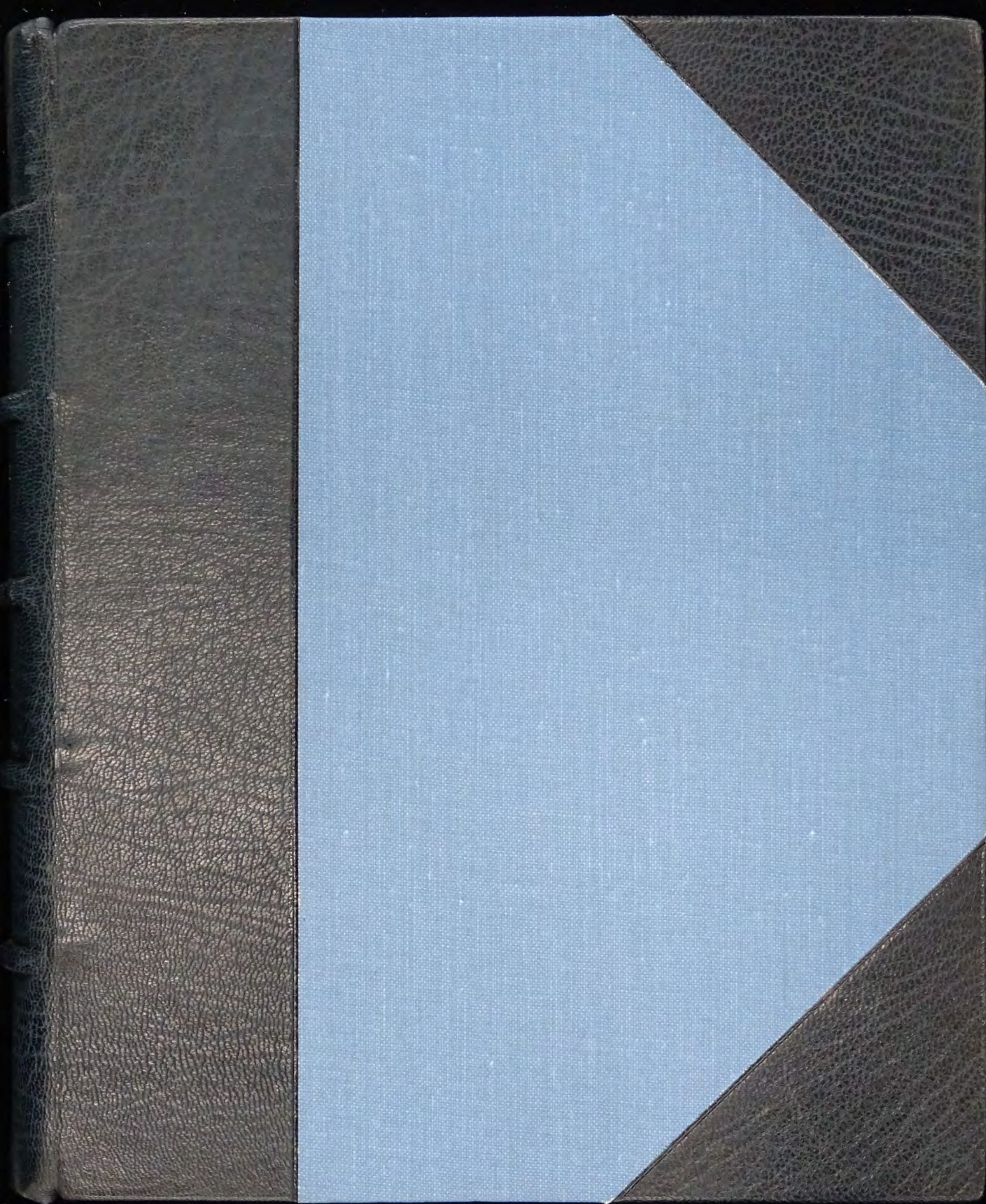


Tour Diary of Lord
Mountbatten,
1976 volume 2

MS 62 MB8/23/2

Some pages in this volume are
redacted under
FOIA s.37(1) and s.40(2)



With so very much love
from

Patricia

John

Christmas 1977

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FRIDAY, 7TH MAY 1976

Another lovely hot day though we badly need some rain. Mary Lou and I rode in the morning. I sunbathed after lunch and then worked with Mollie on the Archives.

SATURDAY, 8TH MAY 1976

To-day is the 63rd anniversary of my joining the Royal Navy as a small cadet at the R.N.C. Osborne. It doesn't seem as long ago as that as my memory of all that time is still very fresh.

At 1040 Sweeney drove me to London in the Jaguar. I let him bring his wife and 3 year old son, John, to keep him company. Her sister is married to a Chief Inspector at Scotland Yard and lives nearby so they can spend the day together.

We drove straight to Hugh Ross's charming flat at 14 Carlos Place which we reached at 1210. Hugh gave me an excellent luncheon and was a marvellous host. Afterwards his chauffeur drove us in his Jaguar to Euston Station where the Station Manager (apparently no longer called 'Station Master') met us and showed us to two reserved first-class seats on the Inter-City train to Blackpool. He needn't have bothered to reserve any for we were the only two passengers in the whole of the five first-class coaches; most regrettable when you think how crowded all the roads are.

The train left at 1400 and reached Blackpool at 1744 where we were met by the President of the Far East Prisoners of War Association, Harold Payne, and other members of his Committee. They drove us direct to the Clifton Hotel where we were evidently expected as there were a large number of hotel visitors in the foyer who apparently gathered to clap and cheer as I came in.

We were taken up to a bedroom where we changed into dinner jackets and miniature medals. Waiters brought up a lot of drink and food which we really didn't want but we finally decided that we would drink some ginger ale and eat some of the cold salmon which turned out to be delicious.

Then we were driven a short distance round to the Winter Gardens where we were received by the Mayor and Mayoress and also by Lady Toosey, the widow of the great prisoner-of-war hero, Brigadier Phil Toosey, and others concerned with the reunion. We had drinks together in a small room and I was interested to meet the representative of the American and the French Prisoners of War organisations.

After about 20 minutes we went in procession to the platform, the ladies and people not directly concerned peeling off to the gallery opposite the platform. In the Ball Room some 3,000 former prisoners of war were gathered, standing up because they are not allowed to put chairs on the dancing floor.

The programme started with a short service with hymns and a sermon preached by an ex-prisoner "Reader" (a priest with 'L' plates). His sermon was excellent, but when poor Harold Payne got up to speak he complained that practically all his speech had been used in the sermon.

When my turn came to speak I made them all gather round and sit down on the floor, which certainly must have been a relief for them and made them more receptive. They were a most enthusiastic audience and every time I mentioned Edwina's name it brought the house down. They all remember her with so much affection and enthusiasm. I am glad of this for she did so much for the prisoners at the end of the war.

Then we all retired to a big dining room where the VIPs had a sit down buffet supper while the rest of the party went off to various bars for drinks and snacks.

After supper I was taken round to shake hands individually with everybody in the room and talk to them. Then the procession was re-formed to go back to the platform to witness the Band Displays.

I can't pretend these were high-class; there were two enthusiastic Sea Cadet Bands and some TAVR Gunner pipers. We had to leave before the main Brass Band came on as the Mayor and Mayoress insisted on driving us in their official car to Preston and said we must leave at 2150.

We drove along a motorway at 25 miles an hour so as to avoid arriving far too early, and arrived at 2222 and walked to the platform arriving simultaneously with the night train from Barrow. Hugh and I had adjacent sleepers.

SUNDAY, 9TH MAY 1976

The train arrived early but we were allowed to stay in until 0800 when we had to leave.

Hugh's car met us and we drove to his flat. At 0830 Sally Baring arrived to join us at breakfast. It was a terrific breakfast - much too much, but delicious.

Sally drove me off at 0940 and we stopped at her house, 23 Scarsdale Villas, for her to pick up some more luggage. Here I met her very charming young cousin, Vicky Kinloch, who is sharing the house with her.

Sally drove me down to Broadlands where Kimberley had already arrived awaiting my return. It was so lovely that we had luncheon out of doors. In the afternoon I had to catch up on my dictation which seems to be heavier than ever.

In the evening we had a film called "Shout at the Devil"; I remembered the original story of which this was a very fictionalised version, when the German cruiser KÖNIGSBERG was blockaded up the Rufiji River in East Africa and finally destroyed by us.

MONDAY, 10TH MAY 1976

At 0930 we rode, Sally on Panda, I on Tabu and Mary Lou on Champagne. It was a very pleasant ride.

Then Sally drove me over to Exbury to have luncheon with Peter and Marine Barber in their large bungalow house, Otterwood Gate. Peter appears to have become a real millionaire through having thought up the idea of producing "large instant trees". He has a tree nursery, grows the trees until they are about 15 foot high, and then sells them for £15 a-piece, mainly to municipal parks. As the total cost of producing a tree to that height is only £6 a tree he makes £9 clear profit on ever tree he sells. As the law does not tax commercial forestry, presumably because it is usually so unrewarding, he is really making a big killing with his partner, Eddy de Rothschild; and good luck to them. He gave me a hundred gulls eggs to take back which had been picked up on the Exbury beach.

On the way back Sally drove me along the M.271, the new short motorway that leads into Southampton right up to the station on dual carriageways and may be a good alternative when there is rush hour traffic in Shirley.

When we got back I found Marvin Lyons waiting for me. I spent over two hours helping him with his biography of the Last Tsar. I did, of course, have a fairly good memory of Uncle

Nicky and Aunt Alix and I think I was able to help him a bit but he has got nearly all his stuff from most careful research. It is curious that an American should devote most of his life to the historical research needed to write the biography of the Last Tsar of Russia.

After he left Captain Fancourt, who commands the London R.N.R. Division, came to see me before I meet him when I come on board on the 22nd and 25th May.

I then had to work hard on my Variety Club speech for the rest of the evening, and was poor company for Sally I am afraid.

TUESDAY, 11TH MAY 1976

I rode Tabu and Sally rode Randy in the morning. After lunch she went to see Frank Randall and Miss Knight at the Edwina Mountbatten Home. the former was our old butler who came in 1924; and the latter was a maid with Sally's family and then with Dodo Brabourne.

At 1500 Jack and Sweeney drove to London in the Jaguar, and at 1530 Sally drove me and Kimberley to the Doll's House in her own car. Here we dropped him and then drove on to 2 Kinnerton Street arriving at 1730.

Miss Lyon was waiting to see me about the early Indian photographs which are being published in a special album to which I have agreed to write the foreword.

At 1905 I saw Lilibet at Buckingham Palace, and at 1935 I joined Philip for his regular dinner party. I had expected him to pick me up at 1930 on the way down but when I asked him why he hadn't he replied he thought I was enjoying myself with Lilibet and didn't like to break in.

This dinner was on "Medical Care", and I sat between my heart specialist, Lawson MacDonald, and Commander Smith who is a retired Signal Officer, running the administration of King Edward VII Hospital. It was as fascinating a dinner as ever, and several people remarked afterwards on how brilliantly Philip handles these dinners keeping the discussion lively and interesting. John gave me a lift back.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH MAY 1976

At 0900 I had a hair cut as usual by Henry Manton at the Westbury Hotel. At 1000 Sweeney brought Sacha in my Jaguar to the hotel and we went together to the Mall Galleries to visit the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. In particular I wanted to see the new picture which that most gifted Spanish artist, Carlos Sancha, has painted of me in full dress Naval uniform on the portico of Broadlands with the river and the trees in the background.

Sacha and I liked it very much. I wanted to have a portrait of me just on 76 years old in

full dress Naval uniform for the house in case it is eventually open to the public, as other portraits of me in Naval uniform were all painted 30 to 50 years ago.

At 1100 that curious old man Charles Hunisett and his son, Derek, came to ask me if I would unveil the new E.M.I. Body and Brain Scanner he has given to Brighton. I agreed as he has been generous to the U.W.C. At 1140 Ian Gourlay came to join the party to discuss how Hunisett was going to pay the rest of his subscription to the United World Colleges.

At 1220 Jack and I set out to walk to Grosvenor House. I had sponsored myself for £100 for the Variety Club Sponsored Walk Luncheon but most of the other Variety V.I.Ps had sponsored themselves for the same sum only walking round the hotel. The real walkers had walked many many miles in very different circumstances. One of the V.I.Ps sponsored himself for £2,000 to go with his wife on an elephant which he had hired to go from Marble Arch to Grosvenor House.

I had rather mistimed my arrival and found that the whole of the Variety Club Crew and V.I.Ps., to the tune of some 30, lined up in one long line waiting to shake hands with me.

The luncheon was run by Eric Morley, the Chief of Mecca; and I had been asked to make a quarter-of-an-hour's speech. He shook me by saying he hoped I would finish before 1430 as

everybody wanted to get away early from lunch. As he did not finish his own speech till 1431 I started my speech by saying that he wanted me to finish at 1430 which presumably would give me 23 hours and 59 minutes as it was already past 1430 to-day. At all events I did talk for ten minutes and all went quite well.

The high spot came when a life-sized teddy bear dressed in a Naval monkey jacket with my stripes and medal ribbons was auctioned and Billy Butlin bought it for £5,000 and has promised to send me the cheque for the United World Colleges.

After the luncheon was over I drove down to 27 Queen Anne's Gate to attend the Annual General Meeting of SSAFA. It was a large gathering and I was very touched when they gave me a solid gold badge of SSAFA which had been subscribed for by individual members of the Council to mark my having been President for 22 years.

After tea with the Council Sweeney drove me back to 2 Kinnerton Street where we picked up Jack and went down to Broadlands which we reached at 1845.

THURSDAY, 13TH MAY 1976

I rode with Mary Lou. She has gradually succeeded in breaking Champagne of the maddening habit of bucking every time she is left behind when the other horses canter off.

The weather is warm and lovely and the pool heating had been turned on so I had my first swim this year which was delightful.

At 2325 John, Patricia and Michael John and his friend, Clare Johnston, arrived down by car. We had some hot soup and sandwiches awaiting them.

FRIDAY, 14TH MAY 1976

From 0930 to 1730 we had the regular Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting. Patricia had to leave at the end of our working luncheon at 1340 for various functions in Bournemouth

At 1630 I swam with Michael John. In the evening we had a new film of "The Count of Monte Cristo". It had beautiful scenery and was rather better than the previous film I had seen.

SATURDAY, 15TH MAY 1976

It was showery and cold but Patricia and I rode, she on Classiebawn and I on Tabu, round the new golf course to look at the damage done by an unauthorised road which the club has driven through the Edwina Plantation.

After tea John, Patricia and I went to see Whitenap Farm House to see whether it would be any use as a country home for Timmy. It is nice but it is now rather overshadowed by the town

development on land which we have sold. Then we drove on to call on the Barratts at their new house at Rownhams. It has turned out very nice and they seem very happy there.

On our way back we stopped at the Doll's House as John had never seen it before. Then we went home.

In the evening we had the new Cinderella film "The Slipper and the Rose" which was in beautiful settings and charming until the end which is ridiculous. When the Prince finds Cinderella and they fall madly in love and are going to get married, the Lord Chamberlain comes in to her to say that it has been decided that she must go into immediate exile as she is not of Royal blood; a sort of Mrs. Simpson story! Needless to say the Fairy Godmother has to fly her back again into the church just as he is about to marry a real Princess whom he doesn't love.

Michael John and Clare left at 2240 for a party her brother is giving in London.

SUNDAY, 16TH MAY 1976

It is a cool day. Patricia and I rode to Embley to look at the wonderful display of wild rhododendrons and azaleas. Michael John got back at lunch time having picked up the twins at the Dragon School in Oxford for their day's outing. Patricia drove them back after tea at 1730.

I worked on my R.A.C. speech. In the evening we had a film "All the President's Men", the incredible story of how two Washington Post reporters, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, unravelled the corruption of President Nixon and his gang and pushed the case through to the point which finally caused the President to resign to avoid impeachment. It is a sad story because I really quite liked Nixon; he was always very friendly to me and very sensible about India and helped me with the U.W.C., but he turned out to be a real crook and what he did was quite unforgiveable. And on top of that the Vice President he had chosen, Spiro Agnew, had to resign to avoid corruption charges as well. And he presumably nominated Gerald Ford to be his Vice President on condition he pardoned him after his resignation. Nixon's top men are also likely to end up in jail.

MONDAY, 17TH MAY 1976

The family had breakfast at 0845 and from 0900 to 1100 we had discussions with Jack, Bill Hughes, Charles and Daborn about the family silver and furniture which is in store.

Then Patricia, John and Michael John drove to London with another four of my special breed of pigeons which come from near Wolfsgarten and I believe are obtainable nowhere else in the world. They are white with curly feathers and "sailor trousers" and never fly more than 100 yards from their dove-cote. Their German name is "Locken Tauben". They appear to have no English name.

At 1535 Sweeney drove Jack and me to London via the Doll's House where I dropped Kimberley. We got to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1710 when I changed into a dinner jacket and caught up with some telephoning and correspondence.

At 1800 I went to Australia House to attend the reception that the three old Commonwealth High Commissioners were giving for the members of the quinquennial Conference of the Royal Life Saving Society. Until recently I had been the Grand President but now Alexandra has at last taken over from me and I am the Honorary Grand President, with an Australian, Sir Murray Porter, as her Deputy. I knew almost everybody at this big meeting and they were all extremely friendly to me.

At 1915 I went to Buckingham Palace to see Philip about his scheme for Inter-Service Degrees which the Adjutant General, Monkey Blacker, has turned down in a rather foolish letter. I promised I would try and sort this matter out.

Then we had an early dinner with Lilibet and at 2000 drove to the E.M.I. theatre to see the premiere of "Aces High" for the benefit of SSAFA.

They drove back to Buckingham Palace and I went on with Napier and Pat Crookenden to Claridges, where a large Supper Ball was given by E.M.I. to celebrate their Première. I sat between Diana Wellington and Mary Anna Monckton.

Diana said how much they had appreciated my being kind to their daughter, Jane Wellesly, after the papers had been hounding her because Charles had been seen a lot with her.

She was very bitter about the way the press had treated not only Jane but Valerian and herself about the whole affair. If they had committed some ghastly crime the newspapers could not have persecuted them more. She said the media could kill Charles' chance of having a happy marriage because what young girl could possibly put up with this appalling persecution. Any girl who would accept a proposal in the face of such prospects would surely not be the right one for Charles to marry in any case. So what was he going to do? She thought he was absolutely charming and it certainly wasn't his fault. She wished him luck in finding the right wife, but unless he could in fact meet her quite secretly without the media knowing about it she thought the chances of a marriage coming off with the right person would be really rather slim.

I had to stay and have a few dances and I didn't get back until 0100 dropped by the Crookendens. What a splendid Chairman of SSAFA he is making.

TUESDAY, 18TH MAY 1976

At 1115 Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Alec Peterson came to meet with Jack and me over

the question of the future of the International Baccalaureate Office. I had been rung up on Friday by Robert to say that UNESCO had turned down the promise of a quarter of a million dollars a year to keep the International Baccalaureate Office running. A couple of years ago 70 countries meeting at UNESCO unanimously decided they would support the International Baccalaureate Office if we could carry on until the end of 1976. I had had to go round cap in hand getting money from everybody including \$100,000 from the Shah. Now this body blow has been struck.

Those who have been told appear to be in despair particularly Alec Peterson who in his panic has been writing round and telegraphing to the various schools who had taken the International Baccalaureate saying that they must immediately double their fees.

I have instructions that no further communications were to be sent until I had had a chance of meeting Alec and Ian and Robert to try and put things straight. I said right away on the telephone that I thought that this was a chance we should take to get the International Baccalaureate more under the control of the United World Colleges. If we could only keep it running we would be much better without UNESCO for the present. I also added we must try and speak to Saddrudin Aga Khan about this as he is the United Nations Representative on our International Council and I am sure I can get hold of him soon.

Meanwhile I gave them a general pep talk about how we should take advantage of this apparent disaster and turn it to our advantage. The main thing was to make everybody else we deal with feel that we are delighted at the opportunity of getting things really straightened out. I felt sure we could get the various countries who had been represented at the informal Conference at the Hague about the International Baccalaureate to join forces and produce some more money than they had provisionally offered. If we get some twenty or thirty of the fully developed countries of the world to join forces with us in this way we would be rid of that appalling ignorant attitude of the undeveloped countries who very often vote against things which they don't understand about and are contributing nothing to.

In this case it appears that the UNESCO Secretariat had found themselves so far above the limit of their budget that they were trying hard to prevent any more money being allocated even though it was for such a worthy cause.

Anyhow, I think I convinced them all that we were at the turning point which may be of great advantage to the U.W.C., and above all we must not speak in any sort of pessimistic tone. I think they all went away fairly enthused.

At 1220 Sir Kenneth Ping Fan Fung from Hong Kong joined the party. We told him what had happened and asked him whether he thought he could get Hong Kong to join these countries

with a subscription of £20,000 a year. He said that if I would write to the Governor he would personally support it when he got back and felt sure he could get enough money from the Royal Jockey Club to make it possible to give this subscription.

Then I took Sir Kenneth and Robert to lunch at the R.T.Y.C. and worked on him a bit more. On return we looked in at his hotel, the new Berkeley, where I booked a room for Carola Rothschild and her maid, Anna, when they come to London in June.

On return I worked a bit longer with Robert and then at 1445 I had a meeting which lasted till 1700 with former Able Seaman Rocky Wilkins, the Honorary Secretary of the KELLY Reunion Association, about our forthcoming dinner on Saturday. I entirely resealed the top table and reorganised the programme: Rocky agreed and said he would see to it all.

At 1750 I went in a dinner jacket to Buckingham Palace to meet Lilibet and escort her in to the big reception which she was giving for the Royal Life Saving Society Conference Members.

The former Chief Secretary, Ned Hale, came to me and said he wanted to have a talk with me and Percy Joske. I agreed and when I found that they were concerned about having to change the Royal Charter if they wanted to change the name I said it was no use just the three of us talking,

and kept them on the terrace outside the Caernarvon Room while I went and collected the Chairmen of the other three countries; Percy being the Chairman of Australia, I got Bredin Stapells of Canada, and Stuart Nichol of New Zealand; then I got Sir Murray Porter, the Deputy Grand President, and the new Chief Secretary, an excellent former Lieutenant Commander called Bailley, and finally got Martin Charteris, the Queen's Private Secretary, to join the party.

We then had a quarter-of-an-hour's meeting, which was really important and fruitful, about the future of the name. This was brought to a head by the fact that Briffa had warned that no Society with the word "Royal" would be allowed to operate in Malta now that it was a Republic. Obviously something had to be done but I don't want to get involved and I left it to them to work it all out without me, having given my views. I did, however, say that the same situation had occurred in Singapore, which I had settled by approaching their P.M. and felt I might be able to do the same thing in Malta.

Ned came up afterwards and expressed the view that I had achieved more in fifteen minutes than the whole Conference had in the last two days. However, I told him I couldn't go on doing back-seat driving like this and both of us must stand aside now, except for my possible approach to Mintoff, the P.M. of Malta.

At 1920 I excused myself and went over to the Royal Automobile Club for our great Night of

the Diamond Jubilee Trophy for outstanding contributions to auto-motive transportation. The Committee of the Club had very wisely decided to make the presentation this time to the makers of Concorde, the supersonic passenger aircraft. This is only the fourth time the trophy has been given since it was founded 19 years ago.

First we had to have a bogus presentation so that the press could take photographs; then we went to the V.I.P. room next door where important people were gathered for preliminary drinks.

Here I called for silence and said we were gathered together to celebrate an important event which concerned France very closely. Everybody looked rather surprised at my going ahead without anybody else being present but then I said that we were gathered together to celebrate the birthday of Madame Mitterand and a birthday cake with one lighted candle was brought in which I presented to her with a little speech in French.

Then we all trooped down to a big dinner of about 150 people. On my right I had General of the French Air Force, Jacques Mitterand, and on my left I had Allen Greenwood, Chairman of the British Aircraft Corporation. Their firms had been jointly responsible for designing, building and flying the World's first passenger supersonic transport aircraft; a really great achievement.

A regular service to Washington starts next Monday, 24th May, so this was a wonderful

moment. I had taken a lot of trouble about my speech. The two recipients both made very good speeches of thanks.

The excellent new R.A.C. Chairman, Sir Clive Bosson, lent me the Chairman's car to drive me back to 2 Kinnerton Street, as I really cannot overload poor Sweeney.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH MAY 1976

At 0850 I fetched Sacha at 7 Upper Belgrave Street where she and James have a flat in the house in which John was born. Sweeney drove her and Jack and me to Broadlands and we arrived at 1030.

At 1050 she had another riding lesson from Mary Lou and me. She rode Panda, Mary Lou rode Champagne and I rode my Life Guards Charger, Dolly, in jack boots and helmet to practice for the Trooping the Colour. Afterwards Daborn and I drove Sacha to the train.

In the evening my old friend Commander Errol Bruce and Richard Creagh-Osborne came to see me about writing a foreword for Vice Admiral Ballard's book "The Black Battle Fleet" about the British Battleships from 1860-1880. They had collected a lot of pictures and some very interesting material, and as this period very largely covers my father's early days at sea I said I would be willing to write the foreword, and put in some incidents that occurred to my

father particularly in the ROYAL ALFRED, as she is dealt with in the book.

THURSDAY, 20TH MAY 1976

I had quite a cavalcade out to-day so as to get Dolly used to going in a crowd. Lance Corporal Cook of the Life Guards rode Ben Bulbin, Jane rode Tabu and Gina rode Champagne. What very nice girls these two new grooms are.

I have been working up my history of Broadlands which was rather uncertain and have checked a whole lot of dates and people which I found were questionable, and then I had cards written out giving the history so far as I can make it out until I can do some further checking.

At 1430 54 members of the Georgian Society arrived and were met by Jack. On entering the hall I made them a speech about the house and then took them on a conducted tour helped by Charles and Daborn. I took them right through the ground floor rooms and the principal bedrooms, and the Oak Room, and then I took them round the grounds and finally got rid of them after about 2 hours and 20 minutes.

When they had gone I started working on my KELLY Reunion speech. I must say Jack is wonderful providing me with material, but eventually I have to make up my mind what I want to say and write out my own cards for him to

type out. All this is exhausting and takes time, though I enjoy the actual speech-making.

FRIDAY, 21ST MAY 1976

I had so much work to do preparing speeches that I could only afford a short ride on Dolly with Mary Lou on Tabu.

Sweeney told me his wife had seen a poster up in Romsey announcing that I was going to open a school fête on Saturday. I knew nothing about this and asked Daborn to try and find out some more.

Then when Jack came in I asked him and he admitted that he had organised it for me as he thought I wouldn't mind. I replied of course if he wanted me to do it I would gladly do it but what was it all about. It then transpired that he was the Chairman of the Teachers-Parents Association Committee for organising the fête at the Romsey County Junior School at which his younger daughter, Mandy, is a pupil. His wife, Vera, was doing most of the work and he had promised to get a V.I.P. to open it and finally fell back on me. I said I would be delighted to do it if he would write my speech. So I have now to make 6 speech this week-end.

SATURDAY, 22ND MAY 1976

I had a final ride with the whole party,

I rode Dolly, Corporal Cook and the two girls rode the same horses again. Dolly, I must say, really is a delightful ride, even nicer than dear old Ocean whom I had at first and who lost her life coming back by sea in a storm from the Household Cavalry Musical Ride in Berlin.

At 1420 Jack collected me and drove me in my Jaguar to open the Romsey County Junior School Fête. It is a nice new school but apparently the planners had forgotten an access road and when the school was finished there was no access except a muddy foot-path, so the school was late in opening; really a rather ridiculous situation.

However, all went well to-day and it was luckily sunny. I began by having to crown the "May Queen" and then installed the "May King" and two "Princesses. After that I made the speech which Jack had prepared for me. Then we went round together to the side shows being run by Mandy and Lorraine and Mrs. Emery, and others where I spent a little money so as to encourage other people.

At 1500 I drove myself back to the house and changed into No.5s. Then at 1545 Sweeney drove me via the Doll's House, where we dropped Kimberley, to 2 Kinnerton Street which we reached at 1730. I had quarter-of-an-hour's rest, then drove on to H.M.S. PRESIDENT at the Embankment where the KELLY Reunion Dinner was being held.

