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Location of Regular Officers

LT.-COLONELS

E. L. Percival, D.S.O. (T/Brig.) H.Q. Highland District.
R. L. C. Rose, D.S.O., M.C. - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.

MAJORS

C. A. Harvey (T/Lt.-Col.) - 9 (P.T.) H.Q. I. Corps.
W. A. Salmon (T/Lt.-Col.) - H.Q. Arab Legion.
D. M. Anderson - - - - Catterick Camp.
A. Gordon, M.C. (T/Lt.-Col.) - H.Q. Scottish Command.
C. R. H. Kindersley D.S.O., M.C. - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
M. A. Bell (T/Lt.-Col.) - - - - H.Q., MELF.
J. A. Millman, O.B.E. - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
F. B. Noble, O.B.E. (T/Lt.-Col.) H.Q. Scottish Com'd.
M. F. V. Willoughby

C.-in-C.'s Committee, Fontainebleau.

D. C. Mullen, O.B.E. (Brevet/Lt.-Col.) The War Office.
J. A. Coulter - - - D.A.A.G., H.Q. Canal Dist.
R. Sinclair-Scott - - - 23 (Kenya Bn.) K.A.R.
I. H. Murray, M.C. - - - Int. Org. A.C.A. (B.E.).
E. G. C. Haigh - - - - Edinburgh U.T.C.
A. L. Campbell, M.C. - - - - 5/6 Bn. H.L.I.
P. St. G. H. Maxwell, M.C. - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
P. T. Telfer-Smollett, M.C. - - - Regtl. Depot, H.L.I.
J. S. McKiddie - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
D. A. T. Carson, M.B.E. - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
B. S. M. Carson - - - - H.Q. 19 Bde.
T. R. M. Hare, M.C. - - - - Malay Regiment.
J. D. H. Whitcombe - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
J. D. L. Buist, M.B.E. - - - 1st Bn. Nigerian Regt.
R. R. C. Mathie - - - 1st Bn. Rhodesian Regt.
W. R. Otteville - - - - H.Q., B.A.O.R.
J. D. Hendry, M.C. - - - 1st Bn. Nigeria Regt.
P. N. Steptoe, M.C. - - - School of Infantry.
F. J. Hawley - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
G. McMurtrie - - - - War Office.
C. W. Dunbar - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
R. Bromley-Gardner, M.C. - - - The Glasgow Highrs.

CAPTAINS

J. C. Knox, T.D. (T/Maj.) - - 1st Black Watch.
R. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.B.E. (T/Maj.) - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
J. M. Watson (T/Maj.) - - - - H.Q., 31 Bde.
R. J. Noble - - - - 2nd Bn. K.A.R.
J. A. Lean - - - - O.C.T.U., Eaton Hall.
A. W. Grendon - - - - Staff College.
G. D. Wellman - - - 23 (Kenya Bn.) K.A.R.
W. N. Dormer - - - 1st Bn. Glasgow Highrs.
R. H. Sherwood - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
J. Drennan Smith - - - - Malay Regiment.
J. H. W. Laing - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.

G. Christie - - - - Airborne Forces Depot.
D. I. McKenzie - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
G. C. R. L. Pender - - - Regtl. Depot, H.L.I.
R. D. Finnis - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
W. McM. Scobie - - - British Embassy, Istanbul.
J. A. R. Taylor - - - - 1st Black Watch.
R. L. S. Green - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.

LIEUTENANTS

J. D. Dixon (T/Capt.) - - - Regtl. Depot H.L.I.
R. Wilson - - - - Regtl. Depot H.L.I.
P. M. Larg (T/Capt.) - - - Glasgow U.O.T.C.
P. M. Oatts (T/Capt.) - - - 5/6th H.L.I. (T.A.).
E. I. Wirgman - - - - Regtl. Depot, H.L.I.
D. W. Anderson - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
MacM. Thomson - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
H. D. R. Mackay (T/Capt.)

A.D.C. to G.O.C.-in-C., B.T.A.

A. G. Ingram - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
W. K. Shepherd - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
W. I. A. Donnelly - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.

2nd LIEUTENANTS

C. D. C. Halkett - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
J. W. W. Stevenson - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
C. A. F. MacKenzie - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.

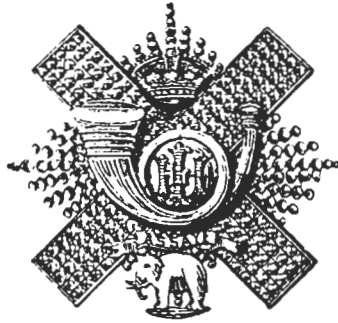
QUARTERMASTERS

D. Bonar, M.B.E. - - - - Regtl. Depot, H.L.I.
W. Morrison, M.B.E. - - - - 5/6th H.L.I.

N.S. 2nd LIEUTENANTS

J. W. Lindquist - - - - 1st Bn. Seaforth.
P. A. S. Collie - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
T. M. Gibbs - - - - 1st Bn. Seaforth.
E. M. McLean - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
R. S. Coltart - - - - D/H.L.I.
W. L. W. Simmons - - - - Nigeria Regiment.
R. T. Shade - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
H. A. Campbell - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
R. C. M. Morton - - - - Sierra Leone Regt.
J. Brockbank - - - - Malay Regiment.
J. A. M. Sutherland - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
D. C. W. A. Eccles - - - - 1st Bn. H.L.I.
I. D. L. Scott - - - - Nigeria Regiment.
P. B. B. Leeming - - - - 2 K.A.R.
G. R. Holden - - - - 2 K.A.R.

Note.—The Editor apologises for any errors in the above list, but it is drawn from the latest information received at the Depot.



The Highland Light Infantry Chronicle

PUBLISHED EVERY FOUR MONTHS

VOL. XLIX., No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1953

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NOTICES

1. THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE is published three times a year.

2. The annual rates of subscription are 10s. for serving Officers and ex-Officers and 5s. for anyone else. It is hoped that as many subscribers as possible, in addition to Officers, will contribute 10s. subscription and thus materially assist in supporting our Funds. Officers are requested to instruct their Bankers or Agents to remit their subscriptions annually. An Order Form appears on page 6.

Will any Officer on leave from abroad who desires the CHRONICLE to be sent to him direct please notify the Editor of his leave address, and period of time during which the CHRONICLE is to be sent there.

3. The Editor endeavours to publish the CHRONICLE by the date due, but it is sometimes unavoidably delayed on account of contributions not being up to time or by reason of pressure of other work.

4. Contributions in Manuscript, typed if possible, must reach the Editor before 1st day of January, May and September, for the respective Editions. Copy received after these dates may have to be held over. All copy is published at the discretion of the Editor.

5. Sub-Editors are requested to include, when forwarding their Battalion Notes, a list of all Officers who want their copy posted to the Battalion address. Subscribers with registered private addresses are requested to notify the Editor of any change thereof.

6. Photographs and Sketches of Regimental interest are also most welcome. Publishing does not spoil them, and the Editor will return those that contributors ask to be sent back.

7. It is requested that all names of persons, places and any foreign names may be written in BLOCK CAPITALS. In the case of any printed Extracts, the source from which they are derived should be stated. The date and name of the Paper must be stated in any Newspaper Cuttings.

8. All communications, subscriptions or application for additional copies should be addressed direct to:—

The EDITOR, "H.L.I. Chronicle,"

Maryhill Barracks, GLASGOW.

9. Opinions on controversial matters, as expressed in any letters, articles, etc., published in the H.L.I. CHRONICLE, do not express the views of the Editor, who disclaims responsibility for them.

The
H. L. I.
CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Depot
MARYHILL
BARRACKS

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET, our Colonel-in-Chief, has accepted an invitation to become a Patron of the Light Infantry Club.

We offer our congratulations to Major-General R. A. Bramwell Davis, D.S.O., on his promotion and his appointment as the Chief of Staff, Scottish Command.

We also congratulate Brevet-Col. D. C. Mullen, O.B.E., on his promotion, and Lieutenant (Q.M.) A. J. Wilson on his quarter-master's commission.

We offer our sympathy to Mr. A. Waddel (late R.S.M. 2nd Bn.) on the death of his wife in December. She will be remembered by many old comrades of the Second Bn.

The final recruiting figure for the period 1st January, 1952, to the 31st December, 1952, was :—

Enlistments from N.S.	78
Direct enlistments	267
	—
Total for the year	345

The Black Watch achieved the highest for the Brigade with twelve more recruits than ourselves, who finished second.

It is with regret that we have found it necessary to raise the price of the Chronicle. It may not be realised by the bulk of our subscribers that even this increase per copy does not cover the cost of its production. At present more than 50% of this cost is made good from advertisements and other sources. We are striving to increase the number of articles and illustrations but are handicapped by our lack of funds.

It has therefore been decided to charge 2/- per copy for those bought casually and to make a fixed subscription of 5/- a year for other ranks and 10/- for officers. All subscriptions in future will fall due on the 1st of January each year. This will save a considerable amount of time in checking our subscription lists, and avoid mistakes.

Letters will be dispatched in the near future to our subscribers so that all subscriptions can be adjusted during the year. We trust that every past and present member of the Regiment will support us in our endeavour to produce an accurate, amusing and interesting Chronicle by

subscribing himself and persuading his friends to do so as well. At the moment our circulation is only 800 and as there is a minimum charge for photographs and print it will be realised that the more copies we sell the cheaper becomes the price per copy.

We received recently the text of a speech delivered by the Emperor of Ethiopia on the 11th October, 1952, on the battlefield of Keren. We reproduce an extract below :—

“During the 52 days of fierce struggle on the battlements of Keren, each crag and ridge assumed before history an eminence which all patriots may well commemorate. The present and future school-children of the Empire, the heirs of the sacrifice and devotion of these buried heroes, have the sacred obligation to recall in detail the significance of each point and crag ; of Cameron Ridge, of Flat Top, of Samanna, of Sanchel, of Happy Valley, of Acqua, of Dologorodoc and of Brig's Peak.

“We have assembled here to do honour to the deeds of these brave and selfless men who, as the Chief Administrator of the British Administration so fittingly declared on departure, will remain forever on Ethiopian soil, the only properties they claim being their graves. Forever in Ethiopia will be hallowed the names of the battalions and brigades of the Fourth and the Fifth Indian Divisions ; of the French Foreign Legion and the Chad Bn. ; of the Highland Light Infantry, of the Fifth, Seventh and Eleventh Indian Infantry Brigades ; of the West Yorkshires ; of the Rajputana and the Punjab Rifles ; of the Second Bn. of the Fifth Mahratta Regiment and of its fierce bayonet charge on Flat Top hill ; of the Ninth Brigade of the Fifth Indian Division which stormed by surprise the heights of Dologorodoc ; of the Tenth and Twenty-Ninth Brigades of that same Division, and of their heroic and immovable stand against an encircling enemy when food and ammunition could be supplied them only by antiquated aircraft ; of the frightful casualties suffered by the Third Brigade of the 18th Garhwal Regiment ; of Skinner's Force ; of the Fourth Brigade of the Tenth Baluch Regiment and of the Frontier Force Rifles ; and of the countless heroes whose names are known but to God.”



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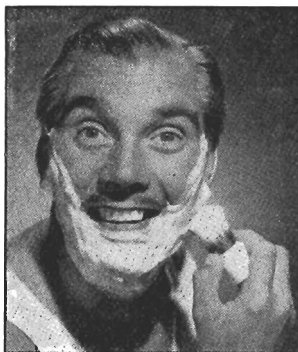
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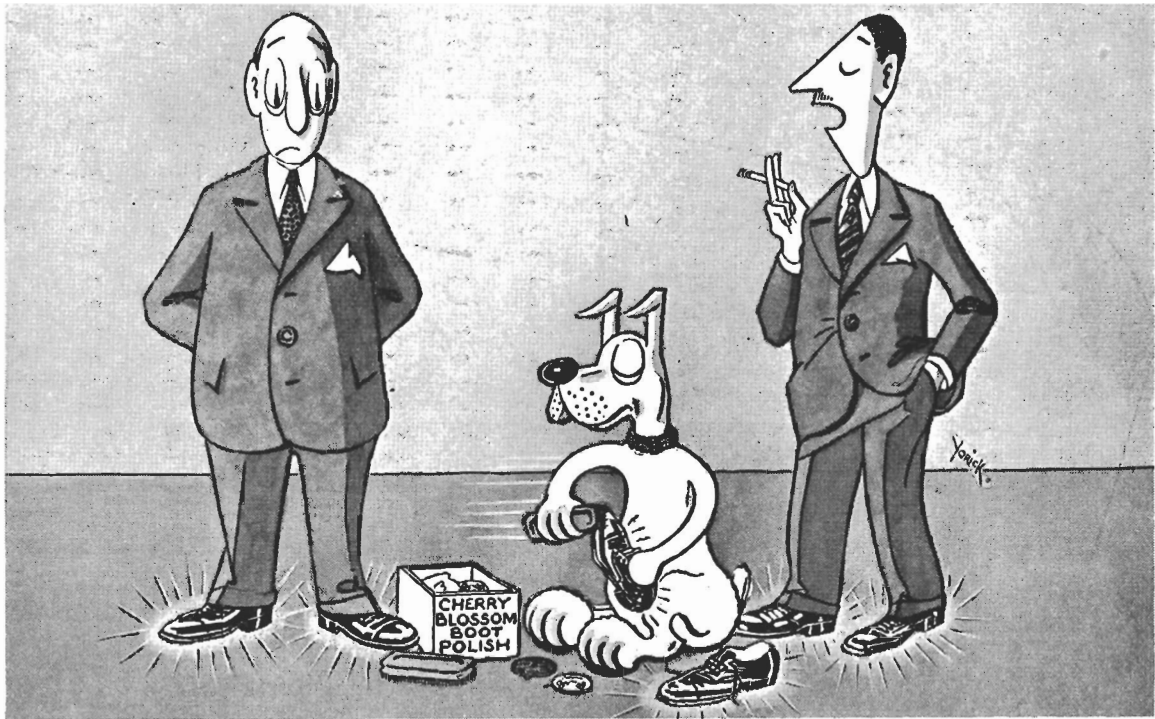


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1063

Obituary

CAPTAIN H. McCULLOCH, M.C.

IT was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Captain Harry McCulloch, M.C., who died on 25th December, 1952.

Captain McCulloch joined the Regiment as a private in August, 1901, and after a few weeks at the Depot was posted to the 2nd Bn. He remained with the Bn. until 1912 when he was posted to the 6th Territorial Bn. as a permanent Staff Instructor.

Harry specialised in physical training and for many years was in charge of the Regimental gymnasium.

When the 1914 war broke out Harry, who was serving with the 6th Bn., was recommended for a commission, and on being gazetted was posted to the 2nd Bn.

During his commissioned service with the Bn. he was awarded the Military Cross, and on a second recommendation he was awarded a bar to his Military Cross, and during the last war he served with the R.A.F.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. McCulloch and her family in their bereavement. Mrs. McCulloch is a daughter of the Regiment, her father being the late C/Sgt. James Wells. Her brother also served with the 2nd Bn. and was killed at the first battle of Ypres.

Harry McCulloch will be sadly missed by the many friends he had in Glasgow, and especially by his old comrades of his Sergeants' Mess days.

R.S.M. HOOPER.

WE regret to announce the death of an old comrade, Matthew Hooper, who died recently. Mr. Hooper had long service in the Regiment; he joined in 1920 and was discharged in 1946. He served mainly with the 1st Bn., but was also with the Depot, the 7th Bn., and 2nd Glasgow Highlanders. He received promotion very early in his career, and during the Second World War he served as R.S.M. of the 10th Bn. of the Regiment. We extend our sincere sympathy to his widow.

C.S.M. FRANK NICHOLSON, D.C.M.

THE death occurred on 13th November, 1952, of C.S.M. Frank Nicholson, D.C.M.

Frank joined the 2nd Bn. about the same time as the late Captain McCulloch and they were very close friends during their army service and afterwards in civil life.

Frank served continually with the 2nd Bn. until he was first wounded in November, 1914. On recovering from his wounds he rejoined the Bn., and on two subsequent occasions he was again wounded, the third time being very seriously. Frank, however, recovered after many operations and a long period in hospital; he was awarded the D.C.M. for his very fine work at the battle of the Aisne in September, 1914, where his scouting abilities brought very useful information to the Commanding Officer and also to the Brigade Commander.

Frank took a very keen interest in all his work, there being no half measures with him. He was an excellent drill and physical training instructor, a fine shot and a grand sportsman.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Nicholson and her very fine family in the great loss they have sustained.

Those of us who had the privilege of being one of his friends will certainly miss him.

LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB

Important.

WILL members kindly note that:—

1. The date of the ANNUAL DINNER at the UNITED SERVICES CLUB, PALL MALL, has been changed from Friday, 16th October, 1953, to

FRIDAY, 30th OCTOBER, 1953.

2. The ANNUAL "AT HOME" will be held at COWLEY BARRACKS, OXFORD, on the afternoon of

SATURDAY, 4th JULY, 1953
(Cricket Match v. Green Jackets)

as previously arranged.

QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL, DUNBLANE

THE Commandant of the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, having recently had to refuse several applications for the entry of boys over eleven years of age, wishes us to bring our readers' attention to the fact that a boy must have passed his ninth birthday and not yet attained his eleventh to be eligible by age for entry.

A child may be registered at the age of seven for entry at nine years of age; but this does not in any way commit the parents to sending the boy to the school; as when a registered boy attains the age for entry, the parents are asked whether they wish the boy to become a member of the school; and the decision rests with them.

A SPLENDID PRESENT

ORDER a copy of the First Volume of the Regiment's new history and send it to one of your friends who has served in or is interested in the Regiment. Direct despatch can be arranged from the Depot on receipt of your instructions.

REGIMENTAL DEPOT AND HEADQUARTERS,
THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY,
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The Story of The Highland Light Infantry

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4. Cheques/postal orders should be made out to “Officer i/c Regimental History Fund” and crossed.
5. Please mark envelope “R.H.” on left hand top corner. This will greatly help in sorting and registration of mail in the Depot Orderly Room.

R. LECKIE EWING, Lt.-Col. (*Ret.*),
Officer i/c Regimental History Fund.

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NOTE.—You can send this form either direct to the Editor, *H.L.I. Chronicle*, Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, or through the P.R.I. of your Unit, who will collect what is due from you.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

DURING the last six months the Museum has been greatly enriched by the generous gifts of Major E. B. Underwood, M.C., D.C.M., who lives in Victoria, British Columbia. He has virtually given to the Regiment the whole of his own private regimental museum.

Major Underwood, who is 80 next month, joined the 1st Bn. in 1891 and took his discharge in 1910 when he emigrated to Canada and joined the permanent force of the Canadian Army in 1912 in which he served till 1932. This fine old soldier will be well remembered by the older retired officers as he was for many years the Officers' Mess Sergeant of the 1st Bn. The Regiment is deeply grateful to him for presenting so many items of unique Regimental interest. These include :—

1. Discharge sheet and record of service of Pte. George Rogers, v.c. Pte. Rogers was the first soldier of the Regiment to be awarded the V.C. He won it at Gwalior in 1858 in the Indian Mutiny.
2. Two china tea plates and a milk jug of blue and gold design with the Regimental monogram and crown. These are the same as the present 1st H.L.I. dessert service. The tea service was discontinued owing to the number of breakages. One of the plates has been added to the H.L.I. section in the Scottish United Services Museum in Edinburgh Castle.
3. A china sugar basin and plate of 1st H.L.I. period C 1860. This sugar basin has a blue and gold border and the Light Infantry bugle and crown as a crest. It is probably a piece of the first regimental china to be used and is therefore a most interesting addition to the museum.
4. The feather bonnet, medals and photograph of Bandmaster John Anderson, 1st H.L.I., who joined the military band in 1864 and was discharged in 1902 after 38 years' service.
5. A side drum of the 1st H.L.I. Military Band, 1884-1905.
6. A "B" Coy., 1st H.L.I., bugle—carried in Crete and the South African War.
7. A Union Jack flag which was used for the Gordon Memorial Service when Lord Kitchener recaptured Khartoum. It was then issued to the British garrison and flown outside 1st H.L.I. Officers' Mess. Major Underwood, then the Officers' Mess Sgt., got the flag condemned, and when a new one was put up Major Underwood got permission to retain this historic flag.
8. The red and black cock's feathers worn in the chaco of Bugle-major Faulkner, 1st H.L.I., with a photograph of the bugle-major in full dress, 1895.
9. A large number of photographs of the 1st H.L.I. during the period of service of Major Underwood—several water colours of the uniform of the Regiment by Simpkin and Major R. W. H. Anderson, late H.L.I.

