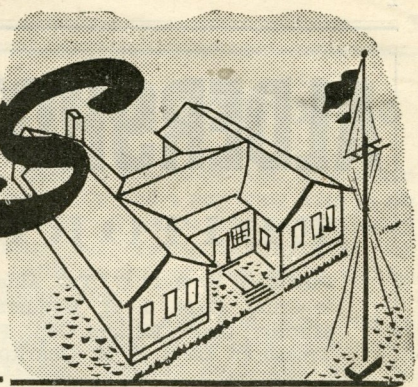


# ALDERSHOT *News*

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THE CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION HAVE BEEN EDITED AND APPROVED BY MAJOR R. H. MUTTART



VOL. I. NO. 9.

A-14 C.I.T.C. ALDERSHOT, NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER, 1943

## Make Good Showing in Victory Loan

### Largest Sales Are Recorded Hospital First to Secure Pennant

November 6th, 1943, saw the official closing of the Fifth Victory Loan Campaign throughout the Dominion and the huge amount of \$1,200,000,000.00 was more than subscribed by the people of Canada. With the exception of some few large amounts invested by corporations and business firms, this figure represents savings by the people themselves. Further than that, it means that we are operating a "Pay as you go" war, because so far we have not had to go outside the borders of this country of ours for a single cent of financing. Added to that, it means that those of us who were willing to trust Canada with our money are going to have those savings for the period of re-establishment after the war, and it means that by buying bonds, we are stamping out the threat of inflation which acts like a gigantic spring underneath our prices of commodities.

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### Veterans of Camp Heard at Banquet

A number of Great War Veterans from this center took advantage of the invitation extended by the Kings County Branch of the Canadian Legion to attend their annual Armistice Day banquet which was held in the Cornwallis Inn, Kentville, on Armistice night. They all report that a very fine time was had by all and that the addresses of the chief speakers were really something to listen to.

The chief speaker of the evening was Col. J. Jeffery, O.B.E., M.C., former commandant of this camp, who was speaking in reply to the toast to The Empire which had been proposed by Fred M. Nash, Berwick.

During the course of his address, Col. Jeffery declared that—for the preservation and progress of the British Empire of the future, veterans of the last war and this war must, once victory is won, unite to lead the people. He maintained that, in future, munition plants should be placed under State control as a means of preventing another war.

A keen student of physical training and himself an outstanding example of

(Continued on Page 3)

### Legion Supervisor Is Transferred

Jack Whitehead, popular supervisor of the Canadian Legion War Services Hut in the camp for the past year and a half, has been transferred to Debert Military Camp.

During his stay at Aldershot Jack has made a legion of friends. Always willing to lend a hand to any project, particularly in connection with the sports and entertainment life of the camp, he was in much demand for the camp concerts. He took a very keen interest in the sports activities in the center and on numerous occasions went to much trouble in assisting to entertain visiting teams.

A veteran of the First Great War Jack knew the value of entertainment in keeping up morale and was always working on something of that nature for the troops of this center. Quite an actor himself he contributed in no small measure to the success of the various camp shows and his acts were always well received.

We regret very much to see him transferred away from this camp but understand the change is general in the Legion set-up and that his new job is of greater importance than his position here. Nevertheless he will be greatly missed here. Apart from his other duties Jack went out of his way to help the individual soldier with his personal troubles and worries. Many has been the soldier who left this camp with a better outlook and happier feeling as a result of having confided his troubles to Jack Whitehead.

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### Popular Paymaster Earns Decoration



Capt. William T. Walker, our capable and efficient paymaster, to say nothing of his being the most popular man in camp twice each month, is receiving congratulations on having been awarded the Canadian Army Efficiency Decoration for having served over twenty years in the Armed forces of Canada.

A native of Fredericton, Captain Walker served overseas in the First Great War as a gunner in the 65th New Brunswick Battalion. Upon his return to Canada in 1919 he continued to be associated with the Army as a member of the N. P. A. M. until the outbreak

(Continued on Page 3)

### Remembrance Day Observed in Camp

While no celebration on a large scale was carried out for the observance of Remembrance Day in the Camp, nevertheless it was not allowed to slip by without a memorial service.

While hundreds of members of Canada's young Army in the camp were carrying out their duties in various stages of training in preparation for the day when they will come in contact with the Germans and our other enemies, veterans of the First Great War, 1914-1918, paid solemn tribute to those of their comrades who paid the supreme sacrifice, in a very impressive service conducted in front of the Flag pole opposite the Administration Building.

The parade of the veterans of the last war who have again volunteered for active service in this show, was formed up on the Battalion paved square under the direction of Major G. F. Turner. Led by the Camp Band under leadership of CSM. Chas. Wilson and headed by a guard of honor of twelve men, the parade moved up Jeffery Avenue and took up a position on the far side of the Flag pole, facing the Administration Building.

Aldershot has done well in its part

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### La Have Chapter Appreciate Gift

We would like to print here a letter received from the I.O.D.E. at Bridgewater which was received too late for our last issue.

It will be remembered that a Demonstration platoon from this center attended the Lunenburg County Exhibition held at Bridgewater this Fall. While there they received several favors from the La Have Chapter of the I.O.D.E. which helped make their stay more pleasant.

The Exhibition committee presented the Platoon and the I.T.C. Band, which also attended, a cheque for \$50.00 in appreciation of the work they did at the fair. Since the Demonstration platoon was so large that each member's share of their half of the gift would only amount to a matter of cents the boys voted the whole sum of \$25 be passed along as a contribution to the good work being done by the I.O.D.E.

As a result of their fine gesture the following letter was received by Lieut. L. K. Hill, School of Instruction, who was in charge of the platoon.

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### WHAT'S VICTORY MADE OF?

Why, Victory is made of blood and guts,  
Of dragging trucks through muddy ruts  
Of gaping wounds and searing pain  
Of counter attacks in driving rain.

Victory's made of shot and shell  
Of a tin can rolling in a swell  
Of Radar pointing a finger of fate  
And gunners firing their tubes of hate.

Victory's made of men and steel  
Of women alone at home, who feel  
That battles are fought and won by boys  
While politicians make the noise.

That's what Victory's made of.

— U.S. Naval Air Station,  
Banana River, Fla.



# ALDERSHOT *News*

## EDITORIALS

Published by A-14 C.I.T.C. Aldershot Camp, Aldershot, N. S. Editor-in-Chief, Capt. J. H. Henderson; Managing Editor, Major R. H. Muttart; Assoc. Editors, Capt. F. E. Scammell, Lieut. H. MacGlashen; Treasurer, Lieut. S. K. Charlton; Staff Artist, Pte. D. E. Shaw.

### SECOND GUESSING RUSSIA

There is so much of surmise and supposition being carried in the daily newspapers and credited to this authority and that in respect to what Russia is going to do in the future, a person is almost led to believe that before we lay down our arms and attempt to make peace in the world, other Allied nations will have to defeat Russia herself.

Such a possibility, at best, is presumptuous. Who is there today who can foretell what any of the nations have in mind with regard to what may transpire after Germany is defeated? Will Britain stop then and leave the Japs to the United States to finish or will she continue to work with and support them in their campaign?

Those of us who claim to be British will answer that by saying such a possibility as that is unthinkable. Britain has already committed herself and a British pledge is never broken. Be that as it may, there is nothing to prevent her from breaking it any more than we can say that Russia will stop, when she has secured enough territory, and tell the other nations to finish the job. Or that Russia will think she is all powerful and attempt to take all Europe for herself. One supposition has as much foundation as the other.

The point is this, that, regardless of all the surmising and guessing as to what Russia may do in the future, at present she is doing a first class job of handing the Germans their just deserts and driving them back to their own stamping ground. Granted she could have put up such a magnificent struggle only with the assistance of the Allied Nations in supplying arms, munitions and supplies, nevertheless, Russia has really shown us what a total war effort means.

All her materiel and personnel have been thrown into the struggle and to date her performance has been a marvel to other nations and an example to be copied if we are to rid the world of the war mongers.

### SALUTE TO THE NAVY

Canada has just finished observing Navy Week. During that time the members of Canada's fighting Navy and the Merchant Navy were honoured throughout the country. We can think of no more fitting appreciation of the work being done by these stalwarts than to have a week set aside in which to do them honour.

The men of the Navy lead a rugged life, a life that bristles with danger and is full of hardship. Theirs has been the job of maintaining the lifeline between Canada and Britain. They have braved the wolf pack and run the gauntlet that ship loads of supplies might reach their destination intact. They have met and bested the enemy on countless occasions.

A mere handful of men and a few small ships at the outbreak of war, Canada's Navy has expanded until today it is definitely a power in itself, and already is rich in sea tradition.

To all these men, members of the R.C.N. and the M.N., we pay tribute.

### OUR LOSS

This month we lost one of the original members of our News staff, a member who has worked untiringly for the improvement of the paper and who was the man responsible for getting the paper out each month. We refer to Capt. L. N. Poch, who has served as Editor-in-Chief since the paper was introduced to the Camp and one, who was, in a large measure, responsible for its introduction. That he has done a good job is well proven by the success of the paper.

Lou, as he was more familiarly known, had been in the Camp for over a year as a member of the Canadian Dental Corps. During that time he has entered into every side of Camp life and made many friends who will regret his departure. In his retirement to civil life, through no wish of his own, the Army has lost a very capable and efficient Dental Officer and we have lost a good newspaper editor.

The best of luck, Lou, and every success in your new endeavors.

### C.Q.M.S. Illingworth Retires From Paper

We regret very much to report that CQMS Illingworth was forced to retire as correspondent of the Sgts' Mess through ill health. He was very interested in the Camp newspaper and his monthly contributions to its columns were always breezy and full of interest. Due to his failing health he was compelled to undergo hospitalization and following a short stay in the Camp Hospital here he was transferred to Halifax and at present is in Camp Hill Hospital there.

We reproduce herewith a copy of the letter forwarded to the managing editor in which he expresses his regrets at having to sever connections with us.

Forbes Annex,  
Camp Hill,  
Halifax, N. S.

Major Muttart,  
Editor,  
Aldershot News  
Sir:

It is with the deepest regret that I respectfully request that I be replaced pro tem as reporter for the Sergeants' Mess.

I have been in hospital now for some weeks and regret to say that my improvement appears to be very slow. In view of this, sir, I feel that I am of no further use to your valuable paper and that I should be replaced.

It has been an unforgettable pleasure and honour to me to have been associated with the Aldershot News since its birth.

May the News have a long, useful and prosperous life, is my parting wish, and may I please have my next copy, sir.

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

A. C. Illingworth, CQMS.

### SAM

Now a tyre that is under inflated  
Gets a terrible strain on its guts,  
Whilst one that's too 'ard isn't comfy  
And'll rattle and loosen the nuts.

But Sam never went by 'arf measures,  
"If they're soft then they bust," sed  
my lord,  
"So I'd best put the wind up 'em  
proper."  
And 'e blew 'em as 'ard as a board.

At this juncture the lads in the corner  
All started to snigger w' glee,  
"This is going to be good," said the  
leader,  
"Hold yer 'ats on and wait for it,  
See—"

Now yer know them red nuts on the  
wheels, lads?  
They're red for a purpose o' course,  
The colour's a guide to the gormless,  
Meanin' "Danger," "Keep clear," "Old  
yer 'orse."

Well, Sammy sublimely unconscious,  
Were changing a wheel for a spare,  
He were undoin' nuts w' abandon,  
Wi' naught in the world for a care.

Well, the flange caught 'im right on  
the 'kisser';  
'E went 'earts over ribs on the earth,  
And the audience there in the corner  
Nearly died with convulsions of mirth.

—CAM.

### Band Undertake New Endeavors

Music lovers in Camp, Kentville, and vicinity, have a real musical treat in store for them in the near future when the I. T. C. band favors them with more concerts.

Bandmaster Charlie Wilson has arranged a splendid program of symphonic music in which the men under his charge are taking a keen interest in preparing for public presentation. Not only has the band some of the finest instrumentalists in Eastern Canada in brass and reeds but it has been augmented recently by a double contra in string bass to help fill out these in a more symphonic arrangement.

Some of the compositions to be heard are Unfinished Symphony by Franz Schubert, Oberon, by C. M. Weber, Piano Concerto in B flat minor by Tschaikowsky, Stardust, and a descriptive fantasy, Stormy Weather by Ted Koehler and Harold Arlen.

"Deep Purple," better known as a popular dance tune, has been lately arranged into a "Symphonic Tone Poem."

This term covers the experiments in a new style of instrumental music which first showed a coherent method in the Twelve Symphonisches Dichtungen of Liszt. The term at present implies a large orchestral composition, which, whatever its length and changes of tempo, is not broken up into separate movements, and which, moreover, illustrates a definite poetic train of thought that can be expressed in literature, whether it is actually so expressed or not. Thus the form of the Symphonic poem is the form dictated by its written or unwritten poetic idea, and so it is not every piece of programme music that can be called a "Symphonic Poem."

