Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
UNREST IN EUROPE

Over the last few weeks there has been a decided trend from one or two sections of public information sources to try to break England into an unfavourable light before the rest of the world for her war’s sake in the liberation of Europe.

According to these experts and commentators, England alone has been responsible for the upheaval in Greece, the bitterness in Poland, the unrest in Italy, the friction in Belgium, the fervor in France. England, they say, is backing the wrong group of people in these countries, and is selling the real patriots down the river. They say her foreign policy is resulting in the loss of the war altogether. And the utterly tragic part of the whole business is that people are listening to these ideas and are beginning to believe them.

Now, let’s look at this thing squarely. In every case the countries concerned are war-torn, battle-scared, financially and economically unstable. Similar situations throughout the history of the world have produced similar domestic strife. It is both childish and ignorant to try to place the blame for this on England. Her foreign policy may have been wrong sometime, but she cannot be wrong all the time. She can have no object in trying to turn Europe into a seething hot-bed of civil strife.

What’s the answer? It is a deliberate attempt to belittle England at a very crucial moment when she needs the loyal support of all democracy to help solve a particularly trying situation. This is the exact type of stuff that the enemy wants us to believe. Kill it, discredit it, wherever you can.

IN THIS SIGN CONQUER

These words form the motto of the Army Chaplain Service, circumscribed around a small cross which is their badge. By this badge and motto is the Chaplain Service known to every man and woman who puts on the King’s uniform and to this Service goes the Army’s highest praise and gratitude for a work well done.

The Padres go into action with the lads in the very thick of battle, entirely unarmored, occasionally wearing a Red Cross armband. Their work there is the succoring of suffering humanity, in moments when the word “Compassion” seems to have lost all meaning. Caring for the wounded, comforting the dying, burying the fallen, their efforts are without end. In more quiet times they minister to the spiritual comforts of all those who wish for help, write letters, hold services, spread confidence, lift morale.

Already in this War many of the Padres have paid the highest price at the front. Many more have won high military decorations. True to their traditions, the Chaplains, for their numbers in battle, have received heavier casualties and more awards than any other branch of the Service.

It is therefore with pride that we take this opportunity to pay tribute to all the Padres who have put on the khaki to conquer in the sign of the Cross.

LONDON.—During the five years of the war, London’s Trunk Exchange telephone operators have handled 150,000,000 calls, remaining on duty during all types of enemy raids.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

CHRISTMAS, 1944


The Aldershot News is published by kind permission of Col. H. C. MacKendrick, Q.E.E., E.D., Officer Commanding Aldershot Camp. The contents of this publication have been edited and approved by Capt. J. H. Henderson.

Vol. 2. No. 9. NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1944

RSM Shandon & Sgt. Caff

CHRISTMAS and New Year’s Greetings


On behalf of the First Canadian Army, of which I have the immense honour to be Commander-in-Chief, I take this opportunity to send heartiest Christmas greetings to you men who are presently training in army camps across Canada and who in due course will be joining us in common cause on the battlefields of Europe.

That you will, when the time comes, uphold the splendid traditions of those who have gone before you and who are to-day meeting out terrific punishment to the enemy in Italy and on the Western Front, I take for granted. You are Canadian soldiers and as such have a reputation to live up to that is unequaled among all the fighting men in Europe.

I feel it my duty to send greetings to you on the camp training staffs, whose responsibility has been to carry out the initial training of our soldiers and to express my sincere admiration. This splendid job you have done in laying the all-important groundwork upon which has been built the high peak of fighting efficiency that has now become the hallmark of the Canadian soldiers overseas.

With this, and let us hope, last Christmas of the war about to slip into history and a new year presenting with the promise of victory close at hand, I extend to you, our comrades in battle, our best wishes for Christmas and good luck in the new year.

CREER.

FREEDOM

Freedom! If you doubt it
Worth its bitter:ing
This N.E.O. is noted for its great size and benevolent disposition. It is the ideal of all Mess members in asso-
ciation with the happy possessor of about 18 girl friends, all of whom are really wild women, who live under the Mess proper.

Sgt. Catt is the real soldier when it comes to routine. He doesn’t vary his habits one little bit. Each evening he leaves the mess on the right after supper, apparently headed for night schemes and bivouacs. He is the first one in every morning; when the mess cook opens the door Sgt. Catt stumbles in and collapses under the table, or as near as he can get. Neither food nor milk, kinks nor curses, can awaken him until along in the after-
noon when he opens a Jacksonville ey e and eats the rations that have been set out for him. He then washes up, apparently gaining strength from minute to minute and around dusk, shined, shaved and properly dressed, he sauntered to another night pat rol or scheme and isn’t seen again until the door is opened in the morning and he stumbles in again.

Reports have it that there are several members of the Mess who are quite jealous of Sgt. Catt and his remarkable recuperative powers, and are trying to emulate him. They claim that they were allowed to sleep as much in the daytime as Sgt. Catt they could be equally as vigorous at night. As if most sergeants didn’t sleep in the daytime any way.

Incidentally the big bruising holder 8gt. Catt in the picture is none other than our popular RSM, Frank Shanton.

May we present Sgt. Tom Catt, a fully qualified and recognized member of the Sergeants’ Mess at A-14.

LIEUT. P. F. MORRIS

DIES SUDDENLY

LIEUT. P. F. Morris, 36, Intelligence Officer, Camp Aldershot, passed away very suddenly Wednesday evening in his quarters. He had been in good health right along and carried on his duties as T. O. and O. C. Fire de-
partment and police. As a member of the Camp Entertainment Committee he was quite ac-
tive in cooperation with the C.H.I.R. for Christmas parties being arranged at the Camp.

Prior to enlisting in the Cana-
dian Army in November 1940, Lieut. Mor-
ris was a member of the R.C.M.P. and attached to the Liquor Preventive squad. Promotion carried him up through the ranks at Aldershot where he was Company Sergeant Major, re-
ceiving his commission last December.

A native of Prince Edward Island, he is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alice Morris, and four children, residing at 86 Upper Queen Street, Charlottetown.

The remains will be forwarded to Charlo tewater Friday morning for burial.

The sympathy of the entire Camp personnel is extended to his family in their loss and bereavement.

OUT OF DANGER

Mrs. Harry Keizer has received word that her husband, Capt. Harry Keizer, who was wounded in Italy, is now out of danger. Capt. Keizer’s many friends in the Valley will be pleased to know that he is not now con-
sidered serious.

LONDON.—During the five years of the war, London’s Trunk Exchange telephone operators have handled 150,000,000 calls, remaining on duty during all types of enemy raids.
Padre’s Message

The true celebration of Christmas is so very much a personal thing. It is during this Holy Season that our hearts and minds go back nineteen hundred years to a hillside near the obscure town of Bethlehem. It is there that we join the Angels in their praise of the dumb beasts of the field in adoring the new-born King in the arms of his Holy Mother. This is no ordinary child, for faith tells us that He is the long-promised Messiah, God the Son, become Man, the Word made Flesh.

We might say that the story of Christmas is the greatest love story ever written. It never grows old; it never loses its attraction. And yet it is a story that is told in so very few words. “She brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger.”

The miracle of Christmas seems to bring light and warmth even to the coldest and most callous of hearts. The charity smile, the warm clasp of the hand, the exchanging of gifts, are the order of the day. Everyone, it seems, is out looking for a small piece of one, of the peace and happiness of the Birthday of Christ.

Today, there is war and famine, stark earth. Because of this some have said that Christianity has failed. G. K. Chesterton answered this charge, when he replied: “Christianity has not failed; Christianity has never been tried.” The world will know peace and contentment when it heeds the message of Bethlehem—”Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

The sacrifices of those who have been killed and the brave spirit which will not be broken are a fitting Remembrance in honor of the men who have laid low the path of our freedom and safety in the past. These are the men who have given their lives for their country, and they are not forgotten.

