



# the TANK

## CANADA

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## Auchinleck: "Trouble Shooter"

Gen. Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck, British commander in chief in the Middle East who has taken over command of the Eighth Army in Egypt, is known for his military experience throughout the Middle East and India, for his capture of Narvik in far northern Norway, and for the delight he takes in cutting through red tape.

### HE IS "THE AUK" TO HIS STAFF

A silent, canny Scotsman, General Auchinleck went from active service in Aden, Iraq and Egypt during World War I to become Britain's military "trouble shooter" and has been moving into hot spots for 10 years.

A tall, broad-shouldered man with reddish-brown hair and moustache, General Auchinleck is described by military men as "reliable and steady." His attitude toward fighting is completely modern.

"The whole system of war as we knew it in 1914-18 has been changed in this war," he once said. "We must recognize aircraft as the most vital weapon, we must teach tanks, artillery and infantry to cooperate with it, and above all we must not fall into the error of saying: 'Jerry didn't do that at Loos. He can't do it here'."

He was scornful of "talk about bayonets" when "what we need is more antitank guns, more anti-aircraft guns, more machine guns."

The son of a Scottish colonel of Royal Artillery, Auchinleck entered the Army from Wellington College. He joined the First Punjab Regiment in India in 1904 and gained his first fighting experience against the tribes on the Northwest Indian frontier.

He had won most of Britain's military medals before this war started.





## KNOW WHAT HE FIGHTS FOR AND LOVE WHAT HE KNOWS!

Many officers have noted among their men a widespread ignorance of current affairs. This is not entirely the army's fault, for lack of knowledge of national and international issues is widespread through the citizenry of this country. It is a condition which does not disappear because a man changes his dungarees or his pin-stripe trousers for a khaki battledress. But, if an ill-informed or indifferent citizen is a menace to our national safety, so, too, is a soldier who neither knows nor cares why he is in arms.

Every experienced officer recognizes that morale involves very real and very complicated problems. He also knows that morale is partially a matter of discipline and that true discipline is a matter of understanding. He seeks, therefore, to cultivate discipline by explaining wherever possible the purpose of an order.

But it is not enough to apply the "purpose behind it" principle to drill and weapon training and barrack routine and field exercises. It must be applied also and above all to the one salient fact in the soldier's life—the fact that he is in the army. The purpose behind that fact must be clear in his mind if he is to be a zealous and determined fighting man.

Ideally he should match up to Cromwell's famous definition of the citizen-soldier as one who "must know what he fights for, and love what he knows."

Many soldiers—like many civilians—have an abysmal ignorance of national and international affairs, and for them even the most elementary knowledge may be a brand-new revelation. Many other soldiers, however, come into the Army not only with knowledge of these things, but with a zeal for them. Such men often find that life in the Army tends to diminish their chances of keeping up this interest. They get fewer opportunities to read or to listen to the radio. They are cut off from their membership of those many admirable bodies which, in civil life, work to promote an interest in citizenship. The soldier-who-used-to-be-well-informed is as big a problem as the soldier-who-never-gave-a-damn. The first needs a chance to keep up his interest in current affairs, the second needs a chance to develop such an interest. But of one thing we may be sure—the soldier who understands and believes in the cause for which he fights is a more reliable soldier than the one who doesn't.

## IF FREEDOM DIES

The English are the most hated of all Germany's opponents both for their way of life and from the fact that they have successfully withstood attack after attack. Hitler has stated that he considers 15,000,000 the most that the islands can support. The present population being 45,000,000, there are thus 30,000,000 to be disposed of, and the British are under no illusions as to how this would be carried out.

Such men and their families as could be employed either in agriculture, or the mining industries would be fed as well (or as badly) as Polish workers, and no doubt with these would survive such members of society as could minister to the Nazi's amusements—gamekeepers, for instance, since Marshal Goering has frequently expressed a desire to try grouse shooting. Of the rest, those who could usefully be employed in German industry would possibly be transferred to Germany, or perhaps even to under-populated France. The rest would be left to die. The island would be split up into its earlier parts, England, Scotland and Wales, each with its local Gauleiter—supported probably by some Quislings released from the Isle of Man, where they are at present interned.

As in Poland the country would be stripped of its machines and tools, its ships, and of the equipment of its research laboratories. Any equipment required for the future would be bought from Germany's factories at Germany's price. Galleries and museums would be pillaged, and such historic buildings as were not taken over by the Reich's commissioners and their staffs would probably be destroyed. As in Poland monuments that might recall to the British that they had once been a great people would be destroyed. As in all countries under German rule such organizations as trade unions would be broken up and their funds confiscated. There would be minimal contact with the outside world. The islanders would be left to sink into savagery, in which they would recognize only one word: "Obey."

In the eighteenth century, the great French philosopher Montesquieu said: "Germany has invented one thing only—war." That invention the Germans have improved and expanded until it is their life blood. War not only in war, but war in peace, war in trade, war in education, war in religion. To the German, war is the crowning glory of life. This has made a dreary but a dangerous people whose character can be judged by their deeds.



Berlin. From German Broadcasts:

DNB quoted well-informed circles as saying today that Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's operations in Libya owe much of their "extraordinary success" to refrigerated tanks.

(Temperatures inside ordinary tanks in Libya have been reported as high as 120 degrees, Fahrenheit).

"This new construction, using a type of gas refrigeration known all over the world and being coupled between the motor and the refrigerator," DNB said, "creates a cool interior for the tank even at the hottest outer temperature."

During an R/T Scheme one enterprising and imaginative student reported that the bodies of German parachutists had been found at a certain point, all having in their possession British AB64s, and all speaking perfect English!

Then there was the lad who, when using the Phonetic Alphabet, insisted on saying "Nuts for Charlie."

On one of the sets now in use there is a small button marked "Pull for R.C." This intrigued one student, who asked whether it was for the use of Roman Catholic operators!

At dinner a French airman, serving with a squadron of the R.A.F., was placed opposite a pilot officer whose knowledge of French was not exactly a strong point.

As the two faced each other, the Frenchman bowed and said: "Bon appetit."

Taking this to be a self-introduction, the R.A.F. man replied: "Ramsbottom."

Afterwards his friends ragged him about the incident. "Our guest was wishing you good appetite," they explained. "You should have said the same in return."

The Englishman vowed not to repeat his mistake. The next evening when the Frenchman appeared at table, he at once greeted him with the words: "Bon appetit."

To the delight of the mess, the Frenchman gave his usual courteous bow and gravely answered: "Ramsbottom."

The small girl was used to hearing her parents talk shop. Her father was, and her mother had been, in the advertising business.

One Sunday she brought home from Sunday school an illuminated text. Her mother asked her what it was.

"Oh, only an advert about Heaven," was the reply.

A soldier on the march felt something in his boot. His toe became painful and he was limping badly by the time he got back to camp.

He took off his boot and sock to bathe his blistered foot and found lodged in the toe of the sock a pellet of paper, on which was written: "God bless the soldier who wears these socks."

The senior warden and his assistant were on night patrol. To their great indignation they came upon a light streaming from an uncurtained window.

As they approached the window they saw a very charming young widow undressing.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the assistant. "This won't do."

"It certainly will not," agreed his senior, settling himself into a comfortable position. "She must be told about it—tomorrow!"

An admiral—and a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal ribbon was an inch or so too low.

Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

The man gulped, and replied: "No, sir."

"Then why the deuce," barked the admiral, "do you wear it on your stomach?"



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# SPARE PARTS FOR UNITED NATIONS' ARMIES

by Noel Barber  
Editor, Overseas Daily Mail

British ordnance experts have just won one of the greatest battles of United Nations' organization which this war has produced. It has taken a year of solid work in which colonels, majors, sergeants and privates have put away their uniforms and fought a battle in "civvies". And the battlefield was a little office in K Street, Washington, D.C.

These experts have made it possible for Britain to say that whenever in the future—tomorrow if you like—a United States fighting unit goes into battle side by side with British allies, in any part of the world, the British base ordnance depot will be able at a moment's notice to supply any individual equipment replacements the American forces want. It doesn't matter in the least if British forces don't use a certain type of gun which the Americans use. Britain has the spares, down to the last screw, waiting to supply American needs.

Does that sound a simple job? Because it isn't. It is a feat which proves that the Nazis, with all their organizing ability, haven't got a thing on the United States and Britain. The American forces have tanks, guns, planes, rifles, ammunition—most of it quite different equipment from that used in the British army. But if the United States forces should go into action next week in Libya, they will fight with the full knowledge that British supply experts won't let them down, and—vitally important this—it means that American forces can be drafted to various parts of the world without the necessity of setting up huge supply depots. Britain already has such depots in most theatres of war, which can serve both forces.

This careful planning started a year ago—six months before the United States entered the war. And it started, oddly enough, on the day a certain sergeant dressed in "civvies" was arrested as he was walking down the Strand, famous London thoroughfare. He had just been given a couple of days leave before embarking for the United States. A military policeman stopped him.

"Ever been in the army, chum?"

"It's all right," replied the sergeant with dignity. "I'm leaving on a special mission soon."

The policeman mentioned something about telling it to the marines, before the man was clapped behind bars. And since the mission was at that stage secret, it took the highest of the high at the British War Office to get that sergeant out.

The next week he set sail for the United States, with a number of officers—also in mufti—who immediately on their arrival established themselves in a little office in K street, Washington, D.C.

Promptly at nine o'clock every morning the little group of "civilians" started work on their books and files and statistics. Very few people in the United States capital knew that the quiet little body of men

were really members of the British armed forces—until the day the United States entered the war.

Then there was a startling change. Out came the khaki and red tabs, the sergeant's stripes, the salutes. The "K Street Campaign" was no longer a secret. This is what the technical experts did—and it was a fine job, on which may well hinge victory or defeat wherever United States and British troops fight side by side.

Their first problem was to find a method of identifying and obtaining from common depots the stores which both armies would use. Officers and N.C.O.'s travelled all over Canada and the States, staying for months in huge factories. They had to see that wherever there was a British depot, it was supplied with American equipment, spares and maintenance parts.

They had to do more than that, for ordnance depots in all theatres of war had to be taught everything about American spares and parts, their names, their catalogue numbers and so on. For instance, take a simple word like "tube." In the British Royal Army Ordnance Corps a tube is—well, a long thing with a hole all the way through it. In the United States, it can mean one of two very different things—a radio valve or a gun barrel.

But there were more difficult problems. Some units' stores may have been designed in the United States and be a common supply for both armies—such as the Browning machine gun. But other equipment may be a British ordnance design made in an American factory—the famous 25-pounder field gun is an example. Spare parts for that gun are no good for the American forces. Other equipment is never used by the British armies, but has to be there for American forces.

