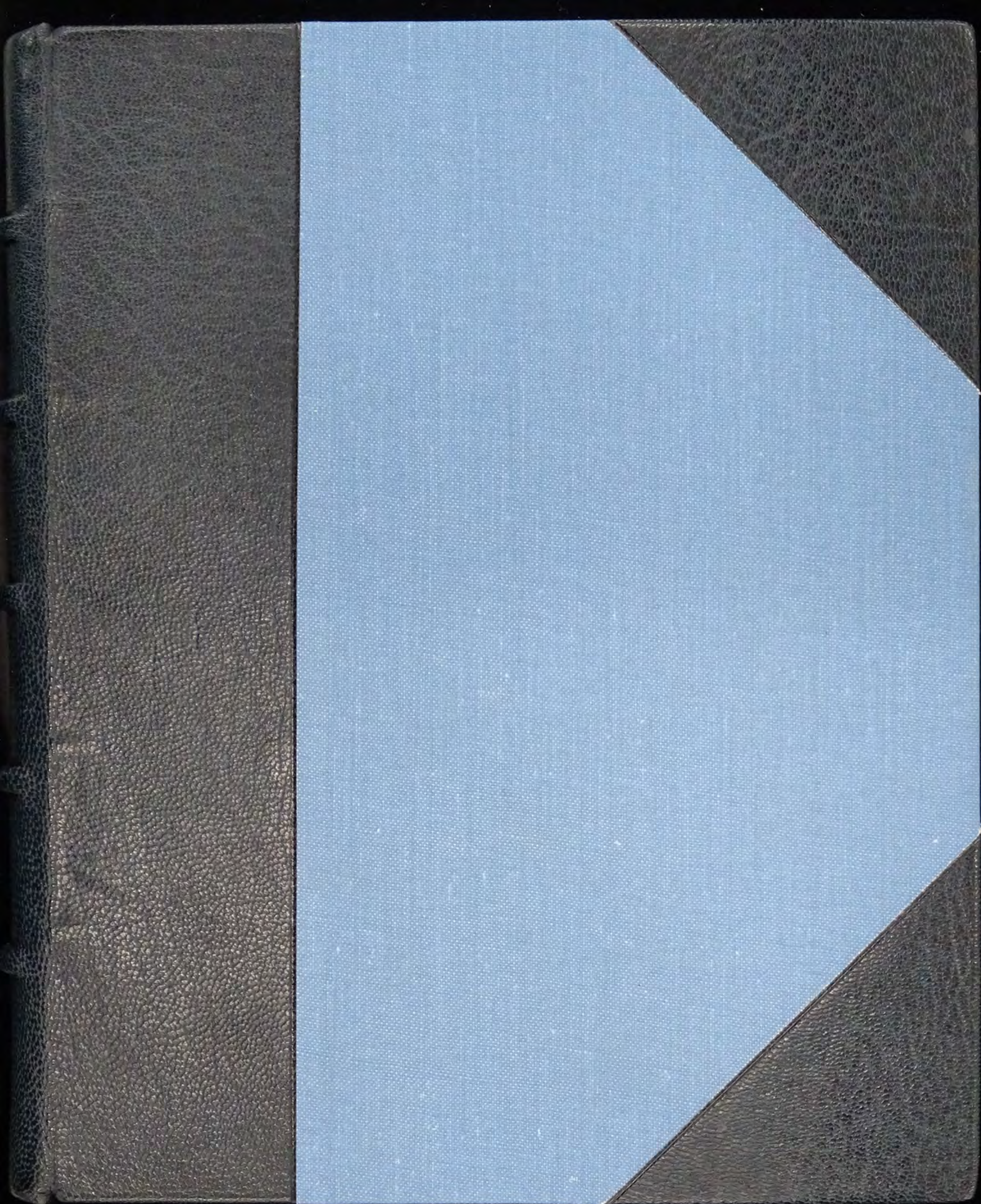


Tour Diary of Lord
Mountbatten,
1976 volume 3

MS 62 MB8/23/3

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



Darling Daddy,

Even though my upsetting
you into a ditch is now bound
for posterity, this volume of your
diary comes with much love,

from Pammy and David

25th June, 1978

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 12th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I am sure you are enjoying the holidays. I am sure you are enjoying the holidays. I am sure you are enjoying the holidays.

Yours truly,
[Signature]

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and ~~St. Nazaire~~ and a bit of sight-seeing before Paris and fund raising at La Boule. What a great relief!

THURSDAY, 12TH AUGUST 1976

At 0830 I went out in SHADOW V with Ashley, his friend Paul, and India. It turned out to be pretty rough where the pots lay and they were difficult to recover. We picked up three lobsters one of which weighed 3 pounds. We had them boiled immediately, then took them with us at 1120 to go and stay at the Baron's Court in County Tyrone, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, but to stay with his son, James Hamilton and my lovely god-daughter, Sacha.

David drove my car with Edwina and India and all the luggage; and Pammy drove the Hicks' Peugeot with me in front and with Ashley and Paul behind, and the two dogs behind them; Kimberley and his uncle who belongs to David, Bertie, in the very back.

It had been quite a business to arrange to cross the border as in other years they had objected. This time, however, it was agreed it should be done very much on the sly. Nevertheless, we had no less than three Garda cars with Garda signs to take us to Belleek, with other Garda cars holding road inter-sections. We went through an Irish Army post but on arrival in Northern Ireland everything was quiet. There was just one man lolling about in uniform who waved us on and we were followed by a discreet little dark red Rover with two men in sports clothes.

After a while the police car went ahead and pointed out they wanted to lead us by a short cut. This meant that Pammy driving the third car always appeared to go very fast to keep up. As we neared Baron's Court we were doing a right-hand turn on a road with a dry surface but with water lying on the inner kerb. Pammy got her two off-side wheels into the water and coming out she started to skid; she corrected and the car came back with a bump into a little grass bank and was thrown right off across the road through a thick hedge into a ditch where we landed upside down.

Luckily Pammy and I had our seat belts strapped on otherwise our faces would have been a bit of a mess, on the windscreen. As it was no one was hurt.

David had not noticed what had happened; the first thing he knew was when the police car jammed their brakes on so hard that he nearly ran into it, then backed at 30 miles an hour past him to where we had gone off the road. Apparently the second man has a permanent observation mirror in which he watches the people being escorted.

David, not unnaturally, thought it was an ambush and made the girls lie down in the bottom of the car; then got out and walked towards us and the policemen held up their thumbs to indicate that all was well.

It was quite a job getting out of the car. To begin with I didn't like to release my

seat belt until I had made preparations to fall into the roof. Having done that of course I couldn't get out because my own seat was in the way. By this time the police had arrived and managed to get the door open upside down, then they put the back of the seat as far back as they could and pulled me out without much difficulty. Pammy was also got out without much difficulty. The two boys tumbled out and the two dogs jumped out. Kimberley immediately ran away but luckily stopped on the sky line of a long field where I could see him and call him and he came back. Bertie stayed with the car.

David had his camera with one picture left which he took of us with the crashed car. The petrol tank was leaking very badly into the car, which was full of petrol fumes, but luckily no one was smoking so there was no explosion.

When we got out a man came up to one of the policemen and said "That is a V.I.P. I have often seen him on T.V., I recognise him but I can't put a name to him". He turned out to be the local garage proprietor and was engaged to tow the car to Baron's Court on condition he did not tell anyone of the accident. I think, if we are lucky, nothing will appear in the newspapers as the police unscrewed the number plates.

The accident occurred at 1250; we had been due at Baron's Court at 1300. The police informed the police at Baron's Court and James immediately set off to the scene of the accident. However we missed him and on arrival we found Sacha in quite a tizzy about the accident.

The police car let me and the boys and Kimberley get into their car, and Pammy and Bertie went in my car with David.

James got back quite soon and we all had luncheon, and unpacked and were shown round the house. I had been to Baron's Court in the old days when it was a single entity but now it is divided into two separate homes. About two-thirds of this great house has been made over to James by his father, Jimmy Abercorn. Jimmy and Kath live in the other third. David had the tricky problem of helping to decide how to divide the house and was very successful in doing so without treading on any "Abercorns".

I must say David has done a most wonderful job and has restored the Hamilton side of the house to its former beauty. For instance, the long gallery which is 92 foot long had been divided into three big rooms. He took down the partitions and restored it to a really lovely but comfortable formal room.

The kitchen next door which had been the library he converted back because it has such a lovely ceiling; and the State Dining Room he has converted into a family living room. I say 'living room' because they do everything there. At one end they have a miniature green wooden "skyscraper" which contains a complete kitchen and pantry; at the other end there is another miniature green wooden "skyscraper" which contains a bar and a flower arranging room. In between the two they have a highly modern steel dining table. Sacha can more or less manage to

look after the family without any servants, or at least that is the theory.

The great circular dome which was a large inner hall has been turned into a large circular dining room if they have a big party for shoots, etc. It is altogether very well planned.

We were taken round to see our rooms. Sacha's and James's rooms have been done up quite beautifully, and I was given a very comfortable room next to them. I discovered that the door of my wardrobe opened through another door into Sacha and James' room. This is the second time I have seen this, the last time being at New Grove, Petworth, where I had a room next to the Hamiltons which had communication through the wardrobe.

We went and looked at the car which had been towed back and which apparently can be repaired.

We called on Jimmy and Kath Abercorn in their rooms.

There are two other guests, the man who does the accounts of the estate called Wood and his wife. He turned out to be the grandson of my dear old friend Admiral Sir Lionel Horsey whose Flag Lieutenant I was in the RENOWN in 1920.

FRIDAY, 13TH AUGUST 1976

We had breakfast in the 'living room'

and after that we were shown round the whole of the Hamilton part of the house. I must say David has been most ingenious and done it all brilliantly.

The rooms upstairs have been done really beautifully with delightful wall paper and wonderful furniture; and what I particularly like, of course, is the nice long old fashioned baths.

At 1630 I was invited to plant an exotic cedar tree from the Far East which one day may grow to a height of 100 feet.

SATURDAY, 14TH AUGUST 1976

Jimmy and Kath showed us round their rooms, which are much the same as I remember them the last time I visited Baron's Court.

James's younger brother, Lord Anthony Hamilton, arrived to stay in his own room in the Abercorn section. We saw quite a lot of him. He is a very pleasant good looking young man who is the curator at Florence Court, to which I had taken Alice and Louise on their visit.

Edward Hay came to stay; he is the son of Philip and the late Margaret - both friends of mine.

After lunch I cooked fudge with all the children in the dining section of the dining room. Then I walked with Sacha to see the

children water skiing on the lower lake. The three security guards walked so close behind us that Sacha insisted on talking French to me.

In the evening Sacha very kindly heard my speech for the Congress of the Physiotherapists before I finalised it. Then we went to see the "Container Tree Nursery".

SUNDAY, 15TH AUGUST 1976

Another glorious day. David and Sacha continued moving pictures and furniture round the house. Sacha took me up again to see their container nursery mainly because I wanted to eat some more of their fresh peas.

After the children had water skied and had tea Pammy drove us all back in my car, six in all including Paul Schlumberger, but David himself stayed behind to go on working. We took Kimberley and Bertie with us.

At the border our old friend Sergeant Hennessy met us to say there was a "throng" in Bundoran on account of a political demonstration about one of their people in prison; so we were taken by a roundabout route along the foot of the King's Mountain to miss the throng and got back comfortably, just in time to give dinner to Angus and Aideen Gore Booth.

MONDAY, 16TH AUGUST 1976

Ashley, Paul and I went out in SHADOW V and picked up 8 lobsters. I have had to order

another lobster box from Rodney Lomax as my present box is full up.

A French tourist in a Jaguar came up to the Castle and asked me to sign her copy of "Cette Nuit La Liberté". Sergeant Hennessy told me that all the police had been thrilled with their copies of the English version "Freedom at Midnight" which I gave them as souvenirs last year.

In the afternoon I went prawning with the boys and did quite well. A nice local boy who was doing nearly as well came up and gave me all his prawns as he had to go off and see his grandfather.

TUESDAY, 17TH AUGUST 1976

I went out with Michael Connor, who is turning into a really first-class young boatman, and one of the policemen, and picked up the pots; we got 3 lobsters.

At tea time the Hamilton family, James, Sacha, Jamie and Sophie and their Nanny, came to stay. After tea we drove them round a bit and took them down to paddle on the beach. Sophie, aged 3, was very excited as she had never been to the sea-side before.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH AUGUST 1976

Another very nice day. Most of us went out in the boat in the morning and picked up 4 large lobsters and threw back one small one. We

then tried our hand at fishing for pollack; Sacha and Jamie each caught one small one.

After lunch I rang up the Farm Office at Broadlands to ask them to arrange for Alan Campbell Johnson to represent me at the funeral of Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing. I was very fond of Frankie and am very sorry indeed not to be able to get back for his funeral service on the 23rd.

Sacha and I went down with the children and all bathed except me. After tea the Hamiltons left.

At 1800 our benefactor-tenant, Hugh Tunney, arrived and stayed for four hours talking over the new decoration and furniture arrangement, and discussing things generally. He stayed, of course, to dinner.

Joanna and Amanda drove themselves up from Aasleagh at tea time to come and stay here for the rest of the time.

THURSDAY, 19TH AUGUST 1976

This is the 60th anniversary of the last occasion when the British Grand Fleet and the German High Sea Fleet had an encounter in the North Sea. I remember it as though it was yesterday. We even got up the famous 'battle ensigns' and the boxes were unscrewed ready to have them hoisted. I was on the fore bridge as Doggie to the Flag Captain Chatfield. I remember

that we lost two light cruisers, the NOTTINGHAM and the FALMOUTH, which were torpedoed by U-boats, and we saw zeppelins up, and then the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Jellicoe, signalled to Admiral Beatty Commanding the Battle Cruiser Fleet saying "Battle Cruisers remain within visual touch of the Grand Fleet".

I thought Beatty was going to blow up; he blasphemed and cursed and said the most terrible things. However, we reduced our speed and so lost the chance of getting into action with the High Seas Fleet. Jellicoe's order may well have been right though it caused a lot of heart burning in the LION. I remember we were even sent down to change our underclothes and write our last letters, so certain were we that we were going into action; of course there was a certain amount of gunfire exchange between the light craft but we never fired our own guns.

To-day was nice and sunny and calm, so I took most of the party over to Inishmurray. We were away for 7 hours, from 1040 to 1740, with Amanda, India, Paul, Ashley and myself. We started by going to Bomore Island - it was high water and one couldn't see many seals. However, we got some excellent pollack fishing and got a large number of big fish quite quickly.

We went in to Clashmore Harbour for a picnic luncheon. Then everybody went ashore. Amanda and I lay down on the grass and slept whilst the youngsters went to see the Cashel.

FRIDAY, 20TH AUGUST 1976

I went out at 1130 in SHADOW V with Michael and a policeman to pick up lobsters. We started fishing for mackerel when I discovered, quite by accident, the four lobsters required for the lunch party had not been sent up to the house. I rang up Pammy on the radio telephone and told her to send a car down, and we came back to the harbour and sent up four lobsters from the box. Then we went out and got four more lobsters and threw a small one back. I arrived just in time for lunch at 1330 to which Rory Cameron and Mrs. Mona Baring had been invited.

There was a fierce family argument this evening as to whether David could or could not post my letter for the office on arrival at Heathrow to-morrow. After we all got very angry it transpired that he was not only being met by his own Private Secretary but Jack Barratt had arranged for him to have one of the airport staff to meet him. So it turned out there was no difficulty whatever in getting my mail posted, if the new 'early week-end closing' did not interfere.

SUNDAY, 21ST AUGUST 1976

Pammy drove David and Paul in my car to Belfast at 0900 after breakfast at 0830. Normally I am called at 0750 for 0900 breakfast but because breakfast was half an hour early they called me half an hour late at 0820 for some obscure Irish reason.

Five men had been reported missing in a rubber boat with an outboard motor and all available craft were mobilised by the police. Michael took SHADOW V out with a volunteer crew and was the main operational control craft as practically none of the others had any radio communication. This meant that we couldn't go out. In any case Sergeant Hennessy was very keen we should not go down to the harbour as there were exceptionally big crowds and he might have difficulty in getting us through.

After lunch John rang up with two very bad bits of news. Tom Crathorne had had a bad haemorrhage during the night and Patricia had been up all night looking after him, and then just when he had been got off to hospital in an ambulance her sweet little miniature dachshund, Simba, whom I gave her for her 50th birthday, suddenly rolled over and died within a few minutes. Although Patricia still has the other miniature dachshund, Tweega, she and all the family are of course heart broken. When Amanda heard the news she burst into a flood of tears.

The rest of the Brabourne family arrived back from Aasleagh at 1910.

With the return of the Brabournes John and Michael John started playing golf again, the girls also joined in playing tennis, and the whole lot played bridge in the evening.

MONDAY, 23RD AUGUST 1976

From 0930 to 1200 we had the Classiebawn

Estate Committee Meeting with Aideen Gore Booth and Charlie Browne. He did a most marvellous ballet jump over a map he had spread out on the floor and landed very lightly. What a comic he can be.

At 1820 John and Michael John arrived back from golf and joined Patricia, the twins, India and me in SHADOW V to pick up lobsters; having had a record day yesterday we drew a blank to-day.

TUESDAY, 24TH AUGUST 1976

Patricia, John and Michael John spent the day back at Aasleagh and went to see Tom Crathorne in the Regional Hospital of Galway. They brought back the news that he is making a good recovery.

I went out in SHADOW V at tea time with Ashley and the twins but it was another blank day so we took 3 lobsters from our box for dinner.

WEDNESDAY, 25TH AUGUST 1976

It was such an exceptionally lovely day with the sea like a mill pond and very hot that we decided to have another expedition to Inishmurray. The whole party came except Pammy, Edwina and Nanny. We were out from 1020 to 1850, and had a lovely time taking photographs of the seals, but this time got practically no pollack.

When we landed on Inishmurray we went round north about to look at Polnashanti, the Cavern of the Winds.

THURSDAY, 26TH AUGUST 1976

Jack rang up, having returned from his holiday, to say there was not too much correspondence to be dealt with.

I rode with Patricia, Joanna, Amanda, Phi and Timmy. I must say I like the bay mare a lot and was mortified to hear she is going to have a foal and I shan't be able to ride her next year. I have asked Aideen to try and get Lucky Streak back.

After lunch John drove me down to see an old man called McGloin, near the Bunduff River, who is a Peace Commissioner. I had to swear an affidavit and sign it and then he had to sign, but he absolutely refused to sign as he was firmly convinced we were proposing to try and sell some of his land to his hated neighbour. He spoke such broad Irish that if I hadn't had John there I don't think I should ever have understood what he meant, but John managed to persuade him it had nothing to do with his land and he finally signed, and then became very excited and shook my hand as evidently he had heard of me.

Then we drove down to the beach where some marvellous 8 mm. sound films were being made with my little camera, notably of Nicky buried up to his neck in the sand and Timmy carrying out an interview with him.

At 1700 we went out in SHADOW V and got 2 lobsters.

At 1800 Hugh Tunney came for a talk with John, and then stayed to dinner. The talk was of good value. I like him better and better each time I see him.

FRIDAY, 27TH AUGUST 1976

Most of us drove in two cars round the Gleniff Horse Shoe road to see the activities going on at the re-opened Baryte mines.

Then John and Michael John separated to go and play golf while the rest of us, with Nanny, drove to Lissadell Church to see the headstone which I had paid for and which the family put up in commemoration of dear Gabrielle. Nanny had given two little rose trees which were in bloom.

Then we went with Aileen and Angus back to Lissadell House to have a look round and see the new shop they have made in the basement where they had just sold one of Ashley's pictures of Classiebawn Castle.

On our way back we stopped at Chalet Marietta to say good-bye to Mrs. Daly; then we went to the old Post Office in which the retired Post Mistress, Mrs. Clancy, continues to live, as the Post Office has moved to a shop.

After lunch Patricia, Edwina and I went prawning and caught the record number of prawns ever caught in one hour.

At 1820 we went out in SHADOW V and picked up two lobsters.

We had been seeing our Gardas in lots of about three at a time to give them a drink and say good-bye and thank-you. A total of twenty have been guarding us including a man with a labrador that sniffs out explosives! I asked him how he knew when the dog had found an explosive. He replied that he barked. I said "What do you do then?" He replied "I run like hell".

SATURDAY, 28TH AUGUST 1976

We had a last trip out in SHADOW V but only picked up one lobster.

The family spent most of the morning packing. At 1245 we started loading the three cars with a lot of extra luggage because, as Pammy's car wasn't available, we had to get the whole lot in three cars but we fitted it in fairly comfortably.

We left at 1540, fourteen of us, two labradors and Tweega. We had the usual police escort and stopped as usual at the Longford Arms Hotel while the escorts changed over.

When we got to Dublin we drove to the Gresham Hotel where Hugh Tunney had arranged for us to have dinner. We had a magnificent private room and an absolute banquet, and the younger children had never had a meal like it.

Then we went on down to the docks and drove the cars straight on board our old friend the LEINSTER. We were rather tired so Michael John

and I went to sleep in my State Room 'A', while some of the others went up on the Bridge at the Captain's invitation to see the ship leave harbour.

SUNDAY, 29TH AUGUST 1976

We drove off the ship at 0700 and then got ourselves thoroughly lost. Dear old Mr. Morton, the R.A.C. representative, has been made redundant for economy's sake, so we had nobody to show us the way and there was only one sign post marked 'M.6' and that was pointing the wrong way! We must have asked ten or a dozen people, most of whom had never heard of the motorway, and it took us 40 minutes on a clear Sunday morning to reach it. I am going to write to the R.A.C. and complain about the bad sign-posting.

We stopped for breakfast at 0750 at the "Motor Chef" and had one more stop, 75 miles from London, and arrived punctually at 1225 at Montpelier Walk. Here Peter Gutteridge, the Hicks' chauffeur was waiting with their small Peugeot. All their luggage and party were transferred and left at once for Britwell as they go off to join David in Greece to-morrow for a yachting holiday with friends.

I had lunch with the Brabourne family. Then Daborn met me and drove me back in my Peugeot. We reached Broadlands at 1515.

A large pile of mail was awaiting me and I set to work straight away. I was much relieved

to find that rain started to fall in the evening and that it rained all night. This may help the drought a bit but it doesn't look as though it has broken it.

MONDAY, 30TH AUGUST - SATURDAY, 4TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I spent all this week catching up with my mail and preparing speeches. I rode most days and had my usual two rides with Mary Lou who was in great form and very thrilled that she is going to be allowed to convert the Doll's House to give a bit more room for the children.

On Wednesday I had a small lunch party to which I invited André Carron, the script writer from Radio Quebec, who wanted to discuss the Dieppe programme, and Read Admiral Elliott Strauss, U.S.N., and his wife, Beatrice, who happened to be in London. As he was in on the planning and actually took part in the raid as a member of my staff on board H.M.S. BLEASDALE this was very fortunate for the programme.

Thursday night Michael of Kent asked if he could come down for a gossip about his future, and he arrived in time for dinner and we talked till nearly midnight. I must say I am very flattered the way the family seem to regard me as a sort of 'father confessor' when they want advice.

On Friday the Fowlers brought in the new Farm Foreman, Alan Brook Dean, and his wife, Annie, who seemed very nice.

On Saturday Robert Neville and his daughter, Emma, came for lunch and a gossip afterwards. They gave a glowing account of the victory of the Naval team, of which Charles was the Captain, in the first Army/Navy match for the Rundle Cup for many many years. Unfortunately it took place on Sunday, 1st August, when I was travelling with the family to Classiebawn Castle. The Navy won most dramatically and it was a thoroughly exciting match with a surprising number of old Army and Navy Rundle Cup players from Malta days. I am sorry I had to miss it.

SUNDAY, 5TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I worked in the morning and then swam.

At 1400 I flew by Army Air Corps helicopter to the old Water Beach Airfield near Cambridge which is now the base of 39 Engineer Regiment (Airfield). Some 50 Royal Marines Cadets with Band paraded as a Guard of Honour. I was driven round the arena in a specially equipped Land Rover, and deposited at the V.I.P. Stand where I was introduced to all the official concerned.

On arrival at Water Beach in the middle of the arena I was received by the President of the Herts, Cambs and Essex Borders Branch of the Burma Star Association, who had the curious title of Baron Dimsdale and had won the M.C. in Burma. His cousin was the term above me at Dartmouth. Nobby Clark, the Vice President, was the man who organised the whole show and was the display Controller, and the Chairman of the show was Ron

Harrington who looked after me personally for the rest of the day. The Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, Brassy, was also there. Then I was introduced to all the important officials connected with the show, including the Commanding Officer of the 39th Engineer Regiment (Airfield), who own the base.

I was shown to a small tent next to the main Stand which had been specially prepared for me where tea was awaiting me. I had Air Marshal Sir Bernard Chacksfield, the Deputy Chairman of the Burma Star Association, and Alec St.Pierre, the Welfare Officer, to a quick discussion on how to word the request for a new Headquarters for the Association itself in London.

Then I was taken along the main stands to shake hands with a few of the V.I.Ps, and I walked down to the stands where the different branches had their representatives gathered together. I was driven round the static displays and paid a visit to the museum tent. I went down to the gates and saw the men collecting the money. They collected over £20,000 and reckoned over 50,000 would have come. The car park certainly looked as if it had 10,000 cars in it.

I was driven back along the "Burma Road" in which there were stands from the other branches. Meanwhile displays were going on the whole time of which the most exciting was by the famous Red Arrows, but they also had military displays in the arena.

At the end I had to present an inscribed plaque to the French Aerobatic team and make a

speech to the crowd in English about the whole of the Water Beach Show, congratulating Nobby Clark and his forty helpers on their fantastic results. This is the fifth year and it seems to get better every time.

For the finale the five massed bands came on again and played the usual Sunset Ceremony. After this was over my helicopter flew into the arena again and I flew off and circled the arena low before setting off home at 1800. I arrived back at Broadlands just after 1900 to find quite a number of people waiting to see me land including the entire Fowler family. Derrick took me over to meet his mother, and then I went on in in time for supper in the T.V. room.

MONDAY, 6TH SEPTEMBER 1976

Another hot day. Mary Lou and I rode in the morning and I swam after lunch, and spent the rest of the day working.

TUESDAY, 7TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 1120 Jack drove me to London and dropped me off to have lunch with Sally Baring. Her young son, Edward, and a friend were there, and I asked him to keep an eye on Ashley when he goes back to Stowe as it will be Ashley's first term.

Sally drove me back to 2 Kinnerton Street, and from 1500 to 1615 I had a long talk with Robert Lacey on the book he is writing about the Queen for her Silver Jubilee. He has still got a lot of facts and points wrong but undertook to correct them all.

At 1630 Jack drove me to the Westbury Hotel to have my hair cut by Henry at Toppers. At 1750 I went early to Searceys where the Governor of Bermuda, Ted Leather, and Lady Leather were giving a party for their friends during his short visit home. I had to leave at 1815 after a fascinating private talk with Ted about the future of the Colony. He said Bermuda would in no circumstances accept Independence.

At 1915 Sir Andrew and Lady Noble called in a large hired car to drive me to the Guildhall for the Closing Banquet of the 13th International Congress of Genealogical and Heraldic Sciences. As President of the British Society of Genealogists I was one of the two Patrons, with the Earl Marshal, of the Congress and had to deliver an address at the banquet. Among other things I brought up and showed them the reproduction of the 1292 shield of Henry I of Hesse and a photograph of the shield of his late uncle (and brother-in-law) Conrad of Thuringia.

The Secretary General, a rather boring man called Humphrey Smith, had pressurised me to get a message from Charles for the dinner, which I did and read it out. I was mortified to find at the close of dinner that apparently a letter from the Queen had arrived which was then referred to, but it transpired it had been held up in the post and should, in fact, have reached the Congress at the Opening several days earlier.

Noble drove me back again to the house which was helpful as I had to go in white tie and decorations and take along the two exhibits in the car.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 1000 Donald Zec, of the Daily Mirror, came to see me about an article he wants to do for the Queen's Silver Jubilee. I seem to be helping a lot of authors about this but the condition always is that there should be no indication that I had helped them. He certainly is a loyal supporter.

At 1140 Graham Clifford came to discuss matters concerning the National Electronics Council and the Nehru Memorial Trust as he is the Honorary Treasurer of both.

At 1200 I went with him to lunch with the National Research Development Corporation at Kingsgate House, Victoria Street. There were a dozen people there headed by the Chairman, Lord Schon. At the end he made a small speech of welcome, and I made an impromptu speech.

I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1500, and at 1550 Wieland collected me and drove me to Harrods where I was met by the Managing Director, Midgeley, to see the new section of Collingwood's jewellery in Harrods, which will be opened to-morrow when I wont be in London. However, I agreed to go along as he has repaired my damaged O.M., and I came across a fat cheerful young woman from Kuwait who was trying on a diamond corsage which had been part of the French Crown Jewels of the 18th century. She had already decided she didn't want to spend £120,000 on it, but I told Wieland that I would sell it to her if he left it to me. I then admired it and pointed out what a very good investment it would be for all the money I knew that her family were

getting from this oil rich State; finally I persuaded her to pin it on, look at herself in the looking glass, and then we were photographed together, and I said "Now will you take it?" She said "Yes, I will", and we shook hands on it, and she went away apparently very pleased.

At 1750 I was back at 2 Kinnerton Street to see Aziz Beg, who is a reputable journalist and author from Pakistan and is writing a book about Jinnah and wanted to get my views. He was very friendly and encouraged me to put forward my points of view which have been misunderstood in Pakistan.

At 1925 I drove to the Dorchester Hotel to be the Guest of the Society of the British Aero Space Companies' great dinner of 900 people. This followed the Flying Display that day and it is only the second time it has been international. I hadn't wanted to go again as I had spoken twice before but the Director General, Vice Admiral Sir Richard Smeeton, is a great personal friend of mine and begged me to come as he had nobody sufficiently important to make the main speech. I decided to make it all on past events - Aviation from 1906 to 1918, of which I had personal knowledge. I was very surprised to get a standing ovation at the end. The S.B.A.C. taped my speech and that of the President, Michael Cobham, the son of the famous Sir Alan.