Remembrance Day Service Held

A solemn and fitting Remembrance Service, not soon to be forgotten, was held on the morning of November 11th, when all the personnel of the Aldershot Area paraded on the Square before a magnificently constructed Cross of Sacrifice, and paid homage and respect to all those who have laid down their lives in our service in both the last Great War and the present one.

Under command of Lt Col E. A. Chatler, the parade was drawn up at 10:45 hours and was actually larger than could be accommodated on the Square. All veterans of the last Great War, and all those who have seen active combat during this present conflict, were in a separate group directly in front of the Cross under command of Maj G. F. Turner. The base of the Cross was covered with wreaths of Flanders Poppies, and every person on the Parade wore a small poppy in their headgear.

The Service commenced with an address by H. C. Cap, F. Bennett, Protestant Chaplain for Aldershot Camp. Pointing out that the lives of those who fell during these wars were but a part of the cost that we have paid for our freedom, he said: “This freedom is the costliest heritage we possess. It has ever to be defended constantly and unselfishly shared with others. A people that becomes complacent in its security, isolated in its policies, or indifferent to the cries for help of other nations, soon loses its right to freedom—and deserves to do so.”

The address was followed by the singing of the national hymn: “O God, our help in ages past.”

Our hope for years to come: Our shelter from the stormy blast And our Eternal Home.

This was in turn followed by prayers offered by the Roman Catholic Chaplain, H. Capt, R F. Colly.

At one minute before 11 o’clock the bugler stepped forward and sounded the strain of the Last Post, and for two minutes the parade stood at attention in silent tribute to fallen comrades. The bugler raised his instrument again and the stirring notes of Reveille resounded throughout the Camp. The Benediction was pronounced and the Parade was dismissed.

It is pointed out that the Cross of Sacrifice was constructed by 8 Sgt. Margetson and his capable group of carpenters at the Camp Carpenter Shop. Having nothing more than a picture, from a magazine as a plan, Staff Margetson made the blue prints to the proper proportions and all the work had a hand in its construction. The excellence of their work can be clearly seen in the accompanying picture.

Halifax Concert Group Entertains Camp Troops

Hugh Mills, better known to radio listeners as Uncle Mel, brought one of the Concert Guild Groups to Aldershot last Sunday to present a variety show for the troops stationed here, and their guests.

The talented performers lived up to previous standards and the whole show was well presented and as well received and appreciated by the audience.

Included in the program were several dance numbers provided by Miss Irene Spano in which she appeared as the lead dancer. She was equally as adept in a clog as in a ballet performance.

The two pianists, Miss Charlotte Guy, and Miss Lila Tredwell, in addition to accompanying the other artists gave out in several piano accordion duets.

Miss Webber delighted the large audience with her tap dance and was brought back repeatedly for encores.

Miss Dorothy Hamilton, talented vocalist who is to appear on the “Sing along with the Stars” program at Toronto on Christmas Eve made a real hit with the audience, being called back for several encores.

Fred Stone, R.C.N., gave some clever imitation of himself and then really played a few close-ups of the band that had the boys bringing down the rafters. With old-time numbers everybody’s feet hit the floor. Miss Spence and Miss Webber joined their talents to give the Hawaiian dance “The Dance of Love.”

The West Sisters gave their interpretation of several popular numbers and had the troops howling for more. Two Revue Girls, both, returned from overseas, after a stint with the R.C.N., and were a real sensation with their piano duets.

“Smoky Joe,” known as the unbeatable man in the world, entertained the audience with several stories and skits. In the afternoon the concert party entertained the patients at the Aldershot Hospital, a feature which was deeply appreciated by all.

The chairman of the entertainment committee opened the performance by introducing Uncle Mel to the audience. By the conclusion of the program Col. H. C. MacKendrick, Commanding Officer of a centre, expressed the thanks of the troops to the concert group for the splendid entertainment.

OVEREARD—ADM. BLDG.—

PERSONNEL SATISFIED WITH ADMINISTRATION

There have been several instances recently where “beefs” or complaints have been recorded or voiced as to the manner in which the canteen funds have been controlled or expended. Such complaints have reached the ears of those responsible for the operation of these accounts with the result that they decided to hold an open meeting of the committee, to which all personnel in the Centre were invited.

The meeting, presided over by Lt.-
Col. E. A. Chatler, Chief Administrat
ive Officer for the Camp, was held in the Camp theatre last Wednesday evening. Apart from a few absentees and members of the committee there were only six other members of the entire Camp personnel present enough to attend and express their views. Five of the six were from the same platoon.

It is therefore apparent, from the

The members of the training centre who saw service in the First Great War and who were overseas already in the present war, are shown above when they took part in the Remembrance Day Service held on the parade square.

Interviewer: Have you had any expecience in defence work?

Young girl applicant: Oh, yes, I used to go with a soldier,
Sergeants' Mess

In the following paragraphs and the accompanying pictures we would like to give you an inside story on the Sergeants' Mess at Aldershot, one of the finest of its kind in any military camp in Canada, and one of which its members are justly proud.

The Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants' Mess of A14 C. I. T. C. was started on the 9th of January, 1940, with a total of twenty-six members. Since that time it has enlarged to 127 members. Its original location was in the building which is now used by the School of Instruction.

The present quarters, situated on the East side of Jeffrey Avenue and to the North of the Camp, can accommodate up to 175 members with all the necessary facilities under the one roof. These facilities include a very extensive library of 1800 books, a games room which in reality is a billiards and lounge room combined. A beer garden is enclosed by the building and is a favorite spot for relaxation on warm summer evenings. S/Sgt. Harry Lushner is the caretaker and an exceptionally good one.

Last year the dining room at the Mess was improved considerably and new tables and chairs secured which adds much to the set-up.

While the present membership is around 140 there is no telling how many have been members at one time or another. Many of its former members are now holding commissions and are serving in the various theatres of war in addition to being on the staff in this and other training centers. Included in this list are Major Blanchard, S. J. Capt. Barney Hudson, Bob Gelston, Harry Davies, Walter Garber, all overseas; Lieut. P. Morris, L. O.; Lieut. Brian Charlton, P. R. I. A large number of former members have paid the supreme sacrifice, the most recent being Lieut. Larry Lacey.

The first RSM to hold forth at the Mess was RSM D. McLean and he was succeeded in turn by C. R. Bines, A. J. Blanchard, B. Hudson, W. I. Caudle and the present RSM of the Camp, Frank T. Bottson.

The Mess has always been noted for its hospitality as well as being visited by many an Air Force mate or sailor who has the privilege of being entertained there. Imperial units, several of which have been stationed here, were royally entertained and have spread the good name of Aldershot wherever they have traveled since. One of these groups made a presentation to the Mess of a handsome silver tray, appropriately engraved, which is on display at all times.

The motto of the Mess is a simple one—"Hospitality with Informality"—and every mess member takes great pride in the reputation the Mess has made in living up to it.

TRAINING CENTRE HEADQUARTERS

What certain Sgt. from Cape Breton is seen mostly every night at the "Palace Grill"? Is it the good grub Sgt. or is it the head waitress? Come clean now Sergeant.

Why is it that a certain C.W.A.O. always laughs so hard when the big, rugged, H.Q. Sgt. starts singing? Is it because they gave a different kind of singing lesson in his day? He claims he took singing lessons for two years but believe me, I'm doubtful. Perhaps the lessons are like my vaccination, it never "took" on me.—The Green Hornet.

