THE COVENANTER

THE REGIMENTAL JOURNAL OF
THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

2008

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

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

Alliances

New Zealand Army	The Otago and Southland Regiment
Ghana Military Forces	2nd Battalion Ghana Regiment of Infantry

Affiliated Regiment
7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles

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EPILOGUE

With the third major round of defence cuts in 1967 it was announced that the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) was to disband, thus ending nearly three hundred years of service to the Crown. The disbandment parade, in the form of a Conventicle, took place on the holm at Douglas on 14 May 1968. Fittingly the salute was taken by the then Earl of Angus, the 14th Duke of Hamilton (1903-1973).
In his sermon
The Reverend Donald MacDonald, a much loved former Chaplain to both regular battalions, said:
" … So put pride in your step Cameronians! As you march out of the Army List, you are marching into history, and from your proud place there, no man can remove your name, and no man can snatch a rose from the chaplet of your honour."
In May 1921 The Covenanter was born as the journal of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians. It was not until the third edition published in September 1921 that the journal became the The Magazine of The Cameronians thus encompassing the entire Regimental family. At its birth the officer commanding The Cameronians wrote "When I first heard the idea of a Magazine mooted I was inclined to think, especially in these days, that it never would be published. That it is, goes to show what determination backed up by enthusiasm and a high resolve can do. It is a lesson to all of us in esprit de corps."

The resolve and determination of the first editor, Lieutenant Eric MH Galbraith, bore fruit. and in his first editorial he wrote " The dream of having a battalion Magazine entered my brain many moons ago. The Covenanter is to be a reflection of the Battalion's life and an aid to its enjoyment. But it should be much more than that. It should be an expression of the great ideal that is The Cameronians to which with our faltering steps we are all attaining" May it be that The Covenanter will help you by amusing you and keeping before you the record of the life of the Battalion and stating for you, clearly and lucidly the ideal of esprit de corps."

I think we can safely say that over the intervening years we have kept faith with those original aspirations. That we have done so reflects great credit on all of you who have contributed to the Journal over the years and in particular those years which followed our disbandment at Douglas in 1968.

We now move on to a future without the Covenanter but, we have created a Regimental Blog which will serve to keep alive events, not least luncheons, dinners and gatherings, which may continue to be held by the posting of Notices. The Regimental Blog (which can be accessed from the Regimental website) is to be used to advertise events or indeed matters of general interest whilst the Discussion Forum will continue to be used for the posting of queries/questions.

It is a privilege to have been allowed to edit the Covenanter for the last twenty one years and I commend to you the Regimental Blog and website at www.cameronians.org. In the initial stages contributions to the Regimental Blog should be sent to me for posting.

Brian AS Leishman MBE
Major (Retd) The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)
Editor The Regimental Journal – The Covenanter

Location List

As reported in the 2007 Covenanter, it is for consideration that this edition might be followed up with as definitive a list as possible containing the names, addresses, telephone numbers and email addresses of all living Cameronians. Given the requirements in regard to Data Protection those wishing to be included must inform me, the Editor, in writing of their wish to be so included.

REGIMENTAL MATTERS

Letter From London

The year 2008 got away to a very slow and uneventful beginning for me it then seemed to burst suddenly into life! First of all, my hometown football team, Hamilton Accies became league Champions and were duly promoted to the Scottish Premier League. Then my beloved AFC Wimbledon were promoted again into the Blue Square South League.

Like many young boys born and brought up in Hamilton I developed a love of football so when I joined the Cameronians in 1946 that love of the game was reinforced by the fact that the regiment recruited some great footballers.who I greatly loved and appreciated watching throughout my service.

Then, to complete my hat-trick, it was the Commemoration service at Douglas on the 11th May. Due to circumstances beyond my control I had been unable to visit the Conventicles at Douglas for several years. However, I considered myself very fortunate to be able to attend on this occasion.

First and foremost I was highly delighted, and greatly honoured when I was invited to lay the wreath of poppies at the front of the Cairn. In addition to this I was also invited to read the lesson at the service. I arrived in Hamilton on Thurs, 8th May, staying with friends in a lovely part of the town. The weather for the next three days was very cold and unsettled for the time of year. On the 11th however, Mother Nature, as always, decided that our Conventicle must have a lovely day and sure enough it was lovely with sunshine and clear blue skies.

I missed the morning service at the church, but attended the service at the Cairn in the afternoon. Prior to the service commencing,

I found it a tremendous experience meeting up with all my old friends in the regiment. The only problem was that our meetings were too brief, simply because there were so many to meet and greet. I know that I missed a few old friends because of this problem and I apologise for this happening it was a case of not enough time prior to the start of the service.

I felt so proud when I received the signal from the Rev. Donald Cameron to come forth and read the lesson. This was, for me, a life long gratifying memory.

All too soon the proceedings came to an end and we had to go our separate ways to wherever on the planet. In conclusion, I would like to thank all concerned for organising such a momentous and enduring occasion. I could not help noticing the beautiful regimental crests which adorned the Cairn. I have been informed that these items were the work of Alex Maxwell, who also constructed the lectern. Congratulations, Alex on a fine piece of work, skilfully done.

On the 25th July, I attended my Grandson

Ashley's Graduation day, held at the Dome Theatre in Brighton. Ashley graduated from the University of Sussex with a Batchelor of Arts, lst Class Honours Degree, and Lord Richard Attenborough made the presentation. As you can imagine, this was a truly magic moment for me. Ashley is now preparing to go to America to study for his Masters Degree.

On the 6th November it was once again the opening of the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey. HRH The Duke of Edinburgh led the service and the subsequent presentation to the regimental representatives. As usual, Prince Philip was in great form talking to every representative in turn. This year, my grandson attended the occasion for the very first time so I was stunned when a young woman in Prince Philip's entourage broke away, reached over to embrace Ashley and kiss him on the cheek. It transpired that this young lady, who is an official Royal journalist had been a classmate of Ashleys at Alleyns school which he attended before going to university. It is a small world indeed.

I was delighted that another good attendance was recorded and I would like to reassure all Cameronians that our plot at Westminster Abbey will be maintained for the foreseeable future: that is, the Thursday prior to Armistice Sunday. So please, make every endeavour to attend this great solemn occasion.

A newcomer to our ranks this year was Alex Morrowsmith. Alex was a member of the Pipe Band in Kenya and Minden. On leaving the army he became a renowned journalist and on retirement settled down in Essex. Welcome to the fold, Alex.

On the conclusion of the service at the Abbey, several of our party retired to the Union Jack Club where a beautiful lunch was served up and a most convivial afternoon was enjoyed. In attendance at Westminster were: Col. Hugh McKay OBE, Major Philip Grant, Major Mike Sixsmith, Ian Bilboe, Tom and Dorothy Gore, Eddie Crawford, Alex Morrowsmith, Helen, Ashley and me.

I am delighted to hear that The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) & Family Members organization will continue to function thus allowing us to keep in touch with our old comrades. My thanks and best wishes are extended to Margaret Ballantyne who after eight years as Association Treasurer is standing down. Margaret is succeeded by Beth Maxwell, welcome aboard Beth, may your tenure be a long and happy one.

Like all ex servicemen I was stunned, and disgusted at the way our Ghurkha comrades had been debarred from settling in Britain. Those of us who served in 26 Ghurkha Brigade in Hong Kong and Malaya have nothing but love and great respect for "Johnnie Ghurkha" can we say the same for a lot of the human flotsam and jetsam that our ghastly politicians have allowed to enter our great country? I think not.

Originally I had intended to bring the attention of our subscribers to The Covenanter to the names of the many, and highly devoted members of the regiment who over the last forty years had worked so hard to maintain, and perpetuate the memory of the regiment . Suffice to say, that in attempting to do this would amount to a nominal roll which would fill many pages. So, just let's say thank you to our historians, the committee of the old original Cameronians Association, the founders of the present organisation, The Regimental Trustees, and finally all the Cameronians who have taken part in the many parades all over Glasgow, and Lanarkshire in remembrance of fallen comrades. The efforts of the above will never

be forgotten.

Finally I would like to finish of my final contribution to the Covenanter with a tribute to my company clerk, my regimental barber, and official photographer at Westminster Abbey who has contributed unstintingly in my efforts to produce the "Letter From London"". These roles over the years have been filled by my daughter Helen. She has done a splendid job for me, typing up my copy, attending to what's left of my tonsorial growth, and always coming on parade with me at Westminster Abbey.

I wish every Cameronian all the best for the future, and "lang may yer lums reek".

Yours Aye
Eddie Clark

General Sir Thomas Graham of Balgowan (Lord Lynedoch) ' A Peer among Princes'

The Graham family, much encouraged by Major General John Graham, late Argyll & Sutherland Highlander and a past commander of the Sultan of Muscat's Armed Forces, has asked me to write a new biography of the esteemed founder of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry - 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). I have been delighted to accept and have been given exclusive access to the family papers.

There have been three previous biographies, one by Delavoye written in 1880, which is probably unreadable now, and two written in the 1950's. One of these, by Aspinall-Oglander, is come across occasionally. The other, by Brett-James, is so rare as to be unobtainable. Both concentrate quite understandably on his military career, but he was a much more interesting man than just that. It is hoped that a new account of his life will bring the man behind the gold braid much more to life.

Graham lived an exceptionally long and immensely varied life. His military career spanned barely twenty of his 95 years. He is best remembered now, if at all, as the victor at the Battle of Barrosa (1811) and as Wellington's ablest lieutenant in the Peninsular War. What are little known or remembered are the breadth of his interests, his place in the society of people like the Duchess of Devonshire (now the subject of a glamorous film) and Lady Emma Hamilton (after the death of Lord Nelson), and the respect and affection in which he was universally held.

He came from a family of wealthy Scottish landowners. He had a well-rounded education, never at school but with a most remarkable tutor who became famous in his own right. After two years at Oxford he made the Grand Tour. He married the great beauty of that age. But he was no dilettante: he was an outstanding sportsman. He showed courage and initiative from an early age. He was a real man's man. The quote above is attributed to his father-in-law, Lord Cathcart, HM Ambassador to Russia, who must have known enough about princes.

The great tragedy of his life was that his beautiful young wife bore him no children and died at the age of 35. Whilst being borne back across France for burial in Perthshire her coffin was violated by drunken French revolutionaries. Grief-stricken and outraged at the behaviour of the French he was not content just to join the army and to fight them, he raised his own regiment to do so. He earned a fine reputation as a leader and as a field commander and rose rapidly to the highest rank. Even at the age of 85 he was invited to take over as Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese army. That says as much for his energy and stamina (he still rode to hounds daily in season) as for his reputation as a General.

The regiment which Graham founded went on to earn an unsurpassed reputation for bravery and for producing very senior officers. Its first Lieutenant Colonel, Rowland (later Field Marshall Viscount) Hill, a close friend of Graham, rose to become Commander-in-Chief in succession to Wellington. The regiment continued to spawn such prodigies right through World War II.

He was the most companionable of men. On return to London and semi-retirement, ennobled and fêted, a retired Member of Parliament but now a member of the upper house - in those days as active a political forum as the Commons - he founded his own club where he could meet his old friends and companions in arms. The magnificent clubhouse still stands in Pall

Mall and is now the home of the Institute of Directors. For 30 years he supplied the food and champagne there for a celebratory dinner on the anniversary of Barrosa - and even told them how to carve the saddles of lamb.

All his life he kept stables of horses for his own use at leisure as well as for hunting. He kept others in race training at Newmarket. Much of the time he travelled Europe - a sort of extended and long-running Grand Tour. He used his excellent command of languages and indulged his classical learning. He was never short of friends and companions.

But Mary was the love of his life; he never married again. A biography of her, The Beautiful Mrs Graham by Mrs E Maxtone Graham, sheds much interesting light on their life together.

Perhaps he was an early example that keeping an active mind and a broad range of interests really does help to prolong life. At 95 his age must have been at least double the average life expectancy. It is right that that life be fully acknowledged and appreciated.

If any reader feels that they can shed light on little known facts about Graham, or the whereabouts of papers or artefacts of his, I would be delighted and obliged to them if they would contact me.

Philip R Grant

Bible And Sword: The Cameronian Contribution To Freedom Of Religion - An Abstract

Presented for the Degree of Doctor of Theology - Stellenbosch University, During the 16th and 17th centuries, the Stewart rulers of Scotland and England endeavoured to enforce Royal Absolutism on both countries. This included ecclesiastical pressure on the Scottish Presbyterians, giving rise to a movement known as the Covenanters. One identifying aspect was their field preaching's, or Conventicles, held in secret, frequently on the moors. As persecution increased, worshippers took weapons to these Conventicles for self-defence in case of attack during the service.

Royal efforts to impose Episcopalianism on Scotland intensified after the Restoration of 1660 and were met with resistance. In I666 open revolt broke out in The Pentland Rising, which was put down with great severity after the Covenanters were defeated at Rullion Green.

Open revolt broke out again in 1679, when some Covenanters defeated a small royalist force at Drumclog, but they were soundly defeated by the royal army at Bothwell Brig shortly afterwards. The Covenanters split into two factions, moderate and extreme; the extreme element becoming known as Cameronians after the martyred covenanting preacher Rev Richard Cameron, "The Lion of the Covenant."

The hypothesis researched was that; The development and actions of the Cameronian movement made a significant contribution to Freedom of Religion in Scotland. The hypothesis rests on whether Cameronian influence was significant, and to what degree.

Subsequent to Bothwell Brig, the Covenanting movement virtually collapsed in Scotland. The leaders fled to Holland and the common people who remained were severely persecuted. But by early 1680, two covenanting ministers, Richard Cameron and Donald Cargill, had returned from Holland to preach in the fields against Erastian limitations on doctrine, worship, discipline, and church government. They were hunted down and killed, but their followers (now called Cameronians) formed their own ecclesiastical polity known as the United Societies. This was a presbyterial Church, separate but not sundered from the Church of Scotland (The Kirk), which had by now largely accepted a considerable degree of Erastianism.

The Cameronians became a small but vociferous pressure group, not only persecuted, but denigrated by moderate Presbyterians. Throughout this period they ensured a considerable degree of freedom of religion for themselves, despite the ever intensifying persecution. Their stance was vindicated at the Glorious Revolution of 1688/9, one outcome being the raising of both a guard, and a regiment, of Cameronians, both of which enabled a period of comparative calm and safety to prevail, thus allowing Parliament and the General Assembly to finalise the

Revolution Settlement for both Church and State, without any external threat from Jacobitism.

The Cameronian clergy then became reconciled with the Kirk in 1690, and brought two-thirds of the United Societies with them, thus ending their period of isolation, and once more presenting a (virtually) united Presbyterian front to the world. Rev Alexander Shields was critical to both the formation of the regiment and reconciliation with the Kirk.

The thesis (see seperate supplement) demonstrates that the Cameronians made four significant contributions to freedom of religion in Scotland.

- Firstly, they made a significant contribution to freedom of religion by their struggle to protect the right to retain their own freedom of doctrine, worship, discipline and church government, resisting every effort to remove these by force. In 1690 they secured these freedoms.

- Secondly by their new-found military effectiveness, they secured a climate of comparative peace and stability in the latter half of 1689 and 1690, during which both Parliament and General Assembly were able to carry through vital legislation for Church and State, without any external threat.

- Thirdly, through the reconciliation of their clergy with the Kirk, the Cameronians were catalytic in the establishment of a [virtually] united Presbyterian front in Scotland,' thereby ensuring that the Kirk was strong enough to accept the existence of other denominations without feeling unduly threatened.

- Fourthly, Rev Alexander Shields stands out as catalytic in the achievement of the Second and Third significant contributions. It can be argued that his behaviour, in itself, was a significant contribution to Freedom of Religion.

The Kirk's future problems came rather from within, with the First and Second Secessions of 1733 and 1761, which lie outside the scope of this dissertation. Most of the RPC joined the Free Church in 1876, and there was general re-unification in 1929, when most of the United Free Church joined the Kirk, (after Budeigh 1960).

D.O. Christie

EDITORS NOTE: See separate supplement published with this, the 2008 Covenanter

The 1st Lanarkshire Volunteers (5th Scottish Rifle)

In The Bravest of the Brave , the article about Cameronian winners of the Victoria Cross Philip Grant mentions the 5th Scottish Rifles (5th SR) and its predecessor volunteer battalion , the 1st Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers (1st LRV). The change of name took place in 1908 when volunteer units were incorporated into the newly formed Territorial Army.

The 1st LRV was formed in 1859. According to the Post Office Directory of Glasgow 1867-68 its orderly room was at 73 Renfield Street in what was or became the business area of the city. Thereafter (perhaps in the 1870's the battalion moved to a new drill hall at 261 West Princes Street, near St Georges Cross and convenient for the burgeoning West End of Glasgow. According to the introduction to the history of the 5th SR in the first World War, it and before it the 1st LRV, was the corps d'elite of the city of Glasgow and surrounding districts. On formation it was composed of a number of companies recruited from the professions , industries and trades carried on in the areas. Before the days of the officers Training Corps, it acted as the training school for those who wished to obtain commissions in other West of Scotland volunteer units. Indeed, anybody who wanted to become an officer in the 1st LRV had first served in its ranks.

The standards expected of all ranks were high and the battalion won many trophies in marching and shooting competitions . The 1st LRV , and following it the 5th SR was a swish outfit ; so much so that many citizens of Glasgow considered their social education incomplete until they had served in it.

According to JJ Bell , best known as the author of the "wee Macgreegor" in "I remember", an account of life in the West End of Glasgow in the 1870's and 1880's, one of the events of that time was the Annual March Out of the 1st LRV each Spring. A lengthy column of men in grey , helmets included,

marched out of the Burnbank drill ground across Kelvin Bridge up to Hillhead. They were led by a brass band, with a pipe band being added later and also, I understand (see below) a mounted troop, Every boy in Hillhead regarded the 1st Lanark as his regiment and most of them had friends or relations in it.

According to the war history , the bulk of the 5th SR in 1914 consisted of young men in comfortable circumstances. It was one of the sights of Glasgow to see them disperse after drill at Charing Cross in their hodden grey uniform. A considerable number of former members of the 1st LRV achieved distinction in walks of life other than soldiering.
The most notable of these were the future Prime Ministers Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Andrew Bonar Law, the scientist Lord Kelvin, who as William Thomson was a Captain in the Battalion in 1867-68 and the future founder of the BBC John Reith who was the transport officer of the 5th SR in the early part of the 1914-18 war. A further notable political alumnus of the battalion was the turbulent Red Clydesider, James Maxton MP, who according to the introduction to the war history was proud to have served in it.

In 1884 Will Carnegie, a farmers son from Forfarshire (as the county of Angus was then known) came to Glasgow to work for the then National Bank of Scotland. He knew only a few people there and joined the 1st LRV as a means of meeting other young men. In due course a mounted troop was formed under the command of Captain William Smith, the founder of the Boy's Brigade, Carnegie transferred to it. Family lore has it the mounted troop took part in the Annual March Out and that as a strapping farmer's son with considerable riding experience, Will Carnegie was allotted the biggest and most mettlesome horse available

Through the mounted troop, Will Carnegie became friendly with John Forrest who lived nearby and who worked in the city Saw Mills at Port Dundas. Forrest introduced him to his sister Nanny, and after a long courtship Will married her in 1900.

Will and Nanny were my grandparents. As the vehicle through which they met I and the rest of their descendents should be grateful to the 1st LRV. But for it we would not have existed!

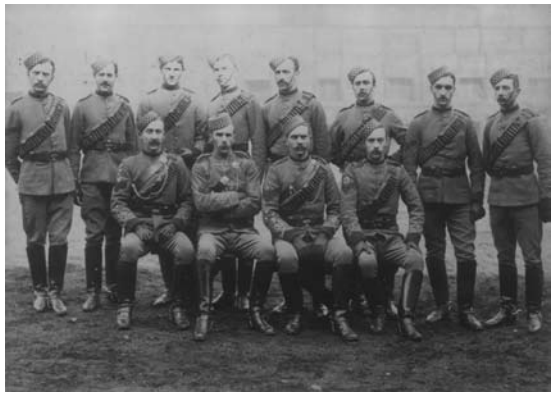
William Carnegie

Notes:

1. According to the war history of the 5th SR, over 450 officers and 5000 men served in the battalion in the 1914-18War. Of these 84 officers and over 1300 men were killed or reported missing an over 100 officers and 3000 men were wounded or otherwise disabled. Four members or ex members of the battalion won the VC.

2. In 1920 the 5th SR was amalgamated with the 8th Battalion of the Regiment whose Drill Hall was near Glasgow Cathedral to become the 5th/8th Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The joint battalion operated in West Princes Street. In 1938 it was converted into a Searchlight Regiment Royal Artillery thus severing its connection with the Cameronians eighty years after its formation.

3. About ten members of my family or men who married into it served in the 1st LRV and its successors or in other battalions of the Cameronians. This service covered our generations and a 100 years from the 1860' s to the mid 1960's It was not continuous, but nonetheless it is a record of service worth mentioning. Three members of the family, a son and two nephews of John Forrest , lost their lives in the 1914-18 War. One of those Captain Lyon Malloch, won the MC at Arras in May 1917 before being killed a few months later.



Back Row - 5th from left Will Carnegie and 6th from left John Forrest
Front Row - 2nd from left William Smith

A Concise History of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

As 2008 draws to a close two things stick in my mind. It is the end of the year which marked the 40th anniversary of the disbandment of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and with the passing of November it is the end of my involvement in the process of writing the concise histories of the pre-1968 Scottish infantry regiments. The series had its origins in the government's decision to restructure the infantry by abolishing the remaining single battalion regiments and introducing new "large regiments" with Regular and Territorial battalions.

As everyone in Scotland knows, the new Scottish regiment is The Royal Regiment of Scotland with five Regular battalions and two Territorial battalions, a replica, so to speak, of the old Scottish Division. To mark the occasion Mainstream Publishing, part of the Random House empire, asked me to write concise histories of what had been so that people could be reminded of what had preceded the new regiment.

Originally, only the six existing regiments were to be addressed but when The Highlanders complained (rightly so) that it would be impossible to do justice to the 72nd, 75th, 78th, 79th and 92nd Highlanders within the agreed 65,000 words, sense prevailed and a volume was devoted both to Queen's Own Highlanders (Seaforth and Cameron) and to The Gordon Highlanders. This opened the way for a final eighth volume to be produced on The Cameronians and when it appears in 2009 it brings the story full circle.

I should admit straightaway that I did not serve in a Scottish regiment but over the years I have enjoyed a close relationship with the army in Scotland and have been privileged to have known many of the main personalities. And as an outsider perhaps I have had different insights into what has gone before and what has come into being. The main lesson I learned is this: while it was regrettable to see the demise of so many historic names the history of the British Army has been one of constant change with regiments disappearing through amalgamation, disbandment and cutbacks. Indeed, after every major war the government's main aim has always been to slash back the budget of the armed forces which one them.

It was ever thus and it has to be said that the formation of The Royal Regiment of Scotland is a direct result of the end of the Cold War and the consequent need to address the challenges of modern asymmetrical warfare in the wake of the recent terrorist attacks. Besides, there is no earthly reason why the new regiment should not be the equal or even superior to those who existed in the years before 1968.

As a military historian I have every sympathy with the unhappiness expressed by those who were dismayed by the passing of the old order, but let us look again at that history from a slightly different point of view. Over the years the British Army's regimental system has hardly been a seamless garment. Far from it. For example, at the end of the eighteenth century The King's Own Scottish Borderers spent 20 years as the 25th Sussex Foot and during the nineteenth century several proud regiments including the Argylls lost their Highland status and were not allowed to wear tartan. They all survived their different transformations and thrived. Now that we have the new Royal Regiment of Scotland there is no reason why it should not inherit the traditions, history and devotion to duty that characterised its founder regiments.

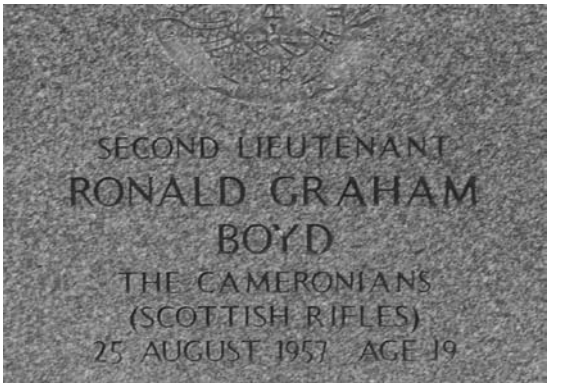
And it can work. During the Second World War Bernard Fergusson, a great son of the Black Watch, served in the Chindits, a special force raised to fight behind Japanese lines in Burma. (The second operation included 1st Cameronians.) He noted that its men came from all over the British Army but the Chindits quickly gelled and its men developed an esprit de corps which was second to none. Why was that? Well, as Fergusson put it they were given a smart uniform and a new cap badge and told, congratulations, you're Chindits now. That should be the message for the new regiment. Not, hard lines you're no longer Black Watch or whatever, but well done, you're the new Royal Regiment of Scotland.

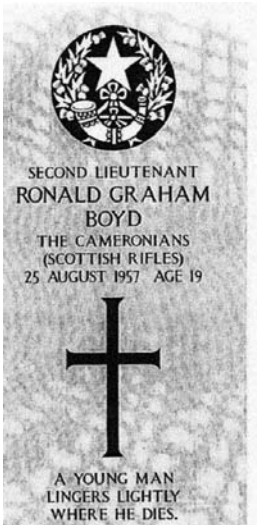
One last word. Oceans of ink have been used to argue the pros and cons of the Cameronians' decision to disband. Amalgamation with the KOSB was one possibility but when the axe fell in 1967 the decision was taken within the regimental family to disband. With the passing of time and with hindsight, it was the correct move. Even if the amalgamation with KOSB had worked, it would only have led to further amalgamations and the dilution of the Cameronian name - in 2006 The Royal Scots and KOSB amalgamated to form The Royal Scots Borderers, 1st Battalion The Royal

Regiment of Scotland. At least, in the case of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) its history is inviolable and its traditions are still intact - just as the Rev Donald MacDonald foretold in his moving words of eulogy at the disbandment parade in May 1968.
The Cameronians: A Concise History and the other seven volumes are published by Mainstream and are available at all booksellers and on-line at amazon.co.uk
Trevor Royale

Bahrain Headstones

Readers will recall the letter published in the 2004 Covenanter from Mrs A Winkley concerning the state of the cemetery in Bahrain where two of our members now lie.
I quoted the response from MOD Directorate of Personal Services (Army) – Non War Graves. "This office has within its remit the administrative oversight of the maintenance of the graves of soldiers who have died in service since January 1948, who were buried at public expense and whose graves have a military pattern headstone similar to those of War Graves." They went on to say "New headstones for Lieutenant Boyd and Rfn Sunter along with those of 19 other servicemen have arrived safely in Bahrain" I am happy to report that these headstones have now been put in place.
Editor





O'Connor in Italy

There appeared in The Times on 4 November 2008 an article entitled:

'Britain's oldest regiment hails a great Italian victory 90 years on'.

It was accompanied by a photograph, reproduced here, of what looks like a punt with a slight glengarry-clad figure in the bows. The article goes on to tell of a parade

that day in Vittorio Veneto before the President of Italy, Senor Giorgio Napolitano. It was, … ' a grateful acknowledgement by the Italian authorities of a remarkable British contribution to Italy's final victory over the forces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the First World War'. The newspaper article is based on another written for the journal of the Honourable Artillery Company (HAC) by their Archivist, Ms Justine Taylor.

The Times goes on:

[It was] … a commemoration of the 90th anniversary of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto in 1918, and the HAC's role in spearheading an assault across the River Piave in the hours of darkness, while it was in full flood.

Under a heavy Austrian artillery barrage the HAC's 2nd Battalion, led by Lieutenant Colonel Richard O'Connor, led a force of Italians, Americans and British over the river compelling the garrison of the strategic island of Papadopoli in the main channel to surrender. Thereafter the Italian and Allied pursuit of the enemy continued for ten days, ending in the complete rout of the Austrians; an armistice came into effect on November 4, 1918. The upshot was the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

For this remarkable feat of arms the HAC was awarded two Distinguished Service Orders, five Military Crosses, three Distinguished Conduct Medals and 29 Military Medals. And to show their appreciation of the British contribution the Italian authorities awarded each member of the 2nd Battalion HAC a special medallion generally awarded only to Italian units. O'Connor, who was awarded a Bar to his DSO [and the Italian Silver Medal for Valour], went on to distinguish himself as a general in the Second World War in which, ironically, he spent some time as a prisoner of the Italians against whom he fought in the Western Desert.

Readers of The Covenanter will know that O'Connor became General Sir Richard O'Connor KT GCB DSO* MC. In a supplement which accompanied the 2005 issue there appeared a brief biographical sketch of him [He] was described in his obituary in the 1981 Covenanter as 'unquestionably the Regiment's most distinguished soldier of his generation'. His crowning achievement was his defeat of the Italian 14th Army in 1941. Who knows what else he might have achieved had he not then spent the next three years as a prisoner of war.

He was born in 1889. After school at Wellington College he went to RMC Sandhurst and from there he was commissioned into the Regiment, joining the 2nd Battalion in 1909. (For this and for much else which follows we are indebted to his excellent biography, The Forgotten Victor, by Lt Col Sir John Baynes.) The following ten years, formative for any young man, were to shape him and his career. His obituary in The Times said (in part):

'O'Connor's record in the First World War was remarkable. He was mentioned in despatches seven times, was awarded the DSO and bar, the Military Cross, and the Italian Silver Medal for bravery. … He was 25 years of age when the war broke out and he was in the thick of the fighting on the Western Front practically without a break. As a company commander and adjutant he became a legend in his own regiment. He was Brigade Major of [two] Brigades; and he created a precedent when he commanded the 1st Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company … for it is a three centuries old

tradition in the HAC that their unit should be commanded by one of their own…

And here is the first point that we should look at again. Baynes says that it was the 2nd Battalion HAC and not the 1st and it was undoubtedly that which he commanded with such distinction. Why the discrepancy? Odder still, his official army record (AFB199) shows the following entries:

Appt Temp Lt Col in Command 1st Bn HAC (Inf) - France - 4.6.17 … [and then, next line] To Italy appt OC British Troops Austrian Tyrol under orders 47th Italian Division.

Let's try to clear up this first point: which battalion was it? In writing the biographical sketch quoted above this writer concluded that (based on the Times obituary and the official army record) it must have been the 1st Battalion to which he was appointed. In recent discussion with the Archivist at the HAC, Ms Justine Taylor, we have together concluded that both versions are probably right. This is based on evidence in the HAC regimental number register (a purely civilian Company record) that the infantry battalions were referred to as the 1st/1st, and 2nd/1st and sometimes the 1st/2nd in much the same way that in other regiments at that time we see reference, for instance, to the 1/7th, 2/7th, 1/8th and 2/8th Battalions of the Middlesex Regiment. The entry in the HAC register shows:

4.6.17 RN O'Connor 2/1 HAC.

Which brings us to the story of his joining the HAC first before taking over command of the 2nd Battalion. Here some explanation is necessary. The HAC is unlike any other regiment in that it has a social club element which is connected to and yet separate of course from the military wing. Details are to be found at www.hac. org.uk. There it says:
There are two broad classes of memberships available in the HAC, Regimental and Non-Regimental.

Regimental Members are either TA soldiers in the Active Unit of the HAC or Veteran members who have ended their active soldiering but still enjoy the many benefits of belonging to this unique organisation.
Non-Regimental members will have served for at least 2 years in Regular or 3 years in Volunteer units of any of the British Armed Services. They must be proposed and seconded by Regimental members.
The tangible benefits of HAC membership include use of the restaurant, bar and accommodation at Armoury House [City Road, London], the Holmes Place gymnasium, various meeting rooms, playing fields, secure car parking facilities and access to the many HAC clubs and societies (see other pages on this website for more details).

This, in very broad terms, was the organisation which O'Connor joined in 1917. Here again opinon is divided. In the Times obituary it says:

[Picking up again from the above quotation] … it is a three-centuries-old tradition in the HAC that their units should be commanded by one of their own number who had served in the ranks, a difficulty which was overcome in O'Connor's case by payment of one guinea to join the regiment, and being entered on their roll as a private soldier for one day.

On the other hand Baynes says (p22):

In a matter of weeks he had won the respect, even the affection, of the HAC and he was gratified when the officers of the battalion elected him to honorary membership of the Company.

It is this writer's view that, with no disrespect whatever to the biographer, the former story from The Times sounds more like the man and is therefore, perhaps on balance the more likely. Further, the date given in the civilian register for joining 'the club' is the same as that given in his army record for promotion and the assumption of his command.

In passing it is worth making brief mention of the 5th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) who, based in Glasgow, fulfilled a similar role in the west of Scotland to that of the HAC in London. Many of the very best soldiers from both these units were promoted, often commissioned, and sent elsewhere to positions of importance .

We have read of 'the respect, even affection of the HAC' for their new Commanding Officer. This should come as no surprise. He had that magnetic quality of an inspiring leader. He must also have fascinated them.

A totally unknown quantity he had been imported into their midst from a Scottish infantry regiment of which most can have had little if any knowledge. He was but 27 years old, small and bird-like, softly spoken. But what they will all have noticed, because in those days medal ribbons were worn on everyday service dress, was his DSO and his MC. Had they made enquiry they would have been told that the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians, who preferred to be known as the Scottish Rifles, had an outstanding record. Their performance, though a crushing defeat, at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle in 1915 (O'Connor was not then serving with them) was to become a legend.

The Times again:
O'Connor was a man of irrepressible energy, short, wiry, alert. He had a quiet, retiring, almost shy manner, but could sometimes be alarmingly direct in thought and speech.

Writing many years later, General Sir Horatius Murray (a subaltern in the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) when O'Connor returned in 1924 as Adjutant) said:

'Whether you are prepared to accept it or not, the fact remains that you were a somewhat frightening person. We were all told about the officer of the HAC who had fainted while being dealt with by you .

The 2nd HAC were in a bad way when O'Connor took them over: low in numbers and morale. In little time he had impressed his personality and professionalism on them. Drawing not just on his wartime experience but on all that he had learned in his regiment before the war he soon rekindled the spirit of a fine fighting force. He led them first in France: Baynes again :

The battalion was at the Front again at the end of June, and spent the next few months doing the usual periods in and out of the line without suffering serious casualties. Then in October 1917 the series of battles began which are known as Passchendaele. The first action … found the 7th Division back where it had been at the start of the war. Its objective was the Reutel-Broodseinde track. Reutel was eventually captured, but the casualties sustained by the HAC amounted to eight officers and 49 men killed, 189 wounded, and 49 missing, almost all later reported killed. O'Connor would never forget these losses suffered in a frontal assault, and when in action again would always look for a way in from the flank against an enemy position. …

Luckily for the HAC, Reutel was the 2nd Battalion's last battle in France. On 20 November 1917 it was moved with the rest of the 7th Division to the Italian front. …

The next year was to be spent in rigorous training though the strategy was one of defensive inaction. Eventually an Allied offensive was planned and hence the crossing of the River Piave. His investment in that training was to pay handsome dividends.

Returning to the recent Times article: it says … 'ironically he spent some time as a prisoner of the Italians against whom he fought in the Western Desert'. This really will not do, on two counts. Let's deal with the second point first.

The real irony of his relations with the Italians was the feat of arms for which he is best known - and rightly so: his legendary defeat of the Italian 14th Army in North Africa in 1941.

He had had to wait until 1932 before being offered command of another battalion but it was not in his own regiment. He turned it down in the hope and expectation of commanding a battalion of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). But before could happen he was promoted to Brigadier and given command of the Peshawar Brigade on the North West Frontier, a plum job for any Brigadier. His command included five infantry battalions, and an Indian Army cavalry regiment as well as the usual supporting troops and elements of the Royal Air Force.

August 1939 found him in Jerusalem in command of the 7th Division. When war seemed inevitable his headquarters was moved from there to Cairo and almost immediately from there two hundred miles west along the Egyptian coast. Eventually by June 1940, having by this time been promoted to Lieutenant General, he was in command of the Western Desert Force. At his disposal he had: 7th Armoured Division, 4th Indian Division and the 6th Australian Division. Opposite him the Italian forces comprised some 250,000 men, 450 medium

and light tanks and 1,400 guns. 'Resources which in actual numbers exceeded [his] by about 8 to 1 in men and very greatly in guns and tanks.'

As The Times put it:

When fortunes in the Second World War were at their lowest, it was he who advanced 500 miles in eight weeks, taking 130,00 prisoners, 400 tanks and 1,290 guns. In a long and distinguished military career this brilliant campaign was his crowning achievement for which he will be remembered.

The second point from the present Times article is that he spent a great deal more than just 'some time' as a PoW in Italy. By a stroke of great misfortune he was captured by German forces in North Africa on 6 April 1941. Shortly afterwards he and others were flown from Tripoli to Rome. They were moved from camp to camp and in all he made three attempts to escape, the last being successful in the confusion which followed the Italian capitulation. His attempts were nothing if not inventive. He went over a wall once, tunnelled under another and eventually walked through a third. As The Times obituarist has it:

'He and other officer prisoners walked out disguised in peasant costumes from the wardrobe of the prison camp dramatic society. Travelling by night and hiding in ditches in the daytime they eventually reached the British lines.'

A telegram was sent to UK that day telling of his release. He had dinner that night with General Alexander at his HQ (where the principle guest was General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander). It was 21 December 1943, his wedding anniversary. Their first stop on the long journey home by air was Tunis and there they spent time with the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, who was convalescing from pneumonia. Next stop, Algiers, where they had dinner with Harold Macmillan, the resident Minister. They were then flown to Marrakech and thence to Prestwick, landing on the morning of Christmas Day.

He had been held captive for little short of three years. He bore the Italians no ill will, indeed he later wrote at great length of the kindness of those who had facilitated his escape, telling of their bravery and hospitality.

This is not the place to trace his resumed career from early 1945 to mid-1946 when he took over as Adjutant General. Field Marshal Montgomery who had not long taken over as CIGS summoned him to this vital post. Soon he had to embark on a long series of tours visiting a huge army which was spread across the world. His first visits were in UK and then the whole of October was to be spent on the Continent. Of this the first week was to be spent in Italy visiting many of the Italians who had guided him, General Neame and Air Vice Marshal Boyd to freedom two years earlier.

'Gussie' was visited in Florence and a trip was made out to the monastery at Camaldoli. Next they moved south to stay in Sovera's hotel in Cervia, which was no longer troubled by the presence of the Wehrnmacht! Here he was also able to make contact with Madam Teresa Spazzoli. Phipps [his MA] was greatly struck by the warmth of the welcome given by these Italians who had risked so much, and in many cases suffered so much, to aid British escapers when virtually nothing could be done for them in return .

The Times photograph depicts the visit to Italy in 1924 and an early commemoration of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto. On this occasion (28 September 1924) it was for the unveiling of: 'A memorial to the 7th Division, placed on the mainland, opposite the middle of the Island of Papadopoli'. But another visit to the battle site should be recorded as well. In 1930 O'Connor returned to regimental soldiering on a posting to the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in command of the machine gun company. Baynes says :

During 1931 O'Connor and another Cameronian officer drove in his car from Cairo to London on their annual leave. [A not inconsiderable undertaking today in a modern motorcar!] On the way they visited the Piave river, and crossed to the island of Papadopoli to inspect the scene of his battle thirteen years before.

Whether he had further occasions to visit Italy is not known. It seems entirely in character that he placed as a high priority the need to thank those who had shown him such kindness and consideration when he needed it most. It is clear that there was

a feeling of great mutual liking as well as respect on both sides. This perhaps makes it all the more ironical that the role for which history remembers him is the comprehensive defeat of an Italian army, the loss of life thus incurred and the incarceration of those lucky enough (?) to be captured instead.

PRG
prgblue@yahoo.com

* 'Lieutenant Colonel O-Connor, left, and Sergeant Major Bradley of the HAC on their way in 1924 to a service commemorating victory on the Piave in 1918.'

Museum report 2008

It has been a busy year again for the museums service. After achieving our full accreditation in July 2007 for all three of our museums we thought that our great achievements could not be outdone, the good news came when we were awarded a prestigious award from the Quest quality assurance scheme for our achievements in quality assurance.
This is a great achievement as we are the first museum service in the United Kingdom to be awarded the charter mark.

New Acquisitions

The collections team have been busy working on a huge project of digitising the combined collections of Hamilton District museum, Clydesdale Council, Glasgow and the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The collection is estimated to be over 150,000 objects and this is not including the large archive.
We hope that over the 15 year period we will photograph or scan the collections so they are more accessible to the public.
More than 3000 Cameronian photographs have been scanned, both from the regimental museum collection and private collections that have been donated to South Lanarkshire Council over the past 10 years.

