

THE COVENANTER



THE REGIMENTAL JOURNAL OF
THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

2006

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

Regimental Trustees

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NOTICES

The Editor wishes to thank all contributors for their submissions without which this journal could not exist. Readers will have read that it is intended to cease publication of the *Covenanter* with the 2008 edition. It is for consideration however that this might be followed by as definitive a list as possible containing the names, addresses, telephone numbers and email addresses of all living Cameronians.

"THE COVENANTER"

Published: Yearly in January.

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Annual Subscription

By Bankers Standing Order *or* Cheque/Postal Order to The Editor - made payable to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Covenanter Fund.
UK **£5.00**

Overseas Printed Paper Rate

Europe **£6.00**

World zone 1 **£7.00**

World zone 2 **£7.50**

Postage included

Location List - Subscribers only

Several subscribers have yet to increase their subscription in accordance with the appropriate Revised Annual subscription.

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:

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

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer

Major Peter Carroll TD 07711 002 767

Regimental Club

The Cameronian Memorial Club -
9 Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow.

Museum:

Low Parks Museum

129 Muir Street, Hamilton ML3 6BJ

Tel: 01698 328 232

2007 DIARY OF REGIMENTAL EVENTS 2007

MARCH

Friday 9th 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 Peter Carroll TD.

Tel: 07711 002 767

MAY

Sunday 13th May -

Cameronian Sunday -

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

Friday 25th May -

Officers Luncheon -

The Army and Navy Club, St James Square,
London. Contact is Col. J.N.D. Lucas.

Tel: (01722) 716 463 (H).

OCTOBER

Friday 13th October -

Officers' Luncheon -

Officers Mess Dreghorn, Edinburgh

Contact is Lt Col I.K. McBain.

Tel: (0131) 445 2953 (H). (It has not been possible to arrange this on a Saturday)

Warning Order 2008

The Trustees intend to mark the 40th Anniversary of the disbandment of the 1st Battalion by holding an Officers Dinner Night on Saturday 10th May 2008 (location to be notified). It is hoped that the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) & Family Members Organization might wish to hold a similar event for its members. These events will be followed by the Traditional Church Service at Douglas on the following day the 11th May 2008 at 10am and an all ranks gathering following the morning church service.

In order that planning may take place Officers wishing to attend the dinner should advise the Editor accordingly if they and their partners wish to participate. Similarly all Cameronians are asked to say whether or not they wish to participate at the events programmed for Sunday.

Readers should note that the Regimental Journal - The *Covenanter* will cease publication with the 2008 edition (distributed Jan/Feb 2009). Those who subscribe by Bankers Standing Order should advise their Banks accordingly.

REGIMENTAL MATTERS

Museum Report Year 2006

New acquisitions to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Collection 2006

Towards the end of this year has seen a surge in the digitisation of the collection and addition of objects to the collection from the museums backlog of un-accessioned objects. This has obviously led to a larger number of both Cameronian related objects and non-Cameronian objects being added to the Vernon data base.

We would like to thank all who have donated to the ever growing collections here at Low Parks Museum.

Among the 120 objects accessioned in 2006 thus far are:



Medals:

With kind thanks to The Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) an Abyssinia 1867-68, medal (827. R. Kenny 26th Regt) was purchased at auction from Morton and Eden and has been added to the collection. 1st of 7 of medal group on bar. British War Medal 1914-20. Awarded to Major Roderick Gordon Hogg, The Cameronians.

Envelope of greaseproof-like paper containing three medal ribbons: France and Germany star (32mm wide blue, white, red, white and blue in equal stripes), British War Medal 1914-1920 (32mm wide Broad watered orange band down centre, bordered with white, black and blue stripes), Defence Medal (32mm wide floame-coloured with green edges, two thin stripes down centre of green). Belonged to Sgt James Howgate of the 6th Bn Cameronians.

Rifle shooting medal belonging to James Chalmers King in dark box with gold coloured trim - The Cameronians S.R. emblem on front - set in blue velvet, in box

Uniforms accessories and equipment

Black note book with bullet lodged near spine, Signed David Smith 14th October 1914.

Death penny inside cardboard case - relates to James Chalmers King- letter signed by King George also enclosed in case Khaki green hat with Cameronian cap badge owned by James Chalmers King

Unidentified lanyard.

Paintings and photographs

Photobook of the 2nd Battalion, published 1929.

Copy of group photograph of Cameronians taken in Salonika 1915-18.

Copy of black and white group photo. Three Cameronians in shorts and puttees, with pith helmets, flanked by two young children Black and White photograph of 8 Cameronians. 7 in foreground, shirtless and tanned on rocky outcrop, in front of sand-bagged structure, 1 in background on structure.

13 watercolours painted by Fred Tuck, D Company, 6th battalion, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) 1943-47.

Archive

Message of congratulation, 21st April 1915, to 7504 Private Henry May upon the receipt of his Victoria Cross. Donated by Sir John Keir

Message of congratulation, 21st April 1915, to 7504 Private Henry May upon the receipt of his Victoria Cross. "Hearty congratulations on your VC may you live long to wear it. Good luck." Sent by General Staff, Sixth Division. On 'Army Form C.2121'.

Letter from F. Gordon, Brigadier General, to Colonel Robertson. 21st April 1915. States F. Gordon's 'utmost satisfaction' that Private H. May has been awarded the Victoria Cross.

Signature book. Cameronian Crest on front cover with 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Regimental Dinner Glasgow' in gold. First entry 25th October 1933

'The Soldier's Pocket Book : For Field Service' by Colonel Sir Garnet J Wolseley.
 'Battalion Scrap Book: 6th/7th Bn The Cameronians (The Scottish Rifles)' Postcard, Cameronian Crest on tartan background. Handwriting in black in on reverse.

Enquiries

It has been a busy year again for enquiries. We have recorded the number of enquiries to the year end at 368, of which 149 were about The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) - We have as usual been contacted from all over the world including, England, Republic of Ireland, Isle of Man, Spain, Belgium, Australia, Canada, New Zealand. It should be noted that whilst interest in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) continues, it is also believed that increased interest in Family History research motivates a considerable number of the total enquires in this area. The general public looks to The Museums Service to provide assistance in understanding the information they may invariably have sought and found themselves.

Volunteers.

The friends of low parks have been busy during the year completing the identified war diaries from the First World War 1914-1918 held By SLC. The list is:

- 1st battalion
- 2nd battalion
- 6th battalion
- 7th battalion
- 8/17 composite battalion
- 8th battalion
- 9th battalion
- 11th battalion
- Palestine war diaries
- Iraq war diaries
- Singapore war diaries
- Chindits war diaries.

The Friends have started working through the enlistment books having photographed 2 of the 10 volumes and hope to start to transcribe them during the coming year as well as transcribing the Malaya war diaries. The friends of low parks have also been busy collecting names of people whilst transcribing the diaries that have won medals, they hope to compile a database that can easily access names and honours.

Digitisation

An astonishing 2400 Cameronian (Scottish Rifles) photographs have been digitally

scanned and added to the Vernon data base. So now at the click of a button we can view both text and images simultaneously.

New!

In 2005 the Trustees commissioned a new single-volume history of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). This was to fill the gaps identified by many visitors to Low Parks Museum for an accessible history of the regiment that told the story behind the campaigns- what soldiering was like for the men of the regiment and their families from the 17th to the 20th century.

This has been completed and we are now just waiting for images to be sought, the research, writing and design have been undertaken by Katie Barclay MA MPhil, a 2nd year PhD student at Glasgow University.

Cameronian (Scottish Rifles) Exhibitions:

2008 marks the anniversary of the disbandment of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), we hope to stage a major exhibition to celebrate the history of the regiment from 1689 to 1968. Watch this space for more details.

Web site:

The exciting new official website is now up and running. If you have not already visited this much needed resource the site is well worth a look.

www.cameronians.org

Looking for something special for a birthday, anniversary or for the person who has everything:

why not contact the reception staff at LowParks Museum for a price list. Amongst the many amazing choices of gifts are. Crystal pedestal clock. Pyramid paperweight, Border lager glass. Jura paperweight, Jacobite glass with airtwist stem, crystal coasters and many more. All engraved with the Cameronian crest.

Also in stock are limited edition plates displaying the Cameronian Battle honours, Regimental Plaques, Ties, Tie slide and cuff links, Polo shirts, sweat shirts and baseball caps.

For further information contact reception staff at Low Parks Museum 129 Muir Street Hamilton ML3 6BJ, or telephone 01698 328232. Email lowparksmuseum@southlanarkshire.gov.uk

Regimental Curling

Thursday, 12th January 2006 saw the occasion of the final Lowland Brigade Bonspiel at Murrayfield, held in its traditional format. The Regimental Rink comprised Malcolm Macneill (skip) David Scott, Jim Orr and Ian McBain. In the morning match we defeated the RHF 9-5. In the afternoon we lost 8-6 to the KOSB, which meant the KOSB won the cup in the final Lowland Brigade Bonspiel. The Cameronians finished in 2nd place after winning the cup for the two previous years. The final Inter Brigade match took place at Murrayfield on Thursday 16th February 2006, and resulted in yet another victory for the Highland Brigade. The Regimental Rink consisted of Jim Orr (skip) David Scott, John McMyn and Bob Wright (a guest who very kindly agreed to curl for us as we were one short) In the morning session we won 8-5 against the BW, and in the afternoon we narrowly defeated the A&SH by 5-3. Thus ended the final Inter Brigade Match, in which The Highland Brigade have regularly proved victorious. The future is uncertain with regard to the Brigade Clubs and we await patiently for the outcome of Highland Brigade deliberations. From a Regimental curling point of view it is sadly clear that the Regiment cannot continue to raise a Rink due to lack of curlers and "anno domini" We therefore have indicated that should inter-regimental curling continue in some form we could sadly no longer raise a rink. The Cameronians have had a proud tradition in the annals of Lowland Brigade curling, and have performed very creditably for many years. For my part I am extremely grateful to all those Regimental stalwarts who willingly, cheerfully and enthusiastically supported me and represented the Regiment over the last 10 years. Thank you all very much. J.A.O.

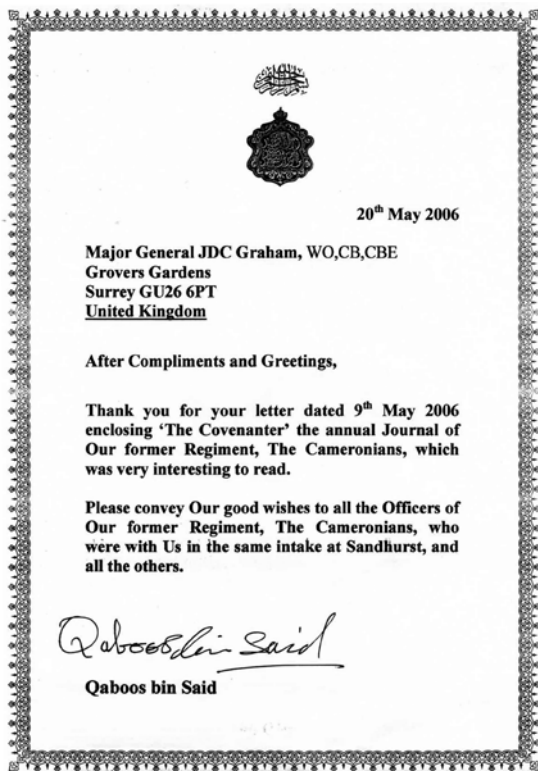
Connections

Covenanter readers may recall that in the 2001 edition there was an article on "The Regiment's Links with Oman." That article included mention of Major General John Graham CB CBE, a former Commander of The Sultan's Armed Forces, who had been a Guest at the 2000 Regimental Officers Annual Dinner at The Western Club in Glasgow. General John had very kindly, on behalf of the Regiment, in November 2000 personally presented to His Majesty Sultan Qaboos bin Said, Ruler of Oman, an illuminated framed greeting from The Regiment. This was in

recognition of His Majesty's birthday and the fact that he had been an officer cadet at RMA Sandhurst from 1960-1962, and had undertaken an 8 month attachment to the 1st Bn in Minden in late 1962. Subsequently in the 2002 edition there was an interesting article by Major Philip Grant, who had served with His Majesty at RMA Sandhurst and in the 1st Bn during his attachment. He also mentioned the link between Major General John Graham and his illustrious forebear - Thomas Graham of Balgowan - who raised the 90th later to form the 2nd Bn The Cameronians. (Scottish Rifles) This article by Philip Grant led to Major Mike Sixsmith contributing a letter in the 2003 edition, adding his own recollections of those days at Sandhurst, Lanark and Minden. Continuing the connection but digressing slightly from the Oman link, I keep in regular touch with General John having served with him in The Parachute Regiment, and it is clear that he has the highest regard for His Majesty, for Oman and for The Cameronians. He also keeps in touch with another Cameronian, Captain Cliff Pettit from Alnwick (6th Bn) who is a regular contributor to The Covenanter. His latest contribution appeared in the 2005 edition and was entitled "Operations Veritable and Blockbuster - Feb/Mar 1945" The subject of this article was a Battlefield Tour arranged by HQ 2 Infantry Brigade, covering the costly battles to clear the south bank of the Rhine on the border of Holland and Germany. Among the guest speakers for this tour, who had both taken part in these battles, were Cliff Pettit (6th Bn, part of 52(L) Division) and John Graham (then a Major commanding a company in 2nd A&SH) General John contacted me after the tour to say that he had got together with Philip Grant regarding a possible book that Philip plans to write - concerning Thomas Graham (Lord Lynedoch)

To return to the Oman link - General John mentioned in his letter that he recently visited Oman (as he regularly does) but had not been able to meet with His Majesty as he was away in Salalah. However he was able to leave a letter for His Majesty, together with a copy of the latest Covenanter, and Philip Grant's article on The Generals. He went on to say that he had very recently had a very nice reply from His Majesty, and he enclosed a copy of the letter. He felt that we may wish to publish this in The Covenanter for the interest of readers. I therefore enclose a copy of the letter from His Majesty Sultan

Qaboos bin Said. I sincerely hope that this rather rambling article is nevertheless of interest and it just goes to show that The Cameronians have many and varied connections.
JAO.



Letter from London November 2006

I suppose it must be down to the ageing process, but I'm sure you will agree with me that after the age of seventy the months speed by rapidly year after year, I can't believe I am writing this letter so soon after the last one I wrote.

I was deeply saddened by the death of Jim Ballantyne, our Association Secretary. I knew he had been very ill over a considerable period of time, but his death still had a profound effect on me. You see, Jim kept me up to date very closely with everything that transpired in our organisation, and I was very grateful for the lifeline, as it were, between myself and all the Cameronians in the Association. As far as I am concerned, Jim Ballantyne did a tremendous job during his ten years in office, ably assisted by his good lady Margaret. I will not elaborate any further, as I'm sure sincere tributes will be

paid to Jim from other sources.

I also learned of the death of a dear friend of mine here in London, namely Alfie Howard MBE, MM. Alfie was for many years the Town Crier for Lambeth Borough and, in his capacity as such, travelled all over the world dressed in all his finery and sounding his magic bell. He and I became great friends and drinking companions as members of our local Conservative Club in Brixton. Alfie was awarded the MM at Dunkirk, and the MBE for his outstanding charity work in Lambeth over many years.

He also had great admiration for our Regiment whom he came in contact with during his Army service.

Philip Grant is to be congratulated for his deeply researched and accurate supplement in last year's Covenanter, entitled The Generals; it was brilliant. This account of Cameronian Generals was of great interest to me, as during my service in the Regiment I had the honour of meeting some of them. In my private book collection I have a book written by the great military historian John Keegan, called Churchill's Generals, and our own General Sir Richard O'Connor is given a distinguished appraisal by Keegan. I met Sir Richard O'Connor when he paid a farewell visit to the Depot Lanark prior to his leaving the Army. In all, I met Sir Horatio Murray three times, firstly in Korea when he commanded the Commonwealth Division, then at the Depot on one of his visits and finally in Minden where he and Lady Murray congratulated my late wife Ellen and me on the birth of our daughter Helen. Finally, when Sir George Collingwood was installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle on his appointment as GOC Scottish Command I was the Guard Commander of his escort on that day. One of that guard was Tom Winters who I am expecting to visit me here in London soon.

In his article, Philip mentions another officer, whom I recall with great sadness, and that was Lt. Col. Sir Edward Bradford Bt. I was an instructor at the Depot when the RSM informed me that Sir Edward, who was commanding the Depot, wished to see me about some administrative error regarding my rank which had occurred. I was told just to knock on Sir Edward's office door and enter without any undue ceremony.

This I did. On entering I found Sir Edward sitting at his desk attired in riding gear. He gave me a grin, and explained his turnout was due to his having to take part in a point-to-point meeting in Dumfries later in

the day. He explained the situation to my satisfaction, gave me a cheery wave and grin of dismissal. Later that afternoon Sgt. Jim Brogan came into my room and informed me that Sir Edward had been killed in a tragic accident at the meeting. Although I remember Sir Edward as a Company Commander in Gibraltar and Trieste, the day of his death is my abiding memory of a fine officer and gentleman.



Sgt McMan (Gimie)	CQMS Trussler (BA)
Sgt Decherty (Dec)	Sgt Clarke (Nobby)
Sgt Brevn (Danny)	Sgt Moladam
Sgt Mulvenna (Paddy)	Sgt Cooper
Major Kunn (QM) (Harry)	U/k Officer
Major Hunter	Major Thompson
Major Richmond	Major Scott
2/Lt Engeham	

This year, my grandson Ashley headed off to the United States to study at Rutgers University in New Jersey. For ages the name Rutgers kept buzzing through my head as I tried to think where I had heard the name. It wasn't until I spoke to Brian Leishman during a telephone conversation that he cleared up the mystery for me.

On his enquiring after my family, and me telling of the whereabouts of my grandson, Brian informed me that Rutgers University had performed at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo on several occasions, with resounding success. Of course, I had watched them on those occasions on television. Clearing up that little problem saved my sanity. However, during my next telephone conversation with Ashley, he told me that he had gone up to New York to watch an American-style football match and, low and behold, there was Rutgers Band performing before the start of the match! He had nothing but praise for the band's brilliant performance, but hated the football. Like me, Ashley is 'fitba daft', and can't wait to see our beloved AFC Wimbledon play again when he comes home for the festive season.

On two occasions this year, I have been highly delighted to see our Regiment mentioned in the national press, namely the Daily Mail. Firstly, they ran an item on animals who had received the award of the Dicken Medal (the animals' VC). I'm sure many of you will recall the medal being awarded to our own Rifleman Khan, an Alsatian who saved the life of his handler, Cpl. Jimmy Muldoon of the 6th Bn. from drowning during the invasion of the Dutch island of Walcheren in the Second World War. Secondly, they have a queries section where readers write in asking many and varied questions on virtually every subject. On this occasion, the questioner asked when was the last time that officers carried swords into battle. One of the answers given was when Major E. B. Ferrers, Company Commander of 'B' Coy. the 2nd Bn. The Cameronians ordered his officers to do just that at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle in 1915. Once again, a memory came flooding back to me. In 1946 I joined the 2nd Bn. in Warminster, Wiltshire, and the Bn. second-in-command was Major Ferrers, the son of the aforementioned sword-wielding Company Commander of Neuve Chapelle. Our Major Ferrers was a strikingly handsome man with a large jet black moustache and a deep resonant baritone word of command. I used to love hearing him call the battalion up to attention.

I would like to thank Andy Berry for his great efforts during his tenure of office as Chairman of our Association. Never an easy task when dealing with the human element, as I know from experience in trade union work, and politics. I sincerely hope that whoever succeeds Andy Berry and Jim Ballantyne as chairman and Secretary of the Association, do so in a sensible manner conducive to the best interests of the Cameronians (SR) and Family Members Organisation.

As a former soldier, I never thought that I would live to see the day when the most senior soldier in the Army would criticise in public the government of the day on a matter of policy. Who can blame General Sir Richard Dannat for venting his spleen on this administration regarding our Armed Force being sent into conflicts possibly for many years to come, that could result in many young lives being lost or seriously wounded? I personally will never ever forgive this government and the opposition for allowing the Scottish regiments to be sent into oblivion. I despise every Scottish Member of Parliament who allowed this to

happen. Pardon me if I sound bitter, but I'm sure any old soldier must feel the say way, irrespective of rank.

On 9 November I arrived at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey, to carry out my annual task of representing our Regiment at the opening ceremony. On reaching our regimental plot, I was completely stunned and overwhelmed by a small sea of weel kent faces surrounding our plot. I know that over the years I have been disappointed at the small or virtual non-attendance at this occasion. However, I have no complaint whatsoever about this turnout. It was magnificent. At the end of this letter I will append the names of all those who attended. HRH Prince Philip stood in for Her Majesty the Queen this year, owing to her being on "light duties" due to a back ailment. After the brief formalities of the opening service were over, Prince Philip proceeded to visit every plot, stopping at every one to speak to each representative. On coming to me, the Prince bade me 'Good morning'; I, in turn, relayed to him the Regiment I was representing; I then told the Prince that, on behalf of all ex-Cameronians, we wished Her Majesty a full and speedy recovery. At this, Prince Philip



gave a nice smile and thanked me very much before moving on to the next Regiment. As usual everything at this poignant occasion was carried out in the excellent manner it has always done over the many years.

The Royal British Legion are to be congratulated on the layout of our plot. It was beautiful. I will be contacting personally all of the ex-Cameronians who turned up on the day to thank them for making this a memorable regimental occasion. At the conclusion of the morning's activities, my daughter Helen and I proceeded to the Union Jack Club in Waterloo, where we had a lovely lunch with several of the ex- Cams,

having a great chat about old times. A perfect ending to a magnificent reunion. Those who attended the ceremony were Colonel Hugh Mackay OBE (Sussex), Major Philip Grant (London), Major Mike Sixsmith (Kent), Lieutenant Dudley Heathcote (London), Tom Winters (Aberdeenshire), Kenn Robinson (Birmingham), Eddie Crawford (Portsmouth), Ian Bilboe (Chelmsford), Tom and Dorothy Gore (London), myself and daughter Helen (London).



No doubt you are aware my letter has contained some sadness but I personally feel to a great extent this has been negated by the joy and happiness of the 9 November reunion.

Once again, it is time for me to replace my pen in its holder. But before doing so, I wish you all a happy and guid new year.

Yours aye,
Eddie Clark

HENRY MAY VC

The headstone over the grave of private Henry May VC has been renewed in Riddrie Park Cemetery, Glasgow, after the original stone had been vandalised.

12 September 2006

Following Henry May's death in July 1941 a headstone was placed over his grave in Riddrie Cemetery, Glasgow, which didn't contain his name, but did commemorate his two children. Over the past few years Henry May's headstone had deteriorated, suffered badly from vandalism, and had been knocked over. Therefore, it was decided to erect a new headstone over Henry May's burial plot recognising him as one of Glasgow's Victoria Cross holders.

The ceremony to unveil the new headstone took place on the 12th September 2006 where members of the May family gathered in Riddrie Cemetery, accompanied by representatives of Henry May's old regiment,

the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the regimental museum, the Thistle & Poppy Society, and the Royal British Legion.

At daybreak on 22nd October 1914 Private Henry May, 1st Bn, Cameronians, was in a platoon under the command of Lieutenant D.

Graham. This platoon was acting as a covering party in a ditch to hold the enemy in check while the main part of the Cameronians entrenched positions about 700 yards to the rear. This took place on the eastern side of the village of La Boutillerie. During this time the enemy, who were only 50 yards to the front of the platoon, attacked them in force which resulted in them falling back, but not before the trench-digging to the rear was completed.

During the fighting Lance Corporal Lawton had been wounded, about a hundred yards to the right of May who quickly ran across the firing line through a hail of bullets. Lance Corporal McCall and Private Bell went with Henry May to assist. Bell took off Lawton's equipment but he was shot dead as May and McCall tried to lift him to his feet. McCall too was knocked unconscious and May then flattened himself on the ground determined to fight to the last.

At that moment he saw his platoon commander Lieutenant Graham fall to the ground with a bullet in his leg. May called to Bell to follow and ran over to their officer, the two men carried him step by step, zigzagging as they stumbled on. When they had covered about 300 yards they reached a ditch where Bell was shot in the hand and foot but they managed eventually to reach comparative safety. May was exhausted but struggled to drag Lieutenant Graham a little nearer safety when Corporal Taylor came to his assistance lifting Lieutenant Graham onto his shoulder but was then shot dead. Henry May, by some supreme effort, then dragged the wounded officer to the British trenches and to complete safety.

