

the TANK CANADA

No. 5

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1st Canadian Army

Major military announcement of the past month, from a Canadian point of view, was the brief official statement of the organization overseas of headquarters for the 1st Canadian Army. Included in the meagre details was the information that the Army would consist of two Corps. Coupled with this was the unofficial intimation that one Corps would consist of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Canadian Divisions (infantry), plus the 1st and 2nd Canadian Army Tank Brigades and that the second Corps would be the 5th and 4th Canadian Armoured Divisions.

Command of the new army has been placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.Sc., LL.D. (P.A.M.), that brilliant, modern-minded scientist who is Canada's Number One Soldier and whom some would like to see as Canada's number one citizen.

Lt.-Gen. McNaughton was born in Moosomin, Sask., 55 years ago. His career, both as a civilian electrical engineer and as a soldier, has been one of pre-eminent achievement. For some years he has been president of the National Research Council, a post he still retains though on leave of absence to the army.

Of him the Toronto Daily Star recently said editorially: "General McNaughton's mind is that fruitful combination of the scientific and the military, a mind admirably suited to the needs of this war." His recognition of the vital need for far-sighted military planning led him to stress in a current interview that "one of the important duties of the new Canadian Army headquarters will be to accelerate technical development of new weapons and improved methods." His expressed wish, as quoted by the daily press late in February, for the creation of a board to develop ideas originating from soldiers in the field, preceded by only a few weeks the government announcement forming a new army technical council, headed by Victor Sifton, Master-General of Ordnance.

It is possible that to Lt.-Gen. McNaughton's steady insistence is due a large share of the credit for the fact that Canada's new Army will be relatively the most mechanized in the world and that it will be completely equipped with Canadian transport, A.F.V.'s, and weapons. For his is a viewpoint that is sharply critical of complacency in Canada's war effort and, conversely, of any tendency to underestimate the fighting potential of Canada's factories. He is authority for the statement that many of the war items, wrought by Canada's workmen, rank amongst the best in the world.

EDITORIAL

BECAUSE I BABBLED

He wore the black beret. He sat down beside a civilian in the train. In the course of the next hour and a half he named his unit, told its approximate strength, where it had been and was expected to go, details of its training and discussed his grouses. He did not know the civilian.

He wore the field service cap. He thumbed a lift from a civilian just beyond Camp Borden's north barrier. In response to the civilian's suggestion that it was a nice day, he agreed but said that he was glad to be getting out of this place, that he was going tomorrow on embarkation leave, and that his unit (which he named) was going overseas. He did not know the civilian.

He wore airforce blue. He sat in the bus, bound for a distant town, beside a man who wore the uniform of an armoured corps officer. In a voice which dominated most of the vehicle he abused the administration of his station, which he named, but he was glad that he was getting out. He, and most of his group, were being shifted to the west coast immediately. He also confided that he was A.W.L. He did not know the other people in the bus and, until that moment, he had only the evidence of his eyes to attest that the other uniform was actually worn by an officer.

In military law there is provision for the severe punishment of such babbling. There is also an unofficial school of thought in this army which holds that such babblers should be shot. In support of the argument it is asserted that it would be cheaper to kill the three of them than to let their wagging tongues kill both themselves and hundreds of their comrades.

But, unfortunately, these three instances are not isolated. Where is that person, be he officer or other rank, who has not to his family, or to civilians, or to other military men in places where he might be overheard, divulged military information which should never have been discussed? Though the degree of our folly may be lesser or greater than that of the three babblers, it is still a fact that day after day we are spreading the means by which enemy agents may easily obtain a gauge of the training, equipment, numbers, and morale of Canadian troops.

Security is not an unknown word, however. Unit Security Officers have done much to educate all ranks to a realization of its meaning and necessity. Their effort has been greatly aided by a well-planned

and extensive government advertising campaign designed to emphasize the danger of careless talk. And much good has been accomplished.

That these campaigns have failed to gain their complete objective may be largely due to two temperamental characteristics which are common in varying degree to all people. First is the tendency of the individual subconsciously to reason: "Yes, careless talk is dangerous. But they don't mean me. Anyway, these people are all right." The second is the far more dangerous desire to be the 'big shot' in the eyes of other people, to pose as the custodian of important information, to disclose a little of it to prove your point even if it is necessary to exaggerate the details.

Security campaigns must be extended and intensified and the individual must be brought to realize his responsibility. Security will cease to be a catch-word and become a powerful weapon on that day when each uniformed man takes upon himself the duties of "security policeman." What are those duties? They are to stop your pal if he starts to talk military matters, and to stand vigilant guard over your own tongue—drunk or sober; to discuss no military subject even if the people are 'all right'; and to realize that the biggest big-shot is the one who, though he has information, keeps it to himself.

In military matters, one does not regret what one does not say. We might do far worse than to take up the paraphrased slogan: "Brave men shall not die because I babbled!"

What's your hurry, driver? Okay, save your minute! But you may lose a life.

A man's foot or nose is not so much a part of him as his reputation.



"He always cuts it here—says it's much easier!"—Humorist

THE MARCH PAST



Reputation is what folks think we are. Personality is what we seem to be. Character is what we are.

The man who toots his own horn soon has everybody dodging when he approaches.

Wasted effort: telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

High heels were invented by a girl who had been kissed on the forehead.

Unconfirmed report has it that at a pre-war meeting of the British fascist organization, Sir Oswald Mosley (since interned) was about to make an address. He raised his arm in the well-known salute. In the silence a voice piped out: "Yes, Oswald, you may leave the room."

Potential source of military trouble is our tendency to talk too much. Soldiers should take a tip from that old darkey whose morning prayer was: "Dear Lawd, help me today to keep my big mouf shut." For when you start to tell something and have to commence with "Perhaps I shouldn't say this," you usually shouldn't.

One reason there are fewer train accidents than car accidents is that the engineer wouldn't think of kissing the fireman.

For months the lieutenant had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages in being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being—a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol whom one can treat as one's absolute property; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows—"

To his delight he saw a sympathetic gleam in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

"So you're thinking of buying a dog?" she said. "I think it's a marvellous idea. Do let me help you choose one!"

We, of the English-speaking nations, allowed ourselves to be badly out-paced in the pre-war preparation race. In that there is a lesson to be learned but its value is not enhanced by choosing scapegoats.

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The Soldierly Spirit

BY BRIGADIER E. L. M. BURNS



Brig. Burns

Saluting, smartness on parade, spit and polish—what good are all these in a war of high explosives, machines and armour?

To answer that question, we start with the axioms that material of war is of no value without men to use it and that unless men are properly trained, the best tanks, guns and aircraft will not bring victory; will not even stave off defeat.

The next query from the intelligent soldier might be: "When we need so much technical training, don't we waste time in doing foot drill, beyond what is needed to move around in an orderly fashion?"

Drill, in its essence, is the practice of teamwork; a group of individuals acting together in response to a directing will, or towards a common purpose. Drills of many sorts are a necessity if individuals are to co-operate under the stress of battle, where the fear of death and the impact of the unexpected always tend to paralyze thought and arrest action; when the nerves and muscles will only respond properly if they have been exercised so often that reaction is almost instinctive. The drill of fighting a tank, an aircraft, or a gun is far more complicated and variable than the foot-drill we learn on the square, but in the complex, as in the simpler drill, there should be the same instant response to command. No man, no crew, no troop is drilled sufficiently until he reacts to the word of command without having to hesitate to think, and then drill must be continued to keep to that pitch.

There cannot be good drill without discipline—which is the subordination of self for a common aim. And conversely, discipline is learned by drill. As we act, so we think; when we become accustomed to acting in a group with other men, we think of ourselves in the setting of and as a part of that group rather than as individuals; we become disciplined, which is to say efficient members of an organization for the execution of some common purpose.

We should learn by progressing from simple tasks to more difficult ones; we should learn discipline and concerted action by progressing from the simplicity of modern foot-drill to the complexities of the drills for modern fighting machines. We should always aim at the perfection of co-ordination, and that is why the good drill instructor will make his squad repeat a movement two, twenty or a hundred times until it is done right, and by all together.

Next: spit and polish. In 1939, many thought that it had been eliminated by battle dress and camouflage, the dulling of everything that glitters and flashes. But however soldiers may grouse at the daily task of blanco and brass polish they grow

to cherish the habit of smartness. A recent questionnaire showed a large majority of tankmen in favour of brass buttons for walking-out jackets—the so-called dress uniforms. And every unit wants distinctive badges, shoulder patches, lanyards and so on.

These things are symbols of unity. The good soldier takes a pride in his appearance. Every human does, more or less. Excess becomes vanity; total lack is slovenliness. So the golden mean should be sought. The soldier should take a pride in his uniform as the symbol of his corps or unit. His cleanliness is the outward sign of orderliness of mind and health of body. So with the cleanliness and order of the barrack room or other quarters in which he lives. It may be bare but it should never be dirty or untidy. Quarters that are kept in slovenly fashion reflect inefficiency.

Finally: Saluting. Discussions on the necessity of this practice, and the rules surrounding it are endless. The meaning of the salute is simple. It is a gesture of greeting from junior to senior, and its meaning is: "I am a disciplined soldier, ready to obey constituted authority." Juniors should be scrupulous in giving and superiors in returning salutes. It is military good manners and the most obvious indicator of a unit's discipline.

