



CHRONICLE.

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Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, M.C.,
Commanding 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.

Chronicle of
1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd
and
The Oxfordshire and
Buckinghamshire Light Infantry
1963

An Annual Record

Compiled and Edited
by

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. B. JARVIS

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PREFACE

The editor invites subscribers to offer articles of Regimental or general interest for publication in the CHRONICLE. Such contributions should be typed with double spacing between the lines and must reach Regimental H.Q., Cowley Barracks, Oxford, not later than the 1st February each year. Photographs to illustrate articles would be welcome.

The Editor does not necessarily agree or disagree with facts stated or opinions expressed.

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NOTICE

Communications should be addressed to:

The Secretary,
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 Oxford.

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43RD AND 52ND OFFICERS, 1963

PARADE AT SANDAKAN

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1st GREEN JACKETS, 43rd and 52nd

A bugle horn strangled

"Quebec, 1759," "Martinique, 1762," "Havannah," "Mysore," "Hindoostan," "Martinique, 1794," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1851-2-3," "Delhi, 1857," "New Zealand," "Relief of Kimberley," "Paardeberg," "South Africa, 1900-02."

The Great War—17 Battalions.—"Mons," "Retreat from Mons," "Marne, 1914," "Aisne, 1914," "Ypres, 1914," "Langemarck, 1914," "Gheluvelt," "Nonne Bosschen," "Aubers," "Festubert, 1915," "Hooge, 1915," "Loos," "Mount Sorrel," "Somme, 1916," "Albert, 1916," "Bazentin," "Delville Wood," "Pozières," "Guillement," "Fiers-Courcelette," "Morval," "Le Transloy," "Ancre Heights," "Ancre, 1916," "Bapaume, 1917," "Arras, 1917," "Vimy, 1917," "Scarpe, 1917," "Arleux," "Menin Road," "Polygon Wood," "Broodseinde," "Poelcappelle," "Passchendaele," "Cambrai, 1917," "St. Quentin," "Rosières," "Avre," "Lys," "Hazebrouck," "Béthune," "Hindenburg Line," "Havrincourt," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Valenciennes," "France and Flanders, 1914-18," "Piave," "Vittorio Veneto," "Italy, 1917-18," "Doiran, 1917," "Macedonia, 1915-18," "Kut al Amara, 1915," "Ctesiphon," "Defence of Kut al Amara," "Tigris, 1916," "Khan Baghdadi," "Mesopotamia, 1914-18," "Archangel, 1919."

The Second World War—"Defence of Escaut," "Cassel," "Ypres-Comines Canal," "Normandy Landing," "Pegasus Bridge," "Caen," "Esquay," "Lower Maas," "Ourthe," "Rhineland," "Reichswald," "Rhine," "Ibbenburen," "North-West Europe, 1940," "44-45," "Enfidaville," "North Africa, 1943," "Salerno," "St. Lucia," "Salerno Hills," "Teano," "Monte Camino," "Garigliano Crossing," "Damiano," "Anzio," "Coriano," "Gemmano Ridge," "Italy, 1943-45," "Arakan Beaches," "Tamandu," "Burma, 1943-45."

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i.d.c., p.s.c., Col. The Jamaica Regt., Col. Comdt. Para. ... 31/12/60

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f.s.c. (US) 12/1/62
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(1))
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(US) 7/12/58
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p.s.c. 15/4/54
Gierahy, P. E., M.B.E., j.s.c.,
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23/2/60) 9/2/57
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Balls, B. W. 8/2/58
Pascoe, R. A. 1/8/58

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Captains—contd.

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1/5/63) 1/8/58
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(Adj. 31/1/63)
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Elliott, I. G. 31/5/61
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Hartley, T. M. 16/12/61
Taylor, F. J. B. 7/7/62
Jones, C. E. W. 27/7/62
Pascoe, B. E. A. 15/11/62
Blaker, G. P. 2/3/63
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Whitfield, A. P. 18/6/61
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Hay-Drummond-Hay, R. P.
4/9/62
Shaw, N. E. 22/6/63
Ryley, K. I. 22/6/63

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Daunt, M. S. 21/12/62

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Clay, F., M.B.E. (Seconded to O.T.C.) 1/3/49
Lt.-col. 4/7/62
Cox, B. 26/4/51
maj. 18/6/61
Cox, S. A. G., M.B.E. 21/1/54
maj. 21/11/54
Howland, A. J. 1/1/57
capt. 8/5/59
Stevenson, J., M.B.E., D.C.M. 1/4/61

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Lieutenant
Meynell, C. M. (T/Capt. 10/12/62) 6/12/62

2nd Lieutenants
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maj. 11/4/57
Welshman, S. F. 15/7/57
capt. 1/8/61
Field, E. G. lt. 9/2/59

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Bennett, J. P. (Emp. List (3)) 9/4/61

Captain
Morley, A. H. (T/Maj. 1/1/63) 1/11/49

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National Service Officers

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Morgan, J. G. 14/8/60
Turner, K. M. 16/10/60
Radcliffe, R. P. 25/11/60
Scott, J. H. 11/8/61
Studholme-Wilson, S. 4/11/62

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Buckinghamshire Light Infantry

Majors
Battley, R. W. 12/11/54
Lander, K. H. 16/1/61
Orton, S. W., T.D. 1/3/62
Thomas, R. J. 1/1/61

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Captains
Persson, A. N., E.R.D. 3/5/52
Robinson, P. J., T.D. 2/6/53
Asser, R. K. 1/7/54
Simpson, C. C. 1/8/57
Lloyd-Evans, D. G. 1/7/59
Gardner, J. C. (Res. of Off.) 1/11/59
Pasternak, C. A. 22/3/61
Jackson, W. D. 1/2/62
Robinson, D. M. 1/2/63
Crew, J. J. 1/5/63

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Leeming, M. W. 4/1/57
Adnitt, J. C. 17/10/57
Keightley, K. F. 13/1/59
Denny, J. P. M. 22/3/59
Dawson, D. W. B. 9/7/59
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Symonds, M. D. 19/6/60
Chapples, G. H. 22/4/62
Stones, D. A. 17/3/63

2nd Lieutenant
†Draper, R. A. 19/4/62

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G.O.C. Northumbrian District and 50 Infantry Division (T.A.)

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31st DECEMBER 1963

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Captain (Q.M.)	S. F. Welshman	London Assembly Centre

EXTRACTS FROM
THE "LONDON GAZETTE" 1963

January 1st

TERRITORIAL ARMY

2nd Lieutenant D. M. Robinson is confirmed in his appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, 19th May 1961, with seniority 19th May 1960. To be Lieutenant, 19th May 1962.

January 22nd

The undermentioned Lieut.-Colonel to be Colonel on the date shown: P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C., from Inf. (Emp. List 1), 23rd July 1962.

February 5th

COMMANDS AND STAFF

Major-General H. J. Mogg, C.B.E., D.S.O., late Inf., relinquishes his appointment as Director of Combat Development, War Office, 7th February 1963, remaining on full pay.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Short Service Commission

Lieutenant P. J. Lishman from Active List, to be Lieutenant, 6th February 1963.

February 8th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire

2nd Lieutenant A. H. Hollis relinquishes his commission 13th February 1963.

February 22nd

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant D. M. Robinson to be Captain, 1st February 1963, and is seconded for service on the Staff.

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Officer Cadets from the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, to be 2nd Lieutenants, 21st December 1962:

1st Green Jackets

Hugh Philip Egerton Dumas.

Michael Seton Daunt.

February 26th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Major H. A. R. Long from Active List, to be Major, 1st February 1963.

March 5th

REGULAR ARMY

Lieutenant G. P. Blaker, B.A., to be Captain, 2nd March 1963.

March 15th

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Brigadier to be Major-General on the date shown:

P. G. F. Young, C.B.E., late Inf., 10th December 1962.

Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C., from 1st Green Jackets (Emp. List 1), to be Colonel, 23rd July 1962, with seniority 13th March 1961, and with precedence next above J. M. Spencer-Smith, O.B.E., M.C. (Substituted for notification in *Gazette* (Supplement) dated 25th January 1963.)

April 2nd

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Officer to be supernumerary to Establishment on the date shown:

Colonel A. Clerke-Brown, O.B.E., late Inf., 31st March 1963.

April 9th

COMMANDS AND STAFF

Major-General H. J. Mogg, C.B.E., D.S.O., late Inf., is appointed Commandant, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, 11th April 1963.

April 19th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

2nd Lieutenant D. A. Stones is confirmed in his appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, 24th October 1960. To be Lieutenant, 17th March 1963.

May 7th

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Short Service Commission

Lieutenant R. K. Mullard from Active List, to be Lieutenant, 25th April 1963.

May 17th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lieutenant W. M. Davies from Active List, to be Lieutenant, 1st August 1962.

May 21st

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lieut.-Colonel G. Montague-Jones, T.D., from Active List, to be Lieut.-Colonel, 1st April 1963.

May 28th

The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in Brunei:

Mentioned in Despatches

Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, M.C.

Major J. D. Mostyn, M.B.E.

Lieutenant R. P. Hay-Drummond-Hay

2nd Lieutenant N. E. Shaw

23504353 Cpl. R. Costello

} 1st Green Jackets

June 14th

The undermentioned Officer Cadet from Mons Officer Cadet School to be 2nd Lieutenant, 27th April 1963:

REGULAR ARMY

Short Service Commission

Andre Fleming Green (Direct Entry).

June 18th

REGULAR ARMY

2nd Lieutenant N. E. Shaw, to be Lieutenant, 22nd June 1963.

2nd Lieutenant K. I. Bayley, to be Lieutenant, 22nd June 1963.

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant J. J. Crew, to be Captain, 1st May 1963.

June 28th

General Sir Michael West, K.C.B., D.S.O., is appointed Aide-de-Camp (General) to the Queen, 29th June 1963, in succession to General Sir Richard Goodbody, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., Colonel Commandant, Royal Horse Artillery.

REGULAR ARMY

N. R. Pavitt, to be Captain, 2nd July 1963.

August 2nd

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant (Actg. Captain) W. D. Jackson, to be Captain, 5th August 1963, with seniority 1st February 1962.

August 9th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lieutenant M. K. Newell from Active List, to be Lieutenant, 28th June 1963.

August 27th

REGULAR ARMY

Major P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E., to be Lieut.-Colonel, 1st April 1963.

August 30th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

22364988 W.O.II Cyril John Smirthwaite, to be 2nd Lieutenant (on probation), 12th July 1963.

23887208 L.-Cpl Frederick Roger Jones, to be 2nd Lieutenant (on probation), 12th July 1963.

3rd Green Jackets

Territorial Army

Lieutenant M. Whitfeld from Oxf. and Bucks., to be Lieutenant, 1st July 1963, with seniority 20th March 1963.

September 17th

REGULAR ARMY

Major H. J. W. Newton, M.B.E., to be Lieut.-Colonel (Emp. List 1), 27th May 1963.

The undermentioned Officer Cadets from the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, to be 2nd Lieutenants, 2nd August 1963.

Peter Guy Chamberlin (473909).

David John Marling Roberts (474045).

September 20th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant C. W. Norris (462694), from A.E. Reserve of Officers, Nat. Serv. List, D.W.R., to be Lieutenant, 1st September 1963, with seniority 24th April 1961.

September 24th

REGULAR ARMY

Short Service Commission

The undermentioned Officer Cadet from Mons Officer Cadet School, to be 2nd Lieutenant, 27th July 1963.

1st Green Jackets

Timothy Maxwell Robinson (474419) (Direct Entry).

September 27th

REGULAR ARMY

Major J. M. A. Tillett (145422), to be Lieut.-Colonel (Emp. List 1), 10th May 1963, with seniority 30th March 1963.

October 4th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant M. W. Leeming (441578), to be Captain, 1st September 1963.

October 11th

REGULAR ARMY

Lieutenant (Q.M.) E. G. Field (459716) to be Captain (Q.M.), 23rd September 1963.

October 15th

REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel P. G. Thompson, M.C. (88407), (Emp. List 1), to be Supernumerary to Establishment, 19th October, 1963.

November 1st

REGULAR ARMY

Lieutenant C. K. B. Petter (465818), retires on account of disability, 4th November 1963.

November 8th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Martin Christopher Crispin Heaton (475028), to be 2nd Lieutenant (on probation), 23rd September 1963.

ARMY CADET FORCE

Lieutenant J. W. Nicol, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., resigns his commission. 31st August 1963, and is granted the hon. rank of Colonel.

November 15th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

James Stewart Cross (448940) (late Worcs. R.), to be Lieutenant, 7th August 1963, with seniority 20th May 1959.

December 3rd

REGULAR ARMY

Captain R. M. Koe (418308), from R.E., to be Captain 7th December 1963, with seniority 3rd August 1957.

December 6th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Captain D. G. Lloyd-Evans (425260), from Active List, to be Captain, 30th October 1963.

December 10th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Lieutenant K. F. Keithly (437097), from Active List, to be Lieutenant, 26th September 1963.

December 13th

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Captain P. J. Robinson, T.D. (372570), from Active List, to be Captain, 31st October 1963.

December 20th

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Lieut.-Colonel to be Colonel on the date shown:
D. R. L. Bright, O.B.E. (77659), from 1st Green Jackets, 20th September 1963.

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieutenant R. J. Saint (467364), from A.E. Res. of Offrs., Nat. Serv. List, Int. Corps, to be Lieutenant, 1st November 1963, with seniority 14th June 1962.

December 31st

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Captain J. J. Crew (442560), from Active List, to be Captain, 21st November 1963.

ARMY ORDERS

Army Order 34/1963—29th June, 1963

1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd—Change to Rifle Regiment

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve that the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, shall henceforth be a Rifle Regiment.

MESSAGE FROM THE COLONEL COMMANDANT,

GENERAL SIR GERALD LATHBURY, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., A.D.C.

In 1803 the 43rd and 52nd together with the 95th Rifles (now the 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade) formed the Light Brigade at Shorncliffe under Major-General Sir John Moore, K.B., who was Colonel of the 52nd. In January of that year the 52nd became the 52nd Light Infantry and so the senior Light Infantry regiment in the service. In July a like distinction was conferred upon the 43rd, which thus became the second senior.

With this historical background the conversion of the Regiment to "Rifles" may cause some concern amongst its members, particularly those of the older generations, and I should like, therefore, briefly to explain the sequence of events that culminated in the Army Order printed above.

In 1958 there was a reorganisation of Brigades within the Army, and the Regiment was selected to join our former comrades-in-arms, The Rifle Brigade and The Kings Royal Rifle Corps, to form the Green Jackets Brigade. The Regiment, therefore, left the Light Infantry Brigade and became a member of a "Rifles" Brigade adopting the title "1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd." The other two Regiments became The 2nd Green Jackets, King's Royal Rifle Corps and The 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade.

At this time we accepted the loss of our identity as Light Infantry and, since conformity of dress and drill within the modern brigade is an essential, the Regiment became, in the eyes of all except officialdom, a "Rifle" Regiment. This anomalous state of affairs led to very considerable administrative difficulties and, therefore, with the approval of the Regimental Committee and the Colonels Commandant of the other two regiments, I made application to Her Majesty The Queen for her approval that the Regiment officially be converted to a Rifle regiment. This Her Majesty was graciously pleased to approve in June of this year.

I wish to stress that the traditions and customs of the Regiment so largely established during its 160 years as Light Infantry remain unchanged

though I must tell you that, as a "Rifle" Regiment, we shall no longer carry Colours on parade. The present Colours will be laid up on a suitable occasion after the Regiment returns to this country from Malaya in late 1964 or early 1965. I should also like to take this opportunity to state that the Regiment remains the county regiment of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire and is justly proud of the connections built up over many years with its two counties.

* * *

Special Army Order No. 44, dated 27th August 1963, authorises the grant of the General Service Medal and clasp (or clasp only where the medal has already been awarded) for service in operations against rebels in the State of Brunei, or in North Borneo, or Sarawak between the 8th and 23rd December 1962 (inclusive). The inscription on the clasp will be "Brunei." The order gives the conditions for the grant and these include civilians, provided they wore the approved uniform of their organisation. The legal beneficiaries of officers and soldiers will be provided with the medal and/or clasp on application. Commanding officers may authorise the provisional wearing of the ribbon, pending final approval and issue of the medal.

RECORDS OF THE FIRST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD AND 52ND

ROLL OF OFFICERS—31ST DECEMBER 1963

Lieut.-Colonel

H. J. Sweeney, M.C.

Majors

P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E., M.A.
M. G. A. Hay-Will
M. R. Pennell, M.B.E.

I. R. C. Greenlees
J. H. W. Haddon

Captains

T. M. Hartley (T/Major)

G. P. Blaker

Lieutenants

N. J. R. Sale (T/Capt.)
R. D. Letts (T/Capt.)
M. W. Friedberger
R. Hume-Rothery
H. P. E. Dumas
J. P. O. Beddard
P. G. Chamberlin
T. M. Robinson

A. P. Whitfeld (T/Capt.)
N. W. Gibson (T/Capt.)
N. E. Shaw
M. S. Daunt
T. E. F. Taylor
A. F. Green
D. J. M. Roberts

Adjutant

Captain C. E. W. Jones

Quartermasters

Major S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E.
Captain J. Stevenson, M.B.E., D.C.M.

REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE

Attached

Captain W. J. C. Parker, M.B.S., M.R.C.S.,
 L.R.C.P., D.OBST., R.C.O.G., R.A.M.C.
 Lieutenant J. R. Carter, A.C.A., R.A.P.C.
 Lieutenant K. C. Benner, B.A., R.A.E.C.

Regimental Sergeant-Major

W.O.I. D. Hornblower

Bandmaster

W.O.I. B. Simpson

Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant

W.O.II K. Carter

Orderly Room Colour Sergeant

C-Sjt H. Sykes

COMPANIES OF THE 1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD AND 52ND—DECEMBER 1963

<i>Coy</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Company Officers</i>	<i>Coy Sjt-Major</i>	<i>Coy Q.M. Sjt</i>
Bn. H.Q.	Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, M.C.	Major P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E., M.A. (2ic) Captain C. E. W. Jones (Adjt) Captain N. J. R. Sale (I.O.) Captain W. J. C. Parker, M.B.S., M.R.S.C., L.R.C.P., D.OBST., R.C.O.G., R.A.M.C. (M.O.)	—	—
"A"	Major J. H. W. Haddon	Captain A. P. Whitfeld Lieut. M. W. Friedberger 2nd Lieut. M. S. Daunt 2nd Lieut. T. E. F. Taylor 2nd Lieut. A. F. Green	W.O.II B. Manchester	C.-Sjt M. Naylor
"B"	Major T. M. Hartley	Captain G. P. Blaker Lieut. N. E. Shaw 2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery 2nd Lieut. P. G. Chamberlin 2nd Lieut. T. M. Robinson	W.O.II L. Haydon	C.-Sjt J. Price
"C"	Major M. R. Pennell, M.B.E.	Captain N. W. Gibson 2nd Lieut. H. P. G. Dumas 2nd Lieut. J. P. O. Beddard 2nd Lieut. D. J. M. Roberts	W.O.II M. Kempster	C.-Sjt E. J. Towns
"D"	Captain R. D. Letts	—	—	C.-Sjt J. Newton
H.Q.	Major M. G. A. Hay-Will	Major I. R. C. Greenlees Major (Q.M.) S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E. Captain (Q.M.) J. Stevenson, M.B.E., D.C.M. Lieut. J. R. Carter, A.C.A., R.A.P.C. Lieut. K. C. Benner, B.A., R.A.E.C.	W.O.II J. Trahearn W.O.II P. Bullen (W.T.W.O.) W.O.II J. Neill	C.-Sjt A. Morgan



Photo: Marshalls, Camberley

C.I.G.S.'s CONFERENCE, 1963

Left to right: General Sir Michael West, General Sir Gerald Lathbury, Major-General H. J. Mogg, Major-General J. A. J. Read, Major-General P. G. F. Young

DIARY OF EVENTS 1963

January

- 1 An advance party from "C" Company left Miri in Sarawak for North Borneo, to take over Chisel Force. The task of this force was to combat piracy on the east coast of Borneo.
- 2 A warning order was received for an operation to be carried out in the Lawas area by Regimental Headquarters and "B" Company.
- 3 The main body of "C" Company moved off to North Borneo to take on an anti-piracy role as Chisel Force.
- 4 The C-in-C. FARELF, General Sir Nigel Poett, K.C.B., D.S.O., visited the Regiment and congratulated it on the speed with which it had mobilised and moved to Sarawak.
- 5 The Commanding Officer attended "O" Group at Brigade Headquarters and was told of redeployment plans for the Regiment.
- 7 "B" Company and Regimental Tactical Headquarters arrived in Lawas by Z Craft from Brunei. First meeting of the Lawas D.E.C. held.
- 8 Patrols from "B" Company established bases at Merapoh, Kuala Lawas and Maputeh and began to patrol the area.
- 9 The Bugle Section went by boat to Punang to live there for a few days and establish whether there was any rebel activity in the area.
- 11 The Commanding Officer briefed by Director of Operations on his task as Military Adviser to H.E. the Governor of North Borneo.
- 14 Regimental Headquarters moved to Brunei *en route* to North Borneo but held up by bad weather and heavy flooding.
- 16 The main road from Miri to Seria and Brunei swept away by torrential rains.
- 17 The Commanding Officer flew to Jesselton to establish a small military headquarters and to act as Military Adviser to H.E. the Governor of North Borneo. This post became known as "Com-jessfor." He was accompanied by Captain Eveleigh. News was received that Rfn O'Sullivan of "B" Company had been drowned whilst crossing a river on patrol near Puteh.
- 21 One Beverley load containing part of Regimental Headquarters flew to Kota Belud. The Commanding Officer visited Kudat.
- 22 The Commanding Officer visited Sandakan.
- 23 Remainder of Regimental Headquarters and H.Q. Company arrived by aircraft at Kota Belud. The Headquarters remained separated, part in Jesselton and part in Kota Belud, until our departure from North Borneo because of the wishes of the Governor.

- 24 An advance party from "A" Company moved to Tawau in North Borneo to reinforce the anti-piracy force and to guard against Indonesian attack.
- 25 The main body of "A" Company moved to Tawau. The Regiment was now once more under command of Regimental Headquarters but spread out over an area the size of Ireland.
- 28 No. 9 Platoon, "C" Company, left Lahad Datu and went to Sandakan handing over to 2 Platoon, "A" Company. The Commanding Officer visited Tawau and met the Resident, Mr Edge and a visitor, Colonel Davies, Grenadier Guards, the nephew of Major-General H. R. Davies.
- 31 The Bugle Section moved to Sipitang. Brigadier J. Glennie, D.S.O., B.G.S., FARELF, visited Jesselton to discuss the Bekenu and Niah operations as he was writing the official history of the campaign.

February

- 1 Operations continued in "B" Company's area with the aim of covering the Borneo/Sarawak border to prevent rebel movement and block possible escape routes. Detachments sent to Sindumin and Pantai.
- 2 No. 12 Platoon, "C" Company, arrived at Kudat to take over from the Recce Platoon who returned to Kota Belud by ship.
- 9 The Colonel Commandant arrived at Jesselton for a visit to the Regiment and lodged with H.E. The Governor of North Borneo, Sir William Goode. Lady Lathbury visited the wives and rear party in Penang. "B" Company patrols operating in the Mempakul area returned to Lawas.
- 10 The Colonel Commandant accompanied by Major R. R. W. Workman, the Commanding Officer and Intelligence Officer, visited "A" Company and "C" Company where he took luncheon with the Resident of Sandakan, Mr Workey.
- 11 The Colonel Commandant visited "B" echelon at Kota Belud and "B" Company at Lawas. He was accompanied by Mr Tom Harrison, Curator of the Kuching Museum, and the Commanding Officer. The party was met at Brunei by Brigadier A. G. Patterson, O.B.E., M.C., Commander 99 Gurkha Infantry Brigade, and took luncheon with the High Commissioner of Brunei, Sir Denis White. The Colonel Commandant then departed for Singapore. No. 3 Platoon, "A" Company, commenced a follow-up patrol after the *Barossa* incident.

- 12 "B" Company made eight arrests in the Lawas area on information received from Special Branch.
- 14 A further two arrests were made by "B" Company at Merapoh.
- 20 The Brigade Commander, Brigadier Patterson, M.B.E., M.C., accompanied by the Commanding Officer, visited "C" Company at Sandakan.
- 22 "A" Company commenced operation "Shark's Fin"; a combined naval, military and police anti-piracy patrol. A pirate boat was captured at Pulau Menampilik. Four suspected pirates were arrested from Pulau Matakang.
- 25 Operation "Shark's Fin" ended with a total bag of one boat and six pirates.

March

- 1 The Commanding Officer visited Tawau following a two-day stay in Sandakan. He was accompanied by Mr. John Owen from the *Oxford Mail*.
- 2 Complete Regimental "O" Group met at Jesselton for first time since our departure nearly two months ago from Penang. Return to Penang planned.
- "B" Company saw two rebels in the Merapoh area. A quick follow-up of their tracks led to an enemy camp for five or six men which was empty.
- 3 Information was received by "B" Company that there was a party of Indonesians in the area of Merapoh who had come to work in the timber camps and who supported the rebellion and Sheikh Azahari.
- 5 Further reports of strangers seen in the Merapoh valley. "B" Company imposed a curfew and laid extensive ambushes.
- 11 H.Q. Company moved by air back to Penang leaving no troops in Kota Belud. Regimental Tac H.Q. remained in Jesselton. The Brigade Commander and the Commanding Officer visited "A" Company at Lahad Datu and Tawau.
- 12 A joint naval, military and Royal Air Force anti-piracy patrol with "A" Company named "Sweet and Sour" in the Tawau area proved to be unsuccessful.
- 14 Curfew lifted in the Merapoh Valley. Ex-T.N.K.U. leader Haji Beson Ben Mail surrendered to a Custom's officer at Awat Awat.
- 15 "C" Company continued anti-piracy patrols from the Sandakan area.
- 16 "B" Company had an "At Home" day in Lawas and played football against local team. Pipes and drums of 7th Gurkhas sounded Retreat.
- 19 Torrential rains caused flooding in Lawas.

- 23 Lieut.-Colonel A. Seagrim, 2nd/7th Gurkhas, arrived in Jesselton to be briefed on his battalion's role.
- 28 The Regiment embarked in H.M.S. *Albion* to return to Penang after 3½ months' service in the Borneo Territories.
- 29 No. 42 Commando embarked in H.M.S. *Albion*.
"Comjessfor" ceased to exist. Regimental H.Q. embarked in H.M.S. *Albion*.
- 30 H.M.S. *Albion* sailed for Singapore.

April

- 1 H.M.S. *Albion* docked in Singapore. The Regiment disembarked and entrained for Penang.
- 2 The Regiment arrived in Penang.
- 3 Regimental holiday.
- 4 The Commanding Officer addressed the Regiment on parade.
2nd Lieut. H. P. E. Dumas joined the Regiment from Sandhurst and was posted to "C" Company.
- 5 The majority of the Regiment proceeded on block leave.
- 8 The Commanding Officer admitted Taiping Hospital. Major D. J. Wood, M.B.E., assumed command of the Regiment.
- 10 The Commanding Officer returned from hospital and reassumed command of the Regiment.
- 29 "D" Company was formed and Captain J. R. G. N. Eveleigh assumed command.

May

- 3 Lieut. R. D. Letts and Lieut. N. W. Gibson were promoted to Temporary Captain.
- 8 The Regiment was visited by the D.E.M.E. FARELF, Brigadier H. A. H. Sheppard, O.B.E., and the deputy Paymaster-in-Chief FARELF, Brigadier J. M. A. Braddell.
- 10 An Officers' Day was held in Minden Barracks. The subject that was studied was "The Operations in the Borneo Territories in December 1963."
- 15 The Regiment was visited by the Acting G.O.C. Brigadier J. D. King-Martin, D.S.O., M.C.
- 23 An Officers' Day was held in Minden Barracks. The subject was "The Malayan Campaign 1941-42."
- 25 A relay team from the Regiment came second out of 18 in the annual Penang Round the Houses race.

- 31 The Commanding Officer warned the Regiment that it was likely to move to Brunei or Sarawak for a further tour of four months on or about 18th August.

June

- 4 The Second-in-Command Major D. J. Wood, M.B.E., departed for U.K.—Major I. R. C. Greenlees took over as second-in-command.
- 7 The Penang Polo Tournament was played.
- 8 The Regiment paraded in honour of the Queen's Birthday. The Commanding Officer took the salute.
- 14 Officers' study period at Batu Ferringhi.
- 18 Waterloo Day. The Regiment paraded in Minden Barracks. The parade was done in two halves. The first half was a ceremonial parade and the second half was in the form of a battle presentation. The inspecting officer was the acting divisional commander Brigadier J. D. King-Martin, D.S.O., M.C.
- 24 The Regiment were invited to a free showing of "The Longest Day" at the Cathay Cinema, Penang.
Major J. H. W. Haddon arrived.
- 25 Major-General D. A. B. Clarke, C.B.E., Director Personnel Services, War Office, visited the Regiment.
- 28 The Commanding Officer went on "change of air." Major Greenlees assumed command of the Regiment.
- 30 The following members of the Regiment became Penang Amateur Boxing Association Champions 1963: S.I. Daley, A.P.T.C. att., L.-Cpls Cresswell and Humphries, and Rfn Breene.

July

- 7 The Penang Decathlon Championships were held. Second was Rfn Joseph, Third L.-Cpl Netzler, Fourth L.-Cpl Christian, Sixth L.-Cpl Wood.
- 11 The Commanding Officer returned and reassumed command of the Regiment. Major P. J. Durant rejoined the Regiment.
- 12 The Regimental Sports Meeting was held.
- 15-19 Exercise "Zig Zag" took place in the jungle around Kuala Kangsar.
- 23 The Regiment went on block leave.
- 25 Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Hewetson, K.C.B., G.O.C.-in-C. FARELF visited the Regiment.
- 29 R.S.M. Hornblower took over from R.S.M. Clarke who left the Regiment on posting to The Queens Royal Rifles T.A.

August

- 6 The Regiment returned from block leave.
- 8 Captain Eveleigh departed for England.
- 9 The advance party left for Seria in Brunei. The Regiment was visited by the United States Military Liaison officer in Singapore, Colonel R. K. Carver.
- 11 The main body of the Regiment left Penang by train for Singapore.
- 12 The main body of the Regiment embarked in H.M.S. *Albion*.
- 13 H.M.S. *Albion* sailed.
- 15 H.M.S. *Albion* anchored off Labuan. The Regiment disembarked and flew to its various locations. "A" Company to Miri in Sarawak. "C" Company to Tutong in Brunei. Regimental H.Q., "B" Echelon, and "B" Company to Seria also in Brunei. C.S.M. Hughes left the Regiment.
- 16 A large patrol led by Lieut. N. Shaw was sent to Bangar to look into reports of enemy movements in the area.
- 17 "A" Company was visited by Brigadier A. Patterson, O.B.E., M.C., the Brigade Commander.
A patrol left Miri for Niah and Batu Niah commanded by 2nd Lieut. Daunt.
- 21 "C" Company together with the recce platoon flew to Sandakan in North Borneo. This was a practice turnout of the force mobile reserve.
- 26 Two T.N.K.U. members were arrested by 2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery in Long Akah.
- 27 The Brigade Commander visited Regimental Headquarters, "B" Echelon, and "C" Company.
- 29 The United Nations team visited Miri. A demonstration by 300 young Chinese developed into a small riot. The police opened fire and wounded three civilians. The riot squad was called out and "A" Company stood by. Lieut. N. J. R. Sale and Lieut. A. P. Whitfield arrived in Penang.
- 30 Information was received of a possible attack on Bareo over the period of the formation of Malaysia. No. 8 Platoon commanded by Lieut. N. Shaw was flown in to defend the airstrip and longhouse. Major D. Mostyn flew in to mobilise 30 border scouts.
- 31 2nd Lieut. T. M. Robinson joined the Regiment.

September

- 7 Three patrols of the recce platoon led by Captain Letts, Sjt Hickmott and Cpl Sanders flew to Long Akah to operate in the Indonesian Border area.

- 9 The Regiment was visited by the Director of Operations Major-General W. C. Walker, C.B.E., D.S.O.
2nd Lieuts. P. G. Chamberlin and D. J. M. Roberts arrived in Penang.
- 11 "C" Company together with the Band and Buglers moved to Sandakan in North Borneo.
- 14 Two patrols of the recce platoon, led by Sjt Hickmott and Cpl Sanders reported that they were unable to reach their R.V. at Lepu Leju on the Sungei Baram and that both patrols were out of rations. A successful airdrop was made to Cpl Sanders but Sjt Hickmott's patrol was not located.
- 15 Captain Haines flew out and located Sjt Hickmott's patrol and dropped rations to them.
- 16 Malaysia Day. All remained quiet and there were no incidents. Lieut. N. J. R. Sale promoted Temporary Captain.
- 17 Lieut. A. P. Whitfield promoted Temporary Captain.
- 18 The Brigade Commander visited "B" Company at Tutong.
- 20 "C" Company returned with the Band from Sandakan.
- 25 A detachment from "C" Company commanded by Captain N. W. Gibson took part in a parade in honour of the Sultan of Brunei's Birthday.
- 27 Captain Letts and a patrol of three flew to Long Lellang.
- 30 Major D. Mostyn left the Regiment to take up an appointment at the Staff College, Camberley. Captain T. Hartley was promoted to Temporary Major and assumed command of "B" Company.

October

- 1 Regimental Headquarters moved into the Labi area on a deployment exercise.
- 5 Regimental Headquarters returned to Seria from the exercise.
- 11 "B" Company flew to Tawau in North Borneo on a "flag showing" exercise. The Commanding Officer accompanied them.
- 12 The Commanding Officer and "B" Company returned from Tawau.
- 14 Headquarters 99 Brigade returned to Malaya and handed over command to Combritbor.
- 16 A C.S.E. production called "All That Jazz" was performed for the benefit of the Regiment in Seria.
- 27 No. 11 Platoon, "C" Company, commanded by 2nd Lieut. T. Robinson flew to Tawau to be under command of the 1st Royal Leicesters.
- 28 No. 7 Platoon, "B" Company, took over border duties from the recce platoon.

- 30 The Regiment was visited by the G.O.C.-in-C. FARELF Lieut.-General Sir Reginald H. Hewetson, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O. The Brigade Colonel arrived for his annual visit.

November

- 4 Tactical H.Q. of "B" Company moved to Marudi.
The Brigade Colonel departed.
- 6 The Director of Infantry Major-General P. Cleadell, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., visited the Regiment.
- 7 Tactical H.Q. from Regimental Headquarters flew to Long Ahah on a "rapid deployment" exercise.
- 10 Remembrance Sunday. Service was conducted by the Regimental Chaplain, the Rev. P. Moffatt, at St Margaret's Church Seria.
- 11 Nonne Bosschen Day was celebrated as a Regimental holiday.
Major M. G. Hay-Will arrived Penang.
- 17 Three Indonesian aircraft, two Mustangs and one B25 Mitchell Bomber flew around Bareo and "buzzed" the airstrip.
- 18 The Commanding Officer and the Deputy Director of Operations flew around the Battalion area visiting Marudi, Lio Matoh, Long Bangar and Long Akah.
- 20 The Regiment was visited by Major-General W. Odling, O.B.E., M.C., Chief of Staff H.Q., FARELF.
- 25 Nos. 1 and 4 Platoon flew to Bintulu. Major M. G. Hay-Will joined Regiment.
- 28 No. 8 Platoon commanded by Lieut. N. Shaw, "B" Company, won the Sweeney Inter-Platoon Battle Efficiency Cup.

December

- 3 The Regiment was visited by the Vice-Adjutant-General, Major-General G. R. D. Musson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.
Advance party of one officer and four other ranks from the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry arrived.
- 4 Rfn Gray and Sutton were drowned when a boat overturned on patrol near Bintulu.
- 6 Further elements of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry advance party arrived.
- 7 No. 11 Platoon returned from Tawau and was placed under command "B" Company at Tutong.
- 8 Rfn Gray and Sutton were buried in Labuan.
- 9 All jungle patrol bases relieved by the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

- 11 The Regiment started embarking in H.M.S. *Albion*.
- 12 "A" Company and M.T. embarked in H.M.S. *Albion*.
- 18 The Regiment disembarked at Singapore.
- 19 The Regiment arrived in Penang.
- 21 The officers entertained the Serjeants' Mess members and their wives to a cocktail party.
- 22 A Regimental thanksgiving and carol service was held in the dining-hall.
Major C. St C. Simmons and Captain C. M. Haines left the Regiment.
- 23 The officers and serjeants served the traditional Christmas dinner in the dining-hall.



THE 43RD AND 52ND LETTER

"He said that still through chaos
Work on the ancient plan
And two things have altered not
Since first the world began
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man."

My dear Editor,

I begin to write this annual letter to you as I leave Borneo for the second time in a year and fly in the latest Malaysian aircraft, the Fokker Friendship, along the coasts of Sarawak. Somewhere below me the Regiment is steaming along in H.M.S. *Albion*, the Commando Carrier. It is the contrast between the unending wild green jungle below me and the modernity of my form of travel as well as that of the Regiment in their air-conditioned carrier that causes me to think of the change and non-change that continually occurs in the Regiment.

Who could have foreseen 20 years ago the modern methods by which the Regiment travels to war, the light aircraft, the helicopters, the bigger aircraft such as the Beverley and the Britannia each carrying over 100 men, and the aircraft-carrier complete with all "mod. cons."? Yet, having arrived, is there really any great difference in our actions to that of the sixth battalion in the jungles of India and Burma 20 years ago? Admittedly we have more modern weapons and wireless sets, possibly our clothing is slightly different, but that is all. In the jungle there is only one thing that counts; the training and marksmanship of the soldiers and the courage in their hearts.

We often think that we are very up to date in our methods and training, but looking in one of the war chronicles recently I was struck by a statement about the 7th Battalion of the Regiment in which it was said that this battalion was "inspired with all the tradition of the Regiment: efficiency without advertisement, strict discipline without severity and friendliness between all ranks without familiarity." This is exactly what we try to achieve today.

It is extraordinary how a great Regiment continues to reproduce itself, its attributes and character generation after generation.

I feel sure that if older members of the Regiment descended suddenly on us in our barracks in Malaya they would find that there is far less change in the Regiment than they might have imagined and astonishingly little in the character, bearing, cheerfulness and spirit of the men. The modern younger generation is often condemned for its dress and behaviour. This is not evident in the Regiment. I have never seen men as well turned

out in their off-duty dress as they are today and apart from a few hard cases who are slowly but surely being discharged, the behaviour of the Regiment is excellent, though this has been achieved only by discipline.

There is, of course, an affluence amongst the soldiers that was not evident in previous generations and this helps to maintain high standards of dress and behaviour. The Warrant Officers' and Serjeants' Mess have functions of a very high standard, the corporals run their own dances and one frequently sees men in the largest and most cosmopolitan hotel in Penang having an evening out and behaving most circumspectly.

One of the amazing things about a soldier is his ability to cope with the most remarkable eventualities—an ability which has been well proven over the past two years. Since we arrived in the Far East the list of countries that soldiers of the Regiment have visited reads like a glorified Cooks Tour—Malaya, Singapore, Thailand, Laos, Hong Kong, Sarawak, the Philippines, Brunei, North Borneo and, in a whisper, Indonesia. Whether the occasion has been the sounding of Retreat in Vientiane or a full company attack at Bekenu, the individual rifleman has shrugged it off as being entirely unremarkable. The lack of incredulity is astonishing. Aeroplanes, far from being an adventure, are now noteworthy in their absence. All these qualities denote a certain sophistication in the soldier. One would expect that the effects of the welfare state, high incomes and a comfortable standard of living would also bring about a softening of character. To some extent this may be true but the theory is belied by the comparative ease with which the soldier adapts himself to the discomforts of the jungle, to the physical hardships of living out for long periods and by the ease with which he fits into the way of life followed by the aboriginal inhabitants of remote regions in this part of the world. In most ways the soldier is still the man that Kipling described.

This year has seen the Regiment spend two-thirds of its time on active service in Borneo. It started quietly as we moved from the areas in which we first landed in Sarawak to North Borneo, there to provide a garrison and to assist the police in hunting pirates who sweep in from the Sulu Sea to raid the east coast. We were spread out over an enormous area with rifle companies all over 100 miles from Regimental Headquarters and operating independently with the minimum of direction. One of the most satisfactory aspects of the whole of our campaign in Borneo was that we managed to operate without churning out masses of written instructions on paper. We moved to the scene of operations without one single written order and we redeployed time and again without written instructions. Only when we came to return to Penang in late March was a written movement order produced. All this shows the high state of training and the under-



Lieut.-Colonel Walls, Commanding the Hauraki Regiment and Lieut.-Colonel Sweeney in H.M.S. *Albion* before sailing for Borneo for the second time



The Flight Deck of H.M.S. *Albion*—
Captain Madden, R.N., Lieut.-Colonel Sweeney, Commander Cox, R.N., and Major-General Walker, Commanding BRITBOR

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standing that existed between companies and Regimental Headquarters. Of course, messages were passed daily but we took a leaf out of the Royal Navy's book and used short sharp signals for the most part. The Adjutant could be seen always armed with a signal pad and whether in the Borneo Hotel, where Tactical Regimental Headquarters was accommodated, or the Police Headquarters, where it had its offices, or even in a Land-Rover going from one to another he was always ready to put in signal form a directive from the Commanding Officer. Our time spent in Royal Navy ships had not been in vain.

On our return to Penang we concentrated on individual training, drill (for the Queen's Birthday and Waterloo Day) and sports. An annual training cycle is very difficult to achieve nowadays when a regiment must be prepared to operate at the drop of a hat, so we merely tried to concentrate on those aspects of training which had suffered by our period in Borneo. Nevertheless, we had to be prepared to operate as a regiment, at short notice, so we ran one Regimental exercise to ensure that we had not lost our touch.

In the field of athletics we produced some of the best results we have had in many years. Unfortunately, "Higher Authority" would not permit our athletics team to remain behind when we moved to Borneo a second time as they anticipated serious internal security troubles there (needless to say they never materialised) and so it was with a certain amount of chagrin that we noted that the winners of the Divisional athletics had times and distances which in most cases were inferior to ours.

Our second tour in Borneo took us to the Shell Oilfields of Seria and Miri with our zone of operations stretching right up to the Indonesian border. This time it was a different war, no longer chasing Brunei rebels or pirates but withstanding Sukarno's confrontation and watching for the communist-inspired Chinese subversion in Sarawak. Sukarno's confrontation did not make our task severe for his troops kept well away from our area. However, we were not to know that and so we patrolled vigorously, watched the frontiers and the coasts, visited the inhabitants in their isolated longhouses and generally made it apparent that if there was going to be any incursion from outside or subversion from inside, it was going to be put down quickly.

We moved to and from our operational area three times in H.M.S. *Albion*, the commando carrier, on which an article appears elsewhere in the CHRONICLE. From the very beginning our relationship with the ship was excellent. "A" Company were the first troops to be carried into the jungle by *Albion's* helicopters last year and every time we met our regard for one another increased. It resulted finally in an invitation to some 20

men to remain on board and sail to Hong Kong over Christmas and a complimentary letter from the Captain who said, "We have enjoyed having your chaps with us and they all behaved awfully well. In fact, we always like lifting the Green Jackets and they are far the most popular with the Ship's Company."