Private Henry May's heroism and utter disregard for the safety of his own life was in the true tradition of the holders of the Victoria Cross.

Eleven days after his VC action May was wounded by shrapnel during the attacks on the town of Ypres and was invalided home, returning to France in mid-January 1915.

[London Gazette, 19 April 1915], La Boutillerie, France, 22 October 1914, Private Henry May, 1st Bn, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

For most conspicuous bravery near La Boutillerie, on 22nd October, 1914, in voluntarily endeavouring to rescue, under very heavy fire, a wounded man, who

was killed before he could save him, and subsequently, on the same day, in carrying a wounded Officer a distance of 300 yards into safety whilst exposed to very severe fire.

Private Henry May was invested with his Victoria Cross on 12th August 1915 by King George V at Buckingham Palace.

Henry May was discharged from the Army on 28th August 1915 when his regular engagement of thirteen years expired. He rejoined in 1918 and in March obtained a commission with the Motor Transport Corps and was demobilized with the rank of temporary Lieutenant in 1919.

After the war May joined a hosiery firm the Glasgow Manufacturing Company in which he became a partner. He was taken ill at his home and died in the Glasgow Infirmary on 26th July 1942, just before his fifty-sixth birthday. His funeral took place at Riddrie Park Cemetery, Glasgow, and was the largest seen in the East End for a long time. It was attended by four holders of the Victoria Cross: John McAulay, Robert Downie, David Lauder and Walter Ritchie.

Iain Stewart

Murrayshall Hill

**Unveiling of plaque on Lynedoch
Obelisk on Sunday 14th May, 2006
'Cameronian Day'**

This obelisk was erected in 1853 to the memory of Lieutenant-General Thomas Graham, 1st baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, who died in 1843 at the age of 95 years. He was buried beside his wife at Methven. Who was he and what was his achievements?

Thomas Graham was born in 1748, the son of Thomas Graeme of Balgowan. In 1774 he married the Hon Mary Cathcart, a great beauty whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough four times and one now hangs in the National Gallery of Edinburgh. She was of delicate health and died in 1792. He remained a widower for the rest of his life. Graham had no love of the French and as Britain faced the threat of war with that country at the end of the 18th century the government authorised the raising of a number of new regiments and he raised the 90th of Foot (Perthshire Volunteers) in 1794. In the same year he became the MP (Whig) for the county of Perth and sat until 1807. During this time he also saw active service. He won a brilliant victory at Barossa in Spain and served as second-in-command to the Duke of Wellington in Portugal; during the

Peninsula War. The 90th was the first army regiment to be equipped and trained as light infantry and they acquitted themselves so well in action, including the Napoleonic Wars, that in 1815 they were redesignated the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry. The 'Perthshire Greybreeks', as they were known, also served in the Crimean War and the regiment's first Victoria Cross was won there by Private Alexander. Later they went to India and during the Indian Mutiny the regiment won a further 6 VCs. Afterwards



they served in South Africa and again in India where in 1881 they received the news that they were to be brought together with the 26th of Foot (The Cameronians), which had been raised in 1689, to become The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The 1st battalion of the regiment was disbanded in 1968 as part of defence cuts. The 90th produced some great military figures including Rowland Hill (Viscount Hill) who was C-in-C of the army from 1828-

1842 and Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, VC. A Cairn on the North Inch commemorates the founding the 90th, whose old colours were laid up in Perth in 1872.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) regimental Trustees are presently winding-down their affairs and we are doing whatever is necessary to preserve artefacts associated with the regiment. The statue of the Earl of Angus at Douglas, the first Colonel, on the spot where The Cameronians were raised, has already been transferred to The national Trust for Scotland for preservation. Although some minor repairs were made to the obelisk about 10 years ago the inscription had weathered so badly as to be almost illegible. Following approaches to the owner of the Murrayhill estate and the Perth and Kinross Heritage Trust, the latter prepared and submitted the necessary planning application, dealt with the objections and observations of



Scottish Heritage and arranged for the new plaque, bearing the wording of the original inscription, to be affixed to the plinth. The Heritage Trust has thanked the Regimental Trustees for the opportunity to do this work. It is the hope of that Trust that this plaque will alert more people to the remarkable history of Thomas and Mary Graham. Thanks go to the Provost, to Mrs Mary Cairncross for her help, to Mr Charlie Blythe, the piper, and to Mr Andrew Driver who has taken this project forward on the Trust's behalf. This short ceremony was concluded by the Piper playing the pibroch 'The Gathering of the Grahams'.

Lisle Pattison MBE TD

The Cameronian Generals

Significant interest has been shown in *The Generals*, published as a supplement with *The Covenanter* last year. As a result new information has come to light. This is an update on the 2005 *Covenanter* article, together with some additional comments. Space did not allow sufficient emphasis to be given to the forerunners of those who shone in and after World War II (the subject of *The Generals*). It is worth listing here those forerunners, those who brought such distinction to the Regiment, especially to the 2nd Battalion, previously the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry.

General Sir Thomas Graham, later Lord Lynedoch, (1748- 1843). He raised the 90th and went on to reach high rank, prominence and ennoblement as a result of his leadership under Wellington, particularly in the Peninsular War, where he was considered one of the great commanders.

General Sir Rowland Hill, later Viscount Hill, (1772-1842). Commanded the 90th 1794-Circa 1800, served with Graham again as a General under Wellington. He was Commander-in-Chief (1828-1842) in succession to Wellington.

Surgeon General Sir Anthony Home VC (1826-1914). He rose to become Principal Medical Officer in India and later in Southern Command, England.

Lieutenant General John Guise VC (1826-1895), third son of General Sir John Guise Bt, (1777-1865). He commanded the 90th from 1861 to 1864. Although he rose to high rank there is no known record of his later service.

Major General Montresor Rogers VC (1834-1895). As has been noted elsewhere, he died on the same day as Lieutenant General John Guise VC. He succeeded Evelyn Wood VC when he commanded the 90th (1879 to 1882), and as such was the last Commanding Officer of the 90th and the first of the 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Field Marshal Sir Garnet Wolseley, later Viscount Wolseley, (1813-1913) was the outstanding soldier of his generation, widely known and hero-worshipped wherever he went. While at the War Office was largely responsible for the major reorganisation

of the Army called the Cardwell reforms, which included the creation (1881) of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) He was Commander-in-Chief 1895-1900.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood VC (1838-1919). He commanded the 90th from 1878 to 1879. One of Wolseley's circle, he was second only to his mentor in fame. Wherever there was a war he would be sure to be in the thick of it. Adjutant General 1897-1901. Acting Commander-in-Chief in 1900.

The 2005 *Covenanter* article gave some incomplete information regarding the three who were Commander-in-Chief. This has been corrected above. Further information is to be found in footnotes to *The Bravest of the Brave - The VC's of the Regiment*.

Likewise, some incorrect conclusions were drawn regarding the three VC's who each commanded the 90th. This is also corrected in the 2006 article (above).

The History of the 5th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) tells of the great contribution made to that battalion by their Adjutant, Captain then Major and later Brigadier General WD Croft DSO***. Originally from the 2nd Battalion, his influence on the lives and careers of the young officers then, as well as those who followed, should not be underestimated. He was Adjutant for the quite exceptional period of four years (not three, per *The Generals*), from January 1913 to December 1916.

A final correction is to the table showing those who held key appointments in the Regiment during the period 1930-1939, and notably during 1931. A corrected version of the 2005 Figure 1 is to be found opposite.



Figure I. Key appointments in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) prior to World War II.

Appointment	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939
OC Regimental Depot	Maj John Evetts MC 1930-32		Maj Douglas Graham MC 1932-1935			Maj ¹ Alexander Galloway MC 1935-37		Maj ² DF Campbell MC 1937-39		Lt Col RD Hunter DSO 1939-41
Commanding Officer 1 st Battalion	Lt Col HC Hyde-Smith DSO 1927-30	Lt Col Robin Money MC 1931-34			Lt Col RD Hunter DSO 1934-35		³ Lt Col ⁴ CF Drew DSO 1936-38		Lt Col Alexander Galloway MC 1938-39	
Adjutant 1 st Battalion	Lt Horatius Murray 1930-33			Lt Eric Sixsmith 1933-35		Lt ⁵ George Collingwood 1936-38			Lt Henry Alexander 1938-39	Lt ⁶ DG Jebb 1939 -
Commanding Officer 2 nd Battalion	Lt Col Thomas Riddell- Webster DSO 1930-33			Lt Col RMS Baynes 1933-37				Lt Col Douglas Graham MC 1937-40		
Adjutant 2 nd Battalion	Capt RA Anderson 1926-30	Lt ⁷ RM Villiers 1931-34			Lt HM Fisher 1934-36		Capt AJ Lardner- Clark 1936-38		Capt JEB Whitehead 1938-39	Lt JH Law 1939-40

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¹ Brevet Lt Col² Later Brigadier³ Lt Col Richard O'Connor DSO* MC was nominated to command but was instead promoted to Command the Pershawar Brigade⁴ Later Brigadier⁵ Captain from April 1936⁶ Later Brigadier CBE DSO*⁷ Later Brigadier DSO

General Sir Thomas Graham

(1st Baron Lynedoch)

The Covenanter 2006 contained a spelling mistake for which the editor should not be wholly blamed. Many have made the same mistake, including this writer. It is made easier to understand because of a common mistake in pronunciation. Let the great man himself tell the story. One of his biographers wrote :

'Early in May [1814] Graham was notified that Lord Wellington, in recognition of his brilliant services, had been created a Duke, and that he himself, as also John Hope, Beresford, Hill [qv] and Cotton had all been raised to the peerage. ... As long ago as 1812 he had heard a rumour that he was to be honoured in this way and had given Alexander Hope [his cousin; also a General] strict instructions that if the rumour proved to be true he [Hope] was to notify the Prime Minister that he would greatly prefer to refuse such an honour since, with his wife dead and no heir to succeed him, a title would be useless and burdensome.

'Now however Hope had written him that he had refrained from taking this action as Graham's exclusion from the honours list at such a moment would hurt his name forever. He instead assured the Prime Minister that the peerage would be gratefully accepted and that the title by which Graham would like to be known was Lord Lyndoch – a name which Hope accidentally misspelt by omitting the "e"'

'Writing to Lord Cathcart [his brother-in-law and now Ambassador to the Czar of Russia], Graham, after describing the precautions he had taken to avoid acceptance of this honour, added:

'My surprise therefore was not small when I received the intimation from Lord Bathurst and from Hope of the thing being done. He chose a title of which I never thought. I should have preferred, if the Duke of Montrose would have agreed to it, not changing my name in the least; but he might not have liked it on account of interfering with the second title of his family. Alex Hope should at least have known how to spell Lynedoch as the pronunciation is quite changed by the omission of the "e".'

So there you have it. If you say it right 'Lynedoch', you will not make the mistake of spelling it 'Lyndoch'. That said, the streets named after him in Edinburgh and Glasgow are commonly called 'Lyndoch'. That's as it may be, but not what we should call the founder of the 90th and the United

Service Club.
PRG

The Royal Hospital Chelsea

I was delighted to accede to the request from the Chairman of the Regimental Trustees, Ian McBain, that I should visit the one and only Cameronian in the Royal Hospital Chelsea. This was back in October and Ian told me that the form was that the regiments supporting 'inmates' were invited to send two representatives to attend the Christmas lunch with their regimental colleagues.

As a consequence, shortly thereafter, I received the formal joining instructions for the event from the Royal Hospital. Full of zeal, I immediately telephoned the adjutant to touch base and, more importantly, to request that he should send me a copy of our colleague's record of service. After all, I reasoned, I or another member of the regiment known to me might well know the person in question. I returned the performa with my details and those of my wife, Jo, who had been selected to accompany me!

Time passed but the record of service did not materialise. I called again to re-iterate the request. Still nothing. Then, just when I had given up hope and the day before the appointed visit on 8th December, I finally received a copy of what purported to be the record of service for IP No. 227 Wilson, Alexander Pte. (Presumably the record maker did not know about Riflemen!)

Sure enough, the record showed that he was a Cameronian:

SERVICE RECORD

No 227 WILSON Alexander Late PTE
CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES) *

2933335 15. 1.40 to 1943

ROYAL ARTILLERY 1943 to 19. 3.46

Total Service 6 years 2 months

He enlisted into the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) on 15 Jan 1940 and served in Dutch West Indies, defending the oil fields before in 1942 being posted to man 4.7 guns with 19 Light Artillery and working on the DEMS (Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships). He was discharged on 19 Mar 1946.

So now, at last, I knew something about the person that we were due to meet on the following day.

Then I received an email from the Chief Clerk at the Royal Hospital informing me that Mr. Wilson was an in-patient of the Infirmary, so that, although we could by all means visit him there, he would sadly not

be able to join us for lunch in the Grand Hall.

Jo and I arrived at the Hospital about 12:00 on the appointed day. We were shown into the Infirmary where we met Mr. Wilson.



He turned out to be a very spry 88-year old, alert and with a great memory for the events of half a century ago. He regaled us with stories of the posting to the Island of Aruba in the Dutch West Indies – how many Cameronians, I wondered, knew that a battalion of the Regiment served there in the early days of World War II?

However, it soon became clear that his memory for very recent events was not so good, the reason no doubt that he needed to be in care in the Infirmary. And so we had to leave him in order to attend the Club where our hosts awaited us with a pre-lunch drink, followed by lunch itself in the Great Hall.

The Great Hall is a magnificent place, well worth anyone taking the time to visit. The Royal Hospital was founded by Charles II, whose gold encrusted statue stands in the courtyard. In the Hall, the wooden panels around the wall have carved on them all engagements in which the British Army has been engaged from then until now. It was uncanny to see battles such as Jellalabad (1841) and Maiwand (1880) remembered at one point along the wall and Iraq and Afghanistan, again, at the end (the end for now only, of course!).

We lunched in the company of several RMP pensioners, accompanied by the Regimental Secretary (Colonel J Berber) and the current Provost Marshall (Brigadier Colin Findlay). Altogether, it was a very enjoyable day but, all too soon, it was time to leave and rejoin the real (?) world.

I wonder if by now any ardent regimental historian has reached for Volume II of the Regimental history? I omitted to mention

that Jo brought Mr. Wilson a lovely cyclamen and I had a bottle of 10 year-old Laphroaig. I gave Mr Wilson the whiskey when we arrived in the ward, saying that it was a privilege to meet a fellow Cameronian:

"Cameronian," he said "I wasnae a Cameronian, I was a Cameron!"

Ah, well, things aren't always what they seem.

However, the sequel was that Alex Wilson was brought up in Maryhill - so he should have been a Cameronian! As it was 1940, he was simply drafted into the Camerons and sent to Fort George; which explains the point about the Dutch West Indies.

And what's more: the Provost Marshall lived on Muir Street, Hamilton as a boy!

THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES) & FAMILY MEMBERS

Future Parades & Events

The following dates are optional to all Cameronians and Family Members. Events in Bold Print are particular to the Cameronians (SR) & Family Members Organisation.

Date	Time	Event Location
Sun 4 Feb 07	14:00	Annual General Meeting.
Sun 13 May 07	10:00	Cameronians Sunday.
Thu 7 Jun 07	09:30	Lanark Lanimer Day.
Thu 14 Jun 07	TBC	25th Anniversary of the Falklands War.
TBC	TBC	Gorbals Fair.
Thu 27 Jun 07	TBC	Veterans Day various locations in UK.
Sat 03 Nov 07	09:30	Hamilton Garden of Remembrance, Opening Service.
Sun 04 Nov 07	18:00	Hamilton Festival of Remembrance, Town House Hamilton.
Sat 10 Nov 07	18:30	Falkirk Festival of Remembrance, Falkirk Town Hall.
Sun 11 Nov 07	10:00	Remembrance Sunday at Cameronians (SR) Memorial Kelvingrove.
Sun 25 Nov 07	TBC	Aden Veterans Parade in Stirling.

The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members Organisation will be holding the Annual General Meeting at the Olde Club, Old Edinburgh Road, Tannochside on Sunday the 4th of February 2007 at 14:00 hours. Members are encouraged to attend the meeting. Items on the Agenda will include the preparation for Cameronians

Sunday at Douglas on Sunday the 11th of May 2008. This will Commemorate the 40th Anniversary of the Disbandment of The 1st Battalion the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Members and Non-Members wishing further information are invited to contact the Minutes Secretary Mr Andrew McArthur TD, 18 Rosewood Avenue, Bellshill, Lanarkshire ML4 1NR. Telephone: Home: 01698 746863 Mobile: 07710 007331 e-mail: andy.mcarthur@openreach.co.uk

Merchant Navy Association Dedication Service January 2006

"On a beautiful clear morning on the Island of Great Cumbrae Ayrshire a Service Dedicating a New Merchant Navy Association Colour was held. The background to this event stems from the construction of a Memorial for Relatives and Friends who have no known grave of their loved one killed in conflict. Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen who were killed in action. Mr Ian Forsyth President of the Royal British Legion Scotland Hamilton Branch realised a 60-year-old dream to have this Memorial in place. His sister had lost her husband during WWII with no known grave and Ian vowed to create a Memorial for such people. The planning took years and funds were collected. The location chosen had to be somewhere appropriate. The site finally chosen was the Island of Cumbrae in the Clyde Estuary. The significance was very emotional. The Royal Navy would form up convoys in these waters. The Army trained in the Argyle Hills close to the estuary. The Royal Air Force were stationed at RAF Prestwick on the coast. There was one significant add-on to the Memorial included the Merchant Navy who were crucial to the war effort. With the help of Millport RBLs Chairman Andy Bryant and Standard Bearer Ian McGill plans were put in place. Utilising Royal Engineers, who else could do such a task, the construction, was completed for the Dedication Service in May 2005. At that service was Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Standard Bearer Eddie Wallace. He noted

there was no Merchant Navy Association Standard present at the Dedication Service. He contacted Ian Forsyth and informed him that, as there was no Merchant Navy Glasgow Branch Standard he would pay



for the costs himself. This was done and in January 2006 the Merchant Navy Association Glasgow Branch Standard was duly dedicated at Cumbræ Parish Church with the Reverend Marjory H Mackay officiating. Other Standards attending the service were, RBLS Branches, Parachute Association, RASC & RCT Association East Kilbride Branch, Cameronians (SR) & Family Members Organisation. The Right Honourable Adam Ingram MP the Armed Forces Minister participated in the service by reading from the book of Deuteronomy. Mr Ian Forsyth was asked to speak and he did with a passion. He described the casualty rate of the Merchant Navy in WWII. The first and last casualties of the conflict were indeed Merchantmen. The description of boys less than 16 years of age being killed by enemy action while serving in the Merchant Navy. The total lost exceeded 32,000, most of whom have no known grave. He spoke of Eddie Wallace's generosity for his gesture and thanked him sincerely. The Reverend Marjory then dedicated the Standard. Following the service all the Standards formed a Guard of Honour at the church entrance. The party travelled the 4 miles to the Memorial for a wreath laying service. At the Memorial the Reverend Marjory conducted the short service. Mr Ian Forsyth, the Right Honourable Adam Ingram MP, laid wreaths and to complete the service two Officer Cadets from the Glasgow Nautical College laid a tribute. The Millport Pipe Band playing the Flowers of the Forest closed the service. At the RBLS Millport Branch Club all participants were made most welcome to tea and sandwiches. The Right Honourable Adam Ingram MP was pleased

to note the RASC & RCT Association East Kilbride Branch Standard was being carried by Andy McArthur who serves as an officer in the RLC TA at Grantham Lincolnshire with 2 (Multi-National) Logistic Support The Armed Forces Ministers constituency is at East Kilbride in Lanarkshire. Following the refreshments and chatting with the Members and their families at the club the Minister gave a speech of thanks to the event organisers. He spoke of the sentiment behind the tribute and complimented the Officer Cadets for their attendance. He presented to the Millport Branch Club a photograph of the Memorial, which will be placed in the Club. Mr Andy Bryant thanked the Armed Forces Minister and asked that he round of the day by presenting two veterans with Veteran Badges. Delighted to do so the members Ian McGill and Duncan McTaggart were duly presented with the badges. Gordon Logan and Jack Hunter, two veterans resident at Millport Hospital were also visited by the Armed Forces Minister to



be presented with their Veterans Badges. At the RBLS Club the last word was left to Ian Forsyth. To round of an emotional day he once again said "Thanks" to Eddie Wallace for his thoughtful gesture."

Kinnaird Manor Camelon by Falkirk Open Day 2006

Basking in glorious sunshine Kinnaird Manor Residential Home in Camelon, Falkirk held its Annual Open Day in August 2006. Kinnaird Manor is home to residents including ex-Services Veterans who enjoy excellent facilities along with friendly staff who carry out the duties of caring. The open day was well attended by the resident's families but also many local residents who supported the event. It was a day of fun and enjoyment with various stands to be visited

and entertainment for the youngsters. Pleased to attend were the Standard Bearers of the RBLs Glasgow Area (Pat Ponsonby), Hamilton (Murdo Grant) and Larbert (Jimmy Kinnaird) Branches together with the RASC & RCT Assoc East Kilbride Branch (Andy McArthur) and the Cameronians (Scottish



Rifles) and Family Members Organisation Standards (Bill Gough). The Standards Bearers provided a demonstration in the car

parking area of precision drill movements for the onlooker's pleasure. Following the display a Guard of Honour was formed to welcome the returning cyclists participating in a sponsored Charity Cycle Run in aid of



Kinnaird Manor. The Management, Staff and Residents extended a sincere thanks to all the visitors who made the day very special.



MISCELLANEOUS

Edward Scott - The Only 'Badged Cameronian in the Arnhem Bridgehead?



The salient details of the airborne landing at Arnhem in September 1944 have been recounted so often, and from such varied sources, as to require no repetition here. This is not yet another armchair critique of the feasibility of the operation, its execution and its eventual failure.

Anyone versed in the Regimental History of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) is well aware of the heroic part played in the battle by the legendary the late Major-General (then Lt. Col) John Frost, and the fact that he commanded 2nd Parachute Battalion in the capture and the famous defence of the river bridge which spanned the Rhine in the

centre of the city. That he was serving with 10th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in the autumn of 1941 when he volunteered to join the Airborne Forces and took with him a goodly number of Cameronian volunteers from this Battalion, also is recorded in John Frost's own memoirs. Once they became members of the Parachute Regiment, they lost the right to wear the Regimental Badge and their direct affiliation to the Cameronians. While there is little doubt that all those transferees retained an affectionate respect, and often a personal connection, with their former Regiment, it would be wrong to treat them as Regimental Cameronians during the fighting in the Arnhem Battle. However, the Regiment did have a direct potential to play a substantial part in the airborne landings. While that potential was not destined to be fulfilled, in fact, there was one member of the Regiment who took part in the airborne assault, as a Cameronian - and had he not been clad in a steel helmet at the time -- properly displaying the Regimental cap badge: Lieutenant Edward Scott. The peculiar circumstances surrounding his becoming (so far as one is aware) the only 'Badged Cameronian' to participate in it have not been recorded before.

One facet of the original operational plan for the assault, beyond those who have made a special study of it, has received scant and almost dismissive attention by many historians. That it posed immense and ominous possibilities for the Regiment has now virtually been forgotten. The 1st Airborne Army comprised four Divisions: 1 British Airborne, 82nd and 101st American Airborne, and in an air-portable role, 52nd (Lowland) Division. A Polish Airborne Brigade also was attached. Two of the Battalions of 156 Brigade of 52nd were 6th and 7th The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The roles of the three Airborne Divisions and the Polish Brigade remain clear in the memory of most members of the public that may have read about it. In the case of 52nd (Lowland) however, this is not so. That Division was scheduled to follow up the first landing, tasked to consolidate the bridgehead gained. The means by which this was to be achieved was by two of the three of the Division's Brigades (155 and

156) being flown in Dakota transport aeroplanes, complete with light equipment, to land at Deelen airfield four miles north of Arnhem soon after its capture by 1st British Airborne. The remaining Brigade, 157, was scheduled to join the Division as part of the relieving force that was to fight its way up 'the Corridor' between the U. S. Airbourne divisions and Amhem. In anticipation, it had already been dispatched by sea to join other troops of 21st Army Group poised South of Eindhoven to strike towards Arnhem.

