

The **TANK** CANADA

JUNE 1945



**MAJOR-GENERAL B. M. HOFFMEISTER, C.B.E., D.S.O.
G.O.C. 6th Cdn. Div.**



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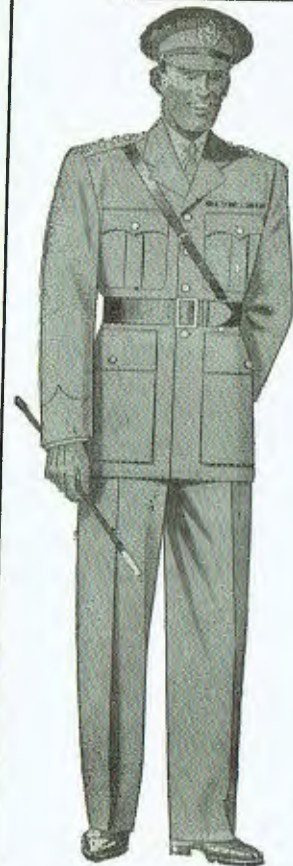
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THE TANK CANADA

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CANADIAN ARMOURD CORPS

CAMP BORDEN, ONTARIO, JUNE, 1945

Vol. 5



No. 6

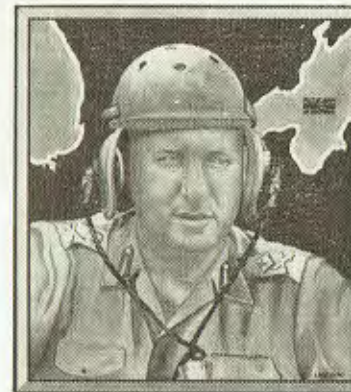
THIS PUBLICATION IS ISSUED UNDER THE
AUTHORITY OF COL. C. E. BAILEY, D.S.O., M.C.,
OFFICER COMMANDING,
CAN. ARM. CORPS TRG. EST.

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

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ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
THE TANK-CANADA, HQ, A-33 CACTE, CAMP
BORDEN, CANADA.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR - TEN CENTS PER COPY



Our Cover

Man of the month and destined to play an important role in the wind-up of World War 2 is the new GOC of the 6th Div, Major-General "Bert" Hoffmeister. Bill LeBaron's sketch a la Time magazine was taken from an action shot of General Hoffmeister in France. For story see P. 3.

This Month

LT. BILL LeBARON came back off furlough in Montreal with a steady hand, and dashed off the Oscar award of the month, with one of his better jobs. Our only regret is that Managing Editor, Lt. Bill "Hawk-Eye" Telfer, the keeper of the wampum couldn't o.k. a colour job On page 4, we give you VOX MILITUM, and after all the work we did on it, you can have it. It's not highbrow stuff, despite the name. Check your score as you read the story, and you'll find out if you're one of the boys. After all 300 Tankers can't be wrong HILL 195 is a jim-dandy job of writing by MAJOR GORDON HARKER, one of the newer additions to Corps HQ. Major Harker writes easily and well, with no waste of words, and plenty of punch That "All good things must come to end" is a truism, we unfortunately realize with the conclusion this issue of Col. P. G. Griffin's story "ITALIAN INTERLUDE." There has been wide comment on the series, and we hope to see it in book form at some future date LT. BOB ROBINSON missed the "goose that laid the golden egg," but laid one right on our desk, complete with sketch in our True Short Story series. It's on P. 16, and while on the subject how about doing one for us chum? We bruise easily but heal rapidly Bet you never even heard of those KANGAROOS, whose amazing story is told on P. 18. It speaks for itself THE TANK would be remiss if we did not express our appreciation for the backing given us by COL. C. E. BAILEY, DSO, MC, in our efforts to give you a better magazine. Having the backing of the headman really counts, and the Corps Commander has proved an efficient and sympathetic pinch hitter on many occasions the past year RECCE gets the honour of the centre page spot this issue, and LT.-COL. F. D. ADAMS, DSO, has penned an authoritative foreword, and with the aid of Major M. L. Newroth we were able to do the rest. Saw the lads in action too, and cameraman Jim Evans was a bit greayer after close-up action shots. They turned out nifty tho' FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD! and to give you the true facts TPR. JACK McLEOD, of the staff, put on his asbestos suit, and just about, took a course in fire-fighting. See P. 25 BUNNY MORGANSON, hepeat, and sports authority, of the Toronto Tely, sent along "From Me to You" and after 17 years of meeting them all he can and does give you some of the inside dope you seldom read about. It's on P. 33 SPORTS are on the upgrade, with summer just coming into its own, hence more pages, and pix, and don't miss those cartoons by LT. BOB FIRTH of A-10. We started chuckling the first time we saw them and haven't stopped yet. Bob is in a class by himself with India ink and pen, and there's more to come SAMUEL PEPYS, the original Walter Winchell, used to end his work with "and so to bed," but with The Tank staff it's just a case of out of the frying pan into another issue. See you in July.

Editorial . . .

THE PEN IS MIGHTY:

From time to time like all publications communiques, signed and otherwise, are received by the Editor of The Tank. Some are given serious consideration because of constructive criticism, or errors pointed out. Others find their way with rapidity to the waste-paper basket. The following letter was received from a senior officer, whom we shall call Major "X" and in our opinion we consider it worth printing.

Camp Borden, Ont.
12 June 45.

The Editor,
The Tank Magazine.

The Battle of Borden

Dear Sir;—

I have recently returned from Overseas. All the way across the Dominion we were accorded a considerable amount of Glamour. Ladies came down to meet the train, gave us cups of tea and apples, told us how brave we were and how glad they were to see us back. All of which was very pleasant, especially as some of them were quite good to look at.

But one cannot help feeling that much of this Glamour is misplaced.

The man who was privileged to get overseas and go into action was very fortunate for he achieved the ambition of almost all the men who volunteered for service in the Army. The man, who for no fault of his own, had to stay for years and years in the snows of Petawawa, the sands of Borden, the desert wastes of Shilo—he was the unlucky one.

But the beautiful ladies hand him cups of tea more reluctantly. Indeed, the General Public is apt critically to eye his unmaple-leaved "SPAM" badge, and to sniff. There are some Borden warriors who develop a defensive attitude and an inferiority complex about this.

The General Public is notoriously ignorant and uncharitable. Any thinking man would realize, and does realize, that the soldier who deliberately schemed and tried to remain in Canada was a very rare bird indeed; that those who were forced to do so were retained against their will; that they were just unlucky, and every bit deserving of all the apples, Glamour and cups of tea that are going.

So if any of your readers have the above mentioned defensive attitude and inferiority complex, they would do well to review the situation in the light of their own conscience.

— MAJOR.

THE TANK GETS AROUND:

Just by way of giving ourselves, and your magazine, a pat on the back, we note with modest pride that certain articles which have appeared in The Tank in recent months have been published either in whole or in part by some of our contemporaries in the service publication field and by certain newspapers. Among those publications are: The Canadian Military Journal, The Armored News (U.S.A.), C.A.T.M., The Barrie Examiner, The Tank (England), The Newmarket Era and Express, The Toronto Globe and Mail.

We are also pleased to learn that copies of this magazine sent overseas are being read by our fighting men in Germany, Holland, and other Occupied Countries. Letters from Europe tell just how much a touch of home and news of Camp Borden and old buddies mean by way of morale. Increasing numbers of officers and men returning from the battle fronts have told us of reading The Tank within range of enemy guns. Copies sent outside of Canada have been either to paid subscribers or free of charge from this magazine.

OUR FIRST SUBSCRIBER:

It was with interest we received a letter the other day from Tucson, Arizona, enclosing a cheque for a year's subscription to The Tank. The letter came from Major J. Winchcombe-Taylor, president of The Vanguard Inc., an Association of American Veterans of the British Empire Forces.

Old timers in the ranks of the Canadian Armoured Corps will remember Major Winchcombe-Taylor as being attached to the CAC General Staff in 1939-40. He was the first person to lay \$1.00 on the line for a subscription to The Tank in October, 1940, just prior to going overseas. He was also one of the regular contributors to the magazine in its early days, and since that date with the exception of a few issues he has been a steady reader from afar.

We also received from him several copies of "Le Communiqué," the official publication of The Vanguard Inc. It is an interesting 8 page, pocket size monthly, with the Union Jack and "Old Glory" intertwined on the cover. Members of the Association are anxious to contact United States citizens who are now serving or have served with the Canadian Armed Forces, and any of our readers interested should write to Box 4824 University Station, Tucson, Arizona, U.S.A.

The preamble to the constitution of The Vanguard Inc. reads as follows: "To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America and the principles of Americanism for the common welfare of the living and in common commemoration of those who died that liberty might not perish from the earth... And to maintain at all times amicable relations and ties of common interest with the sister democracies of the British Commonwealth and Empire." "H"

Major-General Hoffmeister, CBE, DSO Commander-Canada's Pacific Force

The Canadian Armoured Corps and a gallant soldier were signally honoured when Major-General B. M. "Bert" Hoffmeister, CBE, DSO, was chosen by National Defence Headquarters as General Officer Commanding the Canadian Pacific Force, in the Far East, which will include the Canadian 6th Division and supporting arms and services.

The 38-year-old Commander arrived back in Canada early this month and has already conferred with high ranking American officials as to the role the Canadian troops will play in the assault against the Japanese Empire. It has been announced that his headquarters will be at Brockville, Ontario, and that troops for the Pacific will train at Debart, N.S., Barriefield, Ont., and Camp Shilo, Man., prior to joining American forces in the United States.

Hoffmeister's career reads like a success story and is in fact one to encourage the humblest soldier of the Canadian Army. His qualities of leadership, daring, and sagacity endeared him to the troops he commanded in both the Italian and Western Front Campaigns. He will begin his new task with the knowledge that he has the full support not only of the 30,000 officers and troops under his command but of the entire Canadian Armed forces and the Canadian public as well.

Major-General B. M. Hoffmeister was born May 15, 1907, in Vancouver and attended public and high schools there. He received his commission in the Non-Permanent Active Militia in 1927 as a provisional lieutenant with the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

He served with the regiment through the peacetime years, while he was employed first as auditor and later as sales manager for the Canadian White Pine Co., at Vancouver. He was a captain when war broke out in 1939 and was promoted to the rank of major when the Seaforths mobilized for active service, going overseas with them as a company commander.

In 1942, at the age of 35, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and appointed Commanding Officer of the Seaforths. He led the regiment onto the Sicily beaches on July 10, 1943, and was awarded the DSO for his courage and leadership in that campaign. In the battle for Agira, Col. Hoffmeister performed particularly distinguished service, exposing himself to enemy small arms fire on numerous occasions to rally his unit when it met fierce opposition and lead them on to capture the hilltop town.

In October, 1943, shortly after the opening of the Italian campaign, he was appointed Brigadier and was awarded a bar to his DSO for outstanding ser-

vice in the early months of the campaign. He became a Major-General on March 20, 1944, in time to lead the Fifth Armoured Division in its brilliant and successful Liri Valley operation in May of the same year, when the Gustav and Hitler Lines were broken in General Sir Harold Alexander's spring offensive. For his brilliant leadership and superb planning in this campaign, General Hoffmeister was awarded a second bar to the DSO.

In October, 1944, the Vancouver General again received high distinction when he was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. He continued in command of the Fifth Armoured Division throughout the Italian campaign, and led the division into action in Northwestern Europe in March of this year.

Married, and with a young daughter, General Hoffmeister has been back in Canada only once since he first went overseas. That was in March, 1942, when he returned to Canada for a six months' staff course at Kingston, Ontario. He completed the course successfully and returned immediately to rejoin his unit overseas. His wife, Mrs. Amber Vonalda Hoffmeister, resides at 4749 Belmont Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., and his mother, Mrs. Flora Hoffmeister, lives at 2293 King's Avenue West, in the same city.

The Canadian 2nd echelon formation of Canada's 6th Division, which is collecting and collating statistical information regarding personnel of the Pacific force, has moved to new headquarters at Brockville.

The administrative headquarters formation under command of Col. M. S. Dunn, of Cornwall, which recently assembled at the Connaught ranges near Ottawa, moved into huts formerly used by a part of the Brockville officers training centre.

This formation will go into training with other troops under the Pacific Commander, who will proceed to the Far East with them, and will be primarily responsible for recording the arrival in the theatre of war of every officer and soldier in the Pacific forces. It will be through 2nd Echelon that the reinforcement stream for the Pacific will be channelled.

No announcement has been made as to the length of training the 6th Division will go through except "a brief smartening-up period."

Early in September the Canadian force will proceed under General Hoffmeister to Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, U.S.A., for further training, and will thoroughly familiarize themselves with the weapons of war the gallant American forces have used with success in the South Pacific.

"On to Tokio."

Vox Militum

A Staff Special

For years now, Mr. Gallup has been conducting a series of questionnaires on the American Continent in an attempt to find out just what Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Public are thinking about. The more decorous name of these surveys carried out on behalf of newspapers, business institutions, governments, and political parties is the Institute of Public Opinion. A wide section of the general public are contacted by reporters who ask many varied questions from cross-sections of the people, and when the results are compiled, the reports pretty well indicate to a surprisingly accurate degree just what Mr. Average Man is thinking about the questions of the day.

For some months past the Editor of The Tank has toyed with the idea of a survey of what the average soldier was thinking about, and finally with the aid of Tpr. Jack McLeod we set out to question as many Armoured Corps officers and ORs as was physically possible with the time in hand before press deadline. The result is "Vox Militum"—the voice of the soldiers and we think the net results will surprise you in many cases as they did us.

MODUS OPERANDI: First of all we prepared a series of questions, and then set out to run to earth all and sundry we could corner before they gave us the slip. **THREE HUNDRED** persons were interviewed, embracing all units within Corps, and by rank the percentages were as follows: Officers, 15%; Warrant Officers and Senior NCOs, 15%; NCOs, 18%, and troopers, 52%. We think this to be a fairly even distribution in any general survey that might be attempted. **BY AGE** those who answered were in the following groups: Under 20, 16%; 20 years to 25 years, 30%; 25 years to 30 years, 32%; Over 30 years of age, 22%. **BY LENGTH OF SERVICE** the percentages worked out as follows: Less than 6 months, 5%; One Year, 15%; Two Years, 23%; Three Years, 30%; Four Years, 17%; Five Years or more, 10 per cent.

GEOGRAPHICALLY those contacted came from: Ontario, 37%; Quebec, 14%; Saskatchewan, 11%; Manitoba, 10%; British Columbia, 8%; New Brunswick, 7%; Nova Scotia, 5%; Alberta, 4%; Prince Edward Island, 2%; outside Canada (U.S.A. and West Indies), 2%. On the basis of actual enlistments in proportion to population this does not perhaps give a fair picture, but in view of the fact that Camp Borden is situated close to the centre of Canada, it does present the picture as it might be expected to exist, without reference to individual documents.

MARITAL STATUS: 53% were single, 47% were married personnel. Of those listed as married, the

figures showed that 55% had walked to the altar since they donned khaki, proving conclusively that "absence makes the heart grow fonder", and that old Dan Cupid has been working his bow and arrow overtime, as the average Society Page of your favorite daily newspaper can well testify. Those who were single were asked the following question: **IF SINGLE DO YOU PLAN TO MARRY SOON?** The fair sex, jewellers, clergy and florists will doubtless welcome the answer. **YES** said 40 PER CENT of the present bachelors. **NO** said 45 PER CENT, who will definitely be stamped as "old meanies." **UNDECIDED** were 15 PER CENT, and it all boiled down to the simple question in most cases: "Will she say 'yes'." The favorable percentage mark is still in the balance, and with females definitely on their mark, we have no doubt whatsoever that it will be a little blue heaven for most of those who can't make up their minds right now.

OCCUPATIONS: Here are some of the jobs held by those we interviewed in pre-army days, and we've got them all pretty near. Students, lawyers, accountants, farmers, chemist, butchers, bakers, artists, clerks, live stock agent, salesmen, tailor, teachers, merchants, laborers, miners, sailors, lumbermen, aviator, machinist, garage men, truck-drivers, printer, newspapermen, secretary, craftsmen, tool-makers, steel workers, trapper, photographer, railwaymen, fireman, brick-layers, social work, office workers, purchasing agent, advertising manager, pharmacist, engineer. We missed doctor, dentist, candle-makers and Indian chiefs. but the "three men in a tub" rub-a-dub-dub idea has been pretty well covered.

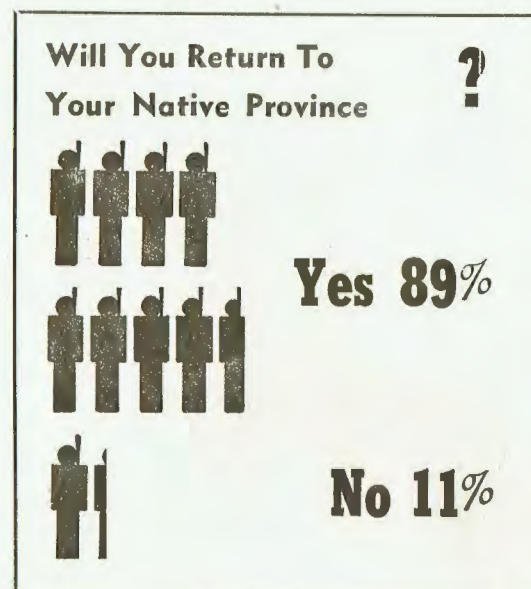
SUMMARY: No record of names was kept, so the answers so far as individuals are concerned, is a dark secret. In most cases we simply passed out the sheets, and the individual filled them in without giving his name. **OUR THANKS** go to Officers who made it possible for us to make our contacts, and to those who were kind enough to bare their innermost thoughts for what we hope will be the benefit of all. But, enough of that guff sez you, let's see what the questions were and let's read (we hope) the answers.

HAVE YOU MADE ANY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE—

For months past as peace with Germany seemed imminent, and as the war seems drawing to a close after over five long weary years, more and more the thoughts of those in the service have been turning to the future. The various Government agencies have been doing their best to deal with the problems ahead, but it is obvious that unless a soldier has some concrete idea of what he intends to do

upon return to civilian life, the plans laid will be all the more difficult to carry out.

It should be a source of satisfaction to the nation that the greater percentage of Canada's soldiers at this time appear to have given the matter some consideration, and have a definite answer. 62% know what they intend to do. 8% haven't made up their minds, and 30% have no plans started. Surprisingly enough in this latter category fall a high percentage of married men, many with families.



Far away fields may seem greener in days of peace, but your average soldier seems sold on the idea that "there's no place like home", and as fast as he can he'll be back on Main Street in civvies. 11 per cent have indicated they will reside elsewhere than their home province after the war.

By provinces those from Saskatchewan seemed most inclined to move, 30 per cent saying they will move elsewhere. The figure for Ontario runs 6 per cent, and the other Provinces run likewise except for Manitoba, British Columbia and P.E.I., whose native sons all say they intend to go back. The United States holds a definite attraction for about 2 per cent of our interviewees, and if they can get the necessary visa papers, it would appear that some of our fighting brethren will become citizens of our great Ally.

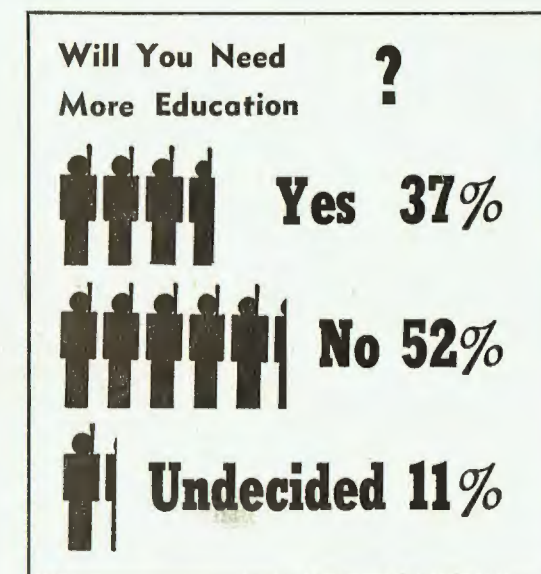
Will You Return to Your Old Job?

Despite the fact that soldiers have been promised their old jobs will await them, 37 per cent say they want to do something else after discharge, 11 per cent say they want to think it over, while 52 per cent will be happy to see the boss and fellow employees again.

What Do Those Not Going Back to Their Old Jobs Plan?

