

the TANK

CANADA

No. 9

Camp Borden, Ontario, September, 1942

Vol. 2

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL	2
MARCH PAST	3
THE END OF BUCCANEER II.	4
BACK BEHIND CORPS	8
GUERRILLA WARFARE —by Bert Levy	10
FROM BLUE ORDERS	15
THE EIGHTH ARMY	15
GERMANY: EUROPE'S TROUBLE-MAKER	16
OVER THERE —Ontario Regiment	20
THE A-9 TURRET	21
26th ARMY TANK REGT.	22
23rd ARMY TANK REGT.	23
BARRIE C.A.C. WOMEN'S AUXILIARY	24
INDEX OF ADVERTISERS—cover	

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

TEN CENTS PER COPY

Please address all subscriptions
to the Editor

Doctoring in the Desert

When the desert battle is on, the doctors of the field ambulances and casualty clearing stations are in the thick of it. In no previous war and perhaps on no other front in this one, has the Army Medical Corps worked in such conditions as it has done in these recent desert battles.

A field ambulance at Sidi Rezegh found itself camped out, operating and tending the wounded with no troops between it and the enemy. Another that was captured and given German and Italian casualties to look after, became at one time the actual battleground of an encounter between armoured columns. Tanks, firing furiously, threaded between the rows of wounded. The German tank commander was soon on the operating table with an anti-tank bullet through his chest. His second-in-command, who came up to inquire how he was getting on, was told that nothing could be done while the operating theater—a converted three-tonner—was the pivot of the battle. Whereupon the Mark IV's sheered off.

The battle ebbed and flowed round this unit—men fighting each other and patching each other up. German guards accompanied the British doctors on their rounds.

Once, one of these guards went out for a smoke. Immediately afterwards, in walked a battle-stained soldier, a British officer. "What camp's this?" he asked.

"You'd better beat it," he was told by the M.O. "It's German." Exit the officer and re-enter immediately the guard. Next day the Germans retreated and had to leave the unit behind, which somehow found itself guarding its guards, and considered itself to be released. This time it was a German officer who drove into the camp in an armoured car one night. "I'll be seeing you," he remarked in English when they told him of the German withdrawal. But he was wrong.

The desert M.O.'s medical chest, often meagerly equipped at the beginning of the last campaign, grew heavier in the course of it. The Afrika Korps—a valetudinarian body, judging by its strange assortment of drugs, injections, salves and appliances—furnished a welcome, if not always serviceable, addition. There are now in many an M.O.'s tent special anti-snake and scorpion bite serums, quantities of foot powder, drugs that combat the dysentery bacillus, and—of less use in the desert, since the diseases are not known here—medicines for cholera and black fever. Signs, perhaps, of Hitler's optimistic calculations of African conquest.



To Sell a Few Extra Copies

The headline screamed: "Navy Wrecks Italian Base." In bold square letters, an inch and a half high, it shouted forth its song of triumph.

The sub-heading struck a more subdued note and the reader, who followed the article down to the last paragraph finally emerged with the information that a small, light flotilla had made a surprise raid on a Mediterranean base and subjected it to a 12-minute shelling.

Undoubtedly some damage was done. Perhaps, if the whole truth were known, the operating efficiency of the base was greatly impaired. But there was not a fragment of information in the article to sustain the positive assertion of the headline. And there is no reason to suppose that the newspaper had any more detailed information on that action than it decided to print.

Day after day the same thing has been happening in a powerful section of the Canadian daily press. Jubilant eight-column banner lines, in type ranging upwards from 108 point, have announced victories which were never won and triumphs which were still only wishful possibilities—and which were identified in their true light by the articles printed below the heads.

After one particularly flagrant example recently, an irate Major in a Camp Borden mess, denounced the practice and demanded to know of a former newsman subaltern, "Why in blazes do they do it?"

The Lieutenant thought for a moment, then answered quietly:

"I'm sure I do not know. Such headlines will sell a few extra papers on the news stands—until the public gets wise to the trick. Then they are apt to stop buying papers entirely."

A few extra copies through the news vendors—the price of a great newspaper's integrity! And surely there can be no other reason for such shortsighted stupidity. There is no agency in British countries to dictate what interpretation a newspaper shall place upon censored news—and, despite this "thirty-pieces-of-silver" analogy, there is no newspaper which would submit to such dictation.

This tendency to sell its heritage for a mess of pottage is not new to Canada's press. An outstanding example occurred a few years ago. It is, perhaps,

going too far to say that the active pressure of Canada's newspapers was responsible for setting up a government monopoly of radio broadcasting. Certainly, however, without the acquiescence of the press, the Canadian Radio Commission could never have come into being. Had newspaper concern for the freedom of speech of a competitor been as great as the desire for immediate commercial advantage, Canada's press would not now be faced with the prospect of facsimile radio (the death-knell of the daily press) being introduced under auspices it cannot hope to control.

The power of newspapers in English-speaking countries is based on freedom of speech. The growth of those newspapers is based on public confidence that the freedom is used to present the truth. Continued distortion of news facts in headlines can only result in loss of public confidence in the newspaper. And then, as the former newsman put it, the public will stop buying newspapers. After all, fiction can be purchased in more attractive forms.

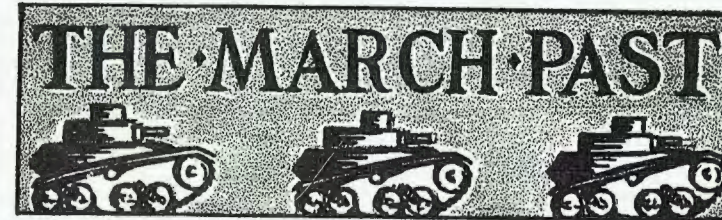
It may well be that a section of Canada's press is on the point of learning that it cannot afford to forsake its principles.

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.



"No, No, General. The troops are over here!"

—London Illustrated



FIRE ORDERS

The crew of a trawler had been so successful in shooting up German dive-bombers that an officer was sent from the War Office to ask the skipper for a detailed report on his methods.

Here, according to Lord Mottistone, who told the story as a true one at a London War Weapons Week meeting, is what the skipper told him:

"I call out 'George!' and George says, 'Ay, ay, sir.' Then, I say, 'Aeroplane reported, George.' George says, 'Ay, ay, sir.' Then I say, 'Shoot the blighter.' He says, 'Ay, ay, sir.'"

"And then George shoots him."

(GUNNERY WINGS PLEASE NOTE)

* * * * *

Proving merely that all human flesh is prone to err, the following extract appeared in a recent issue of Blue Orders: "(Reinforcements)—C.A.C.—Lt. W. D. C. Edgar is confined in the rank of Lt., C.A.C., 23rd Apr., 1942."

And that's the one thing they said the Army couldn't do to you!

* * * * *

THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ACTUALLY RECEIVED BY THE MOTHERS' ALLOWANCE AND PENSIONS BOARD:

I cannot get pay. I have 6 children. Can you tell me why this is?

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Mrs. B. H. has no clothes, has not had any for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.

In reply to your letter, I have already cohabited with your officers, so far with no results.

Sir: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and 2 children, one of which is a mistake, as you will see.

I am glad to report that my husband, who was reported missing, is now dead.

Unless I get my husband's money, I shall be forced to live an immortal life.

I am writing these lines for Mrs. J., who cannot write herself. She expects to be confined next week and can do with it.

Please send my money at once, as I have fallen in errors with my landlord.

Please find out if my husband is dead, as the man I am living with won't do anything until he is certain.

In answer to your letter and according to your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will it make any difference?

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 6 pounds. Is this satisfactory?

I have no children, as my husband is a bus driver and works all day and night.

I want my money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with a doctor for a week and he doesn't seem to be doing me any good. If things do not improve I shall get another doctor.

Milk is wanted for the baby and the father can't supply it.

Re your letter regarding dental inquiry: the teeth on the top are all right, but the ones in my bottom are hurting horribly.

at EATON'S



THE BETTER TO HELP YOU!

EATON'S
NEW WAR SERVICE DEPOT

Just in case some of you haven't dropped by our War Service Depot recently you'll find it has moved to new and more spacious quarters just inside the James Street door, beside the Drug Department. Drop by first time you are in the City and see the big bright display of soldierly things at the long counter.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

The
real
thing



The End of Buccaneer II -- Vengeance of Buccaneer III

The fighting in Libya has not changed materially in character since last November, and it is probable that there are other British tank crews who today are encountering situations as extraordinary as that experienced by four members of the County of London Yeomanry during the battle of Sidi Rezegh. Sergeant N. J. Mills, one of the four, tells the story below, which starts at the time when the team was attempting to get their damaged tank out of the action.

We came out, Sergeant Mills says in a special report recently received from Cairo, carrying three extra lads on the back of our tank, their own "bus" having been knocked from under them. We were tearing along at thirty-five miles per hour, which is all very well for a tank in good shape; but Buccaneer II had a shaky water system (we'd only barely had time to patch it up to get into the battle) and the old girl couldn't take it. She blew all her water-joints and ran two big-ends just as we reached the ridge running parallel to Sidi Rezegh. In a cloud of steam and oil vapor she halted for good some thirty yards behind a battery of South African twenty-five pounders which were in position on the back of this ridge.

Finding it impossible to get her any further under her own steam, we decided to try to get a tow. Captain Matthews, then commander of Buccaneer II, went over to some of our tanks which were coming past to try to get help, but they were all too busy pushing Jerry around to worry about us.

While he was away the three boys we had brought out had a lively argument with us over the situation. They were all for blowing the old girl up and legging it back. But they hadn't any affection for her—she'd only brought them out of action. We, who lived in her, wanted to get her back to the repair shops. Finally, it was decided that we, her crew, would stay and the others went back to a South African transport section in the rear of our position.

Digging in for the Night

When Captain Matthews returned he told us we would have to stay at least a night and that we should dig a trench in front of the old girl's nose as we could expect shelling. We dug a hole six feet long, four feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, and that night we slept like tops—little dreaming what we were in for next day.

We were up at dawn, breakfasted off fried bully and biscuits and straightened up our tank while Captain Matthews went off again to find out if he could get a tow. In front of our tank, and stretching away to the right, were four South African twenty-five pounders and crews. About fifteen yards to our left was the battery's mobile armoured limber, for supplying these guns with ammunition; and about half a mile behind, closely packed, was the South African transport section with the ammunition reserve.

