UNIVERSITY OF Southampton

# Tour Diary of Lord Mountbatten, 1976 volume 1

MS 62 MB8/23/1

Some pages in this volume are redacted under

FOIA s.37(1) and s.40(2)

MBS/23/1

Darling Daddy.

Your diary, bound for Christmas, comes with so much love, from

Pammy and David

Broadlands 1977

BOUND BY SANGORSKI & SUTCLIFFE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

# 1976 TOUR DIARIES OF

# ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

# THE EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA

(In three volumes)

VOLUME I

Pages 1 - 208


| | |
|---|---|
| UNITED KINGDOM | 1st JANUARY - 6th FEBRUARY<br>Page 2. |
| GREECE, SRI LANKA,<br>SINGAPORE, AUSTRALIA | 7th - 29th FEBRUARY<br>Page 13. |
| UNITED KINGDOM | 1st - 21st MARCH<br>Page 107. |
| CANADA, U.S.A.,<br>BAHAMAS | 22nd MARCH - 15th APRIL<br>Page 125. |
| UNITED KINGDOM | 16th APRIL - 6th MAY<br>Page 170. |

# LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S

# EARLY WEEKS OF NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND 1976

NEW YEAR 1976

Although this Diary is going to recount my early 1976 Tour I felt I had better start by reviewing January 1976 because I so rarely dictate accounts of my doings at home.

To go back to the Christmas period I had the entire family - Patricia, John, Norton, Joanna, Amanda, Philip, Nicky and Timmy to stay, the only one missing being Michael John who was just starting on a tour of South America on completion of his time in Australia, with a girl friend called Clare Johnson. I had written to every Ambassador of every country they are visiting to make sure they would have somebody to turn to if in trouble, and I was even able, through the Chilean Ambassador in London, who is an Admiral, to get in touch with another Naval Officer who is the Governor of Easter Island. I hope their tour goes well.

Pammy and David came for Christmas with their three children, Edwina, Ashley and India. John's mother, Dodo, also came as usual, as well as dear old Nannie Bowden, so we were a large and gay party which was most enjoyable.

We had family shoots on the 23rd and 26th December, and an Estate Committee Meeting on Monday, 29th, after which we all broke up and went our different ways.

I stayed on for a ride and then went by train to London where I met Pammy and her children

for lunch and then we joined up with David and went to a musical play of the television series "Dad's Army". They then drove me down to Britwell with my beloved dog Juno who I had brought up by train.

I spent New Year's Eve with the family at Britwell and very pleasant it was.

On Friday, 2nd January, all of us drove over in two cars to Newhouse, Mersham, for the week-end, except Edwina who had gone to stay with a friend in Paris.

A heavy gale shook the whole of the country and the shooting in Mersham-le-Hatch Park produced some very fast high birds.

On the Sunday morning I attended a meeting of the Mersham Hatch Discretionary Settlement in my capacity of a Trustee, and after lunch went by train with my valet, Stuart Crook, who had found his way to Newhouse for the week-end by train. We changed platforms at Waterloo and went straight through to Southampton which we reached at 1740. I found a pile of work on return.

On Monday, the 5th, my great nephew, Charles, moved in to spend the nights at Broadlands while working in Portsmouth, and I had a Life Guards dinner party which also included the Denys Wyatts.

On Wednesday, the 7th, a small fire broke out in the linen room just before lunch but was

detected in time to be put out before it really caught alight seriously, but it has been very worrying, as we can't be certain of the cause.

During this period Charles had friends down from time to time for discussions or to stay, and I rode regularly.

I had two shoots at Broadlands.

On January 10th I had the Archduke Charles of Austria and his wife, Yola de Ligne, the daughter of Prince de Ligne who was the Belgian Ambassador with me in India. The party included Stoker and Amanda Hartington, and Amanda's mother, Junie Heywood-Lonsdale.

My niece, Tiny, and George of Hanover came to stay from the 12th to the 14th to see Charles and me.

I went to London for a couple of days for the 14th and the 15th, and had a breakfast with Peg of Hesse at Claridges on Thursday, 15th. Later I unveiled the new portrait of Charles at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and made a speech in the Painted Hall to a full Mess of 350 officers at luncheon.

In the afternoon I took the Chair at the quarterly meeting of the National Electronics Council.

I drove back to Broadlands that evening and my great niece, Anne, and her husband, Mark,

came to stay as well as Eddie and Katherine Kent. Charles was there but had to leave on the Friday. The rest of us shot at Compton on Friday and at Broadlands on Saturday.

On the Friday evening Sacha and James Hamilton joined us for the week-end. Norton came down on Friday for the week-end with Penny. What a really sweet girl she is.

We had good amusing films on Friday and Saturday night.

All the party left on Sunday except my god-daughter, Sacha, who stayed on, and rode with Mary Lou and me on Monday.

On Thursday, 22nd, I went over to the Isle of Wight with my Royal Marines A.D.C., Alistair Donald. I drove the locomotive of the new Isle of Wight Railway Association who have taken over a mile-and-a-half of disused permanent track and acquired some old rolling stock which they run for tourists.

I visited the Abbey Field House in Newport; the new maritime museum in Cowes; had a meeting at the Royal Yacht Squadron with members of the Committee of the Cancer Relief Fund about raising funds for the Countess Mountbatten Home at Moor-field in Hampshire; and then attended the annual dinner and dance of the Isle of Wight Tourist Board at the Ponda Rosa.

I spent the night at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle and came back on Friday to catch

up with the usual stream of correspondence.

At 1630 I met Charles at Eastleigh Airport and he flew me in an Andover of the Queen's Flight which he piloted himself. I took Juno with me and we landed at Marham in Norfolk, and drove to Wood Farm, Sandringham, for the week-end.

I had often been to Wood Farm for shooting lunches whilst staying at the big house, but this has been out of action for two years while pulling down all the servants' quarters and modernising them, and then with inflation they had to go slow, so they have now got Wood Farm to live in for the family, and have just taken back Park House, not far away, for guests.

There are only four bedrooms at Wood Farm and two bathrooms, which were shared by Philip, Lilibet, Charles and me; the two young boys have gone back to school.

Philip's dear old valet, Joe Pearce, looked after me. He told me he was sure the family had not had as much fun since they lived with us in Malta in 1949 and 1950 at Villa Guardamangio. I quite agreed with him and must say this was the most delightful week-end I have spent with the family; so cozy and close together, with practically no servants and no staff. Lilibet looked after Juno for me in a touching way.

We shot on Saturday, 24th. It was cold and windy and after lunch it started to snow very

lightly; it gradually got heavier and heavier and the snow started to lie.

That evening the Governor General of Australia and his new wife, Sir John and Lady Kerr, came to dinner with two of the staff, Philip Moore and Robin Brooke.

They also came over tollunch on Sunday, 25th, and altogether I had a most useful talk with the Governor General about my forthcoming visit to Australia and he was most friendly and welcoming.

Charles was supposed to fly Alexandra, Angus and me with Juno back again that evening from Marham. But the snow was so heavy that the runway couldn't be used and the Andover was diverted to Mildenhall, the U.S.A.F. Air Base a bit further away, where the Americans keep the runway clear.

Charles drove us in his Range Rover and it was quite tough going and took much longer than usual; in fact two hours.

We took off in a heavy snow storm and got to Eastleigh at 2005 where the weather was clear and there was no sign of any snow.

Norton and Penny had been down riding and stayed for dinner. Then Norton drove Penny back to her parents who are over here on a visit, and returned to spend the night and shoot on Monday with Hugh Dalgetty.

On Tuesday, 27th January, the French party came. They were flown over in a private Mystère jet aircraft of Emilien Amaury with his daughter, Francine, and my old friend Colonel Rémy.

Jacques came without Yola as she had developed 'flu, and returned with the party after luncheon. The object of their visit was a presentation of magnificent albums of photographs, press cuttings and speeches of my Normandy Tour last June. Yola's great niece, Virginie, who had married John Wilkinson (half Belgian and half Australian) came with the party and stayed on to help Charles' French.

Charles talked voluble French to them on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, and on Thursday, 29th, David Hyne kindly gave up taking part in the Keepers' Shoot to drive the Jaguar with Virginie, John and me to London.

I took them to 2 Kinnerton Street to wash and brush up and then they toured London and returned to Paris that night whilst David drove me on down to H.M.S.BELFAST where I addressed a luncheon party of important City people from whom we are trying to raise sufficient funds to ensure the financial stability of the Belfast Trust in future.

David drove me back to Broadlands by 1720. We found that Jack and the whole of the Barratt family had moved to the new house he has just bought at Rownhams.

On Friday, 30th January, I had breakfast with Charles just after 0700 as he is leaving Broadlands to-day after his four working weeks stay. The weather is getting colder and colder but no snow.

In the evening George Thomson and Bob Lutton from Singapore came down with Robert Blackburn for dinner and the night to discuss U.W.C. affairs in South East Asia, and my programme in Singapore.

On Saturday the Sweenys came to be interviewed for his position as valet/driver.

In the evening I saw the film "Cockleshell Heroes" on T.V. which represented the "Royal Marine Boom Patrol Detachment" carrying out their gallant attack by canoes on the blockade runners at Bordeaux. The raid was a successful Combined Ops. raid and there was a large view of the final Orders signed by me for the date of the operation. Incidentally I recently saw the film "The Man Who Never Was" on T.V. and in that case an actor appeared as me several times with the Chiefs of Staff deciding about Operation MINCE-MEAT, a brilliant deception operation which involved our getting a corpse who became a Royal Marine, Major Martin, who "joined my staff as a corpse".

On Sunday, 1st February, there was a Royal British Legion Parade, including a contingent of seventy from the Burma Star Association, for the laying-up of the old British Legion Colours and the dedication of the new Colours in Romsey Abbey.

I went to their party afterwards and made a speech.

On Tuesday, 3rd February, Jack drove me to 39 Montpelier Walk for a working lunch and tea for the Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting.

In the evening I went with Pammy and David and Alistair Donald to the Royal Albert Hall for the Charity Royal Marines Massed Band concert which was excellent. Pammy and David gave me dinner afterwards.

I saw various people on Wednesday, the 4th, mainly about the United World Colleges, and Admiral and Mrs.Subono, the Indonesian Ambassador called; I last met him when he was Chief of the Naval Staff in Indonesia.

In the evening I attended the Faraday Lecture given by the Institution of Electrical Engineers at a theatre, which was excellent. I made a speech thanking them and talking about the N.E.C. afterwards.

On Thursday, 5th, we picked up Sacha and drove to Broadlands where we had a ride; Sacha on Panda, Mary Lou on Champagne and I on Tabu. Sacha returned to London by train.

In the evening the Lord Mayor of Westminster and Mrs.Dawe brought down the Lord Mayor of Gothenburg and Mrs.Hansson and a Swedish staff officer for dinner and a film. This was return hospitality for the way they looked after us during

our visit to their city in Sweden in September. The next day I took them round the house and the grounds before they left. Dr.Peter Johnson gave me my second cholera injection.

In the afternoon I did two radio recordings for the Central Office of Information for Broadcasting to Australia, and I did a T.V. recording for Southern T.V. mainly about the H.M.S.CAVALIER Trust Fund.

I said good-bye to Stuart Crook rather sadly to-day. He has been about two years with me and although he could never learn to drive he turned out to be an efficient and dedicated valet. However, I must get a man who can drive as well as it is impossible to carry on without a chauffeur.

# LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S TOUR WITH

# LORD AND LADY BRABOURNE TO

# GREECE, SRI LANKA, SINGAPORE AND AUSTRALIA

# FEBRUARY 1976

SATURDAY, 7TH FEBRUARY 1976

After the usual desperate struggle to finish off last minute correspondence Daborn drove me in the Jaguar to the Doll's House to deposit Juno who is going to stay with Mary Lou while I am away and she is taking her to the vet to have an operation on one of her teats, poor sweet!

At 1235 we arrived at the Kingsford Smith V.I.P. suite at Heathrow where I saw two Life Guard candidates, Waterhouse and Doughty. Then I caught the Air France aircraft to Paris which left twenty-five minutes late at 1340. The clocks were advanced one hour and we arrived at Orly at 1540 where I was met by the new Naval Attache, Captain Vincent Howard, and the old regular driver, Robbie. They drove me to 7 Villa Maillot where we arrived at 1630.

I was very warmly greeted by Yola and Jacques as usual, and then at 1800 we drove to the British Embassy to call on the new British Ambassador and his wife, Sir Nicholas and Lady Henderson. I had only met him once briefly when he came over from Bonn with President Heinemann on his State Visit. As a matter of fact Yola's great niece, Virginie, and her husband John Wilkinson had arranged to come and see me so the Ambassador kindly said we could take them with us to the Embassy and we had a very pleasant party there.

In the evening Yola and Jacques kindly arranged a small dinner party consisting of her

nephew, Yves Borotra and his new wife, Chantal, and Madam Sfix now remarried to Monsieur Lassaignes. We talked a lot of U.W.C. stuff as she is on the Committee, and Michel, the son of Yves, had been to St.Donat's Castle.

SUNDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY 1976

At 0715 I had breakfast with Yola and Jacques; and at 0740 left in the Naval Attaché's car and got to the new airport, Charles de Gaulle, in the record time of 18 minutes because there was no traffic on Sunday.

I caught the 0845 Air France aircraft. The clocks were put on one hour and we arrived at 1300 (Greek Local Time) at Athens, ten minutes late. A snow shower had just stopped and the weather was brightening up and the snow had practically all melted, so we had no difficulty in landing. I was therefore staggered to hear that John and Patricia had not arrived ahead to meet me as arranged. Their aircraft, coming from Larnaca in Cyprus, should have landed at 1125 at the end of their three day visit to the Third Battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. They are, in fact, part of the United Nations' Force and extend the line with the Welsh Guards in Nicosia itself.

Patricia was received with the usual Royal Guard of a hundred men, Colours and Regimental Band on the following morning as they arrived after dark on Thursday night. They had a very full and successful programme including a visit to the various Observation Posts. At one Post the

Turkish Commander sent over a sergeant to complain that there were civilians in the U.N.Post. When he was told there were none he said "That's nonsense, one of them was a woman". They then said "That was no woman; that was our Colonel-in-Chief".

They left Larnaca in bright sunshine and as they neared Athens there was a very heavy snow storm which prevented them landing; so the aircraft was diverted to Salonika. John had rung up and given his telephone number so I immediately got in touch with him and found out, in fact, that their aircraft could not take off in time to rejoin us and they would have to go by an alternative route. He now wanted to catch an aircraft that night from Salonika to Cairo and spend the night in Cairo and then fly on the next morning to Jedda.

I got through to our Ambassador in Athens to ask him to ring up our Ambassador in Cairo to make sure that their onward flight had the tickets booked because they couldn't do this in Salonika, and to try and book them some rooms to spend the few hours of the night they were there.

In between these telephone calls I held an informal meeting with three members of the newly formed Greek National Committee of the United World Colleges, consisting of Admiral and Mrs.Sarris and Professor Theophanopoulos.

Lord Hankey had been out a few weeks ago and had laid the foundations for the Committee. Admiral Sarris confirmed that there was great

enthusiasm for the ideals of the United World Colleges at every level from the Minister of Education downwards and in universities and schools, but what they lacked in Greece was money. It appears that nobody has any money to spare; they couldn't even raise enough money for postage, telephone calls and for advertising vacancies in the various school journals so at least any parents who had private means could send fee-paying students.

Mrs.Sarris finally said that unless they got £1,000 they really couldn't get going. I promised to try and get them some money and would try and work up to £1,000 by instalments. This cheered them all up, and I then went back for a final telephone call to our Ambassador, Sir Brookes Michael, to see whether he had been able to fix anything. He said he had not been able to get through yet but promised he would do his best to do so.

While I was on the telephone to the Ambassador the Manager of Air France in Athens dashed over to me and said the aeroplane must leave at once and I must cut off the telephone. I cut off the call as soon as I politely could; we then dashed off by car to the aircraft which by this time had its doors firmly shut and was just about to start up its engines. The Manager appeared to be in despair so I pointed at my button-hole and said "Do you see this; this is the Grand Cross of your Legion of Honour for my services to your country in French-Indo-China; if you don't get that door opened up I shall report

you personally to the President of France". This produced an electric effect; somebody ran in front of the aircraft and waved, and the Manager himself started waving and making a fuss, and finally they re-opened the door and let me in. But it was a narrow squeak.

We landed at Cairo for refuelling at 1600. Onward passengers were not supposed to get out but I had sent a message saying I wanted to be met and taken to a telephone. This was well organised and I got through to the Embassy only to find that the Ambassador was away for the day and being a Sunday everything was closed down. The only man I could speak to was a very intelligent security officer called Lovell who guaranteed to take the message to the Ambassador but warned me that Cairo was so crammed full of visitors that there wasn't a single room to be had in any hotel but he had no doubt the Ambassador would put them up at the Residence.

This time I got back just in time before they closed the aircraft door.

The aircraft took off at 1650; the clocks were advanced one hour and we landed at Jedda at 1925, about twenty minutes late.

The British Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Alan Rothnie, met me with the Royal Protocol Officer on behalf of the King, whose official guest I was; his Defence Attaché, Colonel Brian Lees; and the Chairman of our International Board, Toni Besse, who had been there for 24 hours preparing the way with his unique knowledge of Arabian conditions.

Mrs.Rothnie was away in the Yemen but the Ambassador gave a small dinner for Toni, Brian Lees and myself at which we went through the proposed line of discussions with the Saudi Arabian authorities. The Ambassador's suggestions were most helpful, and so were Toni's, and we worked out how best to approach them.

MONDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY 1976

I was called at 0645; had a quick bath, and repacked the few clothes I had taken out. Unfortunately I had been called quarter-of-an-hour late and hurry as I would we left the house quarter-of-an-hour late, much to the concern of the Royal Protocol Officer. However, the airfield was warned and the aircraft was kept for us and took off about quarter-of-an-hour later at 0820. It was a Lockheed Tristar (with the new Rolls Royce engines) of SAUDIA the name of the Saudi Arabian Air Line.

We were served a good cooked breakfast including omelette on board and landed at Riyadh at 0930. We were met by Air Vice Marshal Slade who presented our host to us, H.R.H. Prince Bander bin Sultan, the new Royal Protocol Officer and the Commercial Counsellor at the Embassy, Kay, who had been sent to look after us.

We were driven first to a fabulous new hotel just completed known as the Intercontinental, designed, I am proud to say, by a British architect. We were taken up to my suite and in the sitting room had a discussion about our programme and again our approach to the Saudi Arabian authorities.

At 1100 I rang the British Embassy in Jedda to discover that John and Patricia had arrived safely though very tired, and were just off on a sight-seeing expedition looked after by Caroline, the wife of Brian Lees, and of course the Ambassador.

At 1020 Bander conducted me to the old Palace of the late King Faisal who had been assassinated by a nephew a few months ago. He had been succeeded by a brother who had gone off with the Minister of Defence on a hunting expedition for a month. Bander tried to persuade me to change my programme so as to come at a time when they would be in the capital, but I pointed out that as long as the Prime Minister and the Minister of Education were present, as far as I was concerned they were the people I was trying to do business with, although of course I was sorry to miss the honour of being seen by my real host, the King, I was sure His Majesty would understand.

Bander took it in good part and went ahead with the programme but when later on my old friend the Sheik of Bahrain got his son to ring up Bander to ask us to extend our programme by a day to go and visit him again at Bahrain, which I knew well from the days when it was out main Naval Base in the Persian Gulf, Bander replied "Lord Mountbatten would not change his programme to meet our King; you can hardly expect him to change his programme to meet your Sheik!"

It appears that the real power in Saudi Arabia now is the King's younger brother, Crown

Prince Fahd bin Abdul Aziz; and the next most powerful his younger brother the Minister of Defence who is, in fact, the father of our host, Prince Bander. Thus Bander is a nephew of the reigning King and the grandson of the great King Ibm Saud whom Pammy visited about January 1950 when she was in the SURPRISE with Arthur John Power during his Red Sea Cruise whilst I was in Command of the First Cruiser Squadron. Philip was also at Jedda in the CHEQUERS. Pammy was given a pearl necklace and a diamond studded gold watch, and an Arabian dress.

We had quite a long wait in an enormous Waiting Room because there was so much toing and froing all over the place. Luckily this gave me the opportunity to ring up John and confirm his time of arrival in Riyadh.

The audience took place at 1100 and was fairly romantic. There were a lot of people in a very large room with armchairs placed round the walls - otherwise devoid of furniture. The Prime Minister who was sitting in a central chair, got up to greet me and then we were placed on chairs round him; the party including Toni Besse and Bander, and an interpreter. However, Cabinet Minister Prince Mohammed bin Faisal joined the party and stayed for the whole audience.

The Prime Minister had at one time been Minister of Education and was not only extremely knowledgeable but very friendly and sympathetic to my approach. I took up the agreed line that we wanted to involve Saudi Arabia in the United

World Colleges movement both for the sake of our Colleges and for the sake of Saudi Arabia's image in the world.

They were particularly interested in getting American or English University degrees. In America they could have an easy entry into any university and in four years they got a degree. In England they required at least one year's English tuition, two years to get the necessary 'A' levels, and then three years to get the degree, making six years.

I now offered them a short cut. If they liked to come to any one of the three existing United World Colleges we would accept them at a pinch for one year and at the same time as working up their English we would help them to pass the International Baccalaureate to get in to a university in England, and then in three years they could get a degree making four years, the same as the Americans.

This attracted the Prime Minister very much. However, I pointed out that ideally they should do two years at a United World College so as to get the full benefit of the International Baccalaureate, and in five years they would get an education and a degree worth a great deal more than the four years in America. This appeared to appeal to His Royal Highness. It certainly went over very big with the Minister of Education and his Deputy, whom we called on immediately afterwards, and they promised to look into it.

I then went on to say that I would like to have a Saudi Arabian teacher appointed to each of our three Colleges at their expense who could thus join the International Teaching Faculty and get the voice of Islam heard in our Colleges, whilst coming back a much better teacher at the end of his period.

Finally I said we wanted another £82,000 to complete the expenses of the International Baccalaureate until UNESCO took it over in January 1977. I pointed out that the Shah had given the I.B.O. £100,000 to help them through the first six months of 1976 and this gave them the opportunity of taking it on for the rest of the period.

Of course I explained all about the International Baccalaureate and its advantages at considerable length. I left literature with them and Toni Besse promised to come back in a month or five weeks to answer questions so that they could try and come to a decision in time for an entry of thirty of their scholars - ten to each of our schools - by the beginning of September. They would have to make up their mind if they wanted to catch this year by the end of April but if they did not want to be rushed they would have to wait a year.

I do not want to be over optimistic for I realise what the Middle East is like and their politeness may mean only that they are going to look into it and take a very long time making up their mind. I hope we can keep the pressure up

successfully. Bander promised to do what he could, especially when his father came back from hunting.

Bander now took us back to our hotel and gave us a small intimate luncheon instead of the big luncheon which there would have been projected if the King had been back.

After that I went up to my room and lay down to rest for a bit, and at 1600 we drove off to the airport to await the arrival of Patricia and John. The aircraft was a little bit late and while waiting we noticed at least two V.I.P. parties arriving and being received with great ceremonial. Our Air Commodore said he thought that more V.I.Ps landed per day at Riyadh than probably any other airport except possibly Heathrow. Among them was the famous Bechtel who is the richest American entreprenuer in the Middle East.

I also had the opportunity of meeting the Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia, Prince Saud al Faisal. He is the younger brother of the King and a most magnificent, good looking man - rather like King Faisal in his younger days. He was very interested about the United World Colleges as he had raised the question of the degrees himself in one of his Foreign Office reports.

Patricia and John arrived with Caroline Lees, the wife of the Defence Attaché, and we collected them and drove straight off to the famous ultra modern new hospital built by King

Faisal nearby. It really was quite an experience; not only did they have all the latest apparatus such as the E.M.I. Brain Scanner and Body Scanner, but the use of computers had been advanced to such a degree that when a doctor writes out a prescription he puts down the diagnosis alongside the prescription and if he gets the prescription wrong the computer rejects it.

Next we went on a tour of the old town with its fascinating great mud walls and saw the old Palace and also the Fort which as recently as 1901 King Ibn Saud had captured in a surprise attack with only 40 men, and the spear he threw is still stuck in the door.

As we drove on Bander pointed out to us, with a mixture of pride and diffidence, an enormous hole in the centre of the City which he said had been prepared to take the Emergency Headquarters. We soon discovered that they have the same feeling as the Chinese have of the need to prepare against nuclear attack. They propose to have a colossal air raid shelter with communication means to enable the Government to retain hold of a grip on the country.

Bander then became rather forthcoming about conditions in Saudi Arabia. He said that any Saudi Arabian could obtain a free of interest loan of up to 70% of the price of the land and house he wanted to build for himself, and up to 50% if it was for a business. It would have to be repaid over 20 years and of course gave people a wonderful start.

People were rationed to one application so several quite poor people borrowed the money on the understanding that they would apply for a plot and get planning approval; after that the plot became immensely valuable and they could then sell it and invest the proceeds and live on private means.

The size of the population of towns is quite uncertain as they haven't had a decent census recently. It appears that Jedda is somewhere between 600,000 and 700,000, and Riyadh is getting on to half a million. The interesting thing is that none of the Bedouin Arabs will do any manual work so they have to bring in labourers from other countries. Contractors who want to put up a building often have it put in their contract that they must supply their own labour from outside the country. There are now said to be nearly as many labourers from Korea, India and other eastern countries as the original population of Arabs but none can achieve citizenship.

We got rather held up in a traffic jam going to the airport and Bander apologised for not having accepted the police escort which had been offered for us as he thought it would annoy us. We said we would far sooner be late than annoyed and agreed with him.

We got to the airport where we found a Jet Star of the Royal Flight awaiting us. We three, together with Brian and Caroline Lees and Bander, embarked in it and said good-bye to Toni Besse and the others. We then flew to Dhahran

which we reached in 45 minutes at 1935, and at the airport met Prince Naif Bin Abdul Aziz, the important Minister of the Interior, and had the chance of a short talk with him.

Bander now drove us in another one of his personal Cadillacs to the Hotel at which he had taken a suite for us. This was called the Algosaibi Hotel. It was modern and well built; the Manager had served in the 14th Army with me, and the Assistant Manager had arrived from Inverness the night before. We hurriedly freshened up and then drove via Bander's private residence. He is attached to the Royal Saudi Arabian Air Force Base here and has just got himself a new house.

Actually he drove us on past his house as he was taking us to dinner with an uncle who was also attached to the same Squadron. Prince Mugrin bin Abdul Aziz al Saud entertained us to dinner with his wife, Princess Abtta.

Prince Mugrin is a younger brother of Bander's father thus his uncle although only two years older. He is a Hi Fi fan and has installed the most elaborate equipment, and has a very extensive library of cassette T.V. recordings which he has made himself.

Bander's charming wife, Princess Haifa, was there, and a few other guests from the Air Station. It was informal and very friendly but we sat about for hours before we were allowed to start eating.

After dinner our host brought in his favourite hunting falcon, a beautiful female. He took her eye shield off so that we could examine her beautiful eyes which were absolutely enormous and looked like magnifying lenses. In fact they are the most powerful vision known to nature for it is said that a hunting falcon can detect a small coin on the ground 500 feet away.

He described how they operate. This should of course be done from a horse but nowadays they do it standing up in a Land Rover with a hole in the roof through which they can put their head and shoulders. The falcon is put on their wrist and then at the precise moment when a bustard is sighted, either flying or on the ground, the blind-fold cap is removed; if the prey is still on the ground and not directly visible the falcon then starts scanning. It turns it head about $10^{o}$, looks carefully and then another sharp $10^{o}$, looks again, then another $10^{o}$ and looks again; finally it locks on when it sees its prey, and when it has got its prey well focussed it then starts moving its head backwards and forwards as a sign that it is ready to go. Then the falcon is released and flies off after the prey.

