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# THE TIGER



# AND SPHINX

JOURNAL OF

# THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

VOLUME II (NEW SERIES)

NUMBER 5

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# THE TIGER & SPHINX

The Regimental Journal of The Gordon Highlanders

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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*[Photo by A. J. B. Strachan, Aberdeen*

**DARGAI, 20th OCTOBER, 1897**

An oil painting recently presented to the Regiment and referred to in the Museum Notes

Collection

## 1st Battalion Notes

### "... THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH ..."

"This column"—as we are known in journalistic circles, to which we lay no claim to belong—must continue to shed its reflected light as regularly, timelessly and unassailably as the moon and stars, shielded, we hope, by the obscurity that is our birthright. You like it or leave it, but nobody minds as long as you receive your copy, for we know that you "pays your penny and gets no choice." Nevertheless, we earnestly implore those who will lament a sudden falling off in quality to accept the inevitability of change in this mortal life, of which Tennyson wrote so tenderly. To shoot the sub-editor has for long been considered unsporting, while to blame his predecessor by mistake would be woefully pernicious. Moreover, our talented predecessor, should you be so careless of your future as to tell him that his editorials have suddenly lost their old fire and sparkle, is now in a position to make it hot for you at your next court-martial. In other words, there is a new scribe sitting on the editorial compo box, but read on, nevertheless, if you were reared in the Granite City and intend to discard nothing of what you have paid good money for. If, however, you hail from Glasgow and have learned not to waste your time, turn quickly to the Company Notes and hope to get something better there. We ask you, nevertheless, to stay with us for only one minute more, while we echo on your behalf the thanks due to our predecessor for his generous toil and unflinching genius that has for so long delighted all of us. If we cannot maintain this standard, please remember our difficulties and limited opportunities, for the Q.M. has threatened to close his doors on us for evermore if we try to say anything funny about him. Moreover we never knew Jeannie MacPhairson—.

### "... AN EMPIRE MOURNS ITS EMPEROR ..."

The quiet passing of our late King was as sad and sudden a shock to us out here as it must have been to those at home. Practically the whole of the Battalion was out on operations at the time, but the news quickly filtered out to the Companies, and the day of the Royal funeral was marked by acts of remembrance at every location of our scattered platoons. Those out on patrol halted at an appointed time and stood in reverent silence, while those left in Battalion Headquarters paraded with the pipe band at Tapah. There can, moreover, have been no more sincere tribute than that afforded by the silent groups of men who sat around the crackling wireless sets in platoon bases and listened in the gloom of a tropical night to the relayed broadcast of the funeral service. It is now as soldiers of the Queen that we dedicate ourselves afresh to a soldier's task in this rich but unfortunate corner of her widespread Empire.

### "... SUNSHINE ..."

With riotous joy—whereby the civic peace of Tapah and the sanctity of a certain company office were temporarily violated—we hailed the end of operation "Springtide," and were again set free to go bandit hunting on our own accord. The New Year dawned brightly, and we had just time in our last issue to tell of how the Orderly Room pen had proved a

mighty weapon in the hands of the Tiger Section. This early promise held, and from then on our months of jungle bashing began to be rewarded by frequent contacts.

"B" Company were quickly off the mark, and as a result of a nocturnal set-to, left the rubber well splattered with the blood of two bandits, whose weapons were captured, although darkness deprived us of more certain knowledge of their demise. On 3rd January the same Company tried again and knocked off a couple of bandits before lunch in separate engagements. One of these was a female exponent of the prevailing lawlessness, and it says a lot for the discipline of the Signals Platoon that no obvious answer was given to wireless-borne queries as to her disposal, remembering, as we do, a song of our youth about a certain man of Belgrade.

All this had an unsettling effect on the other Tapah-based company, whose bandit tally was now eclipsed and whose only consolation was voiced by a member of 9 Platoon on hearing of the death of "Mata Hari," "Aye, and they'll be knocking off the weans next." The situation was nevertheless still rather unsatisfactory from "C" Company's point of view, and so one of their platoons went out and disturbed a bandit who was harmlessly rolling an after-breakfast cigarette until they flushed him into a waiting line of five automatics and three rifles. Punctured and punctually he died. Not so one of his companions, who was seen to fall in the initial engagement, and who lay squirming while three more shots were fired at his particular piece of jungle before he got up and ran. Now you see what we are up against, when even the "deid yins" will not stay to be counted.

This situation might have continued indefinitely, highly satisfactory to ourselves and an eventual solution to the bandits' food supply problem. Halfway through the month, however, Operation "Broderick" intervened, and, as on "Springtide," "B" and "C" Companies embarked on weeks of barren patrolling in strange areas. "A" Company was not so affected, and two days later they added another to the Battalion score by dispatching one of their local horrors. They are to be particularly congratulated on this feat, because it was achieved in an area where the term "civil population" is a misnomer, for the attitude of the local Chinaman, Tamil and Malay at Sunkai is one of terrified non-co-operation bordering on hostility, thereby providing the bandits with an almost impenetrable warning system.

### "... AND SHADOW ..."

February was a sad month for the Battalion. It is with real sorrow that we remember the loss of Capt. Geddes, our M.O., whose quiet humour had already endeared him to all of us. Then, on the day that Capt. Geddes died, a two-inch mortar accident claimed Pte. Docherty.

The tragic ambush in which 2/Lieut. Rose and a section of six men were all killed has already been widely reported in our national newspapers. It is part of the price that is being paid to save this part of Asia and its peoples, and ultimately our own country from Communist domination, but it is hard for us who knew and loved these men to view our loss dispassionately.

A follow-up operation was mounted as soon as possible after the ambush, and by nightfall every available man was hunting the gang responsible. Although no tracks could be found—an almost impossible task on a rubber estate—a wide area was combed for four days for traces of the murderers, but with the whole of the Malayan jungle to hide in, they eluded us. In the meantime a certain company commander set to work to restore the dampened morale of the local planters, until every man of them was muttering "Hard-case Casey they call me" under his breath and putting out his chin in renewed determination to outlast the emergency, however long it might be.

### "... BRODERICK, OR THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS ..."

An operation is not without favour save in its own country. To those who read of Operation "Broderick" in the Scottish editions of the British Press, or even the glowing report compiled, no doubt, in more hospitable parts of the Federation, that appeared in one of our local papers, the name may bring a different picture to the mind and different epithets to the lips than those of the men on the ground—if acres of swamp can properly be termed "ground" at all.

... And yet it all began so well, and on paper looked so fine. We all agreed that the leader of the opposition in our area had lived too long, and, determined to end his career, we set off on a fine Sabbath afternoon to the bases from which we, in league with the Royal Marine Commandos and various Police jungle squads, hoped to harry and starve him until he came to as sticky an end as we could contrive to produce.

Our task seemed half completed already when, on the very day that the operation started, a Chinaman gave himself up at a police station and proclaimed himself to be a lieutenant in the gang of none other than our main objective. This delightful character then proceeded to tell of how his gang had been without food for three days and was ready to throw in its hand, a state of affairs that seemed to place us at the penultimate stage of the operation from the start. As evidence of good faith, our surrendered bandit was prepared to lead a patrol to where his Bren gun was hidden, though, curiously enough, this important piece of machinery was never found. It was, however, some weeks before we learned that our hero was just a genial lunatic who, disappointed at the mild enthusiasm with which the police had previously greeted the milder fantasies of his fevered brain when offered as A1 information, had decided to join the bandits. They are not as short of men as all that, however, and our man failed to get admitted to the party, let alone find any bandits to join. Nevertheless, he had had a good try and felt that this entitled him to the status and attention due to a surrendered bandit, which, we must admit, he for a long time received. The police, with delightful humour, have now sent him to another district to annoy their colleagues there instead.

Meanwhile, the operation was in full swing, and within two weeks one group of bandits had been located. In the chase that followed, two more groups were roughly located, and thus a fair proportion of the gang appeared to be trapped in an iron ring of Commandos and Gordon Highlanders. When the ring closed, the bandits, like that infamous cat, MacCafferty, were not there. Disappointed but undaunted, we continued our search for a most elusive enemy, but

although many food dumps and camps were found and systematically destroyed, our quarry refused to be starved out or located again.

It is on the big schemes that the native ingenuity of the soldier comes into its own, and by the end of the last one most platoons omitted to bring the traditional kitchen sink out with them only if they had failed to provide themselves with an effective alternative. In most cases, after a platoon had been in a new area for a few days, it sought out a deserted Malay hut or unused estate building and proceeded to make itself as comfortable as possible there. By night, paraffin lamps manufactured from cigarette tins fought the gloom of a tropical evening, while a little judicious buying from the local villages, or successful wheedling in the right quarters at Battalion H.Q., produced the wherewithal with which to vary the otherwise inevitable diet of jungle stew. One platoon sergeant so unnerved Brasco by asking him for self-heating soup that he handed over practically the last case held in the Brigade.

Platoon bases varied so much, from schools and smoke houses to the veranda of a native temple, that we could never describe them all. One base was in the rubber on the far side of a deep, swiftly flowing river, so that the only contact with the main road and, therefore, the only line of communication for ration supplies was by means of a sampan ferry. Failure to observe the order of the section commander-turned-coxswain to "paddle like fun!" at the right moment was liable to lead to dire consequences, and one early morning patrol found itself helplessly marooned two bends down the river through bad navigation. Nevertheless, this platoon soon became so sure of its seamanship that it was able to provide a river patrol through a bad swamp area later on in the operation, despite a lamentable lack of co-operation from higher command. A request for more paddles was laughed to scorn, and yet, owing to the unfailing tendency of certain signallers to aspirate their aitches, they could not very well have asked over the air for "Four oars," could they?

Fortunately, all things in this transitory life come to an end sooner or later, and after seven weeks Operation "Broderick" decided to conform to this rule. We have combed the stamping ground of our arch-enemy from end to end, and have every reason to hope that we have disrupted his supply organization for some time yet, but we lacked that essential element of luck, without which any operation in this country is bound to fail. Our one consolation is that if the bandits enjoyed the operation as much as we did, then we must have given them a pretty rough time.

### "... A NOTEWORTHY VISIT ..."

We would not choose to go to press this time without recording the appreciation of the Commanding Officer and all ranks of the generous visit of Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Callander, K.C.B., M.C. General Callander was our Divisional Commander while we were in Germany, and whilst on a very brief visit to Malaya he braved the vagaries of the Malayan railway system before finishing the journey by Auster solely in order to make a special trip up-country to see the Battalion. To our great disappointment, travelling delays made the visit even shorter than it would have been anyway, but we are none the less honoured and grateful for the gracious courtesy and favour of this special visit.

### “ . . . MARSEILLAISE IN THE ULU . . . ”

Seeking a change of jungle and variety in the brand of Communist likely to be encountered, Capt. Ferry and Lieut. Pont Breand, of the French Army in Indo-China, arrived during February on a visit to Malaya, during which they were attached to Headquarters 3 Commando Brigade. Capt. Ferry stayed with the Battalion for three days and went on a patrol with “C” Company. Bashful as ever, the bandits refused to be introduced to our guest, and the only tangible result of the patrol was a sprained ankle sustained by Capt. Ferry. Our guest was, nevertheless, highly enthusiastic about the whole thing, and enjoyed himself immensely, which leaves us thinking deeply about French logic, Latin courtesy or whether mad dogs and Englishmen is not, after all, a too exclusive catalogue. (If Pte. McKilpin does not stop saying what he thinks, we will put him inside!)

### “ . . . NEWS TO US . . . ”

Without audible comment, we reproduce the following extract from a local newspaper:

“After our two months in Dortmund, Germany, officers and men of the 1st Battalion of the King’s Own Yorkshire Light Infantry are looking back longingly to the sunshine and warmth of Malaya. In the current issue of the Regimental magazine, *The Bugle*, the editor writes that although the Battalion can be considered as ‘dug in,’ there is little doubt that most would prefer to be back in Malaya.”

Other Battalion correspondents write feelingly about “the cold and the view” compared with “the glorious sunshine and warmth of Malaya.” “In retrospect,” says one, “we have travelled from the mangrove swamps and coconut groves of sultry Malaya, through the barren rockeries of Barnard Castle, to the herbaceous borders and industrial atmosphere of soul-destroying Dortmund.”

### “ . . . TO AND FRO . . . ”

Having learned from our char-wallah that another big operation was due to break loose on us, G.H.Q. FARELF probably thought that they were doing him a kindness when they claimed another of our officers. It is true that the H.Q. Mess at Seremban is by now the richer by many a spicy and well-told anecdote, but that is no compensation for our present deficiency of Major P. W. Forbes. We can only hope that he is “no awa’ tae bide awa’,” and that in the fullness of time he will be restored to us.