As some of you may be aware the museum service placed a collection embargo for a period of 2 years to allow the collections team to begin the large digitisation project. This embargo is still in force for another 12 months. We did however state that if an object was offered to the service that we could not turn down we would take it in to the collection.
I am pleased to say that we have taken in some very special pieces this year, from silver spoons to medal groups. A large collection was bought at auction owned by Awarded to Brigadier Cyril Nelson Barclay C.B.E DSO who commanded 156th Infantry Brigade (52nd Lowland Division). The group consists of:
Distinguished Service Order Medal
1914-15 Star
British War Medal
Victory Medal
Indian General Service Medal
1939-45 Star
Burma Star
France and Germany Star
Defence Medal
War Medal 1939-45
Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE) and a full set of miniatures.

Image of medal group Brigadier Cyril Nelson Barclay C.B.E DSO who commanded 156th Infantry Brigade (52nd Lowland Division).

If you do have something that you would

like to donate to the museum then please write a letter detailing your donation with a photograph and send it to Low Parks Museum, 129 Muir Street, Hamilton, South Lanarkshire, ML3 6BJ. or telephone 01698 328232. I would ask that you do not send collections directly in the post.

New Cameronian History

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.
The text and images draft of the book has

been reviewed by the Regimental Trustees and their comments are being incorporated in a revision. The research, writing and design are by Katie Barclay MA MPhil, an Honorary Fellow at Glasgow University. The final version is now with the museums departments who are currently working on Copy right issues and adding final comments. We hope that the book will be published in 2009.

Enquiries.

It has been a very busy year for the enquiry service with over 386 enquiries to date. The majority of these enquiries are of a Regimental nature, the increase in the amount of enquiries rises every year, again we have broken another record.
Enquiries as ever are from all over the world, England, Republic of Ireland, Isle of Man, Spain, Belgium, Australia, Canada, New Zealand. We again would like to draw peoples attention to the research guide that has been updated on the Cameronian official website on the museum pages.

http://www.cameronians.org/museum/research.html

There is lots of useful information and resources for you to use such as, where you can get copies of service records, if you can get photographs of soldiers and what resources the museum have to help you.
In some cases we will not be able to supply any information but there are places that may be able to help. Check out this useful guide and its free.

Friends of Low Parks Museum.

The friends of Low Parks Museum again have been working hard they have transcribed and proof read Sergeant Rattray's diary from the early 18th century – one of the oldest first hand accounts from a Cameronian we have.
They have also transcribed and proof read the war diary of the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion from 1908 – 1916, and the 5th Battalion war diary for the First World War.
They will be working on transcribing the Second Word War diaries, which we bought in from the National Archives, in the New Year.

2008/09 Exhibition.

The 2008/09 exhibition at Low Parks Museum Called At Ease opened 5th July and closes on the 5th May 2009. This exhibition looks at the history of the regiment away from the battlefield, the exhibition is broken down into defined themes that we can all relate to such as, Travel and transport, sports, animals, history of the regiment, the officers mess and love and relationships.

The exhibition has been a great success having over 22669 visitors so far and with another 5 months to go we hope that we can double that. There has been a lot of objects brought out of the stores that have not been on display for a number of years. We must also thank a number of people who kindly loaned objects to the exhibition, you know who you all are.

The museums department are currently working on the 2009 temporary exhibition that will explore the theme of regimental sliver. This exhibition will open in March 2009 at Low Parks Museum, Hamilton.

Other Staff news.

I am please to announce that South Lanarkshire Council museums department has began a three year project of significance not only for our department but for museums as a whole.
Succession planning has became a work on everyone's tongues in the small world of museums, as staff members move on valuable knowledge is lost and in some cases 30 years plus knowledge can be lost. To prevent this happening our knowledge management officer has been working on a project that will prevent this happening in the future.

Succession Planning in our Museums

Collections knowledge is a key aspect of the cultural value of our collections for this and for future generations.

To illustrate its importance, here is an example:

To tell a more complete story about Lieutenant Colonel William Cleland's sword, it is essential that, down the centuries since 1679 when Cleland last had it in his hand; the link between the sword and its

famous owner was maintained through the traditions of the families that kept it. If even one generation failed to pass on the vital knowledge about the sword, that information would have been lost forever. The sword would merely be a well-preserved example of a 17th century weapon in our collections. We would have had no idea that it had belonged to Cleland.

Multiply that by at least 50,000 times for all the objects in our collection to see the scale of the importance of passing on collections knowledge.

Lt Cleland's sword illustrates an essential part of successful and consistent preservation and sharing of collections knowledge: succession planning.

In the museum world many long-serving employees retire or leave their museum for another job. When they leave much of their accumulated knowledge about the collections goes with them.

In recent years museums and museum bodies such as Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS) and the Museums Association (MA) have begun to deal with this challenge.

The MA, through the Lottery-funded Monument fellowships scheme, is able to fund a few fellowships each year for a retired curator to spend a further period with his/her old museum to pass on his/her collections knowledge to colleagues.

Here in South Lanarkshire Council we have a different approach. We have re-structured our service to allow a long-serving museum employee, Terry F Mackenzie, to work 3 days a week exclusively on succession planning in partnership with Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS).

Terry is now 60 years old and has worked in the museum service in Hamilton since June 1974. He has also worked in partnership with the Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) over most of that period. Terry has an unrivalled knowledge of the collections - most of it in his head.

If Terry's brain could be plugged directly into our computerised collections management system, then the downloading of the data would be relatively simple. That part of the process is being achieved instead through a procedure known as "knowledge harvesting". Sharon Paton, who works both with South Lanarkshire Council museums as a Museum Officer and with Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS) as a job-share Collections Development Manager is working with Terry on developing a series of questions for Terry to respond to while studying the object or group of objects in question. Sharon commits 50% of her time to this work. Early pilot work on knowledge harvesting is showing it to be very successful at capturing data that's in Terry's head.

We believe that we are the first museum service in Britain to take such an approach and to make such a commitment.

The joint aim of South Lanarkshire Council and Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS) is to develop a succession planning toolkit that any museum in Scotland could use with suitable training and support. In addition, elements of this toolkit are planned to be available to the museum sector as part of a new Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS) learning website for employee development.

Succession planning in museums has a wider objective than the concept has in its more familiar role in business. Succession planning in museums is about developing procedures to share collections knowledge, not just amongst museum employees, but to make it available to all museum visitors to our museums and to our website.

Our project is intended to run over three years in three phases, gradually widening the project to include more of our project objectives. We plan to seek grant-aid from Museums Galleries Scotland (MGS) to support this important project. The Trustees of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) have agreed to match fund parts of the first two phases where it concerns Cameronian collections. In the second year it is planned to digitise the complete run of The Covenanter from its first issue in 1922. This goldmine of information about Cameronians worldwide can then be browsed page by page and be fully searchable.

Our objective is to make succession planning an integral part of a museum's daily work so that collections knowledge is a constant stream of sharing of information and adding an ever-growing stock of collections

knowledge.

We hope that readers will agree that this is a fitting article to include in the final printed edition of The Covenanter, as the Cameronian family looks towards the future as well as the past.

Low Parks Museum Shop.
As reported in the 2007 Covenanter we hare currently working on an online shop for all of the Cameronian gifts. In the mean time they can be purchased by contacting the reception staff at Low parks Museum for a price list. Amongst the gifts that we have are: crystal pedestal clock, Pyramid paperweights, and crystal coasters to mention a few. For up to date prices and availability please contact the font of house team at Low Parks Museum, 129 Muir Street, Hamilton, ML3 6BJ or Tel: 01698 328232. Email: Lowparksmuseum@southlanarkshire.gov.uk.

2nd Battalion Centre Piece at RMA Sandhurst

THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) 40th Anniversary Commemorationof the Disbandment of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

Press Release

All ranks The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) are to commemorate the 40th Anniversary of the disbandment of the 1st Battalion in 1968 as part of the Defence Cuts of that era when the Regiment chose to disband rather than amalgamate with another Scottish Regiment.

It is intended that this be the last formal gathering of the Regiment.

An Officers Dinner Night is planned for Saturday the 10th May and an all Ranks gathering at Douglas on the 11th May, when close on four hundred old comrades and family members will meet to celebrate their service with one of Scotland's' most famous Regiments. The re-union will be followed in the afternoon by a traditional gathering on the site where the Regiment was raised in 1689 and where the 1st Battalion was disbanded on the 14th May 1968.

On that occasion The Reverend Donald Macdonald (the much loved former Chaplain for many years to each of our regular battalions) said by way of conclusion to his address to all those present:-

"You now move out of the Army List because of changes of emphasis in our Defence Systems coupled with economic duress and political expediency. But be not disheartened The Army List is a document of temporary significance, liable to amendment or excision according to the whim and swing of governments".

"So put pride in your step Cameronians! As you march out of the Army List you are marching into History and from your proud place there, no man can remove your name and no man can snatch a rose from the chaplet of your honour".

"Be of good courage therefore! The Lord your God is with you wherever you go"

The Cameronian Regiment, a unique part of Scottish history for nigh on three hundred years, was formed in one day on the 14th May 1689 without beat of drum on the banks of Douglas Water. The original Cameronians were zealous Covenanters and took their name from Richard Cameron.' The Lion of the Covenant'

As the 18th century drew to a close Britain faced a war with the French and a Perthshire Laird, Thomas Graham of Balgowan, later Lord Lynedoch, raised a Regiment namely the 90th Perthshire Volunteers who acquitted themselves well in France and throughout the Napoleonic Wars and later in India and South Africa.

The amalgamation of these two Regiments in 1881, as a result of reforms to the whole structure of the army, saw the creation of the Regiment The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) designated as a Rifle Regiment given their prowess at marksmanship.

The Regiment saw service in most theatres during two World Wars and in the post war years earning thirteen Victoria Crosses and a further six by association over their years of loyal service.

Prior to this gathering the following message will be sent to Her Majesty The Queen:

All ranks attending the 40th Anniversary Commemoration of the disbandment of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) send loyal greetings to Her Majesty The Queen.

Regimental Dinner 10 May 2008

Band Programme

Marches:
Old Comrades
Killaloe
Mechanised Infantry
The Great Escape

Selection from:
Out of Africa
The Mission
Saving of Private Ryan
Zorba the Greek

Solos:
Piccolo - Bosun's Fancy (Captain Pugwash)
Cornet - Yesterday (The Beatles)
Clarinet - Pirates of Penzance

Selections from:
Jesus Christ Super Star

National Anthem

Regimental March:

"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town"

Music by: William Phillips and the William Phillips Band

Menu

Carpaccio of Beef, Horseradish Cream, and Parmesan Crackling

Sea Bass with Wilted Greens and Sesame Dressing

Baked Lemon Tart with Berry Compote and Mascarpone

Filter Coffee and Chocolates

Wine: Hardy "The Riddle" Colombard-Chardonnay South Eastern Australia

Pipe Programme

March: Balmoral Highlanders

Strathspey: Arniston Castle

Reel: Lexy McAskell

March: Killiekrankie

Pibroch: "Correnesains Salute"

Regimental Marches:

"Kenmuirs' On an' Awa"

"The Gathering of the Grahame's"

Music By: Cpl Turnbull, L/Cpl Gray
By kind permission of the Commanding Officer
1st Battalion The Royal Regiment of Scotland

Attendees

Baynes Lady Shirley
Brotherton Major Ron and Elke
Brunker Guy and Mary
Buchanan-Dunlop Colonel Robin
Burrell Lieutenant Colonel Jim and Norma
Cameron Major Donald and Monica
Christie Captain Jeremy
Cooper Eleanor
Cox Lieutenant Colonel Jeremy
Craig Captain David
Craig Major John and Caroline
Daglish Nicholas and Jennifer
Eydes Major Peter and Rosemary
Farquharson Major Ian and Eileen
Ferguson Captain George and Elma
Gardiner Ronald
Gordon Ian and Janice
Gordon-Smith Captain Peter and Kate
Grant Major Philip and Raimonda Pellegrini-Theiss
Hathorn Rosemary
Hawtrey-Woore Jeremy and Josephine
Heathcote Dudley and Patricia
Hewat Major Alastair
Jerman Barry
Leishman Major Brian and Gillian Charlton-Meyrick
Lindsay Lieutenant Colonel Sandy and Jean
Lindsay Major Colin
Lomas Robert and Jenifer Ann
Lucas Colonel Dudley and Stephanie
Mackay Colonel Hugh
Martin (RH) Bob
Mathews Lieutenant Colonel Frank and Sue
McBain Lieutenant Colonel Ian and June
McNeill Efric and Katherine
Muir John and Margaret Richmond
Murray Lieutenant Colonel John and Ruth
Nisbet Major David and Sue
Orr Lieutenant Colonel Jim and Alison
Park-Weir Major Iain
Paterson Lieutenant Colonel Bouffy and Maggie

Pattison Major Lisle and Dorothy
Pettit Captain Clff
Rodger Major Bill and Sheena
Selkirk of Douglas Lord James and Susie
Sixsmith Major Mike and Jo
Tedford Lieutenant Colonel Ian and Lindy
Weir Captain John and Nessa
Williams Anne
Worthington-Wilmer Major Hugh and Philippa

Regimental Gathering

Following the annual church service at 10am in the Douglas Valley Church, St Brides there will be an all ranks gathering.

Cameronian Sunday St. Bride's, Douglas 11 May 2008, 10.00 a.m.

The Reverend David Easton

Text – During his lifetime Absalom had taken a pillar and erected it in the King's Valley as a monument to himself, for he thought, "I have no son to carry on the memory of my name." He named the pillar after himself, and it is called Absalom's Monument to this day.
2 Samuel 18.18

Today is a day when we remember. We remember the long and proud history of the Cameronians both in war and peace – a history which stretches from the raising of the regiment on 14 May 1689 to its disbandment on 14th May 1968. We remember the political and religious convictions of those who first formed the regiment; we remember the wars in which it fought across the centuries; we remember acts of heroism in far flung battlefields; we remember those who paid the price of such courage and gave their lives for their country; we remember the disbandment of the regiment on a cold and wet day 40 years ago; and we remember the annual commemorations at Douglas which have kept the spirit of the regiment alive and have maintained a sense of continuing belonging.

We remember, because it would be wrong to forget. Not to remember would not only be a gross betrayal of those whose names are recorded in the annals of the Cameronians, or are inscribed on war memorials, or who to this day bear the scars of war. Not to remember would also diminish us. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Shostakovich, the Russian composer who died in 1975, describes in his memoirs the reign of terror which Stalin unleashed in Russia in the 1920s and 1930s. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people were arrested and executed or sent to labour camps in Siberia, never to return, and those who were snatched from their homes by the KGB in the middle of the night, or arrested at work, or picked up off the street, were not remembered. You didn't ask what had happened to them. You didn't even let on that you knew them. If you did so, you also would fall under suspicion, and it wouldn't be long before you too were taken away.

In his memoirs, Shostakovich pays tribute to one of his teachers at the Moscow Conservatoire called Zhilayev who encouraged him as a young composer. He often went to his house to show him his latest work. In the front room hung a picture of a famous army general called Tukhachevsky who after the First World War became a national hero. But for Stalin, he had grown too big for his boots. He feared him as a rival and ordered his execution on the trumped up charge that he had worked for the Germans as a spy.

Shostakovich writes:
After the announcement that Tukhachevsky had been shot as a traitor to the homeland, Zhilayev did not take the picture down. I don't know if I can explain how heroic a deed that was. How did people behave then? As soon as the next poor soul was declared an enemy of the people, everyone destroyed in panic everything connected with that person. If the enemy of the people wrote books, they threw away his books; if they had letters from him, they burned the letters. The mind cannot grasp the number of letters and papers burned in that period, no war could ever clean out domestic archives like that. And naturally, photographs flew into the flames first, because if someone informed the authorities that you had a picture of the enemy of the people, it meant certain death.
Shostakovich goes on to say:
Zhilayev wasn't afraid. When they came for him, Tukhachevsky's prominently hung portrait amazed even the executioners.

"What, it's still up?" they asked. Zhilayev replied, "The time will come when they will erect a monument to him."

Not to remember, to blot out the past, to erase the memory of people and events from our minds, is not only a denial of the past; it is also a denial of our common humanity.

It is important that we remember. What and whom we remember is an important part of what we are. And an even more important part of what we are is who remembers us. To remember other people is to be thoughtful, considerate, and kind. To be remembered by other people is to be cared for and loved.

The desire to remember and be remembered runs deep in human nature. There's a bit in us all which says. "Remember me!" In childhood we make sure we're remembered when the sweets are shared out. In adulthood we still shout "Remember me!" as the annual pay review takes place, or as the profit margins and dividends are shared out. "Remember me!" And if it's not our determination to have a fair share of the cake which lies behind our cry to be remembered, then it's our craving for status, recognition, appreciation, or even love. "Remember me!" We're at it from the cradle to the grave. The desire to remember and be remembered is part of human nature.

Which brings us to the story in 2 Samuel of the pillar which Absalom erected. It was his bid for a kind of immortality of the sort which people still crave today. It may be an entry in Who's Who, or an autobiography, or a plaque, or a stain glass window, or a trust fund - Absalom's pillars, some of them fitting and appropriate, others vulgar and pretentious.

The story is part of the record of the reign of King David. David was getting on in years and beginning to lose his grip on the affairs of state. His son, Absalom, led a rebellion against him. His force of malcontents was defeated by the king's army. But before battle was joined, David had instructed his commanders to spare his son's life. However, in the event he was put to death by David's commander-in-chief, Joab. It happened like this. As Absalom fled from the scene of battle through the forest on the back of a mule, his long hair caught in the overhanging branches of a tree. The mule ran on and Absalom was left hanging. Joab and his men found him and finished him off with three javelins. His body was then thrown into a pit and covered with stones.

Meantime, David waited for news of the outcome of the battle. His main concern was for Absalom. A runner came hotfoot from the battlefield to tell him that the king's forces had won the day, but David wasn't listening. His only thought was for Absalom. "Is the young man Absalom safe? The runner didn't have the heart to tell him. He would only say, "I saw great confusion just as Joab was about to send me, your servant, but I don't know what it was." But a second messenger was blunt and to the point. "May the enemies of my lord the king, and all who rise up to harm you be like that young man.". Then we're told that David went to his room and wept – "O my son, Absalom! My son, my son, Absalom! If only I had died instead of you – O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Now in the middle of this moving story, the chronicler tells us of the monument which Absalom had erected in memory of himself. Joab's soldiers had buried Absalom without ceremony under a rough heap of stones in the forest. And that reminds the chronicler of the very different memorial which Absalom had built for himself.

Here one can't help think of other memorials which people have planned for themselves –the architectural dreams of Hitler; the statues and palaces which Saddam Hussein built for himself; the multi-million pound villa which Grace, the wife of President Mugabe of Zimbabwe, has built for herself; or the ornate tombs in the necropolis across from the Cathedral and the Royal Infirmary in Glasgow which were erected over the remains of the tobacco barons who made the city great to keep alive their memory.

Deep irony surrounds all these monuments which people have built for themselves. Who of us will ever forget those pictures we saw on TV of the mob in Baghdad pulling down a huge bronze statue of Saddam Hussein, then dancing on his torso and slapping his face with their shoes, which apparently is as insulting as you can get in Islamic culture. In the same way, the heap of stones in the forest was a far cry from the pillar which Absalom had erected to perpetuate his memory.

But the irony goes even deeper than that. Why do we remember Absalom today? Because of the pillar which he raised to his own achievements? No. If we remember Absalom at all it is because of his father's love and tears – "O my son. Absalom! My son, my son Absalom. If only I had died instead of you. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

This annual Commemoration Service which has taken place on this Sunday for the past 40 years is an Absalom's pillar of sorts. And a fine and worthy pillar it has been. All honour to those of you who have kept the pillar in good repair all these years. And though this is the last formal commemoration of the regiment's disbandment, the memories will live on, and the camaraderie and friendships forged in active service across the world, and the pride in having served with the Cameronians. The regiment's place of honour in the annals of military history is secure. The Cameronians will always be remembered. Of that there is no question.

But to return to our story, Absalom is remembered, not because of the pillar he raised to his achievements, but because of his father's love and tears – "O my son, Absalom. My son, my son Absalom." Absalom is remembered because of his father, and for no other reason.

But what about you and me? Are there not parallels between ourselves and Absalom? Surely there are. Like Absalom, like the prodigal son in the parable Jesus told, we too are rebels. We've rebelled against our Father in heaven. And like Absalom we have erected monuments which proclaim our independence of God, and which defy his authority – monuments to man which glorify his achievement and which proclaim, "Glory to man in the highest!" The face of the earth is covered with them. But, of course, it is also littered with piles of rubble which mark the place where those who built monuments to themselves came to a sticky end (think of Hitler's bunker) - just like Absalom who built a monument to himself, only to end up under a pile of stones in a dark corner of a forest. So there is a parallel between the story of Absalom and our story.

But we can press the parallel even further. Absalom is remembered not because of the pillar he raised to his achievements, far less for the ignominy of his end which was without honour and dignity; he is remembered for his father's love and tears. And what of us? In the end of the day, what is it that gives you and me significance? Surely it is that God, who made us, so loved us, rebels that we are, that he gave his Son to die for us. That is the measure of the worth God places upon you and me

David wept when he learned of Absalom's death, and cried, "if only I had died instead of you, O Absalom, my son, my son." But God has not only shed tears over us. In Christ he has borne the consequences of our rebellion. He did so at Calvary. He died in our place. What David wished he could do for Absalom, God actually did for us.

That is the heart of the gospel. "The Son of God loved me," says the apostle Paul, "and gave himself for me." Or as he puts in his letter to the Romans which was read to us earlier in the service by Colonel Mackay, "Christ died for the ungodly. Very rarely will anyone die for a righteous man, though for a good man someone might possibly dare to die. But God demonstrated his love for us in this; while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.

CS Lewis, that great apologist for the Christian faith back in the 1940s and 1950s (and how we need another CS Lewis in our day to commend the faith to those whose mindset leaves no place for God) described Christ's death for us on the cross as the "intolerable compliment which God has paid us." Intolerable because we can't ignore it or escape it. The fact that God wept over us and gave his Son to die for us, ensures that we shall be remembered, and remembered for all eternity. Because at death we won't lapse into oblivion. There is no question of God forgetting us. How could he when he gave his Son to die for us. The question is: how will we be remembered? Will we be welcomed with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord"? Or will we be dismissed with the words, "Depart from me. I never knew you."? Eternal destinies hinge on how we shall be remembered.

May this final service of commemoration, followed by a last conventicle, point us to that day when one way or another, we shall all be remembered by the God whose verdict alone matters.

Commemoration Service at Douglas, 11 May 2008

Major The Reverend DEN Cameron

MICAH Ch 6, Vv 6-8

Text - With what shall I come before the Lord and bow down before the exalted God?
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves a year old?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, with ten thousand rivers of oil?
Shall I offer my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He has showed you, O man, what is good. And what does the Lord require of you?
To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God.

I am proud to have served with the Cameronians!

That is surely the theme in our hearts as we gather here today. And I mean not just those who were commissioned or non-commissioned in platoon and company and battalion - but wives and children - also members of our great Regimental family. They belong here, too!

We've come a long way from that moment when Colonel Dow stood before the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland and said: "We have to go now, Sir. It is time for us to go." And those on parade marched off to drum beat - for the Battalion and Regular Regiment officially no longer existed.

We all know that is the way of life. Times for change must always come, sometimes unwelcome. And it has come today, 40 years later.

This is the last formal gathering of Cameronians and well-wishers. Of course friends and comrades will continue to meet one another here and elsewhere as long as they want to, and are able. Lots to share, to laugh over, or in this or that occasional moment of seriousness, to be silent.

But not to grieve. We've done our grieving. The sorrow of those days in 1968 should have faded. Life must go on. We're not entirely a gathering of youth, are we? - Though hopefully hearts can still stay young. And they say that while our short term memory diminishes, our long-term recollections sharpen. So, lots left in the memory banks to draw upon.

We must leave it to the historians to say what sort of Regiment we were. We all have our own opinions on that, and needn't be afraid to share them! Today I want to pick out and share just two out of many good ways we soldiered as a Regiment in the last century. I can say share, because I myself am not quite yet history….

In the lesson read a few moments ago we heard these words: To act justly and to love mercy.
I think of the 1st Battalion in Malaya, when General Templar brilliantly ordered that all the workers on rubber and oil estates be moved into new, guarded, fenced-in villages. This made it really difficult for the terrorists to get regular supplies. The

move of course caused much heart-ache for workers and their families, moved from locations they had lived in for generations. But our drivers, our platoons and sections did what they could to help men, women and children get settled in the district we were responsible for.

On many patrols our sections and platoons sought out, ambushed and shot terrorists. On one occasion a terrorist, or bandit as we called them, was shot and wounded in the dark just outside one of these new villages. He was followed at first light for almost a mile by his blood trail. He sat drained and helpless, expecting to be shot

on sight, having been told by his leaders that was what would happen if the British captured him. Well, of course the first thing he received was a cigarette, a drink from someone's water-bottle, and a field dressing. Years later, we were in Aden, where stop-and-search was so necessary among the local population. And what a reputation the Battalion gained there among the locals, for politeness and courtesy, while still firmly doing its duty, including the necessity to search men at random!

None of these things gets headlines. But those qualities of attitude and behaviour say so much, where acting justly and loving mercy adds to the stature of both men and units. We've got our history, forged around the world in the horrors of war and battle. Our VCs, our battle honours. They are history we can read of and remember with pride. But today and tomorrow, life must go on. And - and we have something unique to the British Army. Our very roots, which came out of a strong belief in and acknowledgement of the living God.

Our Father God understands human pride in achievement. But in his divine love he is concerned with what is in the heart of men and women. He longs that all should know the way to live. So I say to you, as I do to myself, that these words of our lesson are what can, and should, take us forward into the coming days: *He has showed you O man, what is good. What does the Lord require*

of you? To act justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God.


40th Anniversary
Commemoration
of the disbandment of the
1st Battalion
The Cameronians
(Scottish Rifles)
Sunday 11 May, 2008
at Douglas
400
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Tel: (01730) 813331

Ashdown House
New Road
Midhurst
West Sussex
GU29 9HY

The Rt. Hon. Christopher Geidt, Esq., CVO, OBE,
The Private Secretary to
Her Majesty The Queen,
Buckingham Palace,
London,
SW1A 1AA.

25th April 2008

Dear Sir,

We would be honoured if you would pass the enclosed message of loyal greetings to Her Majesty The Queen.

It may be useful to give you the following background notes.

Our Regiment, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), was raised in one day close by Douglas village in Lanarkshire on 14 May 1689. As a result of Government economic cuts we chose to disband rather than amalgamate and this was carried out on 14 May 1968 at a site a few hundred yards further down Douglas Water from our "raising" spot.

Each year in May a few of us attend the Douglas village kirk service and subsequently visit our disbandment cairn.

Age takes its toll and so this year we will make the occasion one at which as many as possible can come to meet up with old friends. We expect at least 350 old Cameronians from all parts of the United Kingdom and a fair number from France, Canada, Germany, Malawi, South Africa and the USA. There will be some 30 distinguished guests and many, of course, from Douglas village. We realise that this may be our last big occasion, but our Regimental Museum in Hamilton, which flourishes, will become the focal point for information and contact.

During our last four years of service to The Crown we consecutively provided the Ballater Guards (1964 and 1965), the London Guard duties (1965), many important public duties in Edinburgh from 1966-1967 and a year of active service in Aden. We returned in time to pay our respects to South Lanarkshire before our final parade.

Yours faithfully,

Colonel Hugh Mackay
Regimental Trustee
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

Tel: (01730) 813331

Ashdown House
New Road
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West Sussex
GU29 9HY

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

All ranks attending the 40th Anniversary Commemoration
of the disbandment of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)
send their loyal greetings to Her Majesty The Queen.

11th May 2008

Colonel Hugh Mackay, OBE
Regimental Trustee
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Colonel Hugh Mackay, OBE,
Regimental Trustee,
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Please convey my warm thanks to all ranks of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) for their message of loyal greetings, sent on the occasion of the fortieth Anniversary Commemoration of their disbandment which is being held today.

I much appreciate your kind words and, in return, send my best wishes to all concerned for a most memorable and enjoyable event.

ELIZABETH R.

11th May, 2008.

THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES) & FAMILY MEMBERS

Royal British Legion Scotland Glasgow & Western Counties Area

Standard Bearing Competition Sunday 4th May 2008.
The Organisation Standard Bearer Mr Robert Gracie participated in the Royal British Legion Scotland Glasgow & Western Counties Area Standard Bearing Competition on Sunday the 4th May 2008 at the Territorial Army Centre of 32 (Scottish) Signal Regiment (Volunteers) at Maryhill in Glasgow. The Competition was opened by the Area Chairman Mr. Andy Bryan who welcomed all the guests and contestants. Drill Instructor Mr Ian Reat began the formalities with a tribute to the Late Cameronian William (Bill) Gough who passed away recently. Bill was a Standard Bearer alongside Robert and very well respected throughout the Organisation. The Standards Bearers dipped in homage while the Last Post was played followed by a minute's silence. Robert Gracie carrying the Organisation Standard participated in the Association Section of the competition. The quality of Standard Bearing was very high and Robert excelled and was awarded the Trophy for the Association Section, a very worthy winner.

Major Terry O'halloran, Capt Eric Bridge, Lt Col Kevin Townsend, Woi Nick Korff, Maj Terry Milne Representatives of the Witwatersrand Rifles Regimental Association - South Africa, who attended our Regimental Gathering on 11 May 2008 as guests of the organisation

MEMORIES

At the Depot

When the battalion left the Oman and Bahrein for Kenya I found myself on a posting to the Transit Camp at RAF Khormaksar in ADEN. I was not very chuffed about this so I hatched a cunning plan. After I'd been at the transit camp for a couple of months I would put in my notice to leave the Army at the end of a three year period. I reckoned this would mean that when the time came I would be returned to the Bn to be discharged and once there I would withdraw my notice, thereby getting back to HQ Coy MT Pln in under a year rather than hanging about Aden for a couple of years or until someone in Bn HQ remembered me and wondered where I was.

Of course as we all know; cunning plans have a habit of going wrong and this one was no exception. About six weeks before I would have been due to be discharged I was informed that my foster father had died but that there were no compassionate reasons for me to be sent home.

However two weeks later I was given four hours notice to get myself up to the RAF Movements Office to join a flight for the UK. This turned out to be a rather poorly old Beveley aircraft which was going back to RAF Transport Command workshops to be either rebuilt or scrapped.

It took a week to get to the UK as we had to keep diverting to RAF stations for fuelling and running repairs.So I found myself back in the UK with two weeks disembarcation and compassionate leave at the end of which I reported to the Orderly Room at Winston Barracks where ORQMS Dickson was quite happy to hear that I was withdrawing my notice to leave. Within fifteen minutes I was in front of the CO affirming this and actually getting a sort of welcome back to the fold. I wasn't daft enough to think they would just give me a ticket to Kenya and send me happily on my way but I enquired when I could expect some news; Wee Dickie (TheORQMS) told me the NS intake in training had two weeks till their passing out parade then two weeks leave before they would form a draft to go to the Bn so I should just go and make myself useful round at the MT Office.

I was pleased to find Cpl Ian McCammont in charge of the depot MT as he was the very person who had taught me to drive (and ride a motorcycle) in Buxtehude.

Ian was a big lad, rugby player and someone with a mysterious past of which he never spoke. there were delicious rumours around about him having been a military policeman who had been turfed out of the RMP for some crime or other but never any proof of that was shown. Certainly when we were on the driving cadre in Buxtehude it often happened that we would leave the barracks with quite a few full jerricans of petrol under the folded down roof of the Champ and go directly into Hamburg where he would leave us at the top of the Reeperbahn and disappear into the city; picking us up again at three o'clock. Never told us where he had gone but it must have been a hell of a distance because the jerricans were always empty when he returned!

He had a cavalier attitude to most WD equipment particularly vehicles, the depot Landrover was more or less regarded as his personal vehicle and he thought it would be a good idea to take me on a tour of the local countryside and so I found myself learning the routes to Biggar, Forth, Douglas and so on. It was incidental that he happened to have Lady friends in these places and he could do social visits at the same time. One of the odd things about him was that he was obviously well educated and spoke more like an officer than a jock which added to the speculation about his past. I was not really surprised when he told me he had applied to join the newly formed Army Air Corps had sat the entrance exam and been medical and aptitude tested. I was surprised when I saw a copy of the exam paper though , the level of maths, physics etc was well out of the secondary school league but that was when he admitted to having a University degree.

So I hung about the MT filling in time waiting for for my draft to Kenya until it dawned on me that the recruits had finished training and gone on leave and I'd not heard anything about joining them. I went round to see the ORQMS and asked him if I'd be going with them. " Oh yes" says Wee Dickie,

"But only as far as the railway Station" "Cpl McCammon't has been accepted for flying training in the Air Corps, You will take over from him as Depot MT Cpl".
That was it then. All my cunning plan had done was get me from one posting to another.
The Depot trucks were nothing to get excited about; a half decent Landrover, a One Ton Morris and an ancient Bedford Three tonner which was older than me and might even have seen some war service.It had crash gearbox which needed double de-clutching and gentle persuasion to get it to go up and down the gears; brakes which required five minutes notice before they would consider working and best of all there was a little handle on the dashboard above the gearbox. When you wanted to turn left; you leaned over pulled this across to the right and this pulled up a white painted metal arm with a red tip to indicate your turn to other traffic, (of course this was in the days before self cancelling flashing indicators) but it looked so much like
a railway signal that it always got a laugh. Sometimes it stuck in the up position because it had been bent so often, then you had to stop the truck and hit it with something to knock it back down.

There was no fuel gauge either but there was a metal stick graduated in gallons that you shoved into the tank to see what you had. There was one other truck in the garage. This was a OneTon Ambulance with a canvas body and the Red Cross painted on the sides, just like the one seen in the old black and white movie "Ice Cold in Alex "
Life at the Depot was fairly easy though. The training staff got on with training the recruits; either National Service drafts or regulars and the rest of us on the staff just got on with supporting them. I was not required to do any duties or guards, there wasn't even a muster parade for the staff so as long as you kept smart and polished as expected and got on with the job nobody bothered you.
There should have been two drivers and myself as the MT section but of course there was only one driver when I took over, Rfn Jimmy Graham, A Nashie who had been kept over after basic training as he held a driving licence. This was usually enough because there wasn't much to do There was a twice daily Post run to Lanark PO at 0900 and1600 hrs and trips to various stores depots at Stirling, Maryhill Bks in Glasgow, Edinburgh etc. The recruits did not need much transport except to the ranges which were only a mile down the road.

After a few months our ancient three tonner was replaced by a Bedford RL ,not new but at least a bit more modern, Rfn Graham got posted to Kenya and Rfn Bill Brown came back from the Bn and joined me in the MT along with a recruit who'd finished training name of Cooper and therefore nicknamed Gary. Bill was a bit of a character. He had started as a junior bandsman, become a Rifleman, Regimental Policeman. MT driver in Bahrein,Oman,Jordan and Kenya which was when I knew him and had been up to the rank of Cpl a couple of times.Should have been pushing for Serjeant really but he had an unfortunate talent for getting into some odd scrapes. His last and greatest was in Kenya when after a drinking session in the NAAFI he and a couple of friends thought it would be a real laugh to borrow one of the Landrovers and take off on safari. They only got about fifty or sixty miles away before they ran out of petrol and water (you don't plan very well when you set out on a drunken caper)

While they were residing in the regimental guardroom awaiting their fate they decided they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so they broke out of the guardroom; borrowed another Landrover (this time not forgetting spare fuel and water) and took of in the general direction of Rhodesia. They got a long way this time but when they had almost run out of petrol and were near a small town they rolled into the only filling station in the place and invited the owner to fill them up and send the the bill to the British Army in Nairobi. Naturally the owner was a bit dubious and the police became involved . They spun a tale about having been on an exercise; getting lost and keeping going until they found this small place and they just needed petrol and directions. They nearly got away with it, one policeman seemed to be wearing it but the other took himself of to the Police Station to check and came back with a squad of Ascaris. The game was up. After the inevitable consequences the other two left the Army and Bill found himself at the depot where he had about ten months to do before he could terminate his service

Around the same time another old friend of mine from the Bn turned up. Rfn Terry Macaree. Terry was a London boy who

had joined us as a band boy in Buxtehude but hadn't quite made the grade with the instruments and so ended up in a Rifle Company. After the Oman business he had trouble with one of his feet which needed an operation. This couldn't be done in Bahrain or Aden so he was sent home to Cowglen Military Hospital in Glasgow (We still had military hospitals in those days) The op was a success but he had to be medically downgraded during the recovery period and they kept him at the hospital doing odd jobs, mostly shovelling coal in the boiler room. He soon got fed with this and contrived to have himself posted to Lanark where he soon got upgraded and became an assistant PTI and a very good gymnast.

Many of the training corporals and other depot staff were chosen from the best of the recruits and we had a great cpls mess including among others Iain Collinson, Eddie Wallace and Abie Little who were regulars and went on to join the WOs ansd Sgts Mess in the Bn. Of National Servicemen we had Bill Moyes and Guy Brown on the PT staff and Big Archie Millar (from the Glasgow Shipyards) as Provost Cpl and later Alex Dobie who became Post Cpl. Two others whose names I cant remember were talented table tennis players, playing at a high level in the Scottish Championships, so there was a constant competition going on in the mess and some of us became quite good enough to give the big boys a decent game.
This did not go down well with "Fag Ash Lil " the NAAFI manageress because all the furniture had to pushed to the side to give the best players enough distance from the table and we usually forget to put the place back in order.

The Post Cpl was an old timer known to everyone as Wee Davie because he was about as wide as he was tall. One of those old timers with a full set of war ribbons and probably not less than twenty odd years service in the regiment who was a heavy drinker and gambler. After the evening post was delivered to Lanark GPO he always asked to be dropped at The Horse and Hounds pub. He reckoned he was an expert on racehorses, racing dogs and the best permutations to win the football pools and claimed to be best friends with racing trainers and jockeys, sometimes when he was well oiled in the mess he would favour us with a little inside information on an absolute certainty running at York or wherever. Of course his certainties always fell at the first or were pulled up or baulked or something. But one day he told me of a horse called Top Hat which he claimed was going to make his fortune in the two o'clock at Newmarket or wherever. Bill Brown knew a bit about betting, looked the horse up in the paper and noted it was at 100 to 1. We had a good laugh but it was the day before payday and between us we could raise five shillings so after a bit of "Will We, Wont We" it was decided we'd throw our money away and have a bet
By this time it was 0ne-forty five so we jumped in the Landrover and shot down to Lanark. Unfortunately it was Market day and traffic was heavier than usual, by the time we got to the Bookie the race was under starters orders and he wouldn't take the bet. I was quite pleased thinking I had saved my half crown for better things but believe it or not the damn thing won. We could have got twenty five pounds; nearly six weeks wages.
Wee Davie claimed he had not backed it either and we always wondered if he had been winding us up.

On a Thursday Davie would collect the football coupons from those who played the Littlewoods Pools along with whatever cash was required for the stake; take them to the GPO; buy the necessary postal orders and send off the coupons.One Thursday while waiting for him it occured to me that I needed a birthday card so I went into the post office and there was Davie with a pile of coupons in one of those little privacy cubicles they had in those days.He was looking through all the coupons, deciding most of them had no chance of winning, tearing them up and pocketing the cash. I dont know how long he had been doing this but he only had a few weeks to do and I hadn't the heart to report him, he would have lost his pension and all that. I just made sure that I went into the post office with him and saw the coupons properly posted for the next couple of weeks.
There was another old timer finishing up his twenty something years of service in the staff barrack room. His name was Dusty and he was the cpl in the QM stores. He regarded the contents of the stores as the untouchable property of the MOD and trying to get a new pair of socks or an exchange of a worn out KF shirt out of him was impossible without a note signed by the

CO, the QM and probably the Minister for Defence, and a receipt from the Pay Office to say the money had been taken from your wages to pay for it. However Dusty had a strange habit. Although by no means a heavy drinker (he was rarely seen in the mess to have more than the usual beer) about once every six weeks or so he would ask me to bring him a half bottle of whisky from the pub off licence. It had to be Queen Anne whisky, nothing else would do. The bottle would be placed in his locker beside a beautiful crystal glass he kept there; possibly liberated from the Officers Mess sometime in a chequered past. Then about nine o'clock at night he would open both doors of his locker, pour himself a glass and standing almost in the locker with the doors pulled in behind; him proceed to demolish the bottle in less than an hour, then he would crash out; sometimes making it to his bed or other times just crashing on the floor. Then we'd put him face down on his cot (although he was never sick) extract the keys to the stores and get whatever was needed.

