

BMA

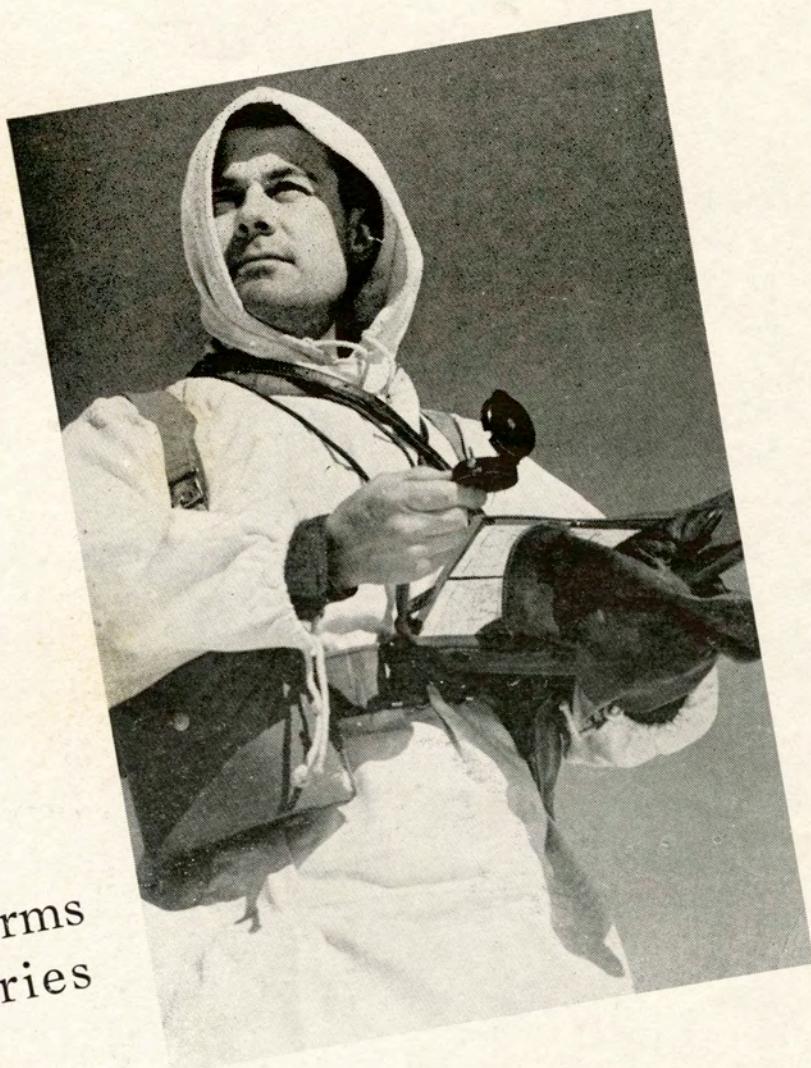


APRIL 1943  
VOL 2, NO 4.



Officers' Uniforms  
and Accessories

*Established 1888*



# THE ROBERT CRAIG COMPANY LIMITED

30 King Street West BROCKVILLE, ONT. Telephone 2294

*For* FINE DIAMONDS  
DEPENDABLE WATCHES  
DISTINCTIVE JEWELLERY  
APPROPRIATE GIFTS

*Visit —*

## KNOWLTON'S



Jewellers and Optometrists

93 King Street West

## HERB WRIGHT RESTAURANT

"JUST GOOD FOOD"

King Street,

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

## The Recorder Printing Company, Limited

Publishers of

### The Recorder and Times

*Ontario's Oldest Newspaper*

HIGH CLASS JOB PRINTERS

Quick Service — Low Cost

KING STREET WEST

DIAL 2266



WRIST WATCHES FOR OFFICERS

IDENTIFICATION BRACELETS  
LADIES' MILITARY BROOCHES  
LEATHER GOODS ACCESSORIES

Also Exclusive Representatives of

OMEGA WATCHES  
TISSOT WATCHES  
"ORANGE BLOSSOM" DIAMOND RINGS  
"ORANGE BLOSSOM" WEDDING RINGS

**STEACY the JEWELLER, LIMITED**

62 King Street West, Brockville, Ont.—Telephone 3223—Established 1860

# STAFF --- REDACTION

Editor-in-Chief .....	CADET W. B. REID
Assistant Editor .....	CADET A. D. ROSS
Feature Editor .....	CADET R. J. ALLAN
Assistant Feature Editor .....	CADET M. B. GELBERT
Representatives Sergeants' Mess .....	C.M.S. CRAWFORD S/SGT. ROWLEY
News Editor .....	CADET J. R. CAMPBELL
Assistant News Editor .....	CADET A. J. ISSENMAN
Art Director .....	CAPT. E. SAGER
Art Editor .....	CADET T. C. LEIGHTEN
Assistant Art Director .....	CADET J. A. C. LANGHAM
Sports Editor .....	CADET P. N. TURNER
Assistant Sports Editor .....	CADET R. N. WILSON
French Editor .....	CADET H. CHARBONNEAU
Assistant French Editor .....	CADET A. G. GOULET
Humor .....	CADET M. F. DIXON
Representative A/I School .....	SGT. R. T. MULLINS
Representative Trained Soldiers Co. ....	CPL. J. H. TURNER
Photographer .....	SGT. GEO. ELAND
Circulation Manager .....	SGT. GEO. BISHOP
Secretary .....	SGT. H. HUGHES
Representatives Cadets Mess Committee .....	CADET WATT CADET POTTER CADET PLANTE CAPTAIN J. L. CARROLL
Press Liaison Officer .....	

## CONTENTS -- SOMMAIRE

	Page
Editorial .....	5
Foreword .....	7
The Commandant Sets an Example .....	9
What is a Good Leader? .....	11
The Blue Army .....	12
The Red Army .....	13
Une Annee Fecunde .....	14
The Special Army .....	16
C.A.C. Wing .....	17
R.A.C. Wing .....	18
R.C.E. Wing .....	19
R.C.C.S. Wing .....	20
Inf. Special Wing .....	21
R.C.A.S.C. and R.C.O.C. ....	22
Transport Wing .....	23
A. I. School .....	24
B.M.H. and C.W.C. ....	25
Pay Office and Band .....	26
D.P. Select and Welfare .....	27
Administration .....	28
Letter From the Armourer .....	29
Padres' Corner .....	32
Camp Engineers and M.G. Wing .....	33
Brockville .....	34
R. S. M. ....	41
Practice Makes Perfect .....	43
Psychologie Regementaire .....	44
Come Go Now Man .....	45

## “THE B.M.A. BLITZ”

A monthly magazine, issued monthly by the Candidates and Staff of the Officers' Training Centre, Brockville, Ontario, with the kind permission of Colonel M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C., Commandant of the Officers' Training Centre, M.D. 3. Printed and published in the plant of the Brockville Recorder and Times, Brockville, Ontario.

Editor, Cadet W. B. Reid.

“The B.M.A. Blitz” has a circulation of 3,000 copies at 25c. the copy.

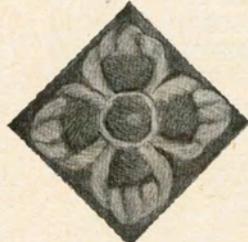
All news MUST be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 15th day of each month, at 1600 hours, this definitely being the DEADLINE for O.T.C. (E.C.) material.

Advertising contracts may be secured from the Mess Secretary's Office.

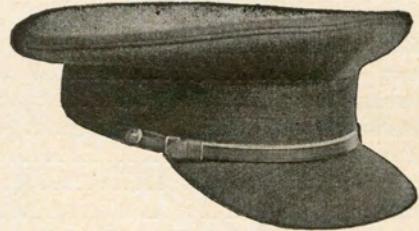
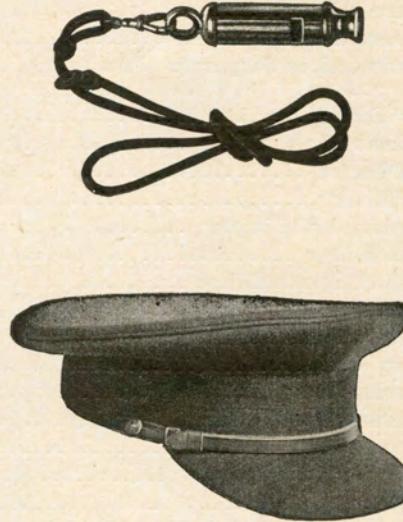
Editorial Offices of the “B.M.A. Blitz” are located in the East Wing of Hut No. 28, O.T.C., Brockville, Ontario.



MANUFACTURER AND  
RETAILER OF  
**MILITARY EQUIPMENT**



- BADGES (Metal and Embroidered)
- BUTTONS (General List, G.S. etc.)
- BELTS (Sam Browne, etc.)
- BOOTS (English and Canadian)
- CAPS (Service and Dress)
- DRILL (Made in India)



**UNIFORMS**  
1—Hand Made  
2—Made-to-Measure  
3—Stock Sizes.

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS



**WILLIAM SCULLY**  
LIMITED  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**MILITARY EQUIPMENT**

1202 UNIVERSITY ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Small Daughter—"What is alimony,  
Mother?"

Mother (former wife of insurance  
agent)—"Alimony is a man's cash sur-  
render value, dear."

Private Twirp is a lucky man,  
Match his good fortune if you can.  
Rare is his case, you must admit:  
His G.I. pants are a perfect fit.

**EDUCATION.**

Of course universities are full of know-  
ledge. The freshmen bring a little and  
the seniors take none away, and know-  
ledge accumulates.

**Fullerton Drug Store  
Limited**

Opposite the Market.

Dial 624

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

MARQUETTE 6491

1236 CRESCENT ST.

**Velva-Craft**

MANUFACTURERS OF

NAVAL, MILITARY, AIRFORCE CANTEEN SUPPLIES

MONTREAL

# *Editorial*

We have planned this edition of the Blitz to commemorate the first anniversary of Brigadier M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C., at Commandant of the O.T.C. Its printing represents a spontaneous desire on the part of our entire personnel to take particular note of the useful and inspiring direction of a great leader of men.

Since the preparation of the April issue, announcement has been made of the Commandant's promotion, and his assignment to other duties of increased responsibility and opportunity. As regards the former, we tender to the Commandant our plaudits and congratulations. As to the latter, there are no mixed feelings here—we deeply regret the necessity of his leaving; particularly at a time when his efforts have so enlarged the scope and utility of O.T.C., as we are on the verge of great development and expansion.

No man could have given a finer exhibition of devotion to duty or of a vision unparalleled in its scope and active expression. Of Brig. Gregg it will always

be said, "He, himself, showed the way, both as a soldier and as a man." Not the least of his qualities is a unique appreciation of essentials and of human values; and his warm judgment and unhesitating justice have touched the heart of every man in camp.

And so he leaves us with our respect,  
Our affection and our gratitude.

"Brigadier Gregg, with all our hearts we wish you well. Your lasting memento here and elsewhere will be our all-out effort to imitate you; in our training, in the battle to come, and the glorious peace that will follow. Your job and our job is the same and we will not forget it. In whatever great undertaking the future may find you, know that O.T.C., Brockville, and all its sons march in comradeship beside you. You have shown us the way, and together

"We shall see it finished  
This glorious task to which our hearts are set;  
If from beyond, then with vision splendid  
We shall look back, and never know regret."

## *CREDITS*

The April edition of the Blitz has been produced by means of the interest and effort of a very wide cross section at O.T.C. The Blitz Board has had the thoroughgoing help of Lt. Colonel Jones, Major Neeland, Major John Aitken and the entire staff of Senior Instructors. Particular credit for this edition, however, belongs chiefly to four individuals:

1. To Capt. Geoff Rogers for securing pictures, cuts, and for supervision of the whole scheme of the lay-out.

2. To Cadet Jack McBride whose assistance and advice was invaluable.

3. To Sgt. Geo. Eland who took photos, developed them night and day while staving off Flu long enough to "put the Blitz to bed."

4. To Sgt. Hilder whose art work and careful mounting of photos proved so helpful.

Our thanks to Directorate Information, Army, for co-operating with photographs.

## **KINSMEN STRONG**

This is the song  
Of kinsmen strong  
Standing at guard  
In the gates of earth:—  
"Side by side  
Our flags flung wide  
Proclaim the pride  
Of our kindred birth.

"All ye of the brood  
Of an alien blood  
Take count of our folk  
No longer twain.  
Not twain, but one,  
By the tides that run  
With new warmth won  
In each kindred vein.

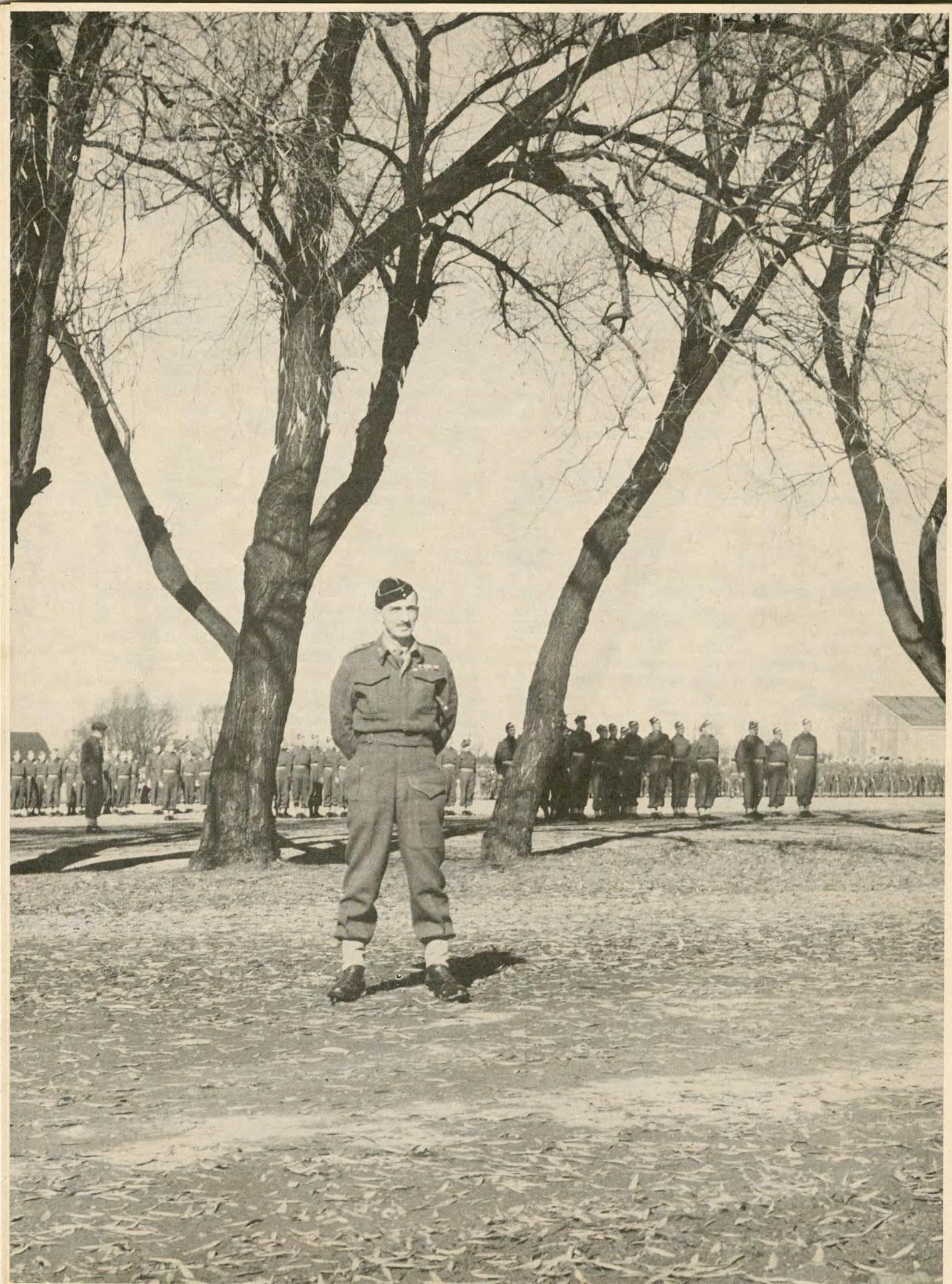
"Take note all ye  
Of the alien knee,  
Of the faith that fires  
Our hearts and thews.

One in our creed  
And one in our need,  
In daring and deed  
We shall win, not lose.

"Stout heart by heart  
We work our part  
That light may broaden  
And law command.  
This is our place  
By right of race,  
By God's good grace  
And the strength of our hand.

"The strength of our hand  
On every land  
Till the master-work  
Of the world be done:  
For the slave's release,  
For the bond of peace,  
That wars may cease  
From under the sun."

From *SELECTED POEMS*, by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. Courtesy of the Ryerson Press.



**T**HIS month will mark the anniversary of Colonel M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C., taking over command of Officers' Training Centre (E.O.) and a review of the important developments during this time would appear to be in order. "On the Double" might well be an appropriate title of a story to relate what has happened—for it was shortly after his arrival that "On the Double" was injected into all phases of training.

One has but to spend a day in the field with Colonel Gregg to realize his tremendous vitality, energy and persistence. While men a lot younger than himself are beginning to weary towards the close of the day (and I speak feelingly), the Commandant is going just as hard at Retreat as he was at Reveille, and it is this spirit of his that has pervaded O.T.C. since his assuming command twelve months ago.

Bringing back to Canada a vast fund of knowledge of advanced training methods gained from his experience as Commandant of the Canadian Officers' Cadet Training Unit in England, the new Commandant stepped up the general tempo of training at O.T.C. From a smart march to a snappy double was his introductory move for cadets on parade and in fact all their movements from the time they enter the B.M.A. until graduation day, are on the double.

Tough assault courses, war noises, battle inoculation, field firing ranges, close-armed combat and battle drill were injected into the syllabus of training. Outdoor tactical exercises, formerly of four days' duration, were increased to 12 days, all being part of Colonel Gregg's theory that future officers must be physically and mentally fit to endure the rigors of modern warfare and to make decisions quickly and accurately.

In fact all training has been intensified and the instructional staff is constantly attending refresher courses to improve its methods of instruction. This is absolutely necessary in a war such as we are now engaged. For example, twelve months ago Infantry was taught only small arms weapons, eight months ago they were introduced to the two-pounder A/Tk gun, and four months ago the six-pounder was taking its place. Veterans of the last war would hardly recognize an infantry unit of to-day.

To keep pace with changing methods of instruction there was established an Instructors' School last summer—a school where all Assistant Instructors are taught up-to-date methods of instruction before being taken on our staff. It has been a great success and will keep the Training Centre supplied with keen, wide-awake, alert A/I's in the future.

There is much more than could be told of our activities—training liaison visits to various camps in Canada and England, special courses in battle drill, lectures and demonstrations of close-armed combat, demonstrations for Officers from other Centres to acquaint them with our methods, all towards the end of turning out the finest junior officers in the world. We feel we are succeeding in that purpose.

As Chief Instructor it has been most encouraging to work for and with such a Leader. All members of the School have the happy feeling that any new ideas or methods of instruction put forward by them are thrice welcome and, if workable, put into operation immediately, the staff getting full credit. Any organization which Colonel Gregg leads will never become stagnant while such encouragement is given to initiative and freedom of action.

Summing up, the past twelve months have produced gratifying results. But, with the leadership we are given by our Commandant, we must not falter or slow down—instead we must keep "On the Double" so that those who leave this Training Centre may be second to none in their ability to lead in battle.

"Qui Nocent Docent!"

LT-COL. H. M. JONES, Chief Instructor.



LT.- COLONEL JONES



CAPT. SID. DRUCKMAN



LT.- COLONEL POOLE

## BROCKVILLE COMMANDANT SETS EXCELLENT EXAMPLE FOR STUDENT OFFICERS

**Col. Milton F. Gregg won V.C. in last War knows this war tactics from two years overseas.**

*By HAL MILLER.*

On May 29, 1942, the Canadian Press carried the following comment:

"If personal example means anything — and we all know that it does — Col. Milton Fowler Gregg, V.C., M.C. with Bar, will be turning out the finest crop of young officers ever to be graduated from the Officers Training Centre at Brockville.

His exploits during the last war, and his complete knowledge of present-war tactics gleaned from over two years' service overseas, fit him unusually well for his present job.

As Commandant of the Brockville training centre, he has important work on his hands. Just as essential to success of a fighting force as the training of the individual private soldiers is the business of training officers properly. If anyone can do it, Col. Gregg is the man."

In the light of what has transpired at O.T.C. (E.C.) during the course of a year, these now prove themselves to have been prophetic words.

One of the Canadian heroes of the First Great War, Col. Gregg obtained leave from his position as Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons when the present war broke out. Shortly after, he was appointed second-in-command of the Royal Canadian Regiment, and in February, 1940, became commanding officer of the West Nova Scotia Regiment with the rank of Lt.-Col. In May, 1941, he was appointed as commandant of the Officer Cadet Training unit, training school for prospective Canadian officers which corresponded to Brockville and Gordon Head in Canada.

Col. Gregg was born April 10, 1892, in Mountain Dale, N.B., the son of Geo. Gregg, a prosperous farmer. His mother's maiden name was Elizabath Miles and through her he is the descendant of the United Empire Loyalists who came from the Thirteen Colonies to Parr Town, now Saint John, N.B., with the "Spring Fleet" in 1783.

He was educated at the Provincial Normal School, Fredericton, and graduated from Acadia with the degree of M.A. For a time he taught school in Carleton County, N.B.

### ENLISTED AT 20.

At the age of 20 he enlisted with the 13th Battalion, Royal Highlanders of Canada, and is still partial to the kilt by reason of this association. Wearing the famous Black Watch tartan he was wounded at Festubert in 1915 and convalesced at Edmonton, a hospital in the suburbs of London. Apparently Col. Gregg had qualities which marked him out for early promotion even in the picked Montreal battalion and it occasioned no surprise to his friends when he was recommended for a commission before he became a casualty.

After recovering from the effects of his wound he qualified for the rank of lieutenant at the Officers' Training Course at Cambridge and was gazetted to that rank in the Territorials of the

Imperial Army, his regiment being the King's Own Lancasters. He only remained for two months with this unit and on the eve of going to France was ordered to report to Canadian headquarters in Argyle House for duty with the C.E.F. as a Lieutenant.

At this time it was decided to divide the Canadians territorially and as a Maritimer Col. Gregg was sent to the Nova Scotia Reserve and at once proceeded as a reinforcement officer to the Royal Canadian Regiment remaining with the regiment until the end of the war.

Col. Gregg was three times wounded, in 1915, 1917 and 1918.

He won his first decoration, the Military Cross, after leading a successful night trench raid at Vimy, June 9, 1917. The Canadians had introduced the practice of making raids on enemy sectors to secure prisoners and documents. This was to ascertain the identity and disposition of the troops they were opposed and to break up machine gun emplacements.

Following a three-minute artillery barrage, Gregg and a handful of resolute companions went through the wire into shell-pocked No Man's Land until the German front line was reached and the second line penetrated. A number of prisoners were captured and the small operation was highly successful. The result was the conferring of the white-bordered, blue-centred ribbon and cross on the young New Brunswick officer. He received a bar to this decoration at Monchy during the Arras show in August 1918 and the highest accolade of courage came with the winning of the Victoria Cross at Cambrai in September of the same year.

Few winners of the Victoria Cross survive to read citations of their heroism. Col. Gregg, however, has done so, and his friends and official records have supplied the details.

Many Canadian soldiers will remember the Hindenburgh line with its deep dugouts. It was in the Maroing line, a section of this system with its subterranean defences and strongpoints hitherto considered impregnable, that he won the little bronze decoration for valor, instituted by Queen Victoria.

### OFFICER COMMANDING WOUNDED.

The late Lieut.-Col. C. R. E. Willets, D.S.O., officer commanding the Royal Canadian Regiment, was wounded, the adjutant was killed and the gallant regiment, suffering numerous casualties, found its advance obstructed by a heavily defended position. Nothing was visible but bands of uncut wire.

Col. Gregg saw no possibility of going forward, but his sharp eyes discovered an opening in the wire to the left. Through this gap he crawled, revolver in hand and pockets bulging with Mills bombs. He reached the German line,

landed in a shallow trench which he followed to a strong point from which a German machine gun crew of three were pouring murderous fire into the khaki-clad Canadians held up by the wire. The R.C.R. officer killed one German with his revolver, wounded the other and the argument of business-like weapon proved too overwhelming for the third, who surrendered. He advanced to a second menacing strong point where the sight of a Mills bomb with the pin out, induced 15 Germans at the entrance to a deep dugout to throw up their hands.

### PICKED OFF HUNS.

Their morale restored somewhat when they saw themselves opposed by one lone figure, the German prisoners, not knowing how to reach the Canadian lines, wandered off towards a nearby strong point, but Gregg seized a German rifle, picked one or two off and the others capitulated.

In the meantime, inspired by Lieut. Gregg's gallant display of courage, several members of the regiment had followed in his footsteps and the position was consolidated.