To sum up,—smartness at drill and in dress is the sign of discipline without which no army ever is victorious; it is the evidence of military habits which once acquired are not more irksome than cleanliness or punctuality, or any other of the orderly rules of life which are necessary to success.

They are the signs of the soldierly spirit, the soldier's determination to do his duty at any price; his subordination of self; his sense of solidarity with his comrades; his awareness of the common sacrifice he and they are making and will make, his pride in what he does and in what he is.

* * * * *

Praise is never wholly undeserved.



"Hello, Major Longstaffe, I didn't know you rode"—Humorist

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More Tanks Mean Fewer Hairpins

BY FLOYD S. CHALMERS

Floyd S. Chalmers is editor of *The Financial Post*, Toronto. This winter he spent several weeks in Britain and while there visited Canada's First Army Tank Brigade, among other Canadian units.

He tells a story that indicates how alert the Canadian tank squadrons overseas are every minute.

He drove up to a tank "park" with Brigadier (now Major-General) F. F. Worthington and stepped out of the car with the commander. The corporal of the guard saluted Brigadier Worthington and passed him into the park; but he stopped Mr. Chalmers and politely asked "Have you a pass, sir?"

Somewhat taken aback, Mr. Chalmers said "No, but I'm with the brigadier."

The corporal asked to see his identification papers. Mr. Chalmers showed his Ministry of Information documents. The corporal still took no chances.

He turned to Brigadier Worthington and asked: "Do you vouch for this gentleman, sir?"

The Brigadier did, and the visitor was admitted to the tank park.

Mr. Chalmers is one of that handful of Canadians who wore the black and white tank patch on their sleeves in the last war. A member of the First Canadian Tank Battalion, he spent many months in the south of England in training as a tank gunner. This Canadian unit did not get into action in France.

When the world's first tanks went into action on the Somme on September 15, 1916, there were only 49 of them altogether. Of these 17 broke down before they went "over the top"; 23 more failed because of mechanical or other troubles. Only 9 fulfilled their missions.

These 9 tanks were the fore-runners of the 50,000 to 75,000 tanks in the world today. Hitler has perhaps 20,000 tanks. Britain has set an objective of 30,000 tanks. Russia may have 20,000-30,000. The United States is building 120,000 this year and next, 120,000! Whew!

Canada itself builds in one factory every month nearly twice as many tanks as the British had on the Somme and has a second tank factory as well.

One tank today, in cost, in armament and in armour, is a vastly more complicated and efficient mechanism than any one of those early tanks.

Some of us remember the "last word" in tanks with which the First Canadian Tank Battalion trained in Southern England in 1918. We had Mark IV's, Mark V's and some of the big 37-ton Mark V Star, intended chiefly as a troop carrier.

The thickest armour on the Mark V tank was less than ½ inch. The maximum speed was under 5 miles per hour. The Mark V had a 150 H.P. Ricardo engine, with forced water cooling. Each track was separately geared and, while there was a differential, the steering had to be done by speeding. The tank had a radical new improvement. No longer did it take two men to drive it—one on each track. One man was able to drive the tank by himself!

It could go 25 miles on one re-fueling; "jump" a trench of 10 feet; wade through 3 feet of water; take a slope of 35 degrees or climb a vertical wall of 4 feet 11 inches.

The tank was heavy. It weighed over 30 tons. There were two types, "male" and "female". (Do tanks have sexes today?)*

The male tank carried two 6-pounder guns, a sort of converted naval gun of 57 mm (2.24 inches), and four Hotchkiss machine guns. The female tank carried 6 machine guns. It had extra space for carrying troops—up to 28 in some tank sizes.

Those were great fighting monsters for the time. There are lighter tanks today that, pound for pound, are about as different from the 1918 tanks in spirit and fighting power as a wildcat is from a mudcat.

And they cost a lot more. I don't know what a 31-ton Mark V tank cost but you can put \$75,000 down beside each of one, at least, of the types being made on this continent today.

Figure out for yourself the total horsepower in our North American tank programme; the weight of armourplate steel required, or the manhours of fine precision machining needed to put the tanks together and you will see why the civilian population is beginning to discover that there's a war on.

Canada already has 600,000 men and women in warplants. I wonder if we couldn't put that up to 1,000,000 or even 1,500,000?

Or take the United States. It has 5 million workers in war plants. At the end of the year it will have 11 million. Before it really goes "all out" it will have at least 20,000,000 in war plants.

Those people weren't all idle or unemployed before the war. Some were unemployed but most of them were busy making automobiles and refrigerators and pots and pans. They won't make any more—not until the war is over.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Even before we got to press a mild controversy started over this query of Mr. Chalmers. With former R.T.R. officers carrying the ball, it centered round whether male and female armament died with the Mark IV. or Mark V. tank.

There are a hundred ways to turn civilian industry over to war.

One is to load factories with war orders, so that they are too busy to make jackknives or carrot scrapers.

Another way is to let the government control all the supplies of raw materials and dole them out sparingly—and of some materials not at all—to factories making goods for civilian use.

Another is to take a lien on all the machine tools in the country.

Still another way is to take people out of peacetime jobs and put them in war plants, either by persuasion or compulsion.

You can go about the job indirectly, too; such as by taxing people heavily and inducing them to buy Victory Bonds or War Savings Certificates, thus leaving them with less money to spend on new clothes or gadgets.

We're using all of those tools (and a lot more) to shape our war structure in this country.

And one reason we have to do it is because in the last war Mr. Churchill pulled some dusty sketches out of a file and had William Foster and Co. build some tanks. (They weren't "tanks" at all but to keep the new juggernaut a secret that's what the workmen in the plant were told to call them if anyone asked what they were working on. The name has stuck ever since.)

Those tanks gave the world its first taste of really mechanized warfare and made it certain that if ever another war came it would be an industrial and engineering war as well as a soldiering, fighting war.

If the people of Canada today can't buy new cars one reason is that the army needs tanks. If hairpins are few and baby mustn't have a rubber doll it's because war has grown a ravenous appetite for steel and rubber—as well as for oil and cotton and wool and everything else.

This winter I was in Britain and this Spring I visited the United States. In both of these countries, as well as in Canada, the output of the weapons of war is speeding up at fantastic rates. The tanks—and the planes and the guns and the motor transports—are rolling off the production lines. We've got to make them roll faster but we won't do it without making life a lot less comfortable for the men and women in "civvies". But the civilian population will not mind. Most people have only one complaint; that they are not being given enough opportunity yet to make the kind of sacrifices that will speed up victory.

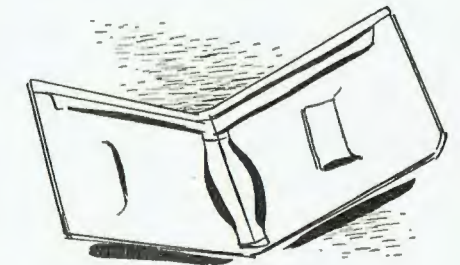
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Mussolini went for a trip with the Italian Fleet. Presently they sighted what appeared to be a British ship, and the whole fleet rapidly turned tail, put up a smoke-screen and raced for home.

They were still speeding along when the admiral approached Mussolini and said: "It's all right, sir. It was only a mirage."

"All the same, keep going!" cried the Duce. "Those Miragians are a treacherous crowd!"

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Think hard. If you've got the answer, let's know. We'll throw some guns into it and use it for a Recce. car.

In other words, we're throwing open the back door and inviting you in on a long-standing controversy which has raged around the design of vehicles for the newest wing of Canada's fighting services, the Reconnaissance Battalion. It is the same technical vs. requirement controversy which rages in connection with the recce. vehicles of everybody else's army. Its basis is elementary and the factors involved are evident to anyone who will take time to consider them. But, at the risk of prejudicing your open mind, here's some of what has gone before.

The original reconnaissance vehicle was the horse, and there are some 'die hards' who still consider it the best. They contend, and rightly, that the prime requisite of scouting is the ability to see. A skilled horseman puts his mount up the trail. What is he doing with his eyes? He's watching the copse to his right, the crest to his left, or scanning the horizon ahead. The one thing which, normally, he is not doing is directing his gaze to the ground a few feet ahead. His horse doesn't have to be steered through the ruts and bumps. It will do that for itself.

That fault, from which the horseman was free, is one which with difficulty must be schooled out of recce. personnel in motor vehicles. The attention of the driver, whether he be handling motorcycle, M.T., or tracked vehicle, will be primarily on the road immediately ahead. But so will that of the other occupants of the vehicle. Perhaps that is partly because they have been trained as drivers themselves. Yet it is not entirely so for the same tendency is found in persons who have never driven. It is a habit which might well prove fatal.

Your horseman has no confining walls of arm-our plate to restrict his vision. He has none of its weight to restrict his movements or its expense to add to the national debt. His mobility over broken ground is practically unlimited. Because of his ability to fodder his mount almost wherever he finds himself, and his consequent relative freedom for limited periods from problems of supply, his range of operation has not been greatly exceeded by more modern recce. formations.

Why then is scouting cavalry largely a thing of the past? Because the horseman was too good a target for small arms fire, utterly helpless when

faced with a machine gun, and unable to carry the automatic arms of his time in order to increase his own protective fire power. The earlier advent of the Tommy or Sten would have helped correct this deficiency but it is unlikely now that such weapons will ever restore horsed recce. to a place in the sun.

