

THE FALCON

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This publication is issued under the authority of Lt. Col. K. C. B. Corbett, C.D., 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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WELCOME TO OUR NEW C.O.

The Officers, N.C.O.s and men of the Regiment warmly welcome its new Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. K. C. B. Corbett, C.D., and wish him all possible success during the years of his command. The last three years under Lt. Col. MacIntosh have been filled with interesting activity and solid accomplishments and we know that the years immediately ahead will be characterized in the same way. Col. Corbett comes to this place with many years of excellent service to the Regiment behind him and much of that service was during the war. We wish for him the very best.

CHANGE OF COMMAND PARADE

On April 18, one of the best parades the Regiment has ever put on took place in the Armouries on the occasion of the change of command of Lt. Col. Hamish K. MacIntosh, M.B.E., E.D., and Lt. Col. K. C. B. Corbett, C.D. The Regiment was turned out in scarlett and was inspected by Major General S. F. Clark, C.B.E., C.D., General Officer commanding Central Command who also received the Salute and The March Past. One of the interesting items of the evening was the presentation to the Regiment of a dirk from the Lorne Scots, made by their commanding officer, Lt. Col. A. Kemps, C.D. There is no other Regiment in Canada which could have provided such remarkably fine music for such an occasion. The Pipes and Drums and The Military Band playing together and separately provided an incomparable background for the whole parade. Capt. Keeling and Pipe Major Dewar are to be congratulated on these excellent and indispensable units of our Regiment.

SUMMER CAMP

The Regiment goes to Summer Camp at Camp Ipperwash from June 7 to 14 and will be attached to 2nd Battalion, R.C.R. This will be a most valuable and interesting experience for all ranks and it is hoped that many will take advantage of the opportunity. All the interesting events of Camp life with good fun and good training should make this a very interesting week for everybody.

EDITOR'S NOTE

It is regrettable that certain units of the Regiment are not represented in this issue of The Falcon, although warning of two weeks was given as to when the articles should be turned in. There is much talent for writing in the Regiment and all ranks are continually busy so that there is no dirth of interesting events to report.

SECRET WEAPON: "Daddy, is there anything more dangerous to a man than a .20 gauge shotgun?"

"Yes, 60 gauge nylons."

HER BITTER HAIR: "Dad, why is a man not allowed to have more than one wife?"

"My son, when you are older you will realize that the law protects those that are incapable of portecting themselves."

PERSONALITY STORY - 48th Highlanders and "Dileas"

One of the most famous military regiments in all Canada is the 48th Highlanders of Canada, allied with the Gay Gordons and one of Canada's few regiments to have its own war memorial and its own written history.

The actual history is a continuing affair because the regiment is much alive and as active as any regiment, outside the regular army.

But the latest volume of the written history, "Dileas" which is a Gaelic word meaning "Faithful" has just come out.

It is by Captain Kim Beattie the regimental historian who also wrote the first volume, partly based on personal experience in World War I.

It is a book of gallantry so real that most of it is glossed over. It is glossed over because a Highlander would almost as soon lose his arm as be found "shooting a line."

So, rather than tell of brave deeds and noble action your highlander becomes almost incoherent when speaking of himself. Jock or Andy or Sam were brave men ... the colonel or the padre or somebody else was heroic and gay ... but not me!!

In "Dileas" the trained script writer could find material for a dozen dramas but the feature that appeals to me is how the older men got things started from mobilization to training to departure toward the battle area but the young men took over quietly and did the actual fighting.

We learn in this part of the history how a young captain with one of Canada's most famous names ... Seagram ... was the first member of the regiment to be killed in World War II.

We learn that the highlanders, in 1940 at the time of Dunkirk, penetrated deeper into France than any other Canadian unit and, at risk of being decimated, were brought out again from the Port of St. Malo after losing all of their gear.

Colonel Eric Haldenby, now brigadier, was in command.

St. Malo is probably known to every Canadian school boy as the place from where Jacques Cartier sailed to help set up this country.

