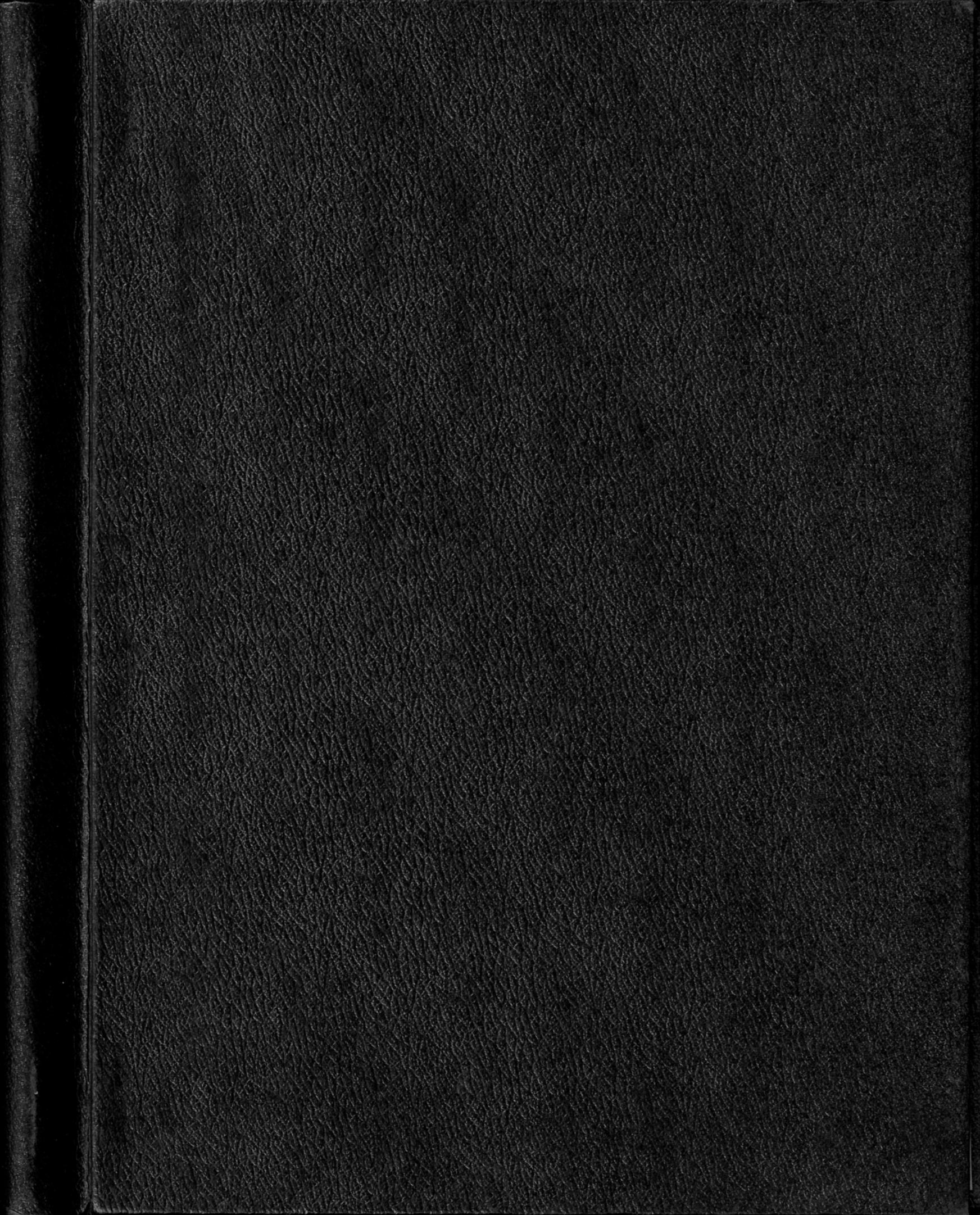


**Tour Diary of Lord  
Mountbatten,  
1978**

**MS 62 MB8/25**

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



FRIDAY 24th FEBRUARY 1978

I had breakfast in my bedroom at Broadlands at 0700 and at 0720 Stronach drove Jack Barratt, Mafalda and me to London Airport, Heathrow, which we reached at 0840.

I should explain that Mafalda, our housekeeper, had fallen down the steep stairs from the upper to the lower pantry and landed on her head. She was in considerable pain so we drove her up in the car and Stronach was to take her on to see Sir Charles Strong to fix her neck.

We got thoroughly lost finding our way to the Alcock and Brown VIP lounge because they keep changing the traffic arrangements. We finally got in behind a large convoy with a police car and on arrival found it was King Hussein of Jordan.

Norton and Joanna were already in the lounge waiting for us. I had understood they were being driven down by Ruff, the Brabourne chauffeur but in fact they were driven down by Norton's girl friend, Penny. I greeted her by saying I wasn't sure whether we were going to have a rough or smooth driver and I was glad it was the latter.

Then I took Norton and Joanna along to introduce them to my old friend, Hussein, who appeared to be delighted to see me again and we gossiped over old times in Jordan and the Gulf of Aquaba some 25 years ago, where I took him to sea in my flagship, the GLASGOW, and then transferred him by highline to my despatch vessel, the SURPRISE, for lunch with the family. He insisted that his Cabinet Ministers who were with him should also be transferred by highline. We laughed about that.

Then Norton sprung the exciting news that his father's next Agatha Christie film was going to be made in Petra where the original scene was set. I reminded the King that he himself organised our last visit to Petra and provided horses from the Arab Legion for us all to ride into the fabulous rock hewn city. Edwina, Patricia and Pammy were with me.

Onboard the British Airways 707 we found Toni Besse awaiting us. He and I had adjacent seats in the First Class compartment. The other three had seats together in the tourist class. We had half an hour to wait to get clearance for overflying France as NATO exercises were going on in that area, but we finally took off at 1000. During the flight the Captain invited me to come to the Flight Deck and I took Joanna with me.

A passenger came up and said he had been my pilot flying me to Christmas Island to witness the British Naval atomic bomb experiments, some twenty years ago.

The clocks were put on two hours and we landed at 1640 local time just half an hour late. At Cairo Airport we were met by the British Ambassador, Sir Willie Morris, Nur Al-Din Farghal and Chamberlain Rauf Abdin from the President's own staff. Daniel, the British Council representative, and Plumby, the First Secretary of the Embassy, also met us, with Ismail the Captain of my security guard.

We drove in a large motorcade, the early part of the route lined by guards with their backs to the passing cars in the best modern security manner. I drove with the Ambassador in his Rolls and two more cars followed with the rest of our party and a spare car in case of a breakdown. This proved to be a wise precaution because Norton and Joanna's car had a bad puncture, so they just changed over to the spare car.

Our police escort insisted on taking us down the wrong way in a one way street which was rather hair-raising. When we got to that lovely old British Embassy I was sad to see that the threat which has hung over it for so long had at last taken place and a main road had been driven between the banks of the River Nile and the Embassy gardens so we could no longer walk out through the gardens along the river bank. Otherwise the Embassy was as lovely and magnificent as ever.

I had last been at the Embassy in 1950 when I was in command of the First Cruiser Squadron flying my flag in the LIVERPOOL and came up to call on King Farouk. He insisted on returning my call and came down to Alexandria to have lunch onboard.

However, my first time here had been in June 1922 when we were coming back from the Indian and Far Eastern trip in the RENOWN with my cousin David, Prince of Wales. We left the ship at Suez and went up by train to Cairo and freshened up at the Embassy before driving to the Palace to have lunch with King Fouad.

The first time I went up to Luxor was when the Mediterranean Fleet was in Alexandria in January 1928. I was FWA in the QE, my brother, Georgie, was the SGO in the BARHAM. We had our wives, Edwina and Nada, with us and the four of us went up to Luxor by train and stayed at the sumptuous Winter Palace Hotel.

I remember being in the Embassy at the time of the Cairo Conference with Winston Churchill, Roosevelt and Chiang Kai Shek. I arrived a day ahead as they were delayed. I was invited by the Embassy Minister, Terence Shone, to call on King Farouk who had been virtually ignored by the Allied leaders. He said he was overjoyed to see me again and reminded me he had come to call on Edwina and me at our penthouse on top of Brook House at the time of Bertie's and Elizabeth's Coronation in 1937.

On the occasion of the conference I met King George II of Greece and took the opportunity of walking in the garden of the Embassy to discuss with him the future of my nephew, Philip. I said I knew it was his father, Andrea's wish that he should make his career in the Royal Navy and not in the Greek Navy because he felt that the continuation of the monarchy in Greece was too uncertain. This, of course, meant his taking British nationality and renouncing the throne and I got Georgie of Greece to agree to this while walking in the garden.

This time after tea on Friday I had a discussion about the meetings we were holding with the Egyptian authorities tomorrow. The Ambassador, Toni Besse, Daniel and Plumbly were there and it was a very valuable discussion. Dinner was private and informal at 2015 and Toni Besse, who was living in a hotel nearby, came back for the dinner.

I was touched to receive a long and enthusiastic letter from the mother of one of our students at the Pearson United World College. She wrote "My son, Karim Henein, an ex-student of the Jesuits College in Cairo, was selected last year as the Egyptian student at the Pearson College. He is so happy there and fascinated about the intelligent new way of education and studying and he writes 'this is a new world! This year I have learnt more than I ever did!'

Karim is so excited about the different activities and sports he practices; skiing, diving, sea rescue, tennis, football, etc. During his free time he and his mates built a boat that they sold for the benefit of their College.

There is such an atmosphere of understanding, brotherhood and love between the teachers and students as well as the students themselves that my son feels at home. He realises that there are no differences between races or religions and that happiness was love."

SATURDAY 25th FEBRUARY 1978

At 0830 we all four had breakfast in my enormous bedroom. It was another lovely clear sunny day. At 0900 Toni Besse came in for further discussions before our meetings today.

The Ambassador was supposed to be accompanying me all the morning but excused himself as Cyprus has asked the British if they will look after their diplomatic interests on the withdrawal of their own Ambassador from Cairo with his staff. President Sadat had decided to throw them out and more or less terminate diplomatic relations because he is so furious at what happened at the abortive attempt by the Egyptian Commandos to intervene in the hijacking incident at Larnaka.

It had seemed that the Egyptians had behaved very foolishly about trying to intervene when the Cypriots announced that they had come to terms with the hijackers who were about to release the hostages when the Egyptian Commandos attacked.

It now transpires that there was a good likelihood that the Cypriots would have turned the terrorists over to the Palestine Liberation Organisation so that they would have escaped. Anyway poor Sir Willie Morris was now having to wear two hats and the Cyprus hat is going to be a fairly uncomfortable one. He sent his Councillor, Moon, to represent him and look after me.

At 0940, Jack and I left with him, Daniel and Ismail, the Chief of my security staff. We had a police motor cyclist with a siren and we were followed by a car full of security men with sten guns. Then after that came a second car with Jack and Toni in it.

At 1000 we arrived at Cairo University which I remember when it was called the Fuad University, the first time I visited the city in 1922. I was met at the main entrance by Doctor Shawfik Balba'a, the Secretary of the Higher University's Council. He and his staff led me up to his office where we had a really excellent meeting. What a splendid man Balba'a turned out to be. He had been well briefed by Daniel before with the result that we had a most intelligent dialogue.

Shortly after 1030 he conducted me across the main hall to the office of Doctor Sufi Abu-Talib, the Director (now called President) of Cairo University. He and his staff gave me a very warm reception and we had an extremely useful discussion for half an hour. At the end of this he gave me a souvenir of the University and each of us was given a small medal on a green ribbon of the University. He came to see me off the premises and we drove back to the Embassy.

Here we relaxed a bit in the sunshine and at that moment the gates were unlocked and opened and an enormous car came in which turned out to have Norton and Joanna and Abdin.

It appears that Abdin so far from being helpful had practically refused to let them do any sightseeing unless they gave him notice of where they wanted to go. When they went to see a mosque it took him about half an hour to make the arrangements to see it so they spent most of the morning with a friend of Norton's and decided to leave the sightseeing till later.

I asked to be shown the magnificent ballroom which Field Marshal Lord Kitchener had insisted on having built to increase the ceremonial and pomposity of his residence. Those were the days when the British ran Egypt completely and when the Khedive was more or less controlled by us.

There is a slightly smaller ballroom within the main house itself and so they have turned over the Kitchener ballroom to the Visa department. Up to 50,000 Egyptians apply for visas every year to go to the U.K. They are only allowed to go as visitors, not to settle down and work. This means that investigations have to be made into every case and so they have eight additional staff from the Foreign Office during the tourist season to help the local Embassy staff deal with all these applications.

Then we relaxed in the sunshine again and at 1145 the Ambassador returned after a reasonably satisfactory meeting with the Cyprus Ambassador from whom he was taking over. Joanna and Norton went off on a further sightseeing trip and at 1150 the rest of us, including our Ambassador, drove to the Ministry of Education. There we were met by the Deputy Minister of Higher Education, Doctor Abdul Ghani Mahmoud, who was to Chair the meeting I had asked for in the absence of his Minister, who was on an official visit to Riyad.

He was assisted by Mansour Hussein, the junior Deputy Minister of Education. Balba'a was there and very helpful. The Canadian Ambassador, Dery and Gavin Green, of Barclays International Bank, also attended, the latter had given the fellowship for the Egyptian teacher at St. Donat's. Three excellent women, headmistresses of the most important girls schools, were present. One of them had retired and, in fact, was with the senior correspondent of El Akhram when he was assassinated in Cyprus recently, which started all the present troubles. Daniel and Plumby were also present and one or two other important Egyptians.

We began by showing the excellent COI film which was made for the UWC in Africa and which I had shown in the English version at Nairobi. This time they gave us a version dubbed into Arabic which went over well.

After that I gave an introductory talk about the origins of the UWC and the IB and then invited Toni to speak. After this I asked the Chairman to throw the meeting open to general discussion which became lively. Then I asked if the Canadian Ambassador could be invited to speak and when he had finished the three headmistresses started asking questions.

I proposed that the Minister of Higher Education should nominate the Chairman of the newly founded Egyptian National Committee and hoped it would be either himself or his colleague. I suggested that they should pick as Secretary, one of the staff from the Ministry of Education and that the Committee should include everybody at the meeting. This was agreed.

There is one stupid difficulty which is as matters stand that even though any one of our students with the IB diploma can go to an Egyptian University, if he wants to go into Government Service he has to go back and do a year at school in Egypt. The excellent Balba'a volunteered to try and straighten this out and there was a general assent to this.

I told the meeting that this was the 25th country in which I had personally set up a UWC National Committee and I thought that this meeting had gone better than in any other country. I said I was going to Luxor and Aswan but would be back in time for a further meeting on Saturday if they felt it was necessary to discuss further matters.

We arrived back at the Embassy and sat with Lady Morris on the veranda in the sunshine and then had lunch on the big ground floor veranda. We rested after lunch a bit and at 1530 we set off shopping. We went to the Soukhs with Norton and Joanna as well as, of course, Jack, Toni and Abdin, etc. We bought quite a lot of souvenirs mainly in the silver shop.

I told Joanna that I would like to give her a present for her 23rd birthday on the 5th March and she chose a rather nice but simple djellaba, a blue and white striped glorified nightgown, such as all the Egyptians wear. It was so cheap I asked her to buy herself another gift as well.

We got back rather exhausted about 1800 and rested and repacked for the Nile trip. I had a bath and changed back into my other plain clothes suit as dinner jackets are not worn nowadays in Egypt. The ladies, however, all wore long dresses. We were down punctually on parade at 2030, just as the first guests were beginning to arrive. There were 22 for dinner, including the former Prime Minister and former Vice President of Egypt, who was born a couple of months after me.

From our point of view the most important guests were the Chef de Cabinet to the President, Hassan Kamel and his wife. She sat next to me. He had made all the arrangements for our trip and had been of great help to Norton over the film. It was nice to see my old friend, Rear Admiral Fuad Zikry and his wife. He reminded me he had been my liaison officer during the visit of the First Cruiser Squadron to Alexandria when I was flying my Flag in the LIVERPOOL in February 1950.

The Canadian Ambassador and Mrs Dery, the Singapore Ambassador, Mr and Mrs Ram Vij, were useful people at dinner because, of course, we have United World Colleges in Canada and Singapore. Mrs Dery was a most amusing Mexican lady who used to belong to the Charras and had lots to tell about them.

The charming and remarkable Mrs Mursi Saad Ed Din was there with her husband, the head of the State Information Services. She is the headmistress of a remarkable co-educational school in Cairo and made friends with Joanna because of her interest in the

United World Colleges and I think was inveigled her into giving a lecture to her students on Saturday. It turned out to be a very interesting dinner party beautifully done.

SUNDAY 26th FEBRUARY 1978

We set our alarm clocks to 0510 and at 0530 Lady Morris made some hot tea for us. At 0550 we bade au revoir to them as we shall be seeing them again on Thursday after our Nile trip. The Ambassador left 5 minutes before us to see the Cypriot Ambassador off.

Our police escort took us by a quicker route and we arrived at the airport before him at 0640. There was a large official party to see the Cypriot Ambassador off but we kept well out of the lime-light. In any case our aircraft, a fine European air bus A300, only took off at 0750.

We landed at Luxor at 0840 where we were met by the Mayor and taken to the VIP lounge of the Egyptian Air Force station. As soon as our luggage had been sorted out we set off in a procession of cars to the Winter Palace Hotel where Georgie, Nada, Edwina and I stayed in 1928. It was another glorious day; not a cloud in the sky.

When we got to the hotel I found that an ultra modern extension had been built on to it. We were taken up to third floor rooms where we changed out of our town clothes into tourist rig and then went for a walk along the banks of the Nile and did a bit of shopping. The Nile steamer, on which we boarded at 1200, is called the OSIRIS.

