not long before he had in his hands a novel called 'The Clansman' written by Thomas Dickson, a Baptist minister, in 1906. Dickson, knowing that the majority of the immigrants to the American South in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were Covenanting folk or what the Americans call Scotch-Irish from Ulster, he decided, even though the KKK was formed forty years before his novel, to link them with the Covenanters. Dickson chose to call his main character Richard Cameron to establish that he was writing about hard-line Covenanters or Cameronians. (At this point Rosie stated that the Cameronians

evolved into the famous Scottish Rifles Regiment.)

The Clansman novel did motivate the KKK in their campaign, for like the seventeenth century Cameronians, they believed they were fighting the ungodly policies of the state. The making of 'The Clansman' into a film called 'The Birth of a Nation' in 1915, as the first popular epic, provided the KKK with valuable publicity, making it possible for them to increase their membership to four million. In 1922, the KKK had the confidence and numbers to march, with the display of a national movement, in their white hooded gowns, down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

It can be said that both the Cameronians and the KKK were fist people rather than word people. Both were fundamentalists who fought to impose their views on others. They declared war on their governments and used bloody means to achieve their aims. Walter Scott in 'Old Mortality' showed scorn for the Covenanters and yet tried to understand their thinking and record their sufferings. In 'The Covenanters' by David Stevenson, the bloodthirsty role of the Cameronians in the Killing Times of the 1680s are explained by their belief 'that they were the only true church' which continued, though undermined by disagreements and splits, after the William and Mary compromise of the 1690s.

It is clear in the Clansman that Thomas Dickson convinced the descendants of the Covenanters in the Confederate South to use the same methods of the seventeenth century to prevent the implementation of the law in the American Civil War to emancipate the slaves. Dickson's chilling words were: 'Can we assimilate the Negro?.. the very question pollutes.' He claimed that clan chieftains once sent the burning cross by courier through the Highlands to summons the clansmen to deal with matters of life and death. In reality, in newsreels and in films, we have all seen the fiery cross burning among the white, ghostlike, robed masked KKK. Seeing the whirling smoke, we have perhaps felt something sinister had or was about to take place. This secret organisation, made to believe they were engaged in 'a holy crusade' by Dickson and others, carried out torture, arson and lynching of Negroes to subvert the wishes of Abraham Lincoln for over a hundred years. This was possible because the planters were able to enlist the existing racism of white people against black people. This despicable organization

was able to delay the solution of the South's most serious problem of finding a way for black and white to live in peace.

This tragic period of American history surfaced a few months ago with the death of Rosa Parks, the black woman who challenged segregation by sitting in a front part of a bus reserved for whites in Alabama in 1955. A local pastor called Martin Luther King, still remembered for his words '*that a man should not be judged by the colour of his skin but the content of his character,*' organized a boycott of the buses on the road to the Civil Rights Movement, culminating in full legal rights for black people in the late 1960s.

George Rosie concluded his essay by saying that the KKK, though more careful than hitherto, still dislike black people, Jews, Roman Catholics and foreigners. He went on to say that the KKK members are obsessed by everything Scottish and Celtic. Their latest interest is in the Jacobites! Someone should sprinkle them with holy water and remind them that the brother of Bonnie Prince Charlie was Cardinal Henry Stuart.

What I have described is the use of an honourable period of Scottish history to help an unworthy cause. However, the Reformation from its beginning started the fragmentation of Christianity, making it possible, as with the Covenanters, to create a moderate majority alongside an extreme minority which Thomas Dickson was able to use to help the KKK.

2. The Cameronian who founded a symphony orchestra.

On the 22nd October Rosemary and I went to a study afternoon and an evening concert at the Barbican to celebrate the foundation of the BBC Symphony Orchestra seventy-five years ago. On the 22nd October 1930 the brand new orchestra gave its first concert and first broadcast under the baton of Adrian Boult at the Queen's Hall, London.

At that time there was concern among British musicians and conductors because of insecure funding of orchestras and the fact the players were all freelance and willing to play for the highest fee. This led to the excessive use of deputies, meaning that players would send someone else to rehearsals or concerts if higher fees were offered at another performance. This unstable situation meant that British orchestras were often inferior to those in the rest of Europe where proper funding was the

norm. Professional musicians often tell this tale to illustrate the comic and unsatisfactory outcome of this situation. A foreign conductor had been engaged to take three rehearsals and to conduct one concert in London. At the first rehearsal all went well. At the second rehearsal he noticed that the orchestra were not observing the points he had made in the first rehearsal and to his horror he discovered one third of the orchestra were deputies. At the third rehearsal more new people were in the orchestra. However, he decided to acknowledge a friendly bass player who had greeted him at all the rehearsals. He went over to thank him for preparing himself so well for the concert. "Thank you Maestro" said the bass player but I feel I should tell you that I shall not be at the concert tonight, for I shall be sending a deputy.

By 1928 the BBC had grown from a small company to a fully-grown corporation. It invited the orchestras to broadcast. However, the insecure orchestras refused to broadcast on the grounds that such a decision would reduce their audiences. The refusals, and the availability of money from the licence fee, were the reason for the foundation of the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

The first director general of the BBC was John Reith. He was wounded in the 1914-18 War while serving as an officer with the 5th Cameronians. I quote: 'He insisted on the highest standards, directing the BBC as an instrument for social betterment, and retaining its independence.' In other words, John Reith was a believer in the public service ethos: the BBC, he insisted must be paid for by a licence fee. John Reith was a son of a Glasgow manse, brought up with a sense of service to others within the liberal tradition of his family. He was a 6ft 6ins towering figure who had the ability to get things done, not only at the BBC but also in his many other public appointments, particularly in the Second World War.

The Radio 3 speakers, unsure if Reid was musical, stated that he wanted a world-class orchestra to enhance the prestige of the BBC by its musical achievements. It would be a permanent orchestra with the players for the first time being paid salaries, sickness benefit, holiday pay and pensions. Being funded out of the licence fee, the orchestra was not subject to the commercial tyranny of box office receipts. As Reith intended, they became a cultural beacon by playing the full range from the orchestral repertoire plus the music of new composers.

The attractive pay and conditions ensured that the orchestra recruited the best musicians in Britain. In 1935, at the end of European tour the Vienna Philharmonic lined the platform to play them out of the station to confirm their appreciation. Every year Arturo Toscanini came to London to experience the pleasure of conducting such a fine orchestra. Nowadays the BBC Symphony Orchestra is the main orchestra at the annual BBC Proms.

I have heard from many orchestral players that Malcolm Sargent (known to musicians as Flash Harry) had disagreed with the good conditions given to the orchestra because he believed that musicians play better if they are hungry. I asked one of the speakers to confirm whether this was true or not. There was silence on her part and a reluctance to answer the question. I was a little embarrassed when ten minutes later I learned that Malcolm Sargent's son was in the audience. However, one speaker criticised Sargent for only spending 30% of the agreed time with the orchestra when he was their chief conductor from 1950-57.

His name lives on in the annual Reith Lectures. It was John Reith who decided that the BBC should educate, inform and entertain. Leaving school almost illiterate at fourteen, I was helped by the versions of BBC Radios 3 and 4 programmes not only to qualify for higher education but also to pass my degrees. I am grateful that a fellow Cameronian had made this help available to me.

3. The Gorbals came to Chelmsford.

Starting in the Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow on the 2nd September, Men Should Weep by Ena Lamont Stewart reached our Civic Theatre in Chelmsford on the 18th October and would finish its UK tour in Oldham the 5th November.

This tragic and yet very amusing play, set in the Gorbals in the 1930s depression was taking the sound of Glasgow to the unfamiliar ears of many Sassenachs. The Gorbals, like the Whitechapel area of London, was where the Irish immigrants, Jewish refugees and others settled. In the 1930s, 90,000 people were crowded into tenements in just 2% of the area of Glasgow. In the play one is made aware of the cramped condition of eight people living in two rooms, a child suffering from TB taken to hospital and unable to return home because of the unhealthy conditions, the conflict in the family through the husband's long unemployment and drinking, the noise from

the frequent domestic violence coming from the flat above. The hunger of the children is illustrated by their constant need to steal a piece whenever their mother was out of the room. The coal range provided the heating and the presence of a kettle on its top was the sole source of hot water. Women neighbours arriving to chat conveyed the impression that the family were trying to seem normal. However, the programme sums up their unfortunate plight in the following words. *'One mid-1930s report survey suggested that a third of the reported illnesses were linked to job losses.'* At the time 30% of Glasgow employable population were out of work.

In Chelmsford, the play was performed with screens of captions on either side of the stage to ensure ken and not did nae ken was the outcome for the audience. My Cameronian years made me word perfect so I was able to enjoy all the words and expressions and remember the faces of the Glaswegian Cameronians who had said them. In the interval, rather like a newly appointed professor of Glaswegian, I explained to people the meaning of messages, greetin, scunner, polis, the broo, the Barras and other words. They said that they found the accent and the language incomprehensible. I told them that I gained my expertise by wearing tartan trews for many years.

In my desire to write about the variety of language used in the Cameronians, I have asked several bandsmen and others, if they remembered any words or expressions. So far I have had no response, for it seems they were oblivious to the kaleidoscope of sound around their ears. Alongside the many British accents were the words from service in India and elsewhere, the officers' accents, the language unique to the Cameronians and army jargon and slang. Can anybody contribute to my article?

Being a stammerer during my service I had to be a listener, for I never knew whether I would be able to start or finish sentences. Among the many Scottish and English accents in the Cameronians, the Glaswegian accent was the dominant one. Expressions like *'I'll stick it on yer'*, *'He's a right ticket'*, *'Yer ma's a bun'*, *'She's a right grosit'*, *she is a wee hairy, mulky, manky* and so many others were common to my ears. A Sunday newspaper acquainted me with 'The Broons' and 'Our Wullie' whose words taught me a written version of Scots: sometimes I would ask one of the Scots to read the words to me.

The English members of the military

band, the majority, used bits of Scots in their speech. One unusual person was John Davy who spoke Scots with a London Accent. I recall him saying: 'I'm gaye hungry!' Jack Keen, from Douglas Water, pronounced B natural as if he was struggling for birth within his throat, as B nat reel or something like it was the result. Lofty Hammond sang a song called 'Johnny Thompson, a lament.' It was song that sounded endless, for one could go in and out of the barrack room several times and Lofty would still be at it. It is for this reason that I did not learn the song in its entirety. All I remember is: *'There is a team in Glasgow City whose colours are white and green... they had a goalkeeper the finest the world has ever seen. ...'* Lofty did not support Celtic, for he was from Hayes in Middlesex. Bendix Page, A Londoner and a good mimic, used to create a comic effect by exaggerating the Glaswegian and any other accent that took his fancy. The real patter merchant of the band, and model Glaswegian, was 'Mac' Ron Macmillan. He was thickset, a bit like Desperate Dan in appearance, always ready to sing a song. *'When your sweetheart sends a letter of goodbye'* was his favourite. His Glaswegian speech blended well with his cheerful, friendly character. His playing of 'Mary of Argyll' and other Scottish tunes on his French horn were a pleasure to the ear. Some readers will remember him as the goalkeeper in the battalion hockey team. The Kelvinside accent always sounded as if the speaker was trying to be a refugee from Glaswegian. Someone told me that it was an attempt by people, with a few baubees, to sound posh?

I left the Cameronians with understanding of the many accents of Scots. Although I would not, apart from the odd word or sentence, try to speak it. However, I read Robert Burns, the Scots parts of Walter Scott, Hugh Macdiarmid and others with pleasure. I am always impressed when I hear Scots change from their local dialects into Standard English.

4.The Cameronian Corporal and the Russian soldier. 2004 Edition.

Readers will remember the photograph of the Cameronian Corporal and the Russian soldier standing on the bank of the Elbe in May 1945. The Russian News and Information Service NOVOSTI decided to use this photograph on the front cover of their publication called 'The Triumph Alliance of Nations' to commemorate VE Day in May 1945. Novosti has a network of correspondents in over forty countries, so

the Cameronian Corporal and his Russian comrade would have been seen worldwide.

Vaughan Melzer, the manager of the Novosti Photo Library sent me another photograph of the two soldiers, which shows the full face of the Cameronian in the hope that it will make it easier for readers to recognise him. In addition, she kindly offered to donate copies of the two photographs to the regimental museum. I accepted her offer and thanked her for her kindness.

At the Guildhall Art Gallery in London from May to June, Novosti staged a photograph exhibition called 'Cities at War - Moscow and Leningrad during the Second World War'. This was, known to the Russians as the Great Patriotic War, lasted from the German invasion on the 22nd June 1941 to the final defeat of Germany on the 9th May 1945. Within the words of the exhibition I learned that by December 1941 (the month of the USA entry into the 2WW) the Russians had two million soldiers killed and three million captured, of which half died in German captivity by sheer neglect, in complete disregard of the Geneva Convention. .

Britain had 357,116 killed in the Second World War of which 60,595 were civilians. In comparison, the Soviet Union had twenty-seven million soldiers and civilians killed: no other nation on the Allied side, apart from the Chinese, suffered so much in terms of loss of human life and the devastation of their country.

The siege of Leningrad lasted 900 days: the daily ration for workers was 8oz a day with half the amount for everybody else. The shortage of food and fuel supplies caused the death of one million, a third of the population, because of disease and starvation.

I have often heard the No.7 Leningrad Symphony by Dmitri Schostakowitsch in which he remembers in the most appropriate music the sufferings of his fellow citizens. His bad eyesight prevented him serving in the Red Army. Instead, after refusing to leave his native citizens with the other musicians of the Conservatory, he stayed on as a fireman during the siege. By candlelight, the city had no electricity; he began to compose his Seventh Symphony. On its completion he wrote on the title page in red ink: To the city of Leningrad.

