

THE FALCON

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This publication is issued under the authority of Lt.Col. G. A. Fraser, Commanding Officer of The 48th Highlanders of Canada. The contents of this publication have been edited and approved by Hon. Capt.R. K. Cameron, Padre of the 48th Highlanders of Canada.

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THE RESERVE ARMY:

Much adverse criticism has been directed toward the Reserve Army during the past few months. The men and women who serve in it, being citizens, have opinions about its value and purposes. Without entering into what might be termed the political aspects of the situation it is worthwhile to remind ourselves of what we are doing and why.

Relationships between certain nations are strained: there is a free world and a world under Communist dictatorship both attempting to live on this small planet. We believe the latter has definite ambitions for world dictatorship and is greedy for universal power. We have every reason to believe this. We have seen two World Wars break out in the last 40 years and both of them caught the democracies off balance and unprepared with unnecessary loss of life and economic dislocation. We believe that our way of life, coming as it has in the great tradition and development of British political and social spirit and institutions, to be the way of progress, peace and welfare for all men. Therefore, without any lust for world power but with a sincere desire to protect and increase what has come to us by the sacrifice of others, we enter into a voluntary military service which provides a nucleus of organization and personnel whose training and ideals are sign posts to direct us, if need be, to a more complete service in the protection of the things which free men cherish. The framework of an army in full-time active service, the discipline, the expression of loyalty, devotion to a clear cause, the learning of useful trades and the good-will and companionship of working together in a great and valuable service in a full training programme all constitute reasons for recognizing the value of the reserve army to those who are in it. Much can be done to improve it but the real, solid values are there and, if lost, could not be replaced in any other organization or form of service. We need the Reserve Army and we need to make it better. Each person, by his and her contribution, loyalty and steadfastness in cherishing precious realities in our political and social life, can make the army and our beloved country better for every citizen in it. The Reserve Army has its function and it is one of the most valuable in society--"Lest We Forget".

Doubling Up

The employer was interviewing a prospective worker. "How long," he asked, "did you work at your other position?"

"Sixty-five years," came the prompt response.

The employer was startled, momentarily. "I thought you told me you were just forty years old. Can you explain this difference?"

"Sure thing!" the prompt reply was given, "Easy--overtime."

A man driving down the Queen Elizabeth Highway on the way to Hamilton suddenly found his battery had gone dead. While he was sitting there wondering how far to the nearest tow truck a lady drove up beside him and offered him any assistance she could give.

"I could use a push", he replied, "but I have an automatic transmission in my car and it will take a push at about 35 miles an hour to really start me."

"I understand", she replied and got back in her car.

The chap waited, and waited for her bumper to touch his and wondering why it was taking so long, he turned around to have a look, and bless her soul, here she was belting down the highway at about 35 miles an hour----result, \$400 damage!

Quartermaster StoresBELTS

To the uninitiated a belt is just a belt, a lifeless object. But to the worldly wise a belt waist web pattern 37 is a joy forever to behold.

With its gleaming brass buckle and keeper, together with an equally bright polish of number seven "IT", it is the outstanding piece of equipment of the present day soldier.

The soldier of 1939 - 1940 who was the proud possessor of such a valuable article was aloof from all others. He gloated over it, he prized it, he put it at the bottom of his kit bag and forbade all and sundry to go near it.

Now, the soldier of 1953 - he just gloated. He looked at his belt waist web pattern 37 with its field brass and wondered where all the glory of the past had gone. He pleaded, he cajoled, he rubbed and brushed, he polished and buffed until he gave up in disgust and wished that the inventor of field brass was out in the field with the field brass he invented.

Would he throw it away? No. He too would gloat over it, despite the fact he felt inferior to the chap who owned the glory of the past, a real brass belt.

Says he, at least, I have a belt to hide the wrinkles in my battle-dress blouse.

Now, we come to the tragedy of them all. The soldier of 1954. Alas, he has no belt. Nothing to glory over. The soldier of to-day just hangs his web equipment on his body and trusts to gravity to keep it there.