I sent him off to fetch Joanna who was coming up by train arriving at Charing Cross at 1817. When she arrived she looked very sweet and pretty, and I took her round the ship's company survivors who were drawn up for the official arrivals.

The KELLY Reunion Association is an extraordinary organisation. It was started by the Lower Deck as long ago as 1951. They used to have annual dinners; then recently I suggested they should have them every even year. This was the 25th dinner that they have had. The old ship herself went down in the Battle of Crete 35 years ago to-morrow.

When Charles came in 1974 we had a record number of survivors attending, a total of 43. Since then 6 have died and miraculously 6 more, whose names were known, have agreed to join the Association bringing it back to the original strength and we had 43 again to-night. In fact there are 68 including 8 living overseas, 7 of whom I have seen in the last few years. That means there were 17 in the United Kingdom who could not come to the Reunion partly through ill health, partly long distances to travel; in any case it is very expensive for them to come with their families and put up for the night. So it was another wonderful occasion.

Sub-Lieutenant Edward Ashmore of the JUPITER, one of my Flotilla in whom I used to go out while the KELLY was being repaired, came; he

is now the First Sea Lord. Then a Midshipman from the VALIANT who met the survivors when we landed also came; he is now an Admiral of the Fleet and is in fact Philip. The speech proposing the Captain himself is usually made by the First Lieutenant, Rear Admiral 'Egg' Burnett, but he had this time asked the Signal Officer, Dusty Dunsterville to make it and a very good one it was.

Then I had to make my usual "cabaret" reply in which I succeeded in pulling Philip's leg a bit. After that I was asked to present a Bell to the T.S.KELLY Sea Cadets' Unit at Hebburn, and my godson, Jeremy Bradford, was allowed to present old Admiral Sir Joe Kelly's miniature rum tub, which he had acquired somehow. After that Rocky Wilkins presented Ship's badges to Edward Ashmore and Philip as a result of which they made very nice thank-you speeches, Philip being in great form and pulling my leg in return.

Then we had the 'absent friends' toast, and altogether we ran about 10 minutes later than we expected with the result that although I sent Joanna off as quickly as I could with Sweeney she just missed the 2203 train from Charing Cross, but I gather caught the next one a few minutes later.

Meanwhile Philip had hoped his Range Rover was ready to take her to Charing Cross but it was a bit late; we waited and then drove straight on back to Windsor Castle where I am spending the night. Lilibet was still up waiting for us and we had a good gossip.

SUNDAY, 23RD MAY 1976

Lilibet, Charles and I had breakfast on the battlements at 0900; but Philip had had an early breakfast as he was off to a driving competition.

[REDACTED]

I am glad to say that Charles reaffirmed his agreement that 90% of the profits should go to B.A.F.T.A. as they are so heavily in debt, and only 10% will be kept by the Jubilee Trust.

Afterwards Lilibet went to Church to hear the Dean of Winchester preach.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Charles had to lunch out but Philip was back for lunch at 1245 with the Dean of Winchester and his wife. Lilibet released me at 1355 and Sweeney drove me down to Portsmouth in the record time of 1 hour and 25 minutes, without exceeding the speed limit. This was entirely due to the completion of the new M.27, except for that unfortunate section across the part that Southampton City Council wouldn't sell. So we had to wait a bit and then we drove to H.M.S.EXCELLENT, Whale Island, and arrived at 1540 as arranged.

Here I was met by the Hampshire Inter-Service Cadet Force Committee and taken across to the Captain's House where I freshened up. The Captain is young Michael Mansergh, the son of my friend Admiral Bob Mansergh. I had met him previously at Lossiemouth where he had been the Commander.

I was then conducted to the Assault Course where the Inter-Service Cadets of Hampshire were competing for the Joint Services Cadet Penthaha-

lon. This had been started by me at the suggestion of Colonel Peter Sawyer who had been our architect and had been with me in the Royal Hampshire Territorial Battalion, of which I had been Honorary Colonel.

It has been going for five years, and is going very well; twice run by the Army; this is the second time by the Navy; the R.A.F. have done it once and are doing it again next year. To my disappointment the Isle of Wight contingent failed to turn up. I intend to find out what went wrong. Otherwise it was a very great success.

While the Pentahalons competitors were "cleaning into formal uniform" I had tea with the Manserghs. Then I went down to hand over the Mountbatten trophy which I had given, and two subsidiary trophies, and then I asked them to break ranks and gather round and gave them a speech

I left at 1715 exactly as forecast in the programme and Sweeney got me back to Broadlands at 1800.

It was a lovely evening so I had dinner on the Portico and carried on trying to catch up with my mail and my speeches. This is a strenuous week-end but it does stir up the old adrenalin. I must say I feel really just about as fit as I did when I went as First Sea Lord to the Admiralty 22 years ago. But I suppose I am getting older and certainly am not quite as active as I used to be.

MONDAY, 24TH MAY 1976

This is Michael John's 26th birthday and would have been my father's 122nd.

At 0830 Sweeney drove Jack and me to 2 Kinnerton Street where we dropped Jack on our way to Euston Station. Here I met Lord and Lady Thorneycroft and Mr. Montgomery representing the Exhibition Organisers of HEDA. HEDA stands for Home Electronics Domestic Appliances and it is the first exhibition with the two sides of the industry together under one roof in the enormous National Exhibition Centre recently opened by the Queen near Birmingham.

Peter and Carla Thorneycroft, Montgomery and I were the only four people in our coach and in the other first-class coaches there were only about half-a-dozen in each. Again a tragic case of a splendid Inter-City train practically empty.

We arrived at the special new station for the National Exhibition Centre at 1157. Here we were met by the Lord Lieutenant of the West-Midlands, Lord Aylesbury, and the new Mayor of Solihull who walked with us to the boundary between the station and the Exhibition Centre where we had a fresh welcome from the Lord Mayor of Birmingham who is just completing his term of office, and all the Exhibition officials. We went straight to the 'Green Room' where we met the officials and their wives and VIPs connected with the Exhibition.

At 1235 we went to the main Exhibition Hall where Peter Thorneycroft made a speech introducing me; then I made a lengthy speech declaring the Exhibition officially open. This was followed by speeches from the chiefs of the two sides of the Exhibition thanking me, after which we all went off to luncheon in a small room.

At 1400 we started a tour of the Exhibition which was very interesting and well organised. When I enquired about any product I was immediately offered a large discount which made it very tempting. However, I only bought one thing which was a Braun electric razor which I wanted as a spare one, for which I got nearly 50% discount.

After about an hour-and-a-half we returned to the International Station to catch our return train. Here I met an R.N.R. photographer in plain clothes who had been invited to come with the press to the Opening. The Exhibition was actually unofficially Open on Sunday but because it was an inconvenient day for the press they put back the Official Opening till Monday in order to have them there. They provided special coaches for the press and over 200 of them arrived well before the Opening but at 1215 they were all led off to luncheon and the Opening ceremonial started at 1235 without the press. When I heard this I told Peter and Montgomery, and Peter said he would certainly follow this up.

The Exhibition Centre is of remarkable construction with a very wide span of roofs without supporting pillars. Not only is there a direct main line station but there is a helicopter pad, and it is right alongside the Birmingham Airport and the Motorway. It is a very imaginative idea which I am due to visit again next month.

The train left at 1528 and arrived punctually at Euston at 1648. Here I said goodbye to the Thorneycrofts, and Sweeney drove me to 2 Kinnerton Street.

Dodo Brabourne and Cynthia Brodie met me here to have a lift to the party at the Royal Over-Seas League to say farewell to the retiring Chairman, Lord Elworthy, and to welcome the new one, Lord Grey. Both are good friends of mine and I was happy to make a speech about them. Sam Elworthy and Ralph Grey are both New Zealanders whom I have known for many years and I am sure that the Chairmanship will remain in good hands and take a load off my Presidential shoulders.

They both spoke after me and after that we mingled with quite a large gathering. I met the first real President of Bangladesh who took over from Sheik Mujik Raman two days after he had been declared the Head of the State and was for two years the President until things went wrong. He has asked to come and see me and I have invited him to come down to Broadlands. He had read "Freedom at Midnight" and thought it was


wonderful, and added that everybody in Bangladesh had a high opinion of me and hoped that I would one day go and visit them.

I left the party at 1920 and then drove to 7 Upper Belgrave Street where the Hamiltons were giving a small dinner party which was very pleasant.

TUESDAY, 25TH MAY 1976

At 0945 Jack, Sweeney and I walked round with my Naval uniform for a photo session with Allen Warren in Capener's Close, just off Kinnerton Street. He is a nice young man and a good photographer. He took a lot of photos of me first in plain clothes and then in No.5s as I require some more up-to-date ones to give away than I have now.

At 1110 Sweeney drove me to the National Linen Company in Brook Street where I chose a really beautiful pair of Irish linen sheets with the turn-back of the top sheet and the borders of the pillows hand-painted and hand-embroidered. Remembering that all the linen that I ever saw in Sweden was old Victorian and not very comfortable I thought this would be a nice thing for Carl Gustaf and Silvie as a Wedding present.



I walked on to the Westbury Hotel where I

had a hair cut. Then I returned to 2 Kinnerton Street where I met my cousin, Steno Stackelberg and his American wife, Garnet. His grandmother was a sister of my grandmother, Julie Hauke. The Mexican Ambassador was giving a luncheon for them and their friends on their way through London.

I walked back after lunch to 2 Kinnerton Street where Pammy came to tea and a gossip. I changed into No.5s and arrived on board H.M.S. PRESIDENT at 1900. This is the R.N.R. Drill Ship where we have the KELLY Reunion Dinners. It is curious to think, this Bi-centenary year, that she is called after the American President because the first PRESIDENT was captured by us and her name was never changed.

I attended "Divisions" with the whole of the Complement; a brief church service was followed by the presentation of the Mountbatten Wireless Award by me. I began by moving up the Communications Division, male and female, a matter of some 60, right up close to me between the ranks of the non-Communicators. I then asked everybody to break ranks and gather round, and made a fairly light-hearted speech congratulating them, and gave them the trophy. After that I went up to have drinks in the Petty Officers' Mess where all ranks were allowed to join in.

I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 2000 and hurriedly changed into plain clothes. The

Hamiltons came to fetch me at 2010 to drive me to quick refreshments with the De Passes in their new house in Cliveden Place. Sacha had forgotten the number and we finally went to a call-box next to No.35, which happened to have been my day school in 1909, and she rang up Jack to find out that the De Passes new number was 22.

There we joined them and a nice intelligent Radio Times Editorial woman, Miss Haynsworth. We drove on to the Palladium for the Shirley Maclaine Show. The first half has a comic and then a singer; the second half is Shirley on the stage by herself supported part of the time by five dancers and a band. She was on stage for an hour and thirty-five minutes and put up the most marvellous show imaginable, which brought the house down.

Afterwards we all drove off to Annabels where Robert was giving us dinner. Shirley joined us there, twenty minutes later, and was the life and soul of the party, and we had a very gay evening. I asked her if the story was true that when a large official lunch was given for Philip in Hollywood she sat next to him. On his asking her "What have you done to my old Uncle?" she is said to have replied "If you stay here long enough I will show you!" She blushed and admitted it.

WEDNESDAY, 26TH MAY 1976

At 0845 Sweeney drove Jack and me to

Broadlands. We arrived at 1015 to find all three grooms out on the horses and nobody in the stables. It transpired that my 'programme' had had only two copies of page number 2 which contained the instructions about the ride, and Daborn had failed to send either of them to the stables or tell them.

Mary Lou arrived as arranged at 1030 and we waited until 1045 when the other three came back; then she rode Champagne and I rode Tabu.

After lunch I worked with Jack and with Mollie preparing my three speeches for the Isle of Wight.

THURSDAY, 27TH MAY 1976

I rode with Mary Lou in the morning and then was driven to the Hovercraft in Southampton where I met Alistair Donald, my Royal Marines A.D.C.

We caught the 1400 Hovercraft to the Isle of Wight and were met at Cowes at 1440 by my Resident Staff Officer, John Horsnell. The Governor's car, now driven by a fireman, drove us three to Totland Bay where I opened the new Youth Hostel. This had been converted from a hotel. It will sleep 66 young people of both sexes, and they cook their own meals or have a meal cooked by them in the dining room. All members of the International Youth Hostel Association can use any other Youth Hostel in the world. There are already

two other Youth Hostels in the Isle of Wight but there has never been one right in the west of the island.

In my Opening speech I referred to the fact that I went on my first 'whole holiday picnic' from the Royal Naval College, Osborne, to Totland Bay in the summer of 1913.

The National Chairman presented me with a specially bound leather book with the history of the hostels, and I was given a cup of tea before leaving.

We left at 1545 and drove to the nearby Old Peoples Council Home called "Gouldings". This is new and ingeniously designed to hold 54 inmates. I was interested to see it and although it is very good I must say I prefer the "Edwina Mountbatten Home". I met all the old people at tea and cut a special cake which had been prepared for the occasion. Two of the old ladies are over 97. I came across a new chair lift for infirm old people to be lowered into a bath and took the name and address for the "Edwina Mountbatten Home".

We then drove on another five minutes to the Yarmouth C.E.School which we reached at 1630. Here I was met by Admiral Sir Manley Power, my old Chief of Staff and friend. Lofty Power is the Chairman of the Yarmouth branch of the Royal National Life Boat Institute. He made an opening speech and I spoke and presented certifi-

cates and badges to the crew of the Yarmouth Life Boat "The Earl and Countess Howe" whose crew had made one of the bravest and most difficult and hazardous rescues that I have ever heard of on the night of the 14th September 1975 in a full gale. They rescued the five people on board a broken down sloop who turned out to be members of the Metropolitan Police on holiday.

At 1650 we drove to the County Hall where I was met by the Chairman of the County Council, Rear Admiral Joe Blackham. We went up to John Horsnell's office for a discussion about the proposed visit of the Governor of Maryland and party on the 22nd November this year to celebrate the departure from Cowes of the first settlers in 1633.

Then at 1730 I presented the B.E.M. to a chauffeur who had given many years faithful service, after leaving the army, to the Head of the C.E.I. I then presented the Queen's Commendation to Mr. Johnston, a retired Colonial police officer, who saved a policeman from four thugs and was himself quite severely injured in his gallant and successful fight. The vicious young thugs got sentences of from 4 to 9 years each.

Then we drove to the newly constructed Headquarters of the First Shanklin Scout Group. This has been a very remarkable voluntary effort. I made the opening speech and then presented awards.

I ended by presenting a Medal of Merit to the Chairman, Mr.W.Evans, which had been kept a great secret from him, as the award was obtained by his supporters from the Chief Scout. I have never seen anyone quite so astonished and pleased. I wore the Silver Elephant which I got as Chief Scout of India, and the Silver Wolf which I got as Commodore of our Sea Scouts.

We left at 1850 and drove to Cowes where Alistair and I caught the 1930 Red Funnel Hydrofoil speedboat. On arrival publicity photographs were taken for the company, then Daborn drove me back for a late dinner at Broadlands.

FRIDAY, 28TH MAY 1976

Sweeney drove me to Southampton to catch the 1010 train for London. I wore No.5 uniform but put on my Burberry over it and took a cap-box to carry my cap in. This is the rig we used to call "Warrant Officer's Plain Clothes".

At 1120 I arrived at Waterloo and was met by a Royal Car from Buckingham Palace Mews as I was going to represent the Queen officially at the Memorial Service for Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis.

The Station Manager helped me to put on my O.M. and divest myself of my Burberry and get out my cap. We drove slowly to Westminster Abbey and arrived punctually at 1140 at the Great West Door where I was met by the Dean. It was a well organised Memorial Service for dear old Algy. We

were shipmates together in 1921 on board the RENOWN when he was the Torpedo Officer. He was 12 years older than me. I had a word with his widow, who was the sister-in-law of our late Prime Minister, Clem Attlee.

Then I drove to the First Sea Lord's flat in Mall House for lunch. Several of the old admirals who had come to the Service were there, notably Geoffrey Miles who was C-in-C Royal Indian Navy when I was Viceroy; Guy Russell, who was my Second Sea Lord although two years senior to me; William Davis, who was my second in Command in the Mediterranean and my Vice Chief of the Naval Staff when I was First Sea Lord; Michael Pollock, the previous First Sea Lord; and of course Edward Ashmore, the present First Sea Lord. There were only three women, all called Elisabeth, the wives of Edward, Guy and William.

It was funny lunching again in a room which used to be my sister Louise's bedroom. It is rather sad to see this fine great house which my father had as First Sea Lord before World War I, from the basement to the third floor, with the magnificent dining room where he gave parties up to thirty, and the fine ballroom where we gave dances for up to three hundred.

Edward sent me in his official car back to catch the 1430 train from Waterloo and I arrived at Southampton at 1540, where I was met by Sweeney in the Jaguar.

I then changed into plain clothes, and at 1930 Sweeney drove me to the Civic Centre in

Southampton where the new Mayor was having a special party for the CAVALIER Trust. There were about a dozen of the most important people in the area plus Vice Admiral Sir Ian MacIntosh, the Chairman of the Trust, and Edward Du Cann, the former Chairman of the Conservative Party, who is interested in preserving the old Destroyer CAVALIER as he was in the Navy during the war.

I made a carefully prepared speech and then Edward Du Cann supported me. We finally went round seeing people individually. I conceived the idea of trying to get at least ten or a dozen people to meet me privately to discuss making promises of up to £5,000 or £10,000 a piece to buy the CAVALIER for £100,000 for the Ministry of Defence. The idea is then to tow her round from Chatham to Southampton and moor her in a suitable berth here and open her to visitors.

The Mayor gave us a very good buffet supper. I got back about 2230 and started dictation again trying to keep up with my mail. It seems to be as heavy as ever.

SATURDAY, 29TH MAY 1976

I was too busy dealing with my mail and preparing for the big lunch party to ride this morning.

When I was in Leningrad a year ago I had been asked by the four star Admiral accompanying me, supported by a request from Vice Admiral

Leonenkov, the Commander of Leningrad Naval District, to try and arrange for an exchange of visits between Russian and British warships to take place simultaneously. It took a long while to fix but it has now come off and the DEVONSHIRE has gone to the Crimea whilst the fine new large Russian Destroyer OBRAZTSOVY has come to Portsmouth.

So I invited Admiral Leonenkov and his Flag Captain, Bogdanov, to lunch at Broadlands. I also invited the Russian Ambassador, Lunkov, and his First Secretary, Palastaev. To balance the Russians I had down my heart specialist, Dr. Lawson Macdonald, as I knew he had been invited to go to a Cardiac Conference in Russia and wanted to meet the Russian Ambassador. I had Robert Blackburn down, the International Secretary of the United World Colleges, and John Barratt lunched so that these two could talk with Palastaev about the arrangements for a Russian teacher and his wife to come to St. Donats in the near future.

Michael John also came down and I put him next to the Admiral as he expects to go and make a film in Leningrad in the autumn. Leonenkov said he would do everything he could for him in Leningrad.

The British Interpreter was Lieutenant Commander Dykes from the MERCURY. The First Sea Lord had reminded me that the last time I had had a Russian Naval luncheon he had been the Naval Interpreter at my luncheon.

The party went with a tremendous swing and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. I showed them round the house and the grounds; they took photographs; the Ambassador and the Admiral planted trees; and then I had to leave them at 1515, even though I think they would have liked to have stayed longer, as I had to go to present the Efficiency Pennant to the T.S.HAMPSHIRE the Romsey Sea Cadets Unit. For this reason I was in No.5 uniform which was also quite appropriate for the Russian visitors were wearing uniform.

Bill Yates drove me to Michelmersh Court as of course he knows the area very well. Indeed, the Yates family have been in service at Broadlands for 250 years. Michelmersh Court belongs to Lieutenant Commander de Chair who served in my Flag Ship as a Midshipman in 1953 when I taught him to play polo. I knew his father well, and I even knew his distinguished grandfather, Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, whose picture I saw recently in Government House, Sydney, as he was Governor of New South Wales at one time.

It is a really charming house with lovely grounds and ideal for a fête which had been arranged by Lieutenant Commander Payne, the Commanding Officer, and the parents and friends of the Sea Cadets to raise money. They had quite a good competition between two teams, rigging shear legs and hoisting anchor. Finally I made a speech and presented the Efficiency Pennant for the third consecutive year.

I drove back at 1630, and at about 1750 Charles arrived having captained the Navy Polo Team at Tidworth in the Inter-Regimental. They had been seen off by his sister's Regiment, the 14th/20th Hussars; but he enjoyed the game.

He went out fishing with Aldrich but had no luck, and left before dinner.

Michael John and I dined alone and saw a very odd film called "Trial by Combat" in which John Mills' great talents were very much wasted.

SUNDAY, 30TH MAY 1976

At 0900 Michael John and I had breakfast together. He left soon after 1000 to go to Oxford and take the twins out from the Dragon School to a cricket match where he was going to meet Norton who was over for the "Whitsun" week-end holiday.

At 1120 Sweeney drove me via the Doll's House where I locked Kimberley into the kennels as the Hynes were out. We arrived at 1250 at Heathrow de Havilland Suite via the M.3. Here I found the Russian Ambassador, Lunkov, who was there to meet some Russian VIP who had been delayed.

I was booked to fly in the 707 of Cyprus Airways to depart at 1335 and arrive in Cyprus at 1950. Unfortunately this aircraft went unserviceable the night before but they managed to charter

a 707 from the British Midland Airways Company who, besides running smaller aircraft on internal routes, keep half-a-dozen of these 707s ready to charter to the airlines who don't have enough spare aircraft to replace those which go unserviceable. However they were rather delayed in getting down from Manchester and we left at 1520, $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours late.

We landed at Larnaca in Cyprus at 2135 where I was met by the Commanding Officer of the Life Guards, Lieutenant Colonel Simon Cooper, and by A Squadron Leader, Major John Bedell, as well as the Colonel Commanding the Austrian Sector of the United Nations Forces. I spoke German with the latter, much to his surprise, and told him my father had been born at Gratz. It transpired he also came from Gratz.

There had been some misunderstanding about the R.A.F./U.N. helicopter being allowed to land at Larnaca airfield so it was put down at a suitable place on the beach of the Salt Lake. The Austrians drove us out there and we flew off through the black night to the capital, Nicosia, about 20 miles away.

It is sad to think that the great International Airport at Nicosia cannot be used because the Turks won't allow it, although it could be quickly put into order. All they allow is the United Nations Force to land helicopters there. So an alternative airfield has been quickly built up by the Greek Cypriots at Larnaca and the Turkish Cypriots have built another one in the north east of the island.

We finally arrived at the Life Guards Mess in one of the old R.A.F. buildings at 2235, one hour and fifty minutes late. Here all the officers of A Squadron Life Guards were gathered for a Mess Dinner; no less than 9 of them, 3 of them had had to come in from out-lying posts, some of them taking over an hour to reach by road. They were in great form and we had a very lively and enjoyable dinner party.

I left with Simon well after midnight and drove to the British High Commissioner's Residence. I had known the High Commissioner, Donald MacDonald Gordon, when he was Deputy High Commissioner in Malaysia. He and his nice wife had put up Patricia and John when they were in Cyprus visiting the Patricias in February, and I was given their suite which was very comfortable.

MONDAY, 31ST MAY 1976

It seems difficult to believe that this is already the 60th anniversary of the Battle of Jutland for my memories of the aftermath of the battle are so vivid when I joined the LION six weeks later. I remember the story about the Commander of the LION, Maitland-Kirwan, who had been burning to get into action having joined after the first two actions. He finally got himself on to one of the Fleet parties visiting the Western Front and returned during the night after the battle without having had any news at all of the battle.

On arrival at Hawes Pier he met a couple of officers from the Battle Cruiser TIGER

and immediately went up to them and said he had just been to the Front and had been very impressed by all that he had seen, ending up "You can't imagine the terrible mess the whole country is in from gun fire". Whereupon these two said to him "Wait till you see your ship".

Simon very kindly called me at 0715 and I had a bath and then put on the Life Guards tropical green-brown bush shirt which had been made for me when I was visiting them in Malaysia. Simon and I had breakfast together in my little sitting-room at 0800, and then I saw the High Commissioner and Mrs. Gordon for a few moments. We left at 0820 and arrived at the Headquarters of the United Nations Forces in Cyprus at 0830. Here I was greeted by the United Nations Force Commander, Lieutenant General Prem Chand of the Indian Army, his Chief of Staff Brigadier General Beattie of the Canadian Army, and Colonel Tillotson, a British Cavalry Officer who was the Deputy Chief of Staff. The last two officers were also the Commanders of their National Forces working under the United Nations.

I had a very pleasant talk with this charming high class Indian General. He said very nice things about John and Patricia's visit and how much he had enjoyed it, and what a lot of good Patricia had done to her Regiment. He also had nice things to say about the Life Guards.

At 0900 we drove to Nicosia airport where the R.A.F./U.N helicopter was waiting to fly me

round the outposts of the Life Guards during the morning. We first flew some 25 miles to Skouriotissa, where the Life Guards have quarters in a good building of the old copper mine. It is in the Danish sector and I was met by the Danish Colonel and his Quarter-Guard turned out to present arms.

I looked at the four Ferret cars which belonged to this particular troop of Life Guards under Lieutenant Peter Hunter. Normally two are on patrol together along the Green Line to make sure that neither the Turks nor the Greeks advance their positions or take hostile action. The other day there was quite a battle between the Turks and Greeks and a lot of shots were fired but nobody appears to have been hurt. However, it is all very exciting for the young Life Guardsmen. They certainly are very comfortable here and they are doing a lot of work to embellish and beautify their headquarters; they were in excellent spirits.

After half-an-hour we flew on. The mine is about five miles south of the coast of Morphou Bay along the north-west coast of the island, and on the same longitude as the British Sovereign Base area as Episkopi in the south.

After half-an-hour I flew on in the helicopter to the next Life Guards' post, a very nice holiday villa just to the east of Larnaca. This was a flight of some 45 miles and I found the countryside very interesting. I thought I knew

Cyprus very well but I had never flown round so much in a helicopter and seen such varied countryside from the high snow covered mountains of Troodos down to the fertile valleys with their many coloured fields.

Here we were in the Austrian Sector again and I was received by the Austrians and later went to their mess, but first I was driven to a villa occupied by our troop of Life Guards under Lieutenant Robert Castle. They lived in a villa next to a famous local Skin Diver and Fisherman, who had taken the Life Guards out with him when he had speared a 25 pound Grouper which they showed to me with much pride.

They had only one complaint which is that the Greek Mayor of Larnaca had insisted that their water supply should be permanently cut off and only turned on for two hours a day. Then they had to fill up their baths so as to have enough water to put in their lavatory tanks to flush the W.Cs. It is a great pity that they should be put under this privation for no known reason except that the actual proprietor of the villa is a Turk who of course is on the Turkish side of the line. I promised that I would get the water turned on before the end of the week though I had been told that every representation had been made as high up as they could go without any success so far.

Incidentally, I mention here that on the 4th June I got a signal from Cyprus which read as follows:-

"For Colonel of Regiment. Subject
is Bungalow at Larnaca. From All
Ranks.

Water is now running! Am most
grateful for your help."

To this I sent the following reply -

"For All Ranks. I am glad Moses has
struck the right rock."

We next flew some twenty miles on to a post a few miles to the west of Famagusta. The town itself is in Turkish hands, but the United Nations post is in the large Box Factory which makes hundreds of thousands of boxes each year for export and for packing their fruit in. However, the Turks would not let the factory be used, just to make things difficult.

This was the Swedish Sector and I was met by the Colonel who took me to a large Swedish Quarter Guard. To my surprise they actually presented arms. I asked him when the Swedes had learnt to present arms and he replied that they had had to be specially taught as it was required by the United Nations. I then asked what had happened to all their hair and he admitted that they had had to cut off about 6 inches of their hair before they were accepted by the United Nations. They were smart and alert and those I spoke to knew all about Louise.

The Subaltern in command of our troop was Hubert Hamilton whose parents had taken the White

House for sometime in Ireland from me. I told him about Hugh Tunney taking Classiebawn Castle.

It was only a 20 mile flight from the Box Factory to Larnaca.

We flew 35 miles back to Nicosia which we reached at 1250, and drove to the R.A.F. 'Sergeants' Mess where our own N.C.Os live with the R.A.F. All the Life Guard N.C.Os were there and a lot of the R.A.F. as well, and I met them as well as the R.A.F. wives over drinks.