The failure to capture Deelen airfield meant that the air portable part of the attack never took place. It has resulted in a tendency for it to be overlooked or merely mentioned en passant in most histories of 'Operation Market Garden'. What might have occurred had that airfield been captured, therefore, can only remain in the realms of speculation? Nevertheless, it is arguable that had the two additional Brigades landed to swell the numbers of combat troops in the bridgehead, their presence could have been crucial. It could well have bought the additional time required to allow 21st Army Group to relieve the beleaguered 1st Airborne Division, tipped the balance in favour of the Allies; and thus allowed General Montgomery to execute his plan of a thrust to the heartland of Germany.

The airborne plan for 'Operation Market Garden' ('Market' being the airborne part and 'Garden' the ground attack to link up with it) bore distinct similarities to the German airborne invasion of Crete. There, German airborne troops seized a bridgehead that included a tenuous hold on the airfield at Maleme. The German Paratroop Army soon found itself in dire trouble, losing many of its members while still in their parachutes, and many more, immediately upon reaching the ground. Their losses were such that Germany never attempted another major airborne assault throughout the War. It is generally recognised that had not an additional back-up division of mountain troops been flown over in transport planes, under enemy fire, to Maleme airfield, the Cretan operation could well have been a disaster for the attackers. Their arrival turned the threat of defeat into victory. One wonders whether or not this factor was a consideration in the planning for Market Garden, and if the two Brigades of 52nd Division had been included in the plan after a study of the German experience?

However that may be, the preparations for the involvement of 52nd Division were no

chimera. In 1944, the Lowland Division was probzblly the best-trained and most versatile unit in the British Army. It was the last unused fully trained infantry division in the British Army that was still held in reserve. This had caused a considerable amount of disquiet among its soldiers, who had watched with more than a little envy the exploits of, and the publicity accorded to, its compatriot 51st (Highland) Division.

Since 1942, 52nd had been converted from a normal infantry division to a Mountain role. It underwent rigorous training in the Scottish mountains that weeded out the less fit. It took part in the Combined Operations Battle School at Inverary, and was the only fully equipped Mountain Division in the British Army. Its natural role would have been in the mountainous Italian Campaign, but the fact of its presence in Scotland, and its specialist role, posed a potential threat to the German ocupation of Norway. Strategically, this made sense, as its continued presence in Scotland caused Germany to retain some 15,000 troops in Norway against the chance of a British attempt to liberate the country. By 1944, 52nd had become one of the hardest physically and finely trained units of the Allied Forces - but, it had not yet seen action, save fleetingly in France in 1941 before its conversion to a mountain role.

The first months of 1944 saw the conversion of the Division to its air-portable role, with much of its mountain equipment discarded, this being replaced by items more suited to its new status. Two of the items retained were the specially designed mountain windproof smock together with the string vest to be worn beneath it. These soon became almost an additional Divisional icon that distinguished it from the normal infantryman. They proved to be a boon when later, the Division was to fight in the bitter cold of the Netherlands and the Rhineland winter of 1944/45. The smock's similarity to the airborne jump jacket and the Commando battle jacket, gave a special feeling of superiority to the Jocks, and was much sought after by later reinforcements in the North-West European campaign. Air-portable training had been in force for sometime prior to Arnhem as several planned airborne attacks in France and the Low Countries had come to nothing, due to the rapid advance of the Allies after the breakout from the Normandy bridgehead.

Edward Scott was one of many Englishmen posted to Scottish Regiments as the war progressed. Scott's first posting came as

a surprise. He found himself joining The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) at Hamilton Barracks as a Rifleman on 14 November 1940, billeted amongst a barrack room of Lanarkshire and Glaswegian Jocks whose accents, at first, were almost unintelligible to him. A Cheshire man, he had no previous connection with The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Scott's first impression of his new Regiment must have been favourable. Likewise, his superior officers must have liked what they saw of their new recruit, since, after completion of his initial training he was recommended to apply for commissioned rank. He duly passed out in May 1941 through 168 OCTU, had no hesitation in opting for the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) as his first choice of Regiment, and was delighted to be accepted. Second Lieutenant Scott's first posting was to 10th Battalion - coincidentally while the then Captain John Frost was still serving with it. At that time it was engaged in constructing beach defences near Southwold, in Suffolk. After a further period of about nine months with a Training Unit near Glasgow as a Weapon Training Officer, on 7th September 1942, he was posted as a Platoon Commander to the 7th Battalion, then at Hayton Camp, Aberdeen. This was to be his unit for the rest of his wartime service; he participated in all of the specialist training undergone by 52nd Division. By the time that conversion to air-portable role took place, Lt. (by then) Scott had qualified to command the Battalion's mortar platoon as soon as a vacancy for the post arose. He was one of the senior subalterns.

The comparative lack of active service for 1st Airborne Army, in the period after D Day proved to be most unsatisfactory and unsettling. Several operations in France and Belgium, all planned at short notice to be support 21st Army Group, were set up and then cancelled, when the rate of advance of the ground forces made them unnecessary. The last of these prior to Market Garden (code named 'Comet') comprised a smaller operation involving only British and Polish troops. 52nd Division was not scheduled to take part. It was programmed to take place at about 10th September, but was cancelled in favour of the much larger Market Garden attack.

For Scott air-portable training continued; then, at the end of August, his prospects of action took a sudden and dramatic turn. Without the warning rumours that usually circulate around units prior to any major

movement actually taking place, he was called by the Adjutant to the Battalion Orderly Room, ordered to collect his kit and report forthwith to 52nd Division H.Q. Scott was told only that he had been selected to be 52nd Division's Liaison Officer to 1st Airborne Division in a forthcoming operation. Having presented himself at H.Q. of 52nd, he was interviewed by the Division's G1, a somewhat brusque Lieutenant Colonel, who ordered Scott to report forthwith with his motorcycle to H.Q. of 1st Airborne Division. The requirement to provide his own transport had never been mentioned previously the fact that a motorcycle was required seemed to have been overlooked in the rush to make the appointment. When Scott brought the point to G1's notice, he was told sarcastically, as Scott put it "with the courtesy that senior officers normally accorded to their juniors - 'I didn't tell you to bring a tooth brush!'" Feeling somewhat aggrieved at being on the receiving end of the short temper of a no doubt over-harassed staff officer, Scott returned to the 7th's Transport Section to collect his transport. He was to be unaccompanied, but arranged for himself, his newly acquired Norton bike and his kit, to be carried in a 15cwt. truck to 1st Airborne Division H.Q., then stationed in Lincolnshire, where he reported to G1 Ops.

Scott was well received by the airborne men; there was a distinct sense of elitism about the Airborne troops, many of whom had taken part in the air drops in North Africa and Italy. At the time of his arrival no decision had been taken about the cancellation of Operation Comet, for which hectic preparations were still in train. Divisional Headquarters was moved to a tented camp in the Swindon area. It was that Division's temporary base immediately before the beginning of Market Garden. There was a distinct air of tenseness and unrest, caused by the frantic preparations for, and the subsequent cancellation of so many earlier operations. Comet's replacement at extremely short notice by Market Garden resulted in further feverish bout of activity, as new plans and logistic arrangements were made. Scott was introduced to his air transport - a Horsa glider and its two pilots. The glider's complement comprised: the pilots, Scott and his motorcycle, a jeep, and about eight other-rank members of Divisional H.Q., their kit and other stores. This was to be Scott's first flight in a glider. Although he had been trained in loading

and unloading Dakotas in his Battalion's air-portable role, he had no experience in similar methods for gliders. Securing inert cargo in a glider required particular care as the impact of a glider landing was likely to be much more severe than by engine powered aircraft. An insecure load could break free on landing and hurtle forward, causing death or severe injury to the pilots or any occupant unfortunate enough to be in its path. He still had been given no written orders. His principal instruction came when he attended the Divisional briefing for the 'Market Garden' Operation given by the Divisional Commander, Major General R.E. Urquhart at Moor Park Golf Club. His role was made clear, the details sparse: to act as Liaison Officer between the two Divisions as soon as 52nd began to land at Deelen airport. What was to be the precise nature of those duties, Scott never discovered.

The airborne drop at Arnhem was to take place over two days, for logistic reasons. As a member of Divisional H.Q., Scott's glider was scheduled to be towed in on the first day by a Stirling bomber - the machine in question named 'Lady Of The Night' by its crew. It had a graphic painting of her on the fuselage, resplendent in a ball gown. His first experience of glider-borne flight proved to be traumatic. He describes the sensation of being towed to gain airspeed as being similar to travelling in a rather bumpy underground train. The glider becomes airborne before the towing aircraft. Scott, taken by the novelty of it all, took up position immediately behind the pilot. For the first few miles all went well as the Sterling and its charge manoeuvred to take up position in the air armada. The relative calm of the engineless aircraft was summarily shattered by a flow of expletives from the first glider pilot - the tow rope to the Sterling had broken free, leaving him with the prospect of an emergency landing. Fortunately, sufficient height had been gained to allow the pilot to execute an accomplished landing in an Oxfordshire field. By evening, a relieved Scott was back at his point of departure, enjoying an evening meal. He was not greatly reassured by the apologies of the Tug Pilot of the Sterling, who promised to 'Get you there the next day?'

After the experience of his maiden flight, it is understandable that Scott had some misgiving, but the pilot was as good as his word - the flight into the Arnhem drop zone was accomplished without incident until the approach to the battlefield. Puffs of

smoke from heavy anti-aircraft fire could be seen ahead, directly in the line of flight.

There was no option but to fly directly through it. The glider's crew once more gave an accomplished performance; Scott was fortunate to enjoy as smooth a touch down as could be expected in the circumstances, although from the state of some of the adjacent gliders, it was apparent that others had not been so lucky. As a result of the previous day's landings, the enemy was thoroughly alerted for the possible arrival of a second landing. The glider came under fire as it touched down among the abandoned first wave gliders and those already landed and landing as part of the second wave - there was no time to be lost in vacating the area. Unloading a Horsa glider was a cumbersome business, particularly when under fire. The first step was to remove completely the Horsa's tail. It was only with difficulty this was accomplished. Scott recalled that the urgency increased as small arms fire began to sweep the landing zone. The longer this took, the greater was the risk to glider's occupants. Only then could the cargo be unloaded, the jeep and Scott's motorcycle released from its moorings and made ready. The jeep was the first to be unloaded. Before take off, Scott's kit had already been stowed in the jeep together with other items of equipment. He ordered the driver to take the jeep to nearby cover. However, the driver lost no time in clearing the drop zone and heading straight for Arnhem. As the jeep disappeared, so did Scott's kit - it was never seen again!

The area now was the scene of hectic activity. 7th K.O.S.B of the Air Landing Brigade had been tasked with holding the Drop Zone, and having now fulfilled its function, seemed to have begun to withdraw from the open fields to other duties. A mixture of paratroops and glider -home soldiers now joined them. Orderly but mixed columns had formed, all of them heading through the woods or by road in the direction Arnhem. Scott joined in. Near the drop zone, it was necessary to cross the open track bed of a two-track railway - extremely difficult task for an erstwhile motorcyclist. Riding his trusty Norton, there was little disturbance as he found the road leading towards the Hartenstein Hotel, at Oosterbeek - the designated H.Q. of 1st Airborne Division. On arrival without incident, he described the atmosphere in the precincts of the hotel, as reasonably quiet, and at that time undisturbed by enemy fire save for the

occasional mortar bomb.

The Norton was parked against a tree at the side of the building, while Scott went to report for duty. He was ordered to dig in outside the hotel beside the Division's Defence Platoon. He had reverted to being a plain footslogger with no apparent immediate role - one for which he would never require the services of the Norton. Scott cannot recall its fate, and can only assume that it fell into German hands. No information was available about the capture of Deelen airfield, and thus, none about the possible arrival of 52nd Division. Wireless communication with 21st Army Group was virtually non-existent, leaving Scott in the position of an observant bystander. From that time onwards, he acted mainly as a supernumerary, performing any task that became necessary. Information about the general situation was sketchy. General Urquhart was missing, having failed to return from visiting his Brigades.

Scott was given several tasks when none of the H.Q. Staff were available. By this time the situation around the Hartstein Hotel had livened up considerably. The quiet of the first day of his arrival had long gone. There was constant mortar and artillery bombardment, and latterly also bursts of machine gun fire sweeping the open grounds. Headquarters of 1st Airborne Division was in the cellars of the hotel. When called on to receive orders, the short dash from slit trench to the shelter of the building became an increasingly hazardous undertaking. Being able to drive a Bren, gun carrier - as a trained mortar platoon officer - he was ordered to take a carrier loaded with ammunition to 7th K.O.S.B., which was entrenched in the North Eastern shoulder of what had now become a defence perimeter. On another occasion, he was ordered to deliver a message on foot to the Eastern Perimeter about one mile from the Hartenstein, held by 'Lonsdale Force', a mixture of units now gathering round Oosterbeek Church near to the river. These defenders, by now, were in a desperate state, under constant fire tired and needing to be rallied. Scott arrived to hear the now legendary inspirational address by Major 'Dicky' Lonsdale to the remnants of his Force, delivered from the Church's pulpit. From time to time, he was ordered to carry out patrols near to the H.Q. to protect against possible infiltration by the enemy. He also laid and, as far as possible, camouflaged a series of some fifty Hawkins anti-tank mines in the vicinity of the Hotel and the

adjoining roadsides. Now clearly surplus to requirements in his designated role, Scott merely filled in at H.Q. when required. He was not called to fill any particular post, and at times felt very much the outsider. He was never equipped with an airborne type helmet. His conventional issue steel helmet, probably the only one of that type in the perimeter (Airborne troops wore a closer fitting rimless variety) led to several misunderstandings and disappointments for the defenders, many of whom wrongly assumed that the relieving force had arrived when Scott came into view.

By now, the Hartenstein was under almost constant shellfire, and it was becoming clear that the bridgehead could not hold much longer. Still waiting in England, the Commander of 52nd's two Air Portable Brigades, Major General Hakewell-Smith, realised that there would now be no possibility of the intended fly-in to Deelen airfield. His offer to fly a Brigade by glider to bolster the shrinking perimeter was refused, not on logistical grounds, but because of a lack of appreciation of the gravity of the situation by 1st British Airborne Corps Headquarters, still some twelve miles South near Nijmegen. The only relief from the enemy's constant bombardment of mortar and artillery fire occurred when re-supply aircraft flew over at heights as low as three hundred feet to make supply drops. The slow flying transports, flew fearlessly through heavy anti-aircraft and small arms fire, the loadmasters continuing to offload supplies, that sadly fell into enemy, not British, hands. Scott viewed this respite with mixed feelings, as he watched with admiration the bravery of the aircrews, some of whom continued their hazardous duty even when on fire and soon doomed to crash.

On the afternoon of 25th September the order was given to evacuate the bridgehead. Scott recalled a spectacular barrage by the British Artillery to seal off the perimeter, and to conceal what was taking place. The evacuation was an orderly process. Scott was one of many parties of men, fifteen to twenty in number. They were passed to the riverbank though several staged checkpoints, all these being manned by glider pilots. All were ordered that on no account were they to halt to assist the wounded or any stragglers. There was intermittent and apparently random machine gun fire. He was impressed by the fact that while many were waiting, there never was any rush for places as each boat came into view -

discipline being maintained throughout. Several attempted to swim the flooded Neder Rhine, and at one point Scott considered the possibility, but thought better of it at the last moment. He was ferried across with eleven others in an outboard motor boat manned by Canadian Sappers. One of his fellow passengers was a United States airman who, after being shot down, had managed to evade capture and reach the perimeter. Along with other survivors Scott was ferried to Nijmegen in a DUKW, where he reported to Airborne H.Q.. It was only at this juncture that he learned of the fate of the whole operation. He was seen by a Colonel of the General Staff, who informed him that, in common with all other survivors, he was awarded two weeks leave, and would be returned to his Unit 7th Cameronians - still in England. He was flown back to England from Louvain, rejoined to his Battalion, to the relief of his anxious colleagues, and was able to make his first contact with his parents. His leave was sort-lived however. After a few days, Scott was recalled - his unit about to depart to Europe to join 21st Army Group in Belgium.

Effectually, Scott's Amhem adventure was over, yet still able to claim the honour of being the only 'badged' Cameronian to have fought at Arnhem. He returned to his former duties. He commanded his Platoon in the South Beveland and Walcheren assaults, then on the Dutch, German border in Operation Blackcock. On 1st January 1945 he took over command of the Battalion's Mortar Platoon and was promoted to Captain. He led it at the battle of Alpon, at Rheine, Dortmund-Emms canal and the subsequent actions across the plains of North West Germany and at Bremen, receiving a Mention in Dispatches. After the German surrender, when 52nd Division moved to the banks of the Elbe in the area of Magdeburg, he commanded a prisoner of war camp at Stendal. Scott regards his time with the Mortar Platoon as more satisfactory, and of infinitely greater use and benefit than his Arnhem odyssey, however spectacular that might have appeared!

Before joining the Army, Edward Scott had begun his studies to qualify as a Solicitor. He qualified in 1949, and practiced until retirement in a partnership in Macclesfield. His experience of my service was not wasted. He joined the Territorial Army and rose to command 7th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment. It is of interest that this fine Battalion was commanded by a

Cameronian officer Colonel HL Moir in Palestine in 1917 and in France subsequently until wounded in 1918. Edward Scott retired from the Territorial Army in 1966 with the rank of Colonel, after promotion to Deputy Commander of 126 Infantry Brigade. Now aged 85, He retains an active interest in both The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and The Cheshire Regiment. He has been a regular attender for many years at the Annual Dinner of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) at the Western Club, Glasgow. C.S.P.

One Day's Action with a Section Commander

Personal accounts of battle are relatively easy to obtain from former officers and senior non-commissioned officers, by virtue of their usually being kept wholly or partly 'in the picture'. The further one follows down the chain of command, the more difficult it becomes for the individual to retain a clear picture of events, other than what is occurring within the extremely limited ambit of one's immediate surroundings. Often, that picture is obtained literally at ground level or below. In May 2006, at the request of the Museum, former Cameronian Willie Miller recorded a lengthy interview of his full military service. Later, independently, he committed to paper an account - still fresh in his memory - of twenty-four hours of personal experience at 'the sharp end' of battle. He has kindly agreed to permit this account as written by him (only slightly edited) to be published in the Regimental Journal. It provides a fascinating insight into the problems faced by junior leaders 'at the sharp end' when, without means of communication to the rear, one's immediate superior becomes hors de combat and an assault falters, resulting in the attackers being pinned down and isolated. Willie Miller, a former Cameronian section commander, would be the last to claim that his account is other than typical of the experience of many of his fellow junior non-commissioned officers in any fighting Battalion of the British Army, when as so often happens in warfare, 'the best laid plans of man and mouse'.

He joined the Regiment's 6th Battalion at Cultybraggan Camp, Comrie, Perthshire on 12th January 1942. The weather was severe; Willie recalled it was so cold, that after washing, one's hair became frozen on the return trip from ablutions to billets. His Company Commander (B Company) was

the late Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Stanley (Sandy) Storm M.C. The Company's officers included the then Second Lieutenant David Riddell-Webster and Lieutenant John Girdwood. At the time - Willie Miller probably did not realise that he was in such potentially influential company. David Riddell -Webster (of course destined to end his career as Brigadier, and the last Colonel of the Regiment) was the son of the famous Cameronian, General Riddell-Webster (then Adjutant General to The Forces and after to be Colonel of the Regiment). John Girdwood was the son of Major-General Girdwood also a distinguished former Colonel of the Regiment! After a spell of illness and light training, Miller returned to B Company, again under Major Storm. He remained with that company throughout his active service in the Netherlands, and in Germany.

On 9/10th March 1945, then Corporal (later Sergeant) Willie Miller, was a Section Leader in 12 Platoon of B Company 6th (Lanarkshire) Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the Company being Commanded by the late Major (later Lt. Col.) Stanley Storm M.C. (*For a full account of the 6th and 7th Battalions' attack vide: 'The Covenanter' 1997pp 31-40*). At that time, a Section (of which there were three per Platoon) comprised: a Section leader (Corporal) armed with a Sten light machine gun, a Bren light machine gunner plus his reserve gunner carrying ammunition, and six Riflemen, all of whom carried hand grenades as well ammunition for their rifles.

52nd (Lowland Division) which included both 6th and 7th Battalions, then on the Dutch/ German border, took part in the final stages of operation 'Veritable' and 'Blockbuster' in February and March 1945. Their object was to clear the Rhineland between the rivers Maas and Rhine to make space for the preparations for the crossing of the Rhine itself to be put in hand. The 6th was ordered to execute a left-flanking attack on the village of Alpon only a few miles into Germany, and some five miles from the river Rhine. It was then at the apex of the last pocket of resistance on the South side of the river, in the British Sector. The attack began in the mid-afternoon of 9th March, but stalled due the failure of another unit to fully capture the village, thus providing a screen for the 6th's advance. This resulted in the 6th being unable to break through the outskirts of the village to the open ground to the left of Alpon; over which the flanking movement was to be executed. Corporal

Miller's Platoon, commanded by Lieutenant G.S. Symm, was the leading Platoon in the Battalion's attack. It became cut off from the Battalion and was isolated on the verge of the village. With some difficulty, it was extricated later in the day, and then, with only two hour's rest, ordered that night, to be the point Platoon of B Company's assault on part of the Battalion's initial objective - a factory beyond and behind Alpon. It was to be a surprise attack, made without reconnaissance, unsupported by armour or artillery.

Intelligence about the enemy was faulty. Instead of minimal opposition, which the Battalion was briefed to expect, the factory was strongly defended and reinforced during the day's fighting. Soon after entering the factory precincts; unknown to Miller, Lt. Symm suffered a severe stomach wound. His Platoon, including Corporal Miller's Section, became pinned down in the factory yard and the surrounds, together with the following Platoon, at the outskirts of the factory, both taking heavy casualties.

... After briefing to pass through 4/5th R.S.F. who were tasked to take Alpon, B Coy was to take the factory. B Coy started off towards Alpon, and at the top of the escarpment I noticed three Sherman tanks knocked out and burning with the crews lying dead and hanging out of the turrets.

At this time our shells were bursting on the roofs of Alpon, I said to Lt. Symm 'The Fusiliers couldn't be in Alpon' and was told to keep going.

I set off with my section and started to make my way down into Alpon when two spandaus opened up. I made for the nearest cover, which was the first house with a garden and lay behind the wall. One of my men ran past and entered the house to find a soldier of the Recce corps lying dead behind a Bren gun.

I got up and went next door and rushed upstairs and crawled across the floor where I could see from the corner of the window, which had shutters on the outside, four German soldiers throwing hand grenades across the street from the house they occupied.

I went downstairs to look for the PIAT team [The PIAT was a spring-fired anti-tank weapon. It was portable, and fired a powerful projectile that could penetrate most armour plate save frontal armour. Its disadvantage was its bulk, it was difficult to load and had an effective range of about one hundred yards. It was also often used in close quarter street fighting] I went back upstairs and warned the men to crawl across the floor and when four of

us were watching what was happening across the street a bullet came through the window missing all of us, except one soldier being cut with flying glass.

A Sergeant from another Platoon asked to be pushed up, into the attic. He pulled out a slate and could see a spandau firing from a balcony. He was passed up a rifle and killed the gunner. His number two kept looking out a door at his comrade, and he also was killed.

Shortly after that the 4/5' Fusiliers came into Alpon and one of their soldiers had a phosphorus grenade explode in his equipment. We dragged him indoors, took his clothes off and applied first aid. We lost another soldier at the next house by a sniper who we believe shot him from across the other side of the street right through the house. Symm had a corporal and two men sent to try and find Major Storm's Coy. H.Q. They came back later to say they couldn't find anyone.

Then I was detailed to pick two men and do the same. It was now dark when we went out of Alpon up the main street. Shells were falling all round. We met no one until we saw the silhouettes of two people who we challenged and were two officers from the Royal Engineers who wanted to know if the bridges were intact? We couldn't help, as we did not know. I asked if they had seen any soldiers. They directed us to some 52nd Division men who turned out to be from Brigade H.Q. They knew about 12 Platoon being cut off. They showed me a map where Major Storm was - we had passed him within a hundred yards! After returning to Coy H.Q. we were told to bring the troops out of Alpon. When we got back Lt. Symm had a revolver and translating book trying to get information out of a German woman who seemingly had been in the toilet all day when our troops occupied the house. It seems one of soldiers wanted to use the toilet which was locked and put his foot through the door to find the woman sitting on the pan and had been there all day. She was scared - and no wonder with Symm holding a gun at her!