On that fateful day, Lieut.-Col. C. B. Topp, D.S.O., M.C., formerly officer commanding the Governor General's Foot Guards, took over the Royal Canadian Regiment for a short time and his personal knowledge of the unexampled resourcefulness, courage and initiative shown by Col. Gregg, coupled with five other recommendations, won for the young officer the Victoria Cross.

Colonel Gregg, who is the exemplification of modesty, expresses scepticism over statements that there are men who are never frightened when confronted by the bright face of danger. He thinks that what has buoyed up good soldiers in situations is the old British tradition of conveying the impression that fear is an alien quality in their make-up. In other words the theory is to make the other chap feel you are not frightened.

### RETURNED TO CANADA.

Colonel Gregg came back to Canada as adjutant of the Royal Canadian Regiment and returned to civil life. In the Non-Permanent Active Militia he held the rank of captain and major in the Governor General's Foot Guards.

He has been connected with the New Brunswick Rangers and was brigade major of the 16th Infantry Brigade. His military qualifications are of high order and include a "pass" in the Militia Staff Course. He was among the Canadian winners of the Victoria Cross who attended the reunion in London, England, at which the Prince of Wales took a leading part.

A pre-war romance, which had its inception in old Acadia days, culminated following the war when he married an old class-mate, Miss Amy Dorothy Alward.

He has been Dominion Treasurer of the Canadian Legion and a Director of the "Dominion Rifle Association."



**W**HAT is a good Officer Leader? In the Army, as in civil life, there isn't anything that can make up for a slip-shod character. It can't be patched by brilliancy, by a smooth tongue, or any other thing. You cannot fool the private soldier about the integrity of character of his Officer, under whom he lives, works and fights.

#### IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER.

It is more important that he be capable of shooting straight in all his military relationships than it is to shoot straight with his revolver—useful as that is. When our boys are old enough for Brockville, their characters have taken shape, but we can and do attempt to strengthen that character by providing all possible opportunity for the exercise of self-control and self-discipline. To face squarely a difficult problem with insistence that it be solved quickly and honestly,—to force oneself by sheer will power to do what he thought he couldn't do—help in the strengthening of the candidate's character.

Discipline is mainly tied into this question of character. the officer must be able to impose self-discipline. He cannot do that without practice in doing it, and we provide him with the opportunity for that. If he succeeds, then he will inspire self-discipline in the greater number of his men and won't have to use many of the military sanctions he has available. Nothing is more true than, what the officer is, so will his team or men become.

An opportunity for obtaining military knowledge occupies an important part in the course at O.T.C. But here again, I believe that a Candidate might be able to absorb a marvellous amount of military information and yet not be the type of leader for which we are looking. He must be able to apply his knowledge.

#### SELF-RELIANCE.

During this stress on the practical, there are injected mental problems to be immediately translated into the doing. We believe that training in mental and physical alertness, military knowledge and doing should be all aimed at helping the young officer to acquire military self-reliance—the assurance that in a tight pinch he can do something with his team of men. Unless he has self-reliance he cannot let his initiative have full play. Canadians are naturally self-reliant but they are also naturally cautious and conservative and at first in the army believe that all their actions must be governed by remote control. In the fog and mix-up of battle, remote control will break down and the Junior officer leader will be stranded unless he has had some practice somewhere is going full out on his own.

#### KNOWLEDGE AND ABILITY.

Further, for this war, the young officer must not only be willing to do, but know how to do, all the things he will ask his men to do. He should be able to do these things better than his men. In view of the great number of specialists that is a high objective. If he can't, he should not be satisfied till he can and there must always be one thing in which he is supreme within his little packet and that is his ability to understand, to lead, to inspire.

#### THE SENIOR INSTRUCTORS AT O.T.C.

Captains Ginsberg, MacDonald, Gilmour, Boyd, Maxted, Lawrence, Rogers, Butler, Virtue, MacDonald, Sager, Gendron, Cole, Rubens, Robichaud, Thibideau, Murdock, Beckett.

## COMMON TO ALL ARMS

It seems a far cry nowadays from the C.T.A.A. as we knew it upon our arrival from O.C.T.U., England. Our own Cadet training in C.T.A.A. consisted of only 5 weeks, the remaining 11 weeks being allotted to specialist training for Infantry and M.G. Regts. only.

All Cadets or other Arms received their specialist training in Imperial O.C.T.U.'s. The one especially noteworthy difference between our own C.T.A.A. Training and that now carried out here is the increased tempo—the additional intensive fighting spirit crowded into everything we do. This, we believe, is all to the good and the ultimate along this trend is as yet far from realization.

The events of the past 12 months in various theatres of war all point in no uncertain manner to the type of Soldier or Leader required to cope with the styles of fighting shown by the Japs at Bataan, Jerrys in Libya and Tunisia.

The gloves are now completely off. The old supercilious, arrogant, sambrowned and highly polished product of an old system is now entirely in the discard. We are roughnecks and we've got to make Jerry and the Nipponeese like it.

The enemy may think they can outrough us. But, gentlemen, they can't! This is the time and place to develop a technique of our own which will make their term of Scheeklichkeit look like a Victorian whist drive.

However painful the process of preparation for the task ahead, (and permit us to assure the Candidates that we know what it feels like) the time-worn expression "Maintenance of the Objective" should be the watchword of every candidate passing through this Centre, if we are ultimately to step forward with that prized possession that one bright shining pip, which is our passport to the field and the proving ground for Brockville.

## RED ARMY

When the Red Army was conceived, it became one of two armies giving training in subjects which are common to all arms. As is well known now, all arms of the Canadian Army are responsible for their own protection and must be able, when the occasion arises, to fight on their own account. The aim of the instruction is to give the candidate sufficient training and knowledge to carry this out. In other words, a graduate of the Red Army, no matter what his aim, has the fundamentals of a Section Leader. He has handled almost all infantry weapons. He has had the elements of Battle Drill, or Junior Tactics. He has been taught Map Reading and has been given a good foundation in Field Craft. He has had a good start in Military Law, Organization and Administration. He has had training in Close Combat. He has been taught methods of Protection against Gas and he has been introduced to Field Engineering and the Driving and Maintenance of Army Vehicles. He has had practice in appreciations, orders and messages. Moreover, the candidate has been given a physical conditioning by route marches, assault course practice and by various other means.

As was said before, the candidates graduating from the Red Army must have the fundamentals of a Section Leader, but he must be possessed of more than the knowledge just mentioned. He must develop the qualities of leadership and initiative and in his training he is given the opportunity of demonstrating these. He must realize

and feel the responsibilities of a leader and understand that the task that he is training for is not one that can be treated lightly. He must show that he has the intelligence to cope with the many problems with which he will eventually be faced. His physical stamina must be high. In short, to be successful a candidate must be on the way to developing the general characteristics of a good leader.

During the past year there have been a number of improvements and changes introduced into the Red Army. One of the biggest of these was the change in the syllabus, which was altered to meet the demands for new methods of training and instruction. At the same time ways and means of keeping the instructor up to date were developed. Training in the field was extended and was exemplified in four and twelve days schemes. Battle inoculation was tested and adopted in the form of field firing exercises and courses in War Noises. The mass method of Instruction, which was developed to cope with the limitations on time, was introduced and has met with good success. It and a new method of giving toughening exercises were submitted to N.D.H.Q. for approval.

These are just a few and, perhaps, the most obvious changes and improvements. If space allowed, many more could be mentioned. However, those mentioned will serve to bring out the point that the Red Army has endeavoured, throughout the past year, to keep pace with the demand for officers, trained in the latest methods of warfare.

1st Row (Left to Right)—Lt. Ritz, H. J. E., Capt. King, J. C., S/Sgt. Beresford, H. V., Lt. H. R. Irving, S/Sgt. Johnson, S. G., C.S.M. Ducker, G. W., Capt. MacDonald, T. M., Capt. Matheson, J. D., C.S.M. Crawford, F., Capt. Roy, L., C.S.M. Lemaitre, L., Lt. Fyfe, T. G., S/Sgt. Livingstone, J. G., Lt. Fraser, J. T.

2nd Row (Left to Right)—Sgt. Buckland, O. E., Lt. Lewis, W. H., Sgt. Hanke, S., Lt. Stark, G. N., Sgt. Martin, C. R., Lt. Dufour, H., S/Sgt. Hughes, H., Lt. Morris, H. S. O., Cpl. Norman, W., Lt. Griggs, W. W., Sgt. Symons, H., Lt. McKinnell, J., Sgt. Fessenden, G. L., Lt. Rayner, G. D., Lt. Bewley, R., S/Sgt. Hauraney, S., Lt. Scott, A. J.

Third Row (Left to Right)—Lt. Playford, D. R., Sgt. Terhune, A. M., Lt. Ganong, R. E., Lt. Stewart, E. T., Sgt. Barron, G., Lt. McLean, W. G., Sgt. Nugent, V., Lt. Joice, J. E., Sgt. Gourley, F. W., Sgt. Willis, G., Sgt. Hellyer, I. F., Sgt. Hemmings, F., Lt. Thibodeau, R. C., Sgt. Meredith, E. A.

Fourth Row (Left to Right)—Sgt. Mainville, A., Lt. Baudouin, P., Lt. Ranger, G., Sgt. Lanthier, A., Lt. Prevost, M., S/Sgt. Hurteau, R. A., Lt. Laverdure, R., Sgt. Gosselin, L. G., Lt. Theberge, I.

Fifth Row (Left to Right)—Lt. Leamy, A., Cpl. Doyon, B., Lt. Tardy, F. L., Sgt. Lussier, L. C., Lt. Couturier, M., Sgt. Parent, V. P., Col. Mirault, M.





## TEMOIGNAGE DES CANADIENS-FRANÇAIS A NOTRE COMMANDANT

En avril 1942, le Col. Gregg notre Commandant actuel prenait le commandement du centre d'entraînement d'officiers canadiens à Brockville. Déjà 12 mois se sont écoulés et bien des changements ont eu lieu depuis cet événement mémorable. Nous, Canadiens de langue française, sommes remplis de gratitude à l'égard de notre Commandant, car nous lui devons beaucoup; à part l'immense fardeau qu'est l'entraînement des élèves-officiers, notre Commandant a su développer et maintenir l'entente cordiale entre les deux éléments canadiens qui se trouvent à Brockville. Son esprit agressif qui se voit si bien dans sa démarche, sa dévotion au devoir, sa loyauté, son impartialité envers ses hommes et avant tout son habileté à comprendre et à respecter les sentiments des officiers et des hommes qui lui sont confiés, ont fait

de lui un chef que personne n'aurait peur de suivre.

Col. Gregg, nous Canadiens-Français, vous remercions sincèrement et de tout cœur de nous avoir guidés si habilement depuis votre séjour à Brockville; vos directives nous ont été des plus utiles et nous ont aidés à remplir la tâche qui nous a été confiée; votre justice envers nous est indéniable, aussi soyez assuré de notre reconnaissance. Nous espérons que votre séjour parmi nous sera long, de notre côté, nous continuerons à travailler avec vous, d'une manière loyale et conscientieuse. Tous les Canadiens-Français du Centre sont heureux de vous témoigner leur reconnaissance et seront toujours fiers de vous suivre dans la voie du devoir que vous avez si noblement tracée.

## UNE ANNEE FECONDE AVEC "CHARLIE COMPANY"

Fondée par le Major Henri Parent, et sous le commandement du Lieutenant-Colonel E. Blais, M.C., autour'hui Brigadier.

Seule compagnie bilingue dans la "Red Army," elle forme avec "Love Company," une sorte d'Alma Mater pour tous les jeunes officiers canadiens-français. Et le besoin d'officiers sur tous les théâtres de guerre étant intense, une grande responsabilité pèse sur ses épaules.

Il y a tout près d'un an que le capitaine T. McDonald, préside aux destinées de la "Red Army." Pendant ce temps, le commandement de "Charlie Company," passa entre les mains de quatre hommes de valeur, dont la compétence n'a d'égale que l'activité. Ce fut, en premier lieu, le lieutenant Jean Bériault, qui céda sa place à son officier en second, le lieutenant H. A. Benoit. Plus tard, le lieutenant J. G. G. Robichaud, devait prendre la gouverne de la Compagnie. Militaire sorti des rangs, pour s'imposer à l'attention de ses supérieurs, il sut donner un bel élan à sa compagnie, et l'imposer au choix du Commandant à l'occasion de multiples démonstrations militaires. Maintenant capitaine, Monsieur Robichaud est passé au "Spécial," y prendre le place de notre Commandant actuel, le capitaine L. Roy.

Le capitaine L. Roy a brûlé les étapes depuis son arrivée à Brockville. Inscrit comme cadet en mai, 1942, il était gradué sous-lieutenant en aout, et après un mois à Valcartier, il revenait, avec ses deux étoiles, prêter ses lumières au "Spécial," d'où il fut permute à "Charlie Company," au cours de février dernier. Instituteur dans la vie civile, en devenant officier, notre commandant devenait professeur d'hommes. Son avancement rapide ne fait que justifier ses capa-

cités. Homme d'une culture solide, Monsieur Roy, perspicace et observateur, est le chef respecté de ses hommes. Dans une physionomie qui paraît sévère, se devine un côté spirituel qui tempère d'humanité la rigidité de la discipline.

Au premier rang, il y a le sergent T. Lemaitre, qui en juillet, 1942, devait troquer ses trois chevrons pour une couronne, sur le bras. Nous lui souhaitons aussi l'autre. Il s'est révélé, dans la Compagnie, comme une lumière précieuse. Sa culture générale, son expérience militaire et de la vie, ne laissent pas de répandre dans le bureau de Compagnie, une atmosphère d'intellectualité d'où ne sont pas exclus les calembours et les mots d'esprit.

Travaillant sous lui, les jeunes "vieux" sergents. Le Staffff Vézina, avec sa manière personnelle de scander le pas: Lif, Rye, Lif, Rye . . . Papa Mainville, avec ses records et ses souvenirs de Valcartier. Sergent Lanthier, sorti indemne de Long Branch, de Vernon, et d'une foule de cours, coureur sans peur, travailleur infatigable. Sergent Smith, cassant pittoresquement le français pour avertir les cadets "d'attendre la commande." Et le Staff Hurteau, qui après de longs voyages dans les airs et sur la terre, nous est revenu, décidé à faire profiter la Compagnie de sa science.

Anciens de "Charlie Company," commandants, commandés, officiers, sous-officiers, cadets d'hier, cadets d'aujourd'hui, profitons d'un anniversaire cher entre tous, pour offrir à notre Commandant, en même temps que l'expression de nos hommages, l'assurance que jamais les leçons apprises ici, sous son autorité, n'auront de plus pratique réalisation que par les enfants de "Charlie Company."

## A STORY ABOUT A BRITISH TOMMY WHO PULLED A MIRACLE ON HIS SARGE.

CAIRO. — Some neighboring British soldiers passed on this story:

It seems a Tommy lost his bayonet through his carelessness and decided to cover the loss by replacing the weapon with one cleverly carved from wood. Things went very well until his company was ordered to fix bayonets. Fearful of baring his wooden substitute, he decided to leave his bayonet sheathed and frantically thought up an answer for the ser-

geant major who immediately demanded an explanation.

Said he: "My good father on his deathbed several years ago, pledged me, not to bare a bayonet on that date henceforth. Today is that date and I honor his dying wish." The sergeant said the story sounded weak and exceedingly fishy, and ordered him to bare his bayonet.

Seeing that the jig was up, the Tommy, as he grasped for the handle, muttered in a solemn voice: "May the Good Lord turn the bloody thing to wood."

(Yanks Cairo Bureau.)

## THE BLUE ARMY

The first Blue Army arrived in Brockville on a week-end early in June 1942. Capt. H. A. Boyd (Irish), of the Toronto Scottish, was commanding officer, with Lieut. (now Capt.) R. W. Murdock, of the 48th Highlanders, as 2 i/c. The initial and continuing success of this army is largely due to their experienced, sane, and unobtrusive leadership.

The newcomers were necessarily confined to camp while the administration staff administered, but the initial gloom was lifted, when the entertainment committee took the new army to Brockville Collegiate, where an excellent variety show was staged. The thespians entertained better than they knew! As freshmen, the Blue Army was largely allocated to the balcony, the windows of which overlooked the windows of the showgirls' temporary dressing room. The night was warm; the windows wide. The applause was roof-shaking, but that from the balcony bore little relation to the action on the stage. Never have so few been enjoyed so much by so many!

This tension-breaking interlude was a thing of the dim past the next morning, when Col. Gregg, V.C., M.C., in his introductory address, brought before the new army matters of immediate and serious moment. Quietly, without rant or histrionics, he brought home to the men their responsibility and duty, that which they owe their country, their superiors, the men they would lead, and above all, their responsibility to democracy and civilization. His talk was stirring, a dare and a challenge — a challenge that all men passing through Brockville must accept. The junior leaders of the Canadian Army owe an incalculable debt to Col. Gregg, not only for his fine approach to training, but for the type of leadership which he exemplifies and on which so many unconsciously model themselves.

After Colonel Gregg's address—the deflation! For the first time the newcomers met Sgt. Maj. (Asyouwere) Jefferson, West Nova Scotia Regt. A product of English Battle School, Commando training, and a disciple of Maj. Fairbairn, the Sgt. Maj. does not believe in coddling. "You are neither fish nor fowl. If you can't take it, pack up and go. The gate is wide open and no one will stop you." Most of them take it, and after graduation discover they liked it.

Into the swing of training and 'double,

double, toil and trouble'. A comprehensive program of modern infantry training, all movements at the double, and in all weather. Like the U. S. Mail, 'nor snow nor sleet etc.' There is an initial period of painful hardening but a surprisingly large number survive and a few even come to enjoy it.

On the 1st of July the Blue Army sent a platoon to Ottawa for the Dominion parade, and their bearing and precision drill, after two weeks training, was a revelation—more to themselves than to the onlookers, who expect excellence from Brockville. It was open house at the O.T.C. There was a sports meet in which Blue Army candidates participated successfully, and a realistic sham battle between Canadian and (pseudo) Japanese troops, embracing all arms of the service, which thrilled the hundreds of spectators.

At the graduation on the 11th of July, the Blue Army supplied the guard of honour and staged a demonstration of the right and wrong methods of infantry section conduct under various orders and conditions. This demonstration was an innovation devised by Capt. Boyd and Sgt. Maj. Jefferson and it proved so successful that it has been since used in the instruction of troops.

Late in July came the grand finale, on the 27th to be exact. This was the start of the twelve day scheme which concluded training in Common to All Arms. The entire Blue Army marched to Sherwood Springs, where they bivouacked as companies and erected defensive positions. The defensive positions were very necessary as inter-company rivalry demanded night attacks. The French company stole a march on the two English companies, and on the first night raiding parties succeeded in lifting rifles, trousers, shirts, and other intimate garments without detection. There was embarrassed men on parade the next morning, some trouserless, some rifleless, and a few with no clothing whatever. This aroused the Irish in Lieut. H. Ginsberg, E. Coy. Cmdr., a man endowed to an unusual degree with imagination and initiative. Commandeering a truck he scoured every town in a twenty mile radius for firecrackers, sky rockets, pin-wheels, and other 24th of May hazards. The scheme was to sneak into the French company area, pin the pin-

(Continued on page 39.)

Top Row—Sgt. Nixon, Sgt. Brant, Sgt. Dennison, Sgt. Charbonneau, Sgt. Cross, Sgt. Lavoie, Sgt. LaFlamme, Sgt. Biback, Sgt. Jackson, Sgt. Watson.

Fourth Row—S/Sgt. Clout, Sgt. Jobin, Sgt. Ritchie, S/Sgt. Godu, S/Sgt. Gendreau, Lieut. Sheely, Lieut. Broadbent, Lieut. Fortsmyer.

Third Row—Lieut. McAllister, Lieut. Leeney, Lieut. James, Lieut. Score, Lieut. Dupont, Lieut. Power, Lieut. Savard, Lieut. Marchand, Lieut. Lamarre.

Second Row—L/Cpl. Wilson, Sgt. Spray, Lieut. Mackie, Lieut. Thompson, Lieut. Demers, Lieut. Murphy, Lieut. Zink, Sgt. Bennett, S/Sgt. Campbell, Lieut. Dart, S/Sgt. Rowley, H., S/Sgt. Hurteaus, Lieut. Lafache, Lieut. Lalonde, Lieut. Blanchet, Lieut. Cardinal, Sgt. Howlett, Sgt. Turgeon.

First Row—Sgt. Cloutier, Lieut. Ouelette, Lieut. With, C.S.M. Jefferson, Lieut. Armstrong, Capt. O'Riordan, Capt. Murdock, Capt. "The Duchess," Capt. Boyd, Lieut. Plante, Lieut. Cade, C.S.M. Parrot, Lieut. Desmeules, S/Sgt. Boyd, S/Sgt. Stott.



## SPECIAL ARMY

It is now exactly two years since this Officers' Training Centre came into being. Two years, during which many thousands of Candidates have passed through to a wider sphere of usefulness with the Active Army, and in which many changes and improvements have taken place.

Colonel M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C., our Commandant for the past year, has never for one moment relaxed his effort to improve the training facilities of this centre. He has been ready at all times to adopt any method which would lead on to the goal he had set, that every graduate from this centre should be trained as nearly as possible to be a tough, efficient, practical fighting man.

The school, as everyone knows, has been growing rapidly, and with the coming of better weather, will grow very much more; and it has become increasingly difficult to carry on with all training centralized through the one office. To offset this, a recent change has been to break training down to three groups of Armies, namely the Red, Blue and Special. Of all the changes and improvements adopted during the past two years, it is felt that this will prove the biggest and best. It will have very far-reaching effects on all future training.

Each of the three groups will be commanded by a Lieut.-Colonel, who will be responsible to the Chief Instructor for carrying out training, according to the syllabus and principle laid down. The change will not affect Red and Blue Armies so much as it will the Special to Arms Wings which will now cease to be separate entities, but will be grouped together in the Special Army.

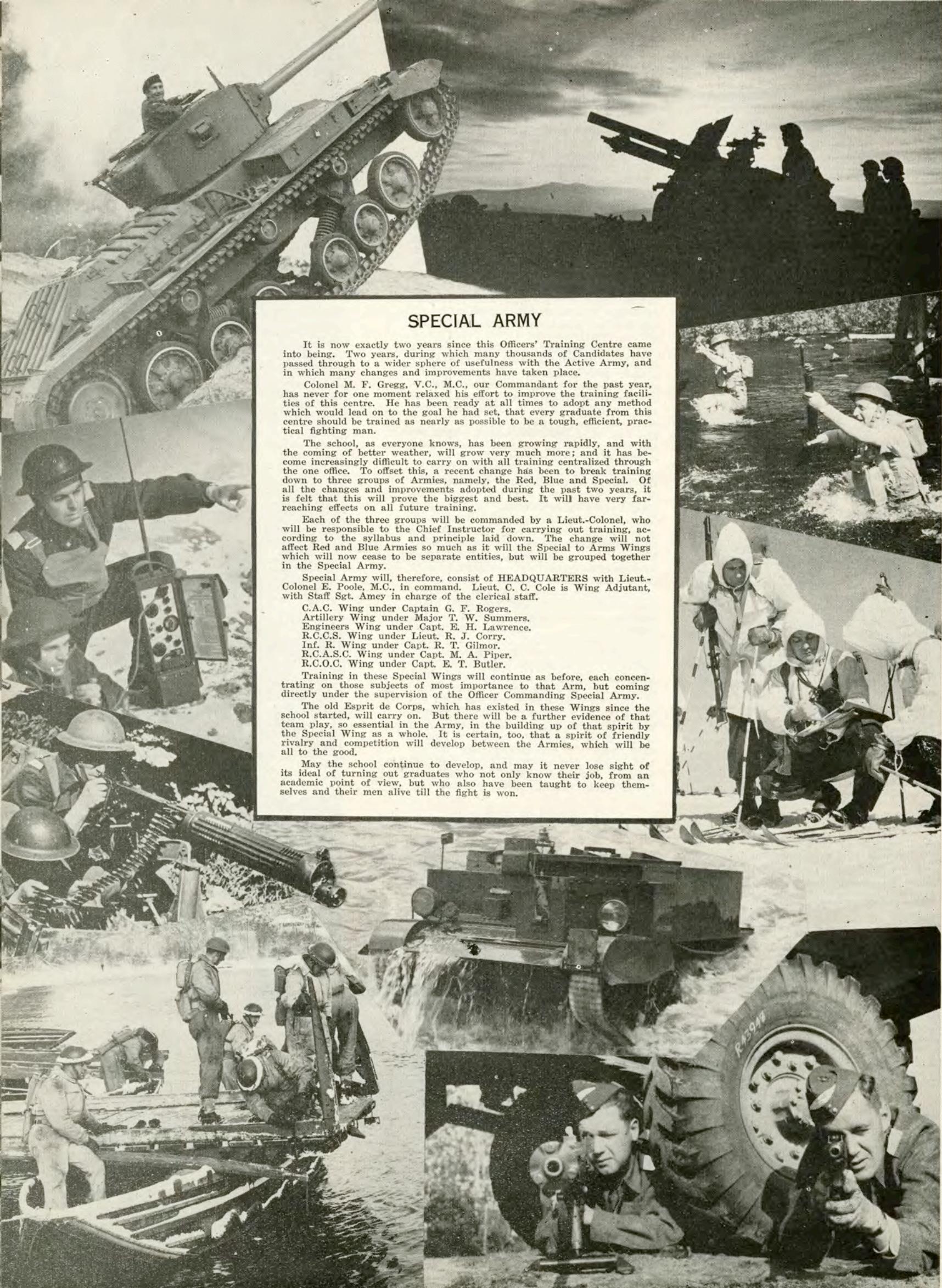
Special Army will, therefore, consist of HEADQUARTERS with Lieut.-Colonel E. Poole, M.C., in command. Lieut. C. C. Cole is Wing Adjutant, with Staff Sgt. Amey in charge of the clerical staff.