Aldershot can well be proud to have such a fine band. Under the capable direction of CSM. Wilson there is nothing that seems to stick them in music. The best of luck, Charlie, in your new endeavor.



Hon. Col. William Ross Flemington, 46, of Sackville, N. B., Assistant Principal Chaplain (Protestant) at Canadian Military Headquarters in London, is shown above. This is the latest picture of Col. Flemington, who was lecturer in education at Mount Allison University from 1925 to the outbreak of war. Col. Flemington is well known personally to many in our camp who took lectures from him at Mt. A.

(Canadian Army Photo)



## Stew Bad General

"All right, fall in, we can't keep the cooks waiting, the eggs might get cold and set in the grease. And I'm not calling out the Engineers just for the sake of three or four late ones. And cut out the comedy, if there's anything funny on parade we'll all laugh."

Voice from the rear rank "we are laughing."

"Alright, alright, steady up. Right turn. By the left, quick march" and the party slowly wandered with bowed heads towards the cookhouse, so called because the cooks hide there. Once inside the mad scramble begins, each trying to find a piece of meat that might be coaxed away from the platter without putting up too much of a struggle.

After the mad scramble is over a few words of praise are offered for the cook, (sounds more like some one asking the blessing) while a few of the more daring souls linger around for a while in the hopes some kind-hearted person might bust open a can of sardines or find some food in the cookhouse that is especially fit for eating purposes.

You know, one day one of the lads really did have an egg handed to him that still looked, and moreover, tasted, like real egg. Boy, what a treat. Of course that accident was much publicised via the grape vine with the result that the other men took on courage anew but, from that day to this, the lad who handed out the egg has not been heard from. (They called it sabotage or sumpin). Poor fellow—that's what you get for trying to help out suffering humanity.

One meal that I will never forget though, and one that really stuck with me, is remembered not so much for its high quality or flavor but for its stick-toitiveness. The meal was not really intended for me but the lad to whom it had been ladled out, caught his foot as he passed me and of course dropped the stew—right down my neck. I wasn't put out too much for after all what's in a stew (the \$64. question, you answer that one). I've been in several myself and you can take it from me I'm no dumpling.

However one thing I did learn from this incident and that was to keep my jacket and pockets all buttoned up thereafter. For over a week I was unravelling the mystery—every time I put my hand in a pocket I discovered a new ingredient. What a stew?

The only fortunate part about it was that the stew matched my battle dress to a T.—of course I mean my blouse, whoever heard of a battle dress matching?

Now I don't want anyone to be offended by these remarks. After all I really do think that the food rationed to Canada's Army is of the very finest quality—until it reaches the cookhouse. After that anything might happen—and usually does.

There is another fine point about our meals. They try to make sure that everything is a'l right for the men (including me) and one day they even sent a young squirt of an officer around to inquire if the cooks had any complaint to make. Apparently the cooks were satisfied because I haven't seen the officer since.

—BY GENERAL SERVICE.

A new service ribbon—the ribbon of the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal—will be awarded to volunteer members of Canada's Navy, Army and Air Force who have completed 18 months' voluntary service.

## Looks Like a "Major" Operation



Shown above are four of the Camp's well-known Majors. Reading from left to right, Major R. T. Chisholm, O.C. Adm. Wing; Major H. V. Davies, S. of I. (now on Battle Drill Course at Vernon, B. C.); Major J. H. Woolman, formerly O.C. of 'E' Specialist Coy. (who is at present confined in Halifax Military Hospital), and Major G. F. Turner, O.C. Training. Both Chisholm and Turner saw service in the 1st Great War, 1914-1918.

### LEGION SUPERVISOR IS TRANSFERRED

(Continued from Page 1)

and had the difficulty straightened out.

A resident of this district, his home being quite nearby, Jack will be missed by many other than the personnel of this camp.

He is being succeeded here by Mr. Charlie P. Holden, C. L. W. S., supervisor from Halifax. While Mr. Holden may be a stranger to most of the camp personnel here at present, he certainly is no stranger to the camp, having soldiered here a number of times. For some time in this present war he was associated with the Reserve Army and as such spent several summers here under canvas.

Welcome to our midst, Charlie, and may your stay be a long and happy one.

### VETERANS OF CAMP HEARD AT BANQUET

(Continued from Page 1)

the benefits gained therefrom, Col. Jeffery paid particular stress to the need for additional physical training in our schools. He maintained that to have a sound body makes for a sound mind while a combination of these two would make for sound citizenship, a national asset.

Col. D. S. Forbes, O. B. E., M. C. Camp Commandant, was also heard in an address when he replied to the toast to "The Fighting Services," which had been proposed by Angus Elderskin, Wolfville. Another prominent member of the camp staff, Lt. Col. C. D. Sampson, M. M., Chief Administrative Officer, was heard in several musical numbers during the program.

Brief impromptu addresses were also made by Capt. William T. Walker, E. D., camp paymaster and Capt. I. J. Bickerton, M. M.

### POPULAR PAYMASTER RECEIVES DECORATION

(Continued from Page 1)

of the present war. He enlisted again a few days after the war was declared and was attached to the Carleton York Regiment.

He came to this center in 1940 and since that time has paid out millions of dollars to the thousands of troops who have passed through the center. Proof of his popularity and comradeship with the men is evidenced by the fact that he receives more letters from overseas than any one in the center.

Captain Walker is married and lives in Kentville. His wife was the former Miss Muriel Burt of Fredericton. They have two children, William, Junior and a daughter, Muriel Ann, who was born on Armistice Day this year, so Captain Walker is receiving congratulations not only for receiving the Efficiency Decoration but also on the arrival of his new daughter. Nice going Bill.

### LA HAVE CHAPTER APPRECIATE DONATION

(Continued from Page 1)

Bridgewater, N. S.  
October 27, 1943.

Lieut. L. K. Hill,  
Aldershot, N. S.

Dear Sir:

Please express to the men of your Demonstration Platoon the thanks of the La Have Chapter, I.O.D.E., for the generous contribution to their work. It was very unexpected but very much appreciated.

Sincerely,

Jean MacD. Gow,  
Secretary.

Nearly 250 members of the Canadian Army have won decorations in operations since the war began.

## Carbon Monoxide

Back in the Stone Age, they would frequently find a guy lying dead in his cave for no reason that anybody could make out. Young, healthy guys, too—with no club or claw marks and no snake bites.

Today, they also find guys dead in their closed truck-cabs or garages. Young, healthy guys—also with no claw, club or snake bites. But today we know the reason.

Carbon monoxide.

The Stone Age guy died from the carbon monoxide gas that poured forth from his poorly ventilated campfire. Any carbonaceous material that burns slowly or without complete combustion gives off carbon monoxide.

Guys die today because this odourless, colourless, merciless, gas creeps up into the cab from leaks in the exhaust system; or because they linger too long in closed shops or garages with the doors closed and the engine running.

It's a twice-told tale which you probably heard a dozen times.

It begins with incomplete combustion—incomplete combustion is what you get in your engine.

It takes a ratio of 15 pounds of air to 1 pound of gasoline to get complete combustion. But that doesn't give power.

To get power, you need a ratio of 12½ to 13½ pounds of air to one pound of gasoline which yields about 75% or 85% of complete combustion. A by-product is carbon monoxide. It's supposed to be carried away by the exhaust pipe.

But with leaks in the pipe, the carbon monoxide is aimed right up at the driver sitting in his closed cab. And then a strange and fearsome thing happens.

The carbon monoxide is breathed in by the driver along with air. And the hemoglobin (the red stuff in the blood that's supposed to pick up the oxygen and feed it to the tissues) picks up carbon monoxide 200 times faster than it picks up oxygen.

The hemoglobin can't pass the carbon monoxide on to the tissues. Carbon monoxide is a stable compound and likes to stick around. So it stays in the bloodstream and there's no room for oxygen. The tissues slowly starve—the brain and the heart are the first to go.

As if that isn't bad enough, carbon monoxide comes to the bloodstream for keeps. Like a poor relative, you can't get rid of it. You die. Years later, doctors can open you up and discover traces of carbon monoxide in what was your bloodstream.

Gruesome ain't it?

But all jokes aside it's time to get up your guard against the gas you cannot taste, see or smell. Don't take a nap in a truck cab with the windows shut and the engine running to keep you warm. They may not be able to wake you up.

Watch out for leaky mufflers, exhaust pipes and gaskets—have them repaired or replaced. Don't work on your truck in a closed building with the engine running.

You're too young to be carbonated.  
—CAM.

The first detachment of the Canadian Women's Army Corps to be sent to England recently celebrated their first year of service there.

Motion pictures are shown nightly to Canadian Army troops in the Mediterranean Area with as many as five thousand men at a showing.





# GOING UP!



## PROFICIENCY PAY

**Admin. Wing** — Privates: Stronach, K. L., Richard, R. J., White, E. G.

**H.Q. ITC.**—Privates, Newcombe, G. O., Fagan, A. J.

**School of Instruction**—Privates, Doiron, L. G., Tummonds, C. F.

**"B" Company** — Privates, Boey, C., Bray, H. L. F., Buckinx, H. H., Lamke, M. E., MacMullen, J. A., Livingstone, M. E., Squire, W. J., Peters, W. E.

**"C" Company**—Privates, Ballard, C. F., Beniot, R. J., Boutilier, G. A., Dunbar, J. W., Frost, R. A., Jollimore, E. B., King, L. M., Manthorne, B. J., McMullin, D. A., Petite, J. C., Robson, J. A., Sweet, W. J., Bourassa, J. V., Brewer, M. A., Boulter, L. E., Laughlin, J. T. W., Kennedy, A. J.

**"D" Company**—Privates, Richard, E. J., LeBlanc, J. J., Parker, L. M., Jodrey, C. E., Hyson, D. C., Garrison, D. B., White, J. S., Myra, D. R., Amiro, C. J., Blackler, R. M., MacDonald, B. T., Rowlands, A., Kennedy, H. M., Glode, J., MacDonald, H. B., Finlay, F. J.,

McPherson, H. G., Crossley, R. E., Lutz, J. W., Robertson, G. E., MacLeod, E. A., MacDonald, F. J., McMullin, J. J.

**"F" Company**—Privates, Murphy, J. G., Wilks, W. C., Frizzell, S. L., Swaine, J. F., Spidle, A. R., Pickup, A. V., Keizer, G. K., Foster, A. S., Fraser, D. J., Smith, R., LeBlanc, J. W., MacDougall, J. D., Grant, D. A., Leslie, C. W., MacKinnon, M. P.

**"G" Company**—Privates, Neal, G. J., Wood, J. J., Carmody, W. W., Whalen, R. L., Stewart, A. M., Locey, H. P., Messom, L. A., Gullens, G. F., Ward, G. A., Storm, G. H., Maddox, J. M., White, S. E., Smith, R., Pyklywick, J.

**1st T.S.**—Privates, Arsenault, J. B., Barclay, L. T., Conway, B. R., Fraser, J. W., Hinchey, J. J., Langmead, J. C., Peori, W. J., Ritchie, G., Shephard, C. E., Schofield, G. H., Spiess, T. H., Stanfield, G. W., Thompson, R. F., Todd, E. D., Woodhouse, F. G., Donovan, P. I., Houghan, F. E., Piggott, J., Philpott, B. W., Weaver, J. H., Walster, E. C., Smith, V. F., Squires, W. C., Wyllie, G. W., Thibodeau, J. E., Dunsford, B., McLean, D. J.

to attend a three weeks' N.C.O.'s Course. We wish them every success. The very efficient Officer in charge of these girls is Lt. C. M. Haig.

## Largest Sales Recorded

(Continued from Page 1)

of the loan. With a quota of \$82,700.00, more than double our last quota, we subscribed \$81,050.00. While not making the quota as set for us by Military Headquarters, it represents an increase of over \$10,000.00 above what we were able to purchase during the last loan. The fact that we did not make our quota should not be as disheartening as it should be a stimulant to make us do better if there is another Victory Loan in six months' time. It is felt that Aldershot Camp need make no apologies for the results of the effort, because everyone that could buy bonds did, and many bought more than one.

### Hospital Wins Pennant

The outstanding job of the whole campaign here in Aldershot was done by Capt. West of the Aldershot Military Hospital. With a quota of \$2,900.00 and a limited number of prospects, he piled up a total of \$9,300.00 worth of bonds before he stopped. The Hospital was the first Unit in this Centre to receive a pennant for going over the top, which was received by the Commanding Officer of the Hospital, Lt. Col. MacNeill from the hands of Lt. Col. Sampson, then Acting Camp Commandant, before a large assembly in the Drill Hall. This pennant must have given inspiration to some of the other Units in Camp, because the Detention Barracks the C.W.A.C.'s, and the Army Service Corps Detachment quickly followed suit in going well over their objectives.