* * *

Sgt. F. A. Coleman, late H.L.I., a staunch supporter, with his wife, of the London Branch of the H.L.I. Association, have presented a number of most interesting photographs.

* * *

Mrs. John Grahame of Lingo has kindly presented a case containing the following which belonged to her late husband, Lt.-Col. John Grahame, D.S.O. :—A Regimental plaid brooch, crossbelt plate, dirk and dirkbelt plate, cap badge, crimson sash, a number of bullets from the battlefield of Assaye, and a group of 11 miniature medals.

PROUD HERITAGE—Volume XXVI

Turning out some old manuscripts from which the screenplay of the Regimental Film was compiled, I came across one I am prepared to swear was not there before. It was an old document—I say “was” because it has since stubbornly refused to put in an appearance on my desk, which is where I last saw it—and I am quite certain that the rough notes I jotted down (as is my wont) when perusing it will be of great interest to all now serving in the Highland Light Infantry. Oh—I forgot to mention what my unusual discovery was. It was a copy of the “Chronicle” dated April 1993. This is as much as I can reproduce at the moment. . . .

Page 1

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE

VOL. LXVII, No. 3

APRIL 1993

PRICE 25 CENTS (LUNAR)

NOTICES

1. Annual subscription is one dollar for Officers and two dollars for Other Ranks. **No cheques** can be accepted from Officers. Bankers' Orders are welcome from all ranks below C.Q.M.S.

2. The Editor endeavours to publish the CHRONICLE by the 1st of each quarter, but it is sometimes unavoidably delayed by censorship, political screening, and frequent liquidation of the Editor.

3. Contributions may only be accepted from writers

who have passed the Committee for Unearthly Activities examination.

4. All communications should be addressed direct to the Regimental Depot, Flanagan's Vaults, Hope Street, Glasgow.

5. Subscriptions and all other moneys must be sent under plain cover to the Editor. No receipts are sent as no books are kept. Do not declare it in your income-tax.

6. Opinions on controversial matters are accepted at the contributors' own risk.

* * * *

Page 2

(The Battle Honours)

Colonel Field-Marshal Earl MACKENZIE-TARTAN GABARDINE, K.T., C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

O.C. Depot Major R. W. RECCE-SPEWING.

EDITORIAL.

THIS issue marks the passing of the 1st Bn's third year of Lunar service. It is to be hoped that next New Year (Terrestrial) will see them once more on the soil of their native earth—or at least, that part of it which is left.

* * *

On the occasion of the Birthday celebrations of the President, Lincoln V. Gumboil, the Colonel of the Regiment sent the following message:—

“All ranks of the Highland Light Infantry join with the people of the forty-ninth state in sending loyal greetings on your twenty-first birthday.”

(Sgd.) MACKENZIE-TARTAN OF GABARDINE.

The following reply was received:—

“How many times do I have to tell you to submit them blamed Naafi accounts? Don't try to butter me up.”

(Sgd.) GUMBOIL.

* * *

All persons connected with the Regiment—past and present—will be pleased to learn that the change in our title will soon be authorised. We have long felt that in view of our Space service, the word “Highland” is not quite appropriate, and it is with great pride that we take the name of The Stratospheric Light Infantry.

* * *

Page 3

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Brevet-Captain IAN BERGMEN (Rtd.),
SALVATION ARMY SOLDIERS' HOME ANNEXE,
PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1,
STATE OF ENGLAND,
EARTH.

28th January, 1993.

DEAR SIR,

I feel that someone ought to protest against the ridiculous change in our title which the brass at the Space Guards Parade have inflicted upon us.

"Highland Light Infantry" was good enough for my father and his father before him, and any departure from it spells *CHANGE*—that horrifying thing. It will undoubtedly herald the final submersion of our Regimental identity.

When I joined the Regiment as a subaltern some forty-five years ago the word "Highland" brought a fresh smell of heather into the barrack room when my platoon was undergoing foot-inspection. I can only say that the new title, "Stratospheric Light Infantry," has more than a touch of the "spheric" about it.

Furthermore—

(The writing trails off the paper at this point. Capt. Bergman has not been seen for some time, but a small pile of radio-active isotopes were found on his chair by the D.A.P.M., who forwarded this letter.—ED.).

Page 4

FIRST BATTALION

<i>Officer Commanding</i>	Lt.-Col. ALFRED POTTS, D.S.O.
<i>Second-in-Command</i>	Major VIVIAN ST.-ETHELRED	MACGILLIVRAY-GOLDSTEIN.		
<i>Adjutant</i>	Captain LORD GORBALS, M.C.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	Major H. JOLLIBOY, M.B.E.
<i>R.S.M.</i>	HEINRICH HIMMLER, Jr.	(seconded from the German Army).	

THE highlight of the past month's activities was a visit to the Battalion by the new G.O.C.-in-C., Lunar-Command, Lieutenant-General Sir Percy Clinker (whose father, it will be remembered, served with the Regiment as a Dining-Room Orderly). Sir Percy, speaking through his electronic transmitter (as usual) said he was glad to find us hard at work filling in meteorite craters, and not, as he had anticipated, "just mooning around." . . . This sally was followed—perhaps too quickly—by a loud guffaw from his A.D.C., but the Regiment were not able to appreciate the joke as the Commanding Officer had forgotten to give the order to switch their inter-comms. over to "receive."

However, the Battalion's turn-out could not have been better, clad as it was in the new number one dress—a Mackenzie-tartan space-suit of surgical rubber and helmet of ciclamyn perspex. Claude Gorbals, the Adjutant, added an air of *degage* by wearing spurs, but unfortunately tripped and punctured the Second-in-Command's space-suit, quickly asphyxiating the poor chap.

Major MacGillivray-Goldstein's funeral took place next day with full military and Regimental honours. It being realised that interment in the volcanic-dust or cremation in the Moon's vacuum is impractical, the unfortunate officer's body was fired out of a space-gun to the tune of "Will ye no' come back again?" and left to orbit the Moon in space for the rest of time at a speed of three thousand six hundred miles per hour.

Range-practice with our new number-ten rifles, sometimes known as "nuclear-guns," is a regular feature of our training. It is good to note that most men have qualified on the hundred-miles range. After each detail fires, it is given the order, "For inspection, port nuclears." An officer then passes along the file, each man declaring, "No radio-active elements, sir," and after an "Ease atomic piles" ! (which is more difficult than it sounds) the detail marches off to the butts. This may seem a severe march by earth standards, but gravity on the Moon being relatively slight, the march can be accomplished in a sort of "tactical bounce"—the regulation pace being thirty yards. It is a picturesque sight for unaccustomed eyes to witness squads of men apparently bouncing thirty feet in the air on their way, but as long as they keep the step the effect is not unmilitary.

OFFICERS' MESS NOTES.

The Q.M., "Flash" Joliboy, is very popular since he cornered three cases of Vacuum Whisky for the Mess. This could be most aptly termed "moonshine," and though we have no opportunity to savour the taste (it being administered by hyperdermic through our mess space-suits) the effect is terrific. Jabbing each other in a strategic spot with a double has become a great sport. However, the C.O. was a bit put out when young Oatts (who comes from a distinguished H.L.I. family) went too far and jabbed him with a syringe full of distilled water.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Keen interest was shown in the piping competition recently held in the Mess between Pipe-major John Macdhubh and Sergeant Pulheems from Mull. Both, though excellent pipers, laboured under a considerable disadvantage, John Macdhubh being compelled to wear his air-tight kilt, while Pulheems preferred the pressurised trews. The problem was to get the air from inside their suits to the bags of the pipes, an almost impossible task. Macdhubh finally decided to take the pipes inside with him, while Pulheems ran his off an oxygen-bottle.

Unfortunately, though Macdhubh succeeded in puncturing both eardrums and rendered himself unfit for further service, none of us could hear a sound. Pulheems, by succeeding in playing a very approximate version of "Whistle o' the Laboratory," won the competition and received the prize, a quaich full of liquid oxygen.

* * * *

This is as much as I was able to record. We live in a changing world, and doubtless the readers for whom destiny really intended this document will view our doings with feelings similar to ours as we look at the bullets from the battlefield of Assaye in the Regimental Museum. It is all a question of time, and those of us who yearn for the colourful days of the square, the "forlorn-hope," and Generals riding into battles beneath umbrellas, may still be the envy of those who come after us in a still more materialistic age. . . .

A Letter from Canada

THE Colonel of the H.L.I. of Canada writing to Major P. T. Telfer-Smollett at the Depot said :—

" Please extend to all those concerned our appreciation for the copy of the Regimental film which you have presented to us. ' Proud Heritage ' is a very fine picture and I expect it helped considerably in your recruiting campaign. We are hoping that, by basking in the reflected glory, our Unit can persuade the local young men to join with us. There was a great deal of ' red-tape ' before the film was released two weeks ago. However I suppose my own Scots stubborn streak would not let the matter drop so that out of sheer weariness the American Customs released the film without charge. It is a magnificent gesture to present a copy of this valuable work to our Battalion and leaves us more indebted than ever to the Mother Regiment.

" We have had considerable difficulty in obtaining the proper thread for the pipe banner. Everything

possible has been made locally, the design drawn by an N.C.O. of one of your Great War units, the nylon made in a Galt mill, the braid, etc., in another firm, and the President of the local Armenian Women is embroidering the design.

" We have learned in preparing it, and if it had not been our earnest wish to give you a thoroughly local product we would have ordered one long ago from Anderson's. I do hope that as we have found a thread to fit the machine which will work properly we will have the finished product for the summer.

" Can you give me the present location of the First Battalion? We sent a lot of magazines about a year ago to Tobruk, and if they were well received would be glad to send more."

Competitions

OPEN TO EVERYONE

Two New Competitions start with this issue of the "Chronicle."
Why not enter and see if you can win a Prize?

I

ONE GUINEA will be given for the best article, of not more than 2000 words, received before the 15th of May, 1953, on either the author's experience while serving with the Regiment, or some aspect of Regimental Life.

Note.—The coupon must be attached to your entry.

II

ONE GUINEA will be given for the best photograph received before the 15th of May, 1953, depicting some event or occurrence, past or present, in the Regiment. The date, place and names should be written on the back of the photograph.

Note.—Remember the coupon.

No Entry will be accepted without this coupon.

Attach this coupon to your Entry and forward it to—

THE EDITOR, *H.L.I. Chronicle*,

MARYHILL BARRACKS, GLASGOW.

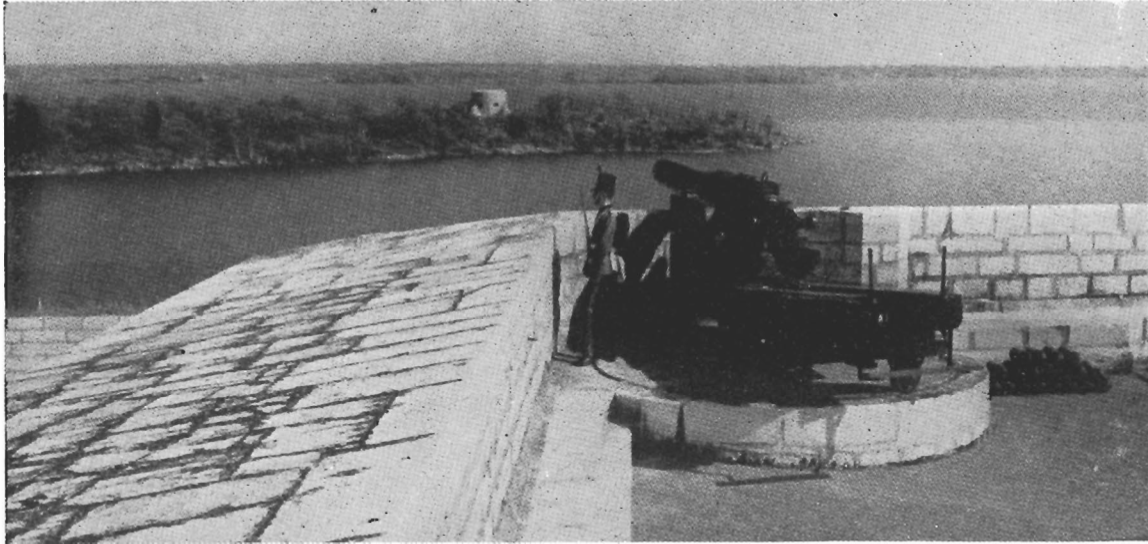
I submit the attached article and/or photograph for entry in the *Chronicle* Competition. I agree to abide by the Editorial Committee's decision, which is final.

Signature.....

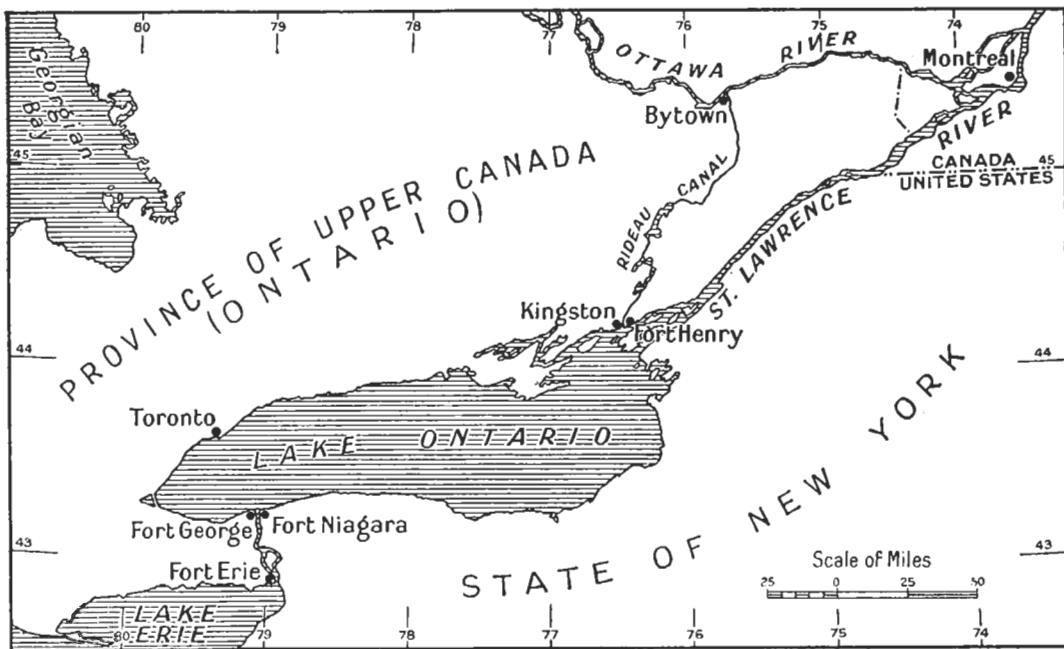
(Block Letters) **Name**

Address

.....



Gun Position overlooking the St. Lawrence. A Martello Tower which was one of the Associated Defence can be seen in the middle distance on one of the many islands close to Kingston



The Strategic Position of Kingston

OLD FORT HENRY

THE CITADEL OF UPPER CANADA

by Major-General R. A. BRAMWELL DAVIS, D.S.O.

ONE hundred years ago the 71st was stationed at the above Fort, and it might be of interest to recall some details of this outpost of the Empire. The Citadel was originally built about 1806, and it was one of a line of Forts guarding the St. Lawrence—the dividing line between Upper Canada (modern province of Ontario) and the United States. In particular it provided one of the key points during the war of 1812 against the States. Its importance was due to the fact that it lay on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River at the East end of Lake Ontario and that it protected the adjacent Naval Base and Dockyard, and, Kingston, capital of Upper Canada in those days, lay within range of the fortress cannon. It was also the last permanent military link with Montreal some 200 miles away. In this connection it must be remembered that certain of the more important shipbuilding materials and the British Garrison had to be transported from England and it was necessary for them to use, where possible, the St. Lawrence water-way for transportation.

The Naval Base was the home of a small British Navy operating on Lake Ontario. It could only operate on the Lake itself as at the Western end there are the Niagara River and Falls connecting it with Lake Erie, and at the Eastern end, already mentioned, the St. Lawrence which, however, in certain places had rapids over which large ships could not pass. To-day these rapids have been circumnavigated and cargo ships can move right up into the middle of Canada and America by locks and subsidiary canals. The Navy was chiefly composed of frigates and schooners, each of these ships having about 12 guns and a crew of 70. There was, however, one of battleship size, called *The St. Lawrence*, which was somewhat similar in dimension of Nelson's Flagship, *The Victory*. The Americans could not match this force and, as a result, their military avenues of approach were limited to the narrow part of the St. Lawrence. In winter their access was made easier as it was possible to cross on the ice. The Fort, nevertheless, was so formidable that the Americans did not attempt to attack it in the 1812 War, although at one time they did threaten the place from the Southern shore with a concentration of some 2,000 troops.

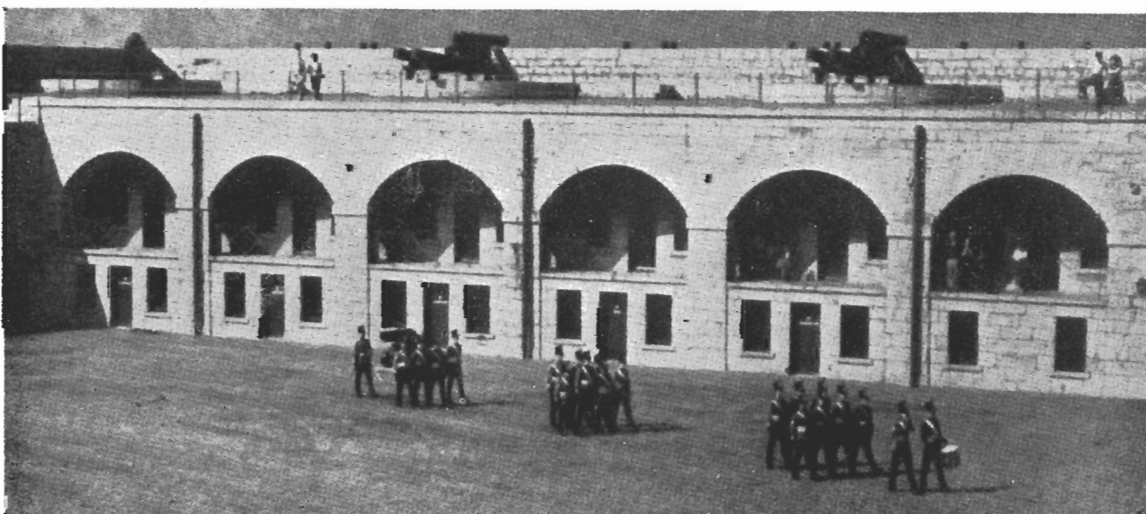
The War of 1812 left a heritage of bitterness and distrust and as a result British military leaders sought means of improving Canadian defences against the eventuality of a future struggle. The matter received the personal attention of the Duke of Wellington who in 1819 drew up an exhaustive memorandum on the subject. In his opinion the necessity of securing an alternative and safer means of communication between Montreal and Kingston than that provided by the St. Lawrence route had been amply demonstrated by the War. Not only were the rapids of the St. Lawrence a serious obstruction to navigation, rendering the cost of transportation excessive beyond belief, but the gravest danger existed in the international section of the river, where, in the words of Wellington: "An enemy has only to place a few heavy Batteries close in at almost any point of the river in order to prevent our use of the navigation. We may likewise prevent his using it, but it is absolutely necessary to us and is not so to him." To render the defenders of Canada independent of these difficulties the Duke of Wellington recommended the improvement of the internal water-ways of the country, especially the development of a route from Montreal to Kingston via the Ottawa and Rideau Rivers. Later in 1828 the Duke of Wellington, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, despatched to Canada a commission of Royal Engineers to report on a proper system for Canadian defence. Resulting from all this Fort Henry not only retained its importance of being a dockyard protector, but also covered the entrance to the new Rideau water-way to Montreal. The Fort was modernised and became the home of a permanent Garrison, which initially was in the hands of the Royal Regiment of Artillery and Corps of Royal Engineers. Subsequently as is shown at the end of this article many British Regiments, including the 71st on three occasions, were stationed there.

