

*With  
Canada's Fighting Men—*

**by G. H. SALLANS**

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HON. J. T. THORSON, Minister of National War Services.

*In September 1941 a party of Canadian journalists was taken on a tour, by the Dominion Government, through Eastern Canadian establishments of the Navy, Army and Air Force, and a number of industrial plants engaged in the production of war materials.*

*Mr. G. H. Sallans, representing THE VANCOUVER SUN, wrote a series of articles describing his impressions of the men he saw at camps, barracks, schools and airports. These articles are now reproduced in this pamphlet through the courtesy of THE VANCOUVER SUN and Mr. Sallans.*

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# *With* *Canada's Fighting Men*——

## **A Visitor**

### **Amid Tough Young Men**

These young soldiers of Canada's Active Army are tough, make no mistake about that. They are so tough they make your heart pound and your blood run faster and they bring a mist of pride to your eyes.

They tear through their field manoeuvres and ride down dizzy hills on their steel war wagons and plunge from their guns into action with a swagger and a sureness and a bright light of excitement in their eyes that makes oldsters pale with envy.

All the cynicism of the street and the slouch of the office and the braggadocio of the street corner are gone now. These men have learned to live as many of them never lived before. They are tanned and tough and terrible. When we, of older and therefore more tender years, stand to watch them we envy them, with the passionate nostalgia of every man for his youth that was his and is no more.

### **Hard, Strong**

We said tough. We mean it. Tough and hard and strong and glorified. Let no has-been tell you this generation has gone soft. Let no "when-I-was-a-boy" apostle regale you with Paul Bunyan dramas of his own youth and a shrug of his hand for the youth of today.

We have seen differently. We have seen these boys in their basic training centres, where every one of two days' standing was a hardened veteran to him of one day's standing. We have seen them forming threes and taking P.T. and learning the rudiments of the parade ground and the army camp.

We have seen them in progressive stages until they came out as trained experts, and we have thought of the hundred thousand Canadians already overseas and of these who are going to join them and we have said to ourselves, profanely and reverently: "God help the hun that gets in the way of these boys."



**NOT PLEASANT — — BUT NECESSARY**  
The Young Recruit gets the feel of a gas-mask

We walked across a playing field with a major, where some of the boys were practising football after ten hours in manoeuvres. A young giant tore at us with the ball in his hands, the speed of the wind in his feet, and the glint of the devil in his eyes. He wore trunks, and his powerful young torso was a poem, a poem of bronze and brawn, and in the brief instant that we saw his face we saw, even while we instinctively ducked his cavalry charge, the light of mastery, fearlessness, the sheer joy of being alive.

We breathed, in startled wonder: "Look at that young so-and-so go—What a body!" The major beamed sternly. "Yes,

that's my son, but don't tell anyone." "Why not?" we finally got to asking. "Because, even though he's not in my command, he's in the same camp, he's on his own, and I want it to stay that way."

## How It's Done

That, if you like, is the spirit of the Canadian army. That is the whole warp and woof and wallop of what, in our humble way, we want to tell you in this and a few more short-shorts which you may read as you run.

Tough, nonchalant, magnificent. How did they get that way? It is a good story. It is such a good story that it wants to burst out all at once, in a panorama, in a swift explosion of words that would instantly picturize what your reporter has seen. That sight brought a storm of emotions not easily rationalized, for we had known this was going on.

But to be rushed from the kindergarten to the "matric" and from there to the graduation, all in a swift few days, that was to make it vivid, compelling and awful. Why awful? Because that which fills with awe is awful. Because we would sooner be on the sending end than the receiving end of the onslaught of these young gods who are forming the Canadian Active Army.

Bear with us, then, and we will try to take you with the young man who reminds us of ourself this quarter-century gone, this young man who ventures into a uniform because he heard a call he could not trace, because the age-old lure and longing of adventure swept him out of his rut or on in his rage, whichever it might have been, and drew him on over the shining road of discovery and fellowship and new things.

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But soldiers are not made in a day. Will you come with us, then, tomorrow, and spend five minutes highlighting what we spent hours to see in Basic Training Centres? If we can make it one-hundredth as interesting as the soldiers made it for us, you are rewarded, and so are we.

## **Where Young Soldiers Learn**

### **The ABC Of Army Life**

*Here is the second of a series of eyewitness stories of the Canadian troops in training. It is written after a visit, with a party of Canadian editors, to camps in Eastern Canada. Today's story is of a tour through a Basic Training Centre.*

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It is a far cry across the hills of time from the last war to this for our readers to traverse, but here we are in a Basic Training Centre where the Canadian soldier learns the A B C and forms threes—(streamlined version of the form-fours of his father's).

The particular one we visit is in Brantford, but it is only one of 28 in Canada. Most are in the East, but the West has a few, and Vernon is one of them. Here the soldier learns weapons and the fundamentals of the army.

Here he learns first aid, rifle and bayonet instruction, squad and arms drill, gas protection, anti-aircraft rifle and light-machine gun, rifle and pistol drill, firing on the ranges, field-craft and map reading.

Here he works in the classroom and on the field. Here he learns about the Lewis gun which is the first step toward a knowledge of all automatic weapons.

### **Into the Classes**

But no more of your dry facts about what they teach. Come with us across and around the parade grounds and into the classrooms. Here is a squad learning how to examine arms, one of the preliminary exercises in teaching a man how not to shoot himself. These men have finished their third week, but this is their first experience. They do it in easy stages, then by numbers, then by judging time.

Next to them we have 30-day men finishing their third week. But they have had only three hours' platoon drill. Here the soldier develops that steadiness, precision and instant obedience, which are not mere physical responses; these qualities go deep into his being; they form the pattern of his thinking—some time they will probably save his life and sink the enemy. Platoon drill gives the men a pride in their platoon and achieves the miracle of getting a group of men, of divergent thoughts and reactions, acting as a unit.



**RIFLE IS THE BASIC WEAPON**  
Canadian Soldiers must be straight-shooters

From these men, for contrast, we go on to men who are finishing their eighth week. With 37 hours of drill you can fairly feel the difference, let alone see it. That crisp, metallic precision is coming into their movements. No longer have we disintegrated units, trying to follow the unit next to them; now we have men who know their way about.

## **Lewis Gun**

But the restless commanding officer strides on, and we see the same spread on the Lewis gun; first, the three weeks' drill where they learn the action stages, the first aid for a jammed gun, and the firing position. Then to the men in their eighth week. Here the soldier is expected to change sight, aim and fire in six seconds.

Then on to the rifle anti-aircraft, where the soldier jumps around to meet attacks from planes, gliders and parachutists. In their eighth week they go through the firing stages.

After this the press party is invited to pick out concealed machine gun posts ahead, camouflaged in the underbrush. The editors having shown themselves 100 percent inefficient, then see the boys come over the parapet in bayonet charge, rush forward to the next shelter, then spring out of the earth with blood-curdling yells to capture the position.

Here the job is to develop the savage "will to kill" which makes a bayonet fighter. These boys have what it takes. Our humble estimate is that 75 percent of Canadian soldiers are instinctively good with the bayonet; the other 25 percent are good by training.

## **Spotting Stalkers**

But without too much detail, let us watch them stalking. Troops must know how to use every weed, every shadow. Groups of stalkers approach a fixed position. They want to get within 30 yards—bombing range—without being spotted. Observers try to pick them out. Each time they do they score a point, each time they fail the stalker gains a point. Your reporter awarded the position to the enemy on all counts with a score of zero and was laughed off the battlefield in confusion for trying to use a chipmunk as an alibi.