During the evening I had the chance of a good talk with the new C.A.S., Sir Neil Cameron, and also with Sir Frank Cooper, the P.U.S. at the Ministry of Defence, about new Headquarters for the Burma Star Association.

THURSDAY, 9TH SEPTEMBER 1976

After breakfast Jack drove me down to Broadlands and I rode with Mary Lou. I swam in the pool again. The Solartex panels were keeping it fairly warm but I think I will have to put on some oil heating for this week-end.

To-day was the publication date of the new book called "The File on the Tsar" produced by two B.B.C. journalists. From all accounts it is unsatisfactory. I have managed to get a copy which confirms my worst fears. They still seem to think Anna Anderson is really Anastasia which of course we in the family know is not the case, much as we would have wished it to be true.

FRIDAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER 1976

It was a cooler day and rained later on, so I definitely turned the oil heating on in the pool.

Paula Long arrived at 1545 instead of 1435 because she had left her make-up case in the booking office at Reading and insisted on telephoning from the station, then going shopping in Southampton to buy cosmetic things.

At 1650 Michael John arrived with Amanda, the twins and Nannie by car for tea. We waited up till 2320 for John, Patricia, Joanna and Sibilla Clark to arrive. John and Patricia had just come back by air from Balmoral. I made a muck of the alarms and we set the alarm off and got the police there by mistake very quickly. It rained hard.

SATURDAY, 11TH SEPTEMBER 1976

This was the Romsey Show day. After the night's rain the grounds were in almost perfect condition. We had a record number of cars and they even over-flowed on to the old polo practice ground, but there were 500 fewer people than last year though the takings were £1,500 up because they charged more at the gate as parking was free.

In the morning we had a family ride with Patricia, Joanna and Amanda. I lunched on the show ground in the President's Tent. His wife, Mrs. Crowther, had been at school with Peg. He made a short speech of welcome and thanks, and I made a short reply.

After lunch Patricia drove over with the two girls, the twins and nannie, and we stayed at the show most of the rest of the afternoon.

At 1540 some of us went over to the Dog Show which had a record number of a thousand dogs in it. I gave the prize for the best dog in the show which was a poodle. We saw the stand which David and Mary Lou Hyne put up for their dog food; they told me they had already sold £60 worth and taken many orders so I suppose it was worth all the trouble for them.

Then Hugh Finmore took me round to the Art Group, the Farm Centre and various other displays while Patricia went back with the others and joined Nannie. Bill Hughes drove me back. There was a misunderstanding about the others who didn't know I had already got back and so they got back rather late.

In the evening we had a film "Harry and Walter go to New York".

SUNDAY, 12TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I got up in No.5s and at 1000 a Life Guard Warrant Officer, appropriately called Skyring, landed in an Army Allouette helicopter and as we had a good quarter-of-an-hour to spare he agreed to take me up with the twins for a flight round the estate although this is apparently against regulations. The twins I must say absolutely loved it.

We left at the right time, having dropped the twins, and landed at Sandhurst punctually at 1045. Here I was met by Brigadier Whitehead whom I had last seen on the Chinese frontier in Hong Kong where he had commanded the Gurkhas. He is now the Deputy Commandant at Sandhurst and drove me down to the Commandant's House (Government House) where I was met by the Commandant, Major General Robert Ford. He had been on my C.D.S. staff. He gave a coffee party for all the Field Marshals and Senior Officers who had come down for the Service. I met the new Chief of the General Staff, Sir Roland Gibbs, and had a good talk with him.

Then we all drove off in reverse order of seniority, I being the last, immediately before the Slim family, as this was the Dedication Service in the Royal Memorial Chapel of Sandhurst for the Window commemorating Field Marshal Viscount Slim. They have windows for most of the other famous

Field Marshals already. It was a magnificent service with the large church full to overflowing.

The Bishop of Dudley preached the sermon and afterwards told me that he had won the competition to become the new Dean of Windsor.



I spoke to John Slim and Weva Abraham about the new Headquarters for B.S.A.

I flew back in the helicopter to Broadlands where the family were waiting to receive me. We had lunch at 1330. After lunch we had a family ride including the twins. John and Michael John played golf on our new course on the Estate, the Romsey Golf Club. Sibilla and Paula spent most of the time playing bridge with John, Michael John, and occasionally Joanna.

In the evening we had a film "Return from the Cone of the Earth".

MONDAY, 13TH SEPTEMBER 1976

Joanna had to leave at 0700 to get up to London for her Secretarial Course. I lent her my key to get out as they had locked the back door, and she put it under the mat. Paula left at 0855.

From 0930 to 1515 we had a Broadlands Estate Committee meeting which went on during a working lunch.

Michael John and Sibilla left at 1120. She very sweetly gave a black dress to Mary Lou which apparently fitted her perfectly. John left early after lunch.

From 1530 to 1710 we had another family ride. From 1710 to 1745 Jack and I drove the Demonstration Rover 3500 and Kimberley insisted on coming too.

Nannie and the twins joined Patricia, Amanda and me at dinner, and afterwards we had a cartoon feature film "Hugo the Hippo".

TUESDAY, 14TH SEPTEMBER 1976

Poor Patricia had apparently made a muddle of her programme and so had to go by train to London to take the Chair at a very important Red Cross Reconstruction Committee Meeting. She drove herself at 0845 to Southampton, parked the car and got back again at 1610.

I had said I would take the children out riding and indeed Amanda came along and rode Champagne side saddle very well, but the twins dug their toes in and said they wanted to fish. I was able to get Bernard Aldrich on the telephone and he came up and took them down but told them that nobody had caught any fish for days and there wasn't the remotest chance of getting one. However, they insisted on going out.

As we got back we met Nicky coming in with a 6 lb. salmon he had caught all on his own, as the

others had left him for a bit, by sheer persistence - a great feat. This is the second time he has caught a salmon during the Romsey Show week-end.

The twins went off shooting with a .22 rifle under Grass's supervision in the afternoon. When Patricia got back she and I took the dogs for a walk. At 1700 they loaded their car and had to do it several times as they had so much luggage with the twins going back to school.

We had tea at 1715 and at 1740 they all drove off, and dropped the twins at the Dragon School.

WEDNESDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I had a very short ride with Mary Lou in the morning as her father had broken his hip and had been rushed off to hospital and she had to get back.

I worked all the rest of the day.

THURSDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 0815 Dr. Peter Johnson gave me a cholera injection for my Far Eastern trip. At 1120 Jack drove me to the Edwina Mountbatten Home where I saw Frank and gave him some cigarettes, and Miss Knight and gave her some flowers. Then I joined the coffee party morning where they raise funds and found that for the first time they were making a short fall on their anticipated profits and I offered to make it up.

At 1245 we drove off and dropped Kimberley at the Doll's House and then on to London which we

reached at 1330. I gave Sacha lunch at the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

At 1500 I gave a second interview to Aziz Beg who had a number of intelligent questions and remarks. Finally he was joined by his wife and three children and insisted on taking group photographs of me with them outside the house.

At 1650 Mrs. Astley, whom I had known very well as Joan Brice when she was Pug Ismay's Personal Assistant during the war, came. She is writing a book about Sir Colin Gubbins and S.O.E. (Special Operations Executive).

At 1730 Michael came and we had a ten minutes talk about the continuation of his problems. At 1740 Barbara Cartland joined us and drove us in her Rolls to 36 Queen Anne's Gate where I was co-host with David Atterton for the launching party for the Friends of the United World Colleges (U.K.) Branch. He made a short speech and I made a fairly long speech. We had about a hundred important people present and I think they will all join.

After it was over at 1945 Barbara drove me to Wiltons for an excellent dinner and I had my first oysters of the season.

The High Commission of India had rung up to say that Jagjivan Ram, now the Minister of Agriculture and Food, would be here from to-morrow afternoon till Sunday afternoon and wanted to see me. It was not possible to arrange and so I suggested he should have a conversation with me on

telephone. He is an old friend and, indeed, is the only Cabinet Minister left now who was in my Cabinet in 1947.

FRIDAY, 17TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I got up in Life Guard's khaki uniform but found that Charles had forgotten to pack any boot hooks so it was quite a job getting into my boots.

At 0815 Jack and I had breakfast with Eric Weiss and David Atterton. We had a long and very fruitful policy discussion about the future of the United World Colleges.

At 1050 we got back to 2 Kinnerton Street where Captain James Ellery, my Life Guards A.D.C. was waiting for me with a Service Car.

We left at 1105 and took an hour to drive down to the Stoney Castle Camp near Pirbright where the Mounted Regiment of the Household Cavalry were in camp while the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery were doing Queen's Life Guard duties in Whitehall. I walked straight over to the horse lines where all the men were fallen in in front of their horses and talked to most of them and watched "feedaway".

At 1230 all the Life Guard Mounted Squadron gathered for me to address them, and at 1240 I went to the tent in which the Warrant Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Life Guards and the Blues and Royals were gathered for drinks, and I walked round and talked to them in groups.

At 1315 I went and lunched in the Officers' Mess. I met a very nice Iranian Prince who had been attached to the Life Guards and who had bought my Polo book and asked me to sign it. At 1400 I watched the beginning of the Officers and Senior N.C.Os "Handy Hunter Competition". It was wonderful to see the great big 16 to 17 hand black Troop horses going over the jumps. Two of the N.C.Os fell off; but no officers. They went round in pairs, one officer and one N.C.O.

At 1430 I departed and drove straight down to Midhurst where I went to the King Edward VII Hospital which originally had been built by Sir Ernest Cassel and endowed by him. My sister-in-law, Mary Delamere, had been taken there when she was taken very ill at a hotel where she had gone for a rest only a couple of miles away. She had a black-out and had been quite bad but now was making a good recovery and actually got up and walked round the room and was cheerful.

At 1630 I drove back to Broadlands which I reached at 1750. Dear Mollie Travis had stayed to see me as she was going off on holiday next week, and she stayed until 1840 dealing with outstanding questions in the Archives.

SATURDAY, 18TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I found such an appalling lot of work besides the preparation of my speech next Monday that I gave up my ride to catch up, but I did swim.

At 1830 Sacha arrived and we went for a walk along the river. We dined at 2000 and had the film at 2100 "Murder by Death".

SUNDAY, 19TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 1020 Sacha rode Panda, Mary Lou rode Champagne, and I rode Tabu. Sacha's riding lessons are going very well; she really is learning to ride very successfully and is obviously enjoying it.

She and I swam before lunch, and she left after lunch.

After a short rest I returned to work and worked right through until after midnight. In the afternoon Jagjivan Ram rang up, as promised, and we had a gossip on the telephone; I urged him to try and get censorship restrictions removed, and he told me that it was contemplated lifting the censorship ban for the British press which is very good news.

MONDAY, 20TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 0820 Jack drove me to London and we arrived at 2 Kinnerton Street at 1015. On the way up I went through my speech cards and decided on certain additions and alterations which Jack very kindly typed out very quickly on arrival, so I was able to get away at 1035 with Graham Clifford who had come to collect me.

We drove to Grosvenor House where I was met by the Chairman of the International Broadcasting Convention who introduced me to the various V.I.Ps and members of his committee. At 1055 we moved out on to the balcony overlooking the Great Room which had practically all the exhibits in it.

There was quite a big crowd spaced out among the exhibits and I spoke for about quarter-of-an-hour.

They had asked me whether I could supply them with a written text and when Jack told them 'no' I was speaking from headings they were in despair as they wanted it for the press. Jack suggested that they might borrow a little tape recorder from one of the exhibition stands and take a recording as I spoke. They thought it a brilliant idea and a small man with a portable tape recorder stood holding up the microphone near me while I was speaking although there were a box of microphones with loudspeakers in front of me; all rather incompetent.

I then spent an hour going round the exhibits which was excellent. What particularly fascinated me was being able to see the DICE (Digital Intercontinental Conversion Equipment) which converts 525 lines at 50 cycles to 625 lines at 60 cycles, and vice versa. It does this all in 120 thousandth of a second. During this time it carries out 600 million additions of 8-12 group binary numbers per second - the most marvellous use of a computer I have seen to date.

Then I went to a stand of a new little company who showed me a somewhat similar conversion equipment but barely completed. I was staggered as I understood that the I.B.A. equipment was the first in the world, so I went back to the I.B.A. stand and saw Howard Steel, the Director of the Research Centre, who informed me

that when they moved their staff from Brompton Road to Crawley Court, near Winchester, half a dozen refused to move and formed a little break-away organisation and worked on the same lines as they had been doing with the I.B.A. All very odd.

At 1215 we went for pre-luncheon drinks with the V.I.Ps and committee, and I was able to get away at 1240 to go back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

After debriefing with Graham Clifford Sally arrived at 1315 and I took her to luncheon at the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

I got back and had a brief rest and at 1530 Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Nina Little arrived for a U.W.C. meeting before John Nichol, the Chairman of the Canadian College and Committee came to see me at 1645. After a tête à tête conversation of some twenty minutes I let the rest in and we had a very valuable discussion about the future policy of the U.W.C. I begged him to drop his commitments and come out and join the International Council meeting in Singapore; he said although it would be very difficult he certainly would do his best, but in any case he would send out a first-class man, Page Wadsworth.

At 2015 I walked to 93 Sloane Street and had dinner with Elisabeth and Charles Collins, their guests being Esther Ellerman, Noreen Parkes, and Wing Commander Gus Holden, who used to be on my Planning Staff in South East Asia.

It was a very gay dinner party and I was

glad to hear from Esther that she agrees to come and see St. Donat's College on the 15th and 16th October, and I invited her to come back via Broadlands and spend the night.

I also had a business talk with Elisabeth and Noreen to try and persuade them to take over as Joint Honorary Secretaries of the Nehru Memorial Trust. I think they will.

Esther drove me back in her Rolls to 2 Kinnerton Street.

TUESDAY, 21ST SEPTEMBER 1976

At 1000 I had a hair cut, then I carried on working until 1300 when Patricia came to collect me and we walked over to Zelle Chevrier's flat in Grosvenor Place; Pammy arrived a little later. This was Zelle's great idea to celebrate the 40th anniversary of her having come as a Governess to the two girls. She had only been 18 months actually with us before the war came, but she did go out on her own and help to look after them for a couple of years while they were in the United States. She is a faithful creature who adores the family but I find her life a whiff of chloroform.

After lunch we went out separate ways and I walked back via 7 Upper Belgrave Street where I looked in on Sacha; Jack collected me in the Jaguar at her house and then drove me back to Broadlands. We picked up Kimberley at the Doll's House en route.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND SEPTEMBER 1976

It was a showery day; Mary Lou and I went for a ride and the sun came out during the ride.

At 1630 I attended our new Mayor's Reception at the Crossfield Hall. She had collected the Mayors of practically every town in Hampshire and I sat at the main table among what they themselves described as the "Chain Gang". I had on my High Steward's badge but on a ribbon.

In the evening Lavinia Norfolk, who has succeeded Bernard as Chairman of King Edward VII Hospital, rang up to say that Bobby Cunningham Reid had telephoned asking to come with his new German wife and they both wanted rooms in the hospital to have their chests examined. She said that she realised, as all the world knew, that the family had strongly disapproved of Mary marrying him and that he turned out to be a highly undesirable husband; would Mary mind if he came to the hospital as he claimed to have a connection with the hospital through having originally married the Founder's grand-daughter. Sir Ernest Cassel, of course, had paid for constructing the hospital and endowed it very liberally.

I then rang up Mary and told her that Bobby wanted to bring his new wife to the hospital and she was quite firm and said "In that case I shall order an ambulance to be removed to another hospital". I asked her why she was so insistent and she said that she never saw him nowadays, the last time she had seen him was 8 years ago at the

christening of a mutual grandson and he was continually trying to break in on her and see her, and she had dodged it as she loathed him so much. She went so far as to say she thought that he must have heard that she was in the King Edward VII Hospital and was using this as a dodge to get into the hospital and then be able to walk down the corridor and burst into her room when she couldn't escape.

She was obviously very upset about the whole idea so I told Lavinia about it and she accepted it and said she would inform Bobby that the hospital had no spare beds.

THURSDAY, 23RD SEPTEMBER 1976

At 0920 Daborn drove me to the Southampton University Medical School where the National Congress of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists was being held.

Lady Masham, Countess of Swinton, is the President and gave the Opening address from a wheel chair as she has been a paraplegic for years. She spoke with great courage and conviction and told a charming story of when Edwina came to Stoke Mandeville Hospital for Paraplegics by helicopter. It was a sunny day and all the patients were allowed to gather round the helicopter for the take-off. Those who had spinal troubles were wheeled out on trolleys or carried out on stretchers, and as spinal patients never have any clothes at all below the waist, when the helicopter started up its rotor the down draught was so strong it blew all the sheets away and there were rows of naked lower halves exposed.

When my turn came to make the Opening address I called upon the audience to move up nearer to me. What had happened was that there were 300 available seats and only 240 people at the Congress. All the sixty empty seats were immediately in front of me which was a psychologically impossible state of affairs.

I invited the back rows to move forward and they refused; I then called upon Grant, the Chairman of the Congress, who I knew had been in the Navy as a physiotherapist, to accompany me down the body of the hall and together we moved the last six rows with considerable difficulty up to the front. Gradually they yielded and came forward laughing and jostling each other, and by the time I started to speak the whole atmosphere was one of excitement and attention. This helped the speech very much, and as I had quite a lot of really useful stuff to tell them about physiotherapy I was delighted.

Afterwards I went round the exhibition of appropriate apparatus and had coffee with the committee, and then was driven back to Broadlands.

My Personal Assistant for many years has been Joan Bachmann. When Ben Webb was my Private Secretary he persuaded her to become a magistrate which is a great thing for her but a bit of a nuisance for our office because sometimes she is away for quite a long while. To-day she was in Court from early morning until well into the afternoon, and only arrived in for work at 1600. I did my best to help out in the office by photostating a lot of papers.

FRIDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I swam in the morning, and then worked hard all day catching up with my mail.

At 1700 Donald Zec, the famous Daily Mirror writer, came to see me for the second time to discuss the article he is preparing for the Queen's Silver Jubilee. He seems to be doing very well; I don't think he will let me down.

SATURDAY, 25TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I rode with Mary Lou in the morning, and then swam.

My Royal Marines A.D.C., Major Alistair Donald, arrived at 1300 and we had a quick lunch together, and at 1340 Daborn drove us to the Hovercraft Terminal opposite Woolston in Southampton. There was exceptionally heavy traffic, in fact in one place the stream was so non-stop I persuaded Alistair to get out and hold it up to let us through. The result was instead of arriving one minute before, which I always aim to, we arrived $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes after the advertised time of departure.

Alistair jumped out and found they had closed the doors and were just starting up. However, they opened up again to let us on board. But then another disaster befell us as the engine

warning lights came on and automatically switched off the engine. The pilot explained he couldn't start up again until the circuits were restored and this took about ten minutes. How lucky this doesn't happen in an aeroplane!

As a result we arrived at East Cowes where the Captain had agreed to take us direct to the British Hovercraft Corporation slipway, ten minutes late at 1425. John Horsnell, my Resident Staff Officer and Clerk to the Lieutenancy, met me as well as B.A.C. officials. Edward Montagu and his wife, were there with a 1914 open Vauxhall in which they drove Alistair and me up to Osborne House past our old house, Kent House. Here we found 60 veteran cars dating from 1899 with an early steam car, to 1916. It was overcast and a very light drizzle was falling but the members of the Veterans' Car Club were quite undaunted and very cheery as I spoke to them. Then they drove off on their rally route.

The House Governor, Surgeon Captain McDonald, kindly took me to his office for a rest before moving on. He pointed out that they were flying my standard at their flag staff which has been the custom now in the Isle of Wight whenever the Governor comes to any appropriate building.

He lent me the Osborne House car and this drove me to Ryde Town Hall which we reached at 1530. Here the Church of England Childrens' Society were holding an All Island Bazaar which I was to Open. On the way over I thought I would

refresh my memory from my speech cards and wanted to look up a point in the pamphlet which they had sent.

I then discovered, to my horror, that in fact this Society deals only with children in the United Kingdom whereas I had very stupidly got muddled up and thought it dealt with world wide children on a missionary basis. I had therefore arranged with John Barratt to prepare a speech dealing with world wide children problems and suddenly realised I had to account for this somehow, so I changed my speech by introducing an appropriate sentence or two and explained why I was talking about children world wide, and I am glad to say I apparently got away with it and hoped nobody noticed I was making what would really have been the wrong speech.

After my Opening speech the Bishop of Portsmouth received purses from all the schools where money had been collected. I was introduced to many of the workers for the Bazaar and left at 1610 and drove slowly over to Mottistone Manor where my Vice Lord Lieutenant, Sir John Nicholson, and his wife were giving a party to all my Deputy Lieutenants and their wives. They had kindly invited Britten, the High Sheriff, to attend as well.

After an excellent and friendly tea we all gathered in the main sitting room where I persuaded John to allow me to address the gathering about the Queen's Silver Jubilee Fund. He was curiously reluctant to agree to this because

he said when I gave him the task of running it for the Isle of Wight he had made up two or three little committees already and the bulk of the Deputy Lieutenants were not involved. I felt this was wrong and wanted to get their interest, and I must say the talk went very well and produced a lot of discussion in a friendly way afterwards, and John was delighted with the way it went.

He lent me a bedroom to freshen up a bit and then at 1940 I drove off in my own Governor's car which had come to fetch me and we drove to the Cliff Tops Hotel, Shanklin.

Here the South West section of the Veteran Car Club were holding their Rally Dinner for about 200 people. At Edward Montagu's suggestion I made a speech reminiscing on the early family cars from 1903 onwards.

After my speech the President of the Veteran Car Club, Frank Smith, made a speech and was about to tell a funny story concerning me when the Chairman of the South West section, Mr. Gray, stopped him and said "That is my story".

Mr. Smith yielded and when Mr. Gray stood up to speak he said the story he wanted to tell about me was well known in the Navy. Among my many inventions one of the most original had been a very special cocoa making equipment which produced hot cocoa for the Officer of the Watch all night at the touch of a switch. I couldn't let that pass so I stood up and intervened and said "My

cocoa making machine had two legs and was called a Midshipman". This was met by roars of laughter and made the whole evening cheerier than ever.

I got back very late to the Royal Yacht Squadron to spend the night with Alistair. The Squadron Castle was fairly full because it was still the yachting season.

SUNDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER 1976

By a misunderstanding I wasn't called and only got down to breakfast at 0945. However there was plenty of time because, in fact, we went by the 1030 Red Funnel Hydrofoil which reached Royal Pier, Southampton, at 1050. Here Daborn met us in the Jaguar. Alistair picked up his own car at Broadlands and then drove home.

I swam. In the afternoon I shot clay pigeons in the field below Philip Powell's Upper Toothill Farm House. I broke 22 out of 25 clay Pigeons, the best I have ever done at the beginning of the season. I also picked up Kimberley at the Doll's House on my way up.

MONDAY, 27TH SEPTEMBER 1976

At 0820 Dr. Peter Johnson gave me my second cholera injection. Then I rode Tabu and Mary Lou rode side saddle on Champagne who went very well.

All the rest of the day, as usual, I occupied in working on speeches and dealing with my mail which seems to be ever lasting.

TUESDAY, 28TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I swam in the morning, and at 1400 Daborn drove me to the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, where I had a tooth stopped with no less than two injections. Then I had my usual E.C.G. done. I got a Yellow Fever injection for my tour. The Dermatologist, a young Surgeon Lieutenant Commander called Catterell, came in looking very sheepish and I said "I am sure you haven't got the special mixture for colouring my light coloured skin spot where it had X-ray treatment". He admitted that the only woman who could make these mixtures had left two months before and he didn't know what to do. I replied I knew what I would do, I would send some one to Elisabeth Arden and get some ordinary sun tan mixture which women use for foundation to cover my spot. I did this on return and it worked very well.

At 1930 Michael of Kent and his friend, Marie Christine Troubridge, came down. They apparently arrived at 1910 and thought they were too early so they went round Romsey Abbey.

We had dinner together and a very good discussion afterwards. She apparently runs a very successful interior decorating firm called "Szapary Designs". Her marriage to Tom Troubridge is being annulled by the Pope and she will probably take her maiden name which includes the title of Szapary as she is a cousin of all the Szapary's we know, Yvonne the wife of Karl, and also my old friend Anty. What a very nice girl she is.

I took her all round the house; she was, of course, particularly interested being an interior decorator.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I showed Michael and Marie Christine round the grounds before they left at 0900.

At 1030 I rode with Mary Lou and then swam.

In the afternoon I had a field day in the archives with both Heber and Mollie Travis, Jane Hutchings and Charles Smith. There is a lot to be done in the archives but at last we are beginning to catch up a bit and make some order out of everything finding new papers and new items that have to be recorded.

Jane is my nice senior girl groom. She is a niece of Edna Hutchings our Estate Accountant, and also of Bernard Aldrich, our Head Water Bailiff, so she is a double Broadlands niece. She works two days a week in the afternoons in the archives.

THURSDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER 1976

I really am over loaded now with papers for the trip so I gave up my ride and just swam before lunch and worked for the rest of the day.

FRIDAY, 1ST OCTOBER 1976

I worked hard finalising my mail, and had a last swim in the pool which was delightful.

I had a very quick lunch at 1250, then Daborn drove Jack and me from Broadlands to Heathrow, 1310 to 1435.

Pammy had already arrived from Britwell to join up with our party. Fourteen other delegates to the International Council Meeting of the United World Colleges are travelling tourist. Pammy and I have indulged in the luxury of going first-class.

After our take-off at about 1540 in the Singapore Air Lines Jumbo Boeing 747 I went round and talked to all the others. I discovered to my astonishment that on account of our package deal Toni and Christiane Besse and their friend, Madame Simone Cordier, and Pierre Harrachin, had all had to fly that morning from Paris to London to catch an aircraft which was going back to Paris for taking on passengers. How idiotic these International Air Line agreements really are.

When we got to Paris, after less than an hour's flight, I was met by our Naval Attaché, Vincent Howard, and a French Air Port Authority woman with a car and they drove us to the Salle d'Honneur where we had a quick meeting which included his Secretary, Second Officer Ball. We went right through the problems connected with my coming French tour. I asked them to tell Rémy, the organiser, not to bother about helping over my speech to the Academie de Marie as I was going to do it myself. Of course I had Pammy and Jack with me at the meeting, as we discussed a certain number of U.W.C. matters.

After an hour we flew on to Athens; this time we all stayed on board the aircraft - in any

case one has to get special permission to get off on account of the new security arrangements.

I had booked Slumberettes on the top deck for the night and on leaving Athens at about 2335 I went up and undressed in Pammy's Slumberette which had a closed cabin door; having got on my pyjamas and dressing gown I then went to my Slumberette which was in the open cocktail bar with four other people. Pammy then came and went to bed in her own cabin Slumberette.

SATURDAY, 2ND OCTOBER 1976

I must say these Slumberettes are most comfortable and even the one in the main "dormitory" was very luxurious. However, one is driven mad by having to be woken up and moved to an arm-chair with the seat belt fastened for the landing and take-off at Bahrein. However, we got to sleep again on taking off without difficulty.

Our next stop was at Bombay at 1015 local time. The Deputy High Commissioner was away on tour but he sent one of his staff to meet us with the Indian Head of the Singapore Air Lines and they drove us over to the Air India lounge where they put through a call for me to speak to Ayesha in Jaipur. Unfortunately I had given no warning and when we finally got through she was out. I sent her a message by her servant, and the High Commission Staff Officer said he would get a message through as well. Apparently she was well and still out of prison.

It took so long getting the call through that they had to hold our aircraft up by five minutes for take-off, but we got away quite quickly after that, and at 1820 local time (which is $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours ahead of B.S.T. in London) we landed at the great International Airport, Singapore, Pya Lebar. Here we were met by the British High Commissioner, Peter Tripp, an A.D.C. in uniform from the President, officials of the Singapore Government and Airport, and, of course, Ian Gourlay and Robert Blackburn who had gone out ahead of us. We were rushed to the V.I.P. lounge and from there we were told that our registered luggage was being sent round right away, so Jack Barratt volunteered to stay and come on with it in the next car a couple of minutes after us.

I must say I had a nasty sense of foreboding leaving Jack and our luggage and going off into the blue, but everyone seemed keen we should go and so we went with Tripp.

We arrived at the new Lodge in the grounds of the Istana itself only two or three hundred yards away, because my old rooms in the main Istana had been promised to the Chief of the Commonwealth Secretariat in London who was an official guest of the Government and arriving the next morning.

It turned out to be a great improvement because although nostalgically I was sorry not to be in my old rooms, in fact Jack, Pammy and I had excellent bedrooms, sitting rooms and bathrooms as well as a dining room and kitchen. It couldn't be more convenient or comfortable in every way, so

we soon resigned ourselves to what turned out to be our good fortune.

And there we sat and waited; no news from anybody. Finally after an hour-and-ten minutes, at 2000, I persuaded Peter Tripp to leave us. But not until he himself had tried to get through to the V.I.P. lounge, the Airport Authorities, and the Equatorial Hotel where the rest of the party were staying. He had no luck anywhere.

Pammy and I sat there twiddling our thumbs until 2050 when suddenly Jack Barratt turned up with a long face saying that the important case which contained all the office stationery and relevant files had been lost. This would have been a near disaster before the Conference so he had in fact personally gone round the whole of the airport looking for the lost case. The Airport officials had sent telegrams up and down the line to every place we had stopped at, and were full of apologies.

However, it was no good crying over spilt milk so I then rang up Robert Blackburn and demanded he should come round at once to give me a briefing on the situation in Singapore. He arrived at 2110 and joined in our rather late dinner.

