

the TANK

CANADA

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to the Editor

Canada's War Effort

Canada went to war on September 10, 1939, for the second time in a generation, to defend the Canadian way of life, to remove the threat against North America and the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to restore freedom to the nations trampled under the Nazi heel. All the resources of the Dominion are pledged to this purpose.

With one-fifteenth of the national income of the United States and one-twelfth the population, Canada now has more than 470,000 men in the Active Army, the Air Force and the Navy, in addition to more than 130,000 in the Reserve Army. Between 600,000 and 700,000 men and women are directly and indirectly engaged in the production of war materials. The direction of industrial manpower reserves has been taken under government control. Twice as much is being spent this year as in the whole of the First Great War. War contracts placed in Canada since July, 1939, total more than \$4,000,000,000, an amount much greater than the country's national debt prior to the outbreak of hostilities.

Under army administration right now there are 36 basic training centres and 25 advanced training centres. This, of course, is completely exclusive of air force and naval training formations. It includes those for armoured corps, artillery, engineering, infantry, service corps, ordnance, medical, machine gun,

Then there are three special army trade schools teaching about 40 trades, a mechanic's trade school maintenance school. There is a Junior Leaders School of Army Administration and the Canadian Battle School. There are two big officers' training centres equipped facilities for 1800 candidates and expansion possible. There are the junior war staff, the senior officers' commanders' courses operating at Kingston.

For the last several months, Canada has been training centres at least 15,000 men a month, which is a record year. In May, Canada put into training centres 15,000 listing and those called up, no less than 19,000

—figures quoted as released by Directorate of
Department of Public Information.

EDITORIAL

FROM THE ORIGINAL

The following item is an actual extract from the log book of a Recce. car. Its deciphering from the original freehand required over twenty minutes of sheer concentration.

Feb. 27, 0900. Cleaned car and fixed heater by rapping fuz with lead paper.

5876 mils starte. Started out for Wheel Office. Road diffed with diffes about 5-6 feet deep. Car made its own way untill snow was piled up under her. Bucking did some good till all four wheels were in air. Pused by 3-ton ford into ditch 7 feet deep. Car in good order after been toad by farm trackter and dug out by men. Oil pres. and mortar temp. remained good all through. Removed windshield because froz up and could not see. If R.P.M. is high in revers the selector bar jumps out. This only happens at high R.P.M. Stopped at 5881 (5 miels).

Retern to wheel hanger and around town. taken into dich at Track hanger, pulled out by 4x4. Taken over by Cpl. P— at 1400 hrs, 5894 miels. Cpl. P— stuck car at side of Bording house at 1405, pulled out by farm tracktor at 1435 after atemp to do so under own power, making a fifteen foot run. both notice shimy at 15 miels an hr. in front wheels and rave (?) stuchs at 10 miels an hr. Pulling powr good.

The question mark after "rave" in the last sentence is a only addition to the original.

Well, it is amusing, if you wish to consider it so. But we are inclined to feel rather sad about it.

Why sad? Because, with the educational opportunities available in Canada, there is no reason why we should be so incapable of simple spelling and sad, too, because, with the educational available to men in the army, there is no excuse for lazy indifference for anyone to a state of ignorance.

WE FIGHT

War seems to be awfully far away from camp. Sometimes, under the routine, one is apt to forget what is at times like these, then, that is why the British Tank magazine is read, and re-read.

In June a stirring lecture was given by a native of Germany, who has joined the regime which is not only crushing the German people themselves. We call it X. During one winter short-ly was shocked and enraged at the way he was in his country, how they were treating men, women and children, to be

beaten and cruelly tortured—their homes and businesses, which had taken years of hard work to be built up, smashed and ruined forever, by the gangsters who represent the "law" in that country.

This so preyed on his mind that he spoke of it to a friend. He told him how much he was against all this tyranny. During the conversation, however, a man who had been standing nearby, walked away. Some minutes later two officials of the "law" arrested him on a charge of "telling against the Fuehrer." He was placed in a concentration camp for some months, and his lecture mainly composed of the sufferings of the unfortunate men in this terrible place, which consisted of some 12,000 prisoners—ranging from 18 to 80 years of age. We give below extracts of this lecture of "life" in a German concentration camp.

The quarters are in large rooms with shelves all around the walls, and they are so huddled together that if one wishes to turn over, they all have to do the same. The day commences with a mug of brown liquid—hot tea, cocoa or coffee—and a piece of bread. All are put into trucks and transported to the station, where they are delivered to a quarry. Work in the "hell" began at seven and lasted for twelve hours. On arrival they are greeted by guards armed with whips. They are beaten all the way to their posts so much that in their weak state are not fit to work. Still they have twelve hours to go, which consists of work and whips. At the end of the day they again enter the trains and are ordered to sing as they pass through stations. On the completion of this journey they, once again, are huddled in the trucks, which take them back to their quarters. There they receive a further mug of brown liquid and a piece of bread. At precisely 10 o'clock every night, S.S. men would enter the quarters and select six men out of each room, take them outside and beat them until they expired. So it would go on day after day, each day bringing its horrors and fears.

It was on such a day as stated above when the men were climbing into the trucks that one gave a cry of pain through a twist in the leg. On arrival at their destination the man and all the occupants of that truck were brought out before an officer. The offender was told that to make a noise was an offence, and he must be punished. The punishment was administered by the officer who, drawing a sword, slashed the man across his face and throat. That man would not cry again, for he was dead.

Imagine 12,000 men of all ages standing to attention from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the open, having no food or drink, not being allowed to move, even to do their simplest needs. Scores of men dropped dead through this. Imagine men being hung up by their thumbs, behind their backs, for one, two or three hours. Imagine men being sentenced to 25 lashes and not one man inflicting the punishment, but 25 men with 25 whips, so that every stroke had its full weight. Then they are left—a mass of blood—to live or die, who cares? Imagine an old man having his face bashed in by the black boot of a young S.S. man. Result, death.

Okay, boys, let's get on with our training. We have a job to do.

THE MARCH PAST

"Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer, entering the mess room.

"Yessir," replied Private Biggs. "They've all got bigger dinners than me!"

"Well," said the orderly officer, smiling, "they're all bigger lads than you, aren't they?"

"Yessir," Biggs agreed, "an' allus will be at this rate."

The Italian Admiral was not feeling at all well. He therefore consulted his doctor, who found it difficult to decide just what was wrong.

Suddenly the doctor's face brightened.

"I know exactly what will put you on your feet again, Admiral," he said. "You must take a sea voyage."

Two workmen were cleaning the paint off the top of a high building with the aid of a blow-lamp.

The foreman, from the ground, called out to one of the men, who turned to hear what was being said, at the same time accidentally directing the flame of the blow-lamp directly onto the ear of his mate.

The mate said nothing for a minute or two. Then he remarked casually:

"Blimey, Bill! Someone ain't 'arf talkin' abart me!"

They were sitting on the verandah in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said, suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

"If I had money," he said with enthusiasm, "I'd travel." He felt her small hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he looked up again she had gone. In his hand lay a threepenny piece.

There was a fancy dress dance recently, and everybody who attended had to represent a nursery rhyme character. We hear that, on his way home, a gentleman attired as Little Boy Blue was arrested by a big man, also in blue, for blowing his horn after 11.30 p.m.

"Radio-frequency means a frequency that is so LOUD you can't hear it."

"A Vic-Eddy message is a short TACTFUL message."

"The paste used in a dry cell is BLEACH PASTE."

"In the modern secondary cell pasted plates are used in the form of grids. These grids are made of lead and ALIMONY."

D. and M. Quiz, No. 45½ (cross out those not required)

1. How many cut-away portions on the crankshaft?

- (a) Three.
- (b) None.
- (c) Never mind.

2. If it stops, what do you do?

- (a) Walk.
- (b) Push.
- (c) Send to ordnance.

3. What do you do if the turret comes off? (14 marks.)

4. A cam is a

- (a) Ukrainian polony distillery.
- (b) Round thing with bumps on.
- (c) Thing for talking nails out of horses' elbows.

Quaint Sayings No. 1:

"Ye springe reasserteth itteselfe and ye workinne partes are boost to ye reare" (Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales.")

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War IS Moving Fast

By
WILLSON WOODSIDE

I always find writing for The Tank a tough assignment. Talking over the war with Canada's other 12 million amateur strategists is one thing; writing for professionals is another. But perhaps if I keep off the subject of tank tactics, I'll be fairly safe.

My idea is, rather to take a broad look over the whole field of the war. What can Hitler achieve in Russia this year? What can we do with our heavy bombing of Germany? What moves are left for the Japs? What weaknesses are developing in the enemy, and what remain on our side? And finally, how long is it likely to last?

It is my absolute belief that Hitler lost his chance to defeat Russia when he had to call off his offensive against Moscow last December. The failure, which he has since admitted, to prepare properly for the winter, shows that he counted with certainty on knocking out Russia in '41. I don't think we realize yet what a terrible winter the German Army went through, or how profoundly its morale and its plans for this year were affected.

How could it win a decision in Russia this year when it failed last year? Its surprise is used up. Its best shock troops have been used up. The bulk of its air reserves are used up. The advantage of the blitzkrieg technique has been spent; the Russians have learned all the answers. Having failed to knock out the Russian giant with a terrific blow from the shoulder, the Germans are now hitting from near the end of their reach—in other words, at the end of a long line of communications.

Meanwhile another great advantage has passed forever: the assurance that their rear was reasonably free from a British landing, or at any rate, a powerful British landing. Instead, the Japanese entry has, without embarrassing Russia, brought the United States into the war in Europe with both feet. I am sure that didn't work out according to Hitler's plans. The unity and energy of the "decadent" and "ease-loving" American people must have amazed the Nazi theorists. This year they may be sure that if they become heavily engaged in the east they will have to face an Allied landing in the west.

Then the American entry, coming on top of the German failure in Russia, has stirred the occupied countries to the point where, as Goering's paper admitted a few weeks ago, the German occupation troops and Gestapo must be considerably reinforced. At the same time, Germany's unwilling allies have become weaker and more disheartened.

On top of all this has come the R.A.F.'s 1000-plane raids against the heart of the German armament industry and transport system—and I hope that by the time this is in print we will be hearing of 1500-plane raids by the R.A.F. and the U.S. Army Air Corps. That is something which, as General Arnold said, the Germans can't "meet, defeat or resist." The destruction of their Ruhr steel, coal and railway centres one by one spells certain defeat for them.

To cap it, there is only needed as the nights get longer, the destruction of Berlin.

The beast is sorely hit. It is not dead yet, but it is cornered. It can still lash out dangerously against the Russians, and to a lesser extent against the British. It can claw us badly when we land to get a closer grip on it. And it still has one paw resting heavily against the jugular vein of our ocean supply line. We have to free that.

That is, I believe, Germany's position today. If we are clumsy and relax our attention, she could get in a few nasty blows and postpone the end. But if we are clever and put all our energy into the business it could be finished off fairly soon and without our being severely mauled. Obviously it would be better to hit the animal on the head with the club of the 1,000-plane bombing attack a few more times before landing to wrestle with it.

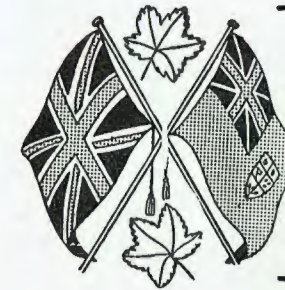
Perhaps you think this is too optimistic a view? That Hitler might still smash the Russians; or that long-range bombing will have no more decisive result in Germany than it did in Britain? Well, I admit that I am an optimist by temperament. I have always believed in a fairly short war, and believed that the Germans, while showing such marvellous attention to detail as to seem invincible when their operations were going according to plan, would yet make colossal mistakes.