Then we moved over to the Officers' Mess where John Bedell had arranged a lunch party which included the Force Commander and the High Commissioner and other important U.N. officers.

At 1500 we drove to the Ledra Palace Hotel where the 2nd Battalion of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry had their Headquarters. A very large and smart Quarter Guard turned out and I talked to most of the men to find out whether they had been in the Tattoo or in the Trooping or in both at Winnipeg. The Commanding Officer is still Lieutenant Colonel Bob Stewart, who took me over to the Ledra Palace Hotel where in the barber's shop they had established their A Company Headquarters. The Company Commander, Ron Morton, briefed me and then we walked over to the fairly new Check Point called "Patricia" after my daughter. I was photographed under the sign as I thought it would amuse her.

Then we embarked in a convoy of about six military vehicles to drive down the Green Line in Nicosia between the Greeks and the Turks. This runs alongside the walled city and was the route which John and Patricia had driven down before. In places the Greek and Turkish lines are incredibly near, just the width of the road apart.

I stopped at their various observation posts but the most curious one is at Omorphita because it is built on top of one of the Turkish strong-points. In fact a pleasant young Turkish sentry smiled at us as we looked at him, but when I tried to take a photograph of him he got very excited and waved his hands to stop me. So we looked through some binoculars at some Turkish tanks in a field some distance away in support of their front line. While I was looking through the binoculars the sentry looked the other way and John Bedell was able to get a photograph with the sentry in the picture.

On our way out I stopped to talk to the sentry with the only Turkish I knew from having to talk to Guards of Honour but the words appeared to be thoroughly understood and I got the same reply that one gets from a Guard of Honour.

Suddenly out of a clear blue sky a black cloud developed and a tropical downpour came down just where we were. It didn't appear to affect any other part of Nicosia - just the few hundred yards where we were standing.

I was driven back to the British High Commission by 1700 and although I was offered tea I asked my hostess to excuse me as I wanted to have a rest.

At 1835 we drove in dinner jackets to the NAAFI to meet the Lance Corporals and Troopers of the Life Guards. I moved round from table to table, there being perhaps 8 or 10 young men at each table, some 50 or 60 in all. The full strength of the Regiment here is 150 officers and men in A Squadron.

At 1915 we went to the U.N. Force Commander's house where the Prem Chands were giving a cocktail party at which I met a number of interesting people including the Australian Ambassador who had served under me as First Lieutenant of the NIZAM in South East Asia.

Then we went on to the Officers' Mess at the Wolsely Barracks where a formal Mess Dinner was held by the 2nd Battalion of the Patricias. I was shown the new oil painting done over an enlarged photograph of Patricia taken in Winnipeg which I must say is very successful. Obviously they are all delighted with it.

After drinks we moved in to dinner; there were 52 at dinner which included the only 6 available Life Guards Officers, Prem Chand, and the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, our old friend Jobin, who had come to visit the Patricias. He was accompanied by Colonel Gates who Commands the Patricias Base at Winnipeg.

At the end of dinner we stood up while the Queen's Health was drunk, followed by the Colonel-in-Chief's Health; and then I asked permission to give a message from the Colonel-in-Chief and I gave a very stirring message from Patricia saying what she felt about seeing the Battalion in Winnipeg and how much she admired what they were doing in Cyprus which she could well imagine from having seen the 3rd Battalion in February. In my speech I included a humorous reference to Jobin which went very well. Then he stood up and made a speech replying to my jokes.

After this some of the Regimental Drummers came in and gave a fine display of drumming. Finally the chief cook was called in to be congratulated on the excellent meal he had produced.

Prem Chand remarked to me how wonderful it was that the British had brought their traditions into every country of the Commonwealth. He said the Indians did their best to keep up exactly the same traditions that the Canadians were keeping up.

I got back to the High Commission about midnight; had half-an-hours talk with our host, and then went up and started my packing.

TUESDAY, 1ST JUNE 1976

Simon called me at 0700 and I hurriedly washed, dressed and completed my packing. At

0725 we both had breakfast in my sitting-room; we then said good-bye to the High Commissioner, who of course cannot take part in United Nations events, and drove to the U.N. landing pad for helicopters at Nicosia Airport. I felt honoured to be seen off in person by the Force Commander, his Chief of Staff, and his Deputy Chief of Staff; and then we flew at 0800 the 2 miles to Larnaca, and this time we were allowed to land on the airfield.

I might at this point mention that yesterday there was an alarm that the Cyprus Airways aircraft might still be unserviceable and that I wouldn't be able to fly away on June 1st. However, the R.A.F. had a Transport aircraft which was due to leave at 0110 this morning and they kept places for Simon Cooper and myself to go if there was an emergency, but luckily the Cyprus Airways aircraft landed all right.

At Larnaca we were received by the Austrians and the Cypriot Airport Authorities, and I took off by myself at 0930, the aircraft being half-an-hour late. However, they kindly took my only suit-case in the first-class compartment, and speeded up things when we arrived at Heathrow at 1245, the clocks having been put back two hours.

I was met at the aircraft steps by Sweeney and the Jaguar, and we got off very quickly and stopped to pick up Kimberley at the Doll's House on the way.

I caught up a bit on my correspondence; then rested, and at 2040 Phillippa De Pass arrived for a late dinner and to spend the night.

WEDNESDAY, 2ND JUNE 1976

We had a very nice ride, Phillippa side-saddle on Champagne, and Mary Lou astride on Tabu, and I competed with Black Knight rather unsuccessfully as he kept pulling hard. We had an alarm because Birch had had an attack in the night and was kept in bed, but later on the doctor said there was not too much to worry about.

Phillippa left after lunch.

THURSDAY, 3RD JUNE 1976

I rode Tabu and Mary Lou rode Black Knight. She had the most extraordinary affect in stopping him from pulling; she is certainly a most remarkable rider.

Charles Allen, the Director of the British Indian Oral Archives, came to luncheon and did his first recording with me on various points about India from the time I first knew it in 1921.

At 1540 Sweeney drove Jack and me to 2 Kinnerton Street. On arrival at 1715 I changed into dinner jacket and at 1730 Major General and Mrs. Cameron Ware came to have drinks. He is the Colonel of the Patricias and was too ill last

time to be present in Winnipeg but has now recovered enough to come to a Reunion of the Green Jackets Brigade to which they are affiliated.

At 1845 Sweeney drove me to the Zoo for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations. It began with the Queen arriving to a fanfare of Army Trumpeters playing a special "Roaring Fanfare" for the inauguration of the Lion Terraces. These are really magnificent.

After Philip had made a speech as President, and Solly had made a speech as Secretary, we all went round the Lion Terraces and then visited the excellent new Monkey and Ape houses, and several of the other wonderful new buildings that Solly has got put up in the Zoo.

We ended up at the restaurant where we had a sit-down dinner for 150 with a lot of very witty speeches. Denis Healey was supposed to be there but the poor Chancellor of the Exchequer was too worried with the state of the pound to come, so Harold Lever, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, took his place and I sat next to his pretty Lebanese wife.

FRIDAY, 4TH JUNE 1976

At 0945 Mr. Beauregarde of Quebec Province Radio called to discuss a television programme being made of the Dieppe Raid in French and English for the educational channels. I found

he was not very well informed about the raid so I promised to help him as I do want the Canadians at last to get the story right.

At 1100 Jo de Bono called and I had an hours good gossip with her about Malta, and then drove her back to 6 Lennox Gardens where she is staying with her son, Edward, the inventor of "The New Way of Thinking".

Sweeney then drove me on to 54 Parkside, Wimbledon, where, in a splendid house (with a fine garden) the Apostolic Delegate was giving a luncheon in my honour. He is Archbishop Bruno Heim, and he had 16 to lunch. I sat between Diana Cooper and the wife of the Dean of Westminster, Mrs. Carpenter. Other old friends like Jacquie Killearn were there, and B.K.Nehru, the High Commissioner for India with whom I was able to have a good talk about the rather crazy notion that Ian Orr-Ewing has of asking a Question in Parliament urging that they should send out a high level Mission to negotiate the over-flying rights for Concorde to cross India and that I should be in charge of it. I arranged finally that he should see Lord Orr-Ewing himself and I would get out of this ridiculous situation.

I also talked to B.K. about the Indian High Commission taking charge of the administration of the Nehru Trust after Graham Clifford, who is doing it for us now as a favour, leaves the I.E.R.E. He also agreed we should continue

to try and get Harold Macmillan to give the next Nehru Lecture as soon as he has recovered from his illness.

The Apostilic Delegate is a great heraldic enthusiast and has made a large album with peoples Coats of Arms in it which they themselves have signed. He has the Queen Mother's and the Duke of Kent's signed by them, and finally my own Coat of Arms which he asked me to sign too. I now realise why he had insisted on my coming to a lunch party.

I didn't get back to 2 Kinnerton Street until 1530 and then had a quick word with Robert Blackburn who had been lunching with Jack and the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy.

At 1700 Peter Morley came to have a long discussion about how to approach the question of the Silver Jubilee Film which is causing so much antipathy in the Royal Family.

I left rather late to go to Buckingham Palace and regretfully arrived at 1831 just a minute after Philip walked into the room for the Senior Colonel's Conference of the Household Division.

Afterwards we all had dinner with Philip which was great fun. I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 2150 and was able to catch up with some of my dictation.

SATURDAY, 5TH JUNE 1976

[REDACTED]

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At 1000 we changed into full dress, Charles into the Welsh Guards and I the Life Guards Colonel's uniforms.

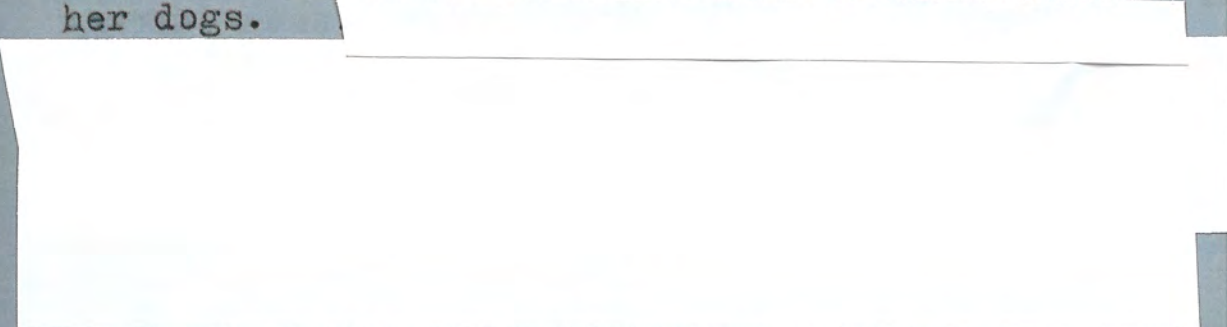
At 1030 we all mounted for the Second Trooping Rehearsal where the Salute was taken by Philip. My brother Household Cavalry Colonel, poor Gerald Templer, had a very unpleasant accident. His horse reared up as he was mounting and he fell off backwards with his cuirass and helmet on, and I am afraid was considerably shaken. At all events he wasn't able to go on the Rehearsal.

Meanwhile, Sweeney had driven Joanna down to the seats I had reserved for them to watch the Rehearsal which went off extremely well.

We got back at 1220 to Buckingham Palace where we all changed into plain clothes and then at 1240 Joanna arrived and joined us for lunch with Charles and Philip. After lunch, at 1420, Charles drove Joanna and me down in his open car stopping en route to pick up the sheets I bought

for Carl Gustav's wedding present.

We drove on down to Windsor and ran into Lilibet driving herself out of the Castle with her dogs.



I stayed on and gossiped with her while Charles was changing; then Charles went down to play polo, and she left, and I showed Joanna round the Family Rooms of the Castle. She drove me down in the Jaguar with Sweeney to Broadlands which we reached at 1710 to find that Zia had come an hour earlier than expected and had already had tea.

We three looked at "Upstairs Downstairs" television series after dinner, then went early to bed. I must say she was in great form and doesn't look anything like her 84 years.

SUNDAY, 6TH JUNE 1976

I rode with Joanna, she on Classiebawn and I on Tabu, through Embley where the glorious rhododendrons were just finishing but still quite beautiful. I actually lost my way in looking for my favourite spot but found it after a bit of a search.

Zia, Joanna and I had lunch together and at 1410 Michael John joined us from Swanage where he had been staying with Clare Johnson's parents. He had not had any lunch so we gave him hot roast beef to eat quickly.

At 1430 Tommy Sopwith picked us up in his lovely helicopter and flew us to Fairy's Aviation Centre and Marina on the River Hamble. Here we boarded his magnificent 6 year old 25 knot yacht "PHILANTE IV". We immediately let go and sailed for Osborne Bay in the Isle of Wight. There were three others on board, Dick Wilkins, Charles de Selincourt, and a girl who apparently only missed her Bronze Olympic Medal by 3/100 of a second in the Salom Ski race. On the way over we had a rendez-vous with Dick's yacht TRAMANTANA designed by the same man but on a smaller scale than "PHILANTE IV"; in fact she only had sparse sleeping accommodation but she was rather faster.

Then we re-transferred to "PHILANTE IV" and sent back to the Hamble. Tommy has cut down the crew of this really magnificent 160 ton yacht to an engineer whom he is training as a skipper, and a young seaman boy. He had a girl on board who does the cooking and looks after the housekeeping side.

Tommy, of course, does everything; he is the master; the radio operator; the engineer; the navigator, and does it all efficiently and quietly. He has good sleeping accommodation for

six passengers including a really large double-bedded cabin for the owner, which he used to occupy with his lovely wife April. It must be very painful for him to go out as a bachelor.

We had tea on the way back and landed at 1700. Tommy had to take "PHILANTE IV" to Gosport so Dick Wilkins drove us three back to Broadlands on his way to London.

We had a dinner party of ten - Zia, Joanna, Michael-John and myself, and three outside couples; the Peter Barbers, the Peter Johnsons and the Bodkins; the latter had been the surgeon who had cured my rodent ulcer on my forehead by X-ray treatment; whereas poor Patricia had had to have her similar rodent ulcer cut out.

We ran the film of that excellent play "Conduct Unbecoming" about an Indian Cavalry Regiment of a hundred years ago. It was even better as a film and I was amused to see the other half of my old Bodyguard, which I had sent to Pakistan, taking part in full dress for the Cavalry scenes.

MONDAY, 7TH JUNE 1976

Zia insisted on leaving very early at 0940. Her grand-daughter, Sacha, drove herself down from London and arrived at 1110. She rode Panda, Joanna Tabu, and I rode Black Knight, with Mary Lou on Champagne.

On return Michael-John, Joanna, Sacha and I had lunch on the lawn in the lovely hot sun. After lunch Michael-John drove Joanna back, and Sacha drove me to London at tea time. I was in a dinner jacket and went straight to the Savoy for the dinner of the Life Guards' Club where we had a record party of 85; which was really rather fun, particularly as there were no speeches.

At 2230 Simon Cooper drove me and his Adjutant, Arthur Gooch, back in his car to their quarters in Windsor, and then his driver drove me on to Broadlands which we reached at 0130.

TUESDAY, 8TH JUNE 1976

This is another lovely hot day but we badly need rain as the country is near drought conditions. I had so much mail to catch up with that I had to forego my ride. I worked with Mollie in the Archives when she arrived at 1400.

At 1550 Jack drove me to 2 Kinnerton Street where I changed into Naval Ball Dress uniform and drove myself to Buckingham Palace. I parked my car here and joined Philip in the Royal Rolls for the drive down to Trinity House. He was dressed in his new Masters Mess Dress and looked very smart, but I hadn't got a Trinity House Mess Jacket so I wear Naval uniform.

This was the annual dinner given by the Elder Bretheren to the Younger Bretheren, and

really good fun as I saw a lot of old friends. At dinner I sat next to an elderly R.N.R. Officer, a former Commander who had the D.S.O. and two D.S.Cs, called Hall. It soon transpired that he had been my first R.N.R. Sub-Lieutenant who served six months in the WISHART in 1935. We had an amusing time reminiscing about that period now over 40 years ago.

Philip drove me back to Buckingham Palace where I picked up my car and drove back to 2 Kinnerton Street by 2200.

WEDNESDAY, 9TH JUNE 1976

Jack provided breakfast for me as he is very kindly looking out for Sweeney for the first part of my London visit this week. He drove me round to get my hair cut and then dropped me at Sacha's for a gossip. As Pammy was looking after India, a brides-maid at the wedding this afternoon, she could not accompany David to the Salters' Company Luncheon, and he wanted an escort as he is now one of the Wardens. James being in Ireland he asked Sacha to accompany him, and at 1115 when the flat door bell rang I went and opened it. David advanced with a broad smile on his face with his arms out-stretched which froze into a look of horror when he saw it wasn't Sacha at all but me.

On return to 2 Kinnerton Street I saw Kenneth Rose for an hour-and-a-quarter about his new book that he wants to write about King George V. He explained that it is now 25 years

since Harold Nicholson's great book was published and the rising generation knew nothing about this great King. He also felt that the way Nicholson wrote in the sort of courtier-like very correct tone was not what was readable nowadays so wanted to hear more what the King was like as a private person.

I only agreed to give him my views on condition that he let me see everything he proposed to use of mine as the last thing I wished to do was to spoil his image as a great King. As a private person he had behaved intolerably to his sons who were all terrified of him; so was his wife, who took on a new lease of life after his death.

Jack and I went to that charming little shop Le Charcuterie Français just opposite the house and bought ourselves some luncheon which we shared in my sitting room.

At 1500 Robert Blackburn brought round Miss Rose Kanetaka, the famous Japanese Television Producer, who had made that film of me in the United World College of South East Asia in Singapore. With her was her manager, a Japanese looking man who called himself Mr. David M. Jones. Both confirmed that the film she had made of the U.W.C. had been a tremendous success on Japanese television.

They were now prepared to do a similar film of St. Donats, South Wales, and the Person^A

College in Canada which will be great for the publicity of the U.W.C. particularly in the Far East. They had given John a 60 mm optical print of the Singapore film and had become very intrigued by the story of my Life and Times television series. They said they thought they could get it put on Japanese television, and I luckily had a brochure with particulars of the series which I let them have.

If they can get the Japanese to see it, about whom I was so tough, whilst the Americans so far refuse to show it although I was so polite about them, they will have done wonders.

Then I changed into Royal Marines Undress uniform and at 1800 went to the Wedding Reception for Georgiana Russell at 6 Belgrave Square. Almost the first person I saw was India in her bridesmaid's dress, and soon afterwards I saw David and then Pammy. I kissed the bride, shook hands with the bridegroom, and congratulated John and Aliki Russell.

I saw quite a number of other friends, and finally got away about 1825 with Dodo in the Royal Marines car with my A.D.C., Alistair Donald. We had a police motor-cycle escort and were whisked through to the Horse Guards in under five minutes.

We arrived at Horse Guards at 1830, and I took Dodo up to the Major-General's room which had been allocated to me as I was taking the Salute. Besides senior Royal Marine Officers there were my friends Robert and Phillippa De

Pass, their enormously tall children, Clare and Philip; also Sacha Hamilton and her little son, Jamie; and Miss Kanetaka the Japanese T.V. Producer and her American Manager, Mr. Jones, whom I had given passes to when I saw them this afternoon.

I was able to watch the massed Bands of the Royal Marines march on and take up their position; then I was conducted down to the dais to take the Salute. They had about the same number of men as the massed Bands of the Foot Guards will have on Saturday, that is to say some 360.

The Royal Marines are in a class entirely by themselves throughout the world for their excellent massed Band performances, and this was the best I have seen, and the most complicated and really very thrilling.

The Royal Marines Bands have been built up over the years by the best Director of Music any of the Services have ever had, Vivian Dunn. I first met him when he was the Director of Music embarked on board the old Royal Yacht VICTORIA & ALBERT. When my brother, Georgie, died of cancer in 1938 Bertie (King George VI) ordered a full naval funeral and his own band from the Royal Yacht to take part, with Vivian Dunn in charge of the band. Bertie, his brother George and I walked behind the Gun Carriage in Naval Full Dress, and of course my nephews, David and Philip, as well.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

After the Beating Retreat I went back to the Major-General's room to see the Bands march off and to give drinks to my guests.

After a good gossip I changed into a dinner jacket in the office next door, and then my A.D.C., Alistair Donald, drove me to Lancaster House where I had been invited to the Government Dinner Party being given in honour of the Shah's twin sister, Princess Ashraf Pahlavi. I had never met her but I had heard a lot about her. The Government host was Harold Lever and the Princess sat between us.

She told me she had seen me in 1946 as a fairly young girl when she was in India and I was Supreme Commander. I asked her if she knew anything about the United World Colleges and she said she had never heard of them. So I told her she would hear a lot about them during dinner and spent the whole of dinner doing propaganda about them and the International Baccalaureate, and I really think I got her quite interested. At one stage she said "I have a Foundation of my own, I can let you have some money". I said "You have already spent a lot of money on this visit giving Wadham College, Oxford, a new Library". She said, yes she liked doing this sort of thing.

I replied I had not intended to ask her for any money, I wanted her active interest and would she go and see one of the colleges? She replied it was her first visit ever to England and her programme was so tight she couldn't manage it, but she offered to go and see the one in Canada when she was in the United States in November, and I promised to arrange it.

Then towards the end of dinner our host and Dr. Owen, a junior Minister, had to get up and leave to vote in the Censure Motion in the House of Commons. He turned the Princess formally over to me so I couldn't get away early as I had hoped. It was at least half-an-hour before they came back having luckily won the Vote of Confidence by 19 votes. What would have happened to the Conservative Party if Margaret Thatcher had won her Vote of Confidence at this stage I cannot imagine. I think the pound, which is just recovering, would have dropped, and they would have been faced with an Election which would have been extremely difficult for the Conservatives if they had won.

As soon as we moved next door I left an aide memoire with the new Iranian Ambassador to give to H.I.H. It is rather sad to think that the day before he arrived his predecessor committed suicide, ostensibly because he had failed the Shah.

I finally broke away at 2245 and drove with Alistair in the Royal Marines car to Broadlands which I reached at 0015. The car then drove Alistair home.

THURSDAY, 10TH JUNE 1976

This is Philip's 55th birthday and another lovely day. I rode with Mary Lou in the morning, and in the afternoon I worked hard again with Mollie in the Archives. What a tremendous lot there is to be done still.

Jack had driven the Jaguar back separately last night and Sweeney drove me up to London at 1620. I had changed into Royal Marines Undress uniform for the Birthday Beating Retreat. Alistair Donald, in the Royal Marines car, with his wife, Rosemary, picked me up at 2 Kinnerton Street, at 1815. I had given tickets to the Hynes family and also to Hofmann and Fraulein Ilgen, the two curators of the family museums in Darmstadt.

I arrived at the Horse Guards at 1830 precisely, shortly before Philip. This gave me a chance of meeting all the Royal Marines Generals, including the Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, before he arrived with Lilibet. She went straight up to the Major-General's room, and after Philip had met everybody we went out on to the Horse Guards Parade on to the dais for him to take the Salute for his birthday.

The Beating Retreat was even more sensational, if possible, than yesterday. After it was over at 1915 Philip and I and other senior officers went up to the Major-General's room where Lilibet met them and we had drinks until about 1950 when they drove off and I walked over by myself to the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall for a great Royal Marines cocktail party where I met many friends, including Robert Neville and the Depuches.

I couldn't get away until 2100 and then drove down for dinner with Sally Baring. She

had Geordie and Barbara Ward and another friend for dinner, and afterwards her two cousins, Vickie Kinloch and Caroline Partridge came in.

FRIDAY, 11TH JUNE 1976

At 1050 I drove to Buckingham Palace and joined Philip for a really historic occasion. This was the first meeting of 130 of the most distinguished engineers in the country at which we formed the Fellowship of Engineering. Philip conducted the meeting excellently and when we had been enrolled we all signed the book. My name was the second in this new volume.

Then Philip took us all to the Bow Room and later out on the terrace where a photograph was taken of this historic group. We gossiped a bit but as there were no drinks everybody soon moved off and had all gone by 1215.

Sweeney and I bought our luncheon at Le Charcuterie Français again. At 1400 Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Alec Peterson came, and for part of the time Nina was there also, for my U.W.C. briefing.

At 1500 we called on the Head of the Foreign Service, Sir Michael Palliser, and two of the most important members of his staff. We had a 40 minutes excellent discussion on how the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, and particularly the Government as a whole, could help us in getting international support for the whole movement. Michael could not have been more helpful.

Robert drove us all back to 2 Kinnerton Street where I switched cars and was driven in the Jaguar by Sweeney to Marlborough House for the Commonwealth Reception by the Commonwealth Secretary General, an excellent man from Ghana, Shrideth Remphal. I managed to have a good talk with him about the United World Colleges and found a young student from Ghana at St. Donats had already enlisted his interest. I asked him if he could try and fit in an item at the next Commonwealth Premiers' Conference about the U.W.C. and he said he would see if this could be done.

Philip and Lilibet arrived at 1630 and I was then able to steal away and drive to the Royal Society of Arts where I took the Chair at the Annual General Meeting of the Society of Genealogists. I do this every even numbered year and had last done so in 1974 when I had a very very hectic and violent meeting about the International Genealogical Conference to be held in 1976.

This year's meeting went off very peacefully and I was able to get away at 1800 and drove to Buckingham Palace where Lilibet and Philip were giving a party for some 240, mainly the Court Officials and their wives, to celebrate Master's 40 years service as Master of the Horse. He was presented with a fine picture of himself mounted with Philip and Lilibet looking on from the King's Door, and Mary Beaufort also received a souvenir.


I finally stole away at 1915 to pick up Janet and her son, Ivar, at 2 Wilton Terrace,

and drove them to the Royal Thames Yacht Club for dinner. We talked about seeing his brother, George, in Sydney.

SATURDAY, 12TH JUNE 1976

At 0940 the Life Guards' car came to collect me and drive me to Knightsbridge Barracks. Corporal Otton met me and helped me change into full dress as usual. At 1010 he drove with me to Buckingham Palace followed by another car with the Colonel of the Blues and Royals, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, and Silver Stock in Waiting, Colonel Jim Eyre, also of the Blues and Royals. I was the Gold Stick in Waiting for the day.

I waited in a shady part of the inner quadrangle at Buckingham Palace until the time came to mount. My charger, Dolly, was brought in, and Philip, Charles, Eddie and I mounted our horses at 1030. The carriage procession with Elisabeth, Anne and Margaret, and the children, drove off just after 1040. At 1043 Lilibet mounted her charger, Burmese; at 1045 on the dot she rode out of the quadrangle and the whole procession followed as usual.



It was a lovely day and the Trooping was one of the best I have seen. The Colour trooped belonged to the Second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards and their two battalions produced no less than four of the Guards, the rest being Grenadiers and Scots Guards; none from the Irish or Welsh Guards this time. The Household Cavalry ranked past faultlessly and altogether I felt very proud.

As usual the Colonels of the Foot Guards rode with the Queen at the head of the troops to Buckingham Palace and those of us who were not in the Foot Guards rode at the tail of the procession that is the Master of the Horse and the Colonel of the Blues and Royals.

Charles had introduced an innovation that when Lilibet had finished taking the Salute of the troops opposite Buckingham Palace main entrance and turned to ride back under the centre archway into the quadrangle the Personal A.D.Cs all went immediately behind her and ahead of the Equerries and other officials and Colonels.

In the quadrangle my three Hicks grandchildren were waiting to give carrots to my charger, Dolly. Upstairs I met Patricia with the twins, and Pammy and David were waiting with the rest of the family.

I saw the Shah's sister, Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, who had apparently enjoyed the Trooping very much; we talked about the Government dinner and the U.W.C.

Both my daughters had arranged not to stay for lunch in our Mess, so I stopped off at 2 Kinnerton Street to meet my various guests who had been at the Trooping. First there was Henryk and Lynne Kwaitowski. I had only been able to get two tickets for them which they had given to their children and they watched on T.V. which they said was excellent. Then there were the two curators from Darmstadt, Herr Hofmann and Fraulein Ilgen. Mary Lou and her mother and two children had also been to the Trooping and had got back in time to be at 2 Kinnerton Street to wash and brush up before they went off to the Zoo.