Long heralded and eagerly awaited by those who were looking for someone to hand over their companies to, Major R. G. Findlay-Shirras was welcomed back to the Battalion just too late for this to be noted in our last issue. 2/Lieuts. R. A. C. Linzee (Regular), P. G. Gould (National Service) and A. V. Hamilton (National Service) have all arrived recently and are in various stages of learning the lore of the jungle. We have welcomed also our worthy sawbones, Lieut. N. B. Bhandari, R.A.M.C., who has found time between getting us excused jungle boots and prescribing all manner of garish paints for our tinea to make our water supply even more unpalatably wholesome.

The three stages of a soldier’s service—new draft, “old sweat,” Python—seem so condensed nowadays that no sooner have we awakened to the fact that there is a new face in our Company or platoon than the owner of that face is telling us that he is “boat happy, sir.” We walk on for a few paces while the

significance of the remark sinks in, turn round to discover the name of the man who made it, and find that he has already handed in his jungle green and is on his way to Singapore. Fortunately, however, the Regimental Depot is now sending us regular batches of leech-bait, and we have just welcomed our fourth draft this year, worthy replacements for those who have left us.

### “ . . . JOYS TO COME . . . ”

With but six weeks to go, we are now looking forward to a period of retraining in Singapore, and who knows but that our fevered brains may have recovered sufficiently by then to present you with a less hysterical edition of Battalion Notes next time. Meanwhile, earnestly hoping that we have not provided too much free material for *Punch* or a certain regular feature of *Reader’s Digest*, we take our leave by the light of a tropical sunset and slowly fade into a background of rotting green foliage.

### OBITUARY

The Commanding Officer has announced, with deep regret, the deaths of Capt. J. Geddes, R.A.M.C., through illness; 2/Lieut. K. S. Rose, L./Cpl. J. Learmouth, Ptes. P. Fairgrieve, P. MacKenzie, J. Nutt, K. Wright and P. Wright, while on operations in aid of the civil power, and Pte. Docherty, accidentally, whilst on operations in aid of the civil power.

### “A” COMPANY

*Company Commander*.—Capt. M. A. C. Stephen.  
*Second-in-Command*.—Capt. I. McK. Robertson.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*.—C.S.M. W. Strachan.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*.—C./Sergt. J. Innes.

Christmas at Sungkai found the Company “at home.” It was thanks to Aussie and his assistants Dunk, Watt and Sass, that “a little snack for the Pommies,” resulted in a really first-class spread. Aussie is, or rather was, our Egyptian, or rather Australian, cook, and he, with his associates, certainly earned the Company’s thanks for the “goodies” that appeared at Christmas and the New Year. Christmas afternoon found us all disporting ourselves in a game of hockey—twenty-two men were carrying around hockey sticks on Sungkai Padang, anyway.

Our New Year dinner was served on Hogmanay by the “high heid yins,” and was thoroughly enjoyed. The anti-climax came at 2330 hrs. when the Company moved out to march seven hours to an objective, “on information.”

No. 2 Platoon opened the scoring on 14th January by killing the Company’s first bandit in the area. Unfortunately, No. 2 Platoon, and indeed the Company, were hard hit by events that occurred the following month. As a result of an accident Pte. Docherty died of wounds received, and Sergt. Dow and Ptes. MacDonald, Easdale and McKay were wounded. The wounded recovered remarkably rapidly, and we were consequently greatly relieved. A fortnight later, a patrol of No. 2 Platoon, led by 2/Lieut. Rose, was ambushed and all were killed. To the relatives of 2/Lieut. Rose, L./Cpl. Learmouth, Ptes. Docherty, Fairgrieve, Nutt, Wright 33, Wright 39, and MacKenzie, we offer our deepest sympathy.

On 25th January Major Elsmie, our Company Commander, left to take up his new appointment as Officer Commanding the Depot. We wish him the best of luck in his new job, and trust that he made the U.K. before Christmas.

We were visited during the quarter by Lieutenant-General Sir Rob Lockhart, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C., Director of Operations, Malaya, and by the Chief of Staff, H.Q., Malaya, Brigadier R. C. Cotterell-Hill.

Our football team at the moment, we regret to say, is not what it was. We held "B" Company, 1st Bn. The Royal West Kent Regiment, to a draw, and at cricket our 2nd XI were narrowly beaten by a Bn. H.Q. selection.

We welcome Capt. I. McK. Robertson as our Second-in-Command, and 2/Lieut. P. Gould, who now commands No. 3 Platoon. Our notes close with the change-over of Company areas, which resulted in our now being in a semi-civilized area alongside the brains trust. Welcome reinforcements have recently arrived, and we extend to them the traditional "A" Company welcome, "Saddle up!"

carrying tinned food and rice for bandits, and were duly handed over to the police for trial. Cynics were heard to remark that it was only a ruse of the Platoon Commander to get a day off to attend the High Court at Ipoh.

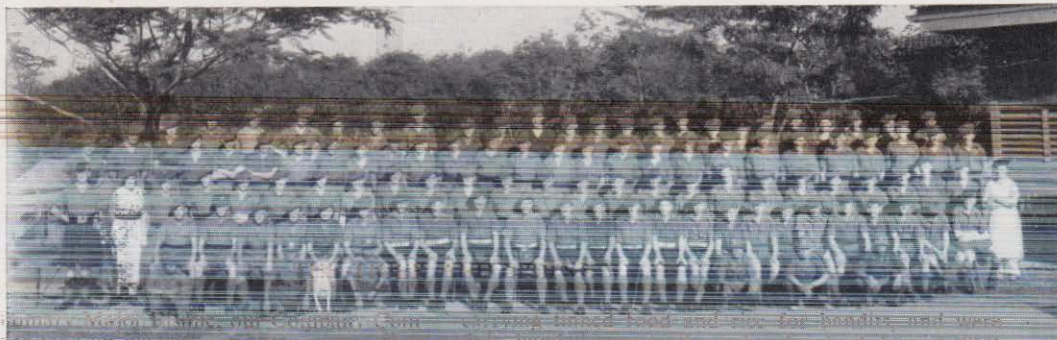
We have, in our spare moments, done a goodly share of the quarrying which resulted in the erection of a fine 25-yards range at Sungkai.

Before concluding, we should like to express our deepest sympathy to the relatives of 2/Lieut. Kenneth Rose and the six men of No. 2 Platoon who were killed in a bandit ambush on 17th February.

### 3 PLATOON

There's been "a gie lot o' water past 'neath the brig" since last coming under the public eye. Our Company Commander has given us until last light of today, however, to produce our little bit of gossip covering activities in the past few months.

After many years of misery in the M.T., Cpl. Donald



"A" Company at Sungkai

### 1 PLATOON

Platoon Commander.—2/Lieut. R. D. Finlay.  
Platoon Sergeant.—Sergt. A. Stacey.

At present the Platoon is rather like the proverbial new boy, as we are settling in and feeling our way in the great city of Bn. H.Q., having been relieved at Sungkai by "C" Company.

Since our last notes we have bidden a fond farewell to Cpl. Davidson—another "Python" wallah!—and Ptes. Broadly, McLaren, Murdoch and Towers, all bound for "Civvy Street," where we wish them well. We welcome Sergt. Stacey, who has arrived from H.Q. Company and taken over Platoon Sergeant, and also Ptes. Blenkinsop, Catto, Clark, Lick, Hay and Young, who have joined us from U.K.

Work has progressed steadily, and we have been "a fair bashin' o' the Ulu!" Although a stiff bandit still eludes us, we did have a fleeting contact with three live ones on the jungle edge of a rubber estate, whilst they were slashing rubber trees. Needless to say, we stopped any further damage, but the bandits vanished like "birds into the sky."

During February, acting on good information, an ambush cordon was laid round an estate perimeter wire in the early hours of the morning. With the approach of dawn two tappers walked into the cordon

has been persuaded to join us in our Boy Scouting expedition. Needless to say, it has worked wonders in decreasing his waistline by several inches.

After our long lapse without a Platoon Officer, we welcome 2/Lieut. Peter Gould with open arms, hoping his stay with us will be a long and happy one. Just now 2/Lieut. Gould is under the careful and guiding eye of Lieut. Duff, undergoing jungle training, and at the present moment, "somewhere in the mountains of Perak." We also welcome several young lads who have joined us in the past few months, and two old lads from Korea, Ptes. Huddart and Chandler. We also send our best greetings to those who are now on their way to Blighty.

Patrolling has been pretty steady in the past but without success, although we have had quite a lot of exciting moments. In future we hope that successes will be more numerous, however.

A severe blow was dealt on us when we lost our gallant comrades of No. 2 Platoon, also a very great friend of all, 2/Lieut. Rose, who was an inspiration to all who served under him. We hope to get our revenge before going down country, however.

To finish off these few lines, we all join in sending regards and best wishes to our former Company Commander, Major G. R. Elsmie, who has now "fiddled" his way to the Depot. Good luck, and happy hunting.

**"B" COMPANY**

It was hoped, and indeed intended, that these notes would be written in the comfortable lounge of the Smoke-House Inn, Cameron Highlands, with a congenial glass of Carlsberg to hand. If in fact they are being laboriously pieced together in the coolie lines of a rubber estate it is because the Company was moved from the Camerons before it had time to settle down, much less to go soft with good living. Meanwhile, a harassed writer in a bare, mosquito-ridden room struggles to keep his temper and to put some ideas on paper, in between whiles listening to the drumming of the rain on the corrugated iron roof.

The Company's activities over the past few months are best considered under two heads, operational and non-operational. The order of priority in which we have stated them is not necessarily one on which all would agree, but it has at least the sanction of authority—and authority over the past quarter has had its way. Not since coming to Malaya have the men of the Company spent so much of their time in the jungle.

First, operations: We opened the New Year with a near success. On the afternoon of 1st January an I.A. Section from 4 Platoon, commanded by Sergt. Kent, sighted a group of bandits about 500 yards away in the rubber. After attempting to shadow them until dusk the patrol made base on the jungle edge. At two o'clock in the morning the bandits, or at least the torches which they carried, were spotted by the Sakai guides with the patrol. They were moving on a track running by the patrol's base camp. In the exchange of fire that followed, Pte. Hale was wounded in the legs, one Sakai guide was killed, and another wounded. Sergt. Kent definitely wounded two of the bandits from five yards range sufficiently badly for them to drop their rifles. In the morning blood trails were followed which failed, however, to lead to any dead bandits. Close to the scene of the action a bandit camp for six was found.

A few days later, 5 and 6 Platoons opened the scoring by killing, respectively, a female and a male bandit in the same area of overgrown rubber. 6 Platoon's bandit was an important local Communist. It was rumoured that on the same day Company H.Q. had disgraced itself by missing a third bandit, but it is more likely that in fact they drove him on the guns of 6 Platoon.

These successes augured well for the New Year, but they were stopped dead by the commencement on 13th January of the never-to-be-forgotten Operation "Broderick." This scheme kept the entire Brigade busy



Company H.Q., Operation "Broderick"

until 29th February, when the attempt to starve out the bandits was at last called off. So far as we were concerned it added nothing to our military reputation. On the other hand it gives us some satisfaction to be able to say that despite the amount of jungle bashing that was done and despite a fairly high sickness rate that depleted the ranks of officers and N.C.O.s., the Company came out of the jungle on 29th February in good heart and none the worse for its ordeal. This is not to underestimate the relief that everyone felt on returning to beds and the amenities of a permanent camp.

There were only two occasions during the whole of "Broderick" in which the Company moved and operated as a company rather than as independent platoons: On the approach march of 13th January, and on the follow-up of the Narborough Estate ambush on 17th February. This latter operation will be remembered by everyone who was on it with peculiar vividness. It began in the late afternoon when the Company started to move from the rubber into the jungle under leaden-grey skies. Soon a sodden crocodile of heavily laden men was making its halting progress up and down the bamboo-covered slopes. So long was the column that by the time the order to halt for a smoke reached the rear-most sections, those in the front were on the move again. Map reading had to be done from sodden maps and an unpredictable compass, and it must be recorded that Sunray and his minions did not always agree on their interpretations. It was not until darkness was on us and three hours after the usual halting time for patrols that the head of the crocodile was induced to halt. No one had the time, the means, or the inclination to cook a meal, and so we huddled under poncho capes, each man deciding for himself whether he wanted his head or his feet to get wet. Sunray spent most of the night sitting disconsolately in his wet clothes wondering whether he dared to try to break the iron embrace of Sergt. Kent and the rum bottle. He decided, wisely, not to risk the reaction of one so notoriously quick on the draw.

