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THE Signalman



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION C.S.T.C.
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Vol. 3 — MARCH, 1945. No. 3 —

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The Colonel:

The Regimental Signals Wing is a very important department of this Training Centre and is expected to increase in importance and size as the war progresses.

Its personnel are a cosmopolitan lot, drawn from advanced training in R.C.A., R.C.E. or C.I.C. for a course here, either as a regimental signaller or a driver-operator. Since this Wing was organized in 1940, over six thousand officers and men have passed one or other of its courses and flowed into the reinforcement stream, many of whom have since given their lives in the performance of the tasks for which they were so well trained in R.S.W.

Increasingly greater care is taken to select intelligent, reliable men with the necessary aptitude for this training—which, we think, has procured for us the cream of the crop in their respective arms.

These men receive a great deal of outdoor practical training and can be found manning wireless sets or repairing lines all over this area, in all weathers.

Major Easterbrook, the present O.C., is a rugged Scot who found it an awful strain to give up the Highland kilt for a Signals battle dress. He is the only remaining officer that was with the R.S.W. on organization in September, 1940, and has been with the Wing most of the time since then, in one capacity or another. He has had a lifetime of experience as an operator and along with his staff of officers and N.C.O. instructors is considered to be doing a splendid job for us.

We are also ably assisted by Major Chipeswick, our Artillery liaison officer, who keeps in touch with the Artillery Centres so that our training in the Artillery Coy. may produce the results they require.

New ideas in selection of personnel and training are continuously being suggested and adopted by R.S.W., and we salute them in this issue of The Signalman as a wide-awake and progressive department of this Training Centre.

Congratulations are due to the following recent enterprising prize winners from C.S.T.C.

Sigmn. W. D. Macdonald—Special mention for his entry, "Why Discipline?" in Khaki.

L. Cpl J. C. Runnalls—Winner of Khaki's Cartoon Caption contest No. 5, "Advance and be Reconnoitred."

Sgt. E. France and Cpl. J. Boyd—Winners in the V.D. Poster Contest.

F. F. Talloch



Vimy Is Scene Of Successful CBC Broadcast

THOSE who attended the national CBC broadcast originating in the Old Drill Hall in Vimy last month, say it was the most interesting and educational evening they've spent in a long while. And, as they indicated to a questioner from the stage, they'd like to see more of them.

It was a highly successful event. The broadcast was the second in the fortnightly series entitled Soldiers' Forum and the subject was "What Do You Mean—Social Security?" Vimy was honored in being selected as the locale for the only broadcast from M.D. 3.

The broadcast consisted of a discussion between two members of the C.W.A.C., Cpl. Mary White from A-21, and Cpl. Phyllis Fox from A-7, and two men, S. Sgt. John Devor from A-36, and Bdr. E. M. Dolan from A-7. These were joined later by CSM. H. Minton from R.C. Signals, Fort Frontenac, and Cpl. Sidney Dillick from A-7.

Credit for the preparation of the script goes to Lieut. Donald C. McDonald, RCNVR (who also acted as the chairman of the discussion), and Lieut. "Bob" Allen, former educational officer of A-36.

The assistance of the educational officers of the three centres that took part in the

broadcast also contributed largely to its success: Lt. "Don" Dalziel of A-21, 2-Lt. "Bill" Sloan of A-7 and BSM. George Hay of A-36.

Special mention should be made of the fine co-operation received from Col. F. G. Malloch, O.C. A-7, C.S.T.C., by whose kind permission the broadcast was held in Vimy.

It was noticed that some persons attending were a little skeptical about it, suggesting that the participants were "told what to say." Actually the discussion was absolutely authentic. The participants spent several days working on the program. First they had a "free-for-all" discussion on social security during which every word was taken down in shorthand. The expert script writers then took these notes and polished them up for timing and presentability but without in any way changing the opinions expressed. Then the script was rehearsed for broadcasting.

(Incidentally, perhaps as much credit as to any other person should go to Sgt. H. K. Brown who took all the shorthand during the discussions—and there was plenty of it—and then sweated through several evenings transcribing them and preparing them for the script writers.)

A pleasant and fitting wind-up to the evening was the spirited free discussion that followed the broadcast. The questions asked and the opinions offered proved that servicemen have very definite ideas on social security. With more such discussions there would be a greater interchange of these ideas. Then, who knows, perhaps there would be a better chance of some of them being put into effect.—J.B.

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TENDERLY she clasped her husband's hand. The doctor nodded his head hopelessly to the wife. With his last remaining strength the husband whispered, "Darling, promise after I'm gone that you will remain faithful to my memory." Tearfully she nodded assent. "If you are not faithful," he continued, "I'll turn over in my grave!" The years went by and then it came the widow's turn to leave this vale of tears. As she ascended to heaven she thought eagerly of her husband and the prospect of meeting him once again. Excitedly she approached the guard at the Pearly Gates. "Is my husband here?" she burst out. "What is his name?" asked the guard. "Joseph Smith," replied the wife. "There are many Joseph Smiths here," he said, "can you tell me what his last remark on earth was, so that I can identify your husband?" The wife thought for a moment and then said, "He said that if I was not faithful to his memory . . . he'd turn over in his grave." "Oh!" burst out the guard, "You want Whirling Joe!"

A girl was entertaining her gal friend and was pouring tea, when her girl friend spied a full-length nude painting hung on the wall. "Why, Mabel, that is a painting of you. Did you pose like that?"

"Why yes, it's me, but of course I didn't pose for it. Mr. R. painted it from memory."

Three rules for Army success:

Shoot the bull;

Pass the buck;

Make seven copies of everything.

Captain—"Your reports should be written in such a manner even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant—"Yes, sir, what part is it you don't understand?"

He—"I'm a bank examiner."

She—"Well, I'm no bank!"

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN IN BASIC

Here is another one for the record. The other day one of the C.S.T.C. officers stopped a recruit who passed him without paying him the usual compliments.

"Don't you know you're supposed to salute an officer when passing?" he sternly asked the guilty lad. "What have you got to say for yourself?" With coolness and sincerity that could only be born of innocence, came the unexpected reply: "But, sir, this is the long break!"

He—"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

She—"Don't be a fool, he does not even suspect a thing."

Rose's are red,
Violet's are blue,
Lillie's are pink;
I saw them on the wash line.

"Corporal, how did all those empty bottles get in your hut?"

"I don't know, sir—I don't remember bringing any empty bottles in here."

Patient (recovering from operation) — "Why are all the blinds drawn, doctor?"

Doctor—"Well, there's a fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

Have you heard about the draftee called up for examination who claimed exemption on the ground of poor eyesight—and brought his wife along as evidence?

"Henry, dear, we have been going together ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

"Perhaps you're right—but who'll have us?"

Cpl. Bill: Did you ever get a girl in a corner in an argument?

Pte. Jack: Well . . . er . . . I wouldn't say in an argument.

With a horde of men I drive a jeep; with a mob of men I try to sleep;

An army accompanies me to mess; a platoon's around me when I dress.

With a regiment I drill all day; with a company I eat and play;

Men to the left and men to the right; men around me day and night.

The Army, I can take it, see; but the thing that really murders me,

The sarcasm that explodes the myth is this: they call me PRIVATE SMITH.

Sweet Young Thing (to policeman): "That soldier accosted me."

Cop: "What have you to say for yourself, Joe?"

G.I. Joe: "A buddy of mine asked me to come here and meet his sister. He told me to look for a lady with starry eyes, teeth like pearls, a smile like Mona Lisa's, a figure like Betty Grable's, as charming as Greer Garson, with grace of a ballet dancer, the dignity of a queen."

Sweet Young Thing: "I apologize to the gentleman, officer. Anyone would have made the same mistake."

A girl may be as fit as a fiddle, but it takes a good man to make her play.

Sgt.—"I think our O.C. is awfully broad-minded."

Cpl.—"That's all I think of too."

Ike: Is there any difference between sight and vision?

Mike: Yes, there sure is. My girl is a vision and yours is a sight.

Lady: "I want a nice table toy for my son."

Salesman: "Table toy?"

Lady: "Yes. You see the boy's father doesn't like to kneel on the floor."

There is nothing strange about saying that the modern girl is a 'live wire.' She carries practically no insulation.

"Darling," he cried in tender tones,

"I ne'er have loved but thee."

"Then we must part," the maiden said,

"No amateurs for me."

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."

A steward on an ocean liner was asked how he liked his work and replied: "Fine," that the tips were very generous, but that he nearly lost his job on the last trip. It seems that there were several days of rough weather, and in taking a bowl of hot soup to a stateroom he unfortunately lost his balance, tripped and poured the contents of the bowl into the lap of an old gentleman asleep in a deck chair.

"But I tapped the old fellow on the shoulder and said, 'I do hope you feel better now, sir!'"



"No! For the last time — I will NOT put the lights out."

NEW SECRET WEAPON

(From "U.S. Signal Corps Messag")

That fine, old art—goldbricking—is not the exclusive practice of GIs, it seems. It's a blow to the Signal Corps, but it seems our feathered friends, the pigeons, go in for it too. To combat this (in pigeons, of course), a Signal officer, Capt. John Sensenay, has invented a "secret" weapon. It's a curved metal tube, one side of which is to be fastened to the pigeon's beak, the other end coming out beneath the tail feathers. According to a dispatch from Paris, Capt. Sensenay explains its workings thusly: "As the pigeon flies along the cold wind whipping through the tube gets his tail cold and he steps on the gas to warm up. The faster he flies, the colder his tail gets—and the colder his tail gets, the faster he flies."

Chinese visitor says—"Funny people, you Americans. You take a glass—you put sugar in to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour; you put in gin to warm you up and ice to keep you cool—you say: 'Here's to you!' and then drink it yourself."

Then there is the man who took up the study of the origin of blotting paper because he figured it must be very absorbing.

Greatly agitated, a woman carrying an infant dashed into a drug store.

"My baby has swallowed a bullet!" she cried. "What shall I do?"

"Give him the contents of this bottle of castor oil," replied the druggist calmly, "and then be sure you don't point him at anyone!"

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CONTINUOUS SHOW DAILY FROM 1 P.M.

A soldier called at the chaplain's office. "I just came to ask you," he said, "whether you think it's right for any person to profit by the mistake of others?"

"Most certainly not."

The soldier brightened and held out his hand. "Then perhaps you'll return the dollar I gave you last June for marrying me."

M.O.: "You cough more easily this morning."

Sigmn. Brown: "I should, I've been practising all night."

Moron: "Do you know that my middle initial is Q?"

Goon: "What's the Q for?"

Moron: "Well, when I was born my father took one look at my mama and said, 'Let's call it quits!'"

They say the manpower situation in Washington is so tough the girls are looking down manholes for them.

A corporal who had been dating a Gananoque gal was asked by her one recent night how come his civilian rival had given her such a nice gift for her birthday but the G.I. had come through with nothing at all. Not to be stopped, the corporal told her, "Think nothing of it, honey. He could afford to give you a wonderful present but I'll give you a wonderful past."

The sweet young thing was feeling pretty rundown and decided to go and see a doctor. She was visibly nervous and complained about not being able to sleep well. So the doctor asked, "Have you ever awakened with a jerk?" The girl replied, "Heavens no, doctor! I'm not even married!"

A Yank on a brief furlough in Paris asked the canteen hostess if she would dance with him. She said, "Oui."

"What do you mea by 'oui'?" asked the G.I. "O, U and I," came the reply.

The colonel, watching a recruit labor eagerly but clumsily over a stump hole, asked: "How long have you been in the army, son?"

"Two months," was the reply. "How long have you been in?"

The colonel was slightly taken back but he good-naturedly answered: "Thirty years."