Independence seems to characterize the wishes of most, as witness the fact that no less than 45 per cent of those who will make a change wish to start

in a business of their own. **FARMING** is attractive for 15%, and very few of these have ever had any practical experience but are confident they can make good on anything from 5 to 200 acres. **THE ARMY**, if possible, will be a career for as many as 5 per cent. This may sound rather strange brother, but the figures speak for themselves. Guess we weren't treated so badly after all. **PROFESSIONS** will find 5 per cent going into them if we are accurate, with Engineering leading the field by a wide margin. There will be no scarcity of garage men, for 5 per cent figure they are **A1 MECHANICS**, aside from those who will open their own business. **CIVIL SERVICE JOBS** are the next most popular, with 4 per cent hoping to join Governmental services. **MINING** draws the same figure, as does **OFFICE WORK**. Other new fields mentioned are merchant marine, lumbering and truck-driving.



While few people feel they have all the education they would like, no less than 52 per cent answer No. These do not intend to take advantage of the educational opportunities offered to veterans. 37 per cent definitely answer yes, and the amount and time involved does not enable definite figures to be given. Some desire short courses of several months, some a year or two years more at knowledge college, those going into the professions seem to average from three to five years. Business and Agricultural courses, mechanical, drafting, art work, radio, completing matriculation subjects, are the favorite choices aside from the professions. As might be expected the greater number of those seeking more education are single persons, those with a wife and family feeling that they must make hay while the sun shines in the field of industry and employment, and that the amount payable to married men and their families, for those taking courses, under the present governmental plan is not sufficient to adequately maintain their households.

Ifs, ands, and buts, and "I haven't thought about it yet" come from 11%. Many of them will never be able to make up their mind for themselves, and need counsellor guidance.

HILL 195



By Major Gordon Harker

ON August 9th, 1944, 28 Canadian Armoured Regt (The British Columbia Regiment) was ordered to seize and hold Hill 195 in Normandy. In the performance of this task casualties were heavy.

Most men are agreed that the saddest part of war is the loss of one's friends and for this reason, recapitulation of the events of that day is not pleasant. There seems, however, to have been much speculation, rumour and mis-statement about this particular battle, and so I have decided to submit to the Editor of the Tank Magazine, an account of some of the events of that day.

'Operation Totalize' was an operation on a considerable scale in which at least six allied divisions took part. A Regimental Officer is far from being the best man to give a comprehensive picture of it. If you, who read these lines, hope to find in them a full explanation of the overall plans laid down by the High Command, you will be disappointed. This is just a story of what happened to several Canadian Units during the month of August, without any whys or wherefores, and of a very gallant Colonel who died with his men on that day.

Soon after daybreak on 8 Aug 44, the drive which



A few days after D-Day, just prior to pushing off for France, senior officers of the British Columbia Regiment were the guests in London of Mr. George Marshall, Canadian business man. Left to right: Mr. George Marshall, Major George Sidenius, Lt. Col. Donald Worthington, Major (now Lt. Col.) C. E. Parish, Major (now Col. Henry Carson).

was to chase the Germans out of France began. 2, 3 and 4 Cdn Divs were part of the force which assembled at the Start Line just south of Caen; also the Polish Armoured Division, the 51 Highland Division and 43 British Division. The weather was clear and sunny; the amount of vehicles armour and air support most impressive. Throughout the day we moved ahead slowly but steadily, with 4 Div and B.C. Regt somewhere about the centre of the column.

At Verriers 4 Cdn Armd Bde moved up to the head of the column and the BCR became the leading regiment.

There was now a halt at 1900 for re-fuelling and for orders. Information was that we were to continue the advance at 0230; our role was a "pursuit role," the enemy, we were told, was scattered remnants of a fleeing German Div, all inferior troops. The Cdn Grenadier Guards were to take Brettville-sur-Rabat; we were to occupy Hill 195, some 2½ miles South West of Brettville. All the Div. Arty was on call, also a Regt of Mediums. 2 companies of the Algonquin Regt were to accompany the BCR.

Next morning at daybreak we moved on down to Brettville. On the way we found ourselves ahead of the Cdn Grenadier Guards so halted to let them by, then moved off east of the main road and gave fire support as they went in. In this phase of the operation we encountered only small arms opposition from the woods, just outside Brettville.

Then we moved on to Hill 195, with C Sqn still in the lead. We moved quickly, having a very mistaken idea of the amount of enemy strength assembled in this area. Subsequently I learned that most of the 2nd and 12th SS Panzer Divs were there.

When we reached the Hill, we found some enemy troops and vehicles there, took some prisoners, and discovered from casual interrogation that the enemy was surprised to see us, having only just moved up to this Hill himself. However, his hasty departure fitted in with our "pursuit role." But the prisoners were SS troops.

C Sqn set up an OP as soon as it arrived, and the presence of Tiger Tanks was immediately reported. Our first intimation that anything was really wrong was from a Troop Leader who came over from B Sqn on our left to report to the Col-

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA REGIMENT (28 C.A.R.)



A group picture of the Officers of the British Columbia Regiment (28th C.A.R.) was photographed in England in mid-summer of 1943, and the saga of the Regiment may be judged from the fortunes of war that befell them. Front Row (left to right): Capt. A. Lungiey (wounded), Major E. F. Barlow (invalided home, now at M.D. 13), Major C. Lewis (No. 3 Cacrú), Major D. Verchere (Hq. Cru.), Capt. G. E. Harker (wounded, now Major and G2, A-33), Col. C. E. Bailey, D.S.O., M.C. (Commander A-33), Lt. Col. D. G. Worthington (killed in action), Major T. S. Baron (killed in action), Major J. N. B. Pattullo (UNRRA), Major J. W. Toogood (2/i/c 28 C.A.R.), Capt. J. D. Christie (No. 3 Cacrú), Capt. J. I. Hope (wounded, now in civilian life). Second Row: Lt. F. McLaughlin (Liaison officer overseas), Capt. J. E. Dibb (Staff learner), Lt. J. Stock (wounded), Capt. A. Johnson (Staff appointment), Major W. Marlow (O.C. Hq. Sqn. 28 C.A.R.), Capt. L. Akehurst (L.A.D. officer), Major J. Worthington (killed), H/Capt. Boyd (Padre),

Capt. F. A. Phillips (wounded twice, hospital overseas), Capt. J. A. Renwick (prisoner of war, now in England), Lt. D. McEachern (wounded), Lt. L. D. Stevens (killed in action), Major I. M. Grant, D.S.O. Third Row: Lt. C. J. Chandler (prisoner of war), Capt. H. Armstrong, Lt. F. Hooton, Lt. J. Scudamore (killed in action), Capt. R. Perrand (Paymaster), Lt. G. Kellett (invalided home and returned to civilian life), Lt. C. Allen (killed in action), Lt. E. Homer-Dixon (wounded twice), Capt. H. N. Curtis (injured in training, now at A-33), Lt. J. Stevens. Back Row: Lt. T. Wagstaff (wounded, transferred to C.I.C.), Capt. F. Owen (wounded), Lt. B. Wilson (killed in action), Capt. A. E. Biddlecombe, M.C. (wounded), Capt. W. Walker (HQ Sqn. 4 C.A.B.), Lt. A. Tongs (killed in action), Capt. McDiarmid, Croix de Guerre; Capt. F. Smith (Quartermaster). Unless otherwise designated the surviving Officers are still serving with the Unit overseas.

onel. We learned from him that B Sqn had been attacked by Tiger Tanks and 88 mm guns.

About this time enemy sniping began and continued without intermission. Our Orders were to hold our ground, so we took up positions around the perimeter of a field and awaited future orders.

It is not my purpose in this article, or indeed at any time to try to affix blame for what happened now. The German troops in the Falaise pocket were first-rate fighting men and fanatics. It was inevitable that whoever had the task of dislodging them would suffer heavy casualties. I certainly never heard a word of reproach for anyone from those who took part in that action. It was just "one of those things." To cut short a long and painful story, A & B Sqn on the right and left flanks respectively were attacked by Tiger and Panther Tanks and by 88mm guns as they moved up into position. C Sqn at the apex of the triangle was surrounded and shot up tank by tank.

My own tank was hit around midday. Though I became a casualty and was placed in one of the half-tracks which we were using as ambulances I could still observe what was going on. The ambulance could not be evacuated because of the battle. As it stayed at RHQ I had every opportunity to remain "in the picture" though my impressions may

be coloured by the fact that I was given a great deal of morphine.

The decimation of C Sqn and RHQ Tanks began. At first there was some talk of evacuating, but Colonel Worthington soon dispelled any doubts that may have existed. The regiment would not under any circumstances evacuate its position. As the tanks brewed up, survivors of the crews were formed into small parties who fought on the ground as infantry.

We had no artillery support at all, both the FOO's being out of touch with the Artillery Regiments supporting us. The Cdn Grenadier Guards had their hands too full at Brettville Sur-Rabat to be able to help us.

Colonel Worthington seemed to be everywhere at once. He was cool, confident, decisive. Nor did he harbour any illusions about the seriousness of the situation. At one time, during the afternoon, the driver of the ambulance, perhaps in a mistaken effort to cheer up the wounded, told us that the tide had turned, that allied aeroplanes (which were certainly in evidence) were blasting the enemy tanks, that the Germans were pulling out at every point. Next time the Colonel visited us, I greeted him quite exuberantly. He said, "That's not quite right, they've got 88's at every corner of the field. I've

got about 40 men left. We'll drive your ambulance over to the German lines if you like." We didn't accept his offer. Then he went about his business with the same cheerful confidence.

He was a good soldier. Higher praise than that he neither awarded nor would have wanted for himself.

At about 1630 the enemy put in two infantry attacks in considerable strength. We still had one or two guns in action and I am told that they suffered heavy casualties. But they succeeded inevitably in sweeping over our ground. Incidentally the ambulance despite its Red Cross Flag was one of the first vehicles to be attacked and with the exception of myself, all the occupants were killed.

MAJOR D. N. CAMERON RETURNS TO CIVILIAN LIFE

Major D. N. Cameron, who has served as Quartermaster of A-33, CACTE, since its formation, was posted to the Reserve of Officers this month and left with his wife and three children to take up residence in his home city of Halifax, where he will resume his work in Accountancy.

Born in Parrsboro, N.S., in 1904, Major Cameron served as an officer in the NPAM with the Halifax Rifles from 1934 to 1939. He mobilized with his unit in 1939 and served with them as a Squadron Commander until May 1943. Was overseas from May to November in 1942.

Major Cameron is an ardent candid camera and motion picture enthusiast, and his many fine reels were generously shown throughout the various Messes in Corps. He was a keen sportsman and served as chairman of the CAC athletic fund committee.

DUKE OF YORK'S HUSSARS TO POLICE GERMANY

Sole Canadian Armoured Corps Regiment to be announced among the Canadian units to police Germany is the 7th Recce Regiment (17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, of Montreal, Que. Other Canadian units named for this important role are: Royal Winnipeg Rifles; Regina Rifle Regiment; Canadian Scottish Regiment of Victoria; Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Toronto; Le Regiment de la Chaudiere, Lake Megantic and Eastern Townships, Que.; North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment, Newcastle, N.B.; Highland Light Infantry of Canada, Galt and Kitchener; Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders, Cornwall and Peterboro; and the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, Amherst and Truro, N.S.

Also fully represented will be artillery, engineer, ordnance and other ancillary units which functioned with the division.

I saw no more of the Regiment. All our tanks were gone by now, and all around, the bush was on fire. As darkness fell, I was surprised to hear the sound of Sherman tanks approaching. It must have been the Poles trying to assist us, though I have never been able to confirm this. But a Panther tank placed in a hedgerow not more than 20 yards away took a heavy toll of them and soon they withdrew.

Three weeks later men were still straggling back to the Regiment.

It is impossible to pay adequate tribute to the dogged determination with which Colonel Worthington held his position or to his personal gallantry. I think, too, that under his inspiring leadership, the rest of the Officers and men maintained the British Columbia Regiment's tradition.

A HISTORIC CEREMONY



An event of historical importance to Canadians took place at Mansion House, London, England, when Sir Jervis Burrard Neil (Bart), a Freeman of the City of Vancouver, presented to the City of Vancouver a telescope given by Lord Horatio Nelson, commander of the Fleet, on the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar, to Sir Jervis Burrard, one of the great Admiral's Commanders.

Burrard Inlet, upon which Vancouver is situated, was named after Admiral Sir Jervis Burrard, and the telescope is now one of the prize pieces of the City of Vancouver. Sir Samuel Joseph, Lord Mayor of London, received the "spy-glass" on behalf of the Canadian City, along with Lord Bennett of Calgary, both Freemen of the City of Vancouver.

Present for the ceremony were high ranking officers of the Army, Navy and RCAF, most of whom were native sons of Vancouver. Included in the group shown above is Col. C. E. Bailey, DSO, MC, who at that time commanded the British Columbia Regiment (DCOR). The event was arranged by Mr. W. McAdam, Agent-General for the Province of British Columbia.

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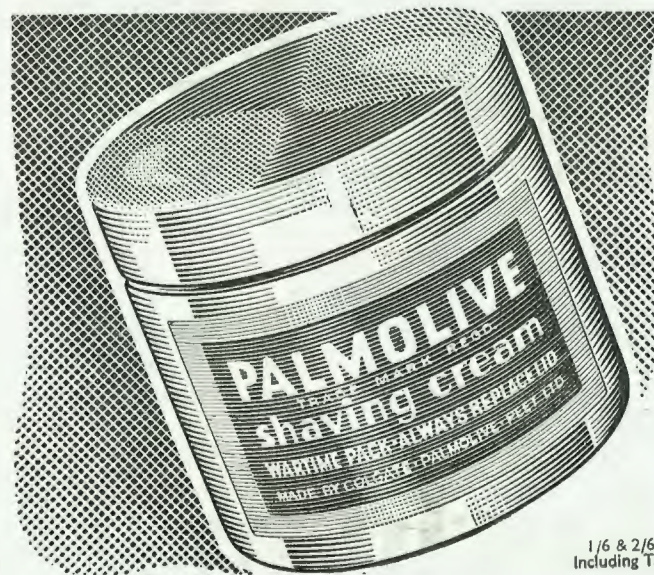
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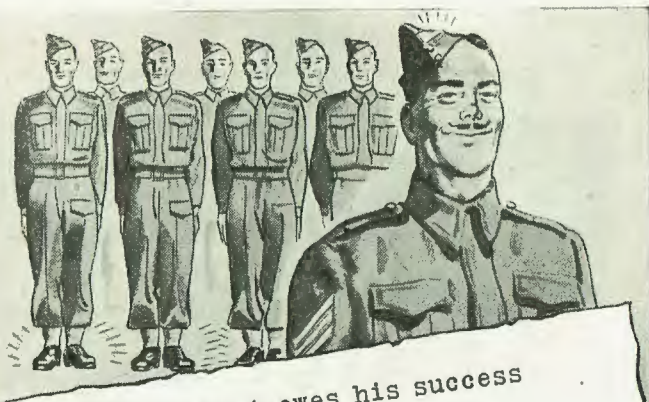
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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

by Colonel P. G. Griffin, DSO

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

AFTER I left the Reg't for 5 CCS Major Bill Milroy took Command and did an excellent job. They supported the 2 Cdn Inf Bde in its advance to Frosinone. This brigade, formerly commanded by Major General B. M. Hoffmeister, CBE, DSO, now named as Commander the 6th Canadian Division for service in the Far East, and until recently Commander the 5th Canadian Armoured Division, composed of the Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the Seaforth Highlanders from Vancouver, was in our opinion one of the finest fighting brigades in the Canadian Army or any other army.

During the fighting which took place on the Torrice cross roads the actions of Cpl. J. B. Mathews of "B" Squadron were such as to commend him for bravery. In trying to work his tank through the extremely difficult country he saw his troop sergeant's tank go out of action through losing a track, his troop leader's tank go up in flames from a German .88mm, yet undaunted he pushed on and engaged the group of enemy tanks. Expending his ammunition he ordered his crew to replenish from a tank that was out of action nearby. While they were doing so he organized and supervised the evacuation of wounded under fire, then took his tank back into action and again engaged the enemy tanks. He was credited with knocking out two enemy Panther PZ.KW.V's and an assist in demolishing an .88 SP gun.

I understand he got the DCM and promotion to Sgt since I left the Regiment.

One of the troop leaders of "B" Squadron had a hair raising episode. Tucking his tank away in some bush he and his bow gunner with tommy guns moved out to make a personal recce. From a shack on the side of the road they spotted a German tank approaching round a bend about 500 yards away. Slipping back to his tank the troop leader engaged with AP and bounced 14 or 15 rounds off the front of the Panther at varying ranges from 500 yards to 50. As each shot ricocheted off apparently without damages, he turned greyer and greyer until finally in desperation he ordered his gunner to switch to

HE and one of those extraordinary freaks happened. As it hit, the enemy tank burst into flames, and as the crew bailed out the bow gunner killed them from across the road with his tommy gun; his troop leader by this time had given up the ghost.

During this hectic period I saw the MO of the Cape Breton Highlanders, Major _____ (for the life of me I can't think of his name at this moment). Working right forward with the tanks, his orderly and he, although both were wounded, on one occasion dragged a lad in behind a rock yards from where he fell and gave him a plasma transfusion which I'm sure saved his life.

I had the pleasure of drawing this particular act of courage to the attention of his CO and I saw where he had later been decorated. I hope I contributed in some small way to this as he richly deserved it.

Throughout the night squadrons stood on the ground gained, on the alert, in the counter attack role and the following day withdrew to the neighbourhood of Pofi after burying their dead. Lieut. Jim Black with his crew around him were laid to rest in front of a battle ruined chapel on the bank overlooking Highway 6, along which thousands of vehicles and troops moved day after day to and from Rome. A large cross threw its shadow across their graves throughout most of the day and silence settled on the land as the roar of battle pushed on. It is hard to visualize that spot as it must be today and realize that only a year has passed since then.

I managed to get back to the Regiment as it settled down to dig itself out. I was sporting some picturesque bandages but as the weather was getting really warm I managed shortly to dispense with them. It was an odd period of ten days or so during which we were visited by Intelligence Staffs of various Grades, British and Canadian, who went into the battles very thoroughly, questioning squadron and troop leaders on the behaviour of equipment; lessons learned, etc. A broadcasting group from PRO made records for rebroadcasting in Canada of personal experiences of lads in battle and we were visited by the first of the Canadian shows that we had seen with real girls, and mighty good it was,

TANK

both seeing the show and talking English with clean wholesome women after months of filthy Itis.

The Brigade held a memorial service and Brig. Smith read out the long list of dead, unfortunately mostly "Strathconas," 'cause as luck would have it we had had the toughest of the fighting.

The following day the Corps Commander, Lt.-General Burns, and our Div Commander, Major-General Hoffmeister, visited the Regiment and pat-tered us on the back for the good work they said we did, this along with the nice things which Brigadier Smith said in a letter of farewell to us on leaving to become Brig General Staff, Canadian Corps, and a copy of a telegram from the GOC, 8th Army, passed on by Div made all ranks feel that the tough ordeal through which they had passed was worth while.

It is always interesting to watch a unit dig itself out after a spell of tough action. For 24 hours they do nothing but sleep, during the second day individuals come to life, the more responsible ones, and start cleaning up, on the third day officers and NCO's are beginning to put the pressure on and on the fourth day are inspections of tanks and equipment, compiling of records, interrogation of reinforcement, preparation of citations for those who have done outstanding work and questioning as to lessons learned to be passed on to Commands at

home for the benefit of those who as yet haven't seen action.

The question of citations for gallantry is always one that will be open for discussion as to the fairness of award. On the arrival of the 5th Canadian Armoured Division in Italy General Simonds who took over command of it, laid down a strict ruling that acts of individual gallantry would not be recognized unless they affected the battle as a whole, as for instance the splendid stand made by Major, now Lt.-Col., Currie of the South Albertas who fought against heavy odds, thus gaining time for other units, or that the deed performed inspired the whole force to greater effort by its magnificence, such as the fearless action of Smokey Smith of the Seaforths.

Decorations are of two classes (a) those for action in the face of the enemy, i.e. VC, DSO, MC for Officers, and the VC, DCM, MM for other ranks. (b) For gallantry when not actually engaged with the enemy but having connection therewith, as for instance firemen during the blitz of London, engineers engaged on demolition, bomb disposal, etc. Two new decorations were struck in the early days of this war, the George Cross which ranks next to the VC, and the George Medal, both usually awarded for (b).

