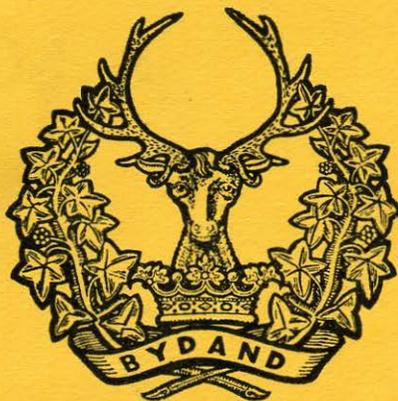


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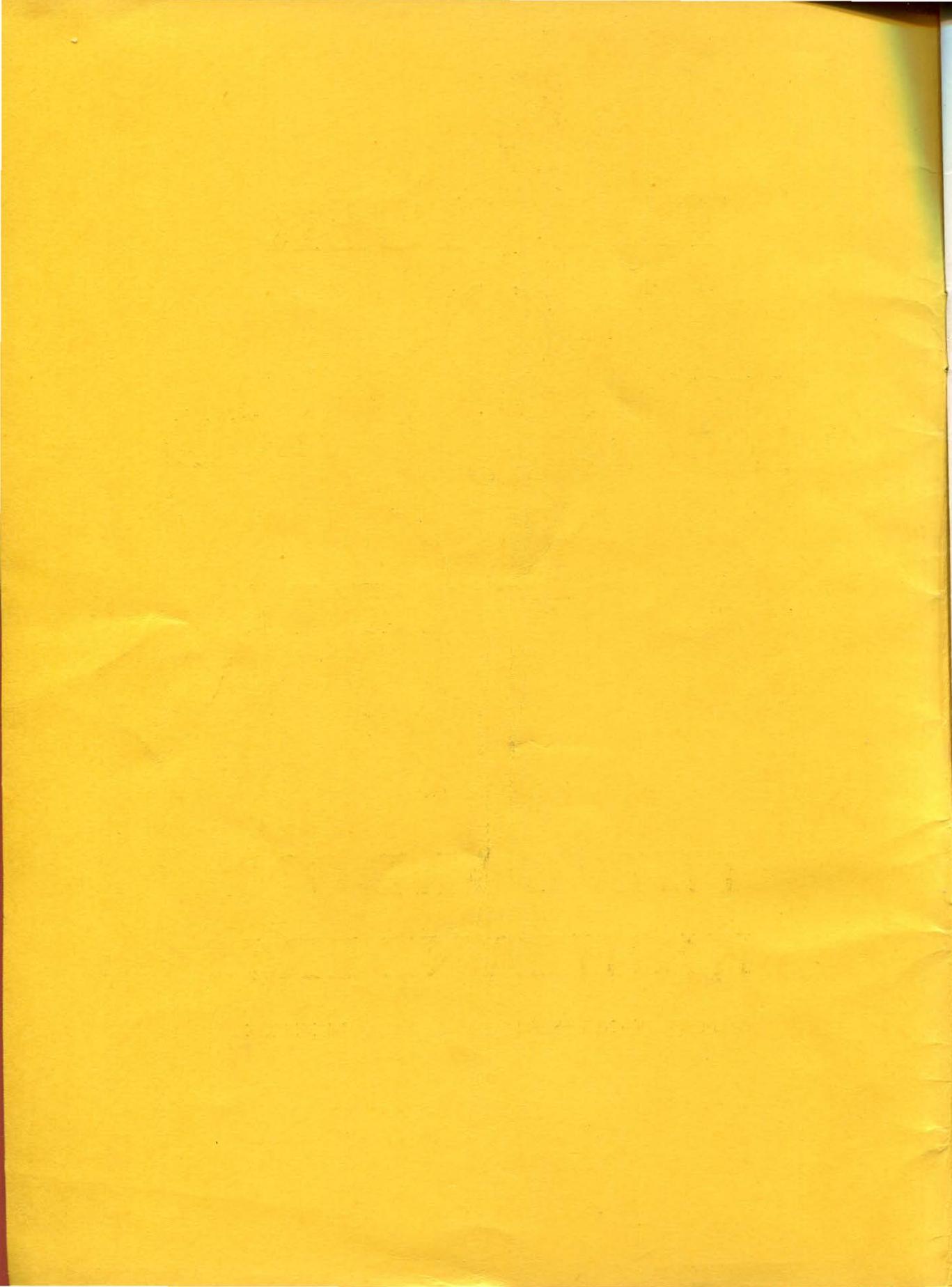
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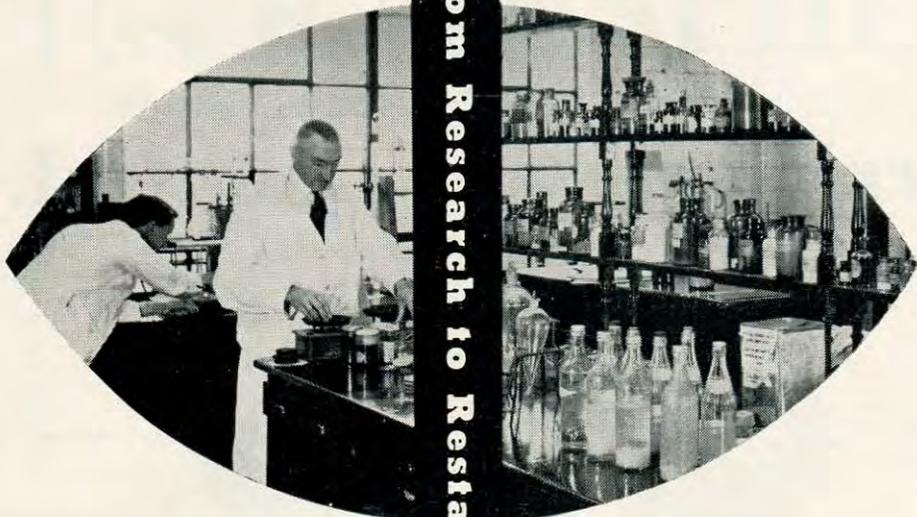
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VOLUME IV (NEW SERIES)

NUMBER 4





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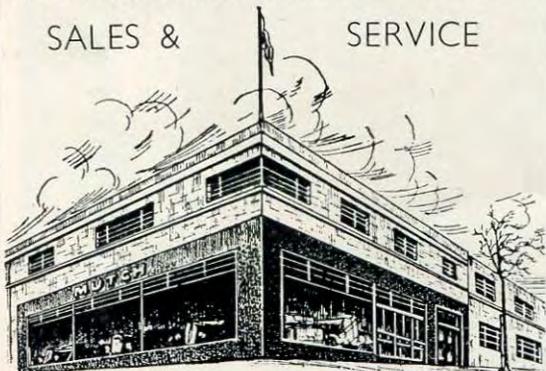
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# THE TIGER & SPHINX

The Regimental Journal of The Gordon Highlanders

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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February, 1956

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#### THE ROYAL BRAEMAR GATHERING

As reported in the last issue the 4/7th Battalion won the Tug-of-War Challenge Shield and our photograph, reproduced by courtesy of the *Press and Journal*, shows Her Majesty presenting the trophy to R.S.M. C. Michie. (See page 51, Vol. IV, No. 3.)

## 1st Battalion Notes

### EDITORIAL

Scarcely had our last notes gone to press with a smug reference as to the possibilities of a move, when with a crescendo of awe-inspiring code words the Battalion was alerted for a lightning descent on Cyprus. Of the move-out little can be said in public except that through the very fine co-operation of R.A.F. transport command and to no small part of the untiring work and unstinted energy given by every man of the Battalion we moved from Edinburgh to Cyprus via Ogbourne St. George in a matter of three days.

On arrival in Cyprus we were most fortunate in being met by the 1st Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment who having been alerted but twenty-four hours beforehand, had built a camp and made full arrangements for our arrival. First impressions of this island, made famous by the Goddess Aphrodite were far from romantic. An arid plain with a huddle of dejected looking canvas was our first view. However our stay in Nicosia was to be shorter than expected. We were moved the day after our arrival to Xeros, a small village on the North West coast of the island.

Under the shadow of the vast mining concern of the Cyprus Mines Corporation our new camp gradually took shape. Out of an area of choking, swirling dust gradually appeared a recognisable camp and with the advent of winter a morass of mud. None too soon our attention was distracted from the chaos of camp construction in order to quell the rioting populations in our area. Downing the more conventional implements of the Pioneer Platoon and seizing a variety of "nut crackers", Companies were kept busy zeroing pick-helves on frenzied Unionists. Chief amongst these popular excursions was the riot at Morphou. With alarming skill and aided by the very obvious threat of the kilt, Supply and "C" Companies went to battle for the first time. The result of this action is by now common knowledge to those who read the daily Press. It was no



ADVANCE PARTY AT NICOSIA

Right to left: Capt. C. M. Wolfe Murray, Capt. D. G. B. Saunders Sgt. Gordon, Sgt. MacDonald.



NICOSIA AIRPORT

Lieut.-Colonel J. E. G. Hay greeted by Major-General Ricketts and Major Mitford,

doubt due to the decisive action taken at this our first experience of acting in an internal security role that made the local townships decide to be less foolhardy again. Our doings in the more offensive matters of patrolling and screening operations are left to the Company notes to tell their own stories.

At this stage our benevolent "foster mother" - the Cyprus Mines Corporation - must be given a spotlight. This vast American copper company and their very generous executives have shown us all what hospitality and kindly help really means. We had no electricity, water or fuel on arrival. Within hours every tent had light, we were given the use of the company's excellent shower baths and all the fuel we needed. No trouble was too much. Tent boards were not considered satisfactory by our exacting neighbours, thus concrete slabs were rolled off the assembly lines at an unbelievable rate. No football pitch? two bulldozers, fifty workmen and the removal of 400 yards of the company's boundary fence soon put that right in two days! To Mr. R. J. Hendricks the manager and all the members of the C.M.C. Staff we offer our sincere gratitude for all that has been done on our behalf. It is an experience the Regiment will never forget. This paragraph cannot end until we have mentioned 30th Field Squadron R.E. under Major Bill Scott-Moncrief who lived with us for five weeks and worked so very hard making our camp habitable. It would not be easy to find a more hard-



PREPARING TO EMPLANE: LYNEHAM

working, intensely cheerful and competent squadron of men anywhere in the army.

The Battalion deployment is remarkably similar to our first year in Malaya. "C" and "D" Companies are divorced from the Battalion on detachment in the mountainous area of the Troodos Forrest, whilst the remainder of the Battalion remain at Xeros. Both detached Companies are under command of our old friends 3rd Commando Brigade R.M. for operations; whilst being administered from Xeros. It must go on record, at the risk of howls of indignation from "up the hill" that the "dog is still able to wag the tail." A fact which is brought into sharp relief on reviewing a seven page weekly supply demand from Pinewood which ends: "Seventy stop one crate whisky stop Seventy One stop one kitchen sink." And they say that lack of oxygen dulls the brain!

In ending the Battalion notes for 1955 we wish all our readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

#### INTELLIGENCE REPORT

The Battalion arrived in Cyprus not knowing quite what to expect. Perhaps the general opinion was that we were sitting on an enormous time-bomb which might or might not erupt into violent life. In the early days, however, we were not greatly concerned, as we were not actively molested, and the building of the camp occupied most of our thoughts and energies. The site for this was a barren tract of land close by the immense bulk of the Cyprus Mining Corporation's buildings: and from this virtual wilderness was to arise the Aberdeen Camp that to-day is a proud monument to the skill of the designers and the industry of the soldiers that live in it. Amid the scorching heat which greeted us it was gratefully soothing to the eyes to look out across the sparkling sea only 200 yards from the camp, stangely tinted with brown close to the shore, where the copper dredgings drained away; and it was equally pleasant to leave the arid shimmering desert around Nicosia and drive towards the hills.

The area in which we found ourselves is one of the most fertile in the island and also the centre of the Citrus

fruit industry. Lefka, the largest town and 'capital' of our area is 90% Turkish and surrounded by orange and olive trees. The inhabitants of such places as Lefka itself and other remote Turkish hill-villages are almost embarrassingly friendly, and any visitor invariably departs replete with admirable coffee and pursued by the enthusiastic farewells of a horde of children. As regards the Greek villages, it can be taken as a general rule that the more remote and agrarian they are the less interest they take in politics and are therefore more inclined towards friendliness. Elsewhere, however, the reception accorded to troops ranges between more or less open hostility and complete indifference.

The upholders of law and order in the country are in normal circumstances, the Cyprus Police, but here another problem is apparent. This problem is essentially an ethnic one: for the Turkish policeman, if a trifle unimaginative, is industrious and reliable; his Greek counterpart, although generally willing and helpful inspires little confidence as to his ability to take firm measures against his own compatriots.