It is essential that these supplies should be ready whenever they are needed, for muddle in replacement and delay in getting spares to the battlefield has to be avoided at all costs. It is quite conceivable that a British spare part sent to repair American equipment might cause enough delay to lose a battle. And that is why the little group of experts went to Washington, and why they are staying there still, to see that any new developments are covered in the same way.

Some of the group have been drafted to other American cities on special jobs connected with their work, and one officer has been adopted by the town in which he works as ARP Controller and is known affectionately as Mayor.

There's still more to be done as the United States army increases its equipment, but the spade work has been done, and the first battle of Allied organization has been won. The K Street Campaign is proceeding, as the communiques say, "according to plan."

—BULLETINS FROM BRITAIN.

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# Prelude To the Battle of Egypt

The Right Honourable  
WINSTON CHURCHILL

A synopsis for Tankmen of the only authoritative statement on the defeat in Libya—  
Prime Minister Churchill's report to the British House of Commons.

The Military misfortunes of the last fortnight in Cyrenaica and in Egypt completely transform the situation; not only in this area, but throughout the Mediterranean. We have lost upwards of 50,000 men, and by far the larger number of them are prisoners, and in spite of a great deal of organized demolition, large quantities of stores have fallen into the enemy's hands.

## Approaching Nile Valley

Rommel has advanced nearly 400 miles through the desert and now is approaching the fertile valley of the Nile. The evil effect of these events in Turkey, Spain and Free French Africa has yet to be measured. We are in the presence of a recession of our hopes and prospects in the East as great as any since the fall of France.

A painful feature of the fall of Tobruk was its suddenness, with its garrison of 25,000 men in a single day. It was utterly unexpected not only by the public but by the War Cabinet and even by the General Staffs.

It was also unexpected by General Auchinleck and the High Command of the Middle East. On the night before its capture, we received a telegram from General Auchinleck that the garrison was adequate and the defences in good order and that ninety days' supplies were available for the troops.

It was hoped they could hold the very strong frontier positions which had been built by the Germans and made by ourselves from Halfaya Pass. General Auchinleck expected to maintain his positions until powerful reinforcements would arrive to enable him to launch a counter-offensive. The question whether Tobruk should have been held or not was disputable; it was one of those questions which is easier to decide after the event. Only those on the spot had full knowledge of approaching reinforcements which the enemy had available.

The decision to hold Tobruk and the disposition made for the purpose was taken by General Auchinleck but I should like to say we in the War Cabinet and our professional advisers thoroughly agreed with General Auchinleck

beforehand and although in tactical matters the Commander in Chief in any war theatre is supreme and his decision is final, we consider that if he was wrong, we were wrong, too.

## Capitulation Order

It has been asked where the order for the capitulation of Tobruk came from. Did it come from the battle field or from Cairo, or from London, or from Washington?

What strange world of thought he must live in if he imagines I sent from Washington the order for the capitulation of Tobruk. The decision was taken to the best of my knowledge by the commander of the fortress and certainly it was most unexpected to the higher command in the Middle East.

When I left this country for the United States on the night of June 17, the feeling which I had and which was fully shared by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (Sir Alan Brooke), was that the struggle in the Western Desert had entered upon a wearing-down phase or long battle of exhaustion similar to that which took place in the autumn and although I was disappointed that we had not been able to make a counter-stroke after the enemy's first onslaught had been, I will not say repulsed, but rebuffed, and largely broken—that was a situation with which we had no reason to be discontented.

Our resources were much larger than those of the enemy and so were our approaching reinforcements. This desert warfare proceeds among much confusion and interruption of communications and it was only gradually that very grievous and disproportionate losses which our armor sustained in the fighting around and south of Knightsbridge became apparent.

One of the most painful parts in this battle has been that in its opening stages we were defeated under conditions which gave good and reasonable expectation of success. During the whole of spring we had been desirous that the army of the Western Desert should begin an offensive against the enemy. The regathering and reinforcement of our army was considered to be a necessary reason for

I like the commanders on land, on sea and in the air to feel that between them and all forms of public criticism the Government stands like a bulkhead.

They ought to have a fair chance and more than one chance.

Men make mistakes and learn from their mistakes.

Men may have had luck and their luck may change.

We will not get generals to run risks unless they feel they have behind them a strong Government.

They will not run risks unless they feel they need not look over their shoulders or wonder what has happened at home, unless they feel they can concentrate their gaze upon the enemy; and you will not, I may add, get Governments to run risks unless they feel that they have behind them a loyal, solid, majority. —Winston Churchill.

our delay, but, of course, that delay helped the enemy also.

At the end of March and during the whole of April he concentrated a very powerful air force in Sicily and delivered a tremendous attack upon Malta. This attack exposed the heroic garrison and inhabitants of Malta to an ordeal of extreme severity. For several weeks hundreds of German and Italian aircraft—it is estimated there were more than 600, of which a great majority were German—streamed over in endless waves in the hope of overpowering the defences of the island fortress.

There had never been any case in this war of a successful defence against superior air power being made by aircraft which have only two or three airfields to work from. Malta is the first exception. At one time they were worn down to no more than a dozen fighters. Yet, aided by their powerful batteries, by ingenuity of defence and by the fortitude of the people, they maintained unbroken resistance. We continued to reinforce them from the Western Mediterranean as well as from Egypt by repeated operations of difficulty and hazard, and maintained a continuous stream of Spitfire aircraft in order to keep them alive in spite of enormous wastage not only in the air but also in limited airfields on the ground.

## Stronger Than Ever

Malta has come through this fearful ordeal triumphant, and is now stronger in aircraft than ever before, but during the period this assault was at its height it was practically impossible for the fortress to do much to impede reinforcements being sent to Tripoli and Benghazi. This no doubt was part of the purpose, if not the whole purpose, of the extraordinary concentration of air power which the enemy thought fit to devote to the attack.

The enemy did not get Malta, but they got a lot of stuff across to Africa and, remember, it takes four months to send a weapon around the Cape and perhaps a week or even less across the Mediterranean—providing it gets across.

Remember also that a great number of these Spitfires, if not involved in the very severe fight in Malta, would have been available to strengthen our Spitfire forces in the battle that has been proceeding.

Thus it may well be that we were relatively no better off in the middle of May than we had been in March or April. However, the armies drew up in the desert in the middle of May with about 100,000 a side. We had 100,000 men and the enemy 90,000, of which 50,000 were Germans.

We had superiority in the number of tanks—I am coming to the question of quality later—of perhaps 7 to 5. We had superiority in artillery of nearly 8 to 5. Included in our artillery were several regiments with the latest form of gun, a howitzer which throws a 55-pound shell 20,000 yards.

There are other artillery weapons of which I cannot speak which were also available. It is not true, therefore, as I have seen stated, that we had to face the 50-pounder guns of the enemy only with the 25-pounder.

The 25-pounder, I may say, is one of the finest guns in Europe and a perfectly new weapon which had only begun to flow out since the war began. It is true the enemy, by the tactical use he made of his 88-millimetre anti-aircraft gun, converting them to a different purpose, and with his anti-tank weapons, gained a decided advantage, but this became apparent only as the battle proceeded.

Our army enjoyed throughout the battle, and enjoys today, superiority in the air. Dive bombers of the enemy played a prominent part at Bir Hacheim and Tobruk, but it is not true that they could be regarded as decisive or even as a massive factor in this battle. Lastly, we had better and shorter lines of communication than the enemy, our railway being operated beyond Fort Capuzzo and a separate line of communications running by sea to the well supplied base and depot of Tobruk.

## Desolate Region

Here then were these armies face to face in the most formidable desolate region in the world under conditions of extreme artificiality, able to reach each other only through the peculiar use of appliances of modern war.

The enemy's army had come across a disputed sea, paying a heavy toll to our submarines, and except for the period when Malta was neutralized, the Malta air force.

The Imperial forces had almost all come 12,000 miles through submarines which beset the British shore, round the Cape to Suez or from South Africa or India.

The forces assembled on both sides would have represented, in any other theatre of war, four or five times their strength. Such was the position May 26 when Rommel made his first onslaught. It is not possible to give any final accounts of the battle.

The Free French about Bir Hacheim, who held on bravely, were faced with a struggle which surged for eight or nine days and finally it was decided to withdraw. Here, no doubt, was the turning point in battle. Whether anything could have been done we cannot tell.

Our (tank) recovery process had worked well. Both sides lost proportionately and perhaps ours were greater, as we expected to lose more as we had more tanks.

On the 13th there came a change. We had about 200 tanks in action. By nightfall no more than seventy remained, and this happened without any corresponding loss having been inflicted on the enemy. I do not know what actually happened in fighting on that day.

It is for the House to decide whether these facts resulted from faulty direction of the war, for which I take responsibility, or whether they resulted from the terrible hazards of battle and the unforeseeable accidents of battle.

With this disproportionate destruction of our armored strength Rommel became decisively the stronger. His advance enabled him to repair his



wounded tanks while our wounded tanks were lost to us. Among the evil consequences which followed from this was that the South African division had to be withdrawn from Gazala and they went on to Tobruk and further east and our 50th British Division extricated itself by proceeding 120 miles on the southern flank of the enemy.

Tobruk went after a single day of fighting and this entailed withdrawal from the Salum-Halfaya line to Matruh and 120 miles of desert was thus placed between the 8th Army and its foe. Most authorities imagined that ten days or a fortnight would be gained by this.

#### Whole Army Engaged

However, on June 26, Rommel presented himself with his armored and motorized forces in front of this new position. Battle was joined on the 27th along the whole line and for the first time our whole army, which had been reinforced, had been engaged altogether at one time.

I am not in a position to tell about the reinforcements reaching our army or approaching them except that they are very considerable.

Although the army in Libya have so far been overpowered and driven back I must make it clear . . . that this was not due to any conscious or willing grudging of forces in men and material.

Extreme demands had been made on our forces in all theatres of the war, but in the last two years we had sent from this country and from the Empire, and to a lesser extent from the United States, 950,000 men, 4,500 tanks, 6,000 aircraft, nearly 5,000 pieces of artillery, 50,000 machine guns and over 100,000 mechanical vehicles.

For more than a year until Hitler attacked Russia the threat of invasion hung over us, imminent, potential and mortal. There was no time to make improvements at the expense of supplies. We had to concentrate on numbers—quantity instead of quality. That was a major decision, in which I think there can be no doubt that we were rightly guided.

We had to make thousands of armored vehicles with which our troops could beat the enemy off the beaches when they landed or fight them in the lanes or fields of Kent or Norfolk. When the first new tanks came out they had grievous defects, the correction of which caused delay.

All this could have been avoided if preliminary experiments, to scale or in full, had been carried out at an earlier period. We had to gallop on straight from the drawing board and go into production.