I never had much to do with the Band Boys unit apart from taking them and their kit to the Clyde for canoeing trips and and so on but a good number of them had completed most of the tasks required to gain the Duke of Edinburgh Award and were to do the final thing which was a cross country unsupported march over two days and a night.The chosen route was the difficult Lairig Ghru pass from Braemar to Aviemore. The boys would travel up by bus I would take their kit, rations etc. set up a starting camp near the Linn of Dee and see them on their way in the morning picking the kit up again in Aviemore two days later. It seemed like a nice few days in the Highlands away from camp routine although it was late Autumn and a bit chilly with fine sunny days, just what the boys needed.

The Colour Sgt at the Boys Unit in charge of their kit and accomodation etc was from Highland Bde and actually lived in Ballater not to far from Braemar so he was taking advantage of the exercise to get a free trip home and a weeks leave. Before we left I was surprised at the large amount of sheets ,blankets,rations etc we were putting on the truck also several large boxes he said was his personal stuff. After we'd seen the boys off on their trip I was to take him to Ballater; which was in exactly the opposite direction from Aviemore, but never mind, he was in charge.

Along the way he said he knew a good short cut over the hills so if I just turned in this gate and up the track he would keep me right and we could halve the journey time. It was a serious bit of cross country driving going high up into the mountain,crossing burns and on little wooden bridges over deep ditches. I said to him half joking ,half serious "If I lose it on one of these ditches you will have to take responsibility for us being up here". "Just make sure that doesn't happen" says he "This is the Braemar Royal Estate we are on" After we were over the top and heading downhill he asked me to stop so he could have a pee, jumped out and started rummaging in the back of the Landrover. About seventy five yards away was a sloped bank with a number of pheasants wandering about on it and they started heading over to us, probably expecting to be fed. Next thing I hear is a gun firing, the pheasants scatter and there he is with a.22 rifle shooting at them ! Good God, Not only are we trespassing on the Queens Estate, Now this nutcase is poaching her birds. I couldn't think what to do, he was a C/Sgt to my Cpl for a start but apart from that I hadn't a clue where we were or how to get out of there. I couldnt just drive away and leave him and he said he was determined to have at least two birds. Problem was he had fired about eight shots and still hadn't hit one. We were going to be there all day, so I convinced him to giveme a try , shot the two nearest, threw them into the truck and was off down that hill like a getaway driver from a bank.

He certainly knew his way round all those tracks though and shortly we emerged onto the road not far from Ballater where all the stuff was unloaded and taken into his house. I declined the offer of lunch and was away from the scene of the crime asp.

I never met him again but shortly after our little trip he was suddenly removed back to Highland Bde amid rumours of financial irregularities, missing stores and scams to relieve the boys of their pocket money, There was talk of court martial proceedings but I dont know if any of that happened.

When the indoor sports season started in the winter S/Sgt Spiers our PT Corps instructor decided to form a team to take part in the Scottish Command championships. We couldn't raise a full team of all the boxing

weights but we made a team of six and four of us..Sgt Alan Nelson, Sgt Davie McMillan, Rfn Murdoch and myself all won our weight, the others were runners up. We had the most number of winners so the Depot became Scottish Command Champions. A while after that I received a letter from Scottish Command inviting (?) me to join a team from theArmy which would take on a team formed by the Scottish Amateur Boxing Assosciation in aid of a huge Charity fundraising event which had been going on all year. I joined the Army team at Edinburgh and was quite surprised to see that we had quite a talented team (Lots of good amateur sportsmen doing National Service in those Days) and we were bussed over to Dunfermline where the show was to take place. All my previous boxing experience had been in Army gyms or in inter club and schoolboy championships in Glasgow which usually were held in town halls or rather poor boxing clubs but this was the full black tie affair with the ring surrounded by dinner tables at which much drink was flowing. Apparently a large sum of money had been raised from those attending.

At the weigh in it soon became obvious that we were facing not an S.A.B.A team but in fact the full Scottish National Team including ABA champions.
They did not have an opponent for me as their bantamweight had suffered an injury of some kind, but so as not to disappoint me (?) they suggested that I could do an exhibition bout with a spare lightweight they had on hand.
The result would not count in the nights scoring as it was against the rules to match opponentswith such a weight difference although regarded as OK if it was an exhibition bout. I said ok because I thought it would just be an excuse for my opponent to ponce about and show off a bit (at my expense of course) since he was the well known"Spangles Hunter" with many international appearances for the Scottish team behind him.

I was sadly mistaken however because from the first bell it was obvious that the only exhibition he was interested in was one where I would be disposed off in the first minute of the first round. It took a lot of fancy footwork to keep out of his way at first but I lasted throughout the bout and even managed to land enough punches of my own to feel honours were fairly even at the end although of course he was declared the winner. I was at least given a very fine trophy to keep but sadly I couldn't afford to have it engraved at the time.

The winter of '59 was really severe; very cold and with heavy snowfalls so of course the coalminers took the opportunity to go on strike. By this time I was married and my son Terry was a couple of months old so heating in our quarter at No 14 was pretty much essential, unfortunately though the heating system in the quarters consisted of an open fire in the sitting room and a coal fired range sort of thing in the kitchen which had a central fire grate with a small oven on one side and a larger one on the other. Pots or kettles could be heated on top of the oven part for cooking and although we did have a single electric ring on which you could boil a kettle, coal was essential for cooking and heating. Very soon it became impossible to obtain and we tried burning anything available, any scrap timber to be found, old shoes, cardboard boxes screwed up newspapers and so on. My wife Rose went home to Glasgow one weekend to visit her mother and a neighbour offered her half a bag of coal....she brought it back to Lanark on the bus in an old suitcase.

There was a large pile of coal over at the boiler house which provided the heating and hot water system for the main barrack blocks, It was crushed coal intended for high temperature boilers; every piece of it about the size of a grape and it fell down through two large open hoppers into the space in front of the furnaces where the boilermen worked.
I reckoned they wouldn't miss a few buckets so I went over late one night armed with two large metal buckets and a shovel. Through the open hoppers I could see the boilermen and I couldn't just shovel the stuff up into my bucket as they would hear me so I had to stand there in the freezing dark until one of them started to feed the boiler and then time my shovelling with his so the noise at my end was covered by the noise at his, then it was off with the goodies, but I had to pass the Sgts Mess on the way back and just as I was near it, the door opens and out comes the RSM and one of the Sgts. It was a dark night and they were under the light above the mess door. I stood stock still and pretended to be part of the landscape. The RSM had the quarter next to mine so I had to stand there with a heavy bucket hanging

from each hand until he made his leisurely way home and was safely inside. It was all to no avail, the damn stuff would not even light never mind burn. I found out later that the boilers had to be started with ordinary coal and got up to temperature before this stuff was used.

I had another idea though. In the garage was a large inspection pit covered for safety reasons with heavy duty timber boards, well impregnated with oil and grease; about four feet long; a foot wide and six inches thick. They fitted exactly the length of the pit. I enlisted the help of Bill Brown and we removed one of the boards and sawed it up into nice neat log sized pieces to fit the fireplace. Then we moved every other pit board about an inch leaving the pit still covered but with a little gap between the boards. The logs burned brilliantly and I could even bulk up the fire with some of the stuff from the boilerhouse but it only lasted one night so another board went the same way and the gap between them got wider.

After the third board had been used the gap was so ridiculous that we just cut up the rest. The law of unintended consequence operated about a week later when one of the recruits on stag in the small hours of the morning decided to nip into the dark corner of the garage for a quick smoke and fell into the pit. Luckily it wasn't too bad, he had a sprained ankle, a swollen knee and a filthy greatcoat. He also had a severe chewing out for being off his beat on guard and a week on light duty. (In todays Army he would probably get a half million pounds in compensation).

There was a great deal of looking into the pit by everyone from the training officer to the RSM but nobody mentioned the lack of covering boards and nor did I. Guard commanders were told to impress on the guard that they were not to go into the garage. I added my bit by suggesting that we could paint the inside of the pit with snowcem paint so it would be a bit more obvious at night and this was duly done. Rather nice it looked too.

It didn't end there though, a week later one of the junior nco's was taking a drill period in the garage because it was raining heavily. He had them marching towards the end wall and had given the preparatory order to "about turn" but the executive order never came and the squad were left marking time with the front ranks faces up against the wall!. Whilst watching the squad march away from him he had been walking slowly backwards and had of course walked backwards into my beautifuly painted pit. He actually fell down the steps of the pit and the only damage was to the back and elbows of his BD. After that the QM spoke to the civilian run REME workshop across the road and a few days later we had a fine set of brand new pitboards. They were safe enough though, by this time the weather had improved and the miners strike was over.

One summer day with not to much to do; Bill Brown and I decided it would be a good idea to go down to a cafe on the Biggar Rd much favoured by long distance lorry drivers for their superb steak sandwiches. This cafe stood at the junction on that road where the access track was for those wishing to walk up Tinto Hill and it seemed like a good idea to go round that way, then it seemed like a good idea to see how far up the famous hill we could get the Landrover. It wasn't too hard until we reached the old quarry about half way up but after that there was no proper track and although we got quite close to the top I (who was driving) found I'd been a bit over ambitious and was in a very dodgy situation with the truck stuck at an angle across the hill and liable to turn over at any minute, couldn't go forward or back in a straight line or turn to face downhill. We finally got away with it by creeping backwards on full lock with Bill hanging off the uphill side to add as much weight as possible until a point was reached where I could back down to the quarry in reverse gear.

Unfortunately when we came on a nice piece of open woodland near Carmichael I had another good idea; which was to have a speedy little run around the trees. It was all good fun until I charged over a low bank and ended up in a bog. The truck went right in up to the floor of the chassis and there was no chance of driving it out. Bill went down to the main road; got a lift back to camp and returned with the one tonner and a tow chain but the chain was pretty short and trying to get close enough to attach it, the front end of the One tonner sunk into the bog. I hadn't yet learned the warning phrase "When you are in a hole, Stop digging" So Bill went back to camp again and came back with the Three tonner.

It didn't even make to the stranded trucks; it was too heavy and got stuck not far into the wood. So much for being hot -shot drivers. We had to spend the night in the vehicles and were rescued by the recovery vehicle from the REME workshop in the morning. You never learn though, I found myself in the Tinto Hill situation once more during my service although this time up country in Aden on our last tour and this time I was on my own.

It wasn't all irresposible nonsense at the Depot though. When General Murray was to visit us (I think it was prior to his going Norway to become Commander of Northern Army Group in NATO) He to wanted to go down to the wonderful old saddlers shop which was in one of the closes off Lanark High Street and I was to take him in our Landrover. This was too good a chance to miss and we cleaned and polished every inch of it.

Despite our best efforts it was still just a tired looking old Landrover but then I found out that one of the recruits had just completed his apprenticeship as a coach painter. He agreed to do the business on the vehicle if we bought him the fancy brushes and things he needed but this was one crafty guy and once we had everything prepared and had all the expensive kit he wanted he then decided that if he was to give us the benefit of his training and study at night school etc etc then we had to come across with something in return. In short he wanted a driving licence and he knew it was possible for us to give him the coveted pink slip which would get him a civilian licence for free. As it turned out he had been driving his fathers car since he was eighteen and was perfectly competent so Major Quinn agreed to sign a slip if the job he did was up to expectation.

The job he did was indeed excellent,nicely painted and finished with a special varnish (no laquer in those days) and once we fitted a new shiny pair of headlamps I scammed out of the good old REME workshop by "accidentaly" cracking the glass in one and "losing" the chrome securing ring on the other we had a vehicle fit for a General. Well not quite, it was still let down by the well worn seating but Major Quinn fixed that by having someone make up white linen seatcovers. Come the big day I drove the General down to Lanark feeling quite proud of myself but I didn't get to put the Generals pennant on the bonnet.

There were rumours going round that the General would be taking a piper,driver,and other staff from the Regiment with him toNATO headquarters and since the Bn was away in Kenya it would be people who were around the place who would be chosen.

As it turned out the driver chosen for the job was Davie Keen who had just finished his recruit training but was a very good driver who had worked with cars in civvy street. It must have seemed some stroke of luck to join the Regiment, finish basic training, get promoted to Cpl and be sent off to drive limousines around the Embassies and Palaces of Scandinavia.

When it came time for the Admin inspection that year it was the usual Cameronian overkill throughout the admin side of the depot and it was no different in the MT. I had the trucks polished and cleaned to Buxtehude Bullshit" standard (Anyone who was in the MT in Buxtehude will know what that means) Every tyre pressure exact, oil levels right on the mark, no stones in the tyre treads and every document in place and up to date, in short all the usual nonsense, Hell, We even painted the inside of the pit again as it would be used to inspect the trucks. It worked a treat though , the inspecting REME Tech Sgt was well impressed and gave us an excellent report.

He did note that one vehicle had worn wheelbearings and the three tonner had worn propshaft bearings but this could not be seen as a fault on our part since I'd never had any training in MT matters other than a driving cadre in Germany, anything else had to be picked up as you went along . He did surprise me by saying that he had recommended I be sent on a course and it worked because not long afterwards I went on the MT Officers and Sgts Course over three months at Bordon camp in England. The course was quite good but too much time was spent on driver training lessons and not enough on the more important aspects of being in charge of operating regimental transport in the real world, for instance , only one half day on vehicle recovery which was just a demonstration of it being done by REME and a look at the various ropes and pulleys used. Another half day on the use and maintenance of motor cycles was spent watching the instructors having fun riding in a sandpit. One hour long lesson on the storage and transport of fuel and nothing about things like the working of a water

supply truck but I got a B plus pass at the end of it and I did learn how to check for worn wheel and propshaft bearing

The MT section (all two of us at this time) managed to bring another trophy to the Depot when Scottish Command decided to start an annual vehicle rally type competition. It was to be a day long thing with teams entered being made up of three people;one of whom had to have less than two years service. It didn't look as though we could form a team but Capt David Craig was at the depot at the time and he was dead keen to get involved so the team entered was to be He and I with Gary in the back to make up the one with less than two years service. The rules of the competition said that it was to be a test of driving skills and map reading and there would be a special "against the time" test to be carried out at the mid day break location.

We tried to figure out what the special test might be and could only think that it was probably a fast wheel change. If we had guessed right we had an advantage because that was something we used to do to pass the time on boring days when there was nothing else to do,Bill Brown and I could do it in a very quick time but he was gone by now and Gary was a bit clumsy and not the sharpest knife in the drawer but he could be relied on to get out of the back of the truck with the jack quickly. Capt Craig (or WeeDavie as we called him when he was out of earshot) had a few runthroughs and soon I was confident that it would be one hell of a team who could better our time.

Just to make sure we had an edge I mounted the spare wheel on the bonnet where it was quickest to get at and tightened the holding bolt just enough to secure the wheel but so that it could be loosened by hand, the jack was greased,set to the height that would make it ready to lift as soon as it was placed under the truck and the wheelbrace stowed where I could put my hand on it as I got out of the truck. Then I made sure all the documents and tools were correct and did all the things we thought they might check like tyre pressures and so on. Anyone would have thought we were going to the Monte Carlo Rally.

Then Wee Davie came up with what seemed like a pretty crackpot idea, he had read an article in a rally enthusiast magazine about a way to ensure driving at average speed and not losing or gaining time over distance. It involved an alarm clock from which the face was removed and replaced with a card marked with various coloured quadrants and although he tried to explain how this was going to work I just couldn't get it. When he produced this enormous brass clock with the strange face he had converted and a bell that would waken the dead I thought it was a great joke. It got even funnier when he said he thought it would probably be seen as an unfair advantage over the other competitors and we had to keep it hidden therefore we had to have twice as many maps as needed sitting on the seat between us to cover it. Trouble was the thing had the loudest tick ever and anyone standing by the truck would thought we were sitting on a time bomb.

I dont remember if this thing was only a Lowland Brigade do but when we got to the start point up at the St Margarets Drive area in Glasgow I was surprised at the large number of teams taking part and we felt rather smug when after we got our competitor number and were placed in the start line an official came round and checked all our documents, tools and the odd tyre pressure and condition of wiper blades etc but not so clever when before the off we were handed a large test paper containing about thirty questions on the Highway Code. I had done my driver training in Germany and to be honest my knowledge of the Code was little more than I needed to know so some of the more obscure rules like what hours the use of a horn was not allowed and suchlike were a bit beyond me but Gary and Wee Davie came up with most of the answers and we guessed a few more.

We were sent off at five minute intervals with Captain Craig driving and myself doing the navigation bit (Well we all know what officers are like with maps) The magic clock was set up and we headed off in the general direction of Ayrshire with two Grid references which had to be passed and a third where our card would be time stamped and another set of Grids given for the next leg. According to your start time and average speed given for any part of the route it was required that you should reach the checkpoints at an exact time (although you were not told what that time was) and penalty points were added for each minute early or late. Getting lost or missing any of the intermediate checks to make up time was not an option as that could

lead to disqualification so I concentrated completely on the maps and left the rest to Wee Davie and his clock. It was a beautiful day and was becoming a rather pleasant tour of the countryside. When we arrived at the time check exactly on time, to the surprise of the timing official and me and the delight of Captain Craig I began to think we could be in with a chance of winning the competition.

It got even better when we stopped for lunch after three checks exactly on time and took our place in the lineup for the special test, we had to drive round the side of a large building where the test was carried on out of sight of other competitors, when we got there it was a lot of parking, reversing into marked spots and stopping exactly on lines,manoeuvering around cones and suchlike, absolutely no problem to Capt Craig but in one of the more rapid turns the magic clock shot out its hiding place and rattled around the floor at my feet. When I finally got hold of it it was still ticking away like a tuppeny watch and was quickly tucked out of sight again. That didn't take very long and we went on to the last test, driving up to an official with a stopwatch in his hand who said " Right Sir, When I say Go! you are to drive onto that marked square over there and change the right front wheel". "There is an allowed time of five minutes and you will be penalised for every minute over that but will get bonus points for minutes under that " Dearie me, we could have changed at least two wheels in that time and we proceeded to do a very slick job of it, even faster than when we had practiced.The guy with the stopwatch said no one had bettered our time up till that point.

The afternoon session was mainly in Lanarkshire, an area I knew so well that once I had identified the Grid References I hardly had to look at the map, but as we made our way through Glasgow town centre to the finish it was rush hour and although the traffic volume was nothing like that today there were trams which were only to be passed on the inside and not if they were at or approaching a passenger stop which certainly was slowing us down. At the start of the run up Sauchiehall Street and only a mile or so from finishing Capt Craig suddenly declared that the clock was telling him that we were going to be about five minutes late unless we got some speed on and suddenly accelerated. We nearly lost Gary who had been hanging out the back ogling the girls on the pavement and as we shot up the road overtaking cars on the outside and trams on the inside while scattering the jaywalkers that Glasgow is well known for I just prayed that we wouldn't run up against any of Glasgows finest in a police car. We clocked in only a minute or two over time and once the all the scores were totalled,(which took a few days) we were declared winners by a large margin. Apparently we could have finished ten minutes late and still won since we were so far ahead and it was all down to Capt Craig and his home made magic clock.

I had another lucky break at the Depot when HMS Blackwood (I think that was its name) our affiliated Royal Navy ship down on the Clyde somewhere informed the depot that it was taking part in a "show the flag" cruise to Sweden and they would be happy to take along some soldiers. I think six men and a piper under the command of Iain Collinson were picked to go the cruise.
There would an official reception in Sweden for the group as the King of Sweden was of course our Colonel in Chief but I dont recall any officers being involved. A very nice little jolly for some lucky beggars but a few days later there was another offer. A submarine going on the same trip had an empty berth and the Captain was willing to take along one of us. It had to be a volunteer thing of course and those willing to go put their names forward to be put into a draw from which the winner would be chosen. When I was told that I had won I could only believe there had been a bit of a fix since I usually could back the loser in a two horse race but I was going to Sweden in a submarine. Not a lot of soldiers do that kind of thing. It was a wonderful experience but has to be told in another "Tale from the Barrack Room".

Finally the time came round when I was to return to the 1st Bn, something I had set out to do in Aden all that time ago and although I was looking forward to it I realised I'd better get my act together a bit better; between the time spent in Khormaksar and at the Depot it had been slightly more than three years since I had done a guard, parade or regimental duty of any kind or even fired a weapon. At the time I was preparing to leave with the next draft the Highland Light Infantry and The Royal Scots Fusiliers had been somewhat unwillingly forced

into amalgamation to create the Royal Highland Fusiliers and since both Maryhill Bks in Glasgow and Churchill Bks at Ayr were no longer required because Maryhill was a victorian slum anyway and Churchill Bks wasn't any great shakes either (both of course stood on prime development land) the recruits of the new regiment were to share with us in Winston Bks. We on the staff were not at all happy about this and I dont expect the RHF were either since it was bound to lead to all sorts of disputes about seniority and so on and who had priority for whatever. Luckily I was only there for the only first few days of their moving in and I remember how straight away they were erecting an ugly great gong thing on the hallowed grass outside our CO's office and taking over the guardroom. They wanted to move the Regimental Depot sign at the gate to the other side and put theirs in prime position. Then there would be a problem about the flagpole and which flag would be on it.

I wasn't happy when I found myself captured onto the staff at Winston Bks but now I look back on my time there as a rather happy time in my service with the regiment,and if you will bear with me I would like to finish this story with an account of what happened to my friends of the time both National Service and Regular and the dear old barracks itself..

Bill Brown our resident Kenya Safari expert left the army and eventually became a succesful businessman in the south of England and often went back to Kenya on holiday. He retired to France and we keep in contact and visit a lot.

Big Archie Millar the provost corporal went back to his beloved shipyards (they didn't last long did they)

Davie Keen who went of to be the Generals driver went on to Copenhagen when Nato Northern Group moved there and became a well known face in both the Canadian and American Embassies, marrying a local girl and becoming fluent in the Danish language,but when the Generals term was over Davie came to the Bn and it was rather difficult at first because he was a full corporal with a few years service yet absolutely no idea of what went on in the Regiment. He was soon on top of the job and became a valued member of the MT but his wife did not like Germany in general or army life in particular. She decided to go back home which of course was only up the motorway from Minden so to speak and once she was settled back in Copenhagen, Davie went round to visit his friends in the Canadian Embassy. When they heard his story they offered him a job in their motor pool. It got better when he went round to the American Embassy because they offered him an even better job with American type wages , health and pension benefits etc.
Naturally he left the army and spent the rest of his working life at the Embassy during which time he drove two American Presidents, (Carter and Clinton I believe) and was awarded the special gold and enamel tie pin and cufflink set with the Presidential seal which is awarded to those deemed to have given personal service to a President (I've seen them and they are really rather impressive). Finally he retired with a very nice Amercan service pension and a very adequate Danish pension. Not a bad outcome when you think that when he walked into the army recruiting office in Glasgow the Cameronian recruiting serjeant was the first person he spoke to and that is why he became a Cam and was sent of to Norway where it all began.

Abie Little, Iain Collinson, Eddie Wallace and I all joined the Serjeants Mess in the Bn and soldiered on until the Disbandment.

Abie disappeared towards the Small Arms School and I dont know whether he joined them and rebadged or not for no one I'm in contact with knows where he got to.

Eddie Wallace was transferred to the RHF but couldn't get on with them, bought himself out and returned to his previous life in the Merchant Navy travelling the world as Bosun on those big cruise ships for a number of years before taking a shore job and finally retiring to become a computer nut.

Iain Collinson went to the Gordon Highlanders and they got amalgamated as well but he went on to become WO 1 and was one of only two of us from those days who went on to complete the full twenty two years. There was a good letter from him in last years Covenanter from his home in Australia where he seems to be happily settled.

I left the Army to set up a small business in Edinburgh which my wife Rose and I ran for thirty years and am now happily retired to my little cottage in Lanarkshire; not many miles from the barracks.

Of the PT Staff, Guy Brown emigrated to New Zealand and Bill Moyes was last seen many years ago as a Detective Sgt in the Glasgow Police

My best friend Terry Macaree went on the Assistant PTI course at Aldershot and so impressed the APTC that he was invited back to do the year long probationers course at the end of which he transferred to the Corps and went out to Malaya for a very pleasant posting in a Bde HQ. On his return to the UK he got himself in among the Para's ; first doing the infamous P Coy and qualifying as a jumper before returning to actually run P Coy. Then a series of postings and a rise through the ranks until he reached WO1 when he was offered a commision in the rank of Captain and an appointment as instructor at Sandhurst. Terry finally retired after forty odd years service when he was Director of Physical Training and Sport, London District in the rank of Lt Colonel. By that time his job was to be privatised so to speak and he left his office in Horse Guards only to return the next week as a civil servant (retired officer) and doing the same job. Since he spent a lot of time in and around the South of England his charming wife Deirdre could continue her own very succesful career as personal assistant and secretary to some of the biggest international bankers in the City of London. On final retirement they went of to New Zealand to be near their daughter and grandchildren and Rose and I spent a month with them in their wonderful big house overlooking Auckland Bay. It's a hard life being retired in NZ what with playing golf, walking on the beach and checking out all those restaurants and vineyards but somebody has to do it and Terry is making a fine job of it.

Finally poor old Winston Bks. After Glencourse Bks was designated the training centre for all Lowland Bde recruits the barracks was practically abandoned by the MOD and slowly fell into disrepair. The excellent REME workshop across the road was demolished and the old Lanarkshire Yeomanry building near the front gate went the same way. Over the next thirty years the place deteriorated into a collection of mostly derelict buildings with only the main block looking not too bad. All the married quarters, Officers and Sgts messes, Gymnasium, NAAFI, medical centre and so on were only fit to be knocked down. I suppose some bean counting civil servant got an MBE for savingthe MOD maintenance money by allowing a prime property to go to fall into ruin.

Over the years I believe a number of developers tried to get hold of the site but South Lanarkshire Council didn't want or need to have a very large housing estate on the outskirts of Lanark and they kept refusing planning permission but the place was sold to a company who put in plans for a development of four hundred houses. When it was knocked back they appealed to the Scottish Executive who overruled the Council and allowed it to go ahead. The Council then slapped a historic grading on the main block and some other buildings to prevent their being demolished but the builders were quickly on site and it was amazing just how fast the place was destroyed. In about ten days everything except the Main block and the two messes had disappeared, the square was ripped up and covered in huge mountains of rubble and even the large trees fronting the main road were ripped out (what is a small mature woodland to a builder when he might squeeze an extra house into the space). However once work was started the building company began to seem a bit more sensitive to the history of the place and I believe it's to be called Cameronian Green and the streets and avenues will have names assosciated with the regiment like Douglas Drive, Graham Court and so on.

I suppose it is much better for our old home to be turned into a pleasant estate where families can live and bring up children in what is a beautiful part of the countryside rather than fall into a ruined pile of brickworks which no doubt would become the haunt of vandals and junkies.

One day before the demolition started I was passing and on a whim I decided to have a little memento so I jumped over the fence at my old quarter and started to unscrew the house number from the wall. I could barely reach it and I had no tools so I was struggling to do it with my car key when a voice behind me says " Whit the F*** dae Ye think Yer daeing Pal ?" It was the biggest security guard I'd seen in a long

while but when I told him what I was about he says "Ye'll niver get it aff wi that" takes a bottle opener out of his pocket and the top edge fitted the screws a treat. We spoke for a while and he told me he'd been on the security at the camp for a good number of years and the day staff were used to having people turn up at the gate wanting to see the barracks, a great many said they'd come from South Africa, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand as well as European countries and just wanted to see the old place where they had done their training during National Service days. He and the other guards could never understand why a lot of these old guys had tears in their eyes when they saw the state of the place. Says it all....doesn't it ?.

Best Wishes to any old "Depot Dodgers" who might read this.....Happy Days!
Jimmy Quinn.

A Cold Start

January 1954 – it was bleak and it was cold as the icy wind came straight off Lanark Loch, over the racecourse and chilled to the marrow the sixty-odd miserable young men who made up the latest conscription intake. From what they saw around them it was evident that civilian clothing was simply inadequate for these surroundings and the military interpretation of "short back & sides" was different from anything they had known hitherto.

As always at such times fate had thrown together a disparate bunch of individuals from urban and rural backgrounds, from all sorts of jobs and families; a few straight from school and one or two straight from jail.

Over the next few hours, as the cold took a grip and the depression ebbed and flowed through the group there emerged from the shadows the memorable characters whose role it would be in the coming weeks to take apart these sixty-odd disparate egos;-crush them just enough to make the moulding of them into a cohesive unit not only possible but effective.

At that moment the warm, welcoming, unifying family feeling which is the spirit of a Scottish infantry regiment was not much in evidence. People were bemused and bewildered. Basic training had begun.

In Q.M stores the corporal who shied two pairs of boots-ammunition at each recruit in turn, followed by "shirts, flannel, three, T.O.S one" – and so on, was watched from time to time by Major Al. Cluley whose silent presence was almost monk like and quite different from CQMS (later Lt. Col.) George Soper, an excitable and, I later found, a most charming man whose expression of pained, sustained disbelief as he listened to yet another recruits tale of woe over a lost piece of kit was a delight to behold – unless you were that recruit.

The training officer, Lt. Jim Burrell, kept everyone very busy, and behind his calm, unruffled almost languid air, participated in every aspect of the training, while the adjutant Capt. Donald Cameron was a slightly more remote figure who looked instantly recognisable and absolutely unchanged when, as the "Rev.D.Cameron", he officiated at Douglas in May 2008 at our closing service. The O.C Major Carter-Campbell touched the new recruits' lives but little, apart from a couple of C.O's parades, or a cheery salute as he hacked slowly past a midweek morning muster parade.

The man who ruled the roost and made recruits' lives what they were, was Sgt. Ken Jackman D.C.M one of the all-time-great recruits squad sergeants. Like other fine soldiers in this role he began by being almost feared or reviled, until his skill was recognised which led to his being respected, then almost revered as his squad won the best squad prize, and rewarded by their gratitude and the "whip-round" presentation and ultimately remembered by those recruits who appreciated how far he had brought them in 10-12 short weeks.

The regime was the usual one for the army, prison, public school and most other forms of incarceration – "keep the blighters busy every single working minute". From the instant they woke, dressed, ate (picking the odd piece of eggshell out of the scrambled eggs- dropped in there as a double-bluff by the cook sgt to disguise the fact that they were actually made from powdered egg) and rushed to muster parade the squad was not still for a moment in the day. Evenings were spent polishing and blancoing everything in sight and taking turns to apply to the floor of each barrack room industrial quantities of Mansion polish from a huge tin purchased by voluntary contribution (?) of all squad-

members "as a present for each other". This was done with a buffer, a device about the size and weight of a manhole cover on a pole, by the B.R.O. (barrack room orderly) of the day, who had to take care to avoid scraping or marking the wooden surround lest he find himself charged with having "idle skirting boards" to his eternal shame.

Weeks passed. Everyone was exhausted-all the time. The same regime and diet contrived to build up the puny ones while slimming down the burly ones, and to keep everyone fed rather than fed up, although the comfort of a double egg and double chips in the NAAFI was universally enjoyed.

Although in each barrack room the strong characters emerged, the odd bullying moment was swiftly dampened down by the conciliators, while the quiet chaps got on with things and people began to help, and seek help from, others.

One late night, totally exhausted and already asleep in an almost totally darkened barrack room I was shaken awake by the chap who was steadily emerging into his chosen intimidatory role as the squad's resident "hard man". "What" I asked wearily "do you want?" "How do you spell" "especially?" he asked "Write it down for me" I did, and went back to sleep. But word got out and over the next few evenings as chaps wrote home more spellings were requested, forms of expression were elicited and protestations of undying love were articulated by me, through them, to a bevy of Lanarkshire and Glasgow beauties I was destined never, alas, to meet.

My old Uncle Tom, a Seaforth Highlander in WW1, had warned me about, and about becoming a "barrack-room lawyer" and counselled me to avoid the very idea. A barrack-room solicitor or scribe was something else and I soon found myself composing and occasionally actually writing letters to people other than chaps 'girlfriends', the crowning moment being reached when a friend and fellow-recruit returned from our first full overnight weekend pass looking totally distraught. Football-mad and with only one ambition in life-to play for Celtic one day,-he had been playing for his club in the St. Vincent de Paul league and, after a fracas, had been "sent off". Not, it transpired, for the first time either. His disciplinary record in the league was such, he feared, as to make a suspension "sine die" pronounced in Scotland "sin dye" which makes it sound more awful, the inevitable outcome. This would make his dream of a Celtic career, an impossibility.

We discussed the incident of the previous Saturday in some detail and my resultant plea in mitigation on his behalf would have wrung a tear from a plaster saint. It evidently worked with St. Vincent de Paul and his committee, since two weekends later he returned jubilant with the news of an admonition and a one-match ban.

The squad was now operating as a unit, helping each other. When it fell to us to mount a weekend guard practically no one went on guard wearing all his own kit. Instead those on parade had the best belts, brasses, boots, rifle slings and scabbards which the entire squad could assemble. No faults were found and the guard was commended.

Everyone knew their "room-jobs" and how to operate the rota so although the room corporal Peter Coyle was himself so diligent that he lay, writing out a new room jobs rota in a shaky hand even as he was being stretchered off to the sick bay and thence to hospital with a bad attack of recurring malaria, it proved unnecessary since everyone knew what had to be done – and did it.

Without being noticed, esprit-de-corps had come up behind and caught the squad by surprise. Suddenly it was a unit and the men in it recognised what the training was about and what had happened to them.

Soon the passing out parade came and went, with all its individual, team and squad prizes won and handed out.

A few days leave and back they all came, to learn of their postings. Aside from a couple to Eaton Hall and one or two special postings the intake went to Barnard Castle and thereafter to Buxtehude. Some did two years and left the Army, others signed on for a few years or a career. As one who did said "it's a whole lot better than riding shotgun on a bread van out of Shieldhall Bakery".

Over the years the attendance at reunions and the lasting interest shown in the news

of old friends featured in the Covenanter demonstrated that the camaraderie enjoyed and the fellowship fostered by service together, whether National Service and T.A. Membership or Regular Battalion service, did indeed produce the Regimental family feeling, which for those young recruits on that cold raw day at Lanark has lasted more than fifty years.
George Ferguson

My Memories of Lanark

In October 1947. after a year as garrison band in Gibraltar, we embarked again on the ss Dunnottar Castle for our five day voyage to Southampton. Much to our surprise we boys were berthed in cabins alongside the BM and took our meals in the dining room. The bandsmen, sleeping in hammocks and needing to queue with mess tins for their meals, did not smile when we told them of our good fortune.

The warmth of Gibraltar was gradually replaced by the stormy Biscay and the eventual autumn chill on our suntanned faces as we sailed past the trans-Atlantic liners along the Solent before we docked in the late morning .
The rationing of fresh water and the need to use salt water soap for our ablutions in Gibraltar was exchanged for the abundance of fresh water in Lanark. Winston Barracks, completed in 1940, with its constant hot water, bathrooms and central heating, gave us greater comfort than most of us had experienced in our homes. After overseas posting we gladly returned to Lanark three times.
Lanark, being a small town, was the right size to be noticed, to make friends and to feel at ease. It was always a pleasant walk, past the adjacent racecourse, the Loch where we danced on Saturday evenings to Hughie Devine and his music with trombonist Ivor Rioch, a former Cameronian bandsman . In 1948, we met Peggy and Bert Cassells, members of the Veitch family who owned the bakery in the High St. They invited us to their home for meals and parties. Bert, a trombonist, a pianist and string bass player played in a dance band and ensured that we had funny, singing evenings. I got to know them very well and it was not long before I was invited to the homes of their extended family and friends . A neighbour of theirs, Nellie McIllroy, included fried bananas in the meals she cooked for me. All of them became lifelong friends.

The Military Band - Winston Barracks, Lanark - March 1948

Looking down the dip of the High St one was aware of the spire of St Nicholas' s Church which seemed to rise at the Cross. Close up I noticed the statue ofWilliam Wallace placed in an enclave above the west door with a plaque reading: 'Here stood the home of William Wallace who In Lanark in 1297 first drew his sword to free his native land .' It was his misfortune that he was betrayed and executed for treason in Smithfield in 1305.

The space in front of St Nicholas's Church was the gathering point before the chimes of midnight on New Year's Eve, when everybody, looking at the statue of William Wallace, would combine the words of Robert Burns and a traditional tune and sang.'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ... '. As the chimes and the singing ceased, the exchange of bottles and boozy Happy New Years would begin, leading to the vast crowd departing on their first footing which lasted throughout the night.

The band stood before St Nicholas in 1948 and 1954 to play for the ceremony of Whuppity Scoorie on the 1st March . We stood and played while the children ran around the church swinging paper balls over their heads. As soon as a handful of coins were thrown into the air, the children rushed forward to collect them, bringing the ceremony to an end. Although this custom has many origins, Paul Archibald, the Chairman of the Lanark Museum Trust suggests the following :
'Perhaps like Lanark's other festivities Whuppity Scoorie or "The Wee Bell Ceremony" this might have a more prosaic source. The ringing of the bell which had been silent throughout the winter darkness heralded the advent of spring and lighter

evenings after the days work was done. Possibly the custom grew as a spontaneous celebration on the part of the apprentices and other youth of the town to mark the onset of leisure time which could be appreciated in daylight.

In early 1953,the Cameronians were chosen to provide the guard of honour and the music for the Queen's post Coronation tour of Scotland which included a visit to Lanark. During the rehearsals at Winston Barracks Major Carter-Campbell,i/c the guard,approached us with an opened copy of Queen's Regulations at the page where it stated that the NationalAnthem should

The Queen in Lanark - June 1953

be played in 35 seconds. Holding a stop watch he asked the BM to play it. Major Carter-Campbell insisted that we played it many times because we had not played it exactly in 35 seconds. Mr. Pike, the BM, in a quiet voice told him that complete accuracy was impossible. It did have a comic effect because all movement near or on the square came to a halt. I recall a REME man, needing to go almost around the square to reach his workshop, halting at each playing as if he was being projected onto a movable screen. The long days taught us how tiring a royal tour can be, for we started early and finished late in the evening in order to fulfil our many musical duties. Our routine was to be in place to meet ,the royal train, with its darkened windows to allow the royal party to look out without being seen. We carried the red carpet which was placed on the platform at a spot marked exit door.
Our job was to entertain the crowd for an hour before the Queen arrived. One of the pieces was a selection of the then current musical 'South Pacific', containing the songs 'Some enchanting evening' and 'I'm gonna wash that man right outa of my hair.' As soon as the guard presented arms, the BM, facing the Queen, played the NationalAnthem. The Queen, petite and better dressed than everybody else, was accompanied by Prince Philip who wore different uniforms and civilian attire daily to suit the venue. One day Prince Philip said to us: 'I see you lot are here again'. With the benefit of hindsight,I could have made an appropriate, witty reply. I found the noise of the crowds difficult to bear. I assume the Queen is able to ignore it or mentally turn it off.

Our year also included playing in Crosby,Worthing and performing at the South Shields and Edinburgh Tattoos. Crosby, near Liverpool, booked us to provide the music for their Coronation Week. This made it possible for us to be on the Liverpool quayside to welcome the

The Military Band on Tour - July 1954

1st Battalion back from their three years of active service in the Malayan Emergency. I remember Col. Henning saluting Gen. O'Connor after he disembarked while we played 'Hail the Conquering Hero Comes'. G.F.Handel's sacred melody became an anti-Jacobite and pro loyalist song because it was sung as a tribute to the Duke of Cumberland after his victory over Prince Edward Stuart at Culloden in 1746.

As a treat after the Edinburgh Tattoo, we were taken to the King's Theatre for a special Performance of Sigmund Romberg's 'The Desert Song: the musicwas familiar to all the Bandsmen because the selection fromthe show was then a popular item. After the final Curtain came down, I felt a sense of relief and sympathy for the cast who had had to endure the crudest of barrack room banter from all parts of the theatre in the romantic scenes. What was amazing was that the cast achieved silence by ignoring them and winning them over by their superb

performances and singing. At the end they received the most enthusiastic applause I have ever heard in a theatre, proving that culture can beat anarchy.
Bill Coughlan.

An Emigrant's Reminiscences on a Nostalgic and Moving Occasion

I was a subaltern in the 6/7th (Territorial) Battalion from 1960 to 1965, before emigrating to then Southern Rhodesia and attempting to transfer my commission to the then still white-officered Rhodesia African Rifles (which showed itself as a first-class unit during the UDI years up to 1980).

It was not possible for me to attend the 1968 disbandment ceremonies. After all, I was declared a rebel against the crown (not an entirely new experience for a Cameronian!). Over the intervening years, it was never "convenient" to arrange foreign travel to attend the annual commemorations, or even the annual dinners in London. However, I remained deeply interested in our regiment, as evidenced not least by Douglas tartan bedspreads and curtains in my house. Also an avid reader of "The Covenanter", in which some outstanding articles of real historical interest appeared or were attached to. As years went on, it also recorded some old friends falling off their perches.