The Shells Burst Closer

Having straightened our tank up, Ditcham (operator), Steinke (driver) and I (gunner) made friends with the South African gunners around. We were told that they were taking up defensive positions against an attack, and this didn't sound so good to us, immobilized as we were. I took the gunner bombardier in charge of the ammunition carriers to see the damage Buccaneer II had suffered in the battle the day before. He was impressed when he saw her scars and expressed the greatest admiration for the tank boys. He told me that they expected fighting in a big way, and that his colonel had given orders that the guns were to be fought to the last. There was to be no spiking of guns—By God, how those boys stuck to that order!

After this talk I went back to our tank feeling rather thoughtful and, looking at the trench we had made, something prompted me to dig it another foot deep and to raise the parapet somewhat. At about 10 o'clock Captain Matthews rushed back with the news that Jerry tanks were about to come through the transport behind us. On this we piled into the "bus" and trained the gun around in that direction, but we didn't get a sight of them as they went through the line of vehicles, though apparently some of the field gunners did, for they gave them hell.

We stayed in the tank for some time, but as nothing appeared to be happening we got out to prepare our midday meal. Captain Matthews went over to the artillery observation officer for further information and Ditcham went to a tank which had broken down behind us to apply for a tow, as it was then being hauled away. I got the water on the cooker ready for some tea, but shells started bursting much closer and both the Captain and Ditcham came running back towards the tank and dived into the trench as a shell fell within twenty feet of them.

This was about noon and Jerry had got the range of the battery in front of us. We called to Steinke to stay where he was in his driving compartment of the tank and we lay in our trench till there was a lull in the shelling. The captain looked out from the trench to see if we could get into the tank, but by now an armoured car had come almost up to the high ground on the right of our ridge, presumably to observe for the enemy guns. He spotted Captain Matthews and a burst of machine gun bullets hummed over the trench like a swarm of bees. Captain Matthews got down damned quick, swearing as he did so. The shelling got worse and the machine gun fire pinned us to the trench whenever we made any movement.

All the while we could hear the voice of the South African bombardier in charge of the ammunition vehicle urging his darkie carriers to full-out ef-

—Please see Page 6

REEVES Jewellers

Diamond Merchants

76 Dunlop St.

BARRIE
Opposite Post Office

Phone 3745



Mido MULTIFORT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC

SELF PERPETUATING POWER

"The World's Most Serviceable Watch"

- SELF-WINDING
(WITH AUXILIARY STEM WIND)
- WATERPROOF
- SHOCK-PROTECTED
- NON-MAGNETIC
- DUST-PROOF



60.00

Shatterproof Glass and Unbreakable Mainspring

**Other Waterproof
Shock-Protected**

From
\$24.75
up

Non-Magnetic

Dust Proof

WATCHES



HEADQUARTERS FOR MILITARY JEWELLERY

forts to supply the guns with ammunition. The darkies were wonderful. They didn't really know what it was all about, but they carried on through all the rain of hell, sometimes carrying armfuls of armour-piercing shells and at others the bags of cordite which the guns required. The bombardier himself was magnificent, standing up ignoring the shells literally bursting all around him. His valor alone seemed to keep the carriers going.

Ammunition Runs Out

Every now and then Captain Matthews would pop his head up to look over to our right and each time that machine gun spat at him. By glory, that Jerry was a mean guy! The captain began to get on my nerves with his continual popping up and down, so I warned him that he would cop it if he didn't pack in.

Presently I heard the South African bombardier shout that No. 1 gun crew had been wiped out and that ammunition was running short and soon after he left the ammunition vehicle to take the place of a gunner of another gun, who had been killed. For a time I know that Ditcham and I were wondering how much more we could stand, but by 4 o'clock our nerves had become deadened to the shock and concussion of bursting shells. Around this time, the South African field guns ran out of charges. No more were available, for Jerry had shelled the transport to blazes. The gun crews remained motionless by their silent guns, waiting for the vital charges to come. Each gun had fourteen rounds of twenty-five pounder solid shot waiting to greet the enemy tanks. If only they had had the cordite firing charges, necessary to project the shot, the Jerry tanks would have died on that ridge long before they could have got at the guns.

Shells seemed to be falling nearer all the time and eventually one landed on the front suspension of our tank, about four feet from the trench. The crash was terrific. For some minutes I could neither hear, feel nor think. I did not know whether I was hit or not. Then I heard Steinke in the tank coughing and swearing and he shouted to us: "Are you blokes all right?" To our mutual surprise we found that we were. During these four hours of shelling I had heard our tanks moving in and out of action to the left and right of us, and, during a lull, raising half an eye over the trench I saw some American "honeys" (Light Mark III) coming out, but too far away to signal to them.

Guns Give "Hell of a Party"

Presently Captain Matthews said: "I think it is time we disabled the tank completely and made a break for it." We were all in agreement with this, but I think that all the Jerries in creation must have heard his remark, for suddenly from our right and left flanks came an absolute hail of machine gun fire, all over the top of our trench. In a flash we became again the world's flattest men. Keeping my face sideways I could see out of the corner of my eye streams of tracer whipping overhead. Captain Matthews lay on his back with his tin hat over his eyes and a South African gunner lying on his belly. To the world at large he exclaimed: "This is one hell of a

party, isn't it?" Personally I just swallowed that part of my stomach which had crept into my throat. I thought: "If this is a party, I want to go home!"

Under Fire in No-Man's-Land

Shortly afterwards, I heard the coughing of Bren guns from our rear, and half opening one eye I saw tracers streaming over us in the opposite direction. "Well," I thought, "this is a thing," for we were now in a sort of No-Man's-Land between the Jerry and the South Africans.

The gunner who was on top of Captain Matthews whispered: "Can I get inside your tank, sir?" We told him to stay down with us and he'd be all right. After all, it was suicide even to kneel up in the trench then.

By about 5.30 the machine-gunning was at its peak and shots were thudding into all sides of our parapet. I kept asking Captain Matthews the time and praying for dark. I found out afterwards that Jerry had moved up some infantry in trucks behind our position and was at that moment attacking from the rear.

The sun was sinking and clouds of smoke from burning vehicles were beginning to form a fog. It was almost time for us to make our break. By 1745 the sun had set and the light was fading fast. The machine-gunning died down a little and Captain Matthews raised his head carefully and peered back under the tank. Then he jumped, as if surprised, and said: "Oh, this is where we get going. Follow me."

"Steinke," he shouted, to our driver, "take the breech-locks out of the guns and get out quickly." Then he crawled out of the trench and, bent almost double, he ran to the left. One after another the two South African gunners followed him.

I waited for a moment to see which way the machine-gunning was coming from, then crawled out onto the parapet and crouched in front of the old girl's left track telling Ditcham to follow me. I stood up with the tank covering me from the right. Shouting to Steinke to hurry up, I peered down the back of the tank—and got the shock of my life.

Jerry Strikes Home

Coming out of the smoke diagonally towards us was a dirty big Jerry tank—I think a Mark IV. I stood petrified as Steinke clambered out of the turret. He jumped to the ground but before his feet touched the earth the Jerry stopped and fired. The scene in front of me seemed filled with a harsh red glow and my ears were deafened by the crash as the tank's gun fired only some fifteen yards in front of me. The back of our old girl seemed to lift as she was hit and a bit of armour plate whooshed over my head. I shouted to the boys and we all dropped to the ground.

Twelve or fifteen yards to our left was the South African armoured ammunition limber, and as the Jerry tank started to move again we three crawled on our bellies toward this vehicle. After about five yards of this, I said to the boys: "Come on, let's make a run for it." So we got up and tore towards our objective. It must have been then that I was hit by a machine-gun bullet, which struck a jack-knife which

I had in my pocket. The knife, I found afterwards, had a deep gash in it and a broken blade where it had deflected the bullet and thus saved me.

We got to the armoured ammunition limber and Ditcham started to open the door just as a Jerry shot hit it. All I can remember is another red flash and the roar of an explosion. I felt something hit my foot hard and a stinging in my calf, but I didn't stop to look. I have a feeling I'd have got out of that place even with no legs, let alone a wounded foot!

Through to Safety

Out of the billowing smoke past the front of the limber came a fifteen hundredweight truck with a crowd of fellows on it. They shouted to us to get on. I called to Ditcham and Steinke and thought I saw them get on all right. There was no room for me except by lying on the fender with my arms round a headlamp. This I did, and away we tore, with me holding the headlamp with my right arm, a hand grenade with my left hand, and my left foot trying to hang itself under the front wheel.

By now there were Jerries all around us and as we tore through them, three who were by a machine gun shouted: "Halt, or I fire." A Scots colonel, who was on the back of the truck shouted one terse word in purest English at them. They let fly at us, but their aim was high and wide of the back of the truck. For a few hundred yards we dashed through machine gun fire until we got into the safety of darkness beyond the fires.

After going on a little way we came upon a larger vehicle into which we decided to transfer, as there were some twenty of us packed onto the little fifteen hundredweight. It was then that I found to my horror that Ditcham was not with us. I felt pretty bad about it because he was my friend as well as my comrade. I felt as though I had deserted him. I had been so sure he was on the truck because I was the last to get on, and nobody else was in sight. I guess the blast of that last shell by the limber must have dazed him so that he ran the wrong way into Jerry's arms, for he is now a prisoner of war.

After we had changed trucks we had to go on, for we were still far too close to the enemy for our health. So we sped on into the night full out over the desert.

Avenging Buccaneer II

Presently we came upon a stationary field ambulance which we found contained a badly wounded officer crying out for water. The orderly asked if we had any so we all gave up our water-bottles. We did what we could to help the ambulance chaps and then went on our way. Eventually we met a small column, with whom we stayed the night.

Steinke and I spent five or six days with various units trying to find our regiment, during which time we again ran into Jerry and had some more adventures. I think it was the following Sunday when we finally regained our unit and could pause really to get our breath.

After a few days' rest we were given a new tank. We christened her *Buccaneer III* and off we went up the line again to get our own back on Jerry.

With this old girl we had many a juicy scrap with the Hun and we let him have it with everything we'd got. One occasion I remember particularly was when we wiped out a troublesome Jerry anti-tank gun team in half a dozen seconds. Our first shot hit their gun, then we raked the crew attending it with a machine gun. Those boys won't "Heil Hitler" any more!

Buccaneer III certainly avenged her predecessor. She chased Jerry right up to Agedabia—and Steinke drove her all the way.

BULLETINS FROM BRITAIN

* * * * *

In all concerns it frequently occurs that an experiment has to be carried out. It should be realized that many people are congenitally incapable of carrying out an experiment. The majority of mankind, in fact, has the "eave 'arf a brick at 'im" complex towards all strange things, and to ask such to carry out an experiment is damning it in advance. On the other hand, the constant seeker after the new, while far better in every way, must also be watched to prevent his giving those extra little shoves to make the affair a success.—From On Organization, by LIEUTENANT COLONEL E. G. HART, D.S.O.