In spite of the fact that there undoubtedly was delay through no preliminary work being carried out as far as it should have been, it would be wrong to disparage . . . as useless the Matilda, Cruiser and Valentine tanks. They rendered great service and they are today a real value.

**In Russia the Valentine is highly rated. . . . We sent over 2,000 tanks to Russia, and the Russians are using them against German armor with vigor and effect.**

Shortly after the present National Government was formed, I called a meeting of all authorities to design a new tank capable of speedy mass production. . . . The highest expert authorities were brought together several times and made to hammer out a strong, heavy tank adapted primarily for the defence of this island against invasion, but capable of other employment in various theatres.

This tank, the A22, was ordered off the drawing board and large numbers went into production very quickly. As might be expected, it had many defects or teething troubles and when these became apparent the tank was appropriately rechristened the Churchill.

These difficulties, these defects, have been largely overcome. I am sure this tank will prove in the end a powerful, massive, serviceable weapon of war. A later tank, possessing greater speed, was designed about a year after and plans were made to put it into production at the earliest moment but neither of these types has yet been employed against the enemy.

He has not come here and although I sent the earliest two made out to Egypt to be tested and made desertworthy, none of them has yet reached Africa. It has to be remembered that to get a tank or a gun from this country into the hands of troops in the Nile Valley or the desert takes at least six months.

**For the first battle the equipment was inadequate. For this battle we had to make up by numbers for the admitted inferiority in quality. I cannot pretend to form a judgment upon what has happened.**

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# PACKING FOR OVERSEAS

By the Overseas Correspondent of "The Tank"

Thousands of Canadians in the past couple of years have asked themselves the question, "What shall I take overseas with me that will be of the greatest use?"

First of all it must be realized that no words ever written on this subject can give a final answer to the question. Conditions are constantly changing in Britain, and something that is fairly easily obtained at the moment may be scarce or beyond purchase a few months from now.

Then again, the matter of what to take overseas has to be governed also by the amount of space available to each individual—and it is not much regardless of rank.

Space permitting, therefore, it is suggested that all ranks carry amounts of the following articles sufficient to serve their purpose for a long period: camera and camera films; flashlight, batteries and bulbs; a good watch and a second spare watch (the latter essential for officers); a good razor and a large supply of blades; toothpaste, shaving lotion, after-shave talc; coat hangers; sox stretchers; handkerchiefs; cigarettes and chewing gum; chocolate bars; low shoes for walking out.

That list probably isn't complete. Its length will vary with individual needs, but all of the things mentioned are fairly difficult to get in England or the British Isles. Many of them cannot be obtained under any circumstances. Coat-hangers, for instance, are seven-pence each, if you can find a store that sells them.

In addition the soldier proceeding overseas is well advised to arrange for a good supply of cigarettes and chocolate bars to be sent across. They are rationed and extremely expensive in the British Isles. Cigarettes are more than two cents apiece in Britain and hard to get and of a quality not appreciated by most Canadian smokers.

One of the most welcome gifts in a British home is the occasional Canadian chocolate.

Other ranks are advised to bring low shoes, and several pairs of dress socks for walking out, particularly for attendance at dances, a fair number of which are regularly staged for the troops.

It is difficult to find a firm willing or able to make any extensive repairs to watches. The skilled craftsmen are largely employed in war industry and there are no spare parts available. It takes weeks to get a simple job done on a watch.

Flashlights are a "must", and be sure to bring a stock of batteries. English batteries are considerably inferior to those made in Canada, at least at the moment, and due no doubt to the war.

#### Hints For Officers

Commissioned officers, in addition to the articles named above, should, if possible, bring along

several other items. Extra underwear and sox are needed. If you want to bring civilian clothes, by all means do so. You can buy them over here reasonably, but clothes taken by the army that way removes that amount of clothing from sale to civilians, and most of the year's supply of clothing coupons.

One of the major items for officers is to provide themselves with a good sleeping bag. These will be greatly used and much appreciated in the dampish English climate. The sleeping bag, in most instances, will be used every night, regardless of where you are sleeping, unless it is in a hotel. A good idea is to provide several cheap linen sheets as liners, to take up wear and tear. They can be easily washed.

If you have any extra room, tuck in a few tins of preserved fruits, meats and other foods. You will find the lack of fruit one item of regret in regard to diet. Concentrated foods, such as coffee compounds, are recommended to those who like them.

For special occasions, if you have an unfilled corner, tuck in a bottle of your best liquor. Good Canadian rye is unobtainable in England, and some of the brands sold are not too palatable. It will be generally found, though, that the exigencies of war are making it more and more difficult to be anything but a decided moderationist.

It will be noted that nowhere in this story has soap been mentioned. At present one can obtain, through coupons, all the soap needed for personal use. A few cakes of laundry soap would be a sensible part of the baggage, however. It is hard to get and in many cases where laundry will have to be done by the batman, laundry soap will have to be provided by the officer.

#### The Gift List

If you have relatives or friends in Britain whom you want to please with a little gift, there are many items that will be welcome. Magazines such as Life and Time, and other good periodicals are unobtainable in general sale, and subscriptions should be sent over from Canada. If your male relatives are sportsmen some golf or tennis balls would be worth their weight in gold. Sportsmen here are using up last year's stock of those articles, and they are out of sale in many shops.

For female relatives almost any articles of cosmetics will be appreciated. Simple things like bobby pins are beyond price, and women are learning to do without them.

Canned foods and coffee are a fine gift for any family in Britain. There appears to be enough tea, but coffee is poor in quality and not suited to the average American palate.

\* \* \* \* \*  
One of the most famous regiments in the British Army—the Scots Guards—celebrated its tercentenary in March. The commission by which it was raised was signed by King Charles I. on March 16, 1642.



# TALES OF COMBAT

## HIS OPINION OF SANDSTORMS

(Libya)

Here is the adventure of one of our officers, an adventure which occurred during the worst sand-storm we have met. He was returning to his tanks after a reconnaissance on foot with the Infantry, and was being driven back in a borrowed truck. Visibility was occasionally three yards, more often two. The first intimation he received that everything was not going according to plan was when the storm momentarily cleared and he discovered that he was in the midst of a number of foreign looking gentlemen in "Jerry" hats digging holes. Having corrected the driver's fond illusion that there were any Free French in the area, they began as unobtrusively as possible to drive away. Several "Jerries" obligingly returned his courteous salutes, but in the end, after two minutes to be exact, three more intelligent and suspicious looking individuals with "Tommy guns" persuaded them to stay.

After the usual formalities, during which the truck was driven away, an escort was provided first of all to find the truck and then to take the two prisoners to the next stopping place on the way to Derna, etc. The escort appeared to be doubtful as to the precise whereabouts of the truck, and gradually began to walk at right-angles to what should have been its axis of advance.

Eventually the party of four arrived at the flank of the enemy position and solemnly proceeded to leave it, despite the fact that more Boches were sighting machine guns in the direction they were walking. The officer and the driver were all the time adding to the gaiety of the party by pretending to spy their truck far away through the storm. When they were about five hundred yards away from the enemy lines they duly stumbled on one of our forward posts—the escort were surprised.

Unfortunately the Huns ran away extremely fast, but the episode was convincing proof that the average German soldier is an extremely dumb animal. Their reception on return would have been worth watching, but the officer was glad enough to wend his way homewards. Had it not been for the sandstorm he would not have been captured, but he also would not have escaped, and his opinion of sandstorms is often tempered by this reflection.

## COMBAT COURTEOUS

Admittedly the Italian camp was of considerable size and importance; granted that it housed several generals great in repute and gorgeous uniform; but even then, to discharge numerous cannon and demi-cannon, Bombardo and culverino, at a Battalion of harmless British infantry was at least ungentlemanly. Consequently it was with some justification that eight or nine of our tanks should go in and bring out two or three hundred assorted artillerymen as prisoners, but one of the tanks, having disputed its right-of-way with a large shell, was perforce unable

to leave. After an hour or two's successful shooting the crew fired their last shell and baled out.

On introductions being effected, a small but tasteful luncheon was produced by the enemy, the effect of which was spoilt to some extent by unfriendly noises from the British positions. The sons of Aeneas quietly and firmly handed their weapons to the four tank men, but when the unfriendly portents ceased they politely asked for their return.

On the approach of night, however, a conference of captors and captives was held, at which it was decided nem. con. that all should seek the security of the British lines. An amendment by the Italians that they should not be subjected to a fate worse than death was accepted. The party set off immediately in good order, with a protective screen of one Officer and three other ranks, R.T.R., singing lustily the English chorus of "Goody-goody," which they had just learnt. There was some little disorder caused by members of the party going off to bring their friends, many of whom joined the ranks. The party eventually reached its destination, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

\* \* \* \*

A similar situation was later caused by the carelessness of the Royal Navy. A captured tank crew was in the centre of an Italian Infantry Brigade, whose artillery had attracted the notice of one of His Majesty's ships. The 15-inch shells were dropped around the battery with commendable precision, but the possibility of a slight error on the part of the gallant nautics was causing misgivings, both to the Italians and their prisoners. The Tank Officer, therefore, called loudly for an interpreter, and through him announced to the company his intention of removing them one and all, man and boy, to a place where the sailors' guns could not reach them.

Not comprehending the grim innuendo, the assembled Tribunes of Legions voted this to be a good thing, readily promising that if the English subaltern and his men would take one hundred of them to safety at once (they over-ruled his suggestion of fifty) the rest would be paraded ready to move off at dawn. It was stipulated, however, that the tank crew must give their word of honour to return for the main body. These decisions were strictly carried out, although it is painful to have to admit that the English were ten minutes late on the morning parade, while the Romans were an hour early. The latter, however, graciously accepted the Officer's apology, on condition that it did not occur again.

It seems that the Germans, while learning the science, have forgotten the art of conflict, while their unwilling allies have developed it to a considerable degree. If the old Hussar of Conflans could have stood with his Free Countrymen to witness these two incidents, he might well have repeated his remark at Torres Vedras, "Thus it is that courteous opponents make war."

## IN EAST AFRICA

The Italian positions at Keren were sited on the crest of a great mountain range, rising 7,000 feet above a wide valley, which it dominated from end to end. Our men had to fight their way up its bare precipitous slopes against an enemy, more numerous than they, who showered bombs down upon them and swept their ranks with a deadly rifle and machine gun fire. Yet they overcame all these formidable obstacles and the fierce and tenacious hostile resistance—for the Italians here fought very well and skilfully—with a stubborn irresistible valour that was beyond all praise.