At the last kit inspection an unwily recruit was startled with the question: "Where is the girdle that should surround thy waist?" He answered and said, "Only yesterday Sir, I loaned it to another who went on a long journey and on returning he fell by the wayside, and the gentlemen with the white Sam. Browne belt took compassion upon him and took him unto their house. Sir I have no belt."

To-day at the appointed hour I approached the place of issue and requested a girdle pattern 37 or field brass. The chief of the conclave of brethren gathered thereabouts shouted "WHAT, you ask for girdles at times such as these, when we don't know where and when our next Ordnance or RCEME inspection is coming from. We have not had an inspection for two weeks. Liable to get one anytime."

"Go, seek your friends, tell them to look in their attics, cellars, cupboards, kit bags, handbags, childrens' play rooms. Tell them to look in the trunks of their cars, rob all the Boy Scouts, knock down little children, trample old ladies as long as they get anything that looks like a belt waist web pattern 37.

1954 soldiers do not need belts. Let their tummies fall down.

The Stores have no belts, but badly need them.

Dig deep fellows!

THE SERGEANTS' MESS

New Year's Day saw the finest turn-out at the Regimental Memorial we have had yet. Some sixty members were present for the service of Remembrance. A wreath was deposited by RSM F. Wigmore M.M., C.D. and Mess President CSM H.A. Turner. We are grateful indeed to our Padre, Capt. Ross K. Cameron, for being with us and to our Honorary Colonel, Col. K. R. Marshall, for his hospitality following the service.

At a special stag party held in the Mess, January 23rd, Honorary Memberships were conferred upon former RQMS G. G. Spracklin, CSM Clem Burdiss and Sgt. Harry Page. The Warrant Officers were presented with new sporrans, donated by CSM Burdiss. Lt. Col. Fraser took time out from a busy evening to be our guest and deliver a brief message to the Mess. Soft music was provided by Lamont's Symphonic Sextette.

Our Annual Ball held January 12 in the Royal York was the most successful to date, for this we wish to thank the Commanding Officer for his cooperation, and our thanks too, to the members of the Regiment, Officers and other ranks, for their splendid support. The Pipe Band was magnificent as usual and did much to ensure the success of the evening. All members of the Committee are deserving of congratulations.

As prophesied in the last issue of the "Falcon" the Band Room received a face lifting in time for the New Year's festivities. Colonel Fraser again favoured us with a visit accompanied by two other distinguished 48th personages, Brigadier Eric Haldenby and Colonel K. R. Marshall. The punch once more met with general approval and needless to say, disappeared to the last drop.

The fourth annual Pipe Band Dinner-Dance held at the War Amps club Saturday, January 16th was another success, featuring for the first time a haggis! The "great chieftain o' the puddin' race" was received with acclaim by Band members although some of the ladies seemed a little doubtful! Incidentally, we hope to start our Long Branch get-togethers again in March.

The Annual Meeting of the Pipe Band, January 29th saw the following Band members returned to office on the Band Room Committee: Drummer L. Tucker, Corporal W. Elms, Pipers C. Spence, J. Cruickshank and J. Wakefield.

The Band covered itself with glory and silverware at the Indoor Games of the Pipers' Society of Ontario held at the 48th Club, Saturday, February 13th. The following members of the Pipe Band competed in the various Piping and Drumming events (results of which appear elsewhere in this issue) Pipe-Corporal Colin MacKay, Pipers Ken Davies, Bill Gilmour, Harry Hodgson, Reay MacKay, Ian Slater Stewart White, Drum-Corporal Fred Fisher and Drummer Jim Brown.

