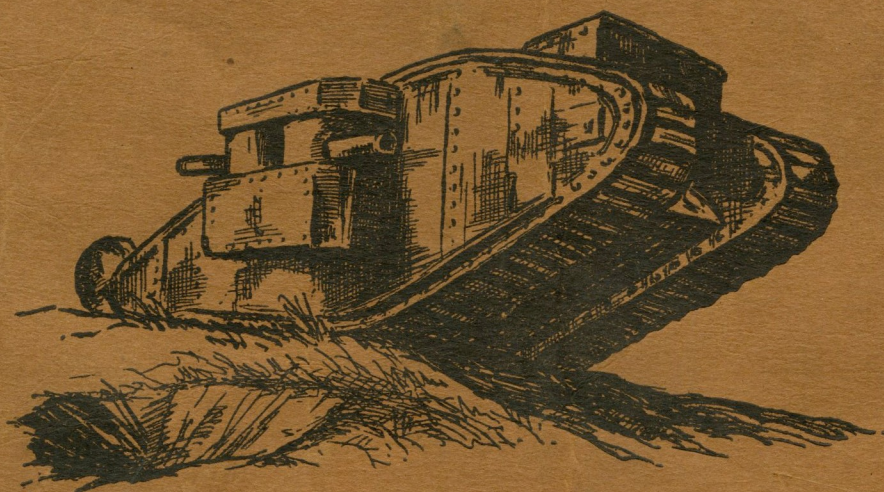
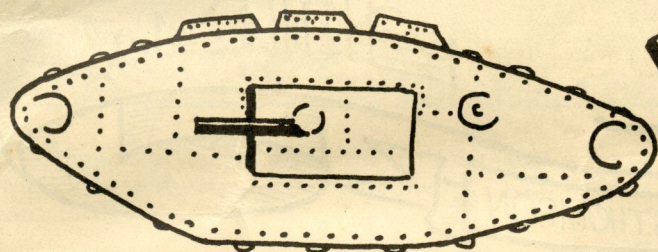


THE TANK

CANADA



Official Organ
Canadian Armoured Corps



the **TANK** CANADA

No. 9

Camp Borden, Ontario, July, 1941

Vol. 1

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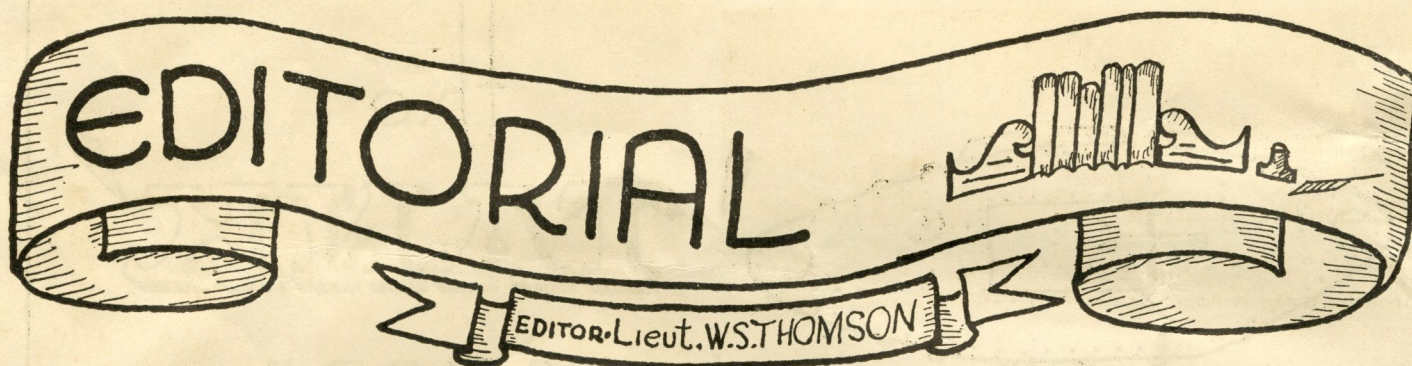
We are prone to think almost exclusively of the need for ships, planes, tanks, ammunition, etc., as the prerequisites of victory. That is natural. That, however, isn't the whole story. We think you'll go along with Vern McAree, Globe and Mail columnist, in his article, "Hope and Faith are Dynamic of Victory," on page 8.

The personal experiences and impressions of individuals are most important in compiling a war history. Invaluable, then, are such articles as, "An Interlude in the Campaign in Norway," by an Indian Army Officer. See page 7.

"Rolling Terror," by our own J. Winchcombe-Taylor, continues on page 4. And herewith our congratulations to the author on his promotion to the rank of Major.

Unit news contains the usual scoops from snoops among the troops.

And that, with the usual features, is your Tank for July.



All-Out War -- For Everybody

Story has it that Dr. Goebbels called on Adolf one fine day, and, in conversation, was guilty of the statement that the Jews are really and actually smarter than the Germans. Adolf, of course, couldn't be expected to agree; and said so in no uncertain terms. "Come with me," said the noble doctor, and down the street they went together. Presently they entered the shop of a German merchant. "Have you any left-handed tea-cups?" said the propaganda minister. "Sorry, Herr Doktor," said the merchant, "but I never heard ov dem." So they went further down the street, and called in at another store. The doctor asked again for some left-handed tea-cups. "Mine dear Doktor," said the German, "we have never had anything like that. I never saw any in my live." Out they went, and down the street, where they discovered a Jewish vendor, still doing some business at the old stand. "Have you any left-handed tea-cups?" asked Goebbels. "Mine friend, are you lucky? I should say you vas. Oi, Oi, I just have vun dozen only left in mine shelves." So they bought the tea-cups and went out. "There you are, Adolf," said Paul Joseph, "that proves what I said." "Can't see it," said Adolf, "he just happened to have them, that's all."

And Adolf is a true German type. For a long time now, the nation's leaders have been pouring out the dope about the superiority of the German people over all others. For so long, in fact, that they have become convinced that it is true. Adolf was only running true to form in his failure to see the cunning of the Jewish merchant. The German has never been able to understand any other mind. It has been Herr Doktor Goebbels' job to convince all and sundry that Germany, despite "the unceasing labours of Britain to keep her under," is now invincible. "The New Germany" will not be defeated as was the case in World War I, he has said. And make no mistake about it, the German people, in the main, are behind the regime. We must never make the mistake of depending upon internal disruption to defeat this barbarous crowd. The German doesn't bother to think things through for himself. He follows, even as sheep do! Dictatorship is made that much easier with people like that. And we have them here—on this continent, and in this Canada of ours. Even here we have people—many of them, it's true, with nothing between their eyes and their dandruff—who think "the wave of the future" is barbarism, chaos, the concentration camp, despotism!

It hardly seems possible, in a war whose issues are so clearly defined, that there should be people here who fail to realize that, if we are to win, we must put everything we have into the struggle for our very lives. And yet there are those, in such great numbers, who still approach the whole problem in the same old lackadaisical way. Any man (we use the term in its general sense) who refuses to serve when he can serve; any person who refuses to make his fullest possible contribution to the war effort, is unworthy of a place here. Coercion shouldn't be necessary. Five hundred years ago, when the war-drums sounded, every young Indian automatically rallied to the cause. The defense of their women, children, and their homes, was then every man's responsibility. But of course, we're more civilized now! We might do with some more propaganda here—something to convince all who live and prosper under the protection of the Union Jack, that if Great Britain, up to now our first-and-last line of defense, should fall, there won't be anything else worth salvaging.

We have no room for those who fail to see this. There's no place for Nazi or Communist sympathizers—some of whom are being a little more bold recently because the country which took advantage of the European situation to enrich itself at the expense of little countries like stricken Poland, Finland, Rumania, Estonia, and Latvia, has now itself been attacked by Germany.

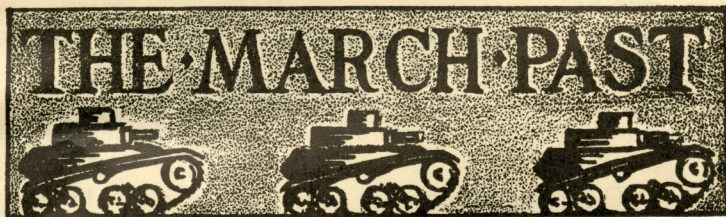
This is an all-out war, against all villainy everywhere. It's time for some dynamics here!

* * *

Copy of Orders issued by the Commander of an Australian Machine-Gun Section, and found in a pill-box at Passchendaele on its re-occupation:

1. This position will be held and the section will remain here until relieved.
2. The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this position.
3. If the section cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead; but in any case, IT WILL REMAIN HERE.
4. Should any man through shell-shock or any cause, attempt to surrender, he will remain here dead.
5. Should all guns be blown up, the section will use Mills grenades and other novelties.
6. Finally, the position will be held as stated.

The Australian Machine-Gunners, who had occupied the position, lay around, dead! (Published in Battle Training, in word and picture).



Suggested theme song for British short - wave broadcasts to Russia: "You made me love you; I didn't want to do it . . ."

* * *

"A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin';
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed—to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'."

* * *

Last issue we published something which was supposed to convey the idea of: "A little more flowers on the pathway of life; and fewer on graves at the end of the strife." Somebody—it may have been Yehudi—left out a word in the last line, and made it read: "And fewer graves at the end of the strife."

If we could only find the feller, we'd like to ask him if his idea is more cremations, or just don't bother to bury people.

* * *

We had intended to congratulate Major J. G. Perrigard, on his promotion to that rank, and that same Yehudi made it Perrigair. Gee, George, we're sorry!

