

# THE COVENANTER



THE REGIMENTAL JOURNAL OF  
THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

2003

## ***The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) (26 and 90)***

The Sphinx, superscribed Egypt. The Dragon superscribed China.

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

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

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

### Alliances

New Zealand Army

The Otago and Southland Regiment

Ghana Military Forces

2nd Battalion Ghana Regiment of Infantry

### Affiliated Regiment

7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles

### Trustees

Lieutenant Colonel Ian McBain (Chairman) · Colonel Hugh Mackay OBE

Major Brian Leishman MBE · Major Lisle Pattison MBE · Major John Craig

# NOTICES

## "THE COVENANTER"

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## The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Officers Club

### Chairman:

Colonel J.G. d'Inverno TD ADC, (0131) 226 4081 (O)

### Hon. Secretary/Treasurer

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

## Regimental Club

The Cameronian Memorial Club -  
9 Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow.

## Museum:

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

**Location List** - Subscribers only.

# 2004 DIARY OF REGIMENTAL EVENTS 2004

## MARCH

Friday 5th March -

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

## MAY

Sunday 9th May -

**Cameronian Sunday** -  
St Brides Church, Douglas at 10.00a.m.

Friday 28th May -

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

Sunday 16th May -

**Aitken Trophy** -  
Lanark at 2p.m. Contact Col D'Inverno.  
Tel: (0131) 226 4081 (O).

## OCTOBER

Friday 8th October -

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



## Cameronian Pin Brooch 4 x 3 cms

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

## Last Friday of the Month Meeting (Not December)

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

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

## Trustees Matters

For some years now the Trustees have been taking action to preserve the heritage and traditions of the Regiment against the times when there will no longer be any Cameronians in a position to play an active role.

The Douglas Monument and grounds are now cared for by the National Trust for Scotland and the Cairn commemorating the disbandment of the 1st Battalion has been restored and, we anticipate, that this will be looked after locally.

A substantial sum has been paid out in benevolence to former Cameronians in financial need. These payments are managed by Regimental Headquarters, The King's Own Scottish Borderers and will continue to be paid out, with the actual funds being provided by the Army Benevolent Fund to which the Trustees made a large donation in 1998.

Arrangements have been made to continue to commemorate the Raising of the Regiment in St. Bride's Church in Douglas on the appropriate Sunday in May.

In 1989 the Trustees began negotiations with Hamilton District Council to merge and develop the Regimental Museum and the Hamilton Museum. These negotiations resulted in 1995 in an agreement between the Trustees and the Council whereby the two museums would merge and the Regimental Collection, whilst remaining under the ownership of the Regiment through the Trustees, would be managed by the professional museum staff. Considerable sums of money were raised including a Lottery Grant of over £2 million and the merged and developed Low Parks Museum officially opened in May 2000.

The Trustees had, from an early date, been considering how best to ensure the integrity of the Regimental Collection housed and displayed in the Low Parks Museum when, in the not too distant future there would be no Cameronians available to act as Trustees. It was decided that ownership of the Collection should pass to South Lanarkshire Council (the successor local authority to Hamilton District Council) and for a petition to be presented to the Court of Session in Edinburgh for this to be authorised. As I write these notes (Nov 2003) the petition is pending.

Hopefully, the petition will be approved and, although the ownership of the

Collection will pass to South Lanarkshire Council, the Trustees will still be represented on the Museum Advisory Group, which continues to advise on policy and displays within the museum.

Lt Col I.K. McBain Chairman, Regimental Trustees

## 1976/77 Pension Trough Group

Over 250 ex-servicemen and their widows have formed a group to campaign against the injustice of what is commonly referred to as the 'Pension Trough'.

Those who retired in the period from 1st April 1976 to 31st March 1978 (Pension Code Years 1976 and 1977) were affected. At that time the government imposed pay restraint for two consecutive years when inflation was extremely high and this caused a permanent reduction in service pensions. The reductions affected all ranks and varied between 18% to 30% compared to contemporaries who retired in earlier and later years. What is more disturbing is the effect that the reduced pension has had on their widows who in many cases only receive a 1/3rd of their deceased husband's pension which, despite index-linked increases, still leaves them permanently and severely disadvantaged.

This injustice, that has resulted from the unforeseen permanent consequence of temporary pay restraint, has for many years been refused redress by government on the grounds that there can be no retrospection. However, retrospective action has been employed by MP's to enhance their own pension benefits on more than one occasion, most notably in 1996 when they voted themselves a backdated increase worth 26% to those who retired at the subsequent election. Moreover, with the recent revision of the Armed Forces Pension Scheme retrospective attributable benefits will be available to unmarried partners. The government claims that any moral justification for a remedy to this legacy issue cannot override financial constraints.

If you are one of those affected by this situation and would like to support the Pension Trough Group in their pursuit of a resolution to this longstanding

discrimination please contact:

The Organiser  
Pension Trough Group  
5 Swaynes Lane  
Guilford  
Surrey GU1 2XX  
Tel: 01483-504972  
E-mail: pensiontrough@ntlworld.com  
Website: www.pensiontrough.org.uk

## World War II Anniversaries - Involving Scotland/ Netherlands Relations

In the second half of 2004 it is expected that there will be a series of 60th anniversaries acknowledging the part played by Scottish Regiments who were involved in the liberation of the Netherlands in 1944-45.

Surviving members of the then 6th, 7th, and 9th Battalions who might wish to be involved should contact the Editor.

## Museum Report Year 2003

New Acquisitions to the The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Collection 2003

### Humphreys medals group

This important purchase for the collection was made possible by partnership funding from The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) Regimental Trustees, the National Acquisitions Fund and South Lanarkshire Council.

Corporal George Humphreys (90th PLI 1853-1874) served in the Regiment during two major conflicts: the Crimean War (1854-1856) and the Indian Mutiny (1857). At the siege of Sevastopol in 1855 Cpl Humphreys was recommended for the VC for his act of valour in bringing to safety a wounded Officer under heavy enemy fire from "the most advanced trench". Later the request for the VC was deleted because Cpl Humphreys was "in possession of medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field". We have four medals and supporting documentation, all relating to Humphreys. It is hoped to have the group as part of the Crimean War exhibition in 2004-2005 (please see report). Later, the medals will form part of the permanent medals display in the drawer units.

### Medals and badges

Group of 6 medals and cap badge

### Uniform accessories and equipment

A group of 7 Cameronian objects belonging to the late Major Harvey  
Items belonging to Pte W S Lockhart

### Photographs

Photographs of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) band in Malaya 1950s  
Group of 5 photos of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) 1920s and 1930s  
Photograph 'F' Coy 6 Bn The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) August 1914  
Photos of 'D' Coy The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) TA 1992

### Archive

A collection of Cameronian archives  
Book "Traditions of the Covenanters"  
Cameronian Xmas Card 1939  
Poem dedicated to 6th Scottish Rifles  
Decorated WW1 shell case  
Photo of painting of, transcript of letters written by, Lt William Browne 26th 1802 - 1805; drowned on active service

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

The team of dedicated volunteers from the Lanarkshire Family History Society have continued to work tirelessly on transcribing the hand-written Commanders' War Diaries into an easy-to-use computer package. They have transcribed over 200,000 words and have entered into a database the names of over 4,000 Officers and Other Ranks.

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

The team has almost finished the 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in the First World War 1914-18. This will be added to the completed First World War 1914-18 War Diaries of:

1 Battalion  
7 Battalion  
11 Battalion

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

Current members of the two Lanarkshire Family History Society transcription teams are:

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

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

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

### Volunteers

Two new volunteers have joined us in 2003, Joanne McPhie MA (Hons) MPhil, started early in the year and has made an invaluable contribution in improving our digital imaging, accessioning new objects, assisting with the Medals Exhibition and in researching Cameronian enquires. Katie Barclay MA (Hons) has joined us in November and has been involved in researching enquiries and in accessioning.

### Student Placements

We have had three students on placement in 2003. They have been involved in researching enquiries and drafting replies for the public. Virginie Tricot from France, in addition helped with the Cameronians in Camera exhibition and the Medals Exhibition. In a new partnership with Strathclyde University and South Lanarkshire Council called Roots, we provided placements for 2 mature students returning to working life. Their role was to help with family history enquiries about The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

### Digital Collection Gallery

Although the Cameronians in Camera exhibition was taken down in April 2003, you can still browse and order copy prints of almost 200 images of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) serving abroad between 1918 and 1968. The Digital Collection Gallery unit is installed on the Mezzanine Floor at Low Parks Museum.

### Storyboards

The first three Cameronians Storyboards are

now live at Low Parks Museum, Hamilton! The story Jordan 1957, Oman 1958 and the Band and regimental music can be seen on the unit that also houses the Digital Collections gallery. If you've not seen the Storyboards yet, it's well worth a visit. You can follow the story of the operation written by one who took part, illustrated by photographs, many from private collections. There's Regimental music to accompany the start of each Storyboard.

### SCRAN

This is not food or eatables, but the acronym for Scottish Cultural Resources Access Network. It began as a millennium project with the objective of creating an enormous database of all museum collections in Scotland. Over the last 18 months or so, South Lanarkshire Council museums took part in a total of 6 projects, three of which featured objects from the collection of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). In the Health project we offered many sketches illustrating the health hazards of Army service abroad in the Zulu War 1879 with the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry. Henry Hope Crealock (1831-1891) had a project all to himself as we featured 28 sketches and watercolours from his Crimean War album. The five striking and unique Lanarkshire Covenanter banners were featured for the first time in a new project.

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

How to find it: HYPERLINK <http://www.scran.ac.uk> [www.scran.ac.uk](http://www.scran.ac.uk)

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

### Enquiries

As ever, the public enquiry service continues to be an important part of our work. Each year, we receive about 400 enquiries that

require research. 62% of these research enquiries are about The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in the current financial year beginning 1 April 2003. Enquiries came from all over the UK, France, Denmark, Holland and Finland, as well as Canada, USA and Australia. Such diverse bodies as the Glasgow School of Art and the Cabinet War Rooms joined individuals who wished to know about their ancestors' time in The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

### Talks

A new addition to our talks has been introduced during this year - "The Cameronian War Diaries". As is the way of these things, the talk developed from a report given to meetings of the Lanarkshire Family History Society and now many of our customers want to hear about it too!

### The Cameronian Exhibition 2004-2005

"The Crimean War - Such a Mad and Murderous Enterprise" is the title of the exhibition that will replace the current Medals exhibition on the Mezzanine Floor at Low Parks Museum. It is planned to run it from June 2004 for about a year.

Medals fans rest easy! It is planned that the medal cases will be remaining on the Mezzanine.

The exhibition commemorates the 150th anniversary of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry's involvement in the Crimean War (1854-1856) and will be themed as follows:

Introduction to the exhibition  
 Introduction to the Crimean War  
 Weapons & equipment  
 Tactics  
 The Assault on the Great Redan  
 Health  
 Photography  
 Journalism  
 Biographies/writing home/memoirs  
 Sightseers and followers

We have been offered objects from the Scottish National War Museum, to supplement those from the collection of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). We wish to show the most interesting Humphreys medal group. Please see the new objects report for details. We also plan to use a fascinating group of Robertson and Fenton photographs from the Crimea.

In a new initiative, we will be having an associated virtual presence on South Lanarkshire Council's Intranet. It is planned that thousands of Council workers will

be able to access this Intranet from their desks from early in 2004. This new facility will give an insight into work in progress on the exhibition behind the scenes at the museum. Once the exhibition opens at Low Parks Museum, we plan to have in due course a virtual exhibition using text and images from the main exhibition on the Intranet also. This virtual exhibition can remain long after the real exhibition has been dismantled. In a major new departure, in consultation with the Regimental Trustees, we plan to have a basic Website on The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) as a taster to see what the public would like us to provide on behalf of the Cameronian family worldwide.

Staff are kept very busy producing exhibitions and answering enquiries here at the museum, but important work also goes on behind the scenes.

We are presently conducting an audit or inventory of all the objects held in the museum's stores including items such as swords, trophies, medals, archives and uniforms ñ to name but a few. Volunteers are also very kindly lending staff a hand to work their way through the regimental archive of letters, diaries, newspapers, books, maps, and personal papers. The audit is being undertaken to meet current national standards for museum documentation.

We receive many enquiries here at the Museum and to answer them we spend a lot of time digging through boxes of archives to find a letter or photograph. Unfortunately this means we are not able to answer enquiries as promptly as we would like to.

Each item in the archives room is identified, measured, and given a number. It is then put in an archival plastic envelope to protect it and stored in an acid-free box. The boxes are numbered and placed on shelves in the archives room. All this information is typed into a computer database along with the item's location. By the completion of the project we will be able to access a large amount of information. We will know what is held in the collection and where to find it.

If, for example, a researcher wished to find information on the Crimean War, we will be able to identify and locate letters, diaries, newspapers, and other records relating to the campaign.

As part of this process the condition of each object in the collection is noted. This helps when determining if an item is

suitable for display. We can also identify what items should be sent to a specialist for conservation.

All of this behind the scenes work will help us to provide a better service for our visitors and researchers. It will also help ensure that the collection will survive for future generations.

## Regimental Curling

In spite of advancing years and dwindling numbers the Regiment continues to take part in the Lowland Brigade Bonspiel, and the traditional Brigade matches against the Highland Brigade.

The Lowland Brigade Bonspiel took place at Murrayfield on Wednesday 5th February, with The Cameronians only able to provide one rink of 4 curlers. In the morning session the Regimental rink of Malcolm Macneill, Jim Orr, Hugh Mackay and Ian McBain lost 8-4 to the Royal Scots. In the afternoon session, which followed lunch, The Curling Club AGM and the Lowland Brigade Club AGM, the Regimental rink took on the RHF and won 12-3. The overall winners of the Lowland Brigade Cup were the KOSB, who retained the trophy, with The Cameronians finishing in 2nd place followed by The Royal Scots.

For the away leg of the Inter-Brigade match at Perth on Friday 21st February the Regiment could only raise three curlers - Malcolm Macneill, and Hugh Mackay - and were augmented by the stalwart figure of Peter Clapton SG. The Rink took on the strong HLDERS 'A' rink and narrowly lost 7-5. The home leg of the Inter-Brigade match took place on Friday 28th February at Murrayfield, and the Regimental Rink of Malcolm Macneill, Fred Prain, Jim Orr and Hugh Mackay lost 12-4 to the Argylls 'B' Rink. David Scott and Ian McBain curled for the Mixed 'A' Rink which beat BW 'A' rink 17-5. Overall, The Highland Brigade retained the Inter-Brigade Trophy by the convincing margin of 126 stones to 74. There is always next year - age and health permitting!

The fixtures for the 2004 season have been confirmed as **Wednesday 4th February** for the Lowland Brigade Bonspiel, **Friday 27th February** for the home leg of the Inter Brigade match, and Friday 5th March for the away leg. My grateful thanks to the small but happy band of Regimental Curlers, and I look forward to seeing you all on the ice in 2004. Happy Curling

JAO

## Aitken Trophy David Lanark 18th May 2003

Fourteen Army team members took the field at Lanark for the 56th Annual Match in the most challenging climatic conditions experienced in the last ten years.

Through frequently torrential rain the match proceeded but rounded off, with a typical Scottish versatility, in brilliant sunshine for the last 30 minutes.

A list of Army players is attached. The trophy was won by Major A Sproul and John Pearson with a score of 77. The runners up were Martin Stephen and Bill Daroch with a score of 78 and Vice Captain of Lanark Jim Boyd with a score of 78 ½. Following the traditional two-ball foursome stroke play on handicap the Lanark members entertained the Army team to the traditional, and standing weather conditions, most welcome supper within the Clubhouse.

The numbers playing remain reassuringly constant at around 14 or 15 and the match looks set to continue indefinitely.

Readers may be interested to know that the 'Third Lanark' Sergeants Trophy, presented to the Club by the 6/7th Battalion Trust on the occasion of its 150th Anniversary, is now to be played for annually as the 'Senior' Club Champions Trophy. This is appropriate as a number of those among whom the trophy will be competed for are of an age to remember the football team of that name if not the Rifle Volunteers!

Joseph d'Inverno  
Colonel TD ADC

List Of Army Players  
Aitken Trophy - 18th May 2003

| Name                      | Handicap |
|---------------------------|----------|
| 1. Major Peter Eydes      | 23       |
| 2. Major W.A.L. Rodger    | 13       |
| 3. Mr A.S. Watson         | 17       |
| 4. Major Alan W.A. Sproul | 17       |
| 5. Adam W. Gray           | 18       |
| 6. Captain R.L.J. Hewat   | 19       |
| 7. Mr. W.J. Scholes       | 14       |
| 8. Lt. Col. I.K. McBain   | 20       |
| 9. Major Ian Farquharson  | 24       |
| 10. Major F.M. Philip     | 19       |
| 11. Mr. Martin Stephen    | 18       |
| 12. Mr. M.J. Connor       | 18       |



13. Major G. Maxwell 24  
 14. Colonel J.G. d'Inverno 28

## Officers London Luncheon Friday 23rd May 2003

The Officer's annual London Luncheon was held at the Army and Navy Club St. James's Square of Friday 23rd May 2003. Attendance was well up on the previous year and it was good to see people from far and wide including several from Scotland and also from Northumberland and France. It was gratifying to find people still attending for the first time, namely Robert Maxwell who was a National Service Officer with the 1st Battalion and Regiment Depot between 1952-1954 and who served subsequently with the 6/7th Battalion. The following attended:

Mr and Mrs G. C. M. Brunker  
 Miss A. Brunker  
 Colonel R. D. Buchanan-Dunlop CBE  
 LT Col. J. Burrell  
 Lt Col. A. Campbell  
 Capt. DR. Craig  
 Mr and Mrs N. S. I. Daghlish  
 Maj. P. R. Grant  
 Mr J. Hawtrey-Woore  
 Mr and Mrs D. G. P. Heathcote  
 Mr J. A. Irvine  
 Capt. I. M. Lindsay-Smith  
 Col and Mrs J. N. D. Lucas  
 Col H. Mackay O.B.E.  
 Mrs L. M. Mackintosh  
 Lt Col and Mrs F. C. Matthews  
 Mr R. J. Maxwell C.B.E.  
 Mr J. D. Muir  
 Mrs L. Smith (daughter of John Muir)  
 Maj I. C. Park-Weir  
 Capt. and Mrs J. A. C. Weir  
 Mr I. R. Wightwick M.C.

### Letter From London

As I commence writing this letter, It is the 5th November, 2003, and tomorrow I will

be at Westminster Abbey for the opening of the Field of Remembrance Service. I mention this, simply because these last twelve months have gone by so rapidly that it has almost taken my breath away.

Last year I discovered that any regiment, or regimental association, could have their plots at Westminster Abbey laid out by the Royal British Legion (RBL) garden workers.

I contacted one of the RBL officials at Richmond about this, and he assured me that this was the case. As a consequence of this, I went down to Richmond armed with a blown up print of our plot, and met the official, whereupon it was arranged that our Cameronian plot would be laid out as specified in the photograph. As there was a fee to be paid for this service, I kept the Regimental Trustees informed, and they agreed to meet the cost of our plot being organised by the RBL.

On the morning of 6th November, I arrived at Westminster Abbey feeling a bit anxious as to how our plot would look. I needn't have worried, the RBL staff had done a fine job, and our plot looked as I hoped it would. As in previous years the turnout for the occasion was massive, as were the security arrangements. At approximately 11.30am the service began, and on its conclusion HRH The Duke of Edinburgh commenced his tour of inspection. I was impressed by the fact that he was stopping and talking to every regimental representative, which meant that for an eighty two year old, it was quite a feat of endurance. However, he may be sound in wind and limb, but I'm afraid his mind faltered a wee bit. On stopping in front of me he asked, glancing at my medals, if I had served in the Royal Navy? With great tact and diplomacy I assured HRH that all my army service had been with the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), whereupon he gave a little wry grin and moved on. Royal Navy indeed!

So, another remembrance service passed off brilliantly, also the weather matched the occasion, the temperature rising to 65<sup>0</sup> Fahrenheit was the 'icing on the cake'.

I'm afraid we had a very poor regimental turnout, apart from myself, the only other attendees were Tom Gore (Ex 9th Bn) and his wife Dorothy. I had hoped that more people would have turned out, however, I look forward to a better attendance next year.

I was deeply saddened to hear that Mr (RSM) John Sneddon had passed away. Big Jake, as he was known affectionately by all

who served with him; was a legend in his lifetime. For many years Jake and I were great friends, a friendship which started when we were boxers in the 2nd Bn. I also owed him a debt of gratitude, as I always believed that an act of kindness he showed to me was responsible for me meeting my late wife, Ellen, and resulting in almost fifty years of a terrific marriage. My condolences go out to his widow, Joyce, and family.

I was also saddened by the death of Jerry Dawson. For many years here in London, Jerry did sterling work for the Regiment. He was convenor of the Old Cameronian Association, and in that role was responsible for arranging many functions, not least the many reunion dinners, many of which I attended, and thoroughly enjoyed. To his good lady, I also extend my sincere condolences.

In a recent conversation with our Editor, he informed me that he had received a photograph of a hockey team from Mrs Joyce Sneddon, which included her late husband.

As soon as the Editor identified the players that he recognised in the photograph including myself, I remembered straight away that I had a copy of it in my collection.

Yes, that was some hockey team. The photograph was taken at the end of the 1958-1959 season. It was the Regimental Depot, Lanark, team. During the season we reached the semi final of the Army Cup, being narrowly beaten 2-0 by a R.E.M.E. team at Aldershot. We won the Scottish

Command Championship, and the Lowland District Cup. C.S.M. Burns and I also had the honour of playing for Scottish Command that season, and I also played for a civilian club, Edinburgh Northern. The mention of the Edinburgh Club brought back to me a coincidence last year. My grandson, Ashley, attends Alleyn's Independent School in Dulwich, south London. The then Headmaster of the school, a Scot called Dr Colin Niven, and I, whilst watching a hockey match started chatting about our hockey careers. When I mentioned that I played for the Edinburgh side he told me that he also had played for the team just before becoming a Housemaster at Fettes College. Unfortunately, I have been unable to talk my grandson into becoming a hockey player.

In conclusion, may I wish everyone of you a Happy 2004, and let's see you roll up to Westminster Abbey next November.

Eddie Clark

## The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members

The Rev. Jim Strachan, L. Th., Dip. Th., was inducted as the Minister of the Congregational Church, Kilwinning, on April 25 this year. The Rev. Jim Smith, himself an Army chaplain and Minister of the Congregational Church in nearby Androssan, inducted Jim, who was resplendent in Douglas Tartan trews and rifle green shirt. Several Cameronians attended the service, including Colonel



Hugh Mackay, OBE, and Eddie Wallace, escorted by Willie Gough, ensured that the Standard of The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members was prominently displayed at the front of the Church during the Induction Service. Colonel A R Kettles, who commanded the 1st Battalion of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) when Jim served with the Regiment, sent a letter of congratulation and good wishes.

A larger body of Cameronians (SR) and Family Members attended morning worship in the Church on Sunday, April 27, at which Jim preached his first sermon as Minister of the Church.

In addition, in April, The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members were present at Lesmahagow when the refurbished tombstone of a famous local Covenanting Minister was unveiled and re-dedicated. The preacher on that occasion was the Rev. Jack Campbell, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland in Airdrie. This Church was founded by Cameronian Covenanters and continues to uphold their faith and principles to this day.

Cameronian Sunday was held in Douglas and this year took the form of a Conventicle in the enclosure at the statue of the Earl of Angus, the founder and first Colonel of the Regiment. The Rev. Jim Strachan conducted the service. Kilwinning Amateur Prize Flute Band provided the music to accompany the signing. The scripture lesson was

read by Colonel Hugh Mackay, OBE. The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members were well supported by the Royal British Legion (Scotland) branches in Lanarkshire. The Rev. Mr Strachan dedicated the new Standard of The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members at this Conventicle. Tom Balloch, MBE, assisted by obtaining from Kelvinside Academy, a drum which had belonged to the ATF there when the ATF was affiliated to The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

The RBLs West of Scotland Drill Competition was won by The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Rab Gracie, Bill Gough and Eddie Wallace beat off strong competition and won the contest handsomely.

June saw The Cameronians back in Lanark for the annual Lanimer Day Parade. In August, The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members held a parade at the Covenanters' Prison, Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, when the Rev. Jim Strachan conducted worship and gave thanks for the Covenanters and the rich heritage that they had left us - including the Regiment. At this service, Mr. Strachan dedicated a second new Standard, which the Organisation had obtained. This means that, on days when there are two parades to which representatives of the Regiment have been invited, a Standard will be present at each.

On August 3, The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members returned to Kilwinning.



On that date, they laid up their original standard in the Congregational Church. During the service, Mr. Richard Fowler gave a short account of the history of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) for the benefit of anyone in the Congregation who did not know about the Regiment. The Congregation was visibly moved during the service and everyone present was greatly impressed by the professionalism of the drill of the Standard Bearers. After the service, the members of the Church provided lunch for everyone in the Church Hall.

In September, the Motherwell and District Family History Group had as their Guest Speaker Terry Mackenzie, the Documentations Officer at our Regimental Museum in Hamilton. The Museum possesses all the War Diaries of the Cameronians Battalions which were raised and saw service in the First World War. A team of volunteers from the Society is busy transcribing the Diaries and putting them on computer to enable easier access to the information which they contain. Mr. Mackenzie brought a computer and multimedia projector and demonstrated the ease with which one could access the information. The War Diaries of the 1st, 6th and 7th Battalions have been transcribed and work is now progressing steadily on the War Diaries of other Battalions.

On Sunday, November 9, 2003, the Remembrance Service at Kilwinning's Cenotaph and Garden of Remembrance was conducted by the Rev. Jim Strachan, L. Th., Dip. Th., while the Address was given by Fr. Matt McManus, Parish Priest in St. Winnin's RC Church, Kilwinning. Around 150 people turned out to parade from the Town Centre to the Cenotaph, where a further 500 had gathered to honour those who had made the ultimate sacrifice

for their country. The last Cameronian to conduct this Service before Rev. Mr. Strachan was the Rev. Ian M. Reid, MA., BD., who was then Minister of Kilwinning Abbey, but who had served as Chaplain to the 7th Battalion of the Regiment during World War II.

A good attendance of Cameronians took pride of place at the annual Service of Remembrance held at Glasgow Central Station on Tuesday, November 11. Standard Bearers of RBLs Scotland were also present to welcome the Standard Bearers of The Cameronians (SR) and Family Members. Wreaths were laid by various Rail Companies who use Glasgow Central Station; by two pupils of Irvine Royal Academy; and by Mr. George Stewart, the oldest Cameronian. Mr. Steven Black, Railway Chaplain, West Scotland, gave the address. The Rev. J. Strachan conducted the service, after which Bonaparte's Restaurant laid on a buffer lunch for the invited guests.

Richard Fowler,  
(proud to be a Friend of the Regiment),

## A Camp Followers Tale - Part 1 Family Life With The Regiment 1959 - 1960

### Kenya 1959

We said goodbye at the dockside and embarked for Kenya, on the good ship SS Dunera. After being shown to our cabin, we went back to the deck to wave goodbye to Mum and Dad, while a military band played us away from the quay.

The cabin was adequate for our needs;



the bunks, and a sink under the porthole. In the passageway outside were the baths and toilets. Next, we had to find the dining room which was to be shared with Sgts Mess 2nd Bn Coldstreams. But our tables were separate and we kept the same table for the length of the journey.

The first three days were not memorable. The weather was dismal, and the children were not too happy with the movement of the ship.

John had been stationed in Gibraltar so we were looking forward to passing 'The Rock'. But we were woken up to the sound of a fog horn and it continued to sound for the best part of twelve hours, quite unnerving when you are responsible for two small children.

The fog was quite thick, and it did not clear until well into the Mediterranean. The weather warmed up and we were allowed on the aft deck. The forward decks were for the troops.

A safety measure taken for the children were canvas sheets lashed to the rails so no-one could crawl under; at times some tried to see over the top!

Keeping the children amused was the chief occupation. Ian was already reading and writing so it was easy listening to his reading, and setting him small writing tests. Marion however was another kettle of fish, due to three quick house moves her reading ability suffered and though I had correct reading books she didn't want to know. We didn't make a great deal of progress in 28 days. But I read to them a great deal, mostly before bedtime. They were in their early teens before I gave up. By that time we'd read most children's books together.

First stop on the journey was to be Cyprus. When the ship anchored a tender came out to take off troops, or families who wanted to go ashore.

On looking over the side we saw that the tender had just a flat open deck with no sides and the men were lined up on it.

