

THE FALCON

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This publication is issued under the authority of Lt.-Col. Hamish K. Macintosh, M.B.E., 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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REMEMBRANCE:

Every year on November 11 we pause to remember the men and women who gave their lives in the defence of freedom in two World Wars. We mark this important event in other ways too---chiefly by religious services in which we thank God for those lives and their sacrifices and for the heritage they have given to us. There is no doubt that, had we not defeated the enemy in those world struggles, we should be living in slavery.

Men who marched with the Regiment, as we do to-day, are not now in this life. Many of them were known to us, some of them dear relatives or friends. Be sure that as we remember their spirits sympathize with every high and holy ideal which we cherish and for which they fought and died. Nearly 2000 men of this Regiment gave their lives in the wars; hundreds more have died since and many of these have also been real casualties of war suffering pain and handicaps as a result of their war service. There is a long list of the names of Old Comrades who died during a twelve-month period in the report of the Old Comrades Association in this issue of The Falcon.

We want peace and most people in the world want peace; we commemorate those who gave their lives that peace might be a reality on the earth. But as long as the forces of tyranny are strong we must be prepared to meet them and we must work continually to ensure a peace established on justice and righteousness.

Our annual Remembrance Service at our regimental memorial is held on Remembrance Day, November 11. Don't let it be just another parade; think about why we do it and come ready to consecrate our lives to the high ideals and way of life for which others in the Regiment have died.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SUMMER CAMP 1956:

Things began to happen in quick succession. I remember the Cayuga easing into the pier at Niagara-on-the-Lake with all the grace and finesse of a baby elephant, the hot sun beating down on the swell as the old lady reversed engines. I remember the Highlanders on board assembling for disembarking, marching out in file to "Marry Up" with the main body of the Regiment and later swinging into camp to the old familiar tunes - "Robin Adair", "The Rowan Tree", "The Auld Hoose", "The Minstrel Boy", "Moray Firth" and "Sussex by the Sea". I can still see that first glimpse of row upon row of bell tents standing taught and still in the windless humid air.

I remember the first meal and recall the air of expectancy of those wondering if there would be any improvement in the food over the previous year's and I can still recall the tirade of metaphors and similes from an "Old Sweat" who held the opinion that any improvement in the fine cuisine was negligible. The meals did improve and with the, some degree of honour was restored to the cook's ancestry.

I remember the day Charley Company won the pennant for best company lines for the THIRD year in a row; the day the NCOs of B Company chorused "Beggars may ride, but BAKER will MARCH to the training area; and the fellow in SUPPORT who was trying to procure a lawn mower by somewhat devious means. The list of highlights and recollections is endless. Who will ever forget L/Cpl Dance's fantastic catch which clinched a victory over the Irish, or "Big Kiltie" (there were some spirited beasts of less Aristocratic strain in competition besides) and all the little things that added humour or subtle encouragement like the decor on a certain steel helmet. One wonders if it will be such a long time before a certain piper learns once again that it is HIS turn to carry the reeds on the march to the grove.

I remember how the week provided every opportunity in every phase of training for perfecting the skills of Fieldcraft, and the strategy of Tactics. It was a week that featured a demonstration of the Heller and other new weapons and a night exercise which disclosed a rather unusual, yet none the less true, story. It seems that a certain sentry at a certain post at a certain time became aware of the approaching footfalls and singing of an unknown intruder, and being a good sentry, challenged the visitor and asked for the password.

"The Mexican National Anthem", came the reply.

"Quite right", said the sentry.

The counter sign was duly passed on with the remark "Hose can you see by the dawn's early light?" and the visitor identified himself as Major Fraser. Now the sentry, although he was a good sentry, did not know that his visitor belonged to the opposite camp and the visitor did not know that a certain Field Officer and a certain Corporal (since promoted) were listening to this conversation and that they were very shrewd in such matters as knowing the colours of intruders.

"What do you want?" asked the good sentry.

"I would like your lamp so that I might see where I am going", replied Major Fraser.

"And may I ask what tune that was I heard you singing?" continued the sentry.

"Take my hand, I'm a stranger in Paradise", came the reply. And the Field Officer-in-Bush-Waiting and the Corporal (since promoted) showing together much zeal did just that, thinking that a hand was a fair exchange for a lamp in any man's army.