Not so those eagle-eyed young spotters. They picked them off right and left. To prove they were right we were escorted over the field and had two stalkers pointed out to us. They lay right at our feet, but had they not moved we would have stepped on them quite innocently.

The map reading classes are fascinating when you know their purpose. To read a map is dull work—personally a chart with more than one line always baffled us. But these men learn by reading the contours of a map to tell what troops are concealed there. It is as intriguing as finding a burglar under the bed, but it takes a lot more study.

Here also we learn the mysteries of first aid, of the splints on broken bones and of the triangular bandage—which is not a diaper. On, then, to the gas chamber, where the boys are taught how to put their masks on in a hurry. Then they go into the gas where they test them. Mindful of the last war with its rubber mouthpiece which strangled us and induced a Niagara flow of saliva, we are impressed by these new respirators in which you can not only hear an order, but give it.

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We have gone through the kindergarten of the soldier. Come, if you will, to the proving grounds, to Camp Borden and the famed and sandy grounds of Petawawa, where men appear from nowhere to find and take a position which cannot be seen, and where the ghostly rustle of shells again comes out of the sky.

## **Editors Take The Bumps**

### **In War Wagons**

*The previous article on Canada's Fighting Men took the soldier through the basic training camp. Today's takes us to the proving grounds, where soldiers demonstrate what can be done with armored vehicles. This is the third of a series written after a personal tour of training camps in Eastern Canada.*

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To prepare the innocent scribe for what he shall see at Camp Borden, the astute tour directors first take us to proving grounds near Oshawa, in those dust badlands which try in vain to steal from Dufferin County the honor of giving birth to the first side-hill gouger.

This fabled creature has one leg longer than the other, for walking on hillsides.

Among these hills the pop-eyed scribes watch what the army soberly calls A and B type vehicles. The A type are scout cars (called "Jeeps," with enormous tires); reconnaissance cars and Universal (or Bren gun) carriers. The B type include all the service vehicles, the artillery tractors and other types. These battle progeny are put through their paces, first over a course which seems tame and leads the neophyte into speculation whether he couldn't do it with his current 1935 model. Then comes the tough show.

Down over the sandy pits plunge the little "jeeps" at an unearthly speed, and no sooner do you finish gasping at that than after it go the carriers, the troop carriers, and of all things, the station wagons and sedans.

### **Self-Sealed Tired**

Mindful of blowouts, you respectfully ask about the tires, and are told that they are self-sealing, will bring a vehicle safely in for miles after being punctured. Mentally resolving to see a

tire dealer on your return, you are intrigued by the announcer's voice inviting the visiting editors to ride in as many kinds of vehicles as they desire.

Being cautious, you crawl into a utility car, which confronts you with hard steel no matter which way you turn. Down over the hill you go and this reporter's head bears an honorable bump sustained on the first descent, when the armored roof comes in contact.



**QUICK MOVING AND HARD HITTING**  
In Canada's Modern Army you've got to be Tough to Take It.

"Head down!" yells the driver, a young fiend, probably a bank clerk or a school teacher in civilian life, and he tears at the next knoll. You close your eyes and laugh to keep up your courage for the abyss beyond. But half-way around the course you have your bearings, and find you can actually ride in these things and survive.

By way of variation, as you toil up something that looks like the wall of the Marine Building, a "jeep" driver plunges cross-

wise through the ravine and cuts across your prow at something around Vancouver's legal speed limit, his low-slung yet high-clearance little doodlebug throwing up a storm of sand.

## **Ground Wasps**

Exhilarated, amazed and unhurt—save for the aforesaid bump which, as Lil Abner says, is “only on the haid”—you arrive back at the starting point and with feeble dare-deviltry climb into a Universal.

These little wasps of the ground are on caterpillars and can literally turn in their tracks. They do not turn, actually; they simply stop going one way and without hesitation start going another. They are good for up to 50 miles an hour, you are told, and as you are a novice the driver holds it down to 30 as he heads straight for something like Capilano Canyon and dives into a sandpit with you. He wallows around this for an instant, sees an opening and tears at it, emerges, with you hanging on to the gun struts and the sides, and races merrily off on a comparatively smooth road, just to lull you into confidence.

The carrier's gears whine and sing and you are just picturing what it would be like in shellfire, with that gun whacking away at your ear, when the driver lurches at the nearest clump of bushes. He will, of course, turn suddenly when he reaches them. He will not! He races on over them, and the trees and branches thrash around you but by some uncanny accident never touch you.

## **By the Chasm**

Just as suddenly as the miniature forest closed around you it clears again and you find yourself delicately balanced on the edge of a pit which the driver knew was there and you didn't. The carrier whirls and darts along the side of the chasm, then slashes up the side of a sandhill, its gears fairly yelling with glee. Over the hill you go, a hardened and happy veteran.

If this narrative has been personal, think of it only thus: That it is told to humanize those drivers to you, and the men who ride with them. The men who are ready for instant action;

the men who race up a cliffside to drive pegs and string a cable on which a truck literally hauls itself up the side of the wall with its own windlass, without the aid of its drive wheels.

These drivers and these crews are the sons of our next door neighbors, the boys who went to our high schools, the boys who a scant few years ago came home with slivers in their fingers.

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If you could only look into their faces and see that infectious, irresistible lightning of confidence, of quick sureness, of sheer enjoyment, then you would know why we have written this little piece. These boys came from training camps for the demonstration. Tomorrow we ask you to come there with us.

# **Where Troops Learn Warfare**

## **And Field Guns Bracket**

### **The Targets**

*In yesterday's description, the writer told of what soldiers can do with army vehicles over the roughest kind of ground. In this fourth article of the series the party of editors on their conducted tour take a trip to Camp Borden and Petawawa, where the troops learn that and other arts of war, in their advanced training.*

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After sightseeing over Camp Borden, Petawawa and Debert in trucks, lorries and open troop carriers, you resolve to come home and drive your car over hydrants, back fences, sewage ditches and anything else you can find, just for atmosphere. Pavement is no longer familiar.

Camp Borden, among other things, shows mechanized and armored infantry in action. The visitors are politely invited to stand on a hill which is to be captured. A motor company races across the hills, leaves its covering troops, the vehicles rush away among the trees.

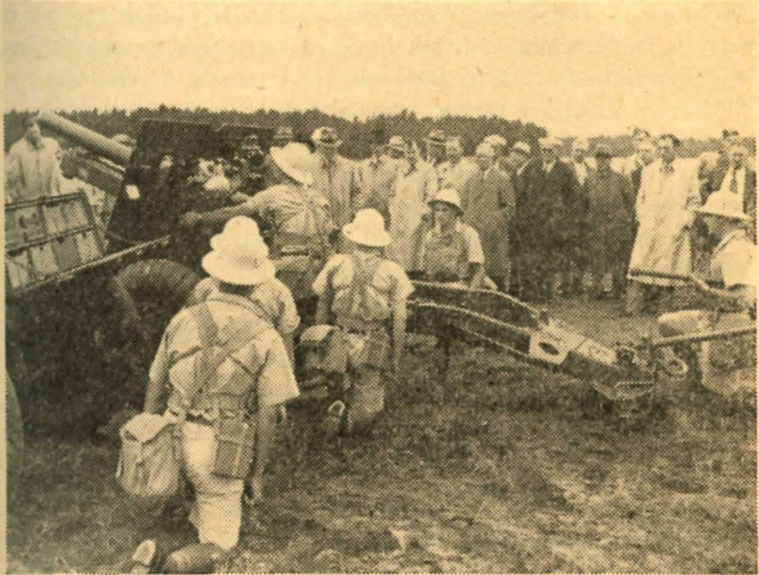
The visitors' attention is distracted by another demonstration, and all are firmly convinced that the action that was promised them has failed to come off. But one stands on the side of a shallow sandpit and is disconcerted on looking down suddenly to find a machine gun crew in position at his feet.