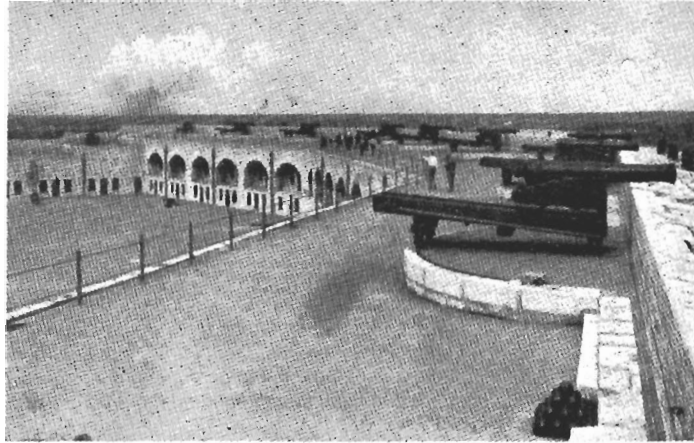
Fort Henry became the centre of military life for almost eight decades. Imperial troops were stationed there from 1813 to 1870, and native Canadian troops more or less regularly from 1870 to 1890. After this the gradual improvement of our relations with the United States combined with military developments of the



Aerial View of the Old Fort Henry from the South

Gun Detachments preparing for Guard Mounting





The Northern Ramparts of the Fort

late 19th Century slowly decreased and finally nullified the importance of Kingston's defences. Soon after 1890 Fort Henry was considered to be of little value. It was abandoned as obsolete and the Garrison was removed to barracks in Kingston itself. The Fort was used for other requirements such as housing quarantine victims of Kingston's smallpox epidemic in 1908 and German prisoners were interned there in the two World Wars. There are many legends of the old days in the Fort, and at first appearance it looks if it was built facing the wrong direction and rumour had it that the plans had been confused with those for a Fort at Kingston, Jamaica. In some ways it is not unlike our own Fort-George as the attached picture shows. While mentioning this there is close to Niagara Falls a Fort of this name. It is of the stockade type and played a prominent part in the 1812 War.

In 1936 the Dominion Government decided to restore it as a Museum piece. Many of the old rooms and barracks beneath the ground have been furnished with period pieces, and the Fort has been equipped, as far as possible, in the manner it was in its old original days. Its 27 cannon still look over both the St. Lawrence and the entrance to the Rideau Canal. One can also see the remains of the old dockyard site which is now incorporated in the grounds of the Royal Military College.

There is no Garrison to-day in the strict sense of the word, but during the summer months it is occupied by students from Queen's University. In return for free accommodation they carry out daily ceremonial as well as providing guides for visitors. They wear the dress that was worn a hundred years ago by the Royal Regiment of

Artillery, and at 3 p.m. every day they go through a guard mounting ceremony carrying out the old drill with weapons of the period. At the conclusion they fire one of the cannon overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

There is generally a large concourse of spectators who are chiefly American tourists. After crossing the St. Lawrence by the Roosevelt and Dominion Bridges, some 20 miles away, this is the first place of historic interest which they pass and which a hundred years or more earlier no American would have been allowed to pass by alive. In each of the last two years there have been just over 100,000 visitors.

The Fort has a small permanent civilian staff consisting of an administrative commandant and two assistants. Visiting senior officers are occasionally asked to inspect the Guard and take the Salute at the subsequent ceremonial parade. Having been stationed in Kingston at the National Defence College for the past year the commandant honoured me with a request to carry out the above function. It was a most pleasant invitation to accept particularly as the Regiment had been there one hundred years earlier. The ceremony was not only colourful, but also the drill was quite superlative. There is a great feeling of *esprit de corps* amongst these students, who feel that although they are not soldiers themselves, they are determined to live up to the great tradition of the regular British and Canadian Garrisons of older days. Indeed one felt proud of taking part in a ceremony in the same setting that the Regiment had carried out its guard mounting routine during its three tours in this famous old Fort in bygone days.

THE GARRISON AT FORT HENRY, 1812-1940

BRITISH ARMY.

Royal Regiment of Artillery 1812-70
Corps of Royal Engineers 1812-70

INFANTRY.

9th Foot—The Royal Norfolk Regiment ... 1856-57
15th Foot—The East Yorkshire Regiment
(The Duke of York's Own)
1827-28, 1833-34
20th Foot—The Lancashire Fusiliers ... 1849-50
23rd Foot—The Royal Welch Fusiliers ... 1842-43
24th Foot—The South Wales Borderers ... 1835-37
34th Foot—The Border Regiment 1840-41
37th Foot—The Royal Hampshire Regiment
1817-18, 1824-25
43rd Foot—The Oxfordshire & Buckingham-
shire Light Infantry 1841-42
54th Foot—The Dorset Regiment 1853
58th Foot—The Northamptonshire Regiment 1815
60th Foot—The King's Royal Rifle Corps
1823-24, 1870
62nd Foot—The Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of
Edinburgh's) 1862-63
65th Foot—The York and Lancaster Regiment 1839-40
66th Foot—The Royal Berkshire Regiment
(Princess Charlotte of Wales's)
1831-33, 1834-35
68th Foot—The Durham Light Infantry
1822-23, 1825-27
70th Foot—The East Surrey Regiment
1815-17, 1819-21
71st Foot—The Highland Light Infantry
(City of Glasgow Regiment)
1828-29, 1838, 1852-53
73rd Foot—The Black Watch (Royal High-
land Regiment) 1838
76th Foot—The Duke of Wellington's Regi-
ment (West Riding) 1818-19, 1821-22
79th Foot—The Queen's Own Cameron High-
landers 1829-31
81st Foot—The Loyal Regiment (North
Lancashire) 1846-47
82nd Foot—The South Lancashire Regiment
(The Prince of Wales's Volun-
teers) 1844-46
83rd Foot—The Royal Ulster Rifles ... 1838
85th Foot—The King's Shropshire Light
Infantry 1838
93rd Foot—The Argyll and Sutherland High-
landers (Princess Louise's) 1838, 1843-44
The Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own)
1847-49, 1850-52
104th Foot—(Disbanded in 1817) 1813
Canadian Fencible Regiment—(Disbanded in
1816) 1814
Regiment de Watteville—(Disbanded in 1816) 1813
10th Royal Veteran Battalion —(Disbanded
in 1817) 1812
Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment—(Disbanded
in 1870) 1854-56, 1857-62, 1863-70

CANADIAN MILITIA.

ARTILLERY.

Perth Artillery Company 1837-38
"A" Battery of Garrison Artillery (School of
Gunnery) 1871-80
"B" Battery of Garrison Artillery (School of
Gunnery) 1880-83
Regiment of Canadian Artillery
"B" Battery, 1883-85
"A" Battery, 1885-91

INFANTRY.

Provincial Corps of Light Infantry (Canadian
Voltigeurs) 1813
8th Battalion of Incorporated Militia (Dis-
banded in 1839) 1838-39
1st Regiment of Frontenac Militia 1837-38
14th Battalion "The Princess of Wales's Own
Rifles" 1870, 1885-87
Princess of Wales's Own Regiment 1914-18, 1939-40

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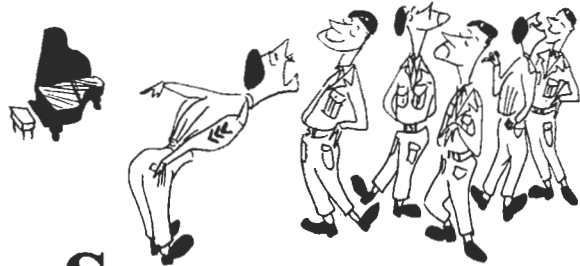
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Closer shaves and extra comfort for tender skins — thanks to olive oil.

Whichever way you shave, the name PALMOLIVE guarantees satisfaction



*See the Sergeant implore
squads to do any chore*

*Till he's nearly in tears
when it ends*

*But he still wins the day
when he bucks up to say*

"Have a CAPSTAN

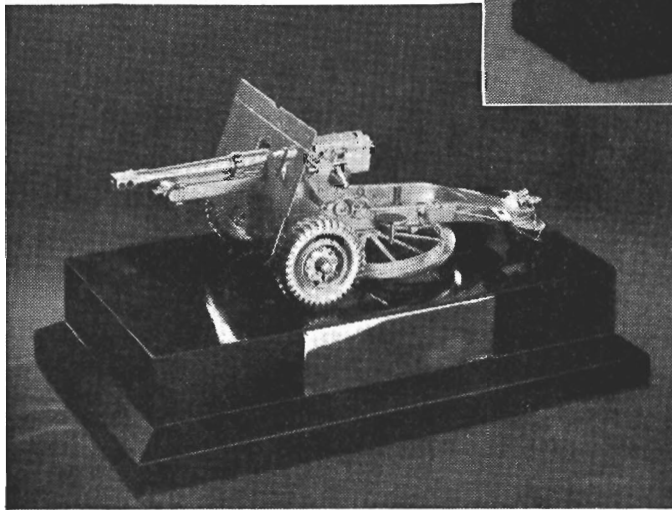
—they're made to make friends"



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REGIMENTMANSHIP

(With apologies to Stephen Potter.)

To those who are not Lifemen it is necessary to explain the secret of the success of the Lifeman. His aim and object is to remain politely but firmly in the one-up position over his friends, business acquaintances or indeed anyone with whom he may come into contact.

There are various *ploys* to use in this fascinating art which is adaptable to any sphere of Life. Regimentmanship is the subtle art of boosting one's own regiment at the expense of others. It is, of course, extensively used by recruiting sergeants, regimental tailors and adjutants.

The most favourable ground for really effective Regimentship is at cocktail parties or in NAAFI institutions patronised by several units and it is in these places the real Regimentman has fullest scope.

The Approach is the most difficult part of Regimentship; nothing is gained by brash forwardness, and indeed an incautious approach can ruin everything, and the aspiring Regimentman finds himself in the one down position—which after all is fatal. The subtle opening is always the best, the more insidious the better.

Regimental Ties are a good stepping stone for the beginner in Regimentship to better *ploys*. If you see an obviously retired Army officer wearing the tie of a distinguished Cavalry regiment, engage him in conversation about rugby, making it plainly obvious that you have mistaken his tie for that of a very small and undistinguished town's rugby football club. This must be done subtly or else the Regimentman will appear an "ignoramus."

The habit that certain people in the Army have of using numerical titles lends itself to good exploitation. When accosted at some

function by someone who, lighting on your tie, asks you what regiment you are in, say in a clear voice what is your regiment by name and ask him his. As often as not you will receive the reply of the "147th" or some such number: show ignorance plainly written on your face and press your opponent to name his regiment. This will put him in the one down position should he be in some such regiment as the South Mudforthshire Regiment.

Uniformship is often a neglected side of Regimentship. If in a general conversation the speaker refers to the extra battledress pocket his regiment wears in memory of Lady Hamilton, show great admiration and respect. You will then invariably have an opportunity to mention *en passant* the boredom of having to wear hair sporrans, diced hose, etc., which should prevent the original speaker from uttering again.

Unhappily, with other regiments somewhat similarly garbed, the "superiority - of - my - regiment's-dress-over-yours" gambit is useless. To combat this the good Regimentman goes to the other extreme: the attitude to adopt is the "we-are-simple-soldiers" line, or better known as the "we - don't - care - for - these - frills - and fripperies" *ploy*. This one has to be carefully used; one must not belittle anything to which one's own regiment is not entitled as it would rank as mere jealousy—bad Regimentship.

Time and space precludes our exploring other possibilities of Uniformship, i.e., the correct occasion to wear B.D. when everyone else is wearing No. 1 Dress and vice-versa. Besides it is a side which is still being carefully studied in the back-room at Maryhill. It is, however, pointed out that dirty boots on guard-mounting is still an offence in the regiment, as the back-room boys have still to have this advanced *ploy* of Private-soldiermanship officially recognised.

“ DECHMONT DAYS ”

IN bygone days when soldiering was a much more gentlemanly affair than it is to-day, firing on the open range was confined to the summer months. In those days too, if we are to believe all that our elders tell us, summer was summer with the ranges looking their best, the sun beating down out of a cloudless blue sky, the smell of new-mown hay, and nothing to disturb one's equanimity except the odd bumble-bee. But now how different and trying are our range days. Some of my readers who have not been trained, or strained, at the Depot may feel that my stories are exaggerated; I wish they were! But ask any of the latest draft to join the Bn., and they will vouch for them, and may add details of other days they recall, for there was scarcely a day on the range while they were under training that was not marked by some unusual event.

For those of my readers who are unfamiliar with the Depot's range facilities I must explain that we have used since time (almost) immemorial the Territorial Association Ranges at Dechmont. These are south of the Clyde some sixteen miles distant, and to reach them the range party is carried through Glasgow's traffic in Army transport, an experience in itself! On an exceptional morning when all the transport indented for turns up at the right time (07.15) a convoy of some six vehicles of assorted units and sizes assembles outside Melville block. While it is still dark we drive out through Glasgow as the early workers scurry through the dingy twilight to their jobs. However, this rarely happens, and we are usually faced with the intriguing difficulty of conveying a hundred odd men and ten or so instructors in three trucks. As every driver must have an instructor to go with him (they seldom know the way), and where possible an instructor is placed in the back to keep order amongst the higher spirited members of the intake it will be obvious to our reader that the unfortunate range officer is often faced with a problem, similar to that of the three explorers ferrying cannibals across a river in a boat with four seats. Unfortunately this ferrying always disrupts the practices as the second load arrives some two and a half hours after the first.

One day, the worst bar one, only one 3-tonner arrived in a workable condition! It really looked as if we were going to have to cancel the

range, but the Depot coal truck, an open Austin not designed to carry troops, was pressed into service. Great was the gnashing of teeth in the Quarter-master's department, but greater still was the howl from the married families deprived of their issue of coal. Even with two trucks it was nearly lunch time before the last of the firers arrived, and though we did not fire the practices laid down in the syllabus, every man "discharged his piece," which must be regarded as better than nothing. By 15.45 hrs. it had become too dark to do any more shooting, and everyone moved down to the carpark where one truck was still valiantly plying back and forth carrying away the men as they finished firing. The last party arrived back at 19.30 hrs. another truck having finally been produced—a long day by any measurement.

The weather in the winter is an added hazard. It not only makes life unpleasant on the range, but gives the Glasgow cobbles that slight lubricant which is so essential for a first class skid. The prowess of our Army drivers is now the normal topic of conversation amongst the instructors, and remarks such as: "I was ankle deep in floor boards . . . missed that tram by inches . . . right up on the pavement . . . wants psychoanalising does that bloke" can be heard above the merry clatter of mess-tins at lunch time. There was the miserable Sunday when the permanent staff were taken out to classify with their rifles. It started raining in the morning and continued all day. It was difficult to say who looked more miserable, the range warden as he watched his targets reverting to paper pulp or the Adjutant as he felt the water trickling down his back. Then there was the foggy day when all the practices of Rifle Classification had to be fired from 200 yards. The run-down was completed by each man having a marker 50 yards behind him around whom he ran after firing from the correct positions on the firing point.

But there was one day which can only be described as a "chapter of accidents." It was one of those days with only three trucks so ferrying was necessary. The weather was fine and frosty, which made the roads icy in places. The first truck arrived without mishap as did another; but the one containing Mr. Wilson went astray, a fact which he did not notice until looking up from his morning papers he

observed that they were some way out along the Edinburgh road! However, he arrived in due course. Meanwhile the first two trucks had been sent back to collect the remainder of Training Company. There was a considerable delay before they arrived, and on enquiry it was found that the original two had collided in Dobbie's Loan on the way back. Both trucks were so badly damaged that they had to be taken off the road and two more produced. One of these new trucks was so badly driven that Sgt. Nelson, who was in charge of it, finally refused to allow the driver to go more than 10 miles an hour. They also had the misfortune to run over and kill a dog, which delayed them even more. Cpl. (now Sgt.) Owens' truck also passed over a dog, but did not kill it. However his driver made up for it by stopping suddenly for no apparent reason, causing a

delivery van to run into the back of the truck—some damage, a lot of swearing, and more delay. Then to ensure that no one else could claim the booby prize he nearly killed someone on a zebra crossing and was stopped by the police! But this risking of life and limb was of little avail as Dechmont ranges face south, and the sun shining through a ground mist made the targets invisible at 200 yards. All shooting ceased, and lunch-time was declared. It was then discovered that the officer's lunch had been left behind! But that was the last and unkindest blow of Fate. A request by the senior N.C.O.s to go home by tram was refused, and we crept back to Glasgow at funeral pace with no further mishaps, but with a "bag" of 2 trucks, 1 van, 1 dog, 1 summons—the biggest yet returned for any "Dechmont Day."

THE INFANT.

This Modern Age

DURING the recent recruiting drive of a certain Regiment we were pleased to note the co-operation of the Press. The following article is republished by courtesy of the *Scottish Evening Herald* :—

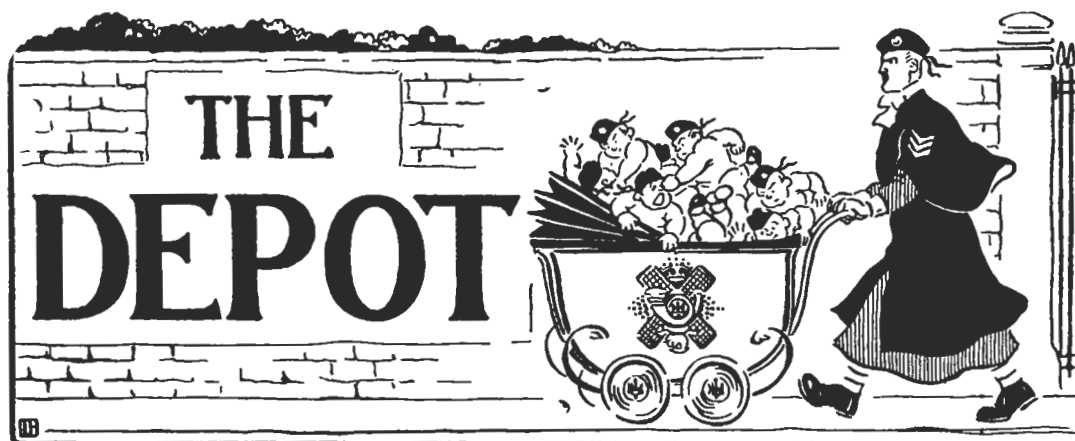
"It was Thursday morning, intake day for National Service and Regular recruits at the Depot of the Wogsalg Regt. Despite torrential rain and arctic gales the Barracks presented a homely atmosphere. Large fires were burning in the new 'Monty' barrack rooms. 'The Ministry of Fuel gives us every assistance over the question of coal,' the bemedalled Quarter-master said to me: 'During my thirty years in the Regiment I have never seen a more promising bunch of lads than we are getting to-day.' I then went to watch the reception centre in operation where the Depot Commander, a veteran of the Desert campaign, was talking to some of the parents who had come to see what the New Army conditions were like. 'They will find it a grand healthy life,' the Major assured them; 'I have devoted my life to the Army, and conditions now are really first-class; I can assure you they will be well looked after.' I asked the Major to what single factor he attributed his recruiting record. 'It's the glamour of the job,' he said, 'and the knowledge that it's a worth-while career.'

"I was then conducted round the camp; we made our first stop at the men's mess—no longer the sordid cookhouse of pre-war days.