After "Broderick," the Company was given about two weeks in which to get ready for the change-over with "D" Company in the Cameron Highlands. Though the "O" side of the move was complicated by the absence in hospital of such indispensable people as the Second-in-Command and the Colour-Sergeant, the stores were finally loaded and the change-round of the two companies completed without incident. On arriving in the longed-for paradise everyone relaxed and prepared to take life easily for a couple of months, but the



2/Lieut. Comyn. Operation "Broderick"



Operation "Broderick"  
"B" Company H.Q. and 5 Platoon Camp,  
Chikkus Forest

mood was short-lived. As already stated, our stay in the Camerons lasted only two weeks. But we cannot grumble. We had at least a fortnight's change of air, which is more than others had.

Nothing of operational importance happened when we were in the Camerons, though we had an M.T. accident that might well have cost us more lives than any bandit action. An armoured three-tonner, returning with a convoy from an emergency call-out, went over the side of an embankment and came to rest after several somersaults about sixty feet down. It was some time before anyone there realized what had happened, and when Sergt. Kent finally discerned the dark bulk lying at the bottom he braced himself for the sight of mangled bodies. To his relief he found that though everyone had been shaken and bruised no one was seriously hurt. Most of those injured are now back with us, and while their stories of what happened do not agree on every point, they are at least agreed on the extent of their good fortune.

Turning from the operational to the non-operational side of Company life, we come naturally enough to sport. There has been precious little time for this since the last notes, but during the New Year holiday a memorable football match was played with "C" Company. This was a needle match, a revenge match, or whatever is the correct term for such encounters. Certainly something was at stake—the honour of the Company and reputedly two cases of Carlesberg beer wagered and lost by our Company Commander the last time the two companies played. On that occasion Charlie won—we forget the score. If the truth were told, it would have to be admitted that at half-time on the New Year match it looked as if the result might be repeated, for no sooner had Baker opened well by scoring three goals than Charlie replied by smacking home three equalizers.

However, an interval pep talk by Uncle Wullie worked wonders, as it usually does. What was said is known only to the team and to Uncle Wullie. We suspect that the threat to close the canteen to Baker if they lost is an afterthought by someone anxious to explain away the change of fortune. But whether or not this is so, the pep talk was sufficiently full of pep to inspire Baker's team to score another four goals in the second half and win the match by 7 goals to 3.

The Carlesberg negotiations are still the subject of correspondence.

A few days ago we learnt with regret that the

Second-in-Command of the Company, Capt. Dennis Henderson, had been medically down-graded and was being sent home. This was a bad blow for the Company. Capt. Henderson's illness was almost certainly contracted while he was commanding 6 Platoon during Operation "Broderick," a command he assumed when 2/Lieut. MacIntosh went into hospital. We hope that the change to a more temperate climate will restore Capt. Henderson to his former health and vigour, and wish him the best of luck in the future.

Others who have left the Company since the last notes include Sergts. Smith and McKinley, Cpls. Hanray, Heffren and MacGregor, and L./Cpls. Sinclair, Smearton and Miller. We hope that "Blighty" has come up to their high expectations of it.

In the near future the Company loses 2/Lieut. Scott, C.S.M. Cargil, D.C.M., Sergt. Kent and Cpls. Duffy and Mackenzie.

### "C" COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major R. W. Petrie, M.C.

*Company Second-in-Command.*—Capt. W. G. Sturrock.

*Company Sergeant-Major.*—W.O.II I. A. Rodger.

*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant.*—C./Sergt. G. Mackay.

*7 Platoon Commander.*—Sergt. L. Dunn.

*8 Platoon Commander.*—2/Lieut. A. J. Reid.

*9 Platoon Commander.*—Lieut. M. I. Ogilvy-Stuart.

Early in the year we said good-bye to Major Pat Forbes, who has left us for a Staff appointment in Seremban, Malaya. With him, however, go the very best wishes to all members of "C" Company. There's aie a place set for him if he cares to "drap in."

Capt. Sturrock then took over the reins, and at the end of Operation "Broderick," Major Petrie finally laid down his H.Q. Company pen, and swung into place at the fore of "C" Company in a new set of green rompers.

Capt. Robertson remained with us over Operation "Broderick" and then departed to "A" Company to take over Second-in-Command there. He will be leaving the Battalion shortly to return to the United Kingdom to be married. Our best wishes go with him.

Lieut. Saunders, ex-7 Platoon, left us to command the Signals—and the best of luck!

This quarter has been devoted almost entirely to operations. We have to confess that, despite all the hard work put in by the platoons, we didn't see a sausage.

We are now stationed in Sungkai, south of Tapah, having relieved "A" Company, who have returned to the noise of traffic and the furious night-club life of Tapah! We wish them good hunting in their new parish and we, in turn, shall put our noses to the myriad trails here and see what the country can provide.

### 7 PLATOON

#### ODDS AND ENDS

Believe it or not, we have been jungle bashing for the past two months and no sooner do we arrive back at base and remove the swamp marks from behind our ears than someone thrusts a pen into our hands and says "Come, chum, a few lines for THE TIGER AND SPHINX"—never a dull moment.

Losses and gains in the Platoon have been comparatively small since January. We said "cheerio" to Mr. Saunders, our Platoon Commander, on his appointment as Signal Officer, and we wish him every success with his "walkie-talkies." Cpl. Sturch left us after completing a Python tour. No doubt we will be seeing him again before long, as he was fond of his "curry."

Ptes. Gallacher, Urquhart and Hewitt left for "Civvy Street" and we wish them the best of luck. Ptes. Downie and McGivern managed to "wangle" a job in H.Q. Company; Downie to the Sergeants' Mess and McGivern to the M.T. Section.

We welcome to the Platoon Ptes. Currie, Norquoy, Michie and Stone, and hope their stay will be a pleasant one.

Congratulations to Sergt. Dunn and Ptes. Sampson and Proctor, who have represented the Battalion in the field of sport: Sergt. Dunn, hockey; Pte. Sampson, boxing; and Wee Revvie who netted a couple for the football team.

Operations have been on a large scale during the past quarter, and the Platoon were successful in producing a large N.A.A.F.I. bill! Bandits? Never 'eard of them. On one occasion we were quite amused to see two "old hands" almost in tears, trying to salvage a dry article from their "basha" during a heavy rain-storm. (You two had better watch the new draft to learn the art of building a rain-proof "basha"! ) Ptes. Cowin, Gladwell and Harper caused a bit of excitement one morning when they upheld the expression "Possession is nine parts of the law." We missed our rum issue that night.

On moving to our new location, Ptes. Cassie and Cowin wasted no time in talking their way into a staff job.

Congratulations to Ptes. Mutch and Currie on their recent appointments to lance-corporal.

*Tail-piece.*—Who is the sergeant who prefers monsoon drains to a nice soft bed?

### 8 PLATOON

With virtually no excitement whatsoever during Operation "Broderick," we returned to normal routine in grand style, having the good fortune of being led to quite a considerable bandit food supply in which, amongst other commodities, it was reported in some other reading matter that we had found sixty bundles of "fools' caps"—quite appropriate, some say! However, this find was all that was needed to raise the somewhat deflated morale of the Platoon resulting from a long period of hard work which brought forth no fruit (let alone bandits).

Reluctantly we passed Sergt. Simpson over to the Officers' Mess. We wish him all the best of luck and patience amongst the bills! In his place we welcome Sergt. Morris.

We said good-bye to Cpl. Beal, who has completed his "Python," and Ptes. Townsend and Bush, who are both returning to civilian life, and we welcome three newcomers, Ptes. Atril, Baxter and Thompson.

### 9 PLATOON

The platoon began the year well when it came upon five bandits early one morning in January. One was damaged beyond repair and promptly expired, while we have every reason to hope that another, who had the temerity to fire back, was wounded for his trouble. Near by we found and destroyed a food dump, containing twenty tons of bandit fodder. "The Old Lady's greetin out her een for this stuff back home," remarked

one man as he emptied out a sack of best-quality rice and trampled it into the jungle.

During Operation "Broderick" we sweated through the lallang, floundered in swamps, patrolled and ambushed, but we never saw a bandit. Conditions varied from week to week, depending on the type of base we were in, but one section will not forget for some time the night it spent sitting in a swamp, wet, hungry and a prey to a myriad of biting insects.

Cpl. Cormack relinquishes his acting rank of admiral w.e.f. the transfer of "C" Company to Sungkai, until such a time as we can provide him with another sampan. During the operation, he commanded both a cargo sampan on the Sungei Bidor and the river flotilla on the Sungei Kroh.



**Sampan Patrol in the Kroh Forest**

Pte. MacLean, Cpl. Cormack, L./Cpl. Tagger. Pte. Ross

We have just said good-bye to Sergt. Raeburn, who has been our platoon sergeant ever since Sergt. Tayles was inveigled away from us for the flesh-pots of draft training and Company H.Q. Sergt. Raeburn is now an instructor at the School of Jungle Warfare at Kota Tinggi, where, no doubt, he will soon be telling wide-eyed newcomers to this country how it came about that his map case is impregnated with dessicated brains. Cpl. McCulloch, for long a most successful leading scout and interpreter, has also left us, in order to become a security officer in Johore.

In addition, Ptes. Ross and McPherson have gone home on release during the quarter, and L./Cpl. McDonald and Ptes. Inglis, Campbell, Gill, Clark, Imrie and MacLean have joined us to help maintain the traditions of our Killer Squad.

Finally, we offer our congratulations to Ptes. Jagger, Robertson and McDonald on their appointment to lance-corporal.

### "D" COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major J. H. S. Turnbull, M.C.

*Second-in-Command.*—

*Company Sergeant-Major.*—C.S.M. Dawson.

*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant.*—C.Q.M.S. Morrison.

Our life on detachment is over now and at the time of writing these notes we are the "new boys" at Tapah,

and sweating it out like any new draft fresh from "Blighty." Let us not dwell too long here, but relive the events since our last notes from the Cameron Highlands.

Christmas and New Year festivities were a great success. An international football match between England and Scotland was played on Christmas Day, England winning 2—1. The players were picked from the whole of the Camerons area, L./Cpl. Kidd and Pte. Cobby being "capped" for England and the Scottish team being the remainder of the Company team. Hogmanay was celebrated in real style—the only snag being "Hopetoun's" narrow ridge and the unsteadiness of a few members of the Company who found themselves somehow unbalanced. Many were the tumbles down our hill—but no damages. In all it was a very friendly Hogmanay. A "phantom barber" arrived with the New Year, according to "Tam," and fairly scalped him. Gie rough wi' the shears, eh, Tam?

A return football match was played on New Year's morning. This time it was the Company versus the rest of the Camerons. We emerged the victors by 11 goals to 1. Sweet revenge for the international, with Cpl. Mackie netting six.

On return to camp a really first-rate dinner awaited the Company and was served by the officers and sergeants. The cooks, Cpl. Smith and his merry men, are to be heartily congratulated on a very fine show and for a lot of hard work over the Christmas and New Year period.

The 2nd January found the Company on escort duty to ration convoys for resettlement areas to the north of "Hopetoun." On the way back they were completely cut off from home by tremendous landslides caused by the torrential rain, blocking the road in many places thus forcing them to stay the night on a tea estate in a totally unprepared state. Very cold and wet it was, too. The Jocks were consoled, however, with the manager's generous issue of "Tiger."

Operations were at fever pitch around Chinese New Year time and traps were set in the hope that the bandits would be out shopping for their New Year festivities to be held deep in the jungle. To our disappointment, nothing came of our efforts.

The Pipe and Military Bands were frequent and always welcome visitors. At one time we were pondering the advisability of regrouping and claiming the Military Band as "ane o' oor platoons," a suggestion with which the Band at that time were in full agree-



Chinese School, Tringkap

Pte. Wilson 59, L./Cpls. Cobban, Boyles, Brooks, Pte. Ward

ment. They hoisted their flag over Cluny Lodge and weird sounds echoed o'er the erstwhile peaceful valleys and dales. On one occasion both bands beat a combined "Retreat" on the Padang, and the Drummers and Pipers dancing team gave a grand exhibition of the foursome and Lochabar Broadswords. The weather was not too promising that day, the most common remark on it being "it's gie cauld on the fingers." One bright spark, glancing at the overcast sky, was heard to say "I doot there'll be sna' afore the day's oot." All are unanimous in their opinion that visitors to the Camerons will have to be issued with balaclavas and woollies.