For devotion to duty pertaining to the carrying on of the war such as in basic units, on lines of Communication, etc, there are the CBE, OBE and MBE for Officers and for other ranks the BEM. There is no more unfortunate thing, and it occurs much too often, than for an officer or other rank on static work, no matter how great his devotion to duty may have been, to be awarded a decoration which should be kept exclusively for the fighting man who is gambling his life daily in close contact with the enemy; as for instance the case of an officer holding an AQ appointment in this war being awarded the DSO and the case of a sergeant baker of the RASC in the last war who was awarded the DCM for the greatest output of loaves from his ovens over a certain period.

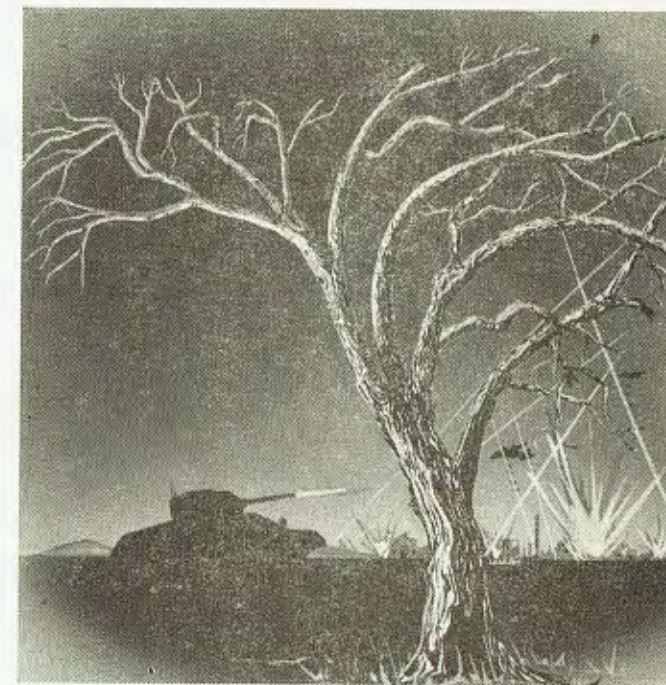
Nothing cheapens decorations more or kills morale quicker than such happenings. It has always been my opinion that a Division should have a decorations committee before which all recommendations should be placed, giving the cold facts, and they should prepare the citations, if the case warrants it, for Higher Authority. Too often a unit which has a flowery writer gets decorations when its sister unit, doing far more fighting, is getting practically none. Having fought in both wars I know the heart burnings, jealousies and discontent caused through this question of decorations.

The Americans have appreciated it to some extent. While I think they have overdone the matter of medals and awards to a great degree, in the instance of their Silver Cross, which they consider a good award for action, rather than cheapen it they produced the Bronze Cross for devotion to duty when not in contact with the enemy.

Their citation of a unit or formation for good work is also first class.

By the second week of June the whole of the 1st Canadian Corps had been withdrawn to rest. We moved away back beyond Cassino almost to the area where we were before the start of the offensive. It was odd to move back over peaceful terrain for which a month before we had been battling fiercely. By now it was intensely hot and "The Powers that be" brought in an extremely popular ruling—Reveille 0430 Hours breakfast 0500 first parade 0600 men's dinner and lunch 1215 hours, siesta, swimming or what you liked until 1730 hours when the evening meal was served, after which we had an hour or two parade or compulsory games before the movies began. Three innovations as it were, were put into effect which found high favour with the troops—one was a squadron swimming camp on the sea coast near Madrone where General Mark Clark's HQ had been before the offensive. Squadrons visited it in turn for a week at a time and did little except relax in the sun and bathe.

The second was a revival of "The Recruits Initiation" or novice boxing, a scheme I organized as a young officer of the Regiment in 1922. I was very keen on boxing then and got the CO's permission to stage shows every year in which everyone who had joined the Regiment during the past year, officer or man, had to fight 3 two-minute rounds whether



or not he was a boxer. Throughout the years from then until now every Strathcona has fought his three rounds win or lose. It did no one any harm, produced a lot of good sports and several first class boxers.

In a vineyard of fig trees between which the grape vines hung, we set up the ring and as the last time we had staged a show of this nature was in Aldershot, England, in 1942, we had a long list of contestants from Majors down. Night after night the ritual of blood and guts went on until even the most bloodthirsty was satiated.

The third and most instructive of the three innovations was a week's leave in Rome, which had fallen a few days after the Corps had been pulled out. For diplomatic reasons the Americans entered it but by now it was open to all troops and the Combined Canadian Auxiliary Services had opened a first class Canadian Club for other ranks. They were housed in Camps just outside and driven into the city daily.

Officers, at least Canadian Officers, were not nearly so well fixed. The Yanks became most unpopular with both British and ourselves for their selfishness in grabbing every place that was really good, and they did this in most places which they entered first.

Travel books have described Rome in detail and it is not my intention to attempt it here. I will only describe or at least give my impressions of one or two places of interest or of things that happened. In my opinion there is no city in Europe, Asia or North America that can quite compare with Rome. After the filth of the other parts of Italy we had visited the cleanliness of its streets was startling by comparison. The Italian women we had known heretofore even in Naples, with few exceptions, were short, thickset, worn out long before their time through work and child bearing, and generally dirty.

In Appreciation

Main HQ 5 Cdn Armd Div
5 Jun 44

Message of Congratulation from
Comd Eighth Army

1 The following message has been received from Lt-Gen Sir Oliver Leese, Bt KCB CBE DSO, Comd Eighth Army, and is passed for the infm of all tps under comd:
"GOC 5 Cdn Armd Div

I feel I would like to write you this short letter, conveying my thanks and congratulations to you and your Division on the successful outcome of your first fight as a Division.

To you was given the arduous task to exploit the break of the 1st Canadian Division through the ADOLF HITLER LINE and continue the pursuit. Owing to physical difficulties, it was particularly difficult for you to pass your Division quickly through the bottle-neck of the breach in the HITLER LINE. That you accomplished this is to the credit of you all.

You then advanced with great dash to the MELFA LINE, where brilliant actions were fought; in particular by the Lord-Strathcona's Horse and the Westminster Regt. After that you had considerable fighting with your infantry brigade, culminating in the passage by swimming and boating, under fire, by the Irish Regiment of Canada and the Perth Regiment at Ceperano.

I congratulate you particularly on the work of your infantry, tanks and sappers. I am very proud to have the 5th Canadian Armoured Division in the Eighth Army; and I have learned in this battle how greatly I can rely on you in the future.

I would be glad if you would convey my grateful thanks and best wishes for the future to all ranks in your Division.

(Sgd) (Oliver Leese) Lt-Gen
Comd Eighth Army

HQ 5 Cdn Armd Bde
1 Jun 44

Commanding Officer
Lord Strathcona's Horse (RC)
Dear Patrick,

On 28 Mar. 44, in commemoration of MOREUIL WOOD DAY, I sent you and your Regiment the following message:

"Remember the spirit of MOREUIL WOOD and the valorous deeds of former Strathconas; give every bit of yourselves to hard work and hard training so that you may continue the true and gallant spirit of Strathconas, and that you may make history in the coming battle."

"And that you may make history in the coming battle." This Lord Strathcona's Regiment has done and done magnificently in the action of the Melfa. The Battle of the Melfa is one which I am sure will be long remembered in the history of the Canadian effort in this war. By the gallant action of the Regiment it was possible to seize and gain our bridgehead over the Melfa, and the capture of this bridgehead, coming so rapidly after the break-through of the Adolf Hitler Line, was what really broke the German resistance and turned his defence to rout.

The battle has cost us the lives of some very fine and gallant officers and men. I join with the Regiment in deepest sympathy for these, our fallen comrades. Their undying valour will long live in our memories. Our wounded and our fit will still carry on until the day of final victory, making history as they go.

I am proud of you and of your Regiment, as is all the Division, for your outstanding work. My only regret is that I cannot be with you in the next battle.

Would you please pass on to all ranks of the Regiment, on behalf of myself and the Brigade, my heartiest congratulations on a first-class job of work. Long will live the reputation of the Strathcona's action in the crossing of the Melfa.

Sincerely,
(Sgnd) Desmond Smith

In Rome they were tall, slim, exceedingly well laundered, smartly turned out and six out of ten attractive.

The Canadian soldier, seldom at a loss for words, stood speechless in admiration and watched them pass, occasionally uttering a Whew-ee of a whistle when one more strikingly beautiful than the others passed. Naturally he didn't remain spell bound during the whole of his week of leave but brought what little Iti he had learned to bear.

In learning a foreign language the soldier normally progresses in three stages (a) that to do with eating; (b) that to do with making love, and (c) that to do with things generally, in that order Canadians in two wars and in any country are no exceptions to that rule.

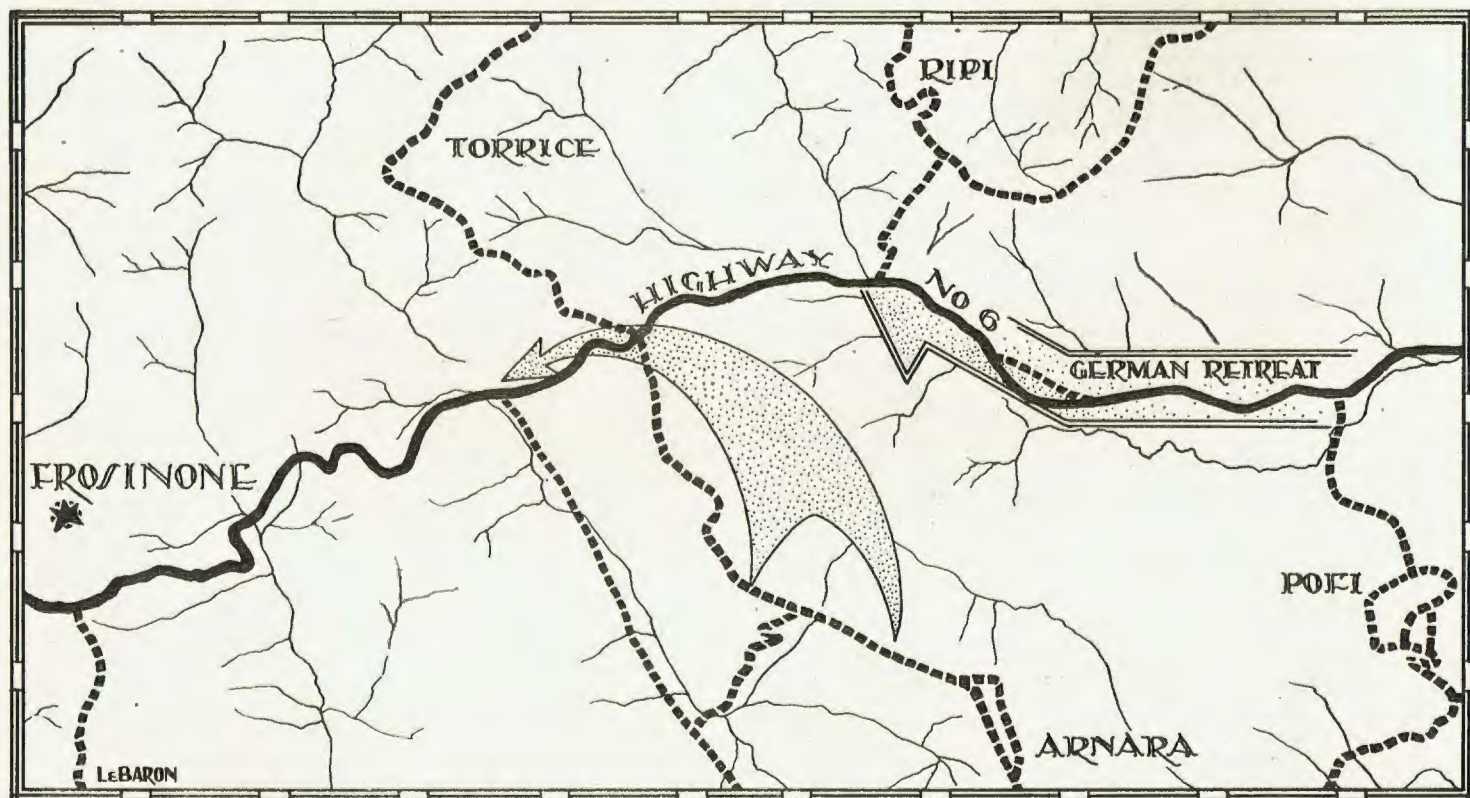
When the Allies arrived in Rome few bicycles were in evidence, but after a week or two they started to appear and when they realized we didn't confiscate them, they soon swarmed everywhere as in most European cities.

The Vatican and St. Peters Cathedral lived up to one's expectations. A little silent boasting on the part of the latter was the marking out in white paint on the floor the area occupied by the great Cathedrals of the world, St. Paul's, Rheims, etc., showing how much smaller they were than St. Peters. His Holiness the Pope received large numbers of the Allied armies both collectively and individually as for instance, the whole of Royal 22 Battalion,

who rather shook him when they called "Three cheers for the Pope." The Vatican resounded as it had never done before. General Burns, 1st Canadian Corps Commander, also had an audience while we were in that area.

Mussolini at the height of his arrogance in 1938-1939 had commenced to build a stadium in which the Olympic games of 1940 were to be held. However, fate staged games of a different nature and the grand opening planned by Mussolini never materialized. I visited this stadium called the Stadium d'Itali and then occupied by the Yanks as a rest centre.

There is only one word with which to describe it and that is "magnificent." The driveway up to the colossal and exquisitely wrought iron entrance gates was paved with black and white tile in design with Fascisti slogans intertwined. The arena, the tracks, tennis courts, etc., were of course as fine as it was possible to produce. The Allied sports were later staged there. The building, however, which in my opinion surpassed anything I had ever seen, was the swimming pool, beautiful lounge, and rest rooms. The pool itself was in pale blue and white tile, around 3 sides were tiers of seats but on the fourth the whole side was enclosed by glass panels which could be pushed up, opening the pool to sun bathing on a tiled piazza. Around the walls, beautifully done in mosaic, were figures of athletes ten times ordinary size: runners, boxers, discus throwers, hurdlers, etc., and most wonderful of all were the diving platforms made of monel metal or stainless steel.



The Bay of Naples

Lt. Bill LeBaron depicts the Bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius, which later broke out in volcanic fury, is pictured in the background, its fiery furnace belching ominous smoke.

They were raised or lowered hydraulically to any height and could disappear completely into the floor.

I visited the Coliseum, where the Gladiators had fought and athletes of ancient Rome had competed, immediately after, and thought strange thoughts. I wondered what the people of Caesar's day would have thought of Mussolini and his jackals of 1944.

In addition to these leaves a limited number of officers and men got permission to visit rest camps back beyond Naples between Salerno, where the Americans made their original landing, and Sorrento. The drive back was an interesting one. Passing through Naples, terribly bombed by us and demolished by the Huns before withdrawing, it was a city of contrasts, smells, filth, gaudy funerals and the Opera. Then we skirted the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which recently had been in eruption, covering the countryside feet deep in ashes.

The magnificent Auto Strasse ran through miles of vineyards and gardens in the suburbs of Naples. The houses, white and attractive, nestling among the trees and hundreds of feet below the splendid Bay of Naples with thousands of ships of all sorts anchored for miles presented an attractive target for German aircraft, but by now they seldom chanced a run so far south and then only by night.

Our way led through the famous city of Pompeii, which of course we visited and gazed in delight at the lascivious painting pointed out so gleefully by the guides. In the days when it was a going concern the "Lord of Fertility" was worshipped as is evidenced by the frequency with which this emblem is depicted over door jambs or on gate post and, judging by the huge modern Iti families, Mussolini's bonus generated a great deal of respect for the same lord of Creation in better days.

We stayed near Amalfi, at the Polumbo Hotel in Ravello high up in the hills. It was run by the British Guards Division and the food was excellent, the wine fair and the cost reasonable. King Emmanuel

was living in retirement in a villa close by and his picturesquely dressed guards were good for a photo any time if one had a camera.

We wandered down and down, the road making hair pin bends as it found its day down the mountainside to the sea. There we sunbathed and swam, in water that varied from robins egg blue to almost black, and was so clear that looking down in 30 feet it seemed as though one could reach down and pick up the white shells from the depths beneath.

Terrace on terrace for hundreds of feet rose the lemon groves clothing the mountain side. The pretty white villas tucked away among the green of the vines, so clean and attractive as seen from hundreds of yards away, so filthy when close.

In a little land locked cove we found a postage stamp bar perched upon a crag, and round the great bank of rock a cosy sea side hotel which served excellent food. Nowhere in the world I think are the extremes between abject poverty and affluence so depicted as in Italy.

This was the Italy of the guide books and it is the only part of the country I have any yen to visit again. Often, in years to come, I shall picture the softness of the summer nights, great masses of magenta coloured creepers weaving like tongues of flame up the cliffside. Soft music coming stealing through the trees and the fishing fleet making its way to port, brown sails standing out against their background of blue, the tenor voices of Iti fishermen drifting in on the still night air. Happy days so far removed from war which had been so recent and so ghastly. Hard to believe them real. Too soon they were ended, and we drove the long road back to the sound of guns.

Now for the first time we had the opportunity of visiting our wounded. It meant a drive of about 60 miles to Casserta and back but what a royal wel-

-Continued on page 24

Impropa Gander

By Lieut. Robert Robinson

IT had been raining for about a week; the drenching, saturating deluge so common to Italy in September, and we had been dining on canned rations for days.

The troops, with water dripping from their steel helmets, were going cross-eyed watching the bigger drops roll down their noses to plop unceremoniously off the end. They spent most of their time baling out slit trenches with mess tins and empty bully beef tins. It was so wet that the tank crews were beginning to use sea going lingo and from under a bogged down tank a mechanic poked his mud streaked face saying with a grin, "Aye, aye, sir." Now I know why they put periscopes on a Sherman.

Such were the conditions in the north, especially around Rimini where the First Can Div was mixing it up with a crowd of First German Paratroops. The Greek Mountain Brigade whom we had nicknamed "The Restaurant Keepers", were on our left flank. They were certainly fearless, however, their casualties ran so high that, when questioned about seven or eight wounded lying around their Bn HQ, they calmly answered that they were waiting for a load and would then send them all back.

It was just like that; the type of conditions and atmosphere that, when told to "jump into a scout car, contact the armoured regt on the flank and find out what the score is," you feel like suggesting that they telephone or something.

Of course, one never gets around to sticking his neck out quite that far, you just grab the old tommy gun, yell for your driver, then go swimmingly on your way.

After an hour of churning through the "goo" (made more so by the eggbeater action of Sherman tracks), forced into the ditch about five times by somebody bigger than us, we finally arrived at the designated HQ.

The CO's tank was parked beside a shell torn farmhouse, and the Colonel was yelling a few well chosen epithets over the ether. Apparently one of his squadrons was having rather a sticky time trying to get across a river (last week it was a stream, but this week a case for combined ops).

Clambering aboard the rear deck of his battle wagon was quite an operation in itself, especially when

you try to do it loaded down with map boards, pistol lanyards, binoculars, shell dressings, and a mouthful of chinagraph pencils.

I finally made it after creating a perfect figure "8" on one leg, something that would make Sonja Henie look like an unbalanced kitbag.

I peered up to find the Colonel staring down at me, most likely wondering what the h— was hanging on his turret. This was all very embarrassing, so after gulping a couple of times I managed a weak smile and murmured "heh, heh! must've been my muddy boots."

This sort of explanation, coming from a junior officer to a very busy Colonel, never did make a good impression and in this case it just bore out the general opinion.

He muttered something about "the kind of stuff they were sending up as reinforcements these days." However, things were soon straightened out, and I was seated rather awkwardly on the back, listening to the chatter coming over the 19 and marking my map, somewhat resembling a misplaced Yogi sitting on a Quebec heater.

Twenty minutes went by, and still I sat, hungry and wet. Scribbling the latest dope—rubbing it out. Searching for a red pencil . . . settling for a green. Peering around . . . and wishing I was in the Palais Royale, Toronto.

Jerry was sending over the odd shell just to break the monotony and every time one landed too close for comfort I'd join the Colonel in his turret. This happened so often, after a while the CO thought he had a new crew member.

Then, it happened. I was just crawling on to the back again, thinking it would save a lot of trouble and necessary time if I just stayed there, when, around the farm house there appeared a most glorious and beootiful spectacle, a—goose.

It was the biggest and juiciest-looking specimen of web-footed hamburger I'd seen for a long time. Nice white feathers, long graceful neck and a large plump body. It had only taken 2 seconds but already my mouth was drooling with anticipation.

Managing to get my speech I yelled for my driver, "Come here quick and bring your tommy-gun." There was a flurry of arms and legs and then around the corner he dashed, fum-

bling with his helmet and cocking his "Chicago piano." "Where are they, sir, where are they?"