"It's hell, ain't it?" the youngster said sympathetically.

Do you remember the old-fashioned girl who used to step out as fit as a fiddle? Now she comes home as tight as a drum.

A good girl always sticks to "no."

A bad girl always yesses.

A smart girl makes them sound alike.

And holds them all on guesses.

A troupe of U.S.O. entertainers were en route to Canada to entertain the men stationed in a military camp. When they arrived at the border the train, as was customary, halted to enable the customs men to inspect the passengers. One of the entertainers, a dizzy looking blonde, smiled impishly as she handed the customs man her paper. After inspecting it minutely he looked at the blonde who was beginning to get nervous. Sternly he said to her, "Are you sure you have declared everything?" Scared, she nodded. "Everything?" shouted the inspector. "Gracious," burst out the tearful dancer, "Do I have to declare THAT too?"

No one in physical training has yet equalled the record number of deep-knee bends required in an all-night crap game.

"Ernie dear, don't go too far in the water."

"But look, daddy's out a long way."

"I know dear, but your father's insured."

Navy Bridegroom: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

His Father: "There goes his seabag and fountain pen!"

A soldier who had returned to civilian life wrote as follows to his officer:

"Sir: After what I have suffered for the past two years, it gives me great pleasure to tell you to go to hell."

In due course he received the following reply:

"Sir: Any suggestions or inquiries concerning the movements of military personnel must be entered on form MP 3412, a copy of which I enclose."

The slowest thing in the world is a nudist going over a barbed-wire fence.

A newly commissioned second lieutenant entered the Pullman painfully proud of the new hardware on his shoulders. With the prospect of a fat tip in view the porter proceeded to effect a liaison. "Mornin', Captain," he said. In a short while he volunteered, "We's a speck late today, Kunnel." Then as the lieutenant made ready to go, "Brush yo' coat for yo' General!"

Two minutes later he was inspecting a ten-cent tip. With a bellow that could be heard throughout the station, he shouted after the disappearing officer, "Good-bye, CORPORAL."

A discharged soldier landed himself a nice job. He's in a pantie factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

They tell about the fat woman who visited the shipyard on the East Coast. She bent over to tie her shoestrings and before she could straighten up, they broke a bottle of champagne over her stern and launched her.

Joe—"I don't believe I approve of these one-piece bathing suits."

Flo—"Oh, I think a person should wear something."

A wedding carriage was seen driving through the streets of Louisville bearing this inscription: "Result of Careless Talk."

Her hat was on one side, her clothes rumples and her shoes in shreds.

"Were you knocked down by a motorist?" she was asked sympathetically.

"No, picked up," she snapped.

NEWS FROM DISTRICT SIGS

FROM QUEBEC

TODAY, along with the local news, I am continuing my series about Quebec City and its numerous historical spots. It is again suggested that other District Signals tell us more about their H.Q. community.

During the more than three centuries which have elapsed since its foundation in 1608 by Samuel de Champlain, Quebec has accumulated a history rich in material for the philosopher, the poet and the romancer. The visitors find endless fields for research, observation and intellectual delight. It is a city to be seen and always remembered.

Quebec's chief claim to the attention of the travellers is its Citadel, the Chateau Frontenac with its Dufferin Terrace, and the historic battlefields of the Plaines d'Abraham. Every stone in the walls of Quebec has a history, and every spot has undying souvenirs. Almost every building in its antique and tortuous streets also has a story to tell. In and about its hoary ramparts still flit the shadows of the great men who fought and fell: Cartier, Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm, Frontenac, Montgomery, Arnold Bigot, Bishop Laval—names that are forever linked with the history of Americas.

Many panoramas may be seen from the top of Cape Diamond, the highest part of Quebec City, today crowned by the historic Citadel. From here one can see the noble basin, the graceful wanderings of St. Charles River, the numerous villages on either sides, the distant Falls of Montmorency, the scenery of Point Levis, the beautiful Isle of Orleans, the purple mountains, the citadel, the ramparts, the gates and Dufferin Terrace, a magnificent promenade 1,400 feet long and about 200 feet above the St. Lawrence.

Sincere congratulations are extended to these recently promoted signalmen: Sgt. G. Daumais, Cpl. Brind 'Amour, L. Cpls. G. Bell, J. J. Brousseau, G. Dechenes, J. O. Doyon, R. Gaboriault and A. Moretti.

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Regimental Signals Wing

It Holds an Important Place in Vimy's Training Program

By LIEUT. K. C. FOSTER

REGIMENTAL Signals Wing (R.S.W.) holds a prominent place in C.S.T.C. Found on the west side of Vimy it plays a vital role in the training of reinforcements for overseas.

The Officer Commanding, Major Easterbrook, has been associated with regimental signals since 1930 and in the present war alone has had over four years experience with the Wing. As a lieutenant he was training officer Infantry Company and has eventually worked through various positions until he now holds the complete control. Having studied every phase of training and administration he is well qualified for the position he holds and great credit is due his keen leadership and ability for the excellent training which goes on in the Wing.

There are two Companies in Regimental Wing: Artillery Company under Capt. Sedgwick, and Infantry Company under Capt. Wilson. In addition there is a training department under the Senior Instructor, Capt. Hood. Capt. Sedgwick started as 2 i.c. and training officer of Arty. Coy. and has been associated with the gunners for over two years. Capt. Wilson has recently returned from overseas where he has had considerable experience with Infantry Signals and Driver Operators. The S.I., Capt. Hood, has had 14 years military experience in Signals and has been with R.S.W. both as a Lieutenant and now as a Captain. His job entails the planning of all training and disposition of instructors for both Coys. He receives his instructions through the O.C. and the Chief Instructor. Since there are four distinct courses in the Wing his hands are full and the job is certainly a thankless one.

The 2 i.c. and Adjutant of the Wing is Capt. Monaghan. Under him is a H.Q. staff who handle most of the Admin. work for the two Coys. W.O. 1 Lancaster is Wing Sgt. Major and S. Sgt. Mage supervises the H.Q. Staff.

Artillery Company trains Arty. Driver Operators and Arty. Signallers. The 2 i.c. and training officer is Lieut. Szep. An Arty liaison officer, Major Chipeswick, organizes and handles all field training and every week

the country around Kingston is turned into an imaginary battlefield with the gunners laying out communications for a shoot.

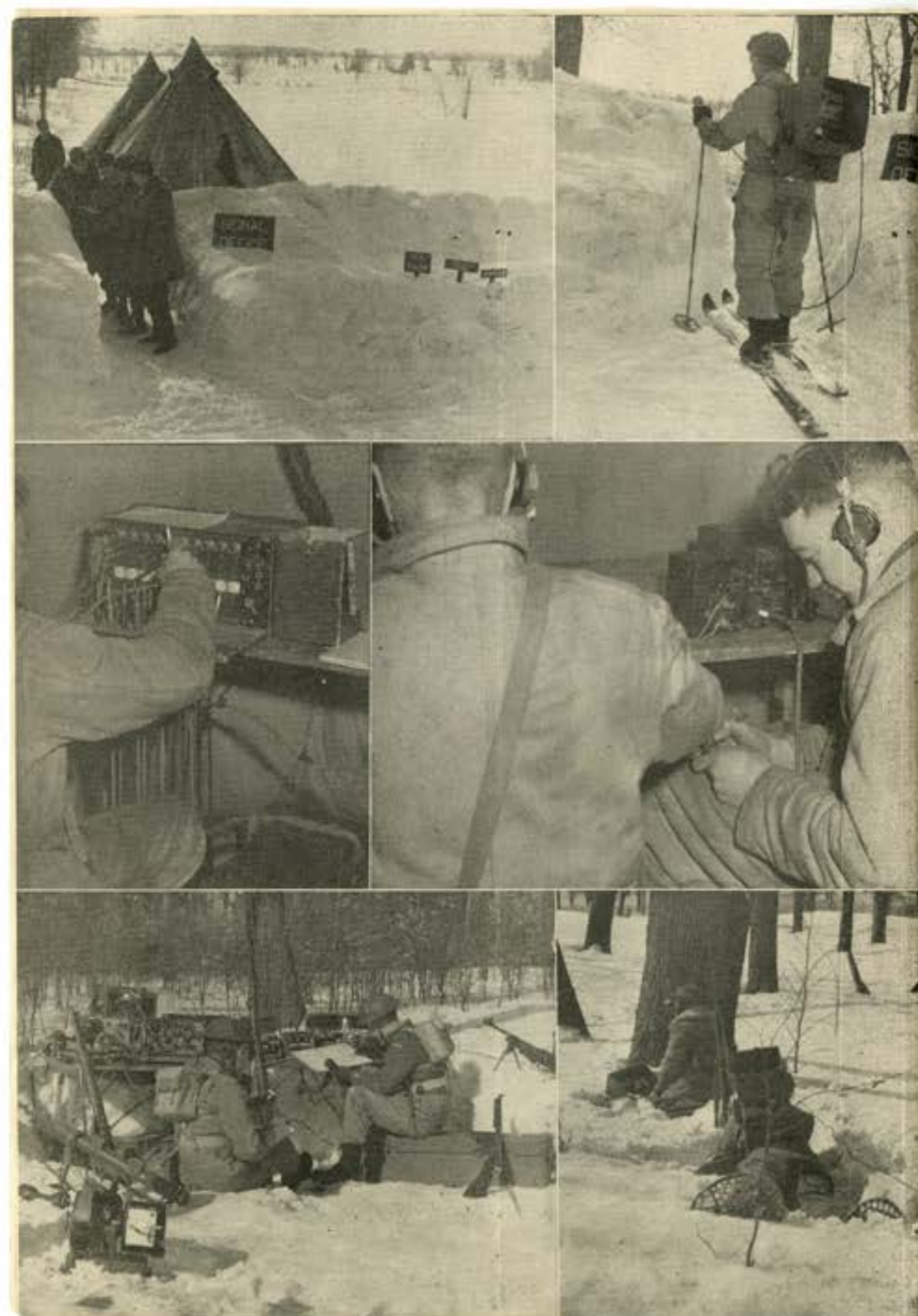
Infantry Company trains Infantry Signallers and Driver Operators. The Driver Operators include Infantry, Engineers and R.C.E.M.E. personnel. The 2 i.c. and training officer is yours truly, Lieut. Foster, who has been with the Wing since late 1943. Another old hand at the game is Lieut. Demers who has been with the Wing for a year and who has had experience overseas.

Each Coy. has three or four class or section officers who handle two to three classes apiece. They teach map reading, slidex and security and beside other Wing and Regimental duties are responsible for the administration of these classes to the Coy. commander.

N.C.O.'s handle most of the technical subjects under the supervision of the S.I. and training officers. Each lecture room or group of lecture rooms has its own A.I. who is responsible for the training and administration in these rooms. They handle close to nine periods a day exclusive of night training. Field training is carried out five days a week and is under the field training N.C.O.'s who are specialists in their work. S. Sgt. Wilson, Arty Coy., and S. Sgt. Barnwell, Inf. Coy., are two of the most senior N.C.O.'s in the Wing and great credit is due them for their fine work on field training.