It is now known that the armed Eoka organisation is not as well-equipped as was thought. This hard core is small in number, morale is low, discipline is poor, and lines of communication are at the moment disrupted. A few decisive blows at this stage can utterly crush Eoka - and, while two months ago our channels of intelligence and experience were virtually non-existent, to-day they are such that we are in a position to strike these blows should the slightest opportunity present itself. From the outset the aim has been to obtain information and to improve security, and now, despite intensified terrorist activity some six weeks after our arrival, we are beginning to have something to show for what at first seemed to be unproductive labours. This improvement on the situation has been achieved in a number of ways: by road and coast patrols, by stationing small detachments of troops at police posts throughout the area and by moving two entire companies into the hills, where they occupy what were formerly luxury hotels; by establishing road blocks and carrying out searches of individuals, vehicles, and houses in suspicious localities; and, more recently, entering on operations on a larger scale which have involved the cordoning and searching of whole townships. A few incidents can be mentioned as having been of paramount importance - the first of these was the riot at Morphou on 28th October, when the Internal Security Platoon, after standing firm under great provocation and a veritable barrage of stones, quickly dispelled any illusions that we would refrain from employing force when it became necessary. Three ambushes in a fortnight at the end of November, all taking place within two or three miles of Lefka, marked the high-water point of terrorist activity in the area; our reply was a highly successful 'Op Foxhunter' mounted in conjunction with 45 Commando, which destroyed the terrorist organisation in the mountains.

In fact, although it is certain that no grounds for complacency exist, it is equally certain that the endeavour of early days, is now reaping dividends. One's first and lasting impression of the Cypriot was that he is not the stuff of which revolutions are made: the months to come will show whether the increase in the size and efficiency

of the Security Forces in the island can loosen the grip won over him by a false ideal, and the still more potent factor of armed terrorism.

### BATTALION APPOINTMENTS

#### BATTALION H.Q.

*Commanding Officer*—Lieut.-Colonel J. E. G. Hay, D.S.O.  
*Second-in-Command*—Major P. W. Forbes.  
*Adjutant*—Capt. J. J. H. Simpson.  
*President Regimental Institutes*—Capt. M. M. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland.  
*Regimental Medical Officer*—Capt. J. M. Williamson (R.A.M.C.).  
*Chaplain*—Capt. The Rev. R. Liddel, M.A., B.D., C.F.  
*Intelligence Officer*—Capt. R. A. C. Linzee.  
*Regimental Sergeant-Major*—R.S.M. W. Dawson.  
*Orderly Room Quartermaster-Sergeant*—O.R.Q.M.S. R. S. Hay.  
*Drum-Major*—Drum-Major L. Burlton, B.E.M.  
*Pipe-Major*—Pipe-Major J. Massie.

#### H.Q. COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major G. Slater.  
*Mechanical Transport Officer*—Capt. R. D. L. Smart.  
*Quartermaster*—Lieut. R. B. Wilkinson.  
*Administrative Officer*—Lieut. H. M. Bradshaw.  
*Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant*—R.Q.M.S. G. Dunn.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. A. Dunbar.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C./Sgt. E. Lindores, M.M.  
*Mechanical Transport Sergeant*—Sgt. C. Kerr.  
*Provost Sergeant*—Sgt. R. Gammie.

#### SUPPORT COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major P. B. Hay.  
*Second-in-Command*—Capt. D. H. W. Brown, M.C.  
*Regimental Signal Officer*—Capt. D. G. B. Saunders.  
*Mortar Platoon Commander*—Lieut. R. W. C. Murison.  
*Machine Gun Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. A. J. Henderson.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. I. Rodger.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C./Sgt. C. Martin.  
*Signal Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. D. Postill.  
*Mortar Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. W. Park.  
*Machine Gun Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. T. Brown.

#### "A" COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major R. Ogilvie.  
*Second-in-Command*—Capt. I. Scott Hyde.  
*1 Platoon Commander*—Lieut. M. M. Cruickshank.  
*3 Platoon Commander*—Lieut. W. Anderson.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. T. Denholm.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C./Sgt. G. Coggle.  
*1 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. A. Dow.  
*3 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. A. Hyslop.

#### "B" COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major G. Duncan.  
*Second-in-Command*—Lieut. J. A. Clarkson.  
*4 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. J. M. Gray.  
*5 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. B. M. M. Simpson.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. L. Dunn.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C./Sgt. R. Kent.  
*4 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. S. Firth.  
*5 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. L. Ross.

#### "C" COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major M. A. C. Stephen.  
*Second-in-Command*—Capt. C. M. Wolfe-Murray.  
*7 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. C. J. Wallis.  
*8 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. N. J. Charrington.  
*9 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. J. E. G. Allison.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. F. Tayles.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C./Sgt. W. Stuart.  
*7 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. Cossar.  
*8 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. V. Crittenden.  
*9 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. Symon.

#### "D" COMPANY

*Company Commander*—Major A. T. Wilson, M.C.  
*10 Platoon Commander*—2/Lieut. C. J. F. Dobie.  
*11 Platoon Commander*—Lieut. N. H. Cantlie.  
*Company Sergeant-Major*—C.S.M. J. Innes.  
*Company Quartermaster-Sergeant*—C.Sgt. G. McAuley.  
*10 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. I. Thatchner.  
*11 Platoon Sergeant*—Sgt. G. Bird.

### HATCHES AND MATCHES

We offer our best wishes to the following on their marriage:—

Pte. D. Cameron to Miss Margaret Sutherland on 15th September, 1955 at St. Margaret's Church, Dumbiedykes.  
 Sgt. T. Cossar to Miss Margaret Paterson on 10th September, 1955 at Crichton West Church, Cumnock.  
 Pte. W. Denholm to Miss Catherine Reid on 11th October, 1955 at the Registrar's Office, Edinburgh.  
 Capt. C. M. Wolfe Murray to Miss Jacqueline Usher on 11th October, 1955 at Church of St. John Evangelist, Edinburgh.  
 Pte. L. Buchan to Miss Mabel Bolton on 23rd August, 1955 at St. Andrew's Church, Inverurie.  
 Pte. D. Keenan to Miss Alison Brown on 16th July, 1955 at St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh.  
 Pte. J. Bowie to Miss Anna McNealy on 25th October, 1955 at North Church, Kelty.  
 And our congratulations to the following:—  
 L/Cpl. and Mrs. Donald on the birth of a son, Denis, on 11th November, 1955 at Aberdeen.  
 Pte. and Mrs. Gibson on the birth of a daughter, Ann, on 2nd November, 1955 at Edinburgh.  
 Cpl. and Mrs. Tollan on the birth of a daughter, Linda, on 10th December, 1955 at Edinburgh.  
 Pte. and Mrs. Robertson '45 on the birth of a son (argument still in progress by Air Mail) on 24th December, 1955.

### COPENHAGEN TATTOO

In September the City of Copenhagen was for the third time "Invaded" by the Regiment.

The British Import Union of Denmark had decided that, in an effort to attract visitors from the neighbouring countries to visit the British Exhibition, it would transport the Edinburgh Tattoo, with reinforcements, to the City of Copenhagen.

The main Battalion Party consisting of the Drums and Pipes, Military Band and Highland Dancers sailed from Newcastle aboard the Danish ship *M.V. Parkestone* on 20th September bound for Esbjerg and thence by rail to Copenhagen. The sea trip was uneventful and on the evening of the 21st September we sailed into Esbjerg Harbour, with Pipes playing, to be greeted by the Band of the Danish Home Guard.

On arrival in Copenhagen we found ourselves accommodated in the indoor tennis courts of the Idrætshuset Stadium, where we were quite comfortable although we would, no doubt, have preferred to join the Mounted



DANCING DISPLAY TO A FULL HOUSE

Band of the Life Guards in Carlsberg Brewery on a ration of six free beers per day.

We were pleasantly surprised to find that one of the Directors of the British Import Union was Mr. Sandy Duthie, who had served with the Regiment in the 1914-18 War.

The Tattoo Arena was in the Rosenberg Kaserne, which is the Copenhagen Barracks for the Royal Danish Life Guards, and the back drop to the Arena was provided by the Rosenberg Castle, once the Royal Residence and now the National Museum.

The first performance was not scheduled until the 30th September so we had a week of fast and furious rehearsals to prepare for the great day. From the start it was quite apparent that our greatest problem was not going to be work but the incredible lavishness of the hospitality of the citizens of Copenhagen which made it difficult ever to get any sleep at all; at all hours of the night British Military Uniforms would be seen in the Taverns, Bars and Hostelrys of the City.

We were honoured by having His Majesty King Frederick IX of Denmark to take the salute for our opening performance, which was unfortunately marred by a fine drizzle. From the start the show was stolen by the Royal Corps of Signals Motor Cycle Display Team who, as usual, gave a magnificent performance, but not withstanding this the remaining items were very well received to the tune of the slow handclap in time to the music, which in Denmark is a high mark of praise.

We were again honoured with the King's presence at a later performance and at the final performance of all the salute was taken by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh.

There was no doubt that the finest performance of all was the afternoon of Saturday, 8th October when we gave a matinee for the children of Copenhagen who proved to be the best audience one could wish for.

In closing we would like to thank the people of Denmark and in particular the Royal Danish Life Guards, for the wonderful hospitality extended to us.

#### THE BETTER 'OLE : 1955

O. K. Spanishphliades, Mukhtar of Philtheovestia, glanced around his baked mud mansion. Although the shower was over, water still spouted through two largish

holes in the wall of the 'ben room. He shrugged. Another hole appeared in the already well-ventilated seat of his old umbrella trousering. At the risk of becoming liable to an uncivil action for indecent exposure he shrugged again.

Holes, after all, were his familiars and livelihood. There were holes in his wall due to causal construction, holes in his purse due to the rapacity of the rural constable, holes in his trousers due equally to gallantry and carelessness, and surplus holes in a number of his relatives due to misguided interference with the Scottish Military. All day long he laboured, whenever the foreman, who was no relative, was not about, down a damned great hole in the hillside. There he made smaller holes and enlarged them. At night he returned to *this* hole, to his all-embracing wife and seven fallow daughters. At work and

or play life was compounded of cavities. He was perpetually engulfed. He felt in need of a change.

Sighing, he closed his remaining eye, Keo-veined like old Carrera Marble. The diluted sunlight, filtering through the gap where once the donkey had removed the door and frame, struck warm on the wooden leg he now affected in place of the one he had lost through treading, some years previously, on a tin of detonators during a fishing expedition. Even this was bound with a Greek flag at the point where the white ants had developed their original fox-holes into a continuous trench system to the increasing detriment of his stability . . .

"My job," he said, suddenly unshuttering a bloodshot glare upon his broad and buxom ever-loving, "is gettin on top of me."

"I never!" shrieked his spouse in indignant modern Greek. "The idea!" she added in the key of a salvationist nipped in the nether regions by a carelessly closed concertina.

The macaw-like note was echoed briefly by a sturdy earthenware amphora in the corner. The vessel then sundered silently into insignificant fragments. From the ruins there emerged a tentative trickle of dusty red wine and an unconvincingly nonchalant mouse. The latter proceeded on an earnestly erratic course to a sizeable hole in the sideboard. There, apparently essaying a derisive snap of the fingers at the assembled company, it over-balanced and fell rumbling into depths of some invisible excavation. Its passing, however, went unnoticed by both Mukhtar and Mrs.

"O Zeus, 'O parent Apollo," groaned Spanishphliades, his one eye on the framed portrait of the Greek Headmaster of his English Secondary School. "Roll on Enosis," he hastily amplified, suddenly aware of a second frame containing, apparently, a negative enlargement of a penicillin culture surmounted by a chimney stack of the Industrial Revolution and entitled simply "Ethnarch."

"I resign," he declaimed and with such intensity that his much-punctured trouserings were momentarily inflated.

"But so you did last week, dear, when cousin Skrofulous was so unjustifiably perforated by those Scotchis in Ghastroenteritis - and him only lighting the

fuse," reasoned his wife in such conciliatory tones that a mere half dozen tiles rattled riven from the roof tree.

In the momentarily ensuing silence a faint splash announced the arrival of the mouse at some invisible terminus and a can of olive oil began to drip steadily and audibly onto the pile of Eoka pamphlets on the upturned copper that served as an *escritoire*.

"Nevertheless I do it again," shouted the Mukhtar, "Just to showing them. Am I not Greek subject of British nationality? One British citizen of Greek derivation? Nobody making ass of me. I am escapologist of democratic tendency. Am leftist of the bourgeoisie. Nobodies saying me counter-reactionary existentialist. Me, I am patriot, not to blame like engineer store of ordnance origin, yes? Anyway, like what Athenian Schoolmaster, who makes the bombs for our clever Erotica at 'Girls High' always is telling her. Me too, I blow a strike for Neurosis! Eh, Mama? Silence! Enough!!" he added hurriedly, regarding the already gaping hole in the roof. "We have spoke. It is decided Andaxi. Tomorrow next day your man go into very camp of the enemy."

Spanishphliades drew himself up as the family filed past, applauding, to bed. Then sank back onto his stool. They were on his side! The village could not doubt his motives, any more than could he himself. Yet here at last was escape. Work above grounds. "Buckshee," so he was told, cigarettes from the simple soldiers. Food and above all no need to go home at night. "Holes," he said to himself, "Finish!"