Not all our time in Borneo was spent on patrolling. We were able to do a tremendous amount of training and retraining to keep up with the changeover of officers and non-commissioned officers. In particular a platoon combat efficiency contest was run which was successful in raising the standard of platoon training. It also gave a guide to the overall efficiency of the cutting edge of the Regiment.

We were also able to indulge in a great deal of sport. Every Company location possessed excellent sports fields and the beach was on all our doorsteps—a beach such as one sees in travel folders; miles and miles of white sands flanked by casuarina trees.

Then the local inhabitants, both European and Asian, did their best to make our stay pleasant and so good were our relations with them that when we came to go there were many expressions of regret at our departure and many kind remarks about the behaviour of the men.

How does the Regiment now stand as it reaches its second year in South East Asia and also its second year as an all-Regular unit?

It has a cohesion that has been produced by its experiences and the men have acquired a maturity they lacked a year or two ago. What strikes the casual onlooker is the bearing and self-reliance of these men who think nothing of spending long periods in small groups under a junior non-commissioned officer in primeval jungle many days' journey away from their nearest compatriots. Then, too, the machinery of administration runs smoothly. Communications are maintained during difficult atmospheric periods over great distances. The transport, the cooks, the orderly room, the intelligence section, the quartermaster's department, all have had experience of carrying out their duties under active service conditions for eight months and they have acquired a professional competence. All is not perfect, it rarely ever is, but the basis is sound and experienced so that those things which are not yet right can be rectified when the opportunity occurs.

As I come to the end of this narrative which I have jotted down over a period of two weeks I find myself on New Year's Day 1964 on top of Penang Hill, on a beautiful, still, sunny day looking out over the turquoise sea to the dark green of Kedah Peak, and bright green of the lowlands near Butterworth, the gigantic Australian air base where modern jet planes help maintain the stability of South East Asia.



Earl Mountbatten of Burma presents the Sword of Honour at the passing-out parade at the R.M.A. Sandhurst to Under Officer P. G. Chamberlin (now Second Lieutenant)

There, below me, is the everlasting wild green earth and not far away, relaxing in barracks, the Regiment, constantly changing yet unchangeable, just beginning its last year in the East. In spite of jets, in spite of modernity the Regiment remains much the same and, one hopes, still reflects the spirit of its creator: like the wild green earth.

Yours sincerely,
43rd and 52nd



Fox Photos Ltd.

The Colonel Commandant inspecting the Senior Division of the R.M.A. at the passing-out parade at which he deputised for the Sovereign.

Right to left: Major-General H. J. Mogg and Captain J. G. C. Goodwyn

REGIMENTAL SHOOTING: 1963

The results of the 1962 A.R.A. Non-Central matches and the 17 Gurkha Division Non-Central matches were not published in time to be included in last year's CHRONICLE. In view of the difficulties we had to contend with, we were not optimistic about them, and in the event they were not too good, except for the officers' team in the King George Cup, which came second in the army, the third time we have managed to do so since the war. The full results showed an almost complete supremacy of the Gurkhas over the rest of the British Army. The results that affected us were:

Queen Victoria Trophy (Major Unit Championship) (9 entries)

First four places Gurkha Battalions.

5th place 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The Regiment was unplaced.

King George Cup (Officers' team) (13 entries)

Winners 2nd/10th Gurkha Rifles.

Runners-up The Regiment.

Royal Irish Cup (Warrant Officers and Serjeants' team) (17 entries)

First three places Gurkha Battalions.

4th place 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade.

5th place The Regiment.

Company Shield (Company teams, rifle and L.M.G.) (34 entries)

First six places Gurkha Battalions.

All the Regiment's teams were unplaced.

Hopton Cup (Platoon teams, rifle and L.M.G.) (74 entries)

Fourteen out of the first 16

places Gurkha Battalions.

All the Regiment's teams were unplaced.

1st Army Cup (Company S.M.G. teams)

First five places Gurkha Battalions.

All the Regiment's teams were unplaced.

The results in the 17 Gurkha Division matches told much the same tale. In the major unit championship, Gurkha battalions took four of the first five places, the Queen's Own Highlanders being third, and the Regiment sixth, followed by the other British regiments in the division, and the Australian and New Zealand battalions. The order of merit in the other matches which went to make up the championship was exactly the same in all cases but one, so that the championship order was a fair

indication of relative skill. Only in the Falling Plate Match did we do any better, where our "A" team secured a large clock for being the runners-up.

We stipulated that to do better this year we should need to be still in Penang, and we should need a range on our doorstep. We had planned to fire in the autumn, but again found ourselves in Borneo instead. After many delays the range has been completed, if not on our doorstep, at least just outside the back gate. We have been granted a short extension to the time limit for firing the matches, and practice has just started, and will go on for a month before we fire in February. We were successful in persuading divisional headquarters to modify their matches so that the practices are almost the same as for the A.R.A. ones, though the A.R.A. decided after some consideration not to alter their matches in accordance with our suggestions. The time, and some of the people, available for shooting is necessarily limited during this period by the demands of hand-over boards, drill parades, and outside exercises, but, subject to all the usual hazards, we shall try.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

1963

I hope that lots of you have read the *Gorget*. However, to those who have I apologise, because largely, this article has appeared in it. To those who have not read it I would suggest that a banker's order to Regimental Headquarters has been overlooked!

As far as Regimental sports were concerned the year 1963 will go down as the year of frustration; 1962 was mainly made up of training and exercises and long periods away from barracks. Company teams worked but a representative Regimental side at anything was impossible as the companies were always out in rotation doing things.

However, after our visit to Hong Kong in October, 1962, a plan of training had been evolved which clearly was going to allow plenty of time for sports. The best laid plans go astray but ours were ruined by Azihari and his revolt in Brunei. Just as things were getting under way we were sent to Sarawak and Brunei and then in January, 1963, dispersed all over North Borneo. Company games, football mainly, were all that could be organised. The results are immaterial—they were frequently tactful anyway. "A" or Amphibious Company also took on the ships that operated from Tawau.

We returned to Penang at the end of March and very soon knew that we were to go back to Borneo in August. The result was that we had four months only to produce teams, and the nearest competitions were the Divisional athletics in mid August, and the swimming and water polo in early September. Plans were laid to leave the athletes and swimmers behind. Everyone agreed to this except, and at the last moment, Commander British Forces Borneo (Combritbor).

We held a Regimental athletics meeting in mid July. This was a very close-run thing with the result in the balance until the last event. Mark Pennell's company won by two points from David Mostyn's, "A" Company were a few points behind. Headquarter Company, who are normally well placed, were severely handicapped as the band was away in Singapore. Robin Letts, running for Headquarter Company, was awarded the *Victor Ludorum* Cup. He won both the one and three miles and was a close second in the high jump. Norman Gibson ran well as did Nicholas Shaw. The sprinters who made impressions were Mike Daunt and Hugh Dumas. Edward Jones urged "A" Company's tug-of-war team to great efforts.

As a result we were very confident that we would do very well in the Divisional meeting. You have already read that we could not make it.

Looking at the winners' times, distances and heights we would have won it easily (I think! and so does S.I. Daley, our P.T. Instructor).

We did, however, leave a number of boxers behind who were representing the State against Singapore and Thailand. There is a lot of talent and skill and our team, led by Norman Gibson and trained by Christopher Haines and S.I. Daley, is reaching top form now and will fight shortly after we get back to Penang. Who, when and where is still a very closely guarded secret.

A certain amount of cricket was played and so was hockey. No real stars appeared in the latter but in Hugh Dumas the Regiment has a cricketer of great ability. He played for the Army, Malaya, and was also asked to play for North Malaya (a civilian side) but active service intervened. Quite a lot was played in Borneo the last time but hardly of Regimental standard.

I mentioned earlier that football had been played in Borneo on a Company basis. Michael Massy Beresford started to build up a Regimental side and with a certain amount of success; certainly there are a number of good individualists available. We were rather badly beaten by H.M.S. *Albion* when she came up to Penang. Peter Chamberlin plays regularly now for the Regiment and Tim Robinson will do so when he gets out of the jungle. This is pretty unique, and I think Bill Rawlings was the last officer to play, but he kept goal! The three games we played in Seria before leaving produced the impressive list of 33 goals scored with only five in reply.

We have hopes that our next few months in Penang will put us on the map.

Rugger again has hardly been played. Hugh Dumas would have played for the State side if he had been about and we gather that David Roberts, and, if he can be got from the regimental serjeant-major's clutches, Peter Chamberlin are good performers. Edward Jones, Tim Hartley and Richard Hume-Rothery are others who play. The team will miss Christopher Haines, who returns to the Rifle Brigade in January. Perhaps his increased responsibilities will mean that Edward will give up. Again we hope to play regularly when we get back.

We have a tennis court in the mess and also a squash court. We have in fact never played competitive tennis—usually it is social. We did have an afternoon against *Albion* which was fun, but mainly it is played amongst ourselves. Robin Letts and Michael Massy Beresford did enter for the Penang championships. I don't think that they will do so again.

Water ski-ing has taken a great hold on everyone. Most of the men can now stand up and there are several who are quite capable on one ski—particularly Julian Smithers who was attached to us from the 60th. Water



Photo: Frank H. Meads

Lieut. N. M. Prideaux riding his "Cockshot" to win the Northern Command Race at Sinnington Point-to-Point, April 1963

ski-ing is normally included in the picnic party programme. The R.A.S.C. have a launch which can be chartered, and, filled with wine, beer and so on, forms the base for a sunbathing and ski-ing day. The only snags are water-snakes and jelly-fish. So far no one has been badly damaged by either.

We are expecting our Nuffield Trust sailing dinghies any day now. I hear that Ian Greenlees is selling his own boat—I suppose he thinks that he will get enough use of the Regimental ones. There are a few people who are interested but water ski-ing, which we do elsewhere, has a greater attraction—or is it the prospect of the top half of a bikini being swept away in a high-speed forward fall.

In Borneo there was a number of us who either took up or tried to revive our golf. Mark Friedberger used to play quite a lot down at Miri and Regimental Headquarters used to close down on some afternoons. John Carter, our paymaster, made the most progress and the colonel and Steve Cox took up the game. Both the Regimental doctor, Bill Parker, and the Garrison G.P., Arnold Hayes, also play. Edward Jones, Hugh Dumas and Ian Greenlees make up the number of performers to enough for a competition.

It is not because I am anti-horse that I have left polo to the end. It is purely that I had hoped that someone else would be asked to contribute. However, I seem to be left to do it. David Mostyn was our most consistent player. He played for the State in the tournament organised in Penang in June. We have two regimental ponies so there is quite a queue to get mounted. Tim Hartley looks immaculate and Christopher Haines and Mark Friedberger also play, but I don't think that other than David any of them has a handicap. In order to qualify for subsidies and so on The Anak, one of the ponies, is regularly raced by Christopher Haines. Unfortunately she is *not* a good starter but follows the field at high speed. Christopher has also had several rides on other horses but has been placed only once—no one was any the richer.

As you can see 1963 has been a year of frustration, but of building regimental teams. In the regular army this is a slow but thoroughly worthwhile process as the results of hard work and careful selection should be clear for a number of years. However, little visits to the territories of East Malaysia do not help!

2ND GREEN JACKETS

THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS

1963

For the Regular Battalion, 1963 was a very busy year. Having come back from Berlin to Colchester and into the Strategic Reserve, they expected to be kept busy and they were not disappointed.

In January they were flown out for a month's training in Libya. The training itself was interesting but pretty tough and made more so by the weather which, though better than that in England, was very cold at night. In fact it is stated that one night a rifleman retired to hospital with frost-bite and the next day another one got heat-stroke—but this story takes some swallowing!

From March to July the Battalion put in a lot of normal training and shooting. The latter finished with the Bisley Meeting at which the Battalion won many events, both team and individual, including the King's Royal Rifle Corps Cup for the Champion Major Unit.

At the beginning of July, and before Bisley had ended, the Battalion who, as part of the Strategic Reserve, was on 24 hours' notice to move, was ordered to fly out to British Guiana. The advanced party moved within six hours of the order and the whole Battalion had left within four days.

Their six months' tour in British Guiana was full of interest and also hard work; their arrival to reinforce the police and one battalion of the Guards who were already there had an immediate soothing effect on the local populace, who apparently enjoy cutting bits off each other with their extremely sharp cutlasses which everyone carries.

Although all internal security duties are unpleasant for the Army the situation in British Guiana was such that this duty was not so unpleasant as usual. The racial tension between African and East Indians had reached dangerous proportions and the situation was not helped by the fact that the two races lived cheek by jowl. However, both sides appeared to be delighted to see British troops and were very friendly to them if not to each other.

British Guiana, though not a sportsman's paradise, produced some amusing boating and fishing and the wild life is extraordinarily rich and varied.

However, as the move had been only a temporary one and at such short notice, the Battalion has been living fairly rough and most of it was not sorry to return to Colchester (and their wives and families) where they have just arrived and are settling in.



2nd Green Jackets K.R.R.C. erecting wire round the Soviet War Memorial, Berlin, during the autumn of 1961

Before closing this account it should be mentioned that the Depôt put up an all-time record at the Aldershot District Rifle Meeting, winning no less than 19 cups and also at Bisley winning for the third year running the Minor Units Competition. In addition, there were no less than four members of the Green Jackets in the Army VIII as well as the ninth man.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE LETTER

Since last writing, the Rifle Brigade have spent another happy and eventful year in Cyprus, from which island they write cheerfully.

In May, they went once more to the Western Desert. Though few of them are old enough to have seen any fighting there, the battalion always enjoy training over the battlefields of Libya and Cyrenaica. This time, their headquarters were at Bomba, and the companies were scattered in company camps at such familiar places as Martuba, Mechili, Derna and Sidi Saleh. They hit the season of dust-storms and for several days enjoyed all the doubtful pleasures of a typical khamsin.

The middle of June saw them all safely home in Dhekelia where life moves in a familiar groove. A first-class dance was held in Larnaca, but a good deal was happening outside the field of social events.

Weapon Training seems to have been completed by the end of June, and by 11th July the Battalion were then fully committed to all the horrors of an air portability exercise. The thermometer stood at 105° and there appeared to be a marked shortage throughout the exercise of anything which would make life even remotely tolerable. However, the Battalion finished this exercise in great shape and won golden opinions from General Peter Young (43rd and 52nd), their local District Commander.

As many will know, August is very stuffy in Cyprus, and most of the companies at this time were glad to get up to Troodos for a breath of fresh air and a welcome break from the military round. There is no doubt the island is as good a place in which to enjoy oneself as anywhere, and there are reports of sailing races on the regimental birthday, and a motor rally, in addition to the usual celebrations. But it was not to last for long.

At Christmas, the local population quickly took the opportunity which the season offered to indulge in their favourite and long-established sport of taking shots at each other, and the Battalion have been almost continuously on patrol in the island, and have had one man killed and two wounded—a sad but almost inevitable consequence of this type of duty.

At the time of going to press there is little news available, as they have no time to write, but we can be assured that they are, as usual, keeping their end up under trying circumstances. They are no strangers to this type of operation and such bits of news which we have been able to collect from the Press and television, indicate that they are doing a splendid job.

In 1964 they will return to England after many years' service abroad, and although Felixstowe may not be everyone's idea of a home station, no doubt there are worse places, and in any case, we shall all enjoy seeing them once again.

THE GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE DEPÔT—1963

The two memorable features of the year have been shooting and the re-building of the Upper Barracks (now to be called Peninsula Barracks).

Cpl Notley, 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade and attached to the Depôt, won the Queen's Medal for the Champion shot of the British Army at Bisley and others from the Depôt who were well placed were:

Bugle-Major Rawlings	3rd
Major Graham Wemyss	9th
C.S.M. Young	14th
Cpl White	34th
C.S.M. Clarke	40th

As a preliminary to Bisley the Depôt pretty well swept the board at the Aldershot District Rifle Meeting where we won 19 major trophies and got three individual firsts.

All this adds up to a remarkable standard which it will be hard to emulate in future years.

Cpl Notley, the Queen's Medallist, has gone on to represent Great Britain in the 1964 Winter Olympics, in the Biathlon event, where he came second in the British team.

The Barracks, as I write in February 1964, are at last nearing completion. In brief, we are to have new officers' and serjeants' messes and a new cook-house and soldiers' dining-room while the rest of living accommodation, offices and stores have been rebuilt within the shell of the old buildings. Of the new buildings, the serjeants' mess, by virtue of its position at the end of a square whose other three sides are "Wren replicas" from the old barracks, is perhaps the most controversial. Many people would have liked to see a copy of the other buildings built there, but instead we have a modern two-storey building, with pitched roof and large windows with which the architects are well pleased and which I hope everyone will grow to like. The design was, of course, largely dictated by cost but within those limits one can argue until the cows come home about its merits—personally I like it very much.

To move to less controversial subjects, I can truly say that the men's accommodation is very good indeed and that although one may quarrel, as always, with some details of what our predecessors planned, Peninsula Barracks is going to be first-class.

The Depôt's activities continue very much as before. Winter, 1963, in Bushfield Camp was quite horrible but that did not stop recruits coming in although their flow dried up somewhat with the better weather—there's

no reason or logic in recruiting. Be that as it may, we like to think that the standard of recruits who leave here is high and they are certainly thoroughly nice people, in the best Regimental tradition.

The Junior Riflemen's Company continues to produce good young bandsmen and buglers and a few good soldiers who are neither. Under Bandmaster Rodgers (M.B.E., New Year Honours 1964) the band have given an excellent account of themselves on many occasions. Captain Brian Balls, from the Regiment, has gone to more exciting activities in Uganda and handed over to Captain Christopher Adami, 2nd Green Jackets, K.R.R.C. Christopher Adami took eight of his young soldiers to Switzerland to ski over the New Year in our Nuffield Trust Minibus and one from the Regiment, Rfn McKenna, came back with his Bronze Test skiing badge.

Regimental representation at the Depôt builds up over the years and the place is now very much "Green Jackets." The process will be greatly helped by the arrival of a large part of the museum from Cowley early in 1964 and the establishment of the trophies of all three Regiments under one roof in what will surely be one of the finest brigade museums in the country.

The year 1964 will see the re-establishment of the Depôt in its fine new home. I do hope that as many as possible—particularly those with memories of the austerities of Cowley Barracks—will come and see how the modern recruit lives and trains.

RECORDS OF
THE OXFORDSHIRE & BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
LIGHT INFANTRY (T.A.)

ROLL OF OFFICERS

Lieut.-Colonel
P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E.

Majors

R. K. Asser	R. W. Battley
K. H. Lander	S. W. Orton, T.D.
R. J. Thomas	H. N. Smith, M.C., R.A.M.C.

Captains

D. W. B. Dawson	J. C. Gardner
W. D. Jackson	M. W. Leeming
C. A. Pasternak	J. P. M. Denny
A. N. Persson, E.R.D.	C. C. Simpson
P. A. Lawrence, R.A.M.C.	

Lieutenants

J. C. Adnitt	G. H. Chapples
J. S. Cross	A. J. Davies
E. J. C. R. von Maltzahn	C. W. Norris
C. A. Phillips	J. A. Smith, R.A.P.C.
M. D. Symonds	D. A. Stones
J. P. Saint	

2nd Lieutenants

R. A. Draper	M. C. C. Heaton
F. R. Jones	C. J. Smirthwaite

Adjutant

Captain E. W. Leask

Quartermaster

Captain A. J. Howland

Regimental Serjeant-Major

F. A. Petra

Regimental Quartermaster-Serjeant

F. J. Belcher

STRENGTH—LESS NATIONAL SERVICEMEN

Officers	33
Warrant Officers Class I	1
Warrant Officers Class II	7
Colour Serjeants	7
Serjeants	24
Corporals	27
Lance-Corporals	57
Riflemen	271
Band	27

TOTAL STRENGTH

Officers	33
Warrant Officers Class I	1
Warrant Officers Class II	7
Colour-Serjeants	7
Serjeants	24
Corporals	29
Lance-Corporals	59
Riflemen	475
Band	27

Coy	Commander	Company Officers	C.S.M. & P.S.I.	Coy Q.M. Sjt
Bn. H.Q.	Lieut.-Colonel P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E.	Captain E. W. Leask (Adjlt.) Major R. W. Bartley (2ic) Captain C. A. Pasternak (Int. Offr.) Major H. N. Smith, M.C., R.A.M.C. Captain P. A. Lawrence, R.A.M.C. Captain (Q.M.) A. J. Howland Lieut. J. A. Smith, R.A.P.C.	R.S.M. F. A. Petra	R.Q.M.S. F. J. Belcher
"A"	Major R. J. Thomas	Lieut. J. C. Adnitt Lieut. G. H. Chapples Lieut. A. J. Davies Lieut. M. D. Symonds	C.S.M. D. J. Allen P.S.I. Sjt J. Darby	C.Q.M.S. W. Hook
"B"	Captain D. W. B. Dawson	Lieut. E. J. C. R. von Maltzahn 2/Lieut. F. R. Jones	C.S.M. W. Webb P.S.I. Sjt. B. Scott	C.Q.M.S. G. J. Bartlett
"C"	Major R. K. Asser	Captain J. C. Gardner 2/Lieut. C. J. Smirthwaite	C.S.M. J. C. Brock P.S.I. Sjt M. Smith, 3rd Green Jackets	C.Q.M.S. C. R. Gentry
"D"	Major S. W. Orton, T.D.	Captain M. W. Leeming } High Lieut. D. A. Stones } Wycombe 2/Lieut. R. A. Draper } Lieut. J. P. Saint, Newport Pagnell } Captain W. D. Jackson } 3-in. Mor. Lieut. C. W. Norris } Pl., Slough	C.S.M. R. W. Bunce P.S.I. W.O.II L. Coram, 3rd Green Jackets	C.Q.M.S. J. Dell
H.Q.	Major K. H. Lander	Captain A. N. Persson, E.R.D. Captain C. C. Simpson Lieut. J. S. Cross Captain J. P. M. Denny Lieut. C. A. Phillips 2/Lieut. M. C. C. Heaton	C.S.M. G. A. Hawkins Bandmaster W. N. Davis P.S.I. W.O.II S. Solomon, 2nd Green Jackets	C.Q.M.S. G. T. Pearson

THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
LIGHT INFANTRY (T.A.)
TRAINING—1963

Month	Date	Event
Jan.	26/27	Exercise "Hercules," 43 (Wx) Div./Dist. Indoor Study Exercise, held at Taunton.
Feb.	17	Southern Command T.A. Cross-Country Championships—Bulford. Bn. Team finished second.
	22	Capt. J. Daniel, S.O.S., on transfer to 267 Regiment R.A. (T.A.).
	23/24	Officers' Mess Dinner and Study Weekend.
Mar.	8/10	Camp reconnaissance.
	9/10	Inter-Company Rifle Meeting, Otmoor Range.
	23/24	128 Inf. Bde. Section Competition at Imber. H.Q. Company team placed equal first.
	30	W.O.s' and Sgts' Mess Dining Out party for Lieut.-Colonel Montague Jones.
	30	T.A. Cross-Country Championships, Bulford.
	31	Lieut.-Colonel Montague Jones relinquished command of the Battalion.
Apr.	1	Lieut.-Colonel Gerahty assumed command of the Battalion.
	6	Officers' Mess Dinner. Half-yearly audits.
	20/21	43 (Wx) Div./Dist. Rifle Meeting—Sydling St Nicholas.
May	21	"D" Company placed second to the Depôt in Green Jackets Brigade Small Bore League. Nine teams took part.
	25	The Battalion moved to West Tofts Camp, Thetford, Norfolk, for 15 days' annual camp.
	27/28	Lieut.-Colonel Robinson and Lieut.-Colonel Ashton, Oxon T. and A.F. Association, visited the Battalion.
	28	North Bowl for Tug-of-War Competition was won by "A" Company, with "C" Company runners-up.
	30	Regimental Cross-Country Race took place. Individual winner, L.-Cpl Richards, H.Q. Company. "B"/"C" Company won the team event and the Ballard Cup.
	31	The Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire visited the Battalion.
	31	Battalion Night Exercise.
June	3	Green Jackets Brigade Colonel (Colonel Davies Scourfield) and Commander 129 Infantry Brigade (Brigadier Mellor) visited the Battalion. John Owen of the <i>Oxford Mail and Times</i> also visited the Battalion.
	4	Battalion Exercise. Major-General Holden, G.O.C. 43 (Wx) Div./Dist., visited the Battalion in the field.

Month	Date	Event
	5	The Colonel Commandant, accompanied by Major Workman, visited the Battalion.
	6/7	G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, General Sir Robert Bray, visited the Battalion in the field.
		Battalion Exercise set by 128 Brigade.
	10	Sankey Bowl for the Lines Cup was awarded to "A" Company, "B"/"C" Company were runners-up.
	30	Lieut. M. Whitfeld, S.O.S., on transfer to L.R.B.R.
July	6	Regimental At Home held at Cowley Barracks, followed by Buffet Supper at Marston Road.
	7	First Band Concert held at Marston Road.
	9/11	Battalion shooting team at Bisley.
	20/21	Junior N.C.O.s' Training Weekend.
	21/22	Capt. C. A. Pasternak attended Int. Officers' Course.
Aug.	5/26	August break.
Sept.	8	Battalion H.Q. Exercise in Oxford area.
	22	Battalion Rifle Meeting held on Otmoor Range.
Oct.	5	Regimental Old Comrades' Reunion in London.
	12/13	Battalion Exercise in Imber area.
	19	Regimental Old Comrades' Reunion in Oxford.
	20	First Round T.A. Association Football Competition. Oxf. and Bucks. 1, 4 Wilts. T.A., 0.
	26/27	129 Brigade Patrol Competition, Imber training area.
	31	Capt. P. J. Robinson, T.D., S.O.S., Oxf. and Bucks. on transfer to T.A.R.O.
Nov.	1	Ames Bowl, Champion Company Trophy, was won by "C" Company, H.Q. Company, runners-up.
	1	Horner Cup, Recruiting Award, won by H.Q. Company with 15 Platoon (Newport Pagnell) runners-up.
	2/3	Audit Boards.
	10	Remembrance Day parades. Band played at Rose Hill.
	16/17	W.O.s' and Spts' Training Weekend.
	25	Oxford Times Cup for highest number of hours training per man was presented to 15 Platoon (Newport Pagnell) by The Lord Lieutenant of Bucks. H.Q. Company were runners-up.
	30	Junior N.C.O.s' Training Weekend.
Dec.	3/4	Annual Administrative Inspection by Commander 129 Infantry Brigade, Brigadier A. H. S. Mellor, O.B.E.
	7	Officers' Mess Christmas Party.
	13	W.O.s' and Spts' Mess Christmas Party.

TERRITORIAL BATTALION LETTER

Dear Editor,

"Man is a territorial animal" stated an eminent sociologist on the TV the other night. Happily we believe there is something in this claim for in the past three years it is interesting to note that some 550 men in our two counties have voluntarily joined this territorial battalion. Unhappily, however, our serving strength has only been increased in this period by 135, which means that a big percentage of men do not sign on when their initial two- or three-year engagement ends. That then is our problem, to attempt to recruit large numbers off the streets, and yet at the same time with our limited number of experienced T.A. instructors to keep the trained soldier interested and content so that he will sign on again. As over 50 per cent of those eligible to re-engage during 1963 did so, we hope the problem is nearer solution.

We have obtained official approval to redeploy a greater proportion of our sub-units into Buckinghamshire to demonstrate the fact that we are Buckinghamshire's as well as Oxfordshire's county battalion. Regimental H.Q. and H.Q. Company are at Oxford, "A" Company at Henley, "B" Company at Witney, "C" Company at Banbury and "D" Company spread between High Wycombe and Newport Pagnell. Our four anti-tank sections are centralised at Bicester and our four mortar sections at Slough. Our Newport Pagnell detachment of two platoons is now at 100 per cent of its establishment, with a waiting list to join us in addition—thanks to the remarkable recruiting efforts of the P.S.I., Sjt B. Hill. Elsewhere, apart from Oxford itself, recruits are difficult to come by, despite intensive recruiting efforts designed to put the T.A. on the map again. There are signs, though, that the intake rate is beginning to improve in areas such as Witney, where an anti-T.A. spirit seemed at one time to be prevalent.

Once again we can boast a flourishing and musically effective band, reformed as recently as 1st May 1963, but already at 80 per cent of its full establishment. We were lucky enough to enlist as our Bandmaster W.O.I. W. N. Davis, who had been for many years a Royal Marine Director of Music with the rank of captain. He has persuaded some of his former Marine colleagues and ex-Regimental bandsmen, such as Cpl Lines of the 52nd band, to join as the hardcore, whilst the balance is made up of keen young musicians who learnt their music in school bands. The band and bugles have given a number of concerts in cinemas and at old comrades' reunions, and they are now learning to play on the march so that they can add tone and distinction to the many ceremonial occasions in the year on which our services are requested. We particularly appreciated the kind

gesture of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of Oxford in presenting the Battalion with two new inscribed silver bugles in recognition of the service we have given in the past.

On the training side we have not been idle. Camp in 1963 took place at the Stanford P.T.A.¹ in Norfolk in May. The weather was perfect and we trained, exercised and played from 0600 hours onwards each day, ending up with a 48-hour exercise set by Brigade H.Q. Visitors to us abounded, and we were delighted to see them all, but we were particularly pleased to welcome the Colonel Commandant and Riley Workman, the Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire (Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd), General John Mogg with a party of non-English speaking French Officers in tow, and Colonel Gris Davies-Scourfield. One of the many light comedy scenes for which a T.A. camp is always memorable occurred on the first morning when the Brigade Commander popped his head into the butcher's shop, to be greeted by the Regimental butcher with a smart left-handed salute and a blood-stained chopper wielded smartly with the right hand.

Our annual rifle meeting took place on Otmoor Range in September. Well over 100 men of the Battalion took part and scores were encouraging. Jack Smirthwaite won the individual rifle prize, whilst "C" Company from Banbury won most of the team honours. The battalion team won the open team event from a strong field of neighbouring units, but this was scarcely surprising with our soldiers in the butts. Peter Welch, our brigade major from the 60th, upheld his reputation to win the open individual event.

In the various brigade training competitions which were held, a H.Q. Company team won the brigade fire control and shooting contest, Robin Draper's team from "D" Company were second in the brigade fighting patrol competition held on a foggy November night near Imber, and "D" Company were second to the Depot team in the Green Jackets Brigade postal .22 competition. We will remain quiet about the place we achieved in the brigade first aid competition!

Sport flourishes in the battalion. The cross-country team were second in the Southern Command T.A. Inter-Unit Race; the football team got through the first round of the T.A. Cup, and some of our boxers have won fights in local contests. We also read with amusement that the Battalion boasts the captain and the full back of the T.A. rugger team, despite the fact that neither has ever served with the Battalion. Never mind, they won us two points for the "Queen Mary" Shield so proud indeed of them we are!

On the social side we have been active. A most enjoyable dance was held in June in Robert Colville's house at Bampton (when for once we lost hardly any money on it), whilst dinner nights are held in our Oxford

¹ Practical Training Area.

mess once every six weeks. We only wish space would allow us to ask more guests. It would be appropriate here to mention that these events are only possible through the hard and loyal efforts of C.S.M. Surman and our cooks and Sjt Flexon and our mess staff.

What of the future? We are due to camp in 1964 at Plasterdown, near Tavistock, from 4th to 18th July when we trust we shall see something of the large Devonian contingent of Regimental old comrades. Our shooting team has been training throughout the winter to try to improve on our rather non-Green Jacket performance at the 1963 Divisional Meeting. We have been forced into the transfer market to obtain the services of a second medical officer, Patrick Lawrence, who also, as it happens, shoots for the full T.A. Bisley team, and of Martin Heaton, who has been a regular S.R.(b) attender at Bisley in recent years.

All Fools' Day was perhaps an appropriate day for a change of commanding officers, but it was a sad one for the Battalion, as Graham Montague Jones in his two years' tenure of command was largely responsible for the considerable increase in Battalion strength and for the move into Buckinghamshire. He has also increased the attractiveness of our mess dinner table with the two lovely silver gilt pheasant centre-pieces which he gave as a farewell gift to the mess.

Our permanent staff is now truly representative of the Brigade with C.S.M. Solomon of the 60th as H.Q. Company's P.S.I. and Sjt Smith of the Rifle Brigade as "C" Company's P.S.I. R.S.M. Petra has worked wonders with the warrant officers' and serjeants' mess, which is now as lively and flourishing as it can ever have been, and it is nice to record that we have some half-dozen Section "A" and "B" Reservists of the Brigade carrying out their annual commitments as instructors with the Battalion. May we get many more of them! We shall be very sorry to lose shortly Erik Leask as our adjutant and Jack Howland as our quartermaster on the completion of their T.A. tour. They have both done outstanding work for us, especially in the way they have organised many extra-mural activities. In replacement we are to get George Elliott and Ernie Field.

Finally, I should like to say how grateful we are to the War Office for posting a Rifle Brigade brigadier, Tony Mellor, and 60th brigade major, Peter Welch, to our present Brigade H.Q. They have both been good friends of the Regiment's, and we wish them well in their new appointments. We welcome in their places an ex-Battalion training major, Brigadier Mike Harbottle, and Peter Trustram-Eve from the Rifle Brigade. What more could be asked of providence? At least that's how we feel about it now!

Yours, as ever,

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

F. CLARE

During the year many new exhibits were received for the Museum. From the R.U.S.I.¹ Museum, which closed recently, came the replica in diamonds of the Star of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore's Order of the Bath. He was awarded the Order of Knight of the Bath in September, 1804 and received it from King George III at an investiture held in London in the following November. The officers of the 52nd subscribed a sum of £300 to present to their colonel as a mark of esteem and affection a replica of the star in diamonds which they presented to him in 1805. It measures approximately 5½ in. by 3½ in. and the diamonds are mounted in gold. The star is attached to a gold plate having hooks for fixing it to the dress of the wearer. Garrards have valued it at £3,685.

With the star came two buttons, one with a small piece of scarlet cloth attached to it, which were cut from the general's tunic just before he was buried at Corunna²; a plaster cast of the memorial erected to his memory at Sandgate in 1909; a stand of 43rd Colours and two wings as worn in full dress by officers of the Royal Monmouthshire Militia until 1859.

The plaster cast is mounted on an oak board which has a brass plate with the following inscription—"The original plaster cast of the memorial erected at Sandgate in 1909 to the memory of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, K.B., who fell in action at the battle of Corunna, 16th January 1809.

"Regardless of personal consideration he esteemed that to which his Country called him, The Post of Honour: and by his undaunted spirit and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory."

General Orders, 1st Feb 1809.

The memorial consists of a granite obelisk with the bronze bust of the general in bas-relief and is erected close to the site of the general's residence in Sandgate in which he lived 1803-1806. It was unveiled by Miss Mary Carrick Moore, a great-niece of Sir John Moore and the last survivor of the Moore family. She died in 1925 at the age of 85.

¹ Royal United Service Institution.

² These two buttons may be those mentioned by Carola Oman on page 603 of her book "Sir John Moore," first printed in 1953. She describes how Major John Colborne, Sir John Moore's military secretary, had just returned to England and sat in an hotel in London writing a letter to his sister but after writing about a dozen lines he had to stop, apparently too overcome by his recent experiences and sorrow at the death of Sir John. Carola Oman writes:

"He had to stop.

In his pocket, where his fingers often found them, were two buttons cut from a scarlet coat, one with a piece of cloth still in the neck. . . ."

The 52nd were stationed at Shorncliffe in 1909 and furnished a guard of honour for the unveiling ceremony.

The 43rd Colours were carried from 1818 to 1827 (see CHRONICLE for 1961, page 108, penultimate paragraph). They were presented to the Regiment by the wife of Colonel Sir Edward Blakeney, commanding 7th Fusiliers, which, with the 23rd Fusiliers, formed Major-General Sir James Kempt's Brigade in the Army of Occupation in France. When the Colours were withdrawn from service they were presented to the R.U.S.I.¹ by Colonel J. Johnstone³ and the officers of the 43rd.

Two swords were received, one an early mid-Victorian court sword by Prosser, sword maker to H.R.H. Prince Albert. The sword is a very fine one and in excellent condition. It has the 52nd crest on the hilt but its original owner is not known. It was given to the museum by Mrs Fuller, the widow of Captain A. W. Fuller, 7th (S) Battalion 1914-18 war.

The other sword is without a scabbard and belonged to Lieut. Charles Dawson. On the blade is his name and the 52nd crest.⁴

The Bucks T.A. Association presented some silver which had been the property of the Royal Bucks King's Own Militia. It consists of a very fine snuff box with an inscription on the inside of the lid which reads—"Presented by His Majesty George III to the Regiment upon serving as personal guard on the King's visit to Weymouth 1794. In recognition of which he conferred on them the title of Royal Bucks King's Own Militia"; two silver bugles, one inscribed—"Presented to the 4th Bucks (Vale of Aylesbury) Rifle Volunteers by the ladies of Aylesbury and the neighbourhood, 13th August 1860" and the other inscribed—"Presented by the ladies of Great Marlow and its vicinity to the 1st Bucks Rifle Volunteers, 11th July 1860 (No. 1 Company)"; and a cigarette box presented to the Royal Bucks King's Own Militia in 1902 by seven officers of other regiments who had been attached and whose names are inscribed on the box.

As neither the 43rd nor the 52nd took part in the Crimean War the museum has not contained any exhibits from that campaign, but in August the Regiment received a lady's silk slipper and a small embroidered silk scarf which were taken from a Russian lady's bedroom at Balaclava on 25th September 1854 by Captain Frederick Green-Wilkinson, 42nd Highlanders; afterwards he was General Green-Wilkinson, Colonel of

³ Born 5th November 1848, joined 52nd 11th December 1866, commanded 43rd 1892-1896 and was the first 52nd officer to do so. Died 9th October 1920.

⁴ Charles Dawson, son of P. Dawson, of Bolton Hall, Craven. Born 27th August 1788, ensign from R.M.C., 8th June 1809, lieutenant, 21st June 1810, vice Ramsay, promoted into 72nd Regiment. Wounded at Badajoz and again so severely at Waterloo that he died at Chantilly on the 3rd June 1817. His elder brother, Henry, also in the 52nd, was killed in action on the River Heubra, 17th November 1812. See 1925 CHRONICLE, pp. 164 and 165, and silhouette.

the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, from 1893 until his death on 13th September 1913. Gazetted ensign in the 43rd on 27th December 1842, he exchanged into the 42nd in 1851 and took part in the Crimean War with that regiment.

Two medals were purchased at a sale at Sotheby's with the help of a grant from the Ogilby Trust. They were the M.G.S. medal of Thomas Wilson, 43rd, with clasps for Vimiera, Corunna, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelles, Nive and Toulouse; and the medals of Major R. W. Porter, D.S.O., who was second-in-command of the 43rd in the South African War. He was invalided home but died on the voyage and was buried at sea. Essentially a Regimental officer, throughout his service he never sought nor accepted outside employment.

The following medals were presented to the museum during the year.

The M.G.S. medal of Thomas Davis, 43rd, with clasps for Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees and Toulouse. The medal is in mint condition and was presented anonymously. The medals of No. 8356 C.S.M. W. H. Couldwell, D.C.M., 52nd; Captain F. W. Tipping, M.B.E.; Major Geoffrey Keith Rose, M.C. and Bar, 2nd/4th Battalion (1914-15); Brigadier R. J. Brett, D.S.O., together with the gold badge of the Civil Order of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath which belonged to a relation of the brigadier; and the medals of Sjt Dobson, 52nd, together with a badly smashed watch on a plinth which has a silver label on which is inscribed—"This watch was smashed in the pocket of Serjeant Walter Dobson, Oxf & Bucks Lt Infy (52nd) by a piece of high explosive shell at Richebourg, Flanders, on May 16th, 1915."

The Lea medal collection which consists of 757 medals displayed in 12 cases, was presented to the Regiment by Mr Lea in October 1922. After such a long time the medals had become tarnished, the ribbons were faded and some had parted from the medals. Mr Martin, the storeman at Regimental Headquarters, undertook the task of removing the medals to clean them and put on new ribbons; at the same time he renewed the backcloths to the cases. It was a long and painstaking job but the result is excellent and quite as good as work that has been done by experts. Unfortunately Mr Martin has left to take up employment as school caretaker in his village. He always took a great interest in the museum and kept the exhibits and the rooms in good order. His services will be greatly missed.

At some time in 1964 part of the museum will be moved to the new Green Jackets Brigade museum at Winchester where the museums of the three regiments will be accommodated in one large room, each having its own area in which to display its exhibits.

Sufficient exhibits will remain at Cowley Barracks to make quite a large and interesting museum.

CHESNEY MEMORIAL MEDAL

At the Royal United Services Institution on 31st October the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Institution, honoured two of Britain's most distinguished military historians and analysts. Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, who joined the Regiment in 1898, and Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, who was the education officer when the 43rd were at Shorncliffe Camp, were presented with the Chesney Memorial Medal in recognition of their outstanding contribution to military science.

The medal was instituted in 1899 and named after General Sir George Chesney, late Royal Engineers. It is not awarded regularly, but only when it is considered that some work, or series of works, merits recognition for its contribution to the advance of military science. The first recipient was the American naval historian, Captain A. T. Mahan, and the medal has since been awarded to such eminent military historians as Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Arthur Bryant.

General Sir John Hackett, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, then addressed an audience, which included the Duchess of Gloucester, and the following were some of his remarks:

"It is one of the ironies of history in our time that the enemies of Britain in war should have brought Britain nearly to her knees through the use of tactical techniques evolved in Britain but largely ignored there, and that these techniques also have been better understood by a major ally, Soviet Russia, than in the country of their origin.

"Liddell Hart and Fuller, whose names are names to conjure with in other countries, have only with the years, come to receive true recognition in their own. It was said of General Guderian, foremost architect of Germany's armoured forces and leader of those which decided the battle of France in the Blitzkrieg of 1940, that his gods were General Fuller and Captain Liddell Hart. Guderian has confirmed that he had indeed said as much. It was principally *their* books, he has said in his memoirs, 'that excited my interest in the creation of armoured forces and gave one food for thought.' 'They became,' he writes, 'the pioneers of a new type of warfare on the largest scale.'

"The evidence of the impact of these two on German military thought between the two world wars is abundant. General Blumentritt, for example, Chief of Staff in the West in 1943-44, wrote in 1949 of the 1920s:

"'Liddell Hart and Fuller were for us young officers 'the modern military authors' . . . they were carefully studied and all their articles read. Lieutenants and captains aged 28-35 . . . took delight in the modern spirit of these writers.'

"‘Senior generals,’ he goes on, ‘looked down on technics as unsoldierly craftsmanship. But we knew, even then, that authoritative circles in England, too, were against the modern concepts.’"

"Rommel wrote in his North African Journal, ‘Although the tactical deductions about mechanisation and armour had been outstandingly made by British military critics, the responsible British leaders had not ventured to apply them.’"

"General Bayerlein, operational chief of Guderian’s Panzer Group in 1940 and later Chief of Staff in Africa, adds this footnote:

"‘Field-Marshal Rommel meant (in talking of British military critics) Captain Liddell Hart and General Fuller.’"

"But deeply as they were admired in Germany, and also in Russia, their teachings had in England (as Rommel saw, to his advantage, in the desert) found little support. Fuller’s book, *Lectures on FSR III*, republished as *Armoured Warfare*, sold 500 copies in England. The Russians reprinted 30,000 in translation, for distribution through their Army.

"John Frederick Charles Fuller, Bonaparte or Boney to his friends, was already widely known when the war of 1914-18 came to an end.

