

The

Official Journal of
THE CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS

MARCH 1944

TANK

CANADA



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THE TANK

(CANADA)
Official Journal
of the
Canadian Armoured Corps

Vol. 4 No. 3
Camp Borden, Ontario
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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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Editorial

In the various theatres of war the past month has been chiefly remarkable for two events. The first is the increased weight of the air offensive against Germany and the second the advance of the Russian Armies in Estonia, Poland and the Ukraine.

With regard to the first, the first stage of the programme, namely concentration of attack against the German fighter aircraft industry in the Reich seems to have been almost complete to have been carried out in a very successful manner, in that it is estimated that at least 60% of the German fighter aircraft output has been destroyed. In air war it is the fighter which is the dominating factor since it is the principal means by which air superiority is achieved; hence the accomplishment of this task must very materially help Allied operations on all fronts. It is interesting to speculate on what the next phase of the Allied air offensive will entail. Whatever it may be, it seems safe to say that it will be concentrated against some vital unit of production of the enemy war machine. It may be oil plants and storage, since oil is the basis of all mobility and offensive power of land, sea and air forces. In this connection the oil fields of Rumania form an obvious target. The Rumania oil fields are now only about 350 miles from the Russian armies in the southern Ukraine, and it is obvious that they are therefore best attacked from the north east.

Russia up till now has not been able to create a heavy bomber force in sufficient numbers to carry out bombing raids on a heavy enough scale. Recent raids on Helsinki and Koenigsberg, however, indicate she has now been able to remedy this deficiency, and doubtless considerable results may be achieved in the near future.

Meanwhile, the main zones of Russian activity are in Estonia, the north, where Narva is now encircled. It seems as if before long the German armies will be forced to withdraw to the line of Riga and the river Dwina. A withdrawal on this scale would allow Germany to shorten her line very considerably and economize in troops.

Further south Russian armies under General Zhukov are gradually approaching Lwow and the vital railway from that city to Odesa which forms the main supply artery of the German troops west of the Dnieper. A further advance to the south-west would enable the Russians to turn the defences of the River Bug, where it seems that the enemy had planned to make a determined stand. The collapse of the defences would enable the Russians to invade Bessarabia.

—Continued on page 23

Allied headquarters in Naples have disclosed that Major-Gen. E. L. M. "Tommy" Burns, 46, of Ottawa, is leading a Canadian division in Italy. A well-known Canadian scientist, Major-Gen. Burns is one of the country's outstanding authorities on aerial photography.





Troopers make cute "Ladies of the CAC" in howling hit from show.

"The Black Berets" Scores Preview Success

(From The Barrie Examiner)

"The Black Berets", widely heralded all-male soldier show of the Canadian Armoured Corps, scored an unqualified success in a preview presented before a distinguished military audience at the K. of C. auditorium at Camp Borden, Feb. 16.

This streamlined production, which will be presented at all Armoured Corps training centres in this part of the country, while not as elaborate as the Army Show, has a lusty army flavour which augurs well for its popularity with soldier audiences, for which it is primarily intended. Its settings are simple, as befits a camp show, and the cast is not too large.

Lieut. H. W. Carter-Page, the producer, hopes that his troupe will get overseas intact to entertain the troops abroad.

The theme song of the show, "One Pip Wonder", was written by Pte. First Class Frank Lesser, of the U.S. Army, who won fame with his "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition", "Either Too Young or Too Old", and other popular hits. He has turned over Canadian royalties to the Armoured Corps, and in the States the money will go to the National

Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The rousing rhythm of the new number is typical of his best work.

Lieut. Carter-Page, the producer, formerly was with the Walt Disney Studios, and L/Cpl. Cecil Mindle, the stage director, was with RKO in Hollywood before joining the Canadian Army.

One of the top numbers of the show is a hilarious satire on the "ladies of the CAC", which drew round after round of applause. L/Cpl. J. B. Morris, of Montreal, has the "feminine" lead as a hula dancer, a movie star and a gorgeous she-male. Tpr. L. DeB. Holly, of Toronto, former CBC announcer, scored with a clever monologue, "Dreams of a Timid Trooper."

The entire production had a professional polish rarely found in camp shows, while the staging was excellent and the dance routines were executed with drill square precision.

Col. J. A. McCamus, commandant of A-33, CACTE, was high in his praise of the production and complimented all who had contributed to its success. Arrangements are being made for the presentation of the show to all ranks in camp before its appearances in other CAC training centres.

Some Experiences of an Armoured Regimental Commander In the Middle East

The accounts which follow are personal experiences only, from the comparatively limited outlook of a Regimental Commander, and do not attempt to give explanations of the "broad picture." Any such explanation would be founded, at the best, on second hand information which is more than likely incorrect.

It must surely be one, if not the, ambition of every soldier to command his battalion. What could then, for me, have been a greater thrill and honour but to find myself in February, 1942, selected to command the 3rd Bn. Royal Tank Corps, which I had originally joined as a 2/Lieut. not so many years before. More than that, I was particularly fortunate in getting a battalion with a wealth of battle experience behind them; some of it had been unfortunate—two thirds of the Battalion had been lost at Calais, later nearly half had been lost in Greece, but after each of these misfortunes they seemed to have reformed in increased strength. In December, 1941-January, 1942, they had achieved something of a record for an armoured regiment by being in contact with the enemy continuously for 38 days with the exception of two days, during General Auchinleck's winter offensive in the Middle East. During this period they had learned a great deal, and I have no hesitation in saying that on arrival I learned more from the battalion than they learned from me. Whether or not they realized this, I have never discovered!

When I joined the battalion in February I found them in great spirits. In their last operations they had been equipped throughout with Honeys (General Stuart tanks), but now they were in the brigade (—th Armoured Brigade) which was to be the first to be equipped with General Grant tanks. We now all well know the faults and limitations of the Grant, but in those days it was like going from wood to steel at sea.

There was much to be done; a new tank to learn, a new gun to learn, H.E. shooting to learn and new tactics to be evolved. But everyone felt that now we had an answer to the Anti-Tank Gun and "wouldn't the Hun in his Mk. III's and IV's get a shock when the 75 mm. came in, instead of the 37 mm. or two-pounder bouncing off," so the enthusiasm was terrific and everyone worked hard and liked it. We were soon going to blast the Hun out of the desert, and so we might have done, but alas! things did not go quite like that and it was to be another nine months before a success of such magnitude was achieved.

At this time we were re-equipping and training near the Pyramids, and at the end of March were moved up to the desert to an area some 15 miles west of Capuzzo. The Hun had recently done one of his "come-backs," but this time had been halted on the Gazala—Bir Hachiem line. Most of April was

spent in this general area; training was continued and certain operational recesses were carried out. I should say now that the battalion was organized as two squadrons of Grants and one squadron of Honeys; the strength was finally somewhat reduced as there were practically no reserves at that time in the country. Each Grant Squadron had eventually 12 Grants, and the light Squadron had 16 Honeys; R.H.Q. had two Grants and two Honeys. The R.H.Q. Command Tank was a Grant with two wireless sets in it—a forward control and rear link—the Adjutant combining the duties of Rear Link Officer and 75 mm. loader, a combination of tasks he was later to find strenuous! The idea was that we would shout to one another over the top of the tank, but as this necessitated the Adjutant exposing most of his body—and it was a broad one—an alternative method of communication was arranged through the I.C. (internal communication) against the time when there might be a good deal of unpleasant stuff flying about. Events proved that this latter arrangement was very fortunate for the Adjutant!

Early in May we moved to an area some eight miles north-east of Hachiem. At this time it became known that the Germans were building up reserves for an offensive, so were we, and it was not quite clear then who would be ready first. The Germans had two alternatives—one was to make a sweep south of the minefields at Hachiem and then swing up north-east, in which case his lines of communication would be long; and the other was to make a gap and break through the minefields in the north with a consequent shortening of his lines of communication. Our brigade as a whole carried out a great many recesses to counter either of these moves. In the south, which is the area that will concern this narrative, a particularly good battle position was selected some three miles south-east of Bir Hachiem, where the whole brigade could take up hull-down positions—or as hull-down a position as is possible with the Grant tank. A mile or so east of the Hachiem defences an Indian Motor Brigade prepared, and later occupied, a defended area. We felt that if the German Panzers ran their heads up against this position they were in for a very nasty shock, particularly as it would be the first time they would encounter the 75 mm. guns from the Grant. I may say that we were quite determined that the Bosch should be given the maximum of surprise from this 75 mm. and every squadron had its miniature range, so that every day, when field firing was not possible, every gunner kept his hand and eye in on the miniature range. It is interesting to note that miniature tin silhouettes of enemy vehicles were then produced which have recently, some 18 months later, been introduced here at home for training.

The brigade was then in what might be termed, comfortable leager areas. Squadron cook-

houses and Officers' Messes were up, games pitches had been made, bathing parties were organized to the Tobruk area. Out Battle Position was nine miles away to the south-west. Of the other Armoured Regiments of the brigade, one, the 8th Hussars, was about two miles away to the east, and the other, the 5th Battalion Royal Tank Regiment, some four miles away to the high ground in the north-east. Brigade H.Q. and the Royal Horse Artillery Regiment were about centrally placed; the Motor Battalion, 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps, were further away to the east.

About 20th May we were informed that if the Bosch were going to attack he would do so between the 25th and 28th May. As one of my officers put it, "things are getting pretty well organized now, they can even tell the date of the next flap." I accordingly organized a large scale outing and bathing party to Tobruk on the 23rd. "Stand-to" and "Stand-down" became rather highly organized from the 23rd onwards, and every morning just before the grey light of dawn as we groped our way rather sleepily to our tanks we wondered with increased excitement what the day would bring forth.

On 27th May—never shall I forget the date—at a particularly unpleasant hour, about 0430 hours, I was awakened by the Adjutant, to say that the battalion was to be at half-an-hour's notice, ready to move; the only information, as far as I can recollect, was that a certain amount of movement by the enemy had been reported. However, as the enemy had only one day's grace according to the reckoning of higher authority, I felt it prudent to become mobile and ordered my 60 lb. tent to be struck and packed on my car. I further ordered a large breakfast to be ready in the mess by 0600 hours and told squadrons to make similar arrangements about their own breakfasts.

"Stand-to" at about 0545 hours passed off without incident, so we repaired to breakfast. At about 0700 hours, Brigade H.Q., having been disturbed for some hours, and now apparently without much on hand, rang up to request that we should furnish a full report as to why tanks numbered so-and-so and so-and-so were returned to Ordnance in a dirty condition. I sent for the shorthand clerk; Oh! I had such a lovely reply sizzling—all the facts, did but brigade know it, were on my side. I was just itching to see it all put on paper. However, I had only got the first two or three sentences off when the 'phone from brigade rang again. "Enemy movement is reported towards Hachiem; the brigade will take up the position '—' (south-east of Hachiem); the brigade will RV and form up the position '—' (south-east of our leager area on the route to the battle position). 3rd Royal Tank Regiment leading, 8th Hussars left, 5th Royal Tank Regiment right, one battery Royal Horse Artillery move with armoured regiments. 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps in reserve: be in position at RV at 0815 hours." I cannot remember the exact order, but that was the gist of it.