Where does R.S.W. hang out? The Admin. offices are directly across the road from the Sergeants' Mess. Technical stores come next—no, no, not the Newspot, the other way. Still going west we round the corner by the married quarters and come upon a row of huts on each side of the road. Infantry sleeping huts are on the left and Artillery on the right with No. 3 Mess. On the left are also two lecture huts, one is used for code and the other for 19 sets. The wireless 19 set is taught to the Driver Ops of both Coys and is under the able direction of S. Sgt. Hersikorn and Sgt. Lawley. As we go down the road and around the corner towards the dry canteen we see four lecture huts numbering A-10 to A-13. Code rooms in A-13 are under Sgt. Innell and Cpl. McMillan, both experts in their work. A-12 finds Exchange

SCHEME SCENES—Top Left: Bn. H.Q. on an Infantry Coy. scheme. Top Right: Ski-patrol returns to H.Q. carrying a Wireless 48 set. Centre Left: "Number, please?" Centre Right: Message by fuller phone from a Bn. on flank. Bottom Left: Battery HQ on an Arty. Coy. scheme. Bottom Right: "Oboe Peter," an artillery observation post. Photos by C. S. Abraham



A Few Words from the Officer Commanding

By MAJOR W. J. A. EASTERBROOK
(Officer Commanding, R.S.W.)

I HAVE grown up, in a military sense, with R.S.W., and therefore it is hard for me to be other than proud of the work that has been done by the Wing. No one can tell yet just how far-reaching have been the effects of the hard work, both mental and physical, which has gone into the development of our organization. One thing is evident, however—thousands of the finest young men in our country have passed through R.S.W. and they have been scattered among many units and formations overseas.

Most of our graduates reach the battle line in a surprisingly short time after leaving us. Their achievements are reflecting and will continue to reflect credit not only to their particular arm of the service, but to the Training Centre which prepared them for their arduous role as front line communications personnel.

To many of the Engineers, Artillerymen and Infantrymen, who come here, attachment to R.S.W. is their first acquaintance with the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. R.S.W. has tried and is trying to instill in them the feeling of brotherhood which exists among communications personnel throughout the Army. We feel that we have succeeded in doing this to a satisfactory degree.



To the young officers who have assisted us, to the N.C.O.'s who have been enthusiastic and untiring in their efforts, and to the more senior officers of the wing who have co-operated and still are co-operating with me in an endeavor to train our boys as competent communications personnel, I give the credit for what I believe to be a pretty good job of work.

work under Sgt. Pruden and Simulator work under Bdr. Dolan. In A-11 we find R.T. simulator with Cpl. Williams and 48 set work with Sgt. Berry. Electricity is taught in A-10 by Sgts. Isaac and Hoyrup and Procedure by Cpls. Freeman and Hopkins. Cable instruction is carried on by Sgt. Garceau (Inf.) and Sgt. Goad (Arty). These two N.C.O.'s handle most of the field training in cable and part of the lectures. Other junior N.C.O.'s are attached to the Wing and play their part in the training and administration of their respective Coys until such times as the reinforcement stream takes them from us.

Arty. personnel come from various units in Canada and after ten weeks' training are returned to their units as qualified Signallers

or Driver Ops. These men are taught Battery signals and methods of communications for Artillery set ups.

Infantry personnel come from many camps all over Canada. The Signallers learn the methods of Battalion signalling and when complete are ready to fit into any Inf. Bn. Signal platoon in the field. The role of the Driver Op is similar. He is used by support groups and is usually mobile.

Such is the story of R.S.W. It is a big place and doing a big job and one we are all proud of. In future when you hear R.S.W. mentioned perhaps you won't be quite so much in the dark about our place and life in Vimy.

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO RUN THE R.S.W. SHOW



FRONT ROW (from left): Lieut. Foster, Capt. Hood, Capt. Wilson, Major Easterbrook, Col. Malloch, Capt. Sedgwick, Capt. Monaghan. BACK ROW (from left): Lieut. Berry, Lieut. Hayward, Lieut. Woolfrey, Lieut. Demers, 2. Lieut. Hooker, Lieut. Szep.

Poor Padre!

From overseas comes this latest bit of army humor:

The boys in Italy were holding a horse race. They coaxed the padre to enter his donkey in the race and after much persuasion he finally consented.

To everyone's surprise the donkey ran second and the newspaper headline ran as follows:

"Padre's Ass Shows."

A few days later they had another race and this time the donkey came in first.

The newspaper headline was as follows:

"Padre's Ass Out in Front."

By this time the padre was quite enthused about the races and planned to enter the donkey in the third race. However the bishop heard about the races and sent for the padre and forbade him to enter any more races as it was beneath the dignity of a padre and not considered as suitable conduct befitting his position, so the donkey didn't run.

The newspaper headlines were:

"Padre's Ass Scratched by Bishop."

Thanks, Pay Staff!

THE staff of The Signalman takes this opportunity to thank Capt. W. Fortye, paymaster at C.S.T.C., and his entire staff, for their co-operation in making possible the efficient sale of this magazine each month.

We particularly wish to mention the pay staff's aid in the sale of our January issue. In previous years the mid-month sale of this particular issue resulted in a considerable drop in circulation. This year, largely due to the co-operation of the pay office we had a better sale than ever and sold out all copies as we have done for the past few months.

Figure it out for yourself: if everyone got paid in bills only (as is usual on mid-month paydays) and we had to give each one 90 cents change for every dollar or \$4.90 for every five-dollar bill, we would need \$900.00 in silver just to sell 1,000 copies. This time the pay staff not only took the trouble to pay everyone some small change but supplied us with an extra amount of silver. Which made things run as smooth as ever and made our circulation manager extremely happy.

So thanks again, members of the pay staff. Your co-operation is greatly appreciated.



An interesting memento of the early days of Canadian Signals is provided in this photo owned by Bdr. E. W. Dolan of Vimy. It was taken at Wavre, Belgium, in March, 1919, and shows a group of officers and men of a 4th Div. Artillery Signals Coy. You will notice that while most of the men are from Engineers (who provided all units with signals at that time), some are from Artillery. These are artillery signallers

who had been attached to the 4th Div. Sigs. as wireless operators. The officer in the centre is Capt. F. G. Malloch, M.C., then acting O.C. of 4th Div. Sigs., at present Officer Commanding A-7 C.S.T.C. Bdr. Dolan is second from right in the front row. Cpl. Russell of Vimy sports staff identifies the sixth man from the right in the rear as his father, George N. Russell. Perhaps some of the old-timers among our readers will be able to recognize others in this historic picture.

How We Did It Then . . .

Life With Brigade Signals in France in World War I

By CPL. E. M. DOLAN
(R.S.W.)

SWAYING slightly against the flat blackness of the Artois night, the German parachute flare drifted too slowly earthward. The plane that had laid this incandescent egg was circling above the deadly light, searching for signs of hidden activity that might indicate the future of that 1918 front.

Pulled over to one side of the road and motionless except for the uneasy shaking of a horse's head, the cable wagon detail played possum. Six drums of D-3 field cable were ranged in pairs on axles supported on the open framework of the wagon. At the very rear on sulky seats sat the two pay-out and control men who braked the drums and fed the cable to the side of the road.

In a ditch a few yards to the rear and looking like a transplanted fifth horseman of the Apocalypse in the eerie light, the sergeant close-reined his horse, holding in his free hand a short crookstick through which he fed the cable into safer positions. Some distance behind, two linemen wheeled their bicycles into a field and settled themselves in the shadows of a shell hole. Above, the squarehead nemesis continued to circle. On the ground, nothing moved now.

Like all emergencies, the flare faded after a while and the bomb-laden plane labored off into the night. The cable wagon moved on—the horseman adjusted his crookstick and the linemen returned to the road with their bicycles. The lines must go through to advanced headquarters for there was talk of another big push starting on this front.

A cobbled kilometer up the road, the wagon pulled into the yard of a typically French farm such as Bairnsfather has described as a collection of buildings with a rectangular smell in the centre. Judging by the comparative freshness of the barnyard excretions, the place had only recently been vacated but already new tenants had moved in.

The colonel of a Canadian field artillery brigade had set up his H.Q. in what had been a woodshed—nothing very elaborate, it's true, but at the moment the tile roof was still secure. Across the rectangular smell, in a building that had obviously been the live pork pen, the brigade signals officer spread his

1:20,000 maps under the light of two candles while a couple of signalmen draped sacks and blankets over the door and window.

In the corner, an operator wrestled with an exchange. Outside, someone was nailing a terminal board to the side of the building. In a small adjoining pen where clearly only the smaller litters could have lived, two artillery signallers manoeuvred the multiple sections of an allegedly portable CW set into position while a third slithered along the peak of the tiled room in blind search of an anchor for the aerial.

Up front beyond the stiff silhouette of a low ridge, star shells punctuated the blackness. An exploratory 5.9 screeched overhead and geysered in a field of mud behind the buildings. Down below, between the two candles, Lt. "Nobby" Hall, now Capt. F. S. Hall, Sports Officer for Vimy, consulted with two N.C.O.'s about the best cable route to the four batteries deployed immediately ahead. At the same moment and not far away, Capt. F. G. Malloch, M.C., later to become O.C. of 4th Div. Sigs., was laying out the communications for the divisional infantry brigades. Unconcerned with the weight of these tactical problems, the artillery signaller continued his precarious pilgrimage along the tile roof.

Two or three more star shells popped in the distance. A private duel between opposing trench mortar batteries broke out for a few minutes. A second 5.9 fell short of the farm and meantime the end of the aerial was anchored and the lead-in connected. Out on the main road ammunition was being hurriedly packed into the field guns and 4.5 how's. Another 5.9 screeched over and blew a hole in the heavens on the far side of what had been the farmhouse. Candles went out. The tile roof disintegrated and cascaded down the rafters carrying the aerial performer into a ground sump that had until very recently been an established cow commode.

Chirping out on the air waves, the artillery brigade H.Q. had established communication with divisional H.Q. and the associated artillery brigade. As well, the line to the rear was through. Now, in pairs, carrying small drums of D-3 single between them on broomhandles, signalmen set out from the terminal board to tie in the four battery H.Q.'s.

Within the batteries, signallers laid liaison

lines forward to the infantry positions. There would be no regular O.P.'s in this position. Silent registration and a close contact with the boys who would carry the bayonets. Across churned up fields, following the lee of contours and otherwise taking advantage of all possible protection for the line and the men who would have to maintain it.

There were no M vehicles then to scatter the cable along the roads. When possible, the horse-drawn cable wagon laid lines behind the batteries and it had its points. True, the horses couldn't sustain the same pace as an M vehicle but on the other hand they didn't break down or pile permanently into a ditch. Besides, the army oat ration being what it was, the horses were quite a boon to the birds.

There were no wireless facilities within the batteries. Line and the D-3 phone were standard communication in deployment. The lamp helio and flags were carried as issue equipment and all signallers were trained to use them but even then they had largely outlived their usefulness. Communication on the move was maintained by mounted orderlies or D.R.'s of the Signal Company, Engineers.

Life was simple and at times strenuous but there were compensations. Every few months the artillery could generally count on a few days out of the line for what was commonly misnamed a rest period. Army mobile shower units would appear with creosote and the standard issue of 17 drops of hot water per man. Life would again become worth living. All equipment would be overhauled, and occasionally a few of the local girls, too. Up in Belgium in those days they couldn't run fast in the sabots.

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BOOKS...

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ALL NIGHT LONG— By Erskine Caldwell, is a stirring novel of Russian guerrillas and their fight for their country's liberation. How the Germans invade Sergei's community, burning homes and massacring all who opposed them, how he was hidden by his wife, and finally escaped, leaving her to follow him to a guerrilla encampment introduces a book that could well have been the basis of that Russian movie "The Rainbow." As leader of a series of night attacks on German communications centres and supply depots Sergei finds the action necessary to take his mind from his wife's failure to escape, and inspires him with courage to revenge his people, but in such action he loses his comrades who must also be revenged. After rescuing his wife, Sergei finds he must leave her to seek safety alone while he returns to finish his duty as he remembers the orders of his leader who had told him he must not fail, quoting the creed of the guerrillas, "Excuses are not acceptable. Death is no excuse."