Quite apart from this and in more serious vein, Major Brown's "bang-on" demonstration of demolitions, besides being a roaring success was of great interest to all and provided a wealth of information and technique for the assault pioneers. Of course the culminating point of the week was the company in the attack which was officially described as having been carried out "with considerable dash and enthusiasm, characteristic of the 48th Highlanders". While we are on the subject of praise we must applaud both Regimental Bands on the fine job that they did when they were both together and for the elegant performance of the Pipes and Drums on the evening of the Officers' Mess Dinner.

No account of camp life would be complete without a few superlatives. Here are a few, presented in the hope that they will stir the recollection of others, because it is these things that will be remembered long after the Captains and the Kings depart: The Most Disappointed Soldier on the Cayuga--Without a doubt, life's Darkest Moment came to the Provost Sergeant who couldn't effect a charge because a mysterious bottle contained pipe-clay.

The Most Disappointed Soldier in Camp--The honours go to Sgt. Moffet when he learned that a certain ankle was not broken after all.

The Most Contagious Laugh--"Haggis McBagpipes" staccato outbursts coming from the Officers' Mess.

The Most Amazed Audience-in the History of Niagara--Those who witnessed the arrival of Keeling Abdullah Gingi Pasha.

Also those who witnessed Bandsman Cole's re-enactment of Bal-aclava astride Swayback II.

There are many more and the most important of all is The Best Regiment in Camp, or anywhere else for that matter, whether it be this year, next year or many years to come. There is, and always will be, only one.

Some of us arrived and some of us left with a new sense of belonging to THE REGIMENT, through having had a part in performing the Ceremony of Trooping the Colour with pride and solemn dignity prior to camp, and through having incorporated the skills of training, leadership, and the spirit, association and comradeship that is found within the kingdom of the Highlander.

What else can one say? It was a good camp and these are the things we'll remember.

While in New York, actor Monty Woolley spent a week end at a downtown hotel. When he was ready to leave, he came into the manager's office, bearing a huge bouquet of flowers.

"These are for the switchboard operators," he announced.

The manager winked slyly.

"What a compliment," he murmured. "You are a great flatterer, Mr. Woolley." Woolley's beard bristled as he eyed the man with utter loathing.

"Don't be a fool," he growled. "I thought they were dead!"

When it came to naming the new mine, the prospector's wife said: "Will you name it after me?"

"You bet I will, darling," said the prospector. "I'm naming it in your honour." And from that day to this, one of the richest gold mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota has been known as The Holy Terror.

NEWS FROM "A" COMPANY:

All Able Company personnel are happy to be back on the job after the long post camp layoff. "A" Coy was well represented this year at Niagara, so well in fact that we "volunteered" to loan a Sergeant to another company for the week.

This fall brought with it many changes in officers and NCO's. All ranks will miss Mr. Fraser and Sgt. MacCleary both transferred to more remote regions of the battalion in order that others may avail themselves of Able Coy "know how".

Biggest surprise was the move of our Beloved (?) Sergeant-Major, CSM Jones to Support Company. His experience should prove invaluable to the boys with the Lewis guns (or is it Brownings now?). CSM Jones has made a name for himself as an anti-tank instructor, and has, if my memory serves me, a silver trophy to attest to his ability in this department.

Best of luck to the above mentioned.

We are happy to welcome to the company no less than three new officers. One is an old Highlander home again, meaning, of course, Mr. Taylor. From the Durham Light Infantry, "A" Coy acquires the services of Lt. Nott-Bower, and a last minute stop the press posting finds O/C Deacon swelling the ranks. Cpl. Graham formerly Support Coy has the company files in shape. We needed a good clerk. Sorry we

don't have an old vickers for him to strip in his spare time.

Cpl. McCabe is talking about a floor hockey game, Officers vs. the men. Lot of people (no rank mentioned) seem a little worried that he might be serious. Cpl. McCabe and his committee are burning the midnight oil planning the company party for Saturday, November 3rd. Big turn out expected. Which brings us to an important point. Little thin on the ground these days. Let's all think about a guest on the 3rd who may be a potential member of the company. Let's make sure we have a company "on parade" that night.

Up the Ladder Department---Congratulations to newly appointed L/Cpl. Smith also to L/Cpl. Lobb though it seems he liked the uniform so well he decided to wear it all the time. PF is a good life, none can deny that.

Despite all these changes the company is still under the venerable old "Rough Rider" Capt. Joseph Potts. We can all look forward to some soul warming filibusters on the cold winter nights.

Last but not least Sgt. Wignall long regarded as one of anchor men in the company has taken over the responsibilities of CSM Jones. Doubt if the job could be placed in more capable hands.

