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The

TANK

CANADA

MAY 1945



LEBARON

THIS ADVERTISEMENT
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST
OF EX-SERVICE PEOPLE



War Veterans Insurance NOW AVAILABLE

Offers protection, without medical examination in most cases, to those discharged.

When Canada entered the present war, it was realized that men and women who went into uniform faced the possibility of returning to civilian life with their health impaired, or with some physical disability. It was realized also that, as a result of this impairment in health or disability, many service men and women would be unable to provide protection for their families through the normal channels of commercial life insurance. To meet this situation, Parliament, at its 1944 session, passed an Act known as The Veterans Insurance Act. This act has now been proclaimed and applications may be made for policies under it.

WHAT ARE THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF WAR VETERANS' INSURANCE?

One of the principal features of War Veterans Insurance is that, with very few exceptions, it is available at low cost, without medical examination. No extra premiums are charged where the veteran's occupation is unusually hazardous—such as, mining, construction, commercial flying, etc.—and, in addition, premiums are waived in the event of total disability. There is no extra cost for this waiver of premiums.

WHO MAY APPLY FOR WAR VETERANS INSURANCE?

Any ex-service man or woman is eligible. In addition widows or widowers of veterans may apply for the insurance on themselves if the veterans were not insured under the Act. Merchant Navy personnel in receipt of a war disability pension from the present war are eligible also.

WHAT TYPES OF INSURANCE ARE AVAILABLE?

The plans of insurance available are 10 Payment Life, 15 Payment Life, 20 Payment Life, Life Paid-up at 65 and Life Paid-up at 85; that is, premiums may be paid for 10, 15 or 20 years or until age 65 or 85 respectively. The longer the term of payment the smaller the premium required. Term and Endowment policies are not issued. The insurance is of the non-participating type, that is, no dividends are paid.

WHAT AMOUNTS OF INSURANCE ARE PROVIDED FOR?

Policies may be applied for in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$10,000. The amount of the policy is payable only in the event of the death of the insured.

HOW ARE PREMIUMS PAID?

At the option of the veteran, premiums may be paid monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or annually. There is no additional cost to the veteran for paying premiums on a monthly basis.

IS THERE ANY CASH SURRENDER VALUE?

After premiums have been paid for two full years, the policy may be surrendered for its Cash Surrender Value, or it may be transferred to Paid-up Insurance or Extended Term Insurance. There is no provision for loans against the policy.

AT DEATH HOW WILL THE INSURANCE BE PAID?

The maximum amount which may be paid at death is \$1,000, with the remainder being paid, at the option of the insured, in one of the following three ways:

- (1) The money, plus 3½ per cent. interest, may be paid to the beneficiary in equal instalments over a period of five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, as selected. If the beneficiary dies, the payments are continued to his or her estate.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from the nearest office of the Department of Veterans Affairs or by writing direct to the Superintendent of Veterans Insurance, Department of Veterans

- (2) The money may be paid in equal instalments as long as the beneficiary lives.
- (3) As in (2), but instalments are guaranteed for five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, whether the beneficiary lives or dies.

WHAT IS THE EFFECT OF A WAR DISABILITY PENSION?

If, on the death of the insured, the beneficiary receives a pension, the insurance money will be paid as follows:

- (1) If the policy is paid up, the full face amount of it will be paid to the beneficiary in the manner elected by the insured, plus the pension.
- (2) If the policy is not paid up, then the capitalized value of the pension will be deducted from the face value of the policy and instead, the beneficiary will receive the paid-up value of the pension deducted, plus the excess, if any, of the face amount of the insurance over the capitalized value of the pension. If the policy has been in force at least six months and the beneficiary is the wife or husband or children, or both, of the insured, at least \$500 will be paid as well as the paid-up value of the remainder.

WHO MAY BE NAMED AS A BENEFICIARY?

Where the insured is married, the beneficiary must be the wife or husband, or children, or both. If the veteran is single, the beneficiary must be the future wife or husband, with a parent, brother or sister, named as a contingent beneficiary to receive the insurance money should the veteran die unmarried.

CAN RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT OR PENSION BE USED FOR VETERANS INSURANCE?

Yes, this is one of the purposes for which the re-establishment credit may be used. Premiums may be deducted from pensions also, if requested.

IF THE VETERAN BECOMES TOTALLY DISABLED, WHAT HAPPENS?

If this occurs before the veteran reaches the age of sixty years, and he is not in receipt of full pension for the disability, no further premiums need be paid.

ARE THERE ANY RESTRICTIONS AS TO TRAVEL, RESIDENCE, OR OCCUPATION?

In addition to being free of occupational restrictions, the insurance also is free of restriction as to travel and residence.

Examples of Monthly Premiums per \$1,000 Insurance

AGE	Payable for			Payable till age 65	Payable till age 85
	10 years	15 years	20 years		
20	\$2.89	\$2.12	\$1.74	\$1.20	\$1.14
25	3.18	2.34	1.93	1.39	1.30
30	3.53	2.60	2.15	1.64	1.51
35	3.93	2.91	2.42	1.98	1.78
45	4.98	3.73	3.16	3.16	2.59
55	6.45	5.01	4.40	6.45	4.03

NOTE: If it is desired to pay the premium annually, multiply the above rates by 12. There is no additional cost for taking advantage of the monthly payment plan.

Affairs, Ottawa. Services of a trained counsellor are available for individual interview with each veteran who wishes information concerning this insurance.

Issued under the authority of Honourable Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs.

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

KEEP THIS ADVERTISEMENT. IT IS ONE OF A SERIES. SEND IT TO SOME MAN OR WOMAN OVERSEAS

THE TANK CANADA

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CANADIAN ARMoured CORPS

CAMP BORDEN, ONTARIO, MAY, 1945

This Month . . .

Vol. 5



No. 5

THIS PUBLICATION IS ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF COL. C. E. BAILEY, D.S.O., M.C., OFFICER COMMANDING, CAN. ARM. CORPS TRG. EST.

THE CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION HAVE BEEN EDITED AND APPROVED BY LT.-COL. H. R. SCHELL.

MANAGING EDITOR _____ LIEUT. W. TELFER
EDITOR _____ SGT. AB HULSE
ART EDITOR _____ LIEUT. B. LEBARON

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Our Cover

Bill LeBaron has done a three-color job this issue, depicting a troop of tanks on crew training at the Meaford Range approaching harbour as night falls. It is no mirage—Bill actually caught the technician as depicted.

IF your eyes are still in focus after that color cover melange by Bill LeBaron, gather round and we'll tell you how to slowly go nuts in six easy lessons. Quote: "Try to think of ideas for stories. Try to get them in on time. Try to get film. Try to get anything when you need it in a hurry. Add to this, 'The case of the missing typewriter,' a dash of publication troubles due to oodles and oodles of election guff coming off the presses of The Barrie Examiner, plus the blood, sweat and tears of publisher Ken Walls, and there, my friends, is a potent brew." Unquote. Well, we finally made it, and if we do say so, we think you're going to like this issue, even if nobody else does.

The lead story is called "ESKIMO" and you'll want to follow the saga of the Tank "Lulu" and her crew from start to finish . . . "THE BUZZER" is the first in a series of true short stories, and we know the G2, like Andy Brown, felt "regusted." Now he hollers "Buzz me, Geoghegan" . . . On Page 11 we give you the American ideas on TANK WARFARE IN THE PACIFIC; nothing original, but likely to prove of interest . . . ITALIAN INTERLUDE, by Col. P. G. Griffin, will hold you as enthralled as it did when it first appeared. Scheduled to end soon, too . . . After reading FRONT LINE POLICE on P. 17, you may change your mind about the Provost Corps. The author, Major A. E. Pitcher, has put up a good case for the strong-arm squad, so let there be no more trouble about parking the Tank's jeep in Barrie. . . . CAPT. FRED EGAN, the Camp PRO, has proved a friend in need many a time, and we are happy to reproduce his ace shot on P. 10 taken on VE-Day . . . The centre spread is a bit different from anything yet and that goes for PERSONALITY PARADE on P. 22. There's a heap of human interest there, and if the Gallup Poll votes "yea" we may try it again . . . Capt. J. C. Gardiner gives you the lowdown on CREW TRAINING at Meaford. P. 23. Just the man to keep the ideas flowing from his experiences as a Desert Rat with the 8th Army . . . On P. 25 we take you to a visit to RCEME. According to statistics a lot of CAC vehicles visit there too frequently, but you might as well know what goes on behind the scenes, just in case. Staff Jim Abel did the script and Jimmy Evans risked his neck (don't faint, Pte. Grandmaison!) to get some of the shots . . . MIKE RODDEN, sports editor of The Kingston Whig-Standard, who has refereed more hockey games of importance than anybody still living, gives you the lowdown on the first choices for Hockey's Hall of Fame, to be set up in Kingston. Don Miguel has done a tasty article, replete with reminiscences, and the younger generation gets a glimpse of the past. "No, Junior; Glen Brydson and Al Kuntz aren't eligible yet." . . . Those old standbys, Sergeants, Gallantry in Action, The Passing Show and CAC sports are included, too, and don't skip them over. We can definitely blame the weather for the skimpy sports accounts, but just wait until Our Man Friday (McLeod) gets going . . . See you in Barrie at the CAC LADIES' AUXILIARY CARNIVAL, June 16, unless you see us first.

Editorial

V-E Day and the news "Germany Surrenders" has come and gone, and for those of the Canadian armed forces outside of former combatant areas, life goes on much the same as it has for many months. We know, as do the fighting men of all the United Nations that there can be no cause for spontaneous, unrestrained celebration until after V-J Day, and until those charged with the responsibility of the Peace have made certain this cruel and senseless chapter in world history cannot be repeated. In the minds of all of us must be the question "What next?"

Early in this war a British officer wrote to a friend in England from France as follows: "Here I am sitting in a dug-out opposite the Germans. Twenty-two years ago I was also sitting in a dug-out in France opposite the Germans. And I suppose in another twenty-two years or so my boy will be sitting in a dug-out opposite the Germans." While we of the armed forces have in hand the task of crossing one more river, and defeating the Japanese, those who head the Councils of State throughout the world have the job of seeing that future generations will not be "sitting in dug-outs opposite the Germans."

It is too early to assess the progress or accomplishments of the World Security Conference at San Francisco, but from the press reports of diversity of opinions, of arguments which to fighting men at least, seem trivial as compared to the blood that has been spilled across the globe, it would appear that it will be some months before unanimity of opinion can

be secured, even tho' we believe with customary New World optimism that such can be achieved. But San Francisco, we know, was to be but the beginning. Meanwhile the immediate task must be the job of rendering the Germans utterly incapable of beginning and fighting another war.

Education can and must play its part in establishing a new Germany, but that is a matter that will require a long range program. First and foremost, must be the job of taking away from the Nazi gangsters the weapons of war, and the means of manufacturing them. The stripping of Germany must be a complete job. The Treaty of Versailles prescribed that every German factory and workshop capable of manufacturing arms and munitions should be razed to the ground, but it was not done because it was successfully argued that if such a policy was carried out reparations assessed could not be paid, because German peacetime industry would be at a

standstill. The reparations were never paid in any case, and all we did was to leave the plants at hand for the subtle Germans to use as a means for another war. Doubtless many thousands of German factories were razed to the ground by our gallant airmen and will never be rebuilt, but we know much industry was moved underground, that many German cities are relatively intact, and that lack of munitions and supplies was not the immediate cause of German surrender.

If need be, it would be better to remake the German national economy, or to keep the population on a dole system, rather than allow them to manufacture chemicals or steel or invade the peacetime aircraft field. It might be a costly program, but it would be definitely cheaper in the long run, than to foot the bill of another world conflict, in human lives and money. The German people have made their bed. Let them lie in it, no matter how hard or uncomfortable it may turn out to be.

The trial of war criminals should be short and sweet. We gain nothing, other than possible information

that is missing, by prolonging them. There can be no defence that would suffice to mediate on behalf of those who committed savagery, torture, and murder, on tens of millions of helpless human beings, let alone armed opponents. We need no justification for taking our "pound of flesh", in the eyes of any people in the world, let alone those of our enemies. The soft-headedness of so-called "humanitarians" that prevailed last time must not be allowed to play its part again.

Anthony Eden has warned that this is civilization's "Last Chance." Let us remember as we think of the headlines "Germany Surrenders" that, unless we heed that warning we will deserve whatever fate befalls us in the future. There must be no relaxation of our war effort until Japan has been beaten to her knees. The war even on V-J Day will not be over for those who have suffered agonizing family losses, or those boys who lie in a hospital cot, minus a leg, or arm, or sightless.

No stone or monument can be erected which will sufficiently commemorate the self-denial and sacrifices of those who, when the call came, went with unflinching steps into the great unknown. They paid the full price, knowing before they went, whatever the price they paid it would be worth it. Let those of us who in Armageddon have come off so lightly, make certain we make the most of our "Last Chance."



Armour in the Arctic



This is the story of the tank "Lulu", and her crew of six who from early November until last March were engaged in training and the carrying out of the NDHQ scheme known as "Eskimo", an experimental research of battle conditions in "wet-cold" areas.

In October last, personnel consisting of Sgt. Larry Deshane (Toronto), crew commander, Cpl. Jim Reesor (Toronto), co-driver, Cpl. Ken Goodenough (Regina), gunner, Cpl. Syd. Demarest (Belleville), loader, L/Cpl. Ted Lee (Nipawan, Sask.), driver, Tpr. Stewart Lindsay (Kerrobert, Sask.), mechanic, were selected as Canadian Armoured Corps troops to take part in the scheme, and the Tank staff have interviewed them to gain a running account of their experiences. From here on the words in quotes are a summation of their experiences and findings.

"We left Toronto on October 25. Ontario was experiencing Indian summer and on October 29th we arrived at our rendezvous, Prince Albert, Sask. The weather when we arrived at this north Saskatchewan City was close to zero, and signs of snow and an early winter were at hand. To two of the crew of the "Lulu" this was no new experience as they were native sons of the district, but to those of us from the East, the general conditions were something new.

We were quartered with the RCAF and after some years of Army life we were at last experiencing the supposed better living conditions of the RCAF. It was no dream. Food, quarters, and general surroundings were all we had heard they were cracked up to be, and this with the hospitality we received made the first couple of weeks more or less a holiday, according to army standards.

After a couple of weeks of the "life of Reilly" we were assigned to live with the 116th Field Battery, and under the tuition of these Artillerymen, we gained our first experience of life in the rough. First we went through a stiff conditioning and P.T. training and learned war wasn't mechanized, the hard

way. We learned to live out in the open. Bivouac building taught us that fir tree boughs, because they were thicker and smaller, made for the best out-of-door living quarters. We cooked our three meals each day outside, digging a circular pit in the snow covered ground, using as fuel, moss and wood. Many times we found fires burning in the moss, days after we had thought we had extinguished them. The weather now was below zero, and the winds were beginning to blow cold and light snow. All our rations were in the raw stage. We learned to make the most of frozen potatoes as food, and that it was never advisable to use snow water because of the impurities contained, for cooking purposes. We always used ice or ration water.

Weekends we spent in "P.A." and several of our members were fortunate enough to make the grade home for one of the festive holidays. We did not suffer by way of amusements, or the holiday spirit.

By Christmas the Saskatchewan River and adjacent water had frozen over and we had begun the testing of ice for travel on foot. The Engineers meanwhile were testing by calculations known only to them what thickness of ice would or would not hold our pride and joy "Lulu." Our tank all this time had been put in top condition, stowage was completed, whilst we engaged in our other training. Have you ever tested ice for human portability? It is a real thrill, especially in the early stages, using a stick, stepping one foot forward, without weight on it and then bringing the rear foot forward as you keep your fingers crossed in the hope that all is well and no dip in icy waters imminent. As you progress from day to day "the feel" becomes second nature, and you can almost tell instinctively whether or not the ice will hold. Vibration is the keynote.

"800"

By now all troops to be used on the big scheme were assembled and we were taken to the QM stores to be issued with special clothing, and regular winter

issue. Both Canadian and American equipment was on hand for trial, and the quartermaster's nightmare was a reality. The following is what each of us were issued with and we summarize our findings to save space.

WINTERIZED UNDERWEAR: We got two suits of thin winterized brown wool, chemically treated underwear. This proved to be much better than the regular issue of woollies, and we had cause many times to be thankful.

STRING VESTS: We were introduced to vests made of cord, which enabled the air to circulate around our bodies. It was like a big net, if you were warm in front your backs were too. The vests had been originally used by the Norwegians and are familiar to those who have skied extensively.

BATTLE DRESS: Having heard of but never having seen battle dress issued to troops overseas, we received uniforms which must have corresponded. They were waterproof unless you were in the water for some minutes, shed moisture, and had a stench when soaked.

AMERICAN WINTER BATTLE DRESS: We drew Yankee "zoot-suits", with waterproof canvas treated pants, large pockets inside, no belt, tied at the waist, parka over the head lined with canvas. The body of the suit was removable, being lined with packing wool.

FLYING SUITS: Similar to those used by the RCAF at Borden were issued, but we found they had too many zippers which drew the frost.

CANADIAN TANK SUIT: This garment had one zipper down the front, and proved most useful. The

outside was duck, and the inner part was down with silk lining.

BOOTS: Black, cold-weather treated were issued and were found unsatisfactory, being cold, liable to freeze solid, and unlikely to thaw out at night.

MUCK-LUCKS: The best footwear we had were muck-lucks, with a 1/4" rubber sole, large cleats, 1/2", canvas from sole to one inch from knee, inside was a large sock of felt about 1/4" thick and inside that a specially treated 6 lb. and 3 lb. wool sock. This was very good and provided great warmth.

SLEEPING BAGS: We were issued with two of these. They were made so that one fitted inside the other and proved very successful. At 54 degrees below zero we were quite warm and slept with all our clothing removed. There was a reason for this as if we left our underwear on it drew the dampness.

MITTS: These reached to the elbow and were made with a leather outside. They had five fingers and one thumb, one for the trigger. Inside was a woollen mitt with thumb and one finger. We were also issued with two pairs of black nylon mitts (it's sinful, girls) for use in picking up things and to prevent our hands from freezing by coming into contact with any cold metal.

CHAMOIS MASK: This covered the entire surface of the face and gave protection from the raw winds, especially during driving. This was very useful and did prevent a lot of suffering due to wind-burn, freezing, etc.

SPECIAL MELTON: This differed from our regular Canadian Army issue in that in appearance it was more square in front, resembling the German

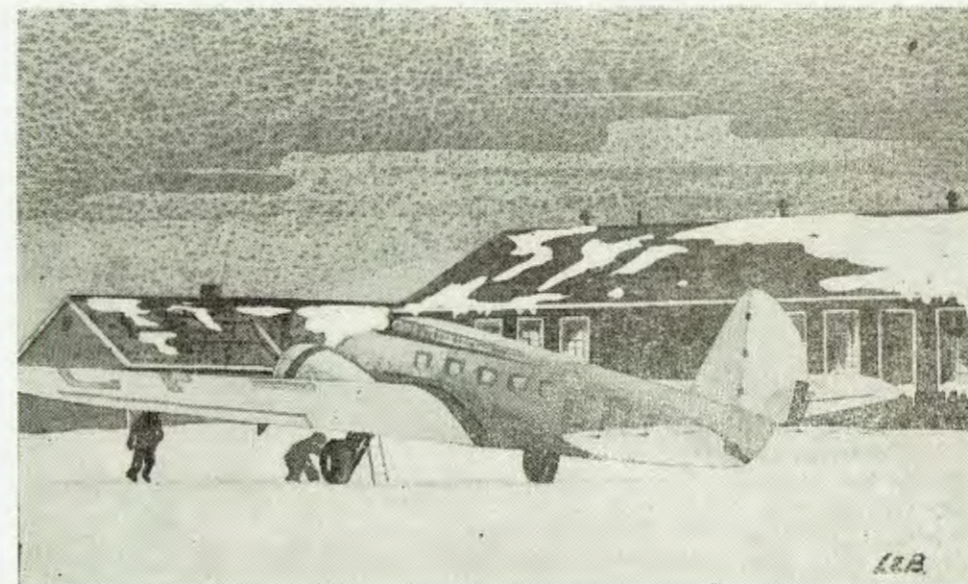


Bivouac

As night approaches ski troopers come in from the day's grind. Supplies are unloaded, tents set up and "Lulu" and other vehicles parked for the night.

"The Mail Comes Through"

Supplies and mail were dropped from planes daily to the 1700 troops on the scheme. Here at Lac Laronge, the north limit, the mail plane has landed bringing news of home as well as needed supplies.



type to some extent. This type of hat was found to be quite satisfactory.

RUBBER RATION BAG: This was 14 inches long and six wide. It was weatherproof and was just the thing for carrying small rations.

SPECIAL KIT BAGS: Larger than the regular issue and fitted with large straps so that it could be more easily carried. This bag was specially treated against the weather and stood up very well under the severe conditions that we had to face on the scheme.

SAFETY RATION: This was for use in an emergency and consisted of two chocolate bars and a chocolate milk mixture. This was found to be sour and was not used.

OINTMENT: A special ointment to be applied to any exposed parts which prevented sunburn and frost bite. Operating as we were in the open and often with strong winds, this proved to be a lifesaver.

SUN GOGGLES: Prevented eye strain, especially during days when the sun caused a glare on the snow and ice.

CAMOUFLAGE DRESS: Was white like a night gown, possessed no weight and was for camouflage purposes only as it blended perfectly with the white snow.

ISSUE KNIFE: This was an all purpose knife and had been specially treated with oil so that it would not stick to the bare hands in cold weather even although your hands were wet.

TENTS: These were Canadian tents of a square type, partly canvas. They were found not to be successful due to the fact that there was an opening in each end that permitted drafts to blow through the tents and made it too cold for comfort especially when sleeping.

AMERICAN TENT: A large bell tent with a waterproof duck outside and nylon lining which gave the boys romantic ideas. There was only one pole to

put up, the tent had only one opening and opened and closed by means of a zipper on the front. Six men could sleep comfortably in this type of tent.

EN AVANT ESKIMO

By January 16th all our troops had assembled, around 1,700 men, and we were ready to act as a brigade under the command of Col. Stephens. Two parties set out for the trip that was to take us close to 500 miles. One consisting of all arms except the Special Engineers and "Lulu" the sole CAC representative travelled by highway to the junction point at Montreal Lake, around 80 miles distant. It was now around 25 below zero, with a foot and a half of snow under foot. We were selected to break trail through the bush with the Special Equipment Engineers in a terrain that ran through heavy bush and bog. There were 94 in the party altogether, and our task was to build a road through the wilderness. The first day, the easiest going, we made Emma Lake, 34 miles distant, from there to Bittern Lake, and on to Montreal Lake. Bull-dozers worked night and day to clear the path and we made it in four days and nights of hard slugging. Our only means of communication with the main body of troops and P.A. was by the tank wireless set, which necessitated a 24 hour watch being set up. Food was flown in by plane, and over the "No. 19" we received instructions as to when and where the food would be dropped by parachute. The food that came consisted of meat, canned goods, potatoes and vegs, candies, smokes and rum. We were issued with a 2 oz. daily ration of Jamaica daily on the trip, and came through with stomachs as weather beaten as the hardest sailor. Frequently, because the plane was flying too low, the parachutes failed to open and the rations came down, slightly damaged, but we never failed to have a hot meal, and plenty of it at that. Those cookies really did a swell job.

ZERO HOUR!