We returned to H.Q. and were told to get our heads down, for in a couple of hours we were going to attack the factory' with no artillery' or tanks in a silent attack.

It must have been two or three in the morning when we left. Going along the railway a house blew up, as this must have been the German troops. In the vicinity of the factory a bullet passed me and the soldier three behind me had his shovel blade split in two behind his head. We all hit the ground and I cut through barbed wire and slithered over the banking and crawled around the factory' fence. I didn't notice at that time I was crawling through where the

German soldiers had been relieving themselves. The front of my battledress was covered in excrement, which I had no chance to clean so I had to stay in this stinking state for the rest of the day. I eventually found a gate open into the factory yard, which was full of machinery and some storage tanks. I ran in followed by my Bren gunners who immediately started firing, 'wounding a German soldier. They called on me to shoot the German but I said 'No'. We were unable to get into the factory building due to the heavy fire and we were forced to take cover taking casualties all the time.

I was standing beside a large oil or water tank when bullets passed through it. I dropped and lay still. Another soldier joined me when two grenades landed about ten feet away. The wooden handled one exploded bursting his eardrum. The Bakelite one didn't go off. It was decided we all got out, of the factory as the German mortars were coming down like hailstones. We grouped together amongst the bushes 'wondering what to do when a smoke screen came down and a German soldier wandered out with a schmieiser only about thirty feet away. I didn't speak but pointed to one of my men who shot him. He was screaming and a young lad of eighteen named Rfn. (name withheld) put five bullets in him before I got him stopped. We had lost contact with the Platoon by this time. I think they were all seeking what little shelter there was in the yard. I ran to an empty trench followed by Rfn (name withheld). We were lucky to reach the trench as we were heavily fired on. We tried to make contact by shouting but to no avail. I also tried putting up my Sten with my helmet, but it was also fired at. Rfn. (name withheld) was concerned as to how long we could stay in the trench I said that it was safer here until it was dark.

By this time he was crying, his nerves were shattered, then he fell asleep. I decided to clean my Sten, and it was (lying in bits on my knee when a shadow crossed the trench and I looked up to see a German was about to shoot me. I shouted 'You f***** b*****!'. He dropped his rifle and put his hands up and took his helmet off.

Rfn. (Name withheld) woke up asked what was wrong, and I told him there was a German standing above him. He wanted to shoot the soldier, but I said 'No, if we are taken prisoner we will be shot.' I shouted to him head back in the way we had come to where I thought the rest of the Company might be. I didn't know at this time B Coy had had to withdraw two hundred yards because no one knew 'what was happening. We waited until dusk. Then we heard voices and machine gun bullets going over the trench. It was a relief as it was the 7th

Cameronians who came to our rescue. We didn't know where to go, and headed back the way we had come. We saw a soldier alone in the dark. We challenged him his reply 'R.S.F.'. He told us there were a few Cameronians in Alpon railway station. I reported to Major Storm who in one of the houses near the station and told him what had happened. He was ordering a citation for decorations Sgts. Robertson and Kilpatrick. We were told that food was coming but I couldn't wait. The survivors went down to the cellar and ate cherries that were in a jar. There was only about a third still standing from the two Platoons that had attacked the factory. (Name withheld) was wounded later at the Fokke Wolf factory in the attack on the city of Bremen. I was very annoyed about the state of my battledress was Canadian and of much better quality than British issue and was the envy of the rest of the Platoon... ..'

At the conclusion of hostilities Willie Miller remained with the 6th until, in 1946, the Battalion was being reduced to Cadre status pending its return to the UK peacetime territorial status. Despite his eligibility for early release, he stayed on for some months, ending his Army service at the end of that year. Now aged eighty-six, Willie Miller stays at 30, Keppernburn Avenue, Fairlie. He still enjoys his garden, and an occasional shoot. Married for sixty years, his wife; a former member of the ATS. died in 2005. He has four children, and five grandsons and two great grandchildren. He is fortunate to have members of his family living nearby. Willie would be pleased to hear from any fellow former Cameronians, particularly three London ex-Cameronians: Coughlin, Tanner and Mumford. Willie Miller is a veteran of the highly successful crossing of the Sloe Estuary. at Walcheren. Holland; in November 1944. As one of the few survivors still able to do so, he attended the wreath-laying ceremony at Hamilton Museum in November 2006 held to commemorate the anniversary of the action.

C.S.P.

Traditions And Memories

In Galashiels the other day my heart leapt as I beheld coming towards me a young soldier wearing a Tarn O'Shanter with a black hackle. As he drew nearer I realised that the wearer was a major and not all that young. Nowadays brigadiers look youthful to me; I must be getting old! I asked him about the black hackle; he explained that it was in recognition of the KOSB's close connection with the Cameronians. After all,

it was a few days' difference in the raising of the two regiments in 1689 which ensured that the 25th of Foot would survive the 26th by nearly forty years. Now his regiment has gone too. Sad!

Back in 1977 I was asked to put together a team of five competent Russian interpreters to act as conducting officers for the first high level Soviet military delegation to the UK. It was in fact a visit of the Frunze Military Academy, the senior Soviet staff college, to our own Staff College at Camberley. I wrote a full account of the visit for the *Covenanter* at the time. Many features of a memorable few days still linger with me. I have never experienced so much VIP treatment, visited so many august establishments or met so many important people in such a short span of time.

One particular memory haunted me during the long debate which led to the recent merger of the surviving Scottish regiments. It made me appreciate afresh how wise was the Cameronians' painful decision to 'march out into history' rather than to merge with the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Invariably one side dominates in such mergers, however honest and open the initial intentions may appear to have been. We saw something of it at Lanark when the newly merged RSF and HLI joined our Depot, and I was organist for the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (Scots Greys merged with Carabiniers) in the early seventies and instructed many of their NCO's at our education centre.

Among other places to which we took the Soviet delegation were the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, to see the changing of the guard, and the Royal Mews, to see the facilities of the Household Cavalry. The choice was hardly surprising, in view of the fact that our sponsoring officers were Major Generals John Stanier, later Chief of the Defence Staff, a cavalryman, and Michael Gow, Director of Army Training, a Guardsman! Every evening of the visit the Frunze commandant gave a private briefing to his generals and colonels, whilst we five 'tour guides', got together to decide who was to be the lead interpreter for each of the following day's events and to share interesting facts which we had gleaned. Our colonel observed that the visits to the Palace and the Royal Mews were likely to elicit from the Russians a fair degree of sarcasm and criticism because of their traditionalism and ceremonial.

Instead, however, as we emerged from

Hyde Park Barracks, Lieutenant General Reznichenko turned to GOC Household Division and told him most earnestly that we had something very precious in all these traditions and that we should endeavour to never to lose them. Sadly, nobody from the Treasury was there to hear him. Several years later when the by now General Sir Michael Gow was C-in-C BAOR, I used to prepare for him a brief digest of interesting features in Krasnaya Zvezda (Red Star), the military daily newspaper. Frequently regimental and divisional anecdotes referred back to a 'rich tradition'. When one considers that the very furthest any Soviet unit could go back was the 1917 Revolution, and many dated only from the sieges of Moscow, Leningrad and Stalingrad, one was impressed by how great a value they put on any victory or heroic experience. How much longer are the unbroken histories of British regiments, and how lightly esteemed these are in the corridors of power. Of course we need progress, and we cannot cling onto every trivial memory; but too much is in danger of becoming lost, and with it the lessons once learned.

Sir Michael was a great believer in open dialogue with one's opposite number. It is ironic that he should have been C-in-C following the Christmas 1979 Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. Our national protest against this intervention included social cold-shouldering of Soviet forces in Eastern German and of their liaison missions, as I know from personal experience. This was a political decision, not a military one. So Sir Michael never met his opposite number in the East and I never had the honour of being his interpreter. At the risk of saying something desperately politically incorrect, one cannot in retrospect help but have a crumb of sympathy for those Russians who found the going tough in Afghanistan, even with their vastly greater troop numbers and better lines of communication than the British and other NATO forces currently deployed there.

Back in the late 'fifties, when I was a young recruiting sergeant in Hamilton, I quickly learned the strength of regimental ties and traditions. My job was to encourage as many potential recruits as possible to join the Regiment; and in this I had a fair degree of success. Yet if I am completely truthful, I have to admit that half of those who joined us wanted to be Cameronians in the first place, because of brothers, fathers or uncles who had served there. Others would

enter the office having already made their mind up about the Black Watch, Argylls or some other Highland lot! It was well nigh impossible to dissuade such fellows without being unscrupulously dishonest, which was not an option. I am glad I am not a Scottish regimental recruiter today. I fear too much has been lost which would appeal to the finer senses of would be soldiers.

Now I left the Regiment in 1961 for my first long language course and never rejoined it. I turned up at the disbandment ceremony in Douglas in the uniform of an RAEC lieutenant in charge of a few Cameronian young soldiers from the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment at Troon. In theory all this regimental nostalgia should leave me cold. But it doesn't; and anyway, it is much more precious than mere nostalgia.

When I was invited recently to speak at a service in an Old Folks' Home in Duns and saw Mr Archie Wright, sitting there wearing his Cameronian tie, I made a bee-line for him, and after the service heard quite a lot of his fascinating history. His father had also been a Cameronian - the only one of six Wrights in the 6th Battalion to survive one of the first and worst enemy machine gun concentrations at the battle of Festubert in May 1915-the Aubers battle honour, I believe.

The late Lt Colonel Alan Campbell and I kept bumping into each other professionally and had a special bond, perhaps based upon a shared sense of humour, which came out when he was my 21C at Troon.. My wife and I visited him a few years ago in Cambridgeshire, shortly after the death of his wife. His two medals were mounted on a little stand on a sideboard; only two General Service medals, but what a lot of campaign bars! There was barely room for his Malayan Mentioned in Dispatches oak leaf. This was another of those Treasury economies. In any other army each bar would have merited a separate medal. They seem to have got the message at last.

One frequently sees comparatively young soldiers being interviewed on television, sporting three or even four medals. When I was with the Soviet Mission in Germany Lt Col Jim Orr was deputy chief of our own mission in the East, I suppose we also had our own tacit understanding about professional matters of common interest. I at least was glad to know that that particular ex-Cameronian and fellow regimental athletics team member was at the other end of the 'corridor'. He deserved that OBE.

Until we moved home recently, we occasionally saw Rev Donald EN and Monica Cameron, who lived twenty miles further up the A1 road. Retired or not, they still do an invaluable Christian work amongst Edinburgh University students.

I have kept in touch with some of my National Service recruits, whose training corporal I had been, who live near me in the Borders - not traditional Cameronian country. Bill Miller is a semi-retired fruit and vegetable wholesaler in Jedburgh, Elliot Barrie is a sheep fanner in Yarrow valley, but also easing into retirement. He and I represented the Regiment in the East African Caledonian Games in Nairobi in 1957.

Roy Proudfoot, based in Moffat, has just retired from sales and marketing. Anybody who manages to secure as cushy a job as Padre's batman must be a bit of an entrepreneur. Andy Heggie left the Army to go to the Colonial department of Hendon Police College. He is now a refugee from the Borders, living in Queensland, but very much alive and well, judging by his recent letter.

As for me, I have recently completed a PhD in Theology and published a fairly weighty book on a subject which I believe to be hugely important. It is "Apocalypse Facts and Fantasies - Truths Tested and Errors Exposed by God's Gracious Guarantees to Israel" (Two edged Sword Publications), and have started on a second book intended to be more within the average reader's pocket. I have had many articles published in Christian journals.

However I recall that my first words in print were in the Covenanter. I had, as Dog Company clerk (remember Dog came before Delta?), typed out Covenanter notes in Barnard Castle. Later, as PR1 corporal in Buxtehude, I was entrusted by the late Major Douglas Clarke not only to re-type the entire First Battalion notes, but to edit and where necessary correct them, much to the annoyance of one future eminent colonel, whose splendid but lengthy skiing notes I had dared to foreshorten. Now I can sympathise with him, having recently had a letter to the Editor of the Scotsman so doctored that it elicited irate responses which the original version would not have prompted.

Reluctant to sever my long connection with our regimental journal, whose day must surely now be numbered, I would like to finish these ramblings on one light hearted demi-official religious note and one more

serious note. First I quote from my own "Lamentations of Alpha", as published in the Covenanter of circa May 1958. With the end of National Service then in view, the Army Council, with incentives rather than motivation in mind, had just offered massive pay increases and bounties to National Servicemen who were prepared to sign on, Regimental traditions have more to do with motivation. 'Bigbil' was the then Captain Alan Campbell, our OC. I have no idea where that nickname originated. 'Or' (Jim Orr) I have already referred to. Sadly Sergeant Major Johnny Hannah MM died a good number of years ago.

And there was great rejoicing amongst the elders of the Sons of Alpha, for a messenger, Dalitelegraff, did appear before Or, and did say unto him:

"Call the people together and prophesy unto them." Thus saith Selwyn Lloyd:

'Hear ye, oh Sons of Alpha, and be it known unto you that tidings of your labours and your longsuffering have reached the ears of the Council. And it shall shortly come to pass that great riches shall be unto you, even to as many as shall write their names on the dotted line. And ye shall receive gold and silver and marriage allowance which shall be unto you for incentives. But woe unto him that writeth not his name thereon, for he shall suffer loss. And from him shall be taken Insurance, and it shall be a burden unto him greater even than tax.'

But they that were called Nashees hearkened not unto the words of the prophecy, for the god Demob had blinded their eyes and darkened their understanding, for they were a stubborn people. And they did come before Bigbil and Or and Hannah-Em-Em, and did say unto them,

"Sirs, be it known unto you, that though ye shall heap upon us great riches, and shall array us in fine raiment with many stripes, and shall give us Conditions, yet will we not write our names on the dotted line."

And Bigbil answered and said unto them:

"Oh ye foolish ones; it shall be unto you even as ye have desired. And ye shall return unto the land whence ye came, even Civvy Street, where the snow lieth deep, and the tempest rageth over the face of the earth, and the rain ceaseth not. But unto him that is wise shall be great blessing, and he shall be taken unto the south, unto a

land which floweth with beer and suppers, and he shall rejoice in his service, knowing that at the end cometh Peshun."

A few weeks later we left Sharjah on the jolly troopship 'Dunera' for Kenya. The rest is history.

The driver-courier's commentary on a recent coach tour of the West Highlands reminded me of extend to which the Stewart dynasty's history has been romanticised by tunnel-visioned historians. But our Covenanter forebears and their survivors from whom the Regiment was formed were victims of a Stewart regime. Whatever our personal persuasion, we may learn much from their example. Covenanters Richard Cameron, Donald Cargill, Alexander Peden and many others, who fearlessly went to the gallows or gibbet, did so because their consciences compelled them to take a stand against laws imposed from another country. Today Protestants and Catholics alike are challenged by the overturning of good, wholesome laws which, though not perfect, have served us well, and by the introduction from abroad of new laws which may offend our faith and our consciences and defy the old commandments.

"Sometimes we too must take a stand, inspired by those who went before us."

Addendum.

Since submitting my article I have been in touch with Mrs Doris Strachan. Doris is the widow of the late Rev. Jim Strachan who was chaplain to the first Battalion in Trieste in 1948/9 and returned as Padre at the beginning of our tour at Buxtehude in 1955. He remained with throughout Buxtehude, Redford Barracks and Kenya-plus-Persian Gulf Tours thereafter he was posted to the K.O.S.B in Berlin. I recall that he said that he had one of the worlds largest parishes, with members scattered throughout Nairobi, the Rift Valley, Bahrain, the Trucial States and briefly Oman, not to mention any soldier under sentence of more than 56 days in the Cyprus detention centre!

When Jim retired from the Army he became minister at Colmonell in Ayrshire and later at Hobkirk in Roxburghshire. He loved the borders countryside and when he left the ministry, settled with Doris near Hume in Berwickshire. Sadly Jim died in 1960: Doris recently moved to nearby Kelso.

Some readers will remember the four

children, Rhoda, Vivienne, Francis and Jamie. Francis and Jamie were with them in Bahrain and Nairobi, the two older girls being at boarding school. All are evidently well, because Doris now has 10 grandchildren.

Doris was pleased the other day to receive a visit from ex national serviceman Roy Proudfoot and Sam Shaw, Jim's batman and driver and occasional babysitters, both of whom have a great respect for him. Doris regarded the visit as a tribute to Jim. Roys trip from Moffat to Glasgow to pick up Sam and thence to Kelso with a return trip involving dropping in on me, amounted to 318 miles. Doris says that of all the regiments with whom Jim served The Cameronian were by far his favourites

Donald CB Cameron

A Cameronian in the R.A.P.C.

The Intelligence Corps Centre WC) - near Uckfield.

In July 1955, having passed my course, I was feeling a little overwhelmed by the direct promotion from bandsman to sergeant and yet delighted that I had received six months retrospective promotion as a reward for my success. I had to be mindful that I was being



posted as a specialist and so far as the unit were concerned I would be the Pay Corps at the ICC. The name Maresfield Park Camp did suggest to me I was about to see grandeur. However, I was soon disappointed, for the unit was a scattered collection of wartime brick huts without a staircase in sight. Stoves

had to be lit and coke fires maintained in this cold winter camp.

The Intelligence Corps, detached from the Corps of Military Police in 1940, was still a nonregular corps, meaning officers, often on short service commissions, were transferred in and combined with those regularly commission from the sergeants' mess. This fact alongside the educated National Service recruits of A level and degree standard gave the ICC an egalitarian, learned atmosphere and sense of fan. Seeing a recruit having difficulty in lighting a fire, my words led to the response: "Sergeant, fire lighting was not part of the curriculum of my university." Even the corps cap badge of a rose beneath a crown, with a base and supports of greenery was treated with humour and called a pansy resting on its laurels. The sergeants' mess did not have an elbow, boozy atmosphere and was so little used outside mess nights that the commandant thought it necessary to remind us that our social life together was essential to the esprit de corps of army life. Move it - If you can't move it paint it - If it moves salute it.

During my second day at ICC the RSM (Irish Guards attached) rang to say, in his rasping Northern Irish accent, that Capt Stevens, the adjutant was displeased because I had not saluted him. It could have happened because, being new, I had first to find my office and then ask someone to show me the layout of the camp. I learnt later that Capt Stevens was an ex- Cameronian officer who had served with the battalion in Gibraltar in 1947. He was a great admirer of the cockney QM, 'Luggy' Bunce. Noblesse Oblige.

I look upon my time at the ICC as a period of funny incidents. The first began when a squat, auburn haired man, wearing the badges of the Oxford OTC, asked me to explain the pay system to him. He had prepared well for this National Service by adding to his school's CCF by doing all his basic and corps training and passing WOSB during his vacations. I found him friendly, sociable with the assurance of an aristocrat who knew he had it and did not need to impress anybody. I disliked, and told him so, his excessive sense of paternalism and the desire for leadership. I told him if he ever went over the top I would not want to be with him.

As an aristocrat, he quickly became known as the Honourable Ted. He stood out because of hedgehog shaped hair, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a squint and by his extrovert and eccentric nature.

After a week he went to Baton Hall OTS. After a few months Ted, under his brand new service cap and newly placed pip, came to take pay parade. A recruit described him, in his blues, as looking like an oriental bus conductor.

One early afternoon, looking down the slight hill running through the camp, I could see that the recruits were about have a bit of fan with Ted as he began to climb the hill. In an ordered fashion, they were gradually leaving their huts in a continuous line to ensure that Ted saluted them with the motion of a bread slicer, which he did without any comment. My final memory of Ted was doing a solo jive in the sergeants' mess while his fellow officers either showed pleasure or disapproval.

A Soviet Surprise.

One of the Russian linguists was sent to do fatigues at the museum and quickly estimated that one of the displayed Russian officer's uniforms would fit him. Knowing that the ICC had often NATO officers on courses, he knew another strange uniform would probably be accepted. He decided to wear the uniform when the officers and sergeants were at lunch.

Having received a few salutes on the way to the cookhouse, he presented himself to the orderly officer and sergeant by saying in an accented voice: "I am a member of the Russian Military Attache's staff and would like you to show me some of your training." His effectiveness was met with a stunned silence and an immediate burst of laughter from him.

The joke was so much appreciated that he appeared in Russian uniform again to help us serve the cookhouse dinner at Christmas.

Speaking Polish was not enough.

G, a former member of the Military Provost Staff Corps, had been transferred to the Int. Corps as a Polish linguist. His Polish wife had taught him the language for many years. He had become a problem because he had failed all the courses that would have made him a useful member of the Int. Corps. His unsuitability for intelligence work can be best illustrated by his failure to respond to the following remark: "*I have a friend who speaks the Kiwi dialect of Polish: he is always brushing it up.*" As an interim measure, G

returned to familiar work by becoming the provost sergeant.

Going Lightly

The recruits retained their original units and ranks, trooper etc, until they had passed the Field Security Course. At mid point they were granted a forty-eight hour pass. As a joke on one occasion, someone booked out a fictitious Gunner Golightly. As expected, G did not see anything unusual about Golightly and set in motion the usual Abseight telegram to Records and asked some dim witted clerk to send it. The RA Record Office asked the ICC to check and everybody recognised that that a hoaxer had been at work.

HQ-1(Br)Corps in Bielefeld.

This large HQ of senior ranks had a sergeants' mess of 120, with staff cars to salute, an opportunity to know personnel of every corps in the army and to see colonels and brigadiers along every corridor: the sight of a private soldier was a rarity. 'When everybody is somebody nobody is anybody.' A short tram ride placed us within a medium sized city to satisfy every interest. First recorded in 1016, Bielefeld received a charter one year before the Magna Carta in 1214: became a Hansa town and then became Prussian in 1647. Like parts of Ulster, it made its name growing flax and making linen.

A Veil of Vapour

The humour of my RAPC service continued after I reached Bielefeld. On arrival I told the interpreter, Neville Davies of the tot. Corps, that I wanted to learn German. Neville, bilingual and educated in pre-war Germany, was well connected in the community. He kindly offered to take me to a club to meet the locals. As I set off one evening, the other sergeants, with mischievous grins, told me that I would enjoy the evening. In the dressing room, Neville declared that this was a naturist club and we would have to proceed naked beyond the door.

Hearing my gasp, he said: "They won't mind and why should you." We entered a room of whirling vapour, a damp floor and dripping tiles of a Turkish Bath. Mentally I was wearing L-plates or for those who have been stationed in Germany the Fahrschule sign. Neville, still holding his pipe, gradually introduced me to naked adults of both sexes with their children. I remember the handshakes and all the bodily movements. A couple invited Neville and me to lunch

the next Sunday: I was relieved that it was not served in the nude.

Later in the evening, I found myself sitting with a very pretty girl and her parents. Renata offered to show me Bielefeld the next Saturday afternoon with an invitation to have dinner with her family. Meeting Renata with her clothes on at the Ratskeller gave me a feeling of a topsy-turvy world. With hindsight, although I would not be able to sell it as a Covenanters excursion, I now believe that the naturist experience can defuse smut and allow children to feel relaxed about their bodies.

Vinegar can mean less.

In my desire to learn German, I succeeded in being given permission to live with a German family (they just charged me my ration allowance.) Their three grown up children got me quickly absorbed in their circle of friends and soon had a regular Gasthaus. One evening three RASC drivers came in for a meal. After their plates had been placed on the table I heard one of them asked for vinegar. In German W is sounded as V so vinegar can sound like weniger, meaning less. As I saw the waitress about to remove the full plates, I knew what was in her mind. I walked over and explained the misunderstanding to the waitress and told her the drivers wanted Essig (vinegar) and not weniger. The drivers had a good laugh and as I walked away, I heard one of them say: "He's a decent Jerry."

Not awa to bide awa

Among general duty men at I(Br) Corps was Gunner Sharples, a very cheerful lad, who had a lovely teenage girlfriend called Anita. He had spoke German well enough without studying it. I often saw them together and often passed a few words. One evening Sharples told me that he was taking Anita home to meet his parents. A week later the RSM rang to ask me if I knew anything about Gunner Sharples. I was told immediately to report to the commandant's office where I found a German policeman. As the story unfolded I learnt that Anita, still at school, was studying for her Abitur on her way to university. She was in conflict with her parents over her romance and she knew they would not have given their permission for her to go England with Sharples. A telephone call to England confirmed all was well. Three weeks passed before Sharples returned very late from leave. Escorted from the guardroom, he handed me his marriage certificate to claim his marriage allowance.