"Already the enquiring mind and critical approach of this able staff officer, with service in South Africa behind him and a powerful contribution to tank development in World War I, had begun to attract the disapprobation of his seniors. ‘Articles I wrote by the dozen,’ he says of that time, ‘lectures I gave by the score.’ They were far from popular. He was the gadfly of Socrates, pricking people to awareness of false complacency, not always a popular pursuit in armies.

"His most noted propaganda efforts, as he calls them, were a series of articles in the *Cavalry Journal* and the essay which won the R.U.S.I. gold medal in 1919. Its topic was mechanisation, the motto of the author, which by the rules was used instead of a name to conceal his identity, was significant: ‘Race-horses don’t pull up at the winning post.’"

"When the award was announced an Army Councillor wrote his pleased congratulations to the author in which, said this trusting man, ‘The C.I.G.S. will join me when he hears.’ The note went on ‘I am looking forward to reading your splendid effort. The General Staff are . . . proud of you . . .’"

"Then the essay was printed and the opportunity to read it was given to all. It was at once seen to be what was then called violent military bolshevism. The General Staff was invited to think; the Army Council was described as ‘an amorphous body,’ though there was some doubt whether the author had not in fact originally written ‘inarticulate.’ The War Office suffered an upheaval to its august calm in the nature of an earthquake. A

senior General, the D.C.I.G.S. I think, one of my precursors, hurried to Colonel Fuller’s room and said, ‘Boney! Boney! What *have* you done?’ Across the channel the French War Ministry were so interested in this article that they reproduced it in translation for circulation to battalion commanders and above. The President of the Republic, who may even have read the piece, made the author ‘Officier d’Academie,’ and the General heading the military mission at the French Embassy came round in haste with insignia and diploma. Seventeen communications now passed between the War Office and the Foreign Office, as a result of which Fuller was forbidden either to accept the honour (which would imply some endorsement of his repellent views) or to refuse it, because that would be an insult to the President. More than a year later the Assistant French Military Attaché, about to leave his post, and cleaning out his safe, found the diploma and dashed round to the War Office to present it to the author, who had meanwhile forgotten all about it. In the confusion of the French officer’s hasty investiture the kiss upon either cheek, customary on these occasions in France, though not, of course, in England, was omitted.

"As a matter of fact Boney Fuller’s first article in the Journal of this Institution was published in 1913. It was, significantly, on ‘The Revival of Training of Light Infantry with the British Army, 1757-1806.’ I must confess that I paid no attention myself to Captain Fuller’s article when it came out, being three years old at the time. But no officer can have served in the forces of the Crown up to now without having become very well aware indeed of the importance of Fuller’s writing. Since 1920 General Fuller has written some 30 books, whose titles are themselves finger posts to the direction being taken in the military profession. *Tanks in the Great War*, 1920, *The Reformation of War*, 1923, *The Foundations of the Science of War*, 1926, *On Future Warfare*, 1928. On through *Generalship: Its Diseases and their Cure*, a book more than one of us might read with profit, *The First of the League Wars* and the *Last of the Gentlemen’s Wars*, as well as *Towards Armageddon*, all written in the 1930s. Then his major historical work in decisive battles, which was to be republished in three volumes in the 1950s. But before that, as World War II began to demonstrate the soundness of so much of his advice, he was writing *Machine Warfare* in 1941, *Armoured Warfare* in 1943, then *Watchwords*, 1945, and *Thunderbolts*, 1946. These are not by any means all his books but they indicate the line of his development. As a young iconoclast he was chiefly concerned to upset moribund concepts of training and tactics. His investigation into history as a source of evidence then led him to firmly based concepts of the nature of the historical progression and the part played in it by methods of warfare.

"Not everyone would agree with his political conclusions nor accept his interpretation of history. In so provocative a writer this would be impossible. But no one would deny the vigour of the first nor the penetration of the second.

"Liddell Hart and Fuller have now long been accorded the recognition and honour commonly denied prophets in their own country. The award of this medal today is evidence of it. But this acknowledgment of the position of these two does not at all mean that they now will have done with prophesying, or that the rich stream of philosophy and precept will now dry up. Boney has a book on the stocks right now, on the Generalship of Julius Caesar, to match his outstanding work on the Generalship of Alexander the Great. He says this is his last, but we all hope it is not. Basil is busy on two: his autobiography and a one-volume history of the Second World War, and that will not be the end.

"Alike in many ways, unlike in many more, these two men have two outstanding things in common. Each is possessed by a powerful and enquiring mind and by a passion for truth. Liddell Hart speaks for both when he says in an article published a year or two ago, that the only question worth asking in the last resort, to the scientific mind, is the question 'Is it true?' It is to honour two lives spent in the pursuit of truth wherever it could be found, and however uncomfortable the discovery might prove, that we are gathered here today."

OCCASIONAL NOTES

The Regiment was recently informed that the large gold medal awarded to Major-General Richard Stewart for Talavera was coming up for auction and that it was expected to fetch some £500: the size of this figure decided the Regimental Committee to take no action in the matter. In the meantime an enquiry was instituted into this officer's record and that given by Levinge on page 339 of his book was found to be both incorrect and incomplete. The following is a true statement of his career:

Ensign—51st Regiment	6th December 1775
Lieutenant—51st Regiment	23rd December 1778
Captain—51st Regiment	29th October 1793
Brevet-Major in the army	12th September 1794
Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel—51st Regiment	30th November 1796
Major—72nd Regiment	11th October 1798
Major—32nd Regiment	30th October 1800
Lieutenant-Colonel—43rd Regiment	5th November 1800

He followed William Montgomery, another "outsider," who died after 15 months in command:

Colonel in the army	25th September 1803
Major-General in the army	25th July 1810

but remained on the strength of the 43rd till his death in October 1810 in Lisbon due to a fall from a balcony from which a bannister had been removed. By 1803 he was an A.D.C. to the Sovereign. He commanded the Regiment in the expedition to Denmark in 1807 but by the end of that short campaign he was a brigadier-general on the staff. In Wellington's General Orders dated the 4th May 1809 Brigadier-General R. Stewart [*sic*] is appointed to command the 6th Brigade.

He had the doubtful distinction, when a commanding officer, of being accused before a general court martial by one of his own officers, Captain Nathaniel Jekyll: the president was Sir John Moore and the court most fully and honourably acquitted Stewart and censured Jekyll severely, see 1908 CHRONICLE, page 182.

* * *

Dame Una Pope-Hennessy¹ in her *Charles Dickens 1812 to 1870*, published by Chatto and Windus in 1946, states on page 5 that "Another early memory was . . . the 'Lines' review of the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry described in the *Pickwick Papers* . . .", which was commissioned

¹ Widow of Major-General L. R. H. Pope-Hennessy, see 1946 CHRONICLE, page 210.

by Chapman and Hall and of which the first fortnightly instalment was published on 2nd April 1836.

When and where this review really took place is difficult to say and the lists of the two Regiments' stations in the first volume of the *CHRONICLE* do not help. Charles Dickens first went to the Chatham area in 1820 and stayed there at school for three years: it was not until his 12th birthday that he was put to work in the blacking factory at old Hungerford Stairs, behind Charing Cross railway station. He was always fond of the Chatham area and often returned there at various times but the authoress describes it as "early memory" so Dickens may have witnessed this scene before he was 11 and retained the picture in his photographic brain. So, whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, review must have taken place between 1820 and 1836, that is between the time when the author was from eight to 24 years old.

Unfortunately, the only drawing of "The Review at Chatham" is by Buss and was not reproduced in the *Pickwick Papers*. This etching shows in the foreground a soldier, with a stern expression, causing the retreat of the Pickwickians and with the butt of his rifle in the stomach of the hatless Mr Pickwick. In the background a dog is causing Colonel Bulder's charger to cavort, and behind them again is the Wardles' barouche, with its large picnic hamper and the Fat Boy.

* * *

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From *The Evening News*, July 1913:

"Five men were injured and a good deal of property damaged by a stampede of 250 army horses near Aldershot. Infantry men on manoeuvres started firing, frightening the horses. Eight horses had to be destroyed and over 160 others sustained serious injuries."

Richard Crosse writes: "I remember it only too well. I was nearly one of the victims. We were in bivouac on Elstead Common, and I had gone by invitation to have a bath at the very pleasant home, Royal Farm, Elstead, of "Tim" Fitzgerald, formerly Healy, who had lately retired to live there.¹ I was returning along a road bordered by his kitchen garden wall, into a recessed doorway to which I was just able to jump when the rush of stampeding horses, belonging to the Bays, came towards me, filling the road. But for this refuge I should have been knocked down and trampled on. The story was that an Irish regiment, perhaps the Royal Munster Fusiliers in the 1st Division, had gone wild and started firing their blanks. The Bays were out for days searching the countryside for lost horses. The casualties stated were probably within the mark."

¹1960 *CHRONICLE* pp. 158 and 159.

R.S.M. Lay writes: "I remember this well. I was with a small sentry group when a crowd of frightened horses came charging towards us. One turned a complete somersault. They were still saddled. I believe several had to be destroyed. I think it was the 60th who fired the blank."

* * *

The porch of St. Andrews Church, Biarritz, dedicated in 1878, is a memorial inscribed as follows:

PRISTINÆ VIRTUTIS MEMOR

This porch dedicated to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the British Army who fell in the South-West of France from the 7th October 1813 to the 14th April 1814 was erected by their fellow soldiers and compatriots A.D. 1882.

Give peace in our time, O Lord.

Some 60 regiments are mentioned: the names being in lead inlaid in marble. Of the 43rd there are Captain Thomas Capel who, joining as an ensign on 20th February 1806 became a lieutenant on 11th December the same year, and a captain on 1st July 1813. He fought in eight battles before falling at La Petite la Rhune on 10th November 1813. Captain Robert P. Murchison, who was gazetted in the 57th Regiment on 23rd July 1803, transferring to the Regiment as a lieutenant on 5th June 1804: he was promoted captain on 6th May 1809, serving as adjutant from 4th December 1806 to 30th December 1807. He took part in the expedition to Copenhagen, fought at Vittoria and Vera, and died of wounds received at the Nivelle. Lieut. Edward Freer was an ensign on 4th April 1809, and a lieutenant on 12th July 1810: he fought in nine battles and was killed at the Nivelle. He was a step-brother of Daniel Gardiner, who fell at Talavera. Lieut. George Angrove was commissioned on 16th April 1809 from the Royal Cornwall Militia and was promoted lieutenant on 24th May of the following year. He had fought at Vittoria and Vera before dying of wounds received at the Nivelle. The deaths of one drummer, two N.C.O.s and seven soldiers are also recorded as the result of the Nivelle. Lieut. Hugh Mackay Baillie was gazetted on 9th November 1809 and advanced to lieutenant on 18th July 1811. He fought in seven battles, being wounded at two of them, before being killed in action at Arcangues before Bayonne.

Of the 52nd there are Ensign Alexander John Frazer (or Fraser), who was commissioned on 10th September 1812 and died of wounds received at Vera. Captain John Graham Douglas, born 1782, ensign 90th Regiment 5th April 1801 to 8th Regiment 5th August 1802, and to a lieutenancy in

the Regiment on 26th May 1813: he was promoted captain on 29th August 1804. He fought in every battle from Corunna onwards, severely wounded at Vera, and died of wounds received at the Nive. His brother, Archibald, was also in the Regiment and their lives are described in the 1906 CHRONICLE, on page 187. The loss of the following soldiers is also given—at the Bidassoa, one N.C.O. and 11 rank and file; at the Nivelle, two N.C.O.s and 30 rank and file; at Orthes, seven men; and at Toulouse, five.

During Hitler's war this porch was damaged by bombs and remained open to the sky for some years until the French re-roofed it with concrete. The regimental badges with the inscriptions and the two pairs of wrought-iron gates, which bear the emblems of the three kingdoms, all need expert attention and the Regimental Committee have made a donation to that end. The Anglican chaplain hopes to arrange a service of rededication in 1964, which would be the 150th anniversary of the end of the Peninsular War.

* * *

Mention of Colonel James Johnstone in the article on the Regimental Museum recalls a story that Bill Owen used to tell and it is worth while being recorded. Colonel Johnstone was an imposing-looking man, who wore an eyeglass, with the result the soldiers nicknamed him "Old Tin Eye." One evening about 70 years ago when the 43rd were having a band night at Beggars Bush Barracks there were several guests of varying importance. After dinner the scene in the billiards room was the same as it is probably today: a game of billiards was being played and the settees along the sides of the room were full of officers and their guests. In front of the fire at the end of the room further from the door stood "Old Tin Eye" with his senior major and the more important guests. Towards midnight the door was flung open without warning or ceremony and the Irish woman cook burst in, obviously having taken drink; rushing up to "Old Tin Eye" she flung her arms round his neck, kissed him warmly, and shouted, "Oh! Colonel, I love ye." Curtain.

* * *

The following from the Order Book of the Black Watch at Chatham describes trooping arrangements in the eighteenth century.

"23rd January 1785. It is Major-General Townsend's orders that the detachments of the 36th and 52nd are completed to the number of the following necessities, viz.: 4 white shirts, 2 check shirts, 2 pr. trousers, 2 pr. of shoes, 4 pr. of stockings and short gaiters, 2 combs and (brushes).

Five shillings to be charged to each man's account which is to be laid out in soap and tobacco for the time which he is on board . . .

"26th January. The detachments of the 36th and 52nd regiments will hold themselves in readiness to embark on board the *Winterton*.

"27th January. The following detachments of the 36th and 52nd regiments will parade tomorrow morning before 9 o'clock with their necessities ready for embarkation on board *Winterton*, viz.: 36th. 1 Lt., 1 Eng., 3 S., 3 C.,—D., 90 P.: 52nd 2 Engs., 1 S., 1 C.,—D., 54 P. A baggage cart for each company will be on parade tomorrow at 7 o'clock to receive the officers' baggage. One corporal and 4 privates to be warned to take charge of the baggage to North Fleet where the men are to embark . . . The officers commanding companies are to go on board to see that their men are settled with and sign their accounts . . . The officer who commands the detachment on board the *Winterton* Indiaman is to report all extraordinary during his stay in the river to Captain Lane, if any should happen, so that he may report to General Townsend without loss of time. Captain Lane will give General Townsend's instructions to the officer who commands how he is to act while on board." (*Troopships and Their History*, by Colonel H. C. B. Rogers, published by Seeley Service, London, 1963.)

The Regiment was at that time stationed in the Madras Presidency and this detachment was fortunate to be making the voyage in an Indiaman and not a warship, as the waist of the former was covered in, so making the training of men much more convenient.



THE OFFICERS, 1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD AND 52ND, 1963

Left to right from back row: Captain J. Stevenson, Lieut. Friedberger (R.B.), Captain C. E. W. Jones, Lieut. J. R. Carter (R.A.P.C.), Lieut. K. C. Benner (R.A.E.C.), Major E. F. Garcia, Lieut. K. I. Bayley, Lieut. Smithers (60th), 2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery, 2nd Lieut. H. P. E. Dumas, Lieut. R. D. Letts, 2nd Lieut. T. E. F. Taylor, Captain G. P. Blaker, Captain C. Wynne (R.A.M.C.), Lieut. N. W. Gibson, Captain C. St. C. Simmons, Captain C. J. M. Haines (R.B.), 2nd Lieut. M. S. Daunt, Captain M. J. Massy-Beresford, Major M. R. Pennell, Major I. R. C. Greenlees, Captain J. R. G. N. Eveleigh, Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, Major D. J. Wood, Major J. D. F. Mostyn, Major S. A. G. Cox

SKIRMISH IN SARAWAK

J. R. G. N. EVELEGH

"There's something on the news about a revolt in Brunei," said my wife.

"Where on earth is Brunei?" I answered.

"In Borneo, and they said some Gurkhas from Singapore have flown there to put it down. Are you lot likely to go?"

"Not a chance," I said imposingly, "there are several battalions certain to go before us. Why, we aren't even at any notice to move, and no one would consider sending a regiment at less than ten days' notice."

This took place towards the end of Sunday lunch in my house in Minden Barracks, Penang, on 9th December 1962. Just as the coffee appeared, one of the other officers of 1st Green Jackets put his head through the door and said, "We're off—they want you up at the Orderly Room!" That was all.

I found I was shaking with excitement as I got into my car. This is ridiculous I admonished myself. You are probably only going to a transit camp. Then; well I've a right to be excited: after all I'd waited for eight years of exercises and administrative inspections for this. However, the first thing to do was to calm myself, or at least look calm and try to pervade this to others. This was not easy to do.

At the orderly room everything was cool and quiet. The colonel was there. There was also the officer commanding "C" Company, the quartermaster, and the transport officer. Other officers and senior N.C.O.s arrived from time to time.

The colonel said, "We are moving to Singapore tonight either for internal security duties in Singapore or to go on to Brunei."

We then totalled up who was there. The second-in-command was in England; the adjutant was on leave in Singapore; one company commander was in Ipoh playing polo; the intelligence officer was in hospital; the rest of the officers were mostly at a curry lunch; the paymaster was entertaining a co-operative air hostess, and the troops: the lord only knew where.

The colonel there and then appointed me adjutant, intelligence officer, recce platoon commander, and emplaning officer. Others got similar lists of jobs pending the return of the normal holders.

How to get started? What to do to set in motion the moving of the Regiment at six hours' notice from scratch? There was only one answer—delegation.

The colonel first turned to the transport officer, who a few years ago was a famous regimental serjeant-major of the Regiment. "Get the men in," was the order. "Sir," said the transport officer and went out. The Regiment left that night with four men missing from those who physically could have gone with it.

One could feel how the Regiment suddenly "sparked"—a weak word, but there is no other that expresses what happened quite like it. A regular infantry battalion is a family, but sometimes a divided family. Often it is a disgruntled family, and it always has its black sheep. At this moment the contradictions, exasperations and dissatisfactions stopped. Everything fell into place.

There was no time for written orders or long directives. The order on equipment was simple, "Airportable scales as per Standing Orders plus what we took to Hong Kong on Exercise 'Vulture'" (a strategic move we had done previously). It is extraordinary, but an order of this length was quite enough. Throughout the Borneo operation no one was ever really short of any item of equipment.

At 8 p.m. that night the front truck of the Regiment moved off for Kuala Lumpur. As it moved off men were still reporting to the barracks, and stores were still being loaded on to the rear trucks.

We drove all night to Kuala Lumpur. We had been told just before leaving Penang that our role was definitely to be in Singapore in place of the Queen's Own Highlanders, who had gone to Borneo. There was a strong sense of anti-climax at this news.

We reached Kuala Lumpur as dawn was breaking. There was a staff officer waiting, who told the colonel over breakfast that the Regiment was now to drive to Singapore and embark that evening for Brunei. It was merciful that the definite information that we were only going to Singapore had reached us too late the night before for us to leave our jungle equipment behind.

The staff officer also said there was an aircraft for the colonel and the recce group going straightaway to Singapore. The main body would follow by road and train. The colonel, the signals officer, the regimental serjeant-major and myself got into an Army Air Corps Beaver and flew to Singapore.

The day was spent in briefings and making arrangements to embark in H.M.S. *Tiger*. There were some problems about this latter. None of us knew how many troops we had or when they would arrive. The naval officers were surprised at this, but their good manners prevented their being anything but charming and, like everyone else, they coped. I wondered if they ever realised just how quickly we had moved, and if they

would then have forgiven us for leaving so much to be decided on the quayside.

The Regiment arrived at the dockside between 7 and 8 p.m. It was raining. There were puddles—H.M.S. *Tiger* was brilliantly lit. Her lights glistened on the water and the wet stones. This was the most romantic and glamorous scene of the whole operation, it was active service.

About this time the rumours started. A few days later everyone knew enough to discount them, but that evening it seemed that anything might be true. One rumour, and by no means the most impressive, was that two Hastings full of dead and wounded Gurkhas had just landed at Seletar. While I was working, these rumours and their implications made no impression on me at all. It was different that night. While trying to go to sleep they all returned and I was afraid. Not very afraid, but darkly, gloomily afraid. There ought to be a proverb, "The devil finds fears for idle minds."

The Regiment's vehicles arrived. Limited war scale equipment had to be reloaded from a 13 Land-Rover to an improvised 5 Land-Rover on the dockside in about 30 minutes. Somehow everything and everyone got on board. The captain was heard to exclaim at 11 p.m., "For God's sake let's sail before we sink." The absolute extreme number of troops H.M.S. *Tiger* can hold is 400. That night she sailed with 619 Green Jackets, Marines, Queen's Royal Irish Hussars and Gurkha signallers, plus five Ferrets and tons and tons of stores. The Royal Navy as usual had coped—I only hoped we had been as easy and undemanding as the circumstances allowed.

The voyage took two nights and a day. The day was quiet and pleasant and all of us slept a great deal to make up for the preceding 48 hours.

Orders were given, but there was so little definite to go on that they weren't really orders. It impressed me that throughout this operation I never heard orders given or battle procedure conducted as recommended and practised on courses and exercises. These laid down procedures were impossible to follow because they all presupposed a knowledge and clarity of the state of both sides that never in fact existed. I well remember myself giving a serjeant his orders for a two-day patrol that turned out successfully. These orders were:

"Find a truck. Go 30 miles up the coast to the mouth of the Baram River. Find a European there whose name is Turner or Turnbull. He knows how to get a boat. Then patrol by boat one day up and one day down the river. There are supposed to be rebels there. Find them."

How many marks would have been awarded at the School of Infantry for orders like these? Yet they sufficed.

To return to H.M.S. *Tiger*. After various orders and counter orders we disembarked next morning at Miri. The disembarkation was uneventful as a company of Gurkhas had reached Miri before the rebels or us.

Once again the main impression was that no one knew anything. Even the topography of the area was hard to establish. However, it transpired that a town called Bekenu about 30 miles south of Miri had been in rebel hands for four days and that they had three government officers as hostages.

There was no road open to Bekenu except at low tide and therefore the colonel sent "B" Company by Shell Petroleum Company landing-craft and launch by sea. I was sent as liaison officer with "B" Company to keep contact with Regimental H.Q. at Miri.

We set off down the coast about midday. At about five in the evening the landing-craft turned into the beach. There was not a sign of anyone on it. There was a tenseness among the troops. The landing-craft beached 50 yards from the shore. The captain said there was four feet of water. The ramp crashed into the sea. The first man stepped off the end of the ramp, and went straight into seven feet of water. It took another hour to get him back onboard and us ashore in a launch.

This was one of many anti-climaxes. There was a pattern in this. Several times tension built up and then was suddenly let down by some ridiculous event. This was macabre. There was a definite element of slapstick comedy in the final assault on Bekenu, and I found I had to remind myself consciously that men were dying, to prevent myself thoroughly enjoying the humour of it.

Once ashore we started marching through the jungle. For half an hour we crept nervously along fingering triggers and peering behind bushes. This quickly became boring, and everyone soon adopted a more comfortable and less dramatic way of moving.

We marched and marched. We had been told Bekenu was three hours from the beach. Fifteen hours after starting we emerged from the jungle behind the town. We had marched all night except for a four-hour break before the moon got up.

This march was much like any other. The only really vivid memory I have of it is the sheer beauty of movement of an Iban police serjeant who was in front of me. He moved quietly and belongingly through swampy jungle, and had a gesture of beckoning with all his fingers together that was a thing of beauty worth capturing.

Next morning we came out of the jungle at Bekenu. As we moved over the open ground towards the town, shots came from it. I wasn't in the least afraid and nor indeed was anybody else as far as I could see. We

were all, I think, intensely curious and wondered what happened now.

We moved into the town and quickly cohesion was lost by distance and obstructions. As I believe it always does, this became an affair conducted by section and platoon commanders. No one else had the means to co-ordinate at a higher level.

We killed some rebels. I myself claim one killed and one wounded, but 50 other people claim them too. There was professional pride in good shooting, and neither then nor later did I feel any remorse for having possibly killed someone. The bodies laid out by the police station were dead impersonal things without meaning.

That is the story of my first and only bit of action. It was very small and perhaps untypical, but I learned enough to know now that war, like so many things, is neither as good nor as bad as it looks from the outside.

MALAYSIA DAY IN SANDAKAN

M. R. PENNELL

For "C" Company, Malaysia Day was the highlight of a fairly long association with Sandakan. We went there first on 4th January 1963, to relieve a company of the Queen's Own Highlanders and take over their task of protecting the north-east coast of North Borneo from the depredations of pirates. With one platoon detached to Khdat, at the northern tip of Borneo, and for a while one at Lahad Datu, a hundred miles to the south, "C" Company stayed for three months of the worst weather that has been known in North Borneo for decades. On only three days of those three months was the meteorological office able to record no rainfall; in January as much as eight inches fell within 24 hours—a quarter of the normal annual rainfall in England.

So it is small wonder that we formed an impression of Sandakan which was rather like the traditional view of Manchester. The extraordinary conditions provided "C" Company with the opportunity to assist in digging out the victims of a landslide, and to put in about three weeks' effort into flood relief, helping the thousands who were made homeless along the banks of the two main rivers. This was genuinely appreciated locally, even if not recognised more widely.

When it became time for the Regiment to return to Borneo for a second tour, the formation of Malaysia was near at hand. This presented us with two tasks—assisting in the inauguration parades, and preventing both disorder and outside interference. Sandakan needed help with both problems—as the largest town in North Borneo and the former capital, there was an obvious requirement for ceremony; the inclusion among the 28,000 inhabitants of some 6,000 Indonesians and a fair number of Filipinos made an internal security situation likely, and support for more warlike activities possible. So the Regiment was ordered to earmark a company for Sandakan over the Malaysia Day period, and to send the company commander on a plain clothes reconnaissance straight away. The commanding officer protested that he was obviously going to send the company that already knew Sandakan well, and surely a clandestine visit by the company commander was hardly necessary. He was overruled. The company commander flew off to Sandakan in full tourist garb, but hardly incognito. From the staff at the airport to the receptionists at the hotel, everyone said how glad they were that the Green Jackets were coming for Malaysia Day, and how nice it would be to have the band. This was the first indication we had that the band was to be involved as well.



Photo: Kwong Tai

The Chairman of the Town Board, Sandakan, inspects "C" Company

Due to antagonism from Indonesia and the Philippines, and the intervention of the United Nations, Malaysia Day was put off from 31st August to 16th September. Instead of "C" Company being sent to Sandakan as a tactical exercise and then remaining for the parades, there had to be two visits. As Force Reserve Company we were flown up to Sandakan for a deployment exercise with the police for a day in the third week of August. Then two platoons and the band went up again on the 12th September, for Malaysia Day on the 16th. A formidable programme of celebrations had been arranged, in which the band had a very large part. The main event was the Proclamation Parade. This was to consist of contingents from the Royal Navy, ourselves, and the regular police. The destroyer which was to provide the Naval party was not due at Sandakan until the evening of the 14th. The parade was to be commanded by a native police inspector who had not performed on so public an occasion before; the padang was flooded; and, of course, Green Jacket drill presented everyone with problems. We had an early morning practice with the police, and then went on board *Duchess* when she arrived. No one had told the sailors that they were expected to go on parade. However, they rallied, and we had a tripartite rehearsal before breakfast on Sunday morning, and evolved a number of compromises. We were to slow down to the marching pace of the police—the sailors speeded up to it. We gave our own commands when

necessary; the Navy and police fixed bayonets in private before coming on parade (some of the stokers felt unequal to doing this in public); we persuaded the Navy to remove caps when they gave three cheers, and we accepted the police terms for doing so. A fair degree of cohesion was achieved. That evening the band sounded retreat before a large and delighted crowd. The performance was as good as any they have ever given.

The 16th September was fine and warm. Patrols were sent out at dawn to the airport and the petrol storage tanks, in case anyone decided that these should go up together with the Malaysian flag. The padang had dried out, and the crowds of thousands were in position early. Well-disciplined contingents of uniformly dressed children, Red Cross and St John Cadets, auxiliary police, and local associations formed three sides of a square facing the grandstand with its two new flagpoles. Led by the band, the three main contingents marched on. Everyone had made great efforts and the black belts and jungle green of the soldiers withstood comparison with the white and blue of the Navy, and the extremely smart ceremonial order of the police. The chairman of the town board, a Sandakan-born Chinese millionaire, was received with a general salute, and he inspected the parade. During a second salute, the Sabah flag was broken at one masthead while the band played the new Sabah anthem. The proclamation of the inauguration of the new Federation of Malaysia was then read in English by the resident, in Chinese by the chairman, in Malay and in Dusun by the appropriate representatives. This was a long business, and a severe test for those who had to stand still on parade in the, by now, oppressive heat. At the end of the proclamations, the new flag of the Federation was broken at the other masthead during another salute, to the strains of the Federal Anthem. Luckily the band knew the tunes, even if few other people did.

The contingents marched back to the district offices, and policemen, soldiers, and sailors eagerly got down to the beer provided by the chief of police. Somehow no one was killed in the crush at the post office where the new Malaysian stamps were on sale for the first time, and everybody settled down to enjoy the rest of the day. There was a procession of dragons and floats which wound its way round the town for most of the morning. No one took exception to the float of Dr Sukarno on a white horse, though his behaviour was perhaps not as dignified as one might normally expect from a neighbouring president. There were comic football and hockey matches, and an 18-mile bicycle race. At dusk *Duchess* was brilliantly illuminated in the harbour, and from the hill behind the resident's house a quarter of a million dollars' worth of wonderful fireworks were set off. (P.W.D. declined to put the match to these Japanese dangers,

and *Duchess* landed her gunner and his mates in full anti-flash gear to do the job.) In the evening the band provided the highlight of a dance which lasted well into the next day. Recovering quickly, it performed throughout the morning at the swimming gala and regatta in the harbour, where many of our soldiers tried their best on the greasy pole, at canoe tug-of-war, and in swimming against local boys who seemed literally human fish.

During the remaining four days the band gave frequent concerts at the hospitals and in public, and the local people retaliated by taking out parties of soldiers swimming, picnicking, drinking, and entertaining schoolmistresses. Our previous impression of the greyness of Sandakan was dispelled in a blaze of sunshine and friendliness.

Then it was time to return to Brunei, and once we got into the clutches of "Q Movements" it was obvious that the holiday was over. Just to keep our hand in we went straight on to a birthday parade for the Sultan of Brunei. Among the several kind letters we had afterwards from Sandakan was one from the resident who said, "Many thanks for the presence of the Green Jackets and your excellent band over the Malaysia Day celebrations. The Green Jackets are well known and liked in Sandakan, but this is the first time you have brought music as well, and one and all appreciated it" and one from the town board saying, "It is my pleasure to express to you our grateful thanks for the part the Green Jackets played in the celebrations just concluded, contributing in no small measure to their effect and success." As evidence that this was really meant, we later got a cheque for \$500, and another visit by the band was arranged in December.

HEARTS AND MINDS 1963

MAJOR J. H. W. HADDON

The most publicised events in the Indonesian policy of confrontation with Malaysia are the military threats and incursions along the Sarawak and Sabah borders, but a much deeper and telling battle is being waged daily for the support of the uncommitted Chinese immigrants within these two Malaysian states. On the one hand are the C.C.O. (Clandestine Communist Organisation), the S.U.P.P. (Sarawak United Peoples' Party) and Radio Indonesia loudly denouncing the new federation as an act of neo-Colonialism designed to continue the British influence in the Far East; on the other hand are the newly formed federal and state governments, patiently reminding their populations of the stability of Malaya *vis-à-vis* Indonesia, and the potential economic advantages of the new federation to the people of Malaysia.

During the early days of federation, funds were not easily available to counter the subversive propaganda, and in the 4th Division of Sarawak, where "A" Company was stationed in November 1963, government was woefully thin on the ground.

Close to the divisional headquarters at Miri are two distinct communities of Chinese farmers, one along the Riam Road cutting into the interior and the other at Bakam, some 20 miles south along the coast road and on the foothills of Bukit Lambir. These Chinese immigrants had scratched out livings from the jungle and forests which they had cleared; they have suffered badly from natural climate and flood disaster; they work strenuously through all the hours of daylight seven days a week; they appear to resent intrusion and due to lack of funds have been generally ignored by the government. They are easy prey to communist propaganda, "What has the government ever done for you? etc.—no water, no amenities—no assistance," but fortunately the government has realised the dangers, late—if not too late. Aid and resettlement schemes are on the drawing boards, but whilst these plans are slowly progressing into realities, the enemies of Malaysia within and without are doing all they can to draw the farmers to their side.

Overt enemy action in the "A" Company patrol area was dormant, and so it was decided, in late October 1963 by the divisional emergency committee, to station a platoon of the company in the centre of the Riam Road community. The aims of the platoon were to establish friendly contact with the Chinese and to get to know the area thoroughly. Because of the first of these aims, the Sarawak Red Cross put their unused clinic

buildings at their disposal and number one, or Mike Daunt's platoon, took up residence. The area around the clinic was badly overgrown and so the district officer provided 20 prisoners daily until the jungle was all cleared. The platoon started daylight patrols and quickly established friendly relations by playing basket and volley ball with the local teams. A daily sick parade was laid on for the villagers, and in the evenings relations were cemented over beer in the three shops.

During an early visit to the village with the director of the Red Cross, I suggested that the Regimental band might come and play one evening, and the Chinese Kapitain (headman) was extremely enthusiastic. Luckily the band was available for two nights and so we decided to arrange performances both at Riam and Bakam.

The special branch were extremely interested to see whether these events would be boycotted by the locals on the directions of C.C.O. or S.U.P.P., but at the time this was far from the case. They also decided to play no overt part in the advertising or organisation of the performances so that they would not provoke criticism that they were just another crude police attempt to quieten natural local opposition to government. However, through agents they were able to arrange good previews in the local Chinese press, which were strengthened by references to "The Longest Day" which had only just played at the local cinema, complete with Chinese sub-titles. These were further supplemented by handbills distributed throughout the Riam area by the platoon and at Bakam through the local school.

At Riam we had two performances, the first at 9 a.m. for the school and the second lit by Tilley pressure lamps at 7 p.m. for the farmers themselves. This we were able to do as the approach road was reasonable, but in Bakam it was another matter. The last four miles were like driving up and down long staircases. One return trip along this was more than enough for any man in any week let alone any day, and I was apprehensive lest any bandsman might be thrown through the bass drum! I reconnoitred the route on the Sunday before the performance, and also arranged a volley ball match for the same occasion with the village schoolmaster who was really enthusiastic about the whole proposal.

At all three performances audiences were large, and loud in praise and applause. The evening performance at Riam was made really amusing by Cpl Deem and three riflemen demonstrating the twist and limbo accompanied by the Regimental dance band. This was later described in the Miri Chinese daily as follows: "The scene was crowded and happy. Besides playing, the band demonstrated English dances and the twist, gaining thunderous applause." And so it did. However, it caused me thunderous

embarrassment the next night, and reminded me of the occasion at Limasol in 1958, when TV star Yana selected me from the Regimental audience of a C.S.E. show and kissed me passionately—there was nothing to do but press on and make the most of it. The next night at Bakam we had a similar performance to that at Riam except that we had no one to do the twist. As the platoon had been out for two weeks I had allowed them to go straight home after the volley ball match, not realising that our dancing reputation had preceded us. Popular requests were pressed on me—the whole village had turned out in full and only Mike Daunt and I remained as possible artists! The resulting commentary in the Miri daily completely ignored his more able and polished efforts and read: "After the game the C.O. of the Green Jackets gave an exhibition of the twist gaining the enthusiastic support of the audience. The show concluded at 9.15 p.m. in a happy and enjoyable atmosphere." I must add that this near super-human effort was made when stone-cold sober; the village shop did not even stock beer—only hot sticky orange—still what was there to do but press on and make the most of it?

The results of the Riam Road patrol could not have been better, nor could the band have given more valuable performances. At Riam old people and children cried when number one platoon left; I feel also that those of our riflemen who had previously regarded all Chinese as Communists had been happily enlightened; both the Riam and Bakam communities were clearly greatly impressed by our efforts to entertain and amuse them and in such rural areas the name of the Green Jackets and our performances must be remembered for many years. Finally, there was no doubt in the minds and expressed opinions of the divisional emergency committee and the special branch of the value of our efforts, which were strongly recorded in the records of the 4th Division, Sarawak.

ALPHA AND OMEGA—

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

G. P. BLAKER

Usually it's coffee after luncheon. This time it was a rumour that was no rumour, and of course it was a Sunday—things always seem to happen on a Sunday! Sunday lunchtime in Penang, with 90 per cent of the Regiment out of barracks, with their families, with their friends, with themselves: most on the beach or in Georgetown, some on leave, a few simply in bed. And gradually and inevitably, like the sun dawning into a misty morning, the rumour spread.

We had all read about the Borneo rebellion in the newspapers at breakfast, but it had all seemed rather far away; even the news that the Gurkhas had flown in from Singapore had failed to elicit more than a twinge of jealousy. Perhaps our eyes had been turned westward towards India. Perhaps it was just a variation on the theme of "It can't happen to us." But it did happen, and at eight o'clock that night a fleet of buses, three-ton and quarter-ton trucks rolled down the hill and out of the barracks carrying the Regiment to war. The six hours between the arrival of the signal and the departure of the Regiment had been a period of hectic, frantic activity, distinguished by an enthusiasm and an excitement seldom seen when an army unit is preparing for mere peacetime manoeuvres: for this was the real thing, and if anyone was depressed that night as our ferry sailed across Penang harbour to Butterworth, it was by the thought that it would probably be our job to garrison Singapore in place of that city's defenders who had been rushed off to the fight.

It was a memorable drive south. One party was due to motor as far as Kuala Lumpur in coaches, and continue from there by train; the other party was to keep going in vehicles until it reached Singapore itself. One could not help thinking that other people had probably done that same drive almost exactly 21 years before, only they were fleeing from the enemy, we were driving towards them. Perhaps they too had experienced the same difficulty in keeping their eyes open and their trucks on the road by five o'clock in the morning. Seremban for a shower and breakfast—and an exhilaration reinforced by the first feelings of fear as we were told that the whole Regiment was being moved without delay across to Brunei where fighting was in progress. We spent the rest of the day together in the troop train after all, sleeping and sweating until Johore Bahru where it rained and we got out. A procession of three-ton trucks took us to Nee

Soon transit camp from the station. ("Whose 2-inch mortar is this?" said a native face from an empty carriage—perhaps it wasn't so different from an exercise after all!) Organisation, reorganisation, food, apprehension and nervous excitement. At dusk we were driven to the docks where H.M.S. *Tiger*, the Royal Navy's cruiser in the Far East, lay waiting for us. We had been her guests some five months before on a combined exercise when the Regiment had embarked in a rapid 20 minutes, sailed round the Malay Peninsula, and carried out an assault landing over the beaches of Trengganu. In three days we had come to know her and feel at home in those strange Tartarean labyrinths below deck, so now when the emergency came and a happy piece of staff work had ordained that she should carry us into battle, we knew what to expect and what was expected of us, and were able to face the occasion with competent understanding. Kit was hustled aboard without ceremony and without dignity: the next day was spent in locating it all, stowed away in odd corners and nautical hideyholes all over the upper decks of the great ship—a quartermaster's headache and an accountant's nightmare, but when we went ashore 36 hours later it was all sorted out and in order—more or less! We sailed at 2300 hours: I believe we were due to sail at midnight, but an hour before that every cubic inch of cargo space—and every other bit of space as well—had been filled and *Tiger* steamed away into the darkness, with the optimists on shore endeavouring to the last to embark more stores, and elderly shore-bound members of the Regiment—partisan survivors of those pre-amalgamation days—shouting "Good luck 43rd" or "All the best 52nd" in friendly rivalry, and in unison (and perhaps hypocrisy) "Wish we were going with you!" And then Morpheus took over the command, and every rifleman slept in his appointed place; some in air-conditioned operations rooms, some near steaming boilers; some in gangways; under tarpaulins on the quarterdeck, sharing space with pieces of equipment, nestling up against the wheels of lashed-down Land-Rovers and Ferret scout cars. No one slept in a lifeboat because there wasn't any: all sacrificed to the paramount need that every possible piece of military equipment and every possible soldier should be carried to Borneo.

The next day was an idyll. Kit was found, lost and found again: the colonel held "O" groups and men were briefed; orders of battle established and equipment checked. But most of the day was given to sleep and peacefulness, gentle contemplation and the ecstasy of soft, salt spray from the sea. Towards evening the ammunition was handed out: 100 rounds to each man and 200 for the Bren gunners. This was the moment when the confirmed sceptics realised that after all this was not an exercise thought up to test the Regiment in view of the imminent annual administrative

inspection! Late that night fresh orders came through. We had been prepared to disembark the following morning on Labuan Island, but now the Regiment was told to land two companies and a tactical headquarters at dawn at Miri, the oil town on the Sarawak coast. As the commanding officer gave his orders out in the cool of the air-conditioned ship's operations room, we peered at our maps, with Miri town and outskirts looking vaguely conventional and then a monotonous and unrelieved canvas of green ignorance. I thought of the problem of trying to measure range and line for my mortars and grinned, only the grin was a sickly one and somewhat forced. At dawn we paraded on deck and gazed thoughtfully, curiously at the long low coastline. Then the disembarkation began. The two remaining ship's boats took us ashore, keeping afloat more by faith than by the laws of nature, so loaded were they, and we advanced down the long pier wondering rather apprehensively what sort of reception we should encounter on land. Miri was still loyal. Aggressive preparations by the local police force had discouraged the rebellious, and we motored uneventfully in relays in a ramshackle bus to the local Chinese school, peremptorily commandeered under the emergency regulations.

Here we reorganised and remained waiting quietly while commanders took stock of the situation, deliberated and made plans. There was, it appeared, a *kampong* and seat of local government called Bekenu, some 20 miles away, which was in rebel hands. Our company was given the task of reminding it of its allegiance to the Queen. So after luncheon we set sail again, but this time on board a landing-craft lent by the Shell Company and still laden with large oil pipes which no one had had time to remove. It was an unreal sensation, cruising pleasantly down the coast on a sunny afternoon, on board a civilian ship with the red ensign fluttering over the stern and the launch—the *Lorna Doone*—bobbing obediently in our wake. People sunbathing, asleep, reading a book, or chatting quietly; it was difficult to realise that this was a rifle company on active service going to do battle. At five o'clock that evening the L.C.T. dumped us uncereemoniously into five foot of water, suddenly revealing a latent inability to approach any nearer to the sandy beach, and we began to trek.