Particularly noteworthy was the feat of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, which reached one precipitous and almost inaccessible spot, 1,500 feet up the ridge, where no food or water or ammunition could reach them, save what could be brought up by hand, and from there launched a second and equally daring attack to the crest of the ridge, another 1,500 feet above them. The spirit of the Indian troops was equally fine, and a story is told of three men of the Garhwal Rifles who, with their Bren gun, remained close up to the enemy's lines for three days after an unsuccessful attack, harassing him from close range until shortage of food and water compelled them to return to their unit.

\* \* \* \*

A squadron of our mechanized cavalry, entering a town, found it occupied by a large body of Italian native infantry, some 600 strong, which, with a column of 30 large lorries, was about to evacuate it. Though our troops numbered only 100, the squadron commander demanded the enemy's surrender. The Italian officers invited ours to an excellent lunch, which was served in conditions of great comfort and luxury to which the guests were quite unaccustomed: here the matter was discussed, and terms agreed on, and by the time the meal was over, the lorries, each with an Italian officer in charge, were found turned round headed towards Asmara, ready to drive back to captivity, and the 600 Italians with them.

\* \* \* \*

The garrison was deceived by the two feints and utilized the bulk of its strength to oppose them, so that when our main attack was delivered it came as a surprise and got ahead fast, despite the tremendous difficulties of the ground. The 6/13th Frontier Force carried out a remarkable advance; an approach march of seven hours in the darkness brought them thousands of feet up the mountainside to a position just in face of their objective as dawn broke. Pushing forward along the crest, they caught the Italians completely unawares, and some of them showed the white flag, but when the Indian troops came out of cover to accept their surrender, showers of bombs greeted them. They replied with a bayonet charge which forced the enemy back; but he was able to regain some of the lost ground under cover of a mist which came on shortly afterwards. At this stage in the battle the South African forces from the south came on the scene and set to work to shell the enemy positions with 60-pounders at a range of five miles; these had only the narrow peak of the mountain as their target, and the shooting had to be most accurate, for any shells that missed it

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would pass over to fall among the Indian troops on the far side. However, there were no accidents.

When Amba Alagi finally surrendered, the 4th Indian Division took 5,000 prisoners, nearly all Italians, a very large proportion of whom were officers of native regiments whose men had deserted or struggled. The division itself had only 4,000 men engaged in the battle from first to last.

—The Tank (Great Britain)

### IN DEFENCE OF CALAIS

A little before midnight the exploratory thrust towards Dunkirk was set in motion. About 560 tons of provisions had been landed, half of which, already loaded on to lorries, was ready to move. Two tank patrols went out. One reached Marck and returned without having seen the enemy, but the other found him at Le Beaumarais. About two o'clock on Friday morning, the brigadier himself accompanying it, a composite company of the Rifle Brigade went out on either side of a squadron of tanks, but failed to move the enemy from his position. The nature of the country hampered the movement of tanks, and there was no room to deploy a second squadron. The situation was stalemate. The road to Dunkirk was closed, and in its original purpose the Calais Force was already defeated.

The scratch company of the Rifle Brigade, apparently, was most unwilling to abandon its eastward thrust. At some time during the night a subaltern in a Bren-carrier reported, by wireless telephone, that his platoon was almost surrounded: should he retire? He was perfectly calm and anxious only to do the proper thing. He was told that the proper thing was to remember his orders and use his judgment.

Half an hour later they spoke to him again. He was still in the same position, in the same mood, and the same danger. It was almost impossible to estimate the whole situation, but it was lively. Somewhere, not far away, a Rifleman with a Bren gun had killed a full dozen of Germans. But the Germans were in vastly greater strength. The subaltern was authorized to withdraw his platoon.

Another half-hour went by, and again his voice came over the air. No, he hadn't yet begun to move, but now he really thought he would have to retire. He was still unperturbed, his only anxiety was still to do the proper thing. Withdraw immediately, he was told, and he acknowledged the order. But the dominant note in his voice was reluctance.

A Company of Queen Victoria's Rifles, which had been holding an eastward position near the original assembly area, had been out of touch all day with one of its platoons. The platoon was well forward, in an old redoubt with railway lines behind it and a canal on one flank. The Germans were on two sides of it, and sniping it from the canal bank and the bridge across the railway. The platoon appeared to be in a hopeless situation, but it held off the enemy's attack till dark, and successfully withdrew. The men had had nothing to eat or drink, and they were very tired. But what finally compelled them to withdraw was lack of ammunition. They had fired their last round.

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Five officers and about a hundred and twenty men of an anti-aircraft battery of Royal Artillery came into Calais late on Friday night. They had fought their way down from Belgium. They had, before destroying them, been using their guns against unorthodox targets: not against planes, but German tanks.

They came into Calais in good order and with a great air of confidence. They had between them half a dozen revolvers, about twenty rifles, and two antitank rifles. They slept at the Gare Maritime, and in the morning paraded on the station square. They looked smart and clean. Their officers inspected them, and they stood at ease. Then a voice rang out, and the square echoed the stamp of their obedient boots. Rigid, without a movement, they waited the arrival of their commanding officer. They were the weary remainder of their regiment; they had been fighting or marching for three weeks; they were in the smouldering heart of a lost town—but in the opinion of the major who commanded them these misfortunes were by no means grave enough to interfere with discipline. They were soldiers, and like soldiers they behaved.

The military police, it appears, held the same stern view as the major commanding the anti-aircraft battery: that war should not be allowed to interfere with discipline. A Rifleman of Queen Victoria's Rifles reports that on this Saturday, when Calais was very like inferno and he was running down a ruined street with a message, he was halted by a red cap, who admonished him and took his name for being improperly dressed, in that he was not carrying his respirator.

Half a company of the 60th had made a defensive position in a hotel near the post office. The afternoon bombardment set on fire most of the houses in the neighborhood, and discouraged unnecessary movement through the streets. Look-outs were therefore posted in the upper parts of the hotel, and the remainder of the half-company gathered on the ground floor. There was a piano in the hotel, and happily some remaining wine. The 60th gave a party. They themselves were their only guests, but that was good enough company, and the party went well. They crowded round the piano and sang lustily against the shattering noises of the bombardment.

Then the barrage stopped, and the German tanks came in. The party broke up. An officer, taking a pair of antitank rifles, lay down on the pavement in front of the hotel. The weather was warm, and burning houses aggravated the heat of the sun. The officer lay in his shirt-sleeves. A Rifleman beside him acted as loader, and as the German tanks came racing past, shooting at everything in sight, he maintained with his pair of rifles steady fire against them. He put two out of action. The next morning, Sunday that is, he was killed by a sniper.

Following the tanks came German infantry. They came up the street on either pavement, hugging the walls. The Riflemen, still in their party mood, went out and met them with a cheer. The Germans broke and fled before the close fire of rifles and Bren guns.

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It rather appears that their staunch courage was inspired by obedience to their very fine regimental traditions. Six or eight men in a shell-rocked house full of tawdry French furniture would fight as if they were defending the Holy Sepulchre because the corporal in command had told them, "This is where Mr. So-and-So said we were to go." And Mr. So-and-So had spoken with the voice of the Regiment.

\* \* \* \*

Someone in the harbor area saw a major of the 60th—wounded in throat and hand—and the regimental sergeant major zealously Bren-gunning the bombers: Bren guns were almost our only defense against the Luftwaffe, and they, no matter how valiantly used, were insufficient.

\* \* \* \*

Someone else remembers having seen a despatch-rider, on a motor-bicycle, going towards the Citadel in the heaviest hour of the bombardment. He remembers a wireless-telephone operator using his set in a truck as full of holes as a colander.

\* \* \* \*

Two Riflemen of the 60th were at the upper window of a house. Three hundred yards in front of them was the railway-line with a deserted passenger-train standing on it. They could see some forty or fifty German soldiers coming up the line under cover of the train. They were bringing up a trench-mortar. A position for the mortar had already been prepared, but to reach it the Germans had to leave the cover of the train and cross a twenty-yard gap. The Riflemen were both marksmen, former competitors at Bisley. It took the Germans an hour and a half to get their mortar into action, and in those ninety minutes the two Riflemen killed fourteen.

They left their window just in time: the first shell from the mortar went straight through it.

\* \* \* \*

They were marched away to join other prisoners in a square in the outer town. All their equipment but respirator and steel-helmet was taken from them. They were covered by machine-guns and automatic-rifles, and made to stand with their hands up for nearly an hour. They had to clasp their hands across their heads to take the strain off their arms.

When they had been permitted to stand easy, one of their officers asked if they were allowed to smoke. The Germans' reply was that officers might smoke, but not the men.

They appeared to be surprised when the senior British officer rejected this privilege.

\* \* \* \*

The ruins of the town were quiet now, except for the occasional burst of a mortar shell or the brief chatter of a machine-gun, as the ultimate little groups of Riflemen, still maintaining their hopeless resistance, were silenced at last.

\* \* \* \*

But on the outermost end of the northern breakwater about fifty men were hiding. While the tide was low they hid among the green and slimy piers of the breakwater, and as the tide rose they climbed a little higher. One of them, when darkness came, flashed seaward with an electric torch an S.O.S. The Navy sent a boat ashore, and took off forty-seven men. The Naval landing-party returned to look for more survivors, but met only the challenge of German sentries, and German machine-gun fire.

## FROM BLUE ORDERS

### PROMOTIONS AND QUALIFICATIONS

**To be Lieutenant-Colonel:** Major S. C. Bate, R.C.D.

**To be Major:** Acting Major J. C. Cave, Captains J. M. Corbett, G. R. Sidenius.

**To be Acting-Major:** Captains A. Kilgour, T. W. Rutherford.

**To be Staff Captain:** Capt. Scott Lindberg.

**To be Captains:** Acting Captain D. V. Currie, Temp. Captain H. F. Herron, Lts. H. D. Grant, L. L. Morell, I. G. Patrick, A. F. Shaw, A. G. V. Smith.

**To be Acting Captains:** Lts. R. C. Armstrong, G. T. Baylay, H. B. Bleecker, D. Carmichael, H. W. Freeze, G. H. Pratt, K. M. Ramsey, F. Richmond, B. Stamer, W. D. Wetmore.

**To be Lieutenants:** Lt. T. H. Askin.

2nd Lts. W. E. Bowley, H. W. Bancroft, Prov. 2nd Lt. F. E. Barnard.

Lts. P. E. Connelly, J. G. Currie, R. F. Campbell.

Lts. L. J. Davies, L. S. L. Dunn, T. Downey, 2nd Lt. J. A. Dean.

2nd Lts. G. Frechette, M. J. Fitzpatrick.

Lts. J. E. Green, E. M. Greaves, 2nd Lt. P. V. B. Grieve, Prov. 2nd Lt. J. R. Gregoire.

Lt. J. C. Harvey, 2nd Lt. L. M. Hanway.