When this issue of the "Falcon" appears in print the biggest event of the year as far as the Pipe Band is concerned, the Annual Ball will be over. The advance ticket sale points to another sell-out with requests coming from Bands in Hamilton, Galt, St. Catharines, Buffalo, Cleveland, etc. as well as many Toronto and district Bands. Drum-Major Gordon at this writing is lining up his M.C.'s while Pipe-Sgt. Ross Stewart has his playing band busy learning a special grand march for the occasion. More about the Ball in the next issue.

Several new faces appear in the ranks of the Pipe Band since last issue. Piper Dave Buchan comes to us from Scotland having served as a piper with the Imperial Black Watch. Drummer MacKay Gordon, a Westerner, has reversed Horace Greeley's advice and "come east". Mack has seen a lot of Western Canada and the States and besides knowing a thing or two about drums is also something of a singer. Able to use his vocal chords too (viz a recent Band party where he had the girls swooning!) is our third new Bandsman, Drummer Jim Brown, late of the Ballycoan Pipe Band, Northern Ireland. Although comparatively young Jim has taught the drummers of several pipe bands in the old land and his knowledge of drumming will be invaluable to the Band. Incidentally Jim, is passing on his knowledge at drumming classes held in the Band Room Sunday mornings where the intricacies of the "tiz", the "fuzz" and the "crush" are discussed, and let the dotted crotchets fall where they may! Welcome follows, to Canada's finest Pipe Band.

Drummer George Pearce left our ranks some weeks ago to work for his commission and is now an o/c with the R.C.A.S.C. Piper Jim Walker departed for Montreal around Christmas time where he is now employed with an engineering firm. Rumour has it that Jim may be returning to Toronto in the near future.

The Pipe Band lost a loyal member of long standing when Piper Joe Hodgson passed away in January. A familiar figure in the Band for many years Joe's sudden passing was a shock to all who knew him. Members of the Pipe Band acted as pall bearers at the funeral while Pipe-Majors Dewar and Fraser and Pipe-Sgt. Stewart played the lament at the grave side. The Band extends its sincere sympathy to the Hodgson family in its great loss.

So long for now from - "The Pipe Band".

THE PIFERS' SOCIETY OF ONTARIO--INDOOR HIGHLAND GAMES

The Annual Indoor Games of the above mentioned Society were held Saturday, February 13th at the 48th Club, and once again pipers and drummers from the Regimental Pipe Band, in competition with some of Ontario's top-flight players, walked off with the majority of the prizes.

Feature event of the day, the quartet piping competition for the John Innes Memorial Trophy, saw the 48th Quartet composed of Cpl. Colin MacKay, Pipers Bill Gil-

mour, Reay MacKay and John Wakefield emerge the winner for the third year in succession. Quartets from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Hamilton) and the Toronto Scottish came second and third respectively.

The Piobaireachd competition was a "clean sweep" for 48th pipers with Bill Gilmour, Reay MacKay and Ian Slater taking first, second and third positions respectively. Bill capturing the Dr. Macleod Challenge Trophy.

In the Open March competition for the Toronto Scottish Challenge Trophy, Pipers Bill Gilmour and Reay MacKay continued their winning ways capturing first and second spots respectively.

The 48th Highlanders Challenge Trophy for the open Strathspey and Reel went to Piper Bill Gilmour while Piper John Wakefield placed third.

Piper Ken Davies took second position in the March competition for entrants over sixteen and under twenty-one.

Drummer Jim Brown, our most recently joined Bandsman, celebrated his first appearance in 48th uniform by taking the 48th Officers' Association Trophy for open side-drumming. Jim tied for first place with a drummer from the St. Catharines Pipe Band, but in the play off outpointed his rival with a display of sticking which drew cheers from the packed hall.

Yes sir, a real "Dileas" day!!

THE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

All is quiet on the musketry front, yet many a rifleman is watching the buds on the trees and looking for signs of snowdrops at each breath of Spring, in the meantime keeping his "eve in" with the trusty .22.

We now have time to recall events of last year's shooting.

At Ottawa, Connaught Ranges where we gather each Fall in keen but friendly competition with some of the finest shots in Great Britain, United States and Canada to compete in our National pistol, smallbore and fullbore matches.