* * *

The 6th Armoured Regt. (1H) are still proud possessors of the Cup for monthly sales of The Tank. Can't anybody beat them? Three months in a row!

* * *

The C.A.C.T.C. Concert Party was responsible for a program — its first — at a Red Cross concert benefit the other evening. Quite some favourable comment was heard. More will be heard and seen of these lads. And from the Group, here's a vote of thanks to Brigadier Wm. Dray, War Service Secretary of the Salvation Army, for providing a most useful piano.

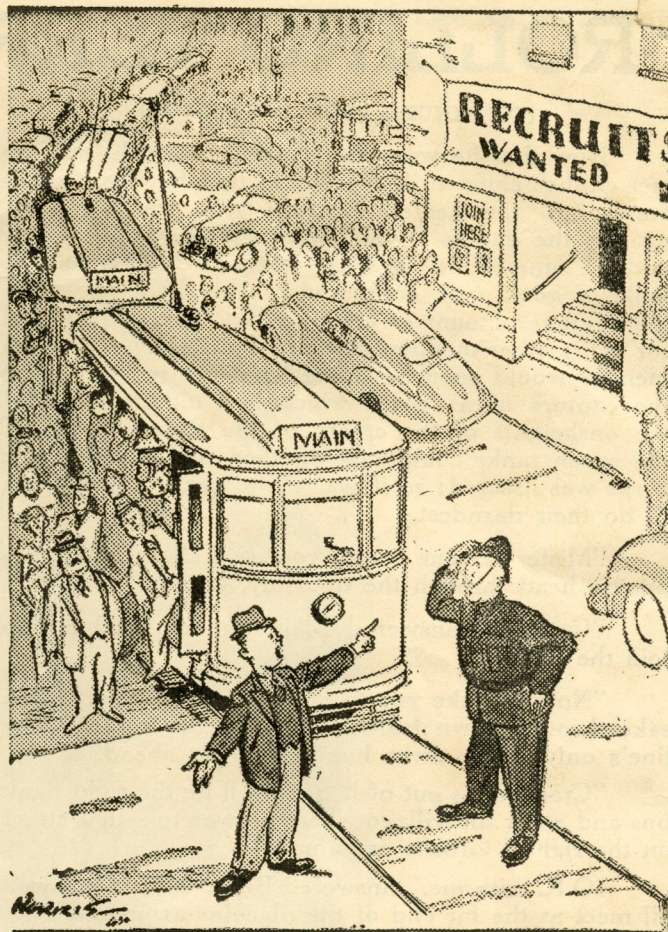
* * *

ADVICE OF AN OLD SOLDIER TO A RECRUIT

An old soldier—on the Training Centre staff—dug this out for us the other day. There's a lot of sound horse-sense in it!

'Tis no use a mopin'
An' bein' kinda lax
When troubles' got yer, Sonny,
Yer better face the facts.

'Tis no use a hopin'
That somethin' will turn up,
Yer only find, young soldier,
Yer fillin' sorrow's cup.



'All the motorman said was—"see you later boys—in the army!"'

When yer start a grousin'
'Cause yer up against it, mate,
Recall yer just a squaddy
An' can't control yer fate.

What yer told to do, lad,
Do with right good heart,
Remember, lad, yer British,
An' got ter play yer part.

I'll bet there'll be a time son,
Yer'll feel yer heart could burst,
But that's sweet nothin', Buddy,
The first two years are worst.

An' if a lass has fooled yer,
An' laid yer young heart bare,
Don't get turnin' "Bolshy"
'Twill land yer on the square.

An' when a bloke's a swankin',
Don't go gettin' vexed,
Yer a man an' don't forget it,
Just as good son, as the next.

But never cease a'smilin'
Keep heart true, good an' large,
When 'fore yer've done yer time, lad,
Yer'll be a bloomin' "Serge."—A.M.

"ROLLING TERROR"

— By —
MAJOR J. WINCHCOMBE-TAYLOR

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

Now that he was resting, Blair felt cold and his wet clothes clung to him icily, so that he was glad to crawl into the heated machine and warm himself against the engine covers. It was four o'clock now, and the time of his test was getting nearer. Would he make a good tank commander? He had, he knew, the average amount of courage, but tank work called for many other qualities as well. With a crew of seven men he would soon be doing his share in attempting the capture of a village which had hitherto resisted the onslaughts of the cream of the British army. If the seven tanks could take it, then the future of the corps was assured; so it was up to each one of them to do their darndest.

"Mister Greene wants you, sir!" Sergeant Smith put his head through the doorway.

"Coming," answered Blair, and climbed out to join the R.O.

"Now I'll take you to your place; only for God's sake throttle down from now on, because the Boche line's only about three hundred yards ahead.

"Crampton's out of it, so you'll be the right flank bus and enter the village where he was to—that street on the right," Greene explained.

"O.K. with me," answered Blair. "I suppose we'll all meet at the far end of the place as arranged?"

"Yes! Keep further to the right here, we've got to get on the other side of this wood. Slow up now; we'll have to crawl from now on because we're just behind the infantry support line!" Greene directed, and went forward, compass in hand, trying to peer through the darkness.

Another hundred yards or so and they halted at the edge of a small wood immediately in front of a support trench.

"What time do you make it, Greenie?" asked Blair, peering at his wrist watch.

The R.O. fumbled in his jacket pocket. "Thought you synchronized your watch before we started," he grumbled.

"I did," answered Blair, "but I want to be certain about it, it goes crazy sometimes. Besides, it got wet when I fell into that trench."

"It's sixteen minutes to five. The barrage will start at five-fifty and zero's at six sharp, so be ready to move off on the dot. All right? Then cheer ho! I'll come back later," said Greene and went back to the remainder of the company.

Blair, satisfied that his watch was correct and running, started into the fog ahead. Six o'clock was too early for a show at this time of the year, he decided. It wouldn't be dawn until a quarter past at least, and with the fog it would be just as bad as night even then.

He heard men moving up communication trenches from the support line, their equipment jangling against the walls of the muddy way. Manning the front line

ready for the show. Patrols would probably be out by now cutting the wire. He knew the procedure all so well; but this tank business was different.

The minutes crawled on. Once a stray bullet clanged against the side of the machine not a yard from where he stood talking to Sergeant Smith; and a little later a long distance shell came whining over to fall with a dull roar at the back of the little wood not seventy-five yards away. When all was quiet again, Blair fancied he heard a faint cry for help, and both he and the sergeant strained their ears to listen if it were repeated.

"Some poor blighter got it, I suppose, sir. If 'e 'as, there's plenty of the infantry ter look arter 'im," said the sergeant.

Blair nodded, his mind already on other matters. It was time now for Greene or Henderson or the major himself to come and give him his final instructions. He knew his part all right—it had been drilled into him for days past—but he did not know much about the route Crampton should have taken. Still, he'd find out.

"Wish the fog would lift," he said, half to himself. Smith nodded his agreement.

"Goin' ter be 'ard to see the 'Un trenches through this, sir," he commented.

Five-forty-five. In another five minutes the barrage would start. Already it was getting just a little lighter and the fog seemed to be thinning out.

Five-fifty-two. The barrage seemed late in starting. His watch was right by Greene's, too. It seemed wrong somewhere; but then, everything went wrong in an attack anyway.

"Start her up!" he ordered curtly. "But don't open out yet. We don't want Fritz to hear us until we're right on top of him."

"Rightho, sir," answered Smith, and climbed inside the machine. A field gun barked from somewhere behind, followed by a second and a third.

"There it goes!" said Blair, putting his head through the open doorway as the engine picked up and began to run smoothly. But the shelling stopped again, and scarcely a sound broke the stillness.

"Funny," he thought. There should be more guns firing by now. Perhaps Greene's watch had been wrong as well as his own.

Five-fifty nine!

Blair climbed into his seat on the left of the sergeant. "All right!" he called, his eyes on the hands of his watch. Smith nodded and lifted his foot from the clutch.

The Can Opener started forward with a jerk; the engine coughed, then settled down to business. Behind him Blair could just distinguish the forms of the remainder of the crew at their stations. All doors were locked from the inside, and all window flaps closed with the exception of the two in front. Blair's first tank attack had started!

—Please see page 8



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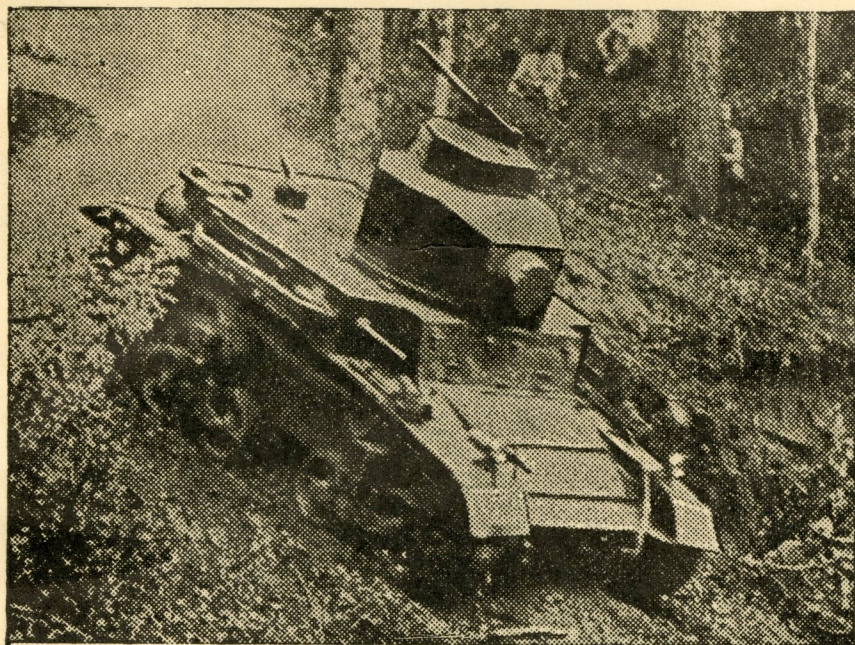
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An Interlude in The Campaign in Norway

BY AN INDIAN ARMY OFFICER

(Courtesy U.S. Infantry Journal)

Towards the end of April, 1940, twenty officers of the Indian Army received orders to report in Lahore immediately and from there to proceed to the United Kingdom by air. They were to "act as advisors to officers commanding battalions which might be required to operate in mountainous country." These officers assembled in Lahore on April 22, and from the fact that a large proportion of them were carrying fishing rods it was apparent that they were men of acute deductive ability!