C.A.C. Wing under Captain G. F. Rogers.  
Artillery Wing under Major T. W. Summers.  
Engineers Wing under Capt. E. H. Lawrence.  
R.C.C.S. Wing under Lieut. R. J. Corry.  
Inf. R. Wing under Capt. R. T. Gilmore.  
R.C.A.S.C. Wing under Capt. M. A. Piper.  
R.C.O.C. Wing under Capt. E. T. Butler.

Training in these Special Wings will continue as before, each concentrating on those subjects of most importance to that Arm, but coming directly under the supervision of the Officer Commanding Special Army.

The old Esprit de Corps, which has existed in these Wings since the school started, will carry on. But there will be a further evidence of that team play, so essential in the Army, in the building up of that spirit by the Special Wing as a whole. It is certain, too, that a spirit of friendly rivalry and competition will develop between the Armies, which will be all to the good.

May the school continue to develop, and may it never lose sight of its ideal of turning out graduates who not only know their job, from an academic point of view, but who also have been taught to keep themselves and their men alive till the fight is won.



## C.A.C. WING

Since the arrival of Colonel Gregg as Comandant of O.T.C. (E.C.) Brockville, there have been six Senior Instructors of C.A.C. Special Wing. Lt. Col. Poole now commands all the Special Wings. Captain Paradis has just completed the Junior War Staff Course at Kingston. The present Adjutant of the Centre, Captain Druckman, was third in succession. Lieut. James is Adjutant of O.T.C. Camp Borden, and Lieut. Jorgensen is now in Dundurn with the 30th Recce Regt. Captain G. F. Rogers is the present Senior Instructor.

C.A.C. Special Wing plays two vital roles: the training of its own Wing Candidates in the wide range of subjects which they must master and the equally important task of introducing all O.T.C. candidates to the use of armoured forces in co-operation with other arms.

Most candidates coming into the Wing are confronted for the first time with Morse Operating and Radio Telephony Procedure. These subjects play an important part in the varied training which a Tank Commander or Recce Officer must eventually receive. Ample periods are allotted to give them a working knowledge to fit them for their Advanced Training. Much time is given to instruction in Motor Transport — carriers and wheeled vehicles — with the intention of making each candidate a safe and efficient driver and to teach him the rudiments of convoy control. During these M.T. periods advantage is taken of the territory covered to do practical map reading and to "toughen-up" the candidates with exercises such as cliff-climbing. Emphasis is placed on Drill, to instill discipline, and to make each prospective C.A.C. officer smart in bearing and appearance, both on and off parade.

Winter and the exceptionally small classes have restricted our activities. However, new training expedients have been consistently tried out to prepare the Wing to meet the heavy demand soon to be made upon it.

For instance, an effort has been made to cut out conventional class-room methods of instruction, and to substitute more dramatic forms of presentation. This is based on the theory that the teaching of organization cannot be separated from the teaching of employment. A large cloth table is one of the methods used. This is a reproduction of an area in England similar to the type of country which is likely to be encountered

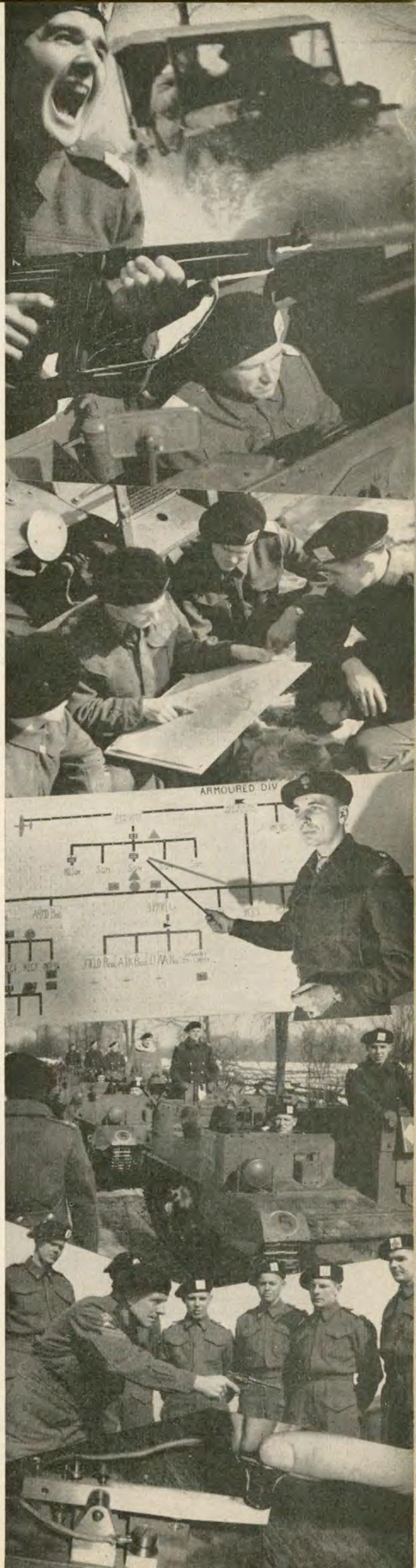
in Europe. A tactical formation—the Advanced Guard — consisting of sub-units from all fighting elements within the Armoured Division, is represented by models on the table. At the same time, the larger formations from which which these units are taken, are shown diagrammatically on the blackboard. By this methods the candidate receives a vivid visual impression of the Organization of Units and their relationship on the ground, while characteristics, roles, and employment are discussed in detail. The models are then used to demonstrate the co-operation of these sub-units in successive tactical situations. A similar method of instruction is used for the Inf. Div. Recce Regt. and the Army Tank Bde. Thus even the most inexperienced C.T.A.A. Candidate gets a clear picture of the Canadian Army down to brigades, with added details on armoured units.

Further training expedients are planned for the near future. Consideration is now being given to our request for a Ram tank so that we can demonstrate to all arms why tanks are formidable, where they are vulnerable, and how they are operated. Devices are being prepared to change training in other subjects from lectures to demonstrations and to fill Lecture Room wall space with colourfully painted panels covering various phases of general military knowledge. These will be before the candidates' eyes at all times, except during tests. A panel is being prepared, on which organizations of any type can be built up in front of the class by attaching cardboard strips, painted in colours, corresponding to those laid down for map marking, and using conventional signs for H.Q., vehicles, weapons, etc. The same board can also be used for showing wireless communications within various units and can be adapted to lay out simple tactical situations, again with the use of conventional signs, to teach the roles of the various arms of the service.

C.A.C. officers must be above average in intelligence, and at the same time have the stamina to withstand the terrific strain which they must undergo in this arm of the service. It is an exciting service, and its personnel have the enviable reputation of being tough fighting men. It is to this end that the C.A.C. Wing at O.T.C. strives to lead each candidate, or at least start him well on his way, so that when the final test comes in battle, he will be a real asset to the Canadian Army.

### ARMoured CORPS

S/Sgt. A. J. Lawrence, Lt. H. Bicknell, Lt. G. George, Sgt. E. J. Hicks,  
Lt. F. G. Gaunt, Capt. G. F. Rogers (S.I.), Lt. G. A. R. Hart, Lt. J. E. Birmingham.





Sgt. Barker, Sgt. Short, Sgt. Roy, Gnr. Padbury, Sgt. Hill, L/Bd. Matheson, S/Sgt. Hayden.  
S/Sgt. Wilcox, T/B. Scott, Sgt. Cruise, Sgt. Maranda, Sgt. O'Gorman, Sgt. Miller, Sgt. McCallum,  
S/Sgt. York.

Lt. Gottheil, Lt. Hackney, Lt. Chapdelaine, Lt. Fisher, Lt. Nemoy, Lt. Dunklee.  
Lt. Gooday, S. M. (W.O. I) Batten, Capt. Twiss, Capt. Ginsberg (A/SI) Capt. King, Lt. Kennedy,  
Lt. Lessard.

## ARTILLERY WING

"It was the best of times,  
It was the worst of times,  
It was the year of plenty,  
It was the year of want..."

The advent of the New Year found Major Summers with an able staff of stout hearts. Each a maker of Artillery Training History; gentlemen all.

Like a crusader of old, with a hand firm on the rein, and girded with an habitual sturdiness of spirit, Major Summers, the S.I. Artillery Wing, led his staff and assistants with n'er a faltering pace through the portals of the New Year and into a portentous future.

January found the genius of evil casting his ghastly shadow in the vicinity of the Artillery Wing Office. Artillery Boards had not yet been forwarded to the Wing nor did there appear any hope of receiving these very necessary adjuncts to the training scheme. The S.I. Artillery was quick to perceive the danger and fashioned large black boards out of ply-wood, properly gridded and fitted them with a complement of instruments to scale, arms, arcs, romers, compasses and protractors for plotting. Four such sets were made for instructors' use. As a coup de grace, an artillery battery was made of wood and cardboard for the instruction of mounted drill.

Things of beauty are a joy for ever. In this blessed work the S.I. Artillery was ably assisted by R.S.M. Batten and the Artificer, S/Sgt. Wilcox. They asked no reward but to serve.

Thereupon the Evil One beat a hasty retreat from the lecture rooms and hustled higgledy over to the gun shed and peered through the windows at guns of ancient vintage. He smiled fiendishly for this is what he saw:

- 1 75 mm.;
- 4 Mk. 11, 18 pdrs on Mk. 11 carriages;
- 2 Mk. 11, 18 pdrs. on Mk 1 carriage (these latter with wooden wheels and spring and oil recoil system);
- 6 Dial sights No. 8 Mk. 2 (180° R.L.);
- 2 No. 6. Directors (180° R.L.);
- 4 No. 3 Directors obsolete since the war in South Africa. — Old veterans all, dragged from well earned repose to do battle with a wily enemy once again.

February saw matters well in hand but the changing type of candidate was obviously necessitating in change in syllabus and practical training. Approximately 70% of the officer material were coming to the Artillery Special Course with a history of little or no previous artillery experience and it became increasingly difficult to bring the candida-

te up to the required status. That Master of Improvisation, the S.I. Artillery, sat sadly in his sanctum sanctorum for he was filled with the realization that he could not improvise a substitute for Candidate Officers. Then girding his loins, he arose in his mightiness and did battle with the Evil Forces, and there upon his desk did evolve a new syllabus and timetable, cut to candidate size without loss of efficiency of instruction.

This month saw the beginning of a marked change in the kindly Sgt. Major. The advent of a new class of candidate material produced a dazed look in his eyes which gradually gave way to the light of battle. Henceforth the Sgt. Major was treated with marked consideration and kindness by the remainder of the staff.

An air of hushed expectancy blanketed the Artillery Wing during the beginning of March. The staff assumed the anxious appearance of expectant fathers.

One day the heavens became suffused with an ethereal glow and—IT arrived. With tender care and loving hands, as a child is taken from the womb of its mother, from out its cradling covers and swathings arose a real Q.F. 25 pdr. in all its Pristine Glory. Awe-stricken and with bated breath stood the staff as the Sgt. Major and Artificer knelt in adoration. It was the first of the kind to be bestowed on the Wing by a Kindly Providence. To this day the Artificer has not married and has remained a benedict.

But even as we may find earthly fault with the one we most love, this highly prized 25 pdr. arrived without sights or covers or even dummy rounds—nothing to clothe its nakedness, and alas, we also were without raiment. There it stood in its barren beauty, unable to serve in practice or use for its Heaven-sent purpose; but the S.I. ordered the study of its equipment and characteristics and saved it from ignominious desolation.

Then the cup was filled to overflowing. There arrived 2 No. 6 Directors and 7 Mk. II Dial Sight.

Alas, came a staggering blow, 4 Dial Sights No. 7 Mk. II were trustingly sent to Ordnance for conversion into type 87 and thence disappeared from the sight and ken of the Wing. 'Twas whispered that they had been spirited to the West Coast—the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. The S.I. grimly knitted his brows and pondered on the frailties of mankind. The Artificer rushed for consolation to sit in the layer's seat of

(Continued on page 38)





Back Row—Sgt. Long, Sgt. Woods, C.S.M. Sharpe, S/Sgt. Clement, C.S.M. Janishewski.  
Front Row—Lt. Alexander, Lt. Brown, Lt. Clemence, Capt. Lawrence, Lt. Clarke, Lt. Marceau,  
Lt. Moden, Lt. Carriere.

## HOW IT WAS AND IS WITH THE ENGINEERS

*"When the waters rolled back, and the earth did appear,  
The Lord He created an Engineer."*—Kipling.

Engineer candidates in the formative era of the R.C.E. Wing were trained first. This is indeed, a figurative statement, but only in part; as the arms, legs and motor muscles generally of the early Engineer candidates will stoutly claim to having received their share of B.M. Academics as well as the aforementioned feet. But in after years it is the feet that will remember.

Now it may be hinted, and the hint is backed by an insidious persistence, that the "Pip-Seekers" of that day brought to the fountainhead little else than feet and the attendant apparatus to make them travel, but this rumor is herewith weakly denied by one of the footiest of the lot. Nevertheless the training went after the lean meat on the engineer and hardened it; nay, so solidified and crystallized it, that the creaking sounds to be heard at reveille of a Monday were produced by the Engineer hopefuls stirring their stumps after a weekend of rest.

Another basic principle of the Engineer training of the time was "Back to the Soil." There is a green hill, an innocent mound of clay, not far from camp, in the surface of whose distended abdomen a deep and wide incision was made, and whose vitals were bored into and overturned by a succession of classes of Engineers in the name of and obscure study known as "Field Defences". Eventually tiring of this wanton vivisection, the entrails were reverently returned and the incision closed, let us hope forever.

Now, strange to say, the syllabus on which we were working at the time, had all sorts of plausible stories of intriguing activities, but somehow in the execution, these colorful and attractive lines of endeavour degenerated into just plain DIGGING. Thus the construction of machine gun nests and the building of Ack-Ack emplacements meant "DIG"; just as the magnificent and elegant term reconnaissance meant "WALK"—IN FULL BATTLE ORDER.

Now it was by no means futile, this hoofing and delving; many things were indelibly imprinted on the memory. It could be safely wagered that many an Engineer of the vintage is sure that to dig a four-foot hole in the clay in four hours in the middle of a dark night in October, is a task to be respected and given as wide a berth as possible; and that the Tincap Marsh is an impossible hiking companion, always letting a fellow down.

The instructors worked themselves hard, and worked the neophytes harder and possibly more enthusiastically. There were many of the latter and too few of the former, and their task was by no means light. They were constantly embarrassed by misguided questions about the importance of the task in hand and its application to the great and noble job of the Engineers; that of enabling the Army to live, move and fight, and at the same time get a chance to take part in the fisticuffs themselves.

Having completed the militarization of the feet, arms and torso of the candidate attention was directed to the head; and of the various members of the capital appendage, the tongue was particularly singled out for exercise. Some one high in the councils of the mighty had concluded that Engineers were a taciturn lot whose tongues needed loosening, and the medium chosen for this lingual exercise was known as the "lecturette". Now a lecturette is an inept dissertation on a short subject by an orator who knows nothing about it; and has for its purpose the expansion of some concisely written bit of informative text into a verbose and unintelligible volume of language. The perpetrator of one of these nefarious assignments usually sneaked off at its eventual end like a whipped puppy, or, if fortunate, was saved from ignominy by the providential development of a lively if irrelevant discussion of some altogether different subject which had in some mysterious way generated itself spontaneously from the slime of boredom which oozed about on such occasions. These discussions were usually profitable, as were the digging and hoofing, and somehow, out of this great mass of tongue and muscle grinding, emerged a qualified second lieutenant of the Royal Canadian Engineers. All providing, of course, that after the fire and brimstone of the two-weeks course in pavement pounding, called common tactics, that followed, he was able to skip out the gate before the final list of repeaters and failures was read.

These horrors started to strike about Thursday evening before the big parade and new editions of this general proscription appeared at haphazard times thereafter at intervals best calculated to shatter the nerves and chill the heart. It is said that in those days departing candidates at the railway station were

(Continued on page 47)

## SIGNALS WING

It is with justifiable pride that the Special to Signals Wing takes its place in the Special Army at O.T.C. (E.C.). Like many of the other Special to the Arm Wings here, it is a small part of the grand organization as a whole, but also, like those other Arms, it has an essential place in the life and activities of the training centre, and has contributed much to the improvement of the camp as time has passed.

It is a peculiar source of pride with this Wing that Signals were the first unit to send "cadets" to the Training Centre, for the first Quota to arrive on 1st April, 1941, who were all 2/Lieutenants, with the exception of Signals, who sent a rich proportion of Cadets, and who immediately began to make their mark on the unrolling scroll of camp life. It is due largely to this spearhead that the cadet of future months was enabled to spend his days in comparative comfort, as the retiring Senior Instructor, Captain G. D. W. Beckett, can bear eloquent witness. Captain Beckett belongs to the "Old Boys" society, as he can claim membership in the first Quota to train under the eye of Colonel R. G. Whitelaw.

The first Wing Staff was under the late Major H. D. Proctor who was assisted by a colorful group made up of Lieuts. S. W. McLain and G.M. McLean, and Lt. D. G. Green at a later date. As time went on, the Wing Staff changed, as all good things will, and Lieut. Green departed for a tour of duty with the C.T.A. A., where he established his record as a hard but efficient soldier, and then left to join the 2nd Army Tank Brigade. Lieut. McLean departed for work in N.D.H.Q., and the ranks were replenished by the appearance in November, 1941, of Lieuts. Beckett and Rankin, and in April, 1942, of Lieuts. Corry and DePoe. It cannot be said definitely just when the true greatness of the Wing became known, for it seemed to establish itself at once and never fluctuated, the flame of knowledge burning brightly and the spirit of the true soldier being indelibly stamped in the minds and character of those, who were fortunate enough to pass through the portals of Hut 21. This spirit of the true soldier was due at the outset to one of the finest officers it has been the privilege of the writer to know and take instruction from the late Major H. D. Proctor. Major Proctor left the Wing in May, 1942, to go to the 6 Div. Sigs, and from there to organize and

take command of the first Canadian parachute Battalion in Canadian History. While no one will admit it, it seems that when a difficult job is to be done, well and effectively, Signals are called up to furnish the man needed to do it. Major Proctor was no exception to this rule, and the first Canadian Parachute Battalion was organized and hand picked by him, and guided until the week of its graduation from Fort Benning in the U.S.A., where it was being trained. Here, due to a bitter stroke of fate, Major Proctor was killed during a jump by a plane crashing into him. His loss has been keenly felt by all those who knew him, but the ideals that he set, are maintained in their full value by the present Wing Staff. The writer will not be surprised if, when his turn comes to go before the Final Selection Board, he will hear a familiar cough and a familiar dry voice saying "Ah! Before me I see a potential failure . . ."

During the past year, the ranks of the Staff were enlarged by the addition of Lieut. G. M. Chaplin, Lieut. C. M. Wiltshire, Lieut. H. R. Vincent, Lieut. R. H. Botten, Lieut. W. J. Glenn, and Lieut. A. F. Johnston, the last three having come back to the fold within the last month or so. Lieut. DePoe rejoined the C.S.T.-C. at Vimy Barracks in Kingston after a tour of duty with us, and others in the Wing will also shortly depart for other climes and duties. The Senior Instructor during the past year has been Captain G. D. W. Beckett, who has guided the ship of state through many troubled waters with consummate skill and determination. He has only recently handed the wheel over to his successor, Lieut. R. J. Corry, who, if the truth were told, secretly feels that he will have to keep the regimental socks well pulled up to maintain the standards set by the giants who have gone before. Lieut. Rankin departed in December, 1942, to assist the Directorate of Military Training, and from the rumblings, which reach our ears from time to time, his dynamic personality is still at work, shedding light into dark corners and getting the job done properly.

This thumb nail sketch of history past and present would not be complete or even partially filled without a tribute to those silent and long-suffering people, the Assistant Instructors. The Wing commenced with Sergeants Gates, Stapleton and McNamee, and there are few

(Continued on page 30)

Cpl. Yuzwak, L/Cpl. Faig, Pte. Crowder, Sgmn. Kling.  
Lieut. Vincent, Lieut. Johnston, C.S.M. Gates, S/Sgt. Stapleton, Lieut. Botten, Lieut. Glenn.  
Sgt. McDougall, Lieut. Chaplin, Lieut. Corey, Capt. Beckett, Lieut. Wiltshire, Sgt. Caron.



## INFANTRY WING

The past year has seen many changes in training and the realization of many ambitions in Infantry Special Wing. In April, 1942 the syllabus was devoted mainly to Infantry weapons, viz grenade, Bren guns, Thompson machine, carbine rifle, 2" and 3" mortar, with great stress being laid on the latter. The whole question of tactics was not touched at all in the Wing but a special month was devoted entirely to this type of training. Physical fitness at that time was attended by long route marches.

Shortly after Col. Gregg arrived, the whole syllabus of the O.T.C. course was revised. The syllabus for this Wing was changed but a general course in weapons was still given. Mortar training was cut to nine periods plus demonstration of a trained crew firing H.E. bombs. Semaphore, close combat and foreign weapons were also covered. Platoons moved about the camp at the double at all times. Forced marches with tactical situations were included. Commencing in June each platoon spent four days in the gravel pit at Lyn carrying out in addition to their regular training such things as cliff jumping, tactical schemes with ball ammunition, and night patrols. The platoon lived entirely by its own devices on army rations and equipment.

Last fall the universal carriers which had been long sought by the Wing arrived and immediately a short course in driving and maintenance was introduced. About the same time a change in the organization of the Infantry Battalion making the 2 pdr. Anti Tank Gun an infantry weapon caused ten periods to be allotted to this phase of training. A Bren gun attachment was devised permitting the Bren to be aimed and fired by the mechanism of the gun. This enabled all candidates to be trained in the actual use of the gun on the classification range.

The Turner Marsh field firing range was completed from various odds and ends about the end of November by the

faithful A/I whose name it bears, satisfying a need that was long felt by the wing. Training in fire control and man management while firing was then put on a sound practical basis.

The present syllabus for Infantry Special which was introduced last November is devoted largely to all phases of tactics. Small arm training is eliminated but the 2 pounder /ATk/G and 3" Mortar course are retained. Carrier driving and maintenance, 2 days of range practices, and 5 periods on the field firing range are included. Recent additions to the syllabus include a complete course in Map Reading given by the Candidates themselves together with a full day and night on practical work. Lectures on the new 20 mm Oerlikon A.A., Machine Gun, signal procedure, and combined operations are also given. Some practical work is given on obstacle crossings. Training films are shown once a week and quick forced marches aid in keeping the candidates in physical condition.

The aim of the present O.T.C. Infantry course is to turn out a junior leader who has a thorough knowledge of section and platoon tactics, and all Infantry weapons. Further, he has at his command a general knowledge of the organization, capabilities and limitations of the other arms of the service. The primary object is to inculcate leadership and man management. We feel we are now producing an officer with sound military knowledge, with confidence in himself and his weapons and with a real fighting spirit.

No summary of the work carried out by the Infantry Special Wing would be complete without mentioning the names of those who have guided the training given to so many Infantry officers of the Canadian Army. They are Major H. R. Starr, S.I. of the wing from its start until May 1942, Capt. E. K. Maxted S.I. from May to December 1942 and Capt. R. J. Gilmor S.I. from January 1942 to date.