Most families stayed on board, just as well, given the state of some of the troops returning, how they didn't fall over board I'll never know! It had been a fiesta day in the town, so all the shops were shut and probably just as well to stay on the ship.

Underway again, the next port of call was Alexandria in Egypt, which viewing from the deck looked pretty unsavoury, on my own I might have gone ashore, but not controlling two children. We were there for about ten hours then up came the anchor

and we steamed out to join a line of ships waiting to go by Port Said and then into the Suez Canal (truly an engineering miracle). Several merchants were allowed on the ship selling all kind of souvenirs (we were told to lock our cabin doors as some were light fingered). One man called the Gulli Gulli Man entertained with day old chicks in the old 3 pot game instead of a pea, it was a chick, of course the children loved this. Fortunately, they didn't see when a chick's leg or wing was broken, he wrung its neck and tossed it overboard. When we reached the other end of the canal they disembarked and returned on another ship. They seemed to make a good living.

The speed through the canal was very slow, so the heat was unbearable and it became more uncomfortable when a sand storm blew up and every door and port hole was closed for a couple of hours until we steamed out of it - the heat was building inside the cabin - we lay like stranded whales on our bunks. It was sometime before we could go on deck, the crew and troops were clearing it of sand by water hoses and brushes.

We carried on down the Red Sea and every so often we could hear the Moslem Kitchen Staff on their mats on the lower side deck praying towards Mecca.

Aden loomed up next and we took on water. No-one mentioned it has little or no minerals in the water. Tea or coffee didn't taste the same and very few wanted to drink water. Lots of the children after a few days came out in spots; I spent more money on soft drinks than on the rest of the voyage.

Only a few days remained before we reached Mombasa, so it should be plain sailing, wrong! This was the monsoon season and as we pulled out of the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean we met very heavy seas. Because the seas, the Red, the Arabian and the Indian Ocean all seem to converge, the ship not only went up and down but side to side as well. It was very scary and once again everything was battened down and we had only cold meals - for those still able to eat!

Mombasa at last - I had very little money left so I hoped there were no hidden costs.

Wrong again, everyone on board had to fill in a form provided by the Port Authority who aimed to take 10% tax from the ship. I realised all my goods came to £70 tax which I didn't have.

The only Officer on board from our Bn was a Major Smith, whom I had a nodding

acquaintance in Buxtehude. I approached him at the ship's rail and asked for his advice. He perused the form minutely, and then said "get another form and put a depreciation value on all my goods". Straight away I realised that none of the luggage was brand new, except the clothes which didn't count. Thanking him I breathed a huge sigh of relief. In any event I paid nothing and they didn't open my boxes. Most of the officers had their boxes opened so I suppose the tax was collected somewhere.

Ian and Marion were getting excited, expecting to see their Dad, but John was meeting us at Nairobi, a twelve hour train journey away, so I had to calm them down.

The Mombassa to Nairobi train is famed for its services, food and decor - all well deserved. We were shown to our couchette all to ourselves, lots of sitting room. At night the Somali steward came in while we were having dinner and made up two beds and one bunk.

The dining salon was something to behold, draped velvet red curtains - Victorian style, white tablecloths and napkins, vases of exotic flowers. The glassware sparkled in the lamplight and the waiters - all Somali - dressed in crisp white jackets. We or rather I was served a five course meal and they catered for the children as well so we staggered back to our beds.

Only one more night to go. On waking, we dressed and packed the cases and were summoned to breakfast by a gong sounding along the corridor. Breakfast was just as plentiful, one could have had about seven courses! Juices, grapefruit, cereals, porridge, eggs, bacon, sausage, scrambled egg, poached egg and kedgeree or kippers. How they cook all that in their small galley is a mystery.

At least we have arrived a new chapter begins.

John was waiting for us, and the kids went wild. I had to wait my turn for a decent hug and kiss. John had purchased a car on his arrival and when I saw it, I was astounded, it was an American car a Plymouth. It was huge and guzzled petrol, after a few weeks he traded it back to the Indian dealer for a smaller model.

We left Nairobi Station in stately fashion - I was dying to laugh, but didn't dare - John would have been upset, the kids just about sunk out of sight in the back seat.

Our destination was Muthaiga Camp, about 5 miles south of Nairobi. The camp

was mostly tented with the exception of all three messes; Officers, Sergeants, Other Ranks and the Church - all had been built by a squad of Engineers of an earlier Regiment so there were some comforts. The tarmac road wound its way past two or three Kikuyu Villages - just mud plastered into conical shapes.

We passed the entrance to the Camp and turned off onto a red murram track. (this red dust was to be the bane of my stay).

The car drew up in front of what I could only think of was a wild-west homestead. Five of these homes in a row in the middle of a field, nothing else in sight, except the back end of the tented area about 150 yards away.

It was a bungalow made by engineers already mentioned, the front facing north had a long wide veranda, very cool in hot weather.

On entering - the main room was very spacious and had a huge fireplace and windows the full length of the room. Three bedrooms and a bathroom - all large and all the floors were paving stones which kept the place cool. The rooms were in hardboard - ceiling and walls. With the exception of the kitchen which although within the building allowed all the heat to go into the corrugated roof and the wood stove pipe went right up through the roof. The kitchen also had a gas stove, but not much else - a sink, draining board, meat safe, no fridges in those days, not for us. But the messes probably had them.

Nairobi was 5,000ft above sea level so it took some time to adjust to the climate, a half hour's housework and you had to sit down till your heart stopped racing. The same thing happened to John - he was running up the hockey pitch and his legs began to feel like walking through treacle and he had to stop. No-one seemed to advise on this kind of effect, you just had to find out by trial and error. After a few weeks we became accustomed and carried on as normal.

The previous occupant of my bungalow departed for the UK and I inherited a Kikuyu house boy. I didn't like the idea of him doing the cooking, because he was none too clean, so I employed him as a Shamba boy at the same pay. This kept him outside - keeping the grass down round the area of the houses.

Every night for two weeks I'd turn the light out in the kitchen and wait about 15 minutes, then, armed with an insect spray

I went to work on the cockroaches and finally eradicated them. As long as nothing was left uncovered and the table scrubbed and the floor swabbed, we kept them at bay.

One other incident in the kitchen later in the year - a swarm of hornets came to rest on the inside of the apex roof. This was dangerous. John ran to the camp for a huge can of insecticides and with towels over our heads nose and mouth took it in turns to stand on the table and spray the area - the whole tin was used, but it did the trick. We opened all the windows and doors to get rid of the excess. Mosquitoes were also a pest - we all slept under nets, you could hear them zooming around. If one got under the net the kids yelled for you to kill it.

We had an elsan dry toilet, at the back of the bungalow about 15 feet away it was very eerie going out to it after dark. I went with a torch one night and, after seating myself the torchlight shone on the door corner, and sitting there blinking was a huge bullfrog. I was glad it wasn't a snake.

The first trip to town I purchased what passed for Potties so the children didn't need to go out during the night. The previous occupant, had the dry toilet in the bathroom. How they stood the chemical smell and the Kikuyus trooping in every day to empty it, I can't imagine. For a little privacy we put up a rush fence to the toilet, all the bungalows were staggered in such a way the neighbours could count the times you went. It worked well.

The families were split up in three locations. Half were in Kahawa, about four miles further out from our huts, the rest were, conveniently for the wives (but not for the troops) on the other side of Nairobi in blocks of flats, close to the NAAFI - The shopping place for the army. The Kenya Regt had a barracks there, mostly white officers and Somali troops. They were good trackers as well as soldiers and they showed this during the Mau Mau troubles.

John took us by car to do the weekly shopping and to enrol the children at the Army school, mornings only. This was all right for Ian as he could already read and write, but not so good for Marion, already behind - she did not progress very far in the year we were stationed there.

The children were taken to school by bus, we walked them up the murrum track to the main road, and waited for the bus. This was no problem in the dry season, but quite another in the rainy season. The murrum

turned to red mud, and we trudged up the track with about six children keeping dry under rubber ground sheets held high over their heads. I wish we could have taken pictures it was a weird sight (the mothers got wet!)

To go to Nairobi on my own, I had to walk across the field, to the front of the camp and wait for the African bus (I couldn't drive at this point in time). It was pretty basic, full of Kikuyu women going to market, and various hens, vegetables, etc. The bus went to the terminal in the centre of Nairobi, so it was safe enough. Returning, I always took a taxi to the Camp gates.

My impression of the town was that the centre square mile was modern - a large hotel dominated the main road (Delamere Avenue) the new Stanley Hotel. All the shops were one storey with overhanging walkways which kept the sun at bay.

The shops were mostly run by Indians - they almost swamped the blacks, and used them for labour. It is not surprising the independent Kenya pushed them out of the country on taking over.

There was a large new cinema called, I think, 20th Century. We went only once - you had no idea who you'd be sitting next too and the bodily smells in the heat were overpowering. I had always believed that Kenya was one of the best of the colonies but on arrival I was disappointed to see only part of Nairobi was up to date. Everywhere else was Kikuyu shanty towns and villages further out, people came looking for work and just set up a hut for themselves.

The Mau Mau troubles were over but there still was a feeling of tension; if there was a slight traffic accident there would suddenly be hundreds of blacks milling round from nowhere.

The flower market was beautiful; flowers were arranged from floor to ceiling on raised planks in large buckets. The perfume was thick, and all the English type flowers were three times as large as the ones back home.

The fish market was also something to see. I didn't recognise any of them apart from the shellfish.

Lots of the shops had material in, but no shops which made up clothing - apart from Safari type gear. I was glad I had my sewing machine as everything for Marion and me had to be made. Including, a ball dress of pale pink brocade for the New Year's Ball. I was proud of myself, it turned out very well. I also made about six Christmas party

dresses for various friends children, and numerous day sun dresses for myself and Marion. It kept me busy because on the whole it was not a lively posting.

The Bn went away on schemes up country past the escarpment to Gil Gil and beyond and sometimes to the Border with Somalia.

This was a bit nerve-wracking for me with two children to think off, you began to wonder what you would do if remnants of the Mau Mau decided to attack these five isolated bungalows from the back door it was about 150 yards dash to the back fence of the camp, but the gate would be locked and a roving army piquet could be anywhere in the Camp. The other alternative was to hoist the children up into the water tank, but of course if they set fire to the place we would have cooked nicely.

The land looked very dry and I couldn't believe the change after the rains came. The grass, flowers and bushes seemed to come from nowhere. The Kikuyu women worked the fields to keep the grass short; you'd see their sickles fly up in the air chopping a snake in half.

There were quite a few in the area, one morning we found one squashed in the hinge part of the door, it must have tried to slither in when John came in the evening before.

We always had a baby sitter when we went to the Mess, usually an 18 year old (homesick). I'd leave a supper etc and sometimes it would be someone studying for exams when his national service was finished. It meant we could go out without having to worry.

On New Year's Eve the sitter hadn't arrived so my next door neighbour said she would take the keys and look in. After midnight John popped home to check and found the sitter fast asleep on top of the packing cases on the Veranda. The door being locked he did not want to leave them. It was a good thing he didn't know it was a favourite place for the wild cats to chase around!

Weekends were special, we went to The Nairobi Game Park on several occasions. One visit was a bit hair raising, the car had a habit of stopping because a small spring jumped off, this happened about 4pm one afternoon on a steep dip in thicket country - and a lion area.

John said to me he had to get out, so we all looked out of the windows on each side and back, John jumped out quick and flicked it back on again. We held our breath,

the engine started right away. Failing that, you have to keep sounding your horn and the keeper comes to your rescue. Another outing was to a close by open air cinema, not far from the Taikka Road House (a sort of up market pub). The children had their baths, and sat in the back seat of the car with pillows and a blanket. You drove in and parked in rows on a slight incline. On a post next to the car was a receiver to put in the car. This relayed the sound of the film on a huge screen in front of the cars. Next you pressed a button and a waiter came for your supper order - the kids thought this was great.

More often than not they were asleep before the film finished and we just had to pop them into bed on return to the house.

The wives had very little to do, and a wives club did not exist, so from that point of view it was a boring posting.

John by this time was a Company Sgt Major so our wages had improved, but every time we had a raise over the next five years, the Army raised the house rents etc. It was only from 1965 to 1969 that we had really good raises. This helped John's pension prospects quite a bit.

## KENYA 1960

Once the New Year had passed we all were looking forward to returning to the UK and wondering where our next posting would be.

One incident I forgot to recall was when the Bn (that came out on our ship). They were sent up past Gil Gil to barracks, but about a month after that, one company was given leave to come to Nairobi, and as our Bn had been in the town a few months, they did not take too kindly to the Coldstreams, (or the Woodentops as the Cameronians called them) on their territory! Needless to say once the drink was flowing, the fighting commenced, John was on duty that night, and it took the full night of both Bns Regimental Police to bring them to order.

John said afterwards it was a sight to behold, on the bus station square the Guards drunk, as they mostly were, stood in lines ramrod stiff. The Cameronians however were all over the place, John couldn't throw them in the trucks quick enough, but next day after they'd all been charged and sentenced. John saw the funny side of it. Rather like a Fred Karno film, but of course he had to be very stern instead.

The Guards needless to say did not come



down again until after we'd left.

The too good news is through, six weeks leave in the UK, a posting to Germany - Minden this time. The bad news is that we are returning on a Troop ship 'The Devonshire' This was because with the whole Bn, 800 men and 150 families, it was cheaper than flying.

I was not looking forward to it one little bit.

We packed up and the families left for Mombassa a week ahead of the Bn. We travelled again on the beautiful train and on waking looked out on the game park in the morning mist. We reached Mombassa after breakfast.

Next stop was a holiday camp on the shore. It was situated in amongst tall trees, wooden huts on stilts.

The children could hear rustling when the lights were out. When you switched it on again little lizards were darting for cover all over the ceiling.

We walked to the dining room for our meals. It was very pleasant among the trees, and the monkeys never stopped chattering all the way.

Mombassa was very hot, and one had to be careful not to get badly burnt. The first day on the beach one mother left her fair skinned children all day in swim suits. They spent the rest of the week in casualty with second degree burns.

We went swimming in the early part of the day, but kept t-shirts on. If the tide was out some of the pools were uncomfortably hot. After I'd trod on a sea urchin, we wore sand shoes in the water, from 11am until 2-30 we stayed inside amusing ourselves. Resting, reading or playing games and down again to the beach until dinner time. We had a lovely week. In Nairobi we didn't tan much, but we certainly did in Mombassa,

Before we left Nairobi we gave the Shamba boy the German wide wheeled scooter, and a blazer and a pair of slacks. We didn't realise that he needed a note from us to say he'd been given them.

He turned up at the house with the Military Police who were convinced he had stolen the items. We made out the note and he went on his way.

We did however pack the plastic swimming pool - the children had used this almost daily - as they wanted to take it with us. We had to empty it every night or the frogs and toads took up residence, as a consequence of which the surrounding area

became quite green over a period of time.

The week's holiday was over and it was time to embark, as we walked along the dockside John's head popped out of a port hole to greet us. He said how brown and healthy we looked.

He took us down to the cabin which would be our home from home for 28 days.

## A Camp Followers Tale - Part II Family Life With The Regiment 1960 - 1964

### Minden

The time had come to move on, our travel documents arrived, and for a change we travelled together.

Once again, we were at Harwich for a night crossing, to the Hook of Holland. We didn't see any other members of the Bn. But as they would be coming from Scotland they would probably be on later sailings. We had a cabin again and landed early morning to entrain right away. All our boxes had gone straight to Germany from Southampton.

The train was still run by the Army and we had breakfast, lunch and dinner - arriving in Minden after dark. We never seem to go into a quarter in daylight. It is a bit daunting to say the least, because the next morning the Quarter Master Sergeant came to hand over the contents to you, so it's a scramble to fold all the blankets and sheets and wash up the breakfast china. At least this time a box of groceries awaited us which was very welcome.

The house was quite modern, and had parquet floors downstairs which polished up brilliantly. The basement contained 3 rooms with steps and a door to the back garden. One room for storing boxes etc, one for coal and the other for laundry purposes - what a laugh - two deep concrete sinks, you could easily bathe in. They were so deep, if you were hunting for socks you used the wooden cooper stick to track them down.

Then there was the cooper itself. Another concrete edifice fired by coal. You heated the first lot of water for the coloured items, and transferred it with a huge metal scoop into the sink. Refill and put the whites in to boil. All the bedding was white, all the coloureds had to be washed by hand and with a wash

board, rinsed, then mangled in the next sink - it was pretty time consuming.

When the weather was bad, the washing had to go up to the attic, which had about twenty lines and opened windows both sides, this meant one had to climb three sets of stairs with a basket full of washing, but thankfully it did dry quite well.

The central heating system was a nightmare; John never did get the hang of it. It was a hot air system fired by coal, the boiler was in the front hall, so dust everywhere when cleaning out the ashes. Thanks be when the Spring came!

The boxes arrived and our bits and pieces made it more of a home than a duplicate of all the other quarters in the area.

The house was in a terrace of eight houses with another terrace behind. Facing our back garden at the end was a block of twenty flats.

The wives now formed a larger amount of numbers of the Bn's official list. The Bn had matured in the last nine years and all ranks were getting marred and the Bn had become a really good unit. So the number of families on strength was close to 300. We also had young marrieds coming over, out-with quarters staying in dubious German flats, or rooms. They of course did not get the overseas allowance, so they existed on the Rifleman's pay, which although greatly improved, was hard going.

For the first time our pay rise was without strings so at last we could clothe ourselves better. We bought a radio, 'Keno' the British cinema in the town of Minden sold or rented them to the troops and families so we were able to keep in touch via British forces network with all that was happening in Britain.

John, as a Company Sergeant Major, was very busy as the Bn took its role in the area. I took Ian and Marion by school bus to enrol at the British Army School. Ian was ok having already learned to read and write, but Marion had to struggle for a few years to get up to scratch. She never liked school and the restrictions it placed upon her. They went to school daily by bus.

Next task was the shopping. A bus went three times a week to the NAAFI. There one could obtain all the British food. It was useful, but the bus trip went round all the quarters, so it took almost an hour to reach the other side of town. And was hot bed of gossip for all the wives.

John and I had a chat about whether to put a deposit down on a house in

Edinburgh and rent it out, the cost at the time was £22,000 which at the time seemed a fortune, the second option was to buy a car - a new Hillman Minx cost £500 and no tax to pay, if we stayed here for three years. So we decided on the car, and I have to say it gave us a lot of pleasure over the next ten years.

John had learnt to drive in Bahrain in the desert, but he had to brush up a bit. After that he taught me, and we didn't have any major arguments except I kept stalling in second gear, at roads etc. He discussed it with someone in the motor transport pool, and it turned out with our model one should start in first gear, it solved the problem, and I passed the test soon after.

The car was a boon, no more NAAFI bus and I could go into the market in town and shop for fruit and vegetables. The only problem I had was tuning my ear into the local dialect.

Buxtehude and Verden to Minden, like Yorkshire to London, so I stood at the stalls and listened until I got my tongue round it, the same time with the butcher shops, some of the wives never visited German shops at all, their diet restricted to the NAAFI.

My friend Milly and her family had arrived from Lanark, I was very pleased to see her and the fact she was on the same terrace was a bonus.

I said in Kenya that we'd have a families club and fortunately, the CO's wife was on our side so we were given a hut at the back of the barracks. No facilities except a WC. All water and urns of tea had to come from about 200 yards away, and returned after.

We had table and chairs and I scrounged brushes and paint from the quarter master, and about ten of us set-to and painted the walls. I went to the local market and bought 40 metres of colourful curtain material. I paid for this but recouped when we were in funds.

My trusty sewing machine did its job and we had six pairs of curtains which on winter nights gave us privacy from the troops, as well as brightening up the place.

We started the club with about 20 wives and gradually raised it to 50. We didn't have room for more, as we found out on a coffee morning when close on a 100 turned up plus toddlers.

Profits started building up, we played whist, then tombola (bingo) and a raffle so we were able to buy cups and saucers, and an electric kettle, large teapot. All proved their value over the four years. The club ran

every Monday night for four years.

After nearly a year John became RSM of the Bn. The wives club finally came in from the cold. We were given the empty dining hall under the Sergeants Mess - what a difference this made, we could really spread out and numbers went right up. At one point we had ten tables of whist and about 100 for tombola and with the raffle we were coining money.

In 1961, I took part in my first of many funerals. The wife of a Colour Sergeant had died from a brain clot, I and other wives went with wreaths from the families, this meant a drive to Hanover on the autobahn to the Army Cemetery.

I had never been on the autobahn before, and to keep a steady place behind a hearse in a right hand drive car was a bit hair-raising, with cars whizzing by at 100 miles an hour. That was the last time I went behind the hearse. Thereafter, I always made my own way there.

Ian was reaching the end of primary school, and we had to decide what to do about his education. The schools in Germany for secondary pupils were boarding schools and we did not think they were very good.

The alternative was Queen Victoria School at Dunblane for the sons of 'other ranks'. We worried about it for ages, we sent away for the information and received brochures back. We went home on leave and took him to the School. It was a good place but I hated leaving him. He was just 10½ and we had been a close family. He must have been homesick, but he stuck it. And after two years was Head Boy of the Junior School. His first Christmas he spent with my mother and father. My sister-in-law put him on trains to London and my dad met him at the other end.

The Annual Ball for the Bn Sgts Mess took place on New Year's Eve, it was always a splendid affair, long evening dresses and long gloves. The best thing however was that all Mess members had a new Mess dress - a jacket in dark green, and fine trews. I made John a cummerbund from the new stiff lining (just on the market) covered it with black satin, it was very smart. I ended up making 15 more for other members.

All the top brass from Brigade came, and also other units came by invitation. It was very funny watching English units trying to do the reels and other Scottish dances. We danced till about 3am. The dance band was excellent and no-one wanted to leave.

Our babysitter was asleep on the settee so we left him there and gave him breakfast before he went back to Camp.

Now we had a car, we decided to have a camping holiday in Germany. We borrowed two tents from the Bn. One shaped like a tepee and one a three sided tent for cooking in, and went north to the Plonasea area. The camp site was basic but the Germans had better tents than we had.

The village was called 'Da Soime'; meaning The Pig - why - I have no idea! The weather was good but the nearby lake was a bit chilly, we swam quite a bit.

The last day was a colder day, John suggested we had one last swim. Soon after John's back seized up, and he couldn't drive the car. Fortunately, we had already packed up the camping gear. Now comes the test, I'd only driven round Minden, so now I had to drive 250 miles and a lot of it was autobahn but even so driving on the right, in a right hand drive is quite wearing.

On arrival Milly gave us the budgie she had been minding for us, and the next morning it was lying feet up in the cage. The house must have been too cold.

Ian and Marion were upset so we got out a shoebox and lined it. Ian dug a hole in the garden and we laid him to rest.

Next again day, I go down with pneumonia and couldn't breathe. John could not get the central heating going, so Milly came in and got it working. Some end to a holiday!

Next happening, Bill, Milly's husband came racing along to say Milly was ill, I went down and he left for work.

On seeing Milly I realised it was something quite serious, and sent a neighbour to call the Army Doctor. - she was being sick every two minutes and I told him to get an ambulance, it could be appendicitis. He did so, and Bill came back to go with her to Rinteln. The Army hospital was twenty miles away, on arrival Milly was operated on immediately and was only an hour away from peritonitis, so the Surgeon said.

I looked after the children while she was away and Bill stayed in barracks.

The Bn was away on an exercise and I was just walking back home from a coffee morning when a big black car drew up and out popped the Families Officer, a Major, "Mrs Sneddon I need your help". I got into the car and he told me a Corporal had died on the exercise from a breach block misfire, and would I go with him to see the wife. Well, I could hardly say no, so off we went.

A telegraph from the UK, told us that John's mother had died suddenly at Jedburgh in Scotland. She was only sixty years old and after working all her married life, was told to take it easy, and to clear up an ulcer in her leg, go to bed and rest it but after three days she died.

It seems that life is never fair. John's mum had eight children and worked all the time as her husband could not get work in the early thirties. She was twenty years younger than he was, but he lived on until his 90th birthday.

John arrived in Jedburgh to find all the sisters were waiting for him do all the arrangements. He had to think it out as he'd never had to do this before. However, he coped very well, and the funeral went without a hitch.

Meanwhile, I was getting used to funerals. Day old babies were buried in Germany, so sometimes I was the only mourner, apart from the parents and the Family's Officer, as it required four people to lower the coffin, small though they were, I would be left holding wreaths, flags, hats and sticks on my own at the head of the grave. One sad funeral was a young boy drowned in the fire water tank in the barracks.

By the end of the four years, I had attended thirteen funerals. The dark suit I had bought for these occasions was never worn again, it reminded me too much of sad times.

The money from the wives club allowed us to run a families dance every two months and a night out for a dinner with all the wives.

Another summer, I started a Saturday morning cinema it was a great success. I hired the films from the AKC at Minden. Every child paid 6 pence (old money) and was handed a raffle ticket, then half way through the film we held the raffle - mainly boxes of small sweets the kids loved this and it helped the summer holidays along.

Christmas and New Year were very busy times. We held a tombola night with prizes instead of money. Milly and I visited Hanover, Beilefeld, Minden and Verden for suitable prizes at reasonable prices.

We had become very good at this doing the same for weekly raffles and all the shop keepers got to know us and were always ready to show us something new.

We also held sales of work, lots of wives would make things, we travelled miles to other British units to get wool for knitting and collecting goods for the stalls from the

wives. We always made a good profit and this in turn paid for dances and outings.

The next major happening was an exercise called 'Short Commons', four Bns in the area were approached by the top brass boffins to see if any of them would take part, all turned it down as it was in the middle of winter. However, the Cameronians took it on and it was a very hard task. All the food was dried mixtures, and the troops did twenty mile route marches in the snow night and day. They then had to be stripped, weighed and measured for fat tissue etc, urine and faeces also were tested. The Bn stood up to it very well.

Half way through the exercise the Btn football team were due to play in the final of the British Army of the Rhine Cup. The CO trucked the whole Btn to the football ground in Minden. And the Military Police made sure they were sealed off from all possible food, not to mention families.

The Cameronians won the cup and the moral of the troops was lifted for the rest of the exercise. The scientists thanked the Bn and a lot was learned about the quality of survival food.

Ian came to Germany for holidays. The logistics were as follows; John's sister put him on the train for London (when he was older he made the trip with the other boys). Then mum and dad put him on the plane at Heathrow and we drove to Hanover to pick him up, at the end of the holidays it was a reverse procedure.

Another major happening the whole world heard about! There was a pub on the River Wesser in Minden which some of the troops frequented. It was a bit of a dive and it was also used by the German Bargees. On this particular night one or more bargees called the troops 'poison dwarfs' well most Cameronians from the Glasgow area are short but they make up for it in fighting spirit. So, naturally, a fight broke out and the landlord called the Military Police and all concerned were arrested. They were duly up before the CO charged and sentenced, all this was over and forgotten. Until...

A few weeks later all hell broke loose. The press had somehow missed the incident and swarmed all over us, the CO went ballistic but gave very good statements.

The press came round the houses about midnight, trying to question the families, it was an absolute disgrace - I have never trusted the press since. The paper headlines in the UK read 'The Poison Dwarfs'. It took years to live down that name, ours was a

good mature Bn.

The truth came out later that they were really after the Mr Profumo the Defence Minister, and picked on us well after the event as a link to his problem.

One Christmas and New Year we sent Marion home to mums and Ian joined them. John and I were out every night for two weeks attending Bns function running Christmas draws, children's Christmas Parties, and finally the New Year's Annual Ball. We had clothes landing everywhere, No 1 Dress, No 2 Dress, Mess Dress, Cocktail dresses and Evening Dresses. We were absolutely tired out at the end of it.

We always seemed to be the last to get our leave, three times we made the trip to the UK by car sharing the driving. Sometimes it was quite hair raising, on one occasion I had been driving, I woke John up to take over and I guess his eyesight hadn't quite adjusted to the night, about five minutes later I shouted 'stop' at the top of my voice, we were heading for a 15 foot drop, the tree lined roads in Belgium are poplars and in the dark two roads diverging looked like one. It happened again later, we drove straight into a town square, trees lined with same optical illusion.

We usually reached Ostend by 5am and cooked breakfast on the grass verge before catching the ferry.

One year we went in August, Ian was still at home, we reached the ferry no problem and then came the worst sea journey I have ever made. We were at sea for seven hours we couldn't get into Dover, even the ship's crew were sick, we eventually found a sheltered spot on deck and stayed there until we landed, we all looked green. The Custom's Officer took one look and quickly flagged us through we pulled up outside Dover and we all went to sleep.