Their home addresses are spotted anywhere from California and British Columbia to the Atlantic seaboard and from the Mexican border to Northern Canada, and the United Kingdom.

Probably the most noted man at the pistol competition was W. T. Toney, current U. S. A. National Champion, who won the aggregate handily.

A veritable smallbore battle was waged during the two days matches between our own Lieut. Gilmore Boa (GM) and Rance Triggs, Former U.S.A. Champion and member of the Lord Dewar and Gen. Pershing Teams. Gilmore won by one point being the only person to have won the open and the closed championships .22 also the Iron Sights Aggregate in one meet. And in the week following made the Bisley Team .303.

Special mention in the full bore .303 should be reserved for the Canadian Army Cadet Team, captained by Major H. E. Inman for winning the Michael Faraday Trophy in competition with teams from United Kingdom and Air Cadets.

Major Inman was also responsible for the training of a team from Westdale Secondary School, Hamilton who have won many honours in the past, the most recent and not the least important was The Imperial Cadet Shield and The Duke of Devonshire Trophy.

This is a postal match embracing Cadets within the British Commonwealth of nations. Complete figures are not available but at least 24,000 boys compete in these matches each year. Only 50% of those competing are recorded. The minimum must be 3,000 from each country. South Africa won the King George V Trophy with 3,011 scores - 85.49 average. Canada second 3,010 scores 79.93 average.

British Team will visit Canada: to compete at Long Branch and Ottawa and will include: Major D. D. Lovell, T.A.R.O., Gloucestershire (Captain); Major J. B. Green, Home Guard Cambridgeshire, (V. Captain); Capt. H. N. Cooper, Royal Marines, Hampshire (Adj.) G. F. Arnold, Surrey; G.H.W. Brown, Surrey; Lieut-Col. G.C. Cross (L) The Devonshire Regiment, Devonshire; Lieut-Col. D. A. G. Horton-Smith, London Scottish, Scotland; F/Lieut. H. H. Jones, R.A.F., Wales; S/Ldr. C. Lacey-Stevens, (L), R.A.F., Middlesex; Lieut. L. W. Mallabar, London County; Capt. A. St. G. Orpen, R.N. (Retd). Ireland; M. H. Pidgeon, Lincolnshire; A. J. Tetlow, Yorkshire; Surg/lieut. M.F.C. Walker (L). R.M.V.R., Cornwall.

The following is of interest to The 48th Highlanders because of the Regiment's alliance with The Gordon Highlanders. It is reprinted from "Everybody's Weekly".

GLORY OF THE GAY GORDONS
by Larry Forrester

The new-born French Republic declared war on Britain and Holland in February, 1793, while the guillotines of the revolution were still thudding busily. As the British Army was seriously under strength, the Government appealed to the nobility to help in raising volunteer forces.

Accordingly, patriotic peers throughout the country launched feverish recruiting campaigns. Men were bribed and bullied into uniform from Cornwall to Perth: but in the Scottish Highlands, where the proud clansmen were still apt to look on the red coat of the King's service as 'foreign garb,' and where memories of bitter and bloody conflicts with the English soldiery lingered persistently, these rigorous methods failed.

The fourth Duke of Gordon, head of all the Gordons living in the shires of Aberdeen, Inverness and Banff, tried in vain to persuade his kinsmen and tenants that the whole country stood in danger, that this was no time for racial differences. Dourly the Highlanders declined to "fight England's wars."

Although the Duke was known as "The Cock o' the North," it was said that his Duchess, the beautiful and spirited Jane Maxwell, was the real ruler of the roost. She came to her husband's aid now with a plan so bold and unorthodox that he would never have given his approval had she not tried it out in secret first, and presented him with thirty recruits as proof of its effectiveness.