She and her sister ship ISIS were built in 1964 and are really luxurious. There are 72 commodious double cabins but being guests of the President the second bed was stowed away. Accommodation has to be booked up to two years ahead there is such a large waiting list even though the tickets cost £486 per passenger per trip.

I gather that yesterday the protocol department told the owners that they were to declare they had overbooked six cabins and six unfortunate passengers were presumably turned off. The two extra cabins being for our protocol liaison officer, Chamberlain Rauf Abdin and his assistant. He had served in the Egyptian Marines and was obviously from a wealthy family and a well turned out good looking, well educated young man, who looks after us very well.

At 1300 we had luncheon onboard. At 1540 we set off in open horse drawn cabs for the 20 minutes drive to the Karnak Temples. Fifteen of us were allocated in a group to their chief guide, Achmed, who had shown Patricia, John and Norton round the sights on their recent trip, and who apparently was on holiday but he came back specially to look after us. He had spent ten years in England and was obviously an educated and intelligent man.

I was amazed to find how Luxor had grown in the 50 years since I was here. In those days it was a delightful village of some 300 inhabitants, now there are 3,000 inhabitants with a lot of rather ugly modern houses. Luxor was the ancient Thebes, one time capital of Egypt. The Karnak Temples were started under the Pharaohs of the XI Dynasty but enlarged, rebuilt and decorated with added splendour under the Pharaohs of five of the following dynasties.

We entered through an avenue flanked each side by dozens of huge recumbent statues of the sacred rams with lion bodies, a variant of the Sphinx with a human head. A huge gateway, which they refer to as a pylon, between the first and second forecourts had memories for Norton.

The most fascinating part of this complex was the Hypostyle Hall with 134 huge columns which were covered by a roof on each side but of course the roof had disappeared long ago. We recognised this place from the James Bond recent film "The Spy Who Loved Me".

This was enclosed by the third pylon and a central forecourt had obelisks of Tutmosis and then we followed the 4th, 5th and 6th pylons to the Holy of Holies and on to the principal hall and the artificial sacred lake. Here we rested and had some refreshments.

We got back to the OSIRIS at 1800 having dropped Joanna off as we passed the Luxor Temple built by two Pharaohs. We got a very good view from the road which runs right alongside of the Temple and as the rest of us were feeling a bit tired we went back to the OSIRIS and arrived at 1800. At 1900 we had dinner in the fine dining room. At 2030 we were all exhausted and turned in.

MONDAY, 27th FEBRUARY 1978

We were woken by a gong at 0600 and at 0630 we met in the Lounge for breakfast. At 0700 we walked a hundred yards to where our ferry was waiting for us. About 140 from the OSIRIS crossed the Nile together to the Necropolis on the West bank, the City of the Dead, where all the important people in ancient history are buried. On landing we transferred to comfortable buses. Once more our specially selected party was taken by Achmed and Rauf Abdin.

As we approached the Valley of the Queens we suddenly came across the two Colossi of Memnon both of which represent Amenophis III seated in front of his funerary Temple. The Temple has long since been destroyed and disappeared but the two Colossi sit there magnificent in the middle of a field. They are some 60 feet high and I suppose if the Pharaoh had stood up he would have reached to a height of about 90 feet. His principal wife and mother stand each side rising no higher than his knee.

Norton took photographs of us three standing alongside the Colossi to give an idea of their size. We re-embarked and drove on up to the Queens Valley. We only entered one tomb here and paradoxically it was the tomb of a Prince. This was Amon Her Kopshef one of the sons of Ramses III. The tomb has the most beautifully preserved colours and one of the attendants had a board covered in tin foil with which he reflected the sun's rays all round to light up the colours. Its period was about 1170 BC and thus it was about 3,150 years old.

Next we drove on to see the Temple of his father, Ramses III. It had a typical layout of an Egyptian Temple for that period. There was a very big enclosure entered through a high pylon.

Norton was amused to see the remains of a specially light-weight stone which he had had constructed to be dropped, just missing the murder victim in the Agatha Christie film "Death on the Nile". The rest of us went into the courtyard and Norton climbed the pylon to take a photograph of us from the top.

Next we drove up the Valley of the Nobles where we visited the Tomb of Ramose. This turned out to have been restored about 1920 and was covered over, although the tomb appears to have been mainly above ground with an entrance to a lower chamber.

An attractive woman in the crowd came up and said "Hello Dickie, I am Kate". I gave her a kiss and said "Where is Sadri?" and she pointed to a bearded man, whom I hardly recognised, but who was in fact my old friend, Prince Sadrudin Aga Khan. He invited us to drinks onboard his boat at Luxor.

Our party re-embarked in our bus and drove to the little village of Qrna where we saw men at work with hand tools carving alabaster vases. We went into the neighbouring shop which had a display of alabaster objects, some very beautiful. Between us we bought about £35 of souvenirs which Jack got reduced by bargaining to about £25 and so must have been fairly good value.

I bought a vase, a little head of Queen Nefertiti, a Sphinx, a mummy in a sarcophagus and above all a number of rather beautiful and inexpensive eggs for Easter.

Finally, we headed for the Valley of the Kings. We saw an ancient guide who had been present when Howard Carter had actually discovered the Tomb of Tutankhamon in November 1922. He was working under the direction and patronage of old Porchey's father, Lord Carnarvon.

I can remember to this day the intense excitement caused throughout the world at this remarkable discovery which took place during our honeymoon in America. Never before had any tomb been discovered where the treasures hadn't been robbed by professional robbers thousands of years before. This tomb was in about the last place left undug between others and was comparatively small with only some 16 steps down and some four chambers. The young King only reigned for 9 years and died (probably assassinated) at the age of 18 so they obviously had to hurry up and make the tomb as quickly as they could as it had to be done in 70 days. Most of the cutting out must have occurred before but the preparation of the mummy and the storing of all the treasures took on an average 70 days. For some reason the robbers never got round to this tomb.

Having recently seen the remarkable collection of treasures on loan to the British Museum I found it difficult to believe they could all get into these four small rooms. When we realised however the bulk of the treasures are still in the Cairo Museum it is a miracle how they all fitted in and we look forward to seeing them.

We arrived at a rather interesting moment as the Chief Inspector of Antiquities from Cairo had arrived with some of his staff to take photographs and measurements of the inner sarcophagus in which the mummy of the King still lies as they are afraid to move it in case it is damaged.

We had a rest and refreshments at the new guest house not far from this tomb and then we went up to visit the tomb of Seti I. It was one of the most elaborate and interesting tombs in the Valley. Its date is about 1200 BC and it is in perfect order although practically everything had been stolen.

Achmed gave us a lecture on the endless struggles which went on between the tomb architects to stop the tombs being robbed and the tomb robbers determined to defeat the architects' various devices. The Tomb of Seti I had nearly all the devices but was still finally robbed.

As we had to descend some 330 feet our over anxious party started trying to persuade me not to go down. I promised to walk slowly and carefully and if necessary rest. Anyhow I went down without any difficulty at all. The place where the actual mummy rested was going to be investigated still further as quite recently an old tunnel was discovered. However, when they got some distance along the rocks were so loose from the roof it was dangerous to go on so they stopped further digging at the present.

On our tour programme we should now have visited the Tomb of Ramses VI, but I was persuaded by the others to have some more refreshment. During this time I noticed that Joanna was missing and discovered she had been down with the rest of our party to this tomb while Norton and Jack had stayed with me to try and persuade me not to do another tomb. I felt rather double crossed but she is a real enthusiast.

Our last visit of the morning was to the funerary Temple of Queen Hatchepsut near the Temple of Deir El Bahari. Some 20 years ago the Polish Government Archaeological Department obtained permission to restore this remarkable Temple and have been working on it ever since. One can now see pretty well what it will be like when it is finished in another few years.

It was built in a unique site at the upper end of a fairly wide valley with three terraced tiers each with square pillars. It had been the Queen's ambition to tunnel through the remaining few hundred feet into the Valley of the Kings and thus she would have been the first Queen to have direct access into the Valley of the Kings. However, the rock had turned out to be too hard and the tunnel was never completed. We saw the various big stones laid out in rows numbered carefully to decide how they should be put back in the restoration.

Then we re-embussed and drove down to the landing where we were taken across in a different ferry boat and one very dear to Norton's heart, as he had chartered it for the film company as their kitchen and restaurant having flown out all the kitchen equipment from London.

I must say we have all been most impressed by Norton's tales of his experiences during his recent five months working on the film, as they come out quite modestly at different times. He showed us for instance in the Temple of Karnak where he had walked across a very narrow stone bridge between two of the 70 feet high huge columns just to make sure it was safe for others to follow and even then some hadn't got the courage to follow him.

When we got back onboard the OSIRIS two Egyptians fell on him and practically kissed him. It turned out that one was the leader of the second "Mafia" who had appeared to be the most honest of the two. The leader of the chief Mafia openly threatened that if he didn't pay blackmail his body would be found floating face down in the Nile.

He also told us that the Chief of Police of Luxor had demanded £500 personal gift before he would supply the policeman. Norton went back to Cairo and saw the Government officials with whom he was well in and the Chief of Police was told to provide all the police necessary and to guard Norton against the threats of the senior Mafia chief. It all went off so well that on Norton's birthday last October, the second Mafia chief had prepared a big birthday party for him as a surprise.

We got back for lunch at 1315 and afterwards retired to bed as all of us were exhausted. At 1800 we went by car to visit Sadri and Kate in the two boats they had chartered which were lying alongside each other. They are not very big but very comfortable and well arranged. They gave us drinks and we had a gossip.

I took the opportunity of thanking him for having arranged my visit to Egypt through Sadat basically for me to discuss the formation of an Egyptian National Committee of the UWC but especially for this delightful trip as a guest of the President.

At 1845 we drove on to the Temple of Karnak to see and hear the "Son et Lumiere" performance. I have attended two or three before and found this was the best. The sound was magnificent, the lighting changes intelligent and I discovered for the first time what a very vast area the complex of Temples of Karnak covers. We penetrated right to the further end beyond the sacred lake. There was a crowd of perhaps 2,000 who had paid for tickets to enter and we all moved on together from one courtyard to another while the "Son et Lumiere" told their story in sound and light. What made it so special was the glorious blue sky with the stars. We got back at 2045 and sat down for a late dinner and immediately afterwards we went to bed pretty exhausted.

TUESDAY 28th FEBRUARY 1978

The OSIRIS sailed at 0200 and at 0600 we passed through the locks of Esna. I was awake looking out of the enormous window in my cabin which is about 8' by 4', the biggest square port I have ever seen so near the water line!

At 0700 we landed at Esna and Norton was delighted to see the MEMNON which he had chartered for the external scenes of "Death on the Nile" moored by the bank. She was considerably smaller than the OSIRIS but the right period pre-war and a paddle steamer. Norton pointed out the alterations they had made and we agreed to go onboard on our return from a visit to the Temple which was just about to start. We took some photos.

We walked through the streets of Esna, past myriads of street vendors and I was delighted to see a snake charmer with his cobras operating in the street.

Suddenly we came to a large Temple almost completely sunk below street level. This was the Temple of Esna, dedicated to the God Knum, the potter. It was built in the 18th Dynasty (about 1400 BC) and then rebuilt under the Greeks by Ptolemy VI about 180 BC. About AD100 the early Egyptian Christians known as the Copts used the Temple and stained the interior with the smoke from their fires and lamps. Gradually sand started covering the entire Temple finally to a depth of nearly 30 feet. This saved it for the future but at the moment causes embarrassment.

Then in the 19th century when the French rediscovered the Temple it was only possible to dig out the main Hypostyle Hall which rose to above the level of the sand. The other courts and adjuncts to the Temple are undoubtedly buried beneath the sand on top of which the town has grown up. Thus until it is possible for the Government to persuade the inhabitants to move out to allow digging to recommence the full extent of the Temple cannot be revealed.

Our guide, Achmed, was as usual full of amusing anecdotes and made the whole visit very interesting. He had lived for some eight or nine years in Upper Wimpole Street and was extremely colloquial. He only tripped up once when he referred to the clay on the wheeler's pot?

We walked back to where the steamers lay and found to our disappointment that the 'film' ship, MEMNON, had left so we never actually got onboard to examine her but we had had a very good look from the shore.

Esna is the home of the Djellabha and they are reputed to be the best and the cheapest. At all events I couldn't resist buying a very lovely green one for about half the price in Cairo.

At 1000 the OSIRIS sailed. We all went up and sunbathed by the little swimming pool on the upper deck. It was really delightful to see these banks of river slip by covered in palms and vegetation and one could see the yellow desert starting again not very far away on each side.

At 1300 we arrived at Edfu having had lunch under way. We rested for an hour and at 1400 when we left the ship we found her sister ship, the ISIS had arrived on her return trip. We knew that John and Aliki Russell were onboard, but we couldn't wait as the entire OSIRIS party were setting off in horse cabs through the town of Edfu to the outskirts where the great Temple of Horus was located. Horus was the ancient Egyptian falcon headed God and he is usually represented with a human body and a falcon head but sometimes is represented as an entire falcon with the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt on its head. In this Temple it was the whole body of the bird with the crown that was mainly seen.

The Temple was begun some 2200 years ago in 237 BC. It had gradually been covered by 60 feet of sand which had preserved it marvellously, so that it is the most perfectly preserved ancient Temple in Egypt. The dimensions were huge. The entrance was through a vast single pylon 260 feet wide and 120 feet high and there were complete strong tall outer walls to a length of 600 feet. The whole of the Temple buildings were inside the perimeter walls and, of course, well preserved.

On our way back I realised I had to make up my mind about the ridiculous "Fancy Dress Party" tonight. I either had to be stuffy and just wear a suit or join in the fun and as I saw a man selling some rather nice djellabhas I bought a cheap one to wear tonight. By 1600 we were back onboard and sailed at once for Komombo.

At 2000 we assembled in the lounge for the "Fancy Dress Competition" in which we did not take part, though we were all four turned out smartly in djellabhas. At 2100 there was a prize giving and then we queued up for a buffet dinner at 2130.

It was rather awkward because we queued near the end of the line but they refused to open the doors until we went in first. We brought the food back into the lounge to eat and at 2200 there was a small concert given by the ship's company. There was a comic turn of the village barber followed by a take off of nubian dancing which was fun. Joanna and Jack were pulled away from us to take part in the dancing but Norton and I stayed firmly put. We arrived at Komombo at 2200 and berthed just below the famous Temple.

WEDNESDAY 1st MARCH 1978

We had breakfast at 0730 and at 0800 walked the short distance to the Temple of Komombo. It is the only double 'back to back' Temple in Egypt. It was started by Ptolomy V about 205 BC and wasn't finished even under the Romans. It is dedicated partly to Sobek, the crocodile-headed God and partly to Horus, the falcon-headed God. What was interesting was that in the carved panels they had a complete set of their surgical instruments which looked modern and were recognisable. In one locked up store room there were half a dozen crocodile mummies and even the mummy of a priest. When we came to the Hypostyle Halls there were panels containing a calendar with dates and lists of important days for offerings and what offerings were to be made on each day. On the way out we came across a charming baby donkey and a minute baby kid and a small herd of camels grazing.

We got back to the OSIRIS at 0945 and sailed almost immediately for Aswan. We five collected for sunbathing by the ship's small swimming pool which is quite usable but it wasn't really hot enough for us. We had an early lunch at 1200 and at 1330 we arrived at Aswan. On arrival a pleasant Brigadier in uniform called on behalf of the Governor and it turned out he was the Deputy Chief of the Police of the District. He said the Governor offered me the use of his boat and looked forward to calling on me in the evening when we were going to be in the Oberoi Hotel.

The other three in fact went off to the Oberoi Hotel to see Norton's friends as he had stayed often in the Hotel. I rested until 1600 when they came back and we then went off in the Governor's launch to Kitchener's Island. The great Field Marshal, Earl Kitchener of Khartoum was a great botanical enthusiast and he had chosen a fairly small fertile island to plant a splendid variety of tropical trees about a century ago so it was now at the peak of its beauty.

From here we went on by the boat to the Residence of the Begum Aga Khan, widow of my old friend. I had known her predecessor, Andre, quite well but had only met this wife once or twice. However, Sadri had telephoned to her to say we would call so we had to go. We laned at the bottom of the garden and walked up between rows of hollyhocks of immense size, one or two of them were really about 10 feet high.

She met us at the house and gave us drinks. She said that her late husband had bought the house from a British Major General of the Indian Army who had built it. Alas, the Aga Khan had died within a couple of years of buying the house.

Rauf Abdin amused us by completely monopolising the conversation talking to Her Highness in the most unctious way. Finally, when I suggested we should go and see the mausoleum she built for her husband, she insisted on coming up with us although it was up a steep slope. Luckily there were steps built into it but as she suffered from heart trouble I was rather worried, so we went very slowly and sat down at intervals. While sitting on one of the seats Joanna asked her why the island opposite us was called Elephantine Island or Elephant Island. She said "Look carefully at the rocks" and when we did so from where we were we could almost see the full front of an African elephant with his trunk and legs facing us out of the grey granite rocks.

The mausoleum itself was based on a small one in Cairo and was charming. It was built out of 60,000 hand carved Egyptian stones. The only thing imported was white marble from Carrara for the sarcophagus itself and the window frames. Everything else came from Egypt and all the work was done by Egyptian Muslims without any machinery. It is now a place of pilgrimage for all Muslims particularly of Ismailia branch of which the Aga Khan was the spiritual head. We took off our shoes and walked round inside and came out just as the sun was setting.