Scheme coming up soon, let's make it a must.

Botts had occasion to reprimand his wife. "I think, dear," he said soothingly "that you fib a little occasionally."

"Well," she replied pointedly, "I think its a wife's duty to speak well of her husband occasionally."

NEWS OF BAKER COMPANY:

So far this year "B" Coy has been progressing favourably. The attendance has been fairly high although not quite in keeping with our previously high standard. Although our recruit situation looks very promising indeed. Unfortunately we lost two of our NCO's due to business and matrimonial entanglements, however when these difficulties are overcome, we shall expect to see them back on parade.

Baker Coy was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit the Officers' Mess. The tour was conducted by our Company Commander, Major H. F. Brown, who gave an interesting lecture on the Regiment's glorious past, and an insight into the background of former Colonels of the Regiment. I am sure all members of Baker Coy, will join with me in thanking Lt. Col. Macintosh, Major Brown and the members of the officers mess for opening these "closed doors".

Last year's "invasion of Syracuse" by a fighting Patrol from B Coy was so successful that plans have been made to return again next year. In fact as a result of that first invasion, one of our members, Pte. G. Reid is marrying a girl from there on November 10, 1956. We all wish them the best for many happy years to come.

The announcement that "Blues" may be worn by all ranks, has aroused a great amount of enthusiasm. So much so that a raffle is to be held every six weeks, the winner to get a set of blues, made expertly by one of Baker Coy's smart sergeants, Sgt. Harbinson.

Earlier this year we lost a stalwart member of Baker Coy, PFC Solotwins, who along with his wife moved to California, where they have taken up residence. Let's hope that the experience he gained in the Highlanders will serve as an asset in whatever occupation he selects.

We also have our Coy Scheme planned for this month, October 28, it, I think, will be as successful if not moreso than last year.

The highlight of the year, as everyone will agree was "The Troop". This took place on June 2 1956 at the C.N.E. Grandstand, where twenty-six thousand people gathered to watch the 48th Highlanders Troop the Colour before His Excellency, The Governor-General.

The practices for this event made us pessimistic at first as they were all carried out at dusk making it hard to see. After a lot of hard work and intensive training we perfected our drill movements. When the ceremony was concluded we were assured that it was a performance second to none.

Baker Coy was awarded the privilege of being "Escort to the Colour". The only person missing was our Company Commander, Major H. F. Brown who was posted to another guard, but we were ably handled by the Senior Major, Major Haldenby.

He met her on a train and the remainder of the trip proved to be interesting and romantic. As they chugged toward a mountain, he remarked, "We're coming to a tunnel--are you afraid?"

"No," she replied, "not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

MESSAGE FROM THE COMPANY COMMANDER OF COMPANY "C":

Another season has started, and already several recruits have joined "C" Company to replace those who have left us since last Spring. In addition we have several new officers and NCO's transferred to us from other companies, and the nucleus exists for a first rate company. However the company is still a long way from parading in two platoons, and on some Friday evenings there have barely been sufficient numbers to operate both a recruit and an advanced training programme. It is therefore essential that each of us maintain a constant effort to build up the company so that training may be more interesting and worthwhile.

In the meantime, congratulations to those who have kept "C" Company in the forefront of regimental activities, particularly to those who participated so successfully in the military and sports events at summer camp, and of course, to all ranks for winning the pennant for the best tent lines for the third consecutive summer. It is also interesting to note that most of the highest scores on the Annual Classification Shoot belonged to "C" Company men. Keep up the good work.

NEWS FROM "C" COMPANY:

Charlie Company has lots of News since the last time it went into The Falcon. It lost Sgt. Major Palmatier to the QM Stores and he was replaced by Sgt., now Sgt. Major Kelly. Mr. Bishop, 2nd Lt. was transferred from "B" Coy and Sgt. Mc McLeery from "A" Coy.

Charlie Coy once more took the pennant at Camp for the best lines. They are beginning to feel like the "Yankies", one pennant after another. They also did well in the Sports' Day. The O.C. is now sporting a nice crown on his shoulder, we all know he deserves it. Congratulations Major.

Congratulations are in order also to one of our recruits, Edward Joseph Fitzsimmonds. He is now a married man. Speaking of new blood, we welcome the following: Lt. Scroggie, O/C Stark, Pte. J. G. Hulme, Pte. J.B.Hird, Pte. R.Goulding, and Pte. E.V. Broughton. "C" Coy held their own in the Qualification Shoot at Long Branch. Cpl. Snow with the highest score of the day, with many others up in the high scores. We hope by Xmas to be a strong Coy, and parade two Platoons. So come on Charlie Coy let's show them how to do it!