The greatest of these, of course, was in under-rating Russia. But it is scarcely realized yet what a tremendous mistake the Luftwaffe made in preparing for air warfare with Britain. Major Seversky, the well-known Russian air pioneer and designer of the 2000 h.p. Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter, goes to some length to prove in his book "Victory Through Air Power" that the Germans not only built the wrong kind of planes, but used them in the wrong way, at the wrong time.

He shows how the British bombing of Germany follows totally different conceptions and uses quite different planes, with less speed but far greater bomb-load, and particular attention to defensive armament. There may still be some who say "bombing will never win the war." But I say, the British ought to know what bombing will do and won't do, and their recipe is different from the German recipe which failed in 1940-41.

Anyway, only the "air cranks" believe that bombing can win the war all by itself. What I believe is that, on the present scale, it can steadily weaken the enemy's war production while ours goes on increasing; and that, combined with the heavy casualties on the Russian front and the fading belief in victory, it can have a powerful effect on German morale. Then, the bombing of Germany, which has attracted most of the public attention, is only half of our air offensive. Quite as significant is the ascendancy which our fighters and light bombers have

—Please see page 6



ARMY WEEK

June 29 to July 5—Those of us on the Dominion's 'Home Front' pause to pay tribute to Canada's Fighting Forces, 'Second to None' is Canada's Army—and REEVES know, from personal contact, that nowhere is this more true than in the Armoured Corps. Good luck to you, boys, one and all!



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established on the Channel front, preparing the way for our landing, which the pact with Russia now seems to assure for this summer or fall.

Is there some flaw in this argument that Hitler is cornered, and can't break out? I don't overlook the fact that knowledge of what they will get if they quit may keep the Germans fighting stubbornly, while discipline always has a strong grip on them. But as I see it, Hitler daren't commit all his reserves to a gigantic battle in Russia with Britain and the United States almost ready to throw fresh, powerfully-armed forces against his rear.

He lacks particularly the air power, I believe, to achieve a decisive superiority over such broad fronts as that before Moscow, or from Kharkov to Rostov, in the south. On top of the heavy plane and personnel losses in Russia last year he had to change over to new models during the winter, inevitably slowing down production. Dare he gamble another large block of his air power on a huge offensive in Russia? Must he not keep the best of his fighter planes and pilots in the West to meet the high-quality Anglo-American opposition, and to put more night fighter squadrons up to protect his war industry? He may even have to transfer bombers to the West, in an attempt to hit back at Britain.

So, without under-estimating the blows which the Germans can still strike here and there, the extent of their production, the strength of their discipline, or the continuing drain of their U-boat war on our shipping, I think that another year's hard fighting—maybe a little more and maybe a little less—ought to finish them off.

Japan will probably take a year or so longer, although with the naval defeats in the Coral Sea and off Midway things have begun to move much faster in the Pacific, too. A really quick finish to the Pa-

cific War depends to a great extent on whether we get the use of Russian bombing bases. It has been suggested that we could bargain with the Russians that they should give us such bases and help open a front against Japan if we open a second front against Germany.

But I rather doubt if we would ask Russia to take on anything more until the German menace is well in hand. Washington's policy seems to be: Hitler first, then everybody together against Japan. Of course, the Japs may settle the matter by attacking Russia, as they did America. If they do, then the Americans will have to divide their heavy bombing strength between Germany and Japan.

While reinforcing China with air defence, as Australia has been, the best way of getting at Japan is surely to strike directly at her heart, by bombing and invasion across the North Pacific, and not to try to lop off one by one the tentacles which she has thrust out into the South Pacific and East Asia. Air bombing and air transport may prove as important as naval strength in deciding the Pacific war.

Japan is by no means as tightly cornered as Germany yet, but she has spread her forces far and wide and is less and less able to concentrate in a chosen area. She is too late for India and Australia. She failed disastrously in her grab for Midway, in which I believe she also hoped to trap and smash the American carrier fleet. Instead she has had her own naval air arm virtually wiped out in the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway.

She appears to be making a mighty effort to put China right out of the war, but the Chinese have shown their resilience in five years of fighting, and aren't going to quit just as victory is at last within sight. One move is left for Japan: to attack Russia. If she tries that, she will certainly be making headway backwards very fast.

AUSSIES BUILD HEAVIES

Another factor in this war for keeps is the increasing capacity of Australian war production. Newly arrived Yanks viewed this workout of a heavy Aussie tank, designed by Col. W. D. Watson, of Australia.



The Great Libyan Tank Battle



—reprinted from
BULLETINS FROM BRITAIN
British Library of
Information, New York.

Adapted by BRIGADIER GENERAL H. S. SEWELL

General Sewell here completes a dramatic account of the first major tank battle, fought in Libya last November. The first two days of the encounter were described in his article in last issue. The battle engaged the armoured forces of British General "Straffer" Gott with those of Nazi General Rommel.

On the morning of November 23, the tank armies licked their wounds; and there were wounds enough to lick. Of three British brigades, two were still in the fight, but the Seventh had suffered too much and had few "runners" left. Henceforth it had only enough to co-operate with the special columns. After three days of incredibly brave fighting, there were naturally many casualties. In the Eighth Hussars many had been lost. Whole troops had become casualties. Every single squadron leader in the regiment had been either killed, captured or severely wounded. One of them, after having his leg blown off, calmly put on his own tourniquet and vehemently protested when his sergeant insisted upon carrying him a mile and a half back to safety. A squadron leader from another regiment, also minus a leg, was given a bottle of whiskey by the Germans, and then left behind. He crawled to the nearest formation and greeted the first officer who saw him with: "How about a drink?"

But though British losses were heavy, there was good reason to believe that those of General Rommel were heavier still. Toward the end of the third day he had shown signs of being rattled. His wreckage was strewn all over the desert, and his gasoline dumps had been captured.

Right Place, Right Time

The British had learned many lessons for the battles to come. It was obvious that Nazi Generals Ravenstein and Neumann-Silkow believed in the thesis that success goes to the largest force in the right place at the right time. They had been trying to keep their forces concentrated, usually avoiding any major engagement in the mornings and confining themselves to minor activities to discover the enemy's strength. At midday they replenished, to launch their attack in the late afternoon with the advantage of the setting sun behind them. It was, therefore, decided to force them into battle earlier in the day so that they could not escape under darkness.

A favorite Nazi operational method was to advance with a solid phalanx of tanks, closely supported by mobile artillery. This mass kept at a distance of from 2,000 to 2,500 yards from the British

lighter-armed tanks and attempted to play a solo part by shelling the British at a range at which they themselves were immune from the shorter-range British shell fire. This manoeuvre was countered by the employment of more anti-tank and field artillery capable of out-ranging the Germans.

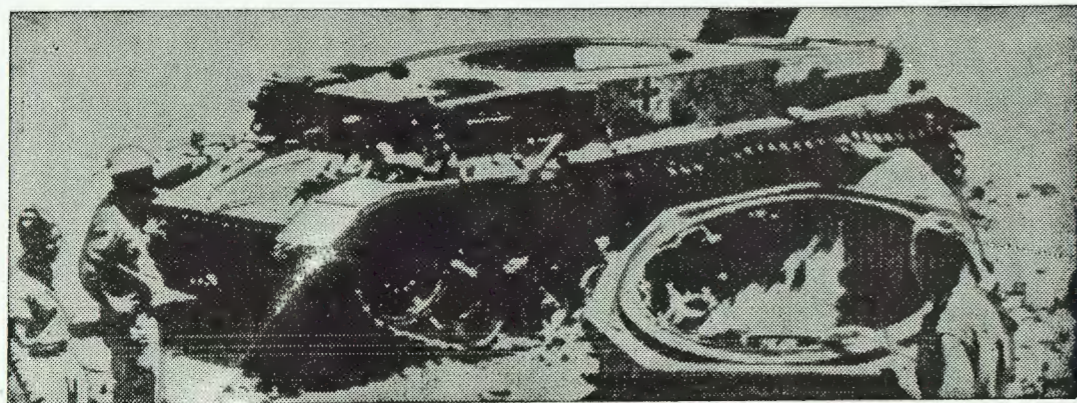
It was found that in attacking a defended position or a laager, truck-borne infantry advanced close behind the tanks and then were often seen walking about directing fire from the tanks. The Nazis used all sorts of ruses. On one occasion they tried a trick that had been successful in France: their tank commanders leaned out of their turrets and called upon the British to surrender, as if the battle were already over. It had worked in Europe; in Cyrenaica the British troops all shouted the same expletives and reached for their guns. Another German trick was to give false orders to British tanks, over the radio, and in perfect English.

Surprise Raids

The battle went on, and there was new vigour among the British forces. Men had not washed or shaved since the campaign began and were blackened by smoke. It was days since they had tasted anything warm. The weather was chilly. They were stiff with fatigue and bruises, but they had the enemy's measure now. And once more it was the old story: surprise raids by night as enemy "rogue" columns swept in upon British laagers; ding-dong battles from daylight to dusk. But General Gott knew his enemy's tactics and habits now, and had adapted his own tactics to meet them. It was his ability to change, and German inability to do so, which won him the day. When the last great pitched battle of the campaign was fought, on the escarpment of Sidi Rezegh, he proved that British adaptability and courage are more than a match for German skill and bigger guns. He proved that upon roughly equal terms British tank armies can batter German tank armies into defeat. On Sidi Rezegh, fresh from the bitter first few days of fight, he concentrated all his forces and sent them in, prepared for a battle of wits as well as steel. British tank crews went in determined to "get" the enemy. They got him.

—Please see page 8

“Across that awful 20 miles of pitiless desert around Sidi Rezegh is a veritable graveyard of General Rommel's tanks. Everywhere battered remnants of the pride of the German High Command can be seen, tanks twisted and blackened in the dust.”



Across that awful twenty miles of pitiless desert around Sidi Rezegh is a veritable graveyard of General Rommel's tanks. Everywhere, battered remnants of the pride of the German High Command can be seen, tanks twisted and blackened in the dust for mile upon mile.

Tankmen can't remember how long the battle of Sidi Rezegh lasted, but it went on for many days. Without cease the crack of guns echoed along the escarpment. But when it was over, Britain's tank army had done it. Though heavily hit, they had held the battleground and won the day. The enemy withdrew and continued to withdraw. He fought as he ran, but as a tank army he had ceased to exist.

There has been a great deal of talk about the great efficiency of German war material, but the Cyrenaican campaign has proved the superiority of Allied equipment. British tanks stood up to forty days of gruelling work over appalling country, almost constantly in action, and were fit to carry on beyond Benghazi. The American cruiser tanks did particularly well and kept on going at high speed whether on sand, over rocks or through mud. Tankmen praise particularly their speed and armour. A sergeant from Bournemouth and a trooper from Macduff were in action in the same tank for thirty-eight days. Six successive comrades were either killed or seriously wounded from enemy shells. The tank was hit by two armour-piercing shells, and the steering mechanism was twice shot away; yet the tank was never out of action and covered 1,600 miles of desert, after crossing the frontier.

Tankmen generally admired German efficiency and thoroughness in handling their tanks, but were impressed neither with the Nazi tank crews' bravery nor their resource. “Every German tank commander is taught to sublimate himself to his higher officers, and when he loses contact with them he's sunk,” one officer said. “He just waits there and lets you come in and wipe him up.” As for courage, a high officer said: “We are not impressed. They seldom put themselves in position without infantry and anti-tank support. If without it, they withdrew or hurriedly bailed out. On many occasions we had crews surrender to us whose tanks were still capable of action.”