A large share of praise must be extended to the Administrative Wing for being able to put up over \$15,000.00 in applications. The good work there was commenced by Lt. "Pat" Morris, and because of his being posted away for a time, was completed by Lt. Colville.

## How's Your Fire Extinguisher . . . ?

### EVERY DAY LOOK AND SEE—IS IT FILLED?

Shake it and listen. When refilling, use Fluid recommended by the Extinguisher Manufacturer (obtained from R. C. E. in 1 quart refills). Be sure the handle is locked after filling, or fluid will leak out.

### IS IT CLEAN?

Look at the nozzle closely. A clogged nozzle won't squirt.

### DOES IT PUMP FREELY?

Don't pump it every day; that's a waste of fluid. Instead, look for damage such as a bent handle or dented cylinder, and pump it only if you find new damage.

### IS IT SECURELY MOUNTED?

If it's loose, it will soon be battered and dirty—or maybe lost.

### DOES IT LEAK?

Shake after handle is in locked position to determine whether lock is leak-

proof. Defective seals on locks often allow fluid to escape while being transported in the vehicle rack.

### Every Month, Make This Test

1. Smell the fluid to make sure it's pure uncontaminated carbon tetrachloride.
2. Squirt some of the fluid into a clean, dry container.
3. If the fluid is clean, pour it back, into the extinguisher.
4. If the fluid is dirty, empty the extinguisher and fill with clean fluid.
5. If the extinguisher won't pump, get Supply to swap it for a new one.

NEVER ALLOW ANY WATER TO MIX WITH FIRE EXTINGUISHER FLUID (CARBON TETRACHLORIDE). IT WILL FORM HYDROCHLORIC ACID, WHICH IS CORROSIVE AND WON'T PUT OUT ELECTRICAL FIRES. —CAM.

Lt. Stan Charleton looked after the Work Shops and Canteens to round out the picture. A very fine record, gentlemen, and thank you.

One cannot be praised for buying a Victory Bond any more than one can be blamed for not buying, but the Aldershot News gives thanks to all those who in any way whatever assisted the Victory Loan Campaign, with special mention to S/Sgt. Connors of the Boot

Repair Depot for his timely Pop-eye and Hitler Thermometer. This thermometer was used as an indicator to show the daily progress in sales during the campaign.

Much credit for the showing made by the Camp must go to Capt. Frank Scammell, who acted in the capacity of organizer and chairman and who was indefatigable in his efforts to meet the high quota.



The first C.W.A.C. dance was held in our Recreation Room on the 28th of October. It didn't quite make the last edition of the Aldershot News but we feel it worthy of a write-up and insist on getting it in now.

The affair was a gala one. The Recreation Room was decorated with Autumn leaves and with the new floor lamps lighted, had a gay appearance. Col. Forbes, the Camp Commandant, was present, also Lt. Col. Sampson, C.W.A.C. Station Commander, and the Senior Officers in Camp. Lt. Col. White fell asleep, we understand, at about the time the dance began and so missed it, to his intense regret, we hope. The C.W.A.C. was pleased to have Col. Jeffery, the former Camp Commandant, present, and Mrs. Jeffery.

It was a rainy night and the soap flakes used on the floor in lieu of wax made an interesting combination with the damp shoes of the dancers.

The A.14 Orchestra gave out beautifully until 0100 hours. An excellent supper was served, thanks to the co-operation of the Camp Cooking School.

We're all looking forward to another dance and hope we get the same enthusiastic co-operation from all over the Camp as we did for this one.

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. "Dot" Spicer, L/Cpl. Ivy Andrews and Joyce Sparkes on their recent promotions.

Back with us in Camp are Sgt. Gillis, M.P., and L/Cpl. McAloney. E.V. Welcome back girls and how are things in New York?

We again say "Hello", to 22 C.W.A.C.'s who have arrived at Aldershot

## "You Gotta Be Rugged"



The above picture bears out the old axiom that you have to be tough to be a good infantryman. In the picture above Sgt. C. J. Bernard, Queen's County, P.E.I., is shown using the body of Pte. C. J. Aiken, also of Prince Edward Island, as a human gangway to clear a barb wire obstacle. It is such training as this which builds up the infantry into the rugged fighting machine it needs to be. (Canadian Army Photo)



## Veterans Meet After 25 Years

After this war is over there will be many a tall story told by soldiers regarding incidents in their army life that people will find hard to believe and look upon with a doubtful eye. Nevertheless, regardless of how far fetched they seem to be, it will be quite probable that the story will be true apart from a few embellishments added to lend it color.

The proof of this is in the pudding. We will give you a first hand example that has happened right here within the past month and which relates to an experience in the last Great War.

Capt. I. J. Bickerton, M. M., who served overseas with the 85th Battalion in the last war, attended the Veterans' banquet held in Kentville on Armistice night. At the close of the banquet as he was leaving the room someone tapped him on the shoulder and when he turned around this other chap exclaimed "Well Bickerton, you old—, where in hell have you been all these years?"

Taking a close scrutiny of the stranger, as he certainly appeared to be, and aided by the odd reminder from the gentleman, Bick was no time in placing him. To his surprise, and, shall we say, his amazement, he recognized him as an old comrade whom he hadn't seen since those hectic days in France, October, 1918.

It so happened that as "A" Coy. of the 85th had taken their objective at Bourlon Wood they were still under heavy shell fire. Capt. Bickerton, who was a lance jack at the time, came upon Pte. Carl Matthews, (whom the stranger at the banquet turned out to be), in a shell hole, wounded. Bick applied a field dressing and sent him back out of the line, and until Thursday night, Nov. 11th, this year, had never laid eyes on Matthews again.

You can depend on it that these two men didn't leave the hall then as there were all the other incidents known to both that had to be told over again. After all when you haven't seen a guy for 25 years, in fact never expected to see him again, there certainly would be any number of things that they would have to relate to one another.

We give you this little story as typical of the many which will be heard after the present war is won and over. Captain Bickerton says the moral of the whole thing is "Never to miss a veterans' banquet."

Incidentally Matheson lives at Berwick which is only a few miles from Aldershot so we can imagine that Bick will be running down for the odd chicken dinner at his home.

### REMEMBRANCE DAY OBSERVED IN CAMP

(Continued from Page 1)

Here they were given a very brief address by Col. D. S. Forbes, O.B.E., M. C., Camp Commandant. The flag was lowered to half mast and wreaths were placed at the base of the pole by Major J. Blais and CSM. Jerry Godbold. At exactly eleven o'clock the usual two minutes silence was observed followed by the sounding of the Last Post and The Lament. The Flag was then raised to the top of the staff and prayer said by Rev. (Hon. Cant.) A. S. Rice, R. C. padre.

The simple but impressive service was brought to a close by the playing of God Save The King by the band and the parade moved off to be dismissed at the square.

## Movement 'X'

My Coy. Commander told me that I could win a War Savings Certificate if I wrote the best story of the month. Realizing that I could never get better material than in movement "X" I humbly submit this as my version of the move. It must have called for tremendous organization as a "Schmozzle" as big as that would have to be organized. Have you ever seen a picture of the "Retreat from Moscow?" Brother, that was only a tea party in comparison to this.

The zero hour was set for 10 o'clock on the Battalion Square. Everybody was there with blankets, kit bags, spare boots, battle dress, coat hangers, radios, guitars, dogs, cats, and a copy of the Aldershot News. In addition to this we had to help along the category personnel. Now if you don't think that is a load, then never move we again like that to a Hut that happens to be near the Wet Canteen.

We staggered onto the Battalion Square with knees buckling and a look of perplexity on our pans, as we didn't know where we were going, except that it most certainly could not be very far. In one respect we were lucky as all of the officers knew what was happening. The only difficulty with that of course was that they were all issuing instructions at the same time. The N. C. O.'s were all calling nominal rolls in triplicate and my pal who had an (M4) under the Pulhems was singing "God Save The King" in French.

A L/Cpl. who just graduated from the "School of Destruction" told me he had it on good authority that at 1015 hours they were going to blow a whistle and then everybody would dash for a Coy. office, C. O.'s office, Adm. office, training office, or R.S.M.'s office and the first one there could have that job for the duration.

At first I thought that he was pulling my leg but then I looked around, put my hands over my eyes, and thought that anything would be an improvement. Accordingly, I crouched with my muscles all tight, ready for a supreme dash, to the A.E.'s office where I could spend the rest of my service, making Cooks out of Bricklayers, Mechanics out of Carpenters and Infantry reinforcements out of the men who volunteered to fight the Germans and not to educate them.

Right at the moment when I was all set to take off and the noise had abated, due to the tenseness, there was a screaming of rubber on pavement and as I looked up, Lo and Behold, there was the Chief Administrative Officer coming around the corner, in a Jeep, so fast that he was dipping sand in his left trouser pocket. My dream as an A. E. started to fade but he took one look at the square and continued on the morning ride of the modern "Paul Revere."

During all this time my Coy. Commander was walking up and down but as the C. A. O. passed at great speed a look of determination came on his face. You could plainly see that he had come to a decision. He called the Coy, to attention and the square was obliterated with everything imaginable. He stood us at ease and ordered us to pick everything up. He called us to attention again, the same thing happened. This went on for about twenty minutes and my friend with the "M 4" under the Pulhems started to sing God Save The King again. Never in the history of man had so many been kicked around by so few (with apologies to "Winnie").

At last we were told where to go. My particular hut was to be No. 49.

## HOLDS IMPORTANT POST



Lieut.-Col. Margaret Eaton, Assistant Adjutant-General (C.W.A.C.) is shown above. Col. Eaton's duties deal with the problems of organization, administration, discipline and personal services of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. (Photo by Ashley and Crippen from Canadian Army.)

When I arrived needless to say the hut was occupied by the personnel of old "C" Coy. who were standing by their beds waiting for a Kit Inspection. Yes, you are right. In the confusion nobody had told them about the move. They were hustled out of the hut with their entire kaboodle and we moved in to our new home. I guess we were lucky because when I looked out the window two hours later they were still standing there, very quiet, cold and wet, and in the background there appeared to be some discussion going on. It was difficult to hear what it was all about but I caught the odd sentence which sounded like this: "I tell you they come under training": "No, they come under Administration: I was definitely told that I shouldn't touch—" A voice under the window drifted towards me and sounded as if the owner had said, "Let's go A.W.L." and an N. C. O. immediately jumped him, saying, "Did you tell me to go to hell." The man said, "No;" the N. C. O. said, "Don't No me." The man said, "Yes." The N. C. O. placed a charge against him.

It is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good as the man was not punished. Why? because everybody concerned has given up looking for him, although he is not A. W. L. Now the \$64 question is "where is he?" Here is the information available. He was in "C" Coy., living in "D" Coy. huts for transfer to No. 2 Training Wing as a trade trainee who had completed training and was for transfer to 1st T. S. Coy. for course in the D & M. Wing which isn't functioning, prior to proceeding to Woodstock on an A. E. Quota which isn't published yet, and will doubtless be changed when it is. Where is he?

Nevertheless Movement "X" was a big success and I regret that space does not permit me to tell you some of the real funny incidents. Well fellas do I get the certificate?

—X—

(Had the author of this article sent his name along with it, he probably would have won the certificate. However the article appealed to us and is printed without prejudice. Any one who does not appreciate the humor contained in it, will be recommended for an interview with the A. Ex.—Editor's note.)

## SERGEANTS' MESS

Mess members will learn with regret the loss of one of our oldest Mess Members, C. Q. M. S., "Bunny" Illingworth discharged to D. P. & N. H. "Bunny," as he was known to Members of the Mess, held a Commissioned rank during the first Great War with the British Imperial Army, where he distinguished himself as a good soldier. Enlisting in this war in the ranks he was rapidly promoted to C.Q.M.S., a rank he held until, owing to ill health, he was hospitalized and discharged a few weeks ago. Members will feel the loss of one who has helped make the Mess as it is, one of the finest in Canada, and so on your return to Civilian Life we the members wish you luck, and always good health.

Our best wishes for a quick recovery to Sgt. Pride, C. D. C., operated on Sunday in Camp Hospital for acute appendicitis.

Best of luck to Sgt. F. M. Stevens who has left our midst, our loss is some one else's gain.

Our entertainment committee who have in their term of office endeavored to please one and all in their various undertakings, were left quite discouraged at the turnout at the last dance held at Turner's on Thursday November 18th. So fellows let's make the next dance to be held on 2 Dec, '43 a great success—support our committee and help them, for without your help their work is in vain.