They have come up the hill under camouflage, using scrub and their own disguise, and have literally crawled up among our feet. We are looking into the business end of a Bren gun in support of them halfway down the slope.

But in shop as well as in field, soldiers are taught the inner details. In the gunnery wing motion pictures, neon chart systems, cut-away models and other equipment show the armored corps the nature of their weapons and vehicles.

## Their Meals

An interesting sidelight at Borden is that the A.S.C. officers' mess dines on the regular ration, funds for nothing more, and finds it adequate. Men who first enter the army eat the full measure of their ration for a few days, gradually fall back and eat a little less as the balance of their physique is built up.



**LOUDSPEAKERS FASCINATE EDITORS**  
**At Petawawa the field guns roar.**

Over in Petawawa (and you will pardon the geographical skip) are artillery and engineering forces, but Petawawa is primarily an advanced artillery camp, consisting of two centres. On the parade ground, in quick succession, come howitzer, 60-pounder, field and anti-tank gun demonstrations, gas and decontamination, then over the hillside to see the dispatch riders.

With respectful remembrance for those dauntless daredevils who rode the perils of the plank roads in France, we watched

with chills chasing up and down our spines as riders took the bumps over the sand hills and pits with their machines.

## **On the Target**

Then off to the artillery ranges, to an improvised O-pip to see the artillery fire. Over to our left, some 3,000 yards away, the batteries fired, the muffled thump of the four-fives, the sharp staccato of the field guns (18-pounders for practice, in lieu of the new 25-pounders). The shells slithered through the air to our left flank, and ahead they burst on the target, a model village which was to be taken; then switched several degrees right to fire on an auxiliary target, two salvoes to each. We are bound to report that the first salvo in each case was the truest.

Infantry taking a position, with support of mortars and machine guns, are another highlight. We look into the adjoining scant woods and see nothing. A mortar fires; suddenly, here and there, men are moving forward; scouts set off a smoke barrage in front to hide them; the men go forward with stealthy, deliberate movements, behind the smoke barrage. Platoon supports platoon with machine gun fire alternating.

Here is warfare in the open field, yet hidden.

## **Ideal Setting**

Petawawa has for years been the summer camp for engineers and artillery. One looks almost in vain for the spot where his battery placed their horselines in the last war, for today there are only nine horses in the Canadian army, and the thud of their galloping feet is heard no more in the firm sand. You can stride for miles over its featureless terrain and see no outstanding landmark. This makes ideal setting for firing and battle practice, and the camp has one of the largest ranges in Canada. Shilo in Manitoba and Tracadie in New Brunswick are others of the type.

Troops are given war realistically as is possible in manoeuvres, every type of possible trouble and breakdown is improvised, and the troops' initiative tested. Detachments go out on the march for days at a time, pitch camp in the open, and learn open warfare from all angles. But for its winters, when the thermometer

slides carelessly down to sub-zero temperatures, comfortable barracks have been built. So if your son is there, worry not for him. He is growing tough, hard as nails, but he is in good hands and good quarters.

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Out of the woods of Nova Scotia has grown the phenomenal camp of Debert, where thousands of Canadians of the active army are on defense. That story, brief but important, will be told next.

## **Wilderness One Week, And A**

### **Home For Troops The Next**

*In these stories the object has been not merely a day-to-day account of the tour which Canadian editors made of Canadian military camps, but to follow the army in its stages of training to active service. Thus the preceding article told of life in Camps Borden and Petawawa; today's skips down to the new camp in Nova Scotia.*

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When Hitler stamped across Europe and began the battle of Britain, the Canadian General Staff decided that troops were needed on the Atlantic coast in large numbers for possible action.

There was no camp, so they made one, out in the woods of Nova Scotia, where the soft sandy soil beckoned invitingly and slopes provided the ideal setting. The army staked its claim, the engineers went to work the same day, and within a week the first troops were moving in.

The site was to be for airdrome and army camps, but this has been widened to take in training fields and rifle ranges. Engineers hired civilian woodsmen, and in their path came the builders—as many as 5,400 workers on the job at once.

Recollect that there was nothing at the start. Provision had to be made for feeding equipment, housing, transportation, recreation, water supply, sewage, hospital facilities. Ration depots and drill halls were built; storage warehouses went up to take care of clothing, beds, rifles, ammunition. Special storage for gasoline had to be constructed, and garages for the war wagons.

Thirty miles of roadway were laid down and surfaced, and over the new roads and through the bush rolled the building materials including 28 million feet of lumber.

## Fast Work

The job was started in August, 1940; troops were almost immediately in camp and by the end of October were in huts. By Christmas the entire strength had been accommodated. The censor is at our shoulder, so we will not tell how many, but it is many thousands. We are pleasantly informed that despite the speed, the total costs set a new low record as compared with anything outside Canada.



### VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF ARMY LIFE

The Canadian soldier learns how to tackle a poison-gas attack

Here we saw the boys do their stuff—something as they are doing it in England, under conditions as near to war as can be devised—which often is not very near, despite the ingenuity of army men. We are given a full blown show here, capped off with a sudden dash of armored units across the road in front of us, those pesky little Bren gun carriers leading the way and disappearing, believe it or not, into a forest of trees three and four

inches thick. They plow their way over and through these as if they were straw, and vanish.

The building of a camp is always exciting—not so much for its deeds as for its men—for it takes you back to the pioneer days when men came westward toward the long horizon of the prairies, tore a living out of the soil, and miraculously built homes of sod and log and mortar where there was no building material visible.

## **Co-operation**

But we think that Camp Debert is only one example of military plus civilian co-operation in this great job of getting Canada on a war footing.

Everywhere we see it. Over in Camp Borden the boys of the A.S.C. have a canteen and a bus service which they operate. From its proceeds they financed the building of a \$30,000 swimming pool. All of their own men use it free; men from adjoining camps or units pay a dime.

Go there if you wish to see the Canadian active army and see what camp life has done for them. Perfect bodies, rippling muscles, the spring and the appalling beauty of young life in them. Many of these men came to camp scrawny, stooped, hollow chested, some underfed, some overfed but undernourished. You have seen on the beaches at home a motley crowd where one man in ten is developed. Try to visualize a place where ten men in ten could stand up as a sculptor's model.

We are invited to dive in, and we demur, not at thought of the dime, but at the humble realization that the contrast is too obvious.

## **Young Officers . . .**

We wander. But that is surely justified in a narration where a single day takes you through a munitions plant, an air station and an army camp, not to speak of an officers' mess or two where you are surrounded by strong, unassuming, capable, friendly young gentlemen whose names, in bewildering numbers, you strive to remember.

The poise, the unconscious charm of these young men everywhere is one of the most overwhelming things about our trip.

Try to place these young men in civilian life, and you can not. They are different beings. They have been through the mill. They are tough, as we said, but tough with the sure, swift responsibility of their calling and their rank. In their hands are the welfare, and sometimes, the lives of men.