We walked back to the landing stage and at 1745 we embarked and went on upstream between the dramatic little rock islets which cause the cataract, and had a closer view of Elephantine Island. We landed and drove past the old Cataract Hotel which Norton had painted to smarten it up as the old paint was pealing off. He also pointed out the site where he had had a gigantic head, about sixty feet high built at the request of the Director, Guillerman. It cost £40, 000 and at the end of it all they gave it to the authorities as a farewell present.

We discovered afterwards that the town had broken up this tremendous head and were using the steel and concrete for other purposes. Norton accepted it very gracefully and later still we discovered that all the scenes shot in front of the head, except one, had been left on the cutting room floor.

At 1900 we walked from the OSIRIS to the Oberoi landing stage but unfortunately arrived just as their regular boat had left. However, it came back by 1915 and only took a couple of minutes to go across to Elephantine Island to the landing stage of the Oberoi Hotel. Here we were met by the Manager, Mr Misra, and the remarkable Indian Housekeeper, Mrs Ayer. Although apparently the Government have put up the money for the Hotel it is managed entirely by the Oberoi company and Indians.

Various VIPs, including the Begum, were at the dinner. While they were having drinks in the State Conference Room we were shown round the Hotel and were very impressed by it. The living accommodation is confined to three storeys well laid out but there is a lift up to a tower to what would be the tenth storey which has a marvellous large room with an excellent view over Aswan. This was where Norton had organised the film company's administrative headquarters.

At dinner Mrs Ayer pointed out to us six rather disconsolate looking people at one table. She told us that these were the six who had been kicked out of the OSIRIS by the Egyptian Government to make room for us. In fact, the way she knew that we were onboard was that they were asked specially if they could provide rooms for them. She said their Hotel was full, and they would not normally have bothered, but as they had been displaced by a former Viceroy of India she felt that the least that the Indian Management could do was to offer them good accommodation at the Oberoi Hotel'.

We left at 2130 to meet the Governor who had come to call. He presented us with plaques and medals and gave a little necklace to Joanna. On our way out we were introduced to the sister of King Khalid of Saudi Arabia who is staying in the Hotel and on her way back in.

We went across by boat and were driven to the Cultural Hall for a display of Nubian dancing. This had been arranged by the Governor and the front row seats had been replaced by armchairs for ourselves and our hosts. I must say the show was very entertaining. There was a ravishing young beauty who was leading the chorus and although I was very sleepy she kept me awake. At 2330 we returned to the OSIRIS.

THURSDAY 2nd MARCH 1978

This was one of those days when we were expected to be early for everything and then kept waiting. We particularly wanted to go and see Abu Simbel but this had not been in the programme. However, as usual people were turned off the aeroplane to let us go.

After an early breakfast at 0650 we left for the Airport driving over the old dam which Edwina's grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, had been mainly responsible for financing. Just beyond it we could see the new high dam which had caused all the terrible trouble when Foster Dulles had decided the Americans wouldn't pay their share and the British went along with him. In a fit of indignation Nasser then nationalised the Suez Canal which brought about the Suez troubles. Now the high dam has prevented the silt coming down to the Delta and refertilizing it, so the dam may be a disaster in disguise.

For once we were allowed to go into the main hall and had settled ourselves down and were fascinated to look at our fellow tourists when with many apologies we were taken to the VIP lounge which had been especially opened up. Joanna protested as she thought it was more fun with the rest of the tourists. However, it was just as well we were separated because that made it easier for us to get out and take our seats in the aeroplane. There is no doubt that the last people in the queue failed to get on, in fact I believe about twenty missed their flight through overbooking.

At 0830 we took off and landed at Abu Simbel, 180 miles South East of Aswan and near Wadi Halfa at the second Cataract. We flew over the newly formed Lake Nasser. This was the second time I had seen a great artificial lake created by building a dam. The last time was when we visited the Kariba Dam between Northern and Southern Rhodesia and here the islands had trees and, of course, a lot of wild game which had to be removed. On Lake Nasser they just consist of sandy hillocks, so far as we could see.

The Aswan high dam, which had been cancelled by the Western Powers in 1956 was taken over by the Russians who financed it. It was started in 1960 and soon it became obvious that the waters were going to rise to such a height that they would submerge the famous Temples of Abu Simbel.

UNESCO, with unanimous world approval, took over the job of moving these two Temples to a height of nearly 200 feet above their present location at a cost of £15 million. The operation began in 1964 and finished in 1968 but only just in time as the waters were lapping into the lesser Temple at the end. 2,000 workers were paid for by UNESCO.

At the entrance to the great Temple there were four colossi all of Ramses II: each were seated figures 65 feet high so that they would be nearly 100 feet high if they stood up. Their toes were about three feet long. The four huge statues were cut into 11 huge blocks and altogether some 20,000 tons of the Temples had to be moved up. An artificial dome 200 feet high was built on top of the new site and in this the Temple itself and its hall of pillars and small side rooms was re-created. Then the outside of the dome was piled high with rocks to make a rock hill to correspond with the one from which the Temple had been moved.

The original Temple had been carved out of the live rock and these figures had now, sadly, to be cut out and moved in eleven huge sections to re-create the Temple of Ramses II of the 19th dynasty (About 1300 BC).

The second figure from the left as one looked at them had suffered a terrible accident. The upper part of the body and head had fallen and lay at its own feet. I understand this occurred in the earthquake of 27 BC, more than two thousand years ago. The antiquarian authorities had decided to move the fallen bits as they were and replace them in exactly the same relevant position to the statue, instead of reconstituting the statue. I believe there was quite an argument about this and to my mind it would have been much better, while they were about it, to restore the statue as it originally was. The wives and children had life size statues and were clustered round the legs of the colossi coming up about to the knees.

We entered the great hall through the central entrance between colossus No. 2 and colossus No. 3. Inside the great hall there were two rows of four pillars each so carved that they seemed to support the roof which, of course, originally was just the mountain. But this time they had carved off enough of the stone above the pillars to form the original roof again. The pillars were 26 feet high and extremely wide. Against each of the pillars there was another statue of Ramses II, this time as the God Osiris.

The usual pictures were cut into the walls and were mainly devoted to showing his great victory against the Hittites. They were rather gruesome as some of the scenes showed Pharaoh beating and killing prisoners tied and manacled before him. There were small rooms leading off the central hall used as storage rooms for offerings, libraries and classrooms. The holy of holies was the furthest one back and here there were four sitting statues of Gods of the Temples, (including, needless to say, Ramses himself once more). They had been much damaged by the 1964 flood water for as I said they were a bit late in getting the work completed in time.

It appears that on two days every year, the 20th February and the 20th October, as it rises the sun shines through the various openings directly onto the heart of the holy of holies of the great Temple lighting up the statue of Ramses in the holy of holies. The new alignment has preserved this feature.

Next we went out and came in by a neighbouring little entrance into the great 200 feet metal hollow dome in which the Temple had been reconstructed. This was really fascinating to see. Above the dome, of course, was the reconstructed hill. We came out into the baking sun and a couple of hundred yards further on the smaller Temple built by Ramses for his wife Nefertari and in honour of the Goddess Hathor of music, dancing and love, had been reconstructed on the new level.

At the outside there were six smaller figures standing 33 feet high. Of the six figures, needless to say, Ramses appeared four times himself, each time flanking a single figure of Nefertari on each side of the main entrance. The Queen was represented by the Goddess Hathor herself which made it all rather confusing. Inside the central hall were six square pillars ornamented with the heads of the Goddess Hathor.

At 1045 we returned to the airport in our minibus and at 1140 our plane left for Aswan which we reached at 1200. From the airport we drove via a huge broken obelisk which Norton had particularly wanted us to see. We got out and it was well worth a visit. Some 4,000 years ago this exceptionally colossal obelisk which had been cut out of the living rock cracked, due to the incorrect procedure used by the man in charge of the work. He was immediately beheaded. We got back to the OSIRIS at 1300 and had lunch.

We rested a bit after lunch and then said goodbye to all the staff and distributed photographs and tips and then drove back to the airport where we once more were taken to the VIP Lounge. The regular aircraft was out of service so we took one which instead of flying direct to Cairo stopped at Luxor again. Here to our astonishment we saw the Russells in the queue about to board the aircraft. I went to the door of the aeroplane and greeted them and helped them to find places.

They told us later that they had been told there was no room in the aircraft but they insisted on going at the top of the queue and in fact were convinced that their party of six had displaced 6 others.

We departed at 1630 and landed at Cairo at 1900 where we were met by usual officials and then driven in a motorcade with Police escort to the Embassy which we reached just before 2000.

Lady Morris was waiting for us and suggested that we should have a bath and change and put back dinner to 2045. It was a very pleasant dinner because it consisted only of the two Morrises and the four of us. We had a good gossip and then went early to bed, fairly exhausted.

FRIDAY 3rd MARCH 1978

We all four had had breakfast in my huge bedroom. Commander John Manley, the Naval Attaché, took charge of us today and we went to the Cairo Museum. Rauf Abdin and our security officer, Ismail, joined the party with the usual police escort. We were met at the Museum by the Director, Mrs Sania Abdel Aal.

I told her I had been to the Cairo Museum in 1958 before the Tutankhamon treasures had been properly put on display and said I had really come to see them as I had been round the rest of the Museum before. This made no difference to her plans and she took us round all the places she wanted to show us which I must admit were interesting in themselves. When finally we got to the beginning of the vast hall where the Tutankhamon treasures were displayed, she walked us past the beginning quite quickly and when I said after a while "Do we get back there?" she said "Yes, we will" but, needless to say, when we got to the end we had really missed out the beginning. She led us down the main stairs but I insisted on going back to do the beginning again. It was well worth it because of the fantastic display which filled this gigantic hall and the jewellery in a large separate room. This was in addition to all the wonderful display at the travelling exhibition which I saw at the British Museum and which is now in America.

Tutankhamon's original tomb had to be produced in a great hurry for he had apparently been assassinated by having his skull cracked at the age of eighteen and the tomb itself could not have been finished by then so probably a tomb which was really being prepared for a high official was taken over. So there were only four comparatively small chambers, the smallest that we saw during our tour, and these four rooms contained this vast display of incredible jewellery, furniture and art treasures, including half a dozen chariots and three gilded wooden rooms which fitted one inside another like Russian dolls.

I was looking everywhere to see whether the stool, of which Edwina and I bought a reproduction in 1928, was there. Sure enough I found it prominently displayed. It was a little stool in ivory and dark wood, the seat was concave and thus comfortable to sit on. It had been one of the few authorised reproductions at that time and was quite expensive and I really must look for it when I get back to Broadlands.

Next we drove to Ghiza to look at the pyramids. Near them we passed the well known Hotel, Mena House, which was used for the Cairo Conference of November 1943 which I attended and at which Churchill, Roosevelt and Chiang-Kai-Shek were the main participants.

I must say I have seen these colossal pyramids over and over again and every time they impress me anew. I was delighted to see how deeply impressed Joanna was by them. However, we drove past the pyramids as we had an appointment at 1130 with the Director of the sun boat. On arrival we found all his staff were there wringing their hands and saying that the Director had left a few moments ago to attend his prayers but would be back after lunch if we would like to come back then. As the time had been arranged with the sun boat authorities weeks ago it was very odd. However, we filled in the time by going into the great pyramid of Cheops.

Its outline consists of four equilateral triangles on a square base, the four triangles being tilted inwards so their apexes join at a single point. The dimensions are 746 feet for each side, making a perpendicular height of some 450 feet.

2,300,000 blocks of stones, of which the smallest weighed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons and the largest 15 tons each, were used in the construction. Next door is the pyramid of Chephren the son of Cheops which is about the same size. Further on is the smaller pyramid of Mycerinus who was the grandson of Cheops.

The King's chamber is one third of the way up inside the pyramid. Access to the chamber had been completely blocked up when the King, Sarcophagus, had been deposited in it. Then the son of the famous Arabian Knights hero, Haroun-al-Raschid, arrived with a lot of soldiers, demanded entry and when it was found impossible he made his soldiers pick the huge stones out of the place where he understood the entrance had been sealed up.

A crowd was already in the passage up to the chamber of the King's tomb but the Director of the pyramids who was with us merely had the lights turned out and all the people turned round and struggled out with great difficulty with torches held by the guides. When they all came out complaining there were no lights we then went in and they turned the lights on for us. Even so we had to pass quite a lot of people who had been caught high up in the tomb.

It was quite a physical effort because most of the way one had to go on all fours and there must have been between three and four hundred metal rungs put across the narrow track so one wouldn't slip. The central chamber itself was 35 feet by 17 feet by 19 feet high and there were two 6 inch air shafts.

The Sarcophagus itself had been broken open and the mummy had been removed at an unknown time, so we soon turned round. Going down was almost as difficult as going up and the whole procedure took nearly three quarters of an hour.

At 1230 we drove on down to Saqqara which we reached after half an hour's drive. We were met at a special little house that had been built by the Egyptian antiquarian authorities for the British Archaeological Expedition team. We were met by the leader, Professor Martin, a good looking man of forty and a great enthusiast.

Unfortunately, a very strong wind had developed and there was quite a dust storm so we could hardly see the City of Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt which lay just below our house. Luckily they had a little open air veranda which was quite well sheltered. Martin and two of his associates gave us lunch and included our number two security guard so we were eight in all. The food was surprisingly good and we were very well looked after.

After lunch we walked over to the famous Step Pyramid of Saqqara which houses the tomb of King Zoser of the 3rd Dynasty, or more likely the 2nd Dynasty since the date of his death was given to us as 2720 BC. I think it would be helpful if I put a list of the commencing dates BC of each dynasty below:-

List of Dynasties before Christ

Pre dynastic period		5000
1st and 2nd Dynasties		3100
3rd to 6th	"	2686
7th to 10th	"	2181
11th and 12th	"	2040
13th to 17th	"	1786
18th to 20th	"	1567
21st to 25th	"	1085
26th	"	663
27th to 30th	"	535

Greek period after  
Alexander the Great  
conquered Egypt      333

Followed eventually by  
the Roman period and  
early A.D.

The Step Pyramid is of particular interest since it is the first known all stone building made by humans some 4,700 years ago and nearby is the first all stone house on which David based the designs for Savannah, their house in Eleuthera.

This pyramid has six huge steps and rises to a total height of 200 feet. There is an enclosure at its base 490 yards long by 295 yards wide and this also is the first attempt at any form of stone building. The entrance to the enclosure had been partially reconstructed by the French archaeological team. We saw the spot at which the King had to undergo the rejuvenation ceremony after 30 years on the throne.

He had to run a certain distance in a certain time and do other manly feats including we were told to show that he was still capable of begetting children.

We next walked down the causeway which is over half a mile long and was built to use on one day only, the day when the Pharaoh's sarcophagus was transferred from the place where it had been brought by water to the pyramid built for him not far from the Step Pyramid. Most of the causeway is in excellent condition though the roofing has come off in most of it.

We walked along the causeway and went down into the adjacent little valley where we were shown the tomb of a nobleman called Nefer, and his family, in good order which had the best colouring we had seen. Martin let us off going to see the site of his actual diggings because the dust storm was really too bad. I was sorry about this as I admire the work of the British Archaeological Expedition.

There are two British teams who each come out and do six weeks each year during the 'digging season' and are having quite a lot of luck as the Memphis Saqqara area was where the early Pharaohs are buried. He showed Joanna a really beautiful earring they had discovered recently, a very heavy gold one.

It is really amazing how the sand gradually engulfed all the tombs and rose to considerable heights along the base of the pyramids. This, of course, preserved them over the thousands of years until the nineteenth century when the sand began to be removed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary example of this we saw was at Luxor, where as we drove slowly past Luxor Temple we saw the Mosque of Abul Haggag which was built on the site of the Coptic Church which itself was built previously on the site of the sand engulfed ruins of part of the original Temple. It looks too odd to see three buildings one over another because the rising sand made the original builders in each case think they were building on the ground floor level.

We left at 1515 and in half an hour we had driven past the Pyramid of Cheops to the great Sphinx. Norton was keen to show us the exact angle from which they took their filming of the Sphinx, but when we tried to go into the enclosure at the side of the Sphinx a very officious old Arab refused to open the locked grill door to let us through. Our security officer showed his security pass but it made no difference.

Finally, John Manley, the Naval Attache, who has been out here two years and talks a surprising amount of Arabic, went up and in a few short words said we were personal guests of Sadat and he had better open up quickly. This did the trick and we were allowed in. The first time I saw the Sphinx the sand covered its paws but it has been excavated right down to its original base and I now saw that the tail itself embodies a series of steps for climbing up the Sphinx which is so huge.

Next we went on to the space between the pyramids of Cheops and Chephren where a structure that reminded me of the Vasa structure in Stockholm, but on a smaller scale, had been built. We entered and this time we were expected but the dear old Professor had gone out and arrived a couple of minutes later. He was a tubby little fellow with a goatee beard and a twinkle in his eyes. He spoke no English so we had to talk through interpreters. Professor Martin had told us he was the greatest Egyptologist reconstructor in the world. He had certainly done a staggering job.

Not very long ago somebody poking about discovered a large stone slab about ten feet long and two feet wide. On digging round it they found it was in the form of a beam, the first of a row of them covering a deep trench. As they removed the stone beams they discovered the remains of something or other consisting of wood, ropes and netting material, which the old Director decided formed a boat. They took all the bits out. Then he decided that he would have to go round and see what he could discover about how boats were built thousands of years ago before he could reassemble this one.

He spent some two years gathering his necessary information and then got all the bits laid out and put them together. He had to put them together three times to get them right but the third time every part fitted, like a jigsaw puzzle. He explained to us it was really a funerary boat though it had been given the name of the sun boat and was now known as such.

The boat is very long and narrow. The keel is curved up very high at each end, its length is 150 feet. There is a large deck house in which the body of the King was placed when it was taken from the nearby delta up to the site of the pyramid.