I blurbed and pointed, "Not the enemy, you joker—shoot that goose."

He took a deep breath, literally tore after the victim, and when about a foot away from its head . . . let go with a whole magazine.

When the smoke cleared away, all that could be seen of our intended dinner was tail-feathers disappearing around the corner. He had missed.

What a let down. I felt just like a punctured barrage-balloon that had soared too high. Back to bully beef and hardtack.

After the mockery had died down from the visiting firemen, I didn't have to say a word to my driver, he just sneaked back to the car and crawled in and closed all hatches.

So ends the goose episode as far as this short tale goes, however, it will remain in my mind for a long, long time yet and no doubt in the minds of all spectators.

CAC AUXILIARY CARNIVAL PROVES BIG ATTRACTION

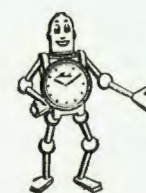
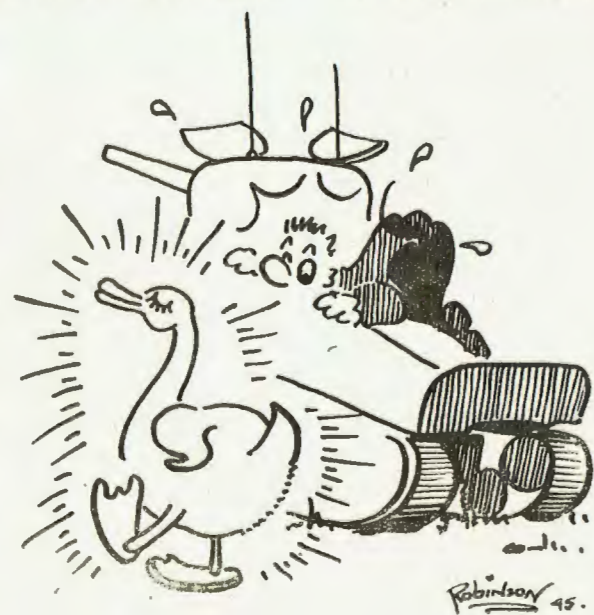
The hard working members of the CAC Ladies Auxiliary can smile happily following their carnival on June 19th, which once again proved to be one of the outstanding attractions of the district for both civilians and soldiers. Well over 2000 people attended the event, which started at 1.30 p.m. with a parade and lasted until midnight. There was fun for everyone and never a dull minute.

Music for the dancing was provided by Sgt. Bill Barnes' orchestra and an open-air dance floor laid by CAC personnel produced ideal conditions for "swing and sway."

A long list of valuable prizes were drawn by the Corps Commander, Col. C. E. Bailey, DSO, MC, and Major Harry Senkler. Prize winners were: \$25.00 credit note: Tpr. G. Briere, T & S Wing. Coffee table: Tpr. J. R. Muckhart, No. 1 CACTR. \$25.00 credit note: Tpr. H. L. Peck, No. 2 CACTR. Permanent wave: A. Howland, Barrie. Watch: Nursing Sister E. Kidd, CBMH. Dagger: SS M. D. Morrison, No. 2 CACTR. \$25.00 credit note: Cpl. J. Westcott, MT Regt. Electric Iron: Tpr. A. J. Smith, MT Regt. Windbreaker: A. H. Gibb, Toronto. Electric toaster, H. Lowe, Barrie. Photo: C. Rodda, Barrie.

Proceeds of the carnival will go to provide cigarettes for men in hospital, men overseas, Pacific personnel, as well as the large number of welfare cases handled.

The committee in charge consisted of: Mrs. J. Fennell, Mrs. A. McCrae, Mrs. E. Warner, Mrs. D. Burns, Mrs. K. Jefferson, Mrs. G. Alexander, Mrs. H. Senkler, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. D. Reed, Mrs. G. Coutts, Mrs. R. Dudley, Mrs. H. Rehill, Mrs. E. Willis, Mrs. E. Burke, Mrs. I. Briggs, Mrs. J. Cave.



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BARRIE

First Canadian Armoured Carrier Regiment

We are privileged to reproduce the address given at Peheim, Germany, on May 11, 1945, upon the cessation of hostilities in Germany by Lt.-Col. G. M. Churchill, ED, Officer Commanding the 1st Canadian Armoured Carrier Regiment (The Canadian Kangaroos). The address was forwarded to the Editor via air mail by a member of the unit and it is believed to be the first story on this newest Armoured unit published in Canada.



"I have called you together today in order that we may observe in a suitable manner, the conclusion of the war and the end of our active campaigning. Through the efforts of all, the record of the regiment has been magnificently built up and maintained on a high level. This regiment has become widely and favorably known throughout both the First Canadian Army and Second British Army and worked with practically every division of those two formations. It is a record in which we may take a reasonable pride based upon successful achievement in a great many actions, some large, some small, but all requiring in full measure the initiative, courage and endurance of which you have given abundant proof.

"The history of the Kangaroos is brief, extending only from the latter part of August to May—a period of just over eight months—but it is packed full of actions from NORMANDY to GERMANY. The original Squadron, operating for two months under difficult conditions and under much neglect, laid well the foundations on which the regiment was built. The regiment, organized hastily under great difficulties, was thrust into action long before it was fully prepared and has been employed almost continually since the first week of January. I doubt if any group of men have had more active campaigning or fought under more difficult conditions than the Kangaroos.

"The cost has been heavy. The four months of campaigning from January to May resulted in a casualty list of TWELVE killed and SEVENTY-ONE wounded—a high price to pay, but it has been the price of success, for no action in which the regiment has been involved has been anything but successful. We honour today our comrades who made the supreme sacrifice.

"Distinctions cannot be made easily among so many who have worked so hard, individuals cannot easily be singled out, the regiment has worked as a team and no one person has been able to operate without the help of others. Consequently I would like to thank you one and all for a magnificent piece of work performed at times under the most discouraging conditions—snow and ice, rain and mud, darkness, fatigue and ever present danger. Unfailingly you have performed every duty, run every risk,

counted your lives at small cost—all in a desire to do your duty and uphold the record of the regiment and of Canada. Everyone has played a part, whether tank driver, or operator, fitter or clerk, DR or lorry driver, officer or NCO. You have endured hardship, lack of sleep, long and exhausting drives, the danger of enemy action—anything and everything in order that the infantry might be carried to their objective or that casualties might be evacuated, or that tanks might be recovered or repaired, or petrol or rations brought up, or mail or messages delivered. You have done well. This will be your lasting recollection of your war experiences and will stand you in good stead in the difficult days of readjustment to civilian life—the recollection that you have served your country in the time of peril, have risked your lives in the face of the enemy and have done your duty. No man can do more.

"As a regiment we have some distinctions that are unique. We are the only regiment to be formed in Holland—hence the orange color which we have adopted for our shoulder flash; the only Canadian Kangaroo regiment and the pioneers in the British Army of that form of service; the only Canadian regiment in 79 British Armd. Division—the specialist assault division of 21 Army Group; these are distinctions of which we may well be proud. Further, by good fortune, we have achieved some 'Firsts' which no one can take from us. Although other Canadian regiments set foot upon German soil in the fall of last year, nevertheless we were the first Canadian regiment to be entirely within Germany, that was in January during the difficult campaign from SIT-TARD to HEINSBERG. We were the first Canadian regiment into the SIEGFRIED LINE—that was in February. We were the first Armoured Regiment of the Canadian Army to cross the RHINE in March. None of these achievements would have been ours had we not become, through our unflinching efforts, a most necessary and useful instrument in the furtherance of the war. In addition to these things we have served a dual role in that we have been able, through the use of our fire power, to inflict casualties upon the enemy and assault his positions, and we have, also, been instrumental in saving the lives of countless soldiers who, without the Kangaroos,

—Continued on page 39

Change in Command A33 CACTE



Col. C. E. Bailey, D.S.O., M.C.

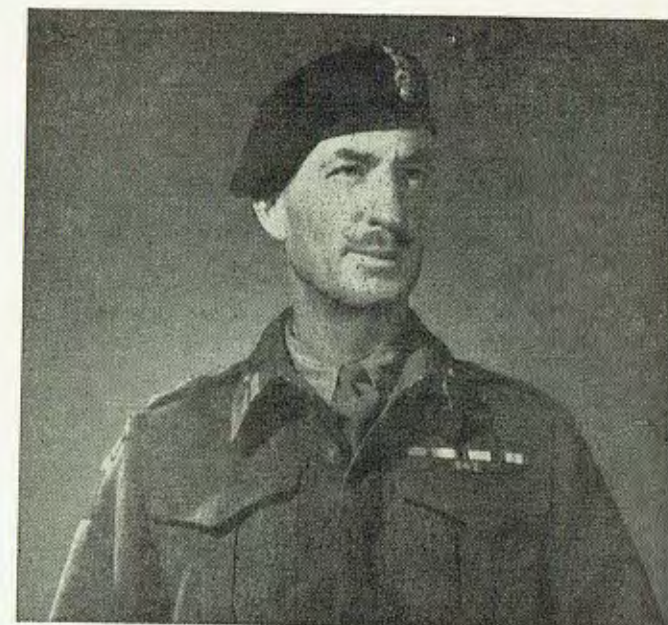
It was announced late this month that Col. C. E. Bailey, DSO, MC, who had served as Corps Commander since June, 1944, was returning to civilian life to assume the important post of Safety Engineer for the port of the City of Vancouver, B.C.

The retiring Commander is a "soldier's soldier" and from his wide and varied experience brought to his important command a fine esprit d'corps and the ability to get things done in a minimum of time, with maximum efficiency. He enlisted in World War I as a private in the Infantry with the 16th Canadian Scottish Regiment, being returned from overseas in 1915 as under age. Commissioned that same year, he returned to France in 1916, serving with the 4th Canadian Infantry Division and later with the 4th Bn CMGC. At the end of the war he held the rank of Major, having been twice wounded, and awarded the DSO, the MC, and the Bar to the MC, as well as being mentioned in dispatches.

He entered the construction field in civilian life as an engineer, being connected with the Shipping Federation, and was for seven years President of the Longshoremen's Union.

In 1940 he mobilized with the British Columbia Regiment (DCOR) as 2 i/c. He attended the Senior Officer's course at RMC and proceeded overseas with his unit, taking command in July, 1942, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He had attended all the important courses in CAC training overseas previous to this. In September, 1943, he returned to Canada for Special Duty, and for some months was Supervising Officer at NDHQ for Port Companies.

The good wishes of all ranks in the Canadian Armoured Corps will follow the retiring Commander and his family.



Col. P. G. Griffin, D.S.O.

Col. P. G. Griffin, DSO, who has commanded T & S Wing since last November, has been named as Acting Corps Commander, and for the time being at least will administer the affairs of A-33, CACTE.

The new Acting Corps Commander is no stranger to readers of The Tank Magazine or to the personnel of Corps. His story "Italian Interlude" has been a popular feature with our readers.

Col. Griffin served in the last war with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, enlisting as a trooper, and holding all ranks up to Captain. He was wounded at Festubert, and won his Commission in the field. He served with the Permanent Force until 1930, the period from 1922 to his retirement being with the Lord Strathcona Horse (RC). He became associated with the Imperial Tobacco Company and was advertising manager at the outbreak of war.

In 1940 he was recalled from the reserve of Officers and after serving as Staff Captain (Q) at NDHQ, rejoined the "Straths" with the rank of Major upon the mobilization of that unit in 1941. He proceeded overseas with the Advance party and in October, 1942, assumed command of the Regiment after having commanded Training Wing at No. 3 CACRU.

One of the few senior officers who saw service in the last war to lead a Regiment into action in World War 2, he went through the Italian campaign as far as the Melfa River. He was awarded the DSO for his part in the latter engagement.

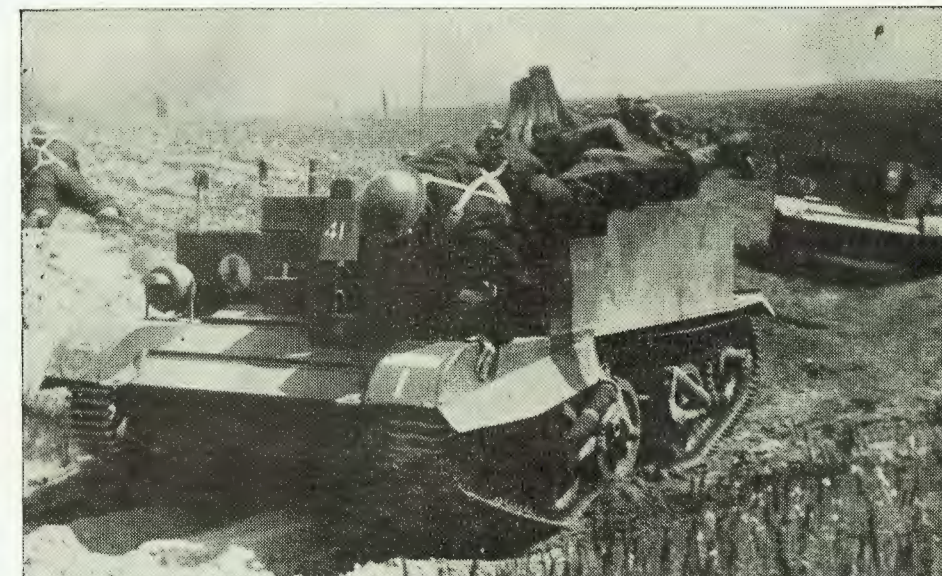
Last summer he was promoted to the rank of Colonel and returned to Canada and assumed the command of T & S Wing.



RECCE TRAINING

with a foreword by
LT.-COL. F. D. ADAMS, DSO

Development of the Infantry Division Recce Regiment



WHEN the First Division arrived in England in 1939 they had no Recce Unit and not until June, 1940, were official steps taken to provide the Infantry with Recce. At that time each Infantry Battalion formed a Motorcycle Troop. These Troops consisted of about 36 men and were equipped with combination Motorcycles. The motorcycles were largely Nortons, but also consisted of Indian combinations which had been made in the U.S.A. for the French Government, but were seized before delivery. They all mounted a Bren Gun in the side-car. They were formed into Brigade Recce Squadrons and operated as an independent Unit directly under the Brigade Commander.

Finally it was decided that Motorcycle combinations were not the right vehicles for the Recces—they were too noisy, too vulnerable and too liable to break down. It had also been decided, as a result of some manoeuvres, that better results were obtained when the three Brigade Squadrons worked together under one Commander. Therefore in January, 1941, the Squadrons of each division were brought together to form Recce Regiments, and a new establishment of vehicles and weapons, not greatly different from that used today, was put forward and the Recces were equipped with Armoured Reconnaissance Cars and Carriers.

The three Squadrons from the 1st Division were formed into a Regt and adopted the name of the 4th Cdn Recce Regt (4 PLDG) and the 4 Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Non Permanent Cavalry

Regt from Ottawa, were mobilized and supplied the Officers and men to form the balance of the Regt.

The three Squadrons from the 2nd Division were formed into a Regt and adopted the name of the 8th Cdn Recce Regt (14th CH). At the same time the 14th Cdn Hussars, NPAM Cavalry Regt in Canada, were mobilized and supplied the balance of the men to make up the Regt.

The 3rd Division brought with them to England the 7th Cdn Recce Regt (17th DYRCH), who formerly had been mobilized as a Motorcycle Battalion.

During the training period in England of the Recce Regts many difficulties were encountered. Tactically it was a case of trial and error as there were no regular pamphlets or training manuals available for this arm of the service. There were many differences of opinion as to the proper vehicle that Recce Regts should be issued with. This issue is still a matter of opinion. They were finally equipped with the GMC Otter as a light Recce vehicle which has since been replaced by an English made Humber. It was not until just prior to the 1st Div going to Sicily that they were issued with an Armoured Car, GMC Fox, which also has been replaced in some Units with the Humber Armoured Car and in others by the Daimler Armoured Car. Difficulty was also encountered in securing and training the proper type of reinforcement. These Regts were then taken into the CAC and the reinforcements were able to get their preliminary training in Wireless Gunnery and D&M in the CAC Reinforcements Units. It was very satisfying at a later date, how-



Top: A carrier comes looming out of a defile, square into the camera lens. It swung out in the nick of time.

Centre: Amid a smoke screen Recce troops leap from their carrier to engage the enemy at close quarters.

Bottom: Enemy land mines have not deterred this light Armoured Car. One of the best action shots in months.

Top: The crew seek cover in the face of enemy fire, and made it safely, too.

Centre: Carriers approach enemy territory warily. We couldn't resist the appeal of those lone trees in the foreground.

Bottom: The crew of this Armoured Car are ready for any eventuality. Communications are still maintained, while fire power is brought to bear on the enemy.



ever, to find that the fundamental principles learned during the training period in England were found sound in Battle.

It was not until July 43 that Cdn Recce Regts were given an opportunity of testing their many months of training in battle. At this time one Sqn of the 4th Recce Regt (4 PLDG) landed in Sicily on D plus 3, 13 Jul 43, and fought through the Sicilian campaign with the 1st Cdn Div. The balance of the Regt landed in Sicily on 26 Aug 43. Their vehicles did not arrive until a week or two later and on 3 Sep 43, when Italy was invaded, the Div again landed with only the one Sqn of the Regt. The balance of the Regt arrived a few weeks later and from that time until Jul 44, when they were transferred into an Infantry Battalion, they had many tasks assigned to them with the 1st Div. They proved themselves very versatile, when, in the winter of 43-44, the weather and ground being unsuitable for their vehicles they operated as an Inf Bn. This Unit later became an Inf Bn with the 12th Bde and finished the Italian campaign as such.

They were then moved to Holland and reformed as a Recce Regt just prior to the end of the war in Europe. In the meantime, both the 7th and the 8th Recce Regts had landed very early in the operations on the Western Front with the 3rd and 2nd Divs respectively.

The 8th Recce landed in Normandy about the 1 Jul 44, first going into the line without their vehicles around Carpiquet. After about a month of this, they went on the famous "Armoured Drive" of the 2nd Div to begin the break-out from the Normandy Bridgehead. On a black night, guided by

Reconnaissance Training

Functions:

Recce troops may well be called the eyes and ears of the Army. Arthur Bryant of the London Sunday Times calls Reconnaissance "the art of penetrating the fog of war by arms." Providing reliable information upon which the Intelligence staff and those in charge of a higher command may act may be said to be its main purpose. In previous wars this highly important function fell to the cavalry, but the development of mobile warfare meant, as has been outlined so ably by Lt.-Col. F. D. Adams above, that mechanized forces possessing extreme mobility, speed, and durability would have to be provided.

Close Recce, or the detailed search; seizing and holding; flank protection; medium Recce; the protection of withdrawals; OP work; and special roles, such as protecting General Staff, and vital communication centres, are some of the tasks assigned to Recce troops in action in the field.

Personnel:

Because of the work in hand those chosen for Recce must of necessity be tough fighting men, possessing the ability to observe closely, and analyze quickly. Theirs is a job demanding the best traits

searchlights and light Ack Ack, they plowed into the middle of the enemy lines with carriers only. The drive was successful in that it caused a great deal of confusion to the enemy in that sector. After helping close the Falaise Gap, they headed East in a straight Recce role, leading the Div to the Seine. The Seine was crossed and the Regt went North to the Channel coast and was the first Unit to reach there, arriving at Dieppe.

From there they moved on to the Albert Canal area and to the Scheldte Estuary, their part being to the North on the Peninsula of South Beveland. Their job there was straight Recce with Inf support and Flank Guard thrown in. After a few days' rest in Brussels and Antwerp, they moved up to the Waal River in Holland and did a holding role for most of the winter. When the 2nd Div moved across the Rhine, they again went back to their Recce role, going North to the coast.

When the first Units of the 3rd Div landed in Normandy on D-Day, many of the Beachmasters were young troop leaders of the 7th Recce Regt (17th DRYCH). On D plus 5, "B" Sqn, 7th Recce, landed in Normandy almost immediately being given a holding role. The other Sqns followed within a few days interval. Around Caen, men of the 7th Recce were holding sections to the 3rd Div line, suffering heavy casualties. After the break through, the 7th Recce led the 3rd Div across France—at times being miles ahead of the Div. Later, the Unit held Dyke areas in Holland dispersed on an Inf Bde front. On the push into Germany the 7th Recce were always available for flank protection; holding ground; and many other tasks.

of the Infantry and Armoured Corps soldier. All men picked must be grade 1 under the Pulhems. The young, vigorous soldier who shows a high degree of personal initiative is the man that is sought. Up to 25 years of age, in the main, is the top age for those chosen. In addition there must be a good sprinkling of men mechanically inclined, for Recce demands skilful maintenance, done at a high rate of speed. Those in charge of Recce training at No. 1 CACTR answer the question "What must a Recce soldier know?" by saying "Everyone must be able to do the other fellow's job."