Each time we went home, both Milly and I saved up our cash and I went up to Oxford Street. If the sales were in progress Milly gave me her measurements and foot size.

Clothes in Germany were very expensive, apart from cotton underwear which was very cheap and Milly being a very small size could only buy children's clothes.

One year I purchased for her a winters coat, dressing gown, 2 pairs of size 3½ shoes, a skirt and blouse all for about £20.00.

For myself I went straight to Marks & Spencers and bought three jersey wool suits and a jersey wool dress. They were always one of the best buys, it's a pity they changed to synthetics in later years.

As the RSM's wife, I had to look as smart as possible, and with the right shoes, the jersey wool suits were always admired. One coat also admired was the grey fake fur with angora wool cuffs and large collar. This coat came out for every dance or ball over four years in Minden, bought for Pat's wedding it was too decorative for every day wear. It is still in the cupboard 40 years later, Marion says 'it's her heirloom'.

Nights in the Sgts Mess were very entertaining, we had an excellent Dance Band. We had theme nights but best of all was the music and better still, the Twist started. John and I were very good ballroom dancers. Dancing together since 1945, but the minute the Twist started we were hooked, we'd start about 9pm and were still at it at 4am! We often walked home in the morning mist.

One such night proved disastrous for me, I had made gingham circular skirts for Milly and myself, with a wide band at the waist with the very frilled underskirts - very much in fashion.

This night was themed which included a fish and chip supped in a newspaper, about midnight I began to feel a bit under the weather and I put it down to the mix of drink, food and frantic dancing.

Next morning, I felt all right and took the children to a local lagoon (once a sandpit) we went swimming, and as I entered the water up to my waist, it was quite cold I felt something jump in my right side, I didn't think much about it. But, twenty four hours later it was a different matter, I felt ill but had no idea why. The Doctor came and gave me some mixture and left. On taking the medicine, I was violently sick, but not from the pain.

John took action, I staggered down to the back seat of the car, with a basin across my knees and he drove the 20 miles to Rinteln Military Hospital, like a bat out of hell. On arrival I was put into a wheelchair, at the entrance there was a large mirror - I caught sight of myself and I thought I was dying. I was a lovely shade of grey.

I was in hospital for two weeks waiting for the inflammation to die down in the gall bladder, no food just lucozade. Then x-rays were taken, and the surgeon came to me and said it was satisfactory, by that I thought he meant the stones had gone through, not so!

The stone was the size of a peach stone the mixture of fish and chips, rum & coke and the cold water swim had dislodged it

and it went over the tube and the bile built up.

I was sent home to get fit, then went back for the operation. I was in for two weeks again and had so many visitors who, I discovered, expect you to do most of the talking. One morning I suddenly felt miserable, the walls were closing in, the surgeon said 'stitches out and go home' praise be I'd survived.

I got around driving the car. Milly lifted the shopping and coal etc, so between Milly & John, I managed not to strain, however, it was about six months until I felt normal.

## 1964

The Bn had been posted back to Scotland. I personally was glad to be nearer Ian and the fact that I could visit to take him out for the day, was a good prospect. Packing up is always a chore, we now had two children's bikes to crate up. However some goods could be taken by car. We drove home to Harrow, and stayed with mum and dad, then the trek north, back once more to Redford Barracks in Edinburgh.

The circle is complete, we are back in an old house 18 years later. The house was pretty small and no garden, it was built about 1890's. It stood opposite the NAAFI - so it was quite noisy from the troops.

John was very busy as the Bn was now on Royal Duties. This consisted of placing daily guards at Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Place. I have an excellent picture of John in full regalia, sword, etc, The Guard was marching down the Royal Mile and the morning sun shone all over the silver. It is the best picture of John in uniform.

Joyce Sneddon (Mrs)

## Musical Usury.

The credit card interest and the rate charged by loan sharks does not seem excessive when compared with the rate charged by the Military Band loan club. For every £1 borrowed the interest was 1s 8d per week or just over 8%, which if borrowed for a full year, even without using the accumulated compound interest, would amount to 400% per annum.

The band loan club lasted for ten weeks at a time to avoid continuous excessive debts and the likelihood of bad debts. Each period of the club finished before a posting or the beginning of a leave: sometimes the club continued through the time of a tour.

I am sure the rate of interest will be a shock to readers but it must be accepted that the loan period was short and people borrowed just for a week at a time. It made cash available between pay days.

The band, seeing me as an honest clarinettist and the least likely to fiddle,



asked me to run the club. They would accept my using the funds for the occasional NAAFI supper or trip to the cinema but would not have tolerated any step towards living beyond my means. As nobody ever gave me any reward for my efforts, I knew it would be acceptable to cost in a modest fee, which I showed in the accounts.

I worked out double-entry bookkeeping as an obvious way to keep the accounts. It was only during my pay sergeants' course that I realised that I was being taught something that I had worked out for myself.

At the beginning of each period shilling shares were sold. Most of the shareholders bought shares valued between 10s and a £1 payable weekly over ten weeks. Although I did not know the names, bandsmen also invested on behalf of those outside the band. In the same way, borrowers came from without the band. To prevent bad debts such loans were made and repaid on a weekly basis.

The weekly cash amounted to about £25. With the high rate of interest, combined with the continuous compound interest, someone who did not borrow could expect a return of between £6 or £7 on an investment of £10 after ten weeks.

The anomaly was it cost interest to borrow your own shares. Some people always took their shares as a loan and borrowed more in addition. Borrowers had to have the permission of the investors who had to

accept the consequences for bad debts.

All this was taking place without being known to the officers or the members of the sergeants' mess ever finding out. What we were doing was possibly illegal or unacceptable?

The value of the shares was eagerly awaited at the end of each period. None of us knew anything about the stock market and were unaware that our exorbitant rate of interest would be inapplicable in the real financial world.

The medieval church banned usury because of its potential evil. Even today the Islamic Faith does not allow it. The result is that Muslims have to engage in the most complicated financial arrangements to observe their law and get mortgages.

I hope that the Editor does not check the Queen's Regulations and the Manual of Military Law to find the section to publish me as a minor usurer. I am concerned, for I live but one hour from the cells of Colchester.

Bill Cougлан.

## Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun

Since writing my article last year, I have tried to discover why the Cameronians choose 'Within A Mile of Edinburgh Toun' as their regimental quick march. I have some more information but cannot find any record of meetings that gave the reasons for the acceptance of the Hook tune.

The British Library records show that there were close links between Edinburgh and the Cameronians and this may have influenced the choice of 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun' as the regimental quickstep in 1878. However, the curator of the Music Collections at the British Library has confirmed that he cannot identify it as either being registered as a regimental quick march or printed in one of military band journals.

The year 1878 was before the merger and, therefore, it can be established that 'Within a Mile of...' was selected for the 26th Cameronian Regiment and not for the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) of 1881. Terry MacKenzie, the Museum Collection at Hamilton, send me 'The Regimental Standing Orders of 1930. Under X1 Music one can learn that the 1st and 2nd battalions were preserving their origins by playing

mostly the music of either the 26th or the 90th on parades and during the timetable of the regimental day. The 2nd Bn, possibly because they saw it as much as a march from the 26th, did not play 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun'. The 2nd Bn used 'The Gathering of the Grahams' as the quick march for both the pipes and drums and the military band. Although 'Within a Mile of...' was the 1st Bn quick march, it had limited use, for it was only played for the march past by the military band if the pipe band was not on parade. Even at the end of band concerts, according to the 1930 orders, 'The Cameronian Rant' was to be played instead of 'Within a Mile of...' However, during my time in the band 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun' was played after the 'Cameronian Rant.'

In my time 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun' was played the end of concerts and mess nights but never on parades. At the end of Retreats the Military Band marched off in silence behind the pipe band playing 'Kenmuirs On an' Awa' and the 'Gathering of the Grahams.' It is likely that 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun' was known to but a few in the battalion.

The Royal Military School of Music, did not reply to my letter or respond to my telephone calls about 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toun.' I had hoped they would have its origin recorded in their library of regimental marches.

I have read that new regimental marches are now decided by competition. For example, the newest army corps, The Corps of Army Musicians recently chose an arrangement of 'The Minstrel Boy to the Wars has Gone', by such a competition, as their regimental quick march. The origin of their march will never be a mystery.

Bill Cougлан

## All this for Eight Minutes!

### The Gallipoli tape at the Regimental Museum.

When it reopened in 1999, the new exhibits in the Regimental Museum at Hamilton included a video describing the experiences of the 7th and 8th Battalions The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) at Gallipoli in 1915/16. The video still is on display, but unfortunately, apart from the contents of the video itself, there is nothing to draw to the visitor's attention the subject matter, its location, or its significance to the Regiment. The boards

surrounding the screen remain bare. It is hoped that this article will in some way go towards rectifying the position. Also, it may enlighten the reader on the problems of preparing and producing documentary films of military history - even in a case of a film of some, eight minutes' duration.

In 1994, following an earlier series of four half hour programmes produced for Tyne/Tees Television and Yorkshire Television on the Battle of the Somme in which I acted as military adviser and presenter, the same company was engaged to prepare a further series on the Gallipoli Campaign of 1915/16 for the same organisations and also for Scottish ITV. I was pleased to be asked to act in the same capacities for the new series of four programmes. The only way in which justice could be done to such a series, was for some of the footage to be shot on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Fortunately, budgetary provision had been made for a two-week reconnaissance of the battlefield. As a former Cameronian, I was aware that the Regiments 7th and 8th Battalions - still using the preferred title of Scottish Rifles - had taken an active, and at times tragic part in the Campaign, I was anxious that the Regiment should receive full recognition for its deeds, along with those of many other regiments. Both Battalions were involved in an epic assault in their first action on 28th June 1915. Considerable preliminary research was undertaken in regimental and other museums in preparation for the recce; among these was the Regimental Museum. It soon became clear from sketch maps in the archives, that the location, near Gully Ravine at Cape Helles, should be identifiable without much difficulty. This proved to be the case.

The attack of 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles at Neuve Chapelle on the Western Front in March 1915, probably is the best known of the many heroic but tragic assaults of the Regiment in World War I. Sometimes, it tends to overshadow other Regimental actions of a similar nature which took place around the same time. Such is the case with the Gallipoli attack of June 28th 1915. The two actions have many similarities. Both at Neuve Chapelle and Gully Spur (the site of the Gallipoli attack) assaults were made with negligible artillery support, leaving the enemy trenches virtually undamaged. In the case of Neuve Chapelle there had been insufficient time for the guns to be adequately registered, while at Gully Spur there was no noticeable support at all. Both

were made over open ground against well dug in positions. For each it was their first attack of the war.

156 Brigade (of which the two Battalions formed part) was attached to the 29th Division for an attack at Gully Spur. The Divisional Commander, because of the shortage of both suitable guns and ammunition, had allocated all but a derisory portion of the barrage to fall on a different sector to the Brigade front. Both there and at Neuve Chapelle, the advance took place in the face of withering machine gun fire - with the same predictable result. 7th and 8th Battalions suffered grievous casualties as 7th was ordered to attack over the ground on which the dead and wounded of its sister battalion were already strewn. Thereafter they were able to operate only as a composite unit, and could muster only sufficient rifles to form a weak single battalion. In the 28th June action the 8th lost 15 Officers and 234 Other Ranks killed and 10 Officers and 114 other ranks wounded, while before its back up attack was halted, 7th lost 10 Officers and 158 Other Ranks killed and 4 Officers and 100 ranks wounded - a shattering blow. Despite the fact that at the time of the final withdrawal from Cape Helles on 9th January 1916 it could muster only about 150 effective rifles, 7/8th was accorded the honour of being one of the last Regiments to perform the nerve wracking duty of manning the front line as cover for the retreat.

Our reconnaissance, made by the producer, his assistant and myself, covered all the major battle sites of the Gallipoli campaign. In addition to walking the battlefields, it included visits to the Turkish National Army Museums at Istanbul and at the Gallipoli Peninsula, as well as several of the Turkish forts and other defence positions at the Narrows of the Dardanelles in connection with the Naval actions preceding the altered landings. The site of the Scottish Rifles'

June attack appeared little altered, save for most of it now being under cultivation. whereas in 1915 the area had been largely covered in scrubby growth. It was obvious that the location would be ideal for filming, and I was able to suggest to the producer Ed Skelding, that it was a suitable candidate for inclusion in the appropriate section of the programme. On returning to U.K., I mentioned this likelihood to Colonel Hugh MacKay. This resulted in the germination of a proposal to attempt to persuade Ed



Skelding to prepare a special Cameronian film about 7th and 8th Battalions at Gallipoli for the forthcoming opening of the Museum.

The first step was to consult the Local Authority through the responsible officer - at that time Bob Clark. The Museum had no moving footage available for display, and subject to cost, he embraced the possibility with enthusiasm. That issue naturally took prime place on the agenda. It is not generally appreciated in documentary film making how vital is the expense factor. Allowances must be made for administration, proper preparation and research, for hire of camera crews, scripting, as well as the hire of editing suites, sound dubbing and voice recording studios. Most important of all is correct budgeting for on-site filming, bearing in mind that in a foreign location there can be no question of a return to retake unsatisfactory footage.

Several meetings took place at Hamilton with Bob Clark and other Council representatives, Colonel Hugh, Ed Skelding and myself to discuss the financial implications, the optimum running time for the proposed video and its content and presentation. It was agreed that the background from which the two Battalions were drawn, their training and heritage would be part and parcel of the film. It would then lead up to the Gallipoli Campaign. The requirements of a film designed to be shown live as a permanent exhibit are different to that for a film made for more lengthy TV programmes or for historical research. Live viewing in the body of a museum requires - expense apart - strict limitations on viewing time. The average visitor to a museum does not wish to be overloaded with facts, or to be fixed to one exhibit for an inordinate length of time. Viewing time therefore was settled at about eight minutes. maximum. It was intended that an explanatory display fixed to the surrounding boarding beside the video screen, together with a composite photograph of the battle site, would guide a viewer interested in further research to the Museum's archives.

Ed Skelding had considered it feasible in addition to the schedule for the main programme, to fit some extra filming at Gallipoli appropriate to the Museum's requirements. After careful consideration, the project was approved. There is available at the Regimental Museum an excellent series of contemporary photographs of

the Battalions sojourn on the peninsula, presumably taken by a member of the Scottish Rifles, that portray the extreme conditions under which they soldiered. There was no difficulty in obtaining contemporary photographs of the areas from which the men of 7th and 8th Battalions were recruited. These were copied onto studio rostrum camera.

The script was drawn on the basis of several identifiable potentially suitable sites for filming at Gallipoli, with presenter at times in vision. The duration of the film being only about eight minutes, the script also had to be written as a synopsis in which only the salient facts could be included. Filming at the selected points, of necessity, had to take place subject to incorporating the work into the main schedule for the main programme. Sometimes it is not appreciated that sequences are not shot in the order in which they appear in the completed film. One of the main purposes of a recce is to establish not just where, but when it would be best to film at a particular location. The probable weather, the position of the sun at certain times of day and the shadows that would be cast by it, surrounding noise from machines, and accessibility for the camera crews all must be considered. A strict timetable must be compiled. Once it falls behind schedule it can prove very hard to remedy. It is quite normal for several shots of the same sequence to be taken, sometimes because of presenter or camera crew error. Allowance must also be made for the fact that technical problems could occur, or that the presenter might forget lines or use a form of inflection that is unsatisfactory to the producer. At times, it becomes necessary to alter the camera position to suit changing light, and should the schedule fall into arrears, to abandon some shots altogether. Often it is impossible to proceed in an orderly progression from one site to the next; in order to capture the right conditions. Frequently it is necessary to crisscross the countryside in an apparently time wasting and arbitrary manner.

7/8th Scottish Rifles spent from mid June 1915 until January 1916 in the Cape Helles Sector, during which the climate changed from summer temperatures of at times 110 degrees Fahrenheit to the depths of winter sometimes at 20 degrees below freezing. Torrential rain caused flash flooding. One visit only to Gallipoli for filming was possible, so that black and white archive

photographs were relied upon to depict the winter experience. It is normal for only about one quarter of film shot to be actually used in the final product, and so it proved in the Cameronian video. Considerable time and skill is required by the producer to adjust this to the script, with variations always necessary in both directions. This is where the expertise of the director/producer can be decisive. Ed Skelding (a Glaswegian by birth and a graduate of Stirling University) had many years of experience in the art, as well a natural empathy with his subject. The penultimate stage is the dubbing of the background music and sound track, and the final steps rests with the presenter to 'voice over' in the studio those parts of the footage which were not recorded previously when sound filming took place simultaneously on location.

The completed version of the video was shown to the Regimental Trustees and Council Officers shortly before the date fixed for the reopening of the Museum and approved. The Museum now has in its possession onsite footage of the Gallipoli battlefields unique to the Regiment. So far as I am aware, no other regiment holds a similar film that is devoted exclusively to its own regiment. It preserves a visual record of the dauntless courage of Cameronians who, far from home, under trained for their task, ill equipped, physically drained by several weeks aboard ship and by the onset of the scourge of dysentery, richly deserve an honoured place in Regimental History.

Cliff Pettit

## The Outbreak of Malaria in Italy in 1944

It is possible that in 1944 that Jerry Dawson and the other 100,000 who caught malaria were the first casualties of biological warfare. This information was broadcast on BBC Radio 4 on the 8th September 2003.

After the Allies landed at Salerno on the 9th September 1943, the retreating Germans decided to flood the Tiber Delta and the former Pontino marshes in the Latima area to hold up the Allied advance. As October to February is the rainy season in this part of Italy, the area could have become flooded with fresh water if the Germans had turned off the pumps. Instead they decided to reverse the action of the pumps, destroy the tidal gates and pumped salt water inland to mix with the fresh water. This mixture

of salt with fresh created in the spring the correct breeding environment for malaria carrying mosquitoes. This was a cruel act, for thousands of local people, and many Allied troops, caught malaria.

It was during the Fascist rule of Mussolini that it was decided to drain the Pontino marshes and reclaim the land. It was by the use of flood barriers and pumps that an area, hitherto affected by malaria was turned into one of normal living. The project was largely successful, for by 1940 the annual malaria rate had dropped to 550. The result of the German action in September 1943 brought the return of malaria to thousands of people. The programme stated there is evidence for this cruel act by the Germans. At the moment the evidence is being assembled to confirm what is strongly believed and if the legal investigation becomes a reality, the case will be presented to the Germans. No doubt we will learn more: the finding of the truth when so many people suffered is essential.

Are there any Cameronians of the Italian campaign who remember the unexpected, and perhaps unexplained, outbreak of malaria in the spring of 1944?

Bill Coughlan

## Robert Owen and Lanark

In my article last year I was expressing my surprise that Robert Owen was not known in Lanark either by a statue or any other means of recognition.

The New Lanark Conservation Trust has provided me with the reason why Robert Owen was disapproved of in Lanark. I shall quote from the letter I received from the Trust.

'I have to say that I am not in the least surprised by the lack of awareness of Robert Owen in Lanark wither in the 1940's or indeed at any time. There is a long-standing antipathy, if not hostility, to Owen in the Ancient and Royal Burgh of Lanark, which had some difficulty with the industrial new town that sprang up on its doorstep in 1785, and, even more so with its radical owner, whose unorthodox views on religion among other things did not endear him to the Lanark establishment.' Robert Owen should have the last word:

'I know that society may be formed so as to exist without crime, without poverty, with health greatly improved, with little if any misery, and intelligence and happiness

improved a hundredfold; and no obstacle whatsoever intervenes at this moment expect ignorance to prevent such a state of society from becoming universal.' Robert Owen 1816.

Bill Coughlan.

## The Wearing of The Green, and The Khaki, and The Black.

Readers will indulge me, I hope, if I take a rather circuitous route to arrive at my start-point. But bear with me: you may yet find something of interest hidden here.

All of you will have heard of the great World War II leader Field Marshal Lord Wavell. Some of you may have read his biography and a few may even be aware that it has a second volume completed after the death of the original biographer (John Connell) and covering Wavell's years in India and beyond. Some of you will have read Wavell's wonderful collection of poetry, *Other Men's Flowers*, put together during the war and, by all accounts, almost entirely from memory. Not for nothing was volume one of his biography (published by Collins in 1964) called *Scholar and Soldier*.

Some also may know that Wavell wrote another book during the war: a biography of Field Marshal Lord Allenby. I confess I had forgotten this entirely until just a few months ago when I lit upon and bought a first edition of it. Now pause for a moment and think about the man who could write on that scale and to that quality while holding some of the most onerous offices of war.

I read the biography of Wavell shortly after it was published. At that time I was acting as the Arena Officer for the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. As such I had a room in the Castle Mess. I was much amused to read that Wavell, as a Black Watch subaltern, had joined in a competition with a friend to see if they could drive a golf ball from the roof of the Mess into Princess Street Gardens! That pales by comparison though with an escapade of the 1960's when some soldiers of the \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\* Highlanders, on duty in the Castle, bombarded the citizenry of the the Grass Market with snooker balls!

Wavell tells us that Allenby spent many of his early years as a cavalry officer in South Africa in the late 1800's. He saw a lot of action at every level of regimental command. It was while I was reading this

part of Wavell's narrative that a reference set me off on the trail of the origins of khaki uniforms. And here I must confess my ignorance. I had at the back of my mind the idea that khaki had been conceived for use by the army in South Africa at about this time. (That's what comes from sleeping through many of the lectures at Sandhurst.) Of course I was wrong. It first appeared in India half a century earlier. and this is how.

In 1846 a new Guide Corps was formed for service on the North West Frontier of India. Its commandant was a Lieutenant Lumsden and his adjutant (who was also effectively second-in-command) was Lieutenant WSR Hodson. One of the duties assigned to Hodson was responsibility for equipping the new regiment. This also necessitated his choosing the regiment's uniform. Accordingly in May 1848 he liaised with his brother in England, The Rev George Hodson, to send all of the cloth, rifles, and Prussian-style helmet required. With Lumsden's approval Hodson decided upon a lightweight uniform of "khaki" colour - or "drab" as it was then called. This would be comfortable to wear and "make them invisible in a land of dust". Khaki is the Urdu (and Persian) word for dusty.

William Hodson was an interesting character. There can have been few cavalry subalterns in those days (and not many now) with a Cambridge degree as well as a facility for and an interest in languages. He joined the Indian Army in 1845 and served with the 2nd Grenadiers before joining the new Guide Corp two years later. After a period as an assistant district commissioner he returned to command the Guides from 1852 to '54. Later, during the Indian Mutiny, he was given a commission to raise his own regiment, Hodson's Horse. In 1858 he was shot and killed in action. Hodson's Horse have the distinction of having had khaki chosen as their own and only uniform.

It was not until 1885 that the entire army in India adopted khaki. It then took a further fifteen years before the British army as a whole adopted the uniform, referred to as khaki drill, to fight the Boer War. (So I was at least right about that bit.) The only references to be found in the Regimental History (volume one, page 292) are:

*"At the end of 1909 the 1st battalion left Bombay for South Africa... equipment is being brought into line with the needs of modern warfare; at Bloemfontein the black greatcoats*

of the battalion were replaced with khaki.”

There were many earlier occasions when a lighter and more practical uniform would have been a wise choice. In 1828 Private McGregor is quoted as having written:

*“We had to mount guard at first with shakos and red coats as in Europe till many men dropt with sunstroke, then the Colonel found out we were not in Europe. He would soon have killed us all.”* (Ibid p 230.)

By 1833 the 26th were in China. One of the surgeons of the garrison at Chusan wrote about the amount of disease and illness exacerbated by the fact that:

*“Under a sun hotter than that ever in India, the men were buckled up to the throat in their full-dress coatees...”*

And soldiers of the 90th fared no better. They were in the Cape Colony (South Africa) in January 1847. One resident there, a Mrs Harriet Ward, wrote:

*“Under every disadvantage of fatigue, privation, and a residence under canvas in the height of an African summer, with the thermometer at times 157F [78C] in the open air, the 90th, on their march from Graham’s Town to the coast, presented a perfect picture of a regiment of British veterans.”*

Mrs Ward says nothing of the men’s uniforms, but an earlier observer, while praising the soldiers’ physique, pointed out that

*“...the once bright scarlet of Britain’s blood-red garb was sadly sobered down to a dark dingy maroon, while the nether garments, well patched and strapped with leather, bore evidence to the hard service they had undergone...”* (Ibid p 252)

It was 62 years before khaki made its appearance in South Africa to replace the, by then, black greatcoats of the Scottish Rifles. But this is not quite the whole story. Both battalions served in India before that. The 1st Battalion landed in Bombay on 1 January 1895 and stayed there till the end of 1909 when it moved to South Africa. During this time they certainly wore khaki and there is a good photograph, reprinted here, which I saw first in Major Brian Leishman’s excellent album, *300 Years of Service*, published as part of the 300th celebrations in May 1989 [and still available from the Museum.]

This photograph, of the Military Band, shows two other details of interest. On close examination it is possible to verify that they were of course wearing their puttees “Cameronian style”, ie they were wound from the outside to the inside (rather that

the conventional way which is vice versa). The other is that the officers are wearing black armbands which would have been because of official mourning on the death, on 22 January 1901, of Queen Victoria. This places the photograph almost certainly in the month following her death.

The 2nd Battalion was in India in 1881 at the time of the amalgamation and the founding of the Scottish Rifles and was to remain there until January 1895 when it embarked for home. They were in India then at the time when we are told that khaki became the usual dress (1885) though there is no reference to this that I can find in the Regimental History and there is no photographic clue from The Album. They were to remain in UK from 1895 until sailing for South Africa in the autumn of 1899 on the outbreak of the South African war. There they would certainly have made the change from rifle green to khaki.

Let me return now for a moment to the subject of puttees and the way they are / were worn. I made the point about what I believe is the unique way in which the Cameronians wore them. Is there a myth to be exploded here as well? My understanding was that the tradition came from the time of service in South Africa. It seems clear



that puttees (the word is Hindu) originated in India and came into service with khaki battledress uniforms. Both battalions saw service there after its introduction in 1885 and before they went to South Africa. Can we therefore assume that the puttee tradition stems from India instead? I think so. But did both battalions wind them the same way? I wonder.

While reading some note on Hodson’s Horse I came across a comment to the effect that “Many view it [khaki] as the precursor of modern camouflage uniform.” Not so, of course, as any rifleman will tell you. That distinction goes to the original rifle regiments of the Peninsular War a further

half century (or so) earlier. They had sought to disguise their whereabouts by adopting dark green (as opposed to scarlet) uniforms and black (as opposed to brass) buttons.

But this is not the whole story either. The very reference to green uniforms is in the history of the 60th (The King's Royal Rifle Corps). Their roots were in North America, where they were formed, and where they had been issued with uniforms of green, and rifles as opposed to muskets.

The 95th (The Rifle Brigade) were first formed as an Experimental Corps in 1800 and they were given rifles and green uniforms too. In 1803 they were to be joined by the 43rd & 52nd (The Ox and Bucks) to form the Light Brigade. Later, in 1808 they joined the 60th to form the Brigade of Riflemen. These then are the units to which we can trace back the green roots of the Scottish Rifles. But the wearing of green uniforms, "the precursor of modern camouflage" actually goes back to the 18th century and not just to the Peninsular War. Another myth demolished!

With the formation of The Scotch (later Scottish) Rifles in 1881 the combined Cameronians and Perthshire Light Infantry took on rifle green for their tunics. But how many people remember that it was not until 1890 that Douglas tartan was authorised for their trews? The same strikingly good combination can still be seen today, worn by the Pipes and Drums of the Royal Gurkha Regiment, the successors to (and incorporating) the 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, the affiliated regiment of The Cameronians.

I have for some time wondered why, when the Lowland Band of the Scottish Infantry was formed a few years ago, the opportunity was not taken to adopt Douglas trews. It would have been a signal way of continuing the traditions of wearing the tartan of that great Lowland Scottish family and a fitting way to show that the wider memory of the Scottish Rifles had not been lost, or is betrayed too strong a word? Alas memories are short and the history of the uniforms adopted in recent years is sprinkled with self-serving solecisms.

But back now to the black greatcoats. One of the smartest items of uniform in use at the time of the 1st Battalion's disbandment was the officers' black patrol jacket. This was worn in the evening by the Orderly Officer and on other occasions as an alternative to Mess Dress or the dark green Lowland pattern doublet then

called Number 1 Dress but originally called Review Order. From the very first day I wore it I wondered why it was also sometimes referred to as a "Black Jumper". I wondered if by any chance it had started life as an item of dress worn by mounted officers. The custom of wearing the black lanyard (with its hangman's noose knot) round the neck, under the epaulettes, and with the end tucked into the right breast pocket certainly harked back to a time when the lanyard was the safety cord for the officer's shako.