In this case it was almost a miracle port because the Canadians having gone into France when France itself was collapsing DID get away again. They got away in a ship that was the very last to leave France before the surrender.

I was just starting as a broadcaster then and I remember early reports that the regiment had been wiped out. This was corrected to say that the 51st Highland division, which covered the retreat from Dunkirk had been obliterated but our own highlanders had suffered heavily...at least 200 men being left behind.

It turned out when all had been counted that only 6 Canadians were left from that brave dash at a time of defeat. Of these one was dead, four later escaped and a chap named Thompson served out the war in prison.

Thompson was not a highlander but a member of the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

To try and cover a history of 850 pages in five minutes is impossible so the reviewer slips into the personal.

I was born in Toronto and among my earliest memories are garrison parades where, with all respect to others, the marching of the kilties, as we called them, was the biggest event of the parade.

Generals might be there, and famous visiting regiments, but for home grown Torontonians the highlanders were and still are, the most colourful and picturesque marchers.

When war came in 1914 I was too young to take part but in 1916, as a beardless youth I did sign up in the 48th Highlanders to be assigned to the home regiment.

This service lasted three years, entailed no danger and was tucked away in my own memory until Sam Leake, one of the most energetic members of the old guard, dug up the facts about a year ago.

Thereupon I was invited into the 48th Highlanders Association and without that invitation might not have known about this historic work by Kim Beattie who had worked on the Telegram when I was on the Star.

In paying tribute to book and regiment now, it's with embarrassment because we all realize there are other well blooded regiments all across the nation and to single just one out for attention, and to mention myself in this connection, is the work of a homer.

And to say that a work of history is worthy of a gallant regiment is just about as corny as corny can be. But that's how it shapes up with "Dileas" and the 48th Highlanders.

"A" COY REPORTS:

Since the last issue of the Falcon "A" Coy has welcomed several new faces into the company ranks - Pte. M. Bova, S. James, J. Harastit, I. MacKay and H. Lloyd. All these recruits are now in the process of learning regimental life, and we look forward to having them with us for a long time.

Another big change in the company was the promotion of our company commanders to Major J. Potts.

At the present time the company is engaged in planning the Annual MacGregor Shoot which this year takes place on the 24th May and we are expecting a large attendance from members of the regiment on that day. Good shooting.

"B" COY REPORTS:

On the weekends of 9th and 23rd March, a course in Traffic Control was held, and this was conducted by members of the Provost personnel. The "would be coppers" from Baker Company were O/C D. F. Benson, Cpl. Blair, Ptes. Davis, Dix, Langcaster and Wellman.

The big event of the year, the Regimental Ball, was held on April 10th in the Royal York Hotel. Altho' a Thursday night, everyone had a most enjoyable time, and this was further added to by a demonstration of Highland Dancing put on by members of the Pipe Band. The ceremony of "Retreat" was also greatly appreciated. We were all pleased to see Cpl. "Tiny-Jr." Shaw adorning one of the local dailies the next day.

The Change of Command has come and gone and we are all extremely sorry to see Lt. Col. Hamish K. MacIntosh leave the Regiment. We would like to record here how much we all appreciate what he has done for the Regiment in the past 3 years. We know, however, that he will be far from inactive and that we will be being watched with an eagle eye for years to come.

We would like to congratulate Lt. Col. K. C. B. Corbett on his promotion to Commanding Officer and to assure him of our backing during his term.

Sgt. Martin and Sgt. "Rocky" Andrews are at present busily engaged in a Civil Defence Course and we wish them the best of luck during their 3 weekends at Niagara-on -the-lake.

CHARLIE CHATTER:

The spring season to date has been one of achievement for Charlie Coy with the big news being the upsurge in recruiting. "C" Coy is hardly recognizable with a total strength of thirty-four all ranks...and more coming! At the Change of Command parade 18 April we were second largest Coy on parade, and second from the right of the line. However, second isn't first, and that's what Charlie is shooting for!