Here amid gleaming modern equipment the Adjutant was supervising the work of the cooks who were clad in snow-white overalls and aprons. 'You have to know a bit about everything to be a good adjutant,' he told us. We remarked on the bunches of freshly cut flowers which decorated the tables. 'Those are not an issue,' the Adjutant told us; 'that's the C.O.'s idea—he grows them himself in his spare time, and the officers' wives arrange them on the tables.'

"In the clothing store the tailor was measuring each recruit for his uniform. 'You lose half the glamour in a badly fitting uniform,' said the Major, 'only the best is good enough for our chaps and we see they get it.' Inside the barrack blocks I noticed the shining white enamel of the baths and showers, their chromium fittings more reminiscent of a luxury hotel than an Army ablution room. 'There is plenty of hot water for everyone' I was told by the Platoon Commander. 'There is nothing that makes a man feel so good after a hard day's work than a steaming hot bath' he said.

"Just then the bugle blew 'Cookhouse,' and I left knowing that their Army career was in safe hands."



<i>Commanding Officer</i>	Major P. T. TELFER-SMOLLETT, M.C.
<i>Adjutant</i>	Captain G. C. R. L. PENDER.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	Major D. BONAR, M.B.E.
<i>R. S. M.</i>	R.S.M. PATON.

DURING the past four months the most notable Depot achievement has been the raising of the total number of Regular soldiers who have enlisted in the Regiment to 345, which was just twenty short of the target of 365 for the year. Nevertheless we were top of the Infantry in November, 1952.

The campaign to raise the percentage of Regular soldiers during 1952 was only put into operation in March. Up to that date the Regiment had done badly in the recruiting field and averaged only four to five Regulars a month.

As this state of affairs could not be allowed to continue, every effort was made to bring the Regiment back into the public eye by way of placarding recruiting posters on the tram-cars, routing the Military Band through the busiest and most congested parts of the town at rush hour, and by attaching a regular sergeant from the Depot to the Recruiting Office. The most influential and successful aid, however, to the whole programme has been the re-adoption of the red and white hackle, which has caused a great deal of interest in the City of Glasgow and elsewhere.

It is gratifying to note that the general standard of the regular recruit is higher than that of the National Serviceman, and that there is plenty of N.C.O. material.

The Depot has now undertaken the complete recruit training and the programme has been increased from six to ten weeks. Which means that a young soldier stays with the Regiment and he is sent direct to the 1st Bn. from the Depot, after embarkation leave. All drafts, however, still form up at the H.B.T.C. before being sent overseas, owing to lack of accommodation at the Depot.

The increase in the number of recruits has naturally entailed a corresponding increase in Officers and N.C.O.s. There are now six platoons in Training Coy., and an H.Q. Coy. has had to be formed for the Permanent Staff and Holders. During December the parade state showed the total strength to be 7 Officers and 305 Other Ranks.

Since the last issue of the CHRONICLE we have seen numerous Officers at the Depot. Some have been on that elusive "held strength" and some who have kindly come to visit the Unit from foreign parts. Major A. W. Grendon, ex-training officer 5/6th H.L.I., has departed for the Staff College. Major A. L. Campbell, M.C., and Major R. Bromley Gardner, M.C., have passed through the books en route to their new appointments as training officer 5/6th H.L.I. and 1st G.H. respectively. Captain P. M. Larg is now in the process of taking over the Adjutancy of the Glasgow University. Captain J. C. Knox has departed for Korea as a

reinforcement for 1st B.W., and we wish him well. Captain R. Noble paid a short visit before returning to Malaya, likewise Major F. J. Hawley, Major J. D. H. Whitcombe, and Mr. C. A. F. MacKenzie, before their departure to the 1st Bn. We were very glad to welcome Captain J. D. Dixon and Mr. R. Wilson to the Depot Permanent Staff (both of whom are very much wrapped up in their cars for different reasons!).

R.S.M. J. McMillan of the 1st Bn. paid us a short visit while he was on leave. We were indeed pleased to see him, none the less we were relieved to observe that he had not brought a consignment of white stones and illuminated elephants.

On 4th November at a meeting of the wives of the Permanent Staff of the Depot the suggestion that a Social Club be formed met with enthusiasm. During the temporary absence of Mrs. Telfer-Smollett, Mrs. Pender, with the most valuable assistance from Mrs. Bonar, has undertaken the leadership of these meetings, which take place fortnightly in the Concert Hall.

The meetings have proved both popular and successful. From Club funds, raised initially by members' own efforts, each received from the Christmas Tree at the Depot Party a gift of a useful household article, and we hear tickets have been reserved at the King's Theatre for each member to attend the performance of "Call Me Madam" on 28th January.

On the Thursdays following these "Ma-Ma" meetings the one main topic of conversation amongst the males of the Permanent Staff is the piecing together of all the snippets of information obtained from their wives. Gradually one is able to "paint the picture" by conversing with three or four married men, however, we are still a little baffled by the game called "Beetle," which is all the rage. We gather that we are missing something for shrieks of laughter have been heard at the Main Gate coming from the Concert Hall.

The officers and their wives entertained the married families at the Regimental Christmas Party, which was held on 20th December in the New Gym. Ninety-four children received presents from Santa Claus (Major D. Bonar, M.B.E.) who arrived 'midst cheers from the children on a sleigh drawn by three Black Petes (Capt. J. D. Dixon, Mr. E. I. Wirgman and Mr. R. Wilson). All the children thoroughly enjoyed the party, Punch and Judy, games and presents. It is not an uncommon sight now to see a full-

blooded cowboy and Indian war taking place in odd corners of the barracks.

New Year festivities were not held on the 1st January, 1953, as all recruits and Permanent Staff were on seven days leave. This being the first leave some members of the training staff had had for a year, it was naturally a most popular break.

The Depot subscribed £27 6s. 9d. to the King George the VI Memorial which included donations of £10 from the Sgts.' Mess and £2 2s. from the Regimental Masonic Lodge.

In conclusion we would like to thank all members of the Regiment past and present who sent us greetings for Christmas and the New Year.

G. C. R. L. P.

MA-MA NIGHT

It lately happened, so to speak,
That on Wednesday every other week
They have what we call "Ma-Ma" night.
So listen to poor Pa-Pa's plight—
To Mr. Wirgman goes the plea,
Oh, Sir! we must rush home, you see
It's Ma-Ma night.

When from a day upon the range
Poor Daddy hurries home to change
From uniform all bright and shiny
To frilly apron neat and tidy.
Upstairs in bed the baby winks,
"I'll play him up," the wee thing thinks,
It's Ma-Ma night!

Now Mama's gone and all is quiet,
It's time to start my little riot,"
And letting out one piercing wail
Turns Papa downstairs somewhat pale,
Who trying hard to grill a kipper
In Army lingo describes his nipper
On Ma-Ma night!

Upstairs quick the noise to quell,
Then from the kitchen a smouldering smell.
Och! how my wife I sairly miss,
I never kent 'twas hard as this.
Better wash the pots and plate,
Good grief, it's getting very late.
Och! Ma-Ma night.

Quiet at last, time to recline.
What is the hour? Why, half-past nine!
Now where is the paper?—let me see—
Gad, but my feet are killing me.
Whose in the hall?—is everything straight?
Hell, but you have to work at a rate
On Ma-Ma night.

Ah—back again dear—had a good time?
Everything here was perfectly fine.
Supper? My word, I enjoyed that kipper.
What did you say—how is the nipper?
Och! he's just fine, the little pup,
He wouldn't dare play his father up
On Ma-Ma night. DEPOT WIFE

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

THE last quarter has given us many social occasions both in and out of the Mess.

Firstly was the farewell evening to Jock Ward, Sgt. Brannan and Puggy Reid. The evening was enjoyed by all, and finished up with Jock singing his one and own private regimental song. Best of luck to all three of you, wherever you may be.

We held a darts, billiards and snooker competitions, which after many delays were eventually finished. The handicapper has been threatened with all types of violence, so has decided to alter the rules before the next competition.

The Christmas Draw and Dance, held this year on 22nd December, in the Concert Hall, proved a great success, with approximately 130 people attending. There was a record number of draw tickets sold—1,320 to be exact. The first prize was won by Mr. Jimmy Law, who in his surprise and delight in winning this coveted prize, awarded Harry Dadswell, who was running the draw, a resounding kiss. Fowls, ducks, geese, beer, spirits and cigarettes and many other prizes too numerous to mention, were gradually won during the evening amongst the sighs of "ahs" and "ohs"—especially when the bottles of "highland water" were disposed of. The added attraction of the dancing during the evening proved that the members and their ladies can still show a nifty leg, when they get the chance. Our "artistes" during the evening entertained us very well indeed. Taffy Jones (ACC excelled himself) at the buffet. To Harry Dadswell, Charlie Green, Joe Hazleton, and of course "Wattie," who is always there, we extend our thanks for a grand evening.

Christmas passed over very quietly in the Mess, as most members were on leave, but leave or not, all turned up at the Jocks' Dining Hall on Christmas Day and carried out their duties as "waiters" very satisfactorily.

The New Year was also a quiet occasion, although about 24 members and their ladies turned up at the Mess before the "bells." The New Year was called in the old style, and then all present gradually drifted off to their "first footing."

On the 10th January, the single members' annual dinner was held. The married members were kindly invited to this grand meal and the games afterwards. Pity about those cheese and biscuits, Ned, wasn't it?

Last, but not least, a happy evening was spent at the Pavilion, where all members and their families attended the pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty." On looking around, I had to wonder who was enjoying it most, the fathers or the kiddies. I notice Tarra Sahib laughing his blooming head off.

We were pleased to have a visit from R.S.M. MacMillan (1st Bn.) and his wife on 9th January, but sorry they had to cut their visit so short.

Congratulations to "Archie" Wilson on his promotion to commissioned rank. He spent a week with us prior to his departure to B.A.O.R. to take up his duties as Q.M.

Congratulations also to Sgt. Owens on his promotion to the Mess.

Quite a few members of the 1st Bn. Mess passed through the Depot on their way to Civvy Street. Our best wishes go with them all: C.Q.M.S. Davies, Sgts. Stanley, Cunningham, Curroto, Paxton.

Our new arrivals to the Depot staff include Sgts. Geary, Lindsay, Sievwright and Tomlinson. We wish them all a good tour at the Depot.

Our only departure from the Staff was Sgt. Stobie to the T.A. Perm. staff. We wish him and his wife all the best.

Charlie Green is still to be seen running around at all hours of the day and night with ledgers and A.B. 108s tucked under his arm, and has been heard to threaten terrible trouble if he ever finds the man who invented "inventories."

As I close these notes the mail has arrived, including posting orders to West Africa for our "Muscle" man, Joe Hazleton. Never mind, Joe, a lot may happen before June 1st.

CURLY.

TRAINING COMPANY NOTES

SINCE our October issue we have completed one draft of 10-week recruits and another intake is half-way through their training. The Depot Training Staff has increased in proportion and we welcome Captain J. D. Dixon as our new Coy. Commander, and with him Sgts. Sievwright and Lindsay from the 1st Bn. and Sgt. Tomlinson from Fort George. Sgt. Geary has come to us from the 5/6th and Sgt. Stobie has taken his place. The Coy. administration is now functioning smoothly under C.S.M. Richards, C/Sgt. Green, L/Cpl. Walsh, our storeman, and Pte. Davidson ("Homicide" to his friends), the Coy. clerk. The training is carried out by two teams of instructors under Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wirgman who each have three Platoon Sgts. At present there is only one intake whose members are under the watchful care of Sgts. Jamieson, Sievwright and Lindsay. The other team (Sgts. Geary, McPhail and Nelson), who will be hard at it with our next intake when the CHRONICLE appears in print, are engaged in instructing a junior N.C.O. and selected Privates' cadre. These we hope will become Training N.C.O.s and tide us over the next few months until we have run another one or can find a tree with instructors growing on it!

An all ranks dance was held on the 19th December in the Gymnasium; it was in aid of the King George VI Memorial Fund. It was greatly enjoyed by all who attended and we were able to forward £15 4s. 9d. to the P.R.I. for inclusion in the donation from the Depot. This was followed by the Children's Christmas Party held the next afternoon. There was a very fine tea and a Punch and Judy show as well as some party games. It is difficult to say who enjoyed the Punch and Judy show most, the children or their parents! Toys were distributed to all the children in the approved manner by Santa Claus. (Who was the child who called him "Dan Claus"?) And who were those three roguish "Black Pete's" who towed him in? The S.I.B. are working on it now, and are making their usual progress.

We re-publish (without comment) an extract from Part I Orders for 31st December, 1952:—

"Christmas Trees.—After the Christmas and New Year celebrations will the person who has borrowed the tree (ornamental) from outside the Depot Orderly Room please return same in the manner in which it was acquired and no action will be taken."

We congratulate the Depot football team who have been playing extremely well; they have played 11 matches and have only lost one. With one match to play it looks as if we will be top of the Lowland District League.

"BUSTER."

P.S.—We also congratulate Mr. Wilson on finally selling his car. That at least is one less to wash and polish!

PIPE BAND NOTES

SINCE the last notes we have been busier than ever here in the Depot. With the full 10 weeks training starting here we have now more parades with the recruit Company, and being back at our old strength of three pipers we are kept on the hop. Our hopes were very high at having quite a strong learner class, but alas, we were very sorry to see five of them going on their way to the Bn. Well, lads, we wish you all the best and hope you will all get on in your new berth.

We were very glad to see the face of John McPhee appear at the door after waiting so long for him, and he is a great asset to us here in the Depot. He has now reached the dizzy height of L/Cpl. (Congrats., Grip.) We see the faces of some of the band as they pass through on demob., but they never stop for long, much to our regret. We are looking forward to the Coronation now, and hope that some of us will be there to represent the Regiment.

We will close now and wish our brother Haggis Bashers in the Bn. all the best.

GRACE NOTE.

Regimental Personalities

"THE JOCK"

(To the tune of "A Gordon for Me.")

I'm bowley-legged Jock of the H.L.I.,
I'm a mighty tough guy, though I'm no five
foot high.

Once during the war I chanced to gie
A seven-foot German a punch in the ee,
Said I to that Gerry, "noo buz off or I'll
Get properly tore into you for a while;
If you want the massage I've a braw razor here."
He shivered and shuddered and said kinna queer

*Ye're wonderful, Jock, ye're marvellous boy,
Ye're old Glasgow town's wee pride and joy:
The Black Walch, etcetera, is blue-blooded stock,
But no hauf as guid as an H. L. I. Jock.*

In Palestine, too, I was caught by a Jew,
Goliath, I think he was fourteen-foot two.
Soon I was a-thinking how nice it would be
If I could persuade him to stop squeezing me.
"Hey, Loftie," I shouted, "I'm mebbe no Dave,
But you canna say that a Jock isna brave."
Then I butted him hard in the guts with ma heid,
And Goliath bawled oot as he toppled doon deid.

MORE LIES

WE understand that there is now a flourishing "Lie" Book in the 1st Battalion and from it our correspondent has extracted two which we print below. We include as well two more from the old Second Battalion book.

- 1.—Capt. T— F— (Pakistani National) stated at 19.00 hrs. on 4th December, 1952, in the ante-room at TEK in the presence of several officers, and whilst partially sober, that the "West African Way" in Burma was so steep that if you stopped a vehicle on the way down the slope it overturned. This had happened to him several times. Furthermore, he claimed, should a map of the area be given to him, he could produce a M.R. of the road.
- 2.—Lt. W— K— S— stated before seven brother officers (all reasonably sober) that he once awarded an officer cadet at Sandhurst 3 extra "Puttee Parades" for idle sleeping, i.e., not having his B.D. trousers pressed on Adj's Parade.
- 3.—D—, while discussing the size of the feet of London's women police, stated that while admitting that they had large feet, it was nothing out of the ordinary. He claimed to have seen in the Cawnpore boot-factory a pair of boots size 17 made for a member of an Indian Cavalry Regiment. He also stated that the Indian Cavalry frequently required special stirrups to fit their boots.
- 4.—C— B—, in the presence of a round dozen of officers in the Mess during dinner, declared that at C— a funeral procession arrived at the cemetery, and when the coffin was taken off the gun carriage and a start made to lower it into the grave it was thought, by the lightness of the coffin, that there was no body inside. On opening the coffin this was found to be the case. The body was eventually discovered still in the mortuary.

Juniper's Social Column

THE past few months, as one might imagine, have been filled with gay occasions and parties. In early November the Officers at the Depot had the honour of attending a Guest Night at the Royal Naval Air Station, Abbotsinch. Out of due regard for our host's well-known hospitality and having had some prior information from our Naval friends as to the likely course of events, we dressed in our strongest pair of strap trews and blue patrol jackets taking the added precaution of arranging transport home so that none of us would have to drive.

The evening surpassed even our wildest expectations. After an excellent dinner we were entertained by a succession of speakers, not least among them Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett whose reply to the toast of "Our Guests" not only entailed making an impromptu speech, but also climbing on to the table (no easy feat in a tight pair of trews). Re-assembling in the ante-room we took part in a game of chance involving coloured tickets and small coloured race horses. It was not for some time that we discovered Ronnie Coltart, who had been placing our bets, was partially colour blind! But alas it was too late. Shortly after this game the ladies, it being a mixed mess, withdrew and the pace got considerably quicker. A number of strenuous games followed in quick succession among them "Highcockalorum," "Are you there Mauriarti," and "Horses and Riders" the latter being discontinued after the Depot Adjutant with your columnist up collided with the television set. The evening finished with a long bout of "Mess Rugby" with frequent intervals for liquid refreshment and song.

Your columnist was fortunate in attending the 5th/6th Battalions' St. Andrews night dinner. Amongst those present I saw the Colonel of the Regiment and the honorary Colonel of the Battalion, Col. Macrae, Brigadier Percival and Lt.-Col. Leckie Ewing. Major Nimmo Smith was there in very good form as was Jim Murray who was keeping the junior members of the party amused with his antics. Capt. G. C. R. L. Pender and Major A. W. Grendon were observed in serious discussion, no doubt the subject was training.

I was sorry to hear that up at the 'sharp' end with the 1st Bn. in Tel-el-Kebir social life hardly exists. The Officers Club offers a chance of drinking outside the Mess; the pleasant little room loaned by The Church of Scotland canteen on Saturdays and Sundays becomes the social centre of the garrison. The few wives, from the limited married quarters of TEK, who frequent the club make them realise that it is not quite an all male area. On St. Andrews night they gave a dinner for the officers of the Borders, Foresters and Brigade H.Q. The meal was the best that Egyptian food control would allow, and the band and pipers were definitely "on form." Afterwards the guests were introduced to Highland dancing during which one major had the experience of being flung through a glass window. After this diversion the doctor and 2nd-in-com. of 'C' Company performed realistically as two attractive damsels, then Peter Lang lost his trews on the fan closely followed by Eric MacLean who lost rather more than just his trews. The party broke up at about 3 a.m. after breakfast of sausage and egg. The next morning a rather shaky Officers team played a football match against the Officers of the Foresters which, despite sun-glasses and a gruelling sun, they won. Sunday morning matches have become a regular engagement, it shakes up the liver and afterwards one makes friends over a drink.

Many old friends of the Regiment are out in the Middle East and have visited the 1st Bn. Mess. They include 'Mad' Mike McRitchie now Airborne R.A.O.C., many will remember his winning the m.c. with the H.L.I. in Palestine, and many more his hair-raising escapades at Fort George. Also out there are "Speedy" McCallum and David "Yonkers" Yokney, the latter is now in the R.A.S.C. and has umpired the Battalion on some of their schemes. Major Elwin Gray, of the Seaforth Highlanders, spent New Year with the Bn., which was celebrated in the customary manner. I understand the Officers claim to have won the football match, but no one was very sure of the score. I am also told that the toast was drunk in broken glass much to the dismay of the Quartermaster!

JUNIPER.

3310724 TAM GRAY

TAM GRAY, one of the longest serving soldiers in the H.L.I., is now 45 years old. He joined the Regiment at the Depot in Glasgow in January, 1932, at the age of 24. Here is his story:—

“There were so many regular recruits then that shortly after I joined a standard was set that recruits had to be 5 ft. 9 in. and weigh 9 stones before they were accepted. In these days recruits’ basic training was six months long, and very tough. Our N.C.O.s were very experienced—a man had to be very good to make Corporal in 7 years—and it was not unusual for a L/Cpl. to be unpaid for a year or two. Our pay was 14/- a week in those days as recruits.