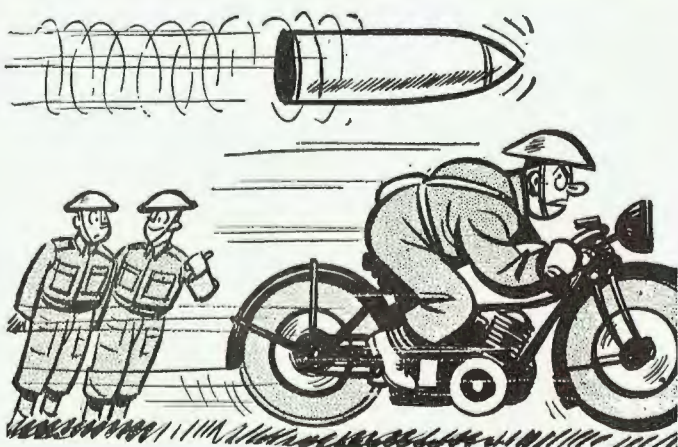
The motorcycle, in military work, was originally a despatch rider's vehicle. It was a means of getting from one place to another, sometimes with surprising rapidity, and of retaining mobility under heavy traffic conditions. It would dodge through amazingly small openings, skirt the road shoulders, and, if the road were irretrievably blocked, developed an extraordinary cross-country performance under the direction of a skilled rider.

Germany may or may not have pioneered the use of motorcycles for reconnaissance work but the German army was first to give them a prominent role under battle conditions. Even at that the terming of Nazi motorcycle troops as recce. elements may be a partial misnomer for the accent seems to have been on the speedy exploitation of infiltration and break-through rather than the primary mission of obtaining information. Capitalizing on extreme mobility, their chief task was to harass enemy rear areas, destroy communications, and spread terror. And they did it well. Some of the vehicles were wireless-equipped, however, and doubtless provided much valuable information for the German high command.

For refugees and civilians it must have been a panic-bearing sight to see these motorbikes tearing along roads or bouncing across fields, spewing bullets from light machine guns and automatic rifles. But there is no reason why it should have been for armed troops. The firing of an l.m.g. from a moving motorcycle sets no records for accuracy. All the troops needed to do was go to ground and the cyclists

* * * * *

If your unit is not represented in these pages, you might find out why.



"It makes him so mad to have one pass him."—Humorist

suddenly became very vulnerable. In areas where military organization did not collapse, the casualties amongst German cycle troops were very high.

According to available information, the Germans made some use of a three-wheeled motorbike, similar to the three-wheeled m.c. delivery vehicles occasionally seen in Canadian cities. This was apart entirely from the use of the conventional side car and may be taken as an indication that even the Nazis have been finding difficulties with the traditional instability of the motorcycle. That Canadians have been meeting with such trouble is no longer a military secret.

In this nation, which has grown up with the stench of exhaust pipes in its nostrils, skilled motorcyclists are, nonetheless, a rarity. The attempt to correct this situation has had its painful moments. As for three-wheels, the tendency to take side-cars through places where they simply will not go proved to be non-habit-forming. As for two-wheels, Lord Haw Haw's famous statement had an element of truth. Against Canadians, they have so far been Hitler's best weapon.

After exhaustive experiments with military funerals and hospitalization, it has been conclusively proved that a motorcycle is not much good in a fence and that it is not worth a darn against a brick wall. It has been discovered that thick hedges are a dis-

tinct hazard to the rider and that ditches can seldom be successfully negotiated at speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. It also seems that the vehicle's apparent manoeuvrability in traffic can sometimes be a dangerous illusion and that in recce. work the rider who pays due attention to the surrounding country may be vulnerable to other things than enemy bullets.

Then what about the blitz-buggy (or jeep, or peep if you prefer). There is a vehicle. On the road it will travel faster than most people care to drive it. Its light weight and four wheel drive take it across sand and through mud. Except that it requires a slightly larger opening to pass between two other vehicles, it will go most everywhere and do most everything that is claimed for the motorcycle. And it is safe in the hands of the average driver.

In the American army, where they have been used for some years, the doughboys are enthusiastic about them. Canadians now equipped with the blitz-buggies share that enthusiasm.

By the exponents of that school of thought which holds that visibility is everything in recce. and that manoeuvrability is the best defence against fire power, the blitz-buggy is regarded as the ultimate achievement in a reconnaissance vehicle. It lends itself to the mounting of automatic weapons and to the towing of small cannon. The Americans have

— Please see page ten

TOKYO VIA ALASKA

* * * * *

On paper the 1,200-mile road now being blasted through British Columbia's mountains to Alaska, stops at Fairbanks, but to the American soldiers doing the job it points straight to the heart of Tokyo—they've put up road signs to prove it. Here a U.S. army jeep (better known to Canucks as "blitz-buggy") is halted below one of the Tokyo signs.



even mounted a 37 m.m. gun on some of theirs—an innovation which was regarded with almost sacrilegious horror in some conventionally-minded circles.

"But the gun will shake the car to pieces," came their immediate objection.

"So what?" rejoined the experimenters. "It may stand up to it longer than you think. And when it does go, all we've lost is a couple of hundred dollars worth of easily-replaced automotive equipment, most of which can be salvaged. And we can get more of these faster than we can tanks."

There is no information available as to how the gun is mounted, whether it can be fired with the vehicle in motion, or as to its arc of traverse. It seems reasonable to suppose that the gun could be fired from a limited traverse to front or rear but, though a blitz-buggy is not easily upset, it is probable that in any one action only one shot could be fired to a flank.

As a recce. vehicle, however, the blitz-buggy is not without hazard to its crew. It provides no protection against small arms fire. Though its speed and manoeuvrability make it a difficult mark for riflemen or anti-tank gunners, it is not an impossible target. Faced with unexpected l.m.g. or m.g. fire the crew become almost certain casualties. That's why there are armoured cars.

The armoured car does provide protection against small arms fire. It also provides, in late models, a good measure of cross-country performance. It gives high-speed movement on roads. In some German and Russian models, in which a spare driver-gunner with a duplicate set of driving controls is located in rear, it permits of getting out of trouble hurriedly on narrow roads. In most models there is armament equivalent to that of a medium tank.

In fact conventional armoured cars are in reality a species of tank on wheels. From a reconnaissance battalion standpoint, they have the same disadvantage, too. They are too nearly blind.



"I could have sworn I saw you smoking."

"Really, sir! The last officer from the mess swore he could see a pink elephant."
—Humorist

No, we are not going into the subject of tracked vehicles for recce. battalions. Let's stick to recce. cars. Canada has an answer to these problems, of course, but we're not going into that either. But, if you haven't read these comments too carefully, you can still tackle the subject for your own satisfaction with a nearly open mind. And, if you have ideas, the editor has a mail-box.

* * * *

"When I was in Montana," said the old bore in the mess, "I had a number of interesting experiences. One morning, just as I was shaving, a large lion came into the camp. It was a fierce-looking brute, but with great presence of mind I seized a bucket of water in which I was shaving and threw it at the lion. With its tail between its legs, it slunk miserably away."

There was dead silence for a moment as the other people present considered this most unlikely story. Then the little man in the corner chimed in.

"Say, boys," he said quietly, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. Five minutes after it happened I was walking along the same road. I met this lion, and, as is my usual habit, I stopped to stroke his whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

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THE TANK—GREAT BRITAIN

Withdrawal from Crete had been completed. Only the rearguard was left, and for them there was nothing but fire all their ammunition, then surrender. But English troops do not like the idea of giving up tamely, even when it is hopeless to go on, and many decided, singly or in small groups, that if they could possibly dodge the German prison camps as they already had dodged the bullets, they were going to do it.

Thus it was that our party of three found itself on the southern shore of the island at daybreak one morning at the end of May. There were many troops from all parts of the Empire already there, and it looked like the end of our journey as the growing light showed the sea devoid of anything that floated. We had begun to search for material to build a raft, when we had luck. In a small bay, anchored only a couple of hundred yards out, was a boat, a boat moreover which might hold 50 men. In a few minutes an Australian uniform was piled on the beach while its owner swam to the boat, cut it loose and towed it back.

She had two engines, one of which worked, so a party of well-informed troops collected some drums of petrol which they had noticed in the hills and carried them aboard. That boat was built to hold 50,

but when we started up the one dubious engine there were 140 men aboard. Two decided that the risk was too great, and swam back to the shore, but we were still so tightly packed that none could lie down and few could sit. We made for a rocky islet where we hoped to "provision" our craft for the voyage to Egypt, and as we drew slowly out to sea we heard the all too familiar sound of dive-bombers over the beach astern. We had not left any too quickly.

That trip was made up of nightmares and miracles. The first miracle was the boat herself; the second was a large cave in the islet, into which we took our craft about 9 a.m. to wait for darkness. Without that the Luftwaffe could hardly have failed to find us.

We counted our blessings, and found that they numbered three; a spring from which we filled every available container, including tin hats, with water for three days; a German compass, broken but workable; and an officer of the Royal Marines, whom we asked to come along as O.C. ship.

At sunset the voyage began. Both engines were running, thanks to "doctoring" during the day, and we made a good five knots, steering south-east. Next

—Please see page twelve

The Taste Thrill of the Day . . .

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day the nightmares began. The petrol in the tanks was getting low, so we started to fill up, only to find that our precious drums of petrol contained oil!

For two days we drifted in a choppy sea, all seasick, trying to make rafts out of the empty drums, and to coax a few more miles out of the engines. The food and water was strictly rationed; two biscuits, two spoonfuls of bully beef and one-fifth of a pint of water between two men. That was our daily allowance for the rest of the trip, and it was strictly observed. The "distillery" made out of two petrol tins could provide no more.