If there is any doubt about the falcon being able to catch it a smaller, but faster and more vicious hunting hawk, is released which goes in for the kill and then leaves the bird for the falcon to finish off. A falcon will kill three or four bustards a day but in strictly preserved country they can get up to ten or twelve.

On return Patricia told us a most amusing story which she had heard from Haifa. Apparently her husband's grandfather, the famous King Ibn Saud, was a strict observer of the Moslem code and never had more than four legal wives at one time. Concubines do not count. Before the annual hunting month the King used to divorce one of his four wives so as to have a vacancy which he could fill if he saw a pretty girl during his hunting trip and could marry her right away.

When I was in the 1st Cruiser Squadron, the Commander-in-Chief, Arthur John Power, took Pammy in the SURPRISE to Jedda where she met Ibn Saud and received pearls and a gold and diamond watch. Philip also came from the CHEQUERS.

Finally around midnight we pleaded fatigue to be allowed to go back to the Hotel and to bed.

For dinner Patricia wore her new gift with which she was presented in the Sergeants' Mess by the Regimental Sergeant Major. It was a large aquamarine set in gold with a gold chain made in Cyprus, which was really lovely. The available men of the 3rd Battalion had subscribed for this and I might add that at least one Company of that Battalion is kept in reserve not in Cyprus.

TUESDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY 1976

I had breakfast by myself in our sitting room at 0800 as I persuaded Patricia and John they were not needed for the first item on the programme and they slept on.

At 0830 Bander picked me up, and at 0845 we arrived at the Technical Training Institute (TTI), at the Royal Saudi Arabian Air Force Base.

I was taken round the whole Institute and introduced to more than two hundred British instructors now employed by the British Aircraft Corporation on contract. Nearly all had recently retired either from the R.A.F., or the Fleet Air Arm, or even a few from the Army.

They all seemed to like their job and to be very dedicated and enthusiastic. I was surprised how few of their wives were out with them although houses are provided. They really want to make a lot of money and then go back home.

I discovered that there were a further 500 who were employed in maintaining the Lightning Squadrons, and I understand most of them are R.A.F. personnel on secondment.

Of the total of between 700 and 800 British personnel, only 130 had their wives out with them, but those who did were very happy and their families enjoyed it very much.

A most interesting briefing was given by a Wing Commander of the Pakistan Air Force who was very friendly and talked about the good old days in spite of having lost many of his relations in the massacres in Labore.

At the end of my tour I was taken to their Recreation Room where I was presented with a

magnificent plaque of the TTI Arms which I accepted with pleasure to add to my collection in the basement at Broadlands.

We then waited for Patricia and John to come from the hotel to join up with us. They did not turn up at the appointed time and I reminded Bander that I had heard him tell them to wait in the hotel until we picked them up. He admitted this but said that he had sent a car to collect them nevertheless. In fact they did not turn up, so after a while we drove on to our next appointment at the University of Petroleum and Minerals.

We were shown the comparatively small building in which the whole project started with 45 students and professors, and now it had grown into a huge University.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the others the Dean of the University, Dr.Bakr Abdullah bin Bakr, gave me a full and interesting briefing. They now have 1,800 students from 22 different countries, but the university was being enlarged to take a total of 3,000.

To get a degree here requires a 3 year course. The faculty consists of 250 professors of which, I was glad to hear, 20% came from the United Kingdom.

There are no less than five separate colleges as follows:-

1. Engineering Sciences divided into no less than 6 disciplines, chemical, civil, electrical, mechanical, petroleum and finally systems engineering.

2. Applied Engineering divided into four disciplines, chemical, civil, electrical and mechanical.

3. Sciences, divided into chemistry, geology and mathematics.

4. Industrial Management divided into accounting, business economics, operations management, and information systems.

5. Graduate Programmes in Industrial Management.

The buildings are beautiful with highly modern architecture embracing the Moslem style of long passages of vaulted arches; the material being reinforced concrete mixed with white and grey round pebbles which gives an attractive finish.

The Dean had to take the Chair at a long-standing Faculty Meeting so the Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Dr.Michael Lloyd, an Englishman, took us on a tour of their equipment, which is ultra modern and very up to-date, in electronics and computers.

Patricia and John joined the party just before the tour started having, as I suspected, waited in the hotel for us to come. The car that Bander had sent had not said we were not coming to fetch them.

Bander had to go off on some duties and left us to go back to the hotel for luncheon, just Patricia and John, Brian and Caroline Lees and myself.

After lunch we had a short rest and Bander picked us up again at 1620 and drove us along the new coast road past the Desalinisation station to the headquarters of the Coastguard Hovercraft section. Incidentally they have another Desalinisation station on the Red Sea at Jedda as well as this one at Dhahran on the Persian Gulf. These two between them make a great deal of fresh water out of the sea water at considerable expense and I believe are turning over to being nuclear powered. The fresh water is then pumped to the interior where otherwise there would be no water at all, except in a few places from very deep artesian wells. The future of that part of Arabia depends of course on the water supply.

Oil is pouring out of the ground every day in quite unneeded quantities but the joke is that petrol stations are supposed to have notices up on the roads of the interior with "Water $1 per gallon, Petrol free".

It had come on to rain suddenly in the afternoon and the roads were very wet and the skies dramatically grey, but it was all very exciting.

As we arrived at the Hovercraft base the rain started again so we went into the Commanding Officer's office to wait for it to pass. They have apparently got a fleet of SRN6 Hovercraft built at Westlands in the Isle of Wight, and are about to place an order for two huge Mountbatten Class Hovercraft to transport heavy loads up and down the Gulf. Hovercraft are the ideal answer here as they can go across sandbanks, shallows and even go inland a bit, and they have practically reduced smuggling to zero as the smugglers are too afraid of being caught, whereas in the days when they only had fast conventional boats the smugglers were very often able to get in shallow waters where the power boats couldn't follow.

When the rain stopped we embarked in a specially equipped SRN6 which had had a carpet put in, armchairs and tables and refreshments.

Incidentally all over Saudi Arabia one is never allowed to be more than a few minutes without a tiny sip of bitter yellow coffee called carbon coffee. It is poured out of a brass pot with a very long curved spout and when one has finished it if one holds out the little cup it is immediately refilled. I discovered the only way to stop this is to shake the cup sideways as the man is about to pour and he stops and takes the cup back.

We went on further east to the place where Bander is building himself a very exotic beach house. We landed on the beach but it was too wet and unpleasant to go into the house which we could

see, from the outside, consisted of seven hemispherical white bubbled buildings apparently of some sort of plastic connected by long corridors.

In the background there was a conventional house which was to house the servants and the kitchens, the larders and refrigerators. It is difficult to get there by road so very few people come there and they hope it will continue to be very private which is not what can be said about the rest of the beaches near Dhahran.

Bander drove us back to the hotel for us to get changed and then went to his own house. Cars came to fetch us at 2010. We took with us our small gifts which I had been told he would like, namely a signed photograph in a pompous frame, the American edition of "Freedom at Midnight", and John gave him a very nice David Hicks' tie as we know he wears ties when he is not in Arabia for here he is always wearing either Air Force blue uniform or more likely the Arabian national dress. This consists of a long black dress with sleeves known as a thawb with a red and white checked head scarf hanging down each side called a shenmal, surrounded by a circlet to keep it in place called an agal.

Having given our humble gifts we were, of course, absolutely staggered at what the return was. To begin with he handed me a gift from his father, the Minister of Defence, consisting of a curved dagger in a gold sheath bent over at the end known as a Janbiyah. This will be a valuable addition to my collection of swords and daggers at Broadlands.

Then Bander himself gave me a parure of a jewelled wrist-watch, a jewelled ring and two jewelled cuff links. After this he gave me a pair of cuff links with the Arms of Saudi Arabia cut out in gold. He gave John another pair of very nice cuff links; and to Patricia he gave a pair of old snake bracelets in gold with diamonds in their heads - really beautiful.

We were quite overcome and I promised that if he would come and stay with me at Broadlands I would get him a collection of the books he had said he was interested in and get them, if possible, signed by the authors.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY 1976

We three had breakfast in our sitting room at the Algosaibi Hotel and at 0900 Bander fetched us and drove us five in procession to the airport. We were seen off by the usual people, the Major General who Commands the District, the Governor's representative, and the Protocol Officer. We then took off in the Saudia aircraft which left about half-an-hour late.

At 1000 we stopped at Dubai where I had stopped on the outward and return journeys of the Spring Tour of 1974; with Patricia and John on our way to China, and with Lilibet and Philip on our way back from Indonesia.

The next refuelling stop was at Karachi. I had specially asked the Air Line authorities not to announce my presence on the Passenger List so we were not interfered with on our arrival, and

just went to the airport lounge and saw Pakistani life going on before us.

I was disagreeably struck by a large inscription at the airport which referred to the suffering and poverty of the nation as a result of previous exploitation. A very different approach to what India gives to foreigners about the British.

It is my first time back in Karachi since 1947 because there has always been that misunderstanding among the Pakistanis about the part I played in their future.

Our clocks were put on 2½ hours, and we landed at Santa Cruz Airport, Bombay, at 1825. Here we had a large and warm reception headed, I must say, by my old A.D.C. and friend, Rear Admiral Rusi Ghandhi, who is at present commanding the Western Indian Fleet but who told me in confidence that he had just been selected for promotion to Vice Admiral and to go up and become Chief of Naval Personnel in Delhi.

With him were his personal staff and other Naval officers; our Deputy High Commissioner, Peters, met us with members of his staff; and the Governor of Maharashtra sent his A.D.C. to meet us, and altogether we were very well looked after.

We were driven to dear old Government House, Bombay, on Malabar Hill. I noticed a lot of new buildings, particularly high rise buildings,

had gone up since I was here last but the route we took was just as dirty, I am sorry to say, as ever.

The Governor's wife, Begum Ali Yavar Jung, had had a brilliant idea which she put through whereby all businesses or other organisations which used to put up horrible hoardings agreed to club together and pay for single posts with big discs; on one side they would have a local flower picture and on the other side a local bird picture and just underneath a statement "Donated by J.R.D.Tata" or whoever it was. Incidentally, J.R.D. was at the dinner to-night and I had a good talk with him about the United World Colleges.

We were accommodated in the famous Point Bungalow built on the edge of the rocks over the sea which I am told is still reserved for the Prime Minister herself and visiting Heads of State only.

There was a bit of a delay in getting our luggage but the Governor, Nawab Ali Yavar Jung, came to call on me at 2025 for a brief talk as we are old friends. He had been a prominent member of the Hyderabad Negotiating Commission in 1947/48; and I had met him when he was Indian Ambassador to the U.S.A. He said he particularly wanted to have a long talk with me so we agreed we'd have the talk after the dinner party was over.

He went ahead to the main building to receive us and John, Patricia and I were driven

over and received at the lowest step of the Main Building by Their Excellencies.

There was a splendid dinner party of thirty-two people run on the old traditional lines with everybody lined up for the Governor to take me round and meet all the guests, and his wife to take the Brabournes round.

Among the guests was Lady Duggan who had sent me roses. She embraced me warmly as she was such an old friend of Edwina's.

I was particularly glad to meet Admiral Yal Cursetji as he has just been appointed to succeed my old friend Sourendra Kohli as Chief of the Naval Staff of India. John and he greeted each other as old friends as he had been the Commander of the Cruiser DELHI which had been lent to John's film company when they were making the Battle of the River Plate and he had had many dealings with him.

Among numerous other friends I was particularly glad to see the Nawab and Begum of Palanpur. Iqbal's father was a great friend as we were both on the Prince of Wales' staff in 1921/22, and Patricia, John and I went to stay with them all at Palanpur in January 1945. He was kind to Michael John and Joanna during their visit, and the Governor had given them dinner too.

The Governor was very keen that I should ring up the Prime Minister as an act of friendship

on passing through India. I agreed and he tried to get through and found that Indira was actually in Goa at the time carrying out some function and was not available on the telephone. This was quite a relief to me as I wasn't sure what I should say to her. However I sent her a message through the Governor to say that the single act she could take which would help the friends of India most in England would be if she removed the censorship and allowed the English correspondents to come back unhindered to India. The Governor absolutely agreed that this was the right thing to do and said he would be very glad to pass on the message.

Dear Ayesha called me up from Jaipur as she had received my letter saying we were passing through Bombay. She had just been to Bombay for medical treatment and I was sad to have missed her. She sounded in rather good form and we had a nice but rather careful gossip. I gave her love from all the family and she sent love to everybody. It is clearly a devastating experience being in prison for so long but she felt all the more excited to be liberated. I only hope that she doesn't have to go back to prison again as she has only been released on parole.

After all the guests had left the Ali Yavar Jungs came back to Point Bungalow with us three and the five of us had a long fascinating talk. He seemed much better balanced than B.K.Nehru in London and fully understood how worried people outside India were with what was going on. He

did, however, give a much more reasonable explanation of the situation and gave it as his opinion that Indira had not tried to seize power in a sort of dictatorship but had found herself being forced more and more to try and take control of a deteriorating situation. However I am not at all happy with what she has done and I made it pretty clear to the Governor who accepted that they still had thousands in prison without trial.

THURSDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY 1976

It was a typically lovely Indian morning. We got up early and walked round the very extensive buildings of Government House which is now known as Raj Bhavan.

The Governor turned up just before 0800 and showed us his own quarters and the office where John's father used to work. John borrowed my camera and took a lot of photographs.

Finally we were driven off in procession to the airport where we caught a British Airways VC.10 which took off at 0935. We landed at Bandaraneike International Airport at 1135 which is, unfortunately, twenty miles from Colombo.

We were met by the Acting High Commissioner, Alec Ward; the representative of the President and of the Government, and by the two A.D.Cs who have been attached to me. The first is Brigadier Christie Jayawardana, an old friend and immensely proud of still being an honorary A.D.C. to the

Queen. The Governor General had also attached one of his own Extra A.D.Cs, a retired Captain of their Navy called William Molegoda, who was in white full dress uniform with sword and medals; and Christie was also in uniform.

We signed the Golden Book and then were driven with a police escort and reached the Queen's House which is now called the President's House in Colombo at 1235.

We were greeted by the President of Sri Lanka (as Ceylon is now called) and Mrs.Gopallawa at the bottom step of their entrance porch with friendly ceremonial. He introduced me to the rest of his staff.

We were then conducted to our suite where we had a chance to freshen up before being taken into the drawing room where the President introduced me to all the guests who were lined up, which included the Prime Minister, Mrs. Bandaraneike. She reminded me at once of her visit with her late husband, the former Prime Minister, to Broadlands, and said what happy memories she had of the house. She sat next to John at luncheon.

The former Prime Minister, Sir John Kotelawala, was also there but the former Governor General, Sir Oliver Goonetilika is in England and has been sentenced to four years prison for a breach of the currency regulations; so he can never come back. Indeed I believe his son-in-law is actually in prison at the moment.

After lunch at 1445 the three Service Chiefs called to see me for friendly discussions.

At 1500 the President had very kindly called a meeting of interested people for the United World Colleges. He took the Chair with me at the head of the table and on his left sat John and on my right sat the Minister of Education. There were about a dozen people present which included the Chancellor of the University, the Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Education, and one of the big tycoons, to help with money. The High Commissioner and the British Council representative also came.

Altogether it was a most excellent meeting and we made good progress until we came to the question of how they could transfer currency to England under the Currency Restrictions. This I promised to go into but at all events they can raise the money if they can only send it to the U.K. as they naturally want to send their youngsters to St.Donats. They agreed to form a National Committee right away of which I hope the President will be Patron, the Minister of Education the Chairman, and the Assistant Education Secretary will be the Joint Honorary Secretary with Christie.

We said a fond farewell to the Gopallawas at 1720 when he sent us in his own car with his chief driver to Kandy. On the way we had to stop, at the request of the Prime Minister, to see the remarkable new International Conference Hall which had been built by the Chinese in memory

of the late Prime Minister, Bandaraneike. It has the most extensive conference facilities in South East Asia, and in October they are going to hold a conference of non-aligned nations here.

We drove up along the well-known road to Kandy. The ribbon development has become worse than ever and for the first 20 or 30 miles there is hardly any sign of the country-side. As it grew darker so the country-side opened up a bit more.

Finally we got to the King's Pavilion (now called the President's Pavilion) at 2010. I cannot describe my nostalgic feelings to come in and find everything virtually unchanged. The carved Phoenix SEAC badge which I had erected in the dining room was still there; the Samurai Sword which I had presented to the house was still there; but much more exciting the pictures of former Kings and Queens and former Governors were all in their usual place.

One or two of the outside staff had been here with me in the old days, but most of the others were of course young and new.

We could not have been better looked after, and Patricia, John and I shared the suite I always used. We had dinner in the dining room. The hand worked Punkak is now replaced by electric fans.

We found that Christie and William made very cheery dinner companions and it is going to be fun having them with us.

FRIDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY 1976

I woke up to a lovely day and to the usual sounds of the Temple drums, the Muezzin's call, and the English church bells not to mention the monotonous call of the "Fever Bird" Telebuia Guaygun. We had breakfast on our enclosed verandah at 0910 and at 0930 we five went to visit the Temple of the Tooth Dalada Maligawa.

Then we drove over to Wace Park to see the Japanese captured gun which I presented to Kandy, curiously enough, through Gopallawa, as District Commissioner of Kandy, at a Parade. They have covered the gun with silverene and put it in a tiny artificial pond so that it can't be approached except by putting boards down over a sort of moat. A roof has been built over it to protect it from the incessant rain. The inscription was still up and it is obviously well cared for.

Next we went to what used to be called Grindleys Bank to cash some of our travellers' cheques. From here we drove to what used to be my old headquarters at Peredinya Botanical Gardens. The Curator met us and showed us round taking us first to the Amberst Nobilis I planted in 1945, and then to see the tree that Lilibet planted in 1953 when Pammy was with her. I looked at the site of my old office which has been pulled down; all the rest had really been basha huts which all came down at the end of the war; the only thing left standing is the Secret Intelligence Rooms, which were made of brick, and are now administrative offices for the Curator.

As we left the Gardens we turned right and first looked at the new University and then drove along the river road following the banks of the Mahaweli Ganga. We stopped at the Kandy War Cemetery which I had heard of but never seen. We inspected this and found over 200 graves of men from the three Services and most Commonwealth countries who were buried there. They appear to be either air crews which had crashed, or victims of bombing, or just people who had died on active duty. It was beautifully maintained.

We then drove on as far as Katugastota where we saw the elephants bathing as usual. It is a never ending source of amusement to see them lying down almost completely under water and three or four feet away one sees the tip of their trunk just sticking out like the tip of a schnorkel pipe.

Then we drove back via the Queen's Hotel where we stopped and bought some postcards and souvenirs, and so back to the King's Pavilion for lunch. After lunch we rested, but from 1600 to 1700 I recorded two programmes for Radio Sri Lanka mostly about the United World Colleges and reminiscences about my time here during the war, 1944 to 1945.

After this the three of us walked round the beautiful garden and were fascinated to see the number of birds which seem to nest inside the creeper which covers the famous Red Cotton Tree which was in full bloom in the front of the house.

At 1830 Christie took us to his old school, Trinity College, adjoining King's Pavilion property where we saw part of the students' End of Term concert. They put on an extremely good performance of an act out of Shakespeare's Richard III; then we saw them doing native dances including the Peacock Dance, and some wonderful Kandyan Drummers. Finally I was given the chance of making a brief speech from the stage in which I thanked them and did some propaganda for the United World Colleges.

We got back to the King's Pavilion at 2015 for dinner and an early night.

SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY 1976

The day started by a call from the President at 0700 who wished to congratulate Patricia on her 52nd birthday but was told by William Molegoda to call back at 0900 when she would be awake. Patricia had quite a number of letters and telegrams and telephone calls for her birthday; and a wonderful bunch of orchids sent by Norton through Inter-Flora.

At 1030 I planted a tree to replace the one which I had planted in 1945 and which had died. Patricia helped me.

At 1050 we drove up into the hills to my old week-end bungalow at Dimbulla where we arrived at 1235 to find small crowds collected at all the village houses near the old Tea Estate to give us a very warm welcome.

At 1830 Christie took us to his old school, Trinity College, adjoining King's Pavilion property where we saw part of the students' End of Term concert. They put on an extremely good performance of an act out of Shakespeare's Richard III; then we saw them doing native dances including the Peacock Dance, and some wonderful Kandyan Drummers. Finally I was given the chance of making a brief speech from the stage in which I thanked them and did some propaganda for the United World Colleges.

We got back to the King's Pavilion at 2015 for dinner and an early night.

SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY 1976

The day started by a call from the President at 0700 who wished to congratulate Patricia on her 52nd birthday but was told by William Molegoda to call back at 0900 when she would be awake. Patricia had quite a number of letters and telegrams and telephone calls for her birthday; and a wonderful bunch of orchids sent by Norton through Inter-Flora.

At 1030 I planted a tree to replace the one which I had planted in 1945 and which had died. Patricia helped me.

At 1050 we drove up into the hills to my old week-end bungalow at Dimbulla where we arrived at 1235 to find small crowds collected at all the village houses near the old Tea Estate to give us a very warm welcome.

The Superintendent of the Estate and his charming wife, Mr.and Mrs.Mervyn Jayasinghe, met us and showed us round. We actually found an old man working in the garden who used to be one of our house boys and who remembered bringing my mattress out to lie on the lawn evidently not realising that I wanted to sunbathe. I was also asked to plant a tree here which to my astonishment was a Macracarpa.

Then we drove on for 23 miles to Nuwara Eliya on a twisty road climbing up to over 6,000 feet whereas Dimbulla is only just over 4,000 feet, and of course Kandy is under 2,000 feet. We stopped to take a photograph of the famous Devon Falls, and finally reached Nuwara Eliya after nearly two hours.

We were taken straight to the Queen's Cottage which is now called the President's Cottage. We looked all round this. The first and only time I really went over it thoroughly was with David, Prince of Wales, in 1921 when it really was a bungalow cottage and a pleasant week-end retreat. In 1929 they added on a large two-storey wing and turned it into a big Governor's Residence.

We were met here by Major Clarence de Fonseka with whom I had dealings in the war. He surprised Patricia and me by producing a letter which I had written to him in 1943 which he claimed showed the remarkable attention to detail which I paid as Supreme Commander in arranging for another week-end cottage, which had been offered to me, to

be used for a convalescent home for Wrens who had been on the sick list.

After this we had an hour's rest and tea, after which we drove all round the wonderful little hill-station of the days of the British Raj. It really is a charming place with a nice lake, with charming bungalows placed all round with trees and gardens. It has all rather run to seed now because of course there are very few people who can afford to keep them up although they are all lived in by locals who are rather hard up. The race course and the polo ground are no longer used, but the golf course is still kept up.

John remembered having caught a trout up here when he was with Bill Slim.

[redacted]

We finally left about 1800 and it took us a couple of hours to drive back to King's Pavilion along the most sensationally beautiful mountain road through a rain storm and through some magnificent light in the setting sun.

The five of us had dinner alone again as usual.

SUNDAY, 15TH FEBRUARY 1976

At 1050 we drove 2½ miles to see the marvellous new dam and river diversion works on the Mahaweli Ganga which the Prime Minister had urged us to see. The great dam has raised the water level by 13 feet already and can raise it by another 8 feet, so an artificial lake has been formed between Katugastota and Polgolla.

We were taken to see the Control Room and then were led round to see the great model of the whole river scheme which is housed in what was one of my old SEAC theatres for films and recreational purposes. The water is already up to the lower steps and will eventually submerge the actual floor by two or three feet and they will have to find a new place for the model.

The model showed very clearly the five mile long twenty foot diameter tunnel to provide large water power at the Ukuwela Electric Power House. The waters then continue to the dry zone of the North Central Province for irrigation purposes. The project area covers nearly 40% of the whole island and 55% of the dry zone. It is estimated it will cost well over ten thousand million rupees and take 30 years to complete. The whole scheme when completed will transform the economy of Ceylon (Sri Lanka) both through the wonderful cheap power supply but mainly through 900,000 additional acres to be irrigated. It is altogether an imaginative scheme and fascinating that it should be taking place so near to my old home.

We bought some coconuts locally and drank the milk and ate the delicious fresh meat. After luncheon we rested again, and then John and I swam in the swimming pool, which was very refreshing.

Patricia insisted on making John go with her to the old site of ALFSEA where Bill Slim had his Headquarters which John joined as one of his A.D.Cs. It was here that John and Patricia met each other for the first time in 1945 but alas the house at which the meeting took place has been pulled down, but they could still see the site of the old Headquarters camp.

At 1730 we drove up to one of the biggest flying fox colonies in the park behind the King's Pavilion. They were all hanging from tree tops still asleep, but every now and then one would spread its wings, scratch itself and take off. I asked for a jeep to take us roundtthe old rides we used to go on horse-back every day and one was produced which was completely covered with a canvas hood but we managed to get it down and then drive round.

It was getting twilight when we got back and the flying foxes were really busy. They were all bestirring themselves and letting go and taking off and flying round; thousands of them as usual. It was very exciting and as dramatic as ever.

We had a delightful dinner, just the five of us, and all felt very sad that our visit to the King's Pavilion was coming to an end. We packed after dinner.

MONDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY 1976

We said good-bye to the whole of the K.P. staff and at 0910 the five of us drove down in two cars with the luggage van, the police car and motor-cycle outriders. The Police Chiefs of the regional districts accompanied us through their districts.

We turned off the Colombo road to go straight to the Bandaraneike International Airport. When we were within five miles of the airport we heard a loud explosion and looked round and found that our luggage van had burst a tyre. They said they could change the wheel quite quickly so we drove on to the airport and sent another car back to help them.

We arrived much earlier than we expected at the airport, at 1115, so Patricia took us off shopping at the airport Gift Shop for souvenirs.

When we got back to the V.I.P. Lounge our High Commissioner and Mrs.Ward had arrived, with others, to see us off. We left by Singapore Air Lines 707 at 1230.

The clocks were put on two hours and we arrived at Pyarlebar Airport, Singapore, at 1815. We were met by Jack Barratt, who had flown out to join me, and by our High Commissioner, Peter Trip, a former Royal Marines officer who had been in 3 Commando Brigade with me in the Arakan. George Thomson, our Regional Representative for the

United World College, was there, and so were representatives of the President, the Government, and the Protocol Department.

The High Commissioner drove me in his car to the Istana; on our way up the drive we saw the Prime Minister and the Speaker playing golf together so I stopped the car and jumped out and we fell into each others arms. He is such a very old friend. I said to him right away that I didn't want to disturb him by an official call but I did hope that he would make the Opening Speech at the meeting of the International Council of the U.W.C. in Singapore in October. He replied at once that he couldn't because he would be in Australia. To this I replied I was staying with the Governor General of Australia and would arrange the dates of Lee Kuan Yew's visit and our Conference to make it possible for him to come and address us. He laughed and said "Let's talk about it to-morrow".

We then drove on up to the Istana and were shown up to our usual rooms which the Japanese had built and which had been reconstructed for the Queen's visit over the top of the right hand wing. Here Lim Chen, the fat cheerful little Chinese tailor from the Malaya Tailor Company, was awaiting us. He measured us all and produced patterns and we ordered suits; I also ordered shirts and pyjamas and pants.

After that we changed into dinner jackets and drove to the Mandarin Hotel for a dinner of

thirty-three people at small tables, all connected with the United World Colleges.

I made a speech telling them what had happened recently in the development of the United World Colleges and particularly on my current trip. Afterwards we moved round to different tables. I met the remarkable Miss Kanetaka, the Japanese television expert who is going to interview me to-morrow.

Jack Barratt has evidently done some good work already; it is a great relief having him to help me over everything and he was in very good form.