“Hot water for washing and shaving was unheard of; pyjamas and sheets, of course, were not an issue then. Kits were laid for inspection every two days, and other days were of course laid in locker. Recruits never fired a weapon until after a month’s training and then it started with .22 shooting. (Nowadays recruits fire .303 within ten days of putting on uniform.)

“Civilian clothes for walking out were not permitted until after six months, the usual dress was trows, spats, blue patrol jacket,

glengarry and cane, the latter which you had to purchase yourself.

“I joined the 1st Bn. in Dover, and later sailed to India to join the 2nd Bn. at Razmak. That was a hard station; we only had mule transport. On all operations the heights had to be picketed before other troops could move forward. Because of this continual climbing up and down hills, marching was slow and fatiguing, we were lucky to cover 15 miles in a day. Later we moved to Peshawar, the gateway to the Kyber Pass.

“In India all afternoons in barracks were free, but games had to be played between 4 and 6 in the evening. I was in India from 1933-1939, there were no python rights in those days or fixed tours; some soldiers in the Bn. had been in India for 12 years and more, without a spell at home.

Direct from India in 1939 the 2nd Bn. went to Palestine for much the same duties as the 1st Bn. did in 1946. From there we went to Egypt and Sudan for general I.S. duties. After the Sudan the Bn. went into action in Eritrea, which was a much bigger show.

“I sailed to U.K. in 1942 for my first visit home since 1933, altogether 9 years overseas. I then was posted to the 2nd Glasgow Highlanders, 15th (Scottish) Division, and went to Normandy on D plus 8. I went through Falaise Gap, the Rhine Crossing, and then stayed for a while at Lubeck after the war, and later Paderborn.

In 1947 I was attached to 1 G.H., T.A., as a regular Q.M. storeman; it was from there I joined the 1st Bn. H.L.I. in Edinburgh in 1950, and have been with them since on all their travels and trials in Colchester, Bodney, Tripoli, Tobruk, Malta and Tel-el-Kebir. I joined because I wanted to see the world, and I think I can claim having seen a fair slice of it.”

Support our Advertisers

The 1098th of Foot

(The Command Secretaries' Own)

First Impressions by a Newly-Joined Officer

I ARRIVED before "Gin" time in the 1098th of Foot and was awarded the opportunity of studying my future brother officers from an objective point of view.

The first person to join me in the ante-room was Captain Falconer-Rowan, who introduced himself with a volley of questions; his first was, "do you shoot?" followed by ".303 or game?" "I do both." "What do you think of the new .280 rifle?" "Bags of wog game out here; my company is on guard just now—no joy so far—Ha-Ha. Trying to organise a Safari to Fort Chad—Ha-Ha. Should brighten things up a bit—Good Lord! Must fly off to catch the bus to Cairo; it's all laid on!"

He left—I hadn't uttered a word! Only moments later Major Balfor—Follit appeared for his customary barley water. I was quizzed on my antecedents and my "Pratler" general knowledge. He soon exhausted my small supply of celebrities and quickly lost interest in me, turning to peruse the most recent edition of "Brogue" in which he recognised many acquaintances.

Second Lieutenants Blade and Sheckles then entered, and after an apologetic "Hello" ordered two daring lime juices. Two obvious rogues followed hard on their heels, Lieutenants Jowell and Leopard, both sloping off early for their remedial brandy and ginger. I was greeted with cries of "How's Leicester Square?" "Do you know the 'Chez-Moi,' 'Shepherds,' 'The Nag's Head,' and other names that I cannot recall. 'Wouldn't mind the odd weekend in London just now.'" With this parting shot they retired to a corner to exchange smutty yarns.

Second-Lieutenant Double-Bracket was the next to appear. He welcomed me with a "What-ho! What bloody hell, how's things? Jolly good out here, old chap, but better look out for yourself, dashed devilish lot of Dervishes hangin' about—." He was silenced by a shrill staccato, "Oh, shut up!" from Lt. Pompson—the acting senior subaltern who with mincing step had entered the room unnoticed.

The R.M.O. Doctor Myeye then stumbled in wearing service dress jacket, battle dress trousers, and elastic-sided hockey boots, a strange but intriguing sight. He was welcomed by whoops and shouts from one and all (it transpired that he had just emerged from the cold showers), particularly Leopard and Jowell, the former as a mark of esteem hurling a well-thumbed copy of Hank Jansen at his head. Myeye appeared glassy-eyed and unsteady on his feet; he explained to me that this was due to morphia or maragwana—he couldn't remember which; he had intended it for another officer, but their drinks were switched.

Major Redbiddy was the second field officer in. After a hurried introduction he told me he had an "awful lot on his plate at the moment." I managed to prolong the conversation by telling him all my kit was missing. He said, "You'll just have to accept it, old boy; but I should fight it; however, it's quite on the cards that it is in transit." We were then joined by Major Charlton-Star, and they both fell to arguing the respective merits of their Bands.

At that moment a bellow of "Waiter" heralded the entry of Colonel Atholl Brose. There was a hurried rising and subsiding of officers as Col. Atholl Brose sat down and immersed himself behind the pages of the *Yachting World*. Others entered thick and fast, among them Captain Highme-Twang, late of the Indian Army, who giggled over the possibilities of an impending court-martial due to excess profits on officers' mess bills.

Meanwhile Lt. Leopard was negotiating with Captain Plonk Harrods, the Q.M., for some shady deal. The remark, "four jeep tyres, that's easy," was overheard, and the deal was clinched with the customary round of drinks.

"Shut up!" cried Pompson as Double-Bracket started another yarn of Dervishes.

"Waiter," cried Atholl Brose.

Captain Harrods had meanwhile lost his false teeth, and Captain Minges, who appeared dressed as a hockey goalkeeper and wearing sun glasses, assisted in a fruitless search for them,

Falconer-Rowan re-appearing with a cry of "spotted some fresh gazelle droppings!" told me how he had missed his bus to Cairo as a result of doing his customary mid-day rifle strengthening exercises. He then commenced a dissertation on the merits of longer foresights in the desert as hot ammunition went high due to excessive vibration in the chamber.

Major Redbiddy had meanwhile fallen out with Plonk Harrods, the Q.M., who for some unaccountable reason wanted to burn some of his (Major Redbiddy's) E.P.I.P. Tents. Major Redbiddy was not going to accept that, he was going to take it on his plate and fight it.

"Waiter," shouted Atholl Brose.

On his return journey Major Ferret-Bronco (who always ordered on the waiter's return trip) asked for a sherry in a quiet voice. A little later in slouched Captain Curry-Innes (a Pakhistani National) without a tie, and striking a position before the fireplace addressed the multitude in Churchillian tones. "Don't be silly" cried Pompsom.

Major Datson then spoke to me at great length on aaaaquiswastialoo—I was confused to say the least, but managed to nod my agreement until Major Ramble Bumman dragged me away to discuss his plans for the reorganisation of the War Office, and explain to me the iniquities of taxing marriage allowance. A loud guffaw in my ear and I turned to make the acquaintance of Lt. Perhman over a 3-lb. box of chocolate. My eyes then strayed to a secluded corner where Balfour-Follit and H. D. R. Blackeye were discussing the December issue of the Pratler, the next Queen Charlottes, and the current marriage stakes.

All this time medicinal gin had been flushing down many a parched and feverish throat, and my ears were assailed by a babel of conversation: "The bolt action is much silkier on the march . . . I will take it on my plate to-day . . . Waiter . . . never in the field of human conflict . . . a slate grey one . . . Oh! shut up, you . . . at the Marine School I . . . You can cook it in syrup . . . aaaaquiswastialoo . . . when I was a squadron leader . . . Waiter . . . I lost my third imprest in Cawnpore . . . I said to the Military Secretary, look here . . . and Lady Dunboyne said . . . John, only three quid . . . shut up, I think you stink . . . The magazine guns at Peshawar . . . he was incoherent by eight o'clock . . . a whole dump of it quite unguarded . . . and he had no hang-over the next day . . . WAITER."

My mind reeled and I began to think that the next few months would need a great deal of re-orientation on my part. I started with a hesitant shout of "Waiter."

"WAITER" roared 30 voices.

[*Author's Note.*—The characters in this sketch are entirely fictitious and any resemblance to anyone serving in any Regiment must be coincidental.]

The Editor disclaims any responsibility for the above and can't think how it came to be printed.

FLUTING

How many members serving with the Regiment remember this quite recent incident:—

Curtain up. Scene I.

A T.C.V. from — Coy., R.A.S.C., leaving Bodney Camp, Norfolk, on a cold, grey morning. Sitting beside the R.A.S.C. driver is an H.L.I. officer, all 6 ft. 6 ins. of sylph-like figure, curled round the engine housing and playing a weird musical instrument. The T.C.V. starts a long convoy journey to Aldershot, 30Mi2H, 15 V.T.M.

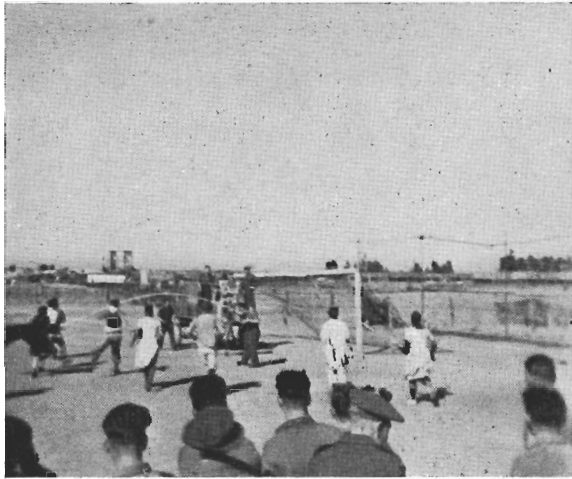
Curtain down. End of Scene I.

Curtain up. Scene II.

The T.C.V. draws to a halt some 5 hours later, one of the regulation 20 mins. to every second hour.

Out leaps a distracted, neurotic, overwrought R.A.S.C. driver verging on a mental breakdown, red-eyed and hands shaking. His conversation to his "mucker" is as follows: "If that sanguinary officer plays his sanguinary flute any sanguinary longer, I shall go mad! I can't stand it! He has been fluting since we left Bodney, and we still have three hours before we reach Aldershot."

(The sanguinary flutist, needless to say, was the celebrated "Mad" Charles Avery practising on his notorious chanter. "Mad" Charles is himself now studying at St. Andrews to cure such worried R.A.S.C. drivers. In seven years he hopes to qualify as a psychiatrist!)



A Goal?



The Officers take the field

New Year's
Day
Football
Match

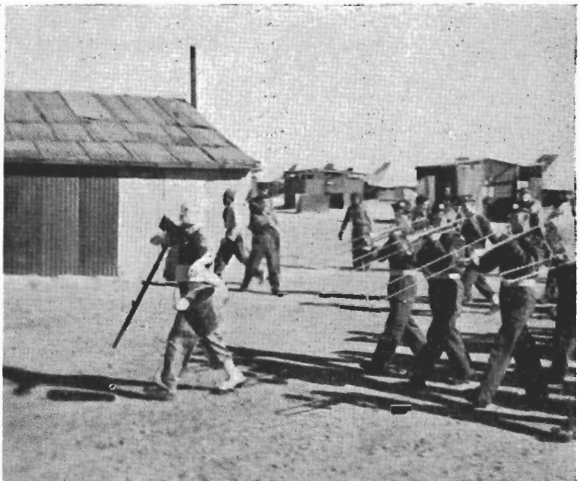


The Pipe Band plays during the Interval

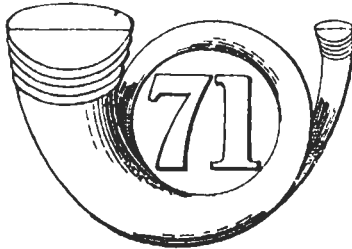
The Officers
v.
The Sergeants



The Medico



A Bugle Majorette?



First Battalion

The Highland Light Infantry

(71st and 74th)



<i>Commanding Officer</i>	Lt.-Col. R. L. C. ROSE, D.S.O., M.C.
<i>Second-in-Command</i>	...	Major C. R. H. KINDERSLEY, D.S.O., M.C.	
<i>Adjutant</i>	Capt. D. I. MACKENZIE.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	Major W. J. SMITH.
<i>R.S.M.</i>	R.S.M. J. McMILLAN.

THE main body of the Battalion arrived at Port Said from Malta on September 17th and moved that day by road to Tel-el-Kebir. TEK—the name by which the garrison is usually known—is situated at the apex of a triangle of desert which lies between the Nile Delta and the narrow strip of cultivation which follows the Sweet Water Canal from Cairo to Ismailia. It consists of acres and acres of vehicle parks and dumps of all kinds, the whole being surrounded by 18 miles of perimeter wire and minefield. Just outside the perimeter to the East can still be seen the line of entrenchments constructed by Arabi Pasha where he attempted to hold the British force when it advanced on Cairo in 1882. In the nearby cemetery are the graves of officers and men of the 74th who were killed at that battle.

The Bn. took over the camp which had been occupied by the 1st Buffs and was soon fully employed in providing ambush patrols and manning searchlight posts for the defence of the perimeter.

In the middle of October we moved down to Shandur on the Little Bitter Lake for three days tank co-operation training with 4th R.T.R. and thence to the 3rd Div. concentration area on the Suez-Cairo road just north of the Ataqa Mountains for battalion and brigade training prior to army manoeuvres. For a fortnight we carried out a series of exercises in the neighbourhood of the Gebel Iweibid, a barren inhospitable range of hills a few miles from the camp. Just as the "Stand Fast" was being blown at the end of the last battle, a cloudburst occurred and the night was spent under torrential rain and hail, unprecedented for that arid part of the world. We returned to camp on the

following morning to find it divided in two by a wadi in full spate. The same river, further down stream, carried away the Brigade H.Q. Officers' Mess which had been sited rather unwisely in its previously dry sandy bed.

Exercise "Triangles," which took place in the first week of November, was a free-for-all affair between 1st Div. based on the Gulf of Suez and 3rd Div. advancing from north of the Cairo-Suez road. As the country lying between the two opposing forces consisted of the Ataqa range, wide sweeping movements were out of the question, and the battle developed into an indecisive slogging match, there being only two passable routes through the mountains giving access to the flat country on the coast. The battalion carried out some spirited attacks with tank support, and the generals apparently enjoyed themselves, which was, after all, the object of the exercise. We were pretty glad to get back to TEK for a wash in something larger than a pint mug.

Since returning from manoeuvres, the Bn. has been mainly occupied on perimeter guards, with one company away at a time on the Fanara ranges. One or two of the families are beginning to turn up, though the chances of the majority getting a quarter are very slight. We are now looking forward to a month in Ismailia doing guard duties for the Parachute Brigade which is to do its annual training in March.

Hogmanay took place in the usual carefree manner. The Officers' v. Sergeants football match bore a close resemblance to midnight scenes at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The very efficient St. John's Ambulance Service, laid on

by Surgeon Rear-Admiral Russo, was fortunately not required to deal with any exceptionally serious cases.

Since our arrival in the Canal Zone, both Major Milman and Major Campbell have left the Bn. They have been replaced by Majors Whitcomb and Hawley.

Tel el Kebir, 1952 (*a song*)

IF ever you have to swelter on the fringes of the Delta
Where the road from Cairo leads to Ismailia,
I can recommend a garrison where joys beyond comparison
Are available to all who tarry there.

There is lots of private shooting, opportunities for
looting,
And the pubs are only thirty miles away,
And when you're going crackers, why, for only fifty
smackers
You can get a plane to England straight away.

If your hobbies are botanic and you feel a bit satanic,
Why, Eden's Garden's planted on the spot;
And beneath the bougainvillea you can make yourself
familiar
With NAFFI girls whose pace is pretty hot.

Here the Desert Lilies flourish in the sands they have
to nourish,
For them there is no need for winter rains,
When they wave their stately fronds amidst the lakes
and pools and ponds,
The chances are it's caused by flooded drains.

For those about to marry there is no excuse to tarry,
There are quarters by the dozen standing by.
All you need is four hundred points and rheumatics
in the joints;
You're bound to get one well before you die.

Oh, there's lots of other assets—one could almost call
them facets,
Of this jewel by the waters of the Nile,
But it's wiser not to mention nor to draw undue
attention.
To all that makes this such a pleasant domicile.

For the local ruling classes who spend three years on
their ——
Counting all the guns and vehicles they lose,
Would prefer, I think, to limit us to guarding the
perimeters
While they sit back and snaffle what they choose.

So take this final warning; when you wake up in
the morning
And find you've got a pain right in your neck,
Don't just put it down to drinking, but do a bit of
thinking—
You'll realise it's just been caused by TEK.

TEK Perimeter

ONE of the least popular activities contrived by the authorities for the Garrison Battalions of Tel-el-Kebir was that of providing ambush patrols behind the Perimeter—at night time.

This Perimeter is about 18 miles long and marked throughout its length by a wired mine-field. The mines are rather like grandfather's teeth—there in theory. They never seemed to worry the raiding parties who periodically wormed their way through into the Eldorado of R.A.O.C., R.A.S.C. and R.E.M.E. Depots and Workshops. Nobody ever heard of anybody being blown up by a mine, though a Garrison fable has it that a camel once stood on one which went off—the camel only needed re-hairing to be fit for General Service apparently.

Brooding over the defence of the Perimeter was an alert Major commanding the Garrison Defence Company. His enthusiasm for his task quite matched the Perimeter's mileage. The impression newcomers sustained, however, was that the skilful raiders had cleared the Depots of their attractive stores and were now, in 1952, merely carrying out an occasional recce to ensure no new equipment had been imported which their friends and relatives employed in the Depots failed to report. There was plenty of old materials stacked rank upon rank which, though it engaged the watchful eye of this Quartermaster or that, had little drawing power over our Egyptian neighbours, basking under their "Blessed Movement."

The task required of the 71st was to provide a Company, in rotation, to assist and supplement the hitting power of the Garrison Defence Company. Companies thus engaged provided six, sometimes more, two-man ambush patrols, who were planted by the jeep patrols of the Defence Company in prepared positions after dark. Throughout the night one or other of the two men in each ambush kept careful vigil over a loaded Bren gun. Anything moving within his prescribed arc was liable to encounter a squall of lead—naturally preceded by a clear warning cry of "Halt."

During the long winter nights, huddled in a slit trench under a million frozen stars, this task was both tiresome and testing, with nothing to do but think of sweet Fanny Adams, tucked up in her bed. The tedium was occasionally lessened by the soft pit-pat of a passing fox, numbers of whom would sneak through the wire and slip from shadow to shadow among

the derelict carriers, trucks and stacked supplies. Or again, unheard, but occasionally seen in the passing lights of a jeep patrol, a desert rat would slip away into the gloom moving like a toy kangaroo.

At certain of the ambush posts the area of the wire and beyond would be illuminated by the searching beam of swinging searchlights, mounted on scaffolding towers and manned by British or Mauritian troops. At first sight one had the impression that anything caught in their glare would be exposed for what it was in every detail. But there were so many shadows cast by mounds or bushes that a man, flat and still upon the ground, had a better than 50-50 chance of being unobserved.

By the end of '52 Companies had only chalked up one kill, but a number of unwanted visitors had been chased away to nurse their wounds. On one such occasion a particularly brazen specimen of wounded wog went to complain to his own Police that he had been wounded by the British firing on the neighbouring range. Doubtless his reputation was against him, as we never heard any more about it. From time to time a capture would be made, but as prisoners were handed to the Egyptian Police it was seldom more than a fortnight before the culprit was back on the Perimeter looking for a new way in.

The spice of life is contrast. It was not surprising, therefore, that by universal consent, the only thing that could make the normal TEK routine acceptable or pleasing was 10 days on the Perimeter.



SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

HAVING made so many moves in the past aboard Her Majesty's Ships we shan't dwell on the move from Malta to Tel-el-Kebir except to say that our kilts are developing a decided "bell bottom" look about them.