Finally I went on to Knightsbridge Barracks and changed and rubbed myself down as I was perspiring very freely from the heat of the sun on the cuirasse. I joined Gerald Templar and Jim Eyre and other senior officers and wives at a table in the Upper Gallery of the Mess. This was an excellent innovation.

The Life Guards' car drove me back to 2 Kinnerton Street, where I transferred to the Jaguar and Sweeney drove me down to Windsor which we reached at 1600. Tea was in the garden below the ramparts with Lilibet, Philip, Charles and Edward at 1700.

At 1845 a Life Guards' car came and drove me to Combermere Barracks for the Annual Dinner of the Life Guards' Association. There was a record number of over 300, and it was a great evening. Eric Gooch was in the Chair and after his short speech Simon Cooper gave the usual Commanding Officer's report. Finally I made a speech as a sort of cabaret turn. When I got back to the Castle I went straight to bed.

SUNDAY, 13TH JUNE 1976

Breakfast was on the ramparts in the hot sun with Philip, Charles and George William of Hanover already there, Lilibet coming a bit later on. George William has been attending a seminar at St. George's House and is moving on to London after breakfast to-day.

I spent much of the day writing congratulatory letters to people who received honours in the Birthday List. Then I swam in the large indoor swimming pool.

Lilibet gave an official luncheon for the President of Israel and Madame Akatzir. I sat next to her. When the dessert plates were put round with finger bowls on them Madame Akatzir started to put the raspberries on the doyley alongside the finger bowl. I suggested tactfully she would find it easier if she put the finger bowl and doyley on the table. She thanked me and said "This is really stupid of me as one of my favourite stories concerns a visiting Israeli

team being given a formal dinner with finger bowls on the dessert plates. The Captain stood up and asked the Chairman's permission to propose a special toast in Yiddish and said 'You ignorant fools, you don't drink from the finger bowls, you wash your hands in them. Now pick up your glasses and drink a toast'".

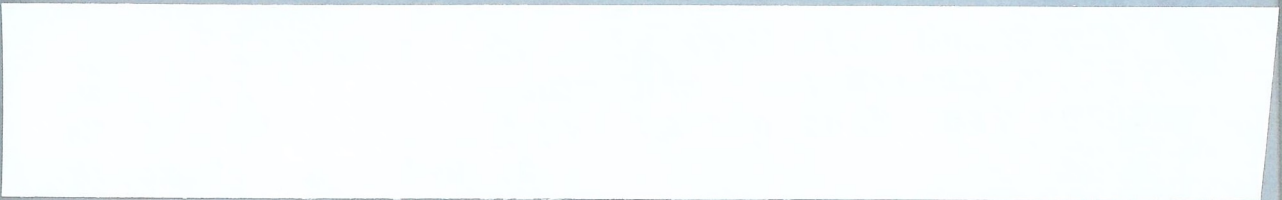
I persuaded Lord Rothschild and Sir Marcus Sieff to accept membership of the Friends of the United World Colleges. As we all split up after lunch Lilibet came up to me and said "You won't forget your programme, will you? At 1700 you are going to see Anthony Avon, and at 1800 you are going to Andrew Yates' cocktail party; and dinner is here at 2015". She really knew my programme better than I did myself and it was very sweet and thoughtful of her to remind me.

I lost my way going to the Provost's Lodge at Eton College and only arrived at 1715. Clarissa Avon and Lady Caccia were in the garden waiting for me and took me up to see Anthony in his bed upstairs. He looked very ill and rather sad. He told me that on top of all his other troubles he had finally got cancer of the prostate which wasn't discovered in time so it had spread up to his lungs. However there is a wonderful new drug which can cure cancer or, at all events, arrest it, and he had taken it with great success. However it had had a lot of unfortunate side effects from which he was now suffering and he would not be able to go to the Investiture to-morrow but would come to the luncheon and the Installation Service. He had

particularly asked to see me to complain about a statement in an article in the Sunday Times Magazine in which the author, a man called Lacy^e, had made a statement implying that people close to the Queen knew how much she disapproved of the combined operation against the Egyptians but that there was no constitutional means of her stopping it.

He then showed me a letter from Lacy^e saying he had got this information from two very intimate friends of the Royal Family who were in a position to know. He assumed one might have been Philip but I pointed out he had been in the Antarctic at the time; and the other might be me. I didn't attempt to deny it; I said that I had been asked officially by Martin Charteris to see this man to help him and had answered all his questions. It was the author himself who had put the question, and I thought I had answered it sufficiently tactfully not to produce the particular statement that had appeared. I was sorry about this.

Anthony then told me that if, in fact, this statement was repeated in the book which he understood Lacy^e was writing he would have to take official action on this, and he hoped therefore that it would not appear in the book.



After this I asked Anthony if he remembered the famous night of the 26th July 1956 when after the dinner he had given for the young King of Iraq he had summoned the Chiefs of Staffs, the French Ambassador, and the American Charge d'Affaire, and with the Foreign Secretary had had a discussion. The Chairman of the Chiefs of Staffs was Dicky Dickson who was on the sick list, so I was the Acting Chairman.

I told him when he said he wanted to take over the Suez Canal that it could be done by sending the Mediterranean Fleet from Malta at 25 knots to Cyprus to pick up the Royal Marines Commando Brigade with any supporting weapons needed and running them in on the third morning alongside at Port Said without a shot being fired. They could only hold the causeway some 25 miles in length but though they could probably maintain their position under the guns of the Fleet and the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm it would not be a satisfactory position, but probably enough to enable him to be in a position to bargain to keep the Canal open. However I could not recommend it as a good solution. He astounded me by saying he didn't remember this offer at all.

I got to Andrew Yates's cocktail party at the Gatehouse, Old Windsor, by 1800 and left soon after 1830 as I had promised to meet Charles when he came back from polo in Oxfordshire.

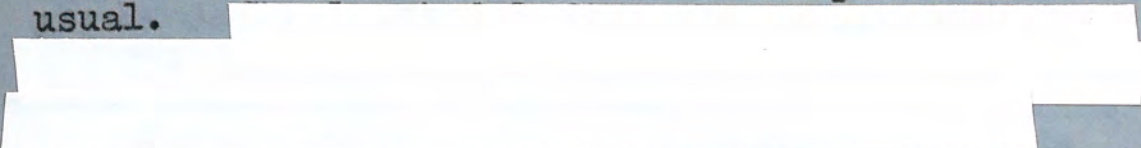
I had a very pleasant and fruitful talk with Charles in the garden below the ramparts.

What a sensible and splendid young man he is.

At 2015 there was dinner on the ramparts to which the members of the Household in Waiting came.

MONDAY, 14TH JUNE 1976

The weather continues hot and dry as in 1940. We had breakfast on the ramparts as usual.



I swam in the morning and continued with my correspondence. Pammy arrived at 1020 from Britwell as it was her turn to escort me for the Garter Service.

At 1040 Sweeney and I went along to Philip's room where his valet, Joe Pearce, and the head of Ede and Ravenscroft helped to robe me for the Investiture.

I went back to my room and picked up Pammy and we went to the Throne Room where I found as Master (Beaufort) was actually attending on Hugh Grafton who would have to be invested I was left in the position of Senior Knight and had an arm chair next to Philip. The other Knight invested was Harold Wilson, our late Prime Minister. Both Investitures went off very smoothly.

I do think that Lilibet had been wise to get Harold Wilson to become a Knight of the Garter because to have a Labour Prime Minister, like her father had Attlee, is an excellent idea to keep a balance between parties and classes.

After disrobing we all returned to the Great Drawing Room to assemble before the Garter luncheon in the Waterloo Chamber. By this time other officials besides the Knights of the Garter and their wives had arrived. I took the opportunity of talking to Rab Butler about the possibility of Norton taking his place as a Trustee of the Nehru Memorial Trust. He thought this was an excellent idea and said he would be glad to resign in his favour, if Norton would accept, so I will write to the latter. It will be a great thing to have another member of the family of the younger generation with both grandfathers having been Viceroy of India to carry on the family connection with the Trust which I founded.

At luncheon I sat between Mary Wilson who was on Philip's right and Clarissa Avon who had on the other side Gerald Templer. I told Clarissa of my conversation with Anthony and how surprised I was that he didn't remember the offer I made at the informal meeting of the 26th July 1956. She suggested we should ask Gerald Templer if he remembered.

Then a really extraordinary thing happened. Gerald said he didn't remember the meeting at all. He couldn't recollect coming to No.10 Downing

Street and finding Anthony Eden wearing the Garter, Dermot Boyle the Bath, after the dinner for the young King of Iraq, for an informal discussion, so obviously he couldn't remember my offer either. I really will have to follow this up with a letter to Dermot Boyle, who was the Chief of the Air Staff.

After luncheon we robed again and formed up in the St. George's Hall as usual. Master and I were now in the last rank, and immediately in front of us in a "blank file" was Anthony who had evidently decided to walk in the procession in spite of his health.

When Elisabeth formed up she found, of course, that she was alone as Charles who usually walks with her was at sea. So she called me up and asked me if I would walk with her and get Anthony to drop back and take my place to complete the last file with Master. This I arranged.

I therefore had the honour of accompanying the Queen Mother in the formal foot procession down the Hill to St. George's Chapel.

The Service went off as well as ever and it was fun seeing Joanna with Dodo and her two American friends in the front row but I couldn't see Hofmann and Fräulein Ilgen who should have been in the second row.

In the morning I had arranged with Penny that Dodo's driver would pick up the green almonds which her parents had brought over for me which

were then in Norton's house at 17 Bishops Road, so I got special permission for Dodo to have her car driven through the quadrangle to the Augusta Tower door. However they were so long in getting through that I took Pammy round to have tea in St. George's Hall with all the other Knights of the Garter.

Here Sweeney brought over Joanna, Dodo and her two friends to join our tea party. I then showed them round some of the principal rooms so they had good value for having brought up my green almonds.

I finished off my correspondence and then got Sweeney to work out the postage which was £1.61. I found the Queen's Page, Bennett, going in to Lilibet's room. I followed him in and asked him if he would kindly arrange to have the letters posted and gave him a £5 note. Bennett said it would take him at least five minutes to go to the Post Office to get change, whereupon Lilibet offered to produce the change. She unlocked one of her Red Cabinet Boxes and took out an envelope full of money. I said I only wanted £3 - I didn't want the odd pennies - so she gave me £3 and turned to Bennett and said "Bennett, don't forget you owe me £3".

Sweeney drove me back to Broadlands and we arrived at 1915.

At 2045 Saddrudin and Catherine Aga Khan arrived to stay the night direct from Geneva.

I had asked him to come and see me to discuss the situation which has arisen as a result of the failure of UNESCO to vote the necessary money for the International Baccalaureate. He was very sensible and helpful and agreed with me that this could turn out all for the good if we could only get enough money through the Governments direct, and U.W.C. could get a stronger control of the I.B.O.

TUESDAY, 15TH JUNE 1976

I had breakfast with Sadri and Catherine at 0830 and at 0845 Jack came to join the party for final discussions about the U.W.C. and the I.B. They left at 0915.

At 1030 I rode with Mary Lou. In the afternoon I drove over to Compton and had tea with old Tommy and Phyl Sopwith. I had been warned that they had been pretty ill and pretty low but I must say I found them both in better health and spirits than I had been led to expect. In fact she was most insistent that whatever happened they were going to go on with their gun in the shoot, and he wanted me to arrange for V.I.Ps to come and shoot at Compton before or after they had shot with me at Broadlands, as usual.

WEDNESDAY, 16TH JUNE 1976

I rode Tabu and Mary Lou this time rode Black Knight whom she is improving every day in stopping him from pulling, a bad habit he has recently acquired, I fear from Norton who likes galloping hard.

At 1745 I gave a cocktail party for a couple of hours for a dozen of the most important people in the Southampton area who are promising covenants or other financial support to the CAVALIER Trust. The Trustees have certainly left it to the last moment as the Ministry of Defence want to know by the end of the summer whether we can buy the ship for £100,000 or not. Much depends on the outcome of to-night's little party at Broadlands. I hope we succeed.

THURSDAY, 17TH JUNE 1976

I had a hurried run through my papers with Jack at 0850, and at 0925 Daborn drove Sweeney and me (via the Doll's House to deposit Kimberley) to London Airport. We arrived there at 1050 and went to the De Havilland Suite. Here I found Victoria Huntington Whiteley and her husband but not Alice Athlone. The former told me that her great Aunt Alice was unwell and would not be able to fly. This was unexpected and particularly sad as she was so well at Trooping the Colour last Saturday. I had never met Victoria before but knew from my Relationship Tables that she was the daughter of Calma, the sister of Bylla, the mother of Carl Gustaf, and therefore his first cousin. I liked them both. He served in the Navy in the War.

Sweeney and I flew with them in a British Airways aircraft from Heathrow at 1155, had lunch on board and after a good flight reached Arlanda International Airport outside Stockholm at 1400.

Here I was met by Bertil, Carl Gustaf's uncle, and his Regent when he is away. He had with him General Murray, the Chief of Carl Gustaf's Military Staff whom I had met when he came on the State Visit to Edinburgh; with them also was Brigadier General Jan von Horn. I recognised him at once as one of dear Gustaf's former A.D.Cs who used to come to London with him a lot and was very fluent in English. He told me he had been attached to me as my A.D.C. for the visit.

He had four stars on his shoulder strap and I must say I thought for a moment he was a four star General but it turned out he was really only the equivalent of a Brigadier General. He told me later on in confidence that there had been a big row with the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, my old friend Admiral Lundval, who had been furious with General Murray for appointing a soldier, as he claimed that the Royal Swedish Navy should provide a Commodore as my A.D.C. However, he didn't win his battle so I must look Lundval up and try and smooth matters over later on.

Our Ambassador, Sam Falle, was at Arlanda to meet me and I asked him to drive in my car as far as the Palace as this was about the only chance I would have of a good gossip with him. He confirmed that the wedding was extremely popular with the people in Sweden and that the Opposition party, who had been trying to abolish the Monarchy, appeared now to have come round to a large extent and now supported the young King with his new bride.

To my great astonishment I was shown up to Carl Gustaf's private apartments which I had seen when they were quite newly arranged at the time of Gustaf's funeral. They are charming but besides his own large bedroom, a smaller but very comfortable guest room which he had allocated to me, there was only a room for one A.D.C., and space for a couple of valets. So Sweeney was also with me. The doors were specially guarded, and even the lift had its own key.

Carl Gustaf was out at one of his many functions in connection with the wedding so I settled down and helped Sweeney to unpack.

At 1630 I had a U.W.C. meeting in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. The Chairman of the Swedish National Committee, Folke Halden, came with the Honorary Secretary the beautiful Anne Marie Nylander. Our Ambassador, Sir Sam Falle, and his Counsellor who helps with the selection procedure of students also attended. At the very end of the meeting we had a chance of talking with Coliander, the Assistant Lord Chamberlain, who is Vice Chairman of the Committee. So it was a good meeting and I promised to have a word with the Prime Minister, Palme, during the wedding festivities.

Carl Gustaf

asked me to have breakfast to-morrow with him at 0830 in his little dining room which, of course, I accepted.

I changed into a monkey jacket and when I found that my A.D.C. had put on a Swedish Star I thought I should do the same on this occasion so I put on the Star of the Order of the Seraphim. Sweeney had great difficulty in getting the fastening to stick and I really ought either to have had it sewn on with cotton or left it off. I took the risk and kept it on.

We drove to Skeppsholmen Landing where I met our Ambassador and embarked in the British Admiral's Barge to visit the Flag Ship of Vice Admiral Tony Morton Commanding the First Flotilla, and flying his flag in the ANTRIM, one of the guided missile destroyers whose design I was largely responsible for.

As I got to the top of the accommodation ladder and turned to step on board there was a tinkle and my Seraphim Star fell off into the sea. I did not notice it at once but others did and they put down a shot on a line to mark the exact spot where it fell.

F.O.F. and his Officers were giving a cocktail party on board and I met a number of Swedish officers, and I also, of course, took the opportunity of meeting as many of the ANTRIM's officers as possible. I was rather touched that they realised that the wooden deck on which

the cocktail party was held had been put in by me and the Admiral took me to his cabin which he knew I had enlarged and re-arranged during the early design stage.

As I left the party at 1915 I was introduced to the young officer in a wet suit who was going to dive to look for my Seraphim Star. He told me the depth was 150 ft. and the bottom was very muddy so the chances were not too good. I warned him not to stay down too long and to be very careful at that depth.

When I got back to the Palace I changed into dinner jacket and then drove off to Ulriksdal for the buffet dinner which Carl Gustaf's youngest sister, Christina, was giving at her nice house in the outer grounds of the Castle which Gustaf and Louise occupied for so many years of their lives. This house is called "Beylon" and has been done up in a very modern way by Christina.

The party consisted of about 40 members of the bridegroom's and bride's families; a sort of get-together. I met Silvia, the bride, briefly and thought she looked very attractive and nice. I was asked by Christina to sit next to the bride's mother, Frau Sommerlath, as she could only speak German and Portuguese and there weren't many people who could compete with her.

People could choose their own seats and Silvia came up a few moments later and asked if she might sit next to me. I was, of course,

flattered that she should have chosen an old man as her dinner partner but I must admit that by the end of our dinner I had fallen for her and thought her charming in every way.

This opinion was fully confirmed by Carl Gustaf's sisters who all went out of their way to say that their new sister-in-law was going to be a most successful Queen and a wonderful wife for Carl Gustaf.

I got back to my charming bedroom at midnight. I was told by John Ambler, her future brother-in-law, that he thought this was the room that Silvia had occupied for so long but she had moved into the wing in which her parents were lodged when they arrived. This may well be true as there is no other nice bedroom anywhere near Carl Gustaf's apartments and this was particularly nicely furnished.

FRIDAY, 18TH JUNE 1976

At 0820 Lindell, who had been Gustaf's valet and whom I knew well, came in to tell me that Carl Gustaf had been out to an early function and had got back early and was just starting breakfast. So I hurried up and joined him.

I found we weren't alone as his A.D.C. was with him. I later discovered that the A.D.C.-in-waiting practically never leaves him. He will have to now that Carl Gustaf is married or he will become a great bore.

At 1010 von Horn took Sweeney and me to the WASA. I never miss a chance of seeing this wonderful early 17th century ship every time I come to Stockholm and I have been many times since she was first recovered in 1961. What was exciting this time was that they had been able to turn off nearly all the spray which had been necessary to preserve the old timbers and have started cleaning the decks. Carl Gustaf told me at breakfast that he had been the first person to go below and have some refreshments there with friends and invited me to go below decks as well.

The young Director, whom I know well, on hearing this had the obstructions removed and led me down two decks to where Carl Gustaf had gone. He said we were only the second visitors to be allowed to do this.

It gave one quite a different view of the ship to be on board her and made it all much more exciting. There was enough light for me to try and take some photographs with my little camera.

I talked to some of the sailors from the ANTRIM who were going round the outside of the ship. They seemed very pleased with their visit to Stockholm, and I have heard excellent accounts of their behaviour.

We went round the WASA Museum again to see the new exhibits; then drove over to the other side of the harbour past the Palace to take photographs of the British, Danish, and Swedish War-

ships who were anchored in a line for a mini Naval Review to-morrow.

Carl Gustaf gave a large family luncheon in his official dining room on the floor above his own apartments. His three eldest sisters each had their three children there so there were nine of them in sections of three each of whom could really speak only English, Swedish or German but they seemed to get on very well together. I must say it was great fun seeing all four of Carl Gustaf's sisters again. What tall beautiful young women they have turned out to be. The eldest, Margaretha, who is married to John Ambler, of course lives in England and I see them from time to time and am very fond of them.

The second, Birgitta, married Prince Hans of Hohenzollern of the Sigmaringen Branch. The third, Désirée, married Niklas Silfverschiöld; and the youngest, Christina, married Tord Magnuson, both Swedes. I must say I took a great liking to their three husbands and we all got on extremely well together.


After lunch I went back with Olav to his apartments for a talk. He is actually sleeping in Louise's dressing-room and using her boudoir as his sitting room, and her bedroom as a sort of luggage room. It was quite a shock going back to the old apartments occupied by Gustaf and Louise for so many years and to find the furniture taken out of all the main living rooms, Louise's rooms being the only ones furnished at all and then only with about half of the usual furniture.

However, there was enough there to give me a shock and I felt darling Louise's presence all round the apartments.

I told Olav that the Norwegian Committee of the United World Colleges wished to hold a special meeting in Oslo in February at which all four Scandanavian United World College Committees would meet, and they wanted me to give a lecture on Winston Churchill and on the United World Colleges at the University Aula and then to take the Chair or give an address at a seminar on the International Baccalaureate and the United World Colleges at the Nobel Institute. I asked him what his views were.

He was enthusiastic and said I should certainly accept and that he would gladly attend my lecture in person and put me up in the Palace with anyone I cared to bring with me. This sounds a very exciting meeting and I shall look forward to it, and ask Pammy and David to come.

I found that by a misunderstanding only my Garter knee breeches had been packed and not my ordinary trousers for evening tail coat so I consulted Olav as the only other Knight of the Garter present and he thought it would be a good idea I should wear them as the British family would wear them at a Court function at Buckingham Palace. So I decided to do this although I must say I felt I was going to look rather conspicuous.



We all got changed early into evening dress and decorations, and at 1745 von Horn drove me the short distance to the Opera House where a Gala Performance was being given. The entire performance was a wedding present from the Swedish Parliament, the Government and the Opera and Stage stars in Sweden. The stars were headed by two regular members of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company who originally came from the Swedish Opera, and a man who is over there now.

Then of course there were the regular Court singers and dancers and ballet, and a large chorus; but what pleased me specially was that a Swedish Pop Group called "Abba" were invited to take part. They couldn't believe that the invitation was real and were absolutely thrilled. They got themselves the most wonderful 18th century costumes and did their 'pop' stuff in a very dignified amusing way which went well with the rest of the programme.

An actor playing the part of King Gustaf III sat opposite the Royal Box with actors and actresses dressed in Court costumes, and more or less acted as compère to the whole evening. He was the King who did so much for the Opera and was assassinated in the Opera towards the end of the 17th century. A special opera has been produced about him by Verdi.

The bridal couple, with the bride's parents, sat in the Royal Box and all the rest of us had special places assigned in the principal balcony,

in fact about fifty of us were allotted places in the first four rows of the centre of this balcony. I sat between Désirée and Christina immediately behind the German and Finnish Presidents. The performance lasted from about 1800 to 1920 when we all drove off in a long motor-cade with police escorts to dear old Dröbtingholm, the delightful Palace with lovely gardens which with the new motor-way is only about quarter-of-an-hour from the Stockholm Palace.

There were about 450 guests to a dinner party of which the more important sat in the famous Hall of the Sovereigns where Oscar I had hung large oil paintings of every Sovereign who reigned at the same time as he did round about 1850. I was at the top table very pleasantly placed between Margarita, Queen of Bulgaria, who had stayed with me at Broadlands, and Désirée. To the consternation of the sisters they found their nine children had been put together by themselves in the middle of the room. However, they all appeared to behave very well.

By this time Baudouin and Fabiola of the Belgians had turned up as well as Richard and Birgitte of Gloucester. I took the opportunity of having a good conversation with the Prime Minister, Olav Palme, about the United World Colleges and he promised his support.

Directly opposite me the Foreign Minister, Andersson, was seated next to Christina, and we reminisced about his visit with Carl Gustaf to

Edinburgh. I also had the chance of a good gossip with Kekkonin, the President of Finland, and Scheel, the President of Germany, and a brief word with Eldjarh, the President of Iceland. Apparently the Presidents of many other countries such as France and Jugoslavia had asked if they could come but they were told that only the two Scandanavian Presidents and the President of West Germany, as the bride came from that country, could come.

Poor Juanito and Sophie of Spain were turned down by the Socialist Swedish Government, which is unkind for they are doing their best to liberalise in Spain now.

In the middle of dinner George Best, a famous English pop singer, came in with his guitar and sang a delightful song he had composed in honour of the bridal couple, rather like a West Indian calypso. It was such a success that he had to come back and sing another song.

After dinner we all moved to the Ball Room. I noticed a whole lot of beautiful girls and some nice looking young men who appeared after the supper for the ball, and gathered these were all Carl Gustaf's old flames come for a farewell party.

The ball was opened in the most formal manner by Carl Gustaf and Silvia dancing a waltz by themselves while everybody looked on and clapped. John Ambler and I helped to get other

people on to the floor because we couldn't leave them doing a cabaret turn by themselves for the rest of the evening. Then everybody danced. I danced quite a lot mainly with Carl Gustaf's sisters and Sonja of Norway. I was determined to be a Cinderella and left soon after midnight but many of the others stayed on till 0230 I am told.

Silvia appeared for the first time wearing the Ladies' Order of the Seraphim. It was explained to me that Carl Gustaf had to give it to her before the Wedding while she was still of German nationality. The new Government regulations about Honours say that the King can award Honours to foreigners but the Government alone can award Honours to Swedish subjects. This would mean that the moment that Silvia was married and had become a Swede the King could no longer give her the Seraphim and although the Government might Carl Gustaf naturally preferred to give it himself while he still had the power to do so.

SATURDAY, 19TH JUNE 1976

Sweden had had hot clear sunny days recently but the weather forecast was bad for to-day, the Wedding day. However, it certainly started very fine.

I was rivetted watching out of my bedroom window the preparations for the landing. There is a main dual carriageway with a great stream of traffic running between the Palace and the Harbour quay. The traffic was diverted, and then an


extraordinary thing was done; men proceeded to lay a lawn of fresh turf right across the place where the King and Queen were to land on the quay with four flower beds of yellow and blue flowers with little shrubs and flag-staffs. On the main road itself they laid a bright blue Swedish carpet, and from there a red carpet let through the small garden to the actual Palace entrance. A stand had been put up solely for T.V. cameras and photographers, and on the other side there was a space for all the flag bearers who had carried flags round in the procession. All this was done amazingly quickly.

The admirable von Horn had turned up with an old Seraphim Star which he had managed to borrow from the Court jewellers. I also got a letter from Admiral Morton to say that their very best efforts had so far failed. I had taken a bet of two to one with Bertil that it would be recovered but he said it would be impossible in the mud. So it looks as though I have lost that. If so I will be particularly sad as this was an old Star given to me personally by Gustaf to keep whereas the Seraphim Star, I believe, is normally returned on the death of the holder, as in the case of the Garter. I believe there are only twelve Knights of the Seraphim and a few royalties so it is an Order which in its own way is as highly prized in Sweden as the Garter is with us. I feel sad.

Carl Gustaf had come back so late that instead of having an early breakfast he put it back to 0930. I went along and had it with him

and of course the inevitable A.D.C. Most of breakfast was taken up in discussing what he should wear in the way of decorations. Olav had advised him to wear the Collar of the Seraphim, but if he did this he couldn't wear the Ribbon of the Seraphim and would therefore have to wear the Ribbon of the German decoration he had been given. This he wanted to do in honour of Silvia but I thought it would be ample if he just wore the Star without the German sash.

Then the question arose should everybody else wear Collars? I had brought mine of the Garter but he very wisely decided that he would be the only one to wear a Collar; that he would wear no sash, but he would, in accordance with Swedish custom, wear a second Collar as well which certainly made him stand out from every one else and was a very good idea.



By 1130 Sweeney had got me dressed in Naval Full Dress and in his opinion "looked a

credit to the Royal Navy". Von Horn took me down and brought me over to where the other V.V.I. Royalties were collected for the procession.

The death of Knud, the brother of Daisy's father, had upset everything for the Danes. Not only was he to be the Regent, but now poor Benedicta, who had just bought a whole outfit of new clothes for the wedding ceremonies, had to stay behind as the Regent. The Danes couldn't come for the early celebrations and had to confine their visit to one single day - up by the night train from Copenhagen and down by the night train.

None of the Swedish family were there to meet them. Carl Gustaf obviously couldn't go after a late night and having to go to his own wedding, and Bertil had decided he must go and meet the Dutch, so he rang up his sister, Ingrid, and said that nobody would meet them. I complained you couldn't have three Queens and a King coming up together without anybody meeting them and suggested that Margaretha should go, but he said no, he didn't want to change it.

The foot procession formed up in the archway of the main entrance between two ranks of the Grenadier Guards in their wonderful old Napoleonic uniforms. Some of the men were fully two metres high and with their colossal bearskins really did look like giants.