About 20 minutes later everyone was ready to move, and the battalion, having previously been

warned, moved off to the RV, the Light Squadron leading, and the Grant Squadrons either side of R.H.Q. following behind. Our Gunner Battery, the famous Chestnut Troop, had not yet joined us; I was in touch on the wireless with the Battery Commander who said that he would catch us up in a few minutes.

We had been going about ten minutes, and the Light Squadron was about 2,000 yards ahead, when they reported a lot of dust and unidentified movement three miles to their front. Perhaps the 8th Hussars. Then a report from brigade came through that the Indian Motor Brigade just east of Hachiem had been over-run by tanks about three-four hours before. I was just going to pass this information to the battalion when the Light Squadron reported "Large numbers of tanks to our front, about 3,000 yards away, coming towards us—can they be friends?"—"No, not friends"—"But their crews are sitting outside them"—"Well, when they get a little closer open fire on them with your Brownings."

"Peter (the Adjutant)—report to brigade about 100 enemy tanks moving north-west. Their position now about four miles south-east of our original leager area." We continue to move forward slowly, closing up on the Light Squadron and looking for a suitable hull-down position. "Gosh! There they are—there are more than 100! Yes, 20 in the first line, and there are six, no eight lines, and more behind that in the distance; a whole ruddy Panzer Division is quite obviously in front of us! Damn it! This was not the plan at all; where the hell are the rest of the brigade? However, no indecision is possible because no alternatives present themselves. 'Hullo. Battalion Orders. B and C Squadrons (Grants) take up battle line on the small ridge 300 yards to our front. B Squadron right, C Squadron left. A Squadron (Honeys) protect the right flank from an outflanking movement and try to get in on the enemy's flank, leave one troop on the left to keep in touch with 8th Hussars who should be coming up on our left at any moment.'

"Peter—you see the situation—report it to brigade and then get ready to load the 75 mm." "Operator, pass up my tin hat and stow my beret in an un-oily spot." The Grant Squadrons were instructed to hold their fire until the Bosch tanks were within 1,200 yards or had halted. Meanwhile our gunners, the Chestnut Troop, had heard the situation on the wireless and were going into action close behind us. Just at this moment the Battery Commander arrived up in his somewhat vulnerable steed, a Mariom-Harrington Armoured Car with the turret off, and drew up behind my tank, to give him some protection. Seeing the situation for himself and realizing that every gun that could fire AP at the enemy tanks was required, he ordered one troop forward for anti-tank shooting. This troop gallantly moved forward with their "quads" and went into action on the left of, and in line with, the tanks. Oddly enough I do not believe that they had any casualties, or if so, only very few.

By this time the tank versus tank battle was in

progress. The leading enemy tanks had halted about 1,300 yards away; all our tanks were firing, there was no scarcity of targets, certainly two of our tanks were knocked out, but the enemy had also had losses; I could see one tank burning, and another slewed around and the crew "baling out." Good show. "Peter"—but he was not in sight; he had wisely gone to ground in the 75 mm. loaders "well." So I must see the I.C. "Peter, tell brigade we are holding our own, but I do not anticipate being able to stay here for ever and suggest that 5th Battalion should come up on our right, they would then prevent us being outflanked and might get a good flank shoot at the enemy." However, it appeared that the 8th Hussars thought it would be a good idea if the 5th Battalion came up between the 8th Hussars and ourselves; the 8th Hussars were fighting a battle in their original leager area against a large number of enemy tanks and had not had time even to get into battle formation; our instructions were to hold on as long as possible.

About this moment bits of paper and message pad started dropping into my tank; I could understand stuff being blown out of the tank, but it seemed very odd that that sort of material should be coming in! I looked back and saw a very surprised-looking Battery Commander—a shell had exploded right in the middle of his vehicle, killing or badly wounding the crew, but the Battery Commander had miraculously only received a small piece of shell in the back of his thigh. Only sometime later did it occur to me that that shell must have passed remarkably close to my head!

Further tank casualties had been inflicted on both sides, but as far as the Bosch were concerned as soon as one tank was knocked out another took its place; they merely used their rear lines of tanks to replace casualties in the front line and attempted no manoeuvre. On the other hand, from well in their rear a few tanks and some anti-tank guns were being moved very wide round our right flank and the Light Squadron was getting more and more strung out keeping them under observation. "Peter, tell brigade we cannot hang on here much longer, either there will be nothing left, or we will be cut off, or both." "Driver, advance slightly in line with the other tanks." "75 gunner, enemy tank straight ahead receiving no attention—engage." "First shot just over—come down half-a-tank height." "Still over—come down a whole tank's height." "Good shot—that got him—same again." Hullo! there is a dashing Bosch on the left, he has come right forward against C Squadron who have withdrawn a little—just the job for the 37mm. "37 gunner traverse left, traverse left, traverse left—on; enemy tank broadside on 500, fire!" "37 gunner—good—have a couple more shots and then get ready with the co-ax."

But C Squadron on the left are all going back, or what is left of them. "Hello C Squadron—what's the matter—you're going the wrong way." "Sorry," replied C Squadron Commander, "but I can't see a damn thing with blood in my eyes and all my periscopes are smashed. I think the same thing has

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happened to my other remaining tanks. Also, I have no more ammunition."

"O.K., well done—carry on."

It was found out afterwards that this tank had had 25 hits on it.

But the situation was now getting serious. I had a little 37 mm. ammunition left and a little 75 mm. H.E. C Squadron on the left did not appear to have any tanks left in action, though beyond them the Royal Horse Artillery troop were still in action; on the right B Squadron seemed to have three tanks still firing, but they quite obviously could not have much ammunition left; no sight of the 5th Royal Tank Regiment coming up on either our right or our left. There are certainly 20 Bosch tanks knocked out in front of us, if not more, but if we are to re-organize at all we must go—and pretty quickly. I must see that the Royal Horse Artillery troop does not get left all by itself; communications with the battery has been indifferent since the misfortune of the Battery Commander and his vehicle. I make a partially successful attempt to communicate with them, but all is well as I can see them starting to limber up. I give orders for the battalion to rally on the high ground to the north-east and then I look to the rear with the idea of reversing—it would never do to turn about here and expose the comparatively vulnerable side of the tank to the enemy with all the stuff there is flying about at the moment. As I look back I see at least two tanks' crews sheltering behind the tank, I signal them to climb up behind. "Driver, reverse very slowly, 75 and 37 gunners continue firing at suitable targets." If one reverses very slowly, no dust is raised and it will be some time before the enemy realizes that one is withdrawing.

After about 100 yards of this funereal and agonizing movement—"Driver, speed up—right hand down—carry on—Driver, left hand down," it looks as if we are going to "get away with it," but it's a good thing to do a bit of "jinking." Two wounded men on the back are being given a little morphia. We have now gone in reverse for about 400 yards and the enemy do not seem to be following up: now is the time to make a dash for it. "Driver, halt—rev up hard, turn about as quick as you can, then 'tread on it.'" An eternal few seconds then we are going flat out for the rallying point, leaving a cloud of dust behind us. Phew! that was a near thing. What ammunition have we got left—five rounds of 37 mm. and no 75 mm. I hope the ammunition lorries will make the rallying point. There are four other tanks with me, not counting the Honey Squadron, who have got away with it lightly, but are still reporting most ably the enemy's movements round our open flank.

We reach the rallying point without further incident. There are seven Grants; I learn that three others have gone further back as they are un-fightable with both guns out of action. A certain amount of "sorting out" takes place: B Squadron Commander, de-horsed, finds himself another charger. But no sign of the ammunition lorries, I

get them on the wireless and learn that they are being shelled and will have to make a detour to get to us. At that moment one of the Light Squadron reports that six Bosch tanks are approaching our rallying point and are even now climbing up the hill towards us. None of the Grants have any ammunition and the wadi behind us is full of French transport: I give out another rallying point a further four miles north-east, hoping that there we will be able to join up with our ammunition lorries in reasonable peace, and at the same time tell the Light Squadron that they must hold up these enemy tanks while we and the French transport get clear. Most gallantly led by their Squadron Commander, two troops and Squadron H.Q. took up positions and held up the enemy; the Squadron Commander's tank was knocked out and he himself wounded but was fortunately picked up by another tank under heavy fire and so brought back safely.

As we went through the French we told them of the necessity for speed and eventually reached our new rallying point.

"Peter, report our location and situation to brigade."

"I have already done so, sir, and I am expecting orders from them any minute."

"O.K., tell them our ammunition lorries are in sight, and if left in peace we ought to be ready to move in about 25 minutes."

The ammunition and petrol lorries duly reached us, after, apparently, a fairly adventurous journey. All the Grants were re-filled with ammunition, and the Light Squadron was brought in a troop at a time to fill up with petrol (in those days Stuart tanks only did 40 miles to a fill of petrol), the remaining troops of the squadron carrying out protective duties.

Meanwhile orders had come through from brigade that we were to join them in an area some three miles south-east of El Adem. Thither we proceeded without incident, except that we passed large numbers of single lorries and groups of lorries all going in different directions, the resulting picture being of a somewhat disorganized musical ride.

On nearing our area we were met by a somewhat excited Liaison Officer from Corps. I cannot remember exactly what he said, but the gist of it was that the enemy were advancing northwards, towards where we then were, and that we were to move south a little and hold them up—"All you have to do is go along this wadi and over the crest at the end and you will be about right." I was not quite clear why Corps should be so interested in the movements of our little party, but I was soon to find out.

Selecting a suitable route to the area given us by the Liaison Officer we started off, sending the Light Squadron in front, but halted almost immediately. On the crest which the Liaison Officer had pointed out there were some vehicles whose shape was not entirely familiar. An immediate inspection through binoculars, and I had a particularly good pair, might prove valuable. I was pretty certain that the vehicles were Bosch, but at that moment I saw an 8-cwt. truck which had been near us only a few

WAR TERMS EXPLAINED BY **KIWI**



"A COUNTER-ATTACK!"

We don't expect you will find this rendering of a famous war term in any official handbook, but if you will ask any old-timer, he will very forcibly tell you, that for the finest polish on any leather—whether boots or equipment—there is nothing to equal Kiwi! It was good last time and it's still the same to-day. Get Kiwi Black or Kiwi Tan from your canteen.



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THE MARK OF IDENTITY

WHEN Knights of the Middle Ages went to war they donned a battledress of armour—and so lost their identity. For in the mêlée of battle it became impossible to distinguish friend from foe.

To extricate themselves from this dilemma, these warrior knights adorned their shields with distinguishing marks; a practice which later was extended to the embroidering of armorial ensigns on the surcoat worn over their coats of mail. Hence the origin of the expression "Coats of Arms".

It was but a matter of time before the armorial ensign, or coat of arms, grew to represent a general sign of its owner's identity. Reproductions in miniature were used as seals on deeds and documents, for in those days few were practised in the art of writing. In due time it became also a distinguishing mark indicative of ownership.

For this reason the arms of many great families of England were reproduced on their gold and silver plate. Loving care and exquisite workmanship were lavished by early craftsmen upon the precious vessels thus embellished for their noble patrons.