Bekenu lies on the north bank of the Sibuti River as it flows westward to the sea some ten miles downstream, but only five miles away in a direct line through the mangrove swamp to the north. The plan was that two platoons, company headquarters and a section of the local Field Force should approach the village from this nearest point, while the third platoon should sail further down the coast to the mouth of the Sibuti on the launch, and then cruise up river so as to be able to provide fire support from a flank and frustrate the attempt of any rebels to escape by means

of the river. It was an appalling march. Led by a native guide from the Field Force we journeyed through the jungle, through padi, through cultivation, but always through swamp, sometimes ankle-deep, sometimes with mud and water rising well above the knees. By eight o'clock we reached a little native shop, looming mysteriously out of the darkness in company with one or two other dwellings, and here the company rested thankfully for four hours until the moon should rise to lighten our path a little. Then came information—furtive, warning. The only bridge (doubtless a euphemism for some fallen tree trunk) across a river that lay in our path was guarded by rebel sentries, armed and alert. We must make a detour. Our guide knows an alternative longer track. So on we go; slipping, stumbling, sliding, but always onwards. Surely we passed that particular piece of undergrowth two hours ago—are we going round in circles? At dawn we reach the river. Two native dug-out boats are pressed into service, and the company is ferried across, five men at a time, in a ghostly eerie twilight, each man wondering uneasily when the silence would dissolve into a sudden explosion of painful lethal bullets. The silence continues, and the company reorganises safely on the far bank by a little native house whose overawed inhabitants confirm that the rebels are still unsuspecting in Bekenu. Apparently they hold a drill parade each morning at nine ("The R.S.M.'s for me," said a corporal, "I've always wanted to shoot an R.S.M."). Then more swamp, and that last swamp was the worst of all. One and a half hours through thick jungle whose floor was one perpetual pond, two or three feet deep everywhere. At last the final obstacle: a track through the jungle a mile long, only this track consists of enormous tree trunks laid end to end. Memories of greasy poles at rag-regattas in England; only regattas offer a prize at the end of their poles—no one was sure that we wouldn't meet a machine-gun at the end of ours, for accurate information of our opposition was a rarity, and his strength and armament simply a matter of conjecture. It was with relief that the company assembled behind a plantation of pepper trees on the outskirts of the *kampong* and shook out into formation for the attack. The time was 0945 hours: nearly 17 hours after we had waded ashore from the L.C.T. five miles away. Wireless contact was made with the *Lorna Doone*, waiting round a bend in the river just downstream, with the flanking platoon on board, and then we moved into the assault, up over the brow of the little hill and down the slopes towards the village. There it was in front of us—seemingly innocuous and attractive, the government offices and the police station on top of a mound on the far side of a damp padang. A normal scene, confounded only by the red-white-green flag of rebellion flying where the Union Jack should have been. Then the shooting

started: ball-loaded 12-bore shotguns on one side, .303-inch and 7.62-mm. rifles, sterlings and Bren guns on the other. It was an instructive, and really rather shameful, demonstration of company fire power; it was also not without effect in demonstrating the principle of crack-and-thump, though many of the bullets whistling overhead seemed to emanate, if not from the company's weapons then from those of the native Field Force, stationed somewhat uncertainly in reserve! It was interesting and often gratifying, to notice the reactions of the young riflemen, nearly all of whom were experiencing being under fire for the first time. For oneself: one was far too busy to think adequately of fear (perhaps this is the perquisite of commanders?) endeavouring desperately to keep the sections in formation and ensure that enthusiasm did not take the place of prudence. Bullets are meant for the enemy and not for the friend in front. But fear was there, in mine and in most people's heads; the real victory lay in the way most people ignored it. I was interested to find myself thinking of undergraduate discussions, theoretical and academic several thousand miles away, on the sanctity of human life and the right to kill, and wondering how a revered and respected pacifist friend of mine would have reviewed the situation.

It must have been a rude shock to the rebels, secure in their little world of fantasy, to look out of the office window and see a company of British troops advancing towards them. Their weapons were single-barrelled 12-bore shotguns (we had feared light machine-guns as well), but these they loosed off against us for an interval before turning and running to the river in an effort to escape in an outboard-powered boat. They did not expect our gunboat which appeared from downstream and indulged in a short period of butchery. When the battle was over five rebels lay dead before us, one more had floated away downstream, six were captured—four terrified, the others merely wounded—and ten or so more had managed to make their escape into the jungle. "How many will there be for lunch, Sir?" enquired a government official, released from captivity, and the company enjoyed a curry lunch that day, provided and cooked for us by the local inhabitants who seemed delighted with our unannounced advent. Later we were able to inspect the damage: why a water-tank 15 feet above the ground should be leaking copiously from a bullet hole, and how *Lorna Doone* came to have two mysterious holes in her roof was never revealed. After that it was just a case of sending a few patrols up and down the river in boats over a period of the next three or four days to search *kampongs* and bring in prisoners, very many of whom came to give themselves up as they realised the hopelessness of their cause.

This was our introduction to a campaign which was as intriguing in

sit anachronisms as it was exciting in its experiences. For 300 years or more Great Britain has been putting down firmly and equitably native uprisings in her many colonies, but such forays belong to the past. These are the days of hydrogen bombs and guided weapons, of space travel and the equality of races. Surely this is the very last time the British troops will go into action in a gunboat to defend an outpost of Empire, as their forbears have done so many times in days gone by; and fight side by side with native irregulars who, armed with shotgun and blowpipe, had answered the call and come down-river in their longboats from the primeval interior to fight for the rajah for the last time. This must surely be the end of an era, a page of history that someone has forgotten to turn over, and an experience never to be forgotten.

THE KELABITS

N. E. SHAW

Hear how he went, the giant jumper,
Clear in the sky over every Tamabo,
Higher than cliff or swiftlet soaring,
Whiter than cloud in the driest daylight,
Flying with speed of the falling eagle,
Falcon of hurling rush, invisible, that Tokid Rini!
Man beyond human, spirit of everywhere . . .
On journey none have quite yet taken
To lands where man has not yet been . . .
At the place where the wild waters tremble
Up to the edge of the moon.

Kelabit legend is full of such songs which tell of a great man's journey to a strange place. No one knows when or why the Kelabits settled where they are now. Certainly, there are no signs of an old civilisation like the ones in the Niah caves in Sarawak which date back 40,000 years B.C., or if there were, the jungle has swallowed them. It's probable that external pressures or the discoveries of an adventurous man, like the one in the song, pushed the tribe from the coast of Sarawak, through the vast, grey jungle plains beside the rivers, and across the Tamabo range which seethes out of the plain in razor-sharp ridges and dappled cliffs of limestone and granite. Here, some time in the 12th century, they began building their longhouse in a fertile valley under Mount Murud, the highest peak in the range. They settled elsewhere, too, in the adjoining valleys running out from the rough hills and beside streams on the flat plain which stretches to the east. But this valley is the most blessed, for the blocks of cloud which tower above the hills, like a wave crest breaking, bring water to the valley. The ground is fertile and the Kelabits clever at cultivating and irrigating. Every kind of rice is produced in this small valley; the migrating yellow wagtails, brown shrikes and pallid thrushes set the tempo of sowing and harvesting as accurately as the seasons in a more temperate climate. There is a salt spring, which has iodine in it, and the people avoid the unpleasant goitre which afflicts some of the lowland tribes. Best of all it is cool, for Bario is high and the wind continually sweeps down into the valley from the hills. In Kelabit, Bario means the wind.

Even today civilisation looks with special favour on Bario. Along the length of the narrow valley mouth lies the smooth grass stretch of a small airstrip; every Friday the government-chartered Twin Pioneer lurches round one of the knolls beside the airstrip, downs with a bump, and rolls to a stop in front of the excited cluster of women in their beads and best sarongs and busy men hauling and weighing screaming pigs and goats.

This is the social occasion of the week. People come in from the surrounding longhouses, often a day's journey away. For the Bario people it means a little extra kerosene for the lamps, perhaps a bit of sugar, or, at least, first say in who buys what first, for that is their advantage by virtue of the longhouse's position near the airstrip. The airstrip is only 12 miles away from the Indonesian border and in the present troubled times a tempting prize for the Indonesians. This is why my platoon went there and dug a defensive position around the two wooden houses beside the airstrip. The Kelabits remained comparatively untouched by these signs of war. The trenches, the wire fences, the sandbags, were new to them and people using the path through the position would stare with an air of amusement at the holes the white men dug. But they came really for a chat or to finger the barbed wire which they hoped would be theirs when we left.

The two airstrip buildings are the main complement of the housing in lower Bario. High above the valley, perched on sun-baked red earth, the uncompleted government bungalow looks out across the valley, across the airstrip buildings to the grey school which crouches at the edge of the jungle. And if you follow the path with your eyes to the school which boards the children from all the longhouses within 20 miles, then across the olive green of sedgebrush and baked clay padi walls to the lime-green of elephant grass which grows on the lowest slopes of the hills, you can see the Bario longhouse sprawled in a corner of the valley under Mount Murud.

There are hundreds of longhouses dotted all over Sarawak, Brunei and Sabah. The one at Bario, however, is unusual. It seems to have been built the wrong way round so that the clean sweep of the verandah, from which the rooms run at right angles, faces the steep hillside. You seem to approach it from behind, and the overriding impression is not of a longhouse but of a jumble of huts, close-packed in a line under one roof. These huts are the living-quarters and kitchens of each of the 50-odd families which live here. It looks dirty and black. In fact, it reminds one of the peasant chalets in the Swiss mountain villages, partly because the longhouse squats on the hillside overlooked by blue hills.

To get into the longhouse you clamber up a log with rough cut steps. Inside, the verandah (for there is no other word for it) stretches straight in the gloom. One side is open, the other inner side reaches to twice the height of a man. Floors and walls are made from planks of wood which echo and bounce as you step on them. The verandah is the main street where everyone comes out to talk, or weave, or smoke. Children patter up and down, dogs rush in snarling fights, their claws slipping and scraping on the worn surface of the planks. At intervals along the inner wall are doors into the rather less public living-room of a family: here there is the family

fireplace, a slab of clay set into the floor; it must be the smoke from these which has stained the walls black, making everything rather dingy. The dark roof above tails up into a confusion of platforms, baskets and cross-beams, reed mats rolled into long tubes, drying maize, rice bins, carefully woven fish nets, a rusty shotgun, all hung, strung, perched, or crowded to make a false ceiling.

In the centre of the longhouse is the headman's room, the biggest of all. There is a definite aristocratic system, unobtrusive but binding. In the many years these people have lived together, they have devised a society which works well and prevents tension amongst so many crowded people. A man's position depends on his family, on his merits, his strength, experience, on his wealth. Wealth is not reckoned in money where money is of little value but in goods like buffaloes, or a valuable old Chinese jar. If a man is born a nobleman he remains one, but the system is not entirely rigid and a young man can win himself a position if he is ambitious and worthy. Nor is there a cloying respect for the aristocracy. What marks life in a Kelabit longhouse is its freedom and lack of rules. They are an easy living people; children can do anything they want to, a girl can marry whom she wants, even the dogs, within reason, have the freedom of the longhouse. One hunter loves his best dog so much that he will sit in the evening with the dog between his knees, dribbling saliva into its mouth and both seem to enjoy it. This easy-going friendship was extended to us soldiers. We were not held in awe because we were white and strange. We were men who could talk, become friends, take and give presents, we were people who could amuse them too.

Penghulu Lawai Besarai is the headman, he is getting old, a little crotchety, and is a hypochondriac, though with reason because he has tuberculosis, which with amoebic dysentery are endemic in the longhouses of Borneo. But he had a flamboyant past. He murdered a man in a fit of temper when he was young, and was imprisoned by the British district officer in Marudi, many days' journey across the Tamabos and down the mighty Baram River. There he worked in the gardens until one day he escaped. During the war he and his longhouse provided the base from which Tom Harrisson, who translated the song, led the Borneo people in clandestine operations against the Japanese. He was awarded the British Empire Medal and loves walking slowly down the path to the airstrip building to have his photograph taken dressed in his special khaki uniform, headman's crown with its black and white hornbill feathers, and his medal glinting in the sun.

Back in the longhouse he sits in dignified conversation, sarong hitched above his knees, his skin and thin chest looking like scrumpled parchment.

Even though he is old, he retains some of the fine physique which characterises these people. They are hillsmen, muscular, well-developed, and powerful. In the days of head hunting, not so very long ago, the Kelabits were feared for their strength, stealth and the inaccessibility of their mountain stronghold. Today European clothes have begun to infiltrate into the remotest valley; but these are worn solely as a status symbol; it's really too hot to bother about anything much except a knife (parang) and a loin cloth or shorts. The men cut their hair in a sort of pudding basin cut and leave a long mane of hair growing from the crown of their heads to their shoulders. When they are young their fathers pierce their earlobes with a thorn or needle. In the top of the ear a plug is inserted until the hole is about a sixpenny size. On feast days they put leopards' teeth or a carved hornbill's beak into it. A hole is also made in the lobe and heavy brass rings or amulets hung in it until the lobe hangs down to the shoulder. They can look pretty impressive. The women are delicate-boned and slim. When they are young they look pretty in spite of their split ears. When they run or pound rice in the rice mortars, they loop their earlobes over the tops of their ears to avoid catching them in anything. One of the joys of soldiering in Bario was to wake at dawn with the cold mist billowing across the valley and watch for the girls from the school coming to collect our laundry. They would stand, waiting, shy but with a hint of coquettishness, huge brown eyes and long black hair, slim and dignified. They were gorgeous. When they grow up they tattoo their legs with a series of close, black dots from the tips of their toes to the top of their thighs, making their legs look as though they are encased in black stockings. Unlike the Ibans on the coast, the men tattoo themselves very little in comparison. It is left to the women; it must be extraordinarily painful.

The people of Bario lead a peaceful life. The troubles on the border add a new zest to their life; they are used to fighting, and though the longhouse is frightened, the men are secretly rather proud that once more they may have a great adventure. Yet their life goes on peacefully and happily, the rice must be harvested, pigs trapped in the jungle, mats woven, conversation continued. And Bario, "the wind," goes on blowing. The isolation and simplicity of life in this small valley have left a lasting impression on us who lived there. The beauty of the open valley under the jungle clad hills and the grey halo of clouds around Mount Murud are not easily forgotten. Nor is it easy to forget the haunting and eerie sound of bamboo flutes piping as the sun sets behind the copper stanchions of clouds which rise high above the Tamabo Hills.

H.M.S. *ALBION*

I. R. C. GREENLEES

At various places in both this edition and also in last year's *CHRONICLE* H.M.S. *Albion* is mentioned. We thought it to be an appropriate thing if an article were written about this ship, of which a photograph appears elsewhere.

Albion and her less sophisticated sister-ship *Bulwark* are the Royal Navy's two commando carriers, and were converted at great expense from normal fleet carriers. Basically their role is to transport, land, maintain and recover a Royal Marine Commando in a "bushfire" type operation. On normal deployment one of these ships is east of Suez and the other in home waters.

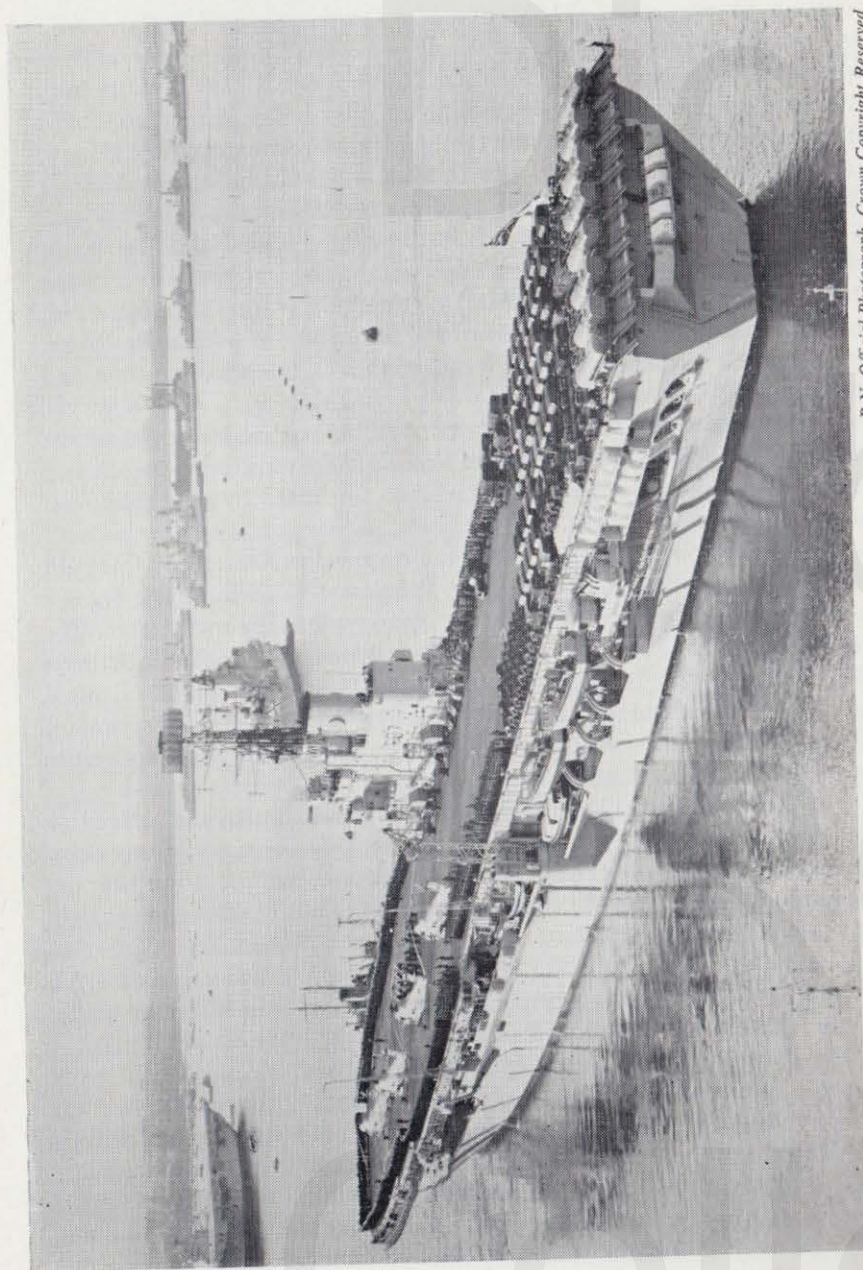
I have been unable to get any "vital stats" about *Albion* but she must be about 600 feet long and displace about 30,000 tons. Anyway she is a big ship, particularly if you have to climb on board by scrambling net or walk from stem to stern.

She carries two squadrons of Royal Navy helicopters: 845, equipped with Westland Wessex and 846, flying Westland Whirlwinds. The Wessex can carry ten men, or a small Citroen van or gun sling underneath. The Whirlwind is a smaller aeroplane with a smaller payload. Both these aircraft can carry offensive weapons. The SS11 anti-tank missile is fitted to some of the Wessex, and the Whirlwinds have a certain amount of firepower in their 2-in. rockets. In addition to these weapons air/sea rescue equipment and also Sonar are or can be fitted.

The Royal Marine Commando lives on board but does not help to run the ship except for hewing wood and drawing water. There is a complete ship's company but there are very few seamen and the Royal Marines help out and the ship runs without them as efficiently. There are certain Royal Marines who are part of the ship's complement. A major who ranks as a lieutenant-colonel when on board, is the senior in command and is known as the assault operations officer and with the commander flying and the ship's operations officer plans all military activities.

There is a lieutenant, Royal Marines (O.C. R.M.), who is in charge of the four landing craft assault (L.C.A.) which *Albion* carries and which are crewed by marines. There is also a serjeant who is the intelligence non-commissioned officer and the ship's bandmaster.

The two squadrons are each equipped with 12 helicopters and are commanded by lieutenant-commanders, both of whom got M.B.E.s in the New Year's Honours List. They have 18 pilots of whom a proportion are officers of the Royal Marines.



R.N. Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved
H.M.S. Albion leaving Portsmouth, May 1962

The squadrons have their own administrative backing and can and were landed and remained ashore in Borneo for long periods. They then become a Royal Naval Air Station and break out a white ensign on arrival. As I have already mentioned, all flying is co-ordinated by the commander flying, his deputy and the flight deck party. The latter all wear different coloured shirts, carry miniature wireless sets and are very efficient. They are responsible for positioning the aircraft correctly, guiding "sticks" or helicopter loads to their correct aircraft and for take-off signals. They did the same thing in reverse when aircraft were landing on her deck.

The ship's company is made up by the usual departments of watch-keeping, engines, supply and so on. She has a very efficient sick bay and dental centre, two sorts of padre and a kitchen staff of Savoy standard. As is realised, I expect, there are therefore three different components in a commando carrier: the crew, the squadrons and the commando, or "embarked unit"! In *Albion* these three have been welded into a happy ship by the Captain Colin Madden, C.B.E., M.V.O., who was the navigator of the Royal Yacht *Britannia*.

We have travelled in *Albion* now four times and are very nearly professional sailors. We are accepted, have taken part in all sorts of activities and have even had Mark Friedberger and Tony Whitfeld watch-keeping, and soldiers working ship alongside the seamen. Given the right dye it is not difficult to turn a Green Jacket into a Bluejacket but David Cox, her commander, promised that he would not recruit—or certainly influence too much.

THAILAND 1963

C. E. W. JONES

"I could have danced all night,
I could have danced all night,
And still have begged for more,
I could have spread my wings,
And done a thousand things,
I've never done before."

The bard, as the Americans would say, knew his onions. Even today, 100 years after Anna and that King of Siam, the Thais are still a happy, carefree people who still seem to spend much of their time dancing. Thailand is, of course, one of the member nations of S.E.A.T.O. and it was due to this that three officers and about 20 other ranks from the Regiment found themselves up there last year. The occasion was Exercise "Dhanarajata," the longest manœuvres that had been held by the S.E.A.T.O. countries. Contingents were provided by Thailand, U.S., the Commonwealth, the Philippines and France; these varied in size from 21,000 Thais to two French officers.

As we moved in different parties and were for some of the time split up this account of the exercise will be somewhat one-sided but, having heard other tales, it will differ little from the experiences of others.

Owing to the political intrigues of this part of the world and the fact that Malaya is not a member of S.E.A.T.O., all troops taking part in the exercise from Malaya had to spend a week's "political quarantine" in Singapore. This was supposed to prove to the world that the ex-colonials were now also non-aggressors. In any case it gave us a free week in Singapore which was spent easily and comfortably with the help of an unreliable car hired for the occasion.

During this time we came under the auspices of the Commonwealth Brigade which provided the Commonwealth Contingent and which was responsible for our move to Thailand. After a number of false starts I eventually boarded a Britannia aircraft and flew to a small town in north-east Thailand called Ubon. Our arrival was noteworthy for the fact that we were greeted by over 50 press photographers. Suppressing any feelings of modesty we climbed brashly down the steps on to the burning tarmac only to be greeted by, "Which of you guys is the brigadier?" Our egos were badly deflated when, as the brigadier was not on the aircraft, the press left without a picture taken.

After a short stop we flew straight on to Bangkok and then proceeded by train to Lobpuri, from where the exercise was being run. I was to attend the Umpire School there but before it started we were sent back down to

Bangkok as we had arrived three days too early and were an acute administrative embarrassment.

It is hard to know what to say about Bangkok. Certainly anything I do say will be deliberately misconstrued. It is an incredible city, full of saffron-robed monks, braying cars, smiling people, beautiful girls and indescribable smells. The driving defies description and worries no one. Prices are astronomical and weren't alleviated during our visit by the knowledge that there were about 25,000 suckers in the country who were prepared to stand the racket. The temples and pagodas are every bit as colourful as the guide books say and include such places as the Marble Temple, The Temple of the Reclining Buddha, and the Purple Temple. You can also see the royal barges, long swan-necked boats painted in gold with places for 100 oarsmen and in the stern a high platform for the royal thrones. By night the scene is equally alluring, offering every entertainment that man has ever devised. The night clubs vary in standard from something that could pass in London or Paris to the sleezy, down-at-heel cabarets showing filthy films and other less inanimate pleasures. The only common factors to them all are the girls who are always grinning and amusing. They are less oriental than the Chinese and infinitely better looking. Their manners are charming and they are very aware of the mastery of the male who is treated with a flattering deference. All these qualities are essential to enable them to sell beer at 15 shillings a bottle.

After two days in Bangkok I returned to Lobpuri and spent four days there at the Umpire School. This was run by the Americans and attempted unsuccessfully to explain the complexities of the exercise. I must have been sent there by mistake as, whenever senior umpires were asked for, three people would stand up, a Thai general, an American general and myself. Everyone thought it was very British. The highlight of our stay was the U.S. Canteen Platoon which fed us on fresh chicken, ice cream and fresh milk flown daily from Hawaii.

Our next move was back to Ubon where the Commonwealth Forces were going to deploy. When one saw the actual exercise in motion one realised that the brigadier had not exaggerated when he had described it as a "ritual war dance." The Commonwealth Brigade in its small corner withdrew and then advanced in classic pattern. The American battle groups dropped in direct from Okinawa and Clark Field in the Philippines and the Thai Division moved from one garrison town to the next in hired transport as it was the first time it had been on an exercise proper and wasn't really fitted for the unpleasantness of reality.

Ubon itself is only a short distance from the Laotian border and the inhabitants of some of the villages were seeing white men for the first time.

Wherever we went men, women and children would kneel beside the road in traditional greeting, hands raised together and heads bowed. They didn't really understand what was happening but accepted gratefully the water tanks, pencils and other gifts that were handed out as part of the exercise. They were patently terrified by the Maori dancers from the New Zealand battalion.

Visitors were prolific; no one could pass up a free trip to Thailand. They ranged from the King to critical newspaper correspondents who didn't like leaving the floating night club in Lobpur for the rigours of the field. This club had been built on a reservoir at exercise headquarters and staffed by girls imported from Bangkok for the duration. The Thais are a very practical people and the commandant of the Artillery School, also based at Lobpur, was the owner of the local "hotel." He made his fortune during the exercise. The Army is in a very strong position as the country is under martial law and generals are in every post of importance from chief of police to manager of the zoo. When the commander-in-chief gave his final reception in Bangkok, every cabaret and night club sent along the high spot in their floor show to entertain the 1,000 or more guests.

Very little of this article has touched on the military aspect of our visit but then all exercises are very much alike and this one was no exception. In our small sector of operations we saw little that we hadn't seen or done ourselves before.

We heard stories of the enormous American parachute drops, battle groups complete with nuclear artillery; we heard about more fresh milk from Hawaii; we heard about the total chaos at Control Headquarters. All old hat.

Sadly, at last, the whole mammoth performance came to an end. For all those actually taking part the next stop was Bangkok where a vast Red Square-type parade was held. This was reviewed by the King of Thailand and disrupted, so I'm told, the entire working of Bangkok for days. The umpires weren't privileged to be included in this and by luck we managed to get a ride on an Australian Hercules aircraft which landed us on our very doorstep at Butterworth.

In an article of this length it is very difficult without writing a book to give a true impression of what one saw. I don't think anyone who has been to Thailand will forget the politeness and charm of the people. They are simple and happy and were slightly bewildered by all that went on during the exercise. They were never really meant to be soldiers as they are much too kind, good natured and oblivious of the stern demands of time. One hopes equally that these qualities will protect them from the threat of communism that surrounds them on every side.

JET AGE LECTURING

M. N. HARBOTTLE

The telephone on my desk rang and I lifted the receiver. It was the G.S.O. 1 at Middle East Headquarters. "Brigadier, we have just heard from Headquarters Land Forces, Hong Kong, that they are holding an internal security study period in July, and they wondered if we could send somebody there to attend it and speak on the problems in Aden. Will you be kind enough to think about it and let me know whom you would nominate?" I spent many sleepless nights and racked my brain for days to think who was the most suitable person I should send, but always came back to the same answer; and so it was that in the early morning of 9th July I took off in a Britannia from R.A.F. Khormaksar on an 18,000-mile round trip to give a 45-minute lecture on the internal security situation in Aden.

In my service I have never been further east than India, although twice I have missed going to Hong Kong with the Regiment; the first in 1940 when the outbreak of war cancelled the 52nd's move from India, and in 1956 when the Suez crisis diverted the Regiment from a Hong Kong tour to a second tour in Cyprus. It was therefore with great excitement that I set out on my trip though it was very disappointing that I couldn't take my wife there with me. As it was I had to displace a rather surprised naval officer in the aircraft in order to get there in time.

It wasn't to be, by any means, a complete swan and shopping expedition, though at the end of it my pockets and bank account were very much emptier than before I started. Apart from studying the internal security problem and joint military/police set-up in Hong Kong, I had planned to spend two days in Singapore on the way back to look at the showpiece security control centre at Pearl Hill. From an internal security point of view it was an interesting experience and underlined the fact that the internal security problems in the various corners of the Commonwealth are by no means the same. Here in Aden the problem is essentially a political one; in Singapore it is mainly industrial and racial; and in Hong Kong more of the old traditional problem of how much there is in the rice bowl. In Aden we have something like 1,000 policemen to deal with a population of a quarter of a million; in Singapore a 5,000 to 6,000 police force has to contain the population of approximately one and a half million; and in Hong Kong there is a police force of over 8,000 and a population of between three and four million. Whereas in Aden most of our internal security measures can be pre-planned for any given circum-

stance, in the other two places rioting can be completely spontaneous and in a matter of moments thousands of people can be in the streets. It was therefore very interesting to study these different slants and to discuss them with the representatives of the military and the police from Singapore and Hong Kong.

In Hong Kong it is Gracious living, with a capital "G." The houses into which I went were extremely comfortable and well built on the old colonial style and by no means furnished with the normal Ordnance issue furniture. The commander of British Forces is known as *His Excellency* and lives in a fine house. Protocol and social procedures are in the old colonial fashion and do not appear to be in danger. All in all I would say that it has not moved very much since the early 20th century. It is a delightful place with wonderful bays and inshore islands to which launch parties can go for swimming picnics. There are some 32 islands within the territorial waters of Hong Kong so this makes a great variety in choice of a picnic place. However, at this time it is not all a bed of roses. They have had a severe drought and the water reserves are far below what are necessary for normal usage. My host had not had a bath since May and there was always the threat that having momentarily turned on the shower to wet the body before soaping it when you came to rinse there was no water with which to do so. Of course, shopping was high on my list and I took full advantage of the time in which I had to do it, and when the time came for me to leave, the weight of my suitcase was considerably greater than it was when I left Aden. However, my conscience was set at rest to a certain extent when I heard from a friend of mine, also visiting the Far East at the same time, that he had spent ten times as much as I. The service in the shops is enough to make one wonder; it is helpful, cheerful and efficient and it was certainly a pleasure to do one's shopping there. When the time did come to leave I was very sorry. It had been a well worthwhile and enjoyable visit.

I returned to Singapore in a Convair 880 of the Cathay Pacific Airline—a British-controlled firm. We flew at 33,000 feet and at 600 miles an hour. The journey took five hours with a half-hour stop at Bangkok on the way. It was very comfortable and sumptuous.

I spent the next one and a half days in Singapore looking at the internal security organisation that they have there. We are hoping to build a new police headquarters in Aden at some time in the future and I had, therefore, been commanded to study their prize piece at Pearl Hill so that the finer points could be included in any architectural design that was to be produced. While I was there I had the pleasure of seeing the Regimental band which was on its month's duty in Singapore. They were playing at a

cup final match in the Base Ordnance Depot, and played very well. The commander of the depot was obviously very grateful to them and said how much he and his officers and men appreciated their performance. I had a long talk with Mr Simpson and it was good to see again the many members of the band who had been with me in Warminster. They looked in very good heart. I was unable to get to Penang and see the Regiment, and though I had hoped to talk to Colonel Tod Sweeny by telephone they were all out on an exercise so I was not able to do this either.

I flew the rest of the way back to Aden in the most complete comfort. The new chief of air staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy, who until recently had been my commander-in-chief here in Aden, very kindly gave me passage in his V.I.P. Comet. It is the aircraft that Her Majesty the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family use when being flown by the Royal Air Force and it was, of course, most comfortably laid out, with bedrooms and pseudo-bay windows. It has spoilt me for flying in any other way.

Eighteen thousand miles in seven days is quite a trip, but I would be very happy to do it again. The wonderful view of Hong Kong and Kowloon at night from the top of the Peak; my prawns à la Kiev at the Parisian Grill; the sampan harbour of Aberdeen where thousands of Cantonese live packed as tight as sardines in these small craft, so close together that it is impossible to see the water; the almost universal good looks of the girls in the streets and shops; the cheerful good humour and smiling service; the Gracious living. All these gave me great pleasure and I would not say no to a second helping.

THE "OUTPOST OF FREEDOM"

O. G. PRATT

I debated with myself for a week before writing this article on Berlin because Gerald Stacey produced one for the 1961 Chronicle. However, now that the Regiment is to be stationed in the city, I feel that an up-to-date version may be of interest, accompanied by a sketch map and some photographs. I am sure that Gerald will not object to this breach of copyright when he knows that this article is written with his before me on the table, so that I do not repeat what he has said, unless it is absolutely necessary to ensure the continuity of the narrative.

Berlin originally consisted of two fishing villages on the River Spree, Coelln and Berlin, which united in 1307 to improve defence and trade. Tradition has it that the city was founded by Albrecht Der Bär (Albert the Bear), hence the bear as the city's crest. Berlin became a trading town of some importance, which increased during the Renaissance when it became the permanent residence of the Brandenburg kings and electors. This growth was temporarily halted around 1600 when a series of plagues greatly reduced the population.

Frederick William, the Great Elector, restored the city to its former eminence, rebuilt the town and founded the future Brandenburg-Prussian state. In 1701, the Great Elector's son became Frederick I, King of Prussia, and eight years later Berlin became the capital of the state. Under the successors of Frederick I, particularly Frederick William I, and Frederick II (the Great), Berlin prospered, and such architects and sculptors as Langhans, Knobelsdorff, and Gontard erected and decorated the magnificent buildings near the Unter Den Linden. Some of these have survived the war, and although battered, can still reflect past glory. By the end of his reign Frederick the Great had made Prussia a great central European power, with Berlin a capital of corresponding importance. Even Prussia's defeat by Napoleon in 1806 did not halt the development of the city, and in the first half of the 19th century the architect Schinkel, the sculptor Hauch, and the landscape artist Lenné made Berlin one of the most beautiful capitals on the Continent.

Berlin became the capital of the German Empire in 1871, which was created after the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. It is worth noting here that Germany has in fact been united for less than a century, and Berlin a capital since 1709, whereas London was described by Tacitus in A.D. 61 as an important commercial centre, and by Ammianus Marcellinus as an ancient city in about A.D. 360. 1871 to 1939 was a period of astonishing

growth for Berlin. It became the most important industrial town, trade and traffic centre, and focus for the arts in middle Europe. Only when the history of the city is known can the utter destruction caused by the Second World War be really appreciated.

As the Second World War drew to a close, at Yalta in February 1945 the Allies agreed that Germany and Berlin should be divided into British, French, American and Soviet zones and sectors respectively. This was followed by the Potsdam Agreement in August 1945, where it was agreed that while the commanders-in-chief were the supreme authority in their zones, the country should be treated as an economic whole, and that government should be developed on democratic lines to prepare for eventual reunification. How far the latter resolution got is well known. The creation of East Germany (i.e., The Deutsche Demokratische Republik—D.D.R.) besides being an effort to extend the communist empire, may also have been prompted by the Soviet's genuine mistrust of a reunified Germany, and the desire to create a buffer state on the borders of the U.S.S.R. against attack from the West. Meanwhile Berlin continued to exist uneasily under its quadripartite military government which acted through the city government with its seat in the Soviet sector.

Events leading to the inevitable administrative split between the Western sector of Berlin and that occupied by the Soviets, came to a head rapidly in June 1948, when the Western Powers reformed the currency in their sector. The Russians promptly withdrew from the Allied Kommandatura to a headquarters in their sector at Karlshorst on the north-east outskirts, and blockaded West Berlin on 1st July. The S.E.D. (the Communist Social Unity Party) was morally defeated in the elections held in December 1948, by a coalition of the S.P.D. (Socialists), C.D.U. (Christian Democrats) and F.D.P. (Free Democrats) because the Russians would not allow free elections in their sector and the S.E.D. boycotted the elections in West Berlin for fear that their weakness would be exposed. The Soviet counter to this was to form a magistrat in East Berlin of nominated communists, and the elected governing mayor found himself physically prevented from entering his office in the government buildings, thus aggravating an already explosive situation. The elected city government then moved first to Charlottenburg and then to the Schöneberg Rathaus, where it is today.

Since then the Allies have given increasing power to the city government and it is represented in the Federal Republic Parliament at Bonn. At this point it is appropriate to make crystal clear that the Western Allies are in Berlin by right of conquest and are likely to remain there because of the impossibility of coming to any agreement with the U.S.S.R. over the

status of East Germany. The supreme government of West Berlin today is military. Soldiers are in charge, governing with political deputies. They are ultimately responsible for the security of West Berlin, and they issue directives to the West Berlin Senat as they consider necessary. If the determination of the West to fight for West Berlin was not so patently obvious, the city would have been absorbed by communism a long time ago.

The efforts of the Russians to isolate West Berlin from Western Europe were finally defeated on 1st May 1949, by the airlift, during which a plane landed in West Berlin every three minutes. The degree of success of this operation can be measured by the fact that a power station, named after Ernst Reuter, the governing mayor of the day, was built from material flown in to West Berlin from the West. A *status quo* then existed for a period. East Berliners were allowed to work in West Berlin and vice versa. There was free passage between the sectors apart from minor frontier formalities. The number of escapers from East to West mounted as dissatisfaction with the East régime increased. This dissatisfaction exploded into fierce riots in East Berlin on 17th June 1953, which were ruthlessly suppressed by the Soviet Army. Today 17 Juni Strasse leading from the West to the Brandenburg Gate exists as a lasting memorial to those who fell in their efforts to gain freedom in their part of the city.

At this time the influx of refugees to West Berlin averaged about 300 per day, rising to 1,000 per day in times of stress. To cope with this staggering inflow there was an airlift in reverse to Western Germany. In the summer of 1961 the number of refugees rose to well over a 1,000 per day. In the face of this severe loss of population which included many of the professional classes, the East German Government were forced to build the wall between the East and West sectors of the city, and to seal the zonal border with a thick wire entanglement. If they had not done so East Germany would have perished. It was the ultimate admission of failure by the communist administration.

The first the Western Allies knew about the wall was when large numbers of Eastern para-military forces appeared on the border accompanied by vast amounts of material. The fluttering in the Western political dovecotes was considerable. Surprise was complete. At the time people wondered why intelligence services existed. However, while the West talked, the East acted. It was a bold manœuvre by the opposition. They gambled on the West being unprepared. They were right. They appreciated that the West would be unable to agree on any coordinated course of action until after the fortifications round West Berlin were complete, and that they would be unwilling to commit themselves too far in the face of a *fait*

accompli. Again they were right. The period had its highlights. Captain John Payne the G.S.O.3 Intelligence of Brigade Headquarters was seen inspecting the Kampfgruppen (workers' militia) who were toeing the white line of the border at the Brandenburg Gate. He considered them akin to a lot of pirates. They were. The American tanks crept up to the vicinity of the border at Check Point Charlie on their rubber tracks, then with a roar of engines raced up to the wall to the astonishment of the East German border police. The area became crowded. Especially when the Soviets produced tanks on their side of the border as well. There was simply no room to move, but the aim had been achieved. The Soviets had been forced to identify themselves with the action of Ulbricht's Government, thus stifling any claim that the wall and wire were nothing to do with Russia, but put up at the instigation of an independent East German government.

A period of tension now began. Allied soldiers reinforced the West Berlin police patrolling the borders and the battalions of the brigade group took it in turns to station a company near the Brandenburg Gate. The Soviet war memorial, which is 300 yards west of the Gate was wired in, and a British guard posted, because the Western commandants said that they could not guarantee the safety of the Russian sentries without such precautions. The Eiskeller, a Western enclave surrounded by East German territory, and reached by a narrow track, was garrisoned by a platoon of 1 Welch to ensure the safety of the farmers living there. An attempt by the East Germans to deny the entry of British troops to the area was foiled by a couple of Ferret scout cars, which drove straight at *Grenzpolizei* posted on the track. The farmer's son was escorted to and from school by a Ferret scout car. In October 1961 the platoon commander of the garrison was misguided enough to step over the border while watching an East German working party. He disappeared for some hours, but was released after strenuous protests had been made to the Russians. Strangely enough the road, rail, and air access routes were not interfered with and traffic flowed unmolested.

During the first half of 1962 a number of escapes over the sector border resulted in shots being exchanged between the West Berlin police and the East German paramilitary forces. The prompt appearance of Western military detachments to back up their police must have caused apprehension in the Soviet high command. They realised that if the East Germans continued to use their firearms promiscuously, a clash with Allied Forces was bound to result with very serious consequences. As a result a second barrier was erected, 100 metres or so on their home side of the zonal and sector borders. The area in between was cleared of population

and became a death strip to would-be refugees, inhabited by Eastern armed guards only. In spite of this, enterprising escapes continued. Extensive tunnelling operations were carried out from both sides of the border. Defectors continued to arrive, one calmly climbing the wall at the Brandenburg Gate in full view of his colleagues. The British guard commander at the Soviet war memorial late one night found himself confronted by a dripping figure in frogman's kit, who had dropped in after swimming the Spree.

An Austin Healey Sprite minus its windscreen nipped under the drop barriers at Check Point Charlie in the American sector under the noses of the astonished guards, with the fiancée and mother-in-law of the driver in the boot. These escapes continue today and the ingenuity of some of them, and the courage displayed in their execution are staggering.

On 25th August 1962 the British sector duty officer received a telephone call from the Soviets at Karlshorst saying that the Russian headquarters in East Berlin would be evacuated the next day. General Poppe of the East German Army then assumed control of the Soviet sector of the city. This caused another flutter in the political doves. The situation was, and still is, complicated. The Allies do not recognise East Germany. None the less tourists from Allied countries are allowed to travel in the country accepting East German formalities. Likewise British members of Parliament and businessmen visit East Berlin, and athletes compete in international competitions held in the country. The situation appears illogical to the newcomer, but becomes understandable when the background is known. Thus when General Poppe took over East Berlin the Western commandants made it quite clear that they held the Soviet commander-in-chief in East Germany responsible for activities in the ex-Soviet sector of the city. Furthermore they made it clear that the privileges afforded to the Allied garrison and its dependents in East Berlin were still in force so far as they were concerned and reinforced their comments by sending buses and cars into East Berlin on sight-seeing tours, and the like.

Here, for the first time, I must digress slightly in order to emphasise the political difficulties of the Allies caused by the Russian action. A few days earlier on 17th August 1962, a young East Berliner, Peter Fechter, was shot on the wall while trying to escape. Unfortunately he fell on the Eastern side where he lay for two hours calling for assistance, until he bled to death. The population of West Berlin was incensed. When the bus carrying the relief guard for the Soviet war memorial passed through Check Point Charlie that evening it was stoned, some windows broken, and a member of the guard slightly injured. The same thing happened the next evening. As a result the Russians requested, and received, permission to

move their guard in A.P.C.s. After a time the situation quietened. The problem then was to persuade the Russians to revert to using their bus, because the presence of Soviet armoured vehicles in West Berlin was unacceptable, in that it could be used as an excuse for furthering Eastern influence in the Western part of the city. It was while all this was being debated behind Western locked doors that the political change in the East already described took place.

The note requiring the Soviets to use a bus forthwith, and in future send it over the Sandkrug Bridge crossing point in the British sector was delivered to a Russian officer in his A.P.C. as he was about to leave the memorial after his relief. As usual the note was read out first, and as usual the Soviet officer dropped inside his vehicle and revved the engine so that he could not hear. The military police officer in charge, who had been caught like this before, and who was fed up with being made to look a fool yet again, seized the note from the interpreter, and posted it through a slit in the A.P.C. like a letter box. A shout of laughter from inside greeted this sally, and the next day the Russian guard appeared in a bus as requested. The Soviets, if nothing else, have a sense of humour. After this the political situation stabilised remarkably quickly and from then on all communications on Berlin were delivered to the Soviet commander-in-chief through the heads of the Allied military missions accredited to him.

On 26th June 1963, President Kennedy visited Berlin. It was a triumph. West Berlin turned out in force to greet him. His strong speeches were hailed with acclaim, and his presence had rather the same effect as a brandy given to a teetotaler. The visit, although short, was an outstanding political success. Even the obscuring of the Unter den Linden by red draperies hung from the Brandenburg Gate failed to mar the proceedings. The East Berliners were able to get a glimpse of the President at Check Point Charlie, because it was impossible to block the view there. He told the West Berliners what they wanted to hear most, that America was in Berlin with her Allies, and intended to stay. His departure was followed by the hurried arrival in East Berlin of Mr. Khrushchev. The greeting for this visit was not so spectacular. A spontaneous workers' demonstration or two, the odd speech to an approved communist audience, a conference of East Bloc potentates and that was all.