As a result of our boast about cricket in a previous edition of the Regimental Magazine, a Battalion H.Q. team saw fit to challenge us on our own ground. We did not field a complete Company team, a few of the locals being invited to the game and thus making the team representative of the Cameron Highlands. Even Mr. Hassan, the Battalion contractor, played for us. The result was a win for our side by 35 runs.

We have said good-bye to Major A. T. Wilson, M.C., who has left us for a "staffer" in Hong Kong, and to him we wish all the best in his new role.

We welcome our new Company Commander, Major J. H. S. Turnbull, M.C., secure in the knowledge that the good work will be kept up.

Other departures have been almost too numerous to mention. Sergt. Page has left for "Civvy Street," petticoat government and the support of Scunthorpe United. He was a most popular member and is greatly missed. Cpl. French has taken over the duties of Officers' Mess Corporal, and Pte. Muscat has gone down the mines. Cpls. Mackie, Moffatt, Gual and Ellis, L./Cpl. Lobban and Ptes. Anderson 11, Anderson 83, Cobby, Buchan 85, Ferry, Hazel, Higgins, Purdon, Johnston 96, Masson, Murray 82, McCord, McLean, Sinclair and Robinson have all sailed for home, and Pte. Dodds has sailed for Korea to join his own regiment, The King's Own Scottish Borderers.

A welcome is extended to Sergt. Hawkins, who has joined us from H.Q. Company.

We have received one draft from Fort George since our last notes, and when asked how they liked the Cameron Highlands one replied "It's no' too bad—weather jist like Glesga." The names of the new arrivals are: Ptes. Donald, Fleming, Forrest, Johnston, Kinloch, Mathieson, McCutcheon, McNeill, Peebles, Scott, Sinclair, Skachill and Sorbie. Ptes. Douglas and McDonald 30 have joined us from "C" Company.

Congratulations to the following on their recent appointments: Ptes. Tate, Nicoll, Dunn, Boylan, McKay, Ord and Wilson 55 to lance-corporal.

## H.Q. COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major R. G. Findlay-Shirras.

The extensive operations carried out during the past quarter taxed the resources of the Company tremendously. Escort to bring rifle companies in for a rest, food and ammunition carrying parties, deception patrols and ambushes were a few of the commitments. Departments rose to the occasion and provided "bodies" as and when demanded, leaving only skeleton staffs to cope with the ever increasing piles of work.

As soon as the operation ended the training of new drafts assumed priority—never a dull moment. Witness the right flanking movement by a sub-unit under instruction which developed into an attack on a

hornets' nest and ended in ignominious flight by all concerned.

Major R. W. Petrie handed over to Major R. G. Findlay-Shirras and scuttled off on leave prior to taking over "C" Company. We wish him all success possible and good hunting! Major Findlay-Shirras had scarcely got his feet under the table when he had to assume the duties of P.R.I., in the absence on leave of Major C. A. L. Watt, in addition to his normal duties. It is not surprising to find that he was writing letters to himself towards the latter end. The end came when the R.A.O.C. ammunition inspector was blowing up some 25-pounder ammunition at a "safe" distance from camp. After a particularly loud explosion a veritable rain of shrapnel descended on the Company lines just as the lads were carrying out their recreational training (gardening). The Company Commander was last seen hurtling towards the jungle with a sizeable chunk of shrapnel held in each hand, muttering "Wait till I get my hands on the bloke that threw these!" We hope and trust that his reign over us will not be marred by similar occurrences again. It is *so* annoying.

Major (Qrmr) McDonald is away on a well-earned leave to Hong Kong at present. Let's hope he is enjoying better weather and more convivial surroundings than we are. C.S.M. W. Barclay has also gone on leave prior to taking on the job as R.Q.M.S. somewhere in Malaya. Sergt. (Tony) Cobban has taken over and can often be seen gazing at the parade state board and apparently wondering what to do with the inevitable name disc in his hand.

C.Q.M.S. Baird has a list of the next draft for the United Kingdom stuck on the wall behind his desk and proudly indicates his honourable position at the head of the list to all visitors.

There is not space here to name all the changes in the Company, thank goodness. It is very difficult to keep track of some of our nomadic M.T. wallahs—one day they are here, and the next day there they are, gone.

### BAND NOTES

Madly waving our campaign medal, we shortly expect to pull into Selarang Barracks after having spent five months in the salubrious surroundings of Temoh Hill Camp, where we were attached to Battalion H.Q., who, in turn, with the greatest co-operation of Sergt. "Tiddler," Murray, firmly cemented our attachment by a round of escort duties and other nefarious schemes, which denuded the outpourings of Beethoven, Wagner and Spike Jones. Nevertheless, as our chronicle will prove, we have managed to justify our existence as soldiers five star; sportsmen four star; fatigue men, the milky way; musicians, total eclipse.

At the very moment of writing, the whole Band, excluding the scribe, are out on a forty-eight-hour operation chasing the elusive Yong Hoi, the area bandit commander, and we hope to register a successful kill or capture as a postscript. Given ten minutes' warning to assist in the operation, there was a frantic and frenzied search for jungle boots, hat, ponchos and matchets, with Joe sobbingly reiterating "There goes my ruddy 'Python.' Look after my birds, Jessop." These are two feathered friends which have been acquired in the usual Joe manner, and are being taught by "Doc" to whistle the bird scene of "Monastery Garden," accompanied on the horn by Walter.

We managed to have a fortnight's good practice whilst doing "caretaker" duty in the Cameron Highlands, which is "D" Company's location, and the

change of air station for British Service men (and the bandits). Of the latter we saw nothing. No doubt the odour of Joe's cooking kept them at a discreet distance, plus the great efforts put up by the Band N.C.Os. as they fought their way through unexplored symphonies, suites and overtures, gaily munching one of the char-wallah's egg banjos.

Previous to this, of course, had come the season of peace and good will, which was celebrated in the usual Band manner with a continuous round of concerts in the canteen and with a visit to "A" Company at Sungkai, where we found that peace and good will reigned "by permission of Snowy Strachan." Thank you, "A" Company, for a grand New Year's Day and a few sights for sore eyes.

Early in the New Year, during a terrific thunderstorm, the Band "basha" decided to give up the ghost, taking with it to the ethereal regions two saxophones, one trombone, one trumpet and the Peter Pan shadows of Freddie Ballinger and Ron Forbes, who narrowly escaped serious injury. We luckily escaped having to travel to Ayer Kunning on a propaganda engagement, which would have necessitated a one and a half hours' journey through the thunderstorm in open trucks, no doubt singing "A bandsman's lot is not a happy one, happy one."

Our sporting efforts have been practically confined to one or two scrappy games of hockey and football among ourselves. Sergt. Thow and Bdsn. Firth, Owen and Hayward have represented the Battalion in the Malay Hockey Cup, which we were unfortunate to lose. Bobbie Owen is to be congratulated on being chosen as left back for the Malay Services in the recent hockey tournament held in Singapore. Well done, Bobbie.

Further congratulations go to Walter Milne and "Ginger" McMillan on being proud fathers of a boy and girl respectively. Ron Forbes gets a "highly commended" and a gold-plated "L" plate inscribed "Senza Sordini."

After many months of "No blinkin' sailing date yet!" Mesdames Willams, Thow and Logan have arrived and are duly initiated into the mysteries of tombola as played at the U.J.C. A hearty welcome from us all, and we hope ye'll no forget tae invite us doon for a fly-cuppie noo and again.

"Bandsmen come and bandsmen go, but we go on for ever." Our good-byes and the best of luck wherever you may be go to L./Cpl. Inglis and Bdsn. Pirie, G. Dawson and McMurray. You have all given good service during your stay with us, and we trust that you will give us an occasional thought, as we shall of you.

A fond farewell also to Major K. C. Petrie, M.C., who has left H.Q. Company to take over the command of "C" Company, ably supported, no doubt, by "Busty" McKay as second anchor man, or should it be Carlsberg?

We welcome the well-kent face of Major R. G. Findlay-Shirras as our new Company Commander, and assure him of the same loyal support we have given his predecessor.

### PIPERS' NOTES

Since our last notes we are sorry to say that the ranks of the pipers have been depleted.

We wish Piper Leighton (Jock) luck on his return to "Civvy Street." At the time of writing he is somewhere on the high seas. We also wish Pipie "Cherry" Anderson the very best of luck and hope that he will carry on the good work in the Depot. He has gone

home to finish his twenty-two years with the Regiment. "Weel done, Cherry." Congratulations to Pipe-Cpl. Symon (Whiskers) on his promotion as Pipe-Sergeant. We are all sure he will keep up the standard of piping in the Band maintained by his predecessors.

We welcome Piper Bruce after his long absence as bag-piper with "A" Company.

This year will see many of our pipers away on "Python." New drafts have been coming in regularly now, and invariably the first man on the scene is Pipe-L./Cpl. McDonald with his little book, seeking new members.

We extend a welcome to Pte. Barron, who has joined us on completion of his training with the last draft, and hope his stay will be a happy one.

### DRUMMERS' NOTES

Time has passed quickly since our last notes appeared and quite a lot has happened. Firstly, two of our N.C.Os., namely L./Cpls. Keighley and Charlton, have departed, the former on reversion to Home Establishment, and the latter on release. We were sorry to see them go as they have been in the Band for the last four years.

We welcome to our fold three additions, Mortimer, Lamont and Hutcheon. Each has made good progress and we can be assured of them to make the grade that we require.

In between escorts we manage to do our normal Band duties, which often take us to company detachments. We do our best and it is appreciated by the men.

By the time these notes go to press we hope to be on our retraining period down in Singapore, and we are looking forward to beating "Retreat" in Selarang Barracks.

The wives of Drum-Major Burlton and Cpl. Jessop have now arrived in Singapore and we hope their stay will be a pleasant one. Congratulations to L./Cpls. Reid and Robertson 85 on their appointments. The latter's wife should have been out here but for a new arrival—a daughter. We hope they are both doing well.

Last week L./Cpl. "Dickie" Bird won the North Malayan title in the Army Boxing Individual Championships. He is due to go to Kuala Lumpur to meet the southern champion soon, and on present form he should do well.

We are keeping an eye on Johnstone 63, our bass drummer, who is the next member to leave our Band after spending five years thumping the "big" drum. Try as we may, he is "boat happy" and the City of Turriff is calling for him.

### SIGNAL PLATOON

For once these notes find us in the same place as we were for the previous ones, truly a record, but somehow we feel that this will not happen again. It seems too good to be true that we have been allowed to stop in one place for more than six months.

As usual, during the period there has been plenty of signalling, and our first excitement was Operation "Springtide," when "B" Company, "C" Company and the Mortar Platoon operated under command of 45 Commando in the Kampar area. To those of us in Battalion H.Q. who listened in, the air never appeared to be silent, but the difference in accents and procedure was very apparent. In the first few days there were several cases of marines misunderstanding "foreign" voices on the air, which inevitably led to some confu-

sion. This faded into the background however when a signaller was heard giving 45 Commando Signal Officer a "rocket" for his procedure. We are told that, as a result of this, whenever our signaller opened his mouth on the air, he was promptly told to "Get off the air out." During the operation our signallers were as follows: "B" Company, L./Cpl. Tait and Ptes. Ritchie, Scott and McGowan; "C" Company, Cpl. Scott and Ptes. Wales, Barker and Rainey. Cpl. Scott, we understand, was due to inherit a tin mine, but for some unknown reason the deal fell through. Perhaps he could not obtain enough dollars for his 68 set. Incidentally, we would still like to know, first, which signaller thought that "Sub-cheese" was the Second-in-Command; who said "Springtide" was just another Jungle Jim episode; and, lastly, was the Commando operator who rolled his "r's" in a truly Scottish fashion really Irish?

In mid-December, "C" Company was withdrawn off "Springtide" and brought in for a well-earned rest. Its signallers sighed with relief and fondly imagined that over Christmas they would operate nothing more complicated than an unopened bottle of beer, but, alas, this was not to be. Just before Christmas away they went into the mountains off the Cameron Highlands road, appearing several days later intact but very battered and just in time to celebrate New Year. We gather that there were several Sakai on the operation who were inveigled into carrying the sets from time to time. We understand, however, that carrying 68 sets up and down thousand-foot jungle-covered mountains is not to be recommended, even after a Christmas dinner consisting of chicken and oranges dropped in kitbags from an Auster, the latter gift arriving with a loud squelch in the form of marmalade.