Early in March the Duchess set out on her palfrey, attended by her young son the Marquis of Huntly and a few servants, on a tour of the Gordon country. She wore the Duke's military tunic, and a coquettish Highland bonnet of velvet with a diced border in red, white and green. In the second week of June she rode into Aberdeen at the head of a complete regiment.

The Duchess had enlisted her Gordon Highlanders in remote villages and at country fairs simply by placing the King's shilling in her mouth and allowing each volunteer to kiss it from her lips. Churchmen were scandalised, but the scheme was adopted for later recruiting campaigns in other parts of Britain, and set a pattern which was to be followed by the belles of London and Paris in 1914, and by Hollywood actresses in the days following Pearl Harbor.

Even in the last war more than one wounded Gordon was told by the comrade who came to his assistance: "That's what ye get fur kissin' the Duchess!"

In the 160 years since it was kissed into the country's service, the regiment has marched across the world, through the greatest trials of combat and climate, with the same blithe step and gay swing to the kilt seen in that first parade through the narrow streets of Aberdeen. To-day the finest military qualities--loyalty, daring, gallantry and cheerfulness cluster around the name of Gordon.

Their stirring history fills three weighty official volumes. Here it is possible only to select a few incidents from the regiment's story. It is really the tale of two fighting forces, for the original regiment, the 92nd was united in 1881 with the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment. This event caused sad hearts in both camps, and the 75th composed an epitaph for themselves, concluding:

"For by the transformation power
Of Parliamentary laws,
We go to bed the Seventy-Fifth
And rise the Ninety-Twas!"

Meanwhile the 92nd buried their regimental number with muffled drums, piped laments and full honours. But by the following morning a tombstone had appeared over the grave bearing the declaration: "Ninety-Twas--no' deid yet!" Soon the sharing of hardships and the fellowship of foreign campaigning dispelled all fear that either regiment had been the loser in the amalgamation.

The 92nd, or 'Auld Gordons', came into existence at the right time. The amazing tale of Napoleon was being written and the Highlanders were destined to turn some of the pages...

At Egmont-op-Zee in October, 1799, the French infantry, six times as strong as the Gordons, drove confidently against the Scottish bayonets. Very rarely had such large bodies of troops come to close quarters: at times they were so hard-locked that their blades were forced upwards and they could only stand face to face, struggling for room to swing a butt.

The Highlanders held their ground and sent the French tumbling back in confusion. The foundation of a great tradition was laid. With the new century, the Gordons advanced against the French over very different terrain--the burning plains of Egypt. At Mandora half a brigade of infantry attacked, supported by heavy cannon, but the Scots broke through the waves of men and captured three guns.

A few hours after the Gordons had set out for Aboukir; their ranks much thinned by Mandora, the battle for Alexandria began.

When the sound of the French cannon rolled out over the sands, they turned back, without waiting for an order, and ran for several miles in the midday heat with full kit. They arrived in time to take part in the British charge which won the day.

Soon after this incident a young Gordons officer is said to have explained to an admiring English major; "You'll appreciate, sir, that a soldier wearing the kilt can run into battle with all celerity. Yet it is not adapted for retreat--the folds would lose their grace, you understand...."

These and other exploits toughened and tempered the 92nd for the supreme tests of June 16 and 18, 1815--Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The regiment was now commanded by Colonel John Cameron of Fassifern.

He had joined it at the start, won by the charms of the Duchess, and had distinguished himself in action repeatedly. Now, at the age of 42, he led his Highlanders into Quatre Bras, a hamlet eighteen miles from Brussels, just as the Duke of Wellington returned there from a meeting with Marshal Blucher, commander of the allied Prussian Army.

Napoleon had ordered Marshal Ney to advance with 19,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry and 64 guns against the weakest section of the allied line---the 7,800 Dutch bayonets and 14 light guns under the Prince of Orange. Wellington called on Colonel Cameron to form the 92nd in line on the main Brussels Road, with his right resting on the houses of Quatre Bras.