Let it not be forgotten that such craftsmen are with us still today. True, for a time it is not theirs to expend skill and genius upon heraldic reproductions, or indeed upon any works of pure art as such. They are now engaged in fashioning arms of a sterner kind.

Soon, however, they will return to the creation of beauty in precious metals . . . 'tomorrow, when the world is free'.

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moments before arrive on the crest, halt immediately and the two occupants in the front seats rose very rapidly and put their hands above their heads while three other persons came towards them. There was now no doubt as to whether or not it was the enemy, and a few more vehicles were even now arriving, two of them towing guns.

I quickly withdrew the Light Squadron, and got the Grants in a suitable position to engage the enemy. We all selected different targets and commenced firing. B Squadron Commander got his lorry on fire in no time, but nothing would induce mine to "brew." However, the general effects were good, the guns seemed to have disappeared and no fire was opened on us. At that moment brigade asked us where we were; I gave a map reference only to receive the reply "we are there but there is no sign of you." I had a check done by someone else and rather reluctantly had to admit that I was wrong, but covered it up quickly by saying that we were involved in a little battle, the enemy had withdrawn and were we required to follow up. "No, rally at our location." With some relief we moved on there, only about a mile and a half, and once more the whole brigade, or what was left of it, were together again.

The Brigade Commander had some interesting, if rather discouraging news. The 5th Battalion are practically complete—good, the 8th Hussars almost entirely incomplete—not so good. Advance Divisional H.Q. had been "put in the bag" including the Divisional Commander—things must be very out of hand for that to have occurred and hence the interest shown by Corps in our movements! However, our guns are complete and the Motor Battalion is complete (except the C.O. who unwittingly drove into the enemy) so we have the wherewithal to do a good deal more fighting—which we did.

So ended one phase of a very busy day; it was now only just after noon, lots more could happen, and did happen, but the past six hours had seemed like several days in one.

II

The breeze is getting stronger and hotter, the sand is starting to rise, in fact there is every indication that we are in for a "Khamsin." It may last for three days, perhaps only a few hours, but whatever its length it will be extremely unpleasant. If we could settle down and make some protection for ourselves things might not be too bad, but we have got to be on the move.

The powers that be have reason to believe that the enemy are withdrawing, consequently I have received orders that my Battalion is to move south and establish itself on the Trigh Capuzzo (a wide track running from east to west). The total distance we have got to move is about 12 miles, but after about seven miles we have got to negotiate an escarpment which is by no means passable for even tracked vehicles in all places; fortunately I know that on our route, which is almost exactly due south, there is at least one small track by which we should be able to get up.

It is now about 1145 hours and orders are given for the move to commence at 1200 hours. The battalion has now a strength of 12 Grants and 14 Honeys,

apart from Regimental H.Q. which now has one Grant and two Honeys. — Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, is coming with us to support us. We start off in normal formation with the guns moving fairly close behind the Grants, but the weather is rapidly deteriorating and after only about 20 minutes, distances have to be considerably reduced and speed reduced to six miles per hour. Already one of the troops of the Light Squadron has got temporarily lost and we halt for a few minutes to pull them in. After another 20 minutes the situation is still worse; visibility has rapidly been reduced to ten yards and the only thing to do is to halt again and get everyone together. There are at least ten vehicles of various sorts unaccounted for; if we do not get them in quickly heavens knows where they will end up, most probably driving into the enemy. Officers in Scout Cars are sent in various directions and eventually the lost sheep are collected. Everyone has now taken on the aspect of a "sand-man" and in spite of goggles most eyes are blood-shot; in addition, the hot wind produces a very dry throat and an acute thirst. This is an extremely bad sand-storm but because of its severity it is unlikely to last very long. I have an awful picture of us driving slowly along, almost nose to tail, and then suddenly the wind and sand dropping to disclose a ring of Bosch guns, a large number of which are 88s. So strongly do I feel this that I report to brigade that I do not consider that present conditions justify our continuing at the moment. Brigade consider the matter, and a few minutes later say that they want us to go on if possible but that I must use my own discretion. Almost at that moment there is a tremendous gust and visibility is almost nil, and it is quite certain that if we are to go on in this, several vehicles will get lost. We'll brew some tea and review the situation in a quarter of an hour, and I informed brigade accordingly. In about ten minutes the worst seemed to be over and then the Brigadier himself speaks on the wireless "I realize the difficulties and risks," he says, "but I should like you to go on." Well, there is really now no alternative!

I give out "Be ready to move in five minutes" and after that time we duly set off again—very slowly and very close together. The weather continues to improve and soon visibility is 100 yards; distances are increased accordingly. We should be reaching the escarpment very soon now and I instruct the Light Squadron to report directly they see it. In a quarter of an hour the report comes in from the Light Squadron that their leading troops are 400 yards from the escarpment. "Light Squadron, push on up the escarpment and then move on 600 yards on a 1,000 yards front, halt, and await further orders." The Battery Commander gets one troop of his battery into action, and the remainder of the battalion and battery close the escarpment. I can see it now; the Light Squadron have got up in several places but there are only two tracks, and those very close together, which the Grants and the Guns are likely to be able to negotiate. I lead the Grants up the right hand track, the Guns are going to use the left one.

My tank does not appreciate the steep ascent;

we go slower and slower and finally stop. Hell! and just at a critical time too, when anything may happen at the top of the escarpment. We run backwards down the track a little and then manage to swing off it so that the other Grants can go up. Engine doors are flung open and heads pushed inside; I remain with the earphones on controlling the battalion. Meanwhile the Adjutant is making alternative arrangements; we usually have a spare Grant in our H.Q., but we lost one a couple of days ago and have not had it replaced yet, so the only thing to do is for the Adjutant and myself to get into separate Honeys. The wireless officer is turned out of one, and an N.C.O. out of the other, map cases, codes, binoculars, waterbottles, overcoats, etc., are gathered together and we mount our new steeds. At that moment the first shells arrive—but not at the top of the escarpment, at the bottom behind us among our petrol and ammunition lorries. What has happened is that the visibility had been improving all the time and now the vehicles still remaining at the bottom of the escarpment have come under the observation of the enemy who are on the top but about 1,500 yards to the west. The Light Squadron at the top have nothing to report, but the lorries cannot come up yet as there are still some Grants going up one track, and an ammunition limber of the Gunners has stuck on the other track; I tell the lorries to take themselves off about a mile eastward, while the troop of guns who are in action in the plain engage the enemy.

I have now reached the top and there are the Light Squadron 600 yards away in a sort of semi-circle. Most of the Grants are now up, so I tell the Light Squadron to push on another 1,000 yards and to pay particular attention to the right flank.

Meanwhile the Grants are forming up on the top as are also the troop of Gunners (one troop is still in action at the bottom). Then several things seem to happen very quickly; the Light Squadron reports that they are held up by anti-tank guns straight ahead and that six enemy tanks are approaching the ridge on our right which is about 1,000 yards from my own position.

"Light Squadron continue to watch the front. Grant Squadron to take up hull-down positions facing west on the ridge immediately to your right, 1,000 yards away."

The Battery Commander is close to me so I shout to him to get his troop, who are with us on the top, into action facing west, to be prepared to assist in dealing with these enemy tanks. The Grants had got into line facing west and had just started moving towards the ridge, when the enemy tanks appeared, hull-down, on it. In no time both H.E. and solid shot were whistling by us and there were casualties among the gunners. The range was short and the enemy had far the better position: no manoeuvre on our part was possible, on the right of the enemy tanks was the escarpment, on the left anti-tank guns. To pull away from the enemy eastwards, was difficult owing to a fairly precipitous wadi.

I feel almost naked in the Honey after the Grant and dash from one little hollow to another to find a

bit of cover, but not with much success and I see by the spurts of sand around me that there are some "near misses." However, the enemy tanks are withdrawing, so I tell the Grants to follow them up and establish themselves on the ridge. All I can tell brigade is that we are all right at the moment, but that our tactical position is not a very enviable one and that if we are to stay here tonight I shall want a Motor Company; they reply that they have already despatched a Motor Company to join us. There is now time to think for a moment and the I.C. (internal communication) on my tank requires attention, so I get out for a minute. The Grants are engaging the enemy tanks from the ridge, and some wounded gunners are being lifted into a truck, and as I am getting back into my tank I am wondering how I can replenish the tanks with ammunition. As I put the headphones on again the Grants report that the enemy tanks have been reinforced, there are now at least 15. Now this is going to be tricky; the Grants will soon be getting short of ammunition and the only way we can withdraw is back the way we came, down the two tracks.

"Peter, tell brigade that if we are achieving a great deal by staying here, I think we can, but it may be expensive." Brigade reply that we are to withdraw and re-join them at a point about six miles northeast of our present position. At that moment O.C. of the Motor Company, who had been sent to us, arrives; all I can do is to thank him for his trouble and to say that we now have no task for him. When I look back towards the Grants I am horrified to see that they are withdrawing off their ridge. I talk to them on the wireless, but no one answers and they continue to come slowly and steadily back in reverse. It later transpired that both the Squadron Commander's and 2nd in Command's wireless had been put out of action. The Battery Commander is rightly getting anxious; frantic hand signals seem to achieve nothing. A few German tanks have got on the ridge again, once more the gunners are receiving casualties from direct H.E. fire. The Battery Commander, quite regardless of his own safety, runs around the gun crews encouraging them, reorganizing them, and helping to keep the guns in action. At last I get through to the Grants on the wireless; as I feared they are out of 75 mm. ammunition, but they still have a lot of 37 mm. left. I explain the gravity of the situation and order them to move forward again slowly.

As soon as they get moving in the right direction I give orders for the withdrawal. Route, by the track up which we had just come; rally a mile northeast from the bottom of the track; order of withdrawal, Gunners, Honey Squadron, Grant Squadron.

Amazing as it may seem it all went off without a hitch and without an additional casualty. Once again the Bosch had failed to follow us up and we all collected in reasonable order at the rallying point and moved off towards brigade. Our casualties, one Honey destroyed, three Grants damaged and a dozen gunner casualties. But we had been lucky; the visibility had cleared just sufficiently early to avoid us running into real trouble when we were in very close formation. Altogether, an unpleasant and anxious few hours which I have no wish to repeat.



One of the first pictures taken at the Allied Conference in Teheran, Iran, is this one showing, from left to right, Marshal Josef Stalin, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, at the Russian embassy. Stalin wears the Order of the Red Star on his tunic and Churchill is in the uniform of an RAF air marshal.

The Inter-Allied Conferences

(From COMBINED SERVICE PUBLICATIONS LTD.)

The conferences held in December at Cairo and Teheran between the leaders of the four great Allied Powers—Mr. Churchill for this country, Mr. Roosevelt for the United States, Marshal Stalin for Russia, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek for China—form one of the most important episodes of the war. In them there was not only laid down the common strategy for the assuring of victory over Germany and Japan, but there was also consolidated a firm concert for the shaping of the post-war world and the general lines on which it is to be shaped. The spirit of cordial agreement and mutual understanding prevailing between the participating leaders was moreover a feature perhaps as helpful for the future as the actual form of the decisions arrived at, satisfactory as these latter must have been to all except our enemies.