Lahore brought an issue of gas masks and a lecture from an officer of Army Headquarters. At Karachi they embarked in a new Imperial Airways flying boat designed to carry seventeen passengers. Three extra seats had been installed in the luggage compartment aft, which was noisy, smelly and dark, and was soon given the name of "Black Hole of Cathay." "Cathay" was the airplane. It was changed for the "Champion" at Alexandria, and in this airplane the journey to London was completed.

The morning after arrival the twenty officers met General Massy and Brigadier Bruce who described the situation as it then was and explained the future intentions. The British forces had been evacuated from Namsos and Andalsnes, but operations for the occupation of Narvik were still continuing. The importance of Narvik is well known as an iron-ore port, though its future in German hands may disclose other uses for it. It was realized that the Germans would almost certainly continue their advance northwards, and it was the intention to harass their lines of communication by the adoption of guerilla tactics. For this purpose special independent companies had been formed, and five of them were ready for service. They were under the command of a colonel with a staff approximating that of a brigade. Each company was about 300 strong, all volunteers from different divisions. With the exception of some of the officers all were Territorials. The company included sappers, signals, and interpreters as well as infantry; it also had a support section of four Bren guns. It was divided into three platoons of three sections, each of the latter commanded by an officer.

In addition to the normal articles of clothing and equipment the men were issued Alpine rucksacks, snowshoes, arctic boots, leather jerkins, and sheepskin coats. The rucksacks proved to be extremely useful, but as no one knew how to use the snowshoes and there was insufficient transport for the sheepskin coats these were soon abandoned. A reserve of thirty days' rations and a special five-day mountain ration of pemmican, together with a SAA (small-arms ammunition) reserve of 100,000 rounds were also included in each company. The final gift towards independence was a large sum of English and Norwegian currency, which was to buy local supplies, and particularly to hire local transport.

The stated intention to use the Indian Army officers as advisors to battalion commanders was out of the question, as there were by this time few battalions left in Norway. They were used instead as attached officers to the independent companies. Eight were ordered to stand-by at twenty-four hours' notice; the rest were given one week's leave. Since only eighty pounds of kit had been allowed on the journey to Great Britain, the eight spent two busy days buying essential uniform and equipment, and enjoyed the novel experience of sending the bills to the India Office for payment. Had one stopped any of them in the street and asked him what he was doing, he would have replied: "What I've wanted to do for fifteen years."

On May 1 they received their summons to report on the following day. Here they met the commander of the Independent Companies and left with him the next evening, arriving on the Clyde the following morning. They found two ships from the Liverpool-to-Belfast run, which were to take them to Norway. They were comfortable enough, and to a schoolboy would have been heaven, because they had been requisitioned at such short notice that no refitting had been done. In consequence after a day or two water became so scarce that all washing was forbidden. No. 3 Company was in one ship, and Nos. 4 and 5 in the other. They sailed with an escort of four destroyers. The plan was for No. 3 Company to go straight to Bodo and secure that area, while Nos. 4 and 5 Companies landed farther south at Mosjoen and established contact with the Germans. Bodo was important as the chief port in that part of Norway, the seat of the local government, and the headquarters of the broadcasting company. It was also hoped to find ground in the vicinity suitable for the construction of a landing-ground. It was realized that until a landing-ground was made our force could have no air support, as the area of operations was beyond the range of fighter aircraft based at Harstadt.

The voyage was uneventful, and was spent in overhauling kits and studying maps of Norway. There was a constant stream of conflicting reports from London which could not be queried because wireless (radio) silence had been ordered. It was apparent that there were no British forces between the southern landing places and the Germans, so Nos. 4 and 5 Companies made plans for an opposed landing.

It is necessary here to consider the country. Norway is a delightful place in which to spend one's leave, but it is a nightmare for the conventional soldier who uses FSR as a background to his daytime thoughts. The coastline is covered by literally thousands of islands, and is broken by deep fjords which run miles inland; into these the mountains drop precipitously. Between Mosjoen and Bodo there is one main valley along which runs a metalled road, passable by motor transport once the snow has melted. This road crosses a high snowfield on the line of the Arctic Circle, which is between Mo and Bodo, and farther north it crosses

Hope and Faith Are Dynamic of Victory

By J. V. McAREE

(Copyright.)

Since the war began we have read many discussions upon the responsibilities and future of religion. It is agreed that the Christian Church has not been guiltless for all the troubles which have fallen upon us, and its adherents are determined that after the war another kind of Church will be built. We remember that the Malvern Conference adopted some drastic social resolutions as to the part religion must take in shaping the new world. And we think there is a general agreement that in future the Church must move actively, concerning itself in the everyday affairs of the average man. But to say that this spirit now exists is not to promise that it will continue to exist and be operative after the war. One of the curses of war is that it tends to drain all creative impulses but those useful in slaughter. After peace there comes a terrible languor in which noble purposes decay. It was so after the last war.

But it seems to us that we have seen in this war, more even than in the last, the need of tens of millions of people for some kinds of religion. Again and again we hear our spokesmen—Churchill, Roosevelt, King and others—speak as of one of our greatest perils the danger that man's right to worship as he sees fit will be taken from him if democracy goes down. They see it as a greater peril than that his right not to worship may be menaced. It is probably true that these rights begin to seem vitally important only when they are put in jeopardy. Ordinarily men's minds do not dwell on their religious rights or their right to follow their own consciences. But we think that the greatest religious revival in all history would be upon us if we believed deep in our hearts that our right to worship, no matter how faintly and infrequently exercised in normal times, was to be taken from us by force. This is probably a clumsy way of saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," which is an incontestable fact. What is threatened becomes precious, however much it may have been disregarded when it seems secure.

We have seen the operation of the religious instinct in the downfall of France, or rather in the abject acceptance of defeat by the Vichy government. Petain and others turned to religion, not for strength to resist, but for an excuse to submit. We have all been guilty of sins against God. We have failed in our duty as Christians. Our just punishment has now come upon us. Let us accept it in a spirit of repentance. No war was ever won by that spirit, but we do not doubt that it has been sincere, even if it has been exploited by the enemies of all religions. We admire more the attitude of the Russian clergy, who, despite terrible persecutions, now declare that it is the duty of all Russians to fight for their Government, atheistic and doomed to perdition though it may be. The detestation with which the average Christian regards the godlessness of the Soviets has not blinded him to the vital fact that today the Soviets are our ally, and that through the Soviets we may be helped to work out our own salvation.

It is one thing to sit down amid falling bombs and draw a carefully detailed picture of the kind of world we are going to build after the war. It is another thing to dream about it, and the dream may be the more helpful. We recall a couple of lines of Massfield's great war poem, August, 1914, in which he described the average commonplace Englishman who went off to battle:

"And died, uncouthly most, in foreign lands
For an idea but dimly understood,
Of an English city never built by hands,
Which love of England prompted and made good."

Such hope and faith may be a tremendous dynamic. Certainly it must help men to better endure the misfortunes of the moment if they believe that by enduring they are helping to bring into existence a better world, the New Jerusalem seen by Blake in "England's green and pleasant land." It is religious faith that gives many men this vision and this hope—not all men, it is true; but when we think of Cromwell's army, when we even think of how the Arabs die with their glazing eyes brightening on their Paradise, we cannot doubt the tremendous weight religious faith can throw into the scales of war.

It has been said that man is a religious animal, to distinguish him from the brutes which lack theological curiosities. What we see being demonstrated before our eyes is that religion may be as different as heaven and hell. The Soviets are supposed to have abstracted God from their lives and to have substituted communism. Hitler has sapped the Christian content from his dogmas, but he has not deprived his followers of a conquering faith. He has given them their old pagan gods, which, we must admit, have their own special potency in wartime. Look how the Nazis fight. We hope that the opium Lenin and Stalin have substituted for the Orthodox Greek faith has an equal power to move mountains. The Allies will have to match their spiritual exaltations to conquer them, and with something left over to build their own New Order.

* * *

"ROLLING TERROR"

—Continued from Page 4

Once over the British front line, he went forward cautiously, for No-Man's-Land was pitted with deep shell holes which made the going difficult, and filled with grim mementos of fierce fighting in the past.

By rights, even in this fog he should be able to see at least the nearest tank on his left, for the area of attack was small; but he could distinguish nothing. He did see, however, a mass of barbed wire many feet wide just ahead, and beyond it yawned a deep trench. No wonder the place had been impregnable.