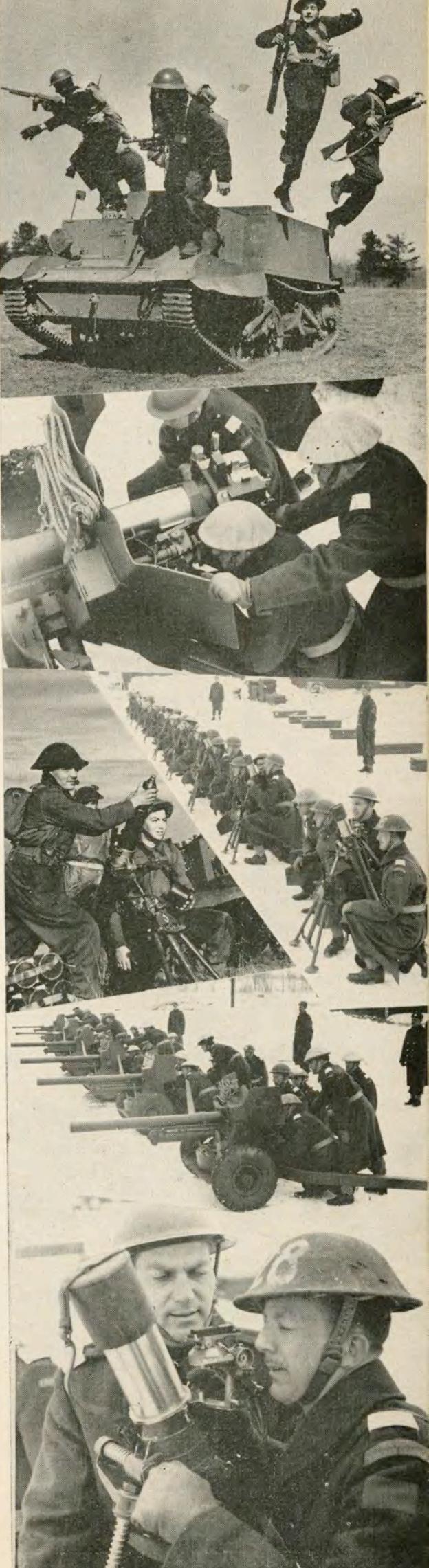
By Capt. V. D. MITCHELL.

**Front Row—Lt. F. A. Burns, Lt. N. H. Fletcher, Lt. C. L. Trenholm, Capt. R. J. Gilmor,  
Capt. J. G. Robichaud, Lt. W. J. Pickard, Lt. O. A. Robertson.**

**Second Row—Lt. P. E. Lamontagne, Lt. P. A. Morel, Lt. J. M. Brisebois, Sgt. M. A. Bustard,  
W.O. I J. A. Fischer, W.O. II G. Trounce, Lt. D. Lambert, Lt. P. E. Vincent, Lt. P. Bouquillion.**

**Third Row—Lt. J. L. Campeau, Lt. R. Senecal, Sgt. H. N. Keetch, Sgt. C. L. Bolan,  
Sgt. W. D. Pantalone, Capt. H. J. Lapage, Lt. I. E. Jones.**

**Fourth Row—Sgt. J. W. Gray, Sgt. H. A. Maguire, Cpl. C. E. Nickle, Sgt. E. H. Morris,  
S/Sgt. R. E. Smeathers, S/Sgt. C. E. Turner.**





## R.C.A.S.C. WING

During the past year, more and more time had been given to the teaching of driving and maintenance of mechanical transport to candidates in the R.C.A.S.C. Wing at O.T.C. (E.C.).

This is, as a result of these lessons in the Libyan campaign when a number of vehicles were lost through lack of trained personnel to maintain the lorries under the adverse conditions they were called upon to face. Consequently, the teaching of driving and maintenance goes on, regardless of the conditions brought about by inclement weather.

The importance of this phase of the R.C.A.S.C. Candidates training cannot be stressed to greatly, and to make the subject matter stick in the Candidates' mind all training is carried out on three ton 4x4 G.S. lorries, the standard unit of the Corps.

In addition to the above, the same attention is given to the handling and care of motorcycles, machines which every officer in the R.C.A.S.C. must be familiar with to the extent that he feels completely at home in the saddle when driving over any type of surface.

The balance of the course is devoted to Drill, P.A.G., S.A.T., Rout Marches, and Organization Operation Instructions.

Although by popular belief, members of the R.C.A.S.C. are not supposed to be parade ground soldiers, the parade commanders for the graduation exercises in Oct., Nov., Dec., 1942, and Jan., 1943, were R.C.A.S.C. Candidates, a record unequalled throughout the year by an other Arm of the Service.

The responsibility of introducing every Candidate passing through O.T.C. to the Driving and Maintenance of lorries and motorcycles is another important part the R.C.A.S.C. plays in the training of Officers for the Canadian Army.

The importance of this can be seen, when it is realized that no officer can be promoted until his Commanding Officer is satisfied that he can handle every type of vehicle on the establishment of his Unit.

In view of the many changes that have taken place in the R.C.A.S.C. since the outbreak of the war, it will be appreciated that the programme followed by this Wing has been, and is, through necessity under constant revision. Consequently, the methods adopted to teach these changes can not be laid down as a hard and fast rule.

## R. C. O. C. WING

The work performed by the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps in the warfare of to-day, although basically the same as that carried out in past wars, calls for an entirely different and much more intensive preparation and training than was sufficient in the good old days of the front line of fighting troops behind which the services could carry out their function in comparative safety and comfort.

Gone, with the old time glamour of war, are the long lines of communication with their more or less permanent supply systems, over which supplies could be sent almost on schedule, daily by rail, and R.C.A.S.C. supply lorries, and delivered to units who were sometimes in the same position for weeks at a time.

The advent of the aeroplane, with its Bombers, troop carrying planes, and Paratroop, in co-operation with highly mechanical shock troop penetrating through the advanced formations has made it possible for the enemy to strike at supply depots, ammunition dumps and other installations far in the rear of the actual fighting, and thus has placed these vital sources of supply in a position of extreme danger, where they are almost sure to be the enemy's first objective.

To-day, in addition to a complete knowledge of the business principles of supply and demand, with its elaborate systems of record and accounting, the Ordnance officer must first of all be skilled in the principles of defensive action, have a knowledge of Infantry weapons, and be able to take all the necessary precautions common to all arms in the service.

He must be skilled in handling M.P.V.'s and in the art of concealment.

Therefore the type of instruction given to the aspirants for a commission in the R.C.O.C. is now much more difficult to absorb and far more extensive than that of the ordinary Infantry officer.

In fact he must practically be a fairly well qualified Infantry officer before his instructors in Ordnance matters commence.

For the benefit of the reader who is not fully informed about the job of work which is the responsibility of the Ordnance Department, it may be as well to explain that this corps is charged with the provision of practically everything which the fighting portion of the army needs to carry out its many and dangerous tasks.

### R.C.A.S.C.

Sgt. S. J. Kelleher, S/Sgt. Myers, E. L., Cpl. Rhodes, C. A., Sgt. Lavigne, A. H., Sgt. Bright, G.,  
Sgt. Walmsley, R. D., Sgt. McGill, G. S., Sgt. McHugh, E., Sgt. Menhenitt, H. V.  
Lt. Koning, Lt. Clancy, Lt. Cooper, Lt. Urquhart, C.S.M. Howlett, Lt. Girling, Lt. Day,  
Lt. Zimmerman.





#### ORDNANCE

Sgt. Poirier, S.Q.M.S. Hughes, Cpl. Symington.  
Lt. Suttie, Capt. Butler (S.I.), Capt. Gale.

Food, forage, gas and oil are supplied by the R.C.A.S.C. and of course medical supplies are a matter for the R.C.A.M.C. with very few minor exceptions the Ordnance supply everything else.

The supply ranges from the latest type of tank down through a multitude of articles to the humble tack, from the newest piece of ordnance and its many intricate instruments to a .22 rifle, and so on.

It will be appreciated that in outfitting an army of say even 500,000 men, this is a tremendous and important task and calls for special qualifications in both officers and men.

The Ordnance Wing at O.T.C., Brockville, has been called into being for the purpose of giving Candidates for a commission in the R.C.O.C. a basic knowledge of the many varied subjects of which they will have to become masters by intensive study and experience.

Unfortunately, for the purpose of expression, the work of the R.C.O.C. is not of a spectacular nature, and the instruction given consists largely of a series of lectures and instruction talks, coupled with practical work on accounting and handling the hundreds of documents. It is only in their military instructor, which closely parallels Infantry work, that anything of a spectacular nature develops. The actual Ordnance work consists of hard, dry handling of Arms, Ammunition and equipment and office work carried out monthly under very adverse conditions.

The work carried out by Ordnance Beach Detachments in servicing assault brigades at a landing in an enemy country, and the work of the various mobile ordnance workshops and field parks with the advanced fighting troops of an expeditionary force are perhaps the most spectacular displays.

Even here it is mainly hard-dogged work of handling cases and bales of stores, and repair and replacement of damaged guns, mechanical vehicles and other war-like equipment.

The main job is to see that ammunition and stores are available for the fighters where it is needed, and that the fighting man shall never have to wait or go in search for them himself. Also that the guns are always ready to fire, and the vehicles fit to roll.

This responsibility itself is a job for first-class men and I think it will be admitted that on the whole the R.C.O.C.

has so far given very creditable performance.

If the supply, repair and maintenance system of the R.C.O.C. should break down, the Army would be tied to the ground and rendered impotent.

The purpose of the Ordnance Wing at O.T.C. is to make their facts clear to budding Officers of the R.C.O.C., see that they thoroughly understand the importance of the job, and give them the basic knowledge and viewpoint, so that with further instruction at the C.O.C.T.C., and experience, they can develop into the type of officers needed for this vitally important job.

#### TRANSPORT

##### Increase in Vehicles.

The pictures on page 22 tell a story more emphatically than words can of the growth of this wing during the past year. Pictures do not lie, but a bit of elaboration on how this little acorn has

grown to be a big tree is in order. First of all, we have increased during the past year by four times the number of vehicles for training purposes.

We wish we had time and space to reproduce in this number of the "Blitz" comparative pictures of the set-up of this wing one year ago and to-day. Since we have neither, a few evolutionary figures may be in order.

One year ago today our little comrade, the 5 cwt. or better known as the "Jeep" was not known here. Today his faithful, ever-ready, ever-willing little vehicle has come into our midst by twenty strong. And are they useful and economical? Their reputation for doing things, and doing them quickly, getting places where no other vehicle can, has spread over several continents. What an asset they are to us here at O.T.C. can be well appreciated. For night schemes, this quiet, almost unobserved little vehicle is invaluable. For making quick reconnaissance, its quick manoeuvrability makes it possible to select in quick time all sorts of terrain where battles are likely to be fought.

We have also for utility, wagons which we did not have a year ago. These miniature buses have also added greatly to our training efficiency. For despatching Company Commanders, scouts, Platoon Commanders, etc. "up the line" in a hurry, these buses are excellent.

The fifteen hundred weight, the all round vehicle, and without which no unit could exist and function, has increased from twenty-two one year ago to ninety today.

Our Field Artillery Tractors, better known as the "F.A.T.", or "Fats", have increased by four. After the marvellous work we have done in towing, and keeping lines of transport moving with these tractors the past winter, we here at Transport are inclined to name them the "Kings of Transport". How quickly and smoothly these Fats can bring 25-pounders into position, may be answered by our Artillery Wing.

Much credit is due to Sgt. A. McKinnon and his staff who have worked hard and faithfully to keep these vehicles rolling in the past winter. Having experienc-

(Continued on page 31)



#### TRANSPQRT

Capt. A. A. Dinardo, Sgt. L. McKinnon, Cpl. D. Mawinney, Sgt. W. Kay.  
Q.M.S. R. Thorn, Capt. F. J. Thibodeau, Lt. A. Denney, S/Sgt. D. G. W. Conway.

## A. I. SCHOOL

When war was declared, a certain officer was called to N.D.H.Q. and received the following order: "Go into the street and pick out several hundred healthy, intelligent young men. Take them and introduce them to army routine. Harden them by exercise; discipline them firmly so they will know a soldier's life. Train them with the new weapons of war, so that they will be proficient with all. Teach them to drive and maintain our different forms of army transport. See that they learn well the fundamentals of strategy and tactics, and the complicated workings of the modern army. And finally awaken and develop in them a fire of leadership and command; a sense of justice and unending sacrifice. Shape in them that combination of compassion and ruthlessness, fanatic obedience and daring initiative that is the British Officer. In ninety days (less week-end leaves and extra curricular activities) graduate these men with King's Commissions."

The officer saluted smartly, and fell unconscious to the floor. (It is rumored that he never recovered, and as compensation was given an important position in the Government.)

However figurative, this was the situation that faced the Administration in 1939.

To launch the Officer Training programme, instructors, hundreds of them, were needed. The logical source of supply was, of course, the small, but highly trained staff of the permanent force. But they were largely necessary to the first division that carried Canada's flag to the Battlefield in the very first phase of the struggle. The skeleton crew that remained for the general mobilization was lost in the flood of recruits.

We can be justly proud of our Army's training literature. Produced and distributed in tremendous clarity and volume, it saved the day, and saw the budding new army through the difficult stage, when, literally, citizen was instructing citizen, in complicated courses of subjects neither had ever encountered before. As fast as it could be recognized, exceptional talent in the ranks was "ploughed under" to erect a firm establishment to train incoming drafts.

Cleaning the best N.C.O.'s and Warrant Officers from the various Training Centres, O.T.C., Brockville, managed with great difficulty to maintain a staff

of A/I's necessary to handle the increasing volume of Cadets.

Naturally, these Instructors, drawn from various Regiments, and localities, brought with them the peculiarities of their units, which situation was bound to arise in the application of such diverse military subjects as are included in the syllabus of an Officer Cadet. The Centre also found it necessary at times to utilize the services of A.I.'s who were not quite capable of doing their job, because of insufficient training.

When the Commandant returned from C.T.S. in England to take over O.T.C., Brockville, he faced a magnitudinous task. The problem of instructors figured prominently in his first consideration of the job that lay ahead.

And so early one morning, a handful of N.C.O.'s were de-bussed at the door of a deserted farm-house, several miles from Brockville. They were the first class in the A/I. School. From Landon Farm, secured for the purpose, was expected to come A/I.'s fully trained in a syllabus that standardized and augmented the knowledge they had brought with them from their unit.

No one who was trained at Landon Farm will ever forget it. The long, hot days in the green fields and woods, the extensive weapon training and almost fanatical drill marked the passage of every day.

Captain Gendron, to whom the experiment was entrusted, strove night and day to ensure that the product justified the effort. With Staff Sergeant (now Lt.) Plastow, Sgt. Blair, and Sgt. Fouchard as his aides, candidates were given quite a lively time of it.

It was a resounding success. The parade strength increased five times in two short months. Its carefully planned syllabus, operating in the beautiful natural conditions of the large farming area, became a criterion of training instruction. The strict routine was seldom altered even to enliven the visit of many high ranking officers who came to view the progress of the "Farm."

The training programme of the School to-day differs very little from the one used at the School's inception. It is in the main, identical with the Cadet course, altered only by the removal of certain

(Continued on page 47)

C.S.M. Blair, Sgt. Begin, Sgt. Shanks, Sgt. Mullens, Sgt. Harrison, Sgt. Blad  
Lieut. Lapstow, Lieut. Grosset, Maj. Maxted Lieut. Massey, Lieut. Barrett.





N/S. Sharp, N/S. McDonald, N/S. Montgomery,  
Capt. Holden, Maj. MacPherson, N/S. Fitzgerald,  
N/S. Dryell.

## BROCKVILLE MILITARY HOSPITAL

Brockville Military Hospital was authorized as a twenty bed Military Hospital, 31st August, 1940, and increased to a fifty bed hospital on 15th August, 1941.

Very few appreciate how much co-ordinated thought has been given by the Commandant and the District Medical Officer to the problem of providing adequate medical services at the Officers' Training Centre. Where physical fitness is so much an integral part of training in this war, facilities for early and rapid treatment of disease are of major importance.

The medical establishments at the Officers' Training Centre are the Unit Medical Inspection Room, at present housed in Brockville Military Hospital and shortly to be allotted a special building, and Brockville Military Hospital. The medical services provided by the Medical Inspection room are the care of minor injuries and minor illnesses, the Medical Officer in charge of the Medical Inspection room recommending the various types of duty that the soldier may perform while suffering from minor ailments. The more severe ailments are treated in Brockville Military Hospital.

A Military Hospital differs from a civilian hospital in that it acts as a sick bay for any soldier sufficiently ill to require treatment in bed. In civil life, mild illnesses are attended in the home, whereas in the Army, the military hospital fulfils a similar function together with the care of the more seriously ill.

In the past year 1,538 patients were treated in Brockville Military Hospital, the majority being personnel of the O.T.C. (E.C.). A daily chart has been kept in graphic form, of the number reporting on sick parade and a peculiar feature of this chart is that it runs in a wavy style, the low points being noted as prior to week-ends and graduations. You are free to draw your own conclusions; the medical services have theirs.

The hospital has five large wards and four small wards. These wards are all well lighted, ventilated and have adequate air space. During the past year Nursing Sisters have been taken on the strength of Brockville Military Hospital, at first under N/S. J. B. Berry, who has just recently been replaced by N/S. M. A. Fitzgerald.

The medical services provide operative procedures, X-ray, specialist examinations, in fact a complete service which can be favourably compared to any civilian medical service. The Medical Offi-

cers are men whose standing in medical practice is equivalent to a cross-section of the medical profession of Canada in any of its branches as they are derived from the ranks of that profession by voluntary enlistment. In the same manner the Nursing Sisters are representative of all phases of nursing activity. The R.C.A.M.C. other ranks have, in a high percentage of cases, had previous experience as hospital orderlies.

There has been the most sincere co-operation between the Commandant, O.T.C. (E.C.), and the Officer in Charge, Brockville Military Hospital, in all matters relating to the care of the sick. Just recently, as an example, when more hospital space was required, the Commandant immediately provided a hutment and has at all times freely augmented the hospital staff with extra personnel without question at the request of the Officer in Charge, Brockville Military Hospital. Such co-operation cannot fail to produce satisfactory medical attention being provided to all members of the Officers' Training Centre (E.C.).



Sgt. Maser, Pte. Fisher, Pte. Moore, Sgt. Cousin.  
Lt. Collins, Capt. Antoni.

## DENTAL CLINIC

It is true that the Dental Clinic operates in the smallest building in camp. Colonel Gregg refers to it as the "chicken coop." However, we believe that this just goes to prove that "good things come in small packages."

To show the progress of the Dental Clinic and the usefulness of its purpose, one need only briefly review the history of the Canadian Dental Corps in this camp from the beginning of the war.

Before "O.T.C." came into being and this camp was used as a Basic Training Centre, the dental programme consisted of:

1. Dental examination of all recruits.
2. Treatment of acute emergencies.  
(This was done by the local civilian dentists.)

When the camp was established as an officers' training centre, Captain (now Major) Green was its first Dental Officer. He brought his field kit and a chair assistant with him; his office was in a corner of the Medical Inspection Room. Because of the amount of work and accommodation he could handle only emergencies.

As time passed the M.I.R. began to be too small to fill the bill, so it was decided to "extract" the dentist from his allotted corner. The building of a four chair dental clinic to take care of any camp expansion was considered. But unfortunately, the "powers-that-be" did not

see the need for a four chair dental clinic at that time, and after much debate and compromise, the little "coop" materialized.

The Dental Clinic has six rooms, as follows: an operating room, a waiting room, a small orderly room, a wee store-room, a laboratory and a little wash-room.

Captain (now Major) Edward Box was Camp Dental Officer, and besides his chair assistant, he was given an orderly to keep the clinic neat and tidy. Captain Box was better equipped to do more substantial work. After several months of very satisfactory service, Captain Box was transferred and his successor was Captain James Milne.

Captain Milne served his term well, and carried on much the same as his predecessor. After a stay of almost a year here, he was given the chance to go overseas, and he accepted it readily.

Captain Albert Antoni took over from Captain Milne, and soon after Colonel Gregg returned from overseas to become Commandant. The new command brought numerous changes to O.T.C. These were necessary to meet the demands of modern warfare; and every department in camp started a programme of reorganization, stream-lining and perfection.

As the camp increased, need for another Dental Officer became evident. We considered ourselves most fortunate to have obtained Lieutenant Collins and his assistant at this stage. Our problem was accommodation, and after much deliberation the waiting room was partitioned off, necessary installments made and Mr. Collins began work.

Our next concern was our laboratory work. Without a technician our field in Prosthetics (dentures, bridges and other appliances) was very limited. Whatever case we did undertake had to be shipped to Kingston to the Dental Lab. at Barriefield. This entailed a great deal of time and inconvenience. Because of this we asked for a Dental mechanic and obtained Sergeant Maser.

We have, therefore, two officers, one technician, two dental assistants and an orderly. We work for every one at O.T.C. and at present look after personnel from the R.C.O.C. Depot stationed at St. Mary's College, Brockville. We do all the work ourselves and are equipped to undertake any type of treatment. The keen co-operation from the Commandant and his administration and the excellent guidance from Colonel I. Hamilton, D.D.O., M.D. No. 3, made this possible.



Back Row—Left to Right  
Pte. J. Whiteland, Pte. G. Wolthausen,  
Cpl. A. E. O'Dell, Pte. J. F. Gerber.

Front Row  
Sgt. P. E. Taylor, Sgt. W. J. R. Hunter,  
Capt. E. G. MacLoghlin, Capt. M. G. McGuire,  
S/Sgt. W. N. Baldwin.



PAY CORPS

Back Row (Left to Right)—1 Cpl. J. H. Shorey, 2 Cpl. F. J. Karley, 3 Sgt. A. Rawson, 4 S/Sgt. L. H. C. Jakps, 5 Sgt. R. M. Gardiner, 6 Cpl. W. J. Yanchus, 7 Cpl. W. W. Brown, 8 Capt. N. Godsell.  
Front Row (Left to Right)—1 Pte. W. R. Juby, 2 Lt. H. L. Allen, 3 Capt. T. J. McCann, 4 Q.M.S. F. S. Panter, 5 Cpl. J. D. Simard.

## PAY OFFICE

The Pay Office of the O.T.C. (E.C.) has, since the establishment of the Centre, been one of its main attractions so far as the cadets are concerned. In the early days, a staff of one officer and four other ranks was quite sufficient to handle all matters pertaining to pay but, with the steadily increasing numbers of both candidates and staff, it now requires all the time and energy of two officers and a hard-working staff of eleven.

At the outset, in March, 1941, Capt. A. J. Tingley set up the pay office of the newly-established centre and remained here until proceeding overseas, when he was relieved by Capt. J. V. J. Biscoe in July, 1941. The following July, Capt. J. T. McCann, who had just arrived back after two years in England, took over the appointment of Paymaster from Capt. Biscoe, who moved along to the newly-organized and rightly publicized paratroop battalion.

Of the present staff, it is notable that S.Q.M.S. Panter, S/Sgt. Jakes, Sgt. Rawson and Cpl. Shorey comprised the first staff in the pay office and have remained to see its growth until, at the present time, there are well over 2,000 accounts of army personnel from every province in Canada, Newfoundland, and the South Caribbean Area.

The pay office, often on the receiving end of many disparaging remarks, plays an important part in the life of all cadets and to some extent indirectly controls much of their economic and social life.

This is due, in part, to the fact that as well as issuing pay to the personnel concerned, it is the Paymaster's duty to complete all documentation affecting Dependents' Allowance and Assigned Pay to dependents. For some time now it has also been his obligation to withhold income tax. One surprising fact is that, with very few exceptions, army personnel receive the pay issued to them and take for granted that the accounting carried out in the Pay Office is correct. It has become known that the Paymaster's duties are two-fold insofar as he must protect both the interest of the soldier and the public.

Aside from the two days of relaxation



Monks, Brodhagen, Ricard, Small, Ainsley, Holmes, Leone, Hann, Johnston.

Charlton, Gorshkoff, Petrie, Von, Gunten, Petit, Bough, Brodhagen, Reid.

Amy, Belenki, L/Cpl. Tierney, Sgt. Pound, Bourret, Brum, Cpy. Lowe

## O.T.C. BAND

When authorization was granted for the formation of a 27-piece Band at O.T.C., Major Coleman, inspector of bands in Canada (formerly Director of Music of the R.C.H.A.), recommended to the Commandant, Col. Gregg, the appointment of Sergeant Pound as Bandmaster.

Sgt. Pound, with 26 years of band experience in the Imperial Army and the Canadian Permanent Force, undertook to form an organization of which O.T.C. could well be proud.

With nine men he started rehearsals and played at parades of the Sub-Staff. These men also played with the Signal Corp Band of Kingston, when they attended graduation exercises at Brockville. From this small beginning the band grew rapidly, and with the aid of a few musicians of the Brockville Rifles Band, were able to take charge of the graduation exercises as well as preside at the graduation dance, held the Friday evening before the graduation.

which coincide with the semi-monthly issue of pay, the entire staff of this office find their time completely occupied from month to month. However, all the hard work and worry would be of no avail,

More musicians "drifted in" to join the ranks and now the band has a membership of twenty-two, which includes two N.C.O.'s, a corporal, a lance-corporal. Assistant bandmaster, Corporal Lowe, came to Brockville with several years experience as a band leader in Pembroke. L/Cpl. Tierney, an experienced Dance Band man has rounded out a very fine dance band of thirteen men, picked from the "boys" by Sgt. Pound.

To Sgt. Pound goes a great deal credit for the splendid work done by the band. It takes time, patience and skill to mould together into a good ensemble all instruments and men who hail from various other types of orchestras, and who, perhaps, have had little experience in this particular form of music.

O.T.C. is justifiably proud of its band. It plays, in more ways than one, an important part on parade and the effect on morale is undoubtedly all to the good.

were the Paymaster not receiving the splendid co-operation that he is, from every department and wing of the centre under our Commandant, Col. M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C.