Our next surprise appeared in early January in the form of Operation "Broderick," this time on home ground. As a result, we had "A" and "X" troops, 42 Commando, under command, and, in addition, Brigade "Tac" H.Q. moved into Temoh Hill Camp, lock, stock and barrel. In the days that followed we were to learn to the full the significance of the phrase. The camp suddenly became "aerial happy" and the resulting "break through" made everyone shudder. After the first few days, however, when much was heard of the Signal Officer's escape phrase, "Must be due to the shifting atmosphere," communications settled down and the majority of stations on our heavily loaded net "got through" regularly. Nevertheless, it soon became apparent that messages from Selarang Barracks concerning Rainey's toothbrush and Sunray's "shore rig" could not be tolerated in the middle of an operation. Selarang, "A" Company and "D" Company, were, therefore, placed on a net on their own with Green and Wright, who, incidentally, is still being overheard bemoaning the loss of his curly locks, on control. The operational control was then placed in the able hands of L./Cpl. Tait, Paterson, Angus and Barrowman. Meanwhile, "on the job" "B" Company signallers, led by Cpl. Scott and including Maher, Pollmer and Scott, and "C" Company's consisting of Cpl. Hughes, Wales, Kerr—that name again—Coyle and Webb, were fighting the battle literally afloat, but for them there was no question of closing portholes. During this period one of the drafts carried out their three-day operation and passed a signal which threw the signals office clerks, Cpls. Radford and Somers, into some confusion. The draft asked for the liberty boat to be alongside at eleven the next morning with shore rig laid on. Was it a signal from the Admiralty gone astray or the draft experiencing their first swamp?

The operation had been proceeding smoothly for a fortnight when two incidents occurred which upset matters considerably. The first was when the Brigade signal office collapsed on top of its inmates, who appeared several minutes later muttering and disentangling themselves from message forms, field cable and "pin-ups," with which the office had been liberally sprinkled. The humorous side of the incident was further increased by the M.T. who, in an attempt to drag the basha into an upright position with four 15-cwts., brought it into an upright position satisfactorily, but then proceeded to drop it down the other side. This affair faded into oblivion, however, when, one night, the Signal Officer's "pet," the Shirley Aerial, was run down, receiving injuries of a serious nature, and was given a B.L.R. certificate. The proceedings of the court of inquiry have not been published yet, but those interested should consult Sergt. Snowdon on the matter. We understand that he had quite a lot to say as to the origin of the responsible party!

### M.T. NOTES

Since our last contribution there has been a certain amount of deleting and substituting in the pundits of the M.T. world. Owing to an accident with a grenade, Lieut. Maitland and Sergt. Triggs received liberal doses of ironmongery in their frames. Lieut. Maitland recovered fairly quickly, only to "break his leg in two pieces playing cricket, having returned to the Battalion only three days before. We hope that he will soon be better and back with us again. Sergt. Triggs has now gone home for an operation on his head, and we sincerely hope it will be entirely successful and that he will soon be Class I again. Sergt. Scales has returned to be M.T. Sergeant, as the Escort Troop has disbanded, and is ably hindered with anything that looks like being successful by the new and very amateur M.T. Officer, Lieut. Wolfe-Murray, the author of this illiterate patter, so no one will be put on a vehicle-collecting party to Singapore for making rude remarks!

Operation "Broderick" came to a shuddering halt in February and at the close of it parties of varying numbers of vehicles were seen disappearing into the dark, they knew not where to, or who for. In spite of this, all the troops were found and returned to Temoh Hill. The same day a mass migration of attached vehicles also took place to the north, and the drill square was visible once more.

During late February there was a certain amount of alarm and despondency amongst us, except for three with their feet almost on the gang-plank, as we were warned for a R.E.M.E. inspection. The inspection team arrived with a flurry and departed in six days. We think they set up an all-time record for a team of that sort by inspecting about fourteen vehicles in one afternoon. However, they obviously had X-ray eyes and found incredible things wrong in odd places.

Since March came upon us we have not had quite such peace as we expected. "B" Company have taken over from "D" Company in the Camerons, and "C" Company from "A" Company at Sungkai. Having renamed the scout cars, groups of puzzled drivers were trying to make out if they went by the number on their cars or the name. Recovering from an initial shock given by an indent for seventeen three-tonners, we did find one or two with wheels, and the move was carried out. "B" Company vehicles, however, do not seem to approve of the Camerons for some extraordinary reason.

During March we lost the following on returning home for release and employment at home: Ptes. Mitchell, East, Townsend, McDonald 88 and Reynolds, and Cfn. McDonald.

Pte. East, having written to *Soldier*, saw that his "Python" was due in May, 1953, or was it 1954, and promptly disappeared on a trooper the next week.

We welcome the following to the M.T. and hope that they will enjoy themselves, but not at the expense of their vehicles: Ptes. McGivern, Mowatt, Murray, Callaghan, Morrison, McKellar, Hawkins, Grant, Allan and Jones.

### THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

How many people's rations Walker eats?  
Who found out where the office cigarettes are kept?

### 3-INCH MORTAR PLATOON

During the period since our last notes the Platoon has been mainly engaged on routine tasks such as escorts, fatigues, etc. However, a welcome break came when Operation "Broderick" was mounted. We were out for ten nights firing into the various sections, a task which, though keeping the bandits awake, also caused several complaints from near-by rifle companies, who were also attempting to rest. Rumours that we were firing 800 H.E. per night having reached G.H.Q., our firing life was abruptly halted, and shortly afterwards we went on several foot patrols in "A" Company area—alas, again without result!

We have seen Sergt. Ogg and Ptes. Henderson, Duncan and Stewart leave since our last notes, and we wish Sergt. Ogg all the best of luck in his new unit and the others a happy civilian life. Past members of the Platoon will have difficulty in *not* remembering "Big Wullie" and all he did for the Platoon.

To bring our numbers to a respectable level, we welcome Pte. Davies, McLevy and Morrison, and hope that their stay with us will be long and happy.

We also lost, but this time to a rifle company, Cpl. Dryburgh. We wish him good luck and a happy time with his jungle-bashing.

We congratulate Sergt. Carruthers on his promotion, and although he leaves us in November hope to see him back again soon afterwards.

Our more recent occupation has been instructing the



Halt in Tringkap Village, 24th December, 1951

Pte. (Mortars), Cpl. Moffat, Pte. Swanson, Pte. Higgins

Padre in the intricacies of 3-inch mortar firing—a task which he accomplished not without fear due to “cook-offs.”

Providing demonstration troops for draft training has long been one of our tasks and the realism with which Sergt. Carruthers and his men ambushed a M.T. convoy recently caused police and several platoons to rush for their guns.

In the field of sport our soccer team has managed to win most of their recent games after a pretty bad start—possibly too good a New Year. The Platoon also provided two members of the Battalion boxing team for the Malayan Inter-Unit Tournament.

### INTELLIGENCE SECTION

Since our last notes we have again had to say “cheerio” to two of our members of the Intelligence Section, and we are having to carry on doing twice as much work with only half the staff.

### SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

Having as yet failed to join the gang of “incompetent bassoons,” we have been selected to pen Mess happenings since the last report was submitted, but we are afraid that on completion and scrutinization by the Battalion Sub-Editor, we, also, will have to report to the R.Q.M.S. for enrolment in the A./M. gang, complete with a new reed drawn from the Band Stores. Nevertheless, with this Sword of Damocles hanging over us, we respectfully crave your indulgence.

Firstly, we should like to describe our surroundings in detail. Situated in the north-eastern sector of Temoh Hill Camp, we have what is known as a “basha.” This is no relation to any of our pugilistic friends, but of similar dishevelled appearance. On our left is the bar end. To our right, the dining end, is the incinerator, which is still smouldering with a host of broken New Year resolutions and the remains of the confiscated gramophone records. Here—please ignore the incinerator—we occasionally find relaxation with Euchre,

Cpl. Reid has left us to return to “Blighty,” and calmly told us before we saw him off that he was expecting to rough it with the London Scottish in London. We all wish him luck and hope he gets the “Staffer.”

Sergt. Shorrock and his pipe have also left us, the former to take over the duties of H.Q. Company C.Q.M.S., the latter to fumigate H.Q. Pay Office. Lots of luck to both, and may all our exchanges be O.Gs.

As for the rest of us, we are still carrying on the good work—we hope—except for Capt. Carmichael who, at the time of writing, is indulging in some hard-earned leave after the rigours of Operation “Broderick.”

We welcome, in the absence of Capt. Carmichael, 2/Lieut. Comyn, who has at the moment got hold of the reins and also the whip.

Everyone is looking forward to a welcome rest in Singaplonk. Let's hope that the only Topo we will have to mark on the map while we are there will be “out of bounds” signs.

Lie Dice, Darts and one or two very worn records of Jimmy Shand. In fact, the acquired Mess chickens now cackle to an Eightsome Reel or Petronella at a moment's notice, but *not* after 2300 hrs.

The festive season crept upon us almost unnoticed. Working unceasingly, “F.F.I.” Holyland and the Mess staff transformed the basha into a veritable fairyland of cotton wool, tinsel and prehistoric drawings, complimentary or otherwise. A tree, as like a Scottish fir as the Cameron Highlands produce, was heavily laden with a host of heterogenous presents, such as cheese, raw carrots, tatties, bottles of deceptive looking liquids, and tins of Andrews cunningly wrapped in brown paper. Stevey took a dim view of the member who decided to use the tree as a basha within a basha, but that was but a prelude to things to come!

At lunch time on Boxing Day the officers invited us across to their Mess for cocktails. We spent an enjoyable hour or so cementing the *esprit de corps* that has



Officers' and Sergeants' Mess Teams, New Year's Day

always existed in the Regiment. We returned the compliment with a vengeance on Hogmanay. It was unfortunate that R.S.M. Michie had to be away on duty during this period. His presence and fund of stories would have done much to round off the proceedings.

New Year's afternoon the usual Officers v. Sergeants football match took place on the Padang in Tapah. Much to the joy and amazement of the native population, the fantastic fancy dresses that were presented by both sides suffered somewhat after a hectic game of football-cum-rugger on a very wet and muddy pitch. Uncle Willie surprised a'body, including hi'sel', by running the full length of the field to score a magnificent try. This effort, no doubt, is the reason for his non-appearance on any more jungle-bashing schemes. He now confines himself to tracing the depositor of unhygienic substances within his company lines.

A few days prior to 25th December, with the exception of the Bandmaster, all married members whose families were in Singapore collected their flags and whistles and made a hurried exodus to the fair city. We sympathised with Billy's "My twenty-fifth Christmas in the Army still spent on ruddy duty."

At the time of going to press, "Scrappy" Hay has been grounded and is waiting for his D.F.C. Charlie has qualified for his wings, and Ronnie has bought his own whistle and set of flags. Dougie Thow has bought his own train and appointed Benny as wheel-tapper.

Jack Hoad has returned from a six-week stay in hospital and is now fit to take on all comers, size no option. Jimmy Baird, the euchre king, is expecting to leave us shortly. "Busty" McKay hopes to take over the Crown, with "Schoolie" as Marker, and Tony Cobban as Keeper of Marshall Aid.

In conclusion, we say our good-byes to Pipey Anderson, who has left for "Civvy Street," Alfie Wrigley to a cushy job in the Federation, Bill Ogg to Fort George (complete with documents, we hope) and "Smudger" Smith. "Doc" Stevenson, Boy McKinley and Ralph Page to civilian life. No wonder the food rations at home have been cut again. The War Office must have given the Food Ministry advanced notice of Ralph's return.

We extend a hearty welcome to two former Mess members who have returned to the fold: Tony Cobban from the T.A., and "Andy" Anderson from the Camerons. Our congratulations to Serjts. Dow, Gammie, Freeman, Carruthers, Symon and Hyslop on their promotion, and we trust that their stay with us will be long and happy.

#### CABBAGE-WATCHING

Cabbage-watching is a hobby practised only in the Cameron Highlands. Bird-watching in other parts of the world, cabbage-watching in the Camerons.

After six months' ardent study, the most intimate details of the life-cycle of the cabbage are an open book to "D" Company. It has indeed been observed by Lowland visitors that nature is gradually investing many a keen Black Bear with the protective coloration and appearance of the cabbage.