It must not of course be presumed that all the problems of the war and the post-war period have yet been considered or solved in full detail; nor should we be blind to the probability that on some of these there already exist, or may in the future arise, divergencies of views and interests. What is primarily important is that all such problems should be approached and discussed in the atmosphere of mutual understanding and determination to overcome all difficulties which appears to have pervaded the recent discussions; for, if so handled, and indeed

only if so handled, can these problems be satisfactorily dealt with so as to avoid any serious future disagreements such as rent asunder the concert of the victors of the last war.

It is known also of considerable value to have laid down an agreed line of strategy and policy, because in the nature of things there must always be taken into account the possibility of changes in the personal representation at least of the two democratic partners to the Alliance, and there is less risk of such changes weakening mutual trust and concord if there can be good assurance that, in accepting this common line of strategy and policy, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt did not speak just for themselves, but for the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States, and voiced their settled and determined purpose to pursue that line of action, whoever may be their representatives at future conferences.

The official statement on the Teheran Conference, which dealt with the war against Germany, could naturally say little definite for fear of giving information to the enemy. But it was made clear that victory was to be sought by a co-ordinated series of attacks from east, west and south, and that full agreement had been reached as to the timing and

—Continued on page 22

An Academic Study Of a Perfectly Natural Function

(From KHAKI)

It is with justifiable pride that I am at last able to announce to the Armed Forces in general, a simple solution to an age-old problem that has vexed humanity since the invention of the bed.

This problem, concisely stated, is: "If a soldier is awakened from a much-needed slumber by a specific warning from Nature, how long is it safe for him to ignore said warning in the pursuit of further somnolence?"

A detached analysis of the problem reveals that two basic conflicting forces are simultaneously in operation. The first is tentatively called "URGENCY"—a physiological force which demands immediate acquiescence to Nature's summons. The second is "RESISTANCE"—a physiological force which seeks to ignore personal hydraulics in favour of continued sleep.

Urgency and Resistance, moreover, are affected or modified by two other entities, namely: (1) Distance, (2) Atmospheric Considerations.

In the interest of scientific inquiry, let us adopt, as an arbitrary unit the measurement of Urgency, the factor known as "EXPEDIENCY". Now, Expediency may be roughly defined for our purpose, as the amount of Urgency generated by a full quart of liquid which has been consumed three hours previously.

Expediency may be symbolized here as "E". And Urgency and Resistance as U and R respectively. The entities: Distance and Atmospheric Considerations can thus be represented as D and A.

With all these factors in mind any fool can work out an axiomatic principle. Thus, as a fool, I can state: "Resistance is directly proportionate to the sum of Urgency—as measured by Expediency—and Distance plus being inversely proportional to Atmospheric Considerations."

Undoubtedly this sounds very complicated—but

then it is! Anyway, reduced to simple equation it reads:

$$\frac{R = E + D}{A}$$

To aid the student in solving this problem—when the occasion demands—let us apply the new-found axiom to an illustrative and highly hypothetical character named Pte. Snuffy Q. Snarke.

Snuffy has somehow managed to imbibe freely in beer shortly before retiring. (I said he was hypothetical.) Anyway, he awakes at 0315½ hours with a sensation of increasing urgency. He has also been doing pack-drill most of the day. Consequently his resistance—i.e. his desire to sleep—is quite strong.

Working on the $R = E + D$ principle,

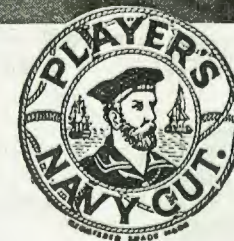
he hangs a thermometer out of the hut's window and obtains a reading. It is exactly 20 below zero. From previous experience he knows that the distance D is 258 feet. His Urgency measure, E, is doubling by the minute. Consequently by converting the symbols of these to proper values we get:

$$\frac{R = 2 + D =}{A} \\ \frac{2 + 258 = 260 = 18}{20 \quad 20}$$

Therefore R equals 18 minutes, or the time that can elapse before Snuffy will reach a saturation point.

However, as our subject has had only 18 minutes from the time he commenced working out the formula; and since it takes not less than 20 minutes for the Formula's successful conclusion, we must assume that Snuffy must now be in a rather bad way.

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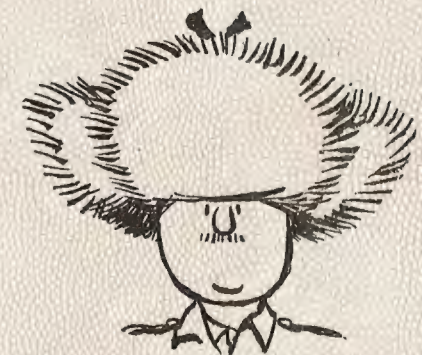
The "Matching" —



the "Alley-Cat" —



the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" —



the "de Trop" —



the "Inadequate" —



the "Rugged Individualist"



the "Non-Pareil" —



and Cap Winter Melton!

—By "Jeff" in B.M.A. Blitz

C.A.C. Hockey Highlights

By SGT. AB. HULSE, No. 3 CACTR

March finds CAC hockey playoffs on tap after six weeks of keen, rugged competition. The fondest hopes of those who were responsible for the league have been realized and the majority of the games might well have been billed as were the pro games in other years, "the fastest hockey in the world." To the four teams who have been fortunate enough to reach the playoffs the gate jackpot and glamor will be fitting rewards, while to those who missed hitting the charmed circle, memories of what might have been will have to suffice. For the supporters of the teams and hockey lovers throughout the CAC, in the words of the poet, "the best is yet to come."

As we predicted last month, Brampton, No. 2 CACTR and Newmarket reached the playoffs and the plucky T & S team battled their way not only to the fourth playoff berth but to a place in the sun by tying with No. 2 Rams for the runner-up spot behind the streamlined Brampton Bullets. It would be a bold soothsayer who would dare to prognosticate the final outcome of the series, but we know somebody will probably find it fitting to "beware the Ides of March." Midland Arena will be the scene of most of the semi-finals and final games and with early season experience behind them, those in charge should find the staff work necessary for staging such events reduced to a minimum. The change to artificial ice will ensure ice for all concerned, and make for better hockey. Yeah, teams!

MEMORY HOLD THE DOOR!

No. 2 CACTR

The Rams were one of the in and out teams of the season, "when they were good they were very good," but at other times the speed boys of the team just couldn't get going. Lt. Lin Bend, ex-New York Ranger, in the game at Orillia set the individual scoring mark of the season by rattling the Orillia rigging on nine occasions. Ray Hilliard and Urban Morrison, the team's two youthful left-wingers, turned in fine games throughout the season in a day when good left-wingers are at a premium. Reggie Westbrook in the nets drew rounds of applause for his fine work, and scored two nice shutouts. 2/Lt. Bob Bangay and Cpl. Charlie Nesbitt, who formed a potent scoring combination last winter for Newmarket Camp, as the regular season ended were just reaching peak production. RSM Eddie Burke must be mentioned for his sterling play, too.



"Joe" Fennell Mr. Burke took plenty from the opposing defencemen and from the crowd also but always came back for more, and individually was a regular puck-hawk. 2/Lt. "Joe" Fennell has been a sturdy performer on the defence.

Tech and Schools

After losing their first three games of the season and virtually facing elimination, Schools under the leadership of Capt. Blair Cook proved themselves to



Jimmy Boddy

be the dark horses of the group by not only winning a playoff spot but finishing in a tie for second place with No. 2. No team has more fighting heart or determination to win than Tech, no matter what the odds may be they are in there battling to the limit. That goes for their supporters too, and the game against No. 2 in Barrie which saw both teams battle to a 3-3 tie will long be remembered for the rooting, and monetary backing of Tech. SSM "Mickey" Maguire and Alex Sandalack have stamped themselves as two of the doughtiest performers in the circuit and the elusive Maguire failed to score in only one game. Sgt. Glen Brydson, who joined the team in midseason, deserves an orchid for his play. A former member of Montreal Maroons, Brydson is probably the best stick-handler in the group in a day when stickhandling is fast disappearing. His efforts in front of the nets were both timely and prolific. Jimmy Boddy, an Owen Sound boy, has played good hockey for Tech in every game.

Brampton Bullets (No. 24 CACBTC)

The Bullets went through the season with only one loss, that to a battling T & S team right in Georgetown. The Caswell clan set what we believe to be an OHA record by averaging over 12 goals per game offensively while holding the opposition to a 3.3 goals against average. Scares were provided by No. 3 Grizzlies who held the Bullets to 4-2 in their second start and by the Rams who likewise held them to a two-goal margin. Against No. 1 the Brampton team set up the season's goal scoring splurge by winning 25-1. Aside from their winning streak the league leaders, noted for their sturdy body-checking, had the dubious honor of having 19 penalties meted out to them by referee "Hap" Emms in their game against No. 2 in Barrie. Player Eugene "Joint" McComb received a two-game suspension from the OHA following the referee's report of the game against Newmarket in Brampton when Lt.

Bacon suffered a severe head injury. McComb, incidentally, was one of the league's outstanding players and his work has been sensational throughout the season. Regardless of injuries, suspensions, illness, or other causes Brampton, with a virtual all-star line-up available for duty, were seldom weakened by the absence of any of their personnel. No other club in the group was in this happy position.

Newmarket (No. 23 CACBTC)

The Redmen after starting like whirlwinds slumped towards the end of the season and needed a last minute win over the Rams to cinch a semi-final spot. Weakness in goal marked the story of the team. Dobson and Marleau, two youngsters, played jittery hockey through inexperience, and both boys in addition were casualties by way of injuries, requiring medical attention and stitches. Bob Stewart of No. 3 and "Duke" Ashton of No. 1



Jack Wheeler

both were loaned to the Redmen to ease the situation. Lt. Pat Corrigan, ex-North Battleford goalie, an experienced cage custodian, joined the team as the season ended to provide good protection. Defenceman Jack Wheeler, and Walter Zuke, flashy right-winger, were group standouts over the season and compared favorably with any in the league. Zuke tallied in all but one game and against Orillia hammered home seven markers. Lt. Bacon and centre Johnny Callanan were part time casualties over the season, Callanan playing several games with his hand in a cast.

No. 3 CACTR

The Grizzlies after an early season slump came with a rush to take their last four games, and if they had been able to get going earlier might have reached the playoffs. George Brooks, diminutive goalie, was one of the bright stars of the season, and ranks with the best in amateur ranks today. Chad Bark, captain and "mighty atom" of the team, played more hockey without rest except for Sandalack and Wheeler than any other player in the league, and with great effect too. No. 3 were as well balanced a team as any in the Corps but lacked the name players of the other teams. Win or lose the Grizzlies never failed to give "three cheers" for the opposition at the end of every game, an incident that was all too rare among the teams throughout the group. The centre had to depend on recruits from Orillia for new players, and with the link basic centre behind the eight-ball for playing material, expected aid arrived only after the season was ended.

No. 1 CACTR

While impossible to describe No. 1 as a "ball of fire" the Kuntz clan despite lack of practice and material never gave up trying over the season. Bright spots were the two wins over Orillia, and the playing

of Lt. Alan Kuntz and goalie "Duke" Ashtorf. Both boys would have looked good on any of the other teams, but lacked the mates to go with. "Red" Linton and "Scotty" Clark were other smart performers for No. 1. The Centre co-operated wholeheartedly with the Corps sports officers' requests, and stamped themselves as fine sportsmen throughout.

