

The

Official Journal of
THE CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS

JANUARY 1944

NEWS BOOK

TANK

CANADA



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THE TANK (CANADA)

Official Journal
of the
Canadian Armoured Corps

Vol. 4 No. 1
Camp Borden, Ontario
January, 1944

THIS PUBLICATION IS ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF COL. J. A. MCCAMUS, M.C., OFFICER COMMANDING, CDN. ARM. CORPS TRG. EST. THE CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION HAVE BEEN EDITED AND APPROVED BY MAJOR G. P. L. DRAKE-BROCKMAN, D.S.O., M.C.

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MAJOR G. P. L. DRAKE-BROCKMAN
MANAGING EDITOR
CAPTAIN R. A. FRASER

Editorial

By the time this appears in print, 1943 will have passed away. Looking back on the past year it will be agreed that we have much to be thankful for. It has been an eventful year and the first one in which no genuine Allied reverse has taken place. If we want to try and pick out the most outstanding successes, they are probably the continued advance of the Russian Armies and our mastery over the U boats at sea. As all Allied strategy is primarily a matter of sea communications, the importance of this is obvious.

Since our last number, the Russians have launched another big offensive on a 200 mile front east of Kiev. As a result, Zhitomir and Vitebsk have fallen and Russian advance troops have marched westward to 20 miles inside of the Polish border and to the southwest almost to the River Bug. If the railway from Tarnopol to Odessa is cut it is difficult to see how the enemy can avoid a major disaster. It seems likely that the Russians are exploiting their success in the manner suggested in the November issue of this journal. At that time, however, they were only able to occupy Zhitomir with light forces and were forced to withdraw in face of heavy counter attacks by superior German forces. Their strategy appears to have been to let the enemy exhaust himself in repeated counter attacks in his effort to push the Russians back to the Dnieper. This they accomplished most successfully with the result that they have now succeeded in completely smashing through the enemy's forces during their new offensive.

If Germany is unable to form a new front in this area, she will suffer the biggest disaster that she has experienced hitherto.

The next few days will reveal whether or not she can effect this.

The ding dong struggle in Italy continues. Weather seems likely to reduce fighting to a process of attrition unless some big strategical stroke can be effected such as the landing of another force in the enemy's rear. We understand that further units of the CAC are now fighting in Italy. The paucity of news about their exploits is unfortunate. We feel we should have our own reporter in the area to put this right.

The spirited encounter with the Scharnhorst resulting in the sinking of that ship is a matter for congratulation to the Royal Navy. It is pleasing to record that one of the senior naval officers concerned in the success of the operations is a RCN officer.

Air attacks on Germany continue to increase in intensity. How long will the German civilians be able to stick it?

Progress in the South Pacific is slow but sure. We may anticipate the fall of Rabaul before long.

We take this opportunity of wishing all members of the CAC whether overseas or in Canada all of the very best of 1944 with the old toast of "Good Luck and Good Hunting."
GPL D-B.

Correspondence from Sicily and Italy

Herewith two letters received by Major H. T. R. Gilmore from a former No. 3 CACTR officer, Lieut. Val Hill, who trained at Camp Borden and was Train Adjutant in March, 1943.

Somewhere in Sicily,
Monday, August 23rd, 1943.

DEAR MAJOR GILMORE:

Just a few lines in answer to your very welcome letter of June 2nd, which I received some time last week. As I was extremely busy, I was unable to answer it immediately, but I will say that I enjoyed your letter immensely.

At present I am in "F" Echelon, and have changed my position. I was quite surprised to receive your clipping containing my photo and have wondered how the paper learned that I have filled such a position.

I thank you for the news of Borden and the many promotions. I am glad to see these fellows get along.

I had a very enjoyable stay in England and was very fortunate in being able to see a very considerable amount of country, both by visiting and manoeuvres, even though I was there only a short time. I have also had the good fortune of visiting Wales and Northern Ireland, and was stationed for a while in Scotland. Though I have visited Roslyn, Ayre, Glasgow (quite frequently), I never had the opportunity to see Edinburgh, except in passing through by train.

Since then I have covered a little bit of the world, having had the privilege to see Gibraltar and French Morocco, and spent a little time in Algiers, Cape Bon, Tunis, Sfax and Sousse; saw Pantelleria and Lampedusa, and visited that magnificent British Island of Malta. Since then I have covered a considerable number of miles on this lava-encrusted, sun-baked island with a temperature of 105 degrees, constant (Island's Temperature).

We have been fortunate enough to work with the 51st Highland Division of General Montgomery's Eighth Army. In fact, I had the rare privilege of meeting "Monty" himself, with a group of other Canadians. Today we were privileged to see and hear General McNaughton when he opened a field meet that we held.

As for the Island, it is very hot, with plenty of flies and mosquitoes. In spots, this island is very pretty except for home conditions. In the rural areas, the people live in caves of one room, 50 to 100 families, with all their livestock. This is not exaggerated. If they are better off, you will find only two or three large families in a 1-room mud house, with their livestock.

In the large cities, one of which I am very near, in the main street, the mansions resemble 5th Avenue, New York, from 49th to 85th Streets, and their furnishings are magnificent. Although they have street cars and busses, yet at 50 yards from the main

drag, the homes are just hovels, with the same conditions existing as in the country.

Except in the very fine homes, there are no plumbing and sanitation facilities and one really has to watch one's step in the side streets.

At present I am not very far from an active volcano and it surely is quite a sight.

Perhaps I may see Major McAvity in a short time.

I am sure that the improvements of Camp Borden must make it a more pleasant sight and I hope we get this mess over with shortly so that I may enjoy the privilege of seeing it in all its splendour. It must tickle the cockles of your heart to see such military competition.

I suppose you have heard of our minor accomplishments. In fact I am sure that you have a better idea than we have as we are kept in the dark.

As I have rambled on for a considerable time, I shall have to close now and hope to hear from you soon.

(Sgd.) VAL HILL.

Somewhere in Italy,
Thursday, November 25, 1943.
Central Mediterranean Force.

DEAR MAJOR GILMORE:

I received your most welcome letter of the 18th September, today, and was quite pleased, though somewhat surprised that you found my last letter so interesting. I shall be only too pleased to drop you a line at any time and I shall say that I greatly appreciate your tidbits of Borden. At present, our kit is very limited, due to the pressure of business. When we are on the move, we carry a bed roll containing one ground sheet and blankets, our small pack or haversack, and the clothes we stand in. I deemed it advisable to leave my bed roll back at Echelon because of the fire hazard of approaching Jerry. If we get into a harbour for a rest, we can enjoy the luxury and comfort of the Officers' Bedroll. I may say that some of the boys carried theirs and also some have lost them by fires. When we get in contact with Jerry, we generally dig a deep funk hole, roll our blankets in it and roll the tank over the top of that. Sometimes when it is too "sticky", we just sleep inside the tank and I am getting fairly well used to this method. I do not intend to have you feel that we are grumbling but I am just trying to show you in my own simple way that we do travel light.

Thank you for your kind offer re obtaining any gear for me or doing any errands for me. I surely

—Continued on page 23.



TIMOSHENKO

and the Defensive Phase of the War

By CAPTAIN H. A. DeWEERD
REPRINTED FROM INFANTRY JOURNAL, U.S.A.

PART ONE

For three terrible years from the autumn of 1939 to that of 1942 the military dynamism of the Axis was in the ascent throughout the world. Before its tremendous surge could be checked, many nations were overwhelmed, countless people enslaved, and incalculable devastation was wrought on the face of three continents. By the end of 1942 the forces opposing the Axis had been able by herculean efforts to establish a hazardous equilibrium. Gradually this balance was turned into an effective United Nations offensive which wrested the initiative from the Axis in every theatre of conflict. In this transfer from a United Nations defensive to a state in which there was no longer any reasonable chance of an Axis victory in Europe, the Red Army played a leading role.

From June, 1941, onward it engaged the main military forces of the Axis in Europe. In bloody struggles which tried the Russian nation as it had never been tried before, the Red Army checked the frightful momentum of the Nazi war machine and finally turned it back in general retreat. Led by new officers steeled in two years of bitter war, the Red Army now began to reap the rewards of its magnificent defensive achievements of those earlier years.

Few soldiers who begin at or near the top of the military hierarchy can expect to finish a long war in that position. Hindenburg and Halg were the exceptions in the First World War; of the European generals, Timoshenko and Keitel thus far have been the exceptions in the Second World War. On the German side, Keitel has been retained as a kind of concession to the regular elements in the Wehrmacht, but until late in 1943 real power was exercised by Hitler, Jodl, and Zeitzler. Timoshenko's early preeminence in the Red Army has been taken over by such men as Zhukov and Vassilevsky, but because of the supremely important defense role he played in the Soviet over-all scheme of war, Timoshenko must still be accorded a place among the leading soldiers of the Second World War.

Semion Konstantinovich Timoshenko, the "blitz-grinder" and "teacher" of the Red Army, was born on February 18, 1895, the son of a landless peasant in Furmanka, Bessarabia. He had practically no education and was working as a farm laborer when the Tsarist draft board placed him in the army in 1915. Service as a machine gunner in the 1st Oranienbaum Regiment and in the 4th Cavalry Division did not set him apart from his fellows, though an act of insubordination in October, 1917, nearly

placed him before a firing squad. Court-martialed for having struck an officer, Timoshenko was "freed" by the November Revolution of 1917. He fought against General Kaledin's forces in the Don region and rapidly rose to command of the 6th Red Cavalry Division.

His most spectacular exploit during the Civil War was a cavalry breakthrough of the White Army's siege lines around Tsaritsin (Stalingrad) in November, 1918. This success brought him to the attention of Stalin, Budenny, and Voroshilov. He took part in the ill-fated invasion of Poland and was severely wounded fighting against the armies of Baron Wrangel at Perekop in September, 1920. Before he recovered from his wounds, the main battles of the Civil War were over; the Red Army had finally freed Russian soil from its many invaders and defended the revolution against internal enemies.

In the post-Civil War period Timoshenko came under the influence of Frunze (Trotsky's successor as war minister) whose name was given to the Red Army Military Academy, of Shapozhnikov, one of the outstanding professors on the staff, and Tukhachevski, the brilliant field commander. These men showed the illiterate Timoshenko that he still had a great deal to learn about war and reawakened early desires for an education which the poverty of his parents had denied him. Along with other self-made leaders of the Civil War, he became a student at the military academy where he found study much harder than fighting.

In 1925 Timoshenko was made joint commander and commissar of the III Cavalry Corps, a position which he held until 1930. He attended the Political Academy for Higher Commanders and visited various European maneuvers in 1933. From 1933 to 1936 he was assistant commandant of the Kiev Military District under General Yakir. He held brief commands of both the Caucasus and the Kharkov Military Districts in 1937. Returning to Kiev as commandant in 1938, he was serving in this post when Germany attacked Poland in September, 1939.

Timoshenko's membership in the Communist Party dates back to 1919. His loyalty to the Stalin regime was unquestioned, for though heads fell all around Timoshenko during the purge, no suspicion of disloyalty fell on him. He had belonged to Tukhachevski's suite and Yakir's staff; he had succeeded Koshirin in command of the Caucasus Military District and Dubovoy at Kharkov. All these men disappeared in the purge, but Timoshenko remained in the favor of the government. He did not purchase

favor by slavish adoption of all the party military policy; even after the purge, he continued to support Tukhachevski's program for ridding the Red Army of the impractical dual command inherent in the system of political commissars.

The doctrines and war methods of Soviet Russia are the products of many minds. Timoshenko was but one of the officers who helped to prepare the Red Army for the great trials which lay ahead of it. Early in the history of the Soviet Union, Lenin insisted on the total dedication of all state resources to war as an absolute requirement in event of a foreign attack. "Once we have to fight," he said, "everything—the entire internal life of the country—must be subordinated to the war. On this point we can permit no deviation." Mikhail Frunze, the war minister, saw that until Russia's industrial production reached a parity with the most advanced European states, she would have to employ such defense methods as guerrilla warfare and the scorched earth. In the vast spaces of Russia he saw a resource of inestimable value wearing down the enemy. Military experts at the Red Army Military Academy such as Svechin and Verkhovsky stressed the potentialities of a war of attrition as against the prevalent German concept of a war of annihilation. Verkhovsky went so far as to suggest that in a war against a continental European enemy, "it would be far better for the Red Army to surrender Minsk and Kiev than take Bialystok and Brest-Litovsk." Stalin himself repeatedly stressed the difficulties of carrying out an uninterrupted offensive against a formidable opponent. He saw that regrouping of reserves, halts for security reasons, and transport problems would slow down a modern army despite mechanization. Space and time were important factors in Russian military calculations. Because of its vast size, Russia could, if necessary, purchase time with space.

Thus the main lines of Russian military policy were laid out in advance. Against a well-prepared adversary like Nazi Germany, the Red Army would face great initial disadvantages. These would have to be overcome by a program of defense in extreme depth, a total resistance of the whole population, a war of attrition which aimed at the destruction of the enemy's strategic reserves, to be followed by an eventual Red Army offensive. As Max Werner described them, the principles of Soviet war are: (1)

Husbanding of forces and accumulation of reserves, so as to be stronger than the enemy in the second half of the war. (2) Systematic weakening of the enemy by defensive and offensive operations. (3) A final offensive aimed at the destruction of the enemy's fighting forces.