When I read of the planned final commemoration ceremonies, I decided that I really must attend, and arranged my diary accordingly. I am very glad indeed to have done so.

The officers dinner in Edinburgh on 10 May allowed me to renew several old acquaintances. A little disappointment that none of the magnificent regimental silver remained was countered by the excellent live orchestrade throughout, but especially by the two pipers' piobroch and the first battalion's regimental march (in the 6/7th we marched to The Gathering of the Grahams).

The big day, Sunday 11 May, started inauspiciously. With the closure of the West End to Haymarket road for Tramway works, getting on to a totally unsignposted A70 that has no access from the ring road lost over half an hour and resulted into a panting arrival at St. Bride's church midway through the opening psalm, which an adjutant or C.O. would have had some acerbic comments upon. However, things improved.

That service itself was rousing and set the scene, so to speak. A visit to the little regimental museum in the village brought back a few memories. The marquee feeding of the multitude (at astoundingly low cost for 2008), followed by peregrinations around the splendidly restored statue and the ruins of the castle were successions of (sometimes less than instant) recognition and greeting of old comrades and ladies of the regiment.

The highlight, of course, was the conventicle on that gloriously sunny afternoon. Waves of nostalgia as the piquets were reported posted and no enemy in sight reminded me not just of many church services but of the Remembrance Day church parades at Glasgow Cathedral addressed by Rev. Neville Davidson D.D., at one of which I had the honour to be the piquet officer of the 6/7th TA contingent attending, with sword, naturally. The Douglas open-air service was short, but very much to the point. It was the end that got me. The lament, the Last Post, probably for the last time before an even partly uniformed audience. All in absolute and respectful silence as an important link in the history of the country – indeed of the UK as we had been reminded by Hugh Mackay – effectively disappeared before the eyes of the assembled congregation some four hundred attendees

The following day I visited the interesting new Regimental Museum at the Low Parks in Hamilton. Not without difficulty : the road layout is totally changed, being in the wrong lane in the heavy traffic results in a long circular "tour", there is NO signposting to assist and the kids coming out of school nearby had never heard of the place. Sic transit omnia, I realised with renewed force. Just two generations on, the youngsters of the old 6/7 Battalion HQ town had never heard of The Cameronians or The Scottish Rifles (and I don't suppose have the chance to read Ian Hay's book "The First Hundred Thousand" (of 1914) partly featuring the old barracks there).

The whole occasion was immensely fulfilling, as well as by its very nature terminal. It made fitting close to 53 years of my life since

I first became an under-age drummer boy in the pipe band of our affiliated Kelvinside Academy CCF unit under the tutelage of a first war veteran who had drummed one of the several battalions of the regiment on the Somme.

I bought regimental ties at the Museum to see me out for the rest of my days, lest they become unavailable. Yes, we still wear neckties in the Malawian part of the tropics that has been my home for many years now. The tie goes well with any dark suit and white shirt, and is less depressing than a black one to sport at the increasing number of funerals one attends with advancing years!
RH (Bob) Martin

Lasting Memories And Notable Personalities

It is over fifty years since I first wrote for the Covenanter and fifty-five since I was first tasked with typing out Dog Company notes – remember Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog before the NATO alphabet came in? Typical European interference! I face my contribution to what I gather will be the last Covenanter, feeling a bit like Richard Hannay in Mr Standfast: "I went to bed in the loft in a sad and reflective mood, considering how in speeding our new-fangled plough we must break down a multitude of molehills and how desirable and irreplaceable was the life of the moles". Like moles, the Cameronians wore black and did an invaluable job; thereafter similarities cease.

This pathos may sound strange from somebody who had a love-hate relationship with the Regiment and couldn't wait to transfer to the Intelligence Corps. Yet I vividly recall my regret at handing in my dark green bonnet, TOS and Douglas tartan trews, to be handed a pale green beret and khaki trousers. Three years later I had no such compunctions about returning that lacklustre kit before commissioning. How ignorance proliferates in the modern world; my spell check disapproves of that splendid word 'trews'. I will try to temper the sadness with a few recollections to bring smiles to readers' faces.

The trouble was that, as a youngster, I had the brains, but not the application. In the Regiment I had friends and even heroes whom I wished to emulate in their regimental progress, but could not see how. I have in the past mentioned a number of officers who were influential in my life. Now let me tell you about some of the others, because they deserve a place in history; most will be familiar to other readers.

Ted Martin was a corporal in the Intelligence Section at Barnard Castle when I was posted in; he became one of those rare beasts, a National Service sergeant. Colonel Henry Alexander saw him as an asset and enticed him back as a regular after a few short weeks of civilian life in a job for which he was actually fully qualified. Five years later I took over from him as recruiting sergeant at Hamilton; he had been promoted to colour sergeant, a rank which generally came only after long and impatient waiting. In due course he became RSM, but when I next saw him he was a captain – we both were, but I was of the laid back RAEC variety. As we stood at the edge of the square chatting about old times, who should appear but the Commanding Officer. Ted introduced me to him, clicking his heels with that quiet dignity which most officers forget speedily after leaving Sandhurst, but which is the mark of those of us who have come up "the hard way". Ted was the first senior NCO whom I recall having a decent motor car – a Sunbeam Talbot 90, no less. There was a bachelor RQMS earlier on with a Triumph Roadster, but he was believed to have a wealthy lady friend; I am sure Ted used his own resources.

Ian Collinson was another in the Ted Martin mould. I recall his promotion to Lance Corporal at the end of his basic training, by which time, along with Bill Thomson, he had already featured as Sandy in the Jock and Sandy photographs in the 1957 recruiting handbook. He was so keen that he not only volunteered for the Guards drill course, but even invested his own money in a couple of pairs of extra soft leather black boots for the occasion, capable of accepting the highest possible levels of 'bulling', whilst being able to tramp the sacred squares of Pirbright or Caterham without causing discomfort.. His wife was a nurse at the Law Hospital; perhaps the double income made privately sourced boots that much more affordable. Later he took over from me at the Hamilton office. By the disbandment he was already a WOII having had the world at his feet; however I gather that on transferring to his

new regiment he was warned that he would never make RSM there. That really was most unfortunate; such are the results of Army downsizing. He and his wife eventually emigrated; Scotland's loss was Australia's gain.

In October 1956 'A' Company provided a guard of honour for the Queen at Biggar, following her opening of the Daer Water Reservoir. Major Dick Parkes and I travelled to Biggar in his Humber Hawk; I with my 35mm Voigtlander was to take photographs. I was in No 1 dress, and I distinctly recall Her Majesty looking at me as I snapped merrily away, as if to say: "One wonders why that corporal is not lined up with the others". I was in a position to hear various remarks from the bystanders, such as: "Who is that wee man in front, Maw?"

The 'wee man in front' as the guard marched away was Sergeant Major Jimmy Murray, one of the most memorable Cameronians of his era. Jimmy was regularly one of the main behind-the-scenes drill experts rehearsing for a number of Edinburgh Tattoos in the days when the Cameronians had so much input. The compass of his voice compensated for his stature. I recall, as right marker of HQ Company on RSM's drill parades, hearing the urgent admonition, "Shtep short, Corporal Cameron! (the sibilants were due to oral re-armament or denture problems). When the medley relay result became critical to the inter-company points table in the 1956 Regimental Athletics meeting, it was Jimmy's voices transcending all other sounds which inspired me to make up a forty metre deficit.

Jimmy was good to me, even if, when I was PRI corporal, he expected me to deliver one of the Sunday papers to his front door. His wife, a Berliner like John F Kennedy, would boil me an egg and ply me with coffee. Their small son acquired a German suffix to his name as a form of endearment; she used to call him "Andrew-lein"! I never discovered whether she ever addressed her husband as "Jimmy-lein". When in Bahrain he oversaw the building of a fuel store (POL point), such was the regimental precision which he employed, that pace sticks, plumb lines and a variety of T-squares were employed to ensure that the sand bags were pleasingly symmetrical. Such was the impression made at Jufair, that Captain (later Lt Col) Alan Campbell appeared at the Christmas fancy dress football match as a sandbag wall. I still have a photograph to prove it. When eighteen years later I was posted to Beaconsfield as OC Russian Wing, I was greeted by one of the smartest salutes and broadest smiles of my career by a very extended service RSM Jimmy Murray, then of the Royal Scots. He left the Army weeks later and I was vexed never to hear of him again, though I have a feeling he retired to Swindon and the Civil Service. How are the mighty fallen!

Paddy Mulvenna took over as provost sergeant from future RSM Jake Sneddon at Barnard Castle in 1954. Jake had in turn taken over from Sgt Connelly, who used to distinguish himself from run-of-the-mill Connellys by stressing the middle syllable of his name. All were formidable disciplinarians. It was all part of Colonel Alexander's master plan to transform a battalion of highly effective semi-autonomous warlord company commanders and jungle-hardened veterans from Malaya into a suitably cohesive and smart outfit fit for the ultra-luxurious Spey Barracks in a picturesque old Lower Saxony Market town, and for the highly mechanised Seventh Armoured Division.

Soldiers under Sentence who offended whilst undergoing detention were automatically sent directly to Commanding Officer's orders to receive their just desserts. We in the Orderly Room were inured to the foot stamping and shouting in our corridor which this entailed. On one such noisy occasion the door burst open and RSM Boreland shot into the room and almost collapsed with mirth on ORQMS Dickie's desk. Some rebellious prisoner had had the effrontery to play "The Wild Killarney Boy" or some such popular protest song on his mouth organ in his cell after lights out! Section 39 of the Army Act was immediately invoked, and the offender duly appeared before the CO. "Your evidence, Sgt Mulvenna" demanded the CO. Paddy had intended to use the technical term, harmonica; but at the critical moment his memory failed him, and all he could manage was, "He was doing his Larry Adler, Sir". Unfortunately Colonel Alexander was not cognisant with that virtuoso, and so the gravity of the charge escaped him. It was left to the RSM to maintain a straight face with difficulty and interpret with, "He means he was playing his mouth organ, Sir". I forget what the consequent sentence was.

Youthful readers (those under about 70) may raise their eyebrows at section 39 of the Army Act. Many years later, whilst swotting up Military Law for my Staff Promotion exam, I discovered that 'conduct to the prejudice' had been inflated to section 69. In the RAEC I dealt with only two disciplinary cases in seventeen years! In an earlier life as a company clerk I had typed out hundreds of AF's B 252. How evocative numbers can be! Remember the AB64 parts I and II, the AFH 1157, the B 120 and 121? Oddly enough I have forgotten the leave pass number, though I cannot think why.

I came to know Paddy better a year later when he was still provost sergeant, but had a bunk in our company block. Music comes into this story too. Coming from a sheltered background in the east of Scotland, I was unfamiliar with sectarian songs. I had a piano accordion which I used in Sunday School. Rifleman Andy Betts, 'C' Company storeman and accomplished weight lifter, not totally unrelated skills, whistled a tune and asked whether I could play it. After a few practice runs through, I felt confident enough to play it outside Paddy's door, having been assured that Paddy had recently intimated that it was his favourite song. Well, how was I to know that it wasn't? Seconds later a figure emerged precipitately from the door, but then burst out laughing. We became fast friends, and I was briefly one his training corporals at Lanark. It was quite something to being deputy to a veteran of the North West Frontier.

Some time later my brother, in a train outward bound from Edinburgh Waverley, found himself sitting opposite a trim middle-aged gentleman sporting a dark green blazer with a Cameronian badge. He enquired politely whether he had ever known me; he had. Alasdair was regaled with Cameronian stories most of the way to King's Cross, to the exclusion of fellow passengers' slumbers. Paddy was on his way to join the Chelsea Pensioners – a fitting end for one whose whole life was the Army. I know that people like Eddy Clark and Bill Coughlin used to visit him and keep his memories alive.

Others were not necessarily heroes, but were good value, and many are the episodes I recall. There was Rfn Webster, whose CSM volunteered his services as a medical orderly. Webster was a tough man, inclined to be difficult after his pay night visit to the NAAFI. But, like quite a lot of other potential trouble makers, he was as happy as could be in any job where he was motivated. Such was his brief medical career. Sgt Tony Forrest MM was medical sergeant in Gilgil in Kenya, and was allotted this brawny Florence Nightingale for training-on-the-job.

Three incidents related by Tony convinced the authorities that this was a round peg in a square hole, and he was subsequently appointed sports groundsman. Firstly he had ground down two codeines to pour via a piece of folded paper into the orifice of a soldier with earache; secondly a soldier with an infected foot was injected with penicillin through the thickest part of his heel, and thirdly a man with 'the runs' was administered castor oil four times a day for two days whilst in the sick bay, the mistake being detected only when the patient was being hurried by ambulance to hospital in Nairobi, when the castor oil bottle was found mysteriously to be almost empty. Webster made a superb and thoroughly conscientious groundsman, whose only misdemeanour was to enter the drive-in cinema at Muthaiga with his pal, our pig farmer, on the tractor, not having disconnected the trailer with its load of swill bins. Such was the geography of the cinema that they were compelled to remain until closing time. Apparently neighbouring cars had problems hearing the sound track, as their windows had to be closed against smells and flies.

I have written on and off for the Covenanter for much of my life. Often in the RAEC in a variety of postings I found myself editing or contributing to journals great and small. Later in civilian life I sometimes wrote in professional journals. But I could never forget the Covenanter and Bahrain Bugle which got me started, often giving opportunities for gentle fun poking. Over the past fifteen years the Covenanter has been an annual light-hearted contrast to the more serious commitment of writing books, booklets and articles for 'Prophetic Witness'. It can be found via www.pwmi.org. I humbly commend it to you.
Donald CB Cameron PhD

Snapshots from a Rifleman

All of us old soldiers have a fund of stories we like to tell when we get together to swing

the lamp and lie to each other about how clever, brave and tough we were during our time. Then there are the stories we recount when your granddaughter asks "What did You do in the War Grandpa?".

Since this is to be the final publication of the Covenanter I thought I might put down a few of my own memory snapshots of some of the lighter moments (and some of the more embarrassing ones).

In Buxtehude after completing basic training, I did a driving cadre on the good old Austin Champ and was able to drive it quite well after about four days, much to my surprise since I'd never even been in a motor car before. The Battalion was short of drivers for an up coming exercise and so I found myself scheduled to drive the Battery Delivery and Line Section of the Signals Platoon even though I didn't yet have a drivinglicence.

When we left camp to move to Soltau training area I was as nervous as a nun at a NAAFI dance. I'd never been in charge of a truck on my own but I concentrated grimly on staying fifty yards behind the vehicle in front and soon began to think I was doing not too badly. Until that is we reached the Autobahn when I noticed that the truck was making strange bumping noises every few seconds and I could feel vibration in the steering wheel with each bump. It took a mile or two of this before I realised that it was because we were running over the expansion joints on the road surface.

When we reached the training area and started to go across country on a small, muddy track I got all nervous again since this was all new stuff to me and I was worried about doing something wrong. At a place where there was a steep downhill run into a long flat patch of mud and water then a steep climb up through trees the rest of the convoy were lining up to tackle it one at a time. I went down far too fast showering mud and water everywhere and started up the other side with the trailer snaking about behind me and the signallers in the back declaring loudly that I was a fatherless halfwit. I didn't care, I was through the worst I thought until suddenly the truck started shuddering almost to a halt and the oil pressure and ignition lights were flashing wildly. Without the faintest idea why I was doing it I crashed her down into first gear and floored the throttle. The Champ(God bless her) responded instantly gripped the ground and roared up the hill like the thoroughbred she was. That's when I learned that getting up steep hills requires lower gears.

After a couple of days rushing about delivering batteries and line laying around the training area I was getting pretty confident about my driving but early onemorning the Signals Officer required to go to an O Group. He and two signallers jumped into the truck, I switched on, pulled out the choke and fired her up.
The starter ground away but the engine would not start. I kept trying and soon the batteries began to lose power and the starter motor to slow right down.

The Signals Officer says "Right Lads, Out the back and We'll give him a push to get it going". So they get round the back and start pushing me along this track eventually getting fast enough to break into a run. Meanwhile I am sat behind the wheel (with the ignition switched off) wondering how the hell pushing the truck along this track was going to make it start. Eventually we came to a gate and had to stop. By this time the boys were practically on their knees. I switched on, tried the starter and she fired up. Thats when I learned not to floor the throttle when starting on the choke but I was still baffled as to how pushing a truck was meant to make it start. It was some months later I was shown how to start an engine by using the clutch when being pushed.

The Champ had two holders by the drivers right side to hold a rifle. Having neither doors nor indeed any bodywork,leaving the vehicle simply meant lifting your leg over the body sill and putting your foot onto the ground. This was fine if a Lee Enfield 303 was in the holding clips but we had been issued with the Belgian made FN Rifle (forerunner to the SLR) and it could only go in the clips upside down with the pistol grip and magazine sticking upward, perfectly placed to rip a nice gash in your thigh as you got out. It became necessary to remove the rifle from the holders when getting in or out.

The night before the last day of the exercise whilst sorting myself out to go on stag I suddenly realised with horror that I did not have a rifle. I searched everywhere in the

truck and trailer but no result. I hoped that one of the signallers had taken it by mistake or some joker had hidden it because I had left it unattended. Finally I had to admit that I had lost it and I had no clue as to where I might have left it. We had covered a lot of miles that day, supplying all the rifle companies and laying or lifting line. I was in the absolute horrors. We'd only been issued these things just before the exercise. What if a civilian found it?. Would I be in trouble with the German Police? How long would I get at my Court Martial?. I would be the first idiot to lose one of the Armys' brand new rifles.I had made my mind up to report to the CSM in the morning but even before we had breakfast I was required to rush off with batteries for the COs radios and on the way back to go to A Coy.

At A Coy location one of the three ton drivers came over and said to me "Hullawrer China, Huv you loast ennythin? Cos Ah seem to huv a spare rifle in mah cab".
He'd seen me leave the rifle against a tree while unloading and drive off without it. Of course he couldn't contact me to say he had it and he didn't report it because he knew I would come back to that location. I'd not had the nerve to report it either so nobody except he and a few others ever knew I'd lost it for twenty four hours.
He was an old soldier however and he gave me a bollocking the RSM would have been proud of. For the rest of my service anytime I had a weapon in my charge it might as well have been welded to my hand.

The regimental system is the backbone of the Army and a great way to instill loyalty and cohesion into any fighting unit but I always thought that it made the various units a bit too much like closed societies. We were Cameronians and that was the Army for us. The rest of the army was out there somewhere but it wasn't much concern to us. Of course we saw other people like tankies and gunners on exercises in Germany and when we played them in sporting competition but I rarely met anyone from the South Wales Borderers or the Royal Warwickshire Regiment over in Hamelin, except for the time I spent three days with a platoon of the Warwicks when I was assistant umpire on an exercise and that was quite a revelation.

Mostly I met people from the rest of the army were on the courses I did and some of them were real characters. When I was at Bordon on the MT Sgts course we spent a great deal of time on the roads around Hampshire on driver instruction training usually spending lunchtime in some pub or cafe of the instructors choosing (I think he must have been on commision since he was always well known at these places and never seemed to pay)

One day in a roadside cafe we met some girls of the WRAC doing driver training. One of them had a newspaper and was doing the crossword on the childrens page. It was one of those nine square crosswords for kids about seven or eight years old and she couldn't crack the first clue which was "It sat on the mat" I said she should put down "cat" but she couldn't get the connection until I explained that it was from the well known "The cat sat on the mat" sentence in the schools first reading book. "Oh That will be right" she says "How do you spell Cat?". My jaw really dropped at that one but it hit the floor when her mate said "It's K.A.T. you silly bitch, Its written all over those KitKat biscuits on the counter.

I'd never met any WRAC girls before so I had to ask why she had joined the army. She said "The judge said I could do a year in Borstal or three years in the army. You get paid in the army and they let you go out in the evening".
This was her punishment for shoplifting a bottle of cheap scent from Woolworths.

My next course was the drill course at the Guards Depot where I learned that all the things things you hear about the Guards are mostly true. Certainly there were a couple of very effete officers knocking about and the bull, bombast and rigid adherence to every petty fogging rule and regulation in the army was very irritating. The Sgts mess of the Training wing had so many rules about who could speak to whom and where to sit and so on that after the first few days of the course nobody went there except those who wanted to suck up to the instructors.
Those of us from Rifle regiments just wanted to get the course over and get back to normality. The course was required for promotion of course but it was the usual nonsense of the sixties. a ten week course with the first six weeks being treated like a new recruit being taught the very basics of foot and rifle drill.

Having said that I must admit that there were guys there from some of the Corps like RASC, REME, R.SIGS etc who definitely needed such training.
The only memorable characters I remember from this course were three Africans from the Nigerian Army who were on my squad. They were from different tribes and could only speak to each other in English, I remember one was Hutu and another Tutsi but I don't recall the other ones tribe. Although all three were sergeants as was required to be on the course the Hutu guy wasted no time in letting us know that the others were only corporals who had been jumped up to do the course and would be back down as soon as they returned home.

He was a truly nasty ,arrogant piece of work and treated the other two like servants ordering them to bull his boots, press his uniforms and generally attend to all his wants and needs. Myself and others in the squad tried to encourage them to stand up to him but they were clearly terrified of him. Towards the end of the course when he had been chewed out by the instructor for something or another he showed his colours when he told the instructor that he wouldn't dare speak to him like him if they were in Nigeria. He was very well connected and as soon as Nigeria gained its independence(which was to be soon) he would be promoted to Colonel.
After Nigeria became independent and then the civil war started and the Tutsis were being slaughtered in their hundreds of thousands by the Hutus, I just knew who would have been right there up front taking a leading part in the killing During the last week of the course we were taken up to London to see the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Not like tourists but actually from the inside of the Guardroom within the gates. After it was over our instructor was absolutely delighted to be able to tell us that the RSM of the resident Guards Bn had graciously allowed us permission to enter the hallowed halls of the Sgts Mess at Chelsea Bks, not for lunch or anything, just between one o'clock and two when he would be in the place He then started laying down all the do's and dont's to be observed during this highly privileged visit. I got the feeling this was like being invited to kiss the hem of the Popes garment or something. Our instructor was disappointed when myself and two Sergeants' from the Rifle Brigade told him we'd pass on the big deal and go round to a pub for our lunch.

My next and last course was at the Small Arms School in Hythe, another overlong course with the first half spent treating us as though we were raw recruits who had ever laid eyes on a weapon before. This after having to demonstrate a good standard of weapon handling, safety IA';s etc on the course induction.. Strangely enough some people even from Infantry regiments failed this and were RTU.
I dont recall anybody from the various Corps on the course but there may have been some who needed that kind of training. The only new thing I learned after three months on that course was how to strip and clean a Browning 9 mm pistol, a weapon I'd never handled in the army before that and probably never would again.
I even got to fire six rounds from it (every shot completely over the top of the target at a mere thirty yards).

There were six including myself in the squad under an instructor who looked hardly more than nineteen years old. Turned out he had been a star pupil at the Junior Leaders Regt, started mans service at some regimental depot, done the course we were now on, passed with A grade and was taken into the SASC.

We were housed in those big wooden buildings known as spiders where the accomodation blocks radiated off a central building where the dining hall etc was and these rooms held about thirty bed spaces. It was a big course with
people from all over the Army and in my room there were seven Welshmen of the Welsh Guards and other regiments. In the evening when we were preparing our kit for the next day the big Guardsman in the bed space across from me would start quietly humming a tune and soon it would be picked up from further down the room and before long they would all be harmonising and singing away in good style.

The Guardsmen knew each other but the others were strangers to them and yet it took no more than a week for them to form a good little choir. In my squad there was a Cpl Silver of the Rifle Brigade, a genuine East End cockney boy who could talk the hind leg off a donkey. From the moment he opened his eyes in the morning until he fell asleep he rabbited on non stop, it was

enough to give you a headache yet when he had to stand up before us and take a class he couldn't say a word. When the instructor said " Cpl Silver will now explain and demonstrate the GPMG to the class". He'd get up and go to the table but when he tried to speak not a word came out, he'd just make strangulated noises and his face would get more and more red, then his hands would start to shake and a tic would begin at the side of his eye. As soon as the instructor told him to sit down words of apology would pour out in a torrent. We tried everything with him, not looking at him when he was trying to get started, having him stand side on to us so he didn't have to look at us directly, even taking turns in the evening listening to him take a lesson. It was all to no avail though. As soon as he in the class it all fell apart. He was eventually RTU, the staff reckoned since no one could observe him taking lessons there was no way they could assess his ability as an instructor. A great pity because his weapon handling and knowledge was excellent and he was probably fine when dealing with
his own men.
Then there was a Sgt of the Devon and Dorset Regiment, a real Farmer Giles type who spoke so slowly and in an unintelligible accent that not only did nobody understand him but by the time he had explained how to load a magazine we were all struggling to stay awake.
We had Cpl of Italian extraction with one those Italian names with a lot of "Cs" and "Hs" in it, pretty hard to pronounce so we just called him Dicky. This one was a real wide boy; always on the make and in pursuit of money. His regiment was in barracks at Colchester so his CO was taking the opportunity to get as many of his men on courses as possible therefore a lot of his comrades were at Hythe. He was the only one who had a car and could go home at weekends so his mates of course asked him for a lift. It was only a small car but he could cram three in the back and one in the front but instead of just asking them to chip in for the petrol he was charging them One pound ten shillings each thereby ensuring that he got a free trip home and a nice little profit to boot.

Another one was a serjeant in the Green Jackets and his hobby was heraldry. He used to sit at night drawing and painting heraldic devices into an art book and filling in all the details in beautiful calligraphy on the facing page. I don't know what he was doing in the army because he had exceptional artistic talent and a great knowledge of the history and practice of heraldry.

Finally there was the one who became my mate during the course and he was a sergeant in the Parachute Regiment name of Sam We had already been put in our squads at the time of the weapon handling test during induction and to be honest he only just scraped through which I thought was a bit strange for a Para but he said he was the Bn Signal Sgt and only ever handled a Nine Millimetre Browning.
which proved to be true enough when we finally got hold of this weapon he was an expert with it. He was in the bed next to mine and for the first few days we didn't have much conversation but on the Saturday evening when he came back from the showers and was getting dressed he said to me "You'd better get a move on or we'll be late." I was a bit nonplussed at this then he said "We will need to be at the chapel before seven o'clock for confession."

It was not the first time I had been mistaken for a member of the catholic faith because of the name given to me at adoption and when I explained he said well I could come down the town with him and we could go for a pint after he had done his bit. I didn't really drink much and certainly not on the scale that Paras are reputed to think of as normal but I didn't want to turn down a friendly offer. Once we got intoThe White Swan I said I was a bit surprised at a Para rushing off to chapel on a Saturday evening. Paras are not normally known for religious zeal. He told me that from the age of fifteen to eighteen he was in a seminary training to become a priest and one day they were taken to London to visit St Pauls Cathedral after which they were let loose for the afternoon.

He was walking down the Kings Road in Chelsea ogling the girls in their miniskirts when it came into his mind that he couldn't go and be a priest dealing with the problems and confessions of his parishioners if he had no idea what life outside the priesthood was like or what it felt like to get drunk, commit crime or fornicate. He especially liked the bit about fornication. Being across the road from the Kings Road Barracks at the time he just waltzed in there and found himself in Aldershot before he had time

to give it a second thought. He was still seriously catholic though and never missed confession or mass if at all possible, could go at the Latin like an old Irish priest and observed all the obligations like Lent and so on. He had also managed to get quite a few minor crimes and few instances of assault and affray under his belt (as well as a lot of fornication.)

He was up for anything really, a bit of shoplifting, not taxing or insuring his car, minor punchups etc. It was all to go down as life experience since he fully intended to be a priest when he left the Army. I told him it was a great excuse but I didn't think it would stand up in court and I thought he was putting it on a bit until a few weeks later when we went down to the self service Laundromat place in town to get our combat clothing washed. He charmed the lady in charge of the place into doing it for us and we went into the cafe next door to wait for the stuff to be washed and dried. The cafe was one of those places with old fashioned high back to back booths along one wall. He began fidgeting about like sliding forward in his seat and scrabbling about with his legs under it. I wondered what the hell he was doing until he reached down and came up with a ladies handbag which he opened and proceeded to search through. I thought he'd found a bag someone had forgotten or lost but then he took out the purse, emptied it, put it back in the bag and slid the bag back onto the floor under the table.

All this went on as though I wasn't there, not a word was spoken nor did he even look my way. It finally dawned on me that there were two women in the booth behind them and they had put their bags on the floorat their feet.He had either done this kind of thing before or felt the bag with his feet. In any case he managed to snag one and pull it through to his side without the woman noticing anything. I'll bet that woman never figured out how she managed to lose the money out of her purse which had been in her bag and never out of her possession. I said I needed to go out and buy cigarettes and was out of there post haste. ThenI went back to the Laundromat. When the bold Sam came to collect his washing he then managed to con the lady in charge into letting us pay half price for the service. The incident of the bag was never even mentioned. It just sort of never happened.

About six weeks into the course there was a long weekend when everybody who wasn't too far away went home or up to London. My long barrack room was almost empty and then I met Sams' mate, another Para Sgt who was posted in Hythe as an instructor at the Infantry Signals place. It turned out that they were both members of the Parachute Regt Team that did demonstration jumps at Air shows and so on.
Freeefall jumping was in its infancy then, but these two were right into it and Sams' mate had brought four deployed parachutes to repack since the long wooden floor of the room was ideal. I had no idea that people actually packed their own chutes but once the floor was carefully swept I got a demonstration of exactly how it was done and how the ripcord and spring released the drogue which pulled out the main chute. One of the chutes was a square panelled thing which had been brought especially from America, apparently it was the last word in technology then but nowadays its just what everybody uses. I thought these parachutes were just being packed to be handed back to stores but they belonged to Sam and his mate and they intended to use them that Sunday at some airfield in Kent somewhere as the sport jumpers of the Paras sometimes got the use of a plane which advertised Rothmans cigarettes at Air shows and County Fairs. It was suggested I might like to come along with them and they could even give me a chute so that I could have a go at the greatest sport on earth. It would be dead easy because they would arrange it so that the chute opened automatically as soon as I was clear of the plane and all I had to do was try not to break a leg on landing.and "Hey, Whats a broken leg anyway"

Naturally I thought this was all a great wind up. Nobody in charge of the Paras was going to let me anywhere near a plane with kit on or even on their premises, but I did fancy a day out watching these loonies jump out of planes with their carelessly (I thought) packed parachutes. So on the Sunday morning we were off to the airfield in Sams Mini, me stuffed in the back with the parachutes and Sams' friend driving. It was just as well I could hardly see the road as we broke every speed limit and rule of the road on the way.

I got a bit off a shock when we arrived at the place because it was no kind of military or

RAF staion but a small private airfield with a lot of small planes and the De Havilland Rapide in Rothmans colours standing near a building with lots of civvy sport jumping fanatics and some Paras in civvies waiting their turn to get up in the air. It really looked as though I was going up with them when Sam went off to borrow some overalls,boots and helmet for me from his friends. I just couldn't back out now, besides some of these sport jumpers were girls. Apart from that Sam and his friend actually believed they were doing me a great favour. Only so many would be jumpers could go in the plane at one time so there was a queue list and it was sort of first come first served and we were scheduled to go at two fifteen . They had me falling and rolling about on the grass as I was supposed to do when I landed but that was OK because lots of others were doing it too.
Some of the civvies were about to make their first jump. Once I'd got my head round the idea I actually began to get quite game to do it but it wasn't to be.
The wind had been rising steadily all morning and then it started to rain, by midday the windspeed had gone over the safety limit and at one o'clock the days activities were called off. I didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved but I was saved a bit of embarassment by the cancellation because I didn't know that there was a fee of four pounds when getting on the plane and I didn't have anything like that to spare.

In the last week of the course a card school started up in the barrack room mostly instigated by Dicky. A lot of guys were playing at first and betting in small amounts of money but they eventually gave it up and the game came down to about six hard core gamblers who were by this time playing for high stakes with the money they had taken from the mugs. There was a Colour Sergterant from one of the Irish Regiments on the course but he lived in separate room at the end of the block and we rarely saw him. He came into the room one evening when the game was in full flow with lots of money on the table and since he was the senior rank in the we expected him to put a stop to it since gambling is not encouraged in troops accommodation. All he did was watch the game for about half an hour with no comment whatever and then left the room.

On the last night they played the game it was down to four of them with Dicky acting as Banker and Dealer and about fifty pounds in bets floating about the table when in walks the Colour Sergeant. He watched them play until one was cleaned out and left the table whereupon he asked the players if we could join the game.
It was pointed out to him that this was the end of a game that had been going for four days, the stakes were high and he would need at least twenty pounds to get in. At this point Dicky and his his mate had lost most of the money and the other player who was one of the Welsh Guards was almost out of funds. They probably thought it would be smart to take another twenty from a C/Sgt. This was turning into a scene from a Hollywood movie and even those who had lost interest in the game gathered round to watch. At first the C\Sgt was losing until he was down to less than ten pounds but the Welsh man started winning and then the C\Sgt won a couple of hands and opted to take the Bank and be Dealer. Within a short time Dicky and his mate were cleaned out. The Welshman had about fifteen pounds left and the C\Sgt called the game quits collected a large bundle of notes and went off to his room. During all this time he never uttered an unnecessary word which seemed a bit unusual for an Irishman
.
On the Saturday morning when the course broke up I said my goodbyes to Sam I never saw him again and I often wonder if he did really go on to be a priest.
If so he was never going to be your cuddly local clergy and I imagine he would have been found in some benighted mission up the Amazon or in Africa. Maybe in some inner city hellhole where God help any toerag he caught vandalising his church or stealing from the poor box. At least the choirboys would have been in no danger but the local young ladies would have been.
I think he honestly believed that going to confession once a week did actually absolve him of the sins commited since the last confession.

Those of us travelling to Scotland and Northern Ireland were not to be taken to the station until midday so we went down to the Sgts Mess where we were joined by the Irish C\Sgt of the card school episode. He was very affable and really good company but the best bit came when he produced a coin and began to do the most amazing tricks, having it disappear and reappear in

different places etc etc. Then he got a pack of cards and entertained us with card tricks and manipulation I've never seen bettered even on television today. We naturally thought he'd done a real job on the card school but he was quite insulted at the idea. He said he was a member of the Magic Circle and had sworn never to use his skill with cards to cheat and therefore steal from other playersbut he'd watched the game and saw that two of the players were cheating, quite crudely, but nobody else knew what they were doing.

Although he wouldn't cheat in any ordinary card game he had no objection to playing against those who were doing it to others and that's why he joined the game on its last night. He still claimed that he had not actually cheated. What he had done was prevent the other two from doing so until he had the cards in the order he wanted then he fed the Welshman a few winning hands and took Dicky and his mate to the cleaners. He gave us this advice though - The usual game played for stakes in barracks is Pontoon and the only skill required is the ability to memorize and follow the run of the cards. Its normallyplayed with the cards shuffled at the start of the game and the cards simply picked up and put to the bottom of the deck after each hand. Most soldiers want to play this way because they think they will be able to learn the run of the cards. Playing like this leaves the game open to card manipulation since the dealer can pick up the cards in such a manner that he can place the winning hand back in the pack in position to ensure that he gets that hand next time it comes round.

It can't be done with every hand but a dealer doing this can make sure he has four out of five winning

hands. Therefore you should insist that that the cards are shuffled every time before they are dealt.

Most soldiers except those who work in Bn HQ don't have much contact with the CO It's generally accepted that best practice is not to bring yourself to his notice unless it's for a good reason like a decent course report and I usually took this line.

We had a new Brigadier take over when we were in Minden and he must have reckoned we didn't look too fit or something because he decided that the whole Brigade should take part in a twenty mile night march. Cooks, clerks, storemen and everybody else included. Each unit in the Brigade was to enter teams of up to ten men(I think) led by an NCO and although I was TechStores MT Sgt at the time with a nice comfy berth hidden away behind the garage area I found myself elected to take a team of drivers on the march.

On the morning of the day that it was our turn to do the thing I received the map of the area and grid references for the halfway point and finish area. There was nothing tactical or forced about the march but there was a reasonable bogey time to beat and a bit of a bonus in that after the halfway point the team leader could decide whether to take the obvious route to the finish which simply meant staying on the small country lane or march cross country on compass bearings, taking the easy route on the road meant doing the full distance but choosing a compass route from the right place could cut a very considerable mileage off the total and since I fancied myself a bit at the navigation stuff that was for me. I'd worked out my route and waypoints and was lolling back in my comfy chair with a nice cup of tea and chocolate biccy; when the door opens and in walks the CO. Good God I nearly spilled my tea, I didn't think the CO even knew where the Techstore was. Whilst leaping to my feet,fumbling to button my jacket and look efficient and busy I was trying to think of what I might have done lately to cause a visit from on High.

He simply enquired as to whether my team was ready for the march that night and I had I received my map and instructions? had I worked out my route? Would I care to show him my proposed route on the map? etc,etc. Everybody in the Bn was doing or had already done this so I couldn't figure out why he was so interested in my little part of it. Then he told me that he was going to do the march. He would meet my team at the start that evening (We'd drawn a fairly early start so with luck we'd finish before midnight) and just sort of tag along behind us.

That was just what I needed, a long night march with a cross country compass element in it and all the opportunities that gives for getting lost and wandering about looking for the road you probably should have stayed on in the first place and the CO hovering behind me. I didn't see the CO at the Starters tent when I collected our team number and time out stamp and this bothered me a bit because although this was not a forced march there was a time to

beat which ensured that
it was no gentle stroll either. I couldn't waste time looking for him among all the other teams who were getting ready to move off so we made our way down to the start gate and he just sort of appeared from nowhere and tacked himself on.
Although we were supposed to pretend he wasn't there it certainly had an effect on the Jocks.

There was none of the usual banter or joking and we just cruised along at a good speed in near silence. At the halfway point we stopped to let the Jocks top up on Mars Bars and Coca Cola. I got a cup of coffee from the COs' very own flask. After we set off cross country I began to think maybe we should have stuck to the road as it was very dark and the going underfoot was rough and broken ground particularly when we crossed a place which had been cleared of trees. There was a fair bit of falling over and muttered cursing but we managed to keep together and hit the first waypoint spot on, then the second and we were on the last stretch.

As we came into a narrow wooded defile with fairly high banks on either side I gathered the Jocks round me to give them the good news that we were only a few hundred yards from the finish. That's when the CO appeared at my side with map and torch in hand, took me aside and informed that we were well off course and should backtrack a bit and pick another route. He was showing me this on his map but was indicating that he thought we were a full kilometre east of where we actually were. Without thinking I pointed to his map and said "We are not there Sir, we are here. We only have to go up over this bank and we will see the finish point in front us". In the silence that followed as he folded his map I realised with horror that I had just told the CO his navigation was rubbish but he simply said "Very well, we'll go up here and see if you are correct". We scrambled up the bank,cleared the trees and there in front of us was nothing but a long dark empty space. In the distance were the headlights of a vehicle travelling along a small road.

At this point I was wondering if I should be making apologies to the CO and contemplating what RSM Sneddon would have to say when he heard one of his sergeants had the cheek to correct the CO (and get it wrong). The CO was starting to unfold his map when the vehicle we could see slowed down and turned into a gate its headlights sweeping round and revealing a group of army trucks and a small marquee. The finishing point was right there.....just a little further than I had reckoned.

The CO got his own back a few weeks later though. The Bn was on exercise and we had come to a large farmhouse complex by a small river where there was a little flat bottomed ferry. The Royal Engineers had provided some of those daft wood and canvas folding "assault " boats and one of the companies was going to do a crossing. C\Sgt Robertson and myself were getting a little amusement watching the antics of the Jocks assembling the boats, getting them to the water and trying to paddle them when it seemed a better idea to take them to the narrowest part of the river by the ferry, tie them side by side pointing upstream and they could have walked across on them.

The MT Clerk came looking for us and told us that we should have been attending a meeting the Co was holding . We legged it to Bn HQ to find the CO addressing a group of Officers and Ncos. No idea what he had been talking about or how long it had been going on so we slipped quietly into the back of the group and hoped we hadn't been noticed. (never bring yourself to the COs attention, remember?)
But he looked directly at me and said "Ah, Sgt Quinn, thank you for joining us, perhaps you would like to tell us which vehicles we should put across the river first?". I couldn't think why he was asking this. It wasn't much of a river but it was too deep and muddy to ford. The ferry was out of the question as it could take a couple of small cars or a fifteen hundredweight delivery van at a push and was operated by a man pulling on a rope. The only crossing I had seen it make took almost twenty minutes to go over and bring the ferry back, so even if it could have taken our trucks it would have taken something like thirty six hours to get all our vehicles over. I was not about to tell the CO he had better start looking for a bridge because there was no way he was crossing his transport here and I could not think of a single thing to say so I stood there like the village idiot saying nothing. He left me dangling in my own embarrassed silence for a minute or two although it felt like ten and then just dismissed the group.