A gash resembling a smile began to appear in his seamed countenance. Remembering his aversion, he hurriedly closed it and, reversing his shirt with one deft movement, marched towards the communal couch.

"Turn!" he roared, hoisting his leather boots onto the perimeter of the family bed, and, like the slats of a jalousie, mama and seven daughters did a half roll in unison, to the left . . .

A restless night was followed by an almost sleepless day. At about 7 a.m. his wife started a ghastly discussion of female symptoms with a neighbour through the thorn fence. At about 8.30 a.m. the vibration caused a subsidence in the scullery-living room and precipitated his eldest daughter and two suitors to join the mouse at the bottom of an unsuspected forty foot shaft.

In consequence the following night was hardly more tranquil, as the Mukhtar, always suggestible to the sound of running water was repeatedly forced to rise from his depleted couch by the splashing noises issuing from beneath the dresser.

It was therefore in a truculent but hopeful mood that he arrived next morning at the gate of the military camp. Even the fact that, after being searched, he was politely required to remove his shoes and socks, while his bicycle was dismembered, blown through and reassembled in the wrong order, failed to disturb his equanimity.

Once in the camp his spirits soared. That tent must be the N.A.A.F.I. - and that the Dining Hall. That structure lit with leaping flames inside and crude oil pouring under the door, the Cookhouse.

Even those hired fools of imperialism, the brutal soldiers, against whom his daughter Erotica had so repeatedly warned him, seemed somewhat different from his ideas of these enemies of democracy. Some of the soldiers actually gestured in a military manner towards their officers without first being struck by a whip. That the gesture was friendly, even he could tell, because all the fingers of the hand were kept together and raised to the forehead. It was almost classical.

When he was finally taken by one of these officers, who, despite two imperialist stars on each shoulder, addressed the similarly-decorated Quarter person with trepidation

and respect, his admiration for his own initiative knew no bounds.

"So!" said the Quarter person, after an exhaustive and exhausting interview, "That's it, eh? You're a miner, eh? But a Joiner and Carpenter, eh? Well, we need them, see what I mean? Don't know what's goin' to happen next, but that's just part of me patter; see? Good! Right," and reducing his voice to a stentorian bellow, "Corporal Springer! - where d'you think you are! Get fell in 'ere. Well come on, wot are you hangin' about for, eh? Time's precious, if not as how money isn't in the plurry army. Told you more times than I've 'ad breakfast to get a move on. Shift yourself man!"

"Here, Sir" said the soldier standing immediately behind his chair.

"Oh there you are, eh? Late as usual," said the Quarter person, "Take this feller away as I told you, see! He's a carpenter, see! Get him onto that Priority One job straight away."

Spanishphliades hugged himself. At last his worth was to be recognised. Surreptitiously scraping sand over the damp patch on the mud floor of the tent between his his feet, he said "Oh Sir, always I am anxious to thanking you forever for your kindness."

"To hell with that and get your heels together" said the Quarter person kindly.

Spanishphliades found himself being hustled out of the tent by a Corporal whose Grecian features at once attracted him even more or possibly less than his bulging biceps and stringy frame.

In a short moment, so it seemed, they arrived at a point just inside the perimeter wire. Here lay a desolation of tumbled earth, timber and corrugated iron sheeting.

"Aye noo," said the Corporal, "this'll be her." "Div ye spik English?" he enquired without interest.

"Of course I am!" said Spanishphliades proudly.

"Weel, heer's yer laast bluidy chance. Tak a hud o' yon shovel. She'll be sax fit be fower fit an' fifteen fit doon."

"Sir?" said the Mukhtar, from whose classical education the Doric appeared to have been omitted.

"Redd oot yer lugs, ye gaipit feel," said the Corporal dispassionately. "She's a Hole we're needin'. A Hole, see. Sax be fower be fifteen. An' fan ye're through, pit over this wee boaxie an' saa oot *fower mair holes* tae lat thim sit baack tae ither, twa aside."

## "A" COMPANY

"I don't know whether I'm coming or going." This expression, much abused by harrassed Quartermaster Sergeants, was tersely answered by the powers that be on the morning of Thursday, 13th October, 1955. We found ourselves on Saturday, 15th October, 1955, in Cyprus.

After several failures in his endeavour to take off from Nicosia airport, Major G. R. Elsmie eventually achieved success just before Christmas. We were all very sorry to see him leave us, and with him go all our best wishes. We welcome as our new company commander Major R. Ogilvie, who has come to us from the 4/7th and as our new second-in-command we welcome Captain I. Scott-Hyde, who has joined the fold from the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Berlin. We wish them both success in their new appointments, and hope that they will settle down happily to our muddy existence.

Returning to the company from H.Q. Company we have C./Sgt. H.Q. Denholm as C.S.M., and from Eaton Hall we have Sgt. Coggle to take over the duties of C.Q.M.S. As Provost Sergeant, Sgt. Gammie has now gone to H.Q. Company, but still seems to keep his ever-watchful eye on us. Sgt. Cameron too



'A' COY. LINES WITH THE M.T. PARK AND C.M.C. IN THE BACKGROUND

has left to go to the Depot, and in their places we welcome Sgt. Hyslop from H.Q. Company and Sgt. Davidson from Support Company. To replace the 'demob happy' personnel who stayed behind, the Company was replenished by a new draft from the Depot the day before we left for Cyprus.

With the declaration of the Emergency in the Colony on 26th November, 1955, has come a very marked rise in our enthusiasm as far as getting to grips with Eoka is concerned, and if our opponents refuse to come to us it cannot be said that we are not doing our best to get at them. Frustrated by the lack of action, two members of the Company on being stoned as they drove past a Greek school some ten miles from Aberdeen Camp, leapt from their vehicle and collared two youths who were inexperienced in the art of withdrawal. L./Cpl. Donald was heard to give the Headmaster a very severe reprimand informing him in no uncertain terms of the only just punishment for juvenile delinquents while Pte. Williams hustled the two prisoners on to the jeep prior to discarding them in the local lock-up.

Both platoons have had some interesting experiences during the searching of various towns and villages in our area, and even the toughest old soldier has on occasions found a bedroom here or a bathroom there to reveal some very enlightening information. As a welcome break from the routine of Battalion operations, we found ourselves detached to a summer resort in the mountains for a week in November. Living in the stillness of the Troodos Forest at a height of about 4,300 ft., the old sweats in the Company soon succeeded in instilling the atmosphere of the Malayan Jungle into their less experienced comrades, and everyone was on their toes awaiting some form of terrorist attack. The eager anticipation of the whole Company was portrayed by Pte. Anderson '33 who discharged his rifle into the forest with exceptional skill when hit on the head by a grenade . . . which turned out to be a fir-cone.

The Company was out on a Battalion operation on Christmas Eve which entailed a long and rather arduous night march across some well irrigated cultivations.

<i>Company Census:</i>	Regimental area	...	48
	Rest of Scotland	...	18
	Others	...	10

### "B" COMPANY

To those of "B" Company who read the papers and listened to the wireless, the sudden awakening, during the night of 10th October, 1955, with the news that we were to move to a "Secret" destination, came as no surprise. The speed, however, with which it was to take place,

certainly came as a shock. We still sit and wonder how it was completed. Except for the worried looks of the Company H.Q. Staff, who still appear to be endeavouring to sort out stores, we can say that we arrived all in one piece. Our rapid journey from Redford to Cyprus by way of Ogbourne St. George and Malta, has been related elsewhere. Suffice to say that we journeyed well, – somewhat laden with kit – and can now report that all of us feel seasoned air travellers.

Having arrived in the Island and taken a rapid look at Nicosia from the back of trucks, we journeyed on to Xeros. Since our arrival we have all been required to put in a good deal of hard work with our friends from the Cyprus Mines Corporation and The Royal Engineers, building the Camp. Day by day, as we have toiled with wheelbarrows, picks and shovels and the like, buildings have sprung forth and the Camp has taken shape. Although all is not yet finished, we feel that we will eventually be able to look upon the Camp with pride and satisfaction.

From the operational side we have undertaken a manifold number of tasks, but with, we regret, little success. The guarding of Police Stations, patrols, both coastal and road, and a number of searching operations have kept us very busy. From all of these we can only report success in one instance when Pte. Drennan managed to produce – somewhat like a magician – a small quantity of explosive from within a tree. We are hoping that in



BATON PRACTICE

Pte. Joss and L/Cpl. Craib, Aberdeen Camp, December, 1955.

the future, more success will come our way, and that we will be able to report some outstanding events.

We were fortunate in spending a week on detachment at the Pinewood Valley Hotel in the mountain area. Here we found that Cyprus can be just as cold as the North East of Scotland. It was a most pleasant change, and we all thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of living in a building, without the horror of "mud" – so prevalent amongst the tents at Xeros.

Since our arrival we have been in the fortunate position of only losing personnel through postings to other Companies. However we were all sorry to leave so many familiar faces behind in Redford. With the call of courses, postings and thoughts of "release" looming ahead, we had to say "Goodbye" to no less than thirty of the Company. We only regret that more did not join Cpl. McDuff in rapidly "signing on the dotted line" in order to move to these parts of the world with the Battalion.

#### "C" COMPANY

Having concluded our camp at Fort George, and the majority of the Company returned from leave, the heavens were split asunder with the gratifying news "Pack up, we are Off." Within forty-eight hours of the news arriving the Company had entrained and were on their way south to Lyneham. Hastings aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command soon had us winging our way to the sunny clime of the Mediterranean. First stop Malta to refuel and then off to our destination.

Cyprus was greeted with mixed feelings, the heat, dust and the fact that no one knew we were coming, tended to fray tempers somewhat, but this was all soon forgotten with our subsequent move to Xeros, where for forty-eight hours tents were pitched.

With our good friends the Cyprus Mines Corporation and the Sappers things soon began to look ship-shape, hence "Aberdeen Camp" was born. Guards, Police Post Duties, Escorts and the Internal Security role comprise our daily routine which is by far better than the dull routine of fatigues at Edinburgh.

At the time of writing we are on detachment at a village by the name of Kakopetria which is situated in the hills by the Troodos Forest. We are under command of the 45th Commando Royal Marines our old hunting friends from Malayan days. Our accommodation being somewhat more luxurious than most in the form of two hotels which have been named Tomintoul for Company Headquarters and Benachie for the "fighting troops." In keeping with the local traditions we have started a small "croft." Hens, Turkeys – with a pig in the offing –

are our stock not forgetting "Andaxi" the rabbit who is to be married in due course.

We were sorry to lose the Company Commander for a few days, who, on stepping from his Land Rover found not the mountain track, but very thin air. We hope his leg is better soon. Also our best regards go to our lads who were hurt in a recent accident, we hope to see them in the not too distant future.

#### "D" COMPANY

It was a very "New Look" "D" Company which set out for Cyprus on 12th October. Shedding our "Holding" role with its Canadian Pipe Bands, assorted Highland Dancers, Pakistani pipers, Lowland Brigade Reservists and other peoples' rear parties, we seized gratefully a draft from the Depot and transformed ourselves overnight into a two platoon Infantry Rifle Company.

The air move from Lyneham went very smoothly and at 1530 hrs. on 14th October we found ourselves airborne in two Hastings aircraft in the fifth flight of the Battalion lift.

We reached Malta at 2145 hrs., by which time the Company's one and only tattered copy of "Duties in Aid of the Civil Power" had got down as far as the junior subaltern, who was obviously finding it pretty indigestible. After some delay about a magneto we took off again and in the light of early morning looked down at the pine-covered mountains which are now our home.

We were the last Company to arrive at C.B.S. Camp outside Nicosia. The news was bad – no prophylactic fire and the natives never ate curry. After one look at the inhospitable rocks, "D" Company generously offered itself immediately as Advance Party to the Battalion's final destination at Xeros on the North West Coast. Some time after dark we were welcomed by the Field Battery who the Battalion were relieving and the gunner cooks were soon learning Australian.

Next day the Battalion arrived and we all joined in an orgy of tent-pitching, wiring and field works. The only bright spots were the hot showers kindly made available by Cyprus Mines Corporation, on whose ground we lay, and the occasional bathe in the blue Mediterranean.

There followed a month and more of Guards on Police Stations, Internal Security Drills, lurkings outside Morphou waiting for a riot to start. There were Platoon night anti-gun running patrols on the coast of Morphou Bay – one is remembered as the "Death March" and another as the "Gadarene Swine Effort." We joined in a Battalion search for arms over a couple of map squares of hillside near Pyrgos.

Then came 26th November, a red-letter day when we



MOUNTED INFANTRY (IRREGULAR)

Pte. 60 Murray, Koutraphas Police Station, December, 1955.



'D' COY. TRANSPORT ON OPERATIONS  
AT EVRYKON.

moved up 5,000 feet into the mountains on detachment, occupying Pinewood Valley Hotel, a large, isolated hotel above Pedhoulas. A week later we came under operational command of 45th Royal Marine Commando and hastily chopped acres of bushes, built sandbag posts, ran out wire, and prepared for a long stay.