Then at 2130 the missing case turned up; it had been taken away by another passenger by mistake, who very honestly returned it the moment he found out. So all was well and we were able to have a good heart to heart about the situation

at the College and the preparations for the Council Meeting. Robert Blackburn was in high good humour as everything was going so well.

As our direct flight to Singapore with its four stops had exhausted us all we went to bed at 2300. I took a sleeping pill and was soon off to sleep.

SUNDAY, 3RD OCTOBER 1976

At 0900 Toni Besse came to have breakfast with us for policy discussions. We decided we must have a long briefing meeting on Monday evening with the International staff, and that Jack Barratt should start working on my various speeches.

At 1000 our old friend Chan Sim, the Malaya tailor, called to try on my new blazer and grey flannel suit which had been ordered by Robert Blackburn when he arrived out a few days ago. I also handed over 4 yards of lovely dark green velvet which Pammy had brought out for me to be made up into another smoking jacket.

At 1100 George Thomson brought Yong Mun Cheong, from the History Department of the University of Singapore, to discuss his thesis on Van Mook. He was originally going to write on the subject of British relations with the Netherlands East Indies after the War until I pointed out that Squire was already writing that, so then he said he would write about Van Mook, the Lieutenant Governor General of the Netherlands East Indies. There is going to be a spate of literature about this soon as others are also working on it in Jakarta and elsewhere.

At 1130 Toni Besse, George Thomson, Ian Gourlay, Robert Blackburn and Nina Little came for a briefing meeting with Jack Barratt and me. We went through the agenda and the main headings of the speech I intended to make; poor Jack was then left with having to get on with preparing my speech along the lines I had discussed. We agreed we would have to have another full scale briefing meeting to-morrow night.

We three had lunch alone, and then a short rest. At 1530 we went up to the Istana and I showed Pammy over the entire house including of course my own suite of rooms which I have always occupied.

The whole of my time in South East Asia is really a closed chapter to Pammy as she was still at school, so she had not seen anything in Singapore or Malaya which related to my time there and was particularly interested in seeing the Istana and the rooms that we all occupied.

At 1615 we drove down to Jardine Steps in Keppel Harbour where we met quite a large party of U.W.C. delegates to go over by a special Port of Singapore Harbour Authority launch to Sentosa Island. The party included about twenty headed by Page Wadsworth, the Canadian delegate; the two Bessi's had brought her friend Simone Cordier, and of course George Thomson who had fixed it all. Madame Daftari, the important Iranian delegate, had been turned back at the border when trying to go to our jungle training centre at Beluntu because she had not got a visa. She then came

straight back and joined our party and said it was an act of providence that she had been turned back as she would much sooner have been with us at Sentosa.

We drove round in two large buses doing a tour of the island first, ending up at the old Barracks Block which had the new Surrender Chamber reconstructed there, which I had seen with Patricia and John in the early stages in February. It has been greatly improved now and all my suggestions have been taken up as far as possible.

I, of course, couldn't find it half as moving here as it was in the original Council Chamber where the Surrender took place, but the others appeared to be quite impressed. The glass doors were opened to let us into the Chamber which affected the air conditioning, and after a while we were told to go out because the sailor standing behind the Supreme Allied Commander's chair started wobbling and leaning forward as his ankles began to melt!

We got back to the Istana at 1820 and I immediately went over and swam in their lovely pool in the dark with flood-lighting.

At 2015 Pammy, Jack and I drove to Eden Hall where the Tripps were giving a dinner party of about a couple of dozen of the most important people connected with the Council Meeting, and local Singapore authorities.

We have had another case of bad luck for our delegates, as that nice intelligent Doctor

Obura from Kenya was held up by the Immigration Authorities and put into isolation at the airport because he failed to bring his Yellow Fever Injection Certificate. The fact that he had it stamped by the Ministry of Health in Nairobi and it was lying on his home dressing table made no difference. They wouldn't even let him telegraph to the Ministry to certify that they had stamped it. All they did was to offer him another jab and he could stay four days until it was effective. Nobody was allowed to see him but he was allowed to speak on the telephone and he said that he hoped to see me in Nairobi on the 8th; he begged to be excused as he said he would fly back to Nairobi. What a disappointment.

MONDAY, 4TH OCTOBER 1976

At 0830 the Malaya tailor came to try on all my clothes and particularly my green velvet smoking jacket which looks very nice.

At 0855 Edward Arthur came with his son to see Pammy and me. He is the last of the staff that were in the Istana with me at the end of the War; he is still working in the house as a telephone operator, but leaves at the end of the year and that, as far as I am concerned, is the end of an era, so I gave him a photograph.

At 0915 "Sunny" Ramphal, the Secretary General of the Commonwealth Secretariat at Marlborough House, London, came to call. We had, of course, been in touch with him before and he has been a good friend of the United World Colleges, and I asked him if he would come to our Conference

but he had other engagements. He did, however, say he would try to come and visit the College on Wednesday morning if it could be fitted into his programme. He is an extraordinarily charming young man from Guyana, and has succeeded the Canadian, Arnold Smith.

When he left at about 0935 the shoe-maker, Tong, came to try on my three pairs of new shoes. They were black, brown and patent leather, and the three of them cost £23; Lobb, my present shoe-maker in London, I reckon would have charged over £200. The shoes had been ordered before through the High Commissioner.

At 1010 Pammy and I went to our old friend Peter Chew to buy watches and radios at the reduced price he always allows us.

At 1100 we arrived at the Istana for our official call on the President who was as charming as ever and knew all about Pammy. I mentioned the case of Doctor Obura, and being a doctor himself he promised to follow this up as he thought Obura had been very stupidly treated.

After we left the President we drove straight out to the United World College of South East Asia, and arrived shortly before noon. We were met by Roy Bennett, the new Headmaster Dui Lloyd, Toni, Ian and Robert and taken to the Headmaster's office for preliminary discussions.

At about 1230 we were taken along to meet selected members of the staff and students for a buffet lunch when we had a chance of free

discussion with them all. I asked the new Network Secretary, Carol Ross, a very nice Canadian girl, to sit next to me as I knew she had been complaining about the work of the "London Office", as they will still insist on calling the International Office. We got on very well.

At 1400 the main International delegates were split into groups and each went to attend a study period in one of the class rooms. In my case we were taken to an extremely interesting lecture, or rather a student participation discussion, about Chinese policies since the War, conducted by an excellent lecturer called Hutchinson. We all got involved in this including myself. It gave me a very good idea of the sort of instruction they receive here.

At 1500 we all gathered in the Library where the Shell Company of Singapore made a presentation of a fine lot of books about South East Asia, and I made the 'acceptance' speech.

After this we all went to the big Recreation Room where the students were our hosts at a tea party, many of them dressed in their national costumes and presenting each of us with little souvenirs. Pammy was called upon to cut the big U.W.C. cake which had been specially prepared. Then I went to the Gift Shop to buy a U.W.C. T shirt for Joanna, who by a curious coincidence rung me up when we got back to the Istana Lodge to say that no answer had been received from Jakarta yet, and I promised to follow it up and asked them to ring me up in Kuala Lumpur on Wednesday evening.

At 1530 they showed the television film of the College made by the remarkable Japanese woman, Miss Kanataka, which I had brought with me from Broadlands.

At this point Pammy and I broke off and drove to the Jurong Bird Park which is only about quarter-of-an-hour away from the College. I had, of course, seen it with John and Patricia but Pammy was thrilled with this large 50 acre display of wonderful birds and above all the 5 acre aviary with the 70 foot high net and the 100 foot artificial waterfall. We were met and taken round in a 36 seater motor-train which we had all to ourselves with the Director.

As we were driving back up the Istana grounds we saw a man playing golf who waved violently, so I stopped and realised it was the Prime Minister; Pammy and I got out and he ran over towards us to greet us. I think Pammy was duly thrilled to meet the great Lee Kuan Yew who was as gay and active as ever though his hair was beginning to go slightly grey. I told him of the arrangements I had made with Ramphal; he turned to Pammy and said "Your father is the greatest fixer in the world!"

After a while I said "Anyhow, this meeting can surely take the place of my call on you as you must be very busy and it was only a courtesy call on you to-morrow anyhow. I am sure you will be glad to be released from this as I know how busy you are". He thanked me very much and said he hoped it was convenient to me which of course

it was because I would have had to leave the Council Meeting to-morrow for at least three-quarters-of-an-hour to go and do my call.

At 1915 Pammy and I went to Eden Hall for the cocktail party which the Tripps had kindly arranged for the International Delegation to meet some of the important people in Singapore.

We got back to the Istana Lodge at 2030 where we had laid on a Chinese dinner for nine of us after which we settled down to an important discussion about how to handle the International Council meeting to-morrow in the light of all that we had already learnt. We went through the agenda very carefully, and the points of my speech, both at the Council Meeting and subsequently at the Reception to be given by the Governors. Jack made numerous notes and kept on going off and typing the speech headings for my very important address to the Council.

This went on till after midnight. I freely confess that I was dropping with fatigue when I finally said good-bye to everybody.

TUESDAY, 5TH OCTOBER 1976

We had an early start and arrived at 0800 at the Equatorial Hotel where our delegates were staying and where the Council Meeting was being held.

First I went in to see the arrangements for the official Opening; then I went out and

received the Corps Diplomatique as they arrived. I had had a bit of a set to with the Russian Ambassador at the Tripps' cocktail party. I said I understood from his colleague in London, Lunkov, that he had passed on my invitation to him to attend the Opening and that he had accepted and I was looking forward to seeing him there. He staggered me by saying he had never received a written confirmation of the invitation and therefore had made other arrangements. I asked him what the other arrangements were and he said he had to be somewhere else at 9 o'clock. I said "Well we are starting at 8.30 so you can come along from 8.30 to 8.45 just to the Opening speeches then we will let you go."

He appeared to be very unwilling. I said "I insist; you accepted my invitation once; if you will turn up as promised I will make sure that a message is passed to my friend, Mr. Kosygin, to say how much I appreciated your coming." He saw the point and said that he would come; in fact he turned up quite early and remained right through the Opening ceremony and to the coffee party afterwards. Pammy overheard two Ambassadors talking about the incident saying "Only Lord Mountbatten could have talked to the Russian Ambassador like that!"

The Council Meeting was Opened by a speech from the First Minister of Education for Singapore, after being welcomed by Roy Bennett, as our local host. Then I replied with a fairly carefully thought out speech explaining the general policy behind the United World Colleges for the benefit of the Ambassadors. All this was being recorded

on television by a German company. During the coffee party for the Ambassadors the Dutch Ambassador said to Pammy "That was a brilliant performance of your father's. How old is he?" When Pammy told him I was 76 he said "Well he has a great future in front of him."

At 0930 all the Ambassadors left except the German, Dietrich, who was a nominee to represent the German National Committee and whom I invited to sit at the Council Table. We moved up to the 15th floor to the room called the Sky Room with views all round of Singapore. The arrangements were excellent and I had no difficulty in controlling the meeting. Everybody spoke helpfully and we got through a lot of very useful business.

Our Persian friend, Madame Daftari, spoke about her various committees in the educational world of Iran and said that she was the Chairman, or perhaps she should say Chairwoman, or better still the new American nomenclature Chairperson. I nipped in by saying "In your case I would suggest it would be more appropriate if you were called 'The Chairpersian'" - not a very funny remark but it absolutely brought the house down, and set the whole tone of the discussions on a more light-hearted level.

We had a Chinese luncheon in the restaurant of the hotel during which Page Wadsworth presented me with a cheque for \$7,000 for the construction of the new laboratory at our Jungle Training Centre at Beluntu. He had visited it earlier on,

on a former visit, and immediately offered a contribution from his company, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. I made a 'thank-you' speech. Then we went back up to the Sky Room and carried on with the meeting.

I managed to let every delegate address the meeting at least once, and Frank Taplin made quite a sensation by announcing that the U.S. Commission was the first one to have elected a former student, Bob Dickerson, to be their new Chairman, but it was the only good news he gave us. I gave particular opportunities to Carol Ross to talk about the Networks, and to Alec Peterson to talk about the International Baccalaureate. I managed the proceedings so that we finished 30 seconds before the announced time of 1800. It had been a hard slogging match virtually lasting ten hours, but I have no doubt it has been the most successful of the seven International Council Meetings at which I have taken the Chair.

During the course of the day I managed to find time to ring up our Ambassador at Jakarta, Ford, who had been the Consul General when we were in New York. He had not received my letter but he immediately offered to put up Joanna and her friend Rosemary at the Embassy and do everything for her.

At 1950 I arrived at the Tanglin Club for a party being given by the College Board of Governors. I had a very valuable talk with Bob Lutton and Alec Peterson, and another good one

with Dui Lloyd. At my suggestion this meeting was turned into a launching occasion for the Friends of the U.W.C. of Singapore. Roy Bennett made the introductory speech inviting them to join, then I made a similar speech to the one I made in London on the 16th September setting up the Friends of the U.W.C. of the U.K. I ended by saying I would like to test their reactions. They were only asked to sign a card of membership without giving any money as I wanted to know how many were likely to join. So I asked those who didn't want to join to put up their hand. As no one did I thanked them all for joining unanimously!

I took the Besse party back with me, and we had some eggs and bacon. Then Pammy went off to write letters, and Jack went to his typewriter, and I worked with Christiane Besse who took down from my dictation in French the speech I wished to make for the Academie de Marine in Paris. She was most helpful and hardly corrected me, but said she would get it written out in my language for me. Her friend, Simone Cordier, was there too, and she and Toni also helped with suggestions. We finished after midnight but I felt it had been a very worthwhile evening.

WEDNESDAY, 6TH OCTOBER 1976

At 0830 the tailor came to try on everything for the last time. Then we finished packing and saying good-bye to all the staff, and giving appropriate presents, particularly to Mrs. Lim, the Comptroller.

At 1040 we left the Istana Lodge and arrived at 1105 at the International Airport. On the way Pammy noticed that there was a big building named "Mountbatten Community Centre" which was obviously part of the Mountbatten Complex built up over the old airport of Kallang.

At 1130 Pammy, Mack, George Thomson and I flew in a Malayan Air Services commercial aircraft to Kuala Lumpur where we landed punctually at the International Airport, Subeang, at 1215 and were met by the High Commissioner, Sir Eric Norris, who drove us all to his beautiful residence, Carcosa, where I have stayed so often before.

Lunch consisted of just us five as George had gone off to have lunch with Roy Bennett who had come up to meet him.

At 1530 Norris took me to call on the Prime Minister, my old friend Hussein Onn, who had been promoted from Minister of Education to Prime Minister on the death of Tun Razak. Haying served in the 14th Army he was as ever particularly friendly, and promised to do all he could to help the U.W.C.

We got back to Carcosa in good time for tea. Joanna rang up again at 1900 so I could tell her what was happening about Jakarta and Carcosa which was all very satisfactory. She said all the family were in great form.

This evening the Norris's gave a dinner party of twenty-four important people, and I had

the pleasure of a long talk with Malcolm MacDonald who is staying in the house. He told me that as a result of having created the job of Commissioner General for South East Asia, he found that it had been so helpful that he later suggested that there should be a Commissioner General for Africa. He put forward my name for the job which was agreed to by some of the Cabinet but the Prime Minister (Attlee) vetoed it on the grounds that he had given his word that I could go back to the Navy if I did a good job in India, and would not break his word.

THURSDAY, 7TH OCTOBER 1976

Pammy and I had a delightful breakfast on our verandah. At 0930 the High Commissioner took me to call on the Minister of Education, Dr. Muhatir, who is also the Deputy Prime Minister. George Thomson, Roy Bennett and Jack Barratt accompanied me on this call and we got through a lot of useful business. All seems to be set fair in Malaysia in spite of their having had to cut back on their scholarships through lack of funds.

When I got back to Carcosa we started packing. Roy rang up Jack to say that we were flying back in a Cessna aircraft of the Royal Malaysian Air Force which could not take more than 80 lbs. of luggage altogether. As we were going to be five people with Roy and George and had brought up pretty well all our luggage from Singapore it was obvious we could not cut it down to 80 lbs. So we then repacked so that Jack could book a seat by a commercial air liner and fly our luggage down that way.

Meanwhile Pammy had gone off to have a look at the Museum, and at 1145 joined me for a quick tour. First of all we went to the King's House, only a few hundred yards away, now called the Istana Tatamu. This used to be my official residence when I was Supreme Commander, and indeed I even stayed here in the days when I was on the Chiefs of Staff Committee. It was also lent to Edwina on her last trip to Malaysia, and we were shown her signature in the Visitors' Book dated the 14th February 1960, just one week before she died, and probably the last signature of this sort she ever wrote in the world. Pammy and I were deeply moved.

Then we were shown the rooms we always used, and I arranged for them to be shown to Joanna when she comes up because the Norriss's say she can stay at Carcosa even though they themselves will be away in Sabah.

After this we went down for me to take photographs of that extraordinary mosque-like railway station built about 1890, and the new mosque which looks like an International World Fair building.

Then we went to have a look at the principal shopping street which had been called after me after the liberation of Malaya. I had been warned that they had changed its name and found, in fact, that they had put up both names, the new one being 'Jalan Tun Perak' with '(Jalan Mountbatten)' underneath it. Several of the shops still had 'Jalan Mountbatten' on their

notice boards outside, and I was told that practically nobody used the new name.

The change had been brought about by a hysterical nationalistic declaration in the elections that they would abolish foreign names of streets. Fair enough. But I was somewhat mortified in driving round to find that there was a circus called 'Bulatan Edinburgh', and I thought it was a bit much that my nephew should have taken my place as he had not liberated Malaya though of course he had married the Queen.

Pammy then discovered a 'Jalan Hicks'. It turned out not to be called after my son-in-law, but a well-known headmaster as was explained to her by our host at luncheon who served under him at school.

We went to the famous Lake Club where in the Orchid Room my old friend, Ghazali Bin Shafie, the Minister of the Interior (late of my Force 136) was giving a lunch party for me. He had about thirty important people and had arranged for me to make a speech inviting them to become members of the Friends of the U.W.C. of Malaysia. Malcolm MacDonald was the other Guest of Honour but he particularly wanted me to make the only speech as he had to get away early. Just before my speech a silence fell on the room and George Thomson appeared to pass out completely; he went very white and slumped in his chair. It was some time before he came to again, but he then said he felt all right so we carried on.

At the end of my speech I thanked the Chief of the Defence Staff, General Ibrahim, very

much for having made a Cessna aircraft of the Royal Malaysian Air Force available to fly me back to Johor Baru. No sooner was my speech ended than Ibrahim dashed out of the room; rang up the Ministry of Defence and said it was an insult offering a small light aircraft to the former Supreme Commander and demanding their biggest V.I.P. aircraft to be made ready at once. As this turned out to be a large F.28 with a dozen V.V.I.P. seats and a further compartment for twenty passengers and luggage, Jack Barratt cancelled his air flight and went back to Carcosa to collect the luggage and bring it back to the Lake Club.

Meanwhile at 1430, after luncheon, a press conference had been arranged with about half-a-dozen pressmen and a radio interviewer. The Chair was taken by my host, the Minister of the Interior, who made a speech in favour of the United World Colleges, so I hope that this interview will have been of some use. Finally I gave them some literature and George Thomson gave them a talk.

When Jack got back we drove down to the Royal Malaysian Air Force station, Sedang, where the magnificent aircraft was awaiting us. We got in and taxied out to the take-off position when all of a sudden George Thomson collapsed completely - went dead white and passed out. I asked the Captain to taxi back to the apron and to send a telephone message asking for an ambulance. Meanwhile George came to and was continuously and violently sick, then passed out again.

At the apron the High Commissioner was luckily still waiting and came on board and we both decided that George could not possibly fly that day and had to be taken to hospital. When he came to again he objected strenuously but I ordered him out of the aircraft; meanwhile an ambulance with a stretcher party had miraculously appeared and within five minutes a doctor came and took him away.

We then flew off, some forty minutes late, and flew down to a fine little commercial airport called Senai, some 15 miles from Johor Baru. The Station Manager had been a prisoner-of-war released by Edwina, and when he spoke of Edwina his eyes filled with tears. Pammy and I were much moved.

The Sultan of Johor (who has now become a Royal Highness) had sent four cars to collect our party of four, as we had Roy Bennett with us. We arrived at his Palace on the outskirts of Johor Baru, forty minutes late, when it was beginning to grow rather dark, at 1740. I was anxious for Pammy to see Bukit Serene as it out-does almost any Indian Maharajah's idea of extravagant tastelessness. Among valuable objects there is a lot of junk. Exotic caged birds all round the Palace kept up a ceaseless chant so it was difficult to hear oneself speak.

We sat down to a very formal tea party, but the Sultan, who is now 83 and has been told he is going to die on the 8th May next year, was quite cheerful. Whenever any subject turned up

he had an archivist ready to produce the appropriate papers. For instance he said I looked very much better than when he last saw me, and I attributed this to Barbara Cartland's health pills; he snapped his fingers and within two minutes he had twelve Christmas Cards from Barbara on the table.

We talked about his garden, and Beverley Nichols came up; he snapped his fingers and a long fascinating letter from Beverley Nichols was produced which he insisted Pammy read aloud. And so it went on. Finally I gave him an inscribed copy of the sixth edition of my "Introduction to Polo" for his library. He has certainly done more for polo than anybody in the Far East; he still keeps 150 ponies and lets people play them free. They were looked after by Major Mehra Singh, late Commandant of the President's Bodyguard in India.

Afterwards we went round the house and were fascinated by the vulgarity and ostentatiousness of everything on display, and finally we penetrated to his private study where the centre piece was a large oil painting of a beautiful girl, all in white, astride a snow white horse, which was kneeling on the ground. He said it was a picture of the finest rider he had ever seen.

We then drove to Roy Bennett's house in Johor Baru, Tamanindria, where we rested and had some refreshments. At 1950 we all drove off in a procession of cars via the Causeway into Singapore. I pointed out the Ford factory to Pammy where poor General Percival had to surrender to the Japanese in 1942.

I had arranged to stop off at Flag Staff House, or Command House as it is still called, which was offered by Lee Kuan Yew to the British for the High Commissioner's Residence but was turned down on account of being too expensive to run. It can't be nearly as expensive as Carcosa and it is a great tragedy that we put up with that rather second-rate Eden Hall compared to that magnificent house of the Unified Commander-in-Chief.

The occupant of the house is now the Speaker of Parliament who was away but his servants showed us all round and, of course, Pammy was fascinated to see the last of my Official Residences in the Far East which she had never seen before.

Finally the servants showed us a photograph of myself and a large framed list of the occupants of the house which included the two before me and everybody after me, but left a complete blank for the time I occupied it. I will do something about it when I get back as it is taking liberties with history.

We drove on to Pya Lebar where we were met by the High Commissioner and Ian Gourlay for last minute discussions before I left. Instead of the normal framed photograph of me in Naval uniform I gave the High Commissioner one in Royal Marines uniform as he had been a Royal Marine.

The Lufthansa, who were flying us, had asked if they might take photographs of Pammy and me for their house journal. To this Jack Barratt

replied this was agreed on condition that if they failed to make the connection for us in Bombay they would not be allowed to publish the photograph.

The Lufthansa people got more and more worried because their aircraft was very late; in fact it actually arrived three-quarters-of-an-hour late and so we only took off at 2315. As there was only three-quarters-of-an-hour at Bombay to make the change if we had been punctual it looked bad. So I wrote a note in my best German to the Captain to plead with him to do something about it. He replied he would fly quicker and send a telegram to Bombay to hold on to our East African Air Lines aircraft. He made up twenty minutes which gave us just twenty minutes on the ground before the other aircraft should have taken off.

However, I needn't have worried because there was one of the biggest Reception Committees headed by the Deputy High Commissioner, my old friend Peters, with an A.D.C. from the Governor of Maharashtra with whom we had stayed in February, various officials of the Airport, and both the Air Lines concerned. There was even a correspondent from The Times of India who said "It is just as it was in your Excellency's days". I said "Do you still have censorship?" He said "Yes". I said "Well we never had that in my day did we?" He then said he wanted to talk to me about "Freedom at Midnight" but at that moment we were pushed on by everybody to catch the aircraft, so I avoided a further interview.

After being presented with bouquets Pammy and I embarked in the East African Air Lines aircraft which took off at 2325. I took a sleeping pill and gave up a sumptuous dinner which was provided, except for some soup, but Pammy had the dinner.

FRIDAY, 8TH OCTOBER 1976

We landed at Nairobi, ten minutes late, at 0745 local time (plus two hours to B.S.T.). Our High Commissioner, Fingland, met us with various other officials, and we were conducted at once to the V.I.P. lounge where a table and a lot of seats had been arranged for a meeting of the Kenya National Committee of the U.W.C.

The Chairman, Dr. Chris Obura, was there to welcome me and to apologise for having got stuck in the Singapore Isolation Centre through not having his Yellow Fever Certificate. His Vice Chairman, Jimmy Verjee, a nice Indian who had been to the International Council Meeting in Canada was there; and the Patron of the Committee, Charles Njonjo, the Attorney General of Kenya, played a prominent part until he had to go to a meeting of the House. The most striking person was an old white man called Jack Block, owner of the Tree Tops Hotel and various other hotels. He asked me when I was coming back to Kenya, and I said I would like to go to Tree Tops again. He said "No, the next time you come you must come down to the Serengetti to see the mass migration of the Wildebeest".

The most important man we met was Chief Olo Ibukum from Nigeria, who is the Director of

UNESCO in Africa, and will be in charge of the arrangements for the UNESCO Conference in Nairobi later this month. However, he pointed out that though he was very sympathetic towards the International Baccalaureate the conduct of the meeting would be in the hands of the Chairman, Taita Towett, who was the Minister of Education for Kenya. By great good luck he arrived at this moment on disembarking from an aircraft, and joined the meeting and promised to see what he could do to help.

The meeting lasted about two hours; there was a lot of discussion and it went very well but, of course, the star turn was the young American, Richard Long, who had been a Head Master in Nairobi for two years and on giving up was engaged by the International Office to be the Project Study Officer for Africa, and he has done a marvellous job. He has just finished his study, and is now going to some environmental organisation for Africa with Headquarters in Nairobi, but has offered to continue to be our representative in Africa in his spare time.

He was particularly fascinated to hear I wanted to set up a National Committee in Mauritius and asked whether that would come within his or George Thomson's region. On consulting the rest of the Committee they said Mauritius belonged to the African group, so I said I would make arrangements for him to come over to settle the details once I had a Committee started.

Pammy was most helpful at the meeting, reminding me of the things I hadn't discussed and making notes.

By one of these odd agreements between Air Lines, British Airways were not allowed to pick up passengers at Nairobi on their way to Mauritius from London, and it required the intervention of the Kenya Government, which Ian Gourlay arranged when he was out here about a month ago, for Pammy and me to be allowed to board the British Airways Jumbo which arrived rather late and departed about 1015.

We arrived at Plaisance Airport, Mauritius, half-an-hour late at 1515 local time (plus 3 hours to B.S.T.), and our High Commissioner, Brind, came on board the aircraft to fetch us. We were greeted by quite a Reception Committee, headed of course by our host, Peter White.

The diminutive but very forceful little Minister of Finance arrived back by air about the same time, and came over to greet me very effusively. He rejoices in the name of Sir Veeraswamy Ringadoo. I did some propaganda about the U.W.C. with him and he expressed a certain amount of enthusiasm which was hopeful.

By an astonishing coincidence the Prime Minister of India is paying an official visit during the exact three days we are going to be in Mauritius. She had arrived a couple of hours before us, and was due to depart three or four hours before us on Monday. The result was there were many flags out and T.V. cameras were still there who took my arrival which would otherwise have gone unnoticed.

Brind and Peter White were somewhat concerned about how I should participate in the festivities. I said "Not at all, I am here on a private visit to rest". They had an invitation for Pammy and me to go to the three State Banquets given by the Governor General, the Prime Minister, and Indira Gandhi herself. These I refused out of hand. But they both urged us to go to the Inauguration of the Gandhi Institute the following morning to show friendship and willingness towards India and to be seen on T.V. by the people. With some reluctance we both finally agreed.

Peter White drove us out to his charming house, an old French House onto which he has built a delightful guest house with its own dining room, sitting room, bedrooms and entrance. I had stayed here in 1970 with Patricia and John on our way back from the BRITANNIA Cruise. Peter was away then but his wife, Margaret, looked after us. This time she is in England and Peter is looking after us. He is a delightful Western Australian brought up in India, and now the most successful expatriate businessman in the island as he runs the big Lonrho branch here who employ 5,600 people in their sugar fields and factories, and other activities such as a textile factory.

Pammy and I walked in the garden and made friends with the two young daughters, Sarah aged 11, and Sophie aged 9; and the three dogs and two Siamese cats. Alas the swimming pool has not been filled yet as, of course, it is only early spring in Mauritius which is 20° south of the equator.

We dined in the big house with Peter, and the three of us had a very lively conversation mainly about Lonrho. He gave us a vivid description of that extraordinary buccaneer, Tiny Rowlands, and told me how fond he was of Angus Oglivy and how sad he was he got himself into so much trouble over the Lonrho affairs. He thought that Tiny, having been brought in by Angus originally and been a tremendous friend of his, couldn't get over Angus finally resigning and swore to do him down and apparently had definitely gone ahead to do his best to blacken him. Not a very attractive story I fear.

Peter told us that when Angus brought Rowlands in they were making £100,000 a year and now they are making a £100 million turnover, all to the benefit of the British economy, even though they are trying to divert as much of this as possible to their own pockets without breaking the law.

SATURDAY, 9TH OCTOBER 1976

The Prime Minister said he wanted to come and call on me and would arrive at 0915 to take me on to the Gandhi Institute. In fact we had just finished breakfast and I was putting on a tie and a jacket when he arrived at 0900. Then for forty minutes we sat together on the patio having a fascinating discussion. He is Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam and is the same age as me. We had made friends on my last visit and I had seen him once or twice in London, and he greeted me as a long lost friend and asked what he could do to help the United World Colleges scheme which he heard I had

come over to launch. He gave his blessing to what I was trying to do, and said he would leave it to his Minister of Education to fix up the details.