TUESDAY, 17TH FEBRUARY 1976

I had a bad night. I woke at 0300 shivering because I couldn't get the air conditioning turned right off so I put on some more blankets. At 0600 I woke again shivering, this time feeling sick. I was sick several times and so got rid of the bad Chinese food I had eaten. By the morning I had completely recovered.

We three had breakfast on our verandah and at 0930 we went to pay our call on our host, the President of Singapore, Dr.Sheares. He was as charming as ever and was particularly well briefed as he knew all about the Colleges and all about all of us, and when I said that my god-daughter, Mrs.Baring, had sent him her best wishes he immediately said "Oh yes, Sarah Baring".

We didn't get away until 0935, when we drove to the Jardine Steps and at 0950 we embarked on board the P.S.A. (Port of Singapore Authority) launch TEKONG to visit Sentosa Island. We were accompanied by Major Ashton Wickett of the U.K. High Commission, and the Director of Public Relations of the P.S.A. and the Sentosa Corporation. Overhead the cable railway to Sentosa Island passed dramatically which I had used last time for my visit.

We were driven straight to a fine old British Army Barracks block which had been converted into the Surrender Chamber and Museum. I had last visited the Surrender Tableau when it was actually inside the original Surrender Chamber in the City Hall and where it was very dramatic. I was very sorry it had had to be moved but as the Prime Minister explained to me later on it was impossible to let the public into the Surrender Chamber while business was being conducted in the City Hall so they had to wait until office hours were over at 6 p.m. and very few people came to see the Tableau. He prophesied that many thousands more would see it in its new situation. So this has to be accepted. Nevertheless it is a pity that it doesn't take place in the actual historic Chamber.

On the other hand, it is surprisingly well done here and easy to see, and although many little things were wrong, which I pointed out, I am sure they will get it all right by the time I get back again in October. George Thomson and Ashton Wickett promised to co-operate in getting

all my points put right with the Sentosa Corporation.

We were much behind programme time now and hurried back via the launch and the car to reach the United World College of South East Asia where the acting Headmaster and some of the Governors were waiting to receive us.

The first thing I did was to record an interview with Miss Kanetaka, who is the head of the Educational Cultural Productions of Tokyo, and a very bright lady. I discovered that she wanted to tape my voice and take separate films of her and me and then she would use my voice on the film and turn it down and then speak the translation herself over my voice. So after I had finished the taping we went off and were filmed at one or two locations round the school.

Hardly had I finished with my Japanese session when to my great surprise a German film team from Bremen turned up and asked if I would give a T.V. interview for their television services in the South of Germany about the United World Colleges. I agreed, and in fact gave an interview in German, much to their surprise, which I hope will have helped them.

After that we went to one of the Common Rooms where selected teachers and students had been invited to meet us all at luncheon. We changed round quite a lot and so I met, I hope, most of the people in the room and had good conversations with them. They all seem to be in very good heart.

I had the chance of a private talk with the acting Headmaster, Alan Hughes, and expressed my appreciation to him for taking it so well that we were advertising for a successor to the late Headmaster, Peter Jolley, who had died of heart failure. Alan Hughes was most loyal and said he would support whatever decision was taken. His wife, Mrs.Hughes, typed my correspondence for me last time and is now typing out some twenty-six letters which I prepared for her to do to thank people for all the early parts of the tour.

We left at 1340 and got back to the Istana at 1400 where Lim Chen was waiting to try on our suits. What remarkable people these Chinese are making up suits in record time at about a third of what it costs in England.

At 1445 I went for my interview with the Prime Minister. I must say I am very fond of Harry Lee and he was in particularly good form. We had a thoroughly enjoyable sparring match. When I couldn't find a date that would suit him for the Conference I then challenged him with "You don't want to come and speak at it, do you?" He confessed this and explained that as the next year was an Election Year, and as he had been so busy and never accepted invitations to give any prizes or do any Openings at his own schools he would lose a lot of votes from the Singapore Education people and the parents if it was known he went and paid this tribute to what after all is a foreign school even though it were international.

I replied I did not wish him to lose any votes and therefore would let him off on condition

that he allowed me to get his Minister of Education to make the speech. He promised not to dissuade him but said I would have to persuade him myself as he also had to be elected.

I then gave him a long pep talk on what we had done to improve the image of the U.W.C. in Singapore since I had last been with him, and this he accepted quite well. I told him that I hoped the President would give a reception for our delegates, to which he replied I could ask him. I said I had already done so and he had accepted. This took Harry Lee aback a bit but he countered by saying "Well, he is a sick man, the Americans put the wrong medicine into him and knocked him out for five days." To which I replied "I suspect he'll survive all right but if de doesn't his successor will have to take on his commitments".

After that we talked in general about the world situation. He is a most refreshing person to talk to and great fun, and I think he enjoys his interviews with me.

Then I went back to my own rooms in the same building and changed into a tropical shirt and canvas trousers and drove off with George Thomson and our security man in the Istana Rolls Royce up to Woodlands at the end of the Johor Causeway. Here the Malaysians took over security and provided the police escort to the Johor Sports Club. The Royal Malaysian Air Force had provided a helicopter in which George Thomson, Jack and I embarked with one of the local U.W.C. people who had met us at

the Sports Club. We flew a distance of 45 miles in 22 minutes and reached the new site of the United World Jungle Centre at Belantu at 1645.

We were met by the various U.W.C. officials, a lot of the boys and girls, and Miss Kanetaka who continued taking films of me in the Jungle Centre.

The Malaysian Tourist Board had insisted on us moving the site I had inspected on my last visit some five miles further south, which was a bit of a bore, but I must say I think it is a better site. The British Army had said they would put the whole centre up for us and had got as far as laying all the foundations when interfering Malaysian officers in their Defence Headquarters complained they hadn't given permission for foreign troops to work on their soil and demanded their withdrawal. However in the long run it was a good thing as the boys and girls have been building up their own huts and were thoroughly thrilled with what they have achieved.

They have bedroom accommodation for some twenty-four students, and quite good living accommodation generally. Behind there is the virgin jungle and in front there is the lovely attractive beach nearly as good as the one on Windermere Island in Eleuthera.

I had to leave rather early because the helicopter had to come back for a second lift so Jack stayed behind and Roy Bennett came with me.

We got back to the Johor Sports Club at 1745 where I was met by my old friend the Sultan of Johor who took me down to see a polo match at the Royal Johor Polo Club. This is a most extraordinary club. The Sulton tells me he owns all the ponies, 160 of them; the players are all "his people"; they play ten chukkas a day five or six days a week on a grass ground going very hard, and he just enjoys seeing them enjoy themselves at his expense. This must be the most economical Polo Club in the world to belong to.

After a chukka or two I then drove on with Roy to his house, Tamar Indera, which we reached at about 1815. He turned over a charming set of rooms by his swimming pool for my use, and allowed me to rest there for an hour-and-a-half which was very welcome.

Then Jack arrived and we both got changed into rather smarter batik shirts for dinner. John and Patricia turned up at 2000 and we thought we were going to have dinner at 2030. Not a bit of it. I could see it was going to be one of these long drinking sessions so when Bill Lutton and his wife said how much they enjoyed the King Edward VII T.V. series which was on that night, I found out it started at 2045, and suggested we should go and watch it. Roy had no objection and said he would let us know when dinner was ready. So we had half-an-hour to sit down quietly and look at the T.V. and then go into dinner.

There were three tables and quite a lot of people though I didn't count the number. There

were a good mixture of Governors of the U.W.C. and important people in the Johor and Malaysian Governments which are important to us for the Johor Jungle Centre.

Patricia, John, Jack and I drove back to the Istana and packed.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY 1976

At 0800 Lim Chen, our tailor, came back with the suits ready for us to try on. We had, however, told him that he could finish them off in time for me to pick them up on my way through Singapore on the 28th February so that gives him ten days; but he had done all the alterations and they fitted very well; he had even altered some of my old suits.

At 0840 we three had breakfast on the verandah, and at 0920 we drove in the Istana Rolls to call on the High Commissioner and Mrs.Trip at Eden Hall. They have added a nice swimming pool to it and the house altogether was in splendid order. But I still regret that Sam Falle did not accept the offer of the Government to move into the old Commander-in-Chief's Residence, Flag Staff House.

The High Commissioner drove me to the airport and we four left by a British Airways Jumbo at 1100. It was very comfortable and we saw a film "Russian Roulette".

The clocks were put on half-an-hour and we arrived in Perth at 1650. The new Governor of Western Australia, Air Chief Marshal Sir Wallace Kyle, and Lady Kyle, were there to meet us. Digger Kyle is a very old friend of mine as he served in the R.A.F. although he is a Western Australian by birth. He only arrived out two or three months ago and had very kindly offered to put us up.

There was a galaxy of T.V. cameras and press men so I went over and gave them a one minute interview and said I could give a better one if they came back to Government House at 1015 the following day to which they agreed.

Digger drove me in his Rolls Royce back to Government House and it was really like coming back home. We are in our old rooms; Jack is further down on the same floor. We did a quick change into dinner jackets. There was a small dinner party which included the Premier, Sir Charles Court, whom I interested in the U.W.C. when he was Leader of the Opposition. Since he has come into Office he has been a power of strength to the U.W.C. and I had valuable conversations with him about it all.

After dinner the whole party walked to the new Concert Hall erected at the end of Government House gardens. It is a very fine building and is one of the mainstays for the Festival of Perth which runs from February 14th for one month. To-night we had a piano recital by David Wilde, a forty year old really brillian English pianist, who put on a most marvellous show playing Schumann, Liszt and

Bartok. We met all the head people to do with the Festival and with the Concert Hall.

Then we drove off on a tour of the City of Perth which has grown up enormously, in fact St.George's Terrace consists entirely of sky-scrapers now. The road-work around King's Park has been completed and is the most modern road system imaginable. We went out to the War Memorial and had a look at all the lights. Then we drove back and went to bed.

THURSDAY, 19TH FEBRUARY 1976

We were called by mistake half-an-hour early but it gave us plenty of time because Patricia and John had to leave at 0725 to catch the aeroplane to fly to Esperance to stay at our family farm at Shamba with the Sudlows, our Manager and his wife. I had been there on my last visit to Perth and as I know very little about Australian farming felt I had little to contribute and so I stayed on in Perth and carried on with my programme as arranged.

At 0930 I had a meeting of members of the Western Australian section of the Australian National Council of the United World Colleges. This was very valuable and useful, and Jack Barratt made a valuable contribution and helped to take the minutes.

At 1020 I went out and gave the promised T.V. and Radio interviews followed by interviews

to the newspapers which went on until 1100 and seemed to go very well. I publicised both the U.W.C. and the Variety Club.

At 1115 I drove off with the Kyles and Jack Barratt and their staff to the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club where we boarded a 52 foot launch the HIAWATHA. On board were various important people such as the Commodore of this Yacht Club, the Commodore of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, and the representative of the owners which were the Western Australian Newspapers; and Commodore Ramsay of the Royal Australian Navy who had worked with me at the Admiralty and is now a Lieutenant Governor of Western Australia.

We went down the Swan River as far as Fremantle and looked at the wonderful quay alongside which the RENOWN was berthed in 1920. Then we went out to sea to look at a new oil rig which has been prepared and put ~~their~~ temporarily until it can be moved up into its site on the North Western side of Australia.

Further down I could see the factory chimneys and buildings of the great development at Cockburn Sound. When I came out in 1956 as First Sea Lord I was taken down there and asked if we could participate. I said I would do my best to get some money but failed to get it, but I did say that I thought it would make a most marvellous naval base which of course it will do. The Whitlam Government had stopped work on this like on so many other imaginative projects but

now that they have fallen all these projects have got a new lease of life including the oil rigs.

On our way back we stopped off at the Royal Perth Yacht Club where I was shown the room into which Edwina had followed me in 1956. It was actually an all male sanctuary, the Ward Room, so she became the first woman ever to get in there. Lady Kyle said that she was the second woman who had been allowed in, 20 years later.

Then we went on along the harbour front to the police landing, practically opposite Government House, where we said good-bye to all our friends and stepped ashore. We were driven the short distance back to Government House and got back about 1630.

I had a bath and changed into a day suit, and then from 1800 to 1915 there was a V.I.P. Cocktail Party which was fascinating but rather tiring. At this party they had prominent politicians and former premiers, some of whom I already knew, including of course the former Governor General of Australia, Sir Paul Hasluck.

At 1915 we sat down to a small dinner of just the house party, and at 2035 Digger drove me down in his Rolls with Lady Kyle and the whole of the rest of the party came, to the Perth Rail Terminal. Here we were met by Mr.Keith Smith, the Chairman of the Australian National Railway Commission who was to travel with us as far as

Sydney, and Mr.Pascoe, the Western Australian Superintendent, who was to travel as far as Kalgoorlie.

The Governor General had been as good as his word and had arranged for the special service car to be placed at my disposal. This is the car used by the Governor General and Visiting Heads of State, and was last used by Philip when he was out in 1974. The whole party went on board to see the car and were lost in admiration of its great comfort and modern simplicity in decoration. They had laid out a dinner party for six to display their gold plate which seemed the only somewhat unexpected note in the whole of the decoration.

I had a large sleeping compartment with a very wide bed big enough for Patricia and John to use as a double bed, and I could have had the connecting room which Jack was given as there were other rooms besides. The lounge was particularly comfortable.

The Indian Pacific Express to which is coupled the Trans Australian Train left punctually at 2100 so I was off on my second trip across Central Australia for I did the same trip in July 1920 with David, Prince of Wales, and have never forgotten it.

I must say that there was considerable excitement among all the railway people to find that I had done the trip 56 years ago.

FRIDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY 1976

We reached Kalgoorlie at 0630 on a lovely bright sunny morning and I got up to say farewell and to thank Pascoe for looking after us on the Western Australian Section. I took some photographs of the train which extended from our Special Service Car in the middle; in fact this train was two-thirds of a mile long, not counting the 75 foot of the Special Service Car.

Later that morning I got more statistics from Keith Smith who proved to be a charming host. He took us on a personally conducted tour through the Indian Pacific Train which goes the whole length from Perth to Sydney, and an exact duplicate train, known as the Trans-Australian Train, was hooked on behind our coach and stops at Port Pirie in South Australia to-morrow afternoon.

Each train accommodates 144 passengers, and many of them have booked their berths up to a year before from different countries as the train is so famous. There are six sleeping coaches - two twinettes, two single first-class, and two economy class. The four first-class coaches each hold 18 passengers (72), and there are two economy class coaches which hold 36 passengers making another 72 or 144 in all.

The twinettes are very like ordinary sleepers in Europe but with a proper lavatory, wash basin and shower attached to each. The

single berth coaches have a snaked corridor in the very middle so that at each side there are single compartments with a window; each compartment has a very comfortable armchair which makes up into a full length bed at night; wash basin with running water and below it a fold-out loo which flushes; but the shower and bath they have to take at the end of each coach.

Economy coaches including a lounge car are on one side of the dining car and kitchens, and the first-class coaches with another lounge, on the other side, so the passengers don't really mix. The lounges are extremely comfortable but the first-class one has a piano in it. There are special kennels for dogs in some of the coaches; these can, if necessary, be used for conveying coffins.

Each section of the train is one-third of a mile long so the normal train is two-thirds of a mile but they can, and have occasionally, had three sections making the whole train no less than one full statute mile in length. This must be a quite incredible sight; its fantastic enough to see the two sections.

Keith Smith, the Commonwealth Railway Commissioner, proved a delightful host. He said that as soon as he heard I'd made a booking on the Indian Pacific Express he arranged to attach the Special Service Car for me, and to come along in person as my Conducting Officer.

A little later on he rang up the Governor General's Office to say that he had allocated the Special Service Car to me which, of course, the Governor General was arranging in any case but had not yet got round to it.

The next thing was a message from the Prime Minister's Office to say that the Prime Minister would like the Special Service Car allotted to me, so it was really allotted three times over, but I think old Keith Smith won by doing it on his own first.

He told us of the extraordinary story of Cyclone TRIXIE which broke over the central north of Australia in February 1975 and dropped 20 inches of rain in two days over hundreds of square miles. There was an absolute cloud burst at a place named Geraldton. This started a great river advancing over an uncertain twisting course over a width of hundreds of yards which gradually fined down to a more distinct line and took no less than four months to reach the railway line, 250 miles to the south.

The river continued to run strongly for over ten months, in fact it only finished running three weeks ago at the end of January 1976. By the time it reached the railway embankment it was flooding to a depth of 15 feet and completely broke the embankment and the little bridge that had been put there. It made a breach of 80 yards and put the railway line out of operation for a month,

They have built a timber bridge over the flood waters and this is going to be strengthened as soon as circumstances allow.

I took photographs of the extraordinary result of this flood river as we passed slowly across it later in the day.

At about 1430 we entered the famous Nullabor Plain, so called because there are literally no trees whatsoever. It is like the dried out bottom of the ocean, pretty flat with a sort of rough scrub blue green stiff grass, and little tufts that rise to about 12 or 18 inches, and every now and then some sort of bushes in little groups of a dozen which rise to about 2 or 3 feet.

Keith Smith offered to let me go on the footplate and drive the train so he had the train pulled up on the Nullabor Plain after we had walked right forward through the corridors to save time.

There were two drivers who were very friendly and one of them gave up his seat but I let the other one carry on driving so as not to cause complications. I had seen the line stretching both ahead and astern 56 years ago and I had brought a copy of my 1920 Diary with me.

Across Nullabor Plain the train runs 300 miles without a turn or dip, the longest perfectly straight railway track in the world. I cannot improve on the description I wrote 56 years ago in my Diary.

"There is a weird fascination about this great Plain which, to look at, reminds one of the sea, the horizon being distinct and unbroken all round. The sky was blue and almost cloudless. Looking ahead one can see the shimmering rails running straight on until they appear to join and melt away in the distance, a second set of rails being occasionally visible in the air when a mirage occurred."

While on the footplate we saw a certain amount of life. At least half a dozen rabbits and hares scampered away from the railway line as we approached; and one big kangaroo on the embankment raced off with enormous hops.

A fox slunk away on the other side, and finally the star turn was a great eagle sitting on one of the telegraph posts; it took off slowly as we passed and it's wing span must have been about 8 foot as he flew very slowly along the train and then wheeled away.

After about half-an-hour they stopped the train and we got back in immediately behind the two great engines and walked back along the corridor while the train gathered speed again. The engines are each of 1800 horsepower; that amount for each train, or doubled together 3600 H.P. The new locomotives coming along are going to be 2500 H.P. each.

The clocks were put on 1½ hours and we reached Cook at 2030 and got out and walked about.

Jack gave some money to their local little Church Appeal, and we talked to some of the locals. One had served with me in the WISHART.

SATURDAY, 21ST FEBRUARY 1976

Our second night in the train was even more comfortable than the first; I had a very pleasant shower bath and had breakfast at 0900. We have our own steward who remembered working with Joe Pearce, Philip's valet, on his last use of the Special Service Car.

The menus are really overwhelming; last night's dinner we had oysters or melon to start with; then soup; then fish; then three types of hot meat; then three types of sweet; a savoury and dessert. What is more I found that every single course was cooked and ready for whatever one asked for was served immediately. So Jack and I hit on the idea of saving the chef some trouble by picking the course we wanted two or three hours before the meal.

We reached Port Pirie after lunch at 1330. This is the terminal for the Trans Australian Railway and this half of our train was now detached and the passengers were transferred across the platform to the broad guage railway to take them on to Adelaide.

Here I was met by the Mayor of Port Pirie, the Chief of Police and the Security Officers; it transpires that we have had a close security guard all the way through but they have been very inconspicuous.

Keith Smith had had the original private car made specially for David's use in 1920 on the Trans Australia trip run into the station here. We went all over it and I found it most nostalgic. It was a heavy wooden coach with much ornamental carving.

After the train had been broken we were hooked on to the engine in the reverse direction and thus we became the leading coach with everything facing the other way with regards to our direction of movement. The clocks were put on another hour-and-a-half, that's three hours time change in a single train trip.

Funnily enough this is my fourth very long train trip; my first one being on our honeymoon in October 1922 when Edwina and I went from Florida to California on the Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe rail road in a private car. Then I also went by the famous Orient Express from Paris to Constantinople in January 1923, and having had the Trans Australian experience already that was three, and this makes my fourth.

I must say a long train journey has a very peculiar fascination of its own. One gets to know the other people as one gets out and walks up and down the platform or goes through the saloons, and one gets used to one's own little cabin after three or four days as though it really were home.

The trip from Perth to Sydney is 2,461 miles and the train rarely exceeds 60 miles per hour, but with long stops the average speed is

only about 40 miles an hour as the time of actual transit is 66 hours.

We left South Australia and crossed the border of New South Wales at Broken Hill which we reached at 2100. I got out here as there were some ex-servicemen who had asked to see me who claimed to have served with me, and one man had been in India and had come to the cinema in the Viceroy's House.

The Superintendent for the New South Wales Railways from here to Bathurst now boarded the train to look after us. The steward and the chef had volunteered to do the whole trip with us in the Special Service Car but their Trade Union regulations forced them to get off at Port Pirie and two new people took their place.

Jack asked Keith Smith what would be an appropriate tip to give to which he replied that no tip which we could offer would be of any interest because they were both paid the astonishing salary of $20,000 a year for their broken life in crossing Australia so continuously. This works out at £13,000, over £250 a week. So we decided to give them each a specially designed David Hicks' tie which they liked very much.

SUNDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY 1976

We woke up to a new country side; grass fields, thickly wooded forests of a different type of gum tree, homesteads, cattle, sheep, altogether quite different from what we had seen in Western Australia and even in South Australia.

It was sunny to begin with but gradually as we approached the Blue Mountains it became misty and drizzly which was sad as it spoilt much of the view though from time to time bright sunny periods gave us a magnificent glimpse of the scenery.

At 1400 Rollo Gillespie joined the train at Lithgow and, as previously arranged, we at once took him in to luncheon. What a sweet, charming person he is putting up with the loss of his leg in the war with great fortitude and cheerfulness.

It was soon clear he had taken a complete grip of our programme arrangements in Sydney and brought elaborate detailed programmes a few of which we were able to change.

After lunch as we ran along the spine of one of the Blue Mountain ridges the train really twisted and turned as though it were a boat in a rough sea, and as my tummy had been rather upset and I had been eating too much when I went back to my cabin I was violently sick.

The train had lost nearly one-and-a-half hours so we did not reach the Rail Terminus at Sydney until 1715. Our Special Service Car pulled up opposite the V.I.P. exit and a Welcoming Committee was drawn up.

First there was the Federal Minister of Business and Consumer Affairs representing the Federal Government of Australia. Next Colonel

Burnard in uniform and large gold aiguillettes was there to represent the Governor General being his Honorary A.D.C. for New South Wales. Then there were the British Consul General and his wife, O'Brien, and of course the Station Master. Finally my old friend Commander Max Pechey had been sent up from the Protocol Department in Canberra to see us settled in in Sydney. He represented Scholtens who is now the Supreme Head of Protocol and had learnt his job on Edwina and me during our 1956 tour.

Rollo was speechless with indignation to find that the Federal Minister had had the impertinence to stand ahead of the Governor General's representative which he pointed out was against all protocol!

A Rolls Royce was drawn up at the exit with the Union Jack and a five star plate, and as we came out there was a rain squall; not what one would expect in Sydney at this time of year.

We drove straight to Kiribilli House, which is the delightful Federal Government Guest House which had been placed at my disposal by the new Prime Minister, Fraser, at the request of the Governor General, for it stands in the same grounds as Admiralty House, which is the Governor General's Residence when in Sydney. I have only stayed here once before in 1974 because up to 1957 it wasn't in use and since then I have always stayed at Government House used by the New South Wales Governor.

What is very pleasant about Kiribilli House is that it has the most lovely situation overlooking Neutral Bay and the great Harbour of Sydney, and has grounds which make it entirely private. The staff of English female servants look after one wonderfully and one is completely undisturbed.

A couple of minutes after we arrived Sir John Pagan drove up with Georgie Milford Haven. I had arranged that Janet should ask him to come up and spend a couple of days with me at Kiribilli House as he had joined the Australian Timbertop school in Victoria on exchange from Gordonstoun, the same way as Charles had done a few years back. The Headmaster willingly agreed and so he had come up the long cumbersome trip, four hours by train, to Melbourne and then a flight up to Sydney airport where Jock Pagan had kindly undertaken to meet him and bring him to Kiribilli House.

I must say Georgie was in very good form, looking very healthy and fit; what a charming boy he is.

I asked Jock to stay and have some tea with us, and he then confessed that he had a girl in the car with him; it transpired that he had asked Louise Simpson, a sixteen year old school girl whose family he knew well and who he thought would be a good escort for Georgie to keep him company in the car. So we had her in for tea as well.

He asked me at tea about my former visits; I said that in 1920 I had a girl friend in Melbourne called Gwenda Grimwade who had married a man called Manifold, and sent me loving messages of welcome when I landed in Perth and said she was sorry she wasn't going to be able to see me.

I mentioned that in Queensland my girl friend had been a sweet little girl called Erica McConnell who had been my special dancing partner at the great Ball in Brisbane, and had then, to my astonishment, turned up to spend several days in the Cattle Station of Coochin Coochin where she proved to be just as good a rider as she had been a dancer.

But in Sydney I said there was a very beautiful girl called Ursula Catteral with whom I had lost touch.

I found that Rollo Gillespie had managed to get two tickets for the musical at the Opera House called "Broadway Melody" and wondered who Georgie would like to take. I suggested he should take Louise and it was agreed, so she is coming back again on Tuesday to go out with Georgie to the play.

When everyone had gone I took Georgie for a drive along the North Shores of Sydney Harbour up to Point Arabanoo, and then we followed the road back again to Kiribilli House.

Georgie, Jack and I dined together and had an early evening after a nice gossip with

Georgie. During this gossip I discovered he would now like to be called "George" instead of "Georgie", which I think is rather a pity as Georgie was the name we always called his grandfather. However the choice is his; after all I was once called "Dick" and changed my own name to "Dickie".

To my astonishment I found that George had come without a wrist-watch to Australia, or indeed a watch of any sort. His explanation was his mother had given him a very expensive gold wrist-watch which was so valuable he didn't like to take it with him to Australia so he had nothing. I arranged to buy him a cheap watch to take its place.

We discussed plans for the next two days and then went early to bed.

MONDAY, 23RD FEBRUARY 1976

Patricia had told me that my hair needed trimming behind and I thought it was time I had an all round shave and shampoo as well, so Jock said he would ask Lady Pagan to get both a barber and a manicurist to come round.

At 0845 to-day a bearded little Italian ladies' hairdresser arrived whose face was vaguely familier. He then told me that he had been one of the two hairdressers brought out to Jaipur by those crazy American wives of French noblemen, Peggy d'Uzés and Harriet de Rosière. He brought no razor because he didn't possess one,

and he had never shaved anyone, not even himself. So Jack produced his own safety razor, and I taught him how to give me an overall shave.

The manicurist arrived at the end of this time, rather late, and turned out to be a Spanish girl whose manicuring was not very skilful. Luckily we are being paid for here because it turned out that the charge for these two amounted to $38, a sum of no less than £25, for almost valueless service by an Italian and a Spaniard.

We had a free morning and I decided that we would go to the Taronga Park Zoo where Sir Edward Hallstrom had taken Patricia, Solly and me in 1965.

The Zoo has been greatly improved since then and the Director and Assistant Director, who needless to say had been summoned, took us round to see the particular animals I wanted George to see; mainly the Platypus, which is one of the only two in captivity, and the little Koalla bears sitting in the tree tops in a new house where one walks up a spiral gangway to see the tops of the trees where the Koalla bears were playing.

George is studying Australian lizards as one of his projects so we took him round to see the more curious ones such as the Tuatara, an almost unchanged descendant of an ancester of a hundred and fifty million years ago.

I took a photo of George in the enclosure with the Komodo Monitor, nearly nine foot long, as the prize for his lizard collection.