As the Scots took up position the enemy smashed through the Dutch and opened up a fierce cannonade on the road. The Duke rode calmly through the fire, ordering the regiment to lie down in the roadside ditches: when the last Scot had taken cover, he and his staff officers dismounted and lay beside the kilted privates, awaiting the inevitable assault by mounted troops.

They did not have long to wait. Soon the drumming of horses' hoofs made the ground shake, and savage cries rose above the thunder of the cannon. Towards the road, across the open fields, swept the dreaded French cuirassiers.

Wellington jumped to his feet and stood in the roadway.

"Ninety-second---don't fire until I tell you!" he cried, then walked to join Colonel Cameron in the centre of the line. The enemy galloped to within thrity paces of the road before Wellington gave the command. A crashing volley--and the fields were strewn with fallen, flailing horses and their steel-clad riders. The survivors turned and fled as the Highlanders leapt out of the ditches with fixed bayonets.

As the day wore on, Ney threw other cavalry formations against the Scots. A surprise charge by lancers caught Wellington on horseback well out in front of the defence line. He galloped to the bank lined by the 92nd, standing in the stirrups and calling: "It's all right, my lads--lie still!"

He rode at the ditch and jumped it, sailing majestically over the prone soldiers. Then he wheeled his mount, drew his sword and yelled: "Ready again, Ninety-second!"

The lancers rode with great gallantry right up to the roadway in the hope of breaching the line. But the Gordons received them as they had the cuirassiers--with a close-quarters volley which completely separated the front of the French charge from the rear. The rear retreated, and those of the van who remained in the saddle were forced to surrender.

One gallant Frenchman, a Captain Burgoine made a neck-or-nothing dash across the road, leaping clean over the defenders almost exactly at the spot where Wellington had jumped a few minutes earlier. Then he wheeled and, crouching low in the saddle, made his bid for freedom.

"Damn it, Ninety-second---will you let that fellow escape?" roared the Duke. Three Highlanders spun round, took careful aim, and brought down the racing horse at almost maximum range.

Burgoine was picked up, suffering from leg wounds; long after the battle, and throughout many years of peace to follow, he was to remain the close friend of the Gordons' officers who had watched his courageous ride.

Two hundred yards from the Highlanders' position a two-storeyed house stood back from the road, surrounded by a tall and thick hedge. Under cover of artillery two French columns advanced to occupy the house and its large garden: about a hundred yards further away an enemy force of between 1,200 and 1,500 appeared.

Wellington had ridden off to another part of the field, leaving strict instructions that the 92nd were not to move unless he sent an order. Colonel Cameron paced up and down, glaring at the massing enemy troops, muttering in Gaelic.

Before the Duke returned it was mid-afternoon. Cameron dashed to meet him, asking leave to launch an immediate attack.

"Take your time, Cameron," said the Duke. "You'll get your fill of it before night." And while the Colonel fumed he sat down by the roadside, unfolded a map and studied it in silence. Half-an-hour passed, and then the commander-in-chief rose and looked towards the enemy's strongpoint.

"Now, I think....You must charge these two columns!"

The whole regiment--now numbering about 600--cheered wildly and, headed by Cameron on horseback, dashed along the road and across the fields on either side. In answer, the windows, doorways and rooftop of the house, and the hedgerows around it, spouted flame and smoke. The French were in desperate mood: Marshal Ney had received an urgent despatch from the Emperor, demanding destruction of the British line. "The fate of France is in your hands," Napoleon wrote, and Ney had passed the words on to his troops.

Deadly fire cut great gaps in the advancing ranks, staggering the Scots, but failing to stop them. The officer carrying the regimental colour was shot through the heart, but an N.C.O. snatched up the flag and rushed on, calling out: "Come on, old Ninety-second!"

The staff of the colour was shattered in six pieces, and the N.C.O. was wounded--but still he ran forward, holding the torn cloth high, until he burst into the garden, against the muzzles of the outer defence line, and fell under a terrible blast. This superbly gallant N.C.O. must remain an anonymous hero, for the confusion of the battle, in which so many others of his rank died, made it impossible for his name to be verified afterwards.