Strange how history repeats itself, for in August, 1951, "D" Company moved to the Cameron Highlands, Malaya and came under command of 45th Commando Royal Marines at Tapah. Then, as now, Major Wilson was commanding the Company so we knew all about the necessity for "Tiddly quarterdecks" and so on.

In the last five weeks we have had a most active and profitable time on mobile operations with our shipmates, averaging five days a week. Everyone has enjoyed working with such an efficient and well-trained unit and Marines and Jocks have mingled very happily.

It was typical that soon after L./Cpl. Young, R.M., came to live with us to cope with dots and dashes on our rear link, the C.S.M. appeared on operations in a smock and our Signal Cpl. in a blue seamen's jersey under his battle-dress.

Most of the operations have involved midnight breakfasts, nightmarish rides over forest tracks in low temperatures, approach marches of three to twelve miles and silent cordons round target villages by between 0230 and 0500 hrs. At first light, a Marine Bugler sounds Reveille in the village over a Public Address equipment and all makes are ordered to a quickly erected wire cage at one end of the village. There follows an exhaustive house-to-house search, including removal of roof tiles from suspected houses. Sometimes we form part of the cordon, sometimes we search. After we have searched, the Company Commander searches us.

On one occasion a certain private propped his rifle in a bedroom on what proved to be a trapdoor, which was shortly opened from below by the Section Commander, to receive the butt fair and square on his T.O.S.

Another highlight was the sight of a wee mess waiter on "change of air" from Battalion Headquarters prodding a fat and unwilling Cypriot down the main street to the cage with his bayonet, the lust of battle eye. "My, that was grand," he observed afterwards.

Kyko Monastery, Khandria, Kyperounda, Sarandi, Lagoudhera, Kambos, Pano Payayia and Nikitari have all been dealt with by the Commandos and what they refer to as their "Cordon Highlanders." So successful have been these operations that the mountain gangs are at present quite disorganised, Eoka Island Headquarters has been captured and General Grivas himself is on the run minus hat, boots and fur coat. Active service has certainly been active.

At Nikitari on Christmas Eve a Cypriot attempted to break the cordon at 0415 hrs. He was challenged twice in fluent Greek by Pte. 'X' but rushed downhill flourishing a large club. Pte. 'X' fired four rounds rapid, everyone a "bull." Having only just returned from 28 days detention for falling asleep in an ambush position, Pte. 'X' was somewhat overwhelmed by the warm congratulations of the Company Commander on an accurate bit of night shooting. However, on Boxing Day he carelessly discharged his piece and found himself again talking to the Company Commander under more normal circumstances. Truly life has its ups and downs. We have been very lucky in our mountain fastness to be able to enjoy regular night and field firing. On Boxing Day we held a Wapinschaw for the Inter-Platoon shooting cup, won by Company Headquarters.

Night driving and signalling are no joke on mountain operations and special praise is due to Cpl. Johnstone and his nine drivers and Cpl. Taylor with his five signallers. Without their skill we would all be lying with broken

heads at the bottom of a ravine, out of touch with everybody. Commando operations have a flavour all their own and Cpl. Taylor's face was a picture the first time he was ordered to cut eight telephone lines. Pte. Weston gave a realistic impression of a space man when his long aerial contacted a power line recently.

Over Christmas we were delighted to have with us Mr. Eric Sewell of the *Glasgow Evening Times* and *Daily Record*. We took him up to the top of Mount Olympus (6,300 feet) on Christmas Day but unfortunately there was a blizzard raging at the time and visibility was about ten yards. As he drank his rum issue later he recounted the conversation of his escort in the storm.

1st Jock: "Isn't this — place like — Scotland?"

2nd Jock: "No!"

3rd Jock (*Sassenach*): "You can keep this — place and you can keep — Scotland. Give me the — streets of — Liverpool."

We have recently said good-bye with great regret to Sgt. "Flash" Gordon, who has gone home to learn all about M.M.Gs. and Matrimony.

We have welcomed Mr. Cantlie (*vice* Mr. Bradshaw) and congratulate Sgt. Bird, Cpls. Kerr '53, Kerr '28, Murray, L./Cpls. Mitchell, Fraser '50, Smith '61, Begg, Leslie, Waiter, Day on their promotions. Plenty of promotion this side of the Ocean!

Please note we are now "Delta" Company, you cads. No more of this canine stuff!

#### H.Q. COMPANY

Our last Company notes had hardly gone to print when "all hell was let loose" in the quiet and placid Redford Barracks. The unexpected had happened, the Battalion had been ordered at short notice to Cyprus. Looking back on the cold October morning when so much had to be done in so little time, some credit is due to the untiring efforts of the various clerks and storemen who worked like Trojans to ensure that the Advance Party was ready to move well ahead of time and that the main body of the Company managed to move off at the time laid down without any major mishaps.

The train journey from Edinburgh to Ogbourne St. George went like clockwork and the softness of British Railway Carriages was very welcome to the tired and sleepy members of the Company. After one day of hustle and bustle in the quickly arranged transit camp, where one of the things we were taught was how to use a "Mae West" if the "plane got ditched, we resumed our journey to Cyprus.

On 14th October we were airborne with Royal Air Force Transport Command at the controls and all ranks



Ptes. Bell, Milne 69, Stuart, Cpl. Gray and Pte. Leil during the Commanding Officer's Recce of Pinewood Hotel.

in the Company agree that this is easily the best way of moving troops from point 'A' to point 'B' and we earnestly hope that the Director of Trooping will do something to ensure that all future moves of the Battalion are by air.

R.A.F. Transport Command did a magnificent job in moving the Battalion and they certainly know how to look after the "Highlanders." They may not have had female attendants in the 'planes, but the air crew Quartermaster kept us supplied with endless cups of tea and coffee in addition to the packed meal, which was excellent. Well done the R.A.F.! We will long remember you and your kindness, and the many friends we made amongst you.

The Company all assembled in the C.B.S. Camp Cyprus on the 15th October, 1955, and were quickly on the move the next day to our present position next to the Cyprus Mines Corporation at Xeros.

Of our job in Cyprus we won't say much, as our readers, if they listen to the radio and read the daily Press can get a very good account of our doings and goings on. Suffice to say that the members of H.Q. Company are doing their full share of the work in this troubled island and a special mention must be made of the Pipe Band who not only play their correct role of Pipe Band but also provide guards, escorts and are fully operational the whole time.

Since arriving in Cyprus a great many Inter-Company transfers have taken place to cope with the operational requirements within the Battalion. To those who have left the Company, we wish them 'happy hunting' in their new Companies, and to those who have joined us may their stay be a long and happy one. Special mention must be made of some "worthy characters" who have been and gone in the last few months. Major G. Duncan had a short spell at the helm of H.Q. Company and we hope that his stay with us did not make him lose any weight. We have heard since he departed to "B" Company that they can now lay a bed layout in that worthy company - according to plan. Congratulations to C./Sgt. Dunn on his promotion to W.O.II and may your stay with "B" Company be a long and happy one.

We wish all our readers the very best for 1956 and perhaps we'll be able to have a 'dram' with some of you before 1957.

#### M.T. SECTION

Our departure from Redford and subsequent arrival in Cyprus has doubtless been covered in great detail in previous pages so we shall not labour the subject; let it be sufficient to say that our reaction to the move was a feeling of gratitude to "the powers that be" for taking us away from the chores of Edinburgh to the more interesting duties we felt sure would lie ahead.

On arrival at C.B.S. Camp we were given our first allocation of vehicles; they looked a ghastly sight, but the M.T.O. was finally convinced that despite their antedeluvian looks they would at least get us as far as Xeros was to be our permanent Camp.

For the first three weeks at Xeros there was little rest for the section as the build-up of the Camp began, and it is to the credit of our R.E.M.E. fitters that our vehicles managed to keep going throughout this hectic period. The drivers must also be congratulated on the cheerful way they behaved during the long hours of driving at this stage.

We were very pleased when our rear party arrived at the end of November bringing with them our stores and office material which we had awaited so eagerly and which we now put into use with the minimum of delay. Up to this point our section stores consisted of little more than two tow chains.

There are at the moment two rifle Companies on detachment in the hills each of which has its own M.T. sub section cared for by Cpl. Byers and Cpl. Johnstone who are greatly envied by their counterparts down here on the plain.

At the beginning of December we despatched Cpl. Waters and Ptes. Jaffray, Cheyne, McLean, Colburn and Michie to a scout-car drivers Course at Fayid. They are now back with us and are eagerly awaiting the arrival of six 'ferret' scout-cars which are due in the near future.

Captain R. D. L. Smart took over as M.T.O. before departure from Edinburgh and Sgt. Kerr is now on a course prior to taking over as M.T. Sgt. In the meantime Cpl. Stark is indeed a harrassed man having to act as M.T. Sgt. and run the M.T. stores until the arrival of Cpl. Allan, who as yet to return from his course in the U.K. The sections are commanded by Cpl. Dawson and Cpl. Knox who are assisted by L./Cpl. Walker and L./Cpl. Hay respectively. Cpl. Waters will take command of the scout-car section on the formation.

The following are to be congratulated on their recent promotion: L./Cpl. Knox, L./Cpl. Waters and L./Cpl. Byers to Cpls., and Pte. Gordon to L./Cpl.

#### SUPPORT COMPANY

Life moves with alarming rapidity. On 20th September, 1955, the Rear Party of Support Company personnel moved from Dallachy T.A. Camp to rejoin the Battalion at Redford Barracks. During the following fortnight the luckier ones of us went on leave, and those who had got leave from Dallachy returned to the fold.

As described elsewhere in this issue the Battalion left Redford at astoundingly short notice which left us wondering what the future held. The move from Redford on 12th October, 1955, was preceded by some very hectic packing and weighing of stores, complicated by the doubt that existed as to whether or not our Support weapons were to accompany us by air, or follow us out by sea. However, the Company got away in good order, leaving behind the following who could not accompany us due to release and postings:—Sgt. Brown, Cpls. Atkins and Pirie; Ptes. Ash, Clark, Downie '48, Gavin, Gillies, Miller, Milne '56, McMillan, Rodger, Sutherland, Thomson, and Cfn. Malloch who formed the rear Party; also Cpls. Barber, Bond, Brown, Davidson, Gordon; L./Cpls. Thouless, Blackhall, Kerr, and Ptes. Fordyce, Gill, Hammond, MacGillivray, McCall, Paterson and Sturton. We wish those that remain behind the best of luck and good fortune in civilian life.

On 15th October, 1955, the Company arrived in Cyprus in various Hastings aircraft flights which were of interest to those who genuinely were 'in the air' for the first time, and which produced no hair raising moments, by courtesy of the R.A.F.

Our first Cyprus Camp for 15th and 16th October, 1955, was tented, pitched on parched earth near Nicosia, and known, amongst other things, as the C.B.S. Camp, the site being near the Cyprus Broadcasting Station. We left this Camp with no regrets, on 16th October, 1955, and moved to our present location near Lefka on the North West Coast of the Island. Our new Camp was, on arrival, similar to a ploughed field, but on this we erected our tents, and made our home, and with the great assistance of 30th Field Squadron Royal Engineers and Cyprus Mines Corporation, near whose factory we are situated, we are now comparatively well off, although still tented, but having light and water.

The Company was very understrength on arrival in the country, and since it did not seem likely that the Anti-Tank Platoon would be required as such in Cyprus,



Sgt. Parnel giving instruction to N.C.O.s on the use of the Dye-Sprayer.

and the guns had been left in Edinburgh, this platoon was disbanded and its members posted to other platoons of the Company. We were kept extremely busy, acting as a rifle company and being expected soon to also train our raw members in their specialist weapons. So far we have undoubtedly formed the Battalion shock action troops. On 28th October, 1955, this involved dispersing a crowd of rioters in a nearby town, when it became necessary to dispose of a riot ringleader. Unfortunately on this occasion a grenade was thrown at us, which damaged Ptes. Wood, Buchan and Smith '94. Pte. Wood spent three weeks in hospital and is now back with us pioneering and visiting Beirut. Ptes. Buchan and Smith '94 of "D" Company were flown home to recuperate and we hope they will soon be fully recovered.

On 19th November, 1955, the Company disbanded another riot in a nearby town, with great success, and there were no casualties apart from a number of baton bruises in the opposing forces, and Pte. Kennedy who got a "stone in the eye" and four stitches to keep him together. The rest of our time is spent in escorts, patrolling, police station duties, guards and the improvement of the Camp, and time passes very rapidly. A week was spent in the hills by Mount Olympus at 4,300 feet in rain and snow on Company Detachment, and we were glad to return to the low ground, the Battalion, and warmth.

Since our arrival in Cyprus we have welcomed the following into the Company:—Major J. Neish; 2/Lieut. A. J. Henderson; Sgts. Gordon and Skene; Cpl. Boyd; Ptes. Cooney, Potter, Thomas, Ross '61, and Hunter.