The Captain of the craft who evidently stood right aft had a small shelter, enough for two men. The steering was done by two oars right up in the bows. The interesting thing is that the only two new bits of wood introduced were two oars because the two old oars were bent and twisted, but the old oars are exhibited to show that everything was complete. Of course the ropes have all worn out so they have had to be made anew and there was no metal used in the boat at all. It really is absolutely fascinating to see a little ship 4,300 years older than the Vasa in Stockholm.

From here the Naval Attache guided us half a mile further along to the oddest sight we have seen in Egypt. It appears that the Japanese Government have got permission from the Egyptian Government to carry out a scientific experiment to see how the pyramids were built. The blocks used are only about two or three foot square and made of a fairly light material but some are also made of stone. They are placing the blocks by ramps, the old method the ancient Egyptians are believed to have used, to see what they can learn from this. The extraordinary thing is that they have been given 90 days in which to complete the construction and 90 days to examine the results and after 180 days they have to remove the whole little pyramid which I am told will cost over £1,000,000.

On the other hand I was told that a very sophisticated computer was asked to work out the best way of building the original pyramid of Cheops with practically no implements available and it turned out that the computer advised them to build it in exactly the way the ancient Egyptians actually did.

We got back to the Embassy at 1700 to meet two former UWC students. The Reverend Keith Fraser-Smith, who had been to St. Donat's in 1965, and a charming Egyptian girl called Zenaida Wagdy who had just completed two years at Pearson College in Canada. Both were very enthusiastic and promised to come and support us when we go to the school tomorrow. At 1800 I went up to rest while Jack, Norton and Joanna went out shopping once more.

At 2030 there was a pleasant dinner party which included the whole of the Russell family. John, Aliki, her son, Paul Anik Weiller and his wife, my cousin, Olympia, the daughter of 'Baby' Torlona, who herself was the daughter of Alphonso XIII. They had two nice Dutch friends with them and there were a number of local interesting guests.

SATURDAY, 4th MARCH 1978

We all four had breakfast at 0830 in my bedroom as usual and at 0940 we drove to the Almaza Egyptian Air Force Base near the International Airport. I told Norton and Joanna the story that we found in a dictionary of slang of the origin of the term 'VIP'. This stood for 'Very Important Person' and was first used at Cairo West by the Air Controller who had to send a signal giving the names of passengers in all aircraft. Apparently in October 1943 he sent a message to say 'Admiral Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia and a number of Very Important Persons (VIPs)'. This was because I had some very senior officers of the three Services with me in the aeroplane whom he decided to describe as 'VIPs'. When Norton and Joanna expressed incredulity, Jack Barratt came forward and said he had seen it in the dictionary.

The Ambassador came with us on this trip and at 1015 we embarked in a really super VIP helicopter of British construction and flew in the utmost comfort, sound proofed, to Ismailia Base where we landed two or three hundred yards from the Canal. We were met by two of the President's bodyguard in full dress on each side of the steps and a couple of ordinary soldiers in khaki. We were driven to what I am pretty sure was the old official Residence of the General Commanding the British Troops in Egypt, not the British Land Forces C-in-C of the Near East, who was senior to him.

We were met with the minimum of formality and shown into a pleasant simple large room where we all sat down and within a couple of minutes the door opened and one man walked in by himself and that turned out to be President Sadat himself. I introduced the party and he sat down and we had three quarters of an hour of the most interesting conversation. I really do admire him and I told him that in the UK everybody admired his courage, initiative and enterprise in trying to get the Israeli-Arab talks started again. He was obviously very pleased with this.

I did ask him what had happened about the Commando raid he sent into Larnaka in Cyprus. He said originally he had got permission to do the raid at Djibouti but that the hijacked aeroplane had flown off just before they could get there so they followed it up to Larnaka, landed without any problem and were asked by President Kyprianou to remain in the aircraft as he had the situation in hand.

By some means they were able to discover what negotiations were going on and when after ninety minutes the Commander of the Egyptian troops found that the Cypriots were proposing to give the two hijackers an air ticket and a safe conduct out of Cyprus he then stormed to the attack and both sides opened fire. Luckily the aeroplane was not set on fire and the hostages were in any case being released, but it did have the effect that the hijackers were then put under arrest. That was one of the conditions on which the Egyptian Commander insisted. So Sadat was very pleased about this.

I then initiated a full talk about the United World Colleges and the International Baccalaureate and said that with his permission we were going to set up a National UWC Committee in Egypt. I explained the proposed composition and he liked the idea. I asked him if he would honour us by being the Patron of the Egyptian Committee and he said he certainly would. I also brought a couple of books from Barbara Cartland to give to Mrs Sadat who she understood read her books. However, the President said "No, no, I shall read them first, I am a great fan of Barbara Cartland myself". He then suggested she might come out to Egypt and get some background information for writing one of her novels set in Egypt. I said I would pass on the invitation.

When we took off on our return flight at my request we flew up and down the Suez Canal for a bit and saw a convoy going through. I had been through it four times, the last two times in 1934 and 1935 I had handled the ship myself, as the Royal Navy alone had the privilege of the Captain taking his ship through and not the Pilot.

From the Almaza Base we only had to drive ten minutes to get to the 'El Nasr School'. This was originally called the 'English School' until the ghastly 1956 Suez debacle when, of course, all English names and French names were abolished so now it is called the 'El Nasr' school.

The delightful Headmistress, Mrs Mursi Saad al-Din met us and took us to her office to introduce us to the members of her staff and faculty. We were given tea by the students and then were taken to their great hall where she had assembled 150 senior boys and girls to see the film we had brought out with us followed by a very friendly speech by the Headmistress. Then Joanna explained what it was like to do the International Baccalaureate at St. Donat's and I made a brief speech. After that Zenaida Wagdy and Fraser-Smith both spoke and then finally Jack Barratt answered some of the more abstruse questions about the International Baccalaureate very well.

It was a most successful meeting and it is quite clear that we are going to get quite a lot of support from this school.

We got back to the Embassy at 1430 where Lady Morris had arranged light cold refreshments for us. We then rested and tidied up our final packing and left with the usual motorcade at 1700. We were taken to the VVIP Lounge where the Chief Chamberlain came to see us off on behalf of the President. The Ambassador himself drove me in his Rolls Royce.

At 1815 we embarked in the British Airways 707 and took off for London. The crew were very friendly and allowed Joanna to come and sit in the first class next to me to have her dinner and not long before we arrived they moved the other two up to the first class compartment so we could all get out together. We landed at 2120, Stronach met Jack and me and a hired car the other two and we got back to Broadlands at 2300.

It has been a particularly fruitful and nostalgic trip with a delightful party. Norton was of the greatest help with his five months recent experience of Egypt and particularly at the Temple where "Death on the Nile" was filmed.

Having got back from Egypt late on Saturday, 4th March I spent Sunday, 5th in bed resting and Monday 6th riding and catching up with my work.

Tuesday, 7th I went to London to look after Sir Run Run Shaw and his family where I gave them tea at 2 Kinnerton Street and spent the night there.

WEDNESDAY 8th MARCH 1978

I attended a luncheon given by King George's Fund for Sailors at Trinity House at which I turned over the Presidency of KGFS to Philip after some  $35\frac{1}{2}$  years in the job. I said I would leave when we had raised ten million pounds for Naval Charities during my Presidency and this occurred a few weeks ago. They kindly gave me a beautifully bound history of the first sixty years of KGFS.

At 1745 I attended a reception at the Dorchester for the launching of the biography of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Portal of Hungerford. I made a speech strongly in his favour as I admired him more than the other Chiefs of Staff. By 1830 I had got to the British Academy of Film and Television Awards in time to receive my successor as President, Anne. We then went up together to receive the Run Run Shaw family supported by many British T.V. and film tycoons.

Anne made a nice presentation to him for having given us £150, 000 to complete the Run Run Shaw Theatre. He actually only decided to give it when I appealed to him personally and said it was a personal gesture to me. Anne left at 2000 and I stayed on for dinner and then Stronach drove me back to Broadlands at 2130.

THURSDAY 9th - SUNDAY 12th MARCH 1978

I rode and worked.

MONDAY 13th MARCH 1978

I rode Tabu and Mary-Lou, Champagne, in a side saddle.

At 1515 Stronach drove Jack and me to London. I saw two Life Guards candidates.

At 1830 I went to the Whitehall Banqueting Hall to be in the receiving line at a Commonwealth Reception given by the Victoria League who have kindly taken over the administration of the Nehru Trust Fund. I got away in time to reach Buckingham Palace at 1915 and had an early dinner with Lilibet and Philip before going to the Premiere of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" for the Cinema and Television Charities Fund.

TUESDAY 14th MARCH 1978

At 0930 I had my final sitting with Carlos Sancha for the Trinity House portrait then I went round to see John Gilroy's naval portrait for Greenwich and the Royal Marines portrait for the Royal Marines Museum. Both are very nearly finished. The naval one is good and in a dramatic pose.

At 1200 Patricia, John, Norton and I with Stuart Wyatt, Ken Cantle and Bill Hughes had an exciting and very encouraging meeting with Edward Montagu and his splendid director, Ken Robinson, when they submitted their report on the proposals for opening Broadlands to the public. It was very well prepared and really looks as though it will work out.

We had sandwiches at Montpelier Walk as the meeting went on rather a long time. At 1430 I went back to 2 Kinnerton Street and from 1500-1630 I did the recording for the OVERLORD embroidery with Cowling. I offered to do the French and German versions later on as well.

At 1920 Sally Baring came to join me at 2 Kinnerton Street where Pammy picked us up and we drove to the Simpsons extension in Jermyn Street opposite the new David Hicks shop. The complete decorations had been designed by David Hicks and as they had advanced the date of opening by 11 days, the Leslie Button Construction Co. had an impossibly difficult task to try and finish the job in time. In fact, there was wet plaster and wet paint in some places though luckily this didn't matter. There was an amusing Fashion Floor Show which resulted in large orders being taken by the Simpson daughter who is running this side of the show.

Afterwards we went off with Pammy and David to meet James Hamilton for dinner at Rowleys, just opposite Simpsons in Jermyn Street and Miss Khan, daughter of a Pakistan Admiral, and Sally completed the party.

#### WEDNESDAY 15th MARCH 1978

0900 - Injection. 0930 to the bootmakers to try on my new Life Guards half Wellington boots. At 1045 Broadlands Estate Committee Meeting at Montpelier Walk. We had a sandwich lunch and it went on until 1630.

During this meeting we invited dear old Henry Hollmann to come in to give him a little silver gilt box and a framed photograph to thank him for the 43 years' service he had given to our family on the investment and administration side, and the overall capital account.

1950 Robert and Philippa de Pass and an attractive Colombian friend of theirs collected me and took me to dine at Au Fin Bec, an excellent little restaurant. Stronach picked me up at 2140 and we got back to Broadlands at 2300.

THURSDAY 16th MARCH 1978

There were snow flurries early but then the sun came out and I rode Tabu and Mary-Lou rode Champagne astride.

At 1430 ex-Sergeant Richards of the RA F collected me in his own 1922 Rolls Royce which he bought cheap and has spent some thousands of pounds in doing up. It is now worth something in five figures but he is going to keep it. We drove down to the long straggling village of Ampfield where I planted two Silver Jubilee commemoration trees, one at each end of the village and then had tea at the charming little old school.

At 1630 I went down to the Aural Aid Centre in Southampton to be tested and fitted for two new "inter-aural hearing aids" to replace my "post aural hearing aid" for one ear which was the most modern thing three years ago but is now already out of date. I then carried on with my piles of paperwork.

FRIDAY 17th MARCH 1978

Emma Pilkington drove her father, Robert Neville, over to luncheon. He has made a pretty good recovery from his second ghastly operation and is much more cheery.

I worked till the small hours of the morning trying to finish off all the correspondence.

SATURDAY 18th MARCH 1978

Stronach drove me to Heathrow via the Doll's House to drop Kimberley at 1040. We reached the airport punctually at 1100 only to be told by the Air India people that our aircraft had been delayed leaving Bombay about one hour. So I carried on finishing off my papers in the VIP lounge for Stronach to take back to Jack.

We finally left one hour late exactly at 1400 onboard an Air India Jumbo Jet. I was treated Vicereally in every sense of the word and had to sign autographs for practically the whole of the crew. There was a good new film about Charlie Chaplin's life but it ends up with his getting the award by the American Film Academy and does not mention his finally getting a Knighthood from the Queen.

The clocks were put back five hours and we landed at 1650 local time where I was met by Tom Chapman, the representative of John Blythe, of the Joint Services Mission and by Walter, Carola's chauffeur in her large Cadillac. We got through Customs quickly and reached Katonah at 1840.

Walter told me they had had eight inches of snow on Thursday and it was still lying everywhere except where the snow ploughs had cleared the roads. There was bright sun and the weather looked set fair for the following days. I was delighted to see Carola Rothschild again in her comfortable country home in Katonah.

SUNDAY 19th MARCH 1978

This was a quiet rest day but Carola invited a couple to whom she had lent her guest house in the Park. She said "I know you will like David and Mary-Lou very much; they have a funny four letter surname". This turned out to be Ryus, even more unusual than Hyne.

MONDAY 20th MARCH 1978

I had worked on my papers in the morning and we had an early lunch at 1245 and then at 1400 we drove to New York City with Carola's dear old maid, Anna, who has been in the family for over 50 years. We also brought the servants up with us. When we got in to New York City we stopped and did some shopping. I bought some toys to take for the grandchildren and was dropped off to have an ice cream soda at my favourite soda fountain. Finally I walked to Carola's apartment at 1 East 87th Street. Carola's grandson, Walter N. Rothschild III, joined us for dinner.

TUESDAY 21st MARCH 1978

Carola and I lunched in and at 1500 Dick Daniels, the fund raising representative (still under trial) for the U.S. United World Colleges National Committee came to see us and at 1530 we were joined by David Harnett, the acting Chairman, for the US Committee. We had a good discussion and at 1620 we were joined by Ron Rublow, the Treasurer.

At 1640 Frank Taplin, our previous Chairman, came in to get me to sign two copies of *FREEDOM AT MIDNIGHT* to give as school prizes.

Carola told me that my beloved Radio City Music Hall was closing down on the 12th April for good as it could no longer pay its way since there are not enough good feature films to attract the crowds over the whole year. We were unable to get any of the thousand reservable seats so she rang up the Manager and he fixed two of the Rockefeller family seats. We went by the Rockefeller entrance and there we met Lawrence Rockefeller and I had a good talk about the time we met at his brother, Nelson's luncheon party and discussed trying to get the *BRITANNIA* up opposite their home.

I saw my beloved Rockettes for the last time. They used to be 36 but as an economy measure they were cut down to thirty but they were better than ever and really splendid. I do hope that they will go on as an independent organisation even when the Music Hall finally closes down.

Afterwards Carola let me get out of the car and stand for ten minutes or so admiring my favourite architectural group at the Rockefeller Centre from across the ice rink.

WEDNESDAY 22nd MARCH 1978

After a final breakfast with Carola in her room Walter drove me to Kennedy Airport in just under half an hour, almost a record time so we arrived there at 0900. Here I was met by John Blythe who was back on duty and saw me off by Delta Airways, at 1100. We landed punctually at Nassau at 1230 where I was met by the British High Commissioner, Peter Mennell, Colonel Lionel Chapman (the Secretary to the Governor General) with a message of apology that he couldn't come to meet me but he had sent his car. My hostess, Sibilla Clark, was also there and we all drove to Galaxy where I had a late luncheon with her on her veranda.

Lionel said he would very kindly go and collect Phi, who was due to land at 1425 from Montreal. He didn't turn up which caused a lot of worry. It later transpired that Phi's 0915 aircraft only left at 1030 from Montreal and Phi missed the onward connection by Eastern Airlines. He then had to wait while two other aircraft which were full left and he finally caught the last Bahamas Airways aircraft which had a spare seat. We telephoned all over the place and had him paged everywhere but we couldn't get through to him. Finally at 1930 just after Charles had arrived, he rang up to say he was there. We hadn't got a spare car so the Governor General kindly sent his own car back with Carletto to collect him.

I should add that Carletto (Sibilla's son) had originally fetched Norton and Penny at 1615 when they arrived from London.

The Governor General, Sir Gerald Cash, brought Charles along with the High Commissioner and then they left him. Sibilla had arranged a dinner party of twenty at two tables in the open and had a professional discotheque afterwards for dancing which was excellent.

THURSDAY 23rd MARCH 1978

Charles and I relaxed at Galaxy during the morning. At 1235 we both walked the couple of hundred yards to Government House where the Governor General had kindly invited the members of the Bahamas National Committee of the United World Colleges to meet us. The meeting only lasted half an hour over drinks but went extremely well. Nice speeches were made and Charles spoke particularly well.

I had arranged to get him out of the luncheon afterwards and arranged to stay for luncheon myself while Charles went off to Xanadu with Sibilla to lunch with her ex mother-in-law, Jo Bryce. I came out later on in the Governor General's car. I was deeply distressed to hear that her husband, Ivar Bryce, the cousin of Janet Milford Haven, had had to have an emergency operation for a burst appendix and was in the intensive care ward, private room, of the Princess Margaret Hospital. She advised me not to go to see him but I insisted on doing so later on.

At 1600 we all drove Charles to the airport where he left in his Andover of the Queen's Flight. It had been arranged that he would take the whole of the Brabourne party, amounting to nine, including Penny, with their luggage on to Rocksound in Eleuthera.

Unfortunately, there had been so much unpleasant publicity about Margaret wasting her Civil List on holidays in the West Indies with a man years younger than herself, that we all felt it might be inadvisable to risk the publicity of Charles taking over the family. So with great regret we all agreed it was inadvisable and let Charles go off with an empty aircraft and a dozen spare seats.