The procession was headed by the Gloucesters followed by myself walking with Johnnie and Joe Luxembourg, then Baudouin and

Fabiola of the Belgians, followed by Ingrid, Daisy and Henrik, then Tino and Anne Marie; with Olav taking up the rear. We each had our staff officers in attendance behind us, and I was treated as a member of the Swedish Royal Family and so ranked above the Queen's representative, Richard Gloucester.

The great church, Storrkyrkan, is only a couple of hundred yards from the Palace. Here all the Royal Family had been baptised, married and buried, and it brought back memories of dear Gustaf's funeral.

I sat in the second row with Anne Marie and Henrik, and Carl Gustaf's brothers-in-law. His sisters very appropriately sat in the front row and I noted that Margaretha has now been given the position of the second principal Lady of Sweden after the new Queen.

Everything was on television so it was very hot. Just opposite me I admired again the great painted wooden statue of St. George and the Dragon. It was a simple and moving service conducted by the Archbishop in Swedish but with a printed English translation in our programmes. A German Chaplain from the Sommerlaths' home just gave one prayer otherwise it was all Swedish with some lovely singing. It was rather nice to see that Carl Gustaf waited for his bride at the door and led her up to the altar himself, preceded and followed by nephews and nieces making a very pretty bridal procession.

I must say Silvia looked really stunning. She was so graceful and charming and smiled so sweetly in her clinging white wedding dress with a long train and a magnificent tiara.

After the service the bride and bridegroom drove in an open landau with four horses escorted by the Life Guard Dragoons through large crowds in the town. They finally alighted at the steps at Skeppsholmens landing where they embarked in the old Royal Pulling Barge WASA. This had been used for Lilibet and Philip's State Visit when I was there in 1956. The Barge pulled round the International Squadron; all cheered as the Royal couple passed. We could see it fairly well with the naked eye but very well indeed on coloured television sets which were in every room.

By this time of course the garden for the landing had been finished and looked very lovely as they walked up the red carpet on the green grass with the flowers and the bushes and flags.

I nipped down and from a hidden position at the entrance managed to get a couple of photographs of the bride and bridegroom. Then they walked through the eastern entrance into the courtyard where the Colours of every single Regiment and every single Air Force and Naval Establishment in Sweden were paraded for them and Carl Gustaf went up to a little dais and made a brief address.

After this they disappeared for the photo groups which took over an hour because they got a famous Swedish photographer who insisted in taking a lot of trouble.

I must say the guests got pretty tired by now but I managed to get myself sitting next to Anne Marie near a window. I also had a very good talk with Tino about his future prospects, which was interesting.

It was not in fact until close on 1530 that we all trooped in to the Wedding Breakfast. There were so many guests that it couldn't be held in the Long Gallery of Charles XI as it only seats 160 at a single table. There were so many more guests that they finally put a lot of tables in the great Ball Room called the White Sea; then over-flow tables had to go down the big rooms adjacent. Poor President Kekkonen, who had stuck out the Church Service, felt too ill to come to the lunch so Johnnie of Luxembourg moved up into his place, and I took his place next to Sonja of Norway. On the other side I had the wife of the President of Iceland. She talked good English and was very friendly and quite amusing. Her son is at the University of Stockholm and hopes to become a poet.

President Scheel of Germany was the other side of Sonja at the corner of the table so we were able to lean across and have quite a good talk.

Bertil made a nice speech in Swedish of which English translations were provided for the non-Swedish speakers, and then the father of Silvia made a short speech in German.

Behind the King and Queen's chairs stood, in their magnificent blue and silver uniforms,

Lindell "The King's Jaeger" or huntsman, and behind Silvia's stood Louise's old Linquest "The Queen's Runner". I talked to him and he pointed out how closely the new double "S" of Silvia resembled the double "L" he wore for Louise. I understand they are going to leave the Ostrich feathers undisturbed - blue and yellow for Sweden, red and white for our family.

When we left the luncheon room in the V.I.P direction I went with von Horn to look up other friends. I saw the Chief of the Defence Staff, and then had a good talk with Admiral Lundval, the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy and a very old friend. He told me if the British frogmen were unable to find the Seraphim Star would I mind if the Swedish frogmen had a go at it. Of course I said I would be only too glad but I told him I didn't think they would have much chance.

When I came back to the V.I.P. Royal room I found that everybody had gone having apparently said good-bye to the bride and bridegroom, so I went up to my bedroom and changed back and rested, and then put on my dinner jacket. Then at about 1915 I went to Carl Gustaf's room to say good-bye to him and he said that he and Silvia had been delayed and when she came in he would let me know and I could probably say good-bye to her at about 2000.

Meanwhile Rita Dar, Nan Pandit's niece and married to the Indian Ambassador here, Autar Dar,

rang up to say that they were still in Stockholm and very much wanted to see me. So I told her if she came along with her husband at 1940 I would have her let in and shown straight up to my rooms. She accepted and Carl Gustaf's A.D.C. kindly went down and brought them up.

I had a fascinating discussion with them which was really a continuation of the talk I had had with her in London. I promised to give them some letters of introduction to friends in America where they hoped to go in two or three weeks to find a job on his retirement.

He gave me the most gloomy picture of India and the future, and I only hope that he is wrong and it is not the end of democracy there. He painted a real picture of a police state. He told me the only reason they had not put Ayesha back in jail was that her doctor had certified that she had to have an operation in Bombay; she went down there and had a very minor operation just to keep her away from prison, at least he believes that was the situation. His own junior staff were obviously spying on his activities and he was terribly upset.

At 2000 a reporter from the Svenska Tagblat arrived in the hopes of getting an interview with me as the oldest visiting Royalty. I thought I ought to say yes and do some propaganda for the Monarchy and gladly did so.

At 2020 I went along to Carl Gustaf's

main dining room where Bertil and his dear old girl friend, Lilian Craig, were giving a party for all those members of the family who had not left. There were 58 at ten tables of six each with four at Table No.10. At this moment the news came that the bride and bridegroom had not yet been able to leave and while their servants were packing they would like to come down and have a meal. Bertil shrugged his shoulders and said they would have to take places 59 and 60 at the tenth table with the younger members of the family; he wasn't going to alter all the table plans.

Then they arrived looking sweet. She was very trim in her cream going-away dress and hat holding a bouquet of flowers, and he in a gay light blue country suit. There was much applause and loud cheers when they arrived full of smiles. We all went up and greeted them and then sat down for dinner.

I was at the hostess's table, presided over by Lilian Craig. She put me on her right, Olav on her left, Daisy on my right with Tino on her right, and Margretha between the two. This table thus had two Kings and a Queen; it certainly was the plum table and I was very honoured to be sitting next to the hostess. I remembered she had put me next to her at the dinner that she and Bertil gave at the end of Gustaf's funeral.

The food was absolutely delicious as might have been expected since Bertil is a Gordon Bleu

Chef himself. The conversation was very gay and there was unrestrained laughter everywhere. We all got up together and went into the next room, and then the bride and bridegroom tried to slip away unnoticed but two of his sisters rushed up and shut the door and put a chair against it, then they put me into the chair and gave me the key. Meanwhile Daisy and her sister, Anne Marie, stood guard, so the bride and bridegroom were held. Silvia said "What do I do to have the key?" I replied "Give me a kiss". So she came up and embraced me warmly and took the key.

By this time the rest of the party had gathered round with a supply of rice and as the door opened and they tried to escape they were smothered with rice. In fact Tino actually emptied a tin of rice over Carl Gustaf's head.

They left greatly dishevelled, covered with rice, but in high good spirits, and I don't suppose there has ever been a Royal departure on a honeymoon quite so extraordinary since my sister, Alice, hit her Uncle, Nicholas II, on the head with her slipper. It was a wonderful ending to a gloriously mixed day of high Royal Ceremonial and family leg pulling, and later friendly demonstration by the crowds.

I blush to add an astonishing incident; after Silvia was given the door key by me and the family were standing round, Tino came up with Daisy and Anne Marie and said to Silvia "Let these two young Queens be a lesson to you. You

will soon find that all young Queens invariably fall in love with Dickie". Anne Marie added "Dickie likes you very much and approves of you; is it true he had never met you before?" Daisy added "He may not actually have taken any part in choosing you but in a few years time you will find that he was the person who chose you to be Queen of Sweden!" I suppose I deserve that crack - it certainly brought out a lot of laughter.

The party broke up early and people went away to pack and get ready to leave to-morrow morning after saying good-byes all round.

This time Margaretha did insist on going to the station to see off the three Queens on the night train; so at least one lesson I suggested has been learnt.

We have been very lucky with the weather to-day; it remained fine for the whole of the wedding ceremony and processions, and then after the bridal couple had landed from the WASA just as they reached the door-step the first spots of rain fell and apparently the old Swedish saying is "Happy is the bride on whom the rain falls". From then on the weather was changeable with intermittent showers, but nothing could dampen the spirits of the crowd.

It was only after it was all over that John Ambler told me that shortly before the wedding day the Swedish Security Services got alarmed that the various extremist organisations

operating inside Sweden might try and assassinate Carl Gustaf and Silvia during their State Drive in the open carriage.

So they replaced the faithful old postillions riding the off side of each pair of horses by crack shot rider security guards, who had to be hurriedly fitted out in postillion's uniforms and then replace them secretly at the last moment. They rode with a small portable radio set in their hats and ear pieces in their wigs, and a loaded six-shooter ready to beat any assassin to the draw.

However, no incident occurred, as we now all know, but the officials concerned must have been worried. After all Alfonso and Ena had their coachmen blown to bits by a bomb on their drive to the Church in 1906.

SUNDAY, 20TH JUNE 1976

Sweeney called me at 0700 and von Horn arrived at 0800. He wanted Sweeney to hurry up with the packing and to get off as soon after 0830 as possible. I had a long argument about that yesterday because they wanted us all to leave at 0830 to be airborne by 1000. I said if we left at 0900 we would have plenty of time in hand, and I finally persuaded everybody to accept my timing.

At 0830 I went down and joined Richard and Birgitte of Gloucester in the main dining room

for breakfast, and we all left at 0900 with a police escort as I suggested. We had a record run through to Arlanda taking less than half-an-hour to get there. We drove straight up to the Andover of the Queen's Flight with a red carpet already laid out, and our Ambassador, Sam Falle, and other V.I.Ps were there to see us off. Bertil had said to me last night "I do hope you will forgive me if I don't see you off by the early aircraft as I have so many other people to see off later". I objected; I said I didn't see how we could possibly take off without the Royal Traffic Controller to see us through. For a moment he looked stunned, then roared with laughter when he saw I was pulling his leg. In fact we took off at 0945 in bright weather with broken cloud.

We agreed it had been a lovely trip and we reminisced about the time when we and Jane Thomson, the Lady-in-Waiting, were together on the trip to Nepal with Charles.

We had lunch on board and landed in accordance with the time table at 1425 at Heathrow. We went straight to the Royal Lounge where their cars and Daborn with my Jaguar were waiting for us. We got off very quickly and I arrived back having picked up Kimberley by 1610.

There was a fair amount of mail which had collected for me and of course three days papers to read.

It has been a most enjoyable three days - historic and great fun, and brought back so many memories of dear Louise.

MONDAY, 21ST JUNE 1976

It was such a hot day to-day that Mary Lou appeared for the first time this year in a short sleeved open neck shirt to ride Tabu. He was in a very bad mood and nearly had her in a ditch but it would take more than that to unseat Mary Lou. I rode Champagne.

As I was due to spend four nights in London this week Jack had decided that he would divide the work of looking after me among the staff including himself. So this time Daborn drove me at 1555 to London which we reached at 1730.

Larry Collins rang the Bell at 1745 as arranged. Daborn did not realise that you should answer the front door by telephone, and by the time he got down himself Larry thought we had not yet arrived and went round the corner to a friend of his, so we missed him and he only turned up just after 1800, three minutes before I was due to depart. However, he promised to come round and have breakfast with me to-morrow.

Daborn drove me round to the Hotel Intercontinental at Hamilton Place, where the Public Relations girl met me and took me up to the Loewenthal Room which the Hotel Management kindly donated to us together with the champagne for a cocktail party to sell tickets for the Preview of Douglas Fairbanks' new play "The Pleasure of his Company" which he is giving to the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Marjorie Brecknock and I were co-hosts and received all the guests. I made a

short light hearted speech with a joke; Marjorie followed with a very able but very serious recitation of the objects of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Anyhow quite a lot of people bought tickets which was the main object.

I couldn't get away until 1925 to have a bath and change into dinner jacket. Then Daborn drove me to 30 Pavilion Road which is a charming house which is rented for parties. I only arrived at 2010 and found Patricia, John and Joanna and Amanda waiting in the front hall to receive Lilibet.

The party is for the two girls, one for her 21st birthday and one for her 18th birthday, though Amanda will be 19 on the 26th.

Upstairs there were Pammy and David, Michael John and Clare Johnston, Phi, who had had to come up for a dental appointment from Gordonstoun, Dodo, Simon Troughton for Joanna, and a boy called Andrew McLellan for Amanda. He had asked Amanda what to wear and had offered to wear his dark blue velvet jacket, or as an alternative a particularly smart suit. Amanda thinking he meant a dark suit accepted only to find when he arrived he had a light brown and yellow check suit on.

We were the only people dining in the house in the charming dining room. It was a very cozy and happy party.

After dinner we collected on the big landing overlooking the staircase up which guests had to come to the party being held on the first floor.

so we had the fun of seeing all the people arriving and going through the receiving line, Patricia, John and the girls.

The total party was 230 people and I must say I have never seen so many old friends again for years. I danced with my favourite girls beginning with Lilibet and then my two daughters, Sacha, Phillippa and also Clare.

Norton arrived back too late for dinner from his job as Location Manager for the great film "One Bridge too Far" being made at Arnhem in Holland, and brought along Penny, and her father and mother, and brother, Peter. I hadn't met the rest of the Eastwood family before and thought them very nice.

I walked home at about 0140, as the distance is so short. The party was going strong and I must say was a great success. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves wildly and I am happy to say particularly Lilibet and Philip.

TUESDAY, 22ND JUNE 1976

I had nothing to do in London all day until the evening and in order to change round staff Daborn drove me down to Broadlands at 0830 arriving at 1020. It was a lovely day and I went for a ride with Mary Lou. On our way back via the Ridge Meadows we came to one which had oil seed rape in bloom. Some 30 bee hives had been put at one end of the field to help pollinate the blooms

but unfortunately instead of being at the far end of the field they were across the actual road which we always ride along.

There was no way of getting out of it - to go back would have meant loosing a lot of time so Mary Lou very bravely went ahead. I followed her. Presently the bees started to attack us and set on the dogs, and ponies too; but Mary Lou continued to go quietly at a walk but I found so many bees on me that I galloped off at full speed. I actually got 12 stings pulled out of my scalp on return and one sting out of my ear, but with the doctor prescribing appropriate ointment the pain soon diminished.

Although Mary Lou only had one sting on the cheek it swelled up as she is evidently rather allergic to bee stings. She had brought both Kimberley and Jersey for the ride and took them back again.

I caught up with some of my work and then at 1700 Jack drove me up in the Jaguar to 2 Kinnerton Street which we reached at 1840. He kindly helped me to change into evening dress with the Legion of Honour and knee breeches with the Garter. Quite a few things were wrong and required last minute help which delayed me although he was very good about them.

I got to Buckingham Palace by the skin of my teeth at 2000 and was almost the last member of the family to get there. In the procession I took Mary Beaufort in, and then a new plan

happened because instead of the partners who take people in necessarily staying with them several of us were separated by two or three places from our processional partners. I was very interestingly placed between Mrs. Crosland, the pretty wife of the Foreign Secretary, and Lady Widgery, the wife of the Lord Chief Justice.

After dinner I had a conversation with my friend Bob Mark, the Commissioner of Police, about the new Police Act. He was very upset by it as it meant including civilians on his "Police Courts Martial" which he feared was going to have a very bad affect on getting guilty policemen to resign voluntarily and hasten the clean up.


I thought it was a serious matter and had a talk with Roy Jenkins about it, as the Home Secretary was also at the banquet. I warned him that Bob would probably resign over this.

I also had a crack at the P.M., Jim Callaghan but he said that it was up to Roy. I am distressed as I have such a high regard for Bob Mark; our best policeman within my memory.

I told the First Sea Lord how well the ANTRIM had done at the wedding in Stockholm and he was very pleased about that. I also gave accounts of the wedding to several members of the family when opportunity arose.

I avoided an interview with the President of France, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, as I knew I would have a better chance with him to-morrow.

However I did come up at the end just to make my number when he was with Lilibet waiting to say goodnight. He said to me in French that he had read the book I had given him "Cette Nuit La Liberté" and found it absolutely rivetting. I replied "That's more than Her Majesty has been able to do so far but I hope she is going to read it soon".



I got back by midnight driving myself as usual from the Garden Entrance.

WEDNESDAY, 23RD JUNE 1976

At 0950 Yves Mourousi of O.R.T.F. called to see me to discuss my part in the programme being televised direct live to the French people from 1100 to 1230 to cover the President's address to both Houses of Parliament. I arrived at the lawn outside the House of Lords' entrance at 1055 to find four chairs placed for the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mourousi and myself to sit facing the camera. The programme began by his introducing me and asking me to speak about what it had been like in 1940 and 1941 when I had first been associated with Winston.

Knowing from our Ambassador that Giscard d'Estaing had done his best to cancel his visit to England, or at least to reduce it to two days, because he thought England was pretty well finished and did not want to waste his time, I thought it would be a good thing to say something stirring to the French people. I therefore spoke along the lines that I was indeed one of the two survivors of Winston's associates (the other one was Anthony Avon who was really too ill to take part).

I said I could remember the physical shock when I was at sea in 1940 and the Nazis over-ran France; we were all deeply distressed beyond measure. All of us were ready to make any sacrifice to drive the Germans out of France, probably with the help of the Americans later on. But Winston gave a great lead of friendship and encouragement. I said it was nice now that 36 years later the President of France had come over to hold out a hand of friendship to us in return just like Winston had to the French when they were in trouble. We were in trouble now and we valued the friendship of the French people in return for the friendship we had given to them, and I thought this was a great and historic visit.

Mourousi afterwards congratulated me and said that if nothing else was said on French T.V. during the whole of the visit this had been worthwhile coming over for.

The only other person who spoke was the Duchess of Bedford who gave an amusing description of a French woman's idea of the British.

Soon after I got back Patricia came round with Joanna, who had just heard that she had obtained a good Bachelor of Arts degree in her examinations at the University of Kent so I was able to congratulate her right away. Both had come to give their best wishes to me for my birthday as they could not see me on the 25th, and Patricia brought her birthday present with her.

At 1235 I drove myself to York House for a quick meeting with Eddie and Graham Clifford to discuss how we were to handle the coming luncheon with Sir Peter Carey the new Permanent Under Secretary of State for the Ministry of Industry.

At 1300 Carey turned up. I don't ever remember meeting him before and he wasn't of a very prepossessing appearance, but the longer we talked the more we fell for him.

Then Eddie took us all up in his car to Boodles for lunch and during lunch the four of us got on like a house on fire and we found Carey really sympathetic and helpful in every way about N.E.C.; a really worthwhile luncheon.

On return to 2 Kinnerton Street I started working on the mail with Jack Barratt, and at 1730 Sacha came round for half-an-hour.

I then changed into evening dress without knee breeches but with the Legion of Honour, and drove round to Buckingham Palace where I left the car in the quadrangle and then joined up in the second Staff Car with the Duchess of Grafton who

is the Mistress of the Robes, and Sir Martin Charteris, the Private Secretary to the Queen. I had asked to have a lift in one of the Staff Cars as it was going to be very difficult for me to manage without a driver. The Lord Chamberlain had kindly arranged this. At any rate Fortune and Martin are both great friends of mine.

To our delighted astonishment Lilibet had just over-ridden the official programme and instead of her and Philip going ahead by five minutes to the Royal Opera House then waiting to receive the President and Madame Giscard d'Estaing she invited the President to come in her car, and Madame Giscard d'Estaing in Philip's car, so we drove in a single friendly procession to the Opera House which gives a good indication of how well they are all getting on.

The Gala Performance in honour of the French President's State Visit was Un Ballo in Maschera by Somma, music by Verdi. This was the love story ending in the assassination of Gustaf III at the masked ball in the Royal Opera House in Stockholm in the year 1792.

By an astonishing coincidence I had been to the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, just five days before at a Gala Performance for the King's Wedding and an actor dressed as Gustaf III sat in the box opposite the Royal Box and took part in the proceedings. I really must send Carl Gustaf a copy of the programme.

It was really beautifully performed and has only once been seen before at Covent Garden.

There were pauses between scenes, and twenty-five minutes between the three main acts, so we did not get back to Buckingham Palace until about 2340.

Lilibet and Philip had invited just the members of the family and the Court and the French party who had been to the Opera for a late dinner party in the Bow Room. I sat at Philip's table between Madame Jean Sauvagnargues, the wife of the Foreign Secretary, and Madame Claude Pierre Brossolette, the wife of the Presidential Secretary General, who himself was the son of the famous French Resistance operator.

After this supper party I had a splendid opportunity to have a long conversation with the President. He was very friendly and interested in the fact that his brother had just been to see the United World College of South East Asia. He made a great point that I should come and see him again when I came over to France on the next occasion which I said would be towards the end of October.

He then surprised me by asking what I thought of the Resistance hero Rémy. I said I thought he was a really splendid man who had done a wonderful job in the war in supplying us with information for various raids and the invasion at great personal risk, and had done a great deal since for ex-service-men. He asked me if I would write and put my views on paper as he was considering promoting him in the Order of the Legion of Honour and whereas he himself was only 17 years old when he was in the Resistance he wanted a contemporary to put up the case. I

told him I would be delighted to do so as I admire Rémy and he is a very old friend.

THURSDAY, 24TH JUNE 1976

At 0845 I walked round to the Berkeley Hotel and had breakfast with Carola whom Jack had met in the Jaguar at Heathrow last evening.

At 0950 Sweeney, who had come up the evening before, collected me and drove me up to my dentist, Sampson, in Harley Street, to replace a stopping which had come out. He warned me he couldn't fix it very tight and it might come out again, and it did. By 1100 I was back at 2 Kinnerton Street to catch up with some work.

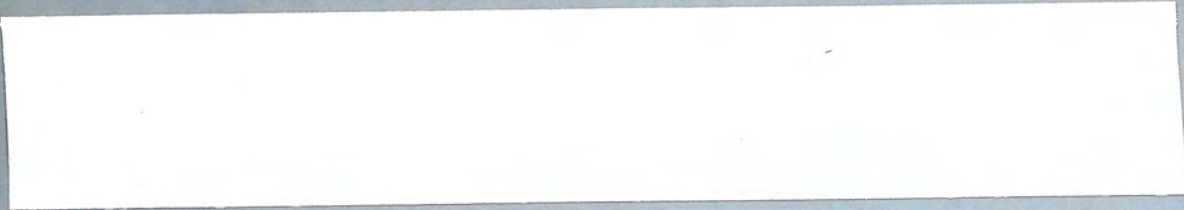
At 1300 I came back to Carola's suite for luncheon and found her grand-daughter, Suzanne, the sister of Nina who had come over the year before, had turned up. She was mad keen, of course, to go to the tennis, so I got Jack to ring up to see if there was a spare seat in the Royal Box in the back row and luckily there was. So at 1400 we set off in the car to Wimbledon. Carola was groaning that she didn't like tennis and didn't want to go to Wimbledon, but I told her we had to go as I had accepted the invitation to go to the Royal Box to give her pleasure.

The match was men's singles, Nastasie against a young Australian called Warwick. It was an exciting match; Nastasie only just beat him. The whole atmosphere was exciting and I could soon see that Carola was enjoying herself.

At tea time the Chairman, Air Chief Marshal Sir Brian Burnett, offered me the usual Royal table for tea, and said I could ask whom I liked. I found Zia and Sacha there, and May and Henry Abel Smith, so I asked those four to join us three at the tea table which was fun.

After tea we drove back to the West End. I dropped Carola and Suzanne off at the Berkeley, and then drove back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

I changed into white tie and decorations and at 1950 the Kents sent their car to collect me and I joined up with them and Michael at York House, and we all four drove to the French Embassy where we were shown into the Royal Family room where several members of the family were already gathered.



The Banquet at the French Embassy was magnificent with wonderful food, of course. I found myself sitting between the Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. Callaghan, and the Employment Minister's wife, Mrs. Michael Foot. I had enjoyable conversations with both.

After dinner there was a tremendous reception in the garden in a great big structure which had been built up not like a tent but what

looked like a solid roof with partially open sides. I looked everywhere for Pammy and David and it took quite a time to locate them in the crowd. I met many other people as well and had a chance for talks. Above all I was able to introduce David to Denis Hamilton, the Editor-in-Chief of the Times and Sunday Times. After that he went off and met Madame Giscard d'Estaing whilst I took Pammy off to talk to the President who was very pleasant to us both.

I drove back with the three Kents who kindly dropped me off at 2 Kinnerton Street on the way.

FRIDAY, 25TH JUNE 1976

My 76th birthday; I must say I feel more like 56 except that I tire more easily. I walked round to the Berkeley for breakfast with Carola and found that she had decided on her return to London after the week-end to move to her old haunt the Stafford Hotel which I don't think is nearly as nice but she had booked a room so long ago she felt she had to stay there.

At 1000 Pammy came round to wish me a happy birthday. She was the only member of the family in London and was herself just off to Britwell. She invited us to come down to Britwell but I felt it was rather too much of a strain on Carola who after all is now nearly 81.

At 1030 Sweeney and I collected Carola in the Jaguar, Jack having gone down with most of the

luggage in the Peugeot the day before.

It was another absolutely lovely day. The weather has become like India between October and March; blue skies and very hot. The temperature at Wimbledon was over 100° and in most places it is up in the 90°ies. There has been no rain for a very long time so we are in for a drought. Luckily at least our farm is on chalk and is not quite so badly off as some others.

Immediately on our arrival Carola and I went and swam in the pool and then had lunch together in the Orangery. Kimberley had been brought back and Carola took a great fancy to him, though she still misses Juno.

SATURDAY, 26TH JUNE 1976

Norton rang up early to ask if he and Penny and her brother, Peter, could come down for the night. I replied certainly, so they duly turned up at 1300 and joined Carola and me for lunch at the swimming pool.

After lunch I started to deal with the enormous birthday mail and cables, which is the penalty of having a birthday.

SUNDAY, 27TH JUNE 1976

I had fixed riding for the young people but at 0815 Norton rang on the inter-com to say Penny's conscience pricked her and she felt she

must go back to London to carry on working for her last examination, so with great regret they set off after breakfast to drive to London on this lovely day. Hardly had they gone than Mafalda discovered that she had left all her notes and text books behind in the drawing room. Luckily Mafalda's daughter, Gina, was due to go back to London after lunch so I arranged for her to take them up and rang up Norton who arranged to meet her at the station.

At 1800 Mumo arrived. She was Princess Marie Louise of Bulgaria who first married Prince Charles of Leiningen, the great great grandson of Queen Victoria's half brother, and later she got a divorce and married Bronislaw Chrobok a Canadian of Polish origin. She brought with her the two children by her first marriage, the Princes Boris and Hermann of Leiningen aged 16 and 13 respectively. I hadn't seen them since they were quite small; they are growing up nicely and were good fun. They went straight off to the swimming pool. I told her I had seen her brother, King Simeon II of Bulgaria, in Stockholm.

Meanwhile my other guests had rung up to say that the aircraft which was bringing their daughter from Madrid was very late and so they only arrived at Broadlands at 1830. They were the Grand Duke Wladimir Kyrilovitch of Russia, the claimant to the Throne of Russia, and his wife, Leonida, and their daughter, Maria, Grand Duchess of Russia. She had been educated at Oxford and was now engaged to Prince Franz Wilhelm of Prussia. He is a great grand-son of Willie (Maiser Wilhelm II).

All these people had proposed themselves to come down to Broadlands, the Russians for the first time. It was a nice friendly party and we went straight to the pool. I put back dinner to 2015. The film was "That's Entertainment - Part Two" which was quite excellent.

Carola was in good form and obviously enjoyed the party.