In the same vein, we welcome the following men to the Compan Ptes. Rands, Deacon, Moze, Porter, Birnie, Turpin, Matthews, Waud, Boulanger, Acheson, Stork, MacDonald, Smart, Carr, Egerton and Willinsky. Of the above Porter, Birnie, Turpin, Matthew, Waud and Carr have all been in "C" Coy before and it is a pleasure having them back. Let's see more of the young-old-timers back in uniform! We expect Pte's Rands and Moze, both ex-sergeants of other Regiments, to prove their worth and give us the benefit of their wide experience. Pte. Rands and Pte. Porter are both members of the Toronto Police Force -- anybody getting too many parking tickets these days? A special word of welcome to Pte Manzau, who for nine months has weathered the paper-warfare raging over his head, and was finally sworn in 15 April. A very welcome addition to the Company at last!

"C" Coy has not only changed numerically, but physically as well. The Renovations Committee, under O/C W. Stark, have constructed a new roof with modern lighting effects - and they're not stopping there! In the plans are a paint-job, sand and varnish the floor, new bonnet-lockers, and a multitude of other items. Congratulations to O/C Stark, L/Cpl. Bowman and the rest of this hard-working group!

We were sorry to lose 2/Lt. Johnstone for the major portion of the spring season owing to a broken ankle. Those of us who witnessed the accident were most impressed with what we saw. After all, who else could slide into second base, while executing two cartwheels and a double half-gainer and still have the umpire call "safe! "

Since our efforts have been devoted almost entirely to strengthening the Coy, we have had little time for social events. However, it is planned to have one more get-together before we go to Camp, and any suggestions would be welcomed by the president of the Men's Committee - Cpl. Dunne. ("No, no Corporal.... dancing girls are out".)

Our training has been modified to suit the demands of two important ceremonial parades. However, before rehearsals for the Change of Command Parade curtailed the programme somewhat, the Coy benefitted from periods spent on basic weapons under the Platoon Officer, Sgts. and NCO's. In addition, CSM Kelly gave us some most interesting instruction on Civil Defence, Army Rescue methods, and other aspects of this important type of training. Needless to say, we shall be continuing our training programme as time permits, and most certainly at Camp two months from now!

In conclusion, all ranks are to be congratulated for their fine work this spring and for the growing "esprit-de-corps" within the Company. As Lt. Col. MacIntosh said on retiring from command "Go on. Work harder. Create new traditions. For this is the way to keep the Regiment great!"

SUPPORT COMPANY:

"Hello" to all the members and friends of Support Coy. It seems like only a short time ago since the last issue of The Falcon. A lot of fun has been had, thanks to the untiring efforts of L/Cpl Manson and his committee. We would all like to express our thanks to Mrs. Manson for her help in the preparation of Coy functions. A good time was had by all at the Pipers and Sgts. Balls (wish we had two a month say "Boozer and Lushwell Incorporated").

We would like to congratulate at this time the following members of Sp. Coy who successfully completed the N.C.O.'s Course, L/Cpl. Blyth; L/Cpl. Deacon; L/Cpl. Manson; L/Cpl. White; Ptes. Gilmour, Little, Luttrell, Mortensen and Stanley.

We welcome all new members of Support Coy and the Regiment and hope they will bring their family and friends down to join our happy throng.

Congratulations to Major Lowndes on his new promotion to training officer and to Sgt. Doward, Sgt. Holmes, L/Cpl. Blythe and L/Cpl. White on their promotions -- keep up the good work.

On 25th April, 1958, Maj. Lowndes inspected the Coy. A fairly good report was handed in but not perfect -- so come on fellows let's make it perfect.

It is now confirmed at present that Support Coy will parade two guards for the Trooping of The Colour on May 31st. However this can only be done if every one put a big effort into bringing down new recruits. This should be done now as "time marches on" and there is a lot of training to be done. (E.B.B.O.) everybody bring one.

We will be going to Camp Ipperwash, June 7 - 14. This should prove to be a good change (in the day time). We hope every body will be able to make it. There are plans for a weekend scheme in the very near future which we know every body has been looking forward to.