Training at No. 1 CACTR:

The only Recce training carried on in Canada by the CAC is at No. 1 CACTR with Major M. L. Newroth in charge. The squadron is known as "B" Squadron.

Once basic training has been completed and the soldier has been allocated to "B" Squadron the grind begins. All personnel are first trained at A-19 CASC as wheel drivers. Certain others complete their CAC training as operators. Assembled they are segregated into two classes. The qualified drivers take two weeks of assault training, since their physical fitness is generally at a low standard at this stage. Following this they take a week's re-

resher on GMT. Those designated as "general duty men" have come straight from GMT classes and being in better physical condition require less assault training. Both groups, however, work closely together and at the end of the three weeks they are on a par mentally and physically.

In Gunnery classes the .30 and the .50 Browning MG's, the Bren Gun, Sten Gun, rifle, Piat, are all taught intensively and the 105 records are carefully checked each day to see all are up to scratch. One addition to the general CAC weapon training is that in Recce the 2" Mortar plays a big part, and all ranks familiarize themselves with its capabilities.

Your average Recce man must be able to read a 1/4" map travelling at 20 miles an hour (no mean feat in itself) and for this reason map reading is given special emphasis. Map markings are also being taught under the new training. The history of the war to date has proved according to those back from overseas, that too much importance cannot be stressed upon this form of training. Getting lost is something that is taboo in the ranks of Recce.

Tactics is one of the most highly developed arts of the training. Action at the halt, crest, defile, cornering and contact drills, as well as the general functions of Recce are all put to practical test. For this purpose an area south of Lisle is used extensively, and the pictures obtained by The Tank were taken on one of the ordinary day-in-and-day-out schemes conducted by the lads flying the green over blue pennant with "41" upon it.

The use of smoke, road blocks, ambushes, mines and booby traps, and the fire power of all types of weapons are brought into play during the schemes, and the unexpected is always around the corner for the new recruit to Recce. Actual battle conditions are simulated as much as possible.

"The message must get through" and for this purpose all A/C's are equipped with wireless. In the carrier sections only the Section Leader has wireless equipment and he must depend upon hand signals or flags to get his orders across. Observation training must be developed and for this purpose tests



Lt. R. T. D. Graham holds a bull session with the Recce troops following the completion of the scheme. It was a redhot session too.



Taskmasters, Capt. M. M. Telford and C. L. Lynch, plan surprises for their proteges.

are carried out from OP's in the Alliston district, the recruit having to observe and report through heavy smoke. Movement is well controlled and good eyesight and a sense of awareness are necessary to grade well in this branch.

Route marches, field cooking, the use of field rations, Infantry battle drill, such as scouts and patrols, bivouacing, map treks, are all carried out on foot, on schemes that last as long as four days. While the group is out, others are on schemes by mechanized means, with much the same training. The basic principles of attacking, seizing, holding, denying, etc, are perpetually in motion.

Organization, interior economy, and sports are other subjects taught on syllabus.

Organization:

Your ordinary Recce squadron is broken down as follows: A Sqn HQ consisting of 29 men and officers, complete with tradesmen, mechanics, etc., and also carrying anti-tank protection and mortars. B. Three troops of 2 Officers and 39 men each, equipped with 5 A/Cs light, and 7 carriers each. Every man must know how to drive a carrier. The carrier crew and the A/C crew each consists of a crew commander, driver, and gunner. C. 1 Assault Troop of 1 Officer and 40 men. Heavy A/C's, 15 cwts, and half-tracks are the vehicles. The assault troop specializes in the tasks of the Infantryman as well as those of the CAC soldier.

The vehicles used in training at No. 1 CACTR consist of "The Fox" Heavy Armoured Car, "the Otter", light Armoured Car, and Carriers. "The Otter" while used for training purposes in Canada is now practically obsolete in use overseas. Motorcycles are used for dispatch purposes and are attached to Sqn HQ.

History:

Originally A-28 (now No. 3 CACTR) had a Recce wing in its establishment. In July 1942, the Centre was moved to Dundurn, Sask., for training, but remained as a Centre there for only a short period of

time, being moved back to Borden as a CAC Centre. This led to the formation of A-27 at Dundurn as a Recce training Centre under the command of Lt.-Col. J. MacDonald, MC, who had served with the Calgary Tank Regiment. Col. Macdonald was subsequently succeeded as CO by Col. C. F. Smith, ED, of the 17th Hussars and the Centre carried on with a Recce training until November, 1945, when by degrees the Centre was closed, Col. Smith and the first of the Recce troops moving to No. 1 CACTR. In March, 1945, Dundurn was closed as a training Centre and all CAC Recce training was concentrated at No. 1 CACTR. The terrain at Dundurn was especially suited for its purpose and the Centre did a grade A job of training.

In command of Recce training is Major M. L. Newroth. Major Newroth was born in England, coming of an old military family steeped in the traditions of the Army. In England he served in the Yeomanry with the Yorkshire Dragoons. He came to Canada in 1926, and took up farming in New Brunswick, moving to Montreal, P.Q., to become associated with the Bell Telephone Co. Upon coming to Canada, he joined the now defunct Corps of Guides (NPAM), later joining the 17th Hussars with the rank of Lieutenant. When the Hussars were mobilized in 1940, he remained with the unit and in 1941 was a Major in charge of a Squadron having proceeded overseas with them. He returned to Canada in October, 1942, and was posted to Dundurn, where he was successfully OC of GMT, Administrative Officer, and 2 i/c. He came to Camp Borden in November, 1944.

Two overseas veterans with considerable overseas Recce experience are associated in directing training. Capt. M. M. Telford, Owen Sound, was at

Ontario Agricultural College when war broke out. He saw action with the 17th Hussars from D-Day until Caen, being invalided home to Canada. Capt. C. L. Lynch of Montreal, a banker, served in the NPAM with the 17th Hussars, and served overseas with them until Holland was reached.

Lt. R. T. D. Graham, Toronto, and Lt. F. G. Bond, Regina, were both attending College when they enlisted. Lt. Graham served with Recce at Dundurn and moved with A-27 to Borden. Lt. Bond served first with the RCAF, then with the Provost Corps before coming to the CAC. He was attached to the Polar Bear scheme.

SSM F. A. "Pinkey" Green is an RCD's product and has been on service since 1919. He served at No. 1 Cacru, in England, and at Dundurn before coming to Borden. Sgt. S. W. Jeffrey is an old Hussars man of 18 years service between reserve and active duties and was forced to return from France through illness. S/Sgt C. A. Quain was formerly with the 12th Manitoba Dragoons, and is a DM expert. Sgt. D. A. Dorritty, Toronto, learned his Recce work at Dundurn.

Keeping the wheels of industry turning with the names, number, initials, of every man in the squadron at her fingertips, despite a budding romance, is Cpl. June Cairns, CWAC orderly room boss. She is a Westerner.

With everyone thoroughly familiar with the problems involved and possessing the detailed knowledge gained by experience it is easy to understand just how everything in "B" Squadron works like a well oiled machine.

Recce may be a tough way to make a living, but it's an interesting way.

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 15)

come we received. General Burns and General Hoffmeister had already been there and told the lads what a grand job the Regiment had done. So they were pretty cocky in spite of terrible wounds and burns. Of dozens of lads who were simply splendid I will mention only two by name. Capt. Johnny Windsor, who was wounded on the Melfa River as battle Captain of "A" squadron, complained about the pain in his eyes one day when visited by a fellow officer, also wounded. "Oh you will be fine, Johnny," said his friend, "when they take those bandages off." "Oh no, I don't think so Jeff. You see they took both my eyes out this morning."

I wrote Johnny's English wife to prepare her for his coming, before he was sent back, and her reply was so wonderfully brave and cheerful. I believe they are very happy now with their little daughter in England. Today Johnny has finished all his courses with St. Dunstons, and the Regiment subscribed to the first year of the Readers Digest in Braille for him.

The other lad was Major Wattsford's gunner, Sgt. Lovilock, who you will remember lay out so long

on the night of the 24 May at the Melfa after having had his tank burned. I caught up with him in No. 5 CCS. He was in a separate tent on the dangerously wounded list, attended by special nurses, badly burned and filled with hunks of casing from our own shells exploding inside his tank. Encased from head to foot in bandages and casts, so that only his eyes and mouth showed, he kidded the sisters to a fair you well. He was the admiration and the talk of the CCS for his grand spirit. You can't beat pluck like that.

The reaction of the burned was odd. At the commencement they never wanted to see or have anything to do with a G D— Tank again; then a few people patted them on the back and told them how good they were and after a week or so they said "Well, perhaps it wasn't so bad after all." Before the end of the month they were clamoring to get back to it again.

One of the things that made me very proud was the request of all of them for berets and badges to show they were "Strathconas." Major Chester Henry, our affable QM, was dispatched forthwith with a supply on our return to the Regt.

We owe the M.O.'s and Sisters of 14 and 15 Can-

—Continued on Page 29

Fire Fighters School

FIRE! There are few words in any language more calculated to cause panic. Thousands of people have met early deaths and billions of dollars of property and natural resources have been destroyed because of fires. Conflagrations which in many cases could have been prevented by the use of plain common sense and by the use of available equipment. Knowledge is power and the knowledge of how to fight and control fire; to keep it from spreading; the type of fire with which we are dealing; removes the basic fear that fire has implanted in man throughout the ages.

The Canadian Army, facing a high fire hazard in its camps where most buildings are constructed of wood and where thousands of vehicles, using grease, oil and gas, are stored, has foreseen the need for adequate training for all ranks, and the necessity for establishing highly trained fire fighting and prevention specialists in all camps.

For this reason, the Canadian Army Fire Fighters School at Camp Borden, the only one of its type in Canada, has been established. Beginning in May, 1944, with the status of a Central school, it has progressed from an extremely small undertaking to the present modern and well equipped school. The Instructional staff, operating under the supervision of Lieut. Sam Zalden, Administrative Officer, numbers two men who gained their fire fighting experience in the Toronto City Fire Dept., and another who has an enviable record both as a city fireman and fire ranger. Personnel under instruction are quartered in the lines of A-22 RCAMC until such time as larger accommodation is available, the present building being used entirely for the purpose of instruction and the storage of equipment. The staff consists of three Sergeant Instructors, one Corporal Clerk, one Private Storeman and a kitten with the appropriate name of "Smoky."

The Fire Fighters School is entirely separate from the Camp Fire Hall but close liaison is maintained between the two organizations. The present course is the tenth that has been taught since the inception of the school. Courses are for a period of three weeks and the Personnel receiving instruction are sent from all over the Dominion. Two candidates are eligible from each military district in Canada. The courses are divided into two types. First is a basic fire fighter course for all ranks below that of senior NCO's. The advanced course for NCO's is chiefly concerned with the teaching of specialized fire fighting knowledge in an instructional capacity. Those completing the course are expected to return to the larger camps and to set up fire protection services there. They in turn will then pass on to others the benefit of their knowledge gained at the Central school.

The school at Camp Borden is housed in one large building situated back of the Camp gymnasium. While direct contact is maintained with the Central



It's not an actual fire scene, but one which might well happen anywhere. Army school fire-fighters fight a roaring "created" inferno with fog-nozzle as part of their training at Borden. Cameraman Jimmy Evans singed his beard getting the shot.

Directorate at Ottawa for equipment, etc., great credit is due to the various personnel undergoing training as they have themselves painted the inside of the building, set up racks for holding equipment, and partitioned off sections of the building into offices and classrooms and lacking the advantage of a tower in which to hang their hose to dry after use, have designed a horizontal draining board for this purpose.

It is estimated that three years are required to thoroughly train a fireman in civilian life. With only three weeks allotted at the school every possible advantage must be taken of the opportunities and equipment available. The course itself provides sufficient appeal to the adventurous streak in the individual to maintain enthusiasm at a high level. Walking into terrific heat from a large hole in the ground filled with burning oil that shoots flames twenty feet into the air is thrill enough for anybody, especially a tyro at the game. Personally, one look was enough and earned our respect without closer investigation than a distance of thirty or forty feet.

All ranks are familiar with the fact that flames can travel at terrific speed but how many of us know that an army hut can be completely gutted in a period of nine minutes.

Lieut. Zalden, Administrative Officer, supervising training, stressed the fact that most fires are the result of carelessness on the part of the individual. Particularly so in an army camp where the fire hazard is dangerously high. To enumerate a few of the causes of fire in any camp may bring home to the soldier the fact that he personally has a direct responsibility in the control of fire. As a civilian you would take every precaution to prevent a fire loss which would affect you financially both

in the loss of valuable property and in increased insurance rates. Large fire losses result in increased taxes and even in the service you are the one who, in the long run, is going to have to foot the bill. Your investment in this country is a big one and if a small degree of precaution is going to pay you dividends then why not protect yourself?

Some of the common causes of fires in camp are: the unauthorized use of wiring by personnel, carelessness in the handling of personal electrical equipment such as electric irons; allowing them to overheat or placing a hot iron on some substance that is inflammable and forgetting about it. During the winter months careless firing of stoves has been the cause of many huts being badly burned, resulting in loss of personal equipment and clothing. Certain types of coal expand greatly when heated and a fireman who disregards this is certain to have trouble. Cigarette butts tossed carelessly on the floor without regard for the fact of whether or not the floor has been oiled is another cause for danger.

A brief summary of the equipment used in instructing candidates at the school might be of interest to the reader. The school is well supplied with standard equipment such as hose reels, shovels, fire axes, hydrant wrenches, etc. There are two asbestos suits for rescue work in the event that it is necessary to walk right into the flames. For some reason they are named "Moe" and "Joe." This makes as much sense to you as it does to me so there it is. Next we have a device known as a test-all tool. This weird gadget registers the pressure of water in a fire hose and is also used to test the pressure in a hand extinguisher which calls for 300 lbs. It is extremely important that the pressure in fire hose be known, so that the hose will not split from too much. In extinguishing a fire certain pressures have been tested and found to be the most efficient in putting out flames. The Barton pump: This pump can be mounted on the front of the vehicle and is used to step up the water pressure from the hydrant or from some static source such as a body of water. Water can be relayed from one static source to another, i.e., from a natural body of water such as a river, to a quickly erected tank, to a tank further on and so on until the hose is within range to reach the flames.

It is not possible to go further into the varied equipment at the school for reasons of space but a resume of the training schedule will convey to the reader some idea of the comprehensiveness of the instruction.

Candidates at the school are all equipped with regular firemen's necessaries. Long rubber coats, rubber boots and sou'wester hats. First aid is thoroughly taught. This is considered one of the most important subjects at the school as the knowledge of it may often save a life if applied in time. Subjects embraced in First Aid are: treatment of burns, artificial respiration, handling of shock cases, methods to be applied in case of fractures, etc.

Stealing a leaf from the Navy's book twenty-five types of knots are taught. There is a long pipe

hitching rail used for the tying of these and time is stressed as an important factor. During the first week of classes thirty seconds are allowed for the tying of any given knot. In the second week of instruction this time is reduced to fifteen seconds. Examples of the various knots are exhibited on a large board for the advantage of the students.

Examinations are carried out weekly and marks are graded so that if a candidate is more slow to absorb instruction than others during the first week he may raise his marks in the second week to the required standing. The entire course consumes three weeks and the syllabus is a heavy one. Proper use of hand tools, instruction on the different types of nozzles, knowledge of mobile equipment, care and use of hose, ladder drill, pumps, entry into buildings, different methods of fighting fire, fire hazards and precautions, salvage work, which is taught as a very practical subject, smoke and gas drill, general shop work and many more important subjects including the Chemistry of fire which are absolute requisites of the efficient fire fighter.

Although fire trucks in camp are not always available for the use of the men, in order that personal familiarity with this very necessary part of the training does not suffer, detailed blue prints of vehicles are used in instruction. For the purpose of identification fires are divided into three classes.

(A) Paper, wood, rubbish, textiles. Water is applied in this case.

(B) Oils, grease, fats. Use of the foam extinguisher.

(C) Motor, switchboard, electric motor. CO. 2 (Carbon Dioxide).

(This method does not damage the electrical equipment as would water. In effect it snuffs out the fire.)

Candidates are taught the use of the fog applicator in actual fog generated under pressure. Final stage in any lesson where the hose has been in use is the cleaning and drying of it. In the basement of the building the hose is laid out and thoroughly cleaned. It is then placed on a horizontal rack to dry. Hose laying and rolling are taught through the use of hose carts which were made by the members of the school themselves.

Lieut. Sam Zalden, Administrative Officer in charge of the Canadian Army Firefighters School, Camp Borden, was born, educated and resides in the city of Toronto, Ontario. Enlisted April, 1942, with the RCOC as a private. Spent one year with RCOC at Montreal when he was recommended for Officer training at Three Rivers, Que. Transferred to the RCA, then to Brockville. Posted to Petawawa as 2/Lt he put the second one up in March, 1944, and came to Toronto. Moved to Halifax in Coast Artillery for four months and then came to Borden as Administrative Officer and supervisor of training at Firefighters school. Formerly with the Toronto Stock Exchange engaged in statistical work, he is married and has one child. Hobby: amateur photography.

MEAFORD

This month the spotlight shines with pride on the Armoured Corps Sports Day on the Range. As host to over 5,000 civilians, the Range had a very successful day, when that extra gallon of gas brought over 1,800 cars filled to capacity to witness an afternoon of sports and Army tank training. With the Meaford Band in attendance on a gaily decorated bandstand, refreshment booths going strong and the loud speaker booming out announcements, the afternoon ran the gamut of jeep-pushing contests, specialty races, horseshoe tournaments, hardball, girls' softball and boxing. The huge crowd of civilians saw Tech Wing take an easy victory from the Sgts., Officers and Recme; saw the Meaford hardball team trim the Range team to the sorrow of the soldiers; saw Collingwood girls' team win over Thornbury in a hard-fought softball game, and saw two fast moving boxing bouts which featured an exhibition bout between Tpr. Tommy Walsh, present Can. Army novice champion, and Tpr. "Boots" Butler, present Can. Army open champion. Tpr. Williams and Tpr. Farwell also put on a fast moving exhibition bout, which drew hearty applause from the crowd. Along one side of the sports field was a display of Army vehicles, which received a lot of attention from the crowd.

Most interesting event of the day from the standpoint of the civilians was when they thronged to the large concrete firing point and witnessed a tank troop shoot demonstrating the fire power of the powerful 75mm. gun from the Grizzly. H.E., A.P., smoke and air bursts held the attention of the crowd during the shoot. The Infantry put on a demonstration of 4.2 mortar fire.

The end of a hectic and entertaining day came when an effigy of our last remaining enemy, "Tojo," was blown up to the zooming of multi-colored fireworks, until the last explosion, when all that was left was a few bits of paper.

The Sports Committee would like to express their appreciation to Major Lander, Camp Commandant, and Capt. Timmerman, 2 i/c, for their all-out cooperation, which made the day such a success. Bouquets are in order to all the others who worked so hard, namely, Sgt. Newton and Cpl. Gaffield, and all their helpers in the refreshment booth; Sgt. Major Brent, who certainly covered a lot of ground on the sports end, and the sergeants and men, without whose help the sports day could not have gone on.

Even though all the energy of the Sports Committee in the past couple of weeks has been devoted to arrangements for the sports day, we have not forgotten our schedules on the Range and both our house leagues and our teams playing outside camp are going full steam. At time of writing we have won two games in the Meaford league and dropped one, and the Sgts. and the Snafu's are tied for first place in the Home League. A lot of our time up to the present has been spent in getting our sports field into shape in between cloudbursts, but now we have it completed, with a very fine hardball diamond and a softball diamond.