He explained to me, with the utmost regret, that the Opposition party had put forward a demand that the island should become a Republic and the Governor General should become a President, which he had strongly opposed. But he had to agree not to make an election issue of this which would have been bad and so was going to accept it as he really was only following the footsteps of all the other similarly placed Commonwealth countries, and would of course be loyal to the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth.

Then he drove me off in his car, and Peter drove Pammy in the second car, and we arrived in about seven minutes at the new Gandhi Institute which had been built with money from India and for which Indira had laid the foundation stone six years ago.

The Prime Minister just had time to introduce me to the members of his Cabinet and the Committee of the Institute when Indira arrived with a large escort of motor-cycle police. The Prime Minister took Pammy and me along by hand so we were the second and third people to greet Indira on arrival. She was far more warm and friendly though Pammy and I were a little bit chary at this as we are still not certain about the part she has played in the Emergency in India where so many of our friends were in jail.

We were first shown round the Institute itself and the main Conference hall where they had already had the Organisation of Africa Unity Conference with old Ramgoolam in the Chair. I was introduced once more to her unattractive younger son, Sanjay, and his pretty Indian wife; I like the older boy very much better and gather the younger one is behaving rather badly in politics.

At 1020 we moved over to a vast Shamiana which held many hundreds of people, probably a couple of thousand, but it was difficult to see because a dozen very strong lights were shining in our eyes for the T.V. Pammy and I tried to hold back but were taken by the Prime Minister and he put Indira between Pammy and himself, and put me on his other side, and mentioned us by name in his speech. After Indu's speech she unveiled the tablet and then we all moved off on a tour.

Pammy went off and had her hair done again; we were left to lunch alone together in the Guest House as Peter had a lot of urgent work to do.

Pammy's old friend, Jaghat Mehta, who is now the Foreign Secretary of India, came to call. Apparently Pammy had been great friends with his wife, Rama, thirty years ago, and had got to know Jaghat five years later and became great friends, so they embraced warmly. He has succeeded my old friend, Kewal Singh, and I had dealings with both on my last visit to Delhi some eighteen months ago. He was absolutely fascinating and really explained the circumstances of the Emergency in quite a new light. He was deeply distressed at the number of

people who had been put in jail and the treatment they had received, but he said that he thought that India had been saved from Communism and complete chaos. In fact, people were now working punctually and hard and enthusiastically; the economy had made a startling recovery, and everything was settling down nicely, and he hoped that soon everybody would be out of prison and allowed their freedom.

I told him that I had urged Indira, through Ali Yavar Jung when I saw him in Bombay in February, to remove censorship at least for the media from England otherwise the B.B.C. and Times would not send back their correspondents.

I said I was delighted to hear that she had taken my advice, and he said she had been keen herself on doing it. He was sorry her programme for going round the island had run $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours late and she couldn't see us to-night, but was keen to see us to-morrow.

Pammy and I dined with Peter in the big house.

SUNDAY, 10TH OCTOBER 1976

It was a showery day with sunny intervals. At 1000 Peter drove Pammy and me, and his two daughters, through Port Louis, to the extreme northern tip of the island via Grand Bay to the adjacent Grand Sable beach which is quite lovely - the traditional white tropical sand, palms and tropical vegetation, and a blue sea.

We bathed and afterwards Peter borrowed a boat to take me round Grand Bay and see the very large number of yachts. Several are on the way round the world, and four of them were single handed. We then went back to the little house he had borrowed from the Manager of the Lonrho Hotel nearby to have somewhere to change.

After this he drove us to Pereybere where we had lunch at his quite extraordinary new house "Moulin Cassé". This is an old 18th century sugar factory which was derelict. He bought it to restore it. The main house consists of two parallel 125 foot long galleries with barrelled roofs with hundreds and hundreds of flower pots inverted in the roof, to save weight and materials as they hadn't got any cement in those days. It is strikingly attractive and what is more he had converted the other little out-houses to bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.

He had asked quite a party to luncheon, including the Brinds, making a total of 13.

We drove back at 1600 and I rested until 1830 when Pammy and I called on the Governor General at Le Réduit. We had an interesting talk with him and then we went on to call on Indira Gandhi. She was unusually forthcoming and friendly. I suppose she realised how much the family disapproved of some of the things she was doing, but we kept off politics and all the people she had put in prison, but I did congratulate her on having taken the advice I sent her to lift the censorship on the B.B.C. and the Times, etc.

As Peter had a dinner engagement he let Pammy and me dine alone in the Guest House which was very pleasant and we had an early night.

MONDAY, 11TH OCTOBER 1976

Pammy and I spent the morning packing up and clearing up papers till 1100 when to my consternation the Minister of Education, Chaperon, and his Director of Education, Clifford Ball, turned up for the meeting which had been arranged to take place at 1145. Pammy and I competed with them till 1125 when Peter and Miss Platon, the British Council Representative, arrived. So I gave a summary of what we had been discussing, and then at 1135 our High Commissioner, Brind, arrived and we had a final talk. The reason the Minister gave for coming early was that he had to join the Cabinet to see Indira Gandhi off at Plaisance Airport.

We had a pleasant luncheon alone with Peter and his children, and at 1630 we drove to see the famous extinct volcanic crater called Le Trou aux Cerfs where stags apparently used to roam. We came back and finished off packing.

At 1810 Peter drove Pammy and me to the airport which we reached at 1845. The High Commissioner and Mrs. Brind were there and also the Secretary of the Mauritian Cabinet, Burrenchow, who was flying in the same aircraft as us to a conference.

We took off in a British Airways VC.10 punctually at 1930. The Sachers, who had been

part of the lunch party, were flying with us. He is a Director of Marks and Spencer.

After three hours flying I heard ominous noises and feared that one engine had cut out. This turned out to be the case but none of the passengers were told and we landed safely on three engines at Nairobi. Here we were met by Richard Long, the nice representative of the U.W.C. in Kenya, and a couple of his friends.

Our aircraft being unserviceable we had to change and wait until a British Airways Jumbo Jet arrived from Johannesburg. I debriefed Richard on the U.W.C. developments in Mauritius, and I got the British Airways Manager to ring up the Barratts' at home to tell them of the change of plan. Jack was out but Vera took the message and said she would warn everybody concerned that we would not be arriving at 0600 B.S.T. but would be much later as we would have to fly via Frankfurt.

TUESDAY, 12TH OCTOBER 1976

Our 747 landed at Frankfurt at 0630 B.S.T. We should have left after one hour but there was an oil leak which had to be attended to. By the time that had been put right fog had developed and we were grounded. It was not until 1040 that the fog lifted enough for us to take off and we landed at Heathrow at 1145 B.S.T.

On arrival there was a further delay for an invalid passenger whom they wanted to get off first so we finally only got off at 1200 just six

hours late on our original programme. We had to wait about 40 minutes for the luggage but Daborn and Mafalda had driven up to meet me, and Pammy had a hired car to take her away with her luggage.

We stopped at the Doll's House to pick up Kimberley. Patricia arrived at 11500 having seen Joanna off to the Far East just before we landed. I have been trying to help arrange her programme with the various Ambassadors and High Commissioners in Bangkok, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Jakarta. What bad luck that we couldn't hit it off and do the trip together. She is flying with a friend called Rosemary Bean.

Patricia and I had high tea at 1730 and she had to go to a meeting in Winchester to address the N.S.P.C.C. Committee there.

WEDNESDAY, 13TH OCTOBER 1976

Patricia and I had a ride together, she on Classiebawn and I on Tabu. She left to collect Amanda from Ashford Hospital at 1110. Poor Amanda has had very bad luck. She had to take a pill which got stuck in her throat without realising it and started an ulcer which luckily has been caught in time but she has been quite ill.

Like a fool I started cracking roast chestnuts with my teeth and weakened my left front eye tooth so much that I shall have to get it taken out, I fear.

THURSDAY, 14TH OCTOBER 1976

It was a blustery wet morning but Mary Lou and I managed to get in a short ride during a fairly fine spell.

Jack got me an emergency appointment with Surgeon Captain Travis at Haslar and Stronach drove me over after lunch. The eye tooth was so weak that it broke off almost immediately when being worked on and I then decided to have the root taken out which, in spite of a couple of injections, proved to be painful. Meanwhile their excellent senior dental mechanic arranged to have a replacement tooth put in my denture within one hour. So I left my spare denture with him to be done at leisure. They said the spare might not fit very well and I would have to try it again the next time I came.

I got back with only twenty minutes to spare to drive with Stronach and Jack to London arriving at 1825. I had a quick bath and change and then went with Michael John to the Mercers' Livery Dinner because my old friend, Jim Scott, who was my A.D.C. in India and then Commanding Officer of the Life Guards, is the Master. I had to make a speech. I think Michael John was really interested to see his first big London Livery Dinner.

FRIDAY, 15TH OCTOBER 1976

I had a hair cut at 0930, then at 1100 went to see my heart specialist, Lawson MacDonald.

Lilibet had said she would be delighted for me to carry the Sword of State again if my doctor gave me a clean bill of health.

Lawson went at it very thoroughly and made me bring up an object weighing the same amount as the Sword of State with a strap to go round my neck to carry it. One of the very new portable electro cardiogramme instruments was attached to me and I walked about climbing over stools and standing still for ten minutes at a time for a total of half-an-hour, at the end of which he said that he thought I had passed with flying colours. I must say I felt very well right through and grand at the end of it all and delighted.

We drove back to Broadlands for a late lunch. I shot clay pigeons after lunch, and at 1700 Jane Finmore came to drive me to the Art Exhibition at the Mountbatten Gallery at Lee. It is the finest I have seen so far. What a brilliant idea it was de-dedicating the old Chapel at Lee and turning it over to the Art Group. I must give Philip Powell the credit for the idea.

Lawson rang up to say that there had been a very disturbing flicker on my E.C.G. and if I had half a dozen of them I should have felt giddy and would have swayed. He didn't think I would fall over or would do any harm but he thought it would worry the Queen so I reluctantly had to write to Martin Charteris to say the doctor didn't advise me to do it. I am very disappointed.

At 1800 Hugh Finmore came with the new Hampshire County Welfare Officer and discussed the finances of the Edwina Mountbatten Home. The meeting seemed to go very well.

SATURDAY, 16TH OCTOBER 1976

I worked all the morning catching up with my mail.

At 1545 Sir Harold Wilson, the recently resigned Prime Minister, drove down to see me as he wanted to discuss the situation in Spain, on account of my friendship with Juanito. He also wanted to see whether Broadlands would be suitable for a location for some of the T.V. series on Prime Ministers he is doing. He wants to use Broadlands for the background of Palmerston.

I made him plant a tree which is the 197th V.I.P. tree planted since Edwina started the scheme.

Charles and Elizabeth Collins brought Esther Ellerman to Broadlands at tea time on their way back from a visit to the United World College of the Atlantic at St. Donat's Castle.

After tea Harold left, and after dinner we had one of the first big Australian feature films "Picnic at Hanging Rock".

SUNDAY, 17TH OCTOBER 1976

I went for a walk with Esther and the Collins's after breakfast.

At 1215 Jim Howden and his wife came for luncheon. He is the excellent Chairman of our New Zealand National Committee of the U.W.C. They stayed to luncheon and afterwards all five of my guests drove to London for to-night's concert.

At 1600 I changed into black tie and Stronach drove me to London. At 1830 Michael of Kent came round for a brief talk and we were joined at 1900 by Sally Baring. Then we were driven by Stronach to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the Gala Concert by the lovely and splendid Maori Prime Donna, Kiri Te Kanawa, organised entirely by New Zealand people living in London, under the Chairmanship of Sam Elworthy. The house was full to over-flowing and there was great enthusiasm; in the end they practically wouldn't let her go; there was 15 minutes of encores and applause.

Sacha joined us at the Opera, so we made a party of four sitting in the middle of the front row of the Dress Circle.

Afterwards Stronach drove us to New Zealand House for a Supper and Reception given by the High Commissioner and Mrs. Carter. I had to make a speech of thanks to Kiri and Montgomery, the talented young conductor, as they had both given their services free. I presented them with gifts.

Kiri sat next to me at the supper and turned out to be a real charmer, and offered to help again if we want her.

MONDAY, 18TH OCTOBER 1976

The Radio Quebec Producer of the T.V. programme about Dieppe arrived with an English T.V. team and they used 2 Kinnerton Street for recording their interview with me. God knows there have been enough radio and T.V. programmes about Dieppe particularly in Canada but this time I do hope that they will listen to what I have to say and will accept the two points I agreed to discuss.

Firstly; was the Dieppe raid strategically justified? And secondly; were they justified in using a Canadian Division instead of the Royal Marines?

When they had finished I looked in for a moment to see Sacha before Stronach drove me to Broadlands for a late luncheon and work in the Archives.

TUESDAY, 19TH OCTOBER 1976

Mary Lou and I had a very pleasant ride. I worked all the rest of the day.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH OCTOBER 1976

Mary Lou and I had another ride. Jack drove me to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1815.

At 2000 Larry Collins came round to discuss the letter from Mac Matthai about "Freedom at Midnight".

At 2130 Sacha collected me after her session about Jung, the Philosopher, and drove me to Wiltons for supper, and then back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

THURSDAY, 21ST OCTOBER 1976

At 0830 I went round for a sitting with the Spanish painter, Carlos Sancha, who is doing a portrait of me for Trinity House, in Elder Brothers' uniform. This is to be hung as a companion to the portrait of my father for we are, I believe, the only father and son to have been Elder Brethren.

At 1030 a Naval car collected me and drove me round to Admiralty House for the Admiralty Board Briefing Meeting for retired Flag Officers and General Officers of Marines. It was a delightful gathering of old friends and I knew nearly everybody very well. In all there were 4 Admirals of the Fleet, 13 Admirals, 17 Vice Admirals, 18 Rear Admirals, three Generals and 3 Major Generals of the Royal Marines. We had coffee at the beginning, and then all the Naval members of the Admiralty Board gave us quite excellent accounts of what was going on in the Navy.

After three-quarters-of-an-hour question period I stood up to speak as the oldest Naval Officer present. I asked if there was anybody in

the room who served during the First World War and there wasn't a single one.

Then we went for drinks at Admiralty House and Fred Mulley, the new Secretary of State for Defence, drew me aside to ask if he may send me a brief so that I could tell the President of France more about our Forces which he didn't seem to understand. I agreed.

Then I went over to Duffy, the Under Secretary for the Navy, and said I was sorry to hear he disapproved of my speech to the Chaplains. He hotly denied this and when I told him that the First Sea Lord had told me so he said "He had no business to tell you at all". In fact he implied it was a very good speech.

Then we had a buffet luncheon. I left at 1430 for a couple of hours briefing meeting about N.E.C. with Graham Clifford and Dennis Dibsdall.

Jack drove me back to Broadlands - 1630-1800 - and at 1830 Lieutenant Colonel Trevor Morris, of the Blues and Royals, and Captain James Ellery of the Life Guards came to spend the night. I wanted two Household Cavalry Officers to go over to Saumur with me and chose Trevor as he Commands the Mounted Regiment, and James is my Life Guards A.D.C. Ian and Natasha Gourlay also arrived to spend the night before leaving tomorrow morning on the French tour.

FRIDAY, 22ND OCTOBER 1976

The five of us had breakfast at 0700. The two Household Cavalry Officers were wearing

their smart frock coats as well as overalls and spurs but I merely put on my overalls, a shirt and a blazer.

At 0730 we drove in the Jaguar and the Peugeot to Eastleigh Airport. We took off punctually at 0800 in a special Mystère aircraft having been joined on board by Captain Vincent Howard, the Naval Attaché. By the programme we should have arrived at 0915 but in fact we arrived at 0845, three-quarters-of-an-hour early. We therefore had to pull in to a hard standing off the runway whilst waiting for the arrival of the Préfet and other officials who were going to welcome us. Finally the Préfet arrived at 0900 and we then taxied up to the tarmac and got out and were greeted by a Welcoming Committee.

We were taken into the airport and I was about to leave for our next destination when I was told that my old friend and the organiser of the tour, Colonel Rémy, the great Resistance hero, had said he would meet me at 0915. So we had to wait, and he turned up at 0915 in the Naval Attaché's car with his delightful driver, Robbie.

We then went off in a motor-cade with police cars and motor-cycle outriders and went at break-neck speed through the town of Saumur to the hotel Le Prieuré which is built on the site of an old priory overlooking the banks of the River Loire.

I went up to my suite and put on my frock coat and spurs, and cap, and then, in company with Trevor Morris, James Ellery, and Vincent Howard, all in uniform, went out to the fore-court where a

large motor-cade was assembling. Here I met all the U.W.C. friends from Paris. Jacques (who told me that poor Yola was laid up with a bad cold), Pierre Barachin, Jacqueline Lassagne, the Nonancourts, and to my astonishment a doctor called Sourd who Rémy had arranged to be attached to me as my personal physician for the trip.

I think at this stage I must explain that this whole tour has been a terrible head-ache. It all started at a meeting of the French National Committee of the U.W.C. when it was proposed that a Charity Dinner and Dance should be held in Paris in October. I volunteered to come and make a speech to drum up funds for the U.W.C. Then Rémy, who is a member of the Committee, was called in and said he could do better than that; he said he could get more money in the provinces than could be raised in Paris and made himself responsible for drumming up support in the Valley of the Loire where he had many friends. He then produced a programme which meant that I would be on the go from 0830 to midnight every day with an average of an hour-and-a-half off in the afternoon to rest.

I knew, from experience, that the programme would be much too tight in every way and I started trying to get Rémy to cut it down. He was obstinate both with Vincent Howard and Ian Gourlay who was coming as my "Chief of Staff" for the trip. When I finally spoke to Rémy on the telephone I told him that if he tried to make me go through this performance throughout the week I should end up by being exhausted and would probably collapse.

He wrote a letter and said he was worried about my state of health and would engage a doctor to accompany me on the whole trip and would have an aeroplane standing by to fly me home if I collapsed. This really annoyed me because it merely showed that he didn't understand the position at all. I therefore begged him not to get a doctor but to cut the programme. He finally agreed to cut the programme drastically but apparently he insisted on having a doctor though I think it was rather by way of getting his own back on me.

We went off with a much smarter motor-cycle escort with gendarmes in full dress to the Ecole d'Application de l'Armée Blindée et de la Cavalerie (the Cavalry and Armoured School) where I was met by Brigadier General Delaunay, the Commandant of both sides of the school, and Colonel Gouraud who is in command of the mounted Cavalry side. We were led into the 18th century riding school for which Saumur is famous, to see a display of the Cadre Noir. Every one was asked to take off their caps except me as I had to return the salutes.

The programme was divided into two parts with two different teams of 8 young officers each time led by the Major in Command of the wing. They wore black uniforms with gold braid, tight white breeches, very smart black boots, and very smart spurs which they use vigorously throughout the whole performance.

The first eight were mounted without stirrups and did a display originated by the

famous Ecquyer to King Henry III of France, Pulvinel, nearly four centuries ago. They walked their horses in a very collected way, then they cantered, and then they came up and halted in the middle and all took their cocked hats off to me. Then on the command "Get Ready" they started driving their spurs in as hard as they could for at least a minute. Then the order "Stand By" was given and they stopped for a moment. The next order sounded like "Cabrez". At all events they all pulled hard on the curb and all the horses stood up on their hind legs and this is called "Le Croupard".

After the horses had settled down, came another order to "Get Ready" and the riders started spurring as hard as before for a full minute, after which at the order "Stand By" they raised their long black flexible whips, then an order which sounded like "Ruez" was given upon which they all brought their whips down very smartly on the horses quarter and put their spurs in very far back, and then each horse kicked out with both hind legs as hard as it could, practically horizontally. This is called "Le Courbette". These are all the old things that Pluvinel started. The signals given are certainly severe.

They then did a certain amount of passaging, crossing over and did the rearing and the kicking at regular intervals. After they all proceeded out through the pillars there was a five minute pause, then the next section of eight came in, and this time they had stirrups and the horses walked in a most extraordinary way, each time lifting the foreleg, keeping it lifted up, then leaning forward

on it and coming down rather like the British Infantry Slow March. They trotted and cantered, passaged and did numerous intricate figures, often passing each other by passaging.

It was all very fascinating but I noticed that they were as severe with their spurs as the first section and indeed the whole thing was reminiscent of 16th century severity when this particular form of demonstration was started. It certainly was a remarkable example of complete horse mastership.

Trevor and James were fascinated but thought that it was far more severe than the Life Guards were expected to be in the modern day.

After this was over we walked towards the stables and I met the Major Commanding the Mounted Troop. We had a long talk in which he said that it took a young officer at least one year to reach the Cadre Noir standard; he said that they only used dummy spurs in the public shows, but for the rehearsals and training they frequently used sharp spurs which obviously could not be used in public.

It appears that this year for the first time the Riding School has been partly civilianised and they are obliged to take civil volunteers which now includes about a dozen young women who are mad keen on learning to do the old stuff, and are every bit as severe as the men.

I went to the stables and met all the young officers and then we went in to the saddle

room which was very ornate with beautiful saddlery where a Vin d'Honneur was held, with a brief speech by the Colonel and a brief reply by me.

Next we went over to the General's house which is a magnificent residence next to the main Administrative block of the School. There were some thirty or forty guests and after drinks we collected our own food from the sideboard and were able to take it to little tables where we could sit to eat.

At 1400 I was taken out to the War Memorial in front of the School where a Guard of young officer cadets, with sabres, and a band was drawn up who saluted me and then when I had laid my wreath played the Salute to the Dead. From here we went in procession through the main entrance of the School and were conducted up the ceremonial staircase to the General's Ceremonial Office. Here there were about 50 or 60 people collected. The General made a speech to me and I made one back to him; He gave me a badge of the School, and I gave him a copy of my Introduction to Polo for their Library.

Then we were taken round the magnificent Saumur Regimental Museum which has relics of all the old Cavalry Regiments of France.

At 1500 we drove off to the village of Gennes and up to the little church on the top of a hill. The Guard and Band had proceeded us and again paid honours to me and to the dead, and I laid a wreath on the graves of the young cadets who had fallen in battle in June 1940.

Saumur School had been made responsible for about 40 kilometres of the length of the Loire River and at Gennes there were 150 of them opposed to a full motorised Cavalry Division of Germans with armour and aircraft support. It was of course a hopeless one sided battle in which many of the cadets died fighting gloriously, and all had shown such courage that the Germans, when they finally took them prisoners, released them immediately for their honourable conduct.

After this we drove back to the hotel where I had to give a press interview to the local newspaper.

At 1900, having changed into plain clothes, we drove to the Chateau of Saumur which is a very fine castle built in the 14th century by the Duke of Anjou, the younger brother of the King. It had been beautifully restored and preserved, and houses two collections; the first one is a collection of art, tapestry, pictures, furniture, sculpture, made by a millionaire private collector who then gave it to the town of Saumur.

Above it there is a collection of things to do with horses and riding called the Museum of the Horse which I suppose must be the most complete one in the world. Again this was due to a private collector. There was every conceivable kind of saddle from every part of the world; every form of horse furniture, pictures and prints; every form of bridle, and at least two hundred spurs of every sort from every part of the world. The Curator, a woman, wasn't even able to recognise which of the collection were ladies' spurs; she knows very little about the subject.

Finally I presented her with a copy of my "Introduction to Polo" for their famous Horse Library.

We then drove down to the Hotel De Ville which is another fine old building where about 200 local notables were gathered. The Mayor immediately made a long flowery speech for which I had prepared no reply. I spoke off the cuff and everybody afterwards said it was a much better speech than I made reading from the speech prepared for me by Rémy at the School.

We didn't get back till 2315.

SATURDAY, 23RD OCTOBER 1976

I had breakfast at 0800 in my room overlooking the Valley of the Loire. Yesterday it had been bright sunshine, as the result of Rémy's consistent prayers since last February, he told me. To-day was rather overcast and drizzly.

Trevor and James returned to London via Paris, having been very thrilled with their day with the French Cavalry School.

At 1030 we formed up in the usual motorcade with police outriders and drove to the Abbaye de Fontevrault. From the U.W.C. point of view we were all particularly interested in this remarkable building because Paul Louis Weiller had originally persuaded the French Government to restore it and we would take it as a United World College. The French National Committee sent down Jacques and Pierre to vet it and they came to the conclusion it

was just not on. Meanwhile, however, the French had found the money for the restoration so it was well worth coming to see.

Fontevrault was founded in 1099. It has a magnificent church containing the tombs of some of the Plantagenets, though their remains cannot be found since the French Revolution. The reclining figures in stone on the tombs have been saved and represent Henry II, his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, who died at Fontevrault in 1204; their son, King Richard Coeur de Lion, and Isabelle of Angoulême, third wife of the other son, King John Lackland. There are two monastic buildings and the greatest Romanesque kitchen left in France. Napoleon turned it into a convict prison, but since restoration started the few convicts who still tend the grounds are in a building on the edge of the compound.

Finally we drove on for luncheon at La Missonnière, near St. German des Prés, given by René La Combe, Préfet of Maine et Loire. At this lunch the important Mayor of Angers was present and after expressing great regret that I had had to cancel my visit to his town presented me with a colossal medallion and a very fine souvenir book, as well as a guide book.

I sat opposite the Préfet as in fact our host was only the Parliamentary representative as Deputy of the District. It was a large gathering and I sat next to the Princesse de Ligne, and also met her husband who is a cousin of the Belgian de Lignes whom we knew in Delhi

when he was the Belgian Ambassador in 1947. When I asked whether the family were Belgian or French, as they seemed to have such big properties in both countries, the Préfet leant forward and said "The de Ligne family are much older than Belgium". They made a great point that I should visit their home the next day and I said I would try.

I had great trouble in finding the loo afterwards because apparently you don't go to the loo when visiting other people's houses in France. Finally I was taken right through the house to one of the best bedrooms which had a bathroom attached.

Vincent Howard, who is married to a nice French girl, called Genevive, told me a delightful story of the different points of view in France and England about the loo. When her French parents came over to England to stay with his parents for the wedding old Mr. Howard took his French guest up to the bathroom saying "You must be tired after your long trip, let me show you to the bathroom". The Frenchman, at a loss what to do, felt he was expected to have a bath so thereupon he undressed, turned on the water and had a bath. When the English couple discovered he was having a bath they thought he was mad. However, when the French couple discussed the matter they thought the English must be mad to want them to take a bath on arrival.

We left about an half-and-a-half later at 1530, and a few kilometres further on there was an accident. The police car pulled up very

abruptly; as there were five cars following each one pulled up more abruptly and the last car, a Jaguar, couldn't stop in time and ran into the car ahead which was a Mercedes. Everybody jumped out and the doctor was summoned but nobody was hurt except poor Stronach who in trying to pull the mudguard clear of the wheel strained his back. Anyhow we re-embarked in the cars and off we went led by a police pilot car in front with a policeman using a map, navigating.

It was clear very soon that we had taken the wrong turning for the road got narrower and narrower, and rougher and rougher, and finally petered out into a field. A farmer and his wife came out and waved to us apparently knowing who we were. Then we had to back about quarter-of-a-mile down the road before we could turn. We then drove through Nantes and St. Nazaire to the great seaside resort of La Baule. We arrived $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late at 1800 at the Hotel Castel Marie Louise. La Baule won the prize for the best seaside resort in France last year and is very proud of it. It has the most remarkable clear sandy beaches which extend for miles beyond the town; most of the town is very modern, but our hotel, thank God, was rather an old fashioned hotel but with modernised rooms.

At 1830 we all went off in day clothes to the Casino. As this was the off season for visitors the Casino was closed but through Yola's intervention with her friend Barrière, who owns a chain of Casinos, he agreed to have the Casino opened for us for that one night. Our host was

a famous man, the Minister of State and No.2 to the Prime Minister, and he was also the Mayor of La Baule, called Guichard. He was very friendly but was suffering that night from 'flue but was gallantly fighting it off to be able to continue to take the Chair.

Remy had managed to beat up no less than 80 people to come to this dinner, out of season; they were nearly all locals and not the rich people who would normally come from places like Nantes. I therefore wasn't very hopeful we would make much money.

However, I had been persuaded to give something for an American auction and I had had a little silver gilt box engraved with a device of the United World Colleges with my signature and the date and the place. After Guichard's speech to which I replied with a carefully prepared one, Jacqueline took the box round and showed it to everybody at each table.

After that Rémy carried out the auction in a most amusing way. To begin with nobody really understood the rules which perhaps was a good thing. He said for the first round if anybody wanted to take part in the auction had to put 10 francs in. He had got eight attractive women with baskets, one for each table; they went round and collected 10 francs from everybody except, of course, from Ian and me. After that the auction started and people put in 20 francs; then they put in 40 francs; then it went up to 100 francs and still people kept on putting money in the baskets. Finally it went up to 1,000 francs which

I thought would finish the auction; but no, the man who put the 1,000 francs in was a personal friend of Remy's and the publisher of the Historama Magazine of Military History and offered to start the auction again starting off by putting in 50 francs. The women went round again and collected a lot of 50 franc notes; then it went up to 100 francs. People kept on putting in money not knowing what the rules were or who was going to win. The whole atmosphere was gay and laughingly people just went on putting in money.

Finally Vincent Howard went up and offered his alarm wrist watch which was tied round the microphone and set to go off at midnight. It was then agreed that the person who put in the last bid before the alarm went off would win.

Meanwhile a couple, who although French were called Williamson, bid alternately, first the husband then the wife - one of their hands was always up - though other people also broke in, and at the critical moment when the alarm went off Madame Williamson had put in her bid and was declared the winner amidst loud applause - it was a popular win. She was an attractive young woman and I was happy to give her the box.