The answer is, of course not. It is a typical soldier's corruption. The word "jumper" has been mangled from the word "jump" which means a short coat or jacket. It comes from the French, *juppe*.

Jump (for a garment, as opposed to what you did on orders) would not have been in common use, whereas reference to a sweater/pullover/jumper would have been; hence the corruption to a word which at least sounded familiar. Though they stem from the same French word, jump and jumper have completely different meanings, the latter being defined as a loose fitting garment pulled over the head.

The Black Jumper was a unique garment. Its apparent plainness belied the fact that it had some delightful detail. The cuffs were double and a row of black cuff buttons was hidden under a pointed fly. In the small of the back was a diamond shaped mini-belt held in place by two more buttons. When a sword was worn then the cross-belt was worn too and the sword was suspended on long straps (the scabbard being held in the left hand) the sword belt being hidden under the coat. It could be worn with a small thin white collar showing a millimetre above the inside of the stand-up black collar. It could be worn with strapped trews and Wellington boots or dress trews and George boots. Its most unusual feature, and one of its most attractive, was that the front was cut straight down without any cutaway, unique (I believe) for a short coat worn with trews or kilt.

I can find no reference as to when the Black Jump came into use. My supposition is that it must have been the "undress" coat used when the dress item (Levée Order?) was a frock coat complete with all its ribbons and froggings. I am at a loss to think of another item of non-mess uniform worn in recent memory which was black (as opposed to green or navy blue). That applies to all regiments in the British army too. Perhaps some buff (no pun intended)

will come to my rescue.

And so, by way of many diversions, back to khaki. Khaki was the colour familiar to all who served in the Regiment from the late 1800's through the two world wars



and until battledress was phased out. This took place fully when the 1st Battalion moved from Minden, Germany, to Redford Barracks, Edinburgh, to take up public duties in the spring of 1964. Khaki was then confined to the No 2 Dress coat and greatcoat only. Plain olive green had replaced it for what was called Combat Dress. Disrupted Pattern Material (DPM), a true camouflage, was little known then and seen only on the smocks worn by the Parachute Regiment (Or should they have been called not smocks but jumpers?) Khaki made its reappearance when the Battalion kitted out to go to Aden in 1966 where khaki drill was the only dress worn.

I remember the visit there of the then Colonel of the Regiment, Lt Gen Sir George Collingwood (the "Wicked Uncle"). He came to visit the 1st Battalion when it was up-country in and around Habilayn. I recall him saying how similar the landscape there was to the North West Frontier (where he had served as a subaltern in the 1st Battalion exactly 30 years earlier). *Plus ca change....* No surprise then that we were back in the khaki which had been thought of first by William Hodson for just that terrain. And we were lucky in more ways than one. We could rely on our excellent Quartermaster, George Soper, for our equipment and not on a vicar in England.

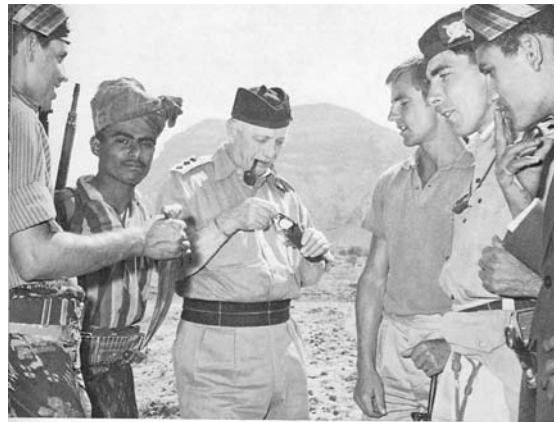
PRG

## Section XI Music

- (a) Customs in connection with Pipe, Bugle, and Military Bands.
- (b) Pipe Airs,
- (c) Bugle Calls

### (a) CUSTOMS IN CONNECTION WITH PIPE, BUGLE, AND MILITARY BANDS.

**840** In both 1st and 2nd Battalions the



UP COUNTRY at Habilayn, General Collingwood meets some members of the Federal National Guard, with the political Officer, Mr Tambling, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dow.

Orderly Bugler sounds the Reveille, which is followed immediately by the Orderly Piper playing "Johnnie Cope."

Once a week in both 1st and 2nd Battalions Reveille is sounded by full Bugle and Pipe Bands.

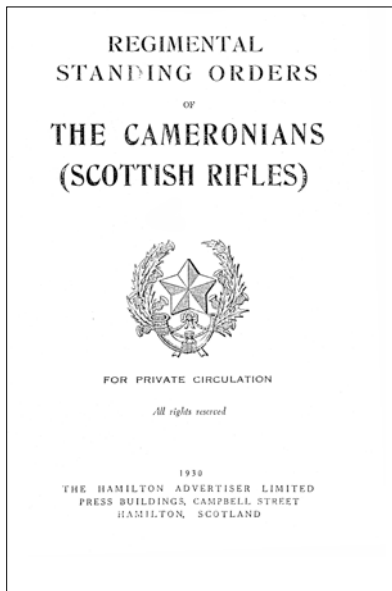
**841** (a) In the 1st Battalion Bands do not play on Church Parade. The Military Band plays during the Church Service, if required.

(b) In the 2nd Battalion the Pipe and Bugle Bands play on Church Parade. The Military Band plays during the Church Service, if required.

**842** (a) "The Black Bear" is played by the Pipe Band of the 1st Battalion when entering barracks, camp, etc.,

The men cheer on the pause that follows the double beat on the big drum.

(b) In the 2nd Battalion the same procedure is adopted when entering barracks, camp, etc., except that the Bugle Band sounds the Battalion call immediately the "Black Bear"



is finished and before the Battalion March Past is commenced.

**(b) PIPE AIRS.**

*Note* - In the 2nd Battalion the Bugle Band always sounds the Battalion Call before the Battalion March Past is played. The Battalion Call is preceded and followed by two three-pace rolls on the drums.

**843** Should the Pipe Band not be available and a March Past be required, the Military Band of the 1st Battalion plays "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Toun."

Under similar circumstances the Military Band of the 2nd Battalion plays "The Gathering of the Grahams."

**844** (a) The 1st Battalion Military Band always finishes a programme of music by playing the "Cameronian Rant," followed by the National Anthem.

(The music of the "Cameronian Rant" is given in Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Lowland Scottish Regiments." Its origin is unknown, but it is believed to date from about 1700 -1720.)

(b) The 2nd Battalion Military Band always finishes a programme of music by playing the following in the order given below:- "The Garb of Old Gaul."

The Battalion March Past ("The Gathering of the Grahams").

The National Anthem.

**845** The 5th/8th, 6th (Lanarkshire), and 7th Battalions follow the customs observed in the 1st Battalion, except that their Bands play on Church Parade.

**846 to 850** Spare

**(b) PIPE AIRS.**

**851** The following table gives the pipe airs

in use in the 1st and 2nd Battalions. These airs are played after the Orderly Bugler has sounded off, except in the case of the 1st Battalion Officers' Mess Call, when the Orderly Piper plays first.

**1st Battalion**

*Reveille* - Johnnie Cope

*Breakfast* - Brose and Butter

*Dinner* - Brose and Butter

*Tea* - Brose and Butter

*Officer's Mess - First Call* - The Drunken Piper

*Officer's Mess - Second Call* - The MacDonald's March to War.

*Last Post* - The Highland Soldier

*Lights Out* - Alone I Weary

*Guard Mounting* - Pibroach o' Donald Dhu

*Half-hour Dress* - The Earl of Mansfield

*Quarter Dress* - The Muckin' O' Geordie's Byre

*Advance* - Kenmair's On an' Awa'.

*Retreat* - On the Banks of Allan Water

**2nd Battalion**

*Reveille* - Johnnie Cope

*Breakfast* - Bundle & go. Brose and Butter

*Dinner* - Bundle & go. Brose and Butter

*Tea* - Nil

*Officer's Mess - First Call* - Not Played

*Officer's Mess - Second Call* - Not Played except on Band nights, when all Pipers parade and play "Highland Laddie."

*Last Post* - Lochaber No More

*Lights Out* - (a) Sleep, Darling

*Guard Mounting* - The Gathering of the Grahams.

*Half-hour Dress* - Not Played

*Quarter Dress* - Not Played

*Advance* - The Gathering of the Grahams

*Retreat* - No particular Air

(a) This is also known as "Soldier lie down on your wee pickle straw."

(b) The Airs are selected by the Pipe President.

**852** The Regimental Depot uses the Airs of the Home Battalion, the 5th/8th and 7th Battalions those of the 1st Battalion, and the 6th (Lanarkshire) Battalion those of the 2nd Battalion.

**853 to 855** Spare

**(c) BUGLE CALLS**

**856** The various Bugle Calls in use are given hereafter. Remaining calls are laid down for the Army. The Regimental Depot uses the calls of the Home Battalion.

**857** In the 2nd Battalion the Officers' Mess first and second calls are sounded on the bugle only, except on band nights, when all

pipers play “Highland Laddie” immediately after the second mess call has been sounded by the Orderly Bugler.

**858** In the 2nd Battalion the “Half-Hour and “Quarter Dress” Calls are sounded on the bugle only.

**859 to 860** Spare

## The Solitary Side Drum

Until recently in Chelmsford there was a double fronted military surplus shop displaying the expected uniforms, cap badges, imitation weapons and other items we used in service life. Someone more soldierly than myself might well have reverted to their conditioning and saluted either to the right or to the left.

Earlier this year I saw a Cameronian side drum looking smart and small beside the uniforms. I was told that the drum was obtained from the MOD: the price was £350. It was in mint condition and may have never contributed to the sound of the Pipe Band of the Cameronians. In exchange for giving the shop a short written history of the Cameronians to help sell the drum, I was allowed to photograph it.

I told the Editor that I was no longer the sole Cameronian living in Chelmsford and now had to compete with the circular object, which had been designed to make much more noise. He must have passed on the information because the drum was sold to either an ex-Cameronian or someone very interested in the regiment. The buyer told the shop that the news of the drum’s existence had come from an ex-bandsman.

The sight of the drum connected my memory to the poem ‘The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.’ by Charles Wolfe because I believed that it had a direct connection with Cameronians. I will quote the first verse.

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O’er the grave where our hero we buried.”

On boy service we were told that those of sergeant and above wore black lanyards because the 26th Cameronian Regt assisted with the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna in 1809. Although the Cameronians fought at Corunna, and were awarded the name as a battle honour in 1823, they had nothing to do with the burial of John Moore. A grape shot had shattered Moore’s shoulder (he

had been wounded before in other battles). Two soldiers of the Black Watch carried



him to his quarters in the citadel; he died of his wounds. The Norfolk Regiment dug his grave under fire: he was quietly buried ‘with his martial cloak around him’ by a Guards chaplain while the attacking French artillery unintentionally disturbed a solemn occasion. But as Napier wrote: ‘The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours.’

The death of Sir John Moore took place at the end of a 250-mile retreat by a small British army of 29,000. The tired troops, marching in winter weather and short of food, were being persuaded by Napoleon’s army of 300,000 to avoid taking in one of the battles of the Peninsula campaigns of 1808 and 1809. The incident was like an earlier version of Dunkirk because of the rear guard action and the post-battle evacuation by sea. Before their embarkation, the British troops at Corunna held up the French. Correlli Barnett in his ‘British and her Army’ wrote the following on p 259: ‘... by drawing away Napoleon away from his main objective and causing fatal delay and dislocation in French plans, Moore saved the Spanish cause from immediate extinction.’ Before and during this battle the 26th Cameronians suffered 25% casualties: they



arrived in Spain with 866 privates and arrived back in Portsmouth with 622. The losses were 204 killed in action and those who died on the long, almost foodless march in severe cold conditions.

Apart from his friendship with Colonel Thomas of the 90th, John Moore is very much associated with the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in other ways. He is one of the creators of fast moving light infantry troops and the regiments using the new rifle whose use was based on a German idea of 1798 contained in 'The Regulations for the Exercise of Riflemen and Light Infantry.' These British regiments also used the German Jaeger green cloth for their uniforms, a precursor to khaki.

Sir Thomas Moore, the son of a Glasgow physician, is not forgotten, for in George Square there stands a bronze statue to his memory. It cost £3,000.

Terry Mackenzie, the museums' officer at Hamilton stated the following: 'I guess that the black uniform accessories have a lot to do with The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) being a Rifle Regiment.'

Bill Coughlan.

**Editors Note: Black lanyard - safety cord officers shako!**

## Letters To The Editor

Sir,

I read with sorrow the passing of RSM Sneddon in the Ed Boyle's Aden photos. "Big Jake" was a really colourful character.

When I was in Minden I fainted during one of the Saturday morning parades and landed nose first - a text book fall now practiced by many in the Guards Brigade! Jake came forward and started prodding me with his pace-stick, first asking if I had been out drinking the night before, then telling me to get up and stop getting blood on his parade ground. Fortunately the adjutant came to my rescue and told Jake to get me assisted to my bed. If he hadn't jumped in I think Jake would still have me standing there today as punishment. Each morning when I look in the mirror I see the result of that memorable occasion, and quite frequently hear Jake's words.

Fortunately the event comes with a sort of fondness - I survived Jake and he gave me a good story to tell gatherings. I loved to watch him teach drill to the new subalterns. If the new riflemen lived in fear of upsetting

Jake, their fear was no match to the young lieutenants. Most probably had nightmares throughout their life, expecting Jake to pop up at any moment and berate them for something they hadn't done perfectly. Overall, I doubt if there is one person that was not positively affected by Jake's teachings. He knew the mission and made sure that we were all prepared to implement it properly and maintain the Regiment's fine name and traditions.

To RSM Sneddon's family, Jake will live in many people's memories with fondness. He was the epitome of a British regimental sergeant major and was greatly RSM admired by all in the Regiment.

David W. Burns

Ex-1st Bn 1962-1968 Ex-6/7th Btn, D Coy (Wishaw), 1961-1962

Sir,

While reading Volume 2 of the History Of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) by Colonel H.H. Story, I came across quotations from a book, which was unpublished at the time at which Col. Story was writing. The book was entitled "Their Mercenary Calling" and was written by Captain Malcolm Kennedy. Captain Kennedy was the last surviving Officer of the Battle of Neuve Chapelle and, indeed, took the salute at the last Neuve Chapelle Day Parade at Redford Barracks, Edinburgh, in March, 1968.

I would be grateful if any of your readers could enlighten me as to whether Capt. Kennedy ever published his book and if so, where I might see a copy. If he did not, in fact, publish it, does anyone know what happened to his manuscript?

I have a copy of a "Soldier's History" of the Royal Highland Fusiliers which I obtained from the RHF Museum when the Fusiliers celebrated their tercentenary in 1978. Did The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) ever issue such a handbook to their men and if so is there still a copy in existence?

The other book which I am trying to obtain is a Cameronian Bible. I have only ever seen one but I should like, if possible, to obtain one for myself and, more importantly, for a very good friend who is eager to possess one.

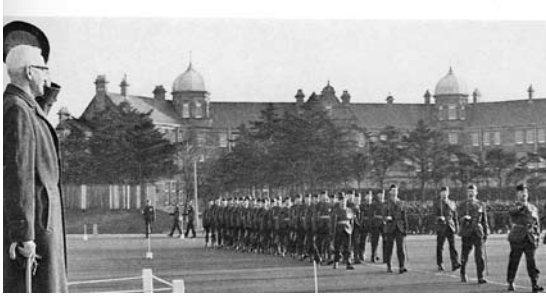
I look forward to hearing from anyone who can help me with these enquiries.

yours etc,

Richard Fowler  
7 Muirside Place,  
Pennyburn,  
Kilwinning  
Ayrshire  
KA13 6HH

P.S.

Re my letter concerning Captain Kennedy's unpublished memoir of Neuve Chapelle: it is in the Imperial War Museum. If the



Regimental Trustees would arrange to have it published, I would certainly want to purchase a copy. I don't know how easy it would be to obtain it for serialisation in The Covenantant: but I have a feeling that many would find it of interest. Sgt. Eddie Wallace told me that in the 1960's Capt. Kennedy addressed the 1st Bn. in Redford Barracks, Edinburgh. He said that Capt. Kennedy held the men rapt for some three hours and that everyone who heard him that day was very moved by his words.

yours etc,

Richard Fowler

Sir,

As I think you know, I've been having Regimental Golf Umbrellas made for most regiments for some 16 years, so production is not a problem - but there is a minimum quantity of 10. I therefore called the Museum this morning, who have very kindly said they will take the other 8, whereupon I promised I would write to you to tell you that they will be holding them. They are, of course, 4 panels Black, and 2 opposing panels each Navy Blue and Jaguar Green, with Black turned wood handle - exceptionally smart!!

yours etc,

Regimental Replicas  
Clearwater,  
Bourton,

Dorset,  
SP8 5DB

Sir,

I thought this picture would bring back memories to some ex-members of the 9th Btn. We were stationed in Keighley for 10 months during 1943/44. this building was Battalion H.Q. the C.O.'s office, orderly room and signal office were on the same floor, the pipe band were billeted on the top floor and the basement was the dining room for H.Q. and A Coy. A Coy were in a building about 50 yards up the street on the left opposite the public baths where we went every week. The baths were closed a few years ago and turned into flats when a new pool was opened. The other rifle companies were stationed in a 3 storey mill which was burned down several years ago. B.H.Q. was the local dance hall which was also burned down years ago and a new one built in Victoria Park.

Hoping this will be of some interest to our members

yours etc,

J Borthwick

Sir,

I enclose a copy of an article that appeared in the Spring/Summer 2003 edition of 'Everyone's War', The Journal of the Second World War Experience Centre, Leeds, which you might think worth replicating in the 2003 edition of The Covenantant? I have obtained the consent to its publication of Dr. Peter Liddle, the Editor (whom I have known for many years).

Hugh McKay thinks that it might be worthwhile collating some of Fyffe Christies' works on loan from the Imperial War Museum and the Scottish National War Museum, as well as those at Leeds, to form a temporary exhibition at Hamilton at some future time. Peter Liddle has already offered



the loan of any of his Centre's drawings and watercolours.

It could well be that some former 9th Battalion members might remember Christie and could provide further information?

yours etc,  
Cliff Pettit

## Fyffe Christie: Scottish Soldier and Artist

by Ted Allan

*The Centre's collection of artwork has recently been enriched by the donation of 37 drawings and watercolours by Fyffe William George Christie made during the 1944-1945 campaign in NW Europe. He served in the 9th Bn. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), on active service from Normandy to Northern Germany. Some of his work is in the Imperial War Museum and in the Scottish National War Memorial; but most of it, gifted by the artist's widow, is now in the custodianship of the Second World War Experience Centre: a record of places and events as seen through the eyes of a sensitive and accomplished artists who in later life went on to become a talented painter whose work has been exhibited in a number of galleries.*

*This personal comment on Fyffe Christie was prepared by Dr Ted Allan CBE, Friend and donor to the Centre who sadly passed on before publication of this issue. We are mindful of Ted's generous contributions towards the work of the Centre and regret the loss of a good friend.*

Returning to academic studies - or starting - with the help of government grants, was an uneasy experience for the many ex-service personnel who gathered in September 1946 fresh from campaigns in many parts of the world to begin a new life. Such men and women dominated the classes. In a scene being repeated at universities and colleges nationwide, we ex-servicemen eyed each other dressed in a motley collection of demob clothing and cast-off uniforms. We were a secretive and subdued group, little given then or later to talk about wartime experiences - in retrospect, it might have been of benefit to have done so. I remember many whose memories must have been indelibly imprinted on their minds.

It was at enrolment that I had my first encounter with Fyffe Christie who had been on active service in Northern Germany, a quiet and gentle fellow of studious

disposition and already a fine artist for whom I formed an early friendship that was to last until his death in 1979. He believed firmly in traditional art skills, and developed into a fine draughtsman. His admiration for the work of artists of the Italian Renaissance soon directed his skills into mural painting and stained glass. His was an honesty that continued throughout his career and led to the production of many fine paintings - although he was a retiring chap without the commercial acumen of many of today's fine art fraternity.

Friendship with Christie was a quiet and satisfying experience. We were much given to philosophical debate about art and life, and it took time to get to know him. He was fond of walking in the Highlands (always with sketch-book) but in student activities he tended to be an observer rather than a participant. He seemed, I recall, to exist on a diet of kippers, and in a brief insight into his private life, I recall his amusement at his landlady's disapproval of his attempts at home beer-making in his student digs (she never discovered his tobacco-growing trials in her window boxes). So it was a matter of some surprise that he volunteered to play the bagpipes at a student party and then did so with complete skill. This was a side of his character which had lain undiscovered, and led me to an understanding of how his war experience had affected his attitude to life.

*Fyffe Christie playing the pipes, front line centre*

Fyffe Christie was already a trained piper when he was called to the colours early in the war. As such, he was a desirable recruit for a Scottish regiment which regarded good pipers much as other regiments regarded good soccer players. Being a piper was not a cushy number, as Bill Millen, a recent visitor to the Centre and Lord Lovat's personal piper in 1 Commando Brigade would agree. The Pipes and Drums were the custodian of Regimental tradition, and the Pipe-Major the authority on ceremonial. The fine film 'Tunes of glory' in which the Pipe-Major of a Highland battalion was played by the actor Duncan Macrae, demonstrates the role of these NCO's in such matters as compulsory Highland dancing for the officers - usually before breakfast. But 'Pipey' as he was known was also a composer of pipe music to commemorate events in regimental history. There are many of these, from the '79th Farewell to Gibraltar'

to the more recent Argyll and Sutherland 'Entry to the Crater' which remembers post-war service in troubled Aden. Although the long tradition of piping the infantry into action was abandoned, after a rise in casualty rates, the pipes still accompanied their troops up to the line of battle, striking fear into the enemy, as happened with the Highland Division at El Alamein and elsewhere. It was the pipers who normally took on the dangerous task of providing stretcher-bearers as Fyffe Christie was to discover. After training and a much valued course at the Army School of Piping in Edinburgh Castle, he was posted to the 9th



Battalion the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). Joining them would have suited Christie's interest in Scottish history and religion at that time; it was the only regiment in the British army to have a religious origin, formed from the Covenanters in 1689. On Church Parades it mounted armed sentries and troops carried sidearms. It was the only Scottish Rifle Regiment, and sported the black uniform buttons and details of such corps. Strongly individual, rather than accept amalgamation in 1968 as did others during the painful process of army reorganisation, it decided to opt for disbandment and a final march into oblivion.

The early years of the war was a frustrating period for the 9th Battalion. They trained hard, but the boredom of seemingly endless shuffles from one hutted encampment to yet another took its toll, and was a challenge to its leaders. The Pipes and Drums were much in demand for such events as War-Weapons Weeks, which Christie remembered as all spit and polish. There were many who cast an envious eye at the other battalions of the Regiment earning new laurels in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Burma.

However, by the summer of 1943 when the 9th Battalion moved to Alnmouth in Northumberland, it was clear that the invasion of Europe was in preparation, and

that the 46 (Highland) Infantry Brigade of the 15 Scottish Division was to be a part of the invading force. The training of the 9th Cameronians, with its Brigade sister regiments and its armoured support regiment, now intensified, culminating in exercises at corps level in Yorkshire.

In May 1944 the Battalion moved to Hove in Sussex in final preparation for Operation Overlord where, in Cameronian tradition, they held their last 'Conventicle' - an outdoor service of dedication. The Battalion was to take part in heavier and more continuous fighting than their comrades, and suffered far higher casualties. They landed at Arromanches, their heavy equipment delayed by the storm which damaged the newly-assembled and 'fixed' Mulberry harbour. When the equipment caught up with them on 23 June the Battalion had already been committed to battle. It was to be a brutal baptism of fire for unbloodied troops. In the successful attack on the village of Haut Du Bosq the Battalion had suffered a hundred-and-twenty killed and wounded by 27 June. The stretcher-bearers had a dangerous task, in minefields and hedgerows behind which the enemy lurked, making the deployment of armoured support vehicles difficult. As Christie was to recall, no amount of training could equip sight of the brutal effects of high-explosives on the human body.

*'Behind the Lines', Normandy 5th July 1944.*

The most feared weapon was the mortar with which the Germans were particularly skilled, and which accounted for many of the casualties. An insidious enemy was fatigue, for sleep became difficult even during the few periods of quiet; the heightened senses of danger were alerted by bizarre battlefield noises such as the gas escaping from the corpses of dairy cattle littering the Normandy farmland. In the ensuing days hand to hand fighting took yet further toll. By 30 June casualties were so numerous that the Battalion had to be withdrawn to the rear of Le Mesnil Patry for a nine-day respite, to allow new reinforcements of men and equipment. The first essential was sleep. That satisfied, the troops were left to seek their own form of therapy to put into perspective their first blooding in action, and to prepare themselves for the next battle. There being nowhere to go, some kicked a ball about, some read, some drank. For Fyffe Christie it was a formative few days. With his sketchbook, he started to

record the scenes around him in which he found a needed tranquillity and diversion from military matters. It was a practice he was to continue for the rest of the war. Whenever the Battalion was pulled back from the battle line he would draw and paint in watercolour. By the time he reached the Baltic coast he had recorded a personal visual history of places and people in a remarkable series of images, many of which are now in Leeds. They reveal a sensitive and skilled draughtsman who found solace during a gruelling campaign.

The 9th Cameronians were to suffer further punishing casualties: only twenty-



four hours after their first rest one hundred-and-fifty-nine officers and other Ranks were killed, wounded or missing in bitter fighting in the orchards round Eterville, during a determined German counter-attack. When the enemy was finally repulsed, over a hundred German dead were left behind. A further rest period was deserved, and the Battalion, with many new faces to fill out their depleted strength, returned to the fray. Now they were moved West to the American sector of operations to participate in the breakout from Normandy which culminated in what became known as the Battle of the Falaise Gap. Christie remembers the carnage as the Cameronians advanced along a single track road of either of which German armour, transport, dead horses and men had been 'bulldozed' in thousands. By 28 July the Seine was crossed and for the first time the Battalion was to enjoy their welcome as liberators: in the advance to the Mass, in towns and villages many of which were unscarred, flowers were thrown and bottles of wine handed to the troops. In Lille this reached embarrassing proportions as crowds brought progress to a standstill. The Pipes and Drums were much

appreciated, as they were to be again and again in Belgium and Holland. In particular the Scots were to form a lasting bond with the people of Tilburg, who never forgot their liberators. Visits are still exchanged and as elsewhere in Holland, the war graves are meticulously maintained.

However, as Autumn and the German border approached, resistance stiffened to fanatical levels, and casualties mounted, a particular hatred being felt by the Cameronians for the anti-personnel mines. The weather and the terrain caused further problems: German defensive flooding was made worse by three weeks of heavy rain in November, and the dyke country before the River Maas turned into a quagmire. Supplies were delivered by amphibious vehicles, and digging in became impossible, so that fire cover had to be built above ground. It was a miserable location, long remembered as the most trying of the whole campaign. The Battalion was to remain here until the end of January, when it was thrown in to 'Operation Veritable' - the approach to the Rhine and the Siegfried Line. In atrocious weather (the combat gear of the period was far from adequate) hand to hand fighting extracted a heavy price, notably in the battle for Moyland Woods, which was considered by some with wide experience, the most unpleasant of the European War.

*Pencil drawing of musician.*

Flooding, frost, fog, and vigorous German attacks stretched morale and endurance to the limit over four days, when re-supply of ammunition and food was difficult, and at times impossible. The high number of killed and wounded meant, too, that the Unit became seriously under strength. The tenacity of the Scots eventually succeeded in forcing an enemy withdrawal: an unusual incident was the negotiated surrender of some Germans to stretcher-bearers of the Cameronians on the basis that their wounded be extracted across a minefield.