Pte. Emond, Pte. Page, Pte. Abbott, Cpl. Racicot.  
Lieut. Williams, Maj. Gendron, S/Sgt. Amey.



S/Sgt. Croft, Capt. Carroll, Capt. Sager, Capt. MacRea, Lieut. Fraser

## D. P. SELECT

The job of the Army Examiner is to assist in putting the "Round pegs in round holes," and through a planned system of tests, interviewing, re-checking, recommending for transfer, etc., and in co-operation with the Instructional Staff to serve the need of the army by as careful and accurate allocations and placements as can be managed. This, by no means, covers anything but the barest outline of the duty of the A.E. Perhaps

his most important service is the intimate contact work that has to do with the search for, and sometimes providing the dynamic for "that precious ingredient" leadership. This precludes a knowledge of the organization and requirements of the army and for successful operation demands the intelligent and active co-operation of the Training and Administrative Staff. The prime factor in any positive result obtained at O.T.C.

by D. P. Select has been the active partnership of the entire staff under the positive and virile leadership of the Commandant.

Great progress has been made during the past year; the coverage of D. P. Select service has been greatly increased and the final proof will only be assessed when the Candidates of yesterday and to-day are leading in the battle of a much-to-be-desired to-morrow.

## WELFARE

Just what is this "Welfare"? It's an indeterminate sort of thing and in order to make it definite, we turn to the Oxford Dictionary, which gives the following definitions:

1. Satisfactory State.
2. Health and prosperity.
3. Well being.

They give the idea, but the Dictionary also defines "Welfare Work" as "Efforts to make life worth living for others" and on that basis we go ahead with this article for the "Blitz".

A while ago there was a meeting held in the Commandant's office at which those making "efforts" were present. There were the two ministers of the gospel—R.C. and Protestant—the Auxiliary Service representative, operating the K. of

C. Hut—the "Blitz" representative—the camp musician—the photographer—the Winter Sports Ski Champion—the officer who handles the detail for the dances at the Collegiate—the President of the Men's Mess—the Officers Mess, and one representing the Candidates Mess. Some had two jobs—one had three—but they covered the "efforts" of Church, Recreation, Sport, Literature, Music, Art and that important institution in any Army, known as The Mess.

The Commandant expressed the wish that greater "effort" be made to co-ordinate all the services for the welfare of the troops in the O.T.C. As usual he was definite as to what was required and at the same time made everyone present feel that by co-operation and co-ordination the job could be done. We left the meeting obligated and hopeful,

but knowing full well that the job would not be easy. It hasn't been.

We won't try to speak for the Church. The two Padres, who serve their respective adherents, speak for themselves. Their's is a complex job—well handled. Their Church Parades are held in the Drill Hall on Sunday mornings, with music by the Electric Organ. Their duties—visiting the sick, assisting the boys by precept and example, doing the many things which Padres do—at all hours—keep them busy all the days of the week. Their "efforts" and "results" are well known.

But for Recreation and Sport it's a different story. A lot of "effort" has been made and we are not at all satisfied with the result. There's a war on and "Training" naturally comes first. That's as it

(Continued on page 48)



OFFICERS' MESS



CANDIDATES' MESS



## ADMINISTRATION

### FIRST PICTURE

Lieut. Nelson, S/Sgt. Cook, Lieut. McCallum,  
S/Sgt. Ammon, Lieut. Watt, Lieut. Staniforth,  
Sgt. Nearing, C.S.M. Crawford, Maj. Aitken,  
Lieut. Tripney, Lieut. Holmes.

### SECOND PICTURE

Sgt. White Sgt. Cameron, Sgt. Allen.

### THIRD PICTURE

Sgt. Heenan, Sgt. Clarke, Sgt. Harris,  
Cpl. Warnock.

### BOTTOM PICTURE

C.Q.M.S. W. Popey, C.Q.M.S. H. Howell  
Cdt. C. A. Horning Lt. Watt.  
Lt. McCallum Pt. Bridge, Lt. Tripney, Sgt. Grey.

## ADMINISTRATION

Administration is that great unseen band of silent workers from whom all benefits for the welfare of candidates and staff are derived. From their myriad department emanate all those things necessary for the livelihood in the life of a young candidate at this Officers' Training Centre from the moment he is disgorged from a T.C.V. at Headquarters building until he has had the white patches stripped from his shoulders for all time to come.

But what all makes up Administration? Is it merely a General Duty Squad to see that the fires are kept burning and the roads kept clear? It is far more extensive than most can realize—there is the general upkeep of buildings, the housing of staff and candidates, the supplying of food, clothing and equipment through the Quartermaster Stores, the detail attendant upon messing throughout the Camp, the supervision of barber shops, shoemakers, the transportation of staff and candidates, the purchase of materials for new buildings and improvements, and many other important tasks to keep O.T.C. running.

Shorn of fanfare, over 500 officers and other ranks comprise Administration and through the twenty-four hours of the day they keep on going. Union hours are not of their kind. Candidates and staff arriving in the dead of night must be cared for and the preparation of next day's meals keeps a large staff on duty around the clock.

In the driver's seat of this important integral of Officers' Training Centre is Major John F. Aitken and to keep everything going smoothly he has it decentralized into six wings. This organization is as a web, with the Major himself in the centre sending forth the orders governing all policies of administration.

To look more closely into Administration, one must first glance at the Chief's right hand man and in this instance it is Lieut. G. C. Tripney. "Trip" as he is generally known has been around the Major for some time and the administrative workings of the Camp are as familiar to him as the abc's to a Grade eight student. But one of the most important figures around Admin. office is the Major domo of personnel, wise in all phases of Army Life and discipline, the towering Tanker, C.S.M. "Nick" Crawford. So much for the "higher-ups," let us delve into the workings of the various Wings.

Which is the most important of these Wings? That question has no answer

because each plays its own important part and carries on, more than likely with the assistance of one or more of the other Wings. So we will take first the Quartermaster Stores as that is the branch of Administration that the Candidate really comes into contact soon after his arrival here.

Few soldiers, and unfortunately too few officers, know much more about the Quartermaster than the singing of "The Quartermaster Stores." Little do they know of the terrific responsibility of the Quartermaster. Every member of the Staff, every candidate that comes to this centre draws clothing articles of one kind or another, and if the size is not right or the color is too bright, the good old Quartermaster takes it on the chin.

Happily at O.T.C. the Quartermaster is one who has come up through the ranks, Lieut. C. R. McCallum, and he has a good idea of whether the complaint is legitimate or not. And his chief assistant, Lieut. C. Horning, one of the same school, is particularly adept at guarding the treasury, so to speak, and at the same time satisfactorily satisfying the candidate or soldier.

But the Q.M. has more than counter duty to do. Through his passes equipment, supplies and food of every description and kind necessary to keep an army formation in action. Through Ordnance he receives all barrack equipment, training equipment and clothing; all of which must be fully accounted for down to the last shoe lace. From the Army Service Corps he draws all food supplies and in these days of rationing, this is no easy task.

Someone in describing the work of the Quartermaster said "To him come many complaints all of which must be handled with the Wisdom of Solomon" and no truer words could be spoken. Equally true is the fact that the Quartermaster knows more words than "No." He has the welfare of the soldier in mind but it must be remembered that he in actuality is the keeper of the Camp's Purse and everything must tally up at the end.

Now let us go outside into the open and see what that great band of hewers of wood and drawers of water do—the General Duty Gang—the handymen of the camp, the carpenters, the painters, ditch-diggers and all those jobs which must be done to keep on going. What do they do?

Supposing you want something done—you phone Administration, Lieut. G. L. Watt is on hand, he takes your order, he passes it on to S/Sgt. Cook and in a

(Continued on page 46.)

## TRAINED SOLDIERS' WING



L/Cpl. Cresdee, Cpl. McKie, Cpl. Bryans, Cpl. McLean.  
Cpl. Toy, Lieut. Anderson, S/Sgt. Phillips.

Lt. Bedard, Lt. Moar, Capt. Rubens, Lt. Munier, Lt. Jaffray.

Under the guiding hand of Capt. A. Rubens one of the newest yet most interesting wings at Brockville Military Academy was formed in the latter part of November. The Trained Soldiers' Wing, renowned as the Black Army, has developed from an ugly duckling into the goose that lays the golden eggs. This is due to its two-fold purpose. Firstly, to provide the opportunity for physically fit men to train themselves so that they may take a more active part in the present crisis. Secondly, to qualify men of all categories for the new rates of pay affecting trained soldiers.

The draft group, which started with the wing, was first subjected to twenty-one days of intensive training using a schedule based on the syllabus for basic training as laid down by N.D.H.Q., Ottawa. This training included drill, bayonet, gas, rifle, Bren light machine gun, and the lectures, as given to new recruits, on military law, hygiene, march discipline, etc. Consequently, in the event of being called at the end of three or four weeks these men had a good basic knowledge. However, as more time was available, these men were then started on a period of advanced basic training over and above the requirements as laid

down by N.D.H.Q. This training reviewed the first period and also included instruction in 2" mortar, Thompson sub-machine carbine, Boyes anti-tank rifle, pistol and section battle drill. Men from the draft group are now awaiting call and are being kept in trim by refresher courses, route marches and periods of drill and physical training. A second group has been following in the footsteps of the first group and is now well advanced in their basic training. More men will be accommodated soon and eventually it is hoped that all A men will have the privilege of taking this course.

For the draft group emphasis has been placed more on the ability to use weapons than on the ability to drill with them. Although, drills have not been neglected, a considerable amount of time has been devoted to range work and the results obtained have been well worth the effort expended. Also, it was found that once men had an opportunity to fire a weapon they became more interested in it and, consequently, could be more readily instructed regarding its care and uses.

(Continued on page 41)

## LETTER FROM THE ARMOURER

To the Editor of BLITZ, O.T.C.,  
From the "Armourers Corner."

Sir:

Many questions arise after lectures concerning Rifles, Shotguns, Revolvers, and Ballistics. It is because of these questions and the time limit allowed that I should, with your permission, like to get in print, maybe for the benefit of those interested, the answers, and also some information concerning the firearms and ammunition in use by the armed forces of the United Nations today.

As far back as the flint-lock, wheel-lock and snaphance and prior to that era the fire-stick; men have evinced interest in a weapon that would kill at a distance and use some form of charge. As the years went by they improved the smooth-bored, muzzle loaded weapon until eventually a rifled bore was made. In this instance the system was the smooth bore with two semi-circular grooves running the length of the barrel in a spiral manner. The ball was dropped down the muzzle and the shape of the ball corresponded to the shape of bore. It came to rest near the breech end and was discharged by granular black powder and igniter.

However, this weapon was not accurate and also was dangerous to a degree.

With the advent, however, of breech loaded weapons whereby the charge was introduced into the breech end of barrel, greater accuracy and better compression was obtainable.

I, therefore, wish to span a number of years and come to the manufacture and finish of the higher quality barrels that are made today and give to the best of my ability some information to your readers that does not always appear in the Army manuals which concern firearms.

As with your co-operation I intend to write a series of articles pertaining to this study. I will commence with our old friend the S.M.L.E. rifle produced by the famous B.S.A. works, England. In this case both barrel and wood work are picked to give the best results on the

ranges and in active service conditions. The walnut stock is selected from black Italian walnut; the grain running cross-wise or at least on a bias, if possible. The reason for this is the shock of discharge is greatly eliminated, whereas the straight grain stock has a more direct kick backward.

The barrel which is ball burnished, Government viewed, is selected for its near perfection in appearance and gauging, the object being to give freedom from setting, which often occurs and causes uneven expansion under the heat and stress of firing, with therefore a consequent chance of erratic grouping. The barrels are then hand-lapped where necessary and ball-burnished, which process consist of forcing very finely graded hard steel balls through the barrel after hand-lapping, which is a levelling-off process. The contour of the spherical balls fit the contour of the tops of the lands and by continually passing a ball which is slightly greater than the bore (1/3000) through the barrel a burnishing effect is imparted to the tops of the lands; continued gauging is necessary during this process. Eventually, all signs of boring marks disappear. The natural elasticity of the steel prevents what is known as TEE HEADING and in actual practice ball-burnishing enlarges the original bore by about one-half one thousandth of an inch almost infinitesimally. Nevertheless, the rifles of to-day are differently processed by what is believed to be a quicker method. This may be judged and opinions may differ. However, the smoothing of bore is not being carried out at present, time of manufacture being, I believe, a dominating factor.

The Enfield Pattern '14 Rifle was originally developed at the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock, the lead or breech being made to accommodate the rimless .276" cartridge in which form it was known as the Pattern '13.

A few hundreds of these were manufactured and temporarily issued for mass trials, when the Great War 1914-1918 broke out.

This rifle was then hastily adapted for

the existing .303 rimmed cartridge and contracts were placed with U. S. firms — i. e. Remington, Eddystone and Winchester. This took place in the early part of 1914. The American firms were handicapped by the fact their machinery at that time was built to accommodate the rimless cartridge and after much deliberation between British and American experts the calibre .30 rifle of the 1906 series and type was adapted. By the time delivery was made plus the ammunition, our British factories had made such vast quantities of .303 Short rifles which proved so efficient for trench warfare that the Enfield pattern '14 rifle was only issued to our Volunteers and a few troops far away from home. I know the Nigerian Reg't were issued them.

However, the Volunteers found the Enfield P '14 a most reliable target rifle and it was adapted by the War Office to be fitted with telescopic sights for snipers.

After considerable haggling and conferences (don't let that word frighten you) the superiority of the P'14 was adapted and allowed by the N.R.A. Council and admitted in the popular S.R. Class "B" type.

A greater part of the contract being undelivered in 1918, the contract price was lowered and our American friends stored the remaining stock in their arsenals. We re-bought them some twenty-five years later and were pleased to get them, bayonets included.

I must now close, Mr. Editor. However, I would like to continue next month, in which I would ask you to edit a talk on Ballistics which, I believe, would be interesting to your readers; also I have information which may prove interesting, on Shot guns, Gun Stock Surgery and ammunition in general.

The Ballistic Course, Chicago, U.S.A., Police College is most interesting and although not absolutely necessary, does make very interesting reading even for Army men.

Thanking you for space

The Armourer O.T.C..



## How Blood is Processed

The readers of the "Blitz" might be interested in learning of the processes used in preparing the whole blood taken from individual donors through the Canadian Red Cross Society Blood Donor Services, for the method of preserving plasma by dehydration is a scientific eye-opener. The blood corpuscles are not only separated from the plasma as cream is separated from milk, but the plasma is dried much as milk is converted into powder, except that the drying process is conducted while the plasma is actually frozen solid.

This is accomplished by a very high vacuum which literally sucks the moisture out. It is based on the discovery that ice can be vaporized in a high vacuum without passing through a liquid phase.

The first thing done by laboratory experts after receiving the whole blood, from the Red Cross or individual donors, is to check it carefully against infection to make sure it is sterile. After that the cellular portion of the blood is separated from the plasma by whirling it around in a centrifuge much like a cream separator in a dairy. Then the laboratory workers draw off the plasma and place it in individual containers.

Before being drawn off, the plasma, a light straw-coloured liquid, is at the top of the jar and at the bottom is a deposit of red solid material, like thick red paint. This is principally the red cells from the blood.

After sterilizing and filtering, the plasma is then frozen at a temperature 40° F. below zero and placed in the vacuum tanks. After 72 hours of the vacuum process, the dehydrated blood plasma is a light powder, looking something like old-fashioned, hard molasses candy, still light straw-coloured.

This golden flaky substance is sealed in a bottle and is paired with a pint of sterile water, the two bottles with the necessary transfusion tubes and needles are sealed in tin cans and shipped wherever needed. A transfusion can be effected in a few minutes by mixing the distilled water and plasma.

It takes a pint of whole blood to make one unit of plasma, but when the dried plasma is mixed with distilled water and administered to a patient, it is equivalent to the liquid part of one pint of whole blood. About half of human blood, therefore, is plasma.

### CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

BROCKVILLE AND DISTRICT BLOOD DONOR SERVICE.

### SIGNALS WING

(Continued from page 20)

candidates who have not got a clear memory of the sharp eye and acid tongue of the present C. S. M. Gates, who continues to guide the troubled candidate, and keep running smoothly the interior economy of the wing. The A.I. roster was decreased by Sergeants Hood and McNamee taking the course, and proceeding onwards with their commission, but was increased by the addition of Sergeant McDougall, Corporal Yuzwak and L/Cpl. Feig, and more recently Sergeant Caron, Sigm. Blakely and Sigm. Kling.

The efforts of all these people have been to produce good and efficient Signal Officers. This plain statement conveys in a few words the most complex and difficult jobs of training that one can imagine. The unfortunate, or fortunate, (according to your point of view) thing is that a Signal Officer's responsibilities are infinite. The main thing is that, come hell or high water, communications must be maintained at any cost. The army in the field is a huge mechanical monster, but like any other monster, once its nervous system, by which its brain passes impulses to the muscles, is broken, the monster lies helpless, an easy prey to its enemies. It is the job of a Signal Officer to keep this nervous system intact, and it is this job which demands all the skill and ingenuity that one can muster. It is a wellknown fact that the Signal course is "tough." Actually, it is not "tough," but it is long, detailed and exacting. The Wing demands (and gets) a rigid standard of discipline in the classroom, in the quarters, and in relations with other arms of the

service and civilians, as we believe, as do all true soldiers, that the basis of any arm is its discipline. Without that, all else is lost. It is a rule not only in the Wing, but in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals as whole that a candidate must be a soldier first, and a technician afterwards.

This is necessary, due to the scope of endeavour of the Signals Officer in the field. He will be associating at all times with the General Staff, as Signals come under the General Staff at all times, and care must be taken that when an emergency arises, the Signal Officer will take his place as an expert in his line, and even, if the circumstances demand, fill in for those around him. Towards this end, the candidate is thoroughly taught the organizations of all units he will come in contact with, in order to give him an appreciation of their needs and problems. He is given his introduction to and then thoroughly taught that peculiar subject that Signals, Artillery and C.A.C. deal with, wireless procedure. He is taught what a Signal office means to a Headquarters, and is drilled in each of the duties of the members of the office, so he will appreciate and be able to advise all his staff in their duties, and advise and help the staff in the handling of messages and despatches. Mathematics comes in for attention, as he will require a refresher course in it to appreciate and understand the complex wireless theory, which he will come up against in his advanced training. The various technical instruments he will have to deal with all through his career as a Signal Officer, come in for their share of attention. He learns how to handle all the various types of tele-wireless sets and cable apparatus that phones, exchanges, testing equipment,

are stock in trade for Signals. In this he is only taught their handling and testing, for the complex electrical operation of them is left until his advanced course.

In the third and fourth week of the course in Special the entire class turns to for the day and operate signal offices for skeleton formations, complete with lines, instruments, clerical staff and command staff. The system is then loaded with traffic to its utmost limit, telephones are kept busy, wireless sets hum, clerks sweat and tear their hair, exchange operators become frantic when their boards "get ahead of them", and there are cries of "Check!" or "Orderly!" all day long. Extremely valuable knowledge is obtained, and when the day is over, the candidates are weary, but quite happy.

While the candidate is here, he feels that the course had been a rough ride and a hard one, but after he has gone, and can look back, he realizes that he has had an invaluable experience which teaches him the need and advantages of discipline, the responsibilities that he is heir to, and the value of the detailed and painstaking training he has undergone.

### COMPARISON.

American Sailor: Battleships . . . Why, the flagship of our navy is so big that the Captain goes round the deck in his car.

British Sailor: You ought to see our flagship. Have a look at the kitchen. It's so large the cook has to go through the Irish stew in a submarine to see if the potatoes are cooked.

## TRANSPORT

(Continued from page 23)

ed one of the worst winters in the history of this town, with unusually heavy snow falls, and slippery roads, these boys have done a fine job.

Perhaps we are inclined at times to think of the Transport Driver as the forgotten man. Unfortunately, he has no time, and very little chance, to show what stuff he is made of as far as the parade ground is concerned, but he is in reality the man behind the wheel, and he has to be there and stay there when he is needed. Very often on a stormy night, when other soldiers can turn over in bed, tuck the blankets closer around their necks, the driver is called out to take a trip, perhaps to spend the night towing or placing another vehicle that has kept a little too close to the ditch back on the road. These boys grouch a lot at times, who wouldn't, but they are a loyal lot, and always mount the cab, when the call warrants. Accidents and damage to M.T. vehicles have been kept at a minimum, which shows that though the driver is fearless, he is cautious. We in Transport have adopted the method of leading these boys instead of driving them, and it has worked.

Mention should also be made of our carrier group. What a fascination, though damnable, tricky little piece of machinery the carrier is. If it doesn't like the road, and the driver doesn't keep a tight rein, it will jump the ditch without a second's warning. But these carrier boys, each knows his bronco, and the have efficiently learned the lesson that they must ride the carrier and not the carrier ride them.

This group of track vehicles have been invaluable for training at O.T.C. Every candidate gets a trick at the wheel, and also a good practical course in the maintenance of these miniature tanks. These carriers can certainly take it, too. It

has not been unusual this winter to see them racing across the field under rapid machine gun fire and coming through the ordeal unscathed.

Last, but not least, is the motorcycle. Oh yes, we must not forget, we have the bicycle also—plenty of them! Useful? Ask Gnr. Hamon. Ask Corporal Leach. Ask anyone who wants to run somewhere in a hurry while he is sitting down. Economical? They pay for themselves every day. We could not live without them. But the motorcycle, give me time to think it over. "No time to think it over," says Sgt. Kelleher, "get on and get going". And they do go. Not always in the direction they start for, but they do get there by hook or by crook—mostly by crook.

Really, these motorcycles are a great asset to our training. These boys do learn here at O.T.C. their value, and how to look after them. I think, it is now the dream of every candidate here to some day ride through the streets of Berlin on a motorcycle.

If we are all conscious that Colonel Gregg has a way all his own of getting things that are essential to the training of the future officer, we also know that he may spring surprises on us any day. No! It would not surprise us now, if some day we should see a troop of captured Henie tanks rolling up the lines. In fact, many of the city laymen thought something similar had happened during the past year. For as we all remember, one lovely peaceful day last summer, with the sun shining through the murk, the beautiful St. Lawrence waters reflecting its splendour, home folk spraying their lawns and admiring the peace and quiet of this town—why I think it was a Brockville civilian who remarked to someone: "Why I cannot realize there is a war on, the day is so peaceful". The spell was suddenly broken, however, when a crushing, grinding, horrible noise, the like of which had never been heard in this quite city before, was

heard. "My God," said the civilian, "why doesn't somebody call out the guard". But the guard was soon overpowered, and the O.C. Transport came rolling through the town right up to our very gates, at the head of eighteen universal carriers. What will the Commandant bring on next, was the question on everyone's lips. By God, we did not expect him to bring destroyers and the navy in here. Who would? But on October?, believe it or not, that is what he did. He did not bring the destroyers right up to O.T.C., but damn near it.

And so when this "great battle" took place, those little carriers were brought into action and soon justified their existence. It is hardly necessary to elaborate on the importance for training our officers, of the carrier in our midst.

Then there is the increase in motorcycles by more than double—in fact from forty-three a year ago to one hundred today. We had ten bicycles, today we have ten times that number.

We were very much handicapped for movement of troops a year ago. Today that handicap has been overcome and now we have thirty-four T.C.V.'s or 60 cwt's.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the improvements and transformations in this wing during the past year. Suffice it to say that for counsel and co-operation, in Colonel Gregg we have found a champion. With that faith and confidence we have tackled a job almost incredible in magnitude, and we have done that job. But we must untiringly and unceasingly aspire to bigger things. Our needs here are still great and the task to which we have given ourselves must have more of us. Must have our thought, our undivided attention, our labour, and all that we do, every day, every hour of the day, must have in mind one purpose, and that, the defeat of the enemy, and the restoration of peace. For the next milestone, this is our pledge.

# HOTEL MANITONNA

Brockville's Only Fireproof Hotel

Special Attention Given to  
RESERVATIONS FROM OFFICERS AND  
CADETS OF THE O.T.C.

Invite your Relatives and Friends for the week-end.

HOTEL MANITONNA

BROCKVILLE

## PADRES' CORNER



Sgt. Bishop and Protestant Chaplain.



Cadet Nantel and R. C. Chaplain.

I am glad of the opportunity afforded me of writing a word of greeting for this special issue of the "Blitz". I extend my good wishes to the Commandant Col. M. F. Gregg, VC., M.C., on this anniversary occasion. Before coming to Brockville, I heard words of praise for his fine qualities from senior officers of the army as well as from young officers who

took their course here, within the past months. I appreciate the kindly interest in the work of the Chaplain, his sympathy and helpfulness. May the coming days be of deep satisfaction for him. I am sure, they will, if we all work together, in the same fine spirit which he reflects on all sides.

H/Capt. J. E. BELL, Chaplain (P).