Chris O'Donnell had kindly offered to fly over Norton, Penny and Phi immediately after lunch in his private aircraft to open Provender and get in enough food for dinner and any immediate requirements. Patricia and John arrived with Joanna, Amanda and the twins fairly punctually at 1715.

Unfortunately, by a misunderstanding I had released the four seats in the 1800 Bahamas Airways under the impression that Chris could take them all. It then transpired he could only take four passengers and their luggage so that two had to stay behind. There was much heart-burning as to who should go but the main thing is that it was done on weight and Patricia and the three lightest, Amanda and the twins, in fact, went in the private aircraft and John and Joanna said they would stay at Galaxy.

However, John urged me to have one more try to get back two of the seats I had given up and by exerting very great pressure on the very nice British Airways Manager, he managed to get two of the seats back so that John and Joanna were able to fly on with much relief.

It was really heart warming to see after more than thirty years of married life the worry and sadness at being separated. Patricia was in a state when she flew off and when John heard the good news that he could follow her within half an hour his whole face broke into a delighted smile of tremendous pleasure. I was really deeply moved by this sweet little scene.

Sibilla and I then went back to Galaxy to change and she drove me to the High Commissioner's cocktail party at 1900 at which I met all the British Staff including four Naval Officers who were hoping to build up the Bahamas Maritime Defence Wing or whatever it is called.

At 2000 we drove to the Princess Margaret Hospital and had half an hour with Ivar who, I must say, looked far brighter than I would have thought possible after such a serious operation. He was very gay and I think we did him good. So we arranged to go back to see him tomorrow.

We then went back to Galaxy and had dinner and at 2220 we went to Paradise Island to the Casino to see their famous floor show. I must say it was absolutely excellent, nearly as good as Las Vegas or the Lido in Paris.

FRIDAY 24th MARCH 1978

I wrote thank-you letters till 1130 and then I went with Sibilla to see Ivar again in the hospital and I must say he looked even better than last time. Then we drove on to Lyford Cay and stopped at the Club to say goodbye to Chris, Carletto and Marie Mae who had arrived the night before. Then we drove on to lunch with Henryk and Lynn Kwiatkowski in the lovely house which they bought last year.

I had really gone to find out what had happened about my suggestion that he should form a Kwiatkowski Family Foundation for at least 50, 000 dollars and let the UWC have some of the interest to help the scholarships. I didn't have to ask him as quite early on he said "I have good news to report to you. The Foundation is now agreed upon and the lawyers are drawing up the terms and trying to get tax exemption. It will be for 5 million dollars and not 50, 000." What splendid news and what a difference this will make to the US National Committee of the UWC.

On our way back we stopped at Howard Johnson to buy a supply of ice cream to take for the family in Eleuthera. At 1650 the faithful Lionel Chapman called to collect my luggage and tickets and make all the arrangements for my departure by the Bahamas Airways Aircraft scheduled to fly off at 1800. However, at 1720 he rang up to say that the aircraft was delayed by at least an hour and ten minutes and later he rang up to say it would be delayed by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Meanwhile, a South African friend of Sibilla's with a one year old son had arrived to play in a tennis tournament with Sibilla. They wanted particularly to have some practise together and were going to go on to Lyford Cay after dropping me at the airport.

I therefore suggested that they should drop me at the airport as previously arranged and then go on and I would stay in the VIP lounge and read my papers there. This was agreed and off we drove in her little Volkswagen. We hadn't been going ten minutes when the off hind tyre burst. We just limped into a garage which was a couple of hundred yards ahead only to find it was closed for Good Friday.

We then left Sibilla's friend in the car and walked across to a pub to borrow their telephone. It was out of order. A very nice sensible pitch black girl then came up and said "Can I help you folks?" We asked her if she could drive us to the nearest garage that was open and she did so.

On arrival she told the garage proprietor "You charge these folks the list price for a tyre and don't put any extra on". When I got out I asked him why the girl had said this. He replied "She is one of our best known Police women". So I then told her I was an Honorary Member of a Division of the Metropolitan Police which appeared to impress her but when she went into the office and saw the copy of today's Tribune with a large photograph of Charles, the Governor General and myself on the front page and recognised me, I thought she was going to collapse.

She dropped a very deep curtsey and when I said if she gave me her address I would write to her she said she was too emotionally upset to write at all, this was the greatest day of her life.

Meanwhile, we got through on the telephone and managed to get Lionel Chapman and Commander David Joel, who was with him, to come back and collect me while Carletto and his friend, Tara Menzies, came out from Galaxy to get the tyre mended and take Sibilla back.

So we got down to the airport well after the time the aeroplane should have left but, of course, in good time as the aeroplane had been delayed. I felt virtue had been its own reward offering to be driven early by Sibilla. We finally took off at 1940 and landed at Rocksound at 2010 to find that poor David and Pammy had been sitting for  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours waiting for me because they hadn't thought of ringing up to inquire if the aeroplane would be delayed. Indeed none of us had ever done this before as the aircraft had always been fairly punctual.

I went down with David to try and look up Sacha and James Hamilton who had rooms at the Club but it was gone 2200, their lights were out and they were obviously asleep. Then I looked in at Provender and found practically everybody asleep and said I would come back the next morning. I then tumbled into bed rather tired. But it is really lovely to be in Eleuthera again with all the family.

#### SATURDAY 25th MARCH 1978

It was David's birthday this morning and I had breakfast and lunch at Savannah with him, Pammy, Edwina, Ashley and India. After breakfast I went down to Provender and met the entire family party. Patricia, John, Norton, Joanna, Amanda, Phi, Nicky and Timmy. Penny was also there and so was Charles. Everybody was in great form and it was lovely seeing them again in these charming surroundings.

At 0930 I walked down to West Beach with Charles, then went to the Club where I met James, Sacha, Jamie and Sophie at the swimming pool and the party from Savannah. Just before lunch James drove most of the children and myself to see their new house, Bali Hai, which they were moving into that very day. It is charming and well laid out and much more economical than living at the Club. On the other hand it is nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the other houses and I shall either have to hire a bicycle or go by car as I think it is too long to do a three mile round walk when I visit them. I dined at Provender.

SUNDAY 26th MARCH 1978

I walked with Charles to the West Beach and then went out in the speedboat while they all water skied. Joanna drove me back to Savannah and then I walked down to the Club pool for a swim.

I had tea with Sacha at Bali Hai and then looked into Provender and went with David and Pammy to have dinner at Bali Hai which Sacha had organised very quickly.

MONDAY 27th MARCH - FRIDAY 31st MARCH 1978

The Eleuthera holiday continued unabated and was great fun.

It has been such fun having him here and we were all sad when he left.

SATURDAY 1st APRIL - WEDNESDAY 5th APRIL 1978

Life at Eleuthera continued as usual though rather more subdued after Charles' departure.

THURSDAY 6th APRIL 1978

I flew back with the Brabournes and the Hamiltons and Hickses flew back separately. We reached Miami at 1110 and as the British Consul General has now been moved from Miami the Bahamaian Consul General looked after us. We drove to the famous Miami sea aquarium which fully lived up to its reputation and was fascinating, with a high standard of performance by the dolphins, the killer whale and other activities.

We took off at 1930 in a Jumbo jet.

FRIDAY 7th APRIL - SATURDAY 8th APRIL 1978

Got back early on Friday and spent the weekend resting at Broadlands.

SUNDAY 9th APRIL 1978

Stronach drove me to Windsor to lunch with Philip and Lilibet and on, after lunch, to London.

It was the night of my second great charity concert for the UWC. This one I christened "SUPERNIGHT" with Farrah Fawcett Majors, Bob Newhart and Johnnie Mathis. I attended both first and second house; Eddy and Katharine were the Royal guests for the first performance and Charles for the second performance. Then we all went to the Dorchester where we had arranged supper for those who had given us the greatest support over the evening. It was great fun.

MONDAY 10th APRIL 1978

I drove back to Broadlands and had Jimmy and Roshy Verjee down to lunch, with Chris Obura. Jack and Vera Barratt came to lunch, so it was a "Kenya Reunion".

TUESDAY 11th APRIL 1978

Gave the Kenyans breakfast. After lunch Jack drove me and the Kenyans to St. Donat's. Charles had already arrived before lunch and was busy meeting students. There was a large buffet reception at which I introduced Charles to important members of the UWC Council. Charles and I slept in the Lady Anne Tower.

WEDNESDAY 12th APRIL 1978

This was the day of the International Council Meeting of the United World Colleges. I made a valedictory speech and then Charles took over in the Chair and handled the meeting superbly. We all left after tea and Jack drove me back to Broadlands by 2000.

MONDAY 15th MAY 1978

After a pleasant weekend staying with Patricia and John at Newhouse, during which I opened the Dennis Cadman House at the Royal British Legion village near Maidstone, I came up in a RBL car with Dodo and Patricia's London maid, Gina, and her cat, on Sunday night and was therefore ready for Monday morning.

I had arranged with Charles to see the President of Zambia, Kenneth Kaunda, during his visit about getting Government support for the United World Colleges in Zambia. It was agreed I should go as it would be rather tricky for Charles, so I sought an interview. The only day and time which were in any way convenient both to the President and myself were Monday morning and the young lady High Commissioner invited me to come and have breakfast with the President. I accepted.

I was told breakfast was going to be at 0730 at the Hilton Hotel, but just before I went John Barratt received a warning that there would perhaps be a dozen or so other people at the breakfast but nevertheless I would have a good opportunity of talking to the President.

What actually happened was that John drove me round to the Hilton at 0725, I went up to the large restaurant at the top of the building on the 28th floor with its unrivalled view of London. Here I found a large gathering of other guests. Some thirty were already assembled and I was rather touched that the leaders of the three political parties came forward on their own to seek me out and talk to me. They were Jeremy Thorpe (Liberal), Reggie Maudling, (Conservative) and Lady Llewellyn Davies (Labour). There were all sorts of important people at the meeting, about 20 white and 10 black.

I then discovered that the breakfast was really 7.30 for 8. I introduced myself to the High Commissioner who appeared surprised to hear that I was "Lord Mountbatten" though she admitted she had arranged for me to come and knew all about me. I found that she was quite enthusiastic for the United World Colleges and was prepared to go down to St. Donat's.

I said I hoped I'd have a chance of at least a quarter of an hour's personal talk with the President and she said that this would be quite impossible because the plan was that he would sit at the head of the table with his Minister of Finance on his left and the British Government representative on his right and thereafter people would go in order of precedence and there could be no separate conversations though he would address the meeting after the breakfast was over and answer questions.

I didn't argue with her but I stood on the two steps between the great breakfast room and the Reception Lounge so that when Kaunda arrived attended by half a dozen of his accolites he couldn't easily get by me without speaking to me, so he paused a moment. I took his hand and said "Mr President, how nice to see you again, I haven't seen you really since you attended my brother-in-law's funeral in Sweden." A broad smile broke on his face and he said "Ah, Lord Mountbatten, of course." He then went on "But I have seen you at the Buckingham Palace parties since then."

This was a good beginning. I then went ahead into the breakfast room and hunted round and found that I was three places down on the right hand side, much too far to be able to talk to him. The first thing I did was to move the card of an Ambassador one down and took his place next to Lady Llewellyn Davies and so was within shouting distance of the President.

I took an early opportunity to tell Kenneth Kaunda that I came, representing the Prince of Wales, and at His Royal Highness' special request and I brought greetings from him and explained that he was now the President of the United World Colleges and I said I would like to talk about it. At this point Lady Llewellyn Davies said that as it was clear that I wished to talk business and as she had nothing whatever to say to him, she suggested we should change places. We did so rather dramatically and this, of course, improved the situation very much.

I then had twenty minutes uninterrupted conversation with Kenneth Kaunda and found him really interested in the United World College concept. I gradually worked him up, gave him a brochure and an aide memoire and told him exactly what I wanted him to do. He gave it some thought, then he said "All right, I'll do everything you say." We then stood up and dramatically shook hands on it.

I then said "Will you now tell your Finance Minister and your High Commissioner." He turned round and told the Finance Minister that Zambia would back the United World Colleges and he told his High Commissioner that the sooner she went down to St. Donat's Castle and sent him a report on it the better. It was all quite dramatic and a complete change over the rather apathetic attitude of Zambia up to now.

At about 0900 the President addressed the entire assembly on his views of the present situation in Rhodesia, Southern Africa, but above all on the precarious financial situation in Zambia. It was a remarkable performance of a long talk without notes. After this he asked for questions and bit by bit they came in from all parties, from all sorts, all of which he dealt with deftly.

I think he rather upset people by saying that the present local agreement between Ian Smith and Bishop Musarewa and the Reverend Sithole was bogus and a trick which should not be accepted by anybody as it would only perpetuate the war which might well spread throughout Africa.

I walked back to 2 Kinnerton Street and then changed into Trinity House frockcoat and sword. At 1125 Jack Barratt drove me round to Buckingham Palace as he wanted to go and see his friend, Michael Colbourne, the head of Charles' private office. I should say that poor Mrs Stronach had to go to hospital for a small operation on Sunday so we left her husband at Broadlands and Jack drove me up.

I went up to Philip's dressing room and was horrified to realise that he was going to wear a Garter Star and his O.M. and I, of course, had forgotten about this and had brought neither of them with me. When we went down Charles also arrived without his Garter Star so he rushed back and brought two, one for him to wear and one for me to wear. He insisted on making me sit behind with Philip while he sat on the little forward seat with the Equerry, Tom Blackburn.

This was the annual court held at Trinity House for the re-election of the Master and the Deputy Master attended by all the Elder Brethren and the Younger Brethren as well. After this we walked in procession through the streets of St. Olaf's Church as usual for the annual Trinity House Service. It had been raining a little but had cleared up for the walk through the streets to the church. It rained very hard while we were in church but cleared up in time for us to walk through the streets back.

Before lunch I met a lot of old friends including poor Maurice Butler-Bowden, who is so crippled he could hardly walk. This was the first time I had had lunch in the big dining room since they have hung the picture they asked for of me by Carlos Sancha. They have been very kind and have the picture of my father and myself on either side of Winston's picture.

I suggested to the Deputy Master he might put up a note to say that not only did Winston appoint both my father and myself as First Sea Lord, but that he also was an Elder Brother of Trinity House with us both and in both cases we are, I believe, the only father and son to have held both positions.

Incidentally, I had attended a lunch of the Elder Brethren in the small dining room with Carlos Sancha when they first hung the picture.

Harold Wilson particularly wanted to talk to me about the work of his film committee on which he says John's assistance is absolutely invaluable.

On return to Buckingham Palace I had half an hour's gossip with Charles. On return I saw Charles Douglas-Home to discuss his book on the Royal perogative. Then Jack drove me back to Broadlands and we got back shortly before dinner.

#### TUESDAY 16th MAY 1978

I rode with Mary-Lou in the morning and tried to catch up with my correspondence in the afternoon.

I went at 2015 to the Crosfield Hall for the new Mayor's dinner, Maureen Malpas, and I was able to pull her leg because her husband has been Mayor twice and I pointed out that Bert Malpas will now have the experience of a sex change. There were a lot of speeches, all good, but the dinner went on a very long time and I didn't get back until shortly before midnight.

But what happened on Tuesday that worried me a bit was that at 0900 the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Hugh Casson, rang me up and asked me to come and take Charles' place as the Guest of Honour at the Royal Academy dinner on the following day. Of course I said 'No', this was out of the question, but he went on and pleaded and pleaded but I stuck firm.

Then when Jack came in he pointed out I could quite easily stay in London and do the dinner if I wanted to, so I rang up Casson and told him that I had yielded to his extreme pressure and would come. He was quite extraordinarily overjoyed and I then felt rather better.

However, it did mean that Jack and I had to work on the speech on top of preparing my speech for Wednesday and trying to rehearse my speech for Tuesday night. The result was that I didn't finish work till 0215 on return. At midnight Charles rang me up to read me out the messages he had prepared for me to read at the two meals where I was taking his place.

#### WEDNESDAY 17th MAY 1978

Mrs Stronach has come home and is well enough for Stronach to help out today. So he drove Jack and me to 2 Kinnerton Street, and we arrived punctually at 1045 where a car, lent by Mr Webster of EMI, was waiting to fetch me. Jack and Stronach remained at the house and Stronach drove Jack to join us for luncheon at the Savoy.

We began with an informal meeting with just the Second Sea Lord, Jimmy Carreras, Leslie Goddard (the General Manager of the RNFC) and myself. We particularly discussed the arrangements for the 40th anniversary celebrations of the RNFC next year.

The Annual General Meeting itself went off very well with some lively discussions. Then we had the usual annual luncheon for the industry with almost all the most important people attending.

Charles was supposed to have come to make the speech on behalf of the 'users' but, of course, he has had to go off to Australia to attend the funeral of Sir Robert Menzies and so I got the Captain of the Port Crew of HMS RESOLUTION, to make a speech. He explained what the 60 films embarked onboard the Polaris submarines for their deterrent patrols meant to the men. The Second Sea Lord made the first speech with thanks on behalf of the Royal Navy then I spoke and finally Monty Morton, the Chairman of the Kinema Renters Society made his usual 'thank you' speech on behalf of the industry.

At 1545 Jack and I called on the Commissioner for Police at New Scotland Yard. We were met by the Assistant Commissioner for crime, Gilbert Kendall, and taken up to Sir David McNee's room which I knew so well from having visited his predecessor, Bob Mark, there on several occasions.

We discussed the likelihood of my being kidnapped in view of a letter that Peg had written to me after seeing Moritz of Hesse when he had been released by the police and from his kidnappers.