After the Rhine was crossed, on 24 March 1945, the nature of the fighting changed. Gone were the cheering crowds welcoming the liberators, replaced by the sullen inhabitants of the villages and towns - many in ruins - through which the Cameronians leapfrogged in their advance to the Elbe. And each farm and wood was fanatically defended not only by the German 7th Parachute Division - regarded by the Scots as perhaps their toughest adversaries of the campaign - but by newly thrown-together

infantry battalions formed of U-boat crews and Luftwaffe personnel. Christie was saddened, as he recalled, by the bodies of the boy-soldiers of the Hitler Youth and the old men of the Volksturm: there was no denying their courage and tenacity, but the tragic waste of human life was disturbing, particularly to anyone as sensitive as he was. Two other factors affected the Cameronian Battalion and indeed all the Allied troops. The first was the awareness that the final German collapse and surrender was inevitable, possibly only a few weeks away. It was a situation in which the battle-weary soldiers were increasingly unwilling to take unnecessary risks - although the



Cameronians continued to take punishing casualties as they crossed the River Elbe. To replace them, the reinforcements were no longer veteran Scots but a mixture of troops from other regiments, notably anti-aircraft gunners who had previously been defending British cities. As infantry, they fought bravely, but the family structure of the Battalion which had stood them in good stead in past engagements was weakened; Christie remembered wryly that many of the new intake were not greatly pleased when the pipers got some needed practice during the infrequent rest periods out of the line. The second factor which

caused much anguish was the increasing contact with the horrifying spectacle of the Concentration Camps, coupled with the flood of weakened refugees, many of them deportee labour to escape South and hoping for an eventual return to their homeland. And increasingly, as the war drew to an end, Allied POWs struggled to safety through the lines. It was all stark evidence of the brutality of war. With limited resources there was little a fighting unit could do to assist these victims; it was a depressing experience. By early May, they were assisting in the clearing of pockets of SS troops from the Sachsenwald Forest, when VE Day arrived.

For eleven bitter months, from the Normandy beaches to the Baltic, the 9th Cameronians had fought, almost without pause, an experience which left its scars on the minds of many. Fyffe Christie always maintained that the drawings he made at any opportunity during the campaign were not just art but a defence mechanism, a therapy, which helped him maintain his sanity. Prior to the First World War few painters of note showed the horrors of war; the nation's galleries are stuffed with vast canvasses seeking to glorify the battlefield, painted long after the events they claim to portray. From the Great War onwards, 'official' and servicemen artists began to reflect the reality of war, often focussing on its horror. This collection in the Centre, of Fyffe Christie's work is of a different ilk, a compelling record of one man's war: these, for the most part, carefully observed landscapes are remarkable for their artistic skill; and they are particularly remarkable for their trying circumstances in which this gentle and shy fellow produced them. That is how I remembered him."

*(Thanks are due to a number of sources which helped in the factual details of his writing. In particular to Mr Terry McKenzie, Museums Collection Officer of the Leisure Services Unit at South Lanarkshire Council, who, after the closure of the Cameronians Museum has taken on the task of maintaining historical records of a fine regiment.)*

## Eleanor Christie-Chatterly

I am very grateful to Ted Allan for his research and for his kind comments about Fyffe Christie. To me Fyffe was a charming and generous husband, an interesting and amusing companion whose good nature and cheerful disposition carried us through

the ups and downs of life in twenty seven years of very happy marriage.

He never spoke of his war experience to me except to tell of outings on special piping duties at various functions, or to mention 'the chaps' with whom, I gather, he got on rather well. Some of them had little formal education - he wrote their letters home for them, and felt moreover that they had a genuine respect for his art.

In the light of what was going on around him it seems strange that these drawings contain none of the shocking images usually associated with 'War Art'. Shortly after we were married Fyffe worked on a panel some twelve feet long in our studio/living room depicting the field of battle with dead and dying soldiers, all painted in grim grey/brown colours. I remember it as being very expressive, upsetting and eerie. A short time after it was finished he destroyed it and never repeated the theme. This was the only attempt at direct 'catharsis': his reflection on the human condition found fuller expression in his later work. Undoubtedly the concentration required to draw and paint landscape, turning away from these terrible scenes of suffering and devastation, was his salvation. He described to me how he stood on a disused railway line in Germany towards the end of the war gazing at the countryside and decided there and then to become an artist. His lifelong interest in landscape painting was more than just a joy and relaxation from the more serious business of mural painting and teaching; it answered a deep-felt need to reaffirm his belief in the solid reality of the world and its ability to regenerate itself and beauty.

I am delighted that these early examples of his work are now with the Second World War Experience Centre and am grateful to Dr Peter Liddle and his staff for their appreciation of them.

Sir,  
I was so pleased to receive The Covenanter. It is nearly three years since my husband's death but I always read the Covenanter as I had met quite a few of the names mentioned therein. Unfortunately the list grows smaller each year.

In Saturday's Daily Express there was an item about the Dickin Medal and included was "KHAN" and as Dan was a participant in the Walcheren episode it was of special interest to me and has been added to my memorabilia of The Cameronians, especially

as we have always had a pet dog. Five months after Dan's death I had a phone call asking for Dan from the M.O.D. wanting to speak to him personally about his service with the regiment. It was such a pity as Dan was fortunate enough to be present at the trials of Nuremburg and somewhere around the house are the handouts he received.

If I am ever in the Hamilton area I will certainly visit the Museum. We have no relatives in the area now unfortunately.

yours etc,  
Effie Watson (Mrs)

Sir,  
I trust by now you have received my cheque for two copies of 'The Covenanter', I look forward to receipt of the second copy for despatch to my Comrade in America.

I write to you on another matter which I feel may be of interest to our fellow readers, I will elucidate.

I recently received a copy of an American publication called 'The Highlander' subtitled 'The Magazine of Scottish Heritage', for the months Jan/Feb 2003. Contained therein is as 'Article' by Colonel David Murray, (Regiment or Country of origin, unstated) **Editors Note: late Cameron Highlanders - Scotland** entitled, 'The 51st Highland Division at the Battle of El Alamein.'

Included with the 'Article' were two 'photographs, .

a)'Pipe Majors and Drum Majors of the Scottish Regiments, about 1923.

b)'Pipes, Drums and Bugles of the 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) 1935. The third Piper from the left, front row has a marked similarity to my old Platoon Commander in the 9th Bn. later, Major A. Quinn, who I believe was originally a Piper before taking a Commission. Am I mistaken?

yours etc,  
Nat Gormley  
33 Greenhill Avenue  
Kidderminster  
Worcestershire  
DY10 2QU

Sir,  
First of all I must say how I'm sorry to hear of the death of Bendix Page.

I was a mechanic attached to M.T. Section H.Q. Coy. 1st Bn Cameronians served with the Battalion in Bahrain, Kenya, Aden and Jordan.

While in Kenya first time, I was stationed in Gil Gil, as was Sgt. Page

and its from there came these thoughts quite amusing at the time, (I thought)

I was going to Nairobi for spares this morning and Sgt. Page asked for a lift as he had to go in for Band spares etc.

Off we go in my 3 Ton Bedford and those days Bendix smoked cigars. Going into Nairobi, I had to stop at traffic lights. They turned to green and I proceeded through the lights when a car sped across the lights at red.

I slammed my brakes on and Bendix with cigar in mouth slammed into the windscreen, splattering his cigar all over his face.

He was cross, but I couldn't stop laughing and he eventually saw the funny side of the situation.

The reason I am only just writing this, is because in my search for M.T. Section Cameronians I have just found another, and he forwarded The Covenanter 2001. Hopefully I will get up to date.

I just thought I would share this humorous situation with you and your readers.

yours etc,  
Bryan Mead

Sir,  
I thought you would like to know that Jimmy's memorial service went very well, with over 200 people in attendance.

Unfortunately Col. Campbell was not able to attend, on doctors orders, but three ex-members of the regiment did manage to get there, and the wreath which Col. Campbell paid for on behalf of the Regiment, was laid by Tom Gore, who had joined the 9th Battalion in Normandy, about a month after the landings. The other two men were Harry Butler and Mr M. Hall (I didn't catch his first name.) Credit should be given to John Fitzgerald who made the original proposal handing over to Clr Lowndes when he had to go off to Canada for a couple of months.

Thank you for your interest in Jimmy.

yours etc,  
Carolyn Devine

He is probably the city's best known war hero and on Sunday well-wishers from all over the country will visit Central Park in Peterborough to see his newly restored grave stone unveiled. But who was this brave hero from the trenches? Jimmy the Donkey, of course!

### "Our Jimmy"

At 7.30am on July 1st 1916, as the sun blazed down, the shrilling of officers' whistles signalled the start of the bloody battle of the Somme. As the fighting raged, men of the 1st Battalion the Scottish Rifles over-ran a German position, where they found a frightened baby donkey, braying piteously beside his mother's body. The soldiers took pity of the little orphan and adopted him as their mascot, naming him Jimmy and weaning him on tinned milk. They taught him to beg on his hindlegs for biscuits spread with jam, his favourite food, and legend has it that he would stand outside the trenches and greet each soldier by raising a hoof in salute. There is no doubt that lavishing attention on the little fellow described as, 'An engaging little creature, almost black in colour, full of fun

and the high spirits common to most you animals,' provided the men with a much-





needed antidote to the unremitting carnage that surrounded them.

As well as entertaining his soldier pals, though, Jimmy served his adoptive country faithfully, carrying ammunition and other essential supplies around the battlefields.

In 1919 Jimmy was demobbed and sent to the military depot at Swathey in the South of England where the Army was auctioning



the hundreds of horses that had survived war service. A Peterborough dealer bought him and he was sold to Mrs Heath, the Secretary of the Peterborough branch of the RSPCA, who started a public subscription fund for his upkeep. Jimmy was introduced to the citizens of Peterborough onstage at the Hippodrome Theatre, and they took him to their hearts, enthusiastically contributing to the subscription fund.

Over the years, Jimmy became a well-loved local celebrity. His home was in a field near the town centre, so he was plentifully supplied with carrots and other titbits by passers-by, and he used to stand and wait for the children to come and pet him. On charity flag-days he would pull a little cart and give rides to children, and during the peacetime career he helped to raise thousands of pounds for the RSPCA and other charities.

## Hundreds pay tribute to Jimmy

*(with acknowledgements and thanks to The Evening Telegraph - Peterborough)*

More than 200 people turned up at the city's Central Park yesterday to pay tribute to the late Jimmy the Donkey.

At a special ceremony to commemorate the refurbishment of Jimmy's headstone, residents and dignitaries stood around the grave of the donkey, which was born during a battle at the Somme in 1916, and died in Peterborough 27 years later.

Jimmy was remembered for being a mascot of the 1st Scottish Rifles, which later became the Cameronians, during the First World War.

Jimmy became a local celebrity after the war when he was bought by city woman Mrs Heath.

He starred in a stage production at the local Embassy Theatre, and would entertain children while helping collect money for charity.

He grazed in a paddock in Burghley Square, and passers by would give him a sugar lump.

Jimmy's headstone was cleaned up and repaired as it had become unreadable through weather damage

A standard bearer for the Royal British Legion and one for the Combined Cadet Force honoured Jimmy, while wreaths were laid and cards were put out.

Residents, who had been invited to bring their pets to the ceremony, sang All Things Bright and Beautiful, and curate of St Mary's Church, in Eastfield Road, Bob Bates, gave a sermon eulogising donkeys by remembering the story of the prophet Balaar and how his donkey saved his life.

Yvonne Lowndes, who campaigned to refurbish Jimmy's grave when the park was renovated, laid one of the wreaths.

She said: 'This is part of the history of the city. Jimmy's is a lovely story - so many people came because they love animals.'

Sir,

I am most pleased to have received the 2002 Edition of The Covenanter, regimental journal of The Cameronians, Scottish Rifles.

I enlisted in the regiment and joined the regiment at R.H.Q. on 30th October 1939. Having a strong wish to join the regiment of which I had some knowledge pre war.

Being a very active man I enjoyed army life from the beginning. I am now 86 years of age and remain very fit - I suppose I am lucky?

I still train - marathon and cross-country on the local fells in the dales.

My loyalty and interest in The Cameronians (SR) remains.

The journal provides a special source of news and information of happenings within the enthusiasm of those providing material for valued articles. Both from long past events, and interesting up to date reminding reports of proof that The Cameronians (SR) do not lose heart.

I also take the annual journal - mind, body and spirit - of the army physical training corps - to whom I was posted from the 'Scottish Rifles' and joined the airborne forces, but didn't so many require to change?

The 12th Battalion my 'First Posting' developed into a good holding unit.

'Once a Cameronian always a Cameronian.'

Thank you for the copy - 'A Short History' - pleased me very much

yours etc,

Tom Weatherhead

3248650 Cpl 12th Battalion Cameronians (SR)

P.S.

I enjoyed attending 12th Battalion re-union for quite a few reunions in Lanarkshire - great gatherings - usual regimental standards.

Sir,

I have been given your name as the regimental magazine for the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and wonder how I can obtain a copy?

I am trying to get information regarding the regiment and my father's service from 1936 until just after WW2. His name was Richard Ward and he has the army no. of 3245275 and enlisted in Hamilton 30.1.1936. I am his only son.

Any help you can give will be gratefully received.

yours etc,

Tony Ward

P.S. Are there any websites available to research?

Sir,

This is to confirm our telephone conversation with reference to Mr Charles Gundrill, who served with the Cameronians. (My great uncle) Charlie was born on 28th May 1871 in a little village in Hertfordshire called Weston. He joined the Army on 7/2/1888 in the Bedfordshire Regiment. He served with them, at home and in India, until the 20/3/1895. On this date he was transferred to the Army Reserves, into the Second Scottish Rifles as a Bandsman.

As far as we know, the next big step was to be recalled and sent with the Scottish Rifles to South Africa to fight in the war. The date given for the start of his service in South Africa in the 23/10/1899.

I managed to find in the National Archives at Kew a catalogue reference (P/N 71/2978) which turned out to be the whole medical discharge papers from 1900 up to the time of his death on 8/7/1942. I also found his medal citation for the South Africa war which quotes "2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles No. 2629 Lance Corporal C. Gundrill with Bars for the medal of Tugela, Heights and The Relief of Ladysmith, with a note 'Time expired'.

It is interesting that his number quoted is his Bedfordshire Regiment number, and not the number 4151 which he was given by the Scottish Rifles.

In the Records at Kew that I note he

was a Lance Corporal in the Scottish Rifles and was wounded and was shot in the left humourous, lower third, at Colenso at the end of January 1900.

As far as I understand this battle at the end of January was the Battle of Spion Kop where the Scottish Rifles had three officers and 23 men killed and 7 officers and 54 men wounded.

Can anyone confirm that my great uncle is one of these 54 wounded? Charlie was discharged from the Army medically unfit due to this wound, which gave him his war pension.

Also can anyone confirm that if he was a Bandsman this would give him a position as a stretcher bearer, which meant that he worked in the battle with a famous stretcher bearer called Ghandi.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours etc,  
Simon Izzard  
49 Chester Road  
Stevenage  
Herts  
SG1 4JY

P.S. Do you know where his medals are?

Sir,  
I have been trying since March to find out from the Cameronians Museum, Hamilton if they had a copy of the film that was taken just before, the Regiment came back from Malaya in May 1953, I was in 'C' coy and we did drill for the Camera and I would like a copy to show my family before it is too late. I am now almost 72 years old and time is not on my side.

Maybe an appeal in the Covenanter could be made to see if I could get the film so I could make a video of it and return the original to whoever has it now or get a copy of the video if anyone has it on video.

I would pay any expenses incurred.

yours etc,  
Ronald Henderson (Ex Cameronian)

Sir,  
Some time ago I purchased a piece of Regimental Silver namely 'The Dykes Loudon Cup 1937'. The inscription reads '*Presented to 6th (Lanarkshire) Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) by Major W Dykes Loudon & Mrs Dykes Loudon in memory of their sons Robin & Kenneth*'

I would very much like to make contact

with any member of the Dykes Loudon family.

yours etc,  
Alastair JC Hewat OBE

Sir,  
I have often been asked why the 1st Battalion wore a Black Hackle in their caps TOS during the war. The answer is a very simple one. On our return to India to refit after the Burma Campaign of 1942, I was informed by Ordnance that no caps TOS were available in India and that we would have to wear forage caps. However we had a considerable stock of suitable cloth in the Tailor's Shop and a tailor who could make caps TOS, but it would be rather an expensive item. I was feeling a bit disgruntled at the time, as one is apt to after an unsuccessful campaign and considered that as the only Scottish Unit in the Burma Army we had done nothing to merit being deprived of our head-dress.

I therefore wrote to the Army Commander (General Beresford Peirse) explaining the situation and asked him to represent it to the C-in-C General Wavell. I felt on fairly firm ground here, as I knew that a Battalion of the Black Watch had recently arrived in India. General Beresford-Peirse replied that he would bring the matter up at the next Army Commanders Conference, but in the meantime to get on with making caps TOS and that the cost would be met.

The next snag was that the supply of cap badges in India had run out. Specimen 'bazaar made' products were too awful to contemplate but again we had a considerable stock of small black plumes for wearing in the (then obsolete) pith helmet. I understood that the wearing of a hackle with caps TOS was the prerogative of the Black Watch, so I wrote to the C-in-C asking for permission for the Battalion to wear a black hackle. This was granted, I think, by return of post.

Yours etc,  
Colonel WB Thomas  
(taken from The Covenanter June 1963)

Sir,  
It is a great pity that 'The Covenanter' only has one edition a year. This means that I will have to wait a year to read what other readers think of my personal opinion.

I joined up in 1951, and left the Army in 1986. During the years 70-73 I was RSM at

the Scottish Infantry Depot at Glencorse. This helped me to learn about dress and customs of other Scottish Regiments, to add what I already knew about The Scottish Rifles. I know there is a recognised form of civilian dress to be worn with the kilt, but at no time during my service was a recruit or soldier allowed to walk out in a blazer and tartan trews;- known as mixed-dress. I doubt if any of them would have wanted to anyway? After the battle-dress tunic was withdrawn, if they wished to walk out in uniform in the UK, they would wear No 2 dress.

This is why I now find it difficult to agree with the practice which has recently cropped up of ex-servicemen wearing blazers and tartan trews.

I attended a funeral of an Ex-Royal Scots Fusilier in 2003, and except for the piper in his kilt, all the RSF and RHF wore suits or blazers and slacks with regimental ties. There was no unnecessary marching about or flag waving.

That is my other point; - Colours! Being a Rifle Regiment, The Cameronians Scottish Rifles did not carry Colours. It was against tradition to have a Colour Party.

Never in any parade that I took part in, ranging from Selarang Barracks, to Redford Barracks, to Douglas did we carry Colours.

This permits me to state that Ex-Cameronians are completely wrong in carrying Colours. Especially at funerals! I am sorry to upset some people, but I am determined to say what I think.

Yours etc,  
T Anderson

Sir,  
I enjoyed the nostalgic trip provided by Philip Grant in the last edition, 'The Regiment's Links with Oman'.

I remember well all that he describes of those days at Lanark and in Minden.

During our last term at Sandhurst I went into breakfast one morning to find that some of our junior division, for whom I was responsible, had considerably decided to bring me up-to-date with the latest world news. There, writ large across the front page of some nameless tabloid was the Regiment's name and the cap badge! I was comforted, however, by the sure knowledge that I was the right size to qualify as a Poison Dwarf, although I did have some concern on Philip Grant's behalf in that regard!

It was not until I left the army and started

in the commercial world that I became acquainted with the ubiquitous business card. Had I had such a thing in those days I am sure that I would have made good use of it. 2nd Lieutenant Bin Said was my next-door neighbour on the top floor of the Officers' Mess in Elizabeth Barracks and I could have done worse than by slipping him a card for his use at a later time. Unfortunately another member of Intake 29, who was also in Marne Company with Philip Grant, pipped us both to the post. Consequently, neither of us owns a grouse moor.

The time-honoured way for subalterns to keep out of trouble and score Charlie George points was to be seen frequently by those in authority jogging around the barracks in tracksuit carrying a millboard. I can confirm Philip Grant's assertion, however, that 2nd Lieutenant Bin Said perfected the art by managing to be in no-one's company so no company commander had responsibility for him. Philip Grant maintains that he was in B Company. But I was in B Company and was certain that he was in A Company. I feel sure that enquiries of others present at the time would show that the D Company officers knew that he was in HQ Company, while HQ Company only saw him to issue him with his socks, grey, officers for the use of, and were convinced that he was actually in D Company.

But I do remember seeing him in Minden, so I suppose that he must have been there - !

By way of postscript, I visited Oman from Dubai several years ago. This was shortly after the death in Oman of Bob Brown. Philip Grant and I arrived in Elizabeth Barracks on the day before Bob departed to take up his post as a Desert Intelligence Officer in Oman. I only saw him again once: on Disbandment Day in 1968. I spoke to the Anglican priest in Oman who had wanted to find someone to represent Bob's family at his interment. However, as Bob's local friends were determined that he should be buried as a Muslim, his burial had to be held immediately after his death and there had not been time to contact anyone to attend. Bob had lived for some time in a grace and favour residence provided for him by His Majesty Sultan Qaboos Bin Said.

yours etc,  
MD Sixsmith (Major)

Sir,

On my recent visit to Bahrain in July, to visit my family, we once again went to pay our respects of the young Cameronians, 2 Lt. Ronald Graham Boyd died of exposure 25/8/57, and RFMN J. McLain Sunter died of accidental gunshot wounds. 1/3/1957.

The Christian cemetery is at the moment being upgraded. Many of the graves had been vandalised, stones broken etc. also the intense heat of the sun, many stones are now impossible to read.

As this cemetery is not cared for by the War Graves Commission, all the work done there is by the Christian Community,

Mr Herman, the caretaker, and his team of workers have taken great care of this cemetery, and it is a pleasure to visit, they are dedicated to their work. I hope that this article shows that British Servicemen are buried in small cemeteries, throughout the world, that have no official War Graves recognition.

yours etc,  
Mrs A Winkley

**Editors Note:** Readers may be interested in the following response from the MOD and an extract from the November 1957 Covenanter.

On the 19th September 1957, a ceremony was held near Hafit, a small village in Muscat near to Buraimi Oasis, at which the Commanding Officer presented a rifle, suitably inscribed on a silver plate, to the Sheikh of Hafit, as a token of the thanks of the battalion for the efforts of himself and his people on the occasion when one of our platoons got into difficulties on the hills near Hafit and during which 2/Lt RG Boyd, much to everybody's regret, lost his life. At this ceremony the Commanding Officer said:- 'A few weeks ago some of the men of this Regiment, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), suffered from misfortune up on the hills here and one of our officers tragically lost his life.

We all know that at that time you and many of your people rendered great assistance to our men. Indeed it might well have been that our misfortunes had been greater but for this swift and willing help which you brought to us. For this we are deeply grateful.

Sooner or later we shall move to some other part of the world and we may never again have the opportunity to visit Hafit. But as long as any of the officers and men at present serving with the Regiment are alive,

so long will your name be remembered by the Regiment with gratitude and admiration.

I am very glad to be able to meet you on this occasion and to express to you personally on behalf of all our officers, non commissioned officers and men, our feelings of deep and lasting gratitude for the generous and noble efforts you made to help us at our time of need when



Lieutenant Boyd so tragically lost his life. If ever we find ourselves in a position to help others who are in distress, then I know that your great and generous actions on that sad occasion will serve as an example.

It is now my very great pleasure to ask you to accept this rifle as a lasting and visible token of the deep gratitude and esteem which is felt towards you by the officers and men of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

We pray that God will prosper you and your people.'

*Letter from General Sir James Castles GCB KBE DSO to Lieutenant General Sir George Collingwood KBE CB DSO*

I enclose a copy of a letter I have had from John Willoughby which I know you will find very good reading.

I saw your Battalion in Aden in January, and everywhere I went there was nothing but praise for the way all the men had behaved and acted. I should therefore like to add my most grateful thanks and congratulations for the splendid work that they did.

I am sending a copy of Willoughby's letter to Leslie Dow and of course will add my congratulations to him.

With all best wishes.

Headquarters  
Middle East Command  
BFPO 90

Lilburn Tower,  
Alnwick,  
Northumberland

My dear General

Yesterday, Leslie Dow, Commanding 1st Battalion the Cameronians, left on the completion of his Battalions tour of duty here in Aden. I would like therefore to now put on record how this Regiment has completed its difficult and exacting duties.

The men arrived in the heat of the summer with all the appearances and bearing of troops seasoned in this kind of half-war we wage here.

They went straight on patrols and escorts; and from the day of their first appearance they looked like business. They have never looked otherwise.

And in many ways a much less easy reputation to earn under these trying conditions, they have won a name for exceptional courtesy.

They will ever be remembered by the families of servicemen and of civilians with affection, not only for their qualities but in the crowning of their association with the Pipes in the open streets. And in the telling of this day by the ordinary words of ordinary families bearing the strains of tension magnificently, I have seen tears of gratitude and of pride.

They are second to none, and I am as proud of having had these men under my command as they have reason to be of their record and reputation so well and firmly earned in Aden, and in the Hills of Southern Austria.

Yours very sincerely

Major General Sir John Willoughby KBE CB  
General Office Commanding Middle East  
Land Forces, Headquarters, Middle East  
Command, BFPO 69

Sir,

I was a national servicemen with The Cameronians (23343098) from October '56 to '58. My draft was sent on embarkation in mid December '56' - destination Bahrain but a few days into my leave I received a letter from Major Dunbar asking if instead of proceeding abroad with the draft - would I like to remain at the depot and join training wing. Having got married only 5 days previously I jumped at the opportunity. Little did I know that that in later civilian life I would be visiting Bahrain twice with my globetrotting with the Ford

Motor Company.

Back at the depot and with my first stripe - Both Ian Collinson and I were (invited?) By Major A.C.A. Mackinnon - the C.O. To become Role models for a new handbook on The Cameronians

What took place then was about two weeks of set piece photographs showing any interested young man what he could expect if he joined our regiment.

Creative licence must have been taken with our shots - and I wonder what present day trading standards would have said. The service in the N.A.A.F.I. for instance with Jock (Me), Sandy (Ian Collinson) relaxing with a cup of tea and a cake. Major Mackinnon had ordered the cakes but as soon as the camera clicked - the cake was taken back! We kept and drank the tea, however!

I finished my service as provost corporal - but Ian went onto much greater things in his regular career. Certainly I now feel myself more of a Cameronian than ever and although I have enjoyed many other events in my life, Director of Scotlands largest Ford main dealer, President of Rotary, Members of trades house - Glasgow and now President of the Brighton Burns Club the biggest burns club in the world - I can never forget my Cameronian life or forty four years ago. Next January 25th Burns night - I will be presiding over a dinner with 700 men - I could be tempted to ask the piper to play in my top table of 16 to the 'Gathering of the Grahams' I could have the fastest arriving top table in history!

I can only hope that the enclosed might form a story for 'The Covenanter'

Bill Thomson

(Taken from the 'Handbook Of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)'

## Enquiring Minds

Two young men, Sandy and Jock, call at the Depot for information as to the prospects of advancement in the Army. The Recruiting Sergeant has little difficulty in interesting young men who are really anxious to improve their position in life.

Jock looks very serious about it all. No doubt the Recruiting Sergeant has told him about his own personal Army experience, and the prospects offered him when he enlisted, and how he advanced through Army life to his present position.

Apart from seeing that the Recruit is kept

healthy, well fed and well dressed, the Army also sees to it that the ambitious Recruit can get on in his profession, i.e. gain promotion by educating and training him to the fullest extent of his capabilities and his desires. There is no limit to the advancement of the really ambitious Recruit.

### Being Attested

The Recruiting Sergeant has done his job well. He has convinced Sandy and Jock that the Army does offer opportunity of advancement to young men. Here we are privileged to see Sandy and Jock taking the Oath of Allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen.

How about you? Sandy and Jock will be glad to have you as a comrade.

When the Recruit takes the 'Oath of Allegiance' he gains a new feeling of Loyalty which makes him throw out his chest and discover a strength he never had before.

If he is ambitious and of the right type, he has nothing to be afraid of and everything he could wish for - lots of 'real pals,' plenty of sport and amusements, well dressed, with ample food and pocket money combined with the opportunity to advance in his chosen profession.

### Soldier Comforts

Every recruit on being accepted into the Regiment is made to 'feel at home.' This is important, especially in the case of young recruits, many of whom have probably left home for the first time. You will note that Sandy and Jock have soon 'made themselves at home,' and, with the other recruits, certainly seem to be enjoying a joke.

The Regiment offers each recruit the free use of the Reading Room and Library.

Apart from the Library and Reading Room a recruit can always find something that will interest him during the evening and he will quickly find that many of his comrades will be only too pleased to accommodate him in a game of chess, dominoes, darts or other indoor games.



Should he want to relax there is a canteen where he can enjoy a sing-song and a cup of coffee or some other refreshment, all at very moderate cost.