NEWS FROM "D" COMPANY:

It seems that we can still keep up our record of being the smallest company where the most happens. Before we go any further let us welcome to our select group our new 2/i.c. Lt. Whiteacre, Lieut Dakin from our sister regiment the Gordon highlanders and O/C Ferrie who exchanged the McKenzie tartan of the Seaforth for our own Davidson. Last but by no means least O/C Fraser whose name instantly brings back memories to those who have been in the 48th. for some time. Among the other ranks we welcome Sgt. Grant who left us for a while but realized the error of his ways and came back, Ptes. Fallis and Brady and the smallest member of "D" Coy., who, on a Tuesday night would cause the editor of "The Tailor and Cutter" to have fits of apoplexy were he to see him; I mean, of course, that panel from the latest men's fashion magazine, Pte. Bill (Ivy-League) Dinsmore. He may be wee but his heart is sure in the right place - if you don't step on his yellow suede shoes. Long may these men stay with us. If they have not already discovered this they will find the esprit de corps of "D" Coy second to none and before long, they'll be endowed with the same fervour as the rest of us.

Since September the activities, both military and social, have been varied. Training has progressed well in spite of courses and other distractions which have taken away from our normal strength. Ptes. Melville and Martin have been put on a Sigs. course and they appear to be enjoying it. The rest of us have been training strenuously for the forthcoming drill competition and every Friday evening the dulcet tones of our Sergeant-Major can be heard to thunder across the parade square enjoining somebody who has just goofed to "WAKEN UP.". Better watch out this year Baker Coy.

Socially there are parties on the books for this coming season and a request is hereby made for patience with our treasurer, since sometimes his urgent efforts to extract dues from us are misconstrued. We know that the collection of funds is necessary for the planning of any function and with the realization that Scotsmen and cannyness go together we should not find it too hard to dig deep into our pockets whenever we are asked to do so. The Company Commander and the Social Committee are also working hard to have us a Blue Patrol for the Christmas season and we should be a dandy sight to behold even though that by donning this garb we cannot be automatically expected to transform ourselves into Junior Charles Atlas'. I am waiting to see the eyes pop in the other companies when they see us. Then they'll wish perhaps that they were all in "D" Coy.

It is our pleasure to report that more men are using the fine facilities provided by our Memorial Hall on Church Street; in fact on a Saturday night it looks as if a parade had been called there are so many kent faces among the dancers. No wonder -- the club provides the least expensive and best entertainment in town.

The climax of our training -- Summer Camp was a great success this year. Training was hard, interesting and varied. And miracle of miracles we even won the lines once this year. This was due entirely to our sgt. major who, in one short week managed to transform a bunch of undisciplined hill-billies into some semblance of soldiers. Why, to wrest Pte. James (Navy Log) Melville from the arms of Morpheus (No, dope, that's not some doll he met in Buffalo) every morning in time for inspection was a feat in itself deserving of the M.M. And when we were let loose in the evenings...! In years to come, in Niagara Falls, N.Y. grandfathers will take their little grandchildren on their knee and in hushed tones tell them of the time when the 42nd Street Armouries erupted. (Ah yes, James, do you remember, you do, don't you?) And when we are ever stuck for conversation we can just think back to the delights of the Rhapsody Room and the feature, Miss J..... A..... Och well, enough is enough. See what those of you who couldn't come to camp missed? So next year perhaps you'll double your efforts to make sure that you are there.

Recruits are slowly coming into the company so let us encourage them in every way. However good we may do in this matter we can still do better. We should like to see every rifle in the rack with an owner. And why not, it is to their advantage as well as to ours'. So let us redouble our efforts and cause our company commander to stick out his chest with pride every time he surveys the crowd of brow lads who beam on him (at attention, of course) at dismissal.

Good luck fellows, see you next issue and let us make this season the best that we have had yet.

SUPPORT COMPANY NEWS:

Welcome back to the start of another year with much hard training and good fun in the offing for all.

Needless to say those who couldn't attend summer camp missed one of the highlights of the year. Everyone worked very hard this year to make it a success and it was unfortunate that Pte. George Stanley took sick and had to go to the hospital and miss out on all the excellent training and (FOOD). The only other illness (if it can be called so) was Pte. Don Hutchison who with the sun and the h-t-ls had those morning blues. We put up a good competition for the company lines flag and even had it for 1 day but we congratulate "C" Company for a job well done and will proceed in their footsteps next year. We are glad to say everyone (almost) passed their courses at camp congratulations fellows.