Like all other aspects of Russian life, the Red Army shared the trend toward mechanization which followed the consolidation of the revolution. If the tractor became the symbol of Russian agriculture, the tank became the symbol of the army. Many officers were carried away by the appeal of mechanization to the point where they felt that machines could solve most of Russia's military problems. Timoshenko did not share their full enthusiasm but insisted that human factors, the discipline, training, and spirit of the soldiers were equally important. Mechanization enthusiasts talked glibly about the almost unlimited possibilities of the offensive, but Timoshenko knew that the offense was merely one face of a coin. The other was defense.

Not long after he was convicted of having struck an officer in the Tsarist army, Timoshenko found that he could not handle his guerrilla cavalymen without real discipline. On taking over command of the 6th Cavalry Division in 1918 he said: "Lack of discipline and inefficiency are crimes. I shall not tolerate slackness or lack of discipline in my division." Certain Red Army leaders placed their faith in "revolutionary" or "conscientious" discipline, but Timoshenko doubted whether this kind of discipline by its mere presence could make an army out of a mass of men. At the base of the Red Army's discipline and command problem was the long-debated and much-condemned "party" institution, the political commissar. Timoshenko's attack on this institution was not made on political but on purely military grounds. If it was not efficient in war, it should be abandoned. He had seen the evil effects of this system operate in the Red Army defeat before Warsaw in August, 1920.

The modern Red Army had its baptism of fire on the Manchurian frontier in 1938 and 1939. Here Russian infantry, mechanized forces and planes successfully resisted the encroachments of Japan. Changkufeng and Nomanhan were the first "defeats" suffered by the Japanese army in modern times. Though the outside world paid little attention

to these "frontier" episodes, the Japanese, who were on the receiving end, got a sufficiently clear picture of the military prowess of the Red Army to influence their future plans for war against the United Nations.

There were still many elements of weakness in the Russian military establishment and these showed up clearly in the Finnish War. The winter campaign against Finland which began November 30, 1939, provided a number of unpleasant surprises for the Red Army. The small, highly-mobile, and skilful Finnish forces trapped and decimated Red Army divisions strung out along the forest roads of central and northern Finland. The mere possession of mechanized equipment did not save the hapless Red Army troops. Serious shortages in Russian winter equipment and marked deficiencies in training were revealed. If the Kremlin expected to crush Finland in a quick politico-military campaign with the use of second line troops, this hope soon faded. Finally, in late December, after initial Russian attacks had been repulsed with heavy losses, Stalin entrusted the command on the Karelian front to Timoshenko with orders to break through the Mannerheim Line.

This was Timoshenko's first important fighting command and his introduction to war on a modern scale. The defenses of the Mannerheim Line were formidable by any standard. The garrison which defended these positions was of high quality with excellent equipment and morale. Early victories over much larger Russian units gave the Finnish soldiers and their commanders confidence that the Mannerheim front could never be broken.

The whole month of January, 1940, was spent preparing for the assault on the Mannerheim Line. Russian communications were improved; new divisions were brought in; artillery was moved forward into position; massive ammunition depots were built up. Timoshenko had models of the Mannerheim redoubts constructed behind the Russian lines and gave the troops practice in assaulting them. On February 1, 1940, he was ready to strike.

The second phase of the Finnish War was ushered in by an unprecedented artillery bombardment of the Mannerheim Line. Subsequent operations revealed the Red Army at its true value. No longer were Russian divisions allowed to work their clumsy way into Finnish traps. Slowly the tremendous power of Russian resources and the training of the troops began to manifest themselves. Under this massive attack the Finnish troops were forced into a desperate step by step defense. By day and night thousands of shells fell on their positions. There was no chance to sleep or bring up reinforcements. Working in close cooperation with Soviet artillery, engineers and infantry removed minefields and blasted away tank obstacles. Infantry in armored sledges were towed into battle by Russian tanks. One by one the Finnish forts and pillboxes were undermined by the rain of Russian shells. Acquainted with the technical details of the Mannerheim forts, the Red Army artillerymen deliberately fired high explosive shells into the ground in front of the pillboxes. Since the forts had no concrete frontal aprons, many of them sagged forward into the shell holes.

This threw their guns out of alignment and rendered them useless.

The Red Army functioned like a machine in this period; the high courage of the Finnish garrison availed them little. Their scanty reserves were pinned down by Russian diversions north of Lake Ladoga, and they could not reinforce threatened points. On February 25 the Red Army captured Koivista, the eastern anchor of the Mannerheim Line. Then Timoshenko directed the attack toward Viipuri. A bold advance across the ice at Kronstadt Bay outflanked the Finnish position on this front. On March 3, 1940, the Red Army reached the outskirts of Viipuri. The Finnish position was now hopeless. Unable to face Russian mechanized forces behind the Mannerheim Line, the Finns were forced to accept Russian terms on March 12.

The performance of the Red Army from February 1 to March 12 was highly impressive. Timoshenko was rewarded for his part in the victory with the rank of Marshal, the Order of Lenin, and the title "Hero of the Soviet Union." On May 7 he appeared with Stalin in his box at the Bolshoi theater in Moscow. The day following this public recognition, he was named People's Commissar for Defense and made a member of the Supreme War Council. Timoshenko had "arrived."

At the age of forty-five Timoshenko was at the summit of his physical and mental powers. He carried his six foot, two hundred pound frame with the tireless grace of a well-developed athlete. His booming bass voice carried to the remote corners of a lecture room or to the outer edges of a group in the field. He now had power enough to effect the reforms necessary in the Red Army. The first institution to be "reformed" was that of the political commissar. Timoshenko convinced Stalin that military operations could not be effectively conducted under joint political-military control. Though the political commissar was revived in the war against Germany, it was primarily to maintain morale, and control and expedite guerrilla warfare, not to supervise operations in the Red Army proper. Finally, on October 9, 1942, the whole system of political commissars was abolished. The officers thus released were trained as combat officers and absorbed by active divisions. Their years of frontline activity made them a particularly valuable source of new officer material.

Feeling that the Red Army's pre-war training had placed too much emphasis on technique and too little on field training, Timoshenko worked out a rigorous training program which extended from the battle practice of small units to maneuvers embracing several armies. Everywhere he strove to achieve realism in training and maneuvers. His "Disciplinary Code of October 12, 1940" restored military titles and ranks for commissioned officers, reestablished the salute, and greatly increased the severity of military penalties. Soviet officers were now given the authority to inflict the death penalty on insubordinate troops, but at the same time Timoshenko tried to improve the officer-soldier relationship by putting it on a personal basis.

The large-scale maneuvers of the autumn of

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1940 gave Timoshenko a chance to bring home the lessons of the Finnish war. His penetrating critiques were directed solely at improving the battle efficiency of the troops. He found serious fault with the reconnaissance practices of the Red Army. He preached the doctrine of building up the efficiency of the army on the foundation of the infantry squad. From the Nazi campaigns in the West, he foresaw that all kinds of units, big and small, would be forced to fight on their own in the fluid conditions of modern war. The smallest unit in the Red Army was taught not to surrender merely because it was "cut off" by enemy mechanized units. It was to fight on, to effect a counter encirclement of enemy units if possible. He strove to develop a high sense of personal initiative in officers and men. "Numerical superiority alone," he used to say, "is valueless without personal initiative." He combined his appeals for discipline and initiative saying: "In war you must obey but you must also think for yourself. Battles are often won by men who think for themselves and fight it out in the last ditch. Obey—but think for yourself!" His concern for the individual soldier was reflected in a rollicking Red Army song which, overlooking Timoshenko's status as a bachelor, had a refrain running: "He treats his soldiers like his sons."

In his emphasis on the training and spirit of the soldier Timoshenko did not overlook the importance of doctrine and equipment in war. Three months before the outbreak of the war with Germany he made General J. F. C. Fuller's Lectures on FSR III, the long-neglected treatment of mechanized warfare by the brilliant but embittered British tank expert, a "table-book" for all Red Army reading rooms. He is said to have ranked Fuller's book along with Clausewitz's On War and Douhet's Command of the Air as one of the outstanding military works of recent times. As a corollary to his emphasis on the operations of well-disciplined small units, Timoshenko stressed the need of even greater quantities of automatic weapons to increase the firepower of the infantry and urged the closest possible coordination between artillery and infantry.

On two occasions in 1941 before the German invasion, Timoshenko warned his countrymen against a surprise attack. When, on June 22, 1941, Hitler set his vast armies in motion on the Russian frontier, Timoshenko was in command of the central army group barring the German route to Moscow.

Despite the immensity and thoroughness of Red Army preparations and the alertness of the Soviet government, the German attack on June 22 did achieve a measure of surprise. Before Russian mobilization could match that of the enemy, months of retreat and bitter defense battle had to intervene. Even then, as Stalin pointed out in his message to the Red Army on February 23, 1943, it took two full years to bring the army to the peak of its battlecraft and strength.

Although action was joined all along the immense front, the first German effort to encircle and destroy a major portion of the Red Army, took place on Timoshenko's front. This was the battle of Bialystok-Minsk (June 22-July 18). For a considerable

time the world was deceived by the blatant claims of the German communiques into believing that the Red Army had stupidly crowded large numbers of troops into the frontier zone and that these forces (two whole armies) were encircled, captured or destroyed by Field Marshal Bock's armies. For this misconception the hitherto reliable character of the German official communiques was responsible. However, on the Russian front Hitler issued the communiques himself, and they proved to be utterly untrustworthy. Two revolutionary systems were locked in a death struggle and both frankly employed their communiques for fullest propaganda effect.

Thus the German claims to have captured 323,000 prisoners in the battle of Bialystok-Minsk must be compared to the admission of German military critics that the Russian troops fought with "insensate tenacity," that they scorned capture, and resisted to the death. Since the Russian armee de couverture in the Bialystok-Minsk zone in all probability did not exceed 300,000 men, it was physically impossible for the Germans to have killed them all as Colonel Soldan, the military expert of the Volkischer Beobachter, contended or to have captured them all, as the communiques claimed.

From the Russian point of view, Timoshenko's great accomplishment at Bialystok-Minsk was to delay for twenty-six days the first German all-out drive against Moscow. He fought a modern defensive battle of all arms on a limited scale and slowed up the Wehrmacht. Instead of opening the door to Moscow before the Germans, the battle of Bialystok-Minsk merely opened the road to Smolensk, where the Wehrmacht met the real strength of the Red Army for the first time.

For two and a half months at Smolensk, Timoshenko conducted a defensive operation of all arms in great depth on a scale and at an intensity hitherto unmatched in history. The breaking of the so-called Stalin Line by the Germans in the first phase of the Smolensk battle only led to more intense fighting. This illustrates more clearly than anything else, the difference between the Russo-German war and the German campaigns of 1939-40. The methods employed by Timoshenko and his chief of staff, Lieutenant General Vassily Sokolovsky, consisted of a systematic concentration of men and weapons on a scale surpassing that of the invader. To "grind down" the enemy, Timoshenko employed the Red Army resources including tanks, planes, mechanized artillery, land mines, and motorized infantry on a prodigious scale. It was an "active" defensive characterized by counterattacks of great strength. Enemy tank spearheads were allowed to penetrate forward Russian lines and then Red Army counter-offensives were launched at the supporting German infantry units. German panzer units cut off from infantry support were assaulted with anti-tank guns and attacked by individual infantrymen armed with antitank rifles, Molotov cocktails, and grenades. As General Sokolovsky described it, "the process resembled Verdun but in terms of ten or a hundred times its destruction."

The Russian methods of fighting in extreme

—Continued on page 8



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The Oldest Symbol in the World

In almost every quarter of the globe where traces of ancient but now forgotten civilizations are unearthed is to be found the ring—in ancient Egypt, amongst the Etruscans, the Cretans and Mycenæans, in China and India, in the relics of the Aztecs of Mexico and amongst those of our Celtic ancestors.

And always the ring has been the symbol either of rank or authority or given as a pledge.

Probably the most ancient rings which have come down to us are the Egyptian and it is interesting to note that where rank or means did not allow of a golden ring, less precious metals such as bronze, or even glass or pottery, were used.

In Roman times only ambassadors and senators, consuls and others of high estate were privileged to wear golden rings; the great majority of Romans wore plain iron rings. It was the Romans from whom we took our custom of giving a ring as a pledge—both the betrothal ring and the memorial ring, the latter being a pledge to keep the memory of the departed.

As early as the second century the Roman custom of pledging by the ring was adopted by the Church and we have the institution of the wedding ring which has ever since been an essential symbol of Christian marriage.

And through the ages the art of ring making has called for the exercise of the greatest skill on the part of the goldsmith craftsman. The modern solitary diamond claw set in platinum may not compare in elaboration with the chased hoops of Benvenuto Cellini, but it expresses the same eternal symbolism.

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By PTE. J. B. SWISTOON

As this column is being written Christmas seems to be the chief subject of discussion, the leaves, going home, Christmas boxes, turkey and everything relating to the good spirit that permeates the souls and deeds of mankind just around this time. There is also a feeling of remorse for in our hearts we know that this Christmas is not complete and for many it will not differ much from the usual day's routine and work. It is the sincere wish of all of us that the next Christmas will be spent in freedom and complete happiness with our loved ones at home and our friends who are scattered all over the world. You will have also started well into the New Year by the time you read this—may it be a happy year bringing victory and peace to a world shattered by strife and war. And how are the New Year's resolutions coming? Not all broken yet, are they?

Arrangements are being made for Christmas and New Year's entertainment for the large number of troops who will be in Camp then. A good time should be had by all.