Fortified by President Kennedy's visit the Western Powers faced up to the autobahn incidents in late 1963 with firmness. The quarrel has been described with varying accuracy in the newspapers. The principle underlying the Allied stand is that the Russians are allowed to examine vehicles in Allied military convoys leaving or entering Berlin merely to ensure that only British, French, or American troops are in fact being carried. This is

in accordance with the original agreement at the end of the war. As usual the Western Allies allowed their vigilance to relax through the years and did not stand up for their rights from the beginning. Various national unwritten variations were allowed to develop, eventually resulting in different rules for British, American and French convoys. This offered the Soviets an excellent opportunity to play one Ally off against the other. As the situation developed it became clear that while they were prepared to harass, the Soviets were not prepared to allow another "Cuba" to develop over Berlin. The highlight of this affair which resulted in the standardisation of Western Allied convoy procedures, was when brigade headquarters, held at the Russian Check Point on the outskirts of Berlin, sited its field latrine outside the Soviet officer's office. The triumphant radio message announcing "... house sited on Russian soil" must have been heard by all and sundry, because a few minutes later the Soviet officer hurried out of his office to clear the convoy through to the autobahn.

Throughout the complicated pattern of Berlin affairs some facts remain constant. The Western Allies are there to guarantee the political freedom and physical safety of some 2,200,000 West Berliners. West Berlin is a thorn in the communist flank. Its prosperity is a constant source of irritation to a totalitarian regime. It really is the *Outpost of Freedom*. It is also an excellent Western propaganda centre. We are in Berlin and we intend to stay until the Eastern bloc authorities are prepared to agree to our terms for our evacuation. In effect these demand a complete guarantee for West Berlin. As the stature of China increases it is possible that Russia, looking nervously over her shoulder, may propose some arrangement acceptable to the West. Already the political climate is better on the whole. Meanwhile those in Berlin soldier on, ever vigilant, prepared to react at once at the first indication of a threat. "Ich bin ein Berliner" as the late President Kennedy remarked.

UNDER THE RED FLAG

C. A. S. HINTON

The twin-engined R.A.F. Pembroke throttled back and the nose pointed down towards the land. I peered anxiously from the window and below could see the deep blue of the Arabian sea, with hardly a ripple. About two miles away was a long stretch of sandy beach, some low hills, scrub, and a few scattered date palms, and behind these rose some very rocky, steep and bare-looking hills several hundred feet high. "Where," I asked Gerry, "is the airfield we are supposed to be landing at?" "Oh, just over those peaks," he grinned in reply. "We usually make it, but the airfield at Bait al Falaj is surrounded by these hills. Just watch."

Sure enough the wheels came down and then the flaps. The peaks rushed towards us and then fell away behind as the plane sank into a long, wide valley. "Here at last," I thought. Below was a small village with date palms, wells and well-cultivated gardens. Ahead a gravel runway, some small airfield buildings and several small aircraft.

Beyond those was what I was really looking for. A neat military camp with white buildings, and in the centre a white fort, with two round towers and over one of the towers fluttered a large plain red flag. The flag of His Highness the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. I had arrived to take up my appointment at the Headquarters of the Sultan's Armed Forces.

This Headquarters is at a place known as Bait al Falaj. This means Home or place of the Falaj, Falaj being a handmade underground water channel. It is about two miles from Muttrah the main port and four miles from the capital of the country, Muscat.

Muscat is an old-fashioned but clean little walled town beside an impressive natural harbour, the whole overlooked by two forbidding-looking forts, one of which is the main prison. The whole country is about 800 miles long and 150 wide, slightly larger than Britain in all, with a population of about half a million.

The Sultan's Armed Forces are one of the smallest, but certainly the best, in the Middle East. The commander of the Armed Forces is a British officer and there are some other British officers and N.C.O.s in the Force. In addition to the Army there is a small Air Force of Provost aircraft equipped with machine-guns and rockets, and Beaver light aircraft for air supply. Air supply is an important feature of this miniature Air Force. The reason is that the roads are bad and few in number with the interior of the country so wild and mountainous, that all urgent supplies of fresh food, medical stores, classified mail and money for pay and local purchase

have to go by air. Indeed one permanent company camp situated 6,000 feet up on the Jebel Akhdar (Green Mountain) cannot be reached by vehicle at all: only by Beaver aircraft and donkeys.

Muscat and Oman is not a British territory in any sense. The British officers and N.C.O.s serving with the force are either serving permanent engagements contracted to serve the Sultan's Forces, or short-term engagements seconded by the British Army for a specific period, on loan only. The Army in its present form really took shape during the war in 1958.

The war here refers to the rebellion of some tribes, which began in the summer of 1957 and finished in January 1959. The background is long and involved, and most interesting, although there is no space here to deal with it fully. Briefly, loyalties in the interior of Oman became divided between the Imam, supposedly a religious leader, and the Sultan. The Imam named Ghalib bin Ali had been dismissed from his post in 1955, but in 1957 his wily, but courageous brother Talib bin Ali assisted by gifts of money, weapons and mines from certain other Arab countries, landed a small force of several hundred men on a deserted stretch of coast. They moved inland towards the mountains by night using devious routes and reached the interior undetected.

Once there they raised some of the tribes in revolt and, luckily for them, were joined by a powerful Sheikh and his large tribe who occupied the main mountain range, the Jebel Akhdar. This Sheikh, named Suleiman bin Himyar, was the self-styled "Lord of the Green Mountain." This rebel trio, Ghalib, the ex-Imam, Talib his brother, and Sheikh Suleiman raised their white flag, which were the Imam's colours, at the chief town of the interior, called Nizwa. They were soon ejected from there by the Sultan's Forces, which were then smaller in size than they are now, without an Air Force of their own. The R.A.F. were called in to help and Venoms and Hunters assisted in breaking the rebel resistance. However, the wily trio and their supporters fled to the Jebel Akhdar and showed every intention of fighting it out. They had much on their side. The Sultan's Forces were very small, the mountains inaccessible to vehicles with only three or four narrow and difficult footpaths to the top: a real fortress and so it proved to be. A handful of men could hold the mountain tracks, and Talib, who was the real leader had several hundred well-armed tribesmen. They had some point-five Browning heavy machine-guns, three-inch mortars and a quantity of automatic weapons. In addition small parties would come down from the mountains at night and lay mines on the long winding road from Muscat to Nizwa.

However, help was at hand and by the end of 1958 the Sultan's Forces,

assisted by two squadrons of the Special Air Service Regiment, reached the main plateau. Once on top superior organisation and training told and the rebels were dispersed. The trio Ghalib, Talib and Suleiman made a quick getaway and fled to Saudi Arabia setting up their headquarters in Dammam, where it is to this day. Many of their main hard core supporters made good their escape as well, having hidden mines and weapons in various arms' caches before they finally left.

From that day to this Talib, living in Dammam, has attempted to keep the rebellion going. He has been assisted with money from certain other Arab countries and by propaganda directed mainly from Cairo Radio. Egypt is trying to present to the world the picture of an oppressed people held down by a tyrant with the aid of masses of British "Imperialist" troops. Indeed this nonsense is blared out constantly by Cairo Radio. In fact, there are no British troops in Oman and the rebels have almost ceased to operate.

Recently a United Nations Commission visited the country and went away satisfied that there was no rebellion and there were no British Forces. It is now getting very difficult for Cairo Radio to keep up the pretence of civil war, but they are certainly trying hard.

Talib's plan has been to try and smuggle small groups of men into the country and comparatively large quantities of mines. In the past these so-called rebels sneaked down from the hills, laid a few mines and vanished again. They seldom covered their handiwork with fire and often the mines caused no casualties, although admittedly damage was done to the vehicles, sometimes civilian. There have been occasional ambushes, but the rebels seldom press home their attacks with any determination. Recently quite a number of their "hard core" has been rounded up and Talib has lost several of his most trusted operators. In addition and as a result of this many of the arms' caches have been located and removed, which has deprived the rebels of their main source of equipment.

The Sultan's Armed Forces, although small in size, are deployed mainly in the old disputed rebel areas and along the frontiers with the Trucial States. Most of the camps are company detachments and well sighted for defence. Some of these posts are many miles apart and they each consist of a group of white huts, a small white stone fort in the centre, over which flies the Sultan's red flag. It is most certainly an adventure story country, with its wild rugged mountains, rebels in the hills, arms' smugglers on the coasts and frontiers, and fierce-looking bearded tribesmen everywhere, all armed with a variety of rifles and knives.

In fact, the tribesmen of the interior are mainly very hospitable and friendly. To go into a village to give a message to a local sheikh often

means a stay of several hours. After the initial lengthy and polite greetings everyone sits cross-legged in a circle, discussing everything imaginable except the business in hand. Then tea is produced and a plate of dates. These are consumed slowly and politely while the conversation continues. After that follows coffee, more dates, fruit, various sweetmeats and continued conversation. After this, business can safely be discussed, the other visitors and retainers politely taking their leave. The reason for the visit having at last been completed, the visitor gets up to leave, but often the host will say, "You cannot go. You must eat with me. Please stay. The meal is almost ready." An hour or so later a huge meal of rice, goat's meat or mutton, and various other good things will be produced on large round dishes.

Everyone sits round the dish dipping in with only his right hand. It would be unclean to use the left hand as that is reserved for other purposes. After this main meal is over it is then polite to get up and go straight away without lingering further.

The roads are few and except in the Muscat area there are no telephones. The communications are done by the Armed Forces' signallers using C13 and the old 19-set radios. The communications are very well maintained and all messages are sent in morse in English. Although many of the signallers speak no English they quickly learn the letters and morse equivalent and can send and receive at 20 to 25 words a minute.

Most, but not all, of the equipment is British. Vehicles are bought direct from civilian firms in Britain and shipped out. The main vehicles used are Land-Rovers and Bedford three-tonners. And a real success, there are no work tickets! As the roads are bad with a lot of cross-country work being necessary the average life of a long-wheelbase Land-Rover is just over two years, so there is a constant turnover of new vehicles.

There are so many interesting aspects of Muscat and Oman that it would fill a book to mention them all. However, it all adds up to something really interesting, unusual and great fun. So if any reader gets the offer of coming here it is a real chance to get away from it all. Oh! I nearly forgot, only the commanders of the Force and the Air Force are allowed their families, so it's best if you are unmarried. In addition there are no television sets; and radio, you can just hear the general overseas service of the B.B.C. and, of course, Cairo in Arabic!

JORDAN

M. G. A. HAY-WILL

The voice over the broadcast system had said we would shortly see Beirut; with livened interest the passengers craned their necks to get a first glimpse of this city with its violent reputation except for my wife and me who instinctively looked up into the mountains, our eyes searching for the tiny village in which we had lived ten years ago. The children were too young to remember except, perhaps, Sally who claimed the vague memory of a green gate and pink walls. We'd spent a year in Shemlan, a gloriously irresponsible and bohemian year during which Jane was born and I tried to absorb the rudiments of classical Arabic.

At the height we were travelling it was impossible to pick out Shemlan with certainty, in any case our attention was quickly distracted to the glistening ridge of Jebel Sumin, still snow clad though the temperature in Beirut must be steady in the 70s. The Beka'a was deep in shadow and as we tilted for the turn to the south the lights were coming on in Damascus. Soon the keeling of the cabin and a new engine note indicated we were starting our run-in. My most recent memory of Jordan dated back eight years when, as secretary of the Anglo-Jordan Joint Defence Board, I had made frequent trips to Jordan. In those days a Dakota would occasionally land at Marqa but more often a Rapide or a Dove; there was a precipice at the end of the runway which allowed no margin for error. As we swept lower this point assumed increasing importance; as a notoriously bad airman I had never reconciled myself to flying nor could I credit that pilots didn't sometimes make mistakes. However, my worries on this score ceased abruptly as fresh alarms assailed me, the tilting of the cabin and violent bumping left no room for thoughts of anything but self-preservation.

I was still frozen to my seat as a light bump and squeal announced we had touched down. We taxied in a flurry of dust, revved, turned, revved, turned and finally stopped, simultaneously a voice announced that we were in Amman. Mentally berating myself for my cowardly doubts I turned my attention to the task of disembarking my family at the same time trying to assemble my scattered wits in preparation for the new job which lay ahead. I'd no idea what the duties of an Assistant Military Attaché entailed and clearly my assessment of progress in Jordan over the intervening years required radical adjustment.

In 1921 a state was carved out of the area of desert, given the title Trans-Jordan, and handed over to Amir Abdulla the son of the Sherif

Hussein of Mecca in part fulfilment of a promise made in 1915 to found an Arab State in return for Arab co-operation in the war against Turkey. This was the precursor of the modern state of Jordan. To the west was Palestine, to the north Syria; east and south-east lay Iraq and Saudi Arabia. In the south was Trans-Jordan's only link with the sea, a barren four-mile strip of coast on the Gulf of Aqaba with a fishing village serving as the only port.

In 1946 the principedom became a kingdom, Prince Abdulla a king, and the Royal Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan was born. During this period a number of British administrators and soldiers aspired to assist Trans-Jordan toward full statehood; they came in the first instance as servants of a foreign-power, but such was the magnetism of this little country that each in turn came to acknowledge a dual loyalty, amongst them the most notable were Sir Alec Kirkbride, Peake Pasha and finally, the greatest Arabophile of them all, Glubb Pasha.

In the early days efforts were concentrated on the task of preserving peace between warring bedouin tribes of both Trans-Jordan and Saudi Arabia. Over the centuries, over the length and breadth of the Arabian Peninsula, inter-tribal raiding had been a tradition and a way of life in which actions were conducted with lightning swiftness, ambush, attack and withdrawal; the prize of victory, camels, horses and slaves; of defeat, death. It fell to Peake Pasha and subsequently Glubb Pasha with the magnificent soldiers of the Desert Patrol, themselves bedouin, aided by a few aircraft and armoured cars of the Royal Air Force, to establish order and a grudging respect for international frontiers.

In 1939 Trans-Jordan was still no more than a desert kingdom, and if the truth were told, it might be found that she aspired to nothing more, yet of the Arab States Trans-Jordan alone sided unhesitatingly with Great Britain at the outbreak of war and throughout those long years contributed her diminutive forces to the campaign in the Middle East.

In 1948 came the Palestine crisis culminating in the Arab-Israeli war. It was inevitable from her geographical placing that Trans-Jordan should be immediately and heavily engaged. In spite of high-flown promises of aid from her sister Arab states this small but gallant country found herself virtually isolated in her fight against the Jews, with the exception of a contingent from Iraq the promised aid never materialised in significant quantity, and the Arab Legion itself was hamstrung with the simultaneous withdrawal, on orders from Great Britain, of the majority of British seconded officers who occupied key positions on the staff and in command. Losing ground in all but a few isolated locations Trans-Jordan was glad to accept U.N. intervention and the armistice which resulted.

Out of the Arab-Israeli war emerged the new Jordan of today, her western frontier now extended across the River Jordan into what was formerly Palestine on a line which roughly follows the contours of the Judean and Samarian highlands. She further inherited over half a million Palestine refugees who subsequently were to prove a continual threat to her internal stability.

In 1952 King Abdulla, accompanied by his grandson Prince Hussein, visited the Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem and there was assassinated. His son, Prince Talal, succeeded him for a short while until ill health forced him to abdicate in favour of his son, Prince Hussein, then a cadet at Sandhurst. From thence onwards the rise and fall of Jordan's fortunes and the vicissitudes of her young monarch are a familiar story so perhaps this is a good point from which to leap to the present day and to begin, I think appropriately, with a few observations and personal reminiscences on this remarkable personality.

Physically King Hussein is short, his figure slender but powerfully built, his head disproportionally large for so small a body. His eyes are dark and alert with crow's-feet lines of humour at the outer edges which smile in unison with a large, thick-lipped mouth. His voice is remarkably deep and resonant, his speech slow and deliberate, relying on inflection rather than modulation to convey his meaning. Recently, the strain of his years of office are beginning to leave their mark in a cadaverousness about the cheeks and a profound weariness about the eyes. He still enjoys fast cars, go-karts and flying, in all of which he displays a higher-than-average skill, but increasing pressure of work allows him less and less time to indulge these pastimes. He is extremely approachable, and an easy conversationalist, enjoying the company of westerners of his own age. The King and his young wife, Mona El Hussein, are entirely relaxed except for a hardly perceptible reserve which discourages familiarity. Hussein's courage is renowned, the stories of his exploits legion yet above all else is the shining example of bravery which he displays every day under the constant threat of assassination. He himself is better aware than most of the dangers which threaten him daily but awareness has in no way affected his accessibility nor restricted his movements.

Everyone will remember the furore surrounding the King's marriage to Toni Gardner. It was a romantic union but one fraught with perils from within the country and without. The King, however, was determined, with the aid of his uncle, the then Colonel H. R. H. Nasser Ibn Jamil, to overcome all obstacles. One could not help but admire his tenacity of purpose and, with the other guests privileged to be at the glittering wedding reception, to wish the royal couple all the happiness they could glean

from a marriage that must forever balance on a knife-edge of uncertainty. They and their two sons Abdulla and Faisal, living in the smartest and most modern of the royal palaces a few miles outside Amman, have created a haven of domestic peace.

Despite her youth and modest upbringing Princess Mona has merged into the Jordanian scene quietly and with dignity and poise. Neither the King nor herself has made extravagant claims for her with the result that she is now apparently accepted by the Jordan people and most important, by that matriarch of the royal family, Queen Zein.

The work of an attaché and his assistant is largely representational which means one has to dress well, eat well, drink well and hope to keep the ulcers at bay just long enough. You have offices in the Embassy, a small clerical staff, a large house, servants, a car, driver and a comparatively liberal allowance. The hours are long, the scope of work unlimited; one travels a lot, attends numerous official functions, hobnobs with dignitaries in the diplomatic, political and military spheres and when, at the end of a long day, you want nothing more than to relax into a deep armchair your wife reminds you of the cocktail party, reception and dinner which lie ahead of you. But the compensations are many, not least the opportunities for a thorough exploration of the country to which one is accredited. In Jordan we were particularly fortunate for few countries in the world can have such a concentration of fascinating things to see and do.

For myself, having served with the 52nd in Palestine, there were places to revisit, among them Jerusalem, Nablus, Qalqilya, Jerash and Mafrak. I tried without success to locate our ex-Beaver camp site of 1946, somewhere south of Mafrak on the road to Amman, but the featureless desert gave me no clue. Jerash evoked memories, Zerqa also, but both have changed beyond positive recognition.

From the day of our arrival we determined to do Jordan properly. Starting on the West Bank in the north, we visited Nablus the Biblical Shechem and reputed site of Jacob's well. Coming south our journeys took us to Emmaus, scene of the visitation, here in the monastery church our son Raglan received his first holy communion; to Latrun with its monastery where a variety of not very good wines, cheese and honey could be bought at very reasonable prices. Latrun was the scene of some of the bitterest fighting of the Arab-Israeli war, the present commander-in-chief, Lieut.-General Habes El Majali, commanded the regiment which held this salient, in doing so he dominated the main supply route to Jerusalem preventing the reinforcement, in any significance, of Jewish forces in the city. To Jerusalem we could have given weeks of exploration, but had to content ourselves with a number of independent expeditions. Luckily the

old city with its fabulous historical and religious associations was preserved from destruction or damage in the war. Today tourism is a thriving industry providing Jordan with its largest single source of income. From the American style luxury hotels on the Ramallah Road sleek American limousines hourly set out in convoys of ten or more each with its complement of perspiring rubber-neckers.

Early on I made a pilgrimage of another sort in an attempt to revisit places so familiar to the 52nd in 1946-47, but unfortunately all lay inaccessible in the Jewish quarter. However, at the risk of incurring official displeasure, I succeeded in catching glimpses of the Syrian Orphanage where Peter Everett and later Tod Sweeney commanded in 1947; of the remains of the Convent of Notre Dame opposite Suleiman's Gate where Regimental Headquarters and "C" Company lived in insanitary proximity for four months, and finally of Alamein Camp, the Regiment's own particular patch of rocky hillside, during seven crowded months in 1946. The King David Hotel I viewed from the same spot on which, in July 1946, I had witnessed its partial destruction. In those days it stood in isolated splendour but now the mushroom growth of the new city has surrounded it with unattractive tenement buildings.

Continuing down the spine of the Judean hills our visits took us to Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity, thence onwards to Hebron dominated by a magnificent fortified mosque.

Jerusalem is now linked to Amman by an American engineered highway but you still get that rather weird sensation as you drive below the signboard indicating sea-level, an unfailing source of amusement to the children. The potash works still stands at the head of the Dead Sea and little changed from that day in 1946 when the 52nd triumphantly unearthed a cache of arms and ammunition. A little west of the works is the spot where we used to bathe (euphemistic misapplication of a word commonly associated with a pleasurable sensation to which the masochistic ritual of immersion in the Dead Sea bears absolutely no resemblance). Quite close by are the Qunran caves where the Essene sect scrolls were discovered in 1947.

Just north of the Dead Sea lies Jericho famed for the recent archaeological discoveries made by Miss Kathleen Kenyon. The Embassy has a cottage and swimming-pool overlooking ancient Jericho where we and the children spent many happy winter days basking in the sun whilst rain storms lashed the hills above.

On the East Bank of the River Jordan (a term embracing all of Jordan east of the river including former Trans-Jordan) the archaeological remains are generally better preserved because it is only in comparatively recent

times that the country has been open to large-scale vandalism, often on an international basis, as witnessed in Egypt, Iraq and Greece in the 19th century.

In the north, little remains of the ancient Gadera; since the decline of the Eastern Roman Empire the amphitheatre and buildings have been pillaged to provide stone for the local Arab village of Umm Qais. Umm El Jamal, on the other hand, lying to the north of the Baghdad Road, built by the Romans and rebuilt during the Byzantine era, is virtually complete though in ruins; it is constructed entirely of black basalt giving it a forbidding appearance. Further south lies Jerash, the Roman Gerasa of the Decapolis, rivalling Leptis Magna in North Africa in the completeness and preservation of its remains. Here, in spite of the ravages of time, earthquake and human destruction, is a Roman city of empirical proportions magnificently built to endure and in its durability a tribute to the skill of its architects and builders. Modern Amman, lying in a valley on the fringe of the desert, has a history traceable into pre-history, this is Ammon of biblical times, renamed Philadelphia by the Romans and subsequently reverting to its ancient title. Finally, in this rather attenuated account, but taking pride of place for sheer, breathtaking magnificence, is Petra ("a rose-red city—half as old as Time!") capital of the ancient Kingdom of Nabatea, occupied and partially built over by the Romans and then lost to civilisation until rediscovered by a Swiss, Burchard, in the last century. There is nothing in the world to compare with this hidden city which, to this day, is accessible only through a tortuous, narrow gorge with precipitous walls rising 200 feet or more. Only last year a party of French tourists was wiped out when a downpour in the surrounding hills sent a wall of water raging several feet deep through the gorge, there was no escape and all but two perished, their bodies were recovered as far as 20 miles from the scene of the disaster.

Our infatuation with the physical remains of Jordan's unique and ancient history, for my wife luckily shared my interest, must be all too evident. Perhaps I've devoted a disproportionate section of this article to what was, after all, a spare time hobby. None the less, I'm impenitent, for these archaeological remains may yet prove, in years to come, the foundation of modern Jordan's prosperity.

My work was obviously connected largely with the Jordan Armed Forces. The three services having a common origin in the British-trained Arab Legion bear a strong resemblance in organisation to our own army.

There is General Headquarters in Amman with subordinate headquarters, equivalent to our divisional districts, on East and West Banks.

The upkeep of the armed forces places a crippling burden on a budget

derived mainly from British and American subsidies. In a country as poor as Jordan this would be a farcical situation if viewed in isolation from the Arab-Israeli problem as a whole. But, it should be remembered that not only is there no common defence policy between Arab states but Jordan, with her 600-kilometre border facing the Israelis, has a heavy commitment. For this reason she feels compelled to maintain a large regular and territorial army and will continue to do so until either she reaches a working solution with her Arab neighbours or contrives a *modus vivendi* with Israel; the former presupposes an understanding between republic and monarchy which is an anachronism these days, and the latter a conversion of such magnitude that is unthinkable. So the tension is perpetuated and Jordan retains her army.

The Jordanian soldier is individually the best disciplined and trained of any Arab army as well as being the most likeable.

The situation is complicated by the implacable natures of both contestants. Many good people have sought to reach a solution based on reason and common sense but have had to acknowledge defeat in the face of unreason and illogicality. Meanwhile, apart from the numbers of uniforms, there is little evidence in Jordan, and in Israel I'm told, of war psychosis. In Jordan there is concentration on economic development aiming at achieving viability by 1970. Many Jordanians are realists, content to let matters rest as they are for the present. A kind of *modus vivendi* has been reached.

This account hardly does justice to my great affection for Jordan and her people. I should have liked to have given space to a more detailed description of the topography taking the reader into the great expanses of desert and there introduced him to the people of the desert, the bedouin, but, in limiting the scope of my subject I have tried to stick to generalities particularly those which I hope will provoke the unspoken comment, "this sounds a wonderful country," which it is.

CYPRUS MEETS JORDAN

C. M. MEYNELL

Banshee yells echoed over the wide expanse of sand and dust which extended as far as the eye could see, only broken in the distance by, on one side, a line of barren hills, and on the other, whitewashed mud houses, beginning to glow in the orange light of the rapidly setting sun, surrounding the towering minaret of a mosque. Some distance from where I was standing, looking towards the hills, I could see the long low tents, growing a darker shade of brown with every second of the dusk. These were the primitive dwellings of the romantic Bedouin Arab, with thin camels roaming loose outside.

You are already transported to the wastes of the Middle East, wondering perhaps what is coming next—a sudden charge of a band of Touareg on a lonely desert fort—a *coup d'état* in Iraq—prospectors striking oil in Kuwait or a polo match in Khartoum. They all sound equally exciting and certainly equally as feasible. It was in fact the end of the polo match, perhaps the least likely to be accompanied by such sounds. Not in Khartoum, but near Amman, between the Jordan Arab Army and the British Army from Cyprus. Much to their joy and jubilation, the Jordanians had won, and won decisively. It is their shouts of triumph—ancient battle cries perhaps, that have before now, turned the blood of their former enemies to ice. Now they were harmless, but equally blood curdling.

Our visit was nearly over and the match had been an exciting and fitting climax. Already it seemed a different age from when we, the team itself and its usual batch of camp followers, stepped aboard a R.A.F. Hastings at Nicosia. The flight, without incident, took us out over Dhekelia, our base near Larnaca, to Beirut where those who had spent some time there, aired their knowledge by pointing out such landmarks as the magnificent Casino and the Phoenicia Hotel. Some had a very intimate knowledge of the former. It is really the Macao of the Middle East. From Beirut onwards, leaving snowcapped Mount Hermon—Noah's Ark's resting place?—on our right, to Damascus, which appeared to be little more than a large collection of sandcastles, where turning south-east we set course for Amman flying parallel but some distance from the River Jordan. A glimpse of the Sea of Gallilee and we were there, over the city perched amongst the Jebels of the Edomite Mountains where Og—King of Bashan had had his bed of iron.

Doors opened and General Peter Young, our captain, jumped first. Without a parachute this time. And literally jumped, as they hadn't catered for anything as large as a Hastings and the steps only came half-

way up to the door. Eventually, for the tight skirts of the ladies, they produced a baggage cart, such as is found on Paddington Station, on which they placed the steps. Four hefty Jordanians had to hold this steady, as each time someone placed a foot on the contraption it ran in the opposite direction. Without mishap—somehow—everyone and everything was unloaded and we were introduced to those who had come to meet us. Brigadier Mashhour el Jazi and Colonel Shawfik Jume'an of the Jordanian Army and the British Military Attaché and his Assistant—Colonel Phayre and Major Tony Cawston—both gunners, both of whom had done so much to make the trip possible. Slightly apart from the general throng of official well-wishers was a vital member of the team about whom each one of us had had sudden qualms of fear. Would he be there, would he be fit, would he be alive even. Sam Sheppard of the Rifle Brigade had spent the previous three weeks on the back of a camel with the Camel Corps of the Arab Legion, riding from Aquaba to Amman over barren desert. All was well though, and he was there looking fit and well. Deep sighs of relief all round.

Some of our party were staying in various residences in Amman while the remainder were in the magnificent Officers' Club at Zerka which turned out to be little less than a high-class hotel. Everything in the club appeared extremely British with a delightful Arab flavour. The living part of the club was a replica of any regimental mess in Britain. The mess silver on display—water colours and oils on the walls—a billiards room and bar and mess waiters to take heed of one's every whim. We each had our own bedroom suite—and extremely comfortable it turned out to be—"all mod. cons."!—private telephone, piped music, if one wanted it, a bathroom and a balcony overlooking the swimming pool, with a view over Zerka to distant hills.

The emphasis of the trip was obviously on horses and so the afternoon saw us looking at the stables and the players choosing ponies for the great match. Our first reactions were incredulity and jealousy. What a magnificent set-up it was. Each horse had half a groom, and as there were about 30 to 40 horses, grooms were legion. Immaculately clean and tidy, it was obviously managed by a keen organiser and horseman, who was able to spend a great deal of time at his job. Such was the case.

Entertainment began that evening with a reception by Colonel Phayre at which were many people from Amman concerned in some way or other with the Saddle Club. This was followed by a buffet dinner at Tony Cawston's house. The boat was launched and it was to steer, for some, an unsteady course until the next Tuesday morning. Some people met long-lost cousins, others saw, for the first time for many years, childhood and

teenage bosom friends. The boat was launched, but it almost foundered on the rocks on its maiden voyage. Just as we were leaving the Cawston's house, one of our Jordanian drivers, with his shemagh, the local red and white headdress billowing in the wind behind him, came rushing in with drastic and tragic news.

"Was it true?"—"an impossibility"—"not him of all people"—"you're joking of course." None of us believed the news but all feared it was true. If such tragedy can overtake someone of his stature are any of us safe? Kennedy—John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the President of the United States of America was dead. Assassinated an hour before in Dallas. Our first reactions were those of any civilised citizen of the world—horror and grief. Then it became obvious that this could affect events much nearer at home—would our tour have to be cancelled or postponed in deference to the late John Kennedy? After much consultation it was decided to continue the programme with the exception of the Ambassador's party on Monday. The situation for us was saved. Quite naturally, however much we enjoyed the rest of our stay, it was overshadowed, as our thoughts always returned to this tragic event.

Stick and ball the next morning, tactics talked and ponies decided upon. Everyone happy. A day of sightseeing followed. After meeting at the Phayre's house, we set off on an hour's drive north. This took us along a winding route through dry hills and luscious valleys, across the River Zerka—called Jabbik in the Bible—to Jerash which suddenly, on rounding a corner, confronted us with its Triumphal Arch in the foreground.

In a quiet delightful valley in the mountains of Gilead amongst the walnuts and poplars along the stream lies one of the most complete examples of a Roman provincial city to be found anywhere. We spent nearly two hours amongst the ruins after a delicious picnic under some of the sighing pines which cover the Ajhloun hills and by the end of the day all of us were ready to put up our feet, but more was still to come.

Fortunately, for those at Zerka, Mohammed was paying the molehill a visit for the evening. The party—drinks followed by dinner—was at the Officers' Club, given in honour of the polo team by the Jordanian polo players. Most of the guests had the half-hour's drive from Amman once more. The guests were mainly members of the Jordan army, including the commander-in-chief (with a smattering of wives and families), several diplomats and ambassadors—one of whom brought his wife and his secretary. Although we were pretty well worn out it seemed a pity to waste the opportunity so some of the younger members and bachelors of the party cadged a lift to the hub of the throbbing Amman night life. The biggest and best night club in Jordan—the Philadelphia—the name

which the Romans gave to Amman when they included it in their far-reaching, all-embracing empire. It was renamed Amman after the Roman decline and fall. But we digress. Perhaps it is a good thing to get our minds off the show that followed. The troupe had spent several months touring Cyprus and they were known by us—even by Cyprus standards—to be bad and they did little to repair their reputation. We just managed to swallow our one highly expensive whisky and flat soda and to sit through three-quarters of the show, but we eventually could stand it no longer and in our best Arabic hailed the nearest taxi. No camels left here.

We awoke the next morning with the glorious feeling of having slept well and with the thought of a leisurely day seeing Jordan. Our illusions by the end of a fascinating but exhausting day were sadly but yet happily shattered. Happily because of the experiences to which we had all been party. Having made our rendezvous at the Ambassador's residence, we drove off past Queen Zein's palace and the little semi-detached maisonette of the Gardners. Royal parents all. Our destination Jerusalem. The Holy City.

The first-class road led us through the hills down to sea-level—down and down further. An odd sensation of pressure on one's ears as we descended to the Dead Sea at 1,200 feet below sea-level. Reminiscences galore—"When I was last here . . . staying in the Dead Sea Hotel, I found outside a midnight blue Aston Martin—long, low, sleek and fast. A young all-American girl was sitting on the verandah with a Pimms in her hand. She seemed to shout out that she was the owner of the car—she must have been, we were the only occupants of this vast modern hotel. She turned out to be a millionairess, who after an exciting and romantic elopement and a prolonged inter-continental chase, had been jilted at the ninth hour. For some reason only known to herself she had chosen this desolate place to recover from this sudden unexpected setback to her obviously meteoric marital career. Was I James Bond—was she Pussy Galore? What was the outcome? Watch Ian Fleming's next book!"

Across the River Jordan—high and full even at this time of the year. Will the situation be the same in a year's time I wonder? Will the Israelis put their new irrigation scheme into operation—and by so doing take all the valuable water from the river into their own dykes and canals, leaving the Jordan valley without enough to exist? If they do, will the Jordanians sit still? Your guess is as good as mine.

Up the other side and so into Jerusalem. It had seemed so easy to get to this city for which so many have given so much to make the perilous, expensive and difficult pilgrimage. The beauty of its appearance immediately struck each one of us and sent thrills of pleasure and wonder through us. From

the outside at least it was up to expectations. The best view we had was from the top of a new mosque on the Mount of Olives. The Garden of Gethsemane with the onion-shaped towers of the Russian Orthodox monastery peering over the olives and palm trees was on our left and below us. Across the valley, the dome of the Church of the Rock stood out amongst its rivals in the centre of the picture. To the right of it, the Palestine Archaeological Museum was outstanding. The great Roman wall could be easily seen more or less surrounding much of the old city. We later drove through into the city, a hive of activity on every side. We had not gone far when we were suddenly confronted by another wall—the forerunner of the Berlin wall maybe—like a scar across a beautiful face. Until one has seen this unhappy situation it seems impossible that people in a city such as Jerusalem can live their everyday lives as divided as this. Here our guide stopped the cavalcade of seven cars and pointed out a great hole—if any of us could have missed it, in a large building on the other side of this new wall. “I placed my tank just where you are standing,” he said, “and let fly. I did that with one shot.” Out again by the gate, round the wall and in by another. We stopped outside the Roman citadel, now a Jordan Arab army barracks, and walked through the bazaars or “suqs” down to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Everything so far had been as I had imagined—the bazaars hustling with animated activity—dark-skinned furtive little men, unkempt, unshaven, darted from shop to shop. In direct contrast, the towering vastnesses of the churches and mosques, cast their long shadows down on to the narrow streets. One was immediately struck by an atmosphere of great age and one-time greatness in the world, also a sense of wealth and poverty, side by side, and too much emphasis on the attraction of tourists. This at times was taken too far, sickeningly far. Every shop sold religious keepsakes and symbols, imitations of various episodes and articles of the story of Christ. One shop had “FOR SALE”! (my capitals) imitations of the Crown of Thorns. It was disgusting to what length they would stretch themselves in order to make threepence, for that was the price. Disillusionment was beginning to set in.

The exterior of the church was covered by wooden scaffolding—erected by the British, as, in fact, was the interior. We were conducted with loud-voiced explanations, to the Tomb of the Holy Sepulchre itself, set under a high, richly decorated dome. We were enticed in by a dirty, untidy official guide—five at a time. Half a minute of contemplation before being hustled out ready for the next batch. One would have had to have been extremely religious to have been impressed as much as one would have wanted by what we had seen or rather by how we had seen it. At each shrine there were

several people praying—but no respect for them was shown by our guides—they were ignored completely. In fact there was very little respect shown to anyone or anything. Our guides professed Christianity. Once more into the fresh air—the slight feeling of tension or uneasiness that had dogged my progress round the church left me. Maybe it was the darkness and dampness of this Holiest of Places—perhaps it was the guides or perhaps sorrow that I was not more impressed.

Shopping was next on the agenda—many stayed in the shop our guides took us to where no one was allowed to pay more than half the price asked. Our friends in this way were invaluable. A few went in search of better things—some found them. Time was short, though, as we had an hour's drive to lunch. Down the old road to Jericho, through it, over the Bailey bridge, across the Jordan to the stud farm belonging to the Sherif Nasir, the King's uncle. After the preprandial drinks we stepped down to the orchard, where set out on the grass were half a dozen tables, each bearing a single tray laden with food. The ladies went first and were presented with plates and spoons to help themselves. The men's turn came, but no plates this time. Fingers to the fore—remembering not to use the left hand, meat was torn from the carcasses, rice and pine nuts moulded into a firm ball and flicked into the mouth. This was the traditional Arab feast—the Mansef. An experience like this was not to be missed, so cameras appeared in a trice and there were shots from all angles of faces bespattered with rice and pine nuts—hands tearing sheep's heads apart (convincingly in search of the brains—no eyes these days), and of the ladies daintily using forks and spoons—with their little fingers held high.

Lunch over, surprise followed surprise. First the General, in his capacity as captain, was presented with a mother-of-pearl plaque of beautiful workmanship mounted on wood. Speeches, impromptu or prepared naturally came next. The foundations of good relations were laid on our arrival, and were cemented in that afternoon. Our object, we hoped, was being achieved. As far as one could see, the roof was on the house by the time we left. We then walked the half mile to the stables to see the magnificent collection of horses which the Sherif owned—a never-ending string of all ages. One horse was outstanding even to the inexperienced eye. A vast stallion that needed two men to hold it down while it was paraded before us. Another, thoroughbred for 40 generations, showed how it would react when insulted. The Sherif started to shout at it and spit in its face. Immediately it reared up whinnying and tried to strike him over the fence of the corral. Lumps of sugar restored the peace. At a race meeting in Beirut a jockey, brought in at the last minute, tried to use a whip with disastrous results. It immediately stopped in its tracks, bucked him off and

began to stamp on him and bite him. Any form of violence would have the same results.

The day ended as the sun was setting over the Dead Sea and behind the Jerusalem Hills, and having made our farewells to his Highness, we set off back through Amman to Zerka which we reached having spent an enjoyable, interesting and worthwhile day. Disappointed perhaps that so little time had been left for our visit to Jerusalem, but glad that we had had the chance to go there at all.

Monday, the day of the match. The match which had provided the excuse for us all to be in Jordan enjoying what in fact was only a long weekend, but which seemed to be a year. Monday—our last full day away from Cyprus, would it produce a fiasco or an exciting well-fought match?

By the afternoon everyone was in a fair state of nerves and longing for the game to start. Within minutes of the beginning of the first chukka, the Jordanians had scored, whereupon the band struck up with "Colonel Bogey." At each subsequent goal they struck up with a different tune. By the end of the game they had almost run out of tunes. An exciting game it was indeed, but they played a much faster game and played it much better than we. They had better ponies, but they had just cause for keeping them to themselves. They remembered the treatment they had received from our Saddle Club in Cyprus when they came here two years ago. We are now quits and we hope the next match will be fought on slightly more even terms.

A fitting climax. The excitement amongst the Jordanians grew with each goal until they shot off the field at the end of the game at fever pitch, yelling and shouting like a band of Cypriots out hunting for larks. Everyone was pleased and even more so when the teams were presented with gold watches inscribed in Arabic with the King's name, Hussein ibn Talal, by the Commander-in-Chief of the Jordan Army, General Habis Majali. Mutual congratulations all round and then off to change to go to the ambassador's house, for he had decided to hold a small informal party. After this we entertained the Jordanians at the Philadelphia, gave them dinner and a cabaret—the cabaret. This time we sat right through it. The Zerka group left just after midnight—12 of us in one Land-Rover, feeling full of the joys of the night. The various road blocks through which we passed had seen nothing like it in years—they were so thunderstruck that they let us through without question.

It was over—an unforgettable experience. We were all content—we felt that the aim had been achieved, although not as far as the actual match had been concerned. Perhaps it was better that way. We left in the early hours of the next morning, having bade our farewells to all and sundry,

including our drivers—two great characters. Even the ambassador was up, an event almost unique at that hour, to see us off. Farewell to Jordan and to many friends we had made in so short a time.

Our team consisted of:

Major-General Peter Young		G.O.C. Cyprus District
Major Tony Streather		1st Glosters
Captain Sam Sheppard		3rd Green Jackets
Bdr Waymouth		Cyprus District
Lieut.-Colonel Tony Short,		
Manager		Cyprus District
Colonel John Sale, Umpire		Service Adviser to the High Commissioner in Cyprus

PARIS INTERLUDE

F. H. G. HIGGINS

As far as I know I am the only officer of the Regiment to have served in France in recent years with the exception of Peter Hayter and Roger Spence who alas is no longer with us. Having had the good fortune to serve in the Logistic Division S.H.A.P.E. from 1958 to 1961 I am in a position to be able to describe life near Paris as it was only a few years ago. However, probably by now everything has changed for the worse as it usually does.

There are many frustrations to working at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, to give S.H.A.P.E. its full title. The old hatted building is over-heated by underfloor heating in winter, and is stifling hot in the normal French summer. Two lieutenant-colonels or Navy and Air Force officers of similar rank, a secretary and a staff learner from some country such as Greece or Turkey have to share a minute office. The only consolation is that at least one of the party is almost invariably absent having, in the American phrase, "stepped out" to visit the restaurant, laundry, library, bank, post office or American Express Travel Agency, all of which have rooms in the main building. As in all huge headquarters it is hard to give or get decisions and British officers who have never served in the War Office frequently complain. Those who know their Whitehall corridors and Stanmore covered ways are more charitable. Hours of work are comparatively long, being from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. weekdays and on Saturday mornings except during the summer.

As S.H.A.P.E. is fundamentally an American Headquarters, officers are not encouraged to leave when their in-trays are empty, although no one minds if they read newspapers. Somewhat overdue attention is given to the minor points of staff duties, for example, if the correct size margin is not left by one's secretary, who would be called a personal assistant in England, no letter, however urgent, would be allowed to get near anyone of the rank of major-general or above, who alone can sign correspondence, except that of the most minor nature. With an indifferent typist, even the most able and conscientious officer can achieve nothing, as none of his work will be allowed to go forward by one of the innumerable officers whose duties it is to scrutinise papers for errors in staff duties.