Our social activities have been very much curtailed since arriving in this "delightful"

station owing to large commitments which sent many members away on detachments to say nothing of Garrison defence guards—searchlight posts and ambush patrols, etc.

However, we managed to have a very successful St. Andrew's Dinner and Social which started the ball rolling in no uncertain manner. The weekly Tombola and Dance is now a well established part of TEK night life.

Mess members are changing at such a rate that one just can't keep pace with it. There are now a few more well worn patches of the bar which are vacant; the following members having left the family: our Bandmaster, Mr. Wilson, to take up his commission; C/Sgt. Campbell, as R.A.M.S., Lake Timsah Holiday Camp; C/Sgt. Robb, to the Christian Leadership Centre; Sgt. Crawford, to G.H.Q., M.E.L.F.

We wish them every success in their new tasks.

The following who have been demob-happy for some time are now Happy?—C/Sgt. Davis; Sgts. Stevenson, Crittenden, Curotto, Stanley, Coble, Howson, Dagg and Jones.

To them we say all the best, and there's a welcome for you whenever it's possible to drop in, and don't leave it too late before you re-enlist!!

And now the promotions:—C.S.M. Kisbee, C/Sgt. Daniels, C/Sgt. Latto, C/Sgt. Wilson, Sgt. Shenthouse and Sgt. Winning. We welcome the last two as new members, and to the others our congratulations, and a word of advice: remember, the secret of success is behave like a "duck"—keep calm and unruffled on the surface and paddle like blazes underneath.

IN BRIEF.

Anyone heard of a football team called Walthamstow Avenue?

I hear yet another member is buying a blue blazer—what sort of regimental badge will *he* think up?

Who went sick the morning after St Andrew's night and got "stellarised" on the sick report?

Who is the best-looking member of the Mess and why doesn't he get a hair-cut?



"A" COMPANY NOTES

IN our last issue Notes, we were enjoying the luxuries(?) and beauties (?) of Bahar-ic Chaic, 'till again came the order, "pack up and move." This time it was the Canal Zone to relieve the 1st Bn. The Buffs. Enough has been said about our wanderings aboard H.M. Ships in previous notes. All I can say is that the trip was the same as the others, except for the size and name of the ships.

The Coy. rejoined the Bn. in "H" Camp, Tel-el-Kebir Garrison—a decided improvement to Bahar-ic Chaic, although this camp is tented too. After a short period of settling in, we were ready for work. The Coy. was fortunate in that we were not called on to take part in the outside guard commitments, of Gate and Searchlight Posts, and the Ambush Patrols. Instead we shared in the Bn. duties. The Bn. was safely guarded by our Quarter Guards, and the risk of fire considerably lessened by our alert Fire Pickets. (Who said that?)

During this time we were joined by the latest draft from the Depot, who straight away went into training with the rest of the Coy. This meant marching out into the desert, two miles outside of the Garrison Perimeter, which, with about two miles from the camp, made a steady hour's "bash." All this training was with the view to toughening up for the forthcoming exercises, and I may say it was a great help.

On the 19th of October we left for a concentration area at Shandur, where we spent some time in training with the 4th Tanks, finishing with a combined Infantry-Tank attack.

From Shandur we then moved to another concentration area on the Cairo-Suez road, about 30 kilometres from the camp the Bn. occupied in 1946! Then ensued a period of marching from A to B, and back to A, combined with healthy exercise digging "shell scapes." This was under the heading Ex. Elephant. The next exercise was Hill and Dale. There aren't many dales in this part of the world, but I can vouch for the number of hills. An outstanding achievement of the Coy. in this exercise was a 10-mile march across the desert, to Geber Ibweibid Station, in four and a half hours!—arriving at the R.V. half an hour before the remainder of the Bn., and before the I.O. had placed out his signs.

During the last night of this exercise we were caught in a storm, but fortunately, owing to the position we were in, we missed most of the rain and hailstones, though the little we did get was decidedly uncomfortable! On our return we were surprised to see a raging torrent in a normally dry wadi sweeping through the camp. Luckily, only one tent had come down, the C.S.M. and Sgts. (Was it the rain?)

These two exercises were but a preliminary to main Exercise Triangles, when the Bn. became part of the Shamalian forces. Our opponents, the 1st Div., were

the Ganoubians. Shamal and Ganoub disguised the more prosaic Northland and Southland forces. The broad idea of the scheme was, that each country had a shrine, which the other was to capture and remove, thereby ending the war.

Who said the desert was romantic? Anything but! If whoever said that had had to march on his own flat feet, as we did, he would soon change his mind. We did! Nearly every enemy position was on a hill or ridge. If we had to take a defensive position, we climbed more hills!! Except for one glorious day when the Coy. went in on the Tanks, we marched. As one Jock remarked, "Third class riding is better than first class marching anytime!!!"

Still we had our lighter moments, when after our attack, a platoon posed for the American television photographers, in our version of "Desert Victory." Mention must be made of the untiring efforts of C/Sgt. Davies and his cooks for the way they looked after, and fed us—bags of "Buckiers"—mainly "Gebel Ibweibid chicken" (Bully-beef).

Then it was back to TEK and the searchlight posts, which were actually a rest from the rigours of "Desert campaigning." After the posts, we supplied the Ambush Patrols. These were 9 pairs, consisting of a Bren and Sten gunner, who were dropped at strategic points along the Perimeter wire, with the object of preventing thieves getting in, or out, of the Garrison. Up to date, the Coy's bag has been a dog, donkey and a camel! and a few more members of the "21 Club" run by L/Cpl. Darling.

The Coy. moved down to the Fayid Ranges to practise and fire the Annual Classification; but up to date a lot of the "stars" are still in the heavens! It was a good opportunity, too, to sample the fleshpots of Fayid, the Lido, and the Green Valley were well patronised, though competition for dancing partners was rather fierce. Still, two—Ptes. Hyland and Ewing—were able to boast of their amorous adventures.

At the moment the Coy. is back on the Ambush Patrols and Gate Guards, though this time we are on detachment with the Garrison Defence Coy. Even if we are unfortunate to be on duty during the Christmas period we will make up for it at Hogmanay.

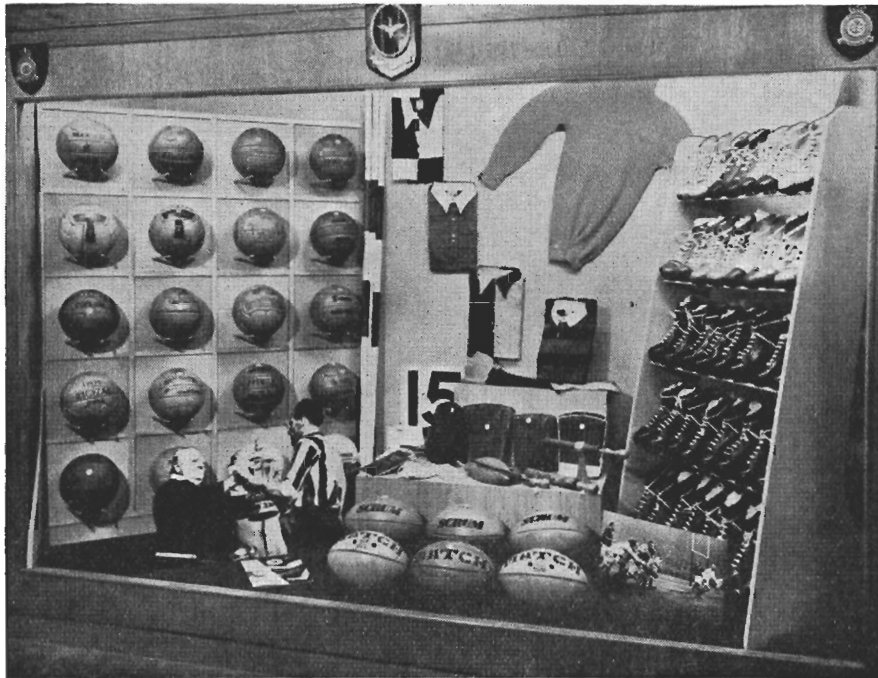
In November we said farewell to our Coy. Commander, Major Millman, who has left to take up an appointment in Britain. We wish him the very best of luck in his new job.

We give a hearty welcome to Major J. D. H. Whitcombe, who has taken up the reins. May his stay be long and happy. We also welcome C/Sgt. Wilson to the Coy. May his stay be happy and profitable, (To us.)

Our congratulations to L/Cpls. Jamieson, Hall, Patrick, O'Boyle, O'Neil, Halliday, Martin and Wilson. Well done; keep it up.

By the time the notes are published we will have said good-bye to a few of our older members. C.S.M. Phillip has put in much time and work for both the Coy. and Bn. Football teams. His support will be sorely missed. All the best, Phil. Sgt. (Telephone) Jones, our dashing centre-forward, is also bound for Blighty. Good luck, Danny, have one for us. The best of luck too, to the others who are leaving soon after.

To past and present members of "Able" Coy. we take this opportunity to wish you Good Health and Prosperity in 1953.



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**"B" COMPANY NOTES**

SINCE our last appearance in these columns we have settled ourselves in that charming, salubrious place, Tel-el-Kebir. The Coy. is thriving on plenty of range work—where we have had some excellent shooting results—and exercises, liberally interspersed with ambush patrols and other duties designed to discourage the activities of wily Oriental gentlemen. We drew first blood the other day on ambush patrol with one Wog, who, according to Cpl. Duncan, died of a severe dose of lead poison.

On the recent Exercise Triangles, held in the rocky country south-west of Suez, "B" Coy. did well and put any mountain goat to shame. The Padre, who was with us, is now reputed to have an extensive knowledge of some of the less frequently used phrases of the English language.

We are very sorry indeed to see Cpl. Lee, who was such a pillar of the Coy. football team and the Coy. office, leaving us for civilian life. He will be sadly missed. We also wish the very best to Pte. McLeod (Norman), who has also departed for the same destination. We are glad to extend a warm welcome to Cpl. Ives, who has just arrived from the Parachute Regt.

As we go to press we are in camp at the Fayid ranges to complete classification, having just had a most enjoyable week of Coy. training in the Red Sea Mountains before coming here. Everyone is now prepared to give expert opinion on all sorts of military evolutions.

On our wee scheme this week we read Bn. Orders on the coast of the Red Sea with the Red Sea Mountains behind us—it is grand. The camp site is very pleasant with tents and bivvies pitched amongst the palm trees. No grass skirts have appeared so far.

We all became very adept at fishing and our catches were a succulent addition to the menu. Some of the lads are even contemplating fishmongering as a release course.

The Coy. did a gazelle hunt on one occasion, but without success, although Cpl. Duncan was sure there would be "one just over the next ridge." A gazelle's head on a tartan background would have looked marvellous in the Coy. office.

Our Coy. football was well under its usual strength when we continued our practice of playing the nearest units on our travels. We fell gracefully before the superior skill served up by the Port Squadron R.E.s at Attaka. Wasn't it funny to see Mr. Shade chase after the ball?

Mr. Craigie-Halkett is now with us after his sojourn in hospital. It has been noticed that he carries a soft cushion around with him.

We congratulate C/Sgt. Kisbee on his promotion to W.O. II, and hope that his stay with "C" Coy. will be a happy one. In his place we welcome Sgt. Latto and congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion to C.Q.M.S. At the moment he appears to be in the middle of a bully stew.

A pat on the back is also due Sgt. Wilson, an ex-member of the Coy, on his promotion to C.Q.M.S. of "A" Coy.

The promotions are really too numerous to mention by name, but we take this opportunity of wishing the recipients all the very best on their first step up the ladder.

We hear that C.S.M. Oliver has cast aside "Bessie" in favour of a newer, younger model.

**"C" COMPANY NOTES**

At the beginning of September the Coy. sailed once more across the familiar waters of the Mediterranean on the *Empire Peacemaker* to Port Said. After bidding farewell to the ship's company we moved by road to Tel-el-Kebir. The "H" Camp (spelled "H") proved to be a pleasant change after the "hardships" of Malta. However we were soon to discover the meaning of "Garrison Duties," as the Coy. moved out late in September to man the Searchlight Posts, around the Perimeter. Meanwhile the Rear Party was busy preparing the Field Stores for the coming Exercises.

We first tasted desert life on Coy. Exercises arranged for us by Major Carson outside the Garrison. It gave the younger members of the Company many useful hints which were to help them to survive the great battle of Gebel Hills.

The Coy. moved with the Bn. by road to the Concentration area at Shandur and then to yet another Concentration area below Geneifa Station; by then we were not new to making ourselves comfortable in the open, and soon settled under the bivouacs. We carried out a series of Exercises without any serious mishaps, until when returning from Brigaded Exercise under a heavy fall of rain we encountered the Waters of the Amazon where we expected to find our camp. A word must be said here about the great struggles and heroism of our storeman who fought the fierce nature for two days until he fell defeated under the heavy onslaught of rain.

We entered the real test throughout Exercise Triangles. At one place we are proud to say we were the only company carrying the torch. Hard luck to "Able" and "Baker"! We trust that their wounded pride has since healed.

But as all "Good Things" must come to an end we were soon making our way back to Tel-el-Kebir.

After a well-deserved rest we moved to Fayid Ranges for our annual Classification. "Dreamy Gnomes" were afraid prior to our departure and B.L.R'd most of our rifles. There were rumours going around that our C.Q.M.S. Staff were busy making Catapults. Our Stars were saved, however, when new weapons arrived a few days later, and after a hard working fortnight we left well plastered targets on our way back to Tel-el-Kebir and Higher Pay! (?)

After the long rest of 48 hours we took up the duties with Garrison Defence Company of manning the Ambush Patrols. In spite of the trying cold nights we have done well in protecting the TEK Perimeter. The highlights were provided by Pte. Penman wounding mortally a "Clifty," and Pte. Glen 16 standing amidst 13 "Clifties" with a jammed Bren gun. We were sorry to watch the attempts of our two members to join the "21 Club."

Back once more with the Bn. we found new members of the Coy. with the arrival of the new draft. It appears that we are going to be fortunate and spend Christmas and New Year in camp before we move out once more to Fayid Ranges.

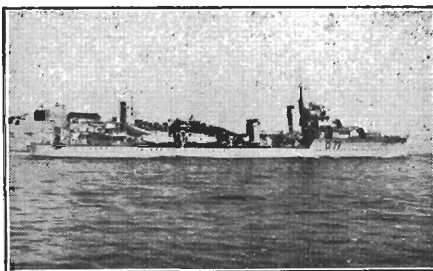
Since arriving in TEK we have had new members to the Coy. from "D" and "Sp" Companies. To these we wish a long and happy stay in the Coy. We also are glad to welcome C/Sgt. Krywald from H.Q. Coy. as our C.Q.M.S., and C.S.M. Kisbee from "B" Coy. as our Coy. Sergeant-major. We wish both a long and happy stay with the Company.

We have as usual lost a few more of the older members. We wish C/Sgt. Robb all the best on his posting to the Christian Leadership Association and hope that he carries on the good work as he did whilst with the Coy. We said goodbye to Cpl. McKendrick, Pte. Gorton, Grewar, on their posting to U.K. for release and wish them all the best in their respective employments in Civvy Street. Also Cpl. McKay on his posting to the Depot. We congratulate C.S.M. Kisbee, C/Sgt. Krywald, Cpl. Spencer, L/Cpls. McDade, Jeffrey, and Kelsey on their respective promotions, and hope they will rise still further during their Service.

OVERHEARD.

Who chased the A.C.C. Cooks and found the Mortar?

Who was the tall stranger that C/Sgt. Krywald found in the ditch on Ambush Patrol?



"D" COMPANY NOTES

SINCE we last contributed to the CHRONICLE we have settled down in Tel-el-Kebir. Most of us are glad to have shaken the dust of Bahar ic Chiak off our feet, for ever we hope. But happy memories of Malta still linger in our minds.

Training soon started for our hardy Company. It was in the form of an exercise which took place in Jordan. We came in contact with the Arab Legion, but, we regret to say, no Sgt. Striker. After the exercise was finished we were fortunate to visit the Holy City. We rejoined the Bn., which was by this time on yet another exercise in the desert wastes of Egypt. Yes, by this time, hard tack and bully were second nature. We came through with flying colours—and very sore feet. We sadly regretted the departure of Sgt. Lindsay. With him went our best wishes for good fortune in his posting.

The Coy. was broken up when we took over the duties of training company. Only the selected few were kept on as permanent staff. By now the panic was on collecting stores for future training. Mr. Spreull was there with his 35 yards range. But the man whom nobody refuses did most of the scrounging.

The N.C.O.s in the Coy. were soon busy with the Senior N.C.O.'s Cadre. Just now it is in the fourth week and is destined to finish after the new year. So plans are being made to have a rare guid time over the festive season.

And so we end this issue, hoping to bring more good news in the new edition.

CONGRATULATORY.

We extend our best wishes to Lieut. A. J. Ingram on his transfer from "D" Coy. We wish him all the best in the future in SP Coy. Also to Sec.-Lieut. A. C. W. Eccles who is transferred to "B" Coy.

PROMOTIONS.

L/Cpl. McGuire is congratulated on attaining the "Dizzy Heights."

OVERHEARD.

Who was the C.S.M. taking a drill parade who said, "I am the only comedian in this squad"?

We understand that one of the latest draft was heard to remark, "Who is Bambi?"

CADRE NOTES

ON the 12th of November, the rigours and strains of Exercise Triangles over, various types of the Zebra or striped animal, who had survived the "Vigilante" disease, descended on "D" Company. They arrived with the thought that they were going to lead a life of comparatively luxury.

However, the gentle crooning dulcet tones of a certain member of "D" Company gently explained that this was not to be. They were then divided into two families known by the auspicious name of "squads" and placed for the purpose of weapon training under W.O. II. Turner, Sgt. Hopewell and Sgt. Jackson, assisted by Cpls. Walker and Snedden.

We welcome most heartily Lieut. W. J. Spreull who takes over the arduous task of W.T.O., a job to which he is in no way strange. The drill they have to undergo is the responsibility of C.S.M. Watson—that is provided he doesn't break any more pace sticks. (Sgt.-major Turner, take note.) They have already undergone two unpleasant experiences known as Kit Inspections from which more than one have retreated with their tails between their legs. We are looking forward to getting "The Mooch" to give us the first and second I.A.S on the chanter later in the cadre.

S.P. COMPANY NOTES**Company H.Q.**

ONCE more the scribe lifts pen to meet paper, and yet another bulletin of life with the Light Infantry is born.

It is with regret we have had to say goodbye to our Coy. Commander, Major Campbell, who has procured a nice home posting with 5/6 Bn. No doubt the N.S. element among us will see him again very soon, and Major Campbell himself will already be seeing some old faces.

Capt. Finnis once again admirably filled the breach until our new Coy. Commander, Major F. J. Hawley, joined us. We hope his stay will be long and happy.

Lieut. Ingram has joined us from "D" Coy. He commands the M.M.G. Pl. now that Capt. Dixon has gone. Everyone except the scribe seems to get a home posting! But he has compensation in the fact that he is indispensable. (He's the only one that thinks so.)

It seems the Unit isn't destined to stay in any one station for more than six months at a time. This time these notes reach you from Tel-el-Kebir. We left Malta on 12th September and disembarked Port Said on 17th September. After the usual running about left, right and centre, we find we are settled in and making the best of things here.

Many were the heartbreaks at leaving Malta, but such is Army life and the "Soldiers' Farewell."

From October to November we were engaged on the various desert exercises. There was only one thing to mar the enjoyment of these schemes—the desert. Major Campbell is no doubt still wondering where his ration of "Compo" sweets went to. (Ask Cpl. Factor.)

Needless to say, we are all looking forward to New Year, and we hope to make this part of the world a part of home for a couple of days. We in Coy. H.Q. have our private stock in, and C.S.M. Fraser is still trying to find it!

The two Aberdonians, Strachan and Mills, reinforced by the Stonehaven "Loon," L/Cpl. Mitchell, can be found most nights gibbering in their own inimitable style. Cpl. Factor is *still* striking the days off on his calendar, and he says that someone's put another month in when he wasn't looking.