Sergeants' Mess Dinner

The new Sgts' Mess was officially opened on the 16th of December and on the same day was the scene of the Sgts' Mess Christmas dinner. The seventh anniversary of the formation of the Armoured Corps was simultaneously celebrated. Distinguished guests were Col. McCamus, CACTE Commandant, and Lt. Col. Macaulay, CO of this regiment. After the delicious dinner, RSM Lystar introduced Lt. Col. Macaulay who delivered a speech briefly outlining the history of the Armoured Corps and expressing his pleasure with being the Commanding Officer of such a young and flourishing regiment. Several Staff Officers, some of them former members of the mess, were also present and pleasant memories of moments spent in the mess were recalled. Members of the mess were proud to have with them RSMs Roy Hyder, Herb Young and Lystar, who were members of the Corps since its formation. WO1 Croasdale, senior Bandmaster of Camp Borden, delighted the assembled throng with several renditions on the piano.

The New Syllabus

The new syllabus now calls for a four week G.M.T. course and the boys are taking their training in better spirits than ever, all by way of a Christmas present for Adolph. They really want to pack a punch that will set the Hun on the run. Sgt. Martin and Cpl. Kahnert were promoted as G.M.T. instructors. Good work, boys!

The Dry Canteen

The dry canteen was taken over from the Sal-

vation Army and will soon be moved to the hut where the Sgts' Mess used to be. In the course of time it will contain a reading and writing room, lounge, games room, a coffee bar and hot dog stand, and a ladies' powder room. This will be a very welcome improvement over the old canteen. Cpl. Brewster received his second "hook" to become Canteen Corporal.

Stop Breathing; Adjust Facepiece (A Squad. Notes)

Lieut. Robb, Tuesday morning's terror, is the CO of the newly formed "A" Squadron. Maybe in his new capacity we will not be required to go through the usual routine of stink and asphyxia on the said mornings.

Cpl. Woodsworth, recently acquired from "B" Squadron, was promoted to take over duties as Chief Clerk in the Orderly Room. Congratulations, Howard!

"D" Squadron Tid-Bits

A flattering notation in the Part I orders reads, I quote: "D' Squadron is the best squadron in the regiment." No arguments now! Look up the orders.

Cpl. Lee and Sgt. Chapman are taking qualifying courses as Q.M. Storemen.

Lieut. Rickwood, the A/Adjutant, is back on duty after a tussle with the sniffles. Sgt. Abbott is in the hospital with a prolonged illness and we wish him a speedy recovery. Cpl. Bessey has also been admitted to the hospital.

Cpl. Goodfellow, who has just recently received his promotion, is our new Cpl. Cook. And what good meals!

Aisle, Altar Hymn

The most recent benedicts are Sgt. Dwyer, Troopers Harp, Zess, Robb and Holmes. One soldier married another when Cpl. Wilson took for his bride, Pte. Gertrude Curtis. Best wishes are extended to all the boys.

"B" Squadron Chatter

Plans are being made for a Squadron dance to be held at the Hostess Hut. The boys are looking forward to a really good time.

Lieut. Worrall is taking a Weapon Training Refresher Course at Long Branch.

An amusing incident was brought to light on a recent Monday morning when a trooper turned in his pass with a telegram attached. The telegram finished off like this: "Love, OC, No. 3, CACTR," but the extension that was asked for was not granted. Too bad that the affectionate closing was inserted at the discretion of some telegraph operator. No won-

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der that "B" squadron had a nil Absentee report turned in the other morning. When one hears of the Sgt. Major's goodnight kisses and the OC sending his love, it is easy to understand why the boys just haven't the heart to go AWL. Maybe the Christmas season has something to do with that too.

About People and Things

Capt. Laird is on loan to this regiment while our own padre, Capt. Gault, is away on annual leave. The obliging Lieut. Greenwood is seen regularly behind the coffee bar helping serve coffee on these cold mornings. And isn't service good? Needless to mention the beneficial effects on the morale. A new games room and bar have been added to the Officers' Mess.

L/Cpl. Woolard sports his promotion as a Group N.C.O. Other new L/Cpls. are Wallace and Dumeah, Regimental Provost.

TIMOSHENKO

(Continued from page 6)

depth gave the German troops a new experience in warfare. Colonel Soldan tried to explain it to Germans back home by saying:

A (German) division seeks to push on, though it knows that in its rear the hole that has just been torn open will immediately close, cutting it off from adjoining units and supplies. It is certain to face a new enemy soon—an enemy as mobile as itself who may appear on the left or right, in front or in the rear—or perhaps everywhere at once.

By August 15, 1941, Timoshenko had forced the Germans to abandon their major offensive efforts at Smolensk, and, while German troops were withdrawn in the second phase of the Smolensk battle in order to strengthen the Nazi offensive in the Ukraine, the Red Army actually held the initiative on the Smolensk front from August 15 to October 1st.

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

The British Government has taken 580,000 tons of railings and 400,000 tons have already been converted into bombs, tanks, ships, etc.

HALF BAKED

An artillery gunner, home on leave, was sitting with his cat by the fire. His wife had to go and visit some relatives and warned him to keep an eye on the oven. She went out. The gunner fell asleep. Two hours passed. The fire died. The wife returned. She took one look at her husband snoring before the dead fire and screamed: "Fire!"

The husband hopped to attention, tore open the door of the oven, rammed in the cat, slammed the door and cried: "Number one gun ready."

TALLY-HO, TALLY-HO!

A big-time crook had amassed a huge fortune and decided to withdraw from his racket and retire to England. There he assumed the role of an English country gentleman, guided by his capable butler, Jarvis.

When the ex-racketeer was sufficiently confident of himself in his new guise, he arranged a fox hunt, inviting noblemen from the neighbouring estates. The affair went off with a flourish, and when the guests had left he turned to his butler and beamed:

"I say, Jarvis, old thing, I did all right, didn't I?"
"You did very well, sir, indeed, except for one thing. Over here in England when the fox goes by we say 'Tally-ho, tally-ho,' not 'There goes the lousy little son of a —!'"

Prisoners from the Master Race

By LIEUTENANT JOHN MASON BROWN, USNR

Yesterday and today prisoners, German and Italian, have jammed the jetty. They have jammed the jetty, these prisoners, and filled our minds with difficult questions. Among these questions must be counted such a teaser as, Which have been the more interesting—the prisoners or our own reactions to them? The prisoners, back from two fronts of the war, have been crowded on the jetty where less than two weeks ago our own troops were waiting long and patiently, in equal discomfort, before setting out to war. But what a difference between going out to win and coming back conquered!

These men, herded together or filing past on the jetty, have been Italians: dark, small, often wretchedly equipped though cheerful remnants of Mussolini's imperial armies. Sometimes they have looked less like picked roosters than like picked capons. Or these prisoners have been Germans, blonde, bronzed, muscular, in fine physical condition; Germans who once were soldiers and, as such, proud members of Hitler's Afrika Korps.

Today's Italian crop was a reminder of our own Sicilian visit. Yesterday's harvest was a reminder, not of the Sicilian show, but of the African invasion; in particular, the Tunisian campaign. As yesterday's prisoners straggled along in the blazing sun, leaving the bull pen, they raised both dust and ghosts. They were covered by American tommy guns and rifles. They were barked at by tough American top sergeants. Or they were ordered about briskly by a lean, bemonocled English colonel. While they have squatted in the scant shade of the jetty's cement wall, waiting to board big British liners or our own transports, these prisoners have been a sweaty, smelly, docile lot.

Did I say they have raised ghosts? What ghosts? Ghosts of those dark, perilous days when Tobruk fell; when the British had been pushed back; when the Germans were practically at the gates of Alexandria; when Rommel was a name feared 'round the world; when the Hitlerian nightmare threatened to become a Mediterranean reality.

These prisoners have raised other ghosts, too. Memories of the relief and wonder felt by us because of the British victory at El Alamein; memories of General Montgomery and General Alexander, and of the Eighth Army, which is even now winning fresh distinction for itself in Sicily; memories of the joy and hope ignited by our own invasion of Africa; of the stiff months of fighting which followed, that made our own Sicilian invasion possible, and hence brought both us and these prisoners here.

Anyone who has looked at these prisoners or listened to the comments the mere sight of them has provoked aboard the Spelvin must know the questions they have raised, even if the right answers remain elusive. There was the tough school of thought; the fellows to be envied, in a way, because

for them the answer was all so simple. They said, "We ought to line the bastards up and mow 'em down with a machine gun."

Then there were the middle-of-the-roaders. They said, "Yes, perhaps. But we couldn't do that. They've surrendered, and International Law says . . . Sure, they present an awful problem. But, after all, they were only doing their duty as they saw it. And don't forget, our men are taken prisoner too."

Finally, there were the out-and-out humanitarians. They said, "These guys are wrong, as we see it. Still, they are human beings, and we're Americans, not Nazis, and the Bible says . . ." Accordingly, even without bartering with them for souvenirs, these men tossed the prisoners cigarettes and candy. And smiled on them. And in general treated them as they would like to be done unto had the situation been reversed.

Meanwhile the prisoners have been marched off to their ships or rounded up in the bull pen before being transferred elsewhere. Meanwhile an order has been issued which directs very clearly that "fraternization between Army and Navy personnel with prisoners of war will cease immediately. This includes talking with prisoners, except in the line of duty, negotiating for souvenirs, giving of cigarettes, etc., etc."

In other words, that IS that.

Still, one cannot help wondering about the disturbing differences between an enemy unseen, impersonal, still fighting, death-dealing, and merciless, and an enemy close at hand, captured, defenceless, seen away from the heat of actual battle, and seen as a humiliated individual rather than a vigilant foe.

Before becoming too sentimental about these prisoners, particularly these Nazi prisoners, let's go back to the record of the party to which these men subscribed, of which they were a part, and in which most of them undoubtedly still believe. Run through the whole black list of that party's sins. Think of its public crimes—the Dollfuss assassination, of what happened in the Sudetenland, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Think of Amsterdam, of France, of Belgium, of Norway; of what England and Russia have withstood; and of what would have been our own fate, had they not done as they did.

Remember, when exchanging a smile or a cigarette with one of these prisoners, what precisely such pathetic individuals as we saw have done to others far more pathetic, when these prisoners were not prisoners and the world was opening up for them like their bad oyster.

Remember their barbarities when they have been lost in the anonymity of uniformed squads. Remember the horror for which they, or their brothers and their cousins or their friends, have been responsible in their concentration camps. Remember the

old people they have dispossessed and put to hard labor, knowing that hard labor would cost these old people their lives. Remember the entire villages they have moved away without mercy, herding their inhabitants into cold trains, expatriating them, sending them to certain death in faraway places.

Remember how, in the darkness of what might have been friendly nights, the heavy boots of these men, or men of their kind, have clattered up to the doors of the innocent to evict them. Think of the priests they have tormented; of the indignities and cruelties beyond reckoning they have heaped upon the Jews. Remember how they have perverted the once glorious heritage of German scholarship into a library of deliberate lies, where no pretence of liberty exists.

Remember how they have murdered and pillaged in the name of a superior race. Remember their dreams of conquest and the treatment they have meted out to those people whose countries they have overrun. Remember that Bible of the new disorder, "Mein Kampf." Remember the shame of those great mass demonstrations, at which just such vigorous young Germans as we have seen have gladly surrendered their freedom to the whims of a leader. Remember that, even when we were in Sicily, one of our paratroopers has reported that, from a bush in which he had landed, he saw Germans—not unlike these Germans—riddle the body of another American paratrooper with bullets as he came down in a tree; indeed, not only riddle his friend's body with bullets but cover it with gasoline and burn it gleefully after he was dead. Remember all these things, and one's pity for these prisoners becomes properly tempered.

The point is not that these Germans, from a cattle-breeder's standpoint, are great, strapping huskies who can on occasion smile and murmur expressions of gratitude and touch our too-easily-touched hearts. It is not the bodies of these men, however formidable, which are our enemies. It is their minds. These have been corrupted by beliefs which, in Hitler's proud boast, have "brutalized" their holders. These beliefs are contrary to everything in which we ourselves believe and for which we hope. They not only contradict, they deny and imperil, what are the foundations of our faith.

If we are here instead of being at home; if we are in a world at war instead of going about our peaceful business; if our wounded were being unloaded here yesterday, these men, individually so touching, are the reason for our being here; these men, because of their conditioning, their convictions, and their misdeeds. Even the chocolate-givers and the cigarette-tossers among us seemed to sense this when ambulances lined the jetty, nosing their way among these prisoners and discharging stretcher-load after stretcher-load of our wounded. The candy and tobacco giving came to a halt then, a halt as spontaneous as it was abrupt. A hush settled over the jetty and the ship alongside.

If we are soft, these prisoners are not. Make no mistake about this. Our decencies are their strongest weapons. It is a compliment to our hearts that

they can be blitzed so easily, but it is no compliment to our heads.

Now for some details about these prisoners. I found one German who spoke a little English. He told me he and his companions had been in Africa for about two years. He said the unit alongside of us was the famous Afrika Korps. He was happy to have the war over for himself, and not unhappy at the thought of going to America. He also said, as the appearance of his companions proved, that the "C" rations they had been eating had agreed with them. He was a mousey man who beamed when spoken to, and whose eyes seemed to fill with tears as he spoke. He made his tug at the sympathies, all right. But fine as were the bodies of the men around him, their faces were not the faces of the ideal Master Race. Although they had little hatred in them, they had less enlightenment. Their real tragedy—and ours—is that they appeared to be unregenerate and in years beyond regeneration.

If you wonder why, before boarding their ships, these prisoners were deprived of their razor blades, their tobacco tins, and all tinned goods, the reason has to do with their being unregenerate. They place a low value on all life, including their own lives. On a previous return trip to the States, prisoners just like these men who so touched our sympathies are said to have used their razor blades, or any sharp thing they could lay their hands to, in order to slash the life belts to ribbons. Their hope was to make death certain for everyone aboard, should any of the Fuhrer's submarines, by some blessed chance, sink the vessel.