By this time the total exceeded 10,000 francs, the equivalent of about £1,250 which was remarkable for such a very small gathering of not very rich people.

After this Guichard excused himself and went to bed, while at least half the people came up for me to autograph their menus.

Meanwhile Ian was busy distributing both English and French versions of the leaflet about the United World Colleges which people took.

Finally we walked home and got to bed about 0030.

SUNDAY, 24TH OCTOBER 1976

This was really quite a red letter day for me as I was at last to see the scene of our great raid on St.Nazaire which took place on the night of the 27th/28th March 1942.

At 0955 we drove to the War Cemetery at Escoublac where over 300 graves were maintained by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. It was sad to see how many of the graves were marked an "unknown sailor" or "unknown soldier", but there were also quite a number who were known by name. I laid a wreath at the War Memorial Cross, and then we all re-embarked in our motor cars and drove on to the Town War Memorial where a French Naval Guard of Honour was mounted and I laid the one and only wreath to the usual accompaniment of the Trumpet Salute to the Dead.

After this the Préfet Maritime, Admiral Le Franc, took over. He had been sent by the Minister of Defence to represent him and had therefore kicked out the poor Rear Admiral from Lorient who was originally coming. Le Franc led me a hundred yards along the front to a place where a fine 18 foot rough monolith stone had been erected in memory of those who gave their lives in the

raid which had the code name CHARIOT. It was known as the Chariot Monument and here there was a British Guard of Honour from H.M.S. ANTELOPE. The Admiral and civilian Sous-Préfet laid wreaths as well as the Mayor, and finally I laid my own wreath.

Then the Mayor made a long and fine speech, and presented me with a barnacle encrusted British Rifle and steel helmet which divers had recently recovered from the wreck of the LANCASTRIAN. I replied in French with a carefully prepared speech explaining briefly the purpose of the raid. I explained that after our experience with the BISMARCK we had learnt it was very difficult to compete with a giant almost unsinkable battleship which had been built outside the Washington Treaty Limitations. Our battleships were limited to 35,000 tons, even the new ones; but the two German ships, the BISMARCK and the TIRPITZ, were 46,000 tons; very heavily armoured, very strong water-tight sub-divisions, and very powerful guns. She was quite a job to sink but eventually, with the available ships of the Navy in the Atlantic we sunk her.

In my speech I explained that early in 1942 the TIRPITZ was ready to take to the high seas and it was necessary to deprive her of the only dry dock large enough to take her if she got a torpedo hit and had to be repaired. Without such a dock on the Atlantic coast the TIRPITZ would be forced to fight her way back through the British Fleet to get back to Germany to be docked. This was obviously not what Hitler wanted and if we could only put the dock out of action for the

rest of the war we felt the TIRPITZ would never venture into the Atlantic.

Therefore I laid on a raid to destroy the great dock gate and pumping mechanism completely. This was a very difficult thing to do because it meant a long ocean trip from Plymouth to St. Nazaire under the observation of German aircraft and U-Boats.

Miraculously the CHARIOT force proceeded undetected by the Germans to nightfall and then did a very audacious thing. Instead of going through the swept Channel near the coastal defences on the north-eastern bank we sent the old destroyer CAMPBELTOWN which had been converted and lightened and had forty depth charges in the bows containing $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of explosives. The idea was that she should go at extreme high water springs across the mud flats where ships normally couldn't go.

I also laid on 62 bombers from Bomber Command with two of my staff, Group Captain Willetts and Captain Hughes-Hallett, flying with the bombers to make sure they dropped their bombs. They had been told not to drop their bombs except on military targets and they were to spare the civilian part of the town. By bad luck the weather was so thick they couldn't see their targets and after having started off an air raid alarm the bombers finally disappeared leaving the guns and searchlights manned, making it much worse for us.

Finally the Force was sighted but the

first small ship to challenge them got an answer from us which obviously made them suspicious but they had no radio and couldn't communicate to their Headquarters. A little later on we were challenged by a shore station and again we answered two of the challenges correctly having somehow obtained the correct answer, but this time they made a third challenge to which we could give no answer and that finally gave the show away.

So the British hauled down the German ensigns they were wearing as a ruse de guerre, hoisted the White Ensign, and replied to the gun fire. Now it was a battle to the death to try and get the CAMPBELTOWN up to the great dock gate before she was sunk.

I might add that the CAMPBELTOWN touched bottom no less than twice but just managed to scrape by and went on. Then she went full steam ahead straight for the dock gate and rammed it going on right through the gate, the bow piercing through to the other side. And there she was stuck. The Captain then opened the sea cocks and scuttled the ship who settled right down by the stern with her bows, of course, out of water.

Meanwhile diversary activities went on which successfully deceived the Germans who did not know what we were really up to. A motor torpedo boat fired two delayed action torpedoes at the small lock gates into the Basin St. Nazaire. Unfortunately two guns on the Old Mole nearby continued to fire hitting a lot of our wooden motor launches, and set them afire with great loss of life.

The Commandos embarked in the CAMPBELTOWN had an easy run ashore under Colonel Newman. Meanwhile Commander Ryder, in a motor gun boat, went round in general charge of the operations, and Newman collected his forces and started blowing up targets on shore before the Germans could stop them. However, by this time we had lost so many of our little ships it was impossible to take the Commandos off again and most of them, who were not killed, were captured including Newman. However, the C.O. of the CAMPBELTOWN, Lieutenant Commander Beattie, and Commander Ryder were able to withdraw with what ships were left afloat and got back safely to Plymouth. Most of the Commandos were left ashore except those who had not been able to be landed at all.

I remember spending an agonising night waiting for the ship to blow up. There had been two possible settings of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ hour delay and an 8 hour delay. I had understood it was going to be the shortest delay and when the ship didn't go up Winston Churchill started ringing me up saying "Dickie, why doesn't your dammed destroyer explode?"

However, they had chosen the 8 hour delay and luckily the Germans were unable to do anything about defusing the charges as they were buried in concrete. Finally a lot of German officers came on board and were still there at the moment that the great explosion took place, and blew them to smithereens together with the dock gate and the pumping station thus putting the great dry dock known as "La Forme Joubert" out of action. Indeed it was out of action for some ten years

with the result that the TIRPITZ never dared go beyond the Norwegian coast where she was finally sunk by midget submarines and aircraft.

Having explained most of this in my speech I was then introduced to the Town Councillors, the representatives of the Ex-Servicemen's Association. I also met Captain Nichols who is now a master at Stowe where he had met Ashley, and had come out as he had been in 2 Commando and is going to write its history. He had written to me to ask if I could arrange for him to come to St. Nazaire. The Navy kindly arranged for him to take passage in the ANTELOPE and he appeared dressed in Commando kit.

Finally a band played the two national anthems, after which the Mayor got into my car and drove with me round the battle zone which I found fascinating. Waleski, the special photographer sent by Amaury, insisted on trying to take photographs of me instead of the battle sites, but I luckily had my own little camers so I went round and took photographs of the two warships, the ANTELOPE and DUPERRÉ, and the immensely heavily protected submarine pens which had about 12 feet of concrete over them. I also took photographs of the dock itself which is immense, some 1260 feet long.

We ended up at the notorious Old Môle where a large harbour craft "L'ARMOIRSE" was waiting. Here a party of 50 or 60 embarked. The original plan was that we were then going out some 10 miles to where the troopship "LANCASTRIAN" had been sunk in June 1940 with some 5,000 British soldiers and nurses who were being evacuated. A big bomb

unfortunately dropped down her funnel, blew her bottom out and she sank, with enormous loss of life.

Rémy had had a crazy idea that three French civilian divers, three French Naval divers and three British Naval divers, should take wreaths down on our behalf and fasten them to the wreck bringing up souvenirs which usually were not allowed to be taken away. The V.I.Ps threw big wreaths and I threw my little one last of all at a spot near the wreck of one of our motor launches which was just still showing above the water at low tide. Luckily it was too rough for the divers to go down in the open sea, and they had already collected the souvenirs. I was able to take photographs of the dock entrance and also the lock gates into the Basin which in fact exploded some two days later and drained the Basin dry with all the ships in it.

It was a tremendous scrum and I was asked to give a television interview on board which I did to the best of my ability.

I should add that we had a Chaplain on board who gave a short service after the wreaths had been dropped.

After landing I was taken across the DUPERRE to the ANTELOPE who was secured alongside her. Here I was met by the Captain, Commander Turner, and taken down to the Ward Room. These little type 21 Frigates have a very large and commodious Ward Room where it was possible to give a party for nearly a 100, at the end of which the

former Mayor of St. Nazaire, an enthusiastic ex-soldier, made a stirring speech to which I replied extemporarily to the best of my ability.

The party broke up at about 1310, and then I arranged to address the ship's company. The Lower Deck had been cleared and they were all in the helicopter hangar. I gave them an account of the raid, and I remember telling them that after the Force Commanders had been appointed and the Captain of the CAMPBELTOWN too, that I asked the Commander-in-Chief Plymouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes, to come up to C.O.H.Q. to discuss the outline plan.

The Chiefs of Staffs had approved it in principle, and the Commander-in-Chief came up rather disgruntled about the whole affair. I remember he started off "Dickie old cock, I don't say that what you are trying to do is quite impossible provided you don't mind loosing all your soldiers, all your sailors, all your ships". I said to him "Sir, before you make any more encouraging remarks let me introduce you to the Force Commanders, Commander Ryder and Colonel Newman, and also the Captain of the explosive destroyer, Lieutenant Commander Beattie". I then turned to them and said "What the C-in-C says is quite correct, it is an extremely hazardous and very difficult job, but it can be done, and if you pull it off and put the big dry dock out of action I can promise you all three will get the V.C., dead or alive".

I told the ship's company that all three got the V.C. alive. Two other V.Cs., Able Seaman

Savage and a Commando Sergeant also got the V.C., that is 5 V.Cs. for a total of 610 men engaged in the operation, plus numerous other well earned decorations.

After this I went over to the French destroyer DUPERRE where Admiral Le Franc gave a light luncheon for me and the senior people concerned. Here the Admiral insisted on making another speech to which I also replied in French to the best of my ability.

To my intense astonishment when I left the DUPERRE a crowd of well over a thousand had gathered at the gangway to give me a loud cheer and applause. So I walked over to them, talked to some of the youngsters and some of the old people, and had a heart warming reception from the people of St.Nazaire.

We then drove back to our hotel, the Castel Marie Louise. We had a dinner party at the hotel given by Rémy at which the Brigadier General Commanding the Military Academy of St.Cyr had come over specially. This is the sort of "Sandhurst" of the French Army and it is from there that the Cavalry section go to Saumur.

This very nice man, General Pizard, had been a 16 year old boy living in his father's house overlooking the dockyard entrance and he had seen most of the raid take place. They had succeeded in pulling in an unfortunate sailor who was very shell shocked, and kept on saying to them "Keep clear of the destroyer". Pizard had of course no idea what destroyer he was referring to

because he didn't know about the CAMPBELTOWN. However, when he heard the explosion the next day he knew why the warning had been given.

They also got another sailor who was badly wounded and put him right; then the Germans came and collected them.

The Germans behaved very well on the night of the raid and the following morning they buried our dead with full military honours even after the CAMPBELTOWN had exploded.

Trouble really started two days later when the delayed action torpedos went off and then the Germans went bizerk and started shooting civilians; all very tragic.

MONDAY, 25TH OCTOBER 1976

We had only the Naval Attaché's car and Rémy's car this time, but Rémy rang up the Sous-Préfet and borrowed one of his official cars to take us on the first leg of our trip.

Although we left punctually at 0930, according to the programme, it had been arranged that we should call on the way at the Chateau de Serrant which at present is the family residence of the French Princes de Ligne. It was originally a 14th century castle but the de Lignes entirely rebuilt it about 100 years ago. It is large and very fine, and this visit was paid in response to the request of the Prince and Princess de Ligne at the lunch on Saturday.

Rémy had assured me that it was only five minutes out of our way, and I then said to the Princess "I don't think we can spend more than 5 or at the most 10 minutes", when Rémy, to my great surprise came and said "You can stay 35 minutes and we will be in good time for lunch".

We later discovered he had had to send back the car lent by the Sous-Préfet of St. Nazaire and luckily found two of his personal friends in the party meeting us and persuaded them to drive their car with the people from the Sous-Préfet's car. Anyhow the fact remains that although we had two excellent motor-cycle police who got us through as quickly as they could we arrived one hour late. We had to go back to Saumur and turn off at the bridge towards Tours, which we by-passed to get to our destination which was Les Madères. This is the charming old country home of the famous Professor Robert Debré, who was to entertain me with his eldest son, Michel Debré the first Prime Minister of France under de Gaulle.

Rémy had sent a telephone message to say we were going to be very late but even so they were all out in the courtyard waiting for us, and when I drove in a band of about thirty local volunteers started playing, so first of all we had to go over and listen to the band and thank them. Then I was introduced to the entire Debré family and important guests including Royer the Mayor of Tours.

We sat down thirty at lunch in the main room; the grandchildren and great grandchildren had lunch in another room, and Rémy took the

Howards with him to lunch with some friends. I sat between the daughter and daughter-in-law and it was a very pleasant luncheon, very good food but went on a very long time, and I kept on trying to apologise for being an hour late saying that I had no idea we were going to be late.

They said they quite understood that Rémy had messed up his calculations and left it at that, but it was all very embarrassing.

At the end of lunch the 93 year old Professor stood up and made an astonishingly clear, connected and fascinating speech without notes. After that he called upon a Paris Opera star to come and sing some of the traditional old country songs. She sang no less than seven. After that I insisted on being allowed to get up to say thank you to our host in a little extemporary speech in French.

Then there came a lot of signing of books, mostly the French edition of "Freedom at Midnight" which everybody seems to have read.

Finally we got off very late and Michel Debré accompanied me to the Town Hall of Amboise of which town he is the Mayor.

Here a complete surprise awaited us, for he took me into the Town Hall where he had gathered the Mayors and Deputy Mayors and Councillors of some twelve of the smaller towns round about, representatives of the Ex-Servicemen and other important local people. These unfortunate people had been waiting for over an hour for us; I again

felt very embarrassed. However I went round and shook hands with everybody, then the former Prime Minister made the most flattering speech imaginable about me, and I made what I hope was a suitable reply in French and apologised for being late and said I couldn't take the responsibility as I was in the hands of others.

After this the former Prime Minister insisted on accompanying me up to the famous Chateau d'Amboise. This is a very historic castle, the site where the Romans had their garrison on their way to conquer Britain. The original castle was built in the 11th century and added to in almost every century.

Louis XI had made Amboise the official residence for the Queen, Charlotte of Savoy. It was here that his heir, Charles VIII, was born who succeeded his father at the age of 13. In 1492 he ordered work on extending Amboise to start.

Michel Debre showed me the house in which Leonardo da Vinci lived for the last 7 years of his life having been brought from Florence by King François I.

I was told about the terrible blood bath in 1560 when conspirators were caught and hung and quartered and beheaded. It appears that François II and his young wife, Mary Stuart, came after dinner in spite of the stench of all the bodies to see the last grimaces of hanging men and watch the last heads fall.

We then dropped Michel Debré back at the

Hotel de Ville and set out for our destination for the night. This was a really beautiful old house entirely reconstructed as a very modern hotel called Le Domaine des Hauts de Loire, near a village called Onzain. We arrived here at 1800, an hour-and-a-half late.

Meanwhile poor Stronach must have eaten something which disagreed with him and was in considerable pain so I called on our doctor who gave him an injection on once, and then again later on in the evening when he still felt bad.

Rémy then disappeared with others and left us to be entertained at a dinner given by Pierre Sudreau, a former Minister and now Mayor of Blois. At dinner I sat between the Marquise de Brantes, an American who had married the brother of the President, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. The other side was shared by the Préfet's wife and by our host Mayor Sudreau. At the end of dinner he stood up and made the most gratifying speech I have heard for some time. He said he had just done a tour of the Far East, Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, only about a month before I got there.

He said that Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore, had told him that the only man he had met in the whole of his life who understood the problems of the Far East had been Lord Mountbatten. The whole Far East owed him an unforgettable debt for having set the development of the emergent countries on the right road in spite of terrible opposition from all the die-hard reactionaries.

He went on to say that I would be remembered in France as the most forward thinking progressive man who had controlled large parts of the world to their great benefit; and never mind what my successes in war might have been this is what I would be remembered for. The party broke up not long before midnight.

It would have been a wonderful day if I hadn't felt terribly guilty about being an hour late for everything through no fault of mine, and keeping important people waiting about. Rémy was quite unrepentant saying it didn't matter in the least, they were so delighted to see me anyhow!

TUESDAY, 26TH OCTOBER 1976

At 0915 we left our charming hotel at Onzain. Thank God Stronach had made a fairly good recovery as a result of his drastic treatment.

Robert-Houdain had been invited to act as my guide to some of the Chateaux we were going to see and he told me he had created the "Son et Lumière" at Greenwich which Edwina had opened officially when I accompanied her as First Sea Lord.

We drove along the north-eastern bank of the River Loire and stopped to have a look across the river at the famous Chateau de Blois, a large castle in three periods, 13th, 15th and 17 centuries.

Next we stopped to get a view of the Chateau de Menars. This was originally a 17th century

castle which Louis XV gave to his favourite, Madame de Pompadour, and her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, completed it in the 18th century. It really was in excellent taste to look at.

We next turned eastwards and entered the magnificent Royal Park of Chambord which is wonderfully preserved with wild boar, deer and other animals roaming freely throughout the park. After approaching along a magnificent avenue of trees the astonishing view of the Château itself bursts upon one. It is over 500 foot long and nearly 400 foot wide, built in beautiful white stone; very plain up to the second floor and further up incredibly ornate with multiple towers and minarets.

At the entrance of the Château itself were two mounted soldiers, presumably in honour of my being Colonel of the Life Guards. It was built by King François I in the 16th century and had a fortune spent on it even when the Royal Treasury was almost empty.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing is that there are very few bedrooms indeed - there is an immense Royal Suite for the King and Queen, and two or three minor bedrooms, but otherwise it appears to be a sort of day shooting box, though on a gargantuan scale.

In the centre of the whole Château there was a colossal wide double spiral staircase. One can enter at either entrance, 180° apart, and we went up three or four abreast in two parties, and one could see through apertures the party going up

the other side though we never actually met until the top was reached. They say the idea was put forward by Leonardo da Vinci.

Next we drove on to Cléry and stopped, contrary to the written programme, at the Town Hall where the Mayor met us, took us inside, introduced me to all the Town Councillors, and made a speech to which I had to reply, and then we had a Vin d'Honneur. The Mayor, an exceptionally charming aristocratic man who turned out to be the Marquis de Tristan, led a procession on foot to the famous Basilica. It was founded in 1280, then rebuilt to accommodate pilgrims, and destroyed in 1428 by the English Commander, Salisbury, on his march to Orleans.

The present church of Notre Dame was rebuilt in the 17th century and is chiefly famous as it contains the tomb of Louis XI.

Dunois and his family are buried here. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies over whom Joan of Arc was put in Command at the age of 17 and he accepted her orders loyally. She proved a brilliant Supreme Commander.

On our way out my attention was drawn to a large white enamelled board on which were painted the dates that the thirty most notable people visited the church from the 13th century onwards. It recorded that in 1429 Dunois brought Joan of Arc to the church. The names of most are French Kings and Queens including the King of Navarre and the Queen of Poland. Cardinal Mazarin and some of the Medicis are on the list, the last entry being Queen

Amelia of Portugal in 1926. There was a space for one more name at the bottom and incredibly they had painted in in the same style as the rest my name in French, Comte Mountbatten de Birmanie, Amiral de la Flotte Britannique 1976.

Rémy was not long in pointing out that this was a unique honour since it would now not be possible to add the names of any other important people who might visit the church. I suspect him of having engineered this as he was chuckling with pleasure. I was given a photograph of this historic board which I will put in the Archives.

We now drove on to Beaugency. Although Vincent had assured me that I need not expect any more extempory French speeches, we were, in fact, driven straight to the Town Hall where the Mayor had collected a group of Mayors from other little towns in the surrounding district, and his Town Councillors. He made the usual speech to which I had to reply. I might add that most Mayors gave me a Guide Book and a Medal of their Town, so I shall have quite a collection.

We were taken to see a small Château built by Dunois himself as this seems to have been his home town and here he brought Joan of Arc and indeed there is a statue of her booted and spurred but on foot in the main square.

The Cure insisted on showing me the Church. I am glad I went because I was shown a large marble slab with an inscription referring to the two famous Councils of Beaugency of the 12th century. The

first occurred in 1104, but the second one of 1152 really interested me for this recorded the annulment of the marriage of Louis VII with Eleanor of Aquitaine which freed the Queen to marry Henry Plantagenet the future King Henry II of England. Eleanor's dowery included all of the south-western part of France which then came under English rule.

Next we drove on to Orleans, our Motards getting us there much too quickly, so we had to slow down and finally stop a bit; We arrived punctually at the Cathedral where it had been arranged for me to lay a wreath against the plaque commemorating one million British Empire dead in France. The only other one, I believe, is the one I also laid a wreath on in 1974 at Notre Dame in Paris.

Then we walked across to the City Hall led by the Mayor, Thinat, where all the Town Councillors were drawn up and other V.I.Ps. I was led straight up to their statue of Joan or Arc on which I laid a wreath.

I was told the remarkable story of the capture of Orleans by Joan of Arc with the loyal help of Dunois but with other Military Commanders evidently trying to sabotage her plans. She kept leading the assault and was finally struck by an arrow through her shoulder which she bravely pulled out herself.

She then returned to the attack when the English finally retreated in front of the assault. This is how she became "The Maid of Orleans". The date of deliverance was the 8th May 1429.

The German bombs had pierced Joan's armour in several places and had actually dented her head.

We then entered the Hotel de Ville where all the V.I.Ps were presented to me, two or three hundred of them. And among them a little old woman in a white coat came up and said to me in French "Do you remember me? I came as nursery maid to Nannie Woodward at Brook House in 1929 to help teach Miss Patricia French". She gave her name as Simone Sodore and enquired after Frank. She said she didn't stay very long but loved her time with us.

There was a lot of ceremonial which again I had not been warned about. There were two podiums each with its own microphone, and the Mayor made a long and flattering speech to which I replied to the best of my ability in French, also taking the opportunity of doing some propaganda about the U.W.C.

In fact the propaganda for the U.W.C. has worked with Rémy's help, because the Mayors of Orleans, Blois and Tours have all three now agreed in principle that they will give between them a regular scholarship for St. Donats.

The Mayor then drove us to a charming restaurant, Montespan; as one of the important ladies had been unable to come Rémy put his own younger daughter next to me. She really is a charming girl, married to a local dentist, who told me a great deal about her father which I found fascinating.

At 1430 we left with a police escort for Paris. We drove very fast down the motorway, exceeding the speed limit, and arrived 10 minutes early at the Naval Attaché's flat 244 Rue de Rivoli at 1620. Here we washed and brushed up, and Rémy managed to produce the Croix de Guerre ribbon to wear with my Legion of Honour button hole for my visit to the President.

Rémy's car got left behind as we drove too fast, and he arrived very put out, twenty minutes after us; and apparently then a scene occurred involving poor Genéviève Howard, who, being French, took umbrage.

Anyway we drove round to see the President at the Elysée at 1700. To my astonishment a small Guard of Honour had been mounted by the Garde Republicaine although it was an informal call in plain clothes, and this honour is usually reserved for Heads of States and other very important people.

I was with the President until 1740 and he was extremely friendly. He first asked how the Queen was, and had she sent any messages to him, to which I replied that she had asked me to enquire how her labrador was getting on. The President said he had expected this, rang the bell and the dog immediately appeared and wagged its tail and came up and rubbed himself against me. A very friendly dog.

Fred Mulley, the Secretary of State for Defence, had asked me on the 21st October whether I could do some progapanda about the strength of our Armed Forces with the President. I managed

to bring this in fairly easily by referring to the honour I was about to receive the next day by being elected to the Academie de Marine and asking if I could make certain statements the acknowledgment of which by him would in fact have the effect of pushing home the points Fred wanted me to make.

We drove on with our Motards to 7 Villa Maillot which we reached at 1800. Yola was there to receive me with open arms having recovered sufficiently from her bad cold to be up and about, and Jacques was also there. She expressed her deep regret at missing Saumur which she so wanted to see, but felt she had to keep herself fit to look after me during my short visit.

Two men arrived with a lot of elaborate radio recording equipment for the interview I had agreed to give to the famous French interviewer, Jacques Chancel, who gives a one hour interview every day in the evening for a programme called "Radioscopie".

He certainly turned out to be exceptionally charming and competent and friendly. He agreed that the object was to give as much publicity to the U.W.C. as possible but he pointed out that unless he could get people interested in my personality before they got interested in my work they wouldn't listen. I had to admit the logic and therefore somewhat reluctantly answered his other questions first in French.

At 2030 we went to the famous French Night Club, the Lido, which has the most magnificent cabaret I have seen anywhere except at Las Vegas.

The Director, Guérin, had very kindly given me a table for eight entirely free; this was lucky because for eight people the cost would have been over £120. The place was absolutely jammed full as usual.

My party consisted of Jacques, Yola, Sacha, her brother Nicky Phillips and his wife Lucy, Thérèse de St. Phalle and her husband Jehan de Brouasse. Meanwhile our old friends Robert and Colette Gérard were anxious to join up and booked a separate table, which they paid for, which adjoined ours.

It was a very gay evening which I think everybody enjoyed very much - it was a great relaxation after the five days pretty intensive work on tour. We only got home at 0130.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH OCTOBER 1976

At 0900, one hour later than usual, I had breakfast with Jacques and Yola in my bedroom.

At 1030 Sacha came round to see Yola and me, and delivered to me all the National Electronics Council briefs which had been prepared as a result of my discussions on the 21st October to give me some chance to read them up before taking the Chair to-morrow.

At 1130 I attended the French National Committee U.W.C. Meeting at the Cercle Inter-Allié. I arrived five minutes early and drew Rémy aside and said as a very good friend of his I must tell

him that there had been some terrible misunderstanding at the Naval Attaché's flat as his French wife had felt wounded by something he had said. Rémy went quite white and I thought he was going to faint. He then said he would not put up with calumnies of this sort and insisted he must go round at once and confront the Naval Attaché whose office was next door to the Club. I told him that the Naval Attaché was out. He then said he couldn't carry on under this insult so I told him to calm down until the matter was cleared up later on. I took him by the hand and led him in to the meeting as I said his presence was important.

He sat there scowling until I was fortunately able to pay him a great tribute for all he had done for the U.W.C. on this trip and invited him to give an account himself, which he did gradually thawing. He also said he hoped to be able to arrange a dinner in March given by some French industrialists who had promised, in advance, to give at least one scholarship if I could come and address them; so I accepted in principle.

Meetings of the French National Committee in the past have usually been pretty woollie and unsatisfactory, but this one went better than most and there was almost a full attendance of about 15 with Olivier Giscard d'Estaing in the Chair.

As the French Minister of Education, Haby, had promised to come to the dinner to-night and sit next to me, it was a blow when the State Visit of the King of Spain meant he had to go to the Elysée. As there was no other moment that we could mutually meet it was agreed to send a deputation to the

Ministry of Education with Ian Gourlay and Robert Blackburn; and as Pierre Barachin, the Honorary Secretary, had another important appointment it was agreed to send Aubineau who is connected with Education and on the U.W.C. Committee. I understand they had an extremely successful meeting.

At 1250 Thérèse drove me to lunch at her apartment with her son, as her husband is away, to meet the famous de Maranches who was the Head of the Secret Service and corresponds to our "C". Needless to say the discussion was very interesting indeed, and when he expressed interest in what Tino was doing and thinking about Greece I offered to arrange a meeting privately in London which he accepted with great enthusiasm.

At 1440 Robbie, the Naval Attaché's driver, came and collected me and drove me to Yola's house. Here I was able to have a really nice gossip with her as I hadn't seen her for months.

I had arranged to call on Wallis Windsor at 1700 but at 1500 I got a telephone message to say she was too ill to receive me which was a pity because I really would have liked to have cleared up a misunderstanding with her which I will now have to do by letter.

At 1730 I arrived at the Musée de la Marine at the Trocadero. I was met by the Director and various French senior officers; a Naval Guard of Honour was mounted in the hall.

I was first given a chance to look round the Museum, particularly to see the Vernet

Exhibition, the famous 18th century painter commissioned by the Ministry of Marine to paint all their ports and harbours. I got muddled between him and his grandson, Horace, who was an 19th century painter by whom I have several Russian Military pictures at Broadlands which he did for my grandfather, Alexander.

At 1800 the Minister of Defence, Bourges, with the new Chief of the Naval Staff, Lannuzel, and the President of the Academie arrived. A meeting had been arranged of the famous French Academie de Marine founded in 1782 and suspended during the Revolution. I had been elected an Associate Member, a fairly rare honour. So far as I could find out there were only two British Members, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser and Lord Hankey.

It was a very full meeting of about 150 of which a great number were Admirals, and in some cases the widows of those Admirals with whom I had been associated.

The first thing that happened was the Minister of Defence gave a speech in which he said that there had been a Ministerial decree signed by himself making my appointment which was handed to me with due ceremony. Then Admiral Amman, the previous President and an old friend, made a really charming and flattering long speech about my career to which I was invited to reply. I had produced my own speech without Rémy but with help from Christiane Besse. It was largely reminiscences of my contacts with the French Navy and particularly French Admirals.

I told the story about a young Midshipman who in the evacuation of Namsos was sunk in the French destroyer BISON in my presence and picked up by the AFRIOI and then sunk again in the AFRIDI. Having told the story I said that the name of the young Midshipman was Lannuzel who was now the Chief of the French Naval Staff. He came up afterwards and thanked me profusely for what I had said, which he said would help him enormously as he had only just taken over and people didn't realise that in fact he had taken an active part in the war at sea before France fell.