Our crew was surely the most varied that ever put to sea—Australians, English, Maoris, Palestinians, Greeks, Cypriots, and one Canadian airman, and yet everyone accepted the hardships without a murmur of complaint, and worked like a demon to make our vessel go. A sail was made out of blankets, which enabled us to crawl through the water at half a knot. This did not even give us steerage way and to keep our course half a dozen had to go overboard and bodily push the stern around. Working in relays, we even kept the boat moving in this way. We went on, weaker and more hopeless every scorching day, cooler and more miserable each damp and chilly night. On the seventh night, a rifle shot jerked us out of an uneasy sleep; one man had reached the end of his voyage. We buried him at 2 a.m. with a short prayer as his body went over the side. Next day another went from lack of water. It was Sunday, we thought, so after the second funeral a service was held, short but very sincere, which we found a great help to our spirits and will power.

Luck had been dead against us for a week, but now it turned once more. The breeze freshened, tempering the heat, and, much more important, filling our sail. Although the water was almost finished, and the rations completely so, we felt much more cheerful as we slipped through the water at two or three knots, and at 4.45 p.m. on that Sunday afternoon, we sighted land. But which land? Egypt or German occupied Libya? We had not dared the journey from Crete to become prisoners in Cyrenaica, so we hove to until darkness, then headed south. In a short time we felt the bows grating on the beach and clambered ashore. We had done it; crossed the Mediterranean in an open boat, with a blanket and

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a broken compass, but we were not yet out of the wood.

The first necessity was water. Our officer sent out two Maoris, who by another miracle found a well within a quarter of a mile, and for the first time in a fortnight we drank as much as we wanted.

At dawn an armed patrol was sent out scouting (we were still soldiers, you see, not castaways) while the rest of us followed as they gave the "all clear." Within a mile or two's march there was excitement ahead, armoured cars sighted! The scouts crawled nearer until there was no doubt of their identity—English mechanized cavalry. By only a few miles we had landed on our own side of the line and run across our forward troops.

The "horse" soldiers could not do enough for us: every item of food on their cars was pressed upon us, trucks were brought up, apparently from nowhere, and soon we were bumping eastwards across the hummocks of the Western Desert. We reached an A.A. unit whose cooks were just serving dinner. Every bit was given us while the cooks cheerfully started preparing another lot for their own people.

From there to the base our journey was uneventful. Many had to go to hospital, but of the 139 who began the trip only two failed to finish it. One of our party summed up the opinion of the rest pretty accurately. Lying in new blankets in a cool tent, he remarked: "It was hell! But it was worth it. Now we can get at 'em again."

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* * *

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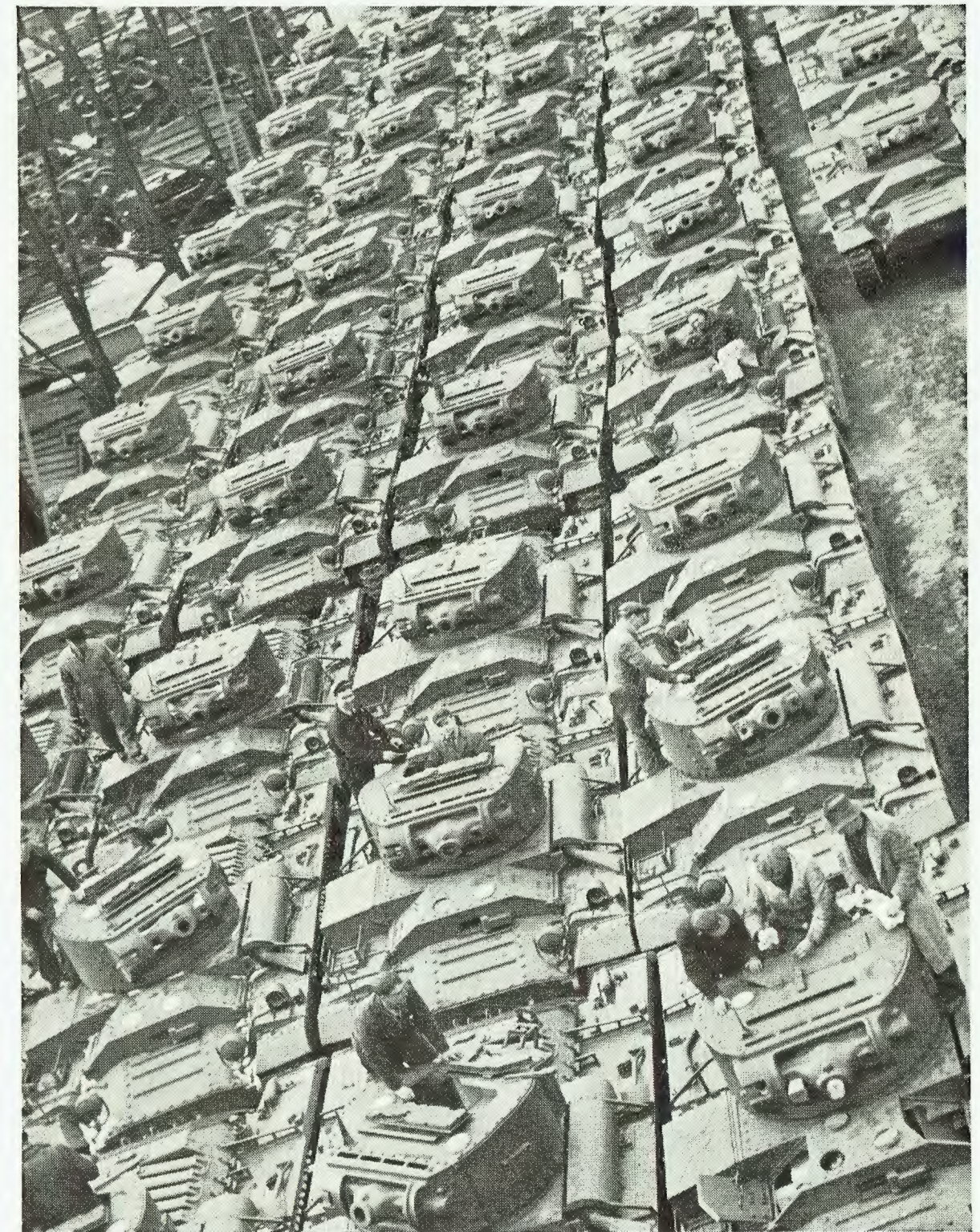
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CANADIANS—EVERY ONE!

Once upon a time it was said that Canada could not build tanks. Remember? This D.P.I. photo shows only one corner of the tank park at C.P.R.'s Angus shops, where these Valentines are literally streaming from the production lines. They are Canadian Valentines, different from others of the breed.

Not only are they the best Valentines ever built, but their production time clips days from the original "high-speed" schedule. Similar records are being established in the building of the Canadian-designed Ram.

In the Language We Speak

Shortly after the outbreak of war, the then Q.S.M. I. Philpott inscribed the following excerpt into his correspondence relative to the arrival at a training centre of thirty cavalry W.O.s and N.C.O.s for the purpose of delving into the mysteries of the I.C. engine.

The C.O. has on numerous occasions warned our N.C.O. Instructors to endeavour to instruct in the language of their students. At times, when members of the French speaking regiments were here, this has led to many an amusing situation, but, with these bold horsemen as students, our D. & M. Instructors rose nobly to the occasion. During a lecture, the following was overheard:

"Now gentlemen, as cavalymen, tell me the first thing you look to at morning stables." "To ensure that all horses are fed, watered and groomed."

"Correct. Now with tanks you ensure a plentiful supply of fuel, water and oil."

"Sir, we also check for loose shoes, broken saddlery, etc."

"That we also do, only shoes are track pins and saddlery becomes jacks, crow-bars, cranks, etc. O.K. Now you turn out for your ride. Tell me what happens then?"

"Usually we are inspected, then we mount."

"Exactly the same in tanks. What next?"

"Well, we move off slowly at first to prevent winding the horse, slowly building up to a faster pace."

"Engines must be thoroughly warmed up to ensure good performance. What next?"

"A halt is made to allow riders to check over horse and equipment which is reported to O.C. Parade."

"Once again the same. (What's that? No, we do not have to hold a tank whilst we smoke.) So you will notice there is really no difference between your horse ways and tank ways."

"Sir, how about when a horse casts a shoe?"

"I know you carry spare shoes, so will you carry spare links and pins and it might interest you to know that trying to shoe a bucking broncho is nothing compared to replacing a track in a bog."

"Now the question of aids. A good horseman I am told must have good hands, good legs and a good seat. This also applies to tanks; good hands to ease gears into position; good legs for braking and clutching and a good seat to prevent you from flying through the turret. You have in the past applied a leg to go forward. You will now advance the spark; if more momentum was needed you applied the spur; you will now give it gas. (What's that? Speak up! Oh yes; jumping. You will do exactly the same as before; rush up to the jump, close your eyes, hang on and pray.)"

"Colic?" "Why surely we have the same, but we call it carbon. This gums up the works just as much as a belly full of eats after a long cold drink."

"We also have our buckers on cold mornings, causing the removal and cleaning of spark plugs, as well as the loss of any temper we may have had, to say nothing of burnt fingers."