That charge certainly cannot be made against

the British. Throughout the campaign they faced up to a terrifying task. They were resourceful in attack and stoical in disaster. No matter how hard the enemy hit them, they came back for more. No better summing up of what they did can be given than the words of “Straffer” Gott himself:

“The operations so far as we were concerned lasted for forty days, and can be said to have been almost continuous by day and frequently by night. The total distance covered in action was about 400 miles forward. In conjunction with troops of the Eighth Army, the enemy was driven from Tobruk and Benghazi, and lost nearly 400 tanks, the majority of which were more heavily armed tanks than we have put into the field. I think it can be said clearly that these results were achieved not by superiority in numbers and equipment, but by the fact that our troops fought better, man for man, and stuck it out longer . . . This battle has without doubt achieved very substantial results and not the least of these has been to show the world that the British Army is able to drive the Germans from ground of their own choosing and defeat them not only when the odds are even, but frequently when they are in the enemy's favour.”

* * * *

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

You can help stop rumours by not starting them.
Brave men shall not die because I babbled!

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

This story is told by “Critic” in the New Statesman.

A German aeroplane had been brought down whole in the area. It was decided to display it in aid of the “Spitfire” Fund. A canvas awning was placed around it.

On the morning of the day when the exhibition was to be opened, two workmen decided to have a free view and crept under the canvas. A foreman saw them come out and asked what they were doing.

“Oh, they said, ‘having a pre-view, as it were.’”

They went on to say that it was an excellent show. They particularly liked the large bomb so realistically placed by the Messerschmitt.

“What are you talking about?” asked the foreman. “There's no bomb. You're seeing things.”

The men stuck to their point, until the foreman investigated.

There was a bomb. It had fallen during the night and lay, unexploded, by the plane.

.... ARMY OF THE RISING SUN

Based on information
Compiled by
Captain Scott Lindberg

ARTICLE TWO

In modern times, the army has always ruled Japan. For something like twelve hundred years the little men of the Mikado have existed under a military dictatorship. Conscription, itself, is more than a thousand years old.

With a population of slightly more than seventy million persons, Japan a year ago had a million men under arms in China. To launch its dream-empire campaign against the United Nations, the armed forces were greatly expanded. What that armed strength is today is one thing the Japanese have neglected to mention.

The army which Japan is matching against the democracies is well-fed (according to Japanese standards) and cleanly uniformed. Normal field service garb is olive drab khaki of a shade only slightly yellower than the British khaki. In summer or hot climates uniforms similar to the Indian khaki drill is worn.

Careful attention is paid by the Japanese to the question of camouflage. To blend with the natural background, a mud-yellow uniform was used in Central China. This became a green uniform in Malaya to suit the colour of the lush tropical growth. In the Philippines, General MacArthur's men captured Japanese snipers, green from head to shoes. Even their faces and hands were painted the colour of the trees in which they hid themselves. These men were equipped with linesmen's spikes for climbing trees and had smokeless ammunition.



To ensure silence, the Japanese soldiers in Malaya were supplied with rubber sneakers instead of regular army boots. They also were equipped with cotton pads for hands and knees to enable them to crawl through the jungles without a sound. To ensure speed, equipment was simplified to bare essentials. Soldiers wore shorts instead of trousers, a singlet did duty for a shirt. The reduced weight enabled many soldiers to carry collapsible bicycles, which they mounted as soon as they were out of sight of the British lines.

Normal field service uniform of the Japanese soldier includes a thigh-length, single-breasted tunic of olive drab khaki wool or cotton. This ill-fitting but serviceable garment has five large buttons, four flapped pockets, and it is worn with a black leather belt. It has a stand-up collar buttoning at the neck, which can be unbuttoned and opened to form an open-necked turn-down collar. Small badges of rank are worn on the collar and larger ones on the shoulder. Numerals indicating unit are worn on the collar in peace time but these are removed in battle. Branch of service is indicated by a small coloured zig-zag stripe on the right breast.

Colours of this stripe indicate services as follows:

Red—Infantry and Tank Units.
Green—Cavalry.
Yellow—Artillery.
Maroon—Engineers.
Dark Blue—Train.
Dark Green—Medical.
Purple—Veterinary.
Buff—Intendance.
Black—Military Police.
Light Blue—Army Air Service.

Completing the uniform, Japanese officers wear breeches buttoned below the knees. Other ranks wear trousers. Personnel of mounted units wear soft leather knee boots or puttees and boots. Personnel of foot units wear puttees and boots or rough shoes or ‘tabi’ (cloth ankle socks with rubber or leather soles).

The field service cap is a light soft cloth cap with peak. In general design it is more similar to that worn by a Canadian railway engineer than anything else which comes immediately to mind. It has a five-pointed star of yellow cloth in the front centre and one important advantage. It can be worn under the steel helmet.

Japanese helmets are slightly similar to the British pattern but heavier. The dome, which is slightly higher than the British, is shaped with no back shield, giving a cap-like appearance. It is painted a shady brown colour.

Personal equipment of the Jap soldier is only slightly varied in the different services. The infantryman carries about 70 pounds in winter and 50 pounds in summer, exclusive of arms or ammunition. Chief items are as follows:

—please see page 10

- (1) Leather waist belt with two ammunition pouches in front and one behind (30 rounds are carried in each front pouch and 60 rounds in the back pouch);
- (2) Pack of rough hide with the hair outside;
- (3) Haversack, worn at the right side;
- (4) Water bottle, at right side—(only the bayonet is worn on the left side);
- (5) Mess tin, small shovel, and portion of shelter tent—carried strapped on back of pack;
- (6) Greatcoat, strapped round pack;
- (7) Steel helmet, carried on back of pack;
- (8) Spare pair of boots, strapped to top of pack;
- (9) Gas mask.

Dress of the regimental officer is the same as that of the soldier with these exceptions. He wears breeches instead of trousers. Instead of rifle and bayonet, the officer carries a revolver at the right hip, field glasses at the back of the belt on the left, and war sword. The war sword is always carried in battle and is regarded with a mystical reverence



•
Jap
Officer's
War
Sword
•

which has a strong psychological influence on the Japanese officer. It is an effective weapon in hand to hand fighting.

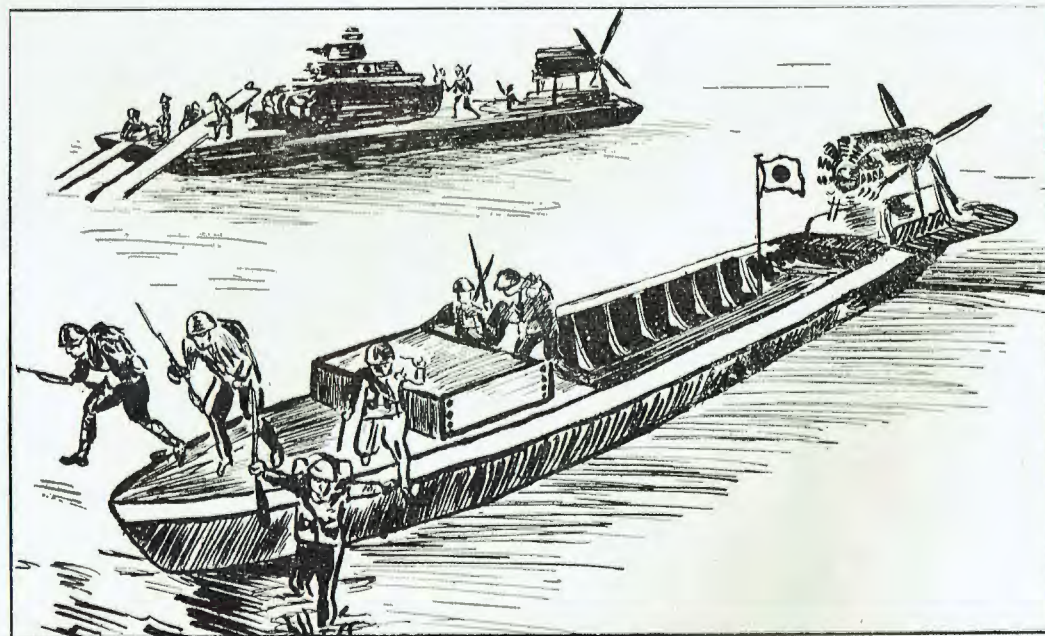
The Japs are strong for water-enveloping tactics. Army and navy work together and troops must be, in effect, marine-soldiers. Shallow-draft barges, driven by aeroplane propellers, as shown below, are often used. Open amidships and with little freeboard, they provide almost no protection to the crowded soldiers.

Landing beaches or shores are carefully reconnoitred from the air and have usually been thoroughly mapped by secret agents well in advance. Troops assigned to effect landings are well drilled for their task.

In established Japanese procedure, troopships, landing-barge carriers, and naval convoys make a rendezvous at a designated anchorage the night before the landing. If a suitable anchorage is not available, vessels arrive off the designated beach between midnight and dawn.

Landings are usually made just before day-break on a day when high tide comes just after dawn. Periods of rainy or stormy weather are preferred in order to increase the element of surprise. Aircraft provide a protective umbrella and bomb and machine gun shore defences. Naval vessels cruise off-shore, guarding against enemy naval forces and shelling selected shore targets. Transports come close to shore and transfer the men into landing barges and small boats. Initial landing forces usually are infantry, with some field artillery, engineers, and light tanks.

When possible, landing craft assemble in extended formation then simultaneously make for shore at top speed. They shut off their engines and drop stern anchors when they are a short distance off the beach. For the remainder of the distance, the boats are eased in by means of hand brakes on



•
Jap
Invasion Barges
•

These speedy landing craft set the keynote of the Jap "dream empire" campaign to date. In China, the South Seas, and Malaya, the water-enveloping tactics—made possible by these and any other small craft available—have brought consistent success to the Mikado's little men.

the stern anchor cables. Boats normally are beached at intervals of about 50 yards.

If the situation demands that the boats leave the shore immediately after troops have disembarked, stern anchors are weighed by hand or power and the boats speed back to the transports or barge carriers. Patrol craft armed with pompoms and machine guns provide close support to the landing. Once a beach-head is secured, the bulk of the troops strike rapidly inland.

Practically all Japanese landings in China were made with a force of two divisions (40,000 men or less). These units were embarked with normal equipment, including 3-ton tanks, 105 mm field howitzers, and 75 mm field guns. More recent landings in the South Sea campaign have used much larger bodies of troops.

For fighting a war far from the temples of his ancestors, the Japanese soldier is paid ten yen (about \$2.36) a month. Eight yen go home to his family, one and six-tenths yen is deducted for compulsory savings and the rest (about 9c) is his to squander or keep.

Discipline is excellent, despite the orgies of rapine and plunder which have characterized Japanese movements into conquered territory. There is ample evidence that these excesses are deliberately sanctioned (and participated in) by the jingoistic junior officers in order to counteract the strain of campaigning. In all other respects, even the most minor infringements of discipline are most sternly punished. Regimentation comes easy to Japanese. Servility to superiors is a national characteristic and unquestioning obedience to orders a matter of second nature.

The Japanese recruit is taught that Japanese have never been defeated in battle. Although experience in China has given this the lie, the Japanese soldier firmly believes that he is normally superior to any opponent. He fights with the frenzied impulsion of the warrior on a "divine" mission and sacrifices himself without question.

In this war, however, he has nowhere been confronted by forces with the necessary strength and equipment to do battle on nearly equal terms. But he will be. And the myth of his invincibility will irrevocably explode in his Oriental mind. Then crumbling morale will presage wholesale disaster for the Japanese army. That is the opinion of most far-east observers.