STRANGE UNDERSTANDING— By Harriet T. Comstock, is a story of a man who inherits a fortune, a charge, and a daughter, all in one stormy night. Mac, as the man, labors under a sense of personal injustice from his wife who left him, only returning to leave the daughter Jan, in his care before she died. Jan lived in the old New England house to be brought up by a housekeeper, while the charge, Tony Travers, took her place in her father's heart. Eventually Tony and Jan meet, in spite of Mac, and after many trials, father and daughter become reconciled, but as the title suggests, with a "strange understanding."

THE SHUDDERS— By Anthony Abbott brings the detective Thatcher Colt on another one of those baffling murder mysteries. When a man on his way to the electric chair warns Colt that he and all those who are connected with the execution will be killed off one by one by a mysterious Dr. Baldwin, Colt is forced to start a search that lasts three years without a clue, then suddenly the whole plot is realized as the prison warden falls dead in Colt's office with Baldwin's name on his lips. How the detective unravels the crime keeps you reading an almost unbelievable story right to the last page.

S.H.D.

VIMY VIGNETTES

By LIEUT. F. FLOOD

Vickers: Man of Many Scholastic Achievements

HIS name is Steve (although even his best friends just call him Cpl. Vickers) and he insists that he is just an ordinary person. Unfortunately for this contention he has, in his 31 years, piled up a number of rather extraordinary achievements. To start with he has a B.A. from McMaster, an M.A. from Harvard and better than the equivalent of a Ph.D. acquired in two or three years of private study. In case you are interested a Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy) places one in the very exclusive upper strata of the intellectual world.

But the mere recitation of accomplishments as such does not really tell very much. At McMaster Cpl. Vickers took a general arts course even as many another young aspirant. At Harvard he stepped into a much more select field when he took up the History of Art. In fact so select was the field that he was the first Canadian to receive a Master of Arts degree from Harvard in that particular line. And just to ensure the rarity of his position he won the Lowell Jr. Fellowship—the first Canadian to achieve that honor, also.

This particular fellowship carries an award of \$2,250 a year for three years and its purpose is to make it possible for an ambitious person to round out his education without benefit of universities or colleges. Cpl. Vickers headed for Europe where lay the principle opportunities in his field. For about six months he commuted between London and Paris engaged in historical research on literary manuscripts. But his primary interest was architecture and so he was directing his footsteps towards Montecassino when the war sent him back to America. We all know of Montecassino, scene of one of the bitterest battles of the Italian campaign, the little town at the foot of the mountain that was completely reduced by aerial and

artillery bombardment before General Mark Clark's American 5th Army finally drove through. And the beautiful old abbey overlooking the town became the subject of worldwide controversy when the Allies were forced to raze it to drive out Nazi machine-gunners and artillery spotters. It was at this abbey that Cpl. Vickers had planned to stay.

After coming back to America he finished the remaining two years of his fellowship award doing further literary research in Boston and New York. He has written articles for professional journals dealing with his own particular work. Among other achievements he has acquired a wife and family of one and is contributing to the winning of the war as a basic training instructor.

From the Romantic Land Of Rum and Coca-Cola

CCOURTNEY Graham is only 19 but already has acquired quite an impressive background of experience. He was born at sea on the way from the States to Trinidad. Although this latter place became the official home of the Graham family it was in reality only a base from which they operated. Courtney's father was an itinerant oil driller who, until his death five years ago, worked

on a contract basis on most of the main islands in the West Indies. Names which send most of us into langorous reveries of palm trees, tropical nights and Dorothy Lamour are commonplace to him.

Young Graham is one of three brothers, all of considerable athletic fame in their native

habitat. His brothers set several weight lifting records and won boxing championships in the 145 and 160-lb. classes. Courtney himself has done a bit of boxing in different parts of the West Indies. In the pre-Christmas fight card at Vimy here Sigma. Graham stole the show with a handy win over highly-rated Harry Savage in a welter-weight class.

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CRIMEA CONFERENCE

FEB. 13, 1945, was just another day to most of us as we went about our daily tasks yet it will very likely go down as one of the outstanding dates in world history. That was the day the Big Three— Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain, President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States of America, and Marshal Joseph Stalin of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics — announced to the world the results of their eight-day meeting at Yalta in the Crimea.

The three leaders considered and determined the joint plans for: (1) the final defeat of Germany; (2) occupation of a defeated Germany; (3) establishing order and rebuilding the economy in liberated Europe; (4) maintaining and strengthening in peace the unity achieved in war.

This was big news. The Allies had agreed to agree. It meant that the alliance was not one of convenience, to disappear once the enemy was beaten but that the unity forged in common battle was to continue for the shaping of the peace. It gave life and substance to the hope that at last mankind could have peace for generations to come.

The best test of what the conference meant was the effect it had on the enemy. Berlin and Tokyo were hysterical in denouncing it for it assured their defeat and doomed forever their hopes of ever conquering the world.

It was a fitting reply, too, to those cynics among us who said we would have to fight the Red Army after we meet on German soil. Their kind of talk was only parroting Hitler and doing his work for him, and the Big Three agreement proved how wrong they were.

To our mind the Crimea Conference was not just the expression of the ideas and opinions of the Big Three leaders and their aides. Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin enjoy such universal popularity because they better than anyone else understand the hopes and desires of their people. So their agreement was but a summation of the hopes and desires of the peoples of the world, the things we have been fighting, sacrificing and dying for.

Next to an early victory the fondest wish of humanity is for a lasting peace. The Crimea Conference took the first big step towards realizing that universal hope.—J.B.

CONTEST WINNERS

MENTION has been made on the Colonel's page of Vimy personnel who have had the good fortune, or should I not rather say the qualities necessary, to win recognition in several recent contests.

Contests serve many purposes. They may be a source of ideas for the sponsors, as in the V.D. poster contest; they may focus attention and new thought on some timeworn subject as in the case of Khaki's essay contest on "Why Discipline?" and they may serve a purely recreational purpose as in Khaki's cartoon caption contests. These are only the outward and obvious values. How about the mental stimulation of the contestants? This covers the range from the first prize winners all the way down the list to the man who read it over and spent only a casual minute thinking on the subject.

How many of you have ever stopped to consider the importance of an idea? The conception of the **idea** is the spark that makes for progress in the world. You and I can take the idea once born and develop it and possibly put it to practical use but we'll always be a little envious of the man who can strike that initial spark.

What, then, are the qualities shown by these residents of Vimy who have been recognized as winners? First, imagination—to bring about the conception of the **idea**. Secondly, initiative—to develop the idea. Thirdly, determination—to complete the job, and lastly, the self-confidence to submit the finished product.

It seems to me that these are the qualities that are typical of Canada's fighting men.—G.D.W.



Here are the folks who see that you get those letters and papers from home every day. Seated (from left): Pte. D. B. Connolly, Pte. A. Hoskins, S. Sgt. C. E. Collard, Cpl. M. E. Guerard. Standing (from left): Pte. M. M. Cotter, Pte. K. G. Teasdale, Pte. J. E. Harbin, Pte. K. D. Wotten, Pte. R. A. Sweet, Cpl. A. Rennie.

Photo by C. S. Abrahams

M.P.O. 312

By CPL. A. RENNIE

CONTRARY to popular belief, a day's work in the postoffice isn't accomplished during the periods when the wickets are open. There is a lot more to it than that. Let me take you behind the scene and show you what goes on there.

The camp post office—officially known as Military Post Office 312—opened as an accounting post office back in April 16, 1943. The postmaster is S. Sgt. C. E. Collard, who prior to his enlistment in the army was employed in the Post Office Department at Ottawa. He is assisted by Cpl. A. Rennie, Pte. K. D. Wotten and Pte. K. G. Teasdale, all members of the Canadian Postal Corps, and

the following C.W.A.C. personnel: Cpl. M. E. Guerard, Ptes. J. E. Harbin, A. Hoskins, R. A. Sweet, M. M. Cotter and D. B. Connolly.

Actually M.P.O. 312 has all the facilities of a civilian post office. Incoming mail is received twice daily from both east and west at 0830 and 1500 hrs. It is then sorted out by the C.W.A.C. personnel, who also give it out to you when you call for it at the respective wickets. The Postal Corps men record all incoming parcels and registered matter and see to it that these articles are delivered only to the properly identified addressee.

Mail matter leaving the camp is also handled by the Postal Corps and leaves camp at 1130 and 1900 hrs. This mail is date-stamped and sorted in the postoffice and forwarded in locked bags to the east and west

(Continued on Page 26)



Minimum Requirements for Enlistment—As Seen by Sgt. E. France, Our Staff Cartoonist.

By CPL. G. M. WEBSTER

WHEN we were children in public school there came a time each year when all standard forms of salutation were forgotten. At such a time the all-important question was, "How'd you make out; did you pass?" Later, during the first years of the present war this salutation was changed. As one recruit met another he asked: "How'd you make out—what's your category?" To-day under the same circumstances, it's "How'd you make out—what's your Pulhems?"

Under the category system there were seven brackets into which a soldier might fall, A-1, A-2, B-1, B-2, C-1, C-2, or E. Regardless of his disability the soldier was graded according to the Specialist's or Medical Board's opinion of his condition and ability to perform his duties. The reason for a category lower than "A" was noted in the medical proceedings among the soldier's documents but often enough the soldier himself did not know the exact reason. The only way that reason could be learned was by a complete examination of his documents, a laborious and time wasting procedure. Under the category system, the assigning of a category lower than "A" limited the soldier to certain specific duties or service, according to the category. The nature of the disability was, therefore, of little importance, all soldiers of equal category being considered of equal ability in the army.

In 1943 the Pulhems Grade was introduced into the Canadian Army through the efforts of the then Director General of Medical Services, Major General Brock Chisholm, who has since been appointed Deputy Minister of the National Health section of the Department of Health and National Welfare. Recognizing the shortcomings of the

old method he felt that a great saving in manpower could be made and a much better allocation of that manpower effected with a new method of grading. The results of the Pulhems Grade have more than justified that belief.

What PULHEMS Means

The definition is simple. Each letter in the name designates the soldier's fitness for duty according to the physical condition covered by that letter. In their proper order they stand for Physique, Upper Extremities, Lower Extremities or Locomotion, Hearing (all conditions relating to the ears), Eyes, Mentality and Stability.

Physique (P) is by far the most inclusive grade in the entire Profile, covering general physique, height, weight, age, actual or physical, the heart, circulatory system, varicose veins, goitre, sinuses, respiratory system (including all lung conditions), the digestive system, the mouth, nose and throat, the brain and parts of the spine, and most of the diseases, both past and present, which might influence those parts of the body, as herniae, venereal disease, infectious diseases, etc. Upper Extremities (U) covers the hands, arms, shoulders and any condition directly affecting these parts. Lower Extremities (L) covers the feet, legs, hips, etc., in a similar manner. H and E are self explanatory. M and S are worthy of special mention.

The M and S. Categories

Many men are capable of the greatest of physical strain under ideal conditions. Such men might carry on tirelessly for long periods at work which would be considered "killing" by the average man. Others, because of a special aptitude, might perform the most delicate or exacting task to the complete

satisfaction of all concerned. Because of some defect in their mental makeup, however, these same men might be apt to show a complete inability to perform other and simpler or easier work without the strictest of supervision, lest through misdirected effort, they did more harm than good, or so little good that their efforts were wasted. Lack of education, retardation or poor development of the mental processes result in an "M" grade lower than "I", the grade depending upon the extent of the condition. Such a grade in a soldier's profile signifies the need of supervision, of employment suitable to the ability of the soldier as indicated under army standards. The score earned on the Army "M" test has a great deal of importance in the assigning of the original "M" grade on enlistment. The "M" test is complemented by a psychiatric screening, so that the psychiatrist and the army examiner combine to make this grade as nearly correct as possible. Because of this careful check on enlistment, there is little likelihood of a change in the "M" grade after enlistment unless a low grade was assigned because of lack of education, in which case a soldier might easily bring about a raise in his grade by taking advantage of the Canadian Legion's opportunities for self education.