My last little memory is one I've never told before for obvious reasons. I was working mobile patrols with my platoon out of the old ex RoyalNavy buildings across from the Crescent area and the notorious Tawahi Police Station . It had been a long and difficult day made even more so as it was the day Rfn McLaren was killed in a grenade attack outside that very station and I had been closely involved being first on the scene as we were just across the Crescent when the grenade exploded. It was about midnight when we were finally called to stand down and once back in (Canute Bks I think it was called) I cleared the patrol weapons, gave them their orders to be on parade at 0500 and went round to check that the drivers had plenty of fuel etc for the next day (old MT Sgt habits diehard).

I had cleared my own Sterling SMG with the patrol Cpl by the usual method of removing the magazine, drawing back the bolt to show empty chamber and having him declare it clear. As I walked back to the Command Post my Sterling was hanging from my shoulder by its sling and the magazine in my hand. I lifted the gun pushed the magazine in and pulled the sling back onto my shoulder. With a sound like the crack of doom the in the almost silent night the gun fired. The round hit the wall to my right at an extreme angle ricocheted off; hit the high wall facing me and went on up to strike something metal on the roof of the building to my left (I swear I saw the sparks) and went zinging off skywards.
I couldn't believe what I'd done. I had forgotten to let the bolt forward after clearing to make safe. Just as bad I'd left the safety catch in the single shot position; but I was sure I'd not touched the trigger.

I just stood there waiting for the Command Post door to fly open and the whole place to go on full alert but nothing happened except the driver I'd just been speaking to came trotting round the corner and said "Hey Sarge did you hear a shot?".
I replied "Well I heard something". The driver then says "That was a gunshot and it was close". So I then say "You're right I better go and check in the Command Post if its been reported". The driver trotted happily off to get some sleep probably pleased that I hadn't decided to take him back out on the streets to investigate, while I spent ten minutes in the dark space between the two buildings searching for the ejected case.

When I went into the Command Post (which had a big heavy door with a thick fabric curtain behind it) there sat two signallers on watch with earphones clamped on their heads. One was writing a letter and the other was reading a magazine. I asked if there was any interesting radio traffic since the OP on top of the Police Station at least should have heard the shot,but there was nothing.

That's how I got away with probably the only careless, accidental discharge by a senior NCO during our little sojourn in Sunny Aden.

That then is a few of my little snapshots (there are a lot more but not the kind suitable for publication in a respectable journal) which would long have been consigned to the dustbin of memory were it not for the welcome thump of the Covenanter on my doormat at the start of each year.

I would therefore like to take this opportunity to thank Major Leishman for his sterling work in editing the magazine and keeping it going over all these years.
It has certainly played a great part in keeping us all in touch spread all over the country and the world as we are and reminding us of the days when we were young and beautiful and the only regiment the British Army needed to stop the Red Army in its tracks.

Thanks are also due to Lt Col Mackay and Lt Col McBain for their work with the Regimental Trust and Museum and Officers like Captain Farquharson who rarely fail to turn up at Douglas each May and are prepared to give of their time and effort to help with the Association.

It was a great pleasure to see so many of our old officers at the final Conventicle and the fortieth anniversary of the Disbandment this year. Their presence was greatly appreciated by the Jocks.

Finally since this will be the last printing of the Covenanter I would like to say that it was a privelege to be a Cameronian from 1955 to 68 and to serve with as fine a group of Officers, NCOs and Men as can be found in any Army.

Best Wishes to You all.
Jimmy Quinn.

Taking A Chance

The car eased forward like a slug in its slime. The night was dark, damply chill. And as the headlights sought out the road it reflected wet in their glare: looking like a river stretching before us between the high banks of waving lallang grass. Where the road curved the headlights shone out across the lallang to be blanketed by the jungle. The tangle of trees and creeper had been cut back thirty yards on each side of the road as an ambush precaution, and at that distance our lights showed the jungle edge as a mysterious, patterned wall. In the car we were tired but tense. Neither the damp nor the depressing night smell of the jungle did anything to lessen the strain. Outside the beam of the headlights we could see nothing and imagine everything. I drove slowly in low gear, my head and right arm outside the window. My right hand clutched a pistol. Glancing inside and across the car I could see Charles Morgan silhouetted, white-shirted, in the passenger seat. He too was head and shoulders out of the window, cuddling a carbine close against the side of the car, trained down the yellow shaft of our lights. My carbine lay near to hand on the front seat between us. We were ready for ambush but never more vulnerable than in this civilian vehicle, a green Morris Oxford saloon. And we had reason to fear that an ambush was likely. At nine o'clock that morning, Sunday, 7th July, 1952, I had returned to base after a tenday jungle patrol with men from C Company, 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Charles Morgan, the assistant manager of the Voules Rubber Estate where the Company was established, had asked me to lunch with him, and later we had decided to drive the 120 miles south to Johore Bahru, the town just north of the causeway leading to Singapore. It was midnight before we started for home.

I drove back fast, finding myself following the Straits Times van, a Dodge shooting brake. The van was "terrorist conscious", and wasted no time on what was for it a daily journey: not at any rate on the first 63 miles. Then we reached the village of Yong Peng, and here we parted company.

We were stopped at the north gate in the protective wire, wire that stretched round the thatched, bamboo-walled huts of the sleeping community. As our passes were inspected the Malay police guard gathered round the car, their long eyes wide with excitement.

Their chattering gave us the reason for the activity at the barrier before one said in singing English: "Telephone lines down, Tuan. Between here and Chaah. Dangerous maybe to go further." Morgan and I knew that if communication wires were down it meant one of two things:

a tree or an animal had fouled them, or Communist terrorists in the area were laying on an ambush. What had started as a pleasant evening jaunt was turning nastily sour. The area ahead was the hunting – and killing – ground of 7 Independent Platoon, a group of terrorists about thirty strong that was led by the notorious Goh Peng Tuan. Like his men Goh Peng Tuan was a fully-trained Chinese jungle fighter. He carried out more ambushes than any other Communist terrorist in Malaya.

The men in the Straits Times van lost no time at all on their decision. They were staying put for the night; they were wise. But I had to be back at my duties as second-incommand of the Company, and Charles was required to attend muster parade. We knew we were taking a chance, but decided to press on.

The danger spot was the fourth mile where the road cleaved through high cuttings – glorious ground for ambushes. Now we were on the second mile. Our plan in the event of ambush was simple: directly we were fired on I would stop the car and we would bail out running zig-zag into the comparative safeness of the jungle, where we could lose ourselves till morning light.

Still leaning out of our respective windows we drove on, into the third mile. It was cold now, but that was hardly noticed in our tense anticipation as our eyes fought to probe the darkness on either side of the road. Still there was nothing; and nothing even throughout that taut fourth mile; just the night and the lights of the car and the low throb of the engine. For six miles we sweated, then decided it was a false alarm. I whipped the Oxford through the gears and we roared off in top. We were doing sixty and screaming over a rise in a cutting about eleven miles north of Yong Peng when I saw it. The lights, dipping back to the road from the sky, showed a log, thick-gnarled and sinister, lying across the road just fifty yards ahead. As I shouted "ambush!" and stamped my feet on everything to try and stop, they opened fire on the car.

The jungle was a cacophony of shattered sound. Bullets from machine guns and rifles

shredded the night, screaming up the road in streams of coloured lead and gushing through the windscreen between us, beside us, and on out the back and side windows. The mutilated car, bucking and skidding, was a maelstrom of flying glass fragments. The noise and the bullets filled the air and the road and the car. The car was slowing now and Morgan jumped out as it slewed crab-wise across the wet road and hit the log. At my side the car was in the lallang. I saw Morgan jump the log and double fast up the road. I snatched my carbine from the seat beside me, opened the door and leapt out. Before I touched the ground I was hit. Shot in the left leg. The bullet ripped into my thigh just above the knee-cap. The force of the shot knocked me over and I fell into the lallang. My carbine had slipped from my grasp and I could see it just a few paces from me in the grass. I thought of trying to reach it. But suddenly there were men everywhere. I lay sprawled, flat-bellied in the grass, my face on one side. I could see the canvas shoes and tight-wrapped leggings of a terrorist move between me and the carbine. I thought he had seen me, but he moved off, short-kneed, trotting, to join the others at the car. There were about twelve of them, all shouting. Most of them were shining torches; and now they were looking for me. At any moment they'd find me. I thought again of trying to reach the carbine, so temptingly near. But the moment I moved they would have seen me.

Then my flesh froze. A foot sank into my back as one of the searchers stood on me, weight on my spine. He recoiled with a yell of fright that brought his comrades running.

Now there was only one course left: to act dead.

I was grabbed by my forelock and jerked viciously on to my back. Torches flashed in my face. They lifted me again, sharply by the hair, and again torches blinded me. But I had seen a few men shot-dead and kept my eyes staringly open: the irises rolled hard and upward to the left, almost under the lids. I was numb with shock; otherwise it would have been impossible. There was no feeling in my left leg, but my olive-green shirt and shorts were smeared and spattered with blood that clotted and spurted from the wound above my knee cap. I could see them moving around me, gibbering in Chinese. I could smell them, too, their sweat, their breath. My staring eyes picked out the triple-red stars on the prow of their peaked caps, the tunic shirts, and the knickerbocker trousers caught in below the knee by the bound putties. Under cloth caps the flat yellow faces were slantingly swarthy; evil. Then came a sound that set the short hairs pricking at the base of my neck. One of them was cocking a carbine. It might have been mine. The mechanisms slid back and clicked home again as a round socketed into the breech.

Another face loomed from the group, bent over me, so close that I saw the pore-pocked glistening skin and his eyes, obliquely hawklike: alert, watching. Without moving my glazed irises I could just see the carbine, gleaming metallically in his hands. Now there were just two of us in the world. The stench of death itself choked my nostrils and I knew I was going to die. He raised the muzzle almost gently against the corner of my right eye. It was a cold, and as certain as the death I smelled. Yet I did not move; even when he pressed harder and my flesh crawled alive and my belly and bowels dissolved to liquid. I lay still. My brain was blank. A whining rose from that blankness then and filled my head until there was only the whine and the gun muzzle. After an age a voice cut through the whine, saying in Malay, "Tintu mati". My tortured forelock was released and I dropped limply into the grass. The face backed into the bulk of bodies that I could sec again, taking death and the smell of death with it. I was "Definitely Dead". They were not going to waste another bullet on me. But the horror had just begun Four men dragged me on to the road. All the time about six torches shone on me. On the road I felt a hand slap on one of my epaulets; they had noticed I was an officer. Then they stripped me. They took my watch, my signet ring, my wallet with most of a month's pay, and my shirt. They argued over my shorts but left them, only because they were unserviceably soaked with blood. Now I was suffering great pain from my leg. They tore off one stocking and the agony was intense as the tightly bound garter material was hauled over my calf. As they pulled off the stocking from my wounded leg I felt my nerve give. In torment I wanted to scream, "For heaven's sake untie the garter!". But to flinch would have been death. They got it off.

Meanwhile a party was ransacking the car, preparing it for burning. Seats were gashed and the stuffing ripped out. They laid a trail of the stuffing fuse-like from the petrol tank,

bayoneting a hole in the tank. They soaked the car and the stuffing in petrol.

A whistle blew and they closed in, clustering round me. There were about twentyfive or thirty of them. The impact of shock was still mercifully numbing my brain and I hardly realised what the next horror was to be.
I was carried roughly to the car, thrown on to the road., and kicked under the petrol tank. If I had been lucky five minutes before, there was no play-act escape now. I was going to be burned alive. I wished they had shot me. I wished I had made a break for my carbine before they had found me. From under the car I watched them light the trail of stuffing, run off up the road in a group, towards the cutting we had driven through ten minutes earlier. With my last strength I rolled from beneath the petrol tank and, as I scrambled into the softly sheltering lallang, the searing heat blasted from the exploding car, knocking the wind from me and singeing my hair. For a moment I lay still.
Then there were shouts from up the road. They had seen me move in the light of the flames and they were coming back. In a queerly cool terror I crawled away from the burning car.
Its oil-fed flames showed up the log and the grass and the road. The inferno roared in my ears as I squirmed up the bank, heart pounding, leg dragging. At last I reached the cover of some dank scrub that brushed clammy on my hot sweating nakedness. I crouched there. I could hear nothing. No terrorists were in sight. My leg had gone numb again but I was still losing blood. I was beginning to think, and to shiver with reaction.

I stood it for three or four minutes, then my straining heart double-thumped as I heard a groan. Charles! It had to be Charles! I forced myself to leave the shelter of the bushes 100 and crawled back towards the car. I found that if I grasped my wounded leg above the knee I could hobble slowly, The car was still burning. I crossed the log and limped along the road. Ten yards from the log I saw lying in the roadway what had been a white shirt, Charles' white shirt. It was steeped in gore, a soaked rag of red, clinging to his body.

Charles lay face down. Blood rivulets seeped and coursed from the corner of his mouth, dripping on to the harsh black tarmac. He was in shocking pain. His voice was glutmuted as he whispered: "Bayonet ... bayonet ..." And bayonet it had been. He had been stabbed three times through the chest, once through the small of the back. The last thrust had penetrated his lung. At the time I thought his back was broken. I pulled him close into the shelter of the log, on the far side from the glowing car. Charles did not die. He thought he was dying, and with his face in the shadow of the log fought to give me messages for his parents. We lay there together. The heat and fumes of the burning car hurt my eyes. The smell of its burning and the sickly smell of our blood was heavy in the damp air. But the blood made no sound and the car crackled like breaking bones. The other sound was the sound of the jungle. For the jungle is never still. We could see it lighted all round us, fern-fanged and frightening, disturbed and beautiful: the violent jungle.

Later Charles told me about it. He was running up the road from the car when he stumbled, a bullet knicking the inside of his thigh. He had managed to run on for another twenty yards despite the flesh-wound, before diving under a bush. It was a jagged clutching bush that caught and punctured his body till they found him. They had seen his white shirt. One crawled under the bush and looped my black lanyard round his neck. When they dragged him out he had lain as dead. They pulled him from the bush to the road, still choking his windpipe with the lanyard noose. To see if he was dead they kicked him in the face. Charles didn't pass that test. He groaned. A terrorist fixed a bayonet to his rifle, walked back five paces, and lunged, face leering grotesquely.
As the bayonet pierced him Charles had moved a shade, and the point passed through the right side of his chest. A second time the man lunged and again Charles moved, the bayonet stabbing him in the shoulder above the heart. And the third time he moved again and the point went high. almost through the centre of his chest. As the bayonet was withdrawn, Charles rose with it each time, screaming, to fall back on the ground as though the thrust had killed him.

But they were not satisfied. They had turned him on to his stab-sieved chest, and bayoneted him again in the back. And again Charles moved, rising with arched back and scream of death to collapse on his face in his own blood--pool. Only then had they left him for dead. The car was still burning

fiercely when we heard the truck. The hum of the high-pitched engine sent hope surging through me. It was coming from Chaah. I clenched my fingers round the wounded leg and shambled away from the cutting and the car to halt the truck before it hit Charles. I had gone forty yards when I realised I was moving the wrong way. The truck was coming from Yon Peng, as we had come. I tried to reach the log but was yards short as the armoured truck with mounted machine guns and a "tiger squad" of Malay police aboard came over the rise. Suddenly silhouetted in the cutting, its lights dazzled me.

They saw the burning car and the log across the road and opened fire with everything. I was in the middle of their beaten zone. Bullets spat-zinged off the tarmac and ricochetted in a blinding-whining-hail around me. I dived for the half-shelter of the lallang, and prayed. The fire lasted for two minutes. The truck halted at the log and they sprayed the road and the grass and the jungle. Live lead hosed over my head, spurted earth from the bank behind me. When they ceased it was like the hush of Heaven. I screamed out in English and lurched on to the road beside the truck. Charles was safe. The log that had trapped us in the ambush protected him from the murderous storm of police fire. Tenderly the Malays lifted him on to a stretcher, and into the front of the truck. With a bandage and bayonet I tied a tourniquet round my thigh, blade through the bandage loop, brutally twisting and tightening to throttle back the blood. Apoliceman, white-eyed with concern, handed me an ampule of morphia for Charles. I speared the needle into his arm and squirted the merciful, pain-relieving drug in and through to his blood stream. His head and shoulders were beside me as I sat in the front seat. It was a joy to watch the agony fade from his face. It took seventy-five minutes of hard driving to reach the hospital at Kluang. Day was breaking as we pulled up outside the casualty door. I jumped from the cabin. I had been able to walk before, but now the shock had worn off. My leg crumpled under me and I collapsed helplessly on the ground. They carried us into the clean white hospital to safety, and to the shattering experience of uncontrollable reaction as the life-saving shock wore off. I was there for thirty days, then went off on sick leave. Charles was out two days before me.

Two weeks after I left hospital a Communist terrorist courier was killed in the Yong Peng-Chaah area. He was carrying documents giving details of our identity, and the manner of our deaths, at the hands of 7 Independent Platoon. Two months later a patrol of the 1st Battalion Fijian Infantry Regiment killed two terrorists in the same area and recovered a carbine and shotgun. I telephoned their headquarters and asked for the number of the carbine. It was mine.

In May, 1953 I left Malaya, travelling home to the United Kingdom on a troopship with the battalion. On board a fellow passenger asked me if I was J.G.Tedford of The Cameronians. I said I was. He gave an uneasy smirk and opened a book he was carrying. It was an almanac of events in every country, on every day of the year. It had been printed in London. On the page where he jabbed his finger I read that with assistant planter Charles Morgan I had died on the night of the seventh of July, 1952...''murdered by bandits". Evidently I was living on borrowed time.

Footnote: In 1956, as the result of a successful Security Force operation, the Royal Air Force carried out an air strike in the Yang Peng area of Malaya. A1,000 lb bomb scored a direct hit on the camp of 7 Independent Platoon, killing sixteen Communist terrorists. The leader of the platoon, Goh Peng Tuan, was among the dead.
Ian Tedford

Editors Note
This article was originally published in 1957 in the book "The Unquiet Peace"

Meeting With A Family Friend

It was a pleasant Sunday morning in May when several hundreds of us gathered at the memorial cairn at Douglas for the fortieth, and final, official commemoration of the disbandment of the 1st Bn. In 1968. During the service, at lunch and in several interviews on the excellent DVD produced after the event, mention was made of the feeling of "family" which has long existed in the Regiment (and is shared, within their ranks, by those in many other regiments).

This family-feeling forms a link with the past, with our history and with those who had been there before us. It brought back a memory..,....

It was a pleasant Sunday morning in May, but it was more than forty years ago and we were not at Douglas but at D.O.D – or dear old Dechmont. The firing ranges on a hill outside Cambuslang were the setting that morning for the Scottish Command T.A Rifle Meeting.

6/7 Cameronians used Dechmont quite a lot over the years though it could be a dreich place, with a worn-out air to its old usually-closed buildings. The hutted camp was open as was the dining hall, while for the first time most of us could remember the officers' mess and sgts mess huts were functioning.

As firers in the various details of the several competitions running simultaneously scuttled about, pausing to check progress of the results on the central scoreboard, I was approached by a most pleasant chap in a Glengarry whom I took to be a regular officer because of his assured manner and the fact that he spoke almost exclusively in acronyms.

"G'morning! I'm from GHQ Scotcom and for my sins I'm i/c VIPS. I understand you're the S.C.P"

"SCP?" I repeated quizzically "Senior Cameronian Present" he replied. I didn't think so but conceded that, at that precise moment I might be the S.C.V or Senior Cameronian Visible… "No matter" he said "you'll do perfectly. I'm entertaining this old chap for a couple of days who's a retired officer of your regiment who talks about the old regimental family and wants to meet some Cameronians. He's in the mess, come and meet him". Off we went.

So it came about that Lord Reith and I met for the first time.

Those who remember him well would be most likely to recall the then Sir John Reith as the first Director General of the B.B.C, though he had a stellar career after that and a pretty full life before it too. After the B.B.C he emerged as Chairman of Imperial Airways, then as Head and first Chairman of B.O.A.C. He was in great demand with many directorships and much public acclaim. He had the world at his feet where, many suspected, he felt it belonged. In his heyday he had no delusions of false modesty or feelings of inadequacy as to his own self-worth, being, it was rumoured, a little miffed at not being considered for the job of Viceroy of India. Always an imposing figure he had continued in high-profile positions in British public life, with his height, 6'6" and craggy features ("he had a face made for Mount Rushmore", some said) making him an instantly recognisable figure in any gathering, until he retired from vice-chairmanship of British Oxygen and took up the role of "Great Man!" on a permanent basis.

Like many great men he had mastered a technique of appearing, even from a sitting position, to look down upon those standing before him. How do you talk to such a man? I soon found out as my G.H.Q friend, having introduced us, promptly sloped off for some overdue refreshment. Lord Reith and I began to chat over a pot of tea. That I found him good company and easy to talk to was down to two main factors.

Firstly, before his long period in public life John Reith had served in World War 1. As a Captain in the Cameronians he had been Transport Officer of the 5th bn in Northern France, and had written about his experiences in a book of biography "Wearing Spurs" (1966) which had been published not long before our meeting.

Secondly, by the most fortunate possible coincidence I had been reading that very book only a week or two before our meeting and so was able to get him to reminisce about those days, about his favourite charger (transport officer was a mounted role at that time) which he kept much longer than the remount system would normally allow, and like all soldiers, about the mud and bullets.

We talked, I went off to fire in my detail, we talked some more, mainly about himself, possibly, like many great men, his favourite subject. Then, full of gratitude for the respite, his escort appeared and bore him off to lunch, leaving me the lasting memory of a visit from an old family friend...
George Ferguson

All at Sea (and under it) with The Cameronians

"Another Tale From The Barrack Room"

The morning before I was to go on my submarine trip courtesy of the Royal Navy I went down to the Depot Orderly Room to get my instructions' which didn't amount to any more than a return ticket to Rothesay on the Isle of Bute and the suggestion that I produce my body to the Captain of HMS Truncheon by noon on the 10 June. On the train to Glasgow I wondered again at my luck in having my name drawn out of the hat to go on the trip and it dawned on me that the offer to go to sea on the boat had not exactly seen a great rush of volunteers. Indeed some of those great friends of mine in the Cpls Mess had offered to look after my motorbike if I went missing and a few more were laying claim to some of the better parts of my kit as though I was already part of a tragic story.

The ferry to Rothesay was not very busy and was soon away from the pier allowing me a good view of the harbour but I could only see a few small fishing boats and the odd yacht. Even scanning up and down the Clyde there was nothing in sight and I would have recognised a Navy ship; they are big grey things with white numbers and letters on the side and they have guns up at the front.
I reckoned that with the cold war and everything; the Navy probably kept these thing hidden away up some cove or creek so the best way to find them would be to ask the local soviet spy but there were no obvious spies about and two old men fishing off the pier looked at me as though I was mad when I asked them if they had seen any submarines.

The Harbourmasters Office were bound to know about these things so that was my next port of call but inside I found only a bored looking teenager picking at his spots and a large woman behind a typewriter reading a Hollywood film magazine. It didn't look too hopeful so I asked for the Harbourmaster. The teenager sniggered and the fat lady frostily informed me that the great man was at a meeting with the "Toon Cooncil" and anyway he only spoke with Shipmasters and Yottie type people so I could address any enquiry to her. No! She didn't know where I might find a submarine even if I did know its name.
I was getting a bit anxious by now because it was almost eleven o'clock and I'd been told to be there at noon so I checked all the streets around the harbour for any signs indicating directions to a Royal Navy office or establishment but I found nothing.
Then I spotted two sailors in uniform over at the narrow entrance to a small part of the harbour used by pleasure boats and when I got nearer they had RN Submarines on their cap ribbons. As I hove to alongside (that's navy speak) one of them said "Are you the pongo who is joining us on the boat?". I said "Yes" and he said "OK Mate, just wait here" then they continued their conversation about their home leave and ignored me,

Nearly half an hour later a biggish tug/ trawler kind of thing painted in that awful muddy yellow and black colour that I now know is used by the Admiralty on civvy crewed support boats in UK Harbours swept into this little entry and sort of jammed itself up against the harbour wall. The sailor says " Right Mate ", both of them pick up the small sports bags at their feet and disappear rapidly down onto the tug using the iron handrails set into the side of the wall. This was getting interesting because they had just thrown their little bags down onto the deck before climbing down but I had been told to take No1 dress ,No2 dress and all sorts of stuff since there would be official meetings and so on and was lumbered with my whacking big (and heavy) army suitcase. Throwing that down to the boat would see the contents spread all over the deck and beyond so I couldn't chance that.

I put the case on in its side with the handle projecting over the wall and climbed down until I could reach up; get a hold of the handle and pull the case over to hang in my right hand, the sudden weight drag could have pulled me off the wall but be sure I had a death grip with my left hand as the guy in the wheelhouse was holding the boat in position by keeping it angled into the wall against the throttles and this meant there was an ever widening gap between the front and rear of the boat and the wall, I was not about to fall into that. After that it was a case of letting go with my left hand and catching the next rail down until I could get a foot onto the side of the tug and fall in a heap onto the deck. The sailors thought the whole performance was hilarious and

the old guy in the wheelhouse just kept shaking his head in disbelief. They probably had many a drink in the pub on that story.

As soon as I was on board we were off heading down the Clyde towards the sea. The sailors got themselves tucked in behind the wheelhouse to shelter from the stiff and quite cold wind blowing up the river and as we got ever further away from shore and the boat started to pitch and roll a bit I began to wonder what I had let myself in for and realised the old saying "Never Volunteer" maybe had some merit. After about forty minutes of this the sailor nudges me and says "There she is " pointing out to sea. Despite having excellent eyesight I had to admit that I couldn't see a thing so he had me look along his arm while he pointed to it and there was a tiny upright mark on the horizon. I was well impressed with his eyesight but maybe its knowing what to look for.

As the tug and submarine approached each other head on there was not much to see, just the conning tower with some figures up in it but then the sun came out and suddenly we were alongside the forward part of the boat and I could hear the noise of the diesels and see the haze of the exhaust vents at the the stern. The sea was washing through the drain holes between the hull and casing as the boat rose and fell on the swell , up in the tower three crew members wearing the iconic white rollneck woolen jumper of the submariner, one of them with his naval officers hat at a jaunty angle was a very handsome man with a magnificent redgold beard (who turned out to be the Captain). The whole picture could have been a scene from a movie or a navy recruiting poster and remains fixed in my memory as though it was yesterday.

The first sailor took his bag and his friends and jumped nimbly across the gap between the boats just at the right time as they rose and dropped on the swell. The other one who was a big lad took hold of my case and threw it to his mate who trapped it neatly; then jumped himself. They had probably taken pity on me after the shambles on the harbour wall. Both of them made off to the base of the conning tower and it was my turn.

The distance to be jumped to ensure a safe landing on the casing was probably no more than five feet but the casing was not very wide and there was no railing ,wire or anything to stop you going straight over the other side if you got too enthusiastic and I was wearing Army boots with studded soles, also the jump had to start from a standing position with one foot on the bulwark of the tug and the other on the deck, too timid an effort could land you in the water between the two boats. All this of course was under the interested gaze of the crew in the conning tower.

Sailors do this kind of thing all the time I suppose but the honour of the Regiment and soldiers in general was at stake here so as soon as the sailors had moved out of the way I jumped, landed neatly and strolled after them as though jumping from boat to boat at sea was nothing to worry about, but I hoped I wouldn't have to do it again. One of the crew had a hatch in the base of the tower open and I was quickly shepherded down a short ladder and there I was in the control room of Her Majestys' Submarine Truncheon.

Like everyone else I suppose, my only knowledge of submarines was gleaned from films and newsreel pictures and this was about what I had imagined it would be like, packed with machinery ,dials and gauges although surprisingly narrow and cramped . There was a very fine looking mahogany chart table taking up a lot of the available space and beside it stood a little fellow who looked very like ORQMS Dickson back at the depot except that he was dressed in a collarless shirt and what looked suspiciously like pyjama trousers with carpet slippers. On top of this he had a well worn uniform jacket which I suppose showed his rank. As

this was the first thing I saw on entering the boat and only a few feet from the ladder I was a bit taken aback, even more so when he asked me the name and address of my next of kin (but not my own name) entered this in a ledger and took note of the time,date and position of the boat when myself and the other two sailors joined the boat.

All this would be sent, immediately to the Admiralty and I was now officially aboard the boat and subject to naval discipline etc. He also made it clear that it was highly unusual for me to be there at all. Then I was taken to the "fore-end" where I would bunk; along a narrow central passageway and through several hatchways which separated the boat into sealable compartments. Along the way I realised that nobody was actually wearing uniform. Shirts, rugby shirts, jeans, old trousers even shorts was the preferred style and footwear was mainly PT shoes just like the army issue but navy coloured.
The guys in the fore-end or more properly the torpedo room made me very welcome and showed me the bunk I would use which folded down from a framework on which there were seven others and this was replicated on the other side of the compartment which meant sixteen men slept in this space, no bigger than the MT office back at Winston Bks although half of them were always on watch and it never really got crowded.
The reason for the strange dress was soon explained. Inside a sub is very warm and humid with an all pervading smell of diesel fuel which soon ruins clothing, therefore they wore any old clothes of no value which could be thrown in the rubbish tip at the end of any voyage. They called this "steaming rig" Also, on the floor were little wooden lockers about the size of a small suitcase, one for each of the occupants, everything that the sailor owned had to fit inside so once washing and shaving kit and shore going uniform was in there , that was it. My big army suitcase was already creating a nuisance since there was nowhere to stack it out of the way.

Shortly after I was established in the fore-end I was called to the Captains cabin on the boats tannoy system. This was in the control room just under and to the right of the conning tower ladder and no more than ten feet from the periscopes. The CO of this boat was certainly expected to be right on top of the action. Inside it was hardly much longer than the bunk which occupied one side, the other side was taken up with low cupboards the top of which formed a bench seat and a nice wooden table took up the space in the middle. There was a small bookshelf, HiFi with earphones and some photographs on the wall which made the place a little less spartan but it was sobering thought that this was the office and quarters of the captain of a high tech (in those days) attack submarine during its time on patrol. The whole thing was probably about the size of our COs bathroom.
The Captain welcomed me aboard and told me a bit about the boat which was an old wartime T class type but had been updated and modernised. He said we were at the moment sailing up the Minches and would go round by Cape Wrath, on to the Shetlands for a short visit then proceed across the North Sea to Gothenburg in Sweden. I was to feel free to visit any part of the boat and ask any questions I liked , the only exception being the electronics centre which was on the other side of the control room opposite his cabin and just the same size. This housed the underwater warfare sonars, radars, comms and stuff regarded as highly secret.

I was being treated more like a visiting Member of Parliament with influence on the defence budget than a buckshee soldier along for a free ride.

I did do a tour of the boat and saw everything worth seeing. The noise in the engine room was horrendous when the big diesel was pounding away but strangely enough you didn't really hear it in the rest of the boat when the hatches were closed. The engine room guys communicated with each other by hand signal and lip reading but the electric engine was practically silent and the batteries were about the size of small cars; weighed half a ton each and it took five tons of distilled water to top them up. Once I saw all this and realised the amount of kit packed into the boat to make it operate including the huge diesel fuel tanks and suchlike I began to realise why space for the human crew was at such a premium and also noted that a spare body like me hanging around in some places only got in the way so after my tour I mostly just stayed up in the fore-end.

In the front half of the boat where I was there was only one washbasin with mirror

and beside it in a small cubicle, with only a small curtain for a door was the toilet. This was a wondrous machine and I had to be instructed in its' use.
It was a nicely made affair of stainless steel, the bottom being sealed by a highly polished plate of the same material.
Once a deposit had been made the drill was to pull a lever which dropped the plate and allowed the contents to fall into a space below. If this didn't happen there was a stick with a scraper at the end with which to encourage it. The lever pulled back again sealed the base. Beside the bowl were two gauges. One showed water pressure on the outside of the hull and the other had a valve beneath it. You had to check the outside pressure gauge and use the valve on the other one to set the ejection pressure at least ten
pounds higher and pull yet another lever which sent air to the set value through the system and ejected the stuff through the hull vent. If you forgot to seal the base you could expect the contents of the toilet to be fired back at you. Too much pressure and the stuff could go airborne and too little pressure could let water into the boat. It made flushing a toilet on land a bit of a limp wristed affair.

There is no daylight in a submarine of course and it is a twenty four hour job just running the boat with the crew operating a watch system of four hours on and four hours off. I found it hard to tell what time it was. There wasn't really a concept of day time /night time, the only thing that was fairly regular was meal time and from what was served then I knew it was breakfast or dinner time. Since I had no useful purpose to serve on the boat I just slept when I thought it was bedtime . It was a bit disconcerting that first night(?) when I got into my cot and realised my head was no more than a foot away from the warhead of a whacking big torpedo. It got more interesting when I noted that I was sleeping in a steel tube lined with sixteen of them.

There were a couple of other things that gave me food for thought . One was a piece of machinery bolted to the hull which was to be used to fire messages up to the surface in the event of underwater troubles. It leaked water all the time but when I pointed this out to the crew they said it needed glands and gaskets renewed and that could only be done back at base.

The other thing was a set of what looked like old wartime gasmasks hanging in a box on the wall , the kind with a tube leading to a chest pack. These turned out to be some kind of escape breathing device. If we got stuck on the bottom; all you had to do was put this on , flood the fore-end, open the hatch in the roof and float serenely to the surface where no doubt a large rescue ship would be waiting with hot towels and a nice cup of tea. "Not to worry" they said. "We'll show you how to put it on if we need to use them."

I was getting quite used to this navy lark by now and they tried to teach me the naval ranks (seamen, not officers) but there were so many variations by trade or qualification and so on it was hard to get a handle on it. There didn't seem to be any similarity to army ranks and many of the ranks were more often referred to by a nick name or job description. The two guys I got to know best and even become friends with were always called Killick and Slinger.
The Killick being a rank nickname I think and Slinger being a job description. They were the main men of the torpedo section with responsibility for the weapons and all the assosciated tubes and firing gear. They spent much time on this but also took turns at other jobs like steering the boat when they were on watch.

Between them these two taught me everything about the boat and let me help(?) them as they went about the maintenaince of their charges, which seemed to consist mostly of continual cleaning and greasing. By the time we were nearing Cape Wrath I was starting to feel like one of them, more so since I had no "steaming gear"and somebody had found me an old pair of black overalls to wear. There was a deeper level in the boat underneath the fore-end where there was storage space for various parts. Slinger was down there once and came back with an ancient Lee Enfield 303 rifle. " I think this needs a bit of looking at" he says, "Pongos know about this kind of stuff, What do you think?"
This rifle was not regarded as a weapon. It was used with an attachment in the muzzle to which a light line was tied and when a blank round was fired the thing shot across to another boat carrying the line which was then attached to a heavier one and pulled in. The idea seemed to be that once a rope was between them they could pass things

back and forth.

The poor old rifle looked as though it had just been picked up from a beach where it had be lying since D Day. The bolt took a lot of effort just to pull it back and it took ages to get it to disengage from the breech because the rotating part at the firing pin end was just not about to rotate. The brass butt plate was green and the state of the barrel would have given the RSM a heart attack. Nobody knew when or if this thing had ever been used, but it was part of the boats inventory and it just lay down in the store in a rack on the wall. This store had walls constantly running with condensation, high humidity and no air circulation. No wonder the rifle was in the state it was in.

Slinger had only brought it up as a matter of curiosity more than anything but when they realised the state of it they got a bit concerned since it would be regarded as their responsibility.

I got the butt trap open but there was no pull through and oil bottle in there. This was a challenge I couldn't refuse. I took it along to the engine room, there was a small engineering workshop behind it with all the tools I might need. The person in charge there let me use the vice and bench, produced thin oil, wire wool and fine emery paper and watched with interest while I set about the thing from magazine to muzzle. He got interested enough to find a long thin steel rod which would fit the barrel; fixed a small piece of cotton soaked in metal polish to it and had the barrel clean and shiny after ten minutes of rodding. It took about an hours hard work, broken nails and sore fingers but finally we had a respectable looking weapon, rust free and with a smoothly operating bolt, safety catch, magazine and trigger.
I was rather pleased with it but the Engineering CPO or whatever he was called was so delighted that he insisted on taking it up to the control room and showing it to the Officer of the Watch, the Petty Officers Mess and anybody else who was around. Finally we slathered it in oil, wrapped it from the forestock to behind the trigger in two long strips of cotton (cut from one of my vests) also soaked in oil and with a couple of condoms (obtained from the medic) fixed over the muzzle it was interred back in the storeroom. I got a lot of brownie points from that little job.

When we were approaching Cape Wrath things started to get very active about the boat particularly in the fore-end. We were about to fire a live torpedo in the bombing and firing range which lies on the coast up there. This was all exciting stuff to me . First the torpedo had to be loaded into the tube. I had assumed the tubes were always loaded but not so on a jolly such as we were on at the moment. I hadn't seen the tubes because they were behind a massive bulkhead with a hatch in either side and it had always been kept sealed. I wasn't going to see them now either because loading was deemed a dangerous business and only the torpedo men were to be in the fore-end whilst it was done. Even the fore-end hatch was sealed.

Once it was all done I was allowed back in and the right side hatch was open with three large tubes one above the other but only a few feet ahead of the bulkhead. with all the pipes ,tubing ,dials ,gauges, wheel valves and things making it very tight for anyone working in there. I guessed that the bulkhead separating all this from the fore-end must be some kind of safety wall.

By this time the Captain was manouvering the boat in the range and acquiring a target, Killick and Slinger motioned to me to join them at the tubes and I climbed over the hatchway (the deck in there was lower than anywhere else on the boat). A plank of wood about four feet wide was produced and positioned on brackets on the bulkhead level with the top tubes. Killick climbed up onto this seat and nodded to me to join him,Slinger was still at the tubes. They had been through all the drill of ensuring the tube doors were closed and tubes purged before loading. Now it was the drill of flooding the tube and opening the door, all of this ordered and confirmed in sequence by the warfare officer in the control room.

Slinger climbed up and squeezed onto the seat beside us and they went through a lot of visual checks on pressures and things and waited for the order to fire. I sat there between them and thought how strange a soldiers life can be... A couple of days ago I was hanging about the MT garage at Winston Bks and here I was in the North Sea at the top of Scotland (or rather slightly under it), a fully armed torpedo in its tube a few feet from my right knee waiting the order to be unleashed and, the firing button

right in front of me.

At the order, Killick gave the big mushroom shaped red button a good thump with the heel of his hand. There was a seriously loud explosion like an artillery piece firing and the whole boat jerked backwards in recoil. I hadn't expected anything like that and was nearly tipped off my perch. Suddenly it was all very quiet and I thought I heard the torpedo running but it was going away from us at something like fifty miles per hour, maybe it was just my ears ringing. In the control room the stopwatches were running. Those in the fore-end stood looking at each other, saying nothing.
Then we clearly heard the explosion as the torpedo struck the target, there was a fair bit of cheering and congratulations all round. That was one of the highlights of my time in the regiment. I am probably the only one in the army who has ever been so closely involved in the firing of a live torpedo from a semi submerged Royal Navy submarine.

We were soon on our way to Shetland and at dinner in the PO's mess where I had my meals I was put in the picture about the crews pleasure in a succesful firing. Where I assumed the torpedo crew were the main people in the game it was pointed out to me that the whole crew were involved. The Captains' skill in choosing the correct position for the shot depended on the ability of the helmsman, planesmen and engine room to put and keep the boat exactly where he wanted it. The whole boat was the weapon.
Furthermore this had been an old practice torpedo which was being disposed of. Nothing in the way of homing or magnetic devices on it, so to hit a small target nearly four miles away through the rough sea and strong tides of the Pentland Firth was regarded as rather good shooting.

A rum ration was issued after dinner and there was a lot of carry on with little containers like mini milk churns and measures. Not a great deal of the stuff was actually drunk but enough to get a good conversation going and I learned enough about submarine operation to allow me to bore people for years. Some of the most interesting stuff was about what they did on "normal" patrols. No actual details of course, but apparently they went up to the Baltic or even round the top of Norway where they hung around the Red Navy's back door trying to track soviet subs leaving their bases, collecting details of ship movements etc and trying to be invisible themselves since the Russians were rather enthusiastic about depth charging anything of which they had the slightest suspicion. I formed the opinion that these guys must have been absent on parade when the self preservation instinct was being issued.