Success is not so much never failing, as rising every time we fail.

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OUTSIDE TOBRUK - LOOKING IN !

"A desert campaign is the strategist's paradise, the Quartermaster's hell!" The quotation is not exact, but a note of verification for its latter part may be found in this second instalment of the diary of a German tank officer, who was captured during last year's siege of Tobruk.

The narrative came to an abrupt close when he fell into the hands of the defenders.

April 15—Artillery fire from 7 a.m. I report at Brigade Commander's office at noon. The principal subject discussed is yesterday's attack on Tobruk.

We simply cannot understand how we ever managed to get out again. It is the general opinion that it was the most severely fought battle of the whole war.

This afternoon, I am near the Commander's tank when there is an air raid. Five bombers in close formation. I dash under the tank, but it has no trench below it. The bombs drop near.

Then more air raids. How quick they are. They come right over our car. On the way back, two more air raids.

April 16—Two night alarms. Bombs. Then we go to get a wash. Two basins half-filled with water for a rub-down. I am still in my underclothes when there is another raid. To action stations at once. The British intend attacking the machine-guns. From now on, air raid every 20 minutes.

The war in Africa is quite different from the war in Europe. That is to say, it is absolutely individual. Here, there are not the masses of men or material. Nobody and nothing can be concealed.

Whether in battle between opposing land forces or between those of the air, or between both, it is the same sort of fight—face to face, each side thrusts and counter-thrusts.

If the struggle were not so brutal, so entirely without rules, one would be inclined to think of it as a modern version of a romantic knight's tourney.

The airmen get on our nerves. Ten raids or more a day. No A/A, no fighter planes to meet them. We remain on the alert. At night, two raids.

April 17—The day begins with the usual shelling and bombing, but now it has become a little quieter. No German troops up to the present have had such a drubbing as we.

The news isn't very encouraging. The British have attacked the Italians, whose counter-attack was repulsed. Communications with Bardia have been cut off.

April 28—Splendid weather. Dive bombers over Tobruk.

We have been away from Germany for two months, and without butter, etc., into the bargain. Our principal food is bread, with something spread on it. In this heat, every single bite needs a sip of water or coffee to help it down.

There is no fat. If one stops to think, one realizes that one drinks three times as much in Germany as here in the heat. Hence the body has to adapt itself quite a lot.

Where would you find anybody in Germany who would drink water of this colour and taste? It looks like coffee and tastes something like sulphur, but that's all to the good, as otherwise it would stimulate one's thirst.

May 1—We intend to take Tobruk. Up to 3.30 a.m., leave at 4.30. We lose touch in the darkness and dust, then join up again. We file through the gap where many of our comrades have fallen. Then we deploy at once.

The British artillery fires on us. We attack. Tier upon tier of guns boom out from the triangular fortifications before us. Then things happen suddenly.

A frightful crash to the right. Artillery shell hit? No. It must be a mine. I immediately send a wireless message: "Try to turn around in your own tracks."

Back through the artillery fire for 100 metres. Wireless order: "Tanks to go back. The men of the mined tank all right. Enemy is attacking with tanks, but will be put to flight."

Back carefully. Nine heavy and three light tanks of the company have had to abandon the fight owing to mines. Of course the enemy goes on shooting at us for some time.

I move back through the gap with a salvaged tank in tow. It is now late afternoon. Dive-bombers and twin-engined fighters have been attacking the enemy constantly. In spite of this, the British repeatedly counter-thrust with tanks.

As soon as the planes have gone, the artillery starts up furiously. It is beginning to grow dark.

COMPLIMENTS OF

LAKEVIEW DAIRY

BARRIE-ALLANDALE DAIRY

CITIZENS' DAIRY

(Suppliers to the Armoured Corps)

Which is friend, which is foe? Shots are being fired all over the place, often on one's own troops and on tanks in front, which are on their way back.

Suddenly a wireless message: "The British are attacking the gap with infantry." All sorts of light signals go up—green, red, white. The flares hiss down near our machine-guns. It is already too dark to take aim.

Well, the attack is finally broken. We cover until 11.45 p.m., then retire. It is a mad drive through the dust. At 3 a.m., a snack beside the tank. Twenty-four hours shut up in the tank, with frightful cramp as a result, and thirst.

May 3—Artillery fire very severe. Ten batteries are firing ceaselessly. Something is in the wind. Naturally the enemy answer briskly. At 10 p.m., ready to move off, and out we go into the desert. Then the order to break off comes.

At 1.15 a.m. a message to the commander: "Australians have penetrated the defences R1-R7. Immediately counter-attack and cover with tanks."

Wireless message: "Ready for action."

Oh, hell! Where to? No idea. Italians argue and gesticulate wildly. I start by going as far as the gap, and then turn right. No officer knows the position. Near R7 an Italian tank is burning.

The Australians have gone back, leaving 26 dead behind. The Italians are absolutely in confusion. They have been under heavy artillery fire. Of 150 men occupying R7, there are over 100 dead and wounded.

May 6

In the night such a severe sandstorm blew that by morning visibility was reduced to two metres, and it forced us to get into the tanks.

In the midst of these troubles, rations have become even shorter. Everything is waiting in Tripoli.

May 7

Plenty of sunshine, little food. Dive bombers begin their work again. Let us hope they will accomplish something this time. Up to the present they have done nothing to speak of. It is only over the harbour of the town that there are strong defences.

In the fortified areas, they could circle around quietly and make out quite a lot, then pop in. So what? The commander dives, chucks his eggs haphazardly and, of course, the other 30 follow his example. Blockheads!

What is there for a soldier to do when there is no fighting? And nothing to eat? This morning the bit of cheese was not even enough to go round for breakfast.

The men want to attack. Want to get into Tobruk. There, there's loot to be had.

Replacements from Germany don't arrive. They are going to send a further indent for them in eight weeks. What tripe! Boy, if only Goering knew.

We have already been a month before Tobruk. Hour by hour our advance becomes more difficult. The British lay mines, construct obstacles and positions which we shall have to take again.

The secret of our victory in the European theatre of war? (1) If advanced troops were held up, the Commander-in-Chief sent for fast troops as reinforcements from behind the lines and pushed on or kept the situation fluid. If we had been able to do that in the case of Tobruk, it would have been a mere bagatelle, and we should have been in Alexandria by now. (2) Our opponents are Englishmen and Australians. No trained attacking troops, but fellows with nerve and toughness, tireless, taking punishment with obstinacy, wonderful on the defence. Ah, well, the Greeks also spent 10 years before Troy.

May 11

We are feeling hungry. The clever theorists in Germany said: "Make sure that the soldiers eat enough. The heat takes away the appetite with disastrous results". A pretty theory, but we have an appetite, unfortunately, a bigger one than we can satisfy, and we can't forget it.

* * * * *

In these troubled times, a man is likely to forget that he can't buy a tube of shaving cream without turning in an empty tube. This happened to a friend of ours. The clerk was politely firm: no empty tube, no shaving cream. "Government orders," he explained gently, "and of course we have got to obey government orders, even in wartime."—New Yorker.

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To be Acting Lt.-Col.: Maj. A. L. Tosland, M.C.

To be Major: A/Maj. M. M. Mendells, Capts. W. E. Harris, I. R. McDougall, E. M. Wilson.

To be Captain: Lts. E. G. Adams, C. J. E. LeBoutillier, A. P. Hayes, C. E. Kelly, J. C. A. H. Lapointe, A. C. Marshall.

To be Acting Captain: Lts. J. A. Tuxford, C. J. Wilkins.

To be Lieutenants: 2nd Lts. H. H. Alexander, S. M. N. Alexander.

Lts. S. W. Birrell, E. J. Butler, R. H. Booth, 2nd Lts. W. T. B. Bird, J. J. Boles, J. B. Bray, J. E. Brooks, J. J. Black.

Lts. J. P. Curley, J. E. Cooley, 2nd Lts. H. L. Carroll, J. G. Cawthorpe, H. B. Calvert, C. J. Chandler.

Lt. A. E. Doig, 2nd Lt. W. D. Dolan.

Lt. G. M. Elder.

2nd Lts. J. W. Francis, J. A. Filshie, R. S. Forbes, A. N. Francis.

Lts. G. A. L. Garstone, R. A. Gordon, K. L. Graham, H. D. Grant, C. N. Gryde, E. Gagne, R. E. Gurry, 2nd Lts. R. W. Grant, W. F. Grainger, G. T. Gale, F. W. Grew, H. J. Gurnell, J. H. Gordon.

Lts. R. J. C. Hamilton, C. E. Henry, 2nd Lts. H. R. Herbert, T. F. Howard, F. A. Helson, H. R. Howitt.

Lts. J. I. Johnston, L. R. Jenson.

2nd Lt. M. B. Kent.

Prov. 2nd Lt. D. Laird.

Lts. J. McIntosh, L. E. McKenzie, J. B. McMaster, J. R. McLaughlin, R. Mattee, 2nd Lts. G. G. Morrow, N. D. MacEachern, D. McGowan, J. P. Milner, Prov. 2nd Lts. G. M. Millar, E. W. March.

2nd Lts. F. H. Owen, T. H. Orr.

Lt. I. G. Patrick.

Lts. J. G. Riehl, I. M. Roberts, H. J. Russell, 2nd Lts. H. W. Ralston, J. A. Renwick, Q.M.S. R. S. Rhodes.

Lts. A. F. Shaw, R. M. Simpson, J. K. Starnes, C. A. Smith, 2nd Lts. E. Spafford, M. Shulman, W. A. Stewart, N. V. Sawyer.

Lts. T. E. Taylor, P. Tessier, 2nd Lts. E. S. Thorne, A. R. Truax, C. F. Thompson, R. Tomson, Prov. 2nd Lt. R. A. Tiffin.

Lt. H. VanCamp, 2nd Lts. E. G. Vance, J. A. Vaughan.

Lts. W. J. Watkinson, B. J. Winterton, 2nd Lts. B. Wilson, W. G. Wright, D. L. Wagner, J. M. Wickett, G. R. M. Woods, G. M. C. Wright, N. J. Weiner.

To be Prov. Lieutenant: 2nd Lt. V. H. Prewer.

To be 2nd Lieutenants: 2nd Lt. A. M. Allnutt, Cadets G. Alexander, A. J. Archibald.

2nd Lts. R. D. Butler, F. S. Buckley, A. O. Burke, Cadet J. M. Barber.

2nd Lts. N. Cardon, L. A. Craig, Cadets A. M. Cloutier, G. M. Campbell, C. M. Crabtree.

2nd Lts. G. Frechette, J. Freedman.

2nd Lts. N. E. Haydon, R. W. Herring.

2nd Lt. A. E. M. Inwood.

2nd Lts. W. R. Mason, M. J. McDonald, W. D. Macdonald, Cadets R. M. Murray, D. G. Munro, J. G. MacMurdo.

2nd Lt. V. V. Ramsay, Cadet H. V. Ross.

2nd Lts. I. M. Stewart, R. J. Swinton, Cadet R. M. Strong.

2nd Lt. A. N. Tweddell.

2nd Lt. H. N. Williams.

2nd Lt. G. G. Yull.

To be Prov. 2nd Lieutenants: C.S.M. G. W. Chandler, C.S.M.I. J. H. Derij, C.S.M.I. W. G. Neve, 2nd Lt. R. M. Shaw, Tpr. C. R. Watson, C.S.M. F. W. White.