At Montreal Lake, Infantry, Recce, Artillery, Service Corps, Meds and all the rest assembled and

we were ready for the testing in the face of what might have been at one stage in this war, a real enemy. It was bitter cold, but that didn't hinder a fast attack by paratroopers flown from Camp Shilo from going to town. We acted as infantry support, and tho' a realistic battle was fought no one was hurt. After five days under attack we moved on to Potato Lake as a division and were joined by additional troops there. We made an attack on some escaping enemy using target pulled by snowmobiles to simulate the escapees. Our gunnery was very good, according to reports. When we first came north we were using .338 oil but we couldn't get any recoil. We changed to .47 and from there on had no trouble, except watching the bore to see it was never left damp. About 60 miles above Potato Lake we came under air attack continuously. The Flyers used bags of soot, and it was easy to tell hits, by the contrast with the snow. Our tank was never hit, in fact there was only one supposed casualty. The only man "killed" was caught in a latrine, and the RCAF scored a bulls eye. During all this time "Lulu" had really been left unprotected. We had forgotten to use camouflage, and when the summation came through our ears burned a bit.

A night attack by the paratroopers despite the fact that sentries and scouts were out proved a complete success, so cleverly was it carried out. In commando style the sky troops crept up, overpowered the guards, tied them to trees and took prisoners of all but those who fled into the snow in sleeping garments. Have you ever tried running in snow in a sleeping bag? We remained close to "Lulu" and while doubtless we would have been prisoners, our captors were stymied. "Lulu" was a new animal to them

and they couldn't move her. In disgust they said "Keep your — tank" and departed.

After days of similar schemes and trials we arrived at our most northerly bound, Lac Laronge. It was Feb. 9th and we were greeted by most of the 600 Cree Indians and whites who resided there. We put on a big attack show for them, and during this time one of the planes crashed, with no one hurt fortunately. We put on a sports day, too, and then at night there was an "old tyme" square dance, and how those Indian gals could buck and wing. Next day the Indians reciprocated with snow shoe and dog team races, while our boys tried skis behind vehicles. On Sunday we held a drumhead service, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike on icy surface of Lac Laronge.

THE RETURN

Our trip back until we hit Montreal Lake was much the same, a repetition of attack and defence, with "Lulu" as infantry support. We had done a 50 hour inspection at Lac Laronge and throughout the trip she never failed to start as needed. We had a special heater installed which warmed the engine very quickly prior to starting and enabled us to get away quickly and to travel at full speed and kept us snug too. Sgt. Deshane had a plexo-glass cupolo for the turret which enabled full observation, but most of the time we travelled hatch down.

At Montreal Lake, rubber camouflage tanks were inflated and placed on the ice, and from over 300 yards they would fool the best eye. According to those in the air they could not be told from the real thing. "Lulu" all this time had a coat of white paint to blend with the background. One of our most un-

usual experiences happened, when we were asked to drive our tank amongst the dummies for a picture to be taken. We started out from the edge of a stream emptying into the lake, but no engineers took soundings. There was a moment's uneasiness, and then we could feel her start to sink, as the ice gave way. It was a sickening feeling as we submerged slowly like a submarine, the same time as the crew started to scramble out. Water came in through the turret, as we got out, and we thought "Lulu" was going to disappear for good. Fortunately, two "cats" a D-7 and a D-4 were close by and they went to work with the result that our baby was on dry land in ten minutes, albeit a bit wet. We went to work on maintenance and in a matter of four hours were ready to carry on as if nothing had ever happened. We arrived back in P.A. early in March, and there the entire party had a turkey dinner complete with all the trimmings—to us it seemed like the best we had ever had. Those hot showers felt good too, but actually we hadn't suffered too much in that regard, for with us was a mobile bath and a large boiler for heating water, and we tubbed regularly, regardless of weather or where we were, in two big marquees. Mail had been brought to us regularly by air the same as food supplies, and we didn't have too much piled up at P.A. Writing by hand in tents outdoors is an art that requires considerable skill and the six of us were away behind schedule in letters amongst other things that savored of home.

"Lulu" was in fine condition. She had stood the trip as well as her crew. Four feet of snow, the toughest terrain, intense cold, as much as 60 below, proved no obstacle. Only high jagged rocks stopped her, and we didn't lose a bogey wheel altho' we did lose some tracks, which were soon repaired. Gasoline supply was carried on trucks and was plentiful for all vehicles. With the exception of the huge "cats" our tank was the only vehicle which didn't require major repairs and could travel almost everywhere without bogging down. She had earned a well deserved rest, and we gave her a complete inspection at P.A. before seeing her loaded to come back to Borden. Now she battles sand dunes, and Pylon Hill with the other tanks.

The scheme was well organized, and when you consider that 1700 men travelled 500 miles or more, in intense cold, deep snow and rough terrain without serious accident or sickness, it speaks volumes for the pre-conditioning period and the work of the RAP. The experience we gained operating as a tank crew will be of inestimable value in future training.

Suffice it to say, that, in the carrying out of this scheme, every man progressed mentally and physically from what had, until then, been strictly a sphere of limited operational experience to a definite conviction that given proper equipment, good organization, high morale and a will to accomplish a task that there does not exist such a thing as the "impossible". It is this will to win that has resulted in the high standing of the Canadian Army Overseas and we are very grateful for the privilege of acquiring such practical and valuable experience here.

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BARRIE



"Mush!"

A Cree Indian with his dog-team approaches the Hudson Bay trading post at Lac Laronge. The Indians put on dog-sled and snowshoe races as entertainment for the troops.

"The Buzzer"

INTRODUCTION:—This is a true story. We include it in case it may have a moral for you.

The new G-2 sat at his desk nervously fingering the trays, pens, pamphlets and other appurtenances which were to form the new tools of his job. He sat surrounded by comforts of which in his regimental life he had never dreamed—a beautiful CWAC to drive him, a clerk to preside over a barrier and keep the mob at bay. Even his electric light was not like other electric lights but shot fingers of illumination around the room in a most unexpected and superior way.

Only one inconvenience existed. There was no method of summoning his clerk. On the rare occasions when anything needed to be typed, the new G-2 had to walk the gauntlet in between two rows of busy typists until, right at the end of the line, he found his own.

Painfully conscious that his journey was hardly ever really necessary; acutely aware, as he timidly clutched his pencilled communication, of the unspoken thought in each mind, "Why bother him with that?" he found this procedure embarrassing.

So one day he thought of the "Buzzer."

First he approached OC Wireless School, a formidable man but well disposed. It was agreed, though not without debate, that this matter could and should be arranged.

So the G-2 returned to his desk and waited, making the lack of a Buzzer an excuse for many an overdue return. Two weeks later, with that rapidity of inter-communication which characterizes his calling, OC Wireless acted. A small van arrived at Corps Headquarters and deposited 3 electricians and two large boxes of Signals apparatus. By ill-luck the G-2 had just stepped out for a moment, and by worse luck, the whole party was ushered into the office of the Commandant. That morning the Commandant was not feeling buzzer-minded; the electricians emerged more rapidly than they entered, climbed back into their van and disappeared to their winter hide-out.

But the G-2 is nothing if not persistent. Negotiations were resumed, and before the month was out the electricians had re-appeared and installed a small red button of firm and impressive design.

"But sir," said the chief electrician, "it still requires a buzzer. If you could obtain that for us from Tech Stores the button would no longer be silent"—he pressed it just to show how silent it was.

To trace the possible passage of a Buzzer from Q Branch to Tech Stores to the QM Stores (via, of course Training Records) was little more than a morning's work, and soon the G-2 found himself speaking to the QM.

"Buzzer", said the QM in the guarded tones adopted by all QMs. "Radio Battery Unit B Mark

60IA I presume you mean? Yes, we could get one from the Engineers. MFM 520 must of course be filled out in triplicate, the permission of the DAQMG obtained and the agreement of the Engineers; but there should be no difficulty."

"By the gods of War," said the new G-2, "I hope soon to return to civilian life, but I shall bequeath to my successor a buzzer, or bust." So he set to work. In due course the Engineers disgorged. Back came the electricians in their van. Grimly the G-2 watched as hundreds of feet of wire were uncoiled. "It works", said the chief electrician, and the whispered word spread around the office like wildfire.

Came the great moment when it was to be pressed for the first time. The G-2 performed the act and in a moment his clerk stood beside him.

"Ha," said the G-2, striving to conceal his smirk of triumph, "kindly acknowledge HQS 20-6-22 FD 39 dated 17 May 45 and say we don't want any."

"I have already done so," said the clerk, and if I may say so I'd rather you didn't use that buzzer."

This rattled the G-2 who dug out the nasty brand of malicious ill-humor for which he is noted.

"Disturbs your slumber, I suppose," he rasped. "Anyhow you appear to have heard it."

"No I didn't," replied the clerk.

"Then why did you come in here?" said the G-2, (quick as a flash).

"A shower of sparks on the back of one's neck is apt to arouse even the most dormant interest," said the clerk, who is not without his brand of malice too. "Incidentally most of this morning's mail from Camp has been destroyed by fire."

So now the Buzzer remains potent but silent. Its brief tempestuous life is over and if the G-2 wants his clerk, he shouts.

CAC WOMEN'S AUXILIARY DANCE BIG SUCCESS

Early this month the CAC Women's Auxiliary augmented their funds for overseas cigarettes and financial aid among Corps personnel by holding a successful dance in the Barrie Armoury. Over 1,000 were present and enjoyed dancing to Sgt. Bill Barnes' orchestra. Pte. Kay Halldorson and Tpr. Johnny Johnston were soloists with the band.

The spot dance prize went to Miss Kitty Walsh, Barrie, and the door prize to S/Sgt S. Eskillfon, A-33. Prizes for a raffle donated by Barrie merchants were won by: Wrist watch (Reeves Jewellers), Miss Edith Guthrie, Barrie; Permanent Wave (Regina Beauty Shop), Mrs. D. McDonald, Barrie; \$5.00 voucher (Craig's Men's Wear), Miss Shirley Murphy; Platter (Weaymouth's), Tpr. J. E. Martin, No. 2 CACTR.

Sixth GOC's Skill-at-Arms Contest

It is getting so that the easiest way to do this every time that there is a GOC's Skill-at-Arms Contest will be to have a stencil made up just saying that the Armoured Corps boys did it again and thus save ourselves a lot of valuable time. Once again in spite of the fact that there was little opportunity to indulge in practice on the ranges before the Shoot the Armoured Corps personnel walked off with most of the top prizes in the Sixth GOC's Skill-at-Arms Contest held on Wednesday, May 2, 1945.

With the exception of the Individual Rifle Contest and the Small Arms trophy, which went to Pte. V. M. Neff of A-11 CMG TC, the Corps marksmen made an exceptionally fine showing. Although this sixth shoot was held a little later in the day than the previous ones, enthusiasm ran high and some great scores were put up on the boards before the curtain was rung down. Beginning with the first GOC Shoot held June 20, 1944, interest has increased in this event until it has become a matter of Unit pride to every centre in Camp to have a team out there trying to win.

The Team Contest, which is always a hard fought event, was once more won by the MT Regiment, making it three wins in a row for them. This is remarkable in the sense that these lads have very little chance to practise.

The NCO's School and the Training Regiments are to be congratulated on their fine showing. Not to be outdone Lt. W. Neeve, A-33 CACTE, shared honors for first place in the Officers' Contest with Lt. J. Baines of No. 1 CACTR.

To complete a great day's shooting by the boys of Corps, Col. P. G. Griffin led his field home in the senior officers' shoot.

Results of the Shoot are listed below:

Comd. Championship Skill at Arms

- 1st—A-33 CACTE (NCO's School, winners of Skill-at-Arms Pennant).
- 2nd—A-10 CITC (S of I).
- 3rd—A-33 CACTE (MT Regiment).
- 4th—A-11 CMG TC (MMG Wing).
- 5th—A-11 CMG TC (GMT "C").

GOC's Invitation Match

- 1st—Col. P. G. Griffin, A-33 CACTE.
- 2nd—Major H. Barr, No. 3 CACTR.
- 3rd—Major D. Ross, No. 15 ES & W Coy, RCE, Major R. Bingham, A-19 CASC TC, tied.

Officers' Contest

- 1st—Lieut. W. Neeve, A-33 CACTE, Lieut. J. Baines, No. 1 CACTR, tied.
- 2nd—Lieut. J. J. Kennedy, No. 1 CACTR, Lieut. F. Wagner, A-11 CMG TC, Capt. W. Curtis, A-33 CACTE, tied.

Coaching Contest

Coach	Firer
1. Pte. Scott, C. B.A-11 CMGTC	Tpr. Isleifson, No. 3 CACTR
2. Pte. Sandbridge A-10 CITC	Tpr. Dupuis, A. J., No. 2 CACTR
3. Pte. Shaw, A. J. A-10 CITC	Tpr. MacNeill, V. A. No. 2 CACTR
4. Tpr. Hunter, B. No. 2 CACTR	Tpr. Breen, J. N. A. No. 1 CACTR
5. Tpr. Milneczuk No. 2 CACTR	Tpr. Bisette, J. D., No. 1 CACTR.

Team Contest

- 1st—MT Regiment, A-33 CACTE.
- 2nd—NCO School, A-33 CACTE.
- 3rd—MMG Wing, A-11 CMGTC.
- 4th—"A" Sqdn, No. 2 CACTR.

Individual Rifle Contest

- 1st—Pte. V. M. Neff (GMT "A"), A-11 CMGTC (Winner Small Arms).
- 2nd—Sgt. P. A. Pupo, No. 8 Coy, A-10 CITC (Challenge Trophy).

- 3rd—Sgt. R. P. Kearns, No. 2 Coy, A-10 CITC.
- 4th—Sgt. G. Ellis, NCO School, A-33 CACTE.

Individual Bren Contest

- 1st—Sgt. Kennedy, E. E. N.C.O. School, A-33 CACTE (Winner of The John Inglis Challenge Trophy)
- 2nd—Pte. Davis, R. M., GMT "C" A-11 CMGTC.
- 3rd—Pte. Davis, G. C., GMT "C" A-11 CMGTC.
- 3rd—Sgt. Pomfret, W.D., 5 Coy, A-10 CITC, tied.
- 4th—Pte. Johnson, MMG, A-11 CMGTC.



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Tank Warfare in the Pacific

(Staff Special)

LATRINOGRAMS are emanating fast and furiously these days as to the future of the Canadian Armoured Corps, and the role armour will play in the Pacific theatre of war. As yet there has been no definite pronouncement of policy on the subject. Our American cousins, however, have some very definite views on the future of armour as they go "heading for the last roundup", and their opinions seem to indicate that armour will be a decisive factor in the extermination of the Japanese.

While no great amount of publicity has been given tank warfare in the Pacific, because of the greater use of armour in Europe, it must not be forgotten that since the beginning of the fight in the Pacific marine tank elements, or separate tank battalions rather than armoured divisions have been in action. One of the first mass casualties suffered by the American army was the destruction of the 192nd and 194th Tank Battalions at Baatan soon after Pearl Harbor. "Tanks proved their worth in terrain for which they were not supposedly built,—in shifting sand, tangled jungles, volcanic ash." One of the widest uses of tanks in jungle fighting has been the tank-dozer.

General Joseph Stilwell, present chief of Army Ground Forces, used American tanks with Chinese crews to great effect in Burma. British forces did likewise. It was not, however, until General MacArthur's great sweep over the Luzon Plain in the Philippines that "tank country" was found and armour was extensively used. When the Carballo Mountains were struck, it appeared as if the use of tanks was to be narrowed, but slopes as great as 60 degrees have been negotiated, and once the tanks have arrived they have proved the most effective weapons in use in clearing Japanese pillboxes and deep-dug entrenchments.

Major-General W. H. Gill of the 32nd American Division has been enthusiastic of the support given the mountain-fighting doughboys by armour. At Iwo Jima, the Marines used tanks with great effect although the dunes of volcanic ash leading to Mt. Surabachi were hardly ideal for tank tracks. Tanks are currently in action on Okinawa. As yet the Japanese have revealed no guns as effective in stopping armour as was the German 88 in Europe.

As the invasion of the mainlands of China, Formosa and Japan itself loom as distinct possibilities, the question of whether or not the terrain will be suitable for armour assumes importance. A Chinese authority says "China has just as many different kinds of terrain as Europe. Some of the ground I saw in the Kowloon region is ideal tank country." While Southeast China has some big rivers, they are

no wider than the Moselle, the Rhine, or the Main, and these did not give Allied tanks too much trouble. In Europe some armoured troops have crossed deep rivers at flood stage in the face of enemy opposition and without help. Col. Edward S. Johnson, in an article on Pacific Strategy, says: "China is the only answer for a major offensive to wreck Japan. Access to China's resources in land, raw materials, population, facilities and communications is absolutely essential. There never was, in fact, any other answer to this problem, unless, indeed Russia would play a major role. Over the years the strategic situation has never essentially changed in that respect. The use of China's facilities demands seizure of a coastal area, and that of Hong Kong or Canton may be visualized as the most suitable for the purpose. To seize such a beachhead, fight off the desperate Japanese counter attacks, build up a vast stockpile of supplies, and by any or all of the best available routes, penetrate Manchuria and Korea and then Japan proper, is the route to Allied victory. To this end, establishment of a great Allied land base for sea, air, and land forces on the Chinese coast is the logical next major objective." If Col. Johnson's forecast proves to be true, armour will indeed come into its own in the Pacific.

Following V-E Day, Brigadier-General Kenneth G. Althaus, commanding general of the school troops at Fort Knox, Ky., addressed the Officers' graduating class as follows: "Armour has been the decisive element on the ground in this war insofar as the European and Mediterranean theatres are concerned, and I believe that when we meet the main Japanese armies our armour will again be the decisive element on the ground." General Althaus led the combat command of the 10th Armoured Division in France and Germany and has had plenty of battle experience in the present war. "General Patton has said that there is no such thing as terrain unsuitable for armoured action. Armour can go anywhere. That is the spirit of Armour. The end of the war in Europe might lead to over-optimism. You might think that your commissions have come too late and consequently your enthusiasm might be dampened. You must not forget for one minute the terrific conflict now in progress in the Pacific. The collapse of Germany does not mean the collapse of Japan. I believe the war in that theatre will continue to be a hard one for some time to come and that when we meet the main Japanese armies our army will again be the decisive element."

Brigadier-General P. M. Robinette, commandant of the Armoured School at Fort Knox, who has made more than one liaison trip to Camp Borden, is quoted in the Armoured News as saying most soldiers "should expect to continue in service until

the end." He forecasts a reorientation of armoured training to cope with Pacific problems. Commenting on the part armoured troops must play in defeating the Nipponese, he said: "This cruel and fanatical enemy can be more quickly destroyed if we understand his every strength and weakness and are prepared to exploit them to our advantage. He is weak in mechanized means; we possess these means and understand their employment. We must exploit them to the maximum and thereby avoid needless casualties."

Special employment of tanks as flame throwers as was used in Europe is taking place on Okinawa, and recent pictures in Life magazine show tanks in action in this role and also in street fighting. More and more from European experiences will tanks be used as infantry support. We may yet see armoured conquests as brilliant as those of North Africa, Italy, The Bulge, Bastogne, taking place on scenes that were once thought as highly improbable places for tank battles.

When the time comes and policy is decided upon, men of the Canadian Armoured Corps who have proved themselves to be as good as any other armoured fighters in the world will take their place with pride beside American armour if given the opportunity.

CAC AUXILIARY CARNIVAL JUNE 16

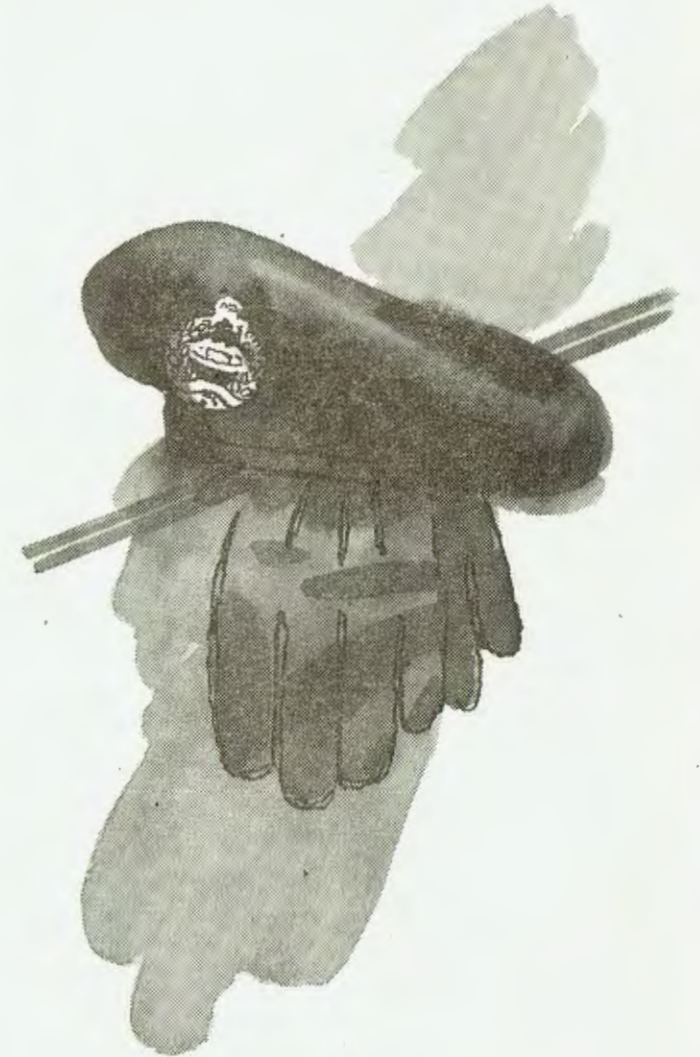
The Women's Auxiliary to the Canadian Armoured Corps, Barrie, is holding its Annual Carnival in the Barrie Armouries on June 16 from two to twelve p.m.

Sgt. Bill Barnes' Band will be in attendance both afternoon and evening and we will have Bingo and other games with good prizes, free dancing and good entertainment for the whole family.

Captain Blair Cook is in charge of the distribution of the Raffle Tickets which entitle the purchaser to win one of the following prizes: (1) \$25 Credit, (2) \$25 Mahogany Coffee Table, (3) \$25 Credit from Twiss Men's Wear, (4) \$25 Credit from Jacobi and Graham, (5) \$10 Cold Wave Perm, (6) Electric Iron. The door prize is a \$75 watch. As an added attraction a Commando Dagger will also be raffled.

All proceeds of the Carnival will be used for the purposes of providing cigarettes and comforts for Canadian Armoured Corps men overseas, and of assisting in the welfare of their wives and families in Barrie.

The Committee in charge of the Carnival is as follows: Convener, Mrs. J. Fennell; Secretary, Mrs. E. Warner; Raffle, Mrs. K. Jefferson, Mrs. G. Alexander; Fish Pond, Mrs. G. Coutts, Mrs. J. R. Dudley; Staffing, Mrs. H. Rehill, Mrs. E. Willis; Treasurer, Mrs. E. Burke, Mrs. I. Briggs; Ass't Convener, Mrs. A. McCrae; Publicity, Mrs. E. Burns; Booths, Mrs. H. Senkler; Refreshments, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Reid; Tickets, Mrs. J. Cave.



*"Officers' Accessories
of Distinction"*

The Men's Shop

EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

by Colonel P. G. Griffin, DSO

(Sixth installment of the Author's experiences in the Italian campaign)

As dusk settled in, a long line of fire was observed curling like a snake up along the lower slopes of the mountains, and the rumour spread, "Our bombing aircraft had caught an escaping column of Germans making their get away through a mountain pass and had blasted them with bomb and cannon." It was solace to our jaded nerves and some small payment for what we had taken that afternoon.