The pictures above show a corner of the extensive Library in the Sgt's. Mess; the Tap Room, Billiards Room and Lounge and the Dining Room.

(Mitch photos)

SECURITY...

We divide SECURITY into three classes:

I. Security of Information Against Espionage.

II. Security of Personnel Against Propaganda and Rumours.

III. Security of Material Against Sabotage.

CAUSES OF BAD SECURITY

SELFISHNESS

EGOTISM

CONCEIT

UNIMPORTANCE

RANCOUR

IGNORANCE

TALKATIVENESS

YOU

"Reminiscences"

Once more to France's war torn shore
We come again as once before
To free all people in this land
From the oppressor's cruel hand.

As cows graze idly over the fields
Near to clear blue sky, the army wields
Its heavy force in the fray
Superbly trained in every way.

The air is filled with shrieking sound
As shells go screaming over the land.
The birds are fluttering from their nest
With fearful chirps in every breast.

Our boys in blue are firing high
To drive the foe from out the sky.
They wheel and soar, they turn and dive
Like angry bees chased from their hive.

The poppies here are still in bloom,
They dot the fields where crosses loom.
Our comrades who have gone before;
Their memory lives forever more.

To our brave comrades who have gone
We pledge ourselves to carry on;
Till they're avenged, each single one,
And till till then is our task done.

The cause we serve is true and clear,
The end of the oppressor near;
And once again the Bells of Peace
Will ring out clear and never cease.

If we should die for Freedom's cause
We have not died in vain, because
We feel you won't betray us when
The Bells of Peace ring forth again.

Oh, mothers, wives, and sweethearts near
Whose love we fondly cherish here,
May God protect and guide us through
The combat safely home to you.

We pray that soon the war will end
And homeward bound our way we'll send
To homes where all our loved ones wait
In a world devoid of fear and hate.

(The above poem was written at Les Buissons, Normandy, by Lieut. R. G. MacDougall, N.N.R.H. on June 29, 1944. Since then Lieut. MacDougall was wounded, suffering the loss of an eye and has returned to Canada.)
WINTER TRAINING

By the C.I.

Training can be considered effective only when it enables the soldier to use his weapons effectively under conditions such as exist at the point of battle. With this in mind, we must study carefully the conditions under which our troops may fight and ascertain the type of weapons that may be used effectively.

Reports from Active areas reveal that physical fitness, training in living under difficult circumstances, and the ability to look after oneself in the preparation of food and sleeping quarters, are essential. Weaknesses in these subjects have shown up in some reinforcements.

To overcome these weaknesses, rigorous night training is being carried out. The men are undergoing training in the preparation of food and sleeping shelters in an improvised manner.

As cold weather approaches, some troops may consider it a bit tough to be trained out of a warm bed, do ten or nine mile route March and then bed down in the bush.

It is tough, but there are tougher things ahead and probably it can be summed up by saying "The tougher we make it for you here, the easier it is going to be for you when you get where the going is really tough."

Ballad To A Biovocuor

With Apologies to Robert Service

The Corporal came to Orders 1
Scurredly daring to breathe,
And slips the pages one by one,
As his brassy chest doth heave.
Then a noisy shoo of pure delight,
Gushes from his lips,
"It's Camp Patrol on Tuesday Night!"
And off to town he skips.

In Aldershot Camp we have our beer,
Our bars and the occasional chicken,
We have our sports, we clean our gear,
And we all do a lot of kicking.
They drink to Canada and their King,
And all things new and old,
But I will drink to the unfortunate
That must sleep out in the cold.

From our Privates to the ones with crowns,
And stripes and badges and pipis,
This is when we hear strange sounds,
And muttered mopping of lips.
When dusky doth fall with all its might,
And the lines are void of chatter,
Then from his hair into the night,
Goes the wretched biovocuor.

There are strange things done in the midnight sun,
By all men who roll for gold,
All of us have seen things done,
That would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen strange sights,
But the strangest they ever did see,
Is the poor old ham out by the dam.
The biovocuor, under a tree.

OFF COURSE WE'D LIKE TO KNOW...

When will Sgt. "Sinatra" remember that the Ration Return must be in by 1400 hours every p.m.?

How many times a day vehicle No. 68-372 goes up the hill towards the hospital?

C.S. & T.O. NEWS

We always spend several long moments wondering how to start each month's news flash. Eventually we come up with a new O.C. This month it is Capt. "J. Major, who has been transferred to this Depot from Windsor. We hope you will enjoy working with us, sir, and that there won't be another new boss to introduce for a long time.

Sgt. Alexis of the issue room left recently for Camp Debret. Good luck, Alex, and congratulations on the promotion.

Congratulations are also in order for that good-looking blonde with the moustache who is now wearing a couple of stripes out there among the rations—Cpl. Polinsky.

Lookie, lookie, where is Cookie these days? Don't you think it is time you left "A" for a few days again?

Cpl. Kasdan has mentioned a new procedure for convincing drivers that their vehicles are in need of greasing.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED

Four or five men were working in the Stores and another dozen were due to turn in some equipment. If any of these men had handled the bomb the least roughly or by chance it had received a knock, it would have exploded and killed a dozen or more men, to say nothing of wrecking the building.

The moral is:
Never touch an explosive bomb, grenade, or any other sort of explosive unless you know for certain that it is safe to handle. If you don't care about your life, remember that you value other's.

And... if you don't get killed playing with one of these things, it is an easy way to a Court-Martial. — LEAVE BLINDS ALONE. Notify the nearest officer of his exact location. If you can't do that, mark it off with sticks, branches, stones or anything so that the next fellow won't step on it or kick it.

Just when is this to come into effect?
— or was that a rash moment?
Sorry to Joe Pte. Dotty Farr, who has been transferred to Halifax. We wish your hard-working presence, Dotty...

We hear the male shortage is to be alleviated in Ottawa—know anything about it, Penny?
And... have you heard about the chocolate being fed in C.W.A.C. make-up?

Things We Would Like To Know

Could Major Blackwood learn to dance in "Ten Easy Lessons?"

What fellow in the S. F. gets his hair cut every other night?

What man of braven and muscle swings weights in his room—privately of course.

Have we a "Romero" named "Joe" at the school?

Why Capt. Major has been seen chewing his tunic...?

And why must the visiting great always come calling on a week-end???
Taking time out to give our readers some perspective on the war, there is no sense from the hustle and bustle of preparing for Christmas and New Year’s to feel as if this company is going to be grim.

Since last writing, our O.C., Capt. Denney, has taken a course at Camp. Borden and C.S.M. Poisey a course at Halifax, N. S.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Nadeau, R. A., who is now a confirmed hooker. What a celebration that is!

Our 2 1/2 is sure in bad shape these days, what with a cast on his right leg bandage on left hand and getting punched in the arms with inculcations. The news that Bill has old Onion dying out. It looks as though he has ceased firing.

"B" COY.

Our Coy. has had the second week of the syllabus and although the boys find the training more rigorous than the Armeured Corps, the switch over hasn’t done them any harm. Muscles are beginning to show in places where it was once fat and according to our report, this regiment’s aptitudes haven’t suffered any either.

Sgt. Croul has been transferred from "B" Coy. to "C" Coy. We know he will be as popular in his new Coy. as he was in the old.

Sgt. LeBlanc has been taken on Staff of "B" Coy. from T.C. Coy. and is doing a good job in a quiet and efficient manner.

Congratulations, Emmett "Snrats" Podey, were we all pleased when the other "hook" arrived. While we miss you yet, Corporally, we think we know you will be right at home at the Sgt’s Mess.

The event of the month was the arrival of the second "hook" to quiet industrial Cpl. Clow. It certainly has rejuvenated this gentlemanly N.C.O.