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(Suppliers to the Armoured Corps)

"Are they temperamental?" "Why gentlemen, I will show you tanks that will put to shame the most temperamental mare you ever saw and remember, we have no stallions."

"Sir, does a tank ever go off its feed?"

"That, gentlemen, I am sorry to say never happens. When working, these machines seem as if they could never be satisfied and if not fed, they absolutely refuse to budge. Then, when not working, a constant guard must be posted, for even then they seem to demand fuel; at least, it disappears."

"So, gentlemen, if you will just apply the knowledge of horsemanship you have gained over the past few years, I have no doubt that all will be well. Dye your manuals purple, cuss as usual, straighten your legs and don a beret. Any questions?"

"Sir, what would you do if this happened. The enemy are advancing towards you. Your driver and gunner have been killed; one track has been shattered by artillery fire and you are out of ammunition. Another tank from your section comes by and its crew commander tells you to jump aboard. Would you do as he says, or stay and try to mend your tank?"

"How long have you been in the cavalry, Corporal?"

"Eight years, sir."

"Eight years; yet you never became infected with a little horse sense. Class dismiss."

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READY TO FIGHT

* * *

This is the first picture released of the new American M-4 medium tank complete with its armament—75 mm cannon and an array of machine guns. M-4 is highly streamlined, has cannon in centre instead of to the right as in the M-3, is lower in silhouette, has an all-cast instead of riveted body, and weighs about 30 tons. Turret has all-round traverse.



FROM BLUE ORDERS

PROMOTIONS

To be Majors: Capt. D. F. Rogers, E.D., Lt. G. P. L. Drake-Brockman.

To be acting Majors: Lt. A. E. Cambridge, Capt. P. D. Holt, Capt. R. J. Jobson, Capt. M. M. Philpott.

To be Captains: Lts. H. J. R. Thornton, A. P. Tilley, P. H. Vrooman.

To be acting Captain: Lt. E. J. Baldwin.

To be Lieutenants: 2nd Lts. A. E. Armstrong, R. C. Armstrong, H. J. Armstrong.

2nd Lts. E. C. Baker, J. E. Beswick, P. S. Bell, N. H. V. Brown, E. Bennett, A. L. Breithaupt, W. T. Buddell, G. B. J. Barrett.

2nd Lts. G. C. Campbell, S. L. Caseley, R. Cummings, R. Casson, J. P. Coristine, T. A. Collison.
2nd Lts. J. L. Downey, J. T. Davies, R. H. Duval, G. F. Dowdell, G. E. Dengis, T. Downey, G. L. Drysdale.

2nd Lts. J. L. Evans, E. A. Evans.

2nd Lts. J. A. Fraser, J. G. Fulton, T. A. Fleming, F. Fisher.

2nd Lts. K. F. Garen, H. H. M. Gladwish, J. E. Green, J. R. Gormley.

2nd Lts. G. W. Hjalmarson, E. F. Henry, B. B. Hart, H. D. Hood, A. B. Harrison, J. C. Harvey, A. W. Hawkins.

2nd Lt. J. A. Irvine.

2nd Lts. R. D. Jennings, W. G. Jennings, C. D. B. Jamieson, J. L. F. Jemmett.

2nd Lts. W. D. Little, J. H. Lennox, H. M. Lees, W. H. D. Ladner.

Capt. M. H. MacKenzie, 2nd Lts. C. M. McLeod, W. L. MacPherson, A. M. Mackinnon, C. E. McHugh, H. E. Mackenzie, G. C. Milligan, D. M. McDonald, J. L. MacIver, J. H. MacDonald, T. H. Magee, M. F. McIntosh, M. T. McConnell, L. Maraskas, W. J. Martin, H. A. Martin, Prov. 2nd Lt. H. M. MacGibbon.

2nd Lt. C. L. Nelson.

2nd Lt. C. F. Oerton.

Capt. J. R. Patterson, 2nd Lts. C. M. Paradis, R. J. Parent, A. H. Peake, Temp. Lt. A. J. L. Parent.

2nd Lts. F. G. Rivers, R. C. Rutherford, W. St. J. Radford, C. S. Ross.

Temp. Lt. E. W. Smith, 2nd Lts. R. A. Squires, J. G. Seale, Lord Shaughnessy (W.G.), G. M. S. Stairs, W. B. Stewart, W. R. Scott, W. J. Stevenson, W. J. E. Simmons, E. J. C. Stewart, P. C. Stevenson, A. C. Scrimger; Prov. 2nd Lt. R. D. Scott.

2nd Lts. L. H. Taylor, L. W. Taylor, D. C. Taylor, G. M. Taylor, C. L. Tomlinson, A. E. Tulk.

2nd Lts. R. Wildgoose, J. F. Wilson, J. H. Winteringham, W. W. Wilkinson, H. E. Walker, J. E.

F. Westbrook, K. B. West, J. D. Watson, W. D. Wetmore, A. H. Wallace.

2nd Lt. F. R. Zimmerman.

To be acting Lieutenant: 2nd Lt. G. D. Dunsford.

To be 2nd Lieutenants: 2nd Lts. G. M. Alexander, D. A. Ames, A. E. Altherr.

Lt. E. S. W. Bignell, 2nd Lts. N. S. Boyd, G. M. Brown, W. J. Brown, E. F. Bastedo, W. K. Biggs, J. D. Balfour; Cadets W. T. B. Bird, J. J. Boles, J. E. Brooks, J. J. Black.

2nd Lts. J. H. Casey, J. G. Cawthorpe, W. R. Chamberlain, J. A. Crawford, P. J. Collins, J. A. V. Cade, C. J. Chandler, Cadet R. Cummings.

2nd Lts. G. Donaldson, W. D. Dolan, L. G. Dornian, W. J. Duthie, Cadet J. A. Dean.

2nd Lt. J. A. Filshie, Cadets R. S. Forbes, R. A. Finlayson.

Lt. G. T. Gale, 2nd Lts. C. R. Gilliat, D. M. Gordon, R. F. Garrow, F. R. Graham, B. R. L. Goodday, G. B. Gilroy, Cadets W. F. Grainger, J. H. Gordon, F. W. Grew.

2nd Lts. L. M. Hanway, R. B. How, L. W. Hill, R. S. Holmes, G. K. Henry, B. L. Higginson, F. V. Harrison, Cadets R. M. Harris, F. A. Helson, H. R. Howitt, T. F. Howard, W. F. Hull.

2nd Lts. W. G. James, W. S. Jamieson.

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2nd Lts. C. B. Mackedie, W. A. Marlow, R. Matte, H. A. Mills, G. B. Mutrie, J. W. McNeil, M. L. Magill, G. M. Miller, G. L. Mackey, Cadets H. W. MacDonald, J. P. Milner.

2nd Lt. E. W. S. O'Toole, Cadet T. H. Orr.

2nd Lts. E. J. Perkins, H. P. Page, A. S. Pollock, E. G. Phillips, R. C. Patterson, Cadet A. K. Paton.

2nd Lts. A. K. Robertson, C. Rayment, G. A. Richardson, Cadets J. A. Renwick, H. W. Ralston.

2nd Lts. J. S. Stock, G. A. Sackville, R. J. Sutherland, W. J. Seitz, R. F. Seaman, F. H. Smith, B. C. Steele, J. J. M. Scovil, G. F. Snair, Cadets W. R. Scott, D. M. Shaver, W. A. Stewart, N. V. Sawyer.

2nd Lts. R. M. Taylor, J. M. Thom, C. F. Thompson, R. Thompson, D. S. Tickner, R. S. Taylor, W. H. Trenholme.

G. C. J. W. Williams, 2nd Lts. S. W. Wood, A. D. White, B. Wilson, G. R. M. Woods, A. W. Woodhouse, G. G. Walter, Cadets D. L. Wagner, J. M. Wickett, N. J. Weiner.

2nd Lt. E. G. Vance, Cadet J. A. Vaughan.

2nd Lt. A. R. Young.

To be Prov. 2nd Lieutenants: Cadets J. S. Garrett, F. A. Thompson.

CANADA IN BRIEF

FOR THE BOYS
OVERSEAS

Canada's great plebiscite is over. Though nothing of the sort was in the ballot wording, most people took it to be a straw vote to determine, after nearly three years of fighting, whether Canadians thought they were really in the war or not. Prime Minister W. L. M. King, members of the government, and members of the opposition all conducted a vigorous campaign to convince the citizens that the answer was really "Yes." But it seems that there were still some that thought otherwise.

Headquarters for a Canadian Army in Great Britain was formed under Lt.-Gen. McNaughton, Officer Commanding. Army consists of two corps. Acting Lt.-Gen. Crerar, former chief of General Staff, commands one of the corps.

Major Gen. B. W. Browne was appointed Director-General of the Reserve Army in Canada. Reserve Army will have most modern equipment and weapons, with 11 brigades across the country, approximately equivalent to four divisions. This year it will train 40 days, over weekends and at military camps during the summer, with 55 days for officers, N.C.O.'s and specialists. It trains men 19 to 35 in medical categories lower than 'B'; men from 19 to 35 granted or entitled to postponement of compulsory military service (such as farmers and key men in essential industries); men from 35 to 50, and men from 30 to 35 in Medical categories 'A' or 'B'; young men below the enlistment age for the regular army.

Forty guerilla units were organized among outdoors men along the Pacific coast.

Canadian soldiers are to receive intensive training in commando and anti-paratroop tactics.

Federal government offers aid up to \$300 a year per university student in science, engineering, and meds. Available to all provinces. Quebec accepted.