If this column is not up to its usual low standard, my alibi is that, while screaming over the "mike" on the sports day I received a slight case of sunstroke, which has gone to my head. Now to practice my main ambition in life, which is to mess up the English language, I will continue with an idea born in last month's column, said brain wave being a

mistake already. The idea was to dissect the camp so that each month there would be a paragraph or so on the parts that make the machinery of the Range run. The trouble is that I delved into gunnery and bit off more than I can chew, for it would take a book the size of an encyclopedia to completely cover gunnery on this Range. First I poked my nose into Gunnery office and started a conversation with Capt. T. L. Bishop. He is a tall, rangy Western gentleman, who, while keeping a firm hand on the reason why the Range is here, always has time to give a helping hand to his many charges, that is, in between trips to the dentist, who has the authority to tell him how long it will be before he can eat steaks again. Capt. Bishop's 2 i/c is Lieut. N. Noble, who took time off to give ye reporter the inside dope. Very popular with everyone who knows him, Lieut. Noble is built rather on the large side and can be seen coming in a jeep that is slightly leaning to one side. Lieut. Noble's real boss is a young upstanding curly-haired boy, whose features are drawn along the same lines as his father. Sgt. Mallock is Acting SSM of Gunnery and spends his time chewing pencils trying to decide who, when, how and why the next gunner class is coming up for training, always keeping a wary eye out for the K of C Supervisor, who begs him to run his picture when he goes on weekend. Said weekends always being arranged when Sgt. Mallock wants to go out. Next, yours truly clambered into a jeep, excusing himself for taking a seat which really belonged to "Dinty" and "Morgan," our Range jeep dogs. They finally allowed me to sit on the spare tire, and dusted off down to the firing point. The first five minutes there were occupied by coughing, choking and trying to see through the one-inch of dust gathered on the trip down. With the deafening "whummfff" of the 75mm. and the rat-tat of the Co-ax, my first thought was to dig a fox hole, but my second thought was that that would be work, so I gave it up. Up in the control tower two field glasses were directing the firing and at the same time begging the gunners to please get a little closer to the targets that were on the Range and stop trying to hit the ones that were not out in the bay. By the way, the field glasses were attached to a blond head belonging to Lieut. "Fuz" Waller, officer i/c of Control Tower, and a brunette one belonging to S/Sgt. Chapman, Lieut. Waller's 2 i/c. When not leaning over the sill at the control tower gazing at targets, "Chappy" is leaning over the bar at the Sgts. Mess. Now don't get me wrong; what I mean is, that as Mess President he is kind enough to give the barman a helping hand at rush period, so that the Sgts. may get better service.

After falling down the stairs from the tower and tripping over Lieut. Lepnike, whom I can't see, and bumping into Lieut. Buck, who is so big I couldn't miss, I fell over a pile of casings and wandered out to the tanks. Lieuts. Lepnicke and Buck are firing-point officers. Above the noise of the guns there was a high pitched screaming noise that attracted my attention, but on inquiry I found that wasn't somebody tearing gears, but only S/Sgt. Radermaker politely asking a student to raise his range before he blows everybody all to zz/zz.

All in all, there are a swell bunch of fellows in this gunnery wing and each and every one of them has a job to do and is doing it well. There is not enough room in this column to mention the work of each one, and my ears are complaining, so in the next column I will visit the other firing points if they will still let me down near them.

For Gallantry In Action-

Distinguished Service Order

BRIGADIER I. H. CUMBERLAND, O.B.E., E.D. Toronto, Ont.
 LT. COL. F. L. CARON Montreal, Que.
 LT. COL. BRUCE ALWAY, B.M. Hamilton, Ont.
 LT. COL. J. R. B. JONES, O.B.E. Edmonton, Alta.
 LT. COL. A. K. JORDAN, E.D. Toronto, Ont.
 LT. COL. E. M. WILSON, E.D. Toronto, Ont.
 MAJOR B. F. MacDONALD Edmonton, Alta.
 MAJOR C. A. McEWEN Sussex, N.B.
 MAJOR D. H. McINDOE Edmonton, Alta.

Bar to Military Cross

CAPT. B. E. A. CAW (Died of wounds) Viriden, Man.

Military Cross

MAJOR J. J. HARROLD Town Hampstead, Que.
 CAPT. D. J. BURKE Swift Current, Sask.
 CAPT. K. W. EAGAN Montreal, Que.
 LIEUT. J. J. BLACK Toronto, Ont.
 LIEUT. J. A. CAMBRIDGE Burquitlam, B.C.
 LIEUT. H. W. MacDONALD Vancouver, B.C.
 LIEUT. J. N. MacKINNON (Deceased) Barrie, Ont.
 LIEUT. G. O. TAMBLYN Yorkton, Sask.

★

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

★

Order British Empire

COLONEL W. W. GOFORTH Ottawa, Ont.
 MAJOR D. F. ROGERS, E.D. Calgary, Alta.
 CAPT. A. S. STEWART Owen Sound, Ont.

Distinguished Conduct Medal

SERGEANT J. J. HARTY St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.
 L/SGT. A. H. LEWIS Windsor, Ont.

Military Medal

W.O. II S.S.M. A. H. RUSSELL Mount Dennis, Ont.
 SERGEANT L. A. MACE (Deceased) Hamilton, Ont.
 SERGEANT B. E. SHAW Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.
 SERGEANT R. A. T. STAFFORD Toronto, Ont.
 L/SGT. V. P. J. TAYLOR (Killed in action) Thornhill, Ont.

CORPORAL R. MURDOCK Toronto, Ont.
 TROOPER R. F. FORBES Hopewell, N.S.
 GDSM. J. R. HEIGHTON Pashley, Alta.
 TROOPER J. J. ROBERTSON Toronto, Ont.
 TROOPER B. P. SCHULER Bodmin, Sask.

Medal British Empire

TROOPER J. B. HANCOCK Montreal, Que.

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 24)

adian General Hospital a debt of gratitude for the wonderful way they looked after the casualties, worked to death as they were at that time through the tremendous influx of wounded. I will go on record now in saying I'm certain that no wounded were better cared for than our own Canadian lads. We were particularly fortunate in that Col. H. G. Young, D.S.O., M.C., C.O. No. 14 C.G.H. was a personal friend of mine and a great admirer of the Regiment. He comes from Regina and incidentally had won his D.S.O. and M.C. the hard way as a battalion medical officer in the last war. A damn stout fellah. A brilliant young surgeon also with this hospital was a former Regimental M.O. of ours, Captain Hal. Richards, F.R.C.S., than who they don't come any better. He was a wonderful mental cocktail as far as our wounded were concerned, cheering them up and spending additional hours with them when the going was hardest even when they weren't on his ward. Thanks a million, Hal!

One morning about this time I got the greatest thrill of a lifetime. The phone rang: "Griffin speaking."—"Hello Pat, Hoffmeister here, I just want to be the first to congratulate you on an immediate award of the D.S.O. for your good work on the Melfa. I'm terribly glad." "Thanks, Sir, thanks a lot, goodbye." I could hardly speak I was so excited. I had fought through the last war from beginning to end as a machine gunner. My Regimental number was 57. I don't think I was any more scared than anyone else. I was commissioned on the field but I hadn't been decorated, twice I was under arrest for insubordination threatening to stroke a senior officer with a bottle or something when I was recommended, and twice to my horror, saw my citation torn up along with the charge sheet. Finally my C.O. said, "How about an O.B.E. in Birthday Honours, Pat?" My answer is unprintable. Suggesting an O.B.E. to a fighting soldier in the last war was, to say the least of it, untactful.

To have had the luck to fight the unit I had trained, when last war heads were falling like apples, to have had it do a magnificent job from the youngest trooper up to the 2 i/c, to know it had a name second to none would have been enough. But to have been decorated on top of all that was more than any man deserved. I was very happy, because in conferring this decoration on me "Higher Authority" recognized the work of the Regiment and to all ranks I pay tribute.

I didn't know it then but my time was drawing to a close. Brig. Ian Cumberland, formerly O.C., G.G.H.G., who had recently taken over Command of the 5th Armoured Brigade, visited me and told me I was going back to Canada to an instructional Command with promotion to Colonel. Before I left I had the pleasure of knowing the Regiment had been picked for inspection by His Majesty the King, who was in Italy during July. During this inspection, which was most impressive, units from the whole of Canadian Corps taking part, he invested Major Jack Mahoney, The Westminster Regiment (M), with the

Victoria Cross. Poor old Jack. A most modest fellow by nature, this period was extremely trying as he was feted right royally. Everyone thought the world of him and we "Strathconas" especially so, as he and his first class Company "A" had trained and fought with us from the beginning.

While I was in Rome the senior officers of the Regiment, and by now the odd wounded one was starting to drift back, arranged a farewell party for me. An operation order, most business like in form, was issued for exercise "Cream Puff." I thought nothing more of it than perhaps that the Bde. Staff were going sissy on us. It was a complete secret as far as I was concerned until a senior officer of another unit called me up, and said, "I'm sorry I can't come to your party on Tuesday night, thanks, however, for the bid."

I still played up to the lads, secretly laughing at their efforts to keep it from me, and on the night of the big show, meekly remained in my caravan until called for to go to the mess, where Generals Burns and Hoffmeister, Brigs. Bradbrooke, who had returned to Italy that day as L.O. to 8th Army H.Q., and Cumberland, most of the C.O.'s and senior staff of the Division had foregathered. While the C.A.C. band played we had a photo taken, sampled the good things brought from E.F.I., and produced by our own cooks both liquid and solid. Then Major Jim McAvity, my successor as O.C. the Regiment, took over. He said, "That as it was in the nature of a farewell to the Regiment on my part he had had the public address system fitted up so that the troops could listen in."

Both Generals said extremely nice things about me and my contribution to fighting the war and I would like to produce my answer here as it would have shown in some small way what I thought of the grand regiment I had been privileged to command and to take leave of which was the toughest thing I had ever had to do.

It was a beautiful day in the beginning of August when I left. I had mentioned I would like to say "Goodbye" to those lads of the original regiment who were left and who had been through so much with me. I'm very proud to say they turned out to a man and shook my hand.

I drove to Naples to ship to England and the last link with that glorious episode in my life was severed when I shook hands with my driver, L/Cpl. J. Brannan from Sioux Lookout. We had been through some tough spots together as he had driven me steadily for two years, being wounded at Ortona while doing so. I looked upon him as a friend and would have trusted his judgment ahead of many of my officers. He is now Sergeant Brannan and I look forward to seeing his family and him after the war and it's some family from what he tells me. Shortly after he went overseas his house caught fire when his wife was out and his oldest boy, then a little lad of four, had got his baby sister out, when the neighbours got around to helping. The house was burned to the ground and they started again from scratch.

As the big ship pulled out of the beautiful Bay of Naples and we slid past the romantic Isle of Capri,

—Continued on page 39

Sergeants

WEDDING BELLS are chiming this week for no less a personage than our photogenic photographer "Flash-bulb" JIMMY EVANS. 'Twas just a year ago that Jimmy was a member of the Lonely Hearts club, then into his life came the curvacious Patricia Grandmalson of Corps Hq. and it didn't take him long to say "when?" The ceremony takes place in Detroit, Mich., and if everything goes according to the plans the couple will be en route via plane for Hollywood on their honeymoon. Good luck, keeds! ART GREAVES of Central Records and No. 2 is another who has chosen June 30th for the fatal day. The piano playing kid will tie the knot with Miss Winnifred Ryrle in Toronto in the Queen City. At No. 3, the Irish-thrush, NORMAN CAMPBELL of Squadron, middle-aisles it about the same hour with Miss Margaret Bennett of Orillia. It was a romance that originated in basic training at No. 26 BTC and has proved the course of true love can run smoothly. FALSTAFF in view of the smell of Orange Blossoms writes,

"I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But I guess you know the answer:
She had nature on her side."

FAREWELLS (not of the soldier variety) have been said around Corps in recent weeks to quite a few of the lads who have either accumulated enough points or been able to convince the powers that be that life can be sweet on what looks like "the sunny side of the street." SIR HARRY CROMPTON, Mess steward for many a moon at A-8 and No. 1, has departed these parts, with the tears of his buddies still sounding in his ears. Two fugitives from the ranks of old A-27, QMS W. F. TURNER, pay office, and SGT. G. HISLOP, of the A.I. staff, have also received blue tickets. From No. 2, SGT. NORM. SMITH, "Stroke", and SGT. BOB SINCLAIR, better known as "old Stinker", have gone home. Sinclair, who comes from deep in the heart of Georgia, plans to go back to home fried southern chicken and cotton pickin' as a steady diet. After 20 years of service in the P.F. with the RCD's, SGT. NORM. McDONALD, Provost three hooker at No. 3, has decided to see what civilian clothes feel like, and has his pension coming in regularly now. Norm. was at District Depot before coming to Borden. RQMS EDDIE FRENCH, formerly of the "Gee-Gees", and an original at A-28-No. 3, had enough points to do the trick, and decided being in stores was a slow way to go mad. Ed was quite a grappler before the war, his ring cognomen being "The Black Panther." But John Katan, Whipper Watson and the rest can breathe easy, old man rheumatiz did its work in Blighty. STAFF JOCK LEES, of T & S Wing, TSR, and latterly of No. 3, is back in Toronto again after five years service. Jock, a veteran of the last war, was a popular figure throughout Corps and a better than three bottle man, too. SGT. TOMMY KNOTT, who started out with the Toronto Scottish, came back to Orillia from Italy, and wound up as a Tanker (I can't get used to this beret) is now back manufacturing dainties for Eaton's bakery department. He still thanks his stars he didn't inform the Army of his regular grind. From Wireless Wing, SGT. ALEX McDONALD, ye olde Meaford broadcaster, and SGT. GEORGE GRIMMOLDBY drew brass rings as the merry-go-round whirled past. Mac returns to Huntsville and George goes to Owen Sound. Who could ask for more in summer weather at least? From now on you can expect the list to expand, and old friends and old familiar faces to disappear to civvy street. We'll miss them all, and wish them luck in the future.

SGT. PETE RICHARDS, ex-Gunnery Wing and A-28, according to all reports after being stuck at Cacru in England is now on the Continent with the Grenadier Guards. SGT. CECIL KING, formerly of A-9, is in hospital in England and

may get leave home soon. SGT. BRICK GOURLAY, who lost an eye in action with the Sherbrooke Fusiliers, is back in Canada and home once again in Tottenham. He pays the boys at Borden an occasional visit. RSM JOCK SMITH of No. 3 drew the assignment for the closing course at Cam School in Vancouver, B.C., and is enjoying the Pacific hospitality for which B.C. folk are noted. Where's our picture postcard? SSM KYE HANSON of No. 2 supervised that grand and glorious frolic held at Midhurst by "B" Squadron of his unit, and didn't get lost in the woods either. SGT. DON PORTER was the subject of a search party but the OC vehicles, strange to say, had been catching up on forty winks and was more surprised than the searchers when discovered. A DANCE at T & S Wing near the end of June was one of the top spots of the social whirl, with 40 beauties from Collingwood present for the occasion. Herb, Nick, Jack, and all the lads were doubtless figuring it was as well to bring Wasaga to Borden as have the majority of the lads worn out from those wolfing expeditions to the Miami Beach of Canada. LEN WILES, an old Corps standby, has doffed his beret in favor of a wedge cap and is now the RQMS at Camp Borden Military Hospital.

RSM FRANKIE FLOOD is back on the job at No. 1 again after a bout with shingles in hospital. According to the Mess members, it all arose from a strenuous job at the Flood Estate, mainly washing and painting the veranda, which proves what hard work is likely to do to a fellow. It was a nice break for the nurses, however. SGT. BLACKIE MURRAY, the Hollywood talent scout, however, along with SGT. HAMMY HAMILTON, of MTR, are still in hospital and doubtless have the situation well in hand. QMS DANNY MATTHEWS of No. 2 and SGT. G. H. LOEWEN had better get together. Danny is now the proud papa of a son and heir, while "Louie" is singing the praises of little Miss Catharine Roseanne Loewn. They came through with the smokes, too. For some time past we have noted a paucity of verses for that favorite of every Mess, "SING US ANOTHER ONE DO." With that in mind we have decided to publish some newer and cleaner versions, one a month, so clip this out, and you won't have to say "check" when it comes your turn... For now we recommend:

"There was a young gal from Madrid,
Who was naughty in all that she did,
She favored strip poker,
And played till it broke her,
Which makes her a popular kid."

A CORPORALS PARTY was staged for the Army work-horses by the Sergeants at No. 3 recently, and a grand time was had by all. Try it some time for unit morale. QUARTERS ART HOBSON, sometimes known as "Loganberry" was the master of ceremonies, a la Stan Laurel at the last dance staged at No. 3. Despite rumours to the contrary those were not his ordinary civvy clothes. VIC WARING is the new Orderly Room boss at No. 1, and JUNIOR ROWLAND also was exalted by the promotion. New Sergeants include E. G. JARVIS, records, GORDY McLAUGHLIN, transport, an old Grey-Simcoe man, and G. A. ROBERTSON in WT. TOM AITKEN, H. STIRTON, M. KATARIYNYCH and R. A. GIRDLER are four new additions to No. 3's Mess. S/SGT. F. W. ROCHE, who drops us the odd line from Gunnery Wing, says promotions go to some people's head. It seems a certain trooper was promoted to lance-corporal and immediately paraded for permission to marry. "FORT KNOX here we come" is the cry of those selected to make the trip South next month. We'll hold over the roster until next month, just to be sure. It looks like a swell trip fellows, but take plenty of smokes. Watch the diet, too for the ale is different, but definitely!

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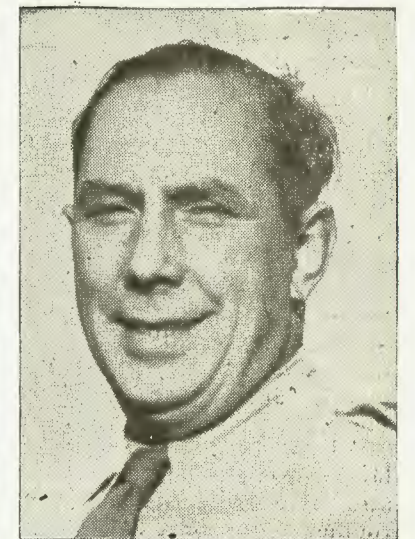
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The Passing Show

CAPT ROSS LOBB, who held down a defence berth with the A-22 Meds team last winter in Camp hockey league, joined the ranks of the benedicts this month as he joined in wedlock with Miss Marian Lanson of Toronto. GORDY SCOTT, lanky TSR softball player of '44, who also played baseball for No. 3 CACTR, is known as the "swoon kid" among his associates. "Scotty" has a voice that rivals the great Frankie and behind a mike is potent stuff in the femme league. We caught him in action at No. 3 Sergeants' Mess and he got a great hand. GORDY DRILLON, ex-Toronto Leafs-Montreal Canadiens hockey forward, and in his day one of the best in the business, is back in his native New Brunswick in a new role. From one of our correspondents we learn that Gordy is now sports supervisor for the YMCA at Sussex, N.B. Last year, after being discharged from the RCAF, he played hockey with Valleyfield Braves. DID YOU KNOW that 27 years ago RSM FRANK FLOOD was winning fame as a boxer overseas with Canadian troops in Germany? He has the medals and pix to prove it, too, and some of you lads who want to learn how to handle the gloves should speak nicely to him. JIMMY ORLANDO, the badman of the NHL and sultan of swoosh with Detroit Redwings, of all places to be, was on duty as a member of the Provost Corps down in Halifax when the VE-Day celebrations broke loose. Bet it seemed like old times at that. CLAIR EXELBY, in other years known as "the voice" of No. 23 BTC, Newmarket softballers, is now stationed in Toronto and is regular catcher for the York Depot team, a combined Army-Navy team in the Toronto Beaches League. Lt. Joe Fennell and the A-33 team hope to catch up with the Toronto team somewhere along the line before the season is over. LT. GORDON McCUTCHEON, ace referee of the CAC basketball circuit, LT. RAY STEVENSON, right-handed hurler of No. 2's baseball squad, and LT. SAMMY WALSH, basketballer and track man, all failed in their first attempts to gain seats in Parliament. INFANTRY have gathered in tow some of Toronto's best known softballers this season. Included on the roster are HANK NAIRN, one of the best outfielders in the Beaches circuit, NORM BAGNALL, who pitched POW to the Ontario senior B softball finals, and RON NELSON, ex-member of Oshawa Generals hockey team. The team has few weak spots and barring unexpected change will be very dangerous for the Camp title. PETE KINGSMILL, who was a member of Brampton Camp team which won the MD 2 cross-country championship last year, and later turned in some good distance running for No. 2 CACTR, is now an officer at A-10 and spends most of his time at Meaford. SGT. LEFTY KLINE of No. 2 CACTR looms up as one of the best southpaws in Camp baseball. A former member of A-22 Meds, the portsider has plenty on the ball and lots of savvy, too. Southpaw pitchers have been scarce, LEFTY DOWDELL of No. 3 CACTR, who is slated to toss the apple for MT Regiment's team this season, being the outstanding performer the past three years. RUSS PETERS, second sacker of the Cleveland Indians, is a member of the American Armoured Corps and is playing for the 2nd Armoured Regiment team in the Fort Knox Ky. league. Haneyewski, who pitched for the Chicago White Sox, is a member of the same outfit. PHIL MARCHILDON, Canada's biggest gift to the American League, after being a prisoner of war for over two years, is back home in his RCAF uniform and slated for discharge. It is to be hoped the Penetang boy will be able to resume where he left off prior to enlisting, for at that time he was the ace of Connie Mack's Philadelphia pitching staff... Frank Coleman, Pittsburgh, Goody Rosen, Brooklyn Dodgers, Eldon Wilkie, Pittsburgh, Lefty Judd, Phillies, are Canucks who have carried the torch in the big league in recent years, and of course we mustn't forget such oldsters as Jimmy Archer, Mooney Gibson, Bill O'Hara and George "Twinkletoes" Selkirk among the list of Canadians who have made good at the American national sport. Just watch the 11st increase once the war is over. LT. JACK PURCELL, ex-Ontario Tanks, who was appointed Camp Sports Officer a couple of months ago, has been discharged and is now back

in civilian life in Toronto. CAMP BORDEN TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS are carded for early August, and the Camp sports field will be the scene. No. 2 CACTR, under the leadership of their new sports officer, LT. A. R. DOW, of Toronto, beat the gun by holding their own track meet on June 27. Much promising material was uncovered. CAPT. RED MORRIS, former sports promoter, after spending the winter months in the far north, returned to A-33 for a brief visit and is now at Depot awaiting return to civilian life.