R E M E M B E R 7 - 14 J U N E

C A M P I P P E R W A S H

COL. K. R. MARSHALL, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.

In Kim Beattie's Dileas this old military truth is stated: "The colonels are the inevitable markers of the regimental story." Most old soldiers will agree that the "Old Man" had both omnipotent authority and the big responsibility, and also that each succeeding commander of his regiment made a distinct and lasting impact on it.

Colonel Marshall is a veteran officer of the Canadian Militia who has been making his personal impact on his regiment -- the 48th Highlanders of Canada -- for nearly 50 years. He is now that famous militia regiment's Honorary Colonel.

Colonel Marshall is honored here as a worthy representative of that loyal, unselfish and unsung group of officers and ex-officers of the Canadian Militia who personally have done so much through the years to preserve Canada's non-permanent units, often against great odds.

Colonel K. R. Marshall, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., proceeded overseas in 1914 as a Captain with the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders) C.E.F. He was almost immediately claimed for special staff duty, and finished the first German war as a full Colonel, being created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and also of the Distinguished Service Order. He then reverted in rank to take command of the 48th Highlanders from 1924 to 1928.

From that time, Colonel "Rud" Marshall has made a greater and greater impact on his Regiment, mostly from behind the scenes, the place to which all ex-colonels of regiments retire. This was especially notable in the period of the Great Depression in the 1930s, when the death sentence was almost written for the Canadian Militia. Colonel Marshall was one of a group of intensely loyal militia officers scattered across Canada who somehow kept their units alive and active when government funds for the Militia almost reached the vanishing point. As an Official Historian recorded of this period: "That the N.P.A.M. (militia) continued to exist as a basis for the land defence of Canada was due to the public spirit of its officers and men, to many of whom membership in the force meant an actual financial loss."

At the darkest depths of combined depression and pacifism, the 48th Highlanders did an historic thing. They were able to defy the influences working against them, and to do it spectacularly. They marched forth one night dressed in new white shell jackets, with the officers in new dress blues. At the moment when the cadet movement was dead, and militia activity throughout Canada was almost at a standstill, the 48th Highlanders defiantly reached a new peak in military

colour and smartness. Lt.-Col. (later Brig.) J. P. Girvan was in command when they were transformed in both spirit and appearance. It infected many other units with fresh hope. (An officer of a less fortunate Toronto Unit said the episode "gave a shot in the arm to the entire militia set-up at a very desperate time.")

That transformation was achieved at private expense -- the sole way in which most of Canada's famous militia regiments have been able to maintain their striking regimental character. Financial support by individuals is a factor behind the maintenance of Canada's militia regiments of which the public has only been vaguely aware.

It has certainly been solely through such men as Colonel Marshall that the 48th Highlanders have been able to retain their colourful -- and expensive -- Highland dress, so important to regimental pride. In stubbornly insisting on their right to demonstrate their regimental love for martial colour and pagentry, the 48th Highlanders have been a strong factor in both demonstrating the effective approach for recruiting, and in check-mating certain ill-advised Brass Hats who would make each militia unit an unidentifiable cypher in a conglomerate muster of nondescript men in battle dress, with a number for a badge.

Colonel Marshall became Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the 48th in 1947, following the death of both General Sir Ian Hamilton of the Gordons, Honorary Colonel of the 48th, and Colonel John Michie, Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel. In that same year, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, became Colonel-in-Chief, a post which remained unchanged when the Princess became Queen.

Colonel Marshall was then appointed Honorary Colonel of the 48th in 1954, with Brigadier Eric Haldenby, C.B.E., M.C., V.D., (who had taken the 48th overseas in 1939) appointed Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel.

Such honorary posts have had real meaning to Canada's militia regiments; they have been called "inspiration appointments", but the term should be "inspirational and financial". (Like the 48th Highlanders, most Canadian militia units have ex-officer groups and other auxiliaries to help those with honorary appointments).