Orillia (No. 26 CACBTC)

Outclassed from the start the boys from the Couchiching centre won themselves many friends with the way they faced adversity and kept all obligations. With the exception of Woodside and McDonald the majority of the players were out of their company. At the conclusion of the season the Orillia officials sponsored a hockey night in aid of the local Red Cross Society and strengthened by a galaxy of stars from Borden trimmed Newmarket Camp. The game realized over \$1,500.00 for the Red Cross and was a fine bit of publicity for the Centre and Corps. Following the transfer of Lt. Frank Foster to Camp Borden, the task of keeping the team going fell upon the capable shoulders of Lt. Dave Dickie. While Brampton set one record, Orillia set another, having an average of 12.3 goals on the wrong side of the ledger.

Final Standing:

	P	W	L	T	F	A	Pts.
Brampton	12	11	1	0	148	40	22
T & S	12	8	3	1	82	64	17
No. 2	12	8	3	1	70	39	17
Newmarket	12	7	5	0	78	64	15
No. 3	12	5	7	0	50	54	10
No. 1	12	2	10	0	31	98	4
Orillia	12	0	12	0	38	148	0

New Faces:

Since last issue many new players appeared upon the scene, to add strength to the various teams. Brampton secured the services of Vic Boyer, a North Bay boy, and Don Bowen, formerly of Barrie Colts, both stars with No. 2 District Depot, the 1944 Toronto Garrison champions. Capt. "Bing" Caswell, coach of the Bullets, qualified for the playoffs by taking the nets against No. 3. Jack Ingoldsby of Toronto Maple Leafs was added to the Brampton roster too late to qualify under the rules.



Don Bowen

Newmarket in addition to Lt. Pat Corrigan, added Morris Dolan, a defenceman from Weland, and Alfie Bort, a forward from Springside, Sask. Dolson, a goalie from Stratford, and Montgomery of Ottawa Commandos, were reinforcements who appeared too late.

T & S suffered the temporary loss of centreman Chuck Hamilton but drew recruits from the D & M team who fitted into the picture nicely. Included among these were Sgt. Bob Finch of Winnipeg, Sgt. Bill Patterson of Winnipeg and S/Sgt. Mickey Craven



The Canadian Armoured Corps Band, Camp Borden, directed by WO1 C. H. Fowke.

THE BBC, BY A FRENCHMAN

From a letter sent to the BBC from an island off the Atlantic coast of France the following extracts are taken:

"Where should we be today, if we had not the transmissions of the BBC to keep up our morale and let us hear French voices, the sound of which come from the bottom of the heart, and which give us a thrill of pleasure in spite of our great sorrow?"

"If your confidence has never weakened, it is the same with us, and from the moment of this shameful armistice we have never believed that the battle was ended and we hope always that the day of revenge will return.

"Now, the day that so many looked forward to is near, and the conquered lift their heads higher each day, while the oppressors see day by day the destiny which will be theirs. While our Allies, the English, Americans, Russians and Chinese, struggle and fall for glory and justice, we, the fighters without arms, have fought in our own way, and we are happy to be able to say that by our resistance we have contributed in a small way to the victory that cannot be far off.

"There is not an owner of a wireless set here who does not listen to and approve of the London transmissions. I have torn down posters, posted up slogans against the Germans, and against the Government and their collaborators; I have always followed the directions of the London radio. I have always been a fervent listener to the BBC. I had at first, before the war, a wireless set without short wave; I have since bought a short wave set. That means I have two sets and shall be able to conceal one in case the one declared is confiscated.

"It is thanks to you, the radio speakers, that our morale has not wavered. We listen to the true French voices and when the spokesman of Fighting France came on the air we rallied as one man. How did the traitors of Radio Paris and the capitulators of Vichy shape against the BBC? They were mere

CAC HOCKEY HIGHLIGHTS

(Continued from page 13)

of Medicine Hat. The trio all had played Army hockey overseas before returning to Canada. Tpr. Red Williams of District Depot and George Brooks of No. 3 were late additions to the Tech. roster but as the playoffs drew near their status remained in doubt.

No. 2 Rams welcomed the return of Louis Brunelle, star forward of Windsor Colonials, from hospital, and also L/Cpl. Nip Spooner, kept on the sidelines most of the season by an ankle injury. "Curly" Mason, ex-Brantford junior and one time member of Brampton Bullets, along with Buck Thomas, of Toronto, a defenceman, were newcomers whose playing services needed to get the stamp of approval from the arbitration board.

Give Them a Hand!

The success of any venture depends on the men who do the work behind scenes. Lt. Bob Fitzpatrick, the Corps Sports officer, and those in charge of the various teams are deserving of special mention for their ceaseless enthusiasm and their careful planning. It has been no mean feat to conclude without undue interruption, or committee room squabbles, a lengthy schedule. Weather and travelling obstacles were overcome, and the general financial returns to all the teams have been fairly satisfactory. The smallest details were cared for promptly with the result that practically no dissension occurred and the esprit de corps of the men of "The Black Berets" was enhanced.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

vulgar snivellers announcing their false news and their imaginary torpedoings to the sound of trumpets. But the trumpeting of Radio Paris has been put on the spot since their good news, even imaginary, no longer exists. Unless in that category they include the downfall of that bloated boaster Mussolini, or the overthrow of his comrade Hitler, which certainly cannot be long delayed."

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E. H. B. (Sgt.) writes from an Army Post Office: "The last time I wrote you regarding the use of my testimonial for 'ASPRO' I was residing at Wood Green, but since then I have come away on Active Service. When I left England 'ASPRO' went with me and they have stopped me having many colds out here, where it is suddenly hot then bitterly cold and more rain than I ever thought possible." Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

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Letters for Soldiers

By JOHN STEINBECK

To the boys in the field or in barracks or on manoeuvre, letters are nearly the most important things that happen or don't happen. In five minutes of talk with a soldier you know whether he has heard from home or that letters do not come. It is a constant source of conversation, of worry and of gladness.

A group of men sit down together and they do not know one another, but in a very short time the wallets come out and pictures are passed about, pictures of wives and children. This is taken as a matter of course. No one is bored with it. And if a letter has been received, even a dull letter, it is usually read aloud and everyone is interested. And if the letters are worry letters the man shows it in his face and the Army doctors say that often he gets sick and doesn't even know what caused it.

The private letters are from his wife. She was a whiner. Probably always had been. She was living with his parents. Things were not going well. They were spoiling the baby and the baby had been sick. She wishes she could move away but there wasn't enough money. She hadn't been feeling very well herself. Nothing you could put your finger on, but she was just run down. But she wasn't happy and she wanted the war to be over so he could go home and she could have the things she was used to.

He finished reading the letter, and his face was filled with worry. "She's very delicate," he said. He pulled out the inevitable wallet and showed a picture of her. A spoiled, pout-mouthed little blonde, who was probably strong enough to lick two men, a complete whiner. "I wish she could go to California," he said. "I wish I could send her." He turned the letter over and there was a postscript: "I don't know how long I can keep this up," the postscript said. "I have to think a little bit of myself and after all, I'm not getting any younger."

There was the threat, the thing that was putting worry in his face. She was threatening him and he knew it, yet he was holding on to this thing and arguing with himself. He was putting in tremendous days of work and at night he had to go to bed with the picture of his wife going off with another man. She had the knife in him and she knew it. And he would get no rest and after a while his stomach would go to pieces and he would be hospitalized.

Another man brought out a little book and in it were columns of dates and check marks, a year of them, a check mark for every day in the year. Every day a letter was written. It amazed him. Sometimes they were weeks arriving and he checked them against the postmarks. He had six of them in his pocket. They weren't terribly interesting letters, but one was written every day and, although he was late in knowing, he knew what happened every day and there was no worry in him. He wanted desperately to go home but he felt that he had not been cut off.

Another had not heard at all, no letters, no word at all. And he used all sorts of little explanations to himself. The ship that had the letters on board had been sunk. Maybe there was someone



Donna Reed, lovely young M.G.M. starlet

with his name who was getting his letters. Maybe the censor had taken them. He used all of these on himself. Maybe she was sick, maybe she was even dead, but what he was saying all the time to himself was that almost surely she wasn't writing.

This is a great time for wives. They will never in their lives be so beautiful as they are now. Their eyes will never be so bright, nor every kindness and every gentleness remembered the way it is now. They have great power now, and so many of them misuse it. So many use it to hurt and to worry. And a man in the Army hasn't time for these things in the daytime. Only when he should be sleeping can he consider the overtones of letters or think up possible reasons why there are no letters.

And a man feels trapped. If something is wrong, there is nothing in the world that he can do about it. He cannot go to a sick wife, nor can he revenge himself on a creeper. He is here and helpless and one good letter can make the difference between a good soldier and a sick man. A large number of the men have only one revenge for bad treatment of this kind. When it finally gets through to them that they are being ignored and forgotten, they go out for other women. Their self-respect demands it. They are a curiously faithful crowd. For all the talk about what soldiers do they want terribly to be related to one woman. They build a sort of image of perfection that couldn't possibly have been true, and they hold on to it as long as they can, and they will only abandon it when they have to.

Good food can be given to a man, and entertainment and hard work, but nothing in the world can take the place of the letters. They are the single strings and when they are cut the morale of that man is shattered.

ED. NOTE—We hope we didn't offend you, girls, but remember to play up the bright side.

BBC News in Pictures

A British sergeant serving with the Royal Armoured Corps in a remote part of India has evolved a novel method of keeping the troops in touch with the news.

Newspapers never reach them under three days old, so to feed their hunger for news the sergeant (formerly a lay-out man on a Manchester paper) has appointed himself their war artist-cum-news editor. He takes down the BBC News Bulletin and then draws it. That is, he turns it into pictures for a wall newspaper. Each issue describes the war events with headlines and catch phrases outlined in coloured inks. The news bulletins are then "splashed" on walls, stuck on biscuit tins or pinned upon trees.

When the unit is out on night manoeuvres the sergeant uses his tank's wireless set to gather the news. He draws it afterwards by the light of a candle in a tent. Once when the men were on the move by train he thought his "bulletin" would miss publication. But with the Pressman's resourcefulness he found a way. He heard a wireless set at one station, and before the train moved on he had got the main points of the news.

On one occasion he ran out of paper. In response to his SOS a famous Indian newspaper sent two hundredweight off to him. His most regular reader is his Brigadier. A copy of each edition is sent to him before being pinned up. Sometimes the pictorial news achieves the distinction of being hung on the line—the washing line between the tents.



Basuto Pioneers did great service in the fierce fighting north of Salerno, Italy. They carried ammunition and supplies up through difficult mountain country to British troops in the front lines, helping the Fifth Army towards its successful break through into the Plain of Naples.

PICTURE SHOWS: Italian occupants of a farm in the Salerno area watch some Basuto pioneers on their way up to forward positions.

Brief presented by Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Cdn. 1st Div., to Minister of National Defence, Col. the Hon. J. L. Ralston, on a recent visit to front line units in Italy.