At 1135 we drove on up the north coast as far as the beach at Newport where we saw some quite good surf riding. I asked whether any of them had ever been taken by sharks; they said not since 1934 on the sea coast but that in the Harbour of Sydney itself, particularly in the shallow bays, they would lose anything up to eight people a year. I personally suspect this is exaggerated.

We drove back to the beautiful Elanora Country Club where Rollo had arranged for some of his friends to give us a very good luncheon. The hosts included Commander Peter Davie, being one of the Fleet Communications Officers on my staff when I was C-in-C Mediterranean, who told George that he had served with his father, David, for many months when on the staff of Philip Vian, then in Command of the British Pacific Fleet Carrier Force, and he was able to tell him quite a lot about what his father was like at sea, which of course thrilled George.

At 1405 we drove on to the school for Multiple Handicapped Blind Children which had been opened on my birthday in 1974 and now had twelve extraordinary children in their charge. When these children arrived most of them could not do anything for themselves; they couldn't get into or out of bed; they couldn't dress themselves, or

wash themselves, or feed themselves. They were a burden to their families and were gradually developing into sort of vegetables.

In this new school they are given a new lease of life; they now can all fend for themselves to a remarkable extent. They are still a rather crazy gang, disorderly and shout, and very bad at community singing which they were asked to do for us, but they are at least human beings and being rehabilitated.

The new Variety Club of Australia, which I have come out to help to inaugurate, Tent 56, had already given this school the promise of some of the new Optacon instruments which will be of the greatest aid to each of these children apparently. This is partly brought about by the generosity of a Japanese, Hiroyuki Tami, who owns the company who make them in Sydney. Rollo wanted me to be photographed shaking hands with him and be nice to him, but I said that if he chose to go in the farewell line and be one of at least three or four they could take their chance of my shaking hands with him.

Rollo got him to sit next to me at the tea and he turned out to be really rather endearing. He himself had been a prisoner of war in our hands and knew all about me in South East Asia and in some strange way seemed to approve of everything I had done. I was not particularly forthcoming for I can never get over what the people of his generation did to our unfortunate prisoners.

He did, however, tell me that the Japanese prisoners had been most disappointed when they had been refused to be allowed to make their traditional rice cake for their New Year's festivities; they then had apparently appealed personally to me and I had given a personal decision they were to have it so I was apparently the great hero of the Japanese prisoners-of-war.

I had a long talk with my old friend the Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Garfield Barwick, who had helped me form the Australian National Committee of the United World Colleges in Government House, Sydney, in 1971.

Meanwhile George had been taken on to see the original Government House at Parramatta. We drove there to pick him up and I must say I found it most interesting and went right through the house, which has been restored. It had been opened by Lilibet when she came out in 1974, and Margaret was the first member of the Royal Family to be entertained at dinner there. It was originally built in 1799, and then enlarged, before the new Government House in its present location on Sydney Harbour was built about 1844.

We got back at 1730 and at 1800, at my invitation, Rollo's wife, Pat, and his son, a bearded young man of 18, came for drinks. I learnt now of the astonishing coincidence that Jock Pagan had discovered that Louise Simpson's father was the son of Ursula Catteral and Louise was thus my girl friend's grand-daughter. Nobody had realised this before, so I invited the parents

to come with Louise for drinks to-morrow night and I hope that they will bring Ursula.

At 1830 I gave a long interview to an intelligent journalist from "Women's World" which has a large circulation in Australia.

In the evening Patricia rang up from Government House, Perth, where they were staying before catching the aircraft home to-morrow night. She and John were in very good order but the temperature in Perth was 106° compared with only about 65° in Sydney at the height of their summer. There was some intermittent sun but otherwise it was overcast and occasionally showery.

Sitting on the porch of Kiribilli House I drew George's attention to the fact that the RENOWN, moored here at the head of Neutral Bay in 1920, was by far the biggest warship ever to be seen in the Southern Hemisphere. She was escorted by hundreds, if not thousands, of little yachts. We had to moor ship and working the cables on two anchors of that size makes a most fearful clatter. Suddenly an important looking launch appeared and a man stood up with a megaphone and started shouting. Our First Lieutenant, Lyster (who subsequently commanded the Fleet Air Arm Forces that crippled the Italian Fleet at Taranto in 1941) was working the cables, so he gave the order "Stop everything". In the dead silence he picked up his megaphone and said "Yes, what is it?" Reply "What do you think of

our Harbour?" The reply which boomed across the Harbour was "Damn your bloody Harbour; heave in Port, veer Starboard".

TUESDAY, 24TH FEBRUARY 1976

Rollo had arranged a radio interview and an interview with the Sydney Morning Herald at 0915.

At 1000 Mrs.Pat Price-Jones came to call. She was a relation of the great Admiral, Lord Beatty, and knew I was the god-father of the present Lord Beatty and a great friend of the family and insisted on coming to see me though she knew very little about her own family.

At 1025 George, Rollo, Jack and I went to the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron steps nearby and went out in a tender to a fine 80 foot schooner, the BOOMERANG, owned by a former Commodore of the Squadron, Sir Alexis Albert, who had with him the Commodore, Fresq, and Vice Commodore, Taylor. We went round the shores of Sydney Harbour to the west of Sydney Bridge which took two hours at about 10 knots. It is the first time I have been slowly round the Harbour and I found it fascinating.

The town has now spread on both sides of the Harbour, and every single house was a separate building, so the standard of living must be high all round here.

Albert was particularly interested to meet George as he was a great friend of his father,

David, in the early days of the war when he was out here. One day David came and said "I have a young cousin on board the RAMILLIES, may I bring him" and that's how he first met Philip. They all seem to think that Philip has a very special soft spot in his heart for Australia which they clearly attribute in part to the nostalgic feeling of those early days of the war. We got back at 1225 to the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron when we went up to the Commodore's private dining room for lunch.

I must now admit that Rollo appeared to be intolerably pompous when he said we had to wear jackets, collars and ties for the yachting trip which I objected to. He then said he would get permission for me to wear whatever I liked but they would have to wear collars and ties. Jack then rang up the Commodore who said that they would be delighted to dispense with collars and ties which they did. However I discovered Rollo had been right because it is a rule that you can't go into the Club without a jacket and tie. Rollo himself came and joined us at luncheon looking very smug with a tie and jacket on.

At 1410 we came back to Kiribilli House where I changed into a jacket and tie, and at 1430 we left for the Prince of Wales' Hospital at Randwick where I was met by a large number of V.I.Ps headed by Sir Harold Dickinson, the Chairman of the Board of Directors.

I remember David visiting the hospital in 1920. The children's wing was then in

temporary World War I huts, and it is still, but brand new magnificent accommodation has been built just next door and is practically finished and ready for furnishing. We looked at both. I was struck how well the old buildings have stood up, and the very happy atmosphere in the hospital.

They deal principally with babies who have had a premature birth or have become ill after birth. Variety has already given them two coloured television sets for use in the wards, and now they were prepared to give a special ambulance to be fitted up by the hospital in such a way that the babies could have treatment on the way to the hospital if they were born very prematurely.

Finally we had tea in one of their canteen rooms and I made a speech about Variety and the hospital, and told them about Pamela's premature birth in Barcelona which roused a great deal of interest.

George joined us here with Pat Gillespie and the Mayor of Waverley, a 29 year old enthusiastic Alderman who had shown George exhibitions of surf life saving at Manley Beach nearby. George was very enthusiastic and had only one complaint; he would have liked to have stayed on there, and heaven knows why Rollo arranged for the Mayor to bring him back to this wretched tea party in the hospital.

We all got back to Kiribilli House at 1630, and at 1815 Louise Simpson came with her parents for supper at 1840. The grand-mother, my old

girl friend, Ursula Catteral, had not come so I arranged for her to come and have tea with me on Friday.

George and Louise then went off to see the American musical "Broadway Melody" at the Sydney Opera House, whilst the rest of us went to the "Sebel Town House" for the Variety "Family" Dinner. The party was quite small, only about sixty, and every person was either a member of Variety or their spouse. They were most enthusiastic and I had a brief talk with everybody, and then although there were "No speeches" on the programme I insisted on standing up and making a short and light hearted speech to break the ice.

At the end of this an important man, Sir Asher Joel, made such a moving and exaggerated flattering speech about me that Jack Barratt said he wished he had kept a tape recording of it!

I sat next to Paul Hogan, the Chief Barker of the newly formed Tent 56 of Australia. He appears to be the Morecombe and Wise of Australia rolled into one and does his own shows on Channel 7 of T.V which are extremely popular. I liked him very much.

We got back to Kiribilli House at 2300 and Jack stayed on with some friends. This gave me the chance of a nice heart to heart talk with George before he went to bed. I was glad to find his heart was set on entering the Royal Navy and he wants to be a helicopter pilot. I said I would try and find out all about the conditions for

entry and the standard of the examinations he would have to pass, and he promised he would work hard.

I had sent him out shopping earlier to-day to buy himself a present from me and then presents for him to give to his mother and Ivar which we would take back for him. What a really charming boy he is; he has made a good impression everywhere here.

WEDNESDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY 1976

I got up at 0730 to have a last farewell talk with George; then Jack Barratt drove with him at 0745 to the airport to fly to Melbourne where he has to take a train, and wont get back to his school at Timbertop until 1630.

Rollo had arranged a big press conference at Kiribilli House this morning, and at 0920 I started with T.V. interviews for Channels 7 and 9; at 0940 the main press conference followed; at 1100 I went back to an A.B.C. television interview. The camera man of the A.B.C. team, Jerry Brookman, told me he worked with Michael John on the "Peaches" Australian film and had the highest possible regard for him.

At 1135 I drove with Rollo and his wife, Pat, to Randwick Race Course to attend a race meeting solely because it had one particular race called "The Lord Mountbatten Variety Club Stakes". This was done to advertise Variety and to try and

induce them next year to have more Variety days like they do at Sandown Park in England.

This time we had a pair of police outriders in front of us and got there very quickly in really glorious summer weather - bright sun, nice breeze and everything looked beautiful. The race course was very green and there was a good rather distinguished looking crowd. I was given a chair between the Chairman, Carr, and the Vice Chairman who turned out to be my old friend Blake Pelly.

They have recently built a magnificent new stand but otherwise the race course looked much the same except that I was sorry to see the practice jumps in the middle of the race course, which gave David so much fun, had been removed. I had been to a race meeting in 1920 and another one in 1946, and although pleasant I really found racing as boring as ever.

At lunch I met Sally's great friend, Pauline Baring, and other people I knew.

"My race" was over by 1445; it had 14 starters and was well supported. I then asked to be allowed to go back to do some work and they released me and I drove back to Kiribilli House which I reached at 1530.

I had a bit of a rest, changed into dinner jacket and at 1725 I drove with the Gillespies to Government House, New South Wales, in Sydney. That fine old house built in 1844 has had its

history recently written up in a book by Rollo.

There were a couple of dozen people at dinner, several of whom I knew. I was intrigued to find they still keep up the habit of all the ladies turning round and dropping a curtsy to His Excellency as they leave the dining room after dinner. Even in Viceroy's House I had limited that to very special and formal occasions.

I had stayed here with Patricia and John who had made great friends with the Cutlers on return visits. Helen Cutler enquired affectionately after her and it turns out that she is almost exactly the same age as Patricia. Sir Roden Cutler, V.C., is a very fine man and he has three sons as tall as himself.

It was nice staying at Government House in the old days but I must say it is much pleasanter to stay at Kiribilli House which one lives in just with ones own staff, looked after by excellent servants and with ones own cars.

Jack had flown off to Brisbane, only an hour's flight away, and spent five hours with his family there. He had not seen his younger brother since before he first joined my staff at the Admiralty in 1955. They had arranged to have Ronnie and Betty Heath and their sons Stephen and Andrew out to meet him, and had a tremendous nostalgic reunion. Ron Heath is apparently rejuvenated and was quite emotional about his love for Broadlands and the family, and Stephen Heath

made a speech on behalf of the family saying how much they owed to Broadlands, and our family.

THURSDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY 1976

I was due to spend the morning with the Royal Australian Navy and Rollo had me down to leave the house at 0900 with the Flag Lieutenant to one of the Admirals. When the young man arrived he pointed out that it didn't take an hour to get out to H.M.A.S. WATSON and 45 minutes would be plenty of time. So I left at 0915 and we did the trip in half-an-hour, so that we had to do a diversion down to Bondi Beach.

It was again a lovely day. I was received at the new Naval Chapel by Rear Admiral MacDonald. It was a very new and modern style chapel built on the very cliff edge and overlooking the south Heads of Sydney Harbour. I discovered that the Admiral was the brother of Ian MacDonald who had been a Signal Officer in the Royal Australian Navy and had been a friend of mine and was now retired.

Next I was driven to the Tactical Training Building at the Naval Base here, H.M.A.S.WATSON. The complex was only completed at the end of the year and the first courses started here last month. It cost over £10 million sterling and is the finest and most up to-date Tactical Trainer I should think in the world. It consists of the AIOTT (Action Information Organisation and Tactical Trainer). In the same building they have their SCTT (Submarine Command Team Trainer).

I had thought that the new Trainers at our Navigation School, H.M.S.DRYAD, were probably the best in the world when I was shown round them by Charles, but of course with five years advance the computer occupies less than a tenth of the volume than in DRYAD, and there are many new innovations.

I found that the team from the Aircraft Carrier MELBOURNE were undergoing extensive training under the Flag Captain of the ship whose rank is a Commodore Second Class.

I attended every aspect of the course including the Submarine Course, and also attended the "wash up" in their magnificent Conference Room. Altogether I was really very much impressed, and of course it comes at the right time to save a lot of oil fuel for the Fleet.

Nevertheless I noticed that two or three Frigates went to sea every day passing in front of Kiribilli House from the Base at Garden Island. In full view from Kiribilli House is H.M.S.DUCHESS, a destroyer lent to the Royal Australian Navy after that terrible disaster when they lost the VOYAGER after her collision with the MELBOURNE. I was really thrilled to see her because Edwina had launched the DUCHESS originally so she still has one of her ships on active service at sea. Of the other two she launched, the LLANDAFF is just about coming to the end of her service with the Royal Navy; though the aircraft carrier TRIUMPH has a new lease of life as a Supply and Repair Ship.

At 1140 I was driven down to the landing stage where Rear Admiral Gladstone, F.O.C.A.F., was waiting to take me in his Barge across the harbour. I had met Gladstone at the Government House dinner last night and found that he had been the First Lieutenant of the destroyer QUICKMATCH in the raid on Sebang under my Supreme Command in 1944 when he won the D.S.C.

We got back to the Admiralty House steps at 1200 and I went up to Kiribilli House and freshened up a bit. Then Jack and I walked over to Admiralty House, only a hundred yards away, at 1230 and were met on the doorstep by the Governor General, Sir John Kerr, and Lady Kerr, and their staff.

Their Excellencies took me into their private room for quarter-of-an-hours extremely interesting discussion about the general situation, and I congratulated him once more on the decisions he had taken and told him that wherever I had been in Australia everybody had admired his courage and thought he had done the right thing; indeed, the Chief Justice told me it was the only possible constitutional step that he could have taken. I told him that it seemed lucky that Gough Whitlam now appeared to have become involved in a $500,000 gift by the Iraqis to the Australian Labour Party, and he said it was indeed a very fortunate development from his point of view.

They then took me into the drawing room to be in the receiving line while the guests arrived,

all very important people - Judges of the Supreme Court, business people, the former Chief of the General Staff, General Daly, and my host of the morning, Rear Admiral MacDonald and his wife. I sat between Her Excellency and Lady Lloyd Jones, who is almost a complete cripple and had to be helped by two people to her seat. We talked a lot about Pammy and David of whom she is very fond.

After lunch their Excellencies saw us off again at the front door and we walked across to Kiribilli House.

At 1600 I had thirty people to tea. They were in groups of people who had particularly asked to see me such as the Tingara Old Boys' Association headed by Admiral Sir John Collins; the Australian Branch of the Royal Life Saving Society; former prisoners-of-war, and newspaper correspondents who had had special dealings with me. I moved from table to table talking to them; it was exhausting but I think it was worthwhile.

I withdrew at 1715 and at 1730 Jack, Rollo, Pat and I drove to Blake Pelly's house in the Crescent, at Vaucluse, overlooking the Harbour where I had dined in 1974.

We arrived punctually at 1800 and he had every possible member of the Australian National Committee of the U.W.C. present and their wives including representatives from Tasmania and Queensland. For three-quarters-of-an-hour I moved among them talking, and then at my urgent request I insisted on holding a sort of National

Committee meeting. The wives were present but took no part except to listen to my opening speech; and then Blake Pelly raised half-a-dozen points the Australians wanted me to take up and we discussed them with members of the Committee and I put down my own views for the minutes so we virtually had a half-hour official Committee meeting with the National Committee of Australia.

Then I stayed on a bit longer to discuss some of the knotty points in detail and finally we left at 1945. Jack went off with some friends, and Rollo and Pat Gillespie took back John and Davina Portarlington. He is the present Earl of Portarlington and the grandson of our old friends Lionel and Winnie Portarlington.

We went to the Australia Club for some supper and had an interesting and amusing evening. I told John all about his grand-parents much of which he didn't seem to know. I finally got back to Kiribilli House at 2230.

FRIDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY 1976

I had breakfast at 0850 and started work catching up with my mail and the Diary. Rollo got Anne McCauley, the daughter of an Air Vice Marshal, R.A.A.F., to come in and help take dictation from me. This had an unfortunate result because Rollo did not like to break in on my dictation and, although the two survivors of the KELLY whom I had arranged to come and see me at 1100, had been waiting for half-an-hour they were kept outside by Rollo until I came out at 1112 to complain of their non-arrival.

It then transpired that Rollo had no intention of breaking in on me and the whole programme would have gone to hell but for the fact that I came out accidentally to enquire what had happened. I immediately sent Anne up to work with Jack; had the two survivors come in, and I put back my programme twenty minutes so as to be able to see them properly.

They were two seamen from the second commission of the KELLY, Simmonds and Goodyear. I had been in correspondence with Simmonds about his trout farm before, and I had seen Goodyear when he came over to Romsey last summer. They were in great form but neither of them knew the other one was in Australia till they met at Kiribilli House. Both had kept in touch with the Kelly Reunion Association in London. They were touchingly enthusiastic and showed me photographs of the old days.

At 1135 we finally started off and got to Dunhills magnificent shop in Sydney at 1145. The whole firm seemed to have promised their support to Variety and Rollo had an office there and had one of their girls working almost full time over my arrangements in Sydney and for Variety. They presented me with a gold felt pen on behalf of Variety. As soon as I decently could I withdrew and we drove on to the British Ex-Services Club where I was met in the street by an old sailor piping the side and two young Australian Submarine sailors "manning the side".

I was taken up to their fine room on the first floor where all the Chairmen and Secretaries

of branches and their wives were drawn up in a circle. I was taken round and introduced to each; then I was given a presentation of a gold biro pen. Up to that moment it had never entered my mind that I would have to make a speech but I was now taken up another floor to an even bigger room where there was a large crowd of ordinary members and their wives waiting to meet me.

I talked to many of them and then finally obviously I had to make a speech to thank them for my gift. I was utterly unprepared but nevertheless the speech went off remarkably well; there were men from the Life Guards, the Royal Marines, the Royal Air Force, and from the Royal Navy, present. They have 2,126 members in New South Wales and are very strong and very loyal and enthusiastic.

I finally got away at 1300, rather late for luncheon, and we drove straight on out to the house of Sir John and Lady Pagan at Point Piper, between Rose Bay and Double Bay.

I met Marjorie Pagan and their daughter briefly when it was explained to me the luncheon was to be an all male affair and quite small - only nine people.

The conversation was stimulating and brilliant, and they gave me the complete low down on the whole of the Australian Constitutional crisis. I had not appreciated before that Sir John Kerr was not only a political appointment by Gough Whitlam but that he had been made to realise by the Prime Minister that if he failed to fall in

with the Prime Minister's wishes he would have him dismissed by the Queen. Constitutionally, however, the Governor General could dismiss the Prime Minister but only so long as he was still in office. Therefore Kerr had to choose a time at which this was a feasible proposition, and he chose to do it just before he went off for the Armistice Day Commemorative ceremonies on the 11th November so the Prime Minister could not get hold of him or take any steps to prevent his dismissal by trying himself to get the Queen to dismiss the Governor General.

This largely accounted for Whitlam's fury and the fact that he made those terrible remarks on T.V. "God Save the Queen because no one can save her Governor General. Kerr by name and Cur by nature", which we heard on T.V. in the U.K.

Everybody round the room agreed that the next Governor-General they all wanted was Charles, appropriately married but even unmarried, as soon as Kerr's time was up.

I then raised the point that had Charles been placed in the same constitutional crisis he could hardly have acted in the same way. And this they were inclined to agree with and said the matter wanted further consideration, but they still thought the solution for Australia was to have Charles as Governor General, at least during a period when no constitutional crisis could be foreseen.

I sat next to the Chief of the Naval Staff, Vice Admiral David Stevenson, who brought me right

up to date on the Royal Australian Navy, and we gossiped over the times we had met in the past. He had authorised the provision of a helicopter for me to-morrow and generally had approved my programme with the Navy yesterday. But the conversation was so interesting and ranged over such wide fields that we only got away very late and I didn't get back to Kiribilli House until 1550.

At 1700 Ursula Simpson, née Catteral, came to have tea with me. I had not seen her for nearly 56 years. She was now 74 and still very beautiful - a smooth skin, white hair tinted blue, sparkling eyes, a good figure, and just as gay and as much fun as I remembered her in 1920.

We had some fascinating talks about the old days and the old people and found that practically everybody we knew was dead except for Margaret Allen who afterwards married a Naval Officer called Lord Gifford. She won a close race in Centennial Park by really hard riding. It had arranged for the whole party, including the girls, but unfortunately Ursula was no rider, unlike my girl friend in Queensland, Erica McConnell, who was terrific.

At 1730 the Federal Minister of Education, Senator Carrick, came to see me. I had expected a difficult interview as I wanted so much for the United World Colleges from the Minister of Education. But on arrival he saluted me as his former Supremo and said that he had been a prisoner-of-war in Changi and on release I had appointed him

to my staff as a Japanese interpreter. He worked for Edwina and had the happiest memories of her.

He said he had come to do whatever I wanted if it was within his power. This made the approach to all the difficult problems with the Minister of Education very much easier and he agreed to take a personal letter to the Prime Minister with a copy to the Governor General and the Chief Justice, and between them all he promised to really try to get things straightened out with the Federal Government, as to tax deductability and for a Federal grant.

At 1815 I made a telephone call to Brisbane and had a long and pleasant conversation with Ron and Betty Heath which was nostalgic and very friendly. They are evidently in very good form.

At 1928 we drove with two police outriders to Sebel's Town House again. This time they had opened some more partitions to make a big dining hall. I received 210 guests for the Variety Dinner, the whole dinner being paid for by four of the big firms, so it was free but at each place there was an envelope and a form for people to give donations. In the course of the evening over $8,000 was collected this way. However, the main success of the show was the prestige value for they got people from the highest walks of life who would never normally have heard of Variety or have come to their dinner.

In the Chair was the little Chief Barker, Paul Hogan. I had a better chance of a gossip and he told me he had been a regular rigger working on

top of Sydney Bridge only 3½ years ago at $80 a week. Then he thought he would take part in one of the "Opportunity Knocks" programmes and was such an immediate success that he was taken on right away, and within 18 months was given his own monthly programme on Channel 7. He told me he only had four permanent staff; he writes his own script; he engages his own cast; he produces the show, and has now reached the top of the ratings for an all Australian show.

The first speaker was Michael Samuelson on behalf of British Variety; then Hogan spoke and gave me a gold felt tipped pen from Variety; and when I spoke I gave him a David Hicks tie and said I noticed last time he admitted he didn't have any ties of his own and had to borrow one for the dinner.

The speeches were followed by a good cabaret with a pretty young star, a singer, Mary Jane Boyd, and four really excellent pop performers, the Four Kinsmen.

We did not get back until 2345 and to my horrow I found our police escort still waiting. I had sent a message to them to tell them not to wait but they absolutely insisted.

We worked until 0200 on final arrangements and thank-you letters and Jack stayed up typing them until 0230.

SATURDAY, 28TH FEBRUARY 1976

I had breakfast at 0830 and then signed the

letters that Jack had typed, and gave gifts to the household staff who were not allowed to take money.

At 0905 I drove with Rollo to the Garden Island Naval Base where a Sea King helicopter had been sent to fetch me from Nowre Naval Air Station. While waiting for it to land a sergeant of the Naval Base Police came and spoke to me and it turned out to be my old diver, Liliman, who, with Bridgeman, used to do alternative aqualung dives with me when I was C-in-C Mediterranean. We reminisced over the old days. I found him quite unchanged after 20 years.

Rear Admiral MacDonald and Rollo accompanied me in the Sea King to R.A.A.F. Richmond where the Air Commodore met me, and then cars from the Windsor Polo Club came headed by Wayland, the Secretary, dressed in polo kit. He drove us the three miles to the Windsor Polo Club where there was a large gathering of all the members and supporters of the Club.

This is a very remarkable Club got up by the local inhabitants none of whom have a lot of money, but they managed to raise the money to buy their own ground. It was formed in 1969 and I had been asked to be their Patron in view of my connection with the Windsor Polo Club in England.

I was asked to unveil a plaque for the new polo ground and of course had to make a speech. Afterwards I met the people who had been collected, among them two of the famous Ashton brothers who had played such very hard and ruthless polo in

England in 1937. I reminded them that not only one of them fell on me in the finals of the Cowdray Cup but that for good measure another brother had fallen on top of us and finally dislocated my shoulder which had been extremely painful.

I met a man who told me he was one of the two young Naval Officers who ran into the back of Edwina's new Jaguar as I was turning into Broadlands with it for the first time. I had arranged with my driver to fetch it for me to drive down from Blackbush Airfield when I arrived back without telling Edwina and she was furious, of course, that I arrived with the car run into.

We drove back to Richmond at 1100 and took off in the helicopter. We circled over the polo ground twice and then flew back. I had a good view over the pilot's shoulders and was amazed at the extent of Sydney Harbour on the landward side of Sydney Bridge. I flew over the Naval building yard at Cockatoo Island, which is now run by Vickers, and got a very good idea of the whole layout of the Harbour.

We landed again at Garden Island and then I was driven up to Tresco, the official House for the local Admiral which was provided when the Governor General was given the original Admiralty House at Milson Point.

There were eight Admirals at the luncheon, past and present, including Henley from the U.K. The C.N.S. was there in uniform and I sat between him and MacDonald.

At 1310 Rollo came to fetch me and I said good-bye to all the Admirals, and then drove with a police escort to Mascot Airport. On arrival I found the Minister of Education, Senator Carrick, to see me off on behalf of the Federal Government; General Burnard on behalf of the Governor General; Max Pechey on behalf of the Protocol Department; the Consul General, O'Brien, and all the Variety boys. I hastily signed some of the letters that Jack Barratt had brought, and then we took off in a British Airways Jumbo Jet at 1415.

After a 4½ hours flight we landed at Perth where Jack managed to get the local letters posted, and to send the remainder back to Rollo for posting in Sydney.

After about an hour we flew on to Singapore landing 4 hours 55 minutes later where we were met by Group Captain Peers of the High Commissioner's Defence Staff in the latter's absence; our old Protocol Officer, Lim, and George Thomson.

George brought photographs and the agreed comments on the Surrender Tableau and the minutes of the meeting in Ceylon which had been forwarded, and gave us an up-to-date account of how well everything had been going in Singapore since we left.