The 48th Highlanders' first C.O. was Lt.-Col. John I. Davidson, whose tartan the Regiment adopted when founded in 1891. The commanders until 1914 then were Cosby, Macdonald, Robertson and Hendrie. During the 1914-18 war, the Regiment was commanded in action by John A. Currie, Billy C. Marshall (killed), Charlie Bent, Wally Forbes and John Girvan, and after the war the C.O.s were "Puss" Darling, "Rud" Marshall, George McLaren, Ian Sinclair, John Girvan, George Alexander and Jack Chipman.

During the recent war, the 48th Highlanders were commanded in turn by Lieutenant-Colonels Eric Haldenby, Bill Southam, Bill Hendrie, Eddie Ganong, Ian Johnston, Don Mackenzie (killed in Holland) and Jim Counsell. Since the war the regimental commanders have been Eddie Ganong, Bill Darling, Mike George and George Fraser, with Lt.-Col. Hamish K. Macintosh, M.B.E., C.D., now in command. He will be succeeded next month by Major K. C. B. (Casey) Corbett.

48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA - (OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION)

Honourary President - Col. K. R. Marshall, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.
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Club Manager

Mr. Harry Shepherd WA.2-4876

Assistant Manager

Mr. Howard Anderson

General Meetings -- Second Thursday of each month except June, July and August.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Following are the names of the 48th Veterans who died during the year from April 11 - 1957 to April 14 - 1958, with the dates of their passing from this life.

I would be grateful to those who would notify me of the death of a 48th Veteran, so that they could be put in the monthly bulletin.

GoGo, George A.	April 16, 1957	134th - 48th
Challenger, William F.	" 17, "	15th
Rodgers, Edward P.	" 17, "	15th
McMurrich, G. Donald	" 20, "	48th
Beal, George, W.	" 26, "	48th
Woods, Joseph E.	" 29, "	15th
Geddis, John	" 30, "	92nd
Forbes, Lt.-Col., J.W.	May 2, "	15th
Coates, Sam	" 14, "	134th
Callander, Mitchell	" 15, "	92nd
Lacey, George E.	" 26, "	15th
Allenby, Edward	" 27, "	15th
Glen, Albert A.	" 29, "	92nd
Smith, Thomas C.	" 29, "	48th
Davidson, James	June 3, "	48th
Chipman, John H., M.C., V.D.	" 15, "	92nd
Ellins, Harry F., Lieut.-Col.	" 16, "	15th
Heimbecker, C.	July 4, "	15th
McLeod, Arthur J.	" 8, "	134th
Cowan, Gavin (Guy)	" 18, "	92nd - 48th

Duncan, John L.	July 20, 1957	92nd
Dobson, John, R.	" 26, "	134th
Powell, William, E.	Aug. 1, "	92nd
Wallace, A.	" 3, "	134th
Veitch, James	" 7, "	48th
Theriault, V.	" 7, "	48th
Wood, William R.	" 7, "	134th - 19th
Weir, Albert	" 7, "	48th
Robinson, William	" 10, "	15th
Young, James	" 10, "	92nd
West, Ambrose, E.	" 16, "	48th
Tomenson, Arthur	" 19, "	48th
Shoolbred, Murray	" 23, "	48th
Brown, Andrew	" 24, "	48th
Donald, George A.	Sept. 1, "	48th
Thoms, Frederick	" 4, "	15th
Sinclair, Angus Wm., Q.C.	" 21, "	92nd Draft
Phillips, Charles S.	" 29, "	92nd
Karges, Murray, R.	Oct. 15, "	48th
Foster, Joseph, F.	" 19, "	92nd
McCallum, John F.	" 20, "	92nd
Woodyer, E.	" 24, "	92nd
Durward, Q.	" 24, "	92nd
Webb, George H.	Nov. 15, "	92nd
Lowden, Robert	" 17, "	92nd
Annette, Phillip, H.	" 30, "	48th
Barbour, William	Dec. 8, "	15th
McKelvie, James	" 10, "	48th
Maybin, William	" 16, "	15th
Gray, George	" 18, "	48th
Farmer, William	" 24, "	48th
Mann, Andrew J.	" 31, "	92nd
Gliddon, Donald, L.	Jan. 5, 1958	92nd
Robertson, Donald A., M.M.	" 13, "	15th
Spence, Herbert, J.	" 13, "	92nd
Jones, Alfred, T.	" 14, "	48th
Quinn, L. S.	" 22, "	92nd
Sheppard, Charles, D.	" 29, "	15th
Davidson, Lt. Col. Robert	" 30, "	15th
Williams, Duncan	" 31, "	15th
Grigor, James, "Piper"	Feb. 15, "	134th
Burroughs, Walter, E.	" 25, "	134th
Leadbetter, Duncan	" 26, "	15th
Harcombe, Frederick	" 27, "	15th - 48th
McMullen, William	Mar. 7, "	92nd
Snively, Alexander, C.	" 13, "	15th
Lacey, Alfred, D.	" 17, "	15th
Morley, John L.	" 26, "	15th
Colonby, Larry	April 2, "	48th
Grundy, Alfred, C.	" 6, "	92nd
Kelly, Nelson, A.	" 11, "	92nd
Mount, Frederick, C.	" 14, "	48th
Varney, Albert E.	" 16, "	15th