### **. . . And Veterans**

It is a young man's war, true enough. But it is an older man's war too. And forgetting the brass hats, look into these camps and find many the veteran of the last war who led his men or followed his officer over the slimy mud of Flanders where the craters mocked at life and the poppies mocked at death. These men were thrust back into their civilian callings after 1918, but they took to this war as a duck takes to water. Building camps, tearing reality out of the wilderness, or drawing the best out of men—it is all the job of war to them.

Climbing and slithering over the hills and dunes, your weak civilian ankles give out, and diagnosing your own case you find three tendons pulled and several ligaments twisted if not missing altogether. In agony, you confide your woes to the M.O., an old Vancouverite at the turn of the century, a veteran of the last war and a noble character in this.

"What! Vancouver—Was there in 1903—Has the place changed much? Let's look at these dogs—Hm! Case for a double amputation. Have you anything to say before you are executed? Come over to my morgue and I'll put you away painlessly."

Humbly admitting you are speechless, you go with him and he swiftly slaps bandages on you. To your amazement you walk again in ease and comfort, and go with him through his camp hospital. This M.O. sees to the health of 3,000 men.

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We have talked of officers. They are coming up from the ranks in this war, as they did in the later years of the last. Come to the Officers' Training Centre, where that young son of yours is literally given the works. Rendezvous: Down on the broad, green banks of the mighty St. Lawrence at Brockville.

## **Birth Of A Pip—Canada Brings**

### **Its Officers Up From The Ranks**

*Today we are off to the Officers' Training Centre at Brockville. You detrain and embus. That is to say, you get off the train and climb on a special bus and tear down through the streets of peaceful old Brockville. The broad St. Lawrence, rolling serenely to the sea, grins at you from its miles of shimmering face.*

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These camps train officers for Active Force reserve, for Active and Reserve cadets, for special qualifications to time in with their university course, and they are divided into:

Four weeks, common to all arms subjects.

Six weeks, special arms subjects.

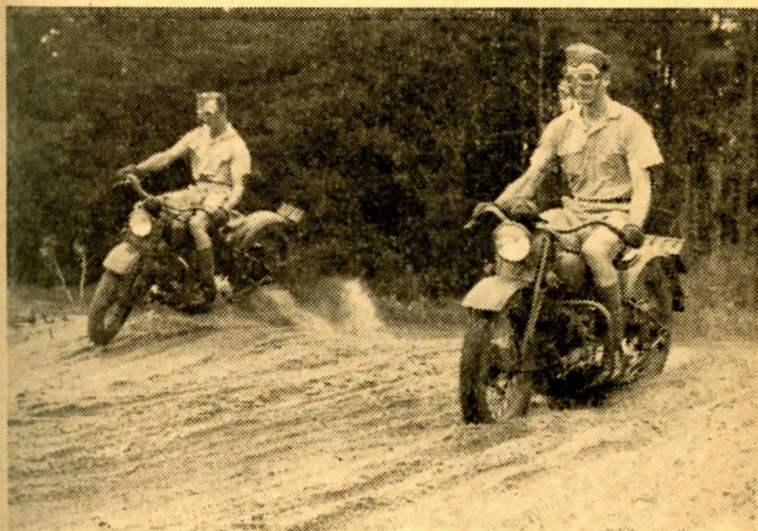
Two weeks, platoon tactics.

That sounds as dry as a military order of the day. But wait. No weakling gets in here; the course is so strenuous it calls for only the finest physical fitness. The Canadian corps of the last war grew in striking power even while in the most strenuous action because its command was alert to the need for junior commanders. By 1918 the Canadians were the most self sufficient striking units of the Western Front, and thus was fulfilled Sir Sam Hughes' immortal admonition to Kitchener, who wanted to submerge the C.E.F.'s identity: "You can go to hell."

In this war it is the same. General "Andy" McNaughton is one of the key men in Britain today as head of the Canadian corps. That key-man tradition is being carried right down to the one-pip, who is born on the banks of the St. Lawrence or on the rocky shores of the Pacific.

## Key-Man

In the last war, after the second battle of Ypres, the losses among junior commanders had become so severe that commissions were granted in the field, and from stripes to stars became a frequent process in the First Division, simply with the



### OFFICER TRAINING IS TOUGH

Every young officer must learn to master the unruly motorcycle.

OC's signature. It worked. It decided once and for all that the man who has been through the ranks and achieved stripes is the man to command. It worked for two reasons: First, the generally good education of Canadians; second, the intimate knowledge of trench warfare which the NCO's secured.

Today the Canadian army has in its command two men who so rose: Major-General R. J. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., commander of the First Division, who left Canada in 1915 as a lance-corporal with the Second C.M.R., and Major-General C. B. Price, D.S.O., M.C., commander of the Third Division, who

went overseas in 1914 as a company sergeant-major with the 14th Battalion.

## **On the Double**

Today's regulations demand that to be eligible for a commission in the Active Army, a man must serve four months in an active unit or one year in the reserves, or else have special technical, scientific, medical, dental or chartered accountant qualifications. The Officers' Training Centres will train 4,000 to 6,000 new officers, all men who are recommended by their OC's. They may be either NCO's or OR (other ranks to you) at the time of their recommendation.

It is all too short, this visit with the budding officers. Already thrilled with the ranks, one can say in brief that here all is advanced, the tempo is quickened, "on the double" is not only a command but an ingrained principle. Here, a man is not only striving for a prize, for a promotion, for an honor that he can wear proudly because he won it.

We have loosely entitled this article The Birth of a Pip. We did so because a man wears his first pip with more thrill, more elan, and more of the real joy of achievement than he later wears his crown or his hatband. It is his first army experience of walking on air.

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**And that brings us to another story, the young knights of the skies. Will you stay with us, then, for a little tour tomorrow from the Moth to the Hudson.**

## **Flying Scientists—**

### **A Visit To The Training Camps**

*Canada has 60,000 men in the air force. A glance at these alert young men in their training camps is given in the following sketch, the seventh article in a series written after a personal tour, with a party of Canadian editors, of the training camps and war plants of Eastern Canada.*

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When you see one of those stubby little Moth planes the first impulse is to take one home. These little planes are just like their name—they take off unexpectedly from any point on the runway, they can land in a backyard. They are small but sturdy. Sir Alan Cobham flew to South Africa in one of them.

They are built in Canada. Their full name is De Havilland Tiger Moth and they are engined with a Gypsy Major 135-h.p. air-cooled motor. They will cruise at 94 miles an hour and have a top speed of 104 m.p.h.

They are used at the Elementary Flying Training School which we saw at Malton, Toronto's airport. This is a combined civilian-military enterprise, and as you watch the students go through their training your attention is diverted momentarily to the sleek grey machines of the Trans-Canada and the American Airlines landing and taking off from the same fields.

The liners take off on a long and dignified apron, their great motors in full song. The little Moths buzz angrily on some minor slipway of the inner field, and are in the air almost as soon as the pilot guns them.

### **Observers**

At Malton, also, is an Air Observers School, and this likewise is run by a commercial company, directed by the Air Force, which supplies the aircraft and a staff of administrative officers,

We read of such episodes of gallantry as the Spitfires who circled the legless wing commander Douglas Bader when he bailed out at 20,000 feet from his crippled plane and drifted down on German soil. We can think of no truer or simpler compliment to our young Canadian fliers than to say that this sort of gallantry must be instinctive with all of them.