To live in the midst of the troops without wishing their pleasures;  
To be an Officer of Rank yet a friend of the Private;  
To share all sufferings; to penetrate all secrets;  
To heal all wounds; to go from men to God and offer Him Their prayers;  
To return from God to men to bring pardon and hope;  
To have a heart of fire for Charity and a heart of bronze for Chastity;  
To teach and to preach; console and to bless always;  
My God, what a life; and it is yours,  
O Padre of Jesus Christ.

This is the life of a Chaplain, and on his shoulders rests the responsibility of looking after the spiritual needs of his men. And although he has changed the somber clerical black to the bright khaki, nevertheless he is still a "padre", a "Father" to his spiritual Sons. His congregation is made up of men of every type, differing widely in their education, their way of life, their culture, their faith; men often far from God, ignorant of Christ and of His Gospel; men lacking in religion perception, whose interests are centred in anything but in their souls and the things that relate to their eternal salvation.

There are many men trained in the art of war, who can see to drills, and equipment, and campaigns. But the power, which decides victory, is man power, and man power is at its most efficient peak when the soul within is sound.

*By REV. E. J. WAY (Captain),  
R.C. Chaplain.*

### ALERT

(From YANK.)

The beams of light, like giant scissors, snip the sky to shreds.  
See! Two have met and cross above the chapel on the hill!  
Now satisfied, they flicker out, and stars fall back in place—  
The threat is gone, but nerves are tight; alert, the land is still.

Oh, the fingers of light are out to-night  
Probing the fringe of mist,  
And the outpost lines under jungle vines  
Are waiting with mailed fist.

Hark! The beat of giant feet across the straw-strewn floor!  
The million-candled fingers leap and point where wings are bared;  
But now the word dit-dits between, and friend is greeting friend:  
The beams flick off; again the land is taut, alert, prepared.

Oh, the pencils of light are eager to write  
A one-way ticket to hell.  
Dream on, my sweet, in your distant retreat—  
Dream on, we are watching well!!

—Lt. Robert G. Rashid.

PICTURE  
FRAMING and  
NOVELTIES

Kay's  
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

SHEET MUSIC  
VICTOR RECORDS  
MUSICAL SUPPLIES



MAJ. FORTHEY



MAJ. DEANE



CAPT. CARROLL

## CAMP EXPANSION AND IMPROVEMENT

One of the Wings that forms a most important function in Camp is the Engineers. Under Captain Hurlbutt, they look after building repairs and maintenance in a highly efficient manner. In addition, they are heading up the building and expansion programme that is now well under way.

One of the Wings that forms a most important function in Camp, is the Engineers. Under Captain Hurlbutt, they look after building repairs and maintenance in a highly efficient manner. In addition they are heading up the building and expansion program that is now well under way.

The entrance to the Camp has been improved by moving the Detention Barracks to a new location at the southerly boundary of the Camp and by building an information building at the entrance.

A large building programme was inaugurated which will increase the number of buildings from 54 to 122 upon completion, with a number of altera-

tions and extensions to existing buildings included in this programme, as well were special buildings such as assembly hall, fire hall, chapel, nurses' residence, and quarters, lecture huts and mess halls, new administration building, commissariat, isolation hospital, and camp engineer's office, stores and quarters. Included in this expansion programme are the necessary services, such as water, sewers, telephone and electrical power. One of the features of this programme was the creation of the sub-staff area, south of the main entrance. Paving of the roadways west of Bartholomew St. and also the north parade grounds, was commenced last fall and this work will be completed when the weather breaks.

A considerable amount of study was given to fire protection, with the result that a new fire hall is being constructed. It will house the fire truck, which will be delivered shortly. It will provide quarters for the fire brigade and will also house a stationary booster pump to increase the water pressure from 40 lbs. to 100 lbs. for fire purposes. A fire alarm system had been requested and endorsed by the Fire Marshal.

During the past year buildings have been constructed to house C.W.A.C. personnel. Additional grounds have been procured for the transport park. The total expansion programme represents an expenditure of around \$1,250,000.00.

## "MACHINE GUN WING"

The Work of the Machine Gun Wing is based on the Vickers .303 inch machine gun, and the fourteen instruments used in the fire-control of this weapon.

Map reading is a very important subject, as it is very closely associated with fire-control. It follows then, that a high standard of M.R. must be reached.

Elementary Gun Drill being the backbone of all machine gun handling, is taught first. When this is understood, the classes are advanced to Section-Drill and Field duties, at the same time starting the theory of fire-control.

In fire-control the progress is gradual until the final stages are reached. At this stage the class is dealing with Direct and Indirect fire, using all fourteen instruments. This in itself is a big job, as it takes a great deal of work to become familiar with the guns; however, this is necessary and is the standard demanded.

Lectures and exercises in Organization and Administration, Appreciations Orders and Messages, First-aid, Range Finder, Movement, Range Practices, Field Engineering, Immediate Action, and Headquarters make up the remainder of the syllabus.

The work is planned to turn out first-class Machine Gun Officers. This means that they would be capable of handling

their men and weapons under all conditions — day or night. Of course the candidate cannot reach this stage in the 21 days training which we have at our disposal. Special to the Arm, however, will ensure that he is equipped basically in theory and practical work, to proceed to the Advanced Training Centre. On arrival at C.M.G.T.C. the work taught at the O.T.C. is reviewed. The work of the candidate then takes on a very practical aspect, all theory taught at O.T.C. is now tied in with practical field work. If the candidate has not been thoroughly grounded at O.T.C., or if he has not put forth a very concentrated effort, both at O.T.C. and C.M.G.T.C., he cannot hope to succeed. It is therefore necessary that the candidate has a sound knowledge of the principles of both the gun and fire-control. It is much better if he has a thorough training in basic M.G. work before coming to O.T.C. If he lacks this training — he is in for 21 days of hard work and study, the like of which he has not likely experienced before.

The candidate, to begin with, must have a good sound education, especially in mathematics, be willing to work in high gear at all times, and strong enough to do so. He must be able to make quick and accurate appreciations.

Above all, he must have complete confidence in himself, bred in the knowledge that he knows:

1. How to employ his weapons.
2. How he can best support other arms.
3. That no matter what odd situation presents itself, he is able to cope with it.

There have been several changes in the syllabus of Training during the past year. All changes have been made to improve the standard of candidates proceeding to C.M.G.T.C.

Most of the changes have been deletions of minor subjects, and placing the time, so gained, at the disposal of the more technical and difficult subjects.

A mobile mount of the W.M.G. was developed in this wing during 1942. It is hoped that more will be heard of this new mount in the near future.

The assistance, so readily and abundantly given by our commandant, has been, and will continue to be respected and greatly appreciated. The success of this wing is largely due to the interest and ever-ready help of our Commanding Officer.

Capt. F. J. Frape, D.C.M. was the first Senior Instructor of M.G. Wing, and continued until Capt. J. T. Moore took over in July, 1942, and remained in charge until Feb. 23, Lieut. C. C. Cole then becoming S.I.

## "BROCKVILLE—THE HOME OF THE O.T.C."

By LT. C. C. FRASER.

Since April of 1941, Brockville, to the average Canadian and especially to those in the Service, is synonymous with O.T.C. for it was in that month that the first group of candidates from various centres in Eastern Canada entered B.M.A. to qualify for their commissions. Since then literally hundreds of would-be officers have made Brockville their home for at least three months of their military careers, and the town has become intimately known not only to them, but to their relatives and friends as well. Some of the wives and sweethearts have seen it, it is true, only for a few brief

hours preceding the monthly Graduation Dance and Exercises, but their knowledge of Brockville is hardly limited to that short sojourn. As the town plays such an important part in the life of the Camp, it was felt, that a short description of it might not be amiss in this Anniversary Number of the "Blitz".

Brockville is one of the oldest municipalities in Ontario, as any native of the town will tell you with pride. Tradition is a very real thing here, and even the casual visitor is soon conscious of its presence. Perhaps it is not generally known that Brockville's incor-

there is another alternative if you come from "South of the Border". You can come over the relatively new Thousand Islands Bridge, about 25 miles west of Brockville, and in doing so, you will be treating yourself to one of Nature's most lavish displays, for the bridge spans the St. Lawrence at one of the most picturesque sections of the Islands and you will literally hold your breath because of the sheer beauty of it. Speaking of the Islands region of the river, Brockville has been aptly called "The City of the Thousand Islands", because it stands at the eastern entrance to them, and if you



A TYPICAL RESIDENTIAL STREET

Compliments of the

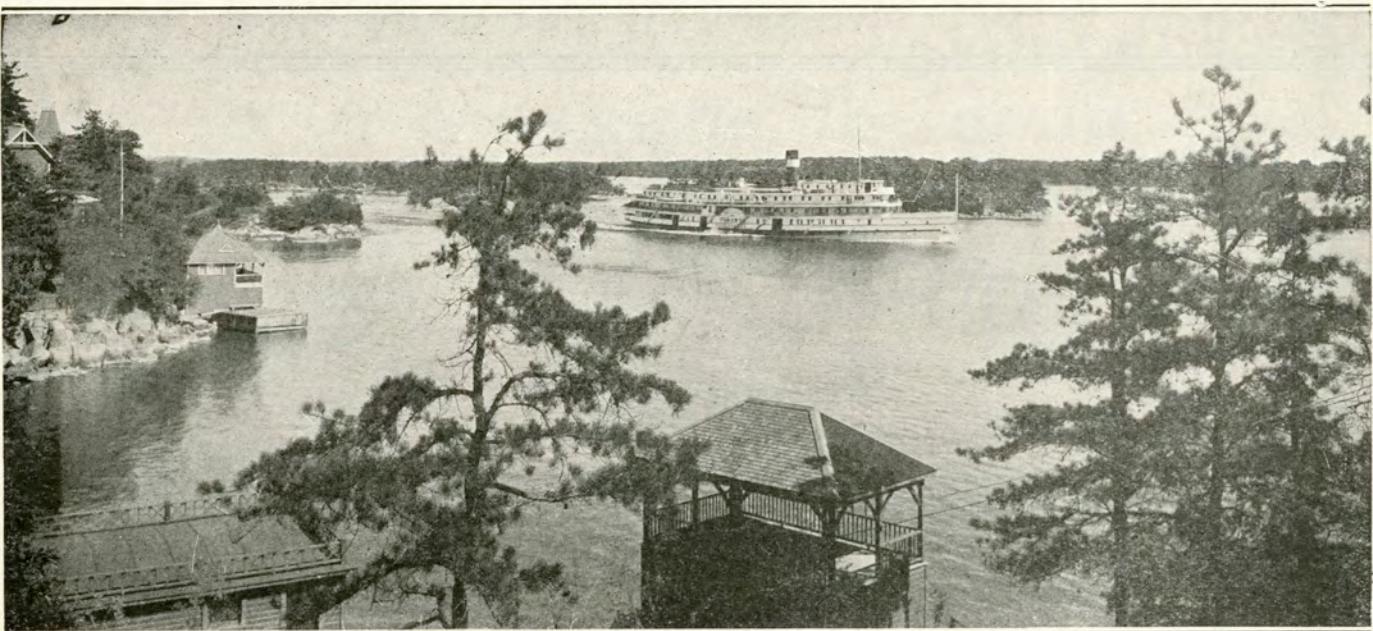
**CAMERON'S  
Drug Store**

poration as a municipality preceded even that of Toronto by one year. Legend has it that there was considerable controversy over the selection of a name for the fledgling town, because two rival families of considerable prominence each felt that their names should be perpetuated by having the town called after them. At the height of the argument General Brock stepped in and generously suggested that the municipality might conceivably bear his name through the ages—and who could object to this proposal from the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Upper Canada? And when you come to Brockville—as every Brockvillian hopes you will—Brock's monument in front of the old Court House will likely be one of the first things which will be pointed out to you.

You cannot possibly turn down this invitation to come to Brockville with the argument that it is hard to get at. You can motor, if your gas ration will permit, for it is right on Number Two Highway, 125 miles west of Montreal and 208 miles east of Toronto. Or you can come in from Ottawa which is only 72 miles away. If you must travel by train, both the C.N.R. and the C.P.R. are at your disposal. Or if you are one of our American brothers, just cross over the St. Lawrence from Ogdensburg to Prescott, and within 25 minutes of landing on Canadian soil you are inside the limits of the town. Or

come in the summer, be sure to take one of the boat trips through the Islands, for that is something you will look back upon with pleasure for the rest of your life. One would think that Nature in placing Brockville so close to the Islands region had been more than kind to her. But you have only to travel north about 30 miles to reach the equally beautiful Rideau Lakes with all their holiday and recreational possibilities, which of course includes some of the best inland fishing in Canada.

Mention has already been made of the spirit of tradition, which pervades the place. Brockville is old and its inhabitants are proud of its history. They are proud too of the manner in which the town has kept pace with the times. While in the strict sense it is not an industrial town, we have here some manufacturing concerns whose products have advertised the name of Brockville through the world. The Eugene Phillips Electrical Works has expanded tremendously since it came to Brockville in the 1920's. Here too we have the John B. Stetson Co. (who has not heard of Stetson Hats?) and a branch of Canada Foundries and Forgings Ltd., to say nothing of many smaller industries, all of which support a sizeable proportion of the population. Neither have the spiritual and intellectual needs of the people been neglected. Brockville is almost a town of



AMONGST THE 1,000 ISLANDS AT BROCKVILLE

churches, situated, as they are, so picturesquely on the four corners of a square. There are Public Schools and a Separate School as well as a Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, which is modern in every sense. In addition there is a Business College, and St. Alban's School, which is a boarding school for boys. Practically every fraternal organization is presented in Brockville, and there are two very-much-alive Service Clubs—Rotary and Lions—which have made a splendid contribution to the life of the town. One of the oldest institutions in Brockville is the Rowing Club on the waterfront, and at the western entrance of the town, just beyond the beautiful St. Lawrence Park, is the Golf and Country Club with its cosy club house and its excellent greens. And as a further incentive to your coming here please be assured that Brockville can provide very fine accomodation in its well-appointed hotels and tourist-homes.

Brockville may be proud of its traditions which have their roots in the past, but it is also proud to be the next-door neighbour of O.T.C. The relations between town and camp are extremely good. That is due partly to the fact that the boys from B.M.A. have by their conduct won for themselves the right to be welcomed into the homes of Brockville. And many cadets have their Sundays and week-ends brightened for them by the hospitality of many Brockvillians. The good relationship is also due to the

kindly attitude which the town has always shown towards B.M.A. Shortly after the inception of the camp a local organization known as the Brockville Auxiliary War Services was set up and out of that has developed Hospitality House on Victoria Ave. This has been a boon not only to the candidates, who are free to drop in when they are downtown, but to an even greater extent has it been helpful to the wives of the budding officers. At the present time similar provision is being made for the members

of the sub-staff of O.T.C. Besides the Auxiliary War Services runs a series of Saturday night dances in the Brockville Collegiate during the winter months and many a romance has had its genesis in these weekly hops.

The people of Brockville, without exception, hope that the many warm friendships which have developed as a result of the brief sojourn of so many candidates in their midst will be renewed and strengthened by return visits to Brockville "when the lights go on again".

Grilled Sandwiches, Light Lunches

*Kyle's*

Ice Cream "Our Own Make"

Sodas and Sundaes



The trademark  
guarantees your satisfaction

*Player's Please*

MILD DR MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Plain End or Cork Tip

**FRIED CONSTRUCTION COMPANY**

**GENERAL  
CONTRACTORS AND ENGINEERS**

70 VICTORIA STREET  
TORONTO

*Builders of New Extensions*  
*at*  
**OFFICERS' TRAINING CENTRE**  
*Brockville*

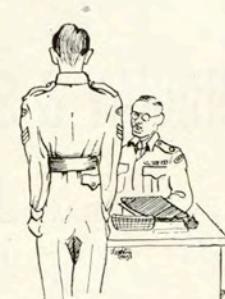
— OUR WAR EFFORT INCLUDES THE —  
FOLLOWING PROJECTS:

*Crumlin Flying School      Jarvis Flying School*  
*Malton Flying School      Picton Flying School*  
*Mountain View Flying School*

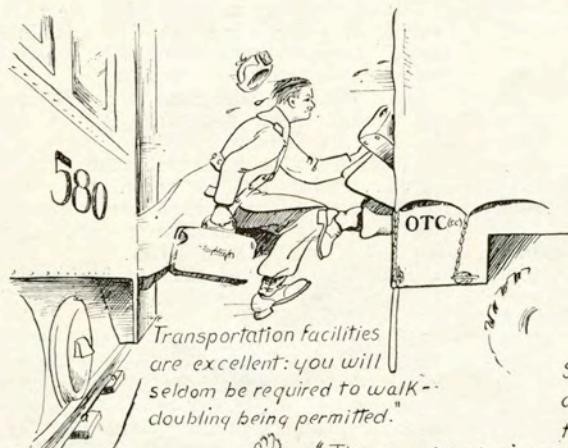
*Bren Gun, Toronto      Recreational, Camp Borden*  
*Artillery Proof Range, Pt. Dalhousie*

*Administration Building*  
**TRANS-CANADA AIRWAYS**  
*Malton, Ontario*

# THIS IS BROCKVILLE, MR JONES or A Message To Farcia



"You will enter an atmosphere of dangerous living."  
O.T.C. Handbook



Transportation facilities are excellent: you will seldom be required to walk— doubling being permitted."



"You will find the sub-staff most co-operative: any resemblance to Simon Legree is purely intentional.  
Rooms are limited to three cadets."



"The act of saluting an officer is not a mark of inferiority in any way. It is a compliment to the King's commission and an officer should return it as is given."

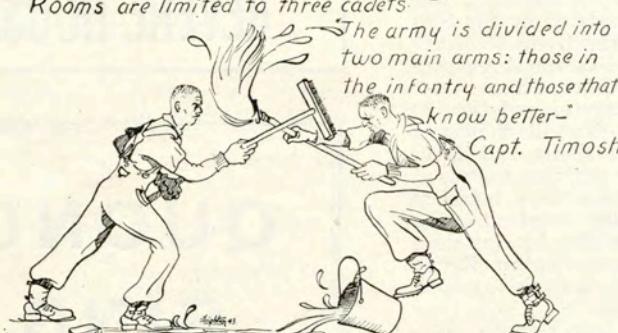


Strip yourself of all inhibitions and worries and be prepared to go--- etc.



"Discipline O.T.C.—  
The Instructors Staff will frankly & ruthlessly advise you with the single motive of desiring to help you obtain your objective."

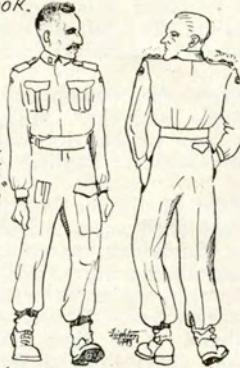
O.T.C. Handbook.



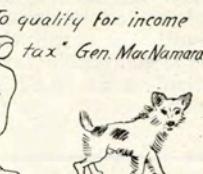
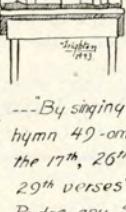
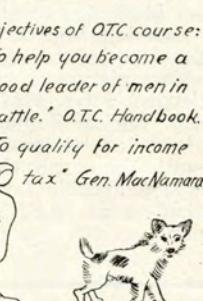
"The sole object of all weapon Training is to teach all ranks the most efficient way of handling their weapons in order to kill the enemy."



"with a jump stand at ease"



"Never give an order you are not prepared to carry out yourself." Discipline O.T.C. Sec. 10.



APPRECIATION BY CADET JONES, G.E.P.

CONTOURS BY CADET LEIGHTON, T.C.

"DOG" COY., RED ARMY

## ARTILLERY WING

(Continued from page 18)

the new 25 pdr. The wit of the Sgt. Major became saltier.

Out of this chaos arose a calmness of mind and a peace of soul, which was to stand the Wing in good stead in the ensuing battles for its destiny and fortune.

April saw a conference held at O.T.C. with representatives of the D.M.T., all advanced and Basic Training Centres and the S.I.'s of the O.T.C.

The object was to standardize and adjust the Training Syllabus. The battle raged loud and long and when the fearsome noises subsided and the fiery smoke had cleared, a common understanding united the warriors in fraternal bonds. It was decided that the Special to the Arm courses at O.T.C. would be of four weeks duration instead of the six, and omitting tactics. This decision was duly put into effect. The questions of replacement of Staff Officers and liaison duties with advanced Training Centres A-1 and A-2, were introduced.

Within a short time a turnover of junior instructor officers began within the Wing.

Suddenly a Star arose in the East, growing ever brighter day by day. Wise men spoke of its amazing portents, but only the I.S. Artillery Wing knew and understood and kept his own counsel.

Then the promise was fulfilled. One joyous day, this month of April, there arrived a young warrior from over the seas, hardy and wise in the ways of war. His counsel was good and his experience invaluable as he preached a true gospel on matters formerly vague and unknown and wiped away the cobwebs of old and superstitious beliefs.

This was Lt. K. W. Eagan who became forthwith Acting Captain and 2 I/C of the Artillery Wing. May Good Fortune be his staunch companion.

Twenty-five artillery boards were thankfully received this month amidst great rejoicing. The S.I. Artillery Wing, Major Summers, permitted an eye to twinkle.

May began the demonstrations for visiting Staffs, and the Artillery Wing was called upon to lend its mighty support to the schemes. Realism was most essential.

Like Vulcan of old the Master of Imagination fashioned yet another training expedient. Cartridge cases, retrieved from dummy rounds were fitted with gas pipe adapters; these were screwed into the primer recesses. Empty 12-gauge shotgun shells were then filled with powder taken from thunder flashes and fitted into the adapters.

This expedient very rapidly produced a realism in firing, so startling, that it thrilled and delighted the hearts of the onlookers, and painted for them an unforgettable picture of the deployment and action of a troop of artillery.

The S.I. Major Summers, devised a new training expedient for the old dial sights, with the result that these sights were made adaptable for the new gun. Instruction on the Q.F. 25 pdr. replaced the 18 pdr.

In this month of August the S.I. Artillery proceeded to Kingston to attend the Sr. Officers' Course. Capt. Eagan became the able A/S.I. with Lieut. H. Ginsberg A/2nd i.c.

The fiery steed was managed with a firm but gentle hand and a steady pace was maintained throughout the eventful journey; albeit the saddle may have been a bit large and at times the seat none to steady.

Three precious new 25 pdrs. were received into the Wing but—NO SIGHTS. Small favours were thankfully received and large ones in proportion.

Two Mk.I. 18 pdr. guns were returned to Ordnance for use with R.F. Units, Chelsea Pensioners.

Captain Twiss, a learned sage, arrived in September and in accordance with prearranged plans entered into mathematics training of Artillery candidates. Shades of our beloved J.I.R.

Four new 25 pdrs. arrived during this month 'midst shouts of joy and rapture, but—NO SIGHTS.

It was in the first week of this month that the Sgt. Major—veteran of many battles—strode tragically into the office of the A/S.I. "Sir, it's those candidates, I quit." Gently reminded that England expects that every man will do his duty, the Sgt. Major staunchly returned to his thankless task. "Greater love hath no man . . ."

Thereafter the Sgt. Major became a barometer of the talents and enterprise of new candidates material. When the resignation came during the first two days of a new course the candidate's life expectancy was short; if the resignation was tendered late in the week there was hope of recovery.

October found the Artillery Wing in the midst of bustling activity. Plans were being formulated for a staff shoot to be held at Petawawa. Many were the difficulties which beset the paths of organizing this venture. But determination and daring went hand in hand and the great day arrived. Everything was under control. Ably assisted by the Signal and M.T. Wings, the troop set forth into the golden dawn, like the Argosy of old headed for the Golden Fleece.

The shoot was successful and the benefits were numerous. The Staff Officers received a refresher, shells and fuses were brought back for training purposes. Enjoyable liaison visits were made to both A-1 and A-2, many wondrous tales being unfolded before the blazing logs in the historic fireplaces. Captain Eagan was nobly commended for this endeavour.

During this month four 25 pdrs. were received and 18 pdr. drill ceased. All obsolete ordnance was returned to Kingston.

In November an Artillery conference was held in Petawawa. The syllabus was reduced to a simpler basis.

In this last month we glance back along the well-travelled path. We perceive a panorama of stout hearted staff officers and assistants who have come on to fields of further endeavour. Bon Voyage.

And now, as in the eventful past, when the S.I. Artillery, Major Summers

orders the "Advance", there is not but on thought:—

"LORD WE DO NOT PRAY FOR ASSISTANCE, WE PRAY THAT THOU DOEST NOT ASSIST THE ENEMY."

## MURRAY & SON

### PHOTOGRAPHERS

Established 1867

Brockville - - Ontario

Compliments of

## THE REVERE HOUSE

## QUONG SING

### High Class Laundry

Satisfaction Guaranteed on all work

Daily Pick-up.

44 King St. East, Brockville

Dial 981

Headquarters for

DUNHILL, PARKER, COMOY, B.B.B. BRIAR PIPES  
and RONSON LIGHTERS

**RITCHIE'S CIGAR STORE**

25 KING STREET WEST



Brigadier M. F. Gregg, V.C., and Brigadier General H. T. Mayberry, Commanding Officer Cdt. School (Tank Destroyer) at Camp Hood, Texas. The crest above is that of the Tank Destroyer Unit.