The machine crashed onto the wire, smashing down stakes and grinding them into the earth. Obedient to orders, he told Smith to swing right and roll along it so as to make a gap for the infantry to go

—Please see page 9

"ROLLING TERROR"

—continued from page 8

through and also to allow his left gunners to fire at dim figures scuttling below ground.

He swung left again, and straddled the wide trench, while the gunners on both left and right raked it thoroughly. Once across, he went along the parados for some distance firing whenever a target presented itself.

This was something like! Blair began to feel important. He was one-seventh of the attack anyway. For, after all, the infantry were merely to follow up behind and consolidate the ground after the tanks had done the real work. Over on the left somewhere the six other busses would be smashing down wire and straddling trenches too. The barrage must be going hell for leather now, though the noise of the engine drowned any possible noise outside, and it was still too foggy to see the bursts.

Another trench was passed after it had been dealt with gently but firmly, and Blair could see low masses ahead which soon identified themselves as the ruins of houses. He was forced to swing away to the right to avoid them and to search for the street which would lead him through the village.

It was like playing blindman's buff until the first streaks of dawn began to lighten the sky, when he was able to scan the ground ahead, searching for the opposition which should have been developing. Its absence worried him. Perhaps the enemy were playing 'possum and waiting for him to pass so that they could shoot down the infantry.

He found the street, and the caterpillar tracks crunched ponderously on the paved roadbed. A little further in and the ruins were replaced by houses whose walls at least were still standing. The gunners fired with the two six pounders and the Lewis machine guns into all doorways that might lead down into fortified cellars and dugouts.

The place seemed entirely deserted until the Can Opener reached a street intersection; where, on passing the corner, Blair saw men running out of the houses and forming up in line. As the cumbersome machine swung towards them, these men remained irresolute as if awaiting orders, then began to break up and run for cover. But they had waited too long, and a hail of six pounder shells and M.G. bullets cut them down in rows.

Blair kept on moving and passed bodies lying to the left and right—some even were directly in the path of the machine, and in the narrow street it was impossible to swing aside.

Hardened though he was to the gruesomeness of war, the young American could not help shuddering as time after time the tracks would rise gently then

subside again as they passed over something which barely a minute before had been human.

But at last the enemy recovered from the surprise which seemed to have stunned them, and soon Blair and Smith had to snap down the flaps over their windows as bullet after bullet pinged against the toughened steel.

Then a grenade exploded, and at the report Blair felt a sharp contraction of his muscles; for he knew that the one great vulnerable spot in an old pattern tank like the Can Opener was the exhaust outlets on top, scantily protected by triangular cowls and fine wire mesh. More than one tank crew had been knocked out by some Heinie with initiative and courage who had climbed on top, smashed the net and cowls and dropped a grenade down the pipe.

"Ware bombs!" he yelled to his crew, and turned to look behind him in the small rectangular cab above his head. He opened a pistol slot and looked back along the roof of the machine.

Just in time! A helmeted figure was crawling up from the back, a stick bomb in his hand. The man pulled himself up onto his knees and tore at the mesh, already smashed by the first explosion, to make a larger hole.

Blair pushed the muzzle of his forty-five through the slot. The bomber was steadying himself to pull the detonating string and another man was climbing up from the back as he fired. The German staggered, fell, rolled onto the revolving right track and was hurled into the street below. The second man tried to point a light machine gun at the small pistol slot, but Blair fired first and he disappeared.

The American closed the slot and looked out in front again. By turning that corner to mop up the party of Boches he had gotten off his proper route, and, instead of working towards the northern end of the village, was cutting west across the paths of the other tanks. He decided to go back on his own beat, but as the streets were too narrow for turning, he was obliged to keep on and swing at street corners until he had gone around three sides of a square.

But he did not have it all his own way; for as he approached another corner, a hail of bullets swept down not only upon the tank, but upon the surrendering Germans as well who were cut down as by some invisible sword.

At first Blair thought that the British infantrymen had established themselves in a house and were shooting down his prisoners, and a wave of anger swept over him.

"That's a lousy trick!" he shouted to Smith, who was signaling for the right secondary gearsman to put his track in neutral so that the machine could swing far enough to avoid a heap of freshly wounded enemies squirming almost under the nose of the tank.

"Never thought our fellows would kill prisoners like that, unless they didn't see they'd surrendered," Blair fumed.

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An Interlude in Campaign in Norway

—continued from page 7

a fjord by a ferry. At Bodo it stops. The broad gauge railway from the south ends at Namsos.

When the venture began the hills were covered by snow, but it had all melted by the beginning of June. It was bitterly cold and damp at first but became delightful later, and before the end of the operations the Norwegians were sunbathing in the open. They are a remarkably fit-looking people, though they actually suffer from a high incidence of tuberculosis, due to the necessity of keeping their cattle indoors during the winter months. They are simple and kindly folk, who refused our soldiers no help, but the prevalence of Fifth Columnists among them made these very traits dangerous and deceptive. In May and June there is no darkness; one can read a book indoors in any hour of the twenty-four, and this fact prevented relief from enemy air observation and attack, and introduced a new problem into withdrawals.

To resume the story of the operations: Nos. 4 and 5 Companies landed at Mosjoen shortly after midnight on the night of May 8-9. It was snowing at the time, which kept off German aircraft. A party of Chasseurs Alpains, about a hundred strong, who had been guarding Mosjoen, met the companies and explained the situation. The Germans were advancing rapidly and were only a few miles to the south. It was decided to send No. 5 Company southwards to support the Norwegians who were still resisting the Germans, and to leave No. 4 Company to defend Mosjoen. The Chasseurs Alpains embarked on the ship which had brought the companies and departed northwards.

The next day reports were received that a German troopship was steaming northwards from the south of Mosjoen. The Navy were not prepared to work on unconfirmed reports—there were too many of them—and so the Germans were able to effect their famous landing at Hemnes, opposed by only one platoon of No. 1 Independent Company. The troopship was sunk by destroyers, but only after it had succeeded in landing its force behind our troops. There was no alternative to a reembarkation and withdrawal by sea. The commander of the Independent Companies used almost every known means of travel in passing the orders for this withdrawal round his command; he moved unceasingly by car, by bicycle, walking and even swimming in order to reach all detachments.

Before the companies left, the Germans were made to pay the price of speed. It was their practice to send cyclists ahead of their advanced guards. One Indian Army officer, remembering the Pathan, laid an ambush on the road, into which these cyclists fell. All sixty of them were killed—the first burst of fire killed many and the rest, shouting, "Heil Hitler!" rode jinking through the dead to their own destruction. They were admired by our men and buried by their own. A small ship was found which was intended to carry 150 men; on this 600 of our troops embarked and left safely. A small number of men were left behind; they were guards over dumps with whom it was not possible to establish contact. They arrived in Bodo

fourteen days later, having marched over the mountains after destroying the dumps they had guarded. Their arms and equipment were complete.

Meanwhile No. 3 Company had landed unopposed at Bodo, where they were met by a detachment of regular British infantry from Harstadt and two dejected looking Royal Air Force officers. The cause of their sorrow was soon told. They had arrived two days before in two flying boats to reconnoiter suitable landing grounds and begin construction. The flying boats had not been at anchor in the harbor for more than a few hours when a German airplane, the first that had been seen in that part, arrived and sank one of them with a bomb. The other was then towed up a small creek and carefully hidden. The next day the German airplane returned, made straight for the place where the flying-boat was hidden and destroyed it. This efficient spy service was not the least of our enemies. The event hastened the disembarkation of No. 3 Company; they had no desire to remain in such a well-informed neighborhood longer than was necessary. They went into peaceful billets in a hamlet at the head of the fjord. These days of peace were made more delightful by a rapid movement in the weather; the country shed its snow and became strikingly beautiful. The only signs of war were constant rumors of enemy landings from parachutes, boats, and seaplanes, and a regular air traffic northwards to Narvik. The Germans were reinforcing their beleaguered garrison with supplies.

By the middle of May Nos. 3, 4, and 5 Companies were holding positions round the edge of the Bodo fjord as far south as Rognan; No. 2 Company had arrived and was holding the Bodo area. No. 1 Company, which had arrived before any of the others, was holding Mo and was in contact with the Germans. It was now apparent that the Germans intended to push northwards as fast as they could. Accordingly a brigade of Regulars was ordered down from Harstadt to reinforce the area. One battalion of this brigade went south to join No. 1 Company at Mo; the rest were to stay in the Bodo area. The laborious task of making a landing ground at Bodo was begun; the ground was so soft that it needed almost complete resurfacing, and even wooden house-doors were used in making the runway. At that time things began to go wrong. The remainder of the brigade, which was due for Bodo, met with two disasters. The first battalion was in a transport when the Germans attacked with aircraft and inflicted material loss on it. It was decided to send the other battalion with more precautions, but it too met with misfortune and had to be sent back to Harstadt to refit. The delay in its final arrival at Bodo was a very serious factor in the course of the campaign.

The expected German advances from Mo developed, and the first Regular battalion and No. 1 Company were forced to give ground. The hills along this route are covered with thick pine forests in which visibility is often only ten or twenty yards. When the Germans met opposition on the line of the road, they were quick to deploy out on to the hills on either flank. In these flanking moves they were helped by the knowledge of the country which many of their officers had

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"ROLLING TERROR"

—Continued from page 9

Smith peered through his peep hole as the machine straightened out again.

"It's a Jerry gun wot done it, sir!" he shouted back. "Up there, in that 'ouse, there," he said, pointing to a brick structure on the opposite corner.

Blair peered at it. No roof, but the doors and windows were sandbagged heavily. "We'll get those birds. Let's go!" he ordered.