Members will be glad to hear that our new Billiard room is almost completed and we expect it to be in operation by the end of the month. Our R. S. M. reports when present plans are completed we will have the finest Sgt's Lounge in the Maritimes.

Authority has also been granted by Ottawa for the building of lockers in the annex. We hope the engineers can start work very soon.

A further increase has been noted of new books in the library, A 17 having passed on to us 1800 new books, a very welcome addition to the library.

We are sorry we are unable to invite guests for our weekly chicken dinner but owing to crowded conditions at present in the Mess it would be impossible to add further burden to the Mess Staff. However as soon as this congestion is relieved we will resume our weekly invitations through Company Sergt. Majors.

We again welcome back to the Mess R. S. M. McLean and staff who are conducting N. C. O.'s course for C. W. A. C. personnel.

R.S.M. Frank Brennan—ex Mess member recently invalided home from overseas, is now i/c camp detention barracks. Do visit the Mess soon, sir.

C.S.M. Bowser is being welcomed back from Vernon—understand he gained 12 lbs., but lost most of the 12 on leave. Maybe Sgt. Major Sutton had something to do with this, or it could be the food rationing.

Is S/Sgt. Lusher on his second honeymoon? Gee!

Who are the terrible three who are seen each day in a very friendly huddle, no doubt discussing something from K. R. Can or the Fredericton Journal.

Who is the fighting C.S.M. that always has everything under control?

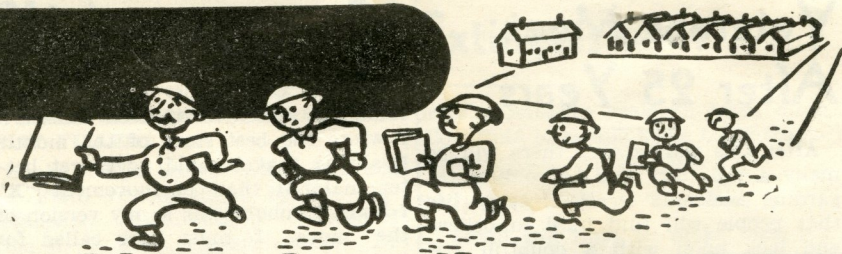
What C.S.M. believes in the old saying the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and what does the R.S.M. think.

Any news items from members will be greatly appreciated and until our next edition.

—MICKEY.



# Coy. BRIEFS



## SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

Even in "Stormy Weather" the proficiency in training goes on at the S. of I. At the present time there are three classes running—Officers' Qualifying Course, Assistant Instructors' and Advanced Platoon Commander Course.

The Officers Qualifying Course is under the guiding hand of Lieut. L. K. Hill and Sgt. H. D. O'Neill.

The A.I.'s Class conducted by Lieut. O. A. Robertson and his efficient staff, Sgt. Waish and Sgt. Cunningham, is progressing very favorably.

Sgt. Walsh is telling the boys what a wonderful furlough he spent in the wild west, while Sgt. Finley is getting a few words in about his furlough in the city of Springhill. (Did you say city, Harve?)

At this time we take pleasure in welcoming to the School, Sgt. H. T. Dorie and Sgt. P. J. W. Bradbury who have just returned from duty overseas. The school hopes to benefit by their knowledge of overseas conditions.

We welcome back to the School (what is left of him) C.S.M. Bowser, who has returned from S17, where he qualified Q I in B. D. The staff seem to wonder just how long he will keep them running.

We all regret losing Lieut. Eddie Thorpe who in the past has taken such a great interest in the training of Officers. Mr. Thorpe who has just returned from the Intelligence Course at R. M. C., Kingston, is now employed as District Intelligence Officer. We wish him every success in his new capacity. Congratulations are also due on the arrival of a new son—his first—may there be many more.

We all wish every success to one of our outstanding N. C. O.'s Cpl. MacMillan, who has proceeded to Long Branch on a P. T. Course. In the past Cpl. MacMillan has brought honors to A14 Training Centre, due to the great part he plays in sports.

We welcome to the School Staff Lieut. R. C. Howlett. Good luck Bob.

Lieut. G. D. Bradshaw and his Sub-Staff, Sgt. Finley, C.S.M. Stevens and Sgt. O'Rourke are enjoying a well earned rest, their class of A. I.'s having completed their course.

We sometimes wonder on the School just what has happened to Maj. Davies and Buck. Can they take it? Well, we will soon know.

Sgt. Sponage, we wish you a quick recovery and that you will soon be back with us again.

Capt. Garber, who some weeks ago returned from R. M. C., Kingston, promises to relate to anybody, "ANYTHING," they want to know. "Just ask me anything, ANYTHING AT ALL."

The officers who qualified for their second pip on the 19th November are:

I. Bell, Amherst; J. A. G. Saunders, P. E. I.; J. T. Irwin, G. B. Langley, Port Hawkesbury; W. C. Ward, Tatamagouche; J. C. Vibert, Stewiacke; W. G. Hunt, Halifax; B. A. Pothier, U. Wedgeport; R. G. Howlette, Sable River; R. M. Goddard, Grand Bay, N. B.; L. G. Morine, Wolfville; W. I. Smith, Shelburne; R. S. Williams, New Glasgow; J. O. Levine, Inverness; L.

H. LeBlanc, Cape Bald; A. W. B. Foster, Cochrane, Ont.; L. R. Closs, Truro; E. D. McRae, Truro; T. R. Page, St. John, N. B.; R. A. MacDonald, Sydney.

## "A" COY.

We welcome back to the Adm. Wing staff Lieut. P. F. Morris who has just returned from Brockville where he had been on a four weeks qualifying course. Congratulations Lieutenant Morris.

We also wish to welcome Lieut. Dauphinee who is now with us and to congratulate him on the recent birth of a son.

Well the pay books are back in circulation again since Lieut. McGlashen is back with us. Welcome back Lieut. McGlashen.

Recent additions to the staff are, Sgt. Hawkins, F. A., L/Cpl. Watts, R. B., L/Cpl. Evans, F., L/Cpl. Rodenhizer, I. C.

L/Cpl. Coady who has just returned from a Storeman's course at Farnham, Que., is now happily spending his furlough at his home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Recent discharges from the Army are, Pte. Buell, J. E. and Pte. Young, C. Our best wishes to them in their return to civilian life.

We wish to congratulate L/Cpl. Hardiman, J. W. E., on his recent promotion and also L/Cpl. Rodenhizer, I. C. Keep it up boys.

Sgt. Baillie has been kept pretty busy this past week since the big change of the camp trying to keep track of all the men and records, etc., as men are being posted in the company every day.

Sgt. Spence has also been kept very busy looking after his so called "Important Papers"—be careful Sgt. don't lose them.

We hope that CSM. Godbold does not have too many absent on his muster parade Monday.

Congratulations to Major R. T. Chisholm on his win. It is too bad it wasn't a thousand, Sir. We wonder if he is as lucky at cribbage.

Everytime C. Q. M. S. McKinnon wants a certain storeman of his he has to send the runner to the laundry for him. What is so interesting down there Freeman?

We wonder why Cpl. Christensen goes down to the Salvation Army hut every Sunday night? Is it just for the sing song? We wonder.

## "B" COY.

It is with the deepest regret and most poignant sorrow that we say farewell to our old and faithful cognomen "Beer" Coy. Even when they changed the alphabet we wouldn't give up "Beer" for "Baker." Now we are just a number, a little number. Not even Wing No. 1 consoles us. "F" Coy. is also lost with us under the "One." The number "One" will never have the personality and appeal the "Beer" and "Freddy" had for our respective companies.

What with the sudden appointment of several A.I.'s to Lance Corporals, we have often been tempted to borrow a Corporal's tunic and visit their bar just to help them drown their sorrow. Their names appear elsewhere in this paper.

After taking 1st place in the first two cross-country runs "B" Coy. lost in the third run for the cup. The Coy. was out at the Mortar Range till five in the afternoon and were unable to send a team in. There is no doubt in our minds, however, that whenever "C" Coy. will pit their team against ours, we will win by a good majority. "C" Coy. may accept this as a challenge if they wish.

We made a policy of introducing new officers in the Coy. through this column, but if we were to report all the changes of officers this Coy. has had in the last month it would be as long as a roll of toilet paper.

Major Miller, the O. C. of No. 1 Training Wing returned from one course just long enough to get his laundry done and is away on another course. Nice work if you can get it.

Capt. Gelston has taken over the New Wing as 2 i/c.

Sgt. Major Lloyd has taken over the reins of the Sub-Staff N. C. O.'s from our chocolate soldier, Sgt. Major Tabb.

The old buggy is running once again with a lot of new young horses and some old mares who need the whip to get them going. Everything is turning out fine though.

Lieut. D. Noiles has gone to the S. of I. for a refresher course after coming back from Yarmouth. Now, was his mind taken off his work so much down there in three months that he needed that? Guess he must have fell in a kind of a muddy hole in Yarmouth Fog.

## Things We Think About

We are proud of the fact that there were very few casualties on our all day route march, Friday, 19 Nov. '43, "Pistol Packing Papa" caused us undue discomforts at frequent intervals along the route. We are wondering if the C. P. R. telegraph office will be open during the Xmas season.

We are wondering how the "Mumps" casualties of No. 17 Platoon are progressing in their training, under the able instruction of L/Cpl. Canning. We hope these boys will soon be able to join their pals.

We notice that Rfn. Walsh of No. 14 Platoon is a frequent visitor to the C. W. A. C. Recreation Hut. Pretty Nice, Eh. Tommy?—You betcha.

The Wings Orderly Sgt. (the walking beer barrel) has found that due to so much work lately, he has begun to roll along.—He claims it keeps him in condition and also is a good excuse when leaving the Mess Canteen after lights out.

We notice how red Sgt. Bishop's face is almost every morning. Could it be the reflection of the Company of the night before, Bish?

Sgt. Hawkins, formerly of 18 Platoon, is back in Camp after going home and finding out he was a man. Congratulations Hawkins, hope he makes as fine a soldier as you.

See you next month.

## "C" COMPANY

It being that time of the month, here we are again with a few words about the goings on in our company. After a few hectic days, during which the change over was made, we are at last settled down in our new quarters

and things are again working smoothly; a little cramped perhaps, but, after a few days "We'll get used to it."

Say, did you ever hear that old law that says two objects can't occupy the same place at the same time? Well, we have revised that entirely, and have proof that the statement is all wrong. You should see our two Orderly Corporals (on one another's knee)—one making out sick reports while the other tears out his hair over mess house detail.

Our two clerks and C. S. M.'s are also a sight to behold, seated at the same desk (on the same chair) working like beavers. If you don't believe it come down and see for yourself that I haven't stretched the fact a bit.

There are a few things going on around our lines that have some of us puzzled for explanations. Can anyone supply a few of the answers?

Who is the supposedly hard-boiled N. C. O.—could it be (Sgt. Zinck)—who, when it rained the other morning, stayed in the hut and called the roll out the window? Rather ingenious we'll admit but we don't recommend that it be made a standing rule in rainy weather.

Then we have Cpl. Agnew who ventured forth at least ten miles from camp the other day looking for a meal of fried eggs. Perhaps the army fare doesn't agree with him. We understand he didn't do so well tho'; has something happened to the Valley hospitality or was the Corporal's line not so hot?

Has anyone seen a Santa Claus loose in A. 14? Anyway we understand that one of our privates accompanied by L/Cpl. Chabassol was seen in Kentville last Saturday buying ladies' makeup kits. Let's hope they were only Christmas presents. That same lad fills the otherwise peaceful Orderly Room with the strains of "Rosie the Rivetter". It's well known by everyone that he is trying for a transfer to the Army Show.

If you should happen to see a good looking guy from No. 2 Training Wing (with one stripe) please treat him gently. This fellow (whose first name sounds as though it should be his first) has had a long face now for a week, because he says the world is down on him.

Smile, we ask you, when next you meet him, to prove to him how wrong he is.

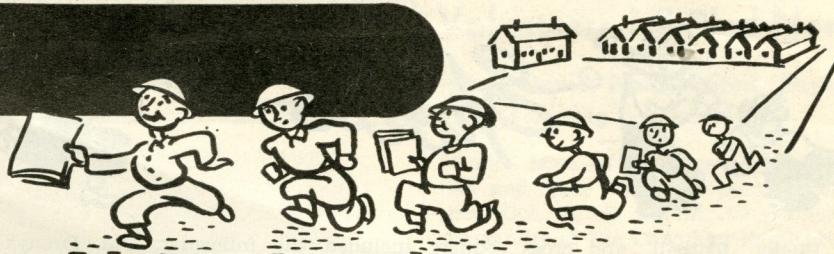
Another one of our lads here has a few newly-acquired grayhairs. It seems that the army built up his hopes and then let him down with a bang. Cheer up Sam, remember all comes to him who waits.