### Properly Dressed

Recruits must have uniforms and a complete kit. That often keeps the Regimental Tailor busy. Here you see Sandy and Jock being fitted out with clothing. Note how they already appear to be proud of their uniform. The plain buttons of their battledress blouses have already been exchanged for the Regimental black crested buttons. Their trews are of Douglas tartan. Not only does the recruit receive his uniform and kit free of cost, he also receives an allowance (apart from his pay) which enables him to be 'properly dressed.' His kit includes working dress for drills, etc. and when he 'goes to town' he can always have that spruce feeling which smart well-fitting and well-cared-for clothes give.



Naturally every recruit looks forward to the day when he can wear his Regimental uniform, especially if he has enlisted in one of the Scottish Regiments.

### Getting Down To It

Recruits on joining the Regiment receive their early training at the Regimental Depot. They are formed into squads of 20 to 30 men and their training at the Depot lasts for 10 weeks. The squads are named 'Angus' and 'Douglas' after the Earl of Angus who raised the 26th Regiment, and 'Graham' and 'Lynedoch' after Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, who raised the 90th.

Here you see 'Lynedoch' Squad, which Sandy and Jock have joined, doing some of their training. You will notice that they have already learned to carry their rifles at the 'trail,' instead of at the 'slope.' This is the custom of all Rifle Regiments. Join this famous Regiment and you too will feel proud to carry on its ancient traditions. More that that you will have an *esprit de corps* for your own squad or platoon which



will add zest to your work.

The platoon system is the equivalent of the House system of famous public schools and colleges and makes comradeships which last a lifetime.

### Physical Training

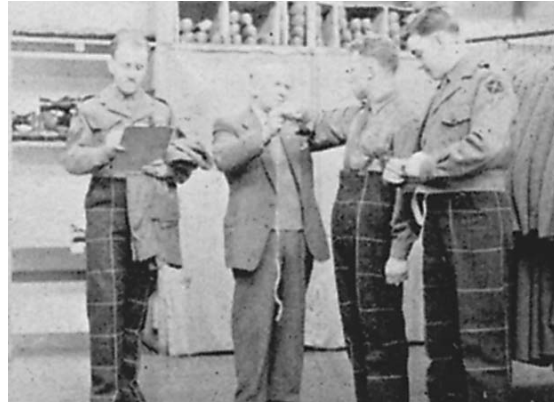
Recruits receive much healthful benefit when in the hands of the Physical Training Instructor, and it is very noticeable the physical improvement made in them within a month of their joining the Regiment. Round shoulders soon disappear and there is a buoyancy in their step.

Physical fitness also means mental alertness, with the result that the soldier makes light of his tasks and is more capable

of enjoying his leisure time.

In turn, this mental alertness makes it easier for the soldier to obtain promotion, increased rates of pay, and a larger share of the good things of life.

Why not call at the nearest recruiting office and ask for full particulars of the



many opportunities which the Army offers to a man of spirit?

### Interesting Facts

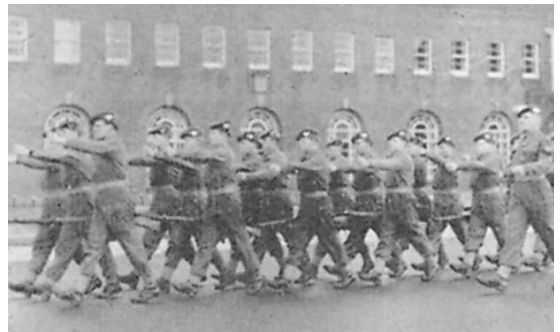
Sandy and Jock with their comrades listen to a discourse from the schoolmaster, for they must attend school, as laid down in Army regulations. This means that recruits will receive an education that should help them considerably when they return to civilian life.

Through this education recruits are able to secure the 3rd and 2nd class certificates which qualifies them for promotion and for higher rates of pay.

To the really ambitious recruit this is only the first rung of the ladder.

Whilst a 2nd class certificate of education is sufficient for promotion to Colour Sergeant, a 1st Class certificate must be obtained if a further advancement is aimed at.

It is possible for a soldier of 19 up to the age of 23 to become a cadet at one of the Military Colleges and undergo 18 month's





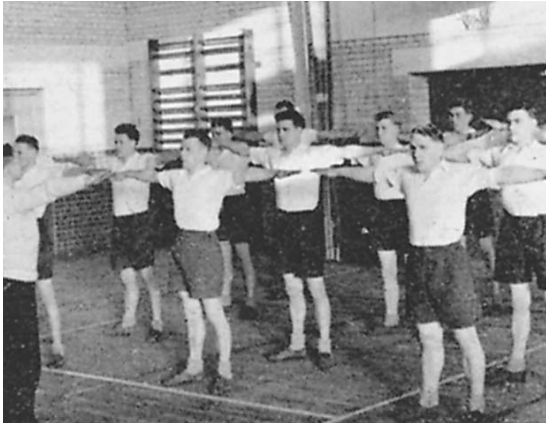
training with a view to being granted a commission in the Army.

### Playing the game

Recruits are given ample opportunity to enjoy their favourite games, and matches are arranged between the various squads at the Depot, also with other nearby Regiments and local teams. Even though they don't make the team they can always get a good 'kick' out of it. The 'amateur' is the man who really enjoys his sport. Nowhere in civil life does sport - Football (Association and Rugby), Hockey, Cricket, Boxing, Tennis, etc., play such an important part as in the Army.

The Army makes it part of its scheme to teach its soldiers to play these games so that the novice need not fear that he will be out of it.

The Army teaches every recruit to 'play the game' for his Battalion. So every recruit



is encouraged to do his best not for himself but for his team and the individual who does this quickly becomes a candidate for higher honours in Army Sport.

### True Eye - Steady Nerve

After they have done a certain amount of Drills recruits are trained to shoot with the rifle - first on the miniature range and then in the open.

The ability to shoot well is one of the highest qualifications required of a good Infantry soldier. Some are born good shots others acquire the skill by practice.

In addition to normal training on the Range there are competitions, both Regimental and those organised by the Army Rifle Association, where a Rifleman has the pleasure of shooting both for himself and the Regiment.

There is not a finer or more sociable sport

than Rifle Shooting. Join Scotland's only Rifle Regiment.

### Weapon Training



Here the Sergeant Instructor is giving some very definite instructions to Sandy and Jock on the correct way to manipulate the Bren Gun which is one of the Infantrymen's weapons. This is a most interesting item in the recruit's training and one which they all enjoy, especially those with a mechanical turn of mind.

The Army of to-day is becoming an army of experts and those who show proficiency reap the benefit of extra pay and extra privileges. The Infantryman has to be very much of an expert at his job.

The question of promotion is intimately



bound up with efficiency so that a man who works hard at his job is soon singled out.

If a soldier likes the life there is no need for him to re-turn to civilian life at the end of third, sixth, or ninth year of service. He can, if he wishes, continue to serve for twenty-two years and qualify for a pension.

### The Inner Man

Constant and regular 'P.T.' and military training in the open-air naturally increases the appetite of already hungry men and

'the inner man' therefore must be looked after. Take a look at the week's menu of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) at Winston Barracks. Sandy and Jock along with their comrades lose no time in getting down to



'serious business' when the 'cookhouse' is sounded. Clean plates and smiling faces denote contentment and that is what Army life means to-day.

*Regimental Note* The Menu shown in this Brochure is not a special 'Show Piece' but was taken at random from the Weekly Bill of Fare and there is no dubiety about the quality and quantity served. Four good wholesome meals a day are served.

It is interesting to note that during the last two years the average increase in weight per recruit during his ten weeks training at the Depot has been just over 4 ½ lbs.

## Basketball

You may not like football, and cricket may bore you. Here are our two friends, Sandy and Jock, in the Gymnasium playing basketball.

There is no end to the facilities offered in the Army for sport, so if basketball does not interest you, what about boxing, hockey or field events.



The civilian has to worry where to go for his sport when it is wet. Not so the recruit. He has a splendidly equipped Gymnasium at his disposal, where he can also play Badminton or 'Fives' or he can have a round of the 'Gloves'.

Should none of these appeal and he can suggest something else, the Sports Committee will welcome his suggestions.

## Our Mechanised Army

The British Army is daily becoming more mechanised but Infantry soldiers must still learn how to march and how to care for themselves properly, when it is necessary to do so.

Many movements are now carried out in vehicles which 20 years ago, before the Army became mechanised, necessitated many miles of marching.

A very considerable number of men are trained to drive motor vehicles each year, as it will be realised that a reserve of drivers has to be maintained by every battalion.

Training includes cross-country driving as well as driving on the road, and the maintenance of the vehicle under all conditions at home and abroad.

This certainly will be helpful to a recruit when he returns to civil life after he has completed his term or service in the Army.

## Free and Easy

It is not all work in the Army to-day. Here you see some of the recruits at the Depot



enjoying a cup of tea and resting between duties.

Note how spick and span the canteen is - gone are the old stools and white-topped tables. Refinement has entered into Army life to-day; and the recruit can have his 'at home' days whenever he likes at a minimum cost.

## Depot Canteen

### Fish

Fried Fillet per portion 8d

### Grills and Entrees

Beef Steak 1/9  
 Ox Liver 1/2  
 Pork Chops 1/9  
 Mutton Chops 1/9  
 Lamb Chops 1/9



Grilled Bacon See daily Menu  
 Grilled Ham See daily Menu  
 Steak and Kidney Pie 1/-  
 Steak Pie 1/-  
 Pork Sausage each 7d.  
 Beef Sausage each 5½d  
 Cornish Pasty 6d.  
 Pork Meat Patty 6d.  
 Meat and Potato Roll 4½d.

### Cold Dishes

Ham-per portion 1/4  
 Tongue - per portion 1/7  
 Brisket of Beef 1/3  
 Luncheon Meat 1/-  
 Corned Beef 10d.  
 Veal, Ham and Egg Pie 1/4  
 Pork Pie 8½d.

### Sweets

Cakes and Pastries each 2d. to 4½d.  
 Special Fancy Pastries 4d. to 6d.



Continental Gateaux 6d.  
 Apple Tart 6d.  
 Apricot Tart 6d.  
 Blackcurrant Tart 6d.  
 Lemon Meringue Pie 6d.  
 Custard Pie 5d.  
 Fruit Jellies 6d.  
 Fruit Trifle 6d.  
 Custard Sauce 1½d.  
 Ice Cream, various 3d. and 4d.

### Savouries



Welsh Rarebit-per portion 6d.  
 Baked Beans on Toast 5½d.  
 Sardines on Toast 6d.

### Sundries

Sandwiches, various, per round 6d.  
 Sausage Rolls, each 4½d.  
 Cheese Pasty, each 5d.  
 Ham Roll, each 7d.  
 Egg and Salad Roll 6d.  
 Luncheon Meat Roll 5d.  
 Salmon Roll 6d.  
 Hot Dogs 7d.  
 Roll and Butter 2½d.  
 Biscuits 3d.

### Beverages

Tea, per cup 3d.  
 Coffee, per cup 4d.  
 Ovaltine, per cup 5d.  
 Horlicks, per cup 7d.  
 Bovril, per cup 4d.  
 Oxo, per cup 4d.  
 Milk, per glass - *see daily menus*  
 Squashes and Cordials per glass 3d. to 4d.

## A Nice Break

The day's work is done, so naturally our two friends, Sandy and Jock, will enjoy to the full their game of billiards. Here you see Sandy showing Jock how to enjoy 'the break' by knocking up a good score.

Just as all recruits are able to use the Regimental library and read the daily and weekly papers free of charge, so Sandy and

Jock enjoy their billiards, especially as there is only a very small charge made for the game per hour.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) offer you these facilities at their Depot at Lanark.

All tastes are catered for, and the Recruit need not have a dull minute.

If you are a devotee of snooker, cribbage or dominoes you will find someone willing to take you on.

For the serious minded or lover of history the Library will supply his wants.

## What a Life

Sandy and Jock are off for the evening. Here you see them making for 'the wide open spaces.' It must, by now, be clear to every reader of this booklet that it is not all work and little play in the Army of today.

Ample opportunity is given to every recruit to enjoy his hobbies and pleasures to the full and it must also be clear to you that when you do join the Army you still retain your individuality, combined with a freedom from all worries.

You have seen the Menu and the Rates of Pay and read how you are catered for in the way of Recreation and Sport.

Weigh it all up. Has civilian life anything better to offer you?

Here is a star to cling to - it is possible to join the Army at the age of 19 and retire at the age of 47 years with a pension of £5 10s - or more per week for life, and a cash grant of £490.

Can civilian life offer YOU that?

## Goodbye to the Depot

Here you see Lynedoch Squad and of course our friends Sandy and Jock. They are parading for their Passing out parade. This is the culmination of their recruit training and is an important day in their lives. After the parade is over they will attend a short farewell service in the Kirk on the barrack square and then go on well-deserved leave.



Soon after that they and their fellow recruits of Lynedoch Squad will be leaving the Regiment Depot at Lanark and joining the 1st Battalion.

There, after further training, they will soon settle down as trained soldiers. During their service they are sure to spend some of their time abroad with the Battalion. They will see the World, enlarge their circle of friends and complete their service to Queen and country.

To travel and see foreign countries and overseas territories of the British Commonwealth is to broaden the mind. Have you ever wished you could go abroad? Most old soldiers will tell you that without a doubt their days of soldiering overseas were the best ones.

Sandy and Jock have nearly finished their time at the Depot but the best days of their service still lie ahead. Ahead also lies the promotion which both of them are keen to get as soon as they can qualify for it.

Will you not come and join them in this fine career which they have just started?

Join the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), Scotland's only Rifle Regiment.

## A Cameronian Upbringing

When I called Major Leishman with the sad news that my mother, Biddy Henderson, had died aged 91 on 25th February 2003, he asked me to describe, as far as possible, the influence of the Cameronians on our



family over the years.

My father, Hugh Henderson, was commissioned into the Regiment in 1935 aged 21, and spent his early years in India. He had previously met my mother when they were both up at Oxford and they married in January 1940, after he returned from India and at the beginning of the

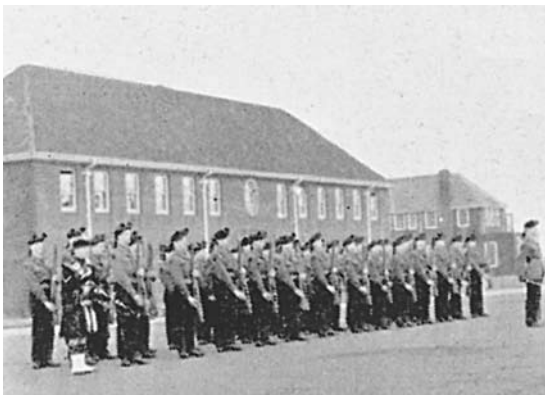
war.

I was born in March 1941 and my brother, Nicholas, was born in January 1943, both in Edinburgh. Much of my father's war was spent in Burma.

One of my most vivid childhood memories is of his return in 1946 when, standing on the stairs of Grandfather's house aged 5, saying like thousands of other children of that age, 'Are you my Daddy?'

In the late 40's my father studied Romanian and Bulgarian in London and Paris, becoming interpreter (First Class) in both languages. After a spell in Hong Kong, he re-joined the Regiment in time for a posting to Barnard Castle and subsequently moved in command of Dog Company to Buxtehude.

These are the moments of regimental life that my brother and I remember best. We spent all our school holidays in Barney and Buxte and quickly developed a sense of pride in the Cams. Our memories include attendance at many sporting events, social activities of many different sorts, initiation into the game of Canasta with the Brycesons, shopping in the NAAFI (paying in BAFVS (?)) and going to the pictures at Buxte Barracks under the auspices of the Army Kinema Corporation.



Friendly family activities such as playing 'Are you there, Moriarty' chez Henry and Maribel Alexander with their children and others including the young Stormonth-Darlings, Laws and our neighbour and great friend, John Quinn, son Alec and Maisy.

I learned to ride on Gentle Moir under the expert supervision of John Baynes (on Tarquin, a challenging mount even for a rider of his ability), Christine Riddel-Webster and Molly Boddington. We also participated in getting-to-know-you sessions with German families, including the Weils. My brother and I knew the husband as

'Herr Absolutely Vile', a good example of schoolboy humour.

Wives and children often travelled in the Regimental bus on excursions to Hamburg, its pretty suburb of Blankanese, Luneburg and other destinations. The excellent German driver had one of the most mournful faces imaginable and was known, inevitably, as 'Happy'.

My father used to say, 'a major's work is never done' which became a well-worn family catchphrase. The same applied to the major's wife, as they were both totally involved in the life of the Regiment and transmitted a strong sense of loyalty and duty to both of us.

Following service in Edinburgh and the Persian Gulf (during which we remained at home) my parents moved to Bulgaria, where my father was military attache for three years in the middle of the cold war. We will never forget the pride he (and we) took in wearing his Cameronians dress uniform, which was truly distinctive on official occasions in the rather grim environments of Sofia at that time.

In 1961, my father retired as Lt Colonel and worked at The War Office as a retired officer until his premature death in 1973. During this final period of his life, both my parents spent a lot of time with the British Legion and my mother continued to support this work actively until her 88th birthday, when she handed over Poppy Day collections to a younger friend.

Saddened, as we all were, by the disbanding of the 1st Battalion in 1968, my brother and I have a continuing sense of loyalty to the Regiment which was so much at the heart of our parents' lives.

Nearly 50 years on from our direct involvement, we would like to recall some 'wonderful giants of old', such as Gen. Henry Alexander, Col. Sir John Baynes, Major Bill Boddington, Major Peter Bryceson, Col. Duncan Carter-Campbell, Major Johnny Gausson, Col. David Jebb, Major John Law, Gen. Eric Sixsmith, Col. Moir Stormonth-Darling and Major (QM) Alec Quinn who marked, with many others, our association with the Cameronians and influenced our upbringing.

With warmest good wished to all former Cameronians and their wives and children.

yours etc,  
Michael Henderson

## Major AT Quinn

Having heard only recently of the death of Alex Quinn I thought a few words on my personal experiences with him might be of interest to your readers.

Plans were afoot to carry the war to the enemy forces in Europe, to this end, many troops were to undergo training of an intensive nature, included in that number was the 9th battalion of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) part of the 46 (Highland Brigade), within the 15th Scottish Division, at that time commanded by Lt. Col Villiers (later to become Brigadier Villiers DSO

In company with several other very raw recruits I joined Charlie company having been greeted (do C.S.M's, greet raw recruits?) at the railway station by 'Trigger' Muir

I cannot now remember actually meeting Major Quinn (then a humble Lieutenant) at Alnmouth, in fact I think it was not



until we travelled down to Keighley, West Yorkshire that I remember him as our Platoon Commander

First impressions - Here was a soldier by his very appearance, that was obvious. A picture of soldiery sartorial elegance, to be emulated at every opportunity, (well we tried!)

Now it was time for serious training, with the enthusiastic assistance of Sgts. Finnagin and Page, Cpl. Garlick and C.Q.M.S. 'Sammy Newall', to name but a few. Under the watchful eye of Major Quinn we moved from raw recruits to able soldiers as events later proved

When time permitted, Major Quinn showed a lighter side of his personality. His favourite subject being of his time in India's sunny climes, the wicked habits of the inhabitants of the North West frontier scared the Hell out of us 18 year olds. I was later to meet those very people.

Of Major Quinn's personal life I knew very little during the time I knew him as our commanding officer. It was not until many year later, when I called upon him that we were able to chat less formally.

As I close this short obituary I have thought, had it not been for the War I would not have had the privilege of meeting this exceptional man and it saddens me that, Military formality forbade greater understanding between him and those who served under him.

May He Rest In Peace

yours etc,

Nat Gormley

## Memory Lane



**Albert Galloway** in days of yore



**Tina and Albert Galloway** cruising in the sun, down under



**HM The King of Sweden** lends a helping hand observed by Quartermaster Captain George Soper, Commanding Officer Lt. Col David Riddell-Webster, Cook Warrant Officer WO11 George Winkley, Rfn AN Other (*Name Please*)



**Regimental Cook, Rfn Jim Ballantyne** meets General Jolly on his visit to Aden Land Forces with the late Lt Col Leslie Dow, Commanding Officer, in the left background ("They were all telling me to salute the General - I was so nervous I didn't do it. I must have been the only rifleman that got away with it")



**Captain David Eydes and Rebecca Rotherham** tie the knot, 9 August 2003



**Muthaiga Reunion** - John Muir, Nick Daglish, Ian Farquharson, Brian Leishman, Colin Lindsay, David Nisbet, Bill Rodger, 12 October 2003

## In Memoriam

*To those they leave behind may their memories be happy ones*

**Detective-Inspector David Anderson** It was in April that I learnt the sad news that 'Andy' David Anderson had died at the age of seventy-two. Andy had been out for a curry meal with his son, returned home for a couple of drams before bed, seemed to doze, and died peacefully.

Andy, originally a National Serviceman, joined the band in Malaya in 1952 and left after three years in Buxtehude. An already trained musician, he successfully filled the vacant post of solo cornet. His fine musicianship, relaxed cheerful personality meant he was appreciated from his first day in the band.

Roy Swiffen, St Andrews, has spoken of Andy as someone who mucked in immediately. Roddy Munroe, writing from Canada, saw Andy as 'a real nice guy - always funny.' I remember Andy for his lyrical singing of 'My love is like a red, red rose.' His brass band origin was recognised by the sweet vibrato of his tone. We all enjoyed his solo playing. He is best remembered for his sensitive playing of the mezzo-soprano aria 'Softly Awakes My Heart' from Samson and Delia by Saint-Seans. His performance, as a musician would say, was truly cantabile.

In civilian life, Andy continued playing his cornet at championship level with the Scottish (CWS) Band. Soon he was wearing his Malayan and Coronation ribbons on the blue uniform of the Glasgow Police. In 1965, he found himself taking a course in English law to transfer to the Metropolitan Police. He was eventually out of uniform on becoming a member of the CID and the Flying Squad. After thirty years of police service, he retired with the rank of detective-inspector.

After his police days Andy carried out investigations for an insurance company. The desire to be among his 'ain folk' again led him to settling in Anstruther, Fife, an area where he had spent many happy holidays with his parents.

His fellow bandsmen will always think of Andy as a happy, sociable friend. We send our condolences to his family and his friends.

**Lt Col Alan Campbell** on 23 Dec 2003 - an obituary will appear in the next issue of The Covenanter.

**Mr Jim Carey** - 15 Nov 2003 at Gretna

**Mr John Davidson** on 9 May 2003 of Dunkeld Perthshire. A loyal Cameronian who served with the Regiment 1942-46 and continued to support the Regiment through the years. He attended many Annual Dinner Dances at Hamilton and was present at the disbandment in May 1968. He was a very active member of the Dunkeld and Birnam British Legion Scotland. Serving latterly as President of the Branch, having also served as Vice Chairman. He took a very active part in all things to do the Royal British Legion Scotland and the Earl Haig Fund. At his funeral attended by over 500 people a piper played 'Flowers of the Forest', 'The Gathering of the Grahames' and 'Kenmuirs On and Awa' as well as other tunes with Cameronian and Lanarkshire links. A collection was taken in lieu of flowers for the Erskine Hospital Memorial Fund, over £700 was raised.

**Mr Theo Dekker** on 18 February 2003 at Tilburg

Dear Liberator,

My dear Theo died on the 18th February. The British Legion Eindhoven attended the funeral service attended by 400 people. All is over for me, No Scotland, No England and my liberators. I am very sad, but I hope if any of my liberators come to Holland for the 60th Celebrations of the Liberation of Tilburg they will think of me





**Captain Jerry Dawson** It was with great sadness that I learnt of the death of Jerry Dawson, Jerry, after being very ill for a few years, died at the age of 89 on the 17th August 2003. Having enlisted as band boy in Hamilton in 1930, his connection with the Cameronians lasted for over seventy years.

I first became aware of Jerry in 1962 when a letter from him invited me to support his idea for the first band reunion. Jerry, helped by his wife Connie, ran the reunion club for twenty years. In addition to the annual gatherings, Jerry sent out regular newsletters, Christmas cards telephoned us for news to pass on to others and was always concerned about our welfare.

At the London Reunions we were always



greeted with the maximum warmth by Jerry and Connie. I thought of them as the 'smiling couple.' Such meetings made it possible for bandsmen of many generations, hitherto unknown to one another, to meet and compare notes. Other Cameronians were welcome to come to the reunions and ex-officers, such as General Murray, came as guest speakers.

Our final reunion took place in 1982. Jerry was happy to hand over to another bandsman. Although a few showed interest, nobody took it on. All the bandsmen were very appreciative of the work of Jerry and Connie, for we all realised their tireless work had ensured that we remained in touch with one another. I know Jerry gladly did this for us, but his years of effort deserve our recognition. Connie said that being a Cameronian was such an important part of Jerry's life. In the War he had served in other regiments; so it would not be an exaggeration to state: 'But in spite of all temptations to belong to other regiments he remained a Cameronian man...'

Before and after the band reunions Jerry was involved with the organisation of the annual regimental reunion in London. Connie and Jerry enjoyed going to the reunions in Scotland. From 1979, as the London Convener, he organised the Regimental plot outside Westminster Abbey before Remembrance Sunday. He saw the Chelsea Pensioners belonging to the Cameronians, visited those who were sick and, in fact, worked for the regiment as long as he was able to do so.

In the 2000 edition, Jerry explained how and why he left Strathaven to join the Cameronians. He admitted his enlistment was more one of desperation than of inspiration. His words are applicable to many other ranks, who for decades have chosen to be servicemen in preference to the bleak prospect of years of unemployment. Jerry, being sixteen, was too young to be a soldier but had the advantage of being taught the cornet by the Salvation Army; this fact made it easy for him to enlist as a band boy.

Jerry joined the 2nd Bn Band at Bordon under the baton of Leslie Seymour. In every way possible, he distinguished himself as a boy. In 1932, he was awarded the Vanderleur Trophy as the best boy in the regiment. In 1933, having gained his Army 3rd and 2nd, he passed his Army First, a certificate of education that cleared the way in one important respect for eventual promotion to warrant officer and a QM commission. In common with most bandsmen, Jerry was good at sport: he represented his battalion at football and hockey. In 1936, he experienced his first period of active service in Palestine and gained his first medal ribbon.

It was in 1934 while playing with the band in Southend that Jerry met Connie.

Romance and marriage followed and Jerry decided to buy himself out of the army in 1938: the battalion posting to Catterick was just too far away from Connie. Neville Chamberlain's speech on the 3rd September 1939 shortened Jerry's return to civilian life. His call up came in 1940. Although he asked to return to the Cameronians, he could see the humour, and no doubt was also surprised, to find himself, as a Scot living in London, travelling to Wales to join an Irish regiment, the Royal Ulster Rifles: he was later transferred to the R.A. to see service in the Middle East and Italy.

In Italy in 1944, he served with the 2nd Bn of the Rifle Brigade. While engaged in carrying ammunition by mule train, he took a wrong track and ended up in the German lines, which saved him from being wiped out with his battalion. All did not go well for Jerry, for he had the misfortune to catch malaria. After a spell in hospital in Naples, he returned to duty with the 7th Bn of the R.B: he completed his war service with the 1st KRRC.

In the 1950's the Home Guard was re-created for domestic service in response to the growing threat from the Soviet Union. Jerry was once more in uniform. On the 11th May 1953 he was commissioned as a 2/Lt in the Middlesex Regt: later he was promoted to captain.

In 1946 Jerry was demobbed. He worked as a bus conductor and then as a driver for London Transport: he played with their band. A change of work came as a caretaker at the Education Offices in Tottenham, which was followed by a similar job at a medical centre. In 1987 Jerry and Connie left Tottenham to live in north Watford. In 2001, they left Watford to be near their daughter in Seaford in Sussex.

We send our condolences to Connie, his daughter Margaret, his sons John and Peter, his four grandchildren and his other friends.

Bill Coughlan.

**Major Laurence Norman Dunn M.B.E. T.D. A.RCM.** Laurie Dunn died peacefully at the age of 101 years on Maundy Thursday, 17th April 2003. A Service of Remembrance for Laurie took place on Friday 2nd May at the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, East Preston, Sussex. The service was conducted by the Revd. David Farrant, who reminded the large congregation of family, friends and neighbours that Laurie had a strong faith and had worshipped regularly at the church.

Acknowledging that Laurie enjoyed literature, the Rector quoted John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He went on to say that Laurie had used his God given gifts to the full and had enjoyed a happy, fulfilled life. He ended by saying that Laurie would want us to smile.

It was appropriate that the service should also remind us of Laurie's military career: the coffin was draped in the Union flag on which his medals were placed: the Last Post and Reveille were played by Staff Sergeant Howard Garner of the Corps of Army Musicians.