We extend our congratulations to Lt. Finlay and L/Cpl. MacAskill recently arrived from Brockville. While A-14 is not new to them, they have instructed here before, however they are in a new role now and "B" Coy. should benefit from their previous experience.

Sgt. Mitchell is to proceed on a Winter Training Course. When this course is finished he should be about the best informed Sgt. in Camp.

No. 1 Platoon is leading in the Hut Cleanliness Competition. The boys are working hard and Sgt. "Old Bill" Brampton, Cpl. MacDougall and L/Cpl. MacBain deserve credit for keeping them at it.

Morale in the Coy. was very low when the notice came through saying "No travelling at Christmas." But when Maj. Millar explained the new plan to them they slapped one another with joy. Maybe the Infantry is not so bad.

Since Capt. Sam Sears the Pilot of the "Green Hornet" introduced "Gal- liant Fox" to our boys at Marm a Pie Scout recently, the "Galliant Fox" has shown a propensity for the higher Arts and they say he cannot get enough nice clones to suit him.

Congratulations to Handinome Tommy Martin on receiving his first "hook." When looking at his sleeve he had anything to do with carrying his dirty dishes from the Mess Hall to the Q.M. Dept.

It is possible that he doesn’t find any mistake.

Sgt. "Bingham" Sears got his dates mixed last Sunday and they all arrived at once. We hope he was able to talk his way out.

L/Cpl. Chevrier has been admitted to the Camp Hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Sgt. Millar has taken a lot ofCourses and maybe the load is upsetting him mentally. One week he was drawing all sorts of things in the sand and lecturing on them. On a recent route march he sat down and much to the amusement of all present he demonstrated Part 2 of personal de-contamination. Tough luck Pat.

At this time of year when the temperature gets lower, most Canadians immediately think of skating, flashy across crystal clear ice or sitting in a rink cheering their huskies in a ring of hockey. "B" Coy. has some real good material for a hockey team led by that famous Professional Leaguer of the Pittsburgh Falcons of the International Hockey League.

With a good spring line of former Senior and Junior players on our Nominal Roll the other Companies had better take warning.

A suggestion, instead of bickering out this winter why not just put the fire out and open the windows in the hut.

Some men smile in the evening. Some men smile at dawn. But the man worst it can’t even smile. When all his front teeth are gone!

This little ditty was sent in by Pete Russell of our last Coy.

Well folks we have come to the end of this issue. If looking at this Klein end of news you are wondering from us again in the near future, Cheroio and all the best.

"C" COY.

Through the medium of the press, "C" Coy. wishes to take this opportunity of welcoming the following instructors into the fold of "Major Scott’s Command.

Sgt. Jordan, E.A., Cpl. MacIntosh, E. L., Spenders, C. Miller, T. Pettipas, F. W., Wilson, D.A., and L/Cpl. Frank, O.C., who have come to us from the 8 of I. They were formerly instruc-

ators at No. 61 G. C. A. (B) T.C. New Glas-

gow. Having left New Glasgow Training Centre they have given away from their "Batteries" but they still have plenty of the "old spark" left, eh fellows? In addition to the above we welcome back Sgt. Deveau who has also returned to us from the S. of I. and also L/Cpl. Knight and Piers Piercy, Bassett, Kowlin, Hurwitz, Campbell, Cheeseeman and Davis. The majority of this latter group will be going up for their commissions very soon and we wish them every success in their military endeavors to come.

Your "C" Coy. correspondent wants to know:

Is it true that Capt. Stafford mailed in his books for these fancy gardeners’ seeds at Long Branch? Be careful, Capt.

O.H.M.S. does not mean "Our Home"

Dame rumor has it that Capt. Doug-


dall, our genial 2/1 is taking that fatal plunge very soon. He is apparently of the opinion that two can live as cheaply by one. As we say they can . . . but only half as long. What does the Major Scott is taking lessons in ventriloquism? After all, eight platoons is a long, hard yell. May- be tomorrow he will have to rent a "House." (Hollywood news please copy)."n

Is it true that "C" Coy. Orderly Room staff was well represented at the last CWAC Dance? Ask the "Mowing Machine"

What "C" Coy. Captain had his pic-


ture recentely? What was the reason? Is it the Regina Gallery or the Matrimonial Bureau? Our money is on Cupid.

Has Lieut. Miller really received the Ship’s Past Award, for November and the title of "The Officer most likely to represent Aldershot at the Kentucky Derby."

What Sgt. in "C" Coy. wants to go home Christmas the extra that married men have the preference. Better leave it to New Year’s. Then the snow will be deeper in Inverness.

We are glad to welcome back Lita, Helm and Yule who have been our "Guest Artist" at "D" Coy. for the past two or three weeks. Incidentally, have you ordered your Christmas cards from Capt. Russell or Mr. MacPhail, now that he has really gotten himself established at the Engineers’ Office.

They say that Lt. Dickson’s theme song is now "Under a Blanket of Blue."

Of course a little rain varies the color of the blanket and adds to the zest of the moment.

"C" Coy. has temporarily lost the services of Lt. Bill Lawson and Sgt. Roy Thomas who has been left in charge of the Refreshers at the 8 of I.Refreshed from WHAT, is what little Audry wants to know. How about it Bill?

Signing off till next month and with, "Oceans of Notices for Oddle Minute Moths."

I remain your "C" Coy. Correspondent

WALTER WINDSHEILD.

"D" COY.

Along with other news reports to our editorial dept., came a soft and almost misty hint that Christmas was on the way and soon the entire staff and sub-staff became imbued with that effective and almost slavish attitude, familiarly termed the "Christmas Spirit."

The general discussion therefore has been going on as to how many days will we get? Will short Leave be added? Will we have both combined? Will they give us ten days and show a real high "Christmas Spirit?" This latter seems almost possible now, since reinforcements are not to unhappy. The "Zombies" are going over. It is noted they are well trained, so a few days off for the "invaders" will be, for them in any way detrimental, unfortunately we can only suggest.

Since our last news report, staff and company have undergone the horrors of a four-day scheme, and what suffering and horrors we underwent cannot be described. The chief detritum in such undertakings, in our estimation is a fatal breaking down of considerability; amount of men proceeding on leave. For instance the distance and time it takes to reach a point in each Province via different railway junctions has to be figured out and the soldier is granted the right amount of travelling days with ration allowance provided. Transport warrants have to be issued and also ration cards. Purlough forms and passes have to be filled out. Then you see in Part II Orders the whole works neatly printed, you can be sure that those responsible for "hounding" the office were given the appreciation to the B.O.R. staff for putting everything through the Orders with dispatch. Even a paratrooper of the 9th/1c of the B.O.R. staff, we say, "Flowers to you Sgt. and please take a Bowl." We are gone. New Company is on its way and we are looking forward to receive these
Greetings from the C. O.

To all ranks Aldershot Camp I extend my heartfelt greetings for the Christmas Season and wish you all a Victorious New Year.

Frank Masterson

men and prepare them for overseas services. A new Company is always full of surprises—pleasant and unpleasant.

Welcome has been tendered to Capt. Riplcy who is now 2 i/c of our Coy. and has taken up genial smiling countenance around the room like a quiet colt. Quite contagious. My, this could be the reason why our O.C., Capt. J. A. Bird, is so genial. He's been spending a lot of time in the room that it's quite contagious. We're all going around distributing promotions in the same manner as Mr. MacLean, of Toronto, distributes moneys! Good work Capt. Bird and you are a Morale Builder. The Company was enlarged during the last stages by the reception of three platoon from “C” Coy, including Officers and N.C.O.’s. To those staying with us, a hearty welcome to those leaving us, our heartiest sympathy!