As a child in the Second World War I recall the Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund and being encouraged to think of Stalin as Uncle

Joe. With the onset of the Cold War, it was convenient to understate, or even forget, Russia's major contribution. I hope when people are on the verge of saying : 'we won the war : ' they will pause: think about the 27 million Russian dead and then amend their statement to : 'We helped to win the war. '

Bill Coughlan.

Captain Ronald Hugh Walrond Rose



Captain Ronald Rose (1880-1914) was a career army officer, transferring with the rank of lieutenant from the Royal Warwickshire Regiment to the 1st Cameronians in May 1900. Promoted captain in 1905, he served with the 2nd Scottish Rifles until October 1906 when he was appointed Adjutant to the 5th King's (Liverpool) Regiment, a Territorial Force battalion. While hunting in Cheshire he met his future wife Hetty, daughter of George Fletcher - the Fletchers were a well-known and highly-regarded Liverpool family. Ronald and Hetty had two daughters.

After some years in Africa, the Roses moved to Glasgow with the 1st Cameronians. At the end of July 1914 Captain Rose, commanding 'A' Company, was on brigade manoeuvres at Blair Atholl in north Perthshire; while driving near Blair Castle, the captain saw a bicycle orderly arrive with orders to return

to Glasgow to prepare for mobilisation.

Captain Rose kept a detailed and lively diary of his short wartime career, and letters sent by him to Hetty and to others have also survived. The following extracts have been chosen and collated by Ann Clayton, but the help of the late Lt Col Sir John Baynes Bt., who brought the Diary to the notice of Stand To!, and of Major Michael O'Devlin (whose wife is a great grand-daughter of Captain Rose) is gratefully acknowledged. The following extracts from the letters and Diary, describing the early days of the BEF in France and Flanders and the retreat from Mons are published here by kind permission of the Rose family; biographical information was obtained from a family history written by Major O'Devlin.

Captain Rose was killed on 22 October 1914, at the age of 34. He is commemorated on the Ploegsteert Memorial to the Missing, in the Ypres Salient.

1914

4 August Settling up mess and my affairs, met Hetty at 2 pm, delighted to see her. Babies well. Mobilisation 1st day.

13 August Saw Hetty off at 2 pm. Left Glasgow late at night from Maryhill Station.

14 August Embarked on SS. Caledonia. Fine Anchor Line ship, very lucky, as many in pig boats, not told where going. Fine night, searchlights going all along coast, fine sight. [Disembarked at Le Havre next day.]

15 August Up at 5 am, but hung about in shed all day. Pouring with rain. Fed on ship. In evening marched off five and a half miles to No.6 camp at Frillieres, rain which held off a little, started pouring again, arrived wet to skin. Now began some of the discomforts of war...

16 August Still pouring, camp a vast sea of mud, men wonderfully cheerful, got best of food, and eat with clasp knife. Weather improved, dried clothes. Went into town in afternoon, and bought more food, came back to find a crowd of people braving the mud to see us. All very friendly. Left at 10.30 pm, destination quite unknown, and marched to station. This proved an arduous job, and the men got dog tired. Arrived at station at 12.30 and had some coffee. Men packed into train like sardines, but only four in our carriage. We feed as best we can, clasp knife very useful.

17 August All day in train, country very deserted, chiefly women and children,

people getting wildly enthusiastic, violent cheering at all the stops. A wonderful reception awaited us at Marez. The Battalion, after waiting about at the station for some time, marched about two miles to the Town Hall, where we formed up in front of the church, amid much cheering. The officers then entered the Mairie, which was decorated with the Allied flags, and we were duly presented to the mayor, who read us an address in English, this being followed by an address in French, read by a little girl. After this we were all presented with bouquets of flowers.

We then marched to take up our billets. This was a long job, the men going in small parties to houses fairly widely distributed. About midnight I got back to the Mairie, and eventually got my own

billet, which was with a weaver. Blundell came with me, and was accommodated in

the same room. I had a nice bed with clean sheets, Blundell a palliasse. The weaver then gave us some wine, and so to bed about 1 am.

18/19 August A day of rest. Visited all the billets of the Coy. Tried to impress on the men the importance of good behaviour. Everywhere the greatest kindness. I find my knowledge of French of the greatest importance... Was told I might have to assist the French billeting officer, so went to see at Busigny but was not required. Parties going out on fatigue during night.

20 August Went for a route march, much pursued by all the girls in the villages who decorated our men with flowers, and try to take their name plates. Very, very hot. Very good maps have been issued. I have arranged to have our meals at the house where Newman is billeted. The owners of the house [M. and Mme. Coppins] (and indeed everywhere) were almost importunate in pressing us to drink wine, and eat with them. It is most difficult to know how to refuse without giving offence.

The country round here is covered chiefly with corn, beet and potatoes. The chief industry is weaving, embroidery and tissue [a fine woven gauzy fabric], many of the houses, of which my host's is as example, have a handloom set up. None of the people in this village can talk English. Dogs are not allowed out, unless muzzled, one sees none in the streets... [Captain Rose was now suffering from a sore throat and a rash.]

21 August Marched to Busigny, entered train at 4.40 am, getting light. Had some

tea and dry bread with officers of AC. [Ammunition Column]. Arrived about 6.30 at Jeumont right on the Frontier [in the BEF Concentration Area], unloaded the AC. quickly with help of turntable. Then back to Haut-mont, mist clearing. Got my men billeted very comfortably, thanks to the help of French Artillery officer. Had dejeuner, met Capt. in Bedfords who wanted to join Aeroplanes [Royal Flying Corps were headquartered at Mauberge Aerodrome, with 63 aeroplanes and 860 personnel by 24 August]; French Civil Guard offered to take him if I would care to pass him back. Went with him in car, great preparations in fortress of Mauberge, heard here that Germans interfering with our concentration so shifting L of C [Lines of Communication] north. This made me anxious to be back so did not stay long near aeroplanes.

Place full of French soldiers, infantry and cavalry, houses being blown up to clear field of fire. Got wire when back to say must get back to Maretz before 7 am, so no bed again tonight. Dined with French officer who spoke only French. Could not get my next AC. unloaded till midnight, as no facilities, and very heavy. Men work splendidly. Very cold in train going home. Got to my billet about 3.40 am, people knocked up quite easily and very pleasant. Chemist refused money, throat rather bad.

22 August M. Coppins quite affected by my departure, Mama C. so overcome, strange noise. Paraded by 7.45 am, train to Valenciennes, splitting head and no voice. Put up in University, 12 miles from enemy, now full of rumours, firing heard during the day. Had a bath and a lie down, feel better, bread etc very dear. We are inlying picquet tonight and must sleep in our boots, fully dressed. Uhlans coming in. Loaded my revolver today.

23 August Left at 8 am, marched to Quarouble, where I saw the prospect of a lovely bed and food, when we were ordered off as hard as we could go, to line the Conde-Mons Canal. This was through pretty country. We passed through French Cavalry peeping round comers. The roads are very trying to march on, all being pave. Men very thirsty and water bad. We are without Artillery or Cavalry. 'A: Coy load rifles. One rifle goes off, hot air. Settled the men at a coal mine. Put out picquet under Drew. Had some beer. Tried to sleep in some hay, peculiarly hot, guns going all day on our right.

24 August Money came in to say our right hotly pressed, did up valise, and put it on an SAA cart. Don't know what has happened to our transport. 2 am, told we must clear off as fast as possible. Hear that the Middlesex have lost one officer and three men, but have driven off enemy. We had to make a flank march across the enemy's front. C.O. very anxious because 'O' Coy delayed. Got away all right, but 'O' Coy officers lost their kits. Dawn finds us marching, no food. Pass into Belgium, see everybody who can clearing off. Guns getting louder. Come in sight of battle. Shells bursting (Battle of Boussu-Bois, rearguard action) [east of Elouges]. Thought we were for it but no, marched away through Baisieux back into France, thence via Sebourg towards Jenlain. Men very tired and hardly any food, men looted apples.

Our Brigade is 19th- Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders [ASH], Royal Welch Fusiliers [RWF], Middlesex and ourselves. On the way saw battle from distance, woods, in direction of Quievrain being heavily shelled. Men throwing away their kits right and left. Halted for some time at a farm for men to rest. Then continued our retreat to Jenlain, where we halted at a picturesque farm, after which we went out and en-trenched ourselves. This took till after dark. However we only stayed till 4.30 am.

25 August Hard march with firing all round, anxious as to whether we will be cut off. Aero-planes. Apparently very close shave yesterday, one platoon of ASH killed outright bar corporal and two men. Riddell had narrow escape. Find we are bound for Haussy where we met main army. Saw Cavalry being shelled, came under a little shrapnel when we formed to cover Cav. Retirement. Retired amidst crowds of troops (via Solesmes) on to Le Cateau. Pave very, very trying, troops nearly beat, billeted at station about 10 pm. Got some beer and tinned beef. Very pathetic to see crowds of inhabitants fleeing.

26 August Only two hours sleep, then under arms, (kit in transport) at 3 am. Germans in the town, and street fighting. Glad to get out of town. See we are to be reserve for a time, so write up this diary. Take up position almost a mile southwest of Le Cateau, north of Reumont.

From now onwards I entered on sort of nightmare; watching shells bursting and guns firing was at first amusing, but with so little sleep, those that fired near us jarred

one's nerves a bit. Watch aros move out. About 9.30 we had to move to right flank, but after moving some distance by extended platoons we halted for some time until we were told that the left was hotly pressed, and we must push on and hold it. After quite a long march we reached Ligny. One saw wounded being carried back at intervals, one man we saw who had a very lucky escape. He had a small gun wound in his jacket, and a slight wound in head, his boot hit, and also his bayonet. (Told about French coming up. Our artillery ever harassed.)

I was leading just as we were about to extend into action, when a motor-cyclist dashed up, and we were ordered to halt. Apparently we were now wanted on our right flank more, so another huge long march in front, time now about 2.30 pm. About 4.40 apparently the R. flank gave way before we could reach it, and the Cameronians and the cavalry were to join the rear guard. We accordingly started in the orthodox manner and retired on Marez. During this movement we saw a battery which had been reduced to two guns firing away, then it retired, and after a while saw some of our Cav. Patrols, which I distinguished through my glasses, so warned our men not to fire on them. On reaching Marez, picqueted all the entrances against cavalry, and waited for rest of people to pass through.

Presently I heard firing, this was some troops on our right firing on our Cavalry, they killed about three, and forty horses; their officers when they got through seemed nervous. Talked to some cavalry officers. One of these had been down to Busigny (in error) where he met some Uhlans, he shot two and then retired.'

They were sick about being shot at. I borrowed a horse, and rode back through village, now quite dark. I had to be very careful, as my men would have fired for two pence. Saw CO, and told him how anxious the RWF were. Feeling rather full of buck, rather hope for a chance at enemy cavalry.

About 9.30 awful march begins. Numbers of wounded lying out on bank. Germans have burnt one of the hospitals, full of wounded, let us hope it was an accident. March on, and on. Have to halt parties of our own cavalry occasionally, party with bayonets fixed, and revolvers ready. On - on- always on, men at last can stand no more. Let us hope they will not be killed, as many stragglers have been. On- on- men half asleep, and constantly dropping, exhausted.

Regiment now no more than a rabble party. Drop down at Estrees.

27 August Sleep half an hour, wake with cold, can see no officers, decide to get regiment on at this point, find other officers, go round, kick men up and start them on. So difficult to keep awake and not fall. Seem to see horses at side of road, daylight breaking, but still on, on, on, just a rabble of all sorts of regiments. Pass some food lying about, grab some. Men have been almost without food for two days, fed self largely on bread, raw turnips etc, my feet excellent. With daylight things a bit better. Colonel halts head of column, and we now struggle in a partly formed body, feel much less sleepy in daylight.

Reach St Quentin at last about 10 am, give the men some tea, but told we must push on at once, 11 am, as town will be shelled at any moment. Many shops still open, get coffee, no milk, and bread, and buy chocolate. Rather anxious getting out, want of sleep makes one rather nervy. March on, and on, it seems for ever. At last we bivouac at Ollezy [south of the St Quentin Canal] about 4.30 pm. One has got distinctly nervy. Breaking up a box sounds like guns (I hate the sound of guns). A motor bike is a machine gun. We have to furnish a piquet of SO men. The night is dark and wet, but by getting under straw and huddling together we are able to get about 4 hours' sleep, which is more than I have had for over three days. Riddell jibbers through tiredness.

28 August Sleep is broken however, the ground is soft, some horses draw their pegs and stampede, there is a painful wailing from a poor fellow who has had his face crushed in, others are injured. Order is restored and I sleep a little. About 4.30 we get up, to stand to arms. We are to relieve the outposts and then act as rear guard. All bridges over canal have been blown up, excepting the one we cross to take up our position. We march out over a mile, to a flank, but nothing happens.

We get news that our efforts at Le Cateau have been successful. The French caught the Germans in flank, it was our trying role to draw them 60 miles to the south and then hold them. So we go on our long march rejoicing. No need to blow up the bridge. We tell inhabitants the good news as we pass. After breakfast we march on slowly. A long halt in the middle of the day, unfortunately not near water. I take turns at riding a stray horse... As the day closes in it gets very

stuffy, and we cannot prevent the men from packing up 10 abreast.

At last we reach Noyon at 9.30 pm, but alas! It is another nightmare. The administrative arrangements seem to be of the worst. We wait, and wait.

Columns of Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry, all mixed up in the same road, gradually crawl forward with interminable halts. The wretched man on foot has but a poor chance.

At last we get to our bivouacs (Bontoise), and are rejoiced to find tea and soup awaiting us, and best of all, Wood, who was thought to be killed, has turned up with the bulk of our kits. Last, but not least, we have a mail. Very happy.