Sometime when your down around 122 hut, drop in and see the photo of the gorgeous gal (from Halifax) who graces our shelves. Seems she is engaged to one of our three week lads. There's an ugly rumor though that a certain "pal" of his is also interested. Someone had better work fast. (Competition is still the life of trade, eh?) We all want to take this opportunity of saying how happy we are to have C. S. M. Hall with us now. With all the new men we will surely be able to keep him busy. We feel sure that he will make our good organization just that much better.

I guess that's all off the record news



# Coy. BRIEFS



for now. But speaking of records, did you ever hear the story about our eight minute man, Cpl. Vaillancourt? I can see him blushing now so rather than embarrass him, I'll say "so-long."

## "E" COMPANY

Who is the Cpl. that is wondering if it would be possible for him to sleep in the same bed for two nights hand running—not forgetting the L/Cpl. who has moved five times but has never seen his bed.

What caused Capt. Hudson to jump into the flower pot while waiting for the Sgt. Major to hand over the Coy. parade? We wonder.

Who is the genius that wanted to know, that, since the Bren is a gas operated weapon, where in hell is the gas tank? Really? Corporal Sorensen could tell. What say, Corp., did he pass the T's O. E. T.?

Lights out—while sneaking into bed one heard—"Halt." "Put that pistol down Babe."—Well, Well.

Grigg, our storeman, wants to know why CQ Benazon won't leave the Coy stores. Grigg is building fast.

Well, things are now beginning to look more like the Army as she was. They were pretty grim at first but Capt. Hudson has come through again.

Lieut. Fraser swings a mighty mean hammer when putting up beds, according to reports.

Training is going along great guns, and we have men from every province in the Dominion in our Company. They get along all right together, too. Too bad they weren't politicians.

So long for now, will be back again.

## 1ST T. S. COMPANY

Once again comes the time for a bit of gossip about the lads in this company. A bit of praise also would fit in about here. This time the T. S. Boys didn't build an Obstacle Course, but stepped into the job of building a village for Battle Drill. It's a darn good job too, but a lot of fellows wanted to know where the Gov't Store was. (Imagine that). A few suggestions for a name came in, among them being Kaiserville, Halltown or Weatherdon City.

Pte. Tubby Ross, the runner, says he'll take anyone on for the three mile run. He says he gets enough practice for a ten miler.

Everyone was wondering what that peculiar mark on L/Cpl. Park's forehead was. One fellow who was a little more daring than the others "snuck" up a little closer and found, of all things, a Post Mark. Seems that mail job has gone to your head Park-sie boy.

Wow: Another "shiner" is being sported around again this month. This time by Pte. Peterson. Darn these "doors" anyway—eh Pete?

Cpl. Place is puzzled. Yes sir, the furrows of deep concentration (?) are plainly written on that noble brow, and all because of a bowl of soup. Just the same as the whistle after a "black out," he says—all clear. The formula is what he is after—it's most confoosin, but darned if it's amoosin—eh Place?

Lieut. Hall, 2 i/c of the Village and Tower gang, is going to take the final

plunge into matrimony the 27th of this month. Congratulations Sir, we all wish you the best of everything.

Sgt. Murray who had a squad working on the Village was asked one day by Pte. Baker, "Say Sarge, what's the I. A. on a hammer, the handle is broken on mine?" Sgt. Murray, needless to say, just opened his mouth, closed it again and puttered away. Grim ain't it Sarge?

Sgt. Pilling, W. J. and L/Cpl. Denne, D. A. are home on miners leave.

Sgt. Thibideau and Cpl. Blanchard are back from courses in Long Branch. Welcome home fellows—here's hoping for a QI.

## D. & M. WING

Confucius say "Governor in vehicle take place of common sense driver no have." With zero weather staring us in the face anything can happen to a vehicle especially when the roads are icy and someone gets tampering with the Governor.

Maintenance is more important than ever at this time of year—keep your battery in top condition. If you let the specific gravity down it will freeze just as sure as your ancestors were monkeys. Keep your tire pressure even and your brakes in perfect adjustment. It will pay dividends on slippery roads—and don't forget your winter lubrication.

The planes are certainly travelling low these days, CSM. Cairns and CQMS. Boutilier were driving up to camp the other day in George's car when some large object appeared right in the middle of the road forcing George to take to the ditch.—It turned out to be a ten wheeler aeroplane.—Yes, you guessed it, the plane was on tow.

It was on a dark and rainy Sunday morning—the same morning as the aeroplane incident—George and his wife were sipping coffee in their apartment in Kentville when things really began to happen—(we still haven't found out what George did)—the furniture plus a lot of smaller items came sailing in the general direction of his head—No, it wasn't the wife, it was the lightning and they both came out unscathed.

It's good to see Sgt. Bamford out of hospital again. We wonder if he's buying his own medicine these days.

Pte. Currie is getting his own breakfast these mornings—at least rumor has it that way.

Here's one for the books—Lieut. Rhyno has a nice little house not far from the camp. The house had every thing Carl needed but a coal bin so he laboured very diligently, in his spare time, and built himself a dandy. He called the Coal Company, ordered his coal and proceeded to camp. On returning home he found that the coal had been thrown in the wrong window. Why don't you advertise the bin for rent Carl?

Sgt. Herridge is having a X2X? of a time trying to find the new company and wing offices.

Cpl. Tomkinson has that well fed look about him—We wonder why.

Quite a few of the boys have money in the bank these days—it's nice to see that look of security. (A good place to make a touch).

Capt. "Pat" Gunter is employed with the wing at present but would still like to put some water between himself and the training centre.

Sgt. Trevors has just returned from furlough, we wonder how the bees are producing in N. B.?

Cpl. Whitman is teaching tap dancing to some of the boys. How about some lessons Whitman?

Capt. Carl Bruce has finally returned from his battle drill course in B. C. and is looking fit as a fiddle—says he can lick his weight in wildcats or sumpin. (Must be sumpin).

Cpl. MacDougall who was attending the Mortar Battle Wing has also returned and is full of vim and vigor.

We regret to report that Major Woolman is confined to hospital in Halifax but are pleased to report that he is making good progress.

Major Muttart has returned from his annual (fur farming) leave. Was the leave fer farming, sir, or fur farming?

## S. & T.

Well here we are back in the news once again after an absence of over two months. Work at the depot is quiet these days and there have been a number of changes in the staff since the last time we went to press.

CQMS. Lockhart who is now at D. S. & T. O., Halifax, was a recent visitor to the camp and while here expressed the wish he was back here again as he misses Aldershot Camp very much.

Nearly all the staff have had the opportunity of being away on furlough and are now back with the exception of one who is at present enjoying her leave in good old Halifax.

Your reporter heard the other day that Pte. A. Norris, one of our gals who is at present on furlough, is now a patient in one of Halifax's hospitals which she entered to undergo an operation. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

By the way Al. who is the young lassy who keeps you out till early in the morning. That old bed of yours certainly must feel pretty good when reveille comes around.

We welcome to the Army Service Pte. Killin. F. L., who has been transferred to us from "B" Coy., No. 14 C. I. T. C. We hope that you will enjoy your stay here in THE Unit.

The S. & T. are waiting patiently for the next dance that the local coy. C. W. A. C. put on. The last one was certainly enjoyed by certain personnel of this detachment.

By the way Roddy we hear that you like onion sandwiches. Is that the reason you disappear for a few minutes during the day in order to partake of that delicious food together with your morning coffee?

Everyone here is talking these days of what they are going to do this coming Christmas and New Years.

By the way Ona, we hear that you like apples, hope you don't get that disease Appleitis.

Little Dottie is back with us after spending a well-earned furlough in Kentville and district. How is that certain person who wears a pair of wings on his shoulders these days.

By the way fellows you noticed no doubt in the last edition of the "News"

that there is a prize each month for the best story handed in for publishing, so come on boys let's see the S. & T. cop one of these prizes for the next edition.

We are very happy to announce that the S. & T. achieved their objective of 75% and the "V" pennant is now displayed in a prominent place in the office.

This is all the news for this month and will be seeing you again in the next edition.

## DENTAL CLINIC

Another month has rolled around and as we have lost our very efficient news editor, Capt. Poch, we shall have to carry on to the best of our ability.

During the past month we have said our good-byes to Captains Poch, Lampel and Crosby and to Lieut. Skudwick. We wish them all the best in their new surroundings.

Cpl. Betty Irving has joined the C. W. A. C. Commandos and we shall be looking forward to seeing her back with us in the near future. Best of luck there, Betty.

Congratulations are in store for L/Cpl. Shearer on her promotion. Nice going, Laura.

Two members of our staff are in the hospital at present. Pte. Keddy is in the Halifax Hospital and we are glad to hear she is recuperating. Sgt. Pride is in the Camp Hospital. We hope to have them both back with us soon.

We are wondering why Lieut. Fletcher never asks any of the C. D. C. girls to dance with him on Saturday nights. It isn't that you are shy of Corporals is it Bill?

We would like to welcome Cpl. Dickie and Pte. Gillis, new C.W.A.C. arrivals, and we hope they will like their stay in Aldershot.

We were very sorry to say good bye to Cpl. MacPhee, who was transferred to another station. Best of luck, MacPhee.

## BAND BRIEFS

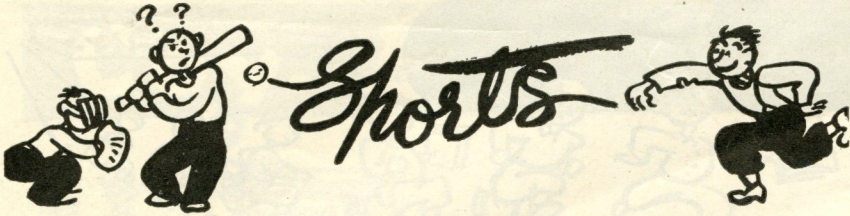
Sorry, we weren't with you last month as our correspondent, Capper Kline, having trouble with his high C's, took to the air and transferred to the R.C.A.F. Our new correspondent is Duke Neilson (the dog face boy).

The now famous hut Bloomer Girls are thinking of recruiting Sgt. Gus Muller as solo tap dancer which would make a pony chorus of five, consisting of the redoubtable Hunk Ryan, John (Pop) Briers, Duke Neilson, Cpl. (Uncle Bulgy) Gallagher and Gus. They claim Sgt. Muller can shake it up like a bowl of jelly on a frosty morning—in fact he shakes just about everything but the building.

Right here we would like to introduce our new orchestra leader, Orville (Wimpy) Roberts. Come in Orville. He's a real director, too, and no fooling. Now the boys will have to play it "as writ" or else. Roberts has played in dance bands all over the country and has had a wealth of experience. Our camp orchestra has taken a new lease on life under his direction and are really working together. Under his direction we feel that our camp orchestra can develop into the finest of its type in Canada.

(Continued on Page 10)





Rugby football and cross country running provided the greatest sporting activity and interest in the camp during the past month and some very close contests in both sports were witnessed. Little Stewie MacMillan, the captain and number one man of our cross country team collected a certain amount of glory for himself when he came home in front of the field in races at Aldershot and Windsor.

Right at home on our course the wise money was on MacMillan before the race started and he didn't let the boys down. He went around the course in 17 minutes and 42 seconds to set a new record for the course and place ahead of Ordinary Seaman Ballon of Cornwallis who had trimmed him by a narrow margin in their first meet at Cornwallis. Ballon was 48 seconds behind MacMillan. Pte. D. A. MacMahon placed third but despite the fine showing of these two men the Navy edged our team in total points with a margin of 19. The Windsor team placed third with a total of 123 points.

The Camp team on that occasion was composed of the following men: Ptes. S. N. MacMillan, D. A. MacMahon, A. Waditaka, H. S. Delaney, R. O. Snow, J. R. Ward, H. M. Beeler, L. A. Bulger and T. L. Charlebois.

#### Boyle Scores

That same afternoon saw the first Rugby game to be played on the new Camp sports field when the Camp team held the powerful R. A. F. team from Greenwood to a three all draw. During the first half of the game our lads were forced back on their heels several times and had their line threatened despite a strong wind at their backs. The Flyers came near scoring early in the game and but for the smart tackling of Wilf Smith no doubt would have pushed over a try. Towards the end of the half the Aldershot scrum managed to get the ball out a couple of times and on one of these occasions the ball was passed around the backfield until Boyle grabbed it and tore through for a try. He missed on the attempt at converting.