There have been several ranks confirmed and many promotions. Among those promoted, our genial quarter-master strode forth with an extra hook. Congratulations “C” Coy. We’ll see you in the bar soon and don’t forget to get your violin.

All in all, the training goes on at an accelerated speed and we are sorry to lose our diminutive Lieut. D. K. MacDonald. He was lost in a shuffle, nobody knows when and until we find him again at the 8. of T. taking a refresher! Happy hunting Sir!

Sgt. Rand and Tyndall now conducting duties recently; we are wondering how much it costs. Sgt. Rand to get the Woodstock trip.

Cpls. Banks, Blanchard and Smallwood, has an interesting interview lately with the result that now they are on the H.W.E.

Lieut. Morine is his usual self once again. Few days “light duty,” for what can only be described as the “scheme” has something to do with it. Perhaps Mr. Morine could take a few tips from Lieut. Turner, because we are wondering how Mr. Turner comes out of the worst storms uninjured! Our training is going on in full swing and we are almost ready for hibernating, but only a few are fat enough as yet, such as Sgt. LeClair and L.Cpl. “Chuckles” Steele. The others will be fed on “K” rations until they are in proper prime for hibernating.

Now, what “D” Coy. Officer was being discussed so romantically by two members of the C.W.A.C. proceeding on furlough? Nice going Sir, they were too bad to look at. Another cause of wonderment is why a certain Sgt. returned one and a half days earlier than expected?

Did anyone in the Army ever hear about his dinner—his dinner—Remember, a Cpl. We were so well fed that oddly on Sunday when at least two of our full fledged Cpl’s, (one from Hamilton) missed their meals. It just left us gapping and gasping. Of course the O.C. was there and they were perhaps thinking “Wonder what?” Both of them are going on course in the near future, draw young omen card.

Before parting, do you say that we all wish for peace in the near future and unity among men. —- MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

F. C. OY

In last month’s issue of our paper we stated the belief that we had the makings of a smart Coy. and now it is with considerable pride and credit to the lads in training that “F” Coy. is able to say that their prophecy came true. A rugged bunch of lads they are, too, for it is indeed a peculiar situation when the MO complains of not being kept busy enough by our Coy. sick parades.

Changes have been occurring in our staff establishment, "E" Coy. heartily welcomes as its new 2 i/c the capable Capt. A. O. Gunn, recently returned from Italy and bringing with him many new training ideas which have proved interesting to the lads in training. That pulsing heart of the Coy., namely the Orderly Room has had a noted addition also. Pte. A. W. Currie has taken over for the Indomitable Pte. Boy, and under the true and good guidance of Pte. Hince, who knows all the answers, has progressed with great strides and is turning in a coking good job. We are sorry to lose Pte. Hurley, as he who is at present at the 8. of T. and we hope to have him back with us again before long. We are pleased to have Lieut. Quigley back after his short sojourn in the hospital and it looks as if he will be back in harness shortly.

We notice with some consternation the recent efforts of the R.C.A.F. to dive bomb Lieuts. MacDonald, Davis, and Saunders off the sports field. Can it be they are on the receiving end of some grievous vengeance by their former McGilland friends or is this really combined operations. We are advised that Stern and worried look on Lieut. MacMillan’s face has something to do with Canadian politics. This day brings a new smile, though, so things must be looking brighter.

F. C. OY

By the time the news is distributed the time is up, our genial Coy. Clerk will be on course in Toronto. We’re looking to miss you around the office. "Clarke", and we know P.B.X. will share our sentiments.

If it is true that “In the Spring etc... can anyone tell us why our Sgts. Mj. get's the urge when the weather is turning chilly?

Our new Sgts. Wambolt, Fry and Woden apparently forget that they are no longer R.C.A. We’re referring to the enthusiastic way they have gone “Gunning” since coming to Camp.

Say Ed. if you are ever short of material, may we suggest you participate in the “Friday Night Privatities” at that well known “Dine and Dance” just out of town? You will find the “Fleet Footed Faculty” of Freddy Coy well represented. Among those seen (and heard) on almost any Friday night will be the fast talking, faster stepping, Cpl. “Shifty” Grewe; cutting a mean rug with a certain “Dot” Da Delycor, Cpl. Grant playing the field; “Butch” with that dragram look in his eye that means only one thing; and the two “Gour- diez” Henry and McLeod; our Sgt. Mjr. Romuald Smallbeck etc... why Ed. you could take the Staff Roll Call and not find an absentee.

Comes now the inevitable—and just in time for our Christmas lawsuit developments we assure you that the following “Quizzers” are not the brain child of your Correspondent, but the result of a request from all and sundry for contributions to the News.

We give you...

Things We Would Like To Know

1. Why won’t the “Butch” allow that other Sgt. in the same Coy, to drive home from Turner’s with him, when his girl friend is around. “I tot you guys wouldn’t be allowed.”

2. How our 2/c gets on his fingers when he rubs them over a spotlight window.

3. Is it true that Mr. Hall is gunning for the ex-reporter of the News?

4. What well known Lt. developed a bad case of "shambles" when he discovered the Lady was married to a friend of his?

5. Doesn’t Sgt. “Ted” Wambolt’s conscience bother him when he leads that other innocent Sgt. off the straight and narrow?

Do the “Guiseous Twosome” know they aren’t fooling anybody with their “legends”?

Whose favorite remark on hearing the phone ring is, "quote "If that’s for me I’ll talk through it.

Is it true that our Runner is having heart trouble?

DENTAL CORPS

Once again the time has rolled around for a word or two from the “Clinic on the Hill” though there isn’t very much we can say this trip.

Since our last issue we have had an old member of our staff visiting us, Capt. R. C. Crosby, better known maybe as “Bing” who inspired Capt. John MacLeod to write “The Ode to the Egg Cup.” We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Crosby is a patient at the N.S. Sanatorium.

There have been no changes in our staff the past month with the exception of the repeating of Cpl. Snow to No. Pte. C. A. (T. T. C.)

Christmas and New Year Leave is in the air. This is a bit different than before. Most of the boys only have five days as previously but no travelling time allowed. This is rather “tough” on those members of our staff who have long distance travel to their homes for the holiday.

Congratulations to Sgts. Rozene on the award of the Canadian Efficiency Medal.

Cpl. Hinde having his wedding bells may soon ring out loud and long.

This winds up the story for this month. Hope to have more items of interest by the time the next issue rolls around.

TRANSPORT PLATOON

News for this month’s issue is very scarce, so here are our skits for the benefit.

The following personnel have been posted to us recently and are welcomed to our fold: Pte. Stewart, Pte. Green, J. M. Pte. McIntosh, W. E. Pte. Redden, H.I.


Sorry to report that our O.C. Capt. Bannayse, was confined to Camp Hospital for a period of approximately a week. It is nice to see you around again, Sir.

Pte. Morrison is a patient at Desert Military Hospital; the boys wish you a speedy recovery, Pete.


Pte. Boutilier is staying away the money as we were informed by “B" Trades Pay (Motor Mechanic).

Well, Pte. Buchanan is a JEEP, an unusual animal. Regardless of which it is, the KICK is tremendous, especially when delivered directly to the nose.

Pte. George Hoare is with us again after spending 30 days on Farm Leave.

(Continued from Page 8)
Padre's Message

"FEAR NOT：……"

(A Christmas Message from [Rev.] Hon. Capt. F. F. Bennett, Protestant Padre.)

This was good news to the shepherds on the first Christmas Morn. The God of whom they had stood in fear and trembling spoke to them in the peace and gentleness of Jesus. The mission of the Son of God was to dispel our fear of God in the glad knowledge that a Saviour is born.

"Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long,
Let every heart prepare Him room
And every voice a song."

Good news—that God has come to us in the person of His Son. Ended are our thiest days. Our salvation is near. Now He reaches down to me. High are my hopes of heaven, for Jesus brings me to the Father. Ended is my quest for the forgiveness of my sin, for God is with us, and "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." And they shall call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.

The Christmas of the first Christmas is with us today. To know Him as Saviour gives us the real joy of this Season, for with Him of all men He finds its fullest meaning and expression. The love that causes us to remember our涝, our care for our gifts at Christmas, is but a token of that greater, sublimal love of God that gave us the Saviour. This love is in all love, in all loss and fallen race.

"Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thou camest forth, to save and Procured my liberty.
O love above all telling,
Thou hast loved and loved us.
In love all loves excelling,
Our lost and fallen race."

(Paul Gerhart, 1693)

Company Briefs

(Continued from page seven)

"Smoky Joe" (your car) still in A-1 condition or is it on the block? Capt. Croy from "D" Coy. will have his annual furlough at his home in South Rawdon, N.S.

T.S. COY.

T.S. Coy. welcomes the return of the full, Lt. Zinke, formerly of "F" Coy. and Cpl. Todd, fresh from the Scenes of Battle in Italy.

Lt. Zinke will show his "operation" to anybody for a nominal amount. Cpl. Todd is able to tell our boys what to look forward to in the near future.

We also would like to welcome to our Coy. the following personnel: Sgts. Croun from "B" Coy., Sgt. Walker from "D" Coy., Cpl. Evans and Cpl. Lowe from "C" Coy., Cpl. Byman and Cpl. Lowe from "D" Coy.

The nurses at the Camp Hospital do have a few idle moments to themselves and it was one of these occasions that our staff photographer, Cpl. Mutch, caught them in the above informal set-up. N/S. G. Mascher seems to be right in her element presiding at the tea pot (or is it coffee). N/S. H. Macdonald is seen passing a smoke to N/S. H. Campbell (unusual for Hellen to have any); N/S. MacNeill is doing the honors with the cream and sugar as N/S. MacCormack reaches for the second spoonful. Nursing Sisters Rixay and Butter seem quite happy with the whole thing judging from their smiles.


We also welcome Lt. McIntyre as our new Training Officer, Lt. Bowser as the new Personnel Commander, Platoon Commander, Platoon, and Lt. Chaisson, who has recently returned from the fighting in Italy. We hope your stay with us will be a pleasant one, "Chaps" and we are glad to have you with us.

Now a word to the boys who are leaving from time to time. We know that you have been looking forward to this day for a long time. Now that it has arrived, go to it and give the Him the works. We wish you all the success in the world. A word of advice: "Keep your head down and dig your ditches deep."

"A word about our Cpl. Todd. In our opinion he will have one of the best Xmas presents he could ask for. His wife has just arrived in Canada from England. "Nuff said."

"Congratulations to Sgt. Stevens on his recent promotion. Welcome to the Mess."

Before signing off, the Staff and Personnel of 1st T.S. Coy. wish to all of A-14 the Merriest Xmas ever and a bright and shiny New Year.

Gerber for now.

SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

Another month has gone by and once more here is NEWS from the S. of 1. L. Lieut. Himmelman has been absent from our midst this past month on business to Esquimalt. B. C. Good luck, "Bill" and we’re hoping to see you back with us soon.

The S. of 1. would appreciate the construction of a platform on the north side of the Dental Clinic. This would facilitate matters for the C.W.A.C. and also prevent strict necks on the part of the N.C.O.’s on the School.

Will the School Storeman kindly eliminate all bottle tops from the savers for the benefit of a certain Sgt.? What W.O. II could be transformed into a beautiful hunk of man in 80 days, no more no less, by simply subscribing to "Charles Atlas, guaranteed muscle building course."

The School is now overcrowded since Lieut. Jimmie MacLean is attending the Refresher Course. It is the opinion of the school that P. T. will bring him down to his normal size.

Capt. Yoeman is at present busy trying to transfer some of his knowledge to 8 Officers who are undergoing a Refresher Course. (Points to note: please G.S.M. Dorie?)

What W. O. II would grant the enormous sum of $20 to start off a Staff shop? Would be O.S.M. Dorie?"

Which tall dark and handsome N.O. II in the School draws the noted "Don Amache" of Kentville?

What attraction on the School draws the C.W.A.C. personnel, of the Dental Clinic to work so early in the morning? The "Flapper"?

What W. O. II on the school is being sent to Brockville because the mess ration cannot keep up with his food consumption? "Mystery! Who is the anonymous writer of secret proposals on the Staff, and what are his "intentions"?

"Flash! Five o’clock Frank rides once again! Reason? It couldn’t be love in bloom again? Cpl. Petelka is trying to convince Capt. Hamilton that there is a new subject to be taught in the School, i.e. "Platoon in a Hack."

Capt. Hartman finds that his camouflage course at Vancouver is now useless. Since his arrival on the School he has come out of hibernation and photography has to work. "The School is certainly grateful to the Dental Clinic for when a certain W. O. II, it is usually found in that vicinity."

Why does Sgt. Hamilton seem to dislike training so much? Who gets the greatest kick out of seeing films run backwards thru the film projector? What happens to the Major’s pens, rubber and Map reading pamphlets that seem to disappear from the School?

What two Cpl.’s who are 5 o’clock are seen walking around the Clerks office? A question to be answered: Should we C.W.A.C. at the Dental Clinic be distracted from their work by having the Officers wave at them thru the window of the S. of 1.? Is the S. of 1. haunted? Sgt. Hamilton claims there’s a spook following him.

Two courses have just been completed and one was a class of University Chaps. On a whole these fellows are smart and should make fine officers. Best of luck there! Until next month …

We have with us during the absence of Lt. X. O.C. of this platoon who is on course at Brockville, Lt. Shirley Adams, of London, Ontario. We do hope Miss Adams enjoys her stay here and we also wish our O.C. all the success in the world on her Admin. Course.

The O.C. and personnel of No. 6 Platoon C.W.A.C. take this opportunity to thank Lt.-Col. E. A. Chater, Lt. Pat Morris, Lt. Quaid, Lt. Gillespie, Mr. Whitehead, Sgts. Cooks from the School of Cookery, the I.T.C. Orchestra and any others who helped make their Forms a success.

The C.W.A.C.’s who attended the dance given by the Sgts. Cooks on course at the School of Cookery enjoyed it to such an extent, that they are looking forward to another one. How about it Mr. Quaid?

WISE CWACS

Attention—Don Shaw

How does it feel to spend your evenings at the C.W.A.C. Rec. Hall or Hollis, when the other Boys in the Band are not there?

There is the story of the two little ladies: Johnnie and Jimmie, who were conversing on the street corner:

"How old are you, Johnnie?—Is four.

Jimmie—How old am I? Johnnie—How old am I?

Jimmie—Do you know anything about women?

Jimmie—"No."

Jimmie—Oh; you're THREE.

"THE GREEN HORNET.

F-L-A-S-H

Due to the efficient instructing of Sgt. Hall, all C.W.A.C.s are now qualified to drive the DECK but let, and behold—"NO TRADING PAY."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Cpl. Schuman used the phoney names of Mary, Irene and Dot, what's the matter Jean was too much for you.

Who is Major Calling at the C. & T. O.?

Why Cpl. Chirgwin keeps a mouse trap and cow bell in her apartment?

Why the Green Hornet insists on answering telegrams (collect) instead of writing letters?

We wonder what conversations take place in apartment six and who are all responsible.

We wonder why Cpl.s Lee and Dickie are using Lavender water lately, is it because they like the color or scent?