The squadrons had been regrouped and were tucked away in dispersed harbours, slit trenches were dug and we settled down to lick our wounds and get some well earned sleep—but it wasn't to be. We no sooner had fallen asleep than we were awakened by the crack and rattle of ack ack guns. The air seemed to be full of sweeping trails of tracer shells popping and cracking aloft, the silver fingers of searchlights poked thither and yon searching among the clouds to reveal enemy planes to the guns. And then they picked one up—like a silver bird it twisted and turned as several beams focussed on it and the ack ack fire concentrated without effect.

In a maddening way it headed back towards its own lines and gradually the searchlights dropped the chase one by one, the last few shells plopped in a disappointed way in the almost cloudless sky and quiet settled on the land again. But it was only a momentary lull as though it were the rustling waiting period between acts in the theatre, then the orchestra takes its place again and the curtain goes up. From the high ground away over by the village of Roccasecca a battery of heavy mortars started to throw bombs in our direction, thud, thud, thud. It was possible to hear the weapons fire, then the whining hunks of death came whirling through the warm night air and wickedly they burst C-rack, C-rack, Crack, the pieces hurtling through the air with their queer whining sound and coming down through the branches of the trees. Some short, some over, for hours they kept it up, stopping for perhaps ten minutes to let us settle down, then starting their fiendish holocaust again.

As though this wasn't enough the ack ack opened up again and through the rising crescendo of crackle and roar, on a minor key, came the drone of

German airplane engines. Again the searchlights frantically swept and stabbed, and as I lay on my back in a slit trench gazing up into the heavens I saw parachute flares open and sail slowly, swinging to and fro, towards the earth. They seemed right over my head and lit the whole countryside up as bright as day.

Bombing almost anywhere in that area was now a cinch to win. Since morning thousands of troops had been pouring into the valley. The British 6th Armoured Division, with such famous regiments as the 17th/21st Lancers (incidentally allied with my own regiment), the 16th/5th Lancers and the Lothian Border Horse, veterans of the 1st Army who had taken part in the battles which ended with the liberation of Tunisia and the smashing of Rommel in North Africa, had been passing through all afternoon to take up the pursuit of the retreating Huns along Highway 6 towards Arce. Unable to get across the Melfa River on their own section as the bridges were blown, they had been rerouted through us, returning to the main road beyond the river.

Lying as I was I could follow the course of the enemy planes as they circled aloft, breathing a sigh of relief as the sound gradually faded out, nerves tensing as they approached, waiting, wondering if they would bomb, and then it came c-rump, c-rump, c-rump, five times, it seemed, in a direct line for where I lay, the earth convulsed and rumbled as the bombs fell and spewed great craters of flame and rock into the air.

Stiff with terror I lay, as it were, alone in the world, the fifth bomb crashed across the road some hundred yards away, the last of the stick couldn't miss, it must fall on where my tank was tucked away under a tree beside the hedge.

Holding on to myself to keep from screaming with fear I quietly prayed to my God and became oddly calm. I knew there was nothing I could do but wait for what seemed a million years as that fiendish creation of man circled above me. Surprisingly enough I have talked to men who have been through tough spots, men who ordinarily seldom went to church and who somehow one didn't connect with this praying business and quite simply and candidly they had said, "Yes, when you are

really up against it the training of one's youth comes through and you turn to your God for help."

I had been in London during several of the air raids but somehow that didn't seem nearly as terrifying as lying here waiting. I seemed so very much alone yet my tank crew was within 30 yards of me.

God! would it never fall and kill this agony of waiting and then, wonder of wonders, the plane slowly circled away and the pillar of noise dropped to earth like a geyser which had been suddenly turned off. A couple of stretchers passed. They were lads of the GGHG who had a harbour near us. I didn't realize until later that one was a young officer called McBride, son of Mr. Mickey McBride of Barrie, Ontario. Oddly enough he had taken shelter under one of my HQ tanks that afternoon throughout the fearful blitz and I was told afterwards he had a premonition he wouldn't come through. He died that night.

The following day we started to move forward again. The Recce troop under now Capt. Perkins (both he and Bob Garke had been promoted for their good work on the Melfa), was leading. Capts. Ussher and Cadham who were on courses had been rushed up to me and they were commanding respectively "B" and "C" Squadron, Bob Garke was commanding "A" and Major Bill Milroy was acting 2 i/c. Jim McAvity, who joined the Regiment from the Halifax Rifles in the early summer of 1943, was really the senior Major now but as he had not had battle experience I didn't feel I could put him in as 2 i/c in case I got knocked out.

I deployed the Regiment where possible as we moved up in Bde. reserve to give the new Squadron

leaders a chance to take hold and to shake down the dozens of reinforcements we had received. Luckily we got two days before bumping action again, the NBH and BCD's doing the contact work as the Bosche fell back across the Liri River at Ceprano where the Perthes and Cape Bretons did good work swimming and boating on the crossing, keeping the Huns on the run.

During the second day, owing to blown bridges, it was necessary to travel line ahead along the railroad running towards Rome, bump, bump, bump, the tanks did a shimmy along the ties of the roadbed for hours, as we moved up, until the crews were almost dizzy, then, on orders from Bde, we pulled into harbour within sight of Pofi, another of those Iti towns perched on the top of a hill. The BCD's had been heavily shelled as they supported the Westminsters into its outskirts, our aircraft had given it one of their specials, the customary treatment where the Bosche made a stand in a town. Unfortunately in this case, they bombed it shortly after a company of the Westminsters had penetrated, and they had an uncomfortable half hour sheltering from our own bombs.

One of these humorous incidents that are forever cropping up, no matter how serious the situation, happened to me in this harbour. We had hardly stopped when I had an urgent call from nature and taking a shovel from my tank, moved deeper into the bush to relieve myself. Suddenly a group of my own lads with tommy guns stealthily surrounded me. I don't know who was more surprised, "God, sir," gasped a corporal when he recovered from his astonishment, "we thought you were a Jerry sniper.

The End Of the Road

Canadian tank gunners were on the beam and hit a German Tiger amid-ship. The Nazi crew were trapped in the burning vehicle and any who escaped were pinned down by machine gun fire strategically placed in the narrow Italian street.



We were fired upon from this wood about ten minutes ago and are searching it." I vowed it hadn't been me as I dug the hole deeper and tarried not in what I had to do.

At 0400 hrs 30 May we were pulled out on orders from Bde to push through Pofi and move north along the road through Arnara to take up defensive positions in the neighbourhood of hill 243 Castagne in support to the Cape Breton Highlanders, who we were told would be in that area.

Traffic in Pofi was badly congested. The 8th NBH were ahead of us as they had been ordered to move straight through to Ceccano. However, they couldn't get forward as several bridges were blown and it would take an hour or so of bulldozing to fill in the crossings. The delay was welcome as it gave us a chance to make breakfast. To do so, however, we moved some little distance along the ditch as the nauseating smell of German unburied dead was drifting towards us from a ruined house nearby.

Shortly after we had eaten, in order to speed things up, I ordered all except drivers forward with shovels to help fill in the blown crossings. As they moved past my tank the Divisional Intelligence Officer came down the road with a small group of German prisoners which he identified as an Artillery OP Officer and his staff, a Sgt. and two gunners.

The officer was without exception one of the finest physical specimens of humanity I had ever seen, about 21, standing six foot, he was superbly put together. Blonde, curly hair, as handsome as a Greek god, he looked as any decent Canadian lad might have looked under similar circumstances. Instead of the usual arrogant, insolent look of a Nazi youth, he appeared a little nervous and quite willing to talk.

When told of the German dead lying nearby, he asked for shovels and had his group dig a grave just inside the hedge on the side of the road, then picking up a derelict blanket thrown at the foot of a tree they scooped the remains of what had been a German gunner into it and carried it to the grave side. How he stood the terrible stench I don't know. I had to move to windward or I would surely have "shown kit."

They lowered the remains into the grave and filled it in, on word from the officer the others gathered armfuls of flowers which were growing profusely in the fields and scattered them on the freshly turned earth. He then took his place at the head of the grave with the others at the foot and said a prayer in German, a moment of silence then a sharp "Achtung" snapped out and all sprang to a sharp Nazi salute, then moved out to the road where they found some wood and made a cross on which the officer pencilled "To an unknown German Soldier."

The whole incident affected me oddly. I wondered what a similar group of our soldiers would have done under a like set of circumstances. I sincerely hope they would have acted as well.

While work was still being done on the fills I

walked to the head of the column, to where my Recce troop was halted, and as soon as it was possible to do so had it push on. Word had come back from NBH that the road was ruined and they were having to clear it as they went.

At the corner where we turned off to go toward Arnara we found some German graves marked by elaborate crosses in black and silver made in the form of the iron cross and dated 1942. We couldn't understand this date as no fighting had taken place in Italy during that time and could only imagine they were the graves of Germans who had been on garrison duty in Italy and had died there or had been brought back there wounded from the fighting in North Africa or Crete and had died later.

From here on trouble began. Italian civilians informed us where mines had been laid and with a clearing party prodding on foot covered by the odd recce tank, we moved slowly towards our objective. We decided to bypass the town of Arnara, taking for granted the Cape Bretons would have worked through it, particularly as the Huns were now shelling it and the road we were following. We halted for ten minutes until they let up and then pushed on, reaching the designated defence area only to find the Cape Bretons falling back as they had been shelled out of their forward positions.

We were now in what had been the holing up or winter quarters for German armour close to the battle area. The banks along the road here were anywhere from 10 to 20 feet deep. It was impossible to leave the road except where lanes ran into the farms or at cross roads. Into these banks, by what must have been a terrific labour problem, were cut great recesses capable of holding one, two or three tanks or trucks. When tucked away into these it would have taken a direct hit to knock them out and as trees or shrubs grew on the banks these, assisted by various types of camouflage, made it almost impossible to spot the area from the air.

The Hun in his usual jolly manner of seeing everyone had a good time and were kept busy, had persuaded the Itis to do the digging. I often think he had the right idea. These tanks had only pulled out a couple of hours previously, according to the screaming excitable civilians who would gather around us when we arrived, and an hour or two later we had the pleasure of killing some of them.

In back of a farm, on the reverse slope of a hill which I checked before the Squadron arrived for a position into which I might tuck one in a defensive role, I came across the most elaborate German burial ground I had seen up to that time. They had pilfered an enormous and most elaborately ornamented cross from some Iti church and had erected it on a cairn of coloured rock on which was a plate in memoriam to those German soldiers of the Reich who had given their lives for Der Fuehrer and the Fatherland. Around the Cairn were rows of graves with the super-duper iron crosses described earlier and neatly kept gravel paths. The graves had borders of brick or low shrub and had been given a lot

Hide-out—

Striking examples of German attempts at camouflage were the great recesses dug into the banks of roads, to provide quarters for reserve enemy armour. Well camouflaged, these areas often escaped observation by air, and provided protection for vehicles from anything other than a direct hit.



of care. The German character is a complete enigma. Finding this graveyard which must have been laid out with a certain amount of love for his fellow man and comparing it with the horrible disclosures of atrocities committed in concentration camps in Europe is beyond the conception of Anglo-Saxon thinking.

By wireless I ordered the Squadrons to get forward as rapidly as possible and had dropped Recce guides to take them into position when they arrived. I then went forward to contact the acting CO of the Bretons, Major Summerville, and find out what was cooking. I found him in the cellar of a little church and was told that they had had to drop back owing to heavy shelling and a threatened tank attack. I was unable to get any very clear information and decided to push my Recce troop forward towards highway 6 to gain it.

On a report that tanks had entered a certain field about 500 ft. away, but unable to get any of the infantry to go out to show me where, I decided to make a personal reconnaissance because if such was the case they would be in behind one of my Squadron locations.

I worked my way along a ledge into a grain field and from there slid down into a sunken road which would take me to within a couple of hundred yards of where I wanted to get to. As I did so my heart came up into my throat, I was met by a gabble of talk in a foreign tongue. It gave me a severe jolt but in a moment I realized I was among Itis and one of the great mysteries of the war was solved, which

was where the civilian population went during battle. Here were dozens of them, men, women and children, dug into the banks of the sunken road where they stayed until the war passed on, then returned to their homes. I pointed towards the suspected German tank position and in a questioning tone repeated the Italian name for the Hun, "Tedeski?" They shook their heads in the negative. That was good enough for me. Had there been any enemy in the neighbourhood they would have known. It was a good old Recce adage that if there were no Itis in sight around a village you could bet your bottom dollar the Hun was in occupation.

I moved back to Breton HQ rapidly and had a few nasty remarks to pass to Summerville about his patrols. I also found the leading squadron "B" Capt. Jock Ussher just moving into position and at the same time got two messages, one from Capt. Perkins' Recce troop giving me his position and saying he had sighted some German tanks. I told him to recce ways to them so that he could lead the tank troops in when they came forward. The other message was an order from Bde to push on, cut Highway 6 and kill the Hun retiring along it towards Frosinone, a large town on the road to Rome.

I called "B" on the blower and started them out towards the Recce troop. The country, however, was particularly difficult. The road we were on ran along a hogsback about 2,000 yards south of a similar one behind which the German tanks could manoeuvre and from which they were shelling us. I called on the rear squadrons "C" and "A" in that order to smoke and shell this ridge while "B" moved

up. It certainly was not tank country in any sense of the word as there was no possibility of manoeuvre and all the advantage lay with the Bosche. One of A Squadron's tanks was hit and brewed but the crew escaped without casualty.

The situation forward was most obscure. I could get very little information of what was happening. The recce troop on foot was endeavoring to get tanks of "B" squadron into position to take on the German tanks they had spotted. Infantry would have been invaluable but I couldn't get the Bretons to move forward so I decided to leave Major Bill Milroy, acting 2 i/c, in command, and go forward myself. There was an enormous crater in the road and only by great difficulty had "B" squadron worked around it. By now the going was almost impossible so I started out alone on foot knowing I only had a mile or so to go. En route I passed through a small village not named on the map, where I held one of many conversations with myself. I was carrying my map board, had a revolver but no tin hat, so I decided I was an ass as I wasn't sure if the village had been mopped up by the Bretons previously or simply passed through by the tanks and a sniper might have been lying doggo waiting for such nuts as myself to heave in sight. Luck was with me and in a short time after passing several derelict German trucks and an ambulance I overtook the rear troop "B" Squadron. The troop Ldr into whose tank I climbed knew very little except that the leading troops had bumped trouble and had lost a tank or two. On I went and luckily met Sgt. Chum Macey of recce fame, who gave me the dope. Highway 6 and the road we were on met about a half mile further on. There were several German tanks down along Highway 6 denying it to us. One of our tanks commanded by Lt. Jim Black, who had come to us recently from Bde, had been hit and was burning furiously on the road just ahead. Another was lying on its side in the ditch and it seemed impossible to get tanks forward owing to the steep drop away from the road.

He and I did a recce and he pointed out a couple of enemy tanks down along the road about 500 yards away. Staying in observation, I sent him back to guide in two of the tanks lying back along the road. One of them was Capt. Ussher's and before it broke cover I told him what the job was. He quietly inched his way forward until his gunner could lay an aim and let the German have it. I observed 4 shots hit in rapid succession as I lay with my glasses behind a small mound. There was no reply from the Hun so he moved forward again to where he could spot the second one tucked in along the bank on the side of the road.

Before he had a chance to fire a sheet of flame burst in front of my eyes and a concussion as though hit by a sledge hammer knocked me cold. The German tank had fired an .88 at me. I don't know how long I lay there, only seconds probably. I came to, to find our tank blazing away at the Bosche which in a minute or so burst into flame. The blood was streaming down my face and my left arm was numb

as I worked my way unsteadily back to the road where Sgt. Macey and a group of Recce troops gave me first aid.

I told Capt. Ussher to push on and cut the Highway as ordered and sent a message to Capt. Tom Cadham, "C" Squadron, to start moving up in support. I was then met by Lt. Suds Sutherland in his Scout car. He was still Regimental IO and doing great work. He told me that several Brigadiers were looking for me, so I went back with him and met Brigs. Des Smith, Commander 5 Canadian Armoured Brigade, Graham Gibson, Commander 2 Canadian Infantry Bde, and Eric Snow, Comd 11th Inf Bde. I gave them the situation and suggested that the Edmontons, who were moving up through the Bretons, swing around by a road running to the left of Highway 6 as I thought they would cut off quite a pocket of Germans. This they apparently did most successfully.

Brig. Smith was worried about the state of my wounds and after I had given Bill Milroy the situation. Capt. Sammy Vaisrub, diminutive Regimental MO, was again holding the fort. My left eye was very painful. A piece of shell had entered in the close vicinity and the two or three MOs thought I should go back to the CCS. I objected but as Brig Smith said the Bde was being relieved the following morning and advised my going I consented and was given a shot in the arm to put me to sleep as the roads back were pretty rough.

In the ambulance with me was a Cape Breton NCO and two Itis, a girl about 17 with a shell wound in the abdomen and a boy of about 8 with a bad cut on his head.

The trip down was a nightmare. For a while the road was under shell fire and a truck was blazing furiously ahead. By-passing it almost threw us through the roof. The Iti children cried piteously and after a while the girl passed into a coma and moaned for hours. Then she lost control of her bowels and the stench in that ambulance was indescribable. The Breton was violently ill and only for the fact that the morphine which I had been given took effect and put me to sleep, I'm afraid I would have been likewise.

I came to while being carried into a waiting tent of No. 5 CCS, commanded by Col. Paul La Plante. I was immediately accosted by one of the 5 Div. Padres, Major Johnston, one of the best troop padres I have ever met who wanted to know if I would like something to eat. As I hadn't eaten since 0500 hrs. and it was now about 2030 hrs, I realized I had an aching void. During long spells of action one never thought of eating until one of your tank crew shoved something into your hand. The lads were always wonderful that way and I owe Sgt. Main, my bow gunner, and Cpl. Parsons, my driver, many a debt of gratitude for their thoughtfulness. I would not ask for finer companions under any circumstances.

The canned chicken sandwich and cup of tea tasted like manna from heaven, and as I chatted with the Padre I asked about the girl in the ambulance.

—Continued on page 40

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Against the envy of less happier lands."*

Richard II, Act II, Scene I.



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The Provost Corps in Action

Front Line Police

by Major A. E. Pitcher

A few months ago I had the privilege of being with the 4th Div in the role of an observer at Sonsbeck, and being in on the initial scheme from Kleve to Xanten. There I saw officers and men of the Armoured Corps preparing for action, and the witnessing of an actual tank battle was one of the biggest episodes I saw during my trip overseas. For the first time I really appreciated and understood the work of the Armoured Corps, and from my sense of appreciation of the work done by these modern "knights in armor," it seemed to me that one of the most unfortunate things of army life is how little we know of what the other fellow is doing. In actual battle itself, these things are understood, and the co-operation between all arms as I saw it is something that we can all be proud of. The results speak for themselves. I felt a few words on the functions of the Provost Corps in Canada and overseas might well be written, by way of familiarizing the men of the CAC with the problems we face.

In civilian life a policeman's lot is a more or less unhappy one. This has carried over into military life also. How many soldiers think that when they leave their unit lines to visit urban centres they can do just as they please? What of the thought that so many have, that because they are in uniform leniency should be shown them when they go to town and imbibe? Particularly is the latter case so when they have spent a day upon the square, where the instructors have continually blurted out "Don't do this—do this." They go, thankful to be away from the routine, and so have a couple, but a few do not, unfortunately, stop at that and in their stupor destroy private property, engage in fisticuffs, and generally make a nuisance of themselves. They know they can't take an extra day's leave but there comes a time when they say "It won't hurt this time." With thoughts in mind trouble faces them. What of the fellow on the train who takes a bottle aboard and feels he is free from army routine and proceeds to disinfect his tonsils?

When a soldier joins the Provost Corps he ceases to be a care-free soldier. It is his duty to be an example, a leader, a general source of information and a friend. He has to prevent private property from damage, civilians from molestation, and see that all military regulations and orders are carried out. If one of our men permits an irregularity to go unchecked, he is invariably a "good Joe", but when he checks and corrects it, he is a "heel." This seems to be a human reaction, but always remember what the provost's duties are. How many know the fact we are amenable to both civil and military law with civil law taking precedence? Sometime you might try having some confidence in the Provost.

About the Author

Major A. E. Pitcher, chief instructor of A-32 Provost Training Centre, was born in England and served with the Royal Navy and the Metropolitan Police Force before coming to Canada. Interested in boxing from youth, he was light-heavyweight champion of Ceylon, and in 1929 won Canadian amateur honors. In 1930 he captained the Canadian team at the British Empire games. Residing at Marmora and engaged in mining work, he enlisted in 1940 and became RSM at Brockville COTC. Commissioned in 1942, he has been at Borden over two years. In April last he returned from a three-months' trip overseas, during which time he accompanied the Canadian troops from Kleve to Sonsbeck. His family resides in Barrie, and he spends most of his spare time encouraging boxing throughout Camp.

If you are honest with him and with yourself you will find him willing to cooperate, and that he can and will be your friend.

Overseas in combat areas besides his ordinary functions the Provost has other duties to perform. One of the most important of these is "Traffic movement" and "Traffic control." This is an important one and embraces a multitude of constabulary duties.

It is an accepted fact that the success of a battle depends on having the fighting troops in the right place at the right time, and in their right order. It stood out so plainly when the 4th Div had priorities upon a particular route in their drive from Kleve through. With blitzkrieg warfare and fast moving columns an error in direction by a Provost or a failure on his part to carry out a duty could readily let down a whole scheme, with the resulting loss of life and materials. There are only about 100 Provost to a division, so every man must be well trained. Decisions must be made on the spot without reference to a platoon commander or superior in most cases. The Provost studies carefully all maps in relation to the advance. He makes a recce of by-roads. He clears all roads of refugees and civilian traffic. Between Louisdorf and Udhem the civilians had two-wheeled carts drawn by horses on our main road of advance. These we put in the fields, took the wheels off them and impounded the horses. Nazi strategy had put civilians on the road purposely to impede our advance, instead we impeded the refugees' advance.

There is close liaison between the Engineers and Provost before road markings are made. Reports are given on the conditions of roads ahead and on bridges and their load. Alternative traffic routes must be often arranged. This latter part came to the fore

where just one main highway ran through the Hochwald and Bablerger forest. Here the Engineers came through, and blew the railway tracks off their bed, making an ideal traffic circuit loop for all types of vehicles. Picture a brigade of armour travelling over a road. What happens if a traffic block occurs on the main road of advance? The Provost is responsible for seeing there is no tie-up, and vehicles are pushed over depending upon importance in the general picture of things. If a track is blown off, another tank will nose it over out of the way.

As the main bodies of troops and traffic arrive on the scene Provost responsibilities increase. Long hours of duty are in sight. Courage is demanded. The nature of the work makes it essential that he be easily seen, hence white web and anklets, and hence also a target for snipers left behind by the enemy. It takes a special type of courage to stand at an intersection under fire.

Another important duty close to the front lines was the establishment of "straggler's posts." It is surprising how many get lost during the tempo of a battle. These persons are collected and re-routed to join their respective units as quickly as possible.

Close to the front lines, around 500 yards behind in most cases, were established "prison cages" for enemy troops captured. Here in a fenced-in area enemy troops were herded and questioned by intelligence officers for possible information before being sent back to larger cages a greater distance from the front. The Nazis I saw in these "prison cages" impressed me with their arrogance, and master race attitude, and while they wilted perceptibly when they learned the actual facts of the course of the war and became cooperative, underneath it all one could still detect signs of their early training. The prisoners at this stage were boys as young as 15 and men in their forties. They were hungry, dirty, and ill-clad in most cases. The German NCO and officer appeared intelligent, and smart in his appearance, comparable to our own in ability, and they were very cagey in being interrogated. The Provost were responsible for the main duties at these cages.