### SIGNAL PLATOON

By good fortune the Battalion's move to Cyprus came at a very fortuitous time for the Signal Platoon. On 14th October we were a fully trained platoon resigned to the life of the inevitable Redford fatigues during the winter. Fortunately we were saved and on arrival in Cyprus were immediately ready to organise communications so vital in our role of internal security. We now run a twenty-four hours H.F. net to the detached Companies, a Camp telephone exchange with twenty-six subscribers – not to speak of the frequent requirements for a Battalion net for specific operations.

Several of our members have successfully accomplished a two weeks morse course in Nicosia and we are now able to run a morse net. This has greatly helped the nocturnal communications and had added considerably to the interest of wireless operating.

Congratulations go to Cpls. Taylor, Chester, Donald

and Reid, and to L./Cpls. Badger, Rennie and McKenzie on their recent promotions.

An interesting aspect of duplicating communications has arisen in Cyprus during the past three months. The following means of communications exist between ourselves and Nicosia. Discounting the G.P.O. and a private wire direct to Cyprus district, there is the normal Brigade Rear Link, another set working to all other units on the island, a V.H.F. set linking all military area commanders, another linking all police area commanders and if that were not enough we are expecting a teleprinter to be installed at any minute. The old excuse of helio days – "Dammit the sun's gone in" – just doesn't hold water any more.

Our farewells this quarter have been mercifully few, we wish Cpls. Barber and Bond success in civilian life and hope to see Ptes. Gill and Downie in the near future as soon as they can persuade the medical authorities to allow them to rejoin us. Our congratulations go to Sgt. Davidson on his recent appointment and reluctant return to duty and wish him well in his new job as rifle platoon sergeant.

### DRUMS AND PIPES

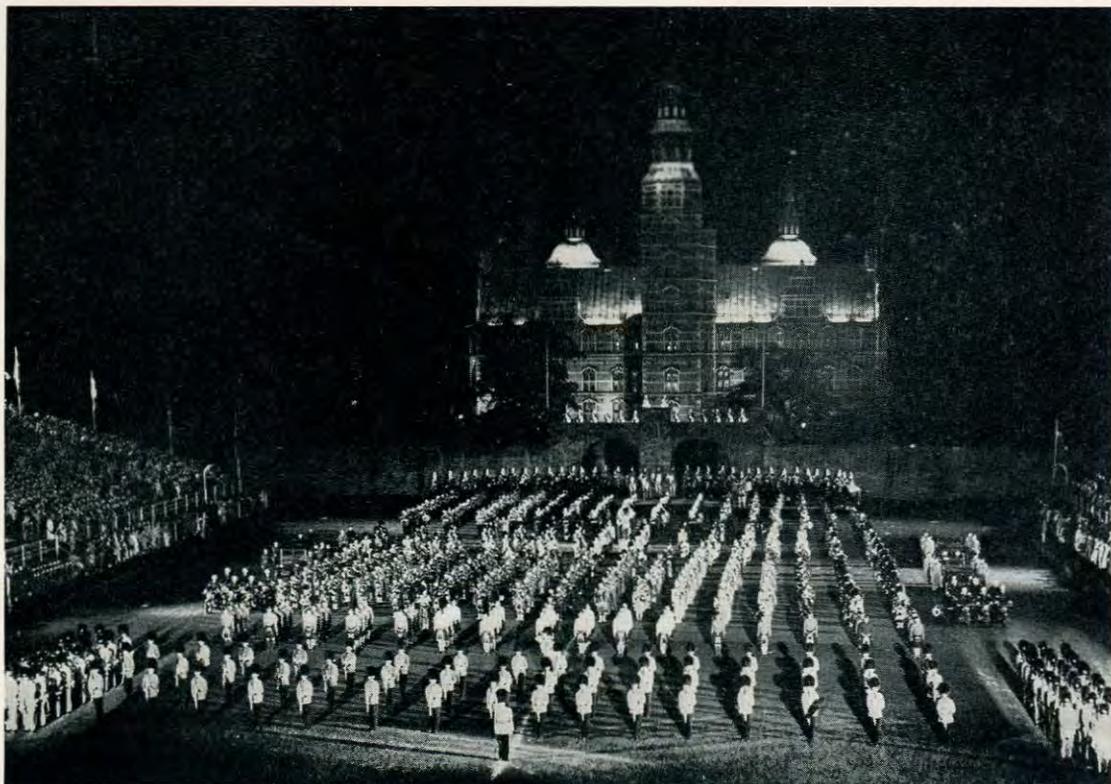
Our last notes left us busily practising for the Edinburgh Tattoo, to the distraction of the other residents of Redford and Dreghorn.

The Tattoo itself was covered in a later article in the last issue. It will therefore suffice to say that our experiences as "the core" of the 'Commonwealth' Pipe Band are some that we will not forget for many a long day. Indeed it is likely to be a considerable time before we have another opportunity of playing in such distinguished company as that which included members of the 1st and 2nd Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, the 8th Punjab Regiment, The Brigade of Gurkhas and units from Rhodesia, New Zealand and Australia, together with our friends from Ireland.

Our liaison with the comparatively recently-formed Pipe Band of The Royal Scots Greys was a memorable occasion and a fitting revival of the traditional association of the Regiment. It is our regret that we were not able to hear the broadcast of the combined recording made for the B.B.C.

It was still in the same distinguished company, with a few subtractions and additions, that we found ourselves en route for Denmark and the British Military Tattoo, Copenhagen. This again is being separately dealt with in this issue, so we will content ourselves with a few observations from over and round the Drums and between the Drones. A very pleasant sea voyage by civilian ship was marred only by a few kit inspections in the Drum Section and the fact that reports of L./Cpl. Jarvie's aversion to greasy kippers were proved to be unreliable. On arrival we found very adequate accommodation laid on next door to the International Stadium and plenty of work ahead, which included TV. engagements, a live broadcast and playing at the Scotland v. Denmark football match. For this latter event was produced a particularly select band consisting mostly of Gordons and George Young supporters. The hospitality, as we found during our too short stay, was overwhelming. For confirmation of this one has only to ask Drummers Robertson '74 and "Chiefy" McLaren. Everywhere we went the Regiment had a great and admiring reception; so much so that there were many sad hearts at parting time – not excluding that of one Piper "Lester" Riley.

The sea trip back was unfortunately not so smooth, and at breakfast after a rough night there were a few European-hued faces amongst our Pakistani friends. However, those who had qualms were soon restored and we finally reached Edinburgh once more in good order.



COPENHAGEN TATTOO—GRAND FINALE

Meantime, as we knew, the Battalion had "upped sticks" and moved to Cyprus in a hurry. We need not, however, have been in doubt about the leave — well-earned, though we say it ourselves — that we had been promised. All was arranged for a ten day spell of relaxation for all except those who chose to employ this time in tying the nuptial knot. The Pipe Band offer their congratulations and best wishes on this account to Cpl. Bob Wray and Piper Ron Dickie. We have already mentioned the loss of Pipers Fraser and Craig. We must also bid farewell and wish good hunting in 'civvie street' to all those who were either left behind or have since departed, including L./Cpls. John Moore and Jeff Harrison and Drummers Joe Robertson, 'Tosh' McIntosh, Jim Strachan and 'G Paydi' Kerr. Ours is now the sorry task of trying to fill the gaps in the ranks.

On arrival at Nicosia Airport, Cyprus, we found ourselves met by C.S.M. Dunbar and a well-armed escort, who brought us to Xeros where we are now located. Here we are under canvas, including the Band Stores, but have managed to settle in well despite the frequent cloudbursts that turn the entire area into a quagmire. Our roles, due to the fact that the Battalion is heavily committed, have been almost anything but musical. We provide I.A. Platoons, highly mobile, under the Drum Major as Platoon Sergeant with the Pipe Major as Riot Diarist. We provide escorts to ration convoys and V.I.Ps. We have cordoned villages, guarded airstrips, carried out searches, marched or rather tumbled across mountainous country in pitch darkness — and, of course, spent a great deal of time making roads and ditches and dumping concrete slabs as our contribution towards the

construction of the camp. As we are usually called away in the middle by some alarm or excursion or other this latter task is never finished.

Despite this we dried out our Number 1 dress recently and managed to play Retreat during a Sunday afternoon in the Turkish villages of Lefka and Elea. In the latter village the Mukhtar, or headman, had us entertained to a slap-up feed and refreshments, in return for which the Pipe Major gave a selection outside the village cafe, which was well received.

In conclusion we offer our congratulations to the Drum Major on his promotion to W.O.II, say farewell to Sgt. Symon who has left us for mountain duty with "C" Company, and extend our condolences to Drummer 'Sparkie' Thomas who is somewhat reluctantly helping out as Resident Camp Electrician pending the arrival of one more expert in fusing lights.

#### OFFICERS' MESS

This finds us in Xeros, North West Cyprus, after a very hurried move from Edinburgh in October. Our Camp is near the Cyprus Mines Corporation, to whom we owe a very great debt of thanks for their kindness. Nothing has been too much trouble to them, and every assistance has been given us in settling in, from the provision of electric light to the use of their shower baths.

Our first Mess was a tented one, but we have lately graduated to a "Cyprus Hut" which is a long narrow corrugated iron building, lined with plaster boarding. Ante Room, Dining Room and Kitchen are under one roof, and cooking (by diesel stove) provides a vociferous background for the preparation of Gordon Duncan's

Pimms No. 1. The "usual offices" are constructed on the best principles, and would I am sure, meet the approval of the "Specialist". Very great credit is due to our Mess staff for their work in settling us in, ably led by Sgt. Symon, and Cpl. Norman, and our cook Cpl. Smith.

We have been very well entertained by our friends in the C.M.C., who have made us members of their Club at Kouriotissa. To celebrate the opening of the new Mess, we gave a party in November, which was voted a great success. We also had a party on Boxing Day, to return, in some measure, the abundant hospitality we have enjoyed here. During December we were visited by the officers of H.M.S. *Daring*, who had lunch in the Mess. Later, a party from the Battalion went to sea on H.M.S. *Daring* to witness a Naval Bombardment. The officers of H.M. Minesweeper *Floriston* have also called. The New Year was taken in the traditional manner in the Sergeants' Mess, and on New Year's day we had the Officers v. Sergeants football match. In spite of some pretty work by the Second-in-Command we lost the match. Later we entertained the Sergeants in the Mess.

During the quarter, we have said farewell to our popular P.M.C., Bunny Walford, who has been temporarily down-graded. Brian Hay has gone to the 4/7th in Aberdeen, whilst Dick Burge has left for Staff College. We welcome Ranald Ogilvy from the 4/7th, David Cooper (N.S.) from the Depot, and Ian Scott Hyde from the Argylls. The "leave season" has begun, Mike Wolfe Murray, Reg Wilkinson and Derek Brown have flown home. George Elsmie has also gone on leave prior to attending the S.O.S. Sport, owing to certain local proclivities, has been limited, although George Elsmie and David Saunders have managed to get out quite a lot on the local golf course at Pendency. A fair amount of bridge has been played in the homes of our C.M.C. hosts.

Charlie and Dog Companies have been living in the comparative comfort of requisitioned hotels in the Troodos Hills, so our Mess strength is down a bit. Our list of honorary members includes Jim Rutherford, the district officer of Lefka, who is a son-in-law of Colonel Stitt's. We have nightly shows in the camp cinema, and have had two C.S.E.U. "Leg" shows in the cinema at Lefka, nearby.

### SERGEANTS' MESS

In the past it has been no uncommon thing to find that well worn phrase "A great many changes have taken place . . ." occurring somewhere in the first paragraph or so of these illuminating, and I hope widely read accounts of life in the *haute monde*. This being so your scribe hardly dares fall back on this staunch companion of the past, but were he to do so how true it would be.

The greatest change which has taken place in our way of life since last we delighted our readers with a feast of reason and a flow of soul is one so great that not even anyone who sleeps as much as Tony "F.F." Dow could easily overlook. I refer, of course, to our change of Station. I doubt very much whether even our most blatant optimist would readily describe it as a change for the better, and the memory of the remark "Roll on the Boat" made by so many of us each time yet another Quarter Guard reared its ugly head, accords ill with the pungent remarks first passed when first choked with dust and then soaked with rain we deliver ourselves of the opinion that the trouble with this particular far flung outpost of the Empire is that it hasn't been flung far enough. However, that was in the early days and things appear far less horrid now, which just goes to show you can get used to anything.

Other changes in the Mess, are of course, concerned with the comings and goings of the members thereof

and there is no doubt that all of us felt deep regret that the circumstances of our move compelled us to let R.S.M. 'Dod' Michie slip away from us without the rousing "Farewell" which was his undoubted due. Mention will doubtless be made elsewhere in this journal of the sterling service he gave to the Battalion as a whole and it remains to us only to say how much we shall miss him and Mrs. Michie in the Mess, not merely for all they did for us but for the grand people they are, and they may be assured that the good wishes of every Mess Member will be with them in their new post with the 5/6th and wherever else fate may chance to send them.