As Colonel Cameron, waving his bonnet high above his head and bellowing in Gaelic, galloped across the garden towards the house, he was struck in the groin by a ball from an upper window.

He did not fall immediately, but lost control of his mount. The Colonel's groom ran to catch the trailing bridle, but as he reached for it the frightened animal stopped suddenly. Cameron was catapulted from the saddle.

Those who gathered around him saw at once that he was dying. Even as they charged on, the men passed this tragic news to each other, and a great cry of fury went up. The French fought with tenacious bravery, refusing to surrender even when the Gordons reached the front windows and poured their fire into the very heart of the house. From room to room the fight raged, and when at last the Highlanders were in command they heard the crash of other musketry from the rear. The main body of French infantry was advancing...

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, who had succeeded Cameron, was wounded as he formed his men in line to meet this new threat. Major Donald MacDonald took command and yelled: "Fix bayonets, my bonnie lads!"

Instead of waiting for the charge, he led the Highlanders at rapid pace to meet the French--vastly superior in strength--at the end of the rear garden. The enemy stopped and formed up in two lines, muskets levelled.

For a few seconds they awaited the Highland assault. Then, marking the fierce bearing of the oncoming Scots, hearing the wild Gaelic yells and seeing the ground all round the house strewn with French dead, they wavered... edged back.. broke and fled in complete disorder. As soon as they turned their backs the Gordons plied them with musketry, taking a heavy toll.

The Scots held the house until all firing ceased about nine o'clock, then cooked their suppers in the cuirasses worn by the cuirassiers they had slain a few hours before. Of 36 officers who had gone into action, only eleven were unhurt: of about 660 rank and file, only about 370 remained fit.

In Colonel Cameron of Fassifern the Gordons had lost a beloved officer. Still conscious, he was taken on a cart by Private Ewen McMillan, his faithful foster-brother and servant, and one of the pipers to the village of Waterloo.

Major MacDonald rode there about ten o'clock with news of the Gordons' victory. "Then I die happy," said Cameron. "I trust my dear country will think I've done enough; I hope she will think I have served her faithfully." His last hours were soothed by the piping of old Highland airs. As dawn was breaking he reached out and clasped Private McMillan's hand, murmured a prayer in Gaelic, and died.

A year later a British man-o'-war brought Cameron's remains home to be buried on the shore of Lochell, in Argyllshire. His family and the regiment erected a monument to his memory, for which Sir Walter Scott wrote a long and stirring epitaph concluding: "Call not his fate untimely, who thus, honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame, by a death of glory."

On that night while Cameron lay dying, a lone horseman rode into the Gordons' camp at Quatre Bras, dismounted and called softly: "Ninety-second--will you favour me with a little fire?"

Into the circle of flickering, rosy light strode the familiar figure in white pantaloons, half-boots, military vest, blue surtout and cocked hat, carrying in his right hand a switch, one end of which he tapped against his chin. Wellington had come back to pay tribute, in his own way.

For more than an hour he sat amid a group of officers and men, warming his hands over the glowing logs, saying little. Then he rose and went off to a staff conference. They next saw him two miles south of Waterloo village, less than forty-eight hours later, as they primed and loaded and took up position for another and even more terrible tussle with the French: he first returned their salute, then doffed his hat and waved it in response to their cheers.

All through the morning of the 18th the weakened regiment stood inactive, while other units beat off repeated cavalry attacks. Then, early in the afternoon, Sir Denis Pack, commanding the Ninth Brigade stationed about half-a-mile away on the left, rode over and addressed them earnestly. "I must tell you, Ninety-second, all the troops in your front have given way! You must charge..." Led by Major MacDonald the Gordons formed fours and started forward to meet a strong force of enemy infantry which had smashed through four allied formations, and now surged forward in a frenzy, chanting: "Victory!"