No one gave our lads a Chinamen's chance to hold the Flyers in the second half when they got the wind at their backs but in that they were badly mistaken. Driven back on their own goal line time after time the Camp team refused to be beaten and threw up a defence that would be a credit to any team. Outclassed in the scrum play it remained for the backfield to hold the fort which they did in grand style. The line was pulled up right alongside the scrum and as soon as the ball was heeled out to the Greenwood backfield they went into action, marking each man and taking him out of the play on hard tackling. It was just like a game of ten pins. As fast as the Air Force would set their line in motion our lads would knock them off. However it was practically impossible to hold them off all afternoon and after a smart bit of dribbling Pilot Officer Leach grabbed the ball and fell over the line to tie the score. Gray missed the convert. From then to the end of the game the army lads fought back and kept the Greenwood team at bay to win a draw.

Wally Barteaux, Kentville, refereed. The Aldershot team on that occasion

included the following: Pte. Dronyk, former Minnesota University star, full-back; 2/Lt. Wilf Smith, Pte. Lloyd Young, L/Cpl. H. B. MacDonald, Pte. Ralph Boyle, three quarters; Pte. Jack Buckley, Lieut. "Holler Guy" Robertson, Capt. J. Henderson, Halves; Ptes. Pine, Wand, Forshay, Cpls. S. MacDonald, Fraser, A. McEachern and Sgt. Andy LeBlanc, forwards.

The following week Greenwood took a 3-0 decision from our team in a game played at Greenwood. Played on a wet, greasy field amid a downpour of rain the game was scrappy throughout with neither team having much of an advantage. Both squads came near scoring on several occasions only to lose out on fumbles of the wet ball. Some nice backfield plays were run off and the Army scrum showed to much better advantage than in the previous game. There was no score until the final ten minutes of the game when unfortunately our team had a penalty called against them right in front of our own goal posts and Gray made no mistake when he booted it over for the three points that won the game. Our lads fought back in the dying minutes and carried the ball well into Greenwood territory but couldn't manufacture a score before the whistle ended the game. Lieut. Eddie Thorpe, back from course, was a big addition to our team in that game as were Pte. Bobby Potts and Pte.

Frank Finlay. They replaced Wand, McEachern and Fraser.

Our team took another fall out of the Acadia Intermediates on the next week-end when they scored a 6-0 victory in a game that wasn't as interesting as the score might indicate. With a revamped lineup our lads failed to hit their stride and when they did get away on a line play somebody would fumble the ball or muff the play. Acadia threatened to score several times in the first half and our lads forced them to touch for safety on two occasions but it was not until the final ten minutes of the game that our lads broke the deadlock. The first try was scored by Manny Deveau, who had just come in from Yarmouth, when he took the ball from the scrum about five yards out and raced around the short end to catch the Acadia backfield flat-footed. They were still watching Thorpe for the ball when Deveau went over the line. Boyle missed the convert.

The second try was made on a nice play. Army heeled the ball back and the play was started around the short end. Potts got the ball and heaved a 35 yard lateral pass to Finlay, caught the Collegians off guard and the ball was passed out to Smith who went over.

Pte. Jack Buckley, one of our team, handled the whistle in fine style.

Pte. Lever was back in the lineup after an injury suffered in the Navy game and Lieut. Hunt made his first appearance on our lineup.

In our final league game with Cornwallis which was played at Memorial Park in Kentville, the best our boys could do was to hold the Navy lads to a tie score, 3-3. A rugged game, featured by hard tackling, was put up by

#### BROCKVILLE GRAD



Desmond P. "Des" Smith, of Ottawa, former star defenceman with Boston Bruins of the National Hockey League, who has just graduated from the Canadian Army Officers' Training Centre, Brockville, Ont.

(Canadian Army Photo)

both teams. Navy had the edge in scrum play in the first part of the game but our boys seemed to slow them down with the result the Army scrum was getting the ball out in the second half. All the scoring was done in the first half. The Navy collected their three points when Dawson broke through a disorganized Army backfield to fall over the line for a try. The Camp team fought back to centerfield and, when a penalty was called against Navy, elected to try for a goal. Taken from about forty yards out and well to the side it looked like a very difficult job but Boyle just walked up and booted one of the prettiest kicks you ever saw. There was no mistake about it,—it split the posts squarely.

From then till the end of the game both teams fought savagely to mark up a margin in the scoring without result. Late in the second half Eddie Thorpe provided the nicest run of the day when he grabbed a loose ball to race sixty yards down the sideline before he was blocked out. On the next play he tore off another fifteen before he was blocked out—and we don't mean maybe. Apparently he was getting in the Navy boys' hair for they really plastered him the second time. Sgt. Davis played in the scrum in that game, his first appearance since the first Navy game at Cornwallis and he turned in a nice performance, going over the line once only to have the play called back. While it was the lightest scrum we had put on the field in any game of the season, it showed to much better advantage than the others had.

Considering the fact that our lads suffered as a result of lack of practise they turned in some nice games. It is practically impossible to have the team out regularly for practice in view of the fact they are all from different companies and in various stages of training. Range work, tactics and other training kept the boys away from practise with the result that the only time they were all together was when they played their games. The results speak well of the team as a whole.

During the season we lost but two games, tied in two and won three which wasn't such a bad show. Be-

## Army Runner Scores Double Win

### Cote Repeats in Yonkers-New York Grind.

Sgt. Gerard Cote, Canadian Army, is shown here as he flashed down the stretch in the recent Yonkers-New York marathon in a brilliant finish to win for the second time this annual classic. The feat performed by Cote in leading a classy field to the tape in this race has considerably more significance than any ordinary repeat performance. It marked the second time that Cote has won both the Boston marathon and the Yonkers-New York race to make the experts sit up and take notice. After he won the Boston marathon last Spring all the sporting fraternity were watching to see if he could come through in the New York distance run. Cote lived up to advance notices by winning the race and establishing a record unequalled in the sports world—a repeat performance in two of the leading races of the country. Incidentally Cote was crowned National A.A.U. champion for the second time in three years.

Cote does not have any special training other than what he decides for himself, that is, lots of distance running on his own time. He has no special diet but trains on regular Army rations which is a good boost for Army meals. He is 30 years old and an instructor at Valleyfield, P. Q. His home is in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. He also placed second in Round the Bay marathon at Hamilton, Ont., previous to the Yonkers race, after he had become ill at the 17-mile mark. (Canadian Army Photo.)





## Action in Aldershot - Greenwood Game



In the above action shot taken during the Aldershot - Greenwood game, some indication of the Airmen's scrum superiority is shown. The Airmen have heeled the ball and it is halfway across the field before the scrum breaks up. Pte. Jack Buckley can be seen to the rear of the scrum with Pte. Lloyd Young coming in from the wing. Pte. Ralph Boyle is getting ready to block F./O. Leach, carrying the ball, while Lieut. Robertson is ready to make a tackle on him. F./O. Skutelnak can be seen racing up on the wing at the extreme right.

—Photo, Courtesy of P./O. Daley, Greenwood

fore leaving football we must not forget to give a little hand to Lieut. Andy Ross who managed the team before he went away on course and to Lieut. A. B. MacDonald who succeeded him.

\* \* \* \*

Now back again to our cross country running. Once again MacMillan proved his ability as a hooper when he took our team to Windsor and came home with a victory on Saturday, Nov. 13. In this race MacMillan and McMahon ran one-two to score a new time for the course in competition. MacMillan's time was 15 min. 45 sec. with McMahon only fifteen seconds behind him. Sgt. Hope of Windsor placed third. Cpl. Piggott, Ptes. Doiron and Waditaka placed 6th, 7th and 8th in that order to give us five places in the first eight. The other three men to count for our team were Ptes. Taylor, McRae and McLean who finished 16th, 17th and 19th. Cpl. Johnson placed 22nd and Pte. Terrill placed 29th.

Windsor team placed second in the race with the Navy team, who had won the two previous races at Aldershot and Cornwallis, placing third.

### A Real Sportsman

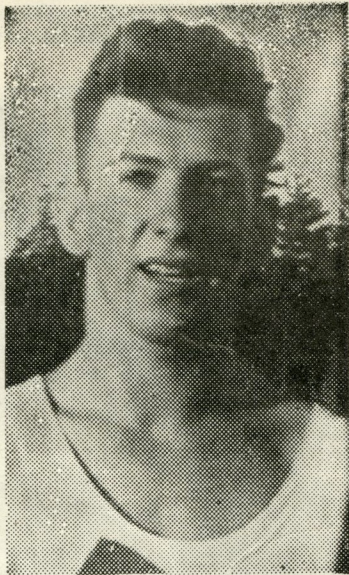
A tribute to the fine sportsmanship of young MacMillan must be made here. According to word received by Lieut. Hunt, secty. of the Valley Inter-Service League, from Capt. Ware of Windsor, on behalf of the C. O. there, MacMillan stopped during the race to lend a hand to one of the Windsor boys who had fallen and become a casualty. At the time he and MacMillan were running neck and neck at the head of the field. The Windsor lad tripped and fell, injuring himself and MacMillan, risking his chances of winning the race, stopped and gave him a hand until one of the other Windsor lads came along to look after him. MacMillan then went on to win the race. Such a display of the real qualities that go to make up the true sportsman are deserving of much commendation. A letter outlining MacMillan's actions was read by Col. Forbes, Camp Commandant, on battalion parade the following Wednesday morning.

At the same time we must offer our

congratulations to Stewie on his promotion to Corporal and wish him the best of luck on his P. T. course at Long Branch.

\* \* \* \*

In the inter-coy. cross country running the team from "C" Coy. were successful in winning the trophy in their last time out. Led by Pte. Charlebois who placed third in the race, the most the winners could get was four places in the first ten but there was no question as to the team total. Pte. MacMillan won the race with Cpl. Piggott of "B" Coy. placing second. "F" Support Coy. put on a good show when Ptes. Malyon and Merastie placed 4th and 5th and Ptes. Schmidt and



CPL. S. N. MacMILLAN

Ellis placed 8th and 9th. Ptes. Mullen and Gallant won 6th and 7th places for "C" coy, with Pte. LeBlanc also of "C" Coy. taking tenth place. Other members of the winning team were L/Cpl. Smith, Ptes. Harris, Russell, Duran, Redmond, Bergeron, Coady and Cpl. Murray.

\* \* \* \*

The marksmen from "F" Coy. won the rifle trophy when they posted a score of 580 to lead the "C" Coy. team by

fifteen points. Lieut. Hunt won the individual honors when he racked up a total of 131 points, seven ahead of Sgt. Harrington of No. 1 team from "B" Coy. Sgt. Whitenect, "F" Coy was third with 123 points.

The members of the winning team are as follows. Lieut. R. F. Allen, Lieut. F. A. Embree, Sgt. J. Mitchell, Sgt. E. H. Hall and Sgt. R. S. Whitenect.

The trophies for these two inter coy. competitions were presented to the winners on battalion parade by Colonel Forbes, Camp Commandant.

\* \* \* \*

Sports within the various companies are being carried out regularly but it is impossible for us to give space to them all in these columns and it would be unfair to mention some and not the others. It is enough to know that some very keen games are played and that there is real competition between the various platoons in the different companies. Arrangements will be made later on for an inter coy. platoon competition in the different winter sports. A word to the wise to those of you who have left your skates at home. Send for them now so you will have them when ice arrives.

### BUSINESS AS USUAL

A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard psalms, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister, to his great joy, found no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear his flock burst into the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
Two for man and one for child.

A woman flees from temptation, but a man just crawls away from it in the cheerful hope that it may overtake him.—Helen Rowland.

## Volunteers Needed Now

### Dare-Devils Not Desired, Says Training School Head

Shilo, Man.—The "dare-devil type" does not make the ideal paratrooper, Lieut.-Col. R. F. Routh, 29-year-old commander of the Canadian Parachute Training School said here recently as new men arrived in camp to start their training in the most spectacular of the military arms.

"We try to keep away from that type as much as possible," said Col. Routh. "It's the steady, fairly intelligent fellow you can count on."

Volunteers for paratroop units are now being sought in army centres throughout Canada. Requirements call for soldiers who have completed their basic training, who possess a high degree of mental and physical stability, and who can pass the necessarily stiff medical examination.

Officers, N.C.O.'s and men were included in the latest groups to arrive. Nearly all provinces were represented, with the largest quotas from Ontario, Quebec and the four western provinces.

The men on arriving sewed up the prized "Airborne" flashes, and will receive the coveted wings of the Canadian paratrooper after a few weeks of training and several jumps have been successfully completed.

Col. Routh stated that the first few



LT. COL. R. F. ROUTH

weeks of instruction produce a trained jumper, that is a man who knows how to jump safely without injury to himself or others. "He is a parachutist, but not a paratrooper," he pointed out. Several more weeks of instruction in tactics and weapons follow the initial training in parachute training, he said. Only when a man has completed the full course can he be termed a paratrooper.

"Are you going to marry my sister?" asked little Laura.