Another function of the Provost was the initial police work in captured towns and villages until the regular military police could be set up. The towns and villages I saw were mostly flat as pancakes and there were very few civilians left. On occupying the community, cellars, and buildings

were searched for stragglers, and those in hiding. The town mayor was summoned or one was appointed and it was surprising how soon afterwards order was once again established and civilians began to come trickling back to their ruined homes or looking for food and supplies. The population appeared docile and ready to cooperate in any way with the new occupants. There appeared to be little trouble in maintaining discipline. The civilians were anxious to get to work and restore things as soon as possible. There would be no biting of the hand that fed them.

At Bedburg I saw a sign put there by the 8th Provost Coy, which read "Follow our tanks to the Rhine banks." Another one was "Germany welcomes its liberators." As an example of how quickly routes are marked I saw the Provost marking the main line of advance through Udhem, while the 3rd Div were still clearing the snipers out. You didn't need a map to find the Canadian Army. All you needed was the key to the route "Diamond," "Maple Leaf", etc. You couldn't miss at night either for they were illuminated.

At this point I wish to express my grateful appreciation for the opportunity that I had of seeing the close liaison between troops of the different units preparatory to going into action. There is a singleness of purpose and a closeness of understanding that is not given to those troops unfortunate enough not to have proceeded overseas.

Speaking particularly from the Provost Corps point of view and especially from that of No. 8 Coy, with whom I was closely associated at the time, it is a source of great satisfaction to me to know that the job of the Provost Corps is more fully understood over there than throughout Canada. This is due, of course, to the fact that overseas our function is more fully understood than in this country where to the average man in the ranks we are looked on as policemen and the sort of people who are continually checking up the man in uniform for what may seem to him unnecessary small breaches of discipline and methods of wearing his hat, beret, clothing, etc. In this great service we are enlisted in the cause, not only as soldiers of one or two particular units, but the representatives of a great force and the work of the Provost Corps would be greatly simplified if all soldiers no matter what their regiment or corps would realize the privilege of wearing their country's uniform and act and dress accordingly.

Camera Scoop!



On V-E Day the Commanding Officers of the various units throughout Camp Borden assembled at Camp Headquarters to hear and receive the special order of the day issued by the Camp Commander, Major-General A. C. Spencer, CBE, ED. Lt. Fred Egan, Camp Public Relations Officer, was on hand with his camera and secured a group picture, believed to be the first of its kind ever taken in Camp.

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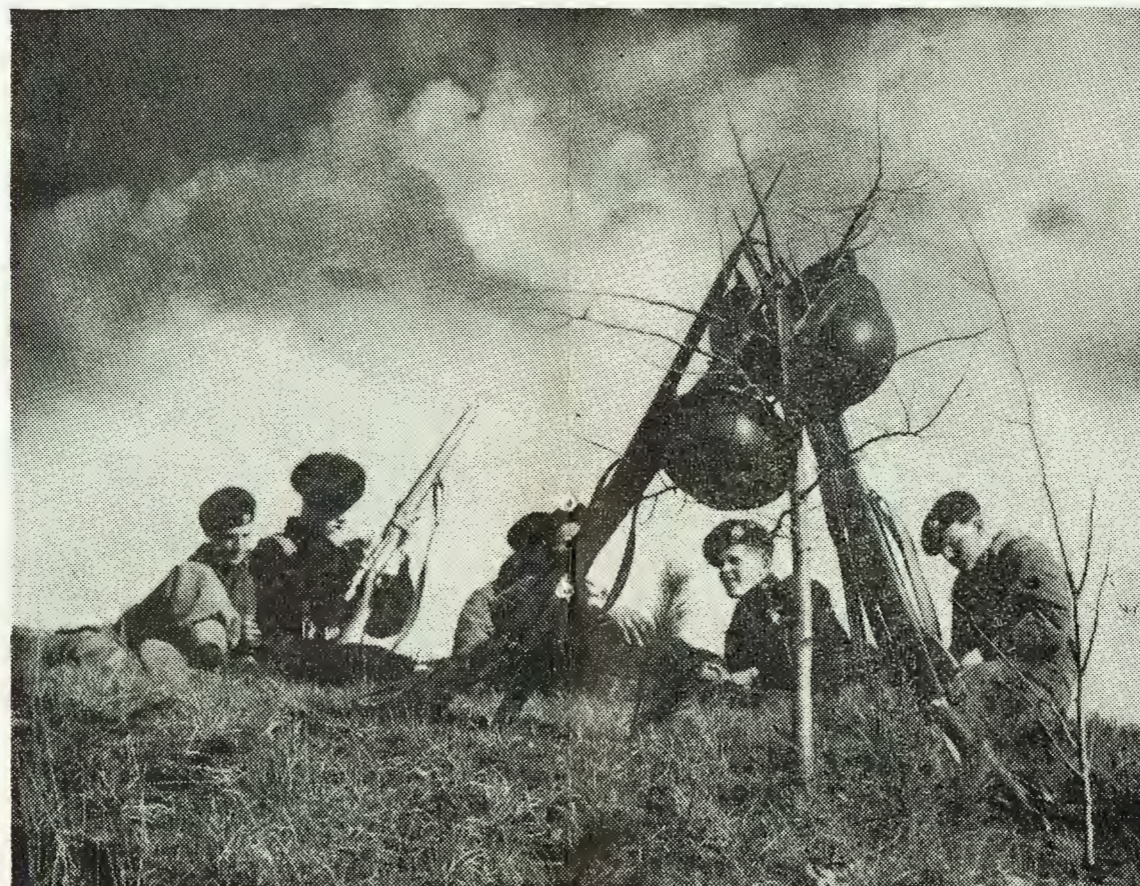
Reading from left to right: Lt.-Col. J. E. Wilkins, MT Regiment; Col. P. G. Griffin, DSO, T & S Wing; Lt.-Col. R. V. Conover, VD, No. 3 CACTR; Lt.-Col. E. F. Schmidlin, OBE, GSO 1; Col. C. E. Bailey, DSO, MC (bar), A-33 CACTE; Lt.-Col. R. J. Millar, A-32, CPCTC; Major-General A. C. Spencer, CBE, ED, Camp Commander; Col. F. H. Lloyd, OBE, VD, CBMH; Col. D. Stuart Forbes, OBE, MC, A-11, CMGTC; Lt.-Col. F. D. Adams, DSO, No. 1 CACTR; Lt.-Col. C. V. Ward, A-22 CAMCTC; Lt.-Col. J. C. Cooper, A-19, CASCTC; Col. F. J. Scott, OBE, A-10 CITC; Lt.-Col. C. E. Parish, No. 2 CACTR; Lt.-Col. J. D. Conover, CBE, MC, ED, AAQMG.

PIN-UP GIRL!



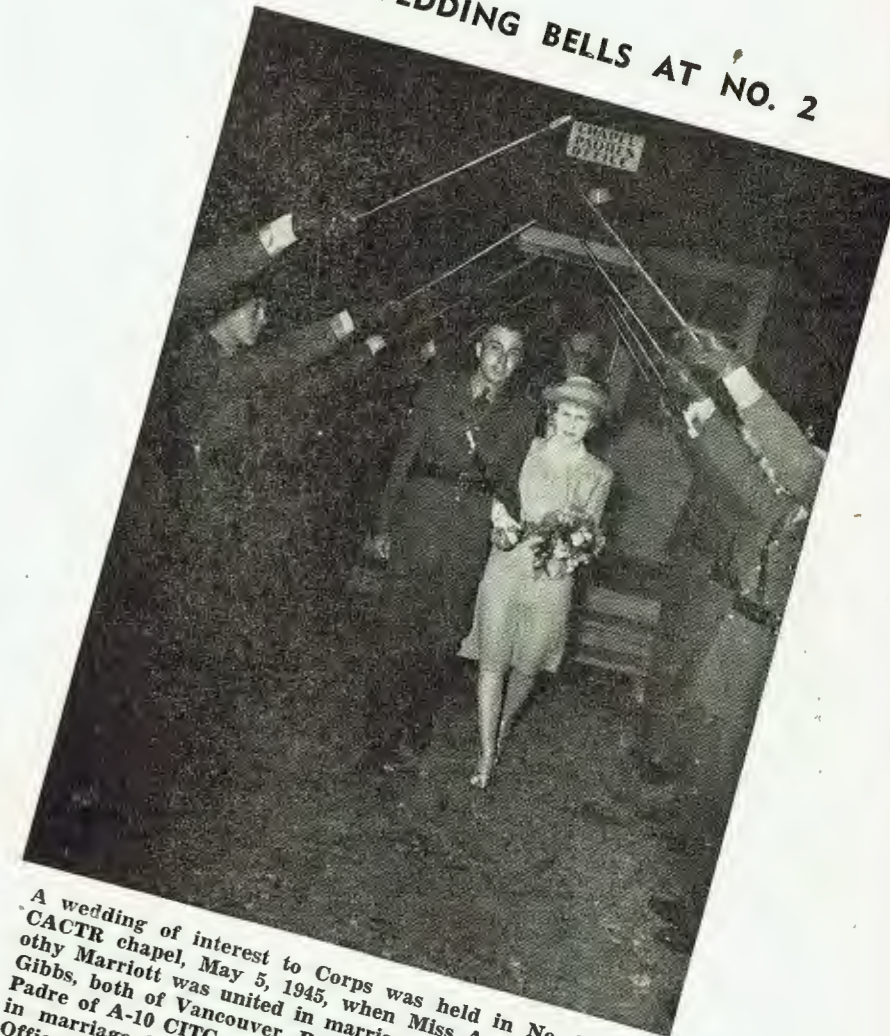
Nominated by the T & S Headquarters as No. 1 feminine charmer is Pte. Doris Jean "Jackie" Underkirk. "Jackie," a native of Berwick, Ontario, will be 20 next September, stands 5'3½", weighs 118 lbs., has brown eyes, brown hair, and dances divinely (so it says). Prior to enlistment was employed as an office clerk, and donned khaki in January, '44. Took basic and clerk's course at Kitchener and then came to Camp Borden. Is definitely one of the reasons why Borden's popularity has grown in the past year. It is a military secret whether she is engaged or not and this department is not going out on the limb. We hear that 20-20 is standard eye rating now at T & S HQ.

SEE THEM SMILING



Armoured Corps personnel walked off with the lion's share of prizes at the 6th GOC's skill-at-arms contest (for story see P. 9). Awaiting their turn to fire and enjoying the evening sunshine are the happy troopers pictured above. They had a right to smile as results showed.

WEDDING BELLS AT NO. 2



A wedding of interest to Corps was held in No. 2 CACTR chapel, May 5, 1945, when Miss Anne Dorothy Marriott was united in marriage to Lt. Richard Gibbs, both of Vancouver, B.C. Capt. G. L. Phillips, Padre of A-10 CITC, officiated. The bride was given in marriage by Lt.-Col. C. E. Parish, Commanding Officer, No. 2. Miss Marie Simmons of Guelph attended the bride, while Lt. Paul Fee acted as best man. The Chapel was decorated with calla lilies and tulips sent by air mail from B.C. Following the ceremony a reception was held in the Officer's Mess, where a toast to the bride was given by the CO. Later the happy couple left on a brief honeymoon. It was the first wedding ever held in the No. 2 lines.

Music Hath Charms

Left: Overseas, at Nijmegen, Holland, Canadian Armoured Corps bandmen under the direction of Bandmaster P. P. "Phil" Murphy, of Windsor, delighted both young and old with their snappy music.



Right: "The wood-winds blow sweet and hot." The clarinet section reading from left to right: Bandmen K. T. Copeland, Toronto; E. C. Haswell, Owen Sound, and D. J. Savage, Toronto.

Personality Parade



"MA" KENNY

sonally to 180 boys now overseas. Nature provided generously for Mrs. Kenny, but the biggest thing about her is her heart. Try and get a seat the next times the show comes your way.

"Mother of Camp Borden" is the way officers and men describe Mrs. Kay Kenny, popular and versatile "emcee" of the "Hitting the Jackpot" revue. Comes naturally by her interest in things military, being the daughter of an English Colonel. Has been president of Langley's Women's Auxiliary since the outbreak of war, and broke into show business, sponsoring the army show "Ritzin' the Blitz." Organized her own show in 1943 and has played nearly 200 performances. Writes personally

Top man in Borden with the Bren gun is Sgt. Ernie Kennedy of A-33 NCO's School. A Torontonian, Sgt. Kennedy began shooting in the old Don Valley as a youngster and has been at it in one form or other ever since. Joined GGAG's reserve unit, and then went active with the CAC in 1943. Basic training at Brampton, thence to his present post as a GMT instructor. In civilian life was employed as an Inspector of Waterworks Revenue for 13 years. Married, with one son, but has not been able to impress junior with the importance of army discipline, but is still hoping. Maintains a keen interest in all forms of sport.



SGT. E. E. KENNEDY



TPR. FRANCIS MARTINEAU

skill. You can understand that feminine hearts beat pitypat as you catch the Martineau physog. A good man to keep out of a poker game.

Presently with the new army show being readied for overseas duty is Tpr. Francis Martineau, formerly of No. 3 CACTR. A native of Vancouver, B.C., "Frank" is a living proof that the hand is quicker than the eye and has a routine that would do credit to Blackstone and Dante, not the least being a good line of patter. Has dabbled in black magic since his youth and previous to enlisting was one of Canada's best known amateur legdemain artists. Kept wolf from the door on more than one occasion by his

Christened John Eric, SSM Patterson, of the Camp drill cadre, enlisted at 16 in the Coldstream Guards, but his age caught up with him after a year. Came to Canada in 1927 and settled in Montreal, probably because from there he could see the large boats returning to his native Liverpool. Employed as a clerk, he enlisted with the Canadian Grenadier Guards in 1940. Got three hooks that Fall and later became SSM of 4th Div Headquarters. Proceeded overseas in that capacity and remained on job until hospitalized in March '44. Attended Guards Depot at Caterham, and is one of six drill supervisors who visit the different units in Camp. His wife and child reside in P.Q. and he indulges in such "Limey" sports as cricket and golf.



SSM "PAT" PATTERSON

Crew Training at Meaford

By Capt. J. C. Gardiner

At the conclusion of the Basic and Corps Training periods, the men of all three training regiments move on to the "C" Sqdns for their field and operational training. These Sqdns each operate an independent unit at Meaford where the men receive the type of training most resembling actual operational conditions. The Officers and NCO's on the staffs are all Overseas Personnel and thus are in a position to give the background necessary to this type of training.

To be able to appreciate this training the best way is to look into a typical day's work.

The tanks with their crews have been training all day and have moved into harbour. There is Wireless silence as the tanks move in under the Sqdn guide who has previously recce the area for troop dispositions. Each troop now picks up its guide and moves into position. The first troop turns into its position closely followed by the second troop until the Sqdn has taken up its harbour. Strict Track discipline has been observed and in this way the tell tale tracks left by the tanks manoeuvring is cut to a minimum. The enemy is always on his toes waiting for you to give him a lead as to your location and once you do so, it is a certainty that he will soon make use of his artillery to shell you, or send over his planes to bomb what you thought was a perfectly concealed and safe spot. As soon as the tanks are in position the work begins. You have to arrange for security and defence, slit trenches will have to be dug, tanks camouflaged and guards and patrols mounted.

Now let us look around and take stock of our harbour. The first thing that you will notice is that the tanks are deployed so as to give you all round protection and cover. Each tank has a definite field of fire and a pre-arranged route for breaking harbour in the event of an emergency. The men are climbing all over their tanks, the drivers starting the long list of jobs which, when concluded, will ensure that their tanks are ready for anything at any time. The Gunner checks his armament, cleans it and prepares for future action. The Operator checks his set and communications, looks into his ammo situation and cleans up the turret. The co-driver checks his compartment and then along with the rest of the crew assists the driver in completing the all important maintenance check. The Crew Commanders meanwhile consult with their troop leaders and report the need for POL ammo and any troubles that have occurred during the long days of action. The troop leader in turn reports the condition and needs of his troop to the acting Sqdn Leader and supervises the maintenance of his vehicle and area of responsibility. Soon the echelon arrives in harbour and the tanks and men are fully stocked with POL ammo and food.

This being completed the men turn to the task of bunking down and preparation of the evening meal. The old cooks are on the job and soon everybody has been fed and all hands then settle down to await the approaching darkness. Dusk is near at hand and the whole Sqdn is "standing to" ready for any eventuality. The fateful hour passes without incident and the outfit turns in. The harbour settles down for the night and no one stirs except the guards and the men on wireless watch. The hours pass and nothing breaks the silence except the steady rustle of the wireless in the operator's ears. Silence reigns supreme while men and vehicles rest from the labours of the long day's action. Out front our Infantry are in position facing the nearby enemy.

The night passes quietly and without incident until perhaps, out of the darkness, comes the message that will rouse the Sqdn and send it hurdling out into the night to a fore-arranged rendezvous to meet the enemy who have started a "show" down the line. Perhaps the word never comes during the long night and dawn comes quickly. It creeps up on us stealthily and with a rush. The Sqdn is aroused and once more we "stand to" during that long and somehow always fascinating hour before the real dawn. The critical hour has passed again and the men prepare for action which may arise during the day. The tanks are stowed and then the men wash up and feed themselves. New orders have come down to the Sqdn and the troop leaders are called to an "orders group" and here they are given the setup and put into the picture by the acting Sqdn leader. This done, they double back to their troops and pass on the information, as all hands must have an understanding of the situation that will confront them during the day.

Now, the time has come to push off and the Sqdn "breaks" harbour and acting under the instructions laid down by the Sqdn leader, moves off to its destination. In the field the Sqdn would be off to support some action along the line, take infantry into the attack or perform one of the many tasks handed to the ever reliable tanks, but up here at Meaford Range we split into troops and carry out training to learn the fundamentals of "Tanking".

This work might be the first phase of training, getting every man familiar with his job and its relation to the crew as a team. It might be—How to carry out the maintenance parades, how to stow a tank and other familiarizing lessons. These men may, perhaps, have already covered that and be on troop formations and movement or even learning the basic drills for various tank actions.

They may be advanced to the stage of carrying out small troop or even Sqdn actions, all depending on the length of instruction at Meaford.

—Continued on page 40

For Gallantry In Action-

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MAJOR J. K. RHODES	Middleton, N.S.
MAJOR W. A. ROBINSON	Toronto, Ontario
MAJOR A. J. TEDLIE	Montreal, Que.

Bar to Military Cross

LT. B. E. A. ASHTON	Virden, Manitoba
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Military Cross

CAPT. J. S. BOYER	St. John, N.B.
CAPT. G. CLARK	Oakville, Ontario
CAPT. T. G. GOULD	Toronto, Ontario
LT. T. W. DANBY	Toronto, Ontario
LT. D. C. G. EGGO	Vancouver, B.C.
LT. J. W. NEILL	Oshawa, Ontario
LT. J. H. D. OLAND	Dartmouth, N.S.
LT. D. B. PETTIGREW	Otterville, Ontario
LT. L. G. QUEEN	Toronto, Ontario
LT. J. J. TELFER	Regina, Sask.

Order British Empire

MAJOR A/LT.-COL. J. W. EATON	Toronto, Ontario
MAJOR D. W. DAVIDSON	Vancouver, B.C.

★

We salute the following personnel of the Canadian Armoured Corps upon announcement of their having been decorated for their deeds of bravery.

★

Distinguished Conduct Medal

SGT. A. G. BROADBENT	Bluffton, Alta.
L/SGT. A. H. LEWIS	Windsor, Ontario
CPL. J. BINGHAM	Ballantrae, Ontario
TPR. R. B. NAYLOR	Greenfield Park, Que.

Military Medal

SGT. J. L. CAMPBELL	Owen Sound, Ontario
SGT. L. F. FREEDMAN	Camrose, Alta.
A/SGT. L. A. LOWERY	Ottawa, Ontario
L/SGT. D. G. CAMPBELL	Brampton, Ontario
CPL. B. E. ENNS	Tukaske, Sask.
CPL. O. F. SCHNARE	Chester, N.S.
L/CPL A. D. ELLIOTT	Sudbury, Ontario
L/CPL T. A. SMITH	Montreal, Que.
TPR. J. M. PAPPS	Brantford, Ontario
TPR. J. C. PRITCHARD	Toronto, Ontario
TPR. D. H. WILLIAMS	Sylvester, Alta.

Medal British Empire

W.O.1 (RSM) SAM HEINRICH	Calgary, Alta.
W.O.2 (QSM) O. T. HANSEN	Edmonton, Alta.



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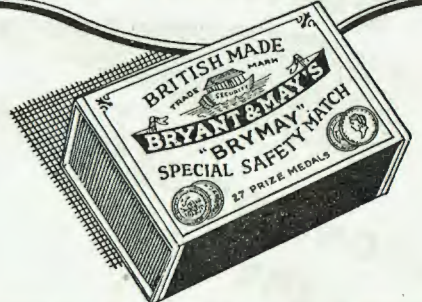
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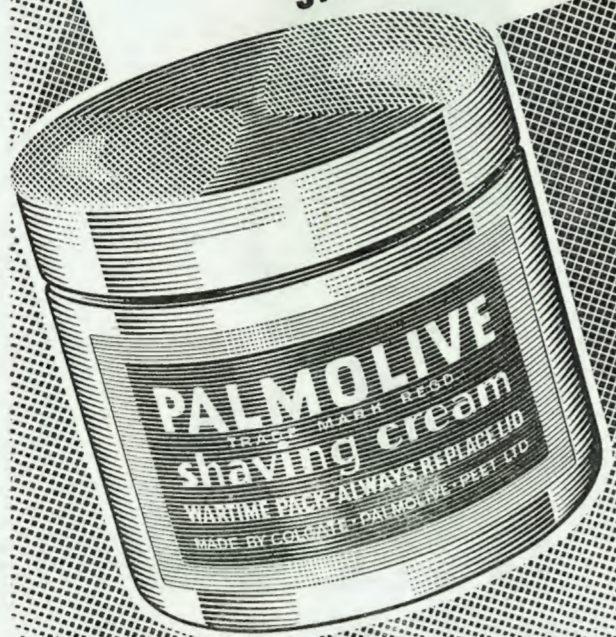
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MONTE REY

Let me love you Tonight } FB 3047
I'm so in love - - - - - } - - - - -

VICTOR SILVESTER

and his Ballroom Orchestra
Someone is thinking of You; Too
much in Love - - - - - FB 3063
Spring will be a little late this
Year; Forget-me-nots in your
Eyes - - - - - FB 3064

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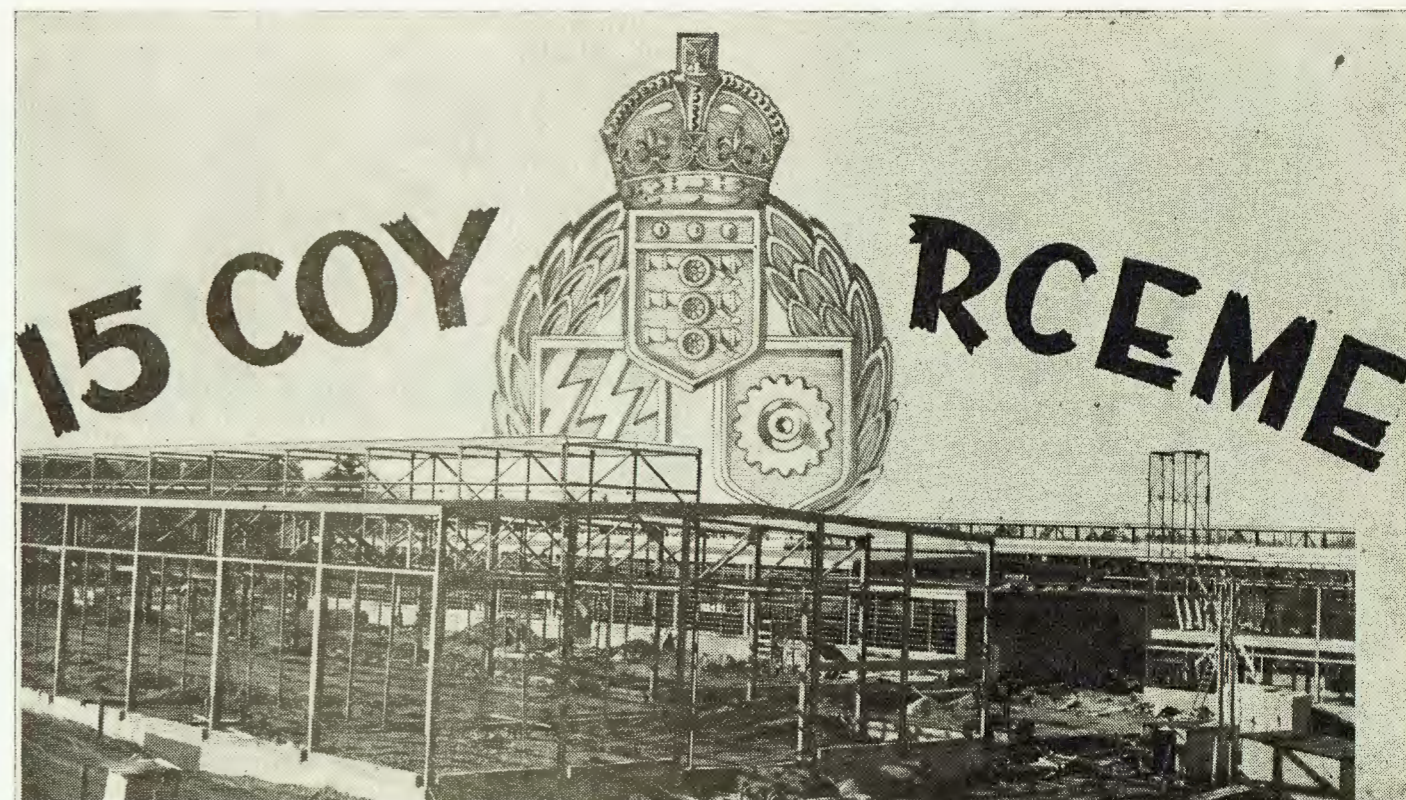
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No. 15 Company RCEME requires no introduction to many readers. To those who have not enjoyed its services, the explanation that it is responsible for all RCEME Services in Camp Borden Command will serve as an introduction.