The Germans are reported to treat our prisoners according to the requirements of the Geneva Convention; in fact, to treat them as well as we treat theirs. Remembering our own prisoners in German or Italian hands, let's trust that these German and Italian prisoners are treated according to the requirements of International Law. No better, no worse. But just because they are prisoners, do not forget they are enemies, scoffers at what we hold dear, haters of the values we cherish. Most of these Germans still believe in and would fight again for what we have no other choice than to loathe.

They are the world's problem children, these men, only they are man-sized.

* * *

The Aid-to-China Fund in Great Britain had reached nearly \$3,000,000.00 by the end of May.

* * *

There are approximately 1,400 members of the Women's Timber Corps in Scotland. They are felling, cross-cutting, working at sawmills and driving tractors and lorries.

MEDICAL MISCHIEF

The doctor was talking, just previous to her discharge from the hospital, to a farmer woman who had recently given birth to her sixteenth child.

"Well, Mrs. Carter," he said, "we will be looking for you again in about 16 or 18 months."

"No," she replied. "Ain't going to be no more children at our house."

"But why?" asked the doctor, as if not thinking sixteen quite enough.

"'Cause," she retorted, "me and my ol' man found out what's causing 'em."

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KNIFE FIGHTING

By MAJOR REX APPLIGATE
REPRINTED FROM INFANTRY JOURNAL, U.S.A.

Curiously enough, little has ever been written about the history or practical use of a knife for close-in fighting. And in those nations or racial groups in which a bladed weapon is often used, little has actually been done in teaching its use. The knife has been considered merely a weapon characteristic of that particular area and race—each individual used it as he saw fit.

Professional fencing instructors have lately tried to lay down programs for the training of individuals in knife work, but most of them visualize a situation from the fencer's viewpoint, where two men approach each other from a distance with drawn knives. Thus they have tried to develop a system of knife "fencing" instead of close-in knife fighting.

The knife is the ideal weapon for close-quarter work, but in most cases, the victim will not see it coming until it is too late. It will usually be used in total or semidarkness. Because it is noiseless it may be used when silence is desirable, or it may be used when your ammunition is gone. In any event, the proper approach in close combat utilizes the element of surprise.

Carry the knife in the right hand and a handful of dirt in the left. Throw the dirt in the opponent's eyes and stick him in the stomach. Such tactics are certainly not orthodox, but anything to disturb your opponent's mental and physical balance, distract his attention, or confuse his vision, is certainly the thing to do when he can see the blade coming. Draw your knife when you intend to cut somebody. Don't use it as a pencil sharpener or to open a can of tomatoes.

So far in this war the fighting knife has had two main uses, one as a reserve weapon to be used when all else fails, and the other for specific missions such as sentry killing, or in any situation where silence and quick killing efficiency are desired. That it is an important weapon has lately been evidenced by the reports from the Pacific theatre where our enemies have put it to good use. In the European theatre, commando-type troops also have used it with success, and in certain battle areas knives have played an important part in hand-to-hand combat. Yugoslavs, Greeks, and other natives of the Balkans, the Finns, and some Russian units are reported to have made good use of fighting knives. Moreover, most of the armies—both Allied and Axis—have adopted and issued some sort of a knife, although little real training seems to have been given in knife fighting.

Before taking up actual knife-fighting technique, you can discard the idea of knife throwing as a practical method of combat. There are a few—too few to count in a war—people who can pick up a knife, throw it at a moving object at an unknown distance, and hit a vital spot. Knife throwing is

an art that belongs in vaudeville and side-shows. In order to throw a knife properly, the exact distance from the thrower to the target must be known because the knife turns end over end as it travels through the air. The thrower therefore must know his distance to control the number of turns the knife makes so that it will hit the target point first. There are some methods of knife throwing at close ranges in which the blade does not turn over in the air, but when one considers the agility of a military target, heavy clothing, and the fact that if you miss you are without a weapon, it is easy to see that knife throwing is impractical.

There are definite psychological considerations in regard to knife fighting which apply to both the user and the enemy. In the first place, unless the knife is considered a personal weapon by the soldier, the untrained user will have a noticeable aversion to thinking of the knife as a weapon to use in combat. This is especially true of the ordinary American soldier who would much rather use his fists in close contact fighting because the knife is so little used as a weapon in civil life. This gives us a good reason why it is important to train our men in how to use a knife.

Psychological Effect of Knife Fighting

This psychological barrier must be overcome and the soldier must achieve skill in handling the knife as a weapon, just as he does his bayonet. In the preliminary stages of bayonet training the same aversion is present. But once the infantryman has run the bayonet course and has used the bayonet on dummies, his knowledge of its deadliness and of the fact that he can handle it bring him to the point where he has confidence in it and is no longer averse to using it. The same result will be obtained in knife training if the men are taught to use the knife properly and dummies which can be slashed and cut are used in the course of instruction.

An excellent example of the psychological effect of the knife was seen during the early days of the British Abyssinian campaign against the Italians. The native troops on the Allied side were particularly skilled in the use of the knife. They were also excellent stalkers. It was their practice in a certain sector to slip out into the desert and crawl into the ranks of the sleeping Italians and use the knife to slit the throat of one of the group. Upon awakening, the other soldiers seeing a dead comrade with his throat slit would be extremely shaken and this contributed to a general lowering of the Italian morale.

To the untrained man, the appearance of a knife in the hands of an enemy may bring on panic, which can be heightened by the use of a bright, flashing blade instead of a blade of blued steel. There is a

definite moral advantage to the attacker who uses a bright blade instead of a darkened one. The blued blade is in reality not of much advantage because the coloring wears off in a short time, leaving it bright.

In instructing a soldier in the use of a fighting knife, there are certain initial steps and explanations to give him the general background of the use of knives in combat. This should be followed by simple demonstrations.

At this point, it is well to enter into a discussion on various types of knives the student has seen and how they have been used. This discussion will show that in general knives with spikes on the butt, brass knuckles for the hilt, and any other additions are none too practical, for operationally they do not justify their existence. However, this discussion will arouse interest and a good many questions will come up which the instructor otherwise would not have mentioned.

Here is the place to stress again the instances in which the knife will be used and hammer home the point that the knife is a reserve or last-ditch weapon to be used at extremely close quarters after firearms can no longer be used. After the student has had this preliminary indoctrination lecture, allow him to feel and handle various types of knives and let him demonstrate to himself the three fundamentals in the use of the knife—the thrust and the slash, and maneuverability.

In your next session point out that the fighting knife is ordinarily used in darkness or semidarkness but show also the proper method of attack in the open where an opponent can see you by demonstrating the attack from a crouch with the left hand forward and the knife held with the handle across the palm of the right, close to the body. The left hand guards or parries to make the opening for the slash or thrust. Point out that when the man is in the crouch with his left hand forward to parry he is in a position of extreme mobility, and in perfect balance. He is also protecting his vital midsection and throat area from possible thrusts from an opponent who has a knife. He can also deal with an opponent who is armed with a club, or any other object which can be used to strike or throw.

At this point, give the students dummy knives and let them practice thrusts and slashes on each other. If dummy knives are not easily available, tent pegs will make a fair substitute. After a preliminary round of this, take up the vulnerable spots of the body which are particularly sensitive to knife attacks of both the thrust and slash type.

When to Attack

A man attacked from the front with a blade instinctively tries to protect two spots. These are the throat and the stomach area. The psychological effect of the threat of a knife wound in these areas—regardless of whether the threat is serious or not—is so great that the victim is usually momentarily mentally out of gear. The throat area is vulnerable to either the thrust or the slash, the thrust being most effective when driven into the hollow at the

base of the throat just below the Adam's apple. A thrust there into the jugular vein or a slash on either side of the neck, cutting the arteries results in extreme loss of blood and quick death. Thrusts in the abdominal area which can be combined with the slash as the knife is withdrawn have a great shock effect and usually incapacitate the victim to the stage where another blow can be given with the weapon before he has a chance to recover. A deep wound in the abdominal area will usually kill, but is much slower than a good thrust or slash in the throat area. The heart is, of course, a vital spot for the thrust, but the protection of the ribs makes it more difficult to hit. In some instances, knife thrusts aimed at the heart have been stopped by the ribs which have also broken off the point of the knife without causing a vital wound. But usually the blade will slide off the rib and go into the vital area. The heart thrust is, of course, fatal at once.

It is possible to get an ineffective slash across the sides of the throat from the rear, but one of the most effective knife blows in the rear of the victim is delivered in the kidney or small of the back area. A deep thrust here will cause great shock, internal hemorrhage, but not necessarily death. This back or kidney thrust is best used in attacking a sentry. It will be explained later.

The vital areas are the throat, heart, and abdominal sections, and all other knife thrusts and slashes should only be preliminary to the vital killing stroke delivered into these areas. The slash can be effectively used to sever the tendons on the inside of the wrist and this is most effective against a person who is trying to protect himself from the knife and has his arm outstretched to do so. This slash renders the hand useless. A slash across the large muscle of the biceps has the same effect. A slash on the inside of the thigh or arm will cut various veins and arteries and if left unattended, will cause death from loss of blood.

Before going further, it is best to show how the handle of the fighting knife contributes to maneuverability when gripped properly. The length of the handle or hilt of a fighting knife of ideal proportion is roughly five inches from the end of the butt to the cross guard. The diameter at its largest point is almost one inch. This point is approximately one and one-fourth inches from the cross guard. The handle tapers in both directions gradually and its diameter at the cross guard is five-eighths of an inch. Tapering in the other direction toward the butt at about three-fourths of an inch from the end it reaches a diameter of one-half inch. From this point the handle flares out to form a small knob on the end. The point of balance in the overall length of a knife (six-inch blade) with a handle of this type is roughly one inch from the guard, toward the butt. The handle is checkered or knurled to give a good grip, and the small knob on the end makes it easy to pull from the sheath.

The Proper Grip

When properly gripped the knife lies across the outstretched palm of the hand diagonally. The

—Continued on page 24

AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING

By BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANK A. KEATING
in INFANTRY JOURNAL, U.S.A.

A daylight withdrawal by forces actively engaged was once thought the most difficult maneuver of war. At the very least it meant tremendous losses and therefore it was something that a commander would avoid. But today's war has altered our views and we regard amphibious operations as our major and most difficult problems.

There are some who hold that once the troops are ashore, amphibious operations against defended beaches differ little from ordinary land operations. This is fallacious. There are differences, and they must be taken into consideration during amphibious training so that a hard task may be eased, casualties and other losses reduced, and reasonable precautions taken to make success sure.

Amphibious training is more than men, equipment, and boats. Complete Army-Navy coordination and teamwork are mandatory—no other word will describe the relationship. The two services should live and train together, preferably under a unified command, and each must thoroughly understand the technique and tactics employed by the other. This is so even though both services may and will accomplish some of their amphibious training independently.

The passage of the beach, establishment and defense of the beachhead, communications, and all phases of supply and resupply are the main features which must be stressed in amphibious training by the Army components. The Navy must likewise emphasize the training of boat crews and communications personnel, and both services must have a common, integrated, technical and tactical plan in mind throughout their separate and joint training periods. The Army and Navy are totally dependent upon each other and neither can succeed alone in a landing operation.

It is not enough to say that any military or naval unit, no matter how well grounded it may be in the basic principles of field and naval service, and modern warfare, can quickly learn amphibious warfare. The troops must get advanced tactical training to include all forms of offensive operations of the infantry combat team, and the naval personnel must have a thorough knowledge of landing doctrine. Troops must be well grounded in the team play and technique of a combat team because without this background, the task of training a military unit in amphibious warfare is like teaching algebra to a class which has not learned basic arithmetic. Unless the men of both services are equally indoctrinated when they unite for the combined training, and both have had the same elementary schooling, the situation will be marked by confusion if not chaos.

One marked distinction between amphibious and other forms of warfare—and this is a matter of paramount concern—is the uncertainty and lack of

control which confronts the small-unit commander from the moment embarkation begins until the initial phase of the landing is completed. The disposition and dispersion of their teams—the thing that may mean the difference between success and failure—are entirely beyond their control and they are utterly helpless and dependent upon coxswains of the landing craft until they and their boat teams get ashore. Unlike the average offensive operation on land where careful preparatory reconnaissance is made, detailed plans prepared, officer and non-commissioned officer orientation conferences held, and troops placed along a line of departure exactly where and when their commanders choose, an amphibious engagement is apt to begin with all the disadvantages of war.

At best, the troops will be dispersed, and the fight may take place where it is neither desired nor expected. The distinction between an amphibious operation and a land attack might be likened to a football game that began with each side rushing onto the playing field from the locker rooms. The military unit commander's real job begins when the first soldier steps ashore. Until then, he can do very little to influence the action and his command is extremely vulnerable to Nazi or Jap attack.

It is also imperative that we thoroughly understand—Army and Navy both—that military tactical plans for amphibious operations against a resolute enemy are based upon the premise that each assault Army unit will land on a specified beach, in the precise formation prescribed, and at the exact moment ordered. Any operational violation of this precept, even a trivial one, will bring on something ranging from inconvenience to disaster, depending upon the severity of our error. All training should therefore be directed toward the accomplishment of this objective. This calls for careful planning and good teamwork which can only be attained by well organized combined training under a single and a forceful commander. Each officer, soldier, and sailor must always keep these axioms in his mind.