A full record of my French speech is in the Archives so I won't say any more here, except that it seemed to go over with a real bang.

At 1850 I got back to Yola's and changed into a dinner jacket, and at 2015 we arrived at the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois du Boulogne.

I first gave a television interview about the United World Colleges to a fine interviewer called Zitrone of the 1st Chain of O.R.T.F.

Then I joined in the receiving line for the great dinner at which I was to be honoured by being given the Fleuron d'Or by the Committee of the Prix de la Couronne Française. This had been accorded to me for my work with the United World Colleges and I accepted it in my public speech by saying I did so as recognition of the work of the Colleges rather than myself.

I was amused to see the State Trumpeters of the Household Cavalry present as was the string

band of the Irish Guards, both of whom had come over for the visit of Elizabeth The Queen Mother to Paris.

There were 310 guests, pretty well a room full, in spite of many important ones having been diverted to the Elysée for the State Banquet for the King and Queen of Spain.

I sat between Madame de Nonancourt whose husband was the Chairman of the dinner, and Yola. The President of the dinner, which was called the 'Diner Grand Siècle', was Madame Mary Morgan, who made an excellent speech about the U.W.C. without any notes. The whole dinner is paid for by the Grand Siècle Champagne Company and was done in the most lavish way with many flunkies in red and gold carrying in the champagne to the accompaniment of fanfares from the State Trumpeters.

The Secretary of the whole show was Chaffanjon whom I had met at Deauville where he had interviewed me for a high class paper. This time he had been commissioned to write a book for all the guests present to commemorate the dinner. I had been led to suppose it was all about the U.W.C., but not a bit of it; it was mainly about me and my family and only the last chapter dealt with the U.W.C. I am afraid it really was a terrible waste of money but they seem to like doing these things.

Sacha and Nicky and Lucy were at the dinner as were most of Yola's family all at different tables. We only got back about 0100 after what really turned out to be a very exciting evening which I hope will have done some good for the U.W.C.

THURSDAY, 28TH OCTOBER 1976

At 0810 I departed driven by Robbie with Motards to the Hotel de Marigny, a really magnificent house which used to be owned by the Rothschilds and has now been taken over by the French Government to house State Visitors.

We arrived punctually at 0828 to find Juanito himself at the bottom of the steps to receive me and embrace me warmly. He led me up to their magnificent rooms where we knocked on Sophie's door to find she was just on the finishing touches of her make up; then she joined us for breakfast which was an excellent meal and very gay.

Juanito began by telling me that he had heard about my story about Lannuzel having to swim twice in one night off Namsos. I asked him who told him and he replied "The President". I asked how the President knew, and Juanito said Lannuzel had rushed round to tell him the story at the first opportunity!

We discussed their coming to Broadlands. He cannot manage the 13th November, but promised he would come in January if it was at all possible.

There is no doubt from all accounts that the State Visit is going extremely well in France, and he seems to be doing very well in Spain. I congratulated him.

During breakfast he was informed that his helicopter flight had to be cancelled on account of the thick weather and he was going by road to visit factories.

So he took me down just before 0900 to the large ante-room on the ground floor where there must have been 50 people waiting to go with him. He introduced me to his Foreign Minister, his Lord Chamberlain, and some of the senior officials, and embraced me and saw me off.

By this time Robbie had come back with Sacha and Stronach and Vincent Howard. We drove off with the usual Motards and got to Le Bourget so fast that we were forty minutes early. This was lucky because the weather in England at Woodbridge was misty and the forecast was that the mist was getting heavier. They therefore advised the earliest possible departure so we left 30 minutes early and arrived at Woodbridge at 1100. The 'plane we flew in was a Lear jet, small but extremely comfortable and very fast.

One of the administrative staff from the Post Office Research Station at Martlesham greeted us and sent me off right away in a car whilst he waited to clear the luggage and take Sacha and Stronach to Ipswich station. In fact it turned out that they couldn't catch an earlier train so he took them to Martlesham and gave them coffee there, but as I was then very busy preparing for the meeting they did not disturb me; but Sacha was thrilled to see this fabulous new research station, just completed a few weeks ago.

We had been invited by Professor Merriman to hold our quarterly meeting of the National Electronics Council here.

Luckily I had an additional half hour for briefing with Graham Clifford and Dennis Dibsdall

and to go through the various letters they had drafted for me to sign. The rest of the party, headed by Eddie Kent, came up by train and motor-coach and arrived at 1107.

We started off with a meeting in the Conference Room where we were briefed on our tour, and then broke into two parties; Eddie led one and I the other. We were taken to see the fascinating developments on wave guides and optical fibre cables. I had been interested in the former since 1946 and in the latter since about 1965. So I was fascinated to see the remarkable new developments.

Then we had luncheon. The Director of the Station, May, told me he had served in India with me which was a nice link. The overall Director of Research is of course Jim Merriman; he could not have been more friendly and helpful.

We finished lunch early and by 1345 had reassembled in the Conference Room for our Council Meeting. We got through everything in just under two hours, and as we had a very important paper by Lord Penny on the Future of the Electronics Industry which caused a lot of discussion, this was no mean going. Several people told me afterwards that they thought this was the best meeting we have ever had, and certainly the most valuable.

The new Permanent Under Secretary at the Ministry of Trade, our sponsoring Department, told me afterwards that he had never seen a meeting run so efficiently and strictly to time by any Chairman.

We got away in the coach punctually at 1545, and in fact with a police escort arrived rather too soon at Ipswich station. We caught the 1630 train and had a good gossip on our way back. We arrived at 1748; Eddie gave me a lift in his car to York House and sent me on to 2 Kinnerton Street. The traffic was very heavy from Liverpool Street so Jack Barratt and I didn't get away until 1835 and as it was the rush hour we didn't get to Broadlands until 2045, where I found a mountain of mail awaiting me.

As I knew I would have over two dozen letters of thanks to get off I asked Ian Gourlay if he would kindly prepare them and have them typed ready for my signature which would be a load off me and my staff.

FRIDAY, 29TH OCTOBER 1976

Mary Lou rode with me which was a pleasant relaxation from all the hard work I have been going through recently.

After lunch I worked with Mollie and Jane in the Archives mainly sorting all my earlier speeches which are in a bit of a muddle.

At 1800 Margarita of Yugoslavia arrived. She is Dolla's daughter married to Tomislav of Yugoslavia. I am sorry to say that they have been getting on each others nerves and have agreed to live in separate houses but to do official things together. So she came by herself. I knew she had been paralysed from a virus infection from the waist down and I was amazed to find she could walk

almost normally with the aid of a stick. What a triumph of mind over matter.

At 1830 Gina and Bunnie Phillips came with her little spaniel Tufted. After dinner Michael John drove Rohays Butter, Gina's niece, down arriving at 2220.

SATURDAY, 30TH OCTOBER 1976

It was a fairly dry overcast day for our first shoot of the season. We shot the Park; the guns were Bunnie, Michael John and me from the house; Tom and Phyl Sopwith shooting alternately, he in the morning and she in the afternoon; Hugh Ross and Peter Bence Trower, four of my regular syndicate.

Unfortunately young Tommy Sopwith has had a bad fall in a jumping competition, his horse fell on him and squashed one of his vertebra so he is out of action and sent Dr. Roberts to take his place. Dick Wilkins couldn't come so he nominated Tommy Parrington.

I shot appallingly badly and only got 37 pheasants, whereas the bag itself turned out to be 424 pheasants plus four various, total 428.

In the evening we had a science fiction film of the year 2300 called "Logan's Run".

SUNDAY, 31ST OCTOBER 1976

It was a really lovely sunny day all day so several of us went out for a walk with the dogs.

At 1100 Gina and Bunnie left and at 1115 Margarita drove off to her meeting in Leicester. Michael John and Rohays stayed to lunch and left after tea. I worked pretty hard trying to catch up with my mail and preparing a speech for to-morrow.

MONDAY, 1ST NOVEMBER 1976

Mary Lou and I rode in the morning, and I worked as hard as I could catching up dictating belts for Joan to do while I was away, and finished just in time.

At 1415 Stronach drove Jack and me to London. On arrival at 2 Kinnerton Street we found Mr. Brian King, the representative of Fords, already waiting for me with a new Ford Cortina Ghia which I had a very good look at and Stronach took out and tried. Then, in fact, Jack drove me up to my next appointment in this car and I decided to buy it as a replacement for the Jaguar. I love the Jaguar very dearly and the Ford Cortina is of course not as good, but it is remarkably good and in fact it is likely to cost me about £4,000 less than replacing the Jaguar with a new one after 4 years. Apart from this the Chairman of British Fords had already told Jack that they would build the car for me specially with great care, so that adds enormously to the value of a mass produced car. I am sure they wont let me down.

Jack and I got to the new Printing House Square at the time organised, namely 1720. A party was being given by Sir Denis Hamilton, the

Editor-in-Chief of the Times and Sunday Times, and by the Editor of the Times, Rees-Mogg. They must have had some 60 or 70 people present which included members of the Times' staff, representatives of the U.W.C., but above all advertisers who would be interested in taking advertisements in the special report the Times are prepared to do on the United World Colleges for us. This will mean a 4 or 8 page broad sheet supplement and will be quite invaluable for future publicity in every country.

Denis introduced me and asked me to speak. I spoke largely without notes and from the heart, and was told the speech went very well and I hope they will get their advertisements to pay for the special report.

I had arranged to go and see Lilibet at 1830 at Buckingham Palace, and Jack had very wisely got two-motor-cycle police to escort me through the traffic, so we actually got to Buckingham Palace in ten minutes instead of the twenty or thirty minutes expected.

I had an hour with Lilibet which was great fun and fascinating. She mentioned she hadn't seen me for three months. It was delightful seeing her again. Stronach came to fetch me at 1930 and drove me back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

At 2005 Charles and Elizabeth Collins came to fetch me for dinner with Esther Ellerman at 21 York Terrace East, Regents Park. The Chairman of the Ellerman Company, Denis Martin Jenkins, and his wife, and Esther's sister and brother-in-law were there.

I found that Esther and the Martin Jenkins were leaving for South Africa from Southampton on the 12th so I invited them to come down to Broadlands to spend the night of the 11th. She is insisting on giving £1,000 a year to the U.W.C. International Office. She is a nice person and I enjoy her friendship and interest in the United World Colleges.

TUESDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER 1976

At 0900 I had my hair cut and got back in time to see the Belgian Minister of Education, De Croo. He was accompanied by Fellens, the Cultural Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, and Robert Blackburn. He had just been down to visit St. Donats and came back full of enthusiasm and prepared to back us. We had a fifty minutes first class talk. He was full of ideas how to develop the U.W.C. project and eventually to get Governments to take over.

At 1120 David Page of the B.B.C., came to interview me for the B.B.C. World Service Broadcast on the Centenary of Jinnah's birth in December. I warned him in my opinion Jinnah was born in October but it was always said for some reason he was born on Christmas Day.

I began by giving a quarter-of-an-hour's straight talk about what I thought about Jinnah. He then started to ask questions which I did my best to answer, but after a while it turned into a regular inquisition about every sort of thing which I hadn't been prepared to talk about so I cut him short and said he could make up his ten minute

programme from the twenty minutes I had already given him and I really couldn't go on any further. However, we ended up good friends.

Ian Gourlay looked in at 1210 and brought a couple of dozen 'thank-you' letters which he had prepared for the French trip for me to sign. I didn't have time then because at 1215 Allan Fisher, of the National Geographic Magazine of the U.S.A., came to see me. He had been sent by Ron Allison, the Queen's Press Secretary, as he was preparing to write an important article on the Silver Jubilee in England and wanted some back-ground information about the Queen. Having been asked by her own Press Secretary I could hardly refuse but I couldn't find the time so he had to drive down to Heathrow with me for the interview en route.

On arrival at the Brabazon Suite I signed the remaining 20 letters having just signed 4 before I left, and finished with only a minute to spare before I had to leave for the aircraft.

I went by the 1330 Lufthansa to Frankfurt and started to read for the first time the German translation of the Collins and Lapierre book "Um Mitternacht Die Freiheit" as I wanted to start practising my German having been talking French for the last week.

I had luncheon on board, and we arrived at Frankfurt at 1545 the clocks having been put on one hour. I was met at the aircraft by Tittu Hohenlohe, my great niece who acts as Peg's secretary. She told me that Philip had just left Wolfsgarten and was taking off to see some Army manoeuvres in the

north in the Queen's Flight. We drove to see if we could catch him but as we got near the aircraft taxied out so I missed him.

We drove to Wolfsgarten via the Autobahn which was the very first stretch ever built in Germany by Hitler and had been two lanes in each carriage way. The last part of it has already been increased to four lanes in each carriage way. We got to Wolfsgarten very quickly as I had luckily only one small suit case which I had taken with me in the first-class compartment so we didn't have to wait for regular luggage delivery.

Tiny, Philip's sister, had come up to see him and remained on to see me. My hostess, Peg, the widow of my cousin Lu, was there to receive me with open arms. It is lovely seeing her again. She has become a complete member of the family although originally an Englishwoman, daughter of Lord Geddes. It is rather sad to think that the Hesse-Darmstadt line in Germany dies out with her after some forty known generations. Curiously the father-to-son descent goes on in my great nephew, Georgie Milford Haven, but the property is going to their adopted son, Moritz of the Hesse-Cassel line.

Peg and I went off for a walk round the pond with the exotic trees more beautiful in colour this autumn than ever. She has a new rather crazy mongrel, half labrador half boxer, called Mixy who she kept on a lead.

Tiny, Peg and I dined together as Tittu had a headache and I went to bed early. Peg has given me my mother's old room in the big house which I

always love as it brings back so many memories.

My Uncle Ernie and the Hesse-Darmstadt family owned some 30 castles and palaces throughout the Grand Duchy in 1918. There is now really only one place left, the lovely Wolfsgarten which Peg keeps up marvellously. Although she had been away for 3 months already 132 people have been there to stay this year. It is always a favourite family meeting place, and also for the "Intelligensia".

WEDNESDAY, 3RD NOVEMBER 1976

We four had breakfast in Peg's house at 0900, and at 1010 Peg, Tiny and I were driven to Darmstadt which had been so completely destroyed towards the end of the war by the Royal Air Force that the Occupation Forces when they came in moved the capital of Hesse to Wiesbaden, but of course all the family connections with Hesse are still in Darmstadt. Indeed, the town of Darmstadt under their excellent Lord Mayor, with the active co-operation of Peg, have staged a large exhibition of Art Nouveau, or Jugendstil as it is called in German. This is taking place in three main buildings and to-day we could only find time to do two of them.

But first of all we went to visit the restored Russian Church built by Uncle Nicky in 1895. In 1903 when my sister, Alice, married Andrew I came as a very small boy to their wedding clutching my teddy bear. It has been beautifully restored and the domes and the exterior metal decoration has all been freshly regilt with gold leaf. There was also a Protestant wedding service in the Schloss Chapel.

We were met by Pfarrer Knott, who had been over to Broadlands this summer and had gone to church in Romsey Abbey. He learned to speak English while a prisoner-of-war in England. The Orthodox Archimandrite was there to receive us as well.

The little church is in the heart of the famous Artists Colony on the Mathildenhöhe, and we went on to the exhibition hall there and were received by the Lord Mayor of Darmstadt, Oberbürgermeister Sabais, and the Director of the Exhibition.

This section dealt with the Artists' Colony created by Uncle Ernie at the Mathildenhöhe. Art Nouveau had been started late in the 19th century, really by William Morris in England, but Uncle Ernie took it up enthusiastically on succeeding my grandfather, Louis IV, as Grand Duke of Hesse and the Rhine in 1892. He invited six outstanding artists to make their homes on the Mathildenhöhe and gave them the means to design and furnish their own houses. He built a bit studio for them known as the Ernst Ludwig Halle, and when Uncle Ernie married for the second time in 1905 the Town gave him the "Hochgeits Turm" (Wedding Tower) as a wedding present.

We looked first at the lovely mosaic of two angels lying at full length opposite each other and embracing each other - a really beautiful mosaic at the base of the tower.

The Exhibition itself was held in the main Exhibition Hall which Uncle Ernie had constructed

and was beautifully arranged. In part it showed the actual work of the original six artists separately, and then it showed the general style of furniture, pictures, cutlery, sculpture, every conceivable thing to do with this period of art. It was only a very short period which had its heyday from about 1890 to about 1910 but it was the first break away from the old classical gothic styles and made a great impact on the world of art generally, and even on me as a child.

It was really touching that the Socialist town of Darmstadt were prepared to spend about £200,000 to stage this great Exhibition and acknowledge that it was largely built round the memory of Uncle Ernie of whom there were many busts and pictures and a fine account of his life in the five volume catalogue.

On completion of a good inspection we drove down to the new Art Gallery built by the town on the site of the original railway station, which I remember as a boy, before they moved the lines further out of the town and built a fine new station.

This really was a Picture Exhibition showing pictures not only by the actual artists of the Darmstadt Colony but also of other artists painting in this style at about this time. It is a very fine collection of very valuable pictures and was entitled "Avant Garde Exhibition of 1900".

We came back in time for luncheon and afterwards Peg, Tiny and I walked through a different part of the grounds with the dog.

We had tea over in Peg's house at 1630, and at 2000 there was a small dinner party which included Paul and Tatiana Metternich (he is a direct descendant of the great Prince Metternich and they are old friends). They had a friend, Frau Weltzek, with them, the wife of a Foreign Office official.

After dinner we went over to the big house and sat and gossiped mainly about India for quite a long time.

Tatiana gave me some interesting snapshots taken in December 1956 and January 1957 at a place called Andau in Austria very near the frontier with Hungary, during Edwina's visit. It was in November that the Russians carried out their notorious military attack to seize Hungary and turn it into a Communist State. I remember how worried we were on the Chiefs of Staffs Committee for at this time our unfortunate Suez Operation prevented our taking a firm line against the Russians. Edwina was there representing the Save the Children Fund Organisation and apparently went everywhere she could to see what was happening to the refugees and was of the very greatest help according to Tatiana.

THURSDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER 1976

I got up late and so decided to give up my morning bath. What is great fun is that the bath is actually inside the bedroom.

At 1010 Peg, Tiny and I drove to Darmstadt and went straight to the Schloss Archives to see

the head Archivist, Dr. Franz, who has been to Broadlands. He confirmed that all my own personal German archives were still in order and being looked after by him. They actually ~~have~~ ^{are} the property of the Broadlands Archives Trust now. We then went through the questionnaire which had been sent to us by "Burke's Royal Families of the World" Editors and we agreed what gaps he should fill in and what gaps I would fill in.

Tiny found on the tour the name Dr. Battenberg on one of the doors, so we sent for him. He has no idea how his family got the name Battenberg; he had never been to the town; he had nothing to do with that part of the world; it was just pure coincidence.

Then we walked across to the last section of the Art Nouveau Exhibition in the Hessisches Landes Museum. The great Museum had been erected by Uncle Ernie who took as his architect Messel, a relative of Tony Snowdon. After the revolution his bust had been removed but has now been replaced with the title "Der Bauherr von Dieses Hauses". It is nice and gratifying to see it here at the time of the Art Nouveau Exhibition and I am told it will be kept there when the Exhibition closes.

This was a fascinating display because it had examples of art nouveau from all over the world and a lot from England and particularly examples by William Morris himself. It included furniture, lamps, vases, cutlery, jewellery, sculpture, bronzes, tapestry, posters, books, etc. I really must persuade David and Pammy to come and have a look at it all.

From here we went by car to the old Neues Palais Garden. It now has one of the biggest theatrical buildings in the world constructed on it with no less than three separate theatres inside one building with the biggest having over 1,000 seats. When you think that the R.A.F. really destroyed Darmstadt it is quite amazing what they have done to build up the whole town and the amount of money they spent through everybody working very hard.

We came back to lunch at Wolfsgarten.

After lunch Peg, Tiny and I went for a walk with the dog, and then I completed my packing and sorting out my papers and at 1520 Tittu drove me to Frankfurt after many good-byes to Peg, Tiny, Augusta and the other servants. Tittu arranged for the V.I.P. staff to look after me and take me to the V.I.P. lounge, and thence I was taken on board the Lufthansa aircraft and was again allowed to have my only suit-case in the first-class compartment of the European Air Bus. We left at 1700, local time, the clocks were put back one hour so we arrived at Heathrow at 1720 G.M.T.

Jack Barratt was waiting for me with the Jaguar and the Customs let us through at once, so I got through in record time and we got back to 2 Kinnerton Street just after 1800.

Jack had brought a mass of papers for me to deal with but there wasn't really time then because I had to have a bath and get changed and drive myself down to the Russian Embassy for their big Reception to celebrate the 59th anniversary of the

Revolution. Lunkov, the Ambassador, was particularly friendly. I ran in to Harold Wilson and had a good talk about how to stop the Government from taking over the Trinity House Piloting Services. The new Russian Naval Attaché and the Military Attaché looked after me and I soon ran into Robert Blackburn and Nina Little and was able to introduce them to the Mauritius High Commissioner and Deputy High Commissioner and arrange for them to go and have a talk about the new National Committee in Mauritius.

The Acting Indian High Commissioner, Natwar Singh, was there and I was able to tell him I had just had a letter from his brother Bharat, from near Agra.

By 1735 I managed to get to Lunkov to say good-bye and then walked across to the Norwegian Embassy, only about 100 yards away on the opposite side. I arrived in good time for Olav's dinner party of 34 people. I did not know many of the people there but I was fortunate as Lady Inchcape sat on Olav's right and I sat on her right next to Mrs. Dell, the wife of our new Minister of Trade. I had a very pleasant dinner and conversation with them both, and then when the ladies left the room I was asked to move up next to Olav.

I produced my draft programme for my visit to Oslo in February which he approved in principle and said he hoped to come and hear my lecture and insisted that he would have to give a dinner party for me which I accepted on condition that he would ask some of the U.W.C. representatives which he promised to do.

After dinner I was able to have a long talk with my old friend, Peter Scott, who had been my assistant private secretary when I was Viceroy and is now our Ambassador in Oslo.

I showed both Olav and Peter the latest correspondence from Eva Rieckles, two letters addressed to "My darling husband" and clearly implied that we were living together. I showed them a photograph of her and her bank statement which she had sent to me. They both agreed that we were dealing with a mad woman though Olav pointed out that her address was the best part of Oslo and from her photograph and general circumstances she seemed to be a woman of considerable social position which would make it all the more difficult dealing with her. However he and the Ambassador said between them they would take appropriate steps to make sure she didn't break through, and to make it quite clear I didn't know anything about her.

At 2330 everybody was getting a bit tired but nobody would make a move. They all asked me if I would get the King to release them and Lady Inchcape, who was a buddy of Tessa Cunningham Reid, said would I ask for her too. So I got Olav's permission to retire because I had been in Germany all day; I said could I take Lady Inchcape with me, and he said "You will have to ask her husband". So I told Kenneth Inchcape and his wife about this and the way would be open for them to go if they wanted to. Lady Miles Fitzalan-Howard then complained why had I not also arranged to take her along!

It had come on to rain and one of the Norwegian drivers had very kindly gone out,

collected my car and brought it to the door which made it easier for me to drive back without getting soaked.

On arrival at 2 Kinnerton Street the wretched automatic door opener wouldn't work so I had to get out in the rain to open the door from inside.

On return I started getting on with the mass of papers that had arrived. One of the maddening things about going away is the mountain of mail that awaits one on ones return. However, it has been a very very pleasant short visit to Germany and brought back happy memories of my childhood before World War I, and subsequently many times with darling Edwina at Wolfsgarten.

FRIDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER 1976

Jack drove me in the Jaguar from London to Broadlands after breakfast, and I had a ride with Mary Lou; it was nice sunny weather.

After lunch I worked in the Archives mainly on sorting out all the speeches up to 1965 when Mollie Travis took over cataloguing them.

Eddie and Katherine came with their 7 year old son, Lord Nicholas Windsor, and his temporary nurse. My great nephew, Kraft Hohenlohe-Langenburg, arrived soon after them and was followed by Janey and Robin Compton.

Tom Sopwith rang up to say that Phyl felt that she was not up to shooting to-morrow and offered me their syndicate gun. I rang up Michael

John in London and he cancelled everything and arranged to come down to-morrow morning to shoot.

SATURDAY, 6TH NOVEMBER 1976

It was a showery morning but a fine afternoon, and we shot Busheyleaze for the first time. Michael John arrived for breakfast. The only two of the syndicate who could shoot were Hugh Ross and Peter Bence Trower, but they sent Reggie Dilhorne to make up the eight so we had five guns from the house party.

Mary Lou came out to try and teach Kimberley to sit quietly by me and not run in. It is his only fault. We got a good bag of 685 pheasants, with 6 'various' making a total of 691. I shot 74 pheasants myself.

After dinner we had quite an amusing film called "No Deposit, No Return", a Walt Disney comic.

SUNDAY, 7TH NOVEMBER 1976

I took Katherine and Nicholas to the Childrens' Service at the Abbey at 1000.

We were nine for lunch as we included Nicholas and Nannie. Everybody left after lunch.

Jack and Vera Barratt joined me for a light supper then drove me in to the Odeon Theatre in Southampton where Eric Morecambe and Ernie Wise were putting on a live show which was most enjoy

able. We went round and talked to them afterwards. They both said it was nice of me to come and see them in Southampton; I said I had not come to see them but to meet their wives as I knew them quite well from Variety Luncheons.

I asked them if they would come and do a show at the Burma Reunion one day and they said they would.

MONDAY, 8TH NOVEMBER 1976

Mary Lou and I had a ride in the morning.

Derrick Fowler came to see me in the afternoon followed by an old R.N.V.R. Commander called Patrick Beesly who has written a book about the Operations Intelligence Centre at the Admiralty during the last war which looks very interesting. He asked me to write a foreword and I agreed to do so.

TUESDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 1110 Stronach drove Jack and me from Broadlands up to 2 Kinnerton Street and we met Esme Fowke, actually arriving on the door step at the same time, at 1255.

I gave her drinks and then we walked across to the Royal Thames Yacht Club where we met Patricia who had only half-an-hour for a quick lunch between Committee meetings. She and Esme had just got into a heart to heart when Olav wandered round after his lunch looking rather lost. I suppose nobody likes to go up and talk to a King just because he is lunching by himself. However, I asked him if he would like to join us for coffee

and he readily agreed so I was able to have a further discussion with him while Esmé and Patricia continued with their heart to heart.

Patricia and Olav left at 1350 and I then had nearly an hour's further talk with Esmé. I am afraid her husband, Michael, is dying of cancer. She lost her only son in a submarine disaster before the war, the AFFRAY.

At 1500 Miss Gwen Robyn came to see me to discuss the book she is doing on Agatha Christie as she wanted to hear if the story was true that I had given her the plot of "The Murder of Rodger Ackroyd". I not only confirmed it but gave her a copy of the letter from Agatha Christie thanking me for it. Miss Robyn said it was the turning point in her career as a great Detective Fiction writer.

At 1630 Sacha looked in for half-an-hour, and at 1715 A.N. Bose, the nephew of Sabhas Chandra Bose, who ran the Indian National Army during the war, looked in with his son. I hadn't wanted to see him as I had not liked what the I.N.A. had done during the war, but he was obviously just a politician who had nothing to do with the I.N.A.

He had some very sensible views about the future of India with which I heartily agreed. He said that he didn't see how the partition could ever be completely healed but that perhaps some sort of loose federation could be arranged between India, Pakistan and Bangladesh rather on the lines of the European Community.

I went further than that and said that I thought he ought first to try and revive the original Joint Defence Committee which I had set up for meetings between the Ministers and Chiefs of Staffs connected with Defence between Pakistan and India which could now be revived to include Bangladesh. He thought it was an excellent idea and said he would follow that up and I gave it my blessing as I have always been keen on this idea.

At 1815 I drove to the enormous cocktail party being given by the Saudi Arabian Ambassador for the Minister of Defence, Prince Sultan, the father of our friend Bander. Luckily I was led round and jumped the queue otherwise there would have been a long wait.

I should explain that I had had a message from the Foreign Office to say that Prince Sultan had expressed a desire to come down to Broadlands and hoped I would be able to fit him in to a pheasant shoot. I couldn't normally have done this but as Juanito told me in Paris he couldn't come until January I had a vacancy and I therefore agreed.

To my utter astonishment he then said that he wouldn't be able to come after all as he had to go to an urgent meeting in Geneva. So I asked if he would like to send his other son, Khalid, to take his place, and he said he certainly would like that. I then had a talk with Khalid who was nearby and asked our old friend Colonel Brian Lees to make all the arrangements. Khalid is Bander's elder brother and just as nice with rather more "Feet on the ground".

On return Jack and I went up to see the beginning of Alan Warren's big cocktail party for the launching of his new book of his life as a photographer. We left just after 2000 before the party really got under way.

Jimmy Carreras with Monty Berman drove Jack and me to the Sportsman's Club for a Variety Club dinner in honour of Jimmy himself. At this I spoke in his favour with the happy result that when Jimmy was given a cheque for £5,000 as a token of the appreciation of the Variety Club he handed it to me and I undertook to give £1,000 to Pembroke House which I had recently visited at Chatham, and the other £4,000 would go to the Mountbatten Fund for the United World Colleges. For this I had to make quite a long speech.

I saw Max Bygraves and he also promised one day to come and do a turn for the Burma Reunion.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 0850 Grass drove Kimberley and me in the Land Rover to Clarendon to shoot with Tommy Parrington. It was his last season at Clarendon as young Andrew Christie Miller is taking over next year. I met the latter for the first time and found he was a friend of my God-son, William Astor. It is rather sad that he has been an orphan for so long and will find it difficult taking over the shoot in my opinion, but he seemed very nice.

Marjorie Brecknock was there, so was George Montgomery Kidston who used to play polo against me.

The mist in the morning rather spoilt the early shooting but it got better in the afternoon. The total bag was 334 and I personally shot 45 pheasants.