1. The Canadian Government has a moral responsibility for the return of the fighting forces to civilian life with jobs.

2. Security of livelihood for every citizen should be assured by all means available, notably minimum wage, health and hospital insurance, and national security measures along the lines of the Beveridge Plan.

3. A large standing army, navy and air force, sufficient to meet Canada's international obligations for the maintenance of world peace should be established, and the active army should be given preference there.

4. Out of the existing overseas army, a Canadian group for attachment to the Allied Military Occupation Army should be established on a voluntary basis, but maintaining Canadian identity, and officered by Canadian reinforcements to be drawn from trainees.

5. Preparations be made forthwith to let men awaiting discharge begin trades and other training as soon as possible, to obviate the necessity for purely parade square routine. Existing educational personnel and trades schools staff to be used as a nucleus for this purpose.

6. While length of service must be regarded as important in the matter of discharge, the first in, first out principle should be qualified by individual preference, availability of work or training, but preference to those having actual fighting service should have precedence. Married men should not be given too strong a preference over single men, remembering that their future in marriage or the establishment of a home may be prejudiced by so doing.

7. In the matter of public works which will have to be developed, it is felt that they should be done as employment projects with standard rates of wages rather than as unemployment projects with existence rates under doubtful conditions.

8. Skilled labour be separated as distinct from those having no trades, and preferential discharge upon age, key position, marital state, length of service be given within these groups upon the British point system. Unskilled labour should be interested in training programs, and demobilized more slowly, having due regard to national demands.

9. It must be urged upon those concerned that army men overseas, except those who desire to serve in the army of occupation, desire to return to Canada as soon as possible after hostilities cease, and their problems be settled from Canada, rather than while waiting around some other country.

10. Many men married, or proposing to marry, in Britain, wish it to be insured that they are allowed to return to Canada via Britain.

11. Some men desire discharge in Britain and wish to have the terms of that discharge clarified in advance.

Turret Talk

(From CAM)

Sir Humphrey Davy was a pretty smart fellow because way back in 1815 he invented a gadget that you'll find on your 1944 model tank. Not that he had you in mind when he decided to get busy and invent something—but he did have highly inflammable and explosive gases in mind when he invented the Davy Lamp. It seems that a lot of perfectly good fellow countrymen of Sir Humphrey's were taking the rap walking around with open flame lamps looking for coal in coal mines. They'd wander into a patch of Methane gas and—bingo! It might be said that the situation looked black in the mines.

But the Davy Lamp was the answer. It was quite simple too and the principle of the idea can be demonstrated with a piece of wire screen and an ordinary gas stove burner. The lamp flame was enclosed by a fine wire gauze screen. When Bill Byrachwyer the miner got his lamp into a cloud of methane the screen dissipated the heat of the flame so rapidly that the gas surrounding the outside of the lamp never reached high enough temperature to ignite.

O.K.—What about our tanks? Just inside the filler caps of the gasoline tanks, you'll find a screen that works just like the screen in the Davy Lamp. No, they're not just gasoline strainers Dimwitty—sure they'll keep out the old socks, empty bottles and stuff that might be in the gasoline, but their main purpose is to stop sparks from a heel plate (you know you shouldn't be wearing them Dimwitty, but we know you forgot today) or a hose nozzle, or any outside flame from igniting the highly explosive contents of the tanks. So don't be taking them out to get the petrol in faster—and perleese don't get the idea that you can light matches to see how full the gas tank is even with flame arresters fitted because that way you'll follow the regular route of all people who do this—straight up! All the flame arresters will do is prevent the gas tank from following you up.

It is still possible, of course, for an engine to catch fire through an electrical short or other outside igniting agent and to take care of such a situation special protective apparatus in the form of cylinders of carbon dioxide (CO₂) which discharge into the engine compartment can be brought, into use from either inside or outside the tank. Carbon dioxide (not to be confused with carbon monoxide) is not poisonous (it's the same stuff they use in soda pop) but it's suffocating—you can't breathe in it as it doesn't contain oxygen in any form capable of sustaining human life in breathing. Since a fire requires oxygen to burn you can see that carbon dioxide will do a good job of smothering.

The best procedure to follow in case of a fire in the engine compartment is as follows:

- (1) Stop engine
- (2) If rear doors are open close them.
- (3) Pull ONE extinguisher handle. If the fire is not extinguished immediately:



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(4) Pull second extinguisher handle.

Once a handle has been pulled the container empties completely and the handle cannot be replaced. So make sure that the containers are recharged as soon as possible.

The portable 4lb CO₂ extinguishers are operated by pulling the trigger with the left hand and directing the discharge cone towards the base of the flame with the right hand. The flow of gas depends on how far you depress the trigger—so pull trigger only part way at first and increase flow as fire is put out.

A last word of warning—Don't drop the cylinders off the top of the turret onto the concrete floor—any cylinder containing gas under high pressure is as dangerous as a loaded shell. So handle 'em with care.

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Classification of Weapons

Every type and class of weapon must have a name, Shakespeare's rose, as per Juliet, to the contrary notwithstanding. Classifications are like the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do. Eventually the classification becomes overcrowded. But it is a convenient refuge. The coining of the name "Bazooka" indicates an escape, for you could not possibly put that weapon into any existing class of weapons. It isn't a mortar, a gun, a cannon, a grenade thrower. Perhaps it really is a "rocket discharger" or "rocket gun," but the tables never before listed any such classification as, "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M1, 2.36-inch."

Consider the term "sub-machine gun." There is a confused classification indeed. Some authorities prefer "machine carbine" or "machine pistol." "Machine pistol" indicates the use of pistol ammunition which is, after all, the chief factor in evaluating arms of the class. "Sub" indicates that the weapon takes the place of something else, or is a smaller version.

"Automatic pistol" is an unfortunate sub-classification term because such weapons are semi-automatic or self-loading, not "automatic."

"Carbine" once meant a short rifle of full rifle caliber. The U.S. service now has the carbine, M1, caliber .30, which is a substitute pistol, looks like a small shoulder rifle, fires a powerful pistol-type or sub-rifle cartridge, does not shoot the regular caliber .30 rifle cartridge, and is a semi-automatic weapon issued to replace the pistol.

"Automatic rifle" or "machine rifle" actually refers to weapons of rifle caliber which fire full automatic and semi-automatic as desired, usually from a bipod, yet which can be fired from the conventional rifle positions if necessary. From the standpoint of weight, automatic rifles average about eighteen to twenty-one pounds.

In World War I the eighteen-pound French Chauchat was designated as an "auto-rifle," whereas the 28-pound Lewis was described as a "light machine gun." Both weapons had bipods and shoulder stocks. Both were magazine or drum-fed, rather than belt-fed. Because of its weight the Lewis required the bipod whereas the Chauchat could be fired offhand or from the hip. Probably because of its tactical employment the Lewis was called a "light" machine gun, augmenting the much heavier Vickers. The Chauchat was used more as a rifle in one aspect, hence the conception of "automatic rifle."

The U.S. service had the Benet-Mercie "light machine gun," a 30-pound bipod-mounted, shoulder-stock, strip-fed weapon. This weapon was model of 1909. No doubt the designation of this weapon as

By CAPTAIN MELVIN M. JOHNSON, Jr., USMCR
(Reprinted from Infantry Journal)

a light machine gun prompted the U.S. service to designate the Chauchat and later the Browning model of 1918 as "automatic rifles." Moreover, the Browning Automatic Rifle M1918, caliber .30, had no bipod, and since it followed the Browning machine gun the term "Browning automatic rifle" avoided confusion of two types of Brownings.

The British followed up the Lewis with the Bren LMG, presumed to be a 21-pound version of the 28-pound Lewis. Essentially the Bren is a bipod weapon, yet can be fired from the shoulder without mount if necessary. Thus the British and European tendency is to call such weapons light machine guns, and after World War I such arms as the Madsen, Z.B., Bren, Dreyse-Solothurn MG34, Nambu, Degtyarov, Breda, etc., were so described. Just before World War II the Browning Auto Rifle was modified with bipod into a 21-pound weapon like the Bren, yet still called the "BAR."

During World War II a 13-pound full and semi-automatic weapon for employment with or without bipod was originally introduced and used in combat by U.S. Marine parachute forces. This gun is readily fired as a shoulder rifle. Such a weapon is appropriately designated as a "light machine rifle," although its fire capacity warrants the term "light machine gun." To avoid confusing this weapon with the semi-automatic rifle of the same inventor, this light machine rifle or automatic rifle is called a light machine gun. Because of its weight it is employed in the rifle squad, as the original BAR weighing sixteen pounds was used; whereas heavier bipod weapons are usually found in a special squad of the rifle platoon.

"Machine gun" is a term used originally to describe heavy bipod-mounted, belt-fed weapons such as the Browning, Maxim, Vickers, Hotchkiss, Schwarzlose. The original Colt-Browning was called an "automatic gun." The term "automatic machine gun" was also used on occasion. The Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company designates the commercial BAR as an "automatic machine rifle."

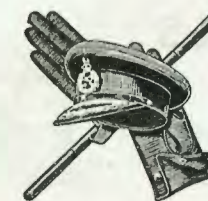
The "machine gun" weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds and the mount about forty to sixty pounds. Thus, the U.S. service often refers to the Browning Machine Gun, M1917, water-cooled, belt-fed, tripod-mounted weapon as the "heavy Browning," and the BAR M1918 as the "light Browning." However, the U.S. has also the M1919A4 (HB or heavy barrel) air-cooled gun, which is described as a "light machine gun." Perhaps a better term would be "medium machine gun," using the term "heavy machine gun" to describe the caliber .50 machine gun.

Above the caliber .50 gun is the so-called "automatic" or machine cannon group in calibers of .60,

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.78 (20mm.), 25mm., 1.1 inch, 37mm., 40mm., etc. The term "gun" is broadly used in artillery, yet "cannon" still clings. One speaks of "gunnery," or the 75mm. "gun" or the 105mm. "howitzer" if a high angle fire weapon is designated. Personnel who serve the piece are referred to in a song, "the cannoneers have hairy ears."

Aircraft, antiaircraft, tank, and antitank weapons are essentially employed against vehicles, are not generally shoulder-fired, and in most cases require mounts with recoil mechanisms. The caliber .50 series is generally not placed in the "cannon" category. To avoid confusion the 20mm. calibers, which employ high explosive in impact-fused projectiles, are often referred to as "cannon" although technical manuals use the term "automatic guns."

"Hand gun" is a most descriptive term which refers to pistols and revolvers. "Revolvers" are hand-guns which fire successive shots by means of a revolving cylinder which carries the cartridge to be fired into line with the barrel. Modern revolvers are "double-action," in that one long pull of the trigger revolves the cylinder one space and fires the round. "Single action" means you must cock the hammer with your thumb to put the cylinder in line for each shot. In addition to the conventional one-hand pistol or "automatic pistol" there are several types of pistols which may also be fired from the shoulder by attaching a stock, usually the holster. Among these are the Luger (certain models) and Mauser pistols.

Classifications become very complicated and are often extended too far. Usage has much to do with descriptive terms and these in turn create more involved classifications. Frequently a term is developed from usage which is incorrect both from the technical as well as from the descriptive point of view. Thus, in the field of small arms the much-abused word "automatic" confuses common reference to the "self-loading" or "semi-automatic" or "automatic-loading" pistol; whereas "semi-automatic rifle" is a more apt term for the shoulder rifle of the self-loading type which, like the pistol, fires but one shot for each function of the trigger.