Seeing The County of Dumfries on the certificate, it lessened my surprise when he told me that, after being in residence the required time, he had married Anita at Gretna Green. It caused so much delight that presents began to arrive at the guardroom. Anita's parents were both upset and angry. The meetings of military and German lawyers told us the parents were questioning the validity of the ceremony. Of course, they had no knowledge of the difference in English and Scottish law in respect of age of marriage without parental consent. They heard that runaway couples chose Gretna Green because it was the nearest border crossing within Scottish law. In the end, they had to accept that Anita would have to remain Frau Sharples. I hope that our Bielefeld Romeo and Juliet are happy in their retirement.

Auf Wiedersehen

Although I saw both army and Bielefeld friends again, I did not return to this Westphalian city until June 2002 when I was staying overnight there with one of my regular tour groups before we travelled to Berlin. This group were the ex-soldiers and their families of the 2ndWW US 102nd Infantry Division (Ozarks) whose tours (after they have visited their battlefields) I have helped to arrange and taken for now twenty-five years. With some of my group I walked from our hotel opposite the Bahnhof to the centre. I told them just as the tram stopped near us I could still hear the Schaffher saying Jahnplatz. I thought of Renata as I looked at Ratskeller, the theatre reminded me of the time when I saw the White Horse Inn, and just around the corner was the building where the Anglo-German die Brücke met for its calendar of social events between mainly local Germans and service personnel. I recalled going to hear the superb Christmas concert given by the Bielefelder Kinderchor at the Oetker-Halle with Olga, the daughter of the family where I was living. She had been a member of the choir. The concert was largely for former choir members and when they sang with the children one was covered with a blanket of the most beautiful music.

The Europa Cafe was still on the Jahnplatz where I remembered the Germans lighting paper napkins, allowing them to drift into the air while saying that this was to remind us that Rudolf Hess had flown to Scotland in June 1941. I learnt that German evenings out were wine, women and song (and dancing)

with drink becoming the servant and not the master. During my time in Bielefeld I believed I experienced the full benefit of living in Germany.
Bill Coughlan.

Is there life after Kneller Hall?

On the 6th September 2006 three former pupils, John Curtis, Jim Furner and Bill Coughlan met in Chelmsford



to compare their lives as boys and bandmen during their different periods of service between 1946 and 1961.

To enlist in bands in those days one had just to be able to breathe and walk: bandmasters hoped that within the boys' room there would be some musical ability. Although among the boys there were passengers who observed unauthorised silences, there were some very fine musicians waiting to be discovered in this lottery like recruitment.

We served at a time when many of our fellow boys were from orphanages, from poor, deprived backgrounds or courts saying to young offenders "will it be Borstal or an army band"? Few of us spoke about our past.

Most of us were irregular regulars, for our reasons for enlisting was often Hobson's Choice. Often our actual, or near illiteracy, soon placed us in the unique position of becoming good readers of music before we became basic readers of print.

Apart from our year at Kneller Hall, as line bandmen, we spent the greater part of our service with our regiments overseas. We had the common experience of being in Germany. John and Bill served in Trieste and Hong Kong. John also had postings in Austria and Korea: Bill in Gibraltar and Malaya while Jim, without an army number, was sent almost immediately after enlistment to join his band in Libya. They achieved far more from this varied foreign experience than just noticing the characteristic smells

of each place. The continuous pleasure of seeing new places gave a sense of comparison and the validity to Kipling's words: 'And what should they know of England who only England know?'

John Curtis - Northampton - The Northamptonshire Regiment.

John faced with the uncertainty of whether to leave or return to KH with his brass bass as a student bandmaster, decided to sit and passed the competitive examination to enter the Civil Service at executive level. Along the road to eventual promotion to Senior Principal, John successfully gained an M.Phil in Education from Sussex University. Although he still feels a little regret that he did not become a BM, he has to balance this feeling with the satisfaction of advising Cabinet ministers and working at the EU in Brussels.

John left his band but did not leave music, for he became the choirmaster of his local church. Nowadays he is often seen at KH as one of the organisers of the International Military Music Society. Not as keen a listener of music as Jim and Bill, he is very interested in the historical and organisational aspects of army bands.

A Chance Meeting.

Jim and Bill, both clarinettists, met while training to be teachers and reading for their degrees at London University. Combining the value of travel with education opportunities provided by the army, they had progressed through the three army certificates of education, allowing them to proceed further to qualify for higher education with music as one of their subjects. In the annual university music festival, Jim won the solo section with his performance of the Hindemith Sonata and then helped us to win the chamber music award. Our college paper acknowledged our success by using Bill's initials in the headline: 'WC Tops Chamber.

Jim Furner Chawton, Hants - The 14/20th King's Hussars.

Jim used the longevity of his cavalry band in Germany to learn German. A combination of formal study and the right social connections made it possible for him to gain a BA (Hons) in German. Alongside his busy time as a teacher, Jim has had many other interests, including coins, archaeology and Egyptology. Jim not only played in an early music group but also extended his interest

by making and selling gershoms, shawns, crumhorns and other instruments to eager players at home and abroad: he often goes to Germany to hear ensembles playing his instruments. Jim does not see animals just as meat and milk but is also concerned whether their horns would make playable musical instruments. Like Bill, he regularly goes to the opera, concerts and to the theatre.

Bill Coughlan - Isle of Does, London E14. - The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Bill valued the variety of music he played in the band, for he gradually noticed the many differences. He discovered that compositions were often linked to folk music, literature, history, geography and the activities of men and women. He soon learned that all subjects were linked together and while studying he recognised this fact. Bill's desire to find answers to what he had seen in Europe and the colonies led him to reading History at university, taking the British Imperial period as his optional and special subjects. Later he widened his knowledge by gaining a MA in Imperial and Commonwealth Studies. In his school holidays, in order to augment the genteel poverty of teaching, he used his studies 7 languages and my travel experience as a basis to work as a guide in Europe, Britain and Ireland. He was chosen to take American university students on study tours, 2ndWW G.I.s back to their battlefields and was assigned to tours with a musical content.

The Music we Played.

John, Jim and Bill did enjoy playing good music either just for practice or alongside the popular items played to their audiences. Trying to play the Polovtsian Dances, Scheherazade and many other difficult pieces was a rewarding musical experience. In their day the two Holst Suites and the Vaughan Williams English Folk Song Suite were only three original compositions for military band. Do bands play The Grasshoppers Dance, the Dance of the Ostracised Imp or In a Persian Market anymore? Are the D.J. Duthoit arrangements collecting justified dust in the band libraries? The need to provide dance bands, jazz quartets and chamber music ensembles gave them an overall knowledge of music and a genuine chance to choose what they really liked. Some Cameronian bandsmen could not resist the temptation to write inappropriate words to most beautiful music, which

ensured that it would never sound the same again. Often they had their own names for pieces: e.g. The Maid of the Mountains was called 'The Whore from the Hills. '

Many past bandsmen had ensured they would be remembered by drawing or writing on the permanent extra bags in their music pads. Bill's band had Dicky, the BM, drawn as an absurd cartoon with the words beneath his feet: 'Never in the history of music had so much noise been made by so few to so many.'

We were fortunate, too to have served within the National Service period, allowing bands to use many conscript musicians while at the same time providng the socially useful cross mix of society in the services.

We agree that the help given to us by the NS Ed Corps sergeants and other NS men was the key to passing our examinations.

Present Thoughts.

Bill said he disliked the use of trumpets in military bands because their battlefield sound disturbed the required harmonious sound. He further pointed out that Sousa recommended the use of cornets in bands.

John said that many of the present compositions and arrangements for bands are scored for trumpets.

Although we accepted that band music, like everything else is not static, we wished that bands would play no louder than lovely and keep the blast of pop music at bay.

The present service musicians, remain at school until eighteen, entering with Grades 7 or 8, with diplomas or degrees are different from us. Such people are articulate, have had better choices in life, want good conditions and, like the bandsmen of the past, do not like doing military duties but they cannot escape the fact that their basic training proves they are physically fit to be soldiers first. This is the past affecting the present, for we also disliked doing military duties. One can argue that a soldier does not have to be musician why should a musician have to be a soldier? This dual role has always deterred musicians joining the services.

We understand that, although there are now so few bands, recruitment is a major problem. Jim said the German army uses civilian professional musicians and such a job is one of prestige in Germany. A possible solution to the recruitment problem Bill may have discovered during breakfast conversation with two members of the Italian Air Force Band at a Berlin hotel in 2002. Although there was not time for him to understand

their conditions, it was apparent that they had high status, for they were staying in a 4 star hotel and not enjoying the pleasure of the barracks and the 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 for them 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. Of course, Italy does not have the overseas service commitments of Britain and probably their system might not work here. 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. No doubt, in time, KH will work out a compromise to minimise the military element in bands.

We concluded that our varied service as army bandsman and the educational classes presented to us gave us our opportunities that might have been denied to us had we remained in civilian life.

John Curtis - Jim Furner - Bill Coughlan.

The Scottish Regiments

BACKGROUND

Under the terms of the Defence White Paper of summer 2004 Scotland's six line infantry regiments will re-form as five battalions of the Royal Regiment of Scotland. Although the historic names will be enshrined in the operational battalions, to all intents and purposes the change is as drastic as the reforms of 1881 which brought the current regiments into being. Few senior officers involved in the Future Structure of the Infantry believe that the names, or indeed the number of battalions, will survive much further into the 21st century. At present there are six line infantry regiments. In order of precedence they are:

The Royal Scots

The Royal Highland Fusiliers

The King's Own Scottish Borderers

The Black Watch

The Highlanders

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

In addition to these regiments Scotland also possesses a foot guards regiment and an armoured cavalry regiment. These are:

The Scots Guards

The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards

INTENTION

The proposal is to write a concise history of each regiment based on existing sources but with a good deal of new material which will highlight personalities, not just famous commanders or medal winners but the experiences of the Jock, particularly when they exemplify regimental differences. The following anecdote from the First World War will be typical of the style: "The ferocity of the bombardment was an unnerving experience and later a Highland Division officer remembered hearing a sergeant encouraging his frightened men with the far from optimistic words: *"Great God Almighty, ye canna a' be killed."* But despite the fear and the turmoil, in the midst of the fighting there were moments of black humour. Commanding the 6th Gordons at Arras was the Hon William Fraser, a regular officer with high standards, who asked a battalion runner from the front line where he had come from, only to receive the answer, *"Aberdeen"*. With the battle raging, the conversation became more surreal.

"No, no, where do you come from now?"

"Yonder," replied the runner.

"Well," said the colonel, *"what's happening yonder?"*

"Well, a Boche officer comes up to us and says surrender."

"Well?"

"We told him, to hell with surrender."

"Where's the officer now?"

"Yonder."

"What's he doing yonder?"

"Doing?" said the runner. *"Doing? He's deid."*

Each volume will run to 65,000 words with appendices dealing with regimental music, tartans, colours, battle honours and VC winners.

EXECUTION

Work would begin in September 2005 and would be concluded within a 24 month timescale. Before writing anything I would approach the regimental colonels to appraise them of the project and to ask for co-operation from their RHQs for illustrations and other source material. It is also likely that they would publicise the books through the regimental associations. Production I leave to you. The books might not be written sequentially as each regiment has a different history. The Royal Scots, for example, have never suffered amalgamation whereas The Highlanders are a cocktail of

Camerons, Seaforth's and Gordons with other older regiments such as the Ross-shire Buffs lurking in the background.

CODICIL

It might make sense to concentrate solely on the line regiments and to omit The Scots Guards and Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. This would allow separate volumes for Queen's Own Highlanders and The Gordon Highlanders (amalgamated as The Highlanders in 1994) and to include The Cameronians (disbanded in 1968).

Trevor Royle

Alone

*The padre, the bugler, the piper and me Stood high on the hill by the boobab tree,
Waiting and fearing the hearse on its way
Carrying the man we would bury that day.*

*"It's a general who's died," the adjutant said
"There's no one to mourn him now that he's dead,
So it's up to us now and especially you three,
The padre, the bugler, the piper, and me.*

*So the padre, the bugler, the piper and me Stood high on the hill by the boobab tree
And following the hearse on the red desert track
Strode a soldierly figure marching in black,*

*Who could it be out there all alone? A pale ashen face as though carved out of stone
"It's his wife," said the padre, turning to see
The bugler the piper and now sadly, me.*

*And now it was time to honour the man Lying so far from his home and his clan
His widow looked up and under the tree
Saw the padre, the bugler, the piper and me.*

*The sad bugle called, the pipes softly wailed
As over the hills the wild lament sailed
While into the grave the bearers did bend
She had followed the drum to this bitter end*

Nick Carter

Recollections of the 10th (Lanarkshire Battalion of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in World War II

The 10th Battalion was trained to the highest standard for the battles which it would not be called upon to fight.

Embodied in Hamilton in September 1939, under command of Lt Col Moncrieffe-Wright MC, it moved in May 1940 to Hawick, transiting through Braintree to coastal defence and training duties in

Suffolk in July of the same year. Along with the 9th Battalion of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and the 6th Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers it was part of the 45th Infantry Brigade within the 15th (Scottish) Division. In November 1941 it moved through Durham to Newcastle where it assisted coastal defence of the Whitley Bay-North Shields area.

By July 1942 significant transfers of NCO's and Riflemen, and to a lesser extent Officers, were being made to other units.' The ultimate fate of the battalion was determined in December 1942 when a reorganisation of the 15th (Scottish) Division took place, three infantry battalions being replaced by an armoured brigade. The 10th Battalion, as the junior Cameronian Battalion in the Division was moved out, and its role determined as a holding formation. It moved to Barrow-in-Furness in January 1943. In June 1944 its role was further defined as a Reserve Battalion when it became associated with 9 I.T.C. and became part of 144th Infantry Brigade within the 48th Reserve Division. The other battalions in the Brigade were the 10th Battalion The Black Watch and the 2nd Battalion London Scottish. In July 1944 the Battalion moved to Langholm and thereafter was to perform a training and draft finding role until October 1945, when, the War over, it moved to Churchill Barracks in Ayr. Sadly, what had been trained as a fine fighting Battalion was destined never to see action as a unit.

I joined the 10th Cameronians as a Second Lieutenant in March 1941. I enlisted, and was given the King's shilling in September 1939 while at St Andrews University but was not called up until I passed the age of twenty. In July 1940, together with other St Andrews graduates, I reported to the Black Watch regimental barracks in Perth, being sent to an Officer Cadet Training Unit (OCTU) in Pwllheli in Wales at the end of the year. My father,* who was commissioned in the Motor Machine Gun Corps in World War 1 had rejoined the Army in 1940 and was then Adjutant of the amalgamated 11th and 13th Battalions of the Cameronians in Ardrossan. I applied to be commissioned in the same regiment and, although it was wartime, had to give references to be accepted. I served with the 10th Cameronians until February 1943 when I applied to join the Parachute Regiment and was posted to the (Scottish) Battalion of the Parachute Regiment.

I eventually left the Army in 1946 in the

rank of Captain having been wounded in Italy in 1944, taken prisoner, and spending fifteen months of captivity in Prisoner of War camps.

*Colonel Thomas Russell OBE MC was seconded from the Cameronians to the Royal Air Force Regiment and took part in the Normandy landings as officer commanding 1306 Mobile Wing, number 83 group RAF Second Tactical Air Force. He was twice mentioned in dispatches. At the end of the war he was appointed a British Resident in Germany and later a member of the Joint Services Liaison Organisation. Service for 14 post war year in Germany he earned the OBE for his services.

I joined the Battalion when it was in Suffolk, and was posted to A Company stationed at Scots Hall, Minsmere. It was commanded by John Frost, then a Captain, a regular officer of the Cameronians. He was later to join the Parachute Regiment and after gallant actions at Bruneval, Tunisia and Sicily was to earn his place in military history with his legendary defence of the bridge at Arnhem. He took seriously his duty to imbue his subalterns with the fighting qualities which were part of his nature.. He remained slightly aloof, but friendly, regaling us with stories of his recent service in the Iraq Levies. He was then a bachelor and somewhat shy in female company. When the wife of one of his officers brought a young baby to the Mess he knew that he had to take notice of it and make some remark to the mother. This emerged as "**When do they start to eat meat?**"

Our company role was defence of the coast near Minsmere where the marshes behind the beaches had been flooded. We had platoon and Company Headquarters positions which were fortified with whatever materials were available.

A minefield of anti-tank and anti-personnel mines had been laid seaward of the beach ridge and in front of this we were in process of constructing an anti-tank obstacle made of scaffolding poles. The contraption was triangular-shaped in section, with the shorter vertical side, a pole about ten feet high, facing the sea. It was held in place by a clip fastened to a longer scaffolding pole lying on the sand and running inland. This in turn was fastened at the landward end to a long diagonal pole which joined the top of the vertical face. With the use of scaffolding clips this could be extended along the full length of the beach, being strengthened by scaffolding poles running laterally at angles through the structure. To erect and maintain the structure spanners had to be used to

fasten the clips. Riflemen soon found how easy it was to lose a spanner in the sand, and if there were no spanners this disagreeable chore could not continue until a further supply of spanners could be supplied. Air attacks on offshore shipping were not uncommon at this time.

Defence duties, however, were not always static. Exercises took place at divisional, brigade, battalion and company level to test specialist services such as signals, artillery and mortar support, anti-aircraft and anti-tank capacity, dealing with casualties and liaison with other formations such as contiguous units, the Home Guard and civilian services.

While coastal defence was the Battalion's primary role it was engaged in a rigorous training programme to ensure that it was fit for attack as well as defence and that all ranks were brought to peak physical fitness and battlereadiness.

"CROMWELL" was the code-word for invasion and there were written divisional orders for all units. The Standing Orders for War issued by Divisional Headquarters runs to twenty-eight pages. The training section is precise. All ranks were to carry out night exercises twice weekly. Each man had to carry out a twenty mile route march each week and be in an acceptable state of fitness at the end of it.

Cross-country runs had to be held weekly for all ranks under thirty-five years of age with less than fifteen years of service. Those not finishing in the specified time had to run a further two miles in a direction away from barracks. Thirty minutes of Physical Training had to be carried out each day. Training was to be twice as rigorous as that of the enemy. On return to barracks each day ten minutes good, repeat good, drill would be performed before dismissal. Training was so rigorous, that when I joined the Parachute Regiment I did not find the hardening training prior to parachute jumping unduly arduous after my experience in the 10th Cameronians.

Perhaps, even more important than physical training was proficiency with weaponry. Weapon training was a constant regime. Marksmanship was encouraged in all the infantry weaponry of the day, Bren guns, Sten guns, and .303 rifles. Every month saw practice in grenade-throwing, with the bayonet, laying down of smoke with 3 inch and 2 inch mortars as well as by grenade. Lectures and demonstrations were arranged to gain familiarity with enemy weapons and specialist British weapons not used at

platoon level, such as Vickers and Lewis machine-guns, antitanks guns and Bofors anti-aircraft guns. A few were trained in the use of Bangalore torpedoes for breaching wire obstacles, and defusing booby traps. Officers were tested frequently on their tactical use of ground both in attack and defence..

Discipline was firm but charges for breaches were few. In mid-1942 the Battalion had the confident outlook of a well-trained athlete walking towards the start-line.

Apart from unit training within the Battalion, officers and NCOs were sent to Divisional establishments and further afield on specific specialist training courses. These were rigorous. At the Divisional Battle-school live ammunition was routinely used in training. In one exercise we were given a short time to dig in six feet from the edge of a bank which was subsequently attacked by live-firing tanks shooting into the bank. The Battle-school was reputedly cautioned as there were too many casualties on training. In the two years I spent in the Battalion I was sent on courses on 3 inch and 4.2 inch mortars, Infantry Range-finder, Infantry Course at the Divisional Battle-school, , Royal Engineers Course on Explosives and Boobytraps, and Royal Artillery courses on 2-pounder and 6-pounder anti-tank guns. In retrospect I am led to wonder whether the ultimate role of the battalion as a training establishment was known before the final decision was announced and whether officers were being trained as trainers for the remainder of the war. The Parachute Regiment was a more attractive war-time alternative.

Training was taken so seriously that the War Diaries sent monthly to the War Office had to include an Appendix showing training activities for the month down to platoon level. By June 1942 this was twenty eight pages long.

In April 1941 the command structure of the 10th Battalion was as follows:

Commanding Officer Lt Col G Moncrieffe-Wright MC

Second in Command Major Irvine

Adjutant Captain T A Sweet

Officer commanding

A Company Captain J D Frost

Platoon commanders. Lieut G H Brocklehurst

(promoted Captain and 2 i/c in July)

Lieut St C V R Grant

2/Lt T Russell

2/Lt J M Symington

Officer commanding
 B Company Captain J Williams
 C Company Major Carter-Campbell
 D Company Captain R Hume
 HQ Company Major Henderson

Later in the year, in August, battalion strength is quoted as 881 During 1941 and 1942 Exercises continued. : **BRUCE** to test landward defences: **KANGAROO** to test the Home Guard: **SEALAND** to practice tank hunting. A Battalion exercise **TORTOISE** took place after the Battalion had moved to Newcastle and this was followed by **OATMEAL**, **DELUGE**, **TWEED**, **DRYSHOD**, **BLACKADDER**, **LYNE DOCH**, **WEAR**, **BLYTH AND LOWLAND** over a period of eight months in 1942. The move to Dalton-in-Furness on 6th January 1943 was a transport exercise in itself, undertaken in very wintry conditions and involving code words being announced to the convoy commander as the tail of the convoy passed various check points. The code words were all names of drinks, -

GIN, BRANDY etc. The Orders must have been issued by an Irishman as WHISKEY was spelt with an "E"!

While the battalion was in the Newcastle area air attacks on Newcastle docks were followed by a strike of port personnel which led to up to 160 riflemen being detailed for stevedoring duties on a daily basis. In the autumn up to 151 riflemen were assigned to agricultural duties to augment civilian labour Neither assignment was popular. Coincidentally when I was studying Law at Cambridge University after the War prior to assuming administrative and magisterial duties in the Colonial Service the period at Newcastle docks again came into focus. My legal tutor informed us that Churchill was so incensed with the action of the Newcastle stevedores that he directed that legislation be drafted to make striking in wartime a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment. He was dissuaded from this by his legal advisers on the grounds that such action might provoke much wider strike action and prison capacity and staffing were insufficient. The case was used to illustrate that laws should not be made if the means to enforce them were not in place.

In July 1942 Lt Col Moncrieffe-Wright MC was replaced as Commanding Officer by Lt Col E.K.G Sixsmith who was due to be posted to the War Office as GS01 nine months later. In the same month of July the Second in Command of the Battalion was also replaced by Sir C M A Bradford Bt. That

the two most senior officers in the Battalion were replaced in the same month, coupled with the transfer of 275 other ranks to other formations during the year should have alerted us to the announcement, made in December, that the Battalion was to move out of the 15th (Scottish) Division and assume the role of a holding formation. From the beginning of 1943 the War Diaries concentrate less on training duties and become a laconic record of postings to other units. Nevertheless recruits were brought in from ITC's for further recruit training and in April 1943 companies were graded according to their readiness for posting. A Company consisted of fully trained riflemen: B and C Companies were training companies: S Company a Specialist Company. By October 1943 the influx of trainees was at such a level that each rifle company now had six platoons.

The following is a summary of postings in and out of the Battalion for the years 1942 to 1944

IN	1942	1943	1944 (six months)
Officers	3	87	55
Other Ranks	15	1460	826
OUT			
Officers	4	78	40
Other Ranks	275	1174	583

Transfusions to and from other units at this rate severely affected the Battalion as a fighting force. The turnover in 1943 exceeded normal battalion strength.

In World War II many soldiers whose units had not been assigned to the expeditionary force in France in 1939 nor had been posted to the Far Eastern, African nor Italian theatres spent the majority of their service in defence and training roles in the United Kingdom from 1939- 1944 until the invasion of Europe in June 1944. Thus the period in action was relatively short. For a Battalion which had been honed to the highest standard of readiness for action it was a cruel blow to have been denied the opportunity to fight as a unit. The fighting prowess of the officers, NCO's and riflemen it posted to other units remains its legacy.

Gattonside Melrose.