2nd Lt. R. R. Jackson.

Lt. C. W. P. Lunderville, 2nd Lt. R. R. Lisson, Prov. 2nd Lts. B. Lafleur, J. J. Leclerc.

Lts. F. H. Milledge, I. C. Morrison, W. F. McCormick, W. B. McCullough, N. J. McNeill, G. S. Murray.

Lts. L. H. Paul, H. F. Pegler, 2nd Lt. H. K. Patison, Prov. 2nd Lt. C. W. Phelps.

Lts. F. N. Ritchie, D. A. Ross.

Lt. F. C. Smith, 2nd Lt. K. L. Steeves, Prov. 2nd Lt. P. H. St. Hilaire.

Lts. G. Tomlinson, G. S. Taylor, M. M. Telford, E. C. Talbot.

2nd Lt. H. D. Yuile.

**To be 2nd Lieutenants:** 2nd Lt. R. D. Archibald.

2nd Lt. G. V. Beaudry, Cadet F. G. Baxter.

Cadet K. M. Davidson.

Cadets E. R. M. Flesher, E. D. Friend.

2nd Lt. C. G. Goff.

2nd Lt. T. C. Humphreys.

Cadets E. G. Jorgenson, J. H. Jessop.

2nd Lt. J. W. G. LaRoche, Cadet H. A. Lamb.

Cadets D. L. Magee, D. R. Monck, G. F. Mc-Lauchlin.

Cadet W. G. H. Pavey.

Cadets J. F. Rodney, E. H. Reardon.

Cadets F. C. Shirriff, W. I. Stanton, J. C. Stevens.

Cadet S. G. Tait.

Cadet J. K. C. Wallace.

**To be Provisional 2nd Lieutenants:** 2nd Lts. W. A. Howard, C. Johnson, R. M. Smith.

### PLAY 57

"As you fellows all know, the other team is using the 6-2-2-1 defensive on their own 40-yard line." The quarterback and captain of Freebit College football team is speaking.

"The next play will be a run around left end. Simanski, you carry the ball. Grendorf, O'Brien, and Brown will run interference. The rest of the team will support by taking out of the line the men to their immediate front. Be careful about getting off-side. I will be—"

"What's that? Five-yard penalty for delaying the game? Why, we—!"

If any quarterback gave a signal like that he would turn in his uniform after the next play. Football teams are trained to perform a number of highly complicated plays on signal. What the Freebit quarterback probably said in the huddle was something like this:

"Pipe down, you birds, Torrence, charge lower. It'll be 57. Let's go."

Play 57 has been outlined on the blackboard in skull practice since early in spring training. It was run on the practice field not once, but over and over

again. Mistakes were detected and eliminated. Timing of every man was perfected. It was tested in repeated scrimmages. Its weak and strong points were known perfectly to coach and quarterback. The quarterback figured now that "57" was the play for the situation.

He didn't have to issue a five-paragraph order to get it going: The five-paragraph order was issued way back during spring practice.

Nowhere are brief orders needed more than in the warfare of a mechanized force in action. Such war demands, above all else, rapidity of decision and execution. Rapidity of movement may not have changed the eternal principles but it has certainly changed their timing. And perfect timing can only be obtained by painstaking preparation and training; even to rehearsals on terrain as similar as possible to the actual objective.

—Lt.-Col. G. M. Nelson (U.S.) in *Infantry Journal*.

\* \* \* \*

Private Jones had volunteered for a special job, and was being interviewed by the colonel.

"Have you the firmness of character that enables a man to go on and to do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism and ridicule?" asked the colonel.

"Well," said Jones, "I was a cook all through the last war."

### THE TANKS ROLL OFF . . .

. . . night and day, from the end of this assembly line at the Chrysler plant in Detroit. Here the camera affords a glimpse of one unit of the mighty productive power which Uncle Sam has turned to the task of beating the thug nations.





# BACK BEHIND CORPS

## ARTICLE I

Many miles from the battle-front, well behind even the home training centres, and scattered over many miles of Canadian countryside is an integral and virtually unseen portion of the Canadian Armoured Corps. You won't find this unit on the war establishment. The man in the black beret is but hazily aware of its existence. But it is there, all right, and it is the home front, and it is as truly a part of the C.A.C. as the tanks and vehicles it produces.

This unnamed division of 30,000 "unofficial" members of the Canadian Armoured Corps works day and night producing the weapons to equip its brothers in khaki. Without this effort the armoured corps would be a paper organization or the black berets would be dependent on the whim of other nations for the forging of their striking power.

To gain a clearer picture of this unofficial "third" division of the C.A.C., Lt. L. W. Taylor, while editor of TANK—CANADA, visited many plants in Canada which are producing A.F.V.'s for the Corps. In this series of articles he reports part of what he saw.

The development of the Canadian Armoured Corps was no startling mushroom-like growth or the sudden bursting into the military horizon of a brilliant idea. It was, rather, a tender and carefully nurtured seedling, guarded with loving care and burning enthusiasm by a few far-sighted individualists. It was finally accepted as a giant in the forest of our war effort only after a lapse of time and the overcoming of old thoughts.

Behind all the planning of the C.A.C. enthusiasts has been the hope that their Canada—small in population but great in industrial power—would be able when needed to place on the battlefield a high proportion of highly trained, completely equipped, modern armoured formations.

These men of vision knew that the key to the whole problem, necessary to the realization of their dreams, has been and still is the proper supply of armoured fighting vehicles. Training up to a certain point can be carried out with substitutes. The German army of '35 and '36 proved that trucks and private cars can be labelled "Panzerkampf-wagen" and used in tactical manoeuvres. But the solid core of training in tank work can come only with the use of real tanks over a period of time, and in very intensive and rigorous work.

These men never expected—and events proved them to be right—that Britain would provide the necessary equipment. They felt that Canadian industry was capable of providing all the needs and in so doing of producing an article second to none, superior to most.

After examining A.F.V. production in Canada, it is the first duty of your correspondent to report that he is fully convinced that Canadian industry has the brains and industrial potential to discharge the task laid down. More than that, a trip to Canada's arsen-

als of the C.A.C. provides proof that, while there is still much ground to cover, the industrial communities of the Dominion, starting from behind scratch, are well on their way.

These industries, facing tremendous difficulties—many of which were not of their own making and beyond their control—are now reaching a point in the struggle where they can see their goal in both production and quality.

One thing which such an inspection tour does prove is that this armoured corps job is a team-work proposition. The foundry workers of our Canadian cities are an integral part of the team. These men who are supplying the C.A.C.—from executive heads working fourteen hours a day to the artisan on the three-shift seven-day week—are completely behind the black beret. They are determined to give the best they have and their record is amazingly good.

### Tank Arsenals

To the "tanker", one of the thrilling sights of such a tour is the first glimpse of the assembly lines of the plants engaged in tank production. To see literally hundreds of Canadian-made tanks in various stages of assembly under one huge roof was a sight for sore eyes. Here, in the needed mass, are the weapons that will smash the treacherous Hun and the prisoner-torturing barbarians from the once comical islands of Japan.

Here is the muscle and sinew of the Corps being shaped for the striking. Here, too, is a strong blood transfusion for our Russian allies. Here is being fought, and won, the stupendous battle of production, amid the most unusual battlefield of history. Here is a war of time and task, in a setting of infernal hammer-clanging, the clatter of riveters, and the eery flashing light of the welding machines.

### Cast Hulls

Most formidable of the tank types at present in Canadian production is the Canadian-designed Ram. It provides, too, a striking illustration of the swift manner in which Canadian craftsmen have mastered even the latest developments of the tank-building arts in that it embodies a cast steel hull and turret. For years armament makers of the world were forced to reel back in dismay from the apparently unsolvable problems involved in casting these major sections.

Construction is speeded to a tremendous degree by this process. And, to the man in the tank, the bogey of death-dealing rivets, forced through by enemy fire, is dispelled forever.

The amount of labour involved in turning out an iron pachyderm, such as the Ram, is immense. The cast hulls are first prepared for the assembly line. Then they are given tough steel bottoms, made of plate thick enough to be the main armament on many tanks. Slowly down the line goes the potential

Hun destroyer and Jap exterminator, picking up bogey wheel suspensions, track assembly, the huge cast turret, wiring, motors, and the many other items needed. Before rolling off, the tracks are added. Then the guns and fighting equipment are placed in position and the vehicle is ready for testing.

Twenty-four hours a day on these production lines the hammers beat and the clang of steel against steel strikes out a pulsating tune which will be heard in Germany and far beyond the graves of the Hong Kong martyrs to the islands of their tormentors.

Soon the tank is away to the testing ground, a process calling for 90 miles of driving on roads and over test grounds in all types of going. When it is approved, the machine is ready to be delivered to the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps for distribution to the troops who will fight it.

When it leaves the factory, the Ram represents one of the most formidable fighting units of its kind. The forges of Canadian industry have shaped a metal monster capable of cruising for hours and of developing surprising speed. It carries armament of the finest quality available anywhere. In appearance it is a weapon which commands the respect it fully deserves.

### Valentines For Victory

The Canadian Valentine is similar in outline and general design to the British model but it is a much better tank. The unidentified workers, whose expert craftsmanship is producing it, lavish an almost loving care on their tasks. Take the work on the gun mantlet, for instance. It requires processing the turret in five machines and takes 35 hours in all. The tolerance permitted is small but rejects are virtually an extinct bird.

One of the most heartening stories of all Canada's great munition saga emerges from this Valentine production. It concerns the skilful use made of available machinery which was never designed for the building of tanks.

The background of the story was the lack of machinery from England after Dunkirk. Orders could not be filled and it looked virtually impossible to get production moving at all.

Into this impasse was thrown the resourcefulness of the plant engineers. They worked and figured and soon had drills, presses and many other machines working for the tank line which were never imagined to be adaptable. Then came the amazing discovery that these improvised tools and methods were much faster than the original schedule of work on the machines specially designed for the job. It was found that as much as an 80 per cent. reduction was effected in machining of some parts.

These startling results were not confined to one or two items. They led to investigation and reduction of expended time on many operations. Time reduction approximated fifty per cent—sometimes more—on most of these improvisations.

An innovation in the treatment of the nose cap led to the reduction by 58 man hours of the time required in fitting this component.

Another example—British manufacturers had always bored the rivetting holes in heavy side sections by placing two sections together, clamping them and boring two at once. Unable to get the correct machine for this task, Canadian craftsmen rigged up a solid frame on which the pieces are fitted. Holes are bored from a jig on an improvised piece of machinery that provides a much smaller margin of error and reduces the time element by many hours.

So successful have these machine improvisations proven that the manufacturers have compiled a book recording their efforts in this direction and the results are being made available to other concerns working on heavy war orders.