## THE BLUE ARMY

(Continued from page 15.)

wheels on the trees, set up the sky rockets and at a given signal all hell was to break loose, the pin wheels wheeling, the sky rockets rocketing, and as a climax a huge rocket was to burst into a Union Jack. The enemy would jump to attention, at which point E. Coy. would fall on them, they being unable to defend themselves. Unfortunately, the only weapons available were some time-worn sky rockets. These were doled out, and next night some brave souls sneaked into enemy territory. At zero hour the sky rockets were lighted, some staked to the ground, others in the hands of the brave. A breathless silence, and then—ppft—a barely discernable glow flickered momentarily at the mouth of each rocket. Soul-shattering anti-climax—but the idea was good.

It is during this scheme that candidates are instructed in river-crossing and swimming in battle order. The river-crossing is carried out with a long rope, one end of which is towed over by a lightly clad swimmer, the rope being tied to trees so that it hangs above the water. The men, in full battle order, pull themselves along, hand over hand, only faces and rifle muzzles being above water. Theoretically, the face is above water. In practice, the rags sags in the centre and the men go for hours (more or less) with only hands showing, and these passing madly one over the other. This is why Brockville graduates are so amazingly amphibious—never daunted by fluids in any quantity.

Capt. (Battleship) Murdock is in C. and C.I., Amphibian Troops. As he is built on the generous lines of H.M.S. King George V, and equally unsinkable, his demonstration of swimming in battle order makes everything appear ridiculously simple. He side-wheels about, describing methods of swimming as he demonstrates. The candidates see the simplicity of the business, wade in and strike out confidently, and, still confident, strike bottom. This proves the fallacy of teaching no false promises, and that all is not on the surface. A valuable lesson.

From river-crossing to cliff-climbing, and Sgt. Maj. (Shake your bloody head man) Jefferson. The candidates start out in the morning on what is purported to be a route march. They are assured that there are no more rivers to cross, and blindly they follow the Sgt. Maj., who bears more than a faint resemblance to Judas, the infamous ram who leads sheep to the slaughterhouse. Out of the blue they come to a cliff, a cliff that drops thirty sheer feet. A rope is tied to a projecting rock and the disillusioned candidates are told to go down, hand over hand, with their feet braced against the face. As each man's heart is in his boots this makes them extremely heavy and difficult to hold up. Then they are told to climb back up and the day takes a dull and leaden hue. Wending a weary way back to camp they are taken on a short-cut, a generosity they view with suspicion, suspicion which is thoroughly justified as a sixty foot cliff looms before them, sheer, bare and formidable. The fateful words, "Climb the cliff"—and not a sky hook in sight. Somehow they do get up, but their faith in human na-

ture has received an irreparable setback.

The twelfth sun rises red and fateful. It is the last day, and the last shall be best (best from the Directing Staff viewpoint). The morning is devoted to tank-hunting, a particularly violent form of exercise as practised at Brockville. Groups of men go battle-drilling and field-crafting madly over the countryside looking for a tank harbour. When this is found they swing into a smooth, rapid attack and deal death and destruction with various anti-tank bombs and weapons. An exhausting business. In the afternoon, Village Clearing. This important phase of training is covered in the syllabus theoretically on the sand table, and this is the first practical application of what has been taught. A small village nearby is taken over by a defending platoon. Two platoons approach, are fired on, and swing into a rapid drilled attack. Smoke, training grenades, and blank cartridges add realism to the scheme—so much so that an approaching car load of American tourists turns abruptly and is last heard of Paul Revereing back the way they came, probably now fully convinced that Canada is in the war. The village is cleared thoroughly. With typical Blue Army zeal one man pulls open the door of a Chick Sale creation and leaps in, bayonet fixed, smoke-blackened face—and surprise a young matron. It is a delicate study in embarrassment. The candidate leaves hurriedly and is now allergic to outdoor conveniences. The re-action of the girl is not known as she has not

(Continued on page 40.)



Each week a Hackle is presented to the Platoon in each Army which has been judged to have made the best all-round showing during the week. This picture is of such a presentation, and is being made during a visit of a distinguished visitor.

Lieut. H. S. Morris, Cdt. Campbell,  
Brig. Gen. MacDonald (D.O.C.N.D.I.)  
Brigadier M. F. Gregg, V.C., M.C.

## THE BLUE ARMY

(Continued from page 39.)

come out when the company leaves three hours later, but it is probable that she has a scarred soul and now feels that she has seen everything. *C'est la guerre!*

The evening is spent in packing up and cleaning the camp area, and at midnight the Army starts the long circuitous march home—twenty three miles after an exhausting day. Breakfast (two sandwiches) is eaten on the way and they arrive in camp at 8 o'clock in the morning. The excellent condition of the men after their arduous twenty four hours proved the wisdom of the training schedule, which brought men to peak condition in two months without at any time overtaking them, and at the same time allowed a great number of lecture periods.

This trek was the swan song of the first Blue Army which now graduated to Special Wings, and the staff prepared for the newcomers.

There were only minor adaptions and modifications in the training schedule when Blue Army No. 2 was taken in hand—other than the modifications to be expected from Blue Army individualism. The use of assault boats was introduced and proved successful, with typical side issues. The men were storming a river in the boats under a smoke screen, and with war noises supplied by the engineers, when a mis-cast block of high explosive landed in one of the boats. The men left the boat so unanimously that it looked like a drill movement, the smoke screen rolled over them, and a dull 'boom' meant either the explosive exploding or the men hitting bottom. There was a period of excitement until the fog rolled by, but all that was lost was two rifles and one boat.

During this period the Army acquired its mascot, 'Duchess'. She is either a very large St. Bernard or a medium sized mare, and she stalks through a camp over-run by small dogs with a pe-

riodic look of frustration and a strange affinity for Capt. Murdoch. But she does add dignity to the parades, although her lethargic movements and propensity for sleep (she snores even with her eyes open) are not quite in keeping with the tempo of the camp.

The third Blue Army saw an adjustment to the syllabus; the outdoor scheme was curtailed from twelve to three days because of the cold weather. This did not affect the training, everything being carried out as usual from the camp. The three days are spent at Landon Farm, twelve miles from the O.T.C., and are necessary to give the men experience in firing platoon weapons in the field. Night schemes are carried out, and during one of these a new and potent weapon was discovered, C.S.M. Busby, Secret Weapon of the O.T.C. When the Sgt. Maj. becomes sufficiently proficient with his German we shall have him broadcast horror tales to the German people and in two months their morale should be completely undermined.

Thus! The Sgt. Major took with him to an abandoned farm-house several experienced men from overseas. They had a large quantity of live ammunition (tracer) for use in Bren gun and rifle, flares,

Verey lights, and things that go bump in the night. They were to repel with loud noises and much illumination a company who were to attack some time during the night. Two members of the staff wandered quietly up to the house and through broken windows heard C.S.M. Busby, his voice pregnant with horror, weaving a weird tale to his cohorts. He had seen a hook in the ceiling from which a frayed piece of rope hung and this was challenge to his imagination. His story was of an aged recluse who hung himself there for an unmentionable reason and who returned at times in a horrible form to repeat his death again and again. As his tale approached its ghastly climax the men outside eased their rifles into the room and fired black rounds. The response was gratifying. There was no panic because experienced soldiers do not panic (much), but they fired off every round they had, sent up flares, threw thunder flashes, and dispersed every ghost within two miles. The attacking force was approximately three miles away at the time, and when they reached the house they very easily captured an unarmed party. And the third Blue Army graduated in a blaze of glory.

Unfortunately (for themselves) the last Blue Army arrived two weeks before Christmas. It was considered that, though the war effort was more important than Christmas holidays, yet leave could still be granted if no training were missed. The men worked seven days a week and most nights, and it is to be hoped they enjoyed their holiday. They earned it.

And that is the Blue Army to date. Hard work, sweat, and blood, with high moments of relaxation, have gone into the making of the officers who graduated, and the Brockville standard is high in the Canadian Army.



**FOR MOVIES  
YOU WANT  
TO SEE**

**FAMOUS PLAYERS  
Theatre**

Shows Daily—2.30, 7 and 9 p.m.

## "I 'ATES CADETS"

By ARNOLD ISSENMAN.

There is a fond dream, nurtured by the entire Blue Army, that each morning, upon arising, the Commandant tosses fitfully on his cot and mutters, fearfully, "I wonder if R.S.M. will approve of me to-day." Now the Blue Army knows full well that our C.O. is a brave man, for he wears several merited decorations, including the V.C. The fantasy, therefore, illustrates the severe impression which the R.S.M. made upon all of the raw recruits of the present Blue Army.

It all began many weeks ago, although it does seem like years. But even time seems to "double" at Brockville. It started one afternoon when the block syllabus called for "Drill-R.S.M." Sounded very harmless. But, to the amazement and petrification of the Blue Army, they were confronted by a fierce, hard-bitten ramrod of a soldier. He said, "I 'ates Cadets . . ." and proceeded to elaborate on that theme, augmenting his views with well-chosen bits of invective straight from the barrack-room, salted down with caustic cursing of a highly choice type. The R.S.M. was getting acquainted with the new recruits! That grim period lasted for close on an hour. Each aspect of the same theme was punctuated, dramatically, by significant pointings of the finger, acute pauses, and queries of "Is that clear?" and "Dya get me?" It was clear. We got him. And so it was . . . it was clear that the R.S.M. didn't hold us in any great esteem. At one point we were just little "pieces of straw floating down a stream, to be picked up by any passing A/I . . ." The metaphor was certainly genteel enough, but, as most cadets soon pointed out, it was an understatement, and probably the only one in the whole dia-tribe. And then it was over. . . .

Since then the R.S.M. has been a sort of glorified boogie-man. Strong cadets quiver and blanch when his name is mentioned. The thought of being paraded before him has turned moral men to drink, or at least provided some with the incentive.

It took some courage (my Platoon Commander please note) for me to decide to meet this person, and find out what manner of man he was. And so I found myself in the Sergeants' Mess, surrounded by thousands of A/I's, all with fishy looks in their eye, and I was overtaken by an intense desire to "double," probably for the first time since I arrived. However, after talking to myself for several minutes, I convinced myself that shell-fire was probably worse so I stayed. . . .

Now, no cadet in the Blue Army will believe this, but I am glad I did stay. For the man I met, the same ogre above-mentioned, is really a nice guy. R.S.M. Hall on parade, and R.S.M. Hall off parade, are two separate people, like a split personality. The fierce look, which I suspect is specially worn for cadets, is gone. So I have this revelation to make . . . the R.S.M. is even as you and I. That is, he is human, and he probably has his frailties. . . .

I began by bumming him for a cigarette, auspicious start. I then found out that R.S.M. Hall was born at Newcastle (where you don't bring coals to) and left home at the age of 16 to go to sea. He has been east of Suez and west of Panama, which, according to my calculations (without using a Romer) means that he has been around some. Some of the salt evidently stayed with him, even when he



R.S.M. HALL

deserted the sea in favor of a logging enterprise in British Columbia. In February, 1931, he signed on with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry at Esquimalt, and, believe it or not, he was a mere private at the time. But within six months, he had one hook, and, five years later, he received his second. On the outbreak of war he was a Serjeant, but was raised to Platoon Serjeant-Major, a now extinct rank. Towards the end of 1939 R.S.M. Hall proceeded overseas with the P.P.C.L.I., and, while in England he assisted in inaugurating the 1st Div.'s Canadian Snipers' School. He was also one of the originals to start the O.C.T.U., English counterpart of the O.T.C. here. During his period in England he was promoted to the rank of C.S.M., and finally made a W.O. 1. When O.C.T.U. was temporarily closed, R.S.M. Hall returned to Canada with Colonel Gregg, towards the end of March, 1942. He then took over as R.S.M. here in June of that year and, we gather, he doesn't want to be a cadet. Incidentally, our R.S.M. has packed all the above experience and living into 37 years, which is something, in any man's army. I also gather, after personal observation, that a great deal of the toughness is assumed, with a good purpose in mind. Not that I wish for a moment to suggest that the toughness couldn't be backed up. The point I do wish to make is that the R.S.M. isn't that typical Hollywood version of a "Top Serjeant." Far from it . . . he knows his business, and he is a soldier.

And, as a soldier, R.S.M. Hall made some pertinent observations. Among them he said that "the Canadian Cadets at O.C.T.U. had an easier time of it, a better break. They were already trained soldiers, which most of the cadets at Brockville are not. While the staff, instructors, and the camp in general at B.M.A. are good, still the greenness of most of the cadets makes it an uphill grind for all concerned." He also pointed out that while the shortness of the course here was a handicap, still, when "the boys graduate, they're properly equipped to go forward from here, to gain their maturity in the field of experience."

And, to the Junior Officer who leaves here, R.S.M. Hall had some choice wisdom to impart. First, He had better leave a nice, vacant spot in his head,

## TRAINED SOLDIERS' WING

(Continued from page 29)

The second duty of the Trained Soldiers' Wing is to qualify the personnel serving on Home War Establishment, who enlisted prior to November, 1942, for the new increases in pay. This group is divided up into two parts. Those that have the previous basic training and those that have been in the army for four months or more with no previous basic training. It was found, from testing candidates merely on the knowledge retained from previous training, that a refresher course was advisable. Consequently, those with previous training are given about five half days of training and then tested according to the tests laid down for basic training. The second group, without previous training, is given training based on a fifty period syllabus. Instruction is given in drill, rifle, Bren gun, gas, and map reading. At the end of their period of instruction they are given the tests of elementary training. In each case, if the tests are successfully passed, the men are considered eligible for the first increase in pay of ten cents per day. Two months after the completion of the tests, subject to certification of the officer commanding that their efficiency has been maintained, these men are eligible for the second increment of pay of ten cents per day. However, it should be noted that the basic training as laid down in the shortest syllabus is for purposes of pay only. If subsequently a soldier is selected for overseas service the normal period of basic training must be taken prior to any advanced work.

The Trained Soldiers' Wing has been very successful in its efforts in spite of its short term of service. Under the compulsion of frequent kit inspections the men have become fully equipped for the first time. The weekly sports afternoons have developed companionship and team-work. The sub-staff at Brockville are becoming educated towards proper conduct both on and off parade and are consequently giving a better account of themselves both in camp and in town. Men in the wing are becoming neat and efficient soldiers and as real soldiers can justly be proud of themselves and their unit. A company commander, a cadet and several instructors have been moved on to take up their new duties. Two officers and quite a number of men have gone on draft. A lot of the sub-staff have qualified for the new rates of pay. The beneficial work of the wing is continuing and as long as Captain Rubens and his staff persist in their efforts, the "Black Army" will continue to be a wing which is an important and integral part of the centre.

---

wide open to the extra knowledge he must gain in order to qualify as an officer. The Subaltern is no more than a Lance Corporal, with his first foot on the first rung of the ladder that makes for leadership." Secondly, "Don't ever forget that the W.O.'s and Sgts. are the backbone of the army, and from them you can gain the knowledge and experience you now lack . . . provided you approach them with the decent humility of a man eager to learn." And, lastly, "Remember that the Junior Officer's first concern is the care and comfort of his men."

And so I don't believe that the C.O. lives in terror of the R.S.M. But just the same, I'll bet he doesn't dare get out of line either, even as you and I.

# THE CANADIAN RESERVE ARMY

By Cadet Philip H. Turner.

Ex. 2nd (R.) Bn. Prince of Wales  
Rangers (I.R.)

One of the most important contributions to the Canadian war effort is being made through the reserve army. Here men, who by reason of age or medical category are unable to serve their country overseas, are trained to defend Canada at home, should the need arise. The Canadian reserve army is well trained, for the most part in handling of small arms.

In most units training and equipment, while present only in small, rationed quantities, are of the very latest types. The units themselves are trained by an Administration and Training staff, which has its orderly room in the unit headquarters. Here, well trained and capable men, many of them men who served in the last war, and all of them men who have attended the most recent courses, such as the small arms course at Longbranch, Ont., the Battle Training Station at Vernon, British Columbia, plan and organize the work for the battalion. A syllabus of training is drawn up and closely adhered to.

This syllabus usually includes about two or three hours a week on small arms work and weapon training, two or three hours on the more theoretical work such as map reading lectures, Military law classes, and various other essential parts of the training. Weapons covered in the units mentioned above include the Bren gun, Vickers and Browning Medium machine guns, Sten and Reising machine carbines and Thompson machine carbine, as well as the Anti-tank rifle and obviously the service rifle and bayonet. Each man is well trained and well instructed in the use of these weapons and is emphatically lectured in the care and cleaning of his arms.

As the training is completed for each man, he is given his T.O.E.T., (Test of Elementary Training) on the same standards as the active army. Should he not measure up to these standards, he is sent back for further training.

Obviously all this work can not be conducted inside. Therefore the A & T staff mentioned above, includes in its syllabus not a little outdoor training. Rifle Ranges are available to most units, and each man is given as much chance to actually put the weapon to use, as the very limited supply of ammunition will allow. Training schemes, battle tactics and fieldcraft all enter into the training of the reserve army soldier. His week-end trips teach him to look after himself in the open, to subject himself to the discomforts of sleeping in the open, on a wet, cold autumn night, and to keep himself in the best physical condition that he may capably and efficiently do whatever he is called upon.

Another phase of the training deals with driving and maintenance. Units are now supplied with platoon trucks, of the twelve hundred weight class, some units with motorcycles, and eight hundred weights. The men are instructed along the proper lines and are periodically examined by army examiners from the various district headquarters, before obtaining their standing orders.

While the training hours are of necessity shorter than those of the active army, the work done in this limited amount of time is valuable, not only to the war effort, or to the unit, but to the individual himself, who while too young to "go Active," can get enough training to make him army conscious and all the more willing to do his share.



Today there are in B.M.A. many young men who will graduate to-morrow as officers in the Canadian Active Army and who got their chance, because they were interested enough in their future to put a little spare time into a project that is paying big dividends, the Canadian Reserve Army.

While all this equipment and other facilities for excellent training are accessible to the young men of Canada, the training could not be successfully carried out, were it not for the many officers, senior N.C.O.'s in the reserve who so willingly give their time and efforts, and officers who have already had their turn, back in 1914-18. These officers have retained their interest in the army to the extent that they have generously given up civilian positions and have been trained in modern methods of warfare. They are now capable of leading men and instructing them to be soldiers that can once again conquer a cunning, bold and ruthless enemy, whose one idea is to destroy all the principles of freedom.

## DE ST. JEROME A BROCKVILLE

### Paroles célèbres:

—La 13e promotion de St.-Jérôme ferme maintenant ici la "Love Company". Il va sans dire que nous préférerons cette nouvelle appellation. C'est de meilleur augure et tellement plus évocateur.

—Quel poète a dit: "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" Et à quel personnage célèbre doit-on la célèbre boutade: "Que d'eau! Que d'eau!"

Telles étaient en tout cas les deux expressions les plus célèbres à notre arrivée ici.

—Premiers mots de bienvenue entendus sur le quai de la gare de Brockville: "Double up on your markers!" Et puis, peu après: "To your respective vehicles, double march" Et depuis ce jour-là la vie continue au rythme accéléré qui caractérise si bien le camp de Brockville.

—Du nouveau pour les gars des pays d'en haut. "Fall in gentlemen please!"

### Choses et souvenirs mémorables:

—Les décorations de M. Boulard. Les sautes d'humeur de notre ancien sergent-major. La taille de Dubé. La voix de

Plante. La moustache de Drouin. La pipe de Beaugrand-Champagne. La mique de Houle. La soif de Vigneault. La présence dans nos rangs du sergent-major Des Groseilliers. L'effectif de la "Purple Army" (9). Prière de le tenir bien secret à l'intérieur pour ne pas trop faire rigoler l'ennemi.

—Le comble de l'impertinence: interrompre une scène d'amour au cours d'une excursion en traîneau en poussant des grognements de petit goret: "Oint! Oint!"

### Les gaités de l'entertainment:

—Instructeur: "Dans les camps de l'armée britannique, on hisse le drapeau au lever du soleil et on l'abaisse au coucher du soleil. Candidat B . . . : "Pardon, monsieur, je croyais que le soleil ne se couchait pas sur l'empire britannique."

—Instructeur: "Pour décontaminer une paire de bottines atteintes par un gaz vésicant, faites tremper pendant une heure environ dans de l'eau à 60° F. (Il est préférable de se déchausser au préalable.) Faites ensuite tremper dans de l'eau à 125° F. Puis faites sécher sur des formes, loin de toute source de chaleur trop vive. Lorsqu'elles seront bien sèches, vous pourrez les jeter aux rebutts car elles seront devenues tout à fait inserviables et même méconnaissables."

### La devise du camp:

"Qui nocent docent." Veux dire littéralement: "Ceux qui nuisent enseignent" et de là par simple transposition: "Les instructeurs sont importuns". En ajoutant un "s" au mot "nocent" on obtient le mot "noscent" (du verbe "noscer" savoir). La devise veut alors dire: "Ceux qui savent, enseignent" ou en français plus classique "Enseigne qui sait". Faudra-t-il modifier la devise du camp? Pourquoi pas? Ne serait-ce que par respect pour le personnel enseignant, et pour le latin

L'INDISCRET.

### Hommage au Commandant.

Dans le recul du Temps, les Hommes et leurs Actes  
Résistent à l'Oubli, lorsqu'ils ont fait des pactes  
Avec la Compétence, et que leur haut Savoir  
N'a jamais reculé devant quelque Devoir.  
Vous êtes notre Chef, vous êtes notre Maître;  
Par votre autorité, vous nous faites renaître,  
Quand vous faites de nous des chefs pour l'Avenir,  
Et pour les grands succès que nous voulons venir.

Votre vie est une livre où les pages écrites  
Au stylet du Devoir, nous fournissent, inscrites,  
Les leçons du soldat qui, parti dans le rang,  
Devient par son mérite, Officier Commandant.

Et vous avez compris notre âme encore française  
Qui sait se marier à la puissance anglaise,  
De sorte que demain, nous tous, nous aimant mieux,  
Célébrerons ensemble un jour Victorieux.

Dans le rayonnement de cet anniversaire,  
Vos enfants du Québec, apportent à leur père,  
L'hommage de leurs voeux, de leur sincérité,  
De leur reconnaissance et de leur amitié.

Ce 4 Mar., '43.

## PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

There is a lot to be said for knowing the right way to rescue a soldier out of a well.

The other night me and my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith had got a pass away from camp and was downtown making the rounds of the pretzel circuit with Pvt. Phineas McFiddle, the invisible yardbird who lives in the G.I. can at the guard house. We had just slipped out the side door at Gus Anastopolos' saloon when we heard a noise coming out of a well in the yard.

"Lookit," I says. "Somebody has fell down the well."

"What do you think we ought to do?"

"I know," says Stinky Smith. "We ought to boil the water or throw in one of them chlorine pills."

"Yes, but first I think we should rescue the guy," says Phineas.

"That is right," ays Stinky, "but we got to do it scientific."

So we all went back into the saloon and had another beer.

"I think we ought to use a ladder," says Phineas.

"I think we ought to use a pole with a hook on the end," says Stinky.

"I think we ought to use a rope," says Phineas.

"I think we ought to have another beer," says Stinky.

So we all had another beer.

After we had sat there a while, Gus comes up and asks if there is anything else we want.

"Yeah," says Phineas. "We would like to borrow a ladder."

"Or maybe a long pole with a hook on the end," says Stinky.

"Or maybe a rope," says Phineas.

"You can bring them with our next beer," says Stinky.

So Gus looks around and pretty soon he comes back with three beers and a 10 foot step-ladder and the rope he uses to lower kegs into the basement. We finish off the beers and then go out in the yard where the well is.

"I think this guy has beat it," says Stinky. "I hear gurgling."

"No, I think he is still there," says Phineas. "I don't hear nothing."

So Phineas McFiddle gets the ladder in one hand and starts lowering it down into the well.

"This is as far as I can let the ladder down," says Phineas. "It is awful dark down here and I still don't see nothing or feel nothing."

"Maybe you are just a foot or so from bottom," says Stinky. "Maybe if you let go of the ladder it would hit bottom right away."

So Phineas lets go of the ladder. For a long time nothing happens, then there is a thud and a splash and a groan.

"That sure is a deep well," says Phineas.

"I never thought the ladder was any good," says Stinky. "Let me try the rope. I think I can lasso him."

So Stinky Smith swings the rope

around a few times and pretty soon he tells us to pull. Me and Phineas hauls on the rope while Stinky looks down the well.

"Did you get anything?" asks Phineas.

"Yeah," says Stinky. "I got the ladder."

"That is pretty good," says Phineas. "I imagine Gus will be glad to hear that. However, I think you ought to try agin."

So Stinky Smith fishes around some more, and pretty soon he tells us to pull on the rope again. Me and Phineas start pulling.

"We got the guy this time, all right," says Stinky. "I can hear his skull scraping against the side of the well."

So we keep on pulling and pretty soon a guy's head and shoulders come up over the edge of the well.