THINGS YOU CANT IMAGINE

Imagine Sgt. Hume with red hair!

Imagine Cpl. Bunting without the dimples!

Imagine Sgt. E. Tompkins with a boy's cut?

Imagine Sgt. Gills without M.M.P.?

Imagine Gills, A. L., not calling out the Order of Dress?????

Imagine the C.W.A.C.'s not on March past?

Kindly clergyman, pinching little boy's knee: "And who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little boy: "Betty Grable."
TID-BITS...

Bren Gun Made Easy By Use Of Working Model

The best one that came to our ears this month was about the two junior officers who went out on bivouac with their company. Apparently they had some previous experience in making themselves comfortable in the woods and fixed themselves off a bit from their platoons. They set up a really wonderful bivouac, snug as a bug, defraying all efforts of the elements to make it tough. But, they forgot to tell their Sgt. where this swell bivouac was located. As a result when morning came he was unable to find them and having a certain amount of initiative he organized the platoon and hiked them back to camp. Now just to prove the officers did have a nice comfortable bivouac, the story goes on to say that they didn't wake up until nearly noon time to discover they were all alone. It is only understandable that they stuck into camp the back way and pulled a flanking movement on their company office. They plan on tying a string to the sergeant next time.

Hear reports from the Sergeants' Mess that one of their members who has the doubtful nickname of "Killer" was trying to live up to such a tough reputation lately. Seems that he tried to drink up all of Staff Lister's supply of beer one night and then when he couldn't get wet enough that way went out in the rain. And it really was raining that night. Tired from his efforts at the bar or else overcome with the heat, the Killer just laid himself down and went to sleep in the yard. That wouldn't be too bad on a summer night but in the fall with the rain coming down and the leaves as well. Or at least of that he picked the biggest puddle there was in which to recline. If it weren't for the fact there is so little of him ordinarily he probably would have shrunk to run size anyway.

Understand there are a couple of Majors in the Centre who are interested in fire fighting equipment. At least that is what we are told is the case. The night the Swish Past Revue was presented. After the show when a large number of officers and their lady friends were congregated in the Officers' Mess these bold lads were very desirous of demonstrating their ability as fire fighters and were more than willing to put on said demonstration right in the Mess. What changed their minds is beyond us but perhaps it is just as well the change was made. As far as that goes the biggest fire we heard of was the one that occurred in the same two lads the next morning. Figure that one out.

Word comes from the Hospital to the effect that a certain Auxiliary Services worker in the camp has been spending considerable time up there. It seems that there are reports of match making in the offing but the rumors cannot be confirmed. The way we heard it was that a certain N.S. had designs on him but another of our Gestapo reports that it is the other way round. In either event we are keeping posted on any further developments.

Another agent has brought us word that a certain member of the M.I.R. staff has been writing some very nice verse for one of the de-livers in the Bn. Orderly Room. We have been given to understand that it is pretty good stuff. In addition to the verse, the same metre as Roses Are Red, Violets are Blue, but somewhat along the same amorous lines.

In the upper picture, Major A. F. Blanchard, O.C. of the School of Instruction, is explaining to Capt. Deric how the parts of his model Bren operate. The bottom picture shows what happens to a Bren when the trigger is pressed and the piston group goes forward.

One of the most versatile officers in this camp is Major A. F. Blanchard, of the Bren, three times normal size, and is correct in every detail. It is made of hard wood, and shows the piston group complete together with the trigger group. The movement of each part is also on the same ratio of three to one. Each part is painted a different colour to better illustrate the action, and the whole model is mounted on an easel which can be moved from one lecture room to another. The model is secure, and cannot be shaken loose, due to its dovetail construction, but can be readily dismantled (previously for daily cleaning) by the removal of two screws.

This model is by far the finest piece of equipment that has ever been in this camp to teach a man just what happens within the workings of a Bren. Put the wooden change lever to Safe, and you can actually see why nothing else happens. Put it to "A" and moving the piston group forward by hand, you see the breech block go forward, up, and finally lock. Move it back, and it disengages, slides back, and is ready to go forward again with nothing to hinder it, and you can see why it can go forward. Put the change lever to "R" and you can see at a glance why it is that the mechanism of a real Bren permits the firing of single rounds.

Being an instructor himself, Major Blanchard realized the difficulty of trying to tell a man what makes a Bren do this or that under certain conditions, and realized further that a large working model was the only solution to the problem. Setting to work on the idea rather than trying to persuade the powers-that-be that such a piece of equipment would be desirable and would they get him one, he worked on the plans at home in the evenings, and finally produced the article itself in durable wood, truly a skilful piece of work.

Our heartfelt congratulations are extended to Major Blanchard on this very fine piece of work—for the ingenuity of the plans and other skilful execution, and for the fact that he will, through his efforts, greatly assist many of his staff in their work while actually instructing on the Bren.

P.S. No, Sir, no vacancy on the establishment at the moment for trades-pay as a carpenter.

PRE-DISCHARGE TESTS

It seems that Canada cannot claim to be the pioneer in the matter of imposing venereal disease tests upon servicemen before discharge as suggested two weeks ago. We are informed that the United States military authorities had previously decided on a plan for VD-testing of soldiers on demobilization.

—Cochrane (Ont.) Northland Post.

Cookery School Graduates

Shown above are the members of the latest class graduating from the School of Cookery operated at Aldershot. Capt. Mike Quaid, O.C. of the school, and his staff of instructors, are shown in the front row.
Is There a Santa Claus?

This editorial, which has just become timeless, was written in the New York Sun in 1897 by Francis Pharcellus Church in answer to a letter from a little eight year old girl named Virginia O’Hanlon who had been told by some of her friends that there was no Santa Claus.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see.

They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men’s or children’s, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless worlds about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that love and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! how dreary would the world be if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginiass. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence.

We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus!

You might as well not believe in fairies!

You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove?

Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn?

Of course not, but that’s no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby’s rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.

Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond.

Is it all real?

Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever.

A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW!

Why Pte. Kidder parks his car at No. 65 Hut with his radio playing?

Why a certain lady Individual’s wage increases with each issue of the Aldershot News?

We enjoy it.

Why Alvin applies for a 96 hour pass each time the Company he is Storeman for goes bivouacing?

What Sgt. was very anxious to get his name sake out on marriage leave to Yale Road, New Glasgow, N. S. Who taught Pte. Giffin how to get into a sli trench?

We wonder what L-Cpl. Duffney was doing all the time he was home, he tells us he was repairing the roof and furnace. Does it take 20 days to do that, Bill?

Ceasing our chatter chatter with a Merry Wish for the Christmas Season and a Bright and Happy New Year, to all.

MAC.

In the above picture are shown Lieut. L. Leonard and his recent bride, the former Pauline Turner. Lieut. Leonard is at present attached to one of our training corps, while Mrs. Leonard is the efficient stenographer in the Camp Engineer’s office.

Dear Mazie: I am glad to take this opportunity to write to you from the Aldershot plateau company number five. The Post Office guy he say he don know Chinese swoosh and don want to know for dollar thirty sent for one day and a lotta guys with giri frensa who is ignorance like your sister Sadie and not you and tell you for SWAK on backs of letters he gets pain in neck. HA HA Mazie that guy he don know for what SWAK mean and you sent me for one kiss by lick like cat maybe when she is wash. I tolle that post office guy you was smart girl and went to college for Red Cross and maybe for him for present, god forbid he say and tolle for me to tole my ma not to send me more cake like has time she send cake and tie by wool for darn your pas socks and MO’s guy say I am poison and sick like dog when I eat cake and not your pas socks on account they is stink like skunk.

I love you, JOR.