He also brought with him all the clothes we had ordered from the Malaya Tailor Company. John and Jack had each ordered a suit and a few shirts; I had ordered two suits, fifteen shirts six pairs of pyjamas, and six pants. As all this

cost somewhere between a half and a third of what they would have cost in London this was a good investment, and beautifully done. My clothes are packed in the new suitcase Patricia had selected for me, and then the whole lot were taken on board and stowed in the cabin of our Jumbo Jet. After about an hour's refuelling we flew on.

SUNDAY, 29TH FEBRUARY 1976

After a 7 hour 50 minute flight we landed in Bahrain at such an ungodly hour I didn't dare give the Sheikh the opportunity of coming to see me, which he wanted to do when we were at Dhahran. After another hour here we took off again and landed at Heathrow Airport, London, after a seven hour flight.

During our stop at Bahrain John Meadows, one of the 300 odd passengers, having heard I was on board came forward for a gossip with me. He was an outstanding young Leading Telegraphist on board DARING and WISHART with me, then got a commission and succeeded Philip in Command of the MAGPIE under me. I told him I had met a WISHART shipmate of ours on the India Pacific Express.

John had been visiting his daughter whose husband had answered an advertisement for a G.P. doctor and in the first year had made a net profit of £30,000 after barely breaking even in England.

I must say that the Jumbo Jet makes all the difference to one's comfort; I didn't feel nearly so exhausted as in an ordinary aircraft. Our total flying time had been just over 24 hours so with

three hours on the ground refuelling we were over 27 hours in the aircraft.

The clocks were put back 10 hours so we arrived at 0730 at London Airport, about 45 minutes late on scheduled time. We had had a constant flow of meals and no less than two films.

At Heathrow the authorities were very quick getting our luggage cleared and through Customs. Daborn had come up in the Peugeot; we stopped to pick up Juno at the Doll's House and received the terrifying news that her tumour had been analysed as being carcinoma, in other words a malignant cancerous growth of the breast. What a very depressing thought for Juno has been a really gay companion to me - a real comfort and friend.

Jack went off to his house and when I got back Moncur and the new valet/driver, Sweeney, were there to meet me.

Sweeney and Charles Smith at once got on to the job of unpacking, and I then went to bed for a bit. I had a bath and got up in time for lunch and took the rest of the day fairly easy just catching up a bit with correspondence.

It is wonderful to be home again and this has been a very satisfying and exciting trip.

# LORD MOUNTBATTEN

## AT HOME

## 1ST - 19TH MARCH 1976

MONDAY 1ST - THURSDAY 4TH MARCH 1976

I have decided that I don't really dictate enough about my doings in England and as I am only at home for a matter of some three weeks before setting off on another tour I thought I would continue the Diary in an abbreviated form while I am at home.

Very little happened during these four days worth recording except that I went to Haslar to the dentist and to have an ECG taken on Tuesday, and Nan Pandit came down for the afternoon on Wednesday, and Pammy joined us after lunch to stay.

FRIDAY, 5TH MARCH 1976 (BLACK FRIDAY)

Although Juno has been very gay and sweet and more affectionate than ever Mary Lou had arranged to take her down to see our Head Vet, Gould, as the growth seems to be spreading so quickly. She came back with Juno and a letter from Gould to say that the cancer was spreading so alarmingly that Juno would seen be in pain and the sooner I could put her down the better. Mary Lou said "If it was my dog I'd take her straight back to the vet".

It was such a fearful shock to me that I just couldn't face up to it but then Pammy joined the party and supported Mary Lou that I should let her take Juno back right away.

I know I ought to have gone with Juno to the Vet but I just couldn't face it, and Pammy pointed out that I should only upset Juno who would

soon see how distressed I was whereas Mary Lou, who was very fond of her, could obviously take her on her last trip in a much happier frame of mind.

It was really heart-breaking seeing her off and luckily Pammy and I had decided to ride which took my mind off it a bit but I really couldn't help thinking of Juno the whole time.

When I got back all was over and the gardners had dug a grave in the Dogs' Cemetery for Juno to be put in. For eight years now she has been the most faithful, loyal companion and has helped my loneliness at Broadlands very much indeed. I hardly can bear to think of life without her.

However, Mary Lou had been preparing Juno's grandson, Kimberley, to take her place as a gun dog as Juno was getting a bit old for shooting, and now Mary Lou suggested that she should bring him down this evening to take Juno's place. I was in two minds whether to accept the offer so suddenly but Pammy agreed that the quicker the better.

Alan Greenwood, the Chairman of the British Aircraft Corporation, called to bring the magnificent plaque which the Royal Saudi-Arabian Air Force had given me at Dhahran which he collected when he was out there.

Norton drove Joanna and Penny down in time for dinner and we had a film "Lucky Lady".

SATURDAY, 6TH MARCH 1976

The Hursley Hounds met in front of Broadlands at 1045 and put up a brave show with a field of about fifty.

Norton on Black Knight, Joanna on Tabu, and Penny on dear old Panda were out. Tommy Sopwith came and brought a party from Compton who mounted in the stable-yard. They all went off and enjoyed their day as it was a fine day, and Penny and Joanna came back each with a brush. Dear old Panda apparently went like a bomb the moment he heard hounds and the huntsman's horn.

In the evening Pammy and I were driven over by Sweeney to Downton, where the Salisbury branch of the Burma Star Association was giving a Wine and Cheese Party. I had been told I wouldn't have to make a speech but when I got there it was quite clearly impossible to avoid making one. The party went very well.

SUNDAY, 7TH MARCH 1976

Norton, Joanna and Penny left after breakfast. Pammy and I rode. Kimberley is gradually settling in, very strange but clean and well disciplined. I suppose one day he will take Juno's place but his presence makes me miss Juno all the more at the moment.

MONDAY, 8TH MARCH 1976

Pammy left this morning. I rode with

Mary Lou and she took Kimberley back to look after him as I shall be away for a few days.

I was so far adrift with my dictation I had to work until 0340.

TUESDAY, 9TH MARCH 1976

At 0830 Sweeney drove Jack and me to London direct to 39 Montpelier Walk where we had a Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting from 1030 to 1400 and a working luncheon.

At 1420 Jimmy Carreras drove Ian Gourlay, Jack and me to Victoria Station where we caught the 1436 train which got us to Gatwick at 1515. We flew in a British Caledonian aircraft at 1550 and got to Jersey at 1625.

Here I was met by the Lieutenant Governor, General Sir Desmond Fitzpatrick, who is a very old friend as he had been my Assistant Chief of the Defence Staff as a Major-General in 1959. Ian, Jack and I stayed at Government House with him and his wife, Mary. Jimmy stayed in an hotel. Representatives of the Variety Club were there to meet us and various Government officials.

Desmond arranged for the Bailiff of Jersey, a distinguished lawyer called Ereaut, to call on me as being the Head Citizen. We had a very interesting talk.

At 1940 the Fitzpatricks drove us three to the Grouville Bay Hotel for a large dinner of 160

guests given by Sir William Butlin and his intended wife, Shelia. I was told this was going to be a small informal dinner and that there would be two speeches, a brief one from Billy welcoming me, and a long one from me explaining about the United World Colleges for which Billy was going to help raise money. In fact it was a banquet with seven courses which went on for ever, and there were no less than nine speeches afterwards. Although I cut my own down we didn't finish till just on midnight.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH MARCH 1976

I was pretty tired and slept until 0850 and had breakfast upstairs at 0900.

At 1030 we three, that is Ian, Jack and I, arrived at Maison Variety which the Variety Club in Jersey has built to house 23 mentally handicapped children as well as physically handicapped. I performed the official Opening Ceremony and unveiled a plaque.

I then went round the excellent building and was very surprised to find no real children. The youngest was 15 and the eldest were up in their twenties. I was then told the sad story that they were so backward that they were classified by the corresponding age and nobody in the house had a corresponding age of more than about six or seven. Only a dozen had come in so far but the remaining places will soon be filled.

Desmond very kindly lent us the drawing room of Government House to hold a meeting of the

International Office Fund Raising Committee of which Billy Butlin is the Chairman and Jimmy Carreras the Deputy Chairman and the moving spirit. Ian, Jack and I attended the meeting, and they are really splendid and I think are going to meet our large deficit.

We went on to the Hotel de France where the Variety Club of Jersey, Tent 52, were giving a luncheon in my honour of over three hundred members and their wives and friends. This time they had been sensible and had a luncheon of only three courses, and there were only two speeches; the result was it went very well and everybody seemed delighted with my speech, mainly about Variety.

At 1425 we said good-bye and drove off to the airport where the Lieutenant Governor and Mary Fitzpatrick were waiting to see us off, with the usual officials. Some of the party such as Jimmy Carreras, Kenneth Rive, Monty and Shelia Berman flew with us.

We landed at Heathrow at 1600 and Jimmy drove us to 2 Kinnerton Street. I freshened up a bit and then drove myself to Buckingham Palace at 1715 for a talk with Martin Charteris.

At 1740 I joined Anne and we drove together to the new Headquarters of the British Academy for Film and Television Arts (BAFTA). If there is one man really responsible for having brought the film and television sides together in one organisation it is John. He formed a unified Society for Film and Television Arts originally

with Philip as the Chairman; then after some years I took over from Philip; and then after some years I managed to get Anne to take over from me.

Lilibet and Philip very kindly gave the £60,000 that they received as royalties on "The Royal Family" film to BAFTA in order to create a wonderful new international film and television centre at 195 Piccadilly. Here again John was instrumental in raising most of the money, finding the premises, and getting the property reconstructed with the most up-to-date form of equipment imaginable.

On arrival Anne and I were greeted by the various officials and found John and Patricia at the entrance to the Centre. A few minutes later Lilibet and Philip arrived to perform the Opening Ceremony which they did in the marvellous new theatre for which most of us have sponsored the seats and which she then christened the "Princess Anne Theatre".

Anne made a witty speech in which she referred to her "Parental and Avuncular predecessors". John had got Charles to do a most amusing recording for the occasion which was shown on half-a-dozen television receivers. They gave an exhibition of the actual capacity of the equipment starting with a 10 by 10 foot screen with gradually opened until it was something like 25 by 50 feet.

After that we were taken round the various other places such as a smaller theatre and separate individual projection rooms.

Then there was a party for all the guests, who were all distinguished, beginning with the Prime Minister himself. But perhaps the most exciting of all was my dear old friend Charlie Chaplin who received in person the trophy which goes with an Honorary Fellow of BAFTA. Poor old Charlie really is a chronic invalid. He was in a bath-chair; he could hardly speak; he just smiled; and Philip came over apparently on the television recording saying to Lilibet "He can't see either". He could see a bit but not in the glaring lights.

After the show was over Lilibet drove Anne and me back for a very delightful dinner party, à trois, at Buckingham Palace, and then I drove myself back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

THURSDAY, 11TH MARCH 1976

At 0900 I had my hair cut. At 1015 Zelle Chevrier came to suggest a small family party to celebrate 40 years since she first came in August 1936 as our governess.

At 1020 Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Nina Little came for a U.W.C. meeting.

At 1115 the Venezuela Representative, Jackovsky, came to discuss the possibility of a United World College in Venezuela.

At 1200 the Maharajah of Bikaner's son-in-law, Gohel, came to see me. At 1230 Janet came round and I took her to the Royal Thames Yacht Club for lunch to tell her about her son, George, in Sydney.

At 1400 I went to Thames Television Studios where I recorded an interview about the United World Colleges with Eamon Andrews which went well. He surprised me by his ending and I surprised myself by hearing what I replied. He said "You have been retired since 1965 from active duty and yet everybody tells me you are as busy as ever. How long are you going to go on working like this?" I replied "Anybody who has worked hard all their lives must never stop but go on working if they want to live. So I intend to go on working; I intend to die before I stop".

At 1500 I went to Claridges Hotel to see my friend Peppi Wister, who is over from Philadelphia, to discuss United World College matters. She said she hoped she might see me in Eleuthera.

At 1600 Sweeney drove me down to Britwell via the M.40 where I had tea with Pammy and India. At 1830 David arrived back from Tokyo and we had an interesting talk after dinner.

FRIDAY, 12TH MARCH 1976

Patricia arrived at 1200 for the week-end. At 1230 Lilibet arrived alone for luncheon with us four, and at 1335 I drove with her, behind the other three, to St.Mary's School at Wantage where my grand-daughter, Edwina, was due to be confirmed. Lilibet and Patricia were God-mothers. Here we met a God-father, Rory Cameron. It was a very nice service conducted in the school Chapel by the Bishop of Oxford, and Edwina, I thought, was outstanding being the most composed and attractive

among the twenty-five candidates.

We all took communion afterwards and then went to the Gymnasium for tea.

[redacted]

At 1615 Lilibet drove me to Windsor where I changed over to my own Jaguar which Sweeney had been driving behind us. Sweeney then drove me to 23 Scarsdale Villas where I had an hour's gossip with Sally Baring. We went back to 2 Kinnerton Street where I changed into dinner jacket and at 1915 Major-General David Alexander and my A.D.C., Major Alistair Donald, came to collect me in a Royal Marines car to drive me to Lincoln's Inn where I attended a dinner of 134 members of the Royal Marines Officers' Dining Club.

This was a relaxed occasion because the rule is there shall be no speeches. However, I had told three stories which so amused the little group sitting round me that they made a great scene that I should tell them to everybody so I stood up and just told the three stories without breaking the rule about speeches.

Sweeney had come to fetch me and we drove straight down to Broadlands getting back at midnight.

SATURDAY, 13TH - TUESDAY, 16TH MARCH 1976

On Saturday and Monday I rode with Mary Lou, and on Sunday with Jane.

On Sunday also Tommy Sopwith with Andrew Yates's daughter, Sally, and a Persian girl friend, and old Tom Sopwith came for lunch.

WEDNESDAY, 17TH MARCH 1976

Mary Lou rode Tabu and I rode Champagne, and afterwards she took Kimberley back to the Doll's House.

At 1320 Sweeney drove Jack and me to London and I had sandwiches on the way.

At 1530 an Indian called Das came to see me about a book he is writing on India's Political History. I was unable to help him as it dealt chiefly with the political situation before I came out as Viceroy.

At 1600 Eric Weiss came to see me to hand in his resignation as Deputy President of the International Council of the United World Colleges on account of his ill health but thank goodness he is going to stay on and help with the U.W.C. and let us have the use of his magnificent London Headquarters of Foseco Minsep at Queen Anne's Gate.

At 1645 I went to see Martin Charteris, and at 1700 I had tea with Lilibet.

I went back and changed into dinner jacket and at 1820 John came and fetched me and drove me to the Royal Albert Hall.

At 1900 I took over the presentation of part of the BAFTA Awards which were due to be given in the first half of the evening before the show was put on live television. I was welcomed by Sidney Samuelson, the Chairman, and made a brief reply.

At 1930 I joined everybody else who were having dinner in the auditorium, and at 2015 Anne arrived to take over the rest of the Awards being shown live on Thames Television. She did a splendid job and was very witty in her speech.

At 2040, at the end of the reception, John and I left together, he to go to his own home, and Sweeney drove Jack and me back to Broadlands which we reached soon after midnight.

THURSDAY, 18TH MARCH 1976

Phillippa de Pass came over and rode Champagne side saddle, and then stayed to lunch.

At 1700 Colonel Clifford of the United States Marines Corps came to discuss a book he is writing about the parallel military relationship between the wars and during World War II between the United States and the United Kingdom.

FRIDAY, 19TH MARCH 1976

At 1020 Alistair Donald collected me in the Flag Officer Air's "Barge" helicopter. I wore Royal marine undress blue uniform. We landed at 1115 at Lympstone Royal Marines Commando Training Centre where I was met by C.G.R.M., M.G.M. Commando Training, and the Commandant and Deputy Commandant of the Centre on the parade Ground.

I went straight in to the Officers' Mess and changed into Royal Marines full dress. I then came out for some coffee with the Officers on my way to the Parade Ground at 1145 where I took the Salute at the Passing Out Parade of the King's Squad consisting of 84 and 212 Troops. They were as smart as ever. Mercifully the rain had stopped an hour before otherwise it would have spoilt the Parade for the large gathering of parents and spectators.

After presenting the awards I made the King's Squad ground arms and gather round while I addressed them briefly. When they had marched off I went to the Officers' Mess, changed back into blue undress jacket and joined the Officers and their wives for a short drink.

At 1245 I was conducted to the new Sergeants' Mess which I had been invited by the Regimental Sergeant Major, Mr.Lewis, to open when I was last at Lympstone. It was only completed this month and I must say it is a really magnificent building. The members of the Mess have been so proud that they had collected enough money to buy four chandeliers and they told me with pride that since they were bought some years ago in anticipation of the new Mess their value had gone up by £1,000.

All the members of the Mess and all Regimental Sergeant Majors from other Royal Marines Units and their wives were present as well as special guests.

I made a formal Opening speech and then there was a fanfare of bugles and I pulled aside the curtain revealing the Mess silver and a silver plaque commemorating my having performed the Opening ceremony. Mr.Lewis then took me round mingling with the various guests and talking, ending up at the buffet where I Opened the Buffet Luncheon which I must say was excellent.

At the end of lunch Mr.Lewis made another speech in which he invited me to become an Honorary

Life Member of the Sergeants' Mess, and gave me a certificate and a tankard. In reply I made a very informal speech which went so well that every time I tried to stop the whole audience shouted "More".

Then at 1515 I flew off in the helicopter, this time giving a lift to Major General David Alexander and his wife with me as well as Alistair. We landed at Broadlands at 1600 and I then went straight to work with Mollie in the Archives.

SATURDAY, 20TH MARCH 1976

I rode Tabu, Jane rode Champagne, and Gina rode Black Knight. Champagne was really rather troublesome again, I think it is going to take a long time to re-break him.

At 1630 seven old KELLYS and their wives and one widow, the Acting Headmaster of the Mountbatten School and the Housemaster of KELLY House and their wives, and the Headmistress, came to tea. After tea I showed them round the house. They had had a ceremony at the school when the old KELLYS had presented KELLY House with a Ship's badge. The other three houses, LION, DARING and WISHART, had already had their badges but it had proved difficult to get one of the KELLY, so I let Rocky Wilkins, the Honorary Secretary of the Association, know and he had one made and brought down for the official presentation.

Although my new dog, Kimberley, had been more affectionate than ever and never left my side, when he was let out in the evening by Moncur he

went straight off back to the Doll's House and Mary Lou rang up to say he had arrived safely because her own little bitch, Heidi, was on heat.

SUNDAY, 21ST MARCH 1976

Mary Lou brought Kimberley down with her when she rode with me at 1015 but she took him back again as she is going to look after him for the next 4 weeks.

I worked hard clearing up my papers and dealing with left over correspondence. At 1700 Jack came for a last minute check of all my papers, and I asked him to make arrangements to have me represented by Ronnie Brockman at Monty's funeral since his son had sent a message saying he was likely to die in the near future and of course I won't be able to get back. After all Monty didn't come back for Winston's funeral when he was on holiday in South Africa, and I shall be doing official business for at least another week.

However, I was fond of the old boy and we have been friends since 1941 and I was indeed sorry to hear that he was dying. He was the last great General of World War II and a very fine battle winner. I am afraid he was no good in office and was definitely a failure as C.I.G.S. and I was glad when I was able to persuade Attlee to recall Bill Slim to the Active List as a Field Marshal and to take over from Monty.

At 1820 Sweeney drove me to London and dropped me off at 39 Montpelier Walk where I had

dinner with Patricia and Amanda, who had just returned from Chamonix. She told a splendid story about her departure that evening from Geneva Airport. After the pilot had taxied down to the take-off position and turned round ready to go he said over the intercom "This is BA.357 about to take off for London, repeat London. Anybody who does not want to go to London please let me know at once". To everybody's surprise an American said "I don't want to go to London, I want to go to Milan". So they had to call for a car, the doors were opened and the man was let off before the aircraft took off.

Amanda was full of amusing tales of her time in France. We spoke a bit of French and hers has improved out of all recognition.

# LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES BY HIMSELF AND OF CANADA AND THE BAHAMAS WITH LADY BRABOURNE

22ND MARCH - 15TH APRIL 1976

MONDAY, 22ND MARCH 1976

As Sweeney called me at 0725 the telephone rang. It was Patricia to say that she had just heard that the Canadian Forces' aircraft which was fetching us had had pressure failure and had had to turn round and go back to Ottawa, but that Major Grange of the Canadian High Commission was going to arrange to book us by Air Canada. So we both remained in bed as we were tired, and she had stayed up late to pack and clear up correspondence.

At 0830 we were told that we had been booked on to an Air Canada aircraft leaving for Montreal at 1320. We both decided to go to our respective hairdressers.

It is rather sad that this Canadian Service Flight was cancelled because we were going to go via Lahr in Germany, near Baden Baden, where we were going to meet Colonel John Sharpe, who Commanded the 1st Battalion of the P.P.C.L.I. in Calgary in August 1974, who had collected some thirty Patricias and their wives, in Germany to meet us at a luncheon. However, Patricia has promised to try and get back to Lahr specially to see them later.

At 1200 Patricia came round in one of the Canadian High Commission cars with Major Harris, the temporary A.D.C. appointed to her. He is the second in command of the 1st Battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry who have been exercising in Norway and he had had his return trip

altered to be able to look after Patricia. Like all Patricias he was charming, very efficient and very helpful.

He drove down with Patricia and me, and Major Grange from the High Commission drove in another car with our luggage. We got to Heathrow in good time and registered the four heavy suitcases and my sword, and then took the rest of our hand luggage with us in the aircraft.

The Air Canada aircraft taxied down to the end of the runway, turned round, opened up the throttles full and roared off down the runway. Just as we were about to lift off the pilot switched off the engines, put the brakes hard on and just pulled up before we reached the end of the runway. It appears he had an engine failure and so turned round and went back slowly on the other three engines. I have never had this experience before; it proved quite startling.

When we got back we were told that it would take at least two hours to get the engine put right but it was more likely to take 24 hours. Patricia insisted that we should try and find another aircraft and Harris went off and found there was a British Airways Jumbo Jet about to take off for Montreal. They were holding three places for us if we would come at once without our luggage. I sent a message saying we were coming at once but then refused to go without our luggage.

We made the Air Canada Manager at Heathrow open the luggage holds and Patricia got into one

hold, I got into the other hold, and we actually managed to retrieve all five pieces of luggage very quickly and drove off with the luggage to the Jumbo Jet. They had been slightly held up so we were in good time.

The Air Canada Manager told Harris he had never had an experience like it in his life. He had never known any passengers get into the luggage holds and sort out their own luggage like we did. On hearing this Patricia asked the Manager how he thought I had won the Burma Campaign if I had failed to take personal action however unusual.

In due course we took off at 1510. A film of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" was shown. The clocks were put back by six hours and we had the usual fascinating experience of keeping pace with the sun. We landed at the new International Airport, 25 miles from Montreal, called Mirabel. It was only opened for traffic last October and is said to be the biggest airport in the world.

We were met by Major General George Brown who is the senior serving "Patricia" and Deputy Commander of the Mobile Inter-Service Command for Canada and his charming wife, Pauline. With him was Lieutenant Colonel Dick MacIntosh who had been sent over some time ago to see Patricia to make the preliminary arrangements for her tour. He now took over as her A.D.C. in Canada. A young Captain, Gene Markell, had been appointed as my A.D.C. and looked after me very well.

Brigadier General Jimmy de Lalanne (aged 79) also met us. He had joined the "Patricias" in 1915 and last month had flown out to Cyprus (to represent the Colonel of the Regiment, Major General Cameron Ware, who alas is still not well enough to leave his home) for Patricia's and John's visit to the Third Battalion on United Nations peace-keeping duties there.

We set off in a convoy of cars and drove to Ottawa. The whole countryside was white and the snow was banked up on each side of the long road making walls about 3 foot high. We were told in the last 48 hours thaw had started and the walls had decreased from 6 foot to 3 foot.

We reached the Governor General's Residence, Rideau Hall, Ottawa, after a two hour drive. Having landed at 1615 we arrived here at 1845. We tidied up for dinner in the charming suite which Edwina and I, and later I alone, always occupied and which has been done up for the Queen's visit and was nicer than ever.

As soon as we were ready we were taken down to meet the Governor General and his wife, their Excellencies Monsieur and Madam Léger, who were both bilingual. I guessed that being French Canadians it would be popular to break into French for a bit and the moment I did she said "Thank goodness, I was sure you could speak French, we both prefer talking French when possible". As a matter of fact the Governor General had been a high-class diplomat but within six weeks of

taking over from Mitchener had had a very severe stroke which had paralysed one side altogether. By sheer guts and courage he managed to work his way back to activity. He could even raise his right arm and walk unaided, and speak slowly and carefully in English and more freely in French. He seems on the high road to recovery. Meanwhile, that splendid wife of his had been running the whole of Government House.

It was an informal dinner with just the family and the staff, and they let us go to bed early after our adventures.

TUESDAY, 23RD MARCH 1976

I woke up twice in the night, due to the jet lag, and took a sleeping pill at 0315 and again at 0530 waking finally at 0900. Patricia had done the same at 0300 and came in at 0915. We had breakfast in our sitting room together.

At 1210 I was asked to have a formal interview with His Excellency in his study in the nature of a call. Then at 1230 he took me into the drawing room where a party had been assembled for Patricia's Investiture. I had originally been asked to bring a morning coat to wear but I thought it inappropriate and was allowed to wear uniform instead. There were many others there in uniform.

Patricia had been awarded the Canadian Decoration (C.D.) as Colonel-in-Chief of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. She rang up the Queen when she heard she was being offered it

to ask if she might accept to which she received the reply "Why not? I have got the same decoration myself". Being told it was hardly the same thing and she wondered whether there would be any trouble if she did accept it, she received the reply "If anybody gives you any trouble I will do my best to speak on your behalf".

So Patricia had now agreed to accept the decoration and there was a formal investiture, after which we went in to a big luncheon party of thirty-two people including our High Commissioner, Jack Johnson; and the Indian High Commissioner, Bajpai, whose father I knew; the Minister of Defence, James Richardson; the Chief of the Defence Staff, General Jacques Dextrase; and his Vice Chief, Vice Admiral Falls; also Mike Pearson's son, Geoffrey. Other guests were Guy de Muyser, the Lord Chamberlain in Luxembourg; Vice Admiral Kenneth Dyer who commanded the Canadian Aircraft Carrier MAGNIFICENT when she was attached to me in the Mediterranean Fleet in 1952; and several representatives of the P.P.C.L.I.

After lunch I had agreed to give a television interview about the new book "Bodyguard of Lies" which has just been published, which gives a most distorted picture of what happened at Dieppe. So once more I had the chance of telling my story on Dieppe on television, and I hope this time people will begin to understand it.

I also got them to let me do some publicity for the United World Colleges and they let me announce the fact that Richardson had told me that

the Max Bell Foundation was going to give three-quarters of a million dollars to the Pearson United World College.

The interview ran a bit over time so we arrived rather late at the British High Commission Offices at 1600 for our call on Jack Johnson. After this we did a short sight-seeing tour of Ottawa, looking lovely in the snow, and went to an older part of the town behind Rideau Hall which I had not seen before, with very attractive old houses.

We got back to Government House and changed into dinner jacket and decorations; Patricia looking 'smashing' in a black velvet dress with her new Canadian Decoration and her miniatures.

We had a good gossip with Their Excellencies which was very pleasant before we left at 1930 for the Canadian Forces Base at Uplands Golf Club. This was the rechristened Royal Canadian Air Force Golf Club. Here about 120 members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Association had gathered for the special dinner to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Battle of Kapyong. There were a number of good speeches but Patricia capped them all with a really splendid speech which earned her a standing ovation from all the old men such as one rarely sees at a public dinner.

At this dinner and the one she will be attending in Montreal to-morrow night, it is the first time the Colonel-in-Chief has visited these

associations for twenty years.

We got back at 2340 and went straight to bed.

WEDNESDAY, 24TH MARCH 1976

We got up early to repack our clothes. I had to separate what I was taking to Maryland from what I wanted in Canada as Gene Markell will be taking on one suit-case with him to Winnipeg.