During his long life Laurie Dunn



spent more than fifty continuous years of service in army uniform from 1916 to 1969. Starting as a fourteen-year-old bandboy in the Seaforth Highlanders, he eventually became the bandmaster of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and director of music of the Royal Engineers (Aldershot). In his retirement, he accepted a similar post with the Bermuda Regiment. His military past, too, was recognised at the service by the presence of Colonel Dudley Lucas, Lt-Col Dick Walton, Sgt Bill Coughlan and WO11 Johnny McEwan, formerly of the Cameronians, Lt-Col. George Evans, Lt-Col Geoffrey Kingston, the past and present directors of music at Kneller Hall and Student-Bandmaster Dwight Robinson of the Bermuda Regiment.

Just after his 100th Birthday Laurie gave an interview to Band International in which he explained why he decided to become a Cameronian in 1929. He said: "Out of my class there were only five of us at the end who were considered qualified to be bandmasters. When it came to me, the Commandant, Colonel Lancelot Gregson, explained to me that there were two vacancies for bandmasters and that I'd have to make a choice." He said: "First of all there's the Manchester Regiment, who I know nothing about. And then there are the Cameronians, the Scottish Rifles, and I know this regiment - they lay next to us in France, in the trenches, and they're a very fine regiment. Unfortunately, from your point of view, they're due to go overseas, but can be very nice." "He was all for the Cameronians, so I took them."

Laurie, a fine clarinettist, had a deep appreciation of serious music. He loved orchestral music, opera and chamber music and introduced such works to his bands. His favourite composer was Gustav Mahler.

The occasion was a fitting tribute to the memory of Laurie Dunn. He was liked and respected by his musicians, who in turn became loyal to him. His love of his own family extended to his concern for the welfare of his bandsmen and all others who knew him.

Bill Coughlan

**Colonel Norman Gourlay Jardine**  
ICD,OBE, TD Norman Gourlay Jardine was born at Barrack Hall, Dumbreck on January 15, 1921; the son of Robert Gourlay Jardine (1875-1971), stockbroker, and Annie Logan Stevenson Downie (1885 - 1979).

He was educated at Craigholme School and Glasgow Academy where in 1936 he got his first taste of the army in the Junior Officers Training Corps. This began a life-long commitment to military service which, when taking a commission as 2nd Lieut. In the 7th Bn. The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), he was 'Saved from a career in the Royal Bank of Scotland' by the onset of the Second World War. He was sent to France with his unit in June 1940 and evacuated in the same month back to UK with the British Expeditionary Forces at Dunkirk.

This followed a period of deployments throughout Scotland with the 7th Battalion as part of the Highland Mountain Division and attachment to the 52nd Division Battle School as an instructor. The highlights of this period being guard duty while the King, Queen and Royal Princesses were in residence at Balmoral Castle in October 1942.

Norman's unpublished memoirs recorded his absolute fascination and respect for the Royal Family, Princess Elizabeth's incredible knowledge of military history and Princess Margaret who never missed a chance to test the officers' resolve and stamina during



hide and seek games with her mischievous antics. 'There I was, an officer in a mountain regiment, perching like a pair of bellows - more hectic than mountain warfare'.

Norman returned to France in 1944 with the 9th Bn. The Cameronians with the 'D' Day invasion in Normandy where he was wounded and evacuated to England to recuperate. This followed various secondments including the War Office Selection Boards in UK and the British Army of the Rhine 55WOSB (OCTU) for a tour of duty in Germany. In 1947 he was released and posted back to 7th Bn. The Cameronians as a Territorial Army Officer in Glasgow with the rank of Captain.

In 1948 Norman emigrated to Rhodesia to join his cousin, Rachel Semple and her husband Ebbie, to help manage their farm in Banket where he met his wife Rosamund Bowker and was married in May 1949.

In 1951, Norman started his career in the tobacco industry when he joined Gallaher Limited. This spanned a period of 45 years to include senior production, warehousing and shipping management position with Elia Salzman, the Tobacco Corporation and Universal Tobacco and as a specialist warehousing and tobacco consultant to Bridge Shipping.

In May 1952 his eldest son, Douglas was born followed by his second son Hamish in 1954.

In tandem with his civilian in tobacco Norman joined the 1st Bn. Royal Rhodesia Regiment (1RRR) (Territorial Force) in 1951 as a Lieutenant and was promoted to Captain (Company Commander) in 1954 and Major (Second in Command) in 1955. The 'Winds of Change' in Southern Africa and the rise of African Nationalism saw numerous states of emergency declared by the governments of the day and Norman serving in all countries of the then Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. This included the 1RRR being urgently dispatched to Nyasaland during a period of unrest in 1959. Norman was tasked to stabilise the situation, arrest Dr Hastings Banda and return with the Battalion to Salisbury. This was accomplished. Later Dr Banda went on to lead Malawi into independence after the break-up of the Federation. In 1962 Norman was promoted to Lt Col and took command of the 1RRR and was instrumental in taking the Battalion to a full war footing with a counter-insurgency operational focus.

November 1965 saw the Rhodesia Government's Unilateral Declaration of Independence with the Rhodesia Army including 1RRR under Norman's command

in full support. UDI also had an effect of his civilian career when he was seconded to the Tobacco Corporation; involved in the



co-ordination of the production, storage and shipping of excess tobacco stock accumulating as a result of international economic sanctions placed on Rhodesia.

Norman's medals and decorations epitomise apparent diametric contradictions of this turbulent era through to independence in 1980. Granted an OBE for services to colonial Rhodesia as Officer Commanding 1RRR, this was followed by the granting of an independence Commemorative Decoration for valuable services to the so called 'rebel state' of Rhodesia post UDI. Zimbabwean independence culminated in the awarding of the Zimbabwe Independence Medal. Norman's allegiance to 'Queen and Country' remained absolutely steadfast in line with the stated allegiance in the Independence Declaration; his issue was with the British Government. In his redesigning the Regimental badge after Rhodesia became a republic the retention of the crown in the centre of the badge was pertinent example of this allegiance.

In 1967 Norman handed over command of the Battalion but continued his involvement with the now Rhodesia Regiment as Honourary Colonel of the 1st, 5th and 8th Battalions. He continued to provide the benefit of his operational

experience and council to the Rhodesia Regiment, the Army and the Government until Zimbabwean Independence in 1980.

Norman Jardine was, in all instances, an officer and a gentleman with a great capacity to motivate people in his roles in the military, company management and as mentor to friends and family. He led by example.

His passion for regimental discipline, order and tradition endured to the end through the study of military history.

Norman Jardine passed away at home in Chisipiti, Harare on November 26, 2003 and leaves his sister, Lady Moy Bayly, sons Douglas and Hamish and grandsons Daniel, Saul, Robert and Anthony.

**Mr Oliver James Kelly** - on 27 Feb 2002, at the Royal Hospital Chelsea

**Col Charles E. Michie OBE., TD** Born in Hertfordshire 24 July 1914 10 days before outbreak of WW1 claims not responsible! Went to school at St. Peters, Seaford and St. Edwards, Oxford.

Left school during the depression in the 30's and grandfather who was manager of RBS in Glasgow had a great friend who was Chief Cashier of Bank of England and as a result Charles went to work in the bank in London at £150 per year. A lot of money in those days.

About this time in 1934 he joined London Scottish Regiment in London and reckoned that apart from marrying his wife it was the best thing he ever did. He and Peggy were married in 1939 and later that year he attended OCTU (Officer Cadet Training Unit) and was commissioned as a 2nd Lieut. into the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). In August 1940 at the height of the Battle of Britain Ian was born. The Cameronians were part of the 52nd Lowland Division who went to France 10 days after Dunkirk and a short time later along with 150,000 troops managed to return from Cherbourg back to England.

In 1942 training started in the Cairngorms in mountain warfare with the possible destination being Norway but after various changes they finished up in action below sea level in Holland. At the end of the war in Europe he was on the River Elbe opposite and in contact with the Russian Army not far from Luneberg Heath

In December 1945 Charles demobbed and returned to London with Ian now 5 and Jane 1 years old. The Bank of England asked him where he would like to work and as the bank had opened a branch in

Glasgow in 1940 he thought that it would be a good place to be with sailing and skiing for the family being readily available and of course all his army friends local to the area. When his colleagues heard of the proposed location to some of them it was rather like being sent to Spitzbergen!

Gillian was born in 1946 and Charles rejoined the TA a year later and finally finished up commanding the 6/7th Bn. Cameronians and was awarded an OBE and also the Order of the Star from the King Gustav of Sweden and his final posting was Deputy Brigade commander to Brig. Frank Coutts who as a former rugby player for Scotland made sure that there was never any army training on an international weekend!!

In between all his army work he was an elder for many years in Pollokshields West Church and as Chairman of the Earl Haig Fund in Glasgow recruited a gathering of very attractive ladies who each year collected money for the Poppy Fund and were known locally as 'Charlies Angles'!

During his time in Scotland he lived in Glasgow, Loch Melfort, Errol and finally in Bearsden, in all places they had many friends and a special thanks to those in Roman Court who laterly have been so helpful.

Charles had a great love of rugby, mountains and the Covenantors.

**Mr George Murray** - on 26 Apr 2003, at Erskine Hospital

**Edward William Giles** on 6 Jan 2004 at West Bromwich

**Mr Andrew Lawrie** - on 29 Jun 2003, at Erskine Hospital

**David Logan** at Douglas on 8 Jan 2004 at Douglas

**Major Alexander (Alec) Thomson Quinn** at Milton Grange Nursing Home on 6 Sep 2003. Alec was well known to many and a character to boot. He joined up on 3rd February 1931 declaring his age to be 19 although, that was a wee fib, he was in fact 17 at the time. He was posted to India in 1932 as a Rifleman to join the 1st Battalion returning in 1939 as a Corporal to join 2nd Battalion. By June 1940 he had been promoted to WOII whilst serving with the battalion. A short interlude at OCTU in the United Kingdom preceded a posting to the 9th Battalion as Lieutenant AT Quinn in February 1943. He remained with the 9th Battalion until he rejoined the 2nd Battalion in 1946. In March 1945, during

his time with the 9th Battalion he was Mentioned in Despatches.

Until his retirement, in 1979 Alec held a variety of posts not least in Pakistan in 1949. He was with the Regiment in Gibraltar, Germany, The Persian Gulf and East Africa. In all he served Queen and



Country for all 50 years and will be greatly missed. He is survived by his daughters Jean and Leanna and his son John, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

**Mr John Moncur Ramsay** at Perth Royal Infirmary 20 Dec 2003. A proud Cameronian who served with the 1st Bn. in Malaya.

**Donald Matheson Sinclair** St. John's Episcopal Church, Perth, 25th August  
Before I speak about Donald on behalf of the family, I want to read something to you. There was one person whom we all thought would have been right to have given a tribute today. Unfortunately, Hugh Mackay flew off to Canada on the day of Donald's death. I know that Hugh and Jeps are upset that they cannot be here to share in this day. There are others too, who are not able to be here (Douglas Sinclair, Rina), but we know that they are thinking of this gathering now. By the wonder of e-mail, Hugh has sent a message and I want to read it for you now.

*'Donald was my first and easily my best friend; a friendship which lasted over 55 years and one which survived many knocks and bumps which only served to strengthen and reinforce our trust and confidence in each other. Gaps of a year or so only meant that we had all the more to say to each other or indeed to laugh about together and in the very small hours of the morning we would hear Jean or Jennifer*

*in severe exasperation order us to bed. We would go happy and content knowing that our confidence in each other and that our common views remained and were strong and sure.*

*Thinking back on those many years I now realise that Donald had many, many long, good and happy relationships with others, indeed all of your who are here today were Donald's best friends. How come? Well, I think it was because of his wonderful, generous and mature nature. He was essentially a giver who enjoyed good company. He was happiest with people and in particular, with his children and grandchildren who would refer to their Grandpa as 'grumpus' or 'grubby'. One even asked on one occasion 'where on earth did we get Grandpa from?'*

*He was a fine and brave soldier, a wonderful games player and a super farmer Following a career, which has been his bedrock and his given him so much enjoyment. He was a patient giver of himself and someone who cared far more about those whom he was responsible for than the awful ostentation and minutiae of life. I remember him with his wonderful modesty being elected Chairman of 11 Platoon Football Committee, for him only to realise that the post was confined to buying the beer for the Committee. But he so enjoyed telling this story against himself.*

*We are all going to miss him so much but we can find good comfort in the knowledge that he is back again with his dear Jean. How much they will have to bring each other up to date and share life again. He is safe, at peace and we have the sure knowledge that his record is one which will make this so. Even now I think I can hear that call 'Oh for goodness sake, Donald, come up to bed!'*

That was of course Hugh, one of Donald's Cameronian friends and one of the many friends with whom he sat up late with a glass of whisky to put the world to rights!

The Cameronian Regiment owes its existence to a period of profound religious fervour in Scotland's history. Apparently a Cameronian soldier was expected to be of 'upright life and sober conversation!' Well, I am not sure about the sober conversation! I remember sitting up late with Donald on many occasions and once in particular we watched a crackly old black and white film on his video machine. There were endless shots of ranks of soldiers standing in line, marching at an astonishing rate and lowering flags. It was a recording of the ceremony to disband the regiment that took place in the mid-1960's. (Isn't there a former Cameronian whose nickname is Healeyaxtus, a reference to the then Defence Secretary, Dennis Healy?) **(Editors Note: nome de plume of the late Lt**

Col Leslie Dow) This was a film Donald watched from time to time and imposed on unsuspecting friends in a late night, maudlin and sentimental mood.

Donald was, of course, a proud soldier. His army colleagues were Donald and Jean's firmest friends. Things might have been very different for all of us as Donald was only an inch away from death when a soldier's gun went off by accident and blew a gash in the side of his cheek and removed a part of his ear lobe. Studying Grubby's scar was a source of fascination to our children.

In many ways what made Donald a good and successful soldier was his fair-minded character. He was a true gentleman; never over bearing, he gave all around him the space to be themselves. I think that these qualities were the key to the character of Donald and Jean's marriage. What a pair they were! In their life together, Jean was able to be her 'planny', exuberant, hospitable self, organising everyone, shouting at the dogs and sometimes at Donald, making their home a hub that drew friends and family from around the globe. Donald quietly grinning, waiting for the next party or invasion of visitors. Theirs was a wonderful partnership.

It was Donald's idea some 30 years ago to move the family to Balmalcolm. There is probably not a farm in Scotland that could better it for location. It was that move and his love for the hill that infected everyone else. Donald became synonymous with Balmalcolm and Dunsinnan Hill to the extent that an article appeared once in the New Yorker magazine on the legends surrounding Dunsinnan Hill and its associations with Macbeth. Donald was described as the craggy farmer who seemed to have been quarried from its stones, a true successor to Macbeth? Well, perhaps not!

Donald loved the land, he loved the hill and he loved his productive garden (and his Orangery). He was a hugely successful gardener always producing copious quantities of vegetables. He was not a 'tycoon' sort of farmer. He was an individual, enjoying a sense of place, the productivity of the soil, the banter with the men and his neighbours, the cattle on the hill. He was the sort of farmer who, when ploughing, would leap from his cab and move an oyster catcher's nest, then put it back when the plough had passed. He was one who lived in scale to his environment; a quality much needed in agriculture today. He engendered a similar love and appreciation for the land in his children. A sense of place was

so important to him and we all know how much Findhorn meant to Donald, a place he knew and loved from an early age and continued to visit until his illness.

We all know of the difficulties of these last two years. During that time Donald may have been diminished but he never lost his grin and his, by now, often alarmingly wheezy chuckle! Sometimes we thought in the last years or so that laughter would be the end of him. When he started to giggle there would be long, long gaps between breaths. His humour stayed with him too. Just recently he and Karen were discussing whether Jeanie might have inherited her indecisiveness from Jean. 'Was Jean ever indecisive', asked Karen? There ensued a long pause, and then, 'she never did make her mind up!' In her final illness, Jean kept a little book of thoughts that delighted her. In it she wrote, 'Happiness is, seeing Donald giggle'.

I want to pay tribute to Jeanie, Jamie and Kate now, because in their devotion to their Dad they have been an inspiration and an example to us all. I don't suppose Jamie missed a day visiting his Dad, who was his mentor and his hero. Jeanie and Kate's lives revolved around visits to the cottage where Donald spent his last couple of years. It is a tribute to Donald and Jean's qualities as parents that they are the close, loving, harmonious and amazing people they are.

It wouldn't do to forget those who nursed Donald these last two years. His carers made it possible for Donald to stay out of hospital. They did more than tend to him: they befriended him and the family. The family is particularly grateful to Margaret and to Barbara and to all the team for all they have done.

Last night we had a party at our wee cottage up at Collace. All the family were there and a few good friends. It was a loud, jolly event, one of several 'good' events we have enjoyed at this sad time. A lot of people were saying that Donald and Jean would have approved. Maybe (her green slime at bay (I'll explain that to anyone who asks later)), they were watching, together once more.

On a very personal note, I want to say that I was very proud to call Donald my father-in-law. Over the years I have come to know some of the reasons why Jeanie, Jamie and Kate were so proud of their Dad. He welcomed me into the family and supported me in ways that I will always be grateful for. He was a presence, his personality brooded over that part of Scotland I have come to love and to call

my home and I will miss him profoundly when we come as a family to Collace. And so, I can only begin to imagine the sense of loss felt by his children. I know I speak for everyone here when I say that we have lost a rich personality who added something special to the lives of those who knew him.

Perhaps, in conclusion, I can say something on behalf of his grandchildren. Donald was not the most physical of Grandpas, but his 'nitches' was a special bond. Maybe this is how we should all remember Donald: One of his grandchildren said this the other day, 'I remember Grubby's holy jumpers. He always seemed to wear torn up clothes!' 'Yes', responded another grandchild, 'but he wore slightly smarter, scruffy clothes to go to Perth and church!'

We all loved Donald, in his day quite possibly the scruffiest farmer in Scotland and someone who put pepper on his strawberries!

Thanks be to God for Donald Sinclair.

Robert Frazer

**Major Alastair Tomkins** - on 18 September 2003, it's true Cameronians do not whimper. He was very proud of his Regimental connection and always talked of his experience with the 6/7th Bn. with great enthusiasm.

**RSM John (Jake) Sneddon** John was from Boness and volunteered as a regular soldier in 1944 age 17 ½ years. After basic training in Holyrood N.Ireland he joined the 6th Btn. Cameronians(SR) and served with them for the rest of the war in 1945 he went to Senna Larga II on a boxing course, and met Joyce his future wife also on a P.T. course.

1946 John was posted to the 2nd Btn in Knook camp Warminster. 1947 posted again to the 1st Btn. in Gibraltar. He boxed for all three battalions.

From Gibraltar the Btn. moved to Trieste by Sea.

John was given leave to marry Joyce Jan 1949 six months later the Btn. moved to Honk Kong after Patrolling the New Territories, The Btn. moved again to Malaya and took part in many Jungle Sorties.

John came home due to illness and trained recruits at Dreghorn Camp 1951-53 both children born in this period.

John rejoined regt. at Barnard Castle as provest Sgt. (his least Favourite Job) from then John was with the Btn. in Buxtehude Bahreen, Shasha, Aden, Winson Bks, Kenya, Minden, Redford Bks. Aden on

disbandment.

His last year was spent at G.H.Q. Scotland John was a keen Sportsman athletics, hockey, rugby. He loved the Regt. and took great pride in Training the Royal Guards for Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood Palace, Buckingham Palace, Tower of London, and Balmoral not forgetting the opening of the Forth Road Bridge.

John expected the troops to do well and they certainly did.

John became a BK. Accountant and retired in 1981.

He enjoyed many years cycling, swimming, & camping with his grand children Roy, Carolyne & Stuart.

John is sadly missed by close & extended



family, most of all by his wife Joyce but 54 years of good memories will keep him in their hearts.

**The Cameronians (SR) and friends acknowledge with gratitude and thanks the following donations following the memorial services for: Major Lawrence (Lawrie) Dunn £436.00  
Mr John Moncur Ramsay £423.86**





## 35 Years On - Where are you now? We would like to hear from you.

### Future Destinations of Personnel from our ex-1st Battalion

#### Leaving the Army

| No.      | Rank   | Name               | Coy./Dept.                |
|----------|--------|--------------------|---------------------------|
|          | Major  | Cameron, D.E.N     |                           |
|          | "      | Godsman, A.        |                           |
|          | Capt.  | Christie, D.O      |                           |
|          | "      | Farquharson, I.D.  |                           |
|          | "      | Gordon-Smith, P.G. |                           |
|          | Lieut. | Croft, R.O.G.      |                           |
|          |        | Williams, J.R.     |                           |
| 21052461 | W.O.I. | Andrews, R.        | Bn. H.Q.                  |
| 5683324  | "      | Charlton, C.       | Mil. Band                 |
| 14184258 | W.O.II | Burns, J.          | Q.M.'s Staff              |
| 2548517  | "      | McEwan, J.         | Mil. Band                 |
| 14184735 | "      | Robertson, S.M.    | B Coy.                    |
| 22771678 | "      | Todd, W.           | D Coy.                    |
| 21071396 | "      | Yuill, G.          | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.            |
| 23549765 | C/Sjt. | Laverick, G.       | Officers' Mess            |
| 22376694 | "      | McBride, R.E.      | B Coy.                    |
| 3254807  | "      | Page, E.           | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.            |
| 22295748 | "      | Smith, B           | Q.M.'s Staff              |
| 22458177 | "      | Tilley, W.         | Recruiting Office Glasgow |
| 23049195 | Sjt.   | Adams, W.K.        | D Coy.                    |
| 21023488 | "      | Armstrong, J.      | M.T. Pl.                  |
| 22376694 | "      | Carr J.            | B Coy.                    |
| 22573136 | "      | Currie, J.         | C Coy.                    |
| 23706351 | "      | Hamilton, H.       | Regt. Police              |
| 19044818 | "      | Hynd, D.           | Medic. Sc.                |
| 23742183 | "      | La Roche, T.       | D Coy.                    |
| 23562732 | "      | Quinn, J.          | D Coy.                    |
| 22215744 | "      | Ramsay, J.         | Q.M.'s Staff              |
| 22474735 | "      | Sheridan, W.       | A Coy.                    |
| 22069886 | "      | Sorbie, T.         | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.            |
| 22805812 | "      | Tait, A.           | Bn. H.Q.                  |
| 22704138 | "      | Wilson, W          | Q.M.'s Staff              |
| 23492948 | Cpl.   | Begley, S.         | D Coy.                    |
| 22959014 | "      | Hall, A.           | Sjts' Mess                |
| 22308426 | "      | Middler, S.        | Pipes and Drums           |
| 22134658 | "      | Mellon, W.         | Regt. Police              |
| 23664917 | "      | Lennon, F.         | M.T. Pl.                  |
| 23684525 | "      | McAlpine, J.       | D Coy.                    |
| 23742005 | "      | Rogerson, D.E.     | B Coy.                    |
| 23736940 | "      | Salisbury, J.      | B Coy.                    |
| 22563898 | "      | Simpson, R.        | B Coy.                    |
| 23220658 | "      | Solway, W.A.       | D Coy.                    |
| 23510921 | L/Cpl. | Ross, J.           | Mil. Band                 |
| 23914044 | "      | Tomlinson, G.      | B Coy.                    |
| 23549640 | Bdsm.  | Kane, S.           | Mil. Band                 |
| 23828251 | "      | Law, I.            | Mil. Band                 |
| 23909394 | Rfn.   | Bell, M            | D Coy.                    |
| 23732594 | "      | Middleton, J.      | B Coy.                    |
| 23531847 | "      | Porteous, D.L.     | Pipes and Drums           |

## Going to the Royal Scots

|          |        |                          |                  |
|----------|--------|--------------------------|------------------|
|          | Major  | Brown, R.J.F., M.B.E.    |                  |
|          | "      | Clarke, S.D.             |                  |
|          | "      | Lucas, J.N.D.            |                  |
|          | "      | Soper, G.A.M. (Q.M.)     |                  |
|          | "      | Walton, R.N.             |                  |
|          | Capt.  | Brotherton, R.A.         |                  |
|          | "      | Burns, J. (Q.M.)         |                  |
|          | "      | Paterson, R.H.           |                  |
|          | Lieut  | Browne, C.J.W.           |                  |
|          | "      | Critchell, E.G.T. (Q.M.) |                  |
|          | "      | Mason, R.P.              |                  |
| 23428132 | C/Sjt. | Morrison, W.             | D Coy.           |
| 23959214 | Sjt.   | Findlater, R.            | D Coy.           |
| 23833765 | "      | Irons, R.M.              | B Coy.           |
| 23863228 | Cpl.   | Donnelly, H.             | Sig. Pl.         |
| 23898635 | "      | Hogg, J.                 | D Coy.           |
| 23885083 | "      | Hunter, W.J.             | M.T. Pl.         |
| 23904250 | "      | Murdoch, J.              | Q.M.'s Staff     |
| 23716979 | "      | O'Connor, J.             | D Coy.           |
| 23871702 | "      | Pollock, W.J.M.          | Bn. H.Q.         |
| 23889083 | "      | Russell, A.R.            | A Coy.           |
| 23909623 | "      | Stewart, J.J.            | B Coy.           |
| 7928963  | Cpl.   | Sutherland, B.           | Q.M.'s Staff     |
| 23833643 | "      | Walsh, L                 | B Coy.           |
| 23930593 | "      | Wilson, H.S.             | Sig Pl.          |
| 23750831 | L Cpl. | Adams, W.                | D Coy.           |
| 24040189 | "      | Brenan, P.               | B Coy.           |
| 23863601 | "      | Caddell, W.C.            | Sig. Pl.         |
| 23681823 | "      | Dell, R. D.              | Sig. Pl.         |
| 24019548 | "      | Durkin, M.               | B Coy.           |
| 23909204 | "      | Keane, A.J.              | Pipes and Drums  |
| 23908060 | "      | Linton, J.D.A.           | B Coy.           |
| 23992802 | "      | Morrison, N.C.           | D Coy.           |
| 23769148 | "      | Perrie J.                | Q.M.'s Staff     |
| 23977977 | "      | Swanson, G.S.            | A Coy.           |
| 23863399 | Rfn.   | Allan, R                 | M.T. Pl.         |
| 24081315 | "      | Anderson, A.             | A Coy.           |
| 24017439 | "      | Baigan, G.               | D Coy.           |
| 24084647 | "      | Bain, R.                 | A Coy.           |
| 24042436 | "      | Bruce, D                 | M.T. Pl.         |
| 24054773 | "      | Byrce, R                 | Pipes and Drums  |
| 23950994 | "      | Buchanan, P              | Sig. Pl.         |
| 24081701 | "      | Carney, T.H.             | A Coy.           |
| 23828063 | "      | Crawford, G.             | D Coy.           |
| 24026175 | "      | Cunningham, A            | A Coy.           |
| 23857361 | "      | Dickson, V.              | M.T. Pl.         |
| 24081934 | "      | Dickson, C.J.            | B Coy.           |
| 24054699 | "      | Innes. M.B.              | Officers' Mess   |
| 23930842 | "      | Fay, D.J.                | Sig. Pl.         |
| 24074797 | "      | Fraser, J                | A Coy.           |
| 24111323 | "      | Gallagher, T.            | Pipes and Drums  |
| 23930737 | "      | Garrett, D.              | Pipers and Drums |
| 23930588 | "      | Green, A.                | Q.M.'s Staff     |
| 23853485 | "      | Green, C.                | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.   |