Much has already been written about the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and probably one of the best articles covering its history and function appeared in CAM Magazine, Volume 1 Number 9. Incidentally CAM is a product of the Corps and reputed to be the most widely read and useful publication to come out of Ottawa for some time. Suffice it to say that although this Corps is new and comparatively unknown, it is old in experience and has proved its worth in battle in more than one campaign.

It may be stated that RCEME's function is the repair and recovery of all mechanical, electrical, optical, wireless and radar equipment beyond the capacity of the Unit's resources, with two exceptions, viz: (a) all RCASC load carrying vehicles are maintained by RCASC workshop sections and (b) special Engineer equipment, such as concrete mixers, bull dozers and road machinery, is maintained by RCE Special Equipment Coys. Even these two classes come to RCEME for major repair and overhaul.

One of the less functional, yet very essential items that go with any new Corps, is the outward means of recognizing its members. The adopted badge design is shown at the head of this article. The shields represent the basic divisions of maintenance, i.e., armament, telecommunications, and

vehicle. The wreath is the traditional heraldic laurel design representing victory and the surmounting crown symbolizes the sovereign ownership.

No. 15 RCEME has quite an eventful history dating back to the latter part of 1941 when Capt. E. G. Pallister and a handful of men took over the Workshop from the 5th Division, who had moved overseas. The Unit was, at that time, No. 2 Det, RCOO and it was decided that they should undertake the maintenance and repair of equipment at Camp Borden. It was an uphill grind from the start, largely due to the difficulty of obtaining skilled tradesmen, but under the guiding hand and hard work of Capt. E. G. Pallister and Capt. H. F. Chittendon, production finally started rolling.

Early in 1942, it was decided that we should undertake the repair and maintenance of all tanks in Camp Borden, a job that had previously been done very efficiently by the Armoured Corps. Still lacking in skilled tradesmen it was found necessary to acquire the services of a capable AFV mechanic and we were very fortunate in obtaining Sgt. Jeffery, now Armament Sergeant-Major Jeffery. Armament Sgt. Major R. W. Jeffery (WO1) was transferred here in 1942 from the Armoured Corps to supervise Tank repairs. Jeff's experience dates back to 1941 when there was only the old American Mark IV tank to practise on and he was one of the first men to work on Ram tanks. Unlike most AFV mechanics who have acquired their knowledge of tank work at Fort Knox, Jeff gained his knowledge of them first hand by stripping Rams at Camp Borden.



Major J. R. Scott newly appointed CO of RCEME.



S/Sgt Jim Abel the author of the story.



Capt. Ed Young OC Wheel Hangar.



CSM Charles Ketola Wheel Hangar.



RSM Roy "Jeff" Jeffery Tank Hangar.

The year 1942 saw many changes in Command. Capt. Pallister left for overseas and was replaced by Major R. Jobson, who came from the Armoured Corps to organize the tank repair set-up. Major Jobson was later replaced by Major C. B. Grandfield who had been sent here from England to exercise the experience that he had gained in the field. Major Grandfield had been at Dunkirk, in command of an LAD and had lost just about everything but his shirt in the experience. Capt. A. MacDonald took over for a short time after that and was later replaced by Capt. L. O. McBride, who had been with the workshop almost from the beginning. Capt. McBride remained in command until December, 1942, when he was sent to Africa with the British 1st Army and latest advices received place him with the American Army in the Philippines. Capt. McBride contributed a great deal towards increasing the popularity of the Canadians whilst there and paved the way for a grand reception for Major J. R. Scott, our present Commanding Officer. This year also saw an increase in personnel but almost as many were being sent overseas as fast as they enlisted. An extension was made to the Workshop and things were getting to the point where we could efficiently carry on the repair and maintenance for the Camp.

1943 saw the Workshop really rolling and production began to hover consistently around the 100% figure, even with the handicap of constantly changing personnel. Major R. (Dick) Lane was in command and besides knowing his job thoroughly, he was an excellent "Good Will Ambassador" for the Unit. Under Dick Lane (now in Germany) morale here was at its highest and relations with other Units was very good. Dick Lane was a great sportsman and one time star of the Winnipeg "Blue Bombers." He carried his personal interest in Sport right into the Unit, fostering teams in all sports and the boys were really sorry to see him go.

It was at this time when the Unit was at its peak, that the disastrous fire occurred. On the morning of Nov. 6, 1943, the whole Unit was aroused by the fire alarm and before anyone could even get dressed the whole workshop was a blazing inferno. All personnel of the Unit did a grand job of removing vehicles from danger areas under the direction of Lieut. J. Follett, who was Unit Fire Marshal. Two of our men, Q.M.S. Langstaff and Sgt. H. G. McDonald, have since been awarded the British Empire Medal for recovering tanks. In spite of the confusion and the difficulties experienced the following day the Workshop was soon in operation in two hangars acquired from the Armoured Corps.

1944 was a period of reconstruction and reorganization and it seemed that the Workshops of the Unit were spread all over Camp Borden. In addition the Unit was being hard hit by withdrawal of personnel for overseas service. On the 15 May 1944 the new Corps came into being. Major Lane left for overseas duty and Major Dick Bamford took over the direction of the new Unit. Major Bamford had been here some time in charge of the MT Hangar and was well known and liked by all personnel. His appointment was a popular one and he remained long enough to see the new Workshops opened and

put into operation. He then proceeded overseas in the wake of his predecessors.

The new workshop at No. 15 RCEME is a valuable addition to Camp Borden and will greatly facilitate the work being done by this Unit.

It consists of a large, modern, brick and steel building, divided into three main sections. These are namely: (a) The AFV Wheel and Engine Re-Building Sections.

The AFV and Wheel repair buildings are 358 feet long and 81 feet wide. Engine Re-building occupies a somewhat smaller space but ranks second to none in importance. Work in the AFV Hangar as the initials denote is confined to repair of Armoured Fighting Vehicles, Tank and Carrier. Vehicles entering this hangar are due for repairs such as 100 hour inspections, engine overhauls, replacing of transmissions, exchange of engines and various types of suspension work. Recently the complete winterization of all tanks coming into this hangar has also been carried out; in brief the installation of heating systems for winter use.

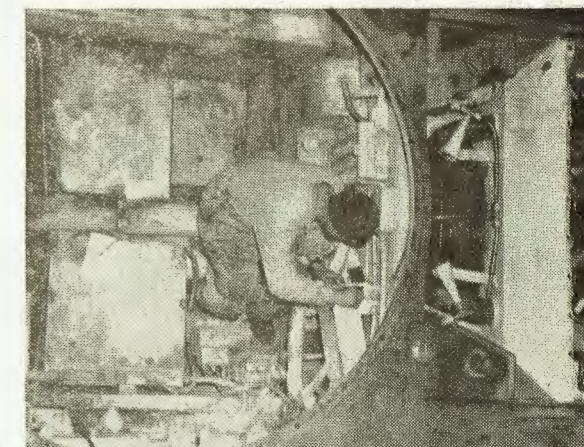
In order to facilitate the handling of heavy equipment such as removing engines from tanks, lifting out tank turrets, etc., modern equipment has been installed in the AFV Hangar. Overhead cranes run the full length of the building and there is a ten-ton hand operated overhead crane for lifting the turret completely out of a tank and placing it on a rack on the floor where it will remain until such time as the turret is repaired and ready to be re-installed in the tank.

Of particular interest is the method used to remove the rubber tires from bogie wheels. A 200 ton hydraulic press forces the worn rubber off one wheel and in the same operation presses the new tire on to the bogie wheel that is to be used on the tank. Two causes for the removal of bogie wheel tires are: cracked tires, and bearings seam worn on the wheels. The rubber comes off clean under the pressure and the time required to complete the operation is approximately six minutes.

In 100 Hour Inspections, engine overhaul and engine exchange jobs, the overhead crane is used to lift the engine from the tank hull and place it on a stand where all parts are easily accessible. If the overhead crane is not available the hangar is amply equipped with "A" and "Gooseneck" cranes which

Shown on This Page—

1. This unusual camera shot was taken from high on the rafters by cameraman Jimmy Evans. It shows work being done on the interior of a Grizzly.
2. A real blacksmith shop, complete with smithy, forms part of the RCEME shops, and the modern steel steeds receive the same care as their predecessors in horse and buggy days.
3. A power-jenny supplies unlimited quantities of steam for cleaning out motor engines, and all parts. The sludge disappears like magic in the heat.
4. An interior view of the newly built AFV hangar is as modern as tomorrow's best streamlined garage.



1



2



3



4

can be moved around to the different vehicles undergoing repair.

The Wheel Section Hangar is a well lighted, modernly equipped setup resembling a large and up-to-date garage. Seventy-five vehicles are constantly on the move here, progressing from the main floor into the wheel alignment section and other various specialty departments.

Trucks, jeeps, station-wagons, all types of wheel vehicles go through a complete rejuvenation process and emerge fully equipped to go into action again and play their part in the busy vehicular life of Camp Borden.

In the Motor Re-build Section of the RCEME, special skill is brought into being. Congregated here are the men whose training and practical experience qualify them to completely rebuild, if necessary, whole engines, both tank and automobile. Engines are completely torn down, adjustments made, major and minor repairs done and new parts added if necessary.

Also in this building is a fully equipped machine shop with drill presses and engine lathes. Cutting, drilling, bench work and the making of parts which are not readily accessible is a slight indication of the type of work being done here.

Welding and blacksmith shops complete the picture of a large and industrious RCEME Workshop.

"Quotas" on production determine the pace and in turning out each week, 45 wheel vehicles and 30 tank vehicles, personal familiarity and experience with all types of equipment is a "must" in No. 15 RCEME Workshop.

Nothing has been said of officers other than OCs, but it may be said that without the officers on the staff, who have been or are specialists in their line of work, effective operation of the shop would at times have been rather difficult. Capt. Ed. Young, who operates the MT Hangar very efficiently, hails from Liberty, New York, and extended the "good neighbor policy" to the limit by joining the Canadian Army shortly after the outbreak of war. After he was here a short time he was sent to Meaford Range as OC LAD and, being quite an outdoor man and the best trout fisherman in camp, he enjoyed his stay there, although no one could ever understand why. He returned here last Fall to take over the MT Hangar and is also 2 i/c of the unit. Capt. J. W. Sugden is in charge of the Tank Hangar and has also just returned from overseas with a wealth of knowledge on tank repairs. Capt. Sugden is also a veteran of the last war, enlisting at the tender age of thirteen. Capt. Ivings, HMT Inspections, is the man responsible for seeing that proper maintenance is carried out on Unit vehicles and occasionally grounds a few. However, no one has complained of Capt. Ivings being a hard man to deal with. Congratulations are extended to him on his third pip. Lt. Pallett, Adjutant, is also a new man to this unit and hails from Toronto. Lt. G. L. Pallett has just returned from action with the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment in Italy. He was wounded twice in action and is a holder of the Military Cross. We are honoured to have Mr. Pallett with us.

Other officers that have since left this unit but did excellent work whilst here, are: Capt. Webster, Tank Hangar; Lt. Marshall, Engine Rebuilding Shop; Capt. Allen, Engine Rebuilding Shop; Capt. Lockwood, Armament and Machine Shop; Capt. Lewis, Tank Hangar; Capt. Lightfoot, Tank Hangar; Capt. Howard, Tank Hangar; Lt. Baker, MT Inspections; Capt. Drummond, Motorcycle Shop; Lt. Belcher, Motorcycle Shop; Capt. Stevenson, MT Inspections; Lt. Hobbs, MT Inspections, and Capt. Elliott, MT Inspections.

It is well known that the efficiency of any unit is largely dependent on the ability of its NCO's and it is our good fortune to have a good number of highly skilled tradesmen among our NCO's. Staff Sgt.-Major J. J. Kiely, our RSM, is responsible for our discipline and parades. He hails from Winnipeg and is a holder of the DCM and MM from last war. Armt. Sgt.-Major (WO1) R. W. Jeffery was transferred here in 1942 from the Armoured Corps to supervise tank repairs. Jeff's experience dates back to 1941 when there was only the old American MK. VI to practise on and he was one of the first men to work on Ram tanks. Unlike most AFV mechanics who have acquired their knowledge of tanks at Fort Knox, Jeff gained his knowledge first-hand by stripping Rams at Borden. Armt. Sgt.-Major (WO1) George Davies has been with us since the beginning and is NCO i/c Machine Shop and really knows his business. There is nothing that George doesn't know about Machine Shop work. QMS (WOII) Chuck Ketola, MT Hangar, has been with us for some time and has worked his way up from the bottom. He hails from Sault Ste. Marie where he was foreman in a large garage. His knowledge of MT Vehicles is unlimited. QMS (WOII) George Breedon, Engine Rebuilding Shop, is a Toronto man and specializes in Aircraft engines and is a Fort Knox graduate. He has been NCO of tank engine rebuilding since that section was organized. QMS (WOII) Bruce Smith is our motorcycle expert and has been tinkering with motorcycles ever since he was a kid. S/Sgt W. F. Graszat is our aircraft engine test man and besides being able to operate a Dynamometer, he can take them apart and put them together in no time. Bill is a graduate mechanical engineer and a swell "trouble-shooter" for the unit. QMS (WOII) J. Cowie, MT Inspection Staff, has been doing that type of work for years and no one can stick him on wheeled vehicles. He gets along well with all the units. S/Sgt Jim Abel is Superintending Clerk and this being a "paper war" insofar as this side of the pond is concerned, his job is considered fairly important (by some). Jim has been with us almost from the beginning and knows pretty well where everything goes or is supposed to go in addition to making up of numerous reports. S/Sgt Wilf Bayliss is another old timer and has been NCO of MT Engine Rebuilding since that section was organized.

To go thoroughly into the workings of No. 15 RCEME would require much more space than has been allotted. In this article we have endeavoured to draw attention to the important and necessary part played by RCEME.

Vern O'Donnell Reports

MEAFORD

What is news today is history tomorrow. For example, it is news now that the Sports Committee on the Range are hard at work making elaborate plans for a big sports day on the 27th of this month. By the time this column is printed we hope that the day will have taken place, and very successfully also. Sgt.-Major Brent, reporting on his hardball team, says that the boys are all very enthusiastic and from the few practices he has had, he has high hopes for a season of good hardball with more than our share of wins. Our first look at his team will be on the 27th, when they will clash with a visiting civilian team from a nearby town. Our sports field is starting to take shape, with large backstops already erected and the whole field cleared of stones and levelled off. We are now living in hope that the gremlin sitting in the clouds, who has thrown buckets of water at us continually for the past two weeks, will have a little pity and turn on the sun ray lamp. After sliding around that field now after a ball a fellow comes out looking like a clay model of Frankenstein, but come (censored) or high mud, the sports committee on the Range have pledged that we will have a full summer of sports, even if the only sport is mud polo. Well, it's raining outside, anyway, so let's come inside and talk about a nice dry game, ping-pong. Quite innocently, I say again, quite innocently, I mentioned in last month's column that the men won the doubles and singles ping-pong tournament on the Range against the officers. As soon as the edition reached the Range, abuse was heaped upon me, so in this column I will clarify my statement. The men won the tournament on total points, but an officers' team won in the doubles. I wonder who? It grieves me to announce that we had another tournament, all doubles this time; the officers won. Top doubles team was Major Lander and Lieut. Waller. We shall have another one, though. I'm willing to bet, payday stakes, on the men.

The blood donors' clinic came to Meaford a few weeks ago and a large group of red-blooded Tankers went down to see the nurses. Tpr. Laycock forgot that thermometers were rationed, so to show off his powerful teeth, he promptly bit one in half. But that was not enough; he gave a pint, pulled a fake faint, demanded two pints back, then weakly opened one eye and in a faint voice said: "The only thing that will restore my strength is about one-half of that medicine bottle marked Seagram." Sgt. Major remarked that it was nothing at all, took two steps, and had to hold on to a nurse for support. O.K., fellows, remember the privileges of the free press.

The Range is becoming education minded and many of the fellows, thinking of the day when they will don a bright red tie with yellow spots, have taken to studying at nights instead of giving the girls in Owen Sound and Meaford a break. It speaks well for army training that the boys who may have had no trade in civilian life, have decided to continue as a life work the start in a trade received in the army. We hope that a lot more on the Range will follow in the footsteps of the boys who have decided that now is the time that they should study so they will know a little more than the next fellow. It makes a person think when you read an application—before entering the army, no trade, factory work. Education—Public school. Course desired—Mechanical Engineering.

Gallup Poll says that after a very tiring and sympathetic survey, they find that the only person who ever reads this column is the guy who writes it, and that even he has nothing good to say about it, but I ignore public opinion and therefore announce to myself that there is a new addition to this column, as if anybody cares. Each month we will poke our nose into a different department of this busy Range and give you an insight into the many cogs that are functioning to make this one, if not the, finest Range of its kind in Canada.

First, there is the nerve centre of any Army camp, the

Orderly Room. At one end of the building is the Inner Sanctum, the office of Major D. H. Lander, Camp Commandant of AFV Range. This is called the inner sanctum because many a man has quivered before the door awaiting judgment. Next door is the busy office of a going concern, Capt. Morgan, adjutant of the Range. If you own a missing Persons bureau, have a fast car, a plane and a speed boat at your disposal, it is still almost an impossibility to find the whereabouts of the man in the mountie rubber boots, and even then if you are successful you still have to brave the playful attack of his police dog. Across the way is Gunnery office. I never have been able to find out whose office this is, because every time you look in you see a different face behind the desk. Capt. Timmerman, AO of Meaford Range, looks up as you walk in, gives you a cheerful "Good Morning," and continues working on a chart on his desk, listening to the telephone and talking to his visitor all at the same time. His office resembles a map-maker's office, for the walls are covered with charts on everything from the number of red posts set up exclusively for the use of the Range dogs to the number of rounds a man can fire in a set period of time, providing he has not been to Meaford the night before. He would be the John Kiernan on a Range Information, Please. Two plus two adds up to six. You don't believe me? Well, ask Lieut. J. Otterbein, our accounts officer, who slaves from morning 'till night trying to keep the greenbacks or the Range from wandering and pleading with the Men's Canteen and the Officers' and Sgt's. Messes. All he asks is that, before they spend the money, take one minute to find out if they have it. Personally, I'm just a go-between with my pay. I carry it from the mail rack to his office, then borrow a dime for car fare. Lieut. Otterbein's worthy helper is Cpl. McGovern, who adds up figures until he is red in the face.

Next is the Main Orderly Room, through which, at one time or another, all must pass. A big smile—"My pass, please." A sad sack—"Isn't my CB finished yet?" Ruler of this roost is Sgt.-Major Bradshaw, who at all times keeps a wary eye on the goings on at the Range. Sgt. Hockley, the Orderly Sgt., wears out a pair of boots a week seeing that the boys in the Admin. are doing their jobs and not watching the little dominoes cavort. Sgt. Noonan, sounds funny, Chief Clerk, has all the woes of an Office Manager and then some. He does everything except sit on somebody's knee and take dictation. If he did, there would be a lot of broken knees around. His able assistants are Cpl. Wray Marshall, L/Cpl. "Don" Piet and Tpr. "Joey" Penner. I could make some remark like Cpl. Marshall was a transport pilot before the war and is still in the clouds, but I'll not, and say he is a likeable fellow whose ready smile somewhat atones for his some times not being able to find the pass for the nail-chewing gent on the other side of the counter. L/Cpl. Piet is one of the oldest residents on the Range and has been going a good job on facts and figures during his stay. He is also an able typist, using as his specialty, the art of punching the keys with one hand and wielding a small red brush in the other hand to establish a record in the Orderly Room of being able to wipe out mistakes on a stencil almost faster than he makes them.

This article would not be complete without some reference to our MO, who in an impressive ceremony had bestowed upon him the Odour of the British Empire for his daring and talented work in the inspection of those places on the Range a gentleman does not mention.

The victory in Europe has been a great joy to all of us. We now hope that the Japs will be disposed of as thoroughly. After the first celebration the soldiers of the Range are now in deep study of the point system and shudder as they count up the AWOL's and the amount of points they lose. Now may I close this month's column with a "So Sorry" to the Editor that it is situation normal, my copy is late again.