The "S" grade covers a multitude of mental and nervous disorders from mild nervousness to actual insanity which would, of course call for an "S-5". There are many men who, under conditions ideally suited to their temperament, are capable of almost any type of work or of withstanding a full share of physical strain. Under adverse conditions, however, they could not be trusted to perform any duty without "blowing up." For this reason they are given a lower "S" grade. The soldier with a down-graded "S" re-

quires as much supervision, at least, as the down-graded "M". Regardless of his mental ability, education or experience and knowledge of the job he is doing, he is unpredictable in the performance of his duties because of the disability which caused the "S" grading.

Pulhems in Civilian Life

In civilian life the Pulhems Profile, or some more extensive or improved substitute, would cause a great step forward in industry and labor and in the ironing out of many of the differences between the two. Proper allocation of men to the type of work to which they are most suited, physically and mentally, will take the round pegs out of the square holes, and vice versa. With proper screening by psychiatrists, by trades tests and aptitude tests, during or immediately following school, the pupil would have a far greater likelihood of finding work at which he would succeed. Up to the present time, the pupil or student completing his schooling has been thrown into a competitive field in search of a job and in the majority of cases this meant any job, the first that could be landed.

If the potential machinist knew in advance that he could never hope to make a good insurance salesman, was too nervous to work in a mental hospital or had not the reasoning ability to operate his own business, or be an executive in someone else's, then avoid a lifetime of wasted time and effort. At the same time the prospective employer, taking his information from the facts presented in the applicant's "profile," whether it be Pulhems or any other, would save himself the tedious job of hiring and firing countless aspirants before finding the right one.

Whether this work of screening was un-

dertaken by a Government agency or by private enterprise, should be of little importance, providing it be carefully supervised and made available to everyone. The results have been more than satisfactory in the short time the Pulhems Profile has been in use in the army. With the greater scope for improvement of conditions in civilian employment the possibilities are limitless. Experts have stated that one person in every ten is liable to be admitted at some time to a mental institution for some period of time. These estimates are based on the trend of mental illness during the past few years. It is quite conceivable that with the proper allocation of manpower to labor, industry and the professions, this estimated figure would be slashed to a mere fraction. The neuroses caused by the placing of men in the wrong job would not appear and the potential neurotic would have more than an even chance of going through life without having his neurosis come to the surface, for contentment is both a cure and a preventative for such a condition.

Step to Social Reform?

A world in which only the man with a strong back carried the hod while the skilled craftsmen with a gift for his work laid the bricks appears to have certain Utopian aspects. However, taking into consideration the imperfections that exist in every system and the fact that human nature is never quick to recognize its limitations, such a world is not unthinkable. Through the use of a system such as has been introduced by the Pulhems Profile, extended and developed as indicated by trial and experience, one of the greatest steps forward in social reform could be accomplished. On first thought it may seem that any type of testing or screening that is compulsory smacks strongly of regimentation and would not be likely to be accepted in a democracy; however as the merits of such screening became evident employers would demand a satisfactory report before hiring the aspirant, just as they have demanded references from previous employers in the past. That report would give a much truer picture than the recommendation of a former employer, who may have been only too happy to part with his employee but for reasons of his own did not say so. In time the compulsion of necessity alone would make the acceptance of a screening essential to every man or woman with any intention of seeking work.

Vimy NCO's Study Fire Prevention, Put On a Show

By CAPT. C. SPENCER
Camp Fire Prevention Officer

ON 29th and 30th Jan. 1945, something new took place—a number of our N.C.O.'s associated with the prevention of fire in this Centre (we call them "Deputy Fire Chiefs") were given a two-day course in fire prevention.

The N.C.O.'s from the Fire Hall staff—SQMS. Brooks, Sgt. Lee, Cpl. Maxwell and Cpl. Hicken—acted as instructors on the course and did a very efficient job of it.

Captain Monaghan of R.S.W. our new Assistant Fire Prevention Officer for this Camp, and C.S.M. Tritsch of the C.W.A.C. also attended.

Several very interesting demonstrations took place. One, conducted by Cpl. Maxwell, was held on Barrielfield Commons where many fires were lighted in wood, rubbish, oils, gasoline and other materials and were put out by the candidates on course using hand extinguishers of all types. The weather was slightly cold and anyone who completely extinguished the fire was a little unpopular with the remainder of the class.

A demonstration called "Fire Brigade in Action" took place around R.S.W. Stores. Two "smoke generators" were placed near the stores and when they were nicely generating smoke, an alarm was turned-in. The effect was very realistic, especially from the viewpoint of the O.C. R.S.W., Major Easterbrook. Apparently he did not know about the demonstration and on hearing the fire truck speed by, went to the door and looked out to see hose lines being layed and billows of smoke apparently pouring from his stores. We're still wondering what he said on learning that it was only a demonstration.

The personnel attending the course were very keen and we feel that they will pass on some of the knowledge they have gained to the members of the Training Centre, thereby making everyone a little more "fire prevention conscious."

These are the N.C.O.'s who check you for smoking in bed or creating fire hazards by hanging your clothes near hot stoves. It is your lives and your property that they are trying to safeguard, and this is indeed a great responsibility.

The False Alarm Menace

In closing I wish to direct a few words



Front Row (from left): Sgts. H. N. Innell, J. F. Ebert, W. G. Coakwell, M. C. Rose. Back Row: Sgt. R. W. Waugh, CSM. D. Tritsch, C.W.A.C., Cpl. J. Maxwell, Capt. C. V. Monaghan, Cpl. B. N. Hicken, S. Sgt. J. Hughes, Cpl. J. E. Zettler, Sgt. W. G. Lee, S. Sgt. V. Harmes, Sgt. H. A. Bauld, QMS. F. Brooks.

Right: CSM. Tritsch plays fire chief. (But she's quite able and prepared to handle a genuine alarm).

to everyone in this Training Centre:

Many false alarms have been turned in at the fire alarm boxes. Some of them are through curiosity as to what happens when you open the door of the box, but I am afraid many of them are turned in by mischievous people who do not realize how serious this is.

The fire truck responds to an alarm at a very high speed and it is extremely dangerous to have this truck speeding through a crowded camp over icy roads just to answer a false alarm.

Some day or night this truck may run down someone. Would you like to feel responsible for the death of one of your fellow soldiers?

Just think of this: it might be funny to turn in an alarm and see the fire brigade rush out but would you think it was funny to see the body of one of your pals lying crushed under that same truck?

I wish to appeal to every man in this Centre to become fire prevention conscious—report any fire hazards and above all do not create any.



Remember, it is your lives and your property as well as the lives of your friends that are at stake.

Every week is Fire Prevention Week in this camp!

Vimy's in the Playoffs!

Hockey Team Drives Aside All Opposition, Sets Record

WHEN last we had occasion to report our hockey team activities we were quite elated at having defeated Headquarters.

Since then the boys have met and defeated all opposition and whatever happens in the playoffs, Vimy is the only team to date to have beaten Major Irvine's star-studded Barriefield Bears.

Let us look over the 1945 record, which includes that grand all-star game, Vimy v. Ottawa, and perhaps we can be excused if we go overboard and say the present Signals ice cavorters are the grandest and best bunch to ever don C.S.T.C. uniforms:

Jan. 8—v. H.Q.—won, 6-4.
Jan. 17—v. Ordnance—won, 7-5.
Jan. 22—v. R.C.A.F.—drew, 5-5.
Jan. 29—v. Vics—won, 9-3.
Feb. 5—v. Radar—won, 12-1.
Feb. 10—v. Ottawa All-Stars—won, 11-9.
Feb. 13—v. Queen's—won, 8-5.

Another record: 58 goals in seven games in 1945, whereas in the six games of 1944 we scored a paltry 15 goals.

Highlights of our 1945 splurge:

- An average of eight goals per game.
- Highest scoring team in the Kingston League.
- The boys have played 13 games without having received a major penalty.
- During the season 16 of our team have been drafted overseas.
- No man has been retained as a hockey player who belongs to the reinforcement stream.

At last a Signals team defeated Queen's. (Even Mike Rodden can't recall such an event in his historical hockey happenings).

Summing up the make-up of our entry in the Kingston League we find no Apps, LaPrade, Brown, Abel. Yet we definitely do find a clean group of determined players who ask no quarter, give less, and work on the principle that they are on the ice to get more goals than the opposition register.

This wide open brand of hockey has paid dividends and further enthroned C.S.T.C. as the most popular team in the Kingston League.

Roly Peters, the club manager, with the aid of goal-a-game Freddie Baines, are to be congratulated on a job well done. Roly now is away in the bigger battle and the team will miss his enthusiasm and cheerful dressing room entreaties to "go out and get 'em."

Capt. Jack McKibbin is the new manager, having been elevated from No. 2 Fan to fill Roly's shoes.

The position of manager was offered to No. 1 Fan, D. H. M., who refused with thanks, but so that it could not be taken that he was letting us down he volunteered to play on defence, a position the management couldn't see him playing. "Attack, yes!" "Defence, No!" and we don't need forwards.

What the playoffs have in store for us we know not, but we feel assured the lads will score goals a-plenty and come what may, it has been a grand season.

That all-star game is history and was covered in full by Mike Rodden in his Feb. 12th column.

Seeing Apps alone score six goals and one assist was a treat that Kingston will long remember but we who had the privilege of bringing Apps down from Brockville and later wining and dining with him, will ever treasure having had dealings with such a true gentleman and good sport.

He is the type of athlete who gives his all on and off the ice and his all is plenty.

There are about 300 Kingston kids who lined up for his autograph and not one was turned away.

It was a grand sight to see those starry-eyed, worshipping youngsters lined up and we can be excused for looking ahead 25 years and wondering what the same 300 youngsters will have to say if the sportswriters of that era don't include Apps in their lineups of all greats.

Great is the athlete who is humble and doesn't sit on a high perch and greater still is the athlete who has every young hockey fan behind him and Sylvanus Apps fills that bill 100 per cent in our books.

Basketball

Our first team, entered in the E.O.B.A. (Eastern Ontario Basketball Association) League, is still in the running but the ever necessary and inevitable drafts have greatly depleted their strength and if we are to win this section something in the way of satisfactory replacements for Campbell, Banks, and Ferguson must be found from the new intakes.

Our second team, entered in the Y.M.C.A. War Services League, is to date undefeated and might yet bring home the league trophy, as our 1944 team did. All these games are

played at the Kingston "Y" and a trip down there on scheduled nights might be a good idea. After all, a winning team is worth your support.

Coy. Basketball League

At the time of writing R.S.W. Infy. and R.S.W. Arty. are at the head of the league, both teams having played and won four games.

The standard of playing in this league is away better than last year and the interest shown by all teams is keen and refreshing.

It is anybody's title for the taking but the competition is keen and the taking is going to demand every effort of the best team, as all scores to date have been close.

Volleyball

The C.S.T.C. Volleyball team, which hasn't been beaten in two years, is at the head of the War Services League and it would be a fine effort if they again won the championship and we have an idea the boys will do just that.

Boxing

February will go down on record as the first month for nearly a year that the monthly slug fest in the old Drill Hall had to be cancelled.

Conflicting dates with the Ordnance card, and pay parade on the 27th, in addition to hockey providing the star attraction for the month, made the holding of a February show practically an impossibility.

The District Boxing Championships will be held early in March and if there are enough entries the affair will take two nights, with the finals being held in the Old Drill Hall at Vimy. We have no further information so watch the notice board for news.