We said good-bye to Their Excellencies and at 0930 we drove to the C.F.B. Upland where we flew in a specially fitted V.I.P. Cosmopolitan aircraft with a large "Patricia" party to C.F.B. St.Hubert near Montreal. We arrived at 1100 and were met by General Brown who drove us the short distance to his official residence which is called "R 100" as our experimental airship of that name was moored at this spot when she came to Montreal; but the house is quite new.

The Canadian Forces Base here comprises the former Army and Air Force Bases and is now the Headquarters of a unified inter-service command known as "Mobile Command".

We started with quite a big press conference which Patricia had to take of course, and photographs and films, followed by an official luncheon party which included George Brown's boss, the Commander of Mobile Command, Lieutenant General Chouinard; about a dozen in all.

I sat next to our hostess, Mrs.George Brown, Pauline, a really charming young woman of 47 who is his second wife, his first wife having died from heart trouble about 7 years ago. It was from her I discovered the astonishing thing that no Canadian Officer, however senior, is allowed any service personnel to look after him - no batman, no driver, no cook, nothing. They were given a very inadequate servants' allowance but there were no servants to be had in this area. So poor Mrs.Brown has to do all the housework and the General has to clean his own shoes. I said I would follow it up with the Minister of Defence when I had a chance.

For this official luncheon a sort of military catering organisation takes over and moves in, produce all the crockery, cooks the food and serves it.

The Governor General had told me that poor Monty has died and the result was the Canadian television people wanted to do an interview with me about Monty after lunch which I agreed to. It was to take place in a V.I.P. room at Dorval Airport which was the old International Airport.

Leaving Patricia to continue her Canadian tour, I was driven a couple of hundred yards to a helicopter, a very nicely fitted 7 seater V.I.P. Huyin. The doors were closed, the engines were started up, the rotor was revolving when a pretty young woman dashed out in front of us waving her arms violently. It was evidently urgent so they

stopped the rotor, opened the doors and found out that she was one of the T.V. team who by a stupid misunderstanding had come to St.Hubert instead of to Dorval. Anyway I agreed to give the interview here which turned out to be rather a mistake because there was so much noise going on on the airfield that it was difficult. Finally we found a fairly quiet place in a hangar and I gave an interview.

Then we got back in the helicopter rather too late to get to Dorval on time. V.V.I.P. arrangements had been laid on and we were rushed straight through to the waiting Air Canada aircraft. I now had only got my despatch case and one suit-case with me and I didn't have to register it so we got straight in to the aircraft and took off at 1505.

We arrived at 1630 at Kennedy Airport, New York, where I was met by my temporary Naval A.D.C., Commander Nick Lorimer, who had been attached to me by the British Admiral in Washington, and who looked after me when I was in Washington in October. With him was John Blyth, the 'travel officer' on the staff of the Consul General who had brought a Station Wagon and had arranged for Carola Rothschild's Cadillac with her driver, Walter, to meet us as well.

Nick and I jumped in and drove straight off, so we got to her apartment, 1 East 87th Street, at 1730. Here Carola had asked Frank Taplin, Chairman of our U.S.National U.W.C. Commission, to have a discussion, and at 1800 we

were joined by Mr.and Mrs.B.Kleberg Johnson, a very rich couple from San Antonia, Texas, for he had apparently read "Freedom at Midnight" and on top of other books about me it had made him become very keen to meet me. This was arranged through Carola's son, Bill, and he flew up in his private aircraft which he was ready to place at my disposal to fly me to Maryland if needed.

They are a charming young couple; he is about forty; she about 35, and they expressed real interest in the United World Colleges when I explained the whole scheme to them. They promised to go down and see one of the Colleges, probably in Canada and later on in Wales.

The party broke up at 1930 and Carola produced some caviar and then some hot lobster with melted butter, very delicious. I had an early night.

THURSDAY, 25TH MARCH 1976

I had breakfast with Carola, and then at 0900 Nick Lorimer collected me and took me down in two cars provided by the National Air Guard of Maryland. The first car was driven by a sergeant with Lieutenant Colonel Seeds in attendance. The back up car was driven by another Lieutenant Colonel and we had a police escort for the last part of the way.

We arrived at Westchester County Airport at 0950. Here I was met by Brigadier General Dean and Colonel Tennyson of the National Air Guard of

Maryland. They reported themselves to me as being my two 'aides' for the day. Dean fell all over himself in welcoming me saying "Supremo, you haven't changed in the least since I last welcomed you at Chabua in 1944". He was then a young officer in the U.S. Army Air Force working under my Command in SEAC. He simply couldn't get over it - he talked about nothing else most of the trip.

We flew in a Convair Lockheed aircraft normally a 40 seater but the last 10 seats had been cleared to make a space in which a curious little ceremony took place during the flight. I was presented with separate framed pictures, one from the National Guard of Maryland, and the other from the National Air Guard. A photographer took pictures of the presentation, the most curious one I have ever taken part in.

I got General Dean to explain to me about the National Guard which has always puzzled me. There are close on half a million men in uniform of which the National Guard are just under 400,000, and the National Air Guard just under 100,000. They appear to be a sort of territorial organisation who are paid much more and give much more service and are more on call than our territorials. Only 8% of the whole organisation are paid full time; that is under 40,000 regulars. Money is found as to 75% by the Federal Government, and 25% by each State Government. It can be embodied, and actually the National Air Guard served in Europe at the time of the Berlin crisis.

Although we had taken off at 1005, slightly earlier than our scheduled time, we didn't arrive until 1135, slightly late on scheduled time, at the Patuxent Naval Air Station. This is the station which is responsible for all the testing of naval aircraft and equipment, and besides a Captain in Command they have a Flag Officer in overall control, Rear Admiral Brown.

He met me and introduced me to the Governor of Maryland, the Honorable Marvin Mandel, and his pretty young wife, who conducted us to a 7 seater H.U.1 helicopter of the same type I had flown in in Canada, run by the State Police, and a similar helicopter run by the National Air Guard was waiting to take the rest of our party.

We arrived at St.Mary's City about 1150. I had particularly asked that there should be no military ceremonial but agreed to wear naval undress uniform, however on arrival we were met by the uniformed Band of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It had come on to drizzle slightly but this did not dampen the spirits of the large Welcoming Committee. Luckily I knew that I had to salute for the four flourishes when the band struck up, because the next tune was almost unrecognisable but turned out to be 'God Save the Queen' and then the American National Anthem. I also took care to stop saluting when they played the Maryland Anthem as is the custom. There were a whole lot of important people to meet me headed by the President of the Senate.

We were conducted to the restored Senate

House built of the same materials as the original one and on the same site as the 17th Century original. I had been invited to come for the Maryland Bi-centenary Celebrations but it was really to celebrate the original Settlement of Maryland.

At Cowes there is a tablet erected during the Maryland ter-centenary celebrations to commemorate the sailing of Leonard Calvert, the brother of Lord Baltimore, with a party of colonists in The Ark (360 tons) and their pinnace The Dove (60 tons). They sailed from Cowes on the 22nd November 1633 and thus the State of Maryland wished to involve the Isle of Wight in their celebrations. The settlers landed at St.Clement's Island on the 25th March 1634. We were thus celebrating the 342nd anniversary of their landing coupled with the general Bi-centenary Celebrations for the Independence of the United States.

We proceeded to the Senate House which was packed to capacity where a formal ceremonial meeting of the Senate of the State of Maryland was held. After the roll call had been read and prayers had been said, resolution was debated on future celebrations which was then voted on and passed unanimously.

At the end of this the President of the Senate stood up and handed me a printed signed framed copy of the resolution which had just been passed. In thanking him I said "It seems very lucky you got the resolution passed, Mr.President,

or you would not have been able to hand this to me now". This went over very well. In fact I soon detected the whole proceedings were on the hilarious side and not taken very seriously, so I altered my formal speech and made it fairly light hearted. It went extraordinarily well, every little joke being received with roars of laughter and loud applause.

I handed over a book of views of the Isle of Wight published in 1845 on my own behalf as Governor and Lord Lieutenant, and a print of Carisbrooke Castle on behalf of the Chairman and County Council of the Isle of Wight. In turn I was presented with a fine silver bowl made locally. Then the meeting broke up and we proceeded to a memorial near St.Mary's Church on which I laid a wreath.

After this we went to a marquee outside the Senate House for drinks before going on to the University where luncheon was served in one of their big halls with volunteer students acting as waiters and waitresses. There I collected a number of gifts and had to make a short speech. One was a copy of "Look" magazine of the 8th February 1944 showing me in white uniform of an Admiral, painted by Carolyn Edmundson. This had been kept by an old U.S. Marine who had given it to his Colonel to hand to me at the luncheon.

Then there were fine prints of The Ark and The Dove by a well known local artist, Peter Egeli, but what intrigued me most was to receive from the Chairman of the St.Mary's City Commission the tribute formerly paid to the Sovereign. It appears

that in the Charter granted by Charles I to the early Colonists they had to pay in tribute two flint arrow heads every year to be handed over on Easter Tuesday at Windsor Castle together with 20% of any gold or precious ore mined in the Colony. Mining never took place but apparently the arrow heads were given until Independence, two centuries ago.

In my reply I said that I was put in an awkward position as by sheer coincidence I had been bidden to stay at Windsor on Easter Tuesday and I suggested that I should be allowed to give the Queen one arrow head and keep the other one for myself. This was approved with loud applause.

After lunch the Governor and Mrs.Mandel accompanied me in the police helicopter to St. Clement's Island where the original landing took place on the 25th March 1634. In those days the Island was really connected to the mainland by a causeway which can still be seen, and it was certainly a delightfully sheltered place for a landing.

A large white concrete cross had been erected with an appropriate inscription. I was rather intrigued to see a big bird's nest on the very top of the cross and asked why it was left there. I was told it was a very rare Osprey's nest. I laid a wreath and then we flew on again in our two helicopters to the State Capital, Annapolis, in the worth, a good half-hour's flight away. We landed on the specially constructed landing pad on the roof of the new State Administra-

tive Building having flown over the Naval Academy first at 1530.

Here we entered a lift which took us down to the ground floor, and then we drove a short distance in a car to the 17th Century State House. The Governor showed me round the principal rooms which were rather fine. I was given a very nice bedroom in which to rest; I particularly asked if I could borrow a stenographer and Mrs.Mandel lent me her own Social Secretary to whom I dictated a total of a dozen 'thank-you' letters addressed as from 1 East 87th Street, New York.

I had been asked to invite the Governor to come to Cowes on or about 22nd November in accordance with their request to celebrate the departure of The Ark and The Dove in 1633. I did this with some misgiving because although the Mandels appear to be a pleasant couple and were very hospitable, friendly and polite, there is a good deal of local trouble about them.

To begin with, apparently he divorced his first wife in rather unsavoury conditions, and she refused to quit the State House as she claimed she was still the First Lady of Maryland, so there she stayed and caused an uproar. At the divorce proceedings she had been awarded 'penal alimony' as the Governor is supposed to have behaved so badly.

Meanwhile he is now likely to be indicted for corruption which is surprising considering that he replaced the Vice President of the United States, Agnew, who himself lost the Vice Presidency through corruption. So what do I do now?

I suppose if he is tried and found innocent the visit can go forward; but if he is tried and found guilty he will be replaced. But supposing he hasn't been tried and comes under a cloud? I shall have to consult our Ambassador.

Mandel asked if he could bring fifteen or twenty people and I said that I couldn't manage that number for luncheon at Broadlands but he could have ten grown-ups and his five children which he wanted to bring. I would give the children lunch in the shooting room, and the ten grown ups and four of our party would lunch in the dining room; then we would go over by hovercraft to the Isle of Wight, lay a wreath at the plaque in Cowes, and I hoped go on to see Carisbrooke Castle and have a reception by the County Council in the Council Chamber in Newport.

I changed out of uniform and rested, and at 1830 came down for a farewell drink with the Mandels, before being driven in an official motor-cade to the Baltimore Washington International Air-port, which was previously called "Friendship". We arrived just before the Eastern Airline aircraft was due to leave and were met by the Airport Manager and his rather attractive wife who insisted on coming along to meet me.

My luggage was carried straight on board the aircraft, and the moment I sat down the doors were shut and it took off at 1940. We landed a few minutes late at 2100 where I was met personally by our High Commissioner, Sir John Johnson, and by

my Patricia A.D.C., Captain Gene Markell. Jack Johnson informed me that his Rolls Royce had just packed up but luckily Gene Markell had brought a large cadillac on behalf of the Patricias and so was able to drive us to the High Commissioner's Residence, Earnscliffe. Here I was given a drink and taken to the dining room for what the Johnsons had referred to as a "cold collation" but which, in fact, turned out to be a full supper. Only Lady Johnson and her Secretary were there, making four.

I went up to bed and was well looked after by the butler who had been in service with the Northumberlands at Alnwick Castle.

It has been a long and exhausting rather trying day but went off like a bomb. Nick Lorimer told me that everybody kept on saying what a great day it had been for Maryland and used extravagant phrases like "The greatest day in Maryland's history". At all events they appeared to be very pleased.

FRIDAY, 26TH MARCH 1976

I was called early with some tea, and then I set off with the High Commissioner, Elisabeth Johnson and Gene Markell in the Patricia Cadillac at 0730 for the airport. Here we found the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand, and Military representatives, waiting to go down with us; all had been invited for the Kapyong Celebrations which were being put on by the 2nd Battalion

of the P.P.C.L.I. The clocks were put back one hour and we arrived at Winnipeg at 1000.

In the programme which the P.P.C.L.I. sent for us it was proposed to provide a full Guard of Honour of 100 men and Colours for me on my arrival at Winnipeg. I objected to this as I pointed out I would be in plain clothes; that the whole celebrations were in honour of the Colonel-in-Chief and not of her father; and that altogether I thought it most inappropriate.

However, George Brown had pleaded with me saying they particularly wished to have a chance of providing a Guard of Honour for me and they obviously couldn't do it when I was with Patricia. As this was a separate arrival twenty-four hours later, it was their one chance to do me separate honour, and they would be very sad if I turned it down. So I agreed reluctantly.

I put on uniform under my plain blue Burberry and Gene carried my cap in a bag. On arrival I took off my Burberry and put on my cap and stepped out and was received by the Guard of Honour of the 2nd Battalion. I was very proud to see such fine men all wearing the light blue beret of the United Nations Forces as they are going to relieve the 3rd Battalion in Cyprus.

The Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, Jobin; Major General George Brown; and the Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Bob Stuart met me. I drove to Government House with the Governor who turned out to be a nice simple man; his

only venture into public life so far had been as Mayor of a little place called Flinflon, and quite clearly he was slightly apprehensive of our visit. In fact he had been given no option as he had only been sworn in ten days ago and found that in the programme we were going to stay at Government House.

On arrival at the 19th Century Government House, standing by itself and now looking very small against the vast Administrative Legislative Building, we were met by the Governor's wife, Mrs.Jobin, and Patricia and her A.D.C., Dick MacIntosh and his charming wife, Morna, and several other Patricia Officers and Patricia soldiers.

As soon as I saw Patricia alone she told me how nice she thought the Jobins were but it was clear they had been very apprehensive over our visit, but Patricia had evidently put him at his ease for when he jumped out of the car ahead of her she heard him whisper quickly to his wife "It's alright, my dear, she is a push over!"

They had arranged another television interview giving my views and stories about Monty which I gladly did.

At 1130 we all drove off to the wonderful new Convention Centre for a Civic Luncheon being given by the Mayor and Council which included a lot of V.I.Ps and the three High Commissioners.

The Mayor, called Juba, had set up the luncheon and invited us to it in Patricia's honour,

and had then gone off to Florida on a holiday and called on the Deputy Mayor, Councillor Wolfe, to take his place at the last moment. Wolfe rather uncertain what he had to do. In fact he was supposed to welcome Patricia as Colonel-in-Chief of the P.P.C.L.I., and then give her the Freedom of Winnipeg. Unfortunately he got muddled because the Battalion already had the Freedom of the City since 1972. As he read through his notes he discovered he had to give her a separate Freedom which he then bestowed on her appropriately framed.

This wasn't his only blunder because he left out the Australian High Commissioner in welcoming everybody else and I drew his attention to this and he put it right for which the Australian High Commissioner subsequently thanked me.

Patricia made an excellent reply, and after lunch we proceeded to the "Better 'Ole", an amusing corner in one of the messes of the Barracks decked out as if it was the trenches of World War I with Bruce Bairnsfather's two famous characters, Old Bill and Young Bill trying to take shelter during a bombardment in one of the shell holes. The old one says to the young one "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it!" They had the same idea at Calgary.

The only problem was that we were supposed to give two press conferences against a constant background of noise, excitement and interruptions from something like two hundred people mainly former members of the Regiment. I was even asked to do yet another interview on television about Montgomery which could hardly have been heard. Then a man

wanted to have a serious interview with me for the Winnipeg free press and so I got Gene to move us into an office where we were undisturbed. He certainly took down a lot of notes about the United World Colleges and promised to write it up.

Patricia looked into hospital to see a very brave young Patricia, Chris Sargent, who had broken his spine in a simple accident rehearsing for the Tattoo. In jumping off a vaulting horse he landed badly and broke his back. He was paralysed from the waist down but he lay there without any complaint at all. He told Patricia that his father had had exactly the same spinal injury in a factory eight years to the day before and had been told he would neither walk nor drive again and yet had been able to do both, so he was full of optimistic courage for himself. I am sure Patricia's visit will have done him a lot of good. He said he had been taken to see the Tattoo on a stretcher, which he had enjoyed!

I got back just in time to greet my old friend Bob Smellie at 1600 at Government House. He had been very helpful to me when he was President of the Royal Canadian Legion and I was Grand President of the British Commonwealth Ex-Services League, in getting big support by industry from the Canadians to our Welfare Funds. He is a leading lawyer in Winnipeg and President of "The Flat Earth Society" who wished to call the members from all over Canada to spend an entire evening with me laughing about the idea of the flat earth. However that couldn't be fitted in so he came round and had an hours gossip with me and the Governor who was a friend of his.

At 1830 we all drove to the Holiday Inn, a large new hotel where in the Arcadia Room we greeted V.I.Ps. who were in Calgary for the celebrations. Unfortunately we had to stand up all this time but luckily my old friend, the Mayor of Calgary, Rod Sykes, was there and I persuaded him to sit down. We had a fascinating conversation about the state of Canada and the world, and he told me that he had decided to invite Concorde to accept landing rights at Calgary. So I took him across to see our High Commissioner to discuss matters further.

At 1930 we all walked over an enclosed bridge into the Convention Centre on the third floor where a great big Tattoo had been organised. The space here is truly enormous and there were at least 5,000 people seated in comfortable chairs. The Tattoo was an ambitious one depicting various phases of the Patricia's history and particularly the Battle of Kapyong which took place 25 years ago in Korea. I had always heard, and found it confirmed privately, that what had gone wrong at Kapyong was that an American regular army division broke and ran and the Commonwealth Brigade stood and fought. The Commonwealth Brigade then had the 2nd Battalion of the Patricias, the 3rd Battalion of the Australian Infantry, a New Zealand Battery, an American Tank Regiment and a British Regiment which was just beyond the line and not closely involved.

For the result of their great gallantry they received the Presidential Citation, the only one to be given to any Canadian Unit.

The battle was very well portrayed and gave one some idea of what had happened.

The Tattoo started a bit late and went on a bit late, but by 2250 we had finished and moved off to the Officers' Mess in Kapyong Barracks where a reception was being held. After a while Patricia moved on to the "Better 'Ole" to meet Other Ranks, particularly the former Patricias but I was a bit tired so I went back to Government House and to bed.

SATURDAY, 27TH MARCH 1976

Patricia told me that the Lieutenant Governor, evidently getting rather bored with her staying out so late at these Regimental parties, said to her soon after mid-night "Come along Cinderella, it's time I took you home", and to her immense disgust she could not avoid being taken back to Government House, but I consider she certainly needed the rest.

We all had breakfast at 0830. At 0900 we walked round the Legislative Building where two helicopters had arrived for the "Farm Visit". They had been flown in from Edmonton because originally John had asked to see some Canadian farms. I had tried to get out of it when he cancelled his coming but the arrangements had gone so far that I couldn't stop it. Patricia escaped it as she had other items to do with the Patricias and the Association.

I was accompanied by the three High Commissioners and by no less than five agricultur-

al authorities, A.D.Cs., photographers, etc. The pilot of my helicopter was Lieutenant Paul Brown, Royal Navy, who is doing a transfer job with the 408 Canadian Tactical Helo Squadron at Edmonton. It had taken over 7 hours to fly to Winnipeg for this one trip which seemed a great waste of petrol but he said it was good exercise. He told me he and Charles had been piloting each other about while the HERMES was in Canadian waters last year.

The first farm we went to was owned by a German family called Holtman who ran a fairly inefficient dairy herd with an old fashioned milking parlour but the interesting part was that in really bad snow the cows never went out into the open at all but circulated round in-doors.

Next we flew a short distance to visit one of the Richardson farms belonging to the Minister of Defence's family. The manager showed us round this particular complex which dealt entirely with fattening beef from the age of 18 months for 120 days and then selling them. It was a precarious business but they had been forced into it through not being able to sell their barley and finding the best thing was to put it into beef. They have been making a profit for two or three years, but last year they made a slight loss and they were worried about the future. Again all the equipment was primitive; there didn't seem to be much to learn here.

Flying over the snow covered prairie was quite beautiful and gave one an idea of the vast

extent of the great arable farm fields. As we came back to the city we flew over the complicated junction of the two great rivers, the Red River and the Assiniboine River; Winnipeg was originally deliberately built at this junction which was strategically so important. The rivers were frozen and covered with snow but the banks in many places were very high indeed, at least 10 or 12 feet.

Quite recently I had approved the award of the R.L.S.S. Mountbatten Medal to a 15 year old Canadian for jumping in from the 10 foot high banks to save a ten year old boy from drowning in July last year. It was interesting seeing the spot where the rescue was made though under entirely different conditions.

On our return the Lieutenant Governor gave lunch to the whole of our helicopter party of High Commissioners and agricultural experts and a few outsiders, amounting to 18 in all. Just before going into lunch he said to me "I hope you don't mind saying a few words". I said "If you are going to say something I am bound to respond but I won't stand up unless you do". So he did stand up and made quite an amusing little speech and I replied, I hope, in the same vein.

Patricia returned looking very white and pale from the big luncheon with the Patricias Association. She felt so awful she couldn't even remember what sort of speech she had made and had been barely able to sign her name. She really wondered whether she would be able to go through

with the Trooping the Colour Parade where she was due to take the Salute and address the Parade. She drank some brandy and laid down to rest for a bit, then said she felt good enough to go on.

I was a bit worried about her but I was sure that her guts would pull her through. Apparently Dick had felt the same at the Civic lunch the day before but had made a quick recovery.

She was turned out in a really excellent blue and white double breasted suit which took her full dress medals including her new Canadian Decoration very well. She thought of going to the Trooping without a hat because it was indoors but I insisted that all the men would have their head-dress on and she must wear a hat. So she wore a beautiful dark blue Stetson hat with a white ribbon on which she had pinned Patsy's diamond badge brooch of the Regiment.

We all went in one party to the Convention Centre where we drove into the underground car park and walked straight to a lift which took us up to the third floor. Here we gathered with other V.I.Ps. before going in. I had put on my No.3 uniform that is a monkey jacket with stars, medals, O.M. and Garter sash, and sword which is what the P.P.C.L.I. wanted as they were all wearing their medals.

It was the same arena which had been used for the Tattoo but now completely altered. The men of this Battalion spent the whole night clearing away the elaborate stage settings for the

Tattoo, cleaning out the hall and making it absolutely spick and span for the Parade, also removing at least two thousand seats so that only the three thousand mounted up on tiers were left.

I can't quite describe the atmosphere of this Trooping but it was different from any other I had ever attended, including the 1st Battalion's Trooping in 1974 in Calgary. I suppose it was really because it was indoors and everything happened so close to one. They had reduced down to only having four guards of fifty men each and even then it was a question of inches only to be able to manoeuvre in; the massed bands was the Regimental Band and the two Corps drums of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and the precision of the movements and drill was absolutely exemplary.

Although still very white, Patricia moved out with a firm step and carried out her inspection faultlessly. On the little Saluting Dais she was supported by General George Brown and Colonel Jim Stone who commanded the 2nd Battalion at the Battle of Kapyong 25 years ago.

After the Colour had been trooped and the four Guards had marched by in line slow time and in quick time and reformed line, they advanced in review order and then the senior serving Warrant Officer of the Patricias who was present at the Battle read the Presidential citation.

Briefly this told that early on the 24th April 1951 the Commonwealth Brigade was deployed at Kapyong. Troops from a retreating American

Division passed through the sector which enabled enemy troops to infiltrate with the withdrawing forces. The enemy attacked savagely under the loud noise of bugles and trumpets. The forward elements were completely surrounded for two days.

Again and again the enemy threw waves of troops at the gallant defenders, and many times succeeded in penetrating the outer defences, but each time the courageous, indomitable and determined soldiers repulsed the enemy attacks, often in hand to hand combat. There was little time for food. Critical supplies were dropped by air to the encircled troops who still stood their ground in resolute defiance of the enemy. At the close of the 25th April the enemy break-through was stopped.

The seriousness of the break-through on the central front was changed from defeat into victory by the gallant stand of these heroic and courageous soldiers. The 3rd Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment, the 2nd Battalion of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry, and Company 'A' 72 Tank Battalion of the U.S.Army. The Australians included a Battery from the New Zealand Army, but the British Battalion was just beyond the battle zone.

The citation ended by saying that they displayed such gallantry and determination and esprit de corps in accomplishing their missions under extremely difficult and hazardous conditions as to set them apart and above other units participating in the campaign, and by their

achievements they brought distinguished credit on themselves, their homelands and all freedom loving nations.

Altogether it was a very moving occasion.

By this time Patricia had recovered sufficiently to make a really first-class speech to the troops on parade which everybody found very moving. Then the youngest soldier on parade, a seventeen year old, marched right across the flank of the first Guard to the Saluting base where the Regimental Sergeant Major met him with a box; the boy took the box and handed it to Patricia. On opening it it was found to contain the most beautiful Eskimo carving by the best known of their carvers; not only lovely but very valuable. Patricia thanked them all for their generosity.

Then the 'Old Guard' formed up, 160 in two Companies of about 80 each, most of whom had fought in the Battle, and they marched by at the end of the soldiers marching out.

The troops marched out in threes so close one could almost touch them. I was sitting quite near Patricia and could watch their eyes - they were all absolutely fixed on Patricia personally with a look of obvious pride in Patricia, and excitement, showing a really marvellous spirit. It was all very moving and exciting as they marched out of the door in their U.N.O. berets on their way shortly to operational duties in Cyprus.

We got back to Government House about 1630 and rested. Then Patricia went off again at 1930 to visit the Junior Ranks' Club and the Sergeants' Mess, but I only joined up at the Lipsett Hall, next to the great gymnasium which was being used for the All Ranks Ball.

Patricia turned up about 2100 and we then had a sit down buffet supper with all the senior Patricias and their wives which was very pleasant.

Then we joined the Ball itself. Patricia was soon seized by queues of young men wanting to dance with her and even I had quite a lot of girls wanting to dance with me. All rather strenuous but great fun. One gangling gum shewing young Patricia turned to her in admiration and said "Gee, Ma'am, you are the most elegant lady I have ever seen".

I got home by midnight but Patricia, quite rightly, insisted on staying on. When the time came for her to go Dick and Morna MacIntosh drove her back to Government House and then found they couldn't get in. They hadn't got a key, so he rang the bell for my Master Corporal Tennant who was supposed to be waiting up for them but he didn't answer the bell. Then Dick climbed up the Fire Escape in his mess dress with his overalls, boots and spurs, but failed to get in although he did get as far as my window but didn't dare to knock hard on it. He said he did not know how I would re-act as he knew I was "a very enterprising character"!