Smith nodded and the Can Opener swung towards it.

"Keep going!" Blair yelled, and emptied a drum of Lewis gun ammunition at a window on the first floor where a German helmet had appeared.

Crash! The old Can Opener lurched against the spitting doorway. Sandbags, bricks and beams came crashing down and the house shook, but the tank came to a standstill.

"Back up, or it'll come down on us!" warned Blair. The enemy gunners on the floor above, seeing that the machine had stopped, took heart and reopened fire, the bullets pattering like hail on the roof of the cab and upper structures, but doing little damage.

"Let's take her this way!" Blair pointed.

This time the Can Opener headed for a corner of the house immediately beneath the machine-gunning window on the first floor.

On the second crash, the machine shuddered, but Smith opened the throttle wide and, with the whole corner falling upon it, the tank went right on, leaving a large hole in the corner.

"Bon! That's great! Reverse and do it again," exulted Blair. For the first time he really appreciated the power of a tank, and pushing down houses was a game that appealed to him.

They went forward for the third and last time. Already weakened, the whole house lurched and caved in, folding up like a tent and burying the Can Opener under the mass. Fortunately, like most houses in small Belgian villages, this one was built of more plaster than brick, and although the engine stopped dead, it picked up again and they reversed slowly out of the wreck.

The enemy gunners were not so fortunate, however, and they were all buried and crushed under the fallen walls.

When back in the street again, Blair looked at his watch. "It's twenty-five of seven," he told the sergeant. "We'd better find out where the others are."

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Cartoon from the London Sunday Graphic. Not available in British Isles.

An Interlude in Campaign in Norway

—Continued from Page 10

gained as "tourists" in peacetime. They were also helped by good modern maps and, of course, by their complete mastery in the air. Nevertheless they owed their success to other causes of more general application. Their men were very fit and hard, and were used according to their special aptitudes — those accustomed to hills and to snow were used widest on the flanks and so on. They do not delude themselves that all infantry are equal, or even that all men given equal training will make the same type of infantrymen. Their men were specially armed for forest and hill fighting. In place of heavy automatics (and a Bren is very heavy halfway up a steep hill!) they had machine-carbines and in place of artillery they had grenades and numerous mortars. Our men were outwalked, outweaponed, outnumbered, and finally outflanked.

No. 3 Company was sent south to relieve No. 1 Company, as the latter had suffered heavily in three weeks of continuous fighting. The relief took place at Krokstandt, some thirty miles north of Mo. The second Regular battalion to arrive was sent to take up a position at Pothus. While preparing the position they discovered a dump of German ammunition, which is rather a surprising find in an allied country as yet unoccupied by the enemy. Our "Q" (Quartermaster) staff are taught to think ahead — perhaps they now need post-graduate training!

The first Regular battalion withdrew slowly through the Pothus position and were then sent back to Bodo to rest. No. 3 Company remained with the other Battalion and No. 2 Company who were already at Pothus. Up till this time it was expected that further reinforcements would come to drive the Germans south. It was now known that they would not come. However, the day that the Pothus position was abandoned was the first of two red-letter days for the British. Three Gladiator fighters had landed on the newly-made landing-ground at Bodo and now appeared in the air. One unfortunately crashed when taking off, but the other two put up a typically marvelous RAF performance. One or the other was kept continuously in the air over Rognan, where a tricky withdrawal into ferry-boats was in progress. They played ducks and drakes with the Germans, and in their two days of glorious action accounted for more than fifteen planes.

The effect on the troops was electric, they cheered at the sight of them and became different men; but it was not to last. A large force of Messerschmitt-110's arrived, shot one down and the other had to leave for Narvik; the pilot was badly wounded in the plane that was shot down. Just before this action the Germans dropped leaflets on Bodo which read: "Thank you for building the landing-ground. We will not bomb it, we will take it." A sinister quip, and not quite true, for shortly afterwards about a hundred German bombers arrived and razed Bodo to the ground. High-explosive and incendiary bombs spared nothing except, of course, the brewery; even the hospital, clearly marked with red crosses and standing apart from the town, was



There has recently been announced the safe arrival in Britain of the first Canadian Army Tank Brigade, with many old buddies from the Training Centre Staff, currently being missed hereabouts. Commanded by Brigadier F. F. Worthington, M.C., M.M., the Army Tank Brigade can be depended upon to give a good account of itself when the opportunity comes for action. From us over here, to you over there, it's thumbs up, and keep smiling!

reduced to ashes. The town consisted largely of wooden houses, and this fact may have been a blessing, for the smoke that they gave off as they burned covered the inhabitants and garrison as they evacuated the place.

The withdrawal by ferry from Rognan to Landset was successful but with nothing to spare. The last boatload embarked as the Germans entered Rognan village, a sapper (engineer) lit the fuze which was to blow up the jetty. And then—the engine of the boat stopped. The engineer who tinkered with the engine had considerable moral support from his passengers in his desire for success, and he achieved it in time for the boat to be some fifty yards from the jetty when it went up. The explosion knocked all the troops over on to the deck, but none was hurt. It was hoped that the destruction of the jetty and removal of all boats would place an effective barrier in the way of further German advance. They had an arm of the sea between them and our forces. They attacked the next day. They had found a bridle path around the head of the fjord, and with amazing energy and determination they had marched all night and were on our tail again, not, however, in any strength.

Complete evacuation had been ordered, but with Bodo destroyed and German forces still in contact with our rear parties it looked to be a ticklish operation. In the event it was entirely successful, largely because the Germans suspended air action for the three vital days. The first echelons had left by cruiser and were taken to a lonely camp in North Britain to prevent all communication with outside; it was essential that the evacuation should be kept absolutely secret from the start. The last echelons left on destroyers, and went in the first instance to Harstadt. Harstadt was evacuated a few days later, and the operation was marked by an event which deserves credit. The Air Force pilots of the Hurricane fighters which were there were ordered to destroy their machines. This they were so loth to do that they asked permission to fly them onto an air-

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10th Armoured Regt. (Fort Garry Horse)

PROMOTIONS:

Congratulations are in order this month to the following:

2nd Lieuts.: A. M. Fyfe, E. A. Goodman, R. D. Grant, W. E. McAleese, L. A. Lambe—promoted to the ranks of Lieutenant as of 28-3-41.

L/Sgts.: Campbell, W., Miller, A., Sim, C. A., Oliver, A. E., Moore, L. H., to be acting Sg'ts.

Cpls.: Scott, H. A., Snell, L. H., and L/Cpl. Combe, J. W., to be Acting Sg'ts.

Cpls.: Crabbe, E. A., Becker, K., to be L/Sg'ts.

* * *

CALLING SHERLOCK HOLMES

Who was the Lieut. (with a moustache) who had mechanical troubles, the morning after the last dance in Barrie? His alarm clock didn't go off!

* * *

Lt. Col. S. J. Cox, V.D., returned recently from his furlough looking very well indeed. He visited Winnipeg and points west.

* * *

The officers of this Reg't, were very glad to see Lt. Col. George Wells, and Lt. Col. Fallis, who dropped in for dinner the other day. The latter is from M. D. No. 2, while the former is Senior Chaplain for the Canadian Forces. Back in 1914 Lt. Col. Wells was Padre with the F.G.H. and renewed many acquaintances during his all too short stay here.

* * *

WORLD OF MUSIC

The regiment has made a startling discovery right in our midst. Under the musically-minded (?) Lieut. Lambe, a talented orchestral body featuring old time, night time, and any other time, music, has been brought to light. The thumping, rural rhythm of hoe-downs, waltzes and jig-time tunes may be heard almost any night emanating from our wet or dry canteen. The group played officially as a unit on July 15 at Creemore, where they, along with others from this Regiment, provided entertainment at the Strawberry Festival. The boys had a good time and were very much appreciated by the Creemore public and who can tell?—Guy Lombardo started this way! Keep it up,

boys, you certainly make the canteen an even more popular place than ever these evenings.

* * *

Sandy, after conserving it carefully for four years, finally ran out of it, and so wrote away to the wholesalers for another roll of toilet paper. After about a week came the reply—"small purchases must be accompanied by remittance (see p. 892 of our catalogue)" Back came Sandy's reply, "If I'd known your catalogue had 892 pages, wouldn't have ordered, please send catalogue!"

* * *

ON SOLVING PROBLEMS

"When faced with a problem, ruminate day and night over it, never once expelling it from your thoughts. Seek new plans, improve those now in use. By dint of hard work and manipulation you will succeed in alighting upon the best and simplest plans, which are generally discovered last of all." (Recouly)

* * *

What one little cigarette said to the other: "Listen, butt, don't ever get lit or you'll make an ash of yourself."

* * *

SERGT'S MESS

We would like to know what dye or dyes the X-ray apparatus used on a certain sergeant's hair. We had better cork it next time.

* * *

It is noticed that when ladies visit the mess, the vernacular is of a slightly higher order. But there are exceptions. The other Sunday one of our nicest sergeants, accompanied by his wife, was in the Mess and, believe it or not, he was the first one, and the only sergeant to lapse back into the old phraseology. "Better control next time, Gabriel!"

* * *

SPORTS

There has been rather a lull lately in Sports around these parts since the Camp Field Day, July 1st. The Garrys didn't win anything on this day but certainly did their level best in all events they entered. They claimed third place in the 440 yd, 100 yd. and running broad, losing out to men with more condition and training behind them. There is another Field Day on or about 1st Sept. and if we expect to do better we had better start training our men right about now.