"THE DRUMS AT CIVIDALE"

"On 9th April 1945 the Allied troops in Italy opened their last offensive, the Americans on the left, the Eighth Army on the right. By the 19th the defences in the Argenta Gap had been breached, and early in the morning of the 23rd the leading troops of the 6th British Armoured Division reached the banks of the River Po. By this time the Germans south of that great river had been smashed, and it seemed probable that if a crossing in force could be made, resistance in the whole of Northern Italy would cease. It was then that the Commander took a decision for which he soon had cause to be thankful. Nearly two hundred miles back down the Adriatic coast was an infantry reinforcement depot and located there was the Corps of Drums (or, if you prefer, the Drum and Fife Band) of the Grenadiers. It seemed as though the war could not last much longer, and that ceremonial parades or "showing-the-flag" parties would soon be the principal activity of the British soldier, so several lorries were sent back with orders to bring the Drums forward and to keep moving until they caught up with their battalion.

It was not many days before the Germans ceased to be an anxiety; the only problem was accommodating and feeding the vast numbers who surrendered. Instead, the Yugoslavs appeared and with loud voices claimed large portions of north-east Italy. One of the very sore spots was a medium-sized town called Cividale, which the troops naturally pronounced "Civvy Dale" in good English.

The Welch Regiment had gone straight through to Caporetto, a famous name for a very small place, and were there involved with German rear-guards and aggressive "Jugs." They had a problem, but not an acute one. Cividale was a seething beehive. In France, Belgium and Holland a single "Resistance" movement had been good enough, but in Italy there seemed to be half a dozen; there were the Garibaldies, the Garibaldinis, the Red Scarves and several grades of Partisani, all with different political ambitions and ideas. All looked much the same to the British soldier: "dagos" overdressed and overarmed, with every sort of weapon, and festooned with bombs and miles of ammunition belts.

When the Grenadiers arrived, short of one company which they had had to leave in Udine, they found bands of these various types of patriot circulating purposefully and aggressively round this rather picturesque little town, and plainly all on bad terms with each other. The atmosphere was electric; one shot by someone would obviously set the place ablaze with savage fighting. Into this maelstrom had entered part of the Yugoslav Army. With surprising foresight they had come equipped with many large posters which informed the inhabitants, in Italian and Yugoslav that the town now belonged to Jugoslavia, and that it was the duty of all citizens to surrender immediately not only all arms and ammunition, which was not unreasonable, but also all food, clothing, motor cars and much else that was essential to life. With tears in his eyes the Mayor had come to the Colonel of the Grenadiers and had begged for the removal of all these cut-throats; for he was convinced, not without justification, that his town was about to become a scene of carnage and horrible massacre, and was sure to be burned down and looted. While the compliment to the British Army was flattering, the task suggested was not attractive.