She said that one of Moritz's captors had spent most of the ninety minutes before they were caught by the police, boasting about his complete study of Moritz's life and habits. He had mentioned in particular that he was interested in his uncle, Lord Mountbatten. On this I wrote to David McNee to seek his advice and Chief Super. Trestaile, the head of the Royal Family's security arrangements provided by A Division of the Metropolitan Police had also been in touch with McNee.

He had sent Kendall and the Head of the Security Branch out to Schleswig-Holstein to make contact with the German Security Police there. This had revealed that the gang who had carried out the kidnapping of Moritz recently, consisted of five young amateurs, two Swiss and I think two Italians and a German. They indignantly denied any connection with the Baader-Meinhoff gang or the Red Brigade. They said they had no political motivation and they were only out to make money by way of ransom. They were sorry that Moritz had got quite badly hurt with broken ribs and a pierced lung but he shouldn't have fought them. I might add that David McNee said that if ever I were captured the stupidest thing to do would be to fight, particularly at my age.

The young man who spoke to Moritz most of the drive boasted of the careful study they had made of his whole life and habits. They had spent four or five months studying them and they had also got hold of a genealogical tree which showed how closely he was related to me. They had had to put off their attempted coup from Christmas time until April because Moritz's movements were different to what they had expected.

If Moritz had not had the presence of mind to hold up his hands above his head as he was being led away by his captors the seventy year old housekeeper, who woke up and looked out through the window and saw him going off, might have thought he was going off with some friends.

When she saw his hands over his head she immediately rang up the Farm Manager who got in touch with the Police and ninety minutes later they captured the car and the hijackers who were now all three in prison awaiting trial. A fourth member of the gang had been caught in Switzerland peddling drugs and is being tried, and the fifth member of the gang is now in Spain and has not yet been rounded up but they are in touch with the Spanish Police who promised to arrest him as soon as they can find him.

To sum up, David McNee said he did not think I was in any more danger now than I had been before but he also said he did not think the idea of kidnapping had really taken hold in England. He said that the man who tried to kidnap Anne was slightly deranged and acting on his own.

He pointed out that Moritz had admitted that had not locked his doors nor had he switched on his burglar alarm.

I pointed out that at Broadlands my bedroom door was always locked with a shunt lock and the key kept nearby so that anybody could obtain access by using the key and I then entered by the bathroom door and bolted it. I pointed out that if anybody did manage to break in they would have to break down one of my doors to get at me and during this time I could easily press the alarm bell push by my bed and set off the siren on the top of the house immediately. It would also ring a bell directly in the Butler's and Valet's bedrooms. McNee and Kendall both thought this was adequate security.

Jack pointed out that he thought I was in greater danger in London although we had quite a good burglar alarm for 2 Kinnerton Street. I often drove myself back alone from places like Buckingham Palace especially late at night when I could easily be grabbed on arrival before I entered the house and came under the protection of the burglar alarm. He said he would warn the

Gerald Row Police Station to keep a bit of a closer watch on 2, Kinnerton Street particularly when I was in residence and so we hope to see some Panda cars going by there more frequently.

I got back at 1700 to find Pammy had already come to have a gossip. We had a very pleasant talk about Classiebawn, about the Garter Service, the Trooping of the Colour and the Beating Retreat to see which of these events she wanted to attend.

Meanwhile I had discovered that from the time table sent by the Secretary of the Royal Academy that Charles had been expected to speak for only five minutes and the others were speaking for about fourteen minutes. This I was sure was not what Charles would have agreed to but I did feel I ought to cut down my own talk from about seventeen minutes to more like ten or eleven. This took quite a bit of manoeuvring and recasting the speech but I think it will be all the better for being shorter.

I had a bath and changed into evening dress and decorations and Hutchison, the Secretary (who was in the Navy) came and collected me in a hired car and drove me down to the Royal Academy. I arrived punctually at 1925 and was received by a Guard of Honour of the SAS Volunteer Regiment formed from the original Artists Rifles. After inspecting the Guard I was met by the President, Sir Hugh Casson, who conducted me up to a special room where I met the officials of the Royal Academy and the VIP Guests and other speakers.

Dinner was on its usual huge scale. The other speakers were Lady Birk, from the Ministry of the Environment on behalf of the Government and Lord Esher, the noted architect, whom I had met at Portsmouth City, where he had designed the famous precinct. The evening was being recorded by the BBC on television for a special television programme.

Lady Birk made a very helpful speech saying she was responsible, among other things, for the opening of historic houses to the public. She felt it a duty to make the beautiful collections of pictures, furniture, silver, china, ceramics and books available to the people and thought the best thing was to try and move the families out and turn the houses into museums.

She soon discovered that what the public really wanted was to go to a house being lived in, and feel that they were seeing the collections in a home and not a museum. This was now her policy.

At the end of dinner I walked over to her and told her that I intended opening Broadlands to the public while still living there. She expressed great delight and offered to give any help that I might need from her or her department.

Then the President conducted me round the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. It has changed unbelievably from the old days of pre-war when it was nothing but portraits of Peers, Mayors, Chancellors, Senior Officers of the Services and conventional landscapes. Now it is very much 'with it' and modern in every way.

I met Ian Trethowan, the new Director General of the BBC, and discussed the possibility of his recording my Mountbatten Lecture which I am giving for NEC at the end of June. I got to bed before midnight and had a chance to try and recover some of my lost sleep.

I am going down to Compton tomorrow to attend the funeral of Phyl Sopwith, then to have a meeting with the planners and surveyor of the Hampshire County Council about Broadlands being opened to the public in a year's time.

TUESDAY 13th JUNE 1978

Stronach drove me from 2 Kinnerton Street at 0840 to Northolt RAF Station. We arrived punctually at 0915 where I was met by Vice Admiral J. P. Moorer, the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe. He introduced me to Rear Admiral J. D. H. Kane, a retired Admiral who is in charge of U.S. Naval History and the Naval Museum.

There was the usual senior RAF Officers to see us off and U.S. Naval staff officers were to fly with us. We embarked in a large U.S. Naval aircraft which was one of the logistic support squadron for the U.S. Navy in the United Kingdom. We took off at 0930.

I will now explain the object of this trip. The last time I lunched at the Alibi Club in Washington with Admiral Jerry Wright, my host, he had the usual collection of senior Admirals and Generals who had been colleagues of mine in the war or even since. They had obtained from Admiral Kane a loan of the Battenberg Cup which my father had given to the United States Atlantic Fleet in 1905, to be used for pulling regattas between the various ships and also any British ships that they met from time to time on suitable occasions.

It was a truly magnificent Cup standing some three feet tall and nearly one foot across in diameter. Several of the Admirals at lunch claimed they had pulled in winning boats in this regatta and their ships had won the Battenberg Cup which was the most highly prized trophy of any sort in the U.S. Navy.

I remarked that it seemed a pity to leave such a fine Cup in a museum just because during the war they had to give up pulling the regattas and after the war they didn't have appropriate boats to carry on the competition. I suggested they might find a new use for it.

Jerry told me subsequently that he had got in touch with Admiral I.K. Kidd, the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet and incidentally concurrently Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic for NATO. They decided that they would give the cup for a new award namely to the ship of the Fleet judged to be the most efficient ship all round from every point of view.

As a result of this competition the Polaris submarine depot ship USS HOLLAND (called after the American submarine designer) had been declared the champion ship of the Fleet and was awarded the Cup.

Admiral Kane had brought the Cup over which we took up with us for presentation. A programme of events had been prepared which I studied during the two hour flight.

We landed at Prestwick where two large Sea King helicopters of the Royal Navy were awaiting us. We transferred to these and flew to Dunoon where we landed on the local sports ground at 1140. We were met by Captain S.G. Catola, the Commander of the U.S. Submarine Squadron Station at Holy Loch, known as the Commodore. We drove in a motor car procession to the pier at Holy Loch where a fine naval launch was waiting to take us onboard the HOLLAND, moored in the stream with Polaris submarines alongside her. She had a gangway to the large floating dock in which a Polaris submarine was being refitted.

We were received on arrival with the usual honours by Captain L.S. Wingley, the Commanding Officer. He led us up to the reception deck where we were received by Vice Admiral K.W. Carr, U.S. Commander of Submarines, who had flown over from Norfolk for the occasion.

Jack Barratt had very wisely got the U.S. Naval Staff to agree that I should visit the Chief and Petty Officers in their mess before luncheon. I was taken straight there and the entire mess was crowded to capacity with at least 100 or more Chiefs and Petty Officers, with the wives of about a dozen of the senior ones who had been specially invited onboard for the occasion.

It was suggested I should make a speech but I stood up and said that as I was going to make a speech at the ceremony I would like now to go round and shake everybody by the hand. So I did this and spoke briefly to nearly all of them.

Apparently this caused a sensation. A visit to the Chiefs and Petty Officers mess had never been included for any of their own Admirals or other visiting VIPs. Apparently I was the first and they were delighted. I gathered that the Captain and the ship's Officers were equally pleased.

Then we went along to the Commodore's quarters where a luncheon party of Senior Naval Officers had been arranged. There was no official speech but we had a splendid gossip about old times though, of course, none of the officers present had had any position of consequence in the war being all much too young. The result anyway was that they made a very good audience.

After lunch I went to the Commodore's sleeping cabin and changed from No. 5s to No. 4s. I had chosen to do this because they insisted that the occasion was going to be "full dress with swords and medals". I felt that a monkey jacket with medals and decorations with a sword would be more appropriate than full dress for me. I was then conducted up on deck where tremendous preparations had been made for the ceremony. Luckily it was a really bright sunny day which made everything perfect.

There was a U.S. Marine guard, all the Chiefs and Petty Officers were fallen in on part of the deck on which a platform had been arranged with chairs for the presentation ceremony. In the fore part of the ship there were several hundred men who looked like scruffy Petty Officers or perhaps it would be more accurate to say they looked like railway porters. I gathered that this in fact was the ship's company.

I had heard that the young aggressive Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Bud Zumwalt had decided to be very democratic and put all the seamen and leading seamen into Petty Officers 'fore and aft rig' giving up the nice traditional naval jumpers (square rig). So far from it being popular it had gone so badly with the sailors themselves that there had been a petition to go back and be dressed properly as sailors. This has just been approved so this is about the last time we shall see this ridiculous rig in the U.S. Navy.

I might mention here I was very sorry to find that the Indian Navy had followed the American Navy's example and looked very bogus in their Petty Officers uniforms and I made that very clear to Captain Dubash and his officers and wrote to the Senior Indian Naval Officers I knew with my complaint.

The ceremony began with prayers by the Naval Chaplain, then a speech by the Captain explaining what the ceremony was about. I was called upon to make a speech in which I explained the origin of the Battenberg Cup.

I said that my father had been in command of the British Second Cruiser Squadron in 1905 when they visited the U.S. Navy at Annapolis and later, New York, and that the friendship shown by the U.S. Atlantic Fleet to his six big cruisers and their officers and ships' companies had been so great that he decided to present this Cup as a trophy for pulling regattas.

It had been the most famous Cup, I understood, in the U.S. Navy and I had seen it in the Museum and had urged it should be brought into active use again. I was delighted to see this had been done and that the USS HOLLAND had won the Cup. Large banners advertised that the HOLLAND was now the world's greatest submarine tender.

There had been an argument between Joe Moorer and me as to who should give the Cup. He wanted me to present it, I wanted him to present it, so as the Cup was enormous and heavy we decided we would both present it, each holding a handle and handing it over to the Captain who could hardly manage its weight and so put it down again very quickly on the table. Then Joe Moorer made a fine speech and altogether it was a great occasion with the playing of the National anthems.

The U.S. Naval wives living in the neighbourhood had been brought onboard especially for the occasion. Afterwards I was taken to the Wardroom to meet the officers and their wives and witness the cake cutting ceremony which had been arranged. Then we went on to the mess deck where I saw the huge cake cutting ceremony for the seamen and leading seamen. I might add I changed from No. 4s to No. 5s before going into the Wardroom.

When all this was over we left as we arrived with due ceremony by boat to the landing stage, by car to Dunoon, by helicopter to Prestwick and by the U.S. Naval Aircraft back to Northolt.

It has been a very historic day and I was glad that Admiral Moorer said that this would strengthen the bonds between the British and U.S. Fleets and, indeed, between the British and the U.S. people.

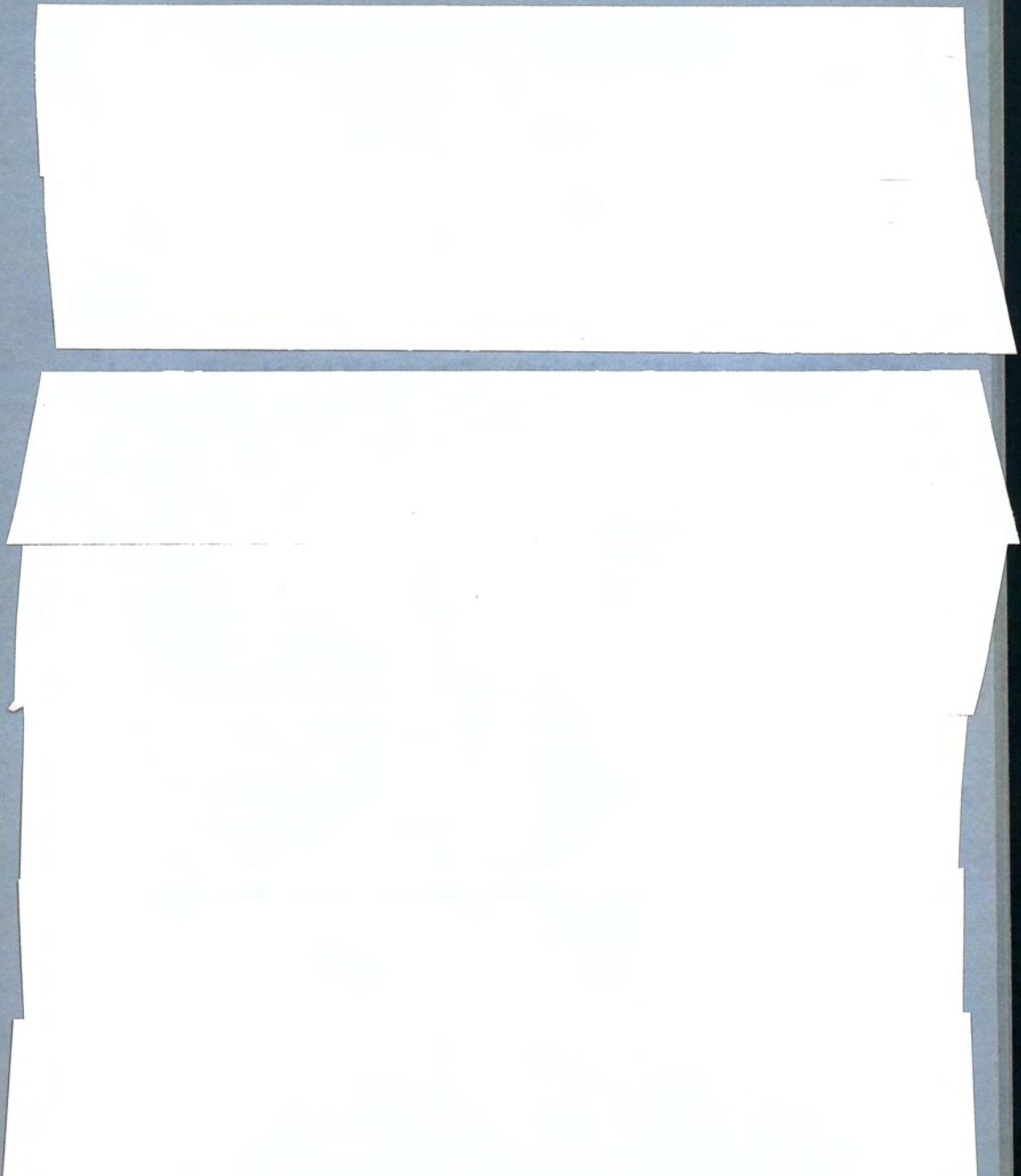
We got back to Northolt at 1730 where Stronach met me and drove me back to 39 Montpelier Walk, which we reached by 1800, after an exceptionally quick drive. I changed quickly into plain clothes and then Patricia drove me to the Electrosonics headquarters.

This is the company which does audio visual presentations in the most up-to-date form. They laid on a fine demonstration. John and Michael-John arrived at the same time as us but separately and Bill Hughes and Ken Robinson were there to meet us and to witness the demonstration which was very impressive. After this we had a buffet supper and returned to our respective houses in London for the night.