Sergeants

RSM J. Y. MacDONALD, who has been at Camp Headquarters since early 1940, and is one of the best known figures throughout Camp Borden, retired from duty this month. "Mac" is an old Armoured Corps man, being with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He served in the last war overseas from 1914 until 1918 and before that was with the Canadian contingent which attended the Coronation of King George V in 1911. Altogether he has put in 32 years' service, and now goes back to civilian life, which will, as may be expected, be a bit strange to the old war horse. Best wishes from the lads at Borden follow him. SSM PETE GARVIN of TSR and No. 3 renown has been gone and done it. "Piano Pete" hitailed it to the State of Michigan this month and tied the knot with Miss Eleanor Frances Fox, an American beauty. LT. DICK GIBBS, ex-Sergeant at A-8, now an officer at No. 2 CACTR, is another to recently foresake the freedom of bachelorhood for the home fireside. It was a West Coast romance, Lt. Gibbs marrying Miss Ann Dorothy Marriott of Vancouver, B.C. The ceremony took place in Camp, too. WE ARE PLEASED to report that, like the death of Mark Twain, the report that SGT. JOE SCARPELLI was killed in action was "greatly exaggerated." Joe is still alive and kicking and is with the Personnel office in the Canadian Pay Corps in England. The original news was forwarded to us and we used it in good faith, with no way of checking, since until recently casualty reports have been away behind schedule. The troops in England, according to one of Joe's letters, had two days' leave to celebrate VE-Day, but most spent the time fairly quietly. Death came as a prisoner of war to SGT. SAM HURWITZ of the Canadian Grenadier Guards. Sam, a splendid chap and well liked by all, bore the distinction of being the first Jewish soldier to be decorated with both the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal in this war. A native of Montreal, he was a fine athlete, being noted for his prowess at hockey and paddling, and his death came as a shock to his many friends. Ex-SGT. DON MOWRY of No. 3 NCO's School and TSR, was killed in action on April 24 last. Don, a Toronto boy, was a protege of SSM "Taffy" Morgan and was a smart little soldier. At the time of his death he was wearing two hooks with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, having transferred from the CAC, with whom he went overseas in December, 1943. A CERTAIN SERGEANT asked in the T & S Mess what VE-Day meant, replied "VICTORY EVENTUALLY." All messes in Camp celebrated VE-Day fairly quietly, considering everything. All of which caused FALSTAFF, the Tank poet, to pen the following lines as he prepared to sally forth in quest of a pick-me-up. Quote:

"From life's book of tears and laughter
I've gained this little bit of lore,
I'd rather have a morning after
Than never had a night before."

The day following looked like a Monday to both Falstaff and the majority of the three-hookers about Camp. LT-COL. C. PARISH really sold himself to the lads at No. 2 at that grand "Meet the Colonel" do staged early this month at Burke's castle. Major Lyman Tompkins, the new 2 i/c, was another guest who went over big, and Tpr. Francis Martineau brought down the house with his magic tricks. SGT. EARL PARKS, ye olde horse handicapper, will blush modestly at the mention of Ten to Ace. Seems as how the Parks memory failed him in the clutch despite the fact Earl hasn't missed a King's Plate winner since the days of Maternal Pride. Earl had Uttermost in the wagering at the track, but not Ten to Ace in the argument over a glass of suds. STAFF JOHNNY DILLON, one of the live wires in the entertainment department of both T & S and Gunnery Wing, shook the sands of Borden from his feet this month after being fenced in here since 1942. He is going into business for himself in Hamilton, "something new and revolue-

tionary," too, as yet of a hidden nature. Headed for his old post with the General Brock Hotel at Niagara Falls, or Hotel London, is SGT. TOM SQUIRES, caterer at the Officers' Mess at No. 3 CACTR. Tom came to Borden from Strafford on the break-up of that centre, and some of those goodies you enjoyed at the No. 3 parties were his handiwork. SGT. BILL BOOTH, caterer at No. 3 Sergeants' Mess, is headed for civilian life, too. Bill was at CBMH before taking over at "3." SGT. CHARLIE ROWATT, veteran member of the Centre, has replaced Sgt. Booth, and "Red" is finding the life a bit strenuous after parade square and QM duties and is considering taking a PT course as a prepper for his new work. SGT. JIMMY BODDY is the name now. Yes, sir, that pepper-pot of the championship CAC hockey squad finally got that overdue third one at Wireless Wing and is buying the ales these days. Nice going, "Jeems," and don't forget we haven't had ours yet. THE STORK has really been getting around. It's a new 10½-lb son at the menage of RSM TED GALE, a daughter at the home of SGT. E. R. ROBERTSON of No. 3, and another girl at the home of SGT. W. H. WHYTE, T & S hockey performer. SGT. BUCK BUCHANAN is another daddy and whilst mother and babe were in hospital, the boys spied Buck getting in a little baby-pushing practice. All that was in the carriage was Buck's webbing. Did you ever see the number of baby carriages out in Barrie? It's either an addition to the family or mama in quest of her monthly quota.

RSM FRANK BLACKMAN of No. 2 CACTR is another wearing the smile that won't come off. Down in Montreal little Audrey Anne Blackman has just made her debut, and both family partners came through the event well.

DANCES have been held by the lads at NO. THREE and T & S WING. The No. 3 mess again had as dancing partners those Bell beauties from Toronto, as well as wives and sweethearts. The hello girls are readying a party in return. One of the features of the dance was the "Brother can you spare a dime" number by those two thespians, QMS BERT PERKS and SGT BILLY KEEN. So well did they render the ballad, the guests thawed out and started donating, with the result 30 beers were soon on order. SGT GLEN BRYDSON cut quite a figure at the T & S dance. By the glint in his eye, it looked as if romance was really on the wing. The same went for SGT. GEORGE ELLIS, the West Coast adonis. RSM NICK LYSTAR says it was his last dance because of new duties expected, but RSM HERB YOUNG appeared to have different ideas. "You can still come in from Black-down," sez Herbie, "that's a bit closer than Tokyo." Everybody really enjoyed themselves and we managed to cut in on the last quart available. NEW PROMOTIONS over at No. 2 include SGT. G. L. ROSE, officers' mess steward, and SGT. F. W. FILMAN, now on crew training. Both raises were popular with all the lads. QMS BILL THOMPSON, office veteran of No. 1 CACTR, and who has been around these parts since 1940, is on his way out, being presently in hospital at London. "Tommy" was quite a boy at the stag parties and had a fine repertoire of stories, when in the mood. If you are in need of lessons at Russian pool, just call on SGT. TOMMY KNOTT. He can play the game either forward or backwards, and in a recent game with SSM TINY IRVING, had the gallery astounded as he went into a wrong-way-Corrigan act. WEEKEND SERENADE:

"Little bankroll, ere we part,
Let me press you to my heart.
Half the month I've worked for you,
Slaved and toiled, and sweated, too.
Little bankroll, in a day,
You and I will go away
To some gay and festive spot,
I'll return, but you will not."

The Passing Show

OVERSEAS Armoured Corps athletes have continued to distinguish themselves as they have been doing since the outbreak of war. LT. A. T. McLEAN, from Athens, Ontario, is the Army three-mile champion and in a recent cross-country championship he finished second to SGT. GERARD COTE, the great Canadian and international marathon runner. Led by Cote, the Infantrymen bested the boys in the black beret, who laid down the following team: LT. W. N. CAMPBELL, Renfrew, Ont.; TPRS. J. BRUNEAUX and M. I. HAYES, Toronto; LT. B. MacDONALD, Mimmedosa, Man., and TPRS. D. W. CHAPPEL, Amherst, N.S., and G. V. HAUNTS, Kingston, Ontario. The European hockey championship of the services went to RCEME in the huge rink at Antwerp. The opposition in the finals to the winners was provided by a team from the 12th MANITOBA DRAGOONS. The final series ended 8-3 and 10-3 against the Drags. MAJOR KEN FARMER of McGill U and the 1936 Canadian Olympic team, led the Rece boys, and among those on the team were CAPT. GRANT HALL and TPR. ALBERT CHRISTIE of Winnipeg. SGT. BRIT BOWDEN, Montreal; SGT. JOE SEREK, Fernie, B.C.; LT. JIM BOWES, Carman, Man.; L/CPL. BUD FIELDS, St. James, Man.; BUBBLES BROOKS, Regina, and BUCK BUCKWOLD, Dauphin, Man. FO GERRY REED, sports officer the past two years at No. 1 SFTS, Camp Borden, has been transferred by the RCAF to Mount Hope, much to the regret of those connected with sport at Camp Borden, but to the joy of Gerry, whose home is close by in Hamilton, Ont. When the mitt men from Toronto came to Borden recently, with them came CHARLIE BAGNATO, formerly of T & S Wing. A smart boxer and softballer, Charlie, following his discharge, is now a playgrounds instructor and has two fighters in tow whom he claims are headed for the top. One is Jerry Blanchard, the smart RCAF 135-pounder, and the other is a heavyweight, who may or may not be the best in Canada. BOB McNABNEY, star half of the A-19 soccer team in other years, and DUTCH HOUSELANDER, who was a standout performer for RCOC in Borden competition, were picked off No. 2 District Depot, Toronto, just prior to the season opening and are playing for Major Steele's team in the Toronto and District senior league. Home from Italy, minus his right hand, with a promising hockey career brought to a close, is TPR. VERNON BOWEN of Barrie. Vern played with Barrie Colts and Oshawa Generals before enlisting in the Armoured Corps. He also played some Army hockey. But for the war he would probably have been playing professional in the American Association. LT. CHARLIE TOM, Penticton, B.C., who played some fine soccer for No. 3 CACTR and was a member of the Corps soccer committee this year as representative of MT Regt., has been transferred to Ottawa, where he is now connected with "G" branch. LT. STAN WILKINSON, who performed on the ice with those battlers from TSR in the Corps hockey league the past winter, is receiving congratulations on his recent marriage to Wren Jean Hodgins of the Navy. Another to join the ranks of the benedicts is PO LOU BLATT of the RCAF, who refereed a good many games in the Camp hockey league last winter. Lou picked out a CWAC delovely, who is one of the "hello" girls in Camp. SGT. AL ROBERTSON, ex-featherweight king of Borden and well known throughout Corps, has forsaken the ring for good and along the grapevine we learn he is engaged in a flourishing candid camera business in London, Ontario. At Camp Ipperwash with the infantry is LT. JIMMY HOLMES, ex-MD 2 and ex-Corps sprints champion. James has hung up his spikes and will seek no further laurels. LT. HOWIE SYKES, who did some running for both No. 2 and No. 3 during his sojourn here, is now located at Farnham, P.Q., fortunately close to his beloved Montreal and home. New sports officer at T. & S Wing is LT. RON HICKS, an original with the First Hussars. Mr. Hicks is acting in a new role, but should be able to do a good job. During his university days, interrupted by the war, he played football with Western University and also did some college heavyweight wrestling too. He was a member of the 1941 Camp Borden senior football team which competed in the senior ORFU series, the last time an Army

team competed in the strenuous fall sport. SGT. DICK DREW, counted upon to make a place on the CAC Camp league softball team, following his splendid performances for No. 3 and D & M Wheel, has been shifted to A-19 and will likely compete for that Centre against his old buddies. Back home in his native St. Catharines and slated to play lacrosse again for the St. Kitts Athletics, Mann Cup holders, is BOBBY THORPE, who starred for Brampton Bullets the year they won the CAC hockey title, and last year played lacrosse for No. 2 CACTR. Bob received his ticket in the fall, had a brief whirl in practice with Detroit and Indianapolis and then wound up the year as a member of the Quebec Aces team, who annexed the Quebec senior hockey honors. Next season 'tis said he will get an opportunity to crack the lineup of Montreal Les Canadiens. BOOTS BUTLER, the bashing welterweight, now on the staff of Gunnery Wing, middle-aided it early this month with Miss Dottie Rem-



Bob Thorpe

linger of Toronto. Boots is fighting fit and ready for action in the ring again. With his old opponent, LT. KEN ROBINSON, back in Camp, possibilities for a headline boxing bout presents itself. ABSENT from the softball picture, for the first time since 1940, are the 13X BOMBERS, who always managed to field a contending team. Loss of players and a decreased personnel are the reasons given. Since last year such stalwarts as Stan Evans, Gerry Hopper, Jimmy Neil, Bones Chapel and several others have been transferred so the Bombers have given up the ghost. They will be missed, both by rival teams and those who follow softball throughout Camp. Like most PROPAGANDA that came out of Germany prior to VE-Day, the story that MAX SCHMELING had been killed proved to be a dud. "The Black Uhlan" is now a prisoner of war, and let's keep him just that. Schmeling came into prominence following the retirement of GENE TUNNEY as undefeated world's champion in the early 30's. JACK SHARKEY, now a wrestling referee, was declared heavyweight king following his defeat of Young Stribling, and Schmeling, who had defeated Paolino Uzcudun and Johnny Risko, was matched with him. Sharkey was disqualified in the fifth round on a foul blow and the New York boxing commission awarded Max the title. When he ducked meeting Sharkey, the New York moguls took away his crown in that state, but he was still regarded as heavyweight king. He defeated Stribling by a TKO and then lost out to Sharkey. Going back to Germany, where the Nazi party were just getting into stride, he was used as an example of German sports prowess to the youth of the land. In 1936 he KO'd JOE LOUIS in the 12th round, and again was lauded to the skies by Adolf and Co. Following Louis' defeat of Jimmy Braddock, they were re-matched and the colored champion left no doubt as to his superiority by decking Schmeling in one round, thereby delivering an early blow to the superman theories. Schmeling has fought with the German army and the rumor was that he had been bumped off because of his failure to jump with the paratroopers. Actually, like most of the German bigwigs, he has been apparently safe and sound in hiding behind the lines all this time. Schmeling deserves the same fate as the rest of the swaggering crew of bullies. STEVE ROCCO, the grey thatched portly half-pint who refereed the MT Regt's Victory Loan boxing show, is the former professional flyweight champion of the British Empire, and for the space of a week was regarded as the world's titleholder at this weight. In the mid 20's when the little lads were the big crowd pleasers on most of the North American continent, Steve, a Toronto boy, was mixing it successfully with Frenchy Belanger, Black Bill, Izzy Schwartz, Frankie Genaro, Ernie Jarvis and all the rest. When Pancho Villa retired as champion, Genaro and Rocco

—Continued on page 40

Hockey's Hall of Fame

by Michael J. Rodden

Sports Editor, Kingston Whig-Standard

While no fault can be found with the first of those great stars who have been elected to the Hockey Hall of Fame it must be quite apparent that no hard and fast rules relative to eras were observed by the governors who did the voting. They go back a long way to that age when Harvey Pulford, Tom Phillips, Frank McGee, Hobey Baker and "Hod" Stuart were the toasts of the hockey world but become rather modern in naming "Howie" Morenz, "Chuck" Gardiner and even Georges Vezina and Eddie Gerard.

The impression conveyed is that these stars were the outstanding hockey immortals of any era but I cannot go along with the selectors in this regard and it is my firm conviction that the governors should have progressed down the years in rotation. The system appears to be haphazard and while none may protest a lot of observers may be disappointed.

Why Allan "Scotty" Davidson's name should have been omitted or why "Hobey" Baker should have been named ahead of George Richardson must remain mysterious. Davidson was the greatest of all players during an era which presented many superstars and he did go gallantly to war and sacrifice his young life in Flanders Fields. Richardson, "king" of all the amateurs, did likewise "over there."

Hobey Baker was one of the few United States players who attracted attention as a hockeyist. He represented Princeton University and on one occasion performed against the University of Ottawa team in the Capital. His specialty was terrific speed but the "woods" were and are full of superior hockeyists. Baker lost his life shortly after the last Great War when giving a flying demonstration near Paris, France.

Harvey Pulford was one of the finest all-around athletes ever produced in this country. He could play any game superbly well but was known best in hockey, rowing and football. . . He was a Hercules in power and was probably the most devastating body-checker hockey has known. Pulford, however, was not overly proficient as a puck-chaser and I hesitate to believe that he was as efficient as were others even of his own time.

Frank McGee was a mighty man, indeed, and he was the leading goal-getter in that long ago. In one Stanley Cup game against the champions of the Yukon, McGee established the all-time record by scoring 14 goals. McGee was one of the outstanding stars of the illustrious Ottawa Silver Seven and he earned all the tributes that the sport has to give. He lost his life while serving his country during the First Great War.

A SUPER STAR WAS "HOD"

"Hod" Stuart was such an amazing defence player that even today there are some who rate him as having been the best of them all. He was a native of Ottawa, but it was while playing for the Hough-

ton, Michigan, team that he first attracted national attention. After the old International League broke up he joined the famous Montreal Wanderers and from the start he made it plain that he had no superior in the defensive art.

More than six feet tall and weighing well over 200 pounds, Stuart was a player to behold. In that era most arenas were not heated but despite the bitter cold Stuart played with bared knees and with not the semblance of a pad to protect him. The late Roy Schooley, of Pittsburgh fame, rated Stuart as "tops" and many years later paid a great compliment to Lionel Conacher by comparing him favorably with that amazing athlete who lost his life while diving near Belleville.

Eddie Gerard was an all-around athlete of unusual ability and it might be said that he was a hockey and football prodigy because when he was a mere stripling he was good enough to crash into senior company as a backfielder with the Ottawa Roughrider football team and as a forward with the New Edinburgh amateur hockey aggregation. Eddie was also a famous paddler with New Edinburgh crews.

It was with genuine regret that Gerard turned away from football, the sport he loved above all others and down through the years he never changed his allegiance. Long after he became great in the Roaring National he said: "Hockey has been good to me financially but I would give it all back just to play one more game of football."

After years of brilliant service as a forward and later a defence ace and coach with the Ottawa Senators Eddie became the manager of the Montreal Maroons and in 1926 guided them to the Stanley Cup. He also was in the pilot's seat when Maroons were shaded by the powerful New York Rangers in 1928. Later on Gerard guided New York Americans before going back to his beloved Maroons!

NEVER A MAN LIKE GARDINER

Charles "Chuck" Gardiner came out of Winnipeg to become one of the most proficient goalkeepers of his or of any other age. In 1934 he was the main factor in winning Chicago's first Stanley Cup and no one ever surpassed or even equalled the amazing exhibitions of puck-stopping wizardry he put on display throughout that historic campaign.

In mid-season Gardiner became ill with a threatened attack of appendicitis but he carried on, saw it through to the glorious finish and then went home to Winnipeg where he died the next summer following an operation. Since then the Hawks have never had a cage-guardian who could even approach the Gardiner technique.

Tommy Phillips, who hailed from Toronto, was the darling of the hockey gods when he was a member of the colorful Rat Portage team who later became the Kenora Thistles. When Rat Portage made

their first most determined bid for the Stanley Cup in Ottawa they swamped the Silver Seven under an avalanche of goals in the opening game but after that came the episode of the salt and woe for the challengers.

In 1907 the Thistles, again led by the sensational Phillips, won the cup from the Wanderers at Montreal but lost it a few months later to the same team on soft ice at Winnipeg. Phillips was eventually signed by the Ottawa club but he was then in the twilight of a glamorous career. His contract, calling for \$11,600, was the highest that had ever been paid previous to that season.

Georges Vezina, the Chicoutimi Cucumber, was the best of all goal-keepers during an era when cagemen had to remain on their feet or be banished for two minutes. Vezina played for Canadiens only and, loyal to the last, he attempted to complete his farewell season although he had been attacked by tuberculosis. He failed to "make it" and went home to die in the land he loved so well.

MORENZ, THE STREAK OF STRATFORD

Howarth "Howie" Morenz, another Montreal Canadiens immortal, was born in the town of Mitchell, Ont., on Sept. 21, 1902, and died in Montreal

M. T. Boxing Show Scores Big Hit With Fans

Upwards of 2000 Victory Loan supporters and sports fans flocked to 0-60 Hangar Thursday, May 3, 1945, and jammed the big hangar to enjoy every minute of a gala Boxing and variety show staged under the auspices of the MT Regiment.

Present for the occasion were Major-General A. C. Spencer, CBE, ED, the Camp Commander, and many other high ranking officers. Prizes amounting to \$1,000 in Victory Bonds were drawn for and the lucky winners were from all parts of the camp, indicating the wide interest that the attraction held.

Highlighting the boxing show was the 112 lb. clash between "Lucky" Adams and "Butch" Gentle, two Toronto teen-agers. The youngsters went at it hammer and tongs with Adams getting the decision.

Pte. Mike Kerluk of A-10 scored a TKO over the game and willingly "Frenchy" Lalonde of No. 3, in another sparkling bout.



Frankie Brancetti

were Capt. Bob Fraser, A-33 CACTE, Dave Speyer,

on March 8, 1937. It was as a member of the Stratford Midgets that he first crashed into the calcium glare when he was 17 years of age and even then it was predicted that he would become an outstanding National Leaguer.

"Howie", beloved by all who knew him, took the leap into professional ranks in 1923 and almost overnight became a sensation. With Aurel Joliat on left wing and Billy Boucher on the right rail Morenz rounded out one of the greatest of all forward lines and that "Watch Morenz" warning became a byword in the National.

"Howie" remained with Canadiens until he was sent most mysteriously to the Chicago Black Hawks in 1934 but he was not happy there and so the New York Rangers bought his contract in the season of 1935-'36. However, he did not glory in the change and so the late Cecil Hart reclaimed him for the Canadiens during the summer of 1936.

And now he was the old Morenz again as he roared along those hockey lanes, but in February of 1937 he sustained a fractured leg while playing against the Hawks in Montreal and the injury was so serious that he died in hospital on March 8 of that year.

K of C Supervisor, with Major E. Baldwin officiating as timer.

Mrs. Kay, "Ma Kenny of Hittin' the Jackpot" fame, was in charge of the proceedings and kept the show rolling in high gear from start to finish. Sgt. Bill Barnes presented his famous "dummy" act; Trooper Francis Martineau, No. 3 CACTR, mystified the lads and lassies with his clever repertoire of tricks; Cpl. Martin of A-10 did a burlesque routine in added acts of special interest to the large crowd.

RESULTS

- 175 lbs.—Tpr. Max Passerina, No. 2, decisioned Tpr. John Johner, No. 2.
- 160 lbs.—Pte. Mike Kerluk, A-10, scored a TKO over Tpr. H. R. Lalonde, No. 3.
- 118 lbs.—Tpr. J. Bureau, No. 2, took the decision over Tpr. C. J. Doyle, No. 3.
- 112 lbs.—"Lucky" Adams, St. Johns AC, won over "Butch" Gentle, St. Agnes AC.
- 140 lbs.—Ralph Gentles, St. Johns AC, outpointed Joey Cordino, St. Agnes AC.
- 118 lbs.—Frank Brancetti, St. Agnes AC, edged out Sammy Garcia, St. Johns AC.
- 145 lbs.—Kid Gregory, St. Agnes AC, and Len De-florio, St. Johns AC, drew.
- Exhibition Bout—Frankie Cordino, Toronto AC vs Joey Bagnato, Toronto AC.

The draws for the bonds were made by the GOC and Colonel E. C. Bailey, DSO, MC, Commanding Officer A-33 CACTE. The winners were: \$100.00 bond, Trooper I. Spoon, MT Regiment. \$50.00 bonds, Pte. D. R. Park, CBMH; Sgt. J. McGregor, MT Regiment; Capt. Don Taylor, A-22; Rflm. N. Stoddart, RCEME; Cpl. L. Armstrong, MT Regiment; Lieut. Tiny Gilchrist, A-10; Tpr. W. T. Watson, RCOC; Lt.-Col. W. J. Cooper, A-19, CASC; Pte. P. Burton, RCEME.

C.A.C. SPORTS

By Sgt. Ab. Hulse

Soccer

One Armoured Corps soccer team, with players from all units eligible to compete, has been entered in the Camp soccer league, which appears to be the strongest and best roundball league ever organized in Borden. Heading the A-33 committee is Major Norman Johnson, of D & M Track section, with Lt. Jack Davies, Lt. Joe Ward, Lt. Red Wilson, RSM Frank Flood, RSM Jock Smith, Sgt. Ab Hulse and Sgt. "Curly" Phillips completing the board of strategy.