Our baseball team has been going steadily lately. They have lost a couple of games, it is true, but only by close margins and much credit is due to our team. The classy Air Force team just eked out a 6-4 win over the boys and it was a real game to watch. Keep it up, you leather pounders.

The soccer team has not played recently and is anxiously awaiting the start of the Camp Soccer League. We've got a real smooth-working team in this Reg't. and the league standing will bear me out when it gets under way. Any other Reg't. desiring an exhibition game with us, don't be shy about asking as the boys would like nothing better.



PERTH REGIMENT

(M. G.) (C. A.)

A note of sorrow creeps into our despatch this month. On June 26 in Toronto, A11821 Pte Robert Orth was drowned while canoeing off Leuty Ave. Beach. We feel the loss a great one and extend our condolences to his loved ones.

THIS AND THAT FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Days of harried worrying about the unpredictable stork ended on the 10th July. "Iggy Pinsky" wired that it was a girl. Congratulations Everett, we enjoyed the drinks.

Never a dull moment! The 19th is eagerly awaited by a small but mighty member of our mess. It is one course that you don't have to take notes on. Good luck, "Pint!" A charming bride, the north woods, splendid solitude, and possibly a few "Muskie's" certainly add up to a swell honeymoon.

It was with great pleasure that we welcomed two of our comrades to their first mess dinner last Thursday. Two ex-N.C.O.'s: I am sure that p/2/Lts. Reith and Hutchinson enjoyed the course at Brockville, especially the right and left turns and "sloping hips" by numbers.—H.T.S.

* * *

"When I was a boy," said C.S.M. Gillingham to R. Coy., "I had some wooden soldiers which I lost. My mother said, 'Oh, you'll find them.' And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed gang, that day has come."

Said the M.O. to C.S.M. McRobb, "I can't diagnose your case, I think it must be drink."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," was the quick rejoinder of the Sergeant-Major, "I'll come back when you're sober."

* * *

DOINGS AROUND THE LINES

Another month has rolled around without any startling activity in the lines. We must, however, congratulate our softball and football teams. Although they went out in the finals, they certainly went out fighting. On the very hot morning of July 1st, the Westminsters defeated our football team 2-1 while the G.C.H.G.'s eased in a couple of runs to beat our softballers 3-2 in the dying moments of the game. Well done, men, you fought hard. Better luck next time.

Sports for the present are almost forgotten, but are the boys from H.Q. Company taking any chances on getting out of condition? Oh, no! Almost any night you can see them exercising strenuously at the old game of "pick-up-sticks." "Panzies?" Well maybe.

As far as any known records show, we believe that Pte. Ron. Huras of "A" Company, owns the world's largest pair of coveralls. It is believed that

they started their career as a tent but they must have gotten into the wrong department. Ron, and Alvin Keese, proved that they would hold three hundred and fifty pounds by both climbing into them at once. We have a picture for proof.

Speaking of "A" Company, we wonder where our little glamour boy, Cpl. Jack Ross, has been spending all his evenings of late. He hasn't been seen around the lines after supper for a long time. Some sweet little thing is getting a break.

It seems to your faithful scribe that B & C Companies have been very quiet of late. So quiet in fact that you would hardly know they were around at all. As far as that goes, when camp guard falls to the Perths, these two mighty companies are definitely not around. Well, not lately, anyway.

It strikes us that Jimmy Redfern and Gil Manktelow, our curly headed corporals from "D" Company, are hibernating lately. What's the matter, hot-shots? Did something on the outside scare you or have you lost your old technique?

There hasn't been much news reaching us lately from our recruits in Reinforcement Company, but according to C.S.M. Gillingham, they'll soon be able to take their places with the old-timers.

Honours this month go to "C" Company for having the cleanest huts. Congratulations, fellows, and here's hoping you enjoy your extra day's leave. Come on, the rest of you companies and run a little opposition.

Training within the Unit has been going along smoothly since we were last heard from. The greater part of the men have qualified with the Brens and if being able to dodge obstacles constitutes an important part of the training with the universal carriers, then some of the boys are really good. Pte. Art. Hoyland was very successful the other day in dodging the road. At least, we think that is what he was doing. Everyone is waiting with bated breath until our old-timer Herbie Smith first climbs on one of our motorcycles. It will undoubtedly be a good battle but we will have to wait a while before we can announce the winner.

* * *

—A. J. S.

SERGEANTS' MESS PATTERN

My, how time flies! It seems but yesterday that we were rushing our copy for the last issue. Incidentally, we nearly got our ears pinned back on account of our last column, but, the truth should never hurt. Or should it?

The Mess Committee put on a chicken dinner the other night and "Whitey" ate so much chicken he was still crowing next morning.

The 17th is a red-letter day—our "At Home," and we hope our guests really enjoy themselves. It is a fact that there should be more fraternizing between Messes.

It is rumoured that a certain C.Q. is leaving the Unit for Div. H.Q. Also the grapevine says that there will be big doings at Wasaga anytime after the 19th. Be careful boys, for fire has a nasty habit of burning people.

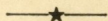
Things in general have been very quiet around here. What with men on courses, guard, and various other duties, sometimes the Mess is a pretty lonesome place. Guess I'll go on a binge and forget my troubles. Thank goodness the bar is still functioning.

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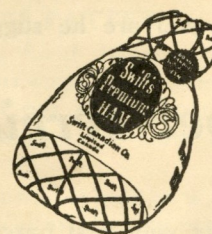
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3rd Armoured Regt. (G. G. H. G.)

July 14th marks the first anniversary of our mobilization—the end of twelve months of hope, effort and change; and finds us where we are today, still full of hope and enthusiasm. The past year has been one of changes—the change to war basis, change of scene and change in formation, the latter leading to increase in strength. It is a far cry to the days of July 1940, when, with the Battle of France fresh in mind, we mobilized, with result that, with the tremendous rush of recruits we were able to hand pick our men and picked they were!

In the first place, the old regiment mobilized as a motorcycle unit and on this becoming known, our Orderly Room was swamped with experienced motor cyclists as well as many who stated they were, (this statement later being found in many cases, to have no basis in fact, which is all too frequently the case with enlisted men!) However we recruited to our allotted strength and were uniformed in the ultra-smart denim, much to disappointment and amusement of officers and men; for the Horse Guards had, prior to this time, been noted for smartness, so that our "let down" was a jolt to say the least. Anyway the men were enlisted and "uniformed" but in their eagerness to "get going" many of the expert riders forgot there was such a thing as training, that old institution, and this also came as a jolt to the experts. Well, after some weeks spent in drill, the recruits getting their "sea legs," as it were, we came to Camp Borden, still in denim, much to the amusement of old hands in camp, to whom denim was something of a novelty and many and ribald were the remarks directed at us. Then came the first part of our serious training.

At that time it seemed as though equipment would never arrive, although this is hardly a fair statement in that we were speedily equipped with a number of motorcycles. The machines assisted in our early training and many new riders were produced. About the middle of October we made our trek to the south for the winter, which found us in C.N.E. Barracks, Toronto. Now, while the quarters there were comfortable enough, apart from the space occupied by our officers, who were overcrowded, there is not there the same scope for training as is found at Camp Borden. Later came our change to an Armoured Regt., with the necessary increase in strength and subsequent return to Camp. This change was welcomed—almost any change is welcomed by the men—and this time the new men were speedily outfitted, but not in denim, thus sparing them the necessity of going out on pass looking like some species of street cleaner. Again, our quarters here are cramped and this leads us to

the conjecture; will we always be crowded for lack of space, and if so, will such be the case when actual active service is our luck—surely we'll not then be "crowded out"? Anyway, enough of that. With events moving so rapidly and training proceeding so smoothly, when the time comes we will do our part, and may it be soon! With the change in our establishment, a number of n.c.o.'s were raised to commissioned rank, and of late these new officers have been able to visit us occasionally. We await the time when they may rejoin the regiment and carry on with the rest of their training. This also applies in the case of so many officers and other ranks at present away on various courses, a condition common to all units in the Armoured Division.

July 1st sports meet was not particularly favourable to the Horse Guards in that we only managed to secure three "thirds." L/Sgt. C. G. Thompson came third in the running broad jump; A/Cpl. E. J. Burgess was third in the 220 yards final and Tpr. J. C. Brockbank annexed third place in the 5 mile race. Better luck next time.

On the whole we did not do so badly for in addition to the above we managed to ease out a win in the softball game, taking the Westminsters by the score of 8-7. On the day we stood fourth with 8 points but there will be other days, and our regiment is now on it's toes to better the above figures.

* * *

An Interlude in Campaign in Norway

—continued from page 12

craft carrier. Permission was given, though the feat was extremely dangerous as a Hurricane was never designed to land on anything but a large landing-ground. They all succeeded.

So ended an adventure which has many counterparts in previous and subsequent British military history. If our civilians are a race of shopkeepers, our soldiers are a race of plumbers—they come, and then go back for their tools. It was, however, the first campaign which proved certain fundamentals of this war. One cannot fight without air equality, one shouldn't without air superiority. The battlefield is no place for any man who has not been trained to take a pride in his endurance, his hardness, and his independence of all comfort. Infantry is no longer a generic term for an armed soldier who has no horse, nor can infantry be armed and trained to fight successfully everywhere. The German infantry, who needed machine-carbines, had them; those who had snowshoes could use them, they were specialists in Norwegian warfare, not just PBI—"Poor Bloody Infantry." These basic facts are well understood at home, and no one on the Continent need doubt that when we come back we shall have our tools with us—for every conceivable job of war to be done.