"Boy, he sure is banged up," says Stinky. "I guess the ladder must have hit him."

"Let me look," says Phineas, moving over. Then all of a sudden he bends down and looks at the guy's arm.

"Holy smoke, this is terrible!" says Phineas. "This here guy is a military police!"

"So it is," I says. "You can see his arm-band with M.P. on it."

"Oh, well," says Stinky, cutting the rope and letting the guy drop back into the well, "it was good practice anyway."

O.C. David R. McLean,  
Miami Beach, Fla.



A GOOD CROSS-SECTION OF THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY

S/Sgt. Livingstone  
S/Sgt. Beresford  
C.S.M. Ducker

S/Sgt. Johnson

### OUR SCOTCH DEPARTMENT.

A Sergeant in the Camerons married an actress. He was discussing his bride's merits with his mother.

"Can she sew and cook and dae the hoose-work?" demanded the mother.

"No," said Jock, "she canna."

"What can she dae then?"

"Oh, mither, she's a grand singer."

"A singer, you silly fule. Why did ye no buy a canary?"

### SCOTCH SWING.

A deaf old Scotswoman carried her ear trumpet to church. A sexton, unfamiliar with such newfangled devices, leaned over her and whispered, "One toot and you're oot."

### A SCOTCH PROVINCE.

A class in Aberdeen was asked by the teacher, "Where is the country they call England?"

One bright lad put up his hand and said: "Please, sir, ma feyther says there isna sic' a country. England is jist the name o' the southern paart o' Scotland!"

### ENCORES.

The war was over. Hitler's death had finished it. And the corporal who had helped to lay well and truly the body underground was describing the scene.

"The Germans put the coffin down twenty-five times," he said.

"Twenty-five times!" echoed his listeners. "What for?"

"Encores," said the corporal.





## COME GO NOW MAN

By LIEUT. P. S. CASTAGNE  
(Trinidad, B.W.I.)

The above title may sound screwy to you—maybe it is—who knows? So many peculiar things are baffling to me these days! Think the whole world is nuts. Walking on ice, breathing smoke, getting up the sun shines but you can't feel it, when the moon is shining bright to go for breakfast—going—oh, well—perhaps I had better start from the beginning.

Sometime ago, in the dim and distant past, January 4, A.D. 1943. I was enjoying Christmas holidays, on a sunny beach in Trinidad, B.W.I. Not a care in the world, when an urgent message told me I was on 12 hours' notice to leave for Canada.

Before I could collect my wits, I was on a ship in the middle of the Caribbean Sea. This ship, by the way, bears no resemblance to any other ship I've seen either in looks or behaviour. Its motion on a calm sea makes Carmen Miranda's dancing look like straight laced 17th century stuff, and in rough weather, any feminine invitation would drive the Hayes office straight into a home for the mentally strained.

After a few hours, 480% to be exact, we saw the statue of Liberty, and to make sure we would remember every curve of this beautiful edifice, we were left a few hundred yards from it for 30 odd hours. How I long to see that statue again.

We eventually got ashore and were driven and rushed all over New York, from here to there, back again, to and fro, back and forth, and then we sat down in a train bound for Canada to try to catch our breath, some 36 hours after (whew, what a time).

As I mention New York, may I ask this humble question? Why does everyone in N. Y. and Canada rush around as though they're trying to catch up with to-morrow? They're always in a hurry to catch???

Well, we arrived in the aforementioned Canada and from the enclosed and HEATED comfort of a Pullman, the snow looked BEOOOTIFUL. We stopped at Brockville, and I stepped straight into 25 degrees below zero.

I was too cold to think. I kept looking down as I felt sure I had forgotten to dress, but no, my two woollen vests, three sweaters, woollen shirt, battle dress, scarf, greatcoat were still there. My knees knocked, teeth chattered. I tried to speak three or four times to the station master and he looked away embarrassed, thinking how sad it was to stutter as badly as I. (Incidentally, I don't stutter.) This was February 9th, A.D. 1943, 3.30 p.m.

It is now March 15th, 10 p.m., 34 days, 6½ hours have gone and I'M STILL COLD. The next guy who asks me if I'm cold I'm going to shoot, so help me.

I now know the meaning of a cold stare, the words froze on his lips, cold shoulder and every time I hear Huptwo-three, I harbour thoughts ranging from suicide to mass murder.

If you should ask me a question or wave to me, and don't receive a smile, or wave, or answer, please don't think ill of my manners. It's just that it takes some time to get any part of me to react to my will. (By the way, is anti-freeze poisonous?).

Before closing though, I would like to say, in all seriousness, that the warmth of the hospitality of the people of Brockville and the reception given us by all at B.M.A. has made it possible to withstand all that old man winter threw at us. Thank you, Canadians.

### THE NEW QUOTA.

My brother, you are but a candidate  
And a new one to Brockville, remember  
that;  
Stear clear of the dice, and the weed  
tobacco,  
And all those spirits brewed in a vat.  
Fall not prey to the smile of the pretty  
girls,  
Remain to their wiles, chill and mute,  
For they'll lead you to go to dances  
And places of ill-repute.  
Leave the cards, liquor and women,  
Who will leave you soon for another.  
Remember, leave them, leave them all,  
Leave them all to me, please, brother!

## LETTRE DU CADET JEAN MANGE A MISS EATMORE

Par SGT. L.G.G.

Dear Miss:

Je te écrire still tout remué par last night, quand nous avons rencontré à Manitonna Hotel. It was 0000 hour dans my heart quand je te saw behind cover derrière ton table. Quand je mouvai mon centre de gravité, later on, moi t'avoir vue uncovered. I then put my boussole at the North. The application of fire de mes yeux avoir pris South and North of Arc. Je t'avoir garroché harmonisation of sight in the ondulated ground de tes slopes féminines. Knowing mon "fille-crassé," je avoir pris good approach, par derrière you. Mon song avoir freezé. Je alors avoir jonglé entre quoi faire et quoi pas faire, ou d'un reconnaissance patrol ou d'une stalking tank harbour. At least, I decided to appoint moi-même as a scout. Je continua mon individual stalk so proche and so proche that I smelt you. It was not choking, ni Arthur. Je began to avoir envie, mais je retenus moi, de te embrasser. Mais je sortis mon packet of smoke, et enlevant le cap, je t'avoir cerclée de fumée pour toi ne pas voir l'ennemi, in single file. Je avoir, tu remember, commencé à talker d'affaires douces; avoir sorti mes belles paroles; moi aimer tout in you, tes eyes profonds comme le bore de mon rifle; tes fingers, agiles comme un tracer; ton nez, utile comme un piston post; ton bouche sweet comme du desert; ton marche d'oiseau; et puis tout; et puis tout.

Le attack-surprise avoir eu bonnes results. Je te avoir embrassé comme une fol, clockwise et anti-clockwise pendant que in my heart, l'écho dire et redire: Airheart action. Ça été good; ce avait taste of magpie.

Je arreter ici, parce que A/I vient me checker et moi ne pas vouloir me faire pogner par lui depuis que moi te connaît. Quand je te reviens, moi essaye que ce etre plus long avec you.

Ton sniper,  
Jean Mange.

## TIRED? HUNGRY?

### Tested Quality Donuts

A REAL QUICK ENERGY FOOD—  
BUY THEM AT YOUR CANTEEN  
AND ENJOY THEIR GOODNESS!

SEE THEM  
MADE!

EAT THEM  
HOT!

## ADMINISTRATION

(Continued from page 28)

very short space of time you are satisfied because the job has been done.

On paper these jobs sound easy but would you like to take the "field engineering" course (Admin. style) in the throes of winter? Through four feet of frost Serjeant Gray, his pipe and his commandos battle with pick and shovel to lay our life-line of communication, the sewer-pipe. Would you like to do that?

"An Army lives on its stomach" said the "Little Corporal" and even in these days of rationed victuals, what soldier has gone hungry at O.T.C.? But food does not drop on the table like rain on the river. There must be perfect organization behind what we familiarly call messing. Meals must be on time and the job is not done if food is cooked for only 1,500 when there are 2,000 hungry mouths to feed. So a water-tight organization has been set up with the cosmopolitan S/Sgt. Amman "Chief Cook and Bottle-Washer," in command. Under him are a host of bakers, butchers, cooks, waiters and civilian help, all working hand-in-glove just as the soldier in the field.

Do you remember ever complaining about food at your home? Of course you have, perhaps more than your wife or mother appreciated and more than likely you have heard other complaints at the same table. Think what it must be to feed 2,000 every day, wouldn't you think there would be all manner of complaint? But seldom are vocal chords raised to give complaint in any of the Messes, whether it be the Officers', Candidates', Serjeants' or Men's Mess.

But there is no Wedgewood in any of the Messes and so to find room for complaint "Serjeant, this fork has a spot of egg on it, this plate is cracked." We draw a comparison between the offending plate, and the mentality of the complainant.

Another phase of Administration work is the Central Warehouse under direction of Lieut. Staniforth and it is through this unit that all purchases are made that do not come through regular army channels. When you see ice cream on your menu next Sunday, remember that it was bought through the Central Warehouse.

When you get your hair cut at the Camp barber shop next time remember if Administration were not on the job you would have to troop down town to have it done. And if your boots need resoling, if Admin. were not operating

you would have to rely on the awl of the shoemaker down in Brockville.

"The Better 'Ole" is another institution of Administration. "Walk upstairs and Save Ten" was an old familiar slogan.

That slogan might well be adopted by "The Better 'Ole" for many a penny has been saved to Candidates and Staff by purchases there since its opening in December. The Kit Shop carries practically everything imaginable nad thanks to Administration practically on a cost basis. And the Coffee Bar, how welcome that institution has been, what that shack means before crawling in between the quilts needs no elaboration here. To Sgt. Cameron in the Kit Shop and Sgt. Monger in the Coffee Bar, we say "you are doing grand work."

Now to branch off to another Wing of Administration. The landlord, shall we say, of the Officers' Mess, the man who keeps track of batmen so that officers' buttons may shine and their shoes glister, that is Lieut. R. H. Holmes, M:M: When the Officers want to have a spread, say at Christmas, the man who is called upon is Mr. Holmes and what a happy function it is. The Feast of Belshazzar has nothing on a Staff Officers' Mess Dinner and in this connection Sgt. Kingsley and Sgt. Amman and their staff must be given the credit.

We mentioned Administration Orderly Room before but not in detail, so a few words now. In their regular run of work is the receiving and issuing of all orders, indents, and requests that we want. They record all candidates and sub-staff by rooms, huts, etc., and arrange all transportation for whomever may see fit to travel, whether at his own request or higher authority.

And the Accounting Office, another unit of Administration, the office that keeps track of all accounts, such as Mess Accounts and the Regimental Institute Account, Central Warehouse. This is handled by Lieut. L. M. Nelson.

Administration is responsible for your mail, and do you realize how much mail goes through the Post Office under the direction of Sgt. G. J. Perrin,—a rough average of 4,000 letters and 800 lbs. of parcels a day, with it increasing daily. Another job being well done by Administration.

But there is another group of workers under Administration that calls for special commendation. When recently you visited any of the many offices around the Centre were you not surprised to see a petite young lady wait on you and others busily engaged typing out letters and documents. When you had your dinner in your mess last night were not the

COMPLIMENTS OF W. B. REYNOLDS COAL COMPANY

**AT EASE! Gentlemen!**

We understand your needs and appreciate your patronage.

**CURRY'S DRUG STORE**

54 King St. West

Compliments of **THE COPLAND BOOK STORE**

## The New York Cafe

LOR LEIP & CO.  
Proprietors

The Largest Chinese-American  
Cafe in the St. Lawrence  
Valley.

KING STREET WEST  
Dial 962

waitresses a happy reminder of dinner  
at home? More plaudits to Adminis-  
tration.

And why should so important an unit  
of Officers' Training Centre be so little  
in the limelight? When the palm leaves  
are being handed out some shiny day in  
the near future, may you all cast your  
eyes down and give a silent prayer of  
thankfulness for this grand silent De-  
partment.

### FOREIGN COOKING.

Officer: (to Tommy applying for job as  
cook in Officer's Mess). "So you used to  
be a chef. Ever do any foreign cooking?"

Tommy: "Oh, yes sir, every day I did  
Brussels-sprouts and Spanish onions."

Telephone 3567

*Sait's  
Bakery*

THE BUN SHOP

QUALITY PRODUCTS

BREAD CAKES PASTRY

31 King Street West

BROCKVILLE

ONTARIO

## A. I. SCHOOL

(Continued from page 24)

special subjects, ordinarily not handled by Assistant Instructors.

The first month is devoted to the Candidates thoroughly digesting the course in general. The emphasis is placed on letter-perfect weapon training and foot drill. Experienced N.C.O.'s to begin with, the start of their second and final month finds these men at a peak of efficiency in the common-to-all-arms subjects which they will have to teach.

In the second month, under strict supervision, the candidates give mutual instruction in the curriculum they have just completed. Speed, voice control and squad discipline are carefully coached, and individual teaching faults ironed out by the School staff, especially chosen for this task. Worked into the final month are special periods, calculated to give the men a fundamental working knowledge of Military Law and Map Reading.

The final week is one of Weapon T's O.E.T. and written tests. This is the crossroads of the platoon. Those qualified are posted to the Centre as Assistant Instructors; a few must repeat a month, others are returned to their units as unfit for this type of work.

Enlarged to over Company strength, and its training restricted by lack of accommodation at the "Farm," it became necessary to find a new home for the expanding School. With the whole-hearted co-operation of the Brockville Rifles it was installed five months ago in the City Armouries. With its own kitchen and sub-staff, it is entirely a self-subsisting unit.

It is apparent that such a set-up calls for a special type of administration and control. Succeeding Captain Gendron,

Captain Maxted, well known for his work in the Centre, was given the position. With all the attributes of an R.C.R. Officer, plus a few of his own, he has added greatly to the spirit and success of this venture. He instituted a four class system to replace the former two, to allow for more particular selection and training. Many refinements are worked into the system from week to week that guarantee a rising quality of A/I.—which of course is the whole object in the first instance.

Beyond question, the School will continue to add considerable weight and completeness to the Officer Training programme. And more, its success is yet another tribute to the work of Colonel Gregg, V.C., M.C., whose name will live forever with all who had the privilege to know and work for him.

### HORROR TALE.

Nazi military experts have exhumed Greek mythology to alibi the pasting they're taking in Russia this Winter.

The Monday-morning quarterback of the Brussels Zeitung, after groaning that "exhaustion of Russia appears impossible," drags in Euripides with this crusher:

"Last year's phenomenon has been repeated in supernatural fashion and the Russian Hydra again regrows its severed head. The horrifying tales of last Winter still ring in our ears."

Next week: Dracula and the Seven Dwarfs.

### JUST THE MAN

Sergeant: "Any of you men got a dirty uniform?"

Private (hoping for a new uniform): "Yes, sergeant, look at me . . ."

Sergeant: "You'll do. Report to-morrow morning at 6.30 for coal-shovelling."

## HOW IT WAS AND IS WITH THE ENGINEERS

(Continued from page 19)

seen to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the dying echoes of the five-star-final from "Hut 28".

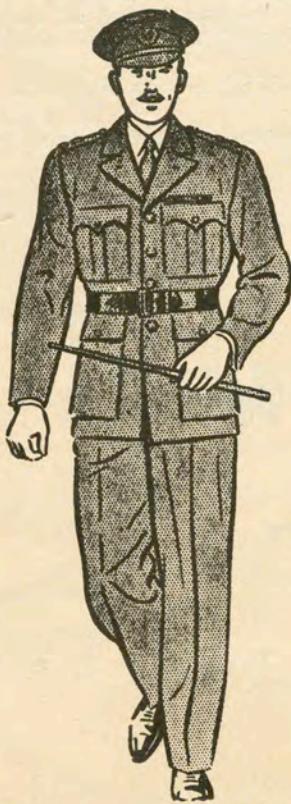
The foregoing more or less colourful tapestry is presented merely as a fitting background on which to display the gleaming facets of the jewels of improvement that have been bestowed upon the Engineer Wing in the past year. These gems are neither flashy nor many, but are large and enduring.

The emphasis has passed from the training of the feet to that of the head. The Engineer uses his pencil more than his boots, although these are not allowed to stiffen even now. His brain receives some violent exercise, often into the small and not so small hours, and some attempt is made by an adequate number of instructors to put into some useful furniture in the way of up-to-date and practical information. He still "beefs" of course, about having too much to do in too little time, and we agree with him; but time will not stretch. He still struggles with lecturettes, and his fellows suffer with him, but in doses small enough to stomach. His program of training is adequately planned and carried out with a minimum of dislocation. Changes of instructors periodically bring new aspects and approaches to the different subjects, and his questions can be answered with a greater weight of accumulated opinion. He is helped over the hard spots and urged to his best efforts in the stretches; knows where he stands each week and is free to criticize and suggest. We think he is a better officer than his earlier predecessors.

## A UNIFORM SERVICE OF PROVEN MERIT

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT THE SMART APPEARANCE  
OF OUR UNIFORMS

Tailored-to-Measure and Ready-to-Wear, Extra Quality, All Sizes Carried in Stock.



NEW STYLE UNIFORMS .....	\$51.00 and up	BROADCLOTH SHIRTS .....	\$2.75
GREAT COATS—Regulation English Meltons. Priced from .....	\$50.00 to \$52.50	KHAKI SOCKS OR TIES .....	55c to \$1.00
YOUR CHOICE OF SHIFFER-HILLMAN OR SMART SET BRAND CLOTHES		SLATER OXFORDS OR BOOTS .....	\$8.50 to \$11.90
OFFICERS' TRENCH COATS .....	\$19.50	STRIDER OXFORDS .....	\$6.90 to \$9.00
SAM BROWN BELTS .....	\$5.50	RITCHIE SHOES .....	\$5.90 to \$7.00
WHIPCORD OR BARATHEA FORAGE CAPS .....	\$5.50	KHAKI SLACKS .....	\$2.50
Wedge style .....	\$3.98	HAVERSACKS .....	\$5.00

## DOYLE'S STYLE SHOP

Store Open for Your Convenience TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS

Opposite the Capitol Theatre

Telephone 2517

148 King Street West, Brockville

## WELFARE

(Continued from page 27)

should be. Those in charge provided a good skating and hockey rink, but old King Winter plus the needs of evening parades, made it difficult to obtain satisfactory results. Volley Ball, Basketball and Badminton all were affected by the needs of "Training" and the lack of space, but in spite of this situation the hope still persists that Recreation and Training may be gotten together one of these times so that Recreational Training will emerge on the syllabus, for the good of all. A few parades per week, combined for a Wednesday afternoon, seems to be the answer. Wasn't there a very wise remark about "The fields of Eton" and the "Battle of England". It's food for thought.

The K. of C. Supervisor is making an "effort" to organize Sports and Games, both in the hut and elsewhere. There will be Boxing soon. And, speaking of the K. of C., the movies which they show in the camp are good, clean entertainment and appreciated by all ranks. Efforts are being made to continue these in the Drill Hall.

The patriotic citizens of Brockville have an organization known as the Brockville Auxiliary War Services Committee. They have shown their desire to provide services to the troops with "Hospitality House" on Victoria Avenue. (Read the Red Book). They are at this moment completing splendid club rooms over the Dominion Stores on King Str. These will provide a home away from home for all other ranks. Then too, the same committee organizes and furnishes partners if desired for candidates fortnightly dances in the Brockville Collegiate. The boys appreciate and enjoy them. These down-town services help to break the grind of training.

Brockville has a typical St. Lawrence River climate, and many Summer cottages along the shores and on the islands testify to the popularity of outdoor life in Season. Treasure Island, in the river, just off St. Lawrence Park, has been loaned to O.T.C. for the duration. There may be spent delightful evenings or week-ends when off duty. Preference is given to candidates who reside so far

away that a week-end leave it too short a time to reach home and return. The swimming is excellent—in the Summer.

Possibly the greatest concentrated "effort" and of greatest moment to the Candidates at the time, is the Graduation dance, which is held on the Friday evening previous to Graduation. Despite the lack of space, the Candidates Mess and "A" Kitchen are joined by tarpaulin tunnels and up to five hundred couples—the graduates of the morrow—the Staff Officers and their lovely ladies, lend charm and beauty to a memorable evening, commencing with the Reception held by our Commandant, Col. M. F. Gregg V.C., M.C., and his guests, and ending with the traditional supper in the wee sma hours. Each graduating class works out its own unique scheme of decoration and the converted dance-hall is a tribute to the hard work of the Committee. Not the least interesting are the many clever and amusing cartoons which panel the walls—the work of those whose ability runs to sketching. Many a staff officer or expert in training, on entering the Ball Room, finds his cartooned face and figure adorning an eight foot panel, and the humour is, to say the least "subtle" but nevertheless "friendly".

The Sub-staff, those hard-working chaps, who do the real work in the Camp, have a Mess and Canteen in the South End. It is too crowded for comfort, but gives them, at least, a place of their own. At present, a fine new recreation building is being completed and one of these days the sub-staff will have a place of which to be proud and where there will be room and accommodation for their numbers. When that happens, the dining hall we be doubled. Meantime the odd concert, bingo and dance helps break the long evenings.

Officers, candidates, warrant officers and sergeants have messes, where they can forget the parades and instruction for a time. They're all overcrowded, but the sound of the hammer and the saw resound throughout the camp and there will be relief one of these days.

There's an official photographer whose work appears in this issue, also an official organist whose musical ability is greatly appreciated, especially on Sunday. Their work is still in the experimental stage and it is expected that their

duties will be enlarged for the benefit of all.

The Candidates have responded, one hundred per Sunday, to the call for voluntary Blood Donations to the Red Cross Clinic at the Brockville Collegiate. Their "effort" is particularly praiseworthy. Last month gold buttons were presented to some who had donated many times. One had a record of nine donations—no small performance and worthy of a medal. Truly that lad is a blood brother of heroes.

When Colonel Gregg took over this Officer's Training Centre, he inaugurated a system, whereby Liason Officers—one elected by each platoon or other unit—would interpret and bring to his attention their comrades suggestions on any matter affecting their respective units. This system has worked well and both "training" and "administration" have benefited. So have the Candidates. Their "efforts" are for the Welfare, not only of themselves, but others in classes to follow.

And, of course, there's the "effort" of the "Blitz" Committee, which produces this magazine. They do a good job in their spare time—and remember, they are constantly changing in personnel. Nothing stands still here—candidates come and go monthly. No one goes stale on a Committee and the "Blitz" improves with age. New ideas work together for good.

At the end of a week the Welfare Officer often wonders just what has been accomplished. It is hard to put on paper, but in spite of handicaps and disappointments, some things do get finished and others get started. We have tried to set out in this article some of the "efforts" of Welfare through Committees and organizations, but there are many, many individual and personal services, performed for all ranks. Little things, not to be written about, or even remembered, yet, in themselves services worthwhile, all coming under the definition of Welfare.

Welfare has no parades, no hours, and works best after others have been dismissed. Welfare acknowledges the assistance and co-operation of all ranks, in all branches of training and administration.

And now—Welfare says Farewell.

Daily Delivery 21 Perth St.

HONG TOY  
LAUNDRY

DIAL 2251

Montreal Glove Works

961 INSPECTOR STREET

MONTREAL

QUEBEC



PHONE  
**638**

**STORE HOURS**

9.00 a.m. to 6 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY:**

9.00 a.m. to 12.30 noon.

**SATURDAY:**

9.00 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

**UNIFORMS  
GREAT COATS  
TRUNKS and  
EQUIPMENT**



**CUT BY HAND**

Excellent woolens,  
authentically styled,  
at moderate prices.

**THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED**

# TO THE FUTURE OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES



(See Us at Sample Room No. 5, Manitonna Hotel)

Where a Special Showing of Officers' Service Dress Uniforms in Whipe cords,  
Baratheas and Great Coats are now on Display.



**TAILORED TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASURE**

Sample Room open 7.30 to 10 p.m.

Store open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until 9.30 p.m.

BUDGET TERMS IF DESIRED

# H. P. CONKLIN

Exclusive Dealer for Cambridge Clothes

56 KING STREET WEST

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

# SIMPSON'S MILITARY SHOP



Candidates in Brockville are invited to inspect Simpson's military display, Sample Room No. 3, in the Manitonna Hotel, where uniforms and accessories to the last detail may be seen.

## UNIFORMS

A wide range of British fabrics for uniforms and greatcoats — barathea, whipcords and summer tropicals, all officially approved materials from mills that customarily supply better class tailoring houses. Tailored to exacting standards, strictly in accordance with regulation pattern. Drill uniforms may be obtained in stock sizes.

You can place complete confidence in Simpson's Brockville representative in regard to correct dress for your unit.

## ALL-WEATHER COATS

An excellent range of trenchcoats for army officers, including many imported coats from famous London tailoring houses. Double-duty weights, in sturdy Egyptian yarns.

## BOOTS AND SHOES

of fine, serviceable quality.

## ACCESSORIES

Sam Browns, forage caps, shirts and ties.

*Simpson's*