29 August A day of rest, but as the day goes on we hear continual firing. In Noyon the town is being evacuated, and the bridge at Pont l'Eveque prepared for demolition. Lee and I go in to Noyon but can get nothing. As we pass the station we see a captured German officer, who seemed very calm. He is under an English guard, which is as well for him. As the afternoon progresses, a feeling of strain seems to envelop everyone. What is happening? Why have the guns stopped? Oppressive heat. Our long retreat is having an effect on our nerves. Rumours of all sorts begin to float about. We realise the rottenness of the administrative arrangements. We hear we are to entrench, then about 6.30 pm the order comes to move [south], but only about five miles to go into billets. I am sent on to arrange the billets at Laigle. Get there about 9 to find 1000 odd men are billeted in a squalid village of fifty inhabitants. I do what I can, however the Regiment does not turn up. Apparently the roads are hopelessly congested. The ASH eventually do, but no sign of ours.

30 August About 1 am I lie down for an hour, when I am aroused by a loud explosion. Probably one of the bridges going. I decide to attach myself to the ASH, whom I assisted to billet the night before. Get some hot coffee from shop, and biscuits. All mixed up with Transport, the brigade is doing rearguard. Move off at last, and after passing Carlepont came up with Cameronians. March some distance and then have a meal, the tea seems excellent. It has been made in a canteen which is dirty with past meals, a scum of grease on the top, and there is no milk, but we find it finer than any tea we have ever drunk.

The chief feature of the day is the

excessive heat, which is rather distressing. We have a long halt, and hear firing. The country changes from wooded and flat to rolling downs, with few villages and large farms, then hilly and wooded. About 6 pm we get to Attichy, near which place we get a clean field, unlike the filthy spot we had for our rest day. We hear good news, and receive the complimentary orders of the French, the Govt. and the Fleet. Tea with condensed milk. Get quite good meal of stewed vegetables, bully beef, stewed apples, bread and cheese.

31 August Rise at 4 am after six hours' sleep, the best rest for some time, as only disturbed once during night. Breakfast of tea, bread and jam. Fall in about 5.45, and stand by till 7.30. I have a sore toe-pad on each foot, and feel rather slack. This is reaction. The 5th Division, to which we have been attached, are going to halt sometime to refit, so we are going to be attached to the 4th Division under General Snow. We belong to the 2nd Army under General Smith-Dorrien. We march the whole day through the Forest of Compiègne. The heat is very great and breathless. No water can be obtained to drink, though the whole place is moist. About 6 pm, very tired, we reach St. Ouen, and after dark I hear we are to take up outposts. No water, little food. This is trying, very trying. It soon gets cold. There is a good deal of firing. We are in reserve. Four of us huddle together to keep warm. It is very wet with dew. A miserable night, with hardly any sleep. Too cold.

1 September We retire into village in a turning [St Sauveur, near Verberie] about 4 am, and then wait there. We hear violent fighting about 8 am and then move out. There do not seem to be any orders, but an RA officer asks CO to assist him. We go up a steep hill and extend for action, but nothing happens. Expect attack any moment. Apparently there has been a cavalry raid at Nery. They got their guns up unobserved and fired on the 'L' Battery who have been cut to pieces. We manage to get back a bit, capture several guns and capture prisoners. Enemy clear right off, and after a long wait we retire towards Fresnoy, where I find we are again fir outposts. On the way we pass the place where the deed was done. It is a little corner of hell. They are shooting the wounded horses. The men have been removed. The road is covered with blood trails. I have felt rather exhausted today. Lee shares his horse with all in the company, which is generous

of him. I rode a couple of miles.

During the evening, while we take up a good outpost position, there is the sound of heavy firing. We see the flashes of the guns, a village about 4 miles off is set on fire. An aeroplane occasionally passes overhead. What is it? We get an issue of rations - bread, biscuits, bully beef, tea, sugar and bacon. Fires not allowed. The only water we can get smells very nasty. The men take their sugar and tea in their caps. It gets very cold indeed. A little firing during the night, probably someone jumpy. I get about 30 minutes' sleep, too cold for more.

2 September Very cold. Retire a bit to hold position further back. We are a strange-looking crowd now, men and officers unshaved. The men, who love to be as unorthodox as possible have taken every opportunity. Many caps are lost, and(At this point I was interrupted, owing to French cavalry being pursued in distance by Germans. We opened fire with a Maxim, and Germans cleared as fast as they could.) However, to continue...comforters and caps of other units have taken their place. Equipment is extremely dirty, and all kinds of odds and ends in the shape of blackened canteens etc are tied on. Some have cut their trousers to shorts, and some have French colours in their caps. Knives and spoons are inserted in the putties. It is a beautiful cool morning, so I wish we could get under way. No water, so our breakfast has been dry biscuit and about a tablespoon of tea each.

We spend the whole day on the march, halting, then shuffling forward. We are harassed by German cavalry, and have to take up positions on the way, one time entrenching, at Eve, to help the cavalry, but nothing happened. The torture of the day, which is boiling hot, is dust and thirst. We cannot get water. All the villages are deserted. At intervals one passes dead horses. Men try to eat unripe pears and apples, anything to slake their maddening thirst. The dust makes my throat very bad. About 7 pm we arrive at Dammartin, and camp in an orchard at a fine farm.

3 September Start about 12.30 am to march to Lagny. The torture of the day is trying to keep awake. Feet very sore, very tired, very dirty. People beginning to fly from here. Arrive at Lagny about 8.30 am, a fair-sized town on the Marne. As usual no staff arrangements as to where to go. I must now make brief notes only, or my book will be exhausted. Exhaustion, depression as to

the situation in general.

[From Lagny, Ronald Rose wrote a letter to his wife Hetty; the tone of the letter reflected the exhaustion and depression he had confided to his Diary:]

My Dearest Wife,

Should I not return from this war I should like you and the infants to know as far as possible how I got on so I leave this with someone I can trust to forward it to you at the end of the war.

If I should not return dearest let this be my farewell and know that I died loving you with all my heart. Give some remembrance of me to my immediate family and to kinsmen.

There have been and will be times when life seems difficult to bear during this war but the thought of you and the infants will always make me try my utmost to win through.

Should you wish later to marry again of course I wish nothing better than that you should have a near friend to turn to, you do not seem to have been lucky so far as you have lost so many but all comes in time and you may have great comfort yet. You will always I trust have the infants and that they will grow up good, kind and faithful to their family.

Till death your affectionate Husband
Ronald.

[The Diary continued]

4 September Rest, very hot. No water to wash or drink, great curse. Men looting, distress at farms. Mug lost, great loss. Visit houses. Throat sore, itching lumps. Men's feet awful, loss of kit. Visit town, and do good shopping with CO, contradictory orders about when we go.

5 September March at 11.30 pm. Arrive Grisy at 9.30, not a bad march. Men in bivouac, we also in part of rather nice house. Nasty cough, and sore tongue. Good pears, sleep in garden under peach tree.

6 September Rise at 4.30, end of retreat. March 5.30, retrace our steps... About 12.30 arrive at Ossigny, where we halt in sun till 3-15, have biscuits, jam and bully. We are told we have a chance of getting Germans in flank, in combination with French. March 4 miles to Ville-Neuf, halt, have a small piece of freshly-killed sheep, first fresh meat for some 10 days, also some milk in tea, an almost forgotten luxury. There was firing to our right most of the day, I fancy against the French. Slept in straw.

7 September Rise at 5. Breakfast, was

kept awake a lot during the night by [my] cough. Firing going on steadily to E. & S.E. Censoring letters. Weather is perfect. We are in a pretty country. Many apple trees line the road. A battle seems to be developing. We are standing by. I see the aeros, going out to either flank. I think division is in front. Push on to Roman Villiers, where we halt, and hear that Germans have slipped away. March on hard. Very hot and dusty, dust several inches deep. 'B' Coy is advanced guard. March on to Haute Maison where we arrive about 6.30 pm. Infantry fire, and shells are fired at us. We have marched into German cavalry, who clear off. We form outposts, pass one of the most unpleasant nights I have ever spent. Intend to lie down a bit. Begin to itch very badly all over, intense irritation. At last lie down in cemetery, which has been loopholed, and get about 30 minutes' sleep.

8 September Stand to arms at 3.30, kick men up. Told we are to attack. Take place in firing line and wait for daybreak. Nothing happens. See our cavalry and aeros go out, then form up and march on a few miles to Pierre Leve, where we halt to breakfast. This consists of half a biscuit, some bully, and some chocolate, also water. There is a vigorous battle going on to our left N.W., probably German rear guard. Our unit is in sight of German bivouac of night before. Find German papers etc. We now enter the disease range, the dead horses we pass smell dreadfully, and no attempt seems to be made to clear them. Dawn was fine, but fear it means rain. The French Chasseurs are very picturesque in their blue uniforms.

After a dusty march, till 11.30 am, suddenly the troops begin to move out, and take up preparatory formations near Signy-Signets, on some open ground, to which the country has now opened out. Suddenly bang, bang, bang, and the enemy's shrapnel begins to scream over us. The 1st line transport, which has gone too far forward, gets shelled but is soon stopped. Several shells, or rather their contents, fly over my little party. Apparently very near. Then our guns begin, and the battle gets going, and continues till about 1 o'clock. Then the enemy's guns slacken, but ours seem to go on. It is very hot indeed, broiling, and no shade. They begin to get back the wounded, not very many. 'C' Coy has had the most of it. Money got his leg bruised by a ricochet [ricochet]. I rig up a shade, we are hungry, and eat a tin of bully beef, no biscuits. Don't

know what's happening, but see we are getting up some rations, fire seems to have ceased. Time 2.45 pm. The Germans have blown up the bridge over the Marne. We have had some rain, which will make things cold tonight.

9 September After quite good night, leave bivouac about 6.30 am, to relieve Middlesex, who are holding posts on hill in front. As we come up, come under shellfire. Move into positions held by Middlesex, there is a good deal of shelling, but not much near us. Ferry wounded. The battle opens out, and guns are going all along the line. About 11.30 the Germans begin to leave, it is interesting to watch their movements. Our guns shell village, which seems to hold hostile battery, but it does not seem to mind. This place is thick with wasps. I have rather troublesome indigestion. The retreating Germans are shelled on all sides. A wooded hill on my R. front still seems to hold out. It is dreadfully hot sitting in sun. Good deal of rifle and machine gun fire round wooded hill. I hear Ferry has been hit in arm. As sun goes down, shelling still continues. We remain in position as Outposts. I have eaten and drunk nothing all day, and feel better for it. Very uncomfortable night, as if I put head near straw, cough badly.

10 September Feeling weak, but better. We are to retire from firing line to support. Eat a little breakfast, and feel fairly well. It has been raining mildly since 3.30 am, when we stood to arms. Lee has shaved, but I shall not. It is now over three days since I had any clothes off. March after Germans, pass through La Ferte-Sous-Jouarre, over pontoon, see broken bridge which had been shelled a good deal by us. Did not show much damage, but holes here and there, and chimneys off, many windows out. Over the rolling wooded country, and squalid village tract, people glad to see us. Traces of Germans now. Dozens and hundreds of bottles all along the road. Germans are moving very quickly.

Day improving, feeling very weak, but ride a lot. All kinds of debris, hundreds of petrol tins, broken bicycles, even broken motor cars and carriages, German papers etc. See great many of our aeroplanes at close quarters. Lots of high-smelling dead horses. Glad to see that peasants are burning and burying same. Pass lots of live shell, also fine insulated telephone wire. Am able to eat a little lunch, find march very tiring. About 6 pm arrive near Coulants, where we bivouac,

and have bully beef stewed. Ambulance fired at.

11 September A nasty cold night, unable to sleep much, owing to very cold wind. March off 7 am. Pass a few German prisoners. Good news all round now. A few pessimists still about. Raining and cold. Shell marks on road. Army said to have taken 1000 prisoners, much transport and machine guns. We hang about a great deal on the march and only do about 11 miles. During the afternoon it pours with rain and all are wet through. We go into billets after much waiting about in Maritz-St.-Genevieve. The woman of the farm is most disagreeable, believe her to have some connection with Germans, as they have lots of cattle and horses. All the women seem disagreeable, not so the men. I fancy some of the British have behaved badly. It is to be expected coming from a low class. We hear some nasty tales, unfit for publication, of treatment of inhabitants [by the enemy] in some places. In others the Germans are most orderly. Most of the officers sleep in one room. We can dry our clothes to a great extent, but not our boots or putties. Buy a duster as handkerchief. Hear of many prisoners taken. A mail comes in, which should have come long ago. The men are better since they have been shelled.

The men were billeted among the beasts last night. There are unrecognized heroes amongst them, men who are always cheerful and bright, but others are a constant source of irritation, and behave more like monkeys, if you take your eyes off them for one minute.

12 September Start about 6 am, and move out a mile, then wait. The war is largely waiting about. The roads are very muddy now. This should be bad for those we pursue. Money got a lot of German dubbin, which will be very useful. We are in for much rain now. It is very nice getting a mail, one cannot say how much so. I took off my boots the first time for four days last night, but it was nasty getting them on, till I warmed up. I am now 'bearded like a pard'. The mounted officers who can carry more look cleaner. The contracts for food seem to have been well distributed, especially in biscuits and jam. They are good. All the tinned meat is 'Frey Bentos' at present.

Guns going again. We should have a scrap today, as we must be getting near another river. Got into Busancy about 6.50 pm, and go into very bad close billets, officers in hay shed. Got some

nice plums. Country has been cleared out by the enemy. No food obtainable, sheep, etc, killed.

13 September Quite a nice morning, standing by, manage to get a complete wash, first for four days, also a shave. Go to church, which lasts about 20 minutes. Then go to have a meal, but just begun, when we receive orders to move at once. Was hoping to see our kits, and get some underclothes, men to get boots. Put some German dubbin in boots. I form part of Advance Guard, and head brigade with CO.'s map about 5 miles to place where we are to bivouac. Just above Carriere L'Eveque. Germans are shelling front crest of this ridge with high explosives. Went out with Lee to post observation group. Many spiders. Our planes complain that they are often shot at by our men. Troops look untidy. Cannonade goes on well into night. See aeros dropping petrol bombs.