We all are going to miss CSM Al Turner who passed away during the summer.

We welcome CSM Andy Jones who comes highly recommended to replace CSM Al Turner. In memory of CSM Al Turner there will be a memorial company shoor and trophy in his name annually. This years shoot will be held on Saturday, Nov. 3 1956 at Long Branch Rifle Ranges at 1300 hours. All former members of the Coy are cordially invited to attend this shoot and dinner. Please call CSM Jones for a ticket.

There have been a lot of changes in our platoons such as personnel and new rooms etc. which we are sure is for the better for all concerned. We have lost our Anti-Tank platoon again but hope it is not for long. Plans have been made for a company scheme at Meaford on Dec. 7-8-9, 1956 and we hope to have a 100% turnout.

On behalf of the whole Company we would like to extend to L/Cpl. Charles Calverley and his bride, our best wishes for a long and successful marriage and hope that all their problems are little (male) ones!

Welcome to our new members Lt. Binnie RWH, Lt. MacLeod, H D, CSM Jones, A.H. Sgt. Grundon, W.G. (who will be our CQMS), Pte. Appleton, D.R., Pte. Browning R. G., Pte. Craig, D.S., Pte. Gibson, J.D., Pte. Heath, M.G.W., Pte. Jordan, T.W. Pte. Lepper, C.A., Pte. Matheson, K.F., Pte. Millier, H.L., Pte. Mortenson, A.B. Pte. Sheehan, D.N., Cpl. Turner, W. B., Pte. Tyler, K.B.

Congratulations are in order for L/Cpl. Ken Fowlston, who qualified the Jr. NCO course, also L/Cpl. Barry Deacon, Cpl. Gord Holmes and Cpl. Bas Parkman on their promotions.

Our thanks go to the non-active members of the Regiment for their support in the Trooping of The Colour in June. Our special thanks to Pte. Ron Bronby, Pte. Norm Logan, CQMS Al Newlands, Pte. Sam McLatchey, Pte. James Young and Pte. Tom Young who came to Support Company.

Well that's it for now until the next edition of the Falcon when we hope to have a lot more news for all.

THE MEDICAL SECTION:

Small mention is ever made in this periodical of the Medical Section or better known as "Pill Pushers".

Congratulations to Staff Sergeant J. Irvine on his promotion to Sergeant Major

and of his transfer to Headquarters Company.

Sergeant Moffat is no longer known as the Horizontal man as he did not get much day time sleep last camp, he is now known as Salt Tablet Moffat.

Speaking of Sergeant Moffat, I think he was the Sloppiest Soldier in Summer Camp what with wearing Rubber Boots, etc., one would be inclined to think he was a veterinary surgeon.

There ranks have been swollen with Pte. Morton who being back in Toronto has joined the Regiment again.

"The Chiel"

PIPES AND DRUMS:

Pardon us a second while we turn up the record player. What's on? Why no less a collector's item than CL 2596, a 10-inch Columbia LP introducing, if you haven't already guessed, the Pipes and Drums of the 48th Highlanders of Canada. Yes, way back last March, Columbia made a waxing of our efforts and the finished disc appeared on record counters across Canada and the States in August.

While the presses were turning out recordings by the thousands (we hope!) and everybody but the local butcher seemed intent on swimming Lake Ontario we were again busy travelling the Highland Games circuit. Competing eleven times at Toronto, Embro, Maxville, Dutton and Fergus we copped eleven first prizes for our best record since entering competition, back in 1946. Our chief competition this year came from the various R.C.A.F. bands from Montreal, Rockcliffe, Toronto and Winnipeg with the first two mentioned proving the most dangerous. Various critics, judges and no less a personage than Mr. Hugh Macpherson, president of the Scottish Pipe Band Association, are of the opinion that we would stand a very good chance in competition "over the water". Transportation, of course, is the big problem so anyone knowing the whereabouts of a battered old "Viscount" (aeroplane variety) for charter cheap just let us know! Come to think of it, maybe our City Fathers have a spare key lying around that needs presenting to their counterparts in Edinburgh. We'd be most glad to help out next June around World Championship time, wouldn't we fellows? Are you listening, Mayor Phillips?