The young fliers of Britain and the Empire, as someone has said, are more than a valiant host; they are a social phenomenon. Youngest of the three armed forces, they have also a code which has grown, not out of words, but out of tradition—the tradition of their fathers who flew flimsy crates and fired with pistols, and dropped bricks for want of grenades with their hands in the days before bomb racks.

Their fathers were tough, and so are these. Consider: Out of Canada's manpower the air force has first choice. Only one man in six can meet the air force standards, in the ages from 20 to 29 years. There are 60,000 men in Canada's air force today, and it is growing as fast as the younger ones flow into it.

Are these a generation of war only? Is their calling to be ended when the war is over? It is inconceivable to think so. The men before us were the flying pioneers; these are the flying scientists. Their calling is no longer merely an adventure; it is a new thing in the shaping of the world.

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**Canada is seeing a phenomenal growth of air force during this war. Tomorrow, a swift look over the last two years' spectacular advance.**

## **Billion-Dollar**

### **Air Training Job**

*The previous story on Canada's Fighting Men told of the types of airmen and of a visit to their camps in the East on a conducted tour with other Canadian editors. Here are a few facts about the colossal program which is one of Canada's great contributions to the war, and which by its very size makes history in air training achievement for this country. This is the eighth of the series of stories.*

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Almost every week brings word of more airmen landing in Britain from Canada. Already there are many RCAF squadrons flying over there, besides the Canadians in the RAF.

Behind that is one of the most amazing stories of growth in history. The gigantic British Commonwealth Air Training Plan draws men from the Empire, but by far the greater number of them are Canadians. And these schools are turning out finished fliers by the tens of thousands.

The training plan is based on a cost of a billion dollars for three years, Canada to furnish nearly \$600,000,000. It has been increasing its schools up to the 90 scheduled for this autumn. It has 100 airfields, and 124 establishments of all kinds.

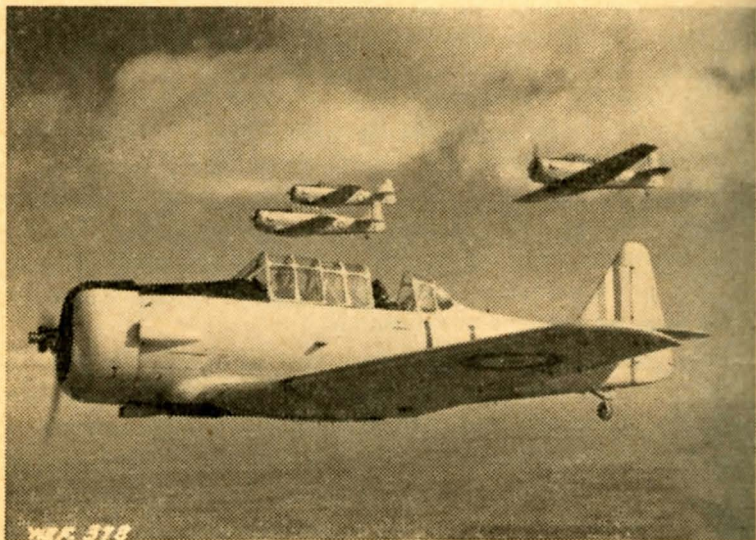
There are 60,000 Canadians in the air force. Canada contributes nearly 80 per cent of the students at the Training Plan schools. The rest come from Australia, New Zealand, and many from United States. To run this entire show it takes a staff of 40,000 men . . . instructors, administration and maintenance staffs . . . equal in number to the C.P.R. payroll exclusive of steamship services.

Remember that the whole program started from scratch just 21 months ago. Today it is turning out fighter pilots in 22 weeks, radio gunners in 24 weeks, and bomber observers in 27

weeks, all ready to go to Britain and take their brief finishing course. Canada has paid the cost of construction, the British Government has provided most of the aircraft and equipment in the earlier stages, until Canadian production started to roll. The machinery of supervision is the RCAF operation, under the Canadian Government, and a supervisory board consisting of representatives from other Commonwealth governments.

## Where They Go

Recruiting centres of the RCAF, including Vancouver, have kept a steady flow of volunteers flowing into the schools. Pilots



**YOUNG CANADA SPREADS WINGS**  
Advanced student-pilots learn formation flying.

are taken in the ages of over 18 and under 31, air observers and wireless operator air gunners between 18 and 32. High school education is required. The new flier goes first to a manning depot for two to six weeks, then pilots go to the initial training

schools for five weeks; observers go to these for the same period, then to air observer schools; wireless operator air gunners go to one of the four wireless schools, while ground staff men go to technical schools.

## **Four Commands**

All the flying schools are divided among four commands: No. 1 at Toronto, No. 2 at Winnipeg, No. 3 at Montreal, No. 4 at Regina; the last-named administers British Columbia as well as prairie schools.

From Canada, pilots, air observers or wireless operator air gunners go overseas to receive final instruction in the actual battle or bombing craft they will use on active service.

But Canadian airmen are in many cases on active duty before being sent to Britain. They are engaged in patrol work of the coasts, and as convoy escorts. Flights take them far out to sea, in some cases more than half way across the Atlantic.

Planes used in Canada include Tiger Moth, 7 Yale, Fleet Fort, Harvard, for fighters; and for bombers, Avro Ansons, Cessna Crane, Fairey Battle; for wireless and navigation there is the "flying classroom," the Noorduyn Norseman. Canada now manufactures 13 different types of aircraft, 40 planes a week, and is taking over from Britain the job of supplying training planes, as well as producing heavy bombers. In January, 1939, there were 1,600 men employed in Canadian aircraft production; now there are more than 25,000.

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There is another story about Canada and its young men to be told. If it calls for mental acrobatics to follow your son or your neighbor's son out of the high school door up the steel steps to the bridge of a warship, then prepare for those calisthenics. Tomorrow we take a brief look in at the navy, its yards, its wardroom, its patrol, its mine fields and, most important as always, its men.

## **Navy Drops**

### **Some Depth Bombs**

*Down to the sea with the Canadian navy went the party of Canadian editors on their recent tour of Eastern Canadian camps and war plants. This story, the ninth of the series, gives a glimpse of that amazing phenomenon, the Royal Canadian Navy, whose growth has been one of the most stirring chapters in our history.*

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Your feet feel the depth bomb explode before your ears hear it. Yet it is a hundred yards or more distant. There is a simple scientific explanation for this, having to do with the rigidity of water and air, but that can pass. It is not so thrilling as the actual feel of it.

Over the destroyer's tiny stern rolls the depth charge, a stunted barrel of a thing, with a minor explosion as it hits the water. The destroyer races on; in a moment a quick shudder goes through your feet from the deck, and before your eyes a swift mountain of water splashes into the sky out of the ship's wake. And then in a split second the sound reaches your ears.