14 September Sleep in a German trench, quite warm. Visit posts about 12.15, call in post, and move off. Rain begins one of the most miserable dawns I have ever known. Feel like others depressed, suffer much from cold. Sit several hours in a ditch. Our troops meet with check apparently. Day clearing a bit. Rain stops. Biscuits and jam. Bacon at 1.30, and slice of bread. Felt better. We now come under high explosive fire, one shell pretty close. You can hear them coming some time ahead. Rest in wood, we are in reserve. Lee lends me his woolly and I feel much better. In the evening we all feel much better and spirits go up. Eat stew at 7, bully and potatoes. I eat enormously. My throat is sore. Another miserable night, rains heavily, cold wind.

15 September Cross the Aisne (at Venizel), move into wood, very depressed, hear things not going so well.

See our guns retiring, don't like our position, as duty not clear. Germans shell part of our wood. Understand situation thus: French pressing up on both flanks, we hold centre. Germans five corps, one crippled. Many French coming up, but not for 2 days. Our 6th Division up in three days. More rain, very horrid. Good quantity of rations. Men digging trenches, CO says trenches very good, I think so too.

17 September Hear we are to move, as front too thick. Do not move out of wood at dark, rain clearing, feet and legs sopping, very inclined to be depressed. Village full of transport, shelled heavily with high explosive, probably spy, Bucyle-Long.

22 September Up at 5.30 am, parade 6.45. March to Carrierel'Eveque, one of the largest and best-kept chateau farms I have ever seen. Draw tools, make entrenchments. Lots of artillery work all day. See aero chase and firing, to bed early. Sent watch to Paris for new glass.

24 September Beautiful day, aero work, hundreds of rumours as usual. The Germans are said to be shooting their own badly wounded. Watch mended, but a little loose.

26 September Visit Soissons in afternoon, rough horse. Cathedral still getting occasional shells. Several windows and some of the building damaged. Almost every other house in the town damaged, spires of church damaged, but place kept very clean and many inhabitants still living in. Now occupied by the French. One sees beautiful uniforms in pictures of war, but in practice they are very dirty. The Algerian troops look very Arab-like. A sort of cobweb stuff, which the natives call 'fil de vierge' is falling from the sky, it catches on all the wires, and covers the ground. One sees balls floating in the air. The couple who own the house are pleasant simple old folk, very willing. The house is only two rooms and some outbuildings. They can get nothing but vegetables to eat. We have had some butter and fresh meat since we have been here. The butter came from Paris and was a great treat. Because we have an easy time, the men seem to think the war is over, they will probably be rudely awakened from this dream.

2 October Food is one of the principal pleasures of life during war. We are doing very well now. This is a menu for the day, which does not vary very much:

Breakfast: Bacon, bread, jam. Tea with condensed milk, and sugar. Small piece of butter. (All but bread strictly limited).

Lunch: Bully beef in some form, potatoes, bread, cheese, tea (as much as you want, some people excepted owing to special capacity).

Tea: Bread, very small piece of butter, jam, tea.

Dinner: Stew, bully (latterly fresh meat), with vegetables. Stewed apples or pears. Cheese, tea (sometimes rum). To this is sometimes added a luxury, such as an atom of pate de fois gras, or walnuts. Drink at dinner, red wine with water, but this is now finished.

The usual routine just at present is as follows:

Rise at 4.30 am, stand to arms from 5 to 6 am. Wash and shave, breakfast at 7 am. Parade 7.50. Lunch at 1 pm (in two relays). Then read papers, and eat piece of chocolate (if any), then wash and lie

down an hour. Tea at 4.15 pm. Take a walk with Lee up hill, and view battle. During this time the subject of war is banned. Return at dusk, and write letters and diary till dinner, which is in two relays, 7.15 and 8. Then go into 'A' Coy's billet ('A' Coy have seceded from the general mess), play a rubber of bridge. Oakley, Chaplin, McClellan and self. Then to bed about 9.30 pm. Proper bed, and boots off. Five of us in a rather small room.

Start day by breaking old woman's chair, she very angry, but I not pleased, finally nearly kissed, thank Heaven not quite! Guns, some quite close, going all the time. What a coup the Germans would make if they could send a message from 'Whistling Sarah' into the middle of our square. The men call the high explosive shells 'coal scuttles' as they give off a heavy black smoke.

Lessons of the War

Rapid fire is invaluable. Most of the German attacks have been washed out in 10 minutes, and it would seem that the stereotyped forms of attack which one has been led to believe would take place will be very rare.

Defence positions are now taken up with very small fields of fire, the enemy can get fairly close, but the last 100 Yards or so are impossible against rapid fire. I (fire superiority be gained, which necessitates Artillery fire ditto, then attacks may be successful, or a long infantry ditto (in which case ammunition supply will come in). The German attacks have been attempted, without fire superiority, which we have always heard are fatal.

Troops here face each other at 80 yards, but cannot advance.

Retrenching is most necessary. Deep narrow trenches are best. Head cover is not liked. Without trenches you would stand no chance. On the Aisne here there are 3 rows of trenches, the first if rushed, just lie down and take their chance. No.2 now opens fire, and if this were rushed, No.3 would take it up. The 4th Platoon is allowed complete rest.

At night men stand up, alternately, all night in the trenches. Communicating trenches to the rear are most valuable, and in our trenches extra rooms etc. have been

dug in supporting trenches. During daytime more sleep can be obtained.

Went for an evening walk, and found an aeroplane, which had come down for some minor adjustment. Motor cars follow our aeros, and watch for their coming down. In the cars are spare parts, and mechanics, who form the rank and file of the flying corps. The chief mechanic looked very intelligent. The aviator's name was Lewis. His biplane was fitted with wireless. Lewis said he was unable to take an observer, as the wireless weighs too much, therefore he had to work his machine, send wireless messages, and observe.

He did not seem to think much of the French air service. He said the men who could fly had no discipline and no military knowledge, and those who were soldiers knew little about flying. He seemed to think that the Germans were good flyers, but they always turn tail if our airmen appear. One of our men was shot and badly wounded from a German aeroplane.

I examined [Lewis's] machine. It had a 70-horse 8-cylinder engine. When the machine is started, the exhausts become red-hot almost at once. It was dark by the time he flew off. He said they would put out flares for him. It looked very pretty with the red-hot pipes, and the coils sparking. The wireless ariel [sic] is worked by letting down a wire from a reel.

5 October March off about 8 pm.

6 October Take over command of C' Company. Arrive at St Remy about 1.30 am and are told to move into some woods near by, so as to be hidden all day. We have no idea what we are going to do, but imagine we are to be thrown in somewhere. Germans have a new nasty surprise. Aeros carry sheafs of thin steel arrows, which spread to a large cone as they drop, and pierce anything below like butter.

9 October In train, pass Mondidier.

10 October Still on train, pass Boulogne. Arrive St Omer about 11.30. Billets at Port Rouge.

11 October Move off at 12.10, my Company to hold outposts at Le Nieppe. I find French holding all the posts I am to hold. Have long talk with French colonel, get him to let me deepen trenches by saying men want exercise.

12 October Hazebrouck.

[Night march] past

13 October Move, with many halts, to near Strazeele. Very close billets in piggy

farm, people very pleasant.

14 October With regard to the behaviour of the Germans, I have not come across many atrocities. They do seem to have done a great deal of malicious damage in deserted houses, and of course some very nasty things, but what can you expect when dealing with a low class in a hostile country. We have had to put down looting on a minor scale, even in our own army who are so well-treated, and in a friendly country. The Cure was shot, I could not find out on what grounds. A French Cavalry officer was shot while on patrol, by some civilians on bicycles, presumably spies. A wounded German officer was left in the house I was billeted in, and taken by our ambulance. The Germans are terribly callous about their own wounded. Before the Guards Brigade the ground was covered with dead and wounded. The Germans refused all offers to have them removed. The stench was awful I am told.

About mid-day we get orders that the brigade will attack Bailleul from Meteren. The Welsh and Argylls leading. March on, only to find Bailleul unoccupied. We make a triumphal march through the town, and hear that the Bavarians had been very drunk, and before retiring broke windows, and did 20 atrocities. After dark, move to a field east of Bailleul.

15 October Hear that all danger being over we are to go into billets. Presents of tobacco and fruit arrive, from papers and societies. Informed not going into billets, move to Steenverck, move into filthy cow field. Very unpleasant night, hardly sleep at all.

16 October Get a big mail in. Move off at 12.45, darkness comes on, and the bad roads make marching most uncomfortable.

17 October About 1.30 reach Vlamertinghe. To great joy, go into billets. Waited on by a quaint fellow.

Here the Diary ends. Captain Rose was killed on 22 October 1914, at the age of 34. He is commemorated on the Ploegsteert Memorial to the Missing, in the Ypres Salient.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I enclose this article to be used by you for insertion in the Covenanter. The World War II exhibition at Hamilton Low Parks Museum and adjacent to the Cameronian Exhibition is now in place and will stay there until November 2006. I have contributed materials to the exhibition, including a letter from L/CPL William Downie sent from Stalag XXA. A photo of his camp football team which was in a Sunday newspaper here in the 1940s. Willie had been a professional footballer. These along with other materials and including a German Hospital Records copy from a collage poster in the exhibition.

I also have in my possession a map showing the positions of all the stalag and luft camps in Germany and Poland during the war. I have a map showing the advance of the Cameronians up to April 1945, this shows that the 6th Battalion were at Bremen on the 19th April, 1945, just north of where L/Cpl William Downie was killed. Four Downie brothers served at the same time with the Cameronians as territorials in World War II. These were, William Downie, John Downie, James Downie and Charles Downie, all from Larkhall. John and James also served in N. Africa, Sicily and Italy. John also served in Madagascar (with the 2nd Battalion.)

Charles (6th Battalion) was invalided out during the war and he died in Killearn Military Hospital of brain tumours just two weeks after Willie was killed at Gresse. I have a book, The History of 6th Battalion The Cameronians (S.R.) World War II which contains Rfn. Charles Downie's name (Service No. 14741554) L/Cpl William Downie's service number was 3245722.

This has been a year when many events have commemorated the sixtieth anniversary of the end of World War II. National events have been held throughout the United Kingdom and world-wide. These parades and Festivals Of Remembrance included those held in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Cameronians and their families also remembered during this year.

Veterans of the regiment including members of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Family Members organization attended a number of these. Naturally, a

number of these were held in Lanarkshire.

April 17th witnessed a service held at the Larkhall War Memorial. This was attended by sixty-two members of the Downie family, members of the public and Cameronian (SR) veterans who paraded complete with the Standard, buglar and piper. The Cameronian Flag was raised on the memorial flagpole.

The gathering was to remember the death of L/Cpl William Downie who joined the 6th Battalion as a territorial and served during World War II. Willie with his brother Jim were involved in the 1940 battle of Narvik. Willie was badly wounded by mortar fire.

He was completely incapacitated and lay in the snow for dead until a German patrol saw him move and took him prisoner.

Willie spent two years in hospital at Trondheim and Oslo until he was sent to Stalag XXA at Torun (Thorn) in Poland. He worked with other prisoners on the farms until he was made a corporal serving in the British Military Police.

In 1945, the Germans vacated the camps and moved west to avoid being overrun by the Russians. The prisoners were also forced to march westward. Thousands walked for up to six-hundred miles before reaching allied lines. Willie walked four hundred miles before being killed by friendly aircraft fire on the 19th of April 1945, the infamous 'long march' deaths at Gresse on the River Elbe in Germany.

Following the 17th April service in Larkhall, family members travelled to Berlin and Commonwealth Cemetery on the Heerstrasse, Charlottenburg.

The services at Larkhall and Berlin were conducted by the Rev. Willie Downie, a nephew of L/Cpl William Downie and a member of the Cameronian Families Association. Terry Mackenzie and his staff have mounted a special exhibition concerning World War II at the museum in Hamilton including mention of Cameronians and the Gresse happening.

June 5th at Douglas witnessed the gift of a replica plaque of the plaque mounted inside the church at Broekhuizen in Holland. The plaque was given into the keeping of the Douglas museum at a dedication service conducted by the Rev Willie Downie. A similar service is held each year at the memorial gifted by the Dutch and situated

in memory of Cameronians and others who gave their lives in the freeing of the Broekhuizen area. Cameronian veterans organise this service at Hamilton as they did at Douglas. A Dutchman from Broekhuizen and now living in Aberdeen handed over the plaque at Douglas on behalf of the Mayor and people of Broekhuizen. Friends from Holland attend every second year at the Hamilton plaque service.

The final service organised by the Cameronian and Families Association was held at the Cameronian Memorial, Kelvingrove, Glasgow at 1030am on Sunday 13th November, Remembrance Sunday. A good number of Cameronians paraded at this service.

Yours etc,
The Rev William Downie

Sir,

I recently read the enclosed poem in my local Newspaper. I think it is very sad but very true. I wondered if it would be printed in next years edition of The Covenanter. My husband was in the Cameronians during the war and very proud of it. Sadly he died on Christmas Day 2003, but I like to keep in touch with anything to do with the Cameronians.

Yours,
Mrs Doreen Walker

**Remember the brave
and fallen**

(written by a Dunkirk Veteran)

Why do you still march old man with medals
on your chest?

Why do you still grieve old man for those
friends you laid to rest?

Why do your eyes gleam old man when you
hear the bugles blow?

Tell me why you cry old man; For those days
long ago?

I'll tell you why I march. young man, with
medals on my chest

I'll tell you why I grieve young man,
For those I laid to rest.