"Automatic" really means "self-firing." "Semi-automatic" means "self-loading." Some antiaircraft cannon are said to be "semi-automatic" which are in fact not self-loading but rather "self-ejecting."

"Machine" combined with the term "rifle" or "gun" means that the weapon is "automatic." Usage associates "machine" with a tripod-mounted weapon of extended feed capacity, usually belt-fed.

A final choice of descriptive designations for the various classifications of weapons is virtually impossible. From the tactical aspect an LMG is generally not a squad weapon but is found in a weapons squad or section of the platoon or company. Yet the Germans include the MG34, a belt-fed, 26-pound shoulder weapon, having bipod and tripod mounts, in the "gruppe" or squad. The old M1918 BAR was included in the squad as an "auto-rifle." Those are

two extremes. From the functional aspect a weapon which fires from the shoulder without mount, automatic or semi-automatic, and weighs under eighteen pounds, is an "automatic rifle." If it uses a bipod and weighs from eighteen to twenty-two pounds it is a "machine rifle." If it weighs less than fourteen to fifteen pounds it is a "light machine rifle." If it weighs over twenty-four pounds and has an extended feed capacity (drum or belt) it is a light machine gun, especially if it may also be fired from a tripod. An air-cooled version of a water-cooled machine gun may be called an LMG but preferably it is a medium MG. The conventional Browning, Vickers, Maxim, etc., belong in the pure "machine gun" classification. The caliber .50 series are "heavy machine guns" in some classifications, but to avoid confusion the term "automatic cannon" is a preferable designation. "Cannon" signifies a weapon which fires at materiel rather than personnel. "Machine cannon" implies a very powerful automatic arm, firing HE, such as 20mm., etc., and having substantial feed capacity. "Cannon" in these calibers is preferable to "gun" to avoid confusion with the smaller caliber weapons.

"Rifle" means a hand-operated weapon firing higher-power ammunition. "Semi-automatic rifle" means a weapon which automatically reloads after each shot, requiring a separate pull on the trigger for each shot.

The term "sub-machine gun" is a misnomer and has caused great confusion. Weapons firing pistol ammunition belong in the pistol category. "Carbine" may be used in some instances. The preferable classifications put pure shoulder weapons of pistol or low-power rifle calibers in the "carbine" category, whereas weapons which may be fired in one hand are in the pistol category.

Weapons weighing from eight to eleven pounds are "machine carbines," if full and semi-automatic. Those weighing less than seven pounds are "automatic carbines" or "auto-carbines"; and, if semi-automatic only, "carbines" or "semi-automatic carbines."

An "automatic pistol" which fires full and semi-automatic and has a shoulder attachment is a "machine pistol."

In another aspect the list may be restated as follows:

SHOULDER WEAPONS

Rifles, semi-automatic rifles, carbines, automatic and machine carbines, (sub-machine guns), light machine rifles, automatic rifles, machine rifles, light machine guns.

FIXED-MOUNT WEAPONS

Machine guns, automatic cannon, machine cannon, semi-automatic (self-ejecting) cannon.

HAND WEAPONS

Pistols, revolvers, automatic pistols, machine pistols.

In terms of effective combat range and power

based upon the characteristics of the ammunition the list may be considered as follows:

	EFFECTIVE RANGE (In Yards)
PISTOLS	25- 75
Machine pistols	75- 150
Carbines	100- 250
Auto-carbines	100- 200
Machine carbines	100- 200
(Sub-machine guns)	100- 200
RIFLES	600- 800
Semi-auto rifles	600- 800
Light machine rifles	600-1500
Automatic rifles	600-1500
Machine rifles	600-1800
Light machine guns	600-2000
Machine guns	600-2500
CANNON (against materiel, vehicles, aircraft)	
Automatic cannon or machine cannon	
Caliber .50	500- 800
Caliber .78 (20mm.)	600-1000
Caliber 37mm.	1000-1200
Caliber 40mm.	1200-1800

In another aspect weapons are fired by single shots or in bursts. Of these there are three classes:

(1) Weapons which fire single shots only:

Rifles, pistols, semi-automatic rifles, carbines.

(2) Weapons which fire single shots and may also be fired in bursts when necessary:

Machine pistols, automatic and machine carbines, light machine rifles, automatic rifles.

(3) Weapons which fire in bursts and may also fire single shots when necessary:

Machine rifles, light machine guns.

(4) Weapons which fire in bursts only: Medium and heavy machine guns, automatic and machine cannon.

Small arms include weapons which may be described as "basic." Thus the rifle is the basic infantry weapon. Other weapons fall into the category of "supporting." The machine gun is historically the preeminent example. Then there are those which are "auxiliary." The carbine, auto-carbine (or sub-machine gun) types fall into this category. Pistols and the like are perhaps best described as "supplemental."

To summarize, and for those who prefer a brief outline of the classes of weapons, they are readily grouped for convenience as follows:

Pistols
Carbines
Sub-machine guns
Rifles
Semi-automatic rifles
Automatic or machine rifles
Light machine guns
Machine guns
Automatic cannon

Generally speaking, "rifles" are used against definitely located targets, chiefly individual enemy personnel. "Machine guns" are used against personnel in groups, or to distribute fire in an area, either to inflict direct casualties, or to immobilize the enemy by denying him the area.

* * *
NEW DELHI—Indian tea was first produced in 1836; now, over 500,000,000 lbs. are produced annually.

* * *
KARACHI—Large quantities of Australian wheat have been imported into India. During six months last winter, 30,000 tons were imported into Karachi alone.



THE BRITISH FLEET AIR ARM SUPPORTS ALLIED SALERNO LANDINGS
Picture taken from HMS Hunter, when planes of this escort carrier were operating in support of the Allied landing forces at Salerno Bay, Italy.



The Governor-General's Foot Guards

By MAJOR H. T. R. GILMORE, NO. 3 CACTR

This Regiment, the first Regiment of Foot Guards in Canada, was authorized on the 8th of June, 1872, with Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Ross as its Commanding Officer. The General Order gave to this Regiment "the same precedence and status in the active militia in the Dominion as is held by Her Majesty's Foot Guards in the Imperial Army." Closely associated with Colonel Ross in the inception and early organization of the Regiment, was the Earl of Dufferin, who took a keen concern in all that appertained to the Regiment, even after his departure from Canada in 1878.

The primary peace-time duty of the Regiment is to provide details for guard-mounting, and ceremonial duties arising from the residence of Vice-Royalty in Canada. The Regiment traces its ancestry back to 1861, when the "Civil Service Rifle Corps" was organized in Quebec, and transferred to Ottawa in 1865. This Corps later became the Civil Service Rifles Regiment, and when disbanded, Nos. 1 and 2 Companies were attached to, and became part of the Guards in 1872.

Its record of active service includes many campaigns. One of its officers, Captain T. Aumond, upon request to Canada from Lord Wolesley, recruited and commanded a large force of river men for service on the Nile in 1884-85, for the relief of Gordon.

The Regiment furnished a company of sharpshooters under Captain A. H. Todd for the North West Rebellion in 1885.

In the Boer War, a large contingent of Officers and men were sent to the Royal Canadian Regiment's Special Service Battalion, besides numerous reinforcements of Officers and men to other Units during the War.

During the Great War of 1914-18 more than a thousand Guards Officers and other ranks served overseas, mostly in the 2nd Battalion, C.E.F., whose achievements the Guards have the honour of perpetuating. It is noted that this Battalion had the reputation of never having lost a trench from the Battle of St. Julien in April, 1915, when the Germans launched their first gas attack, until the end of the War. The Unit was known as the "Iron Second." The Regiment also perpetuates the 77th Battalion, C.E.F.

The Regiment is also notable in rifle shooting, having won the King's Medal for Canada eight times in thirteen years.

The uniform selected on organization of this

Unit was that of the Coldstream Guards; the badge is a six-pointed star, with each point representing one of the provinces of Canada in 1872. The blue of the cross and the gold used in the lettering are also the colours of the Officers' sash, worn on full dress or state occasions.

The first Colours of the Regiment were presented on the 24th of May, 1874, by Her Excellency, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. They bear the inscription "North West Canada, 1885" and are deposited in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. The present Colours were presented on the 24th of July, 1932, by His Excellency, the Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada.

This is the first Regiment of Canada to have Guard's Colours. The King's Colour is a crimson field with the same device on it as on the Governor-General's flag. The Regimental Colour is the Union, bearing a company badge and surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

The battle honours emblazoned on both Colours are:

North West Canada, 1885	Festubert, 1915
South Africa, 1899-1900	Vimy, 1917
St. Julien	Hill 70
Pozieres	Amiens
Arleux	Passchendaele
Drocourt-Queant	Canal du Nord

Further battle honours are:

The Great War	Ypres, 1915-17
Gravenstafel	Mount Sorrel
Somme, 1916	Fers-Courcelette
Ancre Heights	Arras, 1917-18
Scarpe, 1917-18"	Hindenburg Line
Pursuit to Mons	France and Flanders, 1915-18

In 1929, the Regiment was allied with the Coldstream Guards. This Regiment now forms part of the Canadian Armoured Corps as part of the 4th Canadian Armoured Division.

The Regimental motto is "Civitas et Princeps Cura Nostra"—"Our Care is King and Country."

* * *
NEW DELHI—The large number of cheap grain shops which were opened six months ago in Madras, Bengal, Bihar, Berar, Sind, Bombay, the Punjab and the United Provinces have been of great benefit during the present food emergency. In the important industrial provinces necessary storage arrangements were made by the employers for the supply of foodstuffs to their employees in an emergency; and cheap canteens, supplying cooked food to workers were established.

THE INTER-ALLIED CONFERENCES

(Continued from page 9)

objectives of these attacks, the aim of which was to reach a definite and complete military decision and enforce the unconditional surrender of Germany. One most valuable effect of this conference therefore should be to put an end to any remaining suspicion that any Ally is playing for its own hand or by failing to pull its full weight in the struggle, is allowing an undue share of the burden to be carried by others. It is to be hoped that the ignorant and ill-informed agitation in this country in favour of the immediate opening of the so-called 'second front', which, had it been acceded to prematurely, might well have had disastrous political as well as military consequences, will now be allowed to die down.

There are already obvious signs that the western offensive is not far distant. The Commanders have been appointed; the forces are in readiness; the preliminary air attacks to soften the hostile defences have begun. Only favourable conditions of tide and weather have now to be awaited, but such conditions cannot immediately be expected. Further prophesy is undesirable, but it may be presumed that by the time this article appears in print, we shall be on the verge of the greatest, most complicated, and most vital of all our military undertakings in this or any other war. We must await the issue in a spirit of sane and well-grounded confidence, though we all realize that the great task will be neither cheaply nor easily accomplished.