When we arrived at Lerwick in Shetland the off watch crew were allowed to go ashore but I spent most of the day with a big bucket of bitumen type paint and a long handled brush painting the front end of the casing all round the radar dome and back to the fore hatch. It was some kind of non slip preservative paint but it was like painting with syrup.
One of the fore-end crew spotted my No1 dress uniform in my case while we were getting changed to go ashore and was fairly taken on with it. He just had to try it on and although it was a bit tight he was awfully pleased with himself in it and rushed of to some other part of the boat where someone had a camera to have his picture taken. I couldn't believe my ears when he asked to wear it going ashore and agreed because I couldn't imagine anybody in authority allowing him off the boat like that but amazingly they all thought it was highly amusing. As we got onto the quay we ran into a chap with a camera and notebook who insisted on taking photographs of four of us. Me and this nut in my No1 dress with every button straining, tartans at half mast, pale blue socks and seriously scruffy shoes, a sailor on either side of us and the boat in the background. The reporter (for that's what he was) was delighted with all this and assured us that our picture would be on the front page in the morning. I was only happy that we would be well at sea when his paper came out and it was only a local rag anyway, but somewhere there may be an archive copy of the Shetland Times with that picture in it.

Lerwick was a quiet little town with quaint narrow streets and the houses sort of huddled together against the ever present strong wind. There was a large harbour full of fishing boats of all sizes, most of them Norwegian and crewed by some of the biggest, hairiest, hard men I've ever laid eyes on who seemed intent on drinking the local pubs dry. They were great company though and we spent a pleasant evening in a pub where there were several musicians mainly

fiddle and accordian players but joined now and then by guys with guitars and bohran drums. The standard of playing was very good. I might even have heard the great Ali Bain learning his trade there before going on to take Shetland music round the world and become internationaly renowned as the greatest fiddle player of his generation.

When we had left Shetland and were on our way to Gothenburg I went along to the control room where Slinger was on watch and taking his turn on the helm(steering the boat). He sat on a small seat just to the left of the conning tower stairs with a heavy blanket over his knees reading a novel. The blanket was needed because the snorkel tube above the tower pulled in huge quantities of air and forced it down into the boat but I thought the novel was a bit casual.However nobody else in the control room seemed to be bothered. I stood at the ladder looking up at the little circle of sky above when I get a dig in the ribs and Slinger says "Have a go at steering". I thought he was kidding of course but he was serious saying "Its no bother, I'll show you how".
I said "OK, I'll have a go but shouldn't you get permission from somebody?". "No No It will be alright" says he and since no one else in the control room was raising any objection I found myself on the seat with the blanket over my knees.

There was a pedestal coming up from the deck with what looked like one half of a motorcyle handlebar on one side at the top, above it a large compass like a clock with only one hand pointing at the twelve o'clock position. The compass rose moved round the face so when the heading was set it sat at the end of the pointer. All I had to do was keep it there. It wasn't that easy of course. The heading would sit steady for a few minutes and then start wandering off course because of the effect of wind and wave on the hull. When it got a few degrees off course I was to push the lever up to move the boats head left or down to go right. The longer it was held up or down the more the boat moved and when you let go it self centered.

By the time I had got all this the boat was already five degrees off to the right so I pushed the lever up but by the time the rudder took effect it was ten degrees off. I corrected more and got back to the correct heading but the thing then kept going too far left. Corrected again and well over to the right . Down with the lever and we were away back to the left, up with lever and it was off to the right again. After ten minutes of this, the course we should have been steering and the compass only had a passing aquaintance and I'd almost forgotten what it was anyway, Slinger had actually gone off to the toilet and the other sailors in the control room were in absolute stitches and offering no help whatever. They probably told tales for years afterwards about the time they let a "pongo" drive the boat and ended up going in circles.

I couldn't understand why there was no reaction to all this from the conning tower but finally from the voice tube by my head came a polite request to know who was steering. I said "It's me Sir , the soldier". "Well just hand over to Slinger and get yourself up here" was the reply. Up in the tower (which wasn't as far above the water as I'd expected) I was invited to look back at the wake which was a pitiful sight snaking about behind us. "Any aircraft flying over and seeing that might report us as a ship in trouble" says the watch officer. Back down in the boat I watched as the job was done properly and it was a much more skilled affair than you might think. The helmsman has to be able to balance the corrections against the boats head going off, the delay before the rudder takes effect and overcorrection when it does.

I was pretty sure I'd been wound up for a bit of naval entertainment but who cares!. How many soldiers can claim to have driven a submarine?.

Shortly after this episode the boat began to get rather lively and we were running into a storm. I wasn't at all concerned , who ever heard of a submarine being sunk by bad weather, apart from the casing and tower most of it is under water anyway and there is only the one hole open to the sea which can be closed down quickly. The Captain has the perfect solution to bad weather, just go under it. Thats what we did. As the motion of the boat became a corkscrewing action the order to submerge was given. There was no big drama as preparations were made . I was in the fore-end as it happened and thought it better not to go up to the control room in case I got in the way. All I noticed was that the boat became quiet and stable in the water and the deck under my feet took on a gentle slope . Thats when I realised that

submarines dont just fill their ballast tanks and sink, they do actually dive forward and down. It was all a bit exciting at first as I lay on my bunk and watched the depth gauge (mounted above the thing that always leaked) slowly wind past the hundred foot mark and continue on past two hundred. It finally steadied on three hundred feet and I was a bit relieved because from somewhere in my memory (probably from a "Cruel Sea" type movie) I thought that was as far as subs could go down. Not so as I learned at dinner in the mess, they had been down a lot further than that. I reckoned three hundred feet would do me fine thank you.

I dont know when we surfaced again because I was asleep at the time and soon after that it was announced we were proceeding up river and would be in Gothenburg soon. The casing crew who would attend to the mooring of the boat were warned to be ready and this caused quite a bother. This crew were required to be dressed in the white submarine jumper. navy bell bottom trousers and white topped cap for this duty. As the boat moves slowly into the harbour they line up on the casing standing at ease, all "tiddley" as the Navy calls it until the order to start the rope handling and so on is given. Anyone watching from the shore sees a smart and efficient piece of naval drill and it looks impressive.
The problem was that those making up the crew simply did not have the kit to wear and there was great rummaging in lockers all through the boat to find enough jumpers etc to get them dressed up as required. It seemed that apart from their personal shore going uniform every other piece of clothing on the boat belonged to anybody who needed it. Imagine trying to dress a regimental guard from every other member of the company who might have some bits of No1 dress.

Once we were tied up safely a few hours passed while the boat was sort of shut down and cleaned up. During this time nobody was allowed out of the boat onto the casing, probably because although this was a very slick and highly professional bunch of matelots, if you had put them on shore in their steaming rig they would probably have been arrested as vagrants.

When we got out of the boat to go ashore it was to find that we were tied to two other submarines like ours which were in turn tied to a frigate moored against the harbour wall. We had to cross from one boat to the others on long planks then climb up a ladder onto the frigate where a queue of sailors were lined up being booked out of the ship by an officer and some men whom the sailors called "regulators", sort of Regimental Provost staff. They were generally giving the sailors a good inspection and sending some back to polish shoes etc but they didn't bother those with HM Submarines on their caps and totally ignored me. I was amused to see two very large boxes of condoms on the table with the booking out ledger with a Help Yourself notice beside them. That kind of thing at army guardrooms might have saved a few young ladies a bit of bother in some garrison towns.

Gothenburg was a bit of culture shock to me. In the mid summer sunshine it was so clean and prosperous looking with wide streets, fine parks and buildings and many canals. There was an excellent tramway system and the docks where our boat was parked was more like an upmarket suburb, certainly a world away from the docks in Glasgow I was familiar with. When we went sat down at a pavement cafe to have a coffee and watch the parade of very attractive young ladies who seemed to be everywhere on the streets we came down to earth with a bang. The cost of everything here was phenomenal, four coffees and gateau cost several pounds!.
Fortuately there was a welcome letter on the boats notice board from the Mayor welcoming the Royal Navy to the city and saying that entry to all museums, art galleries, public buildings and so on would be free to those in uniform, also travel on the trams, and best of all entry to the famous Liseberg Park.

There were no pubs of course, drink could only be had in places where meals were served and the cost of them ruled that out. I was not bothered because I rarely drink but the sailors were not too happy about this. We went back to the boat for dinner and to collect the little bottles the sailors were in the habit of keeping a good part of their rum issue in then it was off to a tram stop and a trip to Liseberg Park. It was a complete shock to see an advert for a soft porn magazine complete with illustration of the cover on the pole at the tramstop. I actually found myself slightly embarrased looking at it. It was only the kind of picture seen on magazines in any newsagent nowadays but

back then it was very surprising.

The Park itself certainly lived up to its reputation, more like a large botanic garden it had a lot of (very expensive) restaurants but also a great deal of free entertainment ranging from acrobats and jugglers to open air theatres, folk singing and dancing etc and ponds for boating. Best of all there was a large night club which provided sandwiches; if you bought a plate of these that was a licence to drink all night as long as they remained on the table in full view of the management. There was non stop entertainment by various groups, comedians and so on and it was set to be a pleasant evening but our little group was joined be sailors from the other subs and soon we had about fifteen around a big round table. They managed to get three girls to join the company but sadly the combination of navy rum and swedish beer caught up with them rapidly and one guy actually threw up on the carpet before collapsing under the table. The girls departed rapidly and the management appeared with some very large back up. The table was cleared of everything on it by the waiters and we were told our custom was no longer acceptable, shown to the door and advised to get the drunk back to the ship before the police laid eyes on him.

We did have one other little discipline problem in Gothenburg.
It seemed that the widely believed story about Sweden, free love and all that rubbish didn't apply to passing sailors (although there were a fair amount of the gay brigade hanging about the docks.)
Some rather disappointed sailors thought it would be a great idea to shove all their unused condoms down the toilet, set the pressure very high and fire the lot off.
The result was a huge burst of floating white balloons above the dockside which eventually ended up floating along the streets and canals much to the displeasure of the local police and civic authorities. Jolly Jack Tar can be just as good as the Jocks at dreaming up daft things to do.

The next day my friends were on watch so I took myself for a walk around the shops where I managed to get a small gift for my wife Rose without actually breaking the bank and spent some time in a museum full of viking stuff. All this time I had never seen Iain Collinson and the other guys from the depot who had come over on the frigate and I didn't really bother since they might be doing official things and I was quite happy floating around. When I got back to the boat I was told that they had orders to go straight back to Portsmouth which was going to cause me a little problem of getting back to Lanark. My mates in the fore-end thought it was no problem at all, I could just go with them and once in Portsmouth we would have a grand piss up. I could stay a couple of nights in the naval barracks and the boats Admin Officer or whatever he was called could give me a travel warrant to Glasgow.

I explained that my CO back at the barracks wouldn't take too kindly to me awarding myself another weeks jolly, They reckoned I could just say that I hadn't known the boat was going to Portsmouth until we were at sea and of course you can't just tell a boat to let you off at the next bus stop. I couldn't have considered anything like that anyway. I had only been able to bring a few pounds along on this trip and now I had barely five shillings to my name. So it was arranged that I would make the return trip on the frigate. Early next morning I took my kit over to the frigate after having said goodbye to the friends I'd made and thanking the Captain for having me on board during the trip.

I watched from the rail of the frigate with some sadness as HM Submarine Truncheon slipped quietly down the river and out to sea
I'd never see her or her crew again but she and they had left me with memories I'd never forget
Jimmy Quinn.

Random Recollections

Responding to the editor's plea for sundry recollections of service to be considered for inclusion in the final edition of THE COVENANTER I decided (aged three score years and twenty) to search into my distant past. Readers will forgive me for any errors and omissions in the piece as I have forgotten many names, ranks and exact locations. Nevertheless, fond memories are there.
Conscripted into National Service in 1947 I reported to Dundonald Camp, Troon to begin two years service before returning to civilian life reading chemistry at Glasgow University. A rotund major in Royal Signals

(the resident personnel selection officer) checking my rugby football credentials shuffled me into Signals Corps training in Catterick Camp earmarked me for a trial with the formidable corps rugby team.

The winter of 1947 is on record as one of the worst ever and Catterick was Siberia come to Yorkshire! My rugby trial was a disaster as I was marked and destroyed by the famous Welsh International Bleddyn Williams. Corps training completed I was a qualified operator keyboard and cipher (OKC) and overseas postings were eagerly awaited. Only twenty out of twenty five recruits got postings overseas and with a surname towards the end of the alphabet I was an "also ran" destined to remain in Catterick camp as a "surplus to requirements" to be temporarily employed as a kitchen hand/ dining room orderly! After a week of lighting fires before dawn for the cooks and washing out greasy "dixies" I exploded. At a CO's interview, I complained that since I had been press ganged into the Royal Signals by the rotund PSO major for disastrous sporting rather than military reasons, I now wished to apply for a national service commission in the infantry and no longer wished to be employed as a "skivvy" in the kitchens in Catterick

Some six months later I emerged from OCS Eaton Hall aged eighteen years to be posted to 2nd Bn The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in Gibraltar. We sailed from Southampton on a very old troopship, Empire Test (?), with the troops in hammocks. Other young national service subalterns on board were Sandy Struthers, Colin Porteous and two regulars Hugh Worthington Wilmer and John Baynes who were direct from RMA Sandhurst (Intake No1).

Reveille early on Sunday morning 27th July 1948 saw us at anchor off Gibraltar with its massive rock looming grey in the morning mist. A very efficient movement's organisation had us ashore by barge and at the mess at Buena Vista Barracks by about midday.

The five new arrivals having been allocated rooms ventured down the steep steps into the mess where all was very quiet. Everything seemed extremely well prepared in the anteroom where a large table was laid out with many gin and tonics already poured, two very smart orderlies in tartan and white mess jackets stood by ready to dispense drinks. Surely, this was not a reception party for the new arrivals?

The Mess Sgt put us right, explaining that the officers and their guests were at Sunday Church Service and the arrangements were normal on a Sunday for "their thirst after righteousness"! Minutes later, there came a rush of officers and guests into the anteroom and the party started.

The new arrivals were still in uniform and therefore easy to recognise; we were introduced all round, made most welcome and plied with plentiful gins by such stalwarts as JMH (John) Scott and PK (Peter) Bryson. They had us party on until well after lunch (5pm) when it was suggested we change into civilian clothes as we would shortly continue the party across the border in Spain!

I duly appeared for the journey across the border dressed in a "hairy" suit (ex RW Forsyth Ltd of Glasgow) to which PK Bryson (by this time in very jovial mood) objected. He said that a Cameronian officer could not wear such a thing and, aided by Lionel Smith proceeded to strip me of the garment, pour lighter fuel over same and set it alight! I went to Spain dressed in slacks and a shirt and hasten to add that Smith, Bryson and Scott took me to town the following day and bought me a new lightweight suit! I will not bore you with the happenings in Spain ...we just made it to Four Corners Guard (at the frontier) before the gates were shut at midnight.

Commanding Officer's orders next morning saw us posted to rifle companies, in my case to A Coy at Little Bay (OC J Bunton, 2IC John Scott, CSM Kirk, C/Sgt Anderson, Sgts Burns, Mulvenna, Cpl Minns). The 2nd Bn had returned from the war in Burma and my platoon had many men with very brown knees and rows of campaign medals. How was a pink faced eighteen year old going to address them and say that if they had any problems "to let me be their father?"

I soon discovered that the majority of them could not wait a day longer to be shipped home for discharge after war service (I think it was called "Going on Python"). Reorganisation took place in August 1948 with many men shipping home for demob and new recruits as replacements. We were renamed 1st Bn (COs changing, Lt Col Buchanan Dunlop for Lt Col Brinkman). Training and sports continued Aug/ Nov1948 with the Bn fielding excellent teams at football, hockey, athletics and boxing. Hockey was particularly strong with the military band providing many of the players under Leslie Dow who organised the team, other names of players such

as Donald Cameron, Sgts Galloway and Sneddon come to mind. The athletics team also did well with the sprint team to the fore (Worthington-Wilmer, Wilberforce,

On 1 Dec 1948, the Bn embarked on HMT Empire Test (?) for Trieste on posting to British Element Trieste Force (BETFOR). The voyage was merely along the Med, turn left up the side of Italy to our destination but the ancient troopship took many days to get there. Activities on board included boxing (OIC was CSM Godfrey himself an ex ABA champion). All young officers were ordered to box and most of us were entered in the novice class where I was pitted against my batman (Rfn Neave) who knocked me out with three blows in the first round! CSM Godfrey gave "wee Neavey" a one to one interview later when it was discovered that he had been a pro sparring partner in a Glasgow gym! The Bn boxing team won the inter unit trophy in Trieste under the direction of CSM Godfrey with Leslie Dow, Donald Cameron and Jake Sneddon leading the way. BETFOR consisted of 5000 British and 5000 American Troops, a post war arrangement to cope with the Balkans problems. We were to share a barracks with 1st Bn The Kings Own Regiment where all ranks made many good friends, Scots/ English cooperation flourished! The visit of the Bn WOs/Sgts to the mess for Christmas drinks comes to mind, I was detailed to look after Sgt Burns my platoon Sgt and the Pipe Major (John Matheson). When I asked the Pipe Major what he would like to drink, he replied, "I'll have a whisky sir" I then asked him if he would prefer water or soda ...to which he swiftly replied "I'll have a whisky sir "!

Instruction in highland dancing for officers was compulsory, I had already learned the steps at home and I much enjoyed watching in particular Messrs Smith, Bryson and Scott on a cold Trieste morning kicking themselves to death trying to master the various steps.

The Pipes and Drums had some splendid characters in their ranks, I recall having a few drams with the pipe corporal whose name escapes me (Cpl Porteous?) although I know he wore lots of campaign medals. He told me a tale about "When we were in the war in Germany and doing a bit of "collecting" odds and ends from empty estates. I had a few of the band struggling to load a grand piano into a three tonner, when I noticed a small figure about the size of a jockey and wearing a regimental bonnet disappearing round the corner with a roll of maps under his arm....maps or masterpieces...who knows? I thought to myself what are we doing with a grand piano!"

All good things must end and alas 18 Oct 1949 saw my return to UK for release from National Service and seeing before me a term of chemistry at University, I reckoned I would soon be making/selling soap for Lever Bros! I therefore asked the Regiment if they would have me back. I was lucky to be accepted and via RCB I rejoined in Trieste in time to embark on HMT Lancashire "The slow boat to China", taking many weeks to make the passage to Hong Kong. We called at Singapore en route where a dockside parade took place to mark the amalgamation of the Regiment with 7th Gurkha Rifles. Lt Col Bill Henning was now in command and two guards of honour faced each other for the occasion when trophies were exchanged (see photo). Then on to Hong Kong where we were to join the garrison and be brigaded with Kings Own Scottish Borderers and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders...indeed a very North British mixture! Some very serious inter unit rivalry ensued and it took the confining to camps of all three Bns followed by a "fixed" tri-unit highland games to sort out the differences. Each Bn won an event and honour was satisfied! KOSB and A&SH were both destined to go to war in Korea while we were to join 26Gurkha Inf Bde on anti terrorist operations in Malaya.

Staging through Singapore was necessary in order to acclimatize for a few weeks and be lectured on the importance of personal hygiene in the tropics; we were also warned of the evils of the flesh spots and red light areas of Singapore! The Union Jack other ranks club was a popular watering hole however the private clubs throughout the colony were a closed shop. Messrs Rodger and Baynes settled themselves at a table in the smart members only Singapore Swimming Club and ordered drinks. A very haughty and excitable manager was unnecessarily rude when ordering them to leave. The manager was to regret his actions which prompted Messrs R&B to lift him off his feet and deposit him in the pool! The grapevine subsequently signalled to us that it would not be politic for others to apply for membership of the SSC!

After a few months training, the Bn moved to Malaya to have two very successful years anti terrorist operations, which have been well documented in the Regimental history. Commanding a platoon on jungle operations was a great experience...one

particular incident comes to mind where the CO had some top grade information concerning an informer who had a brother within a group of terrorists. This informer was (for a reward) willing to give details of a forthcoming meeting in order that we could lay on an ambush and kill amongst others his own brother! Detailed plans were made and after many days and nights spent in ambush on radio silence, the enemy appeared. Not where the informer had indicated, but over three hundred yards distant and moving away, rather than towards the ambush position. To move would have given the game away and, with a five-foot fence in front of us, a decision was made to take aim with the Bren gun, fire and leap over the fence after the fast disappearing enemy. A burst of three aimed rounds was fired and we all ran to where the meeting had taken place between the informer and the terrorists (which group included his brother). Alas we had shot the informer, who gave us a very questioning look as he expired...The jock who had fired the Bren remarked "It serves the bugger right for shopping his brother "Radio silence was broken and Bill Henning was on the blower asking "Well lad what have you got?" When I said we had shot his informer he informed me that I was earmarked for a dog handlers course! The best laid schemes..etc...

It was not to be a dog handlers but an Anti -Tank course. The Bn was due to return to UK at the end of a very successful tour of active service and not having anti tank guns in Malaya I was off to Netheravon for a course on the 17pdr gun.

Twenty students made up the course, all from UK/Nato units (except the Cameronian from Malaya) and all previously trained and coached for the Passing In Exam on the gun for which a 75 percent pass was obligatory to remain on the course. I had never seen or read about the gun before and I came last with a score of one point out of fifty! Doomed for RTU as a failure I was ordered for interview by the Commandant...One Lt Col John Frost DSO MC who had commanded the Parachute Battalion at Arnhem Bridge... and he was a Cameronian! After a talk about keeping the good name of the Regiment etc he said he would make an exception to the RTU rule and allow me to stay .....Moreover, I had better do well!

Lt Col Henry Alexander took over from Bill Henning and the Bn was now stationed at Barnard Castle We had not seen HTA since our few months stay in Hong Kong in 1949 when he was GSO 1 Trg and riding racehorses at Happy Valley. I was given a platoon of regular soldiers to train from scratch as anti tank crews, I needed a miniature range for sub calibre firing and to this end HTA spoke to higher HQ and had a brand new half Nissen hut range with miniature moving targets etc., built near the barracks. The 17pdr weighs in at two and a half tonnes and it was necessary to ease the gun down a steep incline into the firing position by holding on to drag ropes attached to the wheels. With six Jocks, hanging on to the ropes the very heavy long trail legs began to sway dangerously out of control. The men let go the ropes and two and a half tonnes of gun raced down the hill smashing the new range and Nissen hut to rubble! On returning to the mess for lunch, I found HTA warming his backside at the fire after a morning horse ride. "Well lad how did you like the new range I had made for you?" he asked. My reply got me another posting! Jockey HTA and I crossed paths again during my career but not in Cameronian days.

Happy days- much fun and laughter but best of all, great friends and comrades.

"A HAS BEEN"- who was proud to have been, in his time, A CAMERONIAN.

Memories And Books

Challenged by the Editor to write some copy for the final edition of the Covenanter, I was almost stumped because most of my own experiences are so admirably covered in John Baynes's excellent volume of the regimental history. But then it is often books which stir the memory, and so here is a rag-bag of reminiscences, and books, which I hope may stir similar memories in others.

My father, Colonel Robert Buchanan-Dunlop, was a Cameronian, so some of my earliest memories are bound up with the regiment. His war service was in Persia, Sicily and Italy. By one of those wartime quirks he commanded a Seaforth but not a Cameronian battalion, whilst his younger brother, a Royal Scots Fusilier, commanded the 6th Battalion during the operations in Walcheren. Later, in 1946, my father briefly commanded the 6th Battalion himself before it was disbanded. At the end of that year he took over command of the Depot. The second–in-command was Major John Bunten, a veteran of the Burma Campaign with the 1st Battalion. Much later I came to know Piper Donald Porteous who had been

a mule leader in Burma and was for many years, until disbandment, a pillar of the Pipes and Drums. The Cameronians feature briefly in John Master's autobiographical Bugles and a Tiger, but the best book by far about the Burma campaign, written at section level, is Quartered Safe Out Here by the creator of Flashman, George Macdonald Fraser.

My main memories then of Winston Barracks are of the ferocious winters of 1946 and 1947 with seemingly endless fatigue parties shovelling snow, and of my father's batman, Rifleman Wrigley. A small wiry man, Wrigley had been a renowned regimental boxer in his day, although looking at the records he was not part of the famous 1st Battalion boxing team which had won the All India Cup in 1938. But seeing photographs of him in fighting stance with his torso covered in tattoos, he was a hero to a small boy. 1938 had been a halcyon sporting year for the 1st Battalion in India, winning the Infantry Cup for polo as well. One member of that polo team whom I recall visiting the Depot was Major Sir Edward Bradford. He was later to command the Depot himself, but was then tragically killed riding in a point-to-point race. The other members of the team whom I was to meet later in life were Lieutenant General Sir George Collingwood, the last Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Henry Alexander who was to fall foul of Nkrumah in Ghana, and Lieutenant Colonel Duncan Carter-Campbell who commanded the Battalion in Bahrein and Oman.

In 1948 my father took over command of the 1st Battalion in Gibraltar. The battalion then moved to Trieste as part of 24 Infantry Brigade. Trieste was something of an enigma. It had once been the major port for the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but was then ceded to Italy after the First World War. At the end of the Second World War, Tito, whose partisans had wrested control of Yugoslavia, laid claim to it and it was declared a Free Territory with sectors controlled by the Americans, the British and the Yugoslavs. Jan Morris, the travel writer, who served there as a young cavalry officer at that time, has written a marvellously elegaic book about it, Trieste and the Meaning of Nowhere. The Battalion was quartered in Rossetti Barracks, which I remember as a series of large gaunt buildings with a vast parade ground, shared with 1st Battalion The King's Own with whom the Battalion got on remarkably well. Somewhere there is a photograph of the battalion officers in which a youthful Lieutenant Bill Rodger and Lieutenant Ian Tedford feature – both of whom attended the final officers' dinner in Edinburgh in May this year. It must have been an excellent station with all the attractions of an Italian coastal city and the added bonus of being able to train in Austria. Rather surprisingly I was allowed to visit for my school holidays. This entailed a three-day journey there and back again. I was delivered into the maw of the Movements system at Liverpool Street Station with a label tied to my lapel like Paddington Bear. An overnight crossing from Harwich to Hook of Holland, a familiar route for anyone serving in Germany until the advent of air trooping, was followed by a two-day rail journey to Villach, a major railhead in what was still occupied Austria. Despite familiarity with bomb damage in London, I recall being shocked seeing Cologne flattened except for its cathedral. Finally, there was a coach journey down to Trieste, which was a feast of colour and sunshine after grey austerity Britain. But Trieste had its problems too. Typhoid was rife, and my mother was warned never to buy a rabbit in the market without seeing its skin, otherwise it would be a cat! The Battalion was to spend only a year there before sailing to Hong Kong.

Some years later I was working for the Ben Line shipping company, and about to be posted to the Far East, when a small buff form came through the post instructing me to report to Winston Barracks or be listed as a deserter - a small surprise as National Service was waning fast. Winston Barracks as a National Service recruit was far cry from being the commanding officer's son. By then it was commanded by Major David Riddell-Webster, with Captain Dudley Lucas as the Adjutant and Captain Donald Cameron in charge of training assisted by CSM Mackintosh, the former Bugle Major. A week after my arrival I was sitting on the floor of the barrack room along with the other 19 members of Lynedoch Squad gingerly bulling my best boots; the former because it had been impressed on us that only idiots slept on their beds the night before a kit inspection, and the latter because we had just been inoculated in both arms for every eventuality the Army could think of. It was a low point in life, when in walked God in the shape of Sgt Collinson, our squad instructor. " The Army is looking for volunteers who

speak French," he said. "Anyone here speak French?" Naively imagining that escape was at hand, I painfully raised an arm. "Right, you're for cookhouse fatigues this weekend," came the swift response. I had walked blindly into a carefully baited trap!

After basic training I rose to the dizzy heights of Lance Corporal, Acting, Unpaid. I could have done with the pay. A National Service recruit's pay was 27/6d a week, which after the inevitable stoppages meant £1 in the hand on payday. Later I took the last draft from the Depot to the Battalion in Kenya. We travelled in one of the ill-starred Comets via Benghazi. The Battalion, once again part of 24 Brigade, had by then finished its odyssey around the Middle East and was quartered in Muthaiga Camp on the outskirts of Nairobi. I was posted to B Company under Major Leslie Dow, with WO2 Jackman who had won an excellent DCM in Malaya as the company sergeant major. The Battalion was not enjoying the happiest of times in Nairobi from a disciplinary point of view, but, caught almost in a time warp between the end of the Mau Mau emergency and independence a few years ahead, Kenya was undoubtedly a marvellous place to be. It ended all too quickly and the Battalion was on its way home by troopship, curiously run by the RAF. We called in briefly at Malta on a cold, grey February day. There had been a debate as to whether the Battalion should be allowed ashore, which ended with the gnomic decision that it could do so provided that it was confined to a conducted tour of the island. Naturally the Battalion volunteered to a man. Outside Valetta there is not much to Malta in February other than churches, lots of them. After half a dozen churches my bus was near mutiny, and so we headed for Valetta, as did every other bus. Somewhere in the labyrinth of the Grand Knights' Palace carefully laid plans came unstuck, as one by one riflemen cunningly detached themselves to head for the notorious Gut. Amazingly we sailed that evening only two men short.

We spent a few weeks in a hutted camp outside Edinburgh before moving to Germany. One day I and a few other officers had to collect some things from a gnarled stores sergeant who came from south of the border. "My word, you young gentlemen is lucky," he said. "Now in France the girls gives you ****s for money, but in Germany they gives you ****s because they loves it. Oh my word, yes!" Believing he spoke from deep experience we went away heartened, only to discover later that whatever benefits Minden had to offer as a station, and they were few, free love was certainly not amongst them. I wish at this point I could describe effectively the innate humour of the Cameronian, but it was mainly instant repartee which could lighten even the darkest of moments. In his Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, Siegfried Sassoon recalls an episode in 1917 when he is put in charge of a 100 bombers to act as reserve for the Cameronians, having just moved up into the line after a lengthy night march in the rain and mud during which their guides from another regiment had comprehensively lost their way: 'Ruminating on the comfortless responsibility imposed upon me by this enterprise, I waited until nightfall. Then a superbly cheerful little guide bustled me along a maze of waterlogged ditches until I found myself in a small dug-out with some friendly Scotch officers.' I can easily imagine that guide.

After my National Service and a brief spell back in shipping I rejoined the Battalion as a regular officer and became Assistant Adjutant to Major Jim Burrell. If 1938 had been a halcyon sporting year for the regiment, so was the season of 1961/62. The Battalion won the BAOR football cup in a fiercely fought competition. In the current controversy over foreign players in the Premier League, it is interesting to recall that in the days of National Service each Army team was limited to two professionals. Hockey was also played to a very high standard, and although we were not known as a rugger regiment the Battalion team reached the finals of the BAOR seven-aside competition, much to the fury of more fancied teams. Amongst others we were fortunate in having Second Lieutenant Douglas Hathorn, an Army player, at fly-half, with Pipe Major Tom Anderson as a very combative scrum-half and Lieutenant David Nisbet at hooker.

A recent newspaper article about new ration packs for the Army reminded me that the Battalion had carried out a cold weather trial on a proposed new ration pack in 1962. The rations were freeze dried and needed water to cook them, which was a problem as the weather was bitterly cold and we still had felt covered waterbottles which promptly froze. As a member of battalion headquarters I

fortunately escaped many of the indignities such as being weighed daily in the buff in the frozen open wastes of Westphalia, or worse still being a member of the euphemistically named 'water balance platoon'. We were to experience a much more serious problem later in the spring when, after a loose remark by Jack Profumo, the Defence Minister, the press were allowed to descend on the Battalion, with devastating effect. One cannot imagine that today it would be quite so badly handled. We were undoubtedly fall guys for the press's pursuit of Profumo over his affair with Christine Keeler, and perhaps the only good things to come out of it all was that marvellously iconic photograph of Miss Keeler in her chair and the myriad jokes which appeared at the time (the cleanest of which I can remember is the invention of a new verb to profume: meaning to lie or lie with). Not that long ago I saw Profumo at a memorial service in Westminster Abbey. He was pale husk of a man in a wheelchair, and as he passed me I wondered if he realised the damage he had done by his flippant remark in the Commons that 'the Press had missed a trick'.

Before the Battalion ended its tour in Minden I left to become ADC to Major General John Frost, a remarkable man and a staunch Cameronian despite having spent most of his service with the Parachute Regiment. I heard his various war exploits at first hand many times. He is best remembered for having held the bridge at Arnhem for 48 hours against overwhelming odds whilst commanding 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment, a feat well chronicled in Cornelius Ryan's book A Bridge Too Far, which became a film in 1977 with Anthony Hopkins playing Frost. But he also commanded, as a major, the first successful parachute operation of the war when his force captured vital radar equipment in the Bruneval Raid. As you might imagine, life with General Johnny was never dull!

Back with the Battalion again I found myself appointed adjutant and joining a formidable team. Lieutenant Colonel David Riddell-Webster demanded the highest of standards, which was the Battalion's bedrock not only for the goldfish bowl of public duties in Edinburgh, but also for the operational tour which lay ahead. He was ably assisted by RSM Jake Sneddon who will always be for me every inch the archetypal regimental sergeant major, with a marvellous sense of humour. In the orderly room WO2 Ansdell was a wise and generous mentor to a young and inexperienced adjutant. At the end of 1965 the Battalion was tasked with assisting with public duties in London. Two guards, commanded by Captains Colin Lindsay and George Stephen, were sent down and acquitted themselves with considerable panache. In later years I was to take part in London duties on many occasions, but the memory of seeing a Cameronian guard advancing at 140 paces to the minute towards the Old Guard drawn up in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace is an abiding one. Then it was Aden. The Battalion was quartered in Radfan Camp to the north of the town. Somewhere to the east was a fish-drying factory which made its presence unpleasantly noticeable when the wind was blowing in the wrong direction. To the north was desert and a wire fence known as the Scrubber Line, named after Major 'Scrubber' Stewart Richardson of the Coldstream Guards whom I remembered as a famously ferocious senior instructor of the platoon commanders' division at Warminster. The tents had walls of sandbags around them against mortar attack. The sandbags quickly rotted in the sun and needed constant replacement, a tedious and unpleasant chore. The Battalion's main task was maintaining security in Maalla, where Services' families were quartered, and in Steamer Point, the main commercial and shopping district. One of the company operational bases was nicknamed the 'Yellow Submarine' after the Beatles' song, and another recording not surprisingly popular at the time was Tom Jones's 'Green, green grass of home'. It was unglamorous, hot, unremitting work. Operational intelligence was virtually non-existent and members of the two main terrorist organisations simply melted into the general population. Apart from sporadic grenade attacks there was little terrorist activity until towards the end of the Battalion's tour, some nine months before the final British withdrawal, and the highlight of the tour was undoubtedly a six-week rotation up-country based at Habilayn. In Julian Paget's history of the campaign, Last Post : Aden 1964-67, the Battalion gets only two cursory mentions; it is not possible to quarrel with that, but it does disguise the high professionalism displayed by all ranks.

Back at Redford Barracks I handed over to Captain David Christie as adjutant. Neither of us realised that he would be the last to hold

that appointment. I was then ADC to Lord Reith, the first Director General of the BBC, during his time as Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. John Reith had joined the 5th Battalion Scottish Rifles, known popularly as 5th SR, as a territorial before the First World War, and on the outbreak of war went to the front with the battalion as Transport Officer. By all accounts he was a prickly young officer with his own set of values and he chose to pick a fight with the adjutant, Captain Croft. The feud which was mutual is documented in Reith's autobiography Wearing Spurs, and came to a head over a horse, aptly named Sailaway. The result was that Reith was sacked as Transport Officer, and in high dudgeon he requested and was a granted a transfer to the Royal Engineers with whom he was later badly wounded. Croft went on to win no less than four DSOs. Despite all this Reith maintained a great fondness for the regiment. However, his reputation as a stickler for protocol preceded him to Edinburgh and we were not to be disappointed. The Purse Bearer and I met him at Waverley Station with a large black, shiny limousine, complete with uniformed chauffeur, which had been hired for the occasion. Just about to enter it, Reith swung round and demanded, "Why isn't the driver wearing a cockade in his cap?" to which there was no adequate answer. The drive to Holyrood was a frosty one. I nevertheless got on remarkably well with him and he was kind enough to ask for me again the following year, but by that time I was in Berlin and the MOD dug its toes in much to Reith's fury. Two years later he was dead and Pipe Major Tom Anderson played The Flowers of the Forest at his memorial service in Westminster Abbey.

I had arrived in Berlin as a Cameronian. I left as a Scots Guardsman. A year later I was with 1st Battalion Scots Guards in Sharjah. That part of the Gulf could have changed little since the Cameronians were there a dozen years before. My company included the Reconnaissance Platoon commanded by Jeremy Cox who had transferred to the Scots Guards with me. Next door was a squadron of the Royal Scots Greys, its armoured cars painted in dusty pink, the desert camouflage colour then in vogue, which was commanded by my old friend Major George Stephen. I recall one memorable and wild evening with Jeremy Cox at the Trucial Oman Scouts fort at Buraimi. Near by Colonel Sir Hugh Boustead was in charge of the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi's stud. Boustead's own life and career beat fiction, but his autobiography The Wind of Morning paints an evocative picture of the Arab world, now fast changing, in the immediate post-war years. At the time the war in Dhofar was still running and we sent down occasional patrols to assist the Sultan's Armed Forces. Flying down over the Jebel Akdhar to visit a patrol I thought of the Battalion's part in the operations further south to put down the Imam's Revolt in 1957. I also remembered Sultan Qaboos Bin Said, who had just succeeded his father in a coup d'état, as a young officer fresh from Sandhurst with the Battalion in Minden.

Fast forward another dozen years and I was at Edinburgh Castle. One of my responsibilities was to oversee the military support for the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. In an office a floor above me was the Tattoo Producer Colonel Dow, who had been my first company commander and my last commanding officer as a Cameronian. Down the hill, as Business Manager of the Tattoo, was your Editor, Major Brian Leishman, whom I had first met as the Battalion's mortar platoon commander. There is a saying that 'History is the science of what never happens twice'. Looking back, it can sometimes seem a close run thing.
Robin Buchanan-Dunlop

My Last Year in the Band,

In 1953, we joined the battalion in Barnard Castle, Co. Durham. Like Lanark in size and appearance, it was an attractive small market town on the banks of the River Tees, containing the Bowes Museum. Like Winston Barracks, Streatlam Camp was a short distance from the town and this is where the comparison ends with Lanark. Streatlam Camp lived up to its name by providing wartime huts heated by coke stoves. The battalion had to make the transition from the trauma of jungle warfare to being prepared for their next posting to Germany.

Our new CO was H.T. Alexander, a small man with pronounced dark eyebrows, a large array of medal ribbons, confirming he had served in almost every campaign in the war. My initial impression of him was that he looked like a steeplechase jockey which was confirmed when I learnt that he was a very good polo player and had won the

Foxhunter Chase by riding one round of the Aintree Grand National Course. The most frequent remark I heard said about him was: "Henry knows his kit", predicting correctly that he would become a general. I recall in about 1960 looking up from my book on the Underground and seeing H.T's face looking at me beneath a general's cap from the front page of a newspaper with the word Congo in the headlines. My instant reaction was, 'What has he done?'

To the band H.T. was both a Mr Nice and a Mr Nasty. After mess nights he spoke to us in a friendly way, praised our sporting achievements and on one occasion led a duty company into our barrack room to show them how ideal kit inspection should be laid. In April 1954, we played at a passing out parade at Churchill Barracks, Ayr when H.T. was the inspecting officer. Later in June, when we were under canvas rehearsing for the Leeds Tattoo at Roundhay Park, we were told by the B/Sgt that H.T. had decided that our turnout at Ayr was not good enough. As our turnout was always of the hghest standard, we were both surprised and hurt by this statement.

Both the B/Sgt and the BM inspected us many time and on the Friday of that week we finished on a high note, for we were invited to appear live with the pipe band by BBC Children's TV to play our polished performance of 'Scotland the Brave' in which we alternately slow marched and quick marched through one another's ranks.

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Meeting other Massed bands gave us the opportunity to meet again some of the bandsmen we had trained with at Kneller Hall. We were glad that the Leeds Tattoo was unsuitable for the usual playing of the 1812 Overture with fireworks. It ended with a spirited performance of the Hallelujah Chorus in recognition that the Messiah was sung regularly in that part of England.

After the Leeds Tattoo we continued our long summer tour of eleven weeks, taking us to Glasgow, Scarborough, Bognor Regis, Tunbridge Wells, Bournemouth, London and Edinburgh. We rehearsed enough music to cover fourteen programmes to ensure that each performance was different. Having a kilted Highland Dancing Group within the band, a choir and Piper Donald Porteous to play solo pieces, allowed us to play less than other bands.Although we played sometimes for special events, our total playing time for two daily concerts was five hours. Like the sailor who has a girl in every port, we had girls at every bandstand, wishing to discover if we matched our romantic music. We were carrying on the tradition, before recordings and radio, of bands taking the oldest and newest music to the public. Almost every programme someone asked us to play the 1954 hit tune, 'The Happy Wanderer.' Everybody was in a holiday mood so we met friendliness everywhere including meeting ex-Cameronians, Added to our feeling of well-being was the fact we were being paid for civilian engagements and would receive a supplement to our army pay at the end of the season.