PADRE INNES IN HOSPITAL

We regret very much having to report the illness of Hon. Capt. (Rev.) George Innes, Protestant padre of the Camp, who has been laid up in the Camp Hospital for over a month with pneumonia.

Padre Innes is one of the most popular men in the Camp and one to whom the men take their troubles, not so much because he is a padre, but because he is of such an understanding nature and obliging disposition.

His many friends will be glad to hear that he is being released from the hospital but it will still be some time before he is back on duty again. During his illness he was relieved here by Capt. F. Bennett.
Basketballers Split Games With Greenwood Airmen

The camp basketball team got off on the wrong foot in their first game of the season and was soundly trounced by the R.C.A.F. Greenwood in a game played at their station on November 24th, when the Air Force lads outscored them 43-11.

The one-sided score was no indication of the actual play as our boys more than held their own on the court but couldn’t seem to make their plays click under the basket while the Greenwood team showed a tendency to play in close-in plays and didn’t make many mistakes when a scoring chance presented itself.

Paced by the flashy Balligh who scored 12 points in the first half, Greenwood led our boys 14-5 at half time, Stevenson got the other 5 goals, while Allen collected all of Aldershot’s points with a pair of field baskets and one penalty shot.

The second half was pretty much a repetition of the first only Balligh was on the mark and only managed to secure one basket. The rest of the team made up for that however, practically every man who came into the one basket with Bowman getting three, Barry, Steuwe and Creighton scored single baskets for Aldershot.

The return match played in the Camp Drill Hall, the first Friday in December, was a much closer struggle and produced a better game. For about ten minutes overtime before our lads came out the winners by two points margin, final score reading Aldershot 23, Greenwood 31.

The reversal of form in the Camp team is partly accounted for by the addition to the lineup of Levitt and Lewis. Both are smart ball handlers and worked in with the other players. In addition to that Smith really had his eye on the hoop and tossed in three dandies in the second half that helped our cause along.

Creighton tossed one in for good measure as they repeated the process to tie the score at 23-all, with only a few minutes left in the half. From then on the advantage shifted from side to side as the teams alternated in scoring baskets. Allen managed to rim the basket to tie the score just as the buzzer went.

Going into overtime the play was the same with each team scoring in turn and it was only near the end of the period that Aldershot took a four point lead. This was short lived when Gerry raced in to score and when the whistle went at the end the ball was rolling around the Aldershot basket from a toss by Stevenson but dropped on the outside to give our team the game.

Lineups for the game played in Aldershot:

Greenwood: Stevenson, Gorden Windgate, 2; Poupet, 7; Bakker, Maclean, 14; Bowman, Waterman, 6; Bryce.

Aldershot: Levitt, 6; Barry, 2; Allen, 5; Straton, Lewis, 6; Smith, 6; McMullan, Creighton, 3, Crick, Leclair.

The above action shot was taken in the game at Greenwood and shows Levitt, Allen, left, and Pte. Smith, right, making for the rebound. (Photo courtesy Horizon Greenwood.)

As in the first game our team was a bit outplayed around the basket in the first half with Greenwood leading 18-10 at half time. Levitt and Poupet led their respective teams in this half with 5 points each.

Early in the second half it looked as if Greenwood were going to make another rout of it and tossed in a few quick ones to give them an eight point lead while our lads were disorganized. Toward the latter part of the game the Army team hit their stride and Al, Smith and Levitt rapped in successive baskets and then after Barry and

Troops Enjoy Wrestling Card

Staged by the Camp Entertainment Committee as a bit of diversions, the usual line of attraction, a very nice wrestling card was presented to the troops of the Camp, centre of the Drill Hall on the night of Nov. 1st.

With four first class wrestlers from the camp participating, the show, which went for five falls, was interesting from start to finish and drew loud acclaim from the hundreds of troops attending.

The first match saw two heavies go at it in no uncertain terms. Al Korman, who has been performing in the Haligon circuit all Fall, took on Gino Giraldini in a two out of three falls match and won in two straight falls. Korman drew the boos of the crowd early in the first fall when he appeared to be using foul tactics when the referee wasn’t looking. As a result they all favored Giraldini and when Korman won the first fall in 11 mins. the crowd booed him out of the ring. A real camp favorite Korman never mind-w it a bit and came back for the second fall with just as much fight. This time he took him a little longer and the fall went to him in 20 mins. 40 secs. when he nailed Giraldini to the mat with a body press after softenimg him up with a few body slams and the odd flying mare.

The second match on the card was even more interesting with Sam Gotti, 180 pounds, testing off with Pat Giralardi, 178 pounds. Much lighter men they made the action seem that much faster and Giraldini took the fancy of the crowd from the opening bell. A clean cut youngster he went to work in Gotti with a will and managed to take the first fall in 17 mins. and 19 secs. Gotti didn’t take very kindly to the idea of being refused to shake hands with Giraldini whereupon the troops nearly mobbed him.

The second fall was much better with Gotti pinning Giraldini to the mat in a little under ten minutes with a body slam and body press. The third fall was another quickie with Giraldini making the fans very happy when he nailed Gotti in an arm and head lock after several body slams and folded Gotti up on the canvas for the deciding fall. It was a real good show and one which appealed to the troops in a big way.

The Camp entertainment committee are to be congratulated on the novel idea of bringing in some professionals of this type to give the boys some first class entertainment. Bouquets are also due to Lieut. George Dickey, who, we understand, made the necessary arrangements with the wrestlers.

Both the matches were refereed by Chief Erg. Meyer, H.M.C.S. Scocland.

It might interest the troops in camp to know that all the contest were Service personnel, three in the navy and one in the army. This fact was overlooked when the participants were introduced in the ring.

CAMP RUGGERS SCORE WIN: BREAK EVEN WITH ACADIA

The Rugby team managed to get in a couple of more games with Acadia university before the bad weather set in and managed to host the Collegians by a 6-3 score and in the other match broke even with a 3-3 draw.

There was no record kept of the first game played on the Camp sports field but from all reports it was a thriller. Our lads were in better shape than they were in the first game played at Wolfville and showed to much better advantage, especially the scrum. According to some of the boys the play was very light with both teams either and there was plenty of body hauling and tackling going on. Tommy Miller shone again in the backfield with Baxendale and Chapman knocking the best of the forwards, with Chapman coming out of the game with a few cracked ribs.

The game also played on the Camp Sports field, was a ding dong affair throughout with play zigzagging from end to end. After the first ten minutes the Camp team had the edge of play and the Collegians were forced to touch for safety on several occasions. Faulty passes and bad ball handling cost our boys two tries in the first half and they failed to make up for this in the second half when they might have meant scores. This was attributed to the lack of practice and the fact the team had not been playing much together.

Following the game our boys were guests to the College boys at a supper in one of our mess halls and were loud in their praise of the “Army grub” served to them. It is very gratifying to see the splendid spirit of good sportsmanship existing between the Army lads and the boys attending Acadia, as we look to them for a lot of our competition in the various sports and they have always been willing to co-operate.

It is expected that one or two of the Camp Rugby team must go to Cpl. Jake Creighton who spent a lot of his spare time at the field and trying to get the boys out to practice. Nice work, Jake.
**This Army**

**I'll bet the d - n Tommy Gun don't work either!**

**RIGHTO**

The officer of the day was questioning a rookie guard, intent on finding out how well he had mastered the regulations.

"Suppose you looked up and saw a battleship coming over that drill field there, what would you do?"

The rookie stared at the officer of the day in amazement and suddenly gulped out, "I'd grab a torpedo and sink it!"

The officer gave a diabolical laugh. "Where would you get a torpedo?" he sneered.

The rookie stared him straight in the eye and replied, "The same place you got that damn battleship."