Since errors will be committed and cannot be entirely avoided, no matter how good the planning, the Army can partially overcome certain technical and tactical deficiencies by organizing its assault forces into small fighting teams based on the capacity of each landing craft assigned. This dispersion of effort, however, is only temporarily acceptable since the full effectiveness of every squad, platoon, company, and battalion team must be quickly brought to bear against the enemy. There must be a prompt reorganization of military units after the initial fire fight on the beach. Boat teams are, in fact, small guerrilla bands and their fighting quality is limited.

Unlike land operations, unity of command is in-

initially impossible, since communications between boat teams and higher tactical units is uncertain and may not even exist. When ashore and within supporting distance of each other, the effectiveness of boat teams is increased, but should the landing be ragged and boats widely dispersed their effectiveness is decreased and they are liable to defeat in detail. The Army phase of amphibious training must take out insurance against this possibility.

The Navy's most difficult job is to produce well trained boat crews—especially good coxswains. Navigational difficulties are many, and we are reasonably sure that the Jap or Nazi will add to them by the use of mine fields, underwater obstacles, and gunfire. And nature may add bad weather and heavy seas. This points to the necessity for careful selection of small-boat personnel and demands intensive training of a high calibre under all conditions of sea and weather. Small-craft training should be patterned and directed from its very beginning toward furthering the Army's basic tactical plan. Thus the boat crews will become automatically indoctrinated with Army technique and tactics and combined training for actual operations will be expedited.

Another concern to the Army is seasickness—troops can not fight when suffering from it. They are virtually ineffective, which is to say they are almost an asset to the enemy. Speed in loading troops and material into the landing craft, and speed on the part of the Navy in forming boat divisions, groups and flotillas, combined with efficient planning and a fast run-in will cut down seasickness.

Adequate and efficient communications between ships and landing craft, between ships and aircraft, between selected landing craft, and between ships and parties ashore is another major item to be stressed during our amphibious training. And this is more than a matter of dots, dashes, and codes. The procedure followed by each service is quite different and a common technique must be learned—and learned well. The old reliable runner cannot be used when troops are afloat. Communications must work.

Lines of communication on land and lines of communication at sea are the same in name only. Errors in planning and execution on land may be quickly rectified and supply reasonably assured—no matter how serious the situation. This kind of an error during a landing may end in the complete failure of a brilliantly executed attack. This requires the intensive and unified training of soldiers and sailors charged with beach organization and supply in general.

Amphibious operations do not permit of a second try when the first fails—we cannot withdraw, lick our wounds, and try again. We must succeed the first time, and we must train with that in mind. Ace-high teamwork is needed and since each landing will reveal details of our technique and tactics the enemy will profit by experience and develop stronger defenses. These, in turn, can only be overcome by even better teamwork by our air, sea, and ground forces.

Each naval officer and each crew member of a landing craft must be taught the technique and tactics of amphibious operations from the Army viewpoint. When they understand what the Army is trying to do they can then best help the Army to do its job.

The Army itself must put its heart and soul into each hour of training. Every landing exercise must be carried through all phases from embarkation of troops to delivery of the last ounce of supplies to the beachhead dumps. Some of us are prone to take too much for granted and are frequently satisfied with a gesture or "token" landing. Amphibious operations are tough and they require hardened soldiers and sailors. Commanders must learn this during training—and the way to learn it is to do it.

Both services must unify and vitalize their schedules and technique. Independent, indifferent, or piecemeal training by persons, or by Army or Navy units, will not and cannot produce the right results. Since we know our strength and our weaknesses, it behooves us to exploit the former and fortify the latter.

DATE WITH SKIRT

They're telling the story of the American pilot who was forced to parachute to safety on an isolated farm in occupied France. He pleaded with the elderly woman at the farm house to hide him until he could escape the avenging Nazis. "All right," she consented, "dress up in these girl's clothes and work out in the fields." For weeks, in his feminine disguise, he worked along with the other women until one day, noticing one far more attractive than the rest, he whispered: "Listen, honey, how about a date after work?" Whereupon the soft answer came back in hoarse British accents: "I'd love to girlic—I've been here since Dunkirk!"

SALUTES

A New Definition

I happened to be walking down the street with a lieutenant colonel the other evening when he passed a soldier who looked him right in the eye and failed to salute. The colonel called the soldier back and I expected to hear a fire-and-brimstone sermon on respect to officers. Instead, the colonel took the sanest and most inescapable approach I've ever heard:

"Corporal," he said, "I saw you walking down the street toward me, and I thought, 'Here's another chance for me to salute a fellow soldier.' I wanted to salute you because I think we are in the best army in the world, and I'm proud of every one of my fellow soldiers. But you didn't salute me, and it hurt just a little bit. You're not ashamed of being a corporal in our Army, are you?"

He looked thoroughly ashamed and uncomfortable. Then he said, "Just a minute, sir," and walked back up the street about twenty feet. Turning, he came back toward us, gave the colonel the swellest salute I've ever seen, flashed a grin, said, "Thank you, sir," and went his way.

"GUNNER".

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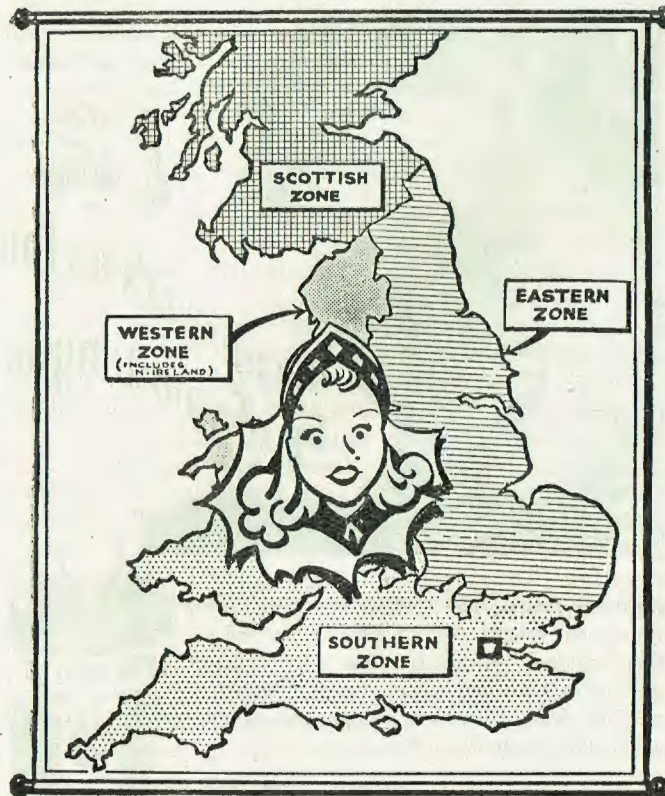
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If the girl behind the counter of your NAAFI canteen tells you that she cannot supply your favourite brand of sweets, she does not mean that NAAFI cannot obtain stocks of this brand, but that it is zoned by the Ministry of Food for distribution only in that part of the country in which it is made. NAAFI's total allocation of sweets and chocolate is purchased from 77 leading manufacturers, but the distribution of the 198 different lines supplied is restricted to the area in which they are manufactured.

When next you move, you may find yourself in an area where your favourite brand is available—it's a matter of luck.

Supplies of block chocolate are becoming increasingly scarce, owing to Government purchases of large quantities for distribution overseas. Only a small proportion of block chocolate will therefore be available to Service personnel as part of their ration, the balance will be made up of chocolate-coated lines, boiled sweets, toffees, etc.

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The Desert Was Never Like This

The Eighth Army In Sicily

The Eighth Army which fought in Sicily was by no means the same Army that fought in Africa. Of its five divisions three had not been a part of the Eighth before. One division had joined the Eighth just before El Alamein. Only the 50th, a British division, was a veteran unit of the Eighth Army. The British 78th was a veteran of the Tunisian campaign and was experienced in mountain fighting.

The RAF complained of two shortcomings on the part of the Eighth Army. One was the impetuous habit AA units had of firing at anything with wings, irrespective of the shape of the wings or the markings on them. There was really no excuse for this, for the Luftwaffe was so completely out of the picture that it was very long odds on any unidentified plane being an Allied ship. Allied planes were in more danger from their own flak than from all forms of enemy activity together.

The other weakness the RAF commented upon, and rightly, was the raw troops' inefficiency in the matter of bomb lines. The bomb line is set well in front of the target to make sure that none of the bombs fall on our own troops. But sometimes the inexperienced troops did not make the bomb line clear to the air forces, and sometimes they themselves advanced beyond it, through impetuosity or forgetfulness, or because not all the troops concerned understood where the bomb line was. Then when a stray bomb or two fell among them the story followed the usual stereotyped pattern of angry complaints and weary—and perhaps a shade self-righteous—replies. This is not to say that no bomber ever makes mistakes, but it is commoner for troops to bring the trouble on themselves.

The change in terrain from desert to broken country thick with cover was hard on the veterans of the desert and, surprisingly enough, some of those desert divisions had to learn things the inexperienced Canadians had already been taught. Accustomed to the wide open spaces of the desert, the desert veterans were confronted with old half-forgotten problems of how to work their way through broken country thick with cover for lurking enemies, how to keep touch when lateral communication was dif-

ficult or even impossible, how to make quick plans to clear up some unexpected obstacle such as an enemy machine-gun nest on a tricky little hill. They had to learn to reconnoiter with tedious thoroughness and to deploy early and often. For more than once in the thickly overgrown country around Mount Etna determined German machine-gunners remained hidden after their comrades had withdrawn, and then opened fire on our infantry from behind.

One desert battalion, with a great fighting record, lost a company commander and sixteen men because their reconnaissance overlooked two German machine-gunners who ambushed them. German parachutists tried the same thing with the 78th Division in the mountains but the 78th, old hands at mountain warfare in Tunisia, deployed in plenty of time and cleaned up the parachutists with practiced skill. The desert divisions suffered more from physical strain than any of the others. Long accustomed to a war in which they were hardly ever separated from their trucks, the men of the desert found the countless marching and climbing that was necessary exceedingly difficult and exhausting.

Nearly all of the troops engaged had something to learn and a chance to learn it under the best possible conditions, against an enemy who knew every trick of the game, but was not strong enough to inflict heavy casualties. The Germans fought a continuous rearguard action, the essence of which was to force us to deploy as often as possible by the fire of carefully posted guns, mortars, and machine guns, to make us stage an attack on every town, but to withdraw before we could actually catch him in it, to delay our guns and transport by blowing up every bridge and blasting craters in the few roads at points where we could find no easy way around, to sow mines and lay ambushes, and to harass us constantly with machine-gun fire and sniping. The German made geography work for him.

The nature of the ground and the enemy's defensive methods threw a great deal of work on our sappers (engineers) in the way of repairing roads and bridges, building by-passes, and detecting and lifting mines. General Alexander described the



THE "BISHOP"—DEADLY ALLIED GUN-TANK COMBINATION IN SICILY ACTION

25 Pdr. guns mounted on Valentine tank chassis are known as "Bishops" in the Middle East. These self-propelled guns did good work in the mountainous country of Sicily. One of the first pictures to be released of a deadly gun-tank combination which contributed to the Allied victories in North Africa and Sicily.

Picture taken at an RA Battery site in Sicily shows: "Bishops" in action.

Front-line Repairmen Save Tanks Under Fire

By DOUGLAS AMARON, Canadian Press Correspondent

With Canadian Forces in Italy, Jan. 5.—Canadian tank recovery men who bring Shermans in under fire and make repairs in a battle-zone workshop are putting back into action a high percentage of tanks disabled by enemy fire or mines, or bogged down by mud.

During the Moro River battle, which ended when Western Canadian troops captured Ortona, Dec. 27, a large number of tanks were recovered, and many of them have returned to action.

Battle experiences of the repair men match those of the troopers inside the tanks. Work goes on night and day up forward and behind the lines, with a different situation arising each time a tank has to be recovered.

During the first day of Ortona street fighting a tank was disabled when it ran over a mine. Capt. J. Armstrong of Kingston, Ont., electrical and mechanical engineer of a tank regiment, decided repairs would have to be made on the spot or the enemy could finish the work of destruction under cover of darkness.

Snipers were only 100 yards away, but with one recovery tank providing protective cover with its guns, another moved up alongside and the damaged track was repaired. Another tank 200 yards down the street was set on fire while the repair men were working.

Tanks recovered in battle are repaired at an advanced workshop detachment unless they are too badly damaged to be mended at the front. The staff of this detachment consists of only 15 officers and men, including fitters, welders, electricians and mechanics.

In darkness, the workshop crews change 500-pound engines, put new guns in turrets and repair tracks. This is usually done to the accompaniment of mortar and shell fire, and one night when eight tanks were repaired, 14 men from other formations were killed in the same area.

Recovery work is in charge of Maj. L. D. McGee of Montreal, deputy assistant director of mechanical engineering for tank formations. His "office" is in a truck behind the forward lines, but still within shell and mortar range of the enemy.

A pin-pointed map on the wall shows McGee where every tank casualty is situated and the color of the flags indicates the type of casualty—mined, shelled, burned, bogged down or just out of action because of mechanical trouble.

From this chart, McGee knows the tank strength of every unit, what tanks must be recovered immediately if they are not to fall into enemy hands, and which ones can be left for a safer time. It is kept up to date by liaison with units and by personal contact.

One of the outstanding recovery jobs was done by a crew under Capt. Lloyd Patton of Winnipeg, E.M.E., of a tank regiment. Patton got word one night during a battle for a crossroads that eight tanks had bogged down in mud.

These had to be recovered to carry out a new phase of the battle next day, so under darkness the men began work. Using tractors, they pulled out five tanks at the first light of dawn and the other three were recovered during the morning.

On another occasion, five British tanks under Canadian command bogged down on high ground across the Moro River, in plain view of the enemy, who at that time held the town of San Leonardo. These too were all recovered by tractors.