Through misty fields of Gossamer silk comes
visions from distant times

when the boys of tender age marched forth
to distant climes

We buried them in a blanket shroud their
young flesh scorched and blackened a
communal grave, newly gouged in blood
stained gorse and bracken and you ask me

why I march young man -
I march to remind you all that but for those
apple blossom youths
You'd never have known freedom at all

Sir,

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Jim Marler, a Cameronian who lives across the valley from me, and whom I have got to know quite well over the years. My reason for writing is to ask whether you know of a second-hand bookshop specialising in military books, where I might hope to buy a copy of Colonel Baynes Morale: A study of Morale and Courage; and of 'The Jacobite Rising of 1715.' Many years ago a neighbour lent me the book on morale, and I have never come across anything since to match it. I have tried local bookshops; bookshops recommended by them specialising in military history; and computer-search programmes. All to no avail. I would still like to get hold of a copy, especially now that the regimental system is so seriously under threat, and I would be most grateful for any information you might be able to let me have, pointing me in the right direction yours etc,

The Rev'd David Henderson
Address to be added

Sir,

Charles Forrester's PhD dissertation (Leeds) is on how 21 Army Group conducted the Northwest Europe campaign 1944-1945, focusing on 8 Corps and its component and supporting divisions. He would be very interested to hear from anyone with recollectins of the late General Sir Richard O'Connor, particularly from northwest Europe. He would also especially like to hear from anyone with the information on the 9th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), 15 Scottish Division, or the officers who served in it, equally from anyone with information on the 6th and 7th Battalions, 52 Lowland Division, or the officers who served in them.

yours etc,
Charles Forrester
54 Finsbury Street, York YO23 1LT.

Dear Sir,

I look forward to my Covenanter journal each year, this year has been especially good for me, as it reflects memories of my years spent with this very fine Regiment.

I joined the Cameronians SR. in Trieste when they came from Gib and took over

from the Royal Scots, before that I arrived in India with the R.S.F.

I served with the Cameronians SR from Trieste - Hong Kong - Malaya - Bahrain. Most of my time in the MT Section while in Hong Kong I took over as COs driver Lt Col. Buchanan Dunlop, and then Lt Col Henning on into Malaya, I also served with C. Coy and remembered the Bacari Swamp very well. I also remember Snake Island.

After leaving Malaya I went to the Depot at Winstone Bks Lanark. There I was in charge of the medical centre, and also I remember Major-Carter Campbell asking me to become the Regimental barber, recruits were coming to the Depot with D.A. hair cuts and it was my job to cut them and let their neck see daylight. I remember Maj Worthington-Wilmer, he married Lt Col Hennings Daughter Phillipa.

It is my dearest wish to get up to Edinburgh one day and meet up with some of the Cameronians SR on the last Friday of the month.

I am a very active member of the R.B.L. being Chairman - Standard Bearer and Welfare office for our Branch Nether Stowey.

I would dearly love to hear from any one who might know or remember me.

I am a very proud Ex Cameronian
Yours etc,
Hugh Purdie

Sir,

I have just been rereading the tribute to Donald Sinclair in the 2003 edition which has brought back vivid memories.

A grandchild mentions 'holy jumpers.' I so well remember when I was staying there once, Donald coming in from the hill dressed in just that: tattered trousers, dung stained boots all contributing to an air of 'Worzel Gummidge'.

'You're presenting prizes at the school in ten minutes,' said Jean, 'aren't you going to change?'

'What on earth for?' replied Donald.

I saw him in 2000 when he came to my son's wedding in Palma, Majorca.

He had travelled via and with the Coopers and Eleanor had had a job to get him suitably clad for such an occasion.

But of course it didn't matter as Donald was his usual smiling self, gracious and polite to one and all.

I remember him saying to me as a few military chums were gathered in the bar 'just like the old days, isn't it?'

As in Chaucer's tale. 'He was a very parfit gentil knight.'

The world is poorer for his passing.
yours etc,
Nick Carter

Sir,

I have been asked to give my observations of 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Commemorative Sunday Parade' help this year on Sunday 15th May 2005 at Douglas to be sent to yourself for inclusion in next issue of Covenanter.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Commemoration Service Douglas 2005.

(Organised by; Ex-Cameronians (SR) and Family Members Organisation, and The Minister and Kirk Sessions of the Douglas Valley Church.)

Once again staunch ex serving Cameronians (SR) from home and around the world, members of 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Families Organisation', widows, close relations, and descendants of our Regiment joined with South Lanarkshire Council members, residents of Douglas (forever the Cameronian Regiment birthplace and home) and Friends that still hold dear the memory of it's importance in Scottish history, already comprehensively documented in Military history in Scotland, and throughout the world thanks to that modern miracle, The Internet. All came together then on Sunday 15th May in glorious sunshine not only to commemorate the Regiments history as Scotland's only Rifle Regiment, but also to honour the memory of the men, women and children that had caused our Regiment to be raised here in this beautiful valley in the shadow of Castle Dangerous 316 years previously.

At 0945 hrs Bugler Mr John Farrell sounded Reveille for the raising of the Regimental Flag depicting our beloved Silver Cap Badge comprising the Mullet or Star of the Douglas family, set above the Horn of the Perthshire Light Infantry joined by a knot of love, encircled by ten Scottish Thistles that spell out the Regiments proud name, The Flag having been flown the previously day over Edinburgh Castle, now collected from that place of safe keeping by Mr Jim Ballantyne, was with due respect from Bugle and piper gliding skyward above Douglas.

It proved to be a fine creditable turn out with an abundance of Douglas Tartan (trews, kilt and regimental ties) that then entered the Douglas Valley Church of St Brides to

be greeted with genuine warmth by the Rev Bryan Kerr BA.BD. the resident minister, and congregation present as is always the way on Cameronian Sunday, with this particular Sunday also being Pentecost day the Festival of Whitsuntide placing great emphasis on the spiritual powers of the Holy Spirit, the Rev Kerr then went on to conduct the service and delivered a splendid sermon, befitting and sensitive to the occasion that all present could relate to and appreciate.

Following the service we again emerged into beautiful sunshine, most making their way into the Community Centre opposite to the welcome aroma of hot coffee, tea, cakes and sandwiches served with a smile by committee members of the Douglas community, happy to help make our day special our thanks go to all of them, then to sit sharing memories with old friends before taking a walk around the village, perhaps visiting The Earl of Angus Statue, James Gavin Memorial Stone, Ancient St Brides church or one of the many other historical sights of our Douglas home, (Douglas-Home, get it yes, no?) perhaps with a stop off here and there, just to be sociable you understand! The Douglas Heritage Museum proved to be very popular as I saw myself on my own visit and later confirmed by Mr Jim Fleming a Trustee, who said how very pleased he and other Trustees, Committee Members were with the sheer number of people that had visited the museum during the day, the enthusiastic interest shown in all exhibits, and the pleasure they had experienced from sharing their lively banter and enthusiastic discussions.

By 1300hrs groups had made the walk (or had driven) down the road across the Douglas Home estate alongside Douglas Water where some had once marched for the last time as a Regiment 37 years ago, to the place in the shadow of Castle Dangerous where the Cameronian Regiment had first been raised in 1689, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Cairn stands as testimony of our Regiments-outstanding glorious history across all continents of the world, and now exists as a point of focus for us all to remember we too were and are part of that history. The Regimental Flag once again raised alongside the Cairn proceeded to dance happily in the light breeze, as more visitors arrived to stand talking with old comrades, enjoying the fine weather and to await the commencement of the promised Conventicle. CONVENTICLE: 'a secret or unauthorised assembly for worship' say's the dictionary. Well it was

certainly not secretive from my position as a sentry posted on the left of the Cairn, more that a hundred and fifty people were now assembled with a few still arriving in cars and on foot up the dusty road to be greeted by others below, the pleasure of belonging obvious as was the spiritual anticipation to celebrate their faith and speak freely with their God in these beautiful surroundings just as their ancestors had. I could not help but to try and connect with how it would have been for local Lanarkshire families over three hundred years ago, the difficulties and fears that those families and individuals would have felt and had to overcome just making their way to and from their secret place of worship, which would have been moved from place to place in order to avoid causing suspicion to their enemies, but once in groups of friends relations and comrades not unlike that gathering now, they too would have relaxed a little feeling good and taking strength from each other, knowing that lookouts were posted who would give warning should any enemies approach, and because of those assurances they could for the present reach out to their God in safety. Shortly before 1400hrs the organist played a selection of hymn tunes that brought me back from my musing, the Rev Bryan Kerr BA BD took his place facing the now much enlarged gathering, suddenly everyone became hushed, respectful and expectant, and though no walls or roof were visible it was plain to see that this place had become, a house of God.

The Parade Commander Mr Jim Ballantyne called the gathered veterans to attention and proceeded to 'march on' The Standard secured by Mr R Gracie and escorts Mr Wm Gough, and Mr A McArthur as the pipes gave out the march Athol Highlanders played by the piper Mr J Willis.

This was followed with Mr A Berry, Chairman of the Ex-Cameronians (SR) and Families Organisation, marching up to the Minister, halting-saluting and giving the now traditional report: 'Reverend Sir, the pickets have been posted, there is no enemy in sight, the service may begin.' The parade was again stood easy and the service began by singing Psalm 121, bringing many memories back to both veterans and visitors alike of that day in 1968 when a Regiment and a congregation of over four thousand sang I to the hills will lift mine eyes, the Rev Bryan Kerr continued the service again with another excellent scripture reading and service of remembrance in which he

included all branches of the armed services, auxiliary workers and civilians that lost their lives, and for those that returned but suffered terrible injuries and mental scars, the loved ones, children, families and friends left behind, sometimes alone to grieve.

This was followed by the hymn *Who is on the Lord's side?* the words could have been written for those we follow: *Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers, other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Thy call or mercy, by Thy grace divine, we are on the Lord's side Saviour, we are Thine!* The bugler sounded Last Post followed by a two-minute silence of Remembrance, terminated by playing *The Rouse*. The Cameronian wreath was placed respectfully on the Cairn this year by Mr Wm Nelson (a veteran Cameronian living in Cumbria) dedicated to the memory of all those have passed before us, the piper played the lament *Lochaber No more*. Then to everyone's delight *The Regimental Hymn*; *The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended* followed as always by *The National Anthem*. The Parade Commander called the parade to attention and it was given with enthusiasm. The Standard was then 'marched off' to the pipers *Castle Dangerous*, the bugler not to be outdone played *Sunset* and *The Regimental Flag* was lowered to be returned to safety in *Edinburgh Castle*. The last words went to Parade Commander Mr Jim Ballantyne: 'No Officers on parade, Parade Dismissed!'

You would do wrong to consider that to be the end of *The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)* Remembrance Sunday 2005, because our friends at Douglas had extended use of the Bar - food and facilities at the *Victoria Bowling Club* all being welcome, and I do believe all did attend, the club was full to capacity, and I thought again of all those *NAAFI* clubs and messes of the past I had spent time in, the atmosphere was here now, and it felt really good.

yours etc

Kenn Robinson (Military Band 1956-1963)

Sir,

I thought this advert would be of some interest to ex members of the 9th Bn. Unfortunately there was no heated swimming pool when we were there, we had to run down to the sea. The signal platoon, pipe band and other B.H.Q. personnel slept in marquees below the house. C.S.M. Tarling was killed by a mine on the beach there and

was buried in the local cemetery.

Hope this is in time for the next issue
yours etc,
J. Borthwick
Ex Signal Platoon



Gorse Hill
Aldeburgh, Suffolk
£2million

Handsome and imposing family house with delightful gardens and fine views. The property has eight bedrooms and seven bathrooms.
Best bit: Heated swimming pool.
Worst bit: The price.

A CANLOAN friend A story concluded after sixty-one years

Sir,

In 1944 a ten year old boy in Hove on the south coast of England was delighted to find several of the houses in the road in which he lived with his parents were being occupied by Scottish soldiers. Being inquisitive he soon befriended one, who turned out not to be a Scot but a Canadian. The boy always regarded him as the first adult friend he had made for himself.

The Canadian was Lieutenant Lorne Paff, a tall, quiet, patient man who was in fact only twenty-six years old himself. Lorne Paff answered all the boy's many questions and soon accepted invitations from the boy's parents to come to their home for meals. The boy continued to pester Lorne Paff with all manner of questions about the soldiers and their equipment and on more than one occasion woke him from well-earned rest after night exercises.

After a while all the soldiers suddenly disappeared but the boy - and his parents, and everyone else -- very soon found out where they had gone. They had, of course, crossed the Channel to Normandy.

Sadly, Lorne Paff was killed on Sunday 26 June only a few days after he had landed in France and only one day after writing a

letter to the boy's parents that included the sentence, "I am quite confident that I shall be okay but you can never tell"

The boy and his parents soon knew about Lorne Paff's death because they were in contact with his parents in Stratford, Ontario. The boy cried; it was the first time in his life he had known someone who died.

The boys' parents remained in regular contact with Herman and Laura Paff for many years until they all died. Then the boy, himself by now middle aged, traced Lorne Paff's nieces by writing to the Stratford local newspaper and resumed the correspondence.

By now I am sure you will have realised that I, Mike Rainey, the writer of this article, was "the boy".

In 2003, with my wife I went, belatedly, to Hottot-les-Bagues, a tiny hamlet between Caen and Bayeux and visited the grave of my long dead friend in the immaculately maintained Commonwealth War Graves Commission cemetery. Although I did not realise it at the time, the story was not yet over.