IT'S NOT A TICKLISH JOB

—but it's no place for an amateur when they start swinging Valentines down into the hold. And it's a job which must be done just so if the maximum use of cargo space is to be obtained.

BACK BEHIND CORPS

ARTICLE 2

In the second and concluding article of this series, Lt. L. W. Taylor, former editor of TANK-CANADA, brings more eye-witness impressions of the fight for war production on Canada's home front.

One of the three major considerations in the construction of good armoured fighting vehicles is, naturally enough, the matter of armour. Motive power and armament are the other two.

In the final analysis the whole Armoured Division show depends on the ability of the propelling engines. If they cannot properly take the machine into action, the armour and armament is of no use. In that regard, Canadian industry has a long record of fine engine achievement. Canadian car manufacturers have been able to build motors of world-wide reputation.

In contrast, up until recently, this country had never been able to turn out armour plate for war uses. How completely the picture has changed in two years can best be illustrated by the proud boast of Canadian manufacturers that they now make the best armour plate in the world. More than that, they are ready to prove it by test against anything else that can be turned out. Steel manufacturers of other countries, once skeptical of this country's ability to produce, are now interested enough to examine thoroughly the methods of production worked out here and to profit by that examination.

Armour plate for the C.A.C. is made in a Dantesque setting, an infernal clanging din, highlighted by roaring furnaces and showers of sparks. From scrap heap to finished plate the destiny of countless tons of metal is guided in a thoroughly efficient, speedy fashion, through the Martian forges.

There is none of the cold, machine-age, emotionless efficiency of the production line about this work, however. A forge is still a forge, and sparks fly whether from a blacksmith's hammer or a huge power-driven striker. Man's fascination for fire, and the glowing colours of heated iron, can be found on a scale that would have frightened half to death the hand-craftsman of a bygone age.

To produce the quality armour that Canadians are turning out by the thousands of tons, several previous concepts of plate production have been violated. More than that, this shattering of tradition has been paying results in the quality of production.

For years, as an example, it had been believed that the higher the alloy content the better the steel plate. This belief has been shown to be erroneous to some considerable extent. The new formula for quality plate uses considerably less of the precious alloy metals than in the old methods but, by proper blending, there has been no loss of toughness or hardness.

In fact, the makers claim that their plate is considerably superior to many brands made under the

old plan of production. More than that, the formula husbands the supply of alloys, now becoming more difficult to obtain.

The other radical departure, of course, has been the introduction of casting armour plate. The hardest imaginable tests on firing range and in other devices have proven the quality of this cast process. It is considered as good as rolled plate by its makers, although military authorities, while admitting the quality of the castings, have still not accepted that dictum as completely accurate.

Beside armour plate, Canadian mills produce anti-aircraft guns and many other heavy items for use in war and war industries. Twenty-four hours every day and seven days a week, Canadian workers are spiking Hitler.

Through the Melting Pot

When fine steel plate is shipped to Canadian industry, it represents metal that has literally been tried in the furnace. First of all the processing calls for melting and refining. Into huge melting furnaces are tossed tons of scrap metal, pig iron, and alloy compounds. One of these electric furnaces, a 60-ton giant some 20 feet high and the biggest of its kind in the Empire, is controlled by a 12,000 K.W.A. transformer, which steps down the current to 250 volts but with high amperage. There are three phases in the furnace, each of which utilizes 40,000 amperes of electricity. This receptacle will melt and refine a complete filling in seven hours.

Upon leaving the furnaces, the metal is cast into slab ingots and stored for further use. At this stage it is ready for rolling and ingots, heated to a fiery red, are conveyed on an endless roller belt to the rolling mill where, in a shower of sparks and a roar of fusing elements, they are crushed into thinner and broader shapes. This process is repeated until the hot metal is in the shape and size required.

Armour plate is properly classified in two ways—rolled and cast. The same ingots can be used for either, but, naturally, the cast plate is made by heating and pouring into forms.

Plate, after rolling, still has a long way to go. It is then "normalized," which means heating for a prolonged period at high temperature to improve its quality for working. The plate is, when cool, torch cut to design and re-heated for hardening.

A similar process at lower temperature "tempers" the metal. Plate is then flattened in huge hydraulic and mechanical presses and tested and inspected.

Range tests are conducted to assure maintenance of the standard resistant properties of the plate to projectiles of all calibres. For this purpose, pieces of plate are selected at random from finished stock. Flaws or defective pieces are rarely found.

Where the Plate is Used

With these random impressions of how defensive armour is produced, let us turn to consideration of the uses, aside from tank production, to which some of it is devoted.

Although they have a limited C.A.C. role, carriers are a handy machine in any army and have proven their worth from France to Singapore.

Canadian-built carriers are a joint product of two major firms and upwards of 200 sub-contractors. Hulls are fully fabricated separately and then turned over to another plant for final assembly. Master vertical drills, working in sets, prepare the steel plates for assembly in groups of 3 to 10 at a time.

Final assembly is made on long production lines, basically similar to those used in the mass production of automobiles. Bogey wheels, engines, wiring, and other essentials are added step by step.

Canadian carriers are 90 per cent. Canadian-made. None but minor parts come from the United States. Engines are of standard Canadian make. A special non-spillable carburetor is used.

Carriers, when completed, are given a severe testing at special testing grounds. They are driven 40 miles on the grounds, 15 more on roads, and go over two ramps. This helps find leaks around the motors, as well as giving the driver and passengers a feeling of driving upside down. Testing is done under government supervision, following which the carrier returns to the plant for adjusting and for a new coat of paint to cover the scratches of the test.

Scout, Recce., Armoured Cars

Organization of armoured units call for the use of scout cars in numbers. It is encouraging to find that Canada is now turning out a splendid model of this valuable vehicle.

All details of construction and performance are on the secret list—and rightly so. The same applies to the new Canadian Recce. and armoured cars.

All three are newly and specially designed for adaptability in their specific tasks, for simplicity in operation and maintenance, and for speed and standardization in production. There is no evidence that the variance in these requirements has led to the hampering of any one of them.

In concluding this survey of Canadian A.F.V. production, the general observation can be made that the automotive industry, and other industries, are advancing technically at an undreamed-of rate of progress—measured by peacetime standards.

Discoveries are being made constantly from testing and actual use of army vehicles. These have already resulted in improved types of carburetors, oil pumps, electrical interference suppressors, and countless other items. All this knowledge, coming

at a rapid rate because of the exertions of wartime industry, will be utilized in industrial production when peace returns.

Which means that you have no idea of the improvements that will be available in the first new car models off the production line when Canadian companies return to peacetime production after your job is done.

Canadian industry has mobilized all its brains and ability to put this war work across. Canadian workers are doing a grand job, and winning their battle to give the armed services the best equipment they can get. Production is now starting to come in the quantity that ensures final victory.

This industrial achievement is made all the sweeter to these men with their hearts in the tussle because of the tremendous obstacles against which they have had to fight. Canadian factories will see that the Canadian Armoured Corps—and the armoured units of the Empire—get the tools to finish the job.

* * * * *

When about to add air to your tires, let a little of the old air squirt out. That way, you'll blow out any dirt that's got into the valves. Keep your valve caps on—and be sure of keeping the dirt out.



"These blackouts are okay by me!"

Guerrilla Warfare

By **BERT LEVY**
Reprint from
INFANTRY JOURNAL

The greatest master of guerrilla warfare whose exploits and ideas are fully known to us was Lawrence of Arabia. There may be, in China or the Balkans, greater masters whom we do not at present know; meanwhile Lawrence can give us as much of what we want. He describes his views of the Arab revolt he led, in his great book, the Seven Pillars of Wisdom. Recovering from fever in an Arab tent he thought over what the Arabs wished to do—conquer perhaps 140,000 square miles held by the Turks. And he thought:

How would the Turks defend all that? . . . no doubt by a trench line across the bottom, if we were an army attacking with banners displayed . . . but suppose we were an influence (as we might be), an idea, a thing invulnerable, intangible, without front or back, drifting about like gas? Armies were like plants, immobile as a whole, firm rooted, nourished through long stems to the head. We might be a vapour, blowing where we listed. Our kingdoms lay in each man's mind, and as we wanted nothing material to live on, so perhaps we offered nothing material to the killing. It seemed a regular soldier might be helpless without a target. He would own the ground he sat on, and what he could poke his rifle at.

Then I estimated how many posts they would need to contain this attack in depth, sedition putting up her head in every unoccupied one of these hundred thousand miles. I knew the Turkish Army inside and out, and allowing for its recent extension of faculty by guns and aeroplanes and armoured trains, still it seemed it would have need of a fortified post every four square miles, and a post could not be less than twenty men. The Turks would need six hundred thousand men to meet the combined illwills of all the local Arab people. They had one hundred thousand men available. It seemed the assets in this part of command were ours, and climate, railways, deserts, technical weapons could also be attached to our interests, if we realized our raw materials and were apt with them. The Turk was stupid and would believe that rebellion was absolute, like war, and deal with it on the analogy of absolute warfare. Analogy is fudge, anyhow, and to make war on rebellion is messy and slow, like eating soup with a knife.

Lawrence pointed out that "most wars are wars of contact, both forces striving to keep in touch to avoid tactical surprise. Our war should be a war of detachment . . . not disclosing ourselves until the moment of attack." This is the essence of guerrilla tactics, and at the time when Lawrence fought it was natural that these tactics should reach their highest level in the desert, where regular forces cannot exist in large numbers to hold a continuous front. Today the airplane has altered the desert. It is no longer "the silent threat of a vast unknown desert." It is usually a patch of country where there is no cover from air observation. Abd el Krim fought well, only a few years after Lawrence. The air gave him away. Today the guerrilla must work more from the forest and from broken country than from the treeless spaces; more from centres of population than from the empty spaces. But the principles that Lawrence laid down hold good for this form of war today.

He pointed out that the ideal was never to give the enemy soldier a target. "Many Turks on our front had no chance all the war to fire a shot at us,

and correspondingly we were never on the defensive except by a rare accident." And he laid down that this was only possible if intelligence about the enemy was perfect, "so that we could plan in complete certainty."

And Lawrence saw that political warfare, propaganda, is an essential part of this sort of war. "The printing press is the greatest weapon in the armory of the modern commander," he wrote. "We had won a province when we had taught the civilians in it to die for our ideal of freedom: the presence or absence of the enemy was a secondary matter."