They then decided to drive back again to the Barracks, some eight miles away, where they found my young A.D.C., Gene, who had changed into plain clothes, dancing away with his girl friend. When he was asked to give up his key, which he admitted having lost he said Corporal Tennant was waiting up for them, so they rang through to Government House and after about ten minutes Tennant answered and said he had been in the kitchen but was now with the Governor in his sitting room looking at T.V. He went down to open the door and they finally got in after having spent more than an hour going round trying to get into Government House, which must be a record.

Incidentally this is the most unusual Government House I can remember staying at, and certainly the most amusing and light hearted. I gather that the Patricias moved in in a big way and produced all the staff to run the House properly, otherwise the Governor's wife would have had to make the beds, and there would have been nobody to cook or serve the meals unless they engaged people. What a funny way to run a Government House.

To cap it all, I heard the next morning that as Gene was unable to get in, having lost his key, and had been unable to rouse anybody in the House, he went to an all night café and had some drinks, then walked round the streets until 0700 when Government House opened and he could get in. He thus had no sleep at all and had had very little the night before.

SUNDAY, 28TH MARCH 1976

We had breakfast downstairs at 0830 with the whole house party including two outside guests, a couple celebrating their 40th Wedding Anniversary that day.

At 0945 I drove with Patricia to Kapyong Barracks where a 50 man Guard of Honour with Colours and Band was turned out for her. After she had taken the Salute and Inspected the Guard we walked down with Lieutenant Colonel Bob Stuart to St.Andrews Protestant Chapel attached to the Kapyong Barracks where we were conducted to our places. The Colours were marched in and presented at the Altar, and the Guard joined 50 other soldiers in the congregation.

An Interdenominational Church Service was held in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Battle of Kapyong. All the important Patricias were present - Patricia, Colonel Jim Stone, Lieutenant Colonel Bob Stuart, and I sat on special chairs. During the Service Patricia was asked to unveil a new memorial window to her Regiment.

The sermon, though it could hardly be called that, was preached by the Chaplain General to the Canadian Forces who had been the Chaplain attached to the 2nd Battalion of the P.P.C.L.I. during the actual battle. He spoke very much from the heart in a very effective way.

He mentioned how much encouragement he got from going round the various United Nations

Operational positions which were occupied by Canadian troops. On one occasion he went to an outpost where a little mess had been built with some flower beds arranged round it, and on the path up to it was a little tomb stone which he thought might be for some peg dog. On the way back he stopped to look at it; there was just one word on the tomb stone "Sex".

He then proceeded to speak of Patricia in a manner I have rarely heard a living person praised in church; the inspiration she was to the Regiment, and how thrilled the Patricias were to have a 'Lady Patricia' once more as their Colonel-in-Chief. When it came to the turn of the Roman Catholic Padre he prayed that "Our Colonel-in-Chief may be guided in her duties by God's almighty hand"..

At the end of the Service the Colours were marched out and the other 50 men followed and formed a Guard of Honour once more to Present Arms to Patricia when she left.

Then we all walked over to the Officers' Mess where a Sherry Party was held to bid farewell to the Colonel-in-Chief. At this party I was able to have a really good word with the Minister of Defence, Richardson. Although he had been nearly three years in the job this is the first time he had actually attended a ceremonial parade and he told me he couldn't get over how impressive the Trooping the Colour was. He said nice things about Patricia and what it meant to the Regiment having her as Colonel-in-Chief; and I said nice

things about the Regiment and what a thrill it was for Patricia.

I then took the opportunity of trying to do some propaganda for the Services as a whole and above all for restoring the right coloured uniforms and ranks for the Navy, the Army and the Air Force while still keeping their administration unified. Finally I put in a very strong word that senior officers should be allowed to have volunteers from their own units to come in service hours and look after the house and food.

A farewell luncheon party was given at Government House for 34 people. This time Patricia had to make a speech. The Lieutenant Governor started off telling, in rather a pompous voice, the great thrill and pleasure it had been to have Lady Patricia and her distinguished father, Lord Montgomery, present. I chipped in with "I am not dead yet" before the general laughter which inevitably followed this remark. From then, of course, the speech couldn't go on being serious, and both speeches were light hearted and pleasant though Patricia's did end on a very sentimental note which moved everybody very much.

We then had the sad business of the final packing having to divide our clothes once more into those which would be sent back by the Regiment direct home, and the two suit cases we were going to take with us for the holidays.

Then we were driven by the Governor in procession to the airport where yet another Guard of Honour of 100 men was drawn up with Colours,

Band and Drums. While Patricia was Inspecting this Major General Brown came over and said "I must tell you that I joined the Regiment before the war and have had nearly 40 years contact with it. In all those 40 years nothing has ever happened which has had this immense impact on the whole Regiment as the appointment of your daughter as Colonel-in-Chief. There has never been anybody like her and even our first beloved Lady Patricia had become a distant legend since she was too old to go round and see the Regiment and now her god-daughter has become a living personality who goes round and inspires us all".

The farewell emotion became so tense that the Lieutenant Governor asked if he might kiss Patricia, who somewhat taken aback said 'yes', whereupon Pauline Brown pushed George Brown forward and said "Go on, it's your turn to kiss her" and finally she kissed Dick MacIntosh on her own for they had become such very great friends on this trip.

I kept well clear of these osculatory operations.

Our hand luggage was carried into the aircraft by one Major General, two Lieutenant Colonels, and one Captain of the Patricias for final farewells.

The Air Canada aircraft took off at 1610 and flew direct to Kennedy Airport, New York. The clocks were put forward one hour and we arrived at

2000 to be met by John Blyth with Carola's car and the Consul General's Station Wagon for the luggage. We arrived in time for a pleasant supper at 1 East 87th Street with Carola, and then had a gossip and finally tumbled into bed pretty exhausted after such an active but inspiring week.

MONDAY, 29TH MARCH 1976

We were called at 0640 and had breakfast at 0715 after the heavy luggage had left with the Consul General's man. At 0740 we said good-bye to Carola and her driver, Walter, drove Patricia and me to Kennedy Airport which we reached at 0810 and were taken almost straight through to the V.I.P. lounge, John Blyth having arranged everything as usual.

We flew off in a Pan-Am 707 at 0910. The pilot told us that they were firing a rocket from Cape Canaveral (or Cape Kennedy as it is now called) so had to make a diversion. We all looked out to see the actual rocket come through the top of the clouds but all that we could see was a very curious spiral trail as though the rocket was wobbling about trying to steady itself down.

We arrived at Nassau at 1145; the British High Commissioner, Peter Menel, was there to receive us and Colonel Lionel Chapman was allowed, by the Governor General, to bring a Government House car to collect me and the luggage. Patricia was not allowed to get off the tarmac as she was flying on and had to remain on board to be joined by the rest of the party.

I was, however, taken to the special Pan-Am room which was absolutely crowded out with something like 15 people of all ages and sexes who were all going to Eleuthera for the holidays together. The Brabournes, the Hicks and the Hamiltons, all with children. Amanda decided to remain a little longer in Nassau where they had arrived last night.

I was driven straight to the West Hill Street Club where members of the National Committee of the United World Colleges of the Bahamas were gathered. The Governor General, who is now only the Patron, and my old friend Etienne Dupuch, who still remains a member but is no longer resident, were both there and both made surprisingly friendly speeches after the luncheon, as they hate each other.

These two then left and we had a full dress meeting which went on the whole very well. Henry Montgomerie, of my Regiment, dropped me back at Galaxy where I found a message to say that Sibilla hoped I would rest a bit before the evening as she was out.

I had accepted an invitation to go to Lionel Chapman to celebrate the birth of his first Chapman grand-son and was only expected to stay from 1800 to 1830 but as the Dupuchs had kindly been asked and had come over specially to see me I stayed till 1930 gossiping. The Dupuchs dropped me back at Galaxy and Alfred and Sibilla were there waiting to receive me together with Annie

Orr-Lewis the only guest. I had a good gossip with Amanda, and she is staying on at Galaxy together with Sibilla's son, Carletto, and their American friend from Gordonston, Hughie Robinson. All three are coming on to Eleuthera on Saturday. Hughie Robinson had been one of the three boys Amanda had brought to Classiebawn last August.

TUESDAY, 30TH MARCH 1976

I repacked my clothes in the morning and dealt with the mail which John had brought out from Jack Barratt. I had a good talk with Sibilla and then went with her to Balcony House to see Jo and Ivar Bryce briefly before our mutual departure.

There was a mix up about where Lionel Chapman was to pick me and Sibilla up so we left Galaxy very late at 1140 and drove to the airport where we walked straight through to the Pan-Am desk and on to the Pan-Am aircraft which took off almost immediately. In fact I was actually clear of Rock Sound International Airport with all my registered luggage one hour and five minutes after leaving Sibilla's house, Galaxy, in Nassau. Patricia, John and their children fetched me after shopping at the Rock Sound Super Market.

We did a quick run to Windermere Island and arrived at Pammy and David's house, Savannah, within one hour and twenty-five minutes of leaving Galaxy which I believe is a record.

We had lunch immediately and afterwards I went over to Provender to see Patricia and John,

Phi and the two twins. At 1700 we all went down to tennis where we met Sacha and James Hamilton and their little six year old boy, Jamie, and their English nurse, who are staying in a lovely condominium flat. The two houses, the flat, the tennis courts, the club and the pool are all within very short walking distances of each other which is very convenient. It is really lovely being back here again - its just like coming back home.

We shall miss Charles very much this year as his last two ships were in the Caribbean area when we were at Eleuthera and he was able to come and stay with us at Provender. Now he is in command of His Mother's Ship BRONINGTON so cannot come which is sad.

WEDNESDAY, 31ST MARCH 1976

I was still feeling exhausted after the strenuous tour in Canada and Maryland so spent the morning in bed.

I had tea with Sacha and swam in the sea with Patricia in the evening.

I lunched at Savannah with Dayid, Pammy, Edwina, Ashley and India, and dined at Provender with the Brabournes including James and Sacha.

THURSDAY, 1ST APRIL - WEDNESDAY, 14TH APRIL 1976

I am treating this fortnight as a whole in the Diary as the routine here is so very similar every day.

The grown ups at Provender were considerably shaken on Thursday morning to discover that all the cutlery, crockery and glasses had been removed from the pantry and nothing whatever remained. There was so much excitement and worry about this "burglary" that they finally decided to call in the police. It was only at that moment that Timothy came up rather slyly and handed a little note to his mother saying "The children have made an April Fool of all the grown ups in this house". The three children had removed everything to their bedrooms in the early hours of the morning and caused all this excitement. It was really a great success.

On some days I drove round sight-seeing with Sacha, James, David and Pammy. I usually lunched at Savannah and dined at Provender but I also dined two or three times with the Hamiltons.

We invited Sibilla and Alfred to come over for the week-end of the 2nd, but Alfred was unwilling. However, on the Saturday Chris, Sibilla's former husband, turned up together with his son, Carletto, Hughie Robinson and Amanda, all to stay at Provender. Chris only stayed one night.

On the 2nd April I ran into Peppi Wister and a friend at the Club and she invited some of us to go and have lunch with them at the Cotton Bay Club, so David, India, Sacha, James, Jamie and his Nannie and I drove over to lunch on Sunday, the 4th.

On nearly every day we all met up at the pool sunbathing and swimming, and two or three times I swam in the sea with Patricia, and went for walks with her and Pammy.

The Hamiltons had to give up their Condominium on the 10th April and moved over to the Club, but came and lunched at Savannah or dined at Provender most of the time.

We all went to the Club dances on April 10th and on April 13th. The main event was, of course, the arrival for the first time ever at Provender of Michael John and his friend Clare Johnston on the 7th April after their tour since the New Year throughout South America. He had a small tufted beard resembling the early pictures of Jesus. I was rather sorry when he shaved it off after a few days.

There was great tennis activity every day, morning and evening to avoid the heat of the sun. John is playing remarkably well and seems very fit. James said his back was too painful to play tennis. He let me manipulate him for a displaced sacro-illiac joint and I cured him so that he could play tennis without pain.

On Wednesday, the 14th, we all packed up and left by the 1330 Pan-Am aircraft from Rock Sound. We were sixteen all told. On arrival at Nassau Lionel Chapman fetched me with the Government House Car and his own car. The Hamiltons and Hicks hired a little bus.

We drove to Galaxy in Nassau for a picnic lunch. Lionel took me on at 1520 to call on the Prime Minister, Pindling, and I had quite an interesting conversation with him, mainly about the United World Colleges.

Sacha and I did some shopping, and after tea eight of us got into a tiny Volkswagon designed for four, and drove to Howard Johnson and had ice cream sodas and bought a lot of ices for supper. We had an enormous supper party at Galaxy and then Lionel Chapman came and collected us and we all drove to the V.I.P. lounge at the Nassau airport.

For the flight back Amanda rejoined us but Michael John and Clare stayed on as they had to go back via Madrid because of their cheap student's ticket.

We all got into the huge British Airways Jumbo and left at 2345, unfortunately a bit late.

The Cabin Staff were very friendly and let me bring the 14 in tourist accommodation up to the lst Class accommodation to see the upper deck lounge and bar and the young ones went on the flight deck.

I spent the night very comfortably on a couch in the lounge.

THURSDAY, 15TH APRIL 1976

The Captain kindly allowed Phi and Ashley

to be on the flight deck for the landing which gave them a great thrill. The Cabin Staff were once more very helpful and moved all our party into 1st class empty seats so that we could all get off the 'plane quickly together.

On arrival I was met by my Jaguar with Sweeney, and driven via the Alcock and Brown V.I.P. lounge to clear customs, and on at high speed to try and keep my appointment with the new Prime Minister of New Zealand, Muldoon, at 1430 at the Savoy. There wasn't the remotest chance of making it so I stopped off at No.10 Downing Street to try and trace him but missed him all round and I shall just have to send a letter of apologies and explain that I want him to support the continuation of the "Kirk" Scholarships for New Zealand boys and girls for the United World Colleges, which I had negotiated with the late Prime Minister, Kirk, and were now being questioned.

Then Sweeney drove me down to Broadlands but the Easter traffic was so bad it took an hour-and-a-half and we only arrived at 1645. I changed and rode with Mary Lou.

GOOD FRIDAY, 16TH APRIL-EASTER MONDAY, 19TH APRIL 1976

---

I spent the Easter week-end quietly at home resting and trying to recover from the air trip. I went to the Abbey Easter Service; I felt somewhat lonely by myself in the family pew.

to be on the flight deck for the landing which gave them a great thrill. The Cabin Staff were once more very helpful and moved all our party into 1st class empty seats so that we could all get off the 'plane quickly together.

On arrival I was met by my Jaguar with Sweeney, and driven via the Alcock and Brown V.I.P. lounge to clear customs, and on at high speed to try and keep my appointment with the new Prime Minister of New Zealand, Muldoon, at 1430 at the Savoy. There wasn't the remotest chance of making it so I stopped off at No.10 Downing Street to try and trace him but missed him all round and I shall just have to send a letter of apologies and explain that I want him to support the continuation of the "Kirk" Scholarships for New Zealand boys and girls for the United World Colleges, which I had negotiated with the late Prime Minister, Kirk, and were now being questioned.

Then Sweeney drove me down to Broadlands but the Easter traffic was so bad it took an hour-and-a-half and we only arrived at 1645. I changed and rode with Mary Lou.

GOOD FRIDAY, 16TH APRIL-EASTER MONDAY, 19TH APRIL 1976

---

I spent the Easter week-end quietly at home resting and trying to recover from the air trip. I went to the Abbey Easter Service; I felt somewhat lonely by myself in the family pew.

Norton had one of his rare holidays from being the Location Manager of Dicky Attenborough's great film of the Airborne Attack at Arnhem called "One Bridge Too Far". He spent the week-end at Hatch but on Monday he drove down with Penny at 1800 for the night. She was just recovering from a mild attack of 'flu.

I rang up Pammy to give her my best wishes for her 47th birthday, on the 19th.

TUESDAY, 20TH APRIL 1976

I rode with Mary Lou in the morning and at 1545 Sweeney drove me to Windsor Castle. I found that Lilibet was having her hair done and was told the rest of the family had gone down to Frogmore House for a picnic in the garden.

I drove on down and joined Philip, Elisabeth, Charles, Andrew, Edward, David Lindley and Sarah Armstrong Jones. It was a delightful picnic in this most beautiful garden in lovely sunny weather. Afterwards I showed Charles round the house and particularly the room overlooking the lake in which I was christened, and the ground floor bedroom facing the road where I was born on the 25th June 1900.

WEDNESDAY, 21ST APRIL 1976

The house party all had breakfast together including Peg, Kraft and Char Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

There was a birthday lunch of 16 which did not include Anne as she and Mark had had to leave the dance soon after midnight to go off to a cross country riding competition. In the middle of lunch Lilibet was called to the telephone and came back with the shocking news that Mark had just rung up to say that Anne had had a terrible accident. Her mare, Candlewick, had turned away from a jump and tried to jump an impossible obstruction to one side which he hit with his legs and turned a somersault throwing Anne 15 feet on to the hard ground where she immediately passed out. The horse landed only a few inches from her then rolled on her. If it had landed directly on her I think it would have killed her. As it was she was still unconscious with a black eye and badly bruised, and was now in the local hospital.

Every one was naturally very worried about this and it caste rather a gloom over the rest of the birthday luncheon.

After the luncheon Sweeney drove me back to Broadlands via the Doll's House to pick up Kimberley. Jack and Joan had moved my Private Office from the Estate and Farm Offices into the

old study at Broadlands which is going to be much more convenient.

THURSDAY, 22ND APRIL 1976

Mary Lou and I rode in the morning, and in the evening Sweeney drove Jack and me to London.

Eddie Kent joined me shortly afterwards at the Royal Automobile Club, having spent the afternoon at the National Physical Laboratory where he had taken the Chair at the National Electronics Council Meeting in my absence. I stayed away purposely as I am trying to give Eddie a chance of taking the Chair more or less at alternate meetings until he finally takes over from me.

To-night we had organised a rather special N.E.C. dinner for some of the big people in the electronic industry to find out whether we were really going to get their continued full support.

I had taken the Chairman's room at the R.A.C. and we had Sir Raymond Brown, Sir Arnold Weinstock, Sir Arthur Norman, Sir Ieuan Maddock, and other important people including, of course, Graham Clifford. The dinner went extraordinarily well and we found that there was a much stronger feeling of support for N.E.C. than we had realised which is very encouraging for Eddie and the future. In fact when I asked if they were prepared to give us financial support and said we needed £20,000 we got that offered to us within one minute round the table. We decided we would have one more dinner like this to consolidate the whole position which is very important for the future.

Having created N.E.C. myself, with the help of Graham Clifford, I want to make sure it will continue after I have resigned next year as there was talk that when I resigned nobody else would come to meetings. I refused to believe this and now this dinner has proved that support will continue strongly.

FRIDAY, 23RD APRIL 1976

After a hair cut I had a valuable interview with Squire who is writing the history of the British in Indonesia after the war, which of course closely concerns me.

We agreed that it had never been fairly written up as of course the Indonesians have a purely propaganda point of view in their histories and the Americans were anxious to get well dug in with trade and industry and were not going to write anything nice about our stewardship. So I do think Squire will perform a valuable contribution. In particular I gave him the results of the meeting I had held in Indonesia with the historical authorities, military and civil, when I was there in 1974.

Sally Baring came to have luncheon with me at the Royal Thames Yacht Club and afterwards drove me down to the Army Museum where we went to have a look at the display of my cousin David's decorations. They have been very well displayed. I particularly wanted to see them because it was I who managed to persuade Wallis to send them all officially to the Queen who passed them on to the Museum.

In the evening I went as the Guest of Honour to the annual reunion dinner of the 14th Army/3rd Tactical Air Force/Chinthe Headquarters Officers' Dinner Club. Chinthe really stands for the 12th Army which was formed in Burma from the 33rd Corps of the Lines of Communications Command and adopted a Burmese Chinthe as their badge. I felt I had to go to it again this time because they have lost all their Chiefs; Monty Stopford for the 12th Army; Bill Slim for the 14th Army; and now Stanley Vincent who commanded 221 Group which was the successor to the 3rd Tactical Air Force with the 14th Army.

The whole Club nearly collapsed through lack of support last year. However, they have managed to revive interest and got the dinner going again at the Naval and Military Club (Lord Palmerston's town house), so I felt I must come and make a speech of encouragement. Obviously these reunions can't go on for ever but it is nice that they should go on as long as possible.

SATURDAY, 24TH APRIL 1976

In the morning I went to see Anne at the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers where she had been moved from the local hospital in the West Country after her accident.

She was in the same room I had occupied and I found her surprisingly cheerful. She told me it was the first time she had been able to keep her eyes open while having a visitor. So far

she has only had her parents and Charles and, of course, her husband, Mark.

I have been working hard to ensure that Sir Charles Strong should give her treatment as soon as she was ready for it, and she told me she had now decided to start it on Monday morning having moved back to her own home at Sandhurst on Sunday evening. She expressed great regret at having had to cancel her coming to the Burma Reunion and sent a very good message to be read to the assembled company.

John and Patricia arrived at 1300 at 2 Kinnerton Street. She had to go and collect the twins but John drove me to St.Paul's Cathedral for the Slim Service of Thanksgiving, after the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet put up to him in the Crypt by the Burma Star Association.

I had arranged to represent Philip, who was a Burma Star Holder and hadn't been asked in time, and so the Canon in Residence met me with Weva Abraham at the West Entrance. The Cathedral was pretty full with over 2,000 Burma Star Holders in the congregation.

The Canon was not very clued up; he asked me who I was representing and when I said Prince Philip he didn't seem to understand so I had to say the Duke of Edinburgh. He then said "In that case you had better sit in this chair" pointing to the special chair put in front of the

rest of the congregation. I told him I was going down to the Crypt first, which surprised him, so he took me down to the Crypt where Bill's family and close friends were gathered waiting for the Canon in Residence to dedicate the Tablet and for Aileen to unveil it.

As he led me up into the body of the Cathedral again he said "I knew you had an interest in India but I didn't realise you had a connection with Burma!". It is very good to have one's ego deflated like this from time to time.

He didn't even know where I was going to give the address from. I said I hoped from the Lectern and he said he thought it would be from the Pulpit. Of course he was wrong again and I was taken over to the Lectern when the time came and I gave a ten minute address on Bill Slim. It was a very difficult address to prepare but from the remarks afterwards it appears to have gone very well.

From the Cathedral John and I drove to the Savoy where Aileen had taken the River Room to give tea to all the many friends, admirers, and colleagues of Bill who had attended the Service.

Sweeney and I dropped John at 39 Montpelier Walk and then drove on to the Albert Hall where I wanted to watch some of the rehearsals and get a chance of rehearsing my own little gimmick.

The gimmick consisted in having a tape recording made by a man with a good voice singing a specially rearranged verse from "South Pacific" to the accompaniment of a piano. The verse went as follows:-

"There is no one like our Dame
No one in the world
No one else is quite the same
As our very own Burma Dame."

This is in honour of Vera Lynn, and as I cannot sing a note I thought that everybody would realise that I was doing the same gimmick as last year when I pretended to play the mouth organ with Larry Adler by switching in a prepared type and miming the motions myself.

On return I changed into monkey jacket and then drove to 7 Upper Belgrave Street (where John was born) and picked up Sacha and took her to 41 Montpelier Walk where we picked up John and Patricia, Joanna and Amanda, and the twins, and all drove to the Albert Hall.

We met all the V.I.Ps and the Burma Star Council in the lounge and then divided, the Brabournes going with the Slim grandchildren to a special Box on the ground floor near the main entrance, whilst Sacha and I went up to the Royal Box where there was plenty of room now that Anne and Mark couldn't come.

The Burma Reunion is really an extra-ordinary show; it goes from strength to strength.

This time there were over a thousand people who had applied for tickets for whom there wasn't room; and the number of Branch Standards has now risen to 114. The whole hall was crowded with 6,000 enthusiastic members from top to bottom and a particularly exciting atmosphere prevailed.

Perhaps it was because the Annual General Meeting had decided to give me a 75th birthday present that they were trying to make this a special occasion for me as they seemed more friendly than ever. A sailor member came on the stage to present me with a bust of myself from the B.S.A.

Joanna, Amanda and Sacha confessed they were moved to tears by the atmosphere, and apparently the Burmese Ambassador, who had been with us in Force 136, was also in tears, and so were most of the Slim family. So it was a very moving occasion.

My little gimmick about Vera Lynn went particularly well, so well that apparently no one seemed to realise that it wasn't my own voice singing. At the end of it I had arranged for her to come on to the stage and I gave her a kiss and congratulated her on her D.B.E. to tumultuous applause.

We had the Gurkha Band, the Royal Marine Band, Ross Conway, and Very Lynn in the show which was exceptionally good.

After meeting the Council for drinks at the end of the stage show the others drove off but I remained to go round the bars for a bit. It was altogether a really inspiring evening. How the strength of the Burma Star Association goes on growing thirty years after the war is a mystery but it just shows the people in the country want to recapture the old spirit of Burma and try and do something about spreading it throughout the country. When I said this is what they ought to do there were loud cheers.

SUNDAY, 25TH APRIL 1976

At 1200 I went down to Horse Guards Parade to watch the various columns forming up for the Cenotaph Parade. It is difficult for men to find the money to spend the night in London for the parade but this time over half had done so and there were over 3,000 men on parade, the biggest number I have ever seen.

I went round chatting with the ranks as usual and I spotted the ex-sailor from the King's Lynn branch who had carried the heavy bronze bust away from the stage up to my car. I asked him if it was very heavy and he replied that it was very heavy and nobody had given him a tip. I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a 10p piece and gave it to him amidst loud laughter and cheers from his comrades.

Finally the parade moved off with over a hundred Standards and with the Royal Air Force Central Band playing. Then I walked out through

the Horse Guards Arch down to the Cenotaph as usual. The non-marchers were gathered here; mostly people in wheel chairs or blind men and disabled.

The Standard Bearers formed up on each side of the Cenotaph as usual and the columns formed up in a three-sided square round the Cenotaph. Then the short ceremony took place. I went forward and laid a wreath of yellow and green flowers on behalf of the Burma Star Association. After this the Last Post was sounded; Standards were lowered; we had a one minute silence. I broke the silence with the Kohima epitaph

"When you go home tell them of us and say
For your to-morrow we gave our to-day."

Then God Save the Queen was played and the entire party marched off via Parliament Square and Birdcage Walk, back to the Horse Guards Parade.

Meanwhile I had walked back to the Saluting Base and took the Salute as they marched past in sixes. They marched wonderfully well - heads erect, intense pride, keeping excellent step and dressing. I felt immensely proud of them and found myself moved in a different sort of way from last night, but moved very much.

What a wonderful thing it is thirty years after the war so many men should still come voluntarily to pay this tribute to their fallen comrades and to show the solidarity of the Burma spirit.

Then Sweeney drove me down to Broadlands and I had some late light luncheon.

In the evening we had an extraordinary film called "Rancho de Luxe" which was an X certificate. I had the Fowler family there and was worried for Angela was only 16. I had every reason to be worried as there was the most pornographic shot I have ever seen of two people having ridden off into the woods, stripped and then copulating naked together with appropriate noises. Why do all ordinarily decent films have to be ruined by this sort of display of sex? I suppose I am old fashioned but I do think that sort of thing one wants to keep private and not see it exposed in public.

MONDAY, 26TH APRIL 1976

I rode with Mary Lou in the morning and worked with Mollie in the Archives in the afternoon.