One of the closest personal calls was that of Capt. Doug Schofield of Montreal, who assists McGee in planning recovery of tanks. Schofield was in San Leonardo after its capture, talking to the commanding officer of a tank regiment, when a shell burst a few feet away, killing a tank crew, but leaving Schofield and the commanding officer unharmed.

The recovery men don't stick to Shermans when bringing in disabled tanks. German tanks, too, are sometimes salvaged, chiefly for their armor, which is useful in repair work.

Most Canadian tank-transporter tractors are fitted with captured German tracks.

work of the American engineers as the finest military engineering he ever saw, and that of the Eighth Army's was but a little behind them, except in equipment. But the engineers were much overworked, and it would be a good thing if the infantry could relieve them of some of their work. One Eighth Army division had a mine-lifting school to which infantrymen were sent to learn how to detect and lift mines. This seems an experiment worth extending. One might go further and say that there is some danger of the infantry becoming too dependent on other arms to do special jobs for them. In Tunisia after the discovery that Churchill tanks could climb hills, a growing tendency was noticed for the infantry, whenever they were held up, to send for Churchills to remove the obstruction.

In Sicily the tendency was to send for light bombers or fighter-bombers and to rely almost entirely on the engineers to clear mines. Of course, it is entirely proper to use the most efficient means of dealing with any situation when such means are available. But it may well be that in some future campaign our infantry may find themselves at times without air support owing to bad weather, without tank support because of mud or demolished roads, and without sufficient engineers to lift mines. It would be a bad thing if infantry lost the habit of self-reliance when such situations are liable to confront it; there is danger in over-specialization.

The writer did not have an opportunity of seeing the Americans in action, but informants whom I trust agreed in saying that they improved a lot during the campaign and were now incontestably a first-class army. No army, even the German, has ever been better equipped, and in addition to their engineers, their artillery work is magnificent. Our own gunners are as good as the next man, but they are glad to go to the Americans for tips, just as the American infantry are glad to come to ours.

Tanks were never used in large numbers in Sicily by either side, except once by the Germans, when they counter-attacked the Americans at Gela and nearly pushed them back into the sea. Most of the country was utterly unsuitable for tanks in the mass. Tanks in small numbers were used surprisingly often.

One tactical weapon which was much developed in the course of the campaign was the close support of troops on land by naval guns at sea. Another, with which both we and the Americans were experimenting towards the end, was the out-flanking of enemy defenses on the coastal roads by amphibious operations. We also tried several air-borne landings, both of parachutists and of gliders, but with these we had only partial success. They disclosed weaknesses which are being carefully studied.

* * *

Damage done to Malta up to the end of 1942 includes 5,000 houses completely destroyed, 5,000 ruined and awaiting demolition, a similar number unfit for habitation until repaired and 13,000 houses damaged by blast.

* * *

SYDNEY—The Prime Minister recently stated that by January, 1943, the Australian Navy had increased its strength by 28% since the war began, the Air Force by 200%, and the Army by more than 250%.

AS I SEE IT

By ROBERT REID
Broadcast in the BBC's
Short Wave Overseas Service

Heaven forbid that I should say anything to bolster up that old line of Nazi dope that war is a grand thing for virile nations. You know the sort of stuff Hitler and Mussolini used to ram down the throats of millions of young Germans and Italians until it gave them the crazy notion that you couldn't be a man's man until you got into uniform and then jackbooted it around Europe, kicking the stuffing out of everybody and everything.

I don't suppose anybody'd defend that idea today, least of all I should say, the moulting German air force and the sham Roman legions who've now found their way into the safety and security of Allied prison camps; nor the Japs, who must, by this time, be beginning to feel a shade lonely when they think of the future.

Well, that was the original Nazi and Fascist idea, while on our side we could never see anything in war but the misery and the muck and the foul horror of the whole business.

But there are other things. Although the debit side is so very heavily weighted against civilization, there is a tiny credit side which mustn't be overlooked, because it is going to play a big part in rescuing the world from the wreckage. And that is the emergence in this war of the Little Man.

Now when we talk of the Little Man over here, we think of him in terms of Strube's famous newspaper cartoon. Strube sees him as a small, bowler hatted little fellow, with spectacles, maybe holding down an office job, nothing very large in the way of wage or salary, heavily burdened nowadays with war taxation, wrestling with stirrup pumps, boarding up his bomb blasted windows and managing to keep chirpy through black-outs, rationing and so on.

But you find the Little Man in excelsis when he leaves his bowler hat and his umbrella at home and sets off one morning to report at some Army or Navy depot to draw his battledress or bell bottomed trousers—in other words—"to join up."

Now I'm not talking of youngsters in the late 'teens or the twenties. I'm thinking rather of the Little Man who comes to life in the late thirties or around the forty mark, when he's settled down to a comfortable existence with his wife and youngish family and he's just beginning to reap the benefit of years of hard work at his particular job. Then before he knows what's happening to him this old familiar world is swept clean away—that little homely world of his own fireside with his slippers and his books, his nicely ordered habits, the folk at the office, maybe his corner in the local pub down the road. This is the world in which he's really counted for something, however modest and small. And then comes this sudden and rather frightening transformation, to a world where he counts for rather less than nothing—a world where he becomes a number which mustn't speak out of its turn, at first sight a harsh, uncomfortable, automaton-like place,

meant in any case for fellows ten or fifteen years younger than he—the sort of existence where for a time, if he'd only admit it, he'd give anything he possesses to be back again in the familiar warm kindness of his own home.

But that's just the point. He doesn't admit it—although he wonders privately, and with a touch of new boy bewilderment, how on earth he's going to get through it all. Then he suddenly comes to another transformation period—and a particularly heartening one. You see he's never dodged the issue, even in his own mind. He knows it's got to be done and that he must do it gladly and cheerfully, but in the majority of cases the thing worrying him is the knowledge that he's already turned his back on the years of adventure and that maybe his habits are too set; and also, will he be able to stand up to the racket like the younger men in the company who are already calling him Old Brown or Old Smith.

Possibly it's because of that sort of personal challenge to his own private self that before long you find our Little-Man-turned-warrior enveloped in a sort of aura in which pride of achievement struggles with the astonishing discovery that he's not so old as he thought, and that the years are beginning to drop away from him, along with the loose flesh and the puffing and panting of civilian life.

I've noticed this often when I've been out with the Army and seen our Little Man going through gruelling assault courses and emerging smiling and triumphant at the other end.

But I'd never realized the effect of it quite so much until a few weeks ago, one afternoon, when my wife and I met a neighbour whose husband is now serving with the Royal Navy as a signalman. I didn't know him very well but he was a perfect Little Man. Somewhere in his late thirties with two young children, a pleasant wife, and a comfortable home, he was selling insurance in Manchester up to nine or ten months ago. I used to see him trotting off to catch his train every morning, with his bowler hat planted squarely on his head, his Manchester Guardian neatly folded under one arm, and complete with brief case, umbrella and gloves. If he was given to boasting at all I believe it was about the carnations he grew each summer.

Now for that man it must have been something akin to an earthquake, the sudden calling-up order which was eventually responsible for dumping him down with a tough bunch of trawler hands in a minesweeper. So when I met his wife pushing out the baby and asked how the old man was getting on amongst it all, I shouldn't have been surprised if I'd heard a tale of woe, but far from it.

This was a story of transformation, almost comical in some of its detail, but—and this is the point—as the wife was talking it was obvious that a husband and father had been transformed in that fam-

ily, not into a hero, but into an altogether unexpected tough he-man, far removed from that insurance salesman of a year ago. I felt that his wife could hardly believe it as she recounted his early social troubles as the only member of the crew who wore pyjamas, and of the rather horrified letter she once had from him lamenting his inability to tell a flea from a bed-bug. And then it slipped out at the end—the merest reference, in tones of wonderment and pride—to some nasty ticklish job of work where he'd been on his feet, on the bridge, for eighteen hours on end. And how, when it was all over, and just before he'd dropped on to the deck to sleep, absolutely worn out, one of the men who'd razed him most about those pyjamas had come up, thumped him on the back and said, "good for you, Bunty"

Then I'd remembered another Little Man I'd met not many weeks before on one of those rescue ships which go out with convoys.

His hair was thin to the point of baldness. He wore horn rimmed spectacles and spoke with a quiet, sedate voice. In fact, everything about him smacked of the bank-clerk-in-uniform—which is precisely what he was. Before he was called up, just over a year ago, he'd been a counter clerk in a bank in Rotherham, and possibly the only point at which his life departed from the normal rut was in the fact that he'd married a nurse and that his greatest friend was a doctor. The two of them used to talk shop across him over the supper table when they visited each other's homes. The bank clerk was eventually drafted into the Navy, to some job in which he was not particularly interested. Then one day while his ship was in the Arctic and there was no doctor aboard, the bank clerk-cum-sailor noticed that one of his ship mates was making very heavy weather. The fellow was obviously ill—desperately ill—but he hadn't reported sick until the bank clerk, with a sudden mental flash back to those nights at home when he'd sat listening to his wife swopping professional yarns with his doctor friend, realized with a shock that the man was well advanced in pneumonia.

From the depths of his mind he dragged those scraps of knowledge which had lain there unnoticed for years, but which were now to be thrown into the scales in a fight to save a man's life.

With the crew silent in the foc'sle around them, the sick man, and the sailor nursing him, passed through the long hours of crisis, the one lying there delirious not knowing what was happening, the other desperately striving to recall and to think of anything else he could do. But the disease was stayed and the man's life saved.

Not long afterwards, the same ship picked up survivors from a sunken destroyer. Many of those survivors were badly wounded and there was no doctor aboard. Once again the bank clerk continued with his self appointed task as healer of men, doing whatever he could for the wounded until a surgeon was transferred from another ship. Then for many hours he stood by the surgeon's side, assisting while the latter carried out nine operations on men

whose chances of survival would have been extremely remote had it not been for the way in which that ex-bank clerk had doctored them when they were first picked up from the sea.

Now right at the beginning of this talk I said that in my view the emergence of the Little Man was a very important thing for the future of the world. And here again, I should perhaps say, that when I talk of the Little Man in the late thirties and around forty, I am not thinking narrowly in terms of any age group. I'm thinking more that he is a symbol of the nation as a whole—a perfect example of how we've been torn up by the roots and forced into something we abhorred.

Now, what's going to be the outcome of all this shaking up and re-making of the characters of hundreds of thousands of people, both young and old, in all walks of life.

I've only quoted two stories, but they tell me a great deal.

I don't know if you'll agree with me but I've an idea that when that insurance salesman and that bank clerk come back to civil life, there'll be no doubting who's wearing the trousers around the place. And I don't mean on the domestic hearth only.

This war into which they were pitch forked has given both of them—and countless other Little Men like them—an entirely new slant on themselves. They know now their strengths—unexpected strengths—and their weaknesses and someday when the fighting's over and we've got to set about clearing up the mess, I don't think that insurance salesman, for instance, will put his carnations first.

He'll know what he wants and he'll see that he gets it.

* * *
From the Forest Commission's forests in Norfolk and Suffolk, England, 15,370,000 lineal feet of pitwood, 755,000 cubic feet of conifers, 246,000 cubic feet of hardwood and 6,000,000 lineal feet of timber for Army, Air Force and agricultural requirements have been produced since the outbreak of war.

* * *
NEUTRALS ON MUSSOLINI AND CHURCHILL
From a neutral country—from Spain—these two tributes were received. The first is an extract from a letter sent in the name of a group of Spaniards. "The night Mussolini's fall was announced . . . rain fell in torrents and completely emptied the streets . . . but in spite of the rain, the whole of Barcelona heard about it." The second comes from a Spanish woman, who writes to the BBC: "I am a humble daughter of the soil, but full of affection and sympathy for all of you, and very specially for the great figure of Mr. Churchill . . . when I learn from the press or radio that he is going on another journey, I do a Novena to the Archangel St. Raphael, so that no harm may come to him . . ."

USED CARS WANTED FOR CASH
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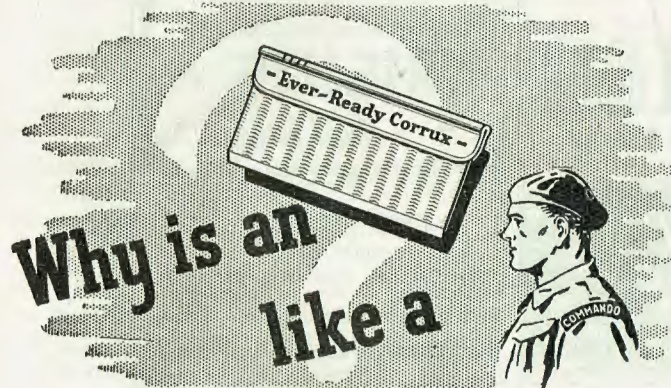
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Lord Strathcona's Horse

Royal
Canadians



2nd Armoured
Regiment

By MAJOR H. T. R. GILMORE

No. 3 C.A.C.T.R.

At the conclusion of the Riel Rebellion in 1885, the necessity of having permanent troops in the west was brought home to the authorities. At that time the only troops west of Lake Superior, apart from the North West Mounted Police were three N.P.A.M. Units. It was therefore decided to increase the Permanent Force, and authority was granted on the 20th of July, 1885, to organize two companies of Mounted Infantry, each of 50 men and 25 horses, organized as one company for administration, to be stationed at Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg. This was the beginning of the Lord Strathcona's Horse.