I cannot help applying those words to Europe today. And they are not the words of a foreigner or of someone in (someone who could ever have been in) a Ministry of Information. They are the words of the most remarkable English soldier known to the whole world. "We have won Europe when we have taught the civilians in it to die for our ideal of freedom: the presence or absence of Hitler's troops is a secondary matter."

Guerrilla attack, Lawrence noted, should be directed against whatever the enemy lacks most. The Turks were very short of material, and therefore his attacks were directed mainly against material. To attack the unguarded railway, the stores almost undefended, was also the best policy for him, because his Arab troops would scarcely stand casualties. In war against the Nazis, whose method of warfare depends so much upon road transport and inflammable fuel and lubricating oil, it is clear that the guerrilla has many material targets of this sort. But towards the end of the Arab revolt, when the Turkish Army was breaking, Lawrence saw that the Arabs must be launched as a stinging swarm of raiders against the flank and rear of that army. While he was draining the Turkish strength, he liked to leave the Turkish railways just working, and not more than just working. When Allenby's striking force was ready for the decisive blow, Lawrence sent his Arabs to cut and hold the Turk's railway centres. The guerrillas' target is chosen by the needs of battle, not by any absolute rule.

Captain Liddell Hart's book, "Colonel Lawrence", is the best description of Lawrence as a soldier and guerrilla leader. In this book Captain Liddell Hart describes the final phases of the war in Palestine as one in which nearly half the Turkish forces south of Damascus were distracted by the Arabs. Two Turkish army corps, worn and wearied down until their strength, with that of the railway garrisons, was only about 14,000 fighting men, were pinned east of the Jordan. Liddell Hart writes: "The most remarkable feature is that, with some relatively light assistance from Chaytor's force, these Turkish masses were paralyzed by an Arab contingent that counted less than 3,000 men, and of which the actual expeditionary corps was barely 600 strong." Allenby's striking force only had to deal with the other half of the harassed and hopeless Turkish Army.

And summarizing the whole campaign, Liddell Hart writes: "The wear and tear, the bodily and mental strain, that exhausted the Turkish troops and brought them to breaking point, was applied by the Arabs, elusive and ubiquitous, to a greater extent than by the British forces . . . They severed the line of communication at the moment when it became the life-and-death line, when the fate of the enemy hung on this frayed thread."

Summarizing the man Lawrence, Liddell Hart also writes: "Military history cannot dismiss him as merely a successful leader of irregulars. He is seen to be more than a guerrilla genius—rather does he appear a strategist of genius who had the vision to anticipate the guerrilla trend of civilized warfare that arises from the growing dependence of nations on industrial resources."

It will be a tragedy if the British people, having produced such a genius, fail to learn from him. And nothing was more astonishing in 1940 than to find that it was only our unofficial gang at Osterley Park who were talking about Lawrence's methods of warfare; in the newspapers and in the training manuals and in lectures of high officers, who tried to teach us to fight like gentlemen, neither the Army, nor the home guard, nor the civilian, was given Lawrence as an example to think about and copy. What a queer country it is that produces such men, and makes out of them heroes for boys but not teachers for the "serious." The "serious" thing to do in modern war, if we are to judge from the efforts of officialdom, is to sit in a blockhouse that is the most obvious feature of any landscape and get what is coming to you. It is to be defensive all the time, and to count any attack on your enemy as necessarily postponed until you have forces equal in numbers and material strength to that enemy. There would have been no Arab revolt if that had been Lawrence's way of thinking.

Nor—to move on a few years—would the Irish Free State ever have come into existence if the Irish had believed that it was necessary, before they tackled Britain, to have armaments equal to those of Britain. The Irish "Troubles" consisted of a guerrilla war fought by quite a small section of the population, backed up by the majority of the population. E. O'Malley's book, called in this country "On Another Man's Wound", and in America, "Army Without Banners", is almost as vivid and thrilling a description of the risks and chances of guerrilla war as Denis Rietz' Commando, the story of the Boers' guerrilla fighting. In the Boers' case they had the advantage of mobility; they were mounted infantry and could usually ride away from English cavalry. The Irish had no such advantage; they had not even the relative mobility of Lawrence's men on camels. But they realized that the streets of towns and villages are good cover for the guerrilla and the sniper. They did more roof-top fighting than any force before or after them. And one of the best of O'Malley's stories includes a ladder propped up silently against the blank, solid wall of a police station, and men silently removing the slates from the roof of the building in order to pour in gasoline and then throw in a match.

—Please see Page 12

REMEMBER !

THOSE
BIRTHDAYS — ANNIVERSARIES
AND
YOUR HOSTESS
with one of our
EXCLUSIVE CARDS
AND
GIFTS
OF FINE ENGLISH CHINA

Office and Stationery Supplies

**WEAYMOUTH'S
BOOKSTORE**

30 Elizabeth Street

Phone 4055

BARRIE, Ont.

"Country lub"

ICE CREAM

• It's finer, smoother and
more flavorful

Ask for it—in mess, canteen
restaurants and stores

ORILLIA CREAMERY LTD.

PHONE

Hanmer & Co.

"BARRIE 3051"

**Tobacco and
Confections**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Hanmer & Co.

45 Dunlop Street

BARRIE

Old Man Ontario

wants to know if you are having trouble getting your Laundry and Dry Cleaning done as you like it. If you are he suggests you try

Super-Service

Enclose a note in your first parcel stating just what you would like; we will do the rest.

PHONE EL 5234


Ontario Laundry
COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO

The Irish were the first guerrillas to fight against an army that largely maneuvered by vehicle. The British forces in Ireland used gasoline-driven vehicles for movement and for supply. Against these vehicles the Irish developed their weapons and techniques. After a period, no unarmoured vehicle could be safely used in Ireland unless it was netted against the hand grenade and was capable of using machine-gun fire at once—against guerrillas manning an ambush. How important a wastage this can be, from the point of view of a modern commander needing his trained men and his machine guns for actual battle, can be seen when we realize that a modern motorized or mechanized unit may have one vehicle for every ten men, including machines needed for supply; and even infantry divisions not considered motorized will have about one vehicle for every twenty-five men. If all these vehicles must have machine guns and skilled machine-gunners on board, for fear of guerrillas, the drain on the enemy's resources is enormous.

Naturally one of the main ways in which guerrillas use improvised or partly improvised weapons and tactics, against an army that moves by vehicle, is the use of high explosive in the form of mine or hand-grenade, and fire in the form of "Molotov cocktail" or flame-thrower. Some of these methods were developed in the war in Spain, not only for the attack on trucks, but for the more difficult job of attacking tanks. The "dinamiteros" who first tackled Fascist tanks in Spain were mainly Asturians, to begin with, and they had learnt the tricks of guerrilla warfare in the Asturian revolt of 1934. This business of tank-hunting and tank-stopping is one of the ways in which guerrilla tactics have forced themselves into the accepted tactics of large-scale war. And the Spaniards showed that improvisation and the power to adopt new tactics is an essential factor if the Fascist war machine is to be held up.

There was not as much actual guerrilla war behind the enemy's lines in Spain as there might have been. The trouble was that the Republican Army had to be almost entirely improvised and could only be hastily trained. Therefore most of the best efforts of those who knew how to fight went into the training of this army, and into battles which it fought; a casual slipshod, amateur way of fighting had to be ended in order that the Republican armies might remain in being as a striking force. There were therefore too few people to plan and carry out guerrilla activity behind the enemy's lines. General Franco's forces had of course their own guerrillas, in the peculiar form typical of Nazi strategy. They had the Fifth Column. We had at one time what we called a "Phantom Brigade" which operated behind General Franco's lines in the south, where the fronts were relatively open. Hemingway's book "For Whom the Bell Tolls" describes guerrilla fighting north of Madrid. It was an essential element in our resistance to Fascism; if we had been able to develop it as successfully as we developed an army, that war might still be going on. And in that case this war we are now engaged in might never have started.

In one sense the struggle of the guerrillas in Spain has not ended yet, and does not look like end-

ing. When General Franco's forces, at the beginning of his revolt, seized the area around Seville, some miners from the Rio Tinto mines and some peasants made their way into the hills. Right throughout the years of the war in Spain these isolated guerrillas maintained their hiding places and their raids. They are there still; they still raid.

Right in the north of Spain in the mountains of the Asturias, even stronger guerrilla forces held out for the Republic long after German bombers and Italian tanks had "conquered" the Republic of the Basques and its Asturian neighbors. Their ranks have been swelled by prisoners who have escaped from General Franco's overcrowded prison camps. As month after month and year after year General Franco has shown the population of Spain that he has only leaden food to give them, these guerrillas in the hills have become of more importance. They cannot defeat the Nazi grip on Spain; they cannot even defeat Franco, a much weaker thing. But what they could do, combined with a striking force, seems to me likely to be on a level with what their ancestors did when combined with Wellington's men.

At the other end of the world a Republic exists as an independent state because its rulers did not think it necessary to stop fighting until it had enough tanks, and because its people fought as guerrillas even when the fighting front had gone far past them. The Chinese guerrillas have not only shown us new tactics; they have also solved some of the problems of supply for a guerrilla force. They have solved these problems in two ways. They have reduced to a fine art the business of getting arms and ammunition from their enemies. And secondly they have developed "guerrilla industry", little factories and workshops hidden and kept secret. They have made some of their essential industries portable, mobile, and so dispersed that they are not a good target for Japanese bombs or ground forces. It is one of the most extraordinary stories in the history of warfare, and it is told with skill and detail in Edgar Snow's "Scorched Earth."

The Chinese guerrillas have even established a university behind the Japanese lines. They hold and operate from scores of counties, in which taxes are collected for the Chinese government and justice is administered by Chinese magistrates. In whole provinces of China—and some Chinese provinces are as big as France—the Japanese can only hold the railways and large cities. Outside these, Chinese life goes on under the protection of the guerrillas—and Japanese deaths go on.

China has a striking force as well as guerrillas, yet the long war there is a stalemate. This is because the Chinese armies have practically none of the weapons of a modern army. Because the guerrillas are so powerful and effective, even a small addition to the armament of the striking force might put the Chinese in a position to win back much of their enormous country, or even to drive the Japanese into the sea. At some point in this war's strategy that may be well worth considering.

When the story comes to be told of the reconquest of Abyssinia from the Italians, it seems certain that the same combination will be seen, between

Military Kanteen Shop



48 Dunlop Street
Barrie - Phone 2332

Barathea Uniforms Great Coats

IN STOCK OR MADE-TO-MEASURE

Everything for Fighting Men

Sam Brown Belts, Trench Coats, Haversacks, Shirts, Ties, Lanyards, Uniforms Made to Measure.