Sigma. Graham came back from Ottawa on Monday 19 Feb., quite elated over his victory over LAC. Carpmen at Lansdowne Park in the Inter-Services Competition. Arthur Donovan, the famous New York State referee, handled the bout and from all Ottawa newspaper accounts our boy Graham more than held up the reputation of C.S.T.C.

Until next month, then, good luck and we will be seeing you in the playoffs.

"NOBBY"

Did you hear about the Joe from the West who decided to spend a 48 in Montreal? He sent his wife the usual telegram: "Having a swell time, wish you were here."

But an absent-minded employee of the telegraph company left off the final "e." He's still in the dog house!

Sgt. Maj. Mawson Receives Award

Sgt. Major (W.O. 1) R. J. Mawson, Group Sergeant Major in Basic, and known to our readers as the author of the series of articles "Man and His 9rms," has been awarded the Canadian Efficiency Medal for distinguished service.

Sgt. Major Mawson has had a long and colorful military career. Born in Bombay he saw service in France, Egypt, Palestine, India, he enlisted with the Royal Field Artillery in October, 1914, as a "Boy" trumpeter. He served with the Imperial Army for over 15 years, during which time he saw service in France, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia and India, including the Northwest Frontier. Coming to Canada in 1929 he enlisted with the Canadian Field Artillery. When war broke out he enlisted in September, 1939, with the Royal Canadian Artillery, transferring later (in 1941) to the Canadian Armored Corps. He came to Vimy in March, 1944.



Sgt. Major Mawson's life-long hobby has been the study of firearms and ammunition. Part of his fine collection may be seen on display at The Newspot.

In the days when a woodshed stood behind the American home, a great deal of what now passes as juvenile delinquency was settled out of court.

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Rec. Rifle Club Reports Progress (Girls in It, Too!)

A RECREATIONAL Rifle Club has been formed in Vimy. This club is for the use of all personnel within the camp regardless of rank or position.

It was organized on Jan. 25, 1945, and since that day has held open house in the miniature range every Wednesday and Thursday night between 1900 and 2130 hrs.

The Rifle Club has filled an important gap in the recreational life of Vimy. We now have the opportunity to improve our skill with the rifle without the bellowing voice of a drill sergeant. That is why it is called a RECREATIONAL rifle club.

The membership of the club has grown rapidly, with an enrolment of 152 at the time of this writing. However, gratifying as these results are, it is felt a much larger turnout can be expected.

Awards of merit, in the form of crests which may be worn on recreational clothing, are given to each member who qualifies according to the rules and regulations laid down by N.D.H.Q. Many of these awards have already been won by members of our club.

The early success of the club is due in no small measure to the members on the committee who are giving their whole-hearted attention to making it the best in this district. Members of this committee are:

Capt. Spencer, president; Lieut. Wootton, secretary; Capt. Bush, officers' representative; S. Sgt. Charlebois, senior N.C.O. representative; Cpl. Doble, junior N.C.O. representative; Cpl. Preston, C.W.A.C. representative. (The position of men's representative is still vacant, awaiting some eager signalman.)

In addition to the committee the following have given the club much of their time, knowledge and enthusiasm and deserve special mention: Lieut. Beauchamp, S. Sgt. Haskins, Sgts. Billings and Beldham, and Pte. Wyonch (C.W.A.C.).

It would also be unfair not to mention

the excellent co-operation the club has received from Capt. Clarke, the camp W.T.O., and Major Parks and his Q.M. rascals. These officers and their staff have control of the vital departments as far as range work goes and have done a fine job.

One of the accomplishments of the club has been the teaching of C.W.A.C. personnel by means of lectures on the proper way to fire a rifle. The results have been electrifying. We believe ours is the first attempt to prepare the C.W.A.C. for their return to civilian life as "pistol packing mammas." Keep up the good work, girls, you never know when it might pay dividends.

The future of the club looks quite promising. Competitions with other centres are being considered and should prove to be quite interesting.

You don't have to be a first class shot to join the club. The capable staff on duty each night will instruct you and aid you in every way possible to attain that rating. The only requirements are your appearance at the miniature range and the ability to hold a rifle and see 25 feet in front of you.

So let's see you at the club meetings. Come and try your skill at handling a weapon you may bless many times before this war is over.

"WOOSY."

VIMY VIGNETTES

(Continued from Page 15)

When, after his father's death, the time came to start earning his own way, Courtney turned to Pan American Airways. They sent him from Trinidad to Miami on a course in wireless operating and teletyping. This lasted six months and then he was sent back to Trinidad. For the next couple of years he worked for Pan American over most of the Caribbean area.

His mother has left the Indies and returned to the United States. At present she is living in Virginia. If Courtney should join her there after the war, his leisurely slurring accent should make him feel right at home.

WHY DISCIPLINE?

By SIGMN. W. D. MacDONALD
(Operating Coy.)

(The following entry won honorable mention in Khaki's essay contest on the subject "Why Discipline?")

THE discipline that is based on good will can carry the world.

It held the troops together at Dunkirk. It welded the Eighth Army into a hard-hitting sledgehammer. And with it the men behind Major Paul Triquet, V.C., faced hellish fire, took it, and won.

The best disciplined battalions can take more. And they can hand out more. They're tough. It's well-known that during Napoleon's 1812 retreat from Russia his crack Guards regiments were the least affected by the cold and had the fewest casualties. Discipline and pride in their corps had accustomed them to carry out orders without question. Other units were straggling in disorder, and quarrelling over food. But the men of the Guards encouraged their weak men to keep going, and shared the food equally.

If it can do so much, what IS discipline?

Basically, it seems to be team spirit. Take any good football outfit. The passer or the kicking half knows and appreciates that he can count on every lineman to give his all by way of protection. So it is with the army. When the discipline is good, those with responsibility can depend on their orders being carried out instantly, cheerfully and thoroughly, whatever the odds. War is bad business. Sloppiness on the part of even one driver, sentry, gunner or wireless operator may result in his own or his comrades' lives being snuffed out. But with good discipline, each man in the unit will pull his weight, and more.

If discipline is so important in winning battles and saving lives, where does it come from when there is no battle stimulus? How can we obtain it right here in Canada, before the soldier goes overseas?

To build up any team spirit, both officers and men must contribute. Let's consider the men first, as in the last analysis it is their attitude which counts.

We'll assume that the average Joe soon discovers that he can't beat the system. It's

a cold fact. If a man doesn't play ball he'll soon find himself playing with the end of a mop or washing the whiteware. How much more will a man wish to escape this when he is fully informed of the benefits he receives from a neat appearance and an alert bearing? It boosts his self-respect and increases his general efficiency. The man with the progressive outlook will have a much greater chance of getting and keeping a job after the war. For in business, unlike the army, you don't eat unless you produce — and despite all optimistic predictions, it's common sense that when the war is over there will be battalions and battalions of men looking for jobs.

And that business-like bearing is the hallmark of the aggressive fighting man.

We all admired the Red Army. As Mr. Churchill puts it, they have "clawed the guts out of the filthy Nazis." This same army has just ordered that each Russian soldier who goes to a theatre or movie must have his uniform well pressed, his buttons polished and his hair tidy. Nor must men be seen in the streets carrying untidy parcels—they must have a neat suitcase.

And so with saluting. It's a friendly courtesy: and you can be sure that the man who is alert to notice every opportunity for a snappy salute will be equally alert in battle. Major-General Christopher Vokes told his men in Italy that a mutual respect and understanding between officers and men, as evidenced by the cheerful and comradely exchange of salutes, is "part of our strength which will help defeat the Hun as surely as our shells and bullets."

There you have it: battle may flatten the crease in your pants, but discipline continues. Smartness and alertness in the early part of training will pay off when the chips are down.

What can the officers do?

The following is offered, with respect, from a rather limited military experience. But it may be of some interest as perhaps representing the view of the average man in the ranks.

To begin with, the best discipline the officers can achieve will be brought about by good will, not by fear. The Nazis are noted for their goose-stepping obedience—but it has not the same lasting quality as that produced by team spirit. Tom Sawyer induced others to whitewash his fence because he made the

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job so interesting that they wanted to work. Get trained men with great pride of outfit, and you can lick the world!

Here's where the individual officer comes in.

First, he's got to know his stuff, if he is to inspire any confidence. And he's got to be tough, to gain respect. A slack officer is soon mirrored in his men's baggy pants, dirty rifles and tired salutes.

Toughness, however, must be seasoned with a sincere and practical interest in the men's welfare. Given an officer with those qualities combined, if possible, with a sense of humor and you'll hear this from the men in ablution room chatter: The _____'s tough," they'll say. "But—he's O.K." And when you get them feeling that way, then comes discipline!

How to increase that enthusiasm?

It is interest, interest, interest. Keep training from going stale. The men like practical schemes. The more the better. Even lectures can be toned up: Draw the men out so that they are taking as active a part as you are. And topical references help. Interest will flare up when a returned man tells of the battle performance of some manoeuvre or piece of equipment.

And why not a far greater use of educational films? They brighten up any training.

It stands out like the sights on a Piat that the men prefer quickening games to arm jerks. And they really pick their feet up when there's a band on parade.

Well, why not freshen up route marches the same way? A band may not be practicable but map using, gas attacks, planning road blocks, taking action against parachute troops—all these lead to interest, alertness, and offensive spirit.

Interest creates enthusiasm!

Lastly, let's have more unit competition. Give a weekly or monthly prize for the cleanest hut or the smartest drill. It works wonders. Men who before enlisting would never know the other existed will pull together like Clydesdales. Small things count with the men. A few hundred cigarettes, or— even more appealing—an extra leave, will produce more discipline than any amount of extra drill.

And there you have it in a nutshell.

You get only a resentful response if order is kept in the Nazi whiplacking style. So let's create interest by having more variety, more punch in the men's training. Let's build up the old team spirit. Let's have every man thinking he's the smartest soldier in the best unit in the hardest-hitting army of all time.

Then watch the discipline!

R.C. Signals Auxilliary

\$6,000 in Fags For Sigs Overseas

DURING the past year the National Committee of Royal Canadian Corps of Signals Auxiliaries spent near \$6,000 on cigarettes for prisoners-of-war and other Signals personnel overseas. The objective of two million cigarettes for the year 1944 has been passed.

To help with the 1945 cigarettes, for which Kingston's quota is quite high, we are having a Games Night on March 1st, in the Old Drill Hall, when we hope to have as large an attendance as usual.

The Eaton Masquers from Montreal have been good enough to offer to give a performance in Kingston during April in aid of the Auxiliary. We shall not expect many of the Signals personnel to attend, as the Masquers will be performing at Vimy too, but we wonder if you would like to tell your friends about it.

M.P.O. 312

(Continued from Page 17)

mail trains. Sunday is the only day of the week that mail does not leave camp.

Rates on all classes of mail matter are available at the post office and will always be furnished to you on request. Postal money orders and postal notes may also be bought there and a Post Office Savings Bank is operated for those who wish to salt away a few spare dollars for the future.

Someone has said in this war that mail from home ranks next to food and guns in importance and the truth of this is readily realized as we watch the boys opening up those precious letters from home in the basement of B.B. 1. And when the message contains a couple of greenbacks from mom, then even food and guns take a back seat to mail.

As a parting word, may I remind you to get into the habit of putting your return address on everything you mail so that if the piece is undeliverable for any reason, it will be returned to you instead of being filed away in the Dead Letter Office.

And don't forget to write. They want to hear from you back home. You can't expect to get mail if you yourself don't write.

MAN AND HIS ARMS

By SGT.-MAJOR R. J. MAWSON

STEN MK. V.