At that time the Unit had a dual roll, in that it was required to function as a school of mounted infantry, as well as forming a company of Mounted Infantry for military purposes. Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Taylor, a Crimean veteran, formerly D.A.G. of Military Districts 9 and 12, was appointed Commandant. The uniform was Infantry uniform of the day, but riding breeches with red piping were worn. On 17th August, 1891, a slight change took place—the company of Mounted Infantry was in future to be known as the Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps, and was to consist of one troop of 5 Officers and 103 Other Ranks. The only change in uniform was that the sash previously worn by sergeants and above, was discarded. The Royal School of Mounted Infantry was to be known as the Royal School of Instruction, Winnipeg, and it was to instruct both cavalry and infantry.

On July 22, 1893, the Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps became "B" Troop, Canadian Dragoons, with the prefix "Royal" granted the Regiment. The Canadian Dragoons were organized as a Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. Lessard. The Unit at Toronto forming Headquarters and "A" Troop, and the uniform adopted was that of the 1st Royal Dragoons, except for the review order headdress, the white Wolseley helmet being worn instead of the brass helmet. No collar badges were worn, but the letters "CAN. D'GNS" were worn on the shoulder straps.

In 1897 a detachment was sent over in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

In 1898 a detachment of 2 Officers and 16 Other Ranks formed part of the Yukon Field Force, assisting the North West Mounted Police in the newly-discovered goldfields. This detachment served there about 9 months; the men were given double rates of pay.

In 1899 the Unit, together with the squadron at Toronto, formed the nucleus of the 1st Canadian

Mounted Rifles Special Service Force of the 2nd Canadian Contingent for South Africa under Lieutenant-Colonel F. S. Lessard.

The Winnipeg squadron was under the command of Major V. A. S. Williams. It took part in eleven major and thirty-two minor engagements during the South African War, and two members, Lieutenant R. E. W. Turner, afterward Major-General, and Sergeant E. Holland were awarded the Victoria Cross.

On its return from South Africa, "B" Squadron once again became a separate Unit and was given the name of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. D. B. Evans, C.B.

On February 1st, 1900, an order was issued authorizing the formation of a mounted corps for special service in South Africa; the Regiment to be called Strathcona's Horse, in honour of the Right Honourable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, at whose expense the force was raised, paid, equipped and transported. Major-General Sir Sam Steele, at that time Lieutenant-Colonel, superintendent of the North West Mounted Police, was appointed to command. Officers were all selected from officers of the North West Mounted Police, western Non-Permanent Units and graduates of R.M.C. Other Ranks were drawn from the Prairie country and British Columbia, preference shown to good shots and good riders. Only men of good character were chosen, including North West Mounted Police. The Regiment embarked at Halifax on 16th March, 1900, and arrived at Table Bay on 10th April, 1900, and its chief service in South Africa was with the 3rd Mounted Infantry Brigade under Lord Dundonald, taking part in the capture of Amerspoort, Ermelo, Carolina, Machadodorp, Lydenburg, Spitzkop and Pilgrim's Rest. It also took part in the operations to open the railway to Potchefstroom and in the pursuit of De Wet.

During this campaign Sergeant A. Richardson was awarded the Victoria Cross for rescuing a comrade under fire.

The Regiment returned to Canada, arriving at Halifax on the 9th March, 1901. On the way to South Africa the Regiment had been presented with three flags, one by the citizens of Sudbury, Ontario, handed over by Mr. Kock, M.P. at Ottawa. Two others were presented enroute to Halifax; one by the citizens of Campbellton, N.B., and the other by the citizens of Moncton, N.B. On its return, His Majesty

King Edward VII presented the Regiment with the King's Colours.

In 1902 a detachment was sent to King Edward's coronation, and were granted the prefix "Royal" in 1903. On October 1, 1909, the title of "Royal Canadian Mounted Rifles" was changed to "Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians)". In 1911 the title became "Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians)".

In 1912 Major A. C. Macdonnell was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and appointed to command. At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 the Regiment was ordered to Valcartier. On the 29th September it sailed from Canada, landing at Plymouth on the 14th October, and served with the Royal Canadian Dragoons and King Edward's Horse under General Seely as part of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. In 1915 the Brigade volunteered to go to France, dismounted, and on May 4th left for France equipped as infantry. On May 22, 1915, they relieved the 10th Battalion at Festubert, and remained dismounted until January, 1916, taking part in the actions at Festubert and Givenchy. From January, 1916, the Regiment functioned as cavalry, taking part in engagements at the Somme in 1916 and 1918, Advance to the Hindenburg Line, Cambrai, St. Quentin, Moreuil Wood, St. Quentin Canal, Beaufort, Pursuit to Mons, Amiens and Le Cateau.

During their service in France, the Regiment's losses were 33 Officers and 184 Other Ranks killed. 24 Other Ranks died of sickness and 504 Other Ranks were wounded; the Officers wounded numbered 53; two Officers and 7 Other Ranks were taken prisoner.

Decorations gained were as follows: 2 Victoria Crosses, Lieut. (Brig.) F. M. W. Harvey, and Lieut. G. M. Flowerdew, 1 K.C.B., 4 O.E.B.'s, 4 C.M.G.'s, 1 C.B.E., 15 D.S.O.'s, 1 D.F.C., 4 bars to D.S.O., 21 M.C.'s, 26 D.C.M.'s, 2 Bars to D.C.M., 64 M.M.'s, 3 Bars to M.M., 7 M.S.M.'s, 14 Foreign Decorations, 26 mentioned in despatches.

On April 1st, 1919, authority was granted to reorganize as a Permanent Force Unit.

At the outbreak of war in September, 1939, all personnel of the Regiment immediately became members of the Canadian Active Force.

On July 17, 1940, the Regiment was authorized to mobilize as a motorcycle regiment, and in January, 1941, was changed to an armoured regiment, and known as the 2nd Armoured Regiment, L.S.H., and became part of the 1st Armoured Brigade. In this war, individual members of this Regiment have taken part in operations in Africa, Sicily, and Italy, and the Regiment has furnished members of various staffs and instructional centres. The battle honours of this Regiment are "South Africa, 1900-1901", "The Great War, Festubert, 1915, Somme, 1916-1918, St. Quentin, Amiens, Hindenburg Line, St. Quentin Canal, Beaufort, Pursuit to Mons, France and Flanders, 1915-1918."

It may be remarked that the Strathconas hold their annual Reunion on Moreuil Day, 31 March, each year. This was the day when Lieutenant Flowerdew led "A" Squadron of the Regiment in its famous charge which won for him the Victoria Cross, and

great praise from General Foch, who remarked that the action of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade on that occasion constituted a check to the German advance of March, 1918, and a turning point in the campaign.

The motto of this Regiment is "Perseverance."

POLES MAKE HISTORY IN BRITAIN

An event without precedent happened in Britain with the opening of the Polish Medical Faculty in Scotland. Never before had a country established its own university on foreign soil, with its own professors teaching its students in their own language. And this precedent in the history of learning was created not only during this world war, but during the time when the enemy was directly threatening the security of Britain.

The story was told recently at the BBC overseas microphone by Professor Antoni Jurasz, Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, world famous surgeon, and president of the Polish Health Council. When, after France collapsed, the Polish Army was evacuated to the British Isles, serving in it were professors, lecturers, doctors and students of the various medical faculties in Poland. Among the students were many who had been fairly advanced when war broke out. In a number of cases only final examinations were necessary. The Polish Government therefore entrusted Professor Jurasz with the task of forming a medical school. The University of Edinburgh was approached about the possibility of creating a Polish Medical Faculty within the University of Edinburgh.

Closely linked with this school is the Paderewski Hospital for Poles, established in Edinburgh to facilitate the training of young doctors, to give them the opportunity to gain experience; and also to provide medical assistance for Polish civilian refugees.



U.S. BOMBERS' LOW LEVEL ATTACK ON SICILIAN COMMUNICATIONS

At dawn on July 10, 1943, Allied forces landed in Sicily. One month later Axis resistance in the major part of the island had been crushed, and the Allies had to their credit large quantities of captured war material and well over 120,000 prisoners. German troops in the northeastern tip of the island were fighting a desperate rearguard action to cover the evacuation of the remainder of their Sicilian army, under heavy pressure from land, sea and air. Picture shows: Mitchells of the Tactical Air Force making a low level bombing attack on retreating Axis columns in Sicily.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE LAND AND AIR WAR

(From Combined Service Publications Ltd.)

The biennial report of General George Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, which, it will be remembered has its own Air Service, covers the period from July 1st, 1941, five months before America's entry into the War, to July 1st, 1943. By this latter date the Axis forces had been cleared entirely from North Africa, and a series of increasingly heavy and effective air attacks was in progress against the fortress of Europe; Italy was about to be driven out of the war altogether by the conquest of Sicily and the Allied landings on her mainland, and Germany was about to launch her last and most unsuccessful attack in Russia, subsequent to which she was to be forced there and everywhere else on to the defensive. In the Pacific the Japanese were about to lose their last foothold in the Aleutian Islands and were also in retreat in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. It was evident that the tide of war had fully, and decisively, turned in favour of the Allies, though it could not yet be said to be flowing fast in their favour. The report gives in outline the story of America's share in this achievement.

What General Marshall calls the "third phase" of his story covers the overcoming of the crises caused by the expiring of the Military Service Act which if not renewed, as it actually was in August 1941, would have resulted in the loss of 1,500,000 trained men from the colours, the development of an embryo force of 20 infantry, 2 cavalry, and 4 armoured divisions and an Air Force of 20 squadrons into a fully equipped and well trained field army, and the reinforcement in men and modern war material of the Overseas garrisons in the Pacific, and the provision in increasing quantity of up-to-date weapons, vehicles, supplies, and stores of all kinds. Much had still to be done, despite the important progress made, when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on December 7, 1941, involved the United States in the World War and opened the fourth phase of the Army's story.

This phase extended over eight months from December 7, 1941, to August 7, 1942. The success of the Japanese surprise blow at the Pacific Fleet uncovered the whole of the west coast of North America and necessitated the instant reinforcement of the garrisons on that coast, at Panama and Hawaii, and in Alaska, 600,000 men with all their guns and equipment, and transport and supplies, being thus moved in the first five weeks of the war. Troop convoys were sent to Hawaii, to Australia, and to New Zealand, to Iceland and to Northern Ireland, and coast defence forces were despatched to Central and South America and work on the Alaska Military Highway, which had been in progress for some time, was accelerated so that it could be completed and opened to traffic by the end of October 1942. A United organization of inter-Allied command in conjunction with Britain was set up in June 1942 and steps were at

once taken to ensure unified direction of operations in the Far East.

The period saw the loss of the Philippines, which was garrisoned at the outbreak of war by 19,000 U.S. troops, 8,000 Air Force personnel with 250 aircraft, and some 112,000 Philippine troops, many of whom were ill-armed and insufficiently trained. The defence, which was conducted with heroic courage and tenacity, lasted from December 22, 1941, when the first Japanese landings were made, to May 6, 1942, when the last resistance in the battered fortifications on Corregidor Island in Manila Bay came to an end; very few of the garrison escaped death or capture. Meantime the Japanese had also conquered the Malayan peninsula, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, and most of the southwest Pacific Islands as far east as New Guinea, on which they were firmly established and whence they threatened Australia with invasion. But Allied air power in the war area had now grown so considerably that heavy and successful raids could now be launched against enemy-held Island targets. The hostile tide of aggression was in fact almost at high water mark, the initiative was no longer completely in his hands, and the military balance was approaching an "equilibrium". His defeat in the naval battles in the Coral Sea and off Midway Island in May and June 1942, when heavy losses were inflicted on his navy and air force, restored the balance of sea power in the Pacific and marked the opening of a new phase of operations there. The enemy offensive had definitely been checked, the United Nations firmly held chains of Island bases extending from the United States to Australia, our forces had begun to deliver staggering blows, and our commanders were now free to prepare for offensive operations.

This new fifth phase began in the Pacific with the landing of American marines on Guadalcanal Island in the Solomons, but the whole island was not cleared of the enemy till the early weeks of 1943. By this date, too, the Japanese offensive in Papua, which in September, 1942, had got within 30 miles of the Allied base of Port Moresby on the southern coast of New Guinea, had been repulsed, and American and Australian troops, powerfully supported by American Army aircraft, passing to the attack in their turn, had driven the enemy back all the way he had come, and cleared him from the whole of the northeastern coast of New Guinea. These successful operations had been carried out under the direction of General MacArthur, supreme Allied Commander-in-chief in the Southwest Pacific since February 1942.

Late in June, 1942, the first body of U.S. troops had arrived in Northern Ireland, and early in July the first U.S. air raid against European targets took place.

The U.S. aircraft concentrated on the day bombing attacks for which they had been specially train-

ed and equipped, leaving night bombing to the R.A.F. The weight and effect of these attacks has grown constantly with the increase in the strength of the U.S. 8th Army Air Force in Britain, they have lately been closely co-ordinated with the operations of the Allied aircraft operating from North African bases.

The campaign in French North Africa, commenced in November, 1942, with the landing of American troops at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers, was throughout under the supreme command of the American General Eisenhower, until the surrender of the Axis forces in Tunisia in May 1943. In this campaign American troops clearly demonstrated their battle efficiency, and gained a wealth of valuable experience; the Allied air forces devised and put into effect a close and constant co-ordination with the ground forces, and this employment of air power and the unity of Allied command and staff work was carried to a higher pitch of perfection than ever before in history. In the Middle East the U.S. air forces based on Egypt rendered good service in helping to repel the great Axis offensive drive across the Western Desert in the Summer of 1942, and co-operated in the British counter-offensive which completed the conquest of Italian North Africa.