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

'Swift's Premium'



THE BRAND NAME

FOR

THE FINEST PRODUCTS

striking force and guerrillas, as in larger campaigns. Some of these guerrillas were organized and led by British officers, and two of these officers are known to us through American reports. One of them, Brigadier Sanford, had lived in Ethiopia for 30 years as a trader; he contributed, clearly, the local knowledge that is so invaluable to a guerrilla leader. Another of these officers, Major Orde Wingate, had trained and commanded Jewish irregulars in Palestine, until they could meet Arab raiders on equal terms. His contribution has clearly been the tricks and tactics of irregular war. Why the story of these and other men, a story that may be almost as great as that of Lawrence of Arabia, has been kept hidden from the British public is one of the mysteries of this war. It is an old maxim in war to learn from your enemies; but how curiously comatose are a people and an army that avoids learning even from its friends.

It is impossible to write of the history of guerrilla warfare without mentioning the history in the making today. The campaign in Russia is the greatest example of the use of mechanized force there ever has been in the world; it is also the greatest example of guerrilla war. Guerrilla fighting is no new thing to the Russians. After the last Great War, when the Red Army had scarcely any arms or equipment, the Soviet Union fought against the armies of fourteen states invading Russia, and against Russian counter-revolutionaries. Much of the Red Army's fighting had to be done, necessarily, by guerrilla or, as the Russians call them, partisan methods. They had not forgotten these partisan methods when the Nazi armies invaded their country.

Because the newspapers have been full of Russian guerrilla fighting some people think that the Russians have discovered a new way of doing the job. But no accounts of really new methods have reached us. The last issue of Soviet War News to come my way reports that two Soviet Boy Scouts, aged twelve and fourteen, have been killing Nazi motorcyclists with a wire across a road. The British Boy Scouts who demonstrated how this should be done at Osterley, when we had not enough older instructors, were about the same age.

Perhaps there are no new methods of guerrilla warfare. Or perhaps new methods only grow up gradually as weapons and explosives change. As far as I can see, the things the Russians are doing, and doing very effectively, do not differ in essentials from the things we were teaching at Osterley in the summer of 1940.

The Osterley* gang advocated the improvising of grenades out of cocoa tins; the defenders of Odessa used caviar tins. As the reports come through, we find our bag of tricks "discovered" one by one in the newspapers. We naturally should never have thought of caviar; but we had thought of the fact that even a highly mechanized modern army, fully equipped with all the latest stuff, would still need backing by improvisations made from the nearest handy material.

One thing stands out from the Russian reports that is only paralleled by the Chinese and the Balkan guerrillas. After the Nazi army has stormed through an area and left it, in the burned villages

and little towns the Soviets spring up again. One case has been reported of a Soviet pilot shot down in territory "occupied by the Nazis." He fell among friends, and found that the local Soviets had been reestablished under guerrilla protection as soon as the Nazi troops were drawn away for the offensive against Moscow. The pilot was injured and had to lie up for a period until he was fit enough to travel on the "underground railway" to rejoin his unit. When he was ready to leave, the officials of the local soviet decided that he must have a proper medical certificate stating why he had been absent for so long, and on this certificate the proper rubber stamps and signatures were affixed.

That brings our rough outline of the past of guerrilla warfare right up to today. But we can see also the shape of things to come in other news that reaches us as this book is being written. The Times states that there are a hundred thousand insurgents in one little Balkan country, Yugoslavia. As this book is completed further news comes of a regular soldier, General Mihailovich, who leads an "invisible army" blockading Belgrade, holding at least a quarter of Serbia and in possession of three air dromes. It is no longer a question of a future potential outbreak of guerrillas in Europe; they have established already in the Balkans the "Second Front" that Britain still discusses. There are men fighting still in Poland; from angry Norway and unhappy France comes news of the rising movement of revolt. And these guerrillas are not all "mountain men"; great cities like Prague and Oslo show signs of the planning and organization that may at the right time burst out into strikes, street fighting, the seizure of arsenals and Nazi stores of arms, the growth of city guerrillas. That clearly can be the shape of the future—if and when there is a striking force to do its share of the job.

*Osterley Guerrilla Fighting School, British Home Guard.



"Confidentially—How do you keep them so clean, Sir?"

FROM BLUE ORDERS

PROMOTIONS AND QUALIFICATIONS

To be Captain: A/Captains L. R. Bergklint, D. V. Currie, Lieutenants N. Alexander, G. G. Bell, B. J. Duncan, H. D. Grant, I. G. Patrick, D. C. Raven, A. F. Shaw, S. L. Thomson.

To be Acting Captain: Lieutenants R. C. Armstrong, G. T. Baylay, E. P. Hall, K. M. Ramsey.

To be Lieutenants: Lieutenants T. H. Askin, R. F. G. Ashby.

Lts. A. M. Burka, W. Barker, 2nd Lt. G. M. D. Blackstock.

Lts. P. E. Connelly, J. G. Currie, R. F. Campbell. Lt. W. W. Finch, 2nd Lt. D. H. Folkins.

Prov. 2nd Lt. J. S. Garrett.

Lt. R. A. Hastings.

Lt. C. W. P. Lunderville.

Lts. N. J. McNeill, G. S. Murray, 2nd Lt. H. A. Mills.

2nd Lt. A. K. Paton.

Lts. T. P. Richardson, G. F. Rogers, D. A. Ross.

Lts. F. C. Smith, J. C. Staples.

Prov. 2nd Lt. L. R. P. G. Turcotte.

Lts. P. V. Wade, D. M. Woods, 2nd Lt. G. M. Wiley.

To be 2nd Lieutenants: 2nd Lt. D. C. Bythell, Cadets F. G. Baxter, L. Bake, M. Bourque, J. C. Bryan, H. Bailey, F. C. Bullen, R. D. C. Benmore, C. B. Browne.

2nd Lts. F. P. Clarke, H. R. G. Campbell, C. E. Chaplin, Cadets E. Cooper, G. C. Catton.

Cadets K. M. Davidson, C. S. Dickson, A. M. M. Dubois, A. E. Dingle.

Cadet V. T. L. Erickson.

2nd Lts. H. E. Fearman, G. R. Foster, Cadet J. M. Forbes.

2nd Lt. W. J. Griffin.

2nd Lts. T. C. Humphreys, G. A. R. Hart, F. W. Hill, Cadets A. S. Hutchings, R. B. Hoar.

2nd Lt. R. A. Johnston, E. E. Johnson, Cadets E. G. Jorgenson, J. H. Jessop.

Cadet J. B. Kirkpatrick.

2nd Lts. W. P. Lawler, K. C. Liddell, Temp. 2nd Lt. F. A. Leew, Cadets H. A. Lamb, L. G. Lazure, V. E. Lindsay.

2nd Lt. E. D. Morgan, Cadets R. B. MacNeill, H. G. McCarty, B. Y. McCreath, R. E. S. McAskill, D. J. Mallett, K. J. McRae, G. L. Mortenson, W. W. McKeand.

Cadet W. R. R. Newberry.

2nd Lts. J. B. S. Oldaker, D. T. O'Sullivan.

2nd Lt. J. T. Pullam, Cadets W. G. H. Pavey, B. H. Parsons.

2nd Lt. E. A. Reid, Cadets E. H. Reardon, J. P. Roy.

2nd Lt. A. L. Strachan, Cadets F. C. Shirriff, W. I. Stanton, J. O. Stevens, K. K. Stokes, D. G. Schoone, R. W. Scott.

2nd Lt. K. S. Taylor, Cadet S. G. Tait.

Cadets V. J. Walker, W. H. Waterston, R. St. C. Willis.

Cadet W. H. Young.

To be Provisional 2nd Lieutenants: 2nd Lt. J. C. B. Brown, Temp. 2nd Lt. B. R. B. Gore.

THE EIGHTH ARMY

What has happened to the British troops of the the Eighth Army, the Army of the Nile—were they all captured at Tobruk, and is Egypt now being defended entirely by Imperial and Indian troops?

The question is not unnatural, for though the communiques in the press mention repeatedly New Zealand, Australian, Indian and sometimes "Imperial" troops, no mention appears (now that the retreat is over) of any purely British troops, or, as we should say, United Kingdom troops.

This, it seems to me, arises from the sense of the essential picturesqueness of what one might call the British Empire troops, in contrast with the general conception of the stolid, unimaginative, perhaps even "bovine" (is not the English prototype John Bull!) Englishman from the typically English counties. The fact that Marlborough, Wolfe and Nelson, and the men they led, were from the British Isles is forgotten in favor of the young and picturesque seedlings which have since grown up in lands which were

added to the Commonwealth by the hardihood of their forebears.

In some ways it reminds one of soap advertisements—one brand is brought to the public notice because it floats, another because it is delicately scented, a third because it does not chap the hands, while the essential quality of all soaps, the ability to remove dirt, is forgotten.

So in the fighting qualities of British troops, and by British troops is meant in this case all troops from the British Commonwealth of Nations, it is the picturesque adjuncts which are seized upon for bringing to the public notice, while the essential qualities of the whole product are neglected.

The backbone of all the armies of the British Commonwealth is formed by United Kingdom troops, and like a good backbone they are taken for granted. This is realized by all the soldiers of the British Commonwealth (and by their adversaries!), but it may not be so clear to the other members of the Family of Free Nations.

GERMANY - - Europe's Trouble - Maker

From Notes and Information Compiled
By CAPT. SCOTT LINDBERG

The "Old Reich" of Germany, without the present territorial addition of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Norway, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, Greece, Crete, Ukraine, and Caucasus, is the fourth largest country in Europe, with a population of sixty-seven million people, which was the approximate population of the German Empire in 1914.

Apart from the countries mentioned above, which have been overwhelmed by Germany, five more, Slovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland and Hungary have accepted "protection."

The "Old Reich" is divided into two parts—the Northern Plain, and the South-Western Highlands.

The Northern Plain, devoted chiefly to agriculture, in spite of the comparative poverty of the soil, includes Westphalia (where the bulk of German heavy industry is situated), Hanover, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and East Prussia.

The South-Western Highlands includes the Rhineland (south of Keln), Baden, Wurttemberg, Bavaria, Thuringia and Saxony.

The German sea coast is 1,050 miles long, excluding the coast of the Polish Corridor, Danzig and Memel. The chief ports are Hamburg, Bremen, Cuxhaven and Emden on the North Sea coast (the two latter are naval bases), and Kiel, Stettin, Rostock, Lubeck and Konigsberg on the Baltic, with Danzig and Gydnia as valuable, but, it is hoped, temporary additions.