### Designs Not Stable

Production of Canadian tanks is not static. Constant check on performance under all conditions is resulting in constant improvement to the tanks and their parts.

Canadian tank manufacturers are not satisfied with themselves or their work. No matter how excellent their product, they are constantly seeking ways to better it. This is a happy omen for the future. It means that the Canadian industrialist and the humble worker in the foundry are resolved that, if quality tanks in quantity can do the trick, the Canadian Armoured Corps will be the finest in the world.

## THE ODDS AGAINST

The German General Staff, the greatest breeder and hatcher of war known to history, was not eradicated after the last war—much otherwise. It concentrated on remedying the causes which brought about Germany's defeat in 1918. It ceaselessly prepared for vengeance, enlisted the aid of scientists to develop the tank, airplane and submarine and finally succeeded in turning Germany into the greatest war machine the world has ever known.

No country ever entered a war more thoroughly prepared than Germany in 1939. Her civilians were almost as carefully groomed for total warfare as her soldiers.

For fifteen years Italy's meager resources have been drained by the Fascist war planners; for twenty years Japan has been preparing for smash-and-grab raids in the Far East.

A succession of British Governments ignored these brutal facts. We are paying the price of their folly. Don't let us waste time walling and chiding. Let's follow the magnanimous example of the Prime Minister. He was a lonely sentinel, his warnings unheeded. Any considering person who reckons the odds against us when we stood in the breach against Germany's mighty striking power can only wonder why our reverses—and we have had desperate reverses—have not been more numerous.

—Rt. Hon. Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information

From beginning to end, the World War is studded with major and minor reverses that resulted from attempts to apply methods that were successful in one situation to another situation.



# OVER THERE!

SPECIAL DISPATCHES FROM  
C.A.C. UNITS OVERSEAS

## A WORD ABOUT LEAVES

(From The Overseas Correspondent TANK-CANADA)

As may be known to some, landing leave as such is no longer available upon arrival in Britain. However, the troops get a 7-day leave with a free travel warrant every three months, plus one 48-hour and several short weekend leaves in the same time, conditions permitting.

Owing to the lack of gasoline officers and men alike are purchasing bicycles, which are becoming increasingly scarce and expensive here.

For 7-day leaves excellent accommodation with hospitable British families is available upon application to the Auxiliary Services. These arrangements can be recommended in the highest terms.

\* \* \* \*

## GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HORSE GUARDS

What has undoubtedly been our most thrilling and memorable experience since our arrival in England was the recent visit of the King and Queen to our own and fellow regiments in the Division. This was not a formal inspection in the "grand manner," but rather an informal meeting at which Their Majesties stopped frequently to chat with men of all ranks. Various interesting points of training and displays of our growing equipment were presented for their approval. It was most certainly an hour that all who were fortunate enough to be present will long remember.

Our Sports Afternoons, of which we have two each week (weather permitting), are enjoyed by all. Baseball, "touch rugby", volley ball, Association Football (soccer), and cross-country races and runs are played according to one's choice. Baseball is the popular favorite, and there is rabid rivalry between squadron, regimental, and sergeant and officer teams: anything goes, and no quarter asked.

Lately, a series of dances have been arranged by the various squadrons, employing the several local regimental dance bands in turn. These are most pleasant functions, and the "lady soldiers" make excellent partners. Despite the fact that we have much in common to discuss pertaining to our respective duties, we never seem quite able to find the necessary time for "shop" talk.

Recently, every man in the unit from top to bottom, attended a regimental gunnery refresher school. Numerous shillings changed hands at the Rypa practices and a good "gun-stripper" received handsome odds. Excuses for near misses were plentiful—all in all, a grand time was had by all combined with very beneficial results.

May we take this opportunity of offering our heartiest greetings, best regards and wishes to our many friends at home, and our thanks and appreciation for their many many kindnesses to us over here. Especially, to our own W.A. for their excellent work and contributions to our welfare.

—R. P. HARRIS, LT.

\* \* \* \*

## FORT GARRY HORSE

Congratulations from everyone in the Regiment to our Major E. B. Evans and the "Doc", Capt. H. W. Allen, who both received cables recently announcing the arrivals of a son and heir. Congratulations also to Cpl. McIntosh, F.C., who we hear is the first "Garry" to be joining the thousands of Canadians to be married over here. When is the big day, Mac?

Advanced Training is progressing steadily here and there is a steady stream of men proceeding and returning on courses of every sort. Space prevents us from listing all the various courses in this issue but mention will be made of these at some future date.

### Sports

Softball. With most of the personnel that made up the 1940 Championship team back on the diamond, we are having a very successful season. At the time of writing (31 May) we have won 6 out of 8 games and appear to be headed for another Championship.

The Sgts. Mess of "A" Sqn. sport the largest proportion of the team with Sgt. Akerstream doing the hurling and Sgts. Murray, Oliver and Finch turning in outstanding performances. "B" Sqn. have the two Anderson brothers in addition to the great Charlie Wesa out in left field and MacAuley behind the plate. Third base is a "C" Sqn. position with Stan Fidler holding down the hot corner and brother Chuck relieving him. Cpl. Williamson of "A" rounds off the outfield. And last, but nevertheless the most colorful and outstanding, is "Peggy" Duncan at first base. This is a team that will undoubtedly go places in a big way before the summer is over.

Track and Field. Two great Meets were held in the past two weeks. First the Regimental Meet on May 15th and then the Brigade Meet on the 27th May. "C" Sqn. won the laurels with 88½ points to "A" Sqn.'s 73. Third position went to H.Q. with 60½ points and "B" Sqn. held the cellar position with 41 points. This entitles "C" Sqn. to hold the Track and Field Cup until the Fall Meet.

In the individual competition Tpr. "Stan" Furness of H.Q. Sqn. was outstanding with 24 points in the sprints and jumps. Cpl. Hussen of "C" placed

second with 15 points and Tpr. Jorgensen of "C" and Tpr. Williams, R.Y. of "A" tied for third place with 14 points each. Winners were as follows:

- 100 yds.—Furness, S. (H.Q.); Brissette, G. J., (C Sqn.); Sgt. Parkes, P., (C Sqn.).  
220 yds.—Williams, R. Y., (A Sqn.); Furness, S., (H.Q.); Brissette, G. J., (C).  
440 yds.—Williams, R. Y. (A); Cpl. Hussen, W., (C); Nunn, A. S., (C).  
880 yds.—Sgt. Oliver, A. E., (A); Tpr. Nunn, A. S., (C); Norton, D. F., (A).  
1 Mile—Cpl. Hussen, W., (C); Norton, D. F., (A); Capt. McLean (C).  
High Jump—Davis, N., (H.Q.); Sprague, J. (A); L/Cpl. Anderson, E., (B).  
Running Broad Jump—Furness, S., (H.Q.); Merritt, H. E. (H.Q.); Cpl. Hussen, W., (C).  
Pole Vault—Jorgensen, G. V., (C); Sgmn. Halliday, (H.Q.); Lieut. McMitchell, W. T. E.  
Hop, Step and Jump—Furness, S., (H.Q.); Merritt, H. E., (H.Q.); Lieut. McMitchell, W. E.  
Shot Put—Sgt. Snell, L. E., (A); L/Cpl. Wickes, A. M. (B); Sgmn. Mitchell, (H.Q.).  
Discus—Jorgensen, G. V., (C); Olson, A., (A); Gilbey, G., (H.Q.).

The program was started off with a march past of all athletes. They were reviewed by the A/Commanding Officer of the Regiment. It was closed with a presentation of sweaters, cigarettes and chocolates to the winning and placing athletes in all the events by Major Churchill, Sports Officer of the Unit. The track and arrangements were under the supervision of the hard-working Auxiliary Officer, Mr. Frank Kennedy.

### Brigade Meet

The Garrys were well represented by a strong team and the rest of the Regiment was present to cheer them on. Two competitors were allowed from each Unit for each event. Competition was very stiff. Major-General E. W. Sansom, D.S.O., G.O.C., accompanied by O.C. the Brigade, took the salute from the competitors before the meet.

The first event was the Shot Put in which Sgt. Snell, L.E., took third place. Sgt. Oliver, A.E., then took the 880 in a photo finish race putting the Garrys in the lead. The 100 yard dash was taken by a Westminster man but Garrys placed second and third—A. J. Brissette and S. Furness. The next Garry winner was Cpl. Hussen, W., who ran a very nice mile in 5.19. He had a 25 yard lead as he crossed the tape and no doubt his time would have been even better if he had had stiffer competition.

The "Straths" took the high jump but Sgt. Oliver took third place for the Garrys. It was regrettable that our best jumper, Newt Davis, of H.Q., was away on leave at the time.

Lieut. L. A. Lambe placed third in a gruelling 3 miles. Brissette, H. J., repeated his performance by placing second in the 220 yards dash, being nosed out in the finish by a Westminster man. Merritt, H. E., grabbed the second money in the standing broad and Williams, R. Y., then placed third in the 440, just a few minutes after having completed the third heat which he won. Merritt placed again in the hop, step and jump, second.

Then the tug-o-war. The Garrys after taking the first pull, lost the next two to the Westminsters, who in turn lost to the 1st Hussars.

The Garrys won the 440 relay by a nice margin with Brissette, Jorgensen, Furness and Sgt. Parkes carrying the stick. Merritt hit the money the third time by placing third in the running broad. The Garrys cleaned up again in the 1 mile relay with Williams, Nunn, Jorgensen and Cpl. Hussen coming in a good 50 yards ahead of their nearest competitors. Unfortunately, in accordance with regulations no points were awarded for the relay races and so final results showed the Westminsters heading the list with 36 followed by the Garrys with 28 points. (But we'll be back).

Major-General Sansom awarded the prizes to the various winners and the boys departed for their various camps.

—CPL. R. T. ROBINSON.

\* \* \* \*

## FIRST HUSSARS

"Oh to be in England now that April's there."

On April 1st we left the old, ivy-covered stone cavalry barracks, in which we spent the winter, and moved into billets in a beautiful rural community. The surrounding country-side with its sandy soil and green, fir-covered hills aroused nostalgic memories of Camp Borden. The heather-covered commons where our tank crews train are much like "C" Area. Since our squadrons are detached and several miles apart, each has developed its own social life. The men have made themselves very popular in the district by digging and planting gardens in the evenings for neighbours who cannot have men to do this work. Of course there is generally remuneration in the way of beer and sandwiches.