To compensate one for the relatively bad conditions of work there are very many advantages. First, nearly all the officers and non-commissioned officers at S.H.A.P.E., although belonging to 15 nations, have obviously been most carefully chosen and show great enthusiasm for their work

apart from being interesting people to work with and meet socially at the very many cocktail and supper parties given. I was particularly struck by the high standard of the junior ranks. In spite of their being almost invariably called by their first names by the officers of their branch, I never saw one case of indiscipline or undue familiarity. Two hours were allowed for lunch so most officers could get home to lunch if they were so inclined and if their wives were prepared to cook two meals a day for them. Alternatively, they could lunch in the very pleasant S.H.A.P.E. restaurant where wives and friends could also be entertained. Instead of eating large meals in the lunch interval officers could also play tennis on the S.H.A.P.E. courts or ride French Army horses in the beautiful forest of St Germain which stretches to Maisons Lafitte. At Maisons Lafitte nearly 1,000 horses are trained on the sand tracks through the forest, the good going of which particularly explains the great post-war successes of French thoroughbreds in international racing.

Opportunities of travelling to the other N.A.T.O. Headquarters in Norway, U.S.A. and Italy sometimes present themselves as well as to the ministries of defence of the 15 N.A.T.O. countries. If time allows, officers are allowed to take their own cars at the cost of a single air fare, and with that rule there is little excuse not to take one's wife on duty journeys.

Although the local overseas allowance at nearly £3 a day, tax free, appears at first sight generous, finding a house or flat at a rent one can afford to pay is difficult. Many officers took so long over this painful process that half their two years' tour was over before they were happily fixed up. Anne and I were very lucky as we took the first house we were shown, which was a large, old-fashioned-type French villa furnished in the Empire style at St Germain. To add to our fortune our landlady found us a Spanish maid who is still with us as I write.

Shopping in France is fun for wives once they get over the exorbitant high prices and the fact that coal is practically the only commodity delivered. Bread, milk, meat, wine and the invariable mineral-water must all be fetched. Compared to England the quality of the fruit and vegetables, even in the market, is remarkably high. Nothing but the youngest and tenderest vegetables are ever sold. Old peas and tough beans have no chance of being chosen by French housewives who invariably feel and touch everything they buy. It always astounds me how the fruiterer in England will never let his customer touch purchases for allegedly hygienic reasons, yet he himself will cheerfully parcel up fruit with filthy hands.

As we extravagantly had our Spanish cook we did not add to our overdraft by becoming connoisseurs of restaurants in Paris. Everywhere in France one can find good food even in the simplest of places and the

thing to do is to avoid places where waiters are employed as such places invariably cost a great deal more.

I have often been asked how best to spend a short week-end in Paris. Friday night should be spent eating in one of the many hundreds of excellent restaurants which abound everywhere in Paris. Saturday morning and afternoon should be spent sight-seeing with plenty of time to spare, including taking an aperitif in a Champs-Élysées café and a leisurely lunch in a left bank bistro. For the evening I would strongly recommend the Lido which is by far the finest, most spectacular night club I have ever seen in any country. Sunday morning one should go to Notre Dame or other British Church, always attended by the most glamorous debs. of the future. An afternoon visit to Longchamps or Auteuil race-course is an interesting and surprisingly cheap entertainment and "a must for anyone keen on horses and racing." For the evening I would recommend the theatre if your French is good or the Opera or Casino de Paris if it isn't. The show at the Casino de Paris is very well staged and about 12 acts are put on, one after the other, without a moment's pause other than for the interval in the middle. The strip-tease show in the very fashionable "Crazy Horse" saloon in the Champs-Élysées is very expensive and almost entirely put on for the benefit of foreigners, chiefly Americans, and in my opinion is certainly not worth the price of admission.

In Paris the price of admission to a night club or similar place as opposed to a theatre or music hall is the price of the first drink. For a cheap joint in Pigalle the price is usually 15s. to £1 or half a bottle of champagne at 25s. to 30s., whilst at the "Crazy Horse" or Lido it is at least three times this.

For those living near Paris there are wonderful châteaux to visit within easy reach: Rambouillet, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Dampierre, to name only a few. Admission is cheap and the guides are very well informed.

Within half a day's travel are the famous Loire châteaux which are surrounded by many excellent hotels offering excellent food and wine at prices much below those charged in the Paris region. It is wise not to try to visit more than two or three châteaux a day if one is really going to appreciate them and leave time for a good lunch or picnic with plenty of wine and fruit.

Golfers and "Turfists" as racing regulars are called in France find it hard to keep away from Deauville in July and August where first-class polo can also be seen after the day's racing before going to the Casino, where the entrance fee is remarkably low in return for the interest of watching the reactions of gamblers winning or losing enormous sums. For those interested in roulette, one can play in great comfort at the

"Salle Privée" for the fairly modest stake of two francs or approximately 3s. a counter. Sticking to the even money chances one can play a long time with a modest bank of £2. A dinner-jacket is essential. To win a large sum for a small stake in France one must either be lucky in the Lotterie Nationale, tickets for which are sold in all post offices and tobacco kiosks. Draws are held weekly and results notified in all the papers. The other way is to win the Tierce. The Tierce to the Frenchman is the equivalent of the football pools to the English. It involves placing the first three horses in the correct order in the most difficult race of the Sunday programme in Paris. The stake is two francs and obviously to have a chance of winning in a tricky handicap in a large field one must follow some kind of permutation which is catered for on the special forms which are used. A punter purchases the various numbers comprising his selection or permutation and this must be handed in with the stake at any Paris mutual office before 1 p.m. This is not as easy as it sounds as the P.M.U. offices are invariably full of excited Frenchmen and pushing Algerians all fighting their way to a minute counter, while their wives struggle for a drink at the only other counter. After church a Sunday visit to the P.M.U. office certainly gives one an excuse for a pre-lunch drink with friends and the added excitement of watching the race chosen for the Tierce. I once got the Tierce right in a tricky handicap at Longchamps. The dividend should have been about £100 for 2s. While I was standing a large party of congratulating friends champagne at an exorbitant price a hooter rang. I was told it was a fire on the course—not surprising in the heat of that unforgettable summer of 1959. Alas, after paying for more drinks I learnt the sad news that there had been an objection and not a fire. Of course, it was sustained, and my dividend for having three horses placed, but not in the correct order, was just sufficient to pay for the drink. Living in France for three years and speaking the language reasonably well makes one want to return again and again. Prices are high and always will be, but France and Paris have certainly got something hard to define which no other country or capital has.

REGIMENTAL DRESS

M. R. PENNELL

"It has been suggested that an annual article in the *CHRONICLE* dealing with various changes that take place within the Regiment may be of interest today and of value in future years. No article of this nature has appeared in the *CHRONICLE* for well over a quarter of a century, consequently a record of changes since the last article appeared would need a *Chronicle* in itself."

Is it over-cynical to point out that these words, far from being an exhortation to produce something for this year's *CHRONICLE*, are in fact the opening sentences of "The changing scene," which appeared in the 1938 *CHRONICLE*? These pre-war articles covered a wide field, including organisation, drill, dress, equipment, and Regimental customs. Perhaps an account of all the changes since then in all of these spheres would need a complete shelf of *CHRONICLES*, and of course many of the changes have been recorded in the general history of the Regiment as found in the *CHRONICLE* since then. The present notes are simply an attempt to give the position on dress as it is at the moment.

It may be as well then to review the position of dress within the Regiment today, and hope that others will see that a record is made in the future. As the Regiment is serving in the Far East, it will be necessary to deal with two scales of clothing—for home service and for the tropics.

To deal with home service first, the normal dress for the Army today is No. 2 Dress. The somewhat ugly title is part of a scheme of some tidy-minded authority to have each and every order of dress numbered, in the manner of the Royal Navy. But it doesn't work out quite like that in practice. If the Regiment or indeed any part of the army, was ordered to parade in No. 7 Dress, there would be considerable scratching of heads. But the term No. 2 Dress is used universally, to distinguish it from the pre-war service dress, to which it bears a marked family likeness.

No. 2 Dress puts the army back into khaki for ceremonial and everyday parades, after a long and unsuccessful attempt to dress it in the blues and greens of No. 1 Dress. The No. 2 Dress issued to soldiers throughout the army is standard in design, and regiments are distinguished only by buttons, badges, and titles. (Of course, such a generalisation cannot be taken as including the tribal regiments north of the border.) The Regiment wears the black rifle button, common to all Green Jacket Regiments, with its crown and bugle horn, and "43rd & 52nd" shoulder titles in black metal. (A proposal that all three Green Jacket Regiments should have a common

shoulder title is under consideration.) Warrant officers wear the cord and small black button. Badges of rank for warrant officers and non-commissioned officers are black worsted on a rifle green background (the other two Regiments each have their own pattern). To conform to the ideas of the 60th and Rifle Brigade, the Regiment is going to give up the red sash, hitherto worn by warrant officers and serjeants.

In an article that is supposed to deal with the uniform of the Regiment, it is nevertheless pertinent to mention where we differ from the other two Regiments in the Green Jackets Brigade, as postings between all three are a feature of our present life. If such postings cause too many changes and too much expense, they also cause a certain amount of cool feeling, and common ground is gradually being reached without hurting pride too much.

The accessories to No. 2 Dress are the No. 1 Dress cap—a Rifle green forage cap with the Green Jackets Brigade badge and black buttons, and black boots or shoes. In theory a khaki cloth belt is worn; in practice the riflemen buy a black plastic belt with whitened fittings out of their own pockets. It is an indication of their self respect that the Regiment can parade entirely in these smart belts. Later it is hoped that a shoulder belt will be issued to all ranks.

In the case of officers, the War Office laid down that No. 2 Dress would be exactly the same as the pre-war service dress. As so frequently happens, what is laid down and what is done are two different things. Each of the Green Jacket Regiments had its own service dress, differing in cut and colour. A standard design has been evolved, ensuring that officers in all three Regiments have to buy new uniforms. The pattern is the same as the Regiment's former service dress, with a slight change in shade, and black buttons and titles are worn, with the cord and small black button, and small black badges of rank. The Regimental belt, when worn, has silvered fittings.

All ranks down to and including serjeants, wear the Regimental whistle strap between the pockets, though this has also changed to black.

The shoulder belt is an innovation for the Regiment. The 60th and Rifle Brigade officers have always worn theirs with ceremonial uniform, and a case has recently been made for it to be issued to all ranks, so that the battle honours can be displayed by two Regiments which have no Colours. While the 43rd and 52nd carry Colours, we cannot really use this argument. The strongest we can say is that we should like to achieve a degree of uniformity within the Brigade. We are now going to give up carrying the Colours as we are a rifle regiment; we are adopting the shoulder belt, but with the Green Jackets Brigade badge on it. To ensure uniformity we

would like to see the 60th and the Rifle Brigade use this badge too—but then what happens to the argument about battle honours? However, if the Treasury can be persuaded to pay for the belts for the riflemen, there is no need to be too concerned with the logic of it all.

The shoulder belt is at present worn with No. 1 Dress by officers and is to be worn on suitable occasions with No. 2 Dress. Eventually it is likely to replace the Regimental belt entirely.

No. 1 Dress is in an uncertain state. It is still worn by officers for certain ceremonial occasions, it is worn by the Band, and it is still in issue to a number of non-commissioned officers. But it is the intention that the army as a whole should wear No. 2 Dress for all ceremonial occasions. One can only say that the future of No. 1 Dress is in doubt, and leave it to history to say what happens. The Regiment changed its buttons from silver to black, on becoming a Green Jacket regiment, and adopted the handsome black shoulder cords, but we still wear blue light infantry trousers, and other ranks still have white piping round the shoulder straps, and silver chevrons for non-commissioned officers. Perhaps if this form of dress is going to die, it doesn't matter that its parentage is so visibly jumbled.

Instead of the infantry pattern greatcoat, officers now wear a khaki "British Warm" with black buttons. Gloves for all ranks are black—leather for officers and woollen for riflemen.

For the more serious sides of soldiering, combat dress is issued. This again is of universal pattern for the army, and is practical rather than elegant. The newspaper photographs which appear every time troops are flown to a new crisis are adequate to do justice to it.

A description of the Regiment's new mess dress, and the story of its birth, appear in the 1960 CHRONICLE, and it would be vain to try and vie with that detailed authority.

In the Far East the predominant colour of our dress is jungle green. As normal working dress we wear bush jackets and shorts, with rifle green hosetops, khaki puttees, and black boots. Officers differ in wearing shirts instead of bush jackets, green stable belts, and puttees of a much lighter colour. Most of them affect the Regimental green hat instead of the green beret with Green Jackets Brigade badge. For ceremonial purposes officers wear jungle green drill bush jackets and trousers, with the No. 1 Dress hat. For the time being the orderly officer wears a Regimental belt on duty, but we experimented last Waterloo Day when the officers wore their swords from black sling belts worn under the bush jacket, instead of wearing Regimental belts with swords.

In the jungle there is the tropical equivalent of combat dress—calf-length canvas jungle boots, jungle green trousers, khaki flannel shirts, and floppy

jungle hats. Again, it is essentially utilitarian and makes no pretence to sartorial splendour.

As a tropical mess dress we wear either No. 1 Dress trousers or tropical weight black trousers, green cummerbund, soft white shirt and white tie, and a plain white drill mess jacket with no shoulder straps or badges of rank. The serjeants' mess has adopted the same design, but has retained the shoulder straps and badges of rank, in silver braid on a dark green ground.

This is perhaps not the place to discuss items of equipment, as opposed to dress. The changes have been equally great over the years, but it is a rather more controversial subject, and tempers can wax hot in any discussion, especially amongst those who have to carry most on foot.

These notes may be enough to serve as a fresh starting point to keep track of the changes in the appearance of the Regiment. Perhaps the biggest change is in the attitude of the present generation towards individuality. Perhaps never again will orders be published, as they were in 1816, saying:

"Major-General Sir Denis Pack feels much pleasure in recording his opinion that the appearance of the 52nd Regiment on his late inspection justified all he has heard in praise of the system established in that Corps. He thinks particular praise is due to the officers for the good example they set by their strict uniformity of dress and officer-like appearance in every respect."

“WE DO NOT ROW, BUT . . .”

T. M. HARTLEY

Penang boasts an active rowing club. On our first arrival here a number of officers showed an interest in joining this club. However, it soon became apparent that our movements away from Penang, either on exercises or on operations, were too frequent and unannounced for any to take part seriously in the club's activities.

At the time about which this is written, the Penang club had settled down to some serious training for the Far East Inter-Ports Regatta to be held in Saigon. Two coxed fours of very reasonable standard were being coached, and all that was required was some funds. The club decided to hold a regatta. This was to consist of a number of sculling races and an event for what was described as scratch fours. Some weeks earlier a Regimental officer went down to the club at the invitation of the Penang club captain and his very charming wife, who herself was a very experienced coxswain, in order to watch the Penang four in training. There was no doubt that this crew was very powerful and of a much higher standard than the officer expected. Over a glass of beer in the clubhouse he was overheard making all the right noises. Being a tactful man by nature, he did not offer anything but praise for the efforts of the crew. Later the same evening the officer concerned was sitting quietly drinking in the Eastern and Oriental Hotel when he was joined by the club captain and a party of the captain's guests. Inevitably the conversation turned to Penang's chances in the coming competition. The tactful officer was asked by the captain what he really thought of the crew. Observers say that he started off quite well; such phrases as “Not really in a position to judge,” “Have not rowed for about nine years,” were flowing out when it seemed that having paid for the drinks he had a sudden urge to get his money's worth. “If I were in your position as stroke,” he was heard saying to the captain, “I would either change your number two, give him a good kick or reteach him how to row.” The more observant of the observers noticed a sudden interest taken by the largest member of the party, an immaculately dressed man whose Old Etonian tie was the only disguise as one who actually took part in physical exercise. The tactful officer was now in his stride; “Clean finishes,” “Drops his hands at the beginning,” “Inclined to be late,” “As stroke you can't hope to complete a full course with your number two doing that to you.” He was well in his stride, had an attentive audience, and was prepared to continue when the charming cox interrupted by introducing the officer to the Old Etonian. “We have met

somewhere.” “Yes.” “Where?” “The Rowing Club.” “Oh, really?” “Number two for Penang.” There seemed little to say. The tactful officer, ever mindful of his vocation, remembered that dinner had been served in the Mess an hour before and took leave of his companions; his failure being only slightly less on hearing the whispered, “Very good for him” from the captain's wife.

It was a week before the Penang regatta that Richard Hume-Rothery broke the news that he had agreed to enter a Regimental four in the race for scratch crews. Bob Mullard and Richard were to be the engine-room, Christopher Meynell the bow, and whoever is responsible for the chastising of tactless fools chose the stroke. One practice outing was arranged, and the commanding officer's daughter took the helm. At no time did the crew row more than 20 consecutive strokes, without stopping on some pretext or other and collapsing in a heap at the bottom of the boat.

The day of the regatta arrived and numerous supporters of the 43rd and 52nd four attended. One look at the length of the course to be rowed put serious doubts into the minds of the crew whether they would manage to row as far as the start. But this after all was to be a scratch crew race, so what did it matter?

Programmes were bought. They were expensive, high-gloss programmes well supported by advertisements put in by local firms. It was only at this point that the seriousness of the occasion was realised. There was no mention of the scratch crew race. Just a simple draw for the coxed four race. Penang “A” crew v. Penang “B” crew. The winners to race (in large print) the coxed four of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd. It was to be the climax of the day's racing! Four heads were put together—but there was no honest way out. It seemed to those in the boat that Edward Jones and Christopher Haines had removed their Green Jackets Club ties because of the heat, but when David Wood began to take his off it was realised that they were all “rubber planters” for the afternoon. Jones was heard quite distinctly asking, “Who was this extraordinary Green Jackets four?” “Judases all!” The Penang Rowing Club had split up their two regular crews: the captain as stroke of “A” crew, the Old Etonian as stroke of “B” crew. The Penang captain came across to talk to the 43rd and 52nd four, saying that they were not to worry—sorry that they had had to make it look more serious than originally planned, but publicity, setting up the programmes, etc. It was all arranged that provided that the Regimental four managed to complete the course, the Penang crew had been briefed that they were not to win by more than four lengths—it was small comfort! The Regimental stroke made his confession to the remainder of the crew about his earlier indis-

cretion and Richard and Christopher went off to make polite noises to the Old Etonian, now the proud stroke of the Penang "B" crew. They returned to report a state of icy calm and grim determination. Now all depended on which crew won. The inevitable happened: Penang "B" crew beat Penang "A" after a hard struggle. To expect support at this stage would have been too much. Even our own cox deserted. However, the captain's wife, cox of the Penang "A" crew, very kindly consented to steer for the occasion. As our crew got into their boat the Old Etonian paid them a visit, wished them good luck and quietly told the stroke that he was about to make him look the biggest fool ever seen on any stretch of water. He replied, rather weakly, that someone had to lose.

The crew managed to get to the start with only four pauses for breath and did not delay the start for more than 20 minutes. Those in the crew who had rowed at Henley admitted that they had never felt a fear like the one they experienced at this start. The humiliation of either being towed in or swimming to the shore was almost too great. The row home started and the Regimental boat did not capsize. The Penang crew drew away to about three lengths. Richard Hume-Rothery and Bob Mullard were doing sterling work. Christopher Meynell also seemed to strike form and stroke was doing his utmost to keep up. With three-quarters of the race gone Penang just got their second wind, and the 43rd and 52nd their eighth! The Penang crew were still content with three lengths and rowing with the sure knowledge of victory. They had clearly not allowed for the unknown factors. One of these was undoubtedly the fact that in the 43rd and 52nd crew no one had ever rowed a race coxed by a pretty girl, and when she was heard shouting that the crew were a lot of gutless individuals it was too much! Rather too-distant memories of Remenham and the enclosures seemed to come back. Stroke began to swear and increase to 35. Penang it seemed had lost interest and failed to notice the new life in the other crew. Applauding supporters appeared from under coolie hats wearing Green Jackets' club ties and shouting hard. This woke up the Penang crew, stroke realising the danger when the 43rd crew were a length away. He then caught a magnificent crab, and in his effort to recover lost his oar through his gate. Then Richard Hume-Rothery broke his slide but managed somehow to keep going. The excitement was tremendous. David Wood could be seen in the crowd and Edward Jones was raising his voice to the occasion. We scrambled home by a length. It was a grand day, the Penang club were more than generous. Everyone thought it extremely lucky (bar one) and no one in the 43rd crew had any doubts that the better crew had not won. Only stroke felt that justice had been done.

MINDEN BARRACKS

G. P. BLAKER

"It's fabulous!" said a rifleman, not given to praising Army accomplishments, when the Regiment disembarked from the troopship *Nevasa* at the end of April 1962 and entered for the first time what must be one of the loveliest and most comfortable of Army outposts in the whole world.

Minden Barracks stands on a low hill on Penang Island some five and a quarter miles south of Georgetown where the gentle transition from teeming town to cultivated countryside achieves completion. To the east across the main road, almost a stone's throw from the barrack gates, shimmers the blue channel that separates the island from the Malay Peninsula, some five miles away at this point. To the west behind the camp rises sharply a range of hills—an offshoot of the island's backbone—covered with a quilt of overgrown rubber, shrub, grass, coconut palm, patched in places with secondary jungle; while to the north and south the palms of the old Glugor plantation form a quiet screen from the hum and bustle of native mankind down in the suburbs and the kampongs. Overhead shines the sun.

The great Glugor plantation that occupies most of the south-eastern side of the island must have come into being not long after Captain Francis Light took possession of Penang in the King's name in 1786 and named it after the Prince of Wales, but it was not until 1938 that a part of it was sold to the Crown and during the next three years the barracks were built among the coconuts—just in time to house units of the Imperial Japanese Army during the Occupation! Seen from the coast road or the channel there is little about the scene to suggest a military encampment. Across the spacious playing fields and up the hill the guard-room nestles under the trees, flanked by the cricket pavilion and backed by the swimming-pool; above it, on one of the hill's twin breasts, the sergeants' mess looks across to distant Georgetown on the point, while the other breast is crowned by the long grey palace that is the officers' mess, a royal beast surrounded reverently and decorously on a slightly lower level by its offspring, the officers' married quarters—vast colonial mansions, comfortable and tranquil in their own multicoloured gardens, proffering a millionaire's view out across the straits to the far mysterious mountains on the mainland covered with blue jungle, while the odd Chinese junk, Malay fishing boat or European tanker pass and re-pass in the narrow channel below.

On the reverse slope from the road, in the hollow between hill and hills are the working parts of the camp: the offices, the stores, the medical centre, the Naafi bashas, the cookhouse and the living accommodation. The whole impression is one of space and luxury. Here is no crude compact of Salisbury Plain huts—cold and impersonal. Instead, airy brick offices or fragile attap huts merge into the hillside, each building aware of its own importance and keeping a proper distance from its neighbour, while palm after palm in between holds its umbrella against the sun. Pride of place goes to the two new barrack blocks, finished only as the Regiment arrived and standing awkwardly, rectangular and modern, in symbolic contrast to the cream-painted pre-war structures, solid and imperturbable, that still seem to proclaim the godliness of the Empire.

It is a large camp, but large in acres not in buildings. Down past the quartermaster's compound and the Globe cinema, seemingly out of a built-up area and into the countryside, one comes to the Regimental square (a traditional hell for soldiers that has in this part of the world the additional discomfort of hell's traditional temperature) and opposite the attap quarters of the R.A.S.C. Malay independent transport platoon. Then the M.T. park in almost park-like surroundings, followed by the R.E.M.E. workshops and ending in an agrarian cul-de-sac that leads to the three great ammunition bunkers, one of which now stands derelict, a victim of the carelessness of some luckless Japanese soldier during the war and now only the lair of the Malayan cobra and the huge hamadryad. In the distance is the subdued rattle of rifles from the 400-yard range that swelters under the side of the hill in a clearing among the coconuts while Malay and Chinese children from the kampong wait patiently for the soldiers' departure and their forbidden opportunity to forage for expended bullets.

Back north again to another part of the camp where the B.A.C. school attends to the needs of another generation and some 300 yards away the contractor's dhobi-wallahs wash-rinse-starch bundles and bundles of olive-green, and on the side of the hill again three tiers of senior N.C.O.s' married quarters echo with the shouts of children. This is a child's paradise.

Riflemen in bare buff go about their daily tasks: bronze backs—almost native—above blue P.T. shorts and grey socks rolled down over ammunition boots. The sentry stands more formally at the gate in his olive-green bush-jacket, shorts, hosetops and puttees. Camp-followers—Tamil, Malay, Chinese—appear and reappear and tailors from Rawalpindi to Madras continue to follow the British army to the ends of the earth.

Overhead wheels a sea eagle or a kite; a lizard dozes on the concrete, and the yellow-billed mynahs and the ubiquitous sparrows hop cheekily

about. Families take advantage of the superb swimming-pool with its shady garden.

Evening—and the setting sun summons every conceivable colour into the sky to bid it farewell, and long after it has gone the lightning dances across the distant mountains in some Olympian ballet.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and many thoughts turn longingly towards home some 7,000 miles away, but the rifleman was right: these barracks are fabulous!

CHANGE OF AIR

I. R. C. GREENLEES

I am not trying to advertise a machine like Ventaxia or Expelair or a similar air-conditioning plant. I am going to describe a scheme which exists in Malaya and which provides one or two rare opportunities to see things and do things impossible elsewhere, in Malaya certainly.

I imagine that the doctors were at the bottom of this scheme by which everyone who has served in Malaya for over a year can be posted to the Cameron Highlands for a fortnight. The idea is to clear the damp atmosphere and air from the body and to return the individual to his place of work relaxed, refreshed, and with his batteries fully recharged. This the scheme achieves as anyone who has been through the machinery will agree.

The Cameron Highlands are in the backbone of Malaya, some 40 miles inland from Tapah (as the road runs) and about 35 miles south of Ipoh. All this adds up to 200 miles from Penang or about five hours' driving. The village of Tanah Ratah is about 5,000 feet above sea level. Being very hilly there is about 600 feet difference in the village alone. Day temperatures are about 75°F., dropping at night to about 60°F.

You can make two kinds of accommodation arrangements for this "posting." First you can apply to live in a bungalow, completely staffed, and second you can stay in the local hotel. It is surprisingly called the Cameron Highlands Hotel. We chose the latter as we may have had to share a bungalow with a family unknown to us. The hotel, run by a Swiss couple, is "quite nice" but with a little initiative could be much better. The great thing about it is the fire place with log fire, lit every afternoon in each of the main rooms. Another thing is that a glass of sherry or Burgundy tastes so much better, as it is served in the right atmosphere.

There is a Headquarters Change of Air Station to which one is posted. However, the chances of having to do anything are so sinister that I will ignore the work side completely except to say that audit boards do come around regularly!—but not when I was there.

The main attraction of the Highlands is the golf course. Although only of nine holes there is plenty of room to play—certainly when I was up there. It has been made from virgin jungle and in a number of cases the roughs are still in their original state. The course is owned by the town and although cheap to join (1s. a day) it is the most expensive course for losing balls on which I have ever played. There are seven holes where a stream crosses a fairway and even Henry Cotton reckoned that one hole was a good one. (I never got less than seven on it!) I used to lose an average of five balls a

round. However, one bought them back from the pro the next day.

Other than golf there are several tennis courts and a number of well-trodden jungle walks. No one seemed to want to play tennis and there was a general air of convalescence about the place. There are several places of interest to visit. Probably one that you may have heard of is the hydro-electric scheme, which I shall describe later. Others of note are the garden of beautiful English roses owned by Miss Griffiths Jones (her brother was the judge in the Ward case), the Bow Tea Estate which is the largest of the estates, and the Government Agricultural Experimental and Veterinary Stations. Even just driving round the area the ordinary vegetable gardens with their strawberries, green beans and tomatoes are worth a visit.

As I said, the main feature of interest is the hydro-electric scheme. The potential resources of the area have been known for many years and a very brief report was put in to the F.M.S. Electricity Department in 1939. No one took any positive steps until 1947 and the death of the first engineer in an ambush in 1950 put things back two years. The final plans were ready in 1956. It should be borne in mind that the emergency was in full swing during the whole of the planning stage.

The plan was ambitious to say the least. Two rivers, the Telom and Bertram, which flow into the China Sea, on the east coast, were diverted. The water from these rivers is piped through an underground tunnel 6½ miles long. Here is a small power station and the main Ringlet Reservoir with a dam 128 feet high and 375 feet across. Here again the water is piped underground 4½ miles to what is called a surge chamber. From here the water falls 1,800 feet through tunnels five feet in diameter to run four 25,000-kW generators.

The generators and everything else are underground and a huge 19-foot tunnel is the way into a series of huge halls of machinery, halls made by excavating 45,000 cubic yards of rock! As you have obviously realised, tunnelling was an essential part in the plan. Swiss and Italian experts were employed. In fact, the list of contractors and constructors reads like a Continental telephone directory.

The first stage of the project was opened on 26th June 1963 by His Majesty the Yang di-Pertuan Agong. The second stage which is the use of the water as it comes out of the main generators is under way and will be finished in 1968. As the *Straits Echo* correspondence pointed out, "The Cameron Highlands Hydro-Electric Scheme is very similar to the well-known Australian Snowy Mountains Scheme in that both of them divert rivers from their natural courses by trans-mountain tunnels."

I came back from the Change of Air with bad sun-burn, a worse golf handicap and, as you have read, a fund of useless Hot Air.

CORSUK¹

N. E. SHAW

Dust blew in great sweeps like mock curls across the bald scalp of the barren plains below. All Persia rose and fell, gently and monotonously, as the earth moved slowly beneath us. The hills merged into one another and seemed to us at our great height to dwindle into small brown dunes. Their contours became sand ridges on a beach, blown into patterns by the wind, and the powder snow on their peaks became sand blowing towards the sea. The plain stretched languidly towards the horizon showing her brown, sunburnt skin. Azalea pink and green and blue veins showed through delicately where there was naked rock. I had not wanted to go back to England on this course. I wanted to go later, when the excitement and novelty of active service in Borneo had worn off; but now, above the hum of the aeroplane engines, the cold silence of that uninhabited space below pierced my mind and I remembered the noise of the wind and the coolness of it on my skin and the sadness and dignity of open spaces; and I was glad that I was returning to them.

Ankara. An open, windswept airport where the snow dashed in eddies across the concrete and smiling, furtive, waiters kept us warm with mud-thick Turkish coffee until the plane took off again.

And finally England. Through grey clouds it tried to raise its death grey face for us to see. Thick snow covered the ground. The odd house and line of fence swept underneath or lurched suddenly as the plane circled. It became rougher as we got lower. Landing lights flickered suddenly and trees sped beside the wing, a flurry of propellers, and we had landed. I was home. Epsom, Ashted, Leatherhead, Dorking North. The slow train clattered through these familiar stations, past houses with their curtains shutting out the light, and out into the darker night of the country. I was a stranger in an oddly familiar land; I was apart from it and yet I knew it. Suppressed excitement grew as I saw how little it had all changed and this sense of novelty and strangeness grew too as I saw my home for the first time after nearly a year at the other end of the world.

My course began a week later. Salisbury Plain, a gentle place in summer, was harsh and cruel behind an armour suit of snow and ice. The road to Netheravon was open; but the road that runs across the plain past Stonehenge was closed and even the great blocks of stone lay half buried in thick snow. The walk from the huts to breakfast in the mess was a question of careful balancing on hobnail boots because where the road dipped there

¹ Course of instruction in the United Kingdom.

CORSUK

was a slab of rough ice whose slippery wave crests glinted menacingly in the brightness of the snow. Even with the mains frozen and no water, the misery of gun drill out of doors, the threat of being snowed up over the weekend and the days wasted because we could not get on to the ranges, the plain remained fascinating and beautiful under her snow wrap. It was towards the end of March that she lost her beauty. The snow melted leaving her face grey and crumpled and pockmarked with the last patches of dirty slush. Salisbury Plain seemed exhausted and the first glimmer of spring sun could not pierce her frozen skin as she crouched, motionless, gathering strength for the birth of another summer. The only signs of life were the teeming hares which bolted stupidly away from us as we moved about on an exercise.

When the course had ended I left the plain and moved to Surrey. It was there that I watched spring coming while the days of my leave ran out. It was very slow to start. The barren trees still looked shocked and crushed after the rigours of winter; but blood began to flow up their limbs and seemed to show its red colour in the tips of their twigs. The earth melted and the grass sprouted. The air lost its bitterness. Violets appeared in the hedgerows. Suddenly fields which had lain colourless, burst into brilliant greens. The sky was no longer grey but an April blue, and the dead, brown bracken in the woods on the North Downs, which had remained petrified in the winter's snow, sagged and rotted at the feet of new bracken shoots. Spring had come. In London, cherry blossom lined the squares and in the sharpness of an early morning, the colour of its buildings glowed with a new warmth in anticipation of a lazy summer. In the country the trees finally broke their buds and flashed the brilliant fresh green of new leaves in my eyes. England gloried in its new beauty.

I had seen the death of winter and the birth of spring. To anyone who returns to England from the tropics the changing of the seasons will be more vivid than ever before. With my leave finished I returned to Malaya, where there is no subtle change. And this bright picture was wrenched away from before my eyes.

OTTER HUNTING

M. H. S. LAST

It is with much diffidence that I have consented to Joe Jarvis's request that I should write a small account about otter hunting. There are many books written on the subject by far greater authorities than myself. Otter hunting is one of the most ancient of field sports and Buckinghamshire came into the picture at a very early date. In the County Museum at Aylesbury there is a copy of a charter granting, by King Henry II, to one Roger de Foll, "my otter huntsman," the manor of Otterer's Fee at Aylesbury. In those days freshwater fish and eels, etc., formed an important part of an Englishman's diet and it was essential that otters were kept within bounds. Up to well into the last century the methods of hunting otters would in these days be considered extremely unsporting: nets and spears being considered legitimate aids to the chase.

Having spent my childhood at Stony Stratford on the banks of the River Ouse in North Buckinghamshire and within six miles of the kennels of the Buckinghamshire Otter Hounds, I was very early initiated into the sport, the trophy with which this was blooded has, unfortunately, long since disintegrated by moth and corruption, but I have a pad dated 1907 from Passenham, a place within two miles of where I now live.

There are now 11 packs of otter hounds hunting in the British Isles. Their countries are divided by rivers rather than by counties: some of the country is owned by hunt associations or hunts which used to have hounds but have now ceased. These invite packs to come and hunt their waters from time to time. The Buckinghamshire Otter Hounds, with whom I have personally been connected, were founded by my father-in-law, William Uthwatt of Great Linford, near Newport Pagnell, in 1890. They hunt the waters of Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Rutland, Lincolnshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Huntingdon. I think river valleys are some of the most beautiful spots in Britain and the privilege of walking up the Windrush or Evenlode, for instance is one of the joys of otter hunting.

The otter is of the same family of animals as the stoat, weasel, badger, etc. It is a nomad, it seems to be always on the move, it lies up in holts during the day and always seems to use the same ones. I know of several trees on various rivers from which I can remember several otters having been put down and they are still the most likely spots where the otter will be found, if there be one in the neighbourhood. They are very shy

OTTER HUNTING



Colonel M. H. S. Last, Secretary of the Bucks Otterhounds, leading the pack along the banks of the River Kyn after a Meet at Dirt Bridge, St Neots, Hunts.

Photos: Sport & General



and only move between dusk and dawn, they have an ability to slip into the water with hardly a ripple. It takes an experienced hunter to spot "the chain" or bubbles that are released by it as it swims under water, and it will come up under the further bank with only its nose just showing: it is therefore very seldom that it is seen except when hunted. There is a story of a miller who when asked if he had seen any otters about, said that he had lived there 30 years and had never seen one; to his amazement we found one in a tree on his mill dam within 100 yards of his house.

Otters breed all the year round and cubs have been found in every month of the year. Unlike a dog fox the dog otter takes no part in the bringing up of his cubs, but having mated with his bitch, moves on. A dog otter weighs anything up to 35 lb. The biggest I have seen was 33 lb. which was killed near Whittlesey, near Peterborough, in the Fens. The biggest bitch was 25 lb. About five years ago it was reckoned that there was an otter to every five miles of river. I do not think there are so many now. Pollution and drainage of the rivers have moved them further from civilisation. It likes hunting for hunting's sake. Otter hunting in my opinion gives you the best chance of watching hounds work: you can do this comfortably at the walk. You do not have to run as when beagling, nor do you have to concentrate on riding across country. I may say that I enjoy doing both these. Watching a pack of hounds on a river can tell you a lot of what has been happening on it during the previous night, where an old fox has crossed it and suchlike.

Hounds can hunt the scent of an otter up to 24 to 36 hours after it has passed. This is known as "the drag," and hounds can often race an overnight drag so that it is difficult to keep up with them. Otters will, generally, when travelling, take short cuts across land on bends in the river. It is a pretty sight to watch hounds pick up the drag from where it has landed to where it has entered the water again. They will hunt this backwards and forwards with a grand cry. When hunting hounds it is, of course, impossible to tell from the drag whether the otter is travelling up or down stream, because the drag gets stale and hounds cannot hunt it so well; also in an up-stream drag the otter tends to land more often.

Owing to all this some of the greatest pleasure and fun is actually drawing for an otter, although a good swimming hunt after an otter has been put down is a most thrilling experience, and the cry of the pack swimming an otter, I believe, beats any other. Before the Kaiser's war the Buckinghamshire Otter Hounds consisted of pure bred otter hounds, that is, rough-coated with deep voices, there are three of these in the photograph which *The Field* published of me. Owing to the difficulty of finding walks and it being much cheaper to get drafted foxhounds than to

rear puppies, most packs have only a few couple of pure-bred hounds. Foxhounds hunt otters as well and having been entered to fox soon become entered to otter, although its amphibious habits puzzle them for a short time.

I, personally, prefer pure-bred hounds. I think otters should be hunted by otter hounds and I like their music. The Dumfries and the Kendal and District are the only two hunts who still have complete packs of pure-bred hounds. My father-in-law gave up the mastership of the Buckinghamshire Otter Hounds in 1919 and a Mr Arthur Jones hunted the country until my brother-in-law became Master in 1922. He hunted hounds himself until he died in 1954. I became joint honorary secretary of the Hunt in 1936 and have been so ever since, except of course during Hitler's war when the pack closed. I had the privilege of hunting hounds myself when my brother-in-law was unable to do so and I can well remember the first otter that I killed. The Field, of course, had no confidence in my ability as a huntsman! Unfortunately, I found the otter on the mill dam at Wellesbourne in Warwickshire; the water was very stagnant and there was very little scent and hounds could only just hunt. Most of the Field did not believe that I had got an otter down and got bored and drifted home. However, I knew I had and was determined to account for it, if it took me all night, and I eventually killed it at 6.30 p.m. Robin Doyne's father and mother were out and were among the few who kindly remained to the end and congratulated me on my perseverance.

We occasionally have the pleasure of seeing Gordon Temple and Astley Cooper out with us. Sam Ashton, who used to bring cricket teams to the Regimental Depot Cricket Week, also appears when we hunt the Thame. At present we have a professional huntsman: we have no Master, the Committee acting as such, with myself acting as Field Master.

RESETTLEMENT

A. V. BROWN

It was suggested to me that a short note about my experiences in changing to civilian life after nearly 22 years in the Army, might be of interest to readers of the *CHRONICLE*. But after I had agreed to attempt something of this sort and got down to trying to sort out my ideas, I found that, in fact, I had very little to say about the business. The official term "resettlement" somehow suggests a delicate and difficult operation—the sort of process that redundant Tibetan yak-drovers would have to undergo if suddenly put down in Blackpool to be trained for work on the corporation tram service. In my own case, however, the transition from soldier to schoolmaster took place quite gently and easily, and now, more than two years after my retirement, I find myself entirely at home in a new sort of occupation and environment.

There was a number of reasons for this smooth and easy change. One of them was certainly the experience of my last 18 months in the service when I was in the War Office at Chessington, during which time I was working closely with civilians and so moved much nearer to a civilian attitude to life than I would have, had I been employed in any sort of unit. This, indeed, constituted my first step out. But almost certainly the most important reason was the fact that when the time came for me to go, I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and furthermore, I was lucky enough to be able to do it. When the question of retirement had to be seriously considered, my thoughts turned naturally towards the teaching profession. I suppose that I may fairly describe my interests as "bookish"; and apart from this, it occurred to me that I had very much enjoyed the training jobs which had come my way during my service. So, when the time came, I applied for a vacancy at Culham College and was accepted for a two-year course as a "mature student." In many ways I was fortunate to get into Culham: for one thing, I was able to live at home and attend my lectures and tutorials at the college as a non-resident student, for I did not want another prolonged period of separation from my family after some 18 months of life in digs with weekends at home, which had been my pattern of life at Chessington.

I was equally lucky in the way in which I was received at Culham. I was, quite naturally, rather apprehensive when I started there in early October 1961. How, I asked myself, would I manage the academic work which I had not attempted since leaving school so many years before? What about my relationships with the tutors, some of whom were con-

siderably younger than I was? And above all, how would I get on with the younger students—twenties, twenty-ones and so on—men of another generation with totally different attitudes and ideas? I soon found that I had wasted any time that I had spent worrying on any one of these scores. The tutors at Culham could not have been more helpful; they are, indeed, thoroughly accustomed to having to deal with "old gentlemen" who are entering the teaching profession comparatively late in life. During my time at the college there was quite an assortment of men in their thirties and early forties, including a number of ex-servicemen, a retired colonial policeman, an ex-airline pilot, a man who had grown sugar in British Guiana, an ex-actor, and a splendid chap who had been earning a living driving lorries for building contractors. To men like these the tutors were most considerate and understanding, welcoming us as men who could give the younger students some idea of other ways of life in fields quite unrelated to anything they had so far encountered. Working for the tutors to whom I was responsible was, I soon found, a most stimulating and pleasant experience; and in due course I came to terms with the systematic reading, attendance at lectures and tutorials, and essay writing which was to fill up so much of my two years of training.

With my younger fellow students, it was somewhat different. Some of us older men were, in fact, old enough to be fathers to some of them; I also had been an Army officer, and there were many who took their own time about making up their minds and gave me, and men like me, a long, cool look before reaching a conclusion. There are, of course, several ways in which one can go about the business of entering such a society as this. There was a story current that one ex-officer student had introduced himself to a class of primary school children (say eight- or nine-year-olds) in the following terms: "My name is Major X; you may call me Major." The children who, after all, are used to all sorts of oddities turning up in their classrooms, may not have thought this introduction very odd; but I am sure that my younger contemporaries at Culham would have thought it so—and more! But to return to the point, if one is prepared to take one's place in such a community as this quietly and without fuss, one is soon accepted. After you have shown that you too can brew a pot of tea, and that although you have spent about half of your working life in a desperately reactionary organisation you are not altogether unfamiliar with the needs and problems of ordinary mortals, sooner or later someone will make an approach—possibly by a tentative use of your Christian name—and from that point you may count yourself as "one of the boys." This, in one's forties, can be an invigorating experience.

Of course, one is bound to meet the unexpected sooner or later, and it

can sometimes be most disconcerting. I shall never forget the shock I suffered when I first took charge of a class of primary school-children. The first lesson or two went fairly well; but the novelty of my face, voice and manner soon wore off and I quickly found that the children just did not do as they were told! Some 20 years in the service had so conditioned me to expect quick and ready obedience to a simple order that I was flabbergasted to find that things were not the same in school. I called for silence and I did not get it. It was, to say the least, a blow to my ego and an occasion for what some politician in a tight corner once called "an agonising reappraisal." Of course, the plain answer is that children are not soldiers; and that although both must have the same basis of justice and consistency, discipline in the classroom is a totally different matter from the routine discipline of a good battalion. To me, it seems that the individual teacher is a far more isolated figure than the individual regimental officer when he comes to establish control over his "subordinates." He certainly does not have the advantage of a system which is primarily designed to maintain "the true disciplines of the wars" in the worst of all possible cases. He will, it is true, have his headmaster's advice and support, but headmasters are busy men and he will have to work out his own system of discipline and administration, without the invaluable advice and *close* support that a newly joined officer ought to get from both company commander and platoon sergeant.