"I don't really know yet," replied the man in uniform.

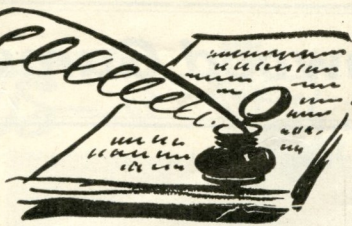
"Well, I do," confessed the helpful cherub, "and it's going to be a military wedding." — Christian Science Monitor.

A Hollywood writer with a reputation as a Lothario tried to refuse when a witty hostess invited him to a charity affair, pleading that he was working on something important.

"Oh, in that case just bring your work with you," the lady suggested. "We'd love to have her, too." — Contributed by Robert Arthur.



# Society



Mrs. George Turner was "at home" for the first time since her marriage, at her residence, Main Street, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15. Mrs. Turner looked charming in her wedding dress of cell blue brocaded satin and was assisted in receiving her many friends by her mother, Mrs. Howard Longley, who wore a gown of blue crepe.

Little Miss Carolyn Burns acted as portress and Miss Eleanor Longley showed the guests to the living room. Mrs. Hugh F. Burns conducted the guests to the dining room where Mrs. M. A. Condon and Mrs. W. C. Machum presided over a very daintily appointed table, centered with yellow and bronze baby 'mums and lighted with yellow and blue candles. Those who assisted in the serving were Mrs. Harry Kaiser, Mrs. Graham MacLeod, Mrs. William Rawley, and Miss Lou Kinsman. The reception rooms were decorated with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums. (Mrs. Turner is the wife of Major G. F. Turner, O. C. Training).

Capt. and Mrs. Bev. Piers, Halifax, were recent visitors to Kentville.

Pte. Clarence Ellis, Baxter's Harbor, spent a week-end recently at his home.

Lieut. and Mrs. H. N. Dauphinee are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a bouncing baby boy recently.

Lieut. Scotty McGinnis, our popular, C. W. A. C. Adm. officer, has returned to duty after a pleasant leave spent at her home in Annapolis.

Lieut. and Mrs. Eddie Thorpe are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Nov. 25th.

Cpl. E. E. Landry of D. & M. Company and formerly of Amherst, N. S., was married recently to Louise Margaret Lines of Amherst, N. S. The wedding took place in St. Charles church. Best of luck, kids.

## Company Briefs

(Continued From Page 7)

They claim that "Tombstone" MacDougall is doubling these days. Don't get us wrong—not on the square.—He not only clips the boys in the barber shop but also "Clips" them playing rummy. Nice going, Tombstone.

We wonder if Tony Williams is the band hut fireman or just a sleeping beauty.

We also have a mad trapper in our midst—Gordon (Corny) Davidson who is reported to be doing a big business in catching muskrats in his spare (?) time.

"Pretty Percy Pretty," the guy that holds down the No. 2 chair in the trumpet section, can be seen every day getting a head massage from Bugler (Effie) Lowe and they claim he has tried everything from Bear Grease to furniture oil. (We don't see why the latter shouldn't work). No use, Percy, you can't grow it on trumpeters—it's only fiddlers who have long hair.

We are sorry to report that bass drummer Charlie Patterson is in Hospital with a stomach ailment. Something he swallowed no doubt. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery Chas.

Why is it that somebody always has to hide the fire axe every time Pop Briers sets down to play rummy? And why is it that Hunk Ryan is never satisfied with two heads in his kettle drum but has to go to the wet canteen for a "bigger one."

### "ENGINEERS"

We regret to report the death of a member of our civilian staff, Mr. Moses Stevens, who died Nov. 9th. A conscientious worker, always pleasant, cheerful and capable, he was well liked by all with whom he came in contact. The funeral was held from the Baptist Church near his home at Gibson Woods.

Mr. Stevens was a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in the last war, serving overseas with a construction battalion.

Most of the staff had a very enjoyable time one rainy evening recently when No. 6 Coy. R.C.E. held a smoker at company headquarters barracks.

Credit where credit is due—we appreciate our cooking staff in Hut No. 5. We have only one suggestion to make—Why not take down the partition and let's be friendly? (Oh, yeah.)

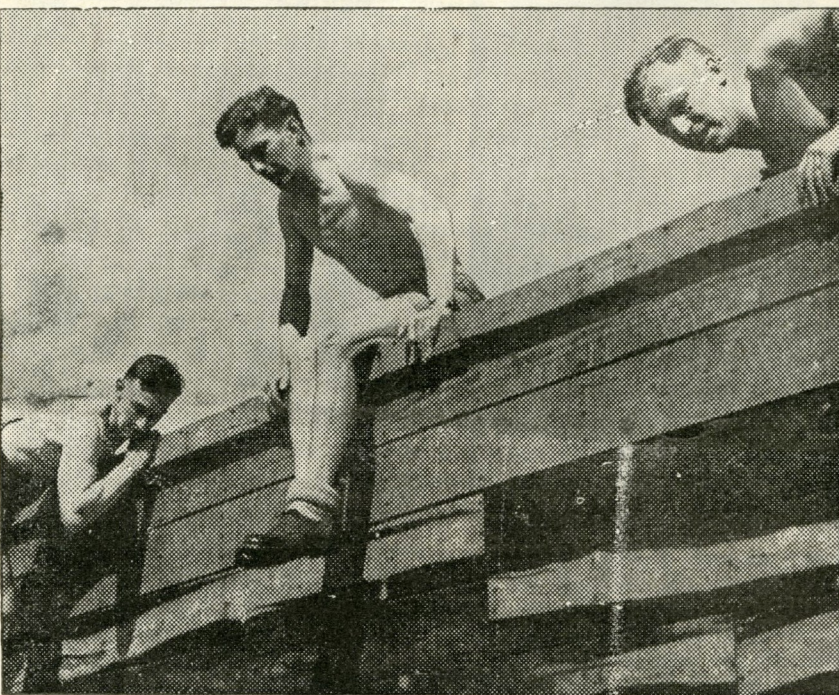
Spr. Patterson, we regret, is in hospital with the 'flu' and we trust he will shortly be back in harness again. Hope this illness is not an aftermath of the above mentioned smoker.

Is Cap'n Rory's sheepskin coat too large for the staff painter or does he merely climb into one of the sleeves.

On the 23rd inst.—0820 hours—poof—the lights went out. 0850 hours—flash—they're on again. The electrical staff, of course. (Whom else could we blame?)

Another Armistice day has come and gone since our last report. The veterans of the First Great War must have many thoughts during a ceremony on this day of remembrance, thoughts that are rarely spoken of to others.

—Sapper.



Toughening-up for the day when they will go into battle with the Nazis, these three Nova Scotian soldiers are pictured scaling a wall on an obstacle course at Aldershot Infantry Training Centre. They are, left to right, Pte. I. M. Ralston, Westchester Station, N. S.; Pte. L. A. Fraser, Amherst, N. S.; Pte. C. L. Chapman, Amherst, N. S.

## Things We Would Like To Know

Where Sgt. Fancy's air mail comes from?

If Dan Cupid gave Sgt. Greene all the hearts?

If Sgt. Copp is in the moving business these days?

Whom Ettinger is embalming now?

Why Sgt. Wile gets a rub down at least twice a week from Pte. Taniminen?

Why Lieut. Campbell, T. E. has headaches? Is it because of the lunches Langille supplies at night or lying in bed so long?

What certain N. C. O. always arrives at a certain mess after 0715 hours in the morning for breakfast.

What person is it who thinks he is "A" plus after spending a year in Goose Bay.

What Officer called a meeting for 1630 hours and then didn't arrive until a half-hour later.

Why C.S.M. Bowser seems so worn out these days?

Why a certain Sgt. on the School keeps watching the window in the dental building?

Why a junior officer on the School took Capt. Henderson for "THE PAPER BOY"?

What keeps the O. C. of S. of I. so busy these days?

The Staff of S. of I. would like to know what happened to Cpl. Goodwin's hair.

Why C. S. M. Blanchard is so anxious to go on leave?

How long has C. S. M. Stevens been adept at stamping out fires?

Why Sgt. O'Rourke participates in Route Marches on Sundays? Could it be to keep peace in the family or pace with it.

Why is Sgt. Bradbury in the line-up for the phone at the Sgts.' Mess every evening?

### WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

Seventeen fifteen hours and all the platoons are lined up for their share of the evening's rations when suddenly a corporal's voice is heard: "Everyone must be out on the parade square by 1800 hours with all their equipment."

Mutterings are heard from rank to rank as everyone rushes in to get a few hurried bites and then rush back to the hut and helter-skelter goes the equipment,—here, there and everywhere.

Finally it is 1800 hours and everyone is on the square, with their equipment, waiting expectantly for further orders.

After a few minutes an officer arrives with the much waited-for instructions. Then the movement starts. Some platoons go back to the same huts—some trade huts, while other platoons move down a hut or two.

After approximately one hour everyone is again settled in their new quarters—but, for how long? No one seems to know.

In the meantime everyone asks the same question, "What in hell is it all about?"



Two new Medical Officers have recently arrived and have been taken on Strength of the Hospital, namely Capt. Sinclair, who will take over surgery from Capt. Sodero, and Lieut. Arthurs who has relieved Lieut. Lavers.

Capt. Sodero has been reposted to Halifax and we are all going to miss his genial smile around the hospital.

Lieut. Lavers has proceeded to Camp Borden for a month's course—our very best wishes accompany these two officers.

Capt. Ross also attended a course at S.11 C.C.W.S. at Suffield, Alberta, but being a Nova Scotian, he is glad to be back. He says, quote, "There are lots worse places than Aldershot Camp". We agree with you, Doc.

N/Sister Shearman has been reposted, and the best wishes of the staff of the hospital accompany her to her new station.

Several promotions have recently been made. Cpl. MacLean, that familiar person in the orderly room, has been given two hooks, also his partner in the orderly room, L/Cpl. Sparks, better known as "Joyce", has put up one hook. We hope you will soon get another Joyce to keep it company. Good luck to you both.

### Things We Would Like To Know

What has become of "Nap" the faithful bloodhound?

Why is Sgt. Sheppard all decorated up with adhesive tape? We thought you were on the wagon, Shep.

Why is L/Cpl. Sparks looking so tired these days. It can't be through carrying around that stripe, or is it?

What happened to the bicycle Sgt. Doucet left outside of the Canteen?

His wife, determined to cure him on his evil ways, with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch transformed herself into a fair resemblance of a ghost. She went in and shook the drunkard.

"Wash that?" murmured the top-per.

"This is the devil," came the answer in sepulchral tones.

"Shake hands, old horsh. I married your sister."



## Picturesque Speech and Patter

Winter trees standing like empty  
glasses, waiting the wine of spring.  
(William Soutar).

From one end of the slowly chang-  
ing tapestry of life the old people  
ravel out while the babies are woven in  
at the other end. (Hulbert Footner)

An extinguished-looking gentleman.  
(Elsie Alderman)

Deep blue eyes, like two teaspoon-  
fuls of Mediterranean.  
(Michael Arlen)

Worry had autographed her face.

She's a regular gab-about.  
(Raymond L. Randall)

Her mind is like a sundial; it re-  
cords only pleasantness.  
(Fannie Hurst)

Lightning scourged the sky with a  
brilliant whip. (Louis Zara)

She lives every moment as if it were  
a crisis. (Stephen L. Mooney)

She has a lot of freight on her train  
of thought.  
(Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.)

A February face, so full of frost, of  
storm, and cloudiness. (Shakespeare)

He's hard-of-thinking.  
(Edgar Kennedy)

The autumn foliage moves from a  
bright water color to a soft pastel and  
then to a dark oil painting of rich  
browns. At last comes the steel en-  
graving of winter. (H. R. Baukhage)

She has a figure like an hourglass  
and she certainly makes every minute  
count. (Graeme and Sarah Lorimer)

They're on spiking terms.  
(Walter Winchell)

She can dial him like a radio.  
(Charles J. Watson)

Child's review: This book tells more  
about penguins than I am interested  
in knowing.

Recruit: "How far is it to the place  
where we'll have maneuvers?"

Corporal: "About ten miles as the  
crow flies."

Recruit: "How far is it if the crow  
had to carry a pack and a rifle and  
walk."

### Definitions

Marine: A large body of man sur-  
rounded by women.

Sailor: A wolf in ship's clothing.

Parachutist: The only man who gets  
up in the Army by falling down on  
the job.—Pvt. Arthur Peck—From  
Yank.

"No," said the girl returning from a  
date with a Navy man, "I don't know  
what his rank was, but I think he was  
chief petting officer."—The Boston  
Daily Globe.

"Oh, I just love nature!" gushed the  
dowager with more than the usual  
number of shoulder-straps and chins.