The last month has been marked by numerous inspections. In addition to the frequent brigade quizzes, our G.O.C., Major-General Sansom inspected the Regiment, primarily with a view to ascertaining the standard of training. A week later, General Martell, the R.A.C. commander, paid us a lightning visit. He commented that our lines were the cleanest and tidiest he had seen in years. Then Lieut.-General McNaughton inspected the units of the Division. Unfortunately the weather man crossed us up and sent a deluge of cold rain. According to the troops it was a very wet rain—even for England.

A large number of all ranks have attended courses at British Training Regiments—gunnery, D & M, wireless schools and O.C.T.U.'s. Captains Fuller, and Laine, Lieutenants Rogers, Zuerrer, Stark, Smuck, Linnell, Bovaird and Graham recently returned from a course at an R.T.R. Tank School. N.C.O.'s who have recently returned from various courses are Sergeants Black, O'Halloran, Inglis, Manship, Thornton, Shack-lady, Lilley, Berneche, Weber, Mann and Waugh; Corporals Harvey, Davis, Baxter, McKinnon, Pimblett, Crawshaw and Bailey.



### Episodes That Brighten Our Lives

Scene—Near the Guard's Post on a dark, rainy, windy night.

Sentry—"Halt, who goes there?"

Approaching figure (in a low voice) "Captain \_\_\_\_\_"

Sentry—"Halt, who goes there?"

Approaching figure (in a slightly louder voice) "Captain \_\_\_\_\_"

Rifle—"Bang!"—A flash. The sound of a bullet hitting ground at the feet of the approaching figure.

Stopped, startled, bewildered figure in a shrill wailing shriek like an air raid siren, "Captain \_\_\_\_\_"

Guard—"Excuse me, sir."

\* \* \* \*

One of "B" Squadron's Troopers was explaining the "finer arts of soldiering particularly the art of undetected crime."

Trooper—"Now be sure to put grease on all the nipples you don't get time to grease. That fools these inspecting officers every time."—(Or does it?)

His audience—"Sh—Shhhh. Mr. ——— overheard you."

Trooper—"Good morning, sir."

Officer—"You're grounded for three months."

\* \* \* \*

Tpr. Shea, P.M., after hearing of the danger of having limbs injured by crouching between the striker case and recoil guard when the 2 pdr. is fired was duly impressed. After the class was over he divulged that he had discovered a novel means of suicide, namely, that of sticking one's head between the gun and recoil guard and firing the gun. For obvious reasons he recommends said method for homely people whose features might be improved as they make their exit from this world.

\* \* \* \*

It has been suggested that an effective solution for the many bush fires in this locality would be the formation of a super-colossal fire brigade composed of alds with long probosci. The idea is that they carry a pail of water, suck it into their mouths through a straw and blow the water through their noses onto the fire. Cpl. Pimblett suggests a few members from "B" Squadron. That's right O.B.

### Familiar Quotations

Lieut. R. H. Harrison—"When we were at R.M.C. we used to \_\_\_\_\_" (Why does he keep waving that red flag before our eyes).

The C.O.—"I want this to be 100% perfect."

Major H. Page—"Big-shot Page—That's what they call me." (Why don't you write Hank?)

R.W.M.S. Jewkes (on seeing anyone enter his holy sanctum) "I haven't got it. Before you even ask I haven't got it. Even if I have got it, you can't have it." (He's a dictator but a nice one.)

Sgt. Mechanist Aisbitt—"That's the last time—\_\_\_\_\_. You're grounded."

Cpl. Ed. Hall—"Now get out of this kitchen and stay out."

Cpl. of the Picquet—"Now, I can trust you fellows to change yourselves, can't I?"

Lieut. E. D. L. Miller—"Now, check me if I'm wrong but according to what I've heard—"

A Sgt. on the Range—"Now for God's sake quit firing before I tap your leg."

Sqn. S. M. Wells—"I think the Canadian army is the best in the world. It has the finest brains in Canada for its Officer personnel. Its organization is perfect and the way we work six days a week on really interesting and constructive training is amazing."

Tpr. Pike—"When I run in the 440, I get tired about half way around and I want to fall down so I just tip the rest of the way to the finish line."

\* \* \* \*

A long-expected and eagerly-awaited day has come and gone. The First Hussars were recently inspected by Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth. For many of us it was the first opportunity of seeing and being in the presence of Their Majesties. It was a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure to witness the King, escorted by our C.O., and the Queen, escorted by Major F. W. K. Bingham, as they passed through our opened ranks. Our Sovereigns were particularly interested in a novel display of a soldier's daily rations. Lieut. A. M. Fyfe, the unit messing officer, had prepared the display in glass containers. When asked if she could eat all that food in a day the Queen replied, "I do not think I could."

The high-light of recent training has been co-operating with our engineers in providing a demonstration troop for displays which included crossing bridges, during both daylight and night, going through craters, mine-fields and wire. Part of this display was witnessed by high-ranking military officials from the Polish and American armies as well as representatives from War Office and C.M.H.Q. On Sundays it is quite common to provide a troop to co-operate with the local Home Guard, and these exercises have proven very interesting.

### Congratulations

To Lieut.-Col. G. W. Robinson, until recently our 2 i/c. Now in command of an armoured Regiment. "Go to it," George. We will miss your cheerful disposition and your sound judgment. We are sorry to lose you but we are damned proud of you.

### Things We Would Like to Know

Who done it? You know. That 2 pdr. barrel.

Who is the young lieutenant who makes an official memo sound like a "billet-doux" by his usual "would you please do this as a special favour for me?" Izzat you, Orv?

Who is Shaky? Anyhow?

Why has a blonde young lieutenant of massive proportions been selected as a chief G A S instructor?

Is Sqn. S. M. Wells visiting Ma's home to chap-erone his protegees or does he like her good cooking and beverages?

Who shot out the lights?

Who is the young officer who at first seemed quite a Tame Duck but has recently developed into a killer-diller?

Why was a "B" squadron corporal caught in an air-raid on the south coast?

"Why is that American Red Cross Hospital so damn far away?"

Who is the subaltern who gets letters in Latin and Greek? It's O.K., boys; he is no sissy.

Who was the trooper who declared he would run in the 3 mile and eliminate all contestants if the judge had a specific prize for him? Stick around, lad, and win a farm after the war.

Who are the "Gold Nuggets?"

Is this new fad of removing flowers from vases and drinking the water going to replace gold-fish swallowing? Let's ask Falstaff.

Why does that S.Q.M.S. go to Hyde Park?

\* \* \* \*

### TANK TATTLE FROM THE ONTARIOES

If it was permitted to tell the whereabouts of our unit throughout the past month it would take many words, for we've slept in as many places as there were nights in the month. First there was our move in station. All was bustle, as tents sprang up, and things were made habitable. Prior to the move farewell parties, which in these days are nicknamed "blitzes," occupied practically all our little spare time. Now if you, who are relatives in Canada, feel there was laxity in correspondence from those of us here last month, and your "particular interest" explains his neglect on a scheme, do not raise your eyebrows and say "Oh yes."

Three and a half weeks in May has been spent literally "in the field." There were two schemes with a short four days' rest between, during which the unit remained a few miles from this station. Both "wars" kept us on the griddle (the second may be described by some as a shower-bath for the heavens seemed to have an ample ration of water). We made day moves, evening moves, night moves, and dawn moves; we made advance marches and withdrawals, fought battles and were accredited victories.

Living as we did in the open, old time campers and men who had seen "civilized-jungle" life were great teachers. On one occasion a civilian car killed a duck in the road, one minute later it was in a tank, a few minutes later on reaching a harbour it was over a fire, and shortly after that, inside the tank crew. It is not that starvation rations had been issued, but who wouldn't prefer roast duck to bully-beef?

Capt. S. A. Nicol provided the War Diary with an episode which must have caused havoc and amusement for those who witnessed it. To quote: "He got his timings a bit confused and decided that the time to cross the start line was a good time to shave—Major H. R. Schell convinced him it would be a nice gesture if he moved—(he moved)."

Another officer has been having trouble explaining how he got rid of the patch on the back of his battle dress blouse. This officer, Lieut. J. C. Chappell, was out on a reconnaissance on the first day of the second scheme and became enmeshed with the "enemy." His view of the scheme, from a short morning walk under escort, and from the window of a room far behind the lines, was very poor. The War Diary states that Lieut. MacDonald was quite worried over his brother R.O. in a P.O.W. camp.—Thanks, Mac.

Movement has been the order of the month, for not only did the unit move a lot, but several officers moved up in rank and were reposted to new positions. J. T. F. Orr is now wearing a crown and Capt. W. W. Bradley (one pip a new one) has taken over his job as Adjutant. Lieut. J. G. McCrimmon is endeavouring to keep the reins of a "Q" job from tangling since he took them over from Capt. F. Ayers. The latest report is that he is progressing well with his "gees and Dawes"! Our old friend "Dick" Caldwell is sporting a third pip these days on the staff at Bde. Hq. We wish him and another former member of the unit, R. J. R. Donabie, who received his majority awhile ago, the best of luck.

Four thoroughly deserved and long awaited promotions came through this month, for some of our "broncho-riders". D.R.'s Handy, H. E., Beaugregard, M. A., Hardy, H. W., and Osborne, L., are to get "one hook." The first of these has been so faithful to his "steel steer," that until the other day he had never ridden in a tank. On his first ride the tank ran away on a hill and his first ride was rather more than he expected. The troop leaders have been warned that, if that is how Handy's presence affects a tank, they are to keep him to his own trusty chariot. Recently back trades-pay has come through for 21 driver Mechs., and undoubtedly was the source of many parties at these times.

Our much rumoured holding unit is at last functioning though not in the way we expected. None-the-less, we are glad to receive many first class reinforcements from it. Ten new officers are with us. J. L. Evans of Orillia comes to join his brother "Spud." J. R. Gormley, of Windsor, A. W. Hawkins, J. D. Watson of Brantford, arrived during the scheme and had a rather cold wet reception (by the weather of course). W. J. E. Simmons, of Toronto, and C. D. B. Jamieson, of Durham, have arrived since the scheme and still have to be initiated to iron rations.

Prior to these, J. L. F. Jemmett, of Timmins, rejoined us. His welcome was especially warm for his whole height of 6 feet 5 inches was well liked when he was last with us as a lance corporal. At the time of his arrival R. G. Lancaster, of Oshawa, B. B. Hart, of London, and A. B. Harrison, of Windsor, were taken on strength. Troopers: Trepanier, C. R.; Ashby, B. E.; Beaulieu, G. J.; Francis, S. L.; Livingstone, A. C.; Mapplebeck, W. W.; Mark, W.; McFadden, R. R.; McKittrick, E. D.; Patterson, E. C. D.; Purdy, G. A.; Rhodes, M. E.; Richmond, D. G.; and Rickard, L. M., have also taken their places in our ranks from the holding unit.