In an attempt to find out more about Lorne's few days in Normandy I obtained a copy of the War Diary of the 9th Bn. The Cameronians for the month of June 1944 and then contacted the Cameronians Regiment and Families Association receiving great help initially from Jim Ballantyne and Bill Tilley. Bill referred me to Major Brian Leishman who in turn provided introductions to Nat Gormley, Adam Gray, Bob Eggleton, D. Turrell and J. Borthwick every one of whom were generous with their time and information as was Harry Butler. Adam Gray also gave me the names of Major W. Leggat-Smith and Tom Laing. I spoke with Tom Laing on 2 September when he sounded lively and on good form but sadly he died only two days later. Although none of these people had known Lorne Paff personally, Major Leggat-Smith was an amazing fount of information and by an extraordinary co-incidence had actually witnessed the whole of the incident leading to Lorne Paff being fatally shot by a German sniper while advancing through tall standing corn on sloping ground near Haut du Bosq. I found it astonishing that, despite the chaos of war and the passage of sixty-one years I was able to speak to a man who is very probably the only person with such knowledge.

With background information from Canada about Lorne Paff's family and

upbringing the story is now just about complete and will soon be set out for his several nieces with whom I am in contact. It is ironic that Lorne's grandfather had emigrated in the 1840s from Germany.

Without the tremendous and most generous help given by all those people mentioned above who were kind enough to share their memories and information the whole story would never have been known. Thank you all. yours etc,

Mike Rainey

Sir,

I understand that there is a group "Cameronians & Families" with a list of members and addresses. As I am constantly trying to find old Army pals I wonder if you can tell me how to get hold of this.

Yours etc

B Mead (REME attached MT Section 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) 30 Park Drive, Biggleswade, Beds. SG18 8QT

Editors Note: Contact is Jim Ballantyne Tel 0131 554 3736

Sir,

May I take this opportunity to thank you for putting my name forward to attend the July 10 Horse Guards Event this year. My wife and I, in the company of Tom Gore and his wife, attended a first class entertainment on a very good day. We had first class excellent seats which were centre stage and the weather was warm but very pleasant.

Yours etc

Donald Turrell (9th Battalion)
27 Ferguson Avenue, Gidea Park, Romford
Essex, RM2 6RD

Sir,

I will be most grateful if you will please renew my subscription to the Covenanter.

I am proud to say "*I served in the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)*" I served with the 1st Battalion with John Scott in Burma 1942 and in the Chindits. He was such a good friend, we miss him terribly. He came to visit us here in the US on many occasions and he insisted that my wife and I use his Ann Street home as our own when in Scotland.

Yours etc

David L Chalmers
Glenmoor Apt 3104, 205 Towerview Drive,
St Augustine, FL 32092 USA

Sir,

It was very kind of you to follow up my previous letter to you. I appreciate that the Covenanter is published only annually and that you are seeking to include a note of my father's passing in January 2004. Thank you again for getting in touch; my father was immensely proud of his Regimental connection.

Yours etc

Dr Brian Keighley
Hector Cottage, Bankers Brae, Balfroon,
Stirlingshire G63 0PY

Editors Note: With the consent of Dr Brian Keighley, I attach an extract from a letter written by his father to his parents ten days after receiving the wound that led to the loss of his arm. He was then serving with the 2nd Battalion in Italy and his company commander, who wrote a highly complimentary letter to Keighley's parents was none other than Colonel A R (Reggie) Kettles OBE MC

92nd General Hospital - 15 May 1944

"You will have received by now the official notification from the Army. It was ten days ago the worst happened! An anti personnel mine took a dislike to me and decided to let me know. However the outcome was that I received a few shrapnel; wounds, powder burns, wounds of my eye, a couple of compound fractures of my left arm which unfortunately would not be mended, resulting in amputation above the elbow. I honestly felt no pain at all. I am extremely cheerful and am completely confident in the medical services to fit me up so well; as to mitigate fully the effects of my loss. So you see you shouldn't worry because I am perfectly all right".

This classic example of Cameronian spirit contrasts somewhat with the following copy of the Telegram received by Keighley's parents.

Post Office Telegram - 13 May 1944

Report received from Central Mediterranean Area that Lt JT Keighley, The Cameronians, has been wounded and placed on the dangerously ill list on 6 May 1944 suffering from amputation left arm, blast injuries eyes and lungs. The Army Council express sympathy, letter follows shortly.

Under Secretary of State for War

Sir,

I enclose an article (The Covenanter 2005) written by Dr George Jolly, a well known Carlisle Medical Practitioner, who spent some months as MO to the 7th Battalion in the latter stages of the European Campaign

in 1945 and also when the battalion was part of the Army of Occupation after the cessation of hostilities. He is now ninety two years old and still practising. As you will see he has the warmest regard for the Regiment and I know that he would be happy to hear from any former member of the 7th Battalion who can remember him. His address is 69 Millcroft, Carlisle, CA3 0HT Tel 01228 524 811.

Yours etc

Cliff Pettit

The Green Gate, Alnmouth Road,
Alnwick.NRE66 2PS

Article By Dr. George Jolly For 'The Covenanter' September 2005



Let me explain myself and how I became Medical Officer of the 7th Battalion The Cameronians during the last few weeks of the War. I had served in Normandy as the 2i/c of 100 FDS, the medical unit of the 8th Beach Group which had landed with the Third Canadian Army during the Normandy landing at Juno Beach. Thereafter we had been very busy with casualty evacuation during these days, and now relished the chance of peace and quiet in the Hospital on the hill in the city of Caen, now a quiet backwater, after a busy 3 months of casualty evacuation from the beaches and a shattering continuous bombardment of Caen from the sea, now long ceased My

peace was broken by a posting directing me to report to a Field Ambulance of 52nd Lowland Division now in Germany waiting to cross the Rhine, as I knew

Since I did not seek to be involved in any more bloodshed, with the war in its dying stages, I suddenly got involved in a Court Martial in Bayeau (not mine I'm pleased to say!) and since it happened to be a murder trial, it dragged on for a week. By the end of that I was in Germany. My own journey to Germany had been very interesting.

On the way there I had stopped at a Transit Camp, which happened to be on the Seigfried Line, and there I had dinner with a number of Glider pilots, back from Arnhem having escaped. Their accounts of the aerial battle were graphic, stressing to us that the very late arrival by road of the tanks of 30 Corps, under General Horrocks had prejudiced the whole operation,

I arrived at my posting to the Field Ambulance only to find that, before I got unpacked, I was sent to relieve the M.O. of the 7th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) reported wounded at a cross roads in a spike of Holland which crossed in to Germany not too far away.

I dealt with and evacuated the casualty whom turned out to be a man I had been at school with in Edinburgh, Jack Comline, at George Watson's College, who was the Battalion M.O. to the 7th Cameronians.

They had landed not very long ago in Holland. Ironically, they had been trained for mountain warfare; they landed at roughly the lowest point in Europe-Walcheren Island. It turned out that the cross roads were still under shellfire but nobody was paying much attention-they were at that time serving dinner-and off the regimental silver plate!

That was the Cameronians as I was due to discover, because it was quickly confirmed that I now was appointed M.O. to the 7th Battalion- a fact that pleased me greatly for the next year till I was demobbed.

Little remained as it happened of the War. We moved quite quietly up through Germany, a few mild skirmishes, nights in villages where I usually got myself housed, to open an R.A.P. (Regimental Aid Post), In one house I found a drawer in my room with fresh underclothing and just changed into it-quite hygienic!

Another thing; very often we would find a car in quite good nick outside our house, appropriate it, and drive the next legs of our journey in more comfort than an Army

truck, until the Divisional Commander got shirty, and stern words came down that this practice shall cease!

In due course, we came face to face with the battered walls of Bremen. In what was going to prove the last few days of the war, with a fair amount of hard fighting, we fought our way in. Here we spent time under fire from the recent addition to the German armament, the nebelwerfer, a 12 barrel mortar quite devastating to be underneath!

We set up our battalion H. Q. in a dockside mill, with good amenities like showers, and I began to learn who was who. The Colonel was Lieut. Col. W.J. Forbes, a tall patrician figure, smart and youthful and a cousin of the Marquess of Aberdeen. He had made a pet of a German hound called 'Mac', which followed him on parade always. He looked good always and his men referred to him as 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'!

The company Commanders were all good leaders. D Company was commanded by Jim Duncan, a handsome Canadian who wore the M.C. and charmed the ladies. Dougie McDonald who had a reputation for disregarding danger -an M.C. also. Bill Reid, also a Major, was the wit of the Unit, tall and extroverted. The Adjutant was Adam Simpson. I shared a room with Addie, and later we went off on a weekend's break to Blankenberg. We approved of it. The Officers' Club was on the promenade.

If you wanted to dance, and wanted a partner, you went to the door and whistled. If you whistled too loud, too many came!

During the post V.E. Day month, we were sent North to garrison the small town of Stendal, on the west side of the Elbe, with the Russians on the other bank. Presently in Stendal the Allies established a German Prisoner of War Camp, 10,000 strong with our Battalion about 700 strong to control it. Fortunately the Germans were very cooperative, and not the slightest trouble ensued. Quite soon, we were posted to Belgium, none knew why, to this day. On the way we halted outside the prime horror concentration camp of Bergen Belsen, near Hanover. . It was newly liberated and I was terrified we would be sent in. To try to sort it out would have been horrifying beyond belief Fortunately we were moved straight on.

Our next and most agreeable episode was in a charming hillside village near Iserlohn in the German mountains, called Altena. We occupied the manor house; very

lavishly furnished. The officers were dining at a table which had a wonderful chandelier above-about one hundred fronds. There was a mood of mischief- the C.O. was dining elsewhere. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait in oils of a surly and fierce looking Prussian officer with a Prussian spiked helmet and open canvas. One officer could stand him no longer. He picked up an apple from the table and threw it right through face and canvas! After that - mayhem! The Mess staff had made a praiseworthy effort at clearing up, but you couldn't miss the fact that the chandelier had now only one hanging frond, instead of one hundred. When Col. Forbes came down to breakfast he couldn't miss that fact and any amount of others!

We were 'carpeted' in twos to get our rocket; I with the Adjutant Addie Simpson-I because I had a University Degree and should have known better! I tried to get the point across that Canute would have stood a better chance of abating the tide than Addie and me of pacifying a hyped up Regiment of Cameronians blowing steam after the War!

I shall now take a leap forward about three months during which we had been moving around somewhat aimlessly in the Rhur, and start this history again at a point in time which as it turned out was about six months before I was demobbed. We were billeted on a farm in a village called Rahden near the town of Lubbecke of which more anon. The farm was a big one. One day I was poking around in a cupboard of the house I was billeted in, when I found a familiar object- a No 3 iron made by Nicol of Leven in Fife, identical with my own clubs at home. At the start of the War, my golf handicap had been 3! I got an idea, enlisted the support of the C.O., sent for clubs and balls from home, and using nine fields with stone cattle troughs in each, made a golf course which was played daily.

A few weeks on, the Director of Medical Services, a keen golfer, staged a golf tournament (one day) for the M.O.'s at the Royal Golf Club of Brussels. I managed to get there and was in much better practice than anybody else. I have a silver ash tray inscribed with my name and the legend 'Royal Golf Club of Brussels-Medical Services B.O.A.R.-Scratch Prize'!

Time passed pleasantly enough in our rural village in Westphalia. Germany by now was the most peaceful place you could be-not a shot fired in anger! Our nearest

city Lubbecke, had been chosen by the British to establish there the British Control Commission HQ. for Germany. Lubbecke in consequence very quickly filled up with attractive British Ladies, and with Officers' Clubs where we often danced, and equally often the ladies came out to parties in our Mess. I had been made Mess President (I believe this is often done to Battalion M.O.'s since it is thought probably they have more spare time daily than anyone else.- except possibly the Padre! This meant that the drinks had to be intoxicating but not crippling, so I had responsibilities in both directions! Life was good in our village of Rahden. I shall conclude by recalling as many names as I can remember. I played golf with another officer whose name might have been Douglas. Our lives touched threefold. First of all, we both lived in Edinburgh in Royal Circus, tho' we didn't know each other then. Secondly, at a party night in our Mess he would come into my bedroom, wake me up, then insist on unscrewing a loose towel rail and taking my temperature with it! Thirdly, later on in peacetime at the Royal & Ancient Golf Club, he became the Secretary of Rules of Golf Committee, which made him the arbiter of Golf Law worldwide. He was lawyer and a member at the same time as myself

The Second in Command was Major John Gray, of very few words, but a very nice man. Two Officers who were antique dealers in civil life were Capt. Eric Forest O.C. HQ. Company, and Tommy Grange a subaltern, dark handsome and Jewish- a most entertaining man. Eddie Scott, a Subaltern also tall but fair, who, I remember lived in Alderly Edge. near Manchester. Why I remember this, I have no idea, except that I heard people say it was a nice place to live? The R.S.M., whose name now eludes me, had risen to his eminence unusually from Sergeant Cook. A most pleasant modest man and a good R.S.M.. Douggie McCreath, exC.S.M., who had been commissioned in the field, and from all accounts had well deserved it-also a keen golfer.

Lastly my own Medical Sergeant, Fred Brown. We got on very well, and I met up with him again and his family in Hexham after the War.

May I wish good luck to all you Cameronians - you are the salt of the earth!

Doctor George Jolly

Sir,
 Ex Cameronian seeks pre WWII copies of
 the Regimental Journal – The Covenanter.
 DGP Heathcote
 8 Cheyne Walk, London SW3 5QZ

Sir,
 Thank you once again for the Covenanter.
 In it (2003) on page 53 there is a photo of
 Albert Galloway. Is this the same Albert
 Galloway who was Sergeant of 12 Platoon
 B Company 2nd Battalion? Our platoon
 commander was Lieutenant James Adams
 and our L/Sgt was Andy Grey who was killed
 in Germany just before we crossed the River
 Elbe.

Yours etc
 CEJ Bryant
 Lynedoch, Bangor Road North, Iver
 Heath, Bucks, SLO ORY

Angus Squad

Sir,
 Whilst recently browsing through my
 photograph collection, I came across a
 beautifully preserved photograph of a squad
 I had trained at the Regimental Depot Lanark.
 As I stared at this photograph, it brought
 back a memory I shall never forget.