In spite of the fact that Germany is a well-watered country, fed by the Rhine, Elbe, Weser, Oder and many smaller streams, the northern part of the Reich is comparatively unproductive, the sandy soil producing potatoes (the staple food of North Germany), and root crops in abundance, but grain crops less prolifically, while in the south large mountain areas hinder agriculture.

The climate is similar to that of the United Kingdom, but subject to greater extremes of heat and cold.

The Northern Plain is largely agricultural, producing potatoes, roots, rye and wheat.

Ever since the formation of the German Empire in 1871, Germany has striven to be self-sufficient in food as an insurance against a possible war on two fronts. This political aim has been fostered by pro-

tection of the agricultural interests, which have played a strong part in German politics.

Much of the soil of Germany is too poor for intensive farming, and this had led to large areas, unsuited to arable farming or to grazing, being devoted to forests, which form about 27 per cent of the area of the Reich proper.

The best land lies chiefly in the valleys of the Rhine and its tributaries and around Madgeburg and Halle. Otherwise the poverty of the soil as well as the hardness of the climate, particularly in the north-east, leads to the cultivation of rye and oats in preference to wheat. The yields of the cereal crops per acre before the war were a little above British in rye, a little below in wheat and barley, and about the same in oats. The great food crop of Germany was, of course, the potato, of which nearly twice as many were consumed as in Great Britain. In the main, Germany was about 85 per cent self-supporting.

The seat of German heavy industry is in Westphalia and the upper Rhineland, where 75 per cent of all German industry was until recently concentrated. The ease with which these areas can be bombed has now led the authorities to move industrial concerns, as far as possible, into the interior of the country and even into German-occupied Poland.

Breslau, in Silesia, is the capital of a coal-mining and industrial district, while in Austria the Styrian fields of low-grade iron are being heavily exploited by Reichswerke Hermann Goering. Artificial petrol is produced in many parts of Germany on a small scale, but the chief plant is the Leunawerke near Leipzig. Bavaria contains aircraft factories, but is largely an agricultural and pastoral country. Thuringia is traditionally a land of handicrafts; and a producer of clocks, watches, toys, ornaments, and novelties of the Christmas-tree type. Franconia and the lower Rhineland are agricultural and vine-growing districts.

Germany is normally short of many of the materials needed for modern war. She has coal—but she lacks the sea routes by which to move it, and she needs vast extra quantities to make substitutes for her other deficiencies. So coal is in short supply. She has iron ore, but much of it is low-grade. To smelt it needs far more coal and labour than is required for higher-grade ore. She has a great steel-making industry—but she is short of most of the hardening metals which are needed to make machine tools, armour plate, bearings, armour-piercing shells and the more important parts of engines, guns and tanks. She has very little copper, no nickel, tin or rubber; she is short of pyrites and phosphates, of hides and tanning materials, of cotton, wool, jute

and hemp, of edible oils and fats and of petroleum. None of these essential things are found in sufficient quantities anywhere in German Europe.

Goebbels has told us that Germany prepared for eight years to overcome these deficiencies. She built up stocks. She planned to make the best possible use of what she had. (The Hermann-Goering Works is specially designed to work her low-grade iron ore.) She specialized in replacing one metal by another (e.g. copper by aluminium). She developed substitute industries ("ersatz" oil from coal; "ersatz" rubber from coal and limestone; "ersatz" cotton from timber). Some of these substitutes, e.g., oil from coal, are as good as the natural products, but most are not, and all take far more labour to produce.


Another way in which Germany has dealt with her deficiencies is by conquering and exploiting her neighbours. From Belgium, Holland and France she took immense quantities of loot—oil, copper, hides, clothing—something for all her deficiencies. In South-East Europe there was less to loot. In Russia it is still too early to know what has escaped the scorching of the earth. This loot replenished her stocks, but it can only be used once. How far are these countries continuing to be sources of supply?

In many important ways they have made her position better. This applies particularly to petroleum and other mineral resources, which can be simply taken and carried away. Thus her oil position is better for having got control of the Rumanian fields. But even with this and the rest of Europe's produc-

tion outside the Caucasus, with her own oil from coal, with all the substitute fuels and greases (gas, alcohol from beet, potatoes and wood, specially treated vegetable oils and so on) she has still too little to run the Europe she has occupied and to fight a war. Whilst the Russian campaign goes on, her stocks are diminishing fast. Similarly, she is the better for the chrome of Jugo-Slavia and Greece and some Molybdenum from Norway; but her supply of hardening materials is still insufficient. She is also the better for the iron-ore of Lorraine and the bauxite of France and Central Europe.

The occupied countries also provide Germany with large numbers of workers, both skilled and unskilled. Germany has about 1,700,000 foreign workers in her service and 2,000,000 prisoners of war (not counting Russians) apart from the labour going on in occupied countries for her account. This labour is difficult to use, whether in Germany or its native countries. But it is a great addition to Germany's strength.

She has conquered countries which have also great industrial and agricultural resources. But the value of these is harder to estimate; because what Germany gets out depends more on what she puts in. Holland, for instance, had made farming into an industry; but it depended on imports of feeding stuffs and fertilizers. Now these are cut off, Holland's agricultural production is declining. France has an engineering industry which the Germans want to use—but to do so they must send it the raw



You too will enjoy—

**Neilson's
JERSEY
MILK
CHOCOLATE**

*Delicious
Nourishing
Appetizing*

materials, of which they are themselves short; and they must also see that the population remains both healthy and docile enough to work. Germany could get great dividends out of her conquests if she could develop them; but to develop them means sending them raw materials—oil, food, machinery—and men to police and administer them. Of all these things Germany is short.

Germany's conquests bring her one other advantage. They bring her power nearer to other countries, containing resources which she needs. She is better placed now than when the war began for getting timber and iron ore from Sweden; phosphates, iron ore and cobalt from French North Africa; ground nuts from French West Africa; pyrites and iron ore from Spain; fish and wolfram from Portugal. But she is still a long way from a rubber tree or from any large supplies of copper or tin.

To sum up—the occupied countries, especially in the West, paid a large bonus the first year. They are still paying a dividend; but they are also requiring raw materials, transport materials (including oil), in some cases food and in all cases a lot of attention. The poorer ones are economically a net liability. The others seem at present more likely to become less profitable than to become more profitable. They provide Germany with a buffer—tens of millions of unwilling "shock-absorber-troops"—to take the first impact of economic war. The stronger Germany becomes, the more help she will get from the vassals. The weaker she becomes, the more she will need from them and the less she is likely to be able to get from them.

The German railway system is the best-developed in Europe, as it was originally planned, like almost everything else of the kind in Germany, on strategic lines. In spite of the shortage of rolling stock, now alleviated by Belgian, Dutch, French and Polish locomotives and wagons, the system is an extremely efficient auxiliary in war. Hence the persistency of the R.A.F. in bombing "marshalling yards" in the Ruhr and Rhineland which minister to the needs of war industry.

In addition the German system of waterways has been greatly extended in recent years, and canals are much used, since in Germany both railways and canals are State-owned. There is thus no competition, as there was in the United Kingdom between privately-owned railway companies and privately-owned canal companies, which led to the virtual extinction of the latter. There are in Germany two main canal systems: the Elbe-Oder system and the Rhine-Weser-Ems system.

The Mitelland Canal, capable of taking 1,000 ton barges, connects North Germany with the Rhine, and the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal will, when completed, make it possible for barges to travel from North Germany to the Black Sea, carrying German manufactured goods southward and Balkan raw materials northward.

Finally the system of Reichsautobahnen, instituted by Hitler in 1933, furnished the Reich with a network of first class motor roads dictated entirely by strategic considerations and enabling troops and

materials to be moved great distances by road in the minimum of time and with the least possible wear and tear. These roads are 78 ft. wide, and consist of two one-way tracks, each 25 ft. wide, with a grass strip in the centre. The system runs as follows:

- (a) North to South:
 (i) Hamburg - Hannover - Frankfurt - am - Main - Karlsruhe - Basel.
 (ii) Stettin - Berlin - Leipzig - Nurnberg - Munchen - Wien (Munich - Vienna).
- (b) (i) Bremen - Hamburg - Stettin - Gydnia - Danzig - Konigsberg.
 (ii) Koln-Hannover-Berlin-Poznan (Posen).
 (iii) Koln - Dresden - Breslau.
 (iv) Karlsruhe - Stuttgart - Munchen.

This programme is not yet completed, and has been held up by the war. The total length of the system will be nearly 7,500 miles, of which more than half is completed.

In spite of Hitler's babblings of the doctrine of Race, there is no Western European nation whose population is so racially mixed as that of Germany. Hitler, himself, is of bad racial origin, with a low re-treating forehead, a badly proportioned head.

The country may be roughly divided, racially, by a line running from east to west south of Berlin. North of this line, from the former Polish frontier to the Elbe the "square-headed Prussian" is dominant. Ugly, brutal, boring, "efficient", incapable of constructive thought in matters of politics, ethics or religion, this unappetizing personage is often described, and with some justice, as the evil genius of Germany. He is a bastard by race, the large proportion of Slav blood in his veins consorting but ill with the purer German strain which he has acquired by intermarriage. By his energy, ruthlessness, lack of humour and organizing ability in material matters, this Teuto-Slav has managed to impose himself on the less enterprising races which inhabit other parts of the Reich. While National Socialism originated in the Sudetenland and become Bavarian by adoption it only reached its depths of beastliness when Prussia took the movement in hand.

West of the Elbe, but still north of the main dividing line, are found the true Plattdutsche of Emsland and Oldenburg, who are, racially, far closer to

—FOR—
Uniforms and Accessories
 VISIT
J. F. CRAIG & SONS
 AT THE FASHION CRAFT SIGN
Dunlop St. BARRIE Tel. 4302
 THE STORE THAT QUALITY BUILT

being "Nordics" than their Eastern neighbours. From them the best German seafarers are recruited, and their veins contain a large admixture of Dutch blood.

South of the dividing line come the South Germans, who are racially distinct from their compatriots in the North. Apart from the Westphalian industrial area, whose inhabitants are conditioned by their surroundings, South Germany breeds a more easy-going cheerful type than the North. It is here that the legend of the happy, beer-swilling, music-loving German had its origin. In the valleys the soil, more fertile than that of the North, produces good crops, and the hill-sides good wine. But the people, although externally more easy-going, share the universal German susceptibility to propaganda, the "two-mindedness" which is characteristic of all Germans, and, especially in the case of the Bavarians, the soldierly qualities which are so marked in the Prussian.