6th Arm'd Regt. (1st Hussars)

SEEN BY THE SERGEANTS

The sergeants' smoker proved to be very successful, even if somebody did clip one of the chickens which were brought to make sandwiches with.

We don't suppose it is any use hoping that the wish bone stuck in the prowler's throat. We can almost imagine him smacking his lips as he bolted down chunks of delicious breast. Such are the wages of sin.

Apart from that, everybody had a good time, and once again the committee outdid themselves. Everybody had plenty of whatever they liked. The participants entertained themselves. Some played cards, others darts, and all joined in the sing song.

Staff Al Adams of the Perth's was really an asset on his squeeze box and the piano. His original interpretations of some popular tunes were much enjoyed.

Sgt. Jimmy Manship really went to town on Down by the Old Mill Stream. In fact he persisted in warbling this ditty no matter what the others were singing.

Finally everybody retired under their own steam, we are proud to report, and woke in the morning not very much the worse for wear.

Our baseball team is just getting started. Lack of equipment and a good spot to practice is really handicapping them, but win or lose, we'll all be behind them; so here's wishing them all the best.

Via the grapevine we hear we really have some good boxing prospects. Quite a few of those who have just lately joined us seem to be pretty handy with their fists. Added to the men who have been carrying the regimental colours to the boxing wars, they should prove a formidable array.

* * *

GOING TO THE DOGS (IN REVERSE) OR THE LOVERS OF NATURE ARE AT IT AGAIN!

Dear Mr. Editor:

As our well planned trip to the cherry blossom country was not a great success (in some respects) we decided to try our luck in the opposite direction and headed north. Recalling the car trouble we experienced previously, we made sundry stops to allow the motor to cool off and incidentally to cool our own parched throats.

As the trip progressed our appreciation of the north country increased by leaps and bounds and periodically we burst into happy harmony. Finally we found ourselves in the grounds of a large sanitorium. A beautiful spot it was. But here we began to think of the poor souls incarcerated in the great institution, our mood became sad, and we shed a quiet tear on their behalf. This called for another nip, which returned us to our former pleasant frame of mind.

As we neared the buildings we noticed a great commotion and a man dressed like "Bring-'em-back-

alive-Buck" straining at one end of a leash which was attached to the collar of a large bloodhound. Upon inquiry we learned that a girl patient was missing. Some intimate portion of the young lady's clothing was held under the hound's nose, his nostrils quivered, and off he went.

Meanwhile we wandered through the grounds and found a nice quiet spot under the stars, where we finished our cooling drinks at our leisure.

Then long afterwards, we heard the baying of a hound ever closer and voices shouting, "She must be here." Up came the gallant canine, right to where we were sitting, right up to the bottle which reposed on the ground. There he stood motionless with his tongue hanging out, and deep appeal in his kind eyes. His task was finished. He had found the girl beside the bottle.

Yours for adventure,

"The Lovers of Nature."

* * *

July came in with a bang in the First Hussars Camp. Changes were rampant — people leaving on courses, new training schedule beginning to roll, etc. Lt. Col. Back (congratulations, Sir!) has left on a senior officer's course in Kingston.

In the capacity of Acting C.O. we find Major Robinson, former "B" Squadron Commander. Lt. Col. Back could have left the regiment in no better hands than those of the Major, whose efficiency is only exceeded by his popularity.

The small army of "one pippers" finally blossomed forth into full Lieutenants and held graduation one fine Thursday evening.

This begins to sound like an A.P. & R. appendix, but there were even more promotions. Mr. Lambe received a long overdue captaincy and the job of 2i/c of "C" Squadron. And to add to it all, we have a new W.O. Congrats. to Sgt. Major Gallagher on his promotion, one that we feel is very well deserved.

It is with envious eyes that we watch two of our lads head for a six weeks course at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Lieut. McKenzie and Sgt. Mills were the lucky two chosen to study Army Tactics along the Mason-Dixon Line.

Among other events, we might have mentioned the regiment taking over camp guard; since we see however that we have it again this week-end we feel that such a matter is entirely too routine to rate a space in the column.

* * *

FLASH—R.S.M. MISSES BEING SHOT

Last week, so it is told among the sergeants, a Toronto Photographer invaded the Sergeants' Mess. Many of our Non-Coms posed themselves about as the shutter clicked. However when it came time for the photogenic W.O., Mr. Jewkes, to take his position before the lens, the poor camera merely groaned slowly and collapsed.

First Hussars seem to have adopted Wasaga Beach as their happy hunting ground; it is really a grand amusement spot and we know that the Hussars realize the value of keeping it as such, but at the same time maintaining their own high calibre of conduct.

—please see page 24

1st. ARMoured CAR REGT.

R. C. D.

We note with regret that we were late for last month's issue and that our readers will therefore be thinking that we are writing an Ancient History Column instead of a current news item. However, we feel sure that our public will overlook us this time when they learn a few things which have happened to us since our arrival in Borden, and which were hardly conducive to any editorial effort.

We had just become settled down in our new home, recently vacated by the Three Rivers Regiment, and in fact, we had hardly hung up a pair of very personal curtains on our window, when the order came to move. With visions of France, Russia, and the Near East in our minds, we were somewhat taken aback when we found that the move was merely across the road to the Tent City, which was also recently vacated by the Three Rivers Regt. Thus, our time has been taken up with moving and all that that entails, so social news is bound to be on the lean side. Our own particular "Q" Dept. finds themselves apparently in training for submarine troops, holding forth in a dungeon-like addition to one of the drill halls, where the only ventilation consists of an electric fan which clears out whatever air there might be in the place. It has been so hot down under, that the "Q" staff are now generally known as "The Thin Men," and it has been difficult to keep an even temper during the usual trials of a Quartermaster. To add to our well-being, our R.Q.M. made us spend an entire afternoon looking up in the Vocabulary of Stores, the full name of a "Pot-for-the-bed:—Under-earthen." It was not until we had spent several hours of fruitless search, although we discovered the enamelled variety, that one of our buddies returning from a scavenging expedition, loudly bewailed our intention to return the article to Ordnance, claiming one of the intimate articles of furniture.

In view of the short march which one has to take at frequent intervals, we don't blame him at all for having one of the intimate articles of furniture.

But being under canvas is nothing new for us, and it only lacks the horse lines to take us back to the Niagara of old. Many improvements have been added to the site since we took over, and we are looking for some official ones, perhaps before we leave.

With but one marquee at our disposal, the Sergeants' Mess hasn't been able to do much in the entertainment line. "Charlie" Telford, late of the Provost Corps, was a welcome visitor, and "Roy" Hider, who was with us for so many years, and is now with the Armoured School, paid us a welcome visit, and escorted a party of us up to his Mess for a very pleasant evening. We congratulate the Westminsters on winning the sports, and give a loud "Hurrah" to Tpr. Jones, and our Medley Relay team who did so nobly. In fact, with a little less sun, we think we would have done a whole lot better with the few entries we had at our disposal.



9th. ARMoured REGIMENT

(B. C. D.)

Almost six weeks have elapsed since we arrived in Camp Borden, and we have now settled down happily in our quarters near the South barrier, notwithstanding that between us and the Post Office lies a dusty road (category C6) reminiscent of the sands of Tobruk.

The time has been well spent on new phases of training; and the equipment obtained has been put to frequent use. We are fast mastering the intricacies of the U.S.A. tanks, and though a few heads have been bumped in the process, we are glad to announce that the machines have stood up well under the test. We have been facetiously asked if ploughs could be attached to the machines and assistance thereby rendered to the local farmers. We have noticed in the press the announcement of the launching of the new tanks, a happy augury, we trust, of "the shape of things to come."

Many of our men are away attending various schools, and our depleted strength has somewhat weakened our regimental sports teams. However, we are glad to know that a series of baseball, softball and football games will soon be organized. Our first baseball game will be played on July 24 against the N.B.H. Our basic training class has recently been augmented by the arrival of about fifty recruits from British Columbia and these husky sons of the premier Province of Canada (sic) will no doubt strengthen our teams.

We have enjoyed getting to know our sister units here (not to mention the sisters) during tactical training schemes, apart from the benefit of the training, and on the sports fields and in the places of amusement in the Camp, and our only regret is that we are rather far from the Lee Hall. We are glad to hear that arrangements are going to be made for the troops in camp to broadcast over station CFRB every Saturday, and our songsters and musicians will be encouraged to participate. Lt. Ross Hamilton, the Camp entertainment officer, is to be congratulated on his untiring efforts to organize entertainments for the troops.

By the way, have other units tried indoor hockey in their drill halls, played with ice hockey sticks and a softball? This is an excellent game. We play six a side, but for less hardy units this number can be increased.

It is good to see the "Straths" and Fort Garrys with us again for the first time since the last war and we hope to have a "get-together" before very long.

Our football team is doing very well by itself, defeating the "Straths" in a friendly game by a 3-1 score, but they evened things up the same night by defeating us at softball 4-1 in a very well played game. And since there is already a month's supply of R.C.D. matter in the hands of The Editor, we think this is enough. One can have too much, even of such classical stuff as this.—J.B.H.

1st A/D WORKSHOP (R.C.O.C.)

SOFTBALL

Softball is definitely on the upbeat in the Camp. Inclusion of the veteran Capt. "Smack 'em" Parker, in the lineup for the "Yenigans," sparked the team in a drive, from a losing position to a strong win over the "Dirty Nine," on Monday, July 7. Lt. Abbott, a quick-witted cove, made an auspicious debut as a catcher, and his teammates, Lt. "Keystone" Fitzsimmons, "Flash" King, and "Gable" Munro gave "dazzler" Pratt great support. "Lt. Lefty" Procnier on the initial sack, gave stellar support along with his teammates for the "Dirty Nine," but the "Yenigans" proved a little too strong.