The morning's cannonade had further reduced the Scots ranks: there were now fewer than 300 men left on their feet, but they knew they were all that stood between the French and the allied rear, and they took pride in the desperate task allotted to them.

As the little Scots force approached the French column plumed out. At twenty paces they exchanged volleys. The musket of the early nineteenth century was no magician's weapon, but in the hands of these seasoned Highland marksmen it inflicted considerable slaughter, while the excited Frenchmen were inclined to fire wildly.

Once more the small, solid body of Gordons threw themselves forward into the loose mass. Hastily the enemy drew back and reformed, badly shaken. And at this critical moment, on to the scene galloped the Scots Greys, sent from the Union Brigade of cavalry to support their countrymen. A roar went up as they sighted

each other, the pipers began to skirl and they cried in unison: "Scotland for ever!"

Both regiments charged together, the Gordons hanging on to the Greys stirrup leathers. A mad recklessness gripped them. The officers could not control their sections. The French, who had been so sure of victory a few minutes before, were sent whirling in a helpless melee.

To those who watched the action, there were times when the bonnets and plumes, so closely grouped and intermixed, penetrated the enemy ranks so deeply that they were lost from view amid a sea of French shakos. Staggered by the sudden thrust, bewildered by the speed of the manoeuvre and paralysed by its own press, the heavy column was rendered ineffective.

Men fell back on one another, packing together so tightly that they had no room to strike or fire at the Highlanders and horsemen. Soon the whole formation was rolling back down the slopes under the blows of other allied units which raced up on either flank.

Before many minutes had passed the column was totally destroyed, 2,000 prisoners were taken and two Eagle standards captured. From this moment onwards the outcome of the battle was never in doubt!

Sir Denis Pack, deeply moved told the triumphant Scots: "You have saved the day, Highlanders!" But an old piper cried out: "No, sir--t'was Fassifern did that!" Scores of men burst out with an amazing story, swearing that in the height of the engagement they had glimpsed the beloved figure of Colonel Cameron, riding in the forefront, waving his bonnet high above his head! This inspired the poet David Home Buchan to write:

Of vision keen and versed in spells,
Strange tales the Colonel's piper tells.
How he with more of joy than fear
Again beheld his chieftain dear,
High riding in a misty cloud
While war's artillery thundered loud
And broke o'er Waterloo;
That though he heard not there his voice,
He saw him wave his bonnet thrice.

Intoxicated with success, the Gordons fought on throughout the afternoon until at last the blue uniforms of Blucher's force came streaming in and Wellington signalled the general advance which swept Napoleon's legions from the field.

Never was victory so complete, seldom so hard-won. The lustrous star of Bonaparte had gone down, and at this turning point of world history no fighting force had gained more glory than "the Auld Ninety-twas."

A tradition was forged in these four momentous days with Wellington, and ever since the regiment has kept the lustre silver-bright as a Highland brooch--in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, and in Afghanistan. Following amalgamation with the 75th--veterans of the Kaffir War, and many key battles of the Indian campaign--they added new honours; Tel-el-Kebir; Dargai; the Chitral Expedition; the defence of Laydsmit and many others.

In the first World War twenty-one battalions served, 50,000 men passing through the ranks and 30,000 of them becoming casualties. Battle honours included: Mons, Ypres, Marne, Somme, Loos, Arras, Vittorio Veneto; and four Victoria Crosses were won. Amid scenes of unparalleled mutilation, they contrived to remain cheerful; the mud and long months of punishment could not smother the personality of the Gay Gordons.

They were just as blithe when the speedy Bren-carriers, high-powered transport 'planes and flat-bottomed landing-craft of World War two carried them into battle in all theatres of Europe and the Far East.

In the Anzio landing, turning point of the Italian campaign, Private G. A. Mitchell, showing the same determination which characterised his predecessors in the attack on the house at Quatre Bras, pressed forward through murderous German fire to win the Victoria Cross.