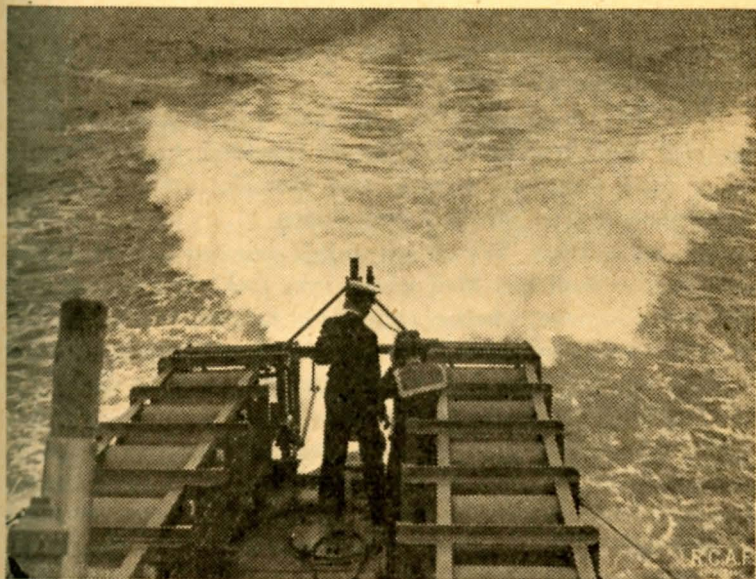
Maybe there is something symbolic about this. Something that the navy does always happens before the sensory or anticipatory faculties can meet it. This has been so in the long history of the British navy. Always it has been the swift paralyzing stroke, and the decisive blow that had been struck. It has always been "The navy's here," rather than "The navy's coming."

### **The Secret**

Why is all this? It does not rest in ships, for the enemy can build ships. It rests in the men. It lies in the high human standards which must be met before a man can join; it rests in the rigid schooling of those men with whom discipline is no mere

conscious thing but a lightning alacrity that springs unbidden out of a man's very fibre.

We civilians learn to be slothful. Our reflexes grow rusty. We digest a remark slowly. We think it out. We respond casually, sloppily or not at all to a situation, a remark or a sensation.



THE DEEP SEA — — FULL OF MENACE  
Depth-charges — the stern language of a Canadian destroyer

In the navy you have the complete antithesis. Every nerve of a man, every sense of him, every little brain cell of him is attuned to the instantaneous imperative of a spoken, gestured or indicated command. Can we make this just a little clearer: The emergency catches the civilian unprepared, it is abnormal, it is something which he has not foreseen. The emergency catches the naval man prepared; it is his normal; his mind not only meets, but anticipates and enfolds it, his whole being is like a photo-electric cell that directs and responds instantaneously.

## **Stern, Lively, Kind**

Why is this? We are not talking of supermen; we are talking of regular human beings who, off duty, are as you and I. It is simply this: Discipline . . . the sternest, liveliest, kindest discipline. It is stern because the man whose mind will not or can not accept it is ruthlessly weeded out. It is lively because the man who keeps pace with it quickens all his faculties. It is kind because it makes gentlemen, men to whom instant courtesy and instant obedience are instinctive.

We could regale you with a dull and prosaic story of how we rambled through miles of an Eastern Canadian Port and saw its great naval yards, its acres of new barracks, its stores and its armaments and its frowning grey ships.

But we will not. We set out in this series to talk about men, and men it shall be. Men whose eyes look clear through you and into you; men, whether captains or ratings, who talk neither down or up at you, but with that frank confidence that they bestow on the eternal sea. Perhaps we have it there. The eternal, imponderable, immeasurable sea.

We are coming close to home now, although we are on the Atlantic Coast in our tour. For out here where the sun goes down forever in the ocean we know these men. We know their calm achievement of the impossible; we know their damn-the-weather nonchalance; we know their five senses alert to the depths of the black water below. We know, also, their invulnerable front to the sea's most tempting blandishments.

## **In the Wardroom**

All right. We are with the navy. Amid a nest of warships we board a destroyer. Thirty out of sixty of us bump our heads on the steel decks atop the companionways, which we lamely call stairs. The heads of the other thirty ache in sympathy.

In a wardroom as big as an ordinary living room there are a hundred men. By some miracle known only to the navy everyone is served, first with a drink, second with lunch. Being ignorant, we expect rum, and we find that the accepted drink of the wardroom at this hour is gin and bitters. Again, strong even

in our ignorance, we ask for whisky and get it. In a short time we are to go to sea.

A voice calls, while we gulp our salad: "Gentlemen, we SHOULD be on the Blank and Blank in seven minutes." You get that "SHOULD." That means we must. And in exactly seven minutes we ARE aboard. Not in six minutes, or seven and a half minutes, but seven minutes. We are in the navy now; we have had our first sea lesson.

The Blank and Blank are two destroyers which Canada secured from the United States. Let no man tell you these ships are over-age. True, when they were turned over they had everything from cigarette lighters to the kitchen stove in the deck superstructure. The practical Canadian naval officers cut away half of that and left the decks clear. Now they resemble modern British and American destroyers.

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Stay with us, as we steer out into the broad Atlantic, with old friends aboard. We promised a read-as-you-run series out of this, and we'll stick to it, and throw in a smoke screen for good measure.

## **Destroyer Vanishes,**

### **Reappears**

*This is the tenth article in a series telling of what Canadian editors saw in their tour to see Canada's fighting forces. It tells more experiences with the navy, out of an Eastern Canadian Port, where they open a gate, as on land, and where landsmen get another thrill.*

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Stand in the wheelhouse with us and hear the barked orders down the tube from the captain on the bridge, and the helmsman's response: "Wheel hard aport, sir." "Two engines half ahead, sir." It works like clockwork as we steer out into the Atlantic.

Yesterday we were standing out from the dock. Now we have toured the inner basin whence the great convoys sail. One such, of several dozen ships, has recently gone when we arrive. Another is then gathering. Ships from every corner of the earth, laden with food and the war materials for Britain. Dull, grey, drab, in the sullen tints of war, they slide like ghosts out of the harbor at intervals of a few minutes.

Ships are assigned to convoys according to their speed. If they are fast they go alone. If they are slow they go in convoys; there is no choice. We have already been through the room, astonishingly small and astonishingly efficient, where the skippers come for their orders.

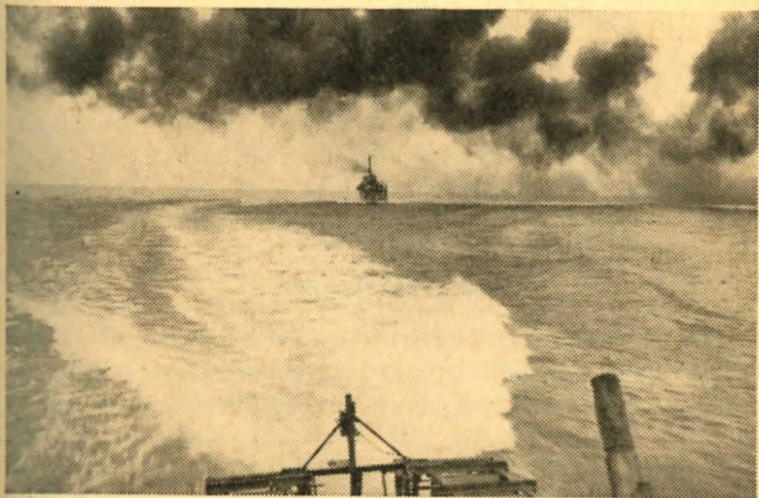
### **Gate in the Sea**

And now we are out in the stream of the great harbor. The anti-submarine net ahead of us parts, drawn by invisible cables by the vigil ships that stand there in sunlight and fog. We are in Blank I destroyer; we are followed by Blank II. The moment Blank II passes the net is drawn in again. Was it through such a gap, not so hastily closed, that a German submarine sneaked into Scapa Flow to sink the Royal Oak? Well, no such thing will happen in this Eastern Canadian Port.

We meet a fleet of four minesweepers plowing toward the harbor, their long joining cables towing the paravanes through the

sea. Busy little boats, out on what must surely be one of the world's most nerve-trying jobs.