On May 1 the Tankers made their debut against No. 1 SFTS RCAF, who won the 1944 Camp championship. But a shadow of themselves, the Flyers were no match for A-33 who took a neat 7-0 win. Youthful Ralph Noble did "the hat trick" with three goals, while Masterman, Stark, McCluskey and Lane bagged home the pigskin to complete the route. Sgt. Bill Keen in the CAC goal had but one shot to stop but he made a brilliant save of a sure goal in his first game of soccer.

On May 15 A-33 blanked A-19, 3-0 in an exciting game played on the Camp sports field. A-19 led by the veteran Sgt. Jack Craig provided good opposition, but the combination of veterans and youth fielded by A-33 proved too much. Love banged home a penalty shot for the only score of the first half, and in the last half Masterman and Wilson tallied. Both goalies played sensationally, with Alex Mellis making several super-saves. Joe Ward and Red Wilson, making their first start of the season, played back to old time form.

On May 22nd, with a high wind prevailing, the nifty A-11 team held Corps to a 1-1 tie. If anything A-33 had the edge, and as the game drew to a close it looked as if a first period goal by Curly Phillips would decide the issue. Then, Lady Luck took a hand, Mellis made a brilliant save, but was downed

in so doing, the ball rolled out, came a gust of wind, a momentary sending back the ball to hover on the line, and then the ball rolled by the post to knot the count. A-11 played a strong game and stamped themselves as real contenders for the championship. A-33 were without the services of Wilson and Ward, but their supporters were jubilant at their showing.

Keeping pace with A-33 is the RCEME entry which went to the Camp finals last year, and when Corps clashes with the maintenance men it should be a battle royal. A-32 Provost Corps have also indicated they will be heard from, but they have been forced to suspend temporarily because of withdrawals to Halifax.

Here are the lads who have appeared for A-33 so far this season: Bill Keen, Toronto, Alex Mellis, North Bay, Curly Phillips, Percy Masterman, Ralph Noble, Lt. P. B. "Red" Wilson, Les Moore, all from Vancouver, B.C., Lt. Joe Ward, Claremont, Ont., Mylon Steenerson, Fort William, Len Latozke, Bill Summers, John Moore, Fred Stark, W. T. Lane, all of Winnipeg, Dave Harris, Hamilton, Lt. Bob Delaney, Barrie, Sam Berger, Ed Vergoz, Toronto, George Love, Alliston, Julius Tapper, Windsor, Ont., Lt. John Prescott, Trail, B.C.

CORPS SOCCER: Because of apparent lack of interest in the English game at both No. 1 CACTR and No. 2 CACTR, no CAC league has as yet been organized. It is hoped that both these Centres will be able to field teams later in the year and battle it out with T & S Wing, and No. 3 CACTR, the 1944 champions in a special CAC cup series. The Corps team is by no means permanently picked and any soccer enthusiasts or would-be players who have not as yet turned out are urged to contact Lt. Jack Davies, Gunnery School, Tel. 204.

Baseball

Baseball in Camp will not get under way until June owing to the fact weather conditions have made it next to impossible for any of the teams to get in shape.

A-33 will be represented by a strong team, with the home games being played on the diamond at No. 2 CACTR which rates as the best in Camp. Heading the committee in charge is Lt.-Col. J. C. Wilkins, CO of MT Regiment, while those who will plan the campaign include: Major Harry Senkler, Capt. Blair Cook, Lt. Murray McPherson, Lt. Andy Tommy, Lt. Al. Kuntz, RSM Eddie Burke, Sgt. Earl Parks, Sgt. Bruce McCutcheon and L/Cpl. Lee Dowdell.

Last year the Camp championship went to A-10 and the Infantrymen will defend the pennant with another stellar aggregation. RCAF, A-19, A-22 and A-11 are the other teams entered and the competition should be the best since the war started. No. 2 CACTR were the finalists against A-10 last season, and with Cooper, McPherson, Mayrand, Westbrooke, Ellis and Gobers of that team still available, the nucleus for a good club is on hand. Lack of reinforcements in the stretch drive handicapped No. 2 last season, but that should be eliminated this year by the combined forces of the black beret lads.

Congress tournament will be held during the summer to settle the Corps championship.

CAMP LEAGUE:

Presenting a team made up of players from all units, A-33 softballers should be contenders for the Camp championship this season, won last year by No. 15 Coy RCOC. With the CAC league functioning last season, Armoured Corps was not represented in the Camp League, but following the success of last winter, when a combined A-33 team won the Camp hockey honors, it was decided to follow this idea in all sports in order that Corps might field the best team possible.

There are two groups in the league, the larger units being in Group 1 and the smaller units placed in Group 2. Group 1 comprises: RCAF, A19, A-33, A-11, A-10, A-22 and RCOC-RCEME. Group 2 consists of Camp Headquarters, Dentals, A-32 and No. 23 Provost Coy. The two winners will meet in a series for the Camp championship, while the winners will be honored for winning their own sections.

Cold and wet weather has placed all softball managements under serious handicaps so far as practice is concerned, and at the start of the season all teams are more or less in the "dark horse" class. RCAF and A-10 along with RCOC are all reputed to have powerhouse teams as the season gets underway.

Heading the Armoured Corps club will be Lt. Joe Fennell, who guarded first base for the champion Newmarket Redmen of last season. Joe needs no introduction to sports followers, being equally proficient at hockey, lacrosse, baseball and softball. While no team for Corps has been selected as yet, Lefty Finnemore, Johnny Burgess, Red Williams, George Ellis, Andy Tommy, Darise Moreau, Bert Peters, Ray Murray, Cliff Clarke, Mickey Maguire, Cliff Brown, Bill Keen, Dick Wardaugh, Bobby McLaughlin, Ed Young, Al Kuntz, Andy Anderson, Bob Johnston and "Doc" Burdett are aspirants for the team who are mentioned as possessing plenty of class. There will doubtless be many of these lads who will see themselves ousted from the team as the undoubted wealth of talent in A-33 is uncovered over the season.



Joe Fennell

NORTH ZONE LEAGUE:

Dave Speyer's circuit is ready to go to the post with no less than nine entries. With the exception of CBMH, the units are all from A-33, and the K of C league is next thing to an all-Corps league. Seeking honors will be No. 1 CACTR, NCO's School, No. 2 CACTR, Wireless Wing, Gunnery Wing, No. 3 CACTR, D & M Track, MT Regiment and CBMH. The CAC teams will play on T & S sports field and the unit fields at No. 2 and No. 3. MONDAY NIGHTS will see the teams in action until late August and the rivalry, while friendly, should be intense.

CORPS CHAMPIONSHIP:

In view of the fact that so many CAC teams are competing in the North Zone series, the Corps championships will be left over until late in the summer. The three Training Regiments all being entered will have their teams ready to go, while from the various Wing teams of T & S, Lt. Ron. Hicks will select a team to battle it out for Schools. To the winner will go the Col. C. E. Bailey Trophy won last year by No. 23 BTC.

A-33 CAMP SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

The following is the Softball schedule for A-33 CACTE in the Camp Senior Softball League. All home games will be played on the T & S Sports Field.

	May	
30. A-33 vs. A-22		(A-22 Field)
	June	
6. A-33 vs. RCOC-RCEME		(RCOC Field)
13. A-33 vs. RCAF		(RCAF Field)
20. A-10 vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
27. A-11 vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
	July	
4. A-19 vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
11. RCOC-RCEME vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
18. A-22 vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
	August	
1. RCAF vs. A-33		(A-33 Field)
8. A-33 vs. A-10		(No. 3 Diamond CSF)
15. A-33 vs. A-11		(No. 3 Diamond CSF)
22. A-33 vs. A-19		(No. 3 Diamond CSF)

First four teams will meet in the playoffs.

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CANADIAN ARMOURD CORPS

ROLL OF HONOUR



From Canadian Army Official Casualty Lists

OFFICERS

KILLED IN ACTION

ANDERSON, Hugh Henry, Lieut., Chaudiere Basin, Que.
 AYER (MC), Donald Holman, Lieut., Maine, U.S.A.
 DUNN, Lloyd Samuel Lunan, Lieut., Toronto, Ont.
 FINLAYSON, Roderick Alexander, Lieut., Lucknow, Ont.
 JOHNSTON, George McDonald, Lieut., Toronto 4, Ont.
 MATHISON, Roy Clarence, Lieut., Bounty, Sask.
 MUNRO, James Arthur, Lieut., Oakville, Ont.
 PERRIN, Henry Beresford, Lieut., Toronto 12, Ont.
 PERRIN, Kenneth Elias, Capt., Medicine Hat, Alta.
 REARDON, Joseph Wallace, Lieut., St. George, N.B.
 SEAMAN, Rupert Frederick, Lieut., Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 SIDENIUS, Geoffrey Reginald, Major, Nelson, B.C.
 SMUCK, Harry Lee, Capt., Toronto 3, Ont.
 STEVENS, Lawrence Donald, Lieut., Vancouver, B.C.
 VENUS, Edgar George, Lieut., Hamilton, Ont.
 WALMSLEY, Raymond, Lieut., Vancouver, B.C.

DIED OF WOUNDS

BRUNET, Paul Wilfred Michael, Lieut., Montreal 28, Que.
 BUDDLELL, William Thomas, Lieut., Waterloo, Ont.
 CAW, (MC and Bar), Bruce Edw. Ashton, Capt., Viriden, Man.
 PHILLIPS, Earle Gordon, Lieut., Oshawa, Ont.

DIED

CLARKE, John Franklyn, Lieut., Surrey, England.
 FERGUSON, Keith Colin, Lieut., Port Arthur, Ont.

MISSING

STRACHAN, Maxwell Alexander, Lieut., Toronto 8, Ont.
 WILSON, George Thomas, Lieut., Winnipeg, Man.

WOUNDED

BAKER, Charles Frankly, Major, Toronto 5, Ont.
 BARRITT, William Nelson, Lieut., Winnipeg, Man.
 BASKERVILLE, Charles Harold, Lieut., London, Ont.
 BELL, David George, Lieut., Vancouver, B.C.
 BENITEZ, Basil Edward, Lieut., Montreal 36, Que.
 BILLINGSLEY, James Richard, Lieut., Saskatoon, Sask.
 BIRMINGHAM, John Edward, Lieut., Montreal 18, Que.
 BRUMWELL, Edward Carter, Lieut., Winnipeg, Man.
 BUCK, William Robert, Lieut., Regina, Sask.
 CALDER, Thomas, Capt., Westmount 6, Que.
 CASAULT, Joseph Gerard Camille, Lieut., Verdun, Que.
 CHANDLER, George William, Lieut., Medicine Hat, Alta.

CHRISTIE, Mervyn Glen, Capt., Montreal 29, Que.
 COWLEY, Donald John, Lieut., Minnesota, U.S.A.
 DOMVILLE, James Edward, Major, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 EVERETT, Harold Roy, Lieut., Plaster Rock, N.B.
 FERGUSSON, John Robert, Capt., Greenfield Park 23, Que.
 GAFFIN, Harold Hartley Michael, Lieut., Brockville, Ont.
 GOODALL, Jack Dal, Lieut., Edmonton, Alta.
 GRAHAM, Robert James, Major, Belleville, Ont.
 GRANGER, Donald Fleming, Lieut., Vancouver, B.C.
 GREEVE, Patrick Vance Benedict, Capt., Toronto 12, Ont.
 GURRY, Ralph Edgar, Lieut., Glenboro, Man.
 HARPER, Ivan Joseph, Lieut., Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 HADDON, Albert Walter, Lieut., Sherbrooke, Que.
 HEGION, Steve, Lieut., Avonlea, Sask.
 HORNCASTLE, Freeman Hempson, Lieut., Fairville, N. B.
 HUSBANDS, Raymond Alleyne, Lieut., Montreal 24, Que.
 JARVIS, Peter Frederick, Lieut., York Mills, Ont.
 JONES, Geoffrey Slader Glanville, Capt., England.
 KELLY, Howard Palfrey, Lieut., Toronto 9, Ont.
 LACKNER, John Campbell, Lieut., Toronto 3, Ont.
 LARSON, Gilbert Brian, Lieut., Spring, B.C.
 LEWIS, Geoffrey Clark, Major, Oakville, Ont.
 LEYBOURNE, Murray Roger, Lieut., Brandon, Man.
 LILLY, Walter Edward Arthur, Lieut., Lachine 32, Que.
 LIVINGSTON, Michael, Lieut., Toronto 10, Ont.
 MACKINNON, Angus Moring, Lieut., Toronto 5, Ont.
 MACKINNON, Malcolm Scott, Capt., Montreal West, Que.
 MANN, Norman, Capt., Toronto 6, Ont.
 MANUEL, John Knight Schofield, Major, London, Ont.
 MARTIN, William Gerald Blythe, Lieut., Calgary, Alta.
 McLLWAIN, Edward Albert, Lieut., Montreal 28, Que.
 McKINNON, John Crofts, Capt., Vancouver, B.C.
 McLEOD, William John, Lieut., Medicine Hat, Alta.
 McNUTT, James Charles, Lieut., Winnipeg, Man.
 MUTRIE, Gordon Bethune, Capt., Vernon, B.C.
 O'CONNOR, Harold Nelson, Lieut., Ottawa, Ont.
 ORMORD, Jimmy Newton, Lieut., Black Hawk, Iowa, U.S.A.
 PARADIS, Charles Millar, Major, Montreal, Que.
 PIMBLETT, Richard Harold, Lieut., Toronto 8, Ont.
 PRINCE, William Mariner, Capt., Sunny Brae, N.B.
 PURDY, Stanley Robert, Major, Calgary, Alta.
 READE, William Montague, Capt., Winnipeg, Man.
 ROLLASON, Reginald William Henry, Lieut., London, Ont.
 ROSE, William David, Lieut., Winnipeg, Man.
 SHORT, John Fraser, Lieut., Medicine Hat, Alta.
 SLINGER, John Edward, Capt., Guelph, Ont.
 STEPHENSON, Robert Walton, Lieut., Montreal 22, Que.
 WHITEKER, James Herman John, Lieut., Cornwall, Ont.
 WILLIS, Robert St. Clair, Lieut., Kelowna, B.C.
 WORMALD, Jack McGregor Smart, Lieut., Rossland, B.C.
 YOUNG, George Malcolm, Lieut., Montreal 28, Que.

OTHER RANKS

KILLED IN ACTION

ABRAHAM, Maurice Clyde, L/Cpl., Jamaica, B.W.I.
 ALLEN, Arnold Reilston, Tpr., Bayfield, N.B.
 ANDERSON, Stewart Lyon, Tpr., Bagot, Man.
 ANDERSON, William Charles, Tpr., Edmonton, Alta.
 ARMSTRONG, William, Tpr., Farmborough, Que.

ATKINSON, Hubert Fenton Booth, Sgt., Montreal, Que.
 BAKER, Frederick Janson, Cpl., London, Ont.
 BALDWIN, William Stewart, Tpr., Waterloo, Que.
 BALFOUR, Alexander James, Sgt., Lindsay, Ont.
 BANNAN, Hedley, Tpr., St. Catharines, Ont.
 BEATON, Lauchie Demas, Tpr., Skye Glen, N.S.
 BELLEFONTAINE, Lawrence Fred, Tpr., W. Chezzetcook, N.S.

TANK

KILLED IN ACTION (Cont.)

BELLOWS, Lloyd Alyin, Tpr., Elnora, Alta.
 BELVEAL, Norman Adrian, L/Cpl., Simoon Sound, B.C.
 BENDIT, Julius, Tpr., Agathe Des Monts, Que.
 BOUVIER, Maurice Alfred, Tpr., Gravelbourg, Sask.
 BOWCOTT, Wilfred William, L/Cpl., London, Ont.
 BOWMAN, George, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 BRADY, Albert Edward, Gdsm., Toronto 5, Ont.
 BRIDGES, John Raymond, Tpr., Toronto 5, Ont.
 BUHLMAN, Albert Joseph, Gdsm., Dundas, Ont.
 BUTTERWORTH, Fred, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 CAMPBELL, Neil John, Tpr., Hunters Mountain, N.S.
 CARNOCHAN, Arthur Emmerson, Haliburton, Ont.
 CARPENTER, Victor Lloyd, Tpr., Fort Frances, Ont.
 CARR, William Borden, Tpr., Windsor Junction, N.S.
 CHADDOCK, Clyde St. Clare, Tpr., Halifax, N.S.
 CHORNEY, Peter, Tpr., Star, Alta.
 CLUE, Ernest Joseph, Cpl., Princeton, B.C.
 COOKE, Arthur Irving, Tpr., St. Laurent, Que.
 COVILLE, Donald Willis, Tpr., Fairfield East, Ont.
 CRAIG, Lyle Lewis, Tpr., Paddockwood, Sask.
 DAVIES, Leonard Gordon, Cpl., Toronto 6, Ont.
 DAWSON, Leslie James, Tpr., Montreal, Que.
 DEVINE, Patrick James, Tpr., Calgary, Alta.
 DOMENICO, Jerome Joseph, Tpr., Renfrew, Ont.
 DUBE, Lorenzo Joseph, Tpr., Haywood, Man.
 DUCKETT, Leslie Albert, Tpr., Thorold, Ont.
 DUGGAN, William Francis, Sgt., Verdun, Que.
 DUNPHY, Ellis Barry, Tpr., Eurtis Corner, N.B.
 ELDER, Edward David, Tpr., Hamstead, N.B.
 ELDER, Stewart John, Cpl., Athelstan, Que.
 ELLIOTT, Joseph Alexander, Cpl., Ripley, Ont.
 ENGLAND, Ernest James, Sgt., Toronto 6, Ont.
 ENGLAND, David Frederick, Tpr., Outremont, Que.
 EVANS, Lyle Alexander, Tpr., Brussels, Ont.
 FEIST, Otto Victor, Tpr., Wilkie, Sask.
 FINCH, Robert William, Sgt., Vital, Man.
 FOSTER, Victor James, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
 FREEMAN, Allan, Maxwell, Tpr., Toronto 3, Ont.
 GARDNER, Kenneth Douglas, Tpr., Verdun, Que.
 GEROW, Clive Elbert Steele, Sgt., Three Rivers, Que.
 GIBBONS, Harold Clayton, Sgt., Windsor, Ont.
 GILMORE, James Alexander, Tpr., Carberry, Man.
 GOLDBERG, Harry, Cpl., Montreal Que.
 GRAHAM, Clarence David, Tpr., Toronto 4, Ont.
 GREENIDGE, James Douglas, Tpr., Trinidad, B.W.I.
 GRUTHER, Arthur Allan, L/Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
 GUEST, Wilbert Allen, Gdsm., Renfrew, Ont.
 HAINES, Wilbert John Henry, Tpr., St. Thomas, Ont.
 HAMILTON, Merle Vincent, Tpr., Brookfield, N.S.
 HAMMOND, Eric Maxwell, Tpr., St. Johns, Newfoundland.
 HANNEY, Vivian Playster, Gdsm., South Wales, England.
 HARPER, Douglas Edward, Tpr., Whitby, Ont.
 HARVEY, Robert Cecil, Tpr., Centre Burlington, N.S.
 HEER, Robert Roy, Tpr., Waterloo, Ont.
 HIGGINS, Struan Alexander, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
 HILL, Robert, L/Cpl., Grindrod, B.C.
 HILL, Thomas Borden, Tpr., Trall, B.C.
 HOFER, Richard Harold, Tpr., Leader, Sask.
 HOOKER, Winston George, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 HOWALD, Wilbert, Tpr., Fort William, Ont.
 HUNT, Calvin Richard, Cpl., Valparaiso, Sask.
 ISSETT, Douglas Halg, SSM, Winnipeg, Man.
 JENSEN, Neils Marius, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 JOANETTE, Eugene, Tpr., Ottawa, Ont.
 JOHNSON, Gordon Fraser, Cpl., Medicine Hat, Alta.
 JOHNSON, John Paul, Tpr., Dundas, Ont.
 KELLINGTON, Lloyd George, Tpr., Indian Head, Sask.
 KOLOSTA, Joseph John, Tpr., Welland, Ont.
 KOZARICHUK, William Nicholas, Tpr., St. Ann's, Ont.
 LAMONT, Hector John, Tpr., Toronto 2, Ont.
 LAVIGNE, Eugene, Tpr., Ottawa, Ont.
 LAWRYSYN, William L/Sgt., Toronto 4, Ont.
 LEGER, Alphonse Joseph, Tpr., Moncton, N.B.
 LEVERINGTON, Wilbert John, Tpr., Pleasantdale, Sask.
 LEWIS, Milton Roy, Tpr., Hamilton, Ont.
 LOCKHART, Robert Jeffery, Tpr., Joliette, Que.
 LOCKINGER, Frederick William, L/Cpl., Watson, Sask.
 LONG, William Eugene, Tpr., California, U.S.A.
 LOTOSKY, William Wasal, Tpr., Golden, B.C.

TANK

MacDONALD, Donald John, Tpr., Minto, Man.
 MacDONALD, William James, Cpl., Prince Albert, Sask.
 MacKAY, Melville Hugh, Tpr., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
 MacLEAN, Sterling Edmund, Tpr., Low, Que.
 MAGUIRE, John Burchmans, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 MARCHISKY, Michael, Tpr., Portage La Prairie, Man.
 MARSHALL, Raymond Jukes, Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
 MASTEL, Frank Richard, Tpr., St. Paul, Alta.
 MATHER, William, Cpl., Golden, B.C.
 McBEATH, Stanley Leigh, Tpr., Rexton, N.B.
 McMANUS, John Francis, Tpr., Arnprior, Ont.
 McDONALD, John Allister, Tpr., Hollyburn, B.C.
 McKEAN, Robert Dean, Tpr., Scarboro, Ont.
 McKEITH, Wesley Robert, Sgt., Regina, Sask.
 McLENAHAN, Ralph Foster, Tpr., Rotheray, N.B.
 MICHLOSKY, Steve, Tpr., Sandhill, Man.
 MILLER, William James, Cpl., Toronto 8, Ont.
 McOUAT, George Mervyn, Gdsm., Hull, Que.
 MORIARITY, Terrance George, Gdsmn., Paris, Ont.
 MORRIS, Andrew, Tpr., Powell River, B.C.
 MORRIS, Willard James, Tpr., St. James, Man.
 MORRISON, Allan Donald, Tpr., Atlin, B.C.
 MULARCHUK, Steven Edward, Tpr., Orillia, Ont.
 PEARCE, Alfred Harold, Tpr., Saskatoon, Sask.
 PERCIVAL, Ernest William, Tpr., Toronto 8, Ont.
 PERKINS, Gordon Prescott, Tpr., Niagara Falls, Ont.
 PERNOSKI, George, Tpr., Abbotsford, B.C.
 POLAND, Herbert John, Tpr., Golden, B.C.
 POLLOCK, Edison, L/Cpl., Parkhill, Ont.
 POTT, Zina, Gdsm., Shell Lake, Sask.
 PROBIZANSKY, Nestor, Tpr., Stuartburn, Man.
 PULLEN, Earl Joseph, Tpr., Fort William, Ont.
 PUTNAM, Frank Douglas, MQMS, Erickson, B.C.
 RAE, Graham John George, Tpr., Roches Point, Ont.
 RICHARD, Edmund Sylvester, Tpr., New Glasgow, N.S.
 RICHARD, Louis Graham, Tpr., Londonderry, N.S.
 RUS, Kenneth Robert, Tpr., Hanna, Alta.
 RINGER, Brenton Leroy, Pte., Clementsport, N.S.
 ROGERS, Stanley, Cpl., Toronto 6, Ont.
 ROOP, Alvin Victor, Gdsmn., Toronto 10, Ont.
 ROSE, Raymond John, Cpl., Renfrew, Ont.
 SAUNDERS, Howard Lewis, L/Cpl., Fleet, Alta.
 SHAUGHNESSY, William D'Arcy, Tpr., Lansing, Ont.
 SHEPHERD, Allan, Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
 SHEPHERD, Arthur Alfred, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 SHIER, Russell Roy Marshall, Tpr., Weldon, Sask.
 SOLYMOS, Bartholomew Richard, Tpr., N. Battleford, Sask.
 SOUCY, Charles Ernest, Tpr., Duncan, B.C.
 SPICER, George, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 STEWART, Charters Wilfred, Tpr., Toronto 12, Ont.
 STILLIVAN, Ernest Michael, Sgt., Niagara Falls, Ont.
 STILLIVAN, Norman Albert, L/Cpl., Toronto 8, Ont.
 SWAIN, John Tovell, Tpr., Toronto 3, Ont.
 SWIFT, William, Tpr., Vernon, B.C.
 SVVRET, Herbert, Cpl., Bougainville, Que.
 TUCKER, Lloyd, Tpr., South River, Ont.
 WAJJACE, George Edward, Tpr., Barrie, Ont.
 WAJJACE, John Burnee, Tpr., Sussex, N.B.
 WALKER, John Langford, Gdsmn., North Bay, Ont.
 WEBSTER, Herbert James, Tpr., Toronto 3, Ont.
 WHEELER, Douglas Walter, Tpr., Belwood, Ont.
 WICKSTROM, Karl John Clifford, Tpr., East Kildonan, Man.
 WILLIAMS, Frank Albert, Tpr., Verdun, Que.
 WINTER, John Frederick, Tpr., Edmonton, Alta.
 WOODS, William Henry, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 WRIGHT, Harry Elwood, Tpr., Clementsport, N.S.