In Scarborough, we performed our afternoon concerts on a floating bandstand in Peasholm Park which required us being rowed across the lake. Some afternoons there were crowds of football ground size to see the naval battle between the British and Gennan fleets performed by realistically looking miniature warships with smoking funnels. While the noise of the battle was going on, rathg lke a naval 18 12 Overture, we played the appropriate nautical music, ending with 'Rule Britannia' to note the British victory.

The lake was shallow so there was no danger to our plan to topple B/Sgt Stormy Gale into it I noticed that the final overloaded boat was approaching the bandstand with Stormy Gale on board; I could see that in the rush to get on the bandstand it would be easy to push Stormy into the water. Stormy, no fool, jumped off first and destabilised the boat, resulting in the rest of them falling in the water. Dave Davis describes the scene as follows: 'George Burrows, in Highland dress, fell backwards into the water, becoming completely submerged only to find on resurfacing that the others were in the water also. Lofty Hammond stood waist deep, draining the water out of the boat to stop it from sinking. As Mr Pike, the BM, was rowed across in splendid isolation, the large crowd laughed and applauded. To complete the amusement he told us to play the barcarole from the Tales of Hoffman.

When we reached the Embankment Gardens in London we had the feared 'Dance of the Tumblers' on the programme. We clarinets thought we may not get through it and, in particular, were afraid of the beginning.

Cliff Pike, the BM, wishing to be humorous, pointed his baton at the railway lines behind the bandstand and said: I am waiting for a train or trains to pass," I recall saying to him: ''Have you got a timetable,"
Qur final concert took glace in Princes' St gardens in Edinburgh. We could hardly believe
the size of the crowd, for all the seats in the enclosure were full and people were standing in large numbers around the perimeter. Although the crowd appreciated our playing, we knew that they were not there to hear us. As soon as we played off, we noticed that Jimmy Shand and his Scottish Country Music Band were about to replace us on the stage.
Back in Lanark we had just a week to prepare for our Kneller Hall Inspation when our
abilities as a parade band, a concert band, a dance band, a choir, or anything else we would like to present, would be examined and graded. Svedsen's Carnival in Pais was the piece we were told to rehearse in advance. The hardest task fell to the B/Sgt who, without
rehearsal, was asked to conduct a piece neither he nor we had played before. Having
completed successfully the continuous playing of a long summer tour, we had the confidence to play well enough to be awarded an outstanding grade. For me it was like the Lost Chord because I was soon on my way to the RAPC to exchange my musical notes for the figures on the acquittance rolls..
Bill Coughlan

On Behalf Of 'The Attached'

In an earlier edition of the Covenanter shortly after the 1939/45 War, an article written by an 'Attached' Officer, appeared under the title 'Thank You For Having Me'. In the final edition of the Regimental Journal, it would be remiss, some sixty years onward, and even after the Regiment has disappeared from the Army List, if a further tribute to the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) did not appear under the name of another of that number.

Every Regiment in the British Army holds itself proud of its peculiar traditions and background, and in its time through force of circumstances has numbered in its ranks many members of other Regiments. Equally, it is true to say that there have been successes and failures.

In the case of Scottish Regiments - even up to the present, and more so in wartime it has proved impossible to maintain the proper establishment by reliance on recruitment from Scotland alone. Until 1968 excluding the Scots Guards, there were no less than five Highland and five Lowland Regiments, and until 1948, each having two Regular Battalions. Casualties could not be replaced from Scotland alone the additional demands upon Scotland of The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, apart from other branches of the Army, made this impossible.
Many members of expatriate Scottish families opted to serve with a specific Scottish Regiment either as Regular Soldiers or in Units of the Territorial Army , such as The London Scottish or Tyneside and Liverpool Scottish. Others joined on the recommendation of friends. It was by these routes that many soldiers found their way to the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). However in wartime, when Regiments needed to be made up to strength, postings often were made quite arbitrarily, purely on the basis of the exigencies of the circumstances. It was in this latter way that towards the conclusion of the Second World War, I found myself an 'Attached' Cameronian. Despite, the undoubted misgivings which must have accompanied the arrival of so many, and often by no means fully trained reinforcements, and the serious concern that our many errors caused, I am proud to have been one of that number.

For Regular Soldiers of pre war standing and indeed for Territorial's who had
considerable wartime service, and thus were steeped in Regimental tradition, the
influx of involuntary Cameronians, at first, must have been traumatic. This must have been the case, particularly in the later stages of the 1939/45 conflict, as the supply of fully trained reinforcements began to run dry. After the end of the on German Blitzes on Britain, many Royal Artillerymen who had manned the guns of the Country's aerial defences became surplus to requirement, and formed an ideal pool of reserve for conversion to infantry. Many were not the most willing of converts. A short conversion course was all that was possible given the urgency to fill vacancies, which were occurring with alarming speed among regiments of the line.

My own arriival as a Cameronian had

followed a somewhat different route. At the end of 1942, the shortage of miners had become as equally acute as that of infantrymen. Ernest Bevin, then Minister of Labour in the National Coalition Government, introduced legislation which provided that every tenth man liable to be conscripted into H.M. Forces, instead, would be sent to work in the mining industry. Selection was at random, and once one's 'name came up' there was no appeal. However, if one was a volunteer, the threat of becoming a Bevin Boy (as became the title of those who were named) was lifted, as one had the choice of Service. Usually, if one opted for the infantry, subject to physical fitness, acceptance was almost automatic. The prospect of becoming a Bevin Boy and spending the remainder of the war as a miner held no appeal. To become an Infantryman had always been my wish--I was at that time CSM of the local Cadet Force. Along with several others similarly placed, I volunteered for service. Having passed the not too stringent medical examination, I started life as a Private in a newly formed 1st Battalion Young Soldier Training Corps, Markeaton Park, Derby-a unit I was given to understand created specifically to identify and train potential leaders. There, one received six months initial training as a member of The General Service Corps, before being posted to a Regiment. In the course of that training, I was promoted to the heights of Acting Unpaid Lance Corporal and selected for posting to Officer Cadet training, to commence at its conclusion.

Other ranks then progressed to a reserve division for three months 'advanced' field training, after which, posting normally followed to a 'line' battalion. As I was to discover later to my cost, and even more so to the detriment of the Cameronians, the term 'advanced' was little more than a euphemism. This also was the case with newly commissioned officers. After six weeks at Pre-OCTU (Officer Cadet Training Unit) and four months at OCTU proper, they were posted to their Regimental Depots for six weeks. They then were posted to a reserve division to command a Platoon of trainee soldiers under the supervision of an experienced Officer. The soldiers likewise, were under command of experienced NCOs. At the conclusion of the Reserve Divisional training, both Officers and other ranks were then posted to a service battalion.

I can speak only of the quality of training and instruction subjectively. To my knowledge, many of my newly commissioned colleagues were in full agreement with me, that while physically hardening in technical terms, we arrived at regiments in the line, with little experience of battle command training other than the execution of several Battle Drill attacks. We were wholly inexperienced beyond Platoon level. To criticise this situation at so late a stage in the war, in all probability is unfair. The shortage of reinforcements had reached crisis point. The need to provide replacements dictated that insufficient time was available for full training, and indeed there was an increasing shortfall of trainers who could be freed from line units. There was no extensive training in the use of radio equipment; I never worked with tanks. The art of tactical withdrawal (possibly deemed to, be otiose at that stage of the War) was never addressed- likewise the possibility that one might at some stage be required to take over command should one's superiors become casualties. None of us had been trained in the control troops in the advance behind a creeping barrage.

Prior to the Army's return to the continent on D Day, Units were up to strength, and had enjoyed the benefit of several months -in some cases years - of training and operating together. The redoubtable and battle experienced 50th (Tyne Tees) and 5lst (Highland) Divisions had been brought back from Middle Eastern operations. It is little wonder that many of the veterans who had fought through the 1944 battles of Europe and Burma expressed concern about he quality of soldier now filling their ranks. The real problem in my opinion lay with the lack of time available for adequate training rather than the basic quality of the men themselves.

Quality of training apart, as 2nd Lieutenants of three month's inexperience, some fifty of us of a similar state, we gathered at a holding camp near Sunningdale, prior to being flown in Dakotas to Lille to join 21st Army Group as reinforcements. The Dakotas, normally used for the transport of goods, did not boast any seating, resulting in our sitting in lines with our backs against the sides sf the compartment, with our valises and other equipment stacked in the centre of floor. All proceed smoothly until the pilot set the plane to descend to the airfield at Lille, when it struck an air pocket, sending passengers

and equipment sprawling in to a tangled mass. Just as order was being restored, and the landing had taken place, the Dakota skidded off the metal mesh of the runway, caught one wheel of the landing gear in soft ground creating even further confusion, as the plane spun twice in full one hundred sand eighty degree circles.

This in itself would have been a warm enough welcome to 21st Army Group, had it not been for the fact our personal valises were packed on trolleys by Belgian porters, whom with their vehicles were last seen disappearing behind a nearby hanger. It was the last sight we were to have both of them and kit, despite vain attempts to recover it, before we were whisked away to the Holding Camp at Bourg Leopold, in Belgium, bereft of most our personal goods. This is remembered by most as a particularly muddy unattractive town, to be left as soon as possible. The centre dealt with the provision of reinforcements for the whole of 1" Army Group. By this time, unless there was a requirement in a particular regiment for replacements that by chance happened to coincide with the availability on the spot of men from that regiment, soldiers were fed piecemeal to the unit in need, irrespective of Regiment,. Officers were interviewed by a Postings Officer, who discussed one's preference, but did not necessarily accede to it.

In my case I had been commissioned to the Border Regiment, with its Depot at Carlisle Castle. The Border Regiment at that time did not have a battalion in Northern Europe – the 1st Battalion was recovering in England from having virtually ceased to exist as one of the glider-borne Battalions of 1" Airborne Division at Arnhem, while the remaining Battalions were serving in Burma (two) and the other in Italy. The Posting Officer asked for my preference. As a Northumbrian, I had no wish to end with other than a North Country Regiment. Living close to the Scottish Border, and already with relatives serving and having served in both World wars with Scottish regiments, I asked if any such Regiment had any vacancies? I was informed that vacancies existed in The Cameronians (sic) - a Regiment of which I knew by name only, boasted a tough reputation. I was posted on the spot, and along with two other 2'" Lieutenants (I think Lawther and Nixon) from my UK Draft. Within two days we were bound for Helmond, in Holland, then the location of B Echelon of 6fh Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) of 156 Brigade of 52nd (Lowland) Division.

The Officers of this Battalion comprised a mix of Regular, Territorial and Wartime Soldiers, several of whom were to rise to prominence in post-war soldiering. It contained a larger remnant of Territorial's than in many battalions of 21st Army Group, due to the fact that 52nd (Lowland) Division had not seen action until November 1944, after being withdrawn from France immediately before the French capitulation in July 1940. It had been kept in reserve Scotland, training in mountain warfare, and latterly in England as part of 1st Airborne Army. Its first operation in the European campaign had been participation in the clearance of the Scheld Estuary to allow access to the port of Antwerp. Paradoxically, this operation was carried out below sea level at South Beveland and Walcheren, where the 6th had executed a legendary outflanking assault across mud flats to ensure the collapse of resistance at the East side of Walcheren Island.

It was shortly after this that the supply of reinforcements to 21" Army Group from UK became so acute that 5Oth (Tyne-Tees) Division was broken up, its Battalions mostly being disbanded, with the soldiers posted at random to other Regiments in need of battle experienced replacements. The 6th Battalion had received several officers and about one hundred other ranks from The Durham Light Infantry. The mixture and the battle hardened Geordies proved most successful, and I was soon aware even before proceeding beyond B Echelon, that I was fortunate to join both a happy and efficient battalion. It was commanded by Lieut. Col. Eric Southward, a Glasgow businessman and a pre-war Territorial who had taken over command after Walcheren, having previously risen to Second in Command of the 7th Battalion in the same Brigade. His officers included the newly Major David Riddell-Webster (Later Brigadier) and Major Stanley (Sandy) Storm M.C.(later Lieut. Colonel) and Capt Alf Cluley, all regular soldiers. The remaining senior officers were Territorials, while most junior officers had arrived as replacements, and came from no fewer than eight Regiments, only one of which was Scottish. Therefore, I was not

alone in being relatively new to exposure to the traditions and ways of Scottish Regiments and in particularl to the foibles of The Cameronians S.R.).

1 joined the 6th just before its move to take part in Operations 'Veritable7 and 'Blockbuster' between the rivers Maas and Rhine. At this stage in the hostilities, Platoon Commanders were in short supply- in most cases only two of the three rifle platoons per company were commanded by Lieutenants, the third by a Sergeant. My Company Commander was Major Storm - a former R.S.M., and a strict disciplinarian. He must have worried over the comparative lack of training his reinforcement had received; in retrospect, I can but admire the way in which, as far as possible, he 'shepherded' by initially giving me the simpler tasks. As the battalion was on short notice to move into the line, each platoon Commander slept with his Platoon- in my case this was in an almost roofless cottage at Gennep on the Dutch side of the German border. The conditions were miserably damp and cold. I settled down on some sparse straw, and pulled my blanket over my head to shut out the light from the only source, a storm lamp. I then heard at the far end of the room one of the Jocks unaware of my presence, giving a passable imitation of my first parade encounter with the platoon, to the apparent embarrassment of the rest, who were frantically whispering that I was under my blanket. I realised that I had much to learn, kept my head down to save embarrassing the performer, and altered my approach the next day!

Within days, I contrived to lose my revolver. On an overnight stay in a commandeered German farm cottage, I left it in my room on a visit to an outside toilet, only to find it missing on my return. The German occupant, despite threats, denied all knowledge of the matter, and I was forced to report its loss - an inauspicious beginning. This could well have been a court martial offence, and at the very least the subject of a disciplinary enquiry. However events were moving at a fast pace, with fortunately no time for a formal enquiry. Al Cluley as Regimental Quartermaster came to the rescue by supplying a replacement, and luckily far me no more was heard of the incident. He never told me how he dealt with the loss in his indent!

My first experience of the sight of violent death came days after, when once again, immediately behind the front, the Battalion was brought forward in reserve. Stanley Storm our Company Commander allocated another semi-ruined barn as our Platoon billet for the night. We had marched several miles with freezing rain lashing our faces, and were thankful to grab what little space remained on the barn floor, most of which was occupied by another unknown unit, that appeared already to have bedded down for the night, each man covered by his blanket. In the middle of the night we were ordered to take over a section of the line, some one mile away. I moved to assist the PIatoon Sergeant Bernard Kilpatrick) in rousing the Jocks, by pulling off their blankets to ensure they were thoroughly awake. It was only after I removed one blanket, which I assumed covered one of the Platoon, that I discovered we had joined the dead in a temporary mortuary. I had uncovered a legless torso, and subsequently stumbled on others as in my haste, I was forced to ensure that I had missed none of my platoon!

At that point we were still under sporadic shellfire. Some hours later when the front had not advanced more than a few hundred yards, I recall a mobile canteen arrived that was run by the Church of Scotland Throughout the whole of my relatively short time in action up to YE Day, it is difficult to express ones gratitude to those who operated that canteen - it always seemed to be there, as close to the front as permissible, with a char and a wad when the Jocks most needed it.

My introduction to the ways of Scottish religious differences came in an unusual manner. On 9th March 1945, 6th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) suffered the loss of one hundred and seventy three of its number in the final battle to clear the Wermacht out of the Rhineland strip between the Rivers Maas and Rhine.

The Cameronian Regiment, of course, was founded on staunch Protestantism (a fact of which I had been made aware at B Echelon). All received dire warnings from the Regimental Quartermaster Al Cluley – a South Country Englishman and regular soldier who continued a distinguished career with the Regiment after the war about the procedure for the Loyal Toast. Over the years of its existence religious attitudes had

become more enlightened to the extent that, for sheer practical reasons alone, Roman Catholics had been admitted to its numbers. Recruiting as it did from Glasgow and the Lanarkshire district, it was impossible from time to time to avoid an occasional flare up of the animosity between the religions that has existed in that area for many years. One such occurred a few days before the Rhine crossing.

Due to the need to absorb reinforcements, 6th Battalion did not take part in the assault, but was allocated to cover a section of the Rhine bank opposite Wesel the main city to be targeted, no more than a mile upstream be targeted, no more than a mile upstream. . My Company occupied virtually the whole of a hamlet named Werrich that consisted of a farmhouse with cottages normally occupied by farm workers. Company HQ was located in the farmhouse.

The reinforcements posted to the Company comprised a mixed batch of religions, among them being a good number of Roman Catholics, who, when added to the few already serving, totalled about thirty. They had been in the Company only a matter of ten days, so that until the weekly church parade their numbers were unknown to the 'Prots'

As a nineteen-year-old English former schoolboy, whose period of history had not taken in the sectarian troubles of Western Scotland, I had been completely innocent of the religious divisions that existed there. One morning my Platoon Sergeant, likewise, English (part of batch of DL1 men posted earlier) equally ignorant of the situation, dashed into the Company Headquarters exclaiming, "You'd better get yourself down to the lines, Sir, I think there is going to be some trouble!" I grabbed My belt and revolver and ran the roughly one hundred yards to the farm cottages.

There I was confronted with a sight that was totally foreign to me. An impromptu and entirely unofficial parade seemed to be taking place. Behind an orange petticoat that had been nailed to two broomsticks being carried by two of the Jocks, walked a crowd of Cameronians, the whole preceeded by another Jock playing a tin whistle who was performing (as I later found out) the Protestant anthem 'It's the sash my father wore at the Battle of the Boyne'. On either side of the parade was a line of Jocks all shouting imprecations and jeering. Clearly rouble was in store, and I moved forward to break up the party, only to be taken aside by one of the senior Riflemen who quietly and in no way disrespectfully said.. . . . . 'If I was you Sir, I'd get yoursel' out of here, its got bugger all to do with you!"

At that moment the two lines of shouting Jocks (who later I found to be the Roman Catholic element of the company) weighed into the parade, and a fracas ensued. It lasted only a matter of a minute, and honour satisfied, peace and quiet reigned. It was only later that both my Sergeant and myself were informed that it
was nothing unusual to any Glaswegian - it appeared that we had witnessed the kind of sectarian brawling that occurred regularly on Saturday nights in that city. I never encountered any further sectarian problems in what I found to be an efficient and well-run Battalion, superior to other regiments with which I served both before and afterwards - and in the following two years I had occasion to observe and serve with several - both English and Scottish.

I recounted this incident in an interview with Sir Max Hastings while he was researching material for his recent book 'Armageddon- The Battle For Germany 1944/45. I regret that Max Hastings used a little journalistic imagination when he described it in his necessarily abbreviated version of the story. He took notes only at the time, and with the wealth of detail he was forced to amass in the preparation of his book, it is understandable that the incident did not appear in print 'wholly as I described it to him - he had described it as if I had been told to 'Bugger off. Unfortunately, it appeared in a passage dealing with morale, thus giving the impression that there was a lack of discipline. This was incorrect - the Senior Rifleman only meant to explain that matters would calm down again shortly, and had best be left to take their course, as indeed they did, having no effect whatsoever on Regimental discipline. He had realised that the Sergeant and myself both Sassenachs, required a succinct explanation of what was transpiring. It was the only occasion that I ever encountered any demonstration of religious differences.

It was while patrolling the Rhine banks prior to the crossing that I witnessed a

German act of bravery that remained fixed in my memory. The enemy from time to time sent patrols over the Rhine at night. The Rhine was in flood at this time, running a current of about six knots. To maintain silence, the enemy used paddles as the only means of propulsion. This meant that the rubber dinghies used must be launched at a point well upstream from the intended landing pint, and the return trip forced the dinghy to be swept downstream, again for some length. The Rhine is some three to four hundred yards wide in that area, and because of 'Monty's Moonlight', the crossing could not be made in full darkness. Often it was possible to lay an ambush for the German patrol, and on one occasion we were able capture some of the enemy. The battalion manned the flood banks some two hundred yards from the river's edge. Unknown to us, and because we were forbidden to go beyond the flood banks to the river itself, a wounded member of the German patrol, lay over the lip of the river bank - visible from the mans side of the Rhine, but not to us. One mid-morning and therefore in full view, a motor- powered rubber dingy was manhandled the river's edge by four of the enemy. It then proceeded, under fire, downstream, landed under the shelter of the lip of the collected the wounded comrade and proceeded downstream, successfully to the opposite bank under heavy fire, despite being hit several times. Sir Max Hastings referred to the incident in his book, but by describing it as having taken place over 'a river', he entirely missed the point of the length of time of exposure and the difficulty of navigation in the circumstances.

It was only in late April that I ventured to hope, at last, I was beginning to pass muster. The battalion was allocated a flank protection role in the assault on Bremen, the object being to keep, open a corridor and communications along the banks of the river Weser through which the attack on the city could be mounted. Some ten miles from the city, a counter-attack threatened, that if successful, could sever the line of communication. 6th were ordered to eliminate the danger by a sudden assault on a wood, over open ground The enemy were seen to be assembling, and speed was imperative, We had the good fortune to catch the enemy off balance and a well planned and artillery-backed action was successful with minimum casualties. After overrunning the enemy, Maj Storm sent me on a further reconnaissance from which it became clear the threat had been eliminated. On my return, Rifleman Bolton presented me with the binoculars he had removed from the commander of the defeated enemy. I have them to this day - prized as one of many memories of days with the Regiment, some happy, others tragic through losses.

Later, immediately before VE Day, I was able to see the mental toughness and also the compassionate side of the Regiment. The Battalion was faced with firstly, dealing with a newly captured concentration camp Sandbostel north-east of Bremen, and secondly in Magdeberg within about four weeks after, charged with the repatriation of non-German forced labour from almost every European country, to their country of origin. The dignified restraint exercised against the German nationals in the vicinity of Sandbostel, despite the surge of anti-German feeling in the hearts of all who witnessed it, spoke volumes for the discipline and self-control of the Regiment, when one considers the reprisals visited upon their former captors by the inmates. Sympathy for the victims of the concentration camp, anxious to avenge themselves for their suffering yet ensuring humane treatment for the civilian German population, required a delicate balance that was never allowed to get out of hand. Emotions could so easily have gained the upper hand. General Sir Brian Horrocks, then Corps Commander, visited the camp during the Cm-eronians' tom of duty. He was so badly affected, that soon after, when accepting the surrender of German troops in his sector of Northern Germany, he quoted his experience to his German counterparts with considerable force. At Magdeberg, after VE Day, controlling the released forced labourers from attacking German military units, brought to forcibly clean the former barracks, required an understanding of the primitive habits of many Eastern Europeans, who seized the slightest opportunity to avenge themselves upon their former conquerors. Whilst sympathy always was with the repatriates, the normal tenets of civilisation had to be maintained without recourse to seeming to be biased towards the former enemy. As with many others of my age, whatever rank, the forbearance and help received from one's seniors, aided a traumatic process of necessity: the transformation from youth to adulthood forced upon one by the peculiar circumstances of the time.

That so many of us, like myself, were at pains not to lose touch with the Regiment after our service ended, speaks volumes for the regard in which the Cameronian name is held at all parts of the United kingdom. Therefore, it is with pride that I am certain that I speak for the large majority of the 'Attached', for as to able to say we were proud to have been 'Cameronians, by whatever means. The no nonsense approach to solving difficulties by simply 'getting on with it' in the manner of the Cameronian tradition, has stood me, and I sure some many of us in good stead in our future liveswhether military or civilian. The late Dr.George Jolly, one of us 'Attached', who served as Medical Officer of the 7th Battalion in the later stages of the North West European campaign, summed it up succinctly in an article written shortly before his death three years ago - 'May I wish good luck to all you Cameronians, you are the Salt of the Earth'.
Cliff Pettit

The 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

Spionkop and Greylingstad 1900 - 1901
Revisited over one hundred years later

The South African War began on the 12th October 1899. The 90th united with the 26th in 1881 were renamed The 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scotch Rifles) later to become (Scottish Rifles) At this time they were known as the 2nd Scottish Rifles.
Their adventures are recorded briefly in Volume I of the Regimental History.

More recently: Major Hugh Worthington Wilmer writes "I have been lucky enough to spend part of the winter months of the last few years in South Africa, escaping from the cold and icy winters of Canada. I have had a life long ambition to visit the Boer War battlefields, and follow in the footsteps of my father who was serving with the 2nd Battalion the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), referred to, and I believe officially in 1899 and 1901, as the Scottish Rifles".

(Formerly the 90th of Foot or the Perthshire Volunteers)

"This ambition was prompted by photographs taken by my father while he was serving as a subaltern with the Scottish Rifles and mounted in a unique album, which has been in my family archives all this time. The old brown and white photographs, which are very clear and in excellent condition, mainly show the regiment in camp at a place called Greylingstad, where they were stationed after the relief of Ladysmith to protect the main railway line on which the British Army relied to support the Natal army's advance to Johannesburg and Pretoria. In 2001 my wife and I, together with our eldest son went to Natal, ostensibly to visit Spionkop, to retrace my father' footsteps. We spent two days in the area, staying near Ladysmith in B&Bs, and visited Colenso and Vaalkrans, the sites of two battles in which the Regiment was engaged, most of our time was spent on Spionkop at which battle the Scottish Rifles had suffered heavily."

(3 officers and 23 men killed, 7 officers and 54 men wounded)

"In March the following year we returned, this time to re-visit Greylingstad, having found it quite by accident the preceding year, with the aim on this occasion, of honouring the retired South African Veterans who not only knew about the Scottish Rifles but also call themselves the SR Moths and hold monthly meetings on the site. The fact that the hillside bears the large letters SR in white painted stones was for me a cause of much excitement, not least because those stalwart South African veterans had kept the Regiments name alive for so many years. In a letter to the Chairman of the SR Moths I proposed, on behalf of the Regiment, that we should honour the SR Moths by organising a commemorative ceremony to be conducted by Captain The Reverend David Christie, an ex regular officer of the Regiment. During the ceremony, we proposed the replacement of the Star of Douglas now missing from the cairn erected by the Scottish Rifles in memory of their stay there, so many years ago.

The Regiment was always very much a family Regiment. For example my grandfather served with them in the Crimean War and the relief of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. My father also served for 24 years, it was he that took the photographs which started all this off and I too served. Other families of note were represented at the gathering The Graham family whose grandfather Major

'Gathering of the Grahams and Wilmers'
Robert Graham, ggs, Sue Harvie, daughter, Becky Harvie, ggd, Chris Harvie, s-in-l, Juliet Worthington-Wilmer, Hugh Worthington-Wilmer , Phillippa Worthington Wilmer, Charles Graham, son, Andy Graham ggs, James Harvie, Philip Worthington Wilmer, kneeling.

General Douglas Graham CB CBE DSO MC Colonel of the Regiment from 1954-1958 and Major Mungo Graham their father. We were fortunate on the day to have with us Wing Commander Tony Harper and his wife from the British High Commission, Michael Callender who served with the Regiment in Kenya, in relatively recent times and Major Malcolm MacNeil."
Hugh Worthington- Wilmer

In Grandfathers Footsteps

It was only after recruit training at Penicuik, returning to the Drill Hall, as Rifleman Terris, with the odd distinction of "The Most Improved Recruit", that my father mentioned there was a Cameronian connection in the family. (Prior to that point, my only vague memory of such matters was via a small Queen Victoria Coronation tin, containing an issued Bible and jam packed, full of medals which we used to pin to ourselves and play 'soldgees' in the local woods as wee boys did in these days – especially whilst armed with a Johnny 7 machine gun.

My Grandfather had enlisted into the Cameronians and apparently held the record time for the fastest promotion from Rfn to SNCO within the British Army – perhaps still the case. Days after enlistment, on board ship, bound for India, Rfn JB Terris had the audacity to query his pay amount. After a severe blast from the RSM for such impertinence, the Paymaster halted proceedings and gracefully received a lesson on the Rupee and Sterling exchange rate mechanisms; all on board ship had been under paid – including the RSM. My Grandfather left the ship as RQSM. The story only bore relevance to me over time.

After a perfect stint as a Rifleman under the steady stare of WO2 Robb and grateful care of the local Burma Star Association, although conscious that I was mere by-product of a unique regiment disbanded some twenty years past, there was no doubting the same unique values and standards were being instilled into the Soldiers and Officers of 4 Coy, 2/52Lowland. We knew we were unique, we knew we were special and we knew it was our job to continue the traditions. The evidence was in our results, whether the flouncing of the RAF Regt at Cameron Barracks, our ability to repeatedly out match the 'Regs' at ASSAM, far less mere inter Battalion rivalry with the Royal Scots. If there remained any doubt, the Regimental silverware bore the truth – and we dare not touch it.

I was shot off to RMAS, blissfully unaware that a pair of puttees could jeopardize eight months of Officer Cadet Training at Redford. It was a close call between Cameronian tradition or a Queen's Commission. "Cameronian Tradition Sir!"
I successfully returned back to Hamilton, reporting to OC Fred Tait, with the not so proud accolade; 'Record Number of Show Parades', a record that cannot be beaten– as it lasted every day of the course, however the puttees stayed put. Platoon Sergeant Joe King was suitably impressed and took me under his wing.

The search of civilian employment took me south, as a Captain on the Anglo Scottish List, attached to the England's Senior Regiment of Foot. On my first Queen's Mess night I felt deeply insulted as I partook in the "Silent Toast", the antithesis of our own Loyal Toast tradition. As I learned of the traitors who were found out over the centuries and summarily hung drawn and quartered, I can

say I found the Silent Toast as penetrative as our own tradition. However I never felt quite so comfortable with "A Farmer's Boy" as I still do with "Bonnie Mary".

I last used my Grandfather's Cameronian cane, a few years back, as Company Commander 3PWRR D Company during a Remembrance Sunday, wreath laying ceremony, in Portsmouth. My 2IC, being Capt Gordy Welsh also ex- 4Coy - in pure Cameronian spirit we ran the standards straight through the Battalion – there was no match.

As the wall came tumbling down, I asked my CO for leave for adventure in Russia, there was no specific Army policy at the time and he simply told me to 'use my initiative'. Russian military personnel were too afraid of any contact in the early days – however as perestroika rolled over they presented bear hug after bear hug and just as many vodka shots and toasts. For reasons better known to others rather than myself I was humbled on quite a few occasions in their appreciation of my small interests and activities. Perhaps the most notable being a medal from Russia's Nuclear Artillery Corps awarded by Maj Gen N Svertelov - a long way from my days at NBCD school. As the medal was presented, it was whispered in my ear, 'this is your get out of jail free card- you can use it - but only once'. Although somewhat startled by such advice, it was kindly meant and I can say it has yet to be used and trustfully never will.
I run an active Scottish Club in Saint Petersburg with a notable Saint Andrew's Ball, each year the Astoria's Winter Garden resounds to the Black Bear.

My civilian work now finds me commuting heavily between Ukraine and Russia. When I left Wishaw, the Craig was closing down its furnaces, now the great steel mills of Ukraine are doing likewise. Russia is threatening to cut the gas supplies and hit on Crimea, future unpredictability causing good concern for the local folk. Also back then, it was Russia in Afghanistan, ironically as I returned my 'Annual Reporting Letter' I understood there is more chance of visiting Afghanistan now than there was 20 odd years ago.

I am no sentimentalist but can say the memories that I have of my connection with the Cameronians are an integral part of my life and therefore I do my best to act on these standards – and share them with those around me both in social and business life. The Cameronian tradition lives on and not simply through memories – believe me, Adrian Terris

Memories of National Service

Half way through the course at Eaton Hall, we needed to arrange our regiments after we were commissioned. In conversation with one of my fellow cadets, Ronnie Gardiner, who was in the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), I hoped that they would accept me, and they were in an interesting part of the world. They were in the Persian Gulf, with two rifle companies in Bahrain, two rifle companies in Sharjah in what is now the United Arab Emirates, and a company in Kenya, where the battalion was going to be reunited. The HQ and Company units were divided up everywhere.

I wrote to the Cameronians, and was accepted. So after we passed out, I hung up my Black Watch uniform. Sadly, I never saw Ronnie Gardiner again. I do not know what happened to his military career thereafter. After his military days, he became a very distinguished solicitor in Edinburgh, but I have never spoken to him since those days. Eventually, the course ended, and we paraded for the last time. I still have the group photograph framed and hanging on my library wall. Then home for leave, before reporting in a new uniform to Lanark. I recall the trepidation as I put on the uniform for the first time. Had I got it right? All the little bits and pieces were important.

The subaltern - 455369 Second Lieutenant Cain, C.A.
On 25th January 1958,I was formally commissioned, and the world read it in the London
Gazette on 25th March 1958. I was the lowest form of commissioned life, a Second Lieutenant, joining a new regiment. After a week's leave at home in the Isle of Man, I travelled across the Irish Sea, and then by train from Liverpool, to report to the depot of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) at Lanark. I had barely a couple of weeks to learn all about my new regiment before starting my journey to join the lst Battalion of the regiment, with the companies based in Bahrain. I had to try to learn the regimental history, learn rifle regimental drill, learn how the uniform was worn, as well as to get

to know my new colleagues.

The first thing that I had to do on arrival in Lanark was to hand in my former 'other rank'
equipment. With huge reluctance, I produced my Black Watch kilt, but the quartermaster had told me that he had no use for it, and why did I not simply keep it, at least for the time being. So I did. I still have it, fifty years later. Indeed, I kept my whole Highland uniform, although the white spats and the white leather sporran decayed with time and had to be disposed of. It is now many years ago, and I have forgotten many of the names of those new Cameronian colleagues. Second Lieutenant George Stephens, however, I remember well. He had joined the Seaforth Highlanders as a National Serviceman, and had also found his way as a commissioned officer into the Cameronians. He later became a regular soldier, but I cannot recall whether he had made the decision when I met him. I believe he was still thinking of it, as indeed was I, for I had immensely enjoyed the army. It would have been serious mistake, however, had I done so, for I am naturally a somewhat anarchic character. George Stephens was immensely helpful and by the time I started my journey I was passably knowledgeable about my new regiment.

While waiting for my travel orders, I helped with training recruits. I remember going to the rifle range to teach weapon training, after it had snowed heavily. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever had a pair of skis on my feet! But then I began my journey. first to London and to a military airport (I forget which one) for a flight in a RAF Hastings to Cyprus. There I stayed for three or four days in a transit camp called Wayne's Keep outside Nicosia. I recall walking through Nicosia with a side arm (the EOKA rebels were still active) and cashing a cheque at the Ottoman bank. Then it was another RAF Hastings to Habbaniyah in Iraq, then a big RAF airbase. In 1958, Iraq was still under British control. I was there for a couple of days. Then it was a civilian very small plane in a small local airline called Gulf Aviation, and a flight down the Gulf to Bahrain, landing at RAF Muharraq. The airfield was a very simple airfield with very basic RAF huts. today, of course it is a major airport, and Gulf Aviation is the flag carrier for the Emirate of Bahrain. Finally, I arrived at the barracks at Jufair. I was assigned to, I think, D company as a platoon commander under the company commander, Captain Donald Cameron. My platoon sergeant was Sergeant Attwell. I think he was unimpressed by me! The rawest National Service second lieutenant in the battalion was hardly a catch for a career regular soldier like Sergeant Attwell. I would love to meet him again. I owed him a great deal, he was a fine man.

I recall well the route marches across the desert; simulated platoon actions, and night exercises stumbling through the desert. Night fighting was a bit of specialty of the battalion. They had discovered in Oman, when fighting a rebellious bunch of Arabs in a small war shortly before I arrived, that Arabs did not like to fight at night. (There were still a couple of companies based at Sharjah ready to assist the Sultan of Oman again if required). I recall driving into the desert with the Landrover festooned by canvas bags tied to the Landrover. The canvas bags were full of fresh water which as it seeped through the canvas and evaporated, acted like a refrigerator and kept the water cool and fresh.

Many years later on a cruise in the Gulf, I met both Sir Donald Hawley, who became the British Ambassador to Oman, and Colin Richardson, who at the time was a young fighter pilot, but latterly became head of the Sultan of Oman's air force. His book, 'Masirah, tales from a desert island', describes the history of RAF Masirah, and describes in detail the Jebel Akhdar campaign in 1957 in which the Cameronians had played such a significant part. Alas, it was all over by the time that I arrived, but I drank in all the stories and tales of the action. From the two of them, on that cruise over forty years later, I learnt a great deal of the historical evolution and diplomacy then happening, which as a mere subaltern, I had no idea of at the time.

In Bahrain, that spring, I well recall the massive curry lunches on a Sunday. I recall learning to drink whisky seriously, a habit that stayed with me for a great many years until, lying in hospital after a major heart problem, I was told that my whisky drinking was doing me serious damage. I recall one of my men, Rifleman MacAtasney (I believe I have spelt it correctly) who was a bit of a tear-away. He got in trouble with the local authorities - I think he got drunk, stole a car and piled it up driving into Manama,

the main town of Bahrain. The British High Commission had jurisdiction over British subjects, and I recall going to the subsequent trial, and acting as his defending counsel. I actually rather liked him, but he was definitely a handful. Then there were the football games. Football was a religion. I think it was the first time I had ever come across sport being treated as a religion.

Religion itself, curiously, was not very significant, as I recall. The Cameronians were raised from an ultra-Presbyterian covenanting movement in the seventeenth century led be Richard Cameron. They actually fought pitched battles with the British army at the time. signing of the Good Friday peace agreement in Northern Ireland, a new British Army regiment had been raised from the IRA men, called the IRA Grenadiers. In any event, by the time we get to the mid-twentieth century, the religious devotion of the regiment was largely confined to some fierce traditions (the Queen was never toasted after dinner at the officers' mess, merely acknowledged) and every year on the anniversary of the raising of the regiment on 14th May, a presbyterian covenanting conventicle was held in the open air, with armed sentries posted about. But the regiment's recruiting area of Lanarkshire included the industrial centres of Motherwell and Coatbridge, where many Irish immigrants had arrived to work in the nineteenth century. Their descendants were Catholic, and National Service took them into this most pr otestant of all regiments, where a bible was standard issue to all recruits. But it was never a problem as I recall. One was aware that about a third of the regiment was Catholic because of the numbers attending services on a Sunday, but I never recall it being an issue. My own religious affiliation was Church of England, in which I had been brought up. I had been a chorister at King's College chapel in Cambridge. Most Manx people were and are Methodist, a tradition I well understand and respect. The Cameronians introduced me to Presbyterianism much more strongly than had the Black Watch. I cannot say I liked it very much. It seemed to me that the Minister was far too powerful, and the religious philosophy was not one that appealed to me. Eventually, many years later, I became a Catholic, or rather, I became a heretic, which is what a free thinking Catholic is. I accept the authority and demands of the Catholic Church, but I do not believe in magic, and any article of faith that cannot be reconciled with reason I accept only as an allegory or as revealing a truth other than a literal truth. In any event, as a twenty year old soldier who, like all twenty year olds, was immortal, to me religion at that time seemed very unimportant.

Bahrain was a very hot and humid place. The officers' mess did not have any air conditioning. I remember sleeping in the nude with a fan blowing continuously over my body. We did a lot of route marches through the desert in the south of the island; always in the heat of the day. I remember them well. I learnt about brewing tea with a Benghazi Burner, a can filled with sand and petrol and setting fire to the petrol fumes. Then there were the tinned 'compo' rations. The labels always fell off, so one had no idea what the cans contained. Some contained loo paper, with four pieces per man per day (One up, one down one across and one polish!).