Was it not the Hogmanay hallucination of a certain sergeant that he was drilling a neat row of kilted cabbages? And was not an erring sentry heard to plead that he saw a covey of cabbages leaping a stile and commenced to count them, with fatal result?

In the Camerons there are literally hundreds of terraced cabbage-patches, tucked away in remote glens

and corries and all well worthy of a visit from the serious cabbage-lover, equipped with Denison smock and rum bottle. They are lovingly tended by Chinese squatters, who live by night behind the wire of resettlement villages and slave all day on their patches (without even a haversack ration) in close communion with the noble cabbage.

There are, unfortunately, all too many distractions to disturb the cabbage-watcher's pure contemplation. First there is, of course, the female Chinese squatter, who frequently goes about her business amongst the cabbages at an embarrassingly close distance to the field-glasses in the "hide." Worst of all, however, is the appearance of bandits amongst the cabbages, upon which the cabbage-lover might just as well close his note-book for the day, as he reaches reluctantly for his gun.

Unfortunately, with bulk food supplies carefully conveyed up the road, the local bad-boys are increasingly dependent for supplies and information on visits to the cabbagers, who are occasionally misguided enough to smuggle small items out through their village gates. (4th Hussar operational directive: "Any over-pregnant-looking woman should be given a discreet poke.") Hence the addition of military significance to the natural glamour of the cabbage in these mountains.

Depicted on page 112 is the cabbage killing-ground of a successful ambush. Whilst cabbages were being studied from this "hide," a squatter hung a gunny-sack from a pole outside the basha. As this is a common squatter-to-bandit signal, nature study was prolonged, and one afternoon about a week later, when 12 Platoon were occupying the "hide," three squatters arrived carrying sacks, which they placed in the basha. An hour later appeared two men dressed in khaki trousers and dark shirts, who conferred with the squatters before disappearing back down the track. Although apparently unarmed, Yoon Teik (the platoon's Chinese C.L.O.) was convinced that they were bandits and would return later for the sacks.

Sure enough, an hour later one of them reappeared and was at once shot dead by two Brens, three rifles, two Owen carbines and one M2 carbine, "D" Company's motto being "Make sure"! Two ancient 36 grenades and the communist equivalent of the "Yellow Peril" were found on his body.

The difficulties of cabbage-watching under these circumstances can be imagined. Considerable experience is required before a patrol commander can be sure whether he has focused in his field-glasses a bandit, a squatter or just an innocent cabbage. Uniform and obvious arms are rare amongst the cabbages. From the patrol the utmost discipline is required, with squatters often working within fifty yards of the "hide" on the jungle edge. There must be no movement, no talking, no smoking, no fires during daylight hours and when the patrol commander says "Fire!" they must open up as one and with accuracy. So cold and wet has been the weather that patrols are normally relieved (where considered necessary) every three days and a "hide" has been occupied in rotation for as long as three weeks.

On information that a bandit foraging party was coming through Tringkap Valley regularly between 0900 and 1000 hrs., behind a point section of Sakai, the platoon executed a three and a half hour jungle "bash" and took up a position overlooking the cabbages at three minutes to nine. At 0900 hrs. precisely a man dressed in blue appeared, carrying two sacks, sat down, took off his hat and mopped his brow.

Thereupon two male bandits arrived, plus one female (mistress of Pak Lam, District Committee member), and the platoon pressed their triggers. Two of the



"D" Company. View from a Cabbage-watcher's Hide

males were killed at once and the other commenced to run like a hare for the jungle, spurred on by the explosion of a 36 grenade from the G.F. rifle under his tail. He was easily outstripped, however, by Fanny Blankers K. in her black pyjamas. 1 Section set off down the hill in pursuit—hoping no doubt to take her alive and wipe out the I.O.'s reproof that our bandits are invariably too dead to interrogate—but at once came under automatic fire from a bandit covering party on the opposite jungle edge. This was speedily silenced by covering fire from 2 Section, but the delay was sufficient to cover the live bandit's withdrawal.

One S.M.L.E. rifle, fifty-five rounds of .303, one Jap grenade, two one-star caps and one serviceable brown felt hat were recovered.

To complete the story, three days later 10 Platoon were viewing cabbages in a patch three miles to the south when who should limp into view but the bandit wounded in the tail by 11 Platoon. He was evidently on his way to X (ii) List, but was promptly struck off strength for good. Fanny Blankers K. is still in circulation!

### HOCKEY NOTES

What started as an uncertain venture finished very creditably when the Battalion entered a team in the Malayan Inter-Unit Hockey Competition.

Running an eleven in an operational unit is always difficult and we suffered from constant changes, which sorely vexed the hockey officer! Nevertheless, we fought our way to the final, where the Depot, The Malay Regiment, with true Oriental craft and good hockey, beat us on the replay after a goalless draw on the previous day.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the Tapah Select XI for turning out so willingly (and so often victoriously!) to give us much-needed practice.

The team: Pte. Clement; Bdsn, Hayward and Owen; Sergt. Dunn, Capt. Sturrock, Lieut. Simpson; Lieut. Duff, Bdsn. Firth, 2/Lieut. Saunders, Band/Sergt. Thow and 2/Lieut. Finlay.

Also played: Lieut.-Colonel W. D. H. Duke, M.C., Major Elsmie, Major Napier, M.B.E., M.C., and A.Q.M.S. Hilton.

Results: v. 3 Commando Brigade, R.M., won 4—1; v. 45 Commando, R.M., won 3—0; v. 40 Commando, R.M., won 3—0; v. The Depot, The Malay Regiment, draw 0—0 (replay, lost 0—3).

### Depot Notes

ON 9th February officers and men from the Depot, including recruits, paraded with contingents from all the Territorial units and the Royal Air Force to line the streets of Aberdeen during the reading of the Proclamation of Her Majesty The Queen. On the following day officers and men of all denominations attended services at their respective churches in commemoration of the death of his late Majesty The King. All ranks paraded in the cinema on 15th February to listen to the broadcast of the funeral service of his late Majesty and to observe the two minutes' silence.

As many members of the Regiment, past and present, will already know, Major (Qrmr.) W. E. Main, M.M., has retired after thirty-eight years' service. Apart from the years between the fall of Singapore and the end of the war in the Far East, when he served on the Staff of S.E.A.C., all his service has been with the Regiment. His retirement will not only mean the loss of an almost legendary character and a man possessed of tremendous military knowledge, but a most ardent and vital Gordon Highlander. "They" have granted him the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel and are re-employing him as a retired officer at Headquarters, Scottish Command. He and his family are now living at 19 Old Kirk Road, Corstorphine, Edinburgh.

R.S.M. Kernohan was appointed to a Quartermaster's Commission on 20th February and has taken over from Major Main. C.S.M. G. Michie is the new R.S.M. and it must be almost unique for two brothers to hold the position of R.S.M. in the Regular Battalion and at the Depot at the same time.

Ladysmith Day was celebrated by the officers entertaining the warrant officers and sergeants. The officers could not muster sufficient numbers for a football team, so a .22 shooting competition was held instead. It's all such a long time ago and the scores were very close but, as far as can be remembered, were just in the sergeants' favour.

Those of us who have not served in Malaya during the present emergency were acutely interested to hear about the Battalion and the campaign from 2/Lieut. Henney, who delivered a well-informed lecture on the subject just before he was released. He emphasized the necessity for supreme physical efficiency in the manner of a typical rugger man—all rather frightening. He gave the same lecture to members of the Tarves

British Legion and so we are hoping for an influx into the Regiment of virile young men from Tarves to join in the struggle.

Unexpected events do happen; we had one the other day. Capt. J. D. Hendry, M.C., H.L.I., who has lived with us for the past two years, married and is now serving with the 1st Nigerian Regiment under Lieut.-Colonel G. N. Ross.

It has been confirmed by the War Office that the Regiment will wear red and white hose and not red and black.

On 10th April Major-General R. K. Arbuthnot, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C., Highland District, visited the Depot and watched the recruits training.

In the last issue of the Regimental Journal, the first intake of recruits had just completed their six weeks' primary training and had passed on to the Highland Brigade Depot and Depot Seaforth Highlanders at Fort George for a further ten weeks' training. These men will now be serving with the Battalion.

On 3rd January the second National Service intake arrived at the Depot and consisted of thirty-three National Service men with three Regular recruits also arriving on this date. Numbers under primary training on this date were twenty-seven Regulars and thirty-four National Service men, the increase being due to recruits who had been backsquadded for the first intake, and to Regular recruits who had arrived during the time that the first intake was under training. Twenty Regulars and twenty-six National Service men of this intake passed out on 13th February and, by the time that these notes are published, these men will also be serving with the Battalion.

Colonel W. J. Graham took the passing-out parade and presented medals and a certificate to the best recruit, 22622576 Pte. I. Jamieson, and to the best shot, 22775501 Pte. J. Woodward.

On 21st February the third intake arrived and consisted of 33 National Service men. Numbers under training were now 28 Regulars and 36 National Service men. On 2nd April 34 Regulars and 25 National Service men of this intake passed out. Colonel W. J. Graham again kindly took the parade and presented a medal and certificate to the best recruit, 22791798 Pte. R. Coulter, who was also the best shot, but who stood down in favour of 22793499 Pte. F. Callow, who was second best shot, and who received a medal.

On 3rd April the third intake left for Fort George, and on the same day the fourth intake arrived and consisted of 1 Regular and 66 National Service men. Numbers for training on this date were 15 Regulars and 73 National Service men.

The number of Regular recruits who have passed out of the Depot since its new formation in October, 1951, is 66 (including 3 candidates for R.M.A. Sandhurst). Of these, 11 men were originally National Service men, who have signed on on the new Regular engagement of three years with the Colours and four years with the reserve. At the present time, 18th April, there are an additional 25 Regular recruits under training at the Depot. Forty-six of the total number of Regular soldiers of 91 are on the engagement of three and four, and it is to be hoped that they will extend their engagements. The Regiment still holds second place to the Black Watch in recruiting figures.

The recruit training staff consists of the following N.C.Os.: Sergt. J. Simpson, A./Sergts. G. MacDonald, S. Johnson and G. Wilkie, and A./Cpls. K. Maddocks, P. Watson, G. Skene, S. Warden, J. Hannah and J. Forsyth.

In a later number of the JOURNAL a brief description

will be given of the type of primary training that is now being carried out at the Depot.

The following births and marriages have recently taken place, and those concerned are to be congratulated on the events.

#### BIRTHS

A son born on 6th January, 1952, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. Dawson.

A daughter born on 20th March, 1952, to Pte. and Mrs. W. Duncan.

A daughter born on 11th September, 1951, to Pte. and Mrs. R. Barlow.

A daughter born on 24th March, 1952, to Pte. and Mrs. R. Allen.

A daughter born on 13th January, 1952, to Pte. and Mrs. H. McDonald.

A son born on 13th January, 1952, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. Crichton.

A daughter born on 28th February, 1952, to Sergt. and Mrs. G. Wilkie.

#### MARRIAGES

Pte. P. Goldby married at Birmingham on 28th December, 1951, to Josephine Beatrice Ashford.

Cpl. S. Warden married at Aberdeen on 8th March, 1952, to Frances Dunbar.

Pte. W. Kelly married at Lockerby, Southampton, on 8th March, 1952, to Ruth Violet Moore.

Cpl. G. Skene married at Glenmuick on 22nd December, 1951, to Margaret Cowie Murray.

Pte. S. Harper married at Upper Stratton on 23rd February, 1952, to Jacqueline Dyer.

Pte. G. Mutch married at Aberdeen on 24th December, 1951, to Gladys Young.

The following have recently re-engaged or re-enlisted:

Pte. J. P. Quade re-enlisted for 7 years with the Colours and 5 years on the Reserve on 12th January, 1952.

Cpl. Auld re-engaged to complete 22 years with the Colours on 14th December, 1951.

Pte. D. Stephens extended service to complete 12 years with the Colours on 13th March, 1952.

Pte. J. Gordon re-engaged to complete 22 years with the Colours on 26th February, 1952.

The following are to be congratulated on their promotion:

Pte. W. Barnes appointed lance-corporal on 3rd January, 1952.

L./Cpl. M. McGuinness promoted corporal on 21st February, 1952.

Pte. J. Forsyth appointed lance-corporal on 21st February, 1952.

Cpl. A. Auld promoted sergeant on 1st April, 1952.

C.Q.M.S. G. Dunn on 29th January, 1952, left the Depot on permanent attachment to the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, being relieved at the Depot by C.Q.M.S. W. Knott.

Boy Elliot has now been posted to the ranks and is at present undergoing training at Fort George.