AFTER the occupation of the greater part of Europe, Great Britain with her Allied Powers, supported at first by lend-lease by our great neighbor to the south, the U.S.A., turned her attention to Africa, to prevent the Germans and Italians from gaining complete control of that large continent.

It was during that campaign that the British Empire forces captured more than 80 million rounds of 9 mm. (.35 inch) ammunition.

The result of this great capture was the appearance of the Sten Submachine Carbine. The early model of this weapon was capable of a high rate of fire but it could not be classed as an accurate weapon. It was first designed with the idea of issuing it to countries who were fighting the enemy with underground forces, but was later issued to Empire troops.

It was found that accuracy is more often far more important than a very high rate of fire, coupled with ease of handling and mobility in close fighting. The result is the Sten Mk. V. The ammunition has a velocity of 1,425 feet per second, quite a jump over the Luger type of 1,075 feet per second, which the original Sten was designed to use.

This new velocity places the Sten in a class with the Schmeisser (German) carbine, and warrants it being fitted with a proper wooden butt (like the Tommy) for shoulder use. It is also fitted with an improved fore-sight and dual grips, a pistol grip (as on the Bren) and a pistol pattern grip at the fore end for the left hand, not unlike that fitted to the early Tommy.

It has also been fitted with a business-like looking bayonet.

The bayonet certainly has many people guessing as to where and how it will be used, but coupled with the new Sten Mk. V. it should prove to be a wonderful pal to have for company in house to house and street fighting and certainly a gem for escorting large gangs of prisoners by a small number of guards.

At any rate, in the hands of a trained soldier it would prove to be a most deadly weapon for close work.

Interestingly enough, the feed mechanism and bolt of the Sten were borrowed direct-

ly from the German Schmeisser 28 11, which was manufactured by Piper in Herstal, Belgium, before the war. The Treaty of Versailles would not permit manufacture in Germany proper of weapons of the Sten or Schmeisser type or pattern, but there is a way around everything—and Germany will find a way, unless—?

HIGHEST BULLET SPEED

How fast will a bullet travel? An interesting account on this subject is contained in an item translated at the Command and Staff School from a German article in the Swiss newspaper "Neue Zürcher Zeitung":

"The highest speed at which a projectile was ever fired, 2,790 metres (9,151 feet) per second, was attained and measured in Berlin in 1938 by H. Langweiler.

"As an experimental weapon, Langweiler used an 8 mm. gas-pressure measure with a one-meter barrel, corresponding in length to 125 calibres. He chose a regular nitro-cellulose flake powder of 950 KCAL-KG (Kilocalories per Kilogram) whose combustion rate had been increased to a maximum by surface treatment. In all the trials a constant quantity of 11 grams (169.73 gr.) of powder was used, while the weight of the bullet was steadily reduced from an initial weight of 1,285 grams (198.3 gr.). In this manner with a bullet weighing 3.1 grams (47.84 gr.) he was able to attain a velocity of 2,000 metres (6,562 ft.) per second and finally with a bullet weighing but .25 grams (3.85 gr.) the corresponding propelling charge weighing 44 times more, he was able to attain the highest muzzle velocity of 2,790 metres per second with a powder gas pressure of 12,000 atmospheres or 175,400 lbs. per square inch."

I have gathered this information to show that the German is always trying to solve the time old question "what will kill faster, more easily at long distances." This information points out the great importance of knowing your weapons, and being ready to use them.

Take heart G.I.'s if you feel that dog tags are superfluous additions to the wardrobe, and of dubious value.

Combat engineers in Italy were baffled when ice cream was served them without spoons. A Red Cross field director solved the problem. "Eat it with your dog tags," he suggested.—(Truax Radio Post)



S. of I.

Master Gunners Prove Valuable For Filling Square

HELLO Sugar—No, not you, honey, I am just following procedure. From the lair of the junior officers and N.C.O.'s we bring you the latest drivel.

Any people venturing in the direction of Kingston Mills for the next three months will get quite a shock. Great scars on the landscape, pole lines laid low, and even uprooted trees, bear testimony that the S. of I. has been skiing. Although not on the regular course, this gentle art has been put on the recreation schedule twice recently, with only one casualty, a sprained ankle. True, several people tried to go round trees on both sides, but as they all hit head first, no one was hurt.

In the field of basketball, the S. of I. has played a good game of golf, losing to M.T. and R.S.W. (Arty.) So far, however, everyone concerned had a good time.

Class A43 has returned from graduation at Brockville, bringing back Lt. Brighty and 2nd Lts. MacDonald, Stewart and Wigley.

At present about half the school is made up of the Master Gunners' class under Lt. R. M. McManus. These boys are exposing themselves to an Electricity and Radio course before moving on to other centres to complete the training. Right now they certainly help to fill up the S. of I. parade ground in the mornings. You may have noticed that this corner of the parade square used to be quite empty.

On Feb. 24, the S. of I. visited the Monarch Battery Co., and saw batteries being

manufactured for the army. We were led through the initial stages of construction where the grids were molded and welded to the connectors. Next we saw the wooden separators being processed and tested, the rejects being spotted and discarded. The plates were then put in the hard rubber boxes, the cover sealed and connecting lugs welded on. The finished batteries were then filled with electrolyte and passed on to get their initial charge. Shipping cartons were made acid resistant on another floor by means of acid resistant paint and paraffin. Finally the batteries were tested by a government inspector who put them through an ordeal almost as bad as the usage they get at Vimy. Questions were answered by the staff, and we left, resolving to treat our batteries with more respect from now on.

Trades Coy.

Basketballers Fight to Keep Up Coy's Reputation

WITH the high standard set by last year's team to maintain, Trades Coy. basketball squad is right in the thick of the fight this year. Under the energetic leadership of Cpl. Cass, the team has already won several practice exhibitions and two league games.

Cpl. Cass and Sigm. McHoul were high scorers against Operating Coy. McHoul starred again when Basic became the second victim in a game which featured action and only remotely resembled basketball. The only setback so far was a heartbreaker lost to R.S.W., McLean being Trades high scorer. The boys are confident this is their last reverse of the season.

And here they are: Cpl. Cass, Sigm. McHoul, McLean, Gullickson, Thomson, Smith, Boles, Powers, Haworth and Leonoff.

In addition to his chores on the basketball

team, Sigm. Gullickson is making a name for himself on Vimy's hockey team. Nice going!

Several letters have been received lately from ex-Trades Coy. linemen and electricians who, generally, express the same opinions about C.S.R.U. and England: 1. Fatigues are the chief beef; 2. English beer is not powerful enough (per unit quantity)—"You have to drink so much to get so little." 3. After seeing London they all seemed to like England.

Sigm. Harvey, former scribe and actor here, is plying his electrician's trade around C.S.R.U.

Sigm. Pacock will no doubt continue his researches into field exchanges and the "Pacock effect"—somewhere in Italy.

The map in B-4-2 is being studied more closely than ever these days. Some of the boys are liable to learn a little geography if they're not very careful.

We are glad to see that somebody has been found to march the C.W.A.C. storemen (or is it storewomen?) to the classroom after morning parade. We were inclined to believe that the spirit of the Trades Coy. wolf was dead after the difficulties a well-known Cpl. ran into in the first 50 feet of marching the other morning.

The "sparkplug C-19", who can generally be found in the storeroom when not delivering messages, has been more than usually active recently keeping the A.I.'s in good humor. This is a difficult task considering what the A.I.'s have to put up with from the would-be electricians, but a capable job is being done.

As a special favor, we wish to mention here that a former Trades Coy. electrician has at last made The Great Discovery—"Dehydrated Water." There's no telling what these courses won't do to—pardon, for—a man. (Brooklyn papers please copy).



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Accidents Abound As M.T. Personnel Take to Skiing

GREETINGS, gals and guys, here we are again, right under the Sign of the Big Wheel. That is if the make-up man doesn't cross us up. But two months in a row, almost too much!

The company's basketball team is still holding its own in the competitive field. At present they have two wins to their credit against one loss. Mr. Pierce, the team's enterprising meteor, is torn between two loves, the men as players, and the men as Trades Test material. If they pass the Trades Board he loses players, if they don't he loses prestige, and sometimes more than that. The joys of a company officer are few and far between.

The company lost a few of its old, established members this month. As it stands now, M.T.'s loss is the Infantry's gain. Sergeants Joe Megannety and Syd Jones were two of the stalwarts from the ranks of the N.C.O.'s, while Sigm. Brown and Ferguson went to uphold the good name of the drivers. The best wishes of the whole company go with them in their new venture.

Another loss of the company this month was Sgt. Major Mills. He is now making a temporary home in T.S., awaiting the big day. Mr. Maines, who has been doing a good job as 2 i.c. for the past few months, also took leave of us. He is now showing the S. of I. how things should be done.

However, all our changes haven't been losses. Capt. Connor took over the job of 2 i.c. this month and the jovial Mr. Pierce is now the Training Officer. Both were recruited from the staff of R.S.W. We hope they will enjoy their stay with us as much as we enjoy having them.

Another "union" of No. 7 Coy., across the road, and Vimy, took place this month when Sigm. Vandenberghe, better known as "Snuffy", and Pte. Palmer, took the wedding vows. Good luck, kids, from everyone.

S. Sgt. Thornton's pride and joy, Pte. Hovi, has been seen going around with a game leg these last few days. Which only goes to prove the C.W.A.C.'s shouldn't go skiing, especially in the company of Corporals. We tried to get Cpl. Crouse's views on the whole matter, but, strangely enough, for some reason he was among the missing.

The company office has been somewhat in a bedlam, these past two weeks. Between surprise postings, Woodstock moves, and just general routine, Sgt. Oliphant's slightly smooth pate is fast losing whatever decoration it might have had. The Sgt. Major is fast becoming a staunch believer of the old adage "you don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps a lot." (With apologies to Basic.)

So once again we write "30" to our little piece. We'll try to make it three in a row next month. Be reading us then.

Daffynitions

Briefsteak—What you get at the butcher's these days.

Czargeant—A three-striped despot of the Army.

Madshipman—A sailor who doesn't get shore leave.

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The Case of the Manacled Corporal (It's True—So Help Us)



ONCE upon a time (February, 1945, to be exact) there was a corporal in Basic who was sent out on escort duty to bring in a prisoner. Like all policemen, of course, he was given a pair of handcuffs with which to bring in his charge. Which made him very happy.

The prisoner being in his home town our corporal decided: here is a good chance to drop in at home and visit the wee wifie. And so he did. Of course all husbands are but grown-up boys and our corporal is no exception. He decides to show off his prowess as a "cop"—so he snaps on the cuffs on his wrist and starts to strut his stuff.

But here's where the trouble began. Our corporal takes out his key and proceeds to unlock the cuffs when—snap!—the key breaks and the cuffs are left dangling—locked. And there is no spare key. What a situation. It's not just serious, it's desperate! Hairpins, matches, old keys and all the lock-picking knowledge acquired from reading detective novels are to no avail. The cuffs just won't come off.

Nothing left to do but cut them off. After all you can't just go around looking for your prisoner with handcuffs dangling from your wrist. So our hero hikes himself over to the nearest garage and tells the mechanic there to go to work—hastening to add that he's the cop and not the culprit in this case—and that it's perfectly O.K., he won't get in to any trouble over it.

And so our corporal got rid of the \$&?!% handcuffs and was a free man once more and came back to Vimy and lived happily ever after.

THE END

P.S. He got his man—without handcuffs.

The defendant was being tried for misappropriating a hen, and a conscientious witness, to whom the accused was said to have confided, was being examined.

Counsel: "Can you repeat the exact words in which the prisoner admitted taking the hen?"

Witness: "He said he took the hen."

Judge (attempting to simplify the question): "Did the prisoner say 'He took the hen' or 'I took the hen'?"