During the mid-fifties the Depot was
 commanded by Major C. G. Harper M.C.,
 and the training wing by Major M. Dunbar.
 The training
 wing was
 responsible for
 training our
 new recruits,
 both Regular
 (Regs) and
 National
 Servicemen
 (NS). Normally,
 the squads were
 made up with
 both Regs and
 NS training
 side by side,
 for a ten-week
 period prior to
 being posted to
 the battalion.

Just before a new intake of recruits was
 due to arrive at the Depot, it was decided
 that the intake would be divided into a
 squad of Regulars versus a squad of National
 Servicemen. This was to ensure ten weeks of
 intense training, rivalry and competitiveness
 between the two squads. Initially, it seemed
 a good idea and was met by enthusiasm by

all concerned. However, as we shall see, it
 developed into an embarrassment for one
 of the squads. It was decided that I would
 train the National Servicemen in Angus
 Squad, and the Regulars would be allocated
 to Graham Squad. Angus Squad instructors
 consisted of 2nd Lieut. McMillan, Sgt.
 Dinsdale and myself as Squad Sgt.

At last the great day dawned, and the
 recruits came streaming in. As usual it
 was a busy day for us, ensuring that the
 recruits were taken to the dining hall for
 a meal, then to the medical centre for a
 final check-up and inoculations. Once
 that was completed, they were then taken
 to the Quartermasters Stores for the issue
 of clothing and equipment. After that, it
 was back to the barrack room where the
 room corporals commenced the process
 of settling in. Intake day was always on a
 Thursday, and training would commence
 the following Monday, by which time the
 recruits were able to dress themselves, and
 were familiar with their new surroundings.
 So, here we were with a squad of NS men to
 knock into shape and, in the ensuing weeks,
 compete against the Regular squad.

Every new squad we had I would gather
 together in a barrack room at the end of that
 first day and give them a lecture about what
 lay ahead of them, and then a question and
 answer session. After I had finished this



ritual with
 the NS men,
 I remember
 thinking that
 there was
 something
 different
 about this lot,
 but could not
 put my finger
 on it. I also
 remember
 that night
 mentioning
 my thoughts
 to Arthur
 Dinsdale en
 route to the
 Sgts' Mess to

have a well-earned beer or two, and he had
 similar thoughts.

It took us a week to find the answer. At
 the end of that week it was clear that these
 young men were a cut above your average
 recruit, very intelligent, very quick on the
 uptake, and very mature. This maturity
 stemmed from the fact that all of them were

twenty-one years or over. All of them had been deferred call-ups so as to allow them to complete a trade or some other calling.

Well, that was it. They went on to become a brilliant squad, sweeping the competitive board completely. They won the Drill Competition, the Best Barrack Room Shield,

the Inter-squad Football Cup and, last but not least, the Boxing Cup.

In conclusion, I would love to hear from any of that squad. My phone number 0208 677 3095

Gentleman, it was a pleasure.
Eddie Clark

Sir,

Thank you for sending me the Covenanter. I thank you also for printing my letter about the film made in Malaya before the Regiment returned to the UK in 1953. I hope to get a response to it. I enclose a contents list of the packs of Compo Food we had (all tins) for the interest of your readers. Often we did not get a different pack each day!

Yours etc

Ronald Henderson

25 Greenpark Drive, Polmont, Stirlingshire FK2 0PZ

24 Hour Ration

There are three types of ration. Type 'A' Type 'B' and Type 'C'. The contents of each pack differ and you should get a different pack each day.

Type A

Breakfast Packet

Oatmeal Block
Sausage and Beans
Jam
Tea and Sugar
Biscuits

Snack Packet

Milk Chocolate
Clear Gums
Spangles
Mars Bar
Biscuits, Sweet
Tea and Sugar

Main Meal Packet

Corned Beef
Veg. Salad in Mayonnaise
Mixed Fruit Pudding
Cheese
Biscuits
Tea and Sugar

Sundries Packet

Condensed Milk (in Tube)
Salt in Dispenser
Chewing Gum (four tablets)
Matches
Paludrine Tablet
Toilet Paper
Can-opener
Lemon 'Frizz' Tablets

Type B

Breakfast Packet

Oatmeal Block
Bacon and Beans
Marmalade
Tea and Sugar
Biscuits

Snack Packet

Milk Chocolate
Clear Gums
Butt-o-Scotch
Boiled Sweets
Biscuits, Sweet
Tea and Sugar

Main Meal Packet

Ham and Beef
Spaghetti
Treacle Pudding
Cheese
Biscuits
Tea and Sugar

Sundries Packet

Condensed Milk (in Tube)
Salt in Dispenser
Chewing Gum (four tablets)
Matches
Paludrine Tablet
Toilet Paper
Can-opener
Lemon 'Frizz' Tablets

Type 'C'

Breakfast Packet

Oatmeal Block
Chopped Bacon
Jam
Tea and Sugar
Biscuits

Snack Packet

Milk Chocolate
Clear Gums
Boiled Sweets
Nuts and Raisins
Biscuits, Sweet
Tea and Sugar

Main Meal Packet

Liver and Bacon
Beans in Tomato
Rice Pudding
Cheese
Biscuits
Tea and Sugar

Sundries Packet

Condensed Milk (in Tube)
Salt in Dispenser
Chewing Gum (four tablets)
Matches
Paludrine Tablet
Toilet Paper
Can-opener
Lemon 'Frizz' Tablets

MEMORY LANE



Representatives of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and family members organisation attending a WWII reunion. Left to Right: Mr B Duffy, Mr R Hoey, Mr J Simpson, Mr J Kane, Mr J McMin, Mr J Docherty, Mr W Closs, Mr A McArthur.



VE / VJ Day Parade - Glasgow 14th August 2005



Sgts Mess 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) - Gibraltar 1946



Wives night out - Minden 1962



Pipe Maj Jock Wilson - Ghent 1945



Pipe band 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)
Governor General Speirs Mission - Syria 1943

IN MEMORIAM

To those they leave behind may their memories be happy ones

Lt Colonel Sir John Baynes Bt.

It is with great sadness we report the death of Lieutenant Colonel Sir John Baynes, Bt. On the 22 January, 2005 at Talwrn Bach, Llanfyllin, Powys his home in Mid Wales John was the son of a distinguished Cameronian, Lieutenant Colonel Sir Rory Baynes, who commanded the 2nd Bn from 1933 - 1938. With such a background it is not surprising that he should have always enjoyed his service with the Regiment be it as a Platoon Commander or Company Commander as the Adjutant or Battalion Second in Command or commanding the Regimental Depot. He, himself, however, said that he most enjoyed being the Medium Machine Gun Platoon Commander with Support Company in the Buloh Kasap area in Malaya. On one occasion his platoon undertook the almost impossible task of ambushing an ambush which the Guerrillas had hoped to spring on a food lorry on the main Segamet/Labis road at Windy Corner. The guile, absolute silent field craft and skill at arms of the MMG Platoon were extraordinary and these were due to John's planning, training and leadership; all the Guerrillas were killed.

On another occasion, but a few hours before our final withdrawal from operations in Malaya, his platoon had the role of the "cut off" some miles from where the initial contact with the Guerrillas was to take place. Once contact was made, the platoon's knowledge of the ground, speed of movement and battle skills were such that in total darkness and in difficult swamp country they moved and caught the three leaders who were about to escape into thick jungle. For his leadership, courage and example in the field he was awarded a Mention in Despatches.

Three other features of John's service with the Regiment should be recorded. The first was during August and September 1964 he had the honour of commanding The Queen's Guard during Her Majesty's stay at Balmoral.

Guards of Honour were provided when the Queen arrived at Ballater and on her departure from Balmoral and of course Church Parade every Sunday at Crathie; this last duty was inevitably carried out

in accordance with Regimental custom for all on parade were armed. The second was his role as the Second in Command and in particular during the very difficult months before the final disbandment of the Battalion, which gave a myriad of difficult administrative details much of which fell to his care and all of which he covered with the greatest thoroughness, sympathy and understanding. The third was his award of 'a Defence Fellowship to Edinburgh University under Professor Erickson

Undertaking a degree course many years after leaving school is a difficult task and to do so under Erickson a man of great intellect and a hard taskmaster, but supportive of those who were enthusiastic and clearly had sound ability, led to a hard earned and well deserved award of an MSc. Maybe University improved his skills of research, the identification of the key factors and their relevant deductions and economic summary when he undertook military authorship, but his style of writing always remained very much his own.

Apart from Regimental service, John undertook many staff appointments both before and after Staff College at Camberley. It was however, here that the idea for his first book - "Morale, A Study of Men and Courage" came to mind. This account of The 2nd Scottish Rifles (at that time this title was used by the 2nd Battalion of the Regiment) at the battle of Neuve Chapelle on the 10 March 1915 was very well reviewed by many... it had immediate success both in the Regiment and the public and had two reprints.

John wrote a dozen and more books and many, many articles and papers all of which were very well received. In the Regiment we are indebted to him for Volume IV The Close of Empire, which is the last volume of our Regimental history. His straightforward style, his clear and reasoned argument, his knowledge of the facts, a hint of humour are all put together in an easily readable style - while we think Morale was his best, John will be known outside the Regiment for many feats of excellent authorship.

After disbandment, John was gazetted to The Queen's Own Highlanders and promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and

appointed to command the 52nd Lowland Volunteers who's headquarters were in Glasgow. The Companies (a total of six) of his Battalion were spaced across Southern Scotland having been raised from a Territorial Lowland Scottish Regiment; Glasgow has two companies representing the HLI and the Glasgow Highlanders, Edinburgh the Royal Scots, Galashiels and Dumfries, The KOSB, Ayr The RSF and Motherwell The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Extensive travel was a feature of his command in order to keep the Battalion as a cohesive whole.

John commanded for three years and finally retired from the Army in 1972 after some 30 years service. In retirement he joined Mrs Ruth Moir as co-proprietor (and later as co-owner) of the very beautiful Lake Vyrnwy Hotel in Mid Wales. The hotel prospered and so did the Fishing, and Shooting which were close to his heart. The two partners sold the Hotel in 1987 but John was able to retain an interest in the sporting side of the business with the new owners.

John was a natural soldier who enjoyed command and one who was very proud of his Regiment. He will be greatly missed by his many friends of all ranks for he was great good company, a generous host, had a marvellous sense of humour, the sort of person one always looks forward to meeting. He did, however, have one unusual habit which was always good for a leg pull: At a dinner party (and maybe at a concert) at about the halfway stage, one could see his eyes swimming a bit and a moment later, he would fall asleep - we would smile, his hostess would be quietly upset and his wife would be rather cross! The smallest fault of a very good friend.

He married Shirley Maxwell Dodds in 1955 who survives him together with their four sons. Christopher succeeds in the Baronetcy.

To his family we send our deepest condolences on the loss of a gallant, gentle, sincere and devoted Husband, Father and Grandfather. HM

Major R (Dick) B Parkes

It is with great sadness that we have to record the death of Major Dick Parkes in November this year. He is remembered with fondness by many not least those with whom he served. His ability to get the best out of those around was a feature not only of his military life but also in his much loved village of Kingswear, Devon where he and Peggy settled when he left the Army.

Dick was Kingswear's prominent citizen. District Councillor, Chairman of the Parish Council, driving force of the Combined Charities, attendee at all functions editor of the Kingswear Page and latterly the Kingswear Life.

Born in January 1923 he was commissioned in December 1941 and awarded a Regular Commission with the Regiment in October 1945 retiring in February 1966 having served in India, Germany, Gibraltar, the Persian Gulf, East Africa, West Africa, the West Indies

He is survived by his wife Peggy, his children Penelope and Richard together with five grandchildren Alex, Emily, Rufus, Henry



and Edward to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL (pic Dick & Peggy)

Lt Col Stanley (Sandy) Storm OBE MC

It is with great sadness that we have to record the death of Lt Col Sandy Storm in November this year.

Sandy, born in February 1911, enlisted as a boy soldier in March 1928 and was posted to the Regiment. On reaching the age of 18 he was mustered as a Rifleman. In September 1939 his promotion to Warrant Officer Class II was registered having systematically worked his way through the ranks.

His discharge in June 1940 was recorded with his appointment to a commission under King's Regulations and posting to the 6th Battalion. During his period with the battalion he was awarded the Military Cross presented to him by none other than Field Marshal Montgomery.

A Cameronian officer who served with him at this time, having joined the battalion as a young inexperienced 19 year old, (Clegg Petit) remembers him with great fondness as his first Company Commander given his experience and maturity.

In January 1945 he was granted a Regular

Commission with the Regiment antedated to February 1934 and until his retirement served in staff appointments in Scotland, Malaya, Singapore and Germany.



Following his retirement in September 1958 he served the Edinburgh Military Tattoo in the role of the officer in charge of the Arena and Local Administration with Brigadier Alastair MacLean followed by a further five years as Assistant Producer with Brigadier Jack Sanderson.

Interesting to note that his thirteen year involvement coupled with that of two other Cameronian officers namely Lt Col Leslie Dow OBE and Major Brian Leishman MBE whose contribution of fifteen and twenty one years respectively, the former as Producer the latter as Business Manager, amounts to a Cameronian continuous commitment of fifty years.

Sandy is survived by his wife Velma to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL (pic Sandy Storm)

Address by the Rev David McKay Minister St. Andrews, Moffat

We come here today at what is naturally a time of sadness for us as we mourn the loss of Sandy; for his passing has left a gap in our lives which no-one else will be able to fill. And that is only right, for he was

special to us and none can take his place. But although we come here in sorrow at our loss, we also come in gratitude at what we have gained by Sandy's life. For it was a long life, 94 years, lived and enjoyed to the full; and it's appropriate that we should thank God for all that Sandy meant to us.