THURSDAY, 11TH NOVEMBER 1976

Mary Lou and I had a ride; it was rather cold and in the end there was a bit of rain.

At 1630 I gave a small press conference at home about the "Freedom" of Portsmouth on Monday. Representatives of the local press, radio and television organisations were there and it took quite a time. It only finished at 1800 when Esther Ellerman arrived to spend the night and brought with her a Philip's Pocket Recorder as a gift. This is almost a case of telepathy because three days ago I decided that the one that had got lost coming back from Mauritius would have to be replaced and mentioned it to Jack. Shortly after I mentioned it to Jack she rang up to say she wanted to give me a little souvenir gift on her leaving for South Africa and had chosen a Philip's Pocket Recorder and hoped I hadn't got one. She was delighted to hear that I had lost mine and I was delighted to get hers which was a better one.

At 1920 the Chairman of her Ellerman Line and his wife, Denis and Rosemary Martin-Jenkins, came to spend the night.

We had a pleasant dinner and to-morrow she is off on board the VAAL for South Africa. I arranged for them to have breakfast in bed and then walk round the house before they have to go to Southampton.

FRIDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER 1976

It rained practically all day but nevertheless I set off with Billy Webb, the Second Keeper, in the Land Rover and drove to Beaulieu. Edward Montagu met me and said as it was raining so much he proposed to drop the start of the shoot for a couple of hours until 1130. He then let me go into his own study where I worked on my speeches for next Monday.

The result of the wet weather reduced what should have been a big bag to only 272 pheasants (278 total), and my own contribution I am afraid was only 13.

We lunched at the Master Builder's House Hotel and I got back to Broadlands at 1640.

Punctually at 1800 Anne arrived from Camberley, and a little later on Mark Phillips drove over from Warminster where he is doing a course. I might add Anne brought his Labrador, Moriarty, who immediately attacked poor Kimberley. Anne's own dog is an enormous creature, a cross between a Blood Hound and a French Fox Hound called Pleasure.

Prince Khalid arrived very late on account of a traffic jam after an accident at 2000 so we put off dinner till 2030, then had a film afterwards called "Won Ton Ton" a take off of "Rin Tin Tin" the dog star of the early silent film days.

SATURDAY, 13TH NOVEMBER 1976

It was a nice sunny day and we shot the Park a second time. The guns were Mark, Khalid and

myself from the house party, Dick Wilkins, Hugh Ross and Peter Bence-Trower from the Syndicate, and the Sopwiths sent a Swiss called Vadoudez who shot quite well and is a great financial wizard. As neither of the Sopwiths could shoot again they rang up and asked me at the last moment to find a substitute, so I invited the Farm Manager, Derrick Fowler, to come along, and he shot well. Mary Lou again helped me to control Kimberley.

At the first stand Hugh killed a high pheasant behind me which swung round and attacked me from the rear. It hit me on my left cheek and knocked me to the ground drawing blood and making me quite dizzy. However I recovered fairly soon and when Grass heard he said that was nothing as he remembered when the Earl of Durham had been so badly knocked out by a pheasant that he had been taken home unconscious into the Castle.

The bag was 312 pheasants (total 315). I shot 25.

The other three left after tea, Anne and Mark having to go to the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall which I watched on T.V.

SUNDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER 1976

It was a pleasant sunny day which was lucky for our local Remembrance Day Observance. I arrived late at the Town Hall because Charles had laid out two shirts both of which were too small round the collar so I had to change twice. However

I was just in time and the procession arrived at the Memorial Park for the necessary hymn and prayers before 11 o'clock struck for the two minutes silence. After which I laid the first wreath on behalf of the Royal British Legion, and all the other organisations then laid theirs, as usual.

We then went in procession to the Abbey headed by the Michelmersh Band. During the service our Mayor, Mrs.Quick, very nearly fainted and I made her put her head between her legs. Dr.Peter Johnson came up to give help but I said I had already dealt with her case.

I read the Lesson. Afterwards as we went in procession to the Town Hall Square Peter Johnson came up to enquire how she was, and then when he saw me he said "I see Dr.Mountbatten has the case in hand".

I took the salute with the Mayor of all the organisations at their usual march past then we went to the Abbey Hall for drinks. I presented three certificates to Royal British Legion workers and we all drank toasts.

Finally I was taken on to the Royal British Legion Headquarters where I met a lot of ex-servicemen including the representatives of the Dunkirk Comrades.

I got back to the house in time for my little lunch on a tray in the drawing room, and at 1700 punctually Pammy and David arrived to spend the night.

I had to go on working on my speeches.

MONDAY, 15TH NOVEMBER 1976

I remembered that this would have been dear Georgie and darling Nada's 60th Wedding Anniversary, in fact their Diamond Wedding. What a long time ago it all was and how fresh it is in my memory. I was very proud of wearing my Midshipman's dirk at the wedding and acting as one of the people who held the Crown up over Nada's head at the Orthodox wedding service; the Church of England service being in the Chapel Royal.

It was luckily a sunny day and I put on a monkey jacket, and then Stronach drove Pammy, David and me behind a police motor cycle outrider to Admiralty House, Portsmouth which we did in forty minutes along the new M.27.

We three lunched with Terry and Jane Lewin (he is the C-in-C of the Naval Home Command). My Royal Marines A.D.C., Alistair Donald, was the sixth person at luncheon.

At 1310 after our early luncheon I changed into Naval Full Dress. The Lewin's left in their car first, then Stronach drove Pammy and David in my car next, and I finally went in an official Naval car with Alistair Donald. We drove with a police escort up to the new Guild Hall Square and I was immensely struck by the lay out. The road has been diverted round it; it is a pedestrian area only and the new Civic Centre, with all the offices, encloses the square right up to the Guild Hall. The statue of Queen Victoria had been moved into the centre near the Civic offices.

When I arrived I found Patricia waiting with Pammy and David as she had come down from London by train specially for the ceremonies.

A Naval Guard and Royal Marines Band were already drawn up so I went with the Lord Mayor and took the salute and then inspected them. After this we went into the Guild Hall. The Lord Mayor said "I think we turn right here" which I immediately did and then drew his attention to the fact that really I thought we ought to have turned left, having read the Orders, but the Lord Mayor hadn't read his copy, and agreed we were wrong.

We went up in a lift and waited until everybody got into their seats in the Guild Hall itself. Over 2,000 people were present, and the Lord Mayor and I were ushered in by a fanfare of Royal Marines trumpeters. On the stage the Council were sitting in chairs at little tables and it was, in fact, a regular official Council Meeting.

The proceedings started by the Lord Mayor making a long flattering speech about me ending up by proposing the motion I should be admitted as a Freeman of the City of Portsmouth; the Deputy Lord Mayor seconded it; and they took a vote. Luckily all voted in favour; but I began my speech by saying that as motions recently in Parliament had been lucky to be passed by a majority of one I had had some trepidation about this motion particularly as I was only the second Admiral to get the Freedom of Portsmouth since Freedom's were started in 1885. Then I made an appropriate 'thank-you' speech.

A casket was given me with a beautiful Freedom scroll; I signed various books, and then a party of sailors marched in and collected the casket to carry it in procession through the streets.

We waited in the Lord Mayor's room and I met the other V.I.P. guests while the rest of the 2,000 trooped out on to the Guild Hall steps to watch the Parade.

The March Past was excellent, consisting of four Naval Guards and two of Royal Marines. The programme had included four Guards of the Royal Hampshire Regiment as all these organisations had the Freedom of Portsmouth and I am associated with all three; indeed I was Honorary Colonel of the 4th/5th Battalion of the Royal Hampshire Regiment for many years. Unfortunately they couldn't be released from duty in Northern Ireland so the parade was rather shorter than would otherwise have been the case but it was still very well carried out in front of great crowds.

After the parade we all processed on foot over to the Civic Centre where I was invited to open the Civic Offices. I did so with a small speech; then we went inside and once more I reminded the Lord Mayor that at this stage I should be unveiling the plaque which he had overlooked. I did so and after that we started going round the Offices.

I was introduced to the architect, Lord Esher, and congratulated him on this magnificent concept. It is about the finest Civic Square I have seen for ceremonial purposes and produced a fabulous setting for the ceremonies to-day. The Offices themselves

are all open, only broken by temporary screens and plants so that everybody can see everybody else at work. It appears to be very popular and to have produced a notable increase in efficiency.

We went out on the roof and had a general view before going down to tea. At tea the representative of the builders, Wimpey, stood up and made a brief speech and handed me a cheque for £500 as a souvenir of the occasion which was made out at my suggestion to the United World Colleges. I stood up and made quite a lengthy speech in reply as I wanted to explain what the United World Colleges were all about.

Then I was taken round to all the tables and met representatives of the Burma Star Association, St. John's Ambulance Brigade, the Royal Naval Association, etc.

Patricia then left to catch the train to go back, and Pammy, David and I drove back to Admiralty House only half-an-hour late on programme time. We arrived, in fact, at 1700.

I had a brief rest and bath, and dressed in Ball Dress. We drove again in reverse order up to the Guild Hall Square, and I arrived just as the clock struck 7 p.m.

Then the C-in-C's own band under my old friend Jim Mason performed a really marvellous Beating Retreat by floodlight with the Mountbatten March and the Preobrajensky March and everything.

After half-an-hour we all went back into the Guild Hall for drinks and to meet some of the

V.I.P. guests. Then we went down for the banquet which had 450 people and was a magnificent affair with four speeches. This being the third speech I had made to the same lot of people I decided to do a sort of cabaret turn and told them appropriate stories which appeared to go quite well.

There was luckily an interval between the dinner and the speeches when we retired to the Lord Mayor's room. Here I discovered that the clips had come off my Diamond Garter Star which was hanging perilously at an angle. Jack Barratt was sent for and came with a needle and thread and sewed the Star back into position the best he could but it was very awkward; I must get it seen to properly.

A Service car drove Pammy and me back and we arrived at Broadlands just before 0100 after an exhausting but thoroughly exciting and stimulating day. In my first speech I said that this event occurred 63 years 219 days after my first arrival in Naval uniform at Portsmouth Dockyard prior to our trip to Cowes to go to the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. The C-in-C in his speech wondered why it had taken the Council 30 years to decide to give me their Freedom.

TUESDAY, 16TH NOVEMBER 1976

We three had breakfast in the dining room at 0915; Pammy and David left at 1000. It was showery but cleared up enough for me to have a ride with Mary Lou.

I slept after lunch but got through a fair amount of work.

At 1930 Derrick collected me and drove me to the Crosfield Hall where the Romsey Branch of the National Farmers' Union were having their dinner. They had very nearly 200 people there - a record crowd - and I made the principal speech which was received with hilarious applause.

WEDNESDAY, 17TH NOVEMBER 1976

It was a fairly nice day and Mary Lou and I had a pleasant ride in the morning.

After lunch I worked with Mollie and Jane in the archives on the list of speeches, and also prepared speeches for Thursday.

At 1700 Norton arrived down to collect his new car. He has got the most beautiful Jaguar I have ever seen, and must have cost something in five figures. However he said he had made a lot of money working overtime as Location Manager for the film "A Bridge Too Far" I reminded him that most would be taken away in taxes.

He stayed on for dinner in the Library watching T.V. and then left.

THURSDAY, 18TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 1030 Stronach drove Jack and me first to 2 Kinnerton Street and then on to the Barrington Suite in the City for a lunch of over 200 given by the City of London Travel Club. I had been invited by Mr. Mortimore, the Manager of our U.W.C. Travel Organisation, Rankin Kuhn. I was given

the chance of speaking about the U.W.C. and gather they will make a contribution next year sometime so it was well worthwhile.

At 1530 Matty King and John Edwards and their recording engineer came to take a record of my voice to be put over some of the shots of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks which are now being turned into a feature T.V. film. They told me that they had been unable to locate anybody alive anywhere of any note who remembered meeting them or having anything to do with them at the time they first came over in 1922 or on their visit in 1926. I remembered both occasions and was able to give them some reminiscences. They asked for a photograph of Edwina and me with Douglas and Mary at Adsdean in June 1926 when they visited us. Luckily we found them in an album and they are probably going to use them.

At 1630 Fazal Karim and his son came to see me. He was a former member of the Viceroy's Bodyguard for many years, and then on the Transfer of Power, being a Punjabi Mussulman, he went with that part of the Bodyguard which was transferred to Mr. Jinnah. I gave him a photograph that he wanted but he also wanted help over getting his other son over and acquiring British nationality. I told him to be very careful as his position was not too firm and if he started making a fuss it might mean he wouldn't be able to get his British nationality at the end of his five years.

At 1715 I went to India House to inaugurate a Picture Exhibition by Rukmini Varma, grand-daughter

of the famous Maharani Satu Lakshmi Bay who ruled Travancore from 1923-1931. I had met her before when she came to call on me at 2 Kinnerton Street; she is a pretty, sweet and highly talented young lady. I admired her pictures very much and made a fairly full speech about her at the Opening. The High Commissioner, B.K.Nehru, was there and in his Opening speech said he was glad to see me back at India House as he didn't think I had been there for many months. Why he chose this moment to draw attention to my disapproval of what the Indian Government had been doing I can't imagine, but I suppose now that I have made my peace with Indira he felt he could say it.

After I had had a bath and changed into white tie and decorations, knee breeches and the Garter, I looked in for a moment on James and Sacha to apologise for not being able to stay to their dinner owing to an unfortunate double entry in my engagement diary.

Then I drove on to 64 Kingston House North to act as host for Doreen Brabourne's dinner party of ten which included the Carringtons, the Caccias, and George of Denmark and his wife, and young Rodney Moore, the Canadian Press Secretary to the Queen.

I drove her and Rodney in my car to the Garden Entrance of Buckingham Palace for the Diplomatic Party. I led them through to the other end of the Palace and luckily ran into Johnny Johnson of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and managed to persuade him to allow Doreen to change her room from the Ballroom to another room where she could meet more of her friends as she was in the Ballroom last time. I discovered later in the evening that she was very happy with the change.

I had a useful conversation with the new Saudi Arabian Ambassador and also with the Foreign Secretary, Crosland, and Michael Palliser the Head of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office about John making the Agatha Christie film "Death on the Nile". I told them that Norton had said that the Location Manager for the new James Bond film, who had been out there for three weeks, had reported that the chaos, corruption and incompetence were indescribable and he couldn't understand how it took the Israelis six days to defeat them. He went on to say that had he been given £10,000 a week he wouldn't go out himself and take on the job again - they were lucky to be able to get away by night having had to deal with the extremists to get any sort of co-operation.

I asked whether H.M.G. would advise John to proceed with the film in Egypt or try and do it elsewhere. They both said they thought it important he should try and do it in Egypt and he should work through the Ambassador and try and get Sadat, the President, to give real support on the top level. I promised to tell John this, and I will write a letter to the Ambassador which I hope may prove useful.

I drove myself back home at 2345.

FRIDAY, 19TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 0945 I had a hair cut. When I got back to the house at 1045 Jack had arranged for me to talk to John immediately about Mac Matthai's article in "Blitz", a rather scurrilous tabloid paper in India, about "Freedom at Midnight". There is quite a correspondence about this in the files.

At 1245 as I was setting out for luncheon Billy Webb, my second Keeper arrived with my shooting equipment and Kimberley in the Peugeot from Broadlands. I took Kimberley straight away with me in the Jaguar and drove down to have lunch with Sally Baring at 23 Scarsdale Villas. She had her friend, Rhoda Sperling, to lunch.

At 1430 I drove back to 2 Kinnerton Street, and soon after 1500 Sacha looked in with her sweet little daughter, Sophie, for a few moments on her way to fetch her son, Jamie, from his day school nearby.

At 1540 Billy Webb drove me and Kimberley to Luton Hoo which we reached at 1650. Jack and Stronach went back in the Peugeot to Broadlands.

All the family, except the Hamiltons, were gathered together, Zia, Gina, Bunnie, Myra, and David Butter; also Nicky Phillips but sadly without Lucy whom the doctors want not to travel while she is nearing the end of her pregnancy. So she has stayed behind in their flat in Paris.

At 1710 Lilibet arrived and we all had tea. At 1800 Philip arrived by air; at 1900 Sacha and James arrived down from London by car. Her nurse has just left her and so she is employing her different sisters to come and do baby-sitting and nurse while she is away. This time Marita is doing the job, and couldn't come round till she was released from her shop.

It was rather sad to think this may be the last time we shall have one of the old Luton Hoo

shooting parties. I must confess they have not been the same since dear Harold himself died and Zia is really getting too old to compete with another party on this scale.

SATURDAY, 20TH NOVEMBER 1976

There was a large family breakfast at 0845, and we started out for the shoot at 0945. The guns from the family were, of course, Philip, Nicky, Bunnie, David Butter and James Hamilton; and the outside guns were Noel Cunningham Reid and Colonel MacLean. It was an ideal shooting day, not too sunny and not too much wind. I had two really splendid stands where I shot 25 pheasants each time but at other stands I was rather in starvation corner and only got 71 all told. The bag was 769 pheasants (total 779).

To-day I had my final show down with Zia about her monstrous behaviour to poor Tessa Cunningham Reid. I have asked her every year to invite this poor girl to luncheon with her husband but she always refused on the ground that she was never asked to the shooting luncheons at Six Mile Bottom. Meanwhile I confirmed that this was quite untrue - she had always refused to come and there have been hurt feelings about that. I told her this and said that now that Lucy couldn't come she would want another woman to avoid being thirteen and Tessa was the ideal person. She said no she would have Miss Fulcher, the Secretary, rather than have an outside woman to a shooting lunch. So my poor little niece has once more been turned down. I told Zia exactly what I thought of her and said I would put

it in the Diary. Although I loved her, and many people loved her and admired much of what she did, I thought her callous behaviour in this case was absolutely monstrous. She said "Go ahead and put it in your Diary". So I have.



SUNDAY, 21ST NOVEMBER 1976

We had a family breakfast at 0900. Lilibet and Philip left at 1010, and I left at 1023 being driven by Billy Webb with Kimberley and got back by 1230. The rest of the day I spent working on the mail.

MONDAY, 22ND NOVEMBER 1976

At 0925 Billy Webb drove Kimberley and me in the Land Rover to Compton for the shoot which the Sopwiths had kindly arranged for Tino before he shot at Broadlands.

On Friday night Tino rang up from Jordan and got on to Jack Barratt to give his apologies to the Sopwiths for not being able to shoot and to me for coming 24 hours late. Apparently he has been involved in the big excitements in Jordan so perhaps he has a good excuse.

The guns for to-day were Gilbert Bradley, Hugh Ross, John Potter, Harry Chapman Pincher and Dr. Roberts. None of the three Sopwiths shot but Phyl did have one stand shooting off the back of the

Range Rover. The bag was 263 pheasants (total 266). I shot 34.

On return to Broadlands I worked a little bit with Mollie in the Archives.

At 1800 Robert and Phillippa de Pass arrived. At 1830 Charles arrived. Tino and Anne Marie only arrived at 2010 but changed for dinner having only landed back from Jordan at 1800.

We had an unusual film "Seven Days in Japan" which Charles particularly wanted to see as the film was an undisguised story about himself with Michael Yorke playing the part of "Prince George" a young Lieutenant doing service in the Royal Navy whose ship is in harbour at Yokohama. He goes up to Tokyo to the Embassy, and from there meets and falls in love with a pretty young Japanese girl with whom he has a most charming idyllic love affair; and he wants to stay with her but when she discovers accidentally, through seeing him on T.V., who he really is she goes away in a boat and leaves him to return to his ship. It was not nearly as good as "Roman Holiday" but certainly entertaining in the presence of Charles.

TUESDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER 1976

This was our big day first time over at Ridge. The men had breakfast at 0830 and at 0915 we met the other guns and Phillippa joined us then. Anne Marie remained in the house till lunch.

It was a wonderful day with rather a lot of sun otherwise perfect for shooting. The other

guns were Gilbert Bradley, Hugh Ross, Peter Bence-Trower and Dr. Knight, because none of the Sopwiths could shoot again though they all turned up at lunch and Phyl did have a stand just before lunch from her Land Rover. I shot 70 pheasants, the bag was 791 pheasants (total 799).

[REDACTED]

Then Charles, Tino, Anne Marie, and Robert left. I offered to bring Phillippa up in my car the next morning so she very sweetly stayed on to keep me company.

I had a terrible lot of work to catch up with and actually finished dictating my second belt at 0155.

WEDNESDAY, 24TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 0930 Stronach drove Phillippa, Jack and me to London to their new house at 22 Cliveden Place, Eaton Square.

[REDACTED]

Then I drove on to the House of Lords with the Red Crown up on the car and arrived as arranged just after Mary Beaufort and before the Gloucesters and Katherine Kent. I robed in the Queen's Robing Room in my Parliamentary Earl's robes and the Collar of the Garter over my civilian morning coat.

We five walked in procession down through the main gallery with all the spectators watching and with live T.V. being broadcast. I looked round to see whether I could catch a glimpse of Mary Lou and David Hyne to whom I had given tickets for the gallery but couldn't see them. Poor Mark was too ill to come up and keep Anne company so she walked by herself.

Much to my mortification I discovered, after having turned down carrying the Sword of State because I couldn't get an 'all clear' from Dr. Lawson MacDonald, they put in Field Marshal Sir John Harding who must be about 80; certainly older than me. He very nearly tripped up twice when his spurs caught the back of his robe. I complained about this afterwards to Lilibet; she thought a blunder had been made in asking such an old man to carry the Sword of State. I warned her I might insist on carrying it if I got an 'all clear' next year.

The Royal Family cars followed closely behind the Carriage procession with the Escort of the Mounted Regiment, and I then pulled up at the corner of Buckingham Palace and Constitution Hill where I had arranged to pick up Jack who was visiting the Prince of Wales' office that morning. We couldn't see him anywhere and as he said we were not to wait for him if he was late we didn't and carried on back to 2 Kinnerton Street; he couldn't get out until the procession had all moved away and had to walk back.

At 1305 Stronach drove me to Wiltons where I hurriedly ate six delicious oysters which each cost

70 p whereas when I was a young Midshipman in the Fleet in 1916 oysters used to cost 2/6d. a dozen which means that the price of oysters has gone up nearly seventy fold in 60 years.

On the way back I dropped Stronach at Constitution Hill to walk home, and drove myself on to Buckingham Palace which I reached at 1330.



After lunch I drove back to 2 Kinnerton Street, and at 1500 Sacha looked in with Sophie on her way to pick up Jamie at his day school.

At 1530 Ian Gourlay came for a good talk about the U.W.C.

At 1700 Lord Gray, the present Chairman of the Royal Overseas League, came. He is an old friend from British Guyana and Nassau days when he was Governor. With him came Philip Crawshaw, the Director, and I tried to persuade them to accept the small recent bust of me to replace the one done by Apap at the time of the Coronation which Dartmouth would like to have. They said that the people at The Royal Overseas League liked the existing bust very much but would be prepared to accept another one if the Navy really wanted it.

David and Pammy fetched me and drove me to Buckingham Palace for dinner.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Pammy and David dropped me back.

THURSDAY, 25TH NOVEMBER 1976

At 0820 Stronach drove Jack and me back to Broadlands, and at 1040 I rode with Mary Lou.

The week-end party all arrived within five minutes of each other just after 1800. First came

Margaretha from Chippinghurst her home in Oxfordshire, followed two minutes later by her husband, John Ambler from his London office; followed three minutes later by Carl Gustaf and Silvia in a magnificent "Heads of State" specially built Volvo car with their A.D.C. Commander Lundquist of the Royal Swedish Navy. He returned at once as they had agreed to come down without an A.D.C. or even a detective. In fact I can't imagine why the wretched A.D.C. had to go in the car with them as far as Broadlands just to go back to London.

We five had a very pleasant dinner and an early evening.

FRIDAY, 26TH NOVEMBER 1976

We five had an early breakfast; then at 0930 Carl Gustaf drove Silvia and me in my Jaguar, and the Amblers followed in their car to Compton. Neither our host nor our hostess, Tom and Phyl Sopwith, were fit enough to receive us which must be heart-breaking for them. However, their young son, Tommy, acted as host but as he had a temperature he couldn't go out and we were left to our own devices.

Although there was a very light sort of drizzle from time to time it did not interfere with the shooting which was good. Tommy was the host for luncheon, and we had Dick Wilkins, Hugh Ross, Peter Bence Trower, Mr. Priestly, and the Agent, Derry Radcliffe. The total bag was 370 pheasants (total 371), and I shot 22 myself, as bad as ever.

We got back by 1630. I had left Kimberley in the Land Rover to go back with Grass but stupidly

took the lead off him.

When we got back Silvia planted a tree just in front of the main entrance to the house and across the road from Carl Gustaf's last tree.

Peggo of Hesse had already arrived and we all six had tea together. After tea Mary Lou rang up to say that she had had a garbled message from her mother-in-law that Grass wanted her to go and find Kimberley who was lost at Stockbridge. I rang up Compton and found that the dog had jumped out of the Land Rover and was loose in the park enclosure so I told Mary Lou to pick me up and she drove me back to Compton and had to take her two children with her as there was nobody to look after them.

Kimberley was waiting at the nearest cattle grid wagging his tail and expecting us. Immediately I opened the door he jumped into the car. Then we went on up to the back door and found poor Grass who had been in despair because the dog would not come when he called him; every time he approached the dog Kimberley ran away; then he realised the only hope was to get Mary Lou or me to come so we came together and got him back right away.

Michael John arrived down from London at 2010 and joined us at dinner at 2020. We ran a film called "Future World" at 2140.

SATURDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER 1976

It was a really lovely sunny day, rather too

much sun for shooting but still a very pleasant one. We shot Bushyleaze for the second time. There weren't quite as many birds but they flew quite well. The guns were Carl Gustaf, John Ambler, Michael John and myself from the house; Dick Wilkins, Hugh Ross and Peter Bence Trower who brought his friend Douetil. This is my fourth days shooting this week, and I have been working till between midnight and 2 a.m. catching up with mail; the result was that I was really over-tired and lost co-ordination and only shot 20 pheasants. The total bag was 474 pheasants (total 478).

Margaretha left after breakfast but John Ambler only left after an early tea at the same time as Carl Gustaf and Silvia.

I really got to know Silvia much better this time and she is an outstandingly sweet, kind, thoughtful, beautiful and charming girl, and doing a great job as Queen of Sweden I am told. Certainly she has done a great job in humanising Carl Gustaf who is now much easier to talk to and much more forthcoming. They are obviously deeply in love with each other. I have heard on all accounts that the popularity of the Monarchy has risen to astonishing new heights in Sweden according to opinion pole.

Tommy came over to luncheon with his friend Gina Hathorn, and had a special gossip with Mary Lou who he had not seen since the day that April was killed in a helicopter accident when Mary Lou was the last to see the two of them go off as she had been riding with them.

Peg, Michael John and I had a cozy little dinner together.

SUNDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER 1976

This would have been darling Edwina's 75th birthday. Peg agreed that we all miss her more and more as the years go on.

Stronach drove Peg first to see Frank Randall at the Edwina Mountbatten Home; then on to stay with her friends in Godalming. Michael John stayed for luncheon with me and left after tea.

MONDAY, 29TH NOVEMBER 1976

I woke up to a filthy wet day with rain streaming down and a gale of wind. I felt it was unlikely we would be able to shoot but on the other hand I felt I must go as my host, Bill Mountain, knew my telephone number and would have rung me up if he was going to cancel.

So at 0840 Billy Webb drove Kimberley and me through the driving rain to Dunley which we reached punctually at 0930. All the other guns arrived at about the same time from far and wide because the shoot had not been cancelled. We all went into the Keeper's Cottage and it was quite evident we couldn't possibly go out in the tropical downpour so we stayed talking until finally I said to Bill "Please make up your mind - either we shoot or we don't". He then asked everybody and we all voted to cancel the shoot as it was obviously going to be a hopeless morning.

As we drove in to the short drive to the Keeper's Cottage one of our tyres went flat and so Billy Webb changed it while we were waiting, and we drove back at 1010 reaching Broadlands again at 1100.

The Austin and Wyatt girls and Billy Hughes were there sorting out all the silver from Broadlands into Cassel, Broadlands and my personal silver. Most of it we are going to keep in the Bank to save insurance, and we shall only keep what we actually need to use here.

In the afternoon Miss Barbara Twigg, a Researcher for Yorkshire Television, came to look round the house in connection with Harold Wilson's T.V. programme on British Prime Ministers.

At 1630 Mary Lou picked me up and drove me round to the vet with Kimberley who had got a very bad upset inside. He made a terrible mess in my bedroom the last three nights and this time I had kept him in the bathroom and there was blood as well so it is high time he was looked at. Mary Lou has always taken him to the same vet whom I don't know but I went round this time to discuss Kimberley as I am very fond of the dog and want him properly looked after.

TUESDAY, 30TH NOVEMBER 1976

A squally showery day. Mary Lou rode Tabu to prepare him for Lilibet at the week-end and had to be pretty severe to straighten him out. I rode Champagne who didn't like going through the heavy floods everywhere so we had quite an eventful ride together.

At 1700 Marvin Lyons came with Mr. and Mrs. Gibbes to tea and a talk. He is the adopted son of Alexei's old tutor Gibbes. Apparently he has inherited all the very interesting Gibbes' papers about the Russian Imperial Family and brought some to show me and offered to let me see any correspondence I liked if I visited him at Oxford which I said I would do one day.

At 1750 I drove myself to Romsey Abbey where I met the Mayor, Mrs. Quick, and we processed together to our places in the Abbey. I went as President of the Romsey District Scout Council and also the Vice President of the Hampshire Scout Council and I wore both my "Elephant" which I got in India, and my "Wolf" which I got in England. The Mayor handed over the Chief Scout's Awards and made a very nice speech. I luckily had no speeches to make.

Then we all went over to the Abbey School Hall for a buffet supper where I met all the Award winners and then found they wanted me to sign all their certificates. I agreed to do so on the back.