Tom Russell

On leaving the army in 1946 Tom Russell served In the Colonial Administrative Service and Her Majesty's Overseas Civil Service in The Western Pacific from 1948 to 1974. He held posts of District Commissioner,

Financial Secretary and Chief Secretary. He was awarded the OBE in 1963 and the CBE in 1970. From 1974 to 1982 he was Governor of the Cayman Islands being awarded the CMG in 1980. He represented the Cayman Islands in London from 1982 to 2000. He has also been a Council Member of the Royal Commonwealth Ex-Service League since 1982 and published Memoirs entitled 'I Have The Honour To Be', in 2003.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the National Archives at Kew for material obtained from War Diaries WO166 4181, 12505, 150.84, 14350 and 16443

God save the Queen

On one glorious day in 1958 I was, "Senior British Officer Trucial Coast," on the occasion of the Queen's birthday. I was only a Captain and there were others far senior to me around but they were all attached to Levies, Scouts, Police and the like so as I was commanding "B" Company of the Battalion I was the only one actually serving Her Majesty. Hence my lofty title. We were stationed in Sharjah whence to get to the British Adviser's residence in Dubai one had to cross Dubai Creek in a local boat called an "abra" which was nothing more than the hued out trunk of a palm tree.. The instability of this frail craft was compounded by the fact that I had taken precautions to get myself into the right mood for this happy occasion. Came the moment when we hit the bank with a bump and I was propelled over the bows into the Creek, Sam Browne, medals and all, so that the first sight that the assembled dignitaries had of the SBOTC was a Glengarry floating on the water . The Pipe band were there under Bill Boddington (no stranger to events of this nature) but even that did nothing to lighten the pofaced attitude of the British Adviser which resulted in my standing to attention in front of red-tabbed gentry whose line was, "What have you got to say?" Nothing much.

Nick Carter

A Sad Afternoon for the Military Band.

The decoy was a known bandit tactic. Our neighbours the 1/Worcesters were led to disaster by sending a patrol of ten in response to a report that the bandits had burned out a timber lorry. They found the lorry on a logging track. They came under automatic fire from about eighty-five bandits, shouting, screaming and blowing bugles, from both sides of the track. Five of the Worcestershire Regt. survived but the other five, surrounded in an ambush, were

either killed outright or were killed at close quarters with parangs.

The death of the five members, one sergeant and possibly four young National Servicemen, of the Worcestershire Regiment turned out to be a tragic experience for the military band. On the 23rd February 1951, the band was at the British Military Hospital, Kuala Lumpur to play the music for a touring and hospital concert party. In the afternoon, in the interval between the rehearsal and the concert, they were sitting around doing nothing in particular when a medical officer indicated that he would like six of us to help him. I think he assumed that, as bandsmen, we had had medical training, which at that time was not the case.

Much to our horror and surprise we found ourselves in the mortuary. Soon suitably dressed we began to assist in the post-mortem of the five members of the Worcestershire Regiment.

The surgeon told us that being killed in action was not enough: the War Office required a post-mortem. They were acting as porters and lifting and moving the deceased. What struck us was how final death looked on the faces of the soldiers. It occurred to me that death could come quickly and there was little time between life and death. For the surgeon it was an ordinary, regular duty but for us it was a deflated sick feeling because we too had done a variety of duties, which could have landed us in the mortuary. What was most disturbing for us, too, was that the M.O. was not sensitive to our feelings. He began to name and describe the human organs and their functions as if he were Dr. Tulp giving 'The Anatomy Lesson'.

The cuts of the parang convinced us of the reality that there was no Geneva Convention in Malayan Emergency, meaning the communist bandits, if captured, were likely to face the death penalty and this possibility meant that they would kill prisoners and leave none wounded.

Treating the bandits as criminals did not lead to a short campaign, for we were fighting people who believed in an ideal who were prepared to fight for twelve years in Malaya and then attacked periodically from over the border in Thailand. Chin Peng, the communist leader, did not cease hostilities until 1989.

Why was it called an Emergency and not a war? We were on active service, subject to a harsher discipline, awarded a medal and faced all the dangers of warfare.

The documents suggest that London

insurance firms would cover losses through the unlawful acts of an emergency but not a war. The recognition of a war would have transferred the whole cost to Britain.

In May 2004 I visited Worcester Cathedral and, while in the military chapel, I noticed there was a recent plaque to the memory of the members The Worcestershire Regiment who were killed or had died in the Malayan Emergency. I have never seen any other memorial to the Emergency before and this seemed unfair to me, for the campaign lasted twice as long as the 2nd WW. In chapel were two other men and their wives looking at the plaque. One of the men was a former CO of the Worcestershires' and was most interested in what I told him about five of the names. The years that had passed had not made it any easier for me to speak about this sad event.

Bill Coughlan.

Recommended Reading

The Flowers of the Forest - Scotland and the Great War by Trevor Royle - Birlin Press ISBN 1843410303

Written and researched by Trevor Royle, one of Britain's major military historians, this is the first study to show the massive impact of Scotland's role in the defeat of the Kaiser's Germany.

Today we are as far away from the First World War as the Edwardians were from the Battle of Waterloo, but it casts a shadow over Scottish life that was never produced by the wars against Napoleon. The country and its people were changed forever by the events of 1914-1918. Once the workshop of the empire and an important source of manpower for the colonies, after the war, Scotland became something of an industrial and financial backwater. Emigration increased as morale slumped in the face of economic stagnation and decline.

The country had paid a disproportionately high price in casualties, a result of the larger numbers of volunteers and the use of Scottish battalions as shock troops in the fighting on the Western Front and Gallipoli - young men whom the novelist Ian Hay called 'the vanished generation [who] left behind them something which neither time can efface nor posterity belittle.' There was a sudden crisis of national self-confidence, leading one commentator to suggest in 1927 that 'the Scots are a dying race.'

Royle examines related themes such as the overwhelming response to the call for

volunteers and the subsequent high rate of fatalities, the performance of Scottish military formations in 1915 and 1916, the militarisation of the Scottish homeland, the resistance to war in Glasgow and the west of Scotland, the boom in the heavy industries and the strengthening of women's role in society following on from wartime employment.

The Flowers of the Forest - Scotland and the Great War by Trevor Royle - Birlin Press ISBN 1843410303

Available from Birlin Press most bookshops for £25.

Dunkirk: Fight To The Last Man - by Hugh Sebag-Montefiore

This recently published book contains a new angle on how the 1940 British Expeditionary Force came to be evacuated from Dunkirk: it was not just because of the courage of the men on the beaches as they were rescued by the Navy and those celebrated little ships.

According to author Hugh Sebag-Montefiore, the evacuation would never have taken place had it not been for the bravery of the British soldiers who were left behind to hold back the Germans while the evacuation went ahead.

The troops left behind were involved in a series of rearguard actions which were fought to the south of Dunkirk. Battle was joined there on 27 May 1940, the day after the commencement of the evacuation, because the British commander-in-chief Lord Gort had decided there was only one way to save the majority of the British troops in France: the infantry had to shield the corridor up which the British Army was retreating to Dunkirk by holding a string of strongpoints. They were to stand and fight, whatever the cost, even if they had to fight to the last man.

One of the battalion commanders who took this instruction literally was Lt Col Pop Gilmore of the 2nd Cameronians. When he was told his men had retreated beyond the point in the line they were supposed to hold, he immediately marched them back to where they had come from even though by this stage they were being fired on by machine guns. The battalion was all but decimated, and Gilmore was seriously wounded, but not before he and the few men left standing had recovered the lost ground.

It had been a close run victory however, as the following extract from the newly

discovered account by Captain Pat Hendriks, one of the surviving Cameronian officers, testified: "I was trying to discover if anyone was left on my left, when old Pop [Gilmore] appeared supported by three chaps, and hit in a couple of places. He was very heroic, and said: 'Well, I leave you in sole charge. This position is vital to the British Expeditionary Force, and must be held at all costs.' I said I'd do my best - with 20 men!"

One of the reasons so little has been written about the exploits of the men who shielded the corridor to Dunkirk in previous history books is that so many were lost during these battles.

The vivid accounts of the fighting in this book may only scratch the surface of what occurred - the author is still looking for more accounts to fill the gaps - but they mean that never again will the trials and tribulations of those involved be forgotten.

Dunkirk. Fight To The Last Man

Published by Viking/Penguin can be purchased from most bookshops for £25.

Tartan - by Hugh Cheape

The story of tartan is told from the medieval love of display to the Victorian invention of exclusive clan identity. Along the journey, the history of the Highlands and its society is brought vividly to life.

In the latest edition (the third) of this classic and best selling book are 16 new pictures, details on women's Highland habit and revelations following recent dye tests on a kilt allegedly worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie.

A full colour section on individual clans enables the reader to find their own tartan and family history.

Hugh Cheape is Head of the Scottish Material Culture Research Centre at National Museums Scotland.

Available from bookshops or (p&p free in the UK) from the publisher NMS Enterprises Limited - Publishing, National Museums Scotland, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1JF 0131 247 4026 publishing@nms.ac.uk

The Thin Red Line / War, Empire and Visions of Scotland

- by Stuart Allan and Allan Carswell

Inspired by the collections in the National War Museum of Scotland, the authors explore the impact of war on generations of Scots, through union, empire, world war and modern global politics.

Exploring the history and relationship

between Scottish society and the growth and decline of British Imperial military power. Four substantial, illustrated essays explore the influence of war and military service in concepts of Scottish cultural identity, and the affects of changing military and strategic imperatives in Scotland and the Scottish people.

'...Allan and Carswell observe that the Scottish military heritage may have less appeal within contemporary Scotland as memories of the Empire and the Second World War fade. Hopefully this book will remind its readers that these are memories worth recalling and memories that are worthy of further study.'

As reviewed in *Army Historical Research*

'This richly illustrated book of 160 pages is a most succinct yet comprehensive journey through Scotland's glorious military history ... This book and the magnificent Museum in the Castle are recommended as a must for every professional soldier.'

As reviewed in *The Highlander*

'There is much truth in the old saying that Scotland was born fighting ... I recommend the book to anyone who seeks to understand how Scotland came to be the way it is today and especially how the military factor has shaped the national story.'

From the foreword by Professor T M Devine, University of Aberdeen

Available from bookshops or (p/p free in the UK) from the publisher NMS Enterprises Limited - Publishing, National Museums Scotland, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1JF

0131 247 4026 publishing@nms.ac.uk

All these publications are available also from Amazon (see also the Regimental website www.cameronians.org at Links)

Ministry Of Defence Army Personnel Records

HISTORICAL DISCLOSURES

The Ministry of Defence (MOD) keeps the records of former members of our Armed Forces for administrative use after their discharge. The Army Personnel Centre - Historical Disclosures Section has access to Army records dating back to the 1920s. Records of service prior to then, such as World War 1 records, are held at the National Archives (formerly Public Record Office), Kew.

INFORMATION HELD ON FILE

There is not as much detail held on Army

personal files as people think. Army files are paper-based records that follow the career of the individual and, in most cases, make little mention of theatres of operation or action seen. Medals and awards are recorded but citations are never included. Only very rarely does a file contain a soldier's photograph, and photographs are not held in the Archive. Some files contain more information than others and we have no way of knowing what any particular file holds until we have looked at it. Regimental War Diaries, which are held at the National Archives (see 'Helpful Contact Addresses') may be of more use than Army personal files in providing an insight into an individual's war experience.

THE SERVICE PROVIDED

For former Army personnel, their widows or widowers, we can supply copies of service documents or confirmation of particular aspects of service from those records we hold. There is no charge for this service. We can provide the same service for members of the family or other members of the public, subject to consent of the next of kin and the payment of a fee.

OTHER RECORDS

If we do not hold records for the service in which you are interested, there is a list of addresses where you may be able to find help later on in this leaflet.

ARMY RECORDS

Historical Disclosures has access to the records of all Army personnel discharged from regular or reserve service between 1921 and 1997 except Officers and Soldiers of the Foot Guards Regiments. These records are held at the Regimental Headquarters in Wellington Barracks, Birdcage Walk, London, SW 1E 6HQ.

RELEASE OF INFORMATION

Information from files can be released to former Army personnel, and in the case of deceased individuals, the next-of-kin or legal representative. We will also provide information to anyone who has the written consent of the former service person, or if appropriate, their next-of-kin. We take our legal obligations regarding confidentiality very seriously and are careful to protect the personal information we hold. This is why we ask for proof of death and next-of-kin details.

THE DATA PROTECTION ACT

The Data Protection Act of 1998 gave former soldiers and officers a statutory entitlement to access to information about them held by the Ministry of Defence, including personnel records. If you are a former member of the Army and wish to be provided with copies of your service record please apply, enclosing proof of your identity e.g. a copy of your driving licence, passport or a utility bill, and details of your service, to the following address: Disclosures 2 (Data Protection Cell) Mail Point 5 15 Army Personnel Centre Kentigern House 65 Brown Street GLASGOW

N.B. Entitlement to information under the Data Protection Act exists only in respect of the individual concerned.

HOW RECORDS ARE LOCATED

If Historical Disclosures are provided with the service details of the ex-service person then the task can be quite straightforward. However, when these are incomplete or unknown, it can be like looking for a needle in a haystack. Ideally we need the full name, date of birth, Army number, regiment and year of discharge of the individual. We will do our best to help but we do need you to provide as much information as possible. The more clues you are able to provide, the more chance we have of locating the file. Please note, if you do not know either the date of birth or the service number of the subject of your enquiry - a successful search for the file is unlikely, no matter how much other information you are able to provide.

ESTIMATED REPLY TIME TO A LETTER

Urgent welfare enquiries from organisations helping former service men and women are given priority over family interest enquiries. We endeavour to supply you with information as soon as possible, but a wait of 4 months or more would not be unusual.

CHARGES FOR INFORMATION

There is no charge for the service provided by Historical Disclosures to ex-service personnel enquiring about their own service or to widows or widowers asking about their spouse's service.

ALL OTHER ENQUIRERS ARE CHARGED £30.00 WHICH IS NON-REFUNDABLE.

Charges are made because in 1986 it was decided that the cost of answering non-official enquiries was an unfair charge

to the taxpayer. Consequently, the only alternative to turning down such requests is to recover part of the costs of the tracing and researching activities involved in answering them. The cost is open to review annually.

STEPS TO BE TAKEN NOW

Former Army personnel need only write a simple letter specifying their request and provide proof of identity such as a copy of a driving licence or utility bill.

Widows/Widowers enquiring about the service of their deceased spouse must provide:

A letter detailing your request

Proof of death if the service person died after leaving the service

* Confirmation that you are Next-of-Kin

Everyone else must send us:

Consent to disclosure from the person about whom you are enquiring or Power of Attorney if appropriate or if he/she is deceased, the consent of his/her next-of-kin

Proof of death if the service person died after leaving the service

A cheque or postal order for £30.00 made payable to "MOD Accounting Officer"

PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH

Army Contact Addresses

Officers or Soldiers whose service ended before 1921*

The National Archives

Ruskin Avenue

Kew

Richmond

Surrey

TW9 4DU

Telephone 020 8876 3444

www.nationalarchives.gov.uk

enquiry@nationalarchives.gov.uk

*Microfilm copies of World War One Service Records are also held by the Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints (Mormons).

Films can be requested for viewing at their local Family History Centres.

www.familysearch.org

Officers or Soldiers whose service ended between 1921 and 1997

Army Personnel Centre

HQ Secretariat

Historical Disclosures

Mail Point 400

Kentigern House

65 Brown Street

Glasgow

G2 8EX

Officers and Soldiers of the Foot Guards Regiments

Regimental Headquarters

The ***** Guards

Wellington Barracks

Birdcage Walk

London

SW1E 6HQ

***** (Insert as appropriate: Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish or Welsh).

Officers or Soldiers whose regular or reserve service ended after 1997

Army Personnel Centre

HQ Secretariat

Disclosures Section 1

Mail Point 520

Kentigern House

65 Brown Street

Glasgow

G2 8EX

Tel 0845 600 9663

Royal Navy Contact Addresses

Officers aged 60 or under

Naval Secretary (OMOBS)

Room 169,

Victory Building

HM Naval Base

Portsmouth

POL 3LS

Officers born before 1914

Ratings enlisted before 1924

The National Archives

Ruskin Avenue

Kew

Richmond

Surrey

TW9 4DU

Telephone: 020 8876 3444

www.nationalarchives.gov.uk

enquiry@nationalarchives.gov.uk

Ratings enlisted after 1924

NPP Accounts 1, AFPAA

Centurion Building

Grange Road

Gosport

Hampshire

PO13 9XA

Royal Marines Contact Addresses

Officers and Other Ranks enlisted before 1 925

The National Archives
Ruskin Avenue
Kew
Richmond
Surrey
TW9 4DU
Telephone: 020 8876 3444
www.nationalarchives.gov.uk
enquiry@nationalarchives.gov.uk

Officers and Other Ranks enlisted after 1 1925

Historical Records Office Royal Marines
Centurion Building
Grange Road
Gosport
Hampshire
PO1 3 9XA

Royal Air Force Contact Addresses

Officers whose service ended in 1920 or later Airmen whose service ended in 1928 or later

PMA (Sec) IM 1 b
Room 5
Building 248a
RAF Innsworth
Gloucester
GL3 1EZ
Telephone: 01452 7 1261 2

Officers whose service ended in 1920 or earlier and Airmen whose service ended in 1928 or earlier

The National Archives
Ruskin Avenue
Kew
Richmond
Surrey
TW9 4DU
Telephone: 020 8876 3444
www.nationalarchives.gov.uk
enquiry@nationalarchives.gov.uk

OTHER USEFUL CONTACT ADDRESSES

Service Medal Enquiries

MOD Medal Office
Building 250
RAF Innsworth
Gloucester

GL3 1HW
Telephone: 0800 085 3600

Regimental Histories

The Imperial War Museum
Lambeth Road
London
SE1 6HZ
Telephone: 020 74 16 5000
www.iwm.org.uk

Regimental War Diaries and Information on Citations

The National Archives
Ruskin Avenue
Kew
Richmond
Surrey
TW9 4DU
Telephone: 020 8876 3444
www.nationalarchives.gov.uk
enquiry@nationalarchives.gov.uk -

War Graves Enquiries

The Commonwealth War Graves
Commission
2 Marlow Road
Maidenhead
Berkshire
SL6 7DX
Telephone: 0 1628 634221
www.cwgc.org

Indian Army Officer's Records

British Library
Asia, Pacific and Africa Collection
96 Euston Road
London
NW1 2DB
www.bl.org

War Pension Enquiries

Veterans' Agency
Norcross
Blackpool
FY5 3WP
Telephone: 0800 169 2277
www.veteransagency.mod.uk

Identification of Uniforms

National Army Museum
Royal Hospital Road
Chelsea
London
SW3 4HT
Telephone: 0207 730 07 17
www.national-army-museum.ac.uk

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

The following advertisement took me vividly back to 1957 when I was commanding a platoon group of the Cameronians in what was at that time.

SPECIAL OFFER

from
£499

AL AIN OASIS

7 nts incl meals/drinks/excursions

In the Abu Dhabi Emirate, the oasis city of Al Ain, set in the desert against a mountain backdrop, was once a stopping place for trading caravans. Now a modern city, you will still find a fascinating mix of old and new.

Hilton Al Ain: An excellent 1st class hotel with large swimming pool. At extra cost: tennis, squash, golf. Rooms: A/C, fridge, hairdryer, bathroom, balcony. **Included:** Buffet breakfast, lunch, dinner; house beer/wine/tea/coffee, selected spirits and soft drinks. **Included excursions:** Al Ain Oasis: dating back 2000 years, this is a true oasis in the midst of town and desert; Al Ain Fort and Museum; Camel market; hot springs; Jebel Hafeet Mountain with panoramic views.

Departure:	Price:	Departure:	Price:
03, 24 Apr 2006	£699	10 Jul	£599
08 May	£649	24 Jul	£699
22 May	£599	14, 21 Aug	£749
05, 20 Jun	£499	04, 18 Sep	£599

Selected UK domestic flights from £130
We regret children are not accepted on this holiday.
Price includes: Rtn flts from Gatwick. Transfers. 7 nts accom inc meals/drinks/excursions as described. UK Dept tax: £20. Prices per person sharing twin. Not incl: local dept tax. Optional insurance. Booking conditions apply.

ETIHAD ALWAYS
To book, telephone: **01306 871161**
(open daily inc Sat/Sun)

The Travel Collection,
Deerpene House, Dorking, Surrey RH5 4AZ

called Buraimi, then a little oasis in the howling desert, of great strategic importance on the edge of the Rub el Khali. It was a collection of five villages, two of which were called Buraimi belonging to Muscat and three called Al Ain belonging to Abu Dhabi. Oil was being drilled for which drew the Saudis to occupy the oasis but they were

driven out by the Trucial Oman Scouts in the early fifties so we were there to see that although everybody wanted Buraimi they were not going to have it. We lived in a Beau Geste fort there ... A compound of high, strong mud walls, interspersed with watch towers, in which our tents were pitched among various odd mud buildings used for cooking, stores, arms, kites and the like. There was no running water or electricity and only British troops would have lived in those utterly foul conditions without a mutiny. It was the hottest place I have ever been in, with the temperature going up to 120 F plus. The "mess", which I shared with Dudley Heathcote was in the fort, a round three storied tower which nicely caught the searing winds and any sand storm which was passing by. We did have a kerosene driven fridge which occasionally worked. Now and then an RAF Valetta would drop in from Bahrain and once a thirsty pilot drained what he thought was an ex gin bottle of water which was in fact gin. He didn't fly back that day.

Not that any of us had much in the way of luxuries. Company HQ was in Sharjah in the Trucial Oman some 24 hours away by landrover across the trackless sandy desert. A hazardous journey only to be taken in necessity.

Apart from being a deterring presence one of our tasks was to protect Sheikh Zaid, brother of Shakhbut, the Ruler of Abu Dhabi. Zaid had played a major part in overcoming the Saudis, even refusing to accept a £3,000,000 bribe from them so he was a marked man who himself took great care to watch his back. He didn't trust his fellow countrymen much either so slept somewhere different each night which made it difficult for us to keep track of him. He loved hawking and would often be miles out in the desert for days. I would go with him and got to know him well. He wouldn't speak English so I had an interpreter with me who from time to time was called upon to say, "Sheikh make joke," to nudge me into joining in the laughter. We guarded him well and he became Ruler of Abu Dhabi, President of the UAE and for a time was the richest man in the world. (Alas, nothing in it for me). One of the wonders of the place was the "falaj", a water system brought to the

country by the Persians in which from an underground source water is led through tunnels for miles to where it is required. In Buraimi there was a well maintained one and it was delightful to lie in it. covered in cool flowing water while little fishes nibbled at your toes. Compare that with the, "large swimming pool and bathrooms," of the advertisement.

A visit to Jabal Hafit is on the programme. I suppose there is a road there now up which you can go in air conditioned vehicles. We went there at the instigation of a fiery General (whom I had known in the Gurkhas) who felt that a bit of mountain climbing would" do the chaps good". So a group set off, climbing the rocky, burning hill, battling through "camel thorn" when one of their number, a second lieutenant who had only been with us for a day got separated so when they came to muster at the bottom of the hill he wasn't. In that heat with little water he wouldn't last long so a search was set up. The villagers rallied round, the Trucial Oman Scouts sent men, under Tony Gibb, ex Indian Army whom I knew well. This was before the days of helicopters and sophisticated communications so it all took time and therein lay the danger.

We searched for hours, the Bedu keeping in touch with each other with high pitched cries and the plan was one shot in the air, (all the Bedu carried rifles of course) if he were found alive and two if dead. It wasn't long before two shots told us the worst and there lying in the shadow of a rock was the body of John Boyd who had died horribly of thirst. His body was laid out in a little palm tree hut on the airstrip to await a plane to Bahrein where he lies buried to day. 'What a way to go, ' said the sentry guarding him when I went to check during the night. There lying under the brilliant desert stars John had never been so well protected in his life.

Nobody had had a chance to enjoy the "panoramic views." At least we didn't have to pay £700 to be there so we missed what is shown as "included to augment our melting bully beef,elastic goat's meat, liquid tinned butter, flies and an occasional tin of near boiling beer liable to explode, In spite of all this the Jocks' morale was high with no more than the usual soldiers' moans and anyway it was good to be far away from the beady eyes of Sergeant Majors, kit inspections and the like.