Perimeter Guards and Ambush Patrols are keeping us fairly busy, but at the moment we are enjoying a well earned rest.

Before concluding we would like to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. We also take this opportunity of congratulating Cpl. Factor and L/Cpl. Mitchell on their recent promotions.

Anti-Tank Platoon

Since our last notes the Pl. has been having a very busy time. Having finished with Ex. Triangles we have gone on to Perimeter Guards, etc.

We have lost one of our Pl. worthies, Cpl. Thomson, and we wish him luck in his new job. When we arrive home, we will most certainly look up the "Face."

Our congratulations go to L/Cpls. Ballantyne Guthrie and Rodger on reaching the dizzy heights, and hope it won't be long before we see another one keeping the first company.

Wee "Kiwi" Love, who left us at Malta for civilian life, has rejoined us. The Pl. should now go from strength to strength now that our mascot is back.

Coming back from the schemes, our Pl. Commander was observed haring along on his M/C at breakneck speed of 5 m.p.h. But it didn't last long, because his face got dirty too quickly. Thereupon he handed over his machine to Sgt. McCrimmon. The dirt didn't make any difference to his weather-beaten "coupon."

The carrier drivers, too, deserve their share of praise for the work done on the exercises, which at times must have been very trying. Our demon driver, Simpson, has just made his first kill, i.e., one telegraph pole.

Most of our time is taken up by R.E.M.E. inspections of guns and vehicles, and our store is beginning to look like an art gallery, what with model tanks, diagrams and such.

On closing, we wish our readers the very best of everything over Christmas and New Year.

3-in. Mortar Platoon

Since we left Malta on the 17th September we have now settled down in our new station—TEK.

Having arrived here we were sorry to see the Pl. reduced considerably due to the following changes: Ptes. Gorton and Grewar, who have gone on release, and Ptes. Nash, Clerk, Jeffery, Binnie and McBride who went to "C" Coy. along with Cpl. McKay, who has since gone on compassionate posting.

After about a month of TEK our normal routine was violently changed with preparations for Ex. Triangles. Sgt. Curotto (he has since left us for civilian life), acting as Pl. Comdr. owing to the fact that Capt. Finnis was enjoying a spot of home leave, had quite a few headaches—for instance, the morning he discovered his section's compo ration turned out to be 24 tins of peas.

With the exercises thankfully behind us, we arrived back in TEK, where we were joined by Capt. Finnis. No one was more pleased than Sgt. Curotto.

We extend congrats. to Cpl. Schofield, L/Cpls. Gray, Conway, and more recently, Mullen, on their promotions.

Yet another Christmas and New Year is almost upon us, so to our readers we offer our very best wishes over the festive season.

M.M.G. Platoon

Since we arrived in TEK there has been quite a few changes in the Platoon.

We have had to say goodbye to our Commander, Capt. Dixon, and also to Sgt. Sievwright, who have gone off to new jobs at the Depot. We were, of course, sorry to see them go, and wish them every success for the future. We have also lost wee Davy, who has gone to "B" Coy. as C.Q.M.S. to start a new struggle with 1157s.

We welcome to the Pl. Lieut. Ingram, our new Commander, and hope his stay will be long and happy. Our congratulations go to Cpl. Barlow, L/Cpls. Neill, Lynch and Farmer on their promotions, and hope it is just the beginning.

Incidentally, we are awaiting the return of Sgts. Moores and Walker, who have been on courses in U.K., and it looks as if Tommy will be our new Pl. Sgt

At the moment we are deprived of the services of Cpls. Annand and Frankland, who are on a Cadre with "D" Coy. Needless to say, they will be glad when it is all over, as they have been seen limping into the NAAFI the last couple of evenings.

It has been rumoured that Pte. Moore, i/c Tech Stores, is becoming quite alarmed at the increasing number of spares piling up in his store. We suspect it is due to the little visits to the Carrier Dump made by L/Cpl. Farmer.

In closing, we want to wish our many readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

H.Q. COMPANY NOTES

M.T. Notes

Since the last issue the Bn. has had yet another move, and it was with many regrets that we said goodbye to the George Cross Island to take up our new station in Tel-el-Kebir.

Since arriving in TEK we have welcomed many new faces into the M.T. ; all the old drivers are gradually disappearing to U.K. on demob. We wish them luck, but at the same time we hope that some of them will return to join the happy throng.

On our arrival we thought we would have a fairly easy time, but this was not to be. Hardly had we settled in when the shattering news came through to prepare for Exercise Triangles. The Ex. started on 22nd October and finished on 8th November, and as usual all drivers acquitted themselves well.

Since returning from the Exercise everybody has been kept very busy, but in spite of many commitments we have managed to fit in some entertainment and sport.

A driving competition for drivers of 3-tonners was held at the end of November, and from the results it is obvious that the standard of driving is high. We would specially like to congratulate Ptes. Smith, 71 ; Sangster, Smith, 87 ; and McLeod on their very fine display. As a result of the competition many of the drivers have been upgraded to B.III., and in due course will receive another star. This will make quite a difference in their pay, and no doubt the sale of " Stella " in the NAAFI will be correspondingly higher. We hope to have a further competition in the near future for drivers of 1-tonners and jeeps.

During the first week in December the annual R.E.M.E. inspection started and there were big panics all round. However it is all over now and again we are happy to say that all drivers did quite well.

In the line of sport we have managed to field two football teams, one of which heads the Company League despite the fact that the Coy. Comdr. and C.S.M. have done their utmost to get the drivers C.B. to keep them off the field in order to give Coy. H.Q. a chance. *What a hope.*

We are still wondering who the C.S.M. is that ordered the trailer drivers to fall in.

Best M.T. howler.—The driver who was seen shovelling sand on to the shadow cast by his vehicle in the vain attempt to " break up the outline."



MILITARY BAND NOTES

HERE we are again, folks, and still on the move, As always we did rear party for the Bn. when they removed to the Canal Zone, MELF, from Malta. After striking Bahar-ic-Chiaq camp, including 20,000 tent



The Driving Competition in progress

pegs, we proceeded to Imtarfa Transit Camp where we spent a pleasant week whilst waiting on the boat.

We left Malta on the *Empire Shelter* and a pleasant voyage was had by all, even young Walford survived the voyage. We left behind in Malta three of the Band, all who were waiting for their release—Cpl. Goodchild, L/Cpl. Marshall, and Paddy Gill. We wish them luck in Civvy Street (it's a tough place).

We are now in Tel-el-Kebir, the Canal Zone, still under canvas. We did a Massed Band Armistice parade with the Bands of the Border's and Sherwood Foresters.

Since arriving in the Canal Zone we have again lost a few old members of the Band. Firstly we congratulate Mr. Wilson, our Bandmaster, on getting his commission (Q.M.)—"bags of spare kit, what!" Cpl. McFarlane, L/Cpl. Hopkins, L/Cpl. McCrindle have left us for Civvy Street and we wish them the best of luck. We welcome into the Band Bdsn Milne and Boy Brown, and we hope their stay will be a pleasant one. We congratulate young Ginger Wray and Mrs. Wray on the birth of a bouncing baby daughter.

We close now and wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

QUAVER.

Clive. The elder of the two recently represented the Bn. in the Discus event during the TEK Garrison Sports. We must congratulate the "Big Un" on sharing 1st and 2nd place with C.S.M. Fraser of SP Coy. (Hence the reason for reports in the Egyptian press the following day of suspected Flying Saucers over TEK.)

From athletics we turn our eyes to that sacred area of ground which, apart from being quite a flat respectable football pitch, also boasts of a stand, and although it may only be a rickety old thing to the S.F.A., is Hampden to us. It is here that the Band show their true colours most often, having played 5 games here in the H.Q. League and other friendly games with teams from the bands of both the Borders and the Sherwood Foresters. Our football record since being settled in TEK reads to the time of going to press:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
8	6	0	2	12

which is "no bad" considering we have lost such staunch players as Paddy Gill and McFarlish, who have both recently been demobbed, and we wish them luck. We welcome new faces to the team, such as Gordon Milne (I.L.), Ted Pratt (O.R.) and Johnny McTomney (C.F.). A special mention must go to Staff



Military Band Football Team, TEK, M.E.L.F., 1952

Rear Rank—A. Bendy, C. Bendy, Ridings, Brown, Martin, Welesby.

Front Rank—Pratt, Smith, Pattison, Milne, Bass.

Sports Report

We christen the birth of this new Band sports article with our very best wishes to all serving and ex-serving members of the Bn. for the New Year of 1953.

As this is the first time the Military Band have had a column in the CHRONICLE devoted entirely to sport, I think it best that our first article should give a brief outline of our sporting status in the Battalion.

To start with athletics, and in particular field events, we are represented by the Bendy brothers, Arthur and

Kirkland and Hot Rod Reeves for their Tommy Lawton and Billy Wright tactics respectively in the team that beat Company H.Q. recently 2-1. So much for "Fitba."

Basketball has long been the Military Band's favourite sport, and although there is not a Gym (the outdoor court we use for games resembles an assault course) we are very pleased to note that the game is catching on in the Coy. Although the band dominates the Coy., it is only fair to say that with keenness as it is, in the Coy., we will have to watch ourselves if we are to remain unbeaten

Pipe Band Party



L to R.—C.S.M. Watson, B/Major Cowan, Major Dunbar, Sgt. McDonald, Capt. Smith, Pipe/Major.



THE CHOIR

Hockey

It is fitting to close our report on a note of congratulations to Sgt. Watson on his recent success in becoming a qualified umpire at the course held in Moascar. We extend our congratulations to the five members of the Band recently selected to represent the O.R.s of the Bn. at Fayid in the five-a-sides.

To conclude this sports report we adapt a sporting slogan :—

“ Play up, play up the game well for therein the honour lies “Arganant !”

**PIPE BAND NOTES**

We arrived at Tel-el-Kebir on Wednesday, September 17th, after a voyage of five days on the L.S.T. *Messina*. All we could muster to play into Port Said was nine pipers and six drummers, but we were considerably “chuffed” when the Scots Guards Pipe Band met us on the quay. It was a welcome like the old days.

We soon settled down in our new surroundings, and after a “wee bit of bull” on our tents we easily took first place in the Coy. We were not to settle down for long though; Div. Exercises started, and we were sent to Duty Companies as Pipers, Buglers and Stretcher-bearers. After three weeks of desert warfare we had an inkling of what the “Desert Rats” went through. How’s your old feet, Caird, Aitken and Turner?

I think we were all very glad to get back to TEK, dull although it may be, for routine and rest once more. Remembrance Day saw us on a Brigade Church Parade. This was the first occasion that we wore the No. 1 Dress and we christened it by marching four miles there and back. On St. Andrew’s Day we beat our first “Combined Retreat” with the Military Band in TEK. We had quite a large audience and, considering our new members, it went over very well. We had by this time acquired three pipers—Duncan, McGirk and Doughty—and a bass drummer of no mean ability, namely, Miller. Together with Bugler Rice we extend a hearty welcome.

We recently organised a Pipe Band Party, and with Cpl. Walker and committee running things it was a grand success. Our guests were Major C. W. Dunbar (Pipe President), Capt. W. M. Smith (Q.M.), and the A/R.S.M., C.S.M. Watson. We congratulate Sgt. MacDonald, Cpl. Blair and L/Cpl. Walker on their recent promotions. At the time of going to press we are preparing for the festive season, so, in closing we wish our fellow Pipers, Drummers and Buglers elsewhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PIPES AND BUGLES.

REGINALD McKAY

After nearly 2 years with the H.L.I.

ALL those who have served with the 1st Bn. since Colchester will mourn the loss of “Doc” McKay. He came to us when the Bn. was reforming, and his part in the reformation was typical of him. His first field training was the 60-mile march from Bodney to Colchester, which he did with the Bn.—despite his beard he finished it in good order. He was always available day and night to minister to the needs—medical or “spiritual”—of anyone suffering from alcoholism or any other prevalent disease. He quickly made a name for himself in the Regiment (any name would do), and now that he has been called to higher service (The National Health) he may rest assured that we will *remember* him—how could we forget!

Wouso.



5th/6th BATTALION

Drill Hall, Hill Street, Glasgow, C.3

<i>Commanding Officer</i>	Lt.-Col. W. D. SCOTT, T.D.
<i>Second in Command</i>	Major J. D. FRASER, T.D.
<i>Regular Field Officer</i>	Major A. L. CAMPBELL, M.C.
<i>Adjutant</i>	Captain P. M. OATTS.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	Major W. MORRISON, M.B.E.
<i>R.S.M.</i>	W.O. 1 G. H. GAFFNEY.
<i>P. S. I.s</i>	C. S. M. STOBIE. Sgt. RAMSAY. Sgt. HOLMAN. Sgt. ALLEN. Sgt. BRESLIN.

As usual, the Bn. has had a quiet quarter at the end of 1952, taking stock after a strenuous training season and preparing for better things to come. That does not mean that we have idled. Far from it. Under the enthusiastic guidance of our erstwhile Training Officer, Major Grendon, to whom we now regretfully (believe it or not!) say farewell and good luck, preparations have taken the form of Cadre Training for N.C.O.s and Specialists. We give a welcome to Major Campbell, who has his plate full of his predecessor's Trg. Programme.

Lieut. H. K. Fraser and Lieut. W. I. M. Smith have been running Carrier and Motor Cycle driving cadres at Dundonald every Sunday with notable success. These will continue in 1953, and by the time camp comes round we hope to be pretty roadworthy.

The N.C.O.s who attended, also on Sundays, for training as Drill and Weapon Instructors were most enthusiastic, and some of them are going to instruct on the next cadres, when we hope to bring on potential N.C.O.s.

Coy. H.Q.s have been gearing themselves to organising and running their own Administration and Training "out of camp" as well as "in camp" during 1953. As however there has been so little corporate Coy. activity during the past quarter, Coy. notes, except for Sp. Coy. are not being published in this issue.

A combined Guard of Honour, formed by the Depot, the Glasgow Highlanders and this Bn. took the leading part in the Cenotaph Ceremony in George Square on Sunday, 9th November, 1952. In spite of the small amount of combined practice possible beforehand, the ceremony went without hitch and the smartness of the Guard was favourably commented on by spectators.

The Officers' Mess St. Andrew's Night Dinner was held this year on Friday, 28th November, and we dined in the canteen, which had been decorated for the occasion, not having room in the Mess Dining Room. The party was a great success, and we were glad to see Brigadier Percival, war-time C.O. of the 6th Bn., again, and hope that we will see him many times more during his tour as Deputy Commander, Highland District.

In addition to the Social commented upon in Sp. Coy. notes, we held an All Ranks Christmas Dance on 12th December. Everyone enjoyed themselves, thanks to the efforts of Capt. Warren and C.S.M. Armstrong. The latter almost lives in the Drill Hall nowadays.

The Annual Battalion Children's Party was held on Saturday, 20th December, and the Padre and his committee did very well in subsidising Santa Claus, who distributed mountains of presents from round a tree, kindly

presented by the Colonel of the Regiment. The most successful innovation this year was for older children who were amused in the Main Hall by Sgt. Kirkwood and his basketball team (we wondered whether he wasn't recruiting for the Walkerwoods!) while the "tots" got on with the noise in the Concert Hall.

The Bn. is fortunate in having two of its members honoured in Her Majesty's New Year's Honours List, 1953. We heartily congratulate Major W. Morrison, M.B.E., Quartermaster, and Mr. A. Walker, B.E.M., warden of the Drill Hall, on their well deserved awards. Both have given long service to the T.A., and it is more than worthy of mention that Alex. Walker has now been directly connected with the Bn. for over 40 years! He was with the 5th Bn. at Gallipoli, and that makes some of our younger members think.

Finally we would say how glad we are to have our Commanding Officer back again in the saddle after his long leave, and we welcome as T.A. Officers Captain J. Maitland, recently returned from the 1st Bn., and Sec.-Lieut. J. S. Murray, also from the 1st Bn., though more recently at Fort George.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

FOR the last three months there is little to write about as far as entertainment is concerned. Training has been of course at a standstill. There has been considerable comings and goings among the permanent staff and we have said goodbye to C.S.M. Jamieson and C.S.M. Matt Geary (give 'em rice!). These old friends going out of course cause us to welcome some new ones. Sgt. Ramsay and C.S.M. Stobie are now old Mess members. Already C/Sgt. Ludovic has booked an extra present from the children's Christmas-tree, 1953. Rumours concerning the future movements of the "Heid Sojer" suggests that Ludovic will have little opposition in this field. C.S.M. Eddy Armstrong has got a considerable number of our members going carrier driving daft, and the area around Dundonald is "Lousy" with Danger. Like all our readers we are wondering what 1953 holds for us. Should it be everything that we hope for, then let us wish the same for you all.

Well to the fore.

THE GANNET.

S.P. COMPANY NOTES

THE most active Coy. has been "S" Coy., both socially and otherwise.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by members and friends in November, when the Coy. held a Social evening.

A number of cadres have been held during the past few months—Stuart Carriers, M/C Driving and N.C.O.'s Cadre.

Quite a few people have made names for themselves. The R.S.M. was voted the best pupil (Pee-Hee) on the driving cadre. Sgt. Moore got the name of Jonah—anything he did was wrong just because he did it. It was wonderful to see Pete flying through the air like the "man on the flying trapeze" when a carrier stopped and he carried on.

By this time the name of Dougie Scott is very well known, due to the fact that he knows something about the internal workings of the vehicles that are used on the driving cadre. He certainly earns his halfpennies, this fellow.

Congratulations to the young lads who have been promoted, and long may they stick in as there is plenty of room for them in higher circles.

SPORTS NOTES

SPORT in the Bn. is steadily gaining ground and we hope in the near future to be able to give a good account of ourselves in Football, Basketball and Boxing.

Sgt. Allen has taken over the football team, and so far the team have not lost a game. (Keep the good work up, Jocky.)

The basketball team have been promoted to the 2nd Div. Western District Amateur Basketball League, and while not setting the heather on fire with their performances, are holding their own.

The boxing team, which now totals eleven, have started training and we hope to do well in the T.A. Boxing at Stirling in early March. We hope to have as many representing the Division in London for the British T.A. Championships in May as we had last year.

ARKAY.

BY THE WAY . . .

May we remind our readers of the claims of our advertisers? By our advertisers we mean, of course, the many first-class firms which insert their advertisement in our Journal, and by so doing enable us to keep the Journal going. We suggest to readers that if they will look through the advertisements in this number, they will find that every one of their ordinary or extraordinary needs is met, and met handsomely, by a firm which has the extra attraction of supporting our Journal. Whether it's eating, drinking, or smoking, dressing or toileting, sport, domestic needs, the lore of cars, or what it is, there is something, in the advertisement columns of YOUR Journal which offers you just what you want. In short, remember that there is always news, and good news too, in our advertisements.

1st Bn. The Glasgow Highlanders

(H.L.I)

Drill Hall, 122 Hotspur Street, Glasgow, N.W.



<i>Officer Commanding</i>	Lt.-Col. L. E. DICKSON, M.C., T.D.
<i>Second in Command</i>	Major J. M. G. HENDRY, T.D.
<i>Training Officer</i>	Major R. BROMLEY GARDNER, M.C.
<i>Adjutant</i>	Captain W. N. DORMER.
<i>Quartermaster</i>	Major D. WILSON, M.B.E., M.M., T.D.
<i>R.S.M.</i>	R.S.M. H. TOMLINSON, M.M.
<i>P. S. I.s</i>	{	C.S.M. H. GATELEY, D.C.M. C.S.M. A. LAUGHLAN. Sgt. N. F. HOUSTON. Sgt. J. ISHERWOOD.
<i>O.R.Q.M.S.</i>	O.R.Q.M.S. C. D. SIMS.

THE "quiet season" in the T.A. life of the Bn. has this year been a period of changes. Lt.-Col. A. C. W. May, M.C., left on retirement at the end of October. He had a long association with the Bn., having served as Adjutant just prior to the war and stayed with the Bn. till the spring of 1940. In 1949 he came back to us as Commanding Officer and completed a three-year tour. A large gathering of Officers and senior N.C.O.s went down to the quayside to see him off. The Pipe Band were also in attendance and piped him on board, and again played as the ship drew away from the quay. To both Colonel and Mrs. May we give our thanks for a long and happy association with the Bn.