OFFICE ARGOT

Explaining that "Army paper work is a mystery to the uninitiated, but is just as clear as crystal to experienced Staff Officers," the Scott Field, III, Broadcaster, publishes the following for the benefit of Officers newly assigned to fulfill administrative functions:

Under Consideration—Never heard of it.

Under Active Consideration—Will have a shot at finding the file.

Has Received Careful Consideration—A period of inactivity covering time lag.

Have You Any Remarks—Can you give me any idea what it is all about?

In The Air—Completely ignorant of the whole subject.

You Will Remember—You have forgotten or never knew, because I don't.

Concur Generally—Have not read the document and don't want to be bound for anything I say.

In Conference—Gone out—don't know where he is.

Kindly Expedite Reply—For Gosh Sakes try and find the papers.

Passed to Higher Authority—Pigeon-holed in more sumptuous office.

In Abeyance—A state of grace for disgraceful state.

Appropriate Action—Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

Transmitted to You—You try holding the bag for awhile—I'm tired of it.

OVER THERE ! SPECIAL DISPATCHES FROM C.A.C. UNITS OVERSEAS

LSH TO BECOME Ld SH AT KING'S SUGGESTION

Upon the personal suggestion of His Majesty, the initial arm markings of the Lord Strathcona's Horse, well-known unit of a Canadian Armoured division, are to be changed.

When inspecting the unit recently, The King observed that the initials "LSH" do not actually represent the unit name, as the abbreviation for "Lord" is "Ld".

Decision to change to the form approved by His Majesty was made at once, and as a result the unit will wear the initials of "Ld SH" on the arm.

In this manner are born regimental quiffs, and the incident will undoubtedly become part and parcel of the regimental tradition.

There is one other moral to the story. It shows that important people who inspect troops are interested even in small details. The trooper who spends hours on his kit getting ready for such inspections isn't wasting his time. The guest of honor will notice even the small things.

C.A.C. FINANCIAL VICTORS AT TANK TRAP SHOW

By the Overseas Correspondent of The Tank

There isn't much to choose when it comes to a friendly matching of ability between members of the Canadian Armoured Corps and the Royal Canadian Engineers.

Recently parties from an armoured unit, and from the R.C.E. staged a demonstration of tank trap construction and tank passage through such obstacles. The result was a standoff, but the C.A.C. wound up financial victors.

In a show attended by many dignitaries of the army and of the British forces, the engineers demonstrated the latest way of speedy construction of anti-tank ditches. Tanks from a well-known armoured division regiment then tested the efficacy of the ditch.

This was where the tankers got their monetary margin. A Lieutenant-Colonel of the R.C.E. was chaffing a tank commander, a Major of the armoured unit, about the ability of his machine to cross the formidable obstacle. A wager of ten shillings was laid on the result. The tank went over after an excellent bit of crew control by the Major, and the Colonel paid off with a ten-shilling note to the enjoyment of all concerned.

The next tank to attempt passage was helplessly bogged down in loose dirt in a very short time, and wasn't released for some hours. The engineers claimed a moral victory, but the ten shillings was still a debit entry.

ARMOURED DIVISION SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

The past month has seen much activity on the sports front in a Canadian Armoured Division, now overseas.

Cross Country Championships

The Unit Team Divisional Cross Country Championships were run off on April 8th with every major unit in the Division being represented. The Royal Canadian Army Service Corps team was successful in winning the run with a score of 582 points, the second place went to the Perth Regt. with 535 points, and third place to the British Columbia Dragoons with 509 points. The race was started by Lieut.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, who was accompanied by Maj.-Gen. E. W. Sansom.

Other teams participating, and in order of finishing were as follows: Lord Strathcona Horse; Westminster Regiment; Anti-Tank Regt., R.C.A.; The Governor General's Horse Guards; Royal Canadian Dragoons; Princess Louise's New Brunswick Hussars; Fort Garry Horse; Cape Breton Highlanders; H.Q. Group, R.C.E.; R.C.C.S.; Field Regiment, R.C.A.; and First Hussars.

Novice Team Boxing Championships

The Division wound up its season with a Unit Novice Team Boxing Tournament

In the semi-finals, the Lord Strathcona Horse were successful in defeating the British Columbia Dragoons by a score of 24 to 19. The Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps also reached the semi-finals by overcoming the Field Regiment RCA, to the tune of 26 to 14.

The finals, held on May 29th, turned out to be the most exciting event of the year's sports program. The result of the meet was in doubt right up until the last bout.

When the points were totalled the Lord Strathcona Horse had edged out the Medicals to win the Championships 23 to 21.

CONVOY-ITIS

By the Governor General's Horse Guards

Convoys are always jolly affairs, at least we found them so when 'ome, but over 'ere they are really delightful, particularly over icy roads, with a grand Scotch mist to add to the other amazing ingredients. Picture then a Brigade Convoy careering 'round the pleasant English countryside in a black-out; the roads nice and slippery, some scores of lorries in convoy and numerous unfortunate wretches suitably placed as traffic control men.

These latter armed with flash lights, the lorries each supposed to have a green light in front, the English road intersections suitably equipped with

—Please see page 16

"islands" and the picture becomes complete. To continue; we first give an example of the trials of the occupants of one of these islands.

There they stand, muffled up in all available clothing, waiting, "Micawber-like," for something to turn up. It does. A dull hum, changing gradually into a hellish roar—no lights, no nothing to be seen through the cursed mist; out comes a trusty flashlight, which is waved (blackout restrictions to the contrary), in all directions, with the hope that one of 'em will be the right one. A hasty remark, "This must be one of the lorries, wasn't it," as we reel before a mighty rushing wind and cringe from a deafening roar, soon past and dying away in the distance. Phew! From then on it is a succession of the same, with green lights appearing only at intervals. Then one adventurous driver of a rather independent turn of mind, tries taking the wrong turning and is frantically signalled back into line. He applies all his brakes and skids into the island with an ear splitting crash, whereupon all hands on deck, (pardon we are the Horse Guards not the Horse Marines!) grab for the nearest handhold, successfully weathering the storm amid shouted curses and advice to the absent minded. So it goes far on into the night. With the coming of day the picture changes. The shivering wretches on foot decide to liven things up which they do by becoming terribly regimental. Bewildered 'limeys (Imperials to youse guys), inadvertently get into line and find they cannot get out again. "Blimey," they wail, "a bloke 'as to play 'round and 'round the bleeding mulberry bush to get out of this blinkin' mix-up", and grind away fuming but still in the line of traffic. Counting is done punctiliously. With the final pay-off being a Brigade Major—touchy loafers these laddies at times—being stopped and shepherded into a line of traffic proceeding contrary to his own ideas.

His own ideas, did we say? He hasn't any from now on so he snorts into his beard, growling threats which end by becoming supplication, but all to no avail. The "whippers in" are adamant. Tally Ho! on with the convoy. Of course our Brigade Major hasn't got a beard to snort into but we are certain he would snort into it if he had one and in any case his eyes speak volumes as his blood pressure rises dangerously.

Then the arguments. First one officer or another has ideas as to the general direction or as to the spacing and counting. These arguments are settled to either mutual satisfaction or dissatisfaction as the case may be. Again, civilian traffic, travelling on strictly rationed petrol also gets into parts that Brigade Majors fear to travel and drive in wrong directions, faces worried and strained. On, on we go, with our wireless truck doing marvelous work, or work that would be marvelous if only the wave length were tuned in correctly; as it is we get a buzzing, mumbled jargon which is fortunately interpreted correctly. Then the rations—some hungry souls eat too much at one meal and the ensuing shortage doesn't improve their tempers. Many a peaceful hen will never know how close she came to a sudden and useful end and others will never know what hit them (but they sure hit the spot!). At long last the job is done and all ranks beam with kindness and a look of "what a swell job we made of this racket."

Privately the general thought is, "if so and so or such and such had done this or that or not butted in, we'd have been twice as good."

Staff officers smile happily and stretch wearily, pleased to be finished with the hard work they've done while sitting in comfortable staff cars. Any-

way, a good time has been had by all (we hope!). And so to bed.

The Gee Gee's have not a great deal to report this month as we have been too busy with our training to have any outside activities, but we can report the birth of a son to Capt. and Mrs. G. A. Burton, a son to Sgt. and Mrs. H. Outhwaite, a son to Sgt. and Mrs. Larry Britton and a son to Sgt. and Mrs. Gordon Makin. (Sort of replacements for the regiment). Having lately changed our location we are not yet able to join the inter-regimental sporting activities but hope to have some interesting news at a later date. The boys enjoy generous leaves and taken by and large, everyone is quite happy over 'ere in Blighty.

—SGT. H. OUTHWAITE.

THREE RIVERS REGIMENT

Major J. G. Perrigard and Lieutenant E. A. Kay have left us to go to a C.A.C.R.U., as well as several Other Ranks. Captain F. Johnson has left us due to injury. Lieutenant E. P. M. Long returned with a party to act as Instructor at Training Centres in Canada. Lieutenant J. C. P. Mills has joined the Staff of Bde. H.Q. Sergeant Davies, L.N., has gone on to OCTU.

Major C. B. Straubenzee has come to us. Lieutenant J. F. Wallace (son of Major W. J. A. Wallace) and Lieutenants A. M. Ceasar, M. T. McConnell and L. Maraskas are also additions. Capt. L. Smith has been posted here also.

Sports have not been ignored. Recently we have been hosts to the Cdn. Corps boxing finals and to a Corps Troops Divisional boxing match, being repre-

sented in each by Sergeant Fraser, E.R.J., and Trooper Wilson, C., respectively. We have also had teams in harrier and running meet, soccer and ice hockey.

The entertainment side has been fully and energetically looked after by Supervisor J. T. Carolan, of the Knights of Columbus. One of the most popular series of events are the weekly and special dances held in the new drill hall with excellent music by our popular orchestra organized by Lieutenant D. K. Dawson. We have also had frequent stage shows and usually a couple of motion picture shows a week, followed by tea and biscuits. This with nights of bingo and sing-songs has left few vacant evenings, however low the pocket. The Battalion orchestra and Sergeant Lowden, G.R., reciting, took part in a B.B.C. broadcast recorded for transmissions in Canada. "The exigencies of the Service" caused cancellation of a recent booking.

The C.B.C. recording vans pay periodic visits and all look forward to the chance of a message home.

We get along well with the civilians. We all had somewhere to go on Christmas Day. Most of us have found friends to go to on our leave. On schemes most of us have fed beyond our own resources. At halts by the way side and in harbours we have experienced the generosity of the English civilians, all the more appreciated considering their strict rationing. Tea and buns by free curb service to the tank was a new experience in march discipline. The other gifts of eggs, cake, bread, vegetables, etc., were remarkable.

The weather has been wonderful these past few weeks. It has really been a period of revelation of

—Please see page 18

King Visits G.G.H.G.

No parade ground "spit and polish"—this wartime inspection by His Majesty the King of overseas units of the C.A.C. In the group with King George are Lt.-Col. H. M. Sharp, Officer Commanding Governor General's Horse Guards; a Staff Officer, Capt. W. M. Cleland, and Cpl. Ostrand. In the mid-background, at left, Lt.-Gen. McNaughton stands with another officer. Seated at extreme right foreground is Tpr. Wood with two unidentified troopers.

—Canadian Military Photo
London (see page 26)



Preserved Fruit or Gas Samples?

No, we don't know what is in the sealers, but Queen Elizabeth's interest in the explanation given by this 1st Hussar officer is evident. Behind them, at the right of His Majesty, is Lt.-Col. R. Back, Officer Commanding 1st Hussars. On His Majesty's left is Brig. T. J. Rutherford. Lt.-Gen. McNaughton, in profile, stands behind the King. Behind the unidentified Scottish officer is Capt. G. P. Reid, Brigade I.O.