MONDAY, 28TH JUNE 1976

At 0845 Carola had breakfast upstairs, and the other eight of us had breakfast downstairs in the dining room. After that I took them all off to plant trees except Mumo who had already planted one when she came in 1970.

I had quite a good gossip with Wladimir who is a very fluent linguist. I asked him how the matter stood between him and his rival claimant, Prince Roman Petrovitch. Roman is the great grand-son of Tsar Nicholas I through a younger son; whereas Wladimir's father was a great grand-son through the eldest son, Alexander II. Wladimir pointed out that there would be no question at all about who inherited the Throne legally but admitted two objections had been raised by opponents; the first was that his mother, Victoria Melita, had not embraced the Orthodox faith before marriage and indeed I rather gather that she hadn't ever become Orthodox, at least not before the birth of her son, so that might be regarded as debarring him. Furthermore, his mother, Ducky, had been divorced from my Uncle

Ernie who being the brother-in-law of Nicholas II the latter disapproved of the divorce and re-marriage, and if, in fact, he had had to nominate an heir it is very doubtful whether he would have agreed to nominate Wladimir's father, Kyril.

However, Wladimir was quite honest and said Roman was taking no action to follow up his claim; whereas Wladimir was taking an active interest in the claim to the Throne though he realised that the chance of it ever coming off was almost infinitesimal.

However, historically it is interesting to think that he is accepted by many Russians as the legal claimant to the Throne of Russia.

The whole party were very pleasant and have invited me to the wedding in Spain but I don't think I shall be able to go.

Wladimir astonished me by asking for a framed photograph of me which I was glad to give him, but I am afraid I didn't ask for one in return. I showed them my collection of Russian family pictures.

Mumo and her two sons left at 1045 to catch the train back from Southampton, and at 1050 the Russians departed by car. Carola left about the same time with Jack Barratt who is driving her to London, as Jack had to go to a meeting, so it was very convenient for him to take her up

Soon after 1100 Sacha drove down from London for a ride, or rather a riding lesson as

she is still learning. She rode Panda, I rode Tabu and Mary Lou rode Champagne.

On return Sacha and I swam and had lunch by the pool. Later on she drove me to London in her car as I was due to dine with Philip at one of his special dinners that night.

This dinner was to consider the question of "Terrorism". These dinners have been going for sometime, ever since Philip discussed the idea with me on one of the BRITANNIA cruises. He has a small party of regular friends who come as far as possible to every dinner and I act as "Vice Chairman" for the dinner sitting opposite Philip. Philip runs the discussions after dinner very skilfully and appears to have a better knowledge and insight into most of the technical problems than the experts who come to the various dinners. They are a fascinating experience for everybody but invaluable to Philip who is really learning about all the problems of the country. Sad to relate John was in Ireland so missed this dinner.

TUESDAY, 29TH JUNE 1976

At 0850 Jack drove me round to the Stafford Hotel for me to have breakfast with Carola. At 0950 I took a taxi to the Westbury Hotel to have my hair cut. And at 1100 Jack fetched me and drove me back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

At 1145 Jo de Bono came for three-quarters-of-an-hour's gossip about Malta, and about this

remarkable "Natural Thinking" invented by her eldest son, Edward, whom I have put in touch with the International Baccalaureate to work it in to the syllabus if possible.

At 1235 Sacha came and fetched me and drove me to 15 Grosvenor Square where she very conveniently parked the car in the garage as there was no parking space anywhere. We had lunch with her grandmother, Zia, who had the Governor of Bermuda, Ted Leather, and Eric Penn and his beautiful wife, Prue, to luncheon.

After luncheon Sacha dropped me back at 2 Kinnerton Street at 1420, and I then started working again on my papers with Jack.

At 1840 I walked to 93 Sloane Street for a Flat Warming Party by Charles and Elisabeth Collins. It was a very pleasant little party and a very nice flat, and I met the really delightful widowed Lady Ellerman and made friends with her. I have asked the Collins to bring her down to Broadlands one day.

Esther Ellerman dropped me at the Stafford Hotel where I had dinner in a private air-conditioned room with Carola, the Jessels, her grand-daughter, Suzanne, and Anna the faithful maid. Jack came round and collected me at 2200 and had succeeded in buying one of the very first copies off the press of the new book "The War Lords" edited by the Chief of the Defence Staff, Field Marshal Sir Michael Carver. It has forty-three biographies of Commanders in war on both sides during the twentieth century and Ronnie

Brockman has done a chapter on me with considerable help from Jack. I note that the average pages per biography is 14 but mine occupies 18 pages, and I am sorry misses out my World War I hero Beatty, most unjustifiably in my opinion.

WEDNESDAY, 30TH JUNE 1976

At 0840 I had breakfast with Carola at the Stafford Hotel and at 0920 the U.W.C. party collected me in Nina's car and we drove to 2 Kinnerton Street for a briefing meeting with Ian and Robert.

We then walked round to call on the Saudi Arabian Ambassador in Belgrave Square and he kindly undertook to send a telegram and a letter to the Saudi Minister of Education as his No.2 is coming over here in ten days time and we hope to conclude an agreement for Saudis to go to St. Donats.

We walked back at 1030 and got to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1035 in plenty of time theoretically to catch my train. Nina was certain she could do the trip in twenty minutes so we left at 1040 but the traffic was so heavy and she went a very foolish way via Trafalgar Square where we got stuck, so instead of being at Euston Station at 1100 we were still in Trafalgar Square. She then pushed on very bravely and managed to reach Euston Station at 1110 the precise moment my train was due to pull out, but luckily there was a high station official waiting for me and accompanied by Robert and Ian we ran, I repeat

really ran, the whole distance to the train.

Here the Secretary of the National Electronics Council, Dennis Dibsdall, was waiting for me and persuaded the guard to hold up the train until I got into it. As I put my foot on to the running board the train started. It would have been a great disaster if I had missed it, and an object lesson to me to leave more time to catch a train.

That reminds me that during the war when I was working in Combined Ops. in Scotland Yard I used to catch a train down to Winchester each free week-end. First of all I left twenty minutes, then fifteen, then ten; finally I found that Waterloo was so near I could leave just seven minutes and never miss the train. I was very proud of this, until many years later I met the Station Master of Waterloo who had been Assistant Station Master during the war, and remembered having had to hold the train for a minute or two for me on every occasion but nobody had complained.

After this the train was eighteen minutes late because of trouble with the points owing to the great heat. The train arrived, in fact, at the International Station for the National Exhibition Centre at 1245 and we were rushed round with a police escort by road to the Hotel Metropole; although it is only a few minutes walk through the centre they thought it was less trying and quicker to go by car.

Here I was met by the Chairman of the British Overseas Trade Board Conference, Sir Frederick Catherwood, who introduced me to his Committee, and then we sat down quickly for the luncheon.

There were some 250 people from the Conference at the luncheon. Fred Catherwood made a polite short speech about me, and I made a carefully prepared speech about the export trade putting in a couple of light-hearted stories to keep it from really being too dull.

At 1430 we all packed up to enable the Conference to continue and I was driven to Coventry to visit the G.E.C. Telecommunications Factory at Spon Street. This was one of the very few buildings which was not destroyed during the Coventry blitz; in fact, it is over 70 years old and has been converted in an admirable way in to a modern electronics factory.

I was taken all round and found it rivetting. I met an old shipmate from the NEW-CASTLE, and another sailor who had served with me in the Fleet; and a member of Force 136 who had served under me in South East Asia. What really fascinated me was the ultra modern shop which has been converted for producing photographically modern printed circuits.

We were given tea here, and then drove back to the Metropole Hotel arriving at 1700 in time for a bit of a rest before I had to go down

and join the Receiving Line with the Catherwoods for the Reception for 500 people connected with the Conference. I was particularly interested in meeting Trades Union officials, mainly shops stewards, all of whom appeared to be really keen on the export success of their own companies.

At 1920 I said goodbye and left, and as I got outside the room a message came that the train was twenty-three minutes late coming from Inverness. Rather than go back into an anti-climax I went up to my suite and rested for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then drove round to the International Station where I duly caught the train at 1951, with Dennis Dibsdall. He and I did some work in the train and we arrived at Euston at 2115 where a Company car met me and drove me to the Stafford Hotel.

Here Carola and Lola Hahan had had dinner but had left a separate cold dinner for me. Lola left at 2230 and I left at 2245, after having taken a very warm farewell from Carola.

She has really been terribly generous. She originally gave me the swimming pool, and on finding out that I found it too expensive to keep the pool regularly heated she discussed the matter with Jack Barratt and wanted to pay for the fuel.

Jack pointed out to her that it would be unthinkable that I should let her pay for the running costs of the pool. He did, however,

mention that it was possible to get solartex panels put on the roof of the Orangery which would give heating by the sun's rays for a comparatively small capital cost which would reduce the oil fuel bill by about three-quarters. She jumped at this, and then cajoled me into accepting this very generous offer. It really is very sweet of her but it does make all the difference being able to run the pool without having to have oil fuel on the whole time.

The Government driver was a middle aged over enthusiastic woman who kept on squeaking and saying she had never dreamt the time would come when she would actually have the thrilling privilege of going to Broadlands. I must say I slept most of the time but she did the trip in one hour and twenty minutes flat which is almost a record.

As I let her into the house and took her up to the Chintz room she kept on squeaking with mad excitement and asked if she might stay and look round the house the next morning. I said she could stay as long as she liked, it was up to her.

It has been a long and rather tiring day but I felt I must play my part with the Export Drive when asked to do so both by Fred Catherwood and Eddie Kent who is the President of the British Overseas Trade Board.

THURSDAY, 1ST JULY 1976

Mary Lou appeared with Kimberley and Jersey for a ride. On return I swam and had luncheon at the Orangery.

At 1500 the Hampshire Chief Fire Officer called to address the staff. A couple of dozen were collected in the cinema which included the heads of outside departments as well. He gave a very good explanation of how all the fire extinguishers worked; where they were; and what should be done in the case of fire, and answered a lot of questions, and interested everybody in proper fire precautions.

FRIDAY, 2ND JULY and SATURDAY, 3RD JULY 1976

Both these days were extremely hot and I had a tremendous lot of work to catch up with, so I just swam and worked. I put up the net at the end of the children's pool and have allowed the Birch grandchildren, the Hyne children and others to use it in the afternoons.

SUNDAY, 4TH JULY 1976

At 1150 Robert Neville was driven over by his daughter, Emma Pilkington, and her recent employer in the United States, the Art Dealer, Spencer Samuels. After swimming and drinks at the pool we went to the house for luncheon in the cool dining room at 1230.

At 1320 I went up to change into No.5s,

and at 1340 I said good-bye and left in an Army car and drove to the Green Jackets' Playing Fields at Winchester for the Joint Services Cadet Tattoo, the first of its kind being held. This is another initiative by Winchester who originally, five years ago, launched the Joint Services Cadets' Pentathalon. It was a brave effort though the great heat caused several cadets to faint on the parade. The band played the Preobrajensky March for my Inspection. I made the parade break ranks to gather round for my talk and then they fell in again and marched past. This was followed by various displays. We had tea at 1530 and at 1600 I departed while the show continued.

I had woken up this morning with a nasty pain in my back which made it quite difficult to swim. As it got no better in the course of the day I rang up Charles Strong who entirely agreed that treatment would be a good thing.

I got Birch to bring over our Horse SEVA and then with two telephone calls to Charles Strong of instructions he treated me. The treatment produced a rather unpleasant pain at the top of the right shoulder blade, Strong thought from a possible jam in the neck itself. At all events the application of the treatment was changed and eased the pain a lot and I am less stiff to-night.

MONDAY, 5TH JULY 1976

The very hot weather is continuing and there is a real drought and all the lawns are

burnt quite brown. I rode with Mary Lou, and after that I swam in the pool. The pain in my neck and shoulder has practically disappeared as a result of the excellent treatment I had yesterday.

At 1550 I flew in No.5s in F.O.Air's Barge helicopter to Norton Helipad. I arrived at 1700 and was met by the Captain of Dartmouth, David Bailey, and some of his officers. David is the son of my very old friend and shipmate, Admiral Sir Sidney Bailey, who had been a shipmate of mine in the LION in 1916 and the Q.E. in 1917, and again when I was Fleet Wireless Officer in the Q.E. in 1931.

Before David took his Dartmouth Interview Board Sidney sent him to me to help him with ideas about the interview which he told me afterwards he found extremely useful. I have hardly seen him since then but he is a very nice young man, though I suppose I ought not to say young about a Captain.

He drove me to his house in the College where his wife, Patricia, was waiting for me. She turned out to be the daughter of my old friend and Flotilla mate, Cosmo Gordon, who was the Captain of the VERITY when I was Captain of the WISHART in the First Destroyer Flotilla 1935/36.

She gave me tea right away, then David took me along to meet the Director of Studies, Stewart, in the College Display Room where they both briefed me on what was now happening at Dartmouth, which I found very interesting.

Then we moved on to the Quarterdeck and the Fleet Display Room with all its models and information about the Navy, and on to the Engineering Science Laboratory which is very up to-date. We ended up at the Poop Deck and the Corridor where I saw my picture by Oswald Birley done in 1946, and my father's bust by Apap. There are four niches, the first has my father's bust, the second has a statuette of Nelson, the third a bust of Lord Cunningham, and the fourth is empty and they suggested I might care to give them a bust of myself to match my father's bust. I said I would go into it and see if I could do something about it.

Outside the Chapel there are just two banners hung, both from the Bath Chapel, one of Lord Cunningham and one of my father, which had been repaired locally and beautifully before it could be hung up.

At 1815 I was driven down to the Ship's Company Block where I visited the Chief Petty Officers' Mess for half-an-hour and talked to them and their wives, and had drinks.

Then we came back to the Captain's house where I changed into Ball Dress for the big combined Mess dinner. There are officers from twenty different navies at Dartmouth now and there was only room for 257, ballotted for, including professors, teachers and Gun Room officers which contained all the Midshipmen and Sub-Lieutenants under training.

We began by having drinks in the Gun Room, then we went into dinner. David made a nice speech and I spoke for 35 minutes mainly reminiscing about my early days in the Navy. We had final drinks in the Ward Room, and then back again to the Gun Room. It was very exciting.

TUESDAY, 6TH JULY 1976

At 0815 the Captain fetched me and I attended Divisions on the Parade Ground, and took part in morning prayers. They then marched past and I took the salute.

We went back to the house for breakfast and at 0900 David drove me to Norton where I embarked in the helicopter once more and flew back in just over an hour to Broadlands arriving at 1015. On arrival I swam and then worked.

At 1630 Sweeney drove me and Jack to London. I changed into dinner jacket and at 1915 David and Pammy came and collected me and drove me to the Phoenix theatre for the Charity Preview of Douglas Fairbanks' play "The Pleasure of His Company". Douglas, who is a Trustee of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust, had given the proceeds to the Trust and Marjorie Brecknock and I had been working on the evening and acted as hosts together.

Alexandra was our Guest of Honour but Angus, quite understandably, had to cry off at the last moment because the Lonhro Report had just been published criticising him severely, and unfairly

in my opinion, and he had obviously had to defend himself by issuing a counter-statement to the press. Alexandra was very brave and did a wonderful job as usual. She received a round of applause when she entered the theatre showing how much people felt for her.

All the available older members of the family were at this première - Patricia, John, Pammy, David, Noel and Tessa, as well as David and Ginnie Brecknock, and Dodo. Afterwards we went round and met the caste and stage hands, and then drove to the Berkeley Hotel where in their new sort of Night Club, Le Perroquet, we had a table for sixteen which included Baba Metcalfe, Solly Zuckerman, and Colonel Retallack, a friend of Dodo's. Later on Douglas and Mary Lee joined us at the supper party of sixteen and it was a very pleasant evening and very nostalgic. I think everybody was thinking of darling Edwina.

WEDNESDAY, 7TH JULY 1976

Colonel Bryan, one of the authors of a new book about the Windsors, came to see me and spent an hour-and-a-quarter going through parts of his manuscript which were based on his interviews with me. I made him change quite a lot.

Then an Indian from South Africa called Lodhia, and his wife and son, came to try and persuade me to go to South Africa to lay a wreath on the great statue of Mahatma Gandhi at Johannesburg. I said nothing would give me greater pleasure if I found it possible to visit

South Africa at all. I had already been asked three times by the Government to go there and on each occasion had made the condition that they would give me complete freedom about how I answered questions that the press might ask me about apartheid. They have never agreed to this and I didn't see they were likely to agree to this in the future.

I said I had an outstanding invitation from the Royal Naval Association of South Africa to go as their guest - I could certainly do both events if ever the atmosphere improved sufficiently for me to visit the country. I pointed out I would very much like to do so as this was one of the few big countries in the world I had never been to, certainly in the Commonwealth.

Sacha and her little daughter, Sophie, looked in on their way ^{to} swim, and at 1150 Sweeney drove Jack and me back [^] to Broadlands. I arrived in time for a swim and luncheon.

THURSDAY, 8TH JULY 1976

I rode with Mary Lou and then swam and then worked as usual.

At 1840 I was ready to leave with Alistair Donald for the Naval Chaplains' Dinner, but at the last moment the little fastening of my aiguillettes broke on my Mess Undress and it took ten minutes to find a safety pin to repair the damage so I arrived rather late at Amport

House, the R.A.F. Chaplains' School which they lend to the Navy from time to time. Here I was received by the Chaplain of the Fleet, O'Ferral, and thirty-six Naval Chaplains who had been having a three day conference, with some R.A.F. Chaplains who normally run the place, and other important guests like the Second Sea Lord and the Major General Commando Forces.

The Chaplain of the Fleet made an informal speech and then I was asked to speak. I decided that I would make it a cabaret turn reminiscing about all the incidents that I remembered about Chaplains which were amusing, or from which something could be learnt, or which indeed were very much in their favour. I enlivened the talk with a few jokes and I must say they seemed to be extremely well received with loud applause, and afterwards many of the Chaplains came up and said they must try and remember those stories and they felt they had something to learn from them.

The Chaplain of the Fleet disappeared to another room for an interview with somebody, and it wasn't until I was going to go away and wanted to sign the book that I asked if they could find him. He came up full of apologies and then led me to the car and said good-bye.

I discovered from Alistair on the way back, who is a great friend of the Chaplain of the Fleet, that he felt I had let the side down by not speaking in a sufficiently dignified and inspiring way about religion, and actually making jokes about sex at a Chaplains' dinner.

However, I think the younger ones appreciated it, but it remains to be seen.

When we got back the key jammed in the lock and we had difficulty in getting in. I then rang up Daborn from the stables; he came and helped. Unfortunately I set off the alarm by mistake and the police arrived.

Michael John who had arrived just before I left was upstairs and I went and saw him and talked to him.

FRIDAY, 9TH JULY 1976

Michael John and I swam and had lunch at the pool. Sibilla and Alfred Clark arrived at 1900 and after dinner we showed them the film "The Hindenburg" depicting the disaster of the German airship about 40 years ago in the U.S.A.

Joanna arrived down from a party in London at 2320.

SATURDAY, 10TH JULY 1976

Michael John and I went for my annual fishing expedition to Nursling with the Potters which was established many years ago to ensure the good relationship between the two fishing properties on the Test, the third one being Testwood with which we have less close relations.

Bernard Aldrich fetched us in the Land Rover and drove us down at 1000 and we stayed

and fished for a couple of hours. I usually stay for luncheon but I managed to excuse myself because we had the Clarks with us.

The weather was really hopeless and there was never much chance of getting a fish, but I know it interested Michael John very much to see the famous drawing room pool and the astonishing little river. Nigel Potter got a sea trout which he gave us, and I had a good talk about how to stop the poaching with John Potter. Bernard explained his new idea for a microwave little battery driven transmitter to put in the centre of the stew ponds at Broadlands to give a warning to his house if the outer perimeter fence was broken in at any point.

We all swam in the pool and then had lunch there. Then the Clarks left at 1545, and at 1600 Sally Baring and her son, Edward, came to stay. We all had tea at the pool.

SUNDAY, 11TH JULY 1976

We had a riding party, Sally on Randy, Edward on Panda, Joanna on Tabu, and I on Champagne. Champagne gave an exhibition of bucking but I sat her alright.

On return we all swam in the pool, and then lunched there. Michael John had gone early in Joanna's car to Swanage for the day to do some water skiing with the Johnstons.

In the evening we had the original film "That's Entertainment" which was excellent piecing together all the best bits of the old musicals. Curiously enough, when there was some talk by the K.R.S. of giving me a farewell present when my time as First Sea Lord was up I had suggested they might try and get the different companies to give me the best bit of their films to put together as one. This, however, proved to be too difficult and expensive and was dropped particularly as I was specially asked not to resign.

MONDAY, 12TH JULY 1976

We had another riding party, Sally on Randy, Joanna on Tabu, Mary Lou on Champagne, and I on Black Knight. The weather is still tremendously hot, so we swam and had lunch at the pool, and the party left before tea.

Edward had a fishing lesson from Bernard.

At 1920 I left in a dinner jacket in a Royal Marines car and was driven to Eastleigh along the new M.27 in 37 minutes. Major General David Alexander was giving a dinner party and after dinner I had a fascinating talk with Andrew Humphries, the out-going C.A.S. and now the C.D.S. designate. I also had a good long talk with Aileen Slim which was very interesting.

Finally I left in the R.M. car at 2300 and the excellent driver got me up in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to 2 Kinnerton Street.

TUESDAY, 13TH JULY 1976

At 1015 David and Pammy came round to see me and talk about Hugh Tunney and the redecoration of Classiebawn Castle. David showed me the wallpapers and designs by which he is re-converting the living rooms to a mid-Victorian appearance. All these had been chosen by David himself and he was delighted with them.

Then he showed me two tiles that Tunney had had the temerity to choose for the kitchen. I thought they fitted the other designs very nicely and although I don't much like mid-Victorian designs I was quite prepared to accept them, but apparently they are quite wrong and David said it would take an hour for him to explain to me why they were wrong but whatever happened I could praise, of course, all the things that he had chosen but I must not praise Tunney on these terrible tiles, I must look very glum about them. I told him that I really didn't care very much either way. What I do care about is to have Classiebawn back for occupation with the family every August.

At 1055 David drove me to 39 Montpelier Walk for a meeting with John and two people about the Barytes Plan for Classiebawn. It is wonderful that they are going to start reworking the Barytes mine at Gleniff, and even more wonderful that the main vein of Baryte appears to run under our estate at Lyle.

At 1130 we had our usual long Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting with a working luncheon which went on till about 1650. I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street in time to do some work with Jack Barratt, and then at 1800 Sweeney drove me to the Royal Automobile Club. Here I had a briefing meeting with Eddie, Graham and Dennis Dibsdall about the dinner that night and the next National Electronics Council meeting.

We had twelve people to dinner. This time we built the dinner round the Dutch. Peter Thorneycroft had suggested I should write to Jeelof, the Chairman of Philips, and Akerman the Chairman of Mullards both of course subsidiary companies of the great Dutch Philips' concern. What they said was very valuable. I also had Sir Jules Thorn who was as difficult and prickly as ever, and quite upset poor Graham Clifford who leapt to my defence when I didn't want him to.

A funny incident occurred during dinner. Jules said I looked so much better than the last time he had seen me. I said it was due to the wonderful health pills I got from Barbara Cartland; what a wonderful person she was. Jules said she was an absolute bitch, that she was destroying the National Health Service although she herself was taking advantage of the Pay Beds. I said I could hardly believe this because she wouldn't have time; I said she writes 20 novels a year; she couldn't have time to do all this even if she wanted to. He said that he was sure that Barbara had never written

a novel in her life, and it only then transpired we were talking about different Barbaras; he was talking about Barbara Castle and I about Barbara Cartland.

At 2300 Sweeney drove me up to Claridges Hotel where I promised John Keswick that I would look in for his 70th birthday party. I imagined it was a sort of open ended cocktail party and was staggered to find it was a tremendous ball with wonderful Chinese and Japanese decorations in the main ball room with everybody sitting at arranged tables. I was put next to Peta Lamb~~e~~ and danced with Clare Keswick and a few others. I had come in a day suit because I hadn't realised it was a formal dance; but I was the only one and even Peter Thorneycroft had gone home and changed into a dinner jacket after our dinner party. However, I am too old to care and enjoyed the party, and finally got home at 0030.

I jumped into a taxi which was waiting and he drove me home without even asking where I wanted to go. When we arrived home I tried to pay him and he said "No, my Lord, Sir John is paying for everything and I wouldn't dream of taking money",

WEDNESDAY, 14TH JULY 1976

Sweeney drove Jack and me to Broadlands at 0900. I rode Tabu and Mary Lou rode Black Knight. Then I swam.

At 1405 Sweeney drove me to the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, where I spent an hour-and-three-quarters with the dentist, had my E.C.G. taken, and then I went to the dermatologist to have a biopsy on my left ear to cut out the rest of the infection. Then I went to the E.N.T. department to have the wax taken out of my ear; and finally drove back again to Broadlands.

THURSDAY, 15TH JULY 1976

At 0930 I had a meeting with Bill Hughes and the heating engineer about replacing the boilers after 17 years' service.

Alistair Donald came at 1045 and I put on Royal Marines Full Dress which I wear in place of getting the Lord Lieutenant's uniform which is so similar. As Lord Lieutenant when the Royal Family come officially one is expected to wear uniform and so I get out of it in this way.

At 1110 the Queen's Flight helicopter landed with Katherine Kent and her Lady-in-Waiting, Jane Pugh. Alistair and I joined the party and we took off and landed at 1130 at St.Mary's Hospital at Newport, Isle of Wight. Here we were taken to the marquee for the Opening Ceremony of the newly built Obstetric Department where Mrs.Marghan was in charge of the proceedings in her capacity as Chairman of the Isle of Wight Area Health Authority.

After Katherine had unveiled the plaque and made a very charming little opening speech,

Mrs. Margham, who had made two speeches, stood up and led the party out before the Arch Deacon had been able to do the Dedication or Miss Taylor could give her speech of thanks. However, we decided to carry on with our tour of the new Department which was fascinating. Patricia would have been thrilled to see a couple of sweet little twin girls just born. I was struck by the number of coloured doctors, from India, Bangladesh, Ceylon and the West Indies. Where would our Health Service be if we didn't have the coloured Commonwealth to come to our medical help. They were all very popular and well liked, and seemed very happy.

We had lunch in the post graduate Medical Centre which was very well organised, though there was a long delay in getting the first course.

I persuaded Mrs. Margham to put matters right by inviting the Arch Deacon to include a Dedication prayer in his Grace, and at the end allowing Miss Taylor to stand up and make her "Thank-you" speech.

At 1500 Katherine and I arrived at the Isle of Wight County Agricultural Show ground and were taken round half-a-dozen stands. I had specially arranged this item in order to publicise the Appeal for the Association for Cancer Relief who will raise enough money to build a Cancer After Care Unit at the Moorgreen Hospital in South Hampshire for that area and the Isle of Wight. It is to be known as the Countess

Mountbatten Home. They have already collected £1,500 which Mrs. Eyre Williams handed to Katherine, and then her husband made a speech appealing for more money the target being £5,000.

Finally I made a carefully prepared speech mainly for the newspapers. I said that after Georgie died of cancer in 1938 my mother accepted to be President of the Association for Cancer Relief in 1940, and when she died in 1950 Edwina took over and that Katherine was now the Patron.

After this we had tea in a tent and then left quarter-of-an-hour early and took off by helicopter from St. Mary's Hospital and landed at Broadlands at 1645. I gave tea to Katherine and her Lady-in-Waiting, Jane Pugh, and Group Captain Spottiswood in the Wedgewood Room, and Alistair Donald entertained the other officers and crew in the Dining Room.

At 1730 they took off again.

FRIDAY, 16TH JULY 1976

At 1030 Sweeney drove me to London which we reached at 1215. At 1230 a car was sent from Minets to drive me to Minet House just beyond Trinity House in the City. I was met by Captain John Wallrock, the Head of the great Minet International Insurance organisation, who was the host to the White Ensign Association meeting, and by the Association's Chairman, Admiral Sir Andrew Lewis. I remembered the Association had been

formed with my blessing when I was First Sea Lord and I had been to a luncheon there soon after it was formed.

They had asked me to come to a meeting which I attended from 1245 to 1330, about ten of us, and Andrew explained that what they really wanted was for me to get Royal Patronage for them, either Philip or Charles. The reason for this was that they have now started to create a selective employment organisation where they had got full particulars of really suitable officers and men who were leaving the Service and send them round to the various firms who paid to belong. Royal Patronage would ensure that correspondence was dealt with on a higher level. I said I would do my best.