MAJ. GERRY GOODMAN, who for the past year has functioned most of the time as Camp Auxiliary Services Officer and Sports Officer, too, left Camp Borden this month bound for civilian life. Major Goodman, an athletic star in his own right in rugby, baseball and hockey, and an ex-NHL referee, did a fine job over the year. Like most people given a difficult assignment, he had his up and downs and arguments, but the record is there for all to read. He enlisted as a gunner in 1940 and won his way up through the ranks. He was sports officer at Petawawa before coming to Borden and



MAJOR G. N. GOODMAN

his biggest achievement was master-minding the all-Canada Army boxing championships of 1944. He is succeeded as sports officer by LT. KEN ROBINSON, formerly of the Camp gymnasium staff, who is no stranger to Borden sports fans, being three times crowned king of the Camp open welterweight boxers and also coach of the A-10 team which won the 1945 team boxing championship. CAPT. N. MacMILLAN, who comes to Camp Borden with a fine record, is the new Auxiliary Services Officer. Doing duty now on Canada's hospital ships bringing returning personnel from overseas are BLONDIE BEZUSKO and ALF CAMPOAGNELLA, who represented CBMH in the ring with considerable success for two years. Both boys also played softball, basketball and hockey for the Hospital and gave their best in every sport. LT. JACK LEEMING, ex-No. 2 defence man, is now with the Infantry at A-10, while LT. BOB BANGAY, another former No. 2 player and one of the best centre men ever to hit the CAC, is "across the pond." Still in dear old Debert, N.S., with eyes turned towards these parts is LT. BERT McCOMISKEY, ex-Corps sports officer; they're longing eyes, too, for Bert has his heart with Armoured Corps.

CPL. VAL RICHARDSON, one of the greatest middle-distance runners produced in Camp Borden during war years, is now back in civvy street. Richardson, a long-geared Toronto boy, won the mile and half-mile events at the Camp track and field championships last year, being the only double winner on the bill. He had previously starred for No. 1 CACTR in the 1943 CAC cinder path trials. Previous to joining the Army he was well known in "Y" and school-boy track meets. FO ALEX MUNROE, another great track star, is once again teaching school after three years with the RCAF. Munroe, a member of Canada's Olympic team, specialized in the high jump and at the dual Army vs. RCAF at Borden last summer tied at 5'11" with HUGH TAYLOR of No. 2 CACTR, who holds the Canadian Army high jump championship, set at Borden last year.

From Me To You-----

by **BUNNY MORGANSON**

O' Selector's Keeper—The Evening Telegram

Hi-Ya Fellows!—Sergeants have a way with them, and Sgt. Ab Hulse is no exception. He barged into the Telegram Sports Office one rainy afternoon and demanded a special yarn for Tank from O' Selector's Keeper.

"Give us something about baseball, hockey, lacrosse, softball or anything you like," sing-songed Brother Hulse, "but make sure you have it in the mail before our deadline." Now there have been some fine sports articles in Tank and by well known experts, so what does Hulse want from me? Let me tell you fellows at Camp Borden something . . . You should all be very proud of The Tank, it is tops in military matter and done up in professional style by the old foot in the bucket, Kenny Walls in Barrie. . . . Did you ever hear Kenny play the cornet? He was my top man in the Bobby Powell Hot-Shots during our pre-war fling with the merry mad musicians each Saturday night over at "Father" St. John's on the "Jersey" side of Barrie Bay . . .

I can hear the good Sgt. beefing already. "That Morganson guy is supposed to write a sports article and here he is already wandering around like a rookie on his first 24-hour leave." . . . But hold your horses Sgt. old boy, old pal, we'll get down to business in a jiffy. . . . Thanks Corporal, a little soda in mine will be just right.

Soldiers love to gripe about this and that and everything in general. And so do we all at times. So let's take down your hair and have a good old fashioned "chew." Pull up a chair, buddie, and get an earful.

Do you think "Rocket" Richard is the greatest professional hockey player to come down the sport lane in years? I don't. The woods are full of hockey-minded kids who could skate rings around the Canadiens' flash, if they were given the same protection that is afforded Richard. I personally thought Bobby Davidson's coverage of Richard during the most recent play-off series was the greatest bit of checking seen since the days of the famous Happy Day clutch.

Don't get me wrong. Richard is a fine hockey player. He is poison when given an opening once over the other fellows' blue-line. Chuck Conacher did the same thing when hockey was hockey; when all the stars were in full flight and the Big Bomber had to carry half of the opposition on his neck when making his shot on the goalie . . . Get what I mean, soldier?

I've got nothing personally against Richard, but it soured my coffee to read such junk from Montreal comparing the "Rocket" to the one and only Howie Morenz. The late Howie was a hockey

About The Author

Down Ontario way, Austin "Bunny" Morganson's daily sports column in the Toronto Tely is a "must" in reading matter. "Mr. Five by Five" covers everything and everybody, from soup to nuts, and you can figure you've something on the ball when you rate mention. Still believes in Santa Claus after 17 years on the sports front and beats the drums incessantly on behalf of minor sports, especially baseball. His best character is "Finklestein," who is really Phil Lisner, and in case you like to place a wager don't take those pickings of Old Selector too seriously. Literally and figuratively a stout fellow and ambassador of goodwill for the Queen City.

players' player. He could go both ways and give it out as well as take it. Richard is a solid puncher in the clinches, but he never saw the day when he could back-check like the late Howie Morenz.

But that's enough on professional hockey. We'll see how good some of the wartime hockey stars are when the boys in uniform get back to their regular chore as NHL stars.

What makes a good athlete? Conditioning, yes. Ability to play hard, play to win, ability to think fast and to be a sportsman at all times. Sure, that's part of it. But have you ever spotted a green kid at any game and said to yourself, "There's a future star" . . . We have tried at at times and our average of correct guesses has been nothing to brag about.

One of our biggest thrills was the night at the Mutual Street Arena when Joe Primeau, then a junior for the old St. Mary's club, skated through the entire opposition to score the winning goal in his first OHA start. "He's got something that boy," we thought out loud and Frank Selke, now assistant to Major Smythe at the Gardens, who was then coach of the St. Mary's club, turned our way and said, "You said it, lad, that boy is a future hockey great."

We saw that future spark in Red Horner's first tryout with the Marlboros juniors also at Mutual Street. Red was out on the ice with about 50 other kids seeking a place on the Marlboro junior club. He was big for his age, towering well over the other lads. Nothing happened until the coach dropped a puck near the "Redhead" and told him to stick-handle his way out of the scramble of players. Horner lost no time getting possession of the little rubber and smaller players were bowled over like five-pins as he started down the ice. That rush made Red Horner. He was a future great from that night on.

You'll hear a lot of loose talk about the modern youth in hockey being a spoiled brat. "The modern kids in sport, especially hockey, have everything

handed to them and still they are not satisfied," complains a veteran sportsman. We'll agree there are some kids who have kicked the bucket, but that is true in all walks of life. There's the good and the bad in everything. But the young lad who has made progress in sport these trying days has proved his worth every inch of the way. The kids who won the Memorial Cup for St. Michael's College had to "learn their way" to that junior hockey triumph. They went to college on each school day. Only four of them lived out of residence and they had homes in Toronto. It was not unusual to see the St. Michael's Majors report to the Maple Leaf Gardens for their after school practice loaded down with text books. . . . It was a standing joke that St. Michael's had to have two managers for their Majors, one to handle the hockey equipment and the other to keep track of the school books while the players took their skating exercise on the ice.

What a comparison to other Memorial Cup teams operated by big commercial firms, where the players who pretended they were working, but the nearest thing they ever came to hard work was to rattle off an extra fine game of "snooker" in the local "pool hall" during the afternoon off periods.

It all boils down to the old story. If you want to get anywhere in sport, in business, and even in the

army, you have to work for it. Ability is a great asset but even the best of athletes haven't gained much because they were just too lazy to maintain and improve their God-given ability to do things right when in the field of competition.

This business of being a so-called sports writer and expert has its complications. But as Johnny Fitzgerald, co-worker on the Evening Telegram and no relation, thank goodness, to our boss, Major J. P. Fitzgerald, MC, has said many times, "It certainly beats working for a living." You meet a lot of nice people and also the other kind. So we'll only talk about the good fellows.

Sgt. Hulse said to write as much as we liked, and if we wanted to go into a song and dance about the good fellows in sport around the Ontario Area, The Tank would have to run off a special edition. To be truthful, most of the lads who have stuck with sport over a period of years know what is on the ball and the time of day. They fly off the handle at times, and don't we all, but in the long run they get to understand your problems and you get to appreciate their troubles. It is the upstarts who cause the trouble in sports. You know the kind. They enter the field of competition with a wild sweep of excitement and last but a few days. They also want to rewrite the constitution of everything and anything during their short span of sport activity. When they get a set back with a deserving defeat, or committee-room rebuttal, they drop out of the sport picture entirely.

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C.A.C. SPORTS

by Sgt. Ab. Hulse
Softball Siftings

CAMP LEAGUE: In three starts made prior to the week of June 25th, Lt. Joe Fennell's CAC mushballers are batting .666, and at this early stage would appear as dead certainties to make the playoffs in the seven-club circuit. The team is without doubt the best dressed in Camp, with red and white sweaters, white and red caps, and tan trousers with a green stripe.

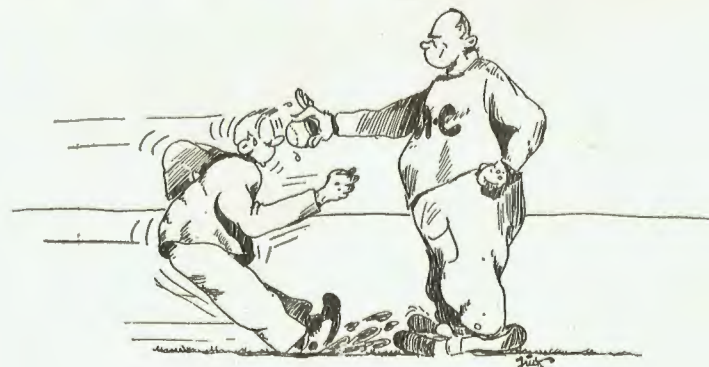
The team appears strong all along the line, and the roster is just beginning to get straightened away, but to date lack of practice and a changing team have prevented the nine from showing their best. Doubtless many new faces will yet make their appearance as furloughs and drafts play their ordinary role.

Brown Hurls No-Hitter!

In the opening game of the schedule elongated Bill Brown from T & S RAP hurled brilliant ball to lead his mates to a 20-0 win over A-22 Medical Corps. Brown set down the Medicos with nary the semblance of a hit, while the Tankers bashed the ball with abandon, Andy Tommy belting out a lusty homer with two aboard. The first nine members of the A-22 team went down swinging without even touching the ball, and from there on brilliant fielding plays eased the situation as Brown worked easily. The losers lost heart after A-33 amassed an early lead, but the score is hardly indicative of the play.

Camp Champs Defeated!

In their second game A-33 met the 1944 Camp Champions, RCOC-RCEME, and except for one bad inning when the losers garnered four runs, the CAC lads had the champs on the run. Lefty Finnemore of Wireless Wing toed the rubber for A-33 and turned in a grade A effort. The final score was 12-6. In the fifth frame the count was knotted 6-6, but in the stretch drive superior hitting power drove the starting ROC hurler to the showers and put the game on ice. It was a nice win for the black beret team before a huge crowd.



A-10 Noses Out A-33!

The undefeated A-10 team on June 20 edged out Armoured Corps 3-2 in one of the greatest games ever played in Camp Borden. Norm Bagnall, one of Ontario's best young twirlers, hooked up with Finnemore of the CAC in a mound duel that was decided when a questionable base decision went for a hit, two errors, and another hit produced three runs for the winners. The Infantry men garnered four hits, while the Tank men got three, two from the bat of Andy Tommy and one from the bludgeon of Bobby McLaughlin. McLaughlin, incidentally, along with Bill Demkiw of the Infantry provided the fielding features of the game. Both teams should meet in the finals and their next clash will undoubtedly attract one of the biggest crowds in years. Infantry feature such well known players as Hank Nairn, Ron Nelson, Phil Baylen and others and there isn't a weak spot. It was the first time Corps have met senior pitching and Bagnall's 10 strike outs attested to this. Finnemore pitched a game good enough to win most, and was ably handled by catcher Bill Keen, making his first start with the club.

THE ROSTER: Here is the list of players used to date by Corps. Catchers: Bill Keen, Red Williams, and Julius Tapper. Pitchers: Lefty Finnemore, Bill Brown, Bert Peters, Hugh Corbett, and Ray Murray. Infielders: Andy Anderson, Reg Westbrook, Bob McLaughlin, Garney St. Germaine, Lorne Racicot. Outfielders: Dariste Moreau, Andy Tommy, Al Kuntz, Lefty Dowdell, Joe Fennell.

The league standing to June 25th is as follows:

	P	W	L	PC
A-10	5	5	0	.1000
RCAF	4	3	1	.750
A-33	3	2	1	.666
A-22	4	2	2	.500
A-11	4	1	3	.250
A-19	4	1	3	.250
RCOC	4	0	4	.000

North Zone League:

Maestro Dave Speyer opened his North Zone, K of C League on Monday, June 11, in big league style, with Col. C. E. Bailey, DSO, MC, Corps Commander, and all Commanding Officers in A-33 present as well as the CAC band. A gala march past was held and then the teams adjourned to the various playing fields where the games got under way. Mr. Speyer also took advantage of the occasion to present the hockey and basketball pennants to the winning Centres.

While only a few games have been played to date, A-33 Officers, M.T. Regiment, and No. 1 C.A.C.-T.R. have indicated they will be strong contenders

for the pennant, No. 2, No. 3, N.C.O.'s school and Wireless Wing also look strong. Gunnery C.B.M.H. and D & M Track will require bolstering at present standards.

Tpr. B. M. Brown, of Greenville, Ont., pitched a no-hit, no-run game against a weak Gunnery team to highlight early season results.

Standing as of June 25th.

	W	L	W	L
M.T. Regt.	2	0	N.C.O.'s School	1 1
A-33 Officers	2	0	Gunnery	0 2
No. 1	2	0	D & M Track	0 2
No. 2	1	1	C.B.M.H.	0 2
No. 3	1	1		

Soccer

A-33 soccer team are breathing hot on the neck of A-11 the present undefeated league leaders, and with the schedule adjourning at the end of this month until August, the fans will have to await a clash between these two elevens until Aug. 28th. By that date the play-off posts will be pretty well decided. Meanwhile with the improvement shown by every club the league leaders can not afford to relax even momentarily.

A-33 5 R.C.O.C. 1

Lt. Jack Davies' men handed the Combines their first defeat of the season on May 29th and made it convincing, too. Red Wilson tallied two, with Perc. Masterman, George Love and Bill Morgan, who was making his first start, getting the others. The losers were but a shade of their 1944 team.

A-33 1 A-10 0

Minus several of their regulars the Corps eleven were given a great battle by the Infantry, and barely eked out a win. Red Wilson took Curly Phillips' pass to score a first-half goal, and from there in the

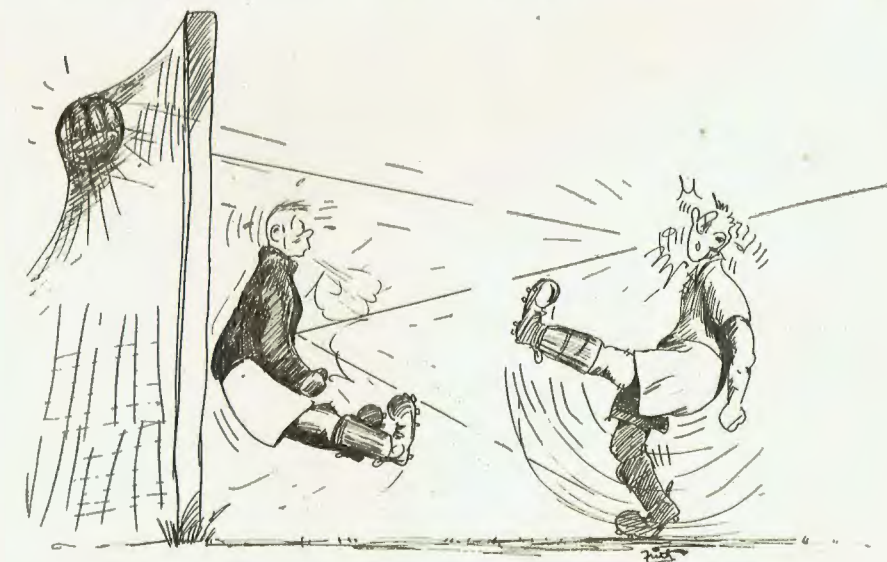
Tankers hung on doggedly with Joe Ward doing some fine clearing.

A-32 1 A-33 0
A-33 1 A-32 0

A-32 Provost Corps handed Corps their first defeat in a heavy checking game, which saw A-33 miss a penalty shot and a chance to tie the score. "The Coppers" are a big fast team, and played rugged roundball. A week later Corps got revenge by the same score and with the shoe being on the other foot as far as missing a penalty shot was concerned. Red Wilson (it seems to be a habit) again bagged the C.A.C. goal, and Alex. Mellis, in both games, performed superbly between the posts.

Standing as of June 25th.

	P	W	L	T	PTS.
A-11	7	6	0	1	13
A-33	7	5	1	1	11
A-32	7	3	3	1	7
A-19	7	3	4	0	6
RCOC	7	2	4	1	5
A-10	6	2	4	0	4
R.C.A.F.	7	1	6	0	2



No. 1 Wins Command Agility Championship

With a brilliant team and individual performance the Agility team from No. 1 CACTR topped the previously unbeaten A-11 team to take Camp honors and the Command championship pennant on June 6th. Neatly attired in dark blue longs, with white singlets bearing the unit crest, the No. 1 team went through their tests with ease and confidence, to score a 270½ total out of a possible 360 marks. In second place was A-11 CMGTC with a 252½ count, while No. 3 CACTR were third with 248½. The No. 1 team were competing in their first Camp tournament, and no less than three months ago were eliminated sadly in the CAC Agility championships. A-11 had won the pennant on both previous occasions, with No. 3 as runners-up in each case.

The contest staged under the direction of Capt. Jack Staton, the Camp PT officer was held in 0-60 Drill Hall, and credit is due Lt. D. N. Lapp of No. 3 who was responsible for arrangements. With a combined band of Armoured Corps and A-22 providing martial music the Opening March Past under the command of Lt. "Sandy" Whitton was a colorful event. Each centre was led by their standard bearer, followed by the six man teams in gym costume. The salute was taken by Major-General A. C. Spencer, CBE, ED, the Camp Commander. The GOC at the conclusion of the contest also presented boxing championship awards to Tprs. Dick Atkey, Gerry Goy

and Dan Bender of No. 3 and Tpr. J. Bureau of No. 2.

The contest itself lasted 25 minutes, with each participant doing rope-climbing, forward vault, the roll, swing exercises, astride vault, and Hi-Jump from the spring board. Demonstrations of mobility exercises, games, strengthening and endurance exercises were done en masse under the direction of the Camp gym instructors. The PT instructors of the various competing Centres combined to do the judging.

Prizes to the winners in the Agility contest were presented by Lt.-Col. J. D. Conover, CBE, MC, VD, Camp AAQMG. Col. Conover addressed the teams briefly and urged his listeners to keep physically fit.