IDLE CHATTER

Cupid has again struck with his arrow. After the marriage you will be technically correct in referring to Sgt. Newman as another Twenty Dollar a month man.

ARGUMENTS—No picture of frustration could be more touching than L/Cpl. Urch trying to pick an argument with a man who won't fight back.

WHAT'S NEWS

"Andy" Anderson the dapper one from head office, who can usually be found somewhere south of Pago Pago, is now looking longingly at the travel folders and figures on confining his wanderlust to a quiet visit home around Brandon, Manitoba.

"Jimmie" Lynn, as pleased as a child with a new toy over the arrival of his family in Barrie. "Finest family on the continent"—if you ask him about it.

Here's a story which should have all the bath-room baritones, and shower sopranos going over the scales in fine old abandon. Other night "Bing" Reynolds, our vocalist, sang so sweetly, or should I say L——, that he put all the boys to sleep.

Is it true that L/Cpl. King is a big eater? King must be either a big eater or a magician. I can't imagine another alternative to explain the disappearance of such a stack of vittles.

Harold Parks is incapacitated with a misplaced finger. "Results of a softball game."

A few of our corporals, burning the midnight oil down at Wasaga Beach, and dancing to the theme song, "Puttees in the Water."

PEAS IN A POD—Ned. Hume, and "to tell you the truth, I cannot find her name."

HIGH LIGHTS

Owen Boylans' novel, "Lady in the Dark," is to be dramatized by Mike "Casanova" Monchack. It is believed this is done at the suggestion of some young damsel, who has got Mike going around in circles.

Sgt. Meagher on his first vacation in six months, is holidaying in Alberta. He expects to stay there until about the end of the month, renewing old acquaintances.



Napoleon tried it, too!

THE IRISH ARE READY

Judith Robinson in Times-Review (Fort Erie)

Late reports from Ankara are that the descent on Crete was a dress-rehearsal, not for the invasion of England, but for the invasion of Eire.

In Eire, in preparation against invasion, the de Valera government censorship has so far this year taken the following precautions:

Banned from sale or distribution a book lately published in London titled "Persecution of Catholics in the Third Reich."

Deleted from death notices of Commander Halleran, R.N., the famous Irish rugby international who died on active service, all mention of his rank, his service, his funeral with naval honors in Belfast.

Forbidden publication of the news from London that George Robey, the comedian, auctioned an onion for \$70 for a British war weapons fund.

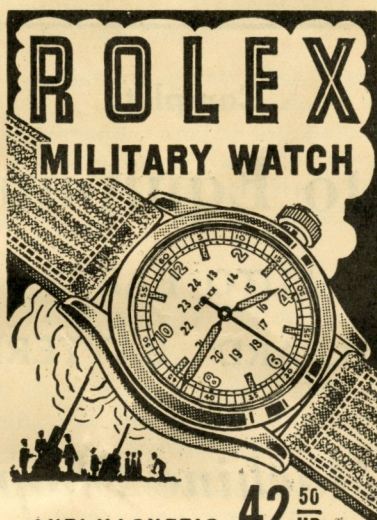
Ordered Irish newspapers to keep reports of Mr. Churchill's popularity in the United States off their front pages.

Permitted the Eire postal services to be used by the Italian legation in Dublin for the daily distribution of pro-Axis propaganda.

Let Hitler bring on his parachutists. The Irish are ready.

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"ROLLING TERROR"

—continued from page 11

Smith nodded, and turned the machine towards the rendezvous at the north end of the village.

But when they reached there, not a single tank nor a solitary British infantryman was to be seen; though coming out of the haze was a full company of enemy reserves, evidently being rushed up to assist the garrison to deal with the attack. In their dense formation they presented a target which the guns of the tank could not miss, and few, if any, of them got away.

When the slaughter was over, Blair decided to return to the village and find out what had happened to the others.

"Must have been held up somewhere. Perhaps we can help 'em," he told Smith.

As the machine lumbered back down the main street, small knots of terrified Boches held up their hands in abject surrender and no more shots were fired at it. In the centre of the village, Blair told Smith to stop the engine, and with his revolver drawn and one of the gunners for escort, he climbed out to look over the captures.

As he reached the ground and was stretching his legs, a salvo of shells burst at the southern end of the houses.

"Hugh! Papa Fritz is going to try and stop our reserves coming up. He always does when he knows he's lost a position," he explained to his gunner.

But as salvo followed salvo until it became a continuous roar, and when he discovered that the shells were not coming over his head from the German batteries behind, he realized that what he heard was the British barrage.

Feverishly he looked at his watch. Six-fifty! An hour late! He wondered if Greene's watch had been wrong when they had synchronized, or whether in the darkness he had not noticed that his own was exactly an hour behind the R.O.'s.

A shell burst in the middle of the street not a hundred yards away, and the waiting prisoners cringed to avoid the flying fragments.

"Hey!" Blair shouted. "Anyone here understand English?"

"There was a movement in the crowd, and a thickset, bearded man stepped out and saluted smartly. "Jah, Herr Lieutenant, I onderstand English goot!"

"Then tell these guys to get under cover and wait until the storm is over. And don't forget to remind 'em to shout 'Kamerad' like hell when they see the English soldiers, or they'll sure be out of luck!"

The man nodded, saluted again, and went over to explain volubly in German to his companions; then all filed towards a house which appeared to cover an elaborate dugout.

Blair led the retreat back to the machine. "No



SPEEDY BRIDGE-BUILDERS OF BRITAIN'S ARMY

The rapid construction of bridges is an important feature of modern mechanized warfare. Existing bridges are very vulnerable to attack from the air, which may mean their replacement in a minimum time.

Britain's Royal Engineers, here seen building a pontoon bridge, are continually experimenting to ensure that the Army will be kept mobile and not held up by the loss of bridges.

sense in taking a chance now," he told the gunner; then ordered Smith to remove the tank to the cover of a side street by the tiny church.

It was as well, for the British barrage was extremely effective and showered explosives down in great numbers. Then Blair caught a sniff of something which made him cough.

"Gas shells!" he warned, and felt for his mask. The crew followed his example hurriedly.

But the gas was only part of the game. Part of the battered church separated itself violently from the rest and toppled into the street.

"Looks like we'll be knocked out by our own guns," Blair muttered.

But the storm passed, and soon houses farther away were coming in for attention.

"Let's get out of here," Blair ordered, and once more they made their way back to the main street. He sent a man to see if the prisoners were still alive, for their dugout had been badly battered; but they all trooped out safely with their masks on, only, however, to scuttle back into safety as a burst of bullets ripped passed them.

Blair looked along the street and saw a tank coming towards them, its guns spitting on both sides.

"Hope it won't think I'm a captured bus manned by the Huns, or it'll blow daylight through me!" he prayed fervently. But all was well; for the tank stopped shooting, a door swung open and a man got out.

Blair climbed out also and went to meet him. Each recognized the other in spite of the masks.

—please see page 24

"ROLLING TERROR"

—Continued from page 23

"Yank! Thank the Laird ye're a' richt! I've been going through hell thinkin' about ye. Greenie and I were comin' over ta tell ye that zero was changed ta seven o'clock, but he got hit by a stray shell, and by the time I'd finished bandagin' him, ye'd gone."

"Thought there was something fishy about it," commented Blair. "What did the major say?"

"Mon, he was fair daft. Said ye'd gone ta your death," replied the Scotsman. "Where's a' the Boches? We hovn't seen any excepny some stiffies and these. Your prisoners, I suppose?"

"You suppose right. I killed a whale of 'em when I first got here, though. Suppose they didn't expect an attack on account of not having a barrage."

"Ha!" ejaculated Henderson from the depths of his mask, as if the answer had opened a new train of thought to him. Then: "Well, get on ta the ither end o' the place now, and I'll follow ye."

Once back in the faithful old Can Opener, Smith managed to swing around at the corner where they had pushed the house down, and drove towards the rendezvous once more, while Blair sat back in his seat and laughed to himself.

"Just because poor old Greenie got hit, I've captured the whole darned place myself!" he thought.

Later, when the counter-attacks had been dealt with and the machines were all back at the jumping off point, Henderson had an earnest discussion with

the major who seemed to agree with his second-in-command's views entirely and called Blair over to him.

"Yank!" he said. "I'm going to put in a whale of a report about you! I believe that through an accident you did something which may change the whole method of using tanks. We have always had the guns firing before to clear the way, but you've started something new!"

* * *

6th Armoured Regt.

—Continued from page 18

SPORT SHOTS

Squadron softball got under way again last Tuesday as H.Q. fell victims to the new rejuvenated "B" Squadron. The "B" boys are hitting hard and far and with their new pitcher, Lieut. Harrison, we rate them every chance of knocking off "C" Squadron, the present loop leaders.

Honours to the regimental Softball Team for its great showing at the Stayner Tournament on July 1st. The boys played their hearts out to get right to the finals but unfortunately old man fatigue moved in and the G.G.H.G.'s were able to snatch a close victory from our boys.

Increased demand has finally succeeded in bringing back hardball to the unit. The team made its debut last Wednesday with a game against the hard-hitting Westminster Regiment. The Westerners proved a little too well seasoned and our lads came out on the short end of a 15 to 8 score. However, the boys displayed plenty of promise, and we forecast a brilliant season for the diamond stars of the First Hussars.

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