During luncheon I was able to do some propaganda about the CAVALIER Trust with Wallrock and with Sir Don Gosling, who expressed great surprise when I remembered meeting him at dinner with Bill Shapland many years ago.

I got home to 2 Kinnerton Street, again in the Minet car, about 1515, and at 1520 Nina turned up with Mr. Toogood to do a radio recorded interview about the United World Colleges for broadcasting in New Zealand. This I was very glad to do.

At 1640 I went round to 93 Sloane Square to the Collins' flat where they had Michael Fowke to tea. He had just flown back from the South of France for an operation for cancer and seemed

very cheerful and the operation appears to have gone well. He was in the same Term as my nephew, David, and married Esmé, who had been divorced by Rear Admiral Johnny Johnson. She was a tremendous friend of Edwina's and has had to stay in the South of France until they can reorganise their life.

At 1930 I drove myself in a dinner jacket and decorations to the Royal Army Medical Corps Mess at Millbank. Here I was the Guest of Honour at their Annual Dinner. Pretty well everybody present was either in the R.A.M.C. or a wife, but there were some B.M.A. people who had never been in the R.A.M.C. there as well. This apparently is an annual event and I had been pressed by the Colonel-in-Chief, Elisabeth, to attend. Apparently they only have seventy places at dinner and for the first time, it seems, they were heavily over-subscribed. However, there were only two speeches, the Army Medical Director General and my own, and it went over very pleasantly.

I drove myself back and got back at 2330.

SATURDAY, 17TH JULY 1976

At 0930 James and Sacha came round to 2 Kinnerton Street and collected me and drove me down to New Grove at Petworth, the lovely house and grounds which Robert de Pass finally succeeded in buying from the Petworth Estate after having rented it for several years.

This is their annual big week-end party

for the Cowdrey Gold Cup. Charlie Smith Rylands and his wife and daughter had already arrived. Later on Mark Vesty, who had married Phillippa's sister, Rose, came.

In the afternoon Sacha, Phillippa and I drove with the cook to see the semi-finals of the Midhurst Town Cup played on the Ambersham grounds. The cook is a pretty young girl who has been specially trained in London and runs a restaurant in London but comes away at weekends and will cook for a price.

The semi-final was between the Jersey Lillies, a 20 goal team, and San Flamingo, a 23 goal team, the Jersey Lillies winning. They had copies of my "An Introduction to Polo" on sale at the gate but had only got six copies which were soon sold out for £45.

In the evening there was a dinner party of 14 which included the Beckwith-Smiths. He was the son of the unfortunate Commander of the 18th Division who was captured in Singapore and died in captivity.

Then we watched the live television of the Queen Opening the Olympic Games in Montreal. It is tragic that 22 African and Arabian countries have suddenly withdrawn their teams because New Zealand is taking part and the New Zealand Rugby Team is playing in South Africa.

SUNDAY, 18TH JULY 1976

This is my 54th Wedding Anniversary and

brings back memories again of Edwina who was such a supporter of my Polo and such a brilliant critic if things went wrong with my team. How she would have loved this week-end. It seems incredible to think it is already $16\frac{1}{2}$ years since she died, her memory is so fresh.

I spent the morning catching up with my Diary and then went and joined all the others at the new swimming pool. Beautiful girls in bikinis were lying about sunbathing, and more people arrived for lunch, the Gerard Leighs and the Abrahams. In all we were 21 to lunch; they really do have big Gold Cup parties at New Grove.

After lunch James drove himself back to London as he has to go back to Ireland in the morning, but Sacha is not going till Friday. Phillippa drove Sacha and me over to Cowdrey Park with our luggage for the great Gold Cup day and there were tremendous crowds watching. John Cowdrey kindly invited me to sit with him in his special stand, but the rest of the party elected to sit high up on the public stand and I followed them there. The view was so much better that I stayed up there with the rest of the house party.

The Gold Cup Final was between Green Hill Farm, a 22 handicap side of Americans, and Stowell Park, the Vesty team of 21 handicap including two excellent Argentine players, Eddie Moore, who is now the boy friend of Phillippa's half sister, Georgine, and Hector Barrantes, the enormous man who is now married to Susie (ex-Ferguson).

I don't remember having seen better polo since the war. It was extremely high class - the teams played well together and worked hard. The game was extraordinarily even, both sides knocking up double figures in goals, but I am happy to say that Stowell Park won. The excitement in the De Pass family can be imagined as Rose, Phillippa's other half sister, is married to Mark Vesty.

The second game was the final of the Midhurst Town Cup, also a 6 chukka match. It was between the Jersey Lillies (handicap 20) who I saw beat San Flamingo yesterday, and the Blue Devils (handicap 21), a team sponsored by a Frenchman who played No.1. This also was an extremely good game, very closely contested, narrowly won by the Jersey Lillies at the end.

I had to remain on because it had been announced in the programme that I would take the Salute when the Royal Marines Band Beat Retreat after the second game. I moved over to John Cowdrey's box for this and they put up a fine show as usual.

Meanwhile Sweeney had driven my Jaguar over and at 1830 he drove Sacha and me back to Broadlands. I was delighted that Sacha has become really thrilled with watching polo. We talked a lot of polo and I promised to give her a copy of the new edition of my book, but I forgot to draw her attention to the 110 silver cups I had won in my life.

What a wonderful part polo did play in my life. From 1921 for 33 years, except for the actual period of the war, polo was the main recreational interest of my life. I had immense happiness playing and being with other polo players. If there is one thing I regret about getting old it is that I can no longer play polo, although, of course, I get a lot of pleasure out of riding every day.

Sacha was beautifully turned out this evening. What a very sweet and charming god-daughter she is.

MONDAY, 19TH JULY 1976

Another incredibly lovely day but a terrible drought for the poor harvest whose yield looks like being very much down on account of the lack of rain.

Sacha continued her riding lessons mostly instructed by Mary Lou; the three of us had a pleasant ride together. On return Sacha and I swam and had lunch at the pool. Daborn and I drove her to the station at 1451 (ten minutes late through a misunderstanding). We arrived at 1309 and she caught the 1310 train which was punctual.

Daborn then drove me back to the house by the M.271 which I reached in 29 minutes after having left it, which must be a record for catching a train and getting back.

TUESDAY, 20TH JULY 1976

Mary Lou and I rode together and I was about to go down for my usual swim at the pool when Daborn announced that Barbara Cartland had arrived. I had originally asked her to come at tea time for the night and to spend the following day until about lunch time; then I realised I had to be in Brighton early so to make up for this I asked her to come for lunch and forgot to tell anybody else or even to make a note of it myself. So she turned up in blissful ignorance of the consternation her arrival caused because the dining room had already been laid up for a dinner party. So I transferred lunch to the pool which was rather bogus because it was raining, the first rain of any sort for weeks. Daborn drove us over in his car to the pool and we had lunch in the Orangery.

However, it was great fun having Barbara here, and we had the usual marvellous gossips.

At 1730 Andrew and Vicky Yates arrived on their way back from a visit tin the West country and had drinks.

In the evening I had organised a dinner party for the new Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Home Command, Admiral Sir Terence Lewin and Lady Lewin. I have known him for a long while and he is a very high-class man indeed. I also had Major General David Alexander and his wife, Jane, (the same name as Lady Lewin), the M.G.R.M. Training at Eastleigh, with whom I had dined on the 12th. I also had Patricia's friend Pam and

her husband Brigadier John Oldfield with whom I work in connection with the Territorials and the Cadets.

David told me that his wretched driver, after dropping me at 2 Kinnerton Street at 0030 on Monday the 12th, had an engine breakdown on the way back at Aldershot and didn't get back to Eastleigh until the following morning. I was lucky it didn't happen when I was in the car.

By mistake they sent us a film called "Trial by Combat" for the second time. I had had it before and didn't like it, but had to put up with it again and found it wasn't too bad.

WEDNESDAY, 21ST JULY 1976

I had breakfast in Barbara's room at 0825. I then said good-bye to her and left at 0850 and discovered on return that she had then rung up Mary Lou to buy one of the puppies which had been unexpectedly produced by my bitch, Kandy, and David's dog, Buster. Mary Lou had been so ashamed of this unintended marriage that she kept it a secret from me, but it all came out when Barbara wanted to have a dog. So Mary Lou sold her one of Kandy's sons.

At 0850 Jack drove me in the Jaguar to Brighton. We were picked up by a police escort and arrived exactly on time at the Royal Sussex County Hospital at 1100 where we were met by Sir James Carreras who had organised the whole day

for me, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunnisett. He had the great vision, humanity and generosity to pay for the Charles Hunnisett Department of Computerised Tomology. This was an entire department devoted to housing a new E.M.I. Whole-Body X-ray Scanner. I gather the whole installation cost him very nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

I was particularly interested in this from an electronic point of view because it is the greatest advance since X-rays were invented in 1895. John Barratt worked hard in putting together a speech for me which had to be written out for the press. I don't know how he managed to collect all the material; there was such a lot and much of it badly worded. However, he prepared a very interesting speech which I then adapted a bit and it went well at the luncheon which was given after the Scanner had been inaugurated and I had unveiled the plaque announcing the inauguration. The E.M.I. top brass, John and Lady Reed, John Powell and Jimmy Carreras were there, as well as Town and County officials.

I gave a press conference with the brilliant doctor in charge of the department, Jan de Winter, an Austrian refugee. To my own surprise I was able to make quite an enlightening speech to the press without notes and answered nearly all their questions. Naturally I then got de Winter to say his bit but he was kind enough to say I had said it all!

At 1420 there was a briefing meeting in the Brighton Pavilion where lunch had taken place when David Hodges, the architect for the Brighton Marina project, explained it all. In the Chair was his younger brother, Dick Hodges, who was the Chairman of the company. Both are younger brothers of Micky who has been such a great friend of mine since 1927.

I had heard quite a lot about the project before and I had been particularly asked by the Hodges brothers to go and have a look at it. This was a good opportunity to do so and we drove off in a large coach with a public address system over which David Hodges explained everything as we went along.

It is a most monumental undertaking, the biggest marina ever designed in the world I believe. It will have proper accommodation for 2,300 yachts, and an amenity area with shops, apartment houses, etc.

The marina projects out from the cliffs at the eastern end of Brighton, and from end to end along the cliffs the marina is over a kilometre long, so it looks as though one was looking down the whole length of Park Lane from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner. It is a brave proposition because it is built straight out into the open sea of the Channel with a rise and fall of tide of something like 18 feet. The basin nearest the cliffs is completely closed off by locks so the rise and fall of the tide is hardly noticeable; but on the other side all the arms leading out have to be enormous floating structures which go up and down with the tide.

I have little doubt that when the economy recovers itself in this country it will be a tremendous success, attracting thousands and thousands of people to Brighton. At present it requires a lot of courage to carry on with the work which has been going now for six years and will be ready for preliminary occupation next year.

On return I was asked by David Hodges whether I would address the spectators who had been specially selected to accompany me and who were mainly people connected with, or shareholders of, this whole scheme as it is a private venture.

On the spur of the moment I said that this reminded me of the courage of old John D. Rockefeller who at the height of the American depression, in the early 1930s, decided to build the Rockefeller Plaza. It is my favourite architectural group anywhere in the world and at the time he built it it didn't look as if he would let a single room. As soon as the depression was over you couldn't get into any of his great skyscrapers, the waiting list was so long. I told them I hoped the same thing would happen with the Brighton Marina; I hope they all felt cheered up.

Jack and I then went to the Norfolk Hotel where a room and bathroom had been taken for us to change for the dinner to-night. I told Jack I would have half-an-hour's rest, then I would start work on my speech for to-night, and also work on the N.E.C. papers for the meeting tomorrow.

He came back after half-an-hour looking very sheepish and said that the black case containing my speech notes for to-night and all my N.E.C. papers had been sent to London by mistake.

I am delighted to think I have mellowed in my old age because instead of blowing my top I just roared with laughter, and asked him how he managed that. I pointed out that normally I would have kept the speech notes by me as they are very precious and I never let them go to anybody else but because I trusted him so much I gave them all to him. What had he done?

He said that because they were so important he had put them in my black despatch case which he did not send with the rest of my clothes to the hotel because they were going unaccompanied and might have gone astray. He had taken the despatch case and put them in the car of Jimmy Carreras, whose driver he knew well, and it was agreed that the driver would look after them personally and hand them back to Jack in the afternoon.

Meanwhile John Powell, one of the head men of E.M.I., having to get back to London urgently, commandeered Jimmy's car (which is an E.M.I. car anyway) and drove off to London leaving Jimmy to follow in one of the other E.M.I. cars later. The chauffeur said nothing about the black despatch case, and went off to London with it.

It took quite a while to find out what had happened to it; when they ran it to earth they

managed to get the driver to take it to Victoria Station to come back by train. The first person contacted was the South Western District Area Manager who said he had been in Burma with me and would see to it personally. They then went to see the Station Master (or Manager as he is now called), who said he had also been in Burma with me and we could rely on him. When they took it to the Guard of the train he said he had also been in Burma with me, so the whole of the Burma Star organisation was behind getting it back, and I must say they got it back to the hotel by 1830.

This did just give me time to go through the speech notes and reorganise them because it now turned out that the dinner was not at all what we expected. Instead of being a big Variety Club dinner it was a comparatively small party given by the Chairman of the local Variety Committee, Leon Tamman, the man who had given the dinner last March when they inaugurated the Variety Regional Committee. He had just asked forty of his personal friends of which only about half-a-dozen were members of Variety. He had taken the Ball Room of the Norfolk Hotel and had one colossal table at which the forty of us sat in great pomp and luxury.

I naturally had to scrap most of my references to the Variety Club and rebuild the whole of my speech on the United World Colleges having ascertained from Jimmy Carreras and Leon Tamman that there was no objection. I made an unashamed appeal for a scholarship for £5,000 to

to send a Sri Lanka student to St. Donats this September. I spoke with great emotion which evidently had its impact because when Tamman asked his friends how much they would be prepared to subscribe on the spot they filled in little chits which were sent to him and totalled £3,310. Tamman in announcing this said he would make himself responsible, one way or another, for making the total up to £5,000 and we could go ahead and let Sri Lanka know all about this. So it was all very worth while. We didn't get away till 2300 and we had a police escort to start with.

I then had to start work on my N.E.C. papers which I had meant to do during the afternoon. Luckily I was wide awake and the trip took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours during which I was able to get through all the papers once.

It has been a most surprising day, including the disappearance of my black despatch case, but it turned out to be gay and amusing and really went gratifyingly well from beginning to end.

THURSDAY, 22ND JULY 1976

I woke fairly early and was able to do my signature folder and dictate a whole belt on the days correspondence, and then have a meeting with Bill Hughes.

After that I started a quick run through the N.E.C. papers again, and then Sweeney drove me at

1050 to Crawley Court which I reached at 1110. This was the place that used to belong to George Philippi, who was such a friend of my father-in-law, and always shot at Broadlands. The house had been taken down and a new building put up by the Independent Broadcasting Authority. Lilibet and Philip had been to see it last November when they were staying at Broadlands and had come back full of enthusiasm so I was keen to see it. It certainly is a remarkable building and they do a wonderful job in it.

Eddie Kent, Graham Clifford and Dennis Dibsall and I had a preliminary meeting from 1115 to 1130, and then the rest of the Council gathered and were given a briefing by Howard Steel, the Director, and we were divided into three groups and were taken round three different projects which they were engaged on known as DICE, SABRE and DAME.

What really fascinated me was to see the wonderful new invention they have made for transforming television signals from a 525 line screen with a basic frequency of 50 cycles per second to a 625 line screen with a basic frequency of 60 cycles per second. I gather the I.B.A. have the only really good apparatus that does this and it is done by a most ingenious arrangement of computers.

Then we had an excellent luncheon and afterwards went to their Conference Room where I took the Chair at our National Electronics Council meeting.

I had previously approved the agenda which I felt I could get through in two hours. We were supposed to start at 1415 but unfortunately we were ten minutes late, and it had to be over by 1630 to catch the train back to London. I thus had just about 2 hours disposable time to get through the entire agenda.

This I could have done easily but for the fact that I myself had added the most important item, the future of the electronics industry, and this was as a result of the N.E.C. dinner of the 13th July when the members of the industry were present and all said we were facing disaster unless something active was done.

This item produced the most furious discussion and was quite difficult to handle. It took over an hour to straighten out and get agreement as to how it was to be handled, but I ended up by getting everybody's enthusiastic agreement as to what we should do.

I then managed to get through the rest of the agenda in absolutely record time and I hope to everyone's satisfaction, so we finished on time.

The most exciting news, of course, was that after five years hard fight with the Schools' Council they have now capitulated and are going to allow our 'A' Level Electronics Scheme to go through officially at all schools. A triumph for Professor Barrie Chaplin of Essex University who had done it practically all himself.

At 1630 I drove in the I.B.A. official car with Eddie, Graham and Dennis to discuss how to handle the minutes of the meeting and the action we had to take, while Daborn followed me in the Jaguar as he had come back to collect me. At the station I saw them off and Daborn then drove me back to Broadlands.

FRIDAY, 23RD JULY 1976

I rode with Jane and Gina round the golf course and on return swam.

At 1500 Sweeney drove me down to the Hovercraft Terminal where I inspected the A.V. (Air Vessel) Tiger, the new small hovercraft which takes about six people. This is the one that has been proposed for my tour of the Loire in October and the firm kindly wanted me to see it before I agreed to its use.

The Chairman of the company was there, and Brindle, the head pilot who had often "flown" me in hovercraft to the Isle of Wight. I did a run in this hovercraft and think it would be ideal for the job if the river has not dried up too much, but I am starting a battle to get my proposed programme cut down.

I must now record a rather extraordinary mix up there has been. John Keswick, at his party of the 13th July, mentioned to me briefly, against the background noise of a loud band, that the Sino-British Trade Council were organising a tour for the Chinese Embassy officials round the south coast of England ending up on the fifth day

at the Isle of Wight. He asked me if I could arrange to meet them there or for the Vice Lord Lieutenant to do so, but hoped if possible I would meet them.

I told him I had no idea if I could manage it and asked him the date which he did not know, but said he would get a man to ring up and tell me. Meanwhile the man concerned had written in giving full details of the five day tour, the fifth day ending up in the Isle of Wight but not giving the dates. So I immediately wrote over to John Horsnell to ask the Vice Lord Lieutenant, or the senior Deputy Lieutenant, to meet them on my behalf and to do everything they could to show courtesy to this important Delegation.

Finally a man from the Sino-British Trade Council rang up Jack to ask whether I was prepared to meet the Delegation. Jack said they had no idea what the date was going to be but presumed it was some weeks off. Then this man said that he was talking on day number 4 and the Isle of Wight day number 5 was in fact on the Friday; what could I do about it. I must say Jack kept his head and rang me up in the middle of my conference at N.E.C. to ask if I would be prepared to receive them at Broadlands. I quickly said 'Yes' and left it to him.

They then arranged that the Chinese Delegation should, in fact, be brought back by hovercraft to Southampton and would be met by official cars and driven to Broadlands where I would entertain them briefly and ~~do~~ them honour, and they

would then be driven back to Southampton to catch a train to London.

As it happened this couldn't have been a better arrangement because they were actually delighted at seeing Broadlands and being shown round; and it was very useful to me because the leader of the Delegation was in fact the Chargé d'Affaires himself, Chu Chi Yuan, and his wife, with two other Chinese from the Embassy and two officials from the Sino-British Trade Council.

This gave me a chance to follow up the position about the Chinese contribution to the United World Colleges, and I was able to get his agreement that he would urge immediately that Peking should send a Chinese teacher in September to St. Donats to be followed by some more young men and women later on to learn English before taking the course in September 1977. This looks as though it may be a re-break through as nothing has happened since the last two lots came to St. Donats although it was a great success. So all this has worked out for the best. But what an astonishing piece of incompetence on the part of the Sino-British Trade Council.

SATURDAY, 24TH JULY 1976

I rode with Jane and Gina to Burnt Grove and round Spursholt. On return I swam; then I looked into the office to find to my astonishment that both Jack and Joan were hard at work on a Saturday. The pressure at the office is really terrible; I don't know how they compete. In any of my former jobs it would take four or five people to do what these two do. Jack certainly

does the work of three. However, it gave me a chance to catch up with my correspondence and dictation.

Rather a tragedy, one of the biggest cedar trees in the park has lost its main branch which has come down with a lot of damage, but the main trunk is still standing.

SUNDAY, 25TH JULY 1976

At 0900 Pastor and Mrs. Knodt arrived by train from Bournemouth for breakfast. He had written to say that he was the Pastor of the town church of Darmstadt where all the early Landgraves of Hesse are buried and wanted to come and call. He spoke such fluent English I asked him how he learnt it; he told me as a prisoner-of-war. His wife also spoke it but not so well so most of our conversation took place in German.

I showed him round all the Hessian portraits and took him down to the archives and showed him some of the family objects of interest.

At 0950 I sent him in my car to church in Romsey Abbey and to see the Vicar afterwards.

At 1120 Sweeney drove me and Birch to the Windsor Polo Club. I had been specially asked by the two Life Guards Officers who run the Club, G. Leigh and Ronnie Fergusson, to come up and present the Coronation Cup and take the principal seat at the big luncheon given in marquees by the Hurlingham Polo Association supported by the Wills

Tobacco Company. I argued a bit about this as I didn't want to come up all the way from Broadlands but they told me that it was the first time that no member of the Royal Family was available and they wanted me to represent not only the family but as the Club was really the Guards' Polo Club, as Colonel of the Life Guards, and finally they said as the most eminent polo player in existence, or words to that effect.

I finally gave in and drove all the way up on a lovely day, and arrived at 1230 for drinks and luncheon. The High Commissioners and Ambassadors of the countries of people playing here to-day were present, and practically everybody who was anybody in the polo world. I met many old friends.

At 1430 I went over to the Royal Enclosure just in time to receive my three guests, Charles and Elisabeth Collins and Lady Ellerman.

There was a pony parade and marching and counter-marching by two Guards Bands to entertain the very large crowds that had come to see the International Match between England and South America. Our team was 24 handicap and our opponents 25 handicap but it was, of course, an open game, so it may be imagined it was an extremely good game - fast and exciting. Although it was pretty even we were in fact defeated by six goals to two.

Afterwards I gave the huge Coronation Cup entirely by myself (quite an athletic feat)

because by mistake the Chairman of the Wills Company, Mr. John Wilson, who was present was not fetched to come out and help me. He was absolutely furious and had hurt feelings. I smoothed him down a bit by saying "I was the one who should be hurt because I had the enormous effort of lifting such a big cup entirely by myself when the programme distinctly said he was going to help me".

We then all went and had tea in the little Royal Pavilion with the teams.

At about 1700 Sweeney drove Esther Ellerman and me down in the Jaguar, and her Rolls took the Collins and Birch. We arrived at Broadlands at about 1800 and went straight off and had a swim in the pool as it was such a hot afternoon.

After dinner we had a film "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" which fortunately the other three had not seen. I have seen it at least three times and I liked it more than ever. What wonderful dancing and singing there is in this film.

MONDAY, 26TH JULY 1976

After breakfast I showed Esther and the Collins round the house and the grounds. They finally left in her Rolls about 1030.

About 1045 I rode with Mary Lou and on return I swam. I spent the rest of the day catching up with correspondence and working on my speech for Chatham.

TUESDAY, 27TH JULY 1976

At 0845 Sweeney drove me in the Jaguar to London. We stopped briefly at 2 Kinnerton Street and then he drove me on to St. James's Palace for the Annual General Meeting of the Association of Lord Lieutenants of Counties in the Picture Gallery of St. James's Palace.

[REDACTED]

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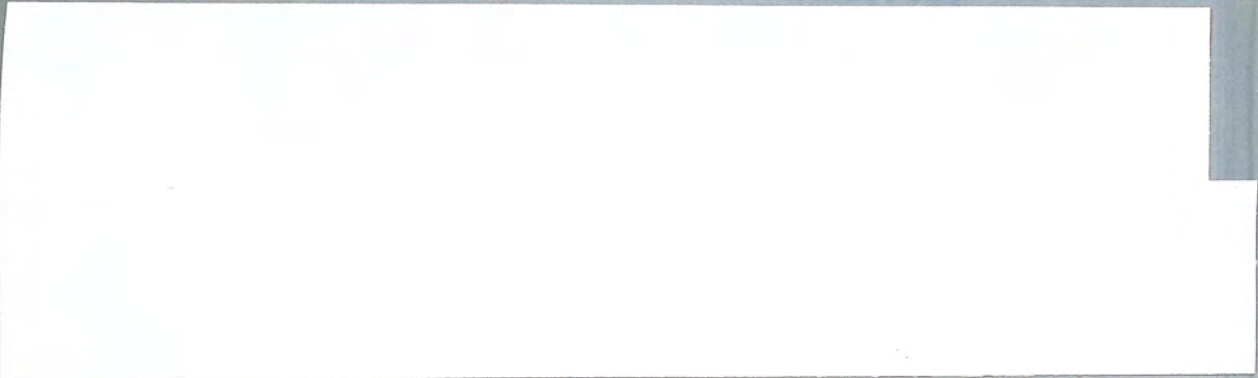
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I then had time for a quick talk with my Vice Lord Lieutenant in the Isle of Wight, Sir John Nicholson, which was very helpful.

At 1100 Master (Duke of Beaufort) took the Chair. I was only asked to speak once which was to express my opinion again about the terminology of the appointments of Deputy Lieutenants saying "The Queen having not disapproved". There appears to be some legal difficulties about this phrase and I said that I had already arranged with the Isle of Wight not to use such gratuitously ungracious language, and had found a perfectly good way round it by saying that I was appointing the Deputy Lieutenant in accordance with Regulations without specifying the Queen did not disapprove.

The meeting finished quite early but resumed at 1200 when Charles and a couple of dozen members of his Silver Jubilee Trust Appeal Committee came in. Charles made a really excellent address explaining what the Appeal was all about and enlisting our help. There were a lot of questions asked and he got his various Chairmen to give answers.



Charles dropped me back at Buckingham Palace as he had to go on and attend a Press Luncheon about the Jubilee Trust Appeal. So I lunched alone with Lilibet, Andrew and Edward.

They had all just arrived back from attending the Olympic Games in Montreal and the three of them gave me a fantastic account of Anne's courage in the Cross Country event. It appears there had been a cloud burst on the course and one jump had become so dangerous that the Judges had decided it was to be cut out of the course and not attempted. They sent runners on foot with special instructions stuck in a coloured cleft stick. Anne's runner was arrested by her Security Police and stupidly they prevented him from getting anywhere near her in time to let her know to cut out this jump.

Anyhow she took the jump; her remarkable horse, Goodwill, cleared it and landed in three or four foot of very sticky mud where the horse came down and threw Anne very hard over its head. She was knocked unconscious and lay there while some people managed to get the horse out without any damage. Anne then insisted on going on although the doctor who was present made her wait for at least four minutes.

She got up, started off in the wrong direction but was told which way to go and with a gay wave of her whip set off and cleared a further seventeen very difficult jumps beautifully. She wasn't just a passenger, she was actually riding the horse very intelligently at each fence. On arrival she dismounted in a complete daze; it then transpired she was suffering from concussion and could not remember a single jump and didn't even know what had happened. Sheer determination, guts and courage carried her through; a really remarkable performance.

At 1415 Sweeney came and fetched me and I went back to 2 Kinnerton Street and lay down for three-quarters-of-an-hour to rest.

At 1500 Dennis Dibsdall came with a letter for me to sign on behalf of the National Electronics Council and for a brief discussion on the minutes.

At 1530 Patricia, John, Joanna and Amanda arrived beautifully dressed up for the Garden Party. John, in his hurry, had forgotten his hat so I lent him my black top hat to hold in his

hand as I was wearing my grey morning coat and grey hat.

We then drove off in two cars to the Garden Entrance of Buckingham Palace where both cars were parked. I had arranged with Lilibet for me to introduce the family to the rest of the Royal Family as they arrived at the Garden Entrance and before the formal congregation together in the Carnarvon Room with the Household in Attendance. In fact, I took the family with me round the grounds just seeing a few old friends, not doing anything too exhausting. I think they enjoyed it. We ended up with Doreen Brabourne at the Queen's Tent for tea.