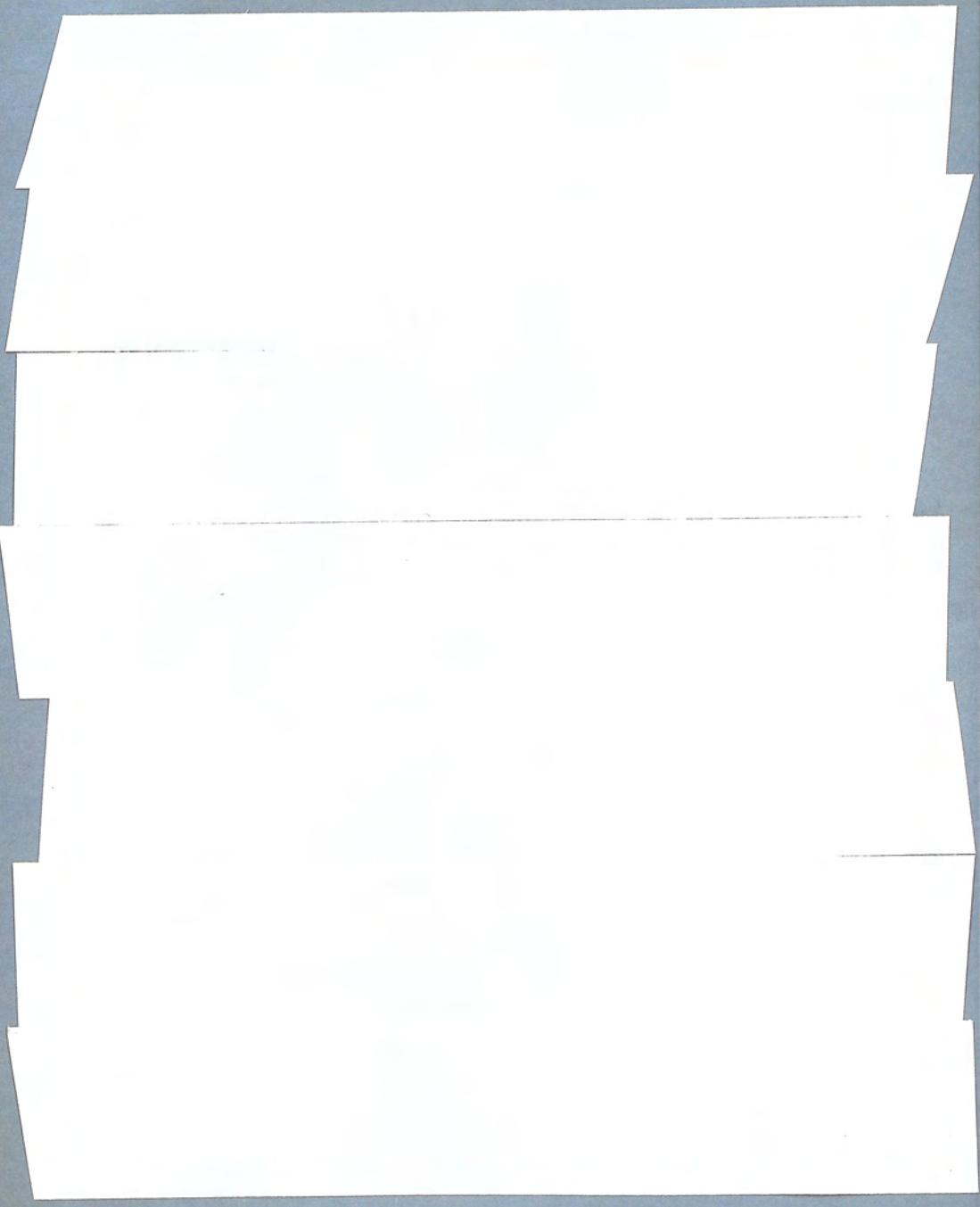
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FRIDAY 30th JUNE 1978

I worked until past midnight dictating letters to be typed while I was away and was called again at 0650 on Friday morning. After an early breakfast Stronach drove Jack and me to London airport. We left just before 0800 and reached the de Haviland VIP lounge at 1015.

Here a number of the guests had already arrived and others kept streaming in. The family guests from London were, Anne, Eddie, his daughter Helen, Alexandra and Angus, and Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. Katharine (the Duchess of Kent) was unable to come as she had a long standing engagement to inspect the Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, in Germany on that very weekend. My great niece, Margarita of Yugoslavia, also came, having made a remarkable recovery from the paralysis of her legs.

Other English friends were in the party including Lady Scott, Peter's wife, and Philip Hay and the Blair Stewart Wilsons. Jack Barratt had done so much for Michael and Marie Christine that they very sweetly invited him to come, not as my private secretary, but as a personal friend and guest to the wedding.

The British Airways aircraft in which we were to fly was an all tourist class but they had partitioned off a large section of this for the Royal party. We were delayed by half an hour because they had to change aircrafts for some reason so we finally only took off at 1045. However, we caught up twenty minutes and arrived only ten minutes late in Vienna, at 1225.

At the airport to meet us were Michael, Marie Christine, Peter Scott, the Ambassador and his wife, the Morgans, and other officials.

Jack Barratt who never forgets anything for me had made sure I had my passport but had left his own passport on his dressing table. However, we were luckily not asked for our passports and so there was no difficulty, but some anxiety before we arrived.

We drove straight to the Imperial Hotel for a family luncheon party arranged at two big round tables. After luncheon Anne, Eddie, Helen and I drove in an open carriage to the Hofburg where we got out and looked at the outside. We then drove past the Spanish Riding School and back to the Imperial Hotel. The riders were away on a holiday.

At the Imperial Hotel the whole family party formed up including more guests who had arrived, such as my niece, Tiny, and great nephew Ludwig and Mandy of Baden, Helen Kyborg (Married to the Archduke Frederic of Austria) and also a whole lot of Marie Christine's relations. The immediate family party was only just over a couple of dozen and we drove to the Rathaus (the Vienna Town Hall).

This is a very magnificent building and we climbed up the broad stairs to a very fine hall which Michael had hired for some £250 for the civil service. It was done with great dignity and at the end of it all the Registrar presented a large bouquet of flowers to Marie Christine with the compliments of the City of Vienna.

Anne and I drove to our Hotel which was extremely nice as it was inside the Schwarzenberg Palace. Anne and I had adjacent rooms which were very pleasant overlooking the fine garden of the Palace.

Prince Schwarzenberg of the Napoleonic wars was the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian armies. There is a big equestrian statue of him in the Schwarzenberg Palace. He built a very fine residence with ample grounds and outbuildings in Vienna.

The family had fallen on evil days and the present Prince Schwarzenberg who looked after us has only kept the essential State rooms for himself and in one wing he has created a hotel with forty bedrooms.

At 2000 there was a great Gala dinner in the magnificent dining room of the private part of the Palais Schwarzenberg. I didn't actually count the number of guests but there must have been between eighty and one hundred. The dress was white tie and decorations and the ladies wore tiaras. It was all very smart and reminiscent of pre-war Vienna.

I sat between Olga of Yugoslavia (Marina's sister) and Marie Christine's mother, Countess Koczorowska. She had married again after she had divorced her von Reibnitz husband. She was fluent in many languages and spoke perfect English with a very slight Australian accent. She was great fun and very sensible.

Eddie asked me whether I would propose the health of the bride and bridegroom at a suitable moment but I said I thought he should do so as he was head of Michael's branch of the family and had also acted as "best man" at the civil service.

He thought that the toast should be proposed in German which he couldn't do so I finally agreed to do so. It was short but went well and the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Then after we had sat down poor Peter Scott had to stand up and say that he now had to make an announcement which was far from pleasant and which indeed was painful for him to have to make.

He then explained that that afternoon they had received written instructions from the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna to say that the Mass to which the family were going to be invited had to be held in the small Scottish Chapel of the Benedictine Monastery. There was barely room for thirty people to attend which meant that only the most immediate relations could go.

There were all the many other people who had received printed invitations to the Mass to be said in the big church who had to regard their invitation as cancelled and there would be no party they could play in the religious service.

This announcement caused a good deal of consternation among the guests. Many people, both Catholics and Anglicans and Orthodox, were horrified and deeply distressed, but everybody, of course, accepted it.

Then Michael stood up and made an absolutely charming speech thanking everybody for coming out to support them at his wedding with Marie Christine and generally made an excellent impression.

Then we went out onto the verandah of the great ball room where the Vienna ballet company from the State Opera House had volunteered to give a special performance of eight dancers. They danced in the floodlit gardens of the Palace on the broad main walk and though it had been well rolled down it must have been pretty painful dancing on the end of ones toes on gravel! It all went off very well.

Then an orchestra struck up in the ball room a waltz and Marie Christine and Michael opened the ball and danced three times round by themselves. Then I took Anne onto the floor and others followed us and presently everybody was enjoying themselves hugely.

I had the next dance with Marie Christine and after that she introduced me to a very attractive cousin of hers. I noticed that Tiny, Olga and others started stealing away before midnight and I finally said I, like Cinderella, must go at the stroke of midnight, and succeeded in doing so.

I gather that the others stayed on a long while, some as late as 3 a.m.

Some of the most prestigious Hungarian families came to the dinner and ball, most of them I gather related to Marie Christine. Famous family names I noticed were Apponyi, Batthanyi, Esterhazy, Szchenyi and others.

The Windisch-Graetz family were there in large numbers, at least eight, but alas not Fritzi and my great niece, Puppa, who couldn't make it.

It was also sad that Tiny's daughter-in-law, Yvonne Szapary, couldn't join the Szapary clan who were present in great numbers.

Other interesting guests were Max of Bavaria and his Swedish wife. The Duke and Duchess of Ratibor came and the Thurn und Taxis and, of course, the Toerrings.

Hans Veidt is the present Count Toerring and is the son of Marina's sister, Woolley. He has married a really charming girl, Etty Hohenlohe-Bartenstein, who comes from a place only fifteen kilometers from Langenburg. I sat next to her at the first luncheon and had long talks abou the Hohenlohe family whom she knows so well. She was very sweet.

SATURDAY 1st JULY 1978

I had been pretty tired last night and Marie Christine had kindly said that she was sure that Michael would not expect me to attend the British communion service at the English church and would both be quite happy if I came on to the mass at the Schottenkirche. I drove with Anne to the Benedictine monastery where quite a large and enthusiastic crowd was waiting to greet us with a lot of photographers.

We were barely thirty all told in the tiny chapel. The service was held in English by a charming priest who included parts of the marriage service and blessed the gold rings of the bridal couple and then prepared for the communion service. We had been led to understand that the Pope would have no objection to a communion service being held in the small church as long as it wasn't in the big church.

The priest brought out the wine and the water in a chalice, blessed it and drank it and he blessed the wafer and ate it, he then cleaned out everything and washed his hands, dried his hands, and started again as usual pouring out water and wine and blessing fresh bread. At this moment we all thought he was going over to offer it to Marie Christine only to find that he consumed the host himself.

On the way out I could hardly contain myself. I went up to him and said "I thought it was a beautiful service, you did it in a most moving way but why, oh why, did you consume the host yourself, why did you not offer the sacrament to the Princess?"

He said he was very glad I had asked that question as that enabled him to explain. He said that he had designed the service himself to be particularly satisfying including part of the marriage service and the blessing of the rings and communion. Not long before the service he had received written instructions from the Cardinal Archbishop to say that on no account was the Princess to be allowed to take communion. He had therefore done the only thing

he could do which was to consume the host himself. He was bitterly sorry about it but he had to do what he was told.

I don't think I have ever come across such unchristian behaviour by anybody let alone the Pope and the Cardinal. I think it was really horrible and I was delighted to find, on return, that Charles had spoken out against the behaviour of the Catholic church at the Salvation Army Congress on the day of the Wedding.

Anyway, we all drove off to the British Embassy which is a really magnificent building with a fine garden dating way back to the days when the Austro-Hungarian Empire was large and powerful, now reduced to a population of only six million.

The Ambassador behaved in a very queer way. He said that he would, of course, meet Their Royal Highnesses at the airport and see them off but he had received no instructions to help over the wedding. He apparently resisted the idea of giving any sort of party for the wedding and when asked whether he would permit Prince Michael to borrow the Embassy to give a party, demurred to such an extent that Elizabeth Shakerley, the organizer, was unable to convince him until Peter Scott came in, being considerably senior in the Diplomatic Service to Morgan he persuaded him to allow the Embassy to be used for Michael's luncheon on condition that the whole of the luncheon and all the chairs, cutlery, table cloths, tables, etc., were provided by the Schwarzenberg Hotel. He did, however, allow the table at which the immediate family sat to be covered with their own table cloth and cutlery.

I noted that the Ambassador and his wife were not asked to sit at the Royal table which, considering it was his Embassy and he was the Queen's representative, was distinctly odd. However, I did my best not to get involved with all these extraordinary upsets.

Mrs Morgan was very sweet. She is a Bulgarian and very keen on history and, of course, knew all about my uncle, Sandro, the first ruling Prince of Bulgaria.

After lunch at the request of the Ambassador and Peter Scott, I saw a reporter from the local weekly magazine to give him an interview. The adopted son of my first cousin, Count Assen Hartenau, had written to me to ask if he could come and see me. Jack Barratt arranged to get through to his wife and persuaded them both to come at 1445 to the Embassy.

Finally, when the interview was over I drove off with the Hartenaus on a sight-seeing trip of Vienna, ending with their delightful house in the Garden City party of Vienna. It had a large garden with a swimming pool, a big lawn, cherry trees, rose gardens and with a big house in the middle. I was shown round all the pictures which belonged to Assen of his father's first landing at Varna from a Russian warship and then episodes of his life in Bulgaria and also a picture of his father, Alexander of Hesse.

He told me that my Uncle Sandro, when he accepted the appointment of Commanding the military district of Graz, had received permission to build himself a fine residence. He apparently built it as a replica of the Royal Palace in Sophia and his son, Assen, had inherited it and finally sold it when he bought this new house in Vienna.

I told Willie Hartenau that I had received from Assen the whole of his father's love letters from Johanna Loisinger, the Hessian Opera prima donna whom he ultimately married.

When he said he had a lot of their charming little "billet doux", his son who was in the house and who is a lawyer, promised to have them photostatted and said they would be sent to me in due course to place with the other letters.

Willie and his wife drove me back to the hotel where I picked up Anne and some of the others and we all drove off to the airport, leaving Michael behind as apparently he was still in his underclothes trying to pack when he should have been leaving, but he did arrive in time to catch his aeroplane and see us off. They went by a different aeroplane from us as they were going to Frankfurt to spend the first night of their honeymoon at Wolfsgarten.

We reached London airport at 1950, after putting clocks back one hour. Stronach was there to meet us in the car and we had no delay whatever and drove straight back to Broadlands which I reached feeling pretty tired.

Tomorrow I take the Salute of the "Services SPECTACULAR" at Wilton House, a sort of glorified Tattoo and air display which I am looking forward to but I must try and get as much rest before as possible.

LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S VISIT TO WOLFGARTEN  
WITH LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND HER SONS  
LORD MILFORD HAVEN AND LORD IVAR MOUNTBATTEN

24th - 27th JULY 1978

MONDAY 24th JULY 1978

I rode Tabu and Mary-Lou had her second ride on Lilibet's horse Castle Yard. She had some trouble getting him past blue fertilizer bags but was successful.

I worked hard trying desperately to catch up with my mail before leaving. Stronach drove me to London Airport and I had a sandwich lunch on the way. We arrived punctually at the de Havilland VIP suite. We left punctually by the Lufthansa Aircraft at 1445 and arrived at Frankfurt Airport at 1500.

We were met by Tittu Hohenlohe, my great niece, and second cousin of George and Ivar. We were taken to a nice VIP lounge. Our luggage was soon found and we left in Peg's car driven by Wagner, and a hired car and got to Wolfsgarten in a quarter of an hour as usual.

I pointed out to the boys that we were driving over the original first stretch of motorway in the world which Hitler had created to test its value for war communications before World War II. It is now being enlarged from a dual two lane carriageway to a dual four lane carriageway.

We arrived just before 1600 and had some tea awaiting us in glorious sunshine in the courtyard in front of Peg's little house. Peg took Janet, George and Ivar for a walk round the grounds and I rested. I had Mama's old room as usual and the boys were fascinated to find a magnificent bath in the bedroom. We all dined at Peg's house. Tiny had arrived up from Schliersee and was rather exhausted after her six hours' drive. It was sweet of her to come up to see us again.

TUESDAY 25th JULY 1978

We all had breakfast at 0900 in Peg's house. At 0945 we drove off in the two cars to the little country town of Langen which is only just a mile from the boundaries of Wolfsgarten. We were driven straight to the Altes Rathaus in which an excellent little exhibition about the history of Wolfsgarten had been arranged by the municipal authorities with the help of Peg and her people. The Langen authorities had kindly kept the Exhibition open some weeks more so that I could see it on arrival. They gave us excellent programmes with the first full history I have ever read of Wolfsgarten.

Next we drove on to Kranichstein. We first visited the enormously long building in which our ancestors used to keep their horses, their packs of hounds, and their falcons. On the upper floor the man who tended them had rooms. It has now been turned into an extension of the main museum.

We then walked to the Castle itself which, as I have often said before, was turned over by Lu to the Hessian Hunting Society as a charitable institution. We were sad to hear that thieves broke in and stole no less than 130 of the valuable weapons. Some 350 still remain, however.

It does rather impair the unique record that this was the greatest single collection of sporting weapons which belonged to one family to be put on show. It begins of course with the crossbow, airguns, muzzle loader shotguns and smooth bore guns for shooting stags. I had been round it often so I let Hofmann, the family Curator, take them round and have a particular look at the Battenberg Stag antlers. Meanwhile I sat in the sunshine in the car and started working on my foreword for "Sink the HA GURO".

We were then taken up to the charming little flat which Hofmann has installed for himself in the attics above the main entrance. He has turned it into a nice suite with all his personal valuables on display. We were joined by Fräulein Ilgen who is the Curator of the China Museum in Darmstadt and his particular crony. Then we went through the restaurant to the special garden where one can eat out in fine weather. The sun was so hot we had to move our table into the shade of some trees.

I drove back with Tittu and Tiny to Wolfsgarten but Peg took the others to visit the town church and the crypt with the land graves sarcophagi and then up to the restored Russian Chapel and then on to the Rosenhöhe to see the two modern mausoleums and the open burial grounds for the immediate family.

We drove in two cars to the Castle of Johannisberg where the seven of us joined a family dinner given by Paul and Tatiana Metternich.

I had a useful talk with Paul about the possibility of Clive Bossom, our former Chairman of the RAC, succeeding him as the International President of Motor Sport.

#### WEDNESDAY, 26th JULY 1978

At 1000 we all left for the Darmstadt Schloss and visited the Grand Ducal Archives being shown round by the archivist, Professor Franz. I showed them the great full length pictures of Prince Alexander of Hesse and his wife, Julie Battenberg, and their second son, Alexander I of Bulgaria and his wife, Johanna Loisinger. Peg had had coloured photographs made which hang at Broadlands so I am leaving my own pictures in the Darmstadt Schloss, at all events for the time being.