Ramadan took place that year while we were in Bahrain. There was some concern that it might end in anti-British riots. Nothing happened, but I recall being briefed and doing some training and then turning out for riot control duties. Bahrain, at the time was a pretty poor place. Oil had only just been found and exploitation was only just beginning. Manama was a place of largely single storey buildings. There was no causeway to Saudi Arabia, and the port was small. Large ships could not get in because of the shallow seas. However, US frigates could get in, and once a month a US navy frigate arrived. That caused some excitement. In those days, there were only two places in Bahrain were alcohol was to be found. The first was the RAF base at Muharraq, and the second was the Cameronian base at Jufair. US Navy ships are dry. But US sailors make up for lost time when they reach port. When we heard that a US navy ship was arriving, preparations were made for an invasion of thirsty Americans. Another event when US ships arrived was a game of softball. The Americans played softball. We played rounders. I recall well the disgust of the Americans when we beat them! But everything comes to an end. And orders came for the companies in Bahrain to take a troopship. We prepared to leave Bahrain. The relieving regiment was the Royal Fusiliers , all Londoners. The difference in culture between the two regiments was

profound. The Londoners were very proper, and there was a class gulf between officers and men that simply did not exist in the Cameronians. In later years, I used to say that the Cameronian Jocks had to be led. They could not be ordered, unless they believed in their officers. Led properly, the Scots make the finest troops in the world. In any event, I was made the deputy baggage officer, which basically meant doing what I was told. The SS Dunera was the troopship. I spent my 2oth birthday, 28' April 1958, on a lighter taking the regimental baggage from the shore to the ship, anchored off in those shallow waters. We sailed on 3rd May, a week later. A day or so later, we stopped off Sharjah to embark the companies based there. Then we sailed to Bombay. Bombay? The ship belonged to the B&I shipping line, and had an all Indian crew (sometimes, in those days called a 'Lascar' crew). They went to Bombay to change the crew. So we went there too. This caused some excitement as we were the first British military unit to visit India since Indian independence 11 years before. We were not allowed to disembark, and had to look at India from the quayside. Colonel Mackinnon, the Commanding Officer, went ashore: an Indian limousine collected him and took him for lunch with the British Consul and the local Indian army senior officer (I believe). Then we sailed again, making for Mombasa across the Indian Ocean. The voyage had the usual elements. We crossed the equator, and so Father Neptune made his appearance. Nowadays, flying around in aeroplanes, the tradition of the crossing-ofthe-line ceremony has virtually vanished. But then it was very much alive. Every day we exercised around the decks. We shot at targets over the stern. The only young lady aboard was the daughter of Lt (QM) Spiers whose family was with him, so needless to say she received a lot of attention from the junior subalterns. Nowadays people pay a fortune for such an experience. It is called a 'cruise'. We arrived at Mombasa on 1 6th May. My brother had been to Mombasa when he had done his army service, taking African troops home. They had been serving in the Seychelles Guard in the Suez Canal Zone. When he came home he had taught me half a dozen words of Swahili. I was very pleased to discover that my few words of Swahili actually worked! I was still the Assistant Baggage Officer, and so was now involved in the transshipment of the regimental baggage from the SS Dunera to the train that was to take the battalion to Nairobi. That was a memorable train journey which took 24 hours. There is a photograph in the Low Parks Museum at Hamilton of several happy soldiers looking out of a railway carriage window. It was 17th May 1958. Even though I subsequently lived in Kenya and Uganda from 1963 to 1969, that rail journey was the first and last time I ever travelled by train in East Africa, on the metre gauge rail system of East African Railways and Harbours. On that train I lost my guitar! At Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School, I had acquired a cheap classical guitar, which I had learnt to strum. It had been very useful subsequently. I recall well singing (diddle-dum etc) the tune for an eightsome reel while strumming the guitar in a rhythmic accompaniment while my fellow officers danced an eightsome reel on the SS Dunera. The loss was serious, but a few months later, at University, I bought a beautiful flamenco guitar from a fellow student (a Miguel Rodriguez of Cordoba instrument) and took lessons to become a highly proficient classical guitarist.

At Nairobi, we embussed to our new home, at Muthaiga, on the Thika Road. It was a field with a tented camp, which we shared with myriads of fleas bugs and other entomological specimens. A few years later, when I was branch manager of Barclays Bank DCO, Thika, I used to drive past that field, and wonder if the little gold shirt stud that I lost was still there in the mud! It probably is yet! I also remember being interested in the local politics, and hearing Tom Mboya speak at a political rally. He was an amazingly charismatic man and a powerful speaker. When I returned to Kenya some years later, I met him as indeed I met Mwai Kibaki, the current President of Kenya. Life in barracks was humdrum. But the social life was anything but. I had a friend, who was a Regular soldier, and who was a Lieutenant (so probably a couple of years older then I). He had been in Sharjah, and so I had not met him before we went to Kenya. He was a good dancer. The two of us developed a social life where we used to be invited to parties in Nairobi, and would go kilted and carrying swords, and with a piper in tow. We became very popular in Nairobi social circles for dancing the Gillie Chalum or the Argyll Broadswords. Time has not helped my memory, but I am sure that his name was Ron Gibson. I believe that the Captain R.E.B.C. Gibson who transferred to the Gordon Highlanders in 1968 was

he. He subsequently went back to Arabia in the Trucial Oman Scouts, and died a decade ago.

On 14'~ May, the battalion held its traditional armed conventicle. We marched into the bush close by (it might have actually been in the Nairobi National Park) and there, to the surprise of the resident giraffes and warthogs, we sang hymns. During my time in Nairobi, the regiment had a boxing tournament. It was the last boxing tournament that I ever fought in. I had learnt to box as a small boy, and had boxed through school. I recall when I was a recruit in the Black Watch being singled out to do a demonstration bout with another chap. I also remember discovering drive-in cinemas. The management was a bit upset when we took a three ton truck filled with soldiers into the cinema! Before the regiment was reunited in Nairobi, there had been a company of Cameronians already in Kenya at Gilgil in the Rift Valley. It had been a training company, training the new arrivals sent from Scotland to join the battalion. I recall going down to Gilgil on several occasions in connection with the former camp there, which was closed when the battalion reunited. It was a superb drive, down the escarpment into the Rift Valley, and the giraffes running beside the truck as we drove along.

But all good things come to an end. The battalion received orders to fly to Aden for a temporary move in response to an international crisis in Jordan. There was a rear party left behind in Nairobi to keep the barracks ready, and those of us whose military service was coming to a close were left behind in Nairobi. A month later, I was on a Lockheed Constellation airplane, along with about 30 others from the battalion, on our way home to be 'demobbed'. The plane flew an unusual route, to avoid flying over Egypt. We flew across Uganda, Central African Republic (then still a French colony) and the Cameroons, to Nigeria, landing at Kano, where we stayed the night. We went for a walk, to the local market, and there I bought a ferocious dagger, which I still have, and use as a paper knife. Then we flew across the Sahara desert, and after a refuelling stop in Malta, we flew through the night to Gatwick, thence by train to Lanark. There after a couple of days I was told that I could go home. And so home I went. But even though I had left the army, I never forgot the army, nor the wonderful men with whom I had served. I have been a passionate Scotophile ever since. In later years I have also come to know the west coast of Scotland well, by sea. My time in the army had been a wonderful two years, and I continue to be intensely proud of my two regiments.

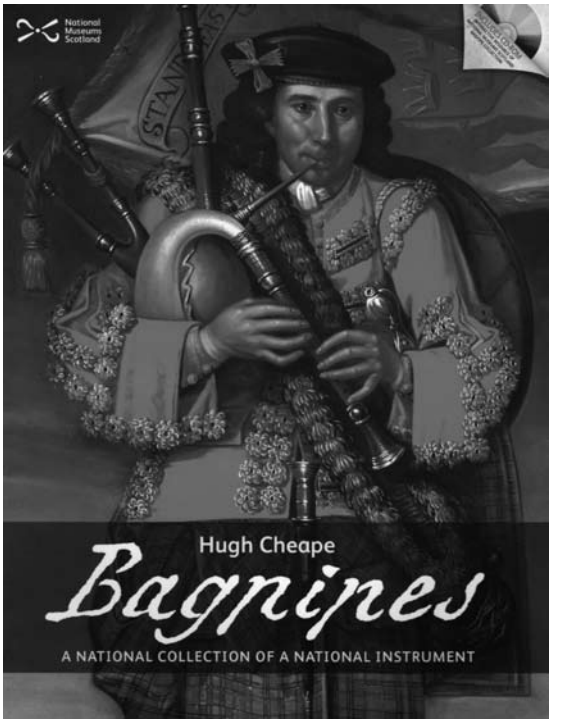
Charles A Cain

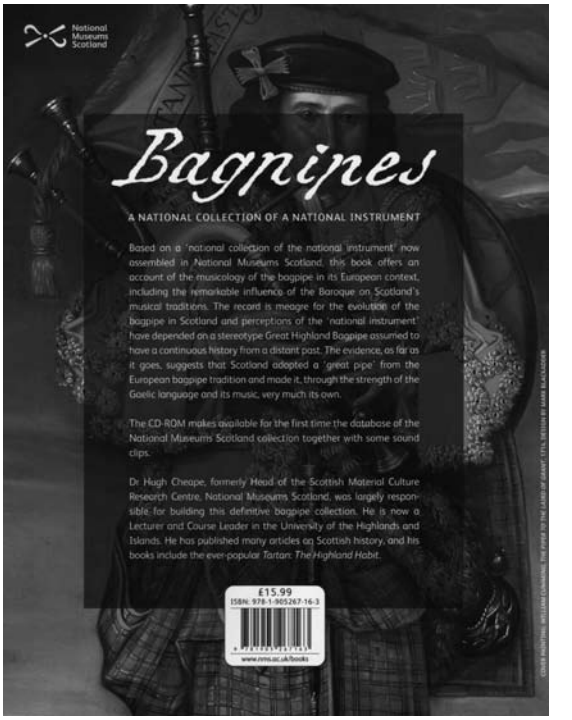
General Jack's Valediction to the Cameronians

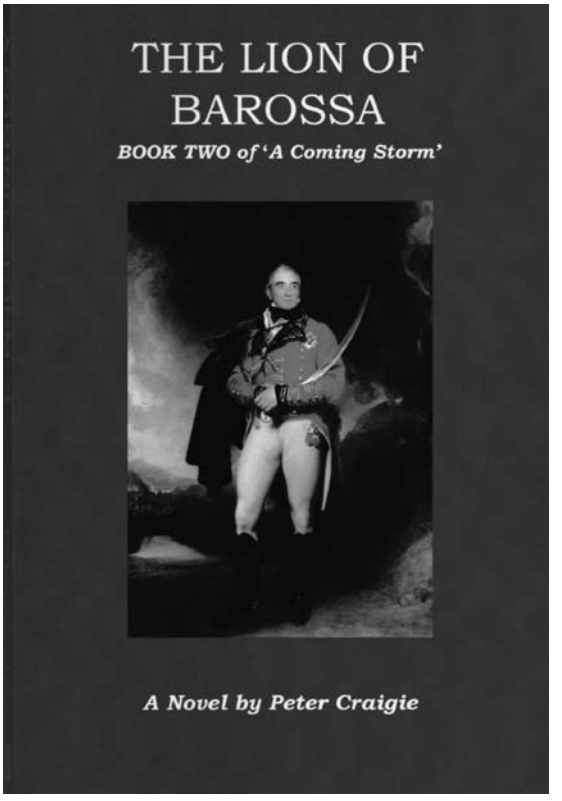
…"For nearly eighteen years I lived with officers and other ranks who faithfully and unostentatiously performed all their duties, whose instincts were those of gentlemen, whose interests of duty lay with manly sports, whose grumbles were superficial, who met set backs with a smile, danger and death without flinching. It is a great privilege to have served in a company of such high quality, a privilege realised perhaps more fully as time rolls on and one meets at gatherings of old comrades so many who express the ardent wish that they were back with the Regiment"

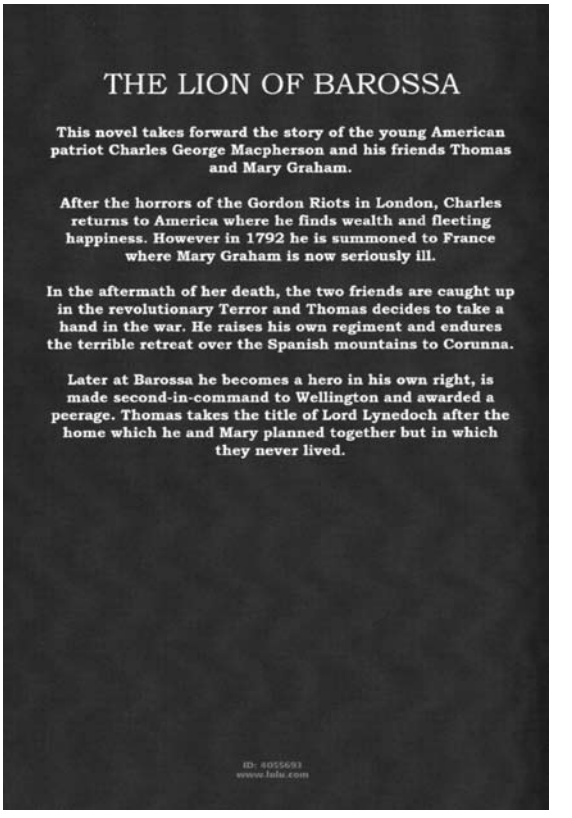
Sentiments we can all share no matter how long or short a time we had the good fortune to serve as Cameronians. (extracted from General Jack's Diary edited and introduced by John Terraine and published by Cassell & Co)

MISCELLANEOUS









OFFICERS DINNER NIGHT -

- RECEPTION10 MAY 2008

All pictures courtesy of Scottish Field and Roy Summers

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir
It is with very great sadness that we hear of your decision to have a final formal gathering of the Regiment on the 10th and 11 May 2008.

We in the 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles Regimental Association look back with great pride on our affiliation with you .

It was 1949 and we had just been rescued from being a Gunner Regiment when we received the momentous telegram from your then Colonel, General Riddell -Webster agreeing to the affiliation. Our association in fact dates back to the 1920s when both Regiments served side by side in Quetta. However the real bond was formed in 1942 when your 1st Bn commanded by Lt Col Thomas formed part of 7th Armoured Brigade behind whose shield our battered remnants of the 1st and 3rd Bns 7GR reformed after the fateful Sittang crossing in Burma. Later Brigadier Collingwood of the Cameronians was 63 Brigade Commander in Malaya in which 7 GR was serving, when the announcement of the Affiliation was made: He was a very good friend to the Regiment .

Later in 1949, your 1st Bn passed through Singapore en route to Hong Kong. A small party of both 7GR Bns drove down to the docks where our pipers played the ship in.
A simple but impressive ceremony was held on the quay attended by Brigadier Collingwood. 7GR presented a silver Kukri to the Cameronians to mark this historic affiliation and then you presented us with a silver salver in return .

The Cameronians returned to Malaya in 1951 when we saw more of you and met your new Colonel, General O'Connor of Cyrenaica fame. Field Marshal Slim (Our Colonel) was especially pleased with the affiliation as he had commanded the Corps in which both Regiments served during the retreat from Burma.

We wish you all the very best of luck and health for the future, and while memory serves will always remember you and be grateful for all the help you gave us.

Jai Cameronians
With very best wishes,
Lt Col Keith Robinson
Hon Secretary and Treasurer
7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles
Surgeon Anthony Home VC

Sir,
Robin Buchanan-Dunlop writes generously about my article, The Bravest of the Brave, and we are all indebted to him for the new and interesting link which he uncovers between his own family and that of Surgeon Anthony Home VC. He hopes that I will not take amiss a quibble which he has over the suggestion that Home and his assistant, Assistant Surgeon William Bradshaw VC, were never commissioned into the regiment and were never 'cap-badged'. I in turn hope that he will not take amiss my quibble about his views (Letters to the Editor, The Covenanter 2007 – page 36).

My source for all of the information in my article was the library of the Imperial War Museum and the two principal books consulted there were The Victoria Cross and Distinguished Service Order (Volume I, VC's) and The Register of the Victoria Cross (© This England 1988). Both of the surgeons were listed there as being of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry. There was no mention of Army Medical Services (or any variation of that name). I also cited Lt Col Evelyn Wood VC's comment that Home was '…a former brother officer in the 90th Light Infantry (2nd Scottish Rifles) …'

I have referred now to two further primary sources. At www.army.mod.uk/medical etc one finds Royal Army Medical Corps and A Brief Historical Tour of Army Medicine. I quote:
'Following the restoration of Charles II in 1660, the Standing Regular Army was formed. For the first time, a career was provided for a medical officer, both in peacetime and war. The Army was formed entirely on a regimental basis … and a medical officer with a warrant officer as his assistant was appointed to the regiment which also provided a hospital. The regimental basis of appointment for medical officers continued until it was abolished in 1873….
Emerging from this fiasco (the Crimean War) was the formation in 1855 of "The Medical Staff Corps" composed of "...men able to read and write, of regular habits and good temper and of a kindly disposition". In 1857 the Medical Staff Corps was reorganised into the "Army Hospital Corps" a title it held until 1884 when it reverted to its former name.'
It seems almost certain then that both Home and Bradshaw, whose wonderful deeds took place on 26 September 1857, were regimental surgeons. Whether they later transferred to the Medical Staff Corps is not known.
There is one further source too: the National Archives (www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/documentsonline etc). Here is the entry:

Description
Medal listing of: Home, Anthony Dickson
Rank: Surgeon
Regiment: 90th Regiment
Date of Act Of Bravery: 26 September 1857
Campaign: India
Locale: Lucknow

Date - 1856 Feb 20 - 1864 Aug 06
Catalogue reference - WO 98/3
Dept - Records created or inherited by the War Office, Armed Forces, Judge Advocate General, and related bodies
Series - War Office: Correspondence and Papers Concerning the Victoria Cross
Piece - Victoria Cross Register

May I suggest that we leave the matter there? I agree that we should not be in the business of garnering any more greatness than is our regimental due. There is no need. There are enough wonderful tales to be told without adding any which are not fully merited. In my view Home VC and Bradshaw VC should stay where they are: firmly in the regimental fold.
However, one last point: would Robin Buchanan-Dunlop now like to join me in a campaign to get those two VC's back from the Army Medical Services Museum in Aldershot and into the Cameronian Museum in Hamilton where they clearly belong?

Yours etc
Philip R Grant

Sir,
I would be obliged if you would be good enough to publish this letter addressed to all members of our Regiment.
Yours etc
DO Christie

May 2008
Dear Cameronian Friends,
Jan and I are so sad that we cannot be with you this weekend, at what may be the last major gathering of the Regiment.
I count having served as in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) as one of the greatest privileges of my life. I am sure you many of you do too.
On that very sad day, 14th May 1968, when the Rev Donald MacDonald said:
"To most of us here, and many not here, so long as life lasts, this Regiment will never die," he indeed spoke the truth.
But I believe it goes even farther than that. The Cameronians have left a legacy to Scotland, which in my opinion, surpasses that of all other Regiments, significant though these might be. Having looked carefully at the behaviour of the forefathers of our Regiment, and our very early service, it seems that the battle of Dunkeld may have been as critical to eventual genuine religious freedom in Scotland, as Bannockburn was to Scots'
independence. If this is so, after we are all dead and gone, our heritage will
still endure.
What other Regiment can claim that?
Jan and I send not only our good wishes, but also a Blessing for this
weekend, and for the years that lie ahead.
"May The Lord bless and keep you
all, everyone of you."
David Christie.

Sir,
Since this is to be the last edition of The Covenanter, may I crave your indulgence over a few personal thoughts.

Some readers may remember that as Adjutant at the time of disbandment, I was commended by some of the press, (Scotsman and Herald, I think), for my obedient reaction to the very unwelcome order we had received. I have to confess that I was following William Cleland's advice before Dunkeld. "A soldier's business is to obey orders and fight the enemy – not to murmur and question." So that is what I did, although it seemed quite clear to me that the enemy was in fact Whitehall! But I must confess at a remove of forty years, that inwardly I was seething with a desire to fight this disbandment tooth and nail.

Over the years I have heard many men whom I respect greatly say, "We did the right thing." I am still not sure that we did! The Argylls were ordered to disband at the same time as us, and had we fought the decision, might we not also have survived? My son now commands a company of Argylls, albeit in the guise of 5 SCOTS. He was KOSB, and when I visited 1 KOSB in Omagh some years ago, soldiers kept coming up to me and saying, "Hello, sir. You don't know me, but you know my father." It turned out that 60% of 1 KOSB were from Lanarkshire!

But as Philip Grant has put it so well, "some Regiments are more unique than others," and I suppose there is no way that The Cameronians, with our fiercely independent origins could have been part of a Royal Regiment?

A far as I can ascertain, the Peter Christie who appears on the 1689 Muster Roll of the Lt-Col's Company was my great x 7, grandfather, so I may lay claim to a family connection with the Regiment, quite literally from the first day to the last. I only discovered this whilst researching the pre-regimental Cameronians and earliest days of the Regiment, for I really wanted to know the truth. Were the earliest Cameronians a bunch of religious bigots, or did they make a meaningful difference? My conclusion, (which I realise will be hotly resisted by most of academia, the Kirk, and all Jacobite enthusiasts), was that Dunkeld was as pivotal to ultimate religious freedom in Scotland, as Bannockburn was to Scottish independence. So my conclusion is that we have indeed a heritage to boast of.

This was confirmed for me on my last visit to Edinburgh. I had just endured the great sadness of being at the last drumhead service of my son's Regiment, The KOSB, and sung the same psalms as at Douglas on 14th May 1968. I felt desolate! That weekend Ian Farquharson took me to communion at St Giles. There occurred an incident which went un-noticed by the rest of the world, but set my heart at rest. The communion elements were processed into the Cathedral, led by an officer of the Cameronians, none other than my friend Ian. (And this in the same Kirk in which Jenny Geddes had thrown her stool in 1637!) That would not have happened even in 1689, but that it finally came about in 2004, seemed to say to me that it had all been worthwhile, and all the sacrifice from Drumclog in 1679, to Aden in 1967, had not been wasted.

Call it an old soldier's rambling if you like, but now I understand what Gen Sir George Collingwood and Col Leslie Dow meant when they talked about our "ghosts." They are still around!
yours etc,
DAVID CHRISTIE.

Editors Note:
Many readers will recall that this is covered in depth by Lt Col JCM Baynes in Volume IV of the Regimental History. It says {page 211}:

'Within the battalion, questionnaires were sent down to the rank of corporal to obtain the opinion of serving members about what should be done in the event of the Cameronians becoming involved [in the expected reduction in the number of battalions]. When these questionnaires had been returned and analysed the Colonel of the Regiment visited the battalion and held discussions with officers and non-commissioned officers. Eventually, after much heart-searching, it was decided that, in the circumstances as they then pertained, the Colonel of the Regiment would recommend that the Cameronians preferred disbandment to amalgamation with any other regiment.'

Whatever the view now it was clear that the majority then saw this as the only or anyway the least objectionable option. With hind-sight some might now have chosen otherwise but, in view of the treatment meted out in recent years to the remains of the Scottish army, surely we were right to take our leave when we did and with our heads

held high. It is barely conceivable that the unique character of the Cameronians would have survived now in any recognisable or acceptable form.

Sir,
A Final Tribute
In 1950 I was a member of C Company stationed on the Craigielea Rubber Estate near the town of Muar, Malaya. From this location, our company sent out patrols in search of bandits, or terrorists as they are known today.

I was then a young section commander in charge of a section I have always regarded as one of the finest in the British Army. The section was part of eight platoon which at that time was commanded by Sgt Danny Brown who proved to be a first class platoon commander.

The object of this article is simply to pay tribute to three young men who died on operations whilst serving members of my section. They were:

Rfn Thomas Holland
Rfn James Vallance
Rfn Robert Shaw

Tommy Holland who hailed from Kilmarnock, could be described as a dwarf like in stature (not of the poison dwarf variety, I hasten to add). He was a small very likeable lad with a terrific sense of humour. I used to worry about him on patrol in case he would disappear without trace in the Bakri Swamps. I therefore would always detail someone to be near Tommy to be able to grab him if he appeared to get into difficulty. Thankfully, this only happened on one occasion and rescue was swiftly at hand.

Jimmy Vallance, another Ayrshire lad was much taller than Tommy Holland but very similar in temperament, with a broad Ayrshire accent and a wonderful sense of humour. From what I can remember Jimmy's death was a terrible tragedy owing to the fact that he had only been married for two or three weeks prior to leaving home to join the battalion several months earlier. Jimmy loved to drink tea and was always a frequent customer of the company char wallah. (There was no NAAFI in up country Malaya in those days. I took his loss very badly.

Finally I come to Robert Shaw. Bob Shaw came from Manchester and was the oldest member of the section. Bob had seen action in North West Europe in the latter [part oif WWII. He was a quietly spoken reserved man. I would say he was very much a loner but he had a canny sense of humour and was very well liked in the platoon. On occasions, I would sit-down and have a chat with Bob and I always felt that deep down there had been some sadness in his life which he never wanted to aljk about.

Tommy and Jimmy were both National Service men whilst Bob was a regular soldier
My memories of these three wonderful young men are everlasting.
Yours etc,
Eddie Clark

Sir,
Alas, the dreaded moment has arrived - I have now commenced writing what will be my last items for our illustrious journal. I do not use the word illustrious lightly as I am sure many of you, like myself have enjoyed reading and contributing to this publication during our lifetime. since it's inception in May 192 1 (vol. 1 No 1) , The Covenanter has been a brilliant production where every contribution was made by people writing from the heart about experiences in their lives and times whilst serving in the Regiment.

The first Editor of the Covenanter was Lt. Eric M. H .Galbraith and in the Journal's first editorial he wrote movingly about the aims and ambitions for the future of the Journal. His was a very inspirational and stirring piece which I am sure paved the way for future heart warming publications.

The first volume of the Covenanter was published in May 1921, when the 1st Bn The Cameronians were stationed in Gough Barracks, The Curragh, Co. Kildare, Ireland. The first issue was understandably pretty slim and relatively lacking in in content owing to it's new birth. However like all healthy infant, it grew and matured into the fine and healthy journal that we have enjoyed so much during our lifetime.

On reading 'The Battalion Notes' I couldn't help but notice several familiar names leaping from the page at me, For example:

Arrivals: Capt. A Galloway MC.and 2Lt E. Brickman. .. Departures:: Major Sir T. 8. Riddell- Webster DS0 I find it incredible that these officers were in the regiment before I was even born, yet. I was personally associated with them in later life.

Another name I recognised was that of RQMS Lucarotti whom 1 believe eventually rose to the rank of Major. When I was a schoolboy I was great friends with John Luarotti, the son of Major Lucarotti..

I joined The Regiment in February 1946 and became an avid reader of, and in later life a regular contributor to the Covenanter. I hme loved every moment of reading and writing for the journal and as you can imagine I am heartbroken at the demise of this illustrious publication.

In conclusion, I wish to offer my heartfelt thanks to Major Brian Leishman MBE for his magnificent work as Editor during the past twenty one years. he must also be highly commended fur his years devoted to his managerial role in connection with the Edinburgh Military Tattoo, and finally as a member of the Regimental Trustees for many years.

You will have noticed that I have singled out only two editors for mention; the first and the last. This is simply because had I written about all the other Editors involved during the lifetime of the Covenanter, it would have taken me another lifetime! To the Covenanter Goodbye .and thanks for all the happy hours of reading and writing.
Your etc,
Eddie Clark

Sir,
I attach below a transcript of some email correspondence which I have had recently with the Editor of the 'Explore Highland Perthshire' guide.

Although the Battle of Killiekrankie is given prominence in the guide, there is only the briefest of references to the ensuing battle of Dunkeld. No Cameronian will be unaware of the significance of the latter on both Jacobite (Scottish), indeed the British crown's (English), history and on Regimental history. On drawing the editor's attention to what I am sure was an inadvertent omission, I had an immediate, friendly, and positive response.

The editors are very keen to get an input from the Regiment and to include details of the battle of Dunkeld both on the website and in the guide, which is re-printed annually, in time for publication at Easter. Every year (last weekend in July) there is a commemoration of the Battle of Killiecrankie and it has been suggested that a representative(s) of the Regiment might like to take part.

It will be seen in addition that the editors have suggested that 'it would be great to have you talk, a wee bit about the Battle of Dunkeld at the end of the walk.'

May I through the pages of the Covenanter publicise this interesting subject. Might I propose that it would be appropriate that the Regimental Trustees, rather than an individual, should accept the offer both to provide material for the website and the guide and hopefully arrange for attendance at the annual Killiekrankie event, if possible?

I had in mind that the entry for the guide might be either David Christie's excellent recent account of the battle (as quoted in the accompanying email traffic) or an extract from Volume I of the Regimental history. I am sure that the editors would give favourable consideration to the attachment of a link between their site and the Regimental website; and also to the attachment of a Regimental history. Philip Grant's script for his talk during the service at our 40th Anniversary would seem to fit the bill admirably. Approval for the use of any such material should, of course, properly be by the Trustees.

The guide is edited by James and Kathleen Rattray. The website that they run for 'Explore Highland Perthshire' is: http://www.explore-highland-perthshire.com/ and the guide is at:

http://www.explore-highland-perthshire.com/images/guides/Highland_Perthshire_Guide_2008-9.pdf

Clan Rattray is an ancient Perthshire clan. James drew my attention to the family's renowned Indian Army associations – see: http://www.clanrattray.org/sikhregiment.html

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Yours etc,
Mike Sixsmith

Sir,
As I also happened to be serving with "C" Company in 1952/3, Ronald Henderson's graphic description of life at Awat Camp, Jahore in the 2007 issue of The Covenanter certainly brought back a flood of memories and prompted me to go through my miscellany of photographs taken while in Malaya around that time. I have selected the accompanying pictures partly to illustrate a number of points he made but also to identify some of the personalities serving with the Company at the time.

The assigned operational zone for the Battalion, roughly the area of one of our medium sized counties, was in upper Jahore State with Bn HQ situated roughly centrally and its northernmost detachment based at Awat Camp approximately 25 miles to the NW, close to neighbouring Malacca. Located remotely on a rubber estate and largely housed in tents and purpose-designed huts clad in corrugated metal sheet panels, Awat was essentially a self contained outpost. Our operational terrain was generally hilly and interspersed by fast flowing streams subject to flash flooding in the Monsoon season: as Ronald Henderson noted, predominantly covered in primary and secondary jungle adjoined mainly with mature rubber and some palm oil plantations interspersed with areas of mixed cultivation and paddy fields. Being in support of a civil power our remit ranged widely from security patrolling of enclosed settlements ("New Villages") to deep jungle penetration patrols. At that time maps of remoter parts were remarkably lacking in any detail and, when in jungle areas, I clearly recall numerous occasions when finding out our precise location would have much benefited from satellite navigation systems!

By 1953 the policy of settling all the landless rubber tappers and estate workers in the New Villages was beginning to pay off and the civil police together with the armed forces had gained the initiative in eradicating the terrorist factions throughout Malaya. The armed forces in particular had played a vital role in paving-the-way from its being a British protectorate to what eventually became the fully independent and democratic Federation of Malaysia in 1957 and, in their two tours of duty, the Cameronians had played a significant part in this transition. With regard to its contribution in the Malayan Emergency, the Regiment could hardly have received a better complement than that from Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer when he remarked that "I had the privilege of having them under my command in Malaya in 1952 and 1953 and a better battalion would have been difficult to find. Good not only in the jungle, but also in their civil relationships".
Yours etc.,
John Weir

2/Lt Douglas Robertson about to depart on patrol

Lt Ian Tedford (Rt on truck) and the three Coy. Ibans.

2nd Lt. Bob Ramage aboard 'C' Coy scout car - Malplaquet

Jungle Catering

Tree felling for DZ. Sgt Hutton supervising, Rfn Mills sawing.

Rubber tree felling competition

IN MEMORIAM

To those they leave behind may their memories be happy ones

Cecil Edwin James Bryant (Jim)
It is with great sadness that we report the death of Jim Bryant who died on the 16th February 2008. and record here the letter from his sister Ann Storkey –" Jim served with the Regiment over the period 1942 – 1947 and had always wanted to follow in his fathers footsteps. His father became RSM and served with the Regiment over the period 1908 – 1921. He and my mother had seven children and I am the youngest at 71 years.. Brother Jim had purchased three tickets for the 40th Anniversary Commemoration of the disbandment of the Regiment on 11 May , he had hoped that together with his wife Peggy and me we would be able to attend, but that was not to be so my son and I will be attending. We are really looking forward to the day and hope that perhaps we may meet some of Jim's old friends"
We send our sincere condolences to his wife Peggy and other members of his family.

The Rev William Downie
It is with great sadness that we report the death of Bill Downie who died at home on the 27th November. Bill had ministered for thirty years in Falkirk, Dumbarton and Carluke and had been chaplain to many organisations including the Cameronian (Scottish Rifles) and Family members. He was known to the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Family Members Organisation as a nephew of a Cameronian who went to war in 1942 and never came home. He joined the Organisation in January 2001 offering his ministerial services which were warmly accepted. In 2005 he accepted nomination for Committee Member. He conducted many services on behalf of the Organisation from marriages, funerals, and Memorials he was always willing to oblige. At his own service in St Machan's in Larkhall and South Lanark Crematorium the tributes were many to Willie the wee man with a big heart! Willie was born and bred in Larkhall. His participation and achievements make a long list which includes the following: Boy Scout, Sunday school, Bible class, Youth fellowship, keen sportsman, lifelong and faithful supporter of Larkhall Thistle. More activities include: Drama Group and the Community Players starring alongside Una McLean in a production of "Apron Strings." Willie's call to the Ministry began when he was still a young man sharing and leading at the Larkhall Congregational Church. He preached for the very first time at the very first Christmas Eve service in Larkhall which took place in Trinity Church. His first job was as a trainee motor mechanic with Skelly's in Motherwell. Moving on Willie then served his time as an electrician with Frank Craig's here in Larkhall. In the middle of his career as an electrician Willie served his country with the RAF in the early 1950's. Serving as a radio operator and with the signals at Hednesford, Wattisham, Dumfries and Compton-Bassett. Willie began as a Minister in Falkirk and continued to serve the community by serving in the following organisations: The Citizens Advice Bureau, The Samaritans for 17 years, The peace initiative in Ireland, The Scottish Pensioners Forum, The Health Council at Argyll and Clyde, The University, Hospital and School Chaplaincies, The Bellshill and the Blantyre Curling Clubs and the 2000 Scottish Rotary Curling team tour of Canada. The Monday nights spent with the Carluke Rotary at the Cartland Bridge Hotel. One area in which Willie maintained a tremendous interest was the support of former service personnel: He has given an enormous amount of his time and effort in supporting; The Royal British Legion Scotland, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and Family Members Organisation. The events surrounding Remembrance Sunday both locally and nationally and of course the RAF Regiment Association. During his many services he reflected on his life experiences. Whether it is at the Cameronians Cairn in Douglas Dale or at the Cameronians Memorial at Kelvingrove his message was always one of sincerity. Fittingly at his service one of the hymns was Psalm 23: "The Lord's my Shepherd" a hymn particular to the Cams. Memories remain of the Padre who would travel to RAF Brize Norton to carry out the solemn task of escorting a war hero's cortege from the Lockheed Hercules Transport Plane, the

coffin draped with the Union Flag. Laying a wreath in Berlin remembering Cameronians killed by friendly fire in 1945. The member who would speak at meetings his mind with the judgement of Solomon. His sermon in the Covenanters Prison at Greyfriars Kirkyard is especially noteworthy. He is survived by his wife Sarah (Cissie), their four sons and nine grandchildren to whom we send our sincere condolences.

Captain DRA Hotchkis

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Dunmore Hotchkis who died on the 16th August 2008. We record here the letter from his son James Hotchkis – "Dunmore Richard Alexander Hotchkis was born in Paisley on 19th December 1909. After school he attended Oxford University where in 193 1 he graduated Bachelor of Arts. Thereafter he joined a Law Firm in Leith and did a Legal Apprenticeship with that Finn attending Scots Law evening classes at Edinburgh University, graduating LLB in 1933. He joined the Writer to the Signet Society in 1934. Prior to the outbreak of war he was a keen mountaineer and frequently climbed in the Cuillins, Isle of Skye and on occasions on Ben Nevis. He volunteered for his Majesty Forces before the outbreak of war in 1939 and he served with the Cameronians for six years, in the UK, Madagascar, India, Persia (now Iran), Iraq, the invasion of Sicily and Italy and later Germany. I think the years when my father served with the Cameronians were some of the most memorable of his life. He made long lasting friends and attended regularly the Officers Reunion at Drymen. He was of course one of the lucky ones although he was wounded by a land mine in Italy. I recall a number of stories my father had about the war. I remember he enjoyed bouts of malaria in Italy albeit it took him out of the front line. Towards the very end of the war when his unit met the Russians in what became East Germany, the Russians invited some officers for dinner in their mess. My father was left in charge of the battalion and surmised this might become a permanent appointment if the Russians interred the other Officers!

After the war in 1946 my father returned to the legal profession and took over the Law Firm of his uncle James Napier Hotchkis WS in St Andrews. He married Betsy Dishington Scott in 1953 and imparted to his three sons his love of the hills, wild places and his abiding interest in the environment, birds, wild flowers, geology, astronomy and history. He was an Elder at Holy Trinity Church St Andrews and became the Session Clerk to fill in on a temporary basis, but remained Session Clerk for over twenty years. He read widely and remained extremely alert mentally in to old age. He continued to enjoy the hills particularly with his sons. He did short sections of the Cuillin Ridge into his early eighties. He dealt stoically and bravely with failing sight in later years.

His wife Betsy and his three sons James, Robert and Michael survive him and to them we send our most sincere condolences.

Major David Oswald Liddell, MC

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Major David Liddell, who died on the 20th March 2008 aged 91 and record here the letter from his son BRD Liddell:

" He was awarded an immediate MC while in command of the leading company of the 12th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), which was attached to the 5th Essex Regiment, during an attack on Villa Grande near Termoli, Italy on 23 December 1943. During this period of the fighting, his regiment was involved in capturing villages in the mountains heavily defended by the fanatical Herman Goring Parachute Division. Liddell skilfully advanced and his company gained a footing in the houses which formed part of the objective but in doing so platoons became separated by 100 yards of open bullet-swept ground. The leading platoon suffered heavy casualties, including the platoon commander, and Liddell decided to take reinforcements to it himself. On the way his party was pinned down by machine gun fire from the flank and was unable to advance. Regardless of his own safety Liddell assaulted the machine

gun post single handed and liquidated it with grenades thereby enabling his men to proceed. In doing so he was wounded in the left eye but insisted on carrying on to the isolated platoon, which he reorganised. Wearing gym shoes, so as not to alert the Germans next door, he reported back to his CO, but refused to be evacuated for twelve hours until he
was satisfied his men were in an adequate defensive position and had been fed.
On return to his battalion from hospital Liddell found the battalion, just six houses up the village consisting of only five officers and twenty-seven men, his own company scarcely existed. On his 27th birthday, whilst sheltering in a cow shed a shell fell amongst his party killing three and severely wounding Liddell. He returned to hospital in Barletta and was repatriated home thus ending his active war service. After a year of rehabilitation, during which pieces of shrapnel were removed, Liddell was posted to a training camp in Scotland where recruits for the war against Japan were being trained and ex-prisoners of war from the 5lst Highland Division were rehabilitated.
His younger brother Ian, serving with the 5th Battalion Coldstream Guards, won
the VC capturing a bridge over the river Ems near Lingen in Germany on the 3rd April 1945 and killed in action two weeks later.
David Liddell, the eldest son of five children born to a well-known family of China merchants, Liddell Brothers founded by his grandfather, was born on 9th January 1917 in Hankow. The family moved to Shanghai where he attended his first school in the company of Margot Fonteyn and Mary Hayley Bell, who was to marry John Mills, the film star. Aged eight he returned to England and school at St Andrews, Eastbourne where he was later to be a Governor, and then Harrow where he excelled in all sports and represented the school in boxing. He also led the school orchestra and on occasion played under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Summer holidays were spent in Vancouver Island where his family from China met half way. The young Liddell, escorted by his godmother, travelled from Liverpool to Quebec by Canadian Pacific liner followed by a three day train journey to Vancouver. After the war Liddell returned to insurance Brokers, Chandler Hargreaves Whittall, becoming a member of Lloyd's and a partner in the firm, eventually becoming Chairman and Managing Director. Now married with two children he set up home in Beaconsfield where he became a leading figure with local youth
clubs, In 1955, his family grew with the addition of a daughter to add to his two
boys. His war wounds. brought early retirement, and farming the family estate at Shirenewton which he inherited from his father in 1968. His Friesian herd of cattle won many national championships and prizes, notably the Supreme Champion at the London Dairy Show.
War wounds led him to decline the invitation to become High Sheriff of Monmouth having been "pricked" by the Queen and a second retirement to Dorset at Manston and then Swanage with fishing in Scotland. The turmoil at Lloyd's in the early nineties also took its toll. David Liddell married Joan Russell in 1942. She played squash racquets for England and represented Hampshire at lawn tennis. She predeceased him in 2004."
He is survived by two sons, a daughter and five grandchildren, to whom we send our sincere condolences.

Mrs. Patricia (Pat) Mary Sutherland
It is with great sadness that we report the death of Pat Sutherland who died peacefully at her home on 6th May aged 97 years. She was the dearest wife of the late Lt Col WH (Jock) Sutherland The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and was greatly loved by her family and friends. We send our sincere condolences to her daughters, Jill and Joanna, her son in law John, her grandchildren William, John and Rachel and her great grandchildren Alexander, Liberty and Phoebe

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

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