Income tax collections for fiscal year ending March 31 totalled \$652,344,801, an increase of \$380,492,114 (nearly 140 per cent.) over previous year.

J. R. Nicholson, Deputy Controller of Supplies, will manage Polymer Corporation Limited, newly-formed government enterprise for making synthetic rubber.

Appointment of George S. Gray as Transit Controller hailed by daily press as forboding more drastic restrictions of civilian travel. Gray, former deputy controller, replaced W. J. Lynch, resigned.

Army technical development board created to direct and pursue research and experiment on the improvement of weapons of war. Victor Sifton, master-general of ordnance, chairman.

To ensure essential communications in war emergency, telephone services placed under strict priority ratings. Halifax subscribers given public panning for flooding 'phone exchange when burning ship sunk by naval action in harbour.

Volume of business up 7.2 per cent in January and February over index for same two months last year. February employment index 22 per cent. up over year ago. Wartime increase in cost of living computed at 15 per cent to date.

Operating revenues of Canadian railways for 1941 totalled \$533,332,774, only 4.6 per cent below 1928.

Removal commenced of 3,500 Japanese nationals from protected area of British Columbia between Cascade Mountains and the sea, including all islands off coast.

Government formed agency to collect scrap rubber—objective 25,000 tons in '42.

Formation of 7th and 8th divisions (mobile reserves for coastal defence) will not affect 1942 overseas programme. Basic training facilities will be increased by 50 per cent. immediately. Total of 153,360 A.R.P. workers now enrolled.

Essential farm workers, according to Labour Minister Mitchell, may be granted indefinite postponement but not exemption from military service.

Government war risk insurance bill provides free insurance for home-owners up to \$3,000 with limited insurance on chattels. Contracts, on which premiums will be collected, may be entered into for insurance on larger properties with a risk limit of \$50,000.

Gasoline rationing by coupon went into effect April 1 and found over 40 per cent of civilian drivers still without ration coupons. Staggered working hours introduced in larger centres to ease serious congestion of public transportation services.

National Selective Service scheme plans to bring an increasing number of women into war industry; raises age for compulsory military training from 24 to 30 years; plans to select trainees by lot and include non-British citizens; and establishes a long list of restricted civilian occupations in which fit male persons of military age are not to be given employment.

All unfilled orders, three-months old or older, on books of Canadian steel companies (about 500,000 tons) cancelled. Must now be treated as new orders subject to nod of Steel Controller.

28th Canadian Armoured Regiment (B.C.R.)

"Better than Most—As Good as Any" . . . The proud boast of the British Columbia Regiment (Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles) is now to find its fulfillment through the medium of tanks. Here is a historical review of that famous unit, which, as part of the Fourth Division, is now training as an Armoured Regiment.

First they were gunners, then they were riflemen, then they were infantry of the line. Now they form an armoured regiment.

In 1883 it was the British Columbia Brigade Garrison Artillery. In 1899 it was the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles. From 1914 it was the 7th Battalion C.E.F., and the 62nd Battalion C.E.F. In 1920 it became the British Columbia Regiment (D. of C.O.R.) Now, in 1942, it is the 28th Canadian Armoured Regiment (B.C.R.) And it adds up to 59 years of continuous service to Canada.

It has been service in time of emergency—the Regiment has mobilized for three wars—and it has been service in times of peace. Through the era of ploughing and spinning, its civilian soldiers maintained its organization and efficiency and upheld its proud traditions.

Drafts to the R.C.R.'s in 1900 brought back to the Regiment from the Boer War its first battle honour. The 7th Battalion C.E.F. won it twenty-two more. Three of its members were awarded the Victoria Cross.

In 1939 the Regiment received its call to arms at 0400 hours of the morning of 26th August. At 0830 hours its personnel stood on guard at every point which had been assigned to the Regiment's protection—points ranging upwards to seventy miles in radius from the Regimental Headquarters in Vancouver's drill hall.

Then followed a long period of coastal defence duty, then nearly a year of intensive training on the west coast. After this came six months' duty in the Niagara peninsula before the Regiment moved to Debert last November to join other units of the 4th Canadian Division.

The 28th is proud of the fact that it is a Canadian provincial regiment. It has no other recruiting area than British Columbia. In its ranks are men from the coal mines and logging camps of Vancouver Island, from the factories and offices of the lower mainland cities, from the fishing fleets of Prince Rupert, from the cattle ranches and mines of the Cariboo, the fruit ranches of the Okanagan, the mines of the Kootenays, and from stump ranches throughout the province. Many of its personnel bring to Armoured Corps work a wealth of experience gained from handling heavy mechanized equipment—the bulldozers and road machinery of construction works, the tractors and heavy trucks of logging camps and the mines.

From the Regiment have come many senior officers of the Canadian army, including Major-General Victor W. Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., Canadian Trade Commissioner to Australia; Major-General H. F. G. Letson, M.C., E.D., Adjutant General; Brigadier W. W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., D.O.C., Military District No. 6, and Col. G. H. Whyte, M.C.,

V.D., Senior Engineer Officer at C.M.H.Q., overseas.

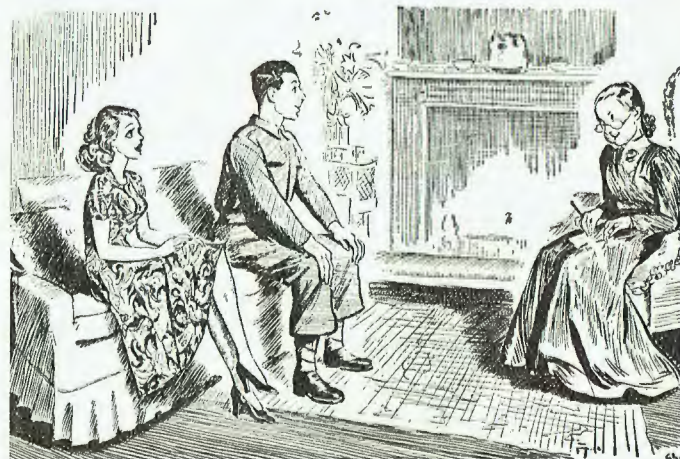
Lieut.-Col. H. Molson, who commanded the Regiment at the outbreak of war, proceeded overseas with the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry in the 1st Division, accompanied by several officers and a draft of men. Lieut.-Col. G. Carmichael, M.C., present Officer Commanding, enlisted as a private in the 7th Battalion C.E.F., won his commission overseas in the last war, coming up through the ranks to the head of his Regiment.

Throughout its history the Regiment has been noted for its high standards in rifle marksmanship. Resulting from this proficiency, in 1904 Pte. S. G. Perry went on to win that coveted honour, the King's Prize, at Bisley. In 1913 Major W. Hart McHarg won the world's long distance rifle championship and the Kaiser's Gold Cup. Major-General Letson (then Colonel and Officer Commanding) commanded a Bisley team.

In the new swing to Armoured Corps work, the British Columbia Regiment intends fully to live up to its unofficial motto—"Better than Most—As Good as Any." A large percentage of the pre-war personnel are still with the Regiment. Their presence adds cohesion and makes the Regimental traditions a living part of the training life. There will be no resting until the 28th becomes even better as an Armoured Regiment than the British Columbia's were as infantry.

The faster Canadians become the world's best trained troops, the sooner this war will be over.

Subscribers should keep the editor informed of changes of address. That's the only way to make sure your magazine will reach you.



"You know, I think you'd be safer in the next room, Mrs. Hawthorne. If you remember, the government broadcast an appeal to people not to congregate in large numbers."

—Humorist

23rd Canadian Army Tank Battalion

A historical review of the Halifax Rifles—one of Canada's oldest infantry regiments—recently selected to form part of the 2nd Canadian Army Tank Brigade.

(By Lieut. D. Flick)

Mechanization! More and more mechanization is the cry as Canada steadily develops a hard-hitting army of flesh and steel. The Halifax Rifles (CA) is one of the latest infantry regiments to feel the call, "To Tanks." It is now to be the 23rd Army Tank Bn. (Halifax Rifles).

The Halifax Rifles, affiliated with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, is one of the oldest infantry regiments of Canada, their seniority dating back to 1860.

In the present conflict this regiment was one of the first (26th August, 1939) to be called out on active service. Since then the Rifles have provided officers and other ranks for overseas service; have guarded vital points, provided outposts, prepared defence schemes, organized and trained the 60th Veterans' Guard of Canada, provided instructors for training centres and performed numerous other duties.

The Halifax Rifles, as its name implies, is a Maritime unit, most of its personnel having been selected from Nova Scotia, with a few from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In the good old peace times and militia days the unit had its

headquarters in the historic old armouries of Halifax.

When called up for active service by Lieut.-Col. R. J. Colwell, the Rifles' C.O. since 1935, the unit moved into an even more historic quarters—one of the many picturesque old forts in and around the colorful capital of Nova Scotia. Here the Rifles remained busy guarding vital points and training its new recruits until it was transferred to Hazelhurst, Dartmouth, 11th December, 1940.

The unit has been more or less on the move ever since. Hardly more than a month at Dartmouth, then the unit was moved to Mulgrave; from Mulgrave to Aldershot; Aldershot to Debert; from there to Mulgrave again. During this last period at Mulgrave the Rifles also supplied companies for guard duty at Shelburne and Gaspe, and finally to Camp Borden the 8th April, 1942.