Surprising that a newspaper cutting can bring back memories of fifty years ago.

yours, etc
Nick Carter

Sir,

As both a step-son of a Cameronian, HAP- (Tony) Doddwho lives in Western Australia and as a very amateur historian, I have always read with interest "The Covenanter". So it was that, shortly before a trip to South Africa and the Anglo-Zulu War battlefields in August last year, I chanced upon a reference in one of the issues (Covenanter 2004 page 52) to Daniel Sheehan's involvement at Rorke's Drift. This is near the property called Fugitive's Drift, owned by the Rattray family, now made into a fine guest lodge. It is only a few miles from Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift. The Late David Rattray had become an expert historian of that war and has gained insights to the battles by speaking to old Zulus whom he knew when he was a young man, who either participated in the battles or had stories passed down to them. I was able to give a copy of the Sheehan reference to the staff at Fugitive's Drift*, and maybe this elicited the new information to which you refer under "Enquiries" in last year's issue. I cannot recommend a visit too highly. The tours are first rate, and the sites are full of atmosphere. The Welshmens' extraordinary resistance together with the remarkable Col. Durnford,as well as the retrieval of the regimental colours, bring tears to the eyes and could be in the best Cameronian traditions. On another note, a scientist work colleague of mine born in Renfrew, Prof. Bob Borland, was back in Scotland earlier this year and at my suggestion visited the exhibition at Low Parks. I am sending some of the material to Tony Dodd c/o his sister, Jeanne Vickers, as he leaves for the U.K. this Wednesday for 6 weeks, and a trip to Scotland may be in prospect. It may whet his appetite!

Yours etc,

The Hon. David C.L. Baillieu

*Fugitives Drift, P.O. Box Rorke's Drift, Kwazulu, Natal 3016, South Africa
www.fugitives-drift-lodge.com

Sir,

Campaign Medal Malaya

I noticed in the Sunday Telegraph that a new Campaign Medal instituted by the Malayan Government is to be awarded to ex servicemen who took part in the Malayan Emergency in the 1950's. Obviously this will affect many veterans of this campaign

who served there. I would be grateful if you could throw any light on the effect of this proposal.

Yours etc

Captain JHL Christie

Editors Note: *The Pingat Jasa Malaysia Medal is a special medal of service to eligible United Kingdom Service personnel who served from Independence until the end of Confrontation in the security of Malaysia, during the period 31 August 1957 and 12 August 1966 inclusive. Given that the Regiment served in the zone during the period 1950 – 1953 it is unlikely that any Cameronian will qualify – however Cameronians who may have served on the posted strength of a unit or formation and who served in the prescribed operational area of Malaysia or Singapore during the period 1957 - 1966 who think that they may qualify should let me know and an application form will be sent to them.*

Sir,

I would like to thank you for taking time to write and tell of the march "Save our Regiments." I did attend and marched with the Black Watch. This was a proud and sad occasion because this amalgamation will go ahead. This group of misfits and failures we call THE GOVERNMENT have not the least idea how the Regimental System works.

God help Britain because nobody else can

Yours etc

MM Edwards

Sir,

Colin Patrick Munro

A Memorial Plaque to Colin Munro - Born Aberdeen 22 Sep 1905 Died Sydney 27 Apr 1967. Younger son of Finlay and Isabella. Husband of Barbara, Father of Colin & Finlay is to be found in the Garrison Church at Rocks (old part) Sydney Australia.

He served with the London Scottish and The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

Dunkirk 1940, POW Germany 1940 – 1945

Does anybody recognise the name?

Yours etc

Editor the London Scottish Regimental Gazette

Sir,

As at Singapore - August 1951

Down at Singapore for rest and re-training. There were a lot of Cameronians at the big NAAFI one Saturday night, all enjoying their Tiger beer when a group of Green Howard's came in carrying a Cup and chanting "We

won the Cup". Silence fell but looking around you could see belts being removed and being wound around fists. Within minutes bedlam- tables, chairs, bottles and glasses flew. The reason for this they had beaten us 2-1 earlier in the Malaya Cup.

The Military Police eventually arrived and peace was restored. The next day the sergeants went round waking everybody up "Get dressed, Hat and Belt, on Parade".

With everyone on Parade the Commanding Officer, Colonel Henning, accused us of letting the Cameronians down with our disgraceful behaviour.

He ended up by telling us "Only thing in your favour – there are more Green Howards in Hospital than Cameronians"

That brought a great cheer from all those present!!

Yours etc

Rfn Wilson (MMG Platoon – Forward Link Operator, Segamat)

Sir,

Thank you for my 2005 issue of the Covenanter which, as usual I quickly go through just to see old remembered names - Walcheren, Faroes etc. When I read through it at my leisure, Dan will be with me. We are fortunate to have the ferry service to Holland and we often spent our wedding anniversary in Holland seeing the place Dan had visited during his service there.

I have just read the article on Veritable and Blockbuster. I met Ken Clancey when they were stationed in the Crieff area. Dan was 25 and Ken seemed so much younger yet they were good friends. Ken's family gave hospitality to Dan and he was very distressed at his death and asked me to write to them. Dan spoke very little about his Army life and this article has been an eye opener for me. We were married for 56 years and I have always felt very proud of him – his mention in despatches hangs in our hall with the oak leaf attached.

Yours etc

Mrs Effie Watson

Sir,
I enclose some photo's I took when returning from Australia in 2000.
I took the train from Singapore to Segamat at a cost of \$8, had thirteen stops and took 4 hours as it was the mail train. On my return I took the Express train, five stops, 4 hours five minutes and cost \$21. In 1952 it took ten hours for this journey.
Our HQ is now the Police Station, with a dual carriageway not the single track road.



The Railway Station is just the same (don't think it has been painted since) and outside the station is now the Bus Station. The



English speaking school over from our HQ is



still there but some houses have been built around the playing fields.
Yours etc
Ronald Henderson

Sir,
I would be grateful if you could kindly forward details in regard to taking out a subscription to the Covenanter. My interest in the magazine is in respect of my late uncle who had served with the 2nd Battalion and was killed whilst serving in France on the 10th March 1915. His name is commemorated on the Le Touret Memorial in France and the Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh Castle.
Yours etc
David G Sheldrick

Sir,
As members of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Memorial Club in Glasgow we wish to bring to the attention of your readers that out of 27 Regimental Clubs in Glasgow, we are the only one left.
The club was established in 1929 at Lynedoch Place before moving to Holyrood Crescent in 1980. During the recent refurbishment a memorial stone has been erected in the front garden in memory of officers and men who perished in the two Great Wars.



At present our membership stands at 390 and the club is on a sound financial footing. Each year on the nearest Sunday to the 14th May a bus is laid on to take members to

and from Douglas for the memorial service which commemorates the disbandment of our 1st Battalion in 1968. The club provides a subsidy towards the cost of this trip leaving a charge in the order of £10 per person, Those wishing to attend should contact Mr Roy McCartney at 0141 427 4668 by 15 March. Visitors would be made very welcome.

Yours etc

J Bain – Chairman

Sir,

Thank you once again for the Covenanter. I was reminded again of old times with the photo old Pipe Major Jock Wilson and the Pipe Band in Syria. I was with the 90th, came out in 1947. My father also served in the 90th from 1908 until 1921 when he retired as RSM. During his service he received the Italian Medal of Valour.

Yours etc

CEJ Bryant

Sir,

Just a short note to confirm our conversation of 4 May when I contacted you concerning my previous contact in February 2002.

Thank you for including my letter in the Covenanter. Sadly there was no response to my enquiry but this is not surprising as the men involved were probably under canvas and any senior officer may not have been in our company that evening. There was a small correction I should have given to you and that is the fact that Major General DAH Grahame was the host and not a guest.

Since that time I have visited the site of the huts in the woods at Hursley Park in Hampshire where the event took place. I was able to pinpoint the exact location but of course the trees and bushes have grown extensively. The telephone cables are still in place and this was a help to find the corner of the path to the village where the Mess Hut was situated.

The book which I have been writing for many years is now within a matter of a few weeks of completion and I hope to get it published within the next months.

Yours etc

Mrs Stella Rutter

Sir,

I would be most grateful for any information that you can find regarding my late father James Henry Wilson Bannatyne (known as Harry). He was born 4 November 1915 in Glasgow (Langside Drive or Burnhead Road (both Newlands, Glasgow) His rank was

Captain and he served in the 2nd World War. He was badly injured by shrapnel in both thighs and spent a very long time in hospital towards the end of the War. I remember him being eternally grateful to an American surgeon who managed to save his legs by pinning his sciatic nerves together with platinum pins.

I recall another gentleman from the Newlands area whose surname was Davidson and I think he may have been Major Archie Davidson.

Probably like so many others, I wish that I had been privy to more information regarding my father's Army days. I do remember however that he did not like to talk about the War. I also believe that something extremely distressing had happened around one Christmas time which stayed with him until the end. I always remember his sadness at Christmas time. He died on 31 January 1987 aged 72 years after a short battle against cancer.

As the younger generation have no first hand knowledge about the wars and there is now no National Service, I feel it most important that I glean as much information about my father as possible and the role that he played in the war, so that it can be handed down through my children to their children keeping alive the gratitude that we should never forget.

Yours etc

Mrs Noreen DB Muir

Editors Note: See separate entry "Ministry of Defence Army Personnel Records."

Sir,

I am trying to find out more about my great grandpa, Private John Dallas who served with the Cameronians during WW1. I know he was in the 1/8th Battalion and his name is inscribed on the Jerusalem memorial which makes it look as though his death took place in Palestine. I am writing this in the hope that someone could help me as it's the 90th anniversary of his death next year and I think it would be nice for him to know that he hasn't been forgotten.

Yours etc

Sarah Rogers

Editors Note: See separate entry "Ministry of Defence Army Personnel Records)"

Sir,

Following our telephone conversation I enclose three photographs I have received from Jim Nightingale, formerly of the 7th Battalion. They were taken while the 52 (L) Division was undergoing conversion to a mountain division in the highlands hence the presence of an Indian soldier on two of them. The date was 1944 while Nightingale and Medics of the 7th were at the Divisional



L to R Back Row - Jim Smith, J Burrows, Willie Bell, Bill Spears

L to R Middle Row - Jim Nightingale, Willie Love, Cpl Foster, ?, John Patton

L to R Front Row - Bobby Smith, John Coates, Cpl Willie McGuire, Dougie McCreath, L/Cpl Fred Brown,?. (Dougie McCreath was a Sgt at the time but later became a Captain)



L to R Standing - Rfn Gibby Watson, Indian, Rfn Bill Blair, Kneeling Cpl Freddie Wragg

Ski School, their station being at Bridge of Allan and Aviemore. The Indian was one of the muleteers, who with mules were brought over to act as mountain transport. However the experiment was not a success the climate being unsuited to both Indian



L to R Standing - Cpl Freddie Wragg, Indian, Rfn Bill Mair, Kneeling Jim Nightingale

and animal. They were soon replaced by the American "Weasel" a small wide tracked vehicle adopted after a cadre from the 52nd had spent time in the USA Rockies carrying out evaluation trials.

Rifleman Nightingale was the jeep driver to the 7th Bn MO – he tells me successively there were four of them, the last being Dr George Jolly. George Jolly died earlier this year predeceasing his wife who only survived him by only a few weeks.

Yours etc
Cliff Pettit

Sir,

I am writing to enquire whether you can provide me with any information on my aunt's father. His name was Mathew Gunn and he was a Rifleman in the Cameronians around 1948.

Yours etc
Nicola Pithers

Editors Note: See separate entry "Ministry of Defence Army Personnel Records).

Sir,

I am trying to find out more about my great grandpa, Private John Dallas who served with the Cameronians during WW1. I know he was in the 1/8th Battalion and his name

is inscribed on the Jerusalem memorial which makes it look as though his death took place in Palestine. I am writing this in the hope that someone could help me as it's the 90th anniversary of his death next year and I think it would be nice for him to know that he hasn't been forgotten.

Yours etc

Sarah Rogers

Editors Note: See separate entry "Ministry of Defence Army Personnel Records"

Sir

On Saturday 18 November I received a n unexpected letter in the post. After reading this letter and letting my wife read it my first thought was that this was some kind of wind up! After digesting its contents again I realised it was not a wind up having checked the telephone numbers to be sure.

The letter read as follows

"In recognition of Services to the Voluntary Sector The Prime Minister and Mrs Blair request the honour of the company of Mr Jim Kane at a reception at No 10 Downing Street Whitehall on Tuesday 12 December 2006".

To say I was surprised to receive such an honour (amazed might better be a better word)! So why?

After some thought someone must have put my name forward, but who? At this moment I am involved in three different organisations:-

- The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Family Members
- INCAS (In Care Abuse Survivors)
- RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteers Programme)

Which of these might it have been?

Some ten days later my wife also received an invitation and on Tuesday 12 December we travelled to No 10 Downing Street. After a wait of about 20 minutes we were allowed in and were made most welcome by the staff on duty who escorted us to a room where we were issued with name tags. We were then escorted to the main reception hall at the top of a long flight of stairs along which were hung pictures of all past Prime Ministers. On entering the Main Hall we were again made most welcome and offered a choice of drinks.

After all the guests had arrived (I was amazed to see how many guests had been invited – about 100-150 and from all walks of life and nationalities, Wheelchairs, Crutches,

Blind and many other disabled persons). Both my wife and I were felt really proud to be involved with so many dignified people. When the Prime Minister arrived his first comment was to welcome all those present and he made the point that everyone present was someone special and a credit to society. After his speech the Prime Minister mingled with guests as did his wife and they spoke to a number of them.

Photos were taken and the experience of being a guest at No 10 will never be



forgotten.

I must express my most grateful thanks to the person who put my name forward for this great event (Mr Ted Archer from RSVP!!)

Thank you very much.

Yours etc

Jim Kane

Third and fourth from left Mr Jim and Jane Kane

Sir,

I saw the attached in the Daily Telegraph 11 Nov 2006 and wondered if it would be of interest to you

Yours etc

Connie Dawson

Att PDSA advert

Sir

I wonder if any of your readers have any knowledge of the author Murray Smith formerly an officer in the Regiment. He has recently published "An exhilarating thriller in which astute characterization, a breakneck pace and an assured narrative technique result in a riveting read – Publishers Weekly". General Sir Peter de la Billiere said of the book "Devils Juggler" "A novel of ruthless intrigue and terrorism, brought together with a gripping realism"

Yours etc

Mike Sixsmith

Sir,

You may have read of the death of Brigadier John Tilly CBE 12 June 2005, the last Commandant of the Staff College Quetta. He was no stranger to Cameronians when Commander of 31 Lorried Infantry Brigade in BAOR during the fifties. He wrote to John Baynes who included his comments at page 90 in the Volume IV of the Regimental History
Yours etc
Dudley Lucas

He said: *"Of course I saw a good deal of the Jocks on training and I always had the highest opinion of them. They were tough, hard, cheerful and resilient and thrived on hardship and unpleasant conditions. They were undoubtedly the sort of chaps one would like on one's side in war and certainly were very fine fighting soldiers. I remember too, how excellently they were always turned out on any important occasion and what a high standard of administration the battalion had in barracks. During an inspection my impression was of rank upon rank of rather small chaps with pink and white complexions of healthy boys and clear blue eyes peering at one, so innocently, as though they had their minds on higher things, whereas one knew quite well behind those guileless faces some ghastly skulduggery was probably being considered – if not already laid on!"*

Sir,

News of the death of John Irvine took me back to Bahrein on New Years' Day in 1958 where the custom was that the resident British Battalion turned out a Guard of

Honour for the Ruler to celebrate the occasion. No exceptions were made for the strange customs of Scottish Battalions on that day.

My company was detailed to mount this guard so with the Sergeant Major I set about selecting the men who would most likely be sober at sunrise on the 1st of January. Not an easy task especially as I of course had to be one of them.

John was to command the party and he and I sat up all night with the chosen few sipping well and fairly wisely, ignoring the wild whoops and cries of "I belong to Glasgow," which rang around us.

Came the dawn and the platoon formed up, led by John to march to the place of parade where, albeit swaying slightly they underwent an inspection by the Sheikh. (They had all been issued with peppermint sweeties) John was the steadiest man on parade and was duly rewarded in the mess afterwards.

Some years later when i was umpiring in a prep school cricket match, my fellow umpire was John. So there we were still keeping things under control.

The photograph shows the parade with John commanding it along with Colour Sergeant Critcher.

Yours etc

Nick Carter



MEMORY LANE

VE / VJ Day Parade - Glasgow 14th August 2005

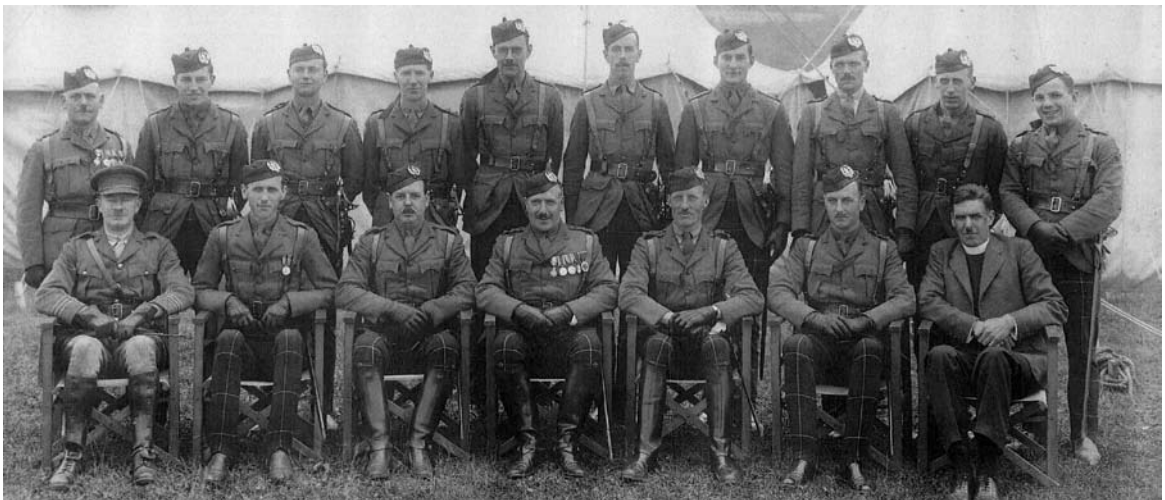


Five Officers on parade

Major Brian Leishman (motorised – complete with troop refreshments)

Lt to rt Lieut Dudley Heathcote, Major Ian Farquharson, Major Colin Lindsay, Lt Col John Murray

5th/8th Battalion Officers - Girvan 1936



Back Row Left to Right No 5 Norman Woodburn No 6 Forrest Carnegie No 9 Alec Ogilvie Robertson

Front Row left to right No 1 Joe Bingham - RAMC TA No2 Teddy Orr No3 Charlie Hall Watson

- 2i/cNo 4 Robbie Begg CO No 5 Jock Sutherland - Adjutant (1st Bn) No 6 George Reid

Major PR Grant and the deputy Head Librarian - Shrivenham (The Generals)



*K.O.S.B. Farewell Parade Holyrood Palace
Lft to Rgt: Capt David Eydes, Maj (Retd) Peter Eydes,
Capt (Retd) David Christie, Maj James Christie*



Cameronian Sunday - Douglas





IN MEMORIAM

To those they leave behind may their memories be happy ones

Andrew Howat

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Andy Howat in January 2006. He is survived by three sons, two daughters, twelve grandchildren and nine great grandchildren to whom we send our sincere condolences.

Major William Andrew Hay TD

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Major Hay on 13 March 2006.

Captain Ronald Montgomery Reid

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Captain Reid at home in Dundee on 22 January 2006.

Robert (Bobby) Cameron

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Bobby Cameron at The Erskine Home on 16 November 2006.

Lieutenant Colonel George Paterson

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Colonel George Paterson at The Erskine Home on 27 August 2006. He served with the Regiment from 1940 – 1946 and saw service in India and Burma.

Captain Colin Donald

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Colin Donald who died on the 13th October 2006, and those of us who knew him as a Subaltern in the 1st Bn. or as he rose to Captain and Adjutant in the 6 / 7 Carneronians lost a charming, kind, erudite and witty friend.

But these episodes are but a small part or the long, full, committed life of service to Glasgow and to Scotland at large which filled his later years and formed his main legacy.

Born near Strathaven in 1934 Colin was educated locally and then went to Rugby School and thence to Cambridge University, the law degree from which, coupled with a further qualification from Glasgow University, fitted him perfectly for the career on which he then embarked.

Although his own father was a stockbroker, the Donald family tradition was in the law, centred on the firm, by then McGrigor

Donald, which his great-great-grandfather had founded (as CD Donald and Sons) in 1800.

Colin now joined the firm and remained based there for the next 30 years.

His many clients enjoyed his skill, professional thoroughness, charm and great good humour, a combination which we Cameronians can readily recognise.

Throughout these years and throughout his retirement Colin undertook a huge range of other work which was of immense value to Glasgow, Glaswegians and the whole of Scotland.



He worked with the National Trust for Scotland for 40 years, assisting with the acquisition of properties like the popular "Tenement House in Garnethill", and preparing, in the mid 90's, the Donald Report which subsequently transformed the Trusts system of governance.

The Burrell Collection captured his time and attention after he became a trustee in 1983 and senior trustee some years later. He continued with this responsible work

through good years and tough ones, with their attendant publicity and exposure despite his distaste for both.

Much of his work, however, was done away from the public eye, though many benefited from his presence on the Court of Glasgow University and his work as director and eventually vice-chairman of the Universities Superannuation Scheme, a pension fund with assets of £2 billion, his chairmanship of the Thistle Foundation, an Edinburgh disability charity, and his trusteeship of the Lloyds TSB Foundation for Scotland.

The full list is a much longer one and confirms Colin's remarkable and sustained interest in a wide range of activities to the benefit of many folks in Glasgow and throughout Scotland.

Alongside these responsibilities Colin maintained an active social and domestic life. Theresa and he had three children and



placed a high value on the time spent with them and, in due course of time, their four grandchildren.

Those who knew Colin in his army and TA days, all those years ago will recognise the mixture of calm efficiency, charm, dedication and sometimes uproarious wit

and humour which typified his enviable approach to life.

All of us like to be appreciated and remembered and to set our stamp upon the time and place in which we live. In this regard, few men will leave a firmer footprint from a gentler tread than Colin Donald.

Colin's schooling at Rugby, his service in the 1st Battalion and his time at Oxford prepared him to face life with quiet self assurance and understated charm which served him well, and made him many friends, throughout a long illustrious career in Scottish business and public life. However, my own best – remembered recollections are of the years spent in 6/7 Cameronians as subalterns and successively as adjutant.

He never appeared to take anything in life, certainly not in T.A life, too seriously, could spot pomposity a distance away, against the wind and his delight in providing "le mot juste" could describe something, or defuse a situation, with great skill.

It was he who described Ian Keith's new Humber Super Snipe; a vehicle of enormous size and red-leather-lined opulence as the "fornicatorium" a name which stuck until Ian parted with it.

The many rounds we all played at camps whether @ Carnoustie or Rye, or elsewhere were always a pleasure. Colin played golf with languorous ease, he was a brilliant exponent of a shot, later copied and used to great effect by Phil Mickelson the USA Pro Tour, which involved a slow full swing through lush greenside rough which sent the ball through a high arc to drop and nestle near the pins. The result would be met by an expression combining modest pleasure and a sort of bemused disbelief that the magic had worked - again!

Conversation during these rounds of golf, and afterwards, was always interesting and amusing, and these occasions are amongst the happiest recollections of T.A. life.

Barry Camp, on the year of Colin's marriage, produced a well-remembered moment. Part of the morning had been spent in decorating the officer's mess – a large Nissen hut – for the mess cocktail party. This was to have a Spanish theme, which explained why the entire floor was covered with straw and the two main central light fittings had been draped in red satin trimmed with black lace – with military accuracy. Colin had promptly dubbed these "camiknickers – right and left – in such surreal surroundings, after lunch and before afternoon duties, it was time for

the annual mess meeting.

Each year at this meeting, officers who had recently married would be presented with an inscribed salver from the mess to mark the occasion.

"This year, alas", said Ian Keith "costs have risen, times are hard and we've had to cut down, so the four young officers involved will each receive a cut glass whisky decanter with an appropriately engraved silver bibs instead"

These would be handed over now, but as time was pressing for the return to duties, he was rather afraid that there would be time for only one short speech of thanks on behalf of all four. As one, the other three pointed to Colin who, when all had received their gifts, rose and said in suitably modest, even chastened tones "on behalf of us all I would like to thank you for this cut-down glass decanter".