DIED OF WOUNDS

ANDERSON, Ritchie, Tpr., Lestock, Sask.
 ANTON, Lee, Tpr., Fox Valley, Sask.
 ROYD, Roy Smith, Tpr., Orillia, Ont.
 BUSHENSKY, Albert Adolf, Tpr., Windsor, Ont.
 CHEESEMAN, Howard Lloyd, Pte., Hamilton, Ont.
 DABBS, Harold, Sgt., Lachine, Que.
 FERGUSON, Kenneth Scott, L/Cpl., Lanark, Ont.
 FISHER, David, Tpr., Toronto 8, Ont.
 GILLIS, James Joseph, L/Cpl., Jamesville West, N.S.
 INGWERSEN, Paul Fulsack, Gdsmn., Port Perry, R.R. 1, Ont.
 KNIGHT, Cecil David, Tpr., Aylesbury, Sask.
 KRAUCHI, George Emil, Tpr., Loon Lake, Sask.

DIED OF WOUNDS (Cont.)

LLOYD, Charles Henry Oswald, L/Sgt., Winnipeg, Man.
 LORENSEN, Clarence Warren, Tpr., MacDowall, Sask.
 MACE, Leonard Arthur, Sgt., Hamilton, Ont.
 MADDEN, George Henry, Pte., Okanagan Landing, B.C.
 MYSHAK, Peter, Tpr., Edmonton, Alta.
 OWEN, Eldon Martin, Tpr., Toronto 13, Ont.
 ROBINSON, Wesley Charles, Sgt., Weyburn, Sask.
 RUABEN, Mario, Tpr., Coalhurst, Alta.
 SIMARD, Jean Marie, Tpr., Lareine, Que.
 SWITZER, Cecil Edward, Tpr., Fisher Branch, Man.
 TAYLOR, Stanley Victor, Tpr., Barking, Essex, England.
 WALL, Douglas Stanley, Tpr., Rocky Rapids, Alta.
 WINFREY, John Ross, Tpr., Groundditch, B.C.
 ZYBALA, Joseph, Cpl., Windsor, Ont.

DIED OF WOUNDS WHILE PRISONER OF WAR

CORMIER, Joseph Edmond, Cpl., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
 HURWITZ (DCM, MM), Samuel Moses, Sgt., Montreal 8, Que.

DIED

BERGQUIST, Marvin Edward, Tpr., Hardisty, Alta.
 HATCH, Frederick Henry, Tpr., St. Thomas, Ont.
 MONTEITH, Charles Clarence, Tpr., Sarnia, Ont.
 OWEN, Leslie Thomas, Tpr., Banff, Alta.
 PARKER, William Frederick, Tpr., DelHaven, N.S.
 SMITH, Roy Charles, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
 STITT, Herbert Dixon, Cpl., Toronto 9, Ont.

WOUNDED

ADAMS, Melvin Edgar Douglas, Sgt., Penticton, B.C.
 ALLEN, Donald Edward, Tpr., St. George, N.B.
 ALLRED, Guy Elwood, Tpr., Hillspring, Alta.
 AMOS, Ronald George, Tpr., Penticton, B.C.
 AMYOTTE, Maurice William, Tpr., Toronto 4, Ont.
 ANDERSON, Frederick William, L/Cpl., Toronto 4, Ont.
 ANFOSSI, Joseph Leopold, Sgt., Montreal 20, Que.
 ANSELMY, Harold Thomas, Tpr., Toronto 2, Ont.
 ATCHISON, John Everts, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 ATKIN, Howard, Tpr., Hamilton, Ont.
 ATKINSON, Gordon Douglas, Gdsmn., Cayuga, Ont.
 ATKINSON, John Richard, Sgt., Longueuil, Que.
 AUSTIN, John Norman, Tpr., Skye Glen, N.S.
 BARBER, Ronald Frederick, Tpr., Downsview, Ont.
 BATT, William Charles, Sgt., Oxbow, Sask.
 BAYNTON, James, Tpr., Campbellville, Ont.
 BARNABY, Arthur Laurence, Sgt., Halifax, N.S.
 BARRACLOUGH, Arthur James, Tpr., Richmond Hill, Ont.
 BEAMISH, Ora Wesley, Tpr., Edgewater, B.C.
 BEAUSHENE, George Dennis, Tpr., Nestor Falls, Ont.
 BEEMAN, Clifford Forrest, L/Sgt., Toronto 6, Ont.
 BELLAMY, Douglas John, Tpr., Toronto 13, Ont.
 BENOIT, Arthur William, Tpr., Comber, Ont.
 BERGQUIST, Harvey Lee Roy, Tpr., Hardisty, Alta.
 BETHELL, John Frederick, Tpr., Toronto 3, Ont.
 BIRTHWHISTLE, George Ernest, Tpr., Regina, Sask.
 BISHOP, Wallace Robert, Tpr., Mervin, Sask.
 BLACK, Archibald John, Cpl., Naval Service, U.K.
 BLACK, Edgar Thomas, Tpr., Lachine 32, Que.
 BLAKE, Thomas, Tpr., Victoria, B.C.
 BLEZARD, Wilfred, Tpr., McBride, B.C.
 BLOXOM, Albert Cecil, Tpr., Saskatoon, Sask.
 BALDWIN, Edward, Sgt., Woodstock, Ont.
 BOCK, Peter Gerhard, Cpl., Springstein, Man.
 BOIS, Joseph Albert, Sgt., Sudbury, Ont.
 BOUCHER, Donald John, Tpr., Vermont, U.S.
 BOWEN, Sanford Junior, Tpr., Burgessville, Ont.
 BOYCE, Barney Curtis, L/Cpl., Dunkin, Que.
 BOYCE, Herbert, Tpr., Verdun, Que.
 BOYLE, William James, Tpr., Black Rock, N.B.
 BOYNTON, Clarence James, Sgt., Toronto 13, Ont.
 BRAUNBERGER, Floyd Lloyd, Cpl., Calgary, Alta.
 BRAIS, Joseph, Tpr., Montreal 36, Que.
 BRANNEN, Lloyd George, Tpr., Yarmouth, N.S.
 BRANT, Carman, Tpr., Shannonville, Ont.
 BRETT, Edward Richard, Tpr., Hamilton, Ont.
 BROADBENT, William Milton, Tpr., Oshawa, Ont.
 BROOKES, George Ingles, Cpl., Outremont, Que.

BROWN, Joseph Sidney, Tpr., Belleville, Ont.
 BROWN, Walter Warren, Tpr., Endeavour, Sask.
 BROWNING, Charles Bain, Sgt., Edmonton, Alta.
 BUJAK, John, L/Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
 BRUSSEAU, Joseph Fernand, Tpr., Montreal, Que.
 BRUSCHANSKY, Bernard, Tpr., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.
 BULLBROOK, Thomas William, Sgt., North Bay, Ont.
 BURNS, John Gallacher, Sgt., Barrie, Ont.
 BUTLER, William Glen, Tpr., Kingsville, Ont.
 BAILEY, Phillip Earl, Tpr., Toronto 10, Ont.
 CAMERON, Blair Donald, Tpr., Moser River, N.S.
 CAMERON, Edward, Gdsmn., Lakeview, Ont.
 CARLBOM, Chester Wallace, L/Cpl., Sioux Lookout, Ont.
 CASE, William Joseph Harold, Cpl., Winnipeg, Man.
 CAWDLER, Barry Lawrence, Tpr., Baie Verte, N.B.
 CHADSEY, Lawrence David, Tpr., New Westminster, B.C.
 CHAUK, Walter, Sgt., Pleasant Home, Man.
 CHESEMANN, John Kenneth, Tpr., Toronto 9, Ont.
 CHRISTOPHERSON, Nolan Lester, L/Cpl., North Star, Alta.
 CHURCH, Thomas Oscar, Tpr., Swan River, Man.
 CLARK, Russell William, Tpr., Pierson, Man.
 CLAUSMAN, Thomas Norman Joseph, Tpr., Long Island, N.Y.
 CLOUSTON, Milton Harry, Cpl., Waitville, Sask.
 CLUBB, Harold Lewis, Cpl., Calgary, Alta.
 COMER, Arthur George, Cpl., Montreal 3, Que.
 CONNOR, Campbell Newell, Tpr., Stratford, Ont.
 COONEY, Gerald James, L/Cpl., Montreal 30, Que.
 COSTELLO, Stanley Cecil, Tpr., Athabasca, Alta.
 COUTURIER, Joseph Romeo, Tpr., Edmonton, Alta.
 COUSINS, Charles Francis, Tpr., Brampton, Ont.
 CRAIG, Thomas Leo, Tpr., Montreal 34, Que.
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 DASHNEY, Robert Neil, Tpr., Sheho, Sask.
 DAVIES, Harold, Tpr., Toronto 6, Ont.
 DAVIS, Milton David, L/Cpl., Bishopton, Que.
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 DICKINS, Edward Samuel, Sgt., Kelowna, B.C.
 DOAN, Archie Cecil, Tpr., Ephinstone, Man.
 DOCKUM, Charles William, L/Sgt., Montreal 20, Que.
 DOERKSEN, Frederick Franz, Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
 DONNAN, George, Gdsmn., Montreal 36, Que.
 DOYLE, William Arthur, Tpr., North Devon, N.B.
 DUDLYKE, David Ronald, Tpr., Glace Bay, N.S.
 DUFFIELD, Orville Gordon, Tpr., Virden, Man.
 EDISON, LeRoy Royce, L/Cpl., Hamilton, Ont.
 ELINESKY, Louis George, L/Sgt., Malton, Ont.
 EMERY, Francis Victor, Cpl., Toronto 2, Ont.
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 FENTON, Norman, Tpr., Weston, Ont.
 FERGUSON, Raymond William, Tpr., Deloraine, Man.
 FISHER, Maurice Holt, L/Cpl., Shortdale, Man.
 FITZGERALD, George Maurice, Cpl., Toronto 12, Ont.
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 FREER, Frank Ellsworth, Sgt., Hoquiam Wash., U.S.A.
 FRENCH, John Abbott, Tpr., Hardisty, Alta.
 FUNK (MM), Jacob Klippenstein, Tpr., Chrotitz, Man.
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 GERIG, Walter Jacob, Tpr., Stettler, Alta.
 GHESEGER, Edward Larue, Tpr., Calgary, Alta.
 GIBBONS, James Albert, Tpr., Guelph, Ont.
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 GOODWIN, James Alexander, Tpr., Hamilton, Ont.

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 GORMAN, William Gilbert, Tpr., Toronto 8, Ont.
 GRAHAM, Clarence Thomas, Tpr., Treherne, Man.
 GRAHAM, William Howard, Tpr., Marsden, Sask.
 GRANT, Gerrold Volkes, Gdsmn., Colborne, Ont.
 GREEN, Ernest, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 GREEN, James Gordon, Tpr., St. Catharines, Ont.
 HALASZ, George, Tpr., Toronto, Ont.
 HALL, Hubert Arthur, Tpr., Clanwilliam, Man.
 HAMBLING, James, L/Cpl., Luseland, Sask.
 HANNA, John Allen, Tpr., Ville La Salle, Que.
 HANNESON, Tomas Ingimar, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 HARROP, Donald, Tpr., Vernon, B.C.
 HARPER, William Frederick, Cpl., Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
 HARVEY, Eugene Frank, Tpr., Tomifobia, Que.
 HAYTON, Clifford Thomas, Cpl., North Vancouver, B.C.
 HERINGER, Paul, L/Cpl., Calgary, Alta.
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 HICKS, Norman, Tpr., Welland, Ont.
 HIEBERT, Cornelius, Tpr., Winkler, Man.
 HIGGINS, Wallace Leitch, Tpr., Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 HODDER, John William, Tpr., Dutton, Ont.
 HOGBERG, Sidney Percival, Tpr., Frontier, Sask.
 HOLMBERG, Leonard Emanuel, Tpr., Transcona, Man.
 HOLMES, John Thomas, Tpr., Huntingdon, Que.
 HOTCHKISS, William Chester, Gdsmn., Webb Sask.
 ILTCHUK, Luke, Tpr., Agincourt, Ont.
 INGLIS, James Ross, Gnr., Roblin, Man.
 INGLIS, William Elvicton, Tpr., Toronto 3, Ont.
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 INSLEY, Morris Arthur, Gdsmn., Fort William, Ont.
 JACOBSEN, Stanley Ernest, Cpl.,ubuque, Iowa, U.S.A.
 JALOWICA, Andrew, Tpr., Duck River, Man.
 JANES, Raymond Percival, Tpr., Nanaimo, B.C.
 JEROME, Maxwell Joseph, Tpr., St. Louis, Sask.
 JOHNSON, Harry Gilbert, Sgt., Brockville, Ont.
 JOHNSON, Floyd Francis, Tpr., Williams Lake, B.C.
 JOHNSON, Ray Arnold, Tpr., Sylvan Lake, Alta.
 JONES (MM), Arthur Balfour, Sgt., Griswold, Man.
 JONES, Harold, Sgt., Winnipeg, Man.
 JONES, Walter Robert, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
 KALMANOVITCH, George, Cpl., Montreal 18, Que.
 KANGAS, John Pinard, Tpr., Sylvan Lake, Alta.
 KASPER, Henry, Tpr., Truax, Sask.
 KEHL, David Christopher, L/Cpl., Fort Frances, Ont.
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 KIMBERS, Robert James, L/Cpl., Port Arthur, Ont.
 LAKES, John Rutherford, Tpr., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
 LaPALM, John Ernest, L/Cpl., Detroit 21, Michigan, U.S.A.
 LAMBERT, Victor Frederick, Tpr., Woodstock, N.B.
 LAMY, Germain Isaie, Cpl., Montreal 34, Que.
 LARIVIERE, Joseph Francis, Tpr., Rouyn, Que.
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 LAWS, Edwin Oliver, Tpr., Medicine Hat, Alta.
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 LEDOUX, Leonard Lovel, Tpr., McCreary, Man.
 LEE, Luke Gordon, Cpl., Hamilton, Ont.
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 LUCAS, Patrick, Tpr., Toronto 9, Ont.
 LANGILL, Albert Fraser, Cpl., Amherst, N.S.
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 MacPHERSON, Eldon Keith, Cpl., Kirkland Lake, Ont.
 MAGEE, Jantes Gordon, Gdsmn., Prescott, Ont.
 MALAZDROWICZ, Edward, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
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 McKIBBON, Henry, Tpr., Redbank, N.B.
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 McLAREN, Thomas, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
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 NICHOLS, Eric Price, Tpr., London N. 12, England.
 NICHOLSON (MM), Herbert, Tpr., Charleswood, Man.
 NOBLE, William Edgar, Tpr., Toronto 2, Ont.
 NORDIN, Nels William, L/Cpl., Broadview, Sask.
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 OGREN, Raymond Clarence, Tpr., Dubuc, Sask.
 OLIMB, Walter Helmer, Tpr., Sprague, Man.
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 OZANO, Lawrence Joseph Robert, Tpr., Edmonton, Alta.
 PACKWOOD, Gordon John, Tpr., Hamilton, Ont.
 PAIGE, Harold Cecil, Tpr., Montreal 2, Que.
 PAISLEY, James Ward, Tpr., Petrolia, Ont.
 PARKHILL, Harold Leslie, Tpr., Toronto 9, Ont.
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 PERKINS, Albion Allison, Tpr., Calgary, Alta.
 PETHERICK, Leland William, Tpr., Campbellford, Ont.
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 PIRIE, John Mervyn, L/Cpl., Regina, Sask.
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 PRICE, Leonard Frederick, Tpr., Sherbrooke, Que.
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 ROBINSON, Thomas, L/Sgt., Dixville, Que.
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 ROSS, Edward Gaythorpe, Tpr., Vernon, B.C.
 RYMARCHUK, Jos. Stanley, Gdsmn., Portage La Prairie, Man.
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 SAUER, Lawrence Joseph, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
 SAYERS, Edgar Ralph, Tpr., Canopus, Sask.
 SCHARER, John Valentine, Tpr., Calder, Sask.
 SCHNARE, Owen Frederick, Cpl., Chester, N.S.
 SCOTT, Aldred Herbert, Tpr., Kapuskasing, Ont.
 SCRIVER, Llewellyn Clifford, Tpr., Toronto 14, Ont.

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 16)

lance, to find she was dead on arrival. Such is life and death.

After an hour or so I was taken to the operating room in a marquee. Sister Burkholder from Ottawa was in charge. I have forgotten the surgeon's name now. I was given anaesthetic and the pieces of shrapnel and rock removed from my arm and face. The piece near my eye apparently was not as serious as at first thought.

I came to in a marquee ward of all ranks crowded together. Every available space was being used and the staff was worked almost off its feet. The sisters were wonderful. Tired as dogs they never lost their cheerfulness, and through their efforts the spirits of the lads lying there were very high, even though some of them were in damnable shape. One young kid, a Lieut. of the Carlton Yorks, had both legs off up near the hips. It was impossible for him to sit up without support, yet he joked when he fell over. A sergeant of the Princess Pats had a horrible gash in his shoulder, exposing the lung, that had to be drained hourly. White as a sheet, the perspiration streaming down his face from pain, he would pull the legs of the doctors and sisters.

In spite of the terrific strain under which the sisters worked they were always sympathetic and on several occasions they wrote letters for the lads which was another chore in an already too full day.

A dirty little rat of a Nazi prisoner was the nigger in the woodpile. Not seriously wounded, he whined and moaned as though he was in the last stages. He spoke English and constantly complained until I told him I would take a great delight in beating his brains out. What lousy swine they are!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE PASSING SHOW

(Continued from page 31)

were named as the two outstanding contenders. Genaro was declared champ, and then Rocco drew with him, and was alleged to have an equal share of the title. A week later Frankie met Steve in a return bout and the American left no doubt about his superiority, pinning back Rocco's ears without much trouble. Steve is now 39, weighs around 145 pounds and is encouraging the young lads around Toronto St. Agnes AC to don the gloves and seek fame and fortune. Like most fighters, Rocco failed to hang on to the greater part of the greenbacks for which he had toiled in the ring. HANK MOCOM, who played a bang-up game at the initial sack for both A-9 and No. 2 CACTR, is now stationed out on the West Coast. NIP SPOONER, another ex-A9, No. 2 star at hockey and softball, and now located at the Aurora ECOC Depot, is slated to play shortstop for both Newmarket Camp and for one of the teams in the Wanless Park senior series in Toronto on a lend-lease basis. Since last issue the decision has been not to include NEWMARKET CAMP SOFTBALLERS in the Camp Borden senior softball series, so that the boys from No. 23 will be confined to exhibition games and competition in MD 2. The Redmen have a nifty team lined up, too. Among those present from last year's CAC championship nine are pitchers Jack Moon and Joint McComb, infielders Bernie Gantner and John Callanan, and outfielders Hugo Kuigelmas, Tommy Jamieson and Harvie Avison. New additions include Roy Murden, a standout receiver from the Beaches league, and Billy "The Kid" Taylor, who plays mushball almost as well as he does hockey.

CREW TRAINING AT MEAFORD

(Continued from page 23)

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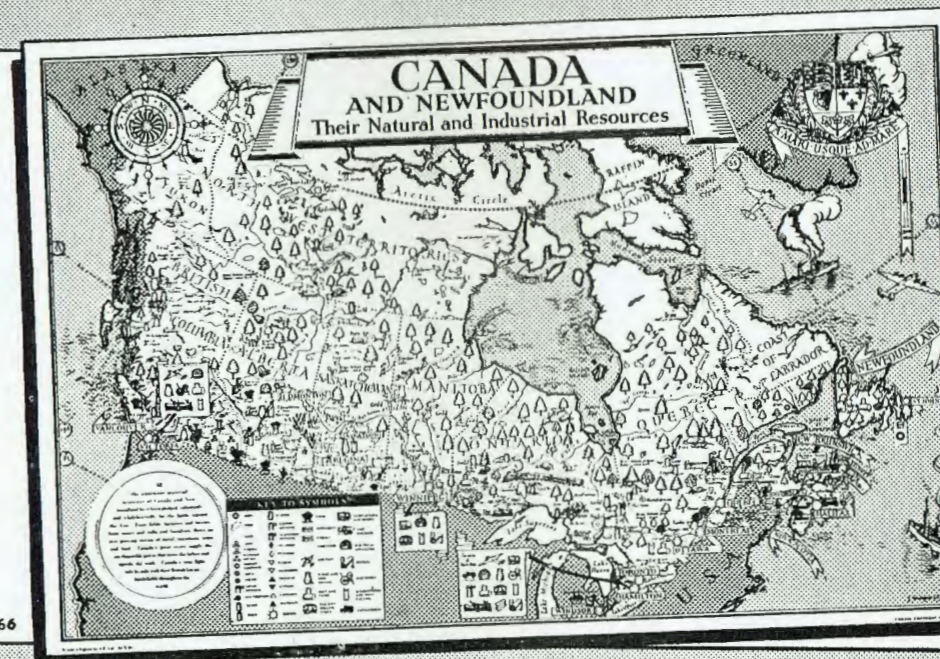
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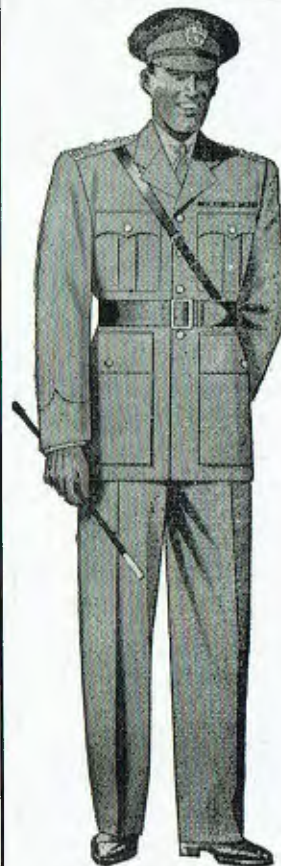
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