In addition to being unable to mark the departure of Mr. Michie in a fitting manner we were also robbed, due to the regrettable impetuosity of the War Lords, of the opportunity to perform a similar service for Bandmaster Billy Williams, who, as everyone will know, has gone to form a bigger, if not better, band for the Highland Brigade. Had this function taken place there can be no doubt that it would have echoed down the years and been a party spoken of with bated breath for a long time to come. However, things being as they are, we must content ourselves with using cold print as our medium for congratulating Billy on his appointment and proffering our very best wishes to him and Mrs. Williams for the future. We shall miss them both sadly.

However, though nothing in the way of a Mess function was possible, one could trust these two stalwarts to dream up something to mark such an unusual event as their dual departures and by all accounts they fairly succeeded. The whole idea, it seems stemmed from the query which arose over the disposal of sundry half-empty bottles which, despite the earnest endeavours to the contrary of the members of the advance and main parties, remained behind the bar after their departure. All these bottles these worthy W.Os. collected along with such members of the Mess as they could find and repaired to Billy's house. Here, like two of the three witches in 'Macbeth' they poured the lot into one of Mrs. Williams's baking bowls and stirred, muttering alternate Welsh and Gaelic incantations the while. Then, undeterred by the fact that the enamel was already melting from the sides of the bowl, they spooned it out to their eager guests. Our special correspondent's account becomes a little vague at this juncture, but one thing that sticks in his mind is a brave, but unfortunately vain, attempt on the part of Mrs. Michie to hocus the R.Qs. dollop of hooch with Syrup of Figs. Personally, I'd have preferred this comparatively harmless fluid to the aforementioned hellbrew but R.Qs. are made of sterner stuff, and George, rejecting it with a scornful glance called for yet another helping of that wonderful new cocktail, 'Michie's Marvel.'

Sad though we were to see George go from us, we were happy to have back in his place R.S.M. Dawson, who we all know either from the Depot or from Malaya, and all of us are united in the hope that his stay with us will be long and happy. We have also to welcome to the Mess, and congratulate on their promotion, Sgts. Bird, Davidson, Firth, Cossar and Potter, who've helped fill the gaps left by such old friends as 'Snowy' Snowdon and Arthur Heffren, and incidentally, the last named must surely be married now, if there's any justice in the land that is. Congratulations on promotion are also due and right willingly given to C.S.M. Les Dunn and to C./Sgt. Dick Kent.

Despite the unprepossessing circumstances in which we so suddenly found ourselves the social side of our life in the Mess has by no means been as barren as one would suppose. Shortly after our arrival at Xeros we were happy to have the company of some of the Officers to help us celebrate 'Dargai Day' and though it wasn't

quite such a sumptuous affair as we're accustomed to at least it was something for this day of days. Fairly shortly afterwards we were at it again, this time to say 'Good bye' to our Engineer friends who made themselves so much a part of the Mess during their all too short stay and who also earned our gratitude for the erection of our New Mess into which we thankfully moved from our rather leaky tent.

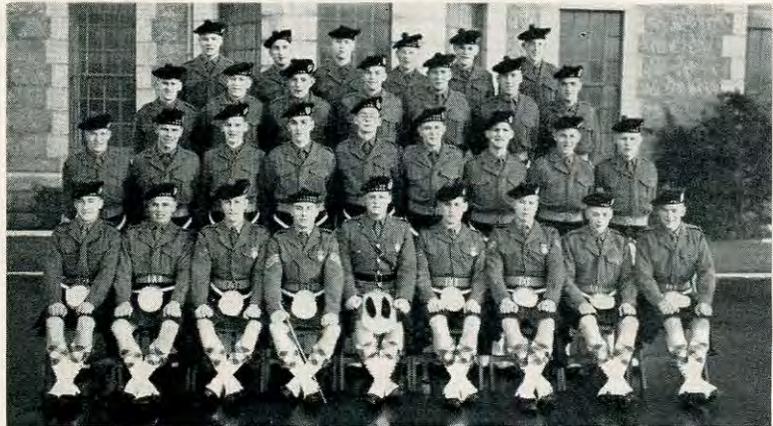
Having got ourselves sorted out and settled down in civilised surroundings of our Cyprus Hut a house-warming party was obviously the order of the day and so on Saturday, 17th December, we were very glad to bring into our midst for a short time many of the staff of

the Cyprus Mining Corporation and their wives, who have placed us deeply in debt with their untold generosity and hospitality. Left out, unfortunately, to a great extent from these mild revels were our members from "C" and "D" Companies who have gone up the hill to play with the Commandos, and who, so rumour has it, have spent so much time on operations that they've not yet had time to find where their respective Messes are situated. Christmas passed us by fairly quietly but as we go to Press New Year is at hand and I shall leave you in peace for yet another quarter pausing only to offer, on behalf of the Mess, best wishes to one and all for the coming Year.

## Depot

At the time of writing, the depot is once again blanketed in snow, and we have settled down to the usual North Eastern winter. So far the weather has not seriously curtailed the training programme and there have been two passing-out parades since our last issue.

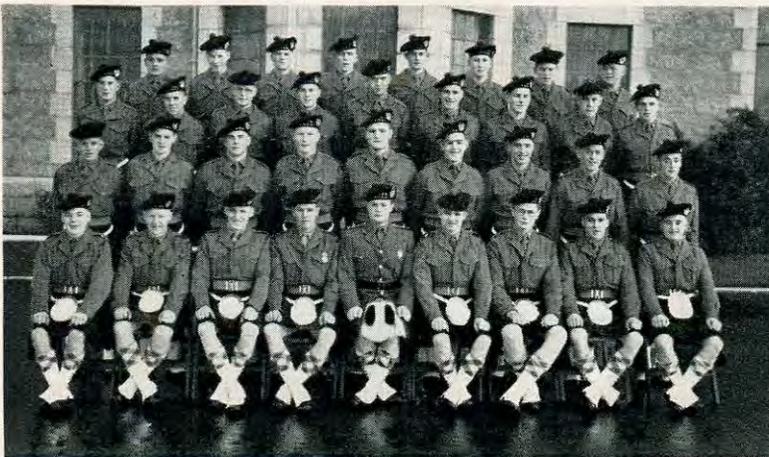
The first parade was taken by Major R. Ogilvie on 11th November and the two platoons, Almaraz and Vittoria were commanded by Lieut. C. J. D. Gordon-Steward. The Champion recruit was Pte. R. Mitchell who lives in Aberdeen and the best shot was Pte. J. Peter who comes from Balmoral. The second passing-out parade was that of Nives and Orthes platoon and was taken by Major F. G. E. Walford, M.B.E., on 23rd December. The platoons were commanded by Lieut. M. A. Avery. The champion recruit was Pte. A. Duncan who lives in Aber-



(Aberdeen Photographic Service Ltd.)

### ORTHES PLATOON

13th OCTOBER—24th DECEMBER, 1955



(Aberdeen Photographic Service Ltd.)

### NIVES PLATOON

13th OCTOBER—24th DECEMBER, 1955

deen and the best shot was Pte. McInnes who comes from Glasgow.

The most important events have been the despatch of two drafts of recruits to the 1st Battalion in Cyprus. The first one flew over on 28th December, and the second on 4th January. We wish them every success in "EOKA," stalking, and trust that they are experiencing warmer weather than we are here.

The latest innovation at the Depot has been the building of a new cinema. This has been undertaken and designed by the Commanding Officer, and built by our own men. It is rapidly taking shape, and should be ready for opening in the near future. It looks most impressive, and will be a great asset to those living within the barracks.

On the sporting side our football team has been playing



Sgt. Fullard, Cape Town Highlanders.

quite well, and has gained a fair position in the local league. Our Rucker team which has recently been formed, has won four out of the five matches to date.

We were very pleased to see Sgt. Fullard of The Cape Town Highlanders who came over to this country to spend Hogmanay at the Depot. We hope he enjoyed his visit as much as we enjoyed having him. We gather that he spent a very lively week-end in the Sgts. Mess. *Marriages.* Sgt. P. Cameron to Annie Hanes at Edinburgh on 1st October, 1955.

Cpl. G. Irvine to Margaret Johnson at Aberdeen on 12th December, 1955.

*Births.* To Pte. A. Sangster a daughter, Dorothy Margaret. To Cpl. A. West a son William.

We have said goodbye to Sgt. G. Rose who went to Oxford University O.T.C.

We welcome Cpls. C. Fraser and D. Gordon and Pte. W. Forsyth all from 1st Gordons, R.S.M. W. Strachan from 5th/6th Gordons T.A., Keith and Sgt. J. McPhail from B.A.O.R.

We congratulate the following on their promotion:—A./Sgts. J. Somers, J. Donald and W. Barnes to Sub. Sgts. ; L./Cpl. K. Mowbray to A./Cpl. ; Pte. G. Brooks to A./L./Cpl.

We wish the following who have left the army every success in civilian life:—Sgt. W. Barnes, Cpl. W. Howitt, Cpl. N. Marnoch, L./Cpl. J. Williams, Pte. R. Fraser, and Pte. A. Conway.

#### Q.M.'s. DEPARTMENT

Since our last notes we have had to bid "farewell" to Major R. W. Macdonald, M.B.E., who retired after thirty-six years service in the Regiment. Our old Q.M. and his father (who was also a Q.M. in the first World War) had a total of just over seventy-two years service

between them in the Gordon Highlanders! Quite a record don't you think?

We were all very disappointed at not being able to carry out our pre-arranged plan of giving the Major a really good send off, but unfortunately this couldn't be done owing to his bad health at the time, this being most unfortunate after having served such a long time in the Army. We have since heard that he has completely recovered from his operation; so we take this opportunity of wishing him every success in civilian life and will be looking forward to a visit in the near future.

We welcome Capt. F. Kernohan as our new Quartermaster and may his stay be a long and happy one.

We also welcome Sgt. (Jock) McPhail who has taken over the duties of Accommodation Sgt. from R.Q.M.S. G. Morrison.

Our best wishes go to R.Q.M.S. (Shorty) Morrison for every success in his new job with the Federation Forces in Malaya.

Sgt. A. Varley has returned to us from Japan and joined Sgt. Ewen and Pte. Starr in the Tailor Shop; to have two Master Tailor Sergeants in the Shop at the same time is a rare luxury, and it is a long time since the Depot personnel were so well dressed.

Having survived the Festive Season without any serious mishap we now have our nose to the grindstone preparatory to the G.O.C.'s. Admin Inspection.

Before we forget we would like to congratulate Sgt. Charlie Shand and his cooks for a really first-class New Year's Dinner, it must have entailed a lot of hard work. Thanks also to Charlie Shand Junior who provided the music on his radiogram, both before and during the dinner. The selection of records were undoubtedly of his father's choice as there was a strong mixture of 'Corn-Kisters.'

We will finally round off by congratulating C./Sgt. (Bill) Morrison on his well deserved promotion to the rank of R.Q.M.S.

#### REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

The most notable addition to the exhibits are the Colours of the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment which, by the kindness of the Provost and Council of the City of Stirling, were recently returned to the Regiment.

At a brief ceremony in Stirling on 19th December the Colours were received from the Provost by Colonel W. Drummond, C.B.E., M.C., D.L., on behalf of the Regiment. He, in turn, handed them to Major B. C. A. Napier, M.B.E., M.C., for safe keeping at the Depot. There were also present Colonel C. M. Usher, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Lieut. C. J. D. Gordon Stewart. The party was entertained to dinner by the Provost and Council.

The following historical note prepared for the Press may be of interest to readers. For their age and service the Colours are well preserved on net, but it has been impossible to get a photograph suitable for reproduction.

In 1787 Colonel Robert Abercromby of Tullibody was appointed Colonel of a regiment to be raised in the north of Scotland. It was designated The 75th Highlanders, embodied at Stirling the following year, and immediately proceeded to India where it remained on service until 1806.

Soon after its return home it was found, owing to over-recruitment, impossible to retain its Scottish, let alone Highland, character and in 1809 it became a regiment of the line, the 75th Foot. As such it served with distinction in the Kaffir War of 1835 and the Indian Mutiny. In 1863 it became the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment and under the Cardwell reforms of 1881 was amalgamated with the 92nd Highlanders to become the 1st Bn, Gordon Highlanders.

The Colours which have now returned to the Regiment have been in Stirling Town Hall since 1863. Writing in October of that year to the authorities at Stirling, Colonel Radcliffe said that it was the intention of the officers to erect in the City of Stirling a monument to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment who fell during the Indian Mutiny in the suppression of which the regiment bore a distinguished part. A monument was accordingly erected on a commanding site in the cemetery to the memory of ten officers, thirteen sergeants, nine corporals, three drummers, and two hundred and sixteen private soldiers who fell during the Mutiny. Continuing, Colonel Radcliffe said "The 75th Regt. was raised in Stirling in 1787, and has lately by Her Most Gracious Majesty's permission been named the Stirlingshire Regiment; and in wishing to have this monument erected in Stirling the officers are desirous to establish a connection between the regiment and county the name of which it bears.