Of the Cairo Conference and its proceedings and results we were told rather more, though here again the official communique dwelt rather on what the Allies planned to achieve, this with the proposed method of the achievement. It was a large programme of reconquest that was set before us. Not only is Japan to be ejected from all her conquests of the last decade in China, Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya, and Burma on the Asiatic mainland, as well as from all the islands occupied by her in the southwest Pacific, but she is also to be deprived of the fruits of her previous wars against China in 1894 and against Russia in 1904 by losing Korea, Manchukuo, Sakhalin, and Formosa. At the end of this war she will thus be confined to the original group of islands from which she began her career of expansion half a century ago. Her present rulers will certainly fight to the last, to avoid a disaster such as this, which would probably result in a revolution and the collapse of the Japanese regime and the military, naval and industrial oligarchy exercising the real power under the Emperor. Presumably the authors of the Cairo communique felt assured that not even open declaration of these uncompromising war aims, ruinous as they must be to all that Japan, as we have known her, stands for, would appreciably stiffen the resistance to be expected in any case.

As regards the fulfilment of the Allied purpose, there need be little doubt as to the ultimate possibility of this, once the vast resources of the three Great Powers already aligned against Japan can be

fully developed and brought to bear. Japan has already lost command of the air, and does not dare risk her fleet far from its protected island bases; her mercantile marine, on which the internal communications of the zone conquered by her so largely depend, is too depleted to maintain them in full flow, and more ships are being lost than can be replaced. Even her army no longer enjoys its former reputation for invincibility and, though still formidable, has shown grave and growing weaknesses under the unwonted stresses of defeat. Here, as in the case of Germany, it is not a question of whether the Allies can defeat their enemies, but of how long it will take them to do so, and of the price which will have to be paid for victory. Both Germany's and Japan's rulers must long since have realized that their chances of winning the war have vanished, and they have been thrown back upon the hope that with the aid of distrust, dissension, or war-weariness in the Allied camp they might emerge from the conflict without suffering complete defeat. This hope is hardly likely to survive the recent conferences, where the unity and resolve of the Allied Power was so impressively displayed. Of their power the Western, and the Eastern enemy will shortly have equally convincing experience.

LONDON—In Great Britain's air and sea front against Germany, the Royal Navy has played a tremendous part. Its task was to cut off the German war machine from vital supplies, and it accomplished this by stopping the following percentages of German imports from pre-war sources: oil, 8 per cent.; cotton, 98 per cent.; maize, 99 per cent.; natural phosphates, 95 per cent.

LONDON—Britain's financial resources are all mobilized for war. War savings have yielded nearly \$25,000,000,000 since 1939, and Britain's foreign assets have been absorbed to pay for essential imports. Investment at home is controlled, and totalled only about \$15,000,000 in 1942, against a pre-war average of \$840,000,000. Nearly \$80,000,000 has been given to the Government in gifts, and over \$235,000,000 in loans free of interest.

BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM

I have observed in English and American authors a strong disposition to launch forth into grand strategy . . . and the larger operations of war, by men who could not, probably, perform a sentry's duty, post a guard, conduct an ordinary parade or guard mount, handle a skirmish line or conduct a reconnaissance . . . Much may be learned from books, and my advice to you is to study the duties of a soldier, of corporal, sergeant, lieutenant and captain, before attempting strategy, grand tactics and the function of the commander in chief. With poor battalions, badly commanded, strategy is useless and wasted. With good battalions, well commanded . . . strategy is simple and easily acquired.—GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, 1879.

First C.A.C. Mitt Show Big Success

By SGT. AB. HULSE, No. 3 CACTR

On Thursday, March 2, with the Corps Commander and high ranking officers from all Borden centres present, the first CAC boxing show of the year went over with a bang. Hangar E-137 was the site of the event, and the surroundings provided perfect lighting, acoustics, and seating arrangements. Nearly 1,000 service men were present and took keen delight in all the bouts.

Matchmaker Lt. Bob Fitzpatrick, who also was master of ceremonies, brought together boys from No. 2 CACTR, No. 3 CACTR, T & S Wing, A10 CITC, CBMH and No. 1 SFTS, RCAF, Camp Borden, and No. 23 CACBTC, Newmarket. Tpr. Scott of No. 24 CACBTC, Brampton, was also present for a bout which illness prevented. The wind-up bout brought together LAC Joe Genovese, RCAF, Toronto, No. 1 Training Command champion at 135 lbs., and OS Bruce Richardson, HMCS York, welterweight champion of the silent service.

The show opened with a fast exhibition featherweight bout between Tprs. Lou Soulliere (Windsor), and Tpr. Johnny Witworth (Toronto), both of No. 3 CACTR. The two boys have hung up enviable records while at Borden and despite the fact nothing was at stake went at it hammer and tongs.

"Blondy" Bezusko, fast lightweight from CBMH, had a bit too much speed for Tpr. Danny Saunders (Hamilton) of No. 2. Saunders, giving both height and reach to his opponent, just fell short of the judges' nod.

In an inter-service bout at 145 lbs., L/Cpl. Paul Kereluk, of No. 2, shaded LAC J. Scheuneman (Toronto) of the RCAF. The Winnipeg boy got a split decision for the first Corps win of the night.

Tpr. Jack Dugan (Toronto), of Newmarket Camp, scored a technical knockout over Tpr. Archie Espaniel (Sudbury), representing No. 2, in a middleweight clash. Dugan, fighting his second bout, was a veritable wildcat in the ring, sending the game No. 2 boy to the resin three times.

At 118 lbs., Alfie Campavarella (Hamilton), of CBMH, took the measure of Tpr. Arnold Guitar (Jacquet River, N.B.), of No. 2, with a whirlwind first round attack that could not be denied. The Hospital bantam bounded all over the ring with dynamite in both hands and left no doubt as to his superiority.

Tpr. George Holder (Toronto) scored a second win for Newmarket as he bested Tpr. Milt. Lewis (Hamilton) from No. 2. It was very close, with both boys standing toe to toe and slugging it out.

In what proved to be the best bout of the night, Tpr. Nell Butler (Timmins) of T & S took a decision over Lt. Ken Robinson of A10 CITC. Butler, one of the best middleweights in Ontario, was the aggressor throughout and weathered the heavier punching of his opponent. Mr. Robinson, for the past two years Camp Borden and District 160 lb. titleholder, was

making his first appearance in the ring for some months. The bout was cheered to the echo and a return match between the two would pack the house.

The main bout, while providing a nice display of boxing, fell short of the fans' expectations. Richardson, if anything, had a slight edge over Genovese. Both boys displayed a full knowledge of the manly art and showed lots of ringcraft, but did not extend themselves.

Capt. J. Godfrey, of A10, was the third man in the ring, the bouts being fought under the new Anglo-American Boxing Association rules, which now prevail in clashes involving Free French, American, British and Canadian army boxers. At intermission Capt. Godfrey explained the changes in the rules to the spectators. Judges were Capt. C. D. Morris, T & S, Capt. R. A. Fraser, Camp HQ, and RSM Paddy Farrell, Newmarket. SSM Flood, No. 3 CACTR, was chief steward of the meet.

At the conclusion of the bouts, Colonel J. A. McCamus, M.C., the Corps Commander, presented trophies to both the winners and losers, after expressing his thanks to those responsible for the success of the first show. He expressed the hope more shows might be held in the near future.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

In the Pacific further progress has been made by American landings on the Admiralty Islands. These operations together with those further east have placed the advanced Japanese base at Rabaul in a perilous situation and to a lesser extent the main base at Truk. The capture of both these places will be a prelude either for further operations either against the Philippines or northwards towards the Bonin Islands. The capture of the latter would render the continuous bombing of Japan a reality.

Weather seems to be the main cause of the comparatively slow progress in Italy. On the other hand the recent German counter attacks against the Anzio beachhead have been very costly and the constant drain of German manpower must be considerable.

At long last it has been possible to launch an offensive against the Japanese forces in Burma. Progress must, however, necessarily be slow until adequate sea and air forces are available to give sufficient support. It must, however, be remembered that the monsoon breaks in May and both land and air operations in this area become extremely difficult after this date, especially as roads are almost entirely lacking and the thick jungle renders warfare a slow process. There is therefore not much time left in which to make a great deal of headway.

G.P.L. D-B.



Two days after the surprise Allied amphibious landings south of Rome, Fifth Army tanks advance toward the new front. Infantrymen are resting at the side of the road as linesmen string up wire on pole in background.

TO DOUBT IS TO DIE, IN GERMANY

In the BBC broadcast in Magyar—the language of Hungary—the other day, one of the items was a translation of an announcement from a German newspaper which had reached the BBC.

The announcement was of the execution in Irenau of a doctor named Gaiger. There is a great dearth of doctors in Germany, but that wasn't allowed to influence the Nazi verdict in the case of this doctor. His crime? He had expressed doubts about a German victory to the wife of a soldier at the front, and also about "the veracity of the news services." A short time ago a German dentist was similarly sentenced to death for voicing his doubts to a patient.

KEEPING NAZIS BUSY IN NORWAY

A clever ruse now being adopted by Norwegian saboteurs for wasting the time of the German police was mentioned by a speaker in the BBC European Service recently. (Probably, too, decoying them to a certain quarter of the city may be a means of getting rid of them for a short time from some district where their absence is convenient.)

Anonymous telephone messages are frequently received by the German authorities alleging the presence of time bombs in various buildings in Oslo. The German police dare not take the risk of ignoring these warnings because in some instances they have proved true. So they are forced to order the evacuation of the particular building and engage in a thorough search.

A variant of this is for Norwegians to telephone just before the last suburban trains leave Oslo, to give information that bombs have been placed on the track. The trains have to be delayed while in-

MEDITERRANEAN BLUES

A good story going the round of Mediterranean naval ports was told by A. J. McWhinnie in the BBC's overseas services. The story underlines the progress the Allies are making in the war at sea, because it's a story of grimmer times, when Malta convoys had to fight their way through against desperate odds and with practically no air "umbrella."

As a destroyer leading one convoy was approaching the then dangerous Sicilian Narrows, a veteran rating pulled out the tube of his inflatable lifebelt, his Mae West, and started to blow it up.

A grinning youngster cheekily called out: "Windy, old timer?" The old sailor grinned back: "No, young fellow, not windy. When you've done this trip as often as I have you'll know that the only air protection you're likely to get is what is locked up in your own Mae West."

As McWhinnie said by way of radio comment, all that's since been changed. "We've been putting wings over the Navy."



Linda Darnell, popular actress among Canadian Forces.

vestigations are made. Later, the German authorities have to issue curfew permits to the stranded passengers.

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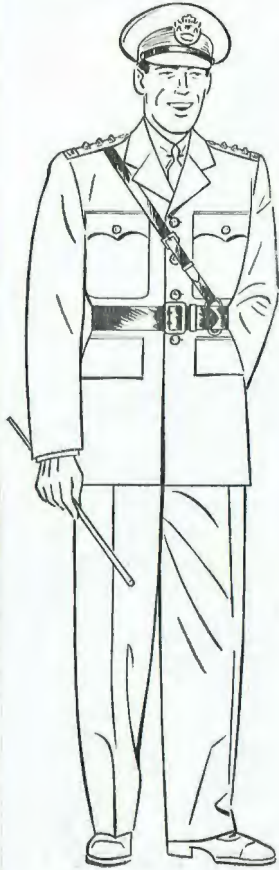
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