—Canadian Military Photo
London (see page 26)



the beauty of the English countryside to those of us spending our first spring here. Everyone appreciates the generosity of those in Canada who have been so kind to us.

The Knights of Columbus have figured in this respect for, apart from their many other articles including arranging free leaves, they have been most generous with cigarettes, tea, biscuits, chocolate bars and innumerable other comforts. We have also received generous gifts of cigarettes from Overseas League, Rock City Tobacco Co., Buckshee Fund, 2nd Battalion Three Rivers Regiment and Mayor Rousseau of Trois Rivieres, chocolate bars from the Wabasso Cotton Co., of Three Rivers, sweaters from the Canadian Red Cross, magazines from the Canadian Veterans, all of which have added immeasurably to the comfort of life over here.

NOTES ON THE ACTIVITIES OF A CDN. ARMY TANK BN. (Ontario Regiment)

"Oh to be in England now that April's here"—With this in mind it was with interest that we watched April go by just to see if it would live up to its reputation for rain, or the above quoted poem. The latter won out, for the weather has given us all the good "breaks," both for sport and training.

Among the sports, softball is foremost in popularity. 11 games have been played to date in the Battalion schedule between the six teams entered. "A" and "Hq." Squadrons have a 1st and 2nd team playing, captained by Tpr. Lappin, "A" Sqdn. (both teams), and Sgt. Falconner, "Hq. 1" and Sgt. Sullivan "Hq. 2". Lieut. Whitelaw captains "B" Sqdn.'s team, and L/Cpl Willis "C"

Sqdn.'s. "A" Sqdn.'s 1st team have beaten "Hq. 2", "Hq. 1", "A2" once and "B" twice. "B" has beaten "Hq. 2" once. "Hq. 1" has the lead which might be expected over "Hq. 2", but "A 2" has beaten "B", "C", and "Hq. 1". "C" Sqdn. has, however, triumphed over both Headquarter's teams. The schedule is still too young to forecast the Battalion champion, but the odds seem to be with "A's" best team. No matter what the outcome the enthusiasm stirred up by these games has done a great deal to increase the healthy spirit of sportsmanship in the unit.

Though soccer does not share the same popularity as baseball with Canadians, we did have a brigade league. Many interruptions occurred in its schedule, and these dampened the enthusiasm which might have been worked up. None-the-less our battalion team, captained by Tpr. Cavanagh, beat the R.C.A.S.C., Ordnance, and a Bn. teams; and with an unbroken victorious record met the "Calgary Cowboys" in a "sudden-death" final game. In this, with a score of 1-2, we handed over our laurels to a battalion and thus the brigade championship slipped from our grasp. Sgt. Brydon was our playing-manager, and as perhaps his more outstanding players he had Tpr. Hood, as goalie, and Cpl. Stobart, Tprs. O'Rielly, Stanley, Davidson, and Gow.

Due to the fact that your scribe had a part in getting together our team for the 11-mile Bde. relay race which was organized by Lieut. "Pat" Mills, it gets special mention here. Unfortunately this race was run on a busy day for our section of the arm, and of the 10 or so teams entered only 4 appeared. Three of these were from the "3 R's" regt. and one team (of 4 men which left your scribe to fill the gap) from our Bn. The absence of special training for this race was apparent, but our fit general condition

Beneath A Smiling Sky

—against a background framed by radio masts of Canadian tanks, Queen Elizabeth chats with a group of C.A.C. men. In foreground, left to right, are Cpl. A. Pettit, Lord Strathcona Horse; Lt. R. Squires, Queen Elizabeth, Brig. T. J. Rutherford, E.D., Lt.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Maj.-Gen. E. W. Sansom.

—Canadian Army Photo
London (see page 26)



enabled us to place 3rd. Sgt. H. Parkes, and Tprs. V. T. Reid, Skorey, and Friesen ran for our battalion.

The highlight of the past month has been a 7 day scheme on which we piloted our steel-steeds about the country with as much realism of war as possible. Of the military nature I can say little except that our boys did a splendid job in maintaining their vehicles under difficult conditions. However, I can tell of the enjoyment we all had in camping out. It was our first trial of living on "iron rations" and we were all well pleased with the quality and variety of food offered. From the labels we gather that these were made up in Canada. To our amusement they were complete even to the wad of toilet paper included.

We had most of the joys of a holiday camping trip together with the purposefulness of the scheme. Many lessons of all kinds, from camcraft and cooking, to tactics and maintenance, were learned by all ranks. We returned feeling very fit; "browned-off" as to our features, but not in our hearts. We look forward to the next scheme enthusiastically.

FORT GARRY HORSE

The biggest event since we landed in England occurred recently, when we were visited by Their Majesties the King and Queen. Their Majesties toured the large common where we demonstrated different phases of Armoured Corps training, and evinced a keen interest in everything they saw. Several rehearsals had been held previously and on the big day everything ran like clock work. This was one inspection when the boys really enjoyed it and when Their Majesties were leaving the demonstration area, the boys cheered them to the limit. Their

Majesties were accompanied by Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., on their visit, also Major-Gen. E. Sansom, D.S.O.

The Garrys are all feeling pretty good about their gunnery. Recently their Brigadier offered 48 hours special leave to the 100 best shots in the Brigade and did they ever get down to it. The Garrys grabbed off 80 out of the 100. In addition, the commanding officer offered £1.0.0 to the best shot and 10/- to the second best. Tpr. J. H. McArthur of Hq. Squadron really went to town and took the Colonel's "quid" with the almost phenomenal score of 93—possible 100. Tpr. W. L. Wilson, also of Hq., ran him a pretty close second with 87 and got the 10/-. These two scores were by far the highest in the Brigade. Third place was taken by Tpr. A. Evans, still another Hq. Squadron man, and Major E. B. Evans 2 i/c of the Regiment took 4th place. (Officers of course were not eligible for the special leave). Headquarters Squadron chests stuck out pretty far when they learnt that their average was nearly 20 per cent. higher than any other Squadron in the Brigade. However, the averages from the other squadrons were also very good.

Obituary

We regret to have to report the death by misadventure of three very popular members of "C" Sqn. Tprs. A. H. Legg, G. P. McCumber and A. R. Neve met with a sad accident on a recent Sunday afternoon. They were buried with full military honors in the Canadian cemetery. The padre, Capt. G. H. McNeil, officiated at the ceremony. Lieut. J. W. Burns was in charge of the burial party and Sgt. C. P. Langlois had command of the firing party. Sgt. B. E. Blackman and three trumpeters from

—Please see page 20

Her Majesty Inspects F.G.H.

Lines of vehicles and men stretch far beyond the camera's range at this inspection by Her Majesty of the Fort Garry Horse. Queen Elizabeth is speaking to Major H. J. Wickey. Behind her are Major-Gen. P. J. Montague, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., V.D., Major E. B. Evans and Brig. Rutherford. At the right of the file behind Major Wickey are Tprs. Rutherford and Ludwig.

—Canadian Military Photo
London (see page 26)



H.G. sounded the "Last Post" and "Reveille." These three members of the unit will be greatly missed by their comrades.

With this one exception, there have been no casualties in the unit. Tpr. D. A. Bond of Hq. Sqn., who was involved in a serious road accident, is now coming along nicely.

A big event here, as with most other Canadian units, is of course the arrival of mail from home. Don't forget, you folks back there, that the letters, cigarettes and parcels you so generously send over are more than appreciated here.

Matrimonial Bureau

To date the 4,000 Canadians who have committed matrimony over here have not included any of the Garrys, but we have pretty good inside dope from our private investigation Dept. that there are going to be bells ringing before very long in several places.

We must insert mention here of Mr. A. A. Buckley of the Y.M.C.A., who was the unit's Auxiliary Services Officer all winter. His tireless efforts provided entertainment each and every evening throughout the long dark evenings of December, January and February. He arranged not only for visiting concert parties of ENSA units and movies, but also for whist drives, quiz contests, games nights and many other sorts of entertainment. In addition to this, he handled an enormous lot of work in the sports line in organizing games and supplying equipment. A big hand for Mr. Buckley.

Mr. F. Kennedy, who has taken Mr. A. A. Buckley's place as our unit Auxiliary Services Officer, is keeping up the good work by supplying us with lots of movies, concert parties and other amusements.

Mr. Kennedy is ably assisted by Tprs. Mayers, Stewart and Donovan, who have done some great work in getting the Squadron reading rooms fixed up and assisting in all sports matters.

Dance Orchestra

The dance band has been hard at work practicing of late and has already played at several engagements. Mine host at the local "pub" has very kindly allowed them the use of a room for practice purposes and is thinking of converting his place of business into a night club featuring the "Swingers." "Siddles" Foden is as usual at the top of his form tickling the ivories. Dave Sloan slings a couple of pretty hot drumsticks, and the whole aggregation promote an itchy feeling in the boys' feet that isn't athlete's foot. More power to 'em.

Sports Items

FOOTBALL. The unit footballers crashed their way to the championship of the Armoured Units on Feb. 25 by defeating the Perth Regiment 4-1. Tpr. E. (Teddy) McHugh of Hq. Sqn., accounted for two of the counters and Tpr. A. A. (Scotty) Airns of "C" Sqn. slammed in the other two. This brought the unit into the Divisional finals.

The Divisional football finals were held on March 10. We met an Armoured Div. R.C.A.S.C., champions of the other than armoured units in the Division, and went down fighting in a fast, clean game with a 4-1 win for the Service Corps.

BOXING. The unit boxing team met the L.S.H. team in the knockout for the Corps championship. Unluckily, our team was short and although we actually won on fights, we lost through default on points. However, Capt. H. J. Peacey expects to have a strong team with plenty of reserves for future meets.

SOFTBALL. The regimental team met the G.G.H.G. on April 30 and won 8-3. A lot of inter-Squadron and officers vs. other ranks games have been played. Before long we hope to have the old Garry team back in its former championship shape.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN. The Divisional cross-country run was held on April 8 over a very heavy course. In spite of a very limited training, the team all finished the course, although they did not score a place. However, the team is all set for the next race. Tpr. R. Y. Williams of "A" Sqn. made an excellent showing, placing 17th in a field of over 300 runners.

CANADIAN CORPS RUN. The track team competed in the Brigade elimination for the Canadian Corps run and lost out to the Westminster Regiment in a fast, hotly competed run.

* * *

Our Snooping Reporter wants to know:—

Who was the "A" Sqn. officer, leaving on a 48 hr. leave after a rather big night the night before, sat down on a bench on the station platform, as he had 20 minutes to wait for his train—and didn't hear the train come in—nor pull out ???

Who was the "C" Sqn. trooper who mistook a river for a road in the blackout when returning to his quarters one dark night in the blackout ???

CPL. ROBINSON, R. T.

A CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS REINFORCEMENT UNIT

This is our first contribution from Overseas! "All personnel are keen and in high spirits."

We'll give you a brief resume of our activities since that cold blustery day when we said farewell to snow-swept Borden. As a matter of interest it will probably please you to know that all they say of England in spring has so far proven true. It's lovely, the grass is green and the sun is warm—occasionally. Throughout the train and ship movement we received excellent treatment from all concerned. The troops were exemplary in their conduct, not on A.W.L. nor a punishment award on the entire trip.

Our first few days in this country weren't particularly bright, but the men again behaved splendidly and bore up well under seemingly unnecessary and irksome discomforts. These discomforts have given way now to almost excessive luxury, because this unit is now situated in the finest barracks in England. Good barrack buildings, the most modern of messing equipment and acres and acres of well kept playing fields. The food, because of the excellent cooks and cooking equipment, is as good or better in quality than that enjoyed in Canada.