And, oh yes, there was summer camp. Once again we spent an enjoyable (if occasionally windy) week at old Niagara. A belated thank you on behalf of the Band to the various companies who invited us to their parties. We hope we provided our share of the entertainment ably assisted on several occasions by Captain Potts rendering the "Blue Tail Fly"! The "advance party" will never forget the dire circumstances they found themselves in that first night, when, relaxing after duties done they discovered the "top" was missing. After a frantic search the "top" was located, oddly enough, on the bottle! Why were they worried? Well they might have spilled the ketchup.

Perhaps the highlight of the summer months was our playing on the C.N.E. Grandstand each night of the Exhibition along with the Pipe Bands of the 2nd and 4th Canadian Guards and the 1st and 2nd Black Watch (Royal Highlanders of Canada). Our dancers were given their first opportunity to perform for an audience and acquitted themselves swell. If we are to believe the commentators and "Letters to Editor" columns the show was a big success.

Piper John King left our ranks officially recently. We do not have "Kings" service record handy at this writing but we do know that John went overseas in the ranks of the Regiment in the first World War and joined the Pipe Band right after returning home, serving with us ever since. We're glad to announce that Kingy's cheerful countenance is not going to disappear -- he has taken on the task of keeping the Band Room spic and span -- so listen, you Pipers and Drummers -- no more grinding those butts into the linoleum, John King's got his eye on you!

Several other members have left our ranks since we last appeared in print, all drummers, George Baker retires to his Port Credit ranch and his job of keeping

the Peace (George is a sergeant in The Toronto Township Police). George Steven has taken over the Drum-Major's duties with the Toronto Scottish. Both the Georges joined the 48th prior to the second World War, went overseas with the Pipe Band and returned to its ranks shortly after being demobbed. Best of luck to both of them. Alan Fry recently returned to his native Australia while Wally Tye left our ranks after the Exhibition for those of the 2nd Black Watch Pipe Band. Bon voyage to these two lads in their travels.

Grace Notes: Congratulations to Sgt. Ross Stewart whose good wife presented him with a fine baby girl early this past summer. Welcome to Jack Kensett (ex-Queen's Own) and Sandy Leil (ex-Navy) who have joined our tenor section in recent months -- our sympathy to Piper Dave Buchan in the loss of his father recently in Scotland, also to the family of CSM "Al" Turner.

Well, that wraps it up for now; cheerio from The Pipes & Drums.

WHAT -- NO DANGER?

Nobody knows exactly how long ago the bagpipe was invented. They sure were a novelty when Her Majesty's Scots Guards made their first visit to Manhattan.

At Madison Square Garden, the purple spotlights came on and in marched the Regimental Band, in black bearskins, scarlet tunics and blue trousers.

Then came the Massed Pipers of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, swishing their Royal Stuart tartan kilts and armed with dirks and skean dhu (daggers).

The two groups formed at opposite ends of the arena and began the kind of show that Britons stage better than anybody else in the world.

The pipers shook the crowd with their musics' wild beauty. They played a few marches and accompanied eight regimental dancers in a slow fling and a rapid triumphant reel.

Brothers in the gallery had passed the limits of endurance and were shrieking their own war whoops.

Then it was closing time, and the band went into the "Sunset Ceremony". At the end, the band stopped playing and a spotlight picked out a lone piper--high in the gallery, as if he were perched on a castle battlement--playing a lullaby called Highland Cradle Song.

It was enough to dew the eyes of even the un-kilted. The only thing missing from the program was a dirge or two, for Scots are among the world's finest dirgers.

COLOURS--THEIR SIGNIFICANCE, ORIGIN AND ASSOCIATED CEREMONIES:

Regimental Colours are the memorials to the great deeds of a regiment and the symbol of its spirit as expressed in those deeds. When Colours were carried on active service, acts of heroic self-sacrifice were often performed in their defence, for they were the rallying point of a regiment and the scene of its last stand. From this association with deeds of epic gallantry have evolved that attitude of veneration which Colours have acquired.

This respect for Colours in days past may be traced to ancient customs associated with the purging of a soldier's sin. In the 18th Century the Colours were sometimes passed over a soldier's head to remove from him any infamy that a crime may have brought upon him. In the army of the Prince of Orange it was customary to sentence a deserter to be chained to a wheelbarrow and work at the public works for a term of years, after which, if he had conducted himself well, he was returned to his regiment, and, the man kneeling, the Colours were waved over his head, the Colonel pronounced him an honest man, he was received into the ranks and he got his arms.