Individual champion of the meet with a 55 point total out of a possible 60 was Tpr. Dudley Fernandes of No. 1 CACTR. Fernandes hails from Georgetown, British Guiana, and is 23. Previous to joining the Canadian Army at his own request he had served nine months with the Royal Air Force. Second place went to Pte. E. R. Bullier, A-10 CITC, and Tpr. A. W. Wilkinson of No. 3 CACTR was third.

The winning sextette from No. 1 consisted of Tpr. D. Fernandes, Georgetown, B.W.I., Tpr. E. J. Ostrowski, Hamilton, Ont., Tpr. W. R. Shaw, Vancouver, B.C., Tprs. R. G. Finlay, and B. J. Cyr, Toronto, and Tpr. M. Mathews, Hamilton, Ont.

SHOWN ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Capt. Fred Egan, the Camp P.R.O., was on hand with his trusty camera at the Command Agility contest by request of The Tank, and under difficult conditions caught some nifty action shots. Thanks, 1,000,000, Captain!

Top Row: The tug-of-war teams from No. 3 C.A.C.T.R. (left), and No. 1 C.A.C.T.R. (right), hook up in some impromptu competition arranged by Capt. J. Staton, and gave each other the old heave-ho with abandon. They all had their "wheaties" judging by the grunting and groaning. It was a no-decision affair.

Headman of the meet was Tpr. Dudley Fernandez of No. 1 C.A.C.T.R. He'll be a pin-up boy once the gals cast their peepers on this page.

Centre: Blindfold boxing is lots of fun, providing you're handing it out, but you have to be able to take it, too. No, junior! That's not a quarter-staff like they used in the days of Robin Hood.

The lads from No. 2 knew how to handle the log with both precision and ease. It's under the heading of toughening exercises and requires both skill and strength.

Tpr. A. W. Wilkinson, of No. 3 C.A.C.T.R., swings through the air with the greatest of ease, just as he did all his movements to take down third place individual honors.

Lower: Lt. Col. J. D. Conover, CBE, MC, VD, Major-General A. C. Spencer, CBE, ED, and Lt. Col. F. D. Adams, DSO, follow proceedings with keen interest. The GOC gave the contest warm praise and expressed the hope more events of a similar nature would be held.

A member of the No. 3 team was caught in full flight as he attempted the astride vault. It's not as easy as it looks, as we once found out, and requires plenty of practice. If you can do this one you're well one your way to the ranks of the Russian ballet.



CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

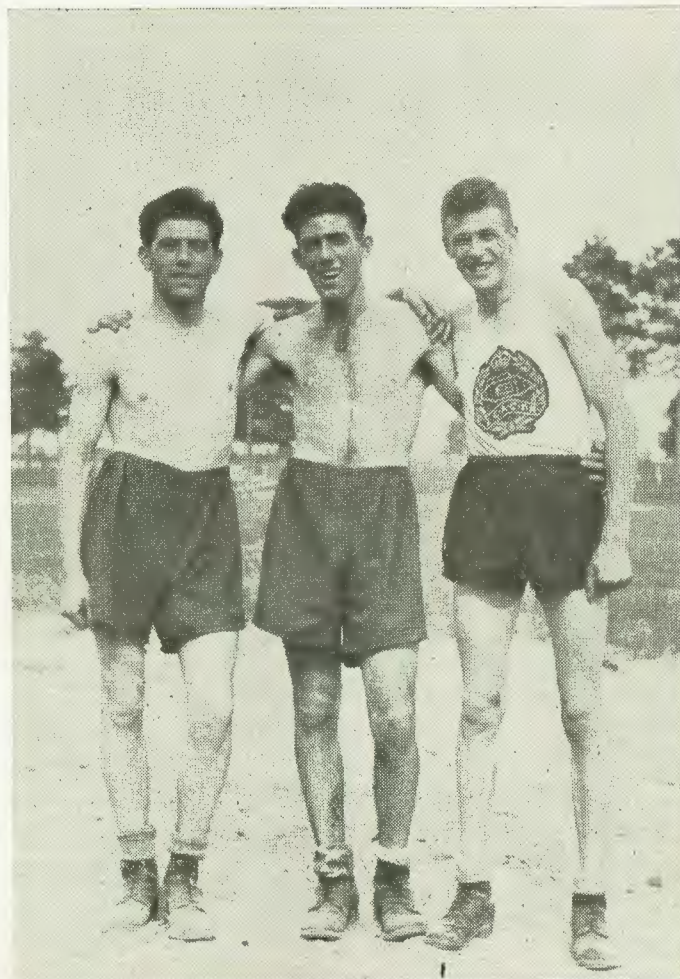
Turning in the fast time of 23 minutes and 15 seconds for a tough three and three-quarter mile course, Tpr. J. F. Kirby of Toronto annexed the individual honours in the CAC cross-country meet, and led his teammates to the team championship over the harriers from No. 2 CACTR on Tuesday, June 12. Kirby finished fresh as the proverbial daisy, his closest opponent being Tpr. R. D. Collins, Peterborough, who ran the course in 25.20. Tpr. D. L. Lawson, St. John, N.B., was the first man home for No. 2 CACTR and took down third money in 26.40.

Twenty runners, representing the two training Regiments, faced Lt. K. Lapp's starting gun, and every man finished the grind in less than 35 minutes none the worse for wear. From the start the No. 1 runners appeared to have the edge and "Frenchy" Bureau of No. 2, a hot favorite for the individual honors on the basis of team practice pulled a "stitch" in his side to make matters worse for Lt. Ray Dow's team. Kirby took over the lead from Collins and Lawson at the 3-mile mark, and from there in was never headed.

On hand to greet the winners and cheer them across the finish line was Lt.-Col. F. D. Adams, DSO, officer commanding No. 1 CACTR, and 200 men from the same unit, and as Tpr. E. B. Cleary, Toronto, the 14th man home crossed the finish line to cinch the honors for No. 1, the boys let out with their war whoops.

The team and individual awards were presented by Major Gordon Harker, G2, CAC, on Regimental parades the week following. Members of the winning team were: Tprs. R. D. Collins, Peterborough, J. F. Kirby, E. B. Cleary, K. N. Russell, S. D. LeBaron, and J. Wood, Toronto, C. Larin, Cornwall, W. L. Smith, Ottawa, H. L. Purpur, Winnipeg, and M. Lamont, Vancouver.

The No. 2 team which provided the winners with stern competition was composed of: Tprs. R. Bureau, G. P. LaCoste, C. Laidlaw, Montreal, E. Hamilton, Brantford, D. G. O'Donnell, North Bay, C. E. Ross, Hants Cty, N.S., J. Anderson, Toronto, O. Wintzel, St. John, N.B., and R. J. Camponi, Saskatoon.



THE WINNING TRIO

Hardly stopping to dry out, the winning cross-country trio were mugged at the end of the grind. Left to Right: Tpr. R. D. Collins, No. 1 (2nd); Tpr. J. F. Kirby, No. 1 (1st); and Tpr. D. L. Lawson, No. 2 (3rd).

Baseball

Owing to the uncertainty of the weather, and a change in personnel at the Camp Sports Office, no games as yet have been played in the six club Camp league. Lt. Ken Robinson has announced the opening date for July 3rd, and from then on a single schedule with four teams going into the semi-finals will be played. Armoured Corps will be represented by a strong club and along with A-10, the defending champions have been installed as post season favorites.

A four-club North Zone circuit has been organized by the K of C, with No. 1, No. 2, T & S Wing, and MT Regiment entered. The loop will provide a fine feeder for the A-33 team. Already Sgt. Earl

Parks has his No. 2 going in high gear, and to date the No. 2 boys have taken a 5-1 decision over No. 1 and a 7-3 win over A-22 in exhibition tilts. Lt. Ron Hicks and Lt. Bob Johnston both feel their units will be able to hold their own with the Training Regiments, so the stage is all set for some gala competition. The league opens this week.

Definition of the rhumba: The front of you goes smooth like a Cadillac while the back of you shakes like a jeep.

The only difference between a cutie and an old maid is that the cutie goes out with the Johnnies while the old maid sits home with the willies.

ITALIAN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 29)

then a rest centre for American flyers and out of bounds to the British and us, and as the mauve and gray slopes of Vesuvius with the wisps of smoke lazily drifting from its summit up into the blue of the summer sky, faded into the distance my thoughts were a jumble—thrilled with the idea of getting back to Canada and my loved ones, sad at leaving the best gang of good fellows adversity has ever brought together.

The trip to England was a glorious Mediterranean Cruise, bright sun, naked bodies adding to an already healthy tan, boat drills, watching the ships of the convoy with its escort of destroyers change formation, planes from a flat top taking off and landing often as darkness was closing in. It seemed an awful waste of a romantic setting. Not a lass was on board although one of the nearby ships carried a flock of Canadian Nursing Sisters. Bad staff work again, no doubt.

We passed around the green hills of Northern Ireland, so close to where I was born, and cast anchor in the picturesque river entrance to Gouric in Scotland. How beautiful the crop-clad hills looked in the evening sunlight, how cool and inviting was the shade of the trees to men returning from the dusty, sun-baked valleys of Italy.

Whisked south the length of England on the "Ghost" train, a special unscheduled express, run for the services and officials on special missions. I presented my carcass before Brigadier Penhale at C.M.H.Q., London, and suggested that, as I was returning to Canada as an authority on armour, I should have a chance to see the armoured units in France and discuss their side of the problem. He agreed, with the result that on the following morning in the cold gray London dawn I was on my way to the air port at Croydon.

It was extremely pleasant way up there in the sky watching the beauty of the English countryside spread like a mosaic at my feet. I felt like the bloke on the magic carpet. Nowhere in the world is there anything that will compare with the extreme loveliness of England, her pleasant meadows, winding roads, rambling hedgerows and the freshness and beauty of the flowers and shrubs.

Suddenly the coast line hove in sight and we were out across the sparkling waters of the English Channel, lined as far as the eye could see with its famous chalk cliffs. Vast fleets of ships plied to and from France carrying stores and equipment. Across the great concrete docks lying off the coast of Normandy, which had been made in England and floated across after "D" day to make a harbour rather than risk the loss of life in taking a port. Over the miles of stores, guns and vehicles neatly arranged in field after field, and then to land on an improvised strip near I Canadian Army H.Q.

Caen had fallen, and Falaise was about to crumble. The tremendous drive was on to hurl back the Hun defenses on the coast, retain the initiative and permit Patton's great encircling movement on Paris to maintain its momentum.

I got forward to those two fine armoured units

which, together with Strathconas and the Westminster Regiment (M) formed the old original 1st Armoured Brigade. Oddly enough, both were commanded by former Strathconas, The Fort Garry Horse by Ronnie Morten and the 1st Hussars by Frank White, both of whom have since won the D.S.O. Everyone was red-eyed for want of rest. They had been at it steadily since "D" day with only three or four days out. They had done a grand job of fighting. I saw Brig. Gianelli, Brig. R.A.C. Army, and John Birgham, Comd. the 2nd Armoured Brigade, both former Strathconas. I discussed the Italian situation with General Crerar, G.O.C. in C 1st Canadian Army, and sat in on his staff conferences, presided over by his Chief of Staff, Brigadier Church Mann, RCD, and then I flew back to England.

A brief pause for a spot of leave in my native town, Newry, Northern Ireland, and back to Canada on that floating city, the Queen Elizabeth. Packed to the gunwales with American wounded and German prisoners, she made a record run.

The Statue of Liberty—the busy Hudson River—a drink at the Canadian Club in the Waldorf Astoria—the skyscrapers with millions of panes of glass intact—thoughts of poor old battered London. Here women gorgeously gowned—there women with their few clothing coupons and their gentle shabbiness—fleets of enormous taxis burning millions of gallons of gasoline daily. And then, Toronto, and my wife, which I had dreamed about so often. But wait—I'm ahead of my story. We were detained on the tracks by some officious dugout who must get some papers and when we arrived into the station proper there wasn't a soul. The meetings we had pictured with our wives vanished. We heard later that Bob Hope had arrived on the same train. My wife swears she wasn't interested in him, she was told everyone was off the train, and she just went home.

I STILL WONDER!

THE END

1ST CDN ARMD CARRIER REGT

(Continued from page 18)

would have had to advance on foot unprotected from enemy fire. It is most comforting to reflect that many Canadian and British soldiers are alive today because of this Kangaroo Regiment. We could not ask to perform a more useful job in wartime and the satisfaction, of having saved the lives of our comrades has been worth all the toil and the hardship and the danger that we have endured.

"Peace has now come to Europe. The long course of the war against Germany has been brought to a successful conclusion. We stand here conquerors on German soil, destroyers of the curse of Nazism, defenders of Liberty and the right of the individual to Freedom and Peace, representatives of a democratic country and of the great British Commonwealth of Nations. In the lives of all of us it is an historic occasion, a great achievement which we may well recall with pride in the years to come.

"Again let me thank you all for your steadfastness, your courage, your loyalty and your devotion to duty. You have brought honour to the Regiment and to Canada."



CANADIAN ARMOURD CORPS

ROLL OF HONOUR



From Canadian Army Official Casualty Lists

OFFICERS

KILLED IN ACTION

GOLDIE, Norman Alexander, Lieut., Toronto, Ont.
HARMER, James Clarke, Lieut., Vancouver, B.C.
WINDSOR, Thomas Alfred Lee, Lieut., Montreal, Que

WOUNDED

HUCKVALE, William Evans, Lieut., Toronto 9, Ont.

OTHER RANKS

KILLED IN ACTION

ADAMS, John Richard, Cpl., Verdun, Que.
BRUNDIT, Edward Hodgins, Sgt., Weston, Ont.
BUTLER, John Denis, Tpr., Ile Malinge, Que.
DALGITY, Frederick Forbes, Tpr., Almonte, Ont.
GREENIDGE, James Douglas, Tpr., Trinidad, B.W.I.
HILL, Samuel Wilfred, Tpr., Saskatoon, Sask.
JOHNSON, Harry, Tpr., Hudson Hope, B.C.
KENNEDY, Donald Davidson, Tpr., Lisle, Ont.
LEWIS, Garfield, Tpr., Toronto 4, Ont.
MARCUS, Murray Phillip, Tpr., London, Ont.
MORRISON, Donald, Cpl., Sydney, N.S.
MUGFORD, William John, Tpr., Kettleby, Ont.
NAPOLEON, Harry Leonard, Tpr., Elmira, Ont.
PHILLIPS, John Thomas, Tpr., Toronto 5, Ont.
SOMERVILLE, John Kermaek, Tpr., Montreal 2, Que
WHEELER, Delbert Alby, Sgt., Sherbrooke, Ont.

DIED OF WOUNDS

HUBER, Walter Leo, Tpr., Serath, Sask.
McCELLAND, John Thomas, Tpr., Montreal 15, Que.
McKEOWN, Bruce Joseph, L/Cpl., Outremont, Que.
PERKINS, Aldion Allison, Tpr., Calgary, Alta.
SWALES, James, Cpl., Toronto 4, Ont.

DIED

ATKINSON, Robert Weldon, Cpl., West Sackville, N.B.
BAKER, Herbert Thomas, Sgt., Montreal 35, Que.
CLEARLY, Michael James, Cpl., Ottawa, Ont.
ERWIN, Thomas Hillary, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
GODDARD, Charles Murray, Cpl., Saint John, N.B.
KIRKVOLD, Lloyd Everret, Gdsmn., Handsworth, Sask.
MENNIE, William, Sgt., Reston, Man.
ROWLES, James Prosser, L/Cpl., Calgary, Alta.
TERRY, William Walter, L/Cpl., Toronto 2, Ont.
THOMPSON, Harold William, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.

WOUNDED

ASH, George Alwyn, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
BOAL, Clement, Tpr., Ottawa, Ont.
BRENNAN, Harvey Joseph, Tpr., Timmins, Ont.
GOYER, Paul, Sgt., Montreal 34, Que.
KANTEN, Walter Gilman, Cpl., Caroline, Alta.
STEFANIZYN, Joe Lawrence, Tpr., Holden, Alta.
SCULLY, Gerald Francis, Tpr., Pembroke, Ont.
SEABOURNE, Frederick Charles, Tpr., National Mills, Man.
SHARPE, James Douglas, Tpr., Kenora, Ont.
SHEA, Charles Herbert, Cpl., Victoria, B.C.
SHEPPARD, Allen, L/Cpl., Longueuil, Que.
SHINETON, John Olaf Henry, Sgt., Norgate, Man.
SHIPWAY, William David, Tpr., Ailsa Craig, Ont.
SIKORSKY, Paul, Cpl., Ardmore, Alta.
SILVER, Abraham, Tpr., Montreal, Que.

SINCLAIR, Harold, Sgt., London, Ont.
SMITH, Leonard, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
SNIDER, Blair Clifford, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
SNOOKS, Cyril Douglas, Gdsmn., Halifax, N.S.
SNOWDON, Thomas Albert, Cpl., Winnipeg, Man.
SOKOLOSKI, Mike, Tpr., Pine Ridge, Man.
SPACHINSKY, Adolph, Tpr., Smoky Lake, Alta.
SPELLMAN, Dave Bernard, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
SPENCE, Cedric Lancelot, Tpr., Red Deer Hill, Sask.
SPENCER, Victor Richard, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
STANFIELD, Harvey Reginald, L/Cpl., Westmount, Ont.
STANSALL, Harold, L/Cpl., Hartney, Man.
STEPHENS, Robert Loren, Tpr., Aurora, Ont.
STEPHENSON, Alfred Richard, Tpr., Rosetown, Sask.
STEEVES, Hazen Borden, Cpl., Hillsboro, N.B.
STEVENS, John Alfred, Sgt., Vancouver, B.C.
STEWART, James Finlay, Tpr., Ilderton, Ont.
STEWART, John, Tpr., Picardville, Alta.
STONEHOUSE, Gordon James, Tpr., North Bay, Ont.
STRANG, John, Tpr., Vancouver, B.C.
STACHERA, Stanley Edward, Tpr., Cultus Lake, B.C.
STRATHDEE, Clifford, L/Cpl., Dorchester, Ont.
TARLING, Gerald Walter John, Tpr., Nelson, B.C.
TAYLOR, Harold Douglas, Tpr., Guelph, Ont.
THIBEDEAU, William Joseph, Tpr., Toronto 4, Ont.
THOMPSON, John Graham, Tpr., Malton, Ont.
THOMPSON, George, Sgt., Saskatoon, Sask.
THOMPSON, Kenneth Alfred, Cpl., London, Ont.
THOMPSON, Martin Ray, Sgt., Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.
THOMSON, Gordon Erskine, Tpr., Brandon, Man.
TIFFIN, William Vernon, Cpl., Vancouver, B.C.
TREMPE, James Donald, Pte., Toronto 2, Ont.
TUCK, James Bertram, Tpr., Palmerston, Ont.
TYSOE, Hugh William, Tpr., MacDowell, Sask.
VILLENEUVE, Edward Joseph, Tpr., Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
VOLLMIN, Chester Ronald, Tpr., Sundre, Alta.
VOSSLER, Otto, Tpr., Medicine Hat, Alta.
WALKER, Ellwood Frederick, Tpr., Toronto 5, Ont.
WALKER, David Ireland, Cpl., Toronto 10, Ont.
WALLACE, Dennis, Cpl., Lynn Valley, B.C.
WALLACE, Charles Ernest, Tpr., Windsor, Ont.
WALTON, Matthew James, Tpr., Barrie, Ont.
WANKLYN, David Irvine, Tpr., Montreal 25, Que.
WARDLE, George Albert, Tpr., Mirimar, Wellington, N.Z.
WATSON, Ian George, L/Cpl., Montreal 24, Que.
WATSON, Cecil Henry, Tpr., Cornwall, Ont.
WEAVER, Fred Austin, Tpr., Lloydminster, Alta.
WELSH, Richard Adolore, Tpr., Cornwall, Ont.
WHEATON, Dean Wallace, Tpr., Winnipeg, Man.
WHICKER, Ernest Henry, Tpr., Windsor, Ont.
WHITE, Vernon William Francis, Tpr., Sturgis, Sask.
WHITEHEAD, Donald, Tpr., Granby, Que.
WHITWELL, Douglas James, Tpr., Mount Hamilton, Ont.
WIGGINS, Charles Stanford, Cpl., Winnipeg, Man.
WILLIAMS, Lloyd Theodore, Gdsmn., Verdun 19, Que.

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Cannery Row, Steinbeck	2.50
Pleasant Valley, Bromfield	4.00
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