We were taken to see my section of the Archives with all my grandfather's German papers, etc., which I pointed out were shared of course by George and Ivar. Then they were taken round the Schloss Museum whilst I sat in the car and worked on my foreword which entails reading the manuscript for the book first. When they had finished their tour we all drove to Pfungstadt where we arrived at 1.30 at a charming restaurant created inside an old mill with the water wheel still in position under a glass case.

Tiny and Tittu joined us for luncheon with Tiny's granddaughter, Helen Van Eyck, who, however, was without her luggage which had been sent on from London Airport straight to Munich.

During lunch the hot sunny weather suddenly clouded over, a wind sprang up and by the end of lunch we were engulfed in a torrential monsoon downpour. We delayed our departure a little bit and then drove on the comparatively small distance to Jugenheim. We were escorted by a fire appliance with the local fire brigade in uniform up to my father's old Castle.

On arrival at Schloss Heiligenberg we were met by the former Mayor who is now the Chairman of the local tourist organisation. There were a number of other people there to meet us including the Parson of our old church and two or three who claim to have been housekeepers but I suppose they were really housemaids in the old days. We could not shake off this party, by this time it was barely 20, including the fire brigade. They followed me round my conducted tour as really I am about the only person left who could explain where all the family lived.

When we previously went to the Heiligenberg with the Hicks family we had the sad news that the Teachers' Training College had been moved out. We now had had the glad news that the Heiligenberg was going to be occupied by an advanced Teachers' Training College: even better. They were busy putting in new furniture and removing some of the old as we went round.

We went round the stables and the gardens and finally up to the ruined cloisters on the opposite little hill and then we looked at my grandparents' graves, the glorious gilt cross and the Battenberg Family Mausoleum. They were all in good order. The boys were particularly interested in the famous thousand year old lime tree.

We drove back to Wolfsgarten. My cousin, Moritz of Hesse, the adopted son of Lu and Peg came over for dinner. After dinner he told us the rivetting story of his being kidnapped from his home at Paker in Schleswig-Holstein.

It appears he had had such a bad go of toothache he had taken a strong sleeping pill. When the intruders broke into his room about 0330 he was very drowsy and didn't realise they were there until they were threatening him at his bed. He immediately jumped out and attacked them and they hit back and the two of them overpowered him, having broken his ribs and damaged him fairly severely. They then held him down on the floor while they spent a quarter of an hour strapping explosive charges to him which, they explained, could be set off by a walkie talkie transmitter. He had to behave himself therefore.

Then they told him to get dressed and he chose a startling orange sweater which he had never worn before which he thought would attract attention.

As they went downstairs he tried to make as much noise as possible so that his old housekeeper would be woken up. She was, and looked out of her window where she saw Moritz, having got out to clean the ice off the windscreen of his own car, with his hands over his head as though in surrender. He was immediately threatened by his captors never to put his hands up like that again or he would be killed. However, it was enough to alert the housekeeper. He was forced to drive off in his own car with his captors, along the route which they indicated to him which they had learned by heart.

Their own car followed with a third man. Meanwhile, the housekeeper was rather worried. His captors realised that he normally went to Hamburg on this particular day of the week but what they did not realise was that he had told his housekeeper that on account of his toothache he wasn't going to go that day. So she was surprised when she saw him leave at about 0530 although this would have been the usual time if he had been going to work. She got sufficiently worried to go up to his room where everything was tidy again, then she went into his study and found his briefcase, which he always took with him, still there. That made her suspicious.

She then went downstairs where she found a window had been broken in with glass still on the floor. She then rang up the Farm Manager. He also was worried but thought that kidnapping a Royal Highness was out of the question. Finally she persuaded him to ring up the local police. They immediately put out a kidnapping alert and had something like 60 cars blocking off all roads very quickly.

In the meanwhile the kidnappers had changed cars and had put him in their own car driving themselves while the third man drove Moritz's car behind them. About 0700 they came to a road block and Moritz said to the driver "Look out there must have been an accident, the police are here". So they slowed down and as they went by the police held them up.

A policeman looked in apparently not in a suspicious mood until he saw the bright orange sweater and then he suddenly had a second look, arrested them and pulled them out with help. The police got the bomb disposal squad from Hamburg to come out to strip the explosives strapped to Moritz's chest and back. They found that they were dummies without any explosives.

I should add that on the way one of the men was very talkative. The second remark he made was "We know all about your uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, we have been going into his case very carefully."

The Germans, up to now, had never been really helpful but when they found it was a question of the Royal Family they became very co-operative. McNee told me that Scotland Yard was very grateful because this had been a break-through with the German police who now fully understood the importance of co-operating.

The three kidnappers were immediately put in jail. They admitted that one of their gang was in Switzerland and one was in Spain. Both of them were rounded up so that all five were then in jail and the risk to me appeared to be negligible. So when the Commissioner offered me a permanent round the clock Security Guard I was able to refuse. I could think of nothing more boring.

Anyhow, it was a most fascinating evening and very good value. Moritz's last advice was to get a 12 bore shotgun loaded with buckshot and have it in the bedroom as it was the only thing that would stop determined kidnappers. On the other hand the arrangements I now have at Broadlands with an alarm push by my bed should really take care of any possible break in.

THURSDAY 27th JULY 1978

The boys went shopping in Darmstadt with some money I had given them. George bought himself a Bavarian green hunting hat.

I went for a long and pleasant walk and talk with Peg round the park in bright sunshine.

After lunch we said goodbye to Peg, Tiny and Helen and Tittu drove us four to Frankfurt Airport where we were shown into the VIP lounge. We caught the 1640 Lufthansa aircraft and landed at Heathrow just before 1700.

Here I was met by Stronach and the Ford and drove the boys down with me to Broadlands. Janet had another car meeting her.

We had dinner in the dining room then transferred to the library to show the recording of "This is Your Life" which both the boys wanted to see.

FRIDAY 28th JULY 1978

I had breakfast with George and Ivar at 0845. Jack Barratt came in to talk about the possibility of George entering the Royal Marines and Ivar the Royal Navy. At 0930 they drove off in the Ford to Portsmouth to visit the NEWCASTLE to get a good idea of an up-to-date destroyer. From there they were making their own way back to London by train.

I rode Tabu and Mary-Lou rode Champagne.

I worked very hard trying to catch up with the mail and also had quite a long session with Mollie preparing stuff for me to take to Ireland.

Andrew Yates arrived at 1700 but I wasn't ready for him so I let him have a room to rest a bit and put his feet up as he is nearly as old as me and was driving his own car.

At 1845 he drove me to HMS MERCURY at Leydene, which we reached at 1940, for the Signal Officers' Reunion. I went round to meet as many people as possible but was horrified to find that I knew hardly anybody. Andrew was the only other person of the 77/78 vintage but I met a number of sons whose fathers had been Signal Officers about my time. Their fathers were either dead or too unwell to come but sent messages to me. Finally about 2015 we sat down to an extremely good buffet dinner and sparkling conversation.

At 2150 Stronach, who had driven the Ford over, drove me on to New Grove, Petworth. Although I had been there often I tried the new way recommended outside the town and lost my way hopelessly so it wasn't until 2230 that I arrived. A large party was still at dinner so I went up and unpacked my things with Stronach who then left.

I had come here partly to accept a longstanding invitation from the de Passes but also because originally I should have left for Ireland on Friday morning thus leaving the way clear for Jack Barratt to have his wedding reception for his daughter, Lorraine, in the Orangery with the help of my staff who had volunteered to help out.

Now that our departure for Ireland had been postponed by two days I felt it would be tactful for me to go away. There was a large party, very gay and Charles was among them.

The younger members of the family went off to a barbecue and dance, the remainder of us stayed gossiping and went to bed rather late.

#### SATURDAY 29th JULY 1978

Breakfast was at 0830. The weather was rather overcast in the morning but it got very hot and clear in the afternoon.

Charles had been knocked out of his Tournaments so I went to watch him play in a practise match at Amersham being coached by Sinclair Hill the great Australian player.

It was so hot when I got back that I borrowed some swimming trunks from Robert and bathed in their pool.

Charles went straight off from Polo to Windsor to change, then on to the Albert Hall for the Jeunesses Musicales World Orchestra Concert and got back about 0030.

I had a fascinating talk with John Cowdray, who was in good form. I told him he must take off at least a stone as he was too heavy. He agreed.

I got to bed just before midnight.

SUNDAY 30th JULY 1978

It was an overcast and drizzly day. We all had breakfast and then at 1110 Charles drove me in his Aston Martin to Portsmouth which we reached in the time I prophesied, one hour, at 1210. Here the Royal barge was waiting for us at the VERNON and took us straight off to join the BRITANNIA anchored in Cowes Roads.

We had a very pleasant little cold lunch in the veranda together and afterwards we had a good gossip. At 1500 I went out with Charles, the Admiral (Hugh Janion) and Charles' police officer, [redacted] in the tiny but very fast speed boat given him by Barbados.

He water ski-ed on one ski with great success twice. The Admiral tried but failed and got so excited when he jumped in that he kept his sunglasses on which came off and still had his wristwatch on which he took off in a hurry and I looked after it for him.

We got back about the same time as most of the party turned up. They included Norton and Penny, Lord and Lady Tollemache, whom I had never met before and Oliver Everet, the new Assistant Private Secretary and Tim Ward, the Equerry. Two girl secretaries were invited to dinner. I sat next to a sweet one called Philippa Binney. After dinner Hugh Janion took Penny and the two girls and myself down to the engine room which is as clean as ever. It really is a miracle of cleanliness, how they keep it so beautifully polished up while using it for steaming is really remarkable.

I turned in fairly early in Cabin A, en suite with Anne's Cabin B.

MONDAY 31st JULY 1978

A miserable day with drizzle and rain practically the whole time though the wind was strong enough for the sailing races to take place but in wet conditions. Charles raced and some of the others did but the rest of us remained onboard and had lunch together and after lunch we had a good film which I liked very much called "The Medusa Touch".

After tea at 1640 I took a sight seeing party off in the barge and landed at Trinity House Landing, East Cowes. The party consisted of Anne, Norton, Penny, John and Zar Tollemache. We were met by the Osborne House car and John Horsnell, my Resident Staff Officer, with my Governor's car and the Navy produced their duty car and we were escorted as usual by the faithful police out-rider, Gurr.

We went first to Osborne House and were taken all over the entire house and then we drove down to Swiss Cottage and went over that. Then we drove on to Carisbrooke Castle and went over the Museum which was Aunt Beatrice's old residential quarters as Governor. We saw the donkey working the well, we saw the exhibition of Governors in the Gate House. We got back to the Royal Yacht Squadron steps at 1900.

As we arrived back onboard the BRITANNIA the entire Ogilvy family arrived to join the ship. We all had dinner at 2030 and at 1030 we went over to the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle for the Squadron Dance. I got away fairly early.

TUESDAY 1st AUGUST 1978

Anne and I were due to leave the ship in different directions at 0900 after breakfast at 0830. To save the complication of simultaneous departure I said I would like to leave at 0850. The Chief Steward thereupon told everyone else that breakfast would be at 0845. As I was not told I came down punctually at 0830! However, I easily finished my breakfast in time to leave at 0850 and was landed at the RTYC pier at Warsash at 0920. Stronach was waiting for me and drove me to Broadlands, having picked up Kimberley at the Doll's House after his successful honeymoon with Nell.

I took sandwiches in the car and reached 39 Montpelier Walk at 1430. Patricia took over driving my car and John drove his and David drove his. We changed round en route as usual and caught the LEINSTER that night.

WEDNESDAY 2nd AUGUST 1978

We gave breakfast to the Ambassador and Mrs Haydon at the Shelbourne Hotel and then drove on up to Classiebawn.

The Brabournes left on the 5th August for Aasleagh and the rest of us went to stay with the Hamiltons at Barronscourt.

On Tuesday 8th August the five Hicks and two Hamiltons with their two children and Sandra Butter and I all drove to Classiebawn. The Hamiltons left on Thursday 10th and then we started the usual routine of life at Classiebawn Castle, going out in SHADOW V and riding.

On the 17th August Pammy drove Ashley and me over to Aasleagh. She went back and Patricia drove me back on the 19th.

We had a ghastly fright on the morning of the 19th as Kimberley swallowed a nylon cast from the rubbish bin and we were afraid the hook had got caught inside as we couldn't get it out. So we arranged to go and see a vet called Doyle at Colloney who gave him an injection and said he would be all right. Luckily this turned out to be correct.

John, Michael-John and the twins came back late on Saturday the 19th so the whole family was reunited here.

On Wednesday, 23rd, Patricia drove John, Michael-John, MA, Amanda, Dodo and me to Baronscourt for lunch.

On Friday, 25th, Hugh Tunney came to spend the night, for a talk which was satisfactory. It appears he has spent a very vast sum already on doing up Classiebawn, between £70,000 and £100,000. The house is, of course, immensely improved and is more or less restores to late Victorian pattern. It was agreed that my room should not be changed so I feel completely at home in that.

On Tuesday, 29th August we all left Classiebawn. David drove me down to Dublin in time to reach the British Ambassador's residence. The Ambassador, himself a gallant holder of the Burma Star, was a member of V Force in Atakan and was host with Mrs Haydon to 161 members of the Burma Star Association and their spouses. We arrived twenty minutes before the guests had been asked but they started coming in within 2 minutes of our arrival and all were present by 2000. Paddy (the Earl of Bandon), the President of the Republic of Ireland Branch made a charming speech and I also spoke and gave them £100 towards their fund. David drove me on to the LEINSTER where the rest of the family turned up almost exactly at the same time. It was nice being back onboard the old ship.

WEDNESDAY 30th AUGUST 1978

We arrived in the morning at Liverpool. The RAC representative met us. When we came to the security guard at the Customs barrier we all had to produce written evidence of who we were. I am afraid I tried on a piece of one-up-manship. I said to the man "If you dip your head down and look into the window, you may recognise my face". He did and let me through.

I drove with the entire Hicks family in their car and our car to Barlston, the delightful Wedgwood factory set in the glorious park where we had breakfast with the Chairman, Sir Arthur Bryan, in a very modern room. In the centre was a large round table with a dumb waiter in the middle which turned, much to the amusement of the children. Then we went all over the factory and the Wedgwood museum. We saw them making some of my portrait medallions and the children and I signed some of them on the back in the wet porcelain mixture which they are going to bake and send to us later. It was a delightful morning.

We drove down to Madersfield Court for lunch with the Earl and Countess Beauchamp. He had had a stroke and is in a chair and can understand what is said and smile but can't speak. She was extremely active although she is 83. The house is remarkable and fascinating to see. We went all over it and had an excellent lunch. By an astonishing coincidence, Andrew Yates and his wife arrived for lunch at the same time as they are old friends and also en route.

I was in a great rush to have a hair cut at Toppers which was long overdue so David dropped me there and then picked up Stronach, after which I went back via 39 Montpelier Walk to see the others and change over some of the luggage. We reached Broadlands at 2030. It was really lovely to be home again.

TUESDAY 5th SEPTEMBER 1978

I spent the first four days of September resting and catching up with the backlog of mail but today, Tuesday, I flew in a helicopter to Combermere Barracks at Windsor to visit the Life Guards. It followed the usual routine but after lunch with 36 officers in the mess, the weather had closed down so much that I had to go back in a Life Guards car to Broadlands. I got back by 1600 and changed and then on to a function in Southampton.

SATURDAY 9th SEPTEMBER 1978

Most of the family had come to Broadlands the night before for the Romsey Show. The weather was perfect and the attendance was a record. I believe some 27,000 paid admission and there were 3,000 who got in free to work on the Show so there were some 30,000 people present. I lunched with the President in his tent as usual, a farmer called John Fawcett.

We ran a charming film for the family in the evening "Heaven can Wait".

I spent the night of Tuesday, 12th September, to the following day in London.

THURSDAY 14th SEPTEMBER 1978

For the second time I had to sign 2,000 prints for the CAVALIER Fund helped by Tanya Stronach. It took several days.

FRIDAY 15th SEPTEMBER 1978

Carola Rothschild and her dear old maid, Anna, arrived at 1250 from New York to stay until Monday, 18th September.

I had promised to go to the opening concert at the new Music Hall in Poole of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra but Carola had absolutely refused to leave the house and said she would go back to London if I went. I had, therefore, persuaded Michael and Marie Christine of Kent to come down and spend the night at Broadlands and go off and be guests of honour at the concert; a very good solution.

THURSDAY 21st SEPTEMBER 1978

I attended the unveiling of my portrait in full dress Royal Marines uniform at the Royal Marines Museum which had been painted by John Gilroy who had also done the picture in Naval Monkey Jacket which now hangs at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. I went on to Haslar for a long session with the dentist and a complete check-up, which on the whole was very satisfactory.

The day was a sad anniversary, for my father died on the 21st September 1921, fifty-seven years ago. It seems incredible that he had been dead so long as his memory is still so vivid.

SATURDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 1978

Sally had come the night before with an American friend, Tommy Ogden, and they both drove over with me for the KELLY Squadron Open Day at HMS MERCURY. I inspected the Parade and took the Salute. We all went round the Signal School and then had lunch in the Mountbatten Block. A very pleasant day. Sally and Tommy left on Saturday evening.

During dinner John rang up from a brief halt of the Scottish Express to pick up mail to say that the train was due to arrive two hours behind programme time and he said it was desperately important for him to catch the Concorde. Would I arrange to have his seat in Concorde held up to the last minute. I rang up Jack and he fixed it with great difficulty. So John did catch his Concorde with a few minutes to spare. So all was well as he had to be in New York for the opening night of his film "Death on the Nile".