Lieut. Hubert Martin, our sports officer, has organized squadron baseball leagues and boxing matches.

Fifty per cent of our personnel have had their seven-day privilege leave and scattered all over the country. The organization set up by the auxiliary services for Canadian Army personnel on leave is excellent and a number of our men took advantage of conducted tours to Scotland.

Lieut. Doug Jennings is now acting adjutant of No. 1 Training Wing; Lieut. Joe Cornish, HQ. Adjutant; a large number of Officers and senior N.C.O.'s are at present on short-term attachment to the various Armoured Regiments getting and giving instruction.

Auxiliary Officer Sam Jacks was lost to us soon after our arrival here. He was given charge of a large area and unfortunately we do not come under his jurisdiction now. Throughout our movement overseas he made a hit with all ranks.

We have been joined by Capt. Coutts and Ruthersford; Lieuts. Doug Hood, Collison, Green, Lees, McHugh, Milligan, Little, Lancaster, Doig, Bleeker, Vaughan, MacIntosh, Oerton, Scott, Stevenson, Rivers, and many others all of whom were doubly welcome because they carried the latest word from home.

A CDN. RECCE. REGT. (4 P.L.D.G.)

This being the initial appearance of news of this Regiment, it is thought that a short summary of its past history might be of interest.

Going back to the spring of 1940, it was decided to convert all cavalry regiments into mechanized units. As there were none of these in England at that time, this presented a problem. As a temporary measure, each brigade of a Cdn. Div. was asked to form a Reconnaissance Squadron from its Infantry and M.G. Bns. This was done by selecting from each Infantry Bn. men and N.C.O.'s who were thought best suited for this type of work. As a result Cdn. Recce. Sqns. came into being in June, 1940.

These squadrons were made up of widely separated units and represented communities from every province of Canada.

After formation, the struggle for equipment was on. This was a long, disappointing fight, as the B.E.F. had just returned from France and supplies available were inadequate to re-equip them. We were finally issued with motorcycle combinations which had been ordered by the French Government and hence all instructions were written in French, which made them doubly unknown. On these we carried out tactical role for some months until they were replaced by our present equipment. The heartaches caused by these machines were many. Firstly we learned how to drive them on narrow country roads and many hedges and walls in that district still carry scars as a result. Secondly, there are no spare parts available for keeping these machines on the road.

It had been mooted for some months that Sqns. would be regimented. This actually happened in February, 1941, at which time we were re-organized into the present formation. The name of the new regiment was changed and we found ourselves called a Cdn. Recce. Regt., part of a Cdn. Armoured Corps. It was not long afterwards before we had reinforcements in both officers and other ranks from an Ottawa unit. Thus the regiment came into being.

W. W. G. DARLING (Major)

Memories of Br. Columbia

—may have brought this happy smile to the face of Queen Elizabeth as she talks with Cpl. Clinton of the British Columbia Dragoons. To her left, facing camera, is Capt. J. L. Tyrer, and, behind him, Major-General Montague.

—Canadian Military Photo
London (see page 26)



From Behind The 8-Ball

Doings At
A-8 C.A.C. (A.) T.C.

"Play Ball" is heard all over Camp now and we find the A8CAC(A)TC right up there in the hunt. Under the guiding hand of "Silver" Jackson (Sgt. E. Jackson), of the Gunnery Wing, the "8" boys are out to do their best. Up to date they have lost one and won one. They will be in there "pitchin" when the finals roll around.

This brings back memories when we played the "Ontarios", the "LSH" and the "Garrys". When Camp Borden was merely a "city of tents". Remember? Back in the summer of 1940?

None of us thought we would be still here in '42.

We can picture the boys over there on some English green still playing the game and still striving just as hard to beat the other fellow. It must well be remembered that competitive sport is one of the greatest trainings a soldier can receive. The development to "get a hit" when you approach the plate; or to sneak home that winning run; or to "bang in" that winning goal; or to score that final touchdown. All this builds up that determined drive which is going to carry more than one fellow along when the going gets tough. Never forget the old battle cry of the sports world—"The best defence is offence."

This Training Centre held its inaugural dance last Tuesday night, June 9, and it was a tremendous success. Each month there will be a dance for each of the five squadrons. H.Q. Sqdn. were the lucky ones Tuesday night and they certainly enjoyed themselves. The C.O., along with three senior officers of the Sqdn., attended, and enjoyed themselves to such a degree that they all stayed until the "last dog was hung." The girls from Barrie and the Air Force were pleasantly surprised with the small gifts allotted to the "lucky spot" dancers. This was our way of showing our appreciation of their coming to our dance. We are all looking forward to the time when H.Q. Sqdn. will be entertained again. We would like to mention here the new dance pavilion down at the Hostess Hut, just outside the barrier. It is on par with the best at any summer resort. A very nice hardwood floor and especially the fact that it is open. Of course there is wire netting around to keep the mosquitoes away. But as you no doubt know, it takes more than wire netting to keep mosquitoes at Borden away from you. A vote of thanks to the "A-19" dance band. They did a marvelous job of supplying splendid music for the entire evening. The party was a huge success and we have no doubt that all others will meet with the same success.

Here we would like to pass on our "congrats" to those who have been promoted in this Centre during the last month. After all it is a heavy job carrying on in a Training Centre and it adds the spark to make a better effort on the part of all those here attempting to do their bit. From L/Cpl to Captain we say, "Nice going fellows."

With installation of a billiard table in the Sgt's Mess, the entire Mess has suddenly gone "billiard conscious." The boys play whenever the opportunity presents itself and believe me you must have your name down on the slate early or you just don't get a

game. The table is crowded at noon and in the evening—the "pool sharks" and amateurs playing together and having lots of fun. Many a dreary night will pass quickly now, with this very popular sport in the Mess.

Since our last article, several of the "old contemptibles" have been transferred to 4th Division Units. We envy them. We wish them the very best in all their endeavours and know they will come through in fine style. Cheerio fellows and the very best. "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

Here at Borden, long before the Canadian Armoured Corps was a reality, we sang a song adapted from the United States Field Artillery song. We sang it on many occasions and feel that all in the Armoured Corps would enjoy singing it as much as we have. It has the pep and zip of all military songs and makes a dandy marching song. Here it is.

TANK SONG

Over hills over dales
Over dirty dusty trails
It's the TANK CORPS
That's rolling along.
Sing it out
Swing it out
Let the whole world know you're out
As the TANK CORPS goes rolling along,

Chorus—
For it's one two three
In every company
Shout out your challenge loud and strong
And where e'er you go, they will always know
It's the TANK CORPS that's rolling along.
Honey dear, can't you hear
That rumble far and near
As the TANK CORPS
Goes rolling along.

Here they come
Here they come
Can't you hear those engines hum
As the TANK CORPS goes rolling along,

Things We Would Like to Know!

When is it going to stop raining at Borden?
What certain S/Sgt. is known as "Three Star"?
It is rumoured that a "Quarter Bloke" is getting married! Could be? ? ? ?
When are we going to have another dance?
What radio programme keeps Major Hanky pre-occupied at noon hour?
When Mr. Downey will be getting his leave? If any!

In closing, we would like to pay tribute to the memory of two of our men who met with accidental deaths in the last month. "Taps" is softly sounded for M-100232 Tpr. Noble, I.K., accidentally drowned, and K-99063 Tpr. Hammond, B.M., accidentally killed while on detail. Two young men who were preparing themselves to defend all we hold so high. They were willing to do their share.

RET

A Periscope Peek
at A-9 C.A.C. (A.) T.C.

crooning of "My Buddy," to Tpr. Burke's impersonation of a general inspection of troops and to the music supplied by Sgt. Haight and Sgt. Fearnley. Compliments must indeed be extended to Lt.-Col. McCamus, Major Stroud and C.Q.M.S. Matthews for the whole-hearted success of the evening.

From the distant confines of the Wireless Wing come reports of a fishing trip that is still the topic of conversation when the lads are resting from dotting and dashing. The fish were running, the weather was fine, so what could be better than an anglers' vacation. And the long stories were not only about how big the catch was. Some of the highlights included Cpl. Herrler's swan dive from a canoe into the cool waters of Young's Lake, the attempt of the C.S.M., "Corny" by name, to walk on water with disastrous results, and the exploits in Orillia as Cpl. Martin and some of the other lads took the feminine sex of that fair town, by storm.

In our own softball league the Sergeants' Mess is still proudly holding top place in the league with Wireless, Administration and Driving and Maintenance Wings snapping at their heels. The officers' team, badly bitten by night classes and examinations, is still bemoaning the fact that they hold the deep, deep cellar spot all to their own. They have lost three games by only one run, two of them in overtime innings, and feel that the fates are definitely not with them.

And as our journalistic A.F.V. proceeds into the night our periscope dims and darkens, and we dream of what some Utopian A-9 might be like:

Where the daily orders always come out on the same day they have in the margin.

Where the tunic and the blouse of your battle-dress are the same colour and material.

Where Tpr. Norris, the filing clerk, finds the correct file immediately after he has been asked to bring it in.

Where, on asking for a new uniform, R.Q.M.S. James replies, "Why of course, my lad. And are you sure you don't want a new pair of boots and some new shirts, as well."

Where the Adjutant reports to the O.C. "There are no men for orderly room today, sir."

fields. We see that huge parade, some 2000 strong, marching to the R.C.A.F. grounds to watch the opening of the baseball schedule as A-9 fields a team against the ball-throwing pigeons. It was a good game and a thrilling sight even though we did come out at the bottom of a lop-sided score. Sgt. Lowe tossed his speed ball consistently across the plate and struck out no less than twelve men. With this class of pitching, a little tightening up in the field should produce a team that will end pretty close to the top of the Camp Borden league.

And then shifting to the social side of life, from the Turret we not only see but still hear the sounds of revelry as the H.Q. Staff relax at a surprise party given by the Commandant. After a meal that the Royal York Hotel might well be proud of, the boys settled back to enjoy the singing of Tpr. Rappitt's

It's Thrifty to Shop at

ZELLER'S

23RD CANADIAN ARMY TANK BATTALION (Halifax Rifles)

Much is happening to the Halifax Rifles of late. In spite of the fact that all are working earnestly to transform themselves from Riflemen to Troopers there are big happenings on the side.

Within the last fortnight two of our Officers have been married. On the fifteenth of May, Lieut. C. H. Reardon was married to Miss Barbara McArel at Toronto. Capt. T. A. Wier who has been with the Rifles for quite a while, and who has been single considerably longer, was married to Miss Catheryn Mader. Miss Mader and Capt. Weir are both from Halifax and were married in Ottawa on the thirtieth of May. We all wish both these Officers and their brides the utmost happiness.

Major J. W. McMahon, E.D., is now Acting O.C. of the regiment. He served in the last war with the 85th B'n C.E.F. and the Black Watch Royal Highlanders of Canada. He was wounded at Arleux in April, 1917, and at Telegraph Hill, April, 1918, being invalided out of the army 26th March, 1919.

Major McMahon joined the Halifax Rifles as a subaltern in November, 1921. He became Assistant Adjutant in 1924, was promoted to Captain 1926 and appointed Adjutant. This was followed by a promotion to Major in 1929 and appointment as O.C. "B" Coy. Major McMahon was further promoted in 1935 when he became second-in-command of the Halifax Rifles, which position he still held when the Rifles were called out on Active Service, 26 Aug., 1939. Major McMahon has the fullest support and co-operation from his officers and other ranks during this intensive period of training.