I must say it is very convenient having Jack Barratt and Joan Bachman working in my old study and annex. It is so convenient having the Private Office here, I can't think why we didn't have it before except for the great objections raised by Ben Webb when we first tried to do it. Now I am told his only remark is "Why wasn't this done years ago?" The Estate and Farm Offices were getting very over crowded anyhow and they wanted the two extra rooms very much. So everybody is happy.

TUESDAY, 27TH APRIL 1976

I woke up in agony and could hardly get out of bed because I had clearly displaced my sacro-illiac joint during my sleep. This was an old injury which I originally did in a severe polo collision, and every season or two it used to go out but Strong always manipulated it and got it back. He has even taught me how to get it back myself and help others though it is much more difficult.

I was in such pain that I decided to get hold of Sir Charles Strong only to find that he had gone over to treat Anne. I could hardly complain as this had been at my own suggestion.

So I rang up Oak Grove Lodge at Sandhurst and spoke to Mark. He said that Charles Strong was due in quarter-of-an-hour and I asked him if he would ring me up at once if Anne and he would agree to my being manipulated at their house. They agreed. Charles Strong rang up and I fixed up an appointment with him for 1015.

I got up with great difficulty and was helped to dress and helped downstairs, and then was driven by Sweeney to Sandhurst. I had difficulty in getting out at Oak Grove Lodge but Charles Strong was there with Colonel Young, the Commandant of the Military Hospital attached to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, where Mark is an instructor.

We had some coffee, then Anne came down to see me. She has made a remarkable recovery already due entirely to Strong's SEVA treatment. In fact I was now an old cripple and she was a bright young bouncing girl.

I then crawled down and got into a special car and was driven up to the hospital. Here Colonel Young took us to a private ward in which there was a bed with a wooden board on it for manipulation. He then offered to retire. I suggested he should remain and see the miracle which was about to be performed.

Strong put me on the board, felt all round and then said "Right, here we go". He then manipulated me to the right - there was a loud report; then he manipulated me to the left - there was another loud report; then he said "All right, you can get up now". I got up and found myself standing erect virtually without pain.

Colonel Young was really impressed, but what impressed him most was that I was ashen grey and looked really ill and old when I got on the board, and a minute later the colour was coming back into my face and I looked young and healthy. What a miracle man dear old Charles is; it is a tragedy that Lady Strong has died but lucky for us that he is going to move back into practice above his old flat in Portland Place.

I arranged another appointment at Windsor Castle next Friday but he has clearly got it at

least 90% back into place and although it is very sore and painful still, this is inevitable and I must just grim and bear it.

Sweeney drove me back to Broadlands and from 1500 to 1745 I had a U.W.C. meeting with Tony Besse and Robert Blackburn who gave an excellent report of the good progress made at the meeting of the International Board. As our meeting broke up my two grandchildren, Michael John and Amanda arrived down by car from London to spend a couple of nights.

It was really delightful having them both here as they have not been here very much recently and certainly never like this in a quiet period. It appears Michael John has taken out Australian papers and therefore has dual citizenship now which I suppose he will find convenient.

I tested out Amanda's French a little bit and she has improved beyond all recognition.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH APRIL 1976

Amanda was very Keen to ride and Michael John, somewhat reluctantly, said he would accompany her. She rode Classiebawn and he rode Black Knight and I finally decided I would come along for a walk on Tabu. All went very well and I was very comfortable until I suggested they might canter independably. They set off at high speed and got so far away I finally

cantered after them. I found cantering quite comfortable; indeed, I am sure the ride did my back a lot of good.

After lunch we three went down to meet Bernard Aldrich at the Fishing Hut, and drove in his Land Rover up to Cottage Pool where he had discovered the wreck of a big old boat. The river is so exceptionally low from the long drought that as he was walking about on the gravel bottom in waders he suddenly came across a piece of hard gravel where the rest had been soft. Scratching round he found it was on some wood. Scratching still further he found it was a wooden beam. He then cleared off enough of the gravel to see it was the remains of an old boat. Since then he has had archaeological experts down and they have cleared at least half the boat which is really enormous for a shallow river. It might well be up to a 60 ton boat. What it is doing here I cannot imagine unless perhaps it was one of the barges that they had tried to use for carrying heavy loads before the railways were available. However, they are going to excavate it later on which will be very interesting.

On the way back we looked in at the Long-bridge Dairy Buildings and watched Gordon Knight milking in the new double herring bone parlour.

Then we drove up to Spursholt House and walked round the outside, as, of course, they both wanted to see where their brother, Norton, was eventually going to live.

On return we all went down to the Archives to talk to Mollie. Then at 1830 we drove to the Nuffield Theatre in Southampton University where a repertory company was putting on an extra-ordinary performance called the "Medieval Show". It started with a sort of mystery play from the creation of Adam and Eve to the Crucifixion (with horrifying reality) and the Resurrection (very unreal).

This was followed by rather a gay medieval play based on a ballard. We were there with a lot of V.I.Ps and we all found it rather strange and not really particularly good entertainment. However, I was glad to have gone down to show my support to the University, of which I used to be the "Visitor".

THURSDAY, 29TH APRIL 1976

Michael John and Amanda left after an early breakfast in the dining room with me. I rode with Mary Lou and then worked on the speeches I had to make in the near future.

FRIDAY, 30TH APRIL 1976

After breakfast Sweeney drove me up to Windsor and we reached the Castle at 1030. I first went to see Lilibet in her room and found her getting ready for the Presentation of Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards.

I went on to see Philip who was in his shirt sleeves working in his study and watching the Parade forming up. It appears that because he doesn't usually accompany the Queen on Ceremonies to the Regiments of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, as he has enough of his own, that his late Secretary, William Willett, had told the Coldstream authorities that he would not be attending. What had passed, apparently unnoticed, was that all Colonels of Guards Regiments had been asked and he was expected to go as Colonel of the Grenadiers; certainly Eddie Kent went as Colonel of the Scots Guards and I went as Colonel of the Life Guards, though Charles, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, was at sea. Philip was very sad about it but it was too late to rearrange the programme now.

I went down in a morning coat with Sweeney to the East Terrace where I left him at a good place to watch from, and sat between Eddie and General Templer (Colonel of the Blues and Royals).

It was really a splendid parade, beautifully carried out and I cursed myself for having

left my camera in my room.

After the Parade I met Brigadier Pat MacLelland, who had been my Coldstream Guards Military Assistant in the Ministry of Defence after Peter Leng. He and his charming wife walked over with me to the Royal Victoria Barracks where the Coldstream were giving a Regimental luncheon. It was a very large party over flowing into a big marquee though the Colonels were in the actual Officers' Mess.

After lunch Simon Cooper, the C.O. of the Life Guards, drove me back to the Castle. I had tea with Philip and Lilibet and then after tea went for a walk with Lilibet and her dogs.

[redacted]

Then Charles and I went down to my own sitting-room where he made me lie down on the floor and did a final manipulation to get the last 5% of dislocation straightened out. I must say he has done a pretty good job though it is still rather painful. In fact, I don't think I have been so erect and so fit for several years. It was silly of me not to go to him before but of course up till now he has not really been available because he was living down in the country looking after his horse veterinary treatment centre at Jordans Farm, but in September he will be available again in London.

We had a long discussion about what I was going to say in the speech I am making on Opening the International Conference of the Physiotherapists at Southampton in September. In particular I wanted to discuss his introducing manipulation into physiotherapy. He told me then that the first time he had ever done it in his life was when Robert Neville, the Back of my Polo Team in Malta, had dislocated his sacro-illiac joint and was in such pain he couldn't play. Faradism wouldn't of course do the trick and we came to the conclusion that Strong could only put it right if he tried to manipulate. He had never been taught to manipulate though he knew all about the human body and what he ought to do from reading Menudel's book.

Robert was willing to let him have a go as otherwise he couldn't play in the final. So Strong there and then manipulated him at my house, Casa Medina, in Malta in 1931 and started a whole new system for treating injuries by a combination of manipulation and the new form of Faradism introduced by Stone and Morton Smart.

This was so interesting to me that I asked him to write a complete reminiscence of his early work with me both treating humans and then subsequently horses. It will be a fascinating story.

At 1730 the new Prime Minister, Jim Callaghan, arrived for an audience and to spend the night at Windsor with Mrs. Callaghan. The Court in residence attended the dinner which was very gay, and after dinner Philip, the P.M. and

I had a three-cornered conversation which so pleased Callaghan that he consulted me afterwards about what he could do to get into personal contact with the Chiefs of Staff. I suggested that he should ask the four of them to dinner and just get to know them a bit without any agenda. He said he would have to ask the Secretary of State, Roy Mason, and I said that would be all right as long as Roy Mason realised that he must not interfere with free discussion with the Chiefs as had regularly happened with Harold Wilson, Harold Macmillan, and, of course, Winston Churchill.

He liked the idea very much, and then asked whether I thought I could come, and I said that was out of the question - I couldn't to back seat driving. He then wondered whether he could ask Philip, and I said I thought he probably could provided that Roy Mason and the Chiefs of Staff agreed he should only come on a social informal basis and I offered to clear it with Philip and with Lilibet. I did this afterwards and they liked the idea so it is now up to the P.M. to see what he does about it.

SATURDAY, 1ST MAY 1976

We three breakfasted together. Afterwards I worked on my Diary.

There was a luncheon with members of the Court present at 1300; and at 1415 I drove with Lilibet and Philip in their car, followed by the

Court Officials in another car, to Wembley. We did the trip, in spite of record crowds for the Cup Final, in 35 minutes.

I was very keen to go to the Cup Final this year because for the first time in history our own local home team, the Saints of Southampton, were in the final against that formidable team, Manchester United. The betting odds were 6 to 1 in favour of Manchester United, but on the way up I kept on saying I was undaunted in my backing of Southampton and reminded Philip how often when one is playing with a low handicap team against a high handicap team in an open tournament the low handicap team could surprise the high handicap team who then got rattled and the low handicap team won.

The world now knows that that is exactly what happened; within the last 7 or 8 minutes of the whole game Southampton shot the one and only goal. The whole place went mad but the Royal Box sat rather glumly there so I stood up by myself and cheered and waved and shouted. I gathered later that this did not pass unnoticed by the Southampton supporters!

I have been to several Cup Finals, particularly with Edwina who loved them, but never before have I enjoyed one so much because previously I had no personal feeling about which team won. This time I madly wanted Southampton to win, and it was frightfully exciting. It was a nice clean game too, with hardly any violence afterwards such as has recently been

disgracing these big soccer matches.

As Philip was dining out as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Irish Hussars Lilibet and I dined alone. She let me choose the menu and of course I chose caviar again which Tino had brought back from Iran. This is my third consecutive night with this most delicious Beluga caviar. However, what was real fun was having the whole evening by myself with Lilibet gossiping until Philip came back from his Regimental dinner.

SUNDAY, 2ND MAY 1976

We three breakfasted as usual on the battlement, then at 1000 Simon and Juliet Cooper came to fetch me in a Life Guards' car and drove me to Hyde Park for the Cavalry Memorial Parade. We lined up on the East Carriage Drive and I found, somewhat to my horror, that as the Colonel of the Senior Regiment I was to lead the entire Parade of several hundreds of old comrades of the Cavalry Regiments. I had never managed to come before and therefore didn't know what to do, but I was directed from astern by Simon Cooper. I had to give the Order "Eyes Right" to the Reviewing Officer, and "Eyes Front" and I had to lead them round the Band Stand. The Reviewing Officer was my late A.C.D.S., General Sir Desmond Fitzpatrick, supported by the President of the Association, Field Marshal Sir Richard Hull.

After the Service was over both of them, and many other Senior Officers came up and

expressed astonished delight at my having at last turned up for one of their Parades. I really feel I shall have to try and come again next year as clearly all the other Colonels do go. I have too many reunions, but I think I was wrong in missing out the Cavalry Reunion.

We then walked over to the Knightsbridge Barracks where I had lunch with the Household Cavalry Officers, past and present, and I met a number of old friends - it was a very pleasant party.

After lunch the Coopers drove me back to Windsor Castle and from 1825 to 1945 I visited the Elworthys in the Henry VIII Tower. He succeeded Bill Slim as Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. We had a delightful time reminiscing about old days. I finally asked if he would dictate his reminiscences to Cynthia Brodie some time for the Archives and he kindly said he would.

He said he first met me as a Squadron Leader attending one of my Dieppe Planning Conferences; then as a Group Captain in Command of the R.A.F. Staff College at Bracknell; then as an Air Marshal whom I picked to be the first Unified Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East; and finally, of course, as an Air Chief Marshal and Chief of the Air Staff. He ended up himself as Chief of the Defence Staff with the rank of Marshal of the Royal Air Force. His wife, Audrey, is charming; both are New Zealanders and will be going back to New Zealand when his when his time at Windsor is up.

When we collected in the Oak Room just before dinner Philip turned on the T.V. and we found it was a James Bond film of "From Russia with Love" so we switched on the T.V. in the Dining Room and watched the film right throughout dinner. When the film was over we had a good three-cornered gossip which was fun.

MONDAY, 3RD MAY 1976

We three had breakfast on the castle battlements at 0900 as usual, then I said goodbye and at 0925 drove down to Comberemere Barracks to pay a visit to the Life Guards. Simon Cooper first took me to the C.O's Office to meet his Headquarters' staff; after that I went to the 'C' Squadron Office and met the officers there; then I went on to the Quarter Masters' Office and met the two Quarter Masters, ending up with the Warrant Officers and N.C.Os Mess for coffee, where we had a general talk.

At 1040 Sweeney drove me in my Jaguar to 2 Kinnerton Street which we reached at 1115. Jack Barratt had just arrived up from Broadlands so I went through some of my papers with him.

At 1130 I drove on to St.Paul's Cathedral to attend the Memorial Service for Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. I walked up the steps with a lot of camera clicking and then was met by a young officer who said "I am going to conduct you to your seat". I asked where I was sitting and he said "Right up intfront". The Field Marshal's

family were all sitting in the front pew to the right, and the front pew to the left was for the V.I.Ps. I was given seat No.1; next to me was Edward Short representing the Prime Minister; then Roy Mason, the Secretary of State for Defence, and somewhat down the line to people like Ted Heath, etc.

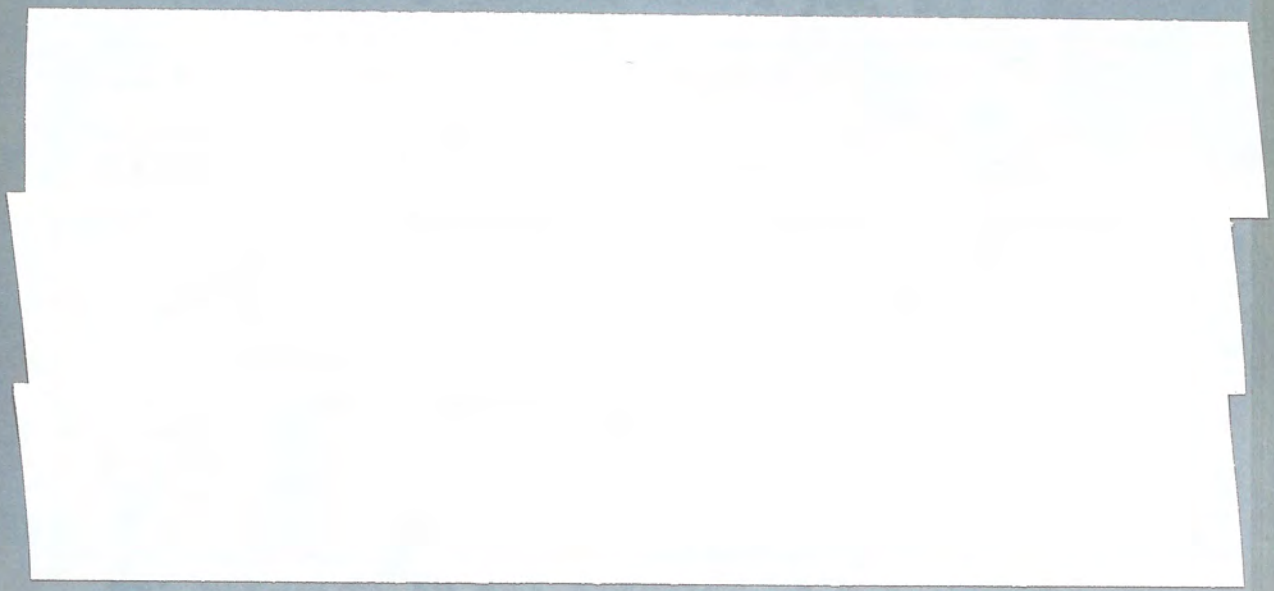
It was a large congregation with many important people to pay tribute to this marvellous old man. Monty was such a remarkable man with whom I became good friends. He is the last of the great wartime Generals left, I believe, on either side. As far as the Chiefs of Staff and Supreme Commanders go I have for some while been the last because I was appointed so very young. Rather an odd feeling now.

We all wore plain clothes without medals or any sort of formality but I was told that this was because he had had a full Military Funeral with full dress and full honours while I was in Canada.

On my way out his son, the new Viscount Montgomery, stopped to speak to me for a moment to thank me for my letter explaining why I couldn't attend the funeral and to thank me for coming. I reminded him that I had been to see him at Winchester when he was at school there at the request of his father after the Sicily landings.

I must say I am really horrified that Lord Chalfont should have written a book with such

very unkind remarks about poor old Monty just at the time of his illness and death. The British seem to love denigrating the great men of the War.



Nan Pandit's daughter, Rita, who is married to Autar Dar, the Indian Ambassador in Sweden, is over on a short visit to London and had asked to see me, so I gave her and Patricia lunch at the Royal Thames Yacht Club. She gave us a horrifying account of the Police State in India and said they were surrounded in their Stockholm Embassy by what they called "Intelligence Officers" which were obviously like the German Gestapo or some sort of Russian Commissars of the K.G.B. as they reported on their every movement and on everything they said to the Swedes.

As the Swedish Socialist Government is violently opposed to the Emergency Regime in India

they find their position quite intolerable and are actually thinking of resigning and trying to take up civilian employment somewhere outside India and wanted my help. Heaven knows how I can help them to find a job, but I do feel for them of course.

At 1510 I saw Woolf, the Head of the British Forces Broadcasting Service who are running a new T.V. Service for the Forces in Germany. I had asked Leslie Goddard, the Secretary of the Royal Naval Film Corporation, to be present at the interview.

Woolf seemed to want me to intervene with the Services' Kinema Corporation (which I had helped to set up), not to try and limit the showing of feature films on the British Forces Television programme in Germany. I said I was not prepared to get involved in a domestic squabble between the Services on a film/T.V. matter.

At 1630 Lalit Sen came to talk about the situation in India; he is one of those who thinks the Emergency is being well handled. I did not argue with him though I pointed out that his own Aunt, Ayesha, was in grave danger of being put back into prison again when her parole was up.

We were joined at 1650 by Robert Blackburn and George Thomson, our representative in South East Asia, who is here from Singapore. We discussed the arrangements for the International Council Meeting in Singapore in October.

I gave Sacha dinner at the Royal Thames Yacht Club; then she took me to see the revival of dear old "Salad Days". I found it all very nostalgic and Sacha seemed to like it.

TUESDAY, 4TH MAY 1976

Cynthia Brodie came in at 1000 to give me the fair copies of the final version of my Diary, and I gave her a long letter to Sam Elworthy about her coming to interview him.

At 1045 Jimmy Carreras called to discuss the coming Annual General Meeting of the Royal Naval Film Corporation. And at 1105 he, Jack and I drove to the Dorchester for a preliminary meeting with the Second Sea Lord (David Williams), and the new Chairman of the Royal Naval Film Corporation (R.A.Homan).

Then at 1145 the Annual General Meeting started with me in the Chair as usual. It went well and finished quickly.

After that I met the guests who were coming for the luncheon as usual and talked to them, and I got the three Commanding Officers from sea-going ships together to brief them about the short word of thanks I wanted them to say after luncheon.

It was a splendid luncheon, as usual, and I sat between Sir Lew Grade and Sir John Davis. Lew is still very optimistic he will get some-body like Mogul Oil to sponsor showing the tele-

vision series of My Life and Times in the United States, and wants me to attend their big dinner in London on the 30th September. This is going to be very difficult to fit in before going to Singapore.

Sweeney picked up Jack and me after the luncheon and drove us up to 9 Bedford Square, the headquarters of the I.E.R.E. where I had a preliminary talk with Graham Clifford and then took the Chair at a meeting of the Nehru Trustees. This was quite a long meeting and didn't finish until 1700.

I then remained another half hour to talk about the National Electronics Council with Graham. I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street in time to change for the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace for the President of Brazil.

It was the first time that poor Sweeney had ever had to compete with full evening dress and there were several minor things wrong which took a bit of fixing. Luckily we weren't wearing knee breeches on this occasion which would have made it even more difficult.

I had particularly wanted a chance to talk to President Geisel about the U.W.C. in Brazil. Philip told me he spoke German so the three of us got together and he said he had only spoken German as a child; Philip said the same and so did I. So we three talked in rather childish German which went, on the whole quite well.

I told the President that we had no less than eight students from Brazil in the Pearson U.W.C. in Canada and at St.Donats in Wales. He didn't know much about it so I left an aide memoire for him.

I sat between Katherine Kent and the Lord Chancellor's wife, Lady Elwyn Jones, at the banquet. Afterwards I saw the new American Ambassador, Mrs.Armstrong, and thanked her for having gone down to St.Donat's so early on during her time in the Embassy here. She explained she had met an enthusiastic former student when she was in Cardiff who took her there. She reminded me she knew quite a bit about the U.W.C. because she had heard my speech at the dinner in Dallas. I gather her husband is a ranch owner in Texas, and she is quite a cow girl herself.

Lilibet gave me permission to slip away at 2230 and Sweeney drove me down to Broadlands which we reached just after midnight, and so got to bed at a reasonable hour.

WEDNESDAY, 5TH MAY 1976

At 0600 Daborn came into my room to remind me that there had been a telephone message from the pilot of F.O.Air's helicopter to say that if the weather was unsuitable for flying he would ring at 0600 so that I could drive over to Portland. I pointed out to Daborn that as he had not rung up it looked as though the weather was going to be all right and told him to go away

and let me go to sleep, and to call me again at 0700. However at 0645 the pilot rang up to say the weather was dicy but would probably be just all right. So finally after having lost practically all the benefit of starting later I flew off in F.O.Air's Green helicopter at 0740.

It was drizzly and overcaste, but we managed to get up over the clouds and fly down on a rather bumpy trip to Portland where we came down out of the clouds and managed to land in light drizzle. I was met by Rear Admiral Gerard Pearce (brother of Dick who had been my First Lieutenant in the SURPRISE) and by various senior officers connected with the Base, four and three stripers.

I was then driven to what was left of the old pens where P.31 used to lie when I was the First Lieutenant during the early part of 1919. All the pens had been removed except one arm and the BRONINGTON had just got alongside when we arrived down in the car. I was wearing No.5s and was piped on board and received by the Captain, my great nephew Charles.

We sailed at once and passed the German large modern Frigate HESSEN. This was such a coincidence that I suggested Charles should send her a signal in German which translated was as follows:-

"My Uncle Grand Admiral Mountbatten, nephew of the last Grand Duke of Hesse, greets HESSEN."

The reply came back in English

"Thank you very much."

As we passed the breakwater a second mine sweeper of the same class, the BILDESTON, joined up. Her Captain was three months junior to Charles so the latter was the senior officer of the two ships in company and enjoying it very much.

I must record that I was really impressed at the way he handles the situation on the bridge. He is quite clearly the Captain and in very definite command. Yet he lets his officers put up their suggestions and will listen to them and then make his decision. I found that he really ran the bridge quietly and efficiently.

After we had cleared the breakwater he carried out Officer Watch manoeuvres with the BILDESTON. Then we made a rendez-vous with his first ship the Guided Missile Destroyer NORFOLK. They got a jack stay across and transferred an officer from the NORFOLK to BRONINGTON and back. I had volunteered to go over if they really wanted me but on the whole Charles thought it was better not.

The Captain of the NORFOLK came out on the bridge to give me a separate salute. It was great fun being back at sea in a small ship like this. I had forgotten how much I miss being at sea.

After casting off from NORFOLK we started

a gunnery practice with the BILDESTON. She had to stream her splash target for the BRONINGTON to shoot at with her 40 mm gun. Then we streamed our splash target for the BILDESTON to shoot at ours.

On the whole the gunnery practice went quite well, but I must confess they wasted a lot of rounds by shooting short of the target whereas of course if the shots fall over the splash target they would have hit a ship in the position of the splash.

Charles had arranged for me to go down to the Chief and Petty Officers' Mess for some coffee during the morning. It was great fun talking to his 7 Chiefs and 5 Petty Officers who were full of enthusiasm, and obviously had a very high regard for Charles.

Charles paid me a rather excessive honour by flying the Union Jack as my Admiral of the Fleet's Flag. It was somewhat irregular but rather gratifying.

I was amused to see that while doing the jack-stay transfer he hoisted as his R.A.S. (Replenishment at Sea) flag his own Royal Standard. I asked him why he did this and he said that ships all flew any fancy flag they liked while the transfer was going on. I told him that it was very lucky that the NORFOLK hadn't fired a 21 gun Salute when he broke out his Standard, but he said there was not the remotest chance of that happening.

Charles looks very magnificent with his beard, of which he is proud, but he caught it in the wire cage over one of the naval telephone transmitters and found it quite painful!

Then we went down for luncheon in the Ward Room which was really excellent. He had caught a salmon while fishing with 'Master' at Badminton which we had, and the food altogether was good.

After lunch the First Lieutenant, a nice young officer called Roy Clare, showed me round the ship. He was an Upper Yard Man (that's to say a promotion from the Lower Deck) and was really excellent. He showed me everything and then finally I discussed the ship. I asked him what the ship's company felt at having the Prince of Wales as their Captain. He replied that they were tickled pink and absolutely loved it. They bask in the reflected glory of the publicity and their tails are right up. I asked what the discipline and defaulters were like. He said they had had no defaulters at all except for the odd leave breaker which Charles dealt with pretty strictly.

I then asked what he felt about serving the Prince of Wales as his First Lieutenant, and he said he couldn't have liked it more; he was a delightful Captain to work with, and the BRONINGTON was a very happy and efficient ship. It is clear to me that this is true.

On parting company with the BILDESTON we set course for Portsmouth via the Needles Channel.

Charles suggested I should do down and rest a bit in his cabin which I did. I was glad to do it because I had been up, mostly on my feet, since quite early.

Charles remained on the bridge the whole time except just for the short luncheon, and remained in complete charge the whole time.

We were ordered to go to the Torpedo School, HMS VERNON, and to berth alongside the BOSSINGTON. This fascinated me as of course this was the ship that Pammy had launched. As we went across the BOSSINGTON to get ashore we met the Captain who told me they still were using Pammy's engraved silver cigarette box.

Ashore we were met by the Captain of the VERNON and some of his officers, and in particular by Inspector Officer, Charles' Security Officer, with his open two seater car. We drove off right away and went for the first time down the new M.27 which saves a great deal of time.

We stopped at the Doll's House to pick up Kimberley and Charles had a look round the house. Mary Lou was quite motified to have no warning as she herself was very dirty, working in the garden, and hadn't cleared up the house properly.

On return he had a bath and then went down to catch a trout. Bernard thought there would be a good chance but in fact, although two had been caught earlier in the day on the main river, they just wouldn't rise, which was sad.

THURSDAY, 6TH MAY 1976

I kept Charles company while he had his breakfast at 0650, and at 0700 he drove back to HMS BRONINGTON (HMS in this case also standing for His Mother's Ship).

Daborn drove to Southampton to fetch Sacha by the 1040 train from London, and then at 1115 she rode Panda, Mary Lou rode Champagne, and I rode Tabu. We gave her another riding lesson and she really is improving a lot and cantered quite well.

She went back by train after lunch; I drove her to Southampton.

It was such a lovely sunny day I had dinner outside on the portico.