WEDNESDAY, 1ST DECEMBER 1976

It was overcast but with heavy flood waters lying everywhere. I decided to try and follow the line on which I would take Lilibet for her ride on Sunday so I rode Tabu and Jane rode Champagne, and she led me along the track prepared by Jim Sillence which he had shown to her. This basically went through Burnt Grove and Sqob Wood coming back through the Spursholt House grounds.

I had a small dinner party of Dwin Bramall and his wife. He is now the Commander-in-Chief of Land Forces in the United Kingdom. He used to be on my staff in the Ministry of Defence and we had recently had lunch with him in Hong Kong when he was Commander of the British Forces there. He is certainly doing very well.

I also had our Chief Constable and Lady Osmond. After dinner I talked to Osmond about the appalling degree of poaching which amounts to organised crime. Pheasants are fetching such a high price now, between £3 and £4 a brace, on the wholesale market and probably more on the black market. Estates have had literally hundreds of pheasants cleared out by these organised poaching raids which the Chief Constable didn't seem to realise were going on. He promised to look into it and do something about it.

THURSDAY, 2ND DECEMBER 1976

It was a lovely day to-day. Mary Lou rode Tabu and I rode Champagne going once more over the track prepared for Lilibet on Sunday. Tabu went very well at the beginning but suddenly shyed and refused to go passed a milk churn and Mary Lou had a real struggle to get him past.

In the evening I saw John's first film again, this time on T.V., "Harry Black and the Tiger". What a splendid film this is and it doesn't seem to be dated at all

FRIDAY, 3RD DECEMBER 1976

It was foggy all day to-day so I didn't ride. At 1225 Jack drove me to the Royal Hotel in Southampton for a luncheon of 110 given by a comparatively small firm, Drake and Scull. They particularly asked me to come to be the Guest of Honour and speak and then offered to subscribe about a £1,000 by covenant to the United World Colleges.

At 1600 Pammy arrived early for tea as I had asked her. At 1705 Lilibet arrived, and at 1725 Norton and Penny drove Patricia and John down from London.

I had a telephone call from Dr. McManus's secretary to say that the tests he had done on Patricia showed that she had glandular fever and therefore she should not be in the same room as the Queen. Poor Patricia was therefore confined to her bedroom, the Green Room, and went to bed rather gloomily. What a wretched business if she is to have the same horrible illness as Amanda had. I only hope it doesn't go on so long.

David drove down in good time for dinner, but Michael John had a tremendous rush as he only arrived just before 2000. I put back dinner to 2015 and he just made it.

Philip, who had spent the day Opening the new I.B.M. Headquarters at Portsmouth and then going to dine with the 1664 R.M. Club at Eastney

was expected back at 2300. When he didn't turn up by 2315 Lilibet and the rest went to bed and I stayed up and he finally arrived at 2340.

SATURDAY, 4TH DECEMBER 1976

It was a frosty sunny day and really very pleasant for our second day's shooting at Ridge. The birds flew very well in spite of the sun. Philip and John both shot brilliantly and were responsible for a large part of the score. By sheer bad luck none of my regular syndicate could shoot. The old Sopwiths are too old, young Tommy is still not allowed to shoot after his riding accident, and Dick Wilkins and Hugh Ross had accepted a year ago to shoot with Jim Joel on this day. The only one from the syndicate who came was Peter Bence Trower.

Boz Ferranti, Sebastien's brother, came to shoot in place of Tommy, and Charles de Selincourt shot in place of Peter. Hugh Ross had nominated a fellow called Bird. The rest of the guns consisted of the family with Norton in the line and Michael John walking with the beaters except in the afternoon when he took John's place at the last stand.

Mary Lou came in the morning to help me work Kimberley who still is unsteady if not watched carefully during a stand.

I shot reasonably well but was very much out of it. I only got 40 birds whereas the bag was 867 pheasants (total 874). Poor Patricia was left in bed all day but we all went up to see her except of course Lilibet.

In the evening we had a film about Sarah Bernhardt called "The Most Incredible Sarah".

SUNDAY, 5TH DECEMBER 1976

It was a bright and sunny day with a very hard frost on the ground which made riding rather treacherous.

David left at 0830 and Philip at 0930. Norton and Penny drove to Oxford to fetch the twins, and Michael John drove them back after tea and then went on to London.

Lilibet rode Tabu and I rode Champagne through Burnt Grove and Sq**o**bb. Champagne behaved atrociously with me and bucked maliciously in Sq**o**bb, and the second time viciously after we crossed the main road back into Mainstone.



Poor Patricia spent all day in bed.

Lilibet, Pammy, Norton, Penny and I went to the Advent Carol Service in the Abbey at 1830.

MONDAY, 6TH DECEMBER 1976

Lilibet left at 1000 and Pammy a little later. The Broadlands Estate Committee meeting started at 0930 and went on till 1430 with some interruptions for good-byes and then we ended with a working lunch.

Patricia got up rather shakily and attended some of the items which concerned her.

Penny rode Tabu by herself and Norton drove her back to London in the afternoon.

I dined alone with Patricia which was very agreeable in spite of her not being too well. Lightening set off the alarms and caused a lot of trouble.

TUESDAY, 7TH DECEMBER 1976

It was showery but much warmer. I rode Tabu and I put Mary Lou on to Champagne so that she could punish him for his wickedness yesterday, though she said it was a bit late to do so.

Patricia and I lunched and dined alone. In the afternoon two people called Payne and Black came to see me about writing a foreword for the Booklet to contain the Medal being struck in Canada to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

I had to tell them that they got the wrong Coat of Arms, and also that they had got the wrong flowers; they should have the Queen's Canadian Coat of Arms and they should have had the twelve plants that represented the twelve Provinces of Canada. They were most grateful; they didn't seem to realize that she was Queen of Canada and it was on that basis that they should be celebrating the Jubilee.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH DECEMBER 1976

I rode Tabu whilst Mary Lou rode Champagne again. At 1230 Patricia and I had a quick light luncheon, and at 1310 Jack drove Patricia and me to Montpellier Walk where we dropped her and her luggage. We then drove on to 2 Kinnerton Street where we parked the car and took the luggage out.

At 1515 the Brabourne's chauffeur, Ruff, fetched us in the Brabourne Peugeot and drove Jack and me to King's Cross by some very ingenious back routes. We caught the 1555 Inter City Train and arrived at Leeds at 1830 where we were met by the Lord Lieutenant, Brigadier Hargreaves, and Stuart Barr, the Chairman of the Leeds Regional Committee of the Variety Club, and various other officials. We walked the short distance to the Queen's Hotel, which is run by British Railways, where Jack and I were being put up in a very excellent suite.

We changed into dinner jackets and at 1945 were conducted to the Knaresborough Suite for drinks and then for a Variety Club dinner. I spoke and made a very strong appeal for money for Non-invasive Cardiac Examination Unit for the Killingbeck Hospital.

Now the Variety Club's avowed objects are for the needy and under-privileged children, and they seem to think that this does not cover a project by which children can be examined without doing them any damage and particularly what is wrong with them after birth if there is something

obviously wrong. If ever there were needy and under-privileged children it is those who would die but for this new project, so I am going to probably raise this at the Variety International Congress in Monaco in April.

At all events I also suggested that it really covered the needy and under-privileged children who could not otherwise have got an international education in the United World Colleges, and they promised if I would come again that they will raise enough money for at least one scholarship of £5,500, so it has been worth the trip.

THURSDAY, 9TH DECEMBER 1976

Jack and I caught the 0830 train from Leeds and had breakfast on board and arrived at 1131 at King's Cross. Here Captain Persse, the Military Assistant to the Commandant General of the Royal Marines, met me with his car and drove us to 2 Kinnerton Street.

At 1230 Peter Whitely, the C.G.R.M. himself, came to fetch me in the car and drove me to the Saddler's Hall where Titch Houghton, the retiring representative Colonel Commandant of the Royal Marines, was giving a Farewell luncheon to the Royal Marine Generals.

I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1450 to find the Yorkshire Television team had ensconced themselves and were ready to record my memories of the Bruneval raid in February 1942 to include in

their long account of the story about the brilliant Professor Jones who did so much to develop British radar and radio and to defeat the Germans. The point about the Bruneval raid was that we got the complete working installation of the Würzburg installation there back with minimal casualties and the maximum casualties on the Germans by an airborne raid returning by sea.

At 1615 Dominique Lapierre and his wife called on their way back to France; he stayed to meet a young man called John Freeman who is working on a thesis about Control of Guided Missiles and Weapons Limitations which Dominique is now interested in.

At 1715 Commodore and Mrs. Kapadia called to say goodbye. He has been in charge of the British end of the Construction of six LEANDER Class Frigates by the Magazaon Dock Company in Bombay. In recognition of Scotland's National aspirations he was also appointed as Indian High Commissioner for Scotland.

From 1845 to 1930 I spent at Buckingham Palace with Lilibet where Jack fetched me, and I had a supper of oysters at Wiltons before going back to 2 Kinnerton Street.

FRIDAY, 10TH DECEMBER 1976

At 0930 my Life Guards A.D.C., James Ellery, came to fetch me and drove me down in an Army Staff Car to Pirbright which we reached at 1045 punctually. Here I hurriedly changed into the

Life Guards frock coat in the office of the Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Sam Gaussens, of the Welsh Guards.

At 1100 I went out to take the Salute of the Junior Leaders Parade, some 450, and addressed them all afterwards, with particular reference to those who were Passing Out.

At 1200 I met parents and Life Guard graduates. After this I went over to the Club where I met parents of other young men in other Regiments. At 1230 I went to the Sergeants' Mess for drinks which of course included Life Guards Corporals. At 1300 I had lunch in the Officers' Mess. At 1415 James drove me to Broadlands which we reached at 1515.

After tea the week-end party arrived. Angus Oglivy without Alexandra who was in bed with a cold; Sebastien and Mona de Ferranti who flew down from Cheshire; and James and Sacha Hamilton who came rather late. After dinner we had that splendid old film "That's Entertainment".

SATURDAY, 11TH DECEMBER 1976

We shot the Park again in the morning, and in the afternoon we went over to Busheyleaze. It was a cold but sunny day. I shot 23 pheasants; the bag was 526 pheasants (total 532). The guest guns (outside) were Marjorie Brecknock, Tommy Parrington, Edward Montagu whose wife, Fiona, came to the luncheon. Bill Mountain should have come

but they rang up to say he had had a heart attack and so I got Bill Hughes to take his place in the morning and Derrick Fowler in the afternoon.

Mary Lou brought over the black labrador puppy named Jet which Edward Montague has bought and he took it away.

The Ferranti's flew back after tea.

SUNDAY, 12TH DECEMBER 1976

I had a very long and interesting talk with Angus after breakfast about his Lonrho troubles, and suggested he should put the whole story down on paper to look at again.

James went over for luncheon with the Barbers at Exbury. Sacha rode Panda and I rode Tabu before lunch; then we lunched together. She and James left after an early tea for London.

MONDAY, 13TH DECEMBER 1976

I rode Tabu and Mary Lou rode Champagne, very successfully this time.

At 1330 Stronach drove Jack and me to 2 Kinnerton Street. At 1530 Tino of Greece came to check an account I had been preparing for him concerning an incident between the British and Greek Prime Ministers.

After this I had my hair cut at Toppers, and at 1825 Dodo fetched me and drove me to

St. James's Palace where Marjorie Brecknock met me officially on behalf of St. John for the big Reception for visiting V.I.Ps. Then Dodo drove me on to the "Talk of the Town" where Marjorie had preceded us to greet me once more!

We were taken round the long Receiving Line which to my astonishment was headed by Barbara and Sacha as members of the Committee. The various members of the Royal Family were taken round on arrival, and finally we were all ushered in to the auditorium where we were all sitting at pre-arranged tables.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

It was an excellent cabaret, and after that was over we got away at about 0040.

TUESDAY, 14TH DECEMBER 1976

At 0900 the new British High Commissioner in India and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson, came to call for a discussion before they went out there. At 0940 Graham Clifford joined the party to talk about the I.E.R.E. Branch that we had established in India so successfully.

After that Stronach drove Graham and me to the I.E.R.E. Headquarters at 9 Bedford Square

where we held a meeting of the Nehru Trustees and Governors. The main exciting event was that ~~RAB~~ Butler had resigned in favour of a younger generation Governor and we unanimously elected that Norton should be invited to fill his place. ~~RAB~~ stays as ex-officia so long as he is Master of Trinity College.

Graham was obviously very ill, so I managed to persuade him to go and see Lawson MacDonald immediately after the meeting who told him he ought to go straight to hospital as he had pñeurisy. However he decided to go home and Lawson rang up his own local doctor to attend to him at once.

Jack came and fetched me and we drove to London House, Mecklenburgh Square, to attend the Christmas party of the International Office of the United World Colleges with the London House staff. Here I also had a chance of meeting the Australian Colonel Sheckleton who is doing a thesis on International Education and has been to see the U.W.C. in Singapore and Wales, and I hope will go to Canada.

At 1305 I lunched with Ronnie Brockman and Robert de Pass at Whites. John Keswick, Mackay Tulloch and Pinky Holland Martin joined our table.

I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1415, and then I drove to Holland Park to see the artist John Gilroy who has been commissioned to do a portrait of me for the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to see how the portrait was getting on.

From his studio I walked a short distance to the studio of Carlos Sancha who is doing a portrait of me for Trinity House.

Stronach and Jack fetched me at 1800 and drove me back to Broadlands.

WEDNESDAY, 15TH DECEMBER 1976

I rode with Mary Lou and at 1345 Stronach drove me to London. I had sandwiches in the car on the way.

We went straight to Stephen Brothers showrooms at 16 Sackville Street where I selected some of the revived Tenova socks which I used to use regularly before and just after the war. To show what a highly unreliable man my late valet, Sweeney, was I had a special letter typed and signed by Jack Barratt on the 27th July for him to deliver when he returned the other sample socks. He never bothered to deliver the samples, or reported this omission, so I suppose I shall have to pay for the dozen sample socks.

I got back to 2 Kinnerton Street at 1630 and did a T.V. recording to be used in the Thames Television series on the Silent Films. I was delighted to see my old sound engineer, Basil Roots, who had been on the television series with me for three years, was there as head sound man in this team.

At 1800 Ian Gourlay brought Jacques de Thier, the Chairman of the Belgian National

Committee to see me and have a discussion about my possible visit to Belgium next year to raise money and keep up the pressure, and I congratulated him on what the Belgian Minister of Education, De Croo, had achieved as a result of his visit to St. Donats.

At 2000 Marie Christine came to have a drink. At 2035 we were joined by Michael of Kent for a few minutes before I had to leave at 2055 to get to the B.B.C. Theatre at Shepherd's Bush. I had undertaken to give the Sports' Personality of the Year Award and they wanted me to come early before the programme started to see the lay-out of the stage and what I should do.

I had a buffet supper with the Heads of the B.B.C. in a special box overlooking the stage with T.V. monitors. This was very useful because I was able to learn the names of a dozen odd people I had to refer to in my speech and see what they actually looked like and what they did.

I found it was a difficult occasion and rather nerve-racking. I felt I had to break the ice first with a genuine personal funny story; so I told the story of a polo match in March 1922 in Hong Kong when my number 3 hit the ball up to me playing number 1 and hit a bull's eye (if you can describe the back-side of a horse like that) and I rode through the goal post, pulled up and the ball dropped out.

Then I managed to remember the names of all the different people I had been asked to refer to.

Finally I made a rather stirring appeal that the Nation should try and think not of themselves but to work hard, as these sportsmen did in their sport, to raise the prestige of the country. If I had known that the Scene Shifters' Trade Union were going to prevent them from moving the scenery so that the drinks could be served comfortably to the 50 sports personalities who had come, I am afraid I would have stuck my neck out and said "And in half-an-hour's time we shall see what is wrong with the country when the Scene Shifters refuse to make facilities for entertaining these Sports Personalities who you have all seen". The B.B.C. kindly sent me down in a car to Broadlands which I reached long after midnight and was greeted by James Ellery, who had come to spend the night.

THURSDAY, 16TH DECEMBER 1976

He and I had breakfast together at 0900 and at 0930 he drove with me in an Army car to the Bovington Royal Armoured Corps Depot. Here we went straight to Hamel House the Residence of the C.O. of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Tyndall. He and Brigadier in Command of the whole complex and their wives gave us coffee and briefed me. However, this time I had come completely dressed in frock coat so that no redressing was necessary except to put on my huge long sword.

It was a bigger parade than at Pirbright, no less than 820 on parade and 200 Passing Out.

I took the Salute and then when they had advanced in Review order I gave the order for them to break ranks and gather round. They came round laughing and chatting which broke the ice as usual so that my speech went much better than it would have done if they had remained standing stiffly at ease on the Parade Ground.

After the Parade I met the Life Guard graduates and their families, and then went over to the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess for drinks. They had come from all the armoured Regiments, nearly all of them former Cavalry Regiments, and are a fine lot.

At 1240 I went to the Officers' Mess and had luncheon and got away at 1415. We drove back to Broadlands which only took us an hour with a police escort.

Here I got out of uniform, signed my correspondence and then Billy Webb drove Kimberley and me in the Jaguar to Six Mile Bottom in the dark. He drove extremely well, but we didn't get there until 1930. When I arrived the butler said "Dinner is now ready" so I went straight in to dinner and left Billy Webb to unpack for me.

Mary has found a boy friend, a delightful 84 year old Major called Jacko Heath, whom I took to instantly.

FRIDAY, 17TH DECEMBER 1976

It started to snow early in the morning and

it continued to fall lightly and sometimes heavily all day which made shooting unpleasant though funnily enough the birds seemed to fly just as well.

I got 22 rather good pheasants in the only two stands I was in the shooting. The bag was 366 (total 367). The guns were Noel Cunningham Reid, Tommy Parrington, Ian McCorquodale, Eddie Kent, Robert Simpson, one of the Nickersons, David Hicks, Sir John Musker and myself.

We had lunch at Noel's temporary house, Westley Lodge, while his own, Underwood Hall, is being added to and modified. There were fourteen for luncheon.

After shooting I had tea with Mary and Jacko Heath. I stayed for a long talk afterwards. I stuck my neck out and said to him "Since you are looking round for a home in England after selling your house in Kenya but propose to spend most of the winters in Kenya why look further than Six Mile Bottom. I am sure Mary will be delighted to put you up whenever you want to be here." Mary absolutely beamed with pleasure and said "Of course I don't want him to leave here at all". He then rather sheepishly but gratefully accepted so I hope that Mary has got company on and off for the rest of their lives. I think it is a lovely arrangement, and when I mentioned it to Noel and Tessa in the evening they were both thrilled.

That night we went back to Westley Lodge for a dinner party of 14 which was very gay.

SATURDAY, 18TH DECEMBER 1976

It was a cold day but dry and so it was much more fun shooting. I shot 24 pheasants in the morning but in the afternoon I was right out of the shooting and only shot 3 more, making 27. The bag was 402 pheasants (total 410).

The guns were Noel, his young son Mark, David Wigan who shoots with only one arm having had polio in the other, Hugh Sykes, David Montagu, and both Barbara Cartland's sons, Hugh and Glen McCorquodale. We lunched at the Hall and Barbara was there but had to leave again afterwards.

Immediately after shooting I said goodbye to Mary as I said I had to go and have tea and dinner with Barbara. I didn't dare tell her I was going to spend the night there as I gather it would have caused some umbrage.

Ian drove me in his car and Glen guided Billy Webb driving my car. I arrived at Camfield Place at 1710 in time for a sumptuous tea followed by a terrific dinner. Barbara loaded me with gifts afterwards which made my two little gifts look very small beer. She certainly is very generous and great fun to be with.

SUNDAY, 19TH DECEMBER 1976

I had breakfast with Barbara on a tray in her bedroom at 0900. We had a good gossip.

Finally I left at 1055 with Kimberley being driven by Billy Webb. It only took us $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours to get back but mostly through rain. I found a mountain of mail awaiting me.

MONDAY, 20TH DECEMBER 1976

It was quite a pleasant day. Mary Lou and I rode in the morning. In the afternoon Charles Allan of the India Oral Archives arrived rather late for a second interview with me.

Quarter-of-an-hour after him Ronnie Brockman arrived which was very fortunate because he was able to take part in a three-cornered conversation of my time as Viceroy of India. We had quite a long time at it.

TUESDAY, 21ST DECEMBER 1976

Mary Lou and I rode in the morning. I found that the Head Forester, Grossert, had sent an extraordinarily small Christmas tree for the hall so I got Bill Hughes to tell him to change it. This time they brought a really magnificent tree. Grossert complained at having to do the job twice over but was told by Bill Hughes that if he had done the job correctly the first time he wouldn't have had to.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND DECEMBER 1976

I worked on my mail most of the morning. Pammy, Edwina, Ashley and India, arrived by car

at 1340 for lunch.

At 1430 I had a short ride with Edwina on Panda and I rode Tabu. Pammy had been letting her ride in a pair of spurs on jodhpur boots so I leant her a delightful pair of sambhur skin high heeled boots that Edwina used to ride in, and a better pair of spurs, and she got on extremely well and looked very sweet.

Patricia, John, Norton, Amanda, Phi, Nicky and Timmy arrived by car just in time for tea with Nannie. She is spending her 30th Christmas with the family and is 86 years old. What a remarkably faithful charming person she is. Patricia is still suffering from glandular fever and feeling rather exhausted and not very well but insists on carrying on because it is Christmas; I only hope she doesn't over to it. David arrived after tea.

In the evening we had a tremendous "British Premiere" of the new fabulous film "King Kong" with nearly forty in the audience. At a reputed cost of £M1 they had constructed a working model of an ape over 40 foot high. The film cost £M12 compared with only £M $\frac{1}{2}$ for the old "King Kong" film made about 30 years ago. It was very well made and quite amusing.

We had great trouble over the film operators because Bill Yeates was in bed with 'flu and he and his wife usually run the cinema; however, his son-in-law, Doug Parvin, came to the rescue with young Andrew Moncur.

It was a good beginning to the family week.

THURSDAY, 23RD DECEMBER 1976

It was an overcast but calm and dry day to-day and ideal for shooting. We held our first family shoot including Phi and the twins, and Derrick Fowler, the Farm Manager, and Bill Hughes, a member of the firm Austin and Wyatt who are our agents and he is the one who deals with the problems at Broadlands two or three times a week and is very helpful. The bag was 218 pheasants (total 223).

Amanda fetched Dodo Brabourne from Southampton by car in time for tea.

FRIDAY, 24TH DECEMBER 1976

At 1000 we gave the usual Christmas Boxes to the indoor staff, stable staff, gardeners, and heads of departments. Afterwards I rode with Amanda, Edwina and Ashley. The latter bravely rode that awful pony of Amanda's, Rebel, who went twice with Ashley into a large puddle of water.

After lunch we prepared the children's Christmas presents which always takes quite a long time. Then we all had tea together and waited for Michael John's arrival from work. He arrived at tea time and so we were all together at last with the exception of Joanna who is spending her Christmas at the family farm in Western Australia. She rang up in the morning and everybody including myself and Dodo managed to have a brief talk with her. She is, of course, feeling very homesick and we miss her a lot as she is such a sweet girl.

John, Norton and Michael John took sound 8 mm films with the new flood light, which Michael John is giving me for Christmas, of the children opening their presents amidst great excitement.

SATURDAY, 25TH DECEMBER 1976

Christmas Day and at 0950 I drove with the entire Hicks family to Romsey Abbey for the Christmas Day Sung Eucharist Service. We arrived in good time and waited and waited for the Brabournes to arrive with Dodo. Dodo's watch had gone wrong and for the first time in her life instead of being a quarter-of-an-hour early she was five minutes late. So we started to walk in to the Abbey just as the choir entered and had to wait for the choir to file into their seats. Then we walked by the whole congregation in a rather embarrassed way to the family pews which were occupied by fifteen of us, that is all except Nannie. Then the main tremendous Christmas Day procession started.

At 1110 we all drove to Edwina Mountbatten House to wish all the inmates and staff a very happy Christmas. We all gathered round poor Frank who is getting so deaf and blind he hardly knows who is there but keeps on saying how happy he is and how grateful he is. He came to us first in 1924 when Patricia was born, and our recently retired butler, Charles Smith, came to us in 1929 when Pammy was born. He hopes to go with his wife to the Edwina Mountbatten Home one of these days, but at present he is helping in the house over Christmas.

Then we had our usual Christmas lunch in the

dining room with sixteen of us including Nannie, with crackers and general excitement.

Although Doug Parvin has now gone off on his Christmas holiday Daborn, the butler, persuaded his step-son, Nicki, Mafalda's son, and Andrew Moncur to show a film and they showed that delightful film about a vet called "All Creatures Great and Small". I must say there were so many excellent T.V. programmes they really rival the film shows in our cinema for popularity.

SUNDAY, 26TH DECEMBER 1976

I rode Tabu and Edwina continued her lessons on Randy and rode very well.

I should add that to save work in the house we have breakfast, lunch and tea in the shooting room - it is all a buffet help yourself organisation. We do, however, have dinner in the dining room with about ten of the older members of the family, which is a properly served meal and a great thrill for the younger generation.

I thought Lilibet's Christmas Day broadcast to the Commonwealth particularly good, and in fact T.V. went on for most of the day with large crowds in the Library to watch it.

MONDAY, 27TH DECEMBER 1976

This has been taken by most people as Boxing Day though there has been a bit of a muddle as far as I can make out and others had been celebrating Boxing Day yesterday although it was a Sunday.

We had another lovely shooting day; this time Michael John joined the family making all six Knatchbulls, including John, shooting although the twins did not draw a number in the line but stood in front of the line and I might add pinching most of the birds. In fact the twins between them shot well and extraordinary to relate fifteen between them on each day making thirty in all - half each. A fine performance. I myself got 30 pheasants and it was a very amusing day with a bag of 302 pheasants (total 307). We had the two North boys, Simon and Jeremy, as usual to shoot on this day.

In the evening we saw on television the famous film "Tora, Tora, Tora" the story of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour.

After that was over I gathered the family in the Wedgewood Room to tell them of my time in Pearl Harbour in October some seven weeks before the actual attack as I of course knew all the main Americans in the story. We had to go to the Wedgewood Room as Norton curiously refused to give up seeing the television News by himself in the Library.

TUESDAY, 28TH DECEMBER 1976

Norton, Michael John and Philip went out duck flighting from 0630 to 0930 and succeeded in getting 31 duck.

From 0930 to 1340 we held the usual Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting in the Wedgewood Room. Patricia got up later on to take part in the Amenity items on the agenda as usual. I must

say she is extraordinarily brave the way she carries on in spite of glandular fever, feeling rather low but not showing it at all.

The twins went out shooting with Grass and got a total bag of 30.

David had Paul Hull, one of his staff, down for luncheon. I myself got bitten with the T.V. bug to-day and started off at 1515 by seeing that lovely musical "Gigi" (based on the character of my friend Yola) by Collette. We had a quick tea at 1730 and later showed the family talking films up to-date in the cinema, followed immediately by Programme 9 of my Television Series on 35 mm shown by Nicky and Andrew.

We then had a very quick dinner in order to go back at 2000 to see the James Bond film "From Russia With Love".

Michael John left to go back to London for work to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH DECEMBER 1976

Everybody departed to-day beginning at 0940 with John driving Dodo back to London. David left soon after; then Patricia drove the rest of her family off at about 1110, and Norton drove off to have lunch with Edward Montagu at Beaulieu.

After that I rode Tabu, Mary Lou rode Panda and Edwina rode Randy, and she and I gave Edwina another riding lesson. Edwina I must say is

getting on very well indeed. Afterwards Mary Lou and Birch and I had a long discussion with Pammy about how to get a children's pony for India which is quite a difficult problem.

At 1315 I had lunch with the Hicks, and at 1410 Pammy drove the three children, and Kimberley and me, to Britwell in my Jaguar. Meanwhile Peter Gutteridge, their driver, had come down to drive the luggage back in their Peugeot.

David had got back ahead of us and we had a very pleasant evening together watching T.V.

THURSDAY, 30TH DECEMBER 1976

Pammy very kindly drove me in my Jaguar over to Nether Worton House to have an hour-and-a-half's discussion with dear old George Schuster and his neighbour David Wills who came over. George is now 96 and his mind is as acute as ever. Lady Schuster also attended but didn't speak as she is far from well.

We got back in time for luncheon. David was working in London and came back at tea time.

FRIDAY, 31ST DECEMBER 1976

Pammy went to have her hair washed. I went for a walk with the two girls and two dogs, Kimberley and Bertie, to see David's new octagon house in the village.

We had lunch at 1245 and at 1340 David drove Edwina, India and Kimberley in their Peugeot

and Pammy drove Ashley and me in my Jaguar to Newhouse which we reached at 1620. All the Brabournes are here except Amanda who has gone off to visit friends in Wales, and Joanna is, of course, in Australia.

Patricia wisely went to bed fairly early but insisted on getting up to see the New Year in with the family round the T.V. set in the Study.

And so ends the monumental Diary for the year 1976 showing a typical year in my post retirement period. Next year I will only keep a Diary of my actual tours but my programme is already pretty full for the whole of 1977; I still seem to be doing too much but enjoying it and thriving on it.

It is wonderful to have such a delightful family and all ten of my grandchildren are absolutely enchanting. I am indeed a very lucky person and don't feel too lonely at Broadlands as Jack Barratt is a great companion and I have at least two long talks with him every day mainly about business, and I also have two rides a week with Mary Lou who is a most enchanting companion; very gay and very talkative, and great fun. And of course I see a lot of the family; and indeed in January I shall be going down to stay with Philip and Lilibet at Sandringham as usual which is always great fun. So I can't complain in spite of the economic difficulties which the country is facing and indeed which all of us are facing.

To-morrow, New Year's Day, we have the family shoot in the Park at Hatch, and I shall be

going back to Broadlands on Monday to try and catch up with the mountain of mail which I am sure will be awaiting me.