To port of us—or is it starboard?—lies the signal ship. She signals every craft that approaches the harbor, to be stopped and searched. If the ship does not stop at once a shore battery sends a shell whistling across her bows. If she still keeps on she is sunk without further ado. They don't fool in the navy.



**SMOKE SCREEN RISES**

Canadian destroyers know how to protect a convoy

"I'm sorry," says Captain Mainguy (from Victoria), who accompanies us, "that the water is so calm. It would have been a better show for you chaps with a bit of chop out here."

"Don't mention it," we gulp, watching the horizon slowly rise and fall. "We just brought our train legs with us. Fresh out of sea legs, you know—Ha ha!" The last note of pathetic humor will be recognized by most of our readers.

### **Home Town Boys**

Along comes Jim Barker, gunnery officer whom we last knew in a Vancouver insurance office. He looks now the very epitome of the navy, and he loves it.

And in a few moments we are talking with Bob Timbrell, with his D.S.C. ribbon. He is second in command. It seems hardly any time since the whole Greater Vancouver area was hailing him home on his leave, and Vancouver's civic chiefs had to hurry before West Vancouver claimed him as her own hero.

Tall, alert, able, our Bob turns aside for a moment to rap out a few orders to seamen, and we glance down at our landlubber's feet and think: "Those square inches of deck you occupy, they are Vancouver's. These young men from home make them so."

Later, at dinner in the Admiralty House, we meet Captain Creery, who brought the Fraser into English Bay these many years gone by. And amid the gold braid of the navy we find many human souls, and tops of them all is Commanding Officer G. C. Jones, Atlantic Command, whose brown eyes bore through you and soften the kindly blow with a perpetual twinkle.

## Smoke Screen

But we are at sea. Beside us we have torpedoes which hold air compressed to 3,000 pounds per square inch, for their propulsive power. An officer tells us the best place to see the depth charge is "by the gun aft." By landsman's deduction, we find within forty seconds calculation that this is the gun on the rear of the ship, so up we go to watch the show which we have already described. To our starboard, Blank II lets go a similar blast.

Afterward, we are suddenly appalled at the black smoke cloud which rolls from our smokestacks. The smoke screen rolls out to port—or is it starboard?—anyway, to the left. Down it pours over the sea, and Blank II suddenly vanishes. We have watched her prow spearing the ocean like a swordfish, and now she is no more. She was a pretty sight, there in the distance, looking like an angry little torpedo boat, but now we have lost her in that impenetrable black horizon abaft.

## Tricks

We have difficulty in standing erect, and we think the Blank I is up to tricks. Suddenly we know. The smoke screen drapes itself to left and right and here we are in the centre of a half

moon of it, clear sea immediately around us. It is an eerie feeling, for even the friendly rain clouds above are hidden.

Only a short while. As suddenly as it fell, the screen lifts, and under the curtain like a frustrated hornet charges the Blank II, tearing the water aside like a razor. It is all over in a few minutes, but it has imprinted a picture that will be imperishable. With that conviction of permanency, we are only half-hearted in our sympathy with the official photographer who set his camera to catch the depth charge, shot the preliminary explosion and missed the big one.

### **It's Growing!**

We leave an Eastern Canadian port with a sudden and violent fit of nostalgia for a certain Western Canadian port. For we are all part of the same navy. Two years ago Canada had 13 warships. Today she has a navy of 250 ships and 23,000 men and in another year will have 400 ships. This navy is taking part in the toughest assignments known to war, across the Atlantic and through the North Sea.

In her ships sail the sons of Canadian mothers. If there were one message we could give to those mothers it would be this: That we have seen these boys, that they make our heart beat twice as fast, that all the finest things of the Royal Navy are being entwined and embossed in the proud records of this navy.

In Admiralty House we saw the burnished scroll in memory of the gallant old Niobe. It is a far cry from that to this. It is a far and challenging cry that would warm and startle even the most cynical heart. We have ships in the Royal Canadian Navy, good ships, sturdy ships, ships fashioned by human hands.

And we have something that God took a hand in fashioning. We have men. **REAL MEN !**

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**In all the vast university which is Canada's fighting force, the workshop must not be forgotten. Young men learn trades for the army, trades which will stand by them in peacetime again. On Monday, a brief look into the army trades school.**

## **Garage Goes**

### **Into The Front Line**

*Training mechanics for the army is an enormous business in itself, and in this article brief attention is paid to that vital phase. On their conducted tour, Canadian editors were taken to the Hamilton Army Trades School, which is one of many facilities now used to give practical training to all ranks. The heavy fire power of the modern division, to be touched on in the next and concluding article, has multiplied many times over the need for mechanics as compared to the last war.*

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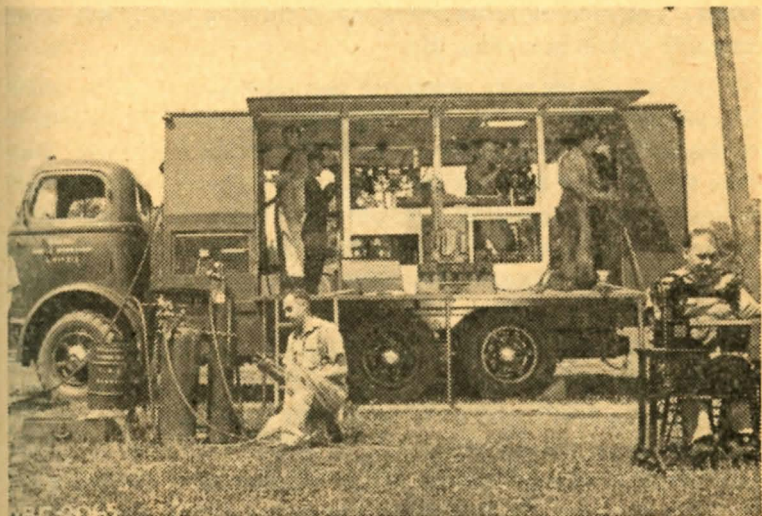
Napoleon—or Frederick the Great, or both—said an army fought on its stomach. Whichever said it first was right. His did. But the modern army fights also in its garages, its workshops, at its lathes and forges and carpentry benches.

Throughout Canada there have been thousands of young men lacking in training at any trade, but many with a knack for just the things the army needs. These young men are being looked after in practical school classes, of which the Army Trades School at Hamilton, Ont., is the key institution. It handles 2,000 students at one time, and takes in soldiers who have had their basic training and have been at civilian technical schools for two to three months.

The army puts them through a course of two to four months and then passes them on to advanced training centres, where they are employed at their trades. The modern army has 150 types of tradesmen, but those specially taught at the Army Trades School include carpenters, artificers, electricians, motor and vehicle fitters, instrument, motor and wireless mechanics. Thus, the four main divisions of the school are automotive, electrical, machine and carpentry.

## Four Phases

They have every type of army vehicle on hand for their practical teaching. They have tools and extra parts. As instructors they have technical experts loaned by the Ontario government, men from the large automotive companies, and military officers and N.C.O's who are themselves technicians. If students go to the schools assigned from units, they return to those units. If not, they are sent to advanced training centres as reinforcements for overseas.



**ARMY MOBILE WORKSHOP**  
The Army teaches dozens of useful trades.

There are four main phases for the army tradesman. His first is the normal army training at a basic training centre, which is, briefly, the recruit's school where he learns army routine and becomes acquainted with army weapons. This phase lasts two months.

The next phase is at the 99 technical schools in Canada, where the students get an inkling of the skilled trades. From there

they graduate to the army trades school at Hamilton, and thence to the advanced training centres.