Sports have had to take a "back seat" this month, for while you can play chess in a tank (it has been done), games like baseball, etc., are considered too hazardous. However, with the return of the unit to camp the old league is resumed.

Although in March it was our hope that no more columns in The Tank would end with a tragic note, we must record the death of Trooper W. K. Liddle. He was the victim of a shooting accident and his loss to "A" squadron is much felt. His many friends in the unit send sympathy to his family and friends in his civil home, Detroit.

—J. C. CHAPPELL, Lt.



## 26TH CANADIAN ARMY TANK BATTALION

(Grey and Simcoe Foresters)

By Sgt. W. J. "Scotty" Carmichael

All ranks in the Grey and Simcoe Foresters seem much too busy to make any sensational news within the unit lines this month and we are afraid that we may have to go out and bite a dog to help fill up this column.

However, when there is no news a good newspaper reporter just makes some news so don't censor us too closely if the story borders a bit on fiction. Most of it will be the truth.

Army Week afforded a little break from the training grind and the Foresters were the guests of the citizens of Orillia on Dominion Day and Owen Sound on Sunday, July 5th. In both cases we were treated royally and often. We happen to know that two sergeants and a pair of troopers eased themselves into two chicken dinners within an hour up in Owen Sound.

Another young Sgt. (the shortest one in the Mess) found a new love, but his little world crashed down over his ears when he learned that a Trooper had beaten his time. (No names to be mentioned at this time due to the possibility of a social and military scandal.)

The Mayors of Orillia and Owen Sound gave the boys the keys of both cities but the lads knew all the lock combinations in both places and didn't need them. It beats all how Troopers can get so snugly acquainted in such a short time.

Trooper Bonsor had a sharp answer in the D & M class a few days ago when he was questioned about the theory of the gasoline motor.

"What is internal combustion?" queried Sgt. Gordon "Boss" Chalmers.

"Internal combustion," yawned the Trooper, "is six pints of beer on top of fish and chips and a shot of wine." (True, brother, true.)

Ever since Ottawa has decided that Officers should not be trusted with too much money, there has been much serious thoughts regarding budgets and it is really surprising what a small pay an officer can draw once the boys from Parliament Hill reach deep into the "Bazooka Pile" and then make a second trip to snatch a little of the small change that drops off the table. When the Officer thinks of pay day now, he also thinks of Winston Churchill's famous quote and he could well juggle up the sentence to read thus, "Never have so many waited so long for so little."

Fitting in with the tax situation comes a story which originated in an Orderly Room in Camp Borden. Apparently the Commanding Officer was thinking of his riddled pay envelope when he was trying the case of a private soldier who had just returned from an unofficial holiday of six weeks.

The Colonel looked the culprit squarely in the eye and asked, "Are you prepared to accept my punishment or will I get real tough and send you to Brockville?"

The Foresters were subjected to a medical board (final one we hope) on Wednesday, July 15th, and it was quite interesting to stand back and look at the human anatomy in all shapes and forms.

The boys seemed to be very anxious to make the board judging by the number who appeared to have made such a complete job of memorizing the eye chart in such a short time. It was also grand to see the chicken chested lads throw out their upper fronts when the Medical Officer motioned them to step forward. The only trouble was that some of them threw their chests out too far and the M.O. could not find their backs. One Sgt. had to stand twice to make a shadow and the Examining Officer made a mistake and started to put him in the envelope with the other legal looking documents. Another chap, with muscles on his brawny arms as big as sparrow's knee caps, passed A1, while a perfect giant of a man, with a chest like an oil barrel and arms like a pair of large sized stove pipes, got more blue slips than a ticket collector. It just goes to show you that you can never tell what is in the parcel by the fancy way it is wrapped.

Of course we also had the usual shot in the arm tossed in with the Medical Board and of course Trooper Romanick had to put on an act that sent cold chills down the backs of Sqdn. Quartermaster Sgt. Len Wiles and Sgt. Jack Clark, who stood directly behind the said tormentor. Romanick held his arm in agony when the M.O. shot the juice into his arm and then let his eyes roll around in their sockets a few times. Then he took a swoon and staggered a few steps just to make the act more impressive.

By that time you could have knocked Wiles and Clark's eyes off with a stick and the old Adam's apple was working up and down like the old farm pump handle. Wiles was a pale sea green when it came his turn to get the prong and Clark looked as if the ghost of Hangman Heydrich had tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to lift his chin up a little higher so he could slip the rope under. The spectators are still laughing.

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

Approximately 1,000 fans looked on at the Army Softball tournaments at Mousette Park, Hull. The getaway card was scheduled for 0900 hrs. Sunday, 28th June. In the official opening ceremonies, Lieut. Col. Cocks, District Protestant Chaplain, tossed the ball to Lieut. Col. Ackerman, head of the Auxiliary Services, Kingston.

Our periscope is set, and we look back to Friday, June 26, when A-9 defeated A-19 for the Championship honours of Camp Borden Softball. The team put up a real battle, Lt. Clarke and S/Sgt Dyers being the coaches throughout the Camp series. After the game Lt. Clarke received the letter authority from Major Sinclair, Camp Sports Officer, who complimented the team on their fine showing.

We sight the team arriving at Ottawa, where they bedded down for the night at Lansdowne Barracks. Up at 0600 hrs. Sunday morn, still looking tired from playing four straight games at Camp. They were slated to play Petawawa, opening the playoffs. The Softball officials deciding a "Kill as you go" schedule. The first three frames were given to "Warming up" and getting the low down on Petawawa's style of play. Petawawa had a heavy Battery of sluggers but "Smitty" our pitcher held them down to 15 hits for 7 runs. The "Ump" called a double play for Camp Borden, but Staff Dyers took the offensive and won the decision. In the 6th frame, Dutcher (CB) made an attempt for the home plate running from 3rd base, Prost running from 2nd to 3rd. A combination of throwing by Petawawa

caught the two off base. This frame would have definitely decided the game in Camp Borden's favour but mistakes happen. Throughout the game both teams played fast ball. Camp Borden team (A-9) should show some real ball when the hardball series opens on July 14th.

As we traverse the periscope toward the Bleachers we see the C.W.A.C. from M.D. 2 "pulling" for Camp Borden, so we returned the compliment when these "gals" opened the women's Army playoffs, bringing home the honours for M.D. 2, winning the finals in the playoffs.

### Off the Record

We were doing a little "snooping" from our lofty position in our "news" A.F.V. Pointing the periscope to peer through the windows of Chateau Laurier, we were taken aback on the "picture." Unless our eyes deceived, it was the Camp Borden delegation and the C.W.A.C.s having a most enjoyable cool swim in the Chateau Pool. Our eyes under strain sighted "Ducklings" swimming about, or was it "mirage?" Perhaps Staff Dyers and Sgt. Mackenzie will give more information.

Our periscope sights Lansdowne Park where a sports and Army demonstration is in progress under the auspices of District Auxiliary Services. The demonstration was officially opened by Mayor Lewis of Ottawa. We see C.S.M. Young and S/Sgt Owen with their staff going through a few "stunts" driving

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... is no stranger to sights like these, despite the best efforts of the D. and M. wings to restrain such driver exuberance. This time the camera caught up with the culprit and here, for all the nation to see, is one of A-9's carriers in full flight. Most of the nation may have seen it too, for this photo was sent from coast to coast for release during Army Week.





over cars and trying to park a Ram tank on the tops of trees. The demonstration was directed by Lt. Collins who, incidentally, had a narrow escape with a "Jeep." The split second was in his favour amid cheers from the spectators.

And so, as darkness falls our journalistic AFV is parked away. We board the train for "home." The C.W.A.C.s were entertained enroute, Sgt. Mackenzie in charge of feeding the "ducklings." S/Sgt Dyers acted as "host" and by our observations he made a very successful job. On behalf of the team, we give our thanks to Lieut.-Col. McCamus for his personal support in making the trip to Ottawa possible.

We tune in at Camp on our No. 19 Wireless set and pick up North Bay hearing sounds of praise for A-9 Military Band under the direction of the capable Sgt. Fowke. Leonard Wookey, manager of the Red Line Inn, was host to the Band. At Callander they played before the Quintuplets. Lt.-Col. Milne paid tribute to Sgt. Fowke and the Bandsmen for their fine music. Mayor Harrison extended them an official welcome to Callander, thanking Capt. Swain on behalf of the citizens.

Rece and Demonstration Troops returned from Army Week Manoeuvres feeling very "tired" from being entertained "socially" on their after duty hours. Reports are that they put on a fine demonstration as they rambled along.

**Camp Borden Sports Meet**

A-9 is still in the spotlight for the Army piling up 26 points for the Meet. Lt. Kennedy copped first place in the shot put, and second place in throwing the discus. C.S.M. Kreewin with Tprs. Smith, Mitchell, and Gervais came second in the shuttle race and first in the medley race. The C.S.M., despite running under difficulties with a sprained cord in the instep, continued to gain points, being third in the pole vault. Tpr. Colville bagged third place in the high jump, Tpr. Smith coming second in the hop, step and jump event—an excellent record for A-9.

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Berliners used to say it was easy to tell what sort of night a man had spent.

If the day after an air raid, a man said good evening, he had not been asleep. If he said good morning, he had been asleep. If he said Heil Hitler, he was still asleep.

**BARRIE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY TO THE CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS**

Wives, mothers and children of officers and men of the Armoured Corps enjoyed a picnic held at Queen's Park on the afternoon of June 25th. Races and games (for all to take part) were the main entertainment with prizes for the lucky winners. Ice cream cones and soft drinks were provided by the Auxiliary.

Daddies overseas will be especially interested to know these sons and daughters were proud prize winners: Peter Masson, Douglas Philpot, Laurie MacHale, Norman Harris, Nora Landriau, Joan MacHale, Muriel Hopkins, Vanlea and Jacqueline Cave. Prizes were also presented to Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. MacHale, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. Channon and Mrs. Briggs.

The Auxiliary is glad to welcome the wives of the 2nd Army Tank Brigade to Sewing Meetings, held every Monday afternoon, at 2.30 p.m., at the Active Service Club, Toronto street. Some of the new arrivals are Les Voltigeurs, Saskatchewan Horse, Halifax Rifles and the Grey and Simcoe Foresters.

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Underground factories are in use in Britain and it is found that subterranean conditions are as satisfactory as surface conditions, as far as the working of the most delicate tools or the health of the workers is concerned. In one of these factories, women make up sixty-one per cent. of the employees and take an equal share of night shifts with men. Another, which will be ready by August, covers several square miles; quarters for married couples, six hostels to accommodate a thousand people and a canteen which will serve 500 persons at a time, are being built. This factory—like many others—has been made from a disused quarry and about a million tons of loose stone had to be removed before the layout could be planned.

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