Sandy was born and brought up at West Hartlepool and worked for a short time after leaving school and before he joined the army. He had always had a fascination with the pipes and so he joined the Cameronians and learnt to play them. During the years of the second world war, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and when the war was over, he chose to stay on in the army. His marriage to Velna came in September, 1939, just after war had been declared. They married at Richmond and there was no time for a honeymoon as Sandy had to be back in barracks the same day. He was however allowed out to join Velna for lunch the following Sunday; after which he was posted abroad and she didn't see him again for several months.

Once the war was over, however, she was

able to see plenty of him for their marriage was to endure for over 66 years; and they spent many happy years in different parts of the world, particularly in the far east, Malaya, Hong Kong, Australia and Tasmania, following Sandy's various postings. Eventually they retired to Edinburgh and he worked for a few years at the Castle, helping in the planning and running of the Tattoo. Thirty five years ago, they came to the cottage at Woodside, largely demolished and rebuilt it and have been there ever since. Sandy's interests ranged from fishing - he used to go on regular trips out from Edinburgh - to his extensive and well-kept garden and greenhouse, to walking his dogs. He was an elder of this church and took his part in the running of its affairs until his health and deafness forced him to give up.

Sandy was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, unfailingly courteous and always retaining something of his military bearing. I quite often used to meet him and his dog when I was out running round the road past his house and he would greet me with a hearty "Well done! Keep it up!" so that I always had a strong urge to salute as a I ran past and say, "Yes, sir! " You will all have your own memories of Sandy; of the years you have shared, of the things you've seen and done in the world together; of his friendship; of his kindness and his goodness and his love.

All that is part of your tribute to him. Take your memories now and offer them to God in gratitude for Sandy's life; and trust that he is safe with his God, his long life complete.

Captain Gordon McNeil

It is with great sadness we have to record the death of Gordon McNeil. Gordon, who died suddenly on 1 July this year, was the son of Lt Col Gordon McNeil who served with the 7th Battalion for eleven years before moving to the 2nd Battalion following the outbreak of war.

Like his father, Gordon went to Glasgow High School where, aside from his academic studies, he was active in the Army Cadets. His predilection for a hirsute appearance started early and he was ordered to remove his first moustache whilst still at school.

After school he began his studies in accountancy and joined 6/7th Battalion as a rifleman in 1958. Without allowing his studies to encroach too much upon his interest in the Territorial Army he achieved his goals, being commissioned in

the battalion and qualifying as a Chartered Accountant: his skills in both areas were to prove of great value to the Regiment in the years that followed.

From the start Gordon's rumbustious spirit was in evidence and stayed with him as he became an Officer Cadet. Colin Donald, then Adjutant of the 6/7th recalls a Camp at Millom in Cumberland "*We had a barbecue on the beach and I remember playing a rather drunken form of mess rugger and being heavily tackled and bundled into touch by Gordon, playing with his usual boundless energy*"

The singular gusto which Gordon brought to his every activity continued into his commissioned service and his years as a young subaltern are remembered by George Ferguson, also in his time battalion Adjutant.

"*Perhaps it was his service in the ranks of the 6/7th which kindled in Gordon the buccaneering spirit for which he was so well known*". Its certain that the words "Gung and Ho" would be included in any account of his approach to TA soldiering.

He was an absolutely perfect choice for the Nijmegen Marches Team, which performed with great distinction. Many will remember

At Thetford the sight of the team as they trained, marching endless miles through countryside we later recognised as the setting for "Dad's Army".

Gordon later commanded a sort of "demonstration platoon" another role which required special training and practice in field craft, movement, hand signals and filed formations. His enthusiasm to lead from the front soon gave him the affectionate nickname of "Arrow Head". So "Arra Heid" he became and wore the distinction well, if at first unknowingly

A year or so later the 6/7th took part in a night exercise with Glasgow RMFVR and the Lowland Yeomanry at Garelochhead. The Cameronians crossed Loch Long by night and swept up through thickly wooded countryside toward Arrochar looking for Marines. They swept South looking for us and the Lowland Yeomanry patrolled the perimeter in their little scout cars looking for both parties. It was of course pitch dark, cold and by then soaking wet since it rained all night. Came the dawn and with it the news that no-one had seen anyone! With everyone wet through and with patience and endurance exhausted one might think that morale might be low but the vehicles arriving at the RV at Arrochar met the sight of Gordon's platoon marching with him at

the head at a good clip down the last stretch of road whistling as the stream rose of them like a herd of cows coming in for a winter milking. "Arra Heid" was in his element,

As his professional work increased Gordon could devote less time to his TA duties but after his retirement in 1980 he took over the running of the 6/7th Battalion Trust Fund from his father and the became Secretary of the Cameronian Memorial Club in Glasgow

So his links with the Regiment remained strong and his work in these roles was invaluable

More recently he was handling the Regimental Trust Fund and the Museum Trust Fund. His successor Guy Maxwell remembers well both the period of handover and the many subsequent Cameronian Officers Dinners when Gordon would enjoy the company, revel in the Regimental traditions and be crustily vocal in his views if they were not maintained. "Then his dry wit and observation would always register and his advice given was invariably professional and astute Gordon served the Regiment well and long. He was a tower of strength in his support of the Regimental Trustees.

His forthright manner and indomitable spirit, just as much as his handsome side whiskers, would mark him out in any crowd and will make him a much missed person following his untimely death while hill-walking in Wester Ross Efric his wife and their three daughters may take comfort from the affection, goodwill and appreciation of his many friends in the Regiment. GF - JGC
Efric, Elspeth

(following her graduation) and Gordon))



Major Charles Gordon Bryan Fotheringham

It is with great sadness that we have to record the death of Major Gordon Fotheringham in June this year. Gordon was born in September 1919 in Quetta, an



important military base and trade centre close to the frontier of Afghanistan. His father Colonel JB Fotheringham RAMC was then a senior medical officer in the Balluchistan region.

Gordon was educated at Loretto and was in particular noted for his sporting skills and together with his height earned him the nickname "Shanks" which he was pleased to lose on joining the Army.

He passed the Army Entrance Examination in 1937 and entered the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst in January 1938. Again his prowess in sports and particularly in athletics, rugby and golf, were a feature of his Sandhurst experience. Due however to the imminent threat of war his course was cut to 18 months and he was commissioned in June 1939, to the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles, to his great delight.

He was attached to the 2nd Battalion in Catterick where followed a hectic summer of courses and helping the 9th and 10th Battalions to mobilise and train. Eventually he joined the 12th Battalion in 1940 on Lanark Race Course (his office as the Weapons

Training Officer was in the Tote Office). The battalion next moved to Lossiemouth and then further North to Caithness. Gordon however for a short while was sent to join 155 Brigade in Clare College, Cambridge to help out with their transport problems.

He returned to the 12 Battalion which was now on the Faroe Islands, perhaps one of the most isolated postings for a unit but important for it denied access for good Atlantic weather reporting to the Germans. The 12th Battalion had a very well deserved reputation for being very fit and tough and well trained in the arduous countryside that they found themselves. By early 1943 however it was clear that they were too far from the War for both the War Office and the likes of Gordon. It was decided by the powers that this valuable source of fit and well trained men should be split up to provide reinforcements for our 2nd Battalion and a battalion of the Essex Regiment, both of which had taken heavy casualties in Italy.

Subsequently, in that role they made a great reputation for themselves. At the same time Captain Ramsey Tullis and Gordon along with 40 volunteers from the 12th Battalion, asked and were allowed, subject to passing the selection and medical tests, to join the Parachute Regiment. Pass they did and after a short stay with 8 Para, Gordon was transferred to 7 Para which was made up in the main from Rifle or Light Infantry Regiments and much to his delight he even had his Sandhurst Platoon Commander as his new Commanding Officer.

Gordon missed the D minus 1st Airborne Assault on France – he had broken his shoulder-blade playing rugby for 6 Airborne Division – but he did join in time for the Normandy battles up to September 1944. At Christmas he was in the Ardennes battle in the bitter cold of that winter. In March 1945 he was part of the airborne assault on the Rhine and was badly wounded. Evacuated eventually to Brussels he was surprised when his father who had been recalled to the Colours, greeted him with a bottle of Champagne to help control gangrene!

For the next 18 months after VE day 7 Para had a sort of 'fire brigade' role. They were moved out to the Far East to clear up after the surrender of the Japanese, dealing with 'freedom fighters' in Java and Malaya, sorting out prisoners of war and supporting governments trying to re-establish themselves, all of which was exciting work. In 1946, in Malaya. Gordon finally left 7 Para and the many good friends he had

made while serving with them.

By chance at this time our 1st Battalion was also in Malaya and was about to be placed in 'suspended animation', thus Gordon was a welcome reinforcement and could rejoin his Regiment after a gap of three years. Subsequently he returned to the UK and joined the 7th Battalion in Copelaw Street, Glasgow. It was he was at Copelaw Street that he met and married his wife Anne (nee Salisbury-Craig). They had a Regimental Ceremonial Guard of Honour for their wedding and a reception in the Glasgow Highlanders Drill Hall in Hotspur Street.

His next posting took him back to Malaya and to the 1st Battalion which was based in Muar and North Johore State. Gordon commanded D Company initially at Bukit Serempang and subsequently at Temiang Renchong. The Malayan Emergency started in 1948 close to Bukit Serempang and both his company areas were in thick jungle and deep swamp, notorious guerrilla lairs

From the jungle his next posting was to Headquarters Far East Land Forces in Singapore. This headquarters became a Regimental stronghold under Major General Eric Sixsmith, for with four other officers from the Regiment it was a good meeting spot for those in the Battalion on leave.

On returning to the UK in 1953 Gordon attended the Warminster Company Commander course before rejoining the 1st Battalion in Barnard Castle. It was here that he learned that he had been awarded a Mention in Despatches for his service in the Far East.

After some seven months of hard and very cold training exercised under Henry Alexander on the Northumberland Moors, Gordon was posted to 83 RAF Group Wahn as the Ground Liaison Officer to the Belgian Forces. This RAF base was close to the Marienburg area of Cologne and using his knowledge of golf, Gordon more or less designed the first municipal golf course in Germany which has now become a highly successful and wealthy club.

Gordon's final Army posting was as Training Officer at Glasgow University OTC which post he held from 1956 to 1958. On leaving he undertook a two year course in Business Management and a further course for Business Training at Glasgow University. Thereafter he joined a sugar broking business and worked himself up from the bottom to becoming the Managing Director. Mergers with other brokers finally led to him being

made redundant. However his knowledge and experience led to him looking after a Liverpool sugar trading interest in Scotland whilst helping a little with his wife's antique business.

On final retirement the family moved to a charming house in Fife to enjoy a busy life and of course some more of his favourite sport of golf. Gordon was a member of the Royal and Ancient, St Andrews and for many years played for the Lowland Brigade and the Lorretonian Golf team to say nothing of Club teams wherever he was living. There is a story that apart from all his other golf cups and trophies, the collection of silver mugs he won in Singapore was so huge that they needed their own packing case to bring them home.

Gordon was a quiet dedicated soldier who much enjoyed all his service with both the Cameronians and the Parachute Regiment. His gentle sense of humour, unfailing courtesy, kindness and his modesty about his achievements were all part of his character which will be greatly missed by all his friends.

He is survived by Ann and their two children, Felicity-Ann and Charles Bryan to whom we send our sincere condolences. HM

Major Albert S McVean TD

It is with great sadness that we report the death in October this year of Major Albert McVean of Newton Mearns, Glasgow. Albert joined the Regiment in September 1939. After one year he volunteered for overseas service and was posted to Africa. He proceeded with African troops to Burma where he served with the 14th Army – 'The forgotten Army' for five years. He is survived by his widow Agnes to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL

George Moore

It is with great sadness that we report the death in December this year of George Moore of Little Hulton, Manchester.

George often spoke of his time in the Army and was very proud to have been a Cameronian; he wore his badge with pride. He is survived by his widow (Jean), their five children, eighteen grand children, four great grand children, to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL

Captain William John Hutchison

It is with great sadness that we report the death in March this year of Captain

John Hutchison of the Erskine Home. John served with the 2nd Battalion from 1940 – 1946 and saw service in North Africa and Italy. BASL

Captain Jeffrey T Keighley

It is with great sadness that we report the death in January 2004 of Captain Jeffrey Keighley of Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. Jeffrey was proud to be associated with the Regiment and maintained a keen interest with the TA after his medical discharge following the loss of his left arm in the Italian Campaign of 1944. Despite his injury he spent the rest of his life as a director of a wallpaper merchant company. He is survived by his widow (Winifred), three sons and five grandchildren to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL

Hugh McCumiski

It is with great sadness that we report the death in April 2004 of Hugh McCumiski of Newmains, Wishaw. BASL

T Bryce Laing MM

It is with great sadness that we report the death in September this year of Bryce Laing of Edinburgh. Bryce was born in Aberdeen in April 1918. Although heavily involved with a broad range of household goods becoming in due course Managing Director of George Jeffrey Ltd he is well known as the founder of Craighall studios. In 1939 he joined the Regiment, during which service he was awarded the Military Medal when serving with the 9th Battalion in Germany. (see Regimental Journal – The Covenanter 1991). On one memorable occasion Bryce displayed great resourcefulness in liberating a warehouse of fresh eggs, aided by the quick thinking of one Rfn Fred MacCallum. Despite being asked by Field Marshal Montgomery, who presented him with his Military Medal, if he intended staying on in the Army and applying for a direct commission he replied "Definitely no sir, my demob is coming through in two months". Bryce's and Craighall Studios long time involvement with the sound recordings of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo not to mention many other musical ventures kept him busy well into retirement and he will be well remembered and missed by many in the music business..

He is survived by his wife, Eleanor, his two sons, Keith and Jeffrey and his two daughters, Tricia and Sarah. to whom we send our sincere condolences. BASL



The Regimental War Memorial, Glasgow

*Any man should be proud to say -
"I served in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)"*