You will note that by outlining a problem that may be peculiar to the ex-soldier turned teacher, I have eased myself from training college into school. I am, in fact, now in the middle of my second term at a secondary modern school in Oxford, in which I teach history and some English. The good fortune which secured a place for me at Culham continued, and I was lucky enough to find a job at a school where I knew most of the staff (which already included one member of the Regiment), in the city in which I had long hoped to settle.

At this point my brief and unexciting account of my resettlement into civilian life comes to an end, for I consider that the resettling process had been largely completed by the time that I left Culham College, in July 1963. Naturally, I had—have—an enormous amount to learn about my new job, but this is something different from becoming accustomed to being a civilian. Resettlement, as I see it, is much more a matter of adjusting one's outlook than of acquiring a new skill. I would say that it is a matter of becoming used to the prefix "Mr," instead of whatever rank you have been accustomed to hear used as a handle to your name, and of accepting all that such a change involves. It is not all loss: you may no longer enjoy a quarter share in a soldier-servant, but you are free to grow your hair

much longer than would be tolerated even in the more notorious cavalry regiments. Such small manifestations of the civilian spirit tend to grow on one, I find.

Do I regret the change? Of course I do, from time to time. One of these pangs of regret was caused by reading the account in the *Oxford Times* of the Regiment's departure for Penang, under Tod Sweeney's command. But apart from moments such as these, when the past comes crowding into mind, I find myself far too busy in preparing for next day's survival in the classroom to have time to spare for nostalgic longings about the past, pleasant and enjoyable though it was.

I suppose that this means that I am successfully resettled!

“BROWN BESS”

A. P. WHITFIELD

Much has been written about the army's first rifle, the Baker, of which the Rifle Brigade is justly proud, but not so much about the weapon which served far more men for a far longer period, the Brown Bess musket. I feel, therefore, readers may be interested to learn a little about the weapon that served the 43rd and 52nd for the first 100 years of their existence.

The exact date of origin of this weapon is not known, the earliest known models having been made in the 1720s. An old tradition has it that the first Duke of Marlborough chose it to replace the rather indifferent assortment of arms left over from the war of the Spanish Succession. There is actually no evidence to support this theory but whoever did select it made a good choice as, in its various different models, it served the British and many allied armies, from the 1720s until the advent of percussion ignition in the middle of the 19th century. The reason for the name Brown Bess is as obscure as the weapon's origin. Brown almost certainly refers to the colour of the stock and barrel which were stained that colour in contrast to the earlier weapons which had been black. Bess may be derived from the German word meaning gun or it may have just been a term of affection given by a soldier to his best friend.

It would perhaps be as well at this stage to describe in detail the first model Brown Bess, or to give it the official title the Long Land Service musket, as all subsequent weapons were basically similar. It was a smooth-bored, muzzle-loaded musket using the actions of flint on steel to ignite the charge. The barrel, which was 46 inches long, was of 12 bore or .753 cal. and fired a 14-bore bullet. This meant, of course, a very loose-fitting ball which resulted in gross inaccuracy at any range over about 75 yards. However, the tactics of the day did not demand accuracy from the average soldier who was expected to discharge his weapon into the enemy line at a range of 50 yards and less. When the enemy was this close only one thing mattered, rate of fire. A 12-bore bullet would have slipped easily enough down a clean, greased barrel but after a few rounds the fouling would have made loading more of a problem. With an enemy line only about 40 yards away a regiment could not afford to fall below the rapid rate of 3 or perhaps 4 rounds per minute. Apart from the lock mechanism, which was made of steel, the rest of the metalwork, in other words the butt plate, trigger-guard, sideplate, and ramrod pipes were of brass. This had the advantage that they could not rust and the disadvantage from the soldiers' point of view, that there was an awful lot of polishing to be done.

This polishing appears to have applied to the barrels as well, in spite of the fact that in manufacture they were carefully browned to prevent rust.

A brown barrel, however, did not look nearly so smart on parade as a bright steel one. The soldiers' views on this matter are not recorded! The musket's bayonet was of a socket type that fitted over the muzzle and was held in place by a stud which could be used as a foresight. The blade was triangular in shape and 17 inches long, a form that remained virtually unaltered until the advent of the Martini Henry rifle in 1871.

Such, then, was the weapon as it first appeared. It would be wrong, however, to think that it remained unaltered for its entire service. In about 1740 a more powerful make of gunpowder came into use which meant that the bullet could achieve its full velocity in a shorter distance. This resulted in the barrel being reduced in length from 46 to 42 inches, with a corresponding reduction in weight in the stock although at about 12-16 lb. it was still fairly heavy. This shorter arm, known as the Short Land Service musket, did not immediately replace the old model but went into service alongside it and it was with these two weapons that the infantry were armed up until the end of the American War of Independence.

In the late 18th century it was decided that the time had come to refit the infantry with a new and improved musket; accordingly work went ahead under the direction of the Duke of Richmond, who had been appointed Master General of Ordnance in 1782, to design a replacement. Work on this project seemed to have been remarkably slow, probably due to the fact that with the end of the war interest in the army waned, peace and prosperity were the bywords, and as so frequently happens the start of the Napoleonic war found the country in its usual state: too few soldiers and insufficient arms. The new pattern for a musket had not been agreed upon and a large number of the old had either been scrapped or sold. The government was now faced with the problem of supplying weapons not only to a rapidly growing regular army but also to the militia. One of its earlier efforts was to invite the militia to use pikes, a suggestion which had much the same reception as a like proposal 140 years later. Luckily a solution was at hand. The East India Company also used the Brown Bess although in a rather different form. The Indian pattern musket, as it came to be called, was similar to the old Land Service musket except that the barrel was shorter, being 39 inches, and it only had three ramrod pipes; also the brass furniture was rather plainer in pattern. It was very definitely a cheaper and inferior weapon but had the advantage that there were large stocks at hand and it could be more easily made than the old models; these facts determined its selection and introduction into the infantry. Although a cheaper weapon it must have had other virtues

since the infantry was armed with it throughout the Napoleonic war.

The Peace of Amiens in 1802 gave the hard-pressed Ordnance Board a short respite in which to consider once more the problem of replacing the Brown Bess. The result of their labours appeared in 1802 in the form of the 1802 pattern or New Land Service musket. However, when hostilities with France broke out anew it was decided to discontinue production of the new arm. The start of the war was considered an inopportune time to ask the gunmakers to change their methods of production. The New Land Service musket was similar to the Brown Bess in mechanism and bore, but different in the shape of the stock and furniture. This model did not have the comb on the butt which had been such a distinctive feature of the original Brown Bess and the amount of brass had been further reduced. The barrel length returned to 42 inches, except in the light infantry model, which retained the 39-inch barrel in order to reduce weight. The light infantry model also had the refinement of an elementary V backsight to accord with the higher standard of shooting expected of this corps. It was something of a novelty since hitherto aiming by rough alignment had been the wide practice which continued in the infantry of the line until the introduction of the rifle in 1851. The only regiments to be armed with the new musket during the Napoleonic war was the 43rd and 52nd while the remainder made do with the old musket. The New Land musket was not a very distinctive arm but it was a good solid, plain weapon and popular with the soldiers. It continued in service until the flintlock was replaced by percussion in 1842. The total number of flintlock muskets made for the army is not known but between 1804 and 1813 no less than 3,000,000 were produced, a very remarkable feat when one considers the crude methods of production then in vogue.

Up until the end of the Napoleonic war there was no government arsenal manufacturing the complete weapon. Contracts were put out to gunmakers to supply various parts such as locks, stocks or barrels and these parts were delivered to the Tower of London where the weapon was assembled and produced. A government weapon assembled at the Tower is recognisable from the word Tower, which is stamped on the lock plate behind the cock, the royal cypher appears in front of the cock and the barrel is stamped with a government mark as well as the normal proof mark. Some gunmakers produced complete weapons for the government and these are marked in the same way except that the word Tower is replaced by the maker's name.

This then is a very brief history of the weapon that was the arm of the British infantry, for over 100 years. In spite of its inaccuracy it was a fine weapon for its job and was certainly popular with the soldiers who used it.

"THEY SAY HE MADE A GOOD END"

(HAMLET)

The Clements family were already settled at Croft in Leicestershire by the reign of Queen Elizabeth and moved to Ireland either during the first Jacobite monarchy or with the Lord Protector. William Sydney Clements was born in Dublin on the 16th or 17th October 1806, the second of five sons—the first four died unmarried—and three daughters of Nathaniel, second Earl of Leitrim K.P., Lieutenant of County Leitrim, and Mary, the first daughter and co-heir of William Bermingham¹ of Ross Hill, Co. Galway. Sydney's mother and her sister, Lady Charlemont, were two of the most beautiful Irishwomen of their time and are frequently mentioned in contemporary books. He was educated at private schools at Ham and Beaconsfield and passed through Sandhurst in 1823: he was gazetted ensign in the 43rd on the 5th December 1824, being some 15 months senior to the Hon. Augustus Spencer, later Colonel of the Regiment,² and four years to Sir Augustus Levinge, the historian of the Regiment.³ He was promoted lieutenant on the 31st October 1826.

He was serving with the Regiment at Gibraltar in 1827 when it sailed with the British force to Lisbon because of the disturbed state of Portugal and the hostile attitude of Spain. In January 1831 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and so avoided the marching and counter-marching through Lancashire, Cheshire and Staffordshire, that was the Regiment's lot that year. The 43rd moved about Ireland from January 1832 for three and a half years, and the 52nd did the same from January 1832 to May 1836 before sailing for Gibraltar. He received his captaincy on 5th April 1831, but, despite his staff employment, the Digest of Services refers to his company by his name till the 20th March 1835, when he went on half-pay. This would appear to be on account of the Regiment's departure for Canada on 4th June, as he continued as an A.D.C. till 1839, serving under four viceroys: during the last four years of his appointment George William Frederick Howard, Viscount Morpeth, later Earl of Carlisle, was Chief Secretary of Ireland. Their paths were to cross twice more. These were the times at the Viceregal Court of the Battleaxe Guards, "The Basset Table" for the Lady Lieutenant at Drawing Rooms, and of

¹ This was a family which crossed to Ireland and evolved into four large sub-divisions, the Earls of Athenry and Louth being head of two. It has not been possible at the moment to establish the connection between this William Bermingham and the officer of the same name who served in the 43rd, from 1789 to 1791.

² For services and portrait see 1893 CHRONICLE, page 268.

³ For life see 1959 CHRONICLE, page 131.

women and children being allowed to scramble for sweetmeats after dinner. On formal occasions the Lord Lieutenant proposed the following toasts: "The King," "(The Prince of Wales) and the Royal Family," "The Glorious Memory of King William," "The 1st July 1690" (the battle of the Boyne), during which last the tune "Lillibullero" was played.

In 1839 occurred an event that considerably affected his life: this was the death on 24th January of his elder and bachelor brother at the age of 30. He resigned his position at Viceregal Lodge and succeeded his late brother, Viscount Clements, as Liberal member of Parliament for County Leitrim. He sat in the temporary House of Parliament for eight years during the second Melbourne and the second Peel administrations, and that of Lord John Russell: during the last government Lord Carlisle was appointed a member of the Cabinet. Clements lost his seat in the general election which followed the dissolution of Parliament on 23rd July 1847. After 1839 he joined the Leitrim Militia and on 2nd February 1843, became its colonel: and in 1854 on 20th January he exchanged into the 51st Regiment, selling out the same day, so obtaining the full pecuniary value of his commission.⁴ He may have ended his military career because of his father's declining years—he was 79—anyhow his father died on the last day of the same year. He now assumed the family honours of Earl of Leitrim, 1795, Viscount of Manor Hamilton⁵ in the peerage of Ireland, 1783, and Baron Clements of Kilmacrenan⁶ in the County of Donegal, in that of the United Kingdom. He sat in the House of Lords as Viscount Clements and generally voted with the Conservatives after 1869, as he disagreed with the Act of 1869 disestablishing the Protestant Church of Ireland, and he was one of the eight peers who protested against Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Act in 1871, as it, *inter alia*, curbed the power of the landlords.

He was magistrate for the counties of Donegal, Galway and Leitrim until 1863 when the county commission was withdrawn from him for his behaviour in the following circumstances. In that year Lord Carlisle,⁷ who was nearing the end of his second term of office as Lord Lieutenant, planned to put up with his suite at the Maam Inn in County Galway, which was owned by Leitrim. On hearing of this intention the latter, considering himself slighted in some way, sent the innkeeper written instructions to fill all the rooms with his, Leitrim's, tenants during the period Lord Carlisle was expected, and if there were insufficient tenants,

⁴ *The Complete Peerage* says he also served in the 52nd but this is not so: there was probably confusion over "51st" and "52nd."

⁵ County Donegal.

⁶ About six miles north of Letterkenny.

⁷ Retired and died 1864.

then with labourers. For this occupation he ended by stating he would fully compensate the innkeeper.

He was chairman of the Mohull Board of Guardians, at which place there occurred one of the many attempts on his life. He was active in the relief of the famine in 1848, when in the three following years the population fell by two million or 25 per cent. In a small town in Donegal the 9,000 inhabitants possessed between them only 253 stools, 93 chairs, and ten beds.⁸ Living chiefly at Lough Rynn he followed up the agricultural methods instituted by his brother and improved his estate, building also the present house of Mulroy, then called Mount Vaughan. He made roads, built comfortable slated houses, established schools and took means for the improvement of cattle and sheep which were at once examples of his wisdom and indiscreet zeal in hastening to do overmuch. When he succeeded to the estate in 1854 perhaps the very worst stock in Ireland was that upon this remote Donegal district. The cattle were diminutive and valueless, and the sheep resembled rather mangy Italian greyhounds than creatures expected to afford mutton and wool. He suddenly changed all this by placing upon the mountains and moors a competent number of West Highland bulls and black-faced rams, but unfortunately he marred the good deed by previously disqualifying the predecessors of these new sires from further disimprovement of the breed. The owners were all paid in full, but a sentiment was hurt by the character of the act. He lived a secluded life but his thorough acquaintance with the smallest particular relating to his property was extraordinary. The Donegal estate of 90,000 acres⁹ was said to yield £15,000 a year and was occupied by 3,000 tenants. The holdings were chiefly small and let at low rents: in some instances as low as 5s. an acre. Those farms from which the tenants had been evicted were for the most part used for grazing and were occupied by herdsmen and bailiffs. His chief bailiff, Wilson, had been murdered in 1864. Eviction was not only the penalty for non-payment of rent: he was said to use it for several other reasons, such as the refusal of tenants' sons and daughters to accept domestic service in his employ. He personally superintended evictions accompanied by armed police and never sat down to a meal without a loaded pistol on the table beside him. As in the case of other Irish landlords steel shutters were erected each evening over the ground-floor windows when the light began to fade.¹⁰ At one time he was always escorted by police but at his insistence this practice

⁸ *The Great Hunger: Ireland 1845-9*, by C. Woodham-Smith.

⁹ It was returned at 54,352 acres in 1883 and the County Leitrim estate at 2,500.

¹⁰ The Hon. Mrs. Vansittart, daughter of Lord Clarina, whom some may remember, used to say that this was the invariable custom in her home at Elm Park, Clarina, Co. Limerick.

had been discontinued for some years. Once he was fired at out of a window and immediately, guided by the smoke, he dashed into the house and arrested the would-be assassin.

The following are two estimates of his character. "He was kind and liberal to the poor but very particular and exacting in his dealings with his tenants, visiting with unsparing severity the slightest infraction of the rules of the estate. He was not deterred by the high price which he had to pay for it from exercising his legal rights.¹¹ He had an iron will which disregarded alike appeals or menaces, and he possessed extraordinary courage and perseverance in pursuit of his purpose.

"A just and generous man of benevolent disposition, he was of a hasty and imperious temper when crossed and autocratic in his dealings with those who incurred his displeasure. The stern discipline with which he managed his estates gained him considerable enmity among his tenants." Benjamin Vincent, in *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* published in 1898, goes so far as to call him eccentric. Be that as it may he became estranged from his family, and by his will, dated the 3rd July 1875 he left the majority of his unsettled property to his second cousin, Colonel Henry Theophilus Clements of Ashfield Lodge, Cootehill, Co. Cavan. However, after the testator's death the new earl by an arrangement with Colonel Clements, and ratified by an act of Parliament, came into possession of the extensive Donegal estates.¹²

He was a member of the 43rd Dining Club from its inception in 1875.

The end came on the morning of the 2nd April 1878. He had an appointment with his solicitor in Londonderry and set out about eight o'clock with his staff in two outside cars¹³ to drive from his home at Mount Vaughan by way of Milford, which lies near the head of the 12-mile long narrow inlet of Mulroy Bay in north Donegal. He sat in the leading vehicle on the near side, his clerk, Meeham, on the off, and the coachman on the driving seat: in the other car was his valet, William Kincaird, and the mail driver, Logue. Four or five miles from Mount Vaughan at Cratlaghwood there was a thick plantation, which grew right up to the low wall bounding the road, and in addition there was a deep ditch. Shortly before nine as the first car passed this spot, which lay on a sharp bend at the top of a hill, it was attacked by a number of armed men.

¹¹ This high price referred to the compensation he had to pay to the evicted tenant: sometimes this was far in excess of the farm's value. He was very litigious and on occasions pressed his suit to the House of Lords.

¹² Fox-Davies in his *Armorial Bearings* published in 1899 shows Colonel Clements as being the owner of the estates of Lough Rynn and Manor Hamilton in County Leitrim, and of Maam and Derrypark in Co. Galway.

¹³ A single horsedrawn vehicle, sometimes described as an Irish jaunting car.

Hearing the shots the valet, who was about half a mile behind, because the horse of his car had become lame, and lagged behind, hurried forward on foot. He saw his gallant master, who was then in his 72nd year, struggling with two of his assailants, one was battering him with a weapon which had a red end and the other with a shot gun: this was despite the fact that the left side of his head had been blown away and his left elbow shattered by a ball.¹⁴ By the time the valet reached him the earl was dead and the bloodthirsty peasants had fled: the coachman was dead and the clerk died soon after. Their bodies were disfigured and their deaths due to the murderers being local men and unmasked. Leitrim lay on the right-hand side of the road with his unfired pistol out of its holster beside him: nearby lay the stock of a shot gun. The valet saw two men rowing across Mulroy Bay and later a boat was found on the western shore at Fennet: beside it lay a pistol with a home-made butt, painted red. It had been recently fired as had other firearms that were found round about. The boat was a new one, not local, and had been used for carrying seaweed: it was never identified. When the maildriver was asked why he had done nothing to help, he replied he was frightened to go forward to the scene of the ambush.

The new earl offered a reward of £10,000 for information leading to the conviction of the culprits, the government offered £500 and the county magistrates a further similar sum: but the money was never claimed as the murderers had immediately fled to America, whence they never returned. Lest it should be thought that murders of this kind were reserved for Protestant landlords and their servants this was not the case: the peasants held life just as cheap when settling scores with each other, for instance the notorious murders of the Huddys and of the Joyce family in 1882.¹⁵

This is a shortened report of that published by *The Times*, which was sent in by their Dublin correspondent: it shows how very thin was the veneer of civilisation and Christianity.

"The remains of Lord Leitrim were committed to the tomb today in St Michan's church in this city and the demonstrations of brutal feeling on the part of the population, made the closing scenes of a shocking tragedy more disgraceful still to this country. Although the church is situated in the slums of the city and the memory of the murdered earl

¹⁴ Other injuries as well were listed by the surgeon at the inquest—a fractured skull and a broken left arm which were consistent with blows from the weapons found.

¹⁵ In January Huddy and his grandson were brutally murdered near Lough Maask, Co. Mayo: the Royal Navy helped to solve this crime. On the 18th August at Maamtrasna, Co. Galway, five members of the Joyce family were butchered, two being shot and three battered to death. The culprits of both these murders were executed.

had been traduced and held up to popular execration, it was not expected that the vindictive passions which had been appealed to by apologists of the crime would find vent in so scandalous a manner. It is humiliating to have to record the details of such an exhibition in the heart of a community professing to be civilised and on the part of a people who are usually represented as imbued with deep religious feeling. The remains of the earl were conveyed on Monday from Donegal to his late residence, Killadoon, near Cellbridge, Co. Dublin, whence they were removed at one o'clock today for interment in the vaults of St Michan's church in the city, the family burial place. Unfortunately the arrangements for the funeral had been announced beforehand, and for several hours before the cortège was expected to arrive the street in which the church stands was blocked by a mob of the lowest type. For hours the neighbourhood of the cemetery was crowded by a crew of cursing, yelling, hissing, and threatening creatures. Two or three times the crowd got the better of the twenty constables on duty, expressing their intention to 'Haul him out,' referring to the earl. The mourners were driven back but the police were reinforced by twenty-five more men and a little order restored though several of the mourners were still unable to enter the cemetery as the gates had to be locked. The burial service continued amid the booing and shouting of those assembled for the purpose. After the committal those mourners, who had entered the cemetery, managed to leave by a little-known gate which was specially unlocked to that end."¹⁶

The titles have now been extinct for some years: the family's armorial distinctions were:

Arms	Quarterly 1st and 4th, argent, two bends wavy sable on a chief, gules, three bezants for Clements, 2nd and 3rd per pale indented or and gules for Bermingham.
Crest	A hawk proper.
Supporters	Dexter, a buck proper in his mouth a trefoil: sinister, a buck proper, plain collared, or.
Motto	Patriis virtutibus (By hereditary virtues).

¹⁶ Fights at funerals, sometimes fatal, were commonplace.

REFERENCES

- (i) *The Times* and *Ulster* newspapers.
- (ii) *The Mysteries of Ireland*, anonymous, published about 1884.
- (iii) *The Complete Peerage*.
- (iv) *Arcestors*, Vol. 2.

GREEN JACKETS CRICKET WEEK

The matches played against the other two Regiments, the first on the Saturday before the full cricket week began v. The Rifle Brigade and the second v. 60th Rifles on the Wednesday of the week, were both close and exciting games.

John Mogg led the Regimental side on both occasions and Nigel also played in both matches. It must be many years since a father and son, both serving soldiers, have played for the Regiment in Green Jackets cricket. With the completion of these two matches they have now appeared together in a Regimental cricket side for the third time. Let us hope they will continue to do so for some years to come.

The Rifle Brigade had some difficulty in producing a complete side for the first match, as the Battalion was abroad, and in the end it included one player from the 60th Rifles, Bugle-Major Rawlings. However, Rodney Holmes and Gerald Carter gave them a good start before Gerald was finally caught by John Mogg off Shepherd for 39. David Williams then came in but was dismissed fairly soon by Shepherd. Next in came Peter Delisle. He is a formidable batsman at any time and no captain on the fielding side is happy until he is out of the way. To everyone's relief he also fell to John Shepherd, who was bowling extremely well, having made 19 runs. Rodney Holmes meanwhile had batted on steadily, but again John Shepherd claimed his wicket too after Rodney had played a very useful innings for 65. Robin Peppiatt dismissed John Cornell and Christopher Dunphie, and Christopher Cutforth was clean bowled by John Shepherd, who took five of the seven wickets. A first-class effort.

The Regiment's innings was opened by Nigel Mogg and Bob Pascoe. Two early successes, by John Bendit who bowled Bob and by Alan Guthrie who got John Raison lbw with one of his cunning slow left-hand deliveries, meant that someone had to go in to stop any further disasters. Lionel Hitchens joined Nigel and runs began to come steadily until Hitchens was caught off another of Alan Guthrie's slow leg breaks. The Regiment's total was, however, by now somewhat more respectable. Robin Peppiatt now joined Nigel who was batting well and they carried the score along until Nigel was eventually stumped having made 45 very valuable runs. Harry Ruck-Keene made a useful 13 runs, but was bowled by Christopher Dunphie. Bryan Balls joined Robin Peppiatt, who played an excellent innings, and between them they knocked off the runs to give the Regiment victory.

The second match was full of action. John Mogg having won the toss and elected to bat, opened the innings with Nigel. It was to the delight

of everyone that these two set forth to battle, nor did one of them return until 20 runs were on the board, John having been caught by Bugle-Major Rawlings, now playing for his parent Regiment, off the bowling of Ivor Rudge (R.A.E.C.). Alan Ambrose joined Nigel and they batted very well to take the score to over 100. By luncheon time the Regiment was well satisfied with its performance. These two continued after lunch, but Alan was eventually bowled by Gerald Carter for 69 having played a fine innings with some lovely cover drives. Tommy Thompson joined Nigel, who by now was nearing a century. Tommy thumped the ball hard for 17 runs until he was caught by Rawlings off Peter Shaw, shortly to be followed by Nigel who also was robbed of a well-deserved century by being caught by Ivor Rudge off Gerald Carter's bowling. Willoughby Wynne and Robin Peppiatt then took the score to 235 for 4 wickets when John Mogg declared.

The 60th Rifles lost their first three wickets comparatively cheaply and it was not until Peter Shaw and Gerald Carter came together that they began to make runs. These two had a good partnership until Willoughby Wynne bowled Peter Shaw for 27. Damar Colville and Bugle-Major Rawlings were both quickly dealt with and it looked as though the Regiment might win both their Regimental matches, however, they had not reckoned with Peter Welsh and Alistair Drew.

To win the match the 60th had to score fast and this they did despite some steady bowling by John Shepherd from the pavilion end. Runs came from Peter Welsh's bat at a great pace. He hit some splendid sixes and the ground just was not big enough to contain his shots, some of which he must play on the golf course! Excitement grew, and, aided by one or two catches put on the ground, the Regiment's chances of winning gradually slipped away. Peter and Alistair knocked off the runs with a few minutes to spare. So ended an exciting and most enjoyable game. The speed with which runs were made can be measured by the fact that 472 runs were scored between 11.30 a.m. and 6.20 p.m.

"THE LAST CHUKKA"

A Christmas Tournament of 1939

H. J. C. DUCAT-HAMERSLEY

Polo used to be called the soldiers' game, but owing to our present circumstances, and the loss of most of our overseas stations where the game was played, it seems likely that very few soldiers will have the necessary funds, opportunities or encouragement to be able to enjoy it in the future.

It may be worthwhile therefore to chronicle one's impressions of this King of Games before, like so many other delights, they join the half-forgotten limbo of the past. For those who have played the game it may rekindle for awhile memories of their own past triumphs and disasters, and for those who have not it may be of some academic interest to know something of its taste. That this is as accurate a description as memory serves of a particular game can only be of minor interest.

"Sabah el Kheir, Saatak."

"Good morning, Zein."

A bleary eye opens to see a neat, dark little figure retreating down the roof ladder, and a comforting cup of tea steaming on the bed-table close to one's pillow.

The first rays of the sun are lighting the Khartoum roof tops where many have spent the night under the stars; for them it is just the dawn of another day, but for you there's something different. Full realisation comes with a tingling sense of excitement mixed with apprehension. It is the final of Khartoum's most important tournament of the year, the day to which you had so long looked forward.

Sipping tea, and suddenly very wide awake, a sort of rather feverish recapitulation of all the past fortnight's worries and triumphs passes through your mind: "If only we can do it. These Cotton Syndicate chaps are good though—lucky devils, they have a lifetime in the Sudan in which to amass the best ponies and get endless practice. They won the tournament last year and have got through their three matches easily enough this time too. Their one weakness is that they are not a really well-balanced side, and this is what we must play on. Their Nos. 2 and 3 are handicapped at five goals each, and these two are inclined to take on more than their share of the game. That's our chance, our Sudan Defence Force team is balanced, we are all handicapped at three goals and know each other's

form backwards. After a somewhat lucky win in the first round we've done well enough. . . .

"I wonder how my ponies are. My lovely Hubara, you'll have to play three chukkas if its a close thing. Lucky I'm so light for you. Stout little Beni Hussein, if only your speed matched your guts and handiness. Kousa, next season you'll be first-class but this is your first, and one of the sort of chukkas we are likely to have will be enough for you. . . .

"I wonder whether the others are feeling as nervous as I am."

At this thought my mind flashes back eight years to a very clear picture of my then commanding officer turning to me during a drive down from Maymyo to Mandalay to play for the Regiment in the Christmas tournament and saying, "Do you feel as wretchedly nervous as I?" and then in a gruff aside, "I wish I didn't take this infernal game so seriously."

With an inward chuckle comes another glimpse from the past. This time it is the captain of your Regimental team after a particularly disastrous match—accusing you of "sitting, blubbing behind the aspidistras." The aspidistras in question were part of the ornaments (?) of the Maymyo Club.

"My word though, this is no time for idle reminiscence," you feel as you get out of bed more agilely than is your wont, fling on a dressing gown and make your way down the wooden ladder to the ground and thence to the stables behind the bungalow.

Abu Howa looks up from plaiting Hubara's tail with the welcome news that all is well.

Abu Howa—"Father of a Wind"—and what more appropriate name could your syce have on a morning like this you feel? But then the Sudanis incline to picturesque names, particularly those from the south. I have heard of gentlemen by the name of "Geysh Shebbak," Mr "Belt and Boots," "Ya Salaam," Mr "Goodness Gracious" and many even quainter Christian names which hardly bear translation into English.

Abu Howa, that drunken though otherwise prince of syces, smells strongly of *merissa* (Arabian beer), though you feel he cannot possibly have chosen this morning of all mornings for one of his orgies. And you are right for he shows you three pailfuls brewed by himself for the ponies on their return in the evening, and all the best cooks sample their creations. Ponies love this *merissa* as a hunter likes some warm beer after a long day, and it is a great tonic when they are exhausted.

Hubara knows perfectly well what he is in for. He has already had his tail plaited in the black and white colours of the Sudan Defence Force three times in the last ten days, he is obviously excited and Abu Howa smelling of *merissa* is no sedative. It amused me to think that I had bought

six ponies in the Sudan, played them for three years and paid all expenses in connection with their upkeep, for the price of one pony I had sold on leaving India. Hubara was my top price, £20, for which one expected a good pony in those days. By a thoroughbred English sire out of a half Arab half country-bred mare he was the best pony I have ever ridden, or shall ever ride.

Beni Hussein and Kousa both pure white lightweight ponies with too much Arab blood for great speed, but handy as cats and very fearless. They are at the moment being groomed in a half hearted way by a dull-witted boy and ragged and annoyed by old Airmail, my trek pony and the stable joke who was always allowed to roam about free.

Airmail was full of character and very versatile. I had once won a point-to-point on him on which the Tote paid out the fabulous price of 244-1. It transpired that Abu Howa had bought the only ticket on him. He was the only one who could more than hold his own against the combined antics of my three pet monkeys. The great difficulty always was in keeping him out of the kitchen. Here he was in direct competition with the monkeys, and always made a point of joining in the chase when one of them was seen to emerge staggering under a load of looted fruit, or even the kitchen clock. They for their part would expostulate noisily when Airmail's sleek nose came questing through an open door or window for any delicacy left lying about, and would chatter with priggish glee when the cook slapped his bottom. But they would never pull his tail or jump on his back as they did to the others.

Later on while dressing you see the little cortege move off on the start of their three-mile walk over the Nile bridge to Omdurman, where they will wait in the shade of a friendly stall for the game.

Breakfast in the garden, and you force down all the bacon and eggs you can, for it will be fatal to eat anything but the lightest lunch.

The morning at the office seems interminable and as a Sudani orderly brings in a pile of correspondence you know to be absurd with the air of a *maitre d'hotel* putting the menu before a favourite client, you wonder how much more of this you can stand. Your sense of humour seems sadly frayed, and presently you wander off to the office occupied by John—your back. He is engaged in a shouting match over the telephone, and seems in no better frame of mind. On seeing you he puts down the receiver in the middle of his friend's (?) sentence, and you go into a huddle trying to work out in which order you will each play your ponies.

You are somewhat rudely interrupted in the middle of this by a voice from the door, whose owner turns out to be none other than the Kaid (G.O.C.) himself. "Coffee housing, eh? I thought as much. Go on, you

had better push off both of you. You will be no earthly use until after this game is over."

Thankfully you melt away to the Club to meet the rest of your team for a last minute tie-up—and just one gin.

As you toy with lunch the sinking feeling, temporarily dispersed by the gin, returns, and then you try and kill time by checking through for the hundredth time your sticks, spare saddle, leathers, girths, hat, spares of anything that might conceivably go wrong, or break. You fill the leather-covered mouth-wash bottle for the ponies and a spare jerrycan, a mouth-wash bottle for yourself and a flask with half brandy half water.

Your unfortunate wife you have so far not brought into this, as she from long experience knows that all you want on these occasions is to be left alone to be quite unbearable by yourself, and so keeps away and observes from a distance that you are properly fed and do not forget anything. A higher tribute cannot be paid.

At last it is time to be moving and you feel better as you change, pull on your boots and pile everything into the car.

Having narrowly escaped death from an Arab bus through inattention, you arrive at the ground feeling in a trance-like state, and much in need of a wise precaution.

There is 20 minutes to go and the ponies are all lined up. You send a couple of boys with spare sticks to the opposite corners of the ground to save time should you break one far from your "base." See that all your kit is laid out in an orderly fashion on a horse rug spread out on the ground. See that the sticks are laid out in the correct length for each pony. See that the pony boots are put on properly, curb chains adjusted and martingales the correct length.

As you mount each in turn, adjust the leathers, and take them for a quick pipe-opener up and down the ground, you begin to feel better and manage to give a ribald answer to one of those friends who choose a moment like this to come up and be facetious. Your wife, knowing the form, has gone to the stands.

I am always intensely sorry for the wives of those who play polo. For days they have to bear with an overwrought nuisance. For a brief spell they go through purgatory watching from the stands, and wondering if they are going to see their husband carried off feet first. Then, as like as not, they have to put up with a depressed and introspective bore.

The scoreboard is up and, as you thought, both teams are playing level, each handicapped at 12 goals. The five-minute bell, and everything is still. You tighten Hubara's girth.

At last the bugle sounds the "Advance" and at that stirring call your

fit of "the nerves" finally vanishes. Lining up, you notice that your opposite number's pony, an English thoroughbred, is about half a hand taller than Hubara, and in fact, with the exception of your No. 2 immediately in front of you, who is on a lovely great striding chestnut mare, you all seem to be overtopped.

The great moment has arrived; the umpire, whistle in mouth, canters up and throws the ball into play. It goes past the Nos. 1 and their No. 2 manages to flick it a few yards under his pony's neck. You turn, chase it and get in your backhander before your opposite number, their No. 3, gets there. With a thrill you realise that Hubara is anyway the handier pony. There is an undistinguished mêlée during which the opposing teams sort themselves out.

Then everything happens in a blinding and disastrous flash. Their No. 3 hits a long backhander up past you and their No. 2, and as you both turn to pursue it you see that poor John, your back, is being ridden almost off the field. It is now a straight issue between you and their No. 2, and although Hubara puts every ounce into it you feel the big thoroughbred creeping away. There's just a chance you might hook his stick as he shapes for his shot, but you can't quite reach, and with a clean "click" he sweeps the ball down the field. Ride as you will you can't catch him, and with an easy half shot he taps the ball through the goal to the accompaniment of frantic cheers from their supporters.

The score 0—1 in the first two minutes of the game, a disastrous start. But you've seen the red light and trotting back to the centre of the field you arrange to change places with Mahommed Osman your No. 2. He agrees to lie well back, as his big chestnut will stand a better chance with this racehorse than Hubara. It is now your duty to stop their No. 3 putting in his powerful strokes up the field. This scheme works, although they are always trying to slip you. John is continually ridden out of the game by their better mounted No. 1. Mahommed time and again foils a breakthrough by their No. 2, and you hammer away for all you know at their No. 3 helped by Hubara, who is quicker off the mark. Our No. 1 sticks well to their back.

As the game progresses it develops more and more into a neck or nothing tussle between the opposing pairs. They, with their faster ponies, trying to get clear for a breakaway, and we hanging on to them and by any means trying to foil their every stroke. Rather negative play on our part admittedly, but part of our prearranged plan, as we had long foreseen their initial advantage, and hoped to equalise this and finally tip the scales in our favour by getting them rattled. There is nothing more unnerving for a high handicap player, accustomed to having it all his own way in

station chukkas, than to find himself being bumped, his stick being hooked, and his pony being thwarted at every turn.

There was no further score in the first chukka, and the second was an almost exact replica without the disastrous goal. It was not a spectacular game to watch; there were few long passing movements down the field by either side. For us it was just plain hard riding, always trying to keep that half length in hand and never to be caught on the turn and to bump them as hard and as often as opportunity permitted.

Halfway through the third chukka it appeared that we might succeed; although not yet rattled their two experts were becoming angry—always a good sign! Just before the whistle we got our first goal and a more unusual one I have seldom seen. We had manoeuvred the ball near their goal when their back hit it down the field almost to the halfway line. All eight players then rode over it without making contact. Our back as usual, was ridden well clear, their No. 2, ridden grimly by Mahommed, was bumped off his stroke, I following with their No. 3 managed to hook his stick; our back with their No. 1 rode over the ball between them. Our No. 1 was the quickest on the turn, but sliced the ball. He managed to get to it first, and then proceeded to do the most incredible angle shot I have ever seen under his pony's belly. With a cry of joy and surprise we saw the goal judge raise his red flag.

Half time and a quiet jog back to the lines of our supporters, now hopping with glee.

After a quick look round the ponies to see that all is well you rinse your mouth out, take a pull at the brandy flask proffered by your wife. She says, "Well done, good luck," and sensibly goes back to the stands. You forgather with the team to plan your final campaign. You decide on another chukka of holding and spoiling, and then during the fifth and penultimate chukka suddenly to go over to the offensive and all out for a goal. This you feel may take them off their guard, as by then they may well be rattled and so unable to discern your changed tactics in time. If in that chukka we can get the goal, well and good, hold them in the last; if not, continue the onslaught to the end.

A few friends have left the stands to wander over to give you encouragement and advice, but you find you do not pay much attention to what they are saying, and it is a relief when the advance sounds.

As you mount with the acrid smell of sweating ponies strong in your nostrils, and your own sweat trickling down salty in your mouth, you feel the pony lithe under you and the towelled handle of a new stick strong in your hand and you realise to the full the joy of living.

As the fourth chukka begins it becomes apparent that your opponents

have also been taking council together. Their Nos. 2 and 3 have changed places and these two lie further upfield, with their back well behind to cover goal. They are to be more than ever on the offensive, it seems.

This is Kousa's first real gruelling chukka, and you soon realise his shortcomings. You feel yourself tiring as you have to ride so much harder to keep to your opponent. He too has changed, which calls for added concentration on your part.

They are having the best of the game now, and have the misfortune to see one of their shots rebound off the goalpost. Our back just manages to get there in time and taps it behind. A 60-yard hit for them, and a beauty too, it comes sailing straight and true for the goal, and as you concentrate on trying to stop it you suddenly get the impression that all the other players have vanished, that there is nothing but a limitless stretch of sunbaked earth, and a shining white ball getting bigger and bigger. Long after, when thinking over the incident, you feel that if only there had been a few limp clocks lying about, and a bicycle for good measure, the scene might well have come straight from the inimitable brush of Salvadore Dali.

The spell ends as you stretch out your stick and hear the click—lovely sound—as the ball hits it and is deflected behind.

Another 60-yard hit for them, but this time the aim is not true, and the ball goes behind to the cry of "leave it" from your back.

Temporary relief is gained as he hits it well and truly to a flank, but you can't help wondering who is getting rattled now! Somehow you hold them though, and the chukka ends on a slightly better note with a run up to mid-field. It was a close shave you feel, and we had more than our share of the luck.

You have kept Hubara for the decisive chukka, and as you change ponies, you notice with relief that he is still full of fight.

With the change of tactics the game suddenly becomes open, and you get the impression that the plan will succeed. Their team work is upset, and they are not adjusting themselves to the new situation. Their two professors are inclined to mishit and our handier ponies are wearing better. Big galloping ponies that are hard to turn often take more out of themselves than the handier and more balanced sort.

There is still danger in their quick raking attacks, though now we are having the better of the game. For a time we are pressing and twice send the ball over their backline. But it is from the second of these that danger again springs, and almost before we realise it their No. 2 is away down the field. Mercifully John manages to stop the rush with a rather weak tail shot almost out of the goalmouth.

Now you see is our chance. Their back has got out of place following up this unexpected charge too close, and has ridden past to a flank. Mahomed galloping for the ball looks over his shoulder as you yell, "Here," and also sees the chance. "Turn," he calls as he sends a long off-side backhander with a lovely flick of his steel wrist. But you have already turned and are away, a clear three lengths lead over their No. 3 who has turned too late.

Now. After the ball and ride like hell, Hubara responding with everything he's got; he too seems to realise our great moment.

The ball is still rolling fast, but we've caught it and, rising slightly in your stirrups, you smite it well and truly up the ground. With the wind whistling in your face and the blood pounding in your ears you can vaguely hear the roar of your supporters.

The whole object of your life now seems to have narrowed to getting to this little white ball first. You can hear the beat of their No. 3's big pony coming up, but you daren't look round.

You catch it and send it on again, but this time it is a little bit sliced and you see to your horror that, if you do not get there in time, the ball will roll some ten yards wide of the right-hand goalpost.

There's no need to touch Hubara with your whip, he's galloping for his life, but you feel sure their No. 3 must be on your tail now.

Your mouth has gone very dry, but your mind steadies—ride a little bit wide to make the inevitable neck-shot easier, always providing you get there in time—don't swing your stick, it might be hooked—lean well forward to avoid Hubara's flashing hoofs—steady—Now.

And it's through.

You almost cry out with relief as you gallop on scattering the goal judge and ball boys. The best moment of your life you feel. Their No. 3 comes hurtling past almost out of control. "Well done," he flashes back over his shoulder, not an easy remark to make under the circumstances, and your heart warms to him.

You canter back to the centre of the field; Hubara changes leg, he is tired, and so all of a sudden, are you, and feel a little sick.

Their No. 1 hits the ball back from the throw-in and you follow it for a backhand, when out of the corner of your eye you see their back come charging across your bows; at the same time the bell goes for time. "Look out," you yell, but he comes on, and with a "Hi, Hi, Hi," you throw Hubara to one side. But it is impossible to avoid him and with a final "Damn you," you feel the shuddering impact and Hubara slipping away from under you, and you try and fling yourself clear.

Mysteriously you find yourself lying on your back with a horse rug

over you and your wife's anxious face among others looking down at you.

Someone says, "My God, I'm sorry," and you vaguely wonder why. You feel no pain, only your head—something's not right with your head.

You struggle to rise only to feel hands gently pressing you down.

"But we've got another chukka yet, I must get on. How's Hubara?"

"Steady on old chap, he's all right, but it's all over I'm afraid," you hear John saying from what seems a very long way off.

"Well, what the devil happened then?"

"Oh we lost, worst luck."

Then you feel lighter than air, that you are mounting Hubara in a nightmarish game. But really you are on your back bumping along in the ambulance to hospital.

Many days later, lying flat on your back, in the semi-darkness, you were told of the sad ending to this game. The slings went all against us.

The opponent who brought you down took himself off the field, and you were awarded a 40-yard hit for a dangerous cross. Mahommed Osman in some mysterious way failed to put this through.

Our No. 1 got away with the ball, only to find that in the preceding mêlée he had lost his stick head. While he was off the field they scored, 2—2.

Extra time was played and Mahommed's big mare broke down, they scored, and that ended it.

The doctor told you that you were not to play again that season, and you wondered when you would.