The "Jugs" and what seemed to be the largest of the Italian Partisan forces, had set up their headquarters on opposite sides of the main square, a foolish mistake that made subsequent action for the British CO easier. No tanks were available; a certain number of the Derbyshire Yeomanry had been brought by ferry over the Po and were operating farther south, but it was still too early for a bridge, strong enough to carry tanks, to have been built. There were a few self-propelled Meium Artillery guns on their way forward. It had been intended to stop them at Udine. However, it was obvious that none of the ragamuffins who constituted such a menace to the peace of Cividale would be able to distinguish between a tank and an S.P. gun, so they were hurried on. Two were posted facing, at a range of about twenty yards, the house where the "Jug" headquarters

were, and two similarly facing the house where the Partisans were flaunting some fancy red flag of their own. No doubt it soon occurred to both parties that lightness on the trigger might apply just as well to the British gunners as to themselves, but that the consequences would be much more unpleasant.

That was all right so far as it went, but it did not altogether relieve the tension, that feeling of imminent danger not unlike the hours preceding the bursting of a thunderstorm. The Commander was standing in the main square, hoping he was not showing to his companion, the Commanding Officer of the Grenadiers the nervousness that he felt, or the horrid fear that he might be shot or, more likely, stabbed in the back at any moment, when three lorries drove up and halted on the edge of the Plaza. Quite slowly and quietly there stepped from the front of the leading one the Drum Major of the Grenadiers, beautifully turned out in well-pressed battle-dress with the peace-time khaki forage-cap, white belt and gaiters, Drum Major's staff and all. He looked round, saw the Commander and approached. The nasty, sullen murmur of the seething crowd died away; they watched to see what this new event might be.

"Drums present and correct, sir," said the Drum Major after giving a sweeping salute; "do you wish us to play?" This after a three hundred mile lorry journey and several days and nights of discomfort was no mean result of peace-time training and the British temperament.

"Yes, the usual Retreat, please, Drum Major," said the Commander.

There had been no move on the part of the occupants of the lorries but when the Drum Major's order echoed round the square, "De-bus and fall in!" some fifty figures emerged, all attired as smartly as their leader; drums were unloaded, boots dusted, belts tightened, caps adjusted. This was no pre-war Corps of Drums, young men and teen-age boys. Here we had veterans of the African and Italian Campaigns who had been wounded, and unfit for any more fighting, had volunteered to stay on so that they would see the war out with their battalion. Many were sergeants, all wore wound-stripes and they all looked, and no doubt felt, as though they were worth ten of the scallywags who stood and gaped at this strange sight, their weapons hanging from their hands, their demeanour already far less aggressive than it had been a few moments before.

The bugles rang out, the old familiar call that has echoed for hundreds of years in British barracks the world over. Then "Five pace roll, by the right, quick march!" and away they went up the centre of the Plaza of that little Italian town, between the vast crowd held back by a small body of their comrades. Forgotten was everything of the rivalry between these bands of communists and other sects, everything was swamped by an intense curiosity about what was happening and what this scream of life and beat of drum, crashing back off the grey walls, could portend. Was some tremendous proclamation about to be made? Perhaps Tito was coming, or did it herald the arrival of the great Alexander himself? From all sides people poured in, but it was an orderly crowd and ready to stand back and give "Il General's" band a fair run.

So, for nearly half an hour, they marched and counter-marched up and down this old Plaza. All the old familiar tunes came out: "Colonel Bogey", "Stars and Stripes," and five or six more. When the performers paused for a short rest, there was wild clapping of hands and cries for more. At the end of the time the Drum Major instead of having the final call blown on the bugles, approached the Commander - "Would you like any more, sir?" "Drum Major, you've saved the day; can you give them "Tipperary", "Lili Marlene" and "Tipperary" again?" "Sir," said the Drum Major.

"Tipperary" is the best-known British tune in Europe. During the advance from Normandy to Belgium, wherever the liberated peoples sang or played, it was always "Tipperary". So, too, during the previous few days in Italy, it had always been this song, though the words were often hard to follow.