## Regimental Museum

The picture of Dargai by Vereker Hamilton which is reproduced as a frontispiece to this issue was presented to the Museum by the artist's family. The central figure, which is of course Piper Findlater, is a portrait from life. The sketches for this work were done on the spot and the figures of both Gordons and

Goorkhas are most lifelike and the uniforms are correct to the minutest detail.

During the winter months efforts have been made to improve the arrangement and display of the exhibits. This has been done by acquiring some new show cases and by improvements to the lighting. The result is quite good and the new descriptive labels make an effective finish to the display; these are beautifully hand drawn by a local artist.

All this has cost money and in an effort to rebuild the fund the Museum is to be open to the public every Wednesday from June to September, 2.30 to 6.30 p.m., at an admission charge of 6d. Special openings can be arranged for parties from clubs and similar organizations. A view of the Museum and some of the exhibits have been reproduced on postcards; there is also a short history of the Regiment and an aerial view of Gordon Barracks. All these will be on sale.

## 4th/7th Battalion Notes

WITH the advent of spring the Battalion is now going ahead with a vigorous training programme in preparation for what we hope may be another successful and happy annual camp.

Since our last notes the Battalion has been quite considerably reorganized, giving us an active Support Company, an M.T. Section and one Rifle Company in Aberdeen.

### H.Q. COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major W. H. Lawrie, M.B.E.  
*Signal Officer.*—Lieut. W. Leslie.  
*M.T.O.*—Lieut. W. M. Lamont.  
*C.S.M.*—C./Sergt. J. Garioch.  
*C.Q.M.S.*—C./Sergt. J. McKie.

### "D" COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major H. McI. Murray.  
*Company Officers.*—Major J. Harper, M.C., The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) (attached); Capt. A. H. Wace; Lieut. R. E. Booth, Parachute Regiment (attached).  
*C.S.M.*—W.O.II A. Williams.  
*C.Q.M.S.*—C./Sergt. J. Rogers.

### "S" COMPANY

*Company Commander.*—Major W. B. Shearer, M.C.  
*Company Officer.*—Capt. C. B. Garrioch.  
*Officer in charge "A" Vehicles.*—Lieut. R. Bannerman.  
*C.S.M.*—W.O.II W. Morrison.  
*C.Q.M.S.*—C./Sergt. J. Aberdeen.

In addition to these companies we still have out-stations at Banchory, Ballater, Stonehaven and Laurencekirk.

### TRAINING

During the winter training season each Thursday was devoted to recreational training. Weight lifting, judo, badminton and basket-ball were all the rage.

We are indebted to Major W. H. Lawrie, M.B.E., who was responsible for organizing these various forms of recreational activity, and who also made available the majority of the necessary equipment.

Early in the session we had judo demonstrations by the police team from Craiginches Prison, and weight lifting demonstrations by the local Spartan Club.

The session closed with a social night, when members of the unit demonstrated to their wives and friends the results of their winter's work. This was followed by a short film programme and, of course, the inevitable "char and wads."

On 1st-2nd March a most successful exercise, "Chinese Cracker," was held at Woolmanhill. The

problem of defence was studied in great detail by a fine turn-out of officers and N.C.Os.

On 5th-6th April a number of officers attended, in Edinburgh, a series of lectures on air defence.

During March and April Major W. H. Lawrie, M.B.E., and Capt. A. H. Wade, attended courses at the School of Infantry, Warminster.

Support Company have been showing off their paces at the out-stations, having spent one week-end at Banchory and another at Stonehaven.

On Sunday, 20th April, the Hidis Motor-Cycle Trials take place at Cultybraggan. The unit will be represented by Capt. G. Morrison, D.S.O., Cpl. Fraser and Pte. Lamb.

The Hidis Rifle Meeting takes place from 23rd to 25th May and we have entered for all the competitions.

Unit week-end camps will take place on 26th-27th April and 10th-11th May; then in June a week-end exercise in the Ballater area.

Annual camp will be at Stobs from 12th to 26th July.

### VISITS

The G.O.C., Hidis, visited the headquarters of the unit, and also the out-stations at Stonehaven and Laurencekirk on 10th April. He expressed great satisfaction at all he saw.

It is the intention of the G.O.C. to visit Banchory and Ballater on 16th April.

### PIPES AND DRUMS

The pipers continue to work hard under the expert tuition of our Hon. Pipe President, Capt. A. Dickie, M.B.E. The drummers also progress steadily under Drum-Major Rae. The Pipes and Drums had a musical week-end at the W.E.T.C., Bridge of Don, during February under Capt. Dickie. On 12th-13th April the Pipes and Drums played in Stonehaven, where they were accorded a fine reception. We look forward to producing a good Band before annual camp.

### OFFICERS' MESS

The Mess has recently adopted a completely "new look." New curtains now adorn the windows, a magnificent sideboard now replaces the old one, and individual coffee tables replace those which have served the Mess for many a long day.

Major W. H. Lawrie, M.B.E., was recently appointed P.M.C., vice Major J. Shankley, who had, unfortunately, to hand over these duties on account of pressure of business and for health reasons. We thank Major Shankley for all he has done and wish him a speedy return to full health again.

**SERGEANTS' MESS**

On Saturday, 8th March, the Mess held a dinner and it is hoped that this will now be recognized as an annual event.

The success of the function far exceeded all expectations, and reflected great credit on the committee who made the arrangements.

Toasts were proposed by R.S.M. Shore, who presided, C.Q.M.S. Aberdeen and C.S.M. Williams, and were replied to by the Commanding Officer and Major W. B. Shearer, M.C.

The pipers were Cpls. Black and Copeland and Piper Watt, who gave a creditable performance.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Sergts Brown and Ashley from Malaya, and hope they will enjoy their tour of duty with us.

**CONGRATULATIONS**

To R.S.M. Shore and Mrs. Shore we offer heartiest congratulations on the recent birth of their first son.

**INCOMINGS AND OUTGOINGS**

We regret that Major D. C. W. Nunneley, having had a Medical Board, is now on indefinite leave pending release.

C./Sergt. Garioch, having accepted an appointment with Youth Hostels, has now left Woolmanhill.

To C./Sergt. and Mrs. Garioch we say thank you for all you have done during your short stay in Aberdeen, and may you find all happiness in your new surroundings.

To Sergt. and Mrs. Scott, who have moved in to Woolmanhill, we bid a hearty welcome and wish them a happy sojourn among us.

We welcome ex-R.Q.M.S. Murray, of the 2nd Battalion, who has taken over duties in the Q.M.'s Department.

We welcome Sergts. Brown and Ashley, who have joined us from Malaya, and wish them a pleasant tour of duty in our midst.

Sergt. Findlay emigrated to Canada some time ago and he hopes to contact the 48th Highlanders of Canada. He will indeed be missed from the Band.

Sergt. Keenan, one of our most enthusiastic workers, has joined the Regular Army.

C.S.M. Cuthbert, who was our popular and hard-working P.S.I. at Laurencekirk, is now P.C. 1033 of the W.D. Constabulary, having completed 22 years' service with the Regular Army.

Cpl. Hosie has been posted to the Aberdeen U.T.C. We wish them all good luck in their new spheres.

**5th/6th Battalion The Gordon Highlanders (T.A.)**

As we emerge from the depths of winter we are forced to admit it was not as bad as last year, although there was a period when sundry P.S.I.s. were to be seen "bucketing" across the country not knowing whether they were on the road or not. Nevertheless, they usually got there, and interruptions were few.

We have recently learned that we are to return to Stobs for camp this summer. In some quarters feelings are mixed, but the general opinion is that with the smaller numbers this year it will be a very much more "homely party." We are especially glad to know that a larger proportion of our "Z" reservists are to come from our own recruiting area.

At the time of writing, most companies have fired off the Brigade Commander's Shoot, and all are hoping for a repeat of last year's performance, when the Battalion swept the field. (Keith excepted—they merely want to beat Turriff!)

after the ball was entirely due to a *mechanical* defect!

The Dufftown detachment held a smoker on 22nd February and Keith detachment have run two social evenings which have been much enjoyed by those who attended.

**SUPPORT COMPANY**

Training during the first quarter of the year has been proceeding steadily and attendances on drill nights have been very satisfactory. At Bucksburn we have been getting in a lot of practice on the miniature range, and although the number of bulls destroyed have been very few, there has been very keen competition for the weekly prizes. Our first Stuart gun tower has arrived at Bucksburn and C.S.M. Munro, who has had Armoured Corps experience, tells us that driving this vehicle is just as simple as pushing a pram!

**"A" COMPANY**

Looking over the past year it is pleasing to record that slow, but nevertheless steady, progress has been made towards the goal of making the T.A. in this district a real, live and usefully trained body, of which the community will be proud.

For those concerned it has been—and will continue to be for some considerable time—a long, hard struggle to defeat apathy and general indifference, and to raise the enthusiasm necessary to attract the men into the T.A., but our efforts have met with a measure of success which we hope will gain in momentum before long. On training nights the Drill Halls at Buckie and Portsoy are beginning to throb with military activity with attendances maintaining a consistent and satisfactory level.

A few weeks ago, with four pipers now on the Company strength, pipe practice began, and since then it is not an uncommon sight for the Company on returning from outdoor night training to find crowds of civilians grouped round the Drill Hall door at Buckie attracted by the stirring "skirl" of the pipes.

**OFFICERS' MESS**

Our new members during the last quarter were Lieut. J. McP. Tough and 2/Lieut. P. J. Henney, both doing their part-time National Service. We are sorry to hear that it is unlikely that either of them will be at camp.

The new cutlery so kindly given to us by Colonel Geddes last summer is now being marked and should be ready in good time for camp.

**H.Q. COMPANY**

The winter training programme has continued.

Dufftown and Aberlour detachments are devoting their main attention to signal training, while at Keith the emphasis has been on weapon training, map reading and tactics.

The social side has not been neglected by them. On 19th December the Aberlour detachment held a very successful ball. We have it, on the best possible authority, that the breakdown of R.S.M. Murray's car

### "B" COMPANY

Over forty children attended the first Christmas party, which was held on 29th December. After several musical games the children were entertained by Mr. G. Third, Stirling Village, and his concert party. Tea was served in the canteen, followed by a cinema show given by Mr. G. Geddes, Peterhead. Later Santa Claus arrived and each child received a gift. The party was organized by Sergt. Thrussell and L./Cpl. Murrie and their committee.



[Photo Service, Peterhead]

#### Children at the "B" Company Christmas Party

Two week-end camps have been held at the W.E.T.C. The men have benefited greatly by the practical training which included wireless and map reading. In future we must promote a Post Corporal for the benefit of Pte. Nicol, who inquired for his morning mail.

Best wishes to our newlyweds, Pte. and Mrs. Manson. Also hearty congratulations to Pte. and Mrs. McWilliam on the birth of a daughter.

We are very sorry to lose L./Cpl. Murrie, who is now living in Perth.

### "C" COMPANY

We extend our welcome to Ptes. Thomson, Scott, L., and Taylor. They have settled down amongst us and

are very happy and efficient. We were sorry to lose Fiddes, but it looked to us as though the apple was too tempting; anyway he has bitten it, and we have lost another good man.

Congratulations to Pte. Wilson on his marriage. What a lucky woman to have a ready-made batman issued to her.

Capt. Burnett is at present viewing the country down Warminster way, not in his official capacity as a farmer, but as a guest of the War Office. His last words to date were "There are 'Neeps' even at Warminster similar to ours at Oldmeldrum."

Despite the bad road conditions that prevailed this winter the "faithful shower" aye turned up to drill. Good show for them. Lastly, we know now that the "eternal triangle" has nothing to do with marital status. It is something to do with a rifle. At least our P.S.I. has now convinced us. He even lay down and chalked the darned thing all over the floor, so we would never make a mistake again. There endeth the seventh lesson.

### "D" COMPANY

Social activities during the quarter have been a prominent feature of the Company.

There is little doubt but that more people out with the T.A. have become interested through contact with us due to these functions.

The first of these took place at Christmas when C.S.M. Reid and a committee arranged a very successful children's party. A company of a hundred assembled in the Drill Hall, of which fifty were children. After an excellent supper a film show was followed by games and singing. The final item was the appearance of Santa Claus, who handed over a present to every child from a huge Christmas tree which was illuminated and decorated.

The event of the season was, of course, the annual ball, held this year in a local hotel. This proved a huge success and the usual large company voted the event one of the best ever.