## Going to the Royal Highland Fusiliers

|          |         |                 |                 |
|----------|---------|-----------------|-----------------|
|          | Major   | Burrell, J.     |                 |
|          | Lieut.  | Grant, P.R.     |                 |
| 23700489 | Sjt.    | Wallace, E.     | D Coy.          |
| 23568457 | C/Sjt.  | McKnight, E.    | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23534906 | Cpl.    | Dixon, A.H.     | A Coy.          |
| 23930590 | "       | McDowell, I.    | Pipes and Drums |
| 23904903 | "       | Mulraney, T.    | Regt. Police    |
| 23835156 | "       | Noble, J.       | B Coy.          |
| 23681063 | "       | Reid, M. M.     | Pipes and Drums |
| 24101912 | "       | Springett, H.F. | B Coy.          |
| 24008870 | "       | Tait, J.W.      | B Coy.          |
| 24065935 | L. Cpl. | Anderson, R.F.  | D Coy.          |
| 23943375 | "       | Bradford, S.B.  | D Coy.          |
| 23992845 | "       | Halliday, D.J.  | A Coy.          |
| 23871787 | "       | Hannah, H.K.    | Sig. Pl.        |
| 24065932 | "       | McGrory, M.     | A Coy.          |
| 23959440 | "       | McMunn, A.M.B.  | Sjts.' Mess     |
| 23863015 | "       | Morrison, J.    | Pipes and Drums |
| 23959489 | "       | Peat, J.        | Officers' Mess  |
| 23863504 | "       | Pender, A.      | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23785335 | "       | Rodgers, S.     | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24122211 | Rfn.    | Bartleman, J.I. | D Coy.          |
| 24084432 | "       | Boyaln, T.F.    | A Coy.          |
| 23959541 | "       | Colville, J.F.  | A Coy.          |
| 23959369 | "       | Devoy, T.       | B Coy.          |
| 24122977 | "       | Dutty, T.       | A Coy.          |
| 24054067 | "       | Dunn, T.        | A Coy.          |
| 24117877 | "       | Edgar, J.K.     | D Coy.          |
| 24081580 | "       | Furlong, F.J.   | A Coy.          |
| 23930189 | "       | Gibson, P.      | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24095834 | "       | Gowans, J.W.    | D Coy.          |
| 24090656 | "       | Hannah, J.      | B Coy.          |
| 24008078 | "       | Hardie, R.B.    | Sig. Pl.        |
| 24107290 | "       | Haward, W.      | A Coy.          |
| 24074142 | "       | Hughes, A.D.S.  | B Coy.          |
| 23846789 | "       | Humphreys, D.G. | B Coy.          |
| 24111789 | "       | Inness, I.      | A Coy.          |
| 24026700 | "       | Keating, J.S.D. | Sig Pl.         |
| 23863965 | "       | Love C.         | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23754358 | "       | McIntosh, H.D.  | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24081768 | "       | McWilliams, T.  | B Coy.          |
| 24081306 | "       | Moffat, F.L.    | A Coy.          |
| 24074028 | "       | Porter, T.W.W.  | B Coy.          |
| 24111143 | "       | Poulton, J.     | D Coy.          |
| 23681912 | "       | Robertson, W.B. | Officers' Mess  |
| 23750631 | "       | Rouse, J.       | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24081641 | "       | Roy, W.J.       | A Coy.          |
| 24081307 | "       | Shaw, A.        | A Coy.          |
| 23959289 | "       | Shaw, G.W.D.    | Bn. H.Q.        |
| 24063166 | "       | Sloan, T.       | D Coy.          |
| 22387275 | "       | Sneddon, H.     | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24065170 | "       | Storer, A.J.    | D Coy.          |
| 23533174 | "       | Taylor, W.J.    | A Coy.          |
| 24042362 | "       | Watson, J.A.H.  | B Coy.          |
| 24065602 | "       | Welka, W.       | D Coy.          |
| 23904844 | "       | Williamson, H.  | Sjt.'s Mess     |

## Going to the King's Own Scottish Borderers

|          |          |                      |                 |
|----------|----------|----------------------|-----------------|
|          | Major    | Gilfilan, T.V.       |                 |
|          | "        | Lindsay, A.          |                 |
|          | "        | Rodger, W.A.L.       |                 |
|          | Capt.    | Cooper, K.M.         |                 |
|          | "        | Galloway, A. (Q.M.)  |                 |
|          | "        | Leishman, B.A.S.     |                 |
|          | "        | Lindsay, C.          |                 |
|          | "        | McBain, R.K.         |                 |
|          | Lieut.   | Corkerton, D.J.P.    |                 |
|          | "        | Eydes, P.W.          |                 |
|          | "        | Sixsmith, M.D.       |                 |
|          | "        | Thomson, A.R.        |                 |
| 22470411 | W.O.I.I. | Anderson, T., B.E.M. | A Coy.          |
| 22663251 | "        | Martin, E.           | B Coy.          |
| 23513780 | Sgt.     | Megeary, H.          | A Coy.          |
| 23828442 | Cpl.     | Cryans, J.           | Pipes and Drums |
| 23871049 | "        | Hastie, A.K.         | Bn. H.Q.        |
| 23959195 | "        | Kay, J.              | Officers' Mess  |
| 24017025 | "        | Lewicki, P.          | A Coy.          |
| 23243490 | "        | McMinn, D.J.         | Regt. Police    |
| 23697045 | "        | Mitchell, A.         | A Coy.          |
| 23733036 | "        | Murray, J.E.         | D Coy.          |
| 23871668 | "        | Shields, J.W.        | A Coy.          |
| 24074585 | "        | Smith, A.            | B Coy.          |
| 23537824 | "        | Watt, A.             | C Coy.          |
| 24081063 | L/Cpl.   | Bennett, R.M.L.      | D Coy.          |
| 23930954 | "        | Gibson, R.           | D Coy.          |
| 24074871 | "        | McColm, P.J.         | Regt. Police    |
| 23871375 | "        | Smith, J.            | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23930240 | "        | Spence, J.           | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24081428 | Rfn.     | Aitchinson, W.D.     | A Coy.          |
| 23959036 | "        | Armstrong, A.J.      | H.Q. Coy H.Q.   |
| 24065021 | "        | Blair, N.G.          | A Coy.          |
| 24017976 | "        | Campbell, B.         | A Coy.          |
| 23980671 | "        | Dickson, C.J.        | B Coy.          |
| 23909207 | "        | Frew, N.M.           | D Coy.          |
| 24081007 | "        | Gibson, A.           | D Coy.          |
| 23959357 | "        | Harker, J.W.         | A Coy.          |
| 24084122 | "        | Hay, M.              | B Coy.          |
| 24101599 | "        | Houston, D.          | B Coy.          |
| 22324568 | "        | Hughes, D.           | Bn. H.Q.        |
| 24017501 | "        | Hunter, M.F.         | A Coy.          |
| 23750023 | "        | Jack, P.             | Pipes and Drums |
| 24074097 | "        | Manson, D.A.B.       | A Coy.          |
| 24111946 | "        | McBride, A.          | D Coy.          |
| 23863333 | "        | McCull, W.           | D Coy.          |
| 23549867 | "        | McCormack, J.W.      | Pipes and Drums |
| 23743643 | "        | McGinlay, J.F.       | A Coy.          |
| 24101926 | "        | McHarg, P.           | B Coy.          |
| 24008033 | "        | Mohammed, R.J.S.     | B Coy.          |
| 23871776 | "        | Morrison, N.C.       | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24095973 | "        | Muir, A.P.           | A Coy.          |
| 23909093 | "        | Newman, R.V.H.       | Officers' Mess  |
| 23716471 | "        | O'Halloran, R.       | Pipes and Drums |
| 24095515 | "        | Paton, A.            | D Coy.          |
| 23968645 | "        | Russell, R.          | A Coy.          |
| 24107421 | "        | Sweeney, E.          | A Coy.          |

|          |   |                |                |
|----------|---|----------------|----------------|
| 23930931 | " | Thompson, R.   | D Coy.         |
| 24084123 | " | Thompson, B.   | D Coy.         |
| 24090780 | " | Ullman, A.W.   | D Coy.         |
| 23997547 | " | Watson, F.     | H.Q. Coy. H.Q. |
| 24095366 | " | Webster, W.    | B Coy.         |
| 23863637 | " | Welsh, D.P.W.  | D Coy.         |
| 23930489 | " | White, F.      | B Coy.         |
| 24101009 | " | Williamson, R. | A Coy.         |
| 23909030 | " | Wilson, J.M.   | A Coy.         |
| 24084688 | " | Young, P.      | B Coy.         |

## Going to the Black Watch

|          |        |                 |                 |
|----------|--------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 23784231 | Cpl.   | Noble, J.       | B Coy.          |
| 23549430 | "      | Rushbury, H.    | B Coy.          |
| 23904904 | L/Cpl. | Crawford, E.    | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 24057472 | "      | Dudds, J.       | A Coy.          |
| 24022325 | Rfn.   | Alexander, W.   | A Coy.          |
| 23909664 | "      | Bowie, D.       | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23871789 | "      | Brown, J.       | D Coy.          |
| 24084433 | "      | Bryce, R.       | A Coy.          |
| 23836466 | Bdsm.  | Carr, T.        | Mil. Band       |
| 23930627 | "      | Cuthbertson, J. | Pipes and Drums |
| 23930816 | "      | Duncan, A.      | A Coy           |
| 23959519 | "      | Hamilton, J.    | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24074342 | "      | Holland, J.     | D Coy.          |
| 23716498 | "      | La Roche, J.    | Mil. Band       |
| 23871044 | "      | Latta, R.       | B Coy.          |
| 23904801 | "      | Laughland, A.   | B Coy.          |
| 23930592 | "      | Malcolm, A.     | B Coy.          |
| 23930293 | "      | Manclark, K.    | A Coy.          |
| 23871550 | "      | McGeachy, W.    | D Coy.          |
| 23909465 | "      | McMahon, J.     | B Coy.          |
| 23959490 | "      | Moses, J.       | A Coy.          |
| 24081602 | "      | Nairn, R.       | A Coy.          |
| 23744369 | "      | Shearer, R.     | A Coy.          |

## Going to the Queen's Own Highlanders

|          |        |                 |                 |
|----------|--------|-----------------|-----------------|
|          | Major  | Baynes, J.C.M.  |                 |
|          | "      | Campbell, A.    |                 |
|          | Lieut. | Grant, R.A.U.   |                 |
| 23904338 | Cpl.   | Anderson, J.    | A Coy.          |
| 23741676 | "      | Brankin, W.J.   | B Coy.          |
| 23930863 | "      | Dawson, A.      | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 22531774 | "      | Gibson, J.R.S.  | Pipes and Drums |
| 23783271 | "      | Innes, J.A.     | B Coy.          |
| 23846533 | "      | McAteer, G.     | D Coy.          |
| 23904462 | "      | Morell, I.      | Pipes and Drums |
| 23909201 | L/Cpl. | Balloch, T.     | B Coy.          |
| 23904683 | "      | Burns, D.W.     | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23201531 | "      | Henry, W.       | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23899644 | "      | Houston, E.     | A Coy.          |
| 24084101 | "      | Laidlaw, J.S.K. | A Coy.          |
| 23930318 | "      | McDevitt, H.P.  | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23959260 | "      | McLeod, D.M.C.  | B Coy.          |
| 23863519 | "      | McManus, G.     | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23769186 | "      | O'Donnell, J.W. | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24117368 | Rfn.   | Alexander, ??   | Bn. H.Q.        |

|          |   |                 |                 |
|----------|---|-----------------|-----------------|
| 19037983 | “ | Robinson, D.    | Medic. Sec.     |
| 24026396 | “ | Wilson, J.M.    | A Coy.          |
| 24095117 | “ | Boyd, J.S.M.    | A Coy.          |
| 23959300 | “ | Christie, R.    | B Coy.          |
| 24090987 | “ | Christie, B.J.  | D Coy.          |
| 24095487 | “ | Clark, A.       | B Coy.          |
| 23863367 | “ | Clements, P.J.  | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23959019 | “ | Coady, J.M.C.   | B Coy.          |
| 23982848 | “ | Dennett, R.     | A Coy.          |
| 24026841 | “ | Devlin, P.      | A Coy.          |
| 23959038 | “ | Dowdles, S.     | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23909397 | “ | Elliot, H.      | B Coy.          |
| 23930716 | “ | Galbraith, A.   | B Coy.          |
| 24074062 | “ | Gallagher, A.E. | Cpls.' Mess     |
| 23959391 | “ | Gilbert, R.J.   | A Coy.          |
| 23930841 | “ | Gillan, J.      | Officers' Mess  |
| 24081784 | “ | Halliday, A.E.  | B Coy.          |
| 24074296 | “ | Hunter, A.      | B Coy.          |
| 24040210 | “ | Kerr, J.S.      | B Coy.          |
| 24101077 | “ | Kerr, J.        | D Coy.          |
| 23977894 | “ | Levell, R.W.    | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23959318 | “ | McEwan, G.      | D Coy.          |
| 23930587 | “ | McFarlane, G.N. | B Coy.          |
| 24074870 | “ | McGeachy, J.    | A Coy.          |
| 24095984 | “ | McGhee, J.      | A Coy.          |
| 23904032 | “ | McGill, J.      | Sjts.' Mess     |
| 23909986 | “ | McGowan, M.J.   | Pipes and Drums |
| 23863499 | “ | McGregor, W.K.  | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23909415 | “ | McLaren, W.     | B Coy.          |
| 23743428 | “ | McLaughlin, W.  | B Coy.          |
| 23784397 | “ | McMoran, R.     | A Coy.          |
| 24074190 | “ | McNeil, J.      | Sig Pl.         |
| 23930396 | “ | Mair, I.        | Sig Pl.         |
| 24074798 | “ | O'Donnell, J.   | Sjts.' Mess     |
| 24080036 | “ | Paterson, G.    | D Coy.          |
| 23871648 | “ | Ross, A.C.      | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23861416 | “ | Russel, A.H.W.  | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 23930740 | “ | Smith, J.T      | D Coy.          |
| 24074372 | “ | Weir, G.H.S.    | B Coy.          |
| 24117822 | “ | White, J.I.     | B Coy.          |
| 24122212 | “ | Wright, J.      | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 23930791 | “ | Yardley, H.D.   | A Coy.          |
| 23980239 | “ | Yates, B.H.     | A Coy.          |

## Going To The Gordon Highlanders

|          |        |                      |                 |
|----------|--------|----------------------|-----------------|
|          | Major  | Dunbar, M.L., M.B.E. |                 |
|          | Capt.  | Gibson, R.E.B.C.     |                 |
| 3254848  | C/Sjt. | Thurlow, A.          | Bn. H.Q.        |
| 23503909 | Sjt.   | O'Neil, G.A.         | A Coy.          |
| 23869544 | Cpl.   | Carrick, W.          | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 23847545 | “      | Colville, A.B.       | A Coy.          |
| 23716067 | “      | Fox, J.              | Pipes and Drums |
| 23959508 | “      | Gibson, L.V.         | D Coy.          |
| 23784036 | “      | Gilfillan, D.C.      | Regt. Police    |
| 23930535 | “      | McDade, J.           | Regt. Police    |
| 23904070 | “      | McDairmid, J.L.      | D Coy.          |
| 23904462 | “      | Morrell, I.          | Pipes and Drums |
| 23909046 | “      | Proctor, J.H.        | Sig. Pl.        |

|          |        |                 |                 |
|----------|--------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 23832822 | "      | Thomson, J.     | A Coy.          |
| 23904906 | "      | Topping, J.     | Cpls.' Mess     |
| 24008029 | L/Cpl. | Curran, I.A.    | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23716404 | "      | Groome, T.G.    | B Coy.          |
| 23909482 | "      | Harding, W.     | D Coy.          |
| 23928926 | "      | Martin, J.I.    | Regt. Police    |
| 23863451 | "      | Murray, E.      | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23783251 | "      | Wilkie, D.      | Regt. Police    |
| 23930287 | "      | Young, J.       | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23930397 | Rfn.   | Alexander, S.   | Pipes and Drums |
| 23846209 | "      | Allison, A.     | B Coy.          |
| 23909316 | "      | Baillie, M.     | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24084448 | "      | Black, D.T.     | D Coy.          |
| 23959252 | "      | Bogan, D.       | H.Q. Coy H.Q.   |
| 24117116 | "      | Bogan, J.M.     | D Coy.          |
| 23736911 | "      | Bradley, H.     | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24101600 | "      | Bratchell, A.A. | D Coy.          |
| 24041307 | "      | Brown, J.       | D Coy.          |
| 23909949 | "      | Cairns, W.      | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23863257 | "      | Campbell, T.L.  | A Coy.          |
| 23930173 | "      | Clark, J.T.     | B Coy.          |
| 24026756 | "      | Cleland, W.C.   | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23930973 | "      | Connelly, J.    | A Coy.          |
| 23959569 | "      | Coullie, W.M.   | Sig. Pl.        |
| 24035784 | "      | Cullivan, D.J.  | B Coy.          |
| 24044178 | "      | Currie, J.E.    | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23909948 | "      | Dickson, K.K.   | B Coy.          |
| 24074592 | "      | Donnelly, E.    | Pipes and Drums |
| 24026938 | "      | Flynn, M.T.     | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23871248 | "      | Gibson, C.      | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23930929 | "      | Grennough, J.A. | Officers' Mess  |
| 23959048 | "      | Hastie, T.      | D Coy.          |
| 24065023 | "      | Hay, A.B.       | O.M.'s Staff    |
| 23863332 | "      | Hunstone, J.    | B Coy.          |
| 23109016 | "      | Kilbride, M.    | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23871728 | "      | McCull, E.      | B Coy.          |
| 23009455 | "      | McIntyre, A.    | D Coy.          |
| 23959843 | "      | McKenzie, W.    | D Coy.          |
| 23871159 | "      | Moore, S.A.     | B Coy.          |
| 23863764 | "      | Munn, W.        | D Coy.          |
| 23820843 | "      | Oliver, J.      | A Coy.          |
| 23780134 | "      | Peters, G.P.    | Pipes and Drums |
| 24065225 | "      | Pringle, F.     | D Coy.          |
| 24100745 | "      | Reid, H.        | D Coy.          |
| 23950624 | "      | Robertson, R.   | D Coy.          |
| 23960516 | "      | Scanlin, J.     | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23959964 | "      | Scott, G.F.     | D Coy.          |
| 23107546 | "      | Shuff, A.G.F.   | D Coy.          |
| 24095539 | "      | Smith, S.R.     | D Coy.          |
| 24074112 | "      | Sneddon, A.G.   | A Coy.          |
| 23871967 | "      | Sweeney, B.     | A Coy.          |
| 24095661 | "      | Taylor, I.K.    | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23750947 | "      | Townsley, H.H.  | A Coy.          |
| 24081620 | "      | Welsh, J.D.     | A Coy.          |
| 24074821 | "      | Wilson, T.B.N.  | D Coy.          |
| 23009485 | "      | Winters, T.     | B Coy.          |



## Going to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

|          |        |                   |                 |
|----------|--------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 22835420 | Capt.  | Park Weir, I.C.   |                 |
| 23701105 | C/Sjt. | Kilbride, R.      | A Coy.          |
| 23722488 | Sjt.   | McDonald, A.G.    | A Coy.          |
| 23798025 |        | McSween, K.       | Mil. Band       |
| 23797990 | Cpl.   | Boyd, J.          | Mil. Band       |
| 23871617 | "      | Carey, J.         | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 23909848 | "      | Cunningham, J.M.  | D Coy.          |
| 23834533 | "      | Dearrie, G.H.     | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23954983 | "      | McConnachie, P.V. | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23863325 | L/Cpl. | Burns, W.         | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23904865 | "      | Burrows, J.L.     | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23207935 | "      | Campbell, A.      | D Coy.          |
| 23828020 | "      | Donnelly, J.      | Mil. Band       |
| 23479243 | "      | Gillespie, K.     | Mil. Band       |
| 23930651 | Rfn.   | Sneddon, D.       | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 23930900 | Bdsm.  | Alexander, R.T.   | M.T. Pl.        |
| 23207957 | Rfn.   | Blackwood, J.     | Mil. Band       |
| 23904339 | "      | Bollan, R.A.B.    | B Coy.          |
| 23904251 | "      | Brady, J.         | B Coy.          |
| 24074061 | "      | Chambers, A.      | Sjts.' Mess     |
| 24095428 | "      | Christie, R.      | A Coy.          |
| 23930630 | "      | Erskine, H.B.     | M.T. Pl.        |
| 24122736 | "      | Gallagher, J.     | B Coy.          |
| 24026085 | "      | Geddes, F.S.      | B Coy.          |
| 23980206 | "      | Goldie, J.P.      | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23659625 | "      | Gough, W.D.       | A Coy.          |
| 23930209 | "      | Imrie, T.C.D.     | B Coy.          |
| 23983272 | "      | Kennedy, M.C.     | Pipes and Drums |
| 24111160 | "      | Lang, W.          | B Coy.          |
| 24074144 | "      | Lockhart, A.      | A Coy.          |
| 23871371 | "      | Lloyd, H.E.       | Sig. Pl.        |
| 24061330 | "      | Lyons, D.P.       | D Coy.          |
| 24107503 | "      | Malcolm, R.       | A Coy.          |
| 24035359 | "      | Martin, R.C.      | A Coy.          |
| 23980205 | "      | McCormick, J.     | A Coy.          |
| 23681808 | Bdsm.  | McCrae, W.        | Sig. Pl.        |
| 24111846 | Rfn.   | McCrum, G.        | Mil. Band       |
| 24065412 | "      | McGhee, G.        | A Coy.          |
| 23909457 | "      | McIntyre, D.      | A Coy.          |
| 24111305 | "      | McIntyre, G.C.B.  | D Coy.          |
| 23959011 | "      | McLeish, T.A.     | B Coy.          |
| 23959030 | "      | McLeod, J.K.T.    | A Coy.          |
| 23828592 | "      | McNamara, A.B.    | A Coy.          |
| 23716749 | "      | McWilliams, A.R.  | Sig. Pl.        |
| 23930594 | Rfn.   | Meechan, T.       | Q.M.'s Staff    |
| 24026561 | Bdsm.  | Milroy, J.        | Pipes and Drums |
| 23863646 | "      | Munro, S.         | Mil. Band       |
| 23122343 | Rfn.   | Murdoch, A.       | Mil. Band       |
| 24017999 | "      | Murray, J.D.      | B Coy.          |
| 23730360 | "      | Nelson, R.S.      | A Coy.          |
| 23930104 | "      | Peattie, W.       | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 24035718 | "      | Roberts, J.H.     | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  |
| 24017570 | Bdsm.  | Russell, W.D.     | Officers' Mess  |
| 24122076 | Rfn.   | Rooney, E.T.      | Mil. Band       |
| 24017528 | "      | Samson, G.        | D Coy.          |
| 24081430 | "      | Stevenson, T.H.   | Sig. Pl.        |
|          |        | Watson, A.C.      | D Coy.          |

24111406 Bdsm. Young, D. Mil. Band

### Going to Corps or Regiments outside the Lowland and Highland Brigades

| No.      | Rank   | Name                  | Coy./Dept.      | Posting           |
|----------|--------|-----------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
|          | Capt.  | Buchanan Dunlop, R.D. |                 | Scots Guards      |
|          | "      | Hathorn, D. McF.      |                 | A.C.C.            |
|          | "      | Orr, J.A.             |                 | Para. Regt.       |
|          | "      | Nisbet, A.D.I.        |                 | R.A.O.C.          |
|          | "      | Murray, J.            |                 | D.A.L.S.          |
|          | "      | Stephens, G. McL.     |                 | Royal Scots Greys |
|          | Lieut. | Cox, J.J.D.           |                 | Scots Guards      |
|          | "      | Matthews, F.C.        |                 | R.C.T.            |
| 23549603 | Sjt.   | Dalglish, J.          | Mil. Band       | Royal Scots Greys |
| 23758949 | Cpl.   | Ferns, J.             | Mil. Band       | R.E.M.E.          |
| 23549823 | "      | Paton, J.             | Mil. Band       | R.A.              |
| 24040215 | "      | Sutherland, D.M.      | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  | R.A.O.C.          |
| 23742789 | "      | Ward, J.S.            | Sig. Pl.        | R.P.C.            |
| 24074898 | L/Cpl. | Bauchope, D.          | Bn. H.Q.        | Q.D.G.            |
| 23858186 | "      | Cleland, J.           | Pipes and Drums | R.A.              |
| 23786903 | "      | Currie, R.            | M.T. Pl.        | 52 Low. Div. Dis. |
| 23959339 | "      | Dick, J.              | B Coy.          | R.A.              |
| 24035954 | "      | Gibson, J.            | B Coy.          | Para. Regt.       |
| 23982850 | "      | Kerr, D.              | A Coy.          | R.A.              |
| 24065617 | "      | McDonald, J.          | A Coy.          | R.T.R.            |
| 24074897 | "      | McNeil, W.A.          | D Coy.          | R. Sigs.          |
| 24081132 | "      | Maley, M.J.           | D Coy.          | Para. Regt.       |
| 23716377 | "      | Sproul, J             | Mil. Band       | R.A.              |
| 23863017 | "      | Stewart, A.           | Mil. Band       | R.A.              |
| 24026732 | "      | Sweeney, R.           | D Coy.          | Para. Regt.       |
| 24111977 | Rfn.   | Adams, J.             | D Coy.          | R.A.C.            |
| 24095548 | "      | Belk, J. T.           | Sig. Pl.        | R.A.O.C.          |
| 23608886 | "      | Blake, P.             | Q.M.'s Staff    | A.C.C.            |
| 24035605 | "      | Caddell, T.           | B Coy.          | R.A.              |
| 24017076 | "      | Craney, T.            | B Coy.          | Green Howards     |
| 24101993 | "      | Cochran, D.           | D Coy.          | R.T.R.            |
| 24065474 | "      | Cruden, H.C.          | D Coy.          | R.A.              |
| 23986964 | "      | Clark, A.             | Sig. Pl.        | R. Sigs.          |
| 24049067 | "      | Clements, A.J.        | Sig. Pl.        | R.T.R.            |
| 24008603 | "      | Cooper, D.            | D Coy           | Para. Regt.       |
| 24022451 | "      | Corbally, T.I.        | Off'rs. Mess    | R.A.M.C.          |
| 23959460 | "      | Doran, T.F.           | H.Q. Coy. H.Q.  | R.A.M.C.          |
| 24081774 | "      | Douglas, W.           | Cpls. Mess      | P.W.O.            |
| 24074297 | "      | Ferguson, A.          | M.T. Pl.        | R.A.V.C.          |
| 23959353 | "      | Gardener, I.          | B Coy.          | R.C.T.            |
| 24042440 | "      | Gillies, R.G.         | M.T. Pl.        | R.A.C.            |
| 24111486 | Bdsm.  | Hamilton, T.          | Mil. Band       | R.A.C.            |
| 24081935 | Rfn.   | Hampton, G.           | D Coy.          | R. Sigs.          |
| 23871725 | "      | Harper, A.            | Q.M.'s Staff    | A.C.C.            |
| 23251725 | "      | Hathorn, N.M.         | B Coy.          | R.C.T.            |
| 23980580 | "      | Hyndman, D.           | M.T. Pl.        | R.C.T.            |
| 24101218 | "      | McEwan, J.G.          | B Coy.          | R.A.V.C.          |
| 24042953 | "      | McAndrew, R.          | Sig. Pl.        | Para. Regt.       |

THE COVENANTER

|          |       |                  |                 |             |
|----------|-------|------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| 24008104 | "     | McPherson, A     | Q.M.'s Staff    | A.C.C.      |
| 24065957 | "     | Millar, D.       | Sig. Pl.        | R.E.M.E.    |
| 24026217 | "     | Mallaghan, J.    | B Coy.          | R.T.R.      |
| 23828634 | "     | Masterton, J.    | Pipes and Drums | R.T.R.      |
| 23459878 | "     | Milroy, D.M.     | Pipes and Drums | R.A.        |
| 23871268 | "     | Muir, W.         | Pipes and Drums | R.A.        |
| 24026176 | "     | Milroy, J.M.     | Mil. Band       | R.A.C.      |
| 24084272 | "     | Mitchell, G.     | D Coy,          | R.A.C.      |
| 24074860 | "     | Pearce, J.       | Off'rs Mess     | R.N.F       |
| 23966532 | "     | Pettifer, J.A.T. | D Coy.          | R.A.M.C.    |
| 24008075 | "     | Preistley, J.    | A Coy.          | R.A.        |
| 24026776 | "     | Promrose, R.M.   | Bn. H.Q.        | R.A.        |
| 24017124 | Bdsm. | Randalls, A.     | Mil. Band       | R.A.O.C.    |
| 23542184 | "     | Robertson, A.    | Pipes and Drums | R.T.R.      |
| 23090657 | "     | Smith, J.        | D Coy.          | R.E.M.E.    |
| 24042452 | "     | Steel, J.M.      | M.T. Pl.        | R.C.T       |
| 23909705 | "     | Stannage, J.R.B. | Bn. H.Q.        | R.A.P.C.    |
| 24026779 | "     | Telfer, A.       | M.T. Pl.        | R.C.T.      |
| 24074063 | "     | Tennent, J.C.    | D Coy.          | R.C.T.      |
| 24084687 | "     | Walker, J.       | B Coy.          | K.O.Y.L.I.  |
| 24081836 | "     | Weston, R.T.     | B Coy.          | Para. Regt. |
| 23909393 | "     | Wood, H.S.       | Sig. Pl.        | R.T.R.      |

*Any man should be proud to say -  
"I served in The Cameronians"*