Lt.-Col. L. E. Dickson, M.C., T.D., has taken over the reins and to him we wish a happy and successful term of office. Gordon Hendry has now assumed the appointment of second-in-command and has got Dick Bromley Gardner as training officer to assist him. We also said goodbye to Ian Rutherford who has now gone to Brigade H.Q. as A.P.M., and to Bill McMillan who has had to transfer to the T.A.R.O. for business reasons.

The new training season started in November. This year we are training on a cadre basis—it is still too early to report progress as we had only three weeks training before we had to close

down due to the closure of the Drill Hall for use by the Post Office. We had a very successful Officers' Training day on the 14th December when we studied our Beach Brigade role.

The Bn. had a very successful training year ending in October during which we won the Brigade Commander's Efficiency Shield, the Brigade Classification Shield, and the Inter-Unit Small Bore League. These honours were won thanks to the effort and co-operation of all ranks, but special mention must be given to our O.R.Q.M.S. who through hard work and encouragement led the Small Bore team to success. We have had one match in the new season's small bore league and are pleased to report we gained a victory.

We have had a fairly gay social season with dances for the Officers, the Sergeants, and an All Ranks dance. This year the Officers' Dance was held in the Drill Hall and proved very enjoyable. The Annual Cocktail Party on 6th December was well attended and many ex-Officers and friends were also present. The annual Children's Christmas Party was even bigger and better than in previous years; as usual "Santa" was the main attraction even though he had to walk in this year—quite a disgrace for an ex-cavalryman. Perhaps next year our organisation will rise to a reindeer or two, who knows.

To our sister Battalions and to those who have served with the Regiment in days gone by, Greetings—and every good wish for the year to come.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

ON the whole it has been rather a quiet period since the last Mess Notes were published, but it was marked by two particular occasions.

The first of these was the Annual Shoot which, as usual, was held at Dechmont Range. We seem to be particularly lucky with this shoot in that the weather is always fine, and those who know Dechmont will, I think, agree that it *is* lucky. All round, it was a grand day's outing and was much enjoyed by all, but we did miss our bookie, "Danny" Wilson. We congratulate the winners, Sgt. Horsfield, C.S.M. McDonald and C/Sgt. McLelland, in that order, and we're not sure whether we congratulate or commiserate with Pipe-major Copeland on winning the spoon; however, it's his for a whole year.

Then came a dinner, held on the 25th October in honour of Col. A. C. W. May, our late C.O., and Major L. E. Dickson, his successor. Guests at this most successful event were Major Rutherford, now with the Provost Marshal's Department, the Q.M., Major "Danny" Wilson, the Adjutant, Captain Dormer, and the President of the Glasgow Highlanders' Club. The chair was occupied by C.S.M. Hamilton in the absence of the P.M.C., C.S.M. O'Brien, who was unable to attend. The Padre also was unable to attend, so the toast, "Absent Friends," was proposed by Sgt. "Willie" Morrison, and an excellent job he made of it. The cuisine could not have been bettered, and for that the organisers, R.Q.M.S. Rae and Sgt. Morrison, in particular, and the Mess members in general propose a hearty and sincere vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McAdam (our caretaker and his wife) for their services. During the dinner Colonel May was presented with an engraved silver salver. Thereafter followed the normal social evening which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We have since learned that Col. May has become a very proficient farmer, so we hope that the "totties" and "neeps" keep growing to his satisfaction.

Later on we had a dance which was well attended by Mess members and their friends. Although the writer was unable to attend this we are assured that it was, as usual, in all ways a huge success. All praise to the entertainments committee for their labours in making it so.

Lastly came the Children's Party, which is reported elsewhere in these notes, but which we mention because we had a most pleasant surprise in the shape of a visit by our ex-R.S.M. "Jimmy Mac" and Mrs. McMillan.

We offer our congratulations to Cpl. Kennedy on his promotion to Sgt. and make him welcome to the Mess.

C.S.M. Hewitt, of the permanent staff, we regret to say, has left us for the school of M.T. at Bordon. With him go our thanks for a good job well done during his tour of duty with this unit. We welcome C.S.M. Laughlan who takes his place with the hope that his stay here will be a happy one. The bush telegraph has it that we are also about to lose C.S.M. Gateley, but we hope that he won't be too far away from us.

Apropos the Sergeants' Mess notes in the last issue of the CHRONICLE we must confess that the games nights with the Depot and 5/6th did not materialise as we had hoped they would, but we do hope to revive them during the ensuing quarter in which we also look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the Annual Dinner.

SUNSHINE.

FOOTBALL NOTES

CALLING all football fans, and not for Scottish Cup ties either, but to give a bit of support to the Bn. team who play every Sunday, Garrison Adjutant permitting, at Maryhill Barracks in the T.A. League.

Our chaps are doing quite well although they haven't met very stern opposition except in the T.A. Cup, when they were beaten by our old bogey team, the R.A.O.C. from Hawthorn Street. The Ordnance team, by the way, are now almost the sole survivors in Scotland of the T.A. Cup entrants; they play the Kirkcaldy (R.A.) team in the fourth round next month at Maryhill. This R.A. team, by the way, were beaten in the final last year, so it's just that little bit more that's needed from the G.H. to get up in front. As a matter of interest the Signals from Jardine Street, who beat us in the semi-final of the Elizabeth Cup after extra time last May, went on to win the trophy.

We have introduced a few new men this season and they are proving a tower of strength: Cpl. Furrin in goal, Pte. Paterson at back, with Johnstone, Tait and McGran in the forward rank.

Last season's players still to the fore include Wilson (when is Chic coming in, Tony?), who played for Scottish Command last year, Graham, Mawson, Brown, Matthews, Lambie, etc. Old Friend Bow has also had a run out, but he has been heard to complain that since Sammy Cox left he can't get the kind of passes he likes.

In conclusion we hope that this year will prove a successful one for the footballers of the Bn., and that can only be if all the team turn out when required and give of their best.

FOOTNOTE.

John Cowan, the Q.M.'s Storeman, would like to know who wired into the Digestives last week; evidently the Q.M. had a 1098 Stocktaking and found two deficient!

TUG.

Have you ordered?
your Chronicle yet?

If not . . .

See ORDER FORM on
on Page 6.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIR,

A "William Blackley Memorial Fund" to combat cancer has been inaugurated by the townspeople of Dallas, Oregon, U.S.A., who are grieved at the loss of one of their most prominent citizens.

William Blackley was Secretary of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce for 15 years, other positions he held being Police Judge and City Auditor, also Supervisor of all Dallas' Municipal Departments.

He died of cancer in a Salem, Oregon, Hospital on 15th June, 1951.

Mr. Blackley emigrated to Canada at the close of World War I, and crossed the border into Oregon in 1925.

In his Army career he had one love only—The Highland Light Infantry. He joined the 15th (Tramways) Battalion on its formation in 1914, and with them, as a Sergeant, won the Military Medal at Thiepval. On being commissioned he was seconded to the 2nd Bn., in which he was mentioned in despatches, and won the Military Cross at Havrincourt.

The proudest moment in his Army career came when the 2nd Bn. marched into Germany, when he carried the King's Colour.

He was a big-hearted, simple soul, whose faith was, that "God being in His Heaven, all must be well." We salute him as a comrade in arms, and extend to all who mourn his passing our sympathy and consolation.

A. M. DUNLOP, *Hon. Secy.*
15th H.L.I. Association.

1152 Fairfield Road, Victoria,
British Columbia, Canada,

DEAR SIR,

6/11/52.

Recently I had forwarded on to me the last quarter's CHRONICLE. It was sad to note the passing of so many old officers I had known long ago.

Of Col. Grahame, whom I just met at Borden Camp. I recall some poor Jock who had been confined one week-end for imbibing too freely and was duly brought in front of Grahame at C.O.'s Orderly Room. After hearing all the evidence, the Colonel's eyes flashed fire as he roared, "Shot at dawn!" and the wretched and terrified Jock was quickly marched out to do—his so many days' C.B.!

Of old Craigie at Aldershot there were many tales. I well recall the red lamp sign over the Orderly Room. One day we were in conference with Craigie in the C.O.'s office, red light lit. There came a knocking at the door. Craigie made no reply, but his face began to grow enpurpled. More knocking—then Craigie let fly: "Get to hell out of it . . ., etc." The door opened and in walked the Brigade Commander. Tableau!

I was also interested in your Malta news. I served with the 1st Bn. there under Greenwood in 1930 and thereabouts.

With the warmest of good wishes for 1953 and good luck to the CHRONICLE.

Yours sincerely,

CATHCART BRUCE, Major.

(Director of Training and Operations for Civil Defence for the Province of British Columbia, Canada.)

98 OAKFIELD ROAD, CROYDON, SURREY*

DEAR SIR,

11/11/52.

On Remembrance Day last year I was in charge of the party from the London Branch of the Association. Our Secretary asked me to send you a brief report of the service for the next CHRONICLE.


It was 3 p.m. on Saturday, the 8th November, and a cold wind was blowing across the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey, as we gathered with other Regimental Associations to pay our respects to those of our comrades who gave their lives in the two World Wars. Then through the silence, broken only by the noise of a passing bus, came a voice:


*"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun,
And in the morning
We shall remember them."*

We raised our eyes and saw General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., etc., drop the cover from the Light Infantry Brigade cross, and we of the Associations put in our Regimental crosses and our individual crosses. As we did this, many of us were reminded of just such another field as this, many years ago; many, many miles away.

Yours truly,

A. MEIKLE (late 2nd Bn.).




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MASONIC NOTES

LODGE THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY (City of Glasgow) No. 1459.

THE Lodge came into existence on Saturday, 2nd December, 1950, being raised and consecrated on that date by Brother Donald McKay Kerr, R.W.P.G.M. of Glasgow, assisted by several members of P.G.L., in the Unionist Rooms, 1,350 Maryhill Road, Glasgow, N.W. It was chiefly due to the untiring energy of Col./Sgt. Davie Littlejohn, of the Depot, that success was assured; he put a great amount of work into what was to him a labour of love, and was assisted in the initial stages by Jock Reid, the Regimental Club Secretary, and Willie Morrison, Cobblers' Shop, Depot.

The dinner following the inception was held the same evening in the New Gymnasium, Maryhill Barracks, 232 members of the Masonic Order and guests being present, chief among the latter being Major-General A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett and Major R. W. Leckie Ewing, the Depot Commander. The dinner was pronounced an unqualified success, and thanks is due Bro. Robert A. W. Halliday, the purveyor, who made it so, and a very enjoyable evening was spent in song and story, the usual loyal and Masonic toast being honoured. "Nobby" Clark, among others, delighted the company with some very laughable anecdotes; his stock seems to be unlimitable. The copy of a telegram sent to His late Majesty King George VI—who, incidentally, was the supreme head of the Scottish Masonic Order before ascending the throne—was read, assuring him of our loyalty. His telegram in reply was also read; in it he sent his best wishes for the future prosperity of the Lodge.

Our very harmonious evening ended at 11-30, and if my successor in office turns back the pages of the Minute Book to that date he will find inscribed in it the words:—

"But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers."

We know the Swan of Avon's words will be fulfilled, and the 51 remembered. And here they are—

DAVID LITTLEJOHN	-	Junior Warden.
REGINALD SMYTH	-	Master.
JAMES M. FERGUSON	-	Depute Master.
ALEXANDER M. DUNLOP	-	Secretary.
FREDERICK WARMAN	-	Jeweller.

FRANCIS S. JOBSON	-	-	Inner Gd.
WILLIAM CULLEN	-	-	Bible Bearer.
JOHN GRANT	-	Almoner	& B.F. Treas.
HUGH F. MCGILLIVRAY	-	-	Dir. of Cers.
LEONARD A. DE ATH	-	-	Sub. Master.
ROBERT R. PRITCHARD	-	-	Senior Warden.
JOHN MILNE	-	-	Architect.
RUSSELL C. DEAS	-	-	Treasurer.
PHILIP M. HUGHES	-	-	Tyler.
JOHN D. JOHNSTON	-	-	Chaplain.
ROBERT THOMSON	-	-	Junior Deacon.
ROBERT A. W. HALLIDAY	-	-	Sen. Steward.
CHARLES ANDERSON	-	-	Piper.
JAMES NIBLO	-	-	Dir. of Music.
WM. C. MCQUARRIE	-	-	Bard.
JOSEPH WELSH	-	-	Junior Steward.
JOHN MILLER	-	-	Senior Deacon.
ROBERT CRAWFORD	-	-	Standard Bearer.
ROBERT W. BAILLIE	-	-	Sword Bearer.

FREDERICK EVANS, M.B.E.	ROBERT J. SLOWEY, M.M.
JAMES L. C. MCCOLL.	DANIEL WILSON, M.B.E.,
WILLIAM MURRAY.	M.M., T.D.
HUGH WOOD.	WILLIAM DALLAS.
ROBERT RAE.	GEORGE MCRAE.
WILLIAM MORRISON.	GEORGE S. JENKINS.
GEO. D. A. FLETCHER,	JAMES BROWN.
M.C.	SCOTT MCGARVA.
ROBERT D. JACK.	THOMAS WILSON.
ALFRED T. PENTLAND.	JOHN MCKEAN.
JOHN MORRISON.	THOMAS LEE.
THOMAS S. M. COOK.	JOHN WEATHERSTON.
JAMES ELLIOT.	JAMES MITCHELL.
CHARLES GREEN.	JAMES MCG. GEORGE.
JOHN S. REID.	

General Telfer-Smollett was pleased to allow us to incorporate the Regimental Badge in our Crest. He has already been thanked for this, but I again wish to thank him, this time through the CHRONICLE, for this great favour.

Most of our furnishings were donated by members and friends, chief among the latter being Mr. Archibald C. A. Ogg, who was responsible for the beautiful chain of office and Celtic drinking quaich, and Mr. Ronald Teacher, who donated 10 of the silver gilt jewels of office. These gifts were given in memory of their brothers, the late Captain Robert Allart Ogg, 6th and 15th Bns., who died while serving in the Regiment in 1943, and Lieut. William G. Teacher, 15th Bn., who died in action on the Somme, France, in 1916, while in command of his Company. I thank again one and all for their exceeding kindness, and am glad to think that the memory of the aforementioned officers—both personally known to me—will be kept green.

In January, 1952, we removed from Maryhill to our present quarters in the British Legion Rooms, 230 Renfrew Street.

On the occasion of the 21st birthday of H.R.H. The Princess Margaret Rose, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, we were privileged to send regimentally a donation towards the cost of the beautiful pipe banner presented to her, and have lately contributed through the same avenue to The King George VI Memorial Fund.

The Lodge was represented at the Memorial Service in Glasgow Cathedral on Sunday, 30th March, 1952, when a stained glass window was unveiled by General Telfer-Smollett commemorating those members of the Regiment who fell in both World Wars.

We mourn the loss of our late King and Brother, George VI, and of Thomas Lee, a veteran of World War I, and Founder Member. Letters of sympathy were sent in both cases, and the Lodge was represented at Brother Lee's funeral.

Honorary Membership of the Lodge was conferred on—

Bro. Donald McKay Kerr, R.W.P.G.M. of Glasgow, and

Bro. Archibald C. A. Ogg,

for the great interest they had taken in what was then Glasgow's youngest Lodge. I know they took it as a great honour, and we were equally gratified they they accepted.

We shower congratulations on the following members of the Lodge, who have received the Meritorious Service Medal—

John Milne.
Robert H. G. Leggate.
Albert E. Clark.

May they long be spared to sport them on their manly chests.

We had the pleasure of launching the following recruits on their Masonic career, and most of them have thereby renewed acquaintances formed during their Regimental service :—

Wilfred Sykes.	Robert H. G. Leggate.
Walter R. Graham.	Ronald C. Keel.
Samuel Galloway.	James Newby.

Charles W. Goodall.	William Morrison, jun
Leonard A. Weston.	William Sinclair.
James Miller.	Robert McKinnon.
Walter Morrison.	Robert Rodger.
John McPherson.	Joseph H. Livingstone.
James Barr.	George H. A. Haggath.
John Macfarlane.	John Tran.
Robert Livingstone.	Angus McPherson.
Joseph W. Goodwin.	William M. McGourty.
Charles Murray.	John Boyd.
David D. Jack.	James Carnes.
Robert McWhinnie.	Thomas McFarlane.
Samuel Gay.	Frederick C. Stalley.
William Macaulay.	James T. Forbes.
William Boyd.	Robert Chubb.
Norman F. Houston.	Joseph Johnston.
Ernest W. Ward.	John P. Dewane.
Norman McIntyre.	James R. Prior.
Leonard Mathews.	William Lindsay.
Christopher Macdonald.	George Johnstone.
Adam W. Porter.	John McFarlane.
Thomas Livingstone.	John Baillie.
Alex. G. McRae.	Hugh M. Howe.
John A. Crichton.	Mathew Harris.
William C. Docherty.	David Elder.
Thomas McCrorie.	Mathew Hamilton.
Charles S. Gordon.	Archibald B. Logie.
Edward Hyde.	Robert Crawford, jun.
James W. Boan.	Joseph Russell.
Robert M. Gibson.	William McLean.
Thomas Gentles.	Albert J. Jones.

Applications for affiliation came in from time to time from the undernoted brethren, and they were in due course welcomed and affiliated :—

William Hampton.	Thomas Scott.
Albert E. Clark.	Rev. David T. Hislop.
George Milne.	Archibald J. Wilson.
Alexander S. Goldie.	James Baird.

I am sure we have scored a bull in affiliating Bro. Goldie, this young/old soldier with a chestful of medals, this veteran of three campaigns. He looks younger than ever and I believe would again "take on" if given the opportunity.

To the members and ex-members of the Regiment (masonic or otherwise) at home or scattered all over the world, to all ranks of the 1st Bn. in Egypt, I send warmest greetings from the Master (Bro. Leonard A. De Ath), Office-bearers and members, and if any should contemplate a visit to our Lodge they will be assured of a hearty welcome, renew old associations and fight their battles over again.

More anon. Future communications will be above the signature—

CROSS QUILLS.

Edinburgh Club Notes

At this, the beginning of a New Year, we extend our warmest wishes to all serving and past members of the Regiment, with a very special greeting to the Officers, Warrant Officers and men of the 1st Battalion in Tel-el-Kebir. An acknowledgment of the Christmas Card conveying our humble greetings was received from H.R.H. Princess Margaret confirming her interest in all the Regimental activities.

The passing of Captain Peter Stewart, M.C., is a sad blow to all who knew him; his interest in the Club was profound and his activities on our behalf numerous. Another loyal worker on our behalf was Jack Henderson, and it is with deep regret that we record his passing in the autumn. Jack served on the Committee for several years and was greatly admired by all who knew him.

Captain Peter Stewart's Medals and Miniatures, include Military Cross, 1915; Punjab Frontier, 1897-98; 1914-15 Star; General Service and Victory Medal, 1914-18; Coronation Medal, 1911; Long Service and Good Conduct, Royal Society Life Saving Medal, 7/9/1897.

The above have been presented to the Club and occupy a prominent place of honour.

During the Edinburgh Festival we were privileged to entertain members of La Fanfare a Cheval de la Garde Republicaine du Paris when a very happy evening was enjoyed—the musical items from both sides being fully appreciated. Their stay with us was short, but a strong link has been formed, souvenirs exchanged and a cheery greeting in the form of a Christmas Card received.

The Children's Christmas Party, Adults' Christmas Social and Bowling Club Smoker were highlights of a very successful year, and our thanks are due to the many willing helpers and to our Clubmaster, Captain Eoinn and Mrs. MacLennan.

The visit of that sprightly veteran, Tom Campbell, when he was in Edinburgh attending Tel-el-Kebir Memorial Service in St. Giles Cathedral, was another happy occasion, and we offer him our good wishes and the hope that we shall see him for many more years to come.

Greetings and Good Wishes for 1953 to one and all and may we have many more visitors to 53 East Claremont Street, where a warm welcome awaits.

A. G. B. M.

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