"I beg also to offer you the old colours of the Regiment, which were borne with it throughout the Indian Mutiny."

The following Honours are borne on the Regimental Colour:—

<i>Distinction</i>	<i>For what services granted</i>	<i>Date of Grant</i>
Seringapatam	Siege and capture of Seringapatam	1799—1818
India (with Royal Tiger)	Services in India, 1788—1806	— 1807
Delhi	Seige and capture of Delhi, 1857	— 1863
Lucknow	Relief of Lucknow, 1857	— 1863

Other interesting additions are:—

The uniform of Thomas Capel Loft who served in the 92nd from 1825—1831, presented by his great grandson, Mr. E. M. B. Loft of Barrow-in-Furness. The articles include Coatee, Kilt, Plaid, Sporrans, Cross belt and plate, Dirk belt and Sphinx badge.

Two officers sporran plates of date 1881 purchased at a recent sale are probably unique as collectors pieces. One is the 1st Battalion and the other 2nd Battalion pattern and both were worn for a short time only. They are of different sizes and though the design is similar the former has the Royal Tiger above the Sphinx and on the 2nd Battalion one this order is reversed.

## 5/6th Battalion Notes

The fog of uncertainty that has enveloped the position of the T.A. during the past few months, and the lack of specific information to meet the host of enquiries that have been forthcoming, have made the present a rather trying period for unit and sub-unit commanders responsible for guiding the machine along its course.

Assailed on every side by a barrage of questions from NSM and NSV, all, quite naturally, anxious to know how the new proposals in connection with their training will affect them, the Commanding Officer has taken the only sensible course in the circumstances by adopting a policy of "everything as before" until time disperses the mists.

Details of the drastic changes to be made in the T.A. are slowly beginning to filter through now, and it should not be long before a fairly clear picture will emerge that will enable us to effect as smooth a changeover as possible to the new role and responsibilities, thrust upon us by the changing and devastating pattern of modern warfare.

A glimpse into the tremendous problems to be faced in this atom and hydrogen age was given to the officers of the unit at a week-end training session organised by the Commanding Officer, and held at the Bridge of Don, Aberdeen, last November, while aspects of the new type warfare were further explored the following week by those of the Battalion Officers who were able to attend the Brigade Commander's Autumn week-end exercise in Inverness.

Combined with the week-end at Aberdeen were two very popular "Dinner Nights", the first with the 6th Gordons (Great Wars) Officers' Club, and the following evening as guests of our sister T.A. Battalion, the 4/7th.

At Keith on Remembrance Day, the usual parade of T.A. and other local bodies, under the command of the Adjutant, Captain J. Carmichael, marched to the War Memorial where a wreath was laid by the Commanding Officer on behalf of the unit. A pleasing feature of the parade on this occasion was the first appearance of the new W.R.A.C. Company established in the burgh, and occupying part of the T.A. building housing Battalion Headquarters.

A joint Christmas party for children, arranged by the Keith T.A. and W.R.A.C. personnel, held in the T.A.

Centre, proved an outstanding success with the Commanding Officer filling the role of Santa Claus.

### "A" COMPANY

After an association with the T.A. dating back to the late 1920s, a worthy veteran, Sgt. George Cormack has now retired — a decision that he took with a great deal of reluctance, for he is one of the dwindling number of pre-war volunteers imbued with the old T.A. spirit of desire to serve. His cheerful nature and witty cracks at annual camp during exercises will be missed, and we should like to take this opportunity of recording our sincere appreciation of his long years of service and our best wishes for his future well-being.

Another familiar figure in the Company is also likely to be leaving soon — C./Sgt. "Nobby" Clark, whose employment now takes him away to a lonely spot in Argyllshire. A staunch member of the Company since its rebirth in 1947, C./Sgt. Clark left us several months before last annual camp to take over the duties of C./Sgt. with Brigade Headquarters.

The spotlight seems to be on departure in these notes for our P.S.I. Sgt. Bright is shortly terminating his Regular Army service and returning to civilian life with well laid plans of setting up business on his own account.

Badminton is still in a flourishing state in the T.A. Centre, Buckie. Existence of a club there has already had one notable success — the enticing of one pre-war volunteer back into the fold again. He is Pte. 'Dicky' Brown.

### "B" COMPANY

The quiet quarter has come round once more and the winter's snow, piling up high outside the Drill Hall, is making attendance difficult for the members living in the country districts.

While training is at present on a limited scale, the social programme has kept us busy. Badminton, .22 shooting, and dart competitions are the main pre-occupations, while the canteen has seen many rollicking evenings.

Sgt. Christie, our very efficient and popular P.S.I. for the past two years, has now left us to rejoin the 1st Battalion. We take this opportunity of thanking him

again for his work and offering our best wishes for his future.

To Sgt. Brown, who has taken over as our new P.S.I., we extend a very hearty welcome to the Company. The inconvenience of having the P.S.I. domiciled at Ellon and travelling to Peterhead daily has now been overcome, for Sgt. Brown will be housed in Peterhead; an arrangement which will benefit all concerned.

Already Sgt. Brown has imposed his character on the Company office - now considerably brightened by a display of Gordon tartan cloth.

Whether or not the weather is responsible, there have been no marriages or births to boost the local vital statistics.

#### "C" COMPANY

Although the future strength of the Company is uncertain, as a result of the impending drastic changes in the structure of the T.A., we are nevertheless hopeful of having a sound nucleus of volunteers who will continue to maintain the efficiency and comradeship of the Company.

Since our last notes we have said good-bye to Sgt. Paterson who has emigrated to Australia to embark on a new career there. The staunch support has also been lost of Cpl. R. Ingram who has taken on other responsibilities in the matrimonial field.

Congratulations to Cpls. Ingram, Scorgie, Murison and Duguid on their elevation to Corporal, and to L/Cpls. Anderson, McKenzie and Hamilton on their promotion.

Biggest social event of the quarter was a very successful Dinner and Dance held in the late autumn, at which the Commanding Officer and Captain B. Catto, Officer Commanding "B" Company, and their wives, were present. We were also delighted to entertain such a large party from Keith, and to dance once more to the music squeezed out by the Pipe Major.

#### "D" COMPANY

The weekly training during the past quarter has been well attended, and .22 shooting practice has led to the

discovery of new members of the Company who may find a place in the shooting team.

The Sunday social evenings are proving a great success, while Darts have come into prominence since the launching of the new Inter-Company competition.

The Children's Christmas Party was again a very successful event. All arrangements for the occasion were carried out by C./Sgt. Lovie, ably assisted by his good lady, who, in addition to supervising the preparation of the tables, provided home-made Christmas fare.

Over forty children were entertained to a conjuring show and games, and later each received a gift from Santa Claus.

#### SUPPORT COMPANY

Readers of this magazine may be delighted or alarmed to learn, that despite a lengthy silence on these pages, Support Company does still exist. The period since Camp has seen little activity, but with the New Year behind us, we are about to embark upon our training programme. Much to the C./Sgt's consternation, the Company's battle dresses are being slowly but surely worn away on the coconut matting of the .22 range, in a desperate attempt to produce a good result in the Highland District .22 shoot. We also intend to spend several week-ends in the hills, training in snow and mountain warfare, and in what we bashfully term guerilla warfare. Since the "powers that be" seem to have written us off as soup kitchen administrators, civil defence, and a front line Home Guard, there seems to be little else to do.

A thoroughly first-rate party was held at Alford as usual. Little more can be said about it, for the winter's perceptive powers, after about 10 p.m., we were lost in a fog of alcoholic fumes. We are indeed sorry to see C./Sgt. Hall leave the Company, and wish him well in his married state. At the same time we heartily congratulate Sgt. Sim on his promotion to C./Sgt.

#### BRITISH WAR CEMETERY AT ANZIO

The following letter was received some time ago by the 1st Battalion:—

Rome,  
21st May, 1954.

Sirs,

I happened to visit the War Cemetery near Anzio and my eyes did first fall (all near) on the names of boys belonging to your Regiment. I suppose it is Scottish and I have happy memories of the Edinburgh Festival, and country and the peoples being so fine and kind. I said prayers for all the soldiers and I ask you, if you wish and can, to tell the families of the following that the place is beautiful, the graves well cared and I put flowers on them. I am an Italian middle-aged teacher (woman),

no name necessary lest you believe I could want anything; just gratitude, admiration and pity for the Braves who died in young age for us all.

Private J. G. R. Clark 2890339 } 27/1/44  
" E. Brammer, M.M. 3602293 }

" F. Adamthwaite 3320151 } 4/2/44  
Sergeant G. K. Cormack 2874996 }

Private J. W. Elliott 14540963 21/2/44

May our soil, sky and sea be light on them and give consolation.

Yours sincerely,

## The Queen's Own Cape Town Highlanders

### GENERAL

As usual there was a slight easing-off during the post-training camp period when it has mainly been a case of make-and-mend. On 5th November the Battalion held its annual route march, this year the route being to Green Point and then back along the foreshore. The weather was kind, the Band used up large quantities of air and everyone enjoyed the march.

On 28th November we were happy to share in the

centenary celebrations of our sister infantry regiment in the city, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Rifles.

The fate of the Currie Cup was settled on 3rd December when H.Q. Company won the trophy with a score of 504, Support Company was 2nd with 436, "B" Company 3rd with 415 and "A" Company with 374. Rfn. Higgens put up the highest score of 78, possible 84. At the same time the W.O.s. and Sgts. settled the Mackie Cup which was won by R.S.M. S. F. Schwormstedt with 94, possible 105.



**CURRIE CUP WINNERS, 1955**

Left to right: Piper Wallach, Major W. A. Weekes, Rfn. B. Higgens, R.S.M. S. F. Schwormstedt, Lieut. C. C. C. Albertyn, Major J. W. Fort (Coy. Cmdr.).

Kneeling, left to right: L/Cpl. Crook and Rfn. Ellis.

Sgt. Lisle followed with 87 and W.O.II N. Wrangmore, B.E.M., and Sgts. Clausen and Rynhoud tied for 3rd place with 86.

On 22nd December we were proud to be allocated the Guard of Honour for the return of His Excellency, the Governor-General, to Cape Town. The Guard was commanded by Capt. G. P. Forsyth, Guard Subaltern was Lieut. E. P. Forsyth and the Guard Sgt./Major W.O.I S. F. Schwormstedt, C.S.M. N. Wrangmore, B.E.M., also paraded.

#### OFFICERS' MESS

This quarter included the centenary celebrations of the Dukes at which numerous officers of the Regiment were present to pay their respects. These celebrations included a well carried out Trooping of the Colours on 10th October at Wynberg Camp and a Civic Ball on 2nd December.

On 19th December the customary cake cutting took place in the Mess when the Hon. Colonel, Colonel H. J. C. Stephan, officers and Regimental Trustees gathered for a short while in the Mess to wish each other well for the festive season. The cake, organised as usual by the worthy Lyell Williams, was admirable, as your scribe, who has a very sweet tooth, will bear witness.

Quite a spate of hatches have occurred during the quarter and congratulations go to:—Commandant and Mrs. G. W. Thomas – daughter Wendy on 27th October; Lieut. and Mrs. W. G. Hearn – daughter Glynis Ann on 12th November and Capt. and Mrs. G. P. Forsyth – daughter Ann on 23rd November.

#### SERGEANTS' MESS

The last quarter of 1955 was somewhat quiet by normal standards. The Regimental Association's annual El Alamein dinner held in October, was well supported by members of the mess and proved to be an even greater success than usual. This "do" was followed a few nights later by a smoker of the combined Mess of the Cape Field Artillery, the Dukes and ourselves. As the elite, we were the last to arrive at the venue (the Artillery Mess)

having "marched" from our own Mess led by Pipe Major Marwick. Amid friendly rivalry a most pleasant evening ensued, "Pipes" upholding the honour of the Mess by his musical renderings of "Suikerbossie" and the latest hit tunes as well as the inevitable "Cock of the North." The Mess ran out of Scotch and the evening ended with a promise of heavy heads in the morning.

The afternoon of Guy Fawkes day was spent in a route march which, at times, was reminiscent of a mortar bombardment as was the smoke laden atmosphere of the Mess later.

Whilst on the subject of gun-fire, it is meet to record here that R.S.M. Schwormstedt again walked off with the Mackie Cup which is competed for annually to establish the best shot in the Mess. C.S.M. Kahn was awarded the wooden spoon for the best loser – he insists he is really a bren gunner!

We congratulate Sgt. Meeser on his promotion and trust that he will be as devoted to the Mess as he has been to the drums and bugles of the Battalion. We have heard that both C.S.M. Hendricks and Sgt. Smith are to enlarge their families by a set of twins in each case. "Shorty" Hendricks assures us that, in his case, this is based on a scientific fact, viz., the considerable consumption of tomatoes in his household. Sgt. Smith's forecast is based on some equally substantial evidence! What bets on the results?