Witness (shocked): "He said he took it. Your name wasn't mentioned!"

VIMY'S R.C. Chapel was the scene of a very pretty ceremony on the afternoon of Feb. 2, 1945. Pte. E. A. Rhodes, formerly of Lindsay, Ont., now of No. 7 Coy. C.W.A.C. and for the past two years a permanent member of the Officers' Mess Staff, was married to Sigm. A. Leonard, formerly of Toronto, Ont., and now a member of the No. 5 Mess Staff. Hon. Capt. J. J. Collins performed the ceremony and S. Sgt. G. E. Haines gave the bride away. Pte. M. Fitzgerald, of No. 7 Coy. C.W.A.C., was the bridesmaid and Cpl. A. Theriault the best man. A large crowd of friends—officers, men and C.W.A.C. personnel—chiefly members of the various messes in C.S.T.C., turned out to witness the event.

It was only two issues ago The Signalman carried an account of Al Leonard's profitable use of his spare time in the army. Judging by the above photo this latest is by far the most commendable of his accomplishments. To both the bride and groom go our best wishes for a long life of happiness.

M.I.R.

Physical Standards Are Now Amended

THESE past few weeks have been busy ones for the M.I.R. staff and sub-staff. Under recent amendments to the Physical Standards scores of Pulhems Grades have been dragged out of the lower regions, dusted off, and have emerged, bright and shining and ready for inclusion on the rolls of any C.I.C. Unit. If the M.O. hasn't caught you yet keep your fingers crossed, he's looking your way. If the situation becomes desperate enough they even threaten to work on themselves.

Great stress has been noted recently in the Army's fight against Venereal Disease. Every man and woman in the forces would be well advised to pay particular attention to this campaign and, without becoming too fanatic in their efforts, attempt to bring it to the attention of his or her companions, for this is a war well worthy of any effort put forth in its execution. In addition to the campaign for the prevention of V.D., great steps have been taken in the research for the cure of those diseases. Penicillin is now available not only in the military hospitals but has now been introduced into the M.I.R.'s of the Army. Prevention, however, is still the best treatment or cure and abstinence is by far the only sure method of prevention.

The staff of the M.I.R. has remained fairly static for some time now, and there is little gossip of any but personal interest to pass along. Even the complaints seem to have varied little; the prospect of a route march or any duty calling for too much physical effort still brings about a multitude of sore

backs, headaches, or too-frequent excursions to the latrine. If the patient can't prove he has them, neither can the M.O. prove that he hasn't, so there's at least a 50-50 chance of scoring the desired excused duty. Humor and pathos are still present in the efforts of the sick to appear better than they are, and the well doing the opposite. The protestations of sincerity and innocence are equally vehement either way.

In conclusion, it is desired to report that, after due consideration, the story will not be told in this issue, of the soldier who was given 217's for his sore feet, and complained that his feet hurt even worse with the 217's in his boots than they had before. It is felt that the wrong impression might be drawn from such a tale. Therefore it's good-bye for now, and keep well for our sakes.

Postoffice Patter

HELLO, gang, here is your P.O. staff again after a long absence. So, as Charlie, our S. Sgt. says each time we get ready to start the day's work: "Let's go!"

We have our little Doris Connolly back with us again. She certainly keeps up our morale with her singing and dancing around here in our spare moments.

Even a postal clerk waits for mail. At any rate, our Pte. Haskins is always looking for a letter from someone somewhere in Italy. We're all hoping it won't be long before that certain boat lands, bearing not just a letter but her man as a surprise package.

Our little guardian of the K-L-M-N-wicket has all those master gunners hanging around lately so S. Sgt. Collard, being a very kind gentleman, has offered to put several chairs out, or perhaps even find a job for them. We doubt if there would be much done, though. Work—we mean...

Our Pte. Sweet, who hails from Napanee, must be getting rather tired of her name for she is most impatiently awaiting the return of someone who has offered to change it for her. N'est pas, Sweet?

It seems cupid has been quite busy around the postoffice. Our Cpl. Guerard (from Ottawa) has been flashing a diamond around the place ever since Christmas. Best of luck to you, Cpl. and a safe and speedy return for him... Oh, oh, be careful now, here comes that cute Sergeant from Basic! So long.

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"A" Wing

Winter Half Gone Commandos Await Furloughs Again

WELL another month has come and gone and we are all eagerly looking forward to our annual furloughs once again.

Our 2 i.c., Lt. G. D. Bell, has left us for a new position as Officers' Mess secretary and is succeeded by Lt. Smith, formerly of the 6th Div. Sigs.

Our CSM. Gibbs is contemplating another 96-hour pass very soon and no one seems to know where he is heading this time. Could it be a secret mission to McSorley's Old Ale House or Sammy's Bowery Follies in New York City?

With half the Orderly Room Staff away, Sgt. Morrison, the C.O.S., has to "hold the fort" in the capacity of C.S.M., C.O.S. and C.O.C. until somebody shows up to relieve him. If Sgt. Morrison looks "all important" these days, it's because he has been highly honored of late. He was made an honorary member of the "Boys of McSorley's" and was presented with an appropriate membership card signed by Harry Kirwan, the master of McSorley's.

Our Orderly Cpl., Cpl. Ada Glover has left us temporarily for new fields in St. Anne de Bellevue. We wonder if she gets up "pronto" at reveille now or does she still loaf around in bed until 0730 hrs? We'll know more about this when she returns and probably also learn how to operate a company office in 10 easy lessons.

Cpl. Welsman (Starky), our Records Cpl., is no longer on a par with her husband, the latter having been promoted to a Sgt. just recently. Perhaps now he can give the orders and have something—namely three hooks—to back him up.

DEFINITIONS

Mistletoe: Original booby trap.

Sergeant-Major: A large, forceful person with few words, but often.

Adolescence: The day when a girl's voice changes from No to Yes.

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Busy Lines



CPL. Lyndon, one of our exchange linemen, has said farewell to Vimy and left for Ottawa, where he has assumed special duties with the Directorate of Signals. Cpl. Lyndon was one of those who devoted so much time and patience to the installation of our present telephone system at this camp.

It is with regret that we lose "Lorne" from our telephone family and we hope that this move will mean bigger things for him. Some of the staff engineered an informal and impromptu farewell party for Lorne which, from all accounts, turned out quite successfully.

New Directory Coming Soon

In the very near future a new telephone directory will shortly be released for this training centre. It will be radically different from previous copies, and we invite criticisms and comments from our subscribers.

The following was taken from the "Blue Bell" for February and is typical of "the spirit of service" all telephone people are endowed with. We pass it on to you and hope you enjoy it as much as we did:

A GIRL AT THE SWITCHBOARD

My fingers build a bridge of words that spans the long miles between a lonely boy and home. Troops move and factories thunder into action, obedient to the calls that speed through my switchboard.

A mother, a sweetheart, a wife, wait by their telephones as I try to reach the soldier in camp or the sailor on shore leave. And usually I succeed, for I know the love and longing that lie behind those long distance calls.

The hopes, prayers and fears of a nation at war are in my keeping, for I guard the lines that unite the continent. I am a part of every plane that flies and every ship that sails the seas, for without long distance calls they could not have been built.

My job is one of the most important war jobs in the world. My responsibility is great, but my pride in it is greater, for although I am unseen and unknown I fight at my switchboard with the spirit of my brother with the gun.

—Patricia MacKill, Miami, Florida, in "Telephony."

Craft Shop Notes

By SGT. "GORDIE" MAY

IT WOULD seem a column on the Craft Shop is hardly required for the Craft Shop is beginning to speak up very well for itself. Its voice is getting stronger and stronger as more and more attend each night.

Woodworking is hitting a new high, especially after the arrival of a shipment of some choice wood. Craftsmen and amateurs alike, with the help of Sgt. Major "Cy" Perkins and Signn. Fred Chapman, both of whom are full of helpful suggestions, are turning out unique and worthwhile projects, such as sewing cabinets, lamps, coffee tables, ash trays and all kinds of novelties of many shapes and sizes.

Leatherwork is likewise still holding its own in popularity with watchstraps, handbags, wallets, purses and bookcovers all coming out of the Small Crafts room like off a production line.

Plexiglass, too, is making its bid. Locketts, rings, picture holders and necklaces are most popular in this field. We hope to acquire a buffer in the very near future which should make the "plexi" fans happy.

The Craft Shop was invaded by a group of C.W.A.C. personnel the other day. They made a careful tour of the place and showed great interest in the various crafts and projects. Let's hope their interest will result in a greater participation by the female fans of the crafts.

There is another hobby, craft or sport (or what have you) that should hit a new high soon—archery. With the expected opening of an indoor archery range in Kingston in the near future and our own outdoor range as soon as weather permits, everyone will soon be getting their equipment in shape for the competitions.

Archery has made a fair showing in the Craft Shop to date. Some 23 bow and arrow sets have been made with bows ranging in poundage from 27 lbs. (a light target bow) to 52 lbs. (a fair hunting bow) and some fine arrows to accompany them.

You don't have to be an expert to make your own archery equipment. The Craft Shop offers you the facilities, material and instructions for turning out a good archery set, which includes a quiver, arm guard and finger tabs if desired. So come on and learn this interesting new hobby and sport. You'll have fun both making it and using it.

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CHAPLAINS' CORNER

By HON. CAPT. J. J. COLLINS
R.C. Chaplain

TRUE to the teachings of her Divine Founder, Jesus Christ, the Church has always urged us to do Penance as a means of personal sanctification. "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Christ, Himself, gave us the example with much fasting and prayer. Realizing our dislike for penance and our difficulty with prayer the Church has set aside certain periods of the year during which she insists particularly on prayer and penance. The greatest of these times is the 40 days of Lent.

By the time you read this the season of Lent will be well advanced. Many have no doubt been entering into its spirit with real fervor—these people are to be congratulated and urged to continue the good work. Many, too, began well with the best of intentions and resolution but as the weeks go by they find themselves slipping back into easier ways—these should realize that God will be just as pleased with a fresh resolution and determination as He was with the original and should therefore make a new start. Perhaps there may be some who have done next to nothing as yet—the folk in this class should analyze themselves at once to discover what is keeping them back; is it spiritual cowardice, or carelessness or, God forbid, out-and-out indifference. Then, while there is still time, do something about it.

At least, we can all do this much. We can make Reparation for past sin, we strengthen our moral fibre against future sin, we can actually spiritualize every day by offering to God the little inconveniences and penances which Army life necessarily imposes and by bearing them patiently in union with sufferings of Our Blessed Lord we can accomplish much for our spiritual welfare and incidentally be more contented soldiers.



By HON. CAPT. C. C. GILBERT
Chaplain (P)

LENT, beginning February 14th, and ending with Easter Sunday, April 1st, this year, is a 40-day period of personal self-examination and spiritual enrichment deliberately sought by earnest followers of Jesus Christ. This period is full of deep significance as we recall that Jesus spent part of it in the wilderness for a purpose, which was followed by the temptations, the institution of the Lord's Supper, the Betrayal, trial, Crucifixion and Resurrection on the first day of the week, and followed 50 days later by the gift of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost.

If we desire, as St. Paul wrote in Philippians 2:13, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure," if we are willing, as Paul wrote in 2 Timothy 2:15, to "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" what better use can we make of a few spare hours during Lent than to associate ourselves with others to learn the meaning of Christianity, and what is involved in becoming a follower and disciple of Jesus Christ?

Many of the young soldiers at Vimy have come from Christian homes but they have not identified themselves with their Church as members. Your chaplain would be happy to spend a few hours with you, perhaps in a group, between now and Easter, to help you to become an active member of your Church. Why not "Go Active" in religion, and "Stand up for Jesus?"

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