Saxony is probably the most "unreliable" Province of Germany in the political sense. In one respect it may be compared with Lancashire. Saxony is the traditional home of the comedian, and has several "Wigans", the mere mention of which on the stage is sure to raise a laugh. There, however, the comparison ends, since the Saxon is, generally speaking, despised by other Germans. He is, relatively, a poor soldier, less amenable to discipline than the men of other districts and given to the unpopular habit of thinking for himself. The celebrated instance of fraternization between British and German troops which occurred at Christmas, 1914, would have been possible only with Saxon troops. The great textile industrial area which clusters round Chemnitz is always closely watched by Party and Gestapo, who feel, quite rightly, that if serious trouble starts it may well start here.

The Sudeten Germans, about whose incorporation in the Reich there was some discussion in 1938, are racially not Germans at all, nor even Europeans. For some reason, which ethnologists are hard put to explain, this fragment of an Asiatic race settled beyond the Erzgebirge, adopted the German language and now glories in the name of German. The Sudetens are a poor-spirited race, and were noted as providing some of the worst troops of the Austro-Hungarian Army. For this reason Sudeten regiments

suffered heavier casualties than any other units in the last war. The k.u.k. High Command did not mind sacrificing such comparatively worthless cannon-fodder.

The inhabitants of Silesia, although unlike the Prussians, share with them the admixture of Slav blood. They make good enough soldiers, and are a dour, unattractive people.

Finally, some mention should be made of the Balts, from East Prussia and the Memelland, of whom Rosenberg, the "Philosopher of National Socialism" is an example. Here again the Slav peeps through. These people form a link with the Baltic countries, now incorporated in the U.S.S.R. and, albeit Nordics, are scarcely Germans in the accepted sense.

For 300 years, uniforms governed German life; decorations, parades, flags, were the glories of the people. No civilian ever rebelled against military rule; Germany is the only country in Europe that has never had a real revolution of the populace.

The pageantry of uniforms and flags all disappeared for the 14 years of the Republic, whose leaders lacked imagination. When the bands and the flags returned, when every hairdresser had his helmet and every chimney sweep his Prussian boots, this warrior people rejoiced who had been deprived of their right to obey.

COMPLIMENTS OF

LAKEVIEW DAIRY

BARRIE-ALLANDALE DAIRY

CITIZENS' DAIRY

(Suppliers to the Armoured Corps)

It's Thrifty to Shop at

ZELLER'S

OVER THERE!

SPECIAL DISPATCHES FROM
C.A.C. UNITS OVERSEAS

TANK TATTLE FROM THE 11TH

Greetings, Canada, from the 11th Canadian Tank Regiment. Yes, we've changed our name again. This lends itself to a shorter abbreviation than before, but it will not be an advantage if the postal people insist on our adding: "Formerly 'The 11th Cdn. Army Tank Bn. (Ont. R.)'; formerly, 'The Ontario Regt. (tank)'; formerly, 'The Ontario Regt.'; formerly, 'The 34th Ontario Regt.'; formerly, 'H' Coy. of the Q.O.R.'!" We are beginning to feel like a Hollywood actress! This war has seen us as tanks, (heavy, medium and light), infantry, M.G.'s, and guards on a P.O.W. camp. However, we are glad that we have actual tanks now, for it was far too easy for the powers-that-be to change our status when we fought in a paper war.

The past month has seen our tanks thoroughly cleaned and painted after their ordeal in May, and all were "show-pieces" for the Brigadier's inspection on June 23rd. Although Brigadier R. A. Wyman has inspected us before with other officials, this was the first time he has inspected us himself. We liked his thoroughness. It was a new type of inspection for us. Almost the whole staff at Bde. took part in it and covered every phase of our activities. On one occasion the officers were assembled for an order group while their technique was examined. The Bde. staff had prearranged several monkey wrenches for our machinery which created much amusement and some of the distraction which would be present under active conditions. First Capt. Caldwell rode up noisily as a D.R. disturbing the routine. Then Capt. Atkinson wandered in with all the regalia of a full Col. Padre. Much worried over the spiritual welfare of the unit, he butted in presumptuously to several conversations. Capt. Renison, who explained in a falsetto, that he was the new L.O. at Bde., dithered about changing wrong orders with the wrong C.O. These interruptions were climaxed by a wrestling match between Bn. I. O., Lieut. MacDonald, and a captured, but untamed, heinie prisoner who had been brought up (complete with olive uniform) by Capt. Cameron. Despite these diversions, orders were promulgated and the inspection concluded.

Not to be confused with Capt. Atkinson's act, we did have a real Col. Padre visit us this month. Col. Nelligan, Bishop of Pembroke, came to the unit with a particular interest in our R.C. personnel.

While Brigade personnel acted as stooges during our inspection it was our job to supply stooges for part of theirs. Our M.O., Capt. Mackay, acted as O.C. stooges and staged a series of casualties on a roadside which must have given horror to passers-by, but were effectively cared for by the 2nd Light Field Ambulance. Lieut. Chappell, L/Cpl Connolly, Tpr.

Town, Tpr. W. A. Smith and Tpr. Graham were the "impatients."

Sports have had a field-day this month—both literally and figuratively. Being more or less isolated now, and with no periods of the Bn. in the field, to spoil schedules, the first series of the Bn. softball games have been completed with laurels to Hq. Sqdn. who defeated "C" Sqdn. two straight games of a possible three. The second series is now getting under way. Our Bn. team, managed again by Capt. J. I. Kerr, and coached by Sgt. Sullivan, has at present the following line up: Tpr. Lappin, who is playing-captain, Sgt. Falconer, Cpl. Brockbank, Tpr. Logan, Tpr. Whyton, Tpr. Horoski, Tpr. Stevenson, Tpr. Weiller, Sgt. Price, Lieut. Whitelaw, Tpr. Noah, L/Cpl Bennett, Tpr. Doyle. To date the team has only played two scheduled games, one with the 2nd Light Field Ambulance and one with the 14th C.T.R. The scores, which we hope will not make us over confident, were 27-5 and 20-2 respectively. In an exhibition game with our old rivals the "Princess Pats", who captured the Cdn. Army Championship last year, we were able to obtain a favourable score of 3-0.

Several other baseball games with sub-units nearby, games with officers vs sergeants, etc., have yielded their share of enjoyment. Two field days in which tabloid sports, volley-ball, and inter-troop softball have given competitive exercise. The stellar sports attraction these days, however, is a "battle", "assault", "obstacle", or "what have you" course, laid out by Lieut. I. I. Knowles, who recently returned from a P.T. course which gave him ideas. You start this course over rough country, leap over a pit, climb a gate (which keeps the cows wondering, for it has no fence on either end!), then clamber through some barbless wire, scramble over a sand-bag wall, jump some 10 feet from a ramp, leap into space from another ramp, and swing across a stream "au Tarzan" (if you don't miss the rope), then jump into a muddy pool. (One is supposed to clear this pool, but invariably land in it!) L.I.K. isn't licked yet, but intends increasing this course, and including some rifle target practice at its conclusion. His chief worry at the moment is getting an increase in the soap ration for it practically uses a coupon to clean up after each trial!

During the month we have gained one and lost two officers. Lieut. Jim Harold, of Paris, Ont., has taken over the "Q" job from Lieut. McCrimmon, whose grey hairs (not all from worry over stores) have sent him to the holding unit. Lieut. J. L. Jemmett has been reposted to the 12th C.T.R. where he overlooks worry as 6'5" is able to do.

To end these tales of the tankers, we are proud to announce that during the month of April this unit had the lowest crime record in the Cdn. Army—and we feel that our pleasures didn't have to be curtailed to do it!

THE A-9 TURRET

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

A-9 Concert Party really put on a good show at the Camp Y.M.C.A. the other week. Going on record that we have concert talent in our midst, all the Acts were somewhat of a novelty with the assistance of Bandmaster Fowke and his Band, including the transformation from Band to Orchestra which went over big with the Boys. The Concert Committee is planning a real Stage Show with all the trimmings this coming winter—costumes and everything. So A-9 Tankers watch your Part I Orders for announcements.

By results of scores in the softball teams at Camp Borden A-9 is really giving all the other teams a trimming with the last game to their credit (before going to press) against A-10. S/Sgt Dyers is certainly to be congratulated for his ability as Manager and our C.O. is very pleased with the results—especially with bringing home the bacon at Everett on the holiday, winning \$25.00. So A-9 Tankers watch this team and turn out to each game.

Watching A-9 Entrants for the Toronto Swim Meet practice in the Camp Pool—they should be in a position to bring more honors to A-9 sports events. Our best wishes go with you Boys.

The Administration Wing Party goes down in history again as a "Top Notcher" and the impromptu

concert was a huge success with the help of the Band making the entire evening very pleasant. Lots to eat and lots to drink; everyone had a good time.

Congratulations are in order to Lt.-Col. Macaulay. He did a good job in A-9. Best of luck to you, Sir.

* * * * *

S/Sgts Hughes, Stacy and Borman have been appointed instructors in Diaper Drill. The following are "extracts" from "Infant Training Vol. 1 1939." On the command "Change Diapers" the following procedure will be adopted.

One. Place the infant upwards, head pointing to the left, on lap.

Two. With a smart movement of the right fore-finger and thumb, detach safety pin (feel for it) and place same between the lips, point to the front.

Three. Supporting infant with the left hand, open the flaps of diaper with the right, giving the infant a smart cant upwards with the left hand, jerk diaper away with right, and place it on ground two inches from rear of right hind leg of chair (with chairs, folding MK 2, put level with crossbar).

Five. Carefully clean and oil infant with rags, white, pattern C2. Sprinkle all parts with dusting

—Please see Page 24

HE FLIES THROUGH
THE AIR WITH THE
GREATEST OF EASE

—but when he lands, it's another tune. This sample of how not to save rubber—and how not to drive a jeep—was caught by a government camera for use in a recruiting drive. But the best way to put on this demonstration is with the visiting firemen in the back seat.



26TH CANADIAN ARMY TANK REGIMENT

(Grey and Simcoe Foresters)

By Sgt. W. J. "Scotty" Carmichael

Tank training is the big issue within the Regiment now and the men are fast rounding into shape as the time gets closer and closer when we will be able to take our places in the Big Show.

However, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and the Foresters are not the boys to sit back in their spare time and allow the keen edge to wear.

One of best recreation outlets lies in the fact that the Foresters have a good baseball team and at the time of writing the team is right up in the top flight battling it out with the well balanced R.C.A.F. club.

To date they have won all games played with the exception of a 4 to 3 reverse suffered at the hands of the Air Force. They tossed that one away after gathering up a three-run lead in the first two innings and then blew the verdict in the last half of the final canto.