The Company strength is still on the upgrade. National Service men swelling the ranks. All members are looking forward to the week-end camps and annual range courses.

Congratulations to Cpl. Soutar on the birth of a son.

## 48th Highlanders of Canada

(From "The Toronto Evening Telegram")

### A ROUSING TRIBUTE TO A BRAW PIPER

WHEN the 48th Highlanders needed a piper thirty-nine years ago they asked The Gordon Highlanders to send them "someone who knows his business." The Gordons sent Jimmy Fraser. Jimmy knew his business. He was a veteran of two wars and twenty-one years' service. He had been wounded at Dargai, but had kept on blowing his pipes while the Gordons, Gurkhas and Sikhs stormed the heights held by Afridi tribesmen. He had piped with the Gordons through the South African War. He was a man of skill and experience.

For 39 years his skill and experience were at the service of the 48th Highlanders. In the regiment, Pipe-Major James Fraser was an institution. Through years of war and peace he saw soldiers come and go. He was

a friend of them all. On Friday evening, when he handed over his pipes to his successor, 6,000 of his friends jammed the University Armories to do him honour. He is a man of whom two gallant regiments may be proud.

### HONOR 48TH'S GRAND OLD MAN

BY HERBERT BIGGS

"Telegram" Staff Reporter

To the accompaniment of crashing drums and skirling pipes, Pipe-Major James Fraser, of the 48th Highlanders, Canada's grandest old soldier, said good-bye to his beloved regiment last night. He handed over his



[Photo: "The Telegram," Toronto]

pipes, adorned with the Queen's colour, to his successor, Pipe-Sergeant Archie Dewar, and accepted with great dignity the salute of the regiment.

That final salute represented the greatest tribute a grateful regiment could give him, and it was a moving sight to see this white-haired man of 79 years, erect as always, giving up the thing he loved most, standing alone on a dais, taking the salute of his commanding officer, Lt.-Col. M. E. George, and his officers and men.

But that was not all. Long before the ceremony was due to start, the University Avenue Armories, home of the 48th Highlanders, was filled to the doors. The galleries were filled and the floor had a solid cordon around it of spectators five deep. They, 5,000 of them, had come to pay tribute to this wonderful man who had given his country more than 60 years of service in the army.

#### FROM MANY BANDS

Pipe bands from all over the district came too. Jimmy Fraser was something dear to them also and they wanted to add their note to the cascade of sound which shook the armories to its foundations. There were the pipe bands of the Irish Regiment, the Toronto Scottish, Lorne Scots, Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Earls court Legion, Dominion Civil Service Branch of the Legion, R.C.A.F. 400 Squadron and Caber Feidh of Toronto.

The 48th Highlanders Brass Band was there, too, and it played beautifully, but it was a pipers' show from start to finish. First part of the official program was when the 48th Highlanders Pipe Band, with Pipe-Major Fraser on the right flank, marched on, playing the mournful Retreat, followed by a march, then the picturesque Reel and finally the regimental march, "Hielan' Laddie."

Then the massed bands—the 48th Highlanders and all the visitors—put on a breath-taking show. Marching abreast, with three giant drum majors leading, the pipers spread across the floor of the armories.

In front, on the right, was Drum-Major Colin Gordon, six feet one inch and weighing 219 pounds, of the 48th Highlanders. In the centre was Drum-Major Len Davidson, Toronto Scottish, six feet two inches, and on the left, Drum-Major "Tiny" Thompson, Irish Regiment, six feet four inches and weighing 225 pounds.

#### MEMORABLE PICTURE

These herculean men striding in front of the bands, and the bands themselves, marching and counter-marching, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Hundreds of veterans of the regiment fell in on the west side of the armories, and when Lt.-Col. M. E. George called for three cheers for the veteran of the famous Gordon Highlanders and of the 48th Highlanders, they joined in the cheers.

Lt.-Col. George, when addressing the battalion, said: "The name of James Fraser will be remembered as long as the regiment lives." Everybody in the vast audience agreed with that, for the 48th Highlanders and Pipe-Major James Fraser are almost one and the same thing.

"Not only was James Fraser a builder of bands but of the regiment itself," continued Col. George.

#### TOUCHING SCENE

There was one very impromptu but touching little item which perhaps was the most emotional thing of the evening. When Col. George called for Pipe Major James Fraser to come forward, the veteran soldier had to march all the way from the pipe band on the west side of the floor to the very centre, and as he moved



[Photo: "The Telegram," Toronto]

forward he hesitated, for everyone knows Pipe Major Fraser dislikes being in the limelight. The brass band struck up very softly, "Auld Lang Syne." Perhaps at that moment James Fraser felt a little lonely and suddenly thought of what his future would be like without his beloved band.

Col. K. R. Marshall, honorary colonel of the 48th Highlanders, presented a cheque on behalf of the officers and ex-officers of the regiment. Then came a

long procession of presentations, a radio, table lamp, more little envelopes, a silver tray and lots of other things, and the great crowd was glad for him.

It is a long time since James Fraser, as little more than a boy, piped the Gordon Highlanders into victory in India; it is a long time since South Africa or World War I, but James Fraser must have seen it all again last night as he stood alone accepting the salute of his regiment—the end of his soldiering.

## The Gordon Highlanders Cemetery and Memorial at Doornkop, near Roodepoort, Transvaal

THE Gordon Highlanders' Cemetery and Memorial at Doornkop, near Roodepoort, Transvaal, lies five miles south of the town of Roodepoort and is two miles from the nearest road. It adjoins Moroka native township and will soon be surrounded by the new extension to this township. Owing to its inaccessibility it has not had the care it deserves, and has on three occasions been damaged by persons unknown. On the last occasion the granite plaque four inches thick and five feet in width, bearing the names of those killed in action on 29th May, 1900, has been completely destroyed, as also part of the Memorial itself.

The plaque was given by relatives of the men who lost their lives, and the Memorial was erected by the 1st Battalion of The Gordon Highlanders. The Roodepoort-Maraisburg Town Council has kindly donated a piece of ground in the new cemetery, which is accessible to the general public, and reasonably near enough to the present site so as not to lose its historic value. When the Cemetery and Memorial are re-established it will be cared for by the Council.

A committee known as the Roodepoort-Maraisburg War Graves Committee was formed and an appeal was made for funds, to which the Regiment contributed £50.

The new Memorial was unveiled and rededicated on 10th February and the following report is from the *Rand Daily Mail*.

### GORDON HIGHLANDERS' MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT ROODEPOORT

The unveiling and rededication of the Gordon Highlanders' Memorial at the new Central Cemetery, Roodepoort, took place yesterday afternoon. The memorial, commemorating the Battle of Doornkop on May 29th, 1900, replaces the original one at Doornkop which was badly damaged by vandals a year ago.

A crowd of about 400, including the Mayor of Roodepoort, Mrs. L. Vercuil, attended the ceremony. Representatives of the South African War Veterans' Association, the South African Legion of the B.E.S.L., and other military organisations were present.

Also there were two survivors of the Battle of Doornkop, Mr. J. Barrett and Mr. B. J. Sullivan.

The service was conducted by the Rev. R. H. R. Liddell, M.C., and the graves were consecrated by the Rev. Lovegrove. The Roodepoort-Maraisburg War

Graves Committee was responsible for the erection of the memorial.

All the bodies were recently moved and laid to rest on the new site and new crosses placed on them.

The memorial is in a cemetery situated among rolling hills, away from the bustle and noise of human activities.

Units of the 1st Battalion of the Transvaal Scottish formed the guard of honour.

With the sounding of the "Last Post" and "Reveille," Colonel C. F. Stallard, D.S.O., stepped forward and unveiled the memorial.

After the wreaths had been laid and the crowds slowly departed, Mr. Barrett and Mr. Sullivan stood in front of the memorial for a minute in silent tribute to their fallen comrades.



Left to right: P./M. W. R. Kinnear, M.V.O., Mr. J. Barrett, Mr. B. J. Sullivan, Mr. W. E. Rankine, Mr. K. Graham, M.M., Mr. Gardiner

## Gordon Highlanders' Reunion Dinner

THE 6th annual dinner was held in the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, on Friday, 14th March, 1952. The Colonel of the Regiment presided and the following were present:

Brigadier A. D. Buchanan Smith; Colonels E. B. Beedle, R. B. Campbell, W. Drummond, G. P. Geddes and C. M. Usher; Lieut.-Colonels J. Clark, M. H. H. Du Boulay, D. P. Hall, D. W. Hunter Blair, C. F. Irvine, A. M. Milne, C. D. Peterkin, M. Robb, J. R. Robertson-McIsaac, A. Selbie and R. A. Wolfe-Murray; Majors W. J. Adie, W. R. Broadhurst, J. M. Burnett, G. W. Bruce, R. N. Christi, J. E. G. Hay, W. E. Main, G. F. Moir Byres, J. B. L. Monteith, N. G. Pearson and A. D. Spark; Capts. D. H. W. Brown, D. W. R. Drysdale, C. Fraser, G. Gillespie, J. Hay, W. H. Lawrie, M. Lorimer, G. Morrison, G. A. Paterson, K. W. Sanderson, H. M. Usher, J. S. Westwood and W. R. Wisley; and Messrs. E. Beedie, R. C. B. Chancellor, D. Gordon, G. M. Hallowes, K. J. Irvine, H. R. M. Kay, W. Lamont, W. de Mier, N. A. Ramsay, H. G. A. Ross, R. D. L. Smart and E. W. M. Watt.

A number of guests were also present including Major-General H. Murray, Major J. Davie, Mr. G. A. Buchanan Smith, the Rev. Ian Dunlop and the Rev. S. J. Whiteside.

## Notices

### THE WATERLOO BALL

Under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and organized by a committee, of which the Chairman is Lieutenant-General C. M. Barber, the Waterloo Ball will be held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, 18th June, 1952 (the 136th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo), 9.15 p.m. to 2 a.m.

There will be an exhibition of Waterloo and Wellington relics and a special Waterloo episode at midnight.

Tickets (£2 5s., including sit-down supper, light buffet and breakfast) may be obtained from the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Erroll, 11 St. Colme Street, Edinburgh, 3.

The proceeds are for the Old People's Welfare Council.

### FLANDERS HOUSE

A PROJECT of the Committee of the Earl Haig Fund in the West of Scotland has become a reality. Flanders House, a home for aged veterans, has been built and equipped in the West End of Glasgow, and the first few men have taken up residence. It is *not* a convalescent home.

In Flanders House is to be found a planned scheme of comfort and taste. Nowadays so much "planning" is suspect that it is a tonic to meet a scheme designed solely for human need. Although the house will accommodate some forty men, each will be able to retire to the privacy of his own room if solitude is desired. Once there a man will have the comfort normally associated with an hotel: hot and cold, a well-sprung bed, central heating—these are added to the amenities of a well-appointed room.

The public rooms give a comfortable dining room and three separate lounges to meet the requirements of those who like a game of cards or of dominoes and a smoke, those who wish to be entertained by radio or other means, and the quiet chaps who want to sit and read, or simply sit.

Flanders House will not be officially opened until later this year, but the House Committee will be very pleased to arrange for the immediate interview of ex-Service men in the South-Western Division who are known to regimental associations' branch executives. The minimum age is sixty, and applicants should be men of good report and character who are fully capable of looking after themselves and who are not in any way responsible for the maintenance of a wife, children or dependants. In addition to single men, the example of the widower comes to mind. Bereft of his life's partner, he might well be glad of the chance to settle down with other Boys of the Old Brigade. Or there is Grandpa. At one time he was honoured when the young couple went to live with him, but since his grandchildren have arrived the house is a bit crowded. More and more he is forced into a corner until in the end his room is preferred to his company.

All inquiries should be sent to the Secretary, Earl Haig Fund, 1 Fitzroy Place, Glasgow, C.3. The cost is within the means of all, but, as time will show, the privilege of residence is without price.

### ARMY ART SOCIETY

There are probably many amateur artists serving in the Forces who have not heard of this Society. It is an entirely unofficial organization and exists to encourage art amongst past and present members of the three fighting Services. For several years very successful exhibitions have been held in London each autumn and these afford an opportunity for young artists—who often have the advantage of painting subjects overseas—to show their works and compare them with others. This adds a real interest and object to their hobby.

The work of serving personnel, of all ranks, is particularly welcome, and intending exhibitors are invited to apply now for particulars about the next (twenty-first) exhibition. This will be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, from 21st October to 9th November, 1952.

Applications should be addressed to E. A. Callam, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Army Art Society, 66 Apsley House, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.



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