Capt. J. J. Burke, Lieuts. H. J. Dyer and C. F. Whelpley have been conducting schools in Driver and Maintenance, gunnery and wireless respectively. These schools are to furnish a basic training for unit personnel.

Major Wier, O.C. "Hq." Sqn., and S.S.M. Woods, M.W., are with us again after a sojourn of several months in England. Major Wier was attached to different branches of the Army Overseas and was in a position to observe how the modern army is preparing to do it over there. The commando training didn't do S.S.M. (Mike) Woods' knees any good. Apparently scampering over the landscape on the hands and knees was no cinch even for a rugged soldier like Mike.

(D. H. Flick) Lieut.

* * * * *
STRANGE CASE

"Do you know who I am?" shouted the irate general to the Australian who had neglected to salute him.

"Do you know who I am?" he persisted, as the soldier looked blankly at him.

"Here, boys," said the Australian, turning to his friends. "Here's something good. A general who doesn't know his own name!"—Exchange.

"Country lub"

ICE CREAM

- It's finer, smoother and more flavorful

Ask for it—in mess, canteen
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ORILLIA CREAMERY LTD.

26TH CANADIAN ARMY TANK BATTALION (Grey and Simcoe Foresters)

By SGT. W. J. (SCOTTY) CARMICHAEL

The Foresters were mobilized just two years ago this June and we sure have been doing some "romin' aroun'" in that space of twenty-four months. It was June 29th, 1940 (the day after a big rain storm which neatly lifted all the tents erected by the advance party), when the Battalion moved into Camp Borden. We left and moved back again in March of this year. We left again and here we are back again. That must be a record of some kind for one war.

However, we are pretty sure that the next time we can pull stakes will be the last until this scrap is over and Adolph is back in his cage.

When the Foresters left Niagara Falls on Tuesday, June 9th, there was no doubt that the boys had made a very pleasant impression on the good people of that city. The citizens turned out to the farewell at the station in droves and, judging by the handkerchiefs that fluttered around the eyes, the boys had not wasted any time during their three-months spell at guarding the important power centres in that district.

It was a lovely little social event while it lasted but all good things must come to an end and our stay at Niagara Falls will always be a beautiful memory. No doubt many of the lads will take their weekend passes to the Cataract City for some time and it would not surprise us if a few Niagara Nymphs will take up residence in Barrie. But we must forget about fun from now on and as Major Wagner would say, "All work and no play is what it is going to be even if Jack does become a dull boy."

So good-bye, Niagara Falls, your good people were very good to the Foresters and we appreciate it very much. Even our hard hearted Regimental Sergeant Major had to swallow a lump in his throat when the crowd waved "good-bye."

We extend our thanks to the women of the Y.W.C.A., the Women's War Services, the Salvation

Army under Ensign Dalton and the many organizations who helped make life worth living.

While we are on the subject of pleasant thoughts we might also mention the fact that the Foresters responded heartily to the "open gate policy" to Canadian soldiers at the American border. Those "Yankee gals" went crazy over the black "tams" and more than one "Buffalo gal" will be wearing the Canadian Army Tank headdress.

Lieut.-Col. V. R. Fell, M.M., Major W. E. Harris, Major E. M. Wilson and Captain J. Y. W. Braithwaite, all of the 26 Canadian Army Tank Battalion, arrived safely in England a few weeks ago. Major Harris and Major Wilson just recently received their majorities. They will represent the Foresters until we get over there to join them. During the absence of Lieut.-Col. Fell, Major E. I. C. Wagner is acting as Officer in Command of the Battalion. Yes, yes, gentlemen—February is on the job again. Major Raikes is acting as Second in Command.

We find it pretty hard to gather a column together this month due to the fact that the writer just emerged from Niagara Military Hospital with a limp that should be worth at least a week or two of "C" Duty. We hardly think the limp will last very long because on pay day, Captain Buell, the Adjutant, cast a glance in this direction that seemed to say, "What a nerve that guy has to stretch out his hand and collect the pay." I did feel kind of mean at that. But not mean enough to hand it back.

Lately we have a few newcomers in the ranks of the officers in the Battalion. Lieut. R. C. Rutherford, son of our old Colonel and now Brigadier of the 2nd Canadian Armoured Brigade, Lieut. H. A. Mills and Lieut. N. H. V. Brown. 2nd Lieut. A. C. Richardson, former Sgt. in H.Q. Squadron, just received his "first pip" a few weeks ago.

Recently the following were promoted to the ranks of Sergeants: Sgts. W. Adams, W. Rout, A. J. Aubuchon and W. Ellery.

Captain W. L. Brown, our burly Padre, who no doubt feels quite badly about leaving Niagara Falls, wishes to add his thanks to the citizens of the Falls. The Padre thinks they are the best and he no doubt will preach a sermon about the Good Samaritan with the Falls as the shining inspiration.

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WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES

BARRIE BRANCH, W.A. C.A.C.

Monthly social meeting of Barrie C.A.C. Women's Auxiliary was held in Trinity Parish Hall, May 28. During the evening court whist and several other games were played. Prizes were won by Mrs. J. Wallace, Mrs. Gorrel, Mrs. James, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. G. Y. Masson and Mrs. R. Jobson.

Barrie C.A.C. Women's Auxiliary acknowledges with sincere thanks A-9 C.A.C.(A)/T.C.'s donation of \$100 monthly. The money will be used to assist the Auxiliary's welfare work and to send cigarettes to dear ones overseas.

During the summer months, the regular general meetings of the Auxiliary, held on the second Monday of each month, will be discontinued, but the sewing meetings will be held every Monday at 2.30 p.m.

* * * * *

9th ARMoured REGIMENT (B.C.D.)

The Women's Auxiliary to the 9th Armoured Regiment (B.C.D.) consists of three active groups—one in Armstrong, one in Kelowna, and Headquarters in Vernon, B.C.

Headquarters have been in Vernon only since October of last year. During that time the Auxiliary has made great progress in its projects.

Originally it was planned to work towards supplying funds for a band for the Regiment and in January \$300 was sent to the Regiment for this purpose.

A donation of \$50 for welfare work, made by Lt. Col. Larocque, was forwarded to the Vernon Headquarters by the W.A. to the C.A.C. Ten per cent. of all monies raised by the B.C.D. Auxiliary groups is added to this welfare fund. Last December \$192 was raised with a "Mile of Dimes." A theatre party in February netted \$335. In March the Kelowna group forwarded a cheque for \$100, proceeds from a raffle.

Because of the smallness of the three W.A. groups, it was decided not to attempt to knit for the Regiment, but the needles have been busy on work for the Red Cross and I.O.D.E.

Funds of the units were used to send \$10 worth of cigarettes a month to the Regiment. Starting in March, this allotment was doubled. A copy of Readers' Digest has been sent monthly to each of the three squadrons and one to Headquarters. A cheque for \$15 was given the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Proceeds of small teas and donations bolstered the W.A. funds until in March the executive cabled Col. Larocque that another \$300 was available. Acting on his cabled reply, 300 polo shirts with Regimental Crests were forwarded. In mid-

May, Col. Larocque cabled to inquire whether 50 softballs and 24 bats could be sent.

Various plans are under way to maintain the W.A. funds. Armstrong is working on a garden party and a raffle on which a thousand tickets have been sold. Kelowna plans a series of Diminishing Teas. Vernon plans another theatre party.

Next major task of the groups will be the Christmas parcels for the Regiment. Besides parcels for general use, it is planned to pack a small parcel for every man in the Regiment.

* * * * *

TORONTO BRANCH, W.A. C.A.C.

A large number of new members were welcomed at a special meeting of the Toronto Branch, Women's Auxiliary, Canadian Armoured Corps.

Mrs. W. W. Southam, the president, was in the chair during the short business session.

A report was read by Mrs. J. F. Westhead, Welfare convener, and Mrs. J. B. Pearson, of the Hospital Committee, stated that during the month of May one hundred and twenty visits were paid to members of the Canadian Armoured Corps in Christie Street Hospital.

Mrs. John F. Bennett, guest speaker, gave a very interesting talk on "Salvage," in which facts and figures were given on how all types of salvage are utilized in the war effort.

Mrs. W. W. Southam and Mrs. L. M. Collins presided at the tea table.

The Toronto Branch of the Canadian Armoured Corps Women's Auxiliary are anxious to get in touch with wives

ALL PICTURES OF VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN

—to a Canadian Armoured Division, reproduced in this issue, were supplied by Canadian Military Headquarters Overseas and forwarded through TANK-CANADA'S overseas representatives, Lts. L. H. and L. W. Taylor. Several have not previously been released for publication.

Unfortunately, no record was available with the photos of the military men who were caught by the camera's eye. Those who are tentatively identified in the cutlines were recognized by staff members of C.A.C.H.Q. Readers will probably identify many other familiar faces.

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KHAKI DRILL SLACKS

Regimental Souvenirs—Cushions, Hankies, Brooches, Watches, etc.

THIS PHOTO WAS AN ACCIDENTAL IDEA. It was of great assistance, as the Auxiliary was able to obtain the new addresses of next-of-kin. This list was of great help to the family visitor and her committee. The existence of the Fort Garry Horse Women's Auxiliary was brought once more to the attention of these families and as a result registered attendance at evening meetings has increased.

—Please see page 28



"Could you show me how to mend these?"

SMOKES

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES

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UNITED CIGAR STORES

SODA BAR and GRILL

20 Dunlop St.

BARRIE



ROXY THEATRE - BARRIE

THE HOUSE OF HITS



HERE ARE SOME OF OUR FIRST RUN ATTRACTIONS FOR JULY:

July 1-2-3-4
"MY FAVORITE BLONDE"
Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll

July 6-7-8-9
"KING'S ROW"
Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan

July 10-11-13-14
"MY GAL SAL"
Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature

July 15-16-17-18
"RIO RITA"
Abbott and Costello

and OTHERS TO FOLLOW

"ROXIE HART"
"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
"SHIP AHOY"
"REAP THE WILD WIND"

Two afternoon meetings and two evening meetings are held each month. The evening meetings are well attended. Business, entertainment and a social period comprises the agenda. During the social period, contact with each other is encouraged. In this way news of loved ones in the Regiment can be exchanged.

During the past five months, finance convener Mrs. R. Graham has kept every member busy working on various activities in order to raise funds with which to carry on. Whist, telephone bridge, chain tea, draw for antique needle-point chair, spring tea, monthly donations, contributions from friends, are some of the projects which have netted the Auxiliary a substantial income.

Shipments of cigarettes totalling 123,450, 108 sleeveless sweaters, 118 pairs of mitts and 638 skull caps have been shipped the Regiment in the past five months. There are on hand 283 pairs of socks. Recently an order for a six months' supply of cigarettes overseas was placed.

Mrs. Waples, the Baby visitor, has reported new little Garrys visited. Each newcomer is presented with a gift from the Auxiliary. Mrs. Dunlop and her committee have visited over 200 families so far this year. Many kindnesses have been given to those few who needed a helping hand. The president makes it her special task to see that all Auxiliary members have a thorough knowledge of the various social agencies which have been organized to give assistance to those who need it. In this way it is hoped that the welfare and health of troopers' families will be well taken care of.

Mrs. Paulin, the Hospital visitor, has made several visits to patients in hospitals. Fruit, cigarettes and magazines are given to the men.

A Fort Garry Horse Auxiliary picnic was held at the end of May. Even a rainy day could not dampen the spirits of mothers and children. Races, games, basket lunches, ice cream and soft drinks were served. Fun for all was the order of the day.



"Did you put soap in your socks like I told you?"
 "Yes, but I think the cake must have been too big!"

—Humorist

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