This all adds up to a pretty big mechanical university, with 20,000 a year of new tradesmen to be produced, and about 7,000 taking training at one time.

## **Then and Now**

In the old days the army offered a man a chance to learn a war weapon which would be of no use to him in peacetime life, plus a wage and his rations, with the off chance that he might be killed. The modern army offers him a training which will be invaluable to him in civilian life.

This all sounds very matter of fact, and so it is. The course is crammed full of facts. The students are given the works, so to speak, from the drafting rooms to the actual machines. They take things apart and put them together. They are put to work individually or in small groups, but there is a watchful instructor at their elbows to make sure that when they take a machine apart and put it together again they have not enough left over to make another machine.

Our trip through the Army Trades School was like a trip through any garage with this vital and thrilling exception: These young men are wrapped up in their work; they paid no attention to visitors; they were as keen as mustard; they were on a new adventure for them, the spell of the machine, and they were not standing enviously by watching others do it; they were doing it all themselves, each in turn.

Not even at field manoeuvres have I seen such close and spontaneous attention. One might enter the school knowing that it was army discipline that took these young men to their classes; one came away knowing that it took army discipline to draw them away.

## **Tank School**

The Hamilton School is only one, however. There are many other branches. A new tank school was started almost overnight in London, Ont., and is teaching soldiers about diesels, air and

water cooled engines for tanks, tractors, trucks and infantry carriers. Officers are not exempt, and every officer of the Fifth (Armored) Division gets into overalls four nights a week. The London school brought American civilian instructors in and put them to work so quickly that there are already 500 students. It is operated by the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, and under Victor Sifton's energetic direction a speed record was broken in getting approval through Ottawa. Students were assigned from as far west as Victoria.

Nor is mechanical training confined to army schools. Motor classes are held continually in Ford, General Motors, Chrysler motor plants, in the International Harvester's 13 plants, and in Labatt's in Ontario. Men who never were under the hood in their lives are now taking engines apart. When they finish their courses they will round out the vast program of making Canada's army the most highly-mechanized, most powerful striking army in the world, even including the German panzers. For in this war the garage has gone into the front line.

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In these articles, the various phases of the training in the army, air force and navy have been touched upon, with special attention to the men one meets. Now for a brief run over the whole picture, to see how many facts can be packed into a short summary for you tomorrow.

## **Tanks, Planes,**

## **Guns, Shells, Bullets**

*Canada's army, navy and air force have occupied the series of articles on the recent Canadian editors' tour of Eastern Canada. The tour also included war industries where tanks, airplanes, guns of many kinds, ammunition and explosives of various sizes were produced. Censorship rules prevented mentioning specific products of each plant. However, the following concluding article of the series gives a brief glimpse into the extent of the Canadian war program, in men and machines. It is presented with the reminder that statistics are constantly changing, as the program expands.*

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When this series began, we said we would emphasize men rather than statistics. The daily stories have taken us through army, air force and navy establishments. Now for a few paragraphs of facts, whiz-fashion, to cap them off.

Canada's war budget totals \$2,500,000,000 round figures; of this \$1.5 billions is for Canadian war effort; one billion is to finance, free of charge, goods for Britain.

Motor industry is producing military vehicles at 10,000 a month and has already built 150,000. Total now produced or on order cost one billion. One of the most spectacular is the blitz buggy, a Bantam Light Utility, with the highest climbing power of any army vehicle yet made; it will almost climb trees.

### **Fire Power**

The 1918 division was man-power plus horse-power. The 1941 division is mechanized and motorized, ready for 200 miles a day compared to the 15 or 20 miles a day of the First World War. It has armed equipment for ordinary opposition. It has several times the fire power of the old-time division. It can meet panzer divisions with its own arms. Each man must be an individualist—and is so trained—as well as an integral part of his company.

The German army began war with one armored division in 13, or a total of 20 in its 260. Canada is building one in two, highest in the world. Canada has over 100,000 troops (three divisions and ancillary troops) overseas now, has more than 300,000 on active service, has total armed forces, including reserve, of 470,000 men.

The Canadian navy with 250 ships now (and to have 400 by next March) has helped convoy ships of more than 27 million tons, has sunk submarines, rescued crews from U-boat victim ships, captured several enemy ships, caused crews to scuttle others.

Starting from scratch 20 months ago, the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is now sending over thousands of fliers; there are 60,000 Canadians in the air force.

Canadian soldiers, sailors, fliers have been on duty in the danger areas of Newfoundland, Iceland, Spitsbergen, and British West Indies, as well as Britain.

## **Food**

Canada has sent Britain wheat, bacon, eggs, cheese, canned goods, base metals, timber, machine guns, two-pounder guns, anti-aircraft gun barrels, shells, small arms ammunition, explosives, chemicals, airplanes, corvettes, minesweepers, small craft, mechanized vehicles, universal gun carriers. All this time she has been equipping her own troops out of her factories as well.

Among war sinews which Canada can supply to the United States are small arms, guns, ammunition, certain explosives and chemicals, armed fighting vehicles, corvettes, minesweepers, aluminum, nickel and other metals.

The manufactured products listed above, plus tanks, field guns, 13 types of airplanes, anti-aircraft guns, Bren guns, rifles, mortars, aerial bombs, torpedoes, mines, depth charges, parachutes, gas masks, anti-gas clothing, radiolocators, naval stores, anti-submarine equipment, minesweeping gear, naval guns, merchant ships, destroyers, are being produced in factories and yards visited during the Canadian editors' recent conducted tour of the east. Shells produced number in millions, small arms in hundreds of millions.

## **Speed**

Canada's plants will by end of this fall be able to equip a division completely in five weeks. When war started Canada had 1,500 workers in shipyards; today there are more than 20,000 in 17 large and 45 smaller yards. British Columbia's share is in contracts totalling \$180 millions, employing 7,000 men. Small-boat program is \$8,000,000, including fast pulling boats and torpedo boats.

Canadian aircraft factories employed 1,600 men in January, 1939; today they employ 25,000. Single big bomber calls for thousands of parts, and as many as six companies collaborate on making of one bomber. A Hampden bomber, such as made in Canada, costs \$150,000.

The plant building Bren guns is already ahead of schedule, is largest of its kind in the world, will by the end of the year be five times over the original commitment rate. In explosives, Canada's output for 1941 will double the entire production of the First World War. Chemical and explosive plants employ 11,000 men, and are engaged on 23 different projects. One Canadian plant produces 100,000 bombs of 500 pounds each in a year.

Two types of tanks are being built, initial orders being 800 of one kind, 1,000 of the other. The cruiser tank is 20 feet long, the infantry tank 17 feet. Both have cannon and machine guns, wireless, periscopes, telescopes, telephones, carriers for smoke bombs. Editors followed these from the furnace to the testing grounds.

## **Dress, \$120**

To lodge and take care of navy, army and air force calls for 100,000 separate articles. It costs \$120 to dress a Canadian soldier for the field in full pack. Two million pairs of shoes for the armed forces have been bought in Canadian plants, and 1,000 miles of wool and blanket cloth; 10,000 tons of beef for enlisted personnel is a six months' order.

Among Canada's industries to be pushed to high production with meteoric speed are precision instruments, range finders, gun sights, radio and electrical parts, optical instruments.

Behind all industries is the output of power, which for all Canada reached its highest level in July of any similar month in history, with 2,661 million kilowatt hours, of which industries used 2,234 million k.w.h.