The war was on.

For days and days the rickety fan whirled overhead in the gloom, and as you lay there it seemed to hiss down at you:

"Your last chukka—your last chukka—your last chukka."

"Well, it was a good one anyway," you murmur back.

But the fan always had the last word, and the fan, it seems, was right.

FITTING OUT—1869 AND 1940

The following accounts, kindly lent by Major P. Godsall, show what it cost his grandfather, Major P. T. Godsall of the 52nd, and himself to fit themselves out on joining. Quarters were unfurnished until about the beginning of the present century.

TO HILL & MILLARD

4th June 1869

Manufacturers of Portable Military Furniture, etc.,
7 Duncannon Street, corner of Trafalgar Square,
London.

	£	s.	d.
1 portable iron stump bedstead with horse hair mattress, 1 bolster, 1 pillow, 3 blankets, 1 quilt, 1 set valances, box for bedstead & water- proof valise for bedding	11	0	0
1 chest half secretary mahogany drawers in strong iron-bound cases	12	0	0
Fitting one small drawer with cups and saucers, glasses, tea-pot, camp candlesticks, canisters, knives, forks & spoons	3	10	0
1 portable mahogany washstand with fittings complete in oval tub	5	0	0
1 box looking glass	1	8	0
1 Douro chair with cushions & box to ditto with legs to form dressing table	4	6	0
1 pair long hook straps	12	6	
1 striped rug blanket	18	0	
1 sponge basket	2	0	
6 toothbrushes 6/-, 1 nail brush 2/-, 1 sponge bag 5/6	13	6	
12 huck/k. towels 16/-, 6 white bath ditto 11/-	1	7	0
4 table napkins 6/-, 3 breakfast cloths 22/6	1	8	6
1 pair glove trees	6	6	
1 set portable mahogany bookshelves	1	16	0
1 solid leather hat case 40/-, initials painted 1/6	2	1	6
1 overland trunk 46/-, painting name, etc., 1/6	2	7	6
1 enamel & leather square mouth bag & initials	2	3	6
1 pair metal candlesticks	7	6	
1 pair hairbrushes in case 23/6, initials stamped 1/6	1	5	0
1 Dutch carpet rug	3	10	0
1 table cover 12/6, 2 toilet ditto 7/-	19	6	
1 portable mahogany towel horse	10	6	
1 shoe brush case, brushes, etc., complete	1	14	0
3 pairs calico sheets at 16/6	2	9	6
4 pillow cases at 3/-	12	0	
6 glass cloths 4/6, 6 dusters 4/6	9	0	
1 set damask covers for draw cases	18	6	
2 sets barrack chair cushions 12/6	1	5	0
1 strong chest with name painted for sundries	1	16	6
	£66	17	6
Discount	3	6	6
	£63	11	0

(This account was settled five days later and receipted over a one penny inland revenue stamp.)

"A"—

TO MARSHALL & CO.

4th June 1869

Tailors, Military & Naval Uniforms,
32 Jermyn Street, London.

	£	s.	d.
2 superfine scarlet tunics richly laced with gold	15	15	0
2 pairs embroidered badges	1	12	0
2 superfine scarlet shell jackets lined with silk	7	16	0
1 blue milled patrol jacket, braided with mohair	5	15	6
1 grey beaver Regimental great cloak	5	10	0
12 fine white marzella mess waistcoats	12	12	0
2 pairs black doe. Regimental trousers at 42/-	4	4	0
2 " summer " at 35/-	3	12	0
1 pair black superfine gold laced	4	0	0
1 rich gold sash	5	18	0
1 " " sword belt & slings	3	15	0
1 Japanned case for ditto	7	6	
1 rich crimson silk sash	3	10	0
1 chaco, ornaments & plume	3	18	0
1 Japanned case for same	7	6	
2 forage caps, with gold embroidered number & bugle	3	3	0
1 undress sword belt & slings	2	12	6
1 scarlet serge fatigue jacket trimmed with gold	3	18	0
2 oilskin cap covers	10	6	
1 extra size air-tight uniform case	2	5	0
1 engraved plate for same	3	6	
6 white Commodore double-breasted waistcoats at 19/6	5	17	0
1 black diagonal frock coat, bound silk braid & silk sleeve linings	5	5	0
1 " " double breasted vest	1	2	6
1 black superfine dress coat, lined throughout with silk	4	18	6
1 " waistcoat, richly embroidered	2	2	0
1 " trousers, pair	2	2	0
1 pair fancy striped Angola trousers	1	14	0
1 grey mixed cheviot morning suit	5	15	6
1 brown " Angola yachting "	5	15	6
1 black diagonal morning coat bound	4	4	0
1 " " waistcoat	1	2	6
1 pair grey striped Angola trousers	1	14	0
2 white milled flannel cricketing jackets at 50/-	5	0	0
2 pairs " trousers	2	12	0
1 brown mixed Angola Chesterfield, velvet collar, & silk sleeve linings	4	14	6
1 rich fancy shawl dressing-gown lined with Turkey red	3	3	0
1 blue serge double-breasted yachting jacket	2	10	0
2 white milled flannel cricketing shirts	2	2	0
Washing and dressing 18 white waistcoats at 8d.	12	0	
1 blue milled melton double breasted Chesterfield, velvet collar, silk sleeve linings & lined with tweed	5	18	6
1 grey mixed Angola shooting suit	5	15	6
	£166	6	0
5% Discount	8	6	0
	£158	0	0

(These goods were ordered on 12th May and paid for on 9th June: receipted over a one penny inland revenue stamp.)

"B"—

TO PULFORD & SONS
Tailors & Military Outfitters,
19 Albemarle Street, London.

November & December 1940

	£	s.	d.
1 drab stout milled barathea service jacket	8	9	6
1 pair gilt stars		2	0
1 pair stout milled barathea trousers	3	19	6
1 drab melton old pattern Regimental great coat	13	6	0
1 brown leather Regimental belt with two braces, special gilt buckle and fittings	3	6	6
1 ditto pistol holster and ammunition pouch	1	10	0
3 drab union taffeta Regimental shirts & 6 collars	3	11	3
2 ties		11	0
1 plated whistle & pigskin leather strap		8	0
1 drab felt service dress cap and silver badge	2	15	6
1 green field service cap, boss, silver badge	2	10	6
1 cavalry-style mackintosh with detachable straps	3	19	9
1 pair black worsted stars		2	6
1 pair drab stout milled barathea service trousers	3	19	6
	£48	13	6*
Plus Purchase Tax	4	17	6
	£53	11	0

(This account was settled on 14th February 1941 and receipted over a twopenny postage and revenue stamp.)

* It will be noticed that the addition is 2s. to the disadvantage of the purchaser.

BOOK REVIEWS

Corunna (Christopher Hibbert).

This is a book in the Batsford Battle Series. It was published in 1961 and might be read with advantage by members of the Regiment.

The campaign, which ended with the Battle of Corunna on 16th January 1809, and the death of Sir John Moore himself, have been dealt with by certain reviewers less kindly than might have been.

One reviewer has called the retreat "inglorious" and "the most ignominious failure of discipline in the history of the British Army" and then, while acknowledging that the morale of Moore's Army was high until the retreat began, with the men "bursting to fight," goes on to say that from Christmas Day (1808) they became "a drunken rabble"; making one seemingly grudging admission that Paget's "Reserve Division did better than most," and another that at Corunna itself the men fought well.

Another reviewer concedes that Moore, when he found himself facing an overwhelming enemy, had the courage to take the hard decision to retreat; saying: "My sole object is to save the Army," and that is what he did. The greatest trainer of troops was killed, but his Army lived to fight another day, a day which was not far distant. If 8,000 men had been lost, 27,000 had been saved.

Appendix I, pages 200-1, "Composition of British Forces," will dispose of a belief prevailing in some quarters, that the 52nd was not at Corunna. The fact is—and this may have been overlooked—that the 43rd and 52nd each had two battalions in the campaign. In Beresford's brigade of Fraser's Division was the 2/43rd; in Anstruther's brigade of Paget's Reserve Division was the 1/52nd; while in Robert Craufurd's 1st Light (or Flank) Brigade (which was ordered to Vigo and so missed the battle) were the 1/43rd and the 2/52nd.

It will seem to many with experience of retreats, even of shorter duration and less terrible conditions, that the indiscipline has been too severely and most ungenerously criticised. When the standard of discipline falls below normal, it is not instantly restored.

In *The Times* of 22nd March 1919, in a leading article named "The Return of the Guards," there appeared a passage about the retreat to Corunna which read: "Eighteen days of retreat in every circumstance of misery and depression had reduced the rest of the Army to a rabble." But Mr Hibbert, on page 155, records more fully and fairly that "*apart from the regiments of the rearguard*, only the Guards had preserved their reputation." The rearguard was General Edward Paget's Reserve Division,

Anstruther's Brigade of which contained the 20th Regiment, the 1/52nd and the 1/95th Rifles.

The author brings his fine book to an end by recording that the Duke of Wellington never forgot the man who had done so much to make the British Army what the Iron Duke himself had found it to be. "As an old man at the Horse Guards he said one day to his Military Secretary, the future Lord Raglan: 'You know, Fitzroy, we'd not have won, I think, without him.'"

For Wellington knew, none better, that the regiments that Moore had so finely trained were the backbone of the army of his time: while, in the words of its greatest historian: "No man, not Cromwell, nor Marlborough, nor Wellington, has set so strong a mark for good upon the British Army as John Moore."

Wellington in the Peninsula 1808-1814, by J. Weller (N. Vane, London, 1962).

The author is an American and his book is a good straightforward account of the battles without any political frills. The Regiments are not mentioned more or less than any others. A feature is the excellent photographs of the present-day appearances of the sites of the battles. Owing to its price it is recommended to those interested that it be borrowed rather than bought.

Now We are Enemies (The Story of Bunker Hill), by T. J. Fleming, (V. Gollancz, London, 1960).

This book gives an unbiased account of the beginning of the War of Independence and the battle of Bunker Hill. As we were taught in our schooldays it lays the chief blame for this war on the Sovereign and his ministers and it describes the impossible position in which General Thomas Gage, the governor of Massachusetts, was placed. It explains how the British command was utterly deceived in their low assessment of the Americans' fighting worth: this led to the frontal attack in daylight on Bunker Hill against the entrenched positions of the colonials.

The military architect of the improved defences of Bunker Hill which were carried out in one night was Colonel R. Gridley, a veteran of Quebec, and described as "the most gifted engineer in the New World." If the Americans owed anything to any one man for their victory, apart from their own determination and courage, it was to Gridley.

I prefer my history in strict chronological order, but this book is a maze of flashbacks, pen pictures, and other literary devices which tend to obscure the main theme. Whatever shortcomings it may have they are

compensated for by an index, a useful diagrammatic map, and an extensive bibliography.

References are made to Martin Hunter's Journal of which extracts have appeared in the early CHRONICLES. A full description of the part played in the fighting by the 43rd and 52nd is given, in fact far more fully than those of Levinge and Moorsom. The following are some extracts of Regimental interest:

"The 43rd Regiment had 92 wives and 71 children in Boston, and the 52nd 84 wives and 100 children although in 1775 there was no provision for taking the soldiers' families on active service." But these women had their uses as they provided the nurses for the Regimental hospitals and the larger ones, when they were formed.

"Thomas MacMahan, private soldier in H.M.'s 43rd Regiment of foot, and Isabella MacMahan, his wife, tried by . . . Court Martial for receiving sundry stolen goods, knowing them to be such are found guilty of the crime laid to their charge and therefore adjudge the said Thomas MacMahan to receive 1,000 lashes on his bare back with a cat-o'-nine-tails . . . and the said Isabella MacMahan to receive 100 lashes on her bare back at the cart's tail in different portions and the most conspicuous parts of the town and to be imprisoned three months. . . ." (From General Howe's orderly book.)

. . . "Robert Vaughan of the 52nd Regiment, who was caught deserting on 3rd March and ordered to be shot. Gage reprieved him the night before the execution. A few days later, Vaughan deserted again, this time successfully, and took several friends with him."

(After the battle)—"The eye-witness descriptions are charged with the shock of their spokesman: In the first carriage was Major Williams, 52nd, bleeding and dying, and behind him the three dead captains of the 52nd."¹

"Dr. Grant, a regimental surgeon, writing home says—' . . . Many of the wounded are daily dying and many must have both legs amputated. The provincials had either exhausted their ball, or they were determined that every wound should be mortal. Their muskets were charged with old nails, angular pieces of iron, and from most of the men being wounded in the legs we are inclined to believe it was their design not wishing to kill the men, but to leave them as burdens on us to exhaust our provisions and engage our attention, as well as to intimidate the rest of the soldiery.'"

¹ Major Arthur Williams joined the 52nd as a captain on 30th October 1755, having been gazetted ensign on 27th March 1744. Captain Nicholas Addison joined the 52nd as a lieutenant on 21st January 1756, having been gazetted in March 1748. Captain William Davison was promoted captain in the 52nd on 3rd May 1765. Captain George Amos Smith was promoted captain in the 52nd on 3rd March 1772.

REGIMENTAL DINNER 1963

THE regimental dinner was held at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W.1., on 28th June. Guests were Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd, Bart., C.B., C.B.E., Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire; Colonel E. G. B. Davies-Scourfield, M.B.E., M.C., Brigade Colonel; Lieut.-Colonel D. A. T. Baines, M.B.E., representing The Chestnut Troop, R.H.A.; Lieut.-Colonel D. H. House, M.C., representing the 60th Rifles; and Major J. W. Hanscombe, M.B.E., representing The Rifle Brigade.

Regimental officers present were:

Adnitt, Esq., J. C.
Barnes, Esq., E. W. T.
Barnes, Major R. F.
Bayley, Major-General K.
Bennett, Esq., N. C.
Birch Reynardson, Lieut.-Colonel H. T.
Blewitt, Lieut.-Colonel G.
Booth, Colonel P.
Borton, Esq., M. R.
Bradshaw, Esq., R. G.
Bray, Lieut.-Colonel F. R. C.
Callingham, Major R. S. H.
Chevis, Major W. S. C.
Clerke-Brown, Colonel A.
Colvile, Major R. A.
Colvill, Lieut.-Colonel D. C.
Cook, Esq., W. S.
Cox, Major B.
Craster, Major O. E.
Davies, Esq., A. J.
Dowden, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. C.
Doyne, Colonel R. H.
Draper, Esq., R. A.
Edmunds, Major J. S. R.
Fox, Major D. B.
Fullick, Major R. F.
Gerahty, Lieut.-Colonel P. E.
Giles, Lieut.-Colonel L. W.
Goodhart, Esq., W. H.
Goodwyn, Captain J. G. C.
Granville, Lieut.-Colonel J.
Haddon, Major J. H. W.
Hamilton, Major A. B.
Hayter, Colonel P. R.
Hicks, Major E. R. R.
Higgins, Lieut.-Colonel F. H. G.
Krish, Major I. R.
Lander, Major K. H.
Lathbury, General Sir Gerald
Leask, Captain E. W.
Lishman, Esq., P. J.
Lord, Captain J. A. D.
Lucas, Major J. G. A.

Martin, Colonel R. A. St G.
Meade, Esq., J. M.
Meade, Major J. W.
Metcalf, Lieut.-Colonel P. F.
Mogg, Major-General H. J.
Mogg, Esq., J. N. B.
Montague-Jones, Lieut.-Colonel G.
Morris, Colonel D. H.
Myers, Major D. F.
Orton, Major S. W.
Pascoe, Major R. A.
Pasternak, Captain C. A.
Patterson, Major H. P.
Petter, Esq., C. K. B.
Portal, Major J. L.
Prideaux, Esq., N. M.
Pulteney, Captain M. J.
Read, Major-General J. A. J.
Ridout, Lieut.-Colonel P. M.
Rowley, Lieut.-Colonel T. G. D.
Ruck-Keene, Major J. R.
Rush, Major C. G.
Ryder, Lieut.-Colonel G. F.
Sale, Esq., N. J. R.
Smith, Lieut.-Colonel J. H. L.
Smith, Captain N. L.
Smith, Major R. A. A.
Smyth, Brigadier H. E. F.
Stacey, Major G. C.
Symonds, Esq., M. D.
Taylor, Captain F. J. B.
Theobalds, Esq., S. L.
Thompson, Lieut.-Colonel P. G.
van Straubenzee, Lieut.-Colonel H. H.
van Straubenzee, Colonel P. T.
Ward, Lieut.-Colonel C. L. C.
White, Major G. J. F.
Whitfield, Esq., A. P.
Whitfield, Lieut.-Colonel E. H.
Winterton, Major-General Sir John
Wood, Major D. J.
Workman, Major R. R. W.
Young, Major-General P. G. F.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY
MESOPOTAMIA LUNCHEON

(FIRST WORLD WAR)

A REUNION luncheon of officers was held at Kettner's Restaurant, London, W.1, on 30th October, 1963.

Those present were:

Brigadier H. E. F. Smyth; Colonel G. E. Whittall; Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Neville, Bart.; Majors J. W. Meade, C. T. Moody; Captains W. Rance, J. O. Pender-Smith, R.A.M.C.; The Rev. Canon T. R. Milford, Sir James Brown, Messrs H. C. Adams, C. T. Davenport, E. B. Parkinson, H. D. H. Radford, B. F. Roberts and L. R. Watts.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY
DINNER

(SECOND WORLD WAR)

THE annual reunion of officers who served with the 43rd Light Infantry in the Second World War took place at Gow's Restaurant, St Martin's Lane, London, W.C., on Friday, 19th April.

The Colonel Commandant was unavoidably prevented from attending and in his absence Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfield presided.

The following officers attended:

Colonel A. Clerke-Brown; Lieut.-Colonels E. H. Whitfield, D. C. Colvill, T. G. D. Rowley; Majors E. K. Blyth, N. J. Callingham, J. S. R. Edmunds, A. B. Gillespie-Hill, J. F. Nicholson, H. P. Patterson, J. S. Southey, D. C. Taylor, H. J. Walker; Captains D. C. Humphreys, P. N. Janes, Rev. W. H. Cox, T. E. Sawyer, D. W. Sutherland and H. A. Stapleton.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY
LUNCHEON

(FIRST WORLD WAR)

THE thirty-first luncheon of officers who served with the 52nd during the First World War was held at the Naval and Military Club on 18th October 1963.

The chair was taken by the Colonel Commandant and the guest was Major G. B. Rahr.

Others present were:

Major-Generals Sir John Winterton, J. A. J. Read; Brigadier C. R. Horley; Colonels P. Booth, R. A. St G. Martin, E. Scott; Lieut.-Colonels W. G. Clarke, D. C. Colvill, L. W. Giles, J. Granville, J. B. Jarvis, Sir Edmund Neville, Bart., P. M. Ridout, E. C. Simmons, E. H. Whitfield; Majors C. B. Baker, E. K. Blyth, J. W. Meade, H. P. Patterson, F. H. Plaistowe; Captains C. T. Chevallier, N. G. Clarke, G. Field, C. H. Sheppard, O. H. M. Sturges; W. A. Creak, Esq., G. E. Pearson, Esq., Rev. Canon E. H. Gallop, Rev. E. M. Guilford, R.S.M. H. Lay.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY

DINNER

(SECOND WORLD WAR)

THE seventeenth reunion dinner of officers who served with the 52nd Light Infantry during the Second World War was held at the Officers' Mess, The Inns of Court Regiment on Friday, 18th October 1963.

The Chair was taken by the Colonel Commandant and the guest was Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Clarke.

Others present were:

Lieut.-Colonels L. W. Giles, J. Granville, T. G. D. Rowley, P. E. Gerahty; Majors R. A. Colvile, R. J. B. Gentry, M. G. Hay-Will, J. L. Naimaster, J. H. Nott-Bower, G. B. Rahr, H. C. Yeatman; Captains F. J. Barroll, F. S. Barrow, C. T. Cross and S. Sebba.

OBITUARIES

LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES THORPE WEATHERBY, D.S.O., who died at his home at Stanton St John, Oxfordshire, on 14th March 1963 was one of the five sons of Edward Weatherby by his second marriage to his first cousin Evelyn Weatherby, daughter of James Weatherby.

He was born on 21st April 1877 and was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford, whence he was commissioned into the Regiment through the 1st Volunteer Battalion on 8th February 1899. He joined the 52nd in India and was promoted lieutenant on 30th July 1900 and was aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, East Indies, from March to November 1902.

He fought with the Somaliland Field Force in 1903 and 1904, receiving the medal and clasp. Meanwhile the 52nd had returned to England in 1903 and he rejoined it at Chatham. In February 1908 he attended the funeral in Lisbon of the colonel-in-chief of the Regiment, King Carlos of Portugal, who was assassinated on 1st February together with the Crown Prince. Later that year he was appointed an officer of the Order of St Bento d'Aviz. Promoted captain on 30th December 1905 he passed into the staff college in 1909, graduated in 1911 and was appointed G.S.O.111 in 1912 under the director of military training. Two years later he was appointed brigademajor of 15 Infantry Brigade on 1st May 1914 and served as such through the opening months of the Kaiser's war, receiving a brevet of major on 18th February 1915. On 3rd May he became G.S.O.2 and was awarded the D.S.O. on 23rd June and mentioned in despatches. Promoted major on 1st September 1915 he became G.S.O.1, 47 London Division on 28th November 1916. Thereafter he served in that capacity at the War Office, with the 61 Division in France and later at G.H.Q. in 1918 and as assistant military secretary in May 1918.

He joined the 43rd in Ireland on 7th January 1920 and served with it until 10th March 1922 when he was appointed to command the Regimental Dépôt where he remained until 15th February 1924 when he retired on promotion to lieutenant-colonel and joined the family firm who are stake holders to the Jockey Club.

In 1913 he married Giana Dorothea, daughter of Howard Gilliat of Abbots Ripton Hall, Hampshire. Their family consisted of three sons and two daughters. The youngest son, Otho Charles Roger, was killed in action with the 52nd in its glider-borne crossing of the Rhine on 24th March 1945.

Wes, as he was known in his family and the Regiment, was a very good judge of horseflesh, an accomplished horseman and a successful jockey

at many point-to-point meetings in the days when the Regiment ran its own. He did much to inspire a love of hunting in those young officers who had survived their apprenticeship in war. He was also a convivial companion who loved a party and many such he arranged when the 43rd was split up within Limerick and was providing also many detachments in the county and County Clare. In Hitler's war he and Gian kept open house and a warm welcome for all at the Dépôt and many were their kindnesses.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PHILIP GODSAL, M.C., B.A., died on 13th May. He was born on 6th February 1880, the eldest son of Major P. T. Godsall¹ of Iscoyd Park, Flintshire, who, after 12 years in the 52nd, was adjutant of the Eton College R.V.C. for 17 years: his mother was Ellen Henrietta, daughter of C. J. Parke of Henbury House, Dorsetshire. Two of his four brothers were killed on active service in the spring of 1918.

Like his father he was educated at Eton and afterwards went up to Christ Church, Oxford. During the South African War he followed in his father's footsteps by joining the then 4th (Oxfordshire Militia) Battalion of the Regiment in which he was commissioned on 13th June 1900 and serving with them, when embodied, in Ireland. When the 3rd (Buckinghamshire Militia) Battalion was disbanded in 1908 the two were amalgamated to form the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion of the Regiment.

In 1914 he was one of the three Special Reserve officers posted to the 52nd on mobilisation and went with them to France. Unfortunately, during the retreat from Mons, when the French blew up a bridge over the River Sambre without informing those nearby, he was hit in the leg by stone from the bridge and badly wounded. The vehicle in which he was riding was overtaken by the Germans and he was made a prisoner. In 1917 he made a remarkable escape on foot from near Kassel in central Germany into Holland: for this exploit he was awarded the Military Cross. An account of his escape appeared in the 1916/17 CHRONICLE, page 174, *et seq.* In 1918 he proceeded to Palestine and served as second-in-command of the 19th London Regiment. But his old wound necessitated his being invalided to England, when he was demobilised. During Hitler's war he was deputy commander of the East Riding Home Guard, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

He was a fine rifle shot and was in both the Eton and University Eights and represented England in the Elcho Shield on eight occasions. He was very fond of hunting and rode regularly with Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds, and, when in Yorkshire, with the Holderness. He was chairman of Sir

¹ 1925 CHRONICLE, page 235.

Watkin Wynn's Hunt Committee for a number of years. In earlier years there was always a large party at Iscoyd, which usually included some members of the Regiment, for the Grand National. We occupied a private coach on the railway to Liverpool, enjoying an excellent luncheon *en route*.

In civil life Philip was a land agent by profession and had been a Fellow of the Land Agents Society for 50 years. He was agent for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn at Wynnstay from 1912 to 1924 with a break during the war years. He then went to Yorkshire to manage the estates of Lord Hotham and Colonel Clitherow. In 1946 he retired and went to live at Iscoyd Park where he busied himself with his family estate and with local business. He was an example of the best type of country landowner, ever mindful of the welfare of those who worked and lived there and in improving and maintaining the property up to modern standards.

The park at Iscoyd was requisitioned during the war and a camp of concrete huts built which ruined the amenities of the place. When it was vacated some years after the war, it was one of Philip's dearest wishes to see it restored to its former condition. He worked hard at this and happily was able to see the park once more cleared and grassed down and with its beautiful trees again visible, before he died.

He had been a magistrate for 50 years and was chairman of the Maelor bench for a considerable period. He was a foundation governor and trustee of Sir John Talbot's Grammar School, Whitchurch, and a trustee of the West Midlands Savings Bank, among other activities. When in Yorkshire he was a member of the York Diocesan Board of Finance and a governor of St Peter's School, York, for many years. With a ready wit and keen sense of fun, he was interested in everybody and everything and will be sorely missed by all who knew him.

On 12th June 1919 he married Violet, daughter of the late Mr W. H. Browning of Hurst, Berkshire, who survives him, together with two sons, Major Philip Godsall, who was in the 52nd and Commander Walter Godsall, R.N.

The funeral took place at Whitewell and was conducted by the Rev. T. M. Wylands, rector of Malpas, and a former officer of the 43rd.

A. VERE SPENCER

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARK DARELL-BROWN, D.S.O., died in London on 17th May as the result of a fall. He was the son of the late Major H. F. Darell-Brown¹ of the Regiment, and of Mrs Kathleen Edith Maude Darell-Brown, only daughter of Mr and Mrs C. De Bassyn Fox of Co. Cavan.

¹ 1932 CHRONICLE, page 277.

Like his father he was educated at Marlborough College, and after Sandhurst was commissioned into the Regiment on 28th August 1930, becoming a lieutenant three years later. He served six of his earlier years with the 52nd in the East Indies and was promoted captain eight years after joining the army. By the time Hitler's war began he was serving with the 52nd and was its adjutant when it landed at Liverpool in 1940 after 18 years' foreign service.

By 1943 he was second-in-command, succeeding to command in September 1944: he was awarded the D.S.O. in the *London Gazette* of 31st August of the same year. In February he flew back to England with the 52nd to prepare for the airborne attack forming part of the crossing of the Rhine, which took place on 24th March: he took part in all the fighting up to the German surrender on 5th May. The same autumn, while commanding in Palestine, he was very severely injured in a motor accident which necessitated his being invalided. His majority came after 16 years' service and he was promoted lieutenant-colonel on 3rd February 1952, but was again invalided from the Canal Zone and later employed as an administrative commandant at Netheravon. In 1955 he was a member of a regular army commission board and two years later was employed as a retired officer at Regimental H.Q. at Oxford. At the time of his death he was working at the War Office.

On 23rd December 1937 he married Eileen Mary, daughter of the late Charles Webster Marshall and Mrs. Mary Marshall, by whom he had a son and a daughter.

J.S.R.E. writes:

"I have had the happiness to call Mark one of my best friends for a very long time, in fact since I joined the 52nd in Rangoon in 1933. As subalterns together in Burma we shared an old car; went about together a great deal and I found him a most entertaining companion who entered with gusto into every sort of fun. Life was never dull for a moment in his company. An amusing companion with a ready wit under all circumstances and a loyal friend I had always known him to be, but danger in action was to reveal a truly great leader.

"The very first day the 52nd came under fire from the enemy was to reveal these qualities. The position chosen for the Regiment after the Normandy landing was the village of Escoville which was very exposed to the enemy in the wooded slopes above to the east and from which we were ordered to retire to the more defensible village of Herouvillette, about half a mile to the north. This was quite a tricky operation with untried troops in their first clash with the enemy and it was largely due to Mark's steadying influence and the confidence he inspired that it was carried out with

negligible loss of men and equipment. From then onwards to the end of the war the men of the 52nd had complete faith in him. Shortly afterwards I managed to obtain a very convenient "blighty" and as I was carried off the battlefield I saw Mark had arrived on the spot and was sorting it all out amidst some very frightening retaliation from the Germans. I was away for about six weeks and it was shortly after my return that Mark was officially appointed to the command of the 52nd to the great delight of every member of it. Trying times and great losses were to be encountered subsequently but the confidence and steadiness of the 52nd never faltered under his inspiring leadership. Great marches and a few sharp actions were encountered before we reached the Seine from where we returned to Bulford Camp for preparation for further action by glider. Then came the cold and discomfort of winter in the Ardennes and Holland before the landing over the Rhine.

"The 52nd went into the Rhine landing about 800 strong of whom 50 per cent were casualties on landing (a high proportion of these being killed). It was obvious at the briefing that the proposed bombardment by mediums and rocket-firing typhoons was unlikely to silence the multitude of 20-mm. A.A. batteries with which the whole landing area was strewn. Both the Regimental H.Q. gliders were to land in the same field, in which was one of these 20-mm. positions. The pilot of our glider came in first and dived straight at it which I think disconcerted the enemy as our undercarriage hit one of the guns. As I got out I saw Mark's glider stop right beside the enemy position and a furious and terrifying figure emerged waving a revolver and obtained the instant surrender of its occupants. In spite of the fearful scene and confusion unavoidable in a landing right amongst the enemy all ranks set to at once to carry out their allotted roles as well as possible, inspired by their commanding officer.

"And so through Germany to the Baltic the Regiment followed Mark Darell-Brown knowing that he would do his best to prevent their being exploited and that he was unsparing of himself where the interests of the 52nd were concerned. His natural modesty disguised his great powers from his superiors and others outside his command but those of us who had the good fortune to be led by him had no doubts about his greatness and were prepared to follow him anywhere. Whenever there was a nasty situation he would appear quite undaunted like some officer leading a charge in an ancient battle picture and his presence and vigorous actions would soon restore confidence. It was a very happy regiment he commanded.

"Mark had an inimitable way of expressing himself and exercised it freely when roused, as he was when the light battery in support removed

the roof of his H.Q. at Le Mesnil. It had been the only rain-proof roof in the Regimental area. His words to the forward observing officer were to the effect that he was not only distressed by the inaccuracy and ineptitude of their fire but also alarmed by the ineffectiveness of the missiles which had only cracked and dislodged some of the tiles!"

COLIN STEWART DOWNIE was commissioned into the Regiment as a 2nd Lieut. on 7th June 1958, after service in the ranks of the Brigade of Guards. He was appointed commander of No. 3 Platoon in "A" Company on joining the 43rd and 52nd in Cyprus, in July 1958, and remained with that platoon until November 1960, when he took command of the Regiment's Demonstration Platoon at Mons O.C.S. He remained with the Mons Platoon until he received a regular commission in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.

Colin Downie will be remembered by all who served with him for his quiet charm, good humour and firmness of purpose. It was he who trained No. 3 platoon at Warminster for the Battlesbury Bowl demonstration of platoon weapons marksmanship, with such success that they beat all the previous records set up by their predecessors from other demonstration battalions, and it was his leadership which resulted in their finishing in fourth place in the A.R.A. Non-Central Inter-Platoon Shooting Match from 80 platoons which entered.

He was also a keen sportsman who represented his platoon at cricket, soccer and cross-country running.

His premature death, in a tank accident in Germany, in May 1963, was a great shock to his many friends in his old regiment.

BRIAN KENNEDY-COOKE died on 13th June: he was commissioned in the 5th Battalion in 1914 and went on active service with it to France in May 1915 as transport officer. He served with that battalion for the whole of its existence winning the Military Cross and bar. From 1920 to 1940 he was employed in the Sudan Political Service, and was re-employed as a lieutenant-colonel, acting brigadier, with General Platt's army during Hitler's war, becoming the first military administrator of Eritrea. After that he worked for the British Council in London.

MAJOR EDMOND ARTHUR SMITH, M.C., died in London on 24th June after a long and painful illness of nine months' duration: he was the son of Robert and Clara Smith of Fort Hill, Athlone, Westmeath, and was born on 13th September 1894. Enlisting in the Leinster Regiment on 24th April 1915 he was commissioned in the Connaught Rangers on 28th August 1915; he fought in Flanders from the 18th December 1915 to 7th September

1916 and from 21st April 1917 to the armistice; during the latter period he won the Military Cross. He was appointed a lieutenant on 1st July 1917 and to a regular army commission on 18th December of the same year. From October 1918 to May 1919 he served with The Royal Irish Regiment.

On the disbandment of the Southern Irish Regiments he was transferred to the Regiment on 27th September 1922: after service with the 52nd he went on the reserve on 31st May 1928. Recalled in 1939 he served at the I.T.C. and with the 7th Battalion: on 13th August 1943 he was appointed a training officer in the Home Guard, London District, and brevet-major on 12th November. On 1st May 1945 he assumed a similar appointment with the Army Cadet Force, London District, being released from the Service on 13th October 1945.

Between the wars and after Hitler's he was employed by Armour & Co. His wife died in December 1939.

LIEUT.-COLONEL RICHARD PENNELL, D.S.O. and bar, died on 13th July at Windsor, where he had been a Military Knight for the past 30 years. Although he had been borne on the Regimental books since 1921, due to war wounds he never served either with the 43rd or 52nd. Even so his remarkable career must not go unrecorded. Born on 4th February 1885 at Alton, Lincolnshire, the son of Richard and Maria Pennell, he enlisted in the 60th on 29th December 1904 and saw service in India, where he contracted malaria. Going to France in August 1914 as a serjeant in the 2nd Battalion he was severely wounded in September and invalided. But by July 1915 he was regimental serjeant-major of the 18th Battalion, a position he held for 88 days before being commissioned in the same battalion, with whom he went overseas in February 1916. He became their adjutant and, with under two years' commissioned service, their commanding officer, in Flanders, Italy and in Flanders again. For a time he commanded 122 Infantry Brigade. He won the D.S.O. in August 1917 and a bar in September of the same year, but was again severely wounded. He was mentioned in despatches four times and by the time he had recovered from his wounds the war was over.

Joining the 2nd Battalion again, this time as a subaltern, he served in southern Ireland and in 1921 was given accelerated promotion into the Regiment: going on half-pay the next year he retired in 1927 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The next six years he devoted to the welfare of seafaring boys at Southampton under the ægis of Toc H: and while he lived at Windsor he was the mainspring of the Boy Scouts and similar institutions. In September 1922 at Derby he married Catherine Hunt, and their second son, Major M. R. Pennell, is serving with the Regiment.

BRIGADIER RUPERT JOHN BRETT, D.S.O., Croix de Guerre avec palmes, D.L., J.P., F.R.G.S., who died at his home Langsmeade House, Milton Common, Oxford, on 10th November 1963, was born on 14th November 1890, the son of J. M. Brett of Hethel Hall, Norwich and Amy, daughter of J. Gardner of Queen's Gate, London. He was educated at Eton and the Royal Military Academy in one of the companies accommodated at Woolwich at that time. On 5th October 1910 he was commissioned into the Regiment and was posted to the 52nd. He carried one of the colours at the coronation of King George V.

He took over the duty of signalling officer from Richard Crosse in March 1913 and was promoted lieutenant on 25th October 1913.

On the outbreak of the Kaiser's war he went on active service with the 52nd in the 5th Brigade of 2nd Division and took part in the Retreat from Mons, the battles of the Marne, Aisne and first Ypres as transport officer until wounded in the head on 3rd November 1914 when the 52nd was heavily engaged at Zwarteleen. He rejoined on 25th January 1915 but was invalided in February. He was promoted captain in October that year and in the same month was attached to the Army Signal Service for duty. On rejoining the 52nd on 20th September 1916 he took over the transport again and later the command of "C" Company after the heavy casualties in officers at Beaumont Hamel.

Early in January 1917 he was posted to England for a senior officers' course at Aldershot and on his return to France was attached to the 17th Royal Fusiliers in March as senior major. He returned to the 52nd in September 1917 in the same capacity after the promotion of Bingo Baines to the command of 2/7th King's Liverpool Regiment. He served in the Battle of Cambrai (November 1917) and its aftermath when the Regiment wallowed in the mud of the trenches east of Villers Plouich where the only solid matter underfoot was the odd body of a man killed in the German counter attack on 30th November.

Before the front was stabilised after the retreat in March 1918 Rupert was posted to command the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment in 99th Brigade, 2nd Division, on 8th April. Two months later a shell landed at his feet when he was leading a party consisting of his adjutant and four company commanders to reconnoitre a new position in the Ayette sector. He was the sole survivor of that party and although his shattered legs were saved, it was at the end of his life that these grievous wounds well nigh crippled him. However, he was able to soldier on.

On 1st January 1919 he received a brevet of major, was later mentioned in despatches, awarded the Croix de Guerre avec palmes and on 15th December of that year was awarded the D.S.O.



Brigadier R. J. Brett

After rejoining the 52nd at Cork in October 1919 for 14 months, he was given a nomination to the Staff College. His first two appointments, each of two years, were at the War Office as G.S.O.3 and at Shorncliffe Camp as brigade major to the 10th Infantry Brigade. He then joined the 43rd in Germany and was adjutant from 30th October 1926 until 1st May 1928. During the next four years at the War Office he was promoted to major and received a brevet of lieutenant-colonel on 12th December 1928. In May 1932 he was posted to the command of the Regimental Depot until October 1933 when he was cross-posted to the 43rd as second-in-command for a year. His next staff appointment was G.S.O.2 Egypt from 22nd December 1934 to 11th October 1938 when he was promoted lieutenant-colonel and appointed to the command of the 52nd in India.

In December 1939 he was sent home to command the 165th Brigade, 55th Division, which, after the fall of France in 1940, was allotted the task of defending a vast length of the east coast, until January 1942 when he was appointed adjutant-general's liaison officer overseas in the directorate of prisoner of war camps, which took him over much of the world. He was appointed A.D.C. to the Sovereign in January 1942 and assistant commandant of the Staff College which entailed the command of the Auxiliary Territorial Service wing, first at Holloway College, Egham, and later at Bagshot Park. On the 2nd July of that year he was promoted colonel.

He retired, after more than 35 years' service, with the honorary rank of brigadier on Christmas Day 1945.

He thereupon took up much voluntary work: he was chairman of the Regimental Committee and of his parish council, and alderman of the County Council, a justice of the peace, a deputy lieutenant and county commandant of the Buckinghamshire Army Cadet Force.

He married on 18th January 1923 Olive Barbara, youngest daughter of J. H. Wheatley, Berkswell Hall, Warwickshire, by whom he had a daughter.

For all his popularity wherever he served on the staff, he was never quite happy away from the Regiment. In his 35 years of service over 17 were spent with the 52nd and 43rd in every rank. Wherever boisterous laughter was to be heard, Rupert was not far away. In the grim winters in the trenches in the Kaiser's war, we used to look forward to his visits in the line and more to the fun he inspired in the regimental mess during short spells out of it. Rupert's gaiety added to Richard Crosse's magnetism fostered that *esprit de corps* of the 52nd which, alive to this day, becomes to those who experienced it more and more vivid as the years pass: matchless examples which created a matchless tradition.

For this reason, he was inspired who appointed Rupert to be commandant of the A.T.S. Staff College, an appointment which tickled his legion of friends and acquaintances throughout the Army. His wit and irrepressible sparkle stripped the students of the seriousness peculiar to women in uniform, and made them feminine first and staff officers afterwards. He was as remarkable in his way in the 52nd as Pony Morland was in the 43rd. His repartee was acute, his laughter infectious. His eyes would sparkle, as if in surprise, when his companions were floored by the spontaneity of his wit. Yet this great gift was kindly used. When, in 1945, his active service ended and he took over the chairmanship of the regimental committee, he gave single-hearted concern to the many problems born of Hitler's war; and he was saddened when the Colonel took over from him and his very close tie was cut. For the Regiment was his chief interest from the day of joining right up to his departing; and he never tired of talking of old times. His many friends who are left can only repeat his own favourite farewell: "Good hunting, old cock."

MAJOR WALTER THOMAS YEOMAN, M.B.E., late Indian Army, died on 18th December 1963 but as the editor was unaware of this fact until too late for this issue his obituary notice will appear in the 1964 edition.

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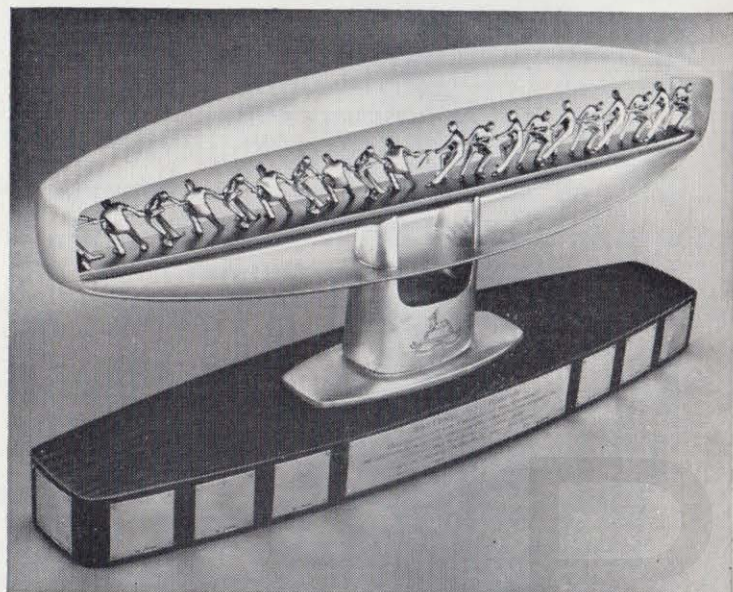
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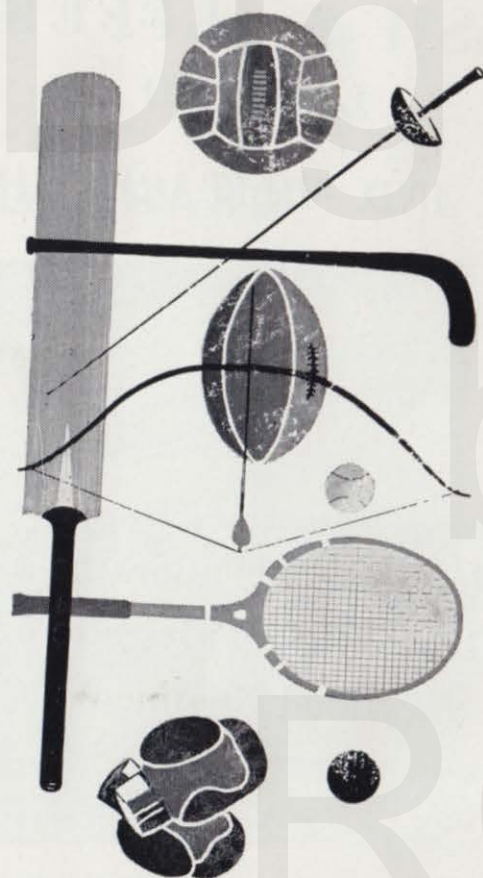
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