#### RIFLE CLUB

Another year's shooting has closed and generally speaking it has been a very pleasant and successful one. There is something about Club shooting, or it may be the Club itself, which brings out an individual interest in the shooting ability of other members, irrespective of rank and seems to promote a common bond which is carried over into other spheres of army life throughout the year, without adverse effects.

The presentation of trophies will be held over for the first Battalion parade in January, but all the results are to hand so here they are:—

*Patterson Cup* for Gold Cup practices was won by Sgt. W. Smith. He is one of those gentlemen who can fire once a year and equal the score of a seasoned shot, but we hope, in future, his interest in the race course will not be greater than that of the range.

*Jardine Cup* – 900 and 1,000 yards – was taken off by Rfn. B. Higgens. The individual performances in this event were exceptional bearing in mind that such long range shoots are few and far between, and not forgetting the "tragedy" of last year's effort when all the "aids" failed to help some of the competitors to find the target.

*Lipman and Silverman Cup* – field event – won by Rfn. B. Higgens. Apparently good shooting still counts for more than physical fitness as the 300 yards dash over rough ground proved that R.S.M. Schwormstedt, who came second, must be due for a pension. Some say that he used the road at the side of the range for his gallop, but whose rank would permit a query?

The remaining results are as follows:—

*Webb Cup* – straight shoot at 200, 500 and 600 – Rfn. B. Higgens.

*Cape Town Rifle Club Cup* – straight shoot 300, 500 and 600 – Sgt. H. Clausen.

*Gradner Cup* – handicap 200, 500 and 600 – Rfn. G. Murphy.

*Hare Cup* – handicap 200, 500 and 600 – Piper B. Ellis.

*Stuart Solomon Cup* – handicap 300, 500 and 600 – Piper B. Ellis.

*Grand Aggregate Cup* – Rfn. B. Higgens.

*McClellan Cup* – handicap 200, 500 and 600 – Rfn. G. Murphy.

We entered once more as members of the Cape

Peninsula Rifle League but, due to a new arrangement, we did not participate in any shoots so lets hope the Treasurer will not be held responsible for the ill-spent subscriptions. In one respect the League ceases to exist as such as it now caters more for the individual shotists than for teams, but this has not proved too happy a system generally so the New Year may see a return to the League as we knew it.

We extend a welcome to our latest member in the person of shy little Rfn. Georgie Murphy whose shooting promises to be of an increasingly high standard with additional experience. Congratulations to Rfn. B. Higgins who was once more the highest scorer in the Inter-Company Currie Cup shoot. If Rfn. Higgins persists in shooting as he does, in fairness to the other Club members, he will have to have a permanent handicap. Unfortunately Rfn. D. Doherty has not been available too often, having taken over a troop of boys as scout-master, but he is doing a fine job there so it is difficult to press too strongly for his presence.

#### LADIES' COMMITTEE

The stalwarts of the Ladies' Committee organised a Cake Stall for the annual fete of St. Andrew's Church and, with better support than usual from the Battalion, were able to hand over £10 to the Fete Committee. We of the serving Battalion are very appreciative to the Ladies' Committee for their efforts.

#### REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

The highlight of the Regimental Association's calendar is undoubtedly the Re-union Dinner held annually to coincide with the anniversary of the victory of El Alamein.

During the past two years it has been increasingly difficult to arrange a suitable venue as the smaller hotels have not the space to accommodate the numbers attending and the larger one are unwilling to cater for such a function on our chosen day, a Friday, as they are fully committed with their casual trade on that particular night of the week.

Sgt. Major Hendricks, with his usual flair for overcoming obstacles of this nature, soon routed out a firm of caterers who claimed that their organisation was such that they could serve a full meal in the middle of Adderley Street.

Our 1955 Dinner was held in the new Drill Hall and the caterers proved that their claim was no idle boast. The lack of kitchens, etc., in the Drill Hall daunted them not a scrap and one hundred and two members met on 21st October and joined in a memorable occasion.

During the year, members were privileged to hear three most interesting talks.

The story of how South Africa had, during the last war, supplied much of the equipment and manpower for the hazardous task of clearing harbours, raising sunken ships and all kinds of under-water salvage in the Mediterranean, was told by the man who thought up the idea, sold it to the British Army and Navy, negotiated with Field Marshal Smuts, and finally commanded the

unit whose work added materially to the final victory in that theatre. The Association is proud to have met and listened to the story of Commander Peter Keeble.

The other two speakers were from the sporting world – firstly, Colonel Frank Mellish, manager of the last South African Rugby touring team to visit Great Britain and, secondly, Jack Cheetham, captain of the South African cricket team who have recently returned from a tour of the United Kingdom.

Both speakers were warmly welcomed and their stories greatly enjoyed.

#### CORK AND SPORTS CLUB

This Club decided to take the accent off the cork and put it on the sport. As a result the first cricket match for many moons was organised against the Metal Box Company. The Club scored a magnificent 47 to which their opponents replied with over 200. Obviously the sport side is in need of some polishing.

The festive season proved as busy as usual with a host of engagements. The Club held its Christmas Tree for members' children, entertaining over two-hundred children on the 24th December. The same evening saw the members' Christmas dance which threw quite a strain on all concerned.

#### SNOOKER CLUB

The "A" team had a reasonably successful year and ended up third in its league. The "B" team was not so fortunate ending up in the same position but from the bottom of their log.

The Club's handicap tournament was played off on 6th December and was won by "Doc" Randall to whom congratulations. C. J. Nel was the runner-up and must also be congratulated on a very good show – snooker is not so easy to play with only one arm.

An enjoyable 'Smoker,' combined with the distribution of prizes, took place on 15th December and closed the year.

#### DARTS CLUB

Three teams were entered in the 1st, 3rd and 4th Divisions. The "A" and "B" teams finished up third from the bottom of their respective logs. The "C" team brought up the rear in the 4th Division and are likely to lose their status and become 1st team in the 5th Division. However, relegation will only be decided upon when the entries for next year are known.

The showing may not be too bright but we enjoy our games and keep trying.

The results of the Club championships are as follows:—

SINGLES:

*Winner:* Nicky Tesner. *Runner-up:* Bill Peters.

DOUBLES:

*Winners:* J. Whare and S. Haraldsen.

*Runners-up:* A. Karemacher and A. Karstens.

Congratulations to the winners and runners-up who received their prizes at an enjoyable Dance held on 10th December.

## Gordon Highlanders London Association - Annual Dinner & Re-Union

On Saturday, 29th October, 1955, at the Headquarters of the London Scottish, seventy-three members with four guests, met to hold their Annual Dinner and Re-union under the Presidency of Lieut.-Col. R. G. Lees, M.B.E. It was a most representative gathering, for it included Old Comrades of the campaigns from Dargai to the present-day, meeting to talk over old times and hear the experiences of new acquaintances.

In his address Lieut.-Col. Lees recited the aims of the Association, laying much stress on Benevolence and issuing an appeal to all present to do everything possible to assist him in raising a sum of money which would be substantial enough to enable him and his Committee to render the utmost assistance to old Gordons and their dependents who might solicit their help, or who were known to be in need.

The President then went on to give an outline of proposed future activities, one of which was received with much enthusiasm, and which, if it takes place, is already assured of success.

Continuing, the President expressed how much the Association were indebted to the London Scottish for granting them the use of these Headquarters. He said he was conscious of a deep sense of gratitude to "The Scottish" and hoped that their friendly and fraternal relationship would continue for many years.

In welcoming the guests Lieut.-Colonel Lees expressed much pleasure in having Major H. R. R. Attwooll, M.C., the London Scottish with them. He also expressed regret that the commanding officer Lieut.-Colonel D. Penman, T.D., was unable to be present as the result of a recent road accident and he wished Major Attwooll a happy term of duty when he took over Command on 1st November, 1955.

A hearty welcome was also extended to Representatives from the Depot and from the Perth Association.

In conclusion, the President expressed the opinion that this was the most successful Re-union the Association had held in London in recent years and urged members to make future Re-unions still greater successes.

Major Attwooll suitably replied for the guests and added that "The Scottish" were happy to have the Gordons' Association at "59."

Captain Curzon, the Gordons and Adjutant, the London Scottish gave us much information about the Regiment, a report to which all listened with great interest.

#### SOCIAL EVENING

On Saturday, 26th November, 1955, the London Association held a social evening at the Headquarters of the London Scottish. The Ladies' Committee, under Mrs. Lees arranged a most entertaining evening which was much enjoyed by all. A company of about sixty took part in games and dances and partook of light refreshments. Another such function is likely to be held in the near future. A vote of thanks to Mrs. Lees and her band of helpers was received with acclamation.

#### CHILDREN'S PARTY

Nearly sixty children – all Gordons – fairly enjoyed themselves at 59 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. on Saturday, 17th December, 1955. They had Clowns and the Pipers and Drummers of the London Scottish to entertain them before the climax was reached in the arrival of Santa Claus. The children played games and sang some carols and favourite choruses. Each received a gift from Santa "Reggie" and all had more than enough "eats" and "drinks" – there was quite a lot left over.

An encouraging feature of the gathering was the large turn-out of adults – there were more grown-ups than there were children. A grand afternoon and evening ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," three cheers for Mrs. Lees and Santa and the singing of one verse of the National Anthem.



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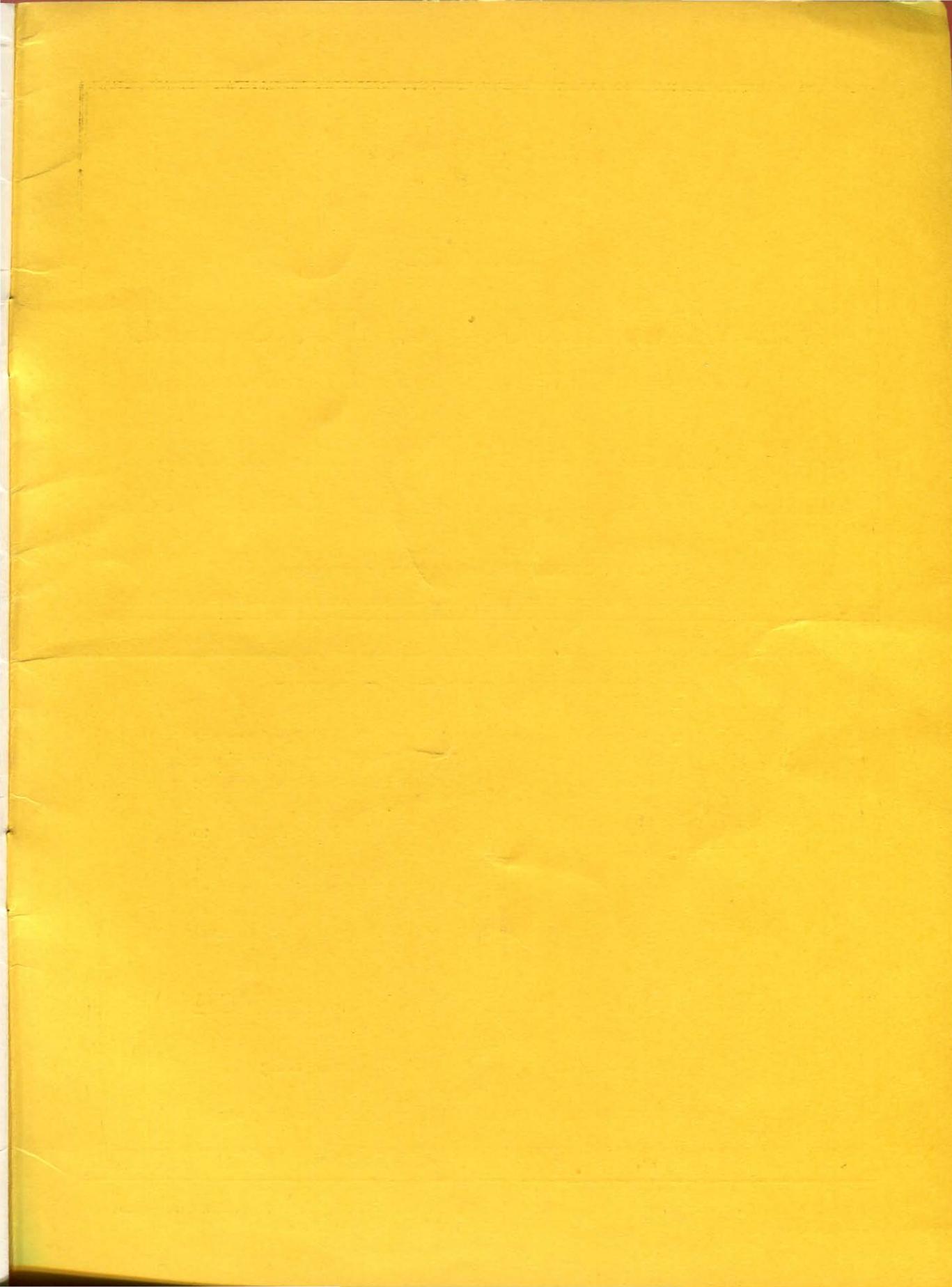
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