The score was knotted at 3-3 with two out when the costly bobble robbed our lads of the game. The stage looked all set for overtime when the first baseman proceeded to try and catch a puny pop fly in his hip pocket. Of course the ball rolled to the ground with a heart rending thud and by the time said alleged first sacker got through kicking the apple around the lot, the runner had crossed the plate and had a shower. It was our ball team's first loss in two years and the gloom was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

The Foresters still hold the Fourth Division Baseball title from 1941. They won that title without a loss and without having a run scored against them.

The team deserves a good hand and the Regiment will be right in there pulling for them when the play-off series arrives.

Captain W. P. Telford is handling the club from the manager's bench and Sgt. Len Hart is carrying on with coaching duties. Our sporting Padre, Captain W. L. Brown, lends his support in several ways and even takes over umpiring duties. We will refrain from commenting on his ability as an umpire but it did seem significant when he stepped out on the field to take over the R.C.A.F.-Foresters game and the band struck up "Three Blind Mice." He covered himself with shin pads, breast protector and a heavy wire mask. The poor catcher had to do without shin guards and for a while it looked as if the ump was going to take his glove and let him catch with his meat hand. However, the Padre calls them as he sees them. (I am just aching to comment on this remark but I have a wife and family to support. Besides, the Padre is pretty big and it has been said that he packs a wicked wallop in his right hand.)

The personnel of the ball team is as follows: Catcher, Coole Gibbons; pitchers, Harold Hunter, Bob Richardson and Charlie Moore; 1st base, George "Sure Catch" Romanick; 2nd base, Sammy Neath; shortstop, Knobby Showan; 3rd base, Rugs Stanley; outfielders, Mac MacDonald, Wilf Barber, Weiner Gibbons and Pep Collie.

The men are taking a real interest in the tank training and according to all reports from upstairs, the Foresters are "doin' fine."

The A.W.O.L. list is rarely over one or two and sometimes R.S.M. Fallon has occasion to inform the Adjutant during the morning Regimental parade that the Regiment is "All present and accounted for, Srrrr."

This means only one thing—the men are interested in the job and Major Wagner, our acting Commanding Officer, has passed out a few compliments here and there. Major Wagner hasn't said "Twenty-eight days" for a long, long time and the first thing we know the nickname "February" may be temporary, we hope permanently dropped.

* * * *

I believe that five hundred new men added to an old and experienced regiment were more valuable than a thousand men in the form of a new regiment, for the former, by association with good experienced captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, soon became veterans, whereas the latter were generally unavailable for a year.—From Memoirs, by GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

SMOKES

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES
MAGAZINES CANDY

UNITED CIGAR
STORES

SODA BAR and GRILL

20 Dunlop St.

BARRIE

23RD CANADIAN ARMY TANK REGIMENT

(Halifax Rifles)

Appointments and Promotions

Sergt. McGillivray promoted to A/Squadron-Quarter-Master-Sergeant.

L/Sergt Robart, Cpls. Murray, T. B., Garber, P. G., Power, C. G., McIsaac, H. B., and Flemming, C. F., promoted to acting Sergeants.

L/Cpls Gratto, S. C., Conrad, A. D., Arsenault, C. R., and Rodgerson, R. C., promoted to acting Corporals.

Qualifications

Motorcycle:

Cpl. Joudrey, R. N., Tpr. Castle, C. V., and Tpr. Ettinger, L., have qualified as motorcyclists, Class III

Wheeled:

The following Other Ranks have successfully completed a Drivers and Maintenance Test Class III: Sgt. Young, G. G.; Sgt. Hencher, F. W., Sgt. Garber, P. G., Sgt. Murray, T. B., Cpl. Smeltzer, C. R., Cpl. Bezanson, K., Cpl. Gratto, S. C., Tprs. Fougere, W. G., Stone, J. E., Kehoe, J. C., and McGauley, J. K.

Gossip

It is rumored that Tprs. Merlin, R. A., Myers, F. B. G., Clarke, H. L., and Hogan, J. P., are enjoying their furlough to the full. It is also said that Tpr. Croke, D., our well known Reg't tailor is so busy lately that he's been losing some sleep. This has caused concern to one of Croke's best customers. This same fellow has a uniform (one for extra special occasions) in the tailor shop for modern alterations and to put it in his own words "I don't give a whoop if Croke loses his sleep as long as he doesn't lose some stitches—on my uniform."

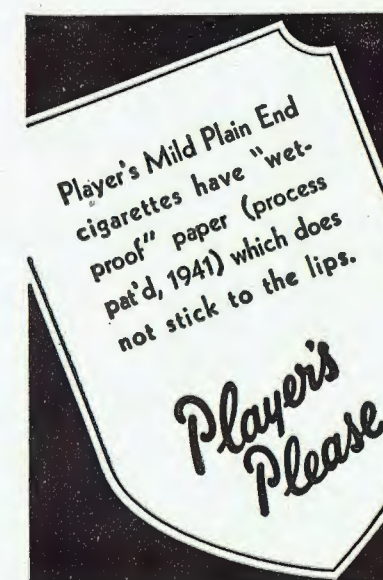
The 3rd of August was an occasion for a very enjoyable event when the different Sergeant Messes of the 2 Cdn. Army Tank Bde. held a dance at the Grey and Simcoe Foresters Armouries, Barrie. The senior officers of the Brigade and their wives were invited and from all accounts enjoyed themselves immensely. No single N.C.O. or W.O. was found wanting a partner as twenty-five Air Force girls were in attendance.

Speaking of Messes, we are pleased to note that our own Sergeant's Mess has been redecorated. The results are very pleasing to the eye and certainly the new mess trimmings must go a long way towards creating that certain atmosphere that causes such frequent outbursts of spontaneous goodfellowship—being voiced for instance by Sgts. Power, R. W. C., and Swan, J. W., with a varied rendition of "She's Only a Bird In a Golden Cage" as often as requested—and quite often, oftener.

And speaking of music, a good Scotsman like Sgt. Tony MacDonald should be able to sing something else besides "Road To The Isles."



"Sh-h-h-h-h!"



THE A-9 TURRET

—Continued from Page 21

powder and examine thoroughly for wear.

Six. Cant infant smartly upward with the left hand, at the same time taking clean diaper from its position on right shoulder. Spread diaper on lap.

Seven. Assemble diaper as taught in Elementary Diaper Drill and secure with safety pin. Tension on pin should not exceed 2 lbs.

Note. App. VIII. This sequence will not apply to the new diaper, zipper type, pattern 39, which will be on issue through the usual channels.

* * * *

In closing our column, we feel all ranks in A-9 C.A.C. offer their deep sympathy to Mrs. Lindsay in her sad bereavement, the death of Sgt. Lindsay. He was liked by all his comrades and we miss him in the Sgts. Mess. In the Mess R.S.M. Penny held one minute silence in memory of Sgt. Lindsay, which was felt very much by all present.

Congratulations to Sgt. Ellis in completing his twelve years service and receiving the Efficiency Medal.

* * * *

BARRIE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY TO THE CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS

Once again the wives, mothers and children of the officers and men of the Armoured Corps enjoyed a picnic at Queen's Park on Thursday, July 30.

Races were held and games were played for all to take part. Prizes were presented to Mrs. Channen, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Payton, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Philpott, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Allen. The young prize winners were: Norman Harris, Douglas Philpott, Gordon Philpott, Peter Masson, Charlie VanStraubensee, Betty King and Nora Landriau.

The Saskatchewan Horse were well represented and it is hoped that as good a turnout will be had next month of all regiments at the picnic.

Cards of thanks have been received for the regular flow of cigarettes which have been sent overseas. The Auxiliary is very glad the men are enjoying them.

Each week a representative of the Auxiliary pays a visit to the hospital to cheer sick ones onto the road to recovery.

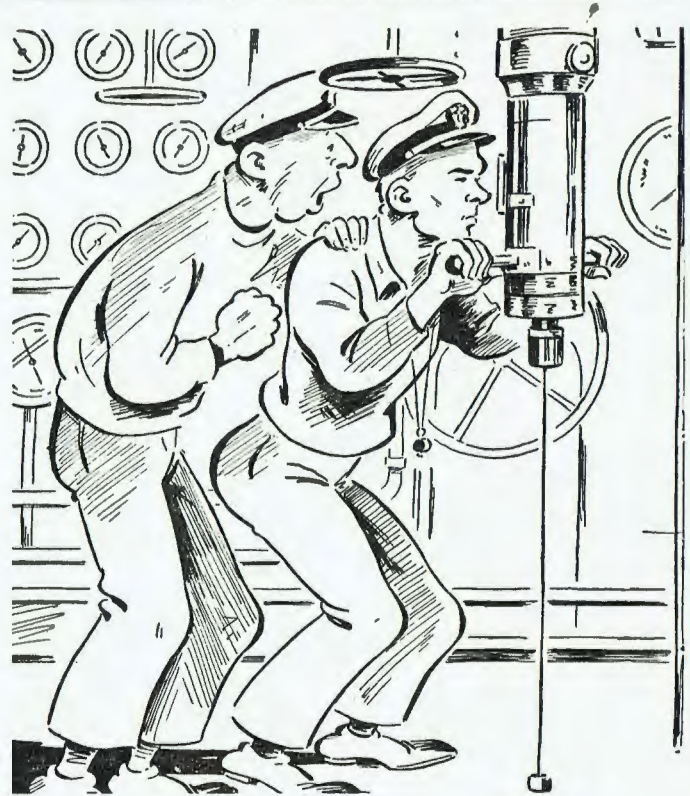
* * * *

1916 AND 1942

I saw a swirling cloud of dust,
Made by a multitude of marching feet.
"Stop them," I cried, "there must be other ways."
But they were gone,
Gone to another land,
And left behind, were footprints—
Memories,
And feet too small to follow.

Swiftly the years have passed,
Swiftly the smaller feet have grown,
And once again I see a cloud of dust.
Sadly I whisper, "No, there is no other way."
And they have gone,
Gone to another land,
And left behind, are footprints—
Memories,
And feet too small to follow.

—CPL. PAGE, H. W. C.



"Ah, come on—give me a chance! I joined the Navy to see the world too!"

PATRONIZE YOUR Commercial Baker

The great majority of Commercial Bread and Cake Bakers are doing their level best to produce the most nourishing, most appetizing foods that Skill, Care, Good Ingredients, and Good Equipment make possible.

FOR YOUR
ECONOMY—CONVENIENCE—SATISFACTION

Support your Commercial Baker.

Pendrith Machinery Co. Ltd.

Servicing Commercial Bakeries, with Ovens, Machinery, Tools and Equipment for over 60 years.

775 King Street West

Toronto, Canada