In the Far East American Air squadrons, though small in numbers, assisted the British land forces in their unsuccessful campaign in Burma, set up an air supply route from India to China, and carried out a number of raids on Japanese occupied territory in China, Indo-China, and Thailand.

By July, 1943, too the Japanese hold in the Aleutian Islands in the north Pacific had also been seriously shaken. A landing on Attu in May, 1943, initiated a series of operations which ended in three weeks in the expulsion of the hostile garrison on August 15 at Kiska, the last Island in the group held by the Japanese, was found to have been evacuated.

At the beginning of July 1943, therefore, the report states "The strength of the enemy is steadily declining, while the combined power of the United Nations is rapidly increasing, more rapidly with each succeeding month. There can be but one result, and every resource we possess is being employed to hasten the hour of victory without undue sacrifice of the lives of our men."

During the period covered by the report the strength of the U.S. Army was increased by 5,000,000 men, and the officer corps grew from 93,000 to 521,000. The air force strength, included in the above total, was 182,000 officers and 1,906,000 men on July 1, 1943; its service unit strength had expanded 12,000 per cent in the period and the rate of expansion of the Army Engineer Corps was 4,000 per cent.

The organization of the machinery of the War Department was entirely remodelled to cope with this tremendous expansion, and in March 1942 three great commands, the Army Air Forces, the Army Ground Forces, and the Army Service Forces, were established under the direct supervision of the Chief of Staff of the Army. The Army Service Forces Command dealt with all questions of supply, equipment, ammunition, medical services, motor, rail and sea

transportation, records and postal services, as well as matters affecting morale, such as cinemas, press and educational services. The co-ordination of military munitions production requirements, the issue and maintenance of weapons and equipment, and the maintenance of a steady flow of supplies on an almost automatic basis to all theatres of war, were problems of great immensity and complexity. The working of the lines of communication, with a total measurement of some 60,000 miles, necessitated harbour constructions and improvement works at points as far apart as the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Karachi, Calcutta, and Australia. Continuous flow of personnel replacements, many of them specialist categories, had to be maintained. New sea convoy routes had to be opened and transport and escort vessels provided, munitions were also supplied and transported on a large scale to the various Allied countries, Britain, Russia, China, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and France, as well as to many South American countries, and this demanded an additional elaborate system of allocation, distribution, and transportation.

The work of the Army Ground Forces Command was largely concerned with the training of troops, and involved the organization of training centres and schools, the raising of new units, the development of training doctrine and the organization of manoeuvres. In the earlier stages of the war units had to be hurriedly raised and sent Overseas before being fully trained for their work, but as time drew on there was accumulated a growing reserve of completely trained units ready for despatch anywhere abroad as required, as rapidly as shipping became available. Now that the limit of Army expansion had been practically reached, training installations can be reduced and their personnel made available for active services; the basic training period for officers and men can be lengthened, and units need no longer be called on to transport their best personnel to newly formed organizations or to the officer training or technical schools. Attention can now be concentrated on polishing up the existing machines and developing it to the highest possible degree of efficiency for work it will have to do.

The feature of the achievement of the Army Air Forces command has been the manner in which it has been able to carry the war in its most devastating form to the enemy from its bases in New Guinea, the Solomons, Hawaii, Alaska, Africa, Britain, India and China. The American Army Air Force is thus attacking the Axis on ten different fronts, on every one of which it has won great and fruitful victories whenever it has come in contact with the enemy.

The development of the powerful U.S. Army of today could not have been approximated without the determined leadership of the President and Commander-in-Chief, and the wisdom and firm integrity of purpose of the Secretary of War. It has been dependent on the vast appropriations and the strong support of Congress and the co-operation of numerous Government agencies, Civilian organizations, patriotic and commercial, have given great assistance to the Army programme. The end is not yet clearly in sight, but victory is certain.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM SICILY AND ITALY

(Continued from page 2)

appreciate your kindness and should the need arise, I shall avail myself of your generosity.

At present, due to strict censorship, I am unable to give you a good picture of my latest travels in Italy. All I can say is that I have been close to the Tyrrhenian Sea, have been in the Appenines and very close to the Adriatic and have travelled a good half of Italy.

We are up to our knees in lovely slimy mud, almost a quagmire. We have had some very windy days and this is the first real good day of sunshine in nearly ten days. We can expect bad weather as this is the rainy season. Today we can enjoy the fog-filled valleys that lie below us and towering around us we have beautiful snow-capped peaks which fairly dazzle the eyes in the sunshine. The olives are ripe and the third crop of oranges is just turning orange.

I learned that you have quite a co-operative system of basic feeding camps and I should imagine that the result will be that new Tank Corps recruits will be much more satisfactory. Perhaps by the time you receive this note, we shall be on our way to Berlin. All we hope is that the weather turns in our favour; it will make the task more easy to perform.

Yes, when the time comes that we return home, we shall have many tales to tell and, of course, many that we will not tell. The human mind has the faculty of retaining the pleasant and expelling the unpleasant.

I note that you now have Col. McCamus as your Corps Officer Commanding. He is a fine gentleman.

I am very pleased to see that you had such a gala day at the Sports Meet, and that the Unit walked away with so many prizes, including, of course, the Nurses, the great ladies that they are. I certainly appreciate hearing about the events at Borden. We, members of the Mediterranean Force, feel that we are little cogs in the machinery over here, and you the cogs in the machinery at home, all working together to make our goal possible. I feel that I am very fortunate in being able to do my little bit and to obtain a liberal education by travelling at the same time. Perhaps the next time I write, I can give you a better picture of the events on hand, although I feel that the radio and newspapers will beat me to it and give you a more comprehensive picture; much better than I can.

I am very glad to hear of Al Husband's recovery, perhaps I shall be able to run into him. Of the draft of Officers which you controlled in the train, only Bob Bigelow (A Gunnery Instructor) and myself are in Italy. I am quite sure that you would really be in your glory to be with us here.

I omitted to mention that conditions in Italy are just as bad as they were in Sicily, except in the large

cities. Even then, you would prefer the Muskeg of Northern Ontario.

I don't believe there is a man here who would fall for these "Wop" girls. In fact the average woman here seems to be equal to a good mule, as she carries a load on the top of her head equivalent to the weight that a mule carries (proportionally), and generally runs around barefooted.

I have no objection whatsoever to you quoting my letters. In fact, I feel somewhat surprised and flattered that you enjoy letters and sketches so much.

Please excuse the writing and paper as I am lying on my bed and on my tummy and trying to write. I may say that my bed roll is sunk in the funk hole and covered by a pup tent.

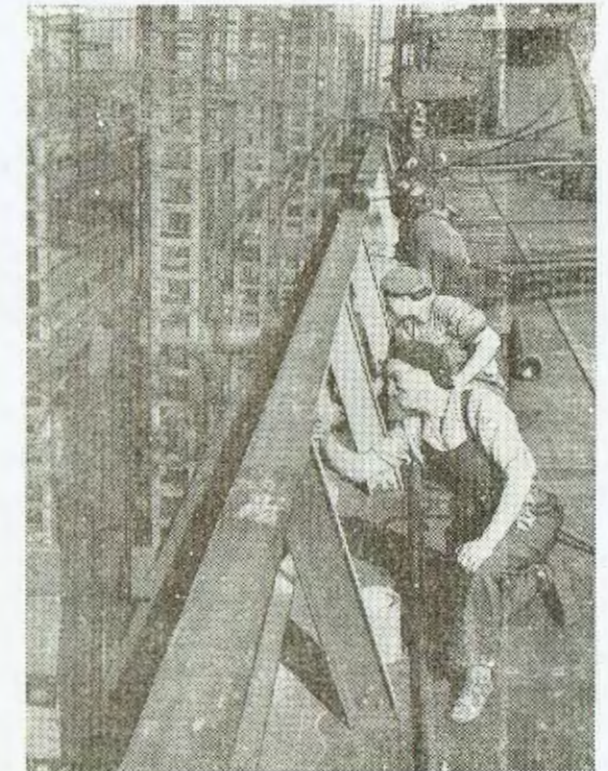
Wishing you the very best, and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will say Cheerio for now.

Sincerely,

(Sgd.) VAL HILL.

* * *
During 1942, Ceylon's village schools were responsible for the cultivation of 30,000 acres of crops.

* * *
New Zealand had, in May, 1943, 80,000 men serving abroad and a similar number fully mobilized for home defence. Naval personnel numbered 7,500 (pre-war figure 700), and Air Force more than 30,000 (pre-war figure 1,250).



WOMEN OF BRITAIN HELP
KEEP UP SHIPPING PRODUCTION

Every month more and more British women enter the shipbuilding industry, replacing men for the fighting front. No job is too big for them to handle, electric welding, riveting, painting, electric wiring and French polishing are just a few of the skilled trades in which the women are lending a hand. Picture shows: Painters busy at work on the decks.

KNIFE FIGHTING

(Continued from page 12)

small part of the handle next to the cross guard is grasped by the thumb and forefinger. The middle finger also lies over the handle at the point of largest diameter. With the knife held in this fashion, it is very easy to maneuver it in all directions by controlling the direction of the blade by a combination movement of the fore and middle fingers plus a turning of the wrist. When the palm is up it is possible (holding knife in the right hand) to slash to the right. When the palm is turned down, it is possible to slash to the left. The thrust can be executed from either the palm up or down position. At the time of contact in the thrust or the slash, the knife is grasped tightly by all fingers, the initial controlling grip of the fore and middle fingers has not changed and the blade has actually become a continuation of your arm. Knife manipulation is easy, and skill can be acquired after a few hours' practice.

After the student has been shown the vulnerable spots, let him take a real knife and practice on a dummy. A dummy is easily made from an old pair of overalls filled with straw. Make him practice slowly at first executing thrusts and slashes, always from the crouch. Speed up the tempo as the practice goes along and point out spots to hit as he practises. About six hours of such practice will give the student a good deal of confidence in his weapon and a skill which will place him well above the average knife wielder.

Where is the best place to carry a knife? The simplest answer is a place where the bearer can withdraw it with the least possible effort and with the most speed. This place may vary greatly owing to racial and local custom and the type of garment worn.

Knives have been carried successfully in a sheath at the side, down the back of the neck, up the sleeve, in the top of a boot or legging, under the coat lapel, in the crown of a hat, between the belt and the trousers, strapped to the inside of the thigh beneath the trouser leg, in a sheath sewn diagonally across the chest on a vest. Any place that combines concealment and the element of surprise in using it is satisfactory. There is really no one best place. Everyone has his own ideas, but once a place has been decided upon, he should always carry it there and practise the draw from that place. Then he will be able to use it with the greatest speed and the least effort.

Sentry Killing

In sentry killing, the approach is from the rear and is naturally noiseless. At the time of rising a few feet in the rear of the victim, the knife should either be taken from the sheath where it has been during the approach crawl, or taken from the teeth where it may have been carried. The attack is launched from a distance of not less than five feet and is initiated as soon as the attacker has arrived at that spot. This swift and sudden attack is important because of the animal instinct which usu-

ally warns the victim that someone is approaching or watching him. The upward thrust of the knife into the middle of the back or the right or left kidney section is executed at the end of the leap. At the same time the free hand is clasped over the mouth and nose of the victim, pulling him backward off balance. The thrust into the kidney area has initially a great shocking effect and there will be no outcry if the free hand goes over the mouth and nose at the time of the thrust. Press the victim back upon the blade continually and after a few seconds pull the blade from the back and while maintaining the same grip on nose and throat, lift the head up and slash the jugular vein.

One method of using the knife in assassination is as old as history and is practised throughout the occupied countries today. The chief victims have been members of the Gestapo and local Quislings. The assassin marks his victim in a crowd and approaches him from the front. His knife is held in his hand with the hilt down and the blade lying flat along the inside of the forearm or concealed up the sleeve. The handle is, of course, concealed by the fingers. The assassin with the knife in this position passes the victim walking toward him, and as he reaches a point directly opposite, a simple movement of his wrist frees the blade and a short arm movement plunges it into the kidney area of the victim. The knife is either left sticking in the wound or is pulled out and the assassin walks on through the crowd, his movement undetected.

Recent reports from our forces in the Pacific theatre have shown the knife to be an important weapon, because jungle warfare is close-quarter work where the bladed weapon is particularly useful, especially in the dark.

By January, 1943, 1,491 Maltese had been killed and more than 1,500 seriously injured in air raids.

In the year that war broke out Britain imported more than 1,890,000 tons of paper-making materials. Today her imports are negligible and paper is being made from salvaged paper and sometimes from cotton rags.

COLONEL REITZ AND A VETERAN WAITER
A luncheon in London in honour jointly of South Africa and New Zealand, given by the Worshipful Company of Pattenmakers, was described to overseas listeners by Cyril Watling in a recent edition of the BBC's "News from South Africa."

The respective High Commissioners, Colonel Deneys Reitz and Mr. Jordan, were there, among other distinguished guests. The Pattenmakers are one of the oldest livery companies in the City of London. Their traditional ritual—customs dating back for some hundreds of years—was duly maintained. An interesting innovation was that all the sherry and other wine served was South African.

Colonel Reitz made amusing remarks relative to his experiences in the South African War (when he fought against Britain). One reason, he declared, why he liked the British people was that "you were always on the winning side with them—even when they beat you in the war. They gave you back for nothing everything you had been fighting for."

Afterwards the Colonel was told that one of the waiters at the lunch was a man who fought with the British forces in the Relief of Ladysmith. He shook hands with the man—who has just turned seventy-four years of age—and said: "Well, we're both veterans now, aren't we? Getting on a bit for fighting, but if ever we do fight again, we'll both be on the same side."

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