The Halifax Rifles, after over two and a half years on Coast Defence, have now settled down to a comprehensive training period. All ranks are enthusiastic over their transformation to a Tank Battalion and the splendid facilities available at Camp Borden, both for training and recreation.

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"The Iron Horsemen" L.S.H. (R.C.)

"Dear Ma—Feeling fine. March 5th and snowing. Send cigarettes. Love. Willie." So the letters are written, under the censor's eagle eye, and the mail comes in. Sometimes the cigarettes come too. The arrival of convoys bearing mail signals as much excitement as would a 20th century counterpart of Lady Godiva campaigning across parade squares for conscription. Not that she has anything to do with conscription, mates. She's the lass who first brought romance into tax collecting. A parcel arriving here lasts about as long as a bottle of champagne at a launching, but while it's going down (the parcel, Townsend, not the bottle) it's good to the last scramble.

For the benefit of those at home, and for the men in the regiment, here's the answer to the what-shall-I-send-him question. Model parcel—chocolate bars, can of coffee extract, can of meat, cake or cookies, cheese, razor blades, sugar, socks, and, of course, cigarettes. The regimental theme song has almost come to be: "Oh, How I'm Yearning For My Ain Smokes."

Several men and officers recently had the opportunity of talking (canned variety), to their people in Canada. From this Regiment those who spoke through the microphone for transcription to the Land of Milk and Honey were: Major P. G. Griffin, Major F. E. White, Capt. L. M. C. S. B. Collins, Capt. T. J. McLoughlin, Lieut. J. F. Westhead, Lieut. B. F. Macdonald, Cpl. J. W. Kennedy, Cpl. J. M. Slater, L/Cpl N. S. McLean, L/Cpl J. J. Main, Tpr. H. Curtis and Tpr. M. Krivoshea.

In the sports picture, the Strathcona's hockey team defeated the R.C.D.'s at Purley on February 15 by a score of 2-0 to win the championship of the 5th Canadian (Armoured) Division. The regimental aggregate were defeated in the semi-finals for the Canadian Army Championship overseas by a medical corps unit of the First Division at Brighton the following day. Their schedule had also included a game against the Fort Garry Horse, won by a score of 4-1 and played February 12; a game against the R.C.D.'s February 14 which ended in a 1-1 deadlock; and a game February 19, the second contest in the semi-finals against the First Division medicos, in which we were defeated by a score of 8-3.

As champions of the 5th Division, players and team officials will be given gold medals by the Y.M.C.A. The medals will be given to: Cpl. Ross Forrest, goal tender and team captain; defencemen Sgt. Stephen, Sgt. Craig, Cpl. Kennedy and Cpl. Karpinka; centres Cpl. Clark and Tpr. McGowan; Right Wings Sgt. Cade and Tpr. Taylor; Left wings Lieut. Scramstad, Sgt. May, Sgt. Kitson and Sgt. Patterson; Sub-Goal-Tender Tpr. Sidosky; Coach and Manager Major F. E. White; Trainer Tpr. J. Matthews and Equipment Manager Tpr. A. Matthews.

Still in the sports picture, regimental sports officer Lieut. B. F. Macdonald reports that, owing to

the late arrival of the unit overseas, difficulty has been encountered in placing entries in the inter-divisional boxing matches already arranged. However, he said, inter-divisional matches likely to take place some time in April will probably see the regiment represented by muscular faithfuls such as Sgt. Mac-ey, Cpl. Slater, L/Cpl Reahil, and company. Not with any eye to entrance in the coming matches, but because of regulations in line with recruit boxing, gladiators, tremulous and non-tremulous, have made their appearances in the squared circle of late. "Now," sez the second to Tpr. Becvar, "You know what to do." "I know what to do, but there isn't room enough in this ring for me to do it." He did it.

Still in the field of physical effort there are such activities as unarmed combat classes, 'blitz' marches, physical training (complete with creaks), and beating the reveille bugle. Before the powers that be are through with us, each man will be just a little bunch of muscles.

* * * *

HALIFAX RIFLES SPORTS MEET

An example of how tank-minded the Rifles are becoming even in the midst of a sports event, is, we think, very well illustrated by the following: Lieut. C. H. Reardon, who acquired himself very nicely in the running high jump and others, was observed removing and replacing his battle trousers before and after each event in which he took part. Once the trousers were removed, Lieut. Reardon was observed to be decked out in very long black very close fitting sports trousers.

"What in the . . . ?" observed a Rifleman. "Is that . . . tank underwear?"

As you may have gathered from the above, the Halifax Rifles have been having sports doings. Yes, sir, last Wednesday afternoon, hardly a week after their arrival at Camp Borden, the Regiment turned out in force for some good clean fun and exercise.

The programme was efficiently carried out by Lieut. L. T. Goucher, Sports Officer. He was assisted by C.Q.M.S. Reppetto, keeping track of the entries, etc.; Major C. H. Harvey keeping the spectators back by brute force; Sgt. Clancey, R. L., with his garden rake raking over the sands after somebody jumped; L/Cpl. Zwicker, C. S., pegging the bamboo up by inches until nobody could jump over it; the K. of C. personnel and other willing assistants.

RESULTS

60 yard dash—Cpl. Dockrill, R. J., "A" Coy.; Rfn. Scott, H. A., "B" Coy.

100 yard dash—Rfn. Scott, H. A., "B" Coy.; Rfn. Mont., G. S., "D" Coy.

220 relay—Bn. Hdqs., "B" Coy.

Running high jump—Lieut. C. H. Reardon, "D" Coy.; Rfn. O'Brien, O. H., Bn. Hdqs.

Running broad jump—Cpl. Goodhew, R. J., Bn. Hdqs.; Lieut. C. H. Reardon, "D" Coy., and Sgt. Foley, B. M. "A" Coy., (tie).

Shot put—Sgt. MacDonald, A., Bn. Hdqs.; C.S.M. White, J. M., "C" Coy.

9th Canadian Armoured Regiment B.C.D.

This month finds the Regiment further advanced in both serious training, and in sports, and here is a brief summary of the activities in both lines.

Six men from the Regiment were entered in the Brigade Boxing finals and, thanks to the coaching of Lieut. C. A. Price, four were chosen for the semi-finals. Cpl. A. Glover represented Brigade in the heavyweight section, Tpr. Coates and McCormick in the middleweight class and Tpr. W. Gibson in the welterweight. Corporal Glover won the Divisional championship, but lost out in the Corps semi-finals after a good bout with the eventual heavyweight champion.

In soccer, our Regimental team went down before the Perth Regiment, to the tune of 4-0. In the intersquadron league, 'A' Sqn. is in the lead, followed closely by 'C' Sqn.

Tpr. Pinotti of "B" Sqn. led a field of 60 contestants to place first in a three mile cross-country race. He was closely followed by Lieut. Jeff Edgell, who incidentally is doing a grand job as Regimental salvage officer.

Sgt. Woolsey was in command of a detachment of BCD's sent to British Columbia House on the occasion of the visit of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent. He was presented to the Duchess, and hasn't gotten over it yet.

Lieut. Bill Bredin has left the Regiment, and is now attached to the Judge-Advocate Generals branch of the Service at Canadian Military Headquarters. Lieut. L. MacDonald and 2/Lieut Ray Stubbs are now with us.

The "Quizz Kids" representatives of the Personnel Branch of the Canadian Army, have been with us for a while, giving our boys the once-over. We hope (and think) they will be agreeably surprised when they look at the results.

RSM Hodgson is quite proud of the garden he is now sponsoring. Of course the acme of floral perfection is a tomato vine with onions running a close second.

The Regiment had the privilege of being inspected by the G.O.C., Major-General Sansom, recently. All details of Armoured Bde work were looked into.

Some of the troops are appreciating the value of map reading after trying to get from here to there in the blackout. Amazing how difficult a simple trip can become at night. Constant practice is the answer, and night convoys provide the practice.

We must close for now, but will be with you again next month so from all of us over here to all of you over there, Good Luck and Au Revoir.

Unclaimed Prizes Added To Pot

Because you cannot send cheques to persons who prefer to remain anonymous, even from the editor, the prizes in the May issue "Letters to The Editor" contest went unclaimed. Consequently, the money goes back into the pot and will be used to double the prizes for the June contest.

First prize will be \$5.00, second \$3.00, and third, \$2.00.

And the contest subject, too, is one which should permit some people to spread themselves. It is "HOW MY TRAINING COULD BE IMPROVED."

Now, please, let's understand each other. We do not want destructive criticism. We can get lots of that without paying money for it. Rather, if you think there is something or anything not quite as it should be, explain what is wrong with it and how you think it could be corrected or improved.

Fill out the form to be found on this page, printing your name and unit, and mail it to The Editor, THE TANK—CANADA, C.A.C. Headquarters, Camp Borden, Ont. If you do not wish your name to be published, sign a pen name to the letter, but use your own name on the entry form. If your letter is to be considered, you must be known to the editor.

Letters will be judged for originality and constructiveness of suggestion as well as for general content. The three prize-winning letters will be published in the June issue of the magazine.

Here is your opportunity to say your piece and get paid for it. Why not write your letter at once? Only members of the Canadian Armoured Corps are eligible.

Fill out this form and attach to letter

To The Editor,

The Tank,

Camp Borden, Ontario.

Please accept this entry in your letter writing contest. I am,

.....
(Name)

.....
(Unit and Address)

According to Steel Controller F. B. Kilbourn, Canadian-made armour plate is the best in the world.