"That's loyalty," mused Groucho  
Marx, "after what nature did to her!"

—Contributed by Olga Swanson



"Don't you think I need a new pair, Dear?"

## Para-Pets

### The Bare Fact

Mother: Don't you know you  
shouldn't play strip poker?

Daughter: Oh, it's perfectly all right,  
mother. It's really not gambling.

Mother: What?

Daughter: No; you see, we always  
get our clothes back.

### Gasoline Shortage

A jeep driver was helping his ex-  
tremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't  
you have gone around me?" asked the  
victim. "I didn't know for sure wheth-  
er I had enough gas", returned the  
driver sadly.

### Wrong Number

Joe: I was out with one of the tele-  
phone operators last evening.

Bill: Did you get your party.

### Two-Timers

1st Private: I'm never going to see  
Mabel again.

2nd Ditto: Why? did you catch her  
out with another soldier?

1st Private: No, she caught me out  
last night with another C. W. A. C.

### God Bless Him

Here lies my Sergeant—

Too bad he did die,

He's found relief—

And so have I.

M. O. "You have acute appendi-  
citis."

WREN. "Listen, Sir, I came here to  
be examined, not admired."

It costs about \$800 to take a woman  
visitor through the big Douglas Santa  
Conica aircraft factory, a company of-  
ficial estimated—she distracts so many  
of their young men workers. A similar  
factory barred a proposed visit from  
movie actress Susan Hayward, esti-  
mating that time lost for ogling would  
in this case cost \$20,000.—The Chris-  
tian Science Monitor and Time.

## Do Figures Lie?

An old-fashioned Hebrew employer  
remonstrated when one of his em-  
ployes asked for a raise on the ground  
that he worked too hard. "Why," pro-  
tested the employer, "you have an  
easy time of it. You do not work at  
all. Look! There are 365 days in a  
year. Eight hours each day you sleep.  
That makes 122 days, leaving 243 days.  
Eight hours of every day you have all  
for yourself. That leaves 121 days. I  
give you an hour for lunch every day  
and that amounts to 15 days more,  
leaving 106. You do not work on Sun-  
days—52 more days off, leaving 54. You  
get Saturday afternoons off—another  
26 days, leaving 28 days. You have  
two weeks for vacation every summer  
and you take off about a week for sick-  
ness. Only seven days a year to work—  
and New Year's, Washington's Birth-  
day, Decoration Day, July Fourth,  
Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and  
Christmas are holidays. Besides you  
take Yom Kippur off. I should give  
you a raise? You owe me money!"

—Abbott and Costello, Comedians

### THE WHOLE TRUTH

A university president was accused  
of drunkenness. At the hearing before  
the board of trustees, one of the wit-  
nesses was the Irish houseman em-  
ployed by the president.

"Did you ever see the president in-  
toxicated?" he was asked.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Come, come," said the examiner,  
"don't you know that he was drunk  
on last Commencement Day?"

"No, sir," said the houseman. "On  
the contrary, I know he was not  
drunk."

"How do you know that?" asked the  
examiner in an incredulous tone.

"You know them three flights of  
stairs in the president's house, two  
of them curving?" said the houseman.  
"No man is drunk that can slide down  
all them banisters without losing his  
cap or gown or hood."—Nelson Antrim  
Crawford in Household Magazine.

## The Wolf

If he parks his little flivver  
And you feel him all aquiver  
Down beside the little river  
"Lady—He's a wolf."

If he says your gorgeous looking  
And your dark eyes set him cooking  
But your eyes aren't where he's looking  
"Lady—He's a wolf."

If by chance when you're kissing  
You can feel his good heart missing  
And you talk but he don't listen  
"Lady—He's a wolf."

But if his arms strong as sinew  
Stir the gypsy within you  
And you want him close agin you  
"Lady—You're the wolf."

"Of course I wouldn't say anything  
about her unless I could say some-  
thing good. And, oh boy, is this  
good. . ."

—Bill King cartoon in Collier's

### THE WOMEN

"I won't think I look thirty, do you  
dear?"

"No, darling, not now. You used to."  
—Alabama Courier

### WAR TALES

"You have never kissed so wonder-  
fully before, Laura. Why is that? Be-  
cause we are in a black-out?"

"No. It's because my name is Vera."

Two Italian businessmen met in a  
street in Milan. "How's business?"  
asked one.

"Very much better," said the other.  
"Better?" cried the first in sur-  
prise.

"Yes, very much better than next  
year," the other explained.

—The Living Age

### QUANDARY

The shipwrecked sailor had spent  
nearly three years on a desert island,  
and one morning was overjoyed to see  
a ship in the bay and a boat putting  
off for the shore. As the boat ground-  
ed on the beach an officer threw the  
sailor a bundle of newspapers.

"The Captain's compliments," said  
the officer, "and will you please read  
through these and then let him know  
whether you still wish to be rescued."

—Tit-Bits

### ... WHO HELP THEMSELVES

There was a heavy storm at sea and  
a nervous woman passenger went to  
the captain. "Captain," she asked, "are  
we in great danger?"

"Madam," he replied, "we are in the  
hands of God."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "is it as bad as  
that?"

A preacher who had written his ser-  
mon carefully found himself at the  
church without his manuscript. "As I  
have forgotten my notes," he began  
his sermon, "I will rely on the Lord  
for guidance. Tonight I will come bet-  
ter prepared." —Religious Digest

A young lady, with a touch of hay  
fever, took with her to a dinner party  
two handkerchiefs, one of which she  
stuck in her bosom. At dinner she  
began rummaging to right and left in  
her bosom for the fresh handkerchief.  
Engrossed in her search, she suddenly  
realized that conversation had ceased  
and people were watching her, fascin-  
ated.

In confusion she murmured, "I know  
I had two when I came."

—Contributed by John Erskine



## A Prize Winner

### ESCAPE

(The following story, written by Fus. T. A. Herron, of No. 13 Platoon, B Coy., wins the \$5.00 War Savings Certificate for the best story turned in for this issue.)

\* \* \*

The Luftwaffe was making its heaviest raid in a year and a half. Things had been amazingly quiet recently, but tonight the skies seemed to have concentrated all the furies of the Gods in one glorious spree of havoc and chaos. Searchlights criss crossed the sky, their foggy beams drawing a devil's chess board across which shuttled the silvered Pawns of Death in majestic disregard of the steel fingers of Doom with which anti-aircraft guns, machine guns and aerial-cannon searched the embattled heavens.

Under cover of the furies unleashed over Bristol, forty miles to the south, a slow moving training plane glided noiselessly to rest on the wide-stretching pavement of the north bound highway. As it rolled to a stop, a stray gleam of light struck a wing exposing for one brief moment a black-painted swastika which still blazoned boldly, defiantly, on the broad planes of the ship. Out of the rear cockpit sprang an agile figure which grasped the tail of the plane, and, turning it about, rolled it quickly into the shadow of a grove of trees which grew beside the road.

The German pilot then turned intent eyes on the sky above, several minutes elapsed, then the dark shape of a large bomber grew silently out of the darkening void. A brief flash of light from the ground and four grey shapes blossomed out under the vague form of the aircraft, and so close to earth was it that the parachutes opened scarcely in time enough to break the fall of their heavy burdens.

Watchful Nazi eyes had marked the spots at which the bundles had landed and quickly they were found, broken down and piled at one spot within easy reach of the road. Then the German sat down on the side of the road and waited, calmly, a sub-machine gun across his knees.

The plan was a daring one. General Eric Von Eisanberg had been captured on the Russian Front and had then been given into the custody of the British to be transported to a Canadian Prison Camp. The General was in possession of information, which, if delivered into the hands of the German High Command, would bring about the complete defeat of the Red Army. Von Eisanberg had communicated this to Germany and was on his way to deliver the actual facts to his superiors, in person, when a band of guerrillas had attacked his staff car, surmising from the attendant escort that some person of importance must be within. Unaware of the vital information in the possession of their prisoner, the Russians had been only too glad to get rid of the encumbrance of so high ranking an officer, and had passed him over to the British with alacrity.

The German pilot sat musing over these facts as he waited. A large British Army Camp lay north of him, military vehicles were continually on the road, a short machine gun burst and a truck would be his, then he could load the guns, pistols and grenades which the plane had dropped to him into the truck and drive unmolested to the very gates of the concentration

## Soldiers at Camp Aldershot



Barbed wire, smoke and sand make the going hard for these soldiers in training at Camp Aldershot. Left, Pte. N. W. MacMullin, Sydney, Cape Breton, and Pte. O. W. Lockyer, Kentville, N. S. (Canadian Army Photo)



C.S.M. L. R. Wilson, Armdale, N. S., instructs Pte. E. H. Smith, Yarmouth, N. S. (left), and Pte. J. J. Rhynold, Canso, in the tough business of bayonet fighting. The picture was taken at the assault course as Pte. Rhynold was delivering the jaw-breaking butt stroke to Pte. Smith. (Canadian Army Photo)

camp.

It should then be a simple matter to cut down the sentries at the gate and distribute the arms to the prisoners, then under cover of the ensuing rioting, Von Eisanberg, who had been warned secretly of the rescue, would effect his escape, either with or without the pilot, a fighter plane escort would be waiting to ensure the safe arrival of the small training plane in Germany.

A loud explosion about two miles away interrupted the airman's thoughts and for a moment painted the sky a glowing red.

The Nazi smiled in satisfaction. "My brothers are doing well," he thought. He then lapsed into proud thoughts of the glory that would be his when this adventure was completed.

Suddenly a snapping twig brought him to the alert, whirling about he cried out in alarm,—a figure rushed out of the trees, an arm lifted and jerked. The pilot's pressing finger awoke the machine gun into rattling chatter, then it died out sharply, leaving the night, for one unearthly in-

stant, eerily silent, except for a choked gurgling scream as the blood poured out and dulled the shining hilt of the knife which protruded from the pilot's throat. Two indistinct figures teetered for a moment, erect, then crashed to earth in grisly death.

\* \* \*

The Colonel of British Intelligence explained wearily, "These letters found on Von Eisanberg's body, and which were somehow smuggled to him in prison, reveal the plan of escape which I have already outlined, Sir. But apparently when the enemy accidentally bombed the prison camp, the General saw an almost certain and immediate opportunity to escape and seized it. Evidently, however, when he stumbled upon our friend, the Nazi airman, both, in their sudden fright, opened fire, as it were, one with a knife and the other with a machine gun, making us a present of two very dead Germans; and from the information I have gathered from Von Eisanberg's letters I should like to recommend that the Luftwaffe airman who bombed the prison camp be awarded a V.C."

## Just Jesting . . .

### TALL TALE

"It was so cold where we were," said the Arctic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to hear what we were talking about." —Wall Street Journal

### THE VOLUBLE YANKEE

A man waiting for a train at a New Hampshire village noticed a hound sleeping on the platform. "That your dog?" the stranger asked the station agent.

"Follers me 'round."

"He looks like a hound," the visitor pursued, "but he has no tail. Did you dock it or was he born that way?"

The agent found a match tipped back in his chair and consumed several minutes lighting his pipe. Then he answered.

"Morning' train."

—Yankee

One of the godfathers at a Hollywood christening party became nervous just before the ceremony began. "What if they give me the baby to hold?" he asked.

"Don't worry," Walter Pidgeon told him soothingly. "Same grip as a cock-tail shaker." —Contributed by Mona Gardner.

There was no avoiding it: the hostess was going to sing. The new guest looked at his host in surprise. "I didn't know your wife sang," he said.

The host settled himself deeper into his chair for the ordeal.

"Never heard her before?" he grunted. "Then you've got a great deal to look backward too." —Contributed by Norman Stanley Bortner.

In a strange village I asked a Vermonter for aid in finding a man.

"Do you know Underwood?"

"Yep."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yep."

"Do you think he's at home now?"

"Nope."

"Well, where can I find him?"

"Here. I'm Underwood." —Roderick Peattie, The Incurable Romantic (Macmillan).

An insurance agent, writing a policy for a cowpuncher, asked if he had ever had any accidents.

"No," said the cowboy, then added, trying to be helpful, "A bronc kicked in a couple of my ribs and a rattlesnake bit me a couple of years ago."

"Well!" said the agent. "Don't you call those accidents?"

"No," replied the knight of the branding iron, "they done it a purpose." —Grit.

### ELOQUENCE OF THE INARTICULATE

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of a Negro that is difficult to excel. The Reverend C. P. Smith tells that he had just married a young couple, and the bridegroom asked him the price of the service.

"Oh," well," said the minister, "you can pay me whatever it is worth to you."

The young fellow looked long and silently at his bride. Then, slowly rolling the whites of his eyes, he said: "Lawd, suh, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure." —A. C. Edgerton, More Speeches and Stories for Every Occasion (Noble).