Here an amusing incident occurred. The Comptroller to the Lord Chamberlain, Eric Penn, somewhat pompously but very politely, begged Patricia and John to stand aside to make room for the Queen who was about to receive people. In standing back they stepped into the arms of Lilibet who was advancing; instead of going on to the little awning under which she normally receives people she stopped and talked to the family for about ten minutes so if Eric hadn't been quite so officious the programme would not have been delayed.

At 1800 John drove his family and his mother back whilst I stayed on to see Charles. I went up to his rooms but he was rather late coming back, so I stayed on while he had his bath, after playing polo, and we had a good gossip.

At 1930 I drove myself back to 2 Kinnerton

Street and picked up Sweeney who drove me down to Broadlands. I had a picnic supper in the car on the way to save time. We arrived back at Broadlands at 2100, and at 2200 I drove myself to the Crosfield Hall to present prizes at the Romsey Carnival "Disco". This was the first time I had been to this annual event which has been going now for some fifteen years; it was a very exciting and entertaining evening because it was all crowds of young people making a tremendous noise and very excited.

The team that won the Bed Race through the streets was from the Romsey Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society and they gave me a T shirt with RAODS on it. I immediately took off my coat and put the T shirt on which went very well with the crowd. I got home fairly early at about 2230.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH JULY 1976

I rode Tabu, Mary Lou rode Champagne, and the two stable girls, Jane rode Classiebawn and Gina Black Knight. We rode through Granny's Copse in glorious hot sunny weather as it has been, indeed, for weeks now.

On my return I swam in the pool and found that they have just completed putting up the solartex panels to heat the pool with the sun's rays.

At 1630 I gave a farewell tea party to my departing Farm Foreman, Tony Carlisle, and his

wife, supported by Derrick and Dorothy Fowler and their daughter, Angela. He has been here seven years and has been a magnificent success and very popular with everybody. We are all sad to see him go particularly as I don't believe he will enjoy his new job as Farm Manager as much as he has enjoyed being a Farm Foreman with no policy responsibilities.

At 1830 Jack drove me to London in the Jaguar and dropped me at 93 Sloane Street to be picked up by the Collins who drove me on to Esther Ellerman's delightful flat in Regent's Park.

Her sister, Jessica, formerly married to a relation of Robert de Pass, was there with her very charming 83 year old husband, Sir John Mellor. I invited Esther to come along to the Tournament to-morrow because the Saudi-Arabian Prince for whom I had kept a seat had another engagement in the afternoon. The Collins dropped me home at 2330.

THURSDAY, 29TH JULY 1976

At 0900 Jack drove me to the Westbury Hotel for my usual hair cut and manicure. On return at 1030 I had a U.W.C. meeting with Tony Besse, Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Nina Little.

When they left at 1210 the Maharajah of Bikaner was admitted. He had been waiting upstairs as our meeting over-ran. He now calls

himself Dr. Karni Singh and is a Member of Parliament. He gave me a very depressing account of the state of affairs in India. I told him that I was doing my best to try and get the censorship ban lifted so that at least we could know the truth. I told him that the rumours were that there were at least 100,000 people in prison without trial whereas the truth might turn out to be only about 5,000. He told me he was convinced the truth was nearer 100,000 and that everybody was absolutely terrified.

I then changed to No.5 uniform and at 1350 Sweeney drove me to meet the rest of the family at Montpelier Walk where Dodo also met us. Michael John, Joanna, Philip, Nicky and Timmy drove in two cars with Patricia, Dodo and me to Earl's Court for the Royal Tournament. I had the Royal Box as I was taking the Salute, and the sponsors for this afternoon were Charles Hunnisett and his wife whom I had just seen at Brighton. Sally and Edward Baring had been invited by me, and Patricia had invited Major and Mrs. McMurray of the P.P.C.L.I. who is doing a course at the Staff College. I had invited Esther Ellerman last night.

We had tea after the show and then found a huge crowd awaiting us lining the long route from the Royal Box to the special door. We had arranged to break off half way and see the Royal Naval static display which was excellent, but most of the crowd seemed to wait and gather round.

We drove back via Montpelier Walk and then

Sweeney drove me on to 2 Kinnerton Street to pick up Jack Barratt. Jack drove us to Victoria Station and then took the Jaguar back whilst Sweeney and I caught the 1815 train to Chatham which we reached at 1900. Here we were met by Jim Kennon, who had been three times a member of my staff, and was now the Captain of the Naval Base H.M.S. PEMBROKE.

I had a quick bath and changed out of No.5s into Naval Ball Dress for the big Mess Dinner. It was a "House Full" occasion with a hundred and twelve officers dining in. There were other "men guests" consisting of those who were about to leave the Mess, and three short speeches, and then I made my own speech. It was a long one because it occurred to me to tell them the story of Lady Markham.

When I was dining with the C-in-C. NORE in 1958 she had just written saying she wanted to come and see her husband's picture. He had been the C-in-C NORE in 1901 which Freddie Parham, the C-in-C, thought was impossible. I explained that when he was flying his Flag on board the CAMPERDOWN he had married the pretty sister of Midshipman Francis Gervers of the CAMPERDOWN. This had caused a tremendous flutter in Naval circles and when the young snotty tried to address his brother-in-law as "Albert", he soon got told off.

From here I went on to tell the story of the VICTORIA/CAMPERDOWN collision. I knew the story very well from an account given by my

father whose great friend was Maurice Bourke, the Flag Captain of the VICTORIA, and from Assimakis, the interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean, who was on board the VICTORIA in 1893 on the 22nd June at the collision, and was still serving in the same capacity when I was on the C-in-C Mediterranean's staff in 1927 when I also read the Court Martial minutes in the C-in-C's office. So I knew a great deal about the story and I think I made it quite entertaining and thrilling.

Anyhow, in October that year a minute was issued to say that on further consideration the Board of Admiralty could not hold Rear Admiral Markham entirely free from blame, and although he was allowed to continue his appointment they did not give him another job. He spent $7\frac{1}{2}$ years on half pay and then in 1901 he and his lovely young wife went for a winter holiday to St. Moritz where they met Lord Selborne. The latter fell for the beautiful Theadora Markham and at the end of the fortnight he enquired why her husband hadn't got a job. She replied he had been very badly treated by the Admiralty as he had been acquitted of any blame for the VICTORIA/CAMPERDOWN collision but they wouldn't give him a job. Whereupon (according to my father) he lent forward and patted her knee and said "My dear, don't worry, I will let you into a secret. I am going to be the next First Lord of the Admiralty and I promise your husband will have a good Commander-in-Chief's job."

When he did get to the Admiralty he found, of course, this minute which precluded Markham

being employed at sea but after a lot of argument with the Board the First Sea Lord agreed he could go as Commander-in-Chief the NORE which he finally got while his wife was still in her late twenties.

The rest of my speech was reminiscing about my own adventures at sea; at all events it went extraordinarily well and I enjoyed it.

Afterwards I stayed talking to a lot of officers, some who had actually served with me. The Captain of the BACCHANTE, Down, told me that he had been a Sub-Lieutenant on board one of the C Class Destroyers when we carried out those dangerous high speed close order manoeuvres on meeting the Royal Yacht, and on doing a Grid Iron in front of the Emperor, Haile Selassie, on board the GAMBIA firing a 21 gun salute. He says he always tells his young officers that they have no idea what it is like to be in a really big Fleet handled in an exciting and imaginative manner.

I got to bed at 2345.

FRIDAY, 30TH JULY 1976

I had breakfast with Jim Kennon at 0800. The Surgeon Commander (D) brought a photograph of the Grid Iron manoeuvre for the Emperor Haile Selassie which I talked about in my speech last night, and they are going to give me a copy for the archives.

At 0820 Jim drove me down to meet the Supply School Instructors. There were no less than 75 of these and I went round and shook hands and talked to each one of them.

From here we went on to visit the new Office Training Simulator just completed. This is to be used when Supply Officers are going through the Secretarial Course. There are sixteen cubicles, an officer under instruction sits in each cubicle with all the books and paraphernalia he would have in a Captain's office. He then has to deal with daily routine papers, with sudden emergency telephone calls and signals and people coming in to see him to worry him and to put him under pressure, because it has been found that however well they know the work in theory they often break down in practice through being totally unprepared to deal with emergencies under pressure. This ingenious idea has been largely put forward by Jim Kennon himself.

Then we walked down to the Mountbatten Block which I had opened a couple of years ago to see it fully occupied. I first met the Fleet and Chief Petty Officers and shook hands with them, and then went round the Block; and also met two gardeners who had served with me, one of them in the Chindits.

Next we went to the old Barracks' Church where I wanted to see the finished carved wooden memorial tablet to those who had lost their lives on board the KELLY in both the first and second commission as she was, of course, a Chatham manned ship.

After this we drove out some way to Gillingham to see Pembroke House. This is quite a big house which provides a home for 36 old Naval pensioners between the ages of 66 and 96 which is paid for by the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust. The Administrator is the Mayor of Gillingham, Lieutenant Commander Blease.

They had all the old men sitting round their big living room and I went round and shook hands and talked to every single one of them. I was amused to find that I could remember more about their first ships than they knew themselves, frequently being able to fill in the name of the ship, the station, and often the name of the Captain. My memory is very good for those old days but not so good for more recent events.

Finally we got back to the Ward Room at about 1000 where I presented the prizes to the winners of the King George's Fund for Sailors lottery as I am the President. This is an imaginative project got up by Jim. Last year by a Flag Day they made £600, this year by this lottery they have made a profit of over £2,000. I made a very short speech.

The new Rear Admiral, Bevan, a cousin of dear old Dicky Bevan, one of our most famous Signal Officers, drove me down to the Helipad prepared in front of Medway House which he occupies. Jim and his wife, Anne, a daughter of my term mate and late Flag Captain Sir Stuart Paton, came to see me off.

We flew in F.O.Air's green helicopter,

1025 - 1115, to Broadlands, and at 1130 I went for a ride with Mary Lou. I worked hard in the archives and on correspondence, and then at 1810 Sweeney drove me in No.5s to H.M.S.MERCURY which we reached at 1855.

This was for the annual Signal Officers' Reunion which seems to go from strength to strength, there being a total of some 200 officers here. To my horror I found that for the first time I was the oldest officer at the Reunion.

I had a long and interesting talk with the First Sea Lord who told me, with some embarrassment, that he had been approached by the Minister for the Navy, a new man called Duffy, to ask him to register a complaint to me about the inappropriate speech I had given to the Naval Chaplains at their course recently when he was present. He said that I had introduced sex and had not taken religion sufficiently seriously, and that he thought that my speech had been damaging to my reputation as he knew what a high reputation I had for making good speeches.

Edward Ashmore was rather apologetic about this but said he would like to be able to tell Duffy that he had seen me and mentioned it to me, and I told him that he could say that I was sorry if I had said anything that he didn't like but he ought to know that after dinner most of the Chaplains gathered round me and thanked me for the speech which they said they had enjoyed enormously, and even last night, at the PEMBROKE, the Chaplain there came up and said what a splendid speech it

was. So perhaps I didn't do as much harm as Duffy, and perhaps the Chaplain of the Fleet, thought.

We all had a very pleasant buffet supper, and I sat at the main table with the other senior Signal Officers. I was surprised to find how many Vice Admirals and Rear Admirals there were, most of them retired.

I got back at 2230 and worked late.

SATURDAY, 31ST JULY 1976

I started work at 0645 and more or less finished by 1230 although I had been unable to go through all my piles of papers.

Sweeney drove me in the Peugeot fully loaded, with Patricia's cot on the roof and with Kimberley, to Montpelier Walk which we reached at 1400, where I had lunch with the family.

At 1525 we set off in a convoy of three cars. Patricia driving me and Kimberley in my Peugeot, followed by Joanna driving Amanda, Phi and Timmy in Patricia's Princess; the third being the Brabourne's Peugeot driven in turn by John and Michael John, with Nicky. Most appropriately Patricia's Princess had a "Princess Patricia's" Regimental badge on the rear window.

After a couple of hours we stopped at Corley for tea and to top up with petrol. Here Michael-John discovered that Joanna did not

realise the Princess has 4 speeds and had driven in 3rd speed all the way!

We had not driven on more than 18 miles when desperate signals from the car behind caused us to pull up, and we then heard that Joanna had just discovered that she had left her hand-bag, with £30 and the Bramah key to Montpelier Walk and Kinnerton Street, which she had hung across the back of her chair in the dining room at Corley. John very nobly volunteered to drive her back at high speed to try and see if they could collect it whilst the rest of us went on to Liverpool.

Patricia drew my attention to an absolutely extraordinary sight - about every hundred yards there was invariably quite a large piece of rubber from a tyre or an inner tube along either the central reservation or the hard standing on the near side. At one place there must have been half a dozen quite large lumps of rubber within a 100 yards. What a terrifying record of tyre blow-outs.

We reached Liverpool comfortably at 2015 and although we missed our friend, Mr. Morton of the R.A.C. (the office having been closed down for economy), I must say all the officials and ship's officers were most kind and helpful in getting us past the queues and letting us take our three dogs (Kimberley, Twega and Simba) into our cabins. After this I could not refuse the request of the Commodore of the Line, Captain Gerald Barry, to be photographed with him on the

Bridge for the House magazine. I agreed on condition it was not published until we had left Ireland again.

The LEINSTER left at 2215 and we all went on the Bridge, as usual, to see the Captain take the ship out. He showed me a very useful new gadget, an infra red television camera which in fact can see quite clearly through fog up to a worthwhile distance.

John staggered us by arriving at the ship at 2100 having grossly exceeded the speed limit but with Joanna radiant as she had found her bag, her money and her keys.

SUNDAY, 1ST AUGUST 1976

The ship docked at 0650 and at 0700 we all drove off very rapidly. Alas we couldn't go to have tea at the Embassy because Ewart Bigg, the new Ambassador, who had invited us all to have breakfast with him at the Embassy had been assassinated last week. So we went first to the Shelbourne and finding the kitchen wasn't open so early on a Sunday we drove to Tunney's Hotel, the Gresham, where they served an excellent breakfast. It is tragic that the I.R.A. have bombed the first floor of this hotel. We then drove on reaching Classiebawn at 1325 in time for lunch.

It was wonderful to be back again and to feel that our situation has been retrieved by Hugh Tunney having taken over a 21 year lease of the Castle. But he has also asked permission to redecorate it; I must confess I was shaken to

find the whole place looking quite different. It looked like an expensive well decorated mid-Victorian house with all the bright green paint which Edwina had put on all the doors and panelling stripped off. I must admit it was well done and am sure I shall get used to the change. However, the main thing is to be able to go on living here.

Aideen Gore Booth came for a business talk after dinner.

Before dinner Patricia and I took Kimberley and her two little dogs for a walk.

MONDAY, 2ND AUGUST 1976

It has been wet and windy and chilly ever since we landed in Ireland; very different from England, the grass here is lush and rich and green.

At 1000 our lawyer, Charlie Brown, of the wonderfully named firm of solicitors "Argue and Phibbs" came to discuss the Baryte's lease. Another windfall is the fact that Baryte has now become an important lubricant for North Sea oil drilling and so the old mines are opening up again and we have a lot of Baryte minerals on our land.

John's mother, Dodo, arrived by train at 1710 at Sligo and Patricia fetched her.

I made fudge in the kitchen with the children as usual.

TUESDAY, 3RD AUGUST 1976

It is still windy and showery but I went out with John and the four grandsons in SHADOW V. We got five lobsters in the pots and put one back because it was too small, and I got a small pollock on a mackerel line.

In the afternoon Joanna and Phi took Kimberley for a ride.

WEDNESDAY, 4TH AUGUST 1976

John and the twins came out with me in SHADOW V and picked up four lobsters and caught two mackerel.

Joanna and Phi rode but unfortunately the deal I made with Hugh Tunney meant that he took over all my ponies in return for letting us have what he called better ponies to ride. Unfortunately few of his ponies are really rideable by our standards and all my favourite riding ponies have been sold. The only ones left here are the dear old pensioners out to grass.

John, Michael John, Joanna and Phi played tennis. In the evening John and Michael John played golf, and all four played bridge.

I refuse to play bridge having played once in my life in the autumn of 1924 coming back alone in the OLYMPIC when Diana and Duff Cooper, Tommy Bouch and Tony Pullitzer asked if they

could use my sitting room to play bridge. I insisted that they should teach me to cut in as a fifth and they replied they would if I would play for money. They suggested penny points which I accepted not realising how high this would work out, and at the end of the trip was some £250 in pocket much to their indignation. Since then I have never played bridge again and don't intend to as I think it is rather a waste of time when one has creative work to do.

THURSDAY, 5TH AUGUST 1976

Poor Patricia has got such a bad cold that she is staying in bed, looked after by the whole family particularly the children.

Dodo, John and three of the grandsons came out in SHADOW V and we picked up six lobsters but put one back as being too small.

In the afternoon I rode a very green young bay pony, Joanna rode a small white pony, and we had to hire a pony for Phi to come with us as the others all appear to be too difficult for children to ride.

Joanna is faithfully going through them all to see which she thinks would be safe but so far there are only two or at the most three horses among quite a crowd he has here that appear to be any fun to ride.

Perhaps I made a mistake when I asked him if he would kindly take my ponies on loan, ride

them himself and make them available to us every August. He replied he would sooner buy them from me outright and guarantee to provide the same number of good ponies, even better ponies, for us to ride each August. The result of this is that my favourite mounts, Lucky Streak, Tents Queen, Mavourneen and Colleen have all been sold and replaced by ponies which we find difficult to ride. However, we owe Hugh Tunney so much for having made it possible for us to come back to Classiebawn that nobody is going to argue the toss and it is a small price to pay to hire easier ponies if necessary.

I must now mention that I really am getting in a fuss about my trip to France in October. It was agreed originally by the French National U.W.C. Committee to have a big charity evening in Paris in October at which I would be the Guest of Honour and make a speech. This would be to raise money for the French Committee. Then my old friend Rémy came along with a suggestion that if I would do a week's tour down the Loire I could see some of the châteaux I have always wanted to see and by stopping and meeting various Mayors and attending some of their parties it might induce the various towns on the Loire to give scholarships to suitable youngsters in their own community. I fell for this because I like old Rémy and he always organises marvellous programmes.

However, I told him that I really couldn't manage to spend a week but I would do six days of which some five days would be on the tour and

the last day would be in Paris. Upon this he produced a programme with 116 events, 14 laying wreaths, 7 speeches and on an average something like 15 hours working with perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours rest each afternoon. I don't think at the age of 76 I can really compete with this and the British Ambassador wrote sometime ago and drew my attention to the fact that I was taking on much more than a man of my age should do.

So I wrote a letter to Rémy saying it was more than I could manage and would he please cut the programme down. I got an Express Letter delivered by the police to SHADOW V when we came in to-day saying that he couldn't possibly cut out anything; if I wasn't well he would arrange to have a doctor accompany me the whole time, with an aeroplane standing by to fly me home if I have a heart attack.

This really worried me; it made me realise he didn't see the point. So I rang up Jack, whose last day it was in office, and then Ian Gourlay, who is coming with me and who is really in charge of the programme from my point of view. He rang up the Naval Attaché, Vincent Howard, who had been working with Rémy and had endless discussions on the telephone without any success. Rémy now insists on writing a second letter to me pleading with me to go on with the full programme.

Jack had meanwhile written privately to Yola asking her to use her influence with Rémy. I hope she succeeds as I want to avoid a confrontation with my over enthusiastic old friend.

FRIDAY, 6TH AUGUST 1986

I woke up with a slight recurrence of my vertigo so went rather steady and remained indoors. Patricia spent the day in bed but came down for dinner.

John, Dodo and the boys went out in SHADOW V and got 8 lobsters but threw back one small one, a record!

The routine here is really very much the same most days, one or more of us go out in the boat every day; several ride; several play tennis, and John and Michael John play golf; and in the evenings they play bridge. It is all very gay and pleasant.

SATURDAY, 7TH AUGUST 1976

Although I still had vertigo when I woke up it was such a lovely calm day that I went out in SHADOW V myself with John and Michael John just before lunch and we got five lobsters but we had to put one small one back.

After lunch at 1515 the entire party left in two Brabourne cars for Aasleagh. This is the fishing lodge for River Erriff which the Broadlands Disactionary Trust bought from the Sligo family and had thus been in John's family a long while. Indeed I was told by Dodo that her brother, Lump, when he became Marquess of Sligo, suggested leaving Aasleagh and the Erriff River to John as he felt that nobody in his family would take the same interest in the fishing if he died

unmarried. She, however, felt that she must decline the offer on wider family grounds which now is a pity as it has had to be bought. Still I feel that it is a good investment now against inflation and it has been decided that Michael John will have it.

The B.D.S. has also bought that delightful villa in the South of France overlooking the Polo Ground at Mandelieu and therefore christened "Villa Marco". This will go to Norton, and is also a good investment. I shan't be able to go and stay with the family there this year which is a pity for I enjoy it down there very much.

We reached Aasleagh just before 1800 and Patricia showed me round the new downstairs flat which she has decorated and furnished. There are now two flats to lease to fishermen and their families; the upstairs one holds nine, the downstairs one seven, and they each have their own sitting room, kitchen, baths, etc.

The security arrangements are even stronger here than at Classiebawn for the Garda have now put up a permanent radio transmitter and receiver over the garage.

The German President, Scheel, is staying in Galway and they asked if I wanted to see him but although I know him I didn't think it was worth troubling him so I declined the offer.

A little later John's great friend, Tom Crathorne, arrived with his younger son, David

Dugdale and the latter's nice wife, Susie, so we were quite a big dinner party and ate all the lobsters we had bought with us.

SUNDAY, 8TH AUGUST 1976

It was a lovely day here and at 1030 we all went to see the new salmon hatchery which John has erected at the mouth of the Erriff River. This year he has raised 118,000 eggs of which about 117,000 hatched and about 110,000 fry were still surviving after several weeks. They put in 60,000 earlier on and to-morrow they are going to put the remaining 50,000 out into the river. Out of this immense number they will be lucky if they get 100 fish to come back to the same river as grilse; but if they go on successfully the population of the river will gradually grow, in spite of being fished.

Then we walked down to see the fishing office with the marvellous great Brewery poster of the Aasleagh Falls taking up the whole of one wall. We went on to the old Bailiff's cottage which has now been divided to make two separate cottages for four people each again to put up rods on the river. But in spite of the depression there is a waiting list for people to get on the river and to stay at Aasleagh though apparently most of them now are Germans, Italians, French, and no doubt the Japanese will be coming along soon. The drought however is having a serious affect at the moment.

At 1320 the entire party left in four cars and drove along the south bank of Killary Harbour;

then along Lough File. What an amazing fjord Killary Harbour is - 8 miles long, very deep and able to house the whole of the British Atlantic Fleet; indeed I believe in 1914 the Grand Fleet went there once for safety when the anti-submarine defences of Scapa Flow had not been quite finished.

We drove on to a place from which we could walk down to the sea although rather far back but one could see it from the downs on which we had our picnic lunch.

After lunch John, Michael John, David and Susie drove with one of our policemen to play on the Connemara Golf Course. When Patricia was backing the car up a narrow lane from the picnic site she managed to get the off front wheel into a ditch. Our policeman immediately produced a rope which he attached to her car and to his towing hook and managed to tow her out.

Patricia drove Dodo, Nanny and me on a sight-seeing trip; the others went home with my dog Kimberley. We first drove to see the new enterprise called "Holiday Cottages" at Tulley Cross. They are built on traditional lines of old Irish cottages and are fitted with every modern convenience for tourists and are very popular.

Then we drove to Connemara and saw the incredibly small field by a river where the famous pony fair is held each year.

From here we drove up to a monument put up in 1969 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the first direct flight to take place across the Atlantic by Alcock and Brown in an old Vickers' Vimy Bomber. It was a hair-raising and brave flight. They landed in a bog which looked like a clear runway; the aircraft tipped up on its nose but didn't sustain any serious damage. The stone memorial is put up in the shape of the tail 'plane with an inscription.

From here I absolutely insisted, much against Patricia's will, to drive down and see if we could get to the actual landing site which was about three-quarters-of-a-mile away. We got out and walked the last part and got a splendid view where these two brave men, Alcock from the Royal Flying Corps and Brown from the Royal Naval Air Service but both in the recently amalgamated Royal Air Force, landed on the 15th June 1919.

On our way back we looked in to see Ballynahinch Castle which my old friend the Jamsahib of Navanagar had rented between the wars.

We drove back via Loch Inagh to look at Kilenmore Abbey built by the Duke of Manchester and very elaborate. It is now a Nun's school. We got back to the Lodge at 1930.

MONDAY, 9TH AUGUST 1976

I was very sad to be leaving Aasleagh after two such lovely days but I had promised to be back when David and Pammy and their family arrives; and they had already arrived on Sunday.

Patricia drove Dodo, Kimberley and me via Delphi to see the old fishing lodge in which they used to stay via Westport, Dodo's old family home, to Swineford where David had driven over to meet us. He arrived punctually; we, I regret to say, were nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour late. We changed over cars and drove back to Classiebawn for 1330 lunch. Pammy, Edwina, Ashley and India were already there with Ashley's young French friend, Paul Schlumberger.

There had been a domestic crisis in my absence. Apparently half-an-hour after we had all left on Saturday, Mrs. Kennedy, the cook, just walked out informing our delightful Castle Manager, Miss Johnson, that she was not coming back. It seems that Miss Johnson had bowled out that a lot of chickens and frozen meat were missing from the deep freeze and had not been listed by Mrs. Kennedy, and also Mrs. Kennedy was placing separate orders for food apart from what was being supplied through the Central Hotel by Hugh Tunney. Upon this she apparently lost her temper and walked out.

Miss Johnson, who is employed by Tunney, very wisely rang him up and he said "Don't let her come back and sack her son, Paddy Joe, too". Apparently the latter had been very idle so Miss Johnson sent a message to say he was not required to come back either. Mr. Tunney immediately sent up his head Chef, Duffy, from the Central Hotel in Bundoran.

Mrs. Kennedy has always been threatening to walk out and give notice; this time she has

been caught out in her blackmail because of course she wasn't required; and her useless son has been thrown out with her. On the other hand one can't help feeling sad as they worked for us for so long, but this time they really asked for it.

TUESDAY, 10TH AUGUST 1976

The weather has improved dramatically and it was a glorious day.

At 1100 Pammy, David and I met Charlie Browne in Grange with our own Michael Joe Connolly and the man we employ as a rent collector, Jim Boyle. We drove up to Lyal and Gortnallack where we got out and walked round looking at the turf banks and seeing the Receipt Book which Jim Boyle had kept for well over 12 years. This was necessary because for some unknown reason this area was not marked on the valuation map although it is clearly ours, and we now want to register it to be able to let out the mining rights to the Baryte Company. Our own map shows it as ours but I remember Jules Bracken, our dear old Bailiff, showing the area to Edwina and me and Pammy when we first came over.

We did the usual stunt when driving along the foot of Ben Bulben of stopping at a shallow slope in the road at the bottom of the dip, then putting the car in neutral and taking the brake off and letting the "fairies" push the car backwards up the hill. This is, of course, an optical illusion because the ground lies in such a way that you could swear the road was running up hill.

In fact when Solly Zuckerman was with us he took the trouble to come out and start measuring all the height levels to see what was actually happening. It really is the greatest fun to suddenly find the car being pushed up hill backwards, and I never tire of showing it to friends, even the police escort.

After tea I went out in SHADDOW V with the children and a policeman. We picked up three lobsters in the first pot, but of the five we picked altogether we had to return one as being too small.

Mrs. Kennedy sent a letter of apology and asking whether I would forgive her and take her back. I wrote a friendly letter saying I greatly regretted she had walked out on Mr. Tunney who was her employer. She was not employed by me, as she very well knew, and I would therefore send her letter of apology on to Mr. Tunney.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH AUGUST 1976

We had to cancel going out in the boat, although the weather was lovely, as we had a leaky oil pump. The others rode.

Ian Gourlay rang up again to say that he thought he had had complete success with Rémy, but Rémy insisted on writing personally to me confirming that he was going to cut out all the civic functions and the trip down the Loire and confine the tour to the military days at Saumur etc