"From his earliest days in the Regiment Colin wore uniform with an air which was somehow more academic than military, a situation which did not always meet with the approval of his superiors one of whom, while discussing with Colin the need for some sartorial improvement, held up the example of Jeremy Hawtrey -Woore, fellow subaltern, as a model for all that a smart, well- pressed brightly-polished BD clad young officer might aspire to be.

This graphic image prompted Colin to produce another of his own and he thereafter referred to Jeremy as 'this shimmering vision in khaki'!

He is survived by his wife Theresa, their sons Colin and Jamie and daughter Caroline to whom we send our sincere condolences
George Ferguson

Colonel Robert Dobson

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Bob Dobson, who died in August 2006, he was born in 1920, which put him right at the heart of that generation of young men who contributed so much and served so long in the Second World War.

Like many of them Bob "had a good war", in which he began in the Royal Engineers, straight from youthful T.A Service, and was commissioned in to the Royal Artillery though he transferred to the Royal Scots Fusiliers before D-Day. Scheduled to arrive in Normandy on

D. Day plus three with his Bn., Bob was dispatched by his C.O to take command of

100 first-line reinforcements at Newhaven, which he did, whereupon he and his party were bundled onto an assault craft and delivered onto Juno beach on D-Day plus one, which meant that the reinforcements were in place two days before any casualties had occurred, since the Bn were still in England.

After the break-out from Normandy, as the advance through France gained pace, fighting and recce patrols were everyday fare for the leading Bns. And Bob was soon a veteran of more than 50 of these, always bringing his men back, and acquiring the name of Pin Down Dobson" from the signals platoon because of frequent calls for support when pinned down by enemy fire. Whilst not objecting to the accolade Bob maintained the name owed more to alliteration than accuracy.

He did admit to being caught once, as it were, literally "red-handed". During the advance his platoon had liberated a village whose inhabitants pressed upon them liberal supplies of calvados, the local speciality.

Accepting their hospitality (and the spirit in which it was given!) Bob and his men were soon refreshed to the point where they were feeling no pain, which was fortunate as the Americans, arriving, as usual, late and in numbers, jumped from their tanks to join the party. In welcoming them Bob, by his own account, leant nonchalantly against a tank with his hand on its super hot exhaust pipe - and was swiftly medevaced with a face as red as his hand!

Before the end of hostilities Bob was to serve with the military government in Dortmund before further postings to the Far East and East Africa.

A "good war" indeed.

And all this took place before his time in the 6/7 Cameronians"" which began after Bob, by now married to Mary, established in the world of Marine insurance and settled in Glasgow, rejoined the TA and enlisted in the Cameroonians'.

In the years that followed Bob could be found, whether on a TEWT or in the mess in Coplaw Street, with his Lovat-patterned pipe clenched in his teeth or cupped in a gesticulating hand, joining in, and revelling in, the conversation.

As his war service showed, Bob had a capacity for getting in the thick of things and seeing them through. As the last commanding Officer of 6/7 Cameronians

he served through until the T.A ended with a memorable final camp at Thetford, and the TAVR replaced it.

Soon after, Bob became Colonel Commandant of the Lanarkshire Cadet Force.

For a man with his war and T.A background Bob could have found retirement dull were it not for a late call to "trouble – shoot" in Nigeria over some sinister goings on in the world of marine insurance and his presidency at home of the Glasgow Red Cross Society up to its merger with East Renfrewshire in 1992.

Like so many of his generation Bob Dobson found the time and drive to be a success in several fields over the years, since in his time he played the roles of a Soldier, C.O, business man, public and charity servant, husband, parent and grandfather and will be missed, by those who knew him, in all of them.

He is survived by his wife Mary and their sons Peter and Andrew to whom we send our sincere condolences

George Ferguson

Jimmy Ballantyne (1942-2006)

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Jim Ballantyne. It is almost certain that every man and woman that reads this will have known Jimmy Ballantyne personally, or will have read or heard about him at one time or another over the past forty five plus years since he joined the Regiment. I do suppose that most could be heard to say: 'I knew him very well, and we shared some good experiences over the years', others perhaps may point to instances when the things Jim said or did were not to their liking, not as they thought correct, and instead of treating them as they would their own presumed human failings, would covertly seek to hide their own shortcomings behind those of his, and others.

Jim Ballantyne was born at Beckford Lodge, Hamilton, on 30th March 1943. Most Cameronians alive still will have shared with Jim the difficulties and experiences of growing up as a young boy and teenager growing up in those early post war years in Scotland. One member of our Organisation who will remember Jim during this period is Robert McAuslin of Hamilton when as a schoolboy Jimmy used to deliver his families newspapers. Life was to sweep Jim along as it does us all, Jim wanted most of all to enlist with the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) but first became a Miner, then when he and a

friend finally enlisted with the Regiment on 31st October 1960 Jim dreamed of becoming the best Piper in the Pipe Band through his love of music, and his friend wanted to become a Chef. You guessed it; fate and the army decided Jimmy was to be a Chef, and his friend a Piper. Jim would tell you that his most terrifying moment came when as a Regimental Chef in Aden there came the news they were to receive a visit by a General who in all possibility would also want to look around the cook house during his visit, despite having been pre-warned of the visit and repeatedly reminded to salute smartly if approached, Jim was completely overwhelmed when he saw General Jolly and Lt Col. Leslie Dow (Commanding Officer) stride towards him and despite whispered instructions to salute, Jim was so taken with nerves he just could not, but lived to boast that he must be the only Rifleman to escape with not having done so.

Just as most servicemen and women have some problems re-adjusting to civilian life again on completion of their service, it can be more so for a regular soldier having completed nine years service. Jim's first employment was as a Chef with the hospital in Leith, Edinburgh. Later he became an Insurance Agent for a short time before finding a job he enjoyed as a Bus Driver with L.R.T, and later in The Borders with Lowland Buses, Jim was content during this period of his life because once again he was to some extent a member of a regimented team of people, and he enjoyed the daily contact it gave him with others to whom he was of service. Then fate once more took control of Jim's life in the shape of a motor car in the hands of a drunken driver, driven at speed into the bus he was driving, it ripped out one side of the bus causing part of the roof to crumble, a number of passengers received minor injuries and were treated for shock while Jim now in his early fifties was encouraged to take early retirement, it also marked the beginning of a period of illness and frustration. At a meeting of some 70 ex-serving Cameronians and their wives at the R.B.L.S, Forth Branch Club, Lanarkshire in October 1997, it was decided that as Cameronians no longer had either an Association or R.H.Q, it would be in their own and the Regiments best interest to help promote and maintain the Regiments proud place in Scottish history by establishing a 'point of contact' for all Cameronians, their Families and Descendents, and other

Associated, Interested Parties and Persons, if an Organisation were formed. A Committee was selected with Bill Tilley as the first Chairman and a framework set out to ensure 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) & Family Members Organisation' could maintain the function for which it had been formed: (a) For the Benefit of it's Members: (b) To maintain the History and Traditions of 'The Cameronians Scottish Rifles. Jim Ballantyne was one of the Organisations earliest Members and soon became a Welfare Assistant with his natural enthusiasm to serve fellow Cameronians and Members of the Organisation, but foremost it was his love for 'The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Regiment' that fuelled the enthusiasm that was to remain with him for the rest of his life. At this time Jim also had his other love Margaret Drever at his side, Margaret the lady who would not only share his life and the work Jim had taken on, but would later take up a vacant position as the Organisations Treasurer when others were reticent to step forward, and in doing so has proved irreplaceable. In 1999 Jim replaced Douglas Hall as Secretary making himself available to Members at any time of the day or night (now called 24/7), nothing was too much trouble for him, if he did not have the answer to an enquiry he would soon ask and find one by consulting with other Members of the Committee, or seeking advice from Trustees and Officers of the Regiment with whom he had built a good rapport and understanding over the years. If and when a Cameronian presence at a Parade, Service or Event was requested or could be seen as a benefit to the Regiments memory by attending, Jim would ensure a good turn out by making personnel visits or spending hours on the telephone mustering everyone possible from the listing. Parades and Historical Events such as the annual Cameronian Sunday Remembrance Service: Lanimer Day Celebrations: Westminster Abbey Remembrance Plot and Service: R.B.L.S, Veterans Parades and Services: The Queens Jubilee Parade: Save Scottish Regiments Parades: Numerous Remembrance Services each year including VE/VJ Day Parades, not to mention visits by Cameronians and their Families from home and abroad, and exceptional circumstances and requests. Each year Jim would ensure that 'The Flag' was flown at Edinburgh Castle by delivering and collecting it again afterwards himself, its safety being taken as a personal responsibility, as was his position as Secretary

to the Organisation. In 2002 Jim Ballantyne learned from his Doctor that he had Prostrate Cancer, was told of the treatments he would be receiving and advised to reduce his stressful responsibilities and way of living to best help those treatments succeed and prolong his life. Jim took the doctors advice changing some things in his life but for two, those he simply could not or would not give up one being his smoking of cigarettes, the other his position and responsibilities as Secretary of The Cameronians Scottish Rifles & Family Members Organisation, to Jim it was not a choice at all, this had now become his whole life.

On Cameronian Sunday 2005 Jim and Margaret announced their forthcoming Marriage, which took place as planned in Edinburgh on 1st of July 2005. Despite the various treatments Jim's health continued to deteriorate, the Cancer now within his bones, he received a stroke down one side from which he later only partially recovered and May 2006 saw a Jimmy Ballantyne held up by will power alone, his body having all but given up the fight, when Jimmy, Margaret, Tom Winters Andy Anderson and myself met the day before Cameronian Sunday in the Douglas Arms Hotel as we had every year, Jim decided he wanted us all to get a taxi to Colin McCready's house in Douglas as was our normal practice and attempt to eat and drink Colin out of house and home, something we never had managed, this year on his first visit we had new gun Colin Blair with us who we hoped would give us an edge (he didn't), Colin as usual was ready with a fine buffet prepared and the door to his private bar opened wide. The seven of us sat talking of this and that and old friends we hoped to meet again the next day - Cameronian Sunday, Jim got up and went outside for a cigarette, I went too and we just sat quietly in the garden until Jim said he was feeling a little strange and wanted to return to the hotel, back outside the hotel Jim was by now very poorly and Helen owner of the hotel fetched her car round and drove Jim. Margaret and myself to the Hospital in Douglas, as the hospital had no Doctor on duty they transferred him to Wishaw hospital later that evening. Cameronian Sunday 14th May 2006 was a success just as Jim had planned it with the turnout for both Remembrance Service and Conventical being larger than in recent years, the fine weather adding to the atmosphere of excitement and comradeship shared once more, but it was not quite the

same for some of us, and we knew why. The news that Jim had been taken ill again was given to everyone over the Conventicle speaker system, and received with visible sadness, all expressed the hope that he would get well soon and prayers were offered by our own Vicar of Douglas Valley Church St Bride's, the Rev Bryan Kerr. At Wishaw Hospital Jim was given tests and sent home, two hours later he had another stroke and was returned there where he spent a week before being taken to the Western General Hospital, Edinburgh, where he passed away at 12.05pm on the 25th May 2006, cause of death: Prostrate Cancer and Multiple Cerebral Accident. Cameronian James Allan Ballantyne's Funeral Service took place at The Warriston Crematorium, Edinburgh, on the 31st of May 2006. He had been dressed in his Douglas Tartan Trews, White Shirt, Cameronian Tie, and Blazer; his coffin draped in the Cameronian (Scottish Rifles) Flag that he had loved so very much his Glengarry and Belt placed on top, on arrival Cameronians present formed a Guard of Honour through which the car carrying his coffin passed. Eight Cameronians carried Jimmy into Chapel through the assembled gathering of over a hundred Cameronians, Officers of the Regiment, Friends, Relations and Neighbours as the bagpipes played Highland Cathedral, until finally being lowered and placed gently before the Alter. There followed a very moving service which included a personnel address to Jim by Andy Berry a close friend of Jim's and outgoing Chairman of The Cameronians Scottish Rifles & Family Members Organisation, I had the honour of reading a family poem* 'When Tomorrow Starts Without Me', the service ended with Jim's final departure to the Pipes and Drums playing the Regimental March 'The Black Bear' on this occasion played we all felt, for a Cameronian that had entered our lives, enriched them and would now take a high place within our treasured memories. Those that could stay afterwards were invited to The Victoria Park Hotel to share a buffet and hot drink, most attended and it was good to sit for awhile to talk about Jim, his life and manner of passing, how it would impact on our own lives, and finally, wondering what tomorrow had in store for the rest of us and would we be as strong, before we are all reunited again? He is survived by his wife Margaret to whom we send our sincere condolences

Kenn Robinson.

***When Tomorrow Starts Without Me**

When tomorrow starts without me, and i'm not there to see: If the sun should rise and find your eyes, all filled with tears for me: I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today, While thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you, and that each time you think of me, I know you'll miss me too: But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand, that an angel came, and called my name and took me by the hand, and said my place was ready, in heaven far above, and that I'd have to leave behind all those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye, for all my life, I'd always thought I didn't want to die, I had so much to live for, so much yet to do, it almost seemed impossible that I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad, I thought of all the love we shared, and all the fun we had, If I could relive yesterday, just even for a while, I'd say good-bye, and hug you, and maybe see you smile,

But then I fully realised that this could never be, for emptiness and memories would take the place of me: When tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart, for every time you think of me, I'm right here in your heart.

Alexander Duncan Gordon McRae'

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Alex MacRae. On the 29th January 2006.



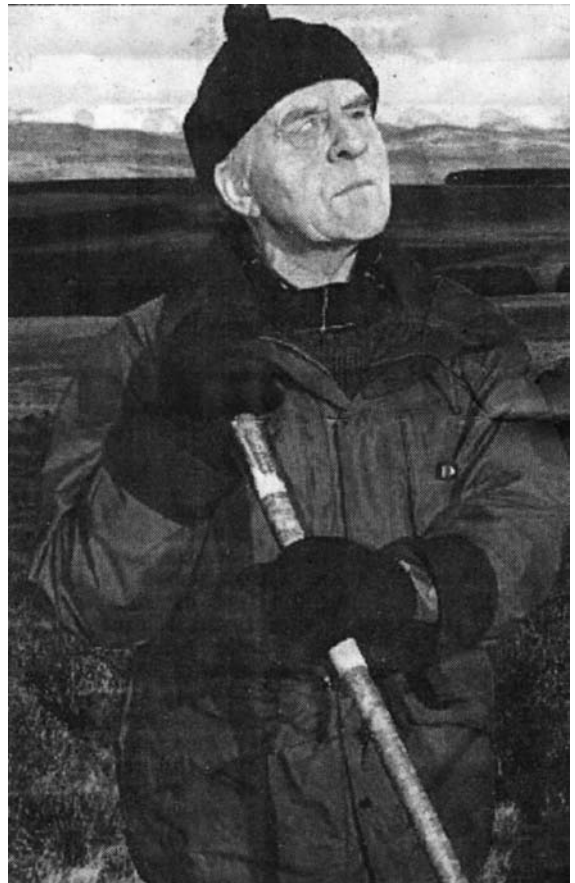
I received a telephone call from the family of Alec to inform me that he had passed away at his home the previous day, (the 28th), aged 76 following a heart attack. A loving Companion of Maureen, a dear Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather he will be sadly missed by all family and friends. Alec was born in Gloucester in 1930, his father was a Scot and Alec grew up proud of his heritage, so much so that upon leaving school he wasted little time enlisting with The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) the Regiment he loved and served for the next 22 years in a number of countries including Malaya, Kenya and Jordan, he left on completion of his service having attained the rank of Sergeant Major. On his return to 'civvy street' Alec joined the Prison Service, he also joined the Territorial Army branch of the Gloucestershire Regiment later becoming the band's Drum Major, he also joined the Hardwicke and District branch of the Royal British Legion where he was a former vice-president, his sporting passion being football Alec once served as a director of Gloucester City Football Club, and later Forest Green and Gloucestershire Sunday League. I was invited to Alec's funeral on the 6th of February and was very moved by the ceremonial tributes afforded to him and his memoir by relations, friends and in particular the RBL, Alec's body had been dressed as he had always wished; in his Douglas Tartan, Green Jacket, White shirt, Regimental tie, Belt and Glengarry. As it entered the Church grounds I placed a Cameronian Scottish Rifles wreath upon Alec's coffin draped now in the Union Jack which led by a Scottish Piper and Standards of the RBL was carried by six friends and relations through a Guard of Honour consisting of his ex-soldier comrades into the Church of St Nicholas, Hardwicke, Gloucestershire. There followed a beautiful tribute service after which the coffin bearing the body of Alec was carried in procession led once more by the piper to its final resting place in a quiet corner of the Churchyard where it was gently laid down for the last time. A bugler played Last Post and Reveille for an old soldier, fellow friend and forever a Cameronian, Alec McRae. RIP.

Sydney Scroggie

It is with great sadness that we report the death of William Sydney Scroggie who was born Nelson, British Columbia 1919; died Bridgefoot, Dundee, 9th September 2006. He was educated at Edinburgh and Dundee,

following which he became sub-editor of the legendary boy's comic The Hotspur, editing many tales of heroism he was to match in later life.

An active climber before the Second World War, he contributed to several first ascents in the tricky corries of Lochnagar and Ben Nevis. On the outbreak of war he joined first the 7th Cameronians, Scottish Rifles, later transferring to serve his final two years as a lieutenant in the elite Lovat Scouts. During training in Canada, he led a 35 man team of soldiers up Mount Columbia, hitherto unclimbed in winter and the training also involved learning their hard graft in Scroggie's old Highland climbing grounds. He was unfortunate enough to lose his eyesight and left leg below the knee just days before the end of hostilities, during the Italian Campaign, when leading his men on an advance mission, he trod on a Schu mine. His last vision, he remembered, was of the planet Venus bright in the twilight sky over the hills of Italy.



He was taught how to operate a telephone switchboard and got a job at NCR in Dundee, remaining until his retirement in

1975. His first wife Barbara, a nursing sister with St Dunstons and with whom he had three children, Jamie, Sydney and Mary, died in 1980.

Before returning to Dundee, he also spent five terms at New College, Oxford, where he learnt to read in Braille, as well as teaching himself Greek by this method, to fulfil an interest in reading ancient manuscripts in the original language.

Scroggie became an inspiration to all who were fortunate enough to make his acquaintance and something of a legend in Dundee itself, following his return to the hills in 1954, in the company of friends and members of his family, including most notably his second wife, Margaret, whom he described as his 'best pal and companion' in the final 26 years of his life. All told he made over 600 ascents, Margaret on one occasion saving his life on Carn a' Mhaim in the Cairngorms, catching hold of his sliding body, when they lost their footing as they were en route to one of his favoured places, Corrour Bothy.

His distinctions included national recognition, when he appeared on *This is Your Life* in 1964. His collected poems *Give Me The Hills* was published 1978, followed by the semi autobiographical *The Cairngorms Scene and Unseen*.

In 2000 guided by Margaret, Scroggie climbed Balluderon Hill (1320 ft) in the Sidlaws where a cairn and indicator was placed on the summit in tribute to his achievements. A year later Dundee University awarded an honorary degree to a 'remarkable vagabond'.

He is survived by his wife Margaret to whom we send our sincere condolences

Sidney Gordon Stevens

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Sidney Stevens. Who died on the 16th August, aged 83.

Sid joined the London Scottish nearly 70 years ago on the 27th September 1937. On the outbreak of war he was in the 1st Battalion, and it would appear that he was keen to see action, so he transferred to the 2nd Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) on the 21st February 1942.

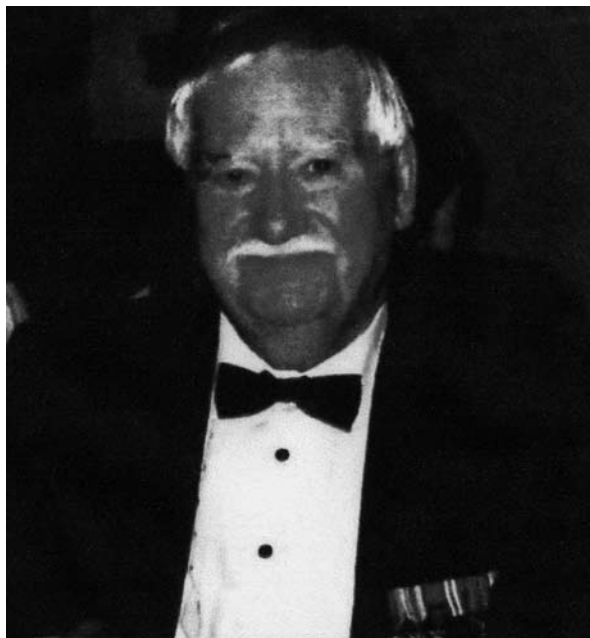
However, he was not to see action until the Cameronians landed in Sicily and Italy at around the same time that our 1st Battalion were in the thick of the fighting in that theatre.

He was badly wounded in the thigh by a German 88 at the River Gargliano near

where Pte George Mitchell won his VC. Sid was sent to a tented Red Cross Hospital at Capus, near Naples. He must have been very badly wounded, as his brother Doug who was in the Royal Navy and serving aboard a ship in Naples, was given permission by his captain to visit him in hospital. Later Sid was transferred to a hospital in Algiers.

As he was no longer fit for frontline service, at one stage he was put in charge of a hotel for officers.

During the war he saw service in North Africa, Persia, India, Burma and Madagascar with action in Sicily and Italy at Messina, Anzio and Cassino, Sid ended the war with the rank of Sergeant. It was while in Italy that Sid met his future wife Maria. They celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary in March this year. In civilian life he was in



the printing industry.

Sid was a keen London Scot and Cameronian. He used to attend most reunions and activities. He loved Hallowe'en and his daughter Barbara used to drive him there. When he died it was his wish that he be buried in his tartan trews and dinner jacket, that he would have worn for the Hallowe'en dinner this year.

As a keen Cameronian he used to travel up to Douglas each year to attend their reunions, including a special event in May this year. His grandson James used to go with Sid to the London Scottish Sergeants' Mess dinner each November. It will be very sad for the family that they will be unable this year to

do it for him.

He is survived by his wife Maria, daughter Barbara, grandson James and not last his brother Doug on their great loss. To whom we send our sincere condolences

Lieutenant John Anthony Irvine 1936 -2006

It is with great sadness that we report the untimely death of John Irvine during this summer after a long and very difficult illness called Motor Neurone Disease; a truly tough challenge which he faced up to with dignity and bravery. John joined the 1st Battalion at Bahrain in 1957 and was posted to B Company where he saw service in Bahrain, the Trucial States, Kenya, Aden and Jordan Despite being a fine Athlete and a remarkably good cross country runner he was never the less plagued by a degree of ill health, not that he allowed this to hinder or handicap him undertaking his duties. However it was this fact that in the end caused his retirement from the Army to his great disappointment and our great loss John had good Army connections: his Father had been an RAMC Colonel for many years and his brother-in-law was Guy Brunker, the son of Colonel Brunker. John became a regular attender of the Regimental London Lunch Club and always sought news of the Regiment after his retirement. John made his mark and will always be remembered as an outstanding Platoon Commander He earned respect by his example and leadership, his skill, sense of duty and unfailing sense of humour. He had the art of making the difficult, hard and uninviting task appear easy, exciting and enjoyable His platoon was a wonderful example of a place of good soldiering. On leaving the Army John established himself down South as a business man and something of an expert in business management instruction. His outstanding volunteer work was his appointment as the Churchwarden of St. Giles Church at Stoke Poges: a role he undertook for many years with great success. The church itself is a beautiful old building set within a large garden. A sort of oasis in that built up area of the busy world. It was, of course, made famous for being the church in the poem "Curfew tollsthe knell of parting day" ,Thomas Gray. When John became too ill to manage at Stoke Poges he and Jennifer moved to an old family-owned farmhouse in South Wales. The knew the place well and it was a place of happy memories. Just two days before died they had a huge

family birthday party as it was the day of his 70thbirthday. A wonderful happy occasion and a day of great joy to John.

He is survived by his wife Jennifer to whom we send our sincere condolences

Major William Murray

It is with great sadness that we record the death of William Murray in Wolverhampton on 11 December 2006. Bill served for many years with the 6/7th and commanded a company in the late 50's early 60's. He enjoyed many happy memories of his time at Copelaw Street and the companionship of the Regiment. He is survived by his wife Sheila to whom we send our sincere condolences

FWP Keeley

It is with great sadness that we report the death of FWP Keeley in Dorset on 19th December 2006 after a long illness. His death was notified to us by his stepson to whom we send our sincere condolences.

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