"Hugh quantities of steel are now going into armour plate," said Mr. Kilbourn, "which is being made in Canada for the first time—armour plate which is acknowledged as a product superior to any other in the world."

"This record is a fine tribute to Canadian technicians and their workmanship. During 1942 Canadian mills will produce 100 per cent. of our requirements as estimated today."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

That subject, "Why I Joined the C.A.C.," which was set as the theme of the May letter writing contest, has proven that the editor made a bad guess in the matter of psychology. For not a single letter was received to which the writer had sufficient nerve to sign his name. In consequence, the prize money goes unclaimed—for you can't send cheques to persons whose identity you do not know—and will be added to the awards for the June contest.

Normally, too, we do not make a practice of publishing anonymous letters. This time we are breaking that rule—for reasons which may become apparent as you read these selected messages from the editor's mail bag.

PRIZE WINNER

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I am not signing this letter, though it is written in response to your contest, because the things which are in it are things which one thinks but does not say. And I really do not know why I am writing it, unless it is to get it off my chest.

I joined the C.A.C. because I thought it was the best of the army services. Nothing which has happened since my enlistment has caused me to think otherwise.

I considered that it, of all branches of the army, would be called upon to play the most vital part in striking down the menace of sadistic savagery which has reared its head under the name of totalitarianism. And I wanted a part in the striking. It was not that I wanted to fight but that I was afraid others wouldn't. And I had read deeply enough into the barbaric history of the internment camps, the rape of Poland, and the Nazi scheme for world slavery that I was horrified and dismayed.

Perhaps I was selfish, but I saw—and see it—in the light of my own wife and little babe. While I had the power to prevent it, I was not going to have to stand in fetters and agonized helplessness and see my wife tormented and abused or my wee daughter mutilated and tortured. Yet that was the plan in conquered countries and it was the shape of things to come, unless—it was prevented.

That's why I joined the C.A.C. That is why I am wearing the black beret. And I'm holding fast to the hope that soon we shall be strong enough to strike and win, before it is too late.

VAZAN.

STATUS QUO

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

The real low-down on why I am in the C.A.C. is that, by happy accident, it was the only branch of the army which was looking for new, young blood for its officer corps. Provided that a man had a certain minimum of military training, the Armoured Corps was more interested in his mental capacity, temperament, and ability as a leader than in the length of his militia history.

For I could not see joining as a private. That sounds as conceited as the devil but it was the truth and, to my own satisfaction, I justified my attitude. I had a fairly important, highly specialized job in civilian life, a key post in maintenance of civilian morale. There were lots of fellows who could carry a pack and wield a bayonet as well as I could. There were darn few who could fill my civilian job. From

the standpoint of economic distribution of personnel so that they would accomplish the most in furtherance of the war effort, it simply did not make good sense.

I want to see this war won and it cannot be won on Canadian soil. If it comes that far it will be too late. If it is lost, we shall lose with it everything for which we have fought these centuries past to attain and maintain. That sentence sounds trite but to me it means a life similar to serfdom—gone forever all my day dreams of advancement and success, gone my selection of the work of my choice, lost my ability to go and come as I choose, my future leisure destroyed, a padlock on my tongue, a whispered indiscretion to a 'comrade' in an alley, and then the whip of the oppressor and the hand of vengeance on my family.


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I have a distant acquaintance who works in an aircraft factory. He tells me—and I cannot see why he should lie—that in the two such plants in which he has had employment, it is a rarity for a man to do an honest day's work. Perhaps they were keen enough to begin with but the delays have been so many and so great that the slow-down has become a matter of habit. And he is as bad as the rest of them. After all, he contends, why should I exert myself when I get paid for going through the motions.

That makes me see red. Yet I am even fighting for that breed. For if there were no freedom, there could be no abuse of freedom.

All I want to see is the status quo maintained, to hold onto the liberty and opportunity we have. It would be nice to think of a new and finer social order arising out of the chaos but somehow that seems like a continued belief in Santa Claus.

JACK CANUCK.

* * * * *

\$1.30 A DAY

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

One dollar and thirty cents a day, in which you get three meals, a roof over your head, and clothing on your back. That's why I'm in the army. The C.A.C. just happened.

It's a lot better than being a transient. I joined up at the first place that would take me.

I was on the trek for three years. You ride the rods, hitch-hike, or tramp. You work when you can get it. You eat when you can get it, sleep where you are, panhandle when you've got to, and duck the bulls.

The army is a soft life in comparison. I spent one winter sleeping in a hunk of sewer pipe down by the waterfront in Toronto. Two of us used to get in it, then block the ends with newspaper or sacking. The heat of our bodies kept us from freezing.

Back in those days us transients wanted the government to start work camps and pay army pay. But there was no money. I wonder where it comes from now.

I was a good transient and good transients are not lazy. I do my work, keep clean, and I'll show them how a transient can fight if I get the chance. But, if they'd had those work camps, I'd had to work harder than I do in the army.

We'll win the war. Do you think we'll win some common sense?

* * * * * TRANSIENT.

AUCTION CARICATURE

Barrie Canadian Armoured Corps Women's Auxiliary crowned its activities for March with an outstanding military dance in the Barrie Armouries, proceeds to bolster the tobacco fund for C.A.C. men overseas.

Over \$100 was realized from one feature alone—the sale of thirty large and exceedingly clever caricatures of prominent military men, specially drawn for the ladies by Lt. Scott Lindberg, of C.A.C. Headquarters, Camp Borden. His caricature of Major-General F. F. Worthington, which was offered at auction, was knocked down at \$43 to Major J. C. Cave, bidding on behalf of A-8 C.A.C.(A)T.C. officers' mess. It was then presented to Mrs. Worthington.

Major-General and Mrs. Worthington, Lt.-Col and Mrs. A. McGoun and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. McCamus helped receive the guests. Mrs. John Andrews headed the dance committee, with Mrs. J. Wallace, Mrs. McCedie and Mrs. C. R. VanStraubensee in charge of sub-committees.

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LETTER from BORDEN

BY ACK-NINER

DEAR JOE:

You're a lucky stiff to be overseas. It looks like as if things are just about due to happen. That means that you'll have a hand in the doings while us fellows back here are still on the same old grind of training. Sure, I know it's important, but it doesn't provide much variety and the exciting spots are few and far between.

Yet there are some, and with a little fun thrown in. You remember Capt. Brodie of the diddidah wing. He's been winding up his recent courses with a three-day convoy, all sigs stuff and practical work, with a little window-dressing for the tax-payers thrown in—taking over towns under cover of smoke screens, a little well-diffused tear gas, used with discretion, and an occasional thunder flash to rattle the windows and wake the babies. Capt. Brodie accompanied some of them in that box car on wheels they use for an A.C.V. And on one of these occasions, under cover of a really good smoke screen, one of those thunder flashes somehow got under his truck. Darned if anyone knew how it could possibly have happened.

That moment had its possibilities.

And the boys on the convoys had a really good time. The advance guard, which had made all arrangements, tipped off the civic authorities, started the publicity, and even arranged dances for every night. Nearly everywhere the trucks stopped the ladies' aid societies were on hand with pies and cake. Dancing partners were arranged, too, the sweetest young things in all the country round. That, old pal, is war as it should be.

If that tid-bit doesn't catch a weak chink in your armour, this one will. I had three eggs for breakfast this morning. Sure, it was a phenagle with the cook, but I thought of you as I ate them. And I had calves' liver last night for supper. It would melt in your mouth, and it was just slathered with onions.

What's that? You hear me strength three? I say again, ONIONS—O, for oranges (there's lots of them), N, for nuts (getting scarcer), I, for ice cream (pegged at 80 per cent. of last year's supply), O, for O'Keefe's (uncut, plentiful, price pegged), N, for Neilson's (I'll send you some), and S, for sugar (under slight voluntary rationing). Yes, you heard me, ONIONS.

Barrie hasn't changed much. The housing situation is just as bad as ever. So is pay night. But I think the new batch of army wives are a little better looking than the ones you fellows had around.

The girls are having their troubles, though. Some of them are due to lose their figures when their present foundation garments wear out. They can't get any more. Some day they'll make the Japs suffer for that. Silk undies and stockings are out, too. They're wearing some sort of cotton-lisle hose that doesn't look half bad except that it won't flex and is forever wrinkling. The gals have to be con-

stantly hauling at it or else go round looking like droopy drawers. Don't know what they're doing about undies.

And Borden hasn't changed much either. It's still growing, of course, but you never were interested in building trade news. Us old-timers were disappointed in the winter. In fact, there wasn't any. Only three or four days south of twenty below and about a week and a half of skiing. For days at a time the dust blew in February.

It blew yesterday, too, a regular little Borden-Libyan sand storm. The cooks have mastered the trick of keeping most of it out of the food, but they're still not so smart up at the waterworks. Yea, it was full of it again, that same old dull-cider colour.

Yesterday, too, was like a summer day. We sweated blood in our battle dresses. But last night gave us our first foretaste this spring of those famous Borden summer evenings. You'll remember them, for they're the kind of thing you can't forget. The wind drops, the dust disappears like magic, the air becomes fresh and cool, nectar sweet with the memory of a thousand woodland scents. Everybody's happy on a summer evening in Borden. They just couldn't help it.

I hope you get such evenings wherever you are over there. And I hope that, if you get a poke at Adolf, you'll give it an extra push